

TAPE 1, SIDE A:

Mariann, this is just for you according to your request. I am going to try to recall a few of the things of my childhood. I thought that I would start way back in Iowa at the very beginning of things.

One of the things that stand out very clearly is the time that our family used to pick cherries in the spring and how Aunt Hattie and Uncle John used to always drive down from Birmingham. It was quite a long drive, but they would come every year and usually stay, I don't remember whether they stayed one night or two nights, or how many. But, anyway they would be down to help. The men would do the picking and the women, of course, did the pitting and all of the work in the kitchen of canning and so forth. I remember one thing about being able to help turn the crank on the cherry pitters and the strange thing is, I remember so clearly that there were two cherry pickers: one was black and the other one was an aluminum color and pitter. I don't know why I remember that. One belonged to Aunt Hattie and sometimes she took it back home and sometimes she would leave it at our house. That used to be a big deal when it came to be cherry picking time and it was a busy, busy time. That reminds me of how we used to do the sleeping arrangements when Aunt Hattie was there. It seems to me that the house used to have three rooms upstairs and three down. In the upstairs room, Asael and Glenn had one room, Maude and I had the other and I think that Aunt Minnie must have had the third room up there. When we had company, especially Aunt Hattie and Uncle John, Aunt Minnie would sleep in an extra bed that was in Maude's room and mine, but I can't be sure. I do recollect Aunt Minnie being in our room part of the time. In the downstairs you and Lyle,

slept in the downstairs bedroom with dad and mom. You had that big folding bed that Lyle even used after we came to Michigan, that big bed that used to fold up and you and Lyle slept downstairs with mom and dad. We didn't have a dining room but the kitchen was rather big. The dining room table was in one end of the kitchen and I always remember the corner where the table sat or the end of the room was always kind of dark in the kitchen. I don't know why I remember that either. Some of these things are kind of crazy the way they stand out and yet they don't seem to be really much important. I don't know if I was afraid of the dark or what, but I remember that corner was dark.

Anyway, the one thing that I always remember in the evening is of course, we had no electric lights, but we had a hanging lamp over the table in the living room. This was an oval table and it was not very large. Dad would sit there and read and mother would sit at one end of that little oval table and she was always, always, every night it seemed like, she would sit there darning socks. I can just see her darning socks night after night after night. I remember too in the cold weather we were allowed to dress downstairs. Maude and I would come down stairs and dress by the stove in the living room. I can remember Aunt Minnie sometimes helping me dress. I don't ever remember mother helping me dress. I suspect that she just had too much to do running around taking care of everybody else, getting breakfast and everything else. I don't remember when I was a lot smaller, I suspect that she dressed me a good many times, but I don't ever remember it. Another thing that I always remember is that after we dressed most of the time we had to take our nightgowns upstairs and put them back, but once in a while mother would let us put it on one of the stairs if we let it stay clear over to one corner and push it over real hard and let it stay there.

Mariann were you old enough to remember how we would take the old bed ticks off of our bed, or the straw mattresses off of our bed after they had done a thrashing and we would go down in the barn where the fresh straw was all stacked up and how we would throw the old straw away and stuff our ticks with the fresh straw and we would just stuff 'em and stuff 'em and stuff 'em as thick and big as we could get them and we would drag them back to the house and put them on our beds and then how we tried to make them by putting the sheets and blankets over them and how hard it was? (I also remember) at night when we wanted to go to bed and we would have to go and get a chair and a little stepladder because the ticks were so high we couldn't climb on top of them. How quickly though they would sink down and within about three days they would be down and almost as flat as the old ticks? I always remember that; it was so funny. I often thought later how did we fasten the "seams things" where we used to stuff the straw in so that the straw wouldn't come out? We didn't have zippers or anything. Did we just have to pin them closely or sew them? I can't remember that part; just nothing is in my mind about it at all, but we sure would have to fasten them someway or we would have the straw all over the floor. I wonder how we would get along now if we had to sleep on funny old ticks like that, but I guess that a lot of folks used to do it. I just wonder if you remember it because you were two years younger than I was. Of course you and Lyle too were downstairs, but I am sure that you used the same kind of bed ticks that we did upstairs, but you probably wouldn't have been big enough though to actually help do it. That is one of the strange things that I remember in Iowa is fixing those bed ticks where we had to climb up to get on them with a ladder.

