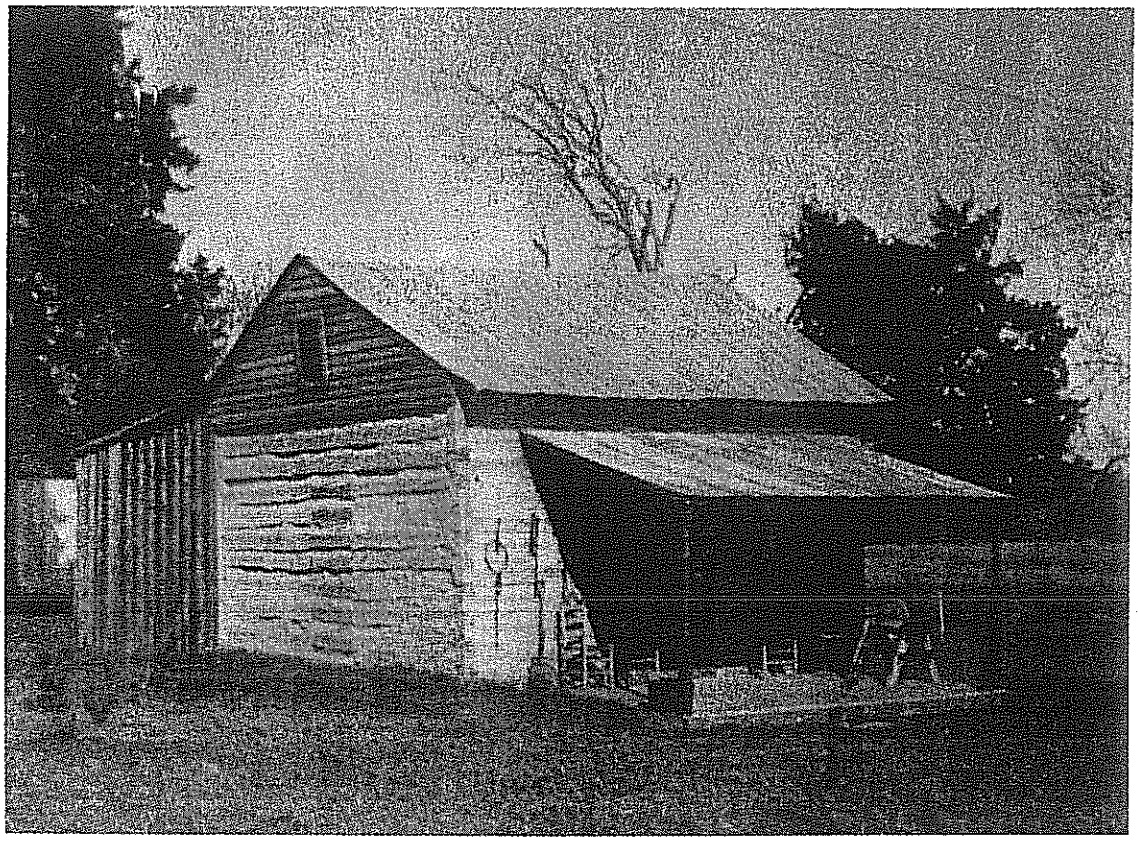
MT. SPRINGS ORAL HISTORY



A COMMUNITY PROJECT

for the

1986 TEXAS SESQUICENTENNIAL

Cover Picture

The log cabin of Mickey and Mildred Steele Cooley. It was built by Mildred's great-great grandparents, R.J. and Sarah Hallmark in 1857. It has been restored by Mickey and Mildred.

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The Communities of

Bloomfield, Breedlove/Needmore, Burns City, Hemming,

Mt. Olive, Mt. Springs, Oak Hill, Prairie Grove,

Union Grove and Walling

Sponsored by

The Mt. Springs Community Club

Co-Sponsored by

The North Texas State University Oral History Project

PREFACE

The book began in 1983 with a group sitting around a table at the Community Center. Floyd Jenkins, North Texas State University History Department, offered his expertise and blank tapes for the interviews. A list of people to be interviewed was drawn up.

The task began. As tapes were completed they were transcribed by listening and typing. The mammoth job seemed impossible at the time. The group met time and again to regroup, encourage each other and laugh at the stories.

In the meantime printing costs skyrocketed. The original interviews consist of some 500 pages but had to be reduced to be affordable. The unabridged versions in rough copy only will be placed in the Gainesville Public Library. The shortened versions deleted most family genealogy.

Material that was often repeated such as killing hogs, making soap, and chores was deleted in the shortened versions. We have tried to keep each interview in the person's words.

At the time of the interview each person gave permission for use of the material in this book. The Mountain Springs Community Club, the North Texas Oral History Project, or any member of the Oral History Committee are not responsible for errors or discrepancies in any transcript. Sometimes it was impossible to understand some names and to know each spelling.

The original tapes will be deposited in the Gainesville Public Library. Copies will be in the North Texas State University Library.

Enjoy your book. More hours than you'll ever know went into it! The Mt. Springs Community Club did it for you.

CONTENTS

A.L. (PETE) ALEXANDER

My parents were W.A. (Bill) Alexander and Mary Roberson. Her parents were Bill and Lee Roberson. He was born in Louisiana and she was born in Arkansas. Frank Alexander was born in Georgia and Molly Alexander was born here. Dad was born in Mt. Springs and mother was born in Erath Co., TX.

I remember my granddad very well! He shot me accidentally one time with a double barreled shotgun. I still have 9 BB's in my arm, shoulder and the back of my head. He took me to the doctor, bought me a brand new pocket knife and picked cotton in my place all summer. I was about 8 or 9.

We first lived at Hemming and moved to Mt. Springs about 1919. Dad farmed some, but mostly worked for other people. We would go to West Texas every fall to pull bolls. I have pulled over a thousand pounds a day.

Deanie and I married 23 October 1941. We had been married 15 months when I went in the service in 1942 and got out in 1945. I was overseas 2½ years. I was in the Aleutian Islands, Phillipines and the Marshall Islands. I ended up in Korea.

We used to go to a lot of dances. The floors of the homes would be so rough, you'd stump your toe every now and then and just keep going! The Lillards gave a lot of dances. Less Combs lived where Lester Haynie lives now and he gave dances. Red Long did most of the fiddling and Sam McMillin did some. John Smith did the calling.

We always had a battery radio. We would drive the car up to the window and hook the radio to the battery. We would raise the window a little to hook on and get to listen winter and summer. The first car we had was a T-Model.

Those cars had 3 foot pedals. One was reverse, one was low and the other was the brake. You could back up when you couldn't go forward. They had a band and if it wore out all you had to do was take off your belt, cut a piece off it and put it under there. Then you were ready to go again.

Different men had grocery stores here. They were George Lillard, Jim Steele, Walter Scoggins, Pat Rainey and Brant Rayzor, that I remember. One of them had a boy who would put a bucket under a loose board in the floor and raise the floorboard up and drop candy into that bucket. When it got full he had a string tied to it so he could pull it out from under the store and empty it. He would than put the bucket back and start over! We used to play baseball north of the store and also south of there.

When Deanie and I first married we lived in a two story house that stood on this same place and we paid $17.50 rent for a year.

When I was a kid I had been to New Church, that is Mt. Pleasant. I was coming home right there by Howard's. A calf jumped out in front of me. I knew it was a white faced calf, but my feet wouldn't stay still! I ran all the way home. When I got there I was so out of breath I couldn't say a word. Jack and me, Bud and Bill Rayzor ran around together. A man named Bob Trail always had a bunch of dogs. Everytime we would come by we would try to rope one of the dogs. We really thought that was funny.

One time we went to a dance at Bob Trail's. One man became drunk. We tied him to a tree with a lariat rope so he would shut up. Then we started playing Annie Over-the House with a wash tub. We would throw the tub over the house while the dance went on. We could dance all night and still be dancing when the sun come up. This was on Saturday nights. We wasn't allowed to do that if it wasn't Saturday. We would have had to go to the cotton patch early any other day.

DEANIE McMILLIN ALEXANDER

I was born in Mt. Springs in the old log house still standing across the road here on October 23, 1921. My parents were Sam and Eula McMillin. Mommy was born over close to Pilot Point. Her name was Eula Jane King. Poppy was born in Mt. Springs. The King's came from Tennessee and the McMillin's came from Missouri in 1875 to Sherman. He had been discharged from service in the Civil War.

I went to school in Mt. Springs and at Union Grove. We would have plays at the end of school. The stage would be on the south side of the Mt. Springs schoolhouse. Most of the time it was the outsiders who would have the plays. Men like Jim Steele and the older people. The little kids would say speeches or sing songs and the bigger ones would do something. We would have dances at people's houses. They would move everything out of a room and dance there.

We took our honeymoon out in West Texas in the cotton patch. We pulled bolls. I took one row and Pete would take two.

We carried water from the Lillards and from the well down by John Kirks. We had some good times building playhouses in a clump of cedars. We would be just penned in by four walls of cedars. Aunt Ella and Uncle Jim McMillin had a grape orchard and we would get in there and eat grapes til we got full. They let all the kids in the community eat all they wanted. Uncle Jim made brooms and was a carpenter. I remember the first radio I ever heard. Earl and Cecil made it. Maybe Cleo Graves and George Lillard helped. It was a crystal set and had to have earphones to hear it. The first one I ever heard without earphones was Uncle Jim's. Everyone used to go over

there on Saturday night to listen to the Grand Ole Opry.

We had a T-Model one time. I remember once coming over by Charlie Lewis'. We went down that hill backwards.

South of the Mt. Springs Store was practically in our front yard. There was a big rock that was first base. We called it Little Rock because Poppy and George Lillard went to Little Rock one time. They talked about it so much that we named it "Little Rock". Then we would play like we were going to Little Rock! Poppy & George went there to hunt. They hunted all the time for coons. They would save the skins and sell them for 29 to 49 cents. I used to go squirrel hunting in the summer with Poppy. We had a little dog named Trixie. When we saw a squirrel I would go around this tree and make a little racket so the squirrel would go around to the other side. Whatever the dogs hunted helped feed families because you could either eat it or sell it.

If we ever got sick, Mommy would make a big batch of senna leaf tea. We would all have to take it.

Teachers I remember were Ruby Davis, Mr. Bentley, Mr. Dowdy and Mr. Green. Mr. Bentley was the principal and his family would bring him a big platter of food for lunch. He would give us a bite out of his spoon! One time the boys found a nest of naked mice behind the stove. They had a big time scaring all the girls with them.

People who lived in Mt. Springs at the time were the McMinnins, Alexanders, Nugent and Emmy Floyd. Jim and Bessie Steel, Seaton Gorham, the Donnelly family, Ern and Fontella Daniels, the Ray family and Joe McMillin. Also, Arlie Clements, Carl Burns, the Miller family, Crider, Kelly, Nichols, Smith, Stogner families. Willie and Lorraine Scoggins, Robinson and Howard families were here, too. Noble Henry, Rice Crisp, John and Lucy Kirk were here. The Rayzor family lived in a big two story house with 2 fireplaces.

Poppy owned his place with two brothers. Pete and I bought this part of it about 15 years ago. They called the house on this part of the place the "weaning house" because when anybody got married they started out here.

When Pete and I moved here and built this house I said I would like to have "Little Rock." We had it moved out there in our rock garden.

RUBY DAVIS ALEXANDER

Chess Davis was my Daddy; his mother was Mary Frances Sayers. Mother's Daddy was Dave Burns. She later married his brother, Jim Burns; after he died she married George Brewer. Mama went to school at Mt. Springs; Daddy went to Bloomfield.

One day one of the school teachers had been picking at one of the boys. The teacher went to the outdoor toilet and this boy got a mouthful of water and followed the teacher to this outdoor toilet and squirted water on the teacher.

One day a car went by the Mt. Springs store and then stopped. A couple of funny dressed women got out and went back to the store. Mr. Rayzor ran the store; he was very old at this time and these women caught him alone. I don't know how much stuff they carried out of there and didn't pay for anything. They also got some of the money. It wasn't long before the word was out that the Gypsies were in the community. There were some telephones in the community then.

In the fall Papa always tried to have a bale of cotton to take to the gin on Saturday. He would buy a hundred pound block of ice and bury it in the cotton seed to keep it from melting and we would make 2 or 3 freezers of ice cream. Too, at a certain time of the year, the grocers would have whole stalks of bananas. Papa would buy one and hang it on the back porch and we would have bananas and ice cream.

They were having a party at Aunt Ruth and Uncle Oscar's one night; their boys were getting to be teenagers. Those old timey telephones that you rang with a crank was in the room. You could have a bunch of people line up and hold hands and then the one nearest the telephone would take hold of the wire and somebody would ring the phone and it would shock everyone. The one on the end of the line would get the worst of it. I don't know how many got fooled that night, but we thought that was funny.

Papa always had 4 or 5 old hogs. It had rained a lot that fall. He had a large hog lot and it had got boggy. He decided he had to get them out of there and get them into what we used for a cow lot for a few days. Between the gate to the cow lot and the hog lot, he had a big long feed trough. It was just high enough for the hogs to go under it. Mama was so short legged; she got in the way of one of the hogs and it ran between her legs and she couldn't get off. She was on backwards. This hog hopped along there trying to shake her off. It then ran under the feed trough and knocked her off!

GERTRUDE BEVERS

My husband was Painter S. Beavers. His grandfather, Spencer Decalb Bevers and grandmother, Mary Leona True came here in 1883 from Giles Co., TN. They lived just over the northern Denton County line. He bought land here in the Hemming community and had to cut through heavily timbered land to get

to the new place in 1893. He built 2 cabins; one was to sleep in and one was to eat and cook in. He said the reason he did this was because the chimneys were made of wood and plastered on the inside with clay and there was lots of danger of fire. He built the cabins apart so that if one burned in they would have another place to live.

They had to clear all the land before they could make crops. The first thing they did was clear 7 acres of this land so they could have a garden and a little patch of corn.

I came to the Mt. Springs area when I was about 22 in 1926 and 27. I came because my friend, Jewel Potts had asked me if I would like to teach school the next year at Mt. Springs. Mr. Potts was a trustee. Jewel and I were going to school in Denton together. When I came for a visit I was kind of disappointed because I had never lived in the Cross Timbers where there were a lot of trees.

I taught at Mt. Springs with Miss Souella Johnson. I boarded with her and her father. She later suggested that I might be happier if I lived with a younger couple. I did this and it was so much more pleasant. I didn't have to go to bed by dark!

There was a party at a house across the road from the school house. All the young people were in one room and the older people were in another room. It was really called a musical instead of a party. The young people were sitting all around the bed. Jewel Potts said, "Come here, I want to tell you something." I sat down on her knee and the bed fell down!

Years later, I came back to Mt. Springs. I was teaching there when they closed the school. This was during WWII. The parents were leaving the community to get work in the cities. Texas had a law that you had to have so many children in the school before you could get state aid. The community schools had to have state aid to exist. The school was closed the last day of February. The Superintendent of the Pilot Point Schools agreed to let the Mt. Springs children attend there. He also gave me a job. The trustees would not let the children ride the bus unless I rode with them. I met the bus at Union Grove each day. Now the children got to go for nine months instead of 6 months. The students met the bus at Mt. Springs.

BLOOMFIELD REUNION 1983 ROY JONES, EARL "CASEY" JONES, MRS. GEE

Roy Jones said that his house was about 3 miles from the Bloomfield school to his house; that is 3 miles by the crow!

Casey said that they used to call airplanes "airships."

Boog Wester's house moved to Dallas. It is in old City Park down there.

Roy Jones said he helped build a log house. He believes he is the only man in the community now that can say that. A man would set up there on the log and help notch the corner. There was a man on every corner. They always said that the man who was building the house had to furnish a gallon of whiskey for each man that they set at each corner!! (Casey said this.) Then they finally got to where those corners weren't fitting exactly right!!!

There was a Mr. Morrison that lived by us. (Roy Jones talking.) He lived in this little log house that we built. He had a son-in-law named Jeffcoat.

Casey: Used to if you had several men working for you, they didn't come in the house to wash. You kept pans out at the well for them to wash and you had a towel out there. Then you come in the kitchen and set on the bench and eat them beans.

Mrs. Gee said her parents had water in the house. Her aunt would come down to see them a couple of weeks a year and she didn't like water in the house. She said it made folks lazy. Then later she said, "Well, I declare that sure is handy." She had said previously that the water down at Missouri's was good enough for anybody." This was Missouri Sanders. She was a real old timer. This was Willie Mae Shipley's grandmother.

Aunt Betty chewed tobacco. Mama told her one time that when the weather got good in the spring they were going to come get her. We had just gotten a new car. Aunt Betty told her, "You needn't come in the "keeyr." (car) She said, "I don't like it."

Casey: Aunt Betty told the story too. She lived with Missouri. Aunt Betty probably encouraged all the Sanders boys to chew tobacco. She always had it around Ernest, Almer, Lee, and Os and all the boys went to chewing tobacco when they were kids. Aunt Betty was over here one day. I remember hearing her talk to Grandma Robison. She didn't have any teeth. She was always chawing that tobacco! Her chin nearly hit her nose when she chewed! She said, "I reckon all of Missouri's children came into this world craving tobacco."

HAZEL GOOCH BOYDSTUN

I was born 7 June 1909 in Mt. Springs. Our home was east of the Mt. Springs store. It was about a half mile from the store on the north side of the road. Joe and Addie Steele Gooch. My Dad came from Tennessee. This was Huntington, Carroll Co., TN. I guess he came to Texas in 1900. He and my mother

married in 1903. My mother was a native of Mt. Springs. Littleton O. Gooch, Grandpa Gooch, came to visit us in Mt. Springs by train in 1923. He stayed several months with us. In 1925 he came back for a visit. This was the only two times I ever got to see him.

Fred Gooch was my older brother, Lewis was my second brother and Nadine Gooch Sanders was my younger sister. Nadine was born in the Burton community on the Beck place. Dr. Ledbetter delivered her. We got to spend the night at the Underwoods. The next morning when we got home I had a little blackheaded sister. I didn't know what was happening; I just thought I was going to spend the night with Florence and Mrs. Underwood. We went to the guinea's nest, Florence got the guinea eggs; we visited the turkey's nest, got those eggs and we were outside. I saw Dad coming from the east on horseback. I said, "Florence, Dad never did ride a horse like that." That horse was just a-flying! He had gone to get the doctor. Kids didn't know much in those days.

Our neighbors at Mt. Springs were the Threatts, Mary, Valley, Lottie & Ruby. Jewel Potts was one of my dearest friends. I was either going over to the Potts place or she was coming over to my house. We went to church and Sunday School together. On church days at Mt. Springs we went there and the other two Sundays we would go to Burns City. A car was unheard of then. We would go in the wagon. Lorene Henderson was one of my friends. Garvin was another Henderson girl. Bob and Elsie Henderson were their parents. The Alexander girls were friends.

We had little parties at different homes. The Hendersons were very active with young people. They opened up their home and would have just as good a time as the young people. We played fruit basket turnover in the house and outside if it was pretty we played snap.

The report cards were about the size of a post card. We were graded on reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling. We were graded by A, B, C, etc.

I guess about the most fun we had was playing basketball. Jewel Potts and I were forwards. A basketball court was back of the schoolhouse; it was downgrade and rocky! We knew if we got the ball that Jewel would make a goal. I was little and fast and if I could get the ball to Jewel she could make the goal! We did not have uniforms. We just wore our dresses. Maybe we did wear white blouse and those old bloomers some.

The first car I saw came through Mt. Springs. Someone had told us that down at Mr. Rayzor's store a car would be there on a certain day. They said a T-Model Ford was coming through. Mama sent Lewis and I to the store for something. We made our purchase and were nearly home. We heard this great noise coming behind us. Lewis said, "Oh, here comes this car. We had better get out of the road." Well, getting out of the road wasn't enough. He held up Mr. McMillin's barbed wire fence and put me under there until the car got by. It was Mr. and Mrs. John Bowen in the car. They were coming from Valley View.

One time we lived over at the Burton community. Mama, Nadine and I had been over to Grandma Steele's. We had spent the night and a day. Aunt Maude and Fay and maybe Willie were going home. We were at that red hill east of Ingram's. Dee Elder was our postman. We were driving our old mare, Old Fannie; she had a red speckled jaw. We heard Dee Elder coming. Now Mama wouldn't have had us out if the horse had been wild. But Aunt Maud just went to pieces when she saw that motorcycle that Dee was riding. It was coming up that hill and making that noise. Pour old Aunt Maud jumped out between the buggy wheels. Mama came to a stop. Aunt Maud wasn't hurt. Dee rode up on his motorcycle. He said, "Well, Maude I didn't mean to scare the horse." She said, "It didn't scare the horse, just me!"

I met Marcell when they were moving in as we were moving out of a house. I didn't think much about it at first, but they kept coming back after their things. Marcell always had a smile on his face. Then he got to going down the road and honked if I was outside. Finally, I got to seeing him.

When a person died the neighbors took care of the body. They prepared it for burial, went and got a casket. The casket was put in a wagon and taken to the cemetery. Other wagons and buggies would follow. They would take their cane bottom chairs. The casket would be pine. The graves had to be 6 ft. deep. Someone would take the check lines off the teams. Four men would lower the casket into the grave. They filled the grave with shovels. The service would be at the school house sometimes. Sometimes the services would be at the homes. The bodies would be kept in the homes before burial. That was the custom.

We went to town twice a year. Just before school started we got our shoes. In the spring mother would buy material for the spring and summer dresses. She bought 2 pairs of shoes around, an everyday pair and a dress pair. In the fall we would go to Pilot Point and buy school clothes. We bought coats, sweaters. Mother had to sew so hard when we got home.

MARCELL BOYDSTUN

I was born 11 August 1906 at Hemming, Texas. My parents were G.G. Boydstun and Jenny Raegan.

