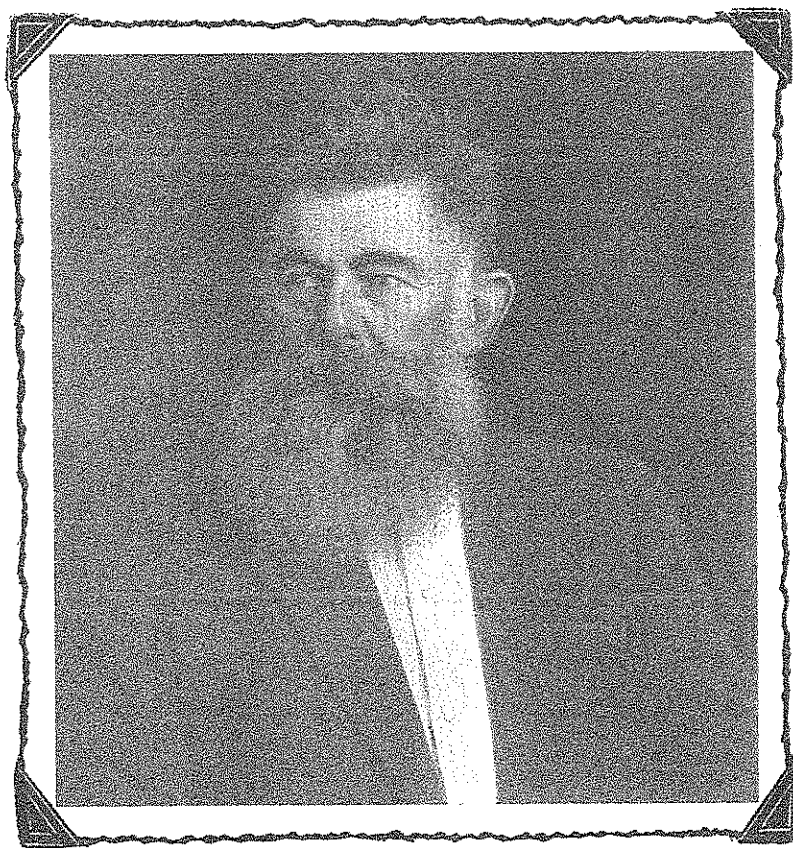


# The Things I Remember About My Papa

By Agnes Sorrells

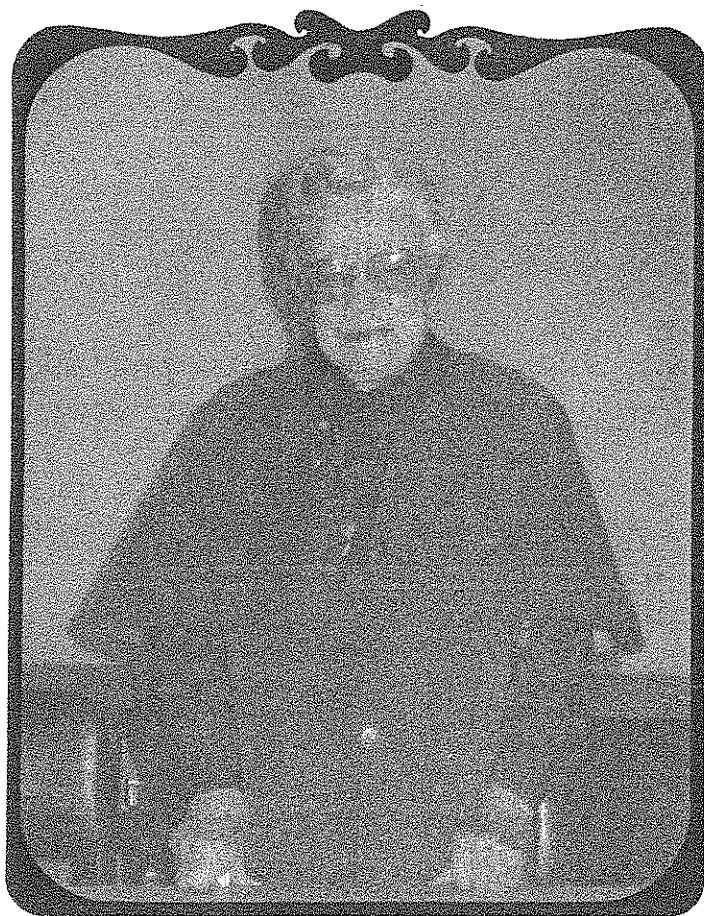


Herman von Roeder  
"Papa" & "Opa"

This biography of Hermann Friedrich Albrecht von Roeder was written by his only remaining child, Agnes Wilhelmine von Roeder Sorrells in October 1992, at 95 years of age.

She was assisted in the writing of this by her daughter Lucille Sterling and her granddaughter Marjorie Jones.

At the present she is living by herself in the house built by Agnes and her husband Jim Sorrells on the land that her family settled on in 1909.



This picture of Agnes Sorrells was made in December 1992 as she spoke about her family history to the Scurry County Genealogical Society.

THE THINGS I REMEMBER ABOUT MY PAPA

Papa's Grandmother von Roeder, who was of the wealthy Sack family, made the remark "von Roeders were born to command, not obey". So I guess they were not very efficient or thrifty since it was not necessary while they lived in Germany.



Papa's Grandmother Caroline Louise Ernst, (above left), who was the first married German woman in Texas, arriving in 1831. She and her husband Friedrich Ernst had four children of which one was Papa's mother Caroline Wilhelmine Ernst, (above right).

Papa's mother Caroline Friedrike Wilhelmine Ernst was married the first time to Carl Ludwig Socrates von Roeder (Louis)

on May 21, 1837. They had only one child, a daughter, Louise Caroline, who married Julius Wundt. This couple had a son and daughter, Julius and Louise Caroline. After the death of Louis, Caroline married his younger, brother Franz Ferdinand Albrecht Ludwig and they had seven children. Papa was the fourth child, born April 6, 1846, at Cat Springs, Texas.

My brother Benno looked up in the Book C of Successions in the Austin County Court Records in the Appraisers List of Louis von Roeder's Estate which sold after his death at a Public Auction Sale for \$930.00 to Papa's Uncle Robert Kleberg.

