

School goes on. We all walked to get to school unless you were lucky as I was. My grandfather carried me to school every morning. My grandfather had had a stroke and could not catch his mule or hitch her to the buggy. My father would get the mule and buggy ready and grandpa would drive me to school about a mile. Then he returned home. Some of the family would take care of the mule. Then in the afternoon he would make his return trip after me. All the other children thought I was very lucky to have so many to see after me.

After my grandfather had his stroke, Dr. Carter would go out & visit my Grandfather. Dr. Carter would bleed him. Grandpa would sit on the edge of the porch near the post & hold his arm where the blood would fall on the ground. This was one of the methods used to treat high-blood pressure in those days.

My grandfather died Oct 24, 1925 on my sister's birthday.