I was 6 months old when the Hemming Cyclone came. Our house just bursted and came all to pieces. Mother was holding me in her arms. It blew her over the hill and I went out into the Alexander pasture. She was about a quarter of a mile from where I was. I landed about where the store was. Our house was across from the Riley's house. My oldest sister was killed. She was nine years old.

Granddad Boydstun came from Lampasas County when Dad was a little boy in 1887 and settled on the old Boydstun place which was across from the Morrow place. He unloaded the wagon, left Grandma there in a tent and went to Sherman. The wagon was pulled with a yoke of oxen. He got enough lumber in Sherman to build a house. He was gone about a week. The house he built had a stockade fence around it with the well inside the fence. There were some Indians coming around stealing horses. Finally they built a large two story house. He still had this place when he died.

I think Granddad's family came from either Georgia or Mississippi. My great-grandfather had to go the the war. He had a slave. He left this slave with his family while he was gone. He came home from the war. They got on a wagon train and they got over in Arkansas. He took cholera and died. My grandfather was William J. Boydstun but I don't know the name of my great-grandfather. My grandmother's name was Johnson.

My grandmother's brother, Dr. Johnson, started to build that big house that the Rayzor's lived in at Mt. Springs. He got it about half built, took pneumonia and died. It was some house for that day and time. It had fireplaces upstairs and downstairs.

I married Hazel Gooch.

I attended Hemming school and went through all of their grades. It was a one teacher school and I guess it was about the 6th or 7th grade. The school was two story and I think it had a Woodman of the World Hall on the second floor. Mrs. Shipley was the teacher that taught me more than anyone else. This was Dr. Shipley's wife. He died with appoplexy or stroke and she later married Blix Mann. Uncle Joe Boydstun taught school there. Nath Lipscomb did too.

We made our own entertainment. We had plays. We made our own curtain. I think that they called them The Literaries then. Dad and I made the music while they were changing scenes. I played the banjo and Dad played the violin. I later learned to play the violin. It took me about 2 years to learn.

We played for some dances. I picked the guitar for some during them real hard times. Sometimes the three of us would make $4, $5, or $6. That would buy a sack of groceries then.

They had horse shoe pitching contests down in front of the Hemming store.

My father learned to blacksmith. He studied how to be a machinist. He built a big shop down at Hemming after the cyclone. He built another house. We moved up east of Hemming. He bought 7 acres and later 240 acres.

Emberson and Alexander were partners in the store there in Hemming. They had everything there that you could get in Gainesville. I reckon they had everything except the foundry. They had farm implements; big planters, wagons, harness and anything you wanted in the warehouse. They had a grocery store, dry goods department and drug department. You didn't have to go to town. It was 9 miles and very muddy roads to the nearest town. I think there was about 500 people in the area. Dad said that there were many people there the day the storm came up. This was on a Saturday and a lot of the people had gone home by the time the storm hit. There was a gin there, too. The land was very fertile. It would raise about a bale of cotton to the acre. That gin would run day and night all fall. They hauled the cottonseed to Pilot Point to the oil mill with wagons and teams.

The first car I ever saw was when a couple of drummers came through there to the store. Now, a drummer is a salesman. He would come around and take orders for future delivery to the stores. One of them was smoking a cigar. The air was just as clean then as it could be. I was a quarter of a mile from where they were. The wind was just right for that smoke from that cigar to drift over to me. My eyes did bug out when I saw that car chugging up the road.

The first car we ever had was when we bought a 2 cylinder Buick from one of those rich guys over there in Pilot Point. It had a big long hood. It had a big #6 on the back. This must have been about 1915 or something like that.

Some medicine show people came through Hemming one time. There was a fellow who would come through sometimes with a motion picture outfit. He would use the upstairs of the schoolhouse to show his pictures in. It was the Woodman Hall. It had some kind of gas globe on it. It burned real bright. It had reflectors on it. It had a wheel that he cranked. That was the entertainment we had outside of visiting our neighbors. Neighbors used to really love one another. The doctors would give you medicine you had to take every 2 or 3 hours. The neighbors would work all day and come over and set up with you all night. They would just do anything for you. We have lost all of that and I lay that to the automobile and television.

My job at home was to fill up the wood boxes. In the summertime we only had the cookstove wood box, but in the winter time we had the heater wood box in the hall and it had to be filled. When I was 9 years old I was milking 7 cows.

Hazel and I met when we moved out of our house and the Gooch's moved in. We married in a difficult time. It was 1928. The stock market crashed in 1929. No jobs to be had, no money to be borrowed. The banks didn't have any money to loan.

When we dated I had an old Buick roadster. Sometimes we went in an old pickup truck. We married in Krum, TX. The preacher used to preach at Hemming. We went down to Dallas and spent the night. That was our honeymoon. We went to the Melba Theater.

Our first home was in Valley View on what we called Lamp Street. There was no electricity on the street. We had a gas cookstove and I rigged up a pipe that ran up and over and I put a mantle on it. We had the brightest light on Lamp Street.

During the depression I got a chance to work on the road with heavy equipment. I did this for about 9 years. I then went to farming full time. I started the boiler and ran the cotton gin in the fall. I farmed, worked in the Army Camp at night. This was during WWII. The people couldn't get cars. They quit making them. So when I got a day off I would work on cars if I could get the parts. I would tear the car down, go to the junk lot and try to find the parts I needed.

I went to school with Ernest Hall. Bernice and Eulace Davis, John Mann, the Mann girls, the Riley children, Whit, Tab and Dewey. The other Riley boys had to make the living after Dr. Riley died a week after the cyclone. Bailey was the oldest, Carl was next. Jay got crippled in the cyclone. That cyclone blew all of Bailey's clothes off. The Riley's put in a library in their house and Jay read every book he could get his hands on. He self-educated himself. He was County Clerk in Gainesville for a good while.

For holidays our family generally would go visit some of our folks. We would have music. There was a fellow drove up one time. He had a couple of ponies to an old spring wagon. He called my Dad out. He uncovered that thing and it was a player piano. He put a roll on that thing and you could hear it all the way to the Hemming store! We had nearly a new organ, but Dad made a swap of some kind and he unloaded that thing in our house. Everybody in the country would come over to our house there in Hemming to the musical.

I remember WWI. We were still in Hemming. We had a big time when the war was over that night. We had some anvils. Everybody bought all the shotgun shells they had in the store. They took the powder out of them, built a fire and they would make a racket as you never heard. They have a hole in the bottom of them (anvil.) We would turn one of them upside down, kind of bury it in the ground. Then take the other one and put the flat side down. They have a hole in the bottom. They fill that hole full of powder. They would get some long rods maybe 10 or 15 feet long, heat them red hot and stand back some distance. They steamed up the gin that night and blowed the whistle half the night. When they worked with the anvils, it would blow the top anvil off and would go off like a cannon. They had some powder at first and then got the shot gun shells! They really got carried away.

There was one man who made whiskey there in Hemming. He bought a place, times were hard but he had never done anything like that before. He was a man 30 years old or older. So he started making whiskey and selling it to try to pay for that land. The Harris girls were hoeing cotton in a big field and they said, "Them people down there have the sweetest smelling flowers. Let's go down there sometime and see what they are!" The man finally got caught and had to shut the thing down. There were a lot of stills in the cross timbers in them days. People drank it and used it for medicine. Back in the early days that was about the only thing to knock you out, was to get you drunk.

After WWII I ran for County Commissioner. I did this for 16 years. I quit, went back to my old trade in the machinist business.

The main roads were graveled before WWII. This was like from Valley View to Gainesville to Era, etc. They did this with bonds. Precinct 1 and 3 voted for the bonds and I paid the last of these before I left the Commissioner job. We graveled a lot of the roads with WPA. After this they would let the boys work their time out in jail. We had sort of bar on a truck and we would take them out in that. We had an officer out there with them. I never did see but one run off. They didn't chase him, they just let him go. You would have had to shot him because he was really running!

After George Burch became County Commissioner he used mules to work the roads. This was before my time with County work. He pulled the scraper with the mules. Believe me those roads were sure muddy when it rained. George Burch was commissioner before Harry Lowe, Grady Campbell was next and then I served.

Times are different now. When I first dated girls you could take them by the arms and help them up the steps of the church or something like that, but you had better not touch them anywhere else. You just knew better. You respected them.

One night I went to Needmore to a spelling match. They had a couple of these gasoline lanterns hanging in the schoolhouse. Mr. Morrow was sitting 2 seats in front of me. It was pretty cold. He had an overcoat and it was thrown on the back of the seat. Everything was going just fine. The lantern right in

front of him exploded in the isle. The blaze shot up. Mr. Morrow reached over, put that overcoat on that fire and smothered it out. By the time he had done that they had kicked the window lights out and kicked the back door open. There was a lot of people there.

One time some Mormon boys came through the country. One time a phonologist came through. This was a man who would feel of your head and tell you what you would be best suited for. He stayed about two weeks with us. Dad would just take in anybody. They would say, "We stopped several places and they would tell us that they thought they could get a place to stay at that fellow Boydstun's!" Mama would go in and fix them something to eat. The Baker's liniment man would come by; the Watkin's man would come. Dad would take the man's horse and feed him.

FONZIE CAMPBELL BROWN

I was 3 years old when we moved to the Mt. Olive community. One place we lived was southwest of where Pioneer Valley is, near Vernie Cook. We lived there when I started to school. We had to walk to school, didn't have any roads, just walked throught the pasture. There was a little trail that the kids walked on.

Ollie and Sarah Hill lived in the community, the Feemsters and Griffins, too.

My mother was a midwife. Everybody sent for her when they had babies. My Daddy was a farmer and we would have to tag along after him in the fields when she was gone. She would be there before the doctor most of the time and most of the time the baby would be born before he came. She didn't stay with the family; she came home after the baby was born. When my mother had a baby they had a lady who came and stayed a week with the family. She would do all the work.

They used to have church at Mt. Olive. They had brush arbors in the summer time. We would take our lunch and spend the day.

Mt. Olive was a one room schoolhouse with one teacher. We had a big old wood stove and had to carry water. We carried it from the place where Mundells live now. It took two kids to carry the buckets.

We always had a playhouse up on the side of the hill. We would get moss and make a carpet for the floor. We would sweep off a place and take sticks and partition it off. We used leaves or broken dishes to pretend with. We used rocks for chairs.

We used to travel from Archer County to Cooke County in a covered wagon. It took us three days and that's only 90 miles from here. We had to drink creek water. It was just all we had. We cooked on a campfire. My mama had one of these old Dutch ovens. She made biscuits in it. Mr. Covington had a wagon with an overjet. It was built on to the wagon and came out over the sides of it. It had springs on it with a mattress. It was kind of like a trailer house with a wagon sheet over it! It was wider than the wagon bed and you could store your things under it. One year about 5 wagons made a trip over in Oklahoma to pick cotton.

My Daddy was part Indian; he did not talk much. He had a twin brother who lived with us. If they went anywhere on horseback they didn't ride together. One would be ahead of the other.

My mother was Selma Nichols. She was Lum Nichols daughter and she married Hubert Owens.

IRENE LILLARD BRYANT

I was born 17 February 1922 in a little house that was situated about half way from where the Dumas live now to Doyle Scoggin lives. Mama said it was a little two story house that they lived in. Daddy had to go to Valley View to get the doctor to come when I was born. I was the first child. They always told me that Aunt Dessie, my mother's sister and Aunt Ona, my Daddy's sister had walked over there that day from Prairie Grove. So they named me Ellen after Mother's sister and Irene after Daddy's sister.

My parents were George Lillard and Julia Newton Lillard. She was a descendant of Joe Burch, who built the original Mt. Springs and started the Post Office.

My first teacher at Mt. Springs was Jewel Potts who is now Jewel Cook. She is the first person that had a big influence on my life. She always symbolized what a teacher ought to be even though I only had her for one year, I think. Other teachers were Ruby Davis, Hugh Dowdy, Mr. Bentley, and there was a Mr. Green who moved to Mt. Springs the summer before we moved to Gainesville. They lived up on the hill in the old McMillin house. They had a little daughter quite a bit younger than I was. At the time they were using me as kind of a baby sitter or company for her. They let me go to town and church with them. They went to Valley View to the Baptist Church. That same summer they took me to Turner Falls with them with a group of young people. That was a big thing for me. I had never been away from Mt. Springs very far. I remember that our family went over to Krum to visit our grandmother; we went to Denton to visit an aunt. The longest trip we went on was down close to Waco where my mother's sister and her family lived on a farm.

Some of my friends at Mt. Springs were Deanie

and Hazel McMillin who lived up on the hill in what we always called the Sam McMillin house. We moved into a little house where Pete and Deanie Alexander live now. That night after we moved and it was real cold. We were hungry, uncomfortable and the McMillins invited us to come over. They had a big fire in the fireplace, fed us supper and we sat around and visited. Mildred Steele was a friend (Mildred Cooley now). Lucille Scoggin who married Dee Alexander, was one of my best friends after I got into the BIG room. This was where the 5th through the 8th grades were taught. Dorothy Lemons and Doris Lemons who were Elmer and Ida Lemons daughters were friends.

James and Orbin Burnett were about my age. They were in the big room about the same time I was.

The Mt. Springs school at the time I was there was two rooms. There was a dividing wall about halfway right in the middle of the building. I think that this wall could be opened up. Sometimes when we had church functions in the summertime they removed this partition. Near that wall between the rooms there were two big heaters, one for each room. The blackboards were on that wall, too. If you had a real good friend in the little room lots of the time you could take a note to the wall and slip it underneath. They could slip back there and get it if they happened to see it come in. I remember one time we had a family of little mice. One morning we went to school and right up close to that heater in a little waste basket these little mice were born. The next day all of the kids were so excited about this nest full of mice. The pencil sharpener was right nearby it. Every kid was going to the pencil sharpener next morning instead of listening to the teacher.

In the little room we had the first through the fourth grade and the big room fifth through the eighth. When you got through the eighth grade you went somewhere else to school or you stopped school altogether. We had a little bookcase in that big room that was about three feet wide and maybe eight feet tall and about 15-20 inches deep. That was the most fascinating place in that school house. At school we played red rover, anti-over, basketball and baseball.

We usually had a Sunday School in Mt. Springs that was nondenominational. We had different preachers that would come through. Sometimes these would be Baptist, sometimes Methodist or Holiness. Daddy always invited the preacher and his family to come and stay with us when they were in Mt. Springs. I remember one named Cox who came from Burns City on a horse. Another was Sister Hanselman. Sister Dotson came and then she moved her family there. Her children went to school at Mt. Springs.

We were just as poor as could be, but I didn't realize it at the time except we didn't have very good clothes to wear sometimes. Our shoes got kind of ragged at times. Daddy ran a little country store. He worked at odd jobs on the farms. We always had something to eat. Sometimes we would wear boys shoes — order them out of the catalog, whatever was the cheapest. Sometimes they were bought in town. If boys shoes were cheapest that is what he brought home. I remember one time he brought me a pair of black ones and Delsie a pair of brown, definitely boys shoes. Mama was just devastated that he brought home boys shoes. It was nearly Easter. She thought maybe my shoes would fit one of the Burnet kids. She sent me with those shoes over to the Burnets which was about a couple of miles. I walked over there with those shoes. Orbin tried them on and his mother said she would take them. I remember Mama told her they would be a dollar. I just kept sitting there because it didn't register in my mind that I had to leave the shoes there. I finally said, "If you will give me my shoes I'll go home." She hadn't given me the dollar; she was going to give it to Mama later. I was really embarrassed when they started laughing at me for wanting to sell my shoes and take them home both! Mama took that dollar and ordered a little pair of patent leather sandals that had a buckle on the top of the foot. They were pretty but Delsie had to wear those boys shoes all summer.

After we got up to the age of teenagers we had play parties at somebody's house. Everybody in the community would come. We played games like snap or knocking for love. This was a serious game to us! The girls sat on the inside of a room and were numbered. The guys were outside. When it came time to play they came up to the door and knocked whatever times they wanted to knock. They had to take whatever girl walking that was that number.

At home I carried in the wood, swept the yard. They we didn't have any grass on the yard and it had to be swept and raked. Another job I had was tending to the younger children. I was the oldest. Delsie didn't like babies and didn't want to help so I got that job. I liked to churn because I could read a book while I was churning. I helped Mama cook, sometimes I did the milking. I helped Daddy run the store. Daddy had the little country store there practically in our doorway. One of the things I did in the store was play 42 and dominoes. I would draw out 4 different hands and play all 4 of them, hand after hand.

Wash day was a hard day. You had to build a fire around the old black washpot. We drew water out of the well to fill the wash pot and the tubs. We washed with a rub board and boiled the clothes in that black wash pot. Also, Mama made soap in that big washpot. This was all the soap we used. We washed with it, bathed with it or whatever. After the laundry was done we used the water to scrub the floors. It sure

made those old wood floors look good.

There was a doctor at Pilot Point that always came when the babies were born. I remember going over there one time to his office to get typhoid shots. Usually Daddy just went to Valley View or Pilot Point and got medicine and brought it home to us. Mama's favorite remedy was senna leaf tea. This was the most horrible tasting stuff I ever saw. No matter what was wrong with you this tea was what you took. She tried to make it easier to take by making it real sweet. Whenever I make tea now it always smells just like that and I never drink a drop of it.

Mama made poultices. Sometimes you would have what they called a stone bruise. One thing she used was raw egg with something in it and make a plaster for your foot. She would wrap it up. It would kind of cling to your foot and get hard. It usually would bring this bruise to a head and you got well.

Sometimes women would get what Mama called "weed in the breast." When they had young babies nursing in the winter time when they had to get out in the cold to hang out clothes or milk the cows this was when they were most apt to get one of those weed chills. It made them deathly sick. They always said, "If you will remember to wear your husband's shirt when you go outside to wash and hang clothes you will not get a weed chill!" I guess Daddy had only one shirt and had it on, because she always would get weed chill!

I can remember how we always ran out of the house anytime we would hear an airplane come over. Everybody ran out and watched just as long as you could see it.

The first radio that I can remember hearing was a little radio that Daddy made. It was a little wooden one and it had ear phones that you had to put on to be able to hear it. It was a crystal set. You could take those ear phones apart and then two people could listen to the set! The first time I ever saw a radio with a speaker was over at the Rayzor's house. This was Granny Rayzor, as we always called her. The whole neighborhood went over there on Saturday nights usually to listen to the Grand Old Opry or Lum and Abner and those kind of things. We never had one until after we moved to Gainesville and we could all listen to it at the same time.

We didn't have electricity in Mt. Springs. One of the funniest things that ever happened in our family was when we moved to Gainesville and had electricity. It was a drop type lamp that hung down in the room. It had a little button switch that you turned for it to come on. We hadn't been there long and the bulb burned out. Mama and Daddy kept wondering why it wouldn't burn. Daddy was screwing the bulb in and out and Mama reached up there and turned that switch and he said, "Well now you have played hell. Now, we won't know if that thing is off or on! We only had one bulb and we moved it from one room to the other!

I can't remember when Daddy didn't have some kind of an automobile. Usually he had a little Model T with a home made truck bed on the back of it. A lot of times it wouldn't start.

Daddy and Uncle Jim McMillin built the house where Miller's garage is now. This was about 1929. We had lived in the house that was there. We had rented it. It burned while we lived there and left us in the winter time with nothing. That was another time the McMillin's came and got us. They took us home with them.

There used to be a little incline in Mt. Springs that Daddy always parked his car up on the top of that and usually us kids would push him off down that incline and start his car. He would go almost every day for some reason. He would buy things for the store or he would go trading. He would come home with something different most every day that he had traded for. He was used by the neighbors for a ride to town. I remember one time Eula McMillin was going to ride with him to town. This was after we moved over east of Mt. Springs. It was over behind Uncle Jim and Aunt Ella McMillin. She was going to be there the next day to go with Daddy to town. She didn't come and she didn't come. He finally decided she wasn't coming. In those days you didn't have telephones and he couldn't get a message to her. She came not too long after Daddy had left. Boy, was she mad!

One time Deanie, Hazel and us had had a little spat of some kind. They used water out of our well. They had to pass right behind our house to get the water and this particular day the preacher, Sister Hanselman was at our house. As Deanie and Hazel passed our house they were eating candy and making sure that we would see the candy. They didn't speak to us. If we had a spat maybe for two or three hours sometimes we wouldn't speak. We really got upset because they had this candy and were going right through our yard with it. Sister Hanselman tried to teach us a lesson then and there. She said, "Don't be mad and don't treat them hateful; you be nice to them and you'll make up." We probably did make up on their way home from the well!

We used to have a lot of fun together. We played with our paperdolls. We had an old cellar in our yard. It was serviceable and we went there when storms came up. That's where we played paperdolls. Our paperdolls were not like they are now. We cut them out of the Montgomery Ward or Sears catalog. We made our furniture out of cardboard.

We didn't get much on Christmas, but we really looked forward to the day. Daddy usually went to

town on Christmas Eve and bought whatever we were going to get for Christmas. I remember the Christmas that they told me that there wasn't a Santa Claus. I think I must have been about 11. Daddy had been to town and came home real late. The kids had already gone to bed. They were in there going to fill up the stockings. He hollered and asked me if I was awake. He said come in here. There I saw them putting the things in the stockings. He had two dolls for me and Delsie. They were so pretty. They were about the size of a real baby. We always had oranges in the stockings and candy. I thought oranges only grew in December until I was a big girl! We never saw one except at Christmas time.

I was nearly three years old when I was burned. Delsie's diaper caught on fire. Back in those days mothers didn't wash the diapers right away. They just hung them up close to the heater. When they got dry they pinned them back on the baby. Mama had hung this diaper close to the fireplace. Some of the boy cousins were there. They had taken some paper wrappings off of a bedstead that they had bought. They had thrown this paper in the fireplace and it made a big fire. That diaper got into the blaze and caught on fire. One of them grabbed it and threw it. It landed right on my head. It must have been a bad burn because I have scars on my right ear and on both hands.