The sale consisted of the following items:

1/2 league of land on the Collette	\$830.25
1 lot at Industry	.50
1 Negro woman "Hanna" about 37 years old	700.00
1 Negro girl "Mary" about 5 years old	150.00
1 Negro girl "Eliza" baby	75.00
10 head of cattle	73.00
6 hogs	24.00
2 pair trace chains	3.00
2 pair hames	2.00
1 hoe	.25
1 bridle bit	.12 1/2

1 iron wedge

1.00

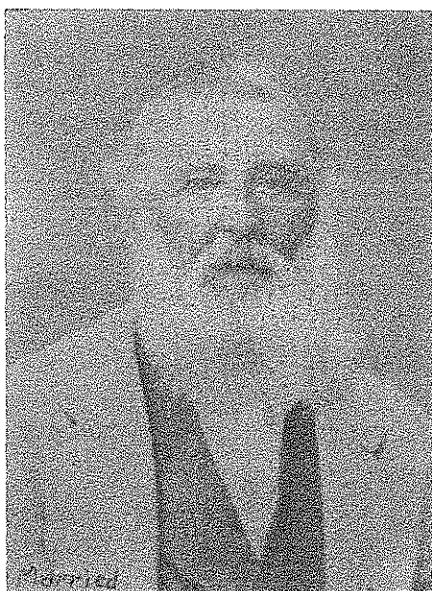
The perishables were bought by Papa's father, Albrecht von Roeder for \$65.75.

It is difficult for me to write this because there are so many people who have the same name. Papa's father was Franz Ferdinand Albrecht Ludwig, Papa's name was Hermann Friedrich Albrecht von Roeder. Papa's father went by the name of Albrecht and so did his youngest son.

Papa's father died in 1857 and his mother later married a Mr. von Hinueber. Papa, Uncle Siegmund and the youngest brother Albrecht ran away from home because they couldn't stand their stepfather. Papa and Uncle Siegmund went to live with Aunt Rosa and Uncle Robert Kleberg, where they were taught to mind and make something of themselves. Later they lived with the Engelkings where they could go to school to a Mr. Maetze for whom Papa had great respect. He said he tried to lie to Mr. Maetze once, but Mr. Maetze made him so ashamed of himself that he never tried to lie to anybody since.

Uncle Robert Kleberg had taught Papa and Uncle Siegmund to read and write. Mr. Kleberg was a very well educated and smart man, as was Mr. Maetze. Somewhere I read that Mr. Kleberg made the remark, "The best thing I ever did in my life was when I married my wife". I heard Mama say several times that Aunt Rosa

Kleberg was a wonderful woman. She was always in good spirits and could take care of any kind of situation - whatsoever. So they must have been a pretty compatible couple.



Papa's Uncle Robert  
Justus Kleberg

They were married just a day or two before they moved to the United States.



Philipine Sophie Caroline  
Rosalie von Roeder

After living and studying at Engelking's Papa enlisted for service in the Confederate Army in 1863, at the age of 17. The following letter, translated from German, was written at a camp near Natchitoches, La., on April 16, 1864:

Dear Mother,

I have some very sad news to share with you: my brother fell in battle on the twelfth of this month. Wood's regiment had to make an attack on a gunboat, in which attack Loui was shot right through the heart. Besides him, 14 others were killed and 34 were wounded. Ever since his death I have had very sorrowful times. I arrived there just after he had been buried. He was buried in an old field near the bank of the Red River. I haven't been able to go to his grave. It makes me very sad indeed that he had to give up his life in the first fight. He fell as a brave soldier. As soon as I heard that Wood's regiment had been in a battle, I had an ominous foreboding, for I feared right away that my brother was one of the unfortunate ones. I'm telling you that I had such an anxiety about him that I could hardly withhold my tears!

When we arrived at the ferry at Bayou Pier, I found one from his company (Pluto), and the first thing he told me was: "Roeder, your brother is dead". I asked him then whether Yoachim and Robert Eckhardt were well, whereupon he told me that these two were not with the company when the battle took place.

I have enjoyed many happy times with Loui, but now the terrible war has separated us forever. Dear Mother, I trust that you will soon console yourself and not succumb to mourning and sorrow, or else you may become very ill.

Today I went after Loui's horse and saddle. Someone unbuck-

led and took his six-shooter. I couldn't find out who; however Lt. Adams assured me that he would get it back for me. I gave his horse to Ludwig to ride, who promised to send it back home at the first opportunity. I sold his saddle for 60 dollars Confederate money. That was all I was able to get for it, and it would not have been worthwhile to take it back to Texas. Other than that, I found none of his belongings except a Mexican blanket.

Dear Mother, you must forgive me for not writing sooner for everything was in a turmoil here. Many a time we got nothing to eat during the day, and frequently we had to ride day and night, and so on.

On the 8th and 10th of this month we fought terrible battles. I was still in the hospital on the 8th and I wrote you a letter, but in the afternoon I left there without the doctor's permission and rode back to my regiment, and I arrived there at nightfall after everything was over. That day, (the 8th), we captured about 300 prisoners, 22 canons, and 150 wagons with much loot, especially food stuffs. Two days later we had a battle at Pleasant Hill. Our left wing and center corp were victorious, but our right wing was put to flight. The entire loss of the Yankees is estimated at 14,000.

Now dear Mother, I must close, for it is getting so dark that I can hardly stay on a straight line. Don't worry about me, for I am well. Give my regards to all. Farewell, my dear



Mother.

Your affectionate son,  
Hermann v. Roeder

Ida Schlick, a dear cousin whose father became a U.S. Senator later in life, was in the same group that Papa was, said that one of the men of Papa's Company G. complained that he needed shoes - his feet were worn out. So Papa pulled off his own shoes and said "Here you can have mine. My feet are tough enough that I can go without." I don't know whether he had to or not.



Confederate Reunion 1915 in La Grange, Texas

- #1 Herman von Roeder
- #2 Captain Julius Giesicke
- #3 U.S. Sen. Albert Schlick
- #4 Uncle Otto Mackenzen

Money supplies were very tight in Government at that time

and Papa said they got pretty hungry sometimes. He said when he was just a boy at home there were many things he didn't like but when he came back from the service he liked to eat anything he was served.

When Papa was young he was kind of a spendthrift. He liked beer and liked to treat people with it. He ran for Justice of the Peace, and that was an easy way to indulge in such a hobby.

After he came back from the war, I believe he was buying corn from Grandfather Ohlendorf for his horse when he saw Mr. Ohlendorf's daughter Emilie and at once knew that she was the one he wanted for his wife. She was only sixteen though, so he didn't dare think of letting anybody know much about it. Grandfather Ohlendorf was also running for the Justice of the Peace office as an incumbent while Papa was teaching school. I think his horse ate an extra lot of corn because he saw Emilie quite frequently. He wrote a letter to Grandfather asking for Emilie's hand. It was not proper to ask her first, he thought. Anyway when the 'Stuhl' Grossmutter heard of it she said "I would take him, he is handsome, he is a school teacher, he could make you a good living, his is a VON, and he owns a place.

After she found out that he was an opponent of Grandfather's

she said "No, no, no! You must NOT marry him"! She did marry him on May 23, 1876 and he also won the election.

