A BOY FROM KOKOMO

Julius Dewitt Henley

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I

JULIUS DEWITT HENLEY

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BOY

WRITES A BOOK

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On this twenty-fifth day of January, 1971, in Tucson, Arizona, after a hard day's work pulling a paint brush, I, Julius Dewitt Henley, decided to write a book telling of the things and happenings of my everyday life. The good things, the bad, the funny, and the sad. I will tell of the things that were told to me of my family before I was born, a little over sixty-seven years ago in the state of Mississippi, and of the daily activities of my life, from early childhood until this present day, which is sixty-seven years, six months, and twenty-five days.

Preface

Julius Dewitt Henley on an old manual typewriter typed the original manuscript. This was transcribed by his daughter, Peggy Henley Neilson and then photocopied for distribution. Her copy has this hand written statement:

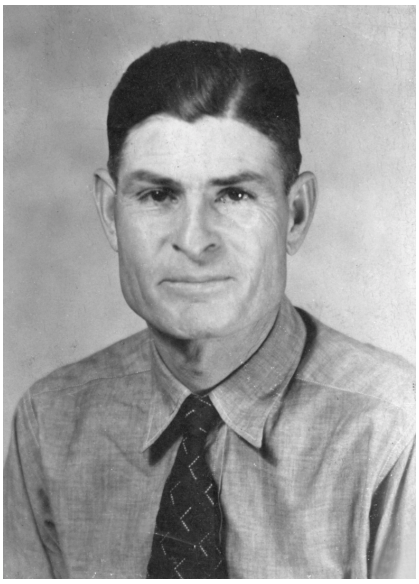
"To my daughter
Peggy.
In appreciation for all the help you gave me in getting the book finished. I hope it will help in a small way to let you know how much you mean to me and your mother. May the Lord always bless you and yours.
My love,
Your Daddy."

When we had the idea to reprint the autobiography, A Boy From Kokomo by Julius Dewitt Henley, we decided to enhance the book by adding pictures, maps, and documents. Most of the photos came from Julius and Ora's own picture albums. Those selected were chosen to illustrate primarily those peoples and events mentioned in his book. See the epilog for information learned after the first publishing date of 1971. The epilog includes some later life events and the results of genealogical research.

The Henley Family Music Heritage was compiled by Peggy Henley Neilson from scores of old reel to reel tapes made by Julius on his old Webcore recorder. She also edited many cassette tapes to produce this selection of Henley music. This was truly a labor of love. We hope the extended Henley family enjoys this work and this tribute to A Boy From Kokomo.

Editor's note: With the blessing and the help of the Henley family, I have undertaken the task of republishing and reprinting "A Boy From Kokomo". The photos, maps and the index have been added to the original story. Copies of this book will be placed in libraries in Gorman, Eastland, Jacksonville, Afton, Spur, Dickens, Patton Springs and Lubbock, Texas, so that descendants of those mentioned in the book may have access to the information contained herein. "A Boy From Kokomo" is also available in electronic format, so that anyone with a computer can view the book in PDF format using Adobe Acrobat Reader. Please feel free to contact me for information about the electronic version.

Sincerely,
Terry Lee White Biegler
granddaughter of James Wesley White and Eula Jane Lee Henley White
terry@rockingbird.com



Julius Dewitt Henley
June 30, 1903 - October 21, 1978

Ora Alexander Henley
July 13, 1909 - May 23, 1993

DEDICATED
TO ORA
MY WIFE
THE GIRL I MARRIED

She is worthy of all of the praise that a good wife deserves. She has always tried to do her best, to do all that she could to keep me and all the children healthy and happy. It never is too cold, nor too hot for her to do anything that she thinks is good for us all. She is the best pal that a man could ever find in living a married life. My wife, Ora is the World's best.

A Boy from Kokomo

Now when you have finished reading this book of my life I hope that you can say that it has been one of the most interesting books that you have ever read and that you have enjoyed it a lot: that it has been an inspiration to you, and that it hasn't harmed you in the least way.

Now let's find a good comfortable chair, a soft divan, maybe a real good shady place under that tree in your back yard. How about the foot stool propped up against the wall, or any place that you can be comfortable? Maybe in front of the fireplace with a big panful of popcorn so that you can read and eat. Now let's see what we can find here between these two book covers.

In DeSoto County, Mississippi, near the town of Hernando, the county seat, about twenty or thirty miles south of Memphis, Tennessee, on the last day of June, **1903**, I, Julius Dewitt Henley, was born into the Henley family. I have said that when I was born, and being a boy, my family or parents gave me the name, Julius, maybe after Julius Caesar, hoping that I would be somebody great, but when they kept me a few days and saw that I was just a common boy they added the name Dewitt to my name. I have been wearing the name Julius Dewitt Henley ever since.

My father's name was James Henry Franklin Henley. My mother's name was Elizabeth Ellen White Henley. This family was the second family of my father because his first wife, after being the mother of two children, a boy and a girl, died, leaving only the girl to be raised as the boy died when a baby.

Then the first marriage was somewhere between the years 1880 and 1890. We don't know because the records were burned in the fire that destroyed the courthouse and all the records*.

The girl's name is Eula Henley White. The boy's name was Gabriel Moore Henley.

I don't know the exact cemetery where this mother and baby were buried, but I suppose it was the one called Cypress. Because there are many Cypress trees there, it was named Cypress. We have other relatives buried there, a baby sister and Grandmother White**. At lease we think this is the cemetery where they are buried.

Now later on in this book there will be something interesting about Eula White, but we will save that for the proper time.

Now of course this new baby boy called Julius probably didn't mean very much to this mother and father at this time because there were already five children, and I made the sixth one. The first one was a girl named Luttie May, next a boy named Henry Luther, then a girl, Birdie Cornelia, another girl, Euzelia. She died when a baby. Another girl named Annie Floyd was born, then this tater-eating boy called Julius. I'll say right here that these brothers and sisters of mine said that I was Papa's pet and here is why. When I was a baby I would wake up in the night crying for something to eat. I slept with Papa and it was the time of year when the family had sweet potatoes and Papa would set a pan of these baked potatoes by the bed and when I would start crying Papa would give me a potato to eat. I have never lived that down in my life. The next two children were boys, Horace Eugene, and Charles Leroy, who departed this life at the age of three years as we will see later on.

Papa was an orphan boy. His father died when he was about three months old. He either was killed in the war, or he died with the measles. We never knew just what took his life***. Papa had one sister a few years older than he. Her name was Mollie Henley Cole. Their mother**** died when Papa was just three years old, leaving them with any of the relatives that would take them. They lived mostly with an aunt named Matilda Merritt, but they had no special place to call their home. I remember Papa telling me of one place they lived. This family had several children of their own and the custom was at Christmas time for all the kids to hang up their stockings for old Santa Claus to fill on Christmas Eve night. Papa wanted to be like the rest of them so he hung up his stocking too. The next morning when the kids awoke to see what they received from old Santa Claus, all of them had some Christmas things in their stockings but Papa. He had only a long switch in his.

Another time he said he and his sister were at another relative's house where they weren't treated right. He said he wanted to go to his grandfather's house so he waited until about dusk dark and started out in a trot to Grandpa's***** house. He trotted five miles.

He learned to smoke by having to get up on cold mornings to build a fire in the fireplace for his grandpa. After he would get the fire built, his grandpa always wanted him to fill his pipe with tobacco and light it for him. He said by the time he got the fire built and the pipe lit, his grandpa would be asleep again so he would smoke the first pipefull and then fill it up again for his grandpa. So he learned to smoke that way.

Being raised like they were gave them no chance to get an education. The only clothes that Papa had was a long gown. One day after the other kids went to school, he decided that he

** Later research recovered a marriage bond for Henry Henley and a Miss Minnie Greer, dated October 2, 1886.*

*** Sarah Adeline Jones White.*

**** Later research uncovered the name of "Papa's" father, Thomas F. Henley. See Epilogue for more information on this.*

***** Satitia Jane Ham Goodin Henley.*

****** William Ham*

wanted to go to school too, so he ran away, wearing his long gown, and went to the schoolhouse where the other kids were. He walked into the house and sat down on one of the board seats the kids sat on. The teacher sent him home and that was all the schooling he ever had. That ended his school days.

When he grew older they were living at another place in the Mississippi bottom where there were lots of wild hogs. These wild hogs were eating up their corn in the field. These people wanted to kill those wild hogs. They knew where the hogs came from and the trail they followed to the field. These hogs would wait until dark to go to the cornfield so these people stationed Papa by a tall tree along the trail the hogs followed. They gave him a gun and told him that they would go out in the field and scare the hogs and for him to shoot one when they came by him. So they went out into the field and scared the wild hogs. Out they came, running through the corn, making a lot of noise, the wild boars blowing as they ran. Papa heard them coming and he was so scared that he threw the gun down and climbed up to the first limb on the tree which was, he said, about forty feet from the ground. The men were aggravated at him but he knew that those wild hogs would have torn him to pieces if they had wanted to.

I remember Papa telling about one place they lived. They needed some more land to work and the land they wanted to clear for cultivation was flooded with water where the Mississippi River had overflowed. The only way that they could clear the trees off was to use boats to sit in and saw the trees off and float them off the land with the boats. Some of this water was forty feet deep and Papa had never learned to swim in his life.

Papa did lots of hard work in his lifetime, and some of it was very uncomfortable. He had a thumbnail on one hand that was for most of his life split in the middle. He was putting a board roof on a house one cold frosty morning, using a hatchet for a hammer, working fast to keep warm, when he missed the nail he was driving and hit his thumbnail, splitting it open. It never grew back together again. I have seen him trim that thumbnail many times.

He grew to manhood working hard, enduring the hardships and facing life's battles. Being raised the hard way gave him knowledge and prepared him to know how to raise and care for his own family and do many good deeds for other people.

He knew how to break land with a walking breaking plow and how to use a Georgia stock to cultivate his crops with. The breaking plow was a plow with two handles hooked to a beam about four feet long with a foot piece for the plow to fasten to and turn the soil over. On the front end of the beam was a clevis with several holes in it to fasten the single-tree so that the mule or horse was fastened to by trace chains. This clevis with the holes in it was for the purpose of raising or lowering the front end of the plow, if it was plowing too deep or plowing too shallow. The same thing worked with the Georgia stock. This clevis was called a buckhead. It only had two notches on it for the same reason, to raise or lower the front end of the plow. This plow called a Georgia stock was made like the breaking plow except it used a bull tongue and a heel sweep to plow the ground with.

A walking planter was made on the same order as the breaking plow and the Georgia stock, except it had a planter box on top of the beams as there were two beams which held the box. The chain that hooked around the front wheel sprocket and around the sprocket on the planter box—as the front wheel turned the chain on the sprocket, turned the one on the planter box, and that turned the planter plate which dropped the seeds into the ground. The covering plows covered the seed with dirt so they would sprout and come up. This planter would plant corn, cane, cotton, and other small grain.

The sugar cane was planted by plowing a furrow in the ground and laying the stalks of sugar cane in the furrow and covering it with dirt. The sugar cane doesn't make seed like other kinds of cane, so the stalks have to be planted and the sprouts come out on each joint. Seeded ribbon cane makes seed and it has to be planted. The seeded ribbon cane sure has a good flavor. It can be eaten by peeling the joints and eating them or it can be chewed by biting into the joints and twisting them and sucking the juice while you twist.

I remember Papa telling of the family in the fall of the year picking cotton. It's a tiresome job and one that a lot of people sneer at because it's a hard job. The ones picking cotton in those days would use a basket to put the cotton as it was picked from the stalk. When the basket was filled up with cotton it was carried to a wagon and emptied. Then later on after the people progressed they learned how to make cotton sacks to use instead of the baskets. They used eight-ounce ducking, a heavy cloth made out of cotton about thirty-six inches wide, folded and sewed on each side and a strap was sewn on one end with a lap over to one side. This strap was worn over the shoulder and one arm just right to use both hands and arms to put the cotton in as it was picked off of the cotton stalk. When the sack got full enough with cotton, it was moved to the bottom of the sack by catching hold of the sack with both hands and shaking it down, then filled again, and shook down again, repeating this until the sack was full of cotton. It was then carried to the scales which were hanging on the end of the wagon tongue. The neck yoke or breast yoke as it was called, was standing up under the wagon tongue to hold it up as the scales had to be high enough so that when the cotton sack was hung on it, it wouldn't touch the ground. The cotton sack had either a metal ring or a piece of wire tied in one corner of the sack to hook onto the scales with. Then the weigher would take the scales pee, or weight, and hang it on the scales which were numbered, starting at zero, then 5 ' ' ' ' 10 ' ' ' ' 15 ' ' ' ' 20 and on up to 160 pounds. The pee was moved out on the scales until it was level, then what number it stopped on was what the

cotton sack and cotton weighed, knocking off for the weight of the sack. If it was an eight yard sack it weighed four pounds.

The family was picking cotton one day and all at once Luttie May started crying. Papa asked her what was the matter with her and she said, "It don't do no good to pick this cotton, it just opens up again." Papa explained to her that the same boll didn't open again but it was another boll that did open and the cotton kept opening until all of the bolls were opened. It had to be picked maybe two or three times before all of the cotton was gathered. This must have been disheartening to her, being like most all children she had a lot rather play than work.

Gathering corn was another job that the family had to do in the fall of the year. The corn had to be planted probably by hand, then plowed with a mule or a horse pulling a Georgia stock and heel sweep a few times, then when it got nearly ready to tassel out it was layed by, as it was called. Laying by was the last plowing it had. Then when the ears of corn got big enough to eat they could be broken off the stalks and shucked, then the silks picked off of the grains and if any worm should happen to be eating the grains they had to be removed and the kernels shaved off and cooked. The whole ears could be baked in the stove until they were brown. These were called roasting ears, and oh, how good they tasted. Then when it came time for the corn tops to be harvested they were broken off or cut about even with the ears on the stalk. They were piled along the rows in little piles about the size of a bundle of cane, then they were tied in bundles with either twine string or a leaf of fodder. After that they laid in the sun a few days, just long enough to cure some before they were stacked or fed to the work stock. When the corn that was left in the field was ready to gather, it was pulled off of the stalks and pitched in a wagon that was being driven along by the one gathering the corn. The team, when told by the one gathering the corn, would pull the wagon up even with him. Then he would say "woah" and the team would stop until it was told again to pull up. When the wagon was full of ears of corn it was hauled to a corn crib made out of logs that had been cut out of the woods. These had to have notches cut in them at each end so they could be laid one on top of the other in a square, making what is called a corn crib to put the gathered corn in. Of course it had to have a roof on it and a door. This corn was used for feed for the work stock and was counted out for each horse or mule; usually about ten or twelve ears of corn was a feeding for each animal. It was carried to each animal's feeding trough and shucked for them so they could eat it. Sometimes a greedy animal wanted another one's feed and it would drive the other animal away and eat its feed too.

When the family needed corn meal for bread, the corn was shucked, then shelled either by hand, or it could be shelled with a corn sheller. This was a little mill that either fastened to the box being used to hold the shelled corn or fastened to the wall. The ears were put in the sheller and it was turned with a crank like turning an ice cream freezer. It had iron teeth in it to tear the grains of corn off of the cob and after the corn was off, the cob would come out of the bottom of the sheller. When enough corn was shelled for the family's amount of meal that was needed, it was carried to the grist mill and ground into meal. The miller would usually take for toll a certain amount of the meal. This was his pay for grinding it. The cobs that were left after the corn was shelled were used for fuel in the cook stove or in the fireplace, as almost everyone used a fireplace to keep warm in the winter time. The shucks were used to make mattresses to sleep on.

Some of the other ways and methods used then to help make a living was to make lye soap to wash clothes with. This was done by using a certain amount of cracklings mixed with a certain amount of lye and water and cooking the mixture a certain length of time. Then it was allowed to cool and was cut into bars to be used on a hand rub board.

Cracklings that were used in the lye soap were small pieces of fat meat that had been cut up into small pieces about one inch square and cooked in a wash pot until they were brown or well done, that is, all of the grease cooked out of them. This was done each winter at the time of year when the weather was real cold and it was hog killing time. Most everyone raised their own hogs to kill for the meat and the lard that they had to have to have enough meat to eat and lard to cook with.

Also gathering wild nuts was another way that helped them as there were many different kinds of nuts that grew out in the woods and could be gathered and eaten. There were hickory nuts, walnuts, chinquapin and pecan; also wild grapes, muscadine, wild berries, red haws, black haws, and fruit in the orchards.

The Henley family used the most modern methods which have just been told. Living each year, hoping each year to be a good crop year and that they could have necessary things like everyone else had. They lived this way in Mississippi until **1906**, and I was three years old. My mother's sister's husband, Uncle John Carter, had moved out to Texas two years before and having liked Texas so well he came to visit us for some reason and told Papa how much better it was in Texas than in Mississippi. Papa decided that he wanted to move out there, too. He wanted to have better things for his family. As it was about laying-by time, he decided to leave his crop, team of mules, plow tools, wagon and surrey in charge of his landlord to sell for him. He also left his crop for the landlord to gather and sell for him. The team of mules probably weighed about eight-hundred to one-thousand pounds each. The harness they used to pull with consisted of collars and collar pads which were used under the collars to keep them from hurting their shoulders as they pulled against a load. The hames that were fastened around the collars in a groove made in the collars for them, was with a hame string—one at the top and one at the bottom of the collar, fixed so the hames could be tightened on the collar to hold them in

place on the collar. Now these hames had logger-heads that fastened in the side of them, made of a piece of iron crooked around, making a U with each and crooked like this ب . These chains were about eight feet long, one on each side of the animal, with a ring on the end of the chain to hook to a single tree. A backband that rested on the animal's back was a piece of material about four inches wide, and the traces or trace chains fastened on each side to it to hold them up.

The wagon, with the neck yoke or breast yoke, as they are called, had a spring seat to sit on. The hack, or surrey, was a two-seated vehicle a little bigger and heavier than a buggy, with springs like car springs under it to make it ride easy. The whole family could go to Church or town or wherever they needed to go in it.

The plow tools consisted of a walking breaking plow, a walking planter, a Georgia stock, a V harrow and some hoes, which were used to chop weeds and grass out of the crop.

I have gone into detail about explaining these things because this younger generation may not be acquainted with these things that were used back in those days.

Now, as I have already stated, Papa had finished laying-by his crop and he had made arrangements with his landlord to gather and sell the crop and to sell his other things and send the money to him out in Texas.

When it came time for us to leave Mississippi we went to Memphis, Tennessee, and got on the train leaving for Gorman, Texas. When the train stopped in Gorman for the passengers to get off the first thing I did after I got off was to fall sprawling into a bunch of grassburrs, which were unknown to us in Mississippi.

We moved into a house in Gorman and had only been there a couple of weeks when Luttie May took typhoid fever. She had long blond hair, which Mama kept plaited, and it hung down her back. She only lived a short time. While she was so sick and her fever was real high, her head hurt so bad that Mama decided to cut her hair to try to make her more comfortable while she was alive. Mama kept this plait of her hair for a long time after she died. I don't know just what she did with it but I do remember seeing it several times in a keepsake box that she had.

Papa rented a place just east of Gorman from Mr. John Ware the first year we were in Texas, which was **1907**. This place was about a mile east of Gorman and it was close to the railroad track. Papa cleared some land to be put into cultivation and piled the brush in piles to be burned. When it was dry enough to burn and the fire had gone out of it we kids were out playing in the ashes, running over the piles. It was late in the evening. I ran into a pile that still had fire in it and burned my feet pretty bad. Of course, I cried with my burned feet so they helped me to get into the house where Mama doctored them for me. In a few days they were well again. I was four years old then.

Luttie May was buried in the Gorman cemetery. We went to the cemetery one day to see the grave and Mama opened the gate for us kids to go in. Birdie was first to go in and she went on down the path, not noticing where she stepped. She stepped on a chicken snake that was laying across the path. It wrapped itself around her ankle and bit her on the ankle. Mama, I guess, had heard that to kill a chicken and cut it open and put it on the bite would draw out the poison. So that was what she did for the snake bit, not knowing that the snake wasn't poisonous. No harm came to Birdie from the bite.

The Ware boys would sometimes catch a ride into Gorman on the freight train that came by, instead of walking, as most boys will do sometimes. They didn't think anything about it being wrong or dangerous either, so two of the boys decided to catch a freight train one day and ride to town. The train came along and they made a run to catch onto a car. Roy missed his handhold some way as he ran and the moving car slung him underneath and ran over his legs, either cutting them off, or injuring them so that he lost his life.

Our baby brother, Leroy, was born that year when we lived on the Ware place.

Papa rented a place for us to live the next year, which was **1908**, west of Gorman a few miles by the railroad track. This was the Hammock place and it was a sandy land farm. I remember the trains that came by there. We lived on and farmed that place one year. There were several things that happened that year that I will mention. I remember tasting my first taste of grape wine. There was an orchard on that place and there were grapevines, too. When the grapes ripened Papa and Mr. Hammock picked them and made some wine in a keg or some kind of container down in the storm cellar. One day when it began to be about ready to bottle, Papa and Mr. Hammock wanted to taste of it to see if it was ready. They let me go down into the cellar too and they gave me a taste of it. It sure did taste good to me. I don't remember ever tasting it anymore. That was my first time to taste grape wine. It was a pink color.

Mr. Hammock came out to our house pretty often, and ate with us sometimes too. He was kind of bald on the front of his head. We had a dining room to eat in and a bench to sit on behind the table next to a window. Mama had fried some meat for breakfast one day when Mr. Hammock was there. He was sitting on the bench and Birdie had finished eating the meat off of a meat skin so she threw the meat skin out of the window, and she hit Mr. Hammock right on that bald spot on his head.

Our cousin, Stanley, his sister Wilma, and Aunt Annie lived with us. Stanley had heard someone say that if a boy would put cream on his upper lip and if the cat would lick it off, he wouldn't ever have any moustache to contend with. He wanted to try if it would really work, so he put some cream on his lip, then caught the cat and tried to get it to lick it off, but it wouldn't. So Stanley has had to shave his moustache all of his life.

We were eating a meal one day and Stanley found a match under the table. He put it in his pocket and didn't tell anyone about it. After the meal we went out from the house to a fence row where there was a lot of grass and he struck that match and lit the grass. We really had a fire. Papa had to come and put it out for us. He gave us a good scolding for doing it, but he didn't whip us.

Stanley, Wilma, and Aunt Annie seemed like part of our family. Stanley was about our age and just right to fit in with our good times and the fun that we had. He played a very important part in our lives growing up with us and I learned many good things from Stanley.

It seemed like we were on the move. We only lived on the Hammock place one year. Papa rented a place for the next year, which was **1909**, at Kokomo, one-half mile north of the Kokomo Schoolhouse. This was the Neill place. Mr. Neill was a good man and he had three boys and three girls. The oldest girl was married to a man named Ward Clearman. They had a farm just west of where we lived on the Neill place.

Kokomo was just a community with a schoolhouse, a country store, blacksmith shop, cotton gin, church house, a little cemetery in one corner of the school ground, and a few dwelling houses. A small spring branch ran through dividing the church house and some of the dwelling houses from the store, schoolhouse, and the cotton gin.

The Kokomo schoolhouse was little having only two rooms. One was a small side room which was mostly used for the higher grades for there wasn't as many that used that room as there was the lower grades. The large room had a door in the front end of it and there was a big piano box setting just left of the door on the inside, which some of the kids used to set their dinner buckets on. Some of them set their dinner buckets on the floor at the back of the room.

The big boys' playground was in front and to the south of the schoolhouse. The little boys' playground was in the southwest corner across a ditch from the big boys' playground.

The girls' playground was north and west from the schoolhouse and in the northwest corner of their playground there was a little cemetery that had a picket fence around it. It had the most beautiful flowers, red roses, lilac bushes, honeysuckle vines, and other flowers. There were so many places on the schoolgrounds to play and post oak shade trees for shade.

Just east of the church house was a fence which had a set of steps made so that one could walk over it. Just east of this fence was a dwelling house where the Euell Sowell family lived. Dr. Roten lived just east of the Sowell family and Mr Hager, who owned the store, lived just east of Dr. Roten. The blacksmith shop was located almost in the center of the village, with the store and the cotton gin on the north side, across the branch from the other houses.

Kokomo was seven miles northwest from Gorman, Texas. There were several other communities around Kokomo in a radius of from three to five miles. Staff was north about five miles. Freedom was northwest of Kokomo about three and one-half, or four miles. Lone Star was a few miles south and Carbon was a few miles southwest from Kokomo. New Hope was between Kokomo and Gorman, and Triumph was between Kokomo and Staff.

The house that we moved into on the Bedford Neill place was a small one room house, with a small upstairs room. The stairs didn't have a guard rail. It had a small shedroom on the back side of it and a porch on the front facing the road that ran north and south. A thick woods was just across the road from the house.

I think that we only had about fifty acres of land to work that first year we lived there. By this time Luther, Birdie, Floy and myself were big enough to do a lot of work. Mr. Neill was good to us. He let Papa clear some more land for us to work. He had three-hundred and sixty acres of land and there was a lot of it that could be cleared of trees and brush and put into cultivation.

I remember how the brush was piled up and had to be burned. We picked up the grubs that were plowed up with a breaking plow and piled them up and burned some of them. We also hauled some to the house to burn in the heater that was in the house. It was a heater made for burning wood like fireplace wood. In fact, it was made with a hearth in the front with devil faces all around the top of it. It had a big pipe in the back for a chimney and it stood on four legs like other kinds of heaters. We could sit around and prop our feet up on the hearth. We could bake sweet potatoes in the ashes. I remember that in the late fall of the year when it was cotton picking time, just before it was time to quit in the evening, Papa would pick a big sack full of cotton bolls and carry it to the house. Then after supper we would sit around the fire and pick the cotton out of the bolls and throw the burs in the fire to burn them as fuel. They sure did make a good fire too.

Papa fenced a spot for us to raise a garden on, just north of the house. We raised potatoes, beans, cabbage, onions, English peas, radishes, beets, cucumbers, lettuce and squash in this garden.

Papa bought a team of young mules. They had stripes down their backs as they were in the mustang horse family. They were dove colored or blue mules. They were half-brother and sister. Papa named them John and Maud. They were as tough as a boot and three years old. They would run away any chance they got.

The first year at Kokomo, when it was time for school to start, I wouldn't go. Mama tried to persuade me to go but I wouldn't. Each morning for a week when the other kids would come by our house going to school, Mama would try to get me to go; then she would whip me but I still wouldn't go. I was bashful and afraid to go. She whipped me several times each morning as the other kids came by, then she told Papa I wouldn't

go, so they made up their minds to let me stay at home that year and I did. All the kids my age went to school that year but me, which put me a year behind in my grades at school. I stayed at home and played with my two brothers, Horace and Leroy. The day we moved to the Neill place, Horace, Leroy and myself sat on the floor and rolled a ball to each other.

When Leroy was three years old, he took the whooping cough. It seemed like there was no way for Mama to doctor him that would do him any good and give him any relief and he died.

The day that he died Papa had to go to Mr. Neill's house for something. We walked through the woods, as nearly everyone had to walk wherever they wanted to go. Papa saw some grass and leaves that he wanted to burn so he struck a match and lit them. The wind started blowing pretty hard just about the time the fire got started burning good. It spread out and Papa lost control of it. It spread faster and faster and finally jumped across the road into another man's pasture where he had a lot of firewood already cut and ready to haul to the house for next winter's use. The fire burned a lot of this wood before it could be put out.

Leroy was buried in the cemetery at Gorman, by our sister, Luttie May.

I said earlier in this book that there would be something interesting about Eula Henley White, my half-sister. Mama's youngest brother, Jim White, took a liking to Eula. She is my half-sister and he was my own uncle. Eula was only a step-daughter of Mama's so she and Uncle Jim weren't any kin to each other. They decided to be married. Now their children are my own first cousins and half-nieces and nephews. It's pretty complicated. Papa's brother-in-law became his son-in-law. Eula, being Mama's step-daughter became Mama's sister-in-law. Uncle Jim's step-niece became his wife.

Eula and Uncle Jim were at our house one Sunday evening. It was getting late and they decided to go home as they lived a few miles from us. They had a young baby and as far as I know there was nothing wrong with the baby when they went home. They hadn't been home very long before the baby took sick with the croup. Eula didn't know what to do or how to doctor it, as the croup works very fast, and the baby died. It choked to death. Apparently when they left our house there wasn't anything wrong with it. Uncle Jim let us know about it as quick as he could. The baby was buried in the cemetery at Gorman.

One time we were at Uncle Jim's and Eula's house and Uncle Jim had a tank that was full of water. Papa, Uncle Jim, Horace and I wanted to wade across it. It was over my head so I had to stand on my tip toes to keep my nose above the water. We waded out to about the middle of the tank and I couldn't go any further because the water was too deep for me. I couldn't go either way and I began to get strangled and would have drowned if Papa and Uncle Jim hadn't helped me get through the deep water. Horace and I were too little to swim and Horace had to be helped through the deep water too.

I remember one time there was someone sick at Mr. Neill's house. Mr. Neill came over to our house to borrow our fever thermometer. He asked if he could borrow it and Mama told him that he was welcome to use it. I knew just where she kept it and I started to get it but Mama was afraid that I might break it. She told me to leave it alone and she would get it for him, but I went on anyway and got it out of the dresser drawer where it always stayed. I started out to give it to him and sure enough, I dropped it and broke it. That sure did embarrass me.

Mr. Neill was a good man and he wanted to treat people right. He knew that we were crowded in the little house we were living in so he built some more onto our house. He built a big sixteen foot room on the north side of our house leaving enough room for a hall between the new room and the old house. He also built a dining room and a small back porch, and added a porch all across the front of the house. We had plenty of room then.

One night we were eating supper after dark with a kerosene lamp for light to eat by. We heard a racket up on the house top. Luther, whom we all called Bud, ran out to see what it was. He came back after the shotgun and said that a bunch of wild geese had lit on top of the house. He got the gun, hoping to shoot one but they flew away before he had a chance.

Bud bought some white and black spotted rabbits for pets. He kept them in a cage. One night some kind of animal got into the cage and killed his rabbits. All that he found of them was some of the spots that were on them.

He got some prairie dogs from Mr. Neill once. He brought them home and the only place that they had to dig themselves a home was in our front yard. They dug a hole or two and lived there for awhile. Mr. Neill had a big prairie dog town in his pasture between his house and the road. Bud liked pets and he thought they would be alright. Prairie dogs, when they dig a hole to live in, will build a mound of dirt around the hole to keep the water out when it rains. When they run to their hole they will stop and look over that mound of dirt to see what is bothering them. These two prairie dogs fared pretty good until one day something happened.

We were always afraid of storms and we tried to keep a storm cellar handy and ready so we could go in it if a bad looking cloud came up. We had dug a storm cellar there and made some steps and covered it over with logs, then put dirt over the top to make a roof. We had put a door on it and a vent pipe for ventilation and some seats to sit on when we were in it. Late one evening it started getting cloudy and stormy. It got so bad that we thought we needed to go to the cellar. It came an awful hard rain and the water ran in our storm cellar and it was still pouring down rain. The water was up to the top of the seats that we were using. All at once we heard something go "ca-chug" into the water. Bud found that it was one of his prairie dogs that had drowned out of its den and had found the vent pipe on top of the cellar and had fallen down it. Then

again "ca-chug," something else hit the water and it was the other prairie dog. They had both drowned out of their homes and had found that vent pipe while trying to get out of the water. Water was everywhere. The cloud finally went over and we could go back in the house.

Somehow we got hold of a yellow dog that we named Old Watch. I don't remember where he came from and it seems that he wasn't a very good dog. Bud wound up with the job of getting rid of him. One day he got Old Watch out in the garden and I was out there too. I remember that Old Watch must have thought that Bud was going to kill him for he laid down and Bud shot him in the neck. I remember how the blood ran out of his neck after Bud shot him with the shotgun.

Papa and Bud chewed tobacco and, of course, I wanted to chew some too. I tried to get Bud to give me a chew but he wouldn't do it. I kept on pestering him about a chew until he finally told me that if I could touch him that he would give me a chew. I started after him and after awhile I did get to touch him after he dodged me for awhile. Then he had to make his word good so he gave me a chew. Sure enough, it made me sick. Papa wanted to know what was the matter with me so Bud had to tell him that he had given me a chew of tobacco. Then he scolded Bud for giving me the tobacco and he didn't whip me for bothering him.

Bud had a little long, narrow wooden box that he kept his tobacco tags in. It was a box that files came in. He had a big collection of different tags from tobacco—W.M. Tinsley, Brown Mule, Apple, Red Tag Tinsley, and a lot of different brands of tobacco tags. I would get to see them once in awhile, and I sure did admire his collection. It was just a hobby he had.

We had an old yellow cow we called Old Bess. She was a good milk cow but she could really hide the water when she was thirsty. We had bored a well in one corner of the yard close to the horse lot and cow pen. I don't remember how deep this well was, but we had two posts standing up one on each side of the well with a well pulley hooked on a board at the top of the posts. A well rope ran through a pulley and a well bucket was tied to one end of the rope to draw water from the well. Then we had a little trough to run the water from the water bucket to another watering trough which was made from a hollow log with each end nailed up with a board. This held water for the animals to drink.

I remember how Bud would have to draw water out of that well to water Old Bess and the mules and meat hogs too. At watering time, late in the evening, Bud would start drawing water for Old Bess. He would draw and Old Bess would drink. He would draw and Old Bess would drink some more and finally Old Bess would stop for a long breath of air and start drinking again. Bud would get so disgusted that he ran her off from the water trough a lot of times because he was tired of drawing water for her. She didn't seem to know when she was full and he had to draw water for the mules and hogs too. We also used water from that well. We had a shelf in the house to set our water bucket and washpan on. A dipper was used to dip water to drink and for the wash pan too. We washed our hands and faces in the wash pan.

Old John and Maud drank a lot of water too when the weather was hot and they had to work hard. They had to be fed at feeding time. Eight or ten ears of corn had to be shucked for each of them besides giving each a bundle of cane or some hay.

At milking time in the evening, after the milking was done, we turned the calf out for the night. One time we had a pretty good sized calf and I would ride him each evening when we turned him out for the night. I had made a bridle to ride him with and I had been riding him to the watering trough each evening. One evening I got on him at the cow pen and he started out to the watering trough. Just before he got there he buggered at something and threw me off. That sure did hurt me.