I met my husband after we moved to Gainesville. His mother lived right next door to us. At that time he didn't live with his mother; he lived with his father. He came over to visit his mother and I met him. His name is Troy Bryant. He was raised in Cooke County. He says he saw me in Mt. Springs when we were about 12 years old. There was always a baseball game on Sunday afternoon in Mt. Springs. He said one time he came there to one of these games. Daddy and Jim Steele got those baseball games together. They loved to play baseball and go hunting.

Troy says I was selling soda pop. Daddy used to do this. He would ice down soda pop at the store and make us kids sell it at the ballgames. We married in 1939 and lived in Gainesville.

I can remember how hot it used to be. We used to put a bed outside in the yard so it would be a little bit cooler. I had never seen a fan. My husband worked at Safeway. Arthur Phelps was his boss. Every once in a while he would borrow money when he ran short. He borrowed some money from Troy. He just could never get enough money to pay Troy back. So, he finally gave Troy this little fan, maybe it was about eight inches. We really thought we were up town! I was as proud of it as I am the air conditioning now!

Uncle Joe McMillin was an elderly man who lived in the house right there where I was born many years later. He lived all alone. He died there in his house. He was found there and for some strange reason, Delsie, J.W. and I was scared to death to go by that house. So were all the rest of the kids in Mt. Springs. When Mama would send us over to Aunt Ellers (sic) or anywhere — to Jim and Bessie's — we would get across the fence and go way around through the pasture. There was a walnut tree that grew between his house and the Scoggins. In those days if you had ringworm, you got a walnut, a green one, cut it up and put that fluid from that walnut on the ringworm. It would heel it up. So, Mama had sent us to pick up some of those green walnuts for ringworm. We were just scared to death to go near that house.

Daddy and Uncle J.T. built the fence around the New Hope cemetery that has just now been replaced in 1984-85.

We were out at Troy's mothers when we heard that Pearl Harbor had been bombed. We heard it on the radio early on Sunday. It was just unbelievable to know we were in war. There was just a pall over the city. The men began to be called into the Army. Troy didn't have to go until 1944 and by then we had the two boys. He was trained at Mineral Wells and then went overseas. He was in the Phillipines at the end of the war. Then he went to Japan with the Occupation Army.

After I got my seven children pretty well raised up I went to Cooke County College and took some courses. I went to work for Jo Hillis in the Cooke County Tax Office. When Ruby Davis retired as Treasurer at the age of 80, I ran for her job and was elected. Next year will be my 12th year.

We used to have peddlers that came through Mt. Springs. I remember the Watkins man. That case he had all that flavoring was just fascinating. I don't remember Mama ever buying a thing except some salve once in a while. There was someone who came by selling Cloverine salve.

I can remember the first time I ever saw any soap besides the home made lye soap. A man came through and he had some soap powder. He just fascinated Mama with that soap. It was in a form like Oxydol, etc. is now. She bought a box of it. She didn't have any money, but she went out in the yard and caught a chicken and gave it to him for the soap. Daddy came and she had to tell him about it. He got so mad and told her that that was just foolishness. He told her that she had good soap, for her to just set it up in the shelf and when he comes back around you just give it back to him. She did. I don't know if she got her chicken back or not!

The Brother Cox who came from Burns City to preach in Mt. Springs rode a horse. He would come and spend the night with us. He looked kind of like the old circuit preachers you see on the movies.

One of the most exciting things of the year was our last of school plays. There would be programs at all the country places. One night we were planning to go over to Prairie Grove to a last night of school play. Daddy sent us to find the cow. We had an old cow named Pinkey that had to be milked. We went and looked for old Pinkey. It was getting close to the time we had to go if we were going to get to go. Somewhere between our house and the school we got down on our knees and prayed that we were going to find old Pinkey before it was too late. Sure enough when we got up from praying there came old Pinkey. We go to go to Prairie Grove to the play.

DOLPH BURCH

We always picked the coldest days for killing hogs. The neighbors would gather and help one another. We would kill several hogs a day on Willie Mae's old home place. We had a vat down there. Sometimes we used the entrails to put the sausage in. You would just clean them good and put the sausage in them. Some of the sausage grinders had a place to put the entrails to fasten to the grinder and the sausage went right into them.

My daddy was George Burch. The Burchs originally came from Missouri. My Mother's name was Lemons. We lived at Pleasant Grove. We started going to Mt. Pleasant Church in 1929. That was when I met Katie.

We went on a honeymoon to the Lindsay Hotel in Gainesville. (Later called the Turner Hotel.) It cost me one dollar for the night.

KATIE SHIPLEY BURCH

My parents were Pete and Pearl Davis Shipley. Mother's Father was Frank Davis. Daddy was married before to Minnie Lee. I was born here on this place in 1909. I have been told that my grandfather brought a bunch of slaves to Texas. He came from Missouri in 1854.

The Elmore's and the Sitzes' were our neighbors.

One time Julie Sanders called me and told me to go look at that airplane that was coming over. We thought that was the funniest looking airplane we ever saw. You see, it was really a blimp.

I have some old letters from Grandpa Shipley. The first one is when he went to the Gold Rush in California; the others are when he was in the Civil War.

We had detention benches at the front of the school.

Dolph and I met at Mt. Pleasant Church. Most of the baptizing was done in Harvey Wester's tank at Bloomfield.

LENA NEWTON BURNS

My first teaching assignment was at Walling in 1924. I believe it started the second Monday in November because they had to wait till all the crops were gathered before the kids could come to school. There were 3 school board members: Ed Blanks, Gene Kelly and Allen Roark. I boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Crutsinger. They lived up in the field from the schoolhouse about ¼ of a mile. There was no heat in my room, none at all. I had 22-23 students in the first through the seventh grade. We had cedar pencils and we had tablets. If we had one box of chalk a year we were doing good.

The most ridiculous thing that happened my first year was when some of the older boys slipped down to the creek, gathered some cat-tails and tore them up in the school building!

The year before I went to Walling, Clay McCorkle was teaching and the trustees had said the little boys could dip snuff on the playground, if they didn't dip in the schoolhouse. So, from six years old on up, they dipped!

One day one of the boys said, "Miss Lena, what would you do if you caught us fighting?" I answered, "Right off, I don't know." A few days later I caught them fighting. I took some of the other pupils, went down on Wolf Creek and got some switches. If you saw one of those boys today he would tell you he never did get into any more fights.

Mrs. Crutsinger would tell this on Eulace Lemons: They were getting ready for an Easter program or something and they couldn't get him to do what he was supposed to. He knew what he was supposed to do, he was just ornery. She asked him, "Eulace, haven't you got any sense at all? And he said, "Very little, very little."

School teachers were not supposed to go anywhere on school nights. On Friday nights we could go. We weren't allowed to go to dances and that's one reason I wasn't re-elected to go back. I went to square dances and all my life my dad would give square dances in the home and had taken me to dances in the community where we lived. But this was strictly against the rules for a teacher! I didn't know anything about beer or drinking of any kind.

Lois Humbleton taught at one time at Hemming. I know because she met my uncle while she was teaching there.

AVIS CASON

I married Pallos Cason. I was born Jan. 29, 1903 at Reno, Texas. My parents were Albert and Callie Osborn. My mother was a Stephenson.

I taught at Burns City. Daddy would come and get me every Friday evening in his T-Model Ford. I boarded with the Powers family.

One time at Burns City, Paulie Lee came and told me that Marvin Cason was sick and wanted to go home. He asked if he could go with him. He said Marvin might not could go by himself. I told him that it was all right, but he never came back that day. The next morning Paulie brought me a big bouquet of roses and I told him he would have to stay in. I told him Marvin wouldn't have to because he had been sick. Marvin laughed and said that they had both gone down on the creek and played.

I met Pallos at the home of Mrs. Mary Cook while I was teaching at Burns City. We went to visit her one afternoon and Pallos and Mrs. Cason were up there. Aunt Chat made me acquainted with him and after they went home she said, "Miss Avis, I'd like for you to get acquainted with Pallos, he's a mighty fine young man."

The first year I taught at Burns City I made $60 a month. That was a lot of money then. The highest I ever made was $100 a month.

One time Pallos started to make hominy and he filled the pot about half full of dry corn and it went to boiling and swelling and he had corn in everything on the place.

When I made hominy I always put in the corn and let it soak overnight to swell and then I would put a big bag of ashes in with it and boil it till the eyes and husk would come off the corn.

Before Uncle Donny died he had requested that horses, Old Prince and Pat pull him to Indian Creek when he died. Mr. Dawson brought his wagon and team and they hitched Old Prince and Pat to his wagon and took Uncle Donny's body to Indian Creek for burial. Old Prince was a yellow horse and the other was a little gray mule. There were several T Models that followed the wagon from the home place to Indian Creek.

JESS B. CASON

My grandparents were S.B. Cason and Elizabeth. Granddad Cason came from Tennessee over the Cumberland Trail. He lived between Nashville and Murphreesboro on the old turnpike. The old homeplace had a dug well with two different waters in it. If you got water off the top it was one kind and if you got it off the bottom, it was another kind of water. They left there in 1883. They came to Texas by train and landed at Gainesville.

S.B. Cason, Jr. and Mary Frances Cox were my parents. A.W. Cox was my mother's dad. Granddad Cox came from Tennessee on a mule and landed at Paris, Texas. He bought 20 acres of land west of Collinsville for 50¢ an acre. He built a brush fence around it and farmed it with oxen. He built a house and made furniture out of logs. The next year he bought 20 more acres and it cost him a dollar an acre. The third year he bought 40 acres and it cost two an acre. Then he bought 160 acres and it cost him about 800 dollars.

When I was growing up we had iron beds; the bedding was straw beds and feather beds. In 1901 it was so cold we would get in bed and put a feather bed over us.

When we killed hogs, Dad would put about three inches of salt in a big wooden box in the smokehouse, then put in a layer of meat and a layer of salt until he got it all in. He would let it drain till it quit draining. He would take it and hang it up in the smokehouse and go to the woods for some hickory bark to smoke the meat with.

Mama always kept a box of calomel tablets up on the mantleboard. If we got a little puny she would give us a round of that old calomel and then some castor oil or Epsom salts. Dad always taken that old 3-6 tonic.

My wife and I got married about half a mile south of the Mt. Zion church house setting in a buggy. The preacher had been working all day and had on his overalls and work clothes.

I started to school at Mt. Zion. Jessie Chasteen was the teacher. Miss Lucy Ware was the next teacher there. I went to school with the Bean boys, Ira and Jim; the Henderson kids, Frank, Lorene and Lillian; some of the Cox family.

We didn't have church but once a month. This would be on Saturday, Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night. In the summer they would build a brush arbor and have revivals. They would hang bois d'arc torches around on the post for light. Usually the men would sit on one side and the women on the other. The boys would sit with the men and the girls with the women. One night I got sleepy and lay down on the hay. I woke up later and people were kicking me around like a football there in that hay. Another time after I was a pretty good sized boy, they gave the invitation and nobody went. Me and Jim and Will Cox was sitting on the back bench. They came back to our bench and knelt down and was having prayer by us. While they were having a prayer, we just turned over the back of the bench and was standing by the wagon when they got done.

MARVIN CASON

I was born in 1913 two miles northwest of Burns City. My parents were G.C. and Lavonia Hughes

Cason. My daddy came here from Tennessee when he was two. He bought eight acres of land where our old home place now is. It was all timber. He had to clear a place to put a house. He built a two room house with a shed room across the back and a back porch. Later, he traded a mule to a fellow in Collinsville for two more rooms and set them by the other house.

We grew a lot of vegetables and fruit and peddled them in a wagon. We later got a T-Model Ford, the first one in Burns City in 1914. I remember when he peddled in the wagon. I went with him and one time we went over on the West Prairie as far as Bolivar. We peddled all the way out and camped in a fellow's horse lot that night. We have a covered wagon and we'd put hay in it to put the watermelons on. We moved everything to one end of the wagon and slept on the hay that night.

He raised syrup cane and had a mill. We made syrup every summer. After we got the crops laid by we went to harvesting the cane. It grew as high as 10 foot tall. Daddy would make a paddle. He would take a one by four and hew down one end like a knife and make a handle on the other end. We would strip the cane down and lay it in a pile. Then we would go along in the wagon, pick it up and haul it to the mill. We would make syrup for two to three weeks at a time in the summer. One time he took the mill down and moved it to Mt. Springs to a man named Holt. He lived where Alvin Ray Henry now lives. We stayed there two weeks making syrup.

After that we had to gather cotton. We hauled it to Collinsville in a wagon. It brought about five cents a pound. We raised peanuts. The market for them was at Whitesboro and Pilot Point. They brought about 25 cents a bushel.

Once we went to Pilot Point with two wagons loaded down. It was raining when we left home and by the time we got to Isle du Bois Creek the bridge was iced over. Every time the mules would try to walk on the bridge their feet would slip. We had to carry sand in buckets and pour sand on the bridge. By the time we got home that night there was a big snow on the ground. Daddy bought two pieces of oilcloth that we put over us on the way home.

We walked two miles to Burns City School. In bad weather Dad would come after us in the wagon. The wagon would be full of children and he would let them out all along the way.

One day at school we caught a red headed peckerwood in the church house. We took it outside, tied a rock on its tail and turned it loose. It was cloudy and the peckerwood went straight up and disappeared in the clouds. I told someone later that we put a peckerwood on the moon before the astronauts got there!

We used to have so many sandstorms.

The first pony I got I had a steer calf and I gave 10 dollars for the pony. Beef was about 5¢ a pound. We weighed the calf and it weighed out $15 and he gave me $5 to boot.

I raised ponies and broke them to ride. Me and the boys used to rope and ride cattle. We would slip in to people's pastures so much the cows didn't even pitch and the calves would just stop and let us rope them.

We went into one fellow's pasture one night and rounded his cattle up in the corral. He lived in Gainesville. He had a big fine white face bull and we saddled this bull. He sulled and got down and we thought we had hurt him. We jerked the saddle off and got away right quick!

One evening we were at Burns City and decided to go chicken roast that night. We would slip around and get chickens sometimes and go down on the creek and roast them. We would go to the store and get crackers or bread to go with them. There was a Honeycutt boy who lived with Pallos Cason. He said he had to go home and eat supper. We made it up while he was gone with Merle Lemons, who lived there in Burns City, that we were going to get in his chicken roost that night and didn't want Clare to know anything about it. We wanted to play a trick on him. We had Merle to hid out somewhere with a shotgun. So it was made up that Clare and I were to get the hens and Merle was waiting on the back porch. We walked in the henhouse and I grabbed a hen and shook her so she would be sure and squall. Clare grabbed one and Merle came out shooting over our heads. There were two fences between there and the creek and Clare jumped both of them with that hen under his arm. He carried her all the way to the creek before he turned her loose. I told him we'd better go back because our ponies were tied there and Merle would know whose they were. So when we got back to the house he had our horses tied by the gate and wanted to know what we were going to do about it. I told him we'd pay for the hens and he said all right. We were to give him a dollar each and he'd forget it. I reached in my pocket and pretended to give him a dollar and Clare said he didn't have any money. Well, we had a big laugh about it.

It was my job every Saturday to go to the barn and shuck and shell 50 pounds of corn and take it to Mr. Ira Stevens' mill. I had to saddle my pony and I would lay this corn across the saddle in front of me. I had to ride about two miles to the mill to have it ground. He had a way of charging. He would take so many dippers full of corn before he ground it. This was called tolling. That's the way you paid for the grinding. I remember one Saturday I was about a mile from home with the sack across the saddle in front of me and the tie came off the sack. I spilled the corn all over the road.

We did a lot of riding when I was a boy. We would ride up and down the road and if some fellow's dog came out and barked at us, we would rope him and take him up the road a way and turn him loose. That would break him of barking.

We would ride through the country at night. There were a lot of stills and bootleggers in the country and we'd see their lights on the creek or back off in the timber. We didn't bother them. At one time one of our friends whose daddy was bootlegging, went out one Sunday afternoon to try to find a barrel of mash. The bootlegger would dig a hole in the timber or hide it in the barn in the hay. This boy knew of a couple of places his daddy had hid mash before, so we went to the second place and sure enough we found it. It was down on the Carter place on Wolf Creek under a brushpile. They had dug a hole and buried it. They had the top of it even with the ground and had put a cottonsack over it and put some brush over it. We took the brush off and the sack and took some jars and dipped out a bunch of this mash and went to a party that night. We had mash for everybody.

One time we had been to a party and we were coming along back through Charlie Steven's place east of Burns City. We had to ride along by the lot fence because we had cut through the country which was the nearest way home. There were gates and fences but we knew our way. Charlie Steven's hens were roosting on the fence and one of us reached out and got an old Dominecker hen off the fence and carried it about a mile to the next fellow's house. He hauled water. He had two barrels of water on the wagon. We rode right up by the wagon and dumped that chicken in one of them barrels of water. Of course, that was something we shouldn't have done, but we thought it was fun at that time.

My grandfather was Constable for several years. After he became disabled the community selected my daddy as constable and their duty was to arrest people and read the warrant to them. Then they summoned them before a jury. If they didn't go they had to pay a large fine. If the summons was read to them they had to go. At one time my daddy was trying to catch a certain boy in the community who had stolen something. He ran from my daddy every time he saw my dad coming. One morning Dad slipped down to their home before daylight. The boy was sleeping on the back porch in the summertime and dad caught him. The boy said, "What happened to old Rover." You see the dog would bark and let the boy know someone was coming. This time dad got to Rover first.

OTIS CASON

My parents were D.B. Cason and Annie Simmons. My grandparents were S.B. Casons from Tennessee.

When Pap and Mama moved down here on the 80 acres there was an old Indian living in a wigwam right on top of that hill. There used to be a bunch of Kiowas lived back west. They had about nine cellars dug over there. That was about two and a half miles northwest of Burns City.

When I was little we had a 16 foot log house with a porch on the front and one on the back. It had a good fireplace and chimney. We had some pretty bad weather back in those days. We woke up one morning and our beds was all covered with snow. It just sifted in through the cracks.

When I started to school at Burns City there was 90 enrolled. Burns City was a real town. It had about 275 people living there. At Christmas Jim Laney would get lit up and get his old six shooter and shot up the town. Sam Briggs was the teacher when I started to school. He kept the corner of that schoolroom stacked full of switches. The school had nine grades then.

All of us kids were born in that little old log house. Doctors in Burns City were Doc Murphy, Doc Kelly and then Doc Burch.

We raised good stock, raised mostly Jersey cows. We had mares and horses and after us boys growed up we all had a pony to ride. At one time there was 65 mules on that place. We had two jacks and a horse and 13 brood mares. We had lots of sheep and dad kept a whole herd of them little Angora goats. He claimed the mules was healthy among the goats. The hair would nearly drag the ground on them.

We weren't sick much. If we did get sick and they called the doctor he would say, "Oh, he's chilling." and give them some quinine capsules and say he'd be all right.

My wife's folks came to Texas from Tennessee when she was 12. At that time they thought Texas was Paradise!

We dug a well by hand and walled it with rock and put up a pulley. Your Dad dug a well, Marvin and it got "damps" in it. They had to run a willow limb down there to run the damps out. That was when it couldn't get any air.

Church services used to be so long. One lady had a little girl and she told her to tell the preacher she enjoyed the service. The little girl said, "Brother Jones, I enjoyed the service, especially the part where you said we'll stand together and be dismissed."

Now they say too much salt causes high blood pressure. Well, we used to just bury our fresh meat in salt and it sure was good!

When the walking cultivator first came out, they had one out on the sidewalk at Collinsville. Jeff McCoy had groceries and hardware at the back. One guy came up and looked at it and said, "She'll never run." When asked why, he said, "Too much machinery!"

My boy wonders why they settled here and I tell him the land was so good. They had wood and water and they could plant anything and fill the barn.

We broke a lot of mules. We had a little gray mule there that we generally broke 'em with. We had a corral built in the corner of the lot out of logs. We would run two or three mules in at a time, get up there and drop a line on one. I have seen them choke till they'd fall over and by the time he got up and got his breath we would have him harnessed. We would drive him across the creek and to the fork of the road and back, then put in another.

You might say I'm living now in two worlds. In other words, I've seen two worlds. Our livelihood was altogether different from what it is now. People lived at home then.

I set out all those pine trees 47 years ago and you can't reach around some of them now. They commenced seeding and there is two, three, or four acres over there just solid. When them nesters come to this country from Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi, if they'd brought pines instead of cedar, this would have been the Piney Woods.

MARJORIE WALLING CLAPPER

see Walling

BUDDIE & NELDA CLARK

My great grandparents came from Cedar County Missouri about 1857. They came by covered wagon. I think they took about a year to come because they stayed in Dade County, Arkansas and made a crop on their way here.

Daddy raised mostly cotton and corn. Sometimes we would have to stay all night in Gainesville with our bale of cotton if the gins were crowded.

In March 1925, we bought a Model T Touring car and paid $371.00 for it.

I made my first crop with a team, a walking cultivator and a Georgia Stock. I think I had a lister.

I went to school at Six Mile or "Hogeye". We got our drinking water from Limestone Spring that came out of the foot of the mountain. It is still there.

Nelda now being interviewed:

My mother was born at Spring Creek west of Valley View; Daddy was born north of Burns City about a mile. Then mother's family moved to what they call the Cross Timbers, east of Burns City in 1900. Mother was born in 1891.

My grandparents were the Carpenters; great-grandmother was an Underwood. The Wade's came from Mississippi.

I remember Mom picking geese and stuffing pillows. We always had a bed out in the yard in the summer time. Instead of putting a cotton mattress out they would put a straw bed out there.

The house where I was born had two rooms and a front porch. It was a mile north of Burns City where Marvin Cason's house is now. Mrs. Garner was my teacher at Burns City in 1930.