Also, another funny thing, do you remember when Daddy for about two years had a beard? He used to have a lot of throat

trouble and the doctor told him one time "Well why don't you let your beard grow John so that it might help keep your neck and throat warm and maybe it would help, because I don't know what is causing your throat troubles so much, so why don't you try it?" So, daddy let his beard grow and of course it took quite a long time but he must have worn it for at least two years, maybe longer, that is just one of the things that just don't remember much about it. Anyway, after he had this beard for a long time, he came home from town one day, he had driven a team, I don't remember the two horses' names, but anyway he had driven a team to town and came back with a new buggy and I think that he had on a new pair of pants and a shirt too and how mother just didn't even recognize him. She said, "John is that you? John is that really you?" Daddy came over to her and tried to put his arms around her and she wouldn't let him and she wouldn't kiss him or anything because she said, "John I don't believe that this is you." I can just remember us kids just standing around just wondering what in the world was going on. Mother for the longest time, she just wouldn't let Daddy kiss her because she wasn't sure that was John. That is one of the funny things I remember.

Then there was another strange little incident that I remember when Mother was away or was real busy -- maybe she was out in the garden or someplace -- but I remember Maude taking me out to the summer kitchen and over by the one corner off over by the sink, there was a big white bowl down on the bottom of the kitchen cupboard. Maude would get that bowl out and get a spoon and give me a spoonful of brown sugar. Of course, she would have two or three spoons full. That is a funny little incident that used to happen every once in a while. I don't remember why she did it, was it a bribe to keep me still about something or

what, but I can remember her going out there and having that brown sugar every once in a while.

Another thing that I remember is when we went from the house out to the summer kitchen; it seemed as though there was kind of a brick floor, a brick patio between our kitchen porch and we had to walk over to the summer kitchen and up two or three steps into the old summer kitchen where we had just an oil stove out there to do the cooking. I don't remember whether you would even remember that because I have a very faint recollection of it myself. It just seemed to be a semi-enclosure, that back space where the ground was all covered with red brick; we would go down the stairs from the kitchen, across and then over and up into the summer kitchen. I don't ever really remember cooking a lot out there in the summer kitchen, but I guess they must have because it had the stove and the furniture and stuff out there; and whether we carried the stuff over across into the house or whether we ate it out there, I don't even remember that.

One of the terrible things I remember about the summer kitchen though as it was where Aunt Minnie got burned. Do you remember that? I think that mom and dad must have been away from home, but I am not sure. Aunt Minnie -- remember she was an epileptic - fell; she wasn't supposed to be around the stove but sometimes she did. Anyway, she fell and somehow her hand was caught somehow right in those burners and how terribly, terribly, terribly her hands were burned. Of course, she fainted and was unconscious for a long time but I can remember having the doctor there and how he would have to come day after day, everyday and treat her hands. I can't remember actually what happened at first when mother and dad first got home or how they found her or anything, but I remember that awful tragedy and how Aunt Minnie had those terribly, terribly crippled hands for the rest of the her life and old Doc Cressant coming out there and

having to treat her. I don't know where you and Lyle slept for all of those weeks that Aunt Minnie was incapacitated, (but) Wayne had to stay in the bed and all of that because she used George and Lyle's bed and Mom was in Dad's room downstairs. I don't remember the details or anything. I do remember the smell to this very day because we were in the house for ages, the Unguentine with the salve that the doctor used to use. He had those great big boxes that were, I don't know, they must have been seven or eight inches square and we just had those boxes around the house of this Unguentine salve in it and the smell around the house and the yards and yards and yards of bandages. Can you imagine anything like that these days without having the person taken to the hospital, looked after and staying there? Old Doc Cressant would be out there day after day after day. I don't remember whether this was the time that he started coming in his old "chug chug" or whether that was some other time, but I can remember Doc Cressant coming. He wouldn't drive the car into the driveway and come up to house, he would leave it sitting down by the gate by the road and us kids would go down there and stand around and look at that car because that was an event that didn't happen all of the time and we got to see the car practically everyday when old Doc Cressant would drive out there with it. That '28 chug chug was a lever steer, it didn't have a steering wheel.

