

SHORT TALES OF LONG LIVES

I wrote this tale of tales for the family to read. For the time after 1963 and until the deaths of Momma and Daddy, I jotted down these stories as they told them to me. So now they are gone, and I have the time, I put them into a booklet. There will be errors and some dates not correct but this is as near as I could make it. I did try to use their words and phrases. I do hope you will enjoy it.

Zola

April, 1983



[George Barnett Fogg and Ivory Pearl Watson Fogg](#)

Joseph Adams Fogg

Joseph Adams Fogg was born in Madison County, Tennessee, March 3, 1842. He was a direct descendant of the Presidents Adams. His grandmother was the sister of John Quincy Adams. His father, John Daniel Fogg, was from Virginia and settled in Madison County long before the war of 1862. He owned a plantation with many slaves and lost a good fortune when the slaves were freed in 1865. He married Elizabeth Rosemond Dickinson in Madison County, October 10, 1860. She was the same age, being born June 1, 1842 in that county. I have no record as to when the families were first living in Madison County. He was a tall man and she a small dainty lady. Elizabeth's father was a doctor of medicine in Madison Co. (Once he cut a Negro's poisoned arm with a hack saw to save

his life) Elizabeth's maiden name was Dickinson; her mother's maiden name was Eliza Reed. Her grandmother's name was Madden.

The family moved to Gipson County in Tennessee about the time the war broke out. Their first child, Annie Lenora was born there on January 28, 1862. Joseph was a confederate soldier until the war was over. He was at the battle of Rapponox (think that is right). Their second girl, Ida Lee was born there, July 25, 1865. Then on July 17, 1868 their third child a boy, John Daniel was born, but on the next day, July 18, he died. The next fall on August 16, 1869, Liza Jannot, was born. The fifth one was a girl, Mary Christena, born on September 7, 1872. Next came Maudie Dickinson, born on November 11, 1875, after the move to Washington County, Arkansas. Soon they moved again to Boonsboro, Arkansas where Joseph Madden was born on August 20, 1878. Fours years later I came along. Me. Born April 5, 1882, and they called me George Barnett. To be known as Bon most of my life. Never think like a George.

We lived there in Boonsboro until 18 and moved to Harrison, Arkansas. I think it was the year of 1887 that I remember when we had 30" of snow. We lived in the southwest part of town. Dad was City Marshall and in the hardware and furniture business there. He walked through that heavy snow to take groceries and firewood to old people who were without anything. Some just sitting, waiting to die, cause they knew they would in that weather. The Coffman family was our neighbors that I knew mostly. They had a house full of kids. Jim was my friend. And one John I liked. (I think John wound up in Wichita Kansas.)

Joe and I were pals of those boys and would go swimming, hunting, and we played marbles for all time. We prowled the caves there around Harrison. People put their milk in the springs to keep it cool and we would go by and drink all we wanted and go on our way to the swimming hole. And we ate out of gardens but that wasn't what we liked.

I had a big fight with the Hedgepeth boy because I reminded him of his Dad being hung in the County Square. For what, I don't know, but I sort of think it was in 1889, and I remember some about Ma not want us to go down there.

Ma had a lady bring chickens to the house to buy for eating. That lady always stayed long enough to eat most of the chicken.

In Harrison we had to cut trees out of the fields to clear ground for planting. Joe and I used a big cross-cut saw and I remember cuttin up trees that I could not see over when they were laying on the ground. I could just see the top of Joe's head. He was a cotton headed fellar. Never was as tall as me though.

When we left Arkansas I was 11 and I had almost every marble in that town in my poke. I was good. But there was no market for marbles when I got to Texas. They just were not marble minded, more cow and horse.

Thinking of winter in Arkansas I remember before they had ice to sell in Harrison, like with icemen coming around town. They would cut big chunks of ice out of the hard frozen creek when it got several inches thick; then take it to blockhouses and store it in sawdust. It would keep a mighty long time into the summer if you didn't let the air or wind get to it. Mostly it was stored for sick people.

I liked pigs as a boy. I had a pet pig and then I got a hen who hatched about 11 little speckled chicks. They were my pets and fortune. The chicks and that pig. One day I went swimming and when I got home a neighbor's old sow and a big one, at that had gotten in

and eaten all the chicks and was after the hen. I picked up a big rock and hit that hog right in the middle of her head. She fell flat. I knew it had killed her and I was in trouble and it meant that I would get a whippin. But in a few moments she stirred around and got up and headed home. I was thankful for that.

I tried to eat crawdad tails one time. They ought to have been good; they looked good. You thought that they jump out of the skillet when trying to fry them. Couldn't take them to eat then. And don't try to eat possum either. I had a possum grave there in Arkansas; had 15 or 16 possums buried, I guess. One day an old man who sold wood around the country came along as I was going home with two possums to bury. He told me I could sell them in 'Nigger'town. Said he was taking his wood there and I could go with him. We went in and I got 25¢ each for them and after that I sold all I could get. But one day I caught a black un and not one of my customers would buy it. They said it was some sort of a coon; even though it had a slick tail. That was one more to bury but the last wasted possum.

I sold squirrel and quail too. Got 5¢ for a quail. One day I took in a whole dollar for my stuff and that was all that old man made with his wood. One dollar for a big load. I had a really sharp hatchet with me and one day I just thought I'd see if I could cut off a possums head with one blow. I cut his head clean off. And do you know that he ran as far this room without his head before he dropped. His head was laying there on the log where I whacked it. Got me to thinking, a funny thinking about killing. Didn't like it. I never could eat any possum again. Never did like it; too greasy. Those colored people had them with sweet taters and I guess they were good. Never lost my liking for sweet taters though. I could eat a bunch of those.

Possum grease was good to oil your harness and make it turn water. So is skunk grease supposed to be good for that. Once I greased my saddle with possum grease and I ruined a good pair of pants. That just wouldn't wash out. You could wipe your saddle a thousand times, and when you rode, it would soak into your pants. But it was good for harness.

We all moved to Cook County, Texas in 1893. About 7 miles east of Gainsville. The water was good there where we lived- Not gyp. We had a 60 foot hand dug well. The little community was called Crosstimbers and was about 6 miles east of Gainesville. We had a good place to make a living. Could do good on grapes, peaches, cherries and that like. They tell me there isn't many people living in that area no, cause a lot of the land washed out. And the cemetery is all grown up in big giant brushes.

When we moved there, Pa hired a man to clear out 10 acres of brush for us. I don't recall his name but I liked him and he let me help him. I was 12 I think. I swung that sharp axe with all my might; it hung partly in a tree branch and I lost my balance. I hit my foot and cut off two toes, right through my shoe. Didn't hurt much at the time; I thought what must I do. Just thought I'd bawl. I bawled like a baby when I saw all that blood. That man picked me up in his arms and started to the house with me squalling. The folks heard me, and they all carne running down to meet us. They took me on the old bay horse to the doctor. He wanted to sew my toes back on but I wouldn't let him. They just got a plank and put my foot flat on it and then placed the toes back in place as near as they could. Then tied cloth around it tight and let them grow as good as they could. They healed good but are still crooked, looks like they are off-set a quarter of an inch; and they have always been in the way in my shoes.

