



# Growing up in Texas



By

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Edited and with additions by

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# FOREWORD

By James L. Marshall

Jenny Rankin (1945-2014) and I were married in 1998. During that marriage, as a team we lived, worked, and loved as we plunged into several team projects, principally the “Rediscovery of the Elements,” where we traveled about the world and visited all the sites where each of the chemical elements was discovered – a feat no one had previously attempted nor has accomplished since. We have published our finds in several venues, including a series in various journals and also a DVD which Jenny designed.

Each of us also had our personal projects. Jenny became a proud member of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, and she drafted a book based on the original work of her sister, Ann (1940- ). Jenny was able to complete a rough draft of this by the summer of 2014, only 2 months before her death. Jenny’s contribution was collecting the many loose stories written by Ann over the years, editing of the material, insertion of photographs and other illustrations (and captions), and final organization. Unfortunately, Jenny passed away suddenly in September, 2014, leaving only a rough first draft, with all of the errors and repetitions that always occur.

After consulting with Jenny’s direct kin, we all decided that even though my ancestry was from an entirely different line, I probably was more familiar with her work, methods, and style than anyone else – indeed, over the course of 16 years we pushed drafts back and forth as we prepared many manuscripts, discussing, consulting, and agreeing on final copy. This book – “Growing up in Texas” is the result. The original idea and stories are principally from Ann, the editing and several additions come from Jenny, and the final preparation was done by me. My personal work is nothing

more than the result of a careful reading, corrections where needed, and final preparation.

There is precedent for this “tandem-style” treatment of editing. Gwendolen “Gwendy” Caroe née Bragg (1907-1982), the daughter of Physics Nobel Laureate William Henry Bragg (1862-1942), prepared a history of the Royal Institution in London, the site of the famous Sir Humphry Davy. Unfortunately, she died before the last chapter was finished. Her husband, Alban Caroe, drew from her notes to prepare, the best he could, what he thought this final contribution to her book would be. Published three years after her death, he gave her full credit for the book – “a fitting tribute” to her work and to his love of her.

In a like manner, full credit should be given to Ann and Jenny for this fascinating piece of Texas history. Several of my colleagues have told me, “No better gift can you give to Jenny than to finish her work.” So it was done, in love and memory of my soul-mate and partner in work and play. Any errors may be ascribed to me; she and Ann should enjoy the praise of full credit for their imaginative creation.

It should be clear, however, that the original inspiration and creativity flowed from Ann. The first drafts were written by Ann starting in the beginnings of the 21<sup>st</sup> century. In fact, by a chance discovery, we have the original thoughts of Ann as she conceived of this project, and it is clear that she should be considered the main author of this project. Knowledge of this is confirmed by a chance discovery during the Christmas of 2016.

For this discovery, turn the page!

## **DISCOVERY! – ANN’S ORIGINAL DREAM**

One of the questions raised by the family while recovering the work of Ann and Jenny was: Which files were the original files? In Jenny’s CD, there were multiple copies, fragments, and revisions, all written over the span of almost two decades.

By chance, during the Christmas season of 2015, while I (JLM) was visiting the home of Ann and her husband Thomas Owen Warner in Seguin TX, she brought to me an old Toshiba computer, which she had found among the items collected during their various moves; she asked me if I thought was important. It carried a label, “Windows 98”; accompanying the computer in a side pocket were several old floppy disks. It was clear this could include archival files. Unfortunately, the battery was dead, and there was no power cord to be found, so we couldn’t explore the files yet.

Returning home, I ordered a power cord from Amazon, which I received a week later. I powered up the computer, and we were in luck! No password was required, and I was able to inspect the contents. There were minor files associated with the jewelry business of Ann and Jenny, as well as some duplicates of old family photographs. And there was also a large cache of Ann’s writings, obviously the originals. I could quickly ascertain that these originals had been retained on Jenny’s CD.

But there was a surprise. There were two files not found on Jenny’s CD, which could be added to this work. One was a charming story of Christmas with “Grannie and Pawpaw” – important in itself. But the other was momentous: a note that Ann had written at the very beginning of her nostalgic writings – private thoughts – that were indeed the impetus, the spark, for her project. This was the origin of her dream – her intent to write

down all of her stories. Ann wrote this after her visit with her daughter (Mary Taylor Buller) to Antelope TX during the fall of 1989 – this is clear from references in the story. Mary has verified to me that how upset her mother was to see “how things had changed” and how this dream of hers *must* be fulfilled. Antelope is where Ann graduated from High School, her last halcyon days of youth.

This computer file was dated December 31, 1989 and was “authored” by James Lumpkin, Jenny’s son. James has revealed to me that he was using Microsoft “Works” at this time on a Macintosh computer at this time when he was in junior high school. Manifestly this file was entered onto the family Mac computer during a Christmas visit of Ann to Windsor Drive (Jenny's home in Denton) in December 1989, and apparently Jenny re-saved this file as a Microsoft Word at a later date (but it retained the original date).

*Listen to Ann’s original words, veritable beautiful nostalgia:*

“When I look back on all the places I have lived, and the people I have known, I remember most of all as “home” Antelope. The old Victorian house where we lived, with all its weathered boards and cracks, twelve foot ceilings and fire places have now become a mystical place in my heart. I tried to go back. The house had been torn down and replaced with a beautiful modern brick home. There was a green grass yard in front which was being mowed with a ride on tractor mower. The windmill and water tower and the French Lilacs were gone from the property. The only original thing left standing was one lone cedar tree. Across the street the little stone cottage owned by the Cootie family was still there with new owners. It was lavish with flowers and vines. Down the road all the houses for the Administration and coach of the school had been moved away. Mrs.

Moore's little house was still there, but the Blue roof had caved in, and it would have to be torn down. I understood it had been purchased by an old friend of mine.

I was told by a neighbor that Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Hill and a lot of the other folks I had grown to love were all buried a little further down the road in the local cemetery. I couldn't bring myself to go there.

Bolton's old general store had caved in, the other store owned by the community outcast was deserted and had caved in although the rock portion was still standing.

The Rockin R Cafe, which had been owned by my mother had only a vacant lot to show it had ever existed. Next door the “Blue Bonnet service station” was still standing, but no longer function either as a gas station nor as a cafe. The house where the Rudolph family had lived was still there looking smaller than I remembered, and the Methodist Church where Dad had preached in his early years was still there and in good shape. It even had a historical marker.

The native stone school house where our senior picture had hung had burned to the ground. It had been replaced by a shining modern brick and glass structure. That building no longer served as a school, but served as a community center. The gym where I had spent so much time both in summer and winter, still stood nearby, but the roof had given way and allowed the polished hard wood basketball court to become warped. I went to the ironically locked gym door and peered through the small now glassless door window to try to see inside. The smell of mold and mildew was overwhelming. Knowing full well my allergic reaction to mold, and the penalty I would endure for doing such a futile thing, I could not help but stand and stare at the mess inside. My spirit writhed in grief when suddenly

the present faded away, and I was transported back in time to younger days. I could see the boys playing their hearts out as they always did. Not always winning, but each game a new day or night and their hearts on the line each time. I could hear the roar of the crowd and the stamping of feet, the pounding thud of the ball on the court floor, and the sound of it hitting the back board and rolling around the metal rim of the basket. For a brief moment I could see the young man I had loved so much, clad in the maroon and white uniform charging down the court. A shout from my daughter brought me back to the present with a jerk. I had brought her to see where I had grown up, where I had always thought of as “home.” Home wasn't there anymore. It only existed in my mind, in my memories. I knew then, unless I wrote them down they would die when I died. I knew in my heart there were valuable lessons to be learned, and that life would go on. I knew my children would have their own books to write. We all need roots. Roots are what keep us stable. There is the tap root that goes deep. That is where our spiritual roots are. Then there are the peripheral roots, all the experiences our life holds. I am so grateful I come from a family of Story Tellers, and I will have now added my stories to the stories of Susan, Reuben, Annie, Raymond, Lula Mae, Lucille, Leon, Hill & Lela Rankin, James Collins Rankin, and James M. Rankin, Jr. and the story of Texas and growing up there.”

# PREFACE

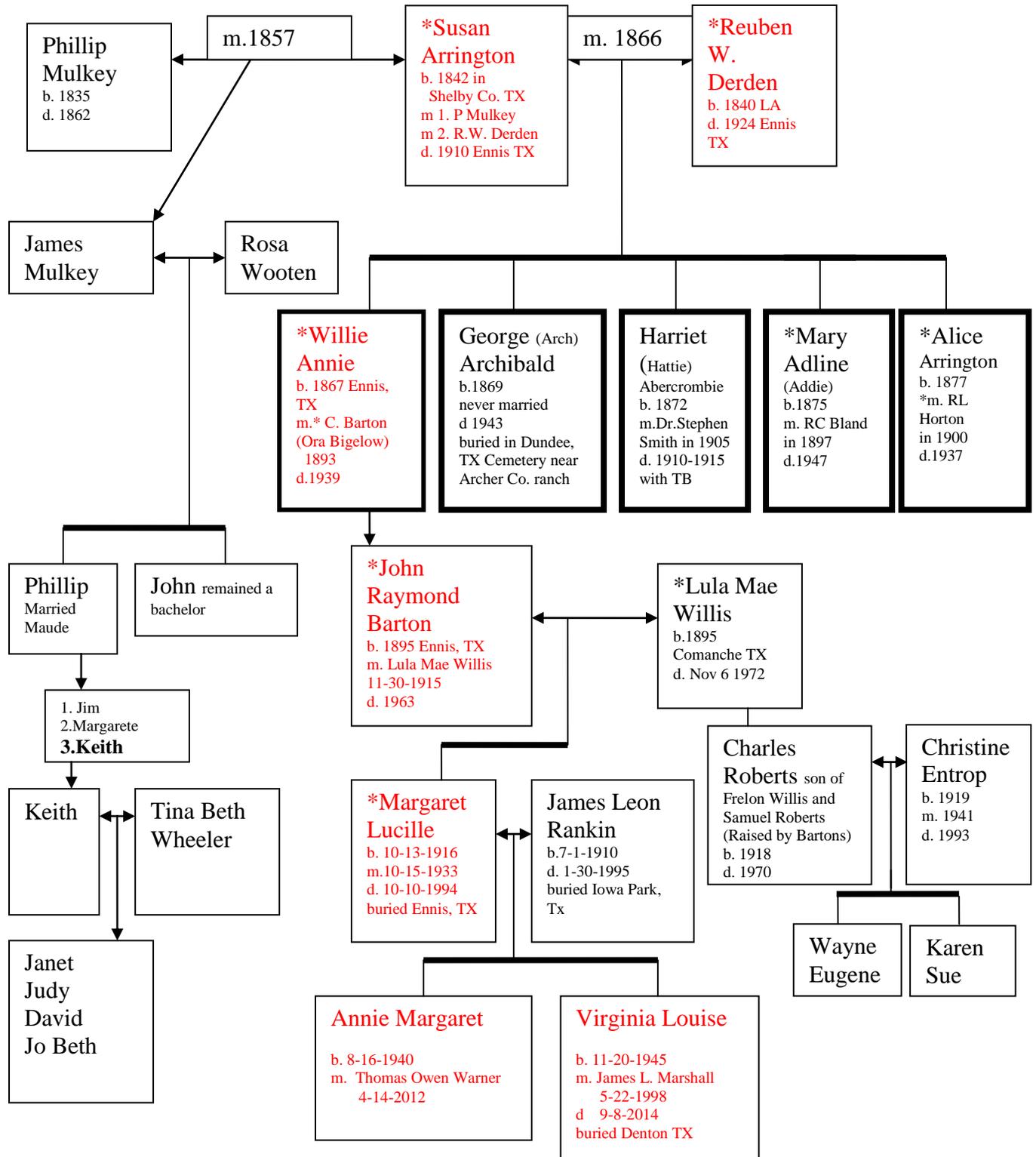
By Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

One of Dad's quotations was: "There is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us we should all think well of the rest of us."

This expressed himself as well as others in this book. Human nature without the love of God guiding it usually will provide ample opportunity for the worst to come out in the best of us. When reading these pages, please remember this quote. The people and the incidents described herein are real and not fictitious. Reality is usually more interesting than fiction, and these excerpts from our lives are no exception. This is an account of my family as recalled from oral tradition and from the many papers, letters, notes, and drawings inherited from my parents, as well as my own recollections. It is a tryst of struggle, accomplishment, failure, and all the other experiences taking place in the early days of Texas to the present. Some of the graphic detail is not always pleasant, but enlightening and its purpose is to tell of the hardships and struggle unknown to the present generation.



# Derden Family Block Chart



Persons with \* in front of their name are buried in Derden family plot, Myrtle Cemetery, Ennis, Ellis County, Texas



## TIME-LINE OF "GROWING UP IN TEXAS" STORIES

Date	Place	Event
1866	Ellis Co. TX	Susan Arrington (1847-1910) marries Reuben Derden (1840-1924)
1893	Ennis, Ellis Co	Annie Derden (1867-1939) marries Charles Barton (1893-1939)
1909	Archer Co. TX	Susan Arrington Derden visits Archer Co.
1911	Archer Co.	Archer Co. purchase made
1915	Ennis TX to Mankins ranch, Archer Co.	John Raymond Barton (1895-1963) marries Lula Mae Willis (1895-1972), move to Archer Co. ranch
1918	Mt. Dora, Union Co. NM	Leon Rankin's home
1920	Archer Co. Ranch (Note 1)	Lucille Barton moves from Ennis TX to Archer Co. Ranch.
1930	Archer Co. Ranch	Margaret Lucille Barton (1916-1994) meets James Leon Rankin (1910-1995), son of Hill Rankin in Holliday TX. Leon works on ranch.
1932	Dairy Farm, Wichita Falls TX (Note 2)	Archer Co. ranch foreclosed during depression, traded for Dairy Farm north of Wichtits Falls; Raymond and Lula Mae move to Dairy Farm.
1933	Friberg TX (Note 3)	Margaret Lucille Barton (1916-1994) marries James Leon Rankin (1910-1995); live intermittently at Dairy Farm.
1933-1937	Breckenridge, Wichita Falls, Burkburnett, Nocona TX	Leon Rankin, series of jobs with Conoco filling stations
1938-1940	Abbeville LA	Conoco Oil Co.
1940	Dairy Farm, Wichita Falls	Return to have Ann, August 1940
1942-1945	Move to Underwood St., Wichita Falls; Jenny born Nov 1945	Leon employed by Texas Electric Service Co. as Oil Burning Fireman, frozen by the draft board as necessary in case of emergency
1945-1946	Rocky Point (Note 4) - Kadane Korner, TX (Note 5)	Leon employed as Pumper on Jack Jeeter Oil Lease

1946	Lived in Barton's lake house on Lower Charlie Rd., Wichita Falls; built Green Tar Paper Trailer house/shack. Ann starts school in Friberg (Note 6)	Leon employed as salesman for National Insurance Co.; then by American LaFrance Fomite Corp. selling fire fighting equipment.
1946-1949	Move to Fairlee TX	Leon accepted Methodist call to pastor to Commerce circuit
1949	Move to Antelope TX (Note 7)	New Methodist preacher circuit, Antelope/Jermyn circuit
1949-1951	Move to Taylor St., Wichita Falls	Preacher at Adams St. Methodist Church; attended college. Lucille employed at North Texas Furniture. Jenny began day care.
1951	Move to Green Tar Paper shack	Left ministry – conflicts with district superintendent. Drove truck for Halliburton (oil rig trucking company)
1951-1952	Carter OK	Preacher at Methodist Church
1952-1953	Granite OK (summer 1953 Wichita Falls)	Preacher at Methodist Church; teaching at Oklahoma state reformatory
1953-1954	Bandera TX; 1954 summer at San Marcos	Taught 8th grade and Senior speech; participated in community theater. Lucille made hand-crafted leather goods. Leon began Masters degree at San Marcos.
1954-1955	Archer Co (home and elementary school) (Note 8); 1955 summer at San Marcos	Teacher 5th grade/elementary school principal. Jenny attended Eagle Bend Elementary School (Note 8). Ann attended Valley View High School across the county border in Wichita Co. (Note 9).
1955-1956	Runge TX (Note 10)	Leon taught 5th grade; principal of school. Ann met Thomas Owen Warner.
1956-1958	Antelope TX; same house as before (Note 7)	Leon taught high school English and history
1958-1976	Big Spring TX (Note 11)	Leon taught 6th grade, Airport School. Lucille studied and became LVN nurse, practiced Cowpers Clinic and Big Spring Hospital

1958	Big Spring TX	Ann marries Jim Harris and moves to Dallas
1963	Denton TX	Jenny attends University of North Texas; marries Royce Lumpkin
1976	Denton TX (Note 12)	Retirement; Leon had yard maintenance, Lucille made porcelain dolls, tole and fabric painting
1994	Tomball TX	Lucille dies, buried in Ennis TX
1995	Denton TX	Leon dies, buried in Iowa Park TX

Note 1. The "2000-acre Ranch" was located in northwest Archer County. According to research of John Harris, the ranch house was located at N33.7861 W98.8349. Rye Hill was a prominent feature on the archival maps, and of painting of this was done by Lucille Barton Rankin, showing the "hill on which they skied after a snow storm." Again, based on the research of John Harris, Rye Hill was located at N33.7912 W98.8228. Another hill on the western edge of the property was Corn Hill, located at N33.7667 W98.8750.

Note 2. The location of the Dairy Farm, described as 150 acres, was researched by John Harris and his mother Ann Rankin Warner, and established at 2668 Farm-to-Market 1740 (Lower Charlie Road), at N33.9649 W98.4432. There is a fishing quarry on the property which helps identify it. The transaction – essentially a clean exchange – between Ferguson and the Bartons consisted of \$10 passing each way, with the accumulated debts on the Ranch passing to J. B. Ferguson, which he paid off. The old structure where the cows were milked may still stand (in ruins) – N33.9598 W98.4456.

Note 3. Friberg Methodist Church, now called the Friberg-Cooper United Methodist Church, is found at 5511 Friberg Church Road, N33.9998 W98.4568. It has often been quoted in various notes as being on Lower Charlie Road, but is actually near the intersection of modern Upper Charlie Road and Friberg Church Road.

Note 4. Rocky Point School, located on archival maps, existed at the corner of Highway 25 and Beaver Creek, on the east side of the creek, at N33.8971 W98.8479. Now there is nothing except countryside. The school served 1892-1947. The structure was physically moved to Electra TX and now serves as the Electra Community Center, 501 E. Roosevelt (N34.0296 W98.9128), across the street from the high school.

Note 5. Kadane Corner as a named community no longer exists; is merely an intersection on Highway 25 with a small store (N33.8578 W98.8386).

Note 6. The school at Friberg, described as directly across from the Friberg Church, no longer stands – just a clearing (N34.0002 W98.4567).

Note 7 - Antelope TX. The United Methodist Church still stands on W Antelope Road, with a historical marker (N33.4414 W98.3716). The First Methodist Church of Jermyn TX still stands, with a historical marker (N33.2603 W98.3920). Jermyn is 12 miles south (straight distance) of

Antelope.

The old home was on Highway 175, past the Baptist church, north of town (N33.4460 W98.3666), no longer exists, but site replaced by another home.

The storm cellar, across the road, is at N33.4454 W98.3659.

The high school was on High School Road, N33.4401 W98.3643. The stone structure of the gymnasium still stands (roof caved in), and a new school has replaced the old school.

The Rocking R Restaurant was on Highway 187, N33.4407746 W98.3694, no longer there.

Note 8. It was common for a student to catch a bus at the corner of Continental Rd. and FM1180 (N33.8515 W98.8573) to go either south to the elementary school Eagle Bend School (in Archer Co.) or east to Valley View High School (in Wichita Co.). It appears from Jenny's notes that the family lived on the premises of the elementary school. The school no longer exists. The location has tentatively been identified on Eagle Bend Road, at a site with building ruins remaining (N33.8208 W98.8722). This is close to a fish hatchery, consistent with Jenny's story.

Note 9. The Valley View High School structure still exists, although delapidated; and a historic marker stands at the site on FM 1206 (N33.8739 W98.7633). This historic marker mentions the Eagle Bend School being merged with the Valley View school district in 1956, while the Valley View district later merged with the Iowa Park district in 1968. (This Valley View is not to be confused with another Valley View community 20 miles north of Denton TX.) How Ann traveled to Valley view is not known – bus? Did her father drive her before returning to teaching duties at Eagle Bend School?

Note 10. The Rankin address was 590 Reiffert St., home no longer there (N28.883 W97.7119). As Thomas Owen Warner describes it, however, Ann spent much of her time in a 1955 blue Bel-Air Chevy!

Note 11 - The Big Spring residence was 1801 Johnson St, (N32.2378 W101.4680); it still stands and is painted blue as described by Jenny to JLM during a high school reunion at Big Spring September 14, 2013. An earlier address in Big Spring was 2309 Curry Road (N32.1899 W101.4645), identified by Mike Harris on a punch bowl in his possession, which has the original address where it was sent.

Note 12 - Leon and Lucille's home in Denton - 1605 McCormick (N33.1982 W97.1471); house is still there.

# 1. IN THE BEGINNING...

**By Annie Margaret Rankin Warner**

Edited by Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall

My family has always been great story tellers. The past is just as important as the present or the future. Some of my most precious memories are of sitting at the dinner table with my grandfather, John Raymond Barton. My Grandmother, Lula Mae, often scolded him as my sister, Jenny, and I became so enraptured with his stories of early pioneer days and Civil War stories that we would forget to eat. There were many meals of cold food and good stories. Pawpaw, as we called him, was also an artist of sorts and would often draw pictures to illustrate the stories he was telling. These stories were first or second hand accounts of real events and real people.

Both my mother's and father's families had come to Texas as early settlers. Dad's family came while it was still Mexican Territory and Mom's while it was still a Republic. This part of the story is about Mom's family.

They had come from Tennessee and settled in the Southeastern part of what is now Texas, in Shelby County. By the 4<sup>th</sup> generation they had migrated all the way to Wichita County and the Red River in the Northern part of the state. Most of the business along the way had been agricultural and real estate. Eventually ranching and farming became too difficult both from age and lack of hired help, especially during WWII. The family became employed by large companies rather than being land owners and farmers. The past however, was always kept alive as the stories were handed down from generation to generation

As I listened to Pawpaw's tales of early Texas, a picture of my Great Great Grandmother, Susan Arrington, developed in my head. It came to the point where I had an overwhelming desire to be just like her. I also had a desire

to write about her from the time I was about twelve years old. Our most favorite story of all involved our Great Great Grandmother, Susan A. Arrington. She was born October 30, 1842, in Texas during the days of The Republic of Texas. She became a role model for me as Pawpaw would tell of the hardship she endured as well as some of her heroic acts. She and her daughter Annie were ladies who had very high ideals which were reflected in their daily lives. It is easy to talk, but sometimes when the challenges of life become extremely difficult, there is always the temptation to compromise.

Shelby County, Texas, became a hotbed of violence shortly after Texas became a Republic. There were so many land disputes that two opposing factions formed. The first were the “Regulators”. They were so named because they intended to regulate the land disputes. The disputes had come about because many of the people who originally had Mexican Land Grants sold them. After Texas became a Republic the grants were considered null and void if the claimant had left the Republic during the Revolutionary conflict. Therefore, many of the grants that had been sold were not considered legal property of the buyer. Many violent acts passed until another group was formed called the “Moderators”. The moderator group was a vigilante group sworn to bring the “Regulators” under control. The land grant that had been given to Samuel Eldridge was one of these questionable sales. [See Appendix I – “Land Grant – Samuel Eldridge”]

The homestead of the Arringtons was located in Shelby County in the East Texas Piney Woods near the Louisiana border. William Arrington, Susan’s father, was an early pioneer in Shelby County, Republic of Texas. We do not know the name of his wife, or the date of their deaths. However, they gave birth to two children. First Susan was born October 30, 1842, and then her brother, William, was born in 1844. At some point after the birth of William,

he and Susan became wards of Samuel and Matilda Eldridge who also came from Tennessee. They are listed as such on the 1850 census of Shelby County and as land owners on the 1846 Tax Roll. [See Appendix II – “1846 Tax Roll/ 1850 Shelby County Census”]

Grandmother Susan was a very intelligent and brave person; the kind it took to survive in a wilderness country full of thieves, cattle rustlers, and claim jumpers. She learned to ride and shoot a gun at a very young age.

One of my grandfather’s favorite stories about her revolved around an incident with a cattle rustler. In early pioneer days there were no hotels in the vast countryside, so the practice of “hospitality” was extended at all times. “Hospitality” meant that when you weren’t home, you would leave the latch string out on the door latch so that passersby could help themselves to a meal and a place to sleep for the night. The strangers would stop, eat, sleep and leave everything tidy and usually leave money under the overturned plates left clean on the table. Occasionally, there would be a person of less desirable character passing through, but as a general rule passersby were honest and hardworking people. One of those stories Pawpaw told about his Grandmother Susan Arrington Derden is as follows:

Late one evening a man came to the door asking for a meal and a place to stay. Susan was at home alone and only about 13 years of age at the time. Her parents had gone into town a good distance away to purchase supplies and would not return until the following day. Susan looked the man up then down and decided he would not harm her. She told him to sit down while she prepared food for him, and that he could sleep in the barn that night. As she made the meal, they exchanged conversation. The stranger began to ask questions about the livestock. He inquired about where the cattle were grazing this time of the year, and had this been a good year for calving. Susan answered

all his questions honestly, but becoming more and more suspicious as she formed a plan while working to prepare his food. The man went to the barn to unsaddle his horse and sleep for the night while Susan cleaned up the kitchen and got ready for bed. She arose quite early the next morning before sunup to check the barn to see if the stranger was still there. He had already gone. Susan saddled her horse with her sidesaddle, strapping on her family's branding iron, the Rockin' A, and placing what my grandfather called a "horse pistol" in her belongings as it was both large and powerful. It was used primarily for putting down cattle and horses which had become injured or sick beyond help. She rode to the place in the pasture where she had said the new calves would be found. Sure enough, there was the stranger. A fire was built with branding irons in it; calves were tied and ready to be branded with his iron. Susan pointed the gun at him, threw her branding iron on the ground, and told him that he might as well brand her calves seeing that he already had them tied up. When the man finished with the branding while she held the pistol pointed at him, she told him to leave that part of the country and not come back on pain of being hanged.



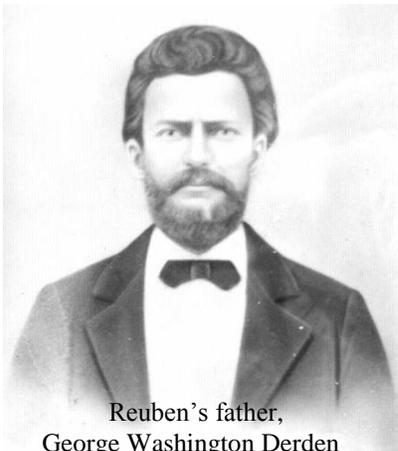
By 1855 Susan Arrington moved to Ellis County with Samuel Eldridge. Samuel remarried there which left us with the idea that Matilda had died. There was no trace of her brother, William, who would be approximately thirteen.

In 1857 Susan Arrington married Philip A. Mulkey. He had purchased the William Joyce Survey. Mr. Mulkey built the first log cabin in what is now Ennis, Texas. The original plan for the cabin was as an inn. Susan and her husband had operated a way station for the stage lines. Susan cooked large meals and she maintained an expansive table with generous servings of covered food on it at all times. People would stop to water and feed their horses, eat, and

rest for a night. Sam Bass, the renowned outlaw, was a visitor now and then. Susan always knew when he had been there because there would be a \$20.00 gold piece under his plate.

Susan gave birth to a male child, James Arrington Mulkey, on July 5, 1859. She was widowed shortly thereafter at the beginning of the Civil War.

Philip had registered to fight in the war and had crossed the Trinity river on his way home in the Spring of 1862 to say “goodbye”. He developed pneumonia from exposure and died. Susan operated the farm and managed the cattle alone until she married Reuben Derden on January 14, 1866. Reuben Derden had been a scout/spy for the Confederate Army.



Reuben's father,  
George Washington Derden  
(1807 – 1873)

He belonged to the Camp James Longstreet, 19<sup>th</sup> Calvary, Parson's Brigade, Company C. Reuben Whitfield Derden was born in Union Parish, Louisiana. He moved with his family, George W. Derden and Harriet Abercrombie Derden, to a farm near Old Telico, TX. He joined the Confederate Army saying he had never shot a man, and didn't intend to start

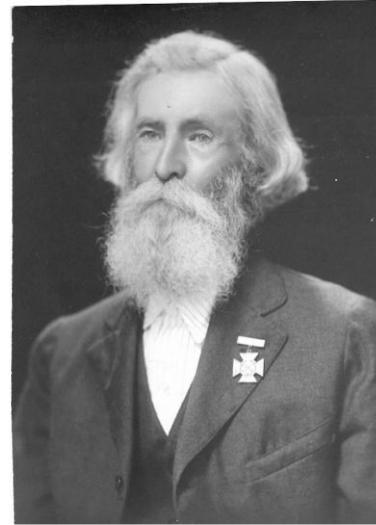
now, but he would do anything else that needed doing. He spoke often of his reasons for taking the Confederate side in the conflict. His major belief was that the issue of slavery had little or nothing to do with the conflict, and it was a matter of state versus federal authority; or, in other words, a strong federal government vs. a strong state government. He did not like slavery. He never owned



Reuben's mother,  
Harriet Abercrombie Derden  
(1814-1903)

a slave, and didn't care to either. It is understandable that the Confederate Army would assign him to scout duty since he had lived in the area he was to investigate. He was assigned to scout duty with two other men. He used to tell

about how hungry they would get as they were riding through the woodlands. One day coming upon a farm, they were asking for food. Food was hard to find because the Union Army had raided the area, taken most of the cattle and food from stores, and burned what they didn't take. The farmer dug in the cotton seed in the barn and came out with several cured hams. The rope where the ham had been hung in the smoke house was still attached.



Reuben Whitfield Derden  
(1840-1924)

The men used it to secure the ham to their saddle horn as they rode away. Grandpa said when he would get hungry, he would take his knife and cut off a slice. He said that ham rode many a mile with him. The farmer's wife gave them a syrup tin with a lid and handle that was full of biscuits. Reuben said he had never seen a tin can before. He was so grateful to have the little syrup can so he could make coffee. The next morning he made a fire and got ready to make his coffee by boiling water in the little syrup can. He dumped in the coffee, gave it a stir and placed the lid on for it to steep. He said the can exploded from the trapped steam. The last time he saw the lid, it was flying over the tops of the pine trees.

Reuben was captured by the Union Army near Alexandria, Louisiana, on May 12, 1864. He had been sent to find a shipment of gold which was to have been the payroll for the Union soldiers. He spotted a Union camp that had reached the area before him. Afraid his horse would give him away because he was snorting and stomping branches, he unsaddled him and slapped him on the rump to make him run. Just as Reuben crouched and hid in the thicket of palmetto palms, crawling within earshot of the camp, the horse came back to

find him, neighing loudly and snorting. Of course it caused a commotion in the camp, and Reuben was captured and taken prisoner.

From the National Archives

337

*Durden Reuben W.*

**Co. C, 19 Texas Cavalry.**  
(Burford's Regiment.)

**(Confederate.)**

*Private Private*

CARD NUMBERS.

1	<i>50931467</i>	20
2	<i>1570</i>	21
3	<i>4685 8147</i>	22
4	<i>6743</i>	23
5	<i>86 0759</i>	24
6		25
7		26
8		27
9		28
10		29
11		30
12		31
13		32
14		33
15		34
16		35
17		36
18		37
19		38

Number of medical cards herein *0*

Number of personal papers herein *0*

BOOK MARK: \_\_\_\_\_

See also \_\_\_\_\_

(Confederate.)

*I* **19 Cav. Texas.**

*Reuben W. Durden*

*Priv.* { Capt. Benjamin W. Watson's Co.,  
Texas Cavalry.\*

Age *22* years.

Appears on  
**Company Muster-in Roll**  
of the organization named above.

Roll dated *Dallas Texas*  
*Mch 26*, 1862.

Muster-in to date *Mch 26*, 1862.

Joined for duty and enrolled:  
When *Mch 26*, 1862.  
Where *Chambers Creek*  
By whom *B. W. Watson*  
Period *The war*

Description:  
Height *5* feet, *9* inches.  
Eyes *Blue*; hair *Light*

No. of miles to rendezvous *44*

Valuation of horse \$*42*<sup>100</sup>; equipments \$*25*<sup>100</sup>

Remarks: \_\_\_\_\_

\*This company subsequently became Company C, 19th Regiment Texas Cavalry.

Book mark: \_\_\_\_\_

*W. W. Potts*

(655) Copyist.

(Confederate.)

1 19 Cav. Texas.

Benjamin W. Lenden  
 \_\_\_\_\_, Co. \_\_\_\_\_, 19 Regiment Texas Cavalry.

Appears on

**Bounty Pay and Receipt Roll**

of the organization named above.

Roll dated Camp Stonewall Jackson, Headquarters  
 19th Regiment Texas Cavalry, Dallas County,  
 June 24, 1862.

---

Mustered:  
 By whom John C. McCoy  
 When March 26, 186 .

---

Bounty, \$ 50 <sup>100</sup>  
 Signature R. W. Lenden

Remarks:

---

Book mark:

W. R. Potter  
 (656) Copyist.

(Confederate.)

1 19 Cav. Tex

R. W. Lenden  
Priv. 19 Regt Tex Cav

Appears on a

**Roll of Prisoners of War**

at New Orleans, La.

Roll dated Office of Commissary of Prisoners,  
 Dept. of the Gulf, New Orleans, La., July 7,  
 1864.

---

Where captured New Alexandria  
 When captured May 12, 1864.

Remarks:

---

Number of roll  
48 sheet 8  
A. Vaske  
 (6396) Copyist.

(Confederate.)

H | 19 | Tex

R. W. Berden  
Capt. Co. 6, 19 Tex Cav.

Appears on a

Roll of Prisoners of War

received at New Orleans, La., for the five days  
ending May 20, 1864.

Roll dated New Orleans, La.  
May 21, 1864.

Where captured New Alexandria

When captured May 12, 1864.

Remarks: Received at New Orleans May 18, 1864

Number of roll:

17

L. C. Felt

(639b)

Copyist.

(Confederate.)

L | 19 | Tex

R. W. Berden  
Capt. Co. 19 Tex Cav.

Appears on a

Roll of Prisoners of War

transferred from New Orleans, La., and exchanged  
at Red River Landing, July 22, 1864

Roll dated Office Commissary of Prisoners, Dept.  
of the Gulf, N. Orleans, La., July 31, 1864.

Where captured Dr. Alexandria

When captured May 12, 1864.

Remarks:

Number of roll:

54; sheet 9

Alexander

(639b)

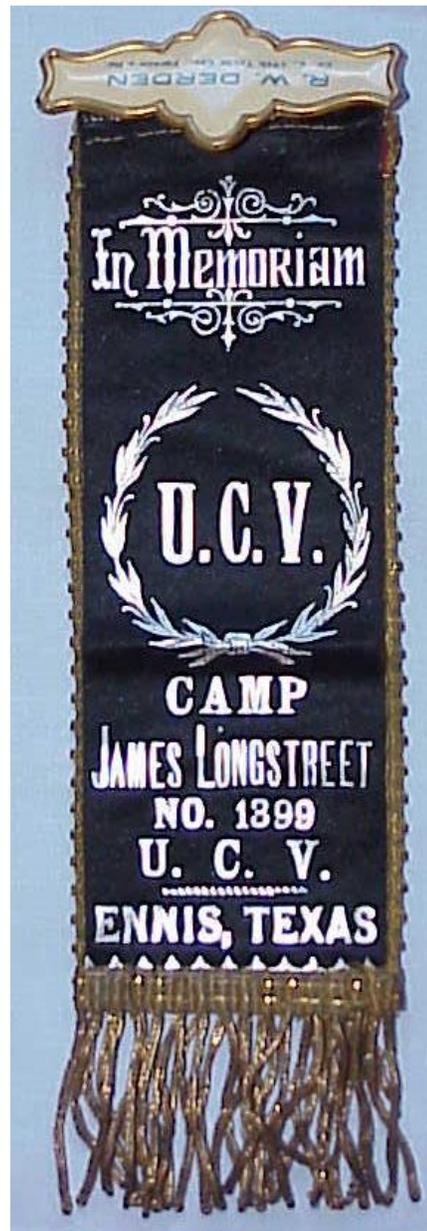
Copyist.

## Grandpa Derden's Confederate Memorabilia

The U.S. Civil War was from 1861-1865. This was the ribbon he wore to all Confederate Reunions. The front was for the reunions, the back was for funerals of veterans.

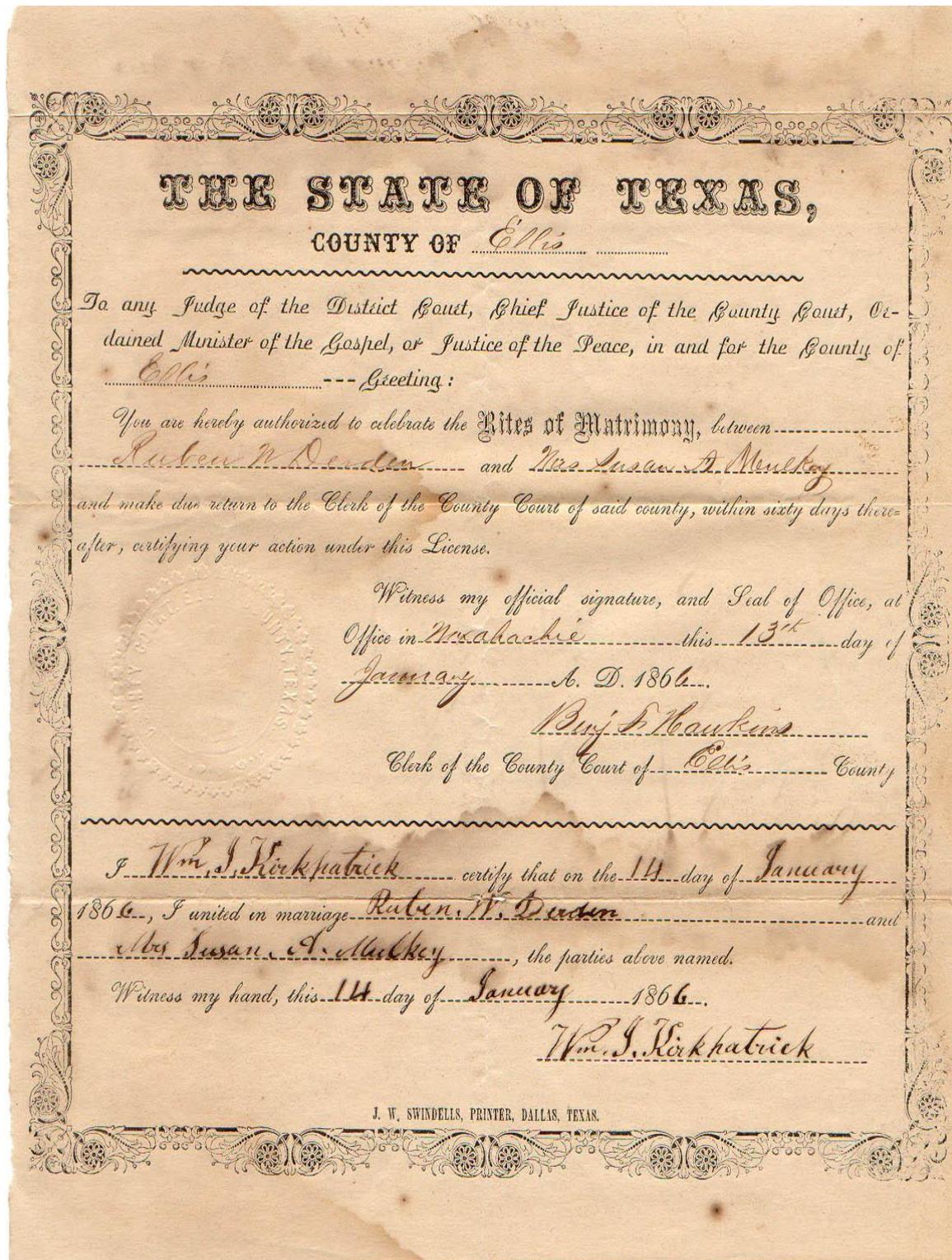
### Reuben Whitfield Derden

Camp James Longstreet, 19<sup>th</sup> Calvary, Parson's Brigade, Company C.



# The Marriage of Susan Arrington and Reuben Derden

The war was soon over. Upon his return to Ennis, he began courting the widow, Susan Mulkey. They were married January 14, 1866.



As executor, Reuben always saw that his stepson received everything from the portion that had belonged to his father, providing for his own offspring from his own income.

Susan and Reuben had five Children:

- Willie Annie Derden, born December 6, 1866 (my namesake)
- George Archibald Derden, born November 2, 1870
- Harriett (Hattie) Abercrombie Derden, born August 16, 1872
- Mary Adline (Addie) Derden, born February 1, 1875
- Alice Arrington Derden, born September 26, 1877



Photograph was about 1905  
Back: Alice, Addie, and Hattie  
Front: Arch, Annie & Jim Mulkey

Grandpa Reuben had a grand new house built at the end of Milam Street, Ennis TX, in 1867. He purchased the lumber from a sawmill in Louisiana and had it hauled by ox drawn freight wagons to Ennis. It was a two story house



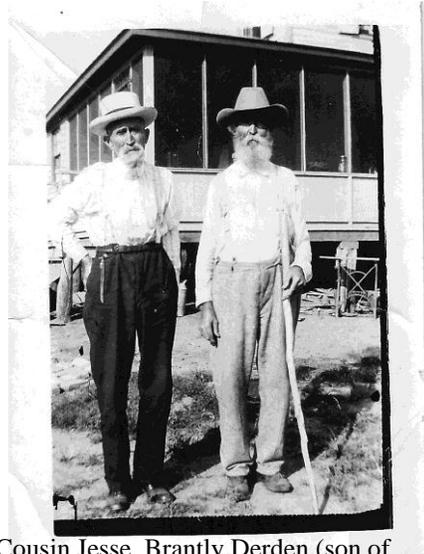
Old Derden home place on Milam Street in Ennis, TX.  
Built in 1867 with wood from Louisiana—burned 1925

with 9 large rooms and a “summer kitchen” outside away from the house where the cooking was done when the Texas weather became too warm to endure cooking in the house. However, the outside kitchen was never used for that purpose, but

was used for the maid who did the ironing for the family. There was also a well house or spring house where butter and other items needing cooling were deposited. There were chickens in the back for eggs. The house sat on the side of a hill and had a large porch which extended back on piers making a shady place underneath, which made a favorite cool place for children to play.

Inside the house, the inviting entrance hall had highly polished floors. A tall fern stand topped with a large jardinière overflowing with green fronds stood in the doorway.

A large fireplace dominated the gathering room where Reuben spent time in the cold weather warming his arthritic knees and rubbing beef tallow into a leather harness for his horse drawn “hack,” a small cart which served the same purpose as a modern day pickup truck.



Cousin Jesse Brantly Derden (son of James Derden and Elizabeth Tubb) and Reuben Derden about 1921

In later years, he would sit and teach the grandchildren nursery rhymes, sing hymns and entertain them with Civil War stories.

The dining room table was always graced with a glistening white linen table cloth concealing a padded silencing cloth underneath. Silver tableware stood in a crystal vase in the center of the table. Good table manners were taught and practiced as well as the art of pleasant conversation. The food served was prepared in a large kitchen serviced by hired help. The majority of the food was grown on the premises in a small garden. Under the watchful eye of the Negro cook, pots simmered on the old wood stove releasing aromas which tantalized the household whetting appetites until mealtime. Reuben owned several rent houses, and always allowed the tenants to work as servants in the house in return for rent.

The upstairs bedroom on the front of the house saw the birth of three generations as well as sheltered many of the orphaned offspring of those same babes.

Both Reuben and Susan were devout Christians. They had made an agreement early in their marriage about what church they would attend. Susan was raised in the Baptist church, and Reuben in the Methodist. Each would attend the church of their choice with each being a charter member of the respective churches in Ennis. Every Sunday morning, the house hustled and bustled with five females all getting dressed at the same time, the men folk dressing; Reuben in his black silk suit, and doing the best they could to stay out of the way. The children would then decide which parent to accompany that Sunday and each group would head out the door for services. It was a system that puzzled many, but one that worked for that family. My mother, Lucille, said Reuben always sat on the front pew of the Methodist church and knew all the hymns by heart. As a child she always accompanied him.

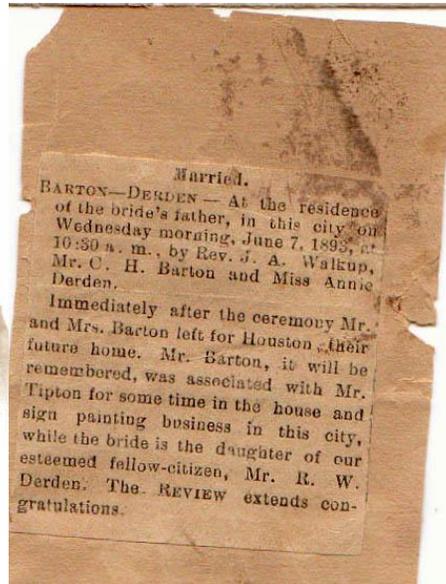
Jim Mulkey was the first to marry and leave home. He married Rosa Wooten on December 15, 1886. He managed a large real estate business and with the assistance of his mother developed much of the east side of Ennis. The Mulkey addition in Ennis is named for them. Jim Mulkey died after fathering four children; Philip Vernon Mulkey, born April 26, 1889, and John Arrington Mulkey, born July 14, 1892. There were two other children who died in infancy, Frank and Ethel. The mother of the children, Rosa Wooten died shortly thereafter leaving Philip and John orphaned. The boys lived primarily with their Wooten grandparents, but also spent time with Susan and Reuben. Raymond Barton, Annie's son, Philip and John Mulkey were more like brothers than cousins, and loved one another dearly. They visited one another long and

frequently as long as they lived. It was as a lost brother when one died. Their descendants still visit and enjoy one another to this day.

The girls soon grew up and married. The first of the girls to marry was Annie who married Charles Barton on June 7, 1893.



Willie Annie Derden



Charles Barton

Annie and Charles Barton honeymooned in Galveston and then to Houston where Charles opened a restaurant. When Annie became pregnant, the couple thought it would be best to return to Ennis.

John Raymond Barton was born November 24, 1894. He was the second generation to be born in the old Derden house in the upstairs bedroom (the upstairs room on the front of the house reserved for guests and “special occasions”). One month later Charles Barton died and Annie remained in the old Derden home with her son. Charles had contracted Typhoid Fever from drinking contaminated well water while painting a house. He was an artist,

interior decorator and painter by trade. He also did fancy striping

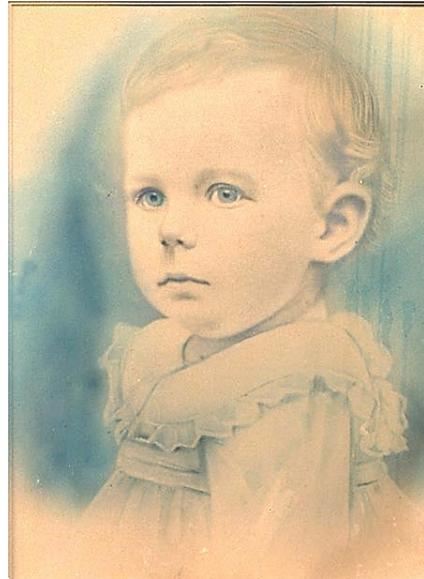


Only painting remaining by Charles Barton painted on tin .

work on horse drawn buggies. Annie was a person of strong character like both her mother and father. Not wanting to be a burden to her parents, she took a job

in a dry goods store. So, Raymond, my grandfather, grew up at the knees of his Grandmother and Grandfather Derden. The Wooten grandparents allowed Phillip and John Mulkey to visit. The boys were entertained with all manner of tales, which were plentiful. Until my grandfather, Raymond, was about 3 years of age, he was surrounded by doting Aunts.

Raymond had blond hair which turned brown as he got older. He had beautiful blue eyes. I have the original large portrait of this photograph, but it is quickly fading. The portrait would be over a hundred years old at this time. In the 1800's when he was born, boys were considered babies until two years old. They were dressed in baby clothing which resembled girl's dresses. There was nothing considered to be wrong with this as babies were considered to be sexless until older.



John Raymond Barton-1 year old

After Charles' death, Annie found letters in his personal belongings which puzzled her. They were from a man in Michigan named Charles Button. She wrote the person notifying him of her husband's death assuming that if he wrote letters, it had to be an important relationship. She was astonished upon receipt of the reply, to find the person was her husband's brother-in-law. She was grieved and disappointed to find she had married a divorced man with another child by a previous marriage. He not only had been married, but had changed his name as well. Instead of Charles E. Barton, his name was actually Ora Eugene Bigelow of Hopkins, Michigan. The letters were from Charles Button who had married Ora's sister, Nettie Bigelow. Annie and Charles corresponded over the years. The letters from Mr. Button contained word

pictures of the life in Michigan in that day and time. [See Appendix III – “Button Letters”]

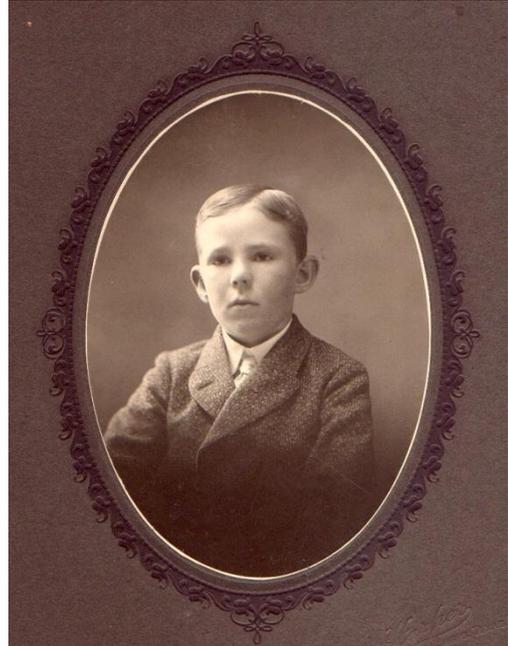
Annie never remarried. She gave the reason as Raymond, saying she could never stand for anyone to mistreat him.

The next to marry was Miss Mary Adline Derden who married Robert C. Bland on January 20, 1897.

Alice Arrington Derden married R.L. Horton in November 1899.

The last to marry was Harriet Abercrombe (Hattie) Derden who married Dr. Stephen E. Smith on February 14, 1905.

