

while the ones in the back needed an overcoat. In the back of the room were two row of nails in the wall to hang caps and coats on. Under that were two benches for dinner pails. The north end of the room had a 10 inch raise all across to give the Teacher a better view of the 'would be' culprits. There were no slate blackboards. The end had the boards painted black up about 5 foot which was rather a poor excuse for a place to figure arithmetic. The school term was 6 months and let out the last of March. The pupils ranged in ages from 5 to 20 years of age. I knew some to get married during the term, quit and start making a living.

My first teacher was Dora **Osterdock** and she was a shade rough. The teachers were not necessarily hired for what they knew - but could they handle the situation. Now Dora filled the bill. The first day was brought to order by a good supply of red willow switches in the corner and a paddle for the small children. At one end of the blackboard she wrote all the "don't". This list was so long that somebody was usually up on trial. No dull days. I will not relate all the incidents but will tell one humorous happening. One of the young **Shelton** boys forgot one of the "don't" so he was took up front, bent over her chair and the paddle applied to the rear. This boy happened to have a number of kitchen matches in his hip pocket. After about three whacks, the matches caught fire. Now before Dora could get a bottle of water to put out the fire, his pocket was about burned off and he had a blister. Now, I guess that was, what you call, getting a 'blistering'. You may be wondering about the water, so I will explain. The old school well wouldn't furnish much water so most took water to school in small jugs, quart whiskey bottles or what have you.

I don't know exactly how much I learned, but one thing for sure, the "don't" were well instilled in our heads. Other teachers to follow were: Ethel **McKnelly**, Nora **Wood** and Elsie **McKnelly**.

My grandparents, George and Sarah **Monical**, lived $\frac{1}{2}$ mile east of Bible Grove, so in the summertime, I would go up to see them for a few days. I would walk down to Bible Grove-Louisville Road and catch the mail carrier. He would give me a ride. We visited these grandparents on my mother's side, and I knew Bible Grove as soon as I could remember.

The time is now November 10, 1910. My father had bought a farm $\frac{3}{4}$ mile south of Bible Grove, and we were moving. My brother, Harlie, and I hated to leave Johnson school as we were leaving schoolmates and friends, especially Paul and Dwight **Erwin**. That day we were up early with most everything packed the day before. Chickens, and geese and turkeys all in coops. We had 2 wagons and the neighbors had 4 to help us move. Mother went on ahead in the buggy to get dinner started. She made beef and potatoes in a big cast iron pot hung in the fireplace. When we were leaving Hoosier, it looked like this: Hogs in wagon box with cover on top, surrey tied behind one wa-