

## ALMA KAYS LILLARD

I was born somewhere around Hemming in 1915. My parents were Jessie and Willie King Kays. Mother's parents were Alex and Dee King. They came from Carrol County, Tennessee. Alex' wife was Casandra Phildee.

We lived at Burns City when I was growing up. Burns City had two rooms in the school then. One room was big and it was called the "Big Room."

After we married lots of times we used apple boxes for cabinets.

One night it came up the awfulest cloud. Lightning would literally come down that vent into the cellar where we were. When we got out of the cellar and looked around there was lights down on the creek in the air. It looked like they was just lined up down there on the creek. Some called them lanterns. The night Grandpa died there was a lantern hanging up in the tip-top of a tree. It was just a mystery.

We used to live in an old log cabin up on the hill. One winter it snowed for days and days. The snow sifted through the logs. We had to take old rags and stuff in the cracks between the logs. to break the snow coming in.



## DELSIE LILLARD

Joseph Burch, the founder of Mt. Springs, was my great grandparent. He was born in 1824 in Alabama. He left Calhoun County, Alabama and came to Texas when he was in his 30's. His older brother, Thomas and wife, Marthina also came.

I remember John and Lucy Kirk of Mt. springs. Lucy used to holler at John when an occasional airplane came over, "Pue-wee, Lord, good God, John get in this house before that airplane falls on you!"

(Portions of a letter written by Burman D. Burch, third son of Tom and Marthina Burch. Written in 1913 at the age of 69).

## B.D. BURCH

November the 16th 1913 — age 69 years

*NOTE: This letter is typed as much like Mr. Burch wrote it as possible. (sic) means we have left these words as he wrote them. Other words in parenthesis have been interpreted or added.*

I was born in Calhoun (County) Alabamie in 1844. My father came to Cooke County April 11th, 1857. It was a lonesome place. He settled 12 miles southwest of Gainesville. There was but two houses between us and them (Gainesville). Nine miles to Pilot Point, two miles to a neighbor and five miles to the next.

The Indians raided us once in awhile. They were

Comanche and Kiowan Indians. They came in on light nights and before we could get a company to follow they would have the start on us and get to where the bushes was so thick we could not trail them.

There was but three business houses in Gainesville and one in Pilot Point. Captain Dority (Dougherty), W.R. Been (Bean), Jim Burnes and hafe (sic) was managers of them. George Y. Bird was surveyor.

We had to go 30 miles to mill and sometimes the roads was so bad we could not get there so our bread was red peas or turkey breast fried or clabber milk with the whey dript (sic) from it. The mill was a ox mill inclined wheel.

There was no farming here but small wheat farms. We cut it with cradles, bound it by hand. When we thrashed, we cleaned off a place on the ground. We set the wheat with its heads up on the clean ground. We took eight or ten horses and run them over it till it was tramped out. Then we raked the straw off with wooden pitchforks. We had no iron ones then. Then we held the wheat up high and blew the chaff out by the wind.

All of the goods we used were hauled on ox wagons from Jefferson (Texas) and Shreveport (Louisiana). We had no horse wagons or buggies here then. We had no preaching, only in towns. Only once in a while we visited on horses or in ox wagons. The young folks would go 10 or 12 miles to church and party (parties) horse back, boys and girls.

We didn't depend on farming, it was a stock country, lots of cattle and horses. Deer and turkey and antelope and game of all kinds. Fine grass, we did not have to feed anything, winter nor summer. No settlements west of Alans (sic) to amount to anything but some ranches. The land could be bought for one and two dollars per acre. No wire fences til about '75.

The names of people that live in Cooke County that I knew: Thomas Burcy (Burch) my father; Jo (Joe) Burch, J. Woods, S. Southwood, Jug (Judge) Piper, R. Scott, John Downard, W.H. Huey, Dr. Lekeman, Joe Burdon, resn (Reason) Jones, Jack Jones, Elect (sic) Paris, John Stricklin (Strickland), Van Stricklin, Steve Sanders, Pat Sanders, Ike Glover, W.R. Lemons, John Ozment, B. Whiton, Thomas W. \_\_\_\_\_, H. Riley, Bill Welch, Burmey Burch, old man Clark, S. Gordon. They is all that I remember.

I worked the cattle and was acquainted wuth (sic) most of the settlers. The country was full of cattle, we gathered them in spring market and branded them. Turned them out til they got three or four or five yeras old, then we gathered and drove them to Kansas City to market.

End of Quote.

### Continuation of Delsie's Interview:

My grandfather on my mother's side was Largus Bell Newton. His mother was Martha Rose Ann Parks and his father was Isaih. She left Alabama in 1866 in a 13 team caravan ox team wagon. After traveling a year they arrived near the original Mt. Springs settlement in October 1867.

Joe Burch married Mary Strickland. Their log cabin home consisted of about a 12x12 foot log structure facing the south with the front door opening onto a slightly slanted porch. They managed to squeeze a United States Post Office into one corner of the 12 foot room. My grandmother, Arie Burch, was the first child born in the home.

Largus Newton married Arie Burch. Julia May Newton, grew up on a Paririe Grove farm. She was my mother.

In January 1917 the Lillard family moved to Prairie Grove. My father was George Lillard. His father was Jim Lillard and mother was Harriet Isadore Brock.

Grannie Newton's closest neighbors were the Loren and Olive Lemons Bond's, the Dawson family and others I remember at Prairie Grove were the Hott, Crabtree, Lemons, Allen, Hillis, Shasteen, Hall, Autry, Bryant, Howe, Gentry, Williams, McBride families.

School plays were a part of the social life of the community. Each school would schedule the play on a different night so everyone could see them. Long before school was out parts were assigned and practice started. The small kids would do a simple play and the parents, teachers and older students would do what we called the big play. Daddy loved this and was always cast as one of the main players. The men of the community built a stage on the south side of the school building and curtains were stretched on wires. The stage was lit by lanterns.

Quilting bees were also a form of social life. Most of the ladies had quilting frames hanging in a room of their home. They took turns meeting in the homes and this way the quilts were finished during the visiting. For a while in the 1930's, the young girls had a quilting club. While our mothers quilted in one room, we worked on doll quilts in another. Some of them were Mildred Steele, Mary Ray, Dorothy May and Eva Burnet, and Irene and I.

Shivarees and wedding showers followed most weddings and there were Sunday afternoon baseball games in the summer. The field was back of the old store building. Daddy was catcher and Jim Steele was either infielder or pitcher. The Mt. Springs team played teams from Burns City, Valley View, Hogeys, Era, Pilot Point and I think Sanger. Cars lined the roads and some came on horseback or walked. Sometimes a musician or singer would show up. I was

most impressed one Sunday when a pretty girl played her guitar and sang. I remember she sang "*Silver Haired Daddy*."

Country dances were also well attended. The first requirement was moving all the furniture out of one room and lining it with benches and chairs. A fiddle was a must and usually a guitar. We had round and square dances and the caller for the square dances was John Smith. Daddy had an old flatbed truck and he would drive through the community and pick up the ones who wanted to go. We young kids had a square dance group.

The drinking men brought their white lightning in fruit jars. One night at a dance at Dewey and Eura Floyds, one of the men turned the jar up too often and staggered outside where he fell into an old dry well. Ingenuity and ropes rescued him and the dancing continued.

The people who did not believe in dances would have play parties in the homes. They were very popular with the young people. They played Knocking for Love, Snap and Spin-the-Bottle. There was a candy breaking party at the Walter Scoggins home one winter night. I watched in awe as the grownups sat around an open fireplace, visiting, breaking and eating the homemade candy.

Occasionally Daddy would come home with a block of ice in a tow sack. He would send us over to invite Ida May and Elmer Lemons and their girls, Dorothy and Doris over. Mama would mix up the ingredients for the ice cream; Daddy would break the ice by beating the tow sack with the flat side of a double bladed ax. After filling the freezer, packing it with ice and salting it down, Daddy would fold a blanket, set one of us kids on it and start turning it!

It was often my job to drive the cows up. I would get stickers in my feet. (This is grass burrs!) Daddy would tell me to run and I wouldn't get stickers!

By Christmas time each year we had a lot of wood on the porch and in the yard. Mama and Daddy had a great way of getting us to restack the porch. They told us Santa Claus wouldn't stop, if the woodpile was low.

Many mornings I ran to the barn, milked the cow and had the milk in the kitchen ready to make the gravy for breakfast. On cold mornings I took warm water from the stove to warm the cow's teats. This made her give her milk down better and kept my hands from getting so cold. A cow's tail full of cockleburs swishing you in the face while you're trying to milk is not my idea of fun. I used to tie a string around their tail and tie the other end to a nail or post. Occasionally, J.W. and I would get a good milk fight going. We used the cows teats like a squirt gun and tried to hit each other in the face with the milk.

We had a window cooler to keep our milk, butter

and other foods. There were no iceboxes in Mt. Springs and no ice delivery. Daddy built a three by three frame which set in about a four inch metal bottom. This was placed in the north window of the kitchen and well braced. The three exposed sides and the top were covered with screen wire and a shade was placed on top. After filling the metal bottom with cool water from the well, the milk, etc. was kept there. The metal bottom had a drain and water was drained out and changed often.

Daddy built a new store around 1931. After it opened it became a meeting place for the community. There was a domino table, a place for pitching horseshoes or mumbly peg. For this you needed a circle and whoever could flip their knife closest to the center of the circle was the winner.

I remember a gang fight at Mt. Springs one fall day! Daddy, Mama and Irene went to pick cotton. J.W. and I were left to watch the store and tend Marcelle and Curly Bill. Duane and Delphia Robison and Dologuy Alexander came over. They were mad at Gertie and Ozelle Alexander, Dorothy May and Eva Burnet and Mary Ray about something. They talked us into being on their side and going after the others. We took Marcelle and Archie down to Mrs. Lucy Kirk's. We met the other gang between the two Alexander homes and the fight started. Just as we were really hitting, scratching and kicking each other a car drove up. Pete Potts, Ike Mann and Albert Burnet got out and broke up the fight. Not far behind them came Daddy's old truck!

I thought the gloves the women wore to pick berries were so funny. After the toes of their cotton stockings wore out, they would cut them off at the heel and cut holes for their thumbs. The leg of the stocking would go up to the elbow with elastic to hold them up. This left their fingers free and their arms were protected from the sun and scratches.

To cure a cold, chest congestion or the cramps Mama would roast an onion, wrap in in wool rags, beat it so the juice soaked into a rag, then put the rag on the patient's chest. To prevent getting a chest cold wear a flannel shirt with turpentine, kerosene and lard on it all winter. If we had nosebleed we would lie down and hold a coin on our forehead. For a wasp, red ant or bee sting a remedy was to dampen snuff or tobacco and hold it on the bite.

Some families left the Mt. Springs area and moved to California during the Depression. Those I remember were the John Smith family, the Burnet and Ray families; also Alvin Shasteen, Leo Hall, Nugent and Emmy Floyd and son Jordan Dale; and the Dewey Floyd family. The West family were also in that group. Donald and Duane Robison migrated to the Los Angeles area.

Someone asked me one time what we did with our clothes when we didn't have a clothes closet. "We hung our one dress on a nail."

*NOTE: Delsie has 41 pages of transcribed material in the original oral history material. The full transcript is available for review at the Cooke County Library.*



## JOHN MANN

I went to school at Mt. Olive to Miss Georgia Pullen, Inis Donnelly, Miss Gudgel, Miss Ware, Julie Harrison, Nath Lipscomb, George Fisher, Miss Shipley and Faye Huey.

I just barely remember the cyclone at Hemming. We didn't have a cellar and I think we went to Bevers to the cellar.

I played baseball down at Hemming. We had a first nine, second nine and third nine. We had a lot of people in Hemming.

I got some of the groceries during the depression. They called it relief. Some of them I couldn't eat. I have heard people say you didn't work when you were on WPA. I never worked so hard in my life as I did on WPA. We built roads. We built that road from Elm Grove at I-35. Then we came to Dye and clean way back to the old Stirrup Factory over there. That was just west of Tioga.

My daddy died when he was 52 years old. We had a boy, Kelly Nabors working for us. My oldest brothers was in the army and my dad was sick. Kelly got sick and had to go home. I had to quit school and go to work. I was so little I had to reach up to get hold of the plow handles.

They had revivals at night and used kerosene lanterns hanging around for light. There were a few gasoline lanterns. They gave a better light.



## ANDREW JACKSON RAZOR

By: Lola Rayzor Marshal

Andrew Jackson Razor (surname spelling later changed to Rayzor by his children) was born 30 April 1822 in Grantz, Owen County, Kentucky. The family, A.J., wife and six children, one of whom was S.A. Rayzor, came to Texas in the fall of 1866. They came by boat and ox wagon and settled at Weston in Collin County, Texas, where A.J. was a farm laborer. The family moved to Mountain Springs, Cooke County, Texas in 1872.

On the 20th of April 1877, A.J. bought 22½ acres of land from Cooke County for \$139.75. On June 29, 1877 he bought 100 acres of land from T.R.

Morris for \$700.00. On 27 December 1883 A.J. bought 40 acres of land from Eliza Donnelly for \$20. In February 1886 one acre of this land was sold for \$25.00 to Cooke County for "school purposes." This was where the Mountain Springs school was built and the present community center is on this land today.

A.J. was a farmer in the Mountain Springs Community in 1880. He was appointed postmaster of the Mountain Springs Post Office on 17 March 1879. The original appointment is in my possession. He died in November of 1887.



## SIMEON ASBERRY RAYZOR

By: Lola Rayzor Marshall

Simeon Asberry Rayzor, son of Andrew Jackson and Melissa Alice Rayzor was born in Lockport, Kentucky on 25 September 1860. He came with his parents to Mt. Springs in 1871 or 72. He married Alice Paralee Frogge 30 January 1881 in Cooke County. Alice was born in Jonesville, Illinois in 1860. The family came to Texas and settled at Mountain Springs in 1875. She was the daughter of John Frogge and Priscilla Williams Frogge.

S.A. and Alice moved to Wise County Texas in 1884. In 1902 the family went to the Indian Territory near what is now Fredrick, Oklahoma to homestead. S.A. was not happy and did not stay long enough to prove a homestead. He returned to Mountain Springs and bought the two story house in Mountain Springs from Isham Mickeal 21 October 1905.

S.A. owned the Mountain Springs store. The date he bought the store is not known, except that he owned the store in 1905. He was known to all as "Gramp." From the accounts listed in the old store ledgers he sold everything from chill tonic to calico. As a granddaughter, my childhood memories take me back to that first taste of "strawberry red" soda pop. It burned our noses, but boy, was it good. Of course, ice was not one of the items kept or sold at Gramp's Store.

Gramp and Grannie are both buried in the New Hope Cemetery near their old home place.

We had the dearest "Gramp" Rayzor in the whole world. He would come on Sunday evenings and play ball with us. He could make the best ball out of an old stock and twine string. He would make a bat, too. He whittled one end of a board down to where we could hold it in our hands. He always pitched. We didn't know it then, but he was also the umpire!

## JESSE HERBERT RAYZOR

By: Lola Rayzor Marshall

Jesse Herbert Rayzor, son of S.A. and Alice Rayzor was born 17 July 1886 in Wise County Texas. He married Myrtle Ina Davis, (a descendent of Reason Jones) at Burns City in Cooke County Texas 4 November 1904. They were my parents.

