

Virgil, Cecil and I used to give Uncle Shorty and his railroad repair crew fits. They would go up and down working on the tracks between Reform and Columbus and I don't know where all else, but the three of us delighted in stacking rocks on the tracks to make bumps or derail the motor car he used to transport his crew up and down the tracks to do their repair work, and we did it many times. But once, we build a couple of piles of rocks close together and when his little motor car hit it, it derailed, making the crew get off the car, put it back on the tracks before continuing on to their area of work. We were hidden back up in the trees away from the tracks, but close enough to hear Uncle Shorty carrying on, "I know who did this....It's them little nephews of mine...They are back up in those trees right now watching us...I know you up there boys and I am telling your daddies on you..." I don't remember now all that he did say, but he was pretty upset. I don't think he ever told our Dad's about it or if he did they never said anything. Luckily, all it ever did was jar the workers a little bit, but it is a wonder it did not turn them over of something...The three of us never lacked for things to get into....[↓](#)

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