We played tag. We used to set the lantern on a 55 gallon drum to have light out in the yard. We played more games out there at night than we did in the daytime. We used to have watermelon fights.

Our first car was a Model T truck. We thought it was so funny because it made sparks down where the coils were. We thought the thing was on fire.

JEWEL POTTS COOK

My father was James Henry Potts; his mother was named Bess. My mother was Mary Etta Rayzor. Her father was Simeon Atteberry Rayzor. They lived at Mt. Springs. My mother was married when she was 13½ years old.

We lived around Mt. Springs all my life. My great-grandparents gave land that the Mt. Springs School is on.

The Riley's lived in the house in Mt. Springs before my Grandma and Grandpa Rayzor lived in it. Jay Riley was born in that same house. Grandma and Grandpa lived on west of there on a farm. This was Dr. Riley, the one who was killed in the Hemming Cyclone.

Grandma Rayzor's was the only place we had to go on Saturday evening. Grandpa ran a store. Grandma would see us all coming and she would get up and take a dose of aspirin. She took this kind that you took on a spoon.

I was named after my Uncle Jess Rayzor's wife. She was always known to us as Aunt Myrt. Her name was Myrtelina. My name is Jewelina. She was a Davis.

Grandpa Rayzor used to tell how they would carry their lunch to school in a gallon bucket. This would include baked potatoes and they would all eat out in the ditch.

We did the same when I went to Mt. Springs.

Everybody would get out there in that ditch. This was a ditch between the school and where Pete Alexander lives now. Myrtle Crider always had the best baked sweet potatoes and we would always trade her something for a sweet potato. Mother always fixed us biscuits and ham to take to school and something we called a stickish. It was kind of a sugar pie. It was made out of some of the dough she had left from her biscuits. She put cinnamon, butter and sugar and it was kind of a half moon pie. She put it in the oven and baked it.

When I went to North Texas State Teachers College you had to take an examination to get in. I graduated from the first class at Demonstration High School at Denton, Texas. This was the spring of 1926. I never thought but that I would get my degree; but then I met Mr. Cook! At this time I got a teaching certificate and taught at Prairie Grove. Tater Bryant was one of my pupils. Cleo McPherson taught with me. We boarded with Shasteen's. I made $65 a month teaching; then went to Mt. Springs where I got $85. Walter Scoggins, Frank Alexander and Sam McMillin were the trustees. I had to go see each one.

Mark Faubion introduced Vernie and me. His brother, Elmo was dating Vernie's sister, Anna Laura. Mark was dating Nellie Hoffereck. We were at a Christmas tree at Prairie Grove.

Later he wrote me a letter wanting a date. He also wanted me to get a date for his friend, Painter Bevers. Gertrude was teaching at Mt. Springs and boarding at Bud and Sally Gooch's. I got her to go with Painter. I walked over to her house and the boys picked us up there. They were in a Model A that belonged to Painter. He had just gotten home from the Navy.

We went to a few shows in Gainesville. It was not a talking show; you had to read it. They flashed the words on the screen.

We went steady after this. Vernie came to see me on a little gray mare. Later on when we got married we had a double wedding. It was in 1928 with Painter and Gertrude. Bro. Miller, a Methodist minister at Valley View married us. We married at his house.

When we were young, Mama rubbed us with turpentine when we were sick. She made a mixture that she would rub on the bottom of the babies feet. We would wear asphiddity around our neck to keep us from taking the whooping cough and other things. It was made with something like hard wax.

We had poultices for if we had a carbuncle or anything like that. This was to draw it to a head. They also mixed syrup and flour together for this. If you had sore eyes sprinkle irish potatoes in a little bag and put it on our eyes.

Our daughter Dorothy Dean is called "Dooter" because Vernie called her his little daughter and that's where Dooter came from. One time he was going to carry her on a horse to my mothers just across the field. I was going to walk on later when I got my work done. He got off to open a gate and he got her turned upside down. When he got over to my Mama's house and she went to get the baby off the horse she was upside down.

We had a peanut crop one year. Vernie went to Denison after the seed; paid six dollars for them. We broke them apart so they would go farther. We planted them by hand. When we gathered them we would pull them up and shake them by hand. The cows was going to eat them up. We couldn't get a thrasher to thrash them for a while so we had to move them in and put them in the loft of the barn with pitchforks. We finally got a thrasher; it was Pallos Cason's. It was at Doyle Scoggin's house and Vernie hauled them over there to have them trashed. When we sold them we got six dollars; just what we had paid for the seed in the first place.

One time we bought a cow from George Lillard. Vernie borrowed the money at the bank to buy her. Then a snake bit her and she died. We had to go pull bolls that year to pay off the bank loan. We went to Sanger and it took both of us to make $5.00 a day. We would take our lunch with us. We put our milk down in a well so we would have cold milk to drink when we got home. Before we left for work well before daylight, Vernie would carry the milk down to the well and I would make a pan of cornbread. We put the milk in a gallon bucket with a lid on it and then inside of another bucket that we hung down in the well.

We moved here where we live in 1935. The Pond family lived here before we did.

I used to mix Lamb's Quarter in with other greens.

We always had big dinners at Union Grove out under the trees. There was the big cellar. Joann liked to scoot down the cellar door; I could hardly keep her in clothes. The kids always ate lunch on top of the cellar.

(Nadine was doing the interview with Jewel and she told this story). Cleo and LaVerne Bevers were out on the cellar at lunchtime talking heatedly one day. She thought they were arguing. It turned out the bucket that they thought had their lunch in it really held the family's supply of syrup.

At Union Grove when there was a funeral in the community they would turn out school and take the buses to the funeral. When I was young they would always dismiss school for a funeral. We would go to New Hope from Mt. Springs.

During the WWII we had to use stamps for sugar. That was when we started using saccharin a lot

to sweeten tea with. I helped issue the stamps in the community.

Vernie and I helped hold all the elections. I guess we held them for at least 30 years.

A lot of our land was cleared by WWII POW's. There was about 50 of them. They came out here in trucks. Every time they would want to rest they would say, "Posey, Posey." I think we paid them a dollar and a half or two dollars a day. I don't know if we paid them or the government. There was always some of them in the bunch that could speak English. They had guards.

I was one of the charter members of the Mt. Pleasant Quilting Club. This was more than 25 years ago. There were 12 of us. We quilted for each other and gave quilts to Buckner's Orphan's Home in Dallas. Ruth Sanders did most of the piecing of the quilts

My Daddy used to haul for the store in Burns City. Lots of times he would bring us a stalk of bananas.

Granny Kirk used to stay with us at different times if any of us was sick. She was John Kirk's mother. She would make cornbread and she kept it in a little sack of some kind. She would set there and hold it and kind of allowance us on the bread.

VERN COVINGTON

My parents were Gordon and Bessie Covington. Mother was the daughter of S.J. Jones. They lived at Mt. Olive. Old Sand Hill was just north of the Mt. Olive school.

I remember Jay Riley used to take the school census. He rode a bicycle. He came one time and when he left back down that hill, the bicycle fell with him in all that sand.

The Mt. Olive Cemetery was just south of the Mt. Olive school. I remember one person — I think it was Chuck Tooley — who lived on the road south of the cemetery telling about how he used to come through the cemetery at night. One cold night he had his overcoat on and something pulled on his overcoat tail. Of course, it's always scary in a cemetery, especially at night. He went on and directly it pulled again. He gave it a jerk and took off running. The next morning he went back to see what it was. About the place he had given the last jerk, he found a piece of barbed wire about 10 feet long!

The Covington's went to a lot of dances. Hubert played a lot and when he would dance they would make him play. We played the guitar. Robert Gray's dad played a fiddle. John Smith did a lot of the calling at the dances. Hubert did some. The Smith's lived on south of Bunk Mann.

I was in the "kids square" at the country dances. There used to be a lot of fights at the dances. I remember one time one man bit another man's finger. he bit it so hard he almost bit it off.

My brother and I used to wrestle. Daddy would give the winner a nickle; the first time I lost I quit!

We used to have play parties. We played snap and knocking-for-love. The girls would be in the house and would be assigned numbers. The boys would be outside and would knock on the door. Whoever had the number he knocked would walk around the house with him. If he didn't get the girl he wanted at first, he would find out her number from someone else and try again.

I worked for Dewey Alexander at his service station in Valley View. He had a pop box. We put the pop in and the ice man would come by once a day and put ice in. I sold many a gallon of gas for eight cents a gallon and oil for 10 cents a quart.

At one time we lived on the Porter place east of Bloomfield. I had a bay mare that I rode and had a 22 target. I would shoot rabbits off her just like the real cowboys. Sometimes people shot rabbits by the tow sack full.

CRISP

see Mayes

EULA CASON CRUTSINGER

I was born in 1909 to the G.C. Casons.

We made a lot of syrup. We grew our own cane, stripped it, cut it down and hauled it to the mill. We kids stood the mill and my Daddy drew it off in a big vat. We sold it for fifty cents a gallon.

One day we were playing out under the big trees in our yard. A man drew up in a wagon. It was Josh Cook that lived on a hill west of Burns City. He wanted to know the way to get to one of our neighbors. I was trying to tell him to go through this gate and that gate and around the corner. I got so mixed up I just said, "Oh, just follow those ruts and it will take you right there."

When each of us kids were six months old Mama and Papa would take us to Charlie Farmer's Studio in Burns City and have our pictures made. When they took Marvin, my brother, he was so scared that when they got his picture back his eyes looked like two moons. So, I have called him "Moon" from that day to this.

My friends at school was Beulah Kelly and Ella Lee. My first teacher was my Aunt Myrtie Hughes.

RICHARD DANIEL

My family came from Waynes County Tennessee. My daddy was raised five miles west of Corinth, Mississippi. They lived there during the Civil War. My granddaddy was a money lender. He loaned it out to slaveholders. After the Emancipation Proclamation that freed the slaves, there was no collateral and what money he had loaned out wasn't repaid. He went flat broke. He had a big farm of some 400 acres. There were 40 wagons in the train when they came to Texas. They drove oxen to their wagon and forded all the creeks and rivers. Dad was born in Tennessee but they moved to Mississippi when he was just a baby.

My dad was Buck Daniel. His first wife was Orleana _____; (2) Mary Jeanette Courts. She was from Council Bluff, Michigan.

They had a negro woman that stayed with them. She was their slave, but they didn't treat her like a slave. She had a girl about 16. She and my daddy made the crop then with one old mule and one oxen during the Civil War. Every time the Yankees came, somebody would go around telling everyone they were coming. They would all go to the woods with their cattle and stock.

When my dad first came to Texas he had a farm on Indian Creek. He had a horse, a mule and an oxen. Someone stole his horse. Then my daddy bought the farm down near Mt. Pleasant Church House at Oak Hill.

There used to be a church south of New Hope Cemetery. I don't know how come them to move the church to Burns City. But that's how New Hope Cemetery got its name; from the New Hope Church nearby. It is still called the New Hope Church even if it is located at Burns City. One time one of the boys of the community tried to cut another boy's throat there at the church. They rushed him to the doctor and he sewed it up and he got all right.

Seven people organized the church at Mt. Pleasant. They got under a big tree and organized the church. They were: J.B. "Buck" Daniel, Lan Davis and wife, Willie Davis and wife, Harold Davis, Mack Davis and I can't remember the other two.

When I went to school at Oak Hill we had to buy our books. I could run home in two to three minutes, but I always wanted to carry my lunch so I could eat with the other kids. We nearly always had a butter roll in our lunch pail. Mother would roll the dough out and she'd put butter, little hunks of butter all over that and nutmeg and sugar. Then she'd roll that up and bake it. When people began to raise peanuts we would take parched peanuts and grind them up in the food grinder two to three times and make peanut butter.

I have walked to Mt. Springs many a time. I used to walk up there when we ran out of coal oil. I would buy a gallon of coal oil for our coal oil lanterns.

We got our water for Oak Hill from the house on the hill just east of the school. For a long time we had it in a bucket, but then the government stepped in and said that was unsanitary. Everybody drank out of the same dipper and it was a gourd. After this they had to buy a metal can with a spigot and everybody had to furnish their own drinking cup. Remember the folding drinking cup? Everybody had their own cup and I had mine, too. We had a big old box heater out in the middle of the room and on cold, bad days we had some recitation benches. They were about 10-12 feet long. We would move them up to the stove and everybody would move up around the stove where they could keep warm. We had a good time. The teacher couldn't keep us from giggling!

John Smith called for all the dances. Harris and me played. I remember one night we were playing at Tom Hall's. One of the boys there got to drinking too much. That community over there didn't get along with the Burns City boys. They didn't want the Burns City boys coming over and fooling around with their girls. So, some of them got into a fight and went in to the other room and got a 45 automatic. They broke a window out. I've got a violin that's over 300 years old and I had laid it in a chair. I had gone into the other room to get me a drink and rest a few minutes. While I was in there, they broke on of the window lights. I heard it and ran back in there. About that time one of them walked up to the other and bodaciously took that gun away from him. By that time I had got my violin and was standing there talking to some of the others and here he came with that gun in his hand and the other one went to begging him to give that gun. He gave it to Mrs. Hall and she put it up.

Another time they all got in a fight. My half-brother-in-law was at our house and he went with us. He and another fellow went after the whiskey. They bought some bootleg from somebody and it was poisoned. It made everybody crazy that drank it.

This was just after the depression. Cotton had gone down to five cents a pound. My daddy held one bale of cotton. We could have gotten 37 cents for it, but he said he was going to hold it. It had just come down from 40 to 37 cents that day. We got the five cents a pound and had a penalty added because it had been laying on the ground.

I worked at a thresher and had $40 when Thelma and me got married. I bought a set of silverware with part of it. We pickled some of our meat. We had a smokehouse. We went to church one Sunday. We had four slabs of bacon, the whole slabs. When we came home Mama told me to take my knife and go get some bacon. I got out there and somebody had cut the good part out of all that bacon. We used lard and

had ten gallon buckets of it. They had taken about half of the lard.

I was born two years after the cyclone in Hemming. The cyclone tore the gin to pieces. They found medicine in bottles and the stopper wasn't even pulled out. Everyone started to build cellars after this. Everyone around Oak Hill built one. There would be 10-12 men who would take their teams and go build a fellow a cellar one day and the next day they would build another one. They called them dug-outs. They put split logs on the top, two big ones down the center and the smaller ones to the side. We killed centipedes, snakes and everything else in our cellar, but we still went to the cellar every time a storm came up.

The preachers who preached were Cowboy Harris, that was his name. He lived on the prairie. There was R.R. Gaines and Brother Moore. I remember one time it came a cyclone on Saturday evening and it moved the church off the foundation and broke the windows out. It just scared us all to death. This was about the time people went to building terraces on their land. The Morrows had borrowed a farm level to build their terraces with and they brought that over there. We leveled that church building up and put a good foundation under it. It never was bothered any more till they tore it down and built the new church.

My daddy gave part of the land for the Oak Hill cemetery and my uncle gave part of it. Mr. Cope gave part of it.

Uncle Bob Henderson used to do the jig. He was a jig dancer.

One time one of the Ward boys came up to me at the Oak Hill school during the last recess in the afternoon. He came up to me and stuck his finger right in my face and said, "The house is afire." I looked up and could see through a cubby hole in the ceiling and it was just filled with smoke. There wasn't a bucket of water in the house. The water was either at my daddy's house or Bill Hathaway's house up on the hill. I hollered and the teacher. Clement Morrow came in. (The tape stopped here, but Richard had told me the story at an earlier time when we were working on the Mt. Springs cookbook. oi) The following is what he told me at the time.

In the spring of 1921 or 1922 the school house caught fire in the attic. Water was carried to the school from Mr. Daniel's well for drinking water. The school only had one bucket of water to put on the fire. Richard Daniel got in the attic and the bucket of water was handed to him. He somehow managed to throw the water on the fire just right because it contained the fire long enough for the parents to get to the school. Several of them had seen the smoke. Mr. Clement Morrow was the teacher. He had had all the lunch pails put into a closet because someone was stealing lunches. The fire was in the afternoon. Mr. Morrow emptied all the contents of the pails into the closet; spoons, dishes, forks, etc. He formed a bucket brigade with the pupils and these buckets. Mr. Daniel had been drawing water at his well for the cattle. This water was used in the buckets to put out the fire.

ALTIE YORK DAVIS

My father, Julius York was born 25 November 1877 at Barkers Creek, North Carolina. His father, Sammie P. York died when my father was 13. His mother went to live with an older brother. So at the age of 13 my father had to make his own way with farmers and neighbors doing anything to make his own living. On a day when he was not needed, like a very cold day or a rainy day he went to school. His education came mostly from the old blue back speller. He slept in the attics and hay lofts or on the floor. What studying he did was by candlelight.

He went to a little country church to a revival one night and met Nancy Smith. It was love at first sight on both sides. On their first date he had a silk handkerchief that he tied a love knot in the corner of it and vowed his love forever. He gave it to my mother and she kept it all through the years. I still have it.

My mother, Nancy Smith was born 6 December 1880 in Izard County Arkansas to Charlie Vouth Smith and Sarah P. Stubblefield.

My parents came to Texas by covered wagon to San Angelo, Texas. I was born in 1916 in the Burns City community in Cooke County, Texas. I married Louis Davis, Jr., in 1933.

My father had a sorghum mill where we made our molasses out of the cane we raised. The big mill had an opening on one side. We would run the cane through after we had stripped the leaves off, cut it and hauled it to the mill by wagon pulled by mules. There was a long pulley that we hitched a team of mules to. They would go round and round the mill as the cane went through it would press the cane to a pulp. The juice would come out on one side of the mill. We had large buckets that we caught the juice in. We carried them by hand to a huge pan which was placed over a rock furnace. We built a fire in the furnace under the pan which held barrels and barrels of the cane juice. We cooked it until it became delicious, thick sorghum. Then we dipped it into gallon buckets with a huge dipper. We kept enough to store in our cellar to last for a year and sold the rest to neighbors.

The corn was gathered by hand by the wagon loads. We raised enough corn to fill our corncrib. We fed it to our horses, mules and chickens. We shelled enough for my father to take to the mill to have

ground into cornmeal for our bread.

The cotton was all picked by hand. We had cotton sacks that were big and long and had a strap on one end that we put over our shoulders to pull it by. We picked until our sacks were filled. Then we went to the middle of the field where the wagon with the high sideboards was. It was large enough to hold a bale of cotton. The tongue of the wagon was propped up with a pole with a pair of scales attached to the high end where we could weight our cotton. The sacks were then put up on the wagon. My brothers would climb up on top and empty our sacks of cotton and tromp it down by foot. While we were at the wagon we all got a drink of water from the same jug. Early the next morning after the wagon was filled, my Daddy would hitch the team of mules to the wagon and drive into Gainesville. He usually had to spend the night because he would have to wait in line to get the cotton ginned. It was ginned into a bale and then sold. After it was ginned the cotton seeds were taken home to feed our cattle. This was a special time for us because with the money we got from that first bale of cotton my father bought us new clothes for school. This consisted of three pairs of overalls and shirts for the boys. He got socks, long cotton stockings for me and material for my mother to make me three or four dresses. He purchased sateen material for her to make bloomers for me to wear to school. We got new coats for the winter. We got one pair of new shoes each. These had to last all winter. When the soles got thin, my Daddy had a shoe last. He would buy a piece of leather and resole our shoes. When the heels ran over he would build those up also. He kept the rips all sewn up. We would polish them and wear them to church. I had one pair of white stockings which I wore to church.

We canned enough vegetables to last the full year. We raised enough beans and peas that we would have enough dried to eat and enough to save for seed for the next year. We picked them by the sack full. We then sunned them for days. After this we would tromp them with our feet so the peas and beans were shelled out of their hulls. When the first windy day came us children would take the sacks up on the side of the hill, take some tubs, hold the sacks real high, pour slowly and when the wind blew it would blow the chaff away from the seed. The peas and beans would fall in the tub. We would put these in white bleached flour bags that my mother had clean. We tied them and hung them on our kitchen wall during the winter for us to eat.

We didn't have much time to play, but when we did I wondered so many times why I would be so tired after riding a stick horse for an hour or two. We had a little red wagon and two big black border collie dogs. My brother would harness these dogs as ponies and we taught them to pull the little red wagon. One of us would ride and the other walk at the side and drive.

My father made our toys. He made a dancer out of wood and tiny homemade plows. Mother would make me rag dolls. We did have one tiny iron donkey. We used it to pull the plow with.

There was a huge bell at the corner of the schoolhouse. We walked two to two and a half miles to school straight across the pastures and fields.

There were no bathrooms back then so we had an "outdoor house" out by the barn. I was always scared when I sat down afraid a snake would bite me. One day just as I pulled my old fashioned panties down and sat down an old hen pecked me! I jumped up and flew out of there with my panties down, screaming, "Mama, Mama a snake bit me!" She decided it was a hen that had pecked me.

Mama was our doctor. A big dose of black draught or castor oil would cure just about anything. If we had colds we could expect a big poultice of wool flannel with a mixture of coal oil and lard heated just as hot as we could stand it. We wore that for days, even to school. Of course, all the other children did the same thing! In the spring we had to each have a round of sulphur and molasses mixed together. This was supposed to purify our blood.

When I was growing up there wasn't enough room at the table for everyone to eat at one time. When we had company the children had to wait until the adults finished. There were no screened doors either and it was my job to keep the flies scared off the table while the adults ate. I did this with a big bunch of broom weeds tied together with a string. I watched as each piece of fried chicken was served off of that platter! We just had fried chicken on Sundays. I wondered if there would be even one piece left for me. There was usually a wing or a neck left.