Horace and I made us a flying Jennie once. We cut a small tree off about two or three feet high from the ground. Then we cut another small tree to use on top of that stump. We drilled a hole in the top of the stump and put an iron pin or long bolt about an inch thick in it. Then we drilled another hole in the other pole and put the pin through the hole in the pole on top of the stump and we could ride it around. This was a flying Jennie.

Papa was an humble man and he tried to be religious, and with Mama's help, they did what they thought was right while raising us.

We would have prayer at night after supper and before going to bed. One of Bud's friends was spending the night with him one night. Now Papa had been plowing Old John all day, using a Georgia stock, and he was tired. We had sat down to eat supper and the custom at our house was to say the blessing, as we called it, at mealtime. We bowed our heads and Papa said, "Woah John," before he thought, then he went ahead and said the blessing.

Always after eating a meal at our house, and especially after supper, it was Birdie's and Floy's job to wash the supper dishes. Bird, as we called her, usually washed them and Floy, whom we called Flea, would dry them. One night Bird had washed all of our plates and had them stacked, one on top of the other, ready to dry. Flea picked them up and carried them to the back door to drain the water out of them. They were slick with soapy water and she had some hard luck with those plates. Every one of them slipped out of her hands and fell to the ground, breaking every plate that we had. We had nothing left to use to eat from at breakfast the next morning. Flea dried the plates real quick that time. Papa went to Mr. Hager's store and found some tin plates that we could use until they went to town and bought some more regular plates again.

I still didn't give up trying to get some tobacco to chew. I knew that Papa always had some put away and that he always

carried some in his pants pocket. I usually slept with him and one night I decided that I was going to get some of his tobacco after he went to sleep. I managed to stay awake until he was asleep and then I raised up and bent over him where I could get to his pants pocket where his tobacco was. I was breaking the tobacco in two so that I could put a piece in my pocket when he woke up and wanted to know just what I was doing. I had the job about finished so I didn't say a word until I had put some in my own pants pocket. I laid back down again and I guess he knew what I had done, or thought he knew, for he felt in his pocket and found his tobacco broken. He said, "What did you break my tobacco in two for?" I told him that I wanted some of it to chew. He gave me a good scolding and a good lecture on why I ought not to use it, but he didn't whip me for it. I sure did feel guilty about it. I always knew that I didn't have any business doing what I did but I did it anyhow. Papa never whipped me in my life that I can remember. He just whipped me with his tongue and that was bad enough for me.

There was a thick woods across the road from our house. It was so thick with trees and brush with briers in it that a person could barely go through it by crawling on his hands and knees some of the way. It was just right for our old hens to slip off and steal a nest in. Sometimes they would have a nest full of eggs before we could find it. These woods were a good harbor for chicken snakes. They loved hen eggs and if they found a nest they would swallow just as many eggs as they could hold. Sometimes we would find a nest with a snake in it swallowing eggs. As soon as they saw us they would crawl up the first tree they came to and crawl out on the furthermost limb away from us, trying to hide. Horace and I got hold of an old single shot twenty-two rifle somewhere and we would use these snakes for a target. They would be up in a tree, bulging out with eggs they had eaten. We could tell just how many eggs one had swallowed by the bulges he had in his belly. We would shoot them full of holes and watch the eggs run out of the holes. Sometimes they would get away before we could kill them.

I want to stop here and tell about my school days at Kokomo. I have already told about getting so many whippings for not going to school, and of Papa and Mama not making me go, giving me one more year at home to play and make up my own mind to go. When the next school term started, I was ready to start. Papa and Mama carried us kids to town and bought school books, clothes, tablets, pencils, slates, and crayons, which I called painting pencils. My first book was a primer which was the one that the teacher gave to all of the boys and girls just starting to school.

I remember how we kids had to walk to school each day. There was a sandbed in the road between our house and the schoolhouse that we had to go through because there wasn't any way to walk around it. Most of that community was sandy land.

I guess that I had the best teacher that ever taught school anywhere. I never, in all my life, heard anyone say an unkind thing about Mrs. Ollie Mcdonald, my schoolteacher. She lived with her husband, Ely Mcdonald, about a quarter of a mile from where we lived. Mrs. Ollie was kind and good, always doing what she thought was right. The only whipping I ever got at school in all of my life was the one she gave me and I believe that was my first year in school. We little schoolboys had a playground across a little ditch in the southwest corner of the schoolground. This is where we played most of the time. Some of our games were mumble peg, wrestling, spinning tops, pitching washers, playing wolf over the river, playing marbles, leap frog, scrub, and town ball. Two boys would choose up, as it was called, each one choosing the best player and they would keep choosing until every boy was chosen. Then they would take a ball bat and one boy would pitch it to the other, and he would catch it and the first one would put his hand on top of the other. They would keep doing this until there was no room left on the bat to hold it. The one that first caught the bat would say, "No crow picks," meaning that the other boy couldn't catch hold of it with his finger and thumb to throw it over his head. This meant that the other boy and his players got to be in town or up to bat first. We played all of these games, having a good time.

I was, I suppose, about like all the other little boys. R.Q. Graham was another little boy who was also in his first year at school. R.Q. had some older brothers, and as I remember, one sister, named Bessie. R.Q., being the baby of this family, learned how to take care of himself as he was picked at by his older brothers. We were playing on the playground one day having a good time when some of the older boys came by. They got R.Q. and me to boxing and it wasn't long until we were in a fight, really going after it. These big boys were coaxing us on with the fight. Somehow Mrs. Ollie knew what went on out on the schoolground. School went on as usual until the last recess was over and books were taken up. Just before time to turn out school to go home, Mrs. Ollie said, "R.Q., I want you and Julius to stay in after we turn out school today." That sure did embarrass me. I didn't know what was in store for me then. Well, we stayed in and when all of the other kids had gone home she got a switch. I guess she kept one somewhere in the room as most teachers do. She called R.Q. to whip him first, then she whipped me, for us fighting out on the playground. I sure did hate for Mama and Papa to have to find out about me getting a whipping at school. I felt real bad the next day at school, having to face the other kids with them knowing that I had gotten a whipping the day before. But time healed the memory of it. That was my first and only whipping in school.

I learned pretty fast in my first year, reading the primer, and by the time I was up to the fourth grade I made the fourth and fifth grades in one year. That put me up with my class. We had a school program one night and the kids in my class had to sing a song. It was called "Massa's In De Cold, Cold Ground." Rena Hager, Avery Jones, Winter Noel, Julius Henley and maybe

others that I don't remember, sang that song. We had good voices and we really did sing that song loud. At the end of my first school year Mrs. Ollie gave me a prize for something and I guess she gave one to each of us. My prize was a little book with a crooked worm on it. I did as all the others did. I enjoyed my first year at school. We had lots of fun and my happy childhood days at Kokomo I'll never forget.

The first speech I ever gave at school was at a school program. I don't remember the words but the title of it was, "I'm Going Back Down to Grandpa's."

I very well remember this incident. We usually used these five-for-a-nickel pencils. It was a cedar pencil with a small rubber eraser at the top. I had used my cedar pencil up and I was without one to use. Papa went to Mr. Hager's store to get me one and he had sold all that he had, but he had some pretty nickel pencils of different colors. Papa bought me a pink one, and I thought it was the prettiest pencil that I had ever seen in my life. I sure was proud of my new pink pencil. I didn't get to keep it very long for it disappeared. I just didn't know what went with my pencil. Several days went by and I was at a loss to know what could have happened to it for I couldn't find it anywhere. It came time at school for examinations and everyone had to take them. I glanced around the classroom that day and I saw a boy using a pink pencil, and just as soon as I saw it, I just knew it was mine. It was about half used up. When recess time came all the kids marched out of the room in line and waited outside until the teacher let them go play. They all scattered out playing over the playground and I watched and when I got a chance I went back into the classroom and to the boy's desk that had the pencil. I got it out of his desk and put it in my desk inside a book. When the bell rang, after recess, all the kids came back in the classroom. Now the boys and girls all had to have a pencil to take that examination with, so this boy looked for his pencil and it was gone. He held up his hand for the teacher to notice and said, "My pencil's gone." I knew just where his pink pencil had gone but I wasn't saying a word. The teacher or someone gave him a pencil to finish his examination with. He never knew what went with it for fifty years, as you will read about later on in this book. That boy's name was Whitlow Graham.

Now, let me tell you how I learned to spell biscuit. There were several girls and a few boys in my class, and as usual, the girls outwitted the boys, or they are better in their grades than boys are. In this class we were at this time in the higher sixth reader. We had finished our reading lesson one day and we usually had some words to spell each day after we read some. We had lined up and I was at the foot of the class. The teacher gave out a word to the first one and she spelled it. Then the teacher gave out a word to the next one in line, and so on down the line until everyone had spelled their word. Then she started at the first again with the word biscuit. The first girl missed it; the next one tried but missed it too. The teacher pronounced it again, "biscuit." I just knew I could spell it so I said, "B I S K E T," and I started walking to the head of the class. "No," said the teacher, "That's not the way to spell it." I had to go back to the foot again and since I was at the foot I was given another chance. I said, "B I S K I T." Now I just knew that I had spelled it so I started walking up to the head of the class again. The teacher said, "That's not right." I couldn't possibly see why I hadn't spelled it right that time. The first one in line had another try at it and she said "B I S C U I T." Now to me, that didn't spell it, but the teacher said that it did, so I learned that day how to spell biscuit and I've remembered it all the rest of my life.

It was during the school term that I wore my pants out and acquired my first pair of long pants. We boys wore knee pants and long stockings with our pants legs buckled around our legs, just below the knee. We wore garters, which was a wide band of elastic sewed together in a circle, above our knees to hold our stockings up. I just had to have some pants to wear to school. Papa, as usual, went to Mr. Hager's store for a pair of pants for me. He found a pair of long ones and that was all. He bought them for me. They were real nice, but they were long pants. I was bashful and I was the only boy my size and age that had long pants. I was so self-conscious having to wear those pants that I got Mama to cut them off for me and make knee pants out of them. Then I could wear them and not feel like I was being laughed at.

The girls wore dresses that were plain, and the length of them was just below the knee. They looked real nice. They also had just common coats to keep them warm and they wore the prettiest toboggans on their heads. These toboggans were long and hung down their backs. I enjoyed pestering these girls by pulling those toboggans off of their heads.

There are the names of the kids who were in my class at school. Rena Hager, Winter Noel, Avery Jones, Oscar Bagwell, Bessie Graham, and Julius Henley. They were classmates, pals, associates, friends, and chums that I lived among and who gave me many memories: We had lots of fun and good times which helped us to build our own lives with lots of love for each other and happiness never to be forgotten, in a community where everyone knew everyone else and were real neighbors to one another.

Oscar Bagwell and his brother John and their sister, Glinnie, were good kids. Oscar would sometimes bring a pocket full of pecans to school and divide with the rest of us, as they had pecan trees on their place. The Nash Creek ran through their place and there were several pecan trees for them to get nuts off of. This creek washed out one of the best swimming holes in the neighborhood. There was a hole on that creek that was about eight feet deep and the banks were almost straight down. This hole was far enough away from the road that we could undress as we ran to see who could be the first one in the water. We would have our clothes off by the time we got there,

and the last one in the water was IT. IT was a rotten egg. We dived off of the banks into the water to swim. We would get on the bank, sit down, wrap our arms around our knees and roll off into the water. We would go clear to the bottom before we would try to come up for air. I have done this and it seemed like I just had to have some air before I could get to the top of the water where I could breathe again.

We had a galvanized water tank at the school house that held our drinking water. I remember my first folding drinking cup. I was real proud of it, but it didn't last very long before it got bent and wouldn't hold water. I had to throw it away.

We kids would take our dinner to school in a tin bucket with holes punched in the top for ventilation. We usually set our dinner buckets down in one corner of the room, or on the piano box by the door. The dinner we usually carried was sometimes a piece of meat fried and put in a biscuit. Maybe a boiled egg, if the hens were laying. Maybe it was a fried sausage between some bread, or a baked sweet potato and sometimes Mama would bake half a flour sack of teacakes and we would carry some of these too. I sure did like teacakes. Mama would keep them in the bottom of the cabinet and we kids could eat them when we wanted to. They didn't last very long either.

Mama used a four-eye wood cookstove to do her cooking on with an oven in the bottom part of it to bake the good old brown biscuits in. Sometimes she would bake some good lightbread and that was something extra to us kids. Especially if we had butter to put on it. Mama had a little cast-iron pot, made just right to fit in the stove with one cap or eye removed. She could make the best tomato soup in that little pot that ever existed. She used it to cook navy beans, butter beans, and there was a lot of black-eyed peas cooked in that pot, too, along with a lot of other things. We kids were always hungry when we got home from school in the evening. We would usually have something to eat too. Mama would make some hominy sometimes. I remember one evening when we got home, Mama had tried to make some hominy in the wash-pot out in the back yard. For some reason, she didn't finish making it. Wayne Clements came home with us from school and we were in the back yard playing ball. As we played we would run by the wash-pot and grab a handful of hominy and play ball and eat. We seldom ever had crackers to eat with our soup that Mama made, but we would crumble up some biscuits in it and it was sure good. Canned tomatoes were the best tasting things in this world to me. I don't remember ever getting to eat all of the canned tomatoes that I could hold at anytime in my life.

Another thing I liked to do when I got home from school in the evening was to go to the sweet potato kihl and get a good raw sweet potato, rub a little of the dirt off and eat it, peeling and all. After the sweet potatoes were dug out of the ground and had cured out a few days, there were put into piles. We would then get some corn stalks and stand them up all around this pile and throw dirt up around them, leaving a hole in one end to get the potatoes out. This was called a sweet potato kihl, and it kept them from freezing in the wintertime. I also liked to pull up a good juicy turnip out of the garden and eat it.

We planted different kinds of vegetables each year in the garden. It was on the north side of the house and the woods was just across the road, in front of the house. The cottontail rabbits would come out of the woods into our garden. One evening, Papa let me take the shotgun and I stationed myself at the backside of the garden. I waited there a few minutes and out came a cottontail, hopping out of the woods. He stopped in the road and I raised up my shotgun, took good aim at him, and pulled the trigger. My first shot with a gun and I had killed my first rabbit.

Later on when the watermelons were ripe, Papa borrowed a double-barreled shotgun from Mr. Rickard, who was running the store in Kokomo at that time. He let me take it to the watermelon patch to see if I could kill some of the rabbits that were eating our melons. I hid behind some brush and trees where I could see the watermelon patch. Before long a jackrabbit hopped out into the patch and stopped. I raised my double-barreled shotgun and put the sights right on that jackrabbit and pulled the trigger. BOOM went the gun. It kicked pretty hard and nearly knocked me down but I had killed my first jackrabbit with a shotgun.

Our horse lot, as we called it, only we had mules instead of horses, wasn't very far from the house. We had some land around on the backside of the lot and Papa planted some of that land in cane to feed to the mules, Old Bess and the hogs. Horace and I liked cane too so when it got about ripe we started chewing cane. We would peel the joints sometimes, and sometimes we would eat it by just twisting the joints and squeezing the juice out into our mouths. It was sure good and we chewed lots of it.

We always raised watermelons and cantaloupes or muskmelons. Some of the watermelons were red meated and some were yellow meated. One year we had a voluntary watermelon vine that came up in the edge of our cotton rows on the east side of the patch. We left it and a melon grew on it. I kept my eyes on it as I wanted to eat it when it got ripe. One cold, wet rainy day we couldn't do anything but stay in the house all day. Along late in the evening I began to get hungry. I happened to think of that watermelon on the voluntary vine out in the field, nearly one-quarter of a mile from the house. I tore out from the house in a trot in the rain. I was going to get that little knotty melon to eat and I didn't waste any time going. It wouldn't take long to get wet out in that rain. When I got to the melon there sat Reid and Floyd Woods eating my watermelon. They had found it and had probably been watching it for a long time, waiting for it to get ripe just as I had been. I sure did hate to lose out on my melon but it was too late and they were our good friends anyhow. I guess they were as hungry as I was, but

it got under my skin a little bit. I went back to the house without my melon.

We visited with Reid and Floyd Woods a lot as they just lived across the field from us. We got into boxing matches and wrestling matches. We would wrestle with them in the sandbeds around our house. Usually Floyd and I would wrestle the most because we were about the same size, although he was four years older than me. Neither of us ever seemed to win. Floyd and Reid were both older than Horace and me. It seemed like Floyd and Horace would pal together and Reid and I would play together, but we all had lots of good times. Horace was younger than any of us and Floyd was older than any of us. We would run foot races in the sand and go swimming and fishing with them. I had never stayed away from home in my life until one day Reid and Floyd were at my house. When it came time for them to go home, they started begging me to go with them and stay all night. I didn't want to go with them, but I didn't know how to get out of it. They asked Mama if I could go, and since there wasn't any reason why I shouldn't go with them, I had to go. I did alright until it began to get a little dark, then I began to get homesick. About dusk dark, I couldn't stand it any longer and I tore out for home. I hated not to stay with them, but I wanted to go home worse than I wanted to stay.

One day, later on, I guess Reid decided that he wanted to give me a whipping for something. He knew I hadn't done anything to him, so he had to figure out a way to get me into a fight with him. We had a dog we called Old Lasco. He was a little brown dog with a white stripe in his face, and he wouldn't bite anyone at all. Reid said to me one day, "What did you sic Old Lasco onto me the other day for?" I told him that I couldn't remember having sicced Old Lasco onto him. "Well," he said, "you did." "As I was walking along the road by your house, you sicced Old Lasco onto me and I had to climb up a post to keep from getting bit." I said, "You're a liar, I didn't do no such thing!" Now that was exactly what he wanted me to say—to call him a liar so he had the excuse he wanted to get onto me. I don't remember how the fight turned out. I guess he whipped me as that was what he wanted to do.

I didn't have very much money to spend, but I managed to save up thirty-five cents one time. I loved to chew licorice and I also wanted a pocket knife. One day Papa was going to Gorman for something. He had to go in the wagon. I gave him my thirty-five cents and told him to buy me a pocket knife, and if he had any money left to buy that amount in licorice. I was anxious all day, wondering if I had enough money even for a pocket knife. When he came home that evening I was out there pretty quick to see what he had bought me. He gave me a little black handled pocket knife with a bright ornament on one side and some licorice. I was a tickled little boy and just as satisfied as I would have been if I had a thousand dollars.

Horace and I played in the woods a lot and we knew almost every hollow tree around in our part of the woods, and a lot of them that weren't hollow. We knew where there was a small tree that was bent over so far that we could almost walk up it. Once we were out at that tree and we saw a dove's nest in it. I, as usual, had to go up there and see about the nest. Horace was walking around in the leaves on the ground and about the time I got up to the nest he scared up a big, rusty tree lizard about seven or eight inches long. That lizard started running toward that tree and up it went and didn't stop until it had run up to where I was standing. It went right up my britches leg about as high as it could go. I was holding to a tree limb with one hand, and I grabbed the lizard with the other hand, holding the lizard, britches leg and all, just as far away from me as my britches would stretch. The lizard was wiggling for dear life. I begged Horace to come up there and get the lizard out of my britches leg, but for some reason he wouldn't do it. Something had to be done and done quick. I had to do some quick thinking—if I turned loose of the tree limb I would fall out of the tree, and I sure couldn't turn the lizard loose in my pants leg, so I turned him loose and gave my leg a bit of a shake all at the same time. Luck was with me, for out fell the lizard to the ground. I had plenty of goosebumps on me and as soon as they left me I got down out of that old bent tree and left the dove's nest alone.

Horace and I learned that when we heard jaybirds hollering that there was always trouble in the woods where they were. We have gone many times to find them hollering and jumping from one limb to another, or flying around in the tree because they had found a snake, cat, an owl, or something that was harmful to them. Many snakes lost their lives by the jaybirds in the woods in and around Kokomo.

Horace and I liked to set our traps in the wintertime and catch opossums and skunks that roamed in the woods close to our house. One winter we had our cane hauled to the stack lot and piled in a stack handy to feed the mules and cow. It had been stacked several days and I saw where something had been going under the stack. I set a trap there one evening and that night a cold norther blew up, which meant a real cold spell of weather that we had in Texas. Next morning I went to see about my trap and it was gone. I hated to lose my trap so after it warmed up a little, Horace and I started out hunting opossums. As I have said we knew where nearly every hollow tree was, so we started out to see if we could find an opossum in one of them. We didn't find anything until in the evening. We had gone across the road into another pasture and were looking among the trees. I found one that had a hollow place near the top of it so up I climbed. When I got up to where I could see inside of the hollow, there lay on opossum. Well, you can't just reach out and take hold of one or you'll get bit, so I managed to get hold of it and lifted it out of the hole. It had a trap on its foot. Mr. Opossum had got into my trap and had to drag it to his treetop home. I guess he had been looking for something to eat when he got into the trap.

I set a trap in another pasture one time among some rocks. It was a pretty big rocky ledge and there were some crevices among them. I found what seemed like a good place to set a trap and tied it to another rock. Sometime later when I went to see about it I discovered that it had a cat caught in it. It was a ringtailed cat, and it was the first and only one that I have ever seen.

There was a little house close by ours. We had stored our peanut hay in it one fall after we had threshed our peanuts and bailed the hay. The door wouldn't close tight and there was an open place at the bottom of it where a cat or any small animal could get through. We kept smelling something that didn't smell very good in that house. Horace and I saw that it looked as if something had been going between the bales of hay. That was a good place to set our trap, so we set one there and caught a civet cat. A civet cat is not as big as a skunk, but it can smell up as big a territory as a big skunk can. We killed it and set the trap there again, then we skinned that civet cat. A few nights later we caught another one there. We skinned it too. Our peanut hay was pretty badly perfumed up by then. We would scratch through the hay and find us some peanuts to eat as the thresher left a few along and they went into the hay.

One winter we had a big snow. It started snowing one evening and continued all night long. There wasn't any wind to blow it away and it fell straight down. By the next day the snow was nine inches deep all over the ground. Of course, Horace and I went hunting; we had to get out in the snow that evening. We were walking around in another man's pasture in the woods, when we found an old tree laying on the ground. Someone had sawed it down for wood and cut the bottom off, leaving the top laying there. We saw some tracks in the snow which led in and out of the treetop. We started prodding in the snow under the treetop and then we started digging out the snow. Pretty soon we stirred up a civet cat and by the time we got it killed we smelled pretty bad, but we kept on digging and found another one and killed it too. By this time we were really smelled up, but we hadn't wasted our time that day for we had two civet cats to skin. We buried them a day or two to try to get rid of the perfume before we skinned them, but that didn't help very much. We dug them up and skinned them and stretched the hides on a couple of boards to dry awhile before we could ship them to the fur market. We would have to scrape the fat off the hides every once in a while as they dried. We skinned several opossums and shipped their hides to the fur market. We worked on those hides trying to get hold of a few cents but we never got much money out of them. I remember getting a dime once for an opossum hide.

In the spring and early summer when work had to be done in the field, we would carry our drinking water out to the field and put it in the shade somewhere to keep it cool. It was carried either in a water jug or a bucket. If we had a jug we would use it and if we didn't have a jug we would carry it in a bucket. At this time we didn't have a jug and Bud carried the water out to the field in a two-gallon bucket. He hung the bucket up on a limb of a tree close to the end of the field we were working in so it would be in the shade. Bud, Birdie, Floy and I were working and after awhile we needed some water to drink. Bud went to get the water bucket for us and there was a coach whip snake, also called a white racer, in the bucket swimming around. Bud had to pour out the water and go to the well to wash out the bucket and get us some more water to drink.

We raised another cow from Old Bess. Her name was Old Pied and we let them graze in the woods and pasture. In the spring when the post oak put out leaves, the young buds were a little poisonous to the cows. Old Pied ate too many of these young buds and she got sick. Papa didn't know how to doctor her for her trouble. He would drench her by putting some medicine in a quart bottle and pour it down her throat. The remedy didn't help and she died. Papa hooked Old John and Maud to her and drug her out in the woods. We piled wood over her and set it on fire; after a day or two she was burned up.

Charley Reynolds, one of our neighbors, moved to Coleman County. He rented a farm down there somewhere around sixty or seventy miles from Kokomo. They made a good crop that year and in the summer when they finished laying the crop by, or had finished with the work, they decided to come back to Kokomo for a visit. We had a real good crop too, and Mr. Reynolds told Papa that he didn't see how we could keep from making three-fourths or even a bale of cotton to the acre. Their visit was over and they went back to Santa Anna in Coleman County. A short time after they left it began to rain. It rained and rained for a long time and our cotton began to throw off squares and grow taller. Then the boll weevils started puncturing the bolls and by the time it was through raining and fall came we didn't have very much cotton to pick. Mr. Reynolds had a good cotton crop and we decided we would go to Coleman County and pick cotton until ours was ready to pick. Papa got out the old wagon sheet and put it and bows on the wagon, put a camping outfit in. Papa hooked Old John and Maud to it and we all loaded in and started out for Santa Anna. When we got out there Papa got us a job from a man named Mr. Viser. We lived in a house out in a pasture where there was a branch of water. We hauled water in a water barrel with a sled from that branch to the house.

There were lots of blackbirds there that fall. They would fly in big bunches, circling around to light on the ground out in the pasture. They were so thick that they would be real close together. Horace and I would be close enough to them that we could throw rocks or cotton bolls into them when they were on the ground and they were so close together they couldn't get out of the way. We could kill some of them this way.

There was a prairie dog town in the pasture near our house and there were lots of them too. Where there are prairie dogs there are little mounds of dirt around their holes and always

screech owls too. These owls use the prairie dog holes for the homes. One night while we were there it rained and we couldn't pick cotton when it was wet. We had to lay off work until it dried off again. We decided to see if we could drown out some prairie dogs so we hooked Old John and Maud to the sled and drove them to the branch and filled the water barrel full of water. Then we watched for some prairie dogs to go into a hole in the ground. When we saw some go in a hole we drove the sled to that hole and poured water into the hole. We filled it up and there were some blubbers that came to the top and we kept the hole full of water but we never drowned out a single dog. We never knew why unless they dammed up the hole down in the ground and kept the water out or else they may have drowned.

We worked hard that fall picking cotton and we enjoyed ourselves, but it came time to go back home to Kokomo. Horace and I had found an old stove while we were there, which had some bright ornamental things on it that we wanted to carry back home with us. When we started loading our camping outfit into the wagon we didn't have room enough left for those ornaments so we tied them to a coupling pole under the bottom of the wagon. They were just swinging there. We got ready to start home and Papa hooked Old John and Maud to the wagon. We all got in and there wasn't room in the front of the wagon for all of us to ride. Horace and I had to ride in the back of the wagon. When we were all loaded and ready to start on our way, Mr. Reynolds came to the wagon to tell us goodby. He started with Papa, then Mama, then the girls and on back to Horace and me. He shook hands with us and forgot to say goodby, but instead said, "Howdy, boys." We have laughed about that many times since that happened. We started home and when we went through Rising Star the people saw those ornaments on the coupling pole underneath the wagon and started laughing at us. We didn't know then what they were laughing at but it must have been that.

Back at home, between our house and Kokomo, the road had lots of hollow posts in the fences on each side of the road. In the springtime, little bluebirds would build their nests in them. We would find the nest and keep up with their activities from the time they laid their eggs until they were hatched, then on until they had raised their little ones. They would then fly away. They sure are pretty birds. There were little wrens which could build their nests in some of the hardest places to find—a hollow log or a hollow place in the limb of a tree was their usual nesting place. Somewhere that was almost impossible for anything to get to the nest except possibly a snake. Wrens can sure sing pretty. There was the killdeer or killdee as we called them, which were always around water, but they would wallow out a nest out away from the water a ways and it was awfully hard to find one of their nests unless you were looking straight down. You might step on the nest even while you were looking for it. We had pretty redbirds too, which are Kentucky Cardinals. There were jaybirds and meadow larks which we called field larks, for they would light out in the field or nearly anywhere that they had a little space to walk around in and feed. The doves made their nests in a tree, under a weed or cotton stalk, or just anywhere they chose. The little screech owls used a hollow tree, a hollow log, or some place that was hidden. Horace and I found one of their nests once in a hollow tree. The nest had five little owls that we took out and carried to the house and put them in a box. We were going to keep them for our pets. They were big enough to pop at us but they couldn't fly. We put the box in the smokehouse and forgot about them for a few days. When we went to see about them they were all dead but one or two—they had starved to death.

One winter we had our wood piled up outside the yard fence by the gate we used to go in and out of the yard. We always had to chop wood for the stove and carry it into the house or stack it on the front porch so it would be handy to get to. We carried the wood in our arms until Papa made a wheelbarrow to use. One cold day late in the evening, I was chopping wood and Horace was taking it to the house as I chopped it. I was using a single bit axe. He had carried a load to the house and when he came back for another load my back was turned to him and I didn't see him come back. He kneeled down to pick up another stick of wood and about that time I drew the axe back for another chop. The back side of the axe hit him right above his eye and made a deep dent in his head and was a real bad place for awhile. He has carried a scar from that accident all of his life.

I remember an old copper pot that was over on the Leon River, a few miles northeast from where we lived. They said that it had once been used in a whiskey still but it wasn't in use at this time. We went fishing once in a while and we decided to go over to this river to fish some. There were others there besides our own family. We camped out there. There were a few small waterholes and the big boys muddied the water in these holes and the fish came to the top of the water where they could pick them up. There were snakes in the water called water moccasins, which we could see swimming in the water sometimes.

The Kokomo Community decided to install a community telephone system. It was a party line system and battery operated, because there was no electricity then. We bought a telephone box and we were on the same line with everyone else. Our box was just an ordinary one with a mouthpiece sticking out in front to talk into. The receiver hung on a forked piece of metal on the opposite side from the crank that you would turn to phone someone. Papa fixed our telephone line that came into the house so that when it came up a cloud he could disconnect it from the main line to keep the lightening from tearing up the box if it struck the line outside somewhere. I remember when our batteries would get weak and Mama would set a small pan of vinegar inside the phone box, then set the batteries in the vinegar to charge them up some. Our ring was four shorts;

that was four short turns with the crank. Mr. Neill's ring was a short, a long, a short, a long. That was a short turn with the crank and a longer turn.

I think when it was necessary to call the entire community, a very long ring was the signal, or maybe several long rings would be used to get everyone to the telephone. Mama would be talking to some neighbor woman at night, and it was a common thing for someone else to start talking too. Maybe several would wind up in the conversation, and they would have a community visit sometimes.

I believe that Birdie and Floy could sweep up more extra piles of sand out in the yard than anyone in the world. Horace and I would have to haul it off or carry it off. We had an extra big yard with post oak trees in it for shade. Birdie and Floy would sweep every leaf and twig and everything that fell out of those trees into piles for Horace and me to carry off, when we wanted to go fishing or do something else in the worst way. We sure did get mad at them for having to do all of that unnecessary work.

We nearly always had a good swing hanging on a limb of one of those trees in the yard. We all liked to swing and sometimes two of us would swing at the same time. We would stand up facing each other, swinging just as high as the swing would reach, or sit on a board seat that we made. We would wind up in the swing by turning around and around until we couldn't turn anymore, then turn loose and unwind just as fast as the swing would go. When we got unwound we would be turning so fast that we would keep turning a few more rounds. Flea would sit out in the yard in the swing sometimes when Horace and I were gone fishing and she would get so hungry that she would go inside the house and beg Mama for a piece of light bread and maybe some butter to put on it, if she had any butter.

We boys had another good swimming hole over in John Timmon's pasture about three quarters of a mile from our house. It was close enough that we could go swim in it almost anytime we wanted to. This hole was used to baptize people in too. It was shallow at the lower side and easy for people to wade out a short way before it began to get very deep. That made it a good place for a boy to learn to swim. He could wade out to the deep water and swim back out into the shallow water. That was where I learned to swim as I was afraid of the deep water. One man told me that he would have drowned there in that waterhole one time if it had not been for some other boys that were with him. He took the cramps while he was swimming and the other boys had to pull him out.

One time there were several of us boys swimming there. Now the water ran through some rocks and had washed out a small place between them, making a wall on each side. Some crawdads had dug holes in the crevices in those rocks. Wesley Gibbs was there with us that day swimming, and he found a water moccasin snake in one of those holes. He got a stick and prodded around until he got that snake just back of its head between his thumb and finger and carried it out onto the bank and killed it; then he came back and caught another one the same way.

We fished all up and down that spring branch in different pastures in different water holes. We usually caught some fish every time we went. One day Horace, Edwin Sowell, and I went down the branch to a hole, where we had fished many times before. That day we three were sitting on the bank fishing and all at once Edwin hooked one of the biggest catfish we had ever seen there. He took it back in the water. Before very long he caught another one about the same size. Horace and I just weren't lucky that day. We tried to catch one of the big ones too, but they wouldn't bite our hooks. Edwin caught four of those big catfish that day. He had fish to eat that day and Horace and I had none.

The water was clear in the branch and it ran over some rocks and stood in little shallow holes. We could see the perch in the water and when they would see us they would run and hide under a rock. One day we were walking down the branch when we came to one of these shallow holes of water. We thought we saw a perch go under a rock, so Horace waded out to the rock and started feeling under the rock for the perch. He felt something that felt slick and he thought it was a fish. He turned the rock over and he had been feeling of a water moccasin. The snake wanted to get away from us and we wanted to get away from him.

We caught some perch there one day and carried them home and put them in a little tank-like water hole that was out in the pasture a short way from the house. This tank had been dug out to get some clay to put in the sandbeds in the road between our house and Kokomo. It had some water in it. We forgot all about our fish and we actually didn't know whether they were dead or alive. One day we were out wading in that tank and we had the water pretty muddy. We saw a fish come to the top for air and we caught it. We kept mudding the water and catching fish until we had caught all four or five of them that we had put in about a year before. They had grown to be big and fat, too, so we had fish to eat that day.

Horace, Stanley and I had lots of fun. One day we went over to Caraway's tank to swim. We pulled off our clothes and swam around and played in the water for awhile, and then we saw a stick sticking out of the water a short way from the bank. We pulled the stick up and a water moccasin got after Stanley and nearly bit him. We never knew whether it had been pinned down in the mud with that stick or what caused it to attack Stanley. I think he always thought we put that snake in there just so it could get after him, but I didn't know anything about it.