Jesse bought the Mt. Springs blacksmith shop from J.S. McMillin. He was not only the village blacksmith, he was the barber, pulled the 'aching teeth,' set up with the sick and helped bury the dead.

Jesse was interested in better schools. He served on the board of trustees at Mt. Springs. He assisted in securing money to build the school house that is on the location today. He also worked as a carpenter to construct the building. He moved from Mt. Springs to the Hemming Community in December 1924. There he was elected to the board of trustees and was instrumental in the consolidation of the community schools that formed the Union Grove School. Then he served on the school board at Union Grove School until January 1933 when he moved to Denton County.

Myrtle Ina Davis Rayzor was the daughter of Tom and Mollie Davis. Tom was the grandson of Reason Jones and Mollie was the daughter of Billy Daniel.

We have precious memories of gathering around the fireplace on winter nights and Dad would read to us from such books as Uncle Tom's Cabin, Black Beauty, Tom Sawyer and others. In the summer we recall sitting on the front porch and we would all sing. I guess "Red River Valley" and "Sweet Bye and Bye" were our favorites.

I well remember when we six older children had whooping cough. Someone told Dad that mare's milk was the best medicine there was for a real bad case of whooping cough. Dad had a mare with a baby colt. He put her in the yard and when one of us would have a coughing, whooping spell he would take a cup and go milk the mare. We just about starved that colt to death but we survived!



## EDWIN "PETE" MASON

I was born two miles east of Mt. Zion. My folks came here from Hope, Arkansas. They came in ox wagons and horse wagons and said the roads were muddy and bad. Pa had a brother-in-law and sister with him in the wagon train and their family. John Norris was one of the boys. They were on the road six weeks. They had four ox wagons and three horse wagons. Granddaddy was Billy Mason. My daddy was about 20 years old when they came. Pa said there was a Negro boy come with them from Arkansas. He

just come over to see them leave and Pa's brother-in-law, Mr. Norris said, "Jerry, you go with us." And he said, "Well, he didn't tell his folks he was going." Mr. Norris said he'd give him three chews of tobacco a day and feed him if he'd drive his ox wagon. He come with them. Pa said him and Jerry broke the ground at the Edgar Walker place that they had bought the next spring with those oxen, four oxen to each plow.

I went to school at Mt. Zion. Some of my friends were Joe and Lewis Cox. Their father was Jim Cox. Then there was Jim and Henry Henderson, Curtis and Vernon Umstead. My first teacher was Miss Ethel Alden (?) Pat Ware's sister, Lucy was my next one. Will McKenzie taught too.

Marvin Cason and the other boys would hang on to the back of my buggy when I would go to a party at Burns City. They would slip down the road when they heard the buggy coming. Merle Lemons and I would go around the back with the buggy whip and give them a good spat to get them off the buggy. A whole bunch would hang on and nearly pull the horse down.



### MARY AUTRY MASON

My father was Will Autry, a first cousin to the movie star Gene Autry. Daddy was from Carroll County Tennessee. Grandpa chartered a railroad car and had the little boys hide in there where they couldn't be seen and he got to ride with the stock or whatever they were shipping by rail. My mother was a Henderson. He helped haul the lumber and build the church house down here at Indian Creek when he was 19 years old. They hauled it from Sherman in a wagon. The church is over a hundred years old.



### GENEVA CRISP MAYES

No tape for this information. A letter dated 6 August 1981.

My parents were John Crisp and Ida Alces/Alice Myers Crisp. They came from Tennessee. My daddy ran a grocery store at the corner that goes east out of Mountain Springs. Daddy lived there till after World War I; then they moved over about Mt. Olive. My mother had a brother who lived there, Jay Myers.

They had three sons at Mt. Springs. Nelson, George and Clarence Crisp. Also one daughter Eula Alice Crisp who married a Nelson. They had one daughter at Mt. Olive, Martha, who married a Trail and four more boys; John, Jr., Henry, Buster and J.P. I was born in Lindsay, Texas. My mother, daddy, Buster and his wife and my grandmother are all buried at New Hope Cemetery.

## THE MCKINNEY FAMILY also BOBBIE SHIPLEY

Taped at Bloomfield Reunion

Grandma and Grandpa McKinney sold the McKinney place at Hemming about 1916 and went to Oklahoma. Goerge McKinney bought it. Then the Riley boys bought it later. The Riley boys went off to school and learned to graft paper shell pecans. They used to send us a hundred pounds of paper shell pecans every year. The Dr. Riley that was killed in the cyclone was in the cattle business with Grandpa.

There was two Dr. Riley's. One of them kept doctoring until he was 103 years old. His boy was the one killed in the cyclone.

Casey Jones said his grandmother Jones had a picture of the old man Riley when he was 103. They had saddled up a horse that he had rode a lot and brought it out. He had his little doctor bag and they showed him standing there by that horse.

Grandpa used to talk about going to the Hemming picnic and the Bloomfield picnic. There used to be a great big swimming hole at the Blix Mann bridge.

Casey said he used to go over there with the Huey and Riley boys and others. They had a big old rope tied up to a big tall tree. We would swing out on that rope and drop in the swimming hole.

McKinney: My dad used to talk about a big tree near there that flying squirrels came out of.

They used to pile the cotton seed in a pile. They thought it wasn't good for anything. No body wanted them. Casey said his mother told of the children going to this cotton seed pile and playing. They would dig all kind of tunnels through it.

McKinney: Granddad talked about hauling cotton seed from the Crockett gin. He would also pile it up and then he found that the cattle liked it and could winter on it. They give him a dollar a load for hauling it off to get it out of their way. Before he left here they were charging him so much for hauling it off. This was after they found that cattle would winter on them.

The Bloomfield school house is now at North Texas University.

Casey Jones: We have always had cemetery workings at the Bloomfield Cemetery. This area was thickly settled. Entire families would come. They would bring their lunch. The men would bring plows in the wagons and they would plow and disk the cemetery. The would harrow it down and hoe it off. We would have a big dinner and a big time. After the college took our building, we began to meet here at my house.

McKinney: Bud Ennis was a great tall guy. Uncle Jim McCollum got into a fight one time and got cut up real bad.

My Dad married a Cope. We used to have a farm over in here and we signed it over to Lon Cope. Our

great grandmother was the last person killed by the Indians in this area.

Our grandmother was Jane Smith McKinney. Her dad was Andrew Smith. Alvin Smith was her brother. Jane married Rufus McKinney, our dad.

I have heard my dad tell the story of them going with the party in search of the Indians who had carried off the raid. They killed a possum and ate it. They found where the possum had been eating off of a dead Indian.

My great grandmother was killed in the raid and they took her daughter, our mother. No, it was mother's grandmother that was killed. Then it was our mother's mother that was captured.

It was several years before they got all the people back.

Grandpa Cope died and Grandma married a Rogers.

Uncle Will was a great big man. He went to Ft. Worth. Some Negro got smart with a woman and Uncle Will just up and whacked his head off. He went to Montana and settled on some of that land out there.

McKinney: When my dad got bit by a brown rattler old Dr. Riley came out and dug a hole. He put my dad's foot and leg down in that mud. Grandma sat out there with him that night. He slept sitting up with that foot down in that mud.

Grandpa McKinney had a brother that settled on one side of Elm Creek and Grandpa settled on the other side. Some way they traded some land and both were then on the same side.

Bobbie Shipley: I didn't know the way to Burns City until Pet and I married. We used to go to Hemming. Of course, I went to school at Fairview.

McKinney: Daddy's sister, Agnes married Jim McCollum. They came to Oklahoma after we did.

Rufus McKinney died in 1948. He was 98.

Bobbie said her granddaddy was John Jones.

John McKinney was grandpa's brother. John had a boy named David and one named George. Mary and Bonnie was the girls. That was by his first wife. John was a brother to Rufus. Grandpa paid taxes in Cooke and Denton Counties. Earlier it was said that they traded land and then were on the same side of the creek. I meant that each had land on each side of the creek and they traded land so that all of each one's property was on the same side of the creek. John lived on the west side and Rufus on the east side of the creek. The kitchen was in Cooke County and the rest in Denton County.



### CECIL McMILLIN

John Stanley and Elizabeth Ann McKinney McMILLIN married in 1867 in Missouri. They had nine

children. They came to Texas in 1875 in a covered wagon. The Indians watched them along the way. They settled about 200 yards south of Walling Cemetery.

My daddy, Oran (Sam) was born about two miles southeast of Mt. Springs. He married Eula King and they had seven children. I married Bessie Mae Scoggin.

My dad played a fiddle. His favorite fiddle tune was one he thought of and called it "Between Tioga and Collinsville." My dad and I played for dances at John Smith's, Bill Alexander's and Les Comb's in the Mt. Springs Community.

We went to church at Mt. Springs and had ball games in my Dad's pasture.

We had a grocery store in Mt. Springs. Men and boys gathered there to visit. Some of the men that owned the store through the years were Mr. Jameson, John Crisp, Mr. Lewis, Nugent Floyd, Jim Rainey, Sim Rayzor, Jim Steele, George Lillard and Walter Scoggin.

We also visited our neighbors, John and Lucy Kirk every day to find out the news. They had lots of company.

Boy friends were Bud and Bill Rayzor, Albert Burnett, Lavoy King, Virgil McGilvary and Cleo Graves.

One night I went to see Bessie Mae and was coming home. It was a real dark night and I heard a panther scream just before I got to Jim Crider's place.

One night I went fox hunting with Dee Alexander, John Smith and Willie Scoggin. The dogs treed a fox near the old Huey place. John said that the dogs had treed a baby fox. I wondered how he knew. When we got there it was something making a funny hissing sound. They called the dogs off and went on. The next day Dee and I went back to see and it was a nest of little buzzards.

Another time Dee and I went hunting on a real dark night. The dogs treed a possum. Dee climbed the tree to get the possum. Then we heard something walking heavy, coming towards us. I told Dee to make room for me up in that tree. It kept coming towards us, making a terrible noise. Then it turned and left. We never knew what it was.



### ORAH CRIDER MIDGETT

Daniel Crider, born 1740 in Pennsylvania died 1836 Pennsylvania County, Virginia. The name was spelled Kreider when they first came over from Germany. Henry Clay Crider, born 12 September 1847 in Carroll County, Tennessee. He died near Mt. Springs. He married Mary Angeline Steele. She was

born in Tennessee. Their first child was James or Jim. He was born 23 January 1873 Carroll County, Tennessee. He came to Texas when he was eight years old. His home was around Mt. Springs. He married February 6, 1878 to Minnie Kennedy who was born in Edinburg, Indiana. I was their first child. My name was Ora Ward born 1900 at Burns City.

My granddaddy bought some land there and built a house. At that time they were building everything they could get and advertising a mineral water similar to what was at Tioga. The well was right in the center of the town. The town at that time there at Burns was laid off square and it was solid around three sides.

I married Roy Thomas Midgett.

There was a Post Office in Mt. Springs when I was very small. A letter was sent to my parents in Mt. Springs, Texas with a two cent stamp. Pilot Point extended the mail route to come out to Burns City. Everybody had to put up mail boxes.

Many a time I have carried a bucket of eggs to the Mt. Springs store and exchanged it for tablets and pencils. In the summer time we wasn't needing things at school. I was going somewhere and I wanted some ribbon. It was popular, very popular for the girls to use ribbons on their hair at those times. I took a bucket of eggs up to the store and bought a piece of thick ribbon long enough to make a bow like they made at those times to wear on my hair. We were going to a Thanksgiving meeting at Bloomfield School. My aunt, Mabel Kennedy, was teaching there. She married R.L. Porter.

There was very little canned or packaged goods in the store. Sugar was kept in a big barrel and he had a scoop made especially for that. You got sugar you scooped up in a sack. Oh, maybe half full and set it on the springs (scales) and then he would add just a little at a time until he got it up to where he wanted it. Coffee was bought out of a big container of some kind. It was all in whole grains. We had a mill on the side of the wall and everybody else did too. You had to put it in, turn the crank and grind the coffee to put it in a pot on the stove. You didn't just drop it for a little while then, you cooked it until you got all there was in it and then you scooted it to the back of the wood stove where it stayed warm during the day to where if anybody would want a cup of coffee through the day.

Just across the road from him was Grandpa McMillin's blacksmith shop. Many a time I have walked past the door which was always open and stood for a few minutes and watched the sparks fly as he came down with the hammer on the plows. He also put shoes on horses and in fact anything that could be fixed that was made out of metal he handled it.

Back in 1897-98 my daddy, Jim Crider, taught

school at Mt. Springs.

My grandfather bought 100 acres of land and built a house. He put grass on the yard and planted some nice trees in the yard. He put out an orchard and grapevines along the fence. He made posts for the fence, but most of the time he took the boys and a brother-in-law, Ed Steele (who lived with them) out to the woods. He taught them how to fall the trees, make them into poles and to build a rail fence around the entire place.

Among other things, we played throw the ball over the school house or sometimes called anti-over. One side hollered, "antie" and the other hollered "over" and over comes the ball.

In the spring we played ball, but our balls were home made. Take a pair of Dad's worn out everyday socks, ravel them and roll them in a ball. Then sew around that. We would get a board that we could use as a bat.

We had a big bell on the top of the school house and a rope we pulled to ring it that called us in to study.

There was not water at the school. The teacher would allow usually two boys to go to the nearest house and with a bucket and rope to fill up their container. They would come back to school. They passed it up and down the aisle until we all got a drink. We all drank out of the same dipper and if the little ones got more water than they wanted, they would just put it back in the bucket.

Sometimes at the baptizing we would have preaching, spread lunch and baptize after dinner. We would have some songs. Rev. Walter Tubbs baptized me. We were all led out into the water and baptized. After that we went down the creek. There was a bunch of willows where there was a hiding place and we changed clothes.

There was a Dr. Murray at Burns City. My brother was in the swing and swung into me and knocked me down. My arm went about halfway off the edge of the porch and the edge just broke my arm in two. He didn't have anything to splinter it with. Dad had made me a little trunk out of a box which fruit had come in. It was thin and it was a wooden box. I was nine years old. The doctor said that would be fine. The took the top off my doll trunk, took the boards and put it on my arm after they had wrapped it with something.

There was a Dr. Burch in Burns City who had the drug store and lived next door. My granddad, George W. Kennedy fired the engine at the gin.

When us kids got sick or hurt themselves Mama always kept a bottle of camphor. It was in little hard chunks. She kept a bottle of good whiskey. My mama or my daddy neither drank, but they kept this, then would pour it into a bottle and drop that camphor in.

It had to stand while it got the strength off of it. She also kept oil of turpentine. This was put on a flannel and put on the chest. This was for a cold. Mama used to get black draught and make a tea out of it. We had to drink that stuff, because she thought that if we got a laxative once in a while it would keep us well. I have seen my brother talk her out of it, but Sis and I always had to drink ours.

They used antiflogistine for a poultice. It was a thick substance which would draw. Some people who did not buy this would take a biscuit, soak it in sweet milk and put it on anything to draw. A piece of fat meat will draw. I stepped on a nail after I married. All I ever did for it was take a piece of fat meat and bind it to my foot.

We caught the whooping cough at the church at Mt. Springs school house. Daddy and the men sat on one side of the church and the women on the other side. Daddy and my brother sat right behind or in front of a man and a little boy who was taking the whooping cough.