It was 1933 when Louie and I married, and the depression was still hard when we moved out to ourselves. We moved out with a wagon with our team of horses to it. We had one cow which we tied to the wagon. We had a small wood cookstove, a homemade table which my father made, an old safe for food and dishes to be stored in and just apple crates to set our water bucket on. We hung our dipper up on a nail and sat our wash pan on the other apple crate. We hung our towel on a nail above that. We had one bed, an old used dresser and table, one coal oil lamp to set on the table. When we would go to the kitchen we had to take the lamp so we would have a light to eat by.

CHARLIE DAVIS

I was born 24 November 1897 at Hemming, Texas.

I first went to school at Burns City. We just had a regular school desk and two pupils sat in them. The desks at the back had benches made out of logs instead of seats. We had to buy our own books. When I started out I had a slate and one of them old Big 5 tablets about an inch and a half thick. We had cedar pencils we paid a penny apiece.

My Dad was raised about a mile south of Mt. Pleasant Church. His dad came from Missouri. Mama's folks came from Tennessee. Her name was Daniels. Richard's dad was my mother's uncle.

I have heard my Dad talk about threshing the wheat and tromping it out with oxen. Then they raked that straw off. They would get up in a tree with the wheat and pour it out on the ground and let the wind blow that chaff out. His dad would make their hats out of the straw. He made their shoes, too. He made them straight and they had to change them every morning, put them on different feet.

The first TV we had was in the 1950's. We bought it on credit. We were on the electric co-op and they would let you buy them and pay for them as you paid your electric bill.

At school most of the teachers wouldn't let the boys and girls play together. They played on different sides of the schoolhouse.

MAUDE RILEY DAVIS

I was born August 13, 1897. My father was a doctor. He was John C. Riley and mother was Mary Jane "Jennie" Yeakley. Their first home was at Mt. Springs. He opened up his doctor's office there. My mother said her mother ran the post office there. I think her brother had a store there. They later moved to Hemming.

The Hemming cyclone came in April 1907. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon on a Saturday. All of us were at home except brothers, Bailey and Jay. They were up at the store. Everybody in the whole country went to the store on Saturday afternoon. We saw it coming, but we didn't have a cellar. My father had just come home from one of his trips to see somebody sick. He put his buggy up and turned the horse loose in the lot. He came in and we were just standing there watching this thing. We saw it coming from the northwest and it hit the house and just raised it up once and set it back down. The next time it raised it up and we were just going around in the house. We had a big cistern on the back porch where we got water. It was about twenty foot across it. It had a neck and the storm took the neck of that well off and set it out in the yard. I guess we all went with it because if some of us fell in that water we never would have got out. It lasted just a few minutes. When it was over we began trying to gather us up. I was hurt real bad. My head was all banged and bruised. My father was caught under the roof of the kitchen. I remember Mama raising the roof up so he could get out. Then she got the rest of the kids together. I didn't know anything for a week. It was just pitch dark at four o'clock in the afternoon. Jay and Bailey came home and said there was one house left up on the hill. It was the John Alexander house. We all walked up to that house. A man came down there and held on to my father. This was Jim Berry. My father was groaning every step he took because he was crushed inside.

Up at this house they had put the dead people in one room and just put the others anywhere they could. They had to get doctors from Pilot Point.

A plant had been driven into Jay's knee. He was always crippled after that.

My dad died from the results of the tornado and was burried a week to the day after the storm.

I married Willis Davis April 30, 1918. Tom Davis was his dad. His mother was a Daniel.

We had a school teacher Miss Rose Clements. Mr. Jessie Dawson from Burns City was teaching at Hemming when the tornado came. School was about out and we had planned a picnic. We were practicing. We were going to take our program to Blix Mann's place. There was a big bridge across Elm Creek and we were going to have our program on that bridge. That was going to be our stage. As luck would have it the tornado came on Saturday.

The old school at Hemming was part log and had shutters to close the windows up if we had a hail storm. Joe Boydston taught there at one time.

We played baseball, camel ball, blackman and stealing sticks. You got a bunch of sticks. Each side would have about 25 sticks. All get out in the middle and one would run and try to get one of those sticks. If he could get it and get back home he'd put it with his sticks. Whoever had the most sticks when we quit was the winner.

I worked one time for Mrs. Copenhaver in Pilot Point. She had a necessity store.

We had a lot of competition between schools. We had good spellers and some were good at math. We would go to Needmore or Mt. Olive or they would come to Hemming. We never did go to Mt. Springs. That was too far. It was four miles.

We were always putting on plays. We put on the Old Maids Convention one time. We took it to Bloomfield. They built a stage and we had it outside. That was during World War I.

Nearly everybody had chills in the spring. Then everybody took quinine. We would take it till our heads would roar; then usually we would take some

kind of tonic after that and then we would be all right.

Dr. Shipley had his practice at Hemming after the tornado. Dr. Weaver had his office and then Dr. Jasper was the last one we had.

My father built the Sim Rayzor house in Mt. Springs. There was a little house north of it and that's where my grandfather Yeakley lived. He was a blacksmith. At the pie suppers and box suppers they always had a pretty girl contest. Votes were usually a penny a vote and whoever won got a cake.

More about the cyclone: Bailey and another man at the store were carried to Rock Branch. It just picked them up and carried them along. Mr. Smith (the Church of Christ preacher) said to Bailey, "Bailey, the Lord was with you." Bailey said, "Well if he was he was a-going some!"

I had long curly hair and there were cockle burrs, splinters and every thing in my hair. I still have a scar on my head. My daughter, Helen, used to say "My Mama's got a cyclone in her head." I always told them that the scar was from the cyclone. Then she would say to her friends, "Has your Mama got a cyclone in her head?"

I remember little fragments of things that happened after we got to the Alexander house. There was three or four on the bed I was on. We had all been singing at school "Will There Be Any Stars In My Crown." Little Pettus Wilkins, who died that night, sang every verse of that song. He had the sweetest little voice.

At Hemming before the storm there was a Baptist Church, a Church of Christ, a big store and a warehouse, Mrs. Emerson's house, Grandma Nell had a little house, a big gin, blacksmith shop, Ben Newton had a little drug store. The store was just a general store. It had dry goods and shoes. One side was dry goods and one side was groceries. In the warehouse they had tubs, harness, wagons and just about everything. Mr. Alexander ran it. Mr. Emerson ran it after the storm. It had hats, buckets of jelly. You went to the store and took your eggs to pay for the goods. They had lard in big buckets. People would bring country lard and bring it up there to sell. The store people would just dip it out. You brought your own container most of the time.

RAY DAVIS 1981

Mrs. Otts told me that Mr. Otts said the Union Grove boys did pretty well, but the girls were the meanest ones he ever saw!

Fate Ozment lived at Burns City and went around taking pictures.

In 1917-18 Oak Hill School was remodeled so they could draw state aid. Before remodeling it had two front doors and the windows on the north side. When remodeled all the windows had to be on the south side in order to draw state aid. They had school in the Mt. Pleasant Church house and Miss Ruth Gentry taught.

The girls all learned to dip snuff at Oak Hill and the boys learned to smoke vines!

After Uncle Matt (Davis) was gone and Aunt Lois (Davis) was there by herself she called Pearl and they would talk on the phone. Mammaw (Pearl) said she had stood it as long as she could and she said she would put the receiver on the rest and go out to the door and spit and come back and say, "What ch say, Lois?"

RUBYE ROBISON DAVIS

see Robison Family

DELBERT DONNELLY

Grandpa Donnelly came to Texas from Kentucky before the Civil War. They came in wagons pulled by oxen and camped in Pilot Point, then came on to the Mt. Springs area. I was born in 1893 on the Alexander farm. My daddy was William Edward Donnelly and my mother was Nanny. Grandpa Tom Burch owned the Alexander place then. He was the first Justice of the Peace at Mt. Springs.

Teachers at Mt. Springs were Walter Tubbs, Jennie Clark, Mr. Biggs and Mr. Clements. We had dances and parties in our homes. We always went to Pilot Point on Saturday. One time Jim Potts caught one of the Mickael boys and me in his watermelon patch.

I married Ethel Vann in 1920.

We took our horses to be shod to the blacksmith in Mt. Springs. He was Jess Rayzor.

AMOS & J.D. DOTSON

J.D. was born in 1916 in the Walling community. We both started to school at Walling. Elmer Kelley was Amos first teacher; Lena Burns was J.D.'s. Another teacher was Myrtle King.

We moved to the Mt. Springs community in 1929 to the John Kirk place.

The school building was used more or less as a community center as well as a school. Different denominations would have church there. Whoever preached everyone in the community went because there wasn't any other place to go.

One time there was quite a tribe of us. They would make pallets around the arbor when they would have an arbor revival. They went home and left me at church one night. (Amos) Here come my Dad back hunting me and I was still laying there asleep. I was maybe four or five years old.

Most of the time they just left the old brush arbor up and the next summer they would just put more brush on it. The kids would play under it during school time. After we moved to Mountain Springs our Mother would go back over there and preach. She was pastor of the congregational Methodist Church for a while. I remember one year she got a pig for her salary. A lot of the people called her Sister Emma. She always had a part in getting the plays going in the school.

Mother came from Missouri; Daddy came from Georgia. Mother's dad was James Davis Whited.

We used to play quite a bit of softball. We generally made our balls. We would get a hickory nut and start winding string around it. Dad or some of the men would cut a bat out of hickory limb and shape it up for a bat. We would just keep winding the string on the nut and putting beeswax on it. Later on my father got some of them to tan some squirrel hides to put on the outside of the string.

We just lived on whatever was out there! I remember Dad getting squirrel hides and put them in ashes, wet them and put them in the ground for a few days. That would slip the hair off of them. You would work the hide and then put a little oil, like off of an animal (tallow) and work it into this hide and keep working and stretching and it would get just as flexible as could be.

We used to make bottoms for our chairs out of cow hides. We cut them into little strips, tan them and weave them back and forth on the chairs. When they dried and drew up they would be real tight. We made parts for our harness, too. We used some to sew up our shoes. Mother made most everything that we wore. She made our shirts out of flour sacks. I remember when I was just a kid going to church, she made my brother and I blue short pants and little white shirts. I thought if I ever got big enough to wear pans below the knee I would really be something. She made our overalls, underwear and just everything. She made our underwear out of flour sack and shorts sacks. Back then you bought shorts for the hogs and it came in sacks. She used those and bleached them out.

We hunted a lot. During cold spells we would go out and kill rabbits and squirrels. We dressed them, hung them on clothes lines and let them cool out. Sometimes we would make chili out of the rabbits. We raised most everything we ate. We raised the chili peppers to make the chili. We would dry it. We would just lay it out on the roof in the sun. We dried pears, peaches, peppers. We put a thin cloth over it to keep the flies off it. It was a cheese cloth. Or if nothing else one of the kids stayed out there and kept them shooed off. We would raise a lot of things like dill, etc. We would grind it up and keep it for our spices.

Mother used to can a lot of meat. The roast was so good. She canned pork also. We had a pressure cooker. A lot of times she would can sausage. We used to salt or sugar cure it too. In sugar curing a hog, you laid it out for awhile and let what blood would naturally flow out of it, then you take and rub it good with this sugar cure. The cure was made up of salt, saltpeter, cayenne pepper, etc. We would rub it two or three times to get this in good and deep. Then we would hang it up a while. Then we took some cheese cloth and sewed it around it so nothing could get near it. Then we would hand it in the smoke house and let it hang there until we wanted to go out and cut off what we wanted to use. We didn't smoke it. When you rub the salt in, the blood goes out. This keeps it from spoiling. I remember Mr. Kelley had a little smoke house made out of rocks. It looked kind of like a stove, but bigger.

I remember one of our neighbors killed a beef and just wrapped a cloth around it and it hung out on the back porch in the winter.

We hunted all kinds of animals. There were a few mink on Wolf Creek. We would skin the possums and skunks and sell the skins at the produce house in Gainesville and Pilot Point. There were certain months that you could catch them when the hides were prime. Then we could buy our groceries with the money. We would get about ten or fifteen cents per pelt. A lot of ours were caught with dogs. We would go around and find a persimmon thicket and find a possum in the thicket or we would just run on to a skunk on the way. We would shoot it or club it with a stick. Some would be caught in a trap. My Dad was quite a hand with getting a skunk. He used to kind of learn how they would react to him. He would get the dogs onto one side and you would kind of walk around from them and sneak up on them. Sometime you would get a good perfuming. One time we had some skunks that got into an old well. It was a dry well. This whole family of skunks was raised in there. My Dad got the idea of taking a fish hook on a string and let it down in there on a pole and as long as you kept those skunks with their feet off the ground they couldn't throw their stink. He would raise them up with that fish hook and then hit them.

Back to selling the hides for 10-15¢. We would go down to the mill there in Gainesville and get a 50 lb. sack of flour for 55¢. So, if you could go out on a pretty good night of hunting you could buy a sack of flour. It wasn't easy but it was something to supplement the grocery.

We used to roam around the woods for wild plums, persimmons and honey. My Dad would take a smoker he had and run the bees up into the other end of the log. He would take an ax and a saw, cut out a notch and cut the honey out of it, then let the bees go back in. He make the smoker kind of like an old bellow thing. He would put old rags in there, set them on fire and push this thing together and make the smoke come out. He made it himself. We used to keep bees, too. We would find a bee tree, smoke them into the log. Dad would get his box and transfer them into the box. This would be their hive. He would take care of them and keep the ants and moths and different things out of them. You had to be sure the hive was sealed up. Bees will take care of themselves if there is not a crack in anything where they can come in the other way. As far as going in where the bees are at they have their guardian bees to take care of any outsiders. We would just always capture the wild bees. We canned the honey. Mother would put it in jars, cut the comb, put this down in the jar and strain the honey that would come out of the comb in there. They sold some of it.

They used the comb. Beeswax is one of the best preservatives you can get, for shoes or anything of leather. My Dad used to have us take this and tallow. We mixed the beeswax and tallow and put in on our shoes so that they would turn water. He also put it on his harness.

He used to make all kinds of medicines out of honey. He would gather different kinds of weeds and mix with honey and make cough syrup. He would gather horehound, mullin, catnip and mix with the honey. Catnip looks kind of like sage. He would use resin (?) weed and get cresote from the drug store and mix in it — put the honey for the sweetening. It was more or less a remedy that was handed down for several years. They used to use prickley pears. He would use the potatoes under the prickley pears. He would beat them up and put this on a boil and it would literally draw it on out. It was a sort of a poultice.

People used to have the itch sometimes. Dig up the poke roots and boil them and put this in your bath water when you bathed. That was almost a sure cure. It burned like blazes.

Mother was kind of a community nurse around there. She used to make a poultice of mustard or if she didn't have mustard she used hot onion for pneumonia. One of the doctors there gave up on Mrs. Kelly and said there wasn't anything he could do for her. He said there was just no way she could get well or live through the night. Mother told him, "Well, I'm going to try one more thing." She fixed up a poultice and put it on her. Every few minutes she would hold it over a boiling pan of water, warm it up and put it back over her. Early the next morning Mrs. Kelly looked up at her and smiled. This was an onion and mustard poultice. Mother would put this on Mrs. Kelly's chest. You had to keep turning the poultice to keep from blistering it was so hot. The doctor came back out the next day to pronounce her dead and he said, "I don't believe it." She lived some 25-30 years after that. The doctor was Dr. Harris of Pilot Point.

My grandfather used kerosene for snake bite. He got bit with a copperhead snake. He just bound his leg, took a knife and cut the place where the snake had bitten him. He put his foot in a pan of kerosene. That kerosene turned green from the poison of the copperhead. He survived.

My brother who lived at Bloomfield was bitten in the hand. He reached through his garden fence to pick up a plow and it bit him. His wife killed a chicken, split it and put it on the bite. She brought him to Denton hospital and Dr. Holland said that was the only thing that saved his life. This drew out enough of that poison to save his life before they got him to the doctor. It would operate the same way with any warm meat. Even if you killed a snake and used it, it would do the same thing.

A lot of people used whiskey as a home remedy. They used it as a base with hot lemonade. They used it for measles to make them break out. They used to believe that if you didn't break out within a certain time it would affect you. They called it a "toddy."

J.D. and I walked up on a fellow one time. There was a bunch of us down on Indian Creek hunting red-wasps. We would shoot them down with a "nigger shooter." Then we would take paddles and fight them. This was our entertainment after we went to church on Sunday. We were going through this old creek and we walked upon this fellow. He had a large group of barrels there of mash that he was making whiskey out of. He said, "You kids better get out of here or I'll kill you." He was just scaring us.

Wolf Creek is on the west side of Walling and Indian Creek is on the east side of Walling. We would go swimming in those little old places. We had one friend and he was a big fellow and he would dam up the little creek with his body and us smaller kids would get in there and catch the little perch with our hands. Sometimes we would catch a dozen fish and sometimes two or three. We were just in our "birthday suits." I guess you could say we were "skinny-dipping!"

We used to get in Wolf Creek there by Walling school. Some of the bigger boys would get up in the tree and pull it over. We other boys would pull it over, then all let loose at once and it would flip them over into the next tree. They took quite a ride sometimes! We would also get up on willow trees; well, one of us would and the rest would make it go

like an old bucking horse. We had to improvise our playthings.

On the road home from church one night we came home by the Walling cemetery about eight, nine or ten o'clock. I was going to scare everybody and I run on ahead. The moon was shining. I crawled up in a cedar tree there by a tombstone. I got to thinking about it and this tombstone was Mr. Crider. I was just thinking about old Mr. Crider and I crawled down out of that cedar tree and headed on out of there! I succeeded in scaring myself.

My brothers and sisters were coming by there one time. There was one grave that kept sinking in. Just everytime it rained it would go down again. This one old boy got in that with a sheet over his head and he would stick his head up and say, "I'm coming out tonight." He said those boys and girls just literally ran over each other!

We played red rover, blackman, hide and go seek. Blackman was played with a couple in the middle of two sides. You would choose sides and you had to run from one side to the other. If one of the kids in the center could catch another then the one caught had to be in the center. The reason it was called blackman was because you were kind of a slave to the other group. You were taken from one side if you were caught to the other and the side that won had gotten the entire group.

Mother made kraut. She cut the cabbage up, layered it in a stone jar — a layer of cabbage and a layer of salt and repeat. You usually had some kind of dasher or something that you kind of pounded it together as you were making it. When you would get your jar full you would cover it with salty water and put a few of the cabbage leaves on the top of it and put a rock on top to hold it down. It would take about a week to make the kraut. You would pour this water or brine as we called it and then you washed it and canned it.

We used to pick cotton up until Christmas. We generally started to school after Christmas. I can remember picking cotton for 35¢ a hundred pounds. It took a real good cotton picker to pick 250 to 300 pounds a day. We would go over to Lois to Mr. Stinson's little houses and pick cotton for a month or two. This little house was kind of camping out. It was more like a car shed would be today. Just a little two room place and most of us kids would sleep out in the yard on a sack full of straw that we would get out of the straw stack and make us a bed.

We raised a few peanuts. We didn't have them thrashed; we just picked off some for seed and fed some of the vine and nuts to the cows. We fed the little ears of corn to the cows and then we shelled out the rest for chicken feed; we saved some for seed and for making hominy and meal.

We used to make molasses. We raised our sugar cane. Folks would bring their cane to us also. We would strip the cane, feed the cane in the mill and the syrup would come out of here and the pumice out on the other side. Then we would put this in a pan and it graduated on up toward the front. You kept skimming the skimmings off and put them in the vat for waste. When it was cooked to the stage my father wanted it he put it in a big barrel. We generally kept a barrel full for the winter. We would sell it in buckets. A lot of the time he would take buckets into town and swap it. I think he got about 50¢ a gallon. We had a fellow who worked for us and we gave him a bucket of molasses and his dinner for a days work. This was John Williams. We used the pummies or stalks for the cows. Also the leaves off the cane was bundled for the cows.

We bought sugar at the Mt. Springs store. My Dad would go to the mill and buy 400 to 600 pounds of flour. The way you got a plow point was to leave an order and then the salesman would bring it on his next trip. They used to carry mackerel fish salted down in brine.

During the depression we sold a lot of squirrels and rabbits to the black people in Gainesville.

My Dad made charcoal. He would sell it to the people in Gainesville to barbecue with. To do this you build a big pile of logs. You stand them on the end about four foot lengths. Make a big circle out of them. Tie it pretty tight just so it can breathe through it. You never want it to blaze. Then he would cover this with hay, like oat straw and then cover it with dirt. He would put holes in there and start the fire. Whenever it was through, he watered it all down and you had charcoal. It might take a couple weeks to finish.

We raised turkeys. In the summer we would herd them to keep them out of peoples' pea patches. We kept them in the pasture to eat the grasshoppers.

One time a lot of the boys were making corncob pipes and smoking coffee. Mr. Bentley was our principal and taught half of the school. We were in the old outhouse out in the corner. Mr. Bentley came up and my brother and I and another little boy was in the corner playing under a little bush and he looked at me and said, "Is there somebody a smoking?" There was smoke coming out of that little outhouse from every side. That coffee smoking would burn your tongue. I have seen people smoke chinaberry wood.

Our first car was a 1917 Model T. When we would go to Gainesville and come home if we had any gas left Father would drain it out in a jug and put it up so that it wouldn't evaporate. We could go to Gainesville and back on a gallon of gas.

BECKY MANN FLOWERS

My father was George Mann and my mother was Josie Hudson. I was told they lived in the Bloomfield area. My father was born on the Mann place in the Hemming community. Father's folks came from Arkansas.

I went to school at Mt. Olive. John says I went the first year at Hemming. I can remember visiting Hemming school. But I know the districts were changed and I had to go to Mt. Olive. The first teacher I remember was Mrs. Pullen, then Mrs. Grudger (?) and Margaret Ryan taught there. Also, Lucille Ware and then Ova Lee Payne was the last one. There two two Hill families at Oak Hill. We lived by the Will Peabody family. Liz Moon lived north of us and the Bevers family lived south of us. The Henry family lived close to Mt. Olive school. Huey's lived across the pasture.