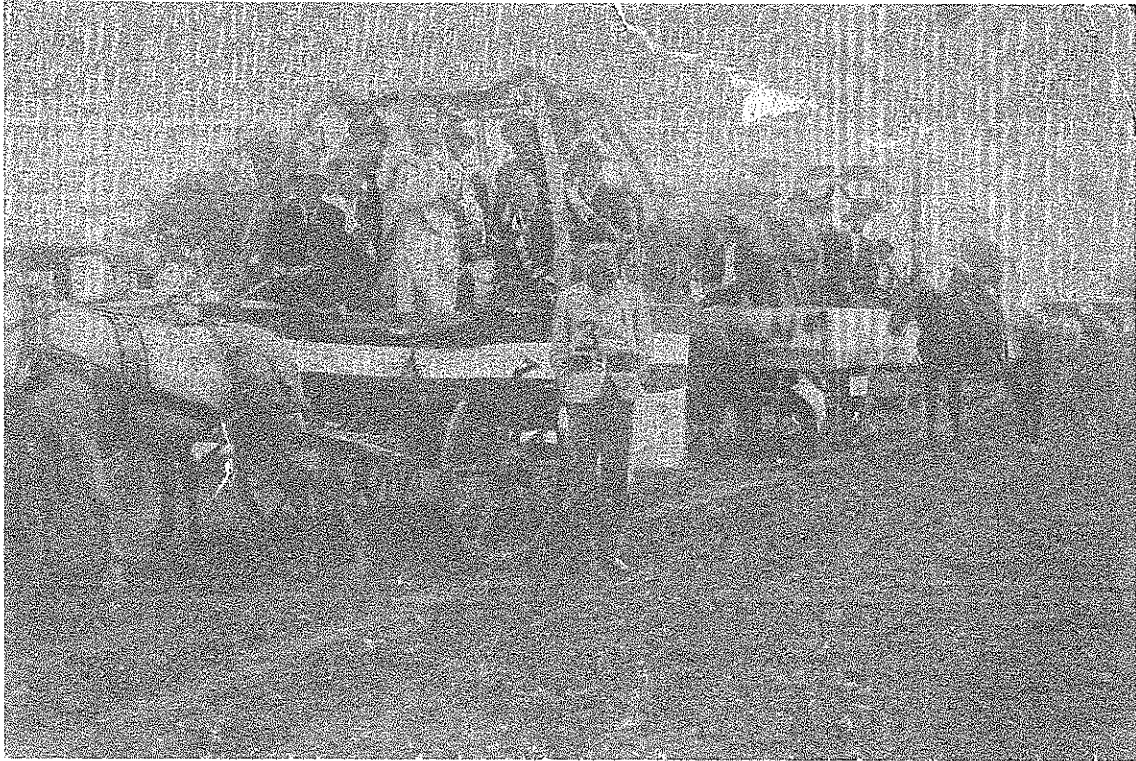
Papa had bought a place at Industry, and could keep up with payments pretty easily while teaching, so debts were not bothering him too much. One document shows that he was hired to teach the first grade of the Public Free School No. 4, District 10 of Austin County for 3 months and 2 days at \$75 per month. School was to begin the middle of October with 47 students. He received his teaching certificate on September 15, 1877. However, I think he had been teaching for awhile before he was "Certified". The letter of recommendation for his certificate refers to his "good moral character and correct exemplary habits" with no mention of educational abilities.

Papa also studied as a pharmacist and worked in a pharmacy awhile. That probably caused him to try out nearly every patent medicine he read about. He had sinus infections a lot of times or maybe it was allergies, but one never heard of allergies, and like Frieda used to say, "There weren't any germs those days." He had back aches a lot for which he took Doan's Kidney Pills.

A few years after they were married it took more money to live than it did while he was single, so Papa asked Grandfather if he would lend him some with interest of course. Grandfather's

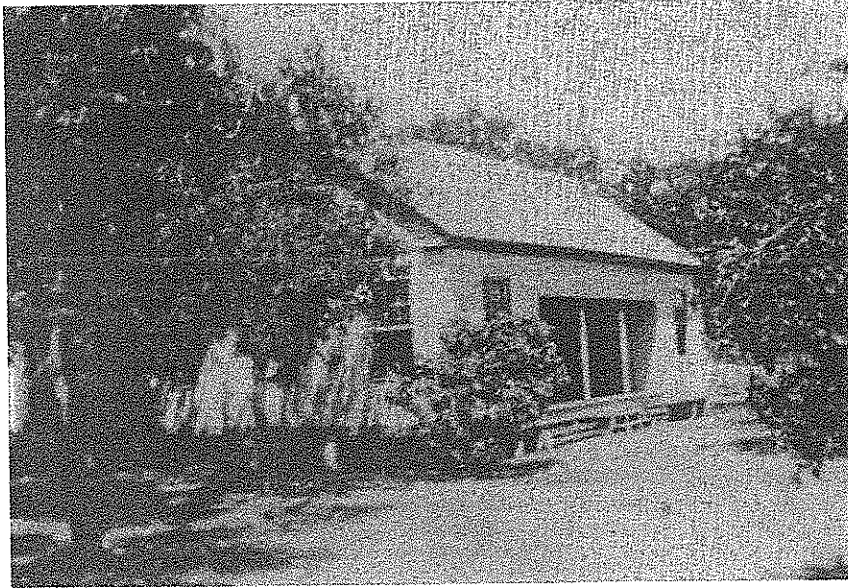
answer was "I have money, Hermann, that I could lend you, but I'm not going to. I want you and Emmy to get out of debt by yourselves and learn to save some for the future, when times might be harder".

Mama took sewing lessons by mail and sewed day and night, even until 2:30 a.m. sometimes. It was during those hard times that they lost Lilly, a little eleven year old daughter, from pneumonia. Mama said she grieved so much that she neglected her other children, letting the older ones attend to the younger ones, and nearly lost Clemens who was a baby then. During that time Papa, while cutting wood, (one of his favorite activities), had a chip nearly put out one eye, and was unable to work for several weeks. Good doctors got it out so he could see with it though. But the same thing happened again after a few years and that time sight could not be restored. His other eye got so strong that he could do almost anything except judge distance well. When he was so old he couldn't do much work anymore he could still see how to read till 2:00 a.m. or later. He was never a very good sleeper but he sure kept up with what was going on in the world politically and historically.



Papa always enjoyed County Fairs so much. This is the Herman Sons Choir at a Caldwell Co. Fair about 1907. On picture #1 Mr. Albrecht Garbrecht, Henry Richter, Hermann von Roeder

In 1890 Papa, Mama, and their 7 children, Richard, Benno, Arno, Ella, Ida, Clemens and Frieda, moved from Austin County to the Roger's Ranch community of Caldwell County; where four more children were born, Herbert, George, Agnes, and Nolan. Arno died in 1898 and George died as an infant in 1895.



Our home at Rogers Ranch in Caldwell Co. where Herbert, George, Nolan and I were born.

