

Gathering tobacco at the Warrens. We caught up at the barn waiting for another crate of tobacco to come. Mama told me to go to the house & tell Mrs. Warren to get our mail from the mail carrier when he came along. The Warrens had a big dog they kept tied. Mrs. Warren was at the end of the porch dressing fish she bought for lunch. When I went near her the dog had gotten loose—broke his rope. The dog bit me several times on the right ankle. I screamed. Hyman Adams ran from the barn, got a yard broom and beat the dog off me. Mrs. Warren finally got the dog caught & tied him again.

That was one bad day. Daddy brought me to town to Dr. Shuman, the only doctor in at that time, the other doctors were out on calls (Doctors went to your house if you were very sick.) Dr. Shuman doctored my leg. He said several people had been bitten by this dog. One my mother's father, bitten on the hand. Dr. Shuman order the dog killed—head put in a nail keg on ice & mailed to Atlanta. Daddy had to go to Adel to put the dog head on the train. The dog was killed several days after I was bitten.