In 1899 we moved to Wolsey, Indian Territory. Didn't even get acquainted there; moved on to Hollis Oklahoma in 1900. Wasn't Hollis then. No name I guess. Pa bought a quarter of section on the north side of town site just joining town. He paid five dollars an acre for the farm. Pa was in real estate business there. He was the person who sent the suggestion in calling the town Hollis after the main man there named George Hollis. Guess more people thought that was a proper name for the town, too. Pa was the first Justice of Peace in the town, now called Hollis. He held office till we moved to McLean. His office went to a Mr. Gould then; he was the man Pa beat out the last election. Name of Pa's business was "Fogg & Abernathy Real Estate and Insurance . I guess all my sisters had married by the time we came to Hollis. Three of them and their families moved there too. Joe and I were the only ones at home. I was around 18 and Joe was 22 I guess. We lived there until Pa thought we needed a change and more elbow room. So he decided to move to McLean, Texas. We got there in 1906 and bought our land. T was a section 7 or 8 miles north and 2 miles west of town. Section 34. Block 25. It was covered with snow when he bought it, and cost \$5 an acre. Had a three-room frame house, corrals, sheds and a big concrete tank on it. A big flat tank for watering the stock. And a good granary. He was to raise corn and hogs . He started in farming by buying all the hogs in the country, it seemed. Paid 6 cents for them. He was really a town man and didn't know a thing about farming but he was the boss and told Joe and I what to do even when we were 25 years old. We had some grassland and he wanted to burn it off . We penned all those hogs up and he set fire to the tall grass. When the crackling noise got close to the pens the hogs broke out and ran right into the fire. Six of them burned to death and a lot of the others had their hair singed real good. We went out of the hog business after that. Pa shipped them to Fort Worth and got 4¢ for them, after paying 6¢ and feeding 200 acres of good corn. Ha.

I didn't help much on the farm that first year, went to the Faulkner Ranch for a while. I got \$35 a month. Hauled cotton seed with four mules from Mobeetie to the ranch. That was mostly my job. So over one day with the wagon and mules and come back the next. No long trip. I didn't work there long before I went to the Lefors Ranch to work. Now this is the place I got \$35 a month. Only \$30 at the Faulkner. I got that mixed up.

I liked it better at the Lefors than the Faulkner. Pa took sick in 1909 and died there in July, 1909, and is buried in McLean, as well as Ma. Both there, but Ma much later.

I had some good times around that time of my life. I had played some pool in Hollis. Not much good at it, and it cost money. I thought that was foolish. I remember Pa playing some with George Hollis. He thought it was foolish too, though.

We all went to a picnic and fair once and they had a merry-go-around. It came a fast shower and the people started crowding in on the merry-go-round to get in out of the rain. I was under a nearby tree and heard the crash when the floor fell onto the ground. People yelled and scattered. I ran over to see what had happened and when I looked down there was white handkerchief with a knot tied in the end. I knew what that was so I took it into a wooded area there, and untied it. Thinking of a fortune. 35¢ I kept it though. Mamma's Uncle Griff told me later that he was on the thing when it fell. He had a new gal there and she would never go with him again. She might have thought Griff took her money. Ha.

When the folks still lived in Hollis, me and the Curry brothers and Paul Allen went up toward Guymon, Oklahoma to stake a claim. Mine was 10 miles from Hooker and about 14 miles from Guymon. It was a quarter and there sure wasn't much around. From my piece I

could see four other claims. I dug my 'dugout' 6 foot by 8 foot and it cost me seven dollars. It was just big enough to get in. I had a cot in there. The \$7 was for lumber for top and door. Four people in one family dug their holes on the four corners of their land and made four separate quarters right in one spot. Pretty smart. That way they weren't by themselves like I. I just spent one night there til I went to town to stay; my beans had run out. When I had gone by the four-way dugout, the lady called me in for a pot of beans. Their place was full. Two women, a young man, and four old men. It was winter and really cold and snowy. When I went to town I stopped at the first rooming place and the lady said they were closed but there was a hotel downtown. I didn't want to go to town. I had already put my horses in the livery stable across the street and finally the lady said she would ask her husband if I could stay with them. They were living there until they got their house built. They took me in for a few days, and nights and meals. The next morning I found one of my horses almost froze to death. He was as stiff as a poker. I went to the doctor there and asked him what he could do. He said to get two dozen eggs and he would fix him up. I got the eggs and I guess he put something with them, but he poured them down the horse. Anyway he would not take any money for his help. People were like that. He did say for me to drive the horse at his own speed for a while and he would get all right. And he did.

I stayed on there around Guymon for three months and sold the whole quarter of land and my hole for \$72. I had spent about \$100 but I had had a good time there. I needed to go home cause Ma and Pa were worried. It was around Christmas that I started home. I needed to work some so I got on at the Lard Ranch; though my heart wasn't in it. I really wanted to go home. Just the same I did make my first lap to the Lard Ranch. There was a school marm that wanted to go to Hollis and they were going in the salt wagon to take her. They asked if she could ride in the hack with me ahead of them. Well we took off and we got into the worst blizzard I ever saw. I couldn't see the horses part of the time. That woman almost froze to death. I wrapped her in my quilts. I had a good sheepskin coat and it wasn't enough. When we finally got there, I was SO stiff I thought I couldn't get out of that hack; I felt just like that horse had looked to me earlier. Didn't want the same medicine. Wonder we all made it. The salt wagon stayed behind us and they made it too.

They used to have livestock auctions around the country. Mostly the first Monday of the month and Joe and I would go to buy or sell. I thought they were exciting. Once we decided to sell a horse Joe and I had raised. We had made it so mean that it wasn't good for anything. Would kick anyone or anything. Not picking. We used to stand back and poke it with sticks in the flanks. Wanted a bucking bronco. Got one. We told the auctioneer that it was a kicker. When he brought it up to sell, he told the people that it was a kicker. One fella didn't think it was the truth, I guess, cause he walked up there and touched it, and it kicked him three times in as many seconds. He wasn't bad hurt but after that we just got \$6 for it. We had one more to sell. He was an old one that Pa had paid \$6 for some years before and they had thrown in the harness and buggy. The auctioneer charged one dollar for selling a horse. This one sold for one dollar. We were even I guess you'd call it. But the guy that bought it looked us up later and gave us another dollar. Fifty cents apiece for Joe and me. But we thought about the harness and buggy that was still at home. Twern't bad, eh. Well, I never did say I was the top most trader in the territory.

Harness was sure one thing men find boys liked in those days. Joe and I used to look at catalogs to buy. We always wanted harness that didn't have chains. The chains always hit

the horses' legs and scared them. Wonder why we didn't start making that kind of harness. Momma says her brother Everett did the same thing. Wish for soft harness.

INDIANS:: Never had much to do with them. They had a fair at Duncan, Oklahoma once that we fellers went to. We went to find someone to wrestle. Always wanted to beat someone . Someone told us that an Indian up the way liked to wrestle; so went to find him. I was 6'4" but that was the tallest Indian I ever saw. He was as tall as this rug. (16') He was laying on a pallet and didn't even grunt or get up. We asked him if he would wrestle us. "Nope, me no wrestle; you too little." He had a mamma dog there with nine pups. I asked him if I could have one. "Nope, me eats 'em," and I bet he did. Indians didn't lie. Well they tell me fullblood ones didn't. Mixed ones did some. I'd better be careful here; Momma is part Indian you know. HA. HA

Momma told me about the Comanches in Oklahoma. They saw them butchering a cow and they ate everything about that cow. The squaws had little papooses on their backs in those racks. The little one just wet with sweat from the hot sun. Phew, they did stink. Anyway their mammas pulled the integrals out of the cow and cut off a section a foot or so long. Stripped the stuff out of it and gave a piece to each little one to chew on. They were as happy as if it had been candy. She said they would eat anything because they had to. Indians didn't get the best of things.