Stanley was the best croquet player I have seen in my life. We had a four ball set which we put up in the front yard where the ground was level and smooth. If one of us had to lead out we naturally couldn't get very far, maybe to the basket; then we

would have to stop. Then Stanley would start out and he would get one of us to racquet on, then he would go clear around the court and get to be rover before he would have to stop or win the game, whichever he wanted to do. Papa said that it wasn't any fun to play if Stanley got around and got to be rover because he would always keep him from winning a game.

The community usually had an Easter egg hunt at Easter. One Easter the people decided they would have the egg hunt in John Timmon's pasture where there was an open place called a glade near the swimming hole. After all of the eggs were hidden, and it was time for the egg hunt, we began the hunt by scattering out as fast as we could because there was a prize for a Golden Egg, which was always hidden with the other eggs. When all of the eggs were found and we were all having a good time, Stanley brought in the Golden Egg for the prize. Lucky boy! I don't remember what the prize was but he got it and carried it home with him.

The sandbed between our house and Kokomo was so bad before they put clay on it that it was a load for a team to pull an empty wagon through it. Dr. Roten, who lived in Kokomo, bought the first car in the community, a Model T Roadster, which was something, as there were very few cars anywhere. Since he was a doctor, he needed the car to visit his patients. It was very difficult for cars to travel the roads then because the ruts made by wagon wheels were too wide for cars and the path the team walked out was too narrow. One day Dr. Roten started to go visit someone north of our house. He got just as far as his car would go in the sandbed before he got stuck. He tried to back up and then go forward, but he couldn't get very far either way. Finally he stripped the differential out of his car. Well, his car was in the ruts and since he didn't want to leave it in the road, and other people couldn't get by him, he came to our house and asked Papa if he would take our team of mules and pull his car out to our house for him. Papa told him he didn't know whether the team would pull it or not, but he would try and see if they could. Papa bridled Old John and Maud, put the harness on them and we went down to the sandbed where the car was. The team was afraid of the car as there were only a few around in the country. Papa finally got them close enough to the car to hook onto it with a chain. The team tried to pull the car but both wheels were locked and wouldn't roll. Stanley had been to San Diego, California, but had moved back with us, and he had been telling us about the cars out there. He thought he knew what to do to unlock the rear wheels. He got in the car and tried everything to unlock them but they still were locked and wouldn't roll. Papa got Old John and Maud to pull it a few yards at a time; then he would rest them. He managed finally to move it up to our house under some post oak trees.

Stanley had been telling us about the cars out in California, how fast they would go, up to sixty miles an hour. That, to us, was almost unbelievable but Stanley was a hero to us and we had confidence in what he had to tell us and we believed him.

Eula and Uncle Jim were expecting a new baby and Papa and Mama decided that we would go to Fort Worth and stay with them during the event and make a visit too.

We put the wagon sheet and bows on the wagon, fixed a camping outfit, hooked Old John and Maud to it and started out to Fort Worth, Texas. Aunt Annie, Stanley, and Wilma had gone back to California. Stanley had a dog named Old Rover which he had to leave with us. Rover was just a common kind of dog, part greyhound and part something else. He was Stanley's dog and he thought a lot of him so we naturally loved him too. So Old Rover started out to Fort Worth with us. We traveled one day and the miles were too many to go in one day so we had to camp that night. Old Rover made the day alright but he began to get sore footed. He wanted to walk under the wagon so the sun wouldn't be on him. We started out the second day and traveled until the sun got hot, around twelve o'clock. We were going by a farm house which was by the side of the road. Old Rover was walking behind the wagon with his head under the wagon enough to be in the shade. His tongue was sticking out like dogs do when they are hot. We got a little past that house when Old Rover saw it; he gave a little yelp and started out to the house and ran under the front porch to get in the shade. We just kept on going, thinking that he would come on and catch up with us when he cooled off some. But he didn't and that was the last we ever saw of Old Rover. We hated losing Stanley's dog, but we lost him anyway.

We went to Fort Worth to Uncle Jim's house. We had been there a few days and Horace and I were out helping Uncle Jim one day. We had been used to eating bull nettle beans, which grew on a weed, before we came to Fort Worth. Horace ate some castor beans which looked just like bull nettle beans and they made him sick. They had to call the doctor for him and we had to stay at Uncle Jim's house longer than we had planned because Horace wasn't able to make the trip back home.

While we were there and before Horace ate the castor beans, we helped Uncle Jim harvest his cantaloupes and other vegetables and take them to the market to sell. One day Horace rode with Uncle Jim and I rode with Papa to town with a load of cantaloupes to sell. When we all got our cantaloupes unloaded Papa and I started to go home. Old John and Maud were afraid of the cars and they tried to run away. The ran toward a store and Papa just barely got them stopped in time to keep the wagon tongue from going through the glass in the front of the store window. Papa and I went on home and Uncle Jim and Horace stayed there long enough for Uncle Jim to go back into the store for something. While he was gone into the store Horace stayed in the wagon, when two or three little Negro boys came out to the wagon where Horace sat. He had never seen Negroes before. Those little boys tried to whip Horace and they nearly scared him to death before Uncle Jim came to the wagon.

When Horace got well enough to travel we started home. When we came to where we lost Old Rover, we looked for him,

but we never could find him and we had to go back home without him.

Back at Kokomo one Sunday morning, we got ready to go to Sunday school at the churchhouse. Papa caught the team, Old John and Maud, and hooked them to the wagon. He wrapped the lines around the wagon wheel hub and tied them to a spoke in the wagon wheel, then he went in the house to get some Sunday clothes on. While he was gone Floy, who had gotten her clothes on first, came out the back door of the house going to the wagon. She was slinging her bonnet around and around, not thinking about scaring Old John and Maud. But it did scare them and they made a lunge against the lines. They broke and the mules ran with the wagon a few yards and the wagon hubbed a tree, breaking the coupling pole out, but the mules kept running and jerked the front wheels out from under the wagon bed leaving the wagon bed. The mules kept running with the wheels and after running a few more yards the wheels hubbed another tree which broke the wagon tongue out from the wheels. The mules headed down the road toward Kokomo, scattering the rest of the doubletree, the wagon tongue, the breast yoke and their harness. They scattered it all down the road, and to my way of thinking that was the worst runaway that ever happened at Kokomo. I don't remember whether we went on to Sunday school or not, but if we did go we walked for we didn't have any other way to go. No one was hurt in the runaway, but the wagon was a total wreck. Papa always said that Old John would live always and then turn into something good to eat, he was so mean.

Our water well was good water for the stock, but it didn't have a very good taste and it was hard water. It had to be broke to use to wash clothes in. Papa made a sled that would haul two barrels of water. Mr. Mcdonald, one of our closest neighbors, had a good well. We hauled drinking water from his well. Papa put two water barrels on the sled, put covers made out of eight ounce ducking cloth, over the barrels to keep the water from sloshing out. He would put this ducking over the top of the barrels and then put a barrel hoop over the ducking to hold it down. Papa would hook Old John and Maud to the water sled and drive it to the well, fill the barrels with water, stretch the ducking covers over the top and put the hoops over them. Horace and I would go with him pretty often.

Mr. Mcdonald had a car and they would ruin an inner tube once in awhile. They would give Horace and me some rubber to make slingshot rubbers, as we called them. We would cut strips of rubber about a half inch wide and several inches long, then we would tie the rubber to a stock, which was a piece of wood with two prongs standing up about two and a half inches above the handle we held to, and tie the other end of the rubber to a string looped through a piece of leather cut oval shaped with a hole cut in each end of it for the string to go through. Now this leather would hold a small rock held between the thumb and forefinger. The rubber could be stretched by holding the stock in one hand and the leather with the rock in the other thumb and finger. We could sight through the stock like sighting through the sights on a gun. Stretching the rubber real tight with the sight right on whatever we were shooting at, then turn loose of the rock and it would go a long ways. We have killed lots of birds and other things with those slingshots

Let me tell you about our lemonade. One time when school was going on it was decided to have a picnic at the schoolhouse. They wanted to make lemonade and they needed a barrel to make it in. Papa volunteered to let them use our water barrel. They had the picnic and everyone had all the lemonade they wanted and there was some left in the barrel. Papa carried it home and Horace and I decided that we would save it to drink the next day. We got Mama's old tin dishpan and strained the lemonade through the milk strainer to get all the pieces of lemon and hulls or peeling and seeds out, then left the lemonade in the dishpan until morning. The next day when we thought about our lemonade we went to get some of it to drink and it wasn't there. Mama had poured it out because she was afraid that it might make us sick. We were disappointed, but we lived over it alright.

When school was in session the teacher would have to use a little bell that had a handle on it to ring by shaking it in his hands. It was used to let the kids know when it was time to take up books. It was also rung at lunchtime as it took time for the kids to get a drink of water before going back after dinner and then line up to march into the schoolroom. I don't remember the year that it was decided to get a new school bell but they got a big cast iron bell that could be heard for a long ways. It was mounted on top of two posts on a board so it could be rung by pulling a rope that was tied to a lever on one side of it which was made for that purpose. It would turn the bell from side to side and the clapper or tongue would hit each side of the bell making a loud sound. It could be easily heard over the schoolground. We lived one-half mile from Kokomo and we could hear the school bell that far.

At the end of that first year after the new bell had been mounted, Bud and some of his friends were at the schoolhouse at midnight and they started ringing the big school bell, just before the old year went out and they kept on and rang the new year in. I remember us at home listening to it ring.

There was a cotton gin at Kokomo. The gin was small but the people there hauled their cotton to it to get it ginned instead of hauling it several miles to Gorman to the gin there. Bud worked at the gin one fall. His job was working at the press where the cotton, after it was ginned or the seed removed from the lint, went. He had a long stick that he used to keep the lint cotton raked down in the press. When the press got full of cotton he would pull a lever and the packer would go down and pack the lint cotton in the press. There were dogs, as they were called, which were iron prongs that were fixed stationary on the press door to hold the cotton down after the packer packed the

cotton down. Usually about five hundred pounds was a bale. When all of the cotton that was brought to the gin in a wagon was ginned, that was a bale of cotton. It was squeezed up just as tight in the press box as it could be squeezed, and then some bagging was put around it and then some cotton ties or metal bands was wrapped around the bagging to hold the cotton so it wouldn't become such a big bundle of cotton. Then it was taken out of the press and hung on some scales and weighed to see just how big the bale was. The man that brought the cotton to the gin would sell it for whatever the price per pound was. There were several bales of cotton already ginned and setting at the gin that fall. One day it came a big rain. The branch got up and the water got up around the gin. It would have washed these bales of cotton away if they hadn't moved them.

There was a Woodman hall in the upstairs room of the store at Kokomo. I think that room was only for that purpose. Bud was an industrious boy, and he wanted to be like the other boys in the community. There were several boys about his age that he associated with. He liked to have fun and play and be one among them and enjoy himself with them. This Woodman of the World was to help the members of it, and especially when a member died the beneficiary received one thousand dollars and a nice Woodman tombstone at his grave. Bud decided that he wanted to join the Woodman Lodge. I think that a person has to meet certain qualifications before he can be a member. Bud was having to be initiated like all the others do that join it. They gave him the works that night that he was initiated. He said that he had to ride the goat and he came home all skinned up. I guess maybe he didn't ride him after all. I don't know how long he stayed in the Lodge.

Papa joined the Mason Lodge one time too. It was a kind of secret organization for he couldn't tell us anything much about it. He stayed in it for a short time; then he decided that he needed what money that it cost him for dues to help feed us kids, so he dropped out of it.

Mr. Neill owned three hundred and sixty acres of land. His house set off the road quite a ways and the trees were thin between his house and the road. They could see the road easy. They had a lot of prairie dogs in that area, quite a dog town. Mr. and Mrs. Neill had three boys, Gaines, Otis and another we all called Peak. They had two girls whose names were Erma and Ora, whose nickname was Gus. I never knew why she had that name. Those boys sure did like dogs. They had two black greyhounds, named Jack and Dixie, who really knew how to catch a jackrabbit. They would jump a rabbit and old Jack would take after it. Dixie would run after it some too, but when the rabbit began to circle, then old Dixie would cut across and head him off and catch him. Then both of them would catch hold of the rabbit and pull it in two and eat what they wanted of it. They caught lots of rabbits in their lifetime.

They had two other black and brown floppy hounds, named Pat and Flinnex. Yes, they were just hounds and all hounds have a good smelling system. I guess that they could smell where food was almost anytime, and especially if they wanted to get into it. We usually had meat hogs each year to kill for our yearly meat supply and for the lard we could get out of the fat meat which we rendered out. This left the cracklings to make lye soap with.

When we killed hogs each year we always had to fix the fresh meat somewhere out of old Pat and Flinnex's reach, or they would get into it, carrying every piece of it off to bury it somewhere so they could go back later and dig it up and eat it. They would carry off all the meat they could get. They would come to our house at night, get into our slop bucket and eat the slop we saved to feed our hog. Sometimes they would turn the slop bucket over and waste all the slop.

Peak Neill had a little notch between his two front teeth and when he fixed his tongue over this notch just right he could whistle louder than anyone I have ever heard. He sure could whistle loud for the dogs when he wanted to call them.

Papa and Mama belonged to the Methodist Church and naturally they carried us kids to Sunday school. Papa helped keep up the building and do whatever his part was for the church. He helped the other men build brush arbors to hold meetings under in the summer when it was so hot in the church house. The men would cut down trees and make posts to hold up the other framework which was poles laid across each other to hold up the brush. The brush would have leaves on it to make shade. Benches would be set up under the arbor and kerosene lamps or torches were hung on the posts to give light at night.

The day services started about eleven o'clock so they could be over by twelve o'clock or lunchtime. They usually met early enough at night so that the prayer meeting would be through before time for the evening service. At these prayer meetings they would sing a song or two and have prayer, then they would tell of their experiences each day. They would then have another prayer and some more experiences, then dismiss and go to the preaching service.

I was old enough by now that I began to think of what would happen to me if I didn't join the Methodist Church like Mama and Papa. The preachers would tell sad stories to stir up the people, and tell about different things that had happened to other people. They also sang sad songs. Some of the women folks would get happy and shout, waltzing all over the floor of the arbor, and stopping to talk to someone they thought wasn't saved.

One night I woke up and got to studying about what would happen to me it I were to die. I couldn't go and be in Heaven where Papa and Mama would be, and I didn't want that to happen to me. I started crying and Papa heard me and wanted to know what was the matter with me. I told him what was wrong and he said, "Do you want me to have prayer with you?" I told him no. Then he said, "Go back to sleep and tomorrow

you can join the Church." That was alright with me, so the next day I joined the Methodist Church and I was baptized by having a little water sprinkled on my head, which made me a member of the Methodist Church there at Kokomo.

Mr. Neill was one of the leaders in the Church there and I remember him leading songs at the Sunday morning services. One of the songs was "Blessed Assurance," another one was, "Will There Be Any Stars In My Crown?" There were others that he led, too. There were a lot of young people at Kokomo, and of course that made it a lively community.

There were several young folks at the Church service one Sunday evening. A young couple was sitting on a bench and the light above them wasn't burning. Papa was going to fix it so he got up on the back of the bench and was standing there working on the light. Another young man came along, not noticing Papa on the back of the bench. He gave the bench a jerk, teasing the two that were sitting there, and that caused Papa to fall across the back of the bench. It knocked the breath out of him and he got up and walked to the front of the house before he could get his breath. The fall broke a rib or two. The young man sure did hate doing what he did and he apologized to Papa for doing it.

Merritt Jamerson was a singing school teacher who taught a school at Kokomo, and we went to it. I remember someone else teaching a singing school at the schoolhouse once, too. This teacher would keep time with a little round stick that he beat across his song book as he sang.

One of his little practice songs was "Ring, Ring, The Bell. Ring, ring the bell, let's eat dinner, I'm hungry as a bear. What shall we have now? That's a question. Pork and beans and cabbage heads, potatoes, coffee and corn bread. Ring, ring the bell."

These singing schools teachers usually would get the people to have lots of singings in the community. I remember at one of these singings a quartet sung a song entitled, "Brewers Big Hosses Can't Run Over Me." These singing schools helped us to sing better and it helped us to develop our voices too.

One time one of our neighbors, I can't remember his first name for sure, but if I am correct it was Lon Simpson, got sick and the doctor said that he had to have an operation. He had to be cut open, which to me was one of the worst things in the world to happen. I couldn't see how he could live if he was cut open. As far as I can remember there wasn't any hospital there either, so the doctor had to come out to his house to operate on him. He came to Lon's house and they carried a table out in the yard under a tree and that was where the operation took place. I just knew that he would die, but his operation was a success and he got alright in a few days. He lived about one-half mile northeast of us.

Cars began to be more plentiful. Someone over at Carbon had a 1914 Model T Ford car for sale. It was a car with the brass radiator—a two seated touring car. Ely Mcdonald seemed to know quite a bit about cars for they had one. John Powers wanted to buy one so he got Ely to go over to Carbon with him to see if that car was a good one or not. When they got ready to go see the car, Carl Powers, John's boy, wanted Horace to go with them. So John Powers, Carl Powers, Ely Mcdonald, Papa and Horace walked over to Carbon, which was about five miles, and bought the car. Ely Mcdonald drove it back for John Powers. So Horace and Papa got their first car ride back home.

Mr. Gibbs bought a Model T Ford car, too, a touring car and a new one. Wesley Gibbs was a boy who was adventurous. He drove the Gibbs' car some. Jose London was another boy about like Wesley. Jose came walking by our house one evening going over to Mr. Gibbs' house. He told us he was going to Mr. Gibbs' house to get a ride in the car. He said. "I'd walk five miles just to get to ride three steps in that car."

Mr. Crawley bought a new Maxwell touring car one winter. School was going on and at recess time Floyd Crawley came by the schoolhouse driving the Maxwell car. He told us that his dad had sent him to Gorman after some medicine for Roy, who had taken pneumonia and was pretty bad. I wondered if he wasn't afraid to go that far by himself in the car, for it was seven miles from Kokomo.

Bud was the type of boy who wanted to get an education. He was real good in his books and it seemed like it was natural for him to learn easy. He learned all that they could teach him at the Kokomo school. There was a school at Scranton, about forty miles away from home and somehow Bud got hold of enough money to go there to school for a while. I don't know how long he went but he was anxious for an education.

He was the oldest of us kids and one year Papa let him get a job working for Mr. Graham. The pay was eighteen dollars a month and his board. I think that he gave Papa his first month's pay. He worked another month and took his pay and bought a suit of clothes with it. That was the suit he got married in. He had been courting Dollie Hendricks and they decided they would get married and have a home of their own. Their first child was a girl, Adeline, then a boy, Henry Ferris, another boy, Jasper, and another boy named Edward.

Our crop was real short one fall, and there was a good cotton crop out in West Texas. So Papa and Birdie and Floy decided they would go out there to pick cotton that fall. Mama, Horace and I stayed home. I guess Birdie and Floy were through school, and Horace and I had to go to school. Papa put the wagon sheet and bows on the wagon so they could travel and fixed them a camping outfit. He hooked Old John and Maud to the wagon and started out to West Texas in Fisher County to spend the fall picking cotton. They got a job picking cotton at Sylvester. There was a man working for the same man they worked for by the name of Dock Leeper. He and Birdie worked together picking cotton for awhile, and they decided they would get married. Their first child was a girl named Zelma, another girl, Moneta, another named Eugenia, a boy named W.D., and

another girl named Trudie. When it came time for Papa and Floy to go home they had to leave Birdie behind with her husband.

Birdie's husband had worked as a cowboy and had lived in the west all of his life. He had filed on a claim of land in new Mexico and had lived it out. I heard him tell of one place that he lived, out from everyone and the only way that he could see anyone was to climb up on the windmill tower and look over the country to see if he could see anyone when he was lonesome. He said he lived in one place where he had a car, a piano, a guitar, a horse and saddle. He got lonesome one day so he decided that he would climb up on the windmill tower to see if he could see anyone. He couldn't see anyone so he saddled his horse and rode out and never went back again. He had washed his clothes and hung them out on a mesquite tree in the sun to dry. He left it all. He could tell of some interesting things that happened in his life. Dock and Birdie stayed on at Sweetwater, Texas, where he got a job with the railroad company in the express department. Papa lost a daughter, but gained a son-in-law on that trip that fall.

We made another crop and Papa decided to buy me a horse. I wasn't expecting that, but I was real happy about it and proud of him. I named him Charley. He was a bay color, with white in his forehead. He was about eighteen months old and had been broke to ride. Papa bought me a saddle that had the biggest saddle horn that I had ever seen. I was always ashamed of that big saddle horn and the round skirts. The saddle was black and kind of oily, so that every time I rode in the saddle the black would rub off on my pant legs. Old Charley had a habit of taking the jitters once in a while. He would bugger at something and would start jumping around from one side to the other and before I knew what was happening, that round skirted saddle would be over on one side of him and I would be on the ground. He wouldn't stay tied when I would tie him to a post or tree or anything. He would rear up and fall backward to get loose from anything he was tied to. I would be riding him along, not thinking of him doing anything and all at once he would start his jitterbugging and before I knew what was happening I was off on the ground.

Floy and Era and Vera Jones, the twins, were friends who palled together a lot. They visited at our house and we visited at their house. One day I rode Old Charley over to their house, got off of him, tied him to a tree and went in the house. Pretty soon I looked out to see about him and he was lying on his back with his feet sticking up, and propped up against a tree with the saddle horn sticking into the ground so that he couldn't get his feet to the ground to get up. It scared me so I ran to him, but I couldn't get to the saddle girth to loosen it. The first thing I did was reach in my pocket to get my pocket knife out and cut the leather strap that the girth was buckled to. That let the saddle turn or it let him turn enough in the saddle that he was able to get his feet on the ground to get up. I should have left him there awhile; maybe it would have broke him from the habit. I managed some way to fix the saddle girth enough to ride him back home.

Dock and Birdie decided that they wanted to go to Kokomo to live. Dock had a Jersey milk cow that he thought a lot of. Since he didn't want to sell her, he built a wooden crate to ship her in as they lived at Sweetwater, Texas, around a hundred miles from where we lived. The day that we were to meet them at Eastland, Texas, where the nearest railroad station was, we hooked Old John and Maud to the wagon and drove the sixteen miles to Eastland. We were there when the train came into town. Old John and Maud were afraid of the train, but when it came to a stop, we managed to get them to back up the wagon to the baggage coach. With the help of all that were there we managed to get the crate with the cow in it out of the baggage coach and into the wagon and started on the sixteen-mile trip back home. I suppose that was probably the first time in history that a cow had been shipped in a crate in a baggage coach to Eastland, Texas, and then hauled sixteen miles out into the country. Of course, it had to be unloaded when we got home. I don't remember how we got her unloaded but there is always a way to do things and we unloaded her somehow.

Dock brought with him besides Birdie and the cow, a roadster bicycle, a guitar, and some of their clothes. I don't remember what else. Horace and I were more interested in that bicycle, although it was a twenty-four inch frame and a roadster, than anything else. He let us learn to ride it and I didn't have very much trouble learning, as I was bigger than Horace. He had quite a time learning to ride as his legs were too short to reach the pedals and he had to learn how to lean it over to one side and stick his leg through the frame to reach the pedals. But he mastered it and we would take turns about riding the bicycle.

The guitar that Dock brought was something out of this world to me. I don't remember ever seeing or hearing one before. Dock would pick the Spanish Fandango and I thought it was the prettiest tune in the world. He played other tunes too, and sung a few cowboy songs that he knew, and we were delighted to hear them.

The Campbellite people in the Kokomo community got permission from the trustees of the school to use the schoolhouse to hold a gospel meeting in. Mama was raised up in the Methodist Church and it was the only church that she knew anything about. This gospel meeting was a chance for her to hear a preacher who wasn't a Methodist preach the gospel. She attended the meeting as there was no harm in hearing another preacher preach. I heard a boy say that a Camel's light was better than no light at all. Mama was honest about her religion, and she listened to the scripture the preacher read, explaining it as he preached. She checked her bible to see if he preached the truth. He said Christ said that he would build his Church and not a word did he say about any other one. He said a person had to believe in Christ, repent of his sins, confess that Christ was the son of God, and then be baptized for the remission of

sins, and then the Lord would add you to his Church because there wasn't any place in the bible that said you could join his Church. The only Church mentioned in the bible was the one he would add you to. Mama saw that the Methodist Church wasn't in the bible like she thought it was even though she had believed in it all her life. She obeyed the gospel during this meeting and was baptized instead of being sprinkled like she had years ago, and the Lord added her to his Church.

As far as I know Mama never went to the Methodist Church any more but she was as loyal as she could be about going to the Church of Christ on Sunday or the first day of the week.

Papa, sometime earlier in his life, had been baptized into the Church, believing only what he had been taught because he couldn't read. He had to depend on or take what others read to him but he believed in the Church of Christ. He had gone to the Methodist Church to take Mama and to be with her.

I want to tell about something else that happened to us. We decided that we would raise a crop of peanuts one year, as some of the neighbor farmers were doing. Papa decided where he wanted to plant them, on a ten-acre piece of land where it was sandy. We planted some yellow meated watermelons along in with the peanuts. The land must have been just right for both watermelons and peanuts for both of them made a really good crop.

Papa had to plant the peanuts by hand, as we didn't have a peanut planter. He was good at figuring out things so he fixed a tin pipe high enough for him to sit on. The planter we had for it was a cotton planter which would plant corn and peas, cane, and some other seeds, but it wouldn't plant peanuts, though. The tin pipe reached to the ground and Papa rode along on the planter, dropping peanuts through the pipe as the team pulled the planter along. The seeds fell in a furrow and the covering plows covered them with dirt. He used a bucket to hold the seed peanuts while he planted them. A bucketful would plant about two rows. He got a good stand. They came up about the right distance apart to grow good. We worked them good and when the watermelons got ripe, we had all of the good yellow meated watermelons that we could eat, and they didn't seem to hurt the peanuts either. Now I want to tell about something concerning planting those peanuts. Papa had to wear a bonnet while he planted, because he had the sore eyes and he had to wear the bonnet to shade his eyes. He planted ten acres of peanuts wearing a bonnet.

When it came time to harvest the peanuts Papa took the buster off of the planter foot and put on a sweep to plow up those peanuts. He would plow them up and we kids would go along behind him to pick up the vines, shake out the sand in them and pile them in piles to dry out for a few days until they got dry enough to thresh with a peanut thresher. There was a man that had one and when ours got ready he came and threshed them for us. Other men in the community that had peanuts came to help us with the threshing. They all swapped work when it was threshing time. Our peanut crop made about fifty bushels to the acre, which was a real good crop. A hay bailer followed the thresher and as the peanuts were threshed, the hay went out the back of the thresher and the bailer bailed the hay. The hay was good for the livestock to eat. It was stacked as it came out of the hay bailer.

Papa sold most of the peanuts as that was one of our money crops that year. He kept back enough for seed and some extra too.

Horace and I wanted to get a little sow pig and raise it up to raise our own pigs. We found one, a little black Poland China sow pig, old enough to wean from its Mama, and bought it for two dollars and fifty cents.

That pig sure could eat peanuts fast. It could take peanuts in one side of its mouth and let the hulls come out on the other side of its mouth at the same time. I don't remember just what we ever did with that pig.

Let me tell you about an incident that I got into one time. I went late one evening out in the woods after the milk cows. They weren't too far from the house, where there was a lot of dry leaves on the ground, under the trees, I found the cows, but I also heard something rustling around in the dry leaves. I went to where it was and I saw in animal that was new to me—I had never seen one like it before. When it saw me it started to run away, but I took after it, following it until I made up my mind what to do about the matter. It had a shell on its back and on part of its tail. I decided that I could catch it by the tail and keep its head away from me and carry it to the house to show Papa. Maybe he could tell me what it was. It sure was heavy to carry, and what made it worse was it wiggled around and it was about all I could carry. I finally got it to the house but Papa didn't know what it was either. We put it in the wash pot, put a tub over the top of it and went up to Ely Mcdonald's house. He came to our house, and when he saw the animal he told us that it was an armadillo. He told us to turn it loose because it was harmless. We turned it loose, but I sure did learn what an armadillo was.

Our mail route was a half-mile from our house by the peanut patch. We had a mailbox there and we had to walk over there after the mail. Horace and I were at the mailbox one day, waiting for the mail carrier, when a man came for his mail too. We got to talking about our slingshots. He said, "Let me show you haw to make one of the best slingshots you ever saw." He found a piece of board and whittled out the biggest slingshot stock we had ever seen. It was too big for us to hold real good. He was Poke Holiday.

We went to the mailbox on Fridays for sure, as that was the day that the Farm and Ranch paper came. We liked to read the Cousins League and read the answers that Aunt Sallie wrote answering all of them. Also there was a continued story every week that Mama always read to us after supper as all of the work had been finished. We could gather around for an answer

to what happened in last week's paper for the continued story always stopped just when something was about to happen, and we always wanted to know what it was. We could hardly wait until the next Friday came so we could get the Farm and Ranch.

Another family that lived in the Kokomo community was the Hubert Rogers family. Jessie was the oldest girl, and the best I can remember there was another girl named Jimmie, then Alma, and a boy named Reece. Mr. Rogers was digging a water well at his house once, by hand, and he had dug it twenty some odd feet deep. He had built a windlass to draw out the dirt as it was dug up out of the well. A windlass is a wooden frame with a spindle and a handle on one end that you turn it with. It had a rope tied to it that would wind up as it tuned around and around, making it easy to draw up heavy loads of dirt out of the well. A man by the name of Walter Gill went to Mr. Rogers' house one day, and wanted to go down into the well and dig some. Mr. Rogers told him that he could. He didn't give Mr. Rogers time to get hold of the windlass before he caught hold of the rope and down he went to the bottom of the well. The fall broke him up so bad that they had to tie a chair onto a rope and tie him in it to draw him out of the well. He died because he had too many broken bones. He had a big family too.

Dud Graham was another man who lived in the Kokomo community. Dud must have believed that there was money buried somewhere around Kokomo, in the hills around Nash Creek. He did a lot of digging in the hills among the rocks and in a lot of different places. Horace and I found where he had been digging several times, and even found his tools, a pick and shovel, that he dug with. We never did hear of him finding any money. If he did, he kept it quiet and it was not known. Many years later a piece came out in the Fort Worth Star Telegram, a newspaper that was published in Fort Worth, Texas, telling about some money that had been lost. It said that there was a turkey foot carved on a rock that marked or pointed toward the place where the money was buried. There used to be a rock on a hill southeast of Kokomo that had a mark similar to a turkey foot on it. I have seen it myself, but at the time I knew nothing about the incident. It was to have been buried there somewhere around Kokomo, if the article was true, Dud may have heard something about it, too, for he dug many holes looking for something and it must have been money.

A man came from Gorman to Kokomo one time to make arrangements to put on a picture show at the schoolhouse. When the time came a lot of us went because we had never seen a picture show before. The man set up his picture machine on top of a big piano box that set in the back of the room by the door. I don't remember what the admission charge was, but when the show was about half-finished the film or something broke, and he said he couldn't finish the show. He said for everyone to come back at another date that he set to finish the show, and we could see it at half-price next time. I think some of the older boys in the community that were there got on to him about charging for the next show, because we had already paid to see it. I don't know what they ever did about it. We never did go back to see it finished.

We went to a lot of parties there and played several different games, like Snap, Drop the Handkerchief, Hide and Seek, and other games. Then the Ring Plays came along. I remember the first time I went to a party where they played the Ring Plays. A young man named Claud Harrison, who knew how these plays were, took charge and did the singing. I remember this song that he sang, "Miller boy, miller boy, lived by the mill. He grinds his own corn with a free good will. One hand on the hopper, the other on the sack. Every time the mill turns, the girls turn back." Claud Harrison was a favorite person in the community.

There was a very nice family, the Euwell Sowell family, who lived at Kokomo just east of the Methodist Church building. Euwell was a school teacher; Edwin, their boy, was smart in his school work. Evelyn and Tressie were cute girls. Mr. Sowell was a man who was very cautious about things. He told Edwin that he wasn't going to let him go in swimming until he learned to swim, but Edwin did go in though before he learned how to swim. He would go with Horace and me and Mr. Sowell would come and see about him. Mr. Sowell was also afraid of bad clouds, like we were. One fall he dug their sweet potatoes, and as most everyone else did, he made a potato kihl with corn stalks standing up on each side of the pile with a door to get potatoes out through. When the winter weather came one of them went there one day to get some potatoes and found a big rattlesnake in there where the potatoes were.

He, like the rest of us, wasn't used to cars, and he was afraid to ride in them. Someone in the community died and a grave had to be dug. In a community like Kokomo everyone who could would help dig the graves. Someone at Kokomo had a car and a few men drove over to the Simpson Graveyard to dig a grave. Euwell rode over with them so he could help, but he rode in the back seat of the car with the top let back and his leg hanging out over the door so if anything happened he could get out real easy and maybe not get hurt.

In **1918**, we moved from Mr. Neill's place, a little over a mile south of Kokomo, to another place known as the Comer place. It had two houses on it, so Dock and Birdie moved into one of the houses and farmed some of the land. We had lived nine years on Mr. Neill's place and it seemed like home to us, but the Comer place had more land and more pasture too.

This was the year that the war was settled and there had been food rationing for a long time. They released flour and sugar but when we could buy it again all that we could get was cubes about an inch square. We had been eating cornbread for a long time and we got real hungry for some good old biscuits. In fact, we got so hungry for flour bread that Papa bought some wheat bran and Mama made biscuits out of the bran, but we couldn't eat them. They tasted too much like bran to be good.

Dock Leeper hooked his two mules, Old Beck and Jude, to the wagon and drove seven miles to buy some ice and we made some ice cream with the first sugar that we had been able to get in a long time.