Do you remember Aunt Minnie's hands and how much she learned to use them afterwards? Her fingers that were left were all stiff and were bent over and almost right angles at the first knuckle. On one hand she had nothing but a thumb left and the fingers, by the time Doc. Cressant go through with trimming them off little by little, all the fingers were down clear to the palm of the hand on one hand and she would just had a thumb. How she would hold the broom with that hand and steady it and

pull it with the other and how with those stiff fingers she would hold a pin between two of the fingers and steady it somehow, how she learned to write, but it wasn't very good writing, but she learned to write and how she would write letters to some of the family and all this and that. How she ever did it, I don't know. Those hands and how awful they used to look, so you know red and scarred and what was left of them. She lived a long time with it. She came to Michigan, remember with it? She lived with us even down on Hagadorn Road for a while. She never did live to go into the new house after it was rebuilt. Of course, we will come to that part later. Aunt Minnie used to help us so much and as I said before about how I remember her helping me dress so often, with those funny stiff fingers and everything of hers. She sure did a lot looking after us kids with poor crippled hands.

Another thing that I remember in Iowa was how big the corn fields used to be and us kids were never allowed to play in them because Daddy was always afraid that we would get lost; if we got into the corn fields, we would get confused and wouldn't remember to just follow a row and it would take us out, but we would just circle around and around for ever and ever. Of course, if we did follow a row we would get off at a fence ultimately but we probably wouldn't have sense enough to follow the fence either, but you would be clear off anyway, miles from anybody. Those were huge, huge fields. Also (I remember), the big barn down where the cattle were and we could climb up the ladder and walk over sort of from one pile of the barn loft to the other part or something. Then we could lift up a door, or an opening anyway or something, and we could look down and see the steers down below and see their big eyes looking up at us and how that would just practically scare us. When we were over there that really was forbidden property and we weren't supposed

to be over there because Daddy was afraid that we would fall through and then we would get trampled by the cattle. Of course, we were just like all children we would never, ever do anything that we weren't supposed to do, although we did.

The other barn was much closer to the house and I can remember very seldom ever going into the barn. Daddy didn't let us go into the side where the horses or the cattle were tied because he was afraid that we would get trampled or get kicked or something. I can remember mother sending me out there so many times to call Daddy to either to dinner, supper or to breakfast or something. The old barn door was one of these divided doors; it was a dutch door, I guess they call them, and the bottom would be closed but the top would be open and so many times I couldn't make Daddy hear and I couldn't open the lower part as it was hooked on the inside. I would have to stand out there by the closed Dutch door and keep yelling and yelling at Daddy. I guessed that we always called him "Papa" in those days though, and we would call him because Mama wanted him to come to breakfast or dinner or something. I used to get so disgusted with that old Dutch door because I could never open it because I wasn't supposed to but I always thought that I could make Papa hear me easier if I could get that Dutch door opened. Do you remember that in the horse barn? Did you ever get sent out there to call Papa to dinner or supper?

On Sunday mornings many times mother would take us to church because you know that daddy never went. I don't remember whether all of us used to go or what, but I can remember you and me, but I can't remember really riding back and forth to church but that is the only way we got there; mother would have to drive the big surrey. We would go to church with mother and she would sit next to you in the next to the front seat and usually before Church was over, I would be lying down on the seat and I would

be sound asleep. Where the rest of the kids sat, I don't really remember about, Maude or the boys or whether they went or what. Anyway I remember one Sunday especially at the end of the service I had heard Dr. Mayo or Pastor Mayo or whatever his name was, I think it was Mayo, make the statement somewhere that some frogs have hands and I remember asking him or mother afterwards what in the world he meant by the fact that some frogs have hands. Mother said that she didn't remember him saying anything like that in his sermon and I just knew that he did. So mother asked him afterwards too and he couldn't remember it. I don't know if it was that day or whether it was another Sunday but he went home with us for dinner. Daddy used to like this particular pastor and he didn't mind at all Mother bringing him home for dinner or having him come out. I can remember the adults; dad, mom and Pastor Mayo talking about what he could have said that Rachel was so sure that he said that some frogs have hands. Years later he came to visit us when we lived in Michigan down there on the main road, you know the Hagadorn corner there. He was sent out as at that time Michigan Agricultural College was having some convention or something was being held there and he came and stayed with us during that convention. I remember that was one thing that they were talking about then, years and years later. He asked Dad and Mom if they were ever able to figure out what it was that he had said that I thought he said that some frogs have hands. He had remembered it all of those years.