Been bumming around, me and this friend. He was as big as I. Maybe heavier. He was in for anything. Guess it was his idea to go to California. We were going to bum our way. Got down to El Paso and were down to catch a freight out. He got his hold but I missed mine. Left me standing there. Guess he was smarter; he knew to get on better than I did. He came back. Next we saw a cattle train out of Old Mexico, loaded with longhorns. They were packed in the cars tight. We jumped up on the top of those steers and held onto one's horns. The railroad brakies saw us trying to get out of town and knew we would be there someplace. They came looking for us. I hid right up there on the steer, sorta of laying down and didn't never saw us. Steers so packed they didn't move. Stopped for water, and some kids saw us from the water tower and yelled out. The brakie got up on the train and we slid off in between cars and he came right at me. The train was moving pretty good by now. I told him if he kicked me off, he was going with me. And I know I would have made him go. I could have made him holler. I told him to slow the train down and I'd just get off. He did and I did. I had some money ; I thought I 'd go back to the station to wait for my friend. Not much of a station, water stop was what it was. The guy there said there was a bed, that I could rest. There was a couple of dugouts close by and some other guys were staying in them and that they would like to have company. You could see them from the station. If I had a quarter I could get a meal from them. Maybe they would feed me even if I didn't have money. I didn't dare say I had a few dollars, but said no. When my pal got back we asked about work there, and there was a rock quarry near, in the desert. They told us they didn't hire anyone except Mexicans. We heard later that it blew up with some dynamite and killed 9 of the workers and we would have made two more. Lucky that we were not Mexicans, huh?

Someone offered us a job hauling water out to a place where they were drilling a well. It was 35 miles out. I didn't think I'd like that for a job. We went across the Rio Grande at El Paso into Juarez and went to the bullfights. Glad I did. Wouldn't have ever got to see one if I hadn't gone then. Never been back that way. There was just three white men in the whole place, us and one old feller. They tied a \$20 bill on the horns of one of those bulls and

asked anyone in the crowd to come out to try to get the bill and it would be their's. My buddy started out but I grabbed him and made him come back. He figured he could get it, he was so much bigger than the bunch of Mexicans who were going out to try for it. If he had got it he would get something else too; killed, that is what. They had already been in a fighting mood and wouldn't have let that \$20 go. I have pictures of the fight, bull fight.

I bought my ticket home on April 18th.

Now we were in McLean, and it was 1906. Been there 3 years or so when Pa died. July 19, 1909. Joe and I were carrying on the farming there with Ma as our boss. One day Mr. Massey came by and said we had such good grass, why didn't we have some cattle on it. I told him we didn't have the money to buy one cow. He said for me to go get a check and get out and buy some cattle. I did but I felt like I was writing a bogus check, with no money, but Mr. Massey was backing it. I liked cattle and got about 70 head together before we decided to break-up-house. Joe wanted to go to Arkansas and I wanted to go to Colorado. Ma went to Lida's house in Oklahoma. We rented the place out to Charlie Israel.

Joe married Johnnie Haines, December 24, 1911, in Washington County, Arkansas. Her home had been there in McLean too, but they had gone to Arkansas. We were scattered for a year or two but decided to go back to McLean. I still had most of my cattle there on the place; Israel had taken care of them for me. I kept on farming with Joe and my cattle. Ma came there, too.

Our entertainment was neighbor's parties and singings at homes around. First one place and the other. And we often got together at the Back School. There was always a lot of young people willing to go. Someone would decide to have a party and ring the telephone. Everyone on the line would listen and then anyone who heard and wanted to, would come. Made no difference who. Was alright whoever; they'd just show up. Some people had pianos and organs and we seemed to go to those places mostly. I know we sure went to the J. D. Back place a lot. Most all the young people met the ones they married at those parties or at church. I met mine there, too.

From our house we had two ways to get to McLean. One was to go down by Back with a straight shot to town. The other way was where we had to open nine gates. That cut down the trips that way, closer but harder. One time when I went that way, I lost my horse on the way, late at night. How??? No telling that. I couldn't see where I was going and I found myself right in the middle of a bunch of those longhorn Mexican cattle. They really scared me. I felt cornered and thought I had to get those things to stampede away from me. I got down on all fours and threw my coat over me head, flapping the coat and making crazy sounds. That did scare them and they let me get out of there.

Another time I was going that way, I met Preacher Goodman out there in the sand hills. We stopped to pass the time, as you would never meet anyone without talking. I hadn't seen him there before and I asked him for a start; "Are you lost?" "No, I 'm saved." It really got my goat for I was usually the one for the come back. Don't know if the man really was saved or not. Ha !'

The Watson family that had lived on the hill just north of McLean, had moved closer to us and farther north, north of McClellan Creek. Up near the Back School. There I met Mamma.. We were neighbors and I saw her some at parties and get togethers; but she up and left for Duncan, Oklahoma in August 1914, for a year of school. Lived there with her

Aunt Annie. When she came back from Duncan, I started cutting acres where I didn't mind opening the gates. Then we got married July 29, 1915. Went to McLean.

One story I've wanted to tell is about some skeletons that were found near McClellan Creek. Emil Wiegand told me of these only after we had moved from there. He had come upon them on horseback after the wind had blown from the same direction for a long time. Blown the sand away. And at the north end of the field there were 12 to 15 skeleton bodies partly covered. They were just scattered around and he didn't know if they would have been Indians or white. He wouldn't go back that way again. Said he kept thinking someone else would see them and tell; he didn't want to be the one to open it up to the people living close. I don't know the exact spot, but it was at the north end of one of the fields, near the old Faulkner Camp. On the north side of the creek, and close to Carpenter Springs. Not far from the old cake house. These fields have been all changed since then, but I bet they are still there, and not buried too deep. Emil never told anyone about them at that time except, Jewell. That's Mamma sister that he married. That creek used to have a lot of water sometimes.

It really washed the fields out. One time I had skinned a cow out and had the skin drying then we had a big rain. I found that hide up in Back's field way down the creek. I remember getting \$18 for it. I had gotten as much as \$25; for a hide, an old bull hide. I used to buy up hides from neighbors and then make a shipment to Amarillo. Get almost as much for a hide as you would the whole carcass in those days.

Thinking about that wild creek. It changed its course many times over the years. You could hear it rumble for miles after a good rain.

J. D. Back and his family were the backbone of the area. Good people. On the way to McLean, we would go by the McClellan school. A little bittie school, not as big as Back school. When a new school marm would come in, we guys would try to see which one could get her first. Heard that a new one was coming to McClellan school and I decided to go to see her. She was living at the McClellan's and I had a gate there to open. We forever had gates to open. But this time when I went that way, Grace Greewade, from Clarendon, the new teacher, opened the gate for me. And I visited with her. There was to be a singing at the Back school and I told her if she would like to go to meet all the young people of the area, I'd come by to get her and take her. She was ready to go and I took her. By the time I got her to the school house I found that she really came to see if she could find a husband. And at the singing she was a flop with the others there. And I had her on my hands. I tried to pay Jim Back five dollars to take her back home. That was a lot of money but I sure did want to get rid of her and thought Jim could have her. Jim figured that out pretty quick and he wouldn't take her. I had to, cause I brought her. You see, Momma was there and I didn't like being figured with this new marm.

There was an old man Burgess that lived there on the creek and he lived alone. He was a widower. We had a lot of fun out of that old feller. We would all tease him. Once when I stopped there; on the stove was a pot of something smelly. It was skunk that he was rendering grease out of to oil up dried leather. Then he asked me to stay for dinner. Said we wouldn't have skunk, but sausage. But behind the door he had an old set of longhandles with the legs stuffed with sausage. That was to be better. and then he was turning the frying sausage with the same fork he used to stir skunk. Whee! Remembered I had to go .