I had heard of coyotes, but I had never seen one in my life. One morning around ten o'clock it was cloudy when I took the old shotgun and went out to see if I could see anything to get a shot at. I had heard some hounds trailing over in the woods, east of our house, but I hadn't thought anything about it. I had walked out into the field to where there was a jog in the fence about three hundred yards long where some bushes had grown in the fence row. I stopped and was just standing there facing the east looking toward the woods when all at once two coyotes came out of the woods and stopped and stood looking around. I stood just as still as I could and they didn't see me. In a short time they started toward me and I jumped behind the bushes while they trotted toward me. They came a short ways, then stopped again as that is their custom to stop and look, and as they trotted toward me again I raised the gun and cocked it, ready to shoot one when they got as close to me as I wanted them for they hadn't seen me. I took good aim at one and pulled the trigger. Snap went the gun and then the coyotes saw me and heard the gun too. They ran to get away and I cocked the gun real quick, took aim again, but the gun snapped again and they were gone into the woods. I had missed getting to kill a coyote, the first one I had ever seen. I sure would have had something to brag about if my gun hadn't snapped.

Papa planted oats that year so he could have some early feed for the stock to eat. When the oats were about six inches high, a friend of ours came over to visit us one night, and asked if we would like to go out to hunt some snipes that night. Of course we did, but we didn't know much about snipes. I thought they were a bird, like a Killdee as I always called them. We didn't know a thing about hunting snipes. He told us to get a lantern and a tow sack and get ready to go after dark as that was the time to hunt them. Well, by the time it was dark we had everything in order ready to go on our first snipe hunt. We walked to the oat field, which was away from the house about a quarter mile from the house light, so it would be plenty dark. When we walked out about the middle of the patch, he told me stop there, gave me the sack and the lantern and said, "Now you stand here and hold the sack open, and hold the lantern light just above the sack so the snipes can see how to get into the sack, for they will be hunting something to get into to get away from us. Now we will go out yonder away from you so it will be dark and we'll start scaring up the snipes and they will fill up the sack before long. Then we can go to the house with plenty of snipes." I took the lantern and the sack and did like he said. I held the sack open and waited. I listened at them walk away and they walked around out there getting farther and farther away all the time. But they didn't scare up any snipes. If they did the snipes didn't go into the sack. Finally they got out of hearing distance from me. I still waited thinking some snipes would come and go into the sack, and I waited and waited. I began to get disgusted and I couldn't hear the others either. I waited a little longer, then I decided I was wasting my time and I went to the house. When I opened the door they started laughing and asked me how many snipes I finally caught. They had pulled a real good joke on me. SNIPE HUNTING! I haven't forgotten it either.

We had lived at Kokomo ten years, and I really don't know why Papa and Mama wanted to move away, unless it was because Bud and Uncle Jim had moved to Jacksonville, Texas, and had been writing to us about that country. Bud seemed to like it there. It was timbered country and it may have seemed to Papa like Mississippi. He had told us about the tall trees, wild grapes, muscadines, and wild persimmons that grew there and about the sweetgum he used to chew when he was a kid. He may have decided that he would like to go back to a country similar to it. Bud had rented a place for us, west of Jacksonville, in the Corene community, seven miles from town. We were to work that place on the halves for Tom Pugh that year.

Papa chartered a car for us to move down there in, and we made all the preparations that we could and we were ready to load the boxcar for the trip to Jacksonville, Texas. Before we left for the new home, Floy wanted to spend the night with her friends, Era and Vera Jones, so she asked me to go with her too. I went so I could keep the buggers away from her as she was going and coming home. We walked over to the Jones' house, and visited and had a good time. I don't remember how long we set up that night, but it came time for us to go to bed. They had a parlor and it was the front room, next to the front porch. They had a nice big fluffy bed in that room, which was where they put me. Well, I went to bed and wallowed around for awhile, but couldn't go to sleep. I think I was trying to sleep in a feather bed, and I wasn't used to one. After a while I noticed that I hadn't bl9own out the lamp so I got out of bed and blew out the lamp, and that was my trouble because I went to sleep. The next morning we ate breakfast with them, visited for awhile and it came time for us to go. We bade all farewell and left for home ready to start loading our things in the boxcar for the trip to Jacksonville.

That visit was the last thing that I can remember that we did before loading the car and leaving the home in that community that we spent so many happy days of our childhood. Where we had gone to school, played, gone fishing and swimming, where we had all been at home together with Papa and Mama, who gave us the proper supervision that all kids must have to grow to their proper places in life.

So this brings to close those days of the Henley family in the Kokomo community, which was from **1909** to **1919**, ten happy years. More will be told about this community later on in this book, but we will save that for the proper time.

Before we leave on this trip I want to say that I was three years old when we left Mississippi and I was five years old

when we moved to Kokomo. Now I am fifteen years old, which makes ten years at Kokomo.

Just in case someone from the Kokomo community should read this book, I want to, as best as I can remember, list the names of all the people who lived in the Kokomo community that we knew during the ten years we lived there. I may have forgotten some names, but I will list them as best as I can.

Ernest Caraway, Donna Millins, The O'Neill family, Mr. and Mrs. Bagwell, John Bagwell, Oscar Bagwell, Glinnie Bagwell, Theo Singleton, Gaylord Singleton, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, Dud Graham, Giles Graham, Buck Graham, Whitlow Graham, Bessie Graham, R.Q. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Mcdonald, Ely Mcdonald, Opie Mcdonald, Mrs. Ollie Mcdonald, J.H. Henley, Ellen Henley, Luther Henley, Birdie Henley, Floy Henley, Julius Henley, Horace Henley, Leroy Henley, John Simpson, Sithey Simpson, Lorene Simpson, Winnie May Simpson, Willie Simpson, Omie and Ovie Simpson, Mildred Simpson, Myrl Simpson, Bedford Neill, Mrs. Neill, Gaines Neill, Otis Neill, Othor Neill, Erma Neill, Ora Neill, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs, Baby boy Gibbs, Mrs. Mangum, Owen Mangum, Bobby Mangum, Frank Leech, Willie Leech, Mr. and Mrs. Price Crawley, Nute Crawley, Alvin Crawley, Letha Crawley, Floyd Crawley, Vera Crawley, Rush Crawley, Roy Crawley, Rufus Crawley, Biggie Nolan, Coon Shuggert, Lois Everton, Syrus Everton, Edna Everton, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hendricks, Jess Hendricks, Jennie Hendricks, Dollie Hendricks, Sara Hendricks, June Hendricks, Mrs. Noel, Rosy Noel, Alva Noel, Winter Noel, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Rogers, Jessie Rogers, Alma Rogers, Reece Rogers, Joe McNeilly, Ward Clearman, Ellen Clearman, Hugh Lee Clearman, another boy Clearman, John Pope, Andrew Bryant, Arron Bryant, Claud Harrison, Levi Harrison, Poke Holiday, John Timmons, Grandma Timmons, John Powers, Carl Powers, Hubert Laster, Dolphas Laster, Dovie Jones, Mrs. Jones, Rena Jones, Era Jones, Vera Jones, Avery Jones, Donnie Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Clements, Jess Clements, Wayne Clements, Faith Putnam, Euwell Sowell, Mrs. Bessie Sowell, Edwin Sowell, Evelyn Sowell, Tressie Sowell, Doctor Roten, John Hager, Mrs. Hager, Noble Hager, Rena Hager, Arthur Woods, Mrs. Bessie Woods, Floyd Woods, Reid Woods, Lois Woods, Tressie Woods, Eunice Woods, Jim Hendricks, Mrs. Ezzie Hendricks, Daisy Hendricks, Nola Hendricks, Raymond Hendricks, Mr. Rickerd (the store keeper), Roy Nunally, Dock Leeper, Zelma Leeper, Amos Jumper, Leona Jumper, Hollis Jones, and last of all an old man who used to come to our house to spend the night with us by the name of Ramsey.

I can remember when we were eating supper he was so shaky that he had trouble getting the beans and peas to his mouth on the knife that he used. He was an aged man. Also I remember the old peddler who came through the community on foot, selling his goods, and the candy that he would give us kids. Another person was a doctor that Papa would call from Ranger when Mama would have one of her sick spells. The doctor would drive fifteen miles to our house, riding in a buggy.

These are the people that lived in the Kokomo community and helped to make my ten years of childhood memories pleasant ones never to be forgotten.

We loaded our household goods in one end of the box car and fixed a partition in the other end for stock, which was Old John and Maud, and Old Charley, my horse. Papa fixed something in there where he could feed and water them on the trip to East Texas.

When everything was loaded and the train was ready to go Papa got in the caboose with the conductor and brakeman. We rode in the passenger train and of course we reached our destination before Papa did. I am not sure who met us at the train when we arrived at Jacksonville, but someone did and we stayed with them until Papa and our things arrived.

This was about the last of December in **1918**, or the first of January in **1919**. We moved seven miles west of Jacksonville to the Corene community on a place owned by Tom Pugh. We were to farm on the halves. A crop on the halves is where the landlord furnishes the land, seed, team and plow tools and the tenant does all of the work and gathers the crop. The tenant gives the landlord half of what is made each year. Tom Pugh was good to us that year.

We had a pretty good house to live in, with sycamore trees in the yard for shade, a garden in the back yard and there was a plum tree and a fig tree which sure did make good fruit.

I didn't go to school that year because we had a lot of work to do getting that land ready to plant. The land had to be broke with a walking breaking plow, and that was part of our job. I had to help Papa break the land. I sure did enjoy the new country we had moved to. The tall pines and nearly every other kind of tree that grows in a timbered country, covered the hills and the pines were just as straight as they could be.

We used a wood cookstove, which gave us another job to do cutting wood, as well as the other jobs that we had to do.

We would saw down those tall pine trees, using an ax and a cross-cut saw. We got them to fall where we wanted them by cutting a notch on the side of the tree, where we wanted them to fall, then sawing the other side with a cross-cut saw until it was nearly in two. Then the tree would fall toward the side that was notched. We would cut the tree into blocks about eighteen inches long and split them into smaller pieces for wood to burn in the stove.

One day we were cutting stove wood out in the woods when we found a yellow jacket's nest, which was just a hole in the ground with yellow jackets going in and out of it. We started throwing stick after stick at it for awhile, which began to stir up the yellow jackets. They swarmed around the hole and they kept getting thicker and thicker until there were so many of them that the place was yellow-looking around where they were. We were careful not to get them after us as they would have stung us to death if they had found out what their trouble was. That was the only yellow jacket's nest I have ever seen. They are a little

larger than a honey bee and are shaped like a wasp and have a real bad sting.

Our land was ready to plant at planting season so Papa took a Georgia stock and laid off the rows with a sweep while I followed behind with a walking planter, planting in the furrow he made.

Papa had laid off a few rows ahead of me, and I had stopped the planter and walked back across where I had planted, looking at my work. I saw where I had stepped on a snake which had crawled out from under the dirt that the planter had raked over it. I followed the track over a few rows and found it. It was a little spreading adder, and I killed it and went back to work. I was barefooted all the time.

There were lots of water moccasin snakes down in that country, and there was a spring branch close by our field. Horace and I were walking down this branch one day when we walked up on one of the biggest water moccasins I have ever seen in my life. It was a big stubby-tailed kind that sure did stink. We killed the snake, but we sure stirred up a terrible odor with it.

When the may-pops got ripe in the late spring they sure did taste good, but they told us that there was a chill in every one that we ate. That sort of took the pleasure out of eating them.

The wild dewberries got ripe in the late spring and they were really delicious. We would pick them by the gallon buckets full, then Mama would can them and make up berry jam, and use some just to eat raw or for jelly. Also we had fig preserves and pear preserves, which sure did taste good for breakfast with some good hot buttered biscuits to go with them. Yum yum good!

Tom Pugh had on his place a twenty acre Elberta peach orchard. That year when they got ripe we helped him pick them for market. He would haul a load to town to market every day because they had to be just right or he couldn't sell them. One day he hauled a load to Jacksonville, but they wouldn't take all of them because they were too ripe, so he hauled them back to our house and unloaded them on our front porch, free of charge for us to use. We canned some, and dried some; there were ten bushels of them and we sure enjoyed them.

Some pictures were made of us picking peaches there that year. Seven of us were in one tree in that picture. More will be told about that later on in this book.

In East Texas there were lots of ticks, which got on the cows. There was a law that said the cows had to be dipped to control the ticks. This had to be done several times during the summer. The men in the Corene community made a dipping vat for this purpose, with a lot made in such a way that there wasn't any way for a cow to get by without jumping into the vat to get out. It could then walk out on the other side and was ready to go home. The mixture was supposed to get rid of the ticks for awhile.

We went to parties there just like we did back in Kokomo. We had to walk everywhere we wanted to go. Several people there had cars and it seemed like most of them were Saxon Sixes. One man there, they told it on him, had a Saxon Six, and a boy named Phil. One day they started out in the car to Jacksonville. For some reason the car wasn't running right and the man asked Phil what the matter was. Phil said it had a spark plug missing. "Well," he says, "Well, Phil, stop the car and go back to the house and get it."

As I have said I didn't go to school there but I got acquainted with the boys and girls and I can remember that I went with three girls that year. One of these was a girl that I walked home with from a party, or some other entertainment, we had gone to one night. I was wearing a pair of shoes that hurt my feet, and by the time I walked with her to her house and back home, I had rubbed a big blister on my heel. It wasn't a very pleasant walk.

Bud and Dollie lived pretty close to us. A preacher, named Handley, lived a short ways from them. Bud had been studying his bible, and as a boy he never could see a Methodist Church in the bible. He didn't agree with the Methodist preachers back at Kokomo. I remember a preacher who was visiting at our house one time, and there was something they were talking about in the scriptures that they didn't agree on. When it came time for the preacher to go home, and as he was driving off in the wagon, he told Bud that he would give him five dollars if he would find that scripture in the bible. I don't know what the outcome was.

One day while Bud was plowing in the field he made up his mind that he wanted to obey the gospel. He stopped the mule, tied the lines around the plow handles and went over to Preacher Handley's house to get him to baptize him. While he was gone to be baptized, Dollie went to where he was plowing to take him a drink of cool water. When she got to the field she found the plow stopped at the end of the row with the lines tied around the plow handles and Bud gone. She untied the lines and started plowing, and when Bud got back, she asked him where he had been. He told her that he had gone to be baptized. Dollie studied about it a few days and couldn't stand it so she was baptized too.

Another young couple, Harley and Mattie York, lived there who were members of the Church. Preacher Handley and his family left the Corene Community, and also some other members of the Church. Bud and Harley took a crosscut saw and went out into the woods to cut some blocks which they set up on them to use for seats and they used that room for a church building to worship in on Sundays. This house was up on top of a high hill.

Floy decided she wanted to obey the gospel too and she was baptized. That year she met a young man by the name of Ernest Casper, who was a member of the Church. They went together for awhile and decided to be married. Several members of the Church went to church at Bud's house on Sundays.

Horace went to school at Corene, where he had lots of friends. He and one of his friends, Clyde Nouse, would be sent

out by the teacher to get kindling wood to build a fire in the heater. They would get the kindling off of the schoolhouse. I don't suppose the teacher objected to where they got it, as long as they brought it for her to use.

Horace and I, as usual, knew the community pretty well, and one day as we were walking around we came to a field where Mr. Grantham had just planted a field of sugar cane. There were a few stalks that weren't covered over with dirt. We weren't used to seeing sugar cane planted, and the stalks we saw were a temptation to us, so we got a stalk or two to eat.

Later on that year, after the cane was about ripe, another man had a small patch of cane. Again Horace and I were walking around when we came across that cane patch and we got a stalk or two to eat. As soon as the man missed his sugar cane he came over to give Papa a whipping. He met Papa coming home from Jacksonville and was going to get on to him, but Ernest Casper told him to let Papa alone or he would have to whip him too. That changed his mind.

That summer the Bronks Comedian Show came to Jacksonville for a few nights performance. Ernest, Horace and I decided to go one night to see the show, so we bought our tickets and afterward we decided we wanted to get reserved seats. I asked Ernest how much they were and he said thirty cents. We had paid twenty-five cents for our tickets, and I handed the ticket man a nickel. He said, "What is that for?" I told him, "A reserved seat," and he told me they were thirty cents. That sure did embarrass me.

Uncle Jim White lived south of Jacksonville at a little railroad station or a stop on the Cotton Belt Line. When he needed to go to town for something, he would ride the "Jitney," as it was called, which was a Cotton Belt motor car about the size of a street car that hauled passengers on the Cotton Belt Line. It was used instead of a passenger train. Uncle Jim could ride to town for a dime.

We had our own team to farm with, and there was a small place just east of where we lived that was for rent for the next year. Papa rented it for us to work. It was only eighty acres, and it had some pasture land on it too. We didn't make a good crop on Tom Pugh's place and we wanted to go to another place. The house on that place was empty and there wasn't anything wrong in us moving. We moved over there to the other place, but Papa was discouraged, and it was hard for us to make a living there. We were thinking of just moving back out West to pick cotton when one day Uncle Jim met a man in town from Spur, Texas, who was looking for hands to pick cotton for him. Papa and Uncle Jim got together and made a deal with him for all of us to go out and gather his crop. They went in together and chartered a boxcar to move in, so we all loaded our things in the car together. We reserved one end of the car for Old John, Maud and Charley and Lasco, our dog. Papa again rode the freight train, and we rode the passenger train out to Spur, Texas. I remember having to change cars at Troop, Texas, to get on another train going west. It was a long ride, and I got tired of sitting in my seat the next day so I got up and walked out on the platform between the cars and rode there for awhile.

Papa had to ride in the caboose again, with the conductor and the brakey. The trip took longer this time, and Papa ran out of tobacco for his pipe. He didn't have a chance to get any anywhere, so he asked the brakey for some of his tobacco. The brakey told him he wouldn't mind letting him have some tobacco if his old pipe didn't hold so much.

When Papa got to Spur with our things, we moved out south of Spur three miles to Mr. Gilbert's farm where we were to pick cotton. He furnished a small house for some of us, but it wasn't big enough for all of us, so Papa, Mama, Horace and I had a tent to live in. Uncle Jim and his family lived in the house, and I can't remember who Ernest and Floy stayed with.

I remember how cold it was during a spell of weather that came while we lived there. It got so cold that the water froze over in the lake which was a few hundred yards from our house and tent. It stayed cold so long that the ice got real thick on the lake. I said it froze over—it did freeze over except for a small round place out in the middle of the lake where the wild ducks swarmed around that little water hole just as thick as they could stay without trampling each other to death. In fact, some of them died. I don't know whether they trampled each other to death, or ran out of food and starved to death. I do know that we liked to have froze too, for we didn't have very much fuel to burn and we sure were miserable. But it finally did warm up. We picked enough cotton to pay Mr. Gilbert back for our transportation out to Spur.

Uncle Jim was used to buying what he called butter out of the store, and putting coloring in it to make it look like butter. It was margarine and it was the first I had ever seen. It was a real good substitute for butter.

We worked there for several weeks, and one day when Uncle Jim was in Spur he saw a man by the name of Favers that he had known before. He had traveled out through West Texas before and he got acquainted with Mr. Favers then. Mr. Favers needed some hands, too, and he made Papa a deal for us to move up to his place at Afton, twenty miles north of Spur, and pick cotton for him. He didn't have a place much better for us to live than Mr. Gilbert but it was a lot warmer and the winter weather was cold. So we moved up to Afton to Mr. Faver's place into a concrete storm cellar. Floy and Ernest moved with us. I don't remember just how we all managed there but we did.

There was another man who lived on the Favers' place at that time, who had the place rented for the next year, which was **1920**. This man wanted to sell out and move, so he and Papa made a trade that Mr. Favers was agreeable to, so we bought him out and got to work the land that year. We lived in a sixteen-foot army tent, walled up around the bottom, and it was a real warm place to live. Floy and Ernest continued to live in the storm cellar, which gave us all more room.

It had come an awful cold spell of weather and there was ice on the north side of all the telephone poles and fence posts the day that we moved from Spur to Afton. Papa, Mama, Floy and Ernest rode in the wagon and Horace, too, while I rode Old Charley, my horse. We made the trip alright but we got awfully cold while going that twenty-four miles that day.

There were days that winter when we couldn't work pulling bolls, so sometimes on those days we would go about three miles over in the Matador pasture to some hills that were called Rabbit Hill. There we could kill a few cottontail rabbits and take them home to fry. They were really good tasting rabbits. Mama was good to us and she liked to fix different things that we liked to eat. She would fry those rabbits good and brown, then make some good gravy to eat with them. They tasted as good to us as fried chicken. We would bring home a few quail occasionally too. We fared real good that winter in the storm cellar before we moved into the tent, but after we moved to the tent, we had a lot more room and we didn't have to walk up and down the cellar steps each time we wanted to go outside.

We didn't always have enough fuel to burn that winter, but we managed to get hold of some maize heads and cotton seed which we burned in the heater to help keep us warm.

I remember a little poem that one of the neighbor boys said that winter. People in the West used to burn cow chips sometimes when fuel was scarce. There were lots of cows then to make cow chips. The poem went like this: "West Texas is my country. I think it very good. De wind pumps all de water, and de cows chops all de wood."

I wasn't climated for the cold weather that winter and I took the flu and had a high fever. I was kind of out of my head and didn't know exactly what I was doing. Mama wanted to give me a pill of some kind, I suppose it must have been an aspirin to cool my fever down. She brought it to me and I told her I couldn't swallow that thing for it looked to me like it was a long as the tent pole in the center of our tent and it was as hard as a rock. She told me that I could and kept talking to me until she finally got me to swallow it. I went off to sleep then, and the next morning when I woke up my fever was gone and I got alright.

The Favers family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Favers, a daughter Ernestine about eighteen years old; two boys, Emmett, about seventeen; and Lisle, about fifteen. Ernestine went to Afton to school, which was four and one-half miles from home, in a buggy, driving a dapple grey horse that weighed about thirteen hundred pounds. Emmet and Lisle went to Prairie chapel to school, as that was the name of the community in which we lived. I didn't go to school that year, but I think Horace got to go some.

Mrs. Favers took pneumonia that winter and died. Mr. Favers and the family that was left continued to stay on the farm until the next spring when they moved to Farwell or Texico, at the line of Texas and New Mexico, where he had bought some stock in the Cannon Ball Car Factory. He was one of the directors of the factory.

When they moved to Texico, he let us have the home house, except one room which he reserved for himself to use if he wanted to come home and stay for awhile.

We had our own work stock that we used that year as we were working the place on the halves for him. The dapple gray horse I have already mentioned was a good work horse anywhere he was needed. Another little bay mare, called Queen, was a good work horse, too, and we also had a few mules. We bought the dapple gray horse, named Victor, so we could ride him after the cows down in the pasture. He was a real good cow horse and it took a pretty good rider to stay on him when he was driving a cow, if she didn't want to go to the house. I have ridden him after the cows sometimes and it was about all I could do to stay on him after a cow.

Mr. Favers let us grub out some more land to put into cultivation that winter. We got all of the wood and all that the land made the first year, as that was customary, and it gave us a little more land to work that year.

We made a pretty good crop that year and Mr. Favers wanted to buy us out that summer, but Papa thought that we might come out ahead not to sell him the crop. That fall, which was **1920**, the price of cotton began to go down. It didn't stay up like it was in **1919**, for the price of cotton then was around forty cents a pound. We lost out that time by not selling to Mr. Favers. Cotton continued going down so much that we barely came out of debt for making the crop.

We lived about four and one-half miles east of Afton. A lot of pasture land was over east of us about a mile which was the boundary line of the Prairie chapel community. The Matador Ranch land started in there and covered a big part of the northeast corner of Dickens County. The Matador Land and Cattle Company owned a lot of land which was divided into different pastures, known as Red Lake Pasture, Patton springs Pasture. Another pasture had a well called John's Windmill where yearly roundups were held, and there were others. The Prairie chapel community was formerly called Ripsaw Valley, but was later changed to Prairie chapel.

The cowboys usually had a roundup each year within a mile of where we lived at a place that I have just mentioned, called John's Windmill. Their headquarters were at Matador, Texas, but they sent the roundup gang each year with the chuck wagon which was for the purpose of hauling food and whatever else was needed during the roundup. The cook did the cooking for the cowboys who were all rounding up the cattle for branding. Each cattle company had its own brand, and each year new calves and cows had to be branded.

On these roundups they usually fed different people when they wanted to eat with them. They always had plenty of beef as they had the liberty to kill and dress a beef anytime they needed meat.

The people that usually ate with them made it a practice to bake cakes and take with them for the cowboys to eat. They liked cakes and were pleased to swap grub with the outsiders, but the extra cooking caused the cook a lot of extra work to do. He usually had to get up each morning, quite a while before the cowboys did, in order to have their coffee made, and sourdough biscuits to eat when they had the roundup. Their grub was coffee, sourdough biscuits, beef, beans, potatoes, prunes, raisins, and a dish called "Son of a Gun." This was a dish prepared by the cook with certain parts of the beef, a lot of pepper and other things all put together and cooked. It was awfully hot. The cowboys loved it.

They would round up and brand all of the cattle that needed to be branded; when that was done the cook would drive the chuck wagon to another pasture and set up for more cooking, as there was more cattle to be rounded up and branded. The Matador cowboys used to drive cattle by the hundreds by our house, taking them to another pasture, or to market. The roads were fenced and they drove the cattle on the roads. If anyone happened to meet a bunch of cattle, about all they could do was stop to wait until the cattle passed by, then they could go on. It didn't make any difference what a person was traveling in: a wagon, buggy, car or whatever, the cattle passed by on each side until they were all by.

I suppose almost everyone has admiration for the cowboys and the kind of lives they had to live, the hardships they endured, the different experiences they could tell of, the broncs they had to break to ride, and the hail storms and rattlesnakes they had to protect themselves from. Last of all the cowboy songs that were written about them, which almost everyone enjoys hearing.

I learned three cowboy songs from my brother-in-law, Dock Leeper, when we lived at Kokomo. He had a guitar and we kids liked to hear him sing.

When we moved to Jacksonville, Texas, I managed to save four dollars and ninety-five cents to buy a guitar that was listed in the Sears catalog on sale. It was a little Hawaiian steel guitar with a case, a steel bar to play it with, and a chord book. I really enjoyed that guitar and I learned enough chords that I could second to my cowboy songs that I learned.

The titles of those songs are "Mexico Cowboys," "Long Horned Cows," Ranch of XIT," and another song I learned later on from Lisle Favers called "Cowboy's Midnight Dream."

I would pick my guitar sometimes when I could get up enough nerve. I always was bashful and never could do very good when I played for anyone except homefolks. I always was afraid I would make a mistake and a bashful person is never doing his best because he is always conscious of what others are thinking about what he is doing. But I gradually got acquainted in the community and that helped a lot.

There was school to go to, although I missed the **1919** school term completely. There were parties and singing to go to, and once in a while a dance, although we didn't go to them. Mama always taught us kids not to go to dances, but that first year at Prairie Chapel one of our neighbors about a mile away gave a dance one night. Emmet and Lisle Favers, Horace and I went to it, but we didn't go in. We just stopped at the door and looked in for a few minutes, then left.

Prairie chapel was a community similar to Kokomo. The people liked singing and they had a singing school that summer. Horace and I went to it. The teacher, Clarence Williams, was a real good teacher who knew music real well. He had two brothers who were good singers too. His father also liked to sing and he went to every singing convention that he could.

I liked to sing bass and that was about the only part that I would try to sing. I had a pretty good bass voice, and as time went on and I grew older it grew deeper. We would have singings at the neighbors' houses at night and our singing class got better as the time went on. We had some good soprano singers, tenor and alto, and the principal of the Prairie chapel School and I were the main bass singers. He was a red-headed man and he did have a good bass voice..

Sometime during the fall of **1920**, a family moved to the Prairie Chapel Community to pick cotton, like we did the year before. Their name was Alexander and they moved to a farm about a mile from where we lived. Mr. Alexander moved from Como, in Hopkins County, Texas, leaving two married daughters there. His family consisted of Mrs. Alexander, a son, Richard, and his wife, Willie; Crocket, the oldest boy at home; Thurman, another son; Hawthorne, the baby boy, and twin girls named Ora and Dora. They lived on the Joe Robertson farm which was five miles east of Afton.

Mr. Alexander was good at playing a fiddle and Richard played the guitar with him. They made some good music. Willie was a piano player. I had never had any experience playing with anyone and I just couldn't play with Mr. Alexander. He was too good a fiddler for me without experience. We tried to play some together but I couldn't do a good job of it.

Mr. Alexander rented the Robertson place to farm on the halves in **1921**. That winter, before we moved to another place that Papa rented for us to work the next year about three miles away, it came time for hog killing. People usually helped each other kill their hogs as it was a cold disagreeable job. The water had to be heated to boiling in a wash pot. This was to scald the hogs after they were killed to make the hair easy to scrape off. When the water got to boiling, someone with a 22 target would shoot a hog in the brain. Then when the hog was turned over on its back, someone would take a butcher knife and stick the knife into the hog's throat and into the heart so the blood would come out. This kept the meat from spoiling after it was cured and put into a meat box or wrapped with paper or something to keep it from getting too old and too strong to eat.

Almost everyone that could raised their own hogs to kill each year and the ones that could would usually raise a beef to

kill each year too. We had our hogs that year and when we killed them Papa carried Mr. Alexander a bunch of fresh meat as they didn't have any hogs to kill that winter.

When the hogs were killed and dressed, that is, scraped clean of hair and entrails taken out, we would take the entrails about a quarter mile away from the house down into the pasture and leave them. They could have been buried, but we just took them off. I knew lots of coyotes were there and I set a trap by the entrails and tied a post to the trap so if a coyote got caught it could pull the post along and not gnaw its foot off to get away. We went to see about the trap. I saw it had caught a coyote. We had a single shot 22 caliber Target so I got as close to the coyote as I wanted to get and then I raised the Target, took good aim at its head and then pulled the trigger. I saw the coyote flinch, but it didn't fall over dead as I expected it to. I put another shell in the gun and took good aim again and pulled the trigger. The gun fired and the coyote fell dead. I had killed my first coyote.

Floy and Ernest were expecting their first baby. I don't remember what month it came, but they lost it. It was a little baby girl and they gave it the name of Lille Esteline. It was buried in the cemetery at Afton. Its little marker is still there, although it is badly beat up by the hail stones that have hit at different times. It is in our cemetery lot close by my mother, father and other relatives who have been buried there since then.

Papa rented this other place because we still had Old John and Maud and Charley, and Papa had decided that working land, paying rent one-third and fourth was better than on the halves. We had kept our work stock and there wasn't any reason for us not to use them. This was an eighty-acre place with about sixty acres in cultivation, so we had enough teams to work that much land with.

We moved there while it was till winter time, as everyone that moved always moved around the first of the year. This place we called the Bivins place because there was a man by that name living on it when we rented it.

Mr. Bivins had some mule footed hogs which were the only ones that I have ever seen. They had hooves like a mule, round shaped. Most hogs have split hooves like a cow.

Horace and I had to walk about three miles to school and sometimes snow would be on the ground and a north wind blowing and we would get awfully cold, but we went to school anyway.

There were quite a few things that happened that year. We had to get by some way to make that crop so Papa took a job from one of our neighbors breaking land for them with a walking breaking plow. They lived about a mile from us so Papa would walk over each day and follow a team of gray mules pulling a plow until dinner time. The lady would bring Papa's dinner to the field and he would sit on the plow beam and eat blackeyed peas and cornbread for his dinner, while she took the mules to the house to water them, but she didn't feed them. She would bring or drive them back to the plow and Papa would be finished eating by then and ready to start plowing again. He would work until sundown and then go home. But the mules got nothing to eat at dinner time.

That fall her husband worked at the Farmer's Gin so they had to hire hands to gather their cotton. When there was a bale of cotton to be hauled to the gin, she would drive the gray mules, pulling the bale of cotton to the gin.

Another time Papa was doing some carpenter work for another neighbor who lived just across the fence from us. Papa was a pretty good carpenter but there was something that kind of stumped him on something he was doing. The lady saw that he was studying about what it was and how to do it. She showed him how she wanted it done and he, not thinking of how it sounded, said, "Well, two heads are better than one if one is a goat's head." That made her mad and she said, "Mr. Henley. I'll have you to know that my head is not a goat's head!" Of course, Papa tried to apologize to her, telling her that he didn't mean it like it sounded. He meant that his head was a goat's head, not hers.

Across the fence from our house was some pasture land with lots of mesquite trees scattered around. This pasture was known as the Uncle Joe Jackson pasture, and it was about a half section of land.

One Saturday evening when Horace and I were walking around in this pasture, about fifty yards from the house, we walked up on one of the biggest bull snakes that we had ever seen. As usual, we killed the snake and went on to the house, thinking no more about it until the next day when some of our friends came over to visit us late that evening. We thought of the big snake we had killed and decided we would go out to show them, but when we got there it was gone. We looked around a little and found it. It had got well enough to crawl off a short ways. We killed it again and a few days later we thought about the snake and went out to see it. It had straightened itself up enough that it could blow at us. I went to the house to get the chopping ax, came back and cut the snake's head off, and that killed the snake.

One night I wanted to go to a party about a couple of miles away, so I saddled Old Charley and rode him over there. After the party was over and I started home, I got about half way home and I was on top of a little hill, or a rise in the road. I was riding along, not thinking of anything in particular when all at once Old Charley started jitter-bugging. He had buggered at something, and as usual was jumping from one side to the other. Before I had time to think it over, my saddle turned over on one side of him, and I was on the ground under him. I saw him as his hind feet went over me, and as the saying is, I saw more stars than was ever created. When I fell off of him the saddle came off too. So there I was lying with the saddle in the road. I got up, picked up the saddle and started out after Old

Charley, who was walking along just ahead of me just far enough to keep me from catching him. I followed him a good long mile walking and carrying that saddle. I followed him until he came to a gate that we had to go through, then he finally let me catch him. I tied the saddle on him, but it wasn't good enough for me to ride on so I walked the rest of the way home leading him, but he was carrying the saddle for me.

