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I loved to ride in a wagon to town to buy ~~supplies~~ supplies and food, as we usually ended up at the drug store when he bought he a double dip ice cream cone and himself a large mug of Root beer. I also enjoyed going to the hardware store, as it had a deep well through the floor of a back room. We would draw us a bucket full of cold water and get a drink. I liked to take a peek down into the well and see the reflection of light on the water.

We moved to another farm that had a large Cotton field west of the house. My grandparent (Harlem) lived at the other end of the long row of cotton. Ralph and I would slip off and go visit grandmother Harlem every chance we got. She usually had some pop corn, cookies or cake waiting for us.

One day Eunice and I was playing in the cotton wagon. My father kept some matches under the wagon, to light his cigarettes with. He always carried a chunk of "Brown Mule" chewing tobacco and a sock of "Bull Durham" smoking tobacco in his pocket. He always rolled his own cigarettes and there weren't very many ready-rolled ones available back in those days.

As I was saying we were playing in the wagon full of cotton and decided see if cotton