

42 a tiny hole in the end in which to insert a string and tie the pencil case to the slate. It occasionally happened that an odd case would be minus this hole. The teacher to find the culprit, got out a goodly bunch of these according to the number of children that were under suspicion, & amongst them there was one minus the little hole. Well when the lots were drawn, I was the one unfortunate to draw it. And the piece of bread was given to me. It certainly wasn't mine for the butter on it was vile. However I took it home, & told another, & she said throw it out to the hens, & was quickly disposed of. We had copy books in those days, as we proceeded in our improvement we got others of a higher order, until the later ones had beautiful copper plate on the head line. My first book started with the strokes and pot hooks. I had not proceeded very far on the first line of my book when a big blot appeared and instead of using the plotting paper I used my thumb

43 I imagine I can see that long black smudge even now. When I got to making the letters about three quarters of an inch long there was the big letter ~~M~~ M. Between the lines there was a tiny space and in this space I made a very small ~~m~~ m. and very neatly done. Just then the teacher looked over my shoulder and asked, when did you make that? please sir, yesterday. I was very quickly bowled over and my little tie detected when he placed the plotting paper & it came off wet. There is still in existence the old blacksmith shop, that went in those days by the name of "Smiddy". Well But, the anvil has long ago ceased to ring & the bellows to blow. In those times it was occupied by a man named Kidd, and from daylight until dark, & often after dark there would be the roar of the bellows and the clang on the anvil. I remember getting a rivet put in a pocket knife that had come apart. To go inside this "smiddy" after