We used some plants for medicine. We used to go out in the pasture and pull up mullen. Mama would wash it, put it on and boil it, strain it and put sugar in it. It was good for coughs. She would get rock candy and put it in whiskey and we would take a teaspoon of it for cough.

There was lots of people from southern states. Dad's folks were from Tennessee. They ate lots of cornbread. Mama's people was from Indiana and they made biscuits and cooked lightbread. She would get some everlasting yeast and make light bread. She could save a little of this yeast from one time to the next. Add a little water and a little sugar with it, and by the next time she was ready to make bread it was all bubbled up and she could make more bread. This was not sour dough. It was just called everlasting yeast. You would sometimes let it go dead by not making bread soon enough. Then you had to borrow another start from a neighbor.

Grandma did a lot of cooking on the fireplace. She had what they called an iron skillet that had an iron lid on the top of it. She set this down right close to the fire. She picked up some of the fire with the big old shovel. Then she would set this skillet on the fire, and put some on the top of the lid and she would roast sweet potatoes. They had a neighbor and they would visit each other and the couples would play 42. When they got tired of playing 42 and wanted to rest she would open this skillet up, get a plate of butter and bring it out there. They would fill those hot potatoes with butter and eat them for their refreshments.

The church in Burns excluded people and other churches did too in those days for drinking.

We were in the buggy when Roy asked me to

marry him. We had drove up to where I was boarding and stopped. He was trying to take a picture away from me. It was of me and another boy. I said, "What are you going to want next." And he said, "You." I had saved my money. I bought my dress ready made at J.O. Pattersons in Gainesville. It was a nice white satin dress. I had a big hat; it was made out of Maline. It was like net but thinner. It was trimmed with pearls around the edge.

Dad's mother made soap. She never bought any lye. They built her a box about so big square and it had some little holes in the bottom. They would put the ashes in it. They poured water over the ashes; they had something below to catch the water. The water they caught had enough lye in it to make the soap.

Grandma was awful saving. They didn't buy matches. She would take a paper folded about two or three thicknesses and about so long. She kept them sticking on a glass up on the mantle. When they wanted a fire and it was in the winter time they would take one of these down and light a light. They had coal oil lights then.

She took all the old clothes and tore them in little strings. She sewed them together and rolled them until she could get a ball about the size that they wanted them. There was a woman in the neighborhood that had a loom and would weave them into a rug. She took prairie grass and put over the floor and laid that rug down on it and it was good walking.

Mama got a sewing machine about 1904 and paid \$10 for it from Sears Roebuck. She made her wedding dress, but she had to send it to Mt. Springs to a woman to cut it out. Grandma started to send up there to get Aunt Ida a dress. Mama said that Dad said, "Ma, you can cut that." From then on Mama cut out her dresses.

Earlier than my time I have heard them talk about the men's clothes. The Rayzor that had the store in Mt. Springs used to speak at the cemetery in place of a preacher sometimes. One time he was talking and he said, "I saw a man coming down the road the other day and he had two hip pockets!" "I said to myself, what is the world coming to?" Men all wore overalls; boys did too. They wore them to school.

Every Saturday was bath time. In the winter we would get a wash tub and Mother would heat water on the wood stove. In the summer time — well our water was in a tank because we had a windmill. Daddy had made a piece of pipe that hung over the side of the tank and you could ciphon the water out of the tank and take a shower underneath the water tower. When we bathed in the tub, we did not change the water in the tub. Everyone took turns and bathed in the same water. The dirtiest person would take a bath last.



## JOHN MONTGOMERY

I was born 21 August 1915 in the Hemming Community.

Dr. Jaspas in the Hemming Community saved my life when I was three years old. I had what they called summer complaint. He told my mother if I got over it I might be the stoutest kid she had. He would just come to the house and stay all day if it was necessary.

One teacher we had at Breedlove was Miss Wheeler, one was Pearl Boydston and one was Miss Gray. At Union Grove I had teachers Nath Lipscomb, Elmer Fox, Dee Otts and Ernestine Moss.

When I first started to school at Needmore there were only three children who went from our neighborhood. It was 30 days before the older children got through picking cotton and started to school. Either Alline Flowers or Lelah Morrow taught them.

One Christmas our tree at school was decorated with popcorn and crepe paper.

One time we were having a box supper and they were using pressure gas lights that you had to pump up. One got to acting up, looked like it was going to explode. Everybody got excited and the door opened to the inside. They got to pushing against it and finally pushed one lady through the door. After they did that they finally got sense enough to open the door.

When I was a child, it was the custom that people sat up with the corpse in the home. They had to keep flies off them. At my grandmother's funeral there were only flowers out of people's yards.

Our mother raised a lot of turkeys and we herded them just like cows.

I used to play with Jack and Pete Alexander when I was a kid. I ate dinner with them nearly as much as I ate at home. One time his Grandpa Rober-son shot Pete in the arm, thinking it was a squirrel.



## ROY MONTGOMERY

I was born 6 October 1902 in the Bloomfield Community. My parents were Lon and Margaret Austin Montgomery. She was born in Illinois and came to Texas when she was about two. My dad was born on the same farm I was born on. I think that mother and dad both went to the old Union School on the Reason Jones (Jacobs now) place.

When I was five years old a tornado hit Hemming. My dad and my uncle were down there. My dad, uncle and another fellow saw it was about to hit. They ran to a house where the Berrys lived. They had already gone to the cellar. They had a rope tied to the cellar door. When my dad and uncle would try to pull the door up they would pull it back down. All

three of them got hold of the door and yanked it up. This broke the rope and they got in. Part of the house hit the door about that time. That's how close my dad came to getting killed.

We used Watkins liniment and calomel. They gave us Black Draught or castor oil for a laxative. If we got a bee sting we used soda and bluing or sometimes spit tobacco juice on them or snuff.

Mother dried peaches. She took the seed out and spread them on cloth. She put the cloth and peaches on top of the house. I think it took four to five days. A man told me one time if you got as high as 20 feet the flies wouldn't bother you. So if the house was very high, flies wouldn't get on the peaches. When we dug the potatoes we spread them out under the house.

We cut wood with a crosscut saw and an axe. We had an outhouse, I think a one holer! I locked the schoolteacher up in there once. It was Ova Payne. She boarded with us. We had a three room house, six kids and boarded the teacher! She had a kerosene heater in her room.

We had a doctor in Hemming named Shipley. I remember the night he died. I was in Hemming. He had made a call in his buggy and while he was on the road home (he had apoplexy) he passed out in the buggy and fell over. The horse brought him home and he died that night. Another doctor was a Dr. Jaspas.

One April Fool's Day 12 of us played hooky from Breedlove School and went up to Mt. Olive School. The next day when we went to school Miss Wheeler had a stick about as big as your thumb. She lined us up, but I put a little book in my pants. When it came my time, she knew the book was there. I didn't make anything by putting it there.

On another April Fools Miss Leah Dorman was teaching and she got smart enough to take us on a hike. We went down by the branch about a mile farther on down past our home place. We ran on to a whiskey still. We turned around and started back to school. There was mash working in the barrels, but we never saw anybody around it. We never did know whose it was. That was the only one I ever knew of in that area.

Whit and Sam Riley of Hemming were in the 11th grade when I was in the 10th grade. They had a Model T Ford and they came by our house. I rode to Pilot Point with them and finished the 10th grade. They graduated and I didn't have any way to go on. I had a good pony and saddle. I made up my mind I was going to graduate. When school started I rode the pony the seven miles to Pilot Point and seven back. It took me about an hour. The pony was a fast fox trot pony and she could really cover the ground. I finished school and was elected president of the senior class.

I met Winnie when I was teaching at Walnut Bend. I met her at a party at someone's home. We

married in Gainesville.

I think the first car I saw was a 1915 Buick. It belonged to Gardner Boydston. You cranked it on the side. I rode on the running board. My grandfather's nephew had an old Hudson. The gear shift was on the outside on the running board.

One year the tank on the Earl Selz place froze so hard that Clarence Hood, who married one of the Huey girls, drove his card across the ice. He wasn't afraid of anything.

We had a separator for the milk. We also would let the cream rise and skim it and sell the cream. My mother used to make cottage cheese for the turkeys. She would put clabber in a bag, hang it on the clothesline and let the whey drip out of it.'

We used to have one tramp who would come every year. He would spend the night with us. His name was Jim Smith. He never did any harm. He would just come, we'd feed him and the next day he would go on. I guess he came for about four to five years. We used to have an old peddler named Abraham who came around.

When I was about eight and we had already cut the cotton stalks (The cotton shows up after this) my dad and I went out and picked up enough cotton out of the field to buy me a pair of shoes.

We won district championship in 1935 when I was basketball coach at Union Grove. The boys that were on that team were Carroll Davis, Glen Potts, Donald Robison, Boog Wester and Randall Seely. We went to the regional in Ft. Worth. Gainesville had better uniforms than we did. They insisted that we wear their uniforms. Mr. Lipscomb didn't go on the bus with us. He went in his car and ran his car in second gear all the way!

My sister, Edna, was the first woman school trustee in the county.

For entertainment we played checkers, dominoes, mumble peg or pitched horseshoes. We had singing lessons sometimes.



## EDWARD "ED" MORROW

Sam Riley was trying to pull a bale of cotton out of the field. He wanted some boys to help him get out to the road with it. He had to get those little old mules out of the sand bed. All the boys would pull back instead of push. Those mules would just barely get up on the road and he would stay, "Sis, Dude, come on Sis, Dude" and all those boys would be pulling backwards on the wagon and he didn't know it. He thought they were pushing!

Someone was stealing Mr. Long's watermelons. One night he stayed home from the revival meeting at Mt. Olive. He put a pole out in the middle of the

patch and hung his lantern on it. He had him a cot out there and was sleeping in the watermelon patch. He got thirsty during the night. He thought he would go to the house, draw him a bucket of water and get a drink. There was an old boy laying out there in the weeds and when Mr. Long went to the well and this boy heard the well pulley squeak, he blowed Mr. Long's lantern out and swiped his melon. He got the lantern, too. Mr. Long said he didn't know who it was, but that he had the biggest feet of anyone in the country.

I finished eight grades at Needmore/Breedlove.

At spelling matches more times than one Iva Huey used to pronounce all the time. There was one man by the name of Billy Nell and she would always give him the word catsup. He would say, "C-a-t, cat; s-o-u-p, soup, catsoup!" He would say that every time and she would give him that word just to hear him spell and pronounce it.

The teacher was aiming to give Clem Sullivan and Val Wylie a whipping one time. When she got after them with her switch they turned the seat backwards. She finally got one and gave him a whipping. He danced all the time she was whipping him. She whipped the other one and he counted her licks! I think it was Clem that did the dancing and Val the counting. Val and Clem would split a stove pipe in to and put it around their back under their clothes if they were aiming to get a whipping, too.

I was riding my horse over on the Spencer place one time through the bushes. The horse fell through the pit where some body was making whiskey. They had some boards over the mashpit. In a few days that hole was gone.

I knew one guy that spent all summer in a brush pile. It was told that he spent the summer in California, but he never did leave that brush pile all summer. He had him a hole dug out in the ground and had the brush piled on it. He was making whiskey all summer there. It was down on the Rufe McKinney place at Hemming. One man's hogs got drunk that summer!

Richard and Harris Daniel cut off the tail of an old gray mare and made them a fiddle bow out of it. Tom and Ann Castle lived nearby. They had an old gray mare that they worked to the buggy all the time. She came up one morning with the long hair cut off her tail just even with her tail bone!



## ELSIE YARBROUGH MORROW

My parents were Frank Yarbrough and Samaria Tompkins.

Sister Mary had the summer complaint. The doctor told them to take her and travel. They got in the covered wagon and we went to Ft. Worth. We were a

week going down there and a week coming back.

When you were making lye soap, if it began to boil up high you threw a little cold water in the pot.

I went to school at Bloomfield for five years in the 8th and 9th grades. Then we moved back to Aubrey. The reason I went five years in the 8th and 9th grades was that Daddy wouldn't let me go anywhere else to school. I liked to go to school so I just went. We studied Math, Spelling, English, Reading, Health and Physiology. This was studying about fibers and fatety tissues. They studied this at Needmore too, because that is what my husband, Cleo Morrow's nickname was "Bony". They called him "Bony Fibers" and Sam Roberson "Fatty Tissues!" I met Bony in 1916 at the Robison's one Sunday in Bloomfield. We married in 1921 on the porch of my parents home near Aubrey, Texas.

We would go to Burns City to preaching and to other places from our home in the Bloomfield community. This one time we went to Bloomfield to preaching. Bony took Cecil Elmore and others. We had to go with cousin Otis. Lewis Cates took his car that day, too. They boys went swimming. They were having fun and Otis and Lewis baptized Bony!

During World War I if we ran out of flour we had to eat cornbread for breakfast.

We always had music at home. Every so often on Friday night Almer Sanders and Roy Jones would come to our house and play. They would play the guitar and mandolin and some of them who could second on the organ would play that. A Teague boy would dance.

One time Maude Howe used to live at Uncle Joe Yarbrough's. She was Maude Steele and married a Howe. She had two girls. She went somewhere on the train one time. Somebody got on the train with the whooping cough. She took her Asafetida, pronounced Asfidity, out of her suit case and sprinkled it all over.

We would have spelling matches and ciphering matches in school. A ciphering match is where you choose up sides and you went to the blackboard and you would see who could work the problem that they gave you first. One time when Mrs. Hendricks was teaching school at Bloomfield they would have these Maydays around the first of May. Scott and Joe Jacobs, Glen Jones and others would cipher. I could turn down most any of them in school except Scott and Joe Jacobs. It was just "tit for tat" with us. We were having one at Burns City one time. Schools from everywhere were there. Mrs. Hendricks put Scott and me on. The first problem she gave, there was a boy from Salem and by the time he had that list he had written his answers. Mrs. Hendricks said she had never seen that before in her life. When the people came to the ciphering matches they came just any way

they could get there. We all went in wagons, buggies, etc. You would take everything with you, your food, cooking utensils, clothes, etc.

We had a spelling match at Bloomfield one time. The people would come from all around. Carl Forrester was a good speller. Lucy Wooten and I chose sides: The first she chose was Carl. I chose Clement Morrow. I had all the Morrow's on my side that night, but one. I also had Iva Huey and Red Huey. They were good spellers. We just beat the socks off the other side.



## ESSIE SULLIVAN MORROW

Mrs. Morrow and I used to go visit the Long family. Mrs. Bailey would be there. Mrs. Long would bring out a towel and put it on your lap and give you a piece of watermelon.

My brothers, sisters and I went to Needmore school, sometimes called Breedlove. My parents were William Jefferson Sullivan and Louisa Bevers. We lived south of the school and had to walk about a mile and a half to school all the time. The kids used a slate when we went to school. Some had to sit on long benches at Breedlove. Miss Lizzie Garrison taught there once. She and Mrs. Wylie had a disagreement one time. It was because Gaitha Wylie didn't want to sit on the back seat. They went off down in the pasture close to where the boys outhouse was by the branch. Some of the kids went and hid nearby so they could listen to their disagreement.

When George and I first married we didn't have a well. We had to carry our water up the hill to the house.