That year Horace and I had the itch. We were not the only ones that hid it, but people did not want anyone else to know they had it so they tried to hide it from each other. It must have been the seven year itch because we couldn't get rid of it. We tried a lot of different remedies but they didn't work. Little blisters came on our hands, between our fingers and we could mash these blisters between our thumb and finger and juice would squirt out. Well, I itched and scratched until I know it weakened my mind so I finally decided to get rid of my itch. I had little scabs scattered over my legs and body, so I gave myself a good scratching and then rubbed Watkins liniment over the scratched spots, bidding my itch goodbye. I thought. Before I got through rubbing, I began to get hot, a little hotter, and quite a bit hotter, then red hot, then white hot. In fact, I got so hot that I just thought that I couldn't stand it any longer. I couldn't stay still so I ran out the front door and around the house. Horace saw that I needed some help so he grabbed a handful of grease and took out after me around the house, but he was just wasting his time trying to catch me for he couldn't do it. I ran around the house a few times and ran back in the house and fell across the bed. I was burning so bad that it is a wonder that the bed didn't catch on fire. But Horace caught me when I stopped running and started rubbing the grease on me. I gradually cooled off and then I had cured my itch, I thought! I went through enough misery to have killed the itch on both Horace and me but it didn't work. It didn't kill the itch on us, but it cured me from rubbing Watkins liniment on a freshly scratched itch spot. Don't try it. It's too hot a remedy to use. Take it from me and heed the warning.

We made a real good cotton crop that year. Mama needed a new sewing machine so we bought her a new Singer sewing machine which cost sixty dollars. She used it all the rest of her life.

In the year **1922**, Papa got a chance to rent a bigger and better place for us to work from Uncle Bud Johnson. It was about a mile from the schoolhouse in the Prairie chapel community. It was nearly in the center of the community.

Papa bought a new lister, planter, cultivator and go-devil that year. All of them were riding tools, that is, they were tools with seats on them that a person could ride and not have to walk while using them.

We needed another team to work with Old John and Maud as it took four head to pull the lister and planter. Old Charley wouldn't work to do any good so we couldn't count on him. Papa found a team of little mules at Afton one day when he was there so he bought them. They were little and mean to have to cope with. One was a little mouse colored mare mule and the other was a little red mule. Their names were Red and Rodey and they were always looking for a chance to run away. We had to drive our work stock to the well to water them and old Rodey was always in a trot trying to look back, turning sideways as she was being driven to the water or the house, which made it awfully mean to have to work her.

Horace and I were heading maize one day that fall. We had the wagon full and went to a little house that we were using for a barn to keep the maize in. We were working old Red and Rodey to the wagon and had unloaded the maize and started to the house when these little mules started off in a run around a circle in the road. That threw Horace and me over against the throw boards on one side of the wagon. The pressure was too much against the sideboards and they broke off, causing us to fall out of the wagon. Horace fell on the back of his neck and shoulders, hurting him pretty bad. He has always carried an injury from that fall. It didn't hurt me and I got up right quick and ran and caught and stopped the team.

We had another singing school that summer at the schoolhouse. It was a six week normal school. We had gone to several singing schools and had learned a lot about singing. Dickens County had a singing convention each year, and the best singing group in the county was given a banner each year. We, at Prairie Chapel, had the best singing group and we kept that banner for three years straight. Then we had to give it up to a community known as Espuela. They kept it one year and then we won it back again. I don't know just what ever went with it.

By this time when we were attending this normal school, I had developed a good bass voice. There was a young man from Howard County who came to the school and he was a tenor singer. We decided that when the Stamps Singing School at Nashville, Tennessee, started we would go to it. We had planned to get us up a good quartet and put on enough programs to pay our way through school. When our school was over he went back home. I decided that I didn't want to go so I wrote him a letter and told him that I had decided not to go with him. He went on to the school anyway.

Clarence Williams, our teacher, was a good singer and his brother, Austin, was also a good singer. There was a boy named O.L. Dickinson who was a good tenor singer so the four of us formed a quartet, called the Prairie Chapel Tin Can Quartet. We put on several programs around and made us a few dollars each.

That was the last singing school I went to. We had learned enough about music that we could take a new song and sing it right along. I believe if I had gone ahead and used my singing talent I probably could have been in one of the leading quartets of today. But I was a home boy and that kind of life didn't appeal to me.

I had a friend, Colene McCarty, who had a stripped down Model T car and he used the gas tank for a seat when he was

driving it. We were at Spur one Saturday evening and we decided that we would stay in town that night to go to the preview show, which they showed every Saturday night. Most all of the young people went to the preview on Saturday night. When the show was over, another of our friends, Lester Varnell, wanted to ride home with us, too. We found a board that would set across on the frame of the car for me to sit on, and they both rode on the gas tank. It wasn't too funny riding on a board on the frame of a stripped down Ford for twenty-four miles. I was proud to get off of it when we got home.

Another friend and I were heading maize for a neighbor one fall, working hard and talking about different things as we worked. He was a member of the Church of Christ and was trying to live a Christian life. We must have been talking about the Church for he said, "I'm going to make a preacher but I may be nineteen years doing it." He did mean what he said for later he did start preaching and holding gospel meetings around at different places. He married one of our neighbor girls, Mary Cook. His name is Jack McCormick, and they made their home in Littlefield, Texas.

Mama liked to go to Church, although we didn't get to go regular as we lived four and one-half miles from the church building, and the only way we had to go was in the wagon. Mama's health wasn't very good and she had been that way for a good many years. That year, **1922**, Mama developed a disease named dropsy. There was a doctor at Afton, Dr. Lyon, who doctored her some but he didn't do her any good. She gradually got worse all the time. An aged lady, one of our neighbors, lived a couple of miles from us and had the name of being good at doctoring dropsy. Mama wanted her to doctor her to see if she could cure her. Papa made arrangements with them for Mama to go to their house to be treated by her. Grandma McCarty was her name. Mama went over there and Grandma treated her as she treated everyone else. The treatment was to draw excess water out of her system, and the treatment worked successfully except the water, instead of passing out of her system, went into a tumor she had in her stomach, which she didn't know she had. This tumor began to grow as fast as the water drained from her body into it. Grandma McCarty could have cured Mama if it had been a normal case of dropsy. Mama came on back home, but she gradually grew worse and worse until finally there wasn't any other way but for her to have an operation to remove the tumor. Mama didn't want to have an operation, but she finally had to give in and have one for that was about the last chance she had. We got a neighbor man to take his truck; we made a bed in the back of it and carried Mama to Spur to the hospital. She was so bad that the man had to stop the truck and let her rest on the way to the hospital. That water in the tumor was just like a rubber ball. The wall of her stomach was so thin that when it was touched it would quiver like a ball full of water. When they started the operation and the doctor touched the tumor with his knife, it burst open and the water ran out all over the floor. The nurses had to get sheets to put on the floor for them and the doctors to stand on while they performed the operation. One of the doctors said, when he was sewing up the incision, "That was one of my own," talking about the stitches. Mama developed blood poisoning and the doctor didn't know enough about doctoring it to cure her, and she died about a week after the operation. Mama's operation was on Friday, and by the end of the week Papa sent word to Horace and me at Afton to come, for Mama couldn't live very much longer.

We didn't have a car and it was late in the day to try to walk that far. Cars were scarce in the community, but we knew a young man who had a Buick Six touring car. I went to him and asked him what he would charge us to take us to Spur and he said six dollars. I had six dollars which I gave to him and he carried us to Spur. Mama died the next day, which was Sunday. Horace and I had to get back home so we had to walk nearly all of the twenty-four miles home.

One of our store owners in Afton had a Ford truck, and after the undertakers were through preparing Mama for burial, he sent his truck to the morgue and brought Mama out to spend the last night at home with us. This was a sad occasion for us.

The girl named Ora Alexander, who later became my wife, and her friend, Gladys Robertson, for some reason missed a ride to the funeral, so they started out to walk the four and one-half miles to the cemetery. They walked up there just as the funeral was over and just in time to get a ride back home.

After Mama died I began to think more and more about my soul's salvation and welfare. Joining the Methodist Church back at Kokomo hadn't meant very much to me as I was just a kid, and I didn't really know what I was doing anyway. What church attending I did was with my parents and with other members of the Church of Christ.

Each year a gospel meeting was held at Afton. That year a preacher, J.N. Cowan, a member of the Church of Christ, was holding the meeting. He was one of the best gospel preachers I have ever heard. The church house was full each night and people were standing outside the door and windows looking in and listening to him preach.

This preacher showed me, by the scriptures, that the church was the only church that is mentioned in the Bible. The Apostle Paul said in Acts 20:28, "Take heed therefore unto yourselves and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers to feed the church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood." No other church is mentioned in the scriptures. This one verse of scripture clearly showed me that Christ purchased the Church for He was the one who was crucified and died for it. It is His and He hasn't promised to save anyone outside of His Church which is His body.

He showed me that the scriptures teach that you must have faith. Hebrews 11:6 says, "But without faith it is impossible to please God, for he that cometh to God must believe that

he is and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." One must confess Christ as the Son of God. Romans 10:9-10 says, "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Notice it says UNTO salvation. You are not saved yet. You have to repent of your sins. Peter said in Acts 2:38, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." In Galatians 3:27 it says, "For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ. And then the Lord will add you to his Church." Acts 2:47 says, "And the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved."

I made up my mind what the scriptures says is right, and the only way one can obey them is to do what they say. I walked down the aisle that night among the audience of people and made the confession that Christ is the Son of God and then I was baptized in a concrete water tank for the remission of my sins. I believe that the Lord added me to His Church.

We missed Mama at home. Papa, Horace and I continued to live on the farm. We had to batch, but we got along pretty good. I would make some tea cakes once in a while when we wanted some to eat. I had a pretty good idea how Mama made them but they didn't taste as good as the ones she made. They beat not having none at all though.

Mr. Bell, the principal of the Prairie chapel School, had a 1917 Model T Ford touring car that he wanted to sell. We needed a car so we gave him one hundred seventy-five dollars for it. We paid him the money, then we cranked the car, and I got in under the steering wheel while Papa got in on the other side by me and we started off for home. When we came to a corner where we had to make a turn, I slowed the car down as slow as it would go but it seemed like we were going to turn over making that turn, but we didn't. We had two more turns to make before we got home, but I made them alright.

Horace had stayed at home while Papa and I went after the car. He said that he would meet us in the pasture by the road because he wanted to take it over and drive it home. I must have forgotten him, because we didn't see him when we passed by where he was supposed to be. Pretty soon after we got home, he came to the house and sure was hurt because we had passed him by and hadn't stopped for him to let him drive it home. We sure did think that was a good looking car. We would be in the field working and could see it at the house. We said it looked like a Buick Six.

A neighbor of ours, John Putnam, was a good actor and comedian. He knew a play that he had a part in once, and he wanted Horace and me to help him put it on at the school-house for the people to see. He remembered all the parts, and it didn't take very much practice for us to put it on. The play had been announced, and when it came time for the play to be put on we had rehearsed it a time or two. My part was a business man, Horace was a salesman, and John Putnam was the negro man working for me, who wasn't to let any salesmen get into my office. The schoolhouse was built in an L shape and we put the seats outside in front of the building so that we could use the front door for our play. The night came for the play and there was a pretty big crowd present.

Now, in this play, John, the negro working for me, wasn't to let anyone into my office if I hadn't told him to. John had borrowed a pair of old house shoes from Mr. Favers, the man he worked for that year. John made a great big paddle to be used on this salesman who tried to get in my office. Horace, who was the salesman, knew what was in store for him so he really padded the seat of his britches that night to ward off the sting of that paddle. Mr. Favers came to the play and was sitting out about the middle of the crowd. It came time for the play to start and it was going real good. The salesman had come and was trying to get into my office and John, the Negro, was really working him over, using that paddle. John thought that if he would use another way maybe he could get the man to leave so he drew back his foot and gave a big hard kick, and of course it missed the salesman and that house shoe came off his foot and went way out into the crowd, just barley missing Mr. Favers' head. That brought a big laugh from the crowd. Our play seemed to be a success and everyone seemed to have enjoyed it.

In another part of the play, John, the Negro, was telling me about an experience that he had with a dog, and how he had cut the dog's tail off. He got his words mixed up as he was telling about it and said, "I reached down in my knife and pulled out his tail and cut his pocket clean off!"

We usually had chickens on the farm. Papa decided he wanted to raise some Buff Orpington chickens, so he got some baby chicks and had real good luck raising them. They were almost grown and ready to start laying eggs, but I guess we forgot to lock the chickenhouse one night, for the next morning those pullets got out real early to feed in the pasture before it got good daylight, or before sun up. That was just as good as the coyotes wanted, for they found those pullets and ran from one to the other nipping them through the head, killing them and leaving them lying on the ground, dead.

The next morning I got up real early and took the shotgun out to where the coyotes did their killing the night before, and I waited to see if they would come back again to try it again. But they are pretty wise and hard to fool. If any of them came back, I never could see them.

Our house was just east of a sandy field, and when the wind blew from the west or south, or southwest, our house really did catch the sand and dust. Sometimes the wind would blow a day at a time; sometimes it continued to blow for several days at a time—then everything in the house would have enough dust on it so that a person could write their names anywhere

that was big enough for the name in the dust. It would be all over the kitchen cabinets, the stove, the table, the beds, the floors, the dresser, and everything else.

Our house was about a quarter mile from the public road, and our road out to the public road sometimes would be leveled over with sand. Many times we got stuck in the sand trying to get out to the road in our car.

We were people who believed in going to the storm cellar when a bad looking cloud came up. We didn't have a cellar on this place, so we had to dig one. The only way we could dig one was with a pick and shovel. We did this by hand, digging up the dirt and then pitching it out with the shovel. As we dug we would dig out the steps along too, so we would have a way to go in and out of the cellar. When we finished digging it as wide and deep as we wanted it we would find enough material to make a roof over it, then cover the roof with dirt. We dug this cellar not very far from our back door. Our house was on ground that was pretty level and the land sloped to the north.

We dug this cellar before Mama died and she had canned up some fruit and vegetables in jars and stored them in the cellar. One day it came up a real bad looking cloud so we went to the storm cellar. It began to rain and it kept on raining until the place where the water usually ran couldn't carry all of it away. It began to back up around our house until it got up to the cellar and began to run in it at the door. It kept on running in until it reached our knees, then we decided that it was time for us to get out. We got out and went to the house, and the water was all around our house. The next day our cellar was full of water, and the sides were crumbling off as the water soaked up. When the water soaked up enough we saw that the cellar was ruined and we had to fill it up with dirt. We just covered it up, fruit jars and all. I don't suppose that it could be found very easy now, as the house and everything there has been gone for many years and the land has been farmed over for years.

I remember one fall at Afton when people were picking and hauling cotton to the gin. Everybody was busy at this time of the year, and each fall Dr. Tate came to Afton to put on his medicine show for the people that he could sell his livestock medicine to—the farmer, the rancher, or anyone who needed medicine. He had medicine that was good for humans, too, and many people bought medicine from him. That fall he had a man on the show who could stand up on the stage and work his shoulder blades out of place and then work them back in place again. I was there once and watched him do this. Before he started he told the people that he didn't need any help, and when he got his shoulders out of place and he couldn't get them back in place for no one to try to help him, that he would just walk back behind the stage and call a doctor to put them back again.

Afton was a small town with a cotton gin, and two grocery stores, and each of these stores had gasoline pumps. They both sold farm implements, wagons, harnesses, hardware, and both of them had a doctor and a little doctor's office on the side of their business houses with medicine for their patients. The doctors would go to people's houses to visit the sick, using buggies for transportation until the cars came into use. I got off to telling about these things at Afton and didn't finish telling about the other things. Afton had a cotton yard, a yard for a buyer of cotton seed, a barber shop, post office, schoolhouse, Methodist Church, Church of Christ, a baseball ground over in the Patton springs pasture, which was owned by the Matador Land and Cattle Company. This ball ground later became the Patton Springs School ground.

Each community had its own ball team. There were several different communities around close to Afton—Prairie Chapel, Gravel Hill, Amity, Midway, Duncan Flat, Croton, and Chandler. Each community had schoolhouses and separate schools. Different ball teams would match games against each other. The main ball players would come to play ball—and they would come different ways. Some would ride horseback, some would walk, some would ride in wagons, and others would ride in cars.

I remember one particular game, when the Paducah team came to Afton to play another team. They were getting along in the game pretty good; Paducah was in the field and the pitcher wound up for a throw, put his foot out, and made the throw. His arm popped and the ball rolled about halfway to the batter. This pitcher fell just like he had been shot. He had broken his arm when he threw the ball. I was outside by third base, and I heard his arm pop that far away. That is the only time I have seen a man break an arm throwing a ball.

Afton was similar to Kokomo because the Cottonwood Creek ran by the side of the town, and sometimes when it came a big rain the creek got so high that the water rose in the street, and almost in the stores.

One Halloween night some boys took apart a farm wagon that belonged to J.N. Haney and Sons, and carried it up on top of their store building to the very tip top and set it up again there. The kids did many things on Halloween night.

There were some boys who lived in the Duncan Flat Community who absolutely rode a saddle horse to death one night. They rode the horse until it fell in the road with the saddle still on it, then they struck matches and stuck them in its nostrils to try to make it get up. I saw the horse the next morning with the saddle still on, and the matches in its nostrils, lying in the road just like it had fallen.

Old Charley, my horse, was a dandy good looking horse but he wasn't a cow horse and he wouldn't work to a wagon or a plow, so he was almost useless to us. He wasn't dependable as a saddle horse. Sometimes when I would ride him he would rear up on his hind feet. I didn't know how to break him from doing that so I decided that if I could find someone who wanted him I would trade him off. One day I was in Afton on him. A boy there wanted him and offered to trade me a little bay mare for him. When I asked him how he wanted to trade, he said,

"Even." I told him to ask his dad if it was alright and he did. His dad told him if he wanted to trade himself afoot to go ahead so we traded horses.

This little mare was the easiest riding horse that I have ever ridden. She was gentle and was a good work animal too, so I was well pleased with my trade. Later on she raised me a nice mule colt that made a good work animal.

This boy kept Old Charley for awhile, but he couldn't keep him from rearing up, and that didn't suit him for a saddle horse, so he traded him off to someone else. I never did know just what actually went with him.

Sometime in **1923**, Papa bought a team of dapple gray horses, which were a dandy team and weighed about fourteen hundred pounds each. They were named Blue and Celeam.

Papa also bought a new Peter Schuttler wagon. When the cotton harvest got underway good and there was a lot of cotton already ginned and in the cotton yard, I decided I wanted to do some cotton hauling; freighting as it was called. The buyers of cotton had to get it hauled to the railroad station to be shipped. They paid a dollar a bale, which was five hundred pounds to the bale, to get it hauled to the station. I hooked Old Blue and Celeam to the Peter Schuttler wagon and went to Afton to start hauling cotton with two other men. We loaded all three wagons with seven bales of cotton each, and started out to the railroad station. It was kind of cloudy when we left the cotton yard, and as we drove on, it gradually got worse and worse. It began to mist rain some, and by the time we had gone five miles it began to snow and it got a little harder all the time. By the time we got to Roaring Springs, nine miles away, the snow was three inches deep on the railroad station platform. We unloaded our wagons and while the two men went to a cafe to get dinner, I turned Old Blue and Celeam around and started for home. I couldn't make very good time as the snow got deeper and deeper all the time. I kept on going though, and after dark that night when I got home the snow was six inches deep. I made my seven dollars that day alright, but the weather stayed bad so long that I never did haul another load of cotton. My freighting days were over.

Sometime later on while Papa was driving along taking a bale of cotton to the gin at Afton one morning, Old Blue fell in the road while he was pulling his part of the load. Papa unhooked him from the wagon and finally managed to get him to one side of the road and out of the way of other people who were going to and from the gin. He called a veterinary from Spur, twenty miles away, to come and doctor him, but no one did him any good. He couldn't get up, and in his wallowing around, raising his head up and down again, he finally put out one of his eyes, then he did the same thing with the other eye. There wasn't any hope for him so Papa got someone to shoot him to get him out of his misery.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, the twin girls Ora and Dora, and myself made a trip that summer to Hopkins county where they moved from when they came out to West Texas in **1920**. They worked, hoeing cotton, for other people and made enough money to pay for the gasoline and oil on the trip. I furnished the car and they furnished the money to make the trip there and back home.

Someone gave a party on the night that we left on the trip. We stayed until the party was over, then drove to Matador, twenty-four miles away. We came to a church house and since the door wasn't locked we went in and spent the night there. We drove on nearly to Fort Worth the next day. When Sunday came we were driving through Arlington, Texas, and there was a little delivery truck ahead of us. I drove behind it for a long ways, and when I decided that I could get around it, I pulled out, going around it and got almost even with it when I saw a car coming toward us. I saw that I couldn't get by the truck so I slowed down as fast as I could, trying to get back behind it. The man driving the car meeting us didn't try to pull over a bit to miss us and he came right on and hit our car. I even bent my front fender trying to get out of his way. He was making his first trip in his new car and didn't know much about it. The wreck didn't hurt any of us, but it bent the front axle of our car and we had to have it straightened before we could go on to Como.

After Mama died life was lonesome for us all, but it was extra hard on Papa. We batched for awhile and Papa got acquainted with a widow woman who was staying with her sister there in the community. She was about the same age as Papa was. He visited her a few times and then he decided that he would ask her to marry him. She accepted his proposal and they got married. They had some trouble over her little grandson that she was raising. This boy's daddy had killed his mother and he was left for his grandmother to raise. This little boy liked Papa alright, but for some reason she didn't want Papa to correct him. He cried a lot and wouldn't mind her nor Papa either. That lead to their separation and Papa never married again.

When Mr. Alexander lived in Como, Texas, he started making what he called Hopkins County Stew. He was one who believed in having good things to eat. He made this stew for different gatherings and occasions that came along. When he moved to the Prairie Chapel Community, the word got around about his Hopkins County Stew and the people liked the idea so they got him started making it for them too.

There was some activity coming up in the community that they thought would be a good chance for him to start making this stew. The day arrived and he got everything that he needed to make the stew—tomatoes, tender chicken, salt, corn, onions, potatoes, chili powder, and water enough to cook these things in. This made a good meal with a handful of crackers to eat with it. When he got it all cooked everyone was called to come around the table which was fixed to eat on. Now when everyone was told about the dinner, it was understood that everyone was to bring something to eat out of. I got my bowl of stew, and set it down to go get some crackers. When I got back

to my stew, my spoon was gone. Someone had taken it while I was gone. I looked around for it and not finding it I had to wait until everyone else had finished eating. Then a boy from Afton said, "Julius, would you like to use my spoon to eat with?" Then I knew that he was the one who had used my spoon. Well, there is always someone in almost every crowd who does something wrong. That of course ruined my dinner that day.

During the school term I wanted to enter the mile race. I practiced for a while on running the mile but it was awfully hard to do. I could just barley get back when we first started the practice but it got a little easier along. Before the track meet time at Spur, where all the schools met for the trial test, another boy in school who wanted to run in the race, too, started out. He could outrun me so he represented our school at the meet. He did real well until he was just about to finish the race and then he just trotted out to one side and fell over. He could have finished second if he hadn't just given up and quit.

Another time I decided to try the literary part. We boys practiced saying our declamations; then the school had a test to see which boy would represent the school. The first boy said his declamation, then the second, and then me. When I was about half way through my declamation, it just left me, so I sat down. When the judges gave their decision I was given first place. Well, I continued to practice on it until time for the literary contest at Spur. I represented Prairie Chapel. The first boy said his declamation, then the next one, and then it came my time. I said it about half way through and it just left me again like it did at home, so I just sat down again. When all of the declamations were said, and the judges gave their decision, they gave me first place. It seemed like when I started saying that declamation that my mind just sat down.

I remember one time when we were going to Spur to a track meet and a Model T car passed us on the road. It wasn't very far ahead to a corner in the road, and that car made the turn alright, but just after he got past it he lost all control of the car and it turned bottom side up, and four people were in it. The man driving the car crawled out from under it and had it turned up on its side when we got to it. Luckily no one was hurt.

Another time, while going to Spur, a car passed us and ran up to a bridge that was washed out, plunged off into the washed-out place and down into the river. Another car was following it and it plunged off on top of the first car, and injured some people but no one was killed.

We made a good crop in the fall of **1923**, but it was late opening up so we could gather it. We had heard that down at Stamford, about a hundred miles from us, there was a good cotton crop which was ready to be picked. Horace, Hawthorne Alexander and I decided that we would go to Stamford to pick cotton awhile until ours opened up enough to start gathering. We loaded a few things, mostly our cotton sacks, and started out for Stamford in my 1917 Model T Ford car. We traveled until after dinnertime, and we saw a cloud ahead of us that looked like rain, but we kept going on toward it. The further we went the rainier it looked and we finally got to where it had rained. It got wetter and wetter the farther we went, and finally we came to where a culvert was washed out. We thought we could go through it so we pulled into it and it was just wide enough for the car to set down in it between two banks. We couldn't go either forward or backwards. In plain English, we were stuck. We tried to get it out, but couldn't, and then along came a man in a wagon. When we asked him how much he would charge us to pull us out, he said, "1.50." We let him pull us out, and we started on but we didn't get very far until we came to a lake of water in the road. We didn't know whether to try to pull across it or not. The man with the team came up and told us if we would let him hook on before we got out in the water he would pull us through for $1.50, but if we got stuck out in the water, he would charge $2.00. We decided that we would just try it ourselves and we made it through alright, but it was so wet we decided that it would be quite a few days before it would be dry enough to do any cotton picking. We turned around and started back home.

We got as far back as Aspermont and it began to get late, so when we came to a church building we decided to spend the night there. We found the building unlocked so we went in and raised a window to get some air. We laid down on a bench and were about to get off to sleep, when down came that window and glass scattered over the floor and made the worst racket we had ever heard. That scared us as we were afraid that someone had heard that racket and would come to see about it, so we went back to the car where we spent the rest of the night. That church house had some ghostly looking objects in it anyway and we were kind of afraid of them. We left early the next morning. Before we got home the right front tire went flat and we couldn't fix it so we just left it on the wheel and kept driving. After awhile the tube worked out from under the rim of the tire and went to slapping the ground every time the wheel turned over. We drove all the rest of the way home with that tube slapping the ground. We were proud to be back home where we could get to sleep in a bed again, not any richer, but better satisfied.

Ora Alexander was my girl. She was young, but she seemed older than her age. We dated for awhile and she seemed to like me pretty well. We had known each other for about three years when I asked her to marry me. She said that she would, and we set the wedding day for December 22, **1923**.

I had said that I wasn't going to marry until I had a thousand dollars in the bank. I broke my promise, but not real bad because I did have a few hundred dollars and a team of young mules, which were worth around three hundred dollars. We continued to live on the farm. Dock Leeper and Birdie, my sister, let us have a separate room of their house to start off our married life in.

Someone gave me a little spotted pup, which did its part of howling for a few nights too. I named him Spark Plug. I don't

remember what I ever did with him, but one thing I know is that I never did have any business with him.

The day that Ora and I were married, Papa, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, and Dora, Ora's twin sister, went to Spur with us in my car. We drove up to Preacher H.L. Burnham's house and I got him to marry us. We didn't get out of the car. He just married us while we were sitting in the car and we had plenty of witnesses to our marriage.

Papa and Horace got a 1920 Model T Ford car from Dock Leeper. I think that he owed Papa some money and they made some kind of a trade that Papa got the car and a big black crooked footed horse. This horse was a big, nice looking horse, and he was a good work horse, too, but when a load got too heavy for him to pull with that crooked hoof, he would quit and there wasn't any way to get him to pull it. He had made up his mind he couldn't pull it so he quit trying. His name was Bigon. We worked him in the field heading maize. He would work alright until the load he was pulling got too heavy and that was all for him. If we tried to make him go, he would rear up and get tangled up in the harness or break out the wagon tongue, or he would do something else because he wouldn't pull anymore. We would have to unhook him, take him to the barn and get another animal to take his place.

Ora's parents moved about fifteen miles away from us. It was winter time, and we went to make them a visit one day and spend the night with them. While we were there it blowed up a real cold norther from the north. I put the car in their barn hallway, out of the cold as much as I could. It got awfully cold and it stayed cold all of the next day. We wanted to go home that evening, so I went out to crank the car, but the oil in the motor was so cold that I just couldn't turn it over fast enough to start the motor. I had to drain the oil out of it and heat it up so it would be warm and thin enough so I could get the car started. We started home and Thurman, Ora's brother, went home with us. We had gone about half way home when the right rear tire went flat. I was driving, and I didn't know it was flat until it had rolled off of the wheel and had rolled up beside the car. We nearly froze, but we fixed it and made it on home.

Later on that winter I forgot to drain the water out of the car one night and it froze up, and the cylinder head burst. The next day a big crack was in it and the only way to get it fixed was to take it off and have it welded. Sometimes that would work and sometimes it wouldn't.

I was in Afton one day when a salesman came to town driving a Model T Coupe that had some of the biggest tires on it that I had ever seen. They were sizes 29 by 440 balloon tires and I couldn't see how a little car like that could pull big tires like that. Most Model T cars used 30 by 3 1/2 tires on the rear wheels and 30 by 30 in front.

Some of the people who owned cars wanted to hear the loud exhaust noise so they could tell when their cars were missing and they had cut-outs put on the exhaust pipes so when they wanted the noise they could open the cut-out, and if they didn't want the racket they could close it.

The T Model cars had magneto posts in them, and when a little piece of trash got on it, the motor would die. Then the magneto post had to be taken out and cleaned. It was held in place with three screws right above the fly wheel, and if it wasn't put back just right all of the oil would sling out of the motor when it was running.

Papa bought a 1919 model Dodge touring car from our landlord, Uncle Bud Johnson. It was a real good Dodge, but after it was used awhile the generator quit ginning. Horace and I decided that we were real good mechanics for we had worked on our T Model cars a lot, and we thought we knew all that it took to fix that Dodge generator. We then took off the inspection band and that let us in to where we could see the armature. Well, it was bright and shiny, and we had found the trouble right away. Somebody had failed to keep it greased and that was what was wrong. We got some axle grease, gave that thing a good greasing, then put the band back on it, and started the motor. Our troubles were over we thought and that was such an easy way to fix it. Horace started the motor, but the generator wouldn't gin. He speeded up the motor, trying to get it to gin but it just wouldn't gin. Well, we didn't know just what was wrong then. We took the generator off and Horace and Pa borrowed another Dodge car from a neighbor and carried it twenty miles to Spur to a mechanic to see if he could find out what was wrong with it. He had to first clean out all of that axle grease we had put in it, then he found what was wrong and fixed it. I think it cost five dollars to get it fixed to where it would gin.

Ora and I had moved from the room that we first started our married life in and were living in the house with Papa and Horace. Ora always liked to read, and she enjoyed reading different books that we could get. She got to reading the Bible, and as most people do, didn't understand the real meaning, as she had been raised up in the Methodist Church. Her mother was always a Methodist. That year when the gospel meeting at Afton started, there was a different preacher who held the meeting. His name was Alva Johnson, from Turkey, Texas. We went to this meeting, and Ora heard, for the first time, some good gospel preaching. She listened with open ears and mind to this preacher. He would read his Bible quoting scripture with his Bible turned upside down and held out in front of him. Ora was impressed. She heard him a few times and she decided it was time for her to obey the gospel. She went up and was baptized for the remission of sins and became a member of the Church of Christ.

This meeting was at the rainy time of the year, and when we went to the place for the baptizing it was raining real hard. We had to sit in the car until the rain slacked up enough for the baptizing. They went to the water, had the baptizing and it started to rain again. It rained so hard, and had already rained

so much that the Cottonwood Creek got up real high, and we were afraid for Ora and Floy to go home as we had to cross the creek and there was no bridge there. The water just ran across the road. We made arrangements for Ora and Floy to spend the night with Jess and Ruth Powell, while Horace, Papa and I went home, but we didn't know whether we could make it across that water or not, but we did. The next day, after the water had time to run down in the creek, we went back to Afton for Floy and Ora to bring them home.

Two years later, in **1925**, on April 30, our first baby boy was born to us. He had brown eyes and weighed seven pounds. We named him J.D. He was born at home, four and one-half miles east of Afton. Ora was a good mother; she had plenty of milk for him and he grew and did just fine. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander had moved to a farm a few miles west of Lubbock, Texas. Ora was young and she needed her mother's help for a few days so Horace drove the Dodge car to Lubbock and brought Mrs. Alexander down to help Ora for a week.

We made a pretty good crop that year, but it came an early frost and killed the cotton before all of the bolls got matured. The price of cotton was low and we couldn't afford to hire hands to gather the crop. We had to make sleds which we used to gather the crop with, and have it hauled to Spur to be ginned. We could get a little more out of it at Spur than we could at Afton. These cotton sleds were made with iron fingers out in front that stripped the cotton off of the stalks, and we had to rake it back in the sled as it was pulled off the stalks. The sled box would hold the cotton and when it got full we would unload the cotton in the wagon.

The next year which was **1926**, I decided that I wouldn't farm that year. I wanted to try working for wages; I wanted to go back to Jacksonville, Texas. I had an idea if I could get work in the railroad shops there that it might be better than farming. Ora and I loaded our Model T Ford with such things as we could carry with us, such as our clothes, a trunk, a wagon sheet, my guitar and such like. Early one morning we started on our trip to Jacksonville, just Ora, J.D. and myself. When we got to Stamford, we stopped to have the gas tank filled with gasoline, checked the oil, and asked the station man how far it was to Breckenridge, Texas. He said, "Forty miles." We started out and drove for a good ways, when we came to a little place called Woodson. I asked the man there at a station how far it was to Breckenridge and he said, "Forty miles." When we left Stamford we had taken the wrong road and had driven forty miles out of the way, and still had to drive forty miles to Breckenridge. Stanley, my cousin, lived at Saginaw, a few miles north of Fort Worth, Texas, so we went by and visited them a couple of days.

I wasn't used to driving in a big town like Fort Worth, and when we left Stanley's house we went south, missing as much of Fort Worth as we could. We headed south toward Hillsboro, and it began to mist rain when we got there. We kept on and it began to rain a little harder. The road wasn't paved and it was black dirt. We came to a little town where I asked if there was a place for us to stop—but there wasn't. We started on to Mertens, which was nine miles away. I had been told we could find a place to stay there. We got to a railroad crossing, one mile from Mertens, and there was a jog in the road over the railroad track. By this time the road was so slick the car wouldn't go over the track. I had to get the wagon sheet out and cover up the car with it. There was a house about a quarter of a mile from us so we started out for it carrying J.D., our baby boy, and a few things that we needed. When we got there a man opened the door and said, "Come in." I said, "It is just about time someone told us to come in," for we were just as wet as we could get. They let us spend the night with them; there was just him and his wife and their name was Battles. I'll never forget his name.