Papa built a room on to our house for Grandmother von Hinueber and Tante Roschen (Papas oldest sister) where they could sleep and also cook if they wanted to. It was connected to our house by a porch. I think Mama did most of the cooking but anyway I think they were quite comfortable there. They died in 1903 and 1905 or about then. It seems to me that Grandmother died after about a three week illness, but Tante Roschen died just a few days after she had a stroke.

Grandmother von Hinueber's last husband who had long ago disappeared after beating her out of all her property and leaving her with twin boys was never heard of anymore. Someone told me that she was 40 and he 22 when they married. It's strange that a woman as smart as Grandmother was would have fallen for a man like that.



Benno, Elsa & Richard von Roeder, Ella, Henry & Melba Richter  
Emilie, Agnes, Frieda, Clemens, Ida, & Herman von Roeder  
Nolan von Roeder, Rudie Richter, Herbert, Edgar & Manfred von  
Roeder

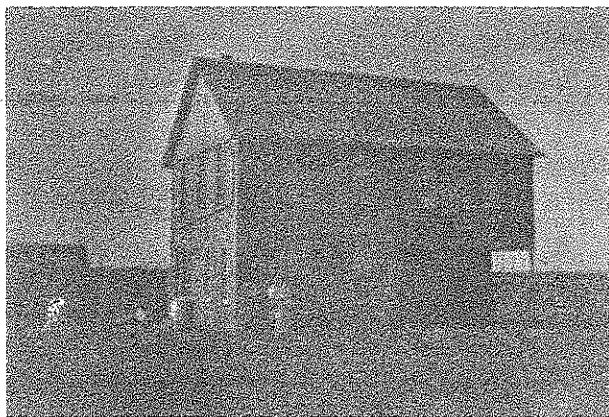
In the spring of 1908 Papa with a group of prospectors, like himself, came to West Texas - Scurry and Borden Counties. Agents

from the Bush and Tillar Ranch took Papa around to the nicest places like the Addison's on the north side of Bull Creek where they had good clear springs and a well with the same kind of water at 16 feet. They told Papa that one could find water that way anywhere around here at 12 to 16 feet depth. At that time there were no weeds and very little mesquite, but beautiful grass every where with plenty of prairie dog towns, rabbits, etc. A Mr. Red Rogers had just bought a section of land from the 9R Ranch where he had raised good corn with 3 or 4 ears per stalk in a field he had just broken early that year. It had rained so much he hadn't even been able to plow it. That was in the edge of Borden County.

Papa bought Section 95, which was mostly in Borden County, for \$15.50 per acre. He also bought Section 96 for \$16.00 per acre in Scurry County. About 3 years later he could have bought 8 sections for that amount of money. Richard and Elsa, their sons Manfred and Edgar, Clemens and a good carpenter friend named Alex Wranitsky moved out here as soon as possible and built 2 residences for themselves, also barns, lots, and fences around the 2 sections, and made general improvements. Before they had done anything on Section 95 they persuaded Papa to trade it for Section 97 with \$2 per acre more, which was a very good trade. This is the one we lived on.



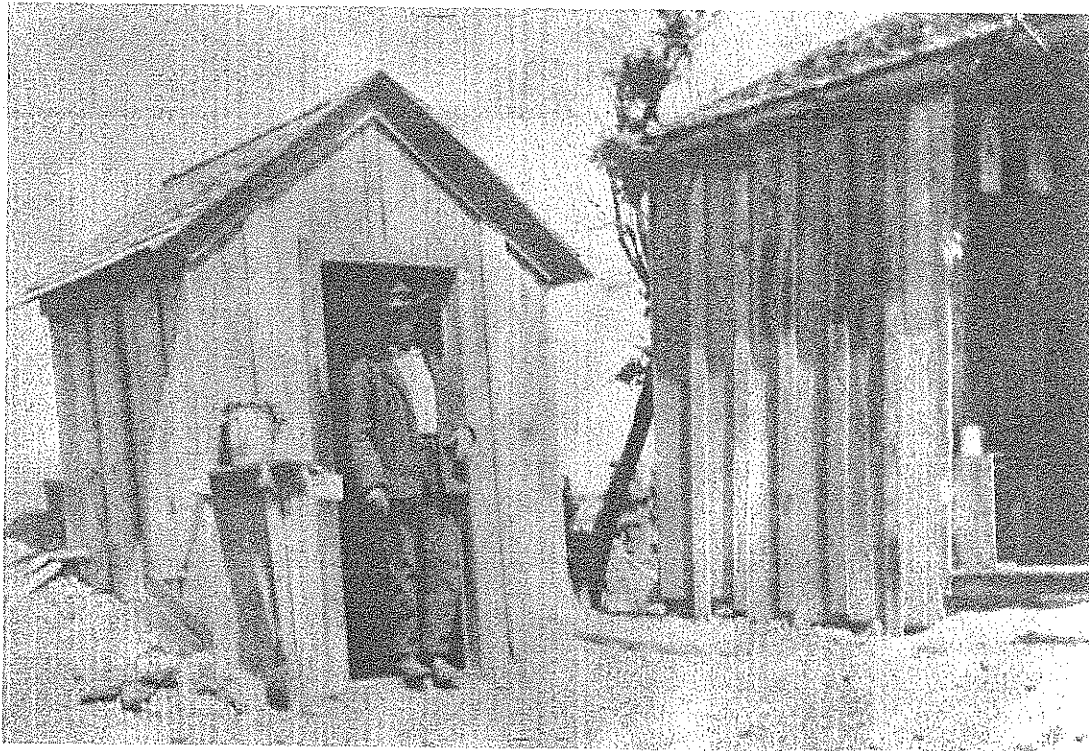
The next summer Herbert came and boarded with the Tom Cary family in Snyder so he could attend high school. The rest of us followed in November. Our house was still in the building process so we lived with Richard and Clemens families until February 4, 1910 when we could move into our house.



