

I choose to include here memories of a long time resident of the Bible Grove area, the late Gervase **Hall** who passed away in 1996. These are his thoughts and remembrances:

"I was born October 16, 1901, on Hoosier Prairie to David E. and Eva **Monical Hall**. The farm was known as the Bob **McCollum** farm.

I grew up as most country lads did at that time, barefooted in Summer, pantaloons rolled up, straw hat, hair sticking out of holes. We created our own pasttime, which I will describe later.

My earliest memories go back to when I was three. I recall playing in the barn lot with a little red wagon, late in the evening when a man came to our farm from the east and said "Oart **Christy** hung himself." He was Dad's brother-in-law and lived about 3/4 mile northeast of us. I suppose it was the nature of the event that left an impression. (Remember there were no telephones).

Life was not serious for young boys so I will include some of our creative entertainment. These were the horse and buggy days and, of course, we had horse and mule buyers come around; so we imitated them. A picket out of the garden fence, bridle of binder twine tied to one end, and a boy straddle of picket. These horses sure could 'cup up', kick, buck, run and throw you off.

"These were the days of "Peddling Wagons". One out of Hoosier (driver 'Hi' **Cooper**) and one out of Louisville whose driver was a **Krutsinger**. Each came by once a week and you traded eggs and chickens for your needs, while the little boy got a stick of candy. These drivers always had the latest events to relate as they went from house to house. They were always a welcome sight as communication was very little in those days.

When I was four years old, my brother, Harlie, and I thought we needed two goats to drive and after much pestering, Dad bought a Billie and a Nanny from Amos **Nettleton** for the sum of \$3 each. Now these were two of the 'awnrriest' goats that ever lived. It kept us busy keeping them where they belonged. If they were not in the garden, they were in the road. Well, the goat deal came to a sudden stop when they ate the fringe off the surrey top. The Nanny was slaughtered and fed to the threshing crew and the Billie was given to my cousin, Jennings **Webster**.

All childhood play came to an end in the fall of 1906 when I started school at Johnson about a half mile east.

It might be of interest here if I describe this school building. It set back off the road a half quarter on one acre of ground. The building had three windows on the east and west side, and two rows of seats on each side. Some of these seats were home made and some were double seats with roller tops. All seats were the same size - for little, big, young or old. In between the rows of seats set a box stove which burned wood. Woe to the ones who sat close to the stove for they roasted,