



Dear Boys:

It has been suggested that I write you something of Lawndale at the time I was growing up, which is quite a few years ago.

There are some of the younger folks in our village that I do not know yet very well, but most of them are rather easy to place by the resemblance to their Mothers and Fathers, with whom I used to work and associate with. There are entire tribes of such families as Richards, Wallaces, Weases, Blantons, Bowmans, Southards, and a number of other old families that have a distinct family resemblance.

During what you would term the old days, I believe we had more actual fun here than the younger set that are now growing up that have access to automobiles, moving picture shows, and other modern entertainments of today.

I remember quite well the first moving picture show I ever saw. It was a "shirt-tail" outfit, traveling through the country, and showing in different towns. The picture was a real wild and woolly, fast-shooting and hard-riding Western picture, which was shown in the old Masonic Hall Building on top of the hill. Many times during the picture the entire audience

would jump on top of their seats and holler like the very "de vil" and I think if they could have gotten hold of the villain in the picture, we would have had a first-class lynching in our fair little town.

In those days the Company Store did not close until we natives were ready for bed, which was around 9:00 to 9:30 each night. It was a nightly gathering place for such fellows as Hill Boyles, who had a regular seat reserved on the end of the counter, Joe and Ab Bowman, Stick Elliott, and a few of the other old timers. All of them had some wild tales to tell, and they were usually on the other fellow. I will never forget Joe Bowman's laugh. It was the kind that starts away down in the belly and seemed to turn over and over and never get out. It was one of those kinds of laughs the balance of the fellows took up and every body would feel better after indulging. Stick and Hill were usually the ring leaders in this nightly gathering, and Hill had the great reputation of asking particularly the newly married men rather personal questions, which perhaps it is well not to go into details about in this publication, and this reminds me of the night Hill and Alice were married. Some one found out exactly where they were going to spend their first married night, and a real cow bell was chained under their bed, and in such manner it could not be taken off except by the use of a hack saw. All the neighbors for miles around gathered together that night and put on a real celebration, by beating pans, shooting guns, and just about tearing up the house until the early morning hours. After that Hill was just a little more discreet in prying into private family affairs.

Some of my friends brought home with them for Christmas a gallon jug of store bought liquor. Being afraid to hide this out around their own home, they gave it to Stick Elliott to take care of it for them. A day or so before Christmas, Stick was called upon to produce the liquor he was keeping, and he delivered a practically empty jug. His explanation for the absence of the liquor was that he had just been "supping" some of it each day and there were really some disappointed boys on this account.

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