

8/8/03

We didn't walk barefoot a mile and a half to our 1-room county schoolhouse, but we did walk, and it got pretty boring. Next-door neighbor Harold Forrest and I often walked this gravel road together, and to make it a little more interesting, we began to see if we could throw stones and hit the green glass insulators on the telephone poles. These poles each had 2 cross pieces if I remember correctly, carrying maybe 20 lines. The wires were attached to green glass insulators that sat on pegs on the cross-pieces.. These insulators are now valuable collectors' items.

We played a lot of baseball. Harold had a very good arm, and mine was OK too. We found that we could hit the insulators, and if we hit them with a big enough stone, they burst into pieces. We broke enough of them that eventually someone reported it to the authorities. There was a state police (or sheriff? I'm not sure) investigation. No one knew who was breaking the insulators, but someone must have suggested that it was kids throwing stones. I remember feeling scared and guilty. But the police concluded that someone must be shooting them with a rifle. No kid throwing stones could have done that much damage.

Some of my guilt was replaced by pride.