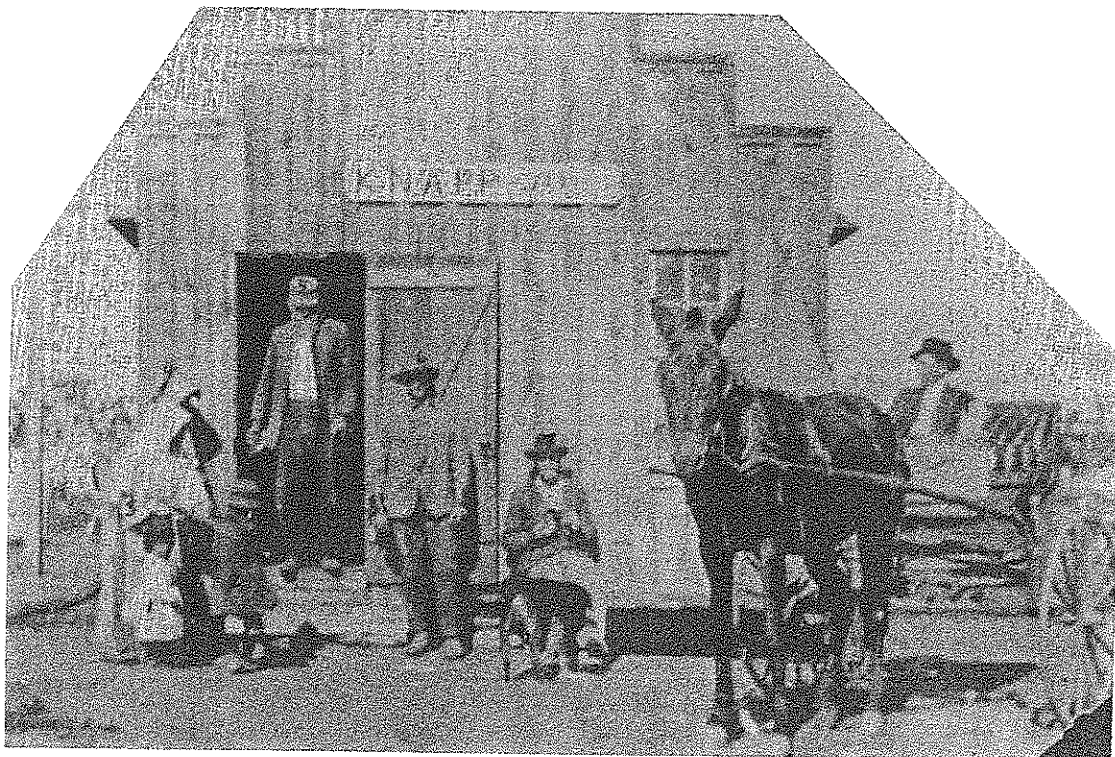
Our new home in Scurry County

School did not begin at Bison until January that year so while we stayed with Manfred and Edgar, Nolan and I rode their burros (old Jude and Beck) to school with them. It was about 5 miles. Sometimes when Bull Creek got on a rise we'd have to go over the bridge but we couldn't get the burros over it so we would have to walk the rest of the way, about 2 and one half miles. The next year Manfred and Edgar attended the Murphy School and Nolan and I had to walk 3 and a quarter miles rain or shine.

In 1910 or 1911 Papa bought the Hardeman Place for Henry and Ella Richter for less per acre, even though it had been fenced and had a house, barn, and chicken house, than this we already owned, over which we were all so happy. Henry bought an adjoining 160 acres later.



Alf Sloan built the first Knapp Post Office in 1890 and was postmaster until his death then his wife Manie Sloan operated it until 1912 when Herman von Roeder bought the equipment and built a new building. He was Postmaster through 1916, when Wright Huddelston bought it and moved it to where the government marker is now.



R. by number

2-3 Mexican mother and her children	#4 Emily von Roeder	#7 C N v. Roeder (dog Rover)
	#5 Mr. H. von Roeder	#9 Clyde Willis (who carried mail)
	#6 Sam Bruce (Hutto, Tx)	

'Uncle' Alf Sloan operated the Knapp Post Office on the hill one half mile north of our house. Mr. Sloan built the post office in 1890 and was postmaster until his death. 'Aunt' Manie Sloan then operated it until Papa bought it on January 17, 1913. The mail carrier, Mr. Clyde Willis who lived 7 miles east of Gail, carried the mail from the Durham post office to Ira post office and back daily, by buggy, a distance of 20 to 25 miles each way. In 1917 Papa sold the building and equipment to Mr. John W. Huddleston who moved it to its present location, about 2 1/2 miles north east. Mr Huddleston's son Wright, operated it after his father's death, until it was closed in 1959. Papa had

groceries and candy for sale in the building. Papa enjoyed telling people about Mama's good cooking when they came to the store. He often invited them to eat with us, he knew she would have plenty cooked. He made us taste everything Mama cooked saying Mama cooked only what was good for us. We didn't have to eat much of it but had to taste it.

Papa, like the rest of his kinsfolk were not taught any religion. A few years ago my favorite Sunday School teacher at Ira, Dee Boyd who has since moved away, explained to us from one of the books in the Bible that there was a time or a country in which God did not require his followers to talk about religion so much; that they were strong enough they didn't need that. I told him that that must have been when all our ancestors came from Germany. I don't know what book in the Bible that was but I want to find out because I'd like to read it myself. It was in the old testament.

Ed Murphy was one of my greatest heroes. I told him and Frieda once that I had expressed myself to Pearl Engle, (Dewey's sister) that I didn't believe the Bible, and Ed said "Oh Anna, (that was one of his nicknames for me), you don't know whether you believe the Bible or not - you don't know what it says". And he was right, but that was the way Papa was, nobody ever ex-

plained anything about the Bible to him. I think Edna Miller was so right when she said, "The Bible was written like people believed at that certain time".

Once when I was 'kinda touched' in church I asked Mama and Papa, "Why can't we believe that we will live again after we die and that there is a God etc...?" Papa said, "Well we can and we do, but much of what they preach is so silly and crazy that it is unbelievable. We know there is a supernatural power. It is proven everywhere. Of course, we try to believe all that happens is best". Mama was much more optimistic than Papa and had more faith in the future.

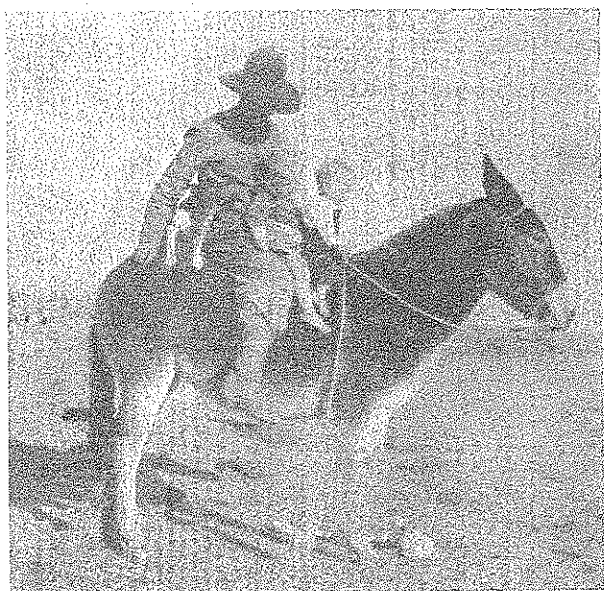
Out here everybody's main association with each other was Church. That made it a little hard for Papa to get close contact with the majority of people. Papa had a few very dear friends though; Mr. Wagnon was one of them. He usually came two or three times a week to sit and visit with Papa while Papa had the Post Office.

Mama and Papa had a garden that we had something to eat from practically all year round, for about 15 to 20 years. We had a small tank in the northeast corner of section 97 that seeped and made a good garden spot. After a few years it was very hard to

work because Bermuda grass was taking it over. Papa did a lot of ditching leading water to different rows and plants. They called it the lower garden. Papa spent a lot of time working in the garden with Mama.