Remember too the old school house. See I went to school there about one-half of a year before we moved to Michigan. You weren't old enough and you never went there to school, but I did and I remember that I was so scared for the longest time going to school. Well, I didn't really hate it or anything, I guess that I was timid or something. I was really kind of afraid, but I can remember sitting there in the school and the teacher

coming around ever once in a while and she would stand there by me and talk to me on what to do and how to do my lesson and this, that and the other thing. I was still very, very timid and afraid of her. I never would ask when I had to go to the bathroom or anything, of course remember we had to go outside to the little shanty and I would just have to suffer through. One time when I had to go real bad, she had called me up on the platform to stand beside her and read my reading lesson to her. I just had to go so bad that I remember just standing up there at the platform and wetting my pants before everybody, making a wet puddle on the floor. I remember the poor teacher, she got up and went out in the anty (?) room and wiped it up. I remember Maude coming up and talking me out, talking to me and telling me about how I didn't need to do that, all I had to do was just ask the teacher and she would let me go whenever I wanted to. The teacher told me why sure, anytime I had to go she would never tell me no that I couldn't go and all I had to do was raise my hand and she would nod her head and that would mean that I could get up and go. I can remember the embarrassment of standing up there over a puddle.

Do you remember Mariann back, and this was in Iowa too, and I don't have any idea how much you remember back there, when Asael got hurt on old Darky? Darky, I think, was the first Shetland pony that we ever had. I don't remember having any before him. Daddy got a Shetland pony for us and the kids used to ride him a lot. He was kind of frisky. He wasn't very big but he was pretty jittery sometimes. Do you remember Asael riding him one day and Darky, I don't think that Darky bucked him off but somehow or another Asael fell off and his foot went through the stirrup of the saddle and it got caught. Darky ran away with him and ran down towards the barn. I can remember Daddy rushing across the yard there and trying to head Darky off because the

gate was one of these big gates that was ajar and it wasn't more than a couple of feet or so ajar and Daddy said that he knew that if Darky was able to ram himself through that open gate which was just such a little way open, that the chances are that it would kill Asael because Asael was being dragged by one foot, being thrown hither and every which way, and trying to go through that narrow gate, it would catch his head and everything else. Daddy tried so hard to get there before Darky did but he didn't. Just as Darky got to the gate, Asael's foot came loose and Asael dropped to the ground. I can remember Daddy coming to the house carrying Asael and Mother rushing out and Daddy saying, "Go to the phone! Get the doctor, get the doctor, get the doctor!" I can remember Mama standing there with her back to the rest of us and just ringing that phone. Remember we had to ring the central and central wouldn't answer. She was turning that crank and just ringing it and central wouldn't answer but finally she did and how she got the doctor. I remember Mother was standing there waiting for the doctor to answer, how she turned around and she said, "John, John is he dead?" I can remember Daddy saying, "I don't know, I don't know." Anyway, everything turned out okay. Of course, he was pretty bad and the doctor came. Asael really wasn't unconscious for so terribly long before he came back to consciousness. He was in bed for several days. His face was just all browned, skinned and just full of dirt and everything. Of course, his hair was practically pulled off on side partly where he was dragged along the ground so hard. I can just remember Asael's dirty, dirty face and even for weeks afterwards how Mother, after Asael had washed or had a bath, she would try to wash out his face as it was still looking dirty to her and it did, stuff was just ground into his skin on his face. Do you remember anything about that at all? Daddy never would let any of us ride Darky again. We

only kept him a few days and Daddy took him back to the same place he had bought him and got another Shetland pony and that was Queen or Queenie that we had. We had her for a long, long time. We took Queenie with us to Michigan. She was the pony that we had all of that time in Michigan. Nobody ever got on Darky's back again and probably whatever it was, it wasn't Darky's fault at all, I don't know. Do you remember that always after that our saddles, no matter what, had leather things put over the front of the stirrups so that the foot couldn't go through the stirrup to slide through and get caught? That was one of the horrible memories I have of Iowa: remembering seeing Asael. I was there and I saw it, I don't remember whether you were. I saw Asael being dragged down there and how his whole body was just being thrown around and bouncing all over the ground, seeing Daddy run and then bringing him into the house and that was just one of the most horrible, horrible things that I remember and that sure stands out.