It rained real hard all night, but the next day it cleared off. Mr. Battles went with us to the car to help me get it across the railroad track. I cranked it up and was trying to get up over that dump when the section crew on the railroad came along. They stopped, helped push the car over the track and then they went on. We started on in the mud, went about fifty yards, and the car died. I couldn't start it. I couldn't jack a rear wheel up so it would help me to crank it. Sometimes by doing that it would let the flywheel come a little closer to the magnets and that made it start easier as the car ran on magneto. I couldn't get it to start. Mr. Battles had turned his mules out before we left the house, and he couldn't pull the car to town for me. He had a neighbor close by and I went to him and asked him what it would be worth for him to get his team and pull the car to town, a mile away. "Well," he said, "It would be worth twenty-five dollars." I told him that I didn't have that much. Then he said he didn't know whether or not his team could pull it, but if they could he would charge me five dollars. We caught the team, hooked them to his wagon, and hooked the car on behind the wagon and he pulled it to Mertens for me where I stored it for a month. I bought some rope at the store and tied up our things that we had to take with us on the train. I was carrying a load of our things to the railroad station and I met a man on the street who said, "That's right, brother, take up your bed and walk." We caught the first train out and went on to Jacksonville. I don't remember how we got out to where Ernest and Floy lived, but we did some way. They had moved back to Jacksonville and lived out in the country.

About two weeks after we got there I thought it was dry enough to go after my car, so Dock Leeper and I started out to Mertens, in his car, to get it. We left home one evening and went west to the Naches River, which had been on a rise and had washed out some of the road on the other side of the bridge. We crossed the bridge and came to the washed out road. We didn't know whether we could go across it or not. While we were sitting there we heard a car coming meeting us. When the driver got to the water we saw it was a Negro man in

a Ford car. He didn't stop, but drove on across without any trouble, so we said that we could do anything that a Negro could do. We drove out to about the middle of the deepest water and ran off into a chug hole and the car died. The water got into the crankcase and filled it up. We were sitting in the car debating about whether to get out in the water to see if we could roll it into shallow water, when we heard a wagon coming. We waited until it got to the water, and he stopped and hollered and asked us if we had a chain or a rope. We told him we did so he drove out into the water and turned around to hook the car to the wagon, pulling it out to dry land. We finally found out that the crankcase was full of water. We didn't know it before. It had filled up while we were sitting there in the water. We drained out the water and put in new oil and it started.

We drove to Mertens and tried to get my car started but we couldn't. We hooked it on behind his and started trying to start it by pulling it. It still wouldn't start. I finally turned the switch key over the opposite way to what I thought it should turn, and it started. We had tried to start the car with the switch off. That has always been a mystery to me about that. I guess I had forgotten which way it turned on.

In Jacksonville, I went to work in the Slover Basket Factory, working out in the yard drying basket material. I had worked there a few days when I heard that the night watchman wanted to quit his job. I asked for it and they gave it to me. The job was to keep enough steam in the boiler to steam a few vats of blocks to use the next day, and make the rounds each hour and punch a clock at different places in the factory for insurance purposes. I had worked at the job for a week when the day man wanted to trade his job for mine so he could get out of the heat of the day. I didn't like to work at night, so we made a trade. Before we traded jobs I decided one night I wanted to sleep a little between the times I had to punch the clock. I worked real hard, and got the steam up high as I could so I would have some time when I got back, then I fired it up again. I found a dark place and took off the 44 caliber pistol I had to carry and laid it down by me and off to sleep I went. Sometime later I was awakened by the most racket I had ever heard. I jumped up to grab my gun, and saw the racket was the switch engine moving cars on the railroad track by the factory. I had overslept nearly an hour. I made the rounds with the clock as fast as I could, and then I started the fire in the boiler to get the steam up again.

The day job took more work to keep up enough steam to run the factory, and I had to burn green wood and bark off of the blocks that had been steamed off of them. The boiler used an injector system that took water in it, and if the steam was below sixty pounds it wouldn't take water in. The first day I worked, and when dinnertime came I just barely had enough steam up to blow the dinner whistle, and that was mighty weak. I said I had to burn green bark that had been steamed off of the sweet gum blocks, but I did have the centers. These were what was left after all of the wood was shaved off that could be used. I burned the centers in the furnace and that helped some. This factory was under a sheet iron roof, and in the summer when the weather was hot it sure did get hot under that roof. There wasn't any breeze in there. At the end of each day's work, when I came out, my clothes were so wet with sweat that there weren't very many dry threads in them.

I found a little brown house on the south end of town that we could rent for $11.00 a month. It was our home while we lived in Jacksonville. I had to walk to work each day, and I found a shortcut that was a nearer route. I had to walk across the corner of a field and one morning I started across it and a man hollered at me and told me to quit walking across his field. That made me have to walk farther to get to my work.

I was at the Ford house one day, when I found one of the best 1924 Model Ford cars I had seen, so I traded in my old 1917 T Model on it. It was in good shape and the only one I have ever seen that would start just by turning the switch on. It had to stop just right for it to do it, but if the motor stopped just right, it would kick right off without using the starter. I had a good car, but I couldn't pay it all at one time, and I had to pay it out by the month.

I worked at that job for several months, but I got tired of it and couldn't see any future in that kind of job. The cotton crop out in West Texas was about ready to start picking, so I quit my job, and Ora and I both were ready to go back home anyway. We loaded our things in that 1924 Model T Ford, Ora, J.D., and I, and left Jacksonville as happy as a lark, headed for the west. That was in **1926**.

We started picking cotton and every farmer in our West Texas community made a good cotton crop. Everybody that could get plenty of hands had lots of bales of cotton to haul to the gin. It was a pretty fall, the cotton gins were crowded with cotton and ran day and night and they couldn't keep up with all of the cotton that was picked. Every field was white. We couldn't get our cotton ginned as fast as we could pick it and we had picked several bales and piled it up in the field, ready to be ginned as soon as we could.

On the 26th day of November, Thanksgiving Day, Horace and I were out in the field loading one of the bales of cotton that we had piled on the ground to take it to the gin. We were using maize forks to load it with. The wind began to blow, but we didn't think much about it. It kept on blowing harder and harder and it got so that when we would pitch a fork full of cotton at the wagon, the cotton would go fifty yards down the row. We had to quit trying to load it. The wind continued to blow all that day, and by that night nearly all of the cotton that was piled up either blew away or was so full of sand that it was hardly worth hauling to the gin. Practically all of the cotton that hadn't been picked off the stalks was blown away and what was left was so full of sand that the farmers lost money by hiring it picked. One of the cotton gins at Afton caught on fire that day

and burned. That was one of the worst sand storms we had seen. It was disheartening to the farmers.

In the year **1927**, Horace decided that he didn't want to farm that year, but wanted to try his luck working for wages. I don't remember just what kind of trade I made with him, but we traded out some way and he got my good Ford car in the deal. Horace had met a girl by the name of Foya Garrison and they married in June of **1926**. He and Foya loaded up the car and left for Jacksonville, Texas. He got a job there and worked for several months. He got dissatisfied and they came back to Afton. That good car I had traded him had wooden wheels on it and they began to get loose from the spoke and rims. The car began to be dangerous to drive. I don't remember just what he finally did with it. We all continued to live on the farm, and we made a pretty good crop that year.

On the eleventh day of December in **1927**, another baby boy was born to us. We named him Guy Calvert. He weighed eight pounds. He hadn't been in this world but a few minutes when he could turn his heard from one side to the other. This time Ora was at her mother's home for the occasion. They lived in a small house about five miles east of Afton, Texas.

We were at her mother's house for a few days while Ora was recuperating. One day I was walking in the field. I carried a shotgun and I was close to some post oak shinnery brush when I saw a prairie chicken flying off from me. It was quite a distance away and I thought it was too far to shoot at, but I wanted to try anyway, so I raised the gun, took aim at the prairie chicken and pulled the trigger. The prairie chicken fell to the ground. One of the shots out of the shell had hit and killed it. That was the only one I ever killed in my life.

Dock Leeper had bought two laboors of land in Lamb County near Sudan, Texas, in **1924**. He moved on one of these laboors, stayed there two years, and then he decided that he wanted to go to East Texas and go into the lumber business.

A laboor of land is a little more land than a quarter section, which is 160 acres. A laboor was usually about 177 acres. A section is 640 acres of land.

Dock wanted to sell me his land and he had a team of big mules named Blue and Coly that I got in the deal with him. Ora, the two babies, JD and Guy, and I moved out to it in the year of **1928**. There was a big fourteen foot Eclipse windmill there that pumped water for us. Those Eclipse windmills, when they turned, had a clicking sound that you could hear all through the night pumping water. I used to like to listen to them at night.

This land was about fourteen miles southwest of Sudan, Texas. It was sandy land and the wind blew a lot that year. The sand kept me from making much of a crop, and what I did make was so late that the early frost killed some of it.

Ora's twin sister and Vaughn, her husband lived real close to us, and in the summer, after the crop was laid by, we all decided to take a trip back to Afton, in a covered wagon, to visit all of our folks. We put the sheet and bows on the wagon for protection from the weather, and hooked Old Blue and Coly to it. We all loaded in with our camping outfit. There were four of us and two of them so that made six of us who started out on the trip. We traveled until late in the day, when we came to a farmhouse and asked the man of the house if we could camp there for the night. He said it would be alright, so we camped. He let us use an extra lot that he wasn't using to put Old Blue and Coly in for the night. We fixed our supper, then fixed our beds for the night. We wanted to leave real early the next morning. We got up early and had our breakfast, then Vaughn and I went to the lot to catch Old Blue and Coly to hook them to the wagon. There was some of the harness hanging out on the fence which belonged to the man and during the night Old Blue had decided he wanted to eat some of the collars. That mule had ruined two or three collars. He bit into them and they were stuffed with something like oat straw. Old Blue had started eating it and had himself a midnight meal of horse collars. Well, we were ready to start on our way and the man wasn't up so we could tell him what Old Blue had done. I didn't have any money to pay him anyway, so we just put the harness on Old Blue and Coly, hooked them to the wagon and drove off. I have always hated it, but I did it anyway. By getting a good early start that day, we reached our destination. We all enjoyed our visit there except thinking about the trip back home after the week was over. It came time for us to go back home and it took us about the same time to make the trip back home as it did to go.

Dora and Vaughn had been working for a man there just across the fence from us. They lived in a half dugout which is a hole dug in the ground four feet deep the size of whatever room a person wanted it to be. It was then framed up with lumber four feet above the ground, with a roof over it. They are warm in the winter and cool in the summer. They moved away after we got back from our trip.

Ora and I were disheartened as we didn't make much of a crop and we wanted to move back to Dickens County. I began to try to find someone that would buy me out.

There was a family out there who had drifted in, and they all lived together. This family had about five brothers and they wanted to buy out my tools, team, crop, feed, land and all. That was just what I wanted, so we made a deal. They said they had a thousand dollar note that was secured by a section of land in South Texas somewhere and they could cash it and pay me in cash. We went to a bank in Littlefield one day, and had the papers fixed up. I signed what I was supposed to sign and they handed me that note for my payment. I wouldn't take it for they were to cash it and pay me in cash. There were five of them and one of me. We started arguing about it. They had my papers and insisted that I take the note. I couldn't force them to cash it and they began to threaten me. I saw that I had been crooked and the best thing I could do was to get away from them as quick as I could. I had ridden to Littlefield with them and I was

afraid to go back with them. I walked out of the bank and I didn't know just what to do as I was about eighteen miles from home, and I was without any way home. I walked out to the highway leading towards Sudan, and walked for awhile until a man came along in a truck and let me ride with him to Sudan. I still was fourteen miles from home, and I was afraid of what they might do to Ora and the babies. So I started walking out from Sudan towards home and a neighbor of mine came along in a wagon and let me ride with him. When I got home they had been there and told Ora that they wanted to get the team and wagon. She, not knowing that anything was wrong, told them to take them and they had taken them away. I didn't know just what to do. They knew they had crooked me and had the advantage of me as there were five against one and they could swear anything in court and with all of them against me I didn't have a chance. They kept the team and wagon a few days, then all of them came over again and told me if I would give them one of my meat hogs they would give me back my team and wagon. Well, I was still afraid of them, so I told them to take one. They loaded up a meat hog and handed me my papers and left. I sure was proud to get rid of that bunch of crooks, but I hated to lose our meat hog too. I was a lot wiser after that deal.

We were discouraged out there and I couldn't sell out, so we just left the place and moved back to Afton again, pulling bolls and heading maize, trying to make a living.

I had a chance to buy out a man's plow tools, team, and some seed to plant, and rent the land. I had to get help from the bank to make the crop and use the bank's money for expenses. Jake Scot was the man's name. This land wasn't near as good as the land that we had been used to working. It was badly poisoned up with grass and morning glory vines. I worked hard trying to make a good crop, and I did make a pretty good crop, but that fall when I started gathering the crop, I had to pay the bank as well as him. He took the crop and his things away from me. I think he was kind of jealous because I had rented another good place from Uncle Bud Johnson, the man who we had rented from several years before. It was a good place, good land, and easy to work. It was back in the Prairie chapel community.

There were several things that happened that year to be remembered.

It had come up a cloud one day, in the summer, and it had rained some, leaving the fields too wet to work in. I had turned the work stock out in the pasture to graze on the grass. It came a bolt of lightning which struck one of my work mules and killed it. There were little swelled places which looked like little ropes just under the skin that ran across its body.

Another thing that happened one day was when Ora had gone to the chicken house to doctor the nests for mites. She had carried Guy with her, and also a bucket full of kerosene to use in her work. She set the kerosene down and was doing her work when she heard Guy cough. She looked around and he had drank some kerosene, thinking it was water and it had strangled him. She grabbed him and ran out to the field where I was working, and we hooked the team to the wagon and took him to the doctor in the wagon, about four miles away. He didn't get enough to hurt him though.

Late that summer I was in the yard late one evening, looking around and I saw a wolf walking out in the pasture, a short way from the barn. I went in the house and got my shotgun. It kept circling around, looking for a chicken, I thought. I hid behind a bush and waited. It came on, getting closer all the time. When it got real close I raised the gun and fired. The shot hit it in the shoulder, a death shot. It hollered and then fell dead. A wolf won't make a sound when it's hurt, so I've been told. So I said I had killed a dog that looked like a wolf. I drug it down into the field to a ditch and left it. It had to be a wolf because it looked just like one. I wanted to skin it if it was a wolf. I got a knife and started skinning on it, and then I got to thinking if it was a wolf it wouldn't have hollered, so I finally made up my mind that it had to be a dog. I quit skinning it.

Early one morning that fall, I was out pulling bolls, as hands were hard to get and I was having to pull our cotton myself, by hand. The morning was real cool, having blown up a light norther, as we called them. The wind was blowing some and I was down on my knees, astraddle one row, pulling bolls as fast as I could. Before I knew it I was right over a little rattlesnake. It was between my legs. I jumped up as quick as I could to get away from it. I found something to kill it with, and then went back to my work. It could have bitten me real easy if it had wanted to. I sure did watch close after that.

I was in the field one day when I heard a little rabbit hollering. I went to where it was. I found a white racer snake with its head in the rabbit's nest eating those little rabbits. I got something and killed the snake. I know that snakes have to eat just the same as other things, but I hate to see them eat a little rabbit.

I want to tell something else about when Ora was doctoring the chicken house and Guy got strangled on the kerosene in the bucket. We had a calf in the lot and it could get to the kerosene bucket. I guess it thought it was water so he took a drink of it. When Ora thought about leaving the bucket, she went after it and found our calf lying there, dead. The drink of kerosene had killed it.

When the year **1930** came along we moved over to the good place I had rented from Uncle Bud Johnson in the Prairie Chapel Community. I had too much land to work by myself so I made a trade with a young man and his wife to help me make the crop that year. I gave him so much money each month and a certain number of acres of land to plant cotton on. We got along real good and we both made a good cotton crop.

On August 1, of that year, a cute little baby girl was born to us. She weighed six pounds; little but cute. We named her Verlie Marie. She was real healthy and grew fast. I was playing with her one Sunday morning and holding her up above my

head, looking up at her. All at once I began to get dizzy and than I went blind. When I came to myself, in a very short time, I found that I had gone through a door into another room and Verlie was lying on the floor between the bed and the wall, whimpering. I was on my knees by her. I guess that I had fainted because I didn't know when I went through the door and fell with her by the side of the bed. I came to real quick and picked her up. She wasn't hurt, but if my knee had hit her it might have killed her.

We got to stay on this place only one year, as the landlord had a son-in-law who wanted to move on the place. I had to move to another house on the same farm with less land to work, but the land was real good.

Over on the Pease River, about eight miles from where we lived were some wild plum thickets. Anyone who wanted wild plums could go and pick as many as they wanted when they got ripe. Ora decided to pick some, so she, her mother and dad, her sister and brother-in-law went with her one day. Ora got thirsty for a drink of water and they found a well with a windmill out to one side that pumped the water. It had a sucker rod that worked up and down on a pivot, and somehow when Ora started to get a drink this sucker rod came down and nearly crushed her head. She nearly got killed.

That same day I stayed home to work in the field hoeing cotton. I was about fifty yards from the end of the rows when a little cloud came up about two miles from where I was working. I didn't think anything about it until a bolt of lightning hit the ground about fifty yards from me. It shocked me. I liked to have been killed too, that same day. I threw my hoe down and went to the house until the cloud went away. The bolt of lightning killed the cotton for several yards across the spot where it hit. If I had been where it hit, I wouldn't be writing this book.

We didn't have a car then and there was a man about two miles from us who had some scrap parts of a Model T Ford car and an old car frame that he had hauled to his junk pile. He let me get them. It had a coupe body on it. That fall a man came out from Arkansas with his family to pick cotton for us. He was a good mechanic, so he and I took those car parts I had collected and made a good motor and put it in that coupe frame. We had a good coupe to use.

Horace and Foya had moved to O'Donnell, Texas, and we wanted to go out and make them a visit. We went and when we started home from out there, we didn't stay on the pavement, but cut across the country, following the country road. We came to a low place in the road where Russian thistles had blown in and lodged in the road. The road was covered with them. I didn't want to have to go back and there wasn't any way to go around them, so I tried to drive through them. I went just as far as the car would go and the car stalled. I tried backing up and going forward a few times, but the car couldn't go through them. I had to get out and throw them out of the road before we could get through them. If they had caught fire it might have burned the car up.

I was in Spur one day and there was a man with some used cars for sale. I looked them over and I found a brown two-door Ford sedan from Eastland County for one hundred and sixty dollars. It looked like a good car and was real nice so I bought it. It did run good and it was a good car. We kept it for several years until I finally traded it off for a 1928 Chevrolet.

In the year **1933**, when the first government farm program came along, I , like all the rest of the cotton farmers, had planted too much cotton. The government offered so much an acre to get it plowed up. The committee came along and decided just how much, or how many acres to plow up. Mine was eleven acres. The cotton was big enough that it had bolls almost grown on it, and when I plowed it up the bolls opened up that weren't plowed under.

The plow up year, as we called it, caused a great many farmers who rented land to work, to have to leave the farm. If a landlord had any sons-in-law or brothers or any other kinfolk who wanted his farm to work so he could get the government money, he would have to move away so the kinfolks could move in. My case was that the landlord had a son-in-law who wanted my place and we had to move.

The next year, **1934**, we moved to O'Donnell, Texas, on a farm that Horace and Papa had rented. Ora and I moved into an extra house that was on the place. We didn't get much rain, and the land that they let me work was the only part that made anything hardly. I planted some hegari and part of it got big enough that I could cut it with a sled. This was made to slide right beside the rows of feed as it was pulled by it. I had to ride the sled and catch the feed as it was cut; I laid it in piles along the rows.

That was also the year the government bought and killed all of the cattle the people would let them have. A committee was sent to each farmer who wanted to let some of his cattle go, and sign them up. Then on a certain day the killing crew would come out to the farm to kill the cattle. They didn't care where they shot a cow or calf; if it wasn't standing just right to be shot in the head, they would shoot it in the side to make it turn so they could shoot it in the head. Where it fell, that was where they left it. The farmers had to drag them off or burn them; bury them or dispose of them anyway they wanted to. Horace had several head of cattle he let them kill. He dragged them off for we couldn't stand to eat the meat.

I had a pretty white brood sow that had several pigs. Since I didn't have any feed for the sow, when these pigs were born I took a hammer and knocked them in the head and killed them. Then the sow got too hot one day and died, so that put me out of the hog business. I didn't have any feed to feed them on and I thought that was better than letting them starve to death. There was a government loan that some people could get, but there wasn't any way to pay it back that year. Times

sure were hard for people to make a living and get by on for awhile.

Ora had wanted for a long time for us to go into the chicken business, but I never would give my consent for we always lived on rented places, and there was never any convenience for chickens. If I had helped her, I guess we might have been successful with chickens, but I wasn't as interested in them as she was. We did have several nice laying hens and she tried to take good care of them.

These chickens were Mr. Johnson's second and third grade layers, as they were all hens. We had these hens while we were still living on that place and one night Horace, Foya and Jewel, one of her sisters decided that they wanted to have some fun out of Ora and me. Jewel came to our house to borrow our shotgun one evening. We didn't think anything about that, but they had already planned just what they were going to do, so they made sure they had the gun in a safe place. They waited until they knew we had gone to bed that night, and we did go to bed pretty early and were already asleep. They went to where our hens were and tried to get them to hollering so that we would get after them. They had a hard time getting them to squawking though, as they were gentle, because Ora had petted them all of their lives. They finally got us awake and then they started running across the field with those squawking chickens. Well, I knew that someone was stealing our chickens, so I hollered kind of weak like because I was afraid; for anyone that would steal, would kill too, and I didn't want to get killed. They carried our hens off. We got our clothes on as quick as we could, then we got into our car and drove around the field with the lights off, but we didn't see anyone until we came to Horace and Foya's house. We stopped there and started telling them about someone stealing our hens. When they told us it was them, we didn't believe them until they went out to show us where they had put them. They just wanted to have a little fun along with the hard times that we all were having, trying to get by for awhile. They have always hated doing that to us.

We went back to Afton that fall to pick cotton for awhile. It had rained some and there was a pretty good crop, which helped us buy groceries for awhile that winter.

I got a chance to rent a farm for the next year over in the Joe Baily School District. It was one hundred and sixty acres, with some pasture and some farm land.

The merchants at O'Donnell began to give away prizes each Saturday, that summer. One of the prizes was fifteen dollars, and if no one had the lucky number that fifteen dollars was carried over to the next Saturday. I was in town one Saturday when the drawing had gotten up to forty-five dollars. I had the lucky number and drew the forty-five dollars, which sure did come in nice, too. Money was scarce as hens' teeth, as the saying goes.

The wind had been blowing pretty hard nearly all day and there was a lot of dust in the air one day that year. Along about three o'clock that evening Ora had cooked some dinner and we had just sat down at the table when all at once it got real dark. We didn't have electricity and we used kerosene lamps for light. We lit the lamp so we could see, but there was so much dust in the house that the lamp light didn't give much light. We didn't know what to do. Ora put a cloth over our food and we got our coats. Then it began to get lighter. We never knew just what that was unless a cloud had gone over and shaded out the sunlight.

Earlier in this book I spoke about Old John and Maud, our two work mules, that we kept so long. Old John wouldn't take care of himself, and he died at the age of twenty-five years. We kept Old Maud and sold her at the age of thirty-three years for eleven dollars. We did hate to let her go, but the time came when I had to make another move and I just couldn't keep her any longer. She had been a good, faithful member of the family.

I want to tell something that happened once, several years back. Papa had hooked Old John and Maud to a wagon with a bale of cotton on it, out in the field. He saw the tax assessor come to the house so he wrapped the lines around the wheel hub and went to the house to turn in our taxes. While he was there, telling the tax assessor about a team of old mules he had that weren't worth paying taxes on, they decided to run away with that bale of cotton!

I have always liked and enjoyed picking on my guitar and seconding to songs that Ora and I learned to sing together, and some that I sung myself. Ora and I liked to sing together, and we knew several songs so we decided to see if we could sing them on the radio at Lubbock. We made an appointment and put on a fifteen minute program one day, but that was the only one we ever put on.

I decided to write a song when so many people were drinking Jamaica Ginger and it gave jake leg, as it was called. I thought that it might be a good time to write about it as the jake leg caused a lot of people to be crippled for life and some had to use a walking stick in order to help them walk. I called my song, "Jake Leg Blues." I tried to get a copyright on it, but I didn't push it and never got it. That was at the time when Jimmy Rodgers was at his best with his songs and his yodeling, and, of course, I had some yodeling in my song too.

Earlier in this book I told about getting stuck in Russian thistles, and I want to tell you more about them. People who are not acquainted with them call them tumbleweeds, but tumbleweeds and Russian thistles aren't the same. A Russian thistle is a round weed like a tumbleweed, but there is a great difference in them. A thistle is a lot thicker and heavier than a tumbleweed and it is full of little stickers. When you touch them and get those stickers in your hands they are hard to get out. In those stickers are the seed of the Russian thistle. When the wind blows, they will roll across the field and across the country scattering seed along as they roll. That is the way they get scattered everywhere. When you burn one of them, the smoke

is real dark. Russian thistles grow to be four and five feet across sometimes, depending on the type of soil they grow in.

A tumbleweed grows about the same size as the thistle, but they don't have stickers in them and you can handle them without getting stickers in your hands. A tumbleweed is a beautiful weed. It is a light green color when it's growing, but in the autumn when everything is turning a different color, the tumbleweeds are beautiful. Driving along in the country where they grow, you can see them by the thousands, a pretty pink color. Some are gold colored; some are brown; and they really are beautiful. The Sons of the Pioneers have a song about the "Tumbling Tumbleweeds", and it sure is pretty, too.

While we were living at O'Donnell, Texas, Ora's health wasn't very good. She didn't have strength enough and didn't feel like doing her housework, so we moved back to Afton for we thought it might help her. The only job I could find was farm work for a dollar a day, and we had to live in a small shack with a sheet iron roof on it. We stayed there until I could get some better place for us to live.

I bought an acre of land in one corner of a farm on the road which led from Highway 70 to Afton, intending to build a filling station by the highway. I thought that it would be a good place for one, so I gave fifty dollars for that acre of land. I got a truck driver that I knew to get enough lumber at a sawmill in East Texas to build a 12 by 24 foot house on the acre. He hauled that lumber out there from East Texas and unloaded it on the lot for seventy-five dollars, and that included the hauling too. I managed to get the house built so we could live in it. I borrowed a hand auger and drilled a water well thirty-six feet deep by hand. We had thirteen feet of water in the well; it was good soft water and real cool to drink. We had to draw it out because we didn't have a windmill.

I worked for the farmers there as several of them always needed someone to help them with their farm work.

On the twenty-fifth day of July in **1936**, another little baby girl was born to us. She was little and cute and weighed only six and one half pounds. She reminded me of a little cupie doll, so I nicknamed her Cupie and later on shortened it to Tupe. Her real name is Peggy Ann. Our other children were of school age when she was born.

I continued working for other people on the farm and when fall came we started pulling bolls. That was the way people gathered cotton then. I remember my biggest day's work pulling bolls was eight hundred forty pounds that I pulled myself, and I also had to weigh and empty the cotton the kids pulled too.

Our children were healthy and weren't sick very much. Guy did take the mumps and his jaws swelled awful big. He looked bad, but it didn't seem to have hurt him very much.

Our neighbor, J.C. Rogers, lived about a mile from us, and he brought his little boy to our house while Guy had the mumps so he could take them while he was little so it wouldn't hurt him.

I continued to work at different jobs as they came along. I was a Jack-of-all-Trades, only there weren't very many trades in a cotton farming community. We did manage to get by some way.

In the fall of **1936**, the black birds came into our community by the thousands. They were so thick they couldn't all find enough food, and some of them starved to death.

Some of the men made bombs out of old stove pipes and filled them with pieces of scrap metal and anything that they could use. In the daytime when the birds were feeding, the men would tie the bombs up in the trees where the blackbirds roosted at night. Then they would run a wire from the bomb out to a farm tractor somewhere, and when it got dark, and all of those birds had gone to roost they would start the tractor or turn the ignition. That would set the bomb off, killing lots of birds.

In the year of **1937**, Papa was living with Horace and Foya in O'Donnell, Texas. He came to our house that fall to make a visit. He was still healthy at the age of seventy-five. We had to work in the cotton fields to make a living, and he wanted to work too. He worked with us for awhile, and then he decided to go to Fort Worth, Texas to visit his daughter, our half-sister, Eula White, who lived there. While he was there something got wrong with him and he passed away. He was moved to Afton and placed in the cemetery beside Mama and two infant grandchildren, Lillie Esteline Casper, and an infant that belonged to Foya and Horace.

I missed Papa. He was always good to me and I can't ever remember him whipping me for anything although I know I needed many of them. He didn't whip me for I knew that he meant what he said and I respected him.

In the fall of **1941** we were gathering cotton, as usual, and I kept hearing about what good wages a man could get doing carpenter work at Mineral Wells, Texas, helping build Camp Walters, a training camp to train soldiers for the war. We had a neighbor boy who wanted to go there to work for awhile. I decided that I would try my luck too and go with him. We went and he found work immediately for he wasn't trying for carpenter work, but I wanted to get started out as a carpenter. They had what they called a bull pen where everyone had to stay until the time came when they could get called out. I had to stay there for two weeks before I got a job. When they finally called me, I had to take a physical examination to see if I could work or not. After my physical, the record of it was put in an envelope and sealed. I was supposed to take it out to the camp to my employer to let him see; then I would know whether I could get work or not. While the seal was still wet on the envelope I unsealed it and saw that I had passed before I went out to the job. I started working for one dollar, twelve and one half cents an hour, the highest wages I had ever been paid in my life.

I didn't know very much about carpenter work, but I had to have a job and I thought maybe I could get by until I could

learn enough to make a good carpenter. I had helped quite a bit in that work before which helped me a lot. I was afraid for awhile, so I did my best to make a good hand, and I guess I did for I continued to work until the job was almost finished before I got laid off.

One day I went out to work when it had been raining so long that in some places the ground was so soft and spongy that I could stand in certain places and shade the ground for several feet around me. This day it was raining a slow rain. We worked in the rain until up in the day and we were soaking wet. The foreman said for us to quit for the day. I went to town to the Krazy Water Hotel where I found a place where the heater was blowing good warm air to warm the building. I stood right in that place until I had dried my clothes good, and then went out to where I was staying with five other men at 301 Southeast Fifth Avenue in Mineral Wells, Texas. Places were hard to find as there were so many men there working at the camp like I was. There were men there from everywhere.

One Sunday we were doing some finishing work in the hospital. We worked for several hours and the foreman didn't want to lay us off so he told us to hide out somewhere until quitting time. Our pay on Sundays was one dollar and sixty-eight cents an hour, and we wanted that time and a half pay check, so we scattered out around in the hospital. I found a room where a great many mattresses were stacked up and I finished the day laying around on those mattresses. I got to looking at them and some dates on them went back to World War I in 1918 and 1919. Dark spots which were blood stains were on some of them, where the soldiers had lain when they were wounded in the war over in Germany and other countries. The mattresses should have been destroyed, but the government held on to them to be used again.

This friend of mine that I went with was staying at the same address as I, along with some other men. The owner of the house had a brother that stayed there too. They both drank and every few nights they would get drunk and get into a fight with each other. They usually did this at night after the rest of us had gone to bed and they sounded like they were killing each other, but they never did while we stayed there.

I was handicapped for a way to go anywhere, because I didn't have a car with me as I had to leave ours at home for Ora and the kids to use. Before I got to go to work it came Christmas time, and I didn't have but very little money and I couldn't send anything back home for the folks. I had met another man from Afton who was staying in his car while he was looking for work. He got together with someone else who lived in Afton and they went home for Christmas together. He wanted me to sleep in his car at night while he was gone and I did. Somehow Ora decided to make some homemade candy and send me some. I got it at Christmas time and I couldn't hardly stand that just to think she had sent me some candy and I couldn't send them anything. That sure was a lonesome Christmas for Old Julius.

After I went to work I needed a car so bad that one Saturday this friend and I decided to go to Fort Worth to try to find a car I could buy. We found two at a used car lot that looked good to me. One was a 1936 Buick Town Sedan, a real sporty-looking car and the other was a green 1935 four door Ford sedan. I bought the Ford for one hundred and sixty-five dollars and we drove it home. It sure was a dandy good Ford. I wanted this friend of mine to go with me because I wasn't used to driving in a big town, and I wanted him to drive it home for me.

A cold spell of weather came and I was afraid the radiator might freeze and ruin, so I drained out the water that was in it. I thought it smelled funny for water, but I let it all run out on the ground. When I told my friend about it, he said that I had drained out the alcohol antifreeze in it. I wasn't used to antifreeze and I wasted what was in the radiator by not knowing what it was.

My brother Luther lived in the Flatwoods Community in Eastland County. I wanted to make him a visit while I was that close to him, and I wanted to go back to see our old home place too. It had been twenty-two years since we moved away from Kokomo.

One day I went to see Luther and spend the night with him. I didn't know just where he lived but I inquired about how to find him. When I got there he had just gone to South Texas to work in another camp and I missed seeing him. His daughter, Adeline Norris, still lived there so I found them and spent the night with Adeline and her husband, George.

The next morning I drove to where we had once lived. The house was gone and the only thing there that I could see that looked natural was some yellow rose bushes that grew in our front yard. I dug up some of them to take with me, then I went to one of my old classmates' houses, Avery Jones, who later became Mrs. Floyd Crawley. I stopped the car to visit with them a few minutes. I walked up to the front door and knocked on it. Avery came to the door and I spoke to her and asked her if she knew who I was. "Yes," she said. "You're Julian Henley." I guess she had forgotten my real name was Julius. I talked to her a few minutes and she asked me if I wanted to talk to Floyd. I told her that I did want to see him. She said he was out there plowing with a little John Deere tractor. He stopped it and talked to me for a few minutes. Then I left and drove on. I don't remember an incident that I did after I left Floyd and Avery's house, which was told to me twenty-nine years later. I will tell about that later on in this book.

