

coasting. The boys made bob sleds large enough to hold the crowd including the teacher. We liked to get him to ride in front and steer the sleds. One time we thought we had killed him. We had carried water the night before and poured over the tracks and by morning it had frozen and was slippery as glass. We rode down a few times, all of us digging our heels into the snow and ice, thus retarding the speed of the bobs. Mr. Green watched us go down then thinking it safe enough decided to ride ahead. Some of the older boys gave orders to keep our feet from touching. Of course the teacher didn't hear that so instead of going down like we had been going the whole outfit went down at a terrific speed, never stopping at the foot of the hill but shot across the road and landed in a fence over in a nearby field. Mr. Greene being ahead got the hardest bump of which we were all heartily ashamed as well as frightened.

Another time the boys had the teacher hang on to a rope and tried to pull him up the flag pole, a stunt we had been performing among ourselves. The teacher being somewhat heavier than any of us caused the pulley to give way and he fell to the ground a distance of perhaps 10 feet. He was stunned for a few minutes and so were we, Benny Bryan broke the silence by yelling: "O, Harry! Harry! Are you dead?"

Our school year, however, wasn't spent in play alone, as through our teacher we learned the wonderful art of combining our work and play. Right here I might, also, mention two others prominent in the school life of Hillsgrove township and to whom many of us owe much—our Ex-Co. Supt. J. E. Reese Killgore and J. Robert Molyneaux. All three had a keen sense of humor and were popular with the younger generation. They were continually striving to instil into our young minds the proper out look upon life and preaching the necessity of a good practical education. They taught us to love our school work and to strive for the higher and better things thus making our lives worthwhile to our-

selves and others.

The following year we had a new teacher. She took our pranks rather seriously and did all she could to help our parents lead us into the straight and narrow way.

Early in the fall of 1901 some one proposed we all play "Hooky". When the eventful day arrived all backed out except four and I was one of the four. I was afraid my brother would call me "baby" or "fraidy cat" if I backed out and afraid my mother would paddle me if I went, but my brother was there and my mother wasn't so eventually I went. My brother and I took off our shoes and stockings and started across the race above the grist mill then operated by Ellis Starr, father of one of the culprits. My feet slipped and I slipped and I fell but my brother caught me before I was all the way in the water. Hattie Bryan and John Starr were waiting for us on the other side of the creek so the four of us started to climb up the Nigger Face Mt. to spend the day. We had our dinner pails which our mothers had packed in the morning also some vegetables which we had accumulated along the way. Hattie had a large head of cabbage which she contentedly nibbled at as she rested after our long climb. I sat on a rock near by shivering and hoping the sun would come out and dry my wet clothes. We could see the schoolhouse from where we were so awhile before school closed that evening we started down the hill. We walked over the stones and through the briars carrying our shoes and stockings under our arms so as not to scuff or tear them. I heaved a sigh of relief as tired and footsore we landed in the road near the bridge. We sat down and prepared to put on our shoes and stockings when I discovered I had but one of each.

Sunday School and church, also many other social affairs were held at this school.

Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy Chilson, who both attended the B. V. school told me at times the attendance was as high as 48. When the building burned in 1910 some of the books