He always had Joe cut his hair for him. Joe was all of our barber, and this day we were getting ready to go to a doings at the school, no it was church. We had church at the school some, too. Joe had cut my hair and had done Perry Rain's when Burgess come for his. We tied up Joe's hand and told him that Perry was pretty good at cutting, too. He said ok. Perry just started at the back of Burgess' head at the neckline and cut a streak as wide as the clippers right on to the front. All the way to his forehead. And then just chopped the sides up something awful. We hurried off ahead of him. We all three sat in the back and waited for him to come in. He went right to the front to the "amen corner" for everone to see. He felt something was wrong. When church was over, Burgess took off and got out of there. As far as I know he never came to Joe again for his hair cut. We did some darned bad things. We thought for fun and we were grown.

There at McLean one time we all got sick on some meat. It was before we got married. We lived close and neighborly. One neighbor came around to our houses with big hunks of good looking meat. He had butchered it and wanted to share. Qubines, Watson, us and others got some of it. Well, we ate on that beef and all came up sick. We found out later that that steer had been found tangled in a barbed wire fence and they didn't know for how long, but he must have had a blood poisoning or something that went right into us. If this would have happened now, someone would have sued and a lot of stink would have been made. Until now, I don't know why some of us didn't die. Guess we just didn't have enough of it.

I guess I've always been a kidder. Years ago when we lived there in McLean there was a guy that was supposed to be a great one too. We met and was going back and forth with this and that, joshing. Well, he said something about my face and I have a good comeback. Can't say what it was though. Not nice to remember that now, but he got real mad. It sure surprised us all there. Wasn't expecting that he'd get so mad. I was sitting on a counter with a big fat guy and this kidder was coming at me with a knife. Good thing some of the men around stopped him. With me sitting up on that counter with boots and spurs on, I'd got him awfully bad right in his belly. Didn't have to hurt him though, they stopped him.

Our place at McLean was 7 miles north and 2 miles west of town and the Israel's place just to the east of us. Then Mamma's folks lived just east of the Israels. The first time I saw her , she was sitting on the front porch of their house, but that was at the house up near town, before they moved out near us. I guess they lived about a mile north of town. She said she didn't see me but I thought she did. Then that fall she and all her brothers and sisters came to pick cotton for us. Jewell, Everett, Wes, Mame, Bea and Ivory (that's Mamma). If you could walk, you picked. I've seen little ones using flour sacks to pick in and babies lying on top of their momma's sack as she picked. When we were married we lived at our home place. Ma, Joe, and us. Johnnie and Joe had separated for some time and she didn't come back til we had been married for some time. Maybe a year. Momma will remember. Joe and Johnnie married in 1911, but they had had a row and she had gone back to her Old Auntie's in Arkansas. Joe had tried to get her to come back lots of times, but Auntie wouldn't let her come. I think they kept her tied to the bedpost. Anyway she wanted to come back. When we sold our place the agent went there to get her to sign the papers and she came back. She made the real estate man bring her out to our place. She didn't have a change of clothes or anything. I took Momma to town and we bought some

material and Momma made her a few things. Old Auntie went to her grave with Johnnie's things. She never let her have anything.

We all lived there together until we sold out to go to Texas. I mean to Bushland. If we had not of moved, they would have torn the house down. Johnnie was wanting us all to leave. Ma, Momma and me, and them to have the place. She'd give Ma a fight, and Momma would take up for Ma. There they would go. Once Momma got Johnnie by her long braids and made her say uncle. It was Joe's house now but Momma told her we would move when we got good and ready. Johnnie's hair looked like a full blood Indian with her thick braids and they hung to her waist. Easy to catch hold of. Joe didn't want us to move and it was the good makings for a fight. Johnnie was always good for a fight. That's what she knew best.

There around McLean you had to go to the train to see the new people as they came to town. That was good fun. People would sit around for hours waiting to see the train come in. Me too. Now is airplane looking.

There were some Englishmen that settled around there. One named Gunthier and a bachelor lived on a place that was in poor shape. But he got his money together to go back to England for his wife. Well, he was not married until he went to get her. We used to see him ride by on his horse with his bright red hair hung down over his ears, It was fuzzy and he would never wear a hat, looked sort of wild. He brought his wife back and he had told her about his ranch and fine house, but it really was a dugout and not a good one at that. They went on there toward his place and came to the dugout where they stopped . He told her that they couldn't get on home that night so they would just stay were for tonight. They didn't get there the next day either. She wised up soon. But she stayed on. And they did build that fine house. When they would start to town in the wagon, the wife would make him put a hat on, and as soon as he was out of her sights off it would come. He let his red hair blow wild except in her presence.

Another Englishman there was Roe and did have a ranch between McLean and Clarendon. He used to carry a little satchel with him everywhere he went. And when he sat down that little satchel would go between his feet. He went down on the Titanic ship and I guess he still had that clutched in his hand as he drowned. We all wondered what was really in it. Some say they got his body from the water and he did still have it and it was FULL of money.

We used to butcher hogs for our meat and cure it ourselves. You'd scald the pigs in a big vat. Most of the people had them made out of oil barrels. Kept it hot with a fire and the hair was tested to see if it was ready to scrape off. We had knives just for that purpose. Some people just hit them in the head with a sledgehammer to kill them then cut their throat to make them bleed. Others shot them. But they needed to bleed good or I wouldn't eat them. After cleaning all the hair off, you'd wash them down and cut it up. You'd lay the pieces with the cut side up and cover with a mixture of salt, brown sugar, and some people used salt-petre. Let it lay over night and drain; then do the skin side. Maybe you'd do it over again, and in about 10 days it was ready to cover for the later use. It would keep for the winter. Some people smoke-cured theirs. We didn't much. Well, we did use a liquid smoke of some kind. Those smoke houses were good though. They'd hang the hams and all up on rafters and kept a small fire of mostly green hickory right under the meat. Usually right

in the middle of the little house. No openings and just enough fire to keep smoke in there, just put a few pieces of wood on a day. I don't know anyone who does this now.

We'd kill our calves and hang them on the windmill for the winters too. Winters were colder then, and the meat would stay for months. I liked beef but mostly fried, never liked roasted beef so good. We usually had two or three neighbors get together for butcherings and it worked a lot better. Neighbors helped each other more then and we need neighbors now, too; only people don't know that.

Joe had some greyhound pups about half-grown and they were SOME dogs he thought. Maybe were good stock. Sorta blue like. One time they jumped a coyote. The pups took off after and were doing pretty good. Over a rise and Joe says, "They're going to catch him." But here they come back; only the shoe was on the other foot; the coyote had turned on them and was right on their heels, nipping at them. Those pups were coming home. If the coyote had caught one, he would have killed him. Coyotes have such sharp teeth. Sure did hurt Joe's feeling . His fine pups!

We always had dogs and horses that we bragged on. Now cars are the thing. Horses have caused many an accident by running away or kicking people. When cars first came out, a feller there in McLean came our way. I had a load of wheat of about 70 bushels to go to Pampa. I had gotten it off and was coming home with the empty wagon when I met this car on the road and it spooked the horses and they took off. It gave me a tussle but I got them stopped . Not so another time when I was in the buggy with a single horse connected. He got spooked and I didn't want to lose that good buggy so I hung on and it tore all the muscles off my right breast. I went in to the doctor and he told me all the muscles on the right side were never going to come back. You can see now how hollow I am on that side of my chest. Never really hurt but guess I wasn't so strong as I would have been.