One time brother Clem got a whipping at school. He begged the rest of us kids not to tell on him. Then he said he just wouldn't go home because we would go home and tell Mama and Papa that he had gotten a whipping. He went off down in the pasture and climbed a tree. It started getting dark and there was an owl nearby saying, "Whoo, Whoo." He got scared and went home.

I married George Morrow in 1918. We went to Valley View in the buggy and were married sitting in the buggy at the Methodist Church. We went to school together at Needmore/Breedlove.

We went to parties when I was growing up. Some times we played spin the bottle. If we didn't have a bottle we used a plate.

One time brother Edward Sullivan told us girls not to hold hands with a certain boy because he had the itch!

After George asked to marry me, he was going to ask Papa for me. Papa went to bed and covered up his head! So he asked Mama. We married during

World War I. I was scared to death that Mama wouldn't have the flour to make a cake! But she saved and saved and had us a cake.

We put our milk down into the well some. You didn't put it far enough down to get it in the water. After we finally got an ice box we had men who came around and peddled ice. Don Hammons was one. I think he came about twice a week. During WWII ice got scarce. They had certain days you could go to town and get ice if you got there early enough to get some. We could pay for the ice from the ice peddler with eggs, money.

Funerals were different back then. The bodies were kept in the home. They would take the casket to the cemetery in the wagon. It would be let down into the grave with the check lines of the harness. The day of the funeral the men of the community would go dig the grave. It would be lined with a clean white sheet. The girls of the family or community would be the flower girls. They would carry the flowers from the house to the wagon (or later on the hearse). Then they would carry them from the vehicle to the grave. They were kind of like the pallbearers. Mrs. Morrow and Mrs. Yarbrough that I know of always kept some clothes back to be laid out in. Usually the casket was a pine box coffin.

Everyone in the community were taking the diphtheria. Nadine and Odessa were staying at Bony and Elsie's picking cotton. Dorothy Gattis, a girl in the Mt. Springs area was picking there also. She took the diphtheria. Elsie had Nadine, Odessa, Weldon and Reuben touch their tongues to turpentine one night because they had been with Dorothy. This was supposed to keep them from getting the disease. Nadine and Odessa took it, Weldon and Reuben didn't.

When the Morrow children had the whooping cough, Mrs. Riley made Ben, Andrew and Leo come to visit them so they would take the whooping cough while they were still so young.

I was so afraid of any peddlers that came by! Mama used to say "there comes an old peddler!" The kids would run.

We had straw mattresses. When they would thresh the grain Mama would say, "Now we want to get some fresh straw to put in our beds." I remember one time we had finished picking cotton. Mama told Papa not to turn the cows in that she wanted to go over the cotton patch and try to get enough cotton to make a mattress.

The store at Hemming had a large pickle barrel. You took your own bucket to get your lard. At one time John Emerson ran the store. You could take your own container and get jelly out of a wooden container shaped like a bucket.

Brother Clem and Val Wylie were the most

mischievous kids in the school. Twister Morrow and Sam Roberson wouldn't let the teacher in one April Fool's Day.

We used to have kodak parties. My sister, Beatrice had a box camera. We would go to Fairview, Hemming, Bloomfield and Breedlove/Needmore to parties. We had spelling parties. Bill Strickland would always walk and come to the spellings. Retha Strickland was a good speller. Bill was the older Strickland man. You named the sides the North and the South.



## GEORGE MORROW

My daddy was Wesley Morrow from Ontario, Canada. He came to Texas in 1871. My mother was Martha Vaughan from Denton County, Texas.

When I was little I had summer complaint. Mama said that they wrapped me in wet sheets and steam or hot towels. She said all I could say was waa-t-e-rr. We and two other kids were all that made it through that summer. Sylvia Raegan and one other besides me.

The Wiley family were our neighbors. Ben, Leo and Andrew Riley were some of our friends. Bob Bailey was a neighbor, too. His wife would come to see Mama and when she was thinking of going home she would say over and over, "I better go home. I swan, I swear, if I don't ever start I'll never get there." Old Bob could sure lay off a straight row in the field with a team.

At Mt. Olive one night they were holding a meeting. Bro. Henry was preaching. Henry King who lived back over here was leading the singing. They were standing side by side at the close of the meeting and some old boy threw an egg through the window and hit the preacher on the lapel of his coat. They were throwing at Henry King or we always figured they were. Some of the people went to the preacher and rubbed the egg off his coat and others grabbed the lantern, went outside and looked under the house and all around, but found nobody.

We used to pick cotton for Bud Ennis, Paul Shipley and Mr. Riley.

Dad traded his old wagon and got a new Banes wagon. This was the name of the wagon. He traded the running gears of the old one and then made a bed for the new one. Old man John Alexander owned the store at Hemming at this time.

We went to school barefooted up until Christmas and then if it turned a little warm we would take our shoes off again. Some of the kids never put a shoe on all winter.

When we played baseball at Needmore, people would come from all around. They came from Mt.

Olive, Bloomfield, Hemming, Oak Hill, etc. Grownups and kids all came. Only the boys played. Carl Riley was generally the pitcher. Charles Morris was the umpire. If people didn't play, they came to watch.

One day I was fishing through a knot hole in the floor with a string and a piece of pencil! The teacher said, "George, if I was you I would let somebody else act a goose a while." I said, "Well, you can have it!" Dad took me back to school the next day to get me to apologize to the teacher. I would not do so; I sure got a good whipping for it!



### J.L. "LEONARD" & RUBY MUNN

We first came to Cooke County in 1930 just before Christmas. We lived three years on the place where the Haynies live now. We came from Arkansas, just south of Missouri. All our children were born there. Our son, Vester, was born in 1921 lost his life in World War II. He was killed in action in northern Italy in 1945. The Alexander boy lost his life the same day as Vester did. They were not together.

Hazel, Vester, Homer and Leroy all went to Mt. Springs. Then we moved to a house just north of Mr. Land Davis and the children went to Union Grove.

We sharecropped with Mr. Dos Burch. I worked for six bits a day. I fenced three farms; tore the old fences down and cut posts for two of them. We tended the cows. We would have all the milk and butter we wanted. We raised chickens on the halves. We had all the eggs we wanted to eat. Even though I worked for 75¢ a day, some worked for as little as 50¢ a day.

Hazel was real sick with the diphtheria. We had to bring her to Gainesville to the doctor. He wouldn't come out there.

We would walk up to the Mt. Springs store and get a little jug of coal oil for lamps. We didn't have any light bread in those days only what you baked. We had no electricity or gas. We picked up chips and got all the cobs we could. This was chips of wood. We would take a bushel basket and bring it in. They burn real fast and make a good fire. We didn't pick up the cobs where the hogs ate; we just picked them up in the barn.

The second year we were at Dos Burches' place we raised the largest hogs I ever raised. They dressed out over three fifty a piece. It come a big frost. We had lots of ice. We killed the hogs that next day. The next day it warmed up and was raining. Boy, I was sick. I kept watching that meat and I saw it was fixing to spoil. I cut the bones out of it and had a pot of boiling water with brine salt. I just dipped that meat in it three times, hung it up and smoked it. It kept that way.

We moved to Gainesville in 1944. I drove a bus to the Army Camp Howze; then I drove for the city for 10-12 years.

Back in Arkansas we used to have candy breakings.

Our neighbors when we lived near Mr. Davis was Garland and Ethel Robison. They had Donald, Dorothy, Delphy, Duane and Dale.

One of Ruby's aunts and her husband lived at Burns City, Josh and Mary Cook.

We met in Arkansas. Ruby's folks had moved to Arkansas. Her mother was a Box from Gunter, Texas. Her daddy lived in Hamilton County. Ruby was born in Celina. The Munn's lived close to Tyler, Texas. They went to Arkansas when I was 14.



### GLADYS TRAIL NICHOLS

My father, Robert Trail, came to Texas around 1896 from Tennessee at the age of 16. He married Geneva Wagner/Waggoner in 1904. My mother came to Texas about 1900 in a covered wagon. Her parents were William and Mattie Wagner. We moved to the Mt. Olive Community about 1929. By this time they had consolidated all of the schools into Union Grove.

We lived in a three room house. We had to haul our water, we didn't even have a well. There was a place not far from where we lived where the house had burned and it had a well. This was about a quarter of a mile. We had a berry patch on the place and we sold berries.

The only places we went to was church and to dances. We went to Mt. Pleasant. We went some in the wagon and sometimes we would walk from Mt. Olive to Mt. Pleasant. The dances would be held in the homes on the weekends. Mark Covington had sons. Mr. Harvey Gray and his son both played the fiddle. We just did square dances. John Smith did the calling.

Mother doctored our colds with turpentine and she would make us take sulphur in the spring. She would mix it with molasses. I think this was for malaria. We all would have chills. Sometimes we lived on the creek and drew water from an open well. Sometimes you would have them every day. You would get over your chill and go on to work. Then when you would take a chill you would go lay down. I remember taking quinine for that, too.

Rice Crisp lived in our neighborhood. I remember him coming up. Sam and Jess came up the road and it had come a big rain. Rice came up the road and I remember he had put his shoes on the wrong foot. Sam and Jess were just laughing and said, "Who in the world has come up this road?" I

think Rice lived near the Mt. Springs schoolhouse.

We went to Mt. Springs store lots of times to buy tomatoes to make soup with. I remember Mrs. Lillard canned things and sold them in the store.



## ROBISON FAMILY HISTORY

By Rubye Robison Davis  
and

Ruthye Robison Yarbrough

Dave Wiley Robison was born in Carroll County Tennessee in 1861. He came to Texas with his parents in 1877. They came part of the way by boat down the Mississippi River. Some of the kinfolks met them at Jefferson, Texas. They settled in the Bloomfield area.

Dave Robison married Lucy Bell Foster December 24, 1882. He was a farmer, ran a gin and was a carpenter.

The children attended school at Bloomfield. Some of the teachers were Rosie Payne, Mr. Dudley, Mrs. Hendricks, Mabel Porter, Mattie Riley and Mr. Fowler. The school house had one large room. Later a partition was put in making two rooms. The average attendance was approximately 75 students. We carried our drinking water from Oddie Wester's house which was some 200 yards away. We would put a stick through the handle of the bucket and two children would carry it. We had no toilets in those days. The girls went to the north woods and the boys went to the south woods.

Two boys would be sent to cut wood for the big round stove that sat in the middle of the school room. One day some boys put cartridges inside the bark of the wood when they brought it inside. They put the wood by the stove and when the cartridges got hot they would discharge. On cold windy days we would set in a circle around the big stove during classes.

The school house was used for all social activities. We had church on Saturday afternoons and nights and all day Sunday. Two of the Baptist preachers were Bro. Gaines and Bro. Autry. A Church of Christ Minister, Bro. Strong, held services some Sunday afternoons. We usually walked to church. Sometimes we would go in the wagon. If we walked we would take a lantern to use when we came home in the dark.

They had literaries in those days. All the young folks would have a part in them.

We went "kodaking" as we called it. We took pictures of the young people and scenery. We also had parties and singings at each others homes. Men and women would come through the country teaching music and singing. Papa didn't let us go because he taught us shape notes. He taught us both in singing. Rubye: "I played the piano." We both sang at all

socials and church.

Rubye: "I met Earl Davis at school. We grew up together in Bloomfield. When teenagers we dated eight years. We were married in Pilot Point at Bro. Henry's house November 10, 1922. We lived in Bloomfield. Our boys went to school at Union Grove beginning in 1931. Some of their teachers were Lee Ella Jones, Mrs. Faye Mask Wooten, Nath Lipscomb, David Morrow, Edith Cotton, Mrs. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes."

Ruthye: "I met Alpha Yarbrough at a picnic. We married six months later in February 1918 at Bro. Henry's house in the country setting in a buggy in his front yard. We lived the first year on Emerson Ranch east of Pilot Point, then moved to Bloomfield in 1920.

Our two oldest boys went to Bloomfield school in 1927 and 1928. Lee Ella Jones was their teacher. About 25 or 30 children were in school then.

One day M.B. asked Miss Lee Ella if she would draw him a horse. She said, "Well, M.B., I don't know if I can." M.B. replied, "Draw me a mare then."

The boys daddy had told them never to ride with anyone when walking to school. One day the pastor came along to ask the boys if they wanted to ride. J.D. started to get in and M.B. said, "Preacher or no preacher, I'm not gonna ride."

During the depression we ran out of flour quite often and ate cornbread for breakfast. We had gardens, growing our vegetables. We had chickens and hogs for meat.



## ALMER SANDERS

Grandpa's name was Steven Sanders. I married Vera Sitzes.

There is kind of a funny joke on Reason Jones. He had a double log house. With all those kids he didn't have a lot of room for them to sleep. The preacher went there one night. The boys slept up in the attic. I guess the girls slept down in the lower part of the house. They didn't have no place for the preacher to sleep so they taken him up in the attic. Uncle Reece was an early riser. He would get up in the morning and call the boys. "Time to get up." After awhile, "Time to get up." Later, "Shall I come up and get thee down?" He went up there with a strap, you know, and instead of getting one of the boys, he got on the preacher!

Dr. Painter went to town one day. It came a rain and he couldn't get back across the creek. He was the first doctor I ever remember there at Bloomfield. There wasn't a bridge across Isle-du-Bois then. He decided he would get off the horse, pull his clothes off and tie them on the saddle. He got the horse in the

creek, grabbed his tail and thought the horse would go on across and he would be pulled on across by the horse. He lost the tail and the horse went on across and left Dr. Painter on the creek bank naked. (Note: A train came by Almer's house during the interview and I can't hear what Almer said about Dr. Painter getting his clothes.)

I can remember that we had a rail fence along the cowlot and between the two buildings. The sheep pasture and the hog pasture were fenced with rails, too.

The big illness back in the early days was malaria, typhoid fever and pneumonia. They had so much malaria because the people drank water out of the creeks.

I was sick so much when I was a kid. Oxidene cured it. It was bitter and sweet.

I have heard my grandmother tell about the Indians coming as far as Elm Creek on hunting trips. There used to be an Indian camp on Mr. Shipley's place. He found many an arrow head there. He found one skeleton that he set up against a tree.

I have heard my Dad tell about the people letting their hogs run out. They sure got fat on the pecans and acorns. When the weather got cold, the people would go find their hogs, kill them and put the meat up. Each person had their hogs marked. Dad and Grandpa had a bunch of hogs over here on Indian Creek. It got cold weather and they decided they would go over and kill a bunch of them and bring them in. They had two old dogs. They went over and maybe would get one or two of the hogs and the rest would get away. The old dogs would hunt them up and bay them again. Maybe they would get two more. When night come they had hogs laying all over the country. They had to go home and get the wagon to haul them in.

Grandpa's place had a lean-to on the south. It didn't have a floor in it. It was a dirt floor. That was where they cooked and ate.

I was going to tell you about the protracted meetings. After my Grandfather moved over there to the new place, he dug a well. It wasn't more than 20 foot deep. There wasn't no end to the water. It had an old wooden pump in it. People would come there from everywhere to get water. They would be there before daylight. You could hear that old pump squeaking when they drew water. There was a beautiful bunch of oak by the well and this is where they would camp for two or three weeks at a time.

One of my cousins took her pet wolf to the thrasher one year. She also said that every time she started to play the piano that wolf would go to howling. Hogs would do that lots of times, too.