In about 1904, Susan wanted to go to Archer County to look at property that she knew was for sale. Susan was now 62 years old. Reuben had always allowed her to attend to business as she was quite good at it. Of course when she set her mind to something, she got it done, no matter what. She managed to get a covered wagon loaded with supplies for the trip, and set out with Raymond at her side. He was about 10 years old by now, and had become the apple of his grandmother’s eye. It was several days journey and there were no roads, just a trail. The wagon was pulled by a team of horses lumbering along. From time to time the pair would forsake the wagon for riding horseback on the two saddle horses which had been tied behind the wagon. Late in the evening, Susan would pull up the team, unhook the harnesses, and set the horses to graze. Raymond would gather firewood while his grandmother looked for wild game. She was a crack shot and had taught the boy to both ride and shoot. By the time he had the fire built, she would return



John Raymond Barton-10 years old

with squirrels or rabbits or perhaps doves or quail. Game was plentiful. She would clean the game and put it on the fire to cook. Turning her attention to her flour sack, she would roll the top down, make a well in the flour, empty some of the sourdough mixture into the well, stirring and kneading until biscuits would form. When she finished the Dutch oven would be hot from the coals. Placing the biscuits inside, then the lid on top, with ashes and coals on the lid, biscuits would soon be baking to go with the meat. After a few days journey, the pair arrived at the Archer County ranch which was for sale.



Annie Derden Barton's Dutch

Susan looked over the land and decided it was good. There were 900 acres with creeks and places for stock tanks. They then had the trip back to Ennis. About two years later, a final decision, and the land purchase was made.

For a while the Archer County ranch was rented out to share croppers. Archibald became impatient with life at home and wanted to go to the ranch and try raising cash crops. He had remained an old bachelor having his fill of the ways of women with four sisters. Later we found out that he had been married for a short while, but we don't know where the wife died. He longed for the peace and quiet of the Archer County countryside. By the time Raymond had become a teenager, he was going regularly to the ranch to help plow and plant for harvest time. In the town of Dundee, Archibald Derden was known as a kind and considerate man. He was well educated, well read, and an authority on history, readily recalling dates, occasions, and places.

Susan became ill. Her first stroke was to weaken her. The doctor gave firm orders she was not to ride her horse again. She paid no attention and did as

her strong will pleased. Until the day she died Susan rode her mare sidesaddle just as she had done since a girl.

Death finally came to her on May 27, 1910 after suffering a series of



Raymond and Lula Mae Barton  
Wedding December 1, 1915

strokes. Annie and Raymond remained in the Derden home place in Ennis, caring for Reuben.

In 1915 when Raymond was 20 years of age, he married a young girl named Lula Mae Willis. They moved to the ranch in Mankins, Archer County, Texas. They lived there until “Mae,” as they called her, became pregnant. At that time; they thought it best to return to Ennis until after the arrival of the child. Arch stayed behind to care for the livestock and the land.

Lula Mae was the daughter of John William Edward Willis and Elizabeth Marcus, both of whom had been born in Alabama, and migrated to Comanche County, Texas. Elizabeth (Eliza) died of Small Pox when Lula Mae was only three months old. Lula Mae had been the youngest of several children: Arthur, Doyle and Frelon (pronounced “Freeland”). After Elizabeth's death, she was not allowed burial in the cemetery, and was buried by the side of the road. Lula Mae was notified by mail from the highway department that when the new highway was built from Brownwood to Comanche the grave was dug up and removed to another spot.



JWE, Eliza and Lula Mae Willis

We have never been able to find the grave. Later JWE moved to Ennis, Ellis County, and married Martha Vines who had been an old maid. Martha became

addicted to Opium called Laudanum which was given for pain in those days. She died an early death, and is buried in the Myrtle Cemetery in Ennis, down the hill from the Derden family plot.

As John Raymond grew up, he was called, Raymond. He enjoyed hunting and fishing. Often he would go hunting with his cousins John and Phillip Mulkey or with Art Willis who was his wife's brother.

This is a picture of Raymond with his car, an Overland Touring car. This picture was taken on the Holmes Ranch near Leaky, Texas.



John Raymond Barton

Pawpaw, as I called him, did not believe in killing anything for sport. You always ate what you shot. He was taught to hunt and shoot a gun by his grandmother, Susan Derden. She also taught him to ride a horse.

Margaret Lucille was born to Raymond and Lula Mae, October 13, 1916, in Ennis, Texas. She was the third generation to be born in that house in the "special room" upstairs. After the baby and its mother were stabilized, Raymond decided it was time to move back to the Archer County ranch. She was called Lucille and she was an only child.



Margaret Lucille Barton-6 months



Lucille 4 years old



Lucille, age 7 at Glenrose, TX



Lucille on her tricycle



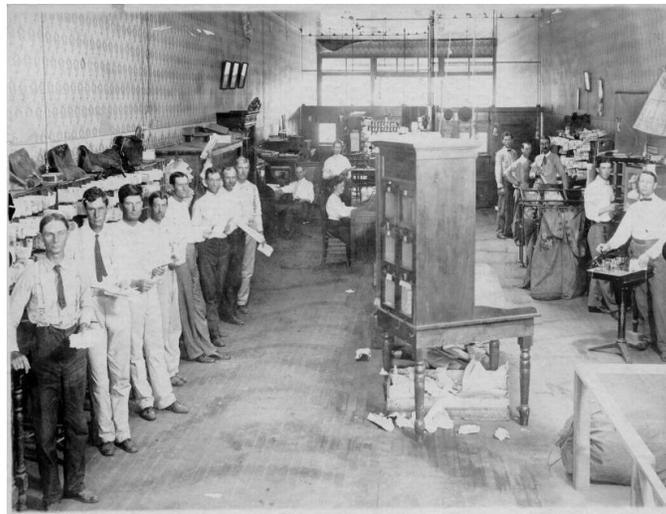
Lucille age 11

However, Lula Mae's sister, Frelon, died of impacted bowels shortly after giving birth to a son named Charles Edward Roberts. John Raymond and Lula Mae became foster parents for the baby and raised him as their son.

World War I came. The draft began to call men with children. Raymond was drafted. Once again the little family returned to Ennis and the old Derden home on Milam Street. By this time, Lucille was 2 years old.

Arch stayed on the ranch once more. As the flu epidemic raged, he turned the live stock loose on the open range, and went into the town of Dundee to care for the families there who were ill and dying. He chopped firewood, carried water and food to those in need. When an epidemic of diphtheria raged, he traveled the countryside, doing the same thing, swabbing their throats with kerosene, which helped cut the thick phlegm of the disease. The phlegm caused choking and strangulation. There were few doctors, no antibiotics and no vaccines in those days. Somewhere between 20 and 40 million people died during this time.

After receiving a notice from the Draft Board Raymond finalized his plans to depart for military duty. All the family in Ennis were standing on the train platform hugging and shouting as Raymond stood packed and



Annie is behind the lady seated in the chair – taken about 1915 in the Ennis TX Post Office

ready to board the train for his turn in combat. Just as the train pulled into the station, and everyone stood crying and waving, the announcement came, the Armistice had been signed and THE WAR WAS OVER. Raymond decided it was just too hard to move back to the ranch. He continued to go back and help

with the crops, but for now his wife needed time near her family. Also, Annie and Reuben were all that was left in the house now, and both were getting on in years with Reuben becoming quite frail. Annie started working at the Ennis post office. Raymond took a job at the Ennis post office as a rural mail carrier along with two of my other grandfathers, Hill Rankin, my father's dad, and James Street, Hill's wife's father (or my Great Grandfather on my Dad's side).

The cart Raymond is driving in the picture belonged to his grandfather Reuben Derden. It was called a "Hack." It was used in much the same way as a pick up truck is today. There are three of our grandfathers in this picture. From left to right: Jim Street (Great-grandfather), Hill Rankin, and John Raymond Barton.



James Street, Hill Rankin, Raymond Barton

Mother used to tell about riding with Raymond, her father, in the racing car he had built with the "OOOGA" horn he blew to let people know the mail had been delivered.

As Lucille was learning to walk, she was close at the heels of Reuben with every step he took and the old man delighting in the attention of the child. From the time she was two years old until she was nine, she was his constant companion until Reuben died.

As a child she always accompanied him and rode with him on the seat of the old hack cart. She laughed when remembering his grouching about Annie's constant fussing over him. He busied himself these days attending funerals and conventions of Civil War buddies who had served with him.

. Confederates who served together –R.W. Derden 2nd row back, 3<sup>rd</sup> from left.



**R.W. Derden's Confederate Friends.  
He is on the second row, first man on the left.**



When Reuben died, his funeral was celebrated with a Confederate flag draped over his coffin, and the entire remnants of the Confederate Army Division of Camp James Longstreet were in attendance.

After Grandpa Reuben Derden died, his property was divided among his children. Alice rented out the old Derden home. Lucille remembered that Reuben had said that if the home was ever rented, he prayed it would burn to the ground and it did in 1925. Annie and her brother George Archibald decided to move to the ranch in Archer County as their part of the inheritance. The family moved there in 1921. Raymond ordered a rail car to be placed on the Ennis siding. He spent several days building stalls for the animals on one end of the rail car and storage for the household goods on the other end. When he was finished, the household goods were loaded, then the cattle and chickens. Raymond rode with the animals to their new home so that he could make sure they had plenty of food and water, and to make sure that none of them were sick or injured. Lula Mae drove the Overland Touring car with passengers: Annie, Lucille, and Charles Roberts. Raymond's cousin, John Mulkey, drove along behind them in his own auto to make sure the women and children arrived safely.

Once the ranch was settled, there were cattle to attend and crops to plant. Life was very different there as there were no servants as there had been in Ennis. Life was much more challenging. Annie, Raymond's mother, tried to keep as much civilization in the house as possible by insisting the evening meal be served on a white cloth with silver and china. Lucille remembered that if Annie found the tines on her fork bent, she threw it across the room.



Annie's Old Wash pot

The laundry had to be done in an iron wash pot outside. A fire was built under it to heat the water. Soap was made from animal fat and lye which was purchased at the general store. The soap was made in the same iron pot as where the washing was done. Also, there were animals on the ranch.

There were registered white faced Herford cows, chickens, and the white turkeys which belonged to Annie. There was a mule (half horse-half donkey) that was mean and ornery that belonged to Arch.

Water was kept in a huge underground tank in the ground called a cistern. The cistern was created by a hole that was dug and then plastered with cement. Water was hauled from the West stock tank (since it was clear of drainage from the house and barn) in a tank wagon. To get the water into the tank wagon, a hand pump was used. One long hose was placed in the tank, then the hand pump was attached in the center and the other end of the hose was placed in the top of the tank wagon. Water was then hauled back to the ranch and reverse pumped into the cistern. [See Appendix IV – “Ranch House layouts”]



Lucille Barton playing  
the violin

It was Lucille’s job to clean the inside of the cistern. She had to be lowered into the hole with a rope. The mud and sediment had to be cleaned from the floor and the walls scrubbed and cleaned. When she finished, the tank would be emptied into the cistern. Pawpaw would then put permanganate of potash into the cistern to sanitize the water to make it free from contaminates and ready to use. It took 48 hours for the sediment and impurities to filter out and settle to the bottom and the water ready to use. It was then carried by bucket into the house and emptied into containers.

Raymond needed help to operate the ranch as Archibald was getting older and could not help much anymore. In Holliday, Texas, while waiting for Lucille to finish her violin lesson, Raymond met Hill Rankin. After talking for a while, Raymond told Hill he needed help on the ranch. Hill said Leon, his oldest son, had to drop out of medical school as the depression had become more severe, and there was no money to keep him in college. In fact it had become a hardship just to feed him. So, James Leon Rankin went to work for Raymond Barton.

Dad always worked with horses. He was bucked off a horse and kicked in the head. It almost tore off his ear. He always had a horseshoe scare over his left ear where it had been sewn back on. He said they had no anesthetic to use.

The ranch was near Mankins, Texas, where Lucille and Charles or “Buddy” as the family called him, attended school. They rode to school in a horse drawn cart. Lucille used to tell the story about being late to school one morning so they cut across the pasture instead of taking the road. It became necessary to jump a ditch. Buddy was frightened, but Lucille knew it would take too long to turn around and go back, so she took the reins and urged the horse to jump. The cart went flying behind and landed with a thump. The hard landing knocked the back from the storage place under the seat, and the school



Lucille and Buddy in cart  
to get the books.

books that had been placed there jolted out of the cart one at a time across the pasture without the children realizing it until they had reached the school. Buddy began crying. Lucille was angry with him for being such a sissy. So, she took the horse and went back

One day on the way home from school almost to the ranch house, Uncle Arch's mule started chasing them. The mule was really bad about biting the horses, and they were afraid of him. The cart pony realized the mule was braying and chasing him and starting trotting faster and faster. Grannie Barton saw them coming, and ran from the house into the yard and opened the yard gate to let them in. She closed the gate just in time to keep the mule from coming in the yard.

The old mule caused all manner of havoc on the ranch, but was strong and a good work animal. One of his favorite tricks was to go into the tack shed where the saddles and bridles were kept. Inside the shed were long rails like fences. The saddles were slung over these fences to keep them up off the ground and to keep their curved shape. The old mule would walk up and down the aisles until every saddle would be on the ground. [See Appendix V – “Lucille’s transcripts”]

Arch and Raymond had divided the fields into different crops and grazing land for the cattle. Some of the fields were planted in maize, sometimes called sorghum or head feed for chicken and cattle feed. Some fields were planted in corn. Others were planted in wheat which was called a “cash crop” because it was sold to make money for living expenses. There was always a household vegetable garden where tomatoes, green

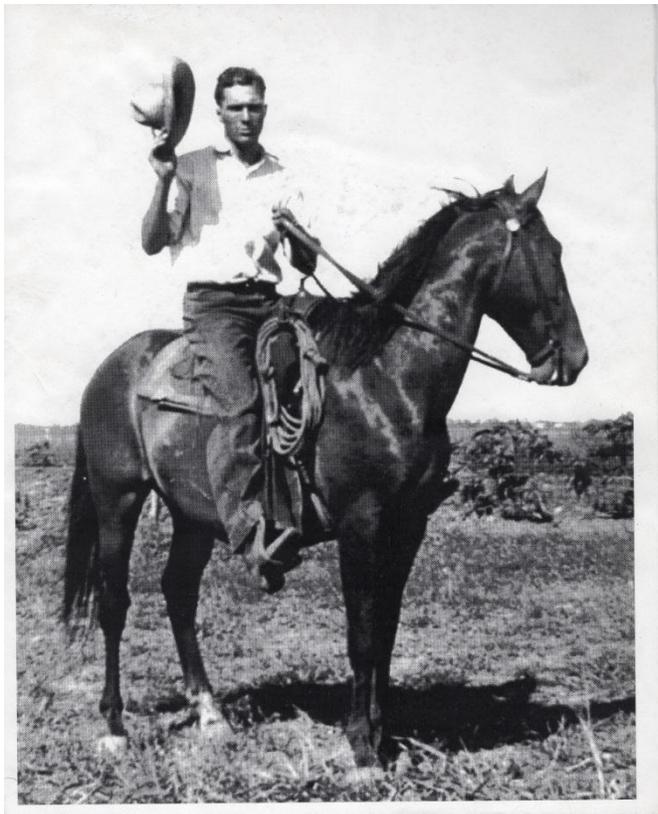


Lula Mae, Doyle, Cassie, Lucille, Buddy, Peewee & Loren

beans, lettuce, sweet corn, and other food vegetables were raised. Raymond planted fruit trees for plums and peaches, and there were watermelons galore and then of course, there were Annie's white turkeys.

During the summer, Loren, Buddy's brother, would come to the ranch to visit. Pee Wee Willis, another of Lula Mae's nephew's would also come. The three boys would have a great time swimming in the local irrigation ditches and riding the calves in the fattening pen. They were forbidden to do that as Raymond was trying to fatten the calves for selling and for meat for the ranch, but the boys would sneak and do it anyway. Raymond ignored the infraction for the most part since it seemed to be the nature of boys to do such things. They broke horses and chased cows.

Here is a picture of Raymond riding a bull. Raymond always wore a 10-gallon Stetson Hat (right).



James Leon Rankin riding his favorite horse, Tony, at the Archer County ranch (left).

## Raymond and Lula Mae Barton's Silver Anniversary Portrait





## 2. THE OLD DERDEN HOME PLACE

By Annie Rankin Warner

Edited by Virginia (Jenny) Rankin Marshall

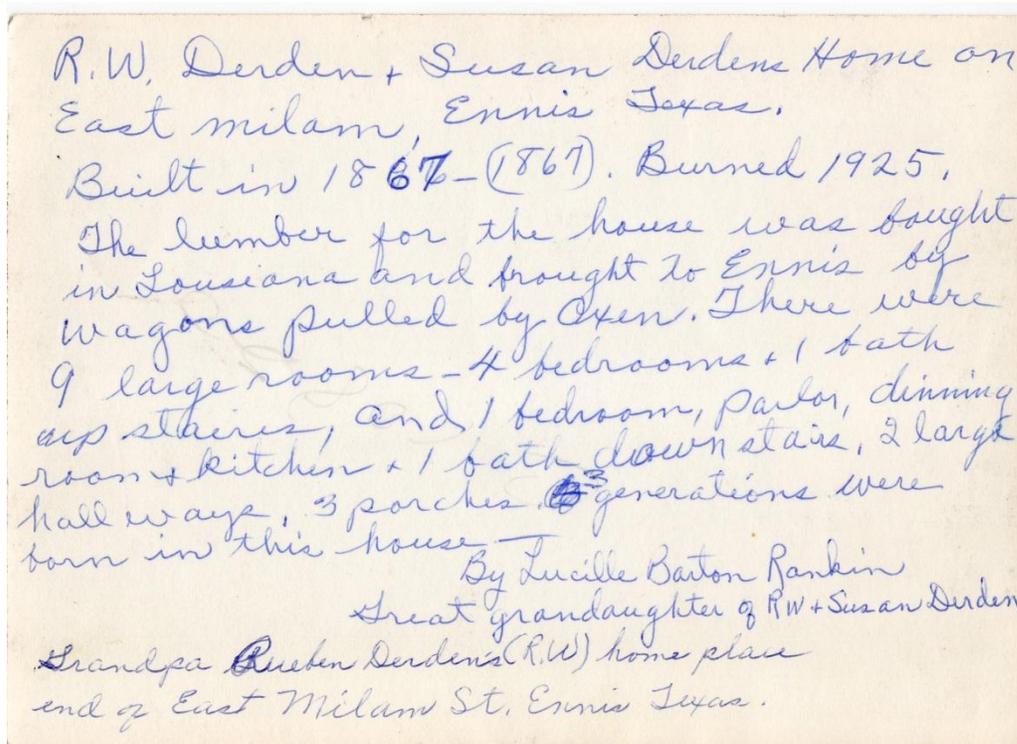
(Story of Derden home with photos)



Old Derden home on Milan Street in Ennis TX. Built in 1867 with wood from Louisiana – burned 1925.

Upon Reuben's return to Ennis from the war, he began courting the widow, Susan Mulkey. They were married January 14, 1866. Grandpa Reuben had a grand new house built at the end of Milam Street in 1867 (see page 13). He purchased the lumber from a saw mill in Louisiana and had it hauled by ox drawn freight wagons to Ennis, Texas.

There were three generations born in the room behind the upper left windows. First was Annie, (I am named for her), then there was Raymond (my grandfather) then Lucille, (my mother). Raymond's parents were Charles E. Barton (also known as Ora Eugene Bigelow, born in Streetsboro, Portage, Ohio) and Willie Annie Derden, daughter of Susan and Reuben Derden.



R.W. Derden + Susan Derden Home on  
East Milan, Ennis Texas.  
Built in 1867 - (1867). Burned 1925.  
The lumber for the house was bought  
in Louisiana and brought to Ennis by  
wagons pulled by Oxen. There were  
9 large rooms - 4 bedrooms + 1 bath  
up stairs, and 1 bedroom, parlor, dining  
room + kitchen + 1 bath down stairs, 2 large  
hall ways, 3 porches. 3 generations were  
born in this house.  
By Lucille Barton Rankin  
Great granddaughter of R.W. + Susan Derden  
Grandpa Reuben Derden's (R.W.) home place  
end of East Milan St. Ennis Texas.

Note on the back of the Derden photo by Lucille Barton Rankin

It was a two story house with nine large rooms and a “summer kitchen.” The summer kitchen was outside away from the house where the cooking could be done when the Texas weather became too warm to endure cooking in the house. However, it was never used for that purpose, but was used for the maid who did the ironing for the family. There was also a well house or spring house where butter and other items needing cooling were deposited. There were chickens in the back for eggs. The house sat on the side of a hill and a large

porch extended back on piers making a shady place underneath, a favorite cool place for children to play. Inside the house, the inviting entrance hall had highly polished floors.

A tall fern stand topped with a large jardinière overflowing with green ferns.

A large fireplace dominated the gathering room where Reuben spent time in the cold weather warming his arthritic knees and rubbing beef tallow into leather harness for his horse drawn “hack,” a small cart which served the same purpose as a modern day pickup truck. In later years, he would sit and teach the grandchildren nursery rhymes, sing hymns, entertain them with Civil War stories.



Photo taken in Ann's house about 2001



The dining room table was always graced with a glistening white linen table cloth concealing a padded silencing cloth underneath. Silver tableware stood in a crystal vase in the center of the table. This pressed glass vase has a “chunk” out of the bottom where a servant threw dinner knives into it and made a hole about the size of a quarter. In those days the clean silver was

always returned to the table in it. There were other dishes traditionally used in the household for various occasions.



At Thanksgiving and Christmas, the cut glass relish dish would be laden with pickled tomato relish made in the fall of the last green tomatoes from the garden before frost.

There were times when Waldorf salad, a combination of apples, celery, and walnuts or pecans mixed with mayonnaise, would be presented at the table in the Rose Bowl.



A large cut glass bowl would be filled with heavenly hash; a fruit salad made with mandarin oranges, marshmallows, coconut and sweetened whipped cream.



The silver-plated butter dish once had a square silver twisted wire handle the looped over the top with a hook in the center. There was a matching loop on top of the dome lid. A glass insert held the round ball of butter as the dome was suspended by the loop from the hook on the handle.

Good table manners were taught and practiced as well as the art of pleasant conversation. The food served was prepared in a large kitchen serviced by hired help. The majority of it was grown on the premises in a small garden. Under the watchful eye of the Negro cook, pots simmered on the old wood stove releasing aromas which tantalized the household whetting appetites until mealtime. Reuben owned several rent houses, and always allowed the tenants to work as servants in the house in return for rent.

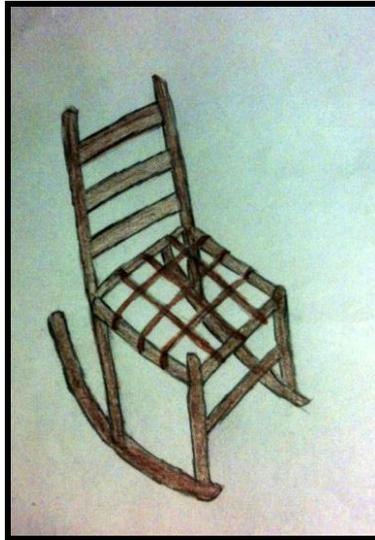
The upstairs bedroom, on the front of the house saw the birth of three generations as well as sheltering many of the orphaned offspring of those same babes.



### 3. THE ROCKING CHAIR STORY

By Virginia (Jenny) Rankin Marshall

and Ann Rankin Warner



Sketch by Jenny Rankin Marshall

During the 1840's the Arrington family moved from Tennessee to what is now Shelby County, Texas. Susan Arrington was born there on October 20, 1842. Her parents must have died around 1947 since her brother, William, was born that year, but they were not on the 1850 census. The children were wards of Sam and Matildy Eldridge who also came from Tennessee and were neighbors or relatives. Sam Eldridge and Susan Arrington came to Ennis in 1855. We don't know the name of Susan's mother and father or what happened to Matildy Eldridge since Sam remarried.

Evidently Susan's mother knew Sam Houston's wife, Margaret. While visiting together, Margaret Houston had her slave make her friend a rocking chair like her own. The chair had been handed down through the family ever since. The chair was to be inherited by my older sister, Ann.

I remember seeing the chair in my Grandmother Barton's home. The chair was very small and just fit me as a child. It had a worn seat made of woven cowhide straps. Grannie kept a handmade cushion on it. After the straps wore out, my grandfather, Raymond Barton, made a woven hemp-rope seat for it and put a cushion on top. The rockers were hand-carved and the back was ladder-style. It would rock way back and was a smooth ride. The sides of the seat had pegs at each end which fit together to make a square and it had no nails or glue. My Grandfather Barton always said that his Mother was small and the chair just fit her. It must have been true since one of the stories about her at the Archer County ranch was that when she was older, she was carried by my Grandfather to her flower garden on the Archer County ranch. She picked flowers for weddings in the area. She had arthritis and was crippled with it and it was painful for her to walk.

When my Grandfather Barton died in 1963, we buried him in Ennis, Texas, in the Myrtle Cemetery in the Derden plot where his mother and father and grandparents are buried. My grandparents lived in Wichita Falls, Texas, and it was quite a drive to Ennis. While we were gone, someone stole the chair out of the garage. It had been placed up in the rafters of the garage since it was in need of a little repair. We suspect that it was an antique dealer who had purchased some of my Grandmother's furniture earlier in the year.

## 4. RURAL MAIL CARRIERS OF ENNIS, TEXAS

By Ann Rankin Warner

The picture of our grandfathers in the 1910 picture of Ennis Mail Carriers was displayed at the National Convention of Rural Mail Carriers in Chicago as part of the Texas Historical exhibit. Brief biographies of each grandfather as well as photos of them were on exhibit.



Pictured from Left to Right, and relationship to the authors:  
James (Jim) Madison Street (Great Grandfather)  
Hill Cornelius Rankin (Grandfather)  
Next: unknown  
John Raymond Barton (Grandfather)



## 5. JOHN RAYMOND BARTON

By Annie Rankin Warner

Born Nov 24, 1894 Ennis, Texas / died Feb 14, 1963 in Wichita Falls, Texas.

He is buried in Ennis, Texas, in the Derden family plot, Myrtle Cemetery



JOHN RAYMOND BARTON AGE 20

He was called by his middle name, “Raymond.” His father died of Typhoid Fever when he was one month old, so he lived with and was cared for by his grandparents Susan Arrington Mulkey Derden, and Reuben Whitfield Derden. His mother worked in the Ennis Post office and when in his twenties

Raymond became a rural mail carrier. He started with his grandfather's little cart called a "Hack" which would be today's equivalent of a pick-up truck. He later built for himself a race car with an "OOGA" horn. When delivering the mail in the car, he would sound the horn to alert residents he had left mail in the box. He was often accompanied by his daughter, Lucille, who later recounted how on cold days there would often be hot coffee or hot chocolate waiting in the mail box along with outgoing mail.

## 6. JAMES MADISON STREET

By Annie Rankin Warner



James Madison Street (our Great Grandfather) was born December 24, 1863 in Ennis, TX, and died January 29, 1954 in Austin, Texas. He married Susan Amanda Idella Knoll, November 09, 1882, in Ennis, Ellis Co., TX, daughter of John Knoll, a German immigrant, and Julia Hatfield. She was born November 16, 1855 in Baton Rouge, LA, and died February 06, 1942 in Marlin, Falls Co., TX. The date of his tenure with the Ennis Post Office is unsure. He is buried in the cemetery in Lott, Texas.



## **7. THE DAIRY FARM - 1932**

**By Virginia (Jenny) Rankin Marshall and Annie Rankin Warner**

During the depression in the 1930's, times were very hard and money was difficult to get. The Archer County farm of 900+ acres was foreclosed in 1932 by the bank and was traded for a dairy farm north of Wichita Falls, Texas, on the Old River Road. Crops were raised and although times were tough, John Raymond Barton and Lula Mae Willis Barton lived there. For a time, Leon Rankin and Lucille Barton Rankin also lived there. They were married October 15, 1933, in Friberg Church, about 7 miles north of Wichita Falls.

During the Depression when our family lived on the dairy farm in Wichita Falls, Texas, the government "emergency livestock reductions" required the culling of the cattle herds. Pawpaw Barton was a supervisor for rounding up the cattle and was asked to help take the cows out of the herd, not the sick ones, but the ones what were not just first class. Bulldozers dug big holes and put the cattle that had been shot in the hole and covered it up. Pawpaw would get one or more beefs and take them to the dairy farm and put them into a room in the dairy where they boiled things for sterilization. Mom and Grannie canned the meat in tin cans. Pawpaw took the cans of beef all over the community for people who didn't have enough to eat. He could have gotten in trouble, but he knew many people were hungry and they needed help.

Also, the Ireland's Chili Factory in Wichita Falls was a place where you could take meat and they would can it for you in tin cans. When we lived in Fairlie, Pawpaw sent us a case of beef where he had slaughtered beef at the dairy farm and taken it to Ireland's Chili Company to have it canned.

ANN: I can remember laundry day. I can't tell you how many times I have been corrected for saying “wrench” instead of “rinse”. I think I finally got the hang of it in my old age. As far as washing clothes goes:

I can remember my Grandmother Barton washing clothes in an iron pot. It sat on bricks with a fire underneath. Now that pot sits in my back yard growing flowers. I also remember when we got a “new-fangled gasoline powered wringer washer.” I caught my forefinger of my left hand in the wringer trying to “help.” It split the skin between my first and second fingers to where you could see down into my hand. I had the scar for years. The finger hurts to this day when exposed to cold, or anytime really. I also remember hanging up bushel baskets of clothes on outdoor lines. There were three rinse tubs. The tubs were square. The last one had bluing for the white clothes. The wringer adjusted to wring the clothes between each tub.

I remember going to the Laundromat. The first ones had wringer washers. The neat thing was they had a steam boiler to heat the water, and the same steam cooked your starch for you.

Dad knew Mom loved horses, so he broke a horse for her to ride and gave it to her. Dad broke horses on the Archer County Ranch too.

Grannie Barton told us about the time she heard a noise as she was churning butter on the porch. Leon, who was working on the Ranch was breaking a horse and she heard the “Hurrumph.” “Hurrumph” and figured out it was Leon and the bucking horse. Leon and the horse both made noise as the



Friberg Church near Wichita Falls, TX.  
Leon and Lucille were married here. The church still exists.



Leon (Dad) with Tony and Trailer



Leon with horses on Dairy Farm

horse hit the ground after a jump. She told us that one time he was thrown off and the saddle horn caught the fly in his pants and ripped them all the way to the bottom as he was thrown off. He was holding the pants up as he walked to the barn.

**Leon (Dad) and Lucille (Mom) were at the Dairy Farm ready for the Wichita Falls Golden Jubilee celebration.**



**Leon (Dad) and Lucille (Mom) at the Dairy Farm ready for the Wichita Falls Golden Jubilee.**





## 8. IT WAS AUGUST 16, 1940

By Ann Rankin Warner

Edited by Virginia (Jenny) Rankin Marshall

It was August 16, 1940. War was going on in Europe and most Americans were reluctant to take part in it even though our mother country, England, was under siege. The Germans had already invaded a great deal of Europe, invaded France, and were threatening to take over the world. On the other face of the globe, Japan had invaded China and as a result our government had cut off their oil supply. Tension was everywhere. Television that would serve the general population had not yet been invented. News of world events were obtained by radio as well as news reels which were narrated movie clips shown preceding cartoons and the main attractions at the local movie theater. On the dairy farm the day had passed with normal activities seemingly unaware of the wars, but it was soon to impact our lives in an unexpected way and in many ways in the coming years.

Mom had returned home to Wichita Falls, Texas, from Louisiana where Leon, my father, was employed by the Conoco Oil Company to have her baby. She wanted the support both physical and emotional of her maternal family. Dad went to work at the Texas Electric Company in Wichita Falls in early 1940.

The hot dry atmosphere of the scorching hot Texas sun created the desire to hibernate under a shade tree and sleep. The back breaking chores and toil of dairy farm life allowed no such respite. Rural Electrification Administration (REA) inside the house was not available through the river road at this time. Lucille, my mother, was pregnant with me. Summer pregnancies are difficult at best and the heat had become stifling. She sat in the parlor in a great overstuffed

brown cut velvet chair next to a window hoping for any little breeze that happened that way. Her swollen legs and feet were propped on a foot stool laden with soft pillows. Perspiration, the production of which was aided by her insulation of fat and the discomfort of the pregnancy, evaporated quickly in the dry air. Never the less, the copiousness of it caused it to run in rivulets down her arms, legs, and between her breasts, puddling in the binding of her brassier. Her hair had become damp as had her dress which clung to her rounded shape. She had reached the point every woman who has ever given childbirth reaches. Let's just get this over with! Even evaporative air conditioning was not used on the farm because of the lack of electricity, and air conditioning with refrigerant as we know it did not exist. Labor pains and the early signs of childbirth had begun to show earlier in the day. By late afternoon they had reached an unmistakable aura that comes with labor. Grateful for the seemingly approaching delivery, she endured the misery wiping away the moisture with one of her dad's great white handkerchiefs with one hand while moving a collapsible fan in the other.

Lula Mae, or Grannie as I later learned to call her, took time from her chores to check on Lucille to see if there was any progress. Upon seeing the evidence of sharp labor pains written across Lucille's face, she called the doctor and then ushered Mom to the family vehicle. It was about fifteen miles or so into Wichita Falls down a farm to market road, and it took about half an hour to reach the General Hospital. The two women entered the building, Mom leaning upon Grannie plodding down the hall in unison toward the maternity wing. After signing in at the nurses' station, they were told to have a seat in the waiting area.

A few minutes later a nurse approached the pair of women asking, "Which one of you ladies is having the baby?"

Grannie turned scarlet red from her salt and pepper hair roots to the black leather shoes on her feet. Lula Mae was an excellent cook, and enjoyed what she made, as was evidenced by the girth on her large bony frame. Mom was no small woman either, even without the extra pounds the pregnancy had added. So the question was not without merit however embarrassing.

Mom was ushered into the labor room and dressed for the upcoming event while Grannie was made comfortable in the waiting room. Meanwhile, Mom's physician, Dr. Robert Hargrave, had been notified of Mom's arrival and it was supposed he would be on hand to aid in my way into this world. However, as far away the war was in Europe, it was about to have a direct impact on Mom's life. Dr. Hargrave was of French decent. He had been notified of Mother's condition, but was distracted by the news coming over the radio in the doctor's lounge. France had already been invaded by Hitler's army and had already taken the city of Paris. Only about 40% of France was left in French hands. The formation of a resistance movement was underway. As the normally amicable Frenchman became so engrossed in the excited report of the German advance it became more and more difficult for him to bring himself to leave the minute by minute report coming in over the air waves. Mom's labor pains came closer and closer together and still no doctor. The nurses tried to reassure her everything was going well and the doctor would be there on time. At the time of childbirth everything seems exaggerated and this time was no exception. Mom commented later she thought she was going to have the baby by herself, but Dr. Hargrave managed to switch his attention to business at hand to assure a safe entry into the world for me, and a safe delivery for Mom. All my life Mom had told me I was born on the day Paris was invaded. However, that had already been accomplished on June 22 of the current year. France and Paris were later delivered from the enemy by their own French army aided by

American soldiers who eventually entered the war. This illustrates how slowly news filtered down and how the far away war seemed more important to some than others. The United States did not become involved until after Japan bombed our military base at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, in December 7, 1941.

A lot of excited visitors came to see the new baby. I was the first grandchild on Mother's side of the family, which of course meant I would be totally spoiled, especially if my grandfather, Raymond, had his way. As soon as Mom was considered able, we were bundled off in Pawpaw's black 1935 sedan to the dairy farm. I am unsure at what point Dad found a job in Wichita, or when Grannie felt Mom was able to leave her watchful eye, but Mom told me she and Dad had moved into town. Within the first weeks it became necessary to hire help for Mom. At that time women were expected to spend at



Addie Derden with Ann and Grannie Barton

least ten days recuperating in bed after childbirth. During the first weeks of my life a black woman named Aquila cared for Mom and me. She was known to be an expert in the field of caretaking of new mothers and babies. Therefore, she had been summoned to care for us. I was never lucky or blessed enough to know Aquila, but from everything told me by Mother, she must have been an angel sent by God. I was told my skin was dry and cracked to the point of bleeding. Aquila told my Dad to bring home some olive oil. That afternoon after work Dad appeared with a gallon tin of it asking if that would be enough. Aquila laughed and her eyes sparkled as she chided him in her gentle way saying she just wanted to rub me with it, not bath me in it. Mother told me after Aquila bathed me, she would sit down and spread a bath towel on her lap. She would then lay me across her knees and rub my

body on every inch of skin making sure to rub in all the fold and creases. All of my life I have been blessed with beautiful skin, and I figure God and Aquila are both responsible for that one.

I was well on my way into this world from the safe environment of my mother's womb.



Annie Margaret Rankin at 6 months old

## 9. MEMORIES OF WORLD WAR II

By Ann Rankin Warner

Edited by Virginia (Jenny)Rankin Marshall

World War II (1939-1945) started right before I was born. According to my Mother, Paris was invaded by the Germans the day I was born. My Mom's doctor was French, and he almost didn't make it to the birth because he was afraid to leave the radio for fear they would tell of his family or home in France.

The first five years of my life were involved with the war. There were so many memories of rationing and riding bicycles instead of driving autos. Dad drove a taxi so that when my sister was born he would have a way to get Mom to the hospital. You couldn't get leather products. Mom traded shortening ration stamps for leather rationing stamps to replace my outgrown shoes. Pawpaw found a real red rubber inner tube that had been for a motor scooter. Mother used her scissors to cut narrow strips to make elastic for my homemade underwear.

My mother and Aunt saved tin cans, cut out the top and bottom and inserted them inside. They were picked up and recycled. Everyone grew a Victory Garden, even if it was tomatoes in a flower pot. There were no families that weren't affected by the war. Everybody had somebody in the conflict. Dad was frozen on the job as the only person qualified as an oil burning fireman. In case our gas lines failed he could switch the gas fired generators at the electric company to the underground oil tanks. I remember Mom and Aunt Chris taping down the pull down roller shades so light wouldn't come out at the cracks during air raid practice. I stayed with my grandmother while my mom worked at the military base in the sewing room. She helped switch the Army

braid on the officer's uniforms to Air Force braid as that was when the Air Force branch of the service started.

Years later, when the war ended. . . One of my very best memories was when I was about five. WWII was over, but a lot of the soldiers were still in uniform waiting to be formally discharged. Everyone was so elated for the war to finally be over. Sheppard Air Base was on the outskirts of town, and a lot of the community had taken it upon themselves to invite lonely Airmen into their homes, especially after church for Sunday dinner. Some of them became life long friends with one another. At least that was the case in our family with the Bracebrige family from Michigan. It was almost Christmas and dark came early. We were downtown Wichita. All the country people were in town shopping. Familiar hellos were being shouted across the street and people were gathering in bunches beside the buildings all wrapped up in hats and overcoats (that was the style then, even for the men) catching up on who all had made it home and which families had given all to the war effort. One cousin by marriage, Elizabeth Lutz was a Wave in the navy. That was the women's navy corp. It was a big relief to see her there in person.

Christmas wreaths and garlands stretched between every light pole across the street creating an evergreen tunnel which ran the whole business length of Scott Street. It glistened with tinsel swinging gently in the breeze. A golden glow emanated from the windows of Kress's and the A&P grocery (this was all DOWNTOWN!) bathing huge patches of the concrete sidewalk below with a golden glow. Flakes of snow began to fall gently as the wind died to a whisper. Wonderful smells of popcorn, roasting peanuts, and cotton candy filled the air. Down the street, the Majestic movie theater blinked its come hither message. It was always a treat to go there.

## 10. GRANNIE AND PAWPAW BARTON'S HOUSE

By Ann Rankin Warner and Virginia (Jenny) Rankin Marshall

ANN: The neat and petite little three room house my Grandfather built for my maternal Grandmother sat about midway down the Lower Charlie Road north of Wichita Falls, Texas. I remember watching him as he nailed the windowsill to the window opening, sweating profusely as he pounded nails. His slightly sandy hair was wet with perspiration and his face ruddy from exertion. He was wearing a pair of blue denim overalls over a blue work shirt. The overalls had deep pockets for tools he needed to have handy as well as a loop on the leg to hold his hammer when not in use. The great gentle old man still had time to talk with me in spite of his business.

I stood there looking at his big hands as he fastened the last of the small finishing nails into the bare unpainted wooden windowsill. I was his constant companion a lot of the time, but I suspect at this point my Mother and Grandmother needed relief from my energetic little personality.

“Why are you building another house when you already have one?” I inquired, referring to the farmhouse at the dairy farm on the old River Road.

“Because,” he retorted angrily, “your Grandmother doesn’t want to live there anymore,” bringing his hammer down on the nail with a thud.

Pawpaw as we called him, always tried within the limits of his ability to keep my Grandmother happy. It was easier at some times than others. She had experienced the good life of plenty as well as having servants prior to the death

of Reuben, but the ranch in Archer County after his death had been a hard life, and moving to the dairy farm hadn't improved her lot.

(Memories of that time tend to run together for me, and I can't remember exactly when the house was built. I just remember being there when it was happening).

Pawpaw had moved two houses onto the property; one was a two room house, and the other just one room. The one room, which became the kitchen, was attached in the center of the other two rooms. The other house then became a parlor and a bedroom. Over the years Pawpaw built onto the little house, one room at a time. First was a back porch which was wood half way up and

screened in the rest of the way. There were green and orange striped awnings which rolled up and down on white cord when it rained or when there was cold weather.



Later the porch was to become an indoor bathroom, a hallway, and a storage closet. When finances were available another rather large concrete slab was poured on the south side of the house. Framing was erected with screen and it became a summer sleeping quarters for them. Pawpaw made a wire trellis around the outside and purple wisteria grew there. Later when Jen and I spent summers there, the sweet smell was wonderful. Later that porch became a place for a deep freeze and a sewing room from Grannie.

The interior of the house changed along with the exterior. The front door was moved to the side of the house, and the parlor became a bedroom. The bedroom became a family room.

JENNY: I can remember such wonderful times visiting Grannie and Pawpaw's house. You never forget the smells coming from the kitchen as Pawpaw baked biscuits and fried bacon and made scrambled eggs for breakfast. He shaved while he cooked and used the soap in the shaving mug with his soft bristled shaving brush.



Shaving mug



Shaving brush

Also the pantry in the kitchen held the things Grannie had canned and the minced meat pies she kept on the shelf for Pawpaw to take in his lunch at the Texas Electric Plant where he was playfully called "Hunerd Barrel". Those pies were so thick that you could hold a slice in your hand. He always had to take two of anything she made since his friend; "High Pockets" always wanted him to share. That pantry is also where he kept a tobacco pouch for his pipe. He kept the pouch in the Plug tobacco container that belonged to Great Great Grandfather Derden.



We always loved to visit our grandparents. Christmas there was so special. Their English Shepherd, Tippee, was there to greet us and once was so excited that he "tinkled" on Grannie's best chair. Presents were always such fun. As I got older, Mom and I used to give each other gag gifts. I once gave her a tiny box of my toenails which was in many boxes and she opened one after

the other with wrapping paper and ribbons everywhere. Later those same toenails showed up in my house shoes! I also once gave her some gag horse poop I had purchased at the store. She was so surprised.

Mom said, “Well, I had a little horsey, but he got away.”

It made us all laugh.

Mom got even. She gave me some pink underwear and painted big blue eyeballs and long eyelashes on the seat of them. I forgot I had them on the day we had basketball practice and everyone teased me in the locker room at Antelope.

There was a storage closet across from the bathroom. Pawpaw used to tell me that there was a “booger” (monster) in there so that I wouldn’t snoop.

The bathroom just off the kitchen at Grannie’s house was nice and big, but there was no hot water. She had to boil water on the stove in a big tub and pour it into the bathtub, then add the cold well water. Their water from the well was always cold. The drinking water came from the big water jugs that Pawpaw filled in town and carefully placed into a holder that could tilt over for Grannie to use when needed for cooking without having to lift the large container.

Pawpaw always had a garden. Usually he planted black-eyed peas and green beans and tomatoes. Grannie would can in the summer and put the jars in the cellar and pantry to use later. Her “chow-chow” made with green tomatoes was the best. She was a great cook and it was evident that she loved her own cooking. Many of her wonderful recipes have made their way to the grandchildren and beyond. We even have recipes from our Great Grandmother, Annie Derden.

# 11. UNDERWOOD STREET (Wichita Fall TX – Early 40's)

By Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

Edited by Virginia (Jenny) Rankin Marshall

My earliest memories were of the old four room house on Underwood Street just off the Jacksboro highway in Wichita Falls, Texas. Mom had inherited it from her Uncle Archibald Derden. I was about two years old at the time. Making mud pies under the gigantic pecan trees which lined the east side of the house was my favorite past time.



Underwood Street in 2003

Occasionally Mom and Dad would go to town for shopping or entertainment. The biggest treat at the time was going to the movie theatre. We would walk three or four blocks from the house to the city bus stop, and then ride to downtown Wichita Falls.



Leon (Dad) and Ann

There were other great things to do too. Like watching and listening to my guinea hens as they perched on the wire clothes line where Mom hung her wash to dry. They made a funny noise that sounded like, “patraka, patraka.” There was also a banty rooster and two or three brightly feathered banty hens pecking and scratching in the unfenced yard behind the house. Then there were the regular egg-laying hens familiar to any farm. I think the guineas were to eliminate snakes as there were wide open fields of grass all around the yard. We ate most of the eggs the hens laid, but some were sold or exchanged for items at the neighborhood grocery store. The store was located across the street from our house, next to the

highway to Jacksboro which was about a block away. The store was owned by family acquaintances Jonnie Fay and her husband.

Looking from the back porch across the yard was the shed of a barn and hen house. West of the house was an open field high with golden prairie grass, then the highway.

Mother kept a jersey cow which she would stake on a rope to graze on the grass in the neighboring empty lots. She milked the cow herself in the barn behind the house. Some of the milk Mom collected from the cow was allowed to sour and clabber into curds and whey. That is when the water separates from the milk solids. She made cheese by draining the milk solids through a cheese cloth lined colander. After the curds drained she would tie the cheesecloth bag to the clothesline outside until all the excess moisture was gone. That made cottage cheese. If she wanted regular cheese, she would heat the curds in her double boiler until they melted.

Having the cow to milk every day was good as the only refrigeration we had was an icebox. The icebox was a wooden box about four feet tall and three feet wide (similar to the one to the right). It had two small doors on the left and a long door on the right when opened exposed a row of wire shelves.



Every other day the Ice Truck would stop in front of the house and look at the pie chart in the front window which told how many pounds of ice we needed. It was divided into different colored sections to indicate pounds of ice which came in five, ten, fifteen, twenty, fifty, and one hundred pounds. The chart would always be turned with the needed amount on top.

The delivery man would put his leather apron on his back, take his heavy ice tongs, and heave a block of ice onto his shoulders. The leather apron had a turned up bottom to catch drips from the melting ice as he went round the side of the house to the back porch where the ice box was kept. He would place the ice block behind the little door on the left top and put a marked ticket on top of the box. There was a constant dripping of cold water falling into the drip pan behind the little door on the bottom from the melting block inside.



Ice tongs

Mother had tooth aches and a lot of her time was spent in pain. One day she convinced our family dentist to pull all her teeth. She was only twenty seven at the time and such an extraction was unheard of. Dr. Thompson finally agreed after her frantic pleas to be released from constant pain. There was a waiting period before her teeth could be replaced with dentures. She endured the struggle with patience. However, one day while milking the cow, the animal slung her head catching under mothers jaw with her horn and jerking forward closing Mom's mouth further than it was supposed to go because she had no teeth. As this had happened, the cow had also kicked over the almost full pail of milk. Mom screamed in agony and the tears streamed down her face as she ran to the house to find relief. She found a clean washrag and dipped it in the cold water from the melting ice in the ice box, obtaining some minor relief. The dentist called and told Mom her dentures were ready for fitting. She was so proud of her new teeth. They were made of porcelain. The man in the laboratory that made them was given strict instructions to take extra pains to make sure they looked as natural as possible because she was so young. They served her beautifully all of her life. They were the only ones she had. We were grieved to find out later the young man who made them died in World War II.

The house was warm and snug in winter with a wood stove burning in the living room or the “Parlor” as it was called then. In the corner stood an old hand cranked Victrola (similar to the one at the left). I suspect it was a circa 1923 model as it had a domed lid and the speaker trumpet was hidden inside the tall cabinet. When the top was lifted a felt-covered turntable was exposed. A hand crank on the side of the box wound a spring which energized the turntable. The large thick black records were placed on the turntable. A needle arm containing a microphone amplified the vibrations created by the needle traveling the grooves in the record. My favorites were “The Old Grey Mare” and “White Christmas.”



It was the room where the Christmas tree always stood and where the telephone hung on the wall. I loved the room for many reasons, and some of my really good memories are of my cousins Josephine and Annie Sue Van Winkle. They were in nursing school in Wichita Falls and would come to visit their Uncle Leon, who was my dad. There was always lots of laughter and fun when they visited. They loved to play the Victrola and would sing along with the records. Another reason I loved the room was because the telephone was there (Similar to the one to the right). It was a wooden box that hung on the wall. The mouthpiece was mounted on the front along with a dial of numbers, and the earpiece hung on the side in a metal fork contraption which turned the phone on



as the earpiece was lifted. I could dial my grandparent's phone number by myself at a very early age.

I would drag a chair up to the phone, climb up and make my call. I called my Grandfather, and when Pawpaw (my pet name for my maternal grandfather) would answer the phone, I would say, "Are you busy?"

He would say, "That depends on what you want."

Then I would say, "Can you come get me?"

He would say, "Tell your Mother to pack your bag."

Sure enough in a little while his old black car would pull up in the driveway, and he and my Grannie Barton would have come to take me with them for a visit. I have to admit I was somewhat spoiled as I was the first grandchild, but I was unaware of the spoiling and took it as belonging to me.

One of my favorite times with Pawpaw was a trip to the Carnation Ice Cream plant. He would often take me into town when he would go on errands. I could always be assured of a stop off at the ice cream parlor, as he called it. We would go into the soda fountain area of the ice cream plant where there was a drugstore type soda fountain. When I was about two, He would pick me up and sit me on the tall black counter. We would have a discussion of all the delicious flavors, and then I would "choose." There was the wonderful strawberry with real pieces of fruit in it as well as one of my very favorites, banana nut with big chunks of banana and pieces of pecan.

Our home on Underwood was small, but cozy. Mom and Dad had a bedroom adjacent to the Parlor. I delighted in lying between them all covered up snugly warm. One morning early we were all awake lying in the bed when Mother saw a mouse peaking down from a place where the papered ceiling had become torn. She mentioned it to Dad and we all three looked up to watch the small whiskered animal. Suddenly Dad stood on his shoulders extended his

legs, and kicked at the mouse. The mouse fell from the ceiling, landing in the bedclothes.

I jumped up screaming, "He's in my PJ's. He's in my PJ's!" I jumped from under the covers and ran over the foot of the bed, circling through the center of the house as the doors opened one room to the next.

