

My Uncle Jim would let me ride on the plow stock handle when he was plowing. On this special day, my grandmother, Aunt Georgian, Sing and Emma Gillard (black people living on the place) were hoeing peanuts. I rode several rounds then he told me I had to go to the house where my mother was cooking dinner for everybody. I wanted to go where they were hoeing he said it was too hot for me to stay out there any longer and carried me to the house. This was in May 1923. He had stroke and dropped dead before he made another thru plowing. My grandfather was gone to mill to get corn ground into meal and grits. Someone rung the dinner bell to let neighbors know something had happened and they needed help.

They put up a sheet to shade Uncle Jim until the doctor arrived and an inquest was held. However, I was not allowed to go where he or his mule was. I had not started to school. My father was plowing in another field.

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