## JULIA ROBISON SANDERS

I was born in 1893 in Bloomfield, Texas. My parents were Dave Robison and Belle Forrester. They were born in Tennessee. My mother's father was killed and her mother died during the Civil War. My daddy's folks came on a steamboat to Jefferson, Texas. They struck up with a man who lived near Fairview. Dad was about 12 or 13, Uncle Jim Tom about 19. The man told them he could bring them through if some of them could work.

Crockett Robison was here already. He run a cotton gin at Bloomfield.

We used to play with our cousins, Mina and Bernie Robison.

The cotton gin was at Bloomfield. My daddy decided there were a lot of people at Burns City. It was so far to Pilot Point to the gin so he decided to move the gin to Burns City. They tore it down and moved it with a wagon and team. We moved up there and live there one ginning season in tents. His partner, Clade Callahan, lived there in tents, too. We had one big tent and one smaller for a kitchen. We had wood floors and the tent was tied down so the wind couldn't get in. It was comfortable in it. We had a wood stove and kerosene lights.

While we lived there they had the Burns City picnic. Clyde, Morris and me went to the picnic. We walked. While we were there it came a shower and did it ever rain! Everybody got soaking wet. They had a merry-go-round pulled by a mule and people piled in on that til they broke it down. The women were wearing hats with all kinds of flowers on them and they got wet and just streaked down their dresses. They were all colors. Everybody got to laughing at each other. Henry Long was a great big man and he went around with a piano stool held over his head. They had lemonade stands and things to sell to eat. Vera Robison who married Tom Wooten and Stella Robison who married a Jones made up a song about the picnic. (Note: This song will appear in this material under Westbrooks.)

We went to school at Burns City and the first thing we knew we had head lice. We couldn't cut our hair, or so we thought, so we just washed with lye soap and brushed it and finally got rid of them.

There was a family named Pate lived close to us; Will, Bud and Julie were the children. We played with the children of Clade Callahan. Mr. Pate was the engineer at the gin.

I never did see my grandparents.

We washed on a rub board and had to haul water. My brother and Willie Callahan were hauling water. They had a tank on a wagon. Willie jumped off the wagon. He was going to beat my brother to the spring. When he got there he was running so fast he couldn't stop and fell in!

We didn't have any outhouses! We went to the woods there at Burns City. We were only there for a few months.

We went to school at Bloomfield most of our lives. The boys and girls were not allowed to play together. The boys played on the south side and the girls on the north. We were not allowed to sit together in school either.

We played townball. You just hit the ball, go to base and come back. We played pop the whip. You line up and hold hands and start running. When you turn and come around, the one at the end usually gets thrown off.

We had a literary every month. This was a play. We had the biggest crowds. We had speeches and programs.

There was a tank north of the school on my uncle's place. The ice was so thick that the whole school went up there and skated one time. I fell and cut a gash over my eye. There wasn't any treating to it, they just let it grow up. I guess they put Cloverine salve on it.

To treat the itch you had to put sulphur and lard on it for seven days. It was hog lard.

At school we wrote on slates and erased it with our sleeve. If we needed our pencil sharpened we went over to the boys side and they sharpened them with a pocket knife. It was usually Carl Forrester or Earl Cassidy.

We had church at the schoolhouse. It was a Baptist Church. Later it split and the ones left were called the Church party and the others who left were called the Board party. I never did know what that meant.

We had a singing school once that lasted a month. We went all day, every day. Mr. Gallager taught that one and stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Merritt.

We had a five gallon churn with a dasher and a lid. We just pounded it out, up and down, up and down. We kids took turns. We'd count how many licks we made and then the next would take over and do the same thing. When you milked sometimes the cow would kick the bucket or put her foot in it and turn it over or hit you in the face with her tail with cockle burrs in it.

I knew Ernest all my life. He just lived a little piece from me. His parents were Will and Missouri Sanders; her maiden name was Arrington. We went to parties together around here in the buggy. We went to Mt. Springs or Breedlove. people worked so hard then they didn't have time for much partying. Bro. Shaw who was preaching at Mt. Pleasant married us as we sat in the buggy. He lived there where Darnell Graves lives now. He was preaching at Hemming that day so we went over there. Clyde Sitzes and Ora Cassidy went with us. We can back to my house and

it was about a year before we had a home of our own.

Our house burned when our son, Jack, was about seven. We stayed in the cellar that night; we had to have some place to keep from freezing, it was so cold. Our neighbors came in and rebuilt our house in about two weeks.

I dried peaches: cut them in half and lay them on a tin roof to dry. To keep our milk at first we just put it in a pan of water with a cloth over the top. Then we got one that would stand up and had shelves. You put water in the top and bottom and had a rag that come from top to bottom. Then we got ice boxes and then our refrigerator.

I had a recipe for making lye soap that was a sure thing. I believe it was 15 pounds of grease, three cans of lye and three gallons of water. Now that would make soap!

Oh, we had revivals every summer. They'd build an arbor and one time I had a cousin, Cora Gooch. She got happy and I never saw such a thing. She was under the seats and jumping over them; it was like she was just floating around. I guess she was 50-60 years old. She sure did some shouting, too. We had baptizings in the Isle-du-bois creek.

The French's Wells used to be a lovely place. It was at the Sitzes place and it was mineral water. People would come for miles and camp there in the grove. Some would stay a month or two, drinking the water and taking baths. Aunt Vi French had the well and people paid her so much for the water and so much for the baths. It was between Dolph and Katy Burch's house is and the old road.

At Easter we colored the eggs with rags. Everything faded then. Just sew a rag around it and leave it and boil the eggs. We used scraps from dresses we had made. Sometimes we bought the material or used flour sacks. The flour then came in printed sacks.

A long time ago when Mr. Vashon's store was over there and Uncle Jim Tom's over here, the boys would divide and a bunch would be at each store. They would fight with Roman candles. Mr. Vashon had the post office there for years.

There were those two stores, a blacksmith shop and a cotton gin. They ground meal at the gin, too.

When the boys fought with the roman candles sometimes some of them would get hurt pretty bad. We would stand out there and nearly freeze to death, watching them fight.

The first airplane I saw landed out here in a field. Everybody in the country was watching. There hadn't been any around. They saw it coming down and it wasn't no time til this place was nearly covered with people coming to see it. He was nearly out of fuel. When he started to take off his tail hit the community telephone line and he landed on the other side of the road.



The first car — Mr. Sitzes folks lived down there and they called up to Bloomfield and said there was a car coming up the road. We went down to the store to see it pass. Chester Robison, climbed up on a barrel that Uncle Jim Tom had out on the porch, and watched the car just as far as he could see it.

The first car my daddy rode in was one owned by a man named Clark at Gainesville. It was run by steam and he burned a candle to get up steam.

Paul Shipley got a radio and he gave a party one night for everyone to come and listen to the radio. That house was full and running over. Do you know that radio wouldn't do a thing that night, just screech! I think it was a homemade crystal set.

The roads were just dirt roads. Some would be dug out in deep holes nearly hub deep to a wagon. If you got stuck you might hook on to another car or a wagon and team. People could nearly lift a Model T car out.



## VERA SITZES SANDERS

My father was Lawson Sitzes. He was an orphan. He just always hired out from place to place. They had a rough life when they was little. They came from Arkansas. He became a big cotton farmer.

One day he took a load of cotton to town to sell. That was when the old National Bank was there. Frank Carl was a teller at the bank. My Dad went in there to cash his check. He went out of the bank and he noticed that the old man had given him ten dollars too much. He turned around and went back in the bank and said, "Do you collect for mistakes in here?" Old man Carl said, "We don't make mistakes," My dad said, "Well, thank you. You gave me ten dollars too much." He then turned around and walked out.

I was the only girl in the family. I had five brothers. My mother was sickly and we had to wait on all them boys. There was a lot of people always camped up there at the mineral wells. I had to go to the tank and wash all day; the next day I would iron all day. We finally got a washing machine. It was one of those kind that you pushed back and forth, back and forth. Hub or Garland would usually help us wash if they weren't too busy in the field. I have had to iron 17 starched shirts in a week. The reason I remember this so well was that they were having the old settlers reunion. Garland was working for Will Hames, the carnival man. He had a merry-go-round. Some of them shirts was pleated fronts. I had to heat the irons on the wood stove. Finally we got a gasoline iron.

Garland had pneumonia five different times. I had a cousin who used to have that stuff nearly every

winter. Lorne Davis was the same way. They finally got to where they fixed a place out on the porch for him to sleep winter and summer.

I walked two miles to school every morning and evening on a muddy road. I went whether it was rain, shine or cold wind.

One time we had a bunch of pet crows. Someone had a crow that could bark like a dog.

I married Almer Sanders.



## DOYLE SCOGGIN

My grandmother Scoggin was a Daughtry and was born in Kentucky. They came to Texas around the early 1870's. They came down the Mississippi and on up to Jefferson on the River. My grandfather Scoggin was born in the northern part of Georgia. My grandmother Robison was born east of Huntington, Tennessee. Her family originally came from North Carolina. They also came down the Mississippi River to Jefferson, Texas. Grandpa Steele was born in Tennessee. Grandpa Steele's folks didn't come to Texas, just him. Grandmother Scoggin was raised out east of Celina at Weston. My mother was born just about half mile from my house. She was Elvie Steele, born in 1887. Daddy was born in Sherman, but they moved to Pilot Point. They moved from there up to here where Sonny Haynie lives. It was the next place north from Sonny's.

A preacher by the name of Howe married my mother and daddy. I don't know where. I have heard them say that my Uncle Will Steele married right down here in the middle of the road. They were in a buggy and just run onto the preacher and were married.

I went to school at Bloomfield when we lived on the Sitzes place in 1923. We walked two and a half miles to school. The year I started to Mt. Springs they made it a two room school. Some of my teachers were Mrs. Bevers, Zouella Johnson, Miss Sylvan, Mr. Bentley and Viola Newton.

One time Frank and Pernal, my brothers, were walking down here in the road. They saw Sam McMillin and his boys walking down the road. They put a knife in the middle of the road with a string on it. They covered the string up with dirt and hid in a pipe. They were going to wait until Sam and boys reached down to pick up the knife and jerk the string. Sam said, "There is a knife in the road." He knew what was taking place. He put his foot on the string and picked up the knife. He kept on walking. In a few days he told Frank and Pernal, "You know the other day I found the prettiest knife down west of your house." Eventually he gave them the knife.

We walked to school; maybe had a few fights on

the way or walked to school on a pair of stilts. Usually the long part was a one by four and the steps were two by four.

When you were milking the old cow would step in the bucket and you would have to come to the house and wash the bucket, go back and she might do the same thing again. We finally got some kickers so she wouldn't kick or put her foot in the bucket. We would put her tail in the kickers, too. A kicker is something you fasten to the cow above the hocks. It has clamps on it. You get them on and they can't kick.

Nearly everyone let their hogs out in the winter-time. They ate the acorns. There was a wild turkey stayed down here on the branch on summer. It was real tall.

One time there was a public well at Mt. Springs, but it was abandoned.

My mother had a big stove. It had a water reservoir on the back of it.

Lots of the kids used to like to fight bees and wasps.

One time John Burnett and met got into a fight. About that time the teacher, Mr. Bentley walked out of the house and rang his bell. He said, "The rest of you come in. If you boys want to fight, go ahead and when you finish up come on in."

Cotton was my Dad's cash crop. I have heard him say that one time the boll weavils hit and they didn't make a cotton crop for two or three years. He did truck farming. He raised watermelons, etc. He would take a wagon load to Tioga or Pilot Point.



## LORRAINE HENDERSON SCOGGIN

I was born 22 September 1896. J.H. Henderson was my Daddy and Mary Elizabeth Bean was my mother. Willie and me married in 1915. Grandpa was John Henderson.

One little incident that happened. We all laughed. Bessie Mae and Willie was out sawing wood one night. He said she was riding the saw handle. He told her, "Saw wood and for goodness sake if you are going to ride the saw handle go to the house." Well, she just dropped her end of the saw and lit out to the house. He come in and said, "I'll catch you directly." She run in and got under the bed. He came in after her and she wouldn't come out. He never did get to give her no spanking. He was going to spank her for leaving him out there with the wood to cut.

You see, they had that old cross-cut saw and she didn't know how to saw but she would try to saw and well we always called it "riding the saw" if you didn't go through the logs straight. The one that couldn't pull it through we called it riding the saw handle.

I went to school at Mt. Zion. We had a one room school and there wasn't but about 25 of us kids in one school. The teacher would teach all grades. They taught to the 11th grade. The teacher would turn in and put the first grade on the first seat, second grade on the next seat and keep on going back and then start on the other side and go on back until she would get them all. When he went to teach the school instead of having the kid to come to the front he would just let each row of seats recite unless they had problems that they had to go to the blackboard. We called them arithmetics then. Every class would have to recite in his seat. We didn't have no water at the school house and we would have to go up in the field about so far. We would take two big buckets and four of the school kids would put a stick and put it through the bail of the buckets. We would go to the spring and get water. Then we had a table built on the outside and we would set them buckets on them. We had tin cups to drink out of. Everybody drank out of the same cup. We would line up for a drink.

I met Willie at an Indian Creek graveyard working. Lillian knew him. That was after mother died. We went to the graveyard working that day. Grace, Willie's sister was there. Her and Carl and Willie would walk across so we was going to take Grace home. When I come back from telling Pa that we was a-goin to take Grace home, Willie was standing between the buggy wheels looking up at Lillian. I told them he was the prettiest boy I ever laid eyes on. He had on a blue serge suit, white shirt, blue tie and a white hat. I never said nothing. I had to ask him to get out of the way so I could get in the buggy. When he left I asked Lillian, "Well, who was the cute devil?" I says, "Well, he's mine if I never get him!" And I shore went after him. I got him about two years after.

We got married at old Squire Hughes. He was a Justice of the Peace. I told them I never seen such a rain falling as the day me and Willie was married. There was a whole crowd of us there. Miss Myrtie Hughes said it always tickled her to death to see the groom kiss the bride. So whenever Squire Hughes pronounced me and Willie husband and wife he said, "Now, you can kiss the bride." Willie said, "I'll wait until we get outside."

We moved about one and a half miles east of Mt. Springs. We always went to Mt. Springs to everything that they had to do. We didn't have no car then and we walked. They had Sunday School and Church. We would walk each Sunday morning to Church, go home and eat dinner and go back to Sunday School then go home and do up our night work and go back to church at night. When we were about half way home of a night Junior would say, "Daddy, your poor little boy has walked as far as he can." Old man James preached there for a long time. He lived up there or

the hill just south of the school house. There was lady preachers, Sister Dotson and Sister Hanselman.

We always put our milk and butter in the well to keep it cool. This kept the butter from melting. We always had to cook everything fresh for supper because we didn't have a refrigerator. If you boiled beans for dinner they would be sour by supper.

At Christmas we had at school what we called "big exhibitions." We would take the team and wagon and pick up everybody that didn't have a way to go. We would go to several different schools every year to big exhibitions. The kids would say dialogues.

We did our visiting on a Sunday. We never did have time to visit any other time. Lots of times we would be working and there would be a party of some kind. Them days you worked from daylight until dark. We would come in from the field lots of times and we would have left a big tub of water setting at the well and one would jump in and jump out and another jump in and jump out. We would light out for a party walking. We would stay there until 10 to 12 o'clock, come in go to bed and get up and go to work the next morning.