Frightened, Mom and Dad began to chase me thinking the small animal was in my clothing. Finally one of them went one direction and the other went the opposite and they caught me and stripped my clothes off, but no mouse. As they turned back the covers on the bed, two tiny black eyes peered from between the sheets. Evidently the rodent had run down beside my leg causing me to think he was in my clothes. Everyone had a good laugh. Dad disposed of the mouse and repaired the crack in the ceiling paper. I never did know what really happened to the cute little monster.

My mother's adopted brother Charles Roberts (we called him Buddy) married Christine Entrop. They needed a place to live and had very little money at the time. So Mom and Dad shared the old house on Underwood street with them. Mom and Aunt Chris put fresh wallpaper in the front room and it was used as a bedroom for the newlyweds.

Mom and Aunt Chris had set up saw horses with boards across the top to lay the paper to apply paste. At that time there was no such thing as pre pasted paper. Wall paper paste was purchased in a small bag. It was mixed with water and cooked until a thick past was formed. The paper came with edges which were used to guide the paper through the printing press. These edges had to be removed by hitting with a hammer and they came off in 3/8" circular rolls which could uncoil like serphantine. During the papering process, Mom was up on the ladder and Aunt Chris was handing her the folded and pasted paper to apply to the wall. I was about two or three and a half years old at the time, and

had been occupying myself stirring a make believe cake batter in a small flower pot with a stick. The step of the ladder behind Mother seemed like a good place to park the flower pot as I went on about other important business, like unrolling some of the wallpaper ends lying on the floor. Mom backed down from the ladder, stepping in the flower pot and falling backward. As she struggled to regain her footing she managed to step into a pot of paste turning it over and fell headlong onto the floor rolling in a pile of wallpaper roll ends. On her way down, she fell forward bumping into Aunt Chris knocking her down. Both women lay on the floor covered in paste and serphantine laughing hysterically. Aunt Chris would say, "Oh how awful." And then burst into a gale of laughter. I stood there wondering what was so funny still curious about what was happening as the two women laughed until tears rolled down their cheeks.

World War II had started shortly before I was born. By December 6, 1940, our Pacific Fleet was bombed in Pearl Harbor Hawaii. Britain was being bombed so often by Germany at this point, it was being termed, "the blitz." Ration stamps had been issued to all citizens for leather goods, shortening, gasoline, and many other ever day necessities. Everything was in very short supply. Occasionally Mom and Dad would go to town for shopping or entertainment. The biggest treat at the time was the movie theatre. We would walk three or four blocks from the house to the city bus stop, then ride to downtown Wichita Falls.

Down the street, the Majestic movie theater blinked its come hither message. It was always a treat to go there. The entrance of the theater was always ablaze with lights. Extending over the sidewalk a message on the large lighted marquee touted the current movie offering. Inside the theater, wine colored carpets led to sumptuously velvet covered seats. The curtains were heavy velvet drapes, matching everything else in color and trimmed in heavy

gold fringe, an absolute palace! It matched every fairy tale ever read to me, and I felt oh so grand just being in such a splendid place for my very first movie experience. However, I remember spending most of my time hiding under the seat after the wicked witch appeared in Snow White.

Once my PawPaw took me to the Ringling Brothers circus which was at the Wichita Falls Memorial Auditorium. During the performance there were elephants on the stage. One of them died later, and I remember seeing his huge feet sticking up out of the back of a stake bed truck on his way to the rendering plant where they made fat to be used in soap. That is a historic thing by itself.

Some of the memories of the war were scary. Besides the news reels in the movie theaters, there had been actual convoys of army vehicles which passed through town. I remember vividly the high trucks carrying tanks and covered trucks full of soldiers, little jeeps with three or four men inside, and MPs with their white helmets and armbands. Everyone on the street would snap to attention and salute the flag as it passed. Large convoys of military personnel could be seen on the highways, and it was unlawful to pass them. It was quite common to see them passing through town as Sheppard Field military base was near town.

It wasn't too long after Aunt Chris and Uncle Buddy moved in with us that the government issued air raid drill practice. There were black roller shades on all the windows. As the sun went down, and the air raid sirens began to wale, Mom and Aunt Christine used heavy tape to tape each side of the shade to the window frame. They were discussing the new air raid warden that had been appointed and was patrolling the streets. Mom said if any light showed through the window, we would be fined. The Germans and the Japanese never made it as far inland as we were, but if they had, we were prepared. Dad and all the other men in the family went down to the draft board to enlist in the army.

Herbert, Dad's brother was assigned to the North African front. Henry Entrop, Aunt Christine's brother was a turret gunner on a B12 bomber. Uncle Buddy did not pass the physical as his eyesight was bad, and Dad was frozen on the job as an oil burning fireman for the duration of the war. Dad worked for the Texas Electric Power Company in the main plant in Wichita Falls. He was one of two men who could convert the boilers that turned the generators to use the underground oil tanks in case the natural gas lines were sabotaged or bombed. He worked so many hours, and a lot of them at night, he often found it impossible to sleep. One day he was sleeping in the Parlor on a cot so he could be quiet. Mom sent me in to tell him lunch was ready. I came back and reported he was awake, but he didn't answer. Mom went to check on him and began screaming. She had seen him with his eyes open and unresponsive and had assumed he was dead. When she screamed it did wake him. He was all befuddled from being so deeply asleep and awakened so suddenly. He had just been in a state of exhaustion and was asleep with his eyes open.

Uncle Buddy was a graduate of Business College, and soon found a job at Chapman's dairy. He and Aunt Chris were able to afford an apartment of their own. They moved into a duplex on 21st street. Mom and I used to ride on her beautiful all chrome Schwinn bicycle all the way from Underwood Street to 21st street to visit them. Sometimes Mom and Chris would sit and knit scarves and mittens. At other times they would tear bed sheets and roll bandages. These knitted things and the rolled bandages would go in large boxes labeled, Bundles for Britain. Everything that could be recycled was in those days. Tin cans had both ends cut out and inserted inside the can which was flattened. Ever so often a truck would come and pick them up at the curb.

Sheppard Military Base was on the outskirts of town. Many of the community had taken it upon themselves to invite lonely Airmen into their

homes, especially after church for Sunday dinner. A lot of the soldiers were very young as the military draft started at the age of 18, as well as many of them had volunteered and lied about their age being only 16 or so. Some of the soldiers became life long friends with the families they visited. At least that was the case in our family with the Bracebrige family from Michigan.

Bob Bracebridge was one of the soldiers stationed at the base who had been invited for a home cooked meal. He had written a letter to his fiancé in Michigan, that he had met a real Southern girl with big brown eyes, and long back hair. She wrote him back stating their engagement was over and enclosed her ring. He had to quickly write her back and explain that I was only four years old. They were later married and Ethel came to live with Bob in Wichita Falls during the time he was stationed there.

Mom went to work at the military base in the sewing department. When the Air Force was formed from the Army Air Corp., she had to change all the braid on the officer's uniforms. Mom rode the bus to the base. She said every time she got off the bus in the morning, their purses were opened and searched, and when they went home in the evening, the same thing. Everyone who worked there had to be inoculated the same as the soldiers. They also had to have a chest x-ray. Mom's shoulder was damaged as the man who x-rayed her pulled her arm behind her so hard it created a sprain. It hurt her for a long time.

One day when she was sewing braid on uniforms, she heard a man's voice asking her if the electric plug over her sewing machine was hot. She had been harassed quite a bit by some of the young guys who were full of self importance, and had enough of it, so contrary to her normally pleasant nature, she snapped, "Put your finger in it and see." She looked up to her surprise it was an older officer, so she quickly added, "Sir." He laughed and told her he had only wanted a place to plug in his electric razor. Thoroughly embarrassed,

she apologized and told him to help himself. Plastic was just beginning to be in use, and the new uniforms came in plastic envelopes. Mother brought home a few of them and made me a rain coat.

Elastic was just about impossible to find for use on anything. Pawpaw Barton found an old inner tube from a motor scooter. It was real red rubber. Synthetic rubber was not in general use at that time. Mother cut small strips around and around the inner tube and used it for the elastic in the cotton batiste underwear she made for me. Even fabric for sewing was difficult to obtain. One of my cousins and me had dresses alike which came from a kit that could be ordered from a company in the newspaper. It came cut out complete with trim.

I had to stay with my grandmother while Mother worked. My grandparents had moved into town from the farm as gas was rationed and Pawpaw had gone to work as a night watchman at the same power plant where Dad worked. It took too much gasoline to come from the farm into town every day. The job as night watchman at the power plant had become necessary as there weren't enough men available to bring in the crops on the farm. The last crop that had been gathered had been done so by my grandfather and my mother. Times had just become too difficult to farm any more, and Pawpaw had sold a great deal of the land, keeping several acres for himself.

Dad would deliver me to my grandmother still asleep and wrapped in a blanket. I always loved being with her. She would often sit in her big rocking chair and cuddle me until I would wake.

I don't remember for sure when the war was over, I just remember that I didn't need to go to Grannie's anymore because Mom was home all the time. I was a constant runaway in those days. The first time I disappeared it was quite unintentional. The vacant lot adjacent to the back yard was overgrown with tall

grass. I had ventured a little way out into the tall grass and had sat down to play. Mom was soon looking for me. She was running up and down beside the house calling my name. I was watching her curiously, wondering what the problem was, after all, I knew I was right there. I just didn't realize she didn't know I was right there as the grass hid my tiny frame. I started answering her with, "I'm right here." She would reply, "Right where?" "Right here," I said, "Right where?" again she replied. Finally she told me to come there right now, and I did. I still couldn't understand what the panic was all about. In later years after I became a mother myself, I understood her panic quite well.

I was lonely for companionship and was by nature gregarious. I had met a little girl about my age at a nearby vacation bible school. Her name was Loretta Crowe. I would cross the busy highway by myself to visit her. Her mother would say, "Does your mother know you're here?" I would tell her no, and she would promptly call Mom. It didn't take long to figure out that was going to cost me a spanking, but sometimes it was just plain worth it. Loretta used to make me buttered soda crackers which she would put under the broiler of her mother's stove until they bubbled. We always had a really good time. I don't think I really realized there was any reason to be afraid of anything or that anyone would want to harm me. I had been raised primarily in a group of adults who all loved and cared for me. One time she found me walking down the road from the little grocery store on the corner. I was drinking a Delaware punch. She asked me where it came from. I told her Jonnie Fay had given it to me. When she had me open my other hand it was full of coins. Where did these come from? So I patiently explained I had gone to the hen house and helped myself to the eggs, except one of the hens was mean and wouldn't give me her eggs. Then I took them to the store and sold them to Johnnie Fay, and then I bought a Delaware Punch with part of the money. Mom was just amazed

that I could even think to do such a thing. I heard her tell Dad and they never would have believed I was capable of such a thing. I had seen her do it, so I figured that was what you did when you needed something, so I did. The hen that wouldn't give me her eggs turned out to be Mother's brood hen which was waiting for her eggs to hatch. I heard Mom tell Dad it was a wonder I hadn't been flogged by her.

One time Mom got really really angry with me. My disappearing act had simply gotten out of control. She had been very busy, and I had waited until she wasn't paying attention and had slipped away. She found me and took me home. She locked me in the stairwell to the attic. I cried and screamed to no avail. I had always been terrible afraid of the dark, and it was pitch black in that stairwell. I kicked and stomped the door, but it wouldn't come open. Suddenly two large green eyes appeared right behind me on the steps. I think I must have passed out from fright, because I remember waking later when Mom who had gotten worried because I had stopped making noise, opened the door to find me asleep with my big white cat Alexander the Great curled up on my lap asleep with me. That was the end of my running away. In fact, I became Mother's little helper.

To this day, I don't know how on earth Mom did everything she did. There was no running water in the house, and she carried it in five gallon buckets from across the street. Mr. Robbins pastured his horses there, and a water line had been run to the horse trough next to the street. He had told Mother she was welcome to all the water she needed any time she needed it. She carried water to cook and to drink, to wash dishes, to bath, to wash clothes. The water carrying Mom did finally took a toll on her one day in the form of an umbilical hernia. In her latter years the hernia caused her even more trouble.

On wash day she had to carry water and heat it on the stove for hot water for the old wringer washer. For the rinse water she had to fill two number two wash tubs. She had washed a load of clothes in the old wringer washer and was outside hanging them up. She went to the henhouse to feed the chickens and emptied the feed sack. As she was tending to other things in the back of the house, she handed me the empty feed sack to take into the house to put in the dirty clothes. Trying to help I added it to the wringer washer. I fished the sack out and started it through the wringer rollers. However, I didn't use the broom stick the way Mom did, I used the index finger of my left hand. The finger got caught in the rollers. I frantically tried to stop the wringing action to no avail. Mom reached me just in time to keep the rollers from separating the finger from my hand. It had already split the skin between the fingers and blood was everywhere. Mom was angry and frightened at the same time. She worked furiously to stop the bleeding plunging my whole hand into a green majolica picture of ice cold water that stung like seven hundred ant bites all at once. She was shouting and soothing me at the same time. Somewhere in the middle of all this she had managed to call Dad, and he had rushed home. We had no car, so they had called a taxi cab which was waiting outside, and I was rushed to the doctor's office. I remember the all white room of the doctor's office, and all the tall glass cabinets with metal instruments inside. They picked me up and sat me on the examination table. I was shaking with fright and crying not only from the pain of the injury, but from the fear of what the doctor was going to do to me now. He explained he was going to put some mercurochrome on the hand to kill all the bad stuff that had gotten inside the open wound. He took off the bloody bandage and spread the emaciated fingers apart. The hand was split open and white ligaments could be seen. Mom and Dad were relieved when the Doctor told them that no real permanent damage had been done, but it would

take some time for the wound to heal. He poured the red liquid directly into the opening between the finders, and it felt like liquid fire penetrating all the way to my elbow. The finger healed, and I had the use of it completely. However, it was often painful for a very long time. It left an ugly purplish red scar and I was ashamed to tell anyone why it was there. Mom had pleaded with me to do EXACTLY as she asked, and I kept repeating I was only trying to help.

Dad came home one evening with a beautiful dog. It was an English Water Spaniel. It had no collar or tags, and had been wandering beside the highway. Mom & Dad watched the papers for a lost dog advertisement, but none was found. They spread word at the neighborhood grocery, but still no one claimed the dog. We called her Tripoli as in the Marine hymn. She became my constant companion and friend. She went wherever I went and patiently waited on me and kept me safe. I think Mom worried a lot less after the dog arrived. One evening late Mom, Dad, and I were returning from the movies. Tripoli was coming to meet us while we were still walking beside the highway. A car swerved to purposely hit her and just kept on going. She lay still and we all thought she was dead for sure. Dad sent Mom on to the house with me, while he was going to take care of disposing of the dead dog. Later he arrived home with wonderful news. Tripoli was going to be OK. A lady had stopped to help. Dad explained to the woman the dog was dead and nothing could be done. The lady exclaimed, "Why she is not dead, she is standing up. Just turn around and look for yourself." And sure enough, Tripoli was standing. So, the two of them had placed the dog in the ladies car and had taken her to the vet. She was going to be fine after all. Mom said, "You may not believe this, but I checked on Ann. She was sitting on the back steps praying. She prayed, "Dear God, please save my little dog, and don't let her die. And God, you really weren't doing a very good job of keeping her safe you know." I had felt

terrible betrayed by the one person I trusted above all others. I guess I was saying that because Granny and Mom had always told me that Jesus would surround me with His angels and keep me safe from harm. I assumed that extended to dogs too. Later in life I had a preacher tell me that it was rebellion against God to pray that way. God's word says God looks on the heart, and it also says that unless we become as a little child we cannot enter the kingdom of God. I believe if God had seen that as rebellion, he would not have saved that dog from death. Dad just said, that's what happens when children pray. I think the dog was raised from the dead, if you really want the truth, because I checked that dog and she wasn't breathing, and she's fine now. Tripoli was with us for many years, and in good health.

Most of the time the big white tom cat Alexander got along fine with Tripoli as they just avoided one another. However, Mom waxed the kitchen floor and placed a dining chair in the door to keep anyone from walking on the floor until it dried completely. The cat aimlessly wandered into the kitchen from the back door. Tripoli saw him, and snorted and growled. Alexander decided the best result could be obtained by avoiding the dog and raced across the newly waxed floor. Since the door was being blocked by the chair there was enough room for him to get under the first rung, but once inside the bottom of the chair it acted like a cage, and the slick floor didn't provide enough traction for him to continue out on the other side. The cat raced at high speed going nowhere on the slick floor underneath the chair until Mother, who was doubled over with laughter, lifted the chair and released him.

## 12. THE BIRTH OF THE TUMOR

By Annie Rankin Warner

Edited by Virginia (Jenny) Rankin Marshall



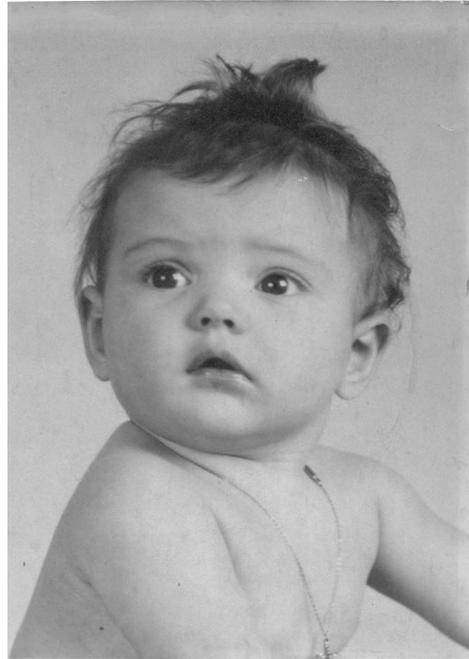
Jenny at 4 months

Mom had been getting harder and harder to live with. Dad seemed preoccupied a lot of the time. The doctors had examined mother and were putting her through all manner of tests for tumors. I remember waiting in the car with Dad for her in what seemed like forever. When she finally did come to the car to go home, she was shaken considerably. They are going to have to run more tests, she said, they can't find out what is wrong, they are pretty sure I have a tumor. Several weeks and more tests, and suddenly Mom knew exactly what the problem really was. She had felt that sudden movement inside her that made her know a new baby was on the way. Since we didn't have a car and gasoline was still rationed, Dad started driving a taxi cab in addition to his job at the electric plant. That way when it came time for the new baby, he would have a way to get Mom to the hospital. One day Dad was in the bathroom combing his hair readying himself for his taxi driving job. I asked him for a penny. He said, "Hold out your hands." I did, and he emptied his leather change purse from his belt into my cupped outstretched palms.

I became so excited I yelled, "Whoopee" and tossed the coins into the air.

Mom said she got paid for cleaning house for the next month, because every time she dusted under the furniture she found another coin.

Jenny (true name Virginia Louise) was born on November 20, 1945. It was the end of World War II and the Baby Boom. Every bassinet and baby bed in the delivery room was full. The nurses were taking the drawers out of the bureaus and using them for beds for the babies. Jo Van Winkle and Annie Sue Van Winkle (Dad's nieces) were nurses in training at General Hospital in Wichita Falls and didn't want "their" baby to be in a bureau drawer, so moved another baby to a drawer and put Jenny in a bassinet.



Jenny at 6 months.

Once she was home, nothing at our house was ever the same again. She was born with a head full of long black hair. When Mom would wash her hair, the water would get into Jen's ears causing an ear ache, and she would cry a lot.

My dog would sit outside under the bedroom window and howl every time the baby cried.

To a five year old, this was just so much nonsense. I informed my grandmother, who had come to help with the new baby, that Mom and Dad should take that thing back where they found it. All it seemed to do was cry and keep everyone awake. I hadn't really realized that the baby was a human like me. In my five year old mind, this was like my dolly from under the Christmas tree, but this one was trouble. At the time of this writing, I am glad they didn't take her back. She became my best friend.

# **13. JACK JETER'S OIL LEASE (OUTSIDE KADANE KORNER TX)**

**By Annie Margaret Rankin Warner**

Edited by Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall

As soon as WWII was over, Dad did exactly what he had threatened to do when the draft board told him he could serve his country better staying on the job than in the military. He quit his job with the electric company and returned to the oil field. He became a pumper on Jack Jeter's lease in Archer County, Texas, near a small rural community called Kadane Korner. There was a house furnished on the lease which was part of the salary, and there was a company pick-up to use. There was an oil cracking unit on the lease which made gasoline from the crude oil pumped there. It was called caisson head gas, and it made the engines stall from vapor lock in hot weather, but it was free, so we were grateful after the shortages during the war.

Dad made daily rounds on the lease checking the pumps to make sure they were running, and restarting them when they weren't. The pumps were operating on gasoline engines, and they had to have fuel added, and oil checked just like a car. There was also a "round house" on the property. It was a shack of a place which contained the "jack" or mechanical donkey which was a large wooden beam on a rocker attached to a fly wheel. It operated cables from the round house Jack to several smaller well pumps.

Sometimes Dad would let me ride with him as he bounced along the dirt oil lease roads, making his rounds of the pumps. We had a grand time. He called me his little "roust-a-bout" which was a term for helpers on the lease. It made me feel so grown up and important. Sometimes he would stop and show me things, like the day we stopped at the water tank to show me the rabbit nest.

Dad opened the door of the red company pickup as he told me to come and follow him. He got out the driver's side door, and I slid across the seat behind him landing on the ground with both feet. Dad looked around and motioned with his finger over his mouth for me to be quiet. He walked slowly toward some tall grass beside the lake, then on hands and knees up to the very edge. I followed behind mimicking his every move. He stopped peering over the last remaining clump of tall grass and motioned for me to come closer as he put his finger over his mouth again as a reminder to remain quiet. As I peered over the edge into a small clearing, I saw a mother rabbit with several babies in an area where the grass had been made into a nest. We returned to the pickup pleased with ourselves that we had managed a peek without disturbing the rabbits.

It was Dad's job to keep the area around the oil pumps free of underbrush and overgrowth. In many cases the overgrowth was prickly pears which spread rapidly every season. To eliminate them Dad would kick them out of the ground with his steel toed work shoes. One day I was "helping" and kicked some of the new plants. Although they were new plants they were complete with stickers surrounding long thorns. Of course since my boots weren't steel toed, the thorns penetrated the leather and my toes. Dad picked me up as I sat in the hot red dirt screaming and crying. He gently lifted me into the pickup truck and headed for the house.

Mom sat with me in her lap muttering as she picked stickers from my feet, "I never thought I would live to see the day when I would raise a kid dumb enough to kick a cactus."

Dad came to my defense telling her I had seen him do it to clean around the pumps, and never realized I would try to imitate him.

Living on the lease was a real adventure. The coyotes howled in the night. Insects of every variety abounded. Snakes were plentiful. Mother was constantly picking the tomato worms from her garden and dropping them in a coffee can of crude oil to kill them. Dad had to be extra careful when he drained the large oil tanks to look for snakes. One day he was outside the house yelling for Mom to come outside and bring me. When we arrived at the gate to the yard, Dad was holding a rattlesnake that would have bitten him if Tripoli hadn't warned him. He carried a garden hoe in the pickup to dig up weeds around the wells. Dad had used the hoe to kill the rattler, and was standing there with the snake dangling from the hoe. He explained to me that if I ever saw anything like that, I was to back away slowly, and never ever to touch it as it could kill me. About that time rigor mortis set in on the snake. As it began to writhe, it headed straight for me. I turned screaming and climbed Mother like she was a tree. I remained from that day terrified of snakes in any shape or size poisonous or non-poisonous.

After the snake scare, Dad carried my dog Tripoli with him each day. She had always been an excellent watch dog, and he knew he could depend on her to alert him if snakes were present or any other "varmint." One day on his rounds, Dad stopped to clean around one of the pumps and saw something small move next to the base. Approaching cautiously, he realized it was a large rat.

He turned to Tripoli and said, "Sic um."

Tripoli's body became an airborne auburn streak as she leaped forward to kill the rat. Just as she reached her objective the side weight on the pump came down suddenly catching the top of her head and breaking her back. It threw her several feet away with the dead rat still in her mouth. Dad doubled over vomiting his breakfast all over the ground beside the pickup. Hot tears

streamed down his face as he took a shovel from the back of the pickup truck and dug a hole to bury the dog. She had been a faithful friend and companion for many years, and it was extremely difficult to say goodbye. It suddenly occurred to him the hardest and most difficult part still lay ahead. He had to tell me my dog was dead. I overheard him telling Mom that he didn't know how on earth he was going to tell me something, I couldn't make out exactly what. He had left the house really early that morning to make his rounds. I was just waking up when he returned. I threw the covers back and slid out of bed just as he came into the room. I have something to tell you he said, getting down on one knee to be face to face with me.

"Tripoli died this morning," he said with a catch in his voice from the lump in his throat.

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"She was very brave, she was killing a rat for me, and the pump weight hit her in the head," he replied.

Anger rose up from some ugly dark place inside my very being. All of a sudden I wanted to hurt him, hurt him as badly as I could.

"You killed her," I shouted as hot tears sprung up running in rivers down my face.

"Oh no Toogie," using his pet name for me. His voice trembled from the crushing in his spirit, "it was an accident."

His chin trembled as he struggled to get the words out, and he began to cry with me. We hugged each other until at least some of the pain went away. I had already lost my white cat, Alexander, before we moved from Underwood Street, and now all my pets were gone. The grief stayed with me for years, never wanting another pet. Jenny had her pets as time went by, but I could

never bear allowing myself to become attached to another animal for a long, long time.

Tremendous thunderstorms came that spring. The lightening that accompanied them was terrific. One day while a storm was raging outside, Mom was standing near a bare light bulb which dangled from the ceiling by about two feet of wiring. Lightning struck the house through the nearby window, traveled across the room to the light cord, jumped to mother and into the floor. It left Mom unharmed, but a singed acrid odor hung in the air. It was one of many unexplained miracles in our lives.

Mom knew I would be starting school that fall, and decided I had best get started with the state required inoculations. We drove into Wichita Falls to Dr. Master's office. Mom had invited me to go with her for her office visit. I was to learn later that it was a rouse to get me into the office without any objections. The doctor entered the exam room and mother explained that I would be entering school that fall, and that I would need a small pox vaccination. I suddenly realized I had been tricked and rushed to the door to escape. As I frantically twisted the knob to no avail, I placed one foot on the door facing and one foot on the door and pulled with all my might with extra strength brought about by sheer fright. The doctor leaned his bulk against the door, and Mom leaned with one hand against the door, and with the other arm scooped me up. Both of the adults were struggling to keep from laughing at the ridiculous sight, knowing my fright was real. I was angry as well, feeling very betrayed.

Realizing I was overwhelmed by these two adults, I said, "Alright then just vaccinate me and see if I care!"

The results of the vaccination were soon very evident in a high fever and a swollen arm as well as a well formed scab about three quarters of an inch across and a quarter of an inch high. I was very slight of frame, and the swollen

arm and scab made a gruesome appearance. Mom manufactured a bandage several layers of gauze thick with a hole in it for the scab to protect it until it could heal. The sign of a positive inoculation was a noticeable scar. I had no problem proving the vaccination had “taken” which was the term used for an inoculation that had positive results. A notice was signed by the doctor that I had been properly protected from the disease and would therefore be allowed to enroll for school in the fall. The vaccination took so well, even though I was given other vaccinations for the disease, I was in my late twenties before another one created a reaction.

The final event that caused us to move from the lease was the tarantula scare. We returned home after dark one night. As Dad eased the car up to the yard gate so we would have the headlights from the auto to get into the house. About a dozen black hairy tarantulas, the size of a large tea cup, were sitting in the yard. I don't remember how we got into the house that night, but I do remember Dad shaking out his boots before he put them on after that. We were soon gone from there, back to my maternal grandparent's property. I was to start school that year and Jenny was starting to crawl and would soon walk. Mom and Dad were concerned about safety issues on the oil lease.

## 14. THE POUNDING

By Annie Margaret Rankin Warner (told in the 3<sup>rd</sup> person)

Edited by Virginia (Jenny) Rankin Marshall

Tonight was a special night. The huge white dome of the church glittered looking like sugar marble in the long light of the summer evening. A myriad of people ascended the long tier of steps in front preparing for the evening worship service. In the middle of the crowd two large women were struggling to climb the stairs with a small child between them. Ann was sandwiched between the comfortable bulk of her mother on one side and her Grandmother on the other, both tightly holding her hand. She tugged playfully trying to escape their grasp, wanting desperately to run ahead and do “two at a time” up the long steps. The older woman stopped out of breath.

“Ann, sometimes, you are too much for me. You are getting to be a young lady now. You need to act like one,” chided her grandmother.

Being “lady like” was something Ann heard a lot from her grandmother those days, but being grown up was asking a lot of an exuberant six year old. Grandmother was every inch a lady and as matriarch she expected the same of other female members of the family.

The three proceeded up the remaining steps, glad to be at last on the level floor. The usher dutifully handed them a program at the door and led them to seats in the midsection in time for the service to begin. The three settled into a large wooden pew, relieved to be off their feet and seated. The smell of freshly oiled wood and cleaning materials permeated the air.

The large sanctuary was about half full of people. The two women had continued their quiet conversation. Others were doing the same. Overhead the buzz of the fans contributed to the conversation to make a low hum about the

room. The grandmother, Lula Mae, took two collapsible fans from her purse, handing one to her daughter, Lucille. Meanwhile Ann entertained herself with looking about the huge interior of Grace Methodist Church.

Ann had been a “promise child.” Lucille had been told she was physically unable to ever have children. She had grieved about it until while reading her Bible she read about Samuel's mother who was childless and had promised the Lord to give him back the child if He would grant her one. A few months later, she was pregnant with Ann. Lucille had been very conscientious about Ann's religious training because of her promise. Ann had been taught about Jesus and the Holy Land since she was old enough to understand. By the age of three, her grandmother had taught her the Lord's Prayer and the twenty-third Psalm. She could repeat them from memory.

Ann sat next to her mother staring up at the dome in the center of the ceiling. The underside of the dome was exquisite with rich colored glass with light shining through. It made an awesome spectacle. The large sanctuary was flanked on both sides with stained glass windows each at least six feet tall which had been made in Italy and imported. Each had a bronze placard beside it, proclaiming the name of the donor. Ann especially loved the one of Jesus, the Good Shepherd, in the red robe holding the little lamb. Her other favorite had always been the window of Jesus in the purple robe in the garden of Gethsemane. Some of the other windows were difficult to understand, like the one with the crown and the cross stuck through it, and the one with the strange looking letters, like the one that looked like a capitol A and the other like a zero with a bar through it, but Ann enjoyed the colors. The light of the setting sun was shining through the glass making it look like jewels.

The massive gold pipes of the organ majestically filled the entire back of the choir loft. The organist entered wearing her wine colored robe, a sheaf of

papers in her hand which she unfolded on the music rack of the huge organ. Reaching down she removed her shoes and began to softly play familiar hymns.

Ann had accompanied her grandmother to Grace Church since a small child, and memories of the tin birthday cake and Miss Mary Byman were to be the foundation of later beliefs. The sanctuary was familiar, as that was where Ann had learned to sit still and be quiet. Being gregarious by nature, that was extremely difficult. Ann had received more than one spanking and had even been removed from the assembly to the bus station across the street until Pawpaw could come and take them home. By the time this night arrived, Ann had been educated in how to behave although to Mom it must have seemed like breaking a horse to the saddle, and it had been a rough ride.

The pipe organ intoned familiar hymns, and then Reverend Grounds entered accompanied by a handsome young man. The crowd became quiet and their attention shifted as the strains of the opening hymn became louder. "I Love to Tell the Story" was sung followed by a prayer.

Lucille gently elbowed her mother and said, "Doesn't he look handsome tonight?" Lula Mae nodded in agreement.

Reverend Grounds moved to the pulpit to introduce the young man who had entered with him. This was the young man's debut as a minister. It was to be his first sermon to a live audience. He had been preaching to the wall, his wife, the cows in the pasture, and anywhere else he felt safe, but this was "The real thing." The young man rose to approach the pulpit as Brother Grounds relinquished it to him. It was a young preacher who was being inducted into ministry that very evening.

He was dressed neatly in a cheap blue suit, starched white shirt and a tie. Unaccustomed to the restraint of a buttoned collar and tie, he ran a finger around the neck of the shirt, loosening it as best he could, his black curly hair

was refusing to stay completely in place and belied the painstaking effort to restrain it. His olive complexion manifested his constant exposure to the sun. Large fiery black eyes fastened downward on the notes he lay before him on the podium. He began nervously to expound “Jesus’ Sermon on the Mount.”

A quiet hush filled the room. The two women glanced at one another in approval as the congregation nodded in agreement in the appropriate places. One or two “Amens” could be heard intoned from the direction of the Board Members.

The service was soon over with Brother Grounds announcing that a farewell party was being held in the fellowship hall following the service. Ann slid from her seat and headed for the downstairs escaping from her benevolent overseers. The way was slightly dim, but the crush of people was all headed to the basement for the Party.

Suddenly two unfamiliar voices were overheard saying, “My, aren’t you staying? We are giving the new preacher a pounding!”

Ann’s heart skipped a beat. Oh my gosh, she thought horrified, they are going to beat him up! Sobbing and pushing her way through the crowd she broke into an empty corridor. There was a man standing there. Looking up through her tears she heaved a sigh of relief to have found him in time.

“Daddy, Daddy, you can't go in there, you can't,” as she sobbed and talked at the same time. She grabbed him around the legs in a desperate attempt to restrain him and buried her head into his thighs.

Leon leaned over, picked his little girl up, and hugged her.

“What on earth is wrong with you, Ann?” he said very concerned. “This party is for us.” Taking out his big white handkerchief, he continued, “Why shouldn't I go in there?”

“Oh no, Daddy, I heard two of those people say they were going to ‘pound’ the new preacher. They are gonna to beat you up,” she said.

Leon laughed softly, and placed his little girl on the ground. “Toogie,” using her pet name, “I’m glad you are so concerned about me, but you don’t understand. When the people say they are ‘pounding the preacher’, it means they are donating a pound of butter, a pound of eggs, or other things. Usually it is can goods. Come on let’s go have a good time.” Then he used his big white handkerchief to blow her nose.

The two rounded the corner and entered the large double doors hand in hand. Mother had retrieved baby Jenny from the nursery and was holding her. Grandmother was there waiting, relieved to see the little girl. As the people began to sing, “Bringing in the Sheaves,” a group of volunteers entered from the kitchen carrying bushel baskets of canned goods, flour, sugar, shortening, vegetables, enough to last the average family of four at least six months. The group continued to sing as they filed by shaking hands with the new pastor and his family and wishing them a “God Bless and Keep” and “God Speed.”



A few years later, after “the Pounding” (1947), Jenny and her cousin, Karen Sue Roberts attended Miss Mary Byman’s Sunday School Class.



# 15. ANN STARTS SCHOOL AT FRIBERG

By Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

Edited by Virginia (Jenny) Louise Marshall

My first school experience was at Friberg School in Wichita Falls, Texas. It was a rural school between the Upper and Lower Charlie roads across from the Friberg Methodist Church where Mom and Dad were married. We had moved from Jack Jeters Oil lease to my Grandfather Barton's property. Pawpaw, as we called our grandfather, moved two one room houses onto the property near the gravel pit. They had been roughly joined together and a small lean-to kitchen improvised on the side. A water well had been drilled on the property. Although the pump had been removed some time ago, there was still a pipe casing down to the water.



Ann & Jenny on Grannie's porch



Lucille (Mom), Jenny & Ann at Grannie's house

There was a bucket which was a metal sleeve with a spring release bottom. It was lowered into the pipe casing by rope, and hauled up full of water. The trigger was pulled and that released the spring loaded bottom emptying water into the bucket. Dad would draw the water up every night for the next day, separating some for use in coffee the next morning.

Dad's nieces Josephine and Annie Sue Van Winkle came for a visit. They wanted to swim and fish in the gravel pit which was next to our house for a break from nursing school. While there Josephine washed her undies and left the rinse water on the cabinet. The next morning Dad made coffee with it thinking he had brought it in from the well. Coffee tasted terrible and when they

figured out that he had made it with Josephine's rinse water, they all spit it out and had a good laugh.

Pawpaw had leased land to a gravel company. The resulting pit in the ground was about one hundred feet in diameter and over twenty feet deep. Since the lowest part of the pit was below the water table, it had filled and made a lake. He had gone to the state fish hatchery at Lake Diversion to obtain fingerlings of game fish with which he had stocked the lake several years ago. At this point in time, it was yielding some fairly large Bass and Croppy as well as Sun Perch and Brim.

I enjoyed being near Grannie & Pawpaw. On cold wintry mornings, Pawpaw would take me to the corner where I would be picked up by the rural school bus. He would wait with me in his car with the heater running until the bus arrived. In the evening, the bus route went in front of my Grandparent's house, so there was no need for a ride home. During Halloween that year, I wore the scary mask to get onto the bus. Mr. Carey, our bus driver, feigned terrible fright. It upset me that he seemed so frightened.

I jerked the mask from my face exclaiming, "It's alright Mr. Carey, it's just me, Ann."

He laughed heartily. Mr. Carey enjoyed the children. He was childless himself. When we traveled by his bus to interscholastic games, he always made sure he had candy sticks to pass out for the return home. There was gossip among the children that he had a whole room full of candy in his home. There was a large irrigation ditch on the road to the school.

On the way home in the evening we would always shout, "Go fast Mr. Carey, Go fast."

He would laugh pressing a little harder on the gas pedal sending us flying into the air as the bus became airborne. Then we would come down with a thud

as it bounced on the road below. We would all scream and laugh as we bounced along. One day, one of the boys hit his arm on the metal back of the seat breaking his arm. Mr. Carey would never treat us to the flying experience again he was so grieved that he had caused one of the kids to be hurt.

The school building had three rooms, one of which was used for a lunch room. Mr. Carey was always present during lunch time at the school. Bread always came in waxed paper wrappers. Mrs. Bryant, our lunch cook, would heat the bread in the wrapper so the outside would be all crusty, and the inside would be all warm and soft. Mr. Carey would stand in back of the room with a loaf of bread under his arm. If anyone in the room wanted more bread, they would hold up their hand and he would supply extras. The government supplied the school with surplus butter, peanut butter, and honey. It was a great accompaniment to the warm bread. He taught me to eat whole wheat bread by encouraging me to mix butter with honey and using it on the brown bread. Mr. Carey taught me to eat spinach. Everyone worried about me in those days because I was a tiny thin little girl. I was always encouraged to eat. Mr. Carey suggested I apply cider vinegar to the green vegetable to make it more palatable. I tried it, and it immediately became and stayed one of my most favorite vegetables.

I always had the idea that Mr. Carey and Mrs. Bryant were husband and wife, and secretly believed they were also Santa Claus and Mrs. Claus. However, this was not the case. Mr. Carey was a confirmed bachelor, and Mrs. Bryant was a widowed lady.

There were three grades each in the other two rooms, each with a teacher. Grades one through three were in my room. We were taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. One of my most embarrassing moments came when I was asked to come to the blackboard and write my numbers from one to one

hundred. After writing to twenty, I suddenly realized that all the numbers ranged from zero to nine with a different number in front of them. I made a series of lines with zero to nine and then went back and was busily putting the remaining number in front, when the teacher called me by name and told me to stop. She asked me what on earth I was doing. When I tried to explain, she gave me a severe tongue lashing and made me erase everything and start over using one number at a time until I reached one hundred. It wasn't until my own children were introduced to "sets" when they entered school, when I realized I had been too far ahead of the time.

## 16. CHRISTMAS WITH GRANNIE AND PAWPAW

By Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

Discovered on old computer in 2016; edited by J. L. Marshall

Our Grandmother and Grandfather Barton, our mother's parents, deserved their own chapter in this book. From the time I was born, until I married and left home, and even after, they were a very important part of mine and Jen's lives.

Christmas in particular brings so many memories. No matter where we were, Christmas always meant a trip to the little white house on the Lower Charlie Road in Wichita Falls, Texas. It wasn't so much spectacular decorations, because there weren't any with the exception of the decorated Christmas tree and the small plastic tree decorated with gumdrops. What made Christmas, and occasionally so special was all the family getting together. There would be Uncle Buddy and Aunt Christine Roberts and our cousins Wayne and Sue. Sometimes Henry and Marie Entrop would come over. The other thing that made Christmas so great was all the extra trouble Grannie took, making sure there were plenty of goodies to eat. It wasn't just the family she provided for, but every good neighbor, as well as the mail carrier, and people where our granddad worked. We still treasure her recipes and use them.

Candy was one of her specialties. She would make a concoction called "Divinity." Water and sugar would be boiled on the stove top until it bubbled, reaching proper consistency. She would sit down beside the wax paper spread dining table, smooth her all encompassing print apron over her calico dress. Her salt and pepper hair would be neatly tucked beneath a generous hair net. She placed egg whites in a large oval shaped platter, and began to beat them

until stiff peaks formed. Then the sugar syrup she had made would be poured in a slow steady stream into the egg whites as she continued to beat with the wire egg beater. It was always a puzzle to me how she could balance the large platter on the edge of the table and the other end of it on her leg as both hands were busy, one beating the stream of hot syrup which was being poured from the other hand. It took more coordination than a major aerobic workout. One slip of the platter and her legs would have been covered in hot sticky syrup and the resulting burn would have been devastating. She never missed once. Pawpaw would have been sitting at the other end of the large table pulverizing a large Peppermint candy log. The resulting crumbles of peppermint would be incorporated into the white frothy mix on Grannie's lap. Large spoonfuls of the mixture would then be dropped onto the wax paper topped table, making large white fluffy mounds while making sure each dollop was crowned with a nice twirled peak. A splash of crushed peppermint would be sprinkled across each mound for a picture perfect finish. The end result would be a confection that would literally melt in your mouth while the aroma of peppermint would tingle your nose.

Then there was her totally awesome orange pound cake. It was a normal large pound cake cooked in a tube pan.

She then made a syrup with orange juice, sugar, and orange peel. Sometimes she would spike the mixture with a little rum or whiskey. The addition of alcohol would always cause a little chuckle among the family as Grannie Barton was well known as a teetotaler. She would pour the hot orange syrup into the hole in the center of the cake, and keep adding syrup as long as the cake would soak it up or the syrup was used up. As time passed, crystals of orange flavored sugar would crystallize all along the top of the hole.

Pawpaw Barton would prepare the turkey for roasting, while Grannie would prepare the Southern Cornbread Dressing from a recipe handed down from our Great-Great-Grandmother. There would be home canned green beans with little potatoes from the garden. Fruit salad served in a cut glass bowl that had been on the family holiday table for five generations. Apple pie made with a dash of orange juice in the filling and orange peel in the crust. Dates stuffed with pecans and rolled in powdered sugar, and dried apricots finished in the same way.

The card table would be set up for the “kids table” and the grown-ups would crowd around the big old wooden dining table which literally groaned under the weight of all the holiday preparations. The food would be blessed, and the feast would begin.

It’s strange I suppose, but I don’t really remember the gifts very well, except the year John Mulkey came, and Jenny received one of the very first dolls with hair that could be curled, sponsored by the Toni home permanent.

After we finished eating, the women would congregate in the kitchen while the men would either gather in front of the television, or before we had a TV, they would sit and smoke cigarettes, and talk “guy” stuff.

Jenny and Sue would play “house” with their new dolls, while Wayne and I would cross the cow pasture to the gravel pit hill to play cowboys and desperadoes. Sometimes we would just sit on top of the hill and daydream.

The celebration would sometimes end with fireworks demonstrated by Uncle Buddy and Pawpaw. The Roberts family would head for Holliday, Tx and we would open the sofa bed and drag out the roll-a-way bed, and go to sleep with a warm glow still in our hearts.



## 17. LEAVING WICHITA FALLS FOR FAIRLIE

By Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

Edited by Virginia (Jenny) Louise Marshall

Leon had quit his job selling firefighting equipment to accept his first assignment as pastor. As a "circuit preacher" he would be servicing four churches in East Texas. The home base would be a little town called Fairlie. The other three were: Rhea's Chapel, Smith's Chapel, and the Methodist Church at Emblem. A different one each Sunday for a month until all the churches had been serviced, then starting over with the first one. The small churches could not afford a full time pastor, so each had agreed to supply one fourth of the preacher's salary.

Preparations were in set in motion for the departure. Personal belongings were packed and furnishings were made ready.

Pawpaw Barton swung his hammer fastening rails to the uprights, complaining as he worked, "Gosh Darned Leon, I don't know why you think you have to take Lucille and the kids to God knows where. How are we going to see these kids?" he fussed. "Who is going to help when somebody gets sick?" Wiping his eyes and nose on the back of his Kaki sleeve, glancing to make sure no one noticed as his nose turned slightly red.

Leon replied from beneath the trailer frame where he was tightening bolts, "The ministry is not for cowards, Raymond. We will be OK. You and Lula Mae can come visit. As to the rest, God will provide."

Pawpaw mumbled under his breath, "Some dammed fools never learn!" while still objecting as he helped with the very thing that would add to his misery, then yelping at the smashed thumb when the tears he fought so hard made the nails difficult to see. "I'll have the calf butchered, and some of the

meat canned in tins. It will be easier to send and easier for you to keep when it gets there,” he shouted at Leon.

Inside the house Grannie Barton was helping pack and having her own pity party. “Lucille, are you sure you are taking enough warm clothes for the baby, it's going to get cold you know. How about blankets and covers? Does Ann have a decent coat for school?” she asked.

Lucille folded the last of the baby's things and placed them in a box. She worriedly replied, “No, Mom, I'm a little concerned about Ann's school clothes. I'm hoping we can do something about that with our first pay check. She won't need a coat right away. The weather will be warm for a while.”

“Don't worry about the coat, Raymond and I will take care of that. Perhaps we can bring it to you,” she said wistfully as the tears began to trickle down her large wrinkled cheeks. She wiped her eyes with the corner of her ever present apron and swallowed hard as another knot began to come up in her throat. She began to hum softly, looking at Lucille, “It's singing to keep from crying you know.”

“I'm having some problems myself,” Lucille thought, “but I don't want the children to get the idea that something is wrong.”

Pawpaw and Leon had finished building the large four wheeled trailer. Everything the family owned was loaded into it. A tearful farewell to the Grandparents, and the family was off to East Texas and the first real taste of parish life.

## 18. FAIRLIE, TEXAS, 1947-1949

By Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

Edited by Virginia (Jenny) Louise Marshall

Before the sun was up the next morning, the family of four had loaded the last of their personal belongings into the car. The car pulled out of the driveway onto the graveled farm road. They were headed for what Pawpaw called “the back side of nowhere.”

“Off we go, into the wild blue yonder, flying high,” Leon sang loudly as the old black forty-two Ford careened down the highway pulling the long green trailer.

“Flying high is right,” Lucille interjected laughing. “You had better slow down a little. That trailer is wagging like a dog wagging its tail. It would be a shame to lose it since everything we own is in it.”

“Don't be such a worry wart,” teased Leon, easing up on the gas.

The trailer straightened up, and the family settled in for the long ride. Eighteen month old baby, Jenny, and I were still clad in our pajamas and snuggled in the back seat of the car. Lucille had filled the floorboard of the old Ford with personal necessities needed for the trip, covered them with a thick quilt making a bed for the children.

Nine hours, and at least ten potty stops later, the rig pulled into the small East Texas town of Fairlie. By nightfall every person in town knew that the new preacher was here.

Bright and early the following morning, a welcoming committee from the local congregation called to greet the new pastor and his wife. Leon was accompanied from the parsonage across the empty lot next door to the church building where he was given the keys. A tour of the building was in order, and

an explanation of the way things worked. A local board meeting was called for the Wednesday night service. Leon was given a list of the duties expected of his wife.

Ministers and their wives were expected to be a team. Often the wives were expected to: teach Sunday school classes, conduct meetings of the Women's Society of Christian Service, play the piano or organ, work with the young people in the church, accompany her husband on visitations to the sick and needy, and a host of other duties. She was also to set an example for the other women in the church as a mother, wife and housekeeper. She would also be confidant and councilor to many of the women of the congregation who had no one else in which to confide.



Lucille and Jenny

Lucille had no formal training for such duties, but she did have a willing heart, and a burning desire to serve God in whatever capacity He placed her.

The house furnished to the pastor was called a parsonage. The parsonage was owned by the church and usually maintained and furnished by the Women's Circles. The parsonage in Fairlie was a small four room frame home. It had a small bathroom with a tub, but no toilet. There was a privy (outdoor toilet) in the back yard next to the garage. There was running water in a kitchen sink, but no hot water. The running water had only recently been added, and a well with a bucket still existed in the front yard. There was a small covered porch on the front of the house. I have no idea where the water drained after use, but

because of the constant fear of Typhoid Fever, I strongly suspect it ran outside onto the ground. There was a small covered porch on the front of the house. Trumpet vines had climbed up and around the outside post prizing up some of



Lucille, Leon, Jenny, and Ann

the corner floorboards. The water well in the front yard had produced a scare when Jen, who was only about 20 months old, managed to climb up onto the brick well housing. Mom had been in the front yard bidding farewell to visitors,

when someone saw Jen standing there poised on the edge of the well. Mom began talking to her softly as she approached her slowly. When Jenny was within reaching distance, Mom grabbed her and whisked her to safety. Immediately after that Leon built a cover for the well with a door for the bucket to pass through.

In the two years our family lived in Fairlie, the family artistic talent began to manifest itself in the two year old Jenny. Every door in the house had a crayon drawn tree behind it as high as she could reach made with my school crayons. Much to my chagrin, she also learned to write my name, which she did on the back of the house in three foot tall letters (which was as high as she could reach) with red crayon. I received a spanking for doing it. Mom had greeted me at the door upon return from school with a scolding, a can of Dutch cleanser and a wet rag.

When asked why I had done this, of course I replied in amazement, “I didn't!”

“Why are you lying to me? Who else would have done such a thing?” Mom asked.

I tried to get away, but Mom had the fly swatter in her hand and she was fairly making me dance.

“Don’t ever lie to me,” she said angrily. Out the back door she marched me, and then, “See there,” she said to me pointing to the red letters crayoned on the side of the otherwise white house.

I couldn’t believe what I was seeing. Sure enough there was my name for the entire world to see three feet high in red. Then there were more stinging swats on my legs from the fly swatter in her hand.

“Get busy,” she blustered.

I scrubbed and sobbed. I was heartbroken at being falsely accused, and utterly in disbelief the whole thing was happening, but the stinging flyswatter was evidence enough the experience was quite real. My tears did not influence Mother to be lenient in any way. To the contrary, I felt the sting of the flyswatter on my legs again as her anger was loosed on me. I was crying, wiping, and trying at the same time to figure out how on earth those letters had gotten there. Mom had been mortified (scared to death) that some of the women from the church would think her children were destroying church property, and even more upset that I would apparently purposefully lie to her.