Another time I had a gal out, a school marm, and had two horses onto a big double spring buggy. Were down by McClellan Creek. One horse was as gentle as could be, the other not so nice. The bit broke right in two on the bad horse. You had no control without the bit. First they started trotting and got a little faster and faster. Soon they were really running right toward the creek bank. I told her we were going in to the creek for sure. I picked her up and put her down to the metal steps about two feet off the ground, and then let her drop to the ground. Lucky she rolled off to the side. I was going to jump but it was too late by then. We had started into the creek. It went down about a 45 degree angle, that is steep for a speeding buggy. I hung onto both sides and rode it out. I was lucky to go straight off; an angle would have turned me over. When we hit the sand, they turned and went down the creek and the heavy sand made them lose their speed. But still when we came to a fence, the stopped so sharp that the tongue burried into the sand about 24 or 30 inches and broke off. That buggy reared up in the air on the tongue and came back down on all four wheels. It must have been built good. Not much damage to the buggy or me for fact. I caught the horses as they circled, put them in a lot that was right there at the fence. Then I went back to the rocky side where I had dropped the gal out. Many people have been killed with less than that.

There was a couple of guys bragging on their horses. How fast they were so were bound to have a race to find the better. I was near by, but not getting my horse into this one. But they gave me their stakes to hold and to give to the winner. Well, I took the money and took off. Yep. I did. They didn't know me by name. I had on a Stetson, as always; but I

traded it for another's hat that was a derby. See me in a derby, but I didn't think they would know me with it. They didn't for quite a while. But one guy finally decided I was the one who had their money and says he was going to whip me for it. He was a little guy by my size; I knew I was too big for him. Said so. He came with the other one and then they were too big for me. So derby friend came and by this time the fight was over and they got their money and we went on our way. Ha. That was a loss for me, I guess. We just liked things like that.

One day about supertime, Joe looked out the window and there was an old man sitting on the edge of the old concrete watering tank. Joe went to see him and welcomed him in to have supper with us. He said he would. In visiting we asked him to stay the night. He said he had not slept in a house for 17 years and that some one had been chasing him for that long. He'd sleep on the porch though. Joe fixed him a pallet. I was not there then, had gone to Fort Worth and was due in. Joe told him not to worry but that I might get in late into the night. That man just took off, was afraid to stay-for the night. That night I did come in and on the trail toward the house my horse leaped, balked, and snorted. Something was there and I wondered what. I took off on the horse chasing it. I knew of none that would be in there and had no livestock in that area either. I guess I about chased that old man to death. Never did see him and none of the people around did either. Reckon he is still running??

When Sidney and Maude were going to move to Springfield, Missouri, they sold off what animals they could. He had left one old horse, (a workhorse) and a teensy bitty mule. He was wanting fifty dollars for them and the chain harness. I just had fifty dollars and I bought them. Within a week I had sold the horse to Ed Talley for fifty, and the harness for five. Then traded the mule for my choice of two cows. I took a good bench legged jersey with a white face. Both cows were going to have calves. Pa needed a good milk cow, so the jersey was the one. He really loved that cow, said she was one of the best he had ever had. So before Sidney was away I brought the cow and told him of my dealings. He got pretty sore at me. Thought I should give him more. I told him his deal was his deal and mine was mine. Talley said years later that the horse was sure balky But Sidney had used him for years and he wasn't for him. Wrong horse for Talley!

An old man there was down sick and Ma made me go to stay with him to help heal him. He wanted me to go out and kill a chicken. Told me to make soup out of the bony pieces and fry the other for me. He'd take the soup. I told him I hadn't done that before and wasn't a cook. But I made his soup and I got some for me to fry. He said it was good until he found the feet in there. I hadn't cut off the toes, skinned or anything. Glad he had already eaten his main soup.



Mom's Stories

Joseph Thomas Watson

Joseph Thomas Watson was born November 24, 1870, near Fayetteville, Arkansas, in the hills called Japtown at that time. His mother was half Indian, from the Carolinas. Her name was Jordan before marriage. Joseph married Sarah Martha Spencer in Denton, Texas about 1893. Sarah was born October 1, 1870. At the time they were married they lived in Cooke County, near Gainsville, Texas.

Their first child was born there on May 22, 1895, Ivory Pearl (Me). In about one year they moved to Ardmore, Oklahoma, in Indian Territory near the townsite of Newport. There was born; Mame Row, July 10, 1896. Jessie Jewell, July 15, 1898. Everett Joe, August 16, 1901. Wesley D., October 27, 1903.

Grandpa Watson (John Wesley) lived there, too. They leased an acreage of land from Indians for seven years. Pappa had moved there to help clear the land for farming. Easier for two men to get started together. A.B. was born in Kiowa County, Oklahoma, January 6, 1904 and lived one month. Buried at Hobart.

Grandpa and Grandma and Aunt Annie went to Guthrie to draw for a piece of land at the time they were opening up there. Pappa wouldn't even draw for the land but he took them up there. Grandpa's land was near Lone Wolf. But Grandma's and Aunt Annie's were a waqys over, 6 miles west of Hobart. They took her land to live on. That same time, while trying to get ready for winter and working on their house, Grandpa took sick and died. Grandma wrote Pappa and told him if he would come there to help her she would give him half of the land. When they sold out Pappa got \$2000.00 for his part. Beatrice was born there in Kiowa County. Mary Beatrice, February 3, 1905.

Then Pappa filed on a claim near Texhoma and we moved there. We drove our cows and took everything else we had in a wagon. Bea had her first birthday along the road. Pappa proved up the land there for five years.

Mamma got the flu and died December 4, 1909. Leaving Pappa with all us little ones. I was 14 and the oldest. I now had to be the one to run the house. Mamma had done the milking and she had about 100 chickens. We had already learned how to help though. Mame, Jewell, and I. Mamma had a green thumb, always had a good garden. She was a hard worker.

When Mamma was sick and just before she died two of our good neighbors had gone into town to get supplies when their horses run away with them and they both died. One of them was buried at Thanksgiving, the other a few days later. Then Mamma died. Mamma knew about the accident but we never told her they died. There came a big snow and it was several days before we buried Mamma after she died. She died on December 4, 1909. Just Pappa, the Preacher, one neighbor man and I went to bury her. It was so bad...

Pappa and us tried to make a garden the next year but we didn't do any good. Good plants but no tomatoes or anything. Pappa just couldn't make a very good living there. We had to sell the farm and it took everthing to pay off the debts.

In the spring of 1912 we left there and went to McLean. Pappa had friends in McLean, and they told him he would have a better chance there where we kids could pick cotton and help him more. And we already knew how to hoe. Those friends name was Stafford.

It took us two weeks to go from Texhoma to McLean. We had a wagon, two horses and two mules. All the rest had to be sold. There was six of us kids and Pappa. I had not had my 17th birthday yet. We just cut off across the country, and I remember crossing the Canadian River at Plemons. There isn't a town there now though. There was quite a bit of water in the river and some cowboys were crossing on horses. We followed close to them, and they said they would help us if we needed them. We never floated the wagon but it got pretty deep. We had camped on the north bank the night before and got us a early start to cross.

We stayed one night near Spearman. But the town was being moved. Seems like it was called Hansford and they were moving the whole town to Spearman. Just moved all the buildings. One was a hotel and we couldn't figure how they could move something so big. They put the buildings on skids and went the 6 or 7 miles.

One night we camped among herds of cattle that were being moved. We made about 20 miles a day. We followed trails and got on the wrong one and got lost. We had to go into Pampa and then across to Lefors and Alanreed. I don't know how many days extra it took us for getting lost. Some days you would not see another soul.

Anyway we got to McLean on Saturday, the day before Easter Sunday. I know that we could not go to church because all our things were very dirty. We all had two changes a piece and that was it. We spent that first night and Easter with the Staffords. They knew of a place that we could move to. It wasn't much, but Pappa was glad to get it. It was just a sand hill north of McLean. Across the road from Bob Ashby and the Cousin's place. Cousin was their name.

