

(6)

I started to school while we were living at this place. The school must have been two or three miles away. It was one large wooden building with two large rooms. There were about ~~to~~ ten rows of seats in each room. Our room had the first thru the fourth grades with the higher grades in the other room. There was only one teacher in each room. There was a huge pot bellied stove in each room that burned wood during the winter months.

When the books were passed out to each grade on the first day of school, I was mistakenly given a second grade book. I was too timid to tell the teacher, so when my time came to read I refused, as I didn't have the right book. The teacher put up with it for a few days, then wrote my parents a note. That night he picked up our old fashion type phone and pretended to call the police. He told the police to come take me to jail the next night if I refused to read the next day. I still refused to read and a still had the wrong book. The teacher picked up a paddle and decided she could persuade me to read fast. After about three licks I told her I had the wrong book. She gave me a first grade book and I read about ten pages to her very rapidly. I had also learned to