

\*Edison (dad) told me the story of being on a chain gang in the south, sometime around when I was born, for six months. He said he wore a ball and chain and cleaned ditches on the side of roads. Dad said he was a 'bo'. He told about riding under boxcars on the platform between the wheels because riding in the cars was dangerous. He said he learned his trade for getting a railroad job repairing the pipes underneath the trains by watching others do the job.

\*Sister Carol said dad told her about being a hobo as a kid before marrying mom and how he was caught in Georgia and spent time on the chain gang but Carol said he went to school for six months learning how to do his job.

\*Mom (Anna Lee) just today told me a story of our living in the house where I was born. She said dad (Edison) owned a truck that had been sitting for over a year in the yard and Clyde Martin wanted to buy it so dad sold it to him. He couldn't get it going either. It sat on the edge of the field where the meadow starts going downhill towards the creek.

\*One day Clyde heard a noise and yelling, he stopped milking and threw his bucket full aside as he took off running towards the old truck that was now running down the hill full out. When he got there, he had to lift it up (by himself) because it had wrecked turning over and underneath was his three-year-old son, dead.

A two wheeled cart full of rags, various umbrellas hanging from the sides of the cart, and a very joyful aged colored man wheeling along slowly yelling "rags, clean rags, get your clean rags here, raggggsss."

Mr. Sunshine as he was known, toiling the streets and alleys of the 50's Cincinnati.

\*Going northward down the Dark Region and crossing the Fork Lick would bring you to the next house we lived in.

\*It sat just across the creek on the right side (great-grandparents David & Maria's old house=store) of the road. Ceil had pet pigs that were my babysitters sometimes because they'd put me in my playpen, which sat inside the pigpen area.

\*Mom said we usta walk up the road to the Hampton's farm to draw water when we could. They lived up at the top of the road.

\*Baby in a box, is told by Ceil of putting me in a wooden box while the others went swimming.

\*She said she would carry the baby (me) and a box to the Fork Lick Creek and sitting it on the creekside while she and Carol and sometimes Helen went swimming holding onto a log, one time they found an old snake is stuck in the log, head sticking out, they abandon the log in a hurry and remembering the baby in the box run for the house. Sister said that I was a good kid, told to sit still and I did without complaining.

\*(Uncle) Asa took his muzzleloader and went hunting down the road to his father-in-laws farm. Virgie came and questioned grandpa about him being gone so long. Grandpa followed her home where she sat out his guns on the bed and grandpa noticed the muzzleloader was not there. Grandpa and some others joined in and walked to the Doane farm calling out for Asa. The Doane's joined in and they eventually found him down in the woods. He'd been shot and half his head was missing. They brought him home where the doctor nursed him for several days until he died. The used bandages were tossed out back under the trees and gave birth to the rumor of his brains being buried under a rock. Mom, Anna, said she was at home and didn't see him until the funeral.

\*Nellie Milner was born on Dark Region Road on a Martin farm on the North side of Fork Lick Creek. (May have been the same one we lived in setting on the north creekside. She said she played in the store on Dark Region ran by David and Maria. She said she loved Aunt Vergie. Later they moved to hwy 36 next to Orlie Harrion.