It was a two room house, shed, and fenced lot. Been planted half in cotton and 15 acres in watermelons. They were called Alabama Sweets and Tom Watsons. Thought that funny, cause that was Pappa's name. At that time they shipped a lot of watermelons out of there. But there was so many around that year that a Mr. Cash told Pappa that he could get more out of the seeds than he could the melons. We gave some away, no one else needed them either. Mr. Cash was giving 35¢ a pound for the seeds, cleaned and dried. Pappa brought the melons up from the field in the wagon and just pushed them off to us kids. They were so big we couldn't handle them. Some broke and others we cut open and took the seeds out. We ate all we could along as we went but couldn't eat much after the first hour. The juice dripped off our elbows and all over our clothes. We put them in to wash and then on a large screen to dry. Got about a pound for two big melons. Pappa had bought two shoats and two cows now and we fed the melons to them. We traded in value to Mr. Cash for food. Didn't make much cotton that year.

That was the place where I first saw Joe and Johnnie. I had gone into fix lunch for Pappa and the kids. Joe and Johnnie stopped for a drink at the well. The well was pumping and Wes came in to get a glass for Johnnie to get her drink with. She was wearing a bright red dress and Wes thought it was so pretty and that he didn't want her to have to drink out of the cans that we kept there for us. Wes was a little guy and only had one arm that he could use because he had had polio then he was a baby. He handed the glass to Joe to get the water and Johnnie said. "Jodie, wash out that glass; that urchin has had his hands on it." I heard her and wanted to go get the glass and hand her the can and tell her it was good enough for her. But I didn't go out. Always seems funny since she turned out to be a very poor housekeeper and pretty careless on being clean in the after years.

The middle four kids went to school in McLean. I was too old to go and Bea too young. The principal was named W. E. O'Neal, and his wife was a teacher. I don't remember any of the other teachers. The girls really liked it there. I could have gone but Pappa would have pay for it. So I stayed home and took care of the house and Bea. When school was out for Christmas, we moved to the Fowler place. Some of the Backs had told Pappa that the Fowlers were moving to Amarillo. He was a carpenter. We were going to church there at McLean , and they knew we needed a bigger house. We were happy for it and it was so much a better place to live. It was one mile west and one-half mile north off the road to the Back School. I was baptized in the Old Weaver tank there at McLean before we moved.

Now we were in the Back School district, and they told Pappa that if Bea and I didn't add new classes to the school we could go there free. So we entered with the others. I was glad to go back to school. We could walk in the tall weeds or in the ruts the wagons made in the deep sand. Not much of a choice of walking and about 2 miles NW of school. Made it seem longer. I think the sand was 8 inches deep, but I liked school. Miss Vera Featherson was our teacher, the only one at the Back school. I don't see how she got through all the classes in one day, primer and through 10th. She was a good teacher; not much more than my age, and we became good friends. Maybe two or three of the boys were older than she. She played the piano and organ, the viola, too. Played at most of the parties around there.

Our new home had four rooms downstairs and a lot of room upstairs. A front and back porch. Good weather-stripping and was plastered inside. A real good house for us. Our house was big enough to have ice cream suppers or singings at and we got to have a couple of parties. First time for that.

At the Fowler place Pappa planted cotton and maize. There was a good sub-irrigated spot for the garden and an orchard. We had good fruit that year. Everyone had good though. Couldn't sell and I had to put up a lot for the winter. One year we had so many that Pappa told Mr. Burgess that he could come and get them for his hogs. He lived alone, and all the boys around liked to play tricks on him. Well, my brothers thought they would try some fun on him, and when he left his wagon for them to put the peaches in, they loaded it down so heavy that it buried deep in the sand. They were put out at Pappa for making them load the wagon, too. So when Pappa saw what they had done he made them go back and unload it and move it to another spot and load it again for Mr. Burgess. Their joke backfired.

Once when we lived there, Pappa got mad at an old horse that balked all the time. When he came to the house to eat, he brought the one horse to water, but left the balky one tied out in the field. I cried and had a fit for Pappa to go get it too. I think you can't stop a horse from balking if that is what he wants to do. But he could stop me. He did.

Everett and Wes killed a possum down on the creek and brought it home for me to cook for them. They skinned it out; I cut off all the fat I could and put it in the oven. I tried to drain the fat off so it wouldn't be so greasy. The kids ate part of it, but Pappa and I couldn't

At the parties was where the young people met and most of them married someone they had met there. Jewell and Emil Wiegand met at one and they married. Emil was the grandson of Grandpa Waters. The Waters family had been there longer than us. When we first moved up near McLean, we saw the funeral go by our house. It was a big funeral of

wagons, hacks, buggies and on horseback. We wondered who was so good to have such a funeral. Didn't know them until we moved to Back. They lived north of McLean but on the south of the creek. After Grandpa Waters died, Emil had to take over the farming. He and Jewell married March 12, 1910. Preacher was Kyle Mitchell. Jewell was the first Watson to get married. We made her dress and it sure was pretty. It was white with lace and little star things. They just went into town and got married. That is the way everyone did then, no big affairs. They lived at the home place until 1923.

Pappa had met up with Essie Bishop from Texhoma and she came in on the mail hack. They got married. She brought her three sons with her. Roy, Hernice, and Fred. That made a full house. I went to Duncan to stay with Aunt Annie and go to school for a year.

After I came hack to McLean, Dad and I got married. I knew him some before I left. We had been to parties together and now we lived close to them. Our preacher's name was V. H. Rawlins. Dad paid \$5 to the preacher. I moved into the house with his Ma. We went right on with the farming like Dad was for some time. I like his mother.

In the fall of 1916, we sold out and stayed on until we got the crops in. We hand shelled the corn out and sacked it up. We had to get off the place, so Joe and Johnnie moved into McLean and Dad, his Ma, and I moved to a house out near where Jewell lived, on the south side of the creek. Jewell could walk there to see us. Leola was born there in that house. Dr. Ballard came out to help me, and Jewell was close. January 29, 1917. We lived there when Dad came to Bushland to look at a place he heard about. He bought it and we moved. It turned out to be the last move for any of us three (Including Ma). We chartered a boxcar to bring all our things to Amarillo, and we came on the train coach.

Pappa and Miss Essie moved to Texhoma in the fall, 1916. But they had Noble and Irene born there at McLean. Then Jake was born after they moved to Texhoma.

Emil and Jewell had five boys all together. Emil Lee was born at McLean on June 25, 1917. Then they moved in 1923 to the panhandle of Oklahoma close to Goodwell. Barney, Williams, Joe, and James were born there.

Pappa and Miss Essie remained in Texhoma. He died July, 1931. Was sick for a long time. She stayed in Texhoma where the children grew up. Essie died in December, 1967, in a Dumas rest home. I never got to know her well. We didn't have a good start when she came to our house. I guess I had been the lady of the house too long. I didn't see Pappa's need for her.

End of Mom's story; from here on it is a combination story.

I had heard a lot about the plains and good farming land. I got one agent from McLean to come up here with me to look around and see what it was like and see what we could do with our money from the McLean place. We saw a man in a wagon who lived near here and he told us about this place. He had heard it was for sale. It was, for \$25 an acre. Was 150 acres, a short quarter. That was about the size for us. Talked it over and I decided I did want it. The owner agreed for me to put up \$1500.00 and he would put up the deed. We came back to Amarillo to finalize the deal; the man's wife had decided she did not want to sell. But they had to honor my down money. Glad I had put up the money. We closed the deal at the First National Bank in Amarillo on March 21, 1917. I told the man I would take

his cattle for \$36 a head. I had been thinking I wanted them, but hadn't mentioned it before. He was glad to clean out everything. Travelstead, was the man's name. The house wasn't much but I told Momma I would build her another. Sure had good well water.