During the depression we didn't have a hard time with what we wanted to eat because we raised what we ate. It was just the little money that was most important. We had to cut wood for 50¢ a rick. In the spring we had to borrow say \$50 to make a crop and then if the crop didn't make enough we would have to cut wood to pay our debts so we could get some to make a crop the next year.

We played dolls when I was in school. We took the dolls to school with us. There was Mt. Zion school house and Mt. Zion church house. The church house had washed out the ground from under the house. Us girls would go and we made up a play house under this church house. The boys played ball. When we would go to eat dinner we would all get on the wood pile to eat. Some of the kids were mean and some of them were good.

Yes, I knowed lots of bootlegging. I never did see a still. Used to you couldn't go no where but that a man would have a dram, but they didn't get drunk. I never did see what they had it in and I never did see them take it, but we could tell that they was a drinking some by the way they was a-gettin around.

Once in a while they would catch some of them down there in the bushes. When they found anybody, they would give them a gallon of whiskey or a little money and they would hush about it.

I liked to killed Lucille with asphidity! We were fixing to go to \_\_\_\_\_ when she was a baby, six weeks old. Graveyard working was coming off at Mt. Zion and we wanted to go. Whooping cough had been thick as hair. She had done been exposed to whooping cough before we knowed it. We went to

Collinsville that evening on the week before the graveyard working. We bought us some asphidity and we come back from there. We stopped over there at the side of the road for one of the neighbors to see Lucille, and their kid had the whooping cough. We didn't know it and they didn't either. Well, Lucille took the whoopig cough. We went home and put that asphidity around her neck, went to the graveyard working. It shucked/chucked that whooping cough down on her like chucked heat down on a horse. She like to choked to death there in the church house. Of course when she would take them spells Willie would have to come to me and he would have to hold her up and I would have to go in her mouth and pull that stuff out of her mouth. After church Aunt Jane Graham, a woman that had knowed me all of her life, she come to me and she said, "Lorraine, that baby has got the whooping cough." I said, "I don't reckon if she has ever been exposed to the whooping cough." She said, "You are going to kill her if you don't throw that asphidity off of her. It's a shuttin that whooping cough down on her like shuttin' the heaves down on a horse . . ." Willie took his knife, cut the string and we throwed it down over in the weeds. I asked her how long it would take for her to come out from under the influence of it. She said, "You'll have to watch her close tonight and tomorrow. After then she will be agittin better." Sure enough, come to find out this kid had the whooping cough. She had been a lovin' the baby and give it the whooping cough. Bessie May never did have the whooping cough like Lucille, because Lucille was so little.

When Mother died they didn't have what you called caskets them days. They wasn't caskets. It was a coffin; in the place of having anything on it, they was just varnished. They were slick like and had padding on the inside. From the waist up they had a glass over the top and whenever they put them in there for the last time they screwed it down or done something. When they got to the cemetery they would push the lid down and there would be this glass and people would go see them through the glass. They didn't have nothing to haul them in only the wagons. We just had buggies and wagons. They hauled Mother to Indian Creek in the wagon. Also, Grandpa Henderson in a wagon. There wasn't no undertaker. Aunt Alice Bean, Cousin Mamie Bean and another lady done Ma's dressing, laid her out and everything. They put her in the casket. They put shoes, stockings and gloves on them, too. That was the way Mother was buried.

After Mother died, Pa was very strict on us. He wouldn't let us walk and go nowhere without he knowed we had somebody to go with us. About all we ever got to go was over to Mt. Zion about a mile and a half from our house. We would always have to pass

by Willie's house. Course, naturally Pa and Mrs. Scoggins was good friends. Pa always thought if me and Lillian was at Mrs. Scoggins, well, what he didn't know was that me and Willie was trying to court. But anyway, she would go with us all to church of a night over there. Naturally, on the way over there or back we would be close together. We did this for about a year or better. We was all at Mt. Zion one night at the church. Used to when the boys wanted to go with the girls they would line up and they would ask us for our company. There was one or two old boys asked for company. We called it sacked. They slighted them and wouldn't go with them. It just happened Willie passed by and he said he just thought that we had been together so long that he would just see about it. He wanted to walk me home and I said yes. When we started home and he got on the front. When we got to where Mrs. Scoggins and them stopped, Sister Lillian and Grace, well Lillian had company, Will Cox and Grace had Bill Bank. Mrs. Scoggins and Carl was walking together. We got to Mrs. Scoggins house Willie didn't stop and I said I never would forget it. She said. "Willie, Willie, where you going?" Carl said, "Ah, he is walking Lorraine home."

He never did kiss me until after we was married. That's the truth. If you would see a girl that would kiss a boy, you had just better watch out. He kissed me after we got in the car after we married. The girls had to be very polite.

He decided he would walk Edna Gordon to the car. Then he come back to see if he could walk me home. I told him to go walk Edna. So the next time he told me he had something to ask me. I out run him way down the road. I figured he was going to catch me and I stopped. He said, "What are you so mad at me about?" I said, "Now, listen, if you want to walk me home you are going to let Edna Gordon alone or you can just walk her to the buggy and you can walk home by yourself." He laughed and said he had found out what he had wanted to find out what you thought about me. "Now I know and Edna won't appeal to me no more." That was in the summer and the next January we was married.

I cooked for three and a half years at the Army Camp. This was Camp Howze. Willie worked on the Lone Star Gas. That was the year that Junior had to go to the Army. They had to close our building down to tear it down. I worked two years at the service club; it closed down and I went to service 25 and worked there one a half years. When I started there I was vegetable cook. We had a meat cook, a pastry cook. The pastry cook was Martha Barber. She cooked 32 pies and four big cakes in eight hours. The first year I was there I was promoted from vegetable cook to meat cook. Then the next promotion I got to be pastry cook.

#### End of tape

Note: The Cross Timbers Genealogical Society grades Nadine Pitzinger's pupils' genealogy papers each year. The following is from Terri Alexander's material. Mrs. Scoggin was Terri's great-grandmother.

Grandma Scoggin would say as she stirred the lemonade with a paddle at a picnic.

"Lemonade, Lemonade, made in the shade  
Good enough for any ol' maid!"



### HELEN JACOBS SELZ

My grandfather, Reason Jones, was born 10 October 1813 in Missouri. He came to Texas looking for a place to settle. He brought some Missouri mules with him and found the grass very green and tall in this locality. In 1851 he brought his young family to Texas. In 1854 he built a double log cabin, two stories high with a wide hall. It still stands on the old homeplace. It has a double wall. They used to hide their meat during the War between the States.

His first wife was Ruth Montgomery. They had eight daughters and three sons. After her death he married Malinda Sowder who was born 22 March 1840 and had come to Texas by wagon train from Virginia. She was 19 and she said she walked most of the way here in the back of the wagons. She had said she wouldn't marry a man with children. But she did. Grandpa's youngest child then was two years old. Then she and Grandpa had eight sons and three daughters.

We walked to school at Bloomfield. We walked a mile and if the branch was full we had to walk a footlog and I was so scared. Our school had one room, one teacher and seven grades. We had one wood stove in the middle of the room and on cold days we all sat around the stove. We studied reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, English, geography and history.

My brother's friends would come to visit. They would make their entertainment — everything from roping and riding calves to a swim in the creek.

We were all born at home.

I can remember how important B.Y.P.U. was on Sunday night at Mt. Pleasant.

We went to school from 8:30 a.m. until 4:00 p.m. We walked home and then had our chores to do. Mine was to gather the eggs and clean the lamp chimneys. We would go to bed early. Our daddy would get up early and build a fire. We would say, "Daddy, is the house warm yet?" Mama would fix breakfast and fix each one a school lunch in a little lunch bucket. We always wanted sausage, biscuits, sugar pies and a piece of fruit was an extra treat.

Our first car was a 1917 Model T and if we could get it cranked and going we thought riding with the top down was something out of this world. We had a head phone set radio in 1922. We had an Edison phonograph. It played the heavy thick records.

Dee Elder and Sam Norrod were mail carriers on these routes for years and were so good to bring things to people and take time to share the news with everyone along the routes.

Fred and I were married during the depression by Bro. Altman at his home. We went to my home. Mama had cooked a big dinner and all the relatives were there. When the ice cream was served everyone had a funny look, thinking it had a peculiar taste. Then we discovered in the excitement she had used Watkins liniment instead of vanilla flavoring!

When a young couple got settled in their home they could know they were in for a "Shivaree." The neighbors would all get together and walk to their home. They would make all kinds of noise, ringing bells, singing and make the couple get up and let them in for a party.

The young people would get together and go up on the Graham mountains, south of Bloomfield for what we called possum hunts. Then in later years we began having weiner roasts.



## ALVIN HORTON SHASTEEN

I was born in Franklin County Tennessee, 11 July 1906. My dad was Samuel Gaston Shasteen and his daddy was an old time Methodist circuiting riding preacher in Tennessee. We came to around Era sometime around the first of April 1917. My mother's daddy was living there. Then we come here. I remember passing Prairie Grove.

We had moved from Tennessee to New Mexico in 1908. We came from New Mexico then in 1917 in a covered wagon. I remember out on the plains we traveled all day on one cattle ranch. We camped where we could get water. We'd build a fire and cook some. We'd cook hot cakes, potatoes and maybe beans. People near where we camped would come out and sit and talk. When we would have a breakdown, it seemed that we would just have to tie it up. We never did feel in any danger.

My mother's maiden name was Cotton. We lived about a mile north of the schoolhouse.

I married Ina Pearl Lillard.

I believe Ova Payne was the best teacher I ever went to. She would read from the Bible and get on her knees and pray. We had to memorize a lot of poems; a lot of them were patriotic.

Ina's daddy was always popping the heads off of snakes.

There was a red looking salve my mother would use when we had a cold. She got it from the Rawleigh products and it was called Muscle Ointment. She would rub that on our chest and up and down our back. I'm telling you, that would set a feller on fire.

I used to take cockle burr tea for a bad cold. We had to drink it and it was supposed to cool you if you had a fever. They boiled the dry burrs.

Ina and I grew up together, but I started going with her when I was 19. We married the day I was 21. I never proposed til that day. I asked her about it and she consented. We got married that day in her mother's house. I thought she was already 18. She and her mother were in the garden.

We don't have a TV. I purposed this in my mind for the future. I had to take a tractor to Tioga to get a feller to work on. We didn't get it fixed that day. I didn't have a way to get home. He told me to stay and eat supper and then he would take me home. He wanted me to see a new TV he had bought. It showed three girls, called the Harrington sisters, I believe it was. I forget this fellers name. They sang some songs; there wasn't anything bad about the songs. They wasn't religious but there wasn't no evil in them. But this fellow, he walked up to them and put his arm around them and I said right then, "They'll never show that in my house."

On the fourth of July we would go to the creek and swim and talk and eat. We didn't have bathing suits. The ladies just wore old dresses. The men would stay in one place and the women in another.

All three of the Cason boys talked real loud. People called them the Whispering brothers. They said when Pallos came home the war wasn't over yet. He got off the train over at Collinsville. He walked home and they had some sheep that was running around the house. Mr. Cason had just said something about them to Earl, his younger brother. Pallos walked up on the porch and said, "Sheep, this is Pallos, come home from the war."



## INA PEARL LILLARD SHASTEEN

I was born in Collin County, Texas in 1910. My parents both came from Tennessee. My mother's parents were Zebedau and Nancy Jane Brock. He served in the Civil War. They lived in Polk County, Tennessee. My mother was down sick with the slow fever. She said three doctors told my daddy that if he didn't take her and go west, she wouldn't live. Her mother, daddy and one son, Jim, had already come to Collin County.

We moved in a covered wagon. It was an overjet wagon. My daddy died, and Mother bought land near

Prairie Grove in 1916-17.

Mother always let us invite the teacher home with us at least once during the year. They usually roomed and boarded with someone in the community.

One time our second son was sick with pneumonia. There was snow and ice real deep and we couldn't get a doctor out. Mother mixed up a bunch of stuff. It included some peach tree leaves, castor oil and orange or lemon juice. Grandma Hillis helped us, too.

When Robert was a boy he got sick. He came in the house and just fell across the bed when he started to lay down. I found out that some of the boys had told him to take mineral oil if he was sick. He had drunk nearly a pint bottle of oil.

One year everyone had the flue. The doctor prescribed medicine. We all got better except George. One day Mother looked behind the bed and he had been throwing his medicine behind the bed. Uncle Doc Jones was the doctor. He practiced here, Mt. Springs, Burns City, Mt. Olive and all around. He lived in the Prairie Grove community. He owned a little farm and went on horseback to see his patients. He had a buggy, but when his children didn't go with him he went on horseback. His wife was dead.

The families would visit on Sundays after church. They would go home with each other for dinner. Our mother would let us have young people come at night and sing. We would sing church songs or love songs. They had church at the school house. The man who gave the land for the school had it in the deed that it was to be used for worship. They had an organ first and then bought a piano.

I remember going in a wagon to the Nazarene Church at Pilot Point from Collin County. We would go for a whole week. We camped out. They had a place for the teams to be staked out to graze. We took our own grain to feed them. We cooked out.

I think Buddy Wade from Burns City made a preacher. He used to tell the kids on the schoolbus, "We've got running water in our house. We run down the hill to get it and then run back up." The first house we had that had running water was in 1954 in Gainesville.

On washday I sorted the clothes out in piles of whites, light colored and dark colored. We had a black pot that we set out in the yard. We built a fire under it and the water would soon get hot. We had three tubs: We used two rinse waters. We put bluing in the last rinse to make the white clothes whiter. We had to wash on a rub board and wring them by hand.

All the community had union services for church. This meant nondenominational. We went to revivals at Mt. Springs, Burns City, Walling and Mt. Olive.

Mother and I were out in the garden when Alvin

came to propose to me. Granny liked Alvin after he was converted. She was a Nazarene preacher and she married us that night. We went to Uncle Willie's at Marietta for our honeymoon. We let my mother go with us and we stayed one night and day. Alvin had a Model T Ford.

I never saw more than two or three movies in my life.

In the fall of the year we dug the sweet potatoes and in the spring the Irish potatoes. Mother would take dry sand and fix a shallow place. She put the sand in and made a kind of teepee with one side open to keep the rain off. Then we would take a pan and go get a mess of potatoes. After we married we had a 55 gallon barrel that we kept dried peas and beans in. We would take a small bottle of High Life, take the top off, put a string around the neck and hang it down in the barrel to keep the bugs out.

You could dry beef. You cut it in small strips. Some people did this. We never did because my brothers were always butchering a beef and taking it to Schad's Market up on Commerce Street in Gainesville. If we needed some money they killed a hog out of season. They would grind it all into sausage and go down through colored town. The people would come from both sides of the street to buy it. The children all helped mother. When it was harvest time George and Paul would take the teams and wagons and go out on the prairie to work during the harvest at the thresher. Then in chopping cotton time we would leave home before daylight to go to work for Jess Wilkerson or Leroy Robison.

We preserved fruit. We cut it up, put sugar on it and let it set overnight. Then we started cooking it slow because it would ruin preserves to cook them fast. Mother also sold jelly and preserves to bankers and the like. When we had hams, she would sell them. When the garden stuff was fresh we would go with her. She had a rubber tired buggy and a two-seated buggy they called a surrey.

Mother made our dresses out of flour sacks and we were lucky to have a good print dress made from them. Sometimes we could buy cotton material for a nickel a yard. Alvin had some shirts made from bran sacks when we married.

