My Remembers

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After School Trouble

I suppose there is times whin people take thing for granted, even my self, but down through the years I learned that obidiance pay off. Here is some things I have thought about for years and more as I get older and this is what it is. There must be one of the strongest ties in the world between mother and child. In my case I no it was. I can remember as plain as day that every time there were some thing bother me or worrie me my mother would sense if there were danger in front of my day to day activities. She would detect it and remind me not to go or do a certain thing. During my growing up years from the time I was big enough, and my dad taught me to hunt and my mother and grandmother taught me to fish, they could not keep me off the creek fishing or out of the woods hunting. There are a cupple of time I can recall that mother stop me and others from possible serious damage to my life as well as some one else.

The time was late in the fall. I had a fight in school and I think it was one of the most serious and damage fight in my young years. It was noon one day at school that I had a argument with a girl. By two-thirty recess I had forgot about it. But not the girl. I was standing on the ground leaning on the porch post whin some thing hit me over the head. My knees buckle. Stars cloud and tears come into my eyes. All I could see for a moment as I regain my self there stood the girl with a baseball bat cocked and ready to swing again. I come to my senses and grab the bat to snatch it. She was holding the bat tight and whin I snatch she fall into the post and I grab her with my hand and lock my arm around her and the post and latch on to her like a dog latch onto a piece of meat. I bit down on her jaw and held on with the intention of biting a plug out. Whin I no any thing the teacher was pulling me off saying, Boy,
Don't you no better than to fight a girl. Get on out to the toilet and cool off.

By this time I no what I plan to do whin school turn out at 3:30. After school I rush home, got the .22 rifle, told mother I was going hunting, like I did every day. She said, Ok, be back before dark.

Out the door I went. I headed down cross the paster toward the route of the girl I had the fight with, with the intention of killing her I was so angry. I was all most in a trot whin all of a sudden there was a voice came from behind me saying, Come on back to the house Eddie Jr., and right then I no my mother no that I was up to some thing no good. I froze in my track whin mother said, Give me the gun, and ask me what was the matter. And I begin to tell her all the detail and what I was going to do. And the most frighten thing came into my mind was I knew she would tell Dad and I would be grounded from using the gun to go hunting. I think Mom and Dad gave one of the most serious talking to I've had in my life time. To this day I remember most of what they taught me about premeditation and the use of a gun or anything else you would do whin you had time to think about it.

What had happen? My ways and action whin I got home that day was no diffrent from any other day, I thought, but mother had felt, caught or detect some thing was not right.

Any way they did not ground me from hunting, but it did make them aware and remind me to let them no whin and where I was going to hunt. If there is any thing I can remember well, that is remember day in and day out, the care and concern Mother had for us kids and Dad. It didn't make no diffrence whin or what time it was. Every time one of us walk out that door Mother wanted to no where we were going and what time would we be back. It was the same if mother left the house. She say she be back at a certain time. It was a bit
diffrent with us if she no where we were going. She would take
time and caution us what danger was ahead especial going
across the road, to the store or creek to play in water. She had a
safety tip for us all. Every day Dad go to work I could hear her
say, Eddie. You be careful on that tractor. Watch them old
horses. You be careful with them guns, whin we go hunting.
Make sure we don’t shoot each other. I can give Mother a lots of
praises for this caution and safety. Of course it did not matter
with sister Bessie Lee. She was going to do something wrong,
time she got out of Mom site. Any way this is why Mom would
all way say, You be good Bessie Lee. Eddie Jr., keep a eye on
that child. Bessie Lee all way wanted to foller me around and a
lot of time I’d take her hunting with me with mother
permission. Mom would all way say, You stay close to Eddie Jr.,
girl.