Note: John Mann is also being interviewed on this tape. He says, "I will never understand that if you got a whipping at school why you got one at home, too!"

Becky: There were three boys ahead of me and I've twisted many a rabbit out of a hollow log. We would chase a rabbit and it would run in a log and we took a stick and put it in the log and twist it in the rabbits fur and pull it out of the log.

We did our shopping at the general store in Hemming. Twice a year we went to Gainesville in the wagon. In the fall they would buy school clothes and books and in the spring clothes and shoes. Jim Raney had the store at Hogtown (Hemming.) He later had a store at Mt. Springs.

LOUISE WOOSLEY GILBERT

My parents were Nina and the late Henry Woosley. My mother was born Nina Caveness in Jacksonville, Texas. My dad was born in Tennessee. After my parents were married they lived on the plains. It was the dust bowl days that may have influenced Daddy to move to Cooke County in 1939. We lived halfway between Six Mile and Prairie Grove.

Part of the kids chores were filling the kerosene lamp, trimming the wick and cleaning the glass chimney. We had to remove the ashes from the wood stove. They were used to disinfect the outhouse.

One time my daddy persuaded my mother to cook an oppossum with sweet potatoes. He remembered it being especially tasty in Tennessee.

About 1940 the trustees leveled us an area on the playground, marked the court with lime, put us up a net, provided us with a volley ball.

An outstanding event was the country book mobile coming from the county library. We were allowed to pick out two or three books.

At home we provided our own entertainment. Checker boards were made on cardboard or wooden boxes; squares were drawn and every other square colored with bluing. This was a blue liquid that was added to the last rinse on wash day. Buttons served as checkers. We usually had a ball and bat. If one wasn't available then yards and yards of string could be wound to make a ball and an old broom stick served as a bat. String and buttons also made toys we called buzzers.

Before the days of lawn mowers all country yards were kept clean of weeds or grass. This made it easy to draw a hop scotch on the ground. One of the favorite things for my sisters and I was to cut paper dolls from Montgomery Ward or Sears Roebuck catalogs. Sometimes paper doll books were purchased at Kress. These were treasurers and played with until they grew very ragged.

Another favorite activity was to select a moss covered area in the woods and use pieces of broken dishes or glass to outline floor plans for houses, then furnish them with other pieces of glass of various shapes and colors. This was called "dish doll."

Everyone worked until noon on Saturday, then we went to Gainesville. Most of the time we were given a dime to spend. This meant we could attend a movie and have a nickel left to get a pop or an ice cream cone.

We went to school at Six Mile (Hogeye). I remember teachers Mr. Wooten, Miss Fox, Miss Haney, Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Bevers. The school was two rooms. The desks were nailed to one by four runners, several desks in a row. The floors of the school were oiled. There was a removable partition between the two rooms that could be folded back when there was school functions of end of school plays, graduation and Christmas programs. Sometimes the front porch was used as a stage. The stage inside had a curtain that could be rolled up. The center of the curtain had a pretty scene printed on it. The background was painted a light green and had several advertisements from Gainesville painted on it.

I met Robert at a party. Two years later we eloped to Marietta, Oklahoma because there was no waiting period there. Our honeymoon was one night at the old hotel in Pilot Point. Our first home was the downstairs apartment in a garage apartment in Gainesville. The people in the upstairs apartment had to come through our kitchen to get to theirs. This was World War II. Camp Howze was in Gainesville and any type of living space was at a premium. One couple even lived in a converted chicken house.

LEWIS & OPAL GOOCH

My daddy was raised in Carroll County Tennessee. He came here about 1901. My mother came here about 1873. They rode a train to Memphis and came on a steamboat to Jefferson, Texas. They came down the Mississippi to the mouth of Red River and then come up to Jefferson. Grandmother's name was Ella/Eula Steele. Grandfather was L.O. Gooch. My parents were Joe and Attie Gooch. My dad came on a train from Tennessee.

When I was a boy we would work Saturday morning and go to Tioga every Saturday evening in a wagon. When we got there we would just saunter up and down the sidewalk.

I used to make home brew. You get a can of malt, some yeast and sugar and so much water and let that work a while, then you bottle it. We never sold any, but there was some of that going around. They had to wear tags to keep from selling it to one another! The law didn't bother them too much. This was back during the depression and people had to make a living.

When I was about 5-6 years old I started picking cotton.

We got electricity in the fall of 1948. It was the REA.

The first radio we had was a crystal set. We bought it, but Earl McMillin made it. That was in the 1930's. We listened to Amos and Andy, W. Lee O'Daniel, the Stamps quartet and the Light Crust Doughboys.

During the depression times were so hard. I grubbed pecan stumps during that all day long for a dollar and a quarter. You've got to dig a hole about half as deep as a cellar to get where you can cut that root.

There was a lot of people around here until World War II. A long time ago you could catch a car out of Burns City once a week for California if you wanted to; so many people were going out there.

LOU STEVENS GOSLIN

Burns City was named for Uncle George Burns. In 1881 George Burns dug a water well on his land. It turned out to be a mineral water. The town was organized. The city was incorporated in April 1883. Billy Daniels was the first mayor, Jake Johnson was City Marshall, Mrs. S.M. Burch was Postmistress. J. Pugh was the druggist.

From this well, plans were made for a health resort. Mr. Burns built a 16 room hotel. The well was located in the center of the square. When the town reached its height of development in the late 1880's it contained three to 500 population. Stores lined the north, south and west sides of the square. There was a flour mill, a cotton gin and a saloon. The mineral water was boiled down and made into a salve. The city limits were one half mile each direction from the square. Burns City Masonic Lodge was organized in 1882. It is still in action but moved to Valley View in 1947.

From the time I can remember, the lodge building was a two story building with the Lodge Hall in the upper story, the school on the lower floor. On 7 September 1884 the County Commissioners redistricted the school district making it #33. It was a one teacher school until about 1916 when a partition was put in the building making it into a two teacher school.

My Dad and Mother, Charlie and Lora Stevens, moved to the community in 1915. Cecil, my younger brother was hardly old enough to go to school. He begged every morning as my older brother and I left for school to go with us. One cold, bad day mother was sitting by the fireplace churning milk for butter. She and Cecil saw Charlie Farmer coming up the road. They knew he was taking school census. Cecil said he would stick his head plumb to the bottom of that churn if they would let him go to school.

The teachers I recall teaching there were Marion Cox, Fay Huey, Myrtie Hughes, Eva Adams, Carrol Riddle, Sarah Elkin, Lillie Scott, Lena Smith, Jessie Smith, Euel Knight, Edith Brooks, Clara Kerr, Marie Pinkley, Wynn Berry, Mary Lou McCutchion Blount, Ruth Williams, Jess Montgomery, Ray Davis, Doris Hall and Florence Farmer. The school consolidated with Valley View in 1943 and the building was sold.

Burns City got its first electricity in 1948.

I remember the Kays family, Jess and Willie, Homer and his wife. I remember the Kings at that time also. Roy Faulkner lives on the place now. The Paul Lillard family lived there at one time. We lived there until 1915 when we sold it to the Jetton family. Willie Kays maiden name was King.

Eck King was her Daddy's name. Homer King and his wife had a baby that would fit into a shoe box when it was born.

Others who lived near were Billy Lemons, John Lemons, a Williams family, the Gooch family, Steele family and the Powers family.

Rainey's had a store in Burns City when we first moved there. Later Mr. Mabry ran a store. Bill Floyd had a store and Charlie Farmer was the town photographer.

Others who were there were York, Cason, Tom Floyd Hughes.

When Miss Myrtie Hughes was teaching in Burns City as she was sitting at her desk she felt something on her back. She took her pencil, knocked it off and it was a centipede. It scared us kids to death because

we had always heard that a centipede would kill you if it stung you. She took her foot and mashed it then took the broom and swept it out. She later married Vern Walker.

I was born east of Burns City in a log cabin.

On November 3, 1894 S.B. Hodges, J.M. Little, W.R. Lemons, trustees bought two acres of land for the sum of $22.00 from Mike and Phillip Lewin to build a church on. It was called a Missionary Baptist Church. The land was in the James N. Neely survey near the New Hope Cemetery. Uncle Billy West was probably the first Minister. On January 17, 1905 the deacons of the church bought land from W.C. West located in Burns City for the sum of $30.00. Names mentioned in this deal are: W.C. West, Fred Glasgow, P. H. Lewing/Lewin, H.L. Steward, Lum Clark, G.W. and Janie Burns. The church is known as the New Hope Missionary Baptist.

We used to have brush arbor meetings. They would put hay on the ground to protect us from the sand. Uncle Eck King would get happy and start shouting and roll in the sand and hay. We had kerosene torch lights. Hettie McGilvary Bond got too close to a light one night and caught her hair on fire. They put it out before much damage was done.

We had two Justice of the Peace that I can recall, Mr. Cook and Mr. Hughes. He performed the marriage of Fred Norris and Ola Carpenter.

We had a telephone when I was just a child. It came out of Tioga. It was an old fashioned wall telephone that you cranked with a lever. Back in those days there was six to eight or 10 people on one line.

I didn't go to dances until after I married. I went to a few on the Dale Bond's place. He had both square and round dances.

ESSIE BERRY HARRIS

I was born in 1901 in the Hemming Community. My parents were Tollie and Mollie Berry from Missouri.

After Mr. Raney/Rainey died, my brother-in-law, Ira Strickland bought the store in Hemming.

I was baptized down at big Elm; down there where the big bridge is. My sister, Jewel was baptized over at the old Selz place in a big stock tank.

I can remember the cyclone at Hemming. I was about five years old. The John Alexander place was left standing. Our house was left. We lived east of Hemming and Mr. Roberson's house was left. He lived on the next hill just east of us. My Grandpa Nell's head was split wide open. My aunt's little girl was struck by lightning.

We had to take our corn into Pilot Point or Valley View to get it ground into meal. We took our cane to the Wesley Morrow place to have syrup made. I stripped many a cane to take to the syrup mill.

We had a pressure cooker and canned all of our meat and vegetables. Connie's father would kill as many as 12 or 13 hogs. We had a great big dipping vat and all of Hemming would use that vat on hog killing day. Sometimes they would kill 35-40 hogs. There was a big dipping vat for the cows, too. They were dipped for ticks. The vat was on John Alexander's place by the side of the road. The vat for the hogs could be moved.

We made sausage and with the meat from the head of the hog we made mince meat. We used unbleached domestic for the bags to put the sausage in. To make mince meat you get all kinds of fruit and put it with the meat and cook it and can it.

I married Connie Harris.

We had an old milk cooler. It had an old cloth around it. It had a thing to set on top of it that held water. It let out so much water at a time and it kept that rag wet. If we had a well, we would put stuff down in the well.

After we killed hogs we made cracklins. We had a cracklin squeezer. It would squeeze all of that grease out of the cracklins. Then we would take the cracklins and eat them in corn bread. The squeezer was a little old round thing that had a press. There wasn't any grease left in it after you used that.

We always had an Easter egg hunt in John Alexander's pasture. Some of the people tied old rags around the eggs. They would fade and color the eggs this wag. They tied the rags around the eggs and then boiled the eggs.

Before I married there was one boy that had a car. This was Sam Roberson. Jay Riley had an old one seated car, too. This is the first car I remember anything about. My daddy had a team of mules and when they saw a car they would just run away. It would just scare them to death.

No one had a radio in Hemming that I remember. We had Victrolas. We had one of those Edison's that first came out with a big horn.

We used a lot of Black Draught as medicine. Back then we said we got billious!

There were some dances in Hemming after I married. I couldn't go to a dance or couldn't even go to a party before I married. My daddy didn't believe in it. My husband played at dances. It was just general in Hemming that everybody believed like my daddy. There was a bunch of men who played poker and they were really looked down on.

My mother had two quilting frames. We had one you could put a comfort in to tack it. It just set up on blocks. The other frames hung from the ceiling. She put her quilts to be quilted in this one.

MADGE DONNELLY HARVILL

Maud and Hube Donnelly were both natives of Mountain Springs and Bloomfield. Maud (or Maude) was the daughter of J.B. and Ellen Wester at Bloomfield. The Wester family were natives of Kentucky and had migrated to Bloomfield, Texas in 1877.

William Hubert "Hube" Donnelly was the son of Eliza Burch and Allen Donnelly. Allen Donnelly died in 1882 and "Hube" spent many of his early years in the care of his grandparents, the Bill Burches.

Maud and Hube's children attended school in the big, barny one-room, one-teacher school. They sat in the double desks and warmed themselves around the big pot-bellied stove. The most coveted chore at school was to be chosen to take the big tin water bucket to the public well in the village for water, bring it back and pass it up and down the aisle for the children to drink. There was one dipper and each child dipped and drank as much as he could hold. The more he drank the longer it took, thus leaving less time for lessons. There must have been many colds passed on from that dipper, but never any serious diseases.

The Donnelly's were farmers and lived all of their long lives in the Mountain Springs Community except for the last few after they moved to Gainesville. They are buried in the New Hope Cemetery within a stone's throw of the home site where Hube was born.

FRED & EDNA JONES HAYNIE

My grandparents were named Dillehay from Knoxville, Tennessee. My daddy was John Baker Haynie and my mother was Amelia Dillehay. I was born in Tennessee. My folks came here about 1901 and settled around Sanger. I was born 2 July 1894.

Most of the time our noon meal would be beans and cornbread and homemade syrup. Sometimes we would have sausage.

In Sanger there was an old feller come from Denton and brought bananas up there once a week and sold them for 15¢ a bunch or two for a quarter. This was a big stalk. He parked his horse and them bananas in that old stable and locked the door. I found me a plank loose round there and every night I'd go in there and get me a banana.

I trapped a lot. I caught possums, coons, pole cats and sometimes a mink. Mostly possums and pole cats. I trapped around the Hemming community. I would set deadfalls and use steel traps. A deadfall is when you make a bunch of triggers and raise a big rock up. One of the triggers would go way back there. You put your bait on the triggers. When he pulled that bait off it would throw the triggers and that rock would fall on him.

To skin a pole cat you started at the legs and strip the skin down the back. Then you put that on a board kind of shaped like an ironing board and let it dry. I sold some around Sanger and some to F.C. Funston in St. Louis. I shipped most of them. The morning I got up to get married I think I had a dime. I went to Sanger and sold some skins. They brought me about six dollars. Pretty good money then. I paid $1.75 for my marriage license. We got different prices for the pole cats depending on how big the pole cat was and how wide the stripe was. If you got a real dark one that was worth some money; maybe two or three dollars.

I used rabbits mostly for bait. I used the hind legs or cut the head off and stuck it on a stick. It was really a treat to catch a mink. I caught one once in a while and could get eighty dollars for the skin.

My daddy run a store in Tennessee and he kept grape wine in the cellar in a barrel. The barrel was sitting under a window. One of my older brothers bored a hole in the barrel, got a great long hose of some kind and put it in the hole. He would suck wine up through the hose then spit it out in a bottle. He would get him a bottle of wine and take it and go off down in the hollow with his chums.

About 1918 I started to play the fiddle. Me and two of the Meeks boys had a little band and we played for dances. One of the boys was the fiddle player; he got married and moved off. I had been playing the mandolin.

My uncle and his oldest boy would play for dances and made two or three dollars at a time. We would go just as far as you could go with a buggy and horse.

The first car I saw was when my sister and I were going to school at Sanger. We drove a little ole Shetland pony. We were going home one evening and coming over the hill was an automobile. I said to my sister, "What in the world is that?" She said, "That's an automobile. You had better get out of the road." I pulled way out in the field. If I hadn't that little ole pony would have run away for sure. I think the car was a Reo. Dr. Rice owned it. The first car he got was like a buggy. It had a rod that had an arm on it for the steering wheel and he guided it by that.

I never did farm much. In 1931 Edna and I moved to Prairie Grove on the Hott place. I planted some corn. It got up pretty nice and it went to raining. The Johnson grass got a hold of my corn. I went out after it but finally quit and tried to plow. I had a walking plow and had to stop every minute or so to clean the plow. I finally got to the north end of the field. I unhooked the team and drove them to the house. Edna said, "What are you coming in for? It's not dinner time?" I said, "I laid my crop by." I couldn't

farm in that sand. I'd been farming on the blackland. She wanted to know what we were going to do and I said, "I don't know. I guess we will starve to death, but I ain't going to farm."

Edna: We went to playing for dances. That's how we made our living.

Fred: We played at Gainesville. Out south of Gainesville they had a Country Club and a Ku Klux Hall nearby. We got $2.50 a night each for playing for them dances. We played the Country Club on Monday night. It was Edna, Walter Mitchell and me. On Friday we played at the Ku Klux Hall. We made ten dollars a week.

Edna: The first year we were married we lived with my oldest sister and her husband. We canned our green beans in half gallon syrup buckets.

Edna: We first got our cows about 1934 or 1936 right after Lester was born. We sold cream. We would let the milk clabber, skim the cream off and take it and sell it. We did that 3-4 years until we got on the milk route.

Fred: I made home brew. We lived between here and Gainesville in 1931. My sister and her husband ran a drug store at Krum and they came to visit. McRee was about 16 months. We didn't want them to know about the home brew but she asked, "Uncle Hal, do you like home brew?"

We lived then on Bill Plumlee's place. We had been there a week or two and one day I was bottling home brew. Bill drove up. I wasn't going to run from him so I said, "Well, you caught me making home brew. He said, "That's all right, I like it myself."

Bill would give a dance and we'd make music for them. They's dance awhile, go drink a round of home brew and dance some more. One night we went up there and Bill had a big tub full of it iced down. We went on playing and directly somebody came and told Ed that one of the kids was drunk. The kids had got in to the home brew!

It took about 7-8 days to age the home brew owing to how warm the weather was.

When we first married Edna and I and her sister and her husband moved out to Hemming. We made home brew just for our own use. We was bottling a batch off one time and a preacher came over. We was sitting out in the yard talking. Them bottles of home brew got to busting. We would set there in the yard a little while and directly something sounded like a shotgun going off! I don't know how we got out of that one!

Sloan's liniment was a stand by medicine. We used coal oil and sugar for coughs.

I've went up and down Wolf Creek and picked poke salad. Edna canned it. She put it in jars.

Edna's daddy was a fiddler. His name was Elzie Jones. Her mother was Maggie Cantrell. They were from Tennessee.

Our desks at school were double desks with an ink stand in the middle and a place to put your books. You would just dip your pen in the ink stand and write; dip and write.

For my school lunch I'd take a couple biscuits, put butter and sugar on them, roll them up in a newspaper and put it in my pocket.

Edna: I remember one time Fred had a dime. He walked about two miles across the field and bought a gallon of coal oil.

OLLIE ENNIS HENDLEY

My Mother, Edna Montgomery was John and Roy Montgomery's sister. I was born close to Needmore. My dad was Sam Ennis.

Calomel lotion was supposed to run a fever down.

Water used for baths was heated on the cook stove. It was a range with a reservoir on the side.

Wash day was an all day job. They starched the clothes with a real stiff starch made from flour and later with Faultless starch. The clothes were ironed with a flat iron. You had to be careful about scorching them. We heated our irons on the wood store. Some people heated them on the coals in the fireplace. Sometimes you would scorch the clothes with the iron or get the clean clothes dirty and would have to wash them over.

In the winter time our tank would freeze over. We would take an old chair and slide across the ice. We would have to go to the house once in a while to warm up, we would get so cold. We called it "sleigh riding."

DOROTHY GORHAM HICKMAN

Ollie Steele, my mother, was born in the Mt. Springs Community. My father was Seaton Gorham. His funeral in 1950 was held in the Mt. Springs schoolhouse.

I finished the seventh grade at Mt. Springs in 1936. H.D. Dowdy and Irwin B. Green were the teachers.

The biggest thing that happened in my early day was the Sunday afternoon ballgames in San McMillin's pasture, Stella Davis on the radio and th county fair.

We used to work the New Hope Cemetery Those days it was plowed and the graves rounded u with a hoe. It was a family project and a lot of work

OZELLE ALEXANDER HOLLY

My grandparents were Frank and Molly Taylor Alexander. Frank Alexander was born in Henry Co., GA in 1862. He came to Texas in 1877. Frank and Mollie bought 130 acres of land south of Mt. Springs from Mollie's grandpa, Charles Brooks.

Grandpa Frank was a farmer and operated a cotton gin at Hemming, Bloomfield and then Mt. Springs.

My daddy, Oscar, was nicknamed Bum-Bum because when he was small he would throw marbles upon the house and say bum-bum as they came down.

When he was a teenager he and brother, Bill, would get with a group of boys and go to revivals in Burns City, Mt. Olive and Hemming. In the summer of 1916 the colored people of Pilot Point was having a brush arbor revival north of Pilot Point about 3 miles. Daddy, Bill and several of the boys around Mt. Springs got there just about dark as the revival began. The colored people had come in wagons and all had small children. They would unhook the team from the wagon and the women put down quilts so that when the children got sleepy they would put them to bed. The group of boys dismounted and sat down close to their horses to listen to the service. They thought then how funny it would be to take each baby and put it in a different wagon. They did this, but left as the service ended!

We always took 3-S tonic in the spring. At school there was a disease called itch! It was small sores on the hands and it was very contagious so sulphur and lard was the remedy. The women of the community would try to keep it a secret when their children got it. One afternoon a lady went to visit a neighbor. She took her little girl. While they were there the little girl noticed there was a dish of something under the stove. She knew right away what it was or what her Mommie had told her. She said, "Mommie, she keeps her butter under the heating stove too!" That sulphur and lard sure spread better if it was warm!

Daddy told of a family called Knudson that came to the Hemming area in the 1920's. Mr. Knudson was farming and late one afternoon he went to water his horses at a tank nearby. He had never seen or heard an owl. An old owl by the tank went "WHOOO, WHooo." Mr. Knudson said, "Oh, I'm just Mr. John Peter Knudson come to water my horses!"