Mason had sold this place to the Trovelsteads some months before, just in August before. Mason had paid \$11 for it and sold to Travelstead for \$25 and that was all he wanted for it.

We brought all our things from McLean on the train. Broke down the wagons and what we could and loaded the furniture and stock in a boxcar. Had two mules (Tom and Kate), two horses, a sow and pigs of mine, Joe's sow, chickens and personal things. We tried to load old Dolly, but she wouldn't get into the car for nothing, so we left her there for Joe to bring when he came. I rode back with the animals most of the way, but an old fellar wanted to come along for the ride so I let him stay with them some. When we got to Amarillo, the car was so hot that tine stock was about gone. Momma, Ma, and Leola (3 months old) rode on the coach car. We got here on the 20th of March. Joe brought old Dolly when he came. We brought that wagon, but I don't know if it was one I brought or one that Joe brought. Joe and I used one and the other. That one was painted bright orange on the body and a green bed when it was new. We raised the back end up with a piece of cross-tie to put on a hay bed. I cleared the top of the wheels and would carry a big load of hay. The iron rims could stand a lot of use without having to be replaced. The ones we left Arkansas with wore completely out, and Pa had to have new ones made. There were so many rocks that the rims got loose and we'd drive cleats in to tighten them up. The wood would dry out too if you didn't wet them down some. Those side arms of the tongue were called hounds, the braces. I guess all wagons were made of oak. Ours was. Later we found that if we put pieces of rubber tires over the hub that it would save the hubs, and you didn't have to grease so often.

This place was in wheat when we come here. Some was volunteer and some drilled. On the 6th of May, we had a 10 inch snow and it wet the ground all the way down. None ran off. Our wheat hadn't dried out too much to come out of it. Made real good and I got \$1800 for it. Only three fields around here made good. Ours, Brundage's, and one other. And poor Trovelstead helped me harvest the crop. He was sure sick and Mason felt pretty bad about Travelstead's misfortune. We made a good showing for our first crop.

The place joining on the north came up for sale and I wrote Joe about it. He was waiting. He got the same deal that I got. \$25. an acre. They got here on the 5th of May and the snow came with them. He didn't see the land before it was covered. His wheat was already gone though. He didn't make a thing. They bought their place from Skidmores. They were the parents of Mrs. George Mason. The Masons remained one of the best friends you could have. They had two sons, Elmer and Luther. They lived over west of here; still do.

A lot of the places sold about that time. Walton had the place just east and he sold to Ed Rae a little later. That was Shrader and Cletus's folks. Our first boy was born here just about a year after we got here. March 16, 1918, Joseph Adams. He was light complected like Ma's folks. And small built.

I used to be in the chicken business. I peddled chickens and eggs up and down Polk Street in Amarillo and all in the fine area. Would drive right through Ellwood Park. At that time the park had great big black locust trees. All were killed by bores. Bores got ours here at home too. Got to visiting with one of the ladies about where I lived, and she said they had a farm out close to there they would like to sell. 160 acres. It was 1 mile north and 1

mile east of ours. I already knew the place and talked serious about it. She wanted to call her husband back to Amarillo to handle it, but I told her I would just take her word and wait till he got home. Mr. Nobles. There was a strip of land 150 feet wide to the highway that went with the quarter, allowed for a road, but the old lake wouldn't let a road go through that way. Anyway I lost the strip because I didn't fence it off, just let the neighbors use it, and they had it in with their fenced area. After 25 years, I found out that the Blessens got most of it, and the Bush estate got the other. By means of peaceful possession. That is what happened for being peaceful, I guess. It still shows on the abstract. I don't figure there would be a chance of getting it. Maybe some day they will have to give it for a road.

And when the land was measured they found the surveyor had missed the corner by 17 paces. So we still got 10 extra acres. Ha. There had been an old bachelor living on it without paying. Been there for three years. He had offered to sell the land for \$55 an acre. See, he was going to have it sold and then he'd buy it from the Nobles for \$25 an acre and sell it for \$55. He thought he would make \$30 for himself. Nobles had gotten wind of it and he wasn't happy about the old guy trying to snooker him. So our deal went on through. Had a good well on it, but there was some of it that always had the lake on it. Just good for grazing.

We had hundreds of white leghorn chickens at one time. Sold eggs and chickens at grocery stores. Mostly just traded for groceries. The house and chicken houses were 150 yards from the road. I had some big brooders in behind the house and years later Tom Baldwin told me that some of the people around thought I was making moonshine in the brooders. One year I raised 311 chicks in one of the home-made ones and lost only 3 chicks, that to a dog.

There was two rows of peach trees all the way to the line when we moved here. The county moved the road and that made our barns and lots in front of the house and you had to go through the lots everytime you went to the road. But, some day we were to build a new house and it was to be there by the trees near the road. We had cherry black walnut, and mulberry trees. We also had gooseberries and currants. Mason had put all this out. Two peach trees and the black walnut trees stayed for years.

Momma was still waiting for her house. We added on two side rooms to the house. In the first eleven years we had seven healthy children. Leola and Joe. Then James Fred, Jack Barnett, Bessie Laverne, Zola Pearl, and John Thomas. Were happy to have all healthy, hungry kids.

I guess Joe was the only one of them I ever whipped. I slapped Murl, Maude's boy, one time while he was staying here. We had Bill here the year before and he went home a man, so then they sent Murl. He was hard to handle and one day the old Dutchman was down here on a loco horse and Murl thought he would show off and get on it. I told him to stay off cause I didn't want to send him home in a box. The horse was gentle most of the time but would go loco at the slightest, and run into anything. Wildest thing you ever saw. I finally had to slap Murl to show him that I meant for him to stay off that horse. He planned to stay the summer, but he wanted to go home and we let him go. He told his Mom and Dad that Uncle Bon had hands made of sandpaper. I did have work calluses on them. He was 11 or 12, I guess. Bill was about 14, the year earlier. He and our boys got along good, but Bill was older than our boys. When he went home we bought him western clothes, boots and a Texas hat. When he got home, his mother made him throw them away.

The time I whipped Joe I had to run a half mile to catch him and there was a lot of deep snow on the ground. I almost got him before in the house but he slipped by and out the door. He just glided across the snow, but I had on big overshoes and didn't have time to get them off for the run. I figured if I didn't get him this time, I would have to whip him from then on. He took off west to the back of the place and I caught him in the corner. I whipped him right there, and he didn't know it but if we had gone another few feet, I would not have made it. I would have dropped. I couldn't whip him hard I was so tired. Momma was watching and she said she was sure happy to see us coming together. We got on good for the most of everything. Joe was killed in the war, 1943, I think.

When Leola and Joe were just little things, they had a running race around the house at break speed. Leola made a quick stop and started the other way. They met at a corner and really had a big bang. Almost knocked them out. I saw them hit. You never heard such squalling. Leola did it. Joe did it. Leola did it. Joe did it. It did stun them.

Remember Chicken Brown? Joe was over there with someone, and there was big sow on the porch. Brown told a little girl to go out and chase it off the porch because the door was off. Well, it ran right into the house and was about to tear it down, so the boys had to go in and get it out. But we thought that it really knew where home was because some time Brown used his spare bedroom for butchering and storing his meat. I was there once when he had done just that. On the bed, blood, hog hair all over. It was an awful sight!