Later that year when the family returned to Grannie and Pawpaw’s for Christmas, Jenny began writing my name in the condensation on the kitchen windows. Writing on sweaty windows was one of Granny’s pet grievances. I could see another spanking coming. I rushed to find Mom. I fairly dragged her into the kitchen. We arrived just in time to see Jen putting the final leg on the final N in the name “ANN.” Mom exclaimed she wouldn’t have believed it if she hadn’t seen it. She got down on her knees to be on the same eye level with

me, and asked my forgiveness. I really learned a lesson that day. Anyone can be wrong, and it takes a lot of character and humility to admit to your children you were wrong. It was a lesson I never forgot. There were many times later in my life I found myself looking into the eyes of my own children and saying, "I'm sorry."

The nearby neighbors were a delight. Of course there was Joe Cox who visited regularly. He was a teenager and owned a beautiful collie dog named Skipper. Jenny dearly loved Skipper even though the dog was twice as big as herself; he was gentle as a lamb. When Lucille broke Jenny from the bottle, she merely told her Skipper had taken her bottle and there wasn't another. It was only a small lie, but one that worked. Jen never asked for her bottle again. If Skipper had it, it was A-OK.

Across the street lived a family with a teenage daughter named Doretta. Jenny and I dearly loved her. The young lady babysat them when called upon. One day while baby sitting the pastor's kids, the sky grew very black, and the wind began to blow. Doretta picked Jenny up and took me by the hand. Caddy-cornered across the street was a neat little white house with green shutters belonging to the Clicks family. The Clicks were an elderly couple who maintained a garden and a root cellar which was used for a storm shelter as well. Doretta took the children to the cellar where other people were already gathered. Mr. Click didn't believe in taking shelter from storms. He had built it for his wife at her insistence, and was adamant in not using it himself. He had refused to go when Mrs. Click said she was headed that way.

He had just chuckled and said, "Help yourself woman, I'm going to listen to my radio and read my paper."

The immediate neighbors had congregated, the men watching the door, and the women seated on the concrete benches in front of the home canned

peaches, plums, and other canned goods, potatoes and onions. One of the neighbors asked Doretta where the preacher and his wife were.

She answered, "Gone to Commerce to take Mrs. Rankin to the doctor."

Someone commented, "Hope they make it back." A loud knock was heard on the cellar door.

It was the preacher. He and his wife hurriedly entered, relieved to see the children and thanking Doretta for being so resourceful.

When asked about the weather outside, the preacher replied, "Well, it started to hail just before we got here. I didn't think the rag top on the old Ford was going to hold, but it did."

Some of the men told Leon to come help hold the door down. The wind had really picked up and was raising the door up past the closure. Suddenly a terrific yank on the door caused excitement among the men.

"Everyone hold tight, must be a twister!" someone shouted.

One of the men said, "I think I hear a voice, let up a little."

With that, slack was made in the chain the men were holding, and the door flew open. There was a man standing in the pouring rain and blowing wind. He immediately entered and the door was tightly closed behind him. It was Mr. Click, absolutely soaked to the skin, and cursing a blue streak.

"What is the matter with you knuckle heads, can't a man even get in his own storm cellar? I thought I was going to die out there." he said.

Everyone laughed, which only made him more furious. Mrs. Click wrapped him in one of the army blankets kept there for emergencies. About an hour later the wind began to die down. The men opened the door and everyone went outside. The sky was a funny sort of yellow, with greenish black clouds here and there. Hail stones were thick on the ground. A little while later the

news on the radio said the neighboring town of McKinney had suffered loss from a tornado. The day became known as “The Day McKinney Blew Away.”

Doretta's grandmother lived with them. She had an awful cough and was constantly spitting into a tin can she kept for the purpose. She also dipped snuff which caused even more spitting. The family was extremely friendly and the pastor, his wife and children visited frequently. One day the family gave the pastor a large pat of butter. Upon returning home, Lucille asked Leon about the possibility of tuberculosis in the grandmother. The pastor had been told there was much of it in the area. At that time, there was no really good treatment for it, and it was highly contagious from coughing or from droplets of sputum. Milk and dairy products were known to carry TB bacilli. Lucille worried that feeding the butter to the children might prove disastrous. Not wanting to offend the neighbors who had been so kind. She disposed of the butter in the trash, while feeling very guilty, especially when the family needed food badly.

There was telephone service in the little town. The telephone itself was a rectangular wooden box which hung on the wall. It had a black mouthpiece on the front, a receiver which hung on a rack on the side, and a crank on the other side (similar to the one on the right). To use it, one picked up the receiver and turned the crank, which made it ring.



The town operator answered at the switchboard asking, “Number please.”

You would either answer with a number, or if you didn't know it, you would say, “Hazel, give me the Short residence,” or with the name of whomever you wanted to speak.

The operator would then plug in the other end of the line into the receptacle for the other phone and “ring” the other phone. She could listen to the conversation or turn off her end of things and otherwise occupy herself until

the call was over at which time the parties on line would “ring off” by turning the crank again to signal finished. Needless to say, there weren't a great many secrets in the town.

The churches took turns paying the preacher. One time there was a knock at the back door of the parsonage. When Mom answered, there was a man and his wife who had brought payment from one of the distant churches. It consisted of a bushel of greens and a side of bacon. Mother was just dumbfounded. Dad wasn't home at the time, so Mom received the goods and the message. When Dad arrived home he was told of the payment and that the congregation had not been able to come up with cash, but had paid with goods. Dad was concerned about the doctor bills which had been piling up. Maybe next month he would be able to pay the debts.

One of the pastor's favorite parishioners was a widow named Mrs. Lantrip who lived on the road out of town. She often invited the pastor and his family to dinner and for outings. She owned a late model (1946) Ford, and often commented that one of these days she was going to paint the gray car black with shoe polish and escape Fairlie without anyone knowing she was gone.

Dad preached sermons and performed baptisms at a different church every Sunday. First Sunday of the month the church service was always at Fairlie. The remaining churches on the circuit; Smith chapel, Rhea's Chapel, and the church at Emblem would be served on the following Sundays of the month. Mother, Jen and I usually accompanied him unless one of us was sick, which was often. It seemed I had an endless round of tonsillitis, and then sometimes it was Jen with an earache or Mom with the flu. It seemed like Dad was never ill. I don't really know how he managed to stay so healthy. He not

only serviced four churches, but also attended East Texas State College in Commerce.

During Mom's illness he did her duties as well as his own. He decided it was time for Jenny to learn to eat with a spoon. He cooked a large bowl of cream of wheat, and placed it on the tray of her high chair along with a spoon. After a bit, she decided she had enough of the cereal and wanted down. The tray of the high chair was attached to the back of the chair and folded up and over when not in use. Jen threw the tray up and over the back of the chair tossing the bowl with the remaining cereal in the air. It landed upside down on her head with the remaining cereal in her hair and running down her face. She was becoming more and more agile as time went by. She could walk and talk and was becoming a real person. There was an open field between the church and the parsonage.

One late afternoon she was standing next to Dad looking out the window toward the church when she excitedly began to exclaim, "Chrissus tree, Chrissus tree."

Dad was trying to understand her pigeon English when he realized the setting sun was reflecting on the windows of the church lighting them. Jen thought there were Christmas trees inside.

One night service in one of the Chapels, Dad was in the middle of the pastoral prayer when he felt something attach to his leg. He stopped in the middle of the prayer, opened his eyes to see his youngest daughter who had escaped from Mom and joined her Dad on the platform. He proceeded with the prayer. When he finished, he gave a brief explanation to the people and returned Jenny to the seat beside her mother.

She was old enough to start potty training. However, she was in a bad habit of neglecting to put her underwear back on when she finished. We were

with Dad at one of the distant chapels, when she escaped during the prayer again. Just as everyone raised their heads, she was in the aisle bending over to pick up a mislaid hymnal. Her bare bottom was shining two moons worth as the short dress didn't cover everything as she bent over. Mom turned red as a beet grabbed her up, and spent the remainder of the service sitting with her in the car. Dad never acknowledged anything amiss but continued as though absolutely nothing had happened.



Rev. James Leon Rankin's first double wedding

but everything went off as scheduled, and he married the right people to the correct partners.

In the summer there was no air conditioning. Services were held outside under a brush arbor. Several of the men would bring the piano out of the church and put it under the arbor in a box that locked when the piano was not in use. The country people loved to sing. The nights would be warm. The men would be in shirt sleeves, including the pastor. The women wore cotton dresses. Cardboard fans distributed by the local funeral parlor moved silently in the hands of the people stirring the still hot air. There was always a sweet spirit in these gatherings, as the people sang with gusto as they sat glistening with perspiration in the wooden pews. There were people there who could sing by "shaped notes." They couldn't read music as such, but the shape of the note

would indicate where on the scale of do, re, mi, fa, so, la, ti do the note sounded. They often sang in beautiful harmony without accompaniment. There were also wonderful musicians who played the piano with gospel style, making wonderful runs and trills in the music. We learned all the old classic hymns, like “The Church in the Wildwood,” “The Old Rugged Cross,” “In the Garden,” “Beulah Land,” and too many more to mention. The old hymns contained many precious messages and spiritual insights. The people who were there had been through many hardships and those messages soothed their weary spirits, moved them closer to God, and gave them strength for the coming week.

Dad soon joined us at Pawpaw and Grannie’s house. The North Texas Conference of the Methodist Church was about to convene. It was mandatory for Dad to be in attendance. During the conference, new assignments were made and Dad was transferred to a new assignment, the Antelope/Jermyn circuit, just 36 miles from Wichita Falls.

One day the long green trailer that had moved us to Fairlie appeared seemingly out of nowhere, and we were packing to move again.



## 19. ANN'S SCHOOLING IN FAIRLIE, TEXAS

By Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

Edited by Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall

Mother accompanied me across the street to the local school house. It was a red brick building set back from the street. The play ground in front was bounded on one side by a large corrugated tin building which served as a gymnasium and community center. On one side of the brick building was a kindling pile built on stilts to prevent moisture from standing and rotting the wood, and to prevent rodents from building nests in it. The kindling was to start the coal fires which warmed the building. Each room had a large round coal burner that filled one corner. The children would take turns bringing scuttles of coal which had to be added during the school day.

I followed close behind as Mother entered the school office with Jenny in her arms. Papers were signed, immunizations checked, and the transfer from Friberg School completed. Mother was informed at that time that I would need typhoid shots, which were given by the county health department. Most of the homes in the community had outdoor toilets (called privies). The water table in the community was so high, the privies often leaked into it causing contamination of the well water. Typhoid fever was often fatal. The shots would be given at a later date.

I was placed in the first grade class taught by Mrs. Oney. The room was large and pleasant with windows facing the street. The ceilings were of pressed tin painted white. Black chalk boards were behind the teacher and down the opposite side of the room from the windows. Across the tops of the chalk boards were the alphabet printed and in script. First and Second grades were in the same room.

The regular text books containing stories of “Dick, Jane, & Spot” were assigned as well as workbooks, and number assignments. Spelling was an extremely important subject as was penmanship.

At lunch time, I was allowed to return home since it was across the street. Mom always had lunch ready when I arrived, so I didn't have to hurry. It was always a special day when Mom had to be busy with church business, as she would give me twenty five cents to eat in the school lunch room. It was neat to be able to eat with friends.

Recess was free play, one time in the morning, a noon break, and once in the afternoon. Noon recess was especially fun as a great deal of the time some of the children would have oranges in their lunches. We would save the peels and use them for bait to catch Crawfish. Water would collect under the see saws or teeter totters as some people called them. Where the water collected, the crawfish would build holes. A favorite after lunch pastime was to tie a string around an orange peel, lower it into a crawfish hole and wait until you could feel a tug on the string. Then very very carefully you raised the string until, low and behold, there would be a crawfish on the orange peel. I always loved to catch them, but was deathly afraid of them. The boys loved to take them and throw the crawfish over the fence into the pond on Doretta's property. I would cry and beg them not to do that as I was afraid the crustaceans would pinch her as she used the pond for swimming. The boys would laugh and tease me for being a sissy.

Being able to read was one of my greatest desires. I had been held on Dad's lap to read the Sunday comic strips. Sometimes, he didn't have time to read. I had always wished I could read them for myself.

One afternoon returning home from school, I met my mother walking with the ladies from the Church. They had been having a meeting of the

Women's Society of Christian Service in the church building. At the parsonage, Mom had prepared refreshments. The women were walking along in a group and that was when I joined them. The streets of the small village were topped with crude oil to decrease the blowing dirt. It formed about a three inch crust on the surface of the dirt road. Various people had carved their initials among other things into the stiffened dirt. Mother was boasting to the other ladies that I was doing so very well learning my alphabet and learning to read and spell. With great pride in her accomplishments I began to spell out the letters written in the oiled dirt.

“J plus H,” I read.

“Very good,” mother commented.

“S-A-M,” the next letters were verbalized. I continued down the road reading every letter in sight. “F- U \_-\_- . Mom what does that mean?” I asked innocently.

The ladies turned to look at the pastor's wife to see how she would react.

Mom replied, “Not now Ann, we will discuss that later.”

Not satisfied, I repeated myself. The ladies began to snicker. Red inched up Mom's neck until her face shone like a beacon.

“NOT NOW ANN,” she answered firmly, “that is a naughty word. I will talk to you about it later,” taking me by the hand.

The incident was soon forgotten by the ladies, but not by me. Later that afternoon after the ladies had gone home; Mom took me into the front room of the small home, and sat down with me.

“This afternoon the word you spelled out and asked me about is a word some people use for something God intended to be special. The word written in the street doesn't mean what God intended it to mean, and it's considered to be naughty in polite company. It's wonderful you are learning to read, however,

some things that are written are better not read, especially not out loud, and especially not that one. Ladies [there's that word 'LADY' again] don't use that kind of language," said Mom, thinking to herself, especially not by the pastor of a church or his family!

It was an incident I never forgot. Reading was such a thrill. Somehow something had tarnished that thrill and left a smudge.

One day a stranger came to the school. It was a lady dressed in a navy blue dress with a white starched and ironed apron over it. She had a nurse's cap on her head. It was the county health department nurse. I didn't relate it to anything in particular, but the other children began to talk nervously about it. One boy in particular announced to me that today we would be getting a Typhoid shot. Remembering the small pox vaccination, I just about panicked. The boy told me I didn't have anything to be afraid of. All the children had shots every year, and that nothing had happened to any of them yet. I tried to calm down, but truthfully, I was utterly panic stricken. Since everyone else was being so calm, I was ashamed of my cowardice. The teacher lined us up and marched us to the cafeteria. My first impulse was to break and run. I was shaking in spite of my attempts to be as brave as the children I saw around me. It finally came my turn to be inoculated. The nurse looked at my record and realized I was behind in my Typhoid inoculations as the other children had already been receiving shots earlier in the year. It seems it took three shots of the vaccine to become immune to the disease. The nurse held my arm, swabbed the area with alcohol, and injected the vaccine. She then handed me a little card with a beautiful blue bird on it. It hadn't been too bad, and it was a huge relief to have it over with. I asked some of the other children what the card was for, and was told it was a reward for having the shot. It explained all about the bird; what it was, where it could be found, and all other information about it.

I soon became the teacher's pet. That has advantages and disadvantages. You get special attention from the teacher, but your peers become jealous and give you a hard time.

Mom decided it was time I learned to manage money. She started giving me twenty-five cents a week allowance. I had asked for money every day because the children who lived further away would stop at the local store to buy candy and soft drinks after school. I wanted to do that too. The first time I received my allowance, the "Whoopee" factor left over from the taxi cab money Dad had given me kicked in, and when I got to the store, I went what Pawpaw would have called, "Gone hog wild." I bought everything twenty five cents could buy in that day and age. It included at least two five cent candy bars, a soft drink, a pack of chewing gum, and a pack of licorice. I arrived home with a bag full of loot. The next day after school, I asked for another quarter to spend. Mother told me I could only have one quarter a week, and I had already received my allowance for the week yesterday. I objected, stating I had already spent that money. Mother firmly said that's too bad. I guess you will have to do without the remainder of this week. I wanted desperately to be one of the group going to the store from the school, but Mom stood her ground. The following Monday, I was given twenty-five cents again. Mother cautioned me to remember what happened last week when I spent it all. She told me to ask for my change in nickels, that way I would have five cents to spend every day after school. It sounded like a fantastic deal to me. Going to the store every day inevitably meant I made friends with the adults there. Since the first five years of my life were spent associating primarily with adults, it was easy for me to make friends with them.

One of my favorite things to do was help with the gasoline sales. The owner would let me pull the handle of the gas pump to fill the glass measuring

device with gasoline. The pump was gravity operated since electric gasoline pumps did not exist at that time. The gasoline had to be pumped by hand into a glass tank on the top. The glass had a metal marker inside to measure the amount of gasoline in it, and to measure the amount dispensed into the vehicles. Everything was done by hand.

One of my friends from school was named George. His family invited me to go with them to their farm to pick cotton. They had felt it would keep both George and me occupied and give all the parents a break from the two of us. Mom made me a long canvas sack with a strap with which to place the cotton I picked. The strap was to go over my shoulder as I walked the row of cotton plants. At that time the cotton was picked by hand. There were not as yet any mechanical cotton pickers. Nothing was put on the plants to kill the leaves for the mechanical pickers. All the plants were green and beautiful with large bolls of cotton bursting from the shell. The shell itself resembled a pecan covering before it releases the pecan. When the cotton is ready to pick, the boll dries out and turns black. White fluffy cotton appears to explode from inside the boll. George and I arrived at the cotton patch in his family vehicle. We were shown the scales which were attached to the wagon where the cotton was dumped after being weighed. We were told when our sacks were filled, to hang them on the scale before dumping the cotton into the trailer. We were each assigned a row of cotton each. All the adults busied themselves immediately with picking the cotton from other rows. George and I tried to imitate the grownups by throwing the strap over our shoulder and heading for a row of cotton plants. The sun rose higher and higher, and got hotter and hotter. Perspiration began to run down my face and into my eyes. The bag Mother had made for me was getting harder and harder to pull as it became heavier and heavier as I plucked the fluffy white mass from the bolls and added more and

more cotton to the bag. The combination of heat and exhaustion from pulling the bag soon dampened my enthusiasm for the project. George had been working the row next to me. I stopped and asked George how much cotton he had, and if he were ready to go to the trailer to be weighed. We both agreed it was time to weigh. We returned to the wagon, but there was no one there to weigh for us, and the sacks were too heavy for us to lift as we were too small. At the age of six and a half, it seemed an overwhelming objective. We both looked longingly at the cotton in the trailer which was about two thirds full at that point. We decided at about the same time that the cotton wagon would make a wonderful place to lay down for a while and rest. We fell asleep until George's family woke us as they were ready to go home. I awoke with a horrible headache, but happy with the day's activity. George's father walked me to my front door where my mother stood waiting. I turned to him and thanked him for the opportunity, and asked him how much I owed him for allowing me to pick his cotton. He laughed a deep throated belly laugh, and told me he wished all his help had that attitude. He handed me a shiny dime, and told me he paid his workers, they didn't pay him.

School ended for the summer, and Granny Barton came for a visit. She wanted to take me back to Wichita Falls with her. Mom packed my bag, and we headed for the bus station. We had to go to Gainesville to catch the bus to Sherman, and then transfer to another bus that would take us to Wichita Falls. It was a great adventure for a six year old. Grannie bought a box lunch for us at the bus station which contained sandwiches and fruit.

I hadn't been with Pawpaw and Grannie very long when I contracted whooping cough. My grandparents took me to the doctor who forbade Mother to bring Jenny anywhere near me. The disease could be life threatening. The only real treatment at the time was to place me under an ultra violet light. It

gave me sunburn which itched in addition to the violent bouts of coughing and trying to suck air back into my lungs. I can't remember how long it lasted, but I do remember being thoroughly miserable. Sometimes I would cough so hard to bring up the thick phlegm that my chest would seem to collapse and I would really have to work to get air back in. There were terrible rattles in my chest as I worked to remove the phlegm. My grandparents were with me day and night until the bout subsided. Not too long after that a vaccine was invented that prevented the disease. I learned later that many children had died in previous years with the illness. The medical term for Whooping cough is Pertussis.

Later that year there were diseases that made the rounds. The Whooping Cough finally finished its course, and Mother was allowed to come to take me back to Fairlie. We were there one more year and that second year was a hard winter. I was sick much of the time with tonsillitis. By spring, the decision had been made to remove both the tonsils and adenoids. However, mother wanted to wait until school was out and she also wanted to go to Wichita Falls where she could have the help of my grandparents. So I got a temporary reprieve. I was home with one of the rounds of infected tonsils when a fresh snowfall came. Piles and drifts settled in the window sills and on the empty lot next door. I begged and begged to be allowed to go outside and build a snowman. Snow didn't come to Texas on a regular basis, so it was such a special time everyone knew the snow wouldn't last. Mom told me she would build a snowman for me, and I could watch from the window. The ground had been warm and the snow melted rapidly. She managed to gather enough from the window sills and shaded corners to build a tiny snow man about a foot high on a dinner plate. She used raisins for the eyes and buttons, and twigs for its arms. Red ribbon made a bright scarf. It was a cutie! She placed it on the shaded back porch so the sun wouldn't melt it, and I enjoyed it through the window.

Morning came and I was pronounced well enough to go to school. Bundled in a coat and hat I started out the front door, snowman on a plate in hand for show and tell. Some of my friends were passing by on their way to school too. I was so excited.

“Look ad by sdnow ban,” I shouted, my nose still being congested from the infection.

As I stepped onto the stairs I slipped on the ice that had formed during the night. My feet flew out from under me and I slid down the steps on my back. The snowman went up into the air summersaulted about three times and splattered onto the ground. I sat there looking at the remains of my dear little creature’s demise. Mom tried to rescue it, but to no avail. I never forgot how hard she worked to make that snowman for me. It was things she did like that which made me know how much she really loved me.

Spring arrived, and school was out for another summer vacation. My temporary reprieve for having my tonsils out was over, and the inevitable was now unavoidable. Mom, Jenny and I went to Pawpaw and Grannie’s house to prepare for the event. First there was a visit to the doctor’s office where the procedure was explained to my mother. We arrived at the doctor’s office bright and early the next morning with me still clad in my pajamas. Jen was with Grannie at home. There were nurses and the doctor all clad in white who helped me up onto the table, and covered me to my chin with a white sheet. I was asked to close my eyes as a white gauze cup was placed over my nose and mouth. I heard a hissing sound as the ether was sprayed onto the gauze mask. I was asked to breathe deeply. I did.

It was a sickeningly sweet smell, and it didn’t take but a few seconds for me to begin yelling, “You’re suffocating me. You’re suffocating me!”

I began having the strangest dream. I was sitting on a large box that had a hole on each side. I kept hearing a noise that sounded like “dew-e-oot”. Each time I heard the sound, a red snake would come from each side of the box and their heads would meet in front of me. As the sound hesitated between “dew-e-oots,” snakes would go back into the box. The box I sat on and the snakes were red with yellow polka dots. Talk about strange. This kept up until I heard Mom’s voice calling me from down in a well somewhere. I finally managed to open my eyes and realized I had the worst sore throat I had ever had in my entire life. Soon Pawpaw came to carry me out to his car to take me and Mom back home to Grannie and Jen. The only up side to this was I could have all the ice cream I wanted anytime I wanted it. Several days passed and I was sick and tired of being in bed. I wanted to get up and go – anywhere. I heard Pawpaw saying that he was going to Carl Green’s to get a gallon of milk. I made it known real fast that I wanted to go too. I was told “NO.” I was to stay in bed until at least the next day. I was having a child size case of jail house fever, and began to cry and otherwise throw a temper fit. Nothing worked. Pawpaw got the milk and came home, and I had another bowl of ice cream which by now was no longer appetizing. The next morning I woke feeling very nauseated. I was complaining bitterly about it when suddenly I up chucked pure red blood. It caused all manner of excitement. In a matter of minutes I was whisked to the car and Pawpaw was breaking all the posted speed limits all the way to town. We arrived in the building where the doctor was located and tried to get on the elevator. The elevator was not self-service, but had an elevator operator who made it go by rotating the control. Pawpaw called out the floor we needed. He was holding me wrapped in a blanket. Mom was standing nearby. The elevator operator opened the expandable gate which asked like an inside door to allow some business men to exit. He closed the door again and took off in a hurry

passing our exit. My grandfather objected strenuously, but was told in no uncertain terms that the elevator had to go all the way up before it could go down.

About that time, I yelled, "I'm going to be sick again."

Mom held out the small pan that she brought just in case it was needed, and I filled it with blood.

The elevator operator turned ghostly white and asked, "What floor did you say you needed?"

We were soon in the doctor's office with a repair to the incision in my throat. It seems I had ripped stitches with my crying the night before with disastrous results. I soon recovered from the surgery, but the fear of being suffocated stayed with me for a very long time.



## 20. ANTELOPE, TEXAS - 1949

By Annie Margaret Rankin Warren

Edited by Virginia "Jenny" Louise Rankin Marshall

The year was 1949. The Second World War had long since been over. Baby boomers had begun to appear on the scene, and the population in general was beginning to settle into a routine of quiet daily living. Dad had been transferred from the four church circuits in East Texas to a small town called



Jermyn Methodist Church

Antelope, with an adjoining parish called Jermyn. We had packed all our belongings in the old green trailer and moved to what promised to be a better situation.

We turned off the highway onto the farm to market road which lead to our new home. The old black '39 Ford sedan heroically strained at the hitch as the lumbering green trailer behind it balked and jerked. As we turned from the main highway onto the gravel farm to market road, I saw the house setting at the top of the hill. It was ugly. Oh my gosh, I mean really ugly. It had previously been painted a rusty shade of barn red trimmed in white which was now weathered and peeling. The windows shone gold and crimson with the evening sun but still possessed a blank stare as empty houses often do. [See Appendix VI – “Drawings of Antelope”]

The car jerked violently from the pull of the trailer which was being as obstinate as on old mule with a heavy load. Dad turned from the gravel road onto the dirt drive of the house and slowed to a stop. The Ford gasped and rattled as he turned off the ignition, sounding as if it were in the throes of death. Billowing dust from the gravel road and the driveway settled to expose the house and what was left of a barn. There was a windmill with a holding tank on

the west side of the house. Huge cedar trees flanked the front of the house, and French lilacs grew down the side. A large stone chimney jutted from the corrugated tin roof.

Dad exclaimed, "Boy, just look at that Lucille, all that room to grow stuff and a place to keep a cow and chickens. We're going to be alright." Dad seemed to always to keep an optimistic attitude about most everything. He loved to farm and plant, and had never really gotten over living in Archer County on my Grandfather's ranch. He had been the cowboy who married the ranchers daughter. Mother said he had a secret weapon, he tutored her in Algebra to get her attention.

We just sat there looking for a moment. Finally Mom said, "Let's go take a look."

She was most always enthusiastic about new things, and enjoyed a challenge. This was to be one of her greatest. We stepped out of the car and stretched. It felt really good to stand up after the long ride. Texas sunshine wasn't so ungodly hot yet as it was only May. We entered the house over a sandstone open porch in back, into what was supposed to be the kitchen. We stood there utterly speechless. The room was bare. There were no cabinets, no sink, no stove, no plumbing, no anything that resembled a kitchen and with only a walk-in pantry with empty shelves. Dad began to complain bitterly. The bulge around his waist proclaimed how dearly he loved Mom's cooking. How on earth are we going to manage?

Mother, who by now was used to improvising said, "Now, Leon, let's go look at the rest of the place before we get too excited."

There were two more moderately sized rooms on that end of the house and two bedrooms on the other. The five rooms were connected between by a long central room which was flanked by a porch front and back. There were

three fireplaces, one in each bedroom and one in the center “great room” all joined in one great chimney.

“Well,” commented Mom, “that solves one problem.”

“I don't know how you figure that!” Dad muttered as he turned to leave the room. “It's getting late, and we are going to need something to eat.” His enthusiasm had dampened with the first rumble of hunger pangs.

“We can manage just fine; we were both raised on the farm. We just have to remember where we came from.” Mom replied. “Why don't you gather some firewood out of the pasture, and leave the rest to me. Girls you go out to the car and begin to unload the small things. I have a box right in the back I need, and Ann you get that bag of groceries out of the car as well.”

Dad knew better than to argue with her when she got that tone in her voice so he dutifully turned to gather the wood she requested, stopping to remove the tailgate on the back of the big green four-wheeler on his way. Meanwhile Jenny and I scurried to unload



Jenny and Myrtle Davis, the cat

whatever we could carry, which was not a lot, but we managed to carry the box



that Mom wanted, and return for the grocery bag.

By the time we handed over the box she had found a water bucket, started the windmill pumping, and was waiting for fresh water to run. After half an hour or so, Dad returned with some firewood and kindling. Jen and I sat transfixed watching Mom

as she arranged bricks on the hearth in front of the fire Dad had built in the living room fireplace. A shovel from the trailer was used to scoop live coals

into the recess in the bricks then covered with ashes. The old iron Dutch oven which had belonged to my Great Great Grandmother, Annie Barton, was placed on the bricks to heat. Soon the aroma of fresh bread baking began to escape from under the Dutch oven lid and waft about the room. It was soon joined by the odor of baking chicken and roasting potatoes, all cooked in the fireplace. Mom never ceased to amaze me for all of her life.

While she started dinner, Jenny, Dad and I had proceeded to try unloading what we could and bring it into the house. Some of the nearby neighbors notice our arrival and had come to lend a hand. By dark, beds had been set up and made ready. After eating it felt glorious as we sank beneath the covers grateful for the end of a tiring day.

The following Sunday most of the folk from the countryside were there to welcome the new Pastor and his family. It had been a while since the little Methodist church had been serviced by a Pastor, and word of Dad's arrival had traveled quickly. The people turned out in numbers to greet Dad and hear him



Antelope Methodist Church 2010 with Jenny and Ann in front

preach. During the announcements, the Sunday School Superintendent had informed the congregation we had rented the Ledbetter home place, and that we were in need of livestock particularly chickens. After the service Dad, Mom, Jenny and I stood properly in a line to be welcomed. After what seemed an endless parade of hand shaking and well wishing we were invited to eat lunch at the home of some of the parishners. Jen and I were reminded again that we were to set an example for others, and no misbehaving would be tolerated. From time to time it became bothersome to be constantly on display and every action scrutinized. We often resented the unwelcome attention and longed to be just one of the kids. Often we were invited to the homes of the congregation with children. Jenny and I had someone to play with. Occasionally we were invited to some of the homes of the older folk. One of those we enjoyed most was Miss Myrtle Davis. She had no children of her own and loved children. There were always special treats and stories as well as the freedom to explore the “upstairs.” For some reason, “upstairs” in any house is always fascinating to children.

During subsequent weeks lumber was supplied for building makeshift cabinets for the kitchen. Some of the men from the church came to help dig a ditch from the water tank to the house so pipe could be laid. We would now have a supply of cold running water. Another parishner donated an old wood stove (similar to the one to the right—only much larger) which not only was used for cooking food, but also to heat water for washing dishes and baths. Mesquite wood was plentiful and created a truly hot fire. Word had spread about the need for animals and at first chickens began to be donated. Then a couple of young pigs were placed in the pig sty.



A few days later Dad was complaining at breakfast about the chickens. They were a grand assortment of just about every breed known at the time. There were the Speckled Dominiquer, the Tawny Bufforfingtons, Rhode Island Reds, and other assorted varieties. One hen consistently flew out of the pen, and would scratch in the garden and peck at the produce. Another pecked the other chickens, and another pecked the eggs. Dad was beside himself trying to keep peace in the hen house. He disgustedly decided at least some of the church folks had decided to rid themselves of their problem poultry at his expense. Determined to overcome the matter he built an extra high fence to contain the fly-overs, and the peckers of eggs became the first candidates for the stew pot.

Dad made a deal for a horse to pull the plow Mr. Stubblefield had given him. The horse had been a race horse and was so sway backed it looked as though his belly would drag the ground at any time. Dad said he was going to call the horse "Shortchange" after the comic strip character by the same name.

"In every crowd, there is always someone waiting to pour water on your fire," Dad said that evening at dinner.

"Who's trying to discourage you?" asked Mom.

"Oh, you know that bunch of spit and whittlers down on the porch of Bolton's general store. They were trying to tell me I couldn't raise anything on this patch of land. We'll see about that," Dad said determinedly.

Plowing with Shortchange had become a bit much for planting corn, and Dad had made some sort of a trade with Mr. Stubblefield for use of his tractor for that job, not realizing it was a package deal and that Mr. Stubblefield himself never let anyone else use his tractor.

The man was over eighty years old, and nearly blind. He arrived at the farm riding on his tractor. Dad was outside when Mr. Stubblefield arrived.

Since Dad expected to use the tractor himself, he offered to take the old gentleman home in the car.

“Oh no, Brother Rankin, I will just be more than happy to do this for you. Nobody knows this old tractor like I do, and what kind of a person would I be if I didn't help the preacher when he needed it.”

Dad reluctantly opened the gate to let the tractor through, wishing he could find a way to convince Mr. Stubblefield to relinquish his position. Finally being resigned that wasn't going to happen, he returned to plowing the garden plot with the hand plow. Dad continued to watch from a distance and Mr. Stubblefield began to plow. At first everything seemed alright. Then Dad noticed every time the end of the row was reached, the tractor was slamming into the fence, backing up, turning around, and doing the next row. He began to realize Mr. Stubblefield could not see the end of the row, and was using the fence as a “feeler” to know when to turn. Dad ran down the field and caught up with the tractor, shouting at the old man to stop.

“Why I can't stop preacher. Can't you see I'm not through yet?” Mr. Stubblefield said as the tractor continued chugging down the rows.

On his way back to the garden area, Dad prayed “Dear God, please don't let him hurt himself or destroy the fence.”

Eventually, the field was planted, and the old man was out the gate headed for home. He was driving down the middle of the road at about 10 miles an hour.

Dad prayed again, “Dear Lord please get him home without hurting himself or anyone else.”

The garden and the pea/potato patch were plowed the old fashioned way with a hand plow and the horse. By mid summer, Jenny and I were busy every

day helping with the garden by picking the ripe produce. The corn crop was better than waist high and would soon begin to tassel.

Next emergency was the blister bug invasion. They came in a swarm like locusts. They were devouring the tomatoes and everything else in sight. Mom looked at the garden horrified not knowing where to start. The ground as well as every bush was teeming with the pale mossy green bugs. She began swatting at the bugs with the broom and sweeping them off what she could and stomping to death any within reach of her foot. It was a losing battle. Tears began to trickle and mingle with the perspiration wetting her face. She was busily swinging away when she realized someone was watching her from behind. A neighbor lady had walked up to the entrance of the garden and was watching Mom with both concern and amusement.

Mom turned around recognizing Mrs. Moore, the elderly widow lady about 80 years old from down the road. At least she looked that old. She had lived in the little village all of her life and the hardship experience of rural life and near poverty existence had left its mark on her face and her mind which held the wisdom of survival. She was standing at the beginning of the garden path holding the half gallon of milk Dad had arranged to buy from her every other day. She wore an old fashioned sunbonnet on her head above a face that appeared like cream gravy, smooth and wrinkled. Her cotton calico dress was faded and worn but clean and neat covered by an ample kitchen apron. Under the skirt of the longish dress appeared a pair of men's work shoes with cow dung dried on.

Mrs. Moore had actually been watching for several minutes hesitating to say anything, and then decided the young woman obviously needed all the help she could get.

She questioned, “Don't you know how to put a stop to that Miz Rankin?” she said in her soft Texas drawl.

Mother stifled the urge to say if she did, she would be doing it, and confessed that she didn't.

Mrs. Moore told her to sift plain white flour on all the vegetables, explaining that it would make the blister bugs constipated and totally unable to eliminate and they would all die. Mom soon had the garden looking like a fresh snowfall had happened in the middle of the summer. Within a day, all the garden crunching insects were dead, and the garden was saved. All the foliage had been stripped from the tomato plants and a few of the green bean bushes had appeared decimated.

As soon as the flour was spread on the garden, Mom looked at the milk Mrs. Moore had delivered. It was thin with a bluish tint.

Mother exploded, “That old lady skimmed off every bit of cream. This is nothing but Blue John.” (This is another term for skim milk).

Every day Mrs. Moore would show up with milk, and every time it had been skimmed of all the cream. Mom was furious. She complained bitterly and made all manner of threats about getting her milk else where. Dad tried to calm her, but the resentment grew with each delivery. Her anger reached the point where it was difficult to be civil.

One Saturday morning there was a knock on the kitchen door. It was Mrs. Moore standing there with a little plate covered with a wet cloth. Under the cloth was freshly churned butter. She handed it to Mom explaining that she had known that Mom would never be able to save enough cream to churn butter herself, so she had saved it for her, and this was Mom's share of the butter. Mother dutifully accepted the butter and thanked her. As soon as the woman left, Mom began to cry. Large tears were running down her face as she

confessed to God her sin of false accusation and resentment, vowing to never to jump to conclusions again.

The end of summer meant extra time in the garden and working with the corn crop. The summer had not passed without incident. Dad had gone into Wichita Falls to a pastor's conference and left Mom, Jen, and me to work in the garden. Jen had looked up to see the two pigs out of the pen and heading to the corn patch. Mom, Jen, and I ran as fast as we could to head them off, but failed in the attempt. We chased the little pigs up and down the rows of corn until we itched unmercifully from brushing against the corn leaves. Perspiration was running in rivers down into our shoes turning the dust which was stuck to our face arms and legs into mud. The little pigs were grunting and squealing as they ran, their little corkscrew tails almost straightening out in their exertion. Up one row and down the other they ran, enjoying the freedom. We had just about given up hope of catching the little porkers when Mom looked up to see a neighbor driving up the gravel farm road. She ran as fast as she could, then jumped to launch her heavy bulk against the hog wire surrounding the field. The fence leaned already from the corn planting and the battle with Mr. Stubblefield's tractor, and it tottered precariously as she landed on it. She shoved her tennis shoes through the holes in the wire, and leaned over holding her wide brimmed hat with one hand, shouted at the passerby as loudly as she could, "JUNIORRRRR!"

Startled, Junior ran the pickup off the road and up onto the embankment, stopping straddle of the ditch, regaining control, then made a U-turn and came back.

"Woman, you done scared the daylight plum outta me!" Junior stammered.

“The pigs are out and I can't catch them. Leon is in Wichita at a meeting and won't be back until after dark,” Mom replied.

Junior joined the chase, but to no avail. The piglets were too fast and were in the bliss of their new found freedom. They went up and down the rows, then cutting through when being cornered.

Stopping in the middle of the row Junior commented, “Miz Rankin, we need some more help out here. I'll be right back.”

He soon returned with several of the nearby neighbors. They formed a semi circle, and began to herd the little oinkers back toward the sty where they belonged. The sight resembled an African Safari hunting lions. In spite of the itching and perspiring, I couldn't help but laugh at the ridiculousness of the situation. Two small animals had outwitted two adults, and two children. The idea that it took an African Safari to capture them struck me as humorous. Mom used to say if you couldn't laugh at yourself, you were really in trouble. We certainly had a fantastic opportunity here. Finally the pigs were back in the pen, and the hole where they escaped was securely patched.

Later that evening, a strange car arrived in our drive. Dad got out of the passenger side door. The old '39 Ford was nowhere to be seen. He had parked it on a hill near the District Pastor's meeting he was attending in Wichita Falls, and had found it missing when the meeting was over. He was particularly upset because he had placed all of his tools in the trunk afraid he might have a mechanical problem on the way there or coming home. He had taken the Greyhound bus back to Antelope, and one of the local town's people had given him a ride home.

Dad sat at the dinner table almost too upset to eat. It had been a rough day for him too. The District Conference Meeting of the Methodist Church had proved an embarrassment in more ways than one. The main speaker had been a

man of importance in the church. Dad had greatly admired him. The man spoke on an issue dear to Dad's heart, and Dad agreeing heartily with him let loose with a loud and hearty "AMEN." The man had moved quickly on with his speech, and before Dad could voice his agreement, the gentleman said, "I'm just an old country boy." Dad's voice had the ability to carry long distances even in a whisper, and his "Amen" was no whisper! Unfortunately it was ill timed and was uttered after the "country boy" comment. The room grew deathly quiet, and everyone turned and looked at Dad. The red blush of embarrassment crept up his neck to the top of his head and set his ears red feeling like he was on fire. The speaker promptly continued his oration, seemingly ignoring the insult. Dad gratefully slipped down in his seat hoping everyone would soon forget the incident.

The next embarrassment came as Dad went forward to receive communion sacraments and prayer by the officiating pastors. He had knelt down and then realized his shoes had large holes in the soles. He had placed cardboard in the inside of the shoes to keep out dirt so as long as he had been seated or standing, nothing could be noticed, but as soon as he knelt, the shoes were for all the gathering to see. A pastor's salary of a rural congregation was hardly enough to buy food much less shoes, especially when the church required a college degree or at least to be working on one. Tuition had to come from the pastors personal finances, and was not refunded by the church.

The police found the car months later parked by the side of the road stripped down and the tools missing. The two churches in Antelope and Jermyn took up a collection to buy another vehicle. The total collected was two hundred dollars. The only car Dad could find for the price was a Chevrolet coup. Since there was no seat for Jenny and myself, mother made a makeshift seat from an old bolster cushion. By folding it and placing it between her and

Dad, I could sit on the bottom of it, which was great because I could see over the dash, and Jenny sat behind me straddling me with her legs. We rode like that for over a year. Since I was only nine and she was only four, it worked quite well for as long as we needed it.

The final harvest of the summer had arrived. Both corn and potatoes had to be gathered. Dad hitched the old green trailer behind the car and drove to the corn patch. We worked all day walking the rows and throwing the harvested corn up into the trailer. I don't know how many bushels we were able to gather, but it was quite a load. The trailer was over half full. The next morning, Mother had us up bright and early. She was determined to can as much of the corn as possible. She set up an assembly line with herself at the head. A makeshift table was constructed and a chopping block placed on top. Mom cut off both ends of each ear of corn and passed it to Jenny who removed the shucks. My job was to get rid of the silks with running well water. When Mother would get far enough ahead of Jen with the shucking, she would stop, gather up the ears that had been silked, and cut the kernels off the cob into a large metal dishpan. We processed enough corn to last the winter, and enough to give away. There was also ample corn to feed the horse and the cow we had acquired as well as the chickens.

Dad got ready to harvest the potatoes. He had planted them in mounds of dirt. The mounds were in a row, so he decided the easiest way to harvest them was to plow through the mound to turn back the dirt which would be faster than spading each hill. Dad, Jenny, and I struck out for the potato patch with buckets and burlap bags in hand. Dad had our horse, Shortchange, hitched to the plow. He placed the reins around his waist and yelled, "giddy-up." The horse began to move forward and the plow dug into the ground throwing dirt to each side. The sun was shining brightly in the late summer sky with a few

clouds passing by at intervals. The shadow thrown by one of the clouds moved across the ground and in front of Shortchange. Having been a race horse, he must have thought he was being passed by another horse and began to run. Dad dropped the handles of the plow and struggled to pull the reins to slow him. The runaway animal was so excited there was no stopping. The unattended plow was still hitched to the horse and it was dangerously bouncing from one side of the row to the other in front of Dad who was fighting furiously to keep from falling into it as well as stop the horse. When Shortchange reached the fence at the end of the field, he stopped. Dad turned and looked back at the row he had just come across. The plow had missed every single hill, and not one potato had been exposed. Dad took a moment to give thanks to God for saving him from a really bad accident, turned the horse and plow around and proceeded to uncover potatoes. We filled several burlap bags, enough for the winter.

One day not too long after the potato harvest, Dad came in the back door like a black cloud in Texas spring and began yelling for Lucille (Mom).

“Come quickly I need help,” as he stormed through the house.

He had taken some of the corn and potatoes to the Baptist preacher who was living in a trailer house adjacent to the Baptist church. He was invited in even though the family had just sat down to their evening meal. Dad asked the Baptist pastor if he was having problems as Dad had noticed there was only a single bowl of beans in the center of the table which had been prepared. The pastor stated he had a confrontation with some of his congregation and they had been refusing to pay him. Dad was just furious! He had returned home to gather up enough groceries for a family for a week or so, and delivered it to the Baptist preacher and his family. Dad and the Baptist pastor became good friends until we moved a year or so later.

Bolton's General Store was one of two general stores in town. Bolton's was the more popular store as the other was being boycotted by most of the self-righteous members of the community. Rumor had it that one man had killed another over the woman who owned it therefore no "decent" person would dishonor themselves by shopping there. Dad had no aversion to going there when he had an item he needed, but this particular day, he needed to go to Bolton's. This happened shortly after the incident involving the Baptist preacher. Dad went up the step of Bolton's General Store and stopped on the front porch to chat with the men there. Several men in the neighborhood would meet and play checkers on the porch of the store, and the ones that didn't play would sit, chew tobacco, and whittle on a stick to pass time.

Dad asked, "Don't most of you fellows belong to the Baptist church? I know I don't see you at my place."

At which the men all nodded and some mumbled assent to the question.

Then Dad asked, "Why have you quit feeding him? I went down there the other day, and all he had for his family was a bowl of beans on the table."

"Now preacher, you just need to mind your own business," one of the men retorted.

Another added, "Gol Dang it, he's done gone and made a bunch of us mad with his hell fire and brimstone preachin'. We want to be rid of him, so we just decided not to pay him and he'll leave."

A dark cloud passed over Dad's face as he heard the ugly words. He struggled to keep down what he really felt like saying, and then he exploded. "I have seldom in my life heard of anything so low down and dirty. You call yourselves men. You don't deserve a pastor! You aren't man enough to face him and tell him what is going on. You're a sorry lot. I guess you know you'll go to hell for that kind of thing! You're going to have to find another way to get rid

of him,” Dad said as he began to recover his composure, “because I am going to continue feeding him as long as I have food in my own house.” As his parting shot before entering the store, he told the men, “It's a sorry day when the Methodist preacher has to feed the Baptist preacher.”

Word got around town that the Methodist pastor was taking food to the Baptist minister. Some chastened members of the congregation decided that was a disgrace, and decided to make things right. Dad and the Baptist pastor became good friends until we moved a year or so later.

School started and I was in the third grade. It was a small community school with grades one through twelve. Three grades were in each room. My room had third, fourth, and fifth grades. We were taught by Wilma Rudolph. It had been a hard transition to move to a new town and leave friends. There were no children my age near by the farm where we lived, and had mostly spent the summer with Jenny for company. We had made a few trips to Wichita Falls to visit our grandparents, and a few trips to Holliday to visit cousins who lived there, but that was about the extent of our visiting around. There were children who attended our church, and one or two kids were in the same school room with me, but in other grades. Besides they were boys! Can you imagine how a nine year old felt about that? Not to mention how boys that age felt about girls! So it was pretty lonely. The room always seemed overheated and stuffy and it was extremely difficult to concentrate and work. I really missed all my little friends from Fairlie. I had always loved to read and started using books to escape my boredom. The school had a small library, and I availed myself of it frequently. One day Mrs. Rudolph paid my mother a visit. I was dismissed and sent to my room for adults to talk freely. I just knew for sure I had done something really terrible. My stomach began to hurt as I imagined all sort of things Mrs. Rudolph was telling Mom. It wasn't long before I heard the front

door open and close, and then Mother began laughing. I peeped around the door and she motioned for me to come to her. I was still shaking from fright. She reassured me everything was OK. It seemed Mrs. Rudolph was concerned about my reading too much. She had told Mom that I had read everything in the grade school library and had started on the high school library, and she was just sure by the time I reached high school I would be bored to tears. She had insisted Mother should put an end to my reading. Mom had been polite and told Mrs. Rudolph she would look into it. After the woman departed Mother told me not to worry about running out of books, that she knew a place where there were more books than I could read in a lifetime, and told me she was very proud of me. I heaved a sigh of relief. I had just been sure I was in for a severe discipline for something of which I had no idea.

Christmas came and went with occasional trips to Wichita Falls to visit my Mom's parents and to visit Dad's parents in Iowa Park. We also went to Holliday to visit Uncle Buddy Roberts and wife, Aunt Chris and cousins, Wayne and Sue. Then spring began and all that goes with it.

One afternoon Mom & Dad noticed a very dark cloud approaching rapidly. Dad grabbed Jenny and Mom sent me running across the road to Wylie Cootie's residence. Mom grabbed the lead rope to Shortchange so that he could be put into the barn. Just then there was a clap of thunder. Shortchange broke into a run leaving Mom with rope burns on her hands.

Wylie and his wife had a cellar where we would take shelter from the North Texas storms. Most of the nearby neighbors were already there. We waited until the storm had passed and then made our way back home. The first thing we noticed as we crossed the road was the outdoor toilet had been turned over. It not only had turned over, but had severely damaged the automobile setting between the house and the barn. (Dad wondered how he would explain

the damage to the insurance company.) The next item we discovered was in the back yard where Dad had made a chicken pen. He had purchased some baby chicks and we had managed to raise about 25 of them to about frying chicken size. About a third of them had almost drowned from the downpour. Dad saved the ones he could, and the one's he couldn't he dressed and made ready to cook. Mom removed the front burners of the old wood stove and the piece that held them. She then placed hail screen over the opening. Splitting the chickens in half she roasted them on the wood stove over mesquite wood fire and basted them with her homemade barbeque sauce. That was some of the best barbeque ever. [See Appendix VII – “Barbecue Sauce Recipe”] We ate chicken every day for several days, but it was so good the way Mom prepared it we never grew tired of it.

The day after the storm we saw the postman coming slowly down the old dirt road. He had a horse tied to the back bumper. He was asking each patron if the horse belonged to them. There he was, old Shortchange. Other strange events occurred.

Mom was in the kitchen one day when she heard a scratching sound coming from the pantry. When she went to look there was a rat that had fallen into a gallon jar of honey that one of the congregation had given us that was only about half full.

In the spring we visited PawPaw and Grannie often. Grannie took Jenny to visit Mrs. Buckner down the road since her grandchildren were there. The Buckner's raised lambs. Mrs. Buckner and her granddaughter and Jenny fed the black lamb since its mother wouldn't.

Grannie's other neighbors were the Gensler family who ran a dairy and farmed, the Baird family who ran a pig farm and the Green family who had a dairy farm. It was always fun to visit the Baird's and see all the baby pigs. Mr. Baird picked up the day-old doughnuts for his pigs and would often give Grannie a box for us when we visited. Grannie heated them for us and they were delicious.



Jenny, Mrs. Buckner and grandchildren

We loved to visit Uncle Buddy and Aunt Chris in Holliday. Cousins Wayne and Sue were great friends. Many funny stories occurred while visiting them.

Wayne had a white dog named "Snowball." One day Wayne and I decided to see if we would fit into the dog house, but once inside we couldn't get out and had to yell for help. Uncle Buddy took off the roof to get us out.

Sometimes in the summer Jenny and I would stay a week with them, then the next week Wayne and Sue would stay with us. Wayne and I jumped off the garage with towels as capes pretending to be superheroes. Jenny and Sue played "house" in the little shed Uncle Buddy had built. We loved to come inside during the hot part of the day and read the large stacks of funny books with Archie, Betty and Veronica who were always in trouble.