I don't think that it was too long after Asael was hurt, but he really got well quite rapidly and I don't think that it was too awful long after this that we began to realize that Daddy was doing something and we were going to have a change in the situation and that is when Daddy was getting ready to move us to Michigan. I don't remember very much about the reasons or what, but anyway I remember Daddy selling a bunch of cattle and he took them by train. They rented, you know, regular stock cars in those days and then they went with them. He was delivering this load of cattle to somebody in Michigan and when he went there he looked around the state and decided that he was going to live in Michigan with his family. Daddy apparently had a big interest in educating his children because that is the reason he gave us for our move to Michigan. He thought that the public school system in Michigan was much better than it was in Iowa

and with his six kids, he wanted to be where we could have access to better schools. On that trip when he delivered that carload of stock, he bought the big farm out there north of, in those days it was Pine Lake, that was in the family for so long. When he came back then he told us that it wasn't going to be too long then until we were going to move and go to Michigan. Somehow, I don't remember the whole thing, but Daddy apparently sold the farm in Iowa and he had to move out and get possession before we were going to be able to make the trip to Michigan. So we moved from our house on the farm to a house up in Pierceville, the old Chaney place. Do you remember anything about that move and how we lived in Grandma Chaney's house? She lived there in Pierceville, right close to the schoolhouse. On one corner there was a school house and then there was Grandma Chaney's.

TAPE 1, SIDE 2

The Chaney place was right next to Mr. Moore's house and I remember we used to be kind of scared of Mr. Moore. He told us that we didn't have to walk clear out to the road and that we could just go across his yard and then directly into the schoolyard without going out into the road. Grandma Chaney's house, she had just died shortly before we moved in; that's just the way things work out - they worked out great for us, but Grandma Chaney's family missed her. Her house was much smaller than the house we had lived in and most of the sleeping arrangements, I don't even remember those, but I do remember my own. You know that little trundle bed; it was a kind of a baby bed and it had the legs that folded under it and it was only about 18 inches high? It was a short bed and they had the foot up the bed up, which made it too short for me, so they had to fold the legs down on one end so my feet would stick off the end a little bit. I can remember how the back of my feet and ankles

used to hurt because there was never enough padding to keep it from hurting my legs! I would wake up in the middle of the night and I would have to change positions because my feet and legs were hurting. It's funny the strange little things that we remember. I don't remember much about the other rooms, but I remember about my bed. I also remember that that bed sat part way under the stairway in the hall; that's where I slept when we lived in that house.

On the trip to Michigan, Daddy took Asael with him in the freight car; he took two teams of horses, Queeny and some of the cattle or steer as well. Glen went with Mother to help take care of the rest of us on the train. I remember in the middle of the night Mother woke us up so we could see when we crossed the Mississippi River. I can remember looking out the window and seeing a bunch of black water. I remember thinking to myself, "What is so wonderful about looking at black water out the window?" Of course Mother thought that was something; I thought it wasn't, just that I got waken up in the middle of the night. Crossin' the Mississippi didn't mean a thing except losing some sleep! On the trip on the train as well, I remember these little folding collapsible cups; the one Mother had was aluminum. We found it hard to drink out of the fountain, but we could use the faucet right next to it and fill up those little collapsible folding cups. Mother had to give us very explicit instructions on how to hold the cups; we had to carry it by the rim, otherwise the whole thing would collapse on us. Strange little things that we remember.

When the train finally got to Haslett, Michigan, Mr. Walsh was there to meet us with his big lumber wagon. He had put spring seats across the wagon so there was room for all of us. It was so cold; he had some blankets to wrap around us, but it was cold! I remember that trip to the farm; it was in March and it

was cold! I thought we would never get there; it was such a long ride! We finally did get there, though, and it was dark. We didn't get to see much until the next morning. I don't think Asael and daddy were there yet; the Walshes stayed a couple days until Daddy arrived with the stock and the furniture. On that first night, the huge room upstairs is where you (Mariann) and I slept in. I don't know if it was meant for a ball room or what, but it was huge. The doors opened out on both sides to tops of the downstairs porches; and they opened outside to the huge grapevines that made the upper porches look so beautiful as well.

Well the next morning for breakfast, the older kids got up and rushed out to the barn. I was lagging behind - I don't remember if you went with them or what - so I went down to the big barn all by myself. For the life of me, I couldn't figure out how to get into the place. The white trim on the barn that went from the ground to the roof - I didn't realize it was the edge of the door! And I couldn't find out how in the world to get into that big, big barn! I was so disappointed that I couldn't get into the barn. I was scared at how big and towering it was, and disappointed that I had to go back to the house and didn't find the rest of the kids.