Mother didn't sell milk to the pick-up milkman. She sold butter. She had a mold that made a pound. It wasn't in quarters. The bankers and people like that would always give her more than she asked, especially Mrs. Looper. She would invite us in and have her maid fix us a nice drink.

After Alvin asked me to marry him when Mother and I were in the garden picking beans, Mother took me to Gainesville. She went to the Chicago Store and bought me a dress. It was a crepe-de-chine. We took it to Jenny's and she made it. She bought a corsage

for it. He had come over to the garden just a little after sun up.

One time a preacher came from Pilot Point to Prairie Grove to preach. It was real bad weather. Alvin's daddy stood up and said, "Why don't we have Brother Owens tell us all he knows this morning and then stay home tonight?"

My mother had a staples store for a while. The store was at the house. She kept flour, sugar, rice and canned goods, dried apricots and raisins by the 25 pound sack.

Mother always went by herself to pick a cedar Christmas tree. She always wanted a big one. She would decorate it and put our presents under it. She would make a curtain out of a sheet and hang it so us kids couldn't be looking at it.

The houses were so cold when I was young. Mother washed her stockings one real cold spell, hung them by the fireplace and they froze.

When Alvin used to come to see me, he would always come playing that French harp. We didn't have a telephone and that was the only way of letting me know he was coming. We called it coming round the bend. I would then have time to go wash my face!

Some of the people that lived in Prairie Grove were Will Lemons, George Burch, Oscar Hall, R.T. Lovell, a family named Massey, Gentry, Autry, Dawson, Hillis, Nate Jones, Loren Bonds and Leonard Cox. He was a teacher. He taught the only music school we ever had there. He had a crippled foot.



## BOBBIE JONES SHIPLEY

I was born September 5, 1899; my parents were Tom Jones and Mary Ann Carpenter. When I was a kid I played with the Campbell children. They lived across the road west of Roy Jones. Their mother, Susan, was our cousin. Their father was Mack Campbell. Susan was Susan Everly.

Peddlers came by and I remember going out to catch chickens to pay for something. We'd just run them down.

Dr. Shipley used to come to our house and he had the biggest foot. It was winter time and my daddy kept worrying because he didn't have any overshoes. Finally Dr. Shipley said, "By dab, Tom, I can't get 'em big enough!"

We used to have pie suppers and box suppers. The girls would bring the boxes with cakes, fruit and maybe fried chicken in them. I remember one I had. It was made like a basket and decorated with crepe paper. Once I got a picture album for being the prettiest girl. I didn't have any trouble winning until Dora, Paul's wife, started to school down there.

Sometimes they would have a laziest man contest. They would get a bar of soap for a prize. One time my dad got it. They usually elected the man who worked the hardest for that! Sometimes they would have the ugliest man contest. They usually got a bar of soap!

We used to play "Old Sow." All the players except one would dig holes in a circle. Everybody would get a stick, and you'd make a hole in the middle and the one who was left out tried to put this ball in the middle hole and you'd fight him and try to keep him from getting it in the hole. It got pretty rough sometimes. The ball was on the outside and you had to go between two players to get it in the middle. You could catch some guy who was hitting at old sow and put your stick in the hole at his place. He had to take your place.

After we got to be teenagers, we went to parties. I wasn't allowed to go to dances. At the parties we would play games like "Old Joe Clark" that were just the same as dancing, but didn't have any musical instruments. That was kinda like a square dance and you would sing and go by what they said.

My mother told me about when we were kids. Some of us were sick and they called Dr. Shipley. On the way his dog caught a rabbit and killed it. He stopped, skinned it and brought it on to the house. Mother cooked it for lunch.

I can't tell you when I met Pet. I just always knew him. He went to school at Needmore. I would see him at the Church of Christ at Hemming. I met my first husband, Joe Vaughn, at Vaughntown at the church when they had a dinner on the ground. His father was Sam Vaughn and his mother was a Chaney. We married in 1919. He died and I married Earl "Pet" Shipley in 1933. His dad was Paul Shipley and his mother was Virginia Riley.

I was baptized in Elm Creek over west of Hemming at the Mann crossing.

Joe and I made some home brew one time. You used hops. That was some kind of plant you could buy at a grocery store. You used water with it, sugar and yeast and let it ferment.

Whiskey and rock candy made a good cough syrup. They put the candy in a jar and put whiskey over it.

Pet raised turkeys. When we bought the Harris place, I think we gave a thousand dollars for it. He borrowed the money from his daddy and paid him back by raising turkeys. He penned them up when he first started, but then he got so many he fenced the pasture and orchard and had to clip one wing to keep them from flying out. He marketed them like cattle. They would come in big trucks for them.

My dad would help me wash. He was always punching the clothes down in the kettle. This was a big wash kettle with a fire under it out in the yard.

He would say, "Sister, these clothes are cooked enough."



## BESSIE GOOCH STEELE

I was born 16 April 1901. Grandma Cornelius came from Alabama. My maiden name was Gooch.

Our neighbors were the Lowrys, Kelly's, Brooks and Williams. I never went to Gainesville until just before I married.

One time my dad's brother came here from the northeast part of Oklahoma. He and an Indian fellow come hunting gold. They thought some gold was buried up around Prairie Grove.

When we had brush arbor meetings they had torches they hung on posts. They would light them and they furnished the light.

My daddy was John Gooch, born 1869. He came from Indian Territory when he was five years old. His mother died and his daddy was unable to take care of him. His brother took him and brought him to Cooke County. They came in wagons. When they got to Red River it had come a big rain and that river was everywhere. They thought they would be washed away. They forded the river.

My grandmother and grandfather were William Marion Cornelius born 1844 and Lucinda Hallmark, born 1845. My mother was Sarah Jane Cornelius.

My husband was Jim Steele. We went to school together, then we got to walking down the road together. The first thing you know he was coming over on Sunday evening. He was 21 and I was 16 when we married. He gave me a lavalier once. This was a necklace. Preacher Howard at Burns City married us as we sat in our buggy.

We never went much. We would go to Pilot Point in the wagon when I was a kid. When we would get to Isle-d-Bois Creek they would let us out to walk across. We thought that was fun. I never went to Gainesville until just before I married.

When I was born my mother didn't have a doctor; only a midwife waited on her.

Some of my teachers were Will McKenzie, Charlie Farmer, Will Hardy and Nath Lipscomb.

We always walked to church. My friends were Lela and Lila Kelly, two of the Lewis girls, Beulah Lowry and the Steele girls. We sang as we walked down the road. Mrs. McMillin or Mrs. Threat walked with us.

We had trouble making ends meet. We would borrow not over a hundred dollars from the Pilot Point Bank; then we'd pay it back when we picked our cotton or sold our turkeys. Sometimes I raised around 50 turkeys. A guy would come around and buy them; seems like it was about eight cents a pound.

For Christmas mother would cook ham, hominy, sweet potatoes, kraut, green beans, corn and she made a plain cake. She would put plum jelly between the layers. She would gather the wild plums down on the creek and make the jelly.

We quilted at home. We pieced them and carded the batts. I would do the carding and my sister and Mother would do the quilting because I was left handed.

I remember one time my sister got a whipping with my Dad's hat.

We took our baths in the wash tub. In the summertime we would set the water out in the sun to warm. In the winter we had to heat it on the stove.

We made our clothes out of feedsacks. We'd buy feed for the chickens and use the sacks to make our dresses. I think I made some underwear out of them, too.

During the Depression we didn't have much money. Arthur Steele lived east of Burns City. He came to our house on a horse. He tied his horse, came in and talked for a while. Then he said, "Jim, how much money have you got?" Jim went down in his pocket and pulled out some change. Arthur said, "We're out of flour. Do you suppose between us we've got enough to buy a sack of flour?" Arthur went to the store. Jim Rainey ran it then. He came back to the house and they divided the sack of flour half and half. That was how hard times was.

We ordered what shoes we got from Sears and Roebuck.

I churned butter and delivered it to Mrs. Johnson at the B&B store in Gainesville on North Commerce St. every week.

Used to people would just come to visit without letting you know. I always sent Jim to the chicken yard to kill a chicken for lunch. He would ring the heads off. You just let them flop and die. Then you put it in hot water and scald it. You clean it and cut it up. If you got the water too hot, the skin would come off. I have killed chickens by putting a stick across their neck, put my feet on it and pull.

We used to have a picnic every Fourth of July at Wade Lake.

Ezra Turner taught a singing school. They used to have writing schools, too.



## BEDFORD I. STEVENS

My grandparents were Ira and Winnie Stevens. My mother's parents were Mr. and Mrs. J.N. Scoggins. They all came to Cooke County after the Civil War. Grandfather, Ira Stevens, had a grist mill to grind meal for the public. He also had a horse drawn mill that he permitted people to grind some for feed.



On my mother's side, the Scoggins was a mail carrier from Pilot Point to Bloomfield, Mt. Springs and Burns City.

On one occasion he was approached by some men from the saloon in Burns City for a treat. For refusing to treat these men to liquor he was put in a cellar and locked up. They came back to see if he was ready to treat and he told the men that they were having their fun now but when he got out he would have his fun. They didn't know what he meant. He told them he was a postman working for the Federal Government. They let him out of the cellar and begged him not to do anything.

Grandpa Stevens and three other men bought the first planter for field seed. He and Grandma came from Missouri. Each came by wagon.

Grandpa Scoggins came from Georgia, somewhere around Atlanta. Grandma Scoggins people came from Kentucky. They settled at first in Fannin County.

Lillie and I married in 1923. We were married on the corner of Broadway and Dennison Streets sitting in a buggy. The late Rev. W.E. Moore married us. The only witness was some man who was in a fruit stand on the side of the street.



## CLEM SULLIVAN JEWEL DANIEL SULLIVAN

Dad sent me to the field. He had decided that we could plow that evening. I was about 12 years old. I went to the pasture to round up the horses and couldn't catch them. I got them started to the house and a racer snake raised his head up in front of me. I ran and I looked back. I thought he had left me and he reared his head up again. I ran again and got nearly to the house. I looked back and I thought that the bridle reins was the snake! I nearly ran myself to death trying to get away from that snake!

One night it came up a storm. Mama always set her old turkey hens in barrels. Long in the night she heard a commotion outside. She said, "Oh, Willie, there is a snake or something out there after my turkeys." Dad got up and went out there. I was just a little kid and I went out too. I had the hoe and Dad had the pitchfork. Mama carried the lantern. She shined the lantern in one of the barrels and there was an old snake bulged out about four inches. He had swallowed all of them turkey eggs. They were supposed to hatch the next day. Dad got him out and killed it. While he was doing that another big chicken snake ran between his legs. Mama said, "Oh, Willie, look there, there is another one." Dad just like to have jumped out of his hide. He ran toward the kitchen door. Mama and me had to kill the second snake!

When my son Elmo was just a little baby we lived down on the Hall place close to Fairview. It came up a storm and then another and another. We went to the cellar. We had already been there two or three times that night. It was about 11:30. I was sitting in an old cane bottom chair and Jewel was over by the door with Elmo in her lap. I had put my arm up on the back of the chair and was sitting a straddle of the chair asleep. Jewel saw the snake and said, "Oh, Clem, look there, there is a snake." I jumped up and ran out of the cellar and left her and the baby down in the cellar. She called, "Clem, come back and get us." We went to the house and another storm came up. We were just kids ourselves and we had always heard that if you put a feather bed down on the floor and got in the middle of the feather bed a storm would pass over you. We did that this time. It kept lightning and thundering and Jewel said we just had to go back to the cellar. But I just wouldn't do it. She said, "Let's go over to Uncle Earl and Aunt Edna's." We pulled out through that mud and rain and spent the rest of the night there with them. The next morning we came home. I had a 22 Winchester. I went down the steps to the last step and saw that snake. I shot him through the head. He leaped right out in front of me. I nearly tore that cellar door down trying to get out of there. I was even afraid of the dead snake!

Essie, Pearl and I had the scarlet fever. I was about eight or nine years old. It didn't hurt Pearl too much. Me and Essie liked to have died. One night my fever got so high that Edward had to hold me on the bed. I felt like pitchforks was just darting into my body. When we were about to get over it our skin just slipped off of our hands and even our fingernails slipped off.

I will never forget when I was a boy going to the Old Methodist Church at Hemming. This was where sister Essie, brother Edward and my Daddy was saved. When Essie was saved there was a great revival during that time. The Methodist either baptized or sprinkled you. This time they baptized 37. Then we were having another revival and I was just a little kid. I was still laying on a pallet. Pearl was little. The old Methodist Church had a double isle. They had a big choir and had an altar with an altar-bench all around the front of it. I woke up one night and Mama was shouting all around me. I thought she was going to step on me. The next day I saw Dad at the altar and also brother Edward. I dropped off to sleep again. The next thing I knew there was Mama shouting again! Two or three other ladies were shouting. The next day we were getting ready to go back to church that night. Edward and I walked out in the woods by the house. He had on his coat and I said, "Bubba, what was the matter with Mama last night?" He said, "Why Mama was happy. Me and Daddy was saved."

I remember so well pulling on his coat tail and asking him the question.

The only thing I remember about the Hemming Cyclone is Dad and Edward being out in the field. I can just see them coming in from the field running. Mama and the rest of us kids were standing out there. Dad come in and threw the harness off the horses. He didn't put it in the barn or anything. He just took it off the horses and threw it down and turned the horses loose. We got in the cellar.

As a mule trader, George Morrow would always trade me what he didn't want. The Lord had to give me enough of that kind of thing to call me to preach! Now I have been preaching 37 years.

I bought me some new trousers and it was in the summer time. They cut the legs off because they were too long. I had this done at the laundry. They put the cut off pieces in the hip pocket. I was preaching one night in a revival. The house was full. I reached back in my pocket to get a handkerchief and instead of a handkerchief I got my britches leg!

Jewel: (Clem's wife) The preacher isn't the only one to have embarrassing moments either. His wife had a few. We went to a fifth Sunday meeting. Several churches would gather at one church for the preaching. The house was full that night. We didn't get there until late. We had gone somewhere that day and didn't get in until late. We were in a hurry and I never paid any attention to what Clem had on. He was to do the preaching that night. He got up and was really preaching! He was just walking, talking and preaching. Directly he pulled his coat off. There was a three cornered hole in the front of his shirt and he turned around and there was another one in the back! If I had had a hole in that floor I would have crawled in it.

Jewel: Our wedding day was "one more day!" It was 8 December 1923. I was 18 and he was 19. He came over in a buggy that night. My brother had bought an old Ford car. We went to Pilot Point to get married by the Justice of the Peace. We went in my brother's car. We got Essie, George and Beatrice to go with us. We were married by Judge Barton. We had our pictures made, then we all started home. It was just as dark as pitch. Just as we got out of town the car ran out of gas. Walter Ewton had a filling station and brother Jim Daniels and Clem knew Walter. They went to get Walter so they could get some gas. They called Walter out and Walter didn't know who they were. He came very near shooting them. He had a 45 pistol on him. He had taken in money that day and was afraid of someone attacking him. He said, "Boys, you don't know how near you came to being shot." We went to my parents' house. We had a big supper for everyone. My dress was taffeta and georgette lined with satin. It was dark, navy blue and

had rosebuds on it. My mother made it for me.