I started back to Mineral Wells, driving along when I began to hear a little hum in the car. I stopped at the first filling station that I came to and had the differential checked and it didn't have any grease in it. I had some put in and that was the trouble. I worked a few more days at the camp and was laid off.

I sure was proud to get to go home to my family and they were proud of the new car I brought home to them. A few nights after I got home, JD drove it to the schoolhouse one

night and somehow the doors got locked with the switch keys in the car. He had to break out a little front window to get the door unlocked.

In the year **1942**, I went to Wichita Falls, Texas, where Sheppard Field Airbase was being built, to see if I could get work there. It was a new job, and a union job, and no one could work there unless he was a union man. I had to buy a permit in order to go to work. I paid for it by the week, as so much was taken out of my pay check each week until it was paid out. I expected them to lay me off as soon as it was paid out but they didn't.

I had to sleep in the car until I got started to work and drew a few pay checks. The city ordinance was that no one could sleep in the city limits in a car without a permit from someone who owned property and was willing to let you sleep on their lot. I got permission from a filling station man to let me stay on his lot on some extra space he had. I was asleep one night, when some officers woke me up and told me that I had to move out of the city limits. I didn't argue with them any; I just got up and drove on out of the city limits close to where I was working and went back to sleep. As soon as I could get enough money to afford it, I rented a room from a Mr. and Mrs. Hair. They let me eat my meals with them too. They treated me like home folks and that helped. They let me sleep in an upstairs room.

That was a tough job for a lot of men. Some of the best carpenters were laid off. Even the superintendent that I worked under at Mineral Wells told me that it was all he could do to keep working. I wasn't one of the best, but somehow I managed to keep working. It was a fast job and the weather was real hot. We ate a lot of salt tablets to help us keep working. Part of our job was framing, and part was putting decking on for the roof right on top of the building where the sun really bounced back at you. Some of the men asked me to show them how to do things so that they could keep working.

Some pictures were made of our carpenter crew and others. I still have one picture of our crew that I worked with twenty-nine years ago, and it is still in pretty good condition. I think there were about thirty of us in the crew.

I went home as often as I could on week ends to be with my family. I had to leave the car with them at home because the other one played out. That caused me to have to ride the bus out to work and then ride it back after work and walk to where I was staying.

Ora and the children decided they would come to Wichita Falls and spend a few days with me and that would give them a vacation. We camped out that week. It was uncomfortable for them to have to stay camped out through the day while I was at work and it was awfully hot, too. One day Guy and Verlie were walking around in an old unkept park close to where we were staying, and they walked right up on a big bob cat before they saw it. It got ready right quick to attack them, but they ran away from it. It really did scare them. That happened while I was at work.

A small lake was close by too, where the boys liked to fish. They caught a few fish out of it and that helped them to pass away some of their time. It came time for them to go home and I am sure that they were ready too by that time as it was hard on them to camp out without being equipped for it.

Pretty soon my job began to play out and I had to start looking for another one. I had my union card paid out and I was a union carpenter.

I went home for a few days and expenses kept on just the same. I went to Abilene, Texas, where another camp was being built. I got a job and only got to work at it for a few days when I was laid off again. I went back home and by this time J.D. was old enough to work some too. J.D., Horace, and I went to Hobbs, New Mexico, where another camp was being built. Horace and I went to work there for a few days, and then got laid off. From Hobbs we went on over to Carlsbad and I went to work again, but Horace didn't get to work so he went home. J.D. and I stayed on, and in a few days, J.D. decided to go home too. I met another carpenter, a Willie Jackson, from Big Lake, Texas, and we fixed a batching outfit and camped out close to our job as long as we got to work. The job was about finished and we didn't work very long before we got laid off. All of the training camps that I knew anything about were finished and that slowed the carpenter work down a lot. I went back home, stayed a few days, then went to Lubbock to the Carpenter's Local, but there weren't any jobs open that I could get work with. I quit paying my union dues and I haven't been a member of any union since.

I left Lubbock to go back to Hobbs, New Mexico, to the oil field to try my luck in the oil business. There were lots of oil wells out there. I hadn't had any experience in the oil fields but I thought I could learn if I could get a job. I had to leave the car at home again for the folks and hitch hike out there.

When I walked out of Lubbock on the highway a man came along and gave me a ride. He didn't go all the way to Hobbs, but he let me ride as far as he went. He was working for a heavy equipment company and I tried to get him to let me go to work for that company, but I hadn't had any experience and he couldn't use me.

I was in the post office one day and who did I find in there but Lisle Favers, one of my old friends from Afton. I hadn't seen him in a long time. He and his wife were living in a small trailer house, but nothing would do Lisle but for me to stay with them until I could find a job.

I went to where the men hired out each day for oil field work and the foreman of an oil rig moving crew hired me to go with them that day. Skid a rig, as they called it. It was moving an oil derrick from one location to another location to start drilling another oil well. I didn't know how hard the work was and how greasy and nasty a man could get in a day until I worked with them that day, but it was a job for me and the pay

was good. We went about seventy miles that day and moved a derrick to another location. It was fast work after we got set up to move it. We had to take it loose from its base first, then jack it up and put it in oak shoes, as they were called. They were eight feet long and about ten or twelve inches wide and had to set on round steel pipes that rolled on a track that was placed along as the derrick was pulled along with a caterpillar tractor. That was the hard work, lifting those heavy timbers after the derrick has passed over them and carrying them in front of it again and laying it down again for the rollers to roll over again. We moved that rig a quarter of a mile that day, then the next day we went about one hundred and twenty miles and skidded the tallest derrick I have ever seen three quarters of a mile. We had good luck with it. I saw my first oil well blow in that day. It looked like muddy water blowing up through the derrick. They let it blow a few minutes and then they shut it off. I just got two days of work doing that and that was all I could find to do. I had to go back home again.

It came time for the eighteen-year-old boys to register for the armed services. J.D. was one of them and when they called him he was sent to Camp Fannin at Tyler, Texas, for his training. When he was about through with his training we decided that we had better go down there to see him to make sure we got to see him before he was sent off for we didn't know whether they would let him come home or not.

We left home one morning about three thirty and there was some snow on the ground. We didn't have any trouble driving until we got to Jacksboro, Texas, where the road was covered with ice which was really slick. Cars were off of the road and one big truck that was loaded with hogs had jack-knifed off the road and had lost some of the hogs. We never stopped. If we had we might not have ever got started again, but as long as we were moving going up one hill and down another, we were alright. The car didn't skid very much and we finally drove on through the ice country. We got to Tyler late in the evening and got permission from the man at the gate to go inside the camp to see J.D. We found him sick and he wasn't allowed to leave the camp. We visited with him until it was time for us to be out of the camp. We started out towards the gate and it had been raining and the streets were shiny with the water on them. I came to a turn and I turned too quick and ran off the pavement into the mud and got stuck. We were stuck in the mud and it was time for the gate to close. I had to get J.D. to get some help for us. He wasn't allowed to go to officers' quarters, but we had to have some help to get out. He and I both went to the officers' quarters and he told the man what kind of trouble we were in and he called for a truck to pull us out. We left, then went on toward Troupe, Texas, where my sister, Floy, and her husband, Ernest Casper, lived out in the country eighteen or twenty miles away. The rain turned into snow and by the time we got to their house, the snow was four inches deep on the ground. We did find them and made it alright. We made them a short visit and went back home.

J.D. did get to come home after his training was finished. He was scheduled to go overseas to the Philippine Islands. When his few days furlough were over we went with him to Roaring Springs, where he had to catch the train that was to carry him away from us to the war. The train came and when it left the station he walked out on the platform of the car and waved goodbye to us. We were not to see him again for the next two years. It sure hurt us to see him leave, not knowing whether we would ever see him again on this earth.

I took a job at our Patton Springs School. The school was named this because the land once belonged to the Matador Land and Cattle Company, and this part was known as the Patton Springs Pasture. Some springs of water there were named after a man named Patton.

The maintenance man for the school buses quit the job and left a vacancy. I applied for the job and the school board gave it to me. I was to maintain the seven buses and drive one of them on the route each day. This was during war time and parts were hard to get. I had quite a time trying to keep up seven buses.

We had a shop to use, which the agriculture boys and teacher had to use too for some of their school projects. The boys were taught how to kill hogs, dress them and cut the meat into the right kinds of cuts for home use. People in the community would bring their hogs on a set day and the boys would take care of them for a certain price per head. When killing these hogs the boys would stick a knife in their throat and let them stand up as long as they could before they bled to death. They were then scalded in scalding vats, hair would be scraped off, and they were hung up by their hind legs. Then they would split them up the middle and take the intestines out. They were then ready to be cut up.

It came a long wet spell of weather one fall and the ground was full of water. Then it came some real cold weather and stayed cold so long that the ground froze several inches deep. The road was alright as long as it was frozen, but the ground began to thaw out when some warm thawing weather came. I started out on my bus route one evening after school was out, and four miles was as far as I could get. One boy lived a mile from that day's run and he pulled off his shoes and waded in the mud barefoot to his home.

When the roads were dry they were rough, which was hard on the buses as the rough roads shook the buses awfully bad. I just couldn't hardly keep them up in shape. I made my run one evening and after all the kids were off the bus, I was going back home, driving along, and I actually lost my gas tank. Of course, the bus stopped immediately. I had to call in for someone to come after me to get me back to the schoolhouse.

The kids at lunchtime would gather around and ask me to pick the guitar and sing some songs for them. I enjoyed it and they seemed to enjoy it too.

There was a lunchroom at the school for the kids and all of the teachers, bus drivers, and anyone else who worked at the school could eat there.

The lady in charge of the lunchroom needed an extra hand to help them with their cooking. They had a lot of work to do and everything had to be done on time. Ora applied for the job and went to work there. She worked there about two years and decided to quit.

The Commissioner in our precinct died and the job had to be given to another man. People began to find fault with him. Several said that anyone who ran for Commissioner the next election year could beat him for they would vote for anyone who ran against him. When the next election year came along, two other men and myself decided to run against him, and I thought that I had a good chance to win the job; I didn't know of anyone who had anything against me, and some told me they would vote for me. I had some cards printed, and passed out as I could, and when the candidates had a speaking night, I made my speech along with them and asked them for their votes. I ran as good a race as I could, and then finally the election day came and all the voters who wanted to vote cast their votes. When all the votes were counted that night, everyone who came to the election board to see who won, and saw that the man they said they wouldn't vote for had won without a runoff. He got more votes than all three of us. That taught me a lesson. You can't tell just what people will do by what they say. This man kept the Commissioner's job for seventeen years.

J.D., our boy who was in the war, had been in the thick of the battles in the Philippines on Leyte and Mindanao Islands. While I was working at Patton Springs, his class that he would have graduated with if he had been at home, did graduate. We went to the program. It sure was a sad occasion seeing his class graduate while he was off in the war fighting for them. He did make it through the war and got to come home while I was still working at the school. We were real proud to get to see him again. He brought home some Japanese rifles, along with some other things he had accumulated.

I got tired of my job too. It got to where I couldn't keep the buses up in a safe condition. I got to thinking if something should happen to one of them and some of the school kids got killed, I would have that to think of all the rest of my life. I got the superintendent to get another man to take my place there. My salary was only one hundred and twenty-five dollars per month, including my bus driving and it took all of it to live on.

The man who quit that job before I went to work there was a man named R.D. Holly. He was a gin man and he had a manager's job at the West Texas Cotton Gin Company, at Glenn, Texas, in the Patton Springs Community about two miles from the schoolhouse. When I quit there he have me a job doing some clean up work at the gin he was managing. That fall when the ginning season started he gave me a job working at the gin running the suction. Later on I began working at the press. He managed this gin two or three years, when a man at Dougherty, Texas, heard about him and gave R.D. a manager's job with a working interest in it too. R.D. moved to Dougherty, about twenty-seven or twenty-eight miles from Glenn. It was known as the Newton Gin. I continued to work for R.D. when he needed me.

In the meantime J.D., our boy, had married a girl, Effie Jane Roller, who lived at Roaring Springs, Texas. Janie had a son from a previous marriage named Ronald Manley. He was about fifteen month old when she and J.D. married. They had been married about a year and a half when their first children were born to them, a pair of twin boys. They were named Jerry Wayne and Gary Layne. They were born in the Matador Hospital about seventeen miles from our house. When it came time to bring them home from the hospital, it was planned that they would come to our house for awhile. I had a good 1937 Ford Sedan that had a good heater in it. J.D. drove it to the hospital to get them. It was one of those cold misty gray days and it was in February. He had driven out from Matador several miles and was driving behind another car. He decided he wanted to pass that car because it wasn't going fast enough, and he wanted Janie and the babies home and out of the cold as quick as he could. He started around the other car on a curve in the road and about the time he got even with it he saw another car coming toward him. He tried to speed up and get past that car, but there was ice on the road and the car started to spin around and slid off the road and turned over, throwing Jerry out on his head and hurting J.D. some. I don't think Janie and Gary were hurt very much. That lick on the head caused Jerry to have a head injury all of his life. It didn't hurt J.D. very much. He was cut by some broken glass in the car. They were carried back to the hospital where they were treated and J.D. released, but Jerry was in the hospital for several days before he was released. Later on he had to have several operations on his head because of the injury he got in that fall.

The body of the car was ruined and we finally had to haul it off to the junk pile. I will always believe I know what caused the wreck. I had some good six ply tires on the rear wheels which I kept up good with plenty of air all the time. I believe that if those tires hadn't been inflated like they were that the car might not have skidded around as it did and would not have turned over.

J.D. and Janie had another set of twins, this time a boy, named Ricky Ray, and a girl, named Retha Fay. Little Ricky was their first brown eyed baby. He died of polio when nearly three years old. He was buried by my mother and father in the Afton Cemetery at Afton in Dickens County, Texas.

J.D. and Janie had another brown eyed baby girl, Janie Marie, and another son, Steven Carl.

Guy, our youngest son, decided, as most boys do, to get married, too. He married Charlice Black, a girl from Patton springs. They lived on a farm east of Afton the first year after they married. Guy worked at the cotton gin at Afton some that fall,

then he went to Fort Worth, Texas, and worked for awhile. He then worked for the Rock Island Railroad Company in the Signal Department. He was moved around several times until he got enough seniority to get a permanently located job as Signal Maintainer and is now located at McAlester, Oklahoma.

They had five children. The oldest, a girl named Shirley Guynell, a boy named Charles Michael (Mike), Jim Mark (Mark), and David Lee (Dave). The next child was a girl named Christy Ann. Guy and Charlice were divorced and both were remarried. Guy married Nellie (Pugh) Conoway who had two daughters by a previous marriage, Rita Kay and Elizabeth Anne.

We finally bought the rest of the farm that I bought the first acre from. We paid it out and had been living there several years by this time. I worked the little farm and worked at the gin in the fall during the ginning season. I drove about twenty-nine miles to work each day, and then drove back after working from ten to sixteen hours a day.

R.D. decided he wanted to tear down the old gin building and build a new steel building and put new machinery in it. We had trouble with cotton choke ups and lost lots of time which caused extra work too. Mr. Newton had sold the gin to R.D. and he had a new way figured out that he wanted to try. After the ginning season was over, in the spring we started taking out the old machinery, storing some of it, and hauling some of it to the gin yard and putting it on the ground. R.D.'s dad came up there one day and when he saw all of that machinery lying around, he said, "You'll never get it all back in that building." It looked impossible to him, but we did get it all back and in place and had it running by the next ginning season. One day we were tearing down the old building. It had a loft in it over to one side of the engine room. Some bare rafters could be seen, and I looked up there and saw a queer looking object, that at first I thought was a monkey, and then I saw that it wasn't. I called the other boys and we saw that it was a barn owl. We got to chasing it in the building trying to catch it, but it got out through a hole in the wall and flew away. In a few days, we found it again in there. We caught it this time, and one of the boys carried it home with him. That was the only barn owl I had ever seen.

While I am telling about this owl, I want to tell about another owl that I had some experience with while we lived on the farm.

I have already told about buying the rest of that farm that we lived on. This farm had a creek that ran across it known as the Cottonwood Creek. Cottonwood trees grew along the creek with some other small post oak trees and a great lot of shinnery thickets with wild grapevines and wild plum trees and thickets. There were hackberry trees and a world of brush—a regular wilderness for opossums and skunks and coyotes to hide in. These big Horned Hoot Owls that stayed in the cottonwood trees would fly up to our house at night and do their hooting. Well, one day I wasn't doing anything and I decided to take the old shotgun and walk down on the creek to see if I could find one of those hoot owls. When I got down there I started looking for one up in the trees, and spotted one setting there minding its own business, not bothering anybody. I walked towards him until I could see that he was getting restless and fixing to fly away. I raised the gun and aimed it at him and pulled the trigger. The gun fired and the owl fell out of the tree. I walked on to him and I could see that he just had a broken wing. Well, I thought that I would carry him to the house to show Ora and Peggy Ann. I wanted to catch him by the feet so he couldn't stick his claws in my hands. He was laying on his back looking up at me and I was looking down at him. He had tried to fly away and had found out that he couldn't fly with a broken wing, and he was just laying there. I got as close to him as I could, trying to get hold of his feet but before I knew what I was doing hardly, he had grabbed me around the wrist with one claw and then he grabbed me around the other wrist with the other claw and he really was squeezing those claws into my wrists. It seemed like he was sure going to tear into an artery in my wrist. It sure was hurting me. Well, in a tight spot a fellow has to do some quick thinking. I had to get him to turn me loose some way right quick. I knew I couldn't carry him to my house with his claws sticking in my blood vessels. I says to myself, "If I lift him up to the first limb on the tree maybe he will try to fly away and get away from me." So I lifted him up with those claws sticking deeper into my wrists to the limb on that tree, and sure enough, he did try to fly away over that limb and as soon as he did that, he turned me loose and fell back to the ground again. I sure was a proud boy when he decided to turn me loose. I began rubbing my wrists and looking at those claw holes in them where he had gripped them so tight. After I doctored myself up to suit me, I did him wrong for I killed him. His life was just as good to him as mine was to me and I shouldn't have done what I did to him. I will always remember my experience with that hoot owl.

Three was a long distance of pasture land on the road between Dougherty and Roaring Springs, which I had to travel twice each day to go to and from work. One day when I was coming home from work, driving along about sixty miles an hour, I saw a rattlesnake right by the side of the road. I started stopping the car as fast as I could and when I got it stopped I saw another one out beside the road. I started looking for a stick or something to kill it with, and when I did finally find a stick I killed it. Then I went back up the road to where the first one was, to kill it too, but it had crawled off somewhere and I couldn't' find it anywhere. There were lots of rattlers along there in that pasture. There were mesquite trees and grass and it was a good place for them.

Ora found one close to our house one day, too, under some okra stalks, while working in the garden just east of our house, when she noticed the cat sitting there moving its tail and looking at something. She got to looking to see what the

cat was looking at and she saw the rattlesnake. When she called me, I went out there, got a hoe and killed it. I noticed later where it had been crawling around under our house.

Later on that fall, I was going to work one morning and I had gone up the Caprock, which is the eastern edge of the Texas Plains where a rocky ledge separates the plains and the rolling country below the plains. The Texas Plains is a big part of West Texas where the land is real level and it once didn't have trees on the land. It stays level for many miles before it gets rough again in the west and north. After I had gone up the Caprock I was driving pretty fast, when I saw a big bird sitting on a post by the road. When It saw me coming it flew away. I believe its wings would spread five feet or more across. I had never seen an eagle before, but I believed it was one and when I got to the gin I told the other boys about seeing that big bird and they told me that it was an eagle for it had been seen before.

My job at the cotton gin was driving a truck hauling bales of ginned lint cotton from the gin to the cotton yard at Roaring Springs, about eighteen miles. I saw that eagle several times that fall as I was hauling cotton to the cotton yard.

Some antelopes too were in that pasture, and they would range for several miles around. I saw them several times that fall while I was driving the cotton truck. They would be grazing out in the wheat field with the cattle. They didn't like for anyone to get very close to them.

I had hauled a load of cotton to the yard one day and there was a Negro man who worked there that had on a pair of shoes that was all run over on one side and they didn't have any strings in them to hold them on his feet. I said to him. "I'll bet those shoes really do feel good on your feet, don't they?" He said, "They sho do feel good, that's the reason I'm wearing them. They all run over but they jus feel so good that I won't throw um away. I got some lot better shoes at de house I could war but I like to wear these cayse they do feel good. I got two or three par of good bouts at hom and good shos too." He really did have them too, because I saw him wearing them later on. He was a man of his word.

Jerry and Gary stayed at our house a lot when they were small. I remember one time Jerry was at our house, when he was about three years old. I was working at Brownfield, Texas, and J.D. and Janie were living at Odessa, Texas. I came home one weekend and I had to catch the bus to go back to my work. I was taking Jerry home to his folks. I rode the bus and took him with me to Odessa. We got to a place where I had instructed the bus driver to let me get off, and I had to carry Jerry and a box of his clothes for a quarter of a mile in the dark. I had to set Jerry down for some reason and he was afraid. I had to take him up pretty quick or he would have cried.

In the year of **1954** we didn't get enough rain to plant our crop. There wasn't very much work that a person could get to do. But it happened that a man, by the of Chism, from Dallas, Texas, was a line construction contractor for the telephone company and he had some work to do in our community. He needed a few more men to help him. When I asked about a job, he put me to work. Jessie Ray Pernell, R.D. Holly's son-in-law, asked Chiz, as we called him for short, for a job and he put Jessie to work. Verlie Marie, our daughter, had met and married a young man named Dell Young, from Spur, Texas. Dell asked Chiz for a job and he put him to work too. Another young man who lived at Roaring Springs was working for him so we all worked until we had finished the work he had contracted to do. Chiz had another job at Yale, Oklahoma, and told us we could go up there and help him if we wanted to. We didn't have anything to do so we all went with him to Yale, Oklahoma. When the day came when we were to go to Yale, we all met at Roaring Springs and loaded the truck with some things that we had to haul. I drove the truck most of the way. Jessie Ray drove a Jeep hole driller that he had, and our womenfolk drove our cars and we headed out for Yale. We were lucky for we found a place where three families could rent places to stay in the same house. We were all members of the Church of Christ and on Sundays we all had to drive fifty-one miles to Tulsa, Oklahoma, to church. There was a church in Yale, but it was one that had Sunday School and we didn't believe in it since the Bible doesn't say anything about it so we drove over to Tulsa. The weather was awfully hot there and we all worked hard during the week, but we went to church on Sundays, never missing a service.

Our work was drilling holes for telephone poles, stretching wire, trimming brush out of the way, climbing telephone poles to tie the wire to insulators and a lot of other things that we had to do.

I remember one day when we first got to Yale, a car load of telephone poles came in for us to ground with wire, and they had just been applicated with creosote. The sun was shining right down on us, and I think everyone of us blistered from that creosote on those poles.

We worked there and on the Fourth of July Chiz wanted to do something for us, so he made arrangements for us to go to the Indian Picnic at Pawnee, Oklahoma. The Indians had their celebration each year on the Fourth of July. We all went there and saw the Indians, and that was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen in my life. The Indians were dressed in their prettiest costumes and there were many things there they had made for people to see. They had an Indian dance too. The musicians sat around a table and beat on different kinds of drums. The dancers had bells on their feet and they jingled as they danced to the music. It was a beautiful sight to see. They had different colored blankets and cloth for people to see. Some of the Indian men had feathers in their headdresses, and some of them had their hair shaved right in the middle of their head. I saw one Indian that reminded me of a picture I saw of an Indian on a book entitled, "In the Apache Country."

Dell was a preacher and he was called to hold a gospel meeting that he had booked sometime earlier. Jessie Ray, Donna,

his wife, Ora, Peggy Ann, and myself stayed on and worked seven weeks there for Chiz. R. D. and his wife, Juanita, came up there and made us a visit while we were up there working.

The work was so hard and the weather so hot that we all decided to quit and go home. We had left two cows and their calves at home in the pasture and I told R.D. to keep checked up on them. The pasture was played out so he sent them to Lubbock to the market for us. That was the last cattle I have ever owned. We had to leave Old Lady, Peggy's dog at home too. She had to rustle for herself.

When Dell left Yale to hold the meeting, they left some of their things with us. We loaded the car to go home and I carried all of the things out to the car—I would load some and then say it couldn't be done with all that we had to put in that car. I would load, then unload something to make other things fit. Finally I got it all in the car, but at first I didn't believe it could be done. The car was a 1947 two-door Chevrolet Sedan. We really did have a load in that car and three of us rode in the front seat. A person can pack a lot of stuff in a car if he loads it right. We made it home alright. Peggy Ann's dog was kind of shy when we first got home. I guess she had almost forgotten us. We had been gone seven weeks.

It still hadn't rained enough for the farmers to plant their crops and there wasn't enough work that I could get to do. Our cows had been sold, so all that we had left was the dog. We took her to Verlie and Dell's house, left her and left home again. This time we went southwest to Post, Texas, where the big cotton mill is that makes Garza Sheets. The mill is named after the Garza County. There wasn't an opening in the mill for us, so we went to Lubbock, Texas. We got a place to stay and the next morning I started out looking for a job of some kind. The third place that I asked about a job was at the stadium at the Texas Tech College. A construction company was building onto the stadium, making a lot more seats. Another man was needed to help so I was put to work. The job was close to our apartment that we rented, which was real nice for me. I worked there for awhile and I noticed that a man, by the name of Wilson, had charge of the football stadium and the maintenance of the football field, keeping the grass growing and mowed for the Athletic Department of the college. I asked him about a job helping him. He told me he didn't need anyone then, but it wasn't but a few days later that I went to work one morning and he looked me up to ask if I was still interested in a job. I told him that I was. He said that he would put me to work, so I quit the construction company and went to work for the college. I worked with him for several months doing janitor work, helping him with the lawn, patching the seats in the stadium, and during the football season helping him clean up after each game. I really couldn't enjoy my work because I knew I was indulging in a worldly practice that I didn't believe in.

I knew a man who was foreman of the janitors at the administration building and I asked him about a job as janitor. He didn't need anyone then but he helped me get a job with Mr. Miller who delivered supplies to different building on the campus. I also was to relieve janitors when they had vacations coming. I took their place when they were gone. During the time I was doing janitor work, relieving a janitor at the library, I got acquainted with a man who had come to Lubbock to take a librarian job at a new library the city was building. Library work is nice work so I asked him about getting a job with him when he started in the new library. He told me to put in my application as library custodian with the City of Lubbock. I was to see Mr. Sandy in the personnel department. I did this, and kept on with my work and in May of that year I received a letter that I had a job with Mr. Sandy as custodian at the new city library. I took this job because it paid more money than the college paid, and I would be working for City of Lubbock. It paid two hundred dollars a month.

This new job was real nice. I was in charge of keeping the building clean. Not all the books were installed yet, because more shelves had to be installed. I didn't have very much work to do because the new building didn't require much work for awhile. Mr. Joe Tombs was supplying some of the new equipment for the library and he let me help him do extra work for him, which came in handy. It didn't interfere with my work, and he paid me good wages when I worked for him. They gradually got the library stocked with books.

Along in June of **1955** I got to feeling bad, and I would get out in the sun to help get relief. I felt achy and cold and the hot sun felt good to me. I finally had to see a doctor at Spur, Texas, and he told me that I had kidney infection and that I had to lay off work for a few days. That was on Saturday. He gave me some medicine to take and a shot. I didn't have to work on Sundays and on Monday I went back to work, although I wasn't up to par and I toughed it out and didn't lose a day's work after all.

This city janitor's job was real nice, but one thing was wrong with it—and that was the wages. One Sunday at church at Dickens, Texas, I saw R.D. Holly there and he asked me if I would like to work for him at his gin that fall. I told him that I would, so when I got back to the library I told Mr. Sandy that I was resigning from my job because of the pay I was getting.

I turned in my resignation to the city personnel department and had to wait until they could find another janitor to take my place. That took about two weeks, and then I was free to work at the gin.

R.D. borrowed a four wheel trailer from one of his customers for me to move in. We loaded the trailer and moved to dougherty, Texas, where I could make better wages. My job was driving the cotton truck hauling cotton to the cotton yard. I continued to work there at the gin until the ginning season was over, and about the first of the year the janitor at the Patton Springs School quit his job, which left a vacancy. I applied for the job and they gave it to me because I had worked for the

school before. This time it was doing the janitor work and also driving a school bus. The work was more than I could do by myself so Ora and Peggy Ann helped me with it. We lived on the school grounds as the school furnished a house for the janitor, the agriculture teacher, the superintendent and a few more teachers. We started working there in January of **1956**.

Our little farm was about two miles from the school and I farmed it too. It was a lot of extra work for us, but we made a few bales of cotton on it, which helped us out some.

Peggy always liked her dogs. She seemed to prefer collies to other breeds. While we lived on the school grounds or at the school she got a collie pup from someone. It was a pretty pup, kind of blue colored. She named him Smokey. He grew fast and began to make a big dog. Another dog in the community, that someone left when they moved away, roamed over the community and Old Smokey got started going with him. One day they got into a neighbor's young chickens and killed a bunch of them. We didn't know about it until the man came to our house, saw Old Smokey and asked Ora if he belonged to us. When she told him that he did, he told us about the two dogs killing his chickens, so we had to get rid of Old Smokey. I loaded him up one day when I was going to the farm to work, took my twenty-two caliber gun with me, and when I got to the place that I wanted to kill him I stopped the car. We got out, Old Smokey and me, and we walked in the pasture about fifty yards, when Old Smokey stopped and I thought that was a good time to end the trouble. I took good aim at him with the twenty-two and pulled the trigger. The shot that I had intended to be between the eyes missed the spot, and just as I pulled the trigger he moved his head a little and bullet hit him in the neck. He started to the car, with me after him. I never got another chance to shoot him until he had got under the car. He finally stuck his head out enough for me to shoot again and that finished him. I dragged him out under some shade trees and buried him. I sure did hate to kill him but there comes a time for all things, I guess. It wasn't my intention to harm him by missing my shot at his head. If he hadn't moved just then he would have passed out of this world and never knew what happened to him.

We continued to work at the school for a year and a half. Some Church work needed to be done at Post, Texas, so we went there to do that, which finished my school work at Patton Springs.

We moved over to Post, and I helped with the Church work there. I put in my application at the school at Post for a job and it wasn't long before there was an opening and I went to work in the junior high school building as janitor. I had lots of little friends there in the junior high. I remember one evening after school was out and I found a note that some girl had written. It said, "If you don't have a horse, and you don't have a cow, If you don't live in Texas, you don't live nohow." People that have lived in Texas all their lives, and especially on the farm, have some thankful things to say about Texas.

I started a hobby there. I noticed the coupons on the Aladden school supplies and I started saving them, and they accumulated pretty fast. I got a book listing the prizes that one could get with the coupons—they started at two, then five and ten. I saved the coupons for awhile, then I noticed that I had saved thirty-two hundred coupons, which was enough to get an electric wall clock. I sent in my coupons and in a few days my electric wall clock arrived. I hadn't told Ora about sending for it yet, so when it came, I carried it to a place where it could be giftwrapped, and they fixed it up real nice for me. It was getting close to Christmas time so I carried it home and gave it to Ora for a Christmas present, and told her not to open it until Christmas for it was her present. She couldn't wait that long to see what it was, so she opened it then. I had some coupons left over and I just kept on saving them and it wasn't long until I had saved up thirty-two hundred coupons again. This time I sent for a clock for Peggy Ann. I still had coupons left and I just kept on saving them, not knowing what I would get the next time with them. I saved twenty seven hundred more while I was there and I still have them.

Peggy Ann met a nice young man by the name of Phil Neilson, whose home was in Stinnett, Texas. He was in Lubbock going to school and he was a member of the Church of Christ. He came to Post that Sunday to preach for the congregation. His mother was with him and we asked them to go home with us for dinner and they accepted. That started a courtship between Phil and Peggy Ann. They dated for awhile and married. They had a nice new electric wall clock to start their married life with.

We bought a house in Post right by the Santa Fe Railroad track on 14th Street. The abstract of title had a lot of information about C.W. Post, the Post Toasties man from Michigan. He was the man who built the town of Post, Texas, and also developed a great part of Garza County. He built farmhouses on one hundred and sixty acres of land and sold the land to people that needed a farm, developing the country by grubbing out the land and putting it in cultivation and living on it. These houses were four room bungalows and the last time I was in Post I was in the bank and there was a picture of one of those bungalow houses framed with old one-by-fours, the kind of lumber which was used in the construction of them. They used it in memory of the founder of Post, Texas. On the courthouse lawn was erected a statue of him sitting in a chair. On the day of the dedication of this statue, a truck load of television sets were delivered to the junior high school building for anyone who wanted to watch it to use. But a terrible sand storm blew up on that day, and it wasn't a very good day for the dedication either.

The school board at Post hired a new superintendent who changed a number of things and especially the janitor's work. Our work schedule was changed to where it wasn't good for us and I quit my job and moved back to our farm at Afton again. We bought a nice little house from a man at Petersburg, Texas,

and had it moved to our farm to live in. I worked the place and helped R.D. Holly at his cotton gin again. I worked for him during the ginning season each year for about three years. One fall we lived in a trailer house at Dougherty where it would be close to the gin, and I wouldn't have to drive so far to work. We carried a collie dog up there with us that Peggy Ann had. Some people at Anton had given him to her and she in turn had given him to us. When we carried him to Dougherty he wouldn't stay home with us, but he got to roaming around with other dogs, and when we left Dougherty, we couldn't find him and had to leave him up there.

Peggy Ann and Phil had been married about three years, and they were living at Spearman, Texas. They decided to move out to Tucson, Arizona. They liked it fine and Ora and I had never traveled around very much and we decided that we would make them a visit. We drove our car to Dickens, Texas, left it with some friends, and caught a bus out to Tucson, arriving there in the night. Peggy Ann and Phil met us and carried us out to their house. We visited with them for a couple of weeks, seeing the mountains, the greasewood, cactus, and a lot of other things. Just before we got ready to leave for home, I took the flu and had to stay another week. When I got over the flu we caught the bus and went back to Dickens where we had left our car and it sure was nice to have it there to go the ten miles home in.

I want to stop here and tell about our daughter, Verlie, As I said before, she married a preacher from the Red Mud community around Spur, Texas. They have three children, Kit Marie, Kay Dell, and Kelly Paul. For several years they lived at Spur, where he worked for the R.E.A. They now live in Harlingen, Texas.