DOROTHY LILLARD HORNER

We always went to the cellar when there was a storm. It didn't have to be a bad one either. It seemed that sometimes we would just get back from the cellar and get to sleep and Pa would come running in and yelling for everyone to get up and go to the cellar. We would go up and down the steps so much and the rain would rain in when the door was opened that it would get so slick you would slide down. Then you would get in and you would set there half asleep and wonder if there was snakes in the logs that was going to jump out on you. As soon as the cloud passed we would go back in the house and it might be 30 minutes later we would have to get up and go back in.

The night Grandpa King died a meteor fell in the front yard. The next morning there was a crator in the yard big enough that you could have buried a cat in.

We used to live in an old log cabin up on the hill. This was up on the old Milnor place before we started to school. One winter it snowed for days and days. The snow sifted through the logs. That was a horrible winter. We had to take old rags and stuff in the cracks in the logs to break the snow coming in.

Jack and I bought this place in about 1952. At that time the taxes was about $12 a year; now they are over $800.

The Burns City School building was a two story building. Two rooms downstairs and upstairs. We played on the stairs and were always curious about what went on upstairs. It was a Masonic Lodge.

Old Grandma Norvill burned to death sitting in a froze over bath tub. This was an old timey tub. It was a bad time in the winter and the tub was completely frozen over. She caught herself on fire in front of a heating stove and she run and jumped in this froze over tub. She didn't die there. They called an ambulance to take her to the hospital. The roads were so bad that the men went to Indian Creek and got on each side of the ambulance when they come over from Sherman. The roads were so bad that these men carried the ambulance over the snow and ice. She burned one evening about 5:00 and died at 2:30 the next morning. I remember her stove. It was an old pot bellied stove with a little opening where the air could circulate. That deal sucked her gown up in that opening and caught it on fire. She just sat on that frozen over tub and the gown just burned up on her.

ORBIE & VELMA INGRAM

My mother's name was Glanville. Grandpa Glanville was on the late Clint Jacobs place in the Bloomfield school district before the Civil War. He was teaching school there in a little log school house. He lost his wife and a baby and they are buried in the old Jones Cemetery. He went to the Civil War. He was C.C. Glanville. Christopher Columbus Glanville.

My father came from Sharp County, Arkansas from a little town called Strawberry. He was John Ingram.

When I was eight years old I had the measles with the fever so bad; I had to learn to walk again. When I was 15 I had the whooping cough. We just went on to school; everybody else did, too. I coughed and whooped all spring.

When I was a kiddo they didn't start school until they were seven years old. They waited until the cotton was all out and it generally started about the second Monday in November. The term was just six months and sometimes four and a half or five months. I studied the New Century Spelling Book and the Sutton and Bruce Arithmetics. We had Hill Readers. This was the main source of our education. We took pride in our spelling. We would have spelling matches a lot of the time at night. Sometimes on Friday afternoons we would have ciphering matches. I remember one particular time that Burns City came down and spelled against us. One young fellow spelled the whole school down in an hour or something like that. So we beat them. The school house was the center of our social activity.

The only place we could go was if we walked. We had to not go further than we could walk and get back home in a day.

When our children were little we would make a chair for them to sit in to eat out of an orange crate.

My schooling was from the Lemons school.

In 1938 I started to work for the ASCS Office in field work. I got $4.00 per day. I was then field assessor in the Tax Assessors Office about 1948. In 1948 I was appointed assessor for this precinct. I think I got 10¢ a sheet or maybe $150 a month. This usually took two and a half months..

The first airplane I ever saw was in Pilot Point on the 4th of July. A plane landed out on the edge of town. Someone went out there and got the man. He told us that he saw we were having a little celebration and thought he would come and see what it was all about. This was 1918. A little later that fall about 14 or 15 came over flying in formation.

Velma: We were on our way to Pilot Point in 1918. We saw one and didn't know what it was. We had heard about them, but we didn't have radios and televisions, telephones, etc. We decided it was an airplane!

There was a library when I was young up in the country at Johnson's. We could go up there and check out books. It was a county library in their home. Minnie Johnson was a teacher. They used to have mobile libraries that came to the schools.

There was some good old songs: "The Silver Dagger", "Letter Edged in Black" and there was one that said "We'll Build a Little Nest and Let the Rest of the World Go By!"

We went to Pilot Point late one evening and Bro. C.L. Vines married us. I had helped to cook the wedding supper before I went. Our neighbors, Homer and Ruth Sanford came over and ate supper with us. The crowd couldn't hardly wait until we got supper over with to chivaree us. It was kind of misting rain that evening. My room or parlor as they called it was on the north toward Oak Dale school. We had a big old Edison phonograph setting there in the north window. My mother just invarably would come in there and set the lamp on the top of that phonograph and push the curtains back. I didn't know what she was doing that for. I went in there and I moved the lamp back on the dresser a time or two. She didn't say nothing and she would move it back. That was to be a signal for all to know that we was there. Here they come with their bells and their tin cans. They whooped and hollered and rattled them cans. We built a fire out in the back yard and played games.

Velma is still talking:

One time Orbie came down to the house in July. There was just an awful bad cloud that came up and we were in the cellar. Daddy asked Orbie to stay all night. It just embarrassed Orbie to death. He didn't stay.

The depression was the hardest times I ever saw in my life. We just didn't have anything and the overalls were patched considerable. Cotton was four to five cents a pound. We raised some turkeys and sold them. We sold eggs for a nickel a dozen. Charley Kelly had a syrup mill, but Nat Weldon was the one that did the cooking. It was on posts. They had three big rollers and long pole that came across. They would hook a horse or mule to it and it would go round and round and pull that. Somebody would feed the cane into them rollers and squeeze the juice out of the cane into a barrel there. They would either pipe it or carry it down to a vat or pan where they cooked it.

Orbie: In 1932 we had Paul Lillard take the corn to the mill in Gainesville. I went with him and we got three and a quarter a hundred for it. (three and a quarter cents a pound). We bought eight large sacks of flour, a hundred pounds of sugar, three boxes of dried fruit, a big can of baking powder, etc. It was all less than $20. The flour was first grade flour at 75¢ a sack.

Velma: I never was allowed to go to a dance or play 42 when I was a girl. They wouldn't let us have dominoes in the house. The reason, I think, was that Daddy was against this because he lost his first crop playing dominoes. They said he would play dominoes until way into the night every night and wouldn't get up the next morning and tend his crop. So he said one day he took the dominoes out to the back to a branch and threw them just as far as he could send them! He said, "I told Minnie there would never be another domino in the house."

I raised chickens. When we wanted a chicken for lunch, I would go out and get one and ring its neck. One time before we had electricity I was dressing chickens to take to the freezer in town. We would put the chickens up in the coop, feed them and get them real fat. The children and I were working at this one day. We had a big wash pot of water boiling out yonder at the back. They got them out of the pen and handed them to me. I was just working, dipping, scalding and ringing the heads off. I reckon I got kind of tired. Anyway I let one of them slip out of my hand and it jumped and run off.

One time we had an April Fool party. I made a cornbread cake! I never will forget Lofton Ward. He was in the kitchen playing 42 and we were serving cake. I made the layers real thin and iced it with chocolate icing. Lofton thought that cornbread cake was delicious!

One time before Orbie and I married we went to a party in Tioga one night. We were playing Going Grape Hunting. You choose a partner. One side will choose who they want to be on their side, kind of like a spelling match. There would be a long string on one side and a long string on that side. The boy and girl who did the choosing start out going this way and going around and round. The boys is chasing the girl. They call it going grape hunting. The boy is chasing the girl and she is trying to get away from him. Orbie was chasing me and I turned on him and he hit me with his teeth. I've got the scar yet!

Grandpa went to the War from Cooke Co. and was in the 11th Texas Calvary. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. He and another fellow got away. I think that they had them in a box car and there was a hole in it. He went down into Alabama and made a share crop with someone. He said that you could see some of the northern soldiers around spying now and then. He knew where his outfit was and he went back to them. After the war was over with he came back to Collin Co. He was a native from Missouri. The bushwackers killed his daddy and brother one night. He left and just never did go back up there. The bushwackers just called them out of the house one night and shot them.

PAULINE WESTBROOK JACOBS

I married Joe Jacobs in Gainesville in November of 1934. After we married all the Jacobs were my neighbors. Also Roy Jones, Earl and Bobbie Shipley and Wayne Sitzes.

Sometimes before I married we would go to Bloomfield from the prairie to the literaries.

Reason Jones first settled the Jacobs land. He cut the timber and built his house from the logs.

VIRGIL JAMES

My daddy owned the place right south of Mt. Springs. I built me a log house. Jim McMillin was my clerk at the church. His father was Captain McMillin from the Civil War. Mr. Lewis was a deacon and also Jim. The Donnelly's, Jim Crider, Grandpa Lowery lived near. Tom Lowry, John and Joe Gooch and the Steele's all were members of the church. Jim Potts and the Rayzor's were there.

The gas lights belonged to the community and the school. It was just for the school building. I knew how to run them. You have a compressor and had to pump it up to get the compressor and it is tubed around to the different lights in the building. There was a pump on it and you pumped the pressure up into that drum then you turn your lights on and light it. It was just like your gas lanterns or like the Coleman lantern. It used gasoline. Regardless who used the building, I went up and managed the lights for them and stayed until everybody was out and turned the lights off.

I preached at Prairie Grove, Mt. Springs, Walling, Burns City and Mt. Pleasant. When I first started out Bro. Gaines was at Mt. Pleasant.

When one of the deacons at Mt. Springs died in 1920 they called me. I helped dress him and they tried to put his false teeth in his mouth and couldn't do it. I told them what to do to keep his body — take camphor on rags and put it on the face to keep him from deteriorating. They didn't bleach, they just stayed the same. They decided to embalm him before them put him in the grave. They called Smith's from Pilot Point. When they embalmed him, the blood was taken out of him. They had to take that blood, dig a hole and bury it. Then they took him to New Hope and buried him.

Frank Alexander wasn't embalmed. My Dad had worked with an undertaker in Oklahoma, so he knew about using this camphor.

Mrs. Kirk died. She was at Jess Rayzor's house when she died. They used turpentine on her body. John Kirk died and John Taylor died and all of these were just kept in the home and taken to the cemetery and buried. Usually the family of the deceased did not set up with the body. Neighbors or friends would set up.

When we had a baptizing we always had a message right there and singing. When I was baptized it was in February and the wind was puffing. Then we wore long handles. The wind was blowing and it was cold. They had a wagon sheet and some held it up and the preacher and us got in behind that and changed clothes. This was in Flat Creek west of Valley View.

Someone moved away from Mt. Springs and left a lot of doctor books which they said I could have. They had one patient in Mt. Springs that had typhoid

fever. The doctor in Pilot Point came out. He brought his boy. This was his first patient. This man had had a big bled hemorrhage. I had learned to use a weed for this. The weed is lobea of flux weed. For diarrhea they could just take and chew it up. The stem tasted kind of like a peanut stem. This typhoid patient lived up close to Prairie Grove. They came wanting Dad or me to go to the man. I went to the house, got some of the weed and went to the man. I made a cup of tea from the weed and told him to drink it. Dr. Harris was the doctor; his boy was Worth Harris. The doctor told me to keep ice on his stomach and on his head all the time. Regardless what happens keep that ice on his stomach, that's the only way he can live. The doctor said if I hadn't given him that tea he would have been a dead man. Lobrec is maybe the name of the weed or the way to spell it maybe. You can be broke out all over in a rash and have kidney trouble and it will cure it. I went to a doctor at Sanger and he had give my boy a medicine for his kidneys and it broke him out all over in a solid sore. I gave him this. I got the root and made the tea and give it to him and he drank the water. In two to three days he was healed up. Some called the plant Tansey Root. One of my wife's sisters boys took typhoid fever in the summer. Four more came down with it in the fall. They had hemorrages. I gave them some of the root tea. Dr. Rice at Sanger told me to always do this for typhoid.

Now my main outfit for taking care of a cold is to give lemonade or a piece of lemon and two aspirins and two dristans. I can cut that fever.

For a bruise I used jimson weed. You bruise it, beat it and put it on the bruise. It will take the soreness out. If you have a cut take and wash it, then take Clabber Girl baking powder and put that in a rag and just dust it real good.

ROBERT JAMISON

My grandaddy was Jeremiah Lowry. He was a Confederate soldier in Kentucky. After the war he came to Texas in a covered wagon with a team of oxen and settled in the Mt. Springs area. The State of Texas had just become a state. Governor Hubbard gave him a land grant of 120 acres in Mt. Springs. My mother was Jennie Lowry. This land was about four miles east of Mt. Springs.

Grandmother Martha was from Alabama. She told me the story about the Hemming community having so many storms. They had an old log cabin lodge. It came a storm one time and blowed the lodge off of the blocks. The men came and put it back on the blocks. In about a week it came another storm and blowed it off again. One bad storm blowed a bunch of trees upside down on a cabin on an old man and woman.

She would tell me about the Indians around Hemming. This man and woman who was living there was young. The woman had long pretty black hair. The Indians captured her. When the men found out they all got together that night and trailed them all night long. The next morning at day break they found the Indians and just at day light they took their guns and shot the Indians and saved her. She said at night the Indians would take her hair and put it through their hands. She thought they were going to scalp her.

My granddaddy and his neighbors went in together and bought a machine that would make hog wire. You couldn't buy hog wire then. They bought rolls of wire and put it through that machine and made hog net to fence in their farms with. They would stretch this wire out on the ground from one tree to another to get it all stretched out in several strands. They then threaded it through this big old machine and by working a lever by hands backwards and forth it would tie these wires in between. This would have been sometime before the 1900's.

Before I was born my mother was married to Daniel Umstead. They owned and operated the Burns City store. After he died she moved over to Mt. Springs and bought the Mt. Springs store. My daddy had come from Eureka Springs, Arkansas as a preacher and was holding a meeting at Mt. Springs.

They married in 1916. My daddy died when I was two years old. He was a one-legged man. They said he had a Sunday leg and an every day leg. This every day leg was a scrap of iron he wore on the outside of his britches from his knee down. His Sunday leg was wooden and his britches leg covered it.

My mother was a genius at spelling. She studied the old blue back speller. She used her slate and chalk. She didn't have paper.

My daddy played an organ. One of those old ones that you pump with your feet. He taught music. He had an old oil tablecloth with all of his notes printed on this tablecloth. He would take a stick and hang this up in the schoolhouse where he could teach the notes and sounds from the shaped notes.

When we made cracklins after killing hogs, we would dip them out of the lard and take two planks nailed together with a piece of leather and squeeze them through a strainer. Then we would lay the cracklins over to dry and after we got through making the lard we put the cracklins back in the pot with some lye and water to make soap.

My mother was Martha Ray. She would tell about the trip in the covered wagon pulled by oxen. The men would ride on horses and carry rifles to keep the Indians away. They would shoot enough game

every day to have something to eat. There was lots of quail on the prairie. They would come to lots of places where there wasn't even a trail, much less a road. They had to ford the rivers. They would take the wagon to the river and drive the oxen across the water. They would take long ropes, tie them to the wagons and the men would get on horses and hold the ropes to keep the wagons from washing down the river. The oxen would pull them across from the other side. It took them about two to three months to come from Alabama to Texas. This was about 1880.

EARL "CASEY" JONES

I was born in 1912. My parents were Frank and Stella Jones. Grandfather Reason Jones was born in 1813 in Missouri. He came to Texas in 1840. He encountered an old gentleman who had made his home in the bed of a covered wagon. Because he feared Indian raids he had taken a block and tackle and drawn this wagon up into a big oak tree so he would be hidden from the Indians at night. This was one and a half miles west of Bloomfield. After about three trips back and forth from Missouri he staked a claim of 160 acres north of this old man's land. He built a log house and moved his family.

By 1900 Bloomfield school had grown to around 100 pupiles and they only had enough money to hire one teacher. My mother had finished school there, age about 18 now, so she went to Gainesville and took an examination and received a teaching certificate. She assisted the teacher in the school in 1900 and 1901.

Mother and father married in 1902. They attended church at the Bloomfield school on Sunday and through the week they had square dances around over the neighborhood. They had committees that would go to people and ask for permission to have a dance at their house on Saturday night. The houses were small. They would move some of the furniture out of a couple of the rooms and the fiddler and musicians would sit kind of in the doorway between the rooms and make the fiddle and string music for them to dance by. The caller would stand near them so they could have squares going in both rooms.

There were two early Bloomfield schools. One on the D.C. Robinson place and the other on the Reason Jones place. They were just one room log schools and they operated by subscription. People wanted to send their kids there and they would put up money for the teacher to teach them. They operated until the spring of 1882.

My older brother married Lee Ella Bevers who was teaching school at Oak Hill School in 1927.

I started to school in 1919 at Bloomfield. There were 90 pupils in the one teacher school. The teacher was Isabel Covert. She taught up to the 10th grade. She ruled with an iron hand and a big hickory! We had big double desks. At that time the boys sat on one side and the girls on the other side of the room. One of my buddies and I walked to school together every day. Occasionally we had our fights. Sometimes even during class we would have our spats. He kept his books on one end of the desk and I kept mine on the other end. I think through boredom if his pencil got over on my side I would knock it off in the floor and he would do the same to me. We went to the extent of marking a line down the center of the desk from the inkwell with a sharp pocket knife to be the dividing line. This was one of the Wooten boys.

In 1925 Bloomfield school was made into a two teacher school and a partition was put into the building to make two rooms. The higher grades were at the front of the building and the lower ones at the back. The school never did have electricity.

We played a lot of town ball. You just have one base in town ball. A man gets up to bat and he runs to that base and if you could make it to that base before they catch that ball and burn you with it (thrown it at you and hit you) then the next batter gets up to bat and hits the ball and you run home and score.

We played stink base. You chose up on two sides. We played it on a basketball court. We used the center line for the line between the two sides. Each side would get out and dare the other to come over the line. If one saw he had a little space he'd dart across the line and run back. If one on the other side caught him he had to go stand on the stink base till one of his team mates could daringly run and touch his hand and get him off the stink base.

We boys would spin tops. We drew a ring on the ground and would spin our top in the ring. If your top died in the ring, you had to leave it there til your buddy could spike you out. He would take his top and try to hit yours so it would bounce out. You could go back to spinning again. They would file the spinner of their tops real sharp so they could burst the other tops. One day I got all my tops burst and I felt awful bad having to go to school without a top the next day. Pilot Point being five miles away and my only transportation being a pony that I rode, I knew if I mentioned wanting to go to Pilot Point to get a top they would say no. So instead I got permission to ride the pony to school that day and I managed to leave out pretty early. I hit the road and rode all the way to Pilot Point and went to T.P. Davenport's Variety Store. I got me a couple of tops. They cost about two bits each. I made it back to school by nine o'clock.

It is six miles to Pilot Point now; they changed the roads.

We played marbles a whole lot. We played some for keeps, but not much. The teachers and parents discouraged that. They thought that was gambling. We mainly just played for sport. Lots of them were cheap and were made out of glass. The boys could get their aggies and shoot them hard and burst the glass marbles.

At Halloween parties at school we would all gather in costumes and put apples on strings from the ceiling or in tubs of water and bob for them. Then we would have a big Thanksgiving dinner and all the kids would play games. At Christmas we celebrated. On Friday before Christmas we would go out and get a big tree and decorate it. All the kids would bring presents and Santa Claus would arrive.

One time in the 1920's about a week before Christmas, the teacher asked if we knew where we could get a nice cedar tree for Christmas. The Wooten boys knew of a big tree. It had rained a lot and we didn't have gravel roads. Their place was a mile and a half from school. The teacher kept saying, "I hope this weather will settle so we can get the tree out." One day finally it wasn't raining and she told us we had better go get the tree. We told her it was a pretty big tree so several had better go. About fifteen of us boys went. We cut it down and it was about twenty feet tall. We got it up on our shoulders and started down this old country road. I was big enough to see where I was going but some of the little boys who were way back under the limbs couldn't see and were stepping in mud holes. They kept coming and we moved along. Once in a while we'd rest. When we finally got to the school with the tree we found it was much too large to go in the door. We had to back off and start trimming. After we got it in the building and set it up, it was too tall to stand up. We had to cut part of the top off. That was one of the biggest nights of my life with the live candles in holders on that tree, all the presents and Santa Claus passing out the presents.

One night my dad wanted me to drive him over to see a man in the Walling community. As we were going home we noticed they were having a Christmas tree at the school that night. We stopped and looked in. The door was partly open and the building was full. The people were standing against the wall and the door opened inward. Dad told me, "Let's get out of here, it's too dangerous." Later that night the building did burn. This was about 1922-23.

Isabel Covert was my first teacher. We had Mr. McFadden, Jewel Lewis, Rose Hancock, David Morrow, Lee Ella Bevers and Elizabeth Meeks.

Isabel Covert was very likable and a good hand with children. She could be stern and discipline us, but she could be young and be one of us. David Morrow was young and strong and he put up chinning bars on the trees on the school grounds. We did calisthenics. Every April Fool's day we would have to play a joke on the teacher. We had windows on each side of the building and two doors on the front. We planned we were going to lock Mr. Morrow out that morning. We knew we were going to have to do a good job to keep him out, so we got there early that morning. We took hammers and nails and put nails so he couldn't open the doors and then nailed boards on the door. When we saw him coming, we all got there to hold the door. He tried all the windows and was going to force the door, but we managed to hold. He finally gave up. There were about eight or nine of us in the building, all about 10-12 years old. When he couldn't get in the door he went around the side and started some games with the younger children. After about an hour it got pretty dull in the school house with the playing out there. He was on the north side and we raised a window on the south side and jumped out. We ran just as fast as we could to the creek which was about 200 yards. He saw us but couldn't catch us.