When Dad and Asael got there with the stock and everything else, the Walshes left. At that time you and I changed our sleeping quarters from that big room to the big folding bed that was set up in the big bedroom downstairs with Dad and Mother until we moved to the place on Hagadorn. I can't remember if Lyle shared Asael's room or not; the rooms were so spread out. Aunt Minnie stayed in a room on the left; there was the huge playroom and then off to the left of that was the spare room. Then there was the smaller room that Maude used. Then you went on through her room and went into what I remember was Asael's

room. I guess probably Lyle shared that room with him but I can't remember. Down that back hall was a little room over the kitchen. It was a nice cozy room where the roof sloped down on one side to make it smaller; then there was the cold room on top of the woodshed - we didn't use that for much of anything. From there you went down the back stairs and came out in the kitchen. It was a big rambling house and we had plenty of room to run.

Glenn was in high school in Haslett, and he used to ride Dolly (to school), our big Indian pony. Glenn would come riding up to the side porch, lean over and grab his lunch box from whoever was holding it - then down the road he would go on Dolly. I don't know if he went in rainy weather, but when we lived out on the farm, that's the way Glenn went to school. I don't think you were ever allowed to ride it because it was pretty frisky; in later years Dad used to let me ride it once in awhile down on the Hagadorn farm. Another thing I remember about the farm was the two orchards: we had both the pear orchard and the apple orchard. Mr. Foster took care of that apple orchard, and that's how we got acquainted with Ted and Olive Foster. They were in the same school room with me when I transferred to East Lansing school. Dick (Foster) was an older brother that I learned to know; they had 9 boys and they had a ball team. I remember one time when we were still living on the farm and the Foster ball team was playing a ball game against Haslett High School. We went into Haslett to watch that ball game.

By the time we were ready to start school the next fall, there had been another family that moved across the road from us - the Bowman (Baughman?) family. There was a huge mess of kids then; we had 6 and they had 9. There were four of us that went to school, and out of their 9, they had 7 going to school. By that fall their school had about tripled in size! You and Freddy used

to stay home and play - I suspect you missed us some - but you always had little playmate Freddy across the road.

We also had a huge watermelon patch where we had so many watermelons we didn't know what to do with them. We used to go out to the patch, grab a watermelon, take it to the orchard, drop it, split it open, and eat the heart. Then we would get another one and do the same thing, and leave the rest of the watermelon for the animals, or bugs or whatever. All we did was eat the heart. When we had thrashers (?) one year, I remember Daddy giving them a big watermelon feast. They got a big kick out of that. Daddy went out to the patch and brought in several gunny sacks with several watermelons in each, and I remember the men standing around out there around the horse barn eating watermelon after they'd had their dinner. That was their dessert. As I recall, Mother didn't make them any dessert; they had all the watermelon they could eat and possibly stuff down!

Do you remember on the hot summer evenings once in awhile when Mother would take us down to the lake so we could go swimming? We wore old dresses and our little black panties and ride over in a big surrey. We would have a big blanket or towel to wrap around us when we went home. We would drive over, get out of the buggy, play around in the water for awhile, and then all wet we would climb back in and drive back home. It would get kind of chilly on the cooler evenings, but we just loved going over to the lake to go swimming.

Remember the time Mother lost her balance and went in with us? She had never learned how to swim, but she walked out aways and somehow lost her balance. She couldn't get her feet back down to the bottom and she floundered around for awhile. I don't remember who it was that saw her, but they dashed over to her and helped her get on her feet. She almost drowned because she couldn't get her feet back on the bottom and her head kept going

under. She never went wading or playing in the water ever again after that. One time was enough for her!

Back to the school scene and the first year we went to school, we had a woman teacher. There were two boys in the school, I don't remember their names, but they were two bigger, older boys and they were always causing trouble. Well one day one of the boys did something, and she took a strap and went after him. He got up and ran around and around the room and up across the desks and grab somebody and throw them between him and her; it was just a mess. We were afraid and were huddled in the corner while she was chasing him around that room swinging that strap at him. I just never did get over that for a long, long time. I remember a school official coming to the school a day or so after that and it was quite a furor. The next year they had a man teacher and I think those two boys were back in school.