Mama, Nolan & Papa in the garden



Red Ule pulls the garden plow - Ed, Loyd & Bruce Murphy

Papa being so easy to please and Mama never asking me to help her cook, I just didn't. I thought she had fun doing it. Benno and Vena had given Mama a very beautiful set of hand painted china for four, on her birthday, that we rarely used. While she and Nolan had gone to Caldwell County to see our kinsfolk Papa asked two young men, Hugh Wagnon and Clifford Morrow, to eat supper with us. I hadn't cooked anything except beets and pop-

corn but I put it on the table. We had bread of course and molasses. So I set the table for the four of us with the beautiful china.

Mr. Wellborn was a big church member and you might say 'ran the country' around here. What he wanted done - was - because he had money. Mr. Dave Peters, who boarded at the Bush and Tillar Ranch, was a land agent that sold our land to Papa. He also sold Papa a span of mules. Papa had told him that he would need a span of good, young, gentle mules for farming. He told Mr. Peters, "I'm trusting you to get them for me. I know very little about mules or any farm animals and will appreciate your getting them for me". Mr. Peters replied, "I'll be glad to do that for you, I ought to treat you right, I've been a Christian for 25 years". Papa said that made him a little uneasy, and sure enough when Ed Murphy saw the mules he said, "Oh, Opa I know those mules, they're 24 or 25 years old".

Then another good example of 'Christianity' was when Papa wanted to sell ten cows to a neighbor, who was a leader in church. Papa told him to pick out the ones that were not going to have calves, he'd need to keep those that would, but he'd have to get rid of some dry or old ones. It was getting too dry and he was overstocked. Mama was so disappointed when Papa showed

her the ones he had sold to the neighbor. Nine of them had calves within a month or two.



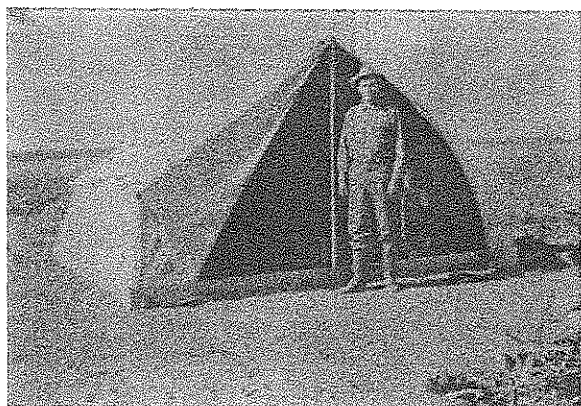
Those kind of trades were so common for people to do with Papa. Of course he just shouldn't have done any trading. He was too honest and trusting for his own good. That's probably the reason he got cheated in most of his trades. We had lived in Caldwell County so long and Papa knew so many good honest people, that there was no use associating with any dishonest ones and we didn't. Papa was making a good living buying tracts of land from people that wanted to sell; fixing up good houses, fencing, improving them any way necessary, and selling them very profitably. Also he would make speeches at festivals, etc. Being an ex school teacher he had lots of friends.

Mama and Papa planned to deed one fourth section of land to each of their children when they were married as they had to Richard and Clemens. Frieda chose to help Ed buy a section on the south side of the Colorado River from a Mr. Ainsworth that



joined some Ed already owned over there. They had built a little house on it and later built a two story house on this side of the river. They moved that little house to the Binnion place, which was some 3 miles east of here, and Jim and I lived in it the first year we were married. Richard and Clemens each sold their quarter sections back to Papa.

In 1917 Papa traded half of his cattle to Mr. Marvin Berryhill for a section of land in Gaines County. It had rained a lot and grass was pretty there. Then he traded section 96 to Mr. Warden for another section and a half also in Gaines County for Herbert to homestead. The government drafted all able bodied young men of age, so Herbert only got to live on his part of the time required. However, they counted part of the service time there for homesteading.



That was a very 'trying time for Papa, having gone through the horrors of war himself, of cruelty and killing. He mentioned many times that there were better ways of settling things than by

war. He was so eager to kill "every D--- Yankee" that he could, he said, when he volunteered for it, but after it was over, though he tried, he was not sure that he had killed anybody he shot at. He was never in close combat while fighting, in service.

While Herbert was living in a tent on his claim he had to drive his cows to water on Mr. Sherman's place. It was an earthen tank filled by a windmill like around Tatum, New Mexico, always running over with beautiful clear water, when the wind blew. I believe they built a trough and led the water into our section that way later. While Herbert was there yet to attend to the Cattle Ed and Frieda could come home for a little while to attend to things here. The grasshoppers had eaten every bit of the grass that had grown early in 1917 and the drought was so severe no more could grow through 1918. Herbert, Ed Murphy, and Manfred all on horseback drove our's, Ed's and Henry Richter's cows all out to Gaines County where Ed and family took care of them through those two years.

Sometimes when someone is on one's mind day and night a thought like this pops up -- when Herbert was a little over 3 yrs of age he wanted to go with Papa somewhere but couldn't. He got a little closer to Papa and said "Papa do you know what a gentle-

man is?" Papa said "No", Herbert said, "It's a man that takes his little boy along when he wants to go somewhere." So, they got in the wagon and left.

During World War I, I believe we raised six bales of 'bollies' as they called it then. I don't know whether Papa got to sell three bales right at first for 6 cents per pound, anyway Papa decided to send three bales of it to Germany to the poor people that had lost everything they had. Oh! We got so many letters of thanks from so many, even from the government employees. Also, a lot of begging letters from people that claimed to be kinsfolk. We did send, by mail, a lot of coffee, soap and other things that we could do without here. They were so happy to get our lye soap. Papa always brought the cotton bales home after they were ginned hoping to get a better price later. We liked that because we liked to play tag on them.



Papa wanted us to be educated, honesty was self understood, if you weren't honest you weren't anything; and the most impor-

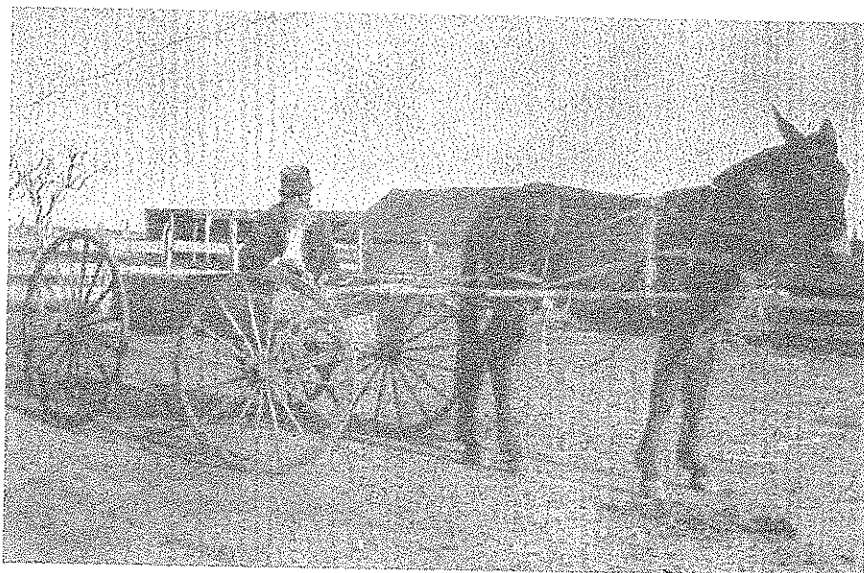
tant part of our character was that of staying a virgin. He was so afraid a girl could not protect herself alone against a fast boy, he always wanted to know what kind of boys we were with.