We had planned to go on a picnic that day, but to show you how foolish we were, we forgot and left our lunch buckets in the school. We went on down the creek and about noon we were near Ernest Sanders' place. We found an old bucket. Someone said we could boil some eggs in it if we had some. I said if they had any money I'd go buy some eggs from Ernest. He had a lot of chickens. Eggs were about ten cents a dozen and we had about 30¢. I went up the hill to his house. He came out grinning and said, "What are you boys doing?" He had gone to Bloomfield school and knew the habits. He put three to four dozen eggs in the bucket, but told us that they were on him. We went back down to the creek and built a big fire and boiled the eggs. We ate a few of them. Then we had a big time throwing them at each other. By 1:30 or 2:00 it got old to us and we decided we'd just as well go back and face the music. We drug back up to the school. The classes were going on. We went in and went to our desks and quietly sat down. We got our books out. When Mr. Morrow finished with the class he came back to us and told us to take our books and stand in the corner. He had one in every corner, standing up studying. One boy was standing close to me with his book. I noticed him getting pale and then he fainted. David run over to where he was and picked him up, straightened him out and he came to in about a minute. He told the rest of us to go back and take our seats and we'd talk about this later. He never mentioned it again.

Miss Biddie McFadden was very strict. Some of the boys did something she didn't like and she was going to punish them by having them learn about two

pages of poetry. She waited a day or two and asked if they had learned their poetry. They said, "No." She said she would give them another day. She did that two to three times and finally one said, "No, I haven't and I don't intend to." She told his brother to go cut a good hickory. He came back with one about three to three and a half feet long. She hit his desk and asked if he was going to learn the poetry. He said, "No." The next time she hit him on the head and the little end of the switch hit him behind the ear and brought the blood. His brother was setting right behind him and saw the blood. He jumped up and both boys grabbed her and pulled her hair. It all fell down from the pins; it was long and she had it all pinned up. That was about all they done and then they backed off. She still had that hickory and she yelled, "You boys are expelled from school! Leave now!" They took off. Then she came around to every desk and whacked that hickory down and said, "Don't you ever do anything like that!" They had a school board meeting the next day. Everyone involved came to the school and met outside. They agreed to let the boys come back to school.

We had lots of plays at Bloomfield. I'd like to see some of those old play books again. We had a stage with curtains. I recall one time or two in the spring when the weather began to warm up, we built a stage on the outside on the west end of the school building. It had curtains and everything. We'd take out two windows of the school so we could go back in and change. Then some of the students who had finished school there organized a Literary Society. They would have plays in the summer. After Union Grove School was built and they had a nice auditorium and a big stage we organized the society over there. We would take them to other communities like Woodbine, Spring Hill, Aubrey, Era and Valley View.

The Bloomfield school house was the only church in the community for a number of years. The Davises pulled away and organized the Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church. Finally they stopped having church at Bloomfield. The building was just used for school and funerals and a few meetings. Back in the twenties they had a farm labor union and they would hold their meetings in the building. They formed a co-op and opened a store at Pilot Point. You could buy dry goods and things at discount prices.

I've been told that a fellow named Dameron opened the store maybe in the 1860's at Bloomfield. That's when so many settlers began to come out here. It hadn't been named Bloomfield yet. A group were at the store one day and got to talking and said they needed to give the place a name. It was spring. There was an old lady named Angeline Jackson. She was my grandfather's sister. She looked down across the pasture south of the store and it was covered with bluebonnets. She said, "Why don't we name it Bloomfield?"

Dameron ran the store for about 10 years. Uncle Jim Tom Robison bought him out and built a pretty good sized side room on to it. That was when the doctor came out of school. He stayed at the store and practiced medicine. He'd ride a horse around over the community and make house calls. He taught Uncle Jim Tom enough medicine that he was able to go and pass a test. They made him a registered pharmacist. As a kid I used to enjoy going in there and watching him mix medicine. He had one of the walls of the store lined with drugs. He made several diferent kinds of salves, throat washes, and cough medicine. When the farmers had trouble with their livestock they'd rely on him to give them something. When they had screw worms get into their cattle he would mix up chloroform and carbolic acid to kill them off. He mixed crysalic ointment to keep the flies off.

He got to carrying some hardware, rope and harness. Bacon was about the only kind of meat he had. In the summer he would keep bologna sausage. He had all kinds of canned goods, sugar and flour.

When you killed hogs you had to shoot it right between the eyes. One of the men would jump the fence and stick him just right so he would bleed good. That was very important. It took an expert to know where and how to do it. You didn't stick him in the heart; you had to stick him between the legs in the jugular vein and the heart would then pump all the blood out before it stopped beating. Then they brought him out to the vat and that water had to be the exact temperature. If you had it too hot, you couldn't get the hair off, you had to shave it. To have it just right meant going in it three times with your finger and knowing if you went back the fourth time it would burn your finger, it was just right for scalding. Usually you didn't have to have a knife. People would just take their hands and go to pushing that hair off of him. It come off just as clean and pretty as could be. They would run their hands down the legs and pop the hoof covers off. When he was fairly clean you did what they called gammeling (?) him. You would run a knife down his back legs, down them leaders, pull a couple of them leaders up, and had a green stick about two feet long and sharpened on each end. You stick that on the leaders on each foot and then you had a block that you hook to the center of that gammel stick and pull him up on a line pole. A man went in and gutted him. First they would throw more hot water on him and scrape him down again to be sure he was real clean. He would take the entrails out and then take the heart and lungs out together. Next they would cut the head off right behind the forelegs. They would then prop the hulk open and usually throw cold water in the carcass to

wash it out good. Leave it hanging on that pole.

The big excitement for me as a kid, as soon as they got the entrails out was to get the melt which is on the intestines. It was a straight piece of meat kind of like liver. They would have this fire going and I would get a green stock and put the melt on a stick. Bring the pepper and salt out and a few cold biscuits. I would roast that melt over the fire and put chunks of it in the biscuits nad it was awful good eating.

They would take the liver off the entrails and carry it in the house. We had good soft water and they would cook it for lunch that day. By that evening we would have the spareribs out and have a fresh mess of spareribs for supper.

After the hog had cooled good, the process of cutting it up would take place. They cut it up in to hams, shoulders, middlings. They would trim it all close and put the trimmings in a pan. The fat is for lard and the lean for sausage. When dark come the hams and shoulders would be taken out to the smokehouse and given a light rubbing of salt and laid out on a rack for the first night to cool out. All the trimmings would be carried into the house and we'd stay up late cutting them up in to strips to grind in the sausage mill. The fat would be cut up in small chunks to render for lard. During that night we would grind up some of that sausage and my mother had a recipe for mixing seven pounds of sausage at a time. After the seasonings were mixed in she would set the big pan on the screened porch overnight where they would cool out good. Next morning for breakfast we'd have fresh sausage. Another dish would be to take the brains out of the head and mix some with scrambled eggs.

Mother would make sacks or long bags about 12-18 inches long and about three inches across and stuff the sausage in the bags and hang them in the smokehouse and smoke them. They would hang out there til they would turn green, but that would come off with the cloth and I never knew of them hurting anyone.

I understand that back in the early days in the winter time they would kill a beef and draw the halves and sides up in the top of trees. They let it hang there out of the way of flies and it would keep for some time.

At the store he would get vinegar in 50 gallon barrels that had a faucet on them. Most people would bring a gallon jug and buy a gallon of vinegar.

Later on Uncle Jim Tom would go to town and get ice. He might buy two or more 300 pound bales of ice. He had some ice hooks and I helped him drag them out on the porch. He had a little short cross cut saw and we'd cut that ice up in three 100 pound blocks and two of us would get hold of it with two sets of hooks and carry and set it over in the refrigerator. It was a great big box and he would put Nehi soda water in it to cool.

My parents had a charge account at the store. They found out I had learned to charge my candy and put a stop to that. There was a big candy case with every kind of candy in it! We traded eggs for groceries, too.

There was a post office in the store at one time. It was called a Star Route Post Office. They had a carrier that'd leave out of Pilot Point, come through here and leave mail. He would go on through Burns City and leave mail. He went on to Gainesville and then would do the same on the way back. It would be sorted in slots and people would come to the store and get their mail.

Uncle Jim Tom built the blacksmith shop. His nephew ran it. It was a big old building with double doors on each side so you could open them up so they could drive wagons through. Back in those days the steel tires would get loose on the wagons in dry weather. He'd take the wheel off, put it up on a table, take that steel tire off and put it on the forge. The tire would shrink and he would put it back on. He'd rebuild wheels, add new spokes and fellers. Fellers was the wooden part that goes next to the rim. You've got the hub, spokes, fellers and the rim. This blacksmith's name was Harlan Robinson. There was a blacksmith at Mt. Springs by the name of Holt.

There were two other stores here at one time. There was Mershon's store and Forrester's store. There was a cotton gin and a photography studio.

Armistice day, November 11, 1918 was about the biggest celebration I ever remember in Bloomfield. The word didn't get out here til late in the afternoon. We had an old community telephone. Everybody began to gather at the store or blacksmith shop. I began to hear the pistols firing. They turned on lights. They had Coleman lanterns and lanterns of all kinds. Kerosene lamps burning in the store and shop. Lots of people were in the community. They came in walking, whole families. Nearly all the older men had their pistols and they would empty them in the air; throw out the hulls and reload. They would fire and reload as they came in. Then they got busy and went to shooting anvils. Those anvils could make a pretty loud gun when they'd fire them off.

A blacksmith's anvil is what he pounds the steel on to shape things. It has a flat, smooth top and weighs 80-100 pounds. It has a horn shape on one end and a flat surface. It set on a block of wood about two feet high and it was about one foot high. This made it about right for the blacksmith to hammer on. It set right by the forge so he could get what he was working on hot and turn and put it right on the anvil. It took two of them to shoot. You take one out and dig a hole and bury it level with the top and it had a hole in the bottom that you filled full of powder. Sprinkle a little powder on to the edge and then turn the other anvil upside down over that hole with the

flat side down. Then you would take a long steel rod and get the end of it red hot, get behind the door, reach around and touch that powder off. BOOM! Sounded like a cannon going off.

The top anvil would go about ten feet in the air and as soon as it cooled off they would repeat the process.

Mother took us to Gainesville to the circus one time. Coming home we had a flat tire. We didn't have a spare. They were the old clincher type rims that you had to take off with a tire tool. This was a Model T Ford. We carried a pump and patching in the car. Some of the circus would set up little tents around Bloomfield.

I've heard the men talk about an old man who had a saloon on the north side of the square in Gainesville. He had lots of barreled whiskey put up in the back of his place. You'd take your jug in there and he would take it to the back, turn the spout and fill the jug. Over by this whiskey, he had a barrel of honey and they said he was a kind of foreign talking man. He would say honey sort of funny and would ask, "Would you like a little touch of houwny in it?" If they did, he'd put a half cup of honey in it and it would give it a good flavor.

In the twenties people went to bootlegging or moonshining. They made whiskey all over the country. There was a lot of it made here, most of them were north of here back in the timber over on Wolf Creek and Indian Creek. There was lots of homebrew made. I've had some that was pretty wild. I don't know as I ever had any to burst, but I've had some that was hard to catch! You'd pull the top off and it would jump out of the bottle. You had to be ready to get your mouth over it.

When the WPA came along they hired men mostly to gravel roads. You had to be completely unemployed with no way making a living to get on that deal. I could never qualify but I had an old Model T truck and they allowed me to put that old truck on to haul gravel. I think they paid me a dollar an hour for the truck. I had to furnish my gasoline and everything. I could haul about one yard of garvel at a load. I'd drive in to the gravel pit up here. There was a whole line of men with shovels. They'd load you with shovels. Some men had wagons with a gravel bed on that.

I was told that in the early 1900's this young Dr. Painter came here to Bloomfield to practice medicine. He had a room with someone around here and an office at the store. He started going to the socials around Bloomfield and we had this bully of the community, a big old boy who could whip most anybody. He was trying to keep everybody from fooling with him. Doc made the mistake of going with one of the girls he had gone with and he didn't like it. Dr. Painter and Uncle Jim Tom was setting on the porch one day and here came this big old boy walking down the road. I think Dr. Painter suspected what was going to happen when he saw him coming. Men were not too afraid of each other in them days. They started fighting. They got down in the road and wrestled and fought. They beat each other and finally Painter said he'd had enough. George let him get up. He was pretty well bloodied and was bleeding in the face. His shirt was torn, but the bully was in pretty good shape. He just pulled his pants up and took off up the road to home. Jim Tom took Dr. Painter on in the store, poured some water for him to wash his face and as he was drying his face he said, "He whipped me, didn't he? I guess I could have bit him." Jim Tom said, "Y God, why didn't you?"

About a week or two later there was a dance one night and John Alexander had been talking to some of the boys saying they were going to have to put a stop to this boy's bullying. So they all got over to the dance that night. The bully was there in the house dancing and having a big time. Some of the others were out in the yard and John said, "I'll tell you what, when he comes here I'm going to take my pocket knife and cut his head off and throw it in there where they're dancing." So when the bully came out John got his head under his arm, went in his pocket and got his knife with the long blade and started in over behind one jaw. He come out across the back of his neck, got over to the other jawbone and broke the blade out of the knife. The bully was bleeding awful bad by then, so John throwed him down in the yard with all that blood running out of him. He figured he would die in a little while. John got on his horse and left. He went to Gainesville and got on a train and went to the Indian Territory.

Dr. Painter, who the bully had whipped two weeks before, was there and happened to come out. He saw what a shape George was in. He said, "Boys, bring him in and I'll try to save him." He pulled all the veins and arteries together and sewed them and stopped the blood. He sewed his neck up and saved him.

John returned in a few weeks and faced the music. He got a two year suspended sentence. The bully went to West Texas. My Dad told me that if he ever came back to look for the scar. He did come and I got a good look at the scar!

All of our family was going to Walling one night to a Holy-Roller meeting. We boys got permission to go early. We went up to the Wooten place and me and two of the Wooten boys were going down through the Wolf Creek bottom walking in tall grass on a trail. I was in the middle. I guess the first boy and I stepped over this copperhead, but he bit the third boy on the ankle. He hollered that he'd been snakebit. We

couldn't find the snake and his brother said maybe it was a sticker. We got to the meeting place. Mother and Dad had arrived in the wagon by this time. They had quilts in the wagonbed. The boy who had said he was snakebit began to feel bad. My dad told him to get in the wagon and lay down on the quilt. Dad stayed with the boy and he kept getting sicker and sicker. Dad drove him to a close neighbor and told them. They had heard of chicken poultices. They took a chicken open and slapped that on the snakebite. Dad said that the chickens would turn green when they drew that poison out. He recovered.

Mr. McKinney was bitten by a rattlesnake and they didn't know what to do. Somebody said make a mudhole in the ground and stick his foot in it, let it soak and take it out. They kept doing this until about midnight and he survived.

My grandmother had a Madeira vine that she grew at the end of the porch. They made a big soft leaf. She would take a cloth and gather the leaves. They were thick, heavy green leaves. She put them on a cloth and twisted the cloth to make them into a ball to crush them. She put them on a boil and it would draw it to a head. It grew from a potato like deal. People came to her and asked permission to dig up some to transplant.

There was a druggist at Pilot Point who prepared a salve for us that would actually cure the itch in 24 hours. It was about 50¢ a box and it took about a whole box for each kid. My mother would have us kids take a good hot bath and then she would take a box and smear it from our hairline to the tips of our toes, all over our body. Then we would take these old heavy union suits of underwear and put on. We would get into bed and kept it on all night. Next morning we would take another bath and wash it all off.

In the spring we'd gather a big mess of poke salad. They would insist that all of us eat some because it was a good tonic. I remember that my mother used it in her chicken water to cure the chickens when they got sick. She would dig the roots and put in their drinking water.

I've seen my dad cure mules of colic with turpentine. He would hold the turpentine to the mules navel and that navel would take up that tablespoon full of turpentine in about a minutes time. It would just dry that lid up.

Wild Muscadine grapes grew in the timber. Some folks used them to make wine and others jelly. There was wild sheep shires, too. It's a little plant that grows mostly along the edge of timber. It looks like a clover plant. It has a long stem and four leaves that spread out at the top. It grows about two inches tall. I've seen people gather them and just bite the top off. They had kind of a peppermint taste.

They used persimmons a lot. You have to have the first frost in the fall before they're good. Before that they make your mouth pucker something terrible. After frost, they will wrinkle up and get real sweet. People preserved some and I even heard of some people making what they called persimmon beer. They would put them down in sugar and let them ferment and bottle it.

Uncle Claude Robison used to fire the boiler at the gin. Uncle Dave run the gin stand and they worked in a lot of dust. Uncle Claude kept some liquor down in the boiler room for them to cut the dust out of their throat and one time he had went and bought some straight alcohol. He intended to cut it and make gin out of it. It was about 190 proof alcohol and he had it up over the door sill. Uncle Dave swallowed that before he realized what it was and it burned him so bad he broke out of the boiler room and run across to the scale office looking for Uncle Claude, yelling, "I'm pizened." Uncle Claude laughed and said, "No, you're not pizened, just set down there a minute and it'll cut the dust right out.

Breedlove school was named after a man named Breedlove who married one of my grandfather's, Reason Jones, oldest daughters. She was a half sister to my daddy. You come south from the Morrow place and swing back on a tapering road to the southeast and Breedlove built a big two story house on the south side of the road. Another Jones girl married a man named Fuqua and they built a two story house on the north side of the road across from each other. The Breedlove school was built west of the Breedlove home. The gin was nearby.

ROY JONES

I was born June 3, 1897. My parents were E.L. (Dave) Jones and Susan Cloud. We used to have a lot of company. Mother has cooked a lot of good food for just passers-by. We had a lot of peddlers. They would spend the night with us. They traveled with a wagon and team and peddled just about everything. One man had a grocery store on a covered wagon. A long time ago we had what we called black peddlers. They were some other nationality. They walked and carried a big pack on their back. They would really have bargains in dress material. We had Watkins and Raleigh men, too. They had flavorings and spices and different kinds of salves.

People put ashes or lye in the outhouses to keep them from smelling.

People would come around who drilled wells. Some were hand dug. We drew the water out with a bucket and a rope. Bobbie Shipley's parents had a "plumb" well. They put a pipe in it and it kept flow-

ing all the time.

Dr. Riley came to our house once and he had never seen popcorn popped. He wanted to pop some and he had it running all over the floor.

Dr. Shipley told a joke on himself. He was big, fleshy man and he said he went to a place one day and there were two little boys hiding behind a door. He heard one of them say, "He's as big as a bale of cotton!"

We played "wolf-over-the-hill." You had two bases and a boy out in the middle to catch them. When he caught one and patted him three times he had to take the others place.

They didn't have grades when I went to school at Fairview. You just went according to what you wanted to. We had homemade desks. At first they just had one teacher. They would use the better scholars to hear other's lessons. We used slates. We had a pencil that would write on it and you could erase it. Later we had paper and pencil and then later pen and ink.

They said I weighed 10 pounds when I was born and never did grow much!

I married Bernie Robison. We knew each other already, but we first got together on a fishing trip over at Elm Creek. Two or three wagons full of people went over there and camped out at Hammond's Crossing. We lived at Bloomfield. My brother had married a cousin of hers and her folks had the store at Bloomfield. We went together about four yeras. We married at her home in 1921 and all the neighbors came.

When you killed hogs you put the hams, shoulders, middlins (bacon), backbones and the rest on the roof overnight to cool off real good.

The hearse that the funeral homes had was horse drawn and was a little black wagon. Not many people used a funeral home. The coffins were all of wood. They covered them with cloth.

During the depression we just kept on working and making a living. You usually paid a man about 50¢ a hundred for cotton picking if you boarded the man. If he boarded himself it was about 60¢ a hundred.

I didn't believe in cars much at first. They looked sort of like a buggy with high wheels. They had a little motor underneath and an air cooled engine. My first one was a Model T. My dad had a 1925 Model T. He died in 1934 and it sat in the shed until January 1983. A fellow came along and offered me what I thought was a good price, so I sold it.

Grandpa Jones came here from Missouri I think about 1849. His name was John and his wife was Susan. They came in a wagon and as they came through Indian Territory they had a baby girl. They used to call her Squaw. Her name was either Cynthia or Elizabeth. My dad was born in a pretty good house for the times. I think it had a log foundation, but the lumber was hauled in ox wagons from east Texas. My grandfather started the house before the war and finished it after the war was over. It had one log room across the hallway from the rest of the house.

They made cough syrup out of a mullien, a weed. They boiled it down and put sugar in it.

People would have sore eyes a lot. They would dig prickly pears and take the roots and mash them up and make a poultice out of them. They would cover the eyes with that and it was really good. We used to have chills in the spring. When the fruit started growing we would eat it before it was ready. Oxydine was good for that.

WILLIE JONES

I was born in 1886. I am now 97 years old. My mother's name was Ellie. I had uncles at Mt. Springs, Bob and Sturl Campbell.

I first went to school at Prairie Grove. Charlie Farnum/Barnum was the teacher.

I met my wife, Jewel Keeton, at Mt. Olive school. We were childhood sweethearts.

My first job was for Lon Williams on the farm. I worked for 50¢ a day. I had a walking turning plow, a lister and a riding two way.

ALINE CASON LEMONS

I was born about two miles northeast of Burns City.

We had a coal oil lamp to study by. All the children would gather around this one light to get their lessons.

I met my husband, Eulace, because we were going to the same school. We sat across the aisle from each other. When we courted we went in a roadster. We married at Marietta, Oklahoma.

All the kids would go to Powers Mountain on April Fool's day.

We had to walk two miles to school. When it was muddy Papa would come after us in the wagon. The mud would be knee deep on the horses.

EULACE LEMONS

My Grandma came from Missouri. It seems to me they married on the road to here. They traveled by wagon. Grandma walked most of the way. My first home was at Hideout. It is about two and a half miles east of Mountain Springs. My first teacher at Hideout was Myrtie Hughes. I attended Burns some.