Phil and Peggy have five children, Paul Warren, James Douglas, Shelly Dawn, David Bryan and Anita Lanell. Phil works for the Farmer's Home Administration in Tucson, where they have made their home since **1961**.

When we got back from Tucson, we had only been home a few days when J.D. came by. He had been to California delivering a load of cars for Dealers Transport Company of Louisville, Kentucky, which he worked for. After he delivered the cars there, he picked up a car for someone to drive back to Louisville, and had driven it to our house. He asked us to go home with him, and since we had never been to Louisville, and there wasn't a thing at home that hindered us—the transportation wouldn't cost us anything, so why not? We went with him and stayed a week. It came a snow while we were there, and about all that I could do was sit at the heater and keep my feet warm.

When we started home on the bus, we came as far as West Memphis, Arkansas, the first day and stopped off to spend the night with Guy and the kids, as they were living there at that time. We caught the bus again the next morning and rode across Arkansas. I don't remember what town we stopped at but I do know that while we were there we were sitting in the bus and I looked across the street and there was a sign on the side of a store which said "The Crook Brothers" (The Honest Crooks).

Ora's brother lived at Como, Texas, about ten miles east of Sulphur Springs, and we had planned to stop again and visit with him. It took all day and part of the night for that bus to cross Arkansas and get to Sulphur Springs. Instead of the Train Through Arkansas, it was the Slow Bus Through Arkansas. We got to Sulphur Springs after dark and had to call Ora's brother to come get us at the station. They didn't know that we were coming. He came for us and we spent that night with them. The next day he carried us to visit more of Ora's relatives at Winsboro, Texas; then we boarded the bus and headed for home. This time we got to Dickens in the night. We had a friend who was in the service station business there, and he carried us home in his car.

Well, it was winter time and there wasn't very much that a man could do in the cold weather but stay by the heater. That reminds me of a cold spell of weather that we had once while Verlie and Peggy Ann were still at home before they married. It came a cold misty spell of weather and there was enough moisture to freeze on everything. The trees, fence posts, wire, windmill, shinnery brush, grass, ground, everything was covered up in ice and it was just as slick as ice could get. I decided that I would take the Long Tom Shotgun, that belonged to Papa when he was with us, and walk out to the pasture to see what I could get a shot at. Well, it was so slick that I barely could stand up and walk, and if I came to a place that was kind of sloping, I mighty near had to have something to hold onto to help pull myself along. When I would jump a rabbit, it would try to take off and the ice was so slick that it couldn't get a toe hold to run, and it would lay there trying to get up and couldn't. Verlie and Peggy Ann got out from the house a little ways and it was so slick that Verlie had to get down on her knees and crawl to the house. It was the only way she could go with slipping and falling down.

While we were at Tucson, Arizona, visiting Peg and Phil, Bill Yarbrough, the founder of the Yarbrough Brothers Construction Company, offered me a job with them in Tucson.

We had decided that we would move to Tucson. We had our little farm and hated to sell it. I took a job at the Afton Coop Gin, helping repair it. I was making pretty good wages, and they wanted me to help them at the gin next fall. I told them that I was going to move out to Tucson. On a cottonwood tree out on Highway 70, that ran by our place, I put up a sign FARM FOR SALE. I kept on working at the gin, though. People began asking me what that sign meant. I told them I was selling the place. When they wanted to know what I wanted for it, I told them eight thousand dollars and I wanted cash. A real estate man from Spur wanted me to list it with him. He said he could sell it real quick, but I wasn't interested in giving him a commission out of what I wanted for it.

The time came when I had to move as the job with the construction company was ready for me and I had to move out there.

J.D. had managed to get a 1948 Fort Truck in Louisville, Kentucky, and he wanted me to use it to move out to Tucson. He drove it to West Memphis, Arkansas, where Guy lived. Guy and a friend drove it on out to Afton for me, and they caught the train back to West Memphis. The truck bed was too short to hold all of our things, and I built an extension on the back of it. Some of my friends helped me load the heavy things, such as the refrigerator and deep freeze. I loaded the deep freeze on the front next to the cab and fixed it so I could plug it in to electricity when we stopped somewhere at night as it was full of frozen food. These friends helped me load things at night after work. The next day Ora and I finished loading the truck, and we locked the house. Ora drove the 1954 Chevrolet car and I drove the truck. The place hadn't sold yet, so we just waved it goodby as we left and drove to Spur where Verlie and Dell lived. I told Dell to sell the place for me. We spent the night with them and then headed west for Tucson about seven hundred miles away, the next morning.

When we got to Post, Texas, I had a flat on the rear wheel of the truck. We stopped to have it fixed, and then went on to Brownfield, where we talked with Dora and Vaughn a few minutes. Then we drove to Hobbs, New Mexico where all trucks have to stop as it is the line between Texas and New Mexico. The truck was weighed and I had to pay six dollars as I was overloaded. We went by Carlsbad, and then when we got to Dell, City, Texas, we stopped at a filling station to buy some gasoline and started off again. I hadn't gone but a quarter of a mile and the truck quit going. The motor would run alright, but it wouldn't move. I went back to the station and got hold of a mechanic who told me that I had a broken axle. I got him to get one for me, so he and a friend of his got on their motorcycles, and went to El Paso. The only place he could find one was over in Juarez, Old Mexico, so he got it and brought it back on his motorcycle and put it on for me. That stop caused us to have to spend the night there. A new tire had to be put on the Chevrolet too. We arrived at Tucson on Saturday evening, and spent the first night with Peggy and Phil. On Sunday evening we moved into a house at the Ransom Court, that was furnished us by Bill Yarbrough for managing the court for him. It was right on a traffic circle and there were lots of car wrecks there while we stayed there. We stayed at the court until our little farm was sold and then we bought this house that we live in now.

I started work on Monday after we got to Tucson, but the job that I had to do, I wasn't worth two cents at it. My job was answering the telephone and helping some in the shop. So I asked to be transferred to a job doing what carpenter work that I could, so they let me work there until the job was about done and then I asked to be put in the paint crew and they let me do that.

I didn't think that it would ever rain in Arizona, and it didn't rain either until up in June. One day just after lunch time it came up a cloud and a rain storm with high winds. The two streets in Tucson that I especially know of are built low in the center so the water, when it does rain, will run down the middle of them, and that day they were sidewalk full of water. I mean by that the water is from one sidewalk to the other. Those two streets are Country Club and Alvernon Way.

When we finished painting on that job, another one was started on Jacinto Street. It was a small apartment house, and just two of us painters to start that job. Ed Miller was the foreman as he had been with Yarbrough Brothers' Construction Company several years. I was the other one. We had just started that job, and I was painting by myself one day, when Al Bartlett, another painter, walked up and asked if that was the Yarbrough Brothers' job. I told him it was and he said he was told to start to work so that made three of us on that job. Al continued to work for them for quite awhile. He put in an application for a job at the airbase, and got it and went to work there. We were painting one day, putting on sanding sealer, and we were kind of drunk from the effects of the paint we were using, and Al said, or he meant to say, "The longer I stay here the drunker I get." But he said, "The drunker I stay here the longer I get."

The Yarbrough Brothers' Construction Company consisted of Bill Yarbrough, the founder of the company, Foy, the electrician, Sewell, the head carpenter or foreman, and Leland, the cabinet man. There used to five of them, but one quit the company and moved back to Texas. Their company sign used to be "The Yarbrough 5 Brothers Construction Company." Leland, the youngest of them lived close to the shop and office.

His wife, Velma, likes to bake cakes for people, especially birthday cakes, which she can really decorate nice and pretty. For some reason she decided that she would bake one for me. This cake was a dandy. It was about nine inches tall and ten inches in diameter, decorated with pretty material, green in color, and covered with white icing. They brought it to our house after she got it made and it was too much cake for Ora and me, so we asked them to help us eat it and we invited Sewell Yarbrough and his family over too to help us eat it. We all had plenty of cake.

Velma said that she liked yellow meated watermelons and had been trying to get one for seven years. That summer Ora and I went back to Texas on a visit, when at a fruit stand at Hereford, we saw some watermelons, and we asked about them and they said they were yellow meated. I bought three of them. We were visiting Horace and Foya, and we ate two of them at their house, and I carried the other one to Tucson and gave it to Velma. It weighed thirty-two pounds.

On my sixty-fifth birthday Velma baked me another cake, decorated it real nice and put the number sixty-five on it and fixed a nice birthday dinner for us. Leland and Velma have been real nice friends to us since we have lived in Tucson.

They built three big apartment houses for Bill Yarbrough, who decided that he would move to Sierra Vista, Arizona. The bank got him to manage a big shopping center deal and a motel with some apartments in it for awhile until they could sell it. He needed extra help and asked me if I would help for awhile. We went there to live in an apartment that he furnished for us. Mr. Morrison from Phoenix bought the place, and I continued to work for him awhile and then work played out. I got a job working for Van Pack, a big storage house for people that were moving and had to store their things for awhile. Later on they would have them shipped to them. My job with Van Pack was patching shipping crates, which were from all over the world. They got rough treatment being handled by trucks, trains, ships and any other way to move things, and they would get worn out and have to be patched up so they could be used again. When I finished repairing crates, they had me build a framework above the office for extra storage room. The job wasn't a permanent one, and when I ran out of work I went to work for Bekin Moving and Storage Company. The first day I worked with them I went with a young man up on a mountain to help wrap and pack household goods to be moved. We wrapped and packed whatnots, glassware, dolls, toys, guns, keepsakes, household goods, and those people had almost everything that one could think of to be wrapped and packed in boxes. We couldn't get it all done in one day by working overtime and into the night, so we went back the next day and worked until noon wrapping and packing. When the big moving van came, we used every imaginable means in order to get the van turned around and backed up to where we could load it. If you have never helped to get a big truck turned around on a mountain, you ought to try it sometime. These men that drive moving vans can stack more household stuff in a van than it seems possible to get in there. They wrap every piece of furniture separately with wraps that look like quilts and wedge it between other pieces of things in the least space. There is very little space left after they get it all wedged in the truck. It was late in the night when we got it all loaded, then we had to drive back down the mountain and then home.

Bekin was expecting to enlarge their storage house because of STRATCOM, as it is called. That was an increase in something pertaining to the Air Force at Fort Huachuca. Then the increase of personnel wasn't as great as expected, and I didn't get to stay on with the company. Only old hands with seniority stayed on. The new hands were laid off.

I did some painting on a new house that a man was building out in the country, and then a little work for another person. That was all I could find to do. We moved back to Tucson to our house.

I worked for Yarbrough Brothers awhile, then I started helping Ed Miller on a job he had started. A job opened up for both of us with the Kenneth K. Kamrath Construction Company, where we started working on August 1, **1968**. I had just started working there when we got word that Jerry Wayne, one of J.D.'s and Janie's twin boys, had drowned in a lake at Abilene, Texas. He was visiting a friend there. They had gone swimming and something happened to Jerry. His body was flown here and laid to rest in the Southlawn Cemetery in the south part of Tucson. He died at the age of twenty.

Revelations 14:13 says, "And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me. Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them." Jerry's did. Read on.

> Dear Mr. & Mrs. Henley:
>
> I just wanted to add this note to our card to let you know how very much we grieve with you.
>
> Last Lord's Day we went to Church for worship as usual. This is as our custom is on Sunday and here came this nice looking tall fellow to lead the first song. How thrilled we were to know we had a guest among us and one who thought enough of the Lord to be with those who love the Lord enough to worship him. He asked for help to start the song but then went right on in perfect time. It did us so much good and we felt we must meet this young man. After we were dismissed we were introduced to him by another member of the Church and they told us that he had been there to the Wednesday night service and had requested to be of use sometime with difficulty in his speech.
>
> We were never so much impressed with a young man's zeal before. Now as we think back on it we feel as though he was a messenger from God to all of us. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers for thereby some have entertained angels unaware.
>
> We don't say these things to make your burden more sorrowful and harder to bear but hope instead that you will gain comfort from knowing that was the way he felt when he was away from home or apparently he was about his master's business even away from home and among strangers.
>
> I am thankful that he came our way. It is always a tragedy to lose our loved ones, but really they are never lost to us as we can go to them.
>
> Please if you are ever in this part of Texas, come to see us as we would feel so blessed to get to meet the parents of this wonderful boy. If we or the congregation here can help you further don't hesitate to let us know.
>
> In Christian Sympathy,
>
> Morris and Beverly McFadden

At Kokomo, the community in Eastland County, Texas, where I spent most of my childhood days, the good people there had kept the community alive and each year they had a

Home Coming for the people who had spent their childhood school days there. They sent me an invitation in **1968** to go, but I didn't get it in time to be prepared to go. In **1969** I received another invitation. I didn't know that they had one each year, but I found out that a Home Coming is held each year on Saturday before Mother's Day. I made plans to go and see how many of my old friends were still there and how many knew me and how many I knew.

Ora and I left Tucson on Tuesday, May 5. We drove six hundred and one miles that day to Brownfield, Texas, where Ora's twin sister lives. We visited her a few minutes and then drove to Lubbock, Texas, to spend the night with Horace and Foya. We also spent the next day with them. Then we drove back to Brownfield to spend the night and the next day with Dora. She drove her car and we all went to Afton to the cemetery to visit our parents' graves and also the infants' graves there. From there we went to Seminole, Texas, and visited Thurman and his wife, Lora. Thurman is Ora and Dora's brother. Then we went to Midland, Texas, to visit Hawthorne, their youngest brother and his wife, Sarah. We then went back to Brownfield that day, which made a four hundred mile trip.

Early Friday morning, May 8, we left Brownfield going to my old home place. We reached Eastland, Texas, about twelve o'clock; found a motel room for the night and then went out to a restaurant for dinner. After dinner we started out on Highway 6 for Gorman, Texas, which is the place they said that I fell sprawling in a bunch of grassburrs when we got off the train. That was when I was three years old when we came from Mississippi in **1906**. It had been fifty-one years since I had been in Gorman and I didn't know much about it because when we lived at Kokomo we didn't get to town very much. I did remember that once in awhile we did get to town with Papa, that at dinner time he would take us to Mr. Comer's store to get some cheese and crackers and sardines, maybe some Vienna sausage, and we would eat dinner off of the top of a vinegar barrel, using it for a table. Boy oh boy! How good all of that tasted!

Uncle John Carter lived a short distance southwest of Gorman when we lived at Kokomo, and while he was living he built a dam across a stream of water on his place which he called Bass Lake. It was the Chinoak Springs. He stocked it with bass and it became a public place for picnics. It also had a public swimming pool.

Ora and I drove out there. I had to inquire how to get there as it had been so long since I had been there. We found the place alright, but the markers there didn't even mention Uncle John Carter as the builder of the lake. I enjoyed looking over the surroundings and some familiar things such as the bath house, the old drinking fountain, the post oak trees and the markers which had been placed there as historical markers. The old house where Uncle John and Aunt Mary had raised their family was still there and the old barn too, but things had changed a lot.

From there we drove to the cemetery at Gorman and took some pictures of the tombstones of Uncle John and Aunt Mary's graves. We also saw Luttie May's and Leroy's graves, and also the grave of the infant of Eula and Uncle Jim White, who died so suddenly.

After leaving the cemetery we drove seven miles northwest of Gorman to Kokomo. The old school house was still there, but the front of it was off, and the little side room that was used for a classroom was gone and laying in splinters in a pile by the side of the building. It had come a storm a few days before and had done this damage; besides it was moved over about half the width of the house off its foundation.

We looked around awhile at the different places we had played on the schoolground when I was a kid going to school there. I walked out to the little boy's playground where we little boys had so many good times playing, and I wondered if I would see any of them the next day at the Home Coming. I walked to the little cemetery in the northwest corner of the school ground, and I remembered the pretty flowers that used to be there and the arborvitae trees. Those trees were still there as they had been fifty-one years ago.

Two markers close to the school house had been erected since we had left there, in honor of the other boys' and girls' basketball teams. Also the other one was a marker of the establishment of the Kokomo community. This memorial marker of the basketball teams listed the names of the boys and girls who played there in **1921** They had some good teams, then, and were an honor to the Kokomo community.

We left there and drove by where Mr. Hager's store had once been, and where the little church had been, but they were gone. The dwelling houses were gone too. We stopped the car and I walked down to the well-remembered swimming hole in John Timmon's pasture where we boys once had so much fun. It was still there, although it was changed a lot. The rocks that Wesley Gibbs had caught the water moccasin snakes in were gone, but it still looked kind of natural to me. We took a picture of the swimming hole.

We then went to our old home place, where I had spent many happy hours with my home folks and had many memories of my childhood. Things had changed so much that I couldn't even tell exactly where our house had been. Some trees were still there, and some rose bushes in the front yard still grew there. I walked to where Horace and I played in the tank and caught the five perch fish out of it. It was still there too, nearly filled up, but it had enough water in it that the water grass with little minnows, or wiggle tails or tad poles, were working alive with them, and of course a small water snake was in there too, feeding on them. That tank is over fifty years old.

I looked around, thinking of the good times that Horace and I had, eating yellow meated watermelons, chewing cane, climbing trees, riding calves, playing croquet, swinging in the swing, building roads using boxes for wagons, the little corn

crib we had, the corn cobs that we used for horses, the live oak acorns we used for brood sows, the frog houses we made in the wet sand with our feet in them, the jay birds we had gone to when they hollered to find snakes, the marble games we played, mumble peg, and a lot of other things we did when we lived there long, long ago.

We went to the Simpson Graveyard. It was the cleanest and best kept cemetery I have ever seen or know of anywhere. We saw so many markers of people that used to live in the Kokomo community that had passed on. We saw my brother Luther's and Miram Jasper, or Jap's grave, all of the Graham Boys' graves, except Whitlow, and there was R.Q.'s grave, the boy that I had the fight with, that caused both of us to get a whipping at school. He had just been buried a few days before the Home Coming day. Mr. and Mrs. Neill were buried there and also Mr. and Mrs. Hager. Noble Hager, and so many of the old friends were buried there.

On Saturday, May 9, **1970**, about ten-thirty, Ora and I parked our car under some shade trees at the entrance of the school grounds at Kokomo. Just as we got out of the car, another car drove up. I walked over to the lady who got out of it and said, "Am I supposed to know you?" She said, "Yes, I'm John Timmons' wife." I couldn't remember her, but she remembered me. Then we walked to a building we supposed was where everybody was. The house was full of people and they were all facing us. When we walked in the door I couldn't see a soul that I knew, or even looked natural to me. They were holding a business meeting. I kept my eyes open, trying to see someone that I might recognize, but not one did I see. Different names were called, and I would look at them and finally Otis Neill's name was called. When I saw him I could tell that he was a Neill, but had changed a lot to me.

After the business meeting was finished, and the assembly was dismissed for dinner, benches were moved together to use for a table to spread the food on, as the wind was blowing too hard outside to have dinner under the trees. As the women folks were spreading dinner, I walked outside the building and I tried to get acquainted with different ones as they were all strangers to me. A man walked up to me and said, "Do you remember me?" I said, "I guess I ought to, but I don't know who you are." He said, "Well, I'm Floyd Woods. I knew you as soon as you walked in the door." "Yes," I said, "You had the advantage of me. You knew that I was coming and there are too many new faces for me to know anybody here, and to guess at." Then another man walked up to me and said, "Do you remember the time when I walked out to the field where you were plowing and talked to you for a few minutes?" And for the life of me I couldn't ever remember anyone from Kokomo coming out and talking to me in the field anywhere, anytime. "I'm Floyd Crawley," he said. "Well, that's wrong," I said, "because it was me that came out to the field and talked to you, while you were plowing, instead of you coming out to me." I remember going by Floyd and Avery's house twenty-nine years ago when I was in Mineral Wells, Texas. But him coming out to talk to me, I couldn't remember.

When it was time to eat Floyd Woods came to me and invited me to eat at their part of the table. He got me started filling my plate, and when I got enough on my plate, I walked outside to a car that was parked close by. There sat two people eating their dinner under a tree. I got to talking to them, and he said, "You don't know who I am, do you?" "No," I said, "I can't place you." Then he said, "The reason you don't know who I am is because I don't eat much." He was as round as a barrel from eating too much. He said, "I'm Peak Neill." I couldn't hardly believe it, for the Peak Neill I once knew was little and skinny, but as I looked at him I could see that he was Peak Neill. I asked him what went with that split place between his two front teeth he used to whistle so loud through. He said, "I lost them a long time ago."

After dinner another man walked up to me and asked me if I knew him. "No," I said, "I'm sorry I don't." "Well, I'm Whitlow Graham," he said. I said, "I'm sure glad to get to see you. I want to tell you something that I have thought about a lot. Do you ever remember having a pink pencil at school?" He said, "No, I don't guess I do." "Well," I said, "I don't know whether I owe you an apology or you owe me one." I told him of my first pencil and how it had disappeared and how I thought it was him that had mine. I told him about getting it out of his desk, believing it was mine. I said, "I apologize to you." He said, "I don't remember it."

Ora found Avery and told her who she was and said to her, "I have been wanting to meet you for a long time. I just want to tell you how jealous I used to be of you." Avery laughed and said, "Well, now you can go and not have to worry anymore."

Now to the incident I mentioned that happened in **1941**, when I came by Floyd and Avery's house. At the Home Coming a man walked up to me and told me how back in **1941** I had come to his house one morning and stayed a long time talking to his wife. He was out in the field plowing, and he thought that I was a salesman of some kind and he just kept on plowing and didn't come to the house. He said I gave his wife a rose bush and they still have it. I couldn't remember the incident or anything about it. The man was Vera Jones' husband. He had moved to Kokomo and had married Vera after we left Kokomo. I still can't remember that incident in my life.

A nice looking lady came and spoke to me and began talking. She told me that she was R.Q. Graham's wife and that R.Q. had taken sick right after the Home Coming last year with cancer and had passed away a few days before this one. I was real proud to get to see her and get acquainted with her. I couldn't remember her although she said that she was a Laster before she married R.Q. I told her about how we got into the fight and about getting a whipping for it. She said, "And he said he had always been a good little boy."

After most of the people were gone, a lady came to me and asked me if I knew her. "No," I said, "I'm sorry I don't." "Well, I'm Hannah Gibbs," she said. "Do you remember how you and I used to run foot races going home from school in the sandbeds?" I had forgotten it, of course. We visited for awhile, and that brought the Home Coming to a close. A lot of memories in my life that I'll never forget. It had been fifty-one years since I had been to a gathering at Kokomo.

Ora and I drove back to Eastland to visit with my niece and her husband, Adeline and George Norris. We stayed with them, and had a very nice visit with them and all of their children, as they had all come to be with their parents on Mother's Day. We left Eastland early Sunday morning so that we would have plenty of time to get to Church at Brownwood, for we had planned to go there and from there to San Angelo, Texas, to visit Ella, Ora's sister, that evening and night.

The next day we drove to Harlingen, Texas, where Verlie and Dell live with their three children. Harlingen is in the tip end of Texas. Ora and I went to the Gulf waters to play in the ocean and fished some. We had a good time playing in the water and sand, and watching the sea gulls. I saw a one-footed bird hopping around on the sand. He seemed to be doing alright with his one leg. We stayed there a few days, and then headed for another incident in my life, that of meeting a relative I had never seen, a first cousin who was born and raised in Mississippi. Lon Cole was his name. He came to Jacksonville, Texas with my nephew, Henry Ferris Henley, and his wife, Ethel, from Warner Robin, Georgia, especially to get to see some of his cousins that he had never seen before. It had been planned by them and us to meet at Jacksonville for this occasion. All the rest of our kin in East Texas were to meet there too. I was sixty-seven years old and Lon was eighty-three when we met at my sister, Floy Casper's house in Jacksonville, Texas. We all had a very nice visit with each other.

When our visit was over at Jacksonville, we went on to Gilmer, Texas, to visit with Ora's sister-in-law, Pellie Alexander, and her son, Robert. Whenever we go to their house, they always call in all of their children that can come, and we all have a good time visiting together. That is one of the nicest, close-knit most hospitable families that I have ever seen in all of my life. They just treat you like you are one of the family. They fed us all of the best fish we could eat, and other good food too. We enjoyed the visit there with them too.

We drove on over to Winnsboro, Texas and visited another of Ora's sisters, Martha Ray, and her son, Bobby. They are always proud to see us, and they really try to make us have a good time when we visit them. Martha fed us some more good crappie fish that some of them had caught and she sure does know how to make a good Hopkins County Stew. She nearly always makes some when we go to visit them.

Then it came time for us to make our last visit on the trip. It was at Dalhart, Texas, where Guy and Nellie lived at that time, and where the big X I T Roundup is held each year. I mean the Rodeo each year.

Guy and Nellie always try to make us have a good time when we are at their house. They take us fishing and drive around with us, play forty-two with us, and cook the best food they can find to feed us on. We did some fishing while we were there, in a nice big lake that is there, and we caught some crappie, and Ora caught a nice Channel Catfish which was a thrill to her. Instead of her reeling it out, she just dragged it out on the bank.

Dalhart is where the Rodeo is held each year in memory of the biggest ranch in the U.S.A., and maybe the biggest in the world at that time. The land of the ranch of X I T was given to that company to have the capitol of the State of Texas built. I believe it was seven counties of land.

We had been away from home and my job for three weeks, and we enjoyed every bit of it. That vacation gives me something to think about as I continue on with my painting job each day.

The first day of work after vacation, when twelve o'clock came, which is the time we eat our lunch, I asked Carl, one of the painters, if he was ready to eat dinner, and he said, "I'll buy that," meaning that he was ready to eat. Then I asked Ed Miller if he was ready to eat, and he said, "I guess so, but I haven't done very much this morning. I have just painted one door and I'm not very hungry, but if it's dinnertime we'll eat." Well, we got our lunches and sat down against a wall, eating away. Another workman came in the door, saw us eating and said, "You all eating kind of early, ain't you?" I said, "No, it's twelve o'clock." He looked at his watch and said, "It's only ten o'clock by my watch." Then it dawned on me. I hadn't reset my watch after we got back off of the trip, and my watch was two hours faster than Tucson time. We ate dinner that day at ten o'clock, instead of twelve o'clock. Texas time is two hours earlier than Tucson time.

Each day I worked, knowing that the Saturday before Mother's Day each year, is Home Coming day at Kokomo, and I wondered if I would get to go to another one next year. I missed seeing some that weren't there, and I wondered if they would be there the next time, and I kept it in my mind all of the year.

Finally the time drew near. We made plans similar to last year's plans, and when it came time again, we went, visiting as we went, but leaving out Winnsboro and Gilmer, Texas, as we had seen some of the folks during the year. But I enjoyed the Home Coming again, seeing a few more friends this time than before. We enjoyed every minute of our trip again, fishing some more this time, but not having good luck as we did before. The first trip we made to Texas I bought a fishing license and had wasted my money because people over sixty-five years of age don't need a license in Texas. He can fish all that he wants anywhere without paying for it. Even lake permits are free to old people. Texas has some good laws and some of the best people

in the world live in Texas. As the saying is about Texas—It is a big state, and everything in Texas is big, even people with big hearts. There are many exaggerated stories told about how the people in Texas brag about the big things they have there.

We have some friends from Texas here in Tucson. In fact, there are a lot of Texas people here that have moved from Texas. The family I am about to mention is the Joe Young family. Joe is in the insurance business with the Farmer's Insurance Company. The family consists of Joe, Paulita, his wife, two girls Connie and Jill, two sons Benny and Stanly. The Youngs are members of the Church of Christ. We have spent many pleasant hours with them in their home and we have given all of our insurance business to Joe. He has been real nice to us too.

One Monday morning, a few years ago, I had been to the employment office and was coming back home, driving along when I heard a car horn blowing behind me. I looked through the rear view mirror and saw smoke coming out from under the car. I pulled over to the curb, stopped and got out of the car, and smoke began to boil out from under the hood. A fire truck was called and by the time it got there the fire had burned the motor real bad, and all of the wires under the dash were ruined. The damage was so great that the claims adjustor said that the car was a total loss. This happened on Monday morning, and by the next Saturday Joe had our insurance money for us to buy another car. Not only is he good to us, but he is good to every customer that he has. He treats everyone right in his dealings.

They asked Ora and I if we would like to go with them on a trip to San Diego, California. We had never been there, and we decided we would like to go with them, so we accepted the invitation. When we came to the desert with the piles of sand by the road and the old wooden road track that people used years ago, Joe stopped the car and we all got out to play in the sand for awhile. That is a dangerous place, for a person could get lost real easy there, and not really mean to. The sand dunes look alike, and are dangerous if a person got turned around and lost his direction. We then started on and the gas in the tank began to get mighty low. We all began to get uneasy about it, all except Joe, who had traveled the road before and knew there was a gasoline station not too far ahead, and how far it was to it. We made it to the station alright, but the car wouldn't have gone very many more miles before it ran out of gas. We were all relieved to get to a station because it was desert and a person couldn't last very long in the heat and desert.

We got to San Diego and to their relatives before night came. That was on Saturday and on the next day we all went to Church and then to the Pacific Ocean. There were eating places fixed for people to spread their lunches on tables made for that purpose. The lady who prepared the dinner for us really knew how to fix dinner for a bunch of people. The only thing wrong was the cold wind that was blowing off of that cold Pacific Ocean water, and we nearly froze while eating dinner. It was fun feeding the sea gulls. While looking out across that cold ocean water, I couldn't help thinking about how J.D., our boy, must have felt when he had to cross that dreadful looking desolate ocean, going off to that war. We enjoyed ourselves there and came back home on Monday. Joe wouldn't let me pay a cent on the expenses of that trip.

Benny Young spent the required time that it took to finish high school in Tucson High School, and on the night of the graduation he was the last one to get his diploma. That meant that out of six hundred thirty six students that got diplomas that night, Benny was the highest honored student of them all. He is educated in music too, and has studied and has learned to play extra good on the piano too.

Now don't close this book before you get your Bible and let me show you how I believe what it teaches us about the gospel plan of salvation. The Apostle Paul said in I Thessalonians 5:21: "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." That means that we are to prove all things by the Bible. None of our opinions are worth anything, but God's Word is true. The devil will quote scripture to try to deceive people. The devil has deceived some people and they think that they are working for God, when they are the devil's ministers and don't know it. II Corinthians 11:13-15 says" "For such are false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ. And no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. There fore it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness; whose end shall be according to their works." The devil is a liar, and in John 8:44 it says: "When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own; for he is a liar and the father of it." God's Word is truth. John 17:17 says: " Sanctify them through thy truth, Thy word is truth." So now let us hear what God's word has to say to us. All scripture is given by revelation of God; that his word is revealed to the ones that wrote the scripture that we have to read and study and live our lives by. Jesus said in John 14:6: "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh to the Father but by me." In John 14:1, Jesus says to his disciples: "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am ye may be also." He said in Matthew 16:18: "And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Now he didn't say a word about him going to build a lot of churches, did he? Only His Church. In verse 19 he said to Peter: "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. That means His Church and that he was going to give Peter the Keys to it. Peter took these keys ,and in Acts 2:38 it says: "Then Peter said unto them repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Now these people, when Peter told them what they had done, were

pricked in their hearts and said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles: Men and brethern, what shall we do? They had realized that they had crucified Jesus, the Son of God. They were afraid. In Acts 2:47, people here didn't join the church. Those that obeyed what Peter told them to do and saved their souls from sins, were added to the Church by the Lord. Now he didn't say to them, you can go and join the church of your choice, because there wasn't another one that they could join. When Jesus died on the cross and shed his blood in his death, when the soldier pierced his side and the blood and water came while he was hanging there. I John 1:7 says: "But if we walk in the light as he is in the light we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleaneth us from all sin." Now, how do we contact his blood? Paul tells us in Romans 6:3-4: "Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death. That like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the Glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." We contact Christ's blood when we are buried under water in baptism. Don't ever try to contact his blood any other way but be buried in water. Put under water because baptism saves you. I Peter 3:20-21 says: "God waited in the days of Noah while the ark was a preparing wherein few that is eight souls were saved by water. The like figure where unto even baptism doth also now save us."

Acts 20:28, the Apostle Paul told the Ephesian Elders to: "Take heed to yourselves and to all of the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers to feed the Church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood." The scripture says here that Christ purchased the Church with his own blood. Romans 16:16 says: "the Churches of Christ salute you." I Corinthians 12:12-13: "For as the body is one and hath many members and all the members of that one body being many are one body, so also is Christ. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free. And have all been made to drink into one Spirit." In Ephesians 1:22-23 it says: "And hath put all things under his feet and gave him to be head over all things to the Church, which is his body, the fullness of him that filleth all in all." Now Paul says in Galatians 3;26-27, "For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ. There is no way for a person to get remission of sins except to be baptized for them." Acts 2:38 says: "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." Don't try to be saved without obeying the gospel of Christ. It's God's power to save people. Romans 1:16 says: "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth. The gospel is the death, burial and resurrection of Christ. I Corinthians 18:1-4 says: "Moreover brethern, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you which also ye have received and wherein ye stand, by which also ye are saved if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you unless ye have believed in vain. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures and that he was buried and rose again the third day according to the scriptures." The death, burial, and resurrection is the gospel of Christ. How do you obey it? Have faith in God, repent of your sins, confess that Christ is the son of God, and be baptized for the remission of your sins and the Lord will add you to his Church. Acts 2:47 reads: "And the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved." These scriptures I have given prove what the Bible says about the Church. How to get into the Church and Jesus built only one Church. Ephesians 5:23 says: "For the husband is the head of the wife even as Christ is the head of the Church and he is the Saviour of the body." Christ will save his body but he hasn't said a word about saving anyone outside of his Church. Now don't let the devil, that deceiver, tell you that you can get to heaven any other way. He is lying to you. God says that the devil is a liar and the Father of it. Christ hasn't promised to save you if you are not in His Church.

Now to anyone who reads this book, let me warn you again. Please obey Christ's gospel. Believe in God or have faith in God. Repent of your sins. Confess with your mouth that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and then be baptized (not sprinkled) but be buried under water for the remission of your sins and the Lord will add you to his Church. Be faithful until death and you will have a home in heaven.

Hebrews 5:8-9, speaking of Jesus: "Though he were a son, yet learned he obedience by the things he suffered. And being made perfect he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him. Please do what he has told you to do.

THE END

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