## 21. THE QUILTING BEES

(Antelope, Texas 1949)

By Annie Margaret Rankin Warren

Edited by Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall

Each month during the fall and spring, the local quilting club would meet. It was comprised of most of the women in the community and collectively owned three large quilting frames. The women took turns with the frames moving them in rotation from house to house. The hostess for the month was responsible for: piecing the quilt tops, hanging the frames from the ceiling and attaching the three layers of the quilt, the top, filling, and bottom to the frames. On quilting day the ladies would arrive with a covered dish for the luncheon as well as needles and quilting thread. As many as eight or nine ladies would work on one quilt finishing three in one day. Since the frames traveled around the entire community it kept all the participating households in warm blankets for the winters. Of course there were all the side benefits since for the women it was a time to socialize. The distance between ranches and farms made socializing difficult except for a few minutes on Sundays before and after church service. The children were always excited to see the day come. Everyone piled on the same bus after school and we all unloaded together at the host house to play until our mothers were ready to leave for home. We were allowed to have left over luncheon for our after school snack, and then outside to play. One quilting day was held at the Copeland home. The Copeland family belonged to Dad's congregation and dearly loved by him and Mom. The area was famous for hunting raccoons, and Mr. Copeland had just purchased several young hound pups to train for that purpose. The quilting party had just begun their discussion of the hound dog situation by asking Faye Copeland how she

liked having the new pups. She answered that she and her husband had made an agreement that as long as the dogs stayed down at the dog run by the barn, and she stayed at the house everything would be fine. About that time my sister, Jenny, came through the door with a hound pup hanging over her arm.

“Look Mom, isn’t he cute?” the little girl said beaming a smile from her innocent little face.

Red began to creep up Mom's face scalding her as it went. She stood up and asked forgiveness for Jen, turning to the little girl who was standing there puzzled by the silence which hung heavy in the room.

Mom took her by the shoulder and turned her to the door, saying, “We need to take the puppy back where you found it, Jen. He doesn't belong at the house.”

Jen pattered out the door with the dog still dangling over her arm, exclaiming, “Isn’t he just about the cutest thing you ever did see?”

A chuckle started to envelope the women as they watched the tiny girl with the docile pup draped from her arm and the lady who vowed such would never cross her doorsill. In the mean while Mrs. Copeland had been thoroughly embarrassed as after all, this was the preacher's kid, and heaven only knows, she wouldn't want to offend the pastor.

## 22. JERMYN METHODIST CHURCH

By Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

Edited by Virginia (Jenny) Louise Marshall

My father, James Leon Rankin, was the minister of the Methodist Church in Jermyn around 1948 to 1949. It was part of a two church circuit with the Methodist church at Antelope. My sister and I thoroughly enjoyed each Sunday we were there.

At that time television was almost unheard of. Our Mother, Lucille, made a 3'X 4' piece of plywood covered with flannel. She used to tell Bible stories.



Jermyn Methodist Church - 2006

As she told the stories, she would remove and replace colored flannel mountains, hills, and water as well as flannel backed Biblical figures cut from paper. We had stories of Moses, Joseph, the birth of Jesus, and many other

wonderful stories that came to life on that flannel board. I particularly remember a lady named Myrtle Davis. My sister loved her so much that she named our cat after her. It was a custom that someone in the congregation would have the preacher for lunch as we didn't live there and it would pass the time until the evening meeting . We always enjoyed visits and the chicken and dumplings we were served. I have such good memories of the church and the people in the community.



## 23. THE MOVE TO TAYLOR STREET-1949

By Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

Edited with additions by Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall

Dad received letter from his sponsor, The Reverend Dr. Grounds of the Grace Methodist Church in Wichita Falls, Texas. Dr. Grounds suggested that Dad needed to complete his university degree as soon as possible, as that would be necessary before he could be officially ordained in the Methodist Conference. Dad had been traveling the thirty-six miles from Antelope to Wichita Falls three times a week. The gasoline was an extra expense on the already strained household budget, and the time could be well spent in studying and preparing for Sunday sermons. The decision was made to move into the city so he could attend school full time and complete the degree. A house was found on Taylor Street, not too far from Midwestern University. After getting settled into our new home, we took a trip to Houston to visit with Dad's brother, Herbert. Herbert had returned from North Africa where he had served in World War II. He had met and fallen in love with a beautiful young lady who lived in what was then French Algeria. Her Name was Georgette. She spoke six languages and could add a long column of six digit figures in her head. They had recently bought a house in Houston in one of the rapidly developing subdivisions erected to house all the returning soldiers from the war. A trip to Houston also meant a trip to Galveston and the beach. The entire family attired in swimsuits hit the sandy beach. The waves were nice for swimming and the water was warm in the late summer day. Dad especially enjoyed "riding the waves". He wanted all of us to go with him. Jen was still pretty young, about five, I think. So, Dad rented an orange inflated lifeboat with the bottom cut out. Mom put Jenny and me on each side clinging around the large orange rubber

tubes for dear life. She held the guide rope, which ran the perimeter of the inflated tube, and she walked out into deeper water. She stepped into a deep hole jerking down on the guide rope, turning the inflated raft upside down. I was holding on for dear life terrified, now upside down in the water. Jenny lost her grip and was launched like a missile through the air, landing squarely with the top of her head on the bridge of mother's nose. Dad rescued me from under the raft while Mom held Jen above water. By the time we returned to Wichita Falls, Mother's eyes had huge black and purple circles around them. I remember hearing a conversation in which mother told how she dreaded going to enroll me in the new school because everyone would think for sure Dad had beat her up.

Lots of new things happened that year. Mother was always trying new ways to increase our small income. She went to work at North Texas Furniture Store in the drapery department as a seamstress. Jenny had to go to daycare, which she hated and despised. Jen's teeth had rotted away on each side of each tooth and had left her with pick-like teeth. The other kids made fun of her, and she would cry. I had to go to after school care at the same place Jenny stayed. The scary part was when I left school, and had to catch the city bus, get off on the right corner, and walk several blocks to the daycare. I was only nine years old and scared to death. The only reason I was willing to do it was because Jenny cried all the time and I just couldn't bear it. I knew if I was there, she would be more satisfied. At least that is what Mom told me to elicit cooperation. In reality, it was really that way. Jen was usually still taking a nap when I arrived. The first thing she wanted when she wakened was to know if I was there. She would search until she found me, and then would be content. It was winter and cold. It would be dark before the old car would arrive and Mom would pick us up to go home.

The extra money she made working made life a little easier. She purchased things for the house with some of the money. The first thing she bought made a tremendous impression. Some men arrived in a big truck. They came inside the house and removed the old icebox. In a few minutes they returned with a dolly loaded with a large white metal box with a round thing on top that looked like a stack of dinner plates. Mother was just radiant and a smile lit her face like a sunbeam. She plugged it into an electric outlet, and the thing began to emit a low hum. She applied cleaning solution to the inside and shelves then began to load everything that had been emptied from the icebox into this large metal box. Jenny and I watched with great curiosity and she removed some metal trays and filled them with water. She then returned them to a compartment on the top of the inside of the metal box. I asked where the iceman would put the ice, as there was no receptacle for it. Mom laughed and told me there would be no more ice man. This was a refrigerator, and it made its own ice. Jen and I were thoroughly impressed.

The other new invention Mom had installed was a motor for her sewing machine. Mom had been sewing ever since I could remember. She had always made most of my clothing at least what ever my Grandmother Barton didn't make. During World War II she had even made my under pants. Pawpaw Barton had found a small red rubber inner tube. He gave it to Mom for making elastic. She would cut round and round the tube until she would have enough rubber to insert in the top of the cloth pants. I was one of the few kids lucky enough to have elastic, since rubber was a premium because of the war; a lot of kids had to have ties to secure their underwear. Grannie Barton made some of Jen's clothes and mine from the calico sacks the chicken feed came in. Anyway since Mom was working at North Texas Furniture in Wichita Falls, she was working on a power machine. It had an electric motor, and Mother enjoyed it

so much she decided to get one for her old treadle machine at home. The repairman from the Singer Sewing Machine Company arrived in his pea green and white panel van. He opened Mom's machine (similar to the one on the left) and removed the large round belt that went from the treadle to the machine flywheel. He attached an electric motor on the back of the machine and placed



Treadle Singer similar to Mom's

a small belt from the new motor to the machine flywheel. All Mom had to do now, was operate a small pedal and the machine would fairly fly. I can't begin to count the dresses mom made on that machine. We were still using it when I graduated from high school, nine years later.

Jen's favorite pastime was sitting on the folded out lid of the machine cabinet watching as Mom sewed.

Once Mom was sewing and sneezed. The bottom plate of her false teeth hit the machine cabinet and shot across the floor chipping one of the front teeth. It was like that until she passed away.

## 24. ADAMS STREET CHURCH

Wichita Falls, Texas (1949-1951)

By Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

Edited with additions by Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall

The summer of 1949 during the North Texas General Conference, Dad was transferred to pastor one single church in Wichita Falls. This Methodist church was on Adams Street, north of the Railroad track which ran through town. The church maintained a “parsonage” next door, where we were expected to live. There was one bedroom, a living room, kitchen, dining room and a very small bathroom with a privacy curtain for a door.

Mom was worried from day one! The house was near the railroad tracks, and her greatest fear was of the Hobo’s, men who rode the freight trains

illegally. They were generally men who were out of work and lived wherever they could find a place to eat and sleep. They sometimes did work for a meal.

A group of them could be found around a makeshift camp beside the tracks at night. Some of them were not of sound mind, and more than one not of sound character. With two small girls to be concerned about, Mom was definitely anxious.

Mice began to appear in the kitchen. Mother put out mouse traps near the holes to catch them. The next day Mom found Cheerios near the mouse hole. She couldn’t figure this one out.



Reverend James Leon Rankin



Mrs. Voss and Lucille Rankin

She said, “Jenny, do you know anything about this?”

Jen said, “Well, the Bible says to do unto others the way they should do unto you, and I didn’t want the mice to go hungry.”

Mother said she was really taken back and didn’t know how to respond. She finally told Jen that the mice could be destructive and were hurtful. We had the little books about Cinderella and Jen saw the cute little mice in the pictures and thought they were good.

In general, Jen and I loved the place. There were friends galore, as well as trees to climb and a real yard in which to play. In particular we loved the summer as it always meant Vacation Bible School.

Vacation Bible School always meant fun crafts and lots of refreshments. There were always Bible stories and character studies as well, but as children, although I hate to admit, as pastor’s children we were so accustomed to the daily Bible routine it was kind of “old stuff” to us. Not to say it was unimportant, but to say the “fun stuff” was a real treat.

We were so fond of Vacation Bible School, we attended not only our own at the churches Dad pastored, but also the one given by the Salvation Army at the nearby elementary school where I attended fourth grade. That was where I learned about my favorite ice cream treat, Dreamsicles, a frozen vanilla ice cream bar frosted over with orange popsicle.

When Mom and Dad held Vacation Bible School at the Adams street church, there was so very much to do. Mom used flour and salt to make “bakers clay.” It was molded on top of one half sheet of plywood to make hills and valleys. A model of the city of Jerusalem was made on top of that. We also made plaster figurines to paint. Another project was made by using negatives from camera film. These were layered on top of blue print paper with a glass on top and exposed to the sun for a short time. When removed there

would be a positive image underneath pretty enough to frame. Mom also took cigar boxes and removed the lid and bottom. She stretched window screen across one side and fastened it down with masking tape. White shoe polish was mixed with food coloring and applied with an old tooth brush by scraping it across the screen wire on the cigar box. Underneath pressed ferns, flowers, and other objects had been placed on paper. When the cigar box and objects were removed, the paper was blank where the objects had been, and splatters of shoe polish in pink, blue, and green would be on the surrounding paper creating a picture.

The rest of the summer passed playing in the trees which we loved to climb over Mom's protests that we would be hurt. I was quite the tomboy. I almost never wore dresses except on Sunday and preferred blue jeans to any other form of dress. Tree climbing and just hanging out in the top was one of my favorite past times. One day I fastened a rope to a limb on one of the pecan trees in the front yard. I would hold the rope and climb up the trunk where

there were no limbs, then sit up in the lower branches and watch the rest of the world go by. One of the neighborhood boys happened by on his bicycle, looked up saw me, and began hooting at me and calling me a tomboy. I knew I was, but didn't like being labeled. I promptly slid down the rope, knocked him down, sat on him,



Jenny and Ann

and started pounding his head on the ground by holding his ears.

I was shouting, “Don’t call me a tomboy again.” Of course I was just proving his point, but I didn’t care. I just didn’t like him thinking he could call me names and get away with it.

He finally realized I had the best of him and started yelling, “OK, OK” at which point I let him up.



Jenny

One week the church had a clothing drive for the Methodist missionaries. I was in need of clothes, but there was no money for them. Mom was sorting through the donations and realized one of the dresses had ample fabric to make me a dress. She carefully took the dress apart and remade it for me. She remarked she never dreamed she would have to clothe her children from a missionary barrel. I didn’t mind. The dress was beautiful as Mom was an expert seamstress. I thought it looked just great.

Fall arrived with school starting. This was my fourth grade class where I met my first Hispanic friend. Her name was Annie. She was a neat friend because she was cute and smart and we shared the same name. The teacher made our names different so we would know which of us she was addressing. I preferred to be called Ann, so that made it easier.

A cold stiff northerly wind blew through town turning the leaves red, brown, and yellow, and causing the pecans to fall to the ground beneath the big trees in the yard. Jen and I had a hard time cracking the small native nuts, but the flavor was outstanding. Sometimes we would place the pecans on the sidewalk and stamp them with our feet to crack the hard shells. There was no

sidewalk directly in front of our house so when a hard surface was needed, for example a game of Hop Scotch, we used the walk around the church. There was an old lady whose house was across the street and faced the north side of the church. She frequently busied herself with everyone else's business by sitting on her front porch in a rocking chair and observing the neighborhood activities. We had been intent on our play and had seen her there, but had not perceived any problem. One day Jen and I were in the process of cracking pecans when the old lady who was a member of Dad's congregation, unexpectedly appeared beside us with the fire of anger in her eyes and her hair looking like an angry ruffled wet mother hen. She had a fly swatter in her hand and began to use it on our legs as punishment for messing up church property. We ran to the house and told Mom. Dad listened to the story, and decided he probably needed to smooth the woman's ruffled feathers even if he did not agree with her methods. I never was sure what happened over all that, but didn't crack the pecans on the north side of the building again.

Winter came, and with it all the illnesses of the season. As for myself I seemed to be constantly ill with sinus infections. Our pediatrician, Dr. Buchannan, upon observing the surroundings during a house call, said it was from the dust on the dirt street outside. Jenny contracted measles from one of her playmates. I was so exasperated because Mom made me sleep with her even when she was sick. I caught it too. At the same time, my grandmother Barton became very ill with viral pneumonia. Grandfather was exhausted from staying with her at the hospital as much as he could. When she was released from the hospital, he was afraid for her to be left at home alone while he was at work. Dad would stay with Jen and me while Mom would go to make sure Grannie was okay until Pawpaw could get home. Then she would have to come home and take care of us.

Christmas came and things really looked bleak. It was Christmas Eve, and there was no money for gifts or a tree or anything else. Mom was exhausted. She had been working at the North Texas Furniture store as a seamstress in the upholstery and drapery department all fall until everyone got sick. She had to quit her job to take care of us. Dad sold insurance as well as being pastor, to help out with bills as the church did not pay enough to keep us supplied with groceries; much less take care of the medical bills.

One day right before Christmas there was a knock at the back door. Dad answered. There was a ragged dirty man standing there begging for food. Dad could never turn anyone away hungry. Memories of hunger from the Great Depression of the 30's always haunted him. So he invited the stranger in and yelled at Mom that we had a guest, and to put food on the table. Dad took the man into the bathroom to wash up. Mom had been in the kitchen preparing the last of the flour in the house into biscuits and water gravy as there was no more milk. She dutifully but apologetically put the last morsels of food she had intended for our supper in front of the raggedy old man. Dad asked God to bless the food, and the man ate like it would be the last meal of his life. As he arose, he stuffed the remaining biscuits in his pockets and used what was left of the one in his hand to wipe the remaining gravy from the bowl which had contained it. He thanked Mom who had been busying herself nearby, then left by the back door and disappeared. Running to the back door she looked every direction to see which way the man had gone. He was nowhere to be seen. She called several of the neighbors thinking to warn them the stranger was around and to watch the children playing outside. Nobody saw the man then or later. He had completely vanished.

Mom stared at the empty plate and bowl which had contained the biscuits and gravy in shock and disbelief. Tears started to run down her cheeks

in spite of all she could do. About that time Dad came into the dining room to see how things were going and to talk to the man.

Mom exclaimed, "You're too late, he has completely disappeared." Dad saw the tears and asked the problem. Mom confessed she hadn't wanted to worry him, but the man had just eaten the last crumb of food in the house. She was worried about what she would feed the girls.

Dad was not one to be rattled, and his faith in God's providence was profound. "Don't worry," he said. "I have some insurance renewals to collect tonight. Some of the money will be mine to keep. I am sure it will be enough to buy something." He immediately dressed in his suit and headed out the door.

It wasn't too long after Dad left the house when there was another knock on the door. When Mom answered, she was surprised to see a North Texas Furniture Store truck stopped in front of our house. When she opened the door a young man asked where he could find Lucille Rankin. Mom answered that she was Lucille. He handed her an envelope and told her to wait, that he would be right back. He returned to the truck and brought a basket of canned goods and staple food items, a side of bacon, and a crate of dates. He explained that the envelope contained her Christmas Bonus, and that the remaining things were Christmas presents from Mr. Sewell, the manager, and from the other employees who had taken up a collection in our behalf. Mom was overwhelmed. She had thought she hadn't worked long enough to expect a bonus. The man explained that everyone at the store knew our circumstances and wanted to help. Mom said it was the nicest thing she had happen to her, especially right at this time.

Dad returned with his insurance renewals, and turned his share of the money over to Mom. They agreed the old beggar must have been an angel in disguise, and a test of faith from God. Dad recalled the Bible verse that said

always extend hospitality as there were many times we entertained angels unaware. It became one of our favorite Christmas stories.

Mom put on her worn out black coat and went to town with some of her bonus money to see what she could find to make Christmas for us. To tell the truth, Jen and I were so sick, we didn't care if it was Christmas or not. We just wanted to quit throwing up and quite itching and to be left



Lucille and Jenny -4 years

alone. Later Mom returned exclaiming Christmas Eve was the best time to shop. Everything had been on sale. Even the Christmas tree had been a bargain. She had purchased a Christmas tree, and new lights (this was the first Christmas with Bubble Lights) and a few toys.

Mom and Dad got busy putting up the tree and wrapping presents. Jen and I had been kept in a dark bedroom to keep from damaging our eyes. At that time it was believed if someone had red measles, permanent eye damage could be done by exposure to bright light. Suddenly light streamed in from the doorway to the living room into the otherwise darkened bedroom. Mom was all excited as she got us up and directed us into the room with the tree. I promptly began to feel nauseated. We were both weak from lying in bed so long. As we stumbled into the room and started to vomit, Mom backed us up into chairs and sat us down, and plunked teddy bears into our laps. Jen began to sneeze using the tummy of her bear to block the sneeze like a handkerchief. The fur on the bear began to cling together into little fuzz balls. We eventually were able to

hold our heads erect enough to have our picture made with the bears and behold the magnificent tree Mom had put together at the last minute. Dad's flash bulb went off temporarily blinding us. We were then promptly ushered back to bed. It wasn't until years later as we reminisced about that Christmas that I realized Mom had deliberately exposed me to the Red Measles as there was no vaccine available at that time and she knew the older I was when infected with the disease, the more difficult it would be for me. That Christmas has always been rather special for us and the Fuzzy ball tummy Teddy Bear was always a reminder.



Jenny Rankin – age 4

Not too long after Christmas Mom was in a state of exhaustion from the constant running back and forth to tend to her mother, and then home to see about us. We were constantly sick with one thing or another. She finally made the decision to move Jen and me to the old tar paper trailer house behind Paw Paw's so she could combine chores. It was a move that was made without consulting the Methodist District Superintendent. In fact, she was unaware there was a need for that. When the superintendent found out that Mom had moved out of the parsonage, he was angry and insulted her and told her she was expected to stay at the church and help Dad minister to the people. It was expected of a pastor's wife. There were some pretty strong accusations made. Mom was in no mood for what she considered to be trivial nonsense and told the man so. When Dad found out the man had berated Mom and had not

discussed it with him, he exploded. Another phone call came for Dad, who had a few words of his own to say. He was accused of insubordination, so he simply left the North Texas Methodist Conference. We spent the remainder of the winter behind Pawpaw's little house in the tar paper trailer. I was transferred back to Friberg School to finish fourth grade. To help get me ready for school Jen got me up with a recording of Frankie Laine's "Mule Train" right when he yelled and cracked the whip. We had bunk beds. Jen slept on the top bunk until she fell out onto the floor. When I slept on the top bunk Jen thought it great fun to "bounce" me, pushing me with her feet from the bottom bunk until I yelled for Mom to come make her stop.

Jen stayed with Grannie after she recovered from the pneumonia, while Mom went back to work for North Texas Furniture.

Sometimes we ate breakfast with Pawpaw. He always got up early and made us biscuits and bacon and eggs. He would make a pile of left over biscuits and leave them on the stove. In the middle of the morning we would get a biscuit and poke a hole in the side and fill it with Vermont Maid syrup. After the syrup soaked into the biscuit, we had a real treat. We always laughed because he made better biscuits than Grannie.

Later when spring came Dad had the trailer moved to property left to him by his parents in Iowa Park, Texas. We cried and cried and didn't want to leave our grandparents, but Dad insisted we should be more independent. He went to work for Halliburton with his brother, Herbert. It is a company that moves oil drilling rigs.

During the time we lived there the girls next door were making fun of our Dad. We were walking along waiting for our Dad to come home when the two neighbor girls showed up. They began to taunt us.

I said, "You take that one and I'll take this one."

It didn't take long for those two to learn not to mess with us or tell stories about our family.

Not too long after that he was offered a position with the Oklahoma Methodist Conference. We moved to Carter Oklahoma.



## 25. GRANNY'S NEW COLD CREAM

By Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall

When we lived behind Granny Barton's house in the tar paper shack, Dad was going to school at Midwestern University to finish his degree. I loved to visit my Granny's house. I was about 4 years old and very curious. She had all kinds of things to see in her dresser. The dresser was an antique with a large high mirror in the front and drawers on both sides. It had a little bench to sit on and a shelf in the front for setting things. I loved to look at Granny's jewelry and try on the beautiful pins and necklaces.

One day while investigating the beautiful jewelry, I looked into the next drawer down. There was a jar I hadn't seen before. I opened the jar and it had good-smelling stuff. I rubbed a little on one arm, then the other, then my face and legs, then on the dresser and then OOPS, Granny was standing there and she was really mad. She got the fly swatter and was chasing me all over the house. I had used her brand new jar of cold cream. I knew what would happen if she caught me and it would hurt. I ran for the back door thinking I could make a quick "get away." but my hands were still coated with the cold cream from the jar. I twisted and twisted, but the door knob was slick. Granny caught me and spanked my legs with the fly swatter.

Crying, I told my mother that Granny had spanked me, but when mother heard what I had done, she scolded me. It was a hard day for me for sure.



## 26. CARTER, OKLAHOMA (1951-1952)

By Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall and Annie Margaret Rankin Warner



JENNY: Dad was the pastor at the Methodist church. We lived in the church parsonage. It had a large front porch that went across the whole front of the house. I was about 5 years old and Ann was 10. Dad just loved little kids. On Halloween, Daddy scared the little kids wearing a horrible scary red Devil mask. The dog, Susie, came running around the house, saw kids in Halloween costumes turned around howling while running back around the house scared to death. Ann and I had the “Bull Rorer” (tic tack\*) in our bed room which had a door that also opened onto the porch. Daddy jumped out from the front door as



Jenny at piano recital—age 5

soon as they knocked scaring the daylight out of kids while Ann and I made the “Bull Rorer” make noise. He also popped a blown up paper bag when he opened the door and scared more than one of them. In the end he gave them a good treat. Sometimes Ann and I would have to chase the kids and tell them to come back.

Mrs. King, Ann’s piano teacher, came to our house to give her piano lessons. I asked her to play for her. She had not worked with someone who played by ear and wanted to

teach me also. I asked her to play a music piece first and then I copied her by ear. She soon discovered what was happening and after that made me play it first. Soon we had a recital and wore pink formals Mom made for us. I remember being so afraid that I cried. Mrs. King let me wait while the others performed until I was ready to play.

Ann got in trouble for tackling one of the neighborhood girls because they were playing football.

Ann and I always had a bedroom together. One night Susie, the dog, was in bed with us. We put her way down under the covers. Mother came into our room and asked if we had seen the dog. We said we hadn't pulling the covers up under our chins.

Mother said, "Susie, are you in there?" and she wagged her tail under the covers and gave her away her hiding place. Mother got the dog and took her away.

There were lots of stories about Ann's events in school. She also remembered getting very, very sick. There wasn't a doctor in town except for a (can't remember what he was). Dad took Ann into a nearby town to the doctor and she had to have a local nurse to come every day for quite a while and give her a shot.

Ann was in love with her tall handsome teacher. He married a lady at Christmas time and Ann was just crushed.

It was also Ann's first encounter with a birthday party. It was the first time she had ever heard of "Spin the bottle." It was embarrassing!

Daddy got real sick and was put into the hospital. We were so poor that he couldn't pay his hospital bill and they were going to keep him until he paid (silly idea). I remember our visiting him. He was always making up little poems and songs. He told me a poem that I will never forget (his doctor was named Dr. Baker):

“Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Baker  
The candlestick maker  
Wiped her “hinny” on some toilet paper.  
The paper was thin and her finger slipped in  
And oh, what a mess Mrs. Baker was in.”

Mother was appalled and told Dad that he must not tell me that since he was a preacher and I might repeat it. He just laughed and said he didn't think I would remember it...but I did. He was always making up little poems for us.

The church ladies decided to wallpaper the kitchen while we were gone to Wichita Falls to visit Grannie and PawPaw Barton. They chose wallpaper with large green ivy. When we arrived back home and came in the back door and into the kitchen Mother said she thought at first she was having liver problems since everything looked green.

We listened to “The Green Hornet” and “Fibber McGee and Molly” on the radio. We would all gather around to hear the stories.

ANN: Jen had a little friend who lived close by. His name was Eugene. He would come and knock on the door. He had a speech problem.

Eugene would ask, "Ith Denny 'ome?"

We had a phone on the wall that you had to crank to call Granny Barton.

JENNY: Missy was Ann's beautiful yellow Persian cat. She had 3 lovely kittens about the time we were moving from Carter, Oklahoma to Grannie's at the end of the year. While we were packing the old green trailer Missy decided that it was time to pack her things too and put the baby kitties inside the trailer contents. We heard this mewing from inside the trailer and knew what she had done. Daddy had to unpack the trailer to get them out. We took Missy and the baby kitties to Grannie Barton. Grannie kept Missy until she died. Grannie said Missy was a regular cat factory. She had beautiful kittens. Some of Grannie's favorites were John the Baptist (grey tabby) and Pinky (yellow tabby).

\*A tic-tack was made by punching a hole in an empty tin can and running a string out the bottom from the hole. There was a knot in the string to prevent it from being pulled out. The can was placed on the top of a partially opened door and the string was rubbed with a wet cloth. It made a vibration that made the tin can rattle and squall.



## 27. GRANITE, OKLAHOMA (1952-1953)

By Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall

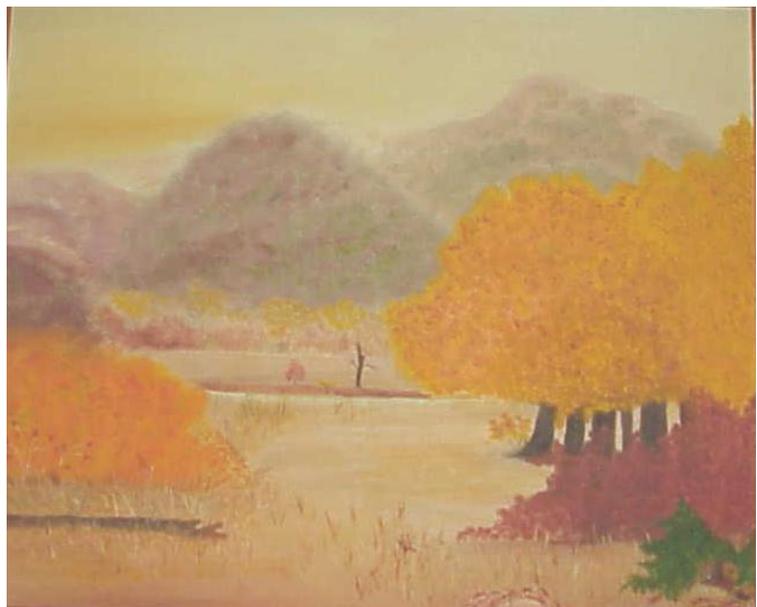
Daddy was a Methodist preacher. I was in first grade and Ann was in 5<sup>th</sup> grade. We weren't allowed to go to the movies like the other kids since we were “preacher's kids.”

We had special friends there...the Lee family. Martha Ann Lee was my friend. We were both in the first grade. We were friends with the older sister, Sally, and the brother too. We often played hide and seek through the alleys and between the houses. We had several stories that happened during the year we were there:

We often had church ladies visit us. This old rocking chair was always offered to the “Hoity Totty” ladies that would come tell Dad how to run the church. Once they started rocking, the chair would go back a little farther than expected which made the ladies grab for air and completely lose their dignity. Dad just loved it. He could claim concern while giggling inside. Of course he didn't do this all of the time.

Often we were short on food. One day Daddy bought pigeons and built an elaborate cage in the back of the house for them. I think they were to eat, but he was too tenderhearted to kill them, so let them go.

Mother often painted



landscapes. I remember once she took me to the nearby picnic area. It was really pretty. She painted while I ran around looking at leaves and playing hopscotch drawn in the dirt. I would come once in a while and see what she was painting. I asked her to paint me a bunny. She painted a little white bunny on the bottom right side of the scene. When I came back the bunny was gone and there was a green bush where the bunny had been. (See the picture on the previous page). I asked where my bunny was and she told me that she had covered him up with the bush so the coyotes wouldn't catch him and that made it OK since you could still see bits of white behind the bush.



Jenny's (second from left front) birthday party

When I went to school on my birthday I surprised myself and my mother by inviting the whole first grade class home with me for the after-school celebration. Mother quickly made muffins and Kool-Aid while the kids played in the yard. We played "Hide and Seek" and "Red Rover." It worked out fine and we all had fun.

One Sunday after church Mother couldn't find me. She sent Ann out to scour the premises. Communion was served that Sunday and I just loved grape juice. Ann found me in the kitchen of the church under the drape for the communion table polishing off the last of the little glasses of left over juice. She just knew we would be hit by lightning and dragged me by my arm back to the house just mortified. She told mother where I was and what I was doing.

Mother said, "Don't you know God sees everything you do?"

I said, "Yes, then He knows how much I love grape juice."

Nothing more was said. However, I was told never to do it again.

We had many playmates. There was a little girl that always came over to play with us when all the kids got together. Ann and I didn't care for her, but she wouldn't go home. One day Ann decided to tell her how delicious the hot peppers were on the bush beside the house. She told the little girl that they tasted like watermelon. The little girl ate a handful and screamed bloody murder and tears flew. We really both caught it!!

When the friends got together, one of our favorite spots in town was the mountain of granite. A group of 5-8 kids would go to the mountain and slide down the side of that mountain after school. Every kid in town had holes or patches in the seat of their pants. When you slide down you had to be careful to catch yourself on the ledge or you would wind up in the prickly pears below...some of us did, but not Ann or me. One day we were getting ready to go somewhere. Dad said Mother should put some decent pants on me. Mother



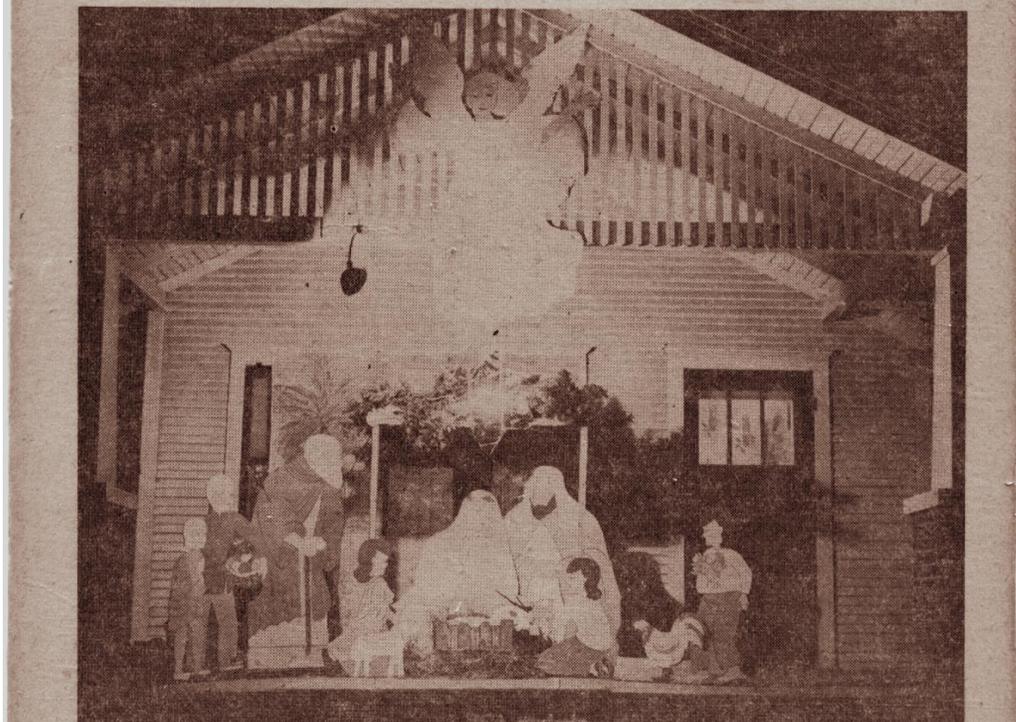
Birthday party in front of parsonage.

said she had just bought those pants the day before...they already had holes in the seat.

When Christmas time came, there was lots of excitement at our house. Mother did the greatest thing. She made a life-size nativity scene using card board and tempera paint. We had no idea it would be such a success. She used Ann and me as

models. It seemed like the whole town drove by at night to see it. A picture of it even made the front page of the paper.

# Largest Nativity Scene Ever Displayed In Granite Bringing Lots Of Comment



## THE GRANITE ENTERPRISE

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR

GRANITE, GREER COUNTY, OKLA. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1952

NUMBER 31

By Sue Herbst

Mrs. J. L. Rankin, wife of our local Methodist pastor, has put forth much effort and time in making the Nativity scene shown here.

Mrs. Rankin was kind enough to tell me the story behind this display, and that story makes the scene much more interesting. For instance why did she make it to begin with?

Mrs. Rankin said that in the community where she lived previously, there was a lady that had a large Christmas scene every year and the children and grown-ups alike always looked forward to the next one. This portion of Bible history, the Nativity, seems to interest the children more because of the Baby Jesus, of whom the children are taught, means love and goodness. Mrs. Rankin said she thought of each character and animal in the scene as having a significant meaning. For instance, the doves means peace and love; the lamb, Jesus always used the lamb or sheep as examples, because they always follow a leader and know the call of their master; of the children, Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The rooster, because Jesus told Peter that the cock would crow thrice before Peter denied him; the old man, because the Lord loves and cares for old and young alike; the angel, because the angel proclaimed the

birth of Christ to the shepherds; the star, stands as a guide because it led the wise men to the manger where Jesus lay; and the scene as a whole to celebrate the greatest event in history, the birth of our Savior, Jesus Christ.

When asked if she had ever done anything like this before Mrs. Rankin replied that she had made several small scenes but never one as large as this one. The whole idea of arrangement of this display came from a Little Golden Book. Mrs. Rankin sketched and enlarged these figures free hand from the book. The costumes of the figures and the expressions of the characters are more modern than those shown in most Biblical scenes and this is due to the illustrations of the book by Steffie Lerch, who was born in Budapest, and these are Miss Lerch's conception of the apparel worn in Bible times.

Mrs. Rankin has been gathering materials and ideas for this project since early fall. The actual time it took to complete the work on it was nine days. She said that the actual cost of the scene was \$2.00 and that was for the showcard paint she used. The backs of the pictures are corrugated cardboard mattress cartons from a local furniture store. The Angel took three hours to complete. The other figures didn't take

so long.

Mrs. Rankin feels that the project was worth her time and effort for many more children have passed the house and stopped to see the scene, and also there has been many cars passing by slowly to view it. This with the many comments from the local people have made Mrs. Rankin very happy. She told me that since this was such a success that she plans to make a more permanent set of figures of plywood and oil paints to put up every year. She plans to add something new to it each year.

Mrs. Rankin has had quite a lot of schooling in art as well as being the granddaughter of Charles Barton, of Michigan, who studied art in Vienna. She studied three years under a private art teacher in Wichita Falls and four years under Miss Irma Pendergrass, now head of the art department at Midwestern University, Wichita Falls, Texas.

Mrs. Rankin has a very creative mind and loves to make something that is different. While I was there she showed me a chintz covered doll that she had made and fixed a zipper in the back so the cover could be removed and washed.

This picture was taken by H. C. Ford, jr., and is being sponsored by The Crusaders Class of the Methodist Church.

This was the year our Dad was invited to teach at the Oklahoma State Reformatory. At first he told the people that he just didn't have time since he had to prepare sermons. They kept asking him and he finally went. He said that the school looked like any other first grade class except it had a spittoon by the door.

The inmates made beautiful boots and made a pair for Dad. They were beautiful with tops of red with white eagle wings...very fancy. The warden was amazed since the inmates were checking out Bibles from the library and there weren't enough to go around. Dad had been telling Bible stories along with reading their magazines to them, *True Romance* and detective stories. Later on Dad found it to be difficult to do both sermons and teach the classes at the reformatory. He tried to quit and the man from the reformatory kept asking him to come back. After several times of asking Dad decided that perhaps the Lord was telling him that he needed to teach. He prayed that if he was to become a teacher to send the man one more time. Just a few minutes later there was a knock on the door and it was the man from the reformatory. That is when he decided to teach.

Also, there was a couple who wanted Dad to marry them and each was divorced. Dad had an argument with the District Superintendent about it. Dad felt it was Biblical not to marry them and the District Superintendent wanted him to anyway since they were well to do in the area. Dad was always a strong believer in the Bible and felt as though his standards were being compromised so we moved back to Texas.

We moved to the tarpaper shack in Iowa Park. It had mesquite trees all around. Our Uncle Henry Entrop and Dad's sister, Aunt Marie lived up the hill. Grandpa Rankin lived up the hill also.

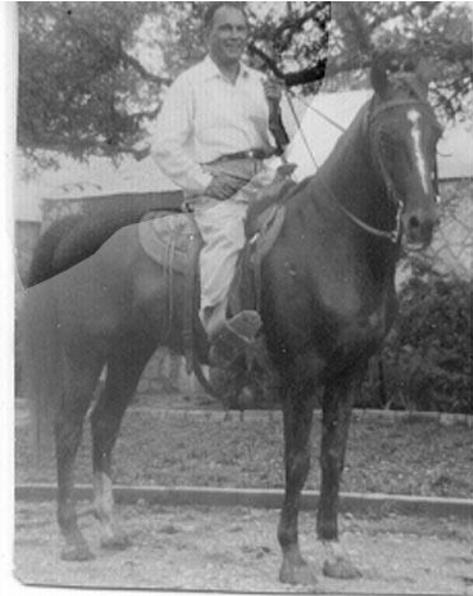
One of the mesquite trees in the back had a perfect limb with a fork. It was a perfect place for the wooden refrigerator crate that made the beginnings of the tree house. Ann designed a good sized one with a wooden bottom with sides. The ladder she built was very sturdy. It held me and my lunch plate as I crawled inside and sat comfortably on the quilt we had placed there. The problem happened when I leaned back. The side fell out of the tree with me on it. The thump as I hit the ground knocked the breath out of me. Mother ran out to see what happened and to see if I was alright. I was crying with my lunch and broken plate all over me and Ann was stomping around made as could be since I had destroyed the tree house.

## 28. BANDERA, TEXAS 1953-1954

By Virginia (Jenny) Rankin Marshall and Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

We moved to Bandera in 1953. Dad taught 8<sup>th</sup> grade and senior speech. Dad participated in Community Theater and started on his Master's degree in San Marcos. Ann was in his 8<sup>th</sup> grade class.

When we first moved to Bandera, we lived on the Bradley Ranch in a rent house outside of town. It was a cinderblock house with an open carport attached. The kitchen window on the south side faced the carport. The hot water heater was in the corner of the carport. Mr. Bradley had horses and one of the horses just loved to come into the carport and look in the kitchen window in the morning. I think he smelled Mom's biscuits. He would stomp around and snort



Dad and the horse that visited us  
Bradley's lamps. They were Western lamps with wooden stirrups or a hitching post with Mom's saddles and transparent horse photographs laced together with leather for a lamp shade. They were really beautiful.

and would blow out the pilot light to the hot water tank. Dad would have to go out almost every morning and relight it.

The ranch was an interesting place. There was a large field north of the house where Ann and I could go explore and find arrow heads and many interesting rocks.

While we lived there Mother made miniature leather saddles to go on Mr.

Later we moved into town. We lived on the grounds of the Butler Hotel



Vernon and Molly Cooper

where they had little cottages. We had many friends around us. Mr. Collier lived upstairs and we always laughed about how he wore cowboy boots and clomped everywhere he went. Other neighbors were Sue and Tom Schifflet and other teacher friends. This is where we met our lifelong friends, Molly and Vernon Cooper. Vernon taught 8<sup>th</sup> grade science and was the

2<sup>nd</sup> grade music teacher and taught me to play the song flute. Our “family name” for Vernon was “Coop”. I accidently called him that during a music lesson at school to which he stated, “Mr. Cooper!” I was embarrassed!

It was a lovely little town. Across the street was a tennis court and Ann and I played over there. Ann was pretty good at tennis and while she was there,

I would go play with my friends around the edges of the court. Once while running from my friends who were playing tag, I ran into the wire holding the tennis net. It hit me in the throat and I fell backwards hitting my head on the cement. It knocked me out. I remember waking up on the couch in our living room.

Sometimes our friends came over and we would put on shows for the parents using the front porch for a stage and the two evergreens on each side for side curtains for the stage. We sang and pretended to tap dance.



8<sup>th</sup> grade Dance—Ann is the 5<sup>th</sup> from the left on the front row. Dad is on the back on the right.

During Christmas vacation, Ann and I got our allowance. She talked me into giving her my quarter so that she could purchase blue spray snow. She purchased it, but when we got home she decided it would be best if she sprayed

it on the windows since she could do a better job. She sprayed it, but later I wound up having to clean it off with a razor blade. It has been a good story ever since.

Dad was in the community theater and one of the plays I remember was where one guy dressed up like a seniorita. The man dressed as an African, “Uga Buga” used his spear to raise the seniorita’s chest when it began sink. It brought the house down with laughter.



Community Theater Play

## 29. THE SHOWER BATH AND KITTY JOHN

By Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

Edited by Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall

Our Mother's parents, Grannie and Pawpaw Barton, were a large part of our lives until we married and left home. They were always there for moral and physical support. We loved spending summers with them. It was in the country north of Wichita Falls, Texas, on the Lower Charlie Road. Summers were hot but dry, and it seemed we could always find something to do. The things we did weren't always in everyone's best interest, but we did stay busy, and a lot of the time in trouble. We called our grandfather Pawpaw, and he called us a barrel of monkeys. The small frame house consisted of a kitchen with a dine-in eating area, a converted back porch divided into a bath room, a pass through the middle, and a huge storage closet. Pawpaw always said there were monsters inside to keep us out. Adjoining the kitchen was the living area, and to the side of that was the bedroom. Across the side of the house was a screened in porch.

Adjustments were made in summer to accommodate the heat and lack of a built in water heater. Air conditioning was just becoming used in the southern United States and consisted mostly of evaporative coolers. So, in the summers we delighted in sleeping on the screened in porch. Pawpaw had two double beds out there. We were allowed to sleep in one, and he slept in the other. We never understood why Grannie slept in the hot house, but when asked she would mumble something about "that old man snoring too loud to let her sleep." So we slept on the porch with him. We were always so tired at night, we never noticed.

Summer bath time was a regular ritual. EVERYONE with no exceptions had to have a bath before bedtime. Pawpaw had built a wooden structure with a



Tippee, Pawpaw's English Shepherd

cement floor in the back yard. The water came from one of the metal 55 gallon drums he had mounted on top of the structure. A metal spigot had been welded to the bottom of the 55 gallon barrel; a black water hose was mounted to that so that it hung down in the center of the bath house. The drain emptied into the nearby garden. A ladder was attached to the side of the small bath chamber. Each morning one of us climbed the ladder and filled the barrel with fresh well water. Heated by the sun, it made a luxurious shower by bed time. One evening Jen and I gathered our towels and headed to the shower house. Our female cat, Missy, had made her way into the shower and had chosen the cool concrete floor to have her litter of kittens. We removed Missy and the little kittens and thought we had solved the occupied shower problem when pitiful mewing emanated from the drain hole. We ran to tell Pawpaw that one of the kittens had made its way down the open drain and was stuck.

“Oh, my!” exclaimed our grandfather, “We have to get him out, otherwise he will die.”

The three of us returned to the bath house with our grandpa in the lead. He got down on his knees and examined the drain.

“He’s pretty far down there. I think the only way to get him out is to flush him out with the garden hose. It may drown him, but he is going to die anyway if we don’t get him out.”

In the meantime Missy had returned to retrieve the kitten and was twitching her tail furiously in anxiety. Grannie picked her up and petted her to calm her while the emergency procedures were in process. The well water was turned on as the hose was inserted into the drain hole. The drain began to fill and then suddenly dissipated.

“I think we got him out!” Pawpaw exclaimed, jumping to his feet and running to the place where the drain emptied into the garden.

There lay the small furry creature looking more like a drowned rat than a kitten. Pawpaw immediately began to apply resuscitation on the chest of the tiny kitten. The cat sputtered and water escaped from his open mouth. He began to breathe on his own effort.

Pawpaw laughed and said, “I guess we will name him John the Baptist because of his watery beginning.”

Grannie released the anxious mother cat that promptly grabbed the kitten by the neck and transported him to the remainder of her litter where Granny had made a cloth lined box for them inside the back porch where it was a little cooler.

We named him John the Baptist. John was one of Grannie's favorites. He was a fuzzy brindle kitty. Her other favorite was a big yellow tabby by the name of Pinky. She always had 5 or 6 cats at her house.

When Grannie rested in the afternoon, the kitties rested with her. Jenny helped her pick cockleburs out of their fur. Once when she was about 5 years

old, she told Grannie, "There's another cocklebur." And it was the tom cat's testicles. Grannie laughed.

## 30. HAPPENINGS AT EAGLE BEND (1954-1955)

By Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall & Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

JENNY: Dad got a job as a 4th grade teacher. He was really good. I was in the 3<sup>rd</sup> grade and was doing really well. Daddy and my teacher decided to promote me to the 4<sup>th</sup> grade at midterm. It was really hard since Dad was my teacher and didn't want others to think he was partial to me.

The school building at Eagle Bend was out in the country just off a dirt road. Our school only went through 5<sup>th</sup> grade. There were several little cottages for the teachers. It had a cistern (not used) and lots of mesquite trees.

Ann was at a different school in Valley View. Ann wanted to be in the band and Dad purchased a clarinet for her and bought himself a used saxophone. We made a band when Jenny played the accordion.



The Rankin Band: Leon, Ann and Jenny



Jenny & Susie at the Barton House

We were definitely out in the country. There was a Bobcat in the trash can when we drove up to the house late one evening. The car lights shined on the big 55 gallon oil barrel we used for our trash. He jumped out and ran away.

A friend of Dad's called and said he had a little dog and would we like to have it. Some kids had thrown it into the cistern and it was about to drown. He let a bucket down and it climbed in and he pulled it up...later that dog

turned up at Grannie Barton's house from Eagle Bend. Her name was Susie. Our little brown and white dog named "Susie" had so many cute qualities. She was an "outside" dog, but loved TV. She would jump up and jump up to look through the window to watch. One favorite story about her is when she was eye to eye with a jackrabbit on the sidewalk. The jackrabbit jumped toward her and she yelped and ran for the house. What a great watch dog!

One Saturday we got dressed and ready to go to town to buy groceries. Mother and Ann and I got in the old Kaiser and waited for Dad. We waited and waited for him to come out. Finally, Mother asked Ann to go inside to see what was keeping Dad. Ann came back to the car and reported that Dad had washed his hands and noticed the sink was leaking and decided to do a "**plumbing job**" and fix it. That has been a joke ever since that time when he was late.

On a trip home from the grocery store I was riding in the back seat with the groceries and decided to use the big jar of Vaseline in the grocery bag to polish my patent leather shoes. I got it all over everything. On another trip when we were on the way to Grannie Barton's house, I used the little potty we kept under the seat for long trips and threw the contents out the car window without telling Dad to slow down. The contents flew back all over me and my nice dress. I cried and cried.

A friend of mine had a birthday party at the fish hatchery. Her father ran the fish hatchery and they lived nearby. It was a big place with lots of farm animals. Some of the boys caught the chickens and threw them into the irrigation ditch to see if they could swim. The parents heard the screams and laughter and the chickens got a reprieve.

[JLM: A Texas historical marker "Site of Valley View School" in Valley View 15 miles west of Wichita Falls (not to be confused with Valley View 10 miles south of Gainesville) is located on FM 1206 (N33.8739 W98.7633). At present (2016) the building still remains, although abandoned and in disrepair. The marker also mentions the Eagle Bend School. Eagle Bend School was in Archer Co. (just across the county line) while Valley View is in Wichita Co.]

## 31. PEACH ICE CREAM AT GRANNIE AND PAWPAW BARTON'S

By Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

Edited by Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall

Didn't we grow up in a wonderful time period? As far as that goes, a wonderful place to do it! I wouldn't take for being at Grannie and Pawpaw Barton's in the summers. We spent a lot of them there. I remember going to Thornberry for peaches, followed by a trip back to the house. Next was Grannie sitting at the old Formica dinette set peeling a few of those peaches while Pawpaw went to the Bluebonnet Grocery or over to the Ice Plant for ten pounds of ice. Meanwhile I was delegated to walk to the Gensler's down the road to get fresh milk. I would make my way through the garden, and past the dishpan sized sunflowers on Mr. Gensler's fence and down the fresh plowed furrows of his field with hot red dust puffing up between my bare toes. The sun would beat down so hard my head would feel like my brains were going to fry. By the time I got to the Gensler's, it would probably be milking time. I would make my way to the barn and find Mrs. Gensler with her Babushka covered head pressed against the side of a milk cow with streams of fresh milk making music on the side of the tin bucket. The cat was always sitting where it could have gotten a swift kick from the cow but never did, as she was too busy munching on the feed in the trough. Occasionally, Mrs. Gensler would aim one of the cow teats in the direction of the cat who never missed a drop of the white stream headed its way. I slammed the gate with force so I wouldn't scare the old lady. Realizing I was there, she spoke with her soft voice which still maintained a heavy German accent.