He had several hobbies, reading being the strongest. He kept up with everything that was going on. He was most interested in history and very disappointed in most of politics during his last years. In the beginning of World War I he was very disappointed that we had to get into it. He knew that Kaiser Wilhelm was too arrogant and greedy but thought he was beginning to lose his power with his own people and thought it would have worked out all right. Of course we'll never know.

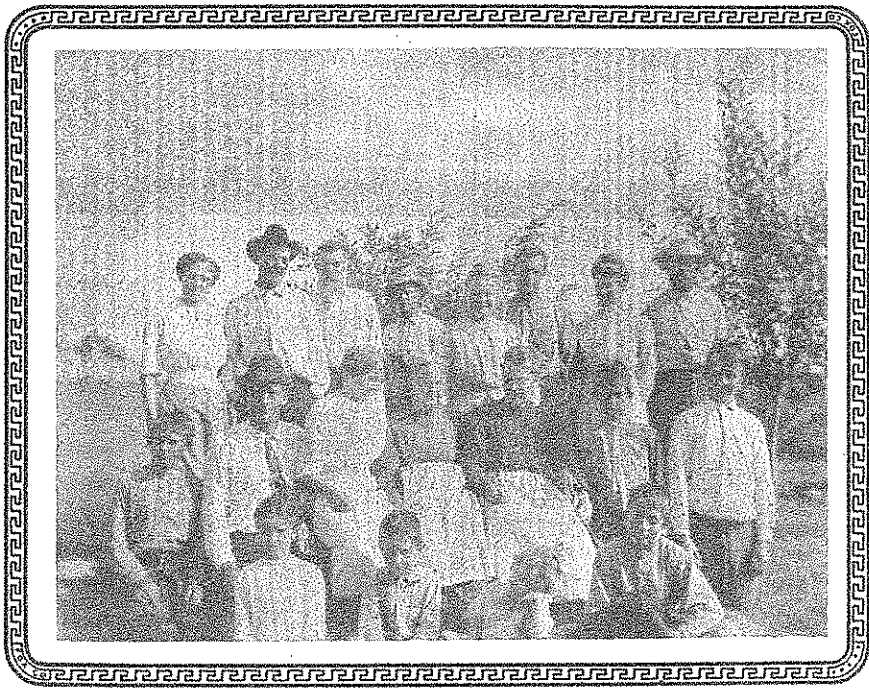
While Papa was still able to work, the last years he had an aching back, he liked to do little carpenter jobs or at least work with his carpenter tools. He had an old buggy that he took a running gear out of and put a frame on with low sideboards.

He also bought a mare that had a mule colt, but the mare died so we had to raise the colt on a bottle. Papa named him 'HASHABURA TOGO'. He got to be a great pet, he would come in the house when we'd leave the door open. We didn't have screens those days. When we'd go to the 'Tante Meyer' as Loys used to call it, he did the same thing we did and went back to the house

with us quite often and came in if we'd let him. When Togo, as we called him got big and strong enough to pull the little cart Papa had made, (he made harness for him too), he hitched him to it and drove all over the pasture.



Since we had to haul our water most of the time anyway (our cistern leaked) we often took the clothes, a wide bench and washtubs, also the wash pot, and did the washing at the tank in the pasture, hanging the clothes in mesquite trees to dry. We usually took sandwiches for lunch because we didn't get the clothes dry by noon. Also we often went in Papa's little cart to pick up mesquite beans in the wash tubs. We often went in the wagon to pick up mesquite beans for the horses and cows.



1st Row: Ella & Clemens von Roeder, Papa, Ed Murphy, Elsa & Richard, Ella & Henry Richter.

2nd Row: Manfred, Herbert, Agnes von Roeder, Grandmother Ohlendorf, Mama, Nolan & R. P. Rudie, Melba & Gilbert Richter, Edda & Edgar von Roeder.



Playing tennis even with our riding skirts on, tennis was fun.



Left: Cotton Seed House behind Car Shed.

Right: Barn and Buggy Shed.

Mama liked to cook and Papa liked to eat. Both liked young people and enjoyed company — so we usually had a house full on Sundays. Mama and Papa liked it that way.

I didn't know it was work to cook, so it was a pleasure for all of us.

Left: Ella & Henry Richter, Ella & Clemens von Roeder, Nolan, Rudie & Mr. Bob White (Top). (Bottom) Gilbert Richter, Papa, Julia & Edda von Roeder, Mama, & Melba Richter.



It was during a drought that Papa, and I went by the old Scott Trevey place and hauled two wagon loads of pie melons also to feed the cows and hogs, driving old General & Captain (Ritmeister in German, it was funny to hear Ed Murphy say that), from the Sterling field (J.M.'s grandfather's). While there Papa saw a patch of corn that looked very good, Tommy sold it to him, for \$100 provided that it had time to mature.

A month or two later Nolan saw Tommy somewhere, (we had already harvested the corn), and Nolan paid him the \$100. When Papa saw the corn pretty much shriveled up from frost, he was so disappointed thinking "another one of those cheaters" so he went to see Tommy, who said he remembered the trade and for Papa to say what it was worth if anything. But Papa wanted Tommy to say, so he came to look at the corn and they agreed on it being worth \$50.00 instead of the \$100.00 they had originally agreed to. This made Papa very happy and from then on he always told people that he had found ONE really honest man in Scurry County - that was Tommy Sterling.

The first few years we lived up here we had rented the Tollerson place, (which was on Shinnery Hollow, southwest of here), so we could raise a little cotton and feed. One time Papa rode our horse, General, to the Tollerson place. It must have been in January, a blue norther blew up and Papa still hadn't

gotten home, finally good old General brought him home. The sand and snow all over his face frozen, he could hardly open his hands nor his eyes.

One time he had been to Snyder. He usually didn't try to go and come back the same day, but I guess that time he did. He liked to spend the night with Mr. Elmer Bentley's parents at Union. Mr Bentley and his family always were so nice to Papa that he couldn't resist their invitations. He got back as far as Chimney Holler just this side of the Bison School house when the horses wouldn't go any further. He whipped them but they just jumped and still wouldn't go. He got out of the wagon and was going to lead them, instead he fell about eight feet into the creek. It didn't have any water there and he finally found a way out, got his horses off the wagon and rode one of them home, (old General).