Clem: My first girl friend was Edith Strickland. She was so pretty, blue eyes, dimples and rosy cheeks. I was six or seven years old. Ira Strickland was her Daddy. They moved to Oklahoma. Me and her both cried when she had to leave.

Another girl friend was Lelah Morrow. I told some of the boys I had kissed her. She heard of it and nearly beat me to death!

The first time I saw Jewel I fell in love with her, too. I was about 12 then. The first time I saw her we were going to Pilot Point and she was playing with dolls. They were living on the old Laird place. The first time I walked her to their wagon was at a spelling match. I thought I was grown, I was still wearing those knickerbocker britches buckled around my knees. Finally I kept begging Mama and Daddy to get me some long legged britches.

When Uncle Dayton Sullivan left I bought his buggy for \$25. I was about 14 at the time. I used that buggy for a while. One fall I was picking cotton and I bought another one for \$35. On second Monday I took my first buggy to Pilot Point and got \$28 for it.

Dad's team of horses, Buck and Bonnie, made all of us kids a living. Dad would haul seed for Alexander from the gin in Hemming to Gainesville for \$3.00 a load. He would bring a load of produce back to the store. He would get \$3.00 back home. He would come in way in the night, get up the next morning and go again. He would take the hanness off the horses, water and feed them. He would leave them in the lot and the next morning he would leave out before daylight. When he got to Gainesville he would put his team in the wagon yard, feed them and water them while his wagon was being loaded. He had bought a new wagon from Alexander at Hemming. He gave \$75.00 for it.

The first town I remember going to was Pilot Point. I was a pretty good sized kid. We all went. We had a wagon bow with a sheet on it. Papa had the sheet tied up where you could see the town. Some of the kids said, "Oh, yonder is Pilot Point!" I raised up and could see over the wagon bed and I know my eyes got very big.

One time we were going to town in the wagon. There was a train there along by the seed mill in Pilot Point. Dad said, "Oh, that old train. I wish it would go on. These horses are afraid of that thing." That train kept settin there, a puffin, a blowing and a puffing. Mama wanted to wait on this side but Dad said we would just go on across. About the time we got on the railroad that train let out that steam and blowed it out to the side and just scared them old horses to death. They started running with us; Dad couldn't hold them. He turned them down the side road. I guess they ran a block or so before he got them

stopped. There all of us kids were a bouncing all over that wagon.

That time I got a whipping at school Essie and Beatrice told me that they were ashamed of me and they were even ashamed that I was their brother. They always told on me when they got home. Dad always told me if I got a whipping at school I would get one at home. I had already gotten several from him! We were nearly home and I was still begging the girls not to tell. Finally I said, "All right, if you are just going to tell them, I will go back in these woods and you won't see your little ole brother no more!" They said, "All right just go back and never come out of there." I turned into the woods. I got back over across the branch and I found a big oak tree. I thought I could sleep on a big limb there. I thought they would miss me and come hunting for me. I thought, "They will get the neighbors and scour the country and can't find little old Clem!" It didn't work out that way. I was wishing I had went on in and took my whipping. I was scared of the dark. About the time I was thinking I was really settled a big hoot owl said, "Who, Who, Who are you." It was right at me. It must have been right on that limb. I came down out of that tree and grabbed my books and dinner bucket and over that hill I went.

When I got home everybody was in their place at the supper table. Dad pushed his plate back and pushed his chair back. I ate right close to Dad on the end of the bench. Nobody would say anything! That was the quietest night I ever saw around the old Sullivan place. Dad gave me the awfullest talking I ever got in my life. He surprised me. I would have a lot rather have had a beating than that talk. It did me more good than all the whippings I ever got.



## WALLING SCHOOL

From Marjorie Walling Clapper

Note: When the Mt. Springs Cookbook was done we did not have a picture of the Walling school with the pupils identified. We can't use pictures in this book, but we can tell you the pupils who attended Walling School in 1905.

Pat Wooten, Willie Scoggin, Willie Flamiery, Mason Walling, Arlie Clement, Fay Huey, Clarence Clement, Maggie Morrison, Allen Roark, Leslie Smallwood, D.C. Adamson, Teacher, Ralph Walling, Carl Scoggin, Ernest Smallwood, Everett Clement, Nora Huey, Nora Walling, W.G. Clement, Elvie Trent, Belia Crawley, Arthur Clement, Jessie Adamson, Frank Porter, Della Porter, Lee Smallwood, Ray Smallwood, Frank Huey, Bessie Walling and Bill Wooten.

## MARJORIE WALLING CLAPPER MRS. ARTIE WALLING DOYLE & VERNON WALLING

Richard Walling was born in Rusk Co. He was the nephew of Col. John Walling who donated land for the Walling Cemetery and community building to be used for church and school. Richard came to the Bloomfield community at the age of 19 in 1884. He married Dora Leona Clement, daughter of Dr. Archiball Clement, the community family doctor. His wife was Candice.

Rufus C. Clement and A.J. Clement, brothers of Dora Clement Walling donated land for the school after the original building at the Walling Cemetery burned, thus moving the school across Wolf Creek. It was in a wooded low area and became known to many as "Hideout."

Church services were held in the Walling school building, and in the summer time a brush arbor was built for shade from the hot sun. Worship services were held outside to be cooler. Wooden benches were brought outside and lanterns furnished light for the evening services. People came walking, riding in wagons, horse back and a few by cars to attend a week or two of revival. Most of the time services were held twice a month, or when the preacher came.

Some of our teachers were Hazel Gooch Boydston, Lorene Edwards Bridges, Lee Ella Beavers Jones and Lucy Mae Smallwood Cain. We were fortunate to be able to have our teachers stay in our home as was customary at that time.

Walking through our pasture, J.W. Edwards pasture, down a hill which was slick during rainy weather, and across the creek on a footlog made by a fallen tree that was cut down by our father could be most interesting. Lucy Mae Cain fell from the footlog into the creek one morning and had to return home for dry clothes.

Roads in the community were considered lanes. It was a great day when the county brought "chain gang" prisoners from Cooke County jail to load gravel, spread it with a shovel, build bridges and improve the road in the 1930's. The improved roads were special but we still had a problem after a big rainstorm. Isle du Bois Creek would overflow and we could not cross to go to Pilot Point. Jordan Creek would overflow and we couldn't get to Tioga.

Our dinner bell could be heard out in the field to call us to dinner.

I am told that grandmother Dora Walling sometimes went down to the stream and washed clothes on the rocks.

Richard Walling was hunting near the crossing of Isle Du Bois Creek and killed a deer using a shotgun. John W. Edwards believed that this was the last deer

to be killed in this area.

Mr. Edwards used black pepper on the wound of one of our horses that had cut her foot on a wire fence. It was supposed to stop the bleeding.

In the wintertime the first thing Vernon did was build a fire in the wood burning stove. About mid-morning two pupils would take the big water bucket and sticks to carry the filled bucket on and bring the daily supply of water from a well on a neighborhood farm.

Lamps and lanterns were used to furnish light for evening activities.

A small building out behind the house was called a "privy."

Berry picking was never fun on a hot summer day. Doyle and Marjorie were sent to pick berries and Doyle kept saying, "Chester and Charlie are coming." They would pick a few more berries. Doyle would say "Chester and Charlie are coming." They picked from another row of berries and as they came to the end of the row, who would come around the bend of the trail but Chester and Charlie Wooten riding old Dan!



## LORENE GILBERT WALLING

My grandfather and grandmother, T.A. and Sarah Gilbert came to Texas from Indiana in 1884. They settled in Cooke County. He was a farmer and managed a gin at Tipton Chapel east of Burns City.

My daddy, Lee Gilbert and mother, Ethel Jenkins, married October 1913 sitting in a buggy in front of the Minister's house.

In November of 1928 my parents moved the family north of Mt. Pleasant Church and we kids went to school at Oak Hill.

For entertainment we girls had a play house out under the trees and I learned to cook in my playhouse. Mama would let me have some lard and I would fry potatoes and boil corn-on-the-cob in our play house. We also played with our dolls and the boys had their red wagons.

Songs we sang were "Red River Valley" and "When the Work's All Done This Fall." We had gospel song books and sang those songs a lot.

Papa had two mules he used on the farm and I never liked them. One day one of them chased me around a tree until she got tired and walked away. I liked the cows. We milked them and separated the cream from the milk. We sold the cream to buy other food. We raised turkeys and sold them to local buyers. One of them was Red Huey. He came during the Thanksgiving and Christmas market.

We had a buggy in my early life and later purchased a carriage. It was real exciting for us when

Papa bought the first Model T Ford in the winter of 1927. I never understood why he had to have a tea-kettle of hot water to start the car.

My mother had varicose veins and had her left leg amputated in 1934. She was confined to a wheel chair for 19 years.

I married Cecil Howard in November 1941. We grew up in the same neighborhood. We did our courting at my house, went to the movies and drove around on Sunday afternoon. We took a trailer to Gainesville, went by the Church of Christ Minister's house, got married then picked up our furniture we had ordered. We also bought \$5.00 worth of groceries and went to the Hemming Community where we had rented a house from Nath Lipscomb. We lived there two years and moved to the Shiloh Bevers place for one year. Then we moved to the Fairview Community and lived there for 21 years.

Cecil passed away in October 1968 and I married Mason Walling in 1971. He died in 1978.



## IONA CASON WEATHERLY

Cleve and Debbie Hughes Cason were my parents. I was born two and a half miles north of Burns City in a two room house with a shed room on the side.

I started to school when I was five years old in order that my older sister, Lillie wouldn't have to go alone. I remember the many times that Earl Cason would carry me piggy-back to give me a lift.

A funny little incident I remember clearly. Airplanes were just coming into use. Us kids would watch them until we could just see a speck. One day we were busily engaged in watching. I had Marvin in my arms and some baked sweet potatoes. When I noticed what I was doing I was stuffing them baked sweet potatoes in his ear instead of his mouth!

The first time my future husband came to see me was on a Thanksgiving. I was in the field tying out an old team hay baler. Imagine my embarrassment when we walked back two miles to the house, me so dirty and him all dressed up fit to kill! This was the beginning of a 52 year marriage.



## MORRIS ROBISON WESTBROOK

My husband was Bud Westbrook. I met him at a party at Bloomfield.

When the kids were little we didn't do any going or entertainment. I didn't have a way to go to church. Before I got any other way to go to my daddy's at Bloomfield, I had a little wagon and I put the kids in that and I would go see my daddy. It was about three

miles to Bloomfield from where we lived.

Dora Strickland, Sitsie Campbell and Sarah Harris were neighbors. The Peabody's were good friends, too. Our house was on the Reason Jones place.

Do I ever know about the depression days! A bushel of oats was five cents a pound. A lot of people took wheat and eat it. You could take a bushel of wheat and buy a bushel of tomatoes.

Once we lived in a two story house. It was a box house and was stripped on the outside. It wasn't papered or canvased or anything. You could stick your hand through the cracks. My, the winter's were cold. I couldn't lay my babies on the bed. I would wrap them up head and ears. I took old duckings and made my boy's clothes and old dresses and made the girl's clothes.

One time I went to a neighbor's house and left Lucille there with the kids. They had gone down to the tank. She put one of the kids in the tub and put them in that tank and drug it across the tank because it would float. It turned over and the kids and all were in the bottom of the tank. She came hollering down the road. But she had gotten them out.

The Burns City Picnic was always on the fourth of July. It rained the hardest rain I ever saw fall. Everything was ruined. That was the wettest bunch I ever saw. I remember one man was walking around with a piano stool on his head.

It was held in a grove of trees somewhere. It wasn't right in Burns City. It was out of town somewhere. They had a swing with a mule to pull it.

Sally and Vera, my cousins, composed the song. This was Sally and Vera Robison, Marie Beck's mother and her sister. We lived in Bloomfield and all went to Burns City in the wagon. That's where we lived when they composed this song. We loved to go to those things. We would just stand around and watch them. We didn't spend any money. We didn't have any to spend.

#### Song

Sung by Morris Westbrook  
**THE BURNS CITY PICNIC**  
Composed around 1903-1908

*One day at the Burns City picnic,  
I had a jolly time.  
I saw the people riding  
On the Merry-go-round.  
Eunie lost her bonnet.  
Colie lost her hat,  
but just so they got to ride,  
They didn't care for that.  
Round and round they went,  
They had a merry time.  
First time they had ever been there.  
They wished they could go every day.  
Stella, Vera, Mercer and Frank,*

*Myrtle, Lee and Sack,  
Oscar, he's included  
In that merry pack.  
They all went in the wagon,  
Through the deep, deep sand  
Just to hear the music play  
And be with the merry band.  
After we all had got there  
We would walk all over the ground.  
Stood where the largest crowd was  
And rode on the merry go-round.*



### MATTIE LEMONS WILSON

My mother was Alice Gertrude Little. She came from close to Nashville, Tennessee. Grandpa Lemons was from Neosho, Missouri. My daddy was William Riley Lemons. Pa's grandpa was Riley Lemons. He lived southeast of Burns City and raised mules.

Late one afternoon Grandpa and Grandma Lemons stopped out in front of Grandpa Little's place at Prairie Grove and hollered, "Hello". They wanted to know if there was any land available. Grandpa Little said, "Get out, put up the team, and spend the night." They did and bought some land the next day.

Grandpa Little's name was Samuel. Grandma Little's name was Jennie Edwards.

I married (1) Val Powers and (2) Clay Peterson.  
(3) \_\_\_\_\_ Wilson.

My first teacher at Prairie Grove was Cypha Carpenter. They had a two teacher school with over 100 pupils. They would put a curtain between the two rooms. Another teacher was Otis Cox. I went to school with the Newton kids, the Lillards', the Autrys', Burchs', Bryants, Kirkendas, and Masseys'.

We took Calomel tablets for our main medicine. When we got the least bit sick, Pa would say "Go get you a calomel tablet."

We played basketball at Mountain Springs. We wore a middy blouse and a full skirt. They had a collar and tie. The blouse hung out over the skirt.

Before we had a pressure cooker, we canned green beans and put vinegar in them.

My mother died and Pa remarried Maude Steele. She had been married first to Olie Howe.



### RUTHYE ROBISON YARBROUGH

see Robison

## ALBERT YORK

I was born near Waco, Texas. My Dad was born and raised in North Carolina; my mother in Arkansas. They married in Arkansas and came to Texas by wagon.

After I married we lived on the old McGilvary place at Burns City. In about two years we left and went to Arkansas. Two of my brothers, my dad and me drove wagons in a wagon train. We had one horse and old mule extra and a few old dogs. We would kind of hunt on the way. We camped out at night. You could camp most anywhere then. A lot of times people would come out and visit with you while you were getting your supper.

Then we decided to come back to Texas after the hard winter. We got to Sherman and spent about five days camped in a wagon yard. The weather wasn't good so we camped there where we had shelter.

After several years in the Dye Community and around, I bought a place where the Moore boys live up there now. We went to California for 25 years and have been here at Burns City now for 20 years. We live in about the oldest house in Burns City now. I am right in the middle of what used to be the Burns City Square. Well, the well used to be in the center of the square and I live on the east edge of the square.

I remember the old dipping bath. It is still out there yet. It is kind of caved in. There is still a hole where the old basement of the saloon was.

People used to drive their cattle here by the droves and run them through the dipping bath. It was on the market square so it wouldn't be on private property.

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