“What you need today, Miss Annie?” She would say, as the rhythmic spray of milk continued to pour into the bucket beneath the cow's belly.

“I need a gallon of milk, Mrs. Gensler. Grannie is making peach ice-cream.” I replied.

“Just a minute, and we'll go to the milk house.” she said as she stood up lifting the full pail as she rose from the little three legged stool on which she sat.

We headed back through the gate to the little brick cubicle which contained the separating machine. The bucket she was carrying was emptied



into the top of the device. (Similar to the one pictured on the left) As she turned the crank, cream came out one spout and the milk came out the other. The gallon glass jar I had brought with me was filled to the brim with warm milk fresh from the cow. I handed her the wadded up dollar bill Grannie had sent and gave her a resounding “thank you.” The trip back to the house had seemed faster than the trek to the dairy, probably

because the sun was beginning to get lower in the horizon. By the time I reached the house, Pawpaw was back from town with ice, and was retrieving the hand crank ice cream freezer from the storage. In the meantime, Grannie had gone to the hen house and gotten enough eggs for her frozen custard recipe. She combined the eggs, with milk from the Gensler’s, as well as sugar, salt, and some Watkins vanilla. She stirred the mixture on the stove until it began to form a coating on the spoon. Removing the pan from the stove, she stirred the peeled peaches that had been cut into good sized chunks. By this time Pawpaw had cleaned and scalded the inner parts and container of the ice cream mixer. He carefully filled the cylinder with Grannie’s mixture, placed it in the wooden tub and inserted the paddle dasher in the center. He then put the cranking mechanism on top of the dasher and locked it down. The cavity between the

canister and the wooden tub was filled with layers of chipped ice and rock salt. The whole contraption was then taken out to the back yard and a doubled mat from the bathroom was placed on top. The mat was not only for insulation, but for the comfort of the person whose job it was to sit on the machine while it was being cranked. That was such a cold job we kids would often take turns “keeping the lid on,” There was always a fight over who got to lick the dasher as the cream got hard enough to remove the paddles to a clean bowl. Pawpaw would always put us off until after dinner saying the ice cream needed to “ripen.” He would repack around the cylinder with fresh ice, and plug the hole left by the operating crank that had been removed with a cork wrapped in waxed paper. And so, the wooden tub would be left undisturbed until we had consumed Grannie’s supper of Southern Fried Chicken, mashed potatoes and green beans from the garden along with cucumber and tomatoes from the same garden. Stuffed to the gills we would still make a ruckus until the Peach ice-cream was unveiled. It was probably a good thing that we ate a good supper before launching into that much anticipated peach cream. Otherwise we would have in all probability made ourselves sick.

Trips to the Thornberry Orchard go down in my memory book right along with Wagon Sellers (Dad jokingly called it “Wagon Smellers”) outside of Sunset, Texas, on our way to visit relatives in Ennis, but that another story for another time.



## 32. IN TROUBLE WITH GRANNIE

By Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

Edited by Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall

Of all the times I got in trouble with my Grandmother Barton, getting in trouble for raiding her hat boxes was one the worst. I was overcome with desire to see myself in her hats and would carefully shut the door in hopes she would not hear me in her bedroom. Fear would be overcome with curiosity and desire until she came to see what I was doing. I tried so hard to be careful, but those were the most beautiful things, and I just loved to put them on and stand in front of her dresser which had a full length mirror down the center with a dressing table on each side. My absolute favorite was a dark green one made of felt which stood about four inches high surrounded by a matching veil with sparkles glued on. The sparkles would glitter a rainbow of colors in the light. There was also a purple one, and a black one with a wide brim and fabric Roses. Sometimes I would put on white gloves with the hats and know for sure I was a “lady.” Grannie, as I called her, would admonish me that “pretty is as pretty does,” and she did not consider getting into her hats pretty. I was so bad, I did it anyway, and to this day, it is one of my best memories. To tell the honest truth, I think she was inwardly thrilled and amused at my antics. After all, mimicking someone is the most sincere form of flattery.

The other time that is most vivid is when Jenny and I were in the backyard of Grannie's house “barrel walking.” Pawpaw as we called our maternal grandfather, had stored some empty 55 gallon steel drums beside the house. Jen and I decided it would be a lot of fun to walk atop the barrels and roll them. We turned the big black barrels on their side and rolled them to the edge of the well house. We discovered the easiest way to climb atop the barrel was to mount

from top of the well house. We each gingerly stepped on the side of the barrel with our bare feet. We were busy playing “Circus” rolling the barrels as we walked atop them. Suddenly Grannie emerged from the house crying and screaming at us. It seems as though we had rolled the barrels over her newly planted Butterfly Bush. As we stood there watching her cry, we were feeling helpless to undo the harm we had done and the guilt was almost overwhelming. We loved her so much and would never do anything intentionally to upset her. She bent over the broken plant and snapped off the broken branches as she breathed a long sigh. Life was such a struggle. There had been a lot of sickness and trouble in the family for a number of years, and as usual, she was helping our parents by taking care of us while our mom worked.

### 33. SAN MARCOS, TEXAS SUMMER (1954)

By Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall

Dad needed to work on his Master's Degree. He decided to go to Southwest Texas College (now Texas State University) in San Marcos, Texas. Dad wanted to get his Master's degree so that he could be a principal or superintendent and make more money. We rented a cinderblock house on Westover Hill and were behind the Westover Hill Baptist Church. Ann and I enjoyed going to the church and especially liked Vacation Bible School.

Our friends from Bandera, Vernon Cooper and his wife Molly, came to visit often. Molly taught mother to make tortillas and it was a good thing. Often that is all we had to eat with a little pinto beans. Tortillas with butter and salt were delicious for breakfast!

Our neighbor had a granddaughter staying with her for the summer and it was fun to visit with her. She had a record player with a wind-up crank and we enjoyed playing records. She taught us to whistle really loud. After that summer Ann and I called each other with a whistle to come home from playing when Mom wanted us. Our friend had a neat bracelet with a piece that twirled with "I Like Ike." (He was running for President then).



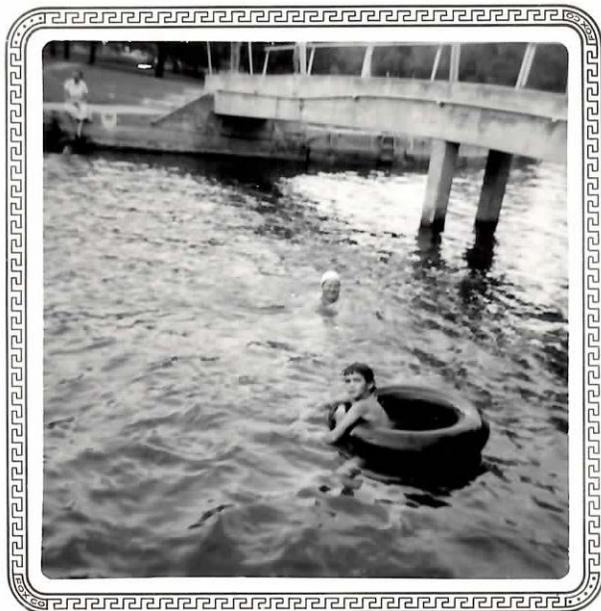
Dad drove the old Kaiser car. It always had the hood and trunk up. The hood up so that Dad could work on it, and the trunk up because that is where he kept all of his

tools. It was a good old car for a long time. The starter didn't work well, so Mom would get us up early to give Dad a push down the hill to get the car started. He always left early so that he could park on a hill at the college to get the car started to come home. After a standard shift car was rolling, you could quickly let the clutch out and the car would start.

In the afternoons Sewell Park was a wonderful place to go on hot summer days. Since Dad was enrolled in the college, he had free access to the park. Each week they showed a movie in the picnic area and people would bring blankets to sit on the ground and watch the movie on a big screen. We swam in the San Marcos River which ran through the park. Mom bought us flippers and Dad found large tractor tires to use for floats. We swam in that cold water until our mouths turned blue, and then had to get out a while to warm up. We often left the inner tubes with the



Jenny sunning by the river



Jenny and Lucille

sweet man who ran the park so that we wouldn't have to carry them in the car. Once Dad had a big rip in his swim trunks and didn't believe Mom when she told him. He walked all around ignoring what she said since they were always teasing one another. It was funny when he discovered she was telling him the truth.

When the summer was ending, Dad and Vernon needed to look for a job. Our old Kaiser would run, but had bad tires. Vernon's car wouldn't run, but had good tires....so, they put Vernon's tires on Dad's car and away we went. We all went together to different schools to interview. We laughed and looked out the windows for wild game, mostly rabbits in the pastures. If there weren't any, then we knew they didn't pay the teachers well!

Dad finally got a job in Runge as 5<sup>th</sup> grade teacher and elementary principal. We moved there to a rent house out in the country on a farm.



## 34. THE STORY OF RUNGE, TEXAS, AND THE MOVE TO WICHITA FALLS (1955-1956)

By Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall and Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

Dad's job in Runge was 5<sup>th</sup> grade teacher and elementary principal. We moved there to a rent house out in the country on a farm. As we went down the dirt road to the farm we passed a house where Hispanics lived. They were the caretakers for the farm. Their dog chased our car and barked each time we passed.

One day as we passed by their house Dad yelled at the dog, "Vamos a la casa!" ("Get to the house!" in Spanish).

The dog immediately stopped and the family on the porch laughed. That was the first time I ever thought of animals learning a different language. Later that



Ann and Thomas Owen in band uniforms after a parade

year we moved into town to an older house on the corner not far from the school. We loved our big old house in Runge. It had big rooms, transoms above the doors (rectangular windows that could be opened) and high 12 foot ceilings. The big screened in back porch went all down one side of the house. We always laughed about the fact that since the house slanted from the center to the outside edge; you had to keep turning your plate of pancakes around and around to keep the syrup from running to one side and off the edge. Mother had built the cabinets in the kitchen since there weren't any.

I was in the 5th grade that year and Ann was a sophomore. Ann was in the band and played clarinet. I played drums in the elementary band.

We had a really hard year. Our freezer was repossessed and we had to eat or give away everything in it and Ann lost her clarinet due to lack of payments. We learned to do without butter by putting a little salt in Crisco and to do without toothpaste by using soda. The good thing was our friends. The Jungama's were the Methodist preacher and his wife and were close friends of Mom and Dad. Ann's friends were Jerry Schrader, Thomas Owen Warner (Ann's sweetheart), and a few others. My friends were Betty Novak and Susan Schendel.

While we lived there, our cousins came to visit. It was Dad's niece, Mary



Susie & Jenny with squirrels

Lou and her husband, Perry, and their daughter, Susie. Then Dad's nephew came, Richard Van Winkle and wife, Margaret. They all wanted to go squirrel hunting. Perry had a dog and Margaret had a cat. Once the dog spied the cat, they went round and round inside the house with a string of people chasing them. They went across the back porch, through a bedroom, through the dining room, then the kitchen and back to the porch again. After a couple of times around and through the house, I rested on the back porch and watched as the string of runners: the cat, dog, all the cousins and Dad as they went around and around. They were all shouting and it was loud. Mother was afraid the churches nearby would hear the racket. We had churches on 3 sides.

I remember the times Ann had band trips. I would get up and try to get her up and polish her shoes and fix her breakfast. We always had a room together. We were always poor, but never knew it. Our Grandmother Barton

made dresses for us and the outgrown clothes were handed down then given to the Jungama's, the Methodist preacher and his wife, for orphans.

After school was out for the summer in Runge, Dad got the big green trailer he and Pawpaw had built for moving and started packing to leave. The old trailer held all our possessions and the old Keiser car huffed and puffed as it pulled north toward San Marcos. By the time we got there, it was dark and we were all



Ann Rankin

needing rest. Dad pulled into the parking lot behind a 7-11 and went inside to ask if we could stay there for the night. Mom made a pallet for Ann and me to sleep in the car with the trailer beside the car. She stayed awake all night watching over us. The next morning we ate a bite of breakfast and hit the road toward Wichita Falls.

Going down the road Ann and I looked out the windows and took naps. Mother all of a sudden said, “Oh, look at that old tire going past us.”....then screech, screech, screech. Our trailer had just lost a wheel and that is what passed us. Mother laughed and laughed. She had the best sense of humor...even when things were bad. Dad got the tire and put it back on the trailer and we were off again.



## 35. THE SECOND TIME WE LIVED IN ANTELOPE, TEXAS (1956-1958)

By Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall and Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

JENNY: The second time we lived in Antelope, Dad was a high school English and history teacher. I was in 6th grade and Ann was a junior in high school. We had moved from Runge. This was the fall of 1956. In my area of the school, there were two grades in each classroom. You had your lesson taught, then studied while the other class got instruction. Ann and I both played basketball.



Lucille, Leon, Ann and Jenny--1958

Our home was an old farmhouse that had no paint. It was the same Ledbetter house we had lived in when Dad was a preacher in 1949 [see Appendix VI – “Drawings of Antelope”]. The house had 12 foot ceilings and 3

fireplaces and still no paint. The living room and two bedrooms had a fireplace. These fireplaces were built in a triangle to allow smoke to go up the same chimney. One of the bedrooms was for Ann and me for a while, then later Mom and Dad moved there and Ann and I moved to a room in the front of the house. We always shared a room. Dad built us a nice closet in the front room with a storage area above the closet. That storage area became my playhouse. I climbed up and swung down by the 2 X 4 that braced the top of the closet entrance.

Once Ann found a special iron bed, a “Jenny Lind,” and painstakingly cleaned and sanded the metal headboard and footboard and painted it white. I jumped out of the top of the closet and landed on the bed. It broke the slats and bent the sides. It made Ann so mad. Mother always did such a good job of keeping things going. A replacement bed was soon available.



Ann and Jenny

ANN: I will never forget how wonderful we thought it was when Dad took in the back porch and put in a septic tank. We had a real bath tub instead of a double #2 tin washtub to bath in and a flushable toilet for us to use. It meant no more having to take turns being “first” in the weekly bath water. We had a lot of experiences in that great new first indoor plumbing. Jenny griped about having to clean the new indoor toilet “all the way to the floor”. How gross! She also never had to endure lye being blown back in her face again from trying to sanitize and deodorize the outhouse. I had a rite of passage in that bathroom, as I was given my first very own Avon good smelling soap and bubble bath to use in the indoor tub. Ahhh! The good life. There were many interesting occurrences while living in the country.

JENNY: Mother had just finished a load of family wash and was out at the clothesline when I heard a squeal. We all ran to the backdoor in time to see Mother jumping inside. She had kicked over an old chicken coop under the clothesline and found a skunk. She backed up slowly and as soon as she got several feet away, she ran for the house.

Another episode was one day when I heard yelling outside...it was Mother. There was a loud roaring and banging sound. Ann and I ran outside to see Mother with a broom and a bucket of water pounding the dead grass. Smoke and burned grass was in patches where there had been fire. What had happened was that the fireplace in the living room was lit and was burning a hot fire. The chimney that had been used for many years had built up with creosote, which caught on fire. Big "clinkers" as Mother called them, were belching out the top of the chimney, rolling down the tin roof and landing on the dead grass. These pieces of fire were really burning creosote, which was the buildup of soot. Mother was trying to put out the fire with the broom and the water bucket to keep the grass from catching on fire and burning down the house. Ann and I stood by helpless.

Mrs. Moore who lived down the street heard all the commotion and brought a large dishpan. She said something like, "Lucille, don't you know what to do?" and she filled the dishpan full of water and threw it onto the fireplace. Soot and ashes went everywhere and we heard a large hissing sound as the steam that went up the chimney put out the fire. We were all glad to have the fire extinguished. Later we had other catastrophe.

When the car was repossessed, we purchased an old '49 Chevy pickup. It ran pretty well, but the gears locked. Ann and I learned how to open the hood and unlock the gears. I learned to drive that pickup at age 11 in the corn patch

when we had to gather the corn. I was allergic to the corn leaves so drove while Mom and Ann gathered corn and threw it into the back.

One day Ann drove us to the store. When we got to the bottom of the hill Ann pressed the brake to stop at the intersection on the highway. The brake pedal went to the floor...no brakes! She geared down and made a U-turn on the highway and headed for home. Thank heavens there were no cars coming. When she pulled into the driveway, she geared down and killed the motor. We slowed to a stop and managed to miss the fence.

The next fall Ann was a senior I was in 7th grade. I was trying to be all grown up and decided that it was time to shave my legs. We had an old claw foot bathtub and the light in the bathroom was from a light bulb hanging from a wire. I decided that I needed a little more light for this tedious task. There was an electric plug nearby, so I plugged in a small lamp and placed it on the side of the rounded edge of the claw foot tub. When the light fell into the tub I remember seeing the light under water and even seeing the number printed on the end of the bulb. It made me all mad and I grabbed it by the wire and set it on the floor. Later when I told mother what had happened, she was stunned and hugged me and hugged me. I never realized how close I came to death.

Mom and Dad left Ann (17 years) and Jenny (12 years) to clean the house while they went to Jacksboro (about 25 miles away) to buy groceries. We cleaned everything but the kitchen floor. The green and white linoleum was looking bad. Ann got the mop. I told her that it needed a good “scrubbing”. I got the box of Cheer and sprinkled it all around then splashed water on it from the sink. I began to scrub with a broom and made nice soapy lather all around. I tried sweeping the soap suds out the back door and Ann was mopping and wringing it out into the sink. I decided that we needed the water hose inside to spray the soap suds out the back door. The only problem was that while I was

squirting the hose and Ann was sweeping, the water ran back behind us and under the old upright freezer. The freezer had a short in the wiring. Ann leaned on it and it shocked her and electrified the floor and then it hit me. We screamed as it shocked us and ran out the back door just in time to see Mom and Dad drive up. Oh my, was Mom unhappy with us! Somehow we managed to get it cleaned up. Mother was always busy, but found time for creativity.

Mother wrote the best stories for *The Jacksboro Herald*. She wrote under an assumed name "Home on the Range" by Pops Eaten, so nobody knew who it was. The stories were great and everyone loved them. The funniest story I remember was when the grandkids threw firecrackers in the fireplace at a family gathering. [See Appendix VIII —“Home on the Range”]

Christmas was difficult financially. We all drove out in the country to find a Christmas tree. Dad and I found one out in a pasture, cut it down and drug it to the old Kaiser car and tied it partially in the trunk and drug it home. It was so tall that it touched the 12 foot ceiling and bent over. Dad had to cut it down a little so that the star would fit. Mom made us wonderful clothes as presents. She made my first tight skirt out of the legs of a pair of Dad’s old slacks that



Ann and Jenny in living room

had a shiny seat. She took an old hat of Dad’s that was too dirty to wear and made Ann and I felt poodle dog pins.

During the winter that year Dad decided to raise some chickens. They would be too cold outside and might be caught by coyotes. He put newspapers all down on the floor in the

extra bedroom and fixed a little coop. We had LOTS of little baby chicks “peeping” in there. They had purple water to drink. It got really messy after a while, but they were placed outside in the spring.

In the summer there was a celebration in Jacksboro for Miss Jack County. One of Mother’s friends thought Ann should be in the pageant. Mom made Ann a beautiful white formal with hand beaded bugle beads and sequins all over the top. She rode on the back of a convertible in the parade that belonged to her friend, Wayne Watson. She was so lovely. We all thought for

sure that she would be the winner of the beauty pageant.



Left: Ann and Jenny acting silly.



Right: Ann in her formal for the pageant

Below is Ann’s senior picture in the 1958 yearbook -- the only girl in the class.



- Basketball 55 through 58
- Band 55 through 56
- Candidate for FFA Sweetheart 56
- Volleyball 56
- Choir 56
- High School Favorite 57
- Class Favorite 57, 58
- Class President 57
- Class Secretary 58
- Halloween Candidate for King and Queen 57, 58
- Typing Medal 57

ANN RANKIN

Ann played basketball. She played the position of guard and was really good. At that time Antelope had a wonderful gym. The rules were a little different in the '50's than now. You were only allowed to use half the court. Now the game uses the full court.



Ann was in the senior play that year. She had a part where she had to



Ann, Dad and Jenny

have a live chicken on the stage and she had to tell it to “shoo.” One of the cafeteria ladies told her that anytime you told a chicken to “shoo” they would automatically poop on the floor, so be sure to put a Kleenex in your pocket to clean it up. During the play it really happened and when Ann cleaned it up, it brought

down the house. Everyone laughed and laughed.

## Annie Margaret Rankin and Virginia Louise Rankin

(Mother made both our formals)





The Antelope gym, 2006

While visiting Antelope in 2006, Ann and I noticed that that the gym was falling in. The plate describing when the building was built was beginning to



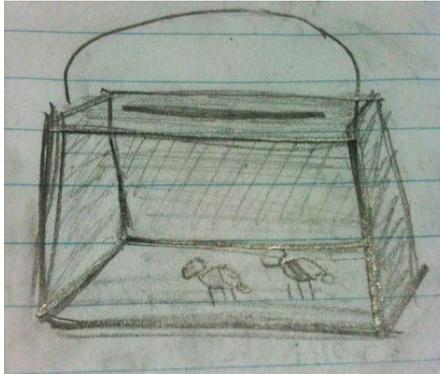
fade. This building was part of the WPA (Work Projects Administration) by President Franklin D. Roosevelt that put many people to work who had no job during the Great Depression.

Because of that project, many unskilled laborers were able to have jobs and provide income for those who had been jobless.



## 36. THE GRASSHOPPER BOX (ca. 1955)

By Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall



Sketch by Jenny with help from Stephanie Lelsz  
(granddaughter of JLM)

Our Grandparents, Pawpaw and Grannie Barton, lived on the Lower Charlie Road North of Wichita Falls, Texas. It was out in the country. They had a well with running water in the house, but purchased water for cooking and drinking.

One summer afternoon when I was about 10 years old, my Grandfather, John Raymond Barton (Pawpaw), decided he needed bait for his favorite pastime, fishing. He got a pine board and sawed it into 3 pieces. He nailed it into a "U" shape. He then cut some screen wire and covered the open sides of his boards and fastened it with little screen tacks. He cut a rectangle out of an inner tube from an old tire and nailed it to the top of the "U" shape and cut a slit in the top about 8" long. He cut a piece of cotton rope and fastened it with nails to each end of his "box" to make a handle.

After it got dark we went out to the garden with a flashlight. Since grasshoppers didn't fly at night, we found a bumper crop on his patch of black-eyed peas. Using the flashlight, we grabbed each grasshopper we found and put

it through the slit in the top of box. The slit closed quickly, capturing the insects. After about 20 insects were inside, we put the Grasshopper box on top of the well house and went inside.

The next day we had a full morning of bait to use for fishing at the gravel pit near his house. Pawpaw taught me how to fish with grasshoppers for bait using a cane fishing pole. He also taught me how to take the fish off the hook and how to clean them when we got back to the house. My Pawpaw was really grand. He also taught me how to swim and how to drive a car, but that is another story.

# 37. THE ROCKIN' R RESTAURANT

(Antelope, Texas)



By Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall and Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

JENNY: In 1958 our mother, Margaret Lucille Barton Rankin, opened a restaurant. She named it “The Rockin’ R” with the brand similar to her Great Grandmother, Susan Arrington’s brand, the Rocking A.

The whole family worked at the restaurant after school. My jobs were forming the 20 pounds of hamburger meat into patties, washing dishes and cleaning. I cleaned the shelves and counters and floors. I used Johnson’s paste wax on the floor and buffed it by hand to make it shine.



Hamburger Press



Café Plates

My sister, Ann, waited on tables, bussed the tables and ran the cash register. Once she said she was afraid to wait on a dirty, burley old man seated at the counter. He had his hat on and it was covered in oil. He was tired, and his head was slumped over. His Kakis were also full of oil and dirty. His face was also black with oil. Mom had always told her that if there

was anyone she was afraid to wait on, to come get her. Mom went out to wait on him and it turned out to be Daddy. He had been outside cleaning and mowing.

Dad's jobs were washing dishes and cleaning around the building and mowing. Dad got all excited about buying products wholesale. He purchased a case of Duncan Hines cake mix and other things. We had cake for many months. Mom was always working on something.

The Tastee bread man delivered our bread and hamburger buns. He was flirting with Ann one day and I poured coffee cream in his hair. I got in trouble.

My Grandmother Barton made homemade apple pies and pecan pies for the café. She froze the pies and brought them to our house where Mom kept them in the freezer and baked them as needed. Mother made homemade French bread to go with the huge servings of chicken fried steak, French fries and lettuce salad with "Brockles" dressing (which was similar to Thousand Island Dressing), and a large container of ice tea. There were also hamburgers with French fries and homemade chili.



Chili bowl

The truckers passing by on the highway discovered the restaurant and passed the word that the food was good. We got more business than we could handle. We had to expand or close and since we didn't have any money to expand, we closed.

One time our relatives from Holliday, Uncle Buddy Roberts and his wife, Aunt Chris, and children, Wayne and Sue, came to visit us on a Sunday (the

restaurant was closed). We all went down to the restaurant to eat. Mother had learned to make corny dogs. Wayne ate 27 of them. Mother said she would cook as many as he could eat. We were all surprised. We decided he must have had a hollow leg!



## **38. MEMORIES OF DIVESION DAM**

### **(ANTELOPE, TEXAS)**

**Correspondence between Wayne E. Roberts  
and Annie Margaret Rankin Warner**

WAYNE: I am not sure of the year, the ages of our siblings, or the details of the pyrotechnics, but the location was LAKE DIVERSION. Lake Diversion, an artificial lake about seven miles long, is in northwestern Archer and northeastern Baylor counties and was formed by building a flood-control dam on the Wichita River in Archer County. It is used primarily for irrigation, with a network of canals running as far as Wichita Falls. The lake, which stands at 1,053 feet above sea level, is also an excellent recreation area. The local soils are deep clayey loams and support a variety of grasses and wild upland plants. The red clay colors the brick-red trickles of the streams and provides the binder for squishing mud between your toes. There are fish; largemouth bass, along the dam face where we swam and played in the shallows. White bass, Crappie, and Catfish can be caught year round.

The lake area features rugged, scenic beauty with mixed grass/mesquite-covered mesas and juniper breaks. North Texas wildlife abounds around the lake. Roadrunners, great blue herons, many species of ducks, meadow larks, quail, doves, cardinals, owls, flickers, bluebirds, kites, hawks, and mockingbirds are just a few of the many species of birds found there. Most common mammals are mule deer, rabbits, raccoons, armadillos, opossums,

bobcats, porcupines, and coyotes. Numerous frogs, turtles, and lizards can be seen and an occasional horned toad. (Aka Horny Toad).

The canals snake across the Kadane Oil Fields and serve (irrigate) many farms and dairies. Local youth (Holliday, Valley View, Iowa Park, Dundee, and Black Flat) utilized the canals, or 'irrigation ditches' as they were usually called, for summer recreation much like water parks are used today. Urban legends abound about "The Big Ditch"; the "Little Ditch" and the countless other viaducts and meanders that provided a haven for swimming, skinny dipping, and the occasional snorkel and spear fishing attempt.

One such occasion occurred on a hot (100° F +) afternoon, when, after a hard day's work hauling hay for Garland Ray, a quartet of sweaty teens decided a dip in the ditch was in order. Not to worry that we had no swimming trunks with us, we just bailed off into the foamy flow wearing nothing but smiles. And so we were collectively treading near the concrete viaduct when a pickup approached. A farmer, we assumed, so we proceeded to "moon" the passer-by. Do you know the sound of an old Chevy pickup, brakes locked up and tires sliding on a gravel road can lower the moon simultaneously and quite rapidly? Seems the passer-by had his wife along that day. Somehow, three desperados vanished into thin mesquites, leaving me to stand alone and naked, exposed to the wrath of God and a Victorian married couple well versed in profanity and threatening one's life. After the old couple finally drove off, out came the other jay-birds with my clothes. Hilarious, huh?

To get to Lake Diversion, (from Holliday) you go west on the Seymour highway, past Mankiins, and 5 or 6 miles later, the ghost of Dundee appears. The only Dundee remnants visible from the highway are the old Sanders' store

and an old café building falling down in decay. Cotton Gilmore's place on the left is the most attractive residence; although JoAnn died some years ago, Cotton still keeps the place up nice.

But, if you're looking at Cotton's house, you missed the turn to the Lake. You turn early on FM 1180, a semi-paved road leading up to the fish hatchery. As you turn off of 82/277, you pass the old Dundee School house on the left. The old school house was abandoned in place when Dundee consolidated with Holliday (19??); and ever since has sat silently like a shrine to forgotten school children and teachers.

When I was about 11 or 12, and the old school house was still in fair condition, Daddy and some of his cohorts played for square dances held there in the old gymnasium/assembly hall. Seems a local square dance "club" had formed and Daddy was hand-picked to play and "call" the square dances. If you do not know what "calling" a square dance means, you may not be a redneck. Of course, at that age and time, I despised country (hillbilly) music, and thought it quite "square", much less the dancing that accompanied this "skip-to-my-Lou" on steroids. So with Daddy dutifully playing, singing, and calling, we kids were left to run around the old classrooms and hallways in pursuit of self-entertainment. Mother was heavily involved in "visiting" and allowed us more than usual rein, sensing our boredom and lack of resources. What a drag that we had to attend this epitome of old-timey music and suffer through the senior citizens sock hop. Elvis had not yet been invented.

These weekly dance festivals ground along boringly; each one a challenge to the sensibilities of a pre-teen, each one duller than the previous meeting. That dullness changed dramatically one session, however, with the

invitation and attendance of a Wichita Falls couple, who brought along their daughter, Judy. Judy Blackwood was the quintessential “city girl”, or so it seemed to this hick kid from Holliday. I made every clumsy attempt at friendship/relationship establishment known to mankind at that time; smitten was not in my vocabulary, but it aptly described my new-found condition. We got along fairly well, nothing romantic (except in my fantasies); just two lonely kids trying to entertain themselves in spite of their parents. The troupes eventually let us join in some of the dances. Why in the hell was I not paying attention before? Now, when I needed to impress, I didn’t know whether to “do-si-do” or pirouette. Judy and I finally made it to the comic relief level, due mostly to my awkwardness and inability to follow the “call”. Two or three fleeting dances followed, each now with an attraction heretofore unequaled. Abruptly, due either to school starting or some other cruel hand of fate, the dances stopped. I have not seen Judy Blackwood since.

And now it’s adolescence again, or Alzheimer’s, or just old age. How does teenage angst become an adult attention deficit? I thought I was no longer thirteen, looking for a thing to be; I thought I’d found and come to terms with everything in me; I thought I had assumed some ease and grace in adult reality.

ANN: Glad you enjoyed the memories. I had my time swimming in the canals too. Pawpaw tried to teach me to dive. I jumped off the culvert and didn't turn up in time, and stuck my head in the mud on the bottom. When I emerged, I had red mud rivulets running down my face and a patch of dead sunflowers on top of my head. It was one of those times when Grannie and Pawpaw had their Oh Raymond, don't make her do that, and him saying she will always be afraid if she doesn't. So crying all the while and scared to death

I climbed back up and went off again. Needless to say, I didn't forget to turn up. However to this day I don't like to dive. The other catastrophe that happened with diving was in Big Spring City pool. I dived off the low board. The button holding the only strap that kept my one piece bathing suit up snapped and the suit was forced back by the water until my whole upper torso was revealed. I treaded water as long as I possibly could to pull it up before I emerged to the top. Jenny was more than happy to tell me that I had been completely visible the whole time. Little sisters are great for undoing your confidence. It wasn't but a few days later I was asked out by the lifeguard. Go figure.

The square dance was an exercise in futility for me too. Now I wish I could. It's great exercise. You probably don't remember Tito Fennel and myself went to that dance one night when I was staying at your house. For someone who is usually agile and loves to dance, I made a complete fool of myself. I never heard from him either. School starting sure puts a stop to a lot of things doesn't it?

Hope everything turns out good for you. Looks like everyone in the nation is going to have to do a lot of belt tightening now. I have a hunch it is going to be a lot like W.W.II. Sure hope I am just being a pessimist.



## 39. BIG SPRING, TEXAS 1958-1976

By Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin Marshall and Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

JENNY: At the end of the school year in 1958, in Antelope, we learned that one of Dad's sisters, Grace Rankin Owen and her husband Eddie and 4 children, had moved to Big Spring, Texas. They were the relatives that we often visited in Jacksboro, 25 miles away. We drove to Big Spring to see what the possibilities were for Dad getting a teaching job. He secured a job teaching 6<sup>th</sup> grade at Airport Elementary, so we moved there that summer.

We loved our Aunt and Uncle and our cousins, Edna, Eddie Rhea, Sandy and Loretta. We always had a great time listening to music and playing cards. Edna had a collection of Elvis Presley records which we listened to and sang along. There was a movie theater right across the street with very inexpensive movies.

We rented a duplex on Johnson Street in Big Spring. Ann and I had twin beds in the front room and Mom and Dad had a bedroom in the back. There was a small bathroom and a kitchen/dining room in the middle of the place with a small screened in porch on the side. The back yard was beautiful. It had a high stone fence all around with ivy growing on it. It had a few lawn chairs so you could enjoy the cool breeze in the evenings.

When Dad and Uncle Eddie went back to Antelope to move the rest of our belongings, the owner of the house that we had rented decided we had abandoned the house and moved in another family with all our furniture and possessions in it. Dad could only retrieve a few items including Ann's cedar chest that the wood shop boys had made for her and a few other items.

I started 8<sup>th</sup> grade at Runnels Junior High which was right down the street, and we joined the First Methodist Church.

Ann married and left to live in Dallas. Later Mom completed her high school diploma and went to nursing school. She finished her education and testing to become a Licensed Vocational Nurse. She worked at the hospitals and as head nurse in a nursing home.



I graduated from Big Spring High School in 1963 and Mom, Dad and I went to Denton, Texas, for the summer where I started college at North Texas State University (now The University of North Texas) and Dad was finishing his Masters' degree.



Virginia (Jenny) Louise Rankin, Senior 1963

Dad retired in 1976 from Airport Elementary where he taught 6<sup>th</sup> grade for many years. They soon moved to Denton, Texas. He began a yard mowing business and was successful several years.

Mother made porcelain dolls and dressed them for a doll shop in Plano.

Dad later moved to Ann's house near Houston when Mom had surgery and needed rehabilitation. As Dad aged, Alzheimer disease began to affect him and eventually he needed special care. He was moved to a nursing home in Denton where I could check on him, and Mom went to stay with Ann near Houston. She lived there a few years and died there in 1994. Dad died 3 months later in Denton.



Margaret Lucille Barton Rankin



James Leon Rankin

## Leon and Lucille 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary



## 40. WEDDING RECEPTION OF THOMAS AND ANN WARNER



Dr. Thomas Owen Warner and Annie Margaret Rankin Warner

They were sweethearts as juniors in high school (Runge, Texas; see page 205) and reunited after 50 years. The wedding was at The Woodlands Resort and Conference Center, The Woodlands TX, April 14, 2012.



## 41. JIM AND JENNY MARSHALL



Dr. James Lawrence Marshall and Virginia “Jenny” Louise Rankin Marshall M.Ed

Jim and Jenny met October 5, 1997, and married May 22, 1998. Jenny is a retired teacher. She taught for 23 years in the Denton Independent School District. Jim is a Professor of Chemistry at the University of North Texas and has taught 41 years. Our children introduced us. We have been all over the world doing research for our DVD, “Rediscovery of the Elements”.

[Jenny deceased September 8, 2014]



# APPENDIX



**Appendix I.**  
**Papers on Samuel Eldrige**  
**from the Republic of Texas**



## Character Reference for Samuel Eldridge

### To the Mexican Government

San Augustin Oct. 10. 1835.

I do hereby certify that Samuel Eldridge is  
a native of the State of Tennessee that he  
is a man of family consisting of a wife  
that he is industrious and a good citizen  
and friendly to the laws and religion of the  
country and that he emigrated to Texas  
in the year 1833. as said by Mr John Hodge  
and that he has taken the oath of allegiance  
before me this day  
John H. Hodge

POWER OF ATTORNEY FOR SAMUEL ELDRIDGE

Free State of Coahuila & Texas  
Municipality of San Augustine  
on the the 9<sup>th</sup> day of Oct. 1835  
Know all men by these presents  
that I Samuel Eldridge have  
by day and do by these presents  
hereby fully and completely appoint  
Richard Haley my true and  
lawful attorney for me and  
in my name to petition George  
W Smyth Comr. for one league &  
labor of land and to sign my  
name to any instrument of writing  
either in Spanish or English in &  
about the premises and to do all  
legal acts thereunto appertaining

Samuel Eldridge  
his

and passed before me <sup>11<sup>th</sup> day</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>of</sup> the Municipality of San Augustine on the  
10 day of ~~Oct~~ 1835 Richard Haley

## Samuel Eldridge refusal from Republic of Texas

Said Eldridge was a citizen  
of Shelby County Texas and the head  
of a family in 1835, and in that  
year obtained a certificate for a  
league & labor of land of Gal Smyth  
County which certificate was never  
located in March or April of  
1836 he sold his headright and  
certificate of one said to the undersigned  
who procured of the Board of Land  
Comrs. for Shelby County in 1838 a  
certificate for the 2<sup>d</sup> Labor  
Said Eldridge with his family  
in about May 1836 left the country  
& remained absent for a year or two  
then returned with his family and  
has remained in the State ever since  
The "travelling Board" did not recommend  
it for patenting the undersigned  
brought suit on it in the District  
Court for Shelby County & the suit  
was dismissed for want of security  
for costs at a time when suit  
could not be recovered

Joseph Rower



**Appendix II.**  
**1846 Tax Roll –**  
**1850 Census of Shelby County**



NAME	COUNTY	NAME	COUNTY
Edgar, William	San Augustine	Eichelberger, William	Milam
Edmiston, D. C.	Travis	Eidson, James	Nacogdoches
Edmundson, Henry	Cass	Eikel, Andreas	Comal
Edmundson, J. M.	Houston	Einke, Henry	Comal
Edmundson, John	Burleson	Eisel, George	Brazoria
Edmundson, T. B.	Lamar	Eixon, Edward	Goliad
Edmundson, W.	Walker	Elage, Joel	Lamar
Edmundson, William	Cass	Elam, G. W.	Montgomery
Edmundson, William	Red River	Elam, William B.	Dallas
Edny, Newton J.	Washington	Elary, Elisha	Denton
Edny, Samuel	Washington	Eldridge, A.	Burleson
Edoms, Balis	Anderson	Eldridge, H. B.	Washington
Edrington, James F.	Washington	Eldridge, H. N.	Washington
Edwards, Arthur	Robertson	Eldridge, H. R.	Bexar
Edwards, B. E.	Bexar	Eldridge, John	Gonzales
Edwards, Benjamin	Limestone	Eldridge, Matilda	Shelby
Edwards, C. O.	Grimes	Eldridge, Peter	Sabine
Edwards, Charles	Montgomery	Eldridge, Samuel	Shelby
Edwards, Charles	San Patricio	Elen, Frederick	Harris
Edwards, E.	Henderson	Elgin, Elija	Hopkins
Edwards, Edwin A.	Harrison	Elgin, John	Washington
Edwards, Gustavus	Wharton	Elgin, Mrs. Mary A.	Washington
Edwards, H.	Upshur	Eliot, George	Goliad
Edwards, Hyden	Nacogdoches	Eliot, S.	Dallas
Edwards, James	Montgomery	Elkins, A.	Limestone
Edwards, John	Brazoria	Elkins, Bennet	San Augustine
Edwards, John	Travis	Elkins, Erasmus	San Augustine
Edwards, John	Shelby	Elkins, J. J.	Montgomery
Edwards, L. L.	Upshur	Elkins, J. M.	Montgomery
Edwards, M. H.	Upshur	Elkins, James, Sr.	Montgomery
Edwards, N.	Montgomery	Elkins, Miles	Montgomery
Edwards, N.	Upshur	Elkins, Preston	Hopkins
Edwards, P.	Cass	Elkins, William	Montgomery
Edwards, S.	Upshur	Ellett, A. K.	Bowie
Edwards, T.	Austin	Ellett, John	Cherokee
Edwards, T. R.	Galveston	Ellett, John W.	Bowie
Edwards, W.	Wharton	Ellett, Joseph W.	Bowie
Edwards, William C.	Jackson	Ellett, William	Bowie
Edwards, William C.	San Augustine	Elley, G. A.	Bexar
Efinger, Francis F.	Austin	Ellington, Martha B.	Grimes
Egbert, Charles	Sabine	Ellington, Thomas	Grimes
Eggleston, Horace	Gonzales	Ellington, Thomas	Grimes
Eggleston, Julia	Bastrop	Elliott, B.	Titus
Ehlinger, Charles	Colorado	Elliott, B. E.	Bowie
Ehlinger, Mary	Colorado	Elliott, Elias	Austin
Ehrhardt, Anton	Bexar	Elliott, George	Goliad
		Elliott, George	Matagorda

## Republic of Texas Poll Lists for 1846

### Source Information

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**Record Url:** <http://interactive.ancestry.com/48427/TXPollLists1846-001585-50>

**Source Information:** *Republic of Texas Poll Lists for 1846* [database on-line].  
Original data:

NAME	COUNTY	NAME	COUNTY
Anglin, John	Anderson	H.	Sabine
Anglin, John	Henderson	Armstrong, John	Galveston
Anglin, John	Limestone	Armstrong, L. M.	Fort Bend
Anglin, John, Jr.	Limestone	Armstrong, Martha	Fort Bend
Anglin, M.	Limestone	Armstrong, Thomas	Brazoria
Anglin, Orpha	Limestone	Armstrong, William	Jefferson
Anglin, V. S.	Anderson	Armstrong, William	
Anglin, William	Limestone	T.	Washington
Anglin, William J.	Henderson	Arnett, Granville	Robertson
Anthony, A. B.	Leon	Arnett, J. C.	Tyler
Anthony, G. J.	Henderson	Arnett, J. H.	Limestone
Anthony, John	Henderson	Arnett, James	Tyler
Anthony, Jonathan	Henderson	Arnett, T. C.	Tyler
Anthony, L. B.	Henderson	Arnold, Abraham	Houston
Anthony, R.	San Augustine	Arnold, Catherine	Bexar
Antwell, J. R.	Titus	Arnold, D.	Grimes
Apperson, James	Henderson	Arnold, Daniel	Bexar
Applewhite, Isaac	Harris	Arnold, E.	Titus
Aquilar, F.	Bexar	Arnold, E. J.	Grimes
Aracha, S.	Nacogdoches	Arnold, E. J.	Montgomery
Arbuckle, Samuel	Polk	Arnold, E. L.	Grimes
Archer, Branch T.	Brazoria	Arnold, E. L.	Montgomery
Archer, Powhattan	Brazoria	Arnold, H.	Bexar
Archibald, Thomas	Robertson	Arnold, H. S.	Montgomery
Ardrey, J. M.	San Augustine	Arnold, Hayden	Nacogdoches
Ardrey, John N.	San Augustine	Arnold, James R.	Nacogdoches
Ariola, Gabriel	Bexar	Arnold, John	Comal
Armelong, Otho	Travis	Arnold, John	Lavaca
Armitage, H. K.	Lamar	Arnold, Levi	Harrison
Armour, James	Shelby	Arnold, Nelson	Galveston
Armour, Robert	Grimes	Arnold, Peter	Comal
Armstead, Robert		Arnold, Samuel	Harrison
S.	Washington	Arnold, W. K.	Harrison
Armstrong, A.	Fort Bend	Arnspiger, David	Grayson
Armstrong, Aaron	Galveston	Arocha, Antonio	Bexar
Armstrong, Andrew	Jefferson	Arocha, B.	Bexar
Armstrong, Cavett	Robertson	Arocha, L.	Bexar
Armstrong, Edward	Goliad	Arocha, Ma Ygna	Bexar
Armstrong, George	Brazoria	Arocha, Maudonia	Bexar
Armstrong,		Arocha, Neporn	Bexar
Harriette	Harrison	Arrington,	
Armstrong, Irwin	Goliad	Claiborn	Cherokee
Armstrong, J.	Henderson	Arrington, Edmund	Cherokee
Armstrong, J. K.	Upshur	Arrington, Eli	Travis
Armstrong, James	Dallas	Arrington, G.	Henderson
Armstrong, James	Jefferson	Arrington, Joel	Titus
Armstrong, James	Liberty	Arrington, John S.	Cherokee
Armstrong, James		Arrington, N. B.	Red River
C.	Washington	Arrington, Thomas	
Armstrong, James		C.	Cherokee

NAME	COUNTY	NAME	COUNTY
Arrington, W. F.	Cass	Ashworth, William,	
<del>Arrington, William</del>	<del>Grimes</del>	Jr.	Jefferson
Arriola, Dolores	Grimes	Ashworth, William,	
Arriola, Eli	Grimes	Sr.	Jefferson
Arriola, Joseph	Grimes	Askew, Harrison	Gonzales
Arriola, Massimore	Grimes	Askew, Henry	Polk
Arthur, F.	Travis	Askew, John	Bowie
Arthur, Francis	Bexar	Askew, Levi H.	Nacogdoches
Arthur, William	Jefferson	Askew, S. A.	Brazoria
Arvill, Timothy S.	Burleson	Askew, W. S.	Burleson
Asbury, Robert	Cass	Askew, William	Polk
Asbury, S.	Leon	Askins, Charles	Henderson
Ash, Jacob E.	Houston	Askins, Charles	Lamar
Ash, Robert	Hopkins	Askins, Charles	Shelby
Ashby, Jeremiah S.	Hopkins	Askins, James W.	Shelby
Ashcraft, L. H.	Shelby	Askins, Thomas	Lamar
Asher, James	DeWitt	Askins, Wesley	Lamar
Asher, Pleasant	DeWitt	Asocha, Jose	Henderson
Asher, Thomas	DeWitt	Atkins, Daniel	Nacogdoches
Asher, William J.	DeWitt	Atkins, Joseph	Galveston
Asherbraner,		Atkins, William	Montgomery
George G.	Panola	Atkinson, Alfred	Cherokee
Asherbraner, Henry	Shelby	Atkinson, Bossey	Victoria
Ashley, A. N.	Lamar	Atkinson, J. B.	Washington
Ashley, James	Lamar	Atkinson, Mary	Travis
Ashley, James	Milam	Atkisson, Arthur	Rusk
Ashley, John A.	Lamar	Atkisson, John S.	Rusk
Ashley, Josiah	Lamar	Atterberry, Jesse	Dallas
Ashley, Nancy	Lamar	Atterberry, Nathan	Dallas
Ashley, William	Lamar	Atwell, James	Matagorda
Ashley, Willis	Nacogdoches	Atwell, P. M.	Titus
Ashlock, M. M.	Collin	Atwood, James B.	Henderson
Ashmore, Baily	Hopkins	Augustine, H. W.	San Augustine
Ashmore, J. E.	Hopkins	Aulanier, Alphonso	Galveston
Ashmore, N.	San Augustine	Austin, David	Fort Bend
Ashmore, Spencer	Sabine	Austin, David	Goliad
Ashton, C. D.	Nacogdoches	Austin, Edward T.	Brazoria
Ashworth, Aaron	Jefferson	Austin, Ephraim	Anderson
Ashworth, Aaron,		Austin, G. J.	Harrison
Jr.	Jefferson	Austin, Henry	Galveston
Ashworth, Abner	Jefferson	for Mrs. Holley	
Ashworth, David	Jefferson	Austin, Henry	Grimes
Ashworth,		Austin, J.	Brazos
Henderson	Jefferson	Austin, Norris	Sabine
Ashworth, Hetta	Jefferson	Austin, Richard H.	Harrison
Ashworth, Jesse	Jefferson	Austin, S. F.	Brazos
Ashworth, Joshua	Jefferson	Austin, William	Colorado
Ashworth, LeeRe	Jefferson	Austin, William D.	Fort Bend
Ashworth, Louisa	Jefferson	Austin, William	
Ashworth, Mary	Jefferson	Henry	Brazoria

## Republic of Texas Poll Lists for 1846

### Source Information

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**Record Url:** <http://interactive.ancestry.com/48427/TXPollLists1846-001673-138>

**Source Information:** *Republic of Texas Poll Lists for 1846* [database on-line].  
Original data:

NAME	COUNTY	NAME	COUNTY
Ragan, C.	Cass	Ramsdale, G. L.	Houston
Ragan, G.	Cass	Ramsdale, John F.	Houston
Ragan, Gilbert	Red River	Ramsey, Andrew H.	Harrison
Ragan, Hamilton	Cass	Ramsey, Isaac	Dallas
Ragan, J. B.	Cass	Ramsey, James	Gonzales
Ragland, B. V.	Cass	Ramsey, John	Denton
Raglin, Edward	Victoria	Ramsey, John	Washington
Raglin, H. W.	Grimes	Ramsey, Lawrence	Wharton
Raglin, J. B.	Victoria	Ramsey, M.	Colorado
Raglin, J. T.	Titus	Ramsey, M. D.	Colorado
Raglin, William	Victoria	Ramsey, Richard	Harrison
Ragsdale, C. C.	Fayette	Ramsour, Michael	Denton
Ragsdale, Edward B.	Sabine	Randall, Hannah	Austin
Ragsdale, G. B.	Polk	Randall, J. H.	San Augustine
Ragsdale, James C.	Fayette	Randall, Jonas	Fayette
Ragsdale, M. H.	Lamar	Randall, Leonard	San Augustine
Ragsdale, Peter C.	Guadalupe	Randall, O. W.	Nacogdoches
Ragsdale, Thomas	Lamar	Randle, Barnett	Gonzales
Ragsdale, W. R.	Cass	Randle, Wilson	Guadalupe
Ragsdale, Wm. J.	Sabine	Randolph, C. H.	Houston
Raguet, Condy	Nacogdoches	Randolph, H.	Henderson
Raguet, H. W.	Nacogdoches	Randolph, Harvey	Walker
Raguet, Henry	Nacogdoches	Randolph, J. W.	Gonzales
Raguet, Mary	Nacogdoches	Randolph, John	Rusk
Railey, Charles	Austin	Randolph, John	Walker
Rainbolt, Wm.	Lamar	Random, John	Fort Bend
Rainer, S. M.	San Augustine	Raney, Joseph	Anderson
Rains, Charles B.	Nacogdoches	Raney, David	Red River
Rains, Emery	Shelby	Raney, Joseph	Anderson
Rains, George C.	Galveston	Raney, S. D.	Red River
Rains, George R.	Shelby	Rankin, D. H.	Fayette
Rains, J. D.	San Augustine	Rankin, F. B.	Montgomery
Rains, J. H.	Bowie	Rankin, F.H.	Polk
Rains, Joel D.	Henderson	Rankin, Hannah	Fayette
Rains, John	Navarro	Rankin, J. M.	San Augustine ?
Rains, R. F.	Red River	Rankin, James M.	Polk
Rajas, Francisco	Bexar	Rankin, M.	Brazoria
Ralls, Benjamin	Tyler	Rankin, Peggy	Polk
Ralls, M.	Red River	Rankin, Wm., Jr.	Harris ?
Ralph, Nancy	Walker	Rankin, William M.	Montgomery
Ralph, S. W.	Jasper	Ransom, A.	Galveston
Ralph, Samuel	Washington	Ransom, Farman	Bastrop
Ralston, Joseph	Washington	Ransom, John	Bastrop
Rambo, Anderson G.	Handerson	Ransom, Thomas J.	Washington
Rambough, J. A.	Brazoria	Rasback, Fatten	Austin
Rames, Hose	Victoria	Rashall, John	Bexar
Ramon, Antonio	Goliad	Rassel, William	Polk
Ramos, Tomas	Bexar	Ratcliffe, Ann	Tyler
Ramos, V.	Goliad	Ratcliffe, E. T.	Tyler
		Ratcliffe, Eli.	Tyler

**Appendix III.**  
**Button Letters**  
**(Charles E. Button, aka**  
**Ora Eugene Bigelow)**



1

Hopkins July 7-95

Mrs Annie Barton.

