

me to stop, and telling me that the peanuts were not ready to pull, but I insisted that the peanuts were all breaking off in the ground. After I completed pulling up the vines, I got a hoe and went back to harvest my crop, but failed to find any peanuts at all. This was the beginning and end of my farming career, and I decided right then that I would work in the mill, rather than raise anything, and especially peanuts.

I should have known better, however, than to pay much attention to what Walt Lee had said, because it was just a few years before, that one Saturday afternoon when I was draying (and this was back before we had dray trucks), I was driving old Frank, the white horse, and delivered a sack of flour to Walt Lee's house. Walt insisted that I take a drink of some famous locust wine that he had made, and after drinking 2 glasses, he asked me to sit down and talk to him awhile. In a few minutes, he told me that I was getting drunk, as my eyes were closing up, and he didn't believe I could walk on a straight line. I was scared to death, and afraid to go back to the store, for fear Parker would fire me, so Walt had to drive the horse and wagon back to the Company store for me. I also should have known better than to pay any attention to what "Buck" Southards said, because as I recall, just a year before that, one Christmas he had Ruff Jeffers, Lee Champion, and me up to his house for a possum dinner, and as usual, I ate too much. To this day, I don't care much about possum dinner. So, my advice would be to any of you boys who are growing up in Lawndale, that Walt Lee is alright to bring you mail, and "Buck" Southards is alright to cut your hair, but do not consult them about farming, what type wine you should drink, or what you should eat.

We youngsters used to have quite a time out at the old Lawndale theatre, and especially along during the days of the pie-eating contests between John Canipe and Mart Jones. I always thought a lot of John and Mart, and didn't know which one to pull for when the contest started, but as I recall, John Canipe won every contest.

I spent one very pleasant summer helping Charlie Forney, Jr., paint the lattices of all the houses in Lawndale, and I shall never forget the time that Myrt Wease brought us the country ham, and I insisted on a second piece. She went back and sliced off a piece of raw ham, and brought to me, which did not taste bad at all. The next summer, Charles and I painted the roof of the mill, and Mr. Forney, Sr., insisted that we got more paint on our clothes than we did on the mill. He says that Charlie and I both were too much like Seth Ganey to ever make good painters.

And that reminds me of the other story that Mr. Forney tells on me about Sunday School there at Lawndale, when Mr. Forney was Superintendent. One year the Sunday School came up with a little deficit in its funds, and in a meeting, he asked what we should do about it. He tells that I stood up and said, "Suppose we give it to the Church." For all I know, this was about the same year that I came running in to Mr. Forney's one afternoon, telling him that Professor Burns had complimented Charlie and me very highly, and had made the prediction that we bid farewell to becoming great orators.

I had the honor, as well as some of you other boys who are now in the Service, of playing on that football team at Piedmont that never scored the entire year. I am sure that Ira Weaver, Leonard Wallace, Joe Whisnant, Hazel Brackett, and a lot of you other boys, will never forget the famous Hudson and Jim Cline team.

I have a prize joke that I would like to tell you on Jim Osborne, but maybe I had better wait and tell this to you when you get home, as it sounds better when I tell it in front of Jim. And, then, too, I hope to be able to write another letter for THE HOOVER RAIL sometime, and if I put this joke in here, I am sure that I would never be asked to write you boys another word.

We are all longing for the day when you boys can return home.

Very sincerely,

Tod Caldwell