Another time like that he got off the road here close to the northeast corner of our pasture. Mama and I were sitting reading, we both thought we heard someone say "Hello". We went to the door and there was nobody around. But we kept listening, hearing something, so we lit a lantern and I went in the direction the sound was coming from. He had only said "Whoa" and probably talked to the horses a little; anyway we could backup,



turn around and get back to the road. I could see well enough for that. Papa could not see after dark at all.

Papa liked to play a German game called 'Skaat', similar to the modern Bridge game. He always smoked a pipe, so every time our menfolks would get together they would smoke and play 'Skaat'. Those days smoke didn't bother me like it does now.

Mr. Joda Monroe was another man that Papa valued very much as a friend. They seemed to agree politically, and Mr. Monroe was not afraid to express his opinion on things. Mr and Mrs. Monroe and another couple ate dinner with us one time. I think they had been quail or dove hunting and just stopped back by. Papa always invited people for meals when it was that time of day; and usually Mama would have enough cooked for whoever it was. Vena, Benno's wife, a doctor's daughter marvelled at that.

The Bush and Tillar ranch boss allowed us to haul dry wood off their place because we had built the fences around our land. George Childers, Loys's brother, used to laugh at Papa for letting Irve Milhollon haul "crows nests for him". Irve was not trying to cheat Papa, like a lot of the people were, he was just too easy going to load more than that at a time. He was the good caller at the square dances that I wrote about in the Borden

County historical publication a few years back.

Papa taught us to trust people until or unless they proved not worthy of it. That's the way he lived.

He believed in a good education, liked good singing, and everybody to stay busy. On rainy days instead of getting to play or draw or paint, that we kids all liked to do, we had to write a German letter to Grandmother. I did not think Grandmother gave a flip for my letters. I never knew anything interesting to write to her. Papa liked pretty rocks and flowers, wild ones especially. He liked nature study. He was real kind hearted.

Papa sometimes drank a little too much. I never saw him when he did but I heard Mama say she was so glad we had prohibition in Scurry County because of it. He was not addicted to it but where people treated him he couldn't always resist soon enough.

Papa's grandchildren called him Opa. Opa is not an abbreviation of Grandfather but it seems that all of Mama's family adopted it. While I was small our grandparents were called Grandfather and Grandmother. Then all of the Ohlendorf grandchildren began calling their grandparents Opa and Oma too.

I asked Gilbert what he remembers about Papa. He said the first thing was when Papa came to meet them at the depot in Snyder driving 'Ritmeister and General' hitched to the surrey. "He was pretty set in his ways and always busy", Gilbert said. One of his sayings was "Idleness is the devil's workshop". When he wasn't working outside he was reading something like the Fort Worth Star Telegram, (his favorite newspaper), or an occasional book; or else straightening crooked nails.

Bruce and Glyn Ed remembered he didn't waste any time and he went around in his cart pulled by Togo.

Julia just remembered that he had a big beard and got coffee on it and smoked a pipe. I asked Melba what she remembered. She wrote "I know that we liked that he had the store and gave us candy. Seems he had kind of retired and read so much. He liked Oma's good cooking, was always jolly at meal time. I have some letters an poems that he wrote but they may be in German. I also remember how sad his death was. But I remember Oma so much better, she lived so much longer and I sort of worshiped her".

He was the first man that I knew about having prostate surgery, he made a good recovery, no malignancy or anything. After he came home though, he was so weak and hungry all the

time, he had a voracious appetite, and I guess then he overate. When he went back for a checkup, Dr. Krueger in Lubbock said, "What on earth have you done with your heart? It was so perfect when you had surgery and now it's so enlarged". Papa thought he had dropsy or diabetes for which there was no cure, or Brights Disease.

At that time Nolan was so very sick with his diarrhea; Ellen was only a few months old and cried day and night; we were boarding the four hungriest cotton pickers I ever saw in my life, that I had to take dinner to in the field; Jim was very busy taking cotton to the gin, and not in the best of health himself. In short we just couldn't take care of Papa as we would like to have and he wanted to get out of our way. His disease overburdened his mind, which of course was not normal, so he got Edgar to go with him (I think it was to Glen Rose, a town known for its warm mineral spring) and he ended his life by cutting his wrists. This was a great shock to everyone. Papa had to have Jim help him drain his kidneys ever so often as he was unable to do it himself, this was very humiliating, embarrassing and painful for him. Jim told him that he didn't mind at all and was very glad to be able to help any way that he could. Through this kindness, Jim became close to Papa and knew his state of mind better than the rest of us, so he was not as surprised as everyone else that

Papa chose to do this.

Brother Jesse McGaha was a good friend of Papa's. His ceremony at Papa's funeral was very soothing and a great blessing to all of our family and friends.

Brother McGaha was also the one who married Jim and me.

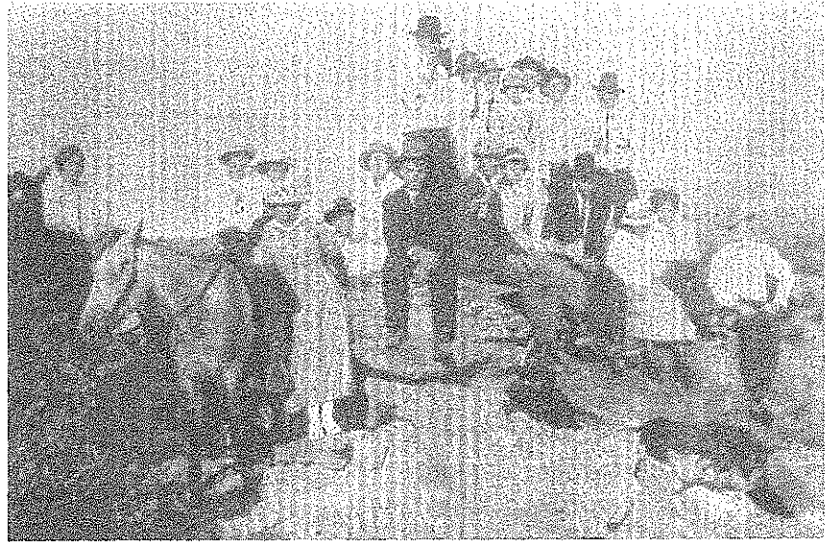


Papa, having read as much as he had, saw the future sins, political and pornographical, and didn't think he could stand any more of it. What he could not see was our future financial blessings. He thought he had made a mess of his life, never having witnessed a suicide in his family, and was saving us a lot of anxiety.

What he did not know was "HOW BEAUTIFUL HEAVEN MUST BE".



— Riding Horseback —



— Playing Tennis —