We had many a dog in our days. Not too many good ones though. One that had taken to chasing chickens had to go. I took it with me when I went to Amarillo to take the milk. I shoved him out about where the Veterans Hospital is today. I had him tied with a short piece of rope and when I shoved him out the rope went out too. I looked on my way home that afternoon and that dog was right there in the road, laying on the piece of rope. I thought if that dog was that smart, I'd give him another try. Stopped and got him. But on the way there was a bunch of people in five wagons going west that had stopped for the night. I saw some little boys there so I stopped and asked them if they would like to have a good dog to take along and they did. I took a good look and decided I'd give them the milk and eggs that I didn't sell in town. I had 10 gallons of buttermilk and they gathered up every can and bottle they could find and we passed it out. I bet they had their fill of buttermilk that night.

Another rope story. One of our neighbors lost his donkey. Someone told it, that it was in another's lot out in back of his house. And there it was. The owner asked why the other had stolen his donkey. The other said he didn't steal the donkey; said he had seen this piece of rope and needed it so just took it. And then there was a donkey on the end of it!

We had donkeys for the kids to ride on when they were little. They were gentle and the kids couldn't get hurt falling off a short donkey. They did have a lot of good times with them. We had old Tom and Kate, mules that we used for plowing. They were gentle as lambs too. We kept them until they had worn their teeth off and couldn't eat; then I let the zoo people come to get them to feed to the animals in the Amarillo zoo. I made them take them off the place though before they killed them.

A lot of people got hurt on horses; not like cars. But horses could be bad. Judge Crawford--that was his name, not that he was a judge--was drug to his death over north of Bushland. When his horse came home without him, they went to look for him. Found where the horse had slid on the bank of the creek and that Judge had hung his foot and had drug off his

elbows, probably trying to keep his head off the ground. Things like this happened and you would never hear about it unless it was a neighbor.

Joe, my brother, sold his place and moved to Carter, Oklahoma. Sold to Henry Bassett, and got \$40 an acre for it. Then we heard that Bassett got \$140 for it when he sold to Dick Kelley.

One time I had a Stetson with an extra wide brim on it and I didn't like it flopping around in my face. It bothered me so I took some sugar and mixed it with water and dipped the hat in that. Let it soak up good and shaped it to let it dry. It sure got stiff as a poker. But if it had rained I'd had syrup in my face. This was a good place to wear it for we were short of rain. Another time I took my Stetson and put it in the pot of boiling water where Momma was washing my old work clothes. We did the washing outside in an iron pot then. I left it there while I had dinner. When I got it out, the brim had shrunk to almost nothing and the crown was about 18" tall. Funniest hat I ever saw. I thought about the pictures of the mountaineers and their tall crowned hats.

Once at church a lady that we had not seen for a long long time came. We had known her pretty good. When I greeted her I told her she had changed so much that I hardly knew her, wouldn't after 20 years except that I recognized her hat. She knew me well enough not to get mad.

We had many slim years out here with the dry weather and the depression. We had those black dust storms and they seemed to come on Sunday afternoon. Just a big black roll coming in from the southwest. Would get so black that it was night. One time when it looked that way; we decided to go to the cellar. Well, we went lots of times, but this time we all started out the back door of the boys room and thought we all were in the cellar. Got to looking and Zola wasn't with us. I got the door open and shut on the others and went back into the house. Called and she answered. Was in the kitchen, which was on the other side of the house. Zola had gotten mixed up and had gone the wrong way. Glad there wasn't a door in the kitchen or she would have gotten out and no telling what would have happened. By now the wind had hit and it was jet black. I just hovered over Zola near the cook stove and we rode it out. The others and Momma didn't know if we were safe or not. But made it through. The old house held us. Not the chicken house or windmill. We lost all the baby chickens and the windmill wheel. The tower was alright. I think it was Fred that got caught out in another storm by himself. He laid down in the bar ditch and let the thing roll over. We were lucky to have all survived those days.

I did have to go to Canyon during the worst part of the depression and get some of the groceries that the government put out. But I'll tell you one thing; I did go back a few years later and pay for those things. Mostly canned goods and sugar and flour they gave us.

We never had a lot of money to worry about; but I borrowed and spent a lot through the years. Early on we did business with the Citizen's State Bank in McLean. In 1913 I borrowed \$650, putting up the stock for honest worth. Then we borrowed money from them when we made the move to Bushland. Didn't pay it back until after we lived here for a year or so. Moved our business to the Wildorado State Bank in 1918 and borrowed some money to pay off the rest of the loan from McLean. W. E. O'Neal was an old friend and was with the Wildorado bank now. He sure helped us out during the poor days and stayed friends even after the bank closed when the banks all over the country folded. 1929. It took many years to pay off O'Neal. But I'd give him a part of every cow I sold and finally got him

paid. If I just had to, I'd ask him to pass on a sale or two. He was a fine man. Later we did business with First National Bank in Canyon but came easier to go to Amarillo for our business and finally changed to the First National of Amarillo for a short time. Moved to the American and stayed there after. None ever came out asking for our business, though.

Our kids were healthy and we never had the doctor bills that some had. We lost Joe in the war and might as well have lost Jack because he was injured so bad that he never settled down again and lived in hospitals most of the rest of his life. Died at the Veterans Hospital in Waco in January, 1960. Fred was in the war too and was hurt, but he came home in fine shape.

Out of the four boys we only got one farmer. Tom was the last and he was here during the war to help me. Then with Joe and Jack gone and Fred not really liking farming, Tom stayed and took over the heavy work. He went into irrigation and was more modern with his equipment. Tom was here to help Momma and I get the NEW HOUSE started. Finally after all the kids had gone. Tom made the foundation, and we had a carpenter help with the framing; then Momma and me finished it. We made a pretty good house. Momma told that that was the last hard work I ever did. We tore down the old house, board by board, and put it right into the new house. We were careful in taking the nails out and tried to put nails right back in the top boards because the wood was so bard after all the years. It was almost impossible to nail into the 2x4s. We finished up the dog-trot (utility) and moved into it so we could tear the rest of the old house down. As we got the other done, we moved into it. Momma really liked getting a big kitchen. Mr. Holcomb, who was the Wiegand boys' uncle, built the cabinets for us. His name was John and her name Mary.

We had a good school here at Bushland for the kids. It may have been a long walk sometimes for them. Some of the time they rode horses, and even Leola and Joe went in the buggy some. Bushland was one and one-half mile north and 1 mile west of here. The kids usually walked south to the section line road and then east about 1 mile and then cut off across the neighbor's field and pastures for the shortest way home. They always came home hungry. In later years I took them some in the car.

I was on the board at school with Tom Baldwin and A. B. Brooks for years. We needed a principal and I got T. C. Israel and his wife to come. His folks were the Israels at McLean. I knew he would be a good man. They did decide to hire them and he was a good one; good for the older boys of the school. He was tough enough to make them mind and good enough to play ball with them. Mrs. Israel was the primary teacher, and Zola started to school that year. She was one of her first pupils. They stayed for many years. He retired and she kept on and finally stayed over 30 years.

I had since wished we had not of sent the high school to Amarillo. I think maybe the boys would have gone on and finished if we had left it at Bushland. They didn't like to ride the bus and didn't like the big school.

I myself didn't get past the fifth grade. I didn't go to school after we left Arkansas. Guess I was about 11 when my teacher made me stand on top of a stove until my shoes almost burned and my feet blistered and I wouldn't go back. Ma and Pa let me quit. Momma had a pretty good schooling, about finished high school. Then they didn't have set classes so much. She could have even taught in school some.



George Barnett Fogg and Ivory Pearl Watson Fogg
with daughter Bess and great-granddaughters Angela and Bethany
photo taken spring of 1974