Ennis Texas. Dear Friend  
Yours of a late date rec'd  
was glad to hear that  
you were all well. also  
receive thanks for picture.  
Did Ora have his fathers  
and mothers. Maude's and  
Nettie's and my Pablo's  
also our boys. when he  
died; he had them when  
he was here. You asked  
his parents name's they  
were. John Richardson,  
and Louisa Maria.

His mothers brother is Henry  
P. Madhams. he lives in Chicago  
he is a broker on the Board of Trade

The books were given by Uncle  
Henry W. his mother, and she  
took them from here, we sold him

Hopkins 10/21/53  
Mrs. Annie Barton }  
Ernie Lopez. }

Friend Annie  
I received your letter some  
days ago. About the time I  
rec'd it - I had written  
to you. Therefore have writ-  
ed until now to write again  
My wife is improving in  
health. We are having fine  
weather here. I have my  
crops all secured. about-  
ready for winter with  
ice. Snow and ice. There  
was over a foot of snow

in the north part of our  
state last week, with  
good sleighing. Annie  
if you will come to Mich-  
igan this winter I will warrant  
you a good sleigh ride  
at least.

Our fruit-crop near  
me was very poor. I had  
about nine bushels of apples  
last year had over eight  
hundred bushels. We have  
good farms here, and  
generally raise good crops.

I suppose little Raymond  
tries to get around the  
house alone by this time.

If I ever come to Texas  
I am coming to see him  
and his mother, but I  
presume I never shall  
get that far south.

Annie I hardly know  
of any news that will in-  
terest you, therefore will close

Thine your Friend  
Charley,

P.S. Have forgotten the  
number of your P.O. Box

CHAS. W. BUTTON,  
TOWNSHIP CLERK  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hopkins, Mich., October 25<sup>th</sup> 1896.

Mrs. Annie Barton

Dear Friend and Sister:

Yours of a late date recd. and  
eagerly read. We are always glad  
to hear from you. We are all well  
except Nattie. her health is very  
poor. she has now gone after a  
girl to help her. We will Hull  
clover seed this week. <sup>come day</sup> then pres  
hay and straw a couple of days  
making a number to cook for  
We are generally husking corn  
now. I have 23 acres. it is yield  
ing about 100 baskets per. acre.  
with a large growth of stalks.  
Our apples are all gathered  
we saved only the best. the  
rest rotted on the ground

CHAS. W. BUTTON,  
TOWNSHIP CLERK  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

L.

Hopkins, Mich., \_\_\_\_\_ 189 .

I packed in barrels some and sent to a Commission House; sold some in bulk and made some in apple jelly, and now have over 200 bushels in my cellar, of the best. The apple crop is very large, with a poor market, the best selling for less than 50¢ per barrel for the fruit. Annie I wish you and baby could have some of my Spies etc. to eat. Come up and spend the winter with us and you may go down cellar as often as you wish. We will also keep you from freezing. I would like to see little Raymond.

CHAS. W. BUTTON,  
TOWNSHIP CLERK  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

3

Hopkins, Mich., \_\_\_\_\_ 189 .

We are having nice fall weather now. It freezes most every night. Last night it froze water in the wash basin out of doors nearly solid. What <sup>would</sup> you think of that in Texas.

Our boys are growing up nearly to manhood. The two oldest have Bicycles: are they such a craze as here: nearly every boy has one. I have not rode one yet. Ralph has had one two years. Our boys are all hunters. They have four guns in their room. beside a revolver. They take after their Grand fathers I guess. as they were both great men to hunt. My father

CHAS. W. BUTTON,  
TOWNSHIP CLERK  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

4

Hopkins, Mich., \_\_\_\_\_ 189 .

Killed a number of deer when he first moved to Michigan. Father Bigelow. hunted considerable. the boys has his old gun. Ora used to be found of a day in the woods. he was a good shot. we have no deer here now. there are some in the north part of the state. Well Annie I hardly know what to write that will interest you. also I am a poor hand to correspond with ladies. I always prefer to talk with them. You wrote in your last letter as not being well. hope this will find you enjoying

CHAS. W. BUTTON,  
TOWNSHIP CLERK  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hopkins, Mich., \_\_\_\_\_ 189 .

better health. When is baby birthday  
I have forgot. Dont-wait-as long  
as I have. I have been very busy  
this fall with my farm also  
with Townships affairs. I sup-  
pose politics are the rage south  
as well as north, but the 3<sup>rd</sup>  
of November will decide.

I will, Annie I will close for this  
time. I hardly know whether  
you can read this, as I always  
write in a hurry.

From your Friends  
Charley & Nettie

CHAS. W. BUTTON,  
TOWNSHIP CLERK  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hopkins, Mich., April 11 1897.

Mrs. Annie Barton

Dear Sister & Friend:

Your welcomed letter duly received. We are always anxious to receive a letter from you

Nattie always open your letter the first when received with others. she always read it before I get an opportunity.

You know she always placed great friendship in Ora. so she naturally has the same in you.

Nattie's health is very poor. about ten weeks ago she was taken with an Hemorrhage of the bronchial Tubes or perhaps the upper lungs

8

Hopkins, Mich., \_\_\_\_\_ 189 .

The bleeding stopped in a few hours, since that she was confined to the bed about six weeks most of the time. She now sits up or lies on the couch during the day. She gets out to the kitchen and prepares her own meals now. generally, has wiped the dishes a few times, did a little mending. The doctor came every day for a long time, now he comes only twice a week. She coughs some. She did ~~have~~ when sick cough a great deal. Our climate (being cold) is more severe with a person troubled with a lung disease.

Hopkins, Mich., \_\_\_\_\_ 189 .

We hope she will be better next month when we have more settled weather.

The weather is fine now but cold nights.

We have to keep a hired girl. I wish Annie you could step in occasionally and see us. Nattie often says she would like to see Annie.

We last Monday had our spring election, and I was again elected Clerk. This makes the third time. Annie I presume we would disagree on politics. But I think we shall always be friends for all that.

CHAS. W. BUTTON,  
TOWNSHIP CLERK  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

H

Hopkins, Mich., \_\_\_\_\_ 189 .

You spoke of having radishes in your gardens. we have not - as yet - plowed any will do some this week. The boys put up their buckets from the sugar bush yesterday. The maple sugar season was short. I wish you and Raymond could have been here to have eaten maple sugar with us. do you ever see any in Texas.

If you can not read this send it back. as I am always in a hurry when I write.

Annie write as soon as you can conveniently. as this last time we thought you had forgotten us. From your friends

Charley & Nettie

C. W. BUTTON,  
President.  
L. C. ROOT,  
Secretary.

Board of Directors:  
Byron Calkins,  
A. C. Gilbert,  
J. J. Jordan,  
M. W. Ward,  
Oliver Wise,  
A. W. Fisher,  
Wm. Ely,  
S. S. Stout,  
Chas. Harper,  
Frank Granger,  
A. W. Lonsbury,  
Ira Thorpe,  
Charles Jackson,  
Albert Rebel.

# Patrons' Mutual Fire Insurance Company, (Limited)

Of Allegan County.

Allegan, Mich., Hof. Kiss Oct 11 1903

Mrs. Annie Burton

Emmis Texas.

Dear Friend: It has been a long time since I wrote you. We are all as well as usual. We are having very fine weather.

Annie please excuse me for not writing before to you. I have been very busy. I am now on the Board of Supervisor at Allegan. I enclose in separate wrapper a paper with proceedings and a list of your humble servants. don't judge me by my looks, please.

We are in the midst of our fall work. Apples are a good crop. Corn is good. potatoes fine.

I hope that you are well.

My boys are getting ready to go to the north part of Michigan on a hunting trip next month. They have been for 3 or 4 years. The oldest has killed <sup>twelve</sup> ~~three~~ deer

President.  
L. C. ROOT,  
Secretary.

Byron Calkins,  
A. C. Gilbert,  
J. J. Jordan,  
M. W. Ward,  
Oliver Wise,  
A. W. Fisher,  
Wm. Ely,

S. S. Stout,  
Chas. Harper,  
Frank Granger,  
A. W. Lonsbury,  
Ira Thorpe,  
Charles Jackson,  
Albert Rebel.

Patrons' Mutual Fire Insurance Company, (Limited)  
Of Allegan County.

Allegan, Mich., \_\_\_\_\_ 190

and one bear, and the youngest  
ever deer, always get all the  
law allows them.

Please excuse me for poor  
writing as there are some  
talking near.

Write soon.

I am your friend

Chas. W. Burton

C. W. BUTTON,  
President.

L. C. ROOT,  
Secretary.

Board of Directors:

Byron Colkins,  
A. C. Gilbert,  
J. J. Jordan,  
M. W. Ward,  
Oliver Wise,  
A. W. Fisher,  
Wm. Ely,

S. S. Stout,  
Chas. Harper,  
Frank Granger,  
A. W. Lonsbury,  
Ira Thorpe,  
Charles Jackson,  
Albert Rebel.

# Patrons' Mutual Fire Insurance Company, (Limited)

Of Allegan County.

Stephens

Allegan, Mich.,

June 9<sup>th</sup>

1904

Mrs Annie Barton

Emuis Texas.

Dear Friend.

After some time waiting, or rather being careless I write you. I have been very busy this spring. Father was taken worse last November and took to his bed, and he required my constant care until his death on April 26<sup>th</sup>. I staid with him nearly every night, and the greater part of the day time all those winter months. He died at an old age, he suffered but little pain, & during most of the time, being of a strong constitution naturally, he gradually failed until the last, no pain, dying without a struggle.

My sister Emily is in poor health, she can not walk, gets around some in a wheel chair, I think I have told you how our farm are located, if not will now, first there are four corners, our roads are four rods wide. My house is about broad west of the corners on the north side of the East and West road, about twenty ft from <sup>272</sup> the road fence.

Patrons' Mutual Fire Insurance Company, (Limited)  
Of Allegan County.

Allegan, Mich., \_\_\_\_\_ 190

I have a fractional Eighty here. Then I have forty acres. Seventy rods east from the Eighty. Father's old farm is on the North east corner being between my two farms. so our lands are all together. we all have 224 acres. My cousin on father's side lives on the South east corner. Father settled on his farm in 1854. it was then a dense woods. now we have as good as in the township. with good buildings.

My boys work my farms. we are raising 15 cows this summer. dairying is a great industry with us.

Last spring I was re-elected as Supervisor for the seventh time in succession and that has taken all my time until now. This spring.

Uncle Henry Madham. died in Africa two years ago next August. it takes two years time to settle an estate. The final settlement is set for August 24<sup>th</sup> 1902. Now he had three sisters as heirs. or their children.

G. W. BUTTON,  
SUPERVISOR AND  
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hopkins, Mich. January 8<sup>th</sup> 1898

Mrs. Annie Barton

Emmis Texas.

Kind Friend: Your ever welcome letter was duly recd. we were glad to hear from you, as we always are, and to hear that you and Raymond were well.

We are as well as usual, all but Nettie, her health is poor.

We are in the midst of winter, yesterday we had an old "Blizzard" very cold, wind high, and air full of snow. to-day it is warmer, but cold yet, at least you would call it so in Texas, but we all enjoy the winter weather, the weather is more healthy generally, we have less work to do, we get up our wood on stumps which is easier than with a

Hopkins, Mich.

189

wagon you know we have to procure lots of wood for house use in Michigan. our houses in the country are heated with stoves and I have to furnish some 60 or more cords of stove wood per year. we keep a fire all night in winter to keep the house plants etc. from freezing. our house is large but fairly warm.

Ralph my oldest boy went to the northern part of Mich on a hunting trip in Nov. they killed five deer. he has the head of one mounted and hung in the dining room. Our boys kill lots of squirrels and rabbits. they all are fine of guns. and know how to use them.

G. W. BUTTON,  
SUPERVISOR AND  
NOTARY PUBLIC.

(31)

Hopkins, Mich.

189

You spoke of Maude. She lives  
at Weidman, Mich. a small  
place in northern part. She  
had a girl born I think in  
Sept. It lived five weeks and  
died. not very strong. Sarah  
her mother was in Hopkins  
visiting New Years. but she  
did not come to see us.

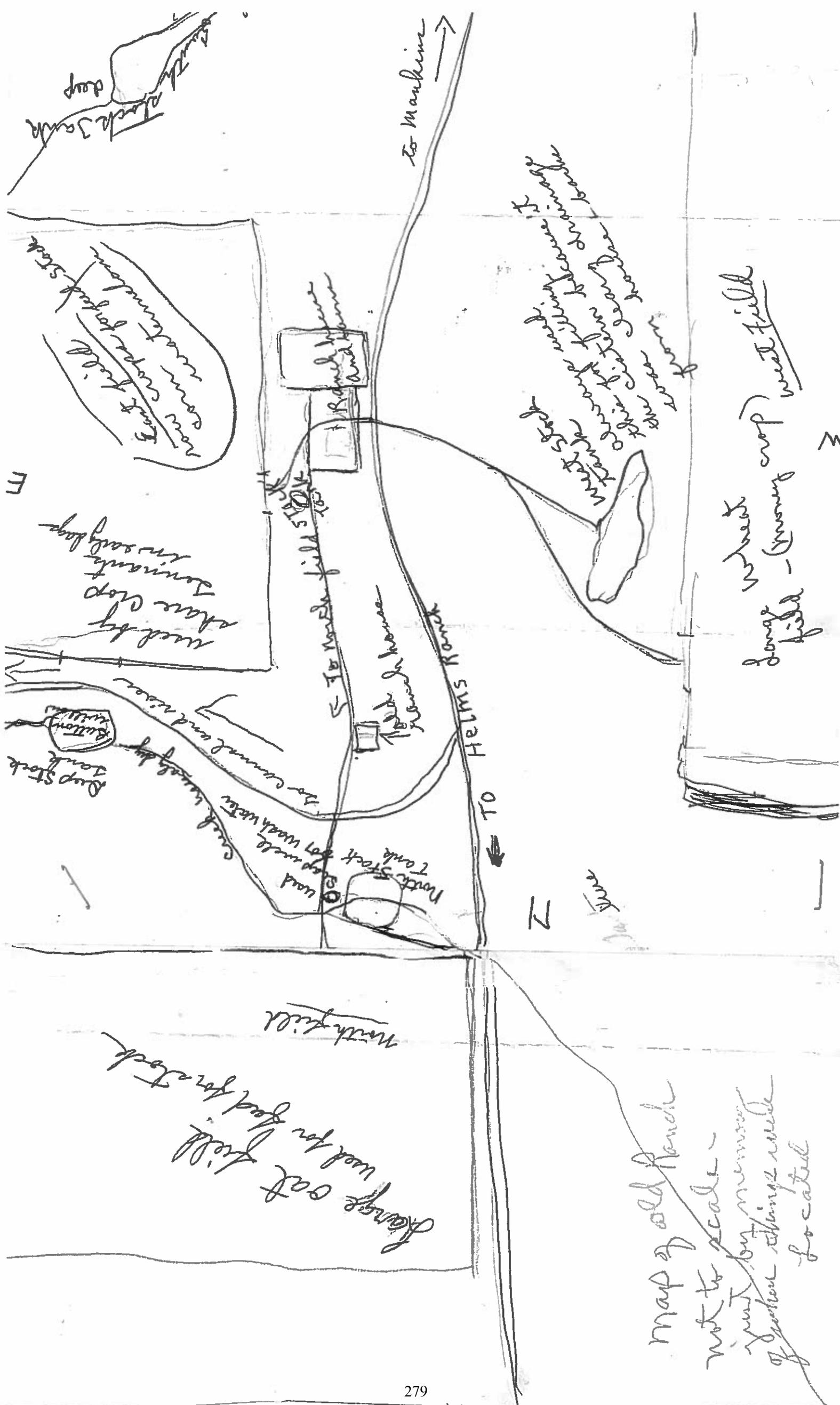
They feel hard because I can  
not tell where Eva died etc.  
Maude more especially.

I can not think of the name  
of Maude's husband.

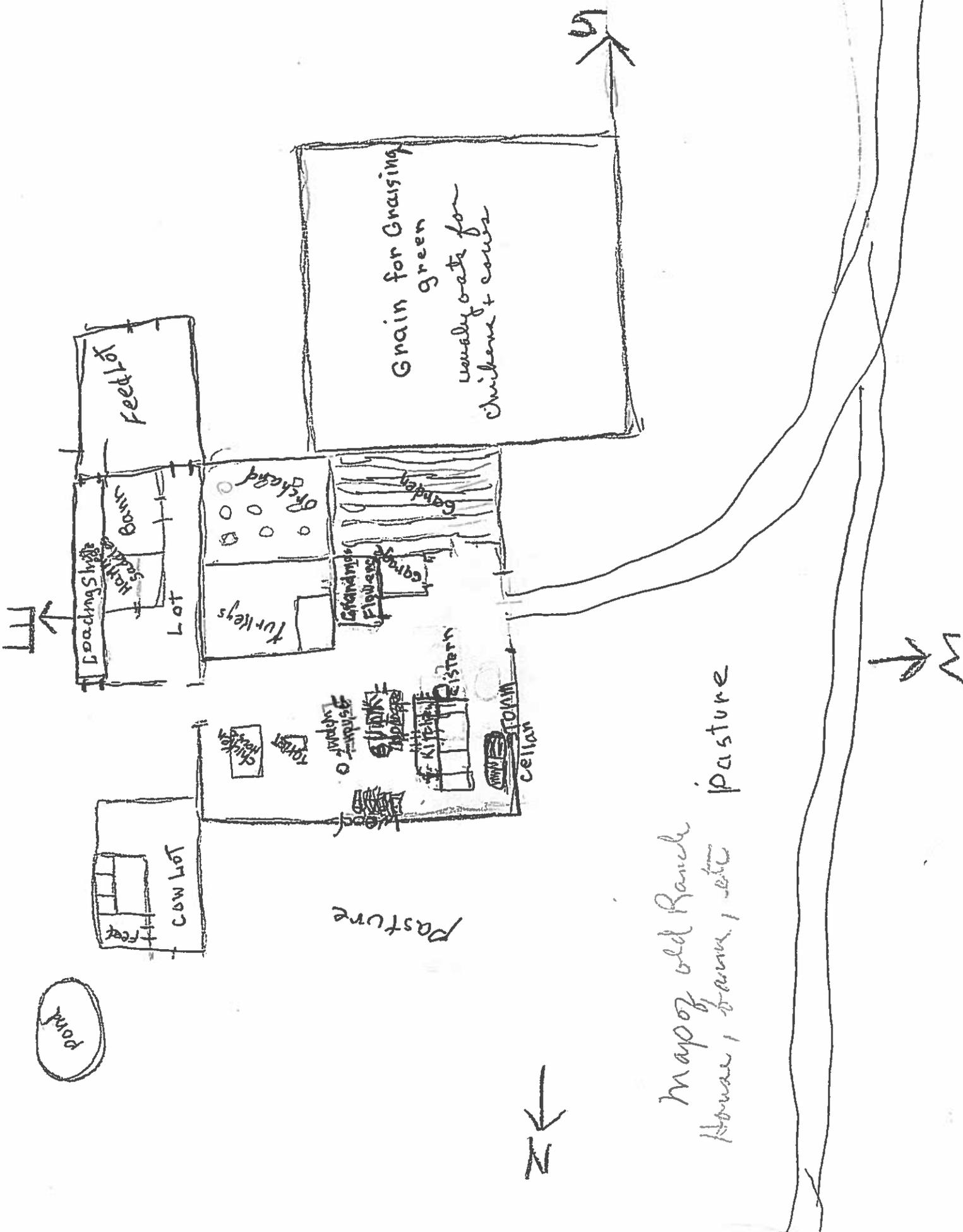
I suppose you are having nice  
weather in Texas. Was glad you  
had a good position. We wish  
we could see you and Raymond.  
I could talk better than to write.  
I will close by wishing you a  
Happy New Year.  
Charles & Nettie.

**Appendix IV.**  
**Sketches of Archer County**  
**Ranch House layout,**  
**and painting of Rye Hill**  
**by Lucille Barton Rankin**













Rye Hill by Lucille Barton  
(Archer County Ranch)



**Appendix V.**  
**Lucile Rankin Stories**  
**Transcribed by Ann Rankin Warner**



## CHRISTMAS AT THE OLD DERDEN HOME PLACE IN ENNIS

Transcribed from Mom's micro tapes (Must have been about 1920 or 1921)  
This transcription by Ann Rankin Warner. It is very much word for word as she spoke it.

This is a Christmas story about the Christmas that I began to figure out who Santa Clause really was. I didn't say anything because I could see how my parents were having so much fun that I thought, "Why say anything, because this is really a fun game to play." On Sunday morning at the old home place in Grandpa Derden's house, the Christmas tree was always in the parlor. There was a big fireplace in the parlor, and we always hung our stockings on the fireplace and that's where Santa Clause always brought all our Santa Clause goodies, and other things. This Christmas we went in to see what Santa Clause had brought, it was all different. Before on other Christmases there was always a fire in the fireplace on Christmas morning, but on this Christmas everything was different. When we went in there, there was the ashes from the fire the night before. There were big tracks from the fireplace all across the hearth and to each stocking.

The grown ups said, "Look, Santa has come down the chimney. There's his tracks."

I went over and looked. Sure enough Santa Clause had worn cowboy boots exactly like my Dad wore. I also noticed in the back of the fireplace where the soot collected in the little pooched out place, nothing had been touched. There wasn't a scrape on it. I thought, "Santa Clause is Fat! If he had come down that chimney, he would have scraped off that soot back there. That was my Dad's cowboy boot, I just know. Well, maybe Santa Clause wears them. – but no, that's my Dad's tracks. I have walked in his tracks too many

times and I know EXACTLY how they look and exactly how far apart they are. So I didn't say anything.

We got horns and raisins nuts and candy and I got a doll. My brother got cars and tractors. After we looked at what Santa had brought, we took our horns and ran up and down the halls and blew our horns and yelled, "Merry Christmas". We always got horns that made a lot of BLA BLA noise.

Grandpa always got a kick out of that because that was our Christmas celebration. We always took our horns and blew them and shouted and went into Grandpa Derden's room and said, "Merry Christmas". He always got a big kick out of that. He would sit up in bed and say, "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas". It was part of our Christmas Celebration. It was part of his Christmas too. He had a fire in his bedroom fireplace. We would sit in there and look through all the nuts and candy fruit and all the things we hadn't really looked at before because there was no fire downstairs where the tracks were.

Later that day we had our big Christmas dinner and our Christmas Day followed by fireworks. My Dad loved fireworks. He always placed them outside on the gate to the big wooden fence which surrounded the yard. Then, when it got dark he would go outside and light them. It was too cold for us to go out, but we would sit in the living room window and watch. He would go out there and light each one. We had Roman candles and sparklers and just all kinds of things that would go up high and burst. We didn't have neon lights and those kinds of things back then when we went to town, so all those colors were really a treat. We would sit there and eat our Christmas goodies and look out the window to watch the fireworks.

Christmas at that time at the old home place was celebrated and enjoyed. It was a big house, with an upstairs and a downstairs altogether nine rooms.

Everything was always decorated. Everybody would come to the house for Christmas Dinner. Grandpa had a cook that always cooked for him. She would bake a ham, and a turkey, big old cakes and pies. All the relatives would come to visit and bring gifts. It was just a big, big day for everybody.

Ending comment. This was around 1920 or so. I was about four or five years old. I think I was pretty smart, don't you?



# Christmas at the Archer County Ranch

Tape transcription from Lucille Rankin's tapes of her childhood

Approximate year 1925

This transcription by Ann Rankin Warner. It is very much word for word as she spoke it.

Out there, you know, there weren't many trees except mesquites and bushes called chaparral bushes. We wondered what we were going to do for a Christmas tree. At Ennis there was always ceders down on the creek where we could go and cut a Christmas tree. This was before we ever even thought about going to a Christmas tree lot and buying one. So we thought about what in the world do they do for Christmas trees out here?

Dad said, "We are going to have a Christmas Tree, just don't you worry about it."

We were still over at the Helms ranch house at that time. We hadn't gotten to move to our house yet as the renters were still there. Everything was kind of stacked up everywhere. Nobody could find the Christmas decorations. We just felt pretty down about it. Dad went out one day and came home with a chaparral bush. They are little round bushes with a lot of thorns. The leaves are sort of a grey green color. He brought a lot of mistletoe that was pretty and green.

He said, "Now we will fix this."

He made a stand for the bottom of it. And fixed it where it would stand up. We put it on a little table. He tied the mistletoe all around in the bush to make it a little more green. Mother had some red and green crepe paper. We took that and made strips and twisted it and wove it all around through the mistletoe. She said a long time ago they used to pop corn and string it to go on the tree. Then they also strung cranberries. So she popped some corn and got the cranberries out. We all worked on it. It got to be a game of who could

make the longest string. It really turned out nice. Mother helped us loop it around. But we were used to having big shiny balls on our Christmas tree.

She said, "This year, why don't we just imagine we have them on there? Next year, we will have them."

So we just used that for a tree that year. We piled gifts around it and it had a real nice Christmassy look. Everybody enjoyed it.

NOTE BY JENNY:

I remember Mother telling me that there were no lights for the tree and her father went outside and lit fireworks.

## **Life on the Archer County Ranch**

1920-1932 taped by Lucille Rankin  
Transcribed by Ann Rankin Warner

When we lived on the ranch, we had chores to do everyday after school. Buddy had to cut wood for the wood stove. I always had to clean the lamps, fill them with coal oil, and trim the wicks. I had to clean the chimneys nice and clean. We had to get everything ready for night time because that was all the light we had, just coal oil lamps. Sometimes we had a gasoline lantern, but the coal oil lamps were what we regularly used about the house. We had some that set on the table, some that set on the stove, and some that set other places where we needed them at night. We always tried to do these things as soon as we got in after school every day, and then in the summer time we always tried to do in the late afternoon. Sometimes we did our chores earlier if we wanted to go do something else. We had another chore too where we used to have to take the staples and hammer and ride our horses around all the fences to check and see if there are any loose places in the wire. We called them steeples. (The correct word is “staples”, but in the recording it is spoken “steeples”). They were bent like nails, but they had sharp things on both ends. You put them across the wire and into the post and hammered them to hold the wire. If you found posts that weren't good that needed to be replaced, you had to remember where and how many and that sort of thing. It was important to keep the fences in good shape because the stock would get out and get in other people's pasture and get away and be lost. During the winter time, (I already told about the hill and sking), it would be cold and ice would be all on the stock water tanks. We would have to take a hammer and to horse back and go around all the tanks and cut a big square in the ice so the stock could get water to drink. We would usually do this twice a day. We would go early in the morning and loosen it up and get it

ready. Then in the afternoon, we would go back and do it again. It usually would be good during the day. Nighttime would be when it would freeze over again.

There were always things to do around the ranch. Some of it was fun and some of it was work. A lot of it had to be done every day regardless of the weather or what was going on. We had to take care of the livestock. We had to milk the cows. It was an interesting time.

### **Weekly chores**

I thought about more chores Buddy and I had to do. Every week he and I would have to go down to the stock pond, the deepest one, the one that had the best water. We would have to go down there and haul Momma's wash water. We had three barrels on a wagon and pulled by a team of horses. We had a low down Johnny pump. It had a stick on it and it would go back and forth and pump the water from the stock pond to the barrels. We would have enough to fill all those big barrels. After we got them full, we would take them home, and Momma would put stuff in them to settle them and make them clear so her wash would be pretty and white. After a day or two, she would dip it all off to make her wash water on wash day. We had to do that every week. That was one of our weekly chores.

Another time we had to haul water was for grandmother's flower garden. Our grandmother lived with us, and she had a little flower garden. My Dad had built her a little flower garden out behind the garage. He had built it with a high board fence to protect the flowers from the wind. He created an opening at the back of the garden for the watering tank. The big old tank was made of corrugated iron, and it sat on a little old wagon with iron wheels. It stayed on

that same little old wagon all the time. We used to have to take that down and fill it up and back it up to the opening at the back so that the spigots would go out there. [She took] her watering cans and opened the spigot and filled her watering cans. She had a beautiful flower garden. That was her big thing. That was her hobby. She had rheumatoid arthritis real bad. She had to quit work and she was on retirement from it. She had to live at home. The doctor told us that if she lived in a higher drier climate, it would help her so much. After we moved to the ranch, she did get a lot better. She raised turkeys and baby chickens and guineas and a lot of other things she was interested in, and her flowers. That was what she did every day. People from all over the country knew about Grandma's flower garden. They would come out on special occasions to see if she had some flowers for somebody that was sick or for a wedding because it was a long ways into Wichita Falls. It was about thirty miles to where you could buy flowers at a flower store. She has something out there all year around except during the cold winter months. She took great pride in her garden. She would go out there to work. She couldn't stand long, but she had a wooden apple box that she sat on. She would sit on that apple box and hoe around her flowers. She had a little lightweight hoe she could hold with her crippled up hands. That really helped her because she sat in the sunshine some every day. That was one of the things we had to do that was really a pleasure, because we felt like we had a part with helping with her flowers. There was so much to do, I guess they had to put the kids to work to get it all done.

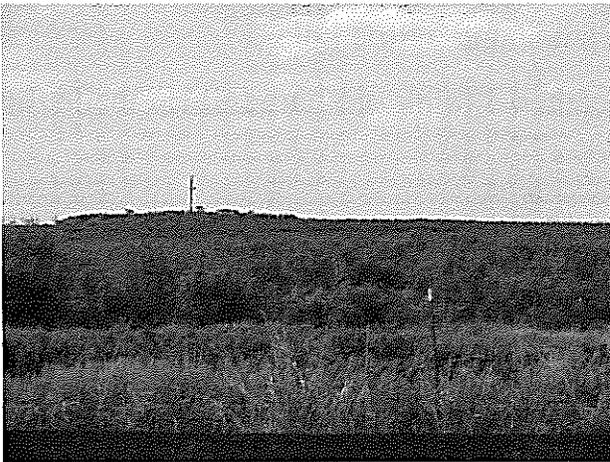
This was a fun thing we used to do with some of our leisure time, what little we had. We didn't have a lot. In back of Momma's wash house, there was an old time Victrola. The kind you had to turn the crank to wind up the records. This one had a broken spring. Dad decided he could fix it, so he

hooked it up straight so we could turn the table with the crank instead of relying on the spring. It would play those old cheap records. They you could get them for ten or fifteen cents.

## Skiing on the Archer County Ranch

About 1926 or 1927 by Lucille Rankin  
Transcription of tape by Ann Rankin Warner

Dad loved to make toys and make things. At this time it had come a big snow and it was cold and everything was frozen everywhere and the snow was about deep everywhere. He decided to make skis. To see how it would be to ski on the snow. He worked all day long on them. After he got them fixed, we piled in old Alvin. Alvin was our old run about vehicle on the ranch. We used it like people use a pickup these days. It was the old Overland car we had for so long. Dad had taken the top off, and one of the fenders had fallen off. It was battered up pretty good. The car was how we kids learned to drive. We used it all around the ranch all the time. In those days, they had little tiny tires, real narrow. They were called high pressure tires. They had inner tubes. We kept a patching set in the car to repair them with. We had to fix our own flats because there were lots of mesquites with thorns. We were always running over them and making holes in the tires.



We went over to what we called the “mountain.” It was in the corner of the ranch. We had to go down the road like we were leaving the ranch when we got as far as we could go, we would turn left to the corner, then we would have to cross the fence to the Mangold Ranch. The hill was on the Mangold Ranch. We would get over in there. The flat side was toward our ranch, and the hill side was over on the Mangold Ranch. Anyhow, we got there and everybody got out on the edge. Dad looked around to find a place with lots

of snow. He put the skis on me first to go down and try them out. After I got them on, he gave me what looked like two broomsticks, and gave me a push. The further I went the faster I went. I was really going until I got to the bottom. It was all clear until I got to the bottom. The bottom was all full of mesquite bushes. I landed down in those mesquite bushes. It was night and man I was scared to death. It was exciting going down, but when I landed, I started thinking about all the coyotes, and bob cats, and all the wild stuff around me. I grabbed the skis and ran back up the hill as fast as I could. They wanted me to go down again, but I said, "Nooooo." I might tomorrow, but not tonight. Buddy went down next. It didn't bother him. Everybody had fun. We went home and ate apples and popcorn and pecans.

Jen said, "Tell about how he made the skis."

Lucille continued: He took some long boards about six or eight inches wide. Don't know how long they were. He shaped the end to a point. Then he took his wood tool he called his drawing knife; like a sharp edge and had a handle on each side. He worked the pointed end until it was narrowed down until he could pull it up with a wire and a nail and a little hole.

He made the foot things out of leather, I think old harness. He made the foot things to put your feet in.

Jen said, "The things you put your feet in, were they like house shoes or were they straps?"

Lucille continued: They were straps across you put your foot down in and one across the back then there was a strap across with a buckle, from the harness I think. He was a great inventor. He made stilts and rubber band guns all kinds of toys and tops. If he had some of the tools people have now, he would have really made some nice toys. He made little wagons and scooters and all sorts of things.

Jen said, “He made monkeys out of peach seeds, and baskets out of peach seeds. He was always whittling and cutting things.”



## Lucille's First Public Christmas Tree

Transcribed from Lucille Rankin's tape  
By Ann Rankin Warner

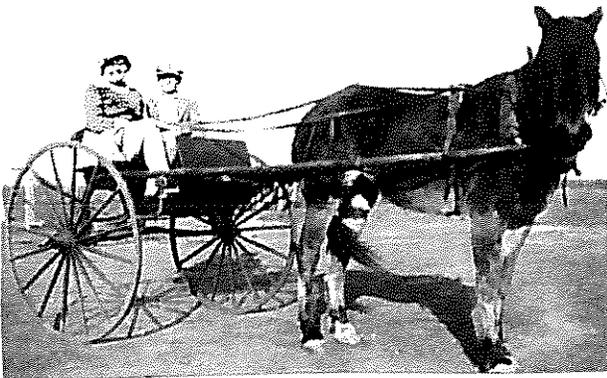
I was in about third grade after we moved to Mankins. The community celebrated Christmas with a tree at the school. Everybody brought presents with names on them they put on the tree. They had fruit bags for the children with names on them. They had a Christmas Program. I played the violin, and I had to play some Christmas music on my violin. My accompanist was the man who was the school superintendent. I was very timid and shy. It was very hard for me because this man was very stern. I had to practice with him several times, and it always made me nervous. I thought, "I'll go ahead and do this, it's not so bad." I got to thinking how nice it would be to have something on the Christmas tree with my name on it. They would call my name out, and I would go down to the front and get my present. That was the way this sort of Christmas Tree worked. I had a really pretty little blue plush box lined with silk I used to put my little treasures in, like a strand of pearls that my grandmother had given me. I emptied everything out of it, and wrapped it all in Christmas paper. I put my name on it and put it on the Christmas tree, so I would get something. I didn't tell anyone. That night when we went to the Christmas Tree, we had our program. It all turned out real nice. I made it through my violin music. Then they had the tree. They called my name and I went down and got my present I had put on the tree for myself. I knew what it was, so I didn't open it. I just went back to my seat and sat down. When we got home, my little brother wanted to know what I got off the Christmas tree. I told him it wasn't anything. It was just a little box I fixed because I thought it would be fun to get things off the Christmas tree. But we really did get things off the Christmas tree. Momma put things on it for us. She put fireworks, candy, and

little stocking stuffers and things for each one of us. He got something too. I was surprised that I received anything else besides what I wrapped for myself. But anyhow, when we were going through the things we got home, and my little brother found out I got more packages than he did. When he found out that the little box was one I had wrapped for myself, he picked it up and threw it in the fire. I had to run and dig it out. It didn't burn, it just scorched it a little. My little box was really something special for me. Little girls are like that you know. I don't know about now. They have so many things to use and look at and do. Anyhow, I guess I paid for wanting attention, or wanting to be a "part" of the party.

## Billy and the cart and going to school

1920-1932 taped by Lucille Rankin  
Transcribed by Ann Rankin Warner

One morning we were on our way to school. There was a road building company building a new paved highway from Wichita Falls to Seymour. When they came through Mankins, they dug up the highway all along there as it went through as it was along there where we used to pass through. We couldn't get



Lucille Barton and Buddy Roberts

by it in the cart. So we had to park over on the other side and walk over to the school. We would park behind a house every day. A lady agreed to let us park back there. We would have to go up on the highway out of our pasture, and then down a little

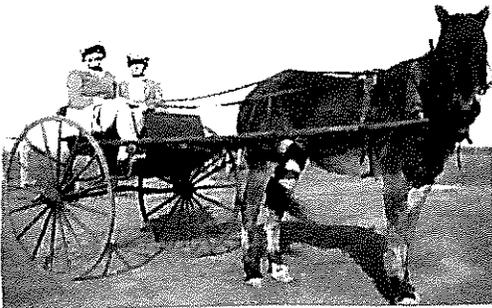
ways on the grade, and then down into the ditch and across. The day before this, they had dug the ditch out more. We didn't realize it. We started down off the highway, I guess you call those ditches on each side of the highway bar ditches. Old Billy, instead of going down in and coming up on the other side, he decided he would jump the ditch. He jumped that ditch pulling the cart and us up in the air behind him. I got tickled because I could just imagine us flying through the air like pictures I've seen of Santa Clause. When we landed on the other side, it broke the singletree and some of the harness. Our bottoms too we hit so hard on the other side. I laughed and laughed and laughed because it was funny to me. Buddy cried. The lady that lived there came out to see about us. She heard the noise and all and she came to see about us. She always watched for us every day too. She told mother later she couldn't get anything out of either one of us. I was just doubled up laughing and couldn't tell her anything, and Buddy

was crying and couldn't tell her anything. He was crying because his cart was all torn up and his horse was hurt but not anything really bad happened at all. We got it all patched up and went back home that evening after school. But that was really an extra ordinary experience.

## Uncle Arch's Jack Donkey

On tape by Lucille Rankin  
Transcribed by Ann Rankin Warner

One interesting thing that happened on the ranch concerned Uncle Arch's jack, which is a male donkey. When you cross a male donkey with a female horse it makes mules. Arch had the idea he was going to make mules and sell them to the army. He didn't realize times were changing. The army was becoming motorized and no longer be a sale for mules. Anyhow, he just had to have this old jack, and the one he had was, Oh, he was an agravatin' old critter! The horses were all afraid of him. He would come in the harness room in the barn and be fightin' flies. He would run under the harness rack and drag off all the harness and the saddles and just make a big mess. One day I looked out the door. He had come up into the yard and he had Dad's good saddle, his best saddle, on his back. Somehow he had run under the rack and raked it off on his back. He was headed for the pasture. It was turned around backwards. It wasn't buckled on or anything. He had just run under it and was carrying it off. I told my mother, and she ran out real quick and shut the gate so he couldn't run out to the pasture where it would be lost. Then we had to work around him until we finally got up to where we could get hold of the saddle. Then we shooed him and got him to run out from under it, and pull it off and took it to the barn. He was always doing things like that.



We had to watch for him in the pasture, and sometimes when we would be coming in from school. We drove a little two wheeled cart that belonged to Buddy, and he had a pony. A little old pony called Billy. He had it hooked to this little two wheeled cart. We would drive it over to

school. Then put it out behind the school. At noon time Buddy would go out and feed Billy and give him some water, because it was his horse. Coming home in the evening, by the time we would get into our pasture, and be going along in the road, there was a lot of sandy places in the road that we had to go down the road through the mesquites to the house, end of tape one

Begin tape two:

In the last tape, I started the stories about when we lived at the ranch, and about the old two wheeled cart, when Buddies little pony Billy pulled the cart and we would drive it to school every day. I started out telling about how Uncle Arch's old Jack would scare us and follow us. I ran out of tape on the other one.

We were coming from school one time, and we got into our pasture just a little ways down the road, he slipped up behind us, and we didn't even know he was there. He just put his between us as we sat there on the little two wheeled cart. He started braying real loud. Just a big old Haw Hee, Haw Hee, Haw Hee. It just scared us to death. It scared old Billy so, he ran away with the buggy, the little cart. He just ran and ran and ran. The old Jack stayed right behind us, "Hee Hawing" and we couldn't make him quit and get away. Old Billy just went so fast, and the road had so many little crooks and turns, and sometimes he was going so fast, we just went around the corners on one wheel. We both were so scared. Buddy was crying and just knew that something terrible was going to happen to us. It wasn't very far down the road to the house. Mother heard us coming, and she heard all the noise. She knew what happened, so she ran out and opened the gate to the yard. When we got up there, she let us get by and as soon as we got by, she scared the old Jack off of us and shut the gate so he couldn't get in. We were just so upset, we were afraid

to get in the pasture with him. We were so frightened they had to take us to school for a couple of days.

This old silly donkey he was so bad about slipping up on people and scaring them. I don't know what made him do it. He never hurt them, but it just scared them to death.

There was a man that would come and bring his hounds and hunt the wolves and coyotes in the pasture, because they just so bad. In the spring when the new baby calves were born, they would kill them. There were so many of them, we had to do something to thin them down a little bit. Every time the man would come and run his hounds, they would quite down some and not be so bad. One time he came and was running his hounds (it was kind of cold that night) towards midnight he got off his horse and decided he would build himself a fire. He found himself a little place where there was a high bank to the side to kind of break the north wind. He got down there and was building himself a little fire. Course in a place like that, we called it a dry creek bed, there was a lot of sand. He got his fire going a little higher. He was going to warm himself by the fire, and rest there for a few minutes. While he was humped over there working with his fire, this old Jack slipped up behind him, and the man didn't know he was there. The Jack put his mouth right down on this man's neck, (his name was Mr. Blair) and he put his mouth right down over him where his hot breath would blow on him when he started going AAW, HE HAAW, like he did. Mr. Blair said he felt that hot breath and heard that "Haaaaw", and it scared him so bad he just kicked his fire everywhere and ran off down through the pasture before he realized what it was. He felt so silly, and he came back and put out the fire so it wouldn't start a fire around there. That Jack was just nuisance.



**Appendix VI.**  
**Drawings of town of Antelope TX**  
**by Ann Rankin Warner**  
**(center of town and**  
**home of Rankins)**



# Key:

## 1<sup>st</sup> page – sketch of “downtown” Antelope by Ann Warner

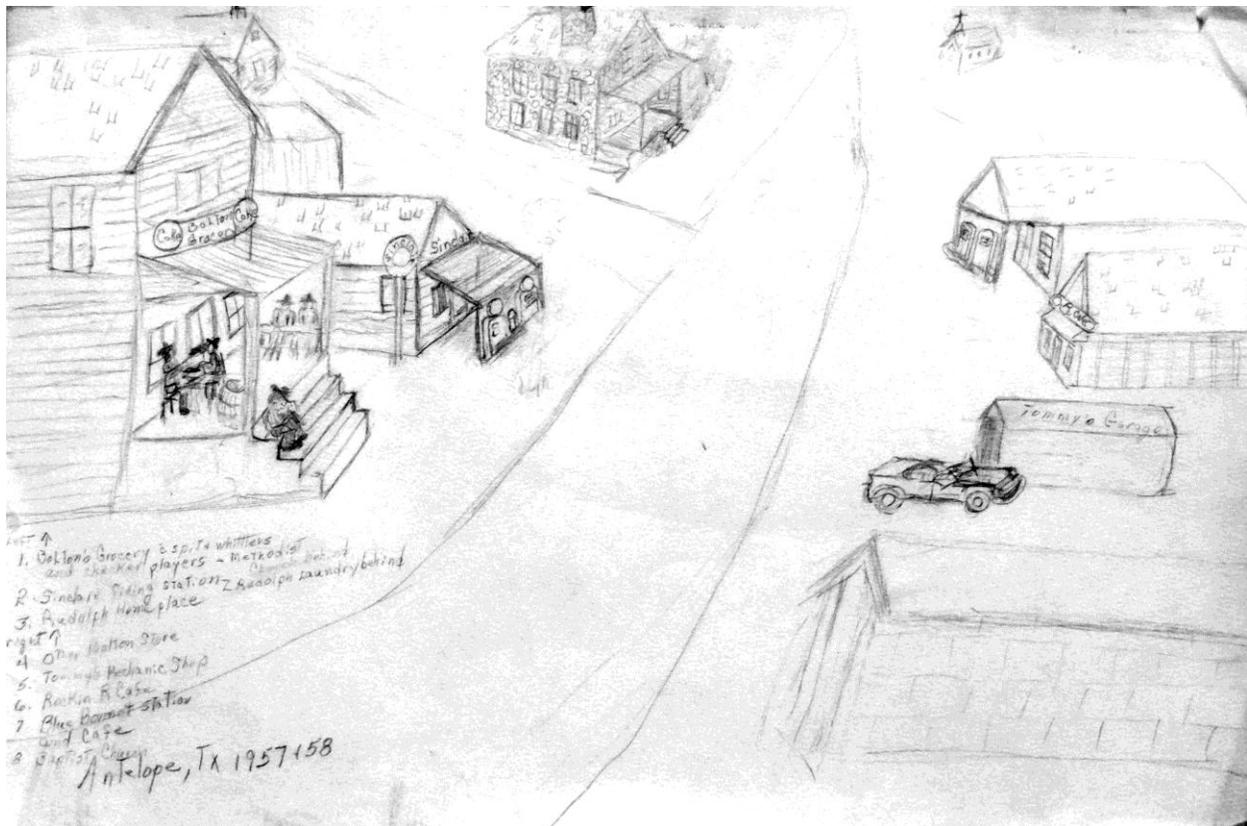
### (text in bottom left of sketch):

- (1) Bolono's Grocery with spit and whittlers and the checker players (Methodist checker board)
  - (2) Sinclair filling station and Rudolph laundry behind
  - (3) Rudolph home place
  - (4) Other Bolton store
  - (5) Tommy's Mechanic shop
  - (6) Rockin' R Cafe
  - (7) Blue Bonnet Station and cafe
  - (8) Baptist Church
- Antelope, Tx 1957/58

One can also read "Rockin R" and "Tommy's Garage" and "Bolton Grocery" and "Sinclair" on the appropriate buildings. The Baptist Church, which still exists, is far down on the right, at the curve in the road, and further on was the Rankin house (see next sketch).

## 2nd page – sketch of home of Rankins by Ann Warner





## 1<sup>st</sup> page – sketch of “downtown” Antelope by Ann Warner

### (text in bottom left of sketch):

- (1) Bolono's Grocery with spit and whittlers and the checker players (Methodist checker board)
  - (2) Sinclair filling station and Rudolph laundry behind
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**2nd page – sketch of home of Rankins in Antelope**

**by Ann Warner**



**Appendix VII.**  
**Barbecue Sauce recipe of**  
**Lucille Barton Rankin**



## Mom's Barb Q Sauce

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup red wine vinegar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water

4 tablespoons Brown sugar

3 teaspoons prepared mustard

1 teaspoon fresh ground black pepper

2 teaspoons salt

$\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Cayenne red pepper

~~$\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Paprika~~

$\frac{1}{2}$  lemon sliced very thin

1 large onion grated

2 bay leaves

1 stick oleo or butter

1 teaspoon minced garlic

1 teaspoon dry Oregano crushed

use stainless steel or granite  
pot - not aluminum. Simmer down  
to about half or until thick.  
stirring often, then add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups  
(over)

## Catsup

4 Tbsp Worcestershire Sauce  
3 Teasps liquid smoke  
Heat to boiling point  
stirring, but do not  
boil. This is ready to  
use but flavor improves  
over night - will keep  
in refug 2 to 3 weeks.

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**Appendix VIII.**  
**“Home on the Range”**  
**By Pops Eatin**  
**(Newspaper articles written by**  
**Lucille Barton Rankin**  
**for the *Jack County Herald***  
**Jacksboro, Texas)**



**Subject:** Requesting permission to use my Mother's articles in a book

**From:** Jenny Marshall (jnnymarshall@yahoo.com)

**To:** editor@jacksboronewspapers.com;

**Date:** Wednesday, July 9, 2014 4:10 PM

To: Cherry Rushin

July 9, 2014

Re: Permission to use articles written by my Mother, Margaret Lucille Rankin

I am writing a book with my sister, Ann Rankin Warner, about our family and am interested in using the articles that our Mother wrote in the *Jack County Herald*. The title of the articles were "Home on the Range" by Pops Eatin. The real author was our Mother, Margaret Lucille Rankin. I got copies of the newspaper from the microfilm at the Jacksboro Library. Our family lived in Antelope at the time. Both our parents are deceased. This book is mainly for our children.

The dates of the articles are: ~~Nov. 25?~~ Nov. 25?

~~November 25, 1956 - NOV 22 Thurs. ?~~ Need last page

~~November 29, 1956 - THURS.~~

~~December 6, 1956 - THURS~~

~~December 20, 1956 Thurs.~~ ? Dec. 13?

~~January 3, 1957 THURS.~~ Dec. 27?

~~January 12, 1957 - 10th?~~

~~January 24, 1957 - THURS~~ 17th

~~January 31, 1957 - THURS~~

~~February 7, 1957 - THURS~~

~~February 14, 1957 - THURS.~~ Feb. 21?

~~February 28, 1957 - THURS.~~

~~March 7, 1957 - THURS.~~

~~April 4, 1957 - THURS.~~ Mar. 14, 21, 28th

Thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely,

Virginia Rankin Marshall  
120 Cobblestone Row  
Denton, TX 76207  
jnnymarshall@yahoo.com

Articles  
every  
Thursday



Virginia Rankin Marshall  
120 Cobblestone Row  
Denton, TX 76207  
March 28, 2014

Robb Krecklow  
Publisher—Jacksboro Newspapers  
Jacksboro Office  
212 N. Church  
Jacksboro, Texas 76458

Dear Mr. Krecklow:

I am writing a book and am interested in using 13 articles that my mother, Margaret Lucille Rankin, wrote for *The Jack County Herald* from November 24, 1956 until April 4, 1957. I would like to have your permission to use these articles. The articles went by the title of "Home on the Range" by Pops Eatin. I got copies of the articles from the Jacksboro Library which had them on microfilm. We lived in Antelope at the time and nobody knew who actually wrote the stories.

Thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely,

Virginia Rankin Marshall



...and I was down  
...the hardware store in the  
...they have them  
...they have work  
...I like my  
...with us honest to  
...this basin like with  
...open fire under a big  
...back to it always gives me  
...a relaxed, peaceful feeling to  
...get by the fire and read

...that reminds me of a  
...I read in the December  
...magazine  
...written by Clarence Poe. The  
...title was "An Open Fire" And  
...Place On Earth. The author told  
...how unconsciously every man  
...is an inheritor of all the experi-  
...ences of his ancestors through  
...centuries past. And how, for ages  
...and ages, man came at night  
...from the struggles and uncer-  
...tainities of labors in fields and  
...forest to the warmth and wel-  
...come of an open fire. When he  
...came in tired the open fire gave  
...him comfort, peace, and rest.  
...The open fire became man's  
...symbol of happiness.

...Mr. Poe went on to say that  
...the passing of the open fire may  
...be a part of the cause of the  
...sense of insecurity that plagues  
...so many folks these days. He  
...says we all have a genuine need  
...for the sense of rest, peace, so-  
...reality, and even love itself, which  
...was brought to our ancestors by  
...the open fire in ages past.

...and the  
...I never have held myself  
...unable to make a  
...and last week certain  
...the proof needed for any  
...to know that I am telling  
...the truth.

● It would appear that in the  
...predictions I got a week  
...ahead of myself. At any rate,  
...after making out the chart of  
...the schoolboy football predic-  
...tions, I came up with a beauty.  
...I predicted Abilene to beat  
...Wichita Falls. Now that pre-  
...diction was in all sincerity,  
...and even though it was a week  
...early—they play this week end  
...—it was not meant to be so.

● The telephone started ringin  
...early Friday morning and I too  
...plenty of ribbing about th  
..."bust." A salute to Kenneth Cur  
...ningham, one of the callers. Ke  
...was a real sport about calling m  
...attention to the fact that I ha  
...erred—not at all nasty abou  
...how "unsmart" I was. Thank  
...Kenneth, that is the kind o  
...criticism I appreciate. Call an

row nests in ours this year. E  
...this time you'll be covered wit  
...soot and dirt, but dont give u  
...yet! The worst is yet to come-  
...the log! These may be bougt  
...at the nearest wood yard (abo  
...as hard to find as a wagon yar  
...any more). Now, I saw my ow  
...but you take it from me, the  
...runs into work fast. It keeps  
...feller "fit," though.

Now let the younguns hel  
...with all this. They need to lear



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was brought to our ancestors by  
the open fire in ages past.

Says Mr. Poe, "Happy are the  
country folk of America in that  
they may still easily find this  
satisfaction at this Christmas  
season."

If you have a fireplace be sure  
to use it this Christmas. Plan  
some gettogethers around the  
open fire. The younguns will love  
it.

Now I know you're thinkin',  
"Oh, that is so much trouble!"  
Sure, it's a lot of trouble, but  
look at the fun you'll have. First  
you gotta take off the fancy  
screen and ivy planters from in-  
front and hunt up the andirons.  
Then the chimney must be  
checked for bird nests. We found  
about a bale of grass and spar-

early Friday morning and I took  
plenty of ribbing about the  
"bust." A salute to Kenneth Cun-  
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was a real sport about calling my  
attention to the fact that I had  
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how "unsmart" I was. Thanks,  
Kenneth, that is the kind of  
criticism I appreciate. Call any-

row nests in ours this year. By  
this time you'll be covered with  
soot and dirt, but dont give up  
yet! The worst is yet to come—  
the logs! These may be bought  
at the nearest wood yard (about  
as hard to find as a wagon yard  
any more). Now, I saw my own,  
but you take it from me, that  
runs into work fast. It keeps a  
feller "fit," though.

Now let the younguns help  
with all this. They need to learn  
how to build a fire and take  
care of an open fire. Fire is  
dangerous if it isn't controlled  
properly. I've run across some  
young folks lately that didn't  
know what a damper for a stove  
pipe was. I brought a new one  
in to put in the kitchen stove  
and one little girl thought it was  
a little griddle. After I fixed the  
stove pipe, one little feller began  
telling me all about fire, and when  
he had learned he had learned  
this in science class at school.  
They love to learn, and we must  
give them opportunities to learn  
more about American traditions.  
I looked up the word, tradition  
and it means; the oral transmis-  
sion of information, customs, in-  
herited culture and beliefs, hand-  
ed down to posterity from ances-  
tors, without written memorials.

Mom is great on traditions,  
especially cookin' traditions. She  
sure likes to cook on an open  
fire, in fact, she knows just  
about every thing there is to  
know, about camp-fire cookin'  
and cookin' on a fire place. She  
been teachin' the girls some c-  
hor tricks with hot coals, her  
grandmaw taught her. Mom's  
hot biscuits baked in a dutch  
oven on the fire place are out c-  
this world. Last night we had  
baked apples and pop corn for  
a TV snack. If you try bake  
apples or potatoes, be sure t

## Why Not Get The Best?

A NEW  
**BALDWIN  
ACROSONIC  
PIANO**

for as little as

**\$600**

(reg. \$900)



(approximately)

## Home on the RANGE

By Pops Eatin

My old muscles sure are sore and stove up lately from all that wood cuttin' I been doin'. I'm just plum tuckered out from sawin' up that little shirt tail full o' oak logs. There's a new kind of saw on the market called a chain saw. It pulls itself with a little motor sorta like <sup>these</sup> power lawn mowers. Mom and I saw a man demonstratin how they operate when we was down at the State Fair last fall. I'm goin to ask the hardware stores in the county seat if they have them, and if they do, by doggies I'm gonna buy one. Yes sir, I'm for these newfangled contraptions, especially if they save work.

In the wintertime I like my fireplace, with an honest to goodness shin-roastin fire with red hot coals glowin under a big old back log. It always gives me such a relaxed, peaceful feelin to set by the fire and read.

All that reminds me of a piece I read in the December *Progressive Farmer* magazine written by Clarence Poe. The title was, "An Open Fire, and Peace on Earth". The author told how, subconsciously every man is an inheritor of all the experiences of his ancestors through centuries past, and how for ages and ages, man came at night from the struggles and uncertainties of labors in fields and forest to the warmth and welcome of an open fire. When he came in tired the open fire gave him comfort, peace, and rest. The open fire became man's symbol of happiness.

Mr. Poe went on to say that the passing of the open fire may be a part of the cause of the sense of insecurity that

plagues so many folks these days. He says we all have a genuine need for the sense of real peace, serenity, and even love itself, which was brought to our ancestors by the open fire in ages past.

Says Mr. Poe, "Happy are the country folk of America in that they may still easily find this satisfaction at this Christmas season."

If you have a fireplace, be sure to use it this Christmas. Plan some get-togethers around the open fire. The younguns will love it.

Now I know you're thinking, "Oh, that is so much trouble!" Sure it's a lot of trouble, but look at the fun you'll have. First you gotta take off the fancy screen and ivy planters from in front and hunt up the andirons. Then the chimney <sup>logs</sup> must be checked for bird nests. We found a bale of grass and sparrow nests in ours this year. By this time you'll be covered with soot and dirt, but don't give up yet! The worst is yet to come—the logs! These may be bought at the nearest wood yard (about as hard to find as a wagon yard any more). Now, I saw my own, but you take it from me, that runs into work fast. It keeps a feller "fit," though.

Now, let the younguns help with all this. They need to learn how to build a fire and take care of an open fire. Fire is dangerous if it isn't controlled properly. I've run across some young folks lately that didn't know what a damper for a stovepipe was. I brought a new one in to put in the kitchen stove, and one little girl thought it was a little griddle. After I fixed the stove pipe, one little feller began telling me all about fire, and what makes it burn, he had learned this in science class at school. They love to learn, and we must give them opportunities to learn more about American traditions. I looked up the word, tradition and it means; the oral transmission of information, customs, inherited culture and

***The Jack County Herald, Jacksboro, Texas November 25, 1956***

(approximately)

beliefs handed down to posterity from ancestors, without written memorials.

Mom is great on traditions, especially cookin traditions. She sure likes to cook on an open fire, in fact, she knows just about every thing there is to know, about camp-fire cookin and cookin on a fire place. She's been teachin the girls some of her tricks with hot coals, her grandmaw taught her. Mom's hot biscuits baked in a dutch oven on the fireplace are out of this world. Last night we had baked apples and popcorn for a TV snack. If you try baked apples or potatoes, be sure to.....

Can't find the rest of the article.

??  
( )

**Holiday Magic:**

**'Drumsticks' From Left-Overs!**



Come the holidays, come left-overs! Usually, they're from that festive bird, the turkey; and, just as usually, the family isn't overjoyed at the idea of eating them. Here's a happy new way to stage a "welcome back" to the dining table for those remaining tid-bits—pleasing the family palate with tasty new "Hi Ho Turkey Drumsticks". Left over turkey combined with pecan nuts and finely crushed crumbs from rich buttery crackers does the trick. Here's how, the quick and easy way:

**Hi Ho Turkey Drumsticks**

- 1 cup thick turkey gravy or thick white sauce
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon mixed-parley
- 1/2 cups finely crumbed Hi Ho
- 1 teaspoon grated onion
- Cracker crumbs
- 2 cups finely minced cooked turkey
- 2 teaspoon of salad oil
- 1 egg, beaten
- 18 cracker picks (toothpicks trimmed with paper frills on end)

Combine gravy, parley, onion, turkey, salt, pepper and 1 cup of the cracker crumbs. Chill for at least 2 hours. Divide chilled mixture into 6 portions. Roll each into the shape of a plump drumstick. Heat enough shortening in a skillet to cover the bottom to a depth of 1/2 inches. Dip "drumsticks" in beaten egg, then coat with remaining half cup of crumbs. Fry until golden, turning once to brown both sides. Remove to platter. Press 3 of the frilled picks, close together, into one end of each to resemble bone of drumstick. Makes 6 "drumsticks".

**Jouette M. Bonner**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW

General Civil Practice  
Income Tax Returns and Estimates  
First National Bank Bldg.  
Phone 4802  
JACKSBORO, TEXAS

**Faculties Honor Retiring Teacher**

Faculties of the Jacksboro school system honored Mrs. Wesley Hendricks with a pink and blue shower. The day afternoon at the high school library. Coffee and cake were served and generous gifts presented the teacher.

Mrs. Hendricks has submitted her resignation effective this week.

**DR. C. C. SADLER**

CHIROPRACTOR

Announces the opening of his office

Monday, December 3

305 E. Archer

**Home of the Range**  
- with Mom

Just finished pokin' up the fire and puttin on another log. Sorta nippy this mornin—good hog killin weather—cold and dry.

Mom is back in the kitchen cleanin up a candy pan. She just put the finishin touches on the most delicious batch of pecan pralines. You never saw a prettier sight. There they set, coolin on the kitchen table, so brown, so trim, so fully packed with pecans. She let me "lick" the spoon and pan too—and are they yummy tastin!

Mom says they are real easy to make and just about as fool-proof as homemade candy can get.

Thought you might like to keep this one in mind for your Christmas cookin.

- 1/2 cup condensed milk
- 1/2 stick butter
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar (packed)

Now you put this in a two quart sauce pan and stir it with a wooden spoon. (Mom is powerful cranky about her cookin utensils. She says always use standard measuring cups and spoons and the right size pan.) Cook over a low fire until the soft ball stage is reached (234 to 240 degrees), a little longer if it's a rainy day. Add two cups pecans (halves or large pieces) and a few drops of maple flavor (about 1/2 teaspoon), beat until thick and creamy. Drap by teaspoons on wax paper. Be sure to dip the spoon deep in the pan each time because the pecans will come to the surface of the candy after you stop beating. Takes about a half hour for the candy to get nice and firm. This makes about two dozen good sized pralines.

Mom always starts her candy and cookies early to beat the Christmas rush. She makes them for us and to give the neighbors. Why she's got every closet and cupboard on the place full of empty coffee cans, old ice cream cartons, and just about everything with a lid. She gets them all out and fills them up with Christmas goodies about a week before Christmas. They are right pretty packages too, after she finishes dollin 'em up with printed paper, foil and tape. Sometimes you never would guess it was a box of candy.

My, how that woman loves to cook and putter about the kitchen. She's gettin too fat though. You know, I've been thinkin lately about riggin up one of them exercisin contraptions that she can pedal like a bicycle. I don't believe she could pull a saw though, not at her age. Maybe I could put my prind rock on it. Sure would save me lots of turbin when I sharpen my axe. I believe in modern inventions and short cuts—yes sir, I'm for them!

Well, gotta go now. The wood box is about empty, and Mom will be startin dinner soon. Happy candy makin.—Pop.

P.S. If any of you youngsters try to make pecan pralines be sure to clean up your mess.

Mr. and Mrs. Grils Meyer of Arlington were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Meyer.

**ACTUAL FLOOD** at Yuba City, Calif., brought the per-minute pumps out of the Federal Civil Defense stockpile at Santa Rosa, Calif., to pump out of the city which were inundated when the Shasta the Feather River broke under heavy pounding. The stockpile at Santa Rosa is one of 34 across the equipment valuable in any emergency.

**Antelope**

Mrs. Charles Clark, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Belmont and family of Wichita Falls and Mrs. W. H. Hill of Antelope have returned from a vacation trip to Louisiana and Florida. The party visited Fort Lauderdale and Miami, Fla., New Orleans and other points of interest.

Mrs. Grant Wells has been ill the past week. We wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bowen had a number of week end guests including children, grandchildren and friends. They were Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Admire of Fontana, Calif.; Mr. and Mrs. John Samploy of Quannah; Mr. and Mrs. Gene Bowen, Kenneth, Johnny and Patricia and Mrs. Ward Copeland of Fort Worth; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bowen Jr. of Sunset; Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Bowen, Pamela and Kerry of Antelope; John Samploy and Miss Wanda Thomas of Vernon.

Week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Bowen were Mr. and Mrs. Harley Frost, Mrs. Mary Jo Rogers and Jolinn, Wichita Falls; Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Starr, Loving; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cross of Jernyn; Mrs. M. McMahan and daughter of Vernon; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Plekree of Ponca City, Okla.

The Antelope Methodist Church had a good attendance record Sunday, with 33 in Sunday school and a number of visitors for the 11 o'clock service. Special prayers were offered at both morning and evening services for the Bryant family. Virginia Rankin substituted as pianist for Mrs. Frank Wells at both services. Rev. C. B. Williams of Wichita Falls is pastor.

The Antelope Baptist Church, Inc. called Rev. Alvin E. Skipper of Newton as a full time pastor. With his wife he will move into the parsonage here this week. Mr. Skipper has been serving the Pine Grove Baptist Church near Newton. Sunday school attendance this week was 39. Training Union meets every Sunday evening at 6 p.m. W.M.U.

**Joplin**

By Dr. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Spencer with a supper were present.

Walter Hudvick visited his aunt and family Tu born stationed in Alabama at for Europe, via Mrs. D. L.

a major opera (Hospital) and Elmer Wells Beech Grove, days with frin

Mr. and Mrs. family of Mr. and Mrs. sons of Wichita and Mrs. Bill ond.

Mr. and Mrs. and sons of V to their new highway at Jc Rev. and Quonry of P guests of Mr Holden Sunda

Mrs. Daus daughter of the week end John Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. of Irving, L. Worth visited last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Borwick visited family Sunda Mr. and Mrs. lited relatives Sunday.

The Neros the latest dry Horton. Buy t County Heral Store at Jopli

Mrs. Blancel week end at Jack Mathis a



## Home on the RANGE With Mom

Just finished pokin' up the fire and putting on another log. Sorta nippy this morning—good hog killin weather—cold and dry.

Mom is back in the kitchen cleanin up a candy pan. She just put the finishin touches on the most delicious batch of pecan pralines. You never saw a prettier sight. There they set coolin on the kitchen table, so brown, so firm, so fully packed with pecans. She let me "lick" the spoon and pan too\_\_ and are they yummy tastin!

Mom says they are real easy to make and just about as fool-proof as homemade candy can get.

Thought you might like to keep this one in mind for your Christmas cookin.

- ½ cup condensed milk
- ½ stick of butter
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar (packed)

Now you put this in a two quart sauce pan and stir it with a wooden spoon (Mom is powerful cranky about her cookin utensils. She says always use standard measuring cups and spoons and the right size pan.) Cook over a low fire until the soft ball stage is reached (234 to 240 degrees), a little longer if it's a rainy day. Add two cups pecans (halves or large pieces) and a few drops of maple flavor (about 1/8 teaspoon), heat until thick and creamy. Drop by teaspoons on wax paper. Be sure to dip the spoon deep in the pan each time because the pecans will come to the surface of the candy after you stop beating. Takes about a half hour for the candy to get nice and

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# Chronicals

ches of Tyler was a  
nest of Jimmy Bailey

Mrs. Blake Condron  
of Lubbock visited  
Smith Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Hugh Miller Jr.  
Joe spent Thanksgiv-  
relatives at Corpus  
air daughter Marge  
me with them.

tin was home from  
to spend the holi-

ing in the, Walter  
were Mr. and Mrs.  
s, Cecil Jr., Larry,  
and Ruth of Denver,  
nd Mrs. Walter Riggs  
and Stevie of Lub-  
nd Mrs. J. D. Stutt,  
James of Decatur,  
a of Fort Worth and  
of Dallas

ustin of Alpine spent  
ys with friends in  
while hor parents Mr.  
aude Austin visited in

Mrs. J. C. Armes of  
Mr. and Mrs. J. V.  
ed Thanksgiving din-  
e L. E. Boleys.

olev, home from TCU  
lidays, was host at  
ng supper to his  
ts Pat Jackson, Tom-  
hella Renfro of Fort  
therine Lacewell and

Mrs. Murphy Simpson  
h Rev. and Mrs. Nor-  
son overnight at Du-  
laat Wednesday, ko-  
t day to Bethel, Okla.  
is balance of the week  
and Mrs. Lon Forter  
nd Mrs. Jesse Simpson.  
ndents home for the  
ng holidays included  
Lacewell, Ruth Sowell,  
son, Bob Sikes, Damon

# HOME ON THE RANGE

By POPS HATTIN

Looks like I been in the dog-  
house my share lately. Every time  
I try to do something good it  
turns out bad. Seems like fate is  
just again a man on every hand,  
at times.

Like the other day when Mom  
sent me to the store for some  
oranges. She was in the big  
middle of a cake bakin spree and  
I intended to get right back with  
the oranges. Now when I got to  
the store, there on the store  
porch; set Granpa Jones and a  
couple of fellers playin dominoes.  
Nothin'd do Granpa but I set  
hin on a game of 42. I just don't  
know anything I like bettern a  
good game of 42 with the fellers  
at the store. Its so pleasant and  
relaxin when its pretty weathe  
to set in the sun on the end of  
the store porch and play on an  
old dough board. If its cold we  
get inside by the old pot bellied  
stove.

Sometimes if we havent got  
enough men to play 42 we just  
swap yarns and smoke. Granpa  
Jones knows more houn dog  
yarns than anybody in Jack  
County. He always like to tell  
the one about the time the coon  
drowned old Blue. Well, any-  
how that day I went for the  
oranges I thought just one quick  
game wouldn't hurt, so me and  
Granpa took them other two fel-  
lers and beat the rocks offen  
them right quick. After the game  
Granpa told his latest houn dog  
yarn and then I remembered  
Mom sendin me for oranges.  
When I got home she sure was  
put out on account of me ~~at~~  
no long at the store.

When Mom gets riled she  
dont talk much, but I know how  
to get back on the good side  
again. I start braggin on her  
cookin. That gets a ~~337~~ man every  
time. Most women are alike. You

# Winn Hill Funeral

Funeral services were held at  
Winn Hill Church on Monday  
afternoon for William Marshall  
78, who died Dec. 3 at Graham.  
Rev. A. R. Ellberry was the  
officiating minister and arrange-  
ments were with Hawkins Funer-  
al Home. Burial was in Winn Hill  
Cemetery.

Pall bearers were Bob Rhoades,  
J. R. Weaver, Clarence Matlock,  
Bennie Little, Wade Winn and  
R. W. Marley.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. Nich-  
olas Henry Span, William Marshall  
was born May 16, 1880 in Ten-  
nessee. He had farmed in the  
Winn Hill community for some  
40 years, until he moved to Gra-  
ham a year ago.

Surviving are the widow Mrs.  
Flora Amburn Span of Graham,  
four daughters, Mrs. Addy  
Glasscock of Jermyn, Mrs. Ara  
Hilton of Tucumari, N.M., Mrs.  
Jewell Carver of Amarillo and  
Mrs. Audie Riley of Joplin; three  
sons, Alvin Span of Leak City,  
Herman Span of Graham and  
Raymond Span of Texas City; a  
sister, Mrs. Addie Quick of Vern-  
on and a brother Eb Span.

There are 26 grandchildren  
surviving. A son Berl Span died  
in 1943.

# Pre-Holiday Party For School Grades Held at Antelope

Grade school children of the  
Antelope school were entertain-  
ed with a Thanksgiving party last  
Wednesday afternoon.

In Mrs. Roberts' first and  
second grade room, the children  
played games and enjoyed re-  
freshments served by Mrs. F. C.  
Bogot, Mr. Jon Arroyo, Mrs. Doc  
Jackson and Mrs. Dove Williams.

Mrs. Weaver's room was serv-  
ed by Mrs. F. E. Wilton and Mrs.  
W. T. Roberts of Markley and



day to Bethel, Okla. the balance of the week and Mrs. Lon Foster and Mrs. Jesse Simpson. Students home for the Thanksgiving holidays included Lacowell, Ruth Sewell, Don, Bob Sikes, Damon George Davis, Jerry Monroe Henderson.

W. Harper drove to Thanksgiving, taking on Mike home to his and Mrs. Glen Harp-week's visit here.

and Earline Henderson from TCU to spend Thanksgiving holidays.

an A. Moore and Nell Spur Tuesday, taking Arthur home after a visit with her daughter. Spur Mrs. Moore program on "Christ and His Church" for the City Federation Women's Clubs.

Mrs. Joe Culwell attended annual banquet for extended teachers at Spring Saturday evening. With her and Polly they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Billiland.

Thanksgiving guests in the second home were Mr. Clark Lemond, Howard, and J. C. Lemond of Burman Lemond of and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Pitt.

—Burkett papers and other kinds. If you are interested in Christmas baking, call us and we will make a list for you. Peacock, dial 4515. 1c

**C. C. SADLER**

Chiropractor

TELEPHONE 2002  
5 EAST ARCHER

iale

When I got home she sure was put out on account of me staying so long at the store.

When Mom gets riled she don't talk much, but I know how to get back on the good side again. I start braggin on her cookin. That gets a woman every time. Most women are alike. You just brag on their cookin and treat em real gentleman like. Open doors for them, hold their chairs and walk on the outside of the sidewalk.

Women sure go for a man with polish and manners. Now you take that piano playin TV feller with such pretty teeth. I think all the women like his polish and manners about as well as the music he plays.

Mom went on and baked her orange cake even if she was mad at me. It turned out good too. She knows how much I like fresh cake while its still warm, so she cut us a big slice and made some fresh coffee.

I poked up the fire in the fireplace and we set down to warm and eat our cake. I started braggin on it, and it was delicious really. Mom told me how she got the recipe from Granma Jones years ago. Granma learned to bake it when she lived back in Georgia. Seems its an old recipe thats been handed down from mother to daughter. I know you will want to try it so here it is.

**Orange Cake**

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups buttermilk
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 eggs
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 tablespoons grated orange rind

Cream shortening, sugar, add eggs, beat smooth. Sift dry ingredients, add alternately with the buttermilk, blend in vanilla and orange rind. Bake in atom pan (large) 1 hour at 350 degrees.

Glaze while hot with syrup made of 1 cup orange juice, 2 cups sugar, 2 tablespoons orange rind. To make syrup dissolve

in Mrs. Roberts first hall, second grade room, the children played games and enjoyed refreshments served by Mrs. F. C. Baget, Ms. Joe Arroyo, Mrs. Doc Jackson and Mrs. Dove Williams.

Mrs. Weaver's room was served by Mrs. F. E. Wilton and Mrs. W. T. Roberts of Markley and Mrs. Orgie Matlock.

(Mrs. Barrow's fifth and sixth grades enjoyed a bingo game. Judy Jackson and Virginia Ranklin played their accordions. Refreshments were served by Charles Roberts, Danny Roberts and Judy Jackson.

Many parents and visitors enjoyed a Thanksgiving dinner with the students at the school cafeteria Wednesday, an annual custom of the Antelope community.

Menu included turkey and dressing, fruit salad, candied sweet potatoes, giblet gravy, cranberry sauce and cake. The meal was prepared by Mrs. Bill King and Mrs. T. L. True who operate the lunchroom.

*Electrical*

...The gift that

TAKE A HINT  
FROM MOM





Clark Lemond, Howard,  
and J. C. Lemond of  
Burman Lemond of  
and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil  
it.

E—Burkett papershell  
and other kinds. If you  
are for Christmas baking  
we call us and we will  
help you. Peacock  
dial 4515. 1c

**J. C. SADLER**

Micropractor

TELEPHONE 2062  
EAST ARCHER

Specials

Specials

**SPECIAL**

Saturday

up of smart

will be on

only. Values

from 5.95 to 8.95

and

**3.99**

recipe that's been handed down  
from mother to daughter. I know  
you will want to try it so here  
it is.

**Orange Cake**

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups buttermilk
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 eggs
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 tablespoons grated orange  
rind

Cream shortening, sugar, add  
eggs, beat smooth. Sift dry in-  
gredients, add alternately with  
the buttermilk, blend in vanilla  
and orange rind. Bake in stem  
pan (large) 1 hour at 350 de-  
grees.

Glaze while hot with syrup  
made of 1 cup orange juice, 2  
cups sugar, 2 tablespoons orange  
rind. To make syrup dissolve  
sugar in orange juice. This must  
be mixed up before the cake is  
baked so the sugar will have  
time to dissolve. Mom says just  
keep spooning the syrup over the  
hot cake until the cake soaks  
up most all the syrup mix.

**Junior Library Club  
Sets Dinner Meeting**

Members of the Junior Library  
Club and their husbands will  
meet for their annual Christmas  
dinner on Dec. 11 at the James  
Dennis home.

Each member will bring a  
gift for the state hospital at  
Wichita Falls, according to Mrs.  
Harold Chambliss, president.

Dr. and Mrs. Kay Conner of  
Houston and Mr. and Mrs. Royce  
Humphries of Fort Worth were  
holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs.  
H. H. McConnell.



**...The gift that r**

**TAKE A HINT  
FROM MOM**





## Home on the **RANGE** With Pops Eatin

Looks like I been in the dog house my share lately. Every time I try to do something good, it turns out bad. Seems like fate is just again a man on every hand, at times.

Like the other day when Mom sent me to the store for some oranges. She was in the big middle of a cake bakin spree and I intended to get right back with the oranges. Now when I got to the store, there on the store porch set Grandpa Jones and a couple of fellers playin dominoes. Nothin'd do Grandpa but I set in on a game of 42. I just don't know anything I like bettern a good game of 42 with the fellers at the store. Its so pleasant and relaxin when its pretty weather to set in the sun on the end of the store porch and play on an old dough board. If its cold we get inside by the old pot bellied stove.

Sometimes if we haven't got enough men to play 42 we just swap yarns and smoke. Grandpa Jones knows more houn dog yarns than anybody in Jack County. He always likes to tell the one about the time the coon drowned Old Blue. Well, anyhow that day I went for the oranges I thought just one quick game wouldn't hurt, so me and Grandpa took them other two fellers and beat the socks offen them right quick. After the game, Grandpa told his latest houn dog yarn and then I remembered Mom sending me for oranges. When I got home she sure was put out on account of me stayin so long at the store.

When Mom gets riled she don't talk much, but I know how to get back on the good side again. I start braggin on

her cookin. That gets a woman every time. Most women are alike. You just brag on their cookin and treat em real gentleman like. Open doors for them, hold their chairs and walk on the outside of the sidewalk.

Women sure go for a man with polish and manners. Now you take that piano playin TV feller with such pretty teeth. I think all the women like his polish and manners about as well as the music he plays.

Mom went on and baked her orange cake even if she was mad at me. It turned out good too. She knows how much I like fresh cake while its still warm, so she cut us a big slice and made some fresh coffee.

I poked up the fire in the fireplace and we set down to warm and eat our cake. I started braggin on it, and it was delicious, really. Mom told me how she got the recipe from Grandma Jones years ago. Granma learned to bake it when she lived back in Georgia. Seems it's an old recipe that's been handed down from mother to daughter. I know you will want to try it so here it is.

### Orange Cake

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 ½ cups buttermilk
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 eggs
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 4 cups sifted flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 tablespoons grated orange rind

Cream shortening, sugar, add eggs, beat smooth. Sift dry ingredients, add alternately with the buttermilk, blend in vanilla and orange rind. Bake in stem pan (large) 1 hour at 350 degrees.

Glaze while hot with syrup made of 1 cup orange juice, 2 cups sugar, 2 tablespoons orange rind. To make syrup,

***The Jack County Herald, Jacksboro, Texas December 6, 1956***

dissolve sugar in orange juice. This must be mixed up before the cake is baked so the sugar will have time to dissolve. Mom says just keep spoonin the syrup over the hot cake until the cake soaks up most all the syrup mix.

### All-Mural Honors Given Jerry Craft

Jerry Craft, sophomore at Texas Tech, was chosen for the center position on the first All-Mural team ever chosen at the Lubbock school. He was one of only four underclassmen to make the first team.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Craft of Jacksboro, Jerry played center on the 1953 district championship Tiger team. He plays intramural football for his fraternity, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, at Tech where he is majoring in animal husbandry.

them like that when I was a little boy. She used to have baked spare ribs, sweet potatoes and molasses pie when I'd get in from school.

Some folks think its funny that I always talk about food. Why I know of a feller on TV that makes a fortune talkin about hush puppies and singin a little ditty once and a while. I don't ever figger to get rich off what I say, but I enjoy sayin it.

Now-Im gona give you Moms pie recipe.

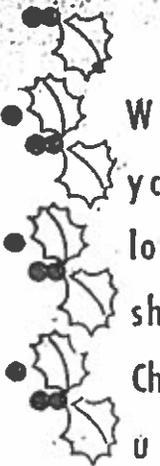
#### Molasses Pie

- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon allspice
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 3/4 cup molasses
- 2 eggs

2 tablespoons melted butter  
Sift all dry ingredients together except soda. Dissolve soda in sour milk. Mix in molasses and add to dry ingredients. Add beaten eggs, then melted butter or margarine, and beat until smooth.

Line a piepan with flaky pastry, pour in fillin, and bake at 375 degrees F. until pie begins to brown. Reduce heat to 350 and bake until crust is brown

Mr. and Mrs. expected home from Austin 4 days with hon students at the



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It's like I never get time to read my paper, these days. Why, it's been better'n a week since I played 12 with the fellows at the store, or swapped yams with Grandpa Jones. I think I must be in one of them 'vicious cycle' things.

As soon as I get the wood box filled up and set down to blow a spell, Mom calls me to come haul pecans for her Christmas cookin. Soons I finish the pecans, the wood box is empty. Round and round I go, and I don't reckon I'll get to stop till Christmas. I've hulled so many nuts my thumb looks like an old beat up cigar butt. This is a full grown Christmas-rush if I ever saw one yet. Mom says shes beatin the rush by getting every thing done early. All in the way you figger it.

There's real Christmas spirit in the air out here on the range. Folks goin' in to town to shop, lots of pretty cards in the mail, all the women folk cleanin and cookin. Younguns practicin carols.

You never saw the like of party invites Mom and I got. I reckon we'll be a-goin to Christmas programs and social shindigs all over Jack County. By the time its all over, Mom and me 'ull be so tuckered out we wont be able to set up till mid-night on New Years.

Last night we went to a party over at Fred and Mable's house. All the neighbors from miles around was there, and you never in all your puttogethers seen so many people and so much food. Everybody eatin and laughin 'n' talkin at the same time. Right in the middle of the festivity, Elvirlo's youngun, Gabo put a string of fire crackers in the fire place, and things got right lively auro enough.

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When the dog let out a ear splittin yelp, the cat fuzzed up and shinned up the nearest floor lamp. I tell you it was bedlam around there for a while.

Well sir, we ate, and played games til might near midnight. I ate molasses pie till I felt like a stuffed load. I bragged on them pies, until Mom started glarin at me. When we got home, she said she was plum ashamed of me, eatin so much, and goin on about that pie the way I did. Said Fred had such a spell over a molasses pie at our house last year that she gave Mable that recipe.

You sure gotta be careful with these women folk about their cookin, sometime they get powerful touchy if they think somebody else is gettin an edge on them. When Mom gets mad at me she wont salt the vittles. My grandma used to make

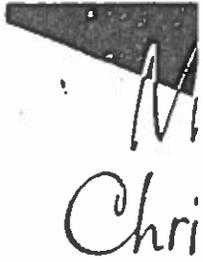
- 1/2 teaspoon allspice
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 3/4 cup molasses
- 2 eggs

2 tablespoons melted butter  
Sift all dry ingredients together except soda. Dissolve soda in sour milk. Mix in molasses and add to dry ingredients. Add beaten eggs, then melted butter or margarine, and beat until smooth.

Line a piepan with flaky pastry, pour in fillin, and bake at 375 degrees F. until pie begins to brown. Reduce heat to 350 and bake until crust is brown and filling firm. Eggs whites may be reserved for meringue or pastry cutouts may be baked and put on top while pie is hot. Mable had put pastry cutouts on hers. Little Christmas trees sprinkled with green and red sugar. Sure did add Christmas cheer to the pies on the sideboard.

Guess Id better get back on my pecan hulling job. So long for now.—Pops.

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Greetings  
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## Home on the **RANGE**

BY ~~With Pops Eatin~~

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There's real Christmas spirit in the air out here on the range. Folks goin' in to town to shop, lots of pretty cards in the mail and the women folk cleanin and cookin. Younguns practicing carols.

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You sure gotta be careful with these women folk about their cookin, sometime they get powerful touchy if they think somebody else is getting an edge on them. When Mom gets mad at me she won't salt the vittles.

My grandma used to make them like that when I was a little boy. She used to have baked spare ribs, sweet potatoes and molasses pie when I'd get in from school.

Some folks think its funny that I always talk about food. Why I know of a feller on TV that makes a fortune talking about hush puppies and singin a little ditty once and a while. I don't ever figger to get rich of what I say, but I enjoy sayin it.

Now I'm gonna give you Mom's pie recipe.

### **Molasses Pie**

- ½ cup flour
- ½ cup brown sugar
- ½ teaspoon allspice
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 cup buttermilk
- ¾ cup molasses

*The Jack County Herald*, Jacksboro, Texas December 20, 1956

2 eggs

2 tablespoons melted butter

Sift all dry ingredients together except soda. Dissolve soda in sour milk. Mix in molasses and add to dry ingredients. Add beaten eggs, then melted butter or margarine, and beat until smooth.

Line a piepan with flaky pastry, pour in fillin, and bake at 375 degrees F. until pie begins to brown. Reduce heat to 350 and bake until crust is brown and filling firm. Eggs whites may be reserved for meringue or pastry cutouts may be baked and put on top while pie is hot. Mable had put pastry cutouts on hers. Little Christmas trees sprinkled with green and red sugar. Sure did add Christmas cheer to the pies on the sideboard.

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Pops.

SPORTS SECTION

about the time he held the attempt of a PAT QB to the Cotton

around his home year he played a game, but nothing then on a beautiful Day afternoon the

the metropolitan singing the praises held men of both and the Orangemen, the fact that the in was not in the y: It was a second at was representing e—and while one the exploits of the 3" to be highly— must never be for— Mendoza's blocked the Horned Frogs margin that proved ory command. Like— not be forgotten, i allbl was written aged point after in

the 1956 Cotton Bowl game that post the Cotton Bowl

Chuck Curtis, the tall QB of the Hoogs was undoubtedly the shining light of the backfield for his school. It must not be forgotten that the Syracuse All-American, Jim Brown, was in the game—ask any opposing player. Any man that scores 21 of his team's 27 points, is in the game for a fact.

But the praises of the backfield of the two machines must be overshadowed by the performance of Chico Mendoza.

Long afterward, when the record books have grown musty and yellowed with age, one must look at the final reading, 28-27, and remember that it was that blocked try for PAT that spelled the difference—and that it was Chico Mendoza who blocked that attempt.

# Antelope

The W. T. Barrow family spent the holidays in Mount Pleasant.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Barton spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Rankin and daughters, Ann and Virginia Rankin spent the week end with their grandparents at Wichita Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Willey Coody spent Christmas in Henrietta with relatives.

Gene Pitman spent the holidays with his parents at Ada, Okla.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Stubbelfold and daughters of Snyder visited

time when you could give a woman a new ex handle of a new iron board for Christmas and she'd be right proud—but not any more, no sire. All the women these days read the newspapers and magazines and watch TV, and believe me they know all about these newfangled contraptions, and they want the latest model, out from cars to biscuit cutters.

Mom had her mind set on one of them automatic washin machines for Christmas so I had one sent out from the county seat. The appliance man installed it in the kitchen and showed Mom which buttons to punch, and she couldn't wait to try it out. When it started up like magic, you never saw such a pleased woman. She had a smile on her face like a wave on a slop bucket.

I reckon it wasn't mor'n six minutes till that machine began to click and purr and the hot soap suds commenced to squirt all over the kitchen. I jumped up and grabbed the wild drain hose, and poked it into the sink, and the sink filled up and started running down my pants into my new boots.

I got that machine under control now though. I fixed a pipe on that drain hose so it runs off down in the pasture!

Well, the holidays put near got me down this year, we had so many kinsfolk here. Cousins by the dozen, little youngsters all over the place. The dogs and cats took off to the barn to get out from under foot, and there was times when I wished I'd been there too.

Mom bout got her fill of cooking for once. My biscuit making brother-in-law was here, and I never in all my put together saw a man do away with so many hot biscuits so fast. Grandpa

at her dinner member were D Claude spent I Sant distrib Carl R North Graves Shaunt Dee L Smith, Mrs. J and Be Mrs. J daught and Mr ter of L. Jol Vance. Ed of Webb

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## n News

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Tulla visited rela-  
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l Okmulgee, Okla.  
Mrs. Johnny Boan

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# NEWS

## Wichita Falls

Mrs. Jack Thornton and Mrs. Nora Tulla visited relatives the week end. Mrs. C. R. Thompson of Okmulgee, Okla. Mrs. Johnny Bean Weatherford spent with Mrs. D. H. W. W. Erwin.

Mrs. A. N. Byers and her family visited the Billings the holidays.

Mrs. Douglas Cooper and Mrs. Nora Weatherford visited Wichita Falls with Mrs. John Cooper use Saturday evening.

Mrs. Spencer and family visited with Mr. and Mrs. of Bewick.

Mrs. D. C. Smith and Mrs. Carl Mowers, Mrs. Carl Mowers, Mrs. Frank Erwin Denton, Mrs. C. R. daughter of Oklahoma. W. W. Erwin visited. Mr. and Mrs. over the week

Mrs. Smith is working

Mrs. J. B. Sanders and her family spent with Mr. and Mrs.

Mrs. of Blair, Okla. and family of Mrs. M. T. Bellamy of Lubbock spent with Mr. and Mrs. J.

have factory fresh car batteries. Buy Jack County Herro's General Store Highway 199.

Ann and Virginia Rankin spent the week end with their grandparents at Wichita Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Willey Coody spent Christmas in Henrietta with relatives.

Gene Pittman spent the holidays with his parents at Ada, Okla.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Stubblefield and daughters of Snyder visited. Mr. and Mrs. Chris Stubblefield and friends here during the holidays.

T. Sgt. and Mrs. Perry J. Carroll and Susie of Chilcoat, Calif. visited in the J. L. Rankin home Sunday.

Sunday school attendance at the Methodist church was low Sunday, because of illness and holiday trips.

Holiday guests of Mrs. Sam Mower were Clifford Mower and family of Fort Worth, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brunette of Houston, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Mower and family and the Junior Mower family of Jacksboro.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Vanderweel and children of Dallas spent the holidays with Mrs. Lucy Barrick.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Voyles visited in the W. R. Hill home during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hill attended the wedding of a nephew Kenneth White at Hollis, Okla. Dec. 27.

Mrs. Lucy Barrick visited in Jacksboro Saturday.

David Conner of Texas Tech is spending the holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Conner.

Mr. and Mrs. Puddy Watson of Wichita Falls visited in the C. A. Conner home.

Mrs. Dave Barrick, L. E. Barrick, Mr. and Mrs. Downing of Fort Worth visited Mrs. Lucy Barrick during the holidays.

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Mom 'bout got her fill of cookin' for once. My biscuit makin' brother-in-law was here, and I never in all my put together saw a man do away with so many hot biscuits so fast. Grandpa Blatin was in for Christmas day, and the poor old feller is gettin' so forgetful he just kept tellin' the same yarn all day long. We all knew it so well we'd prompt him and he never even noticed.

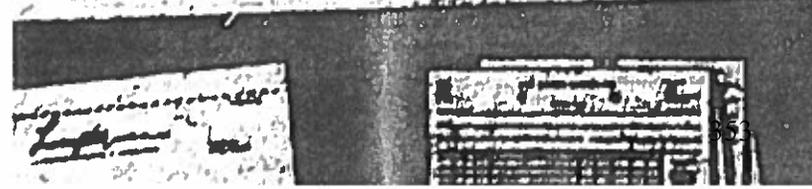
The city kinfolk came out for a spell. They ate Mom's cookin' till I thought they'd split their hides. Sam and Jane are our rich cousins. Jane goes to the beauty parlor every week. She's pushin' fifty, but she dresses like a young filly and puts stuff on her hair. She kept tellin' Mom we ought to reduce. Ever time Mom put a dish on the table Jane would tell how fatten it was, but I noticed when we all got to the table she'd really dig in. Seems she always manages to lose about ten pounds before Christmas, then eats anything she wants and when the holidays over she winds up about where she was before she started losin'. To me that's sorta like drivin' fast to keep from runnin' outa gas before you get where you're goin'.

Ever time I heard about these outlandish diets I think about the feller who went into town on New Year's eve and really got loaded. Long about midnight he wobbled up to a parkin meter on a downtown street and put in a nickel. The meter clicked over to sixty and the feller squinted at the numbers on the dial and started carryin' on: "Oh my, this is terrible. I just took a few drinks and lost over a hundred pounds!"

Everybody is makin' New Year's resolutions. Fred said Mable made a resolution to do more fishin' and less dishwashin' in 1957. So he resolved to do more dishwashin' and less fishin' cause he knew it'd turn out that way for him anyway.

Grandpa Jones resolved to chop all the kindlin' for Grandpa

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Grandpa Jones resolved to chop all the kindlin for Grandma in 1957, but he got in the doghouse right away. He chopped a big pile o kindlin and put it in grandma's new bathtub. He lowed it was too cold to take a bath anyhow. She took him for a tongue lashin and made him move every splinter. He says a woman that contrary is bound to a been born on the wrong side o the moon.

Mom and me have ate so high on the hog these past few days we dont even want to think about cookin or eatin right now. Jes give me a pot o beans and some cornbread so I can get all that rich livin out o my system. Happy New Year.—Pops.

### Bryson Methodist In Revival Meeting

The Bryson Methodist Church, George A. Thompson, pastor, began a mid-winter revival Thursday, Jan. 3. Services will be held each day at 10 a.m. and 7 p.m. through Friday, Jan. 11.

There will be prayer meetings 20 minutes before each evening service. Everyone is cordially invited to

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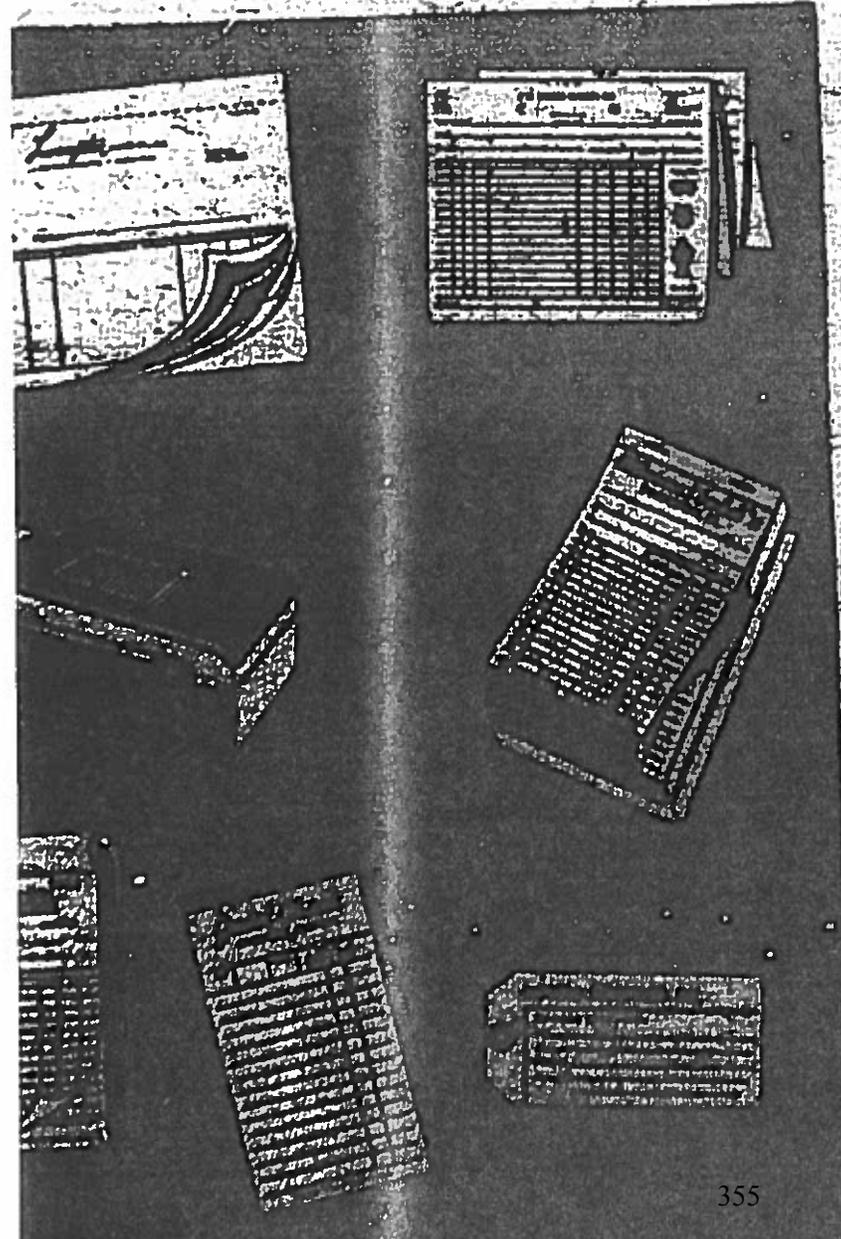
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*The Jack County Herald, Jacksboro, Texas January 3, 1957*

## Home on the **RANGE** With Pops Eatin

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I reckon it wasn't mor'n six minutes till that machine began to click and purr and the hot soap suds commenced to squirt up all over the kitchen. I jumped up and grabbed the wild drain hose and poked it into the sink, and the sink filled up and started running down my pants into my new boots.

I got that machine under control now though. I fixed a pipe on that drain hose so that it runs off down in the pasture!

Well, the holidays put near got me down this year, we had so many kinfolk here. Cousins by the dozen, little younguns all over the place. The dogs and cats took off to the barn to get out from under foot, and there was times when I wished I'd been there too.

Mom bout got her fill of cookin for once. My biscuit inhaling brother-in-law was here, and I never in all my put together saw a man do away with so many hot biscuits so fast. Grandpa Eatin was in for Christmas day, and the poor old feller is getting so forgetful he just kept telling the same yarn all day long. We all knew it so well we'd prompt him and he never even noticed.

The city kinfolk came out for a spell. They ate Mom's cookin till I thought they'd split their hides. Sam and Jane are our rich cousins. Jane goes to the beauty parlor every week. She's pushin fifty, but she dresses like a young filly and puts stuff on her hair. She kept telling Mom we ought to reduce. Ever time Mom put a dish on the table Jane would tell how fattin it was, but I noticed when we all got to the table she'd really dig in. Seems she always manages to lose about ten pounds before Christmas, then eats anything she wants and when the holidays over she winds up about where she was before she started losin. To me that's sorta like drivin fast to keep from runnin outa gas before you get where you're goin.

Ever time I heard about these outlandish diets I think about the feller who went into town on New Year's eve and really got loaded. Long about midnight he wobbled up to a parkin meter on a downtown street and put in a nickel. The meter clicked over to sixty and the teller squinted at the numbers on the dial and started carryin on; ... "Oh my, this is terrible. I just took a few drinks and lost over a hundred pounds!"

Everybody is makin New Year's resolutions. Fred said Mable made a resolution to do more fishin and less dishwashing in 1957. So he resolved to do more dishwashing and less fishin cause he knew it's turn out that way for him anyway.

Grandpa Jones resolved to chop all the kindling for Grandma in 1957, but he got

***The Jack County Herald, Jacksboro, Texas January 3, 1957***

in the doghouse right away. He chopped a big pile of kindling and put it in grandma's new bathtub. He lowed it was too cold to take a bath anyhow. She took him for a tongue lashin and made him move every splinter. He says a woman that contrary is bound to a been born on the wrong side o the moon.

Mom and me have ate so high on the hog these past few days we don't even want to think about cookin or eatin right now. Jes give me a pot of beans and some cornbread so I can get all that rich livin out o my system.  
Happy New Year—Pops.

### Archer Eightieth Sunday

Archer was honored  
dinner at her  
observance of  
y. children were  
spouses. They

Riley Scarber,  
the Scarber of  
and Mrs Frank  
Worth, Mr and  
of Iowa Park,  
e Miller of As-  
I Mrs Donald  
Mrs Ed Medley  
r of Jacksboro,  
se Covington of

and children and  
cluding Mr and  
Archer of Fort  
Davis Jr., Mr  
Scarber and Na-  
Post Oak, Mr  
Covington of  
the Ruth Scar-

x great grand-  
Jean Davis of  
ne, Steve and  
Post Oak, and  
the Ferrell  
ort Worth.

### Archer's New President

The Club opened  
n. 19 in the  
J. Atwood  
rum called the  
r and Mrs At-  
recreation.  
Hans was in-  
ent and made  
appointments  
s was planned  
r  
Thompson was  
w member Mrs  
as a visitor  
will be with  
Jan 17, 2 p.m.

## HOME ON THE RANGE

By POPS EATIN

Whats become of the common  
colds we used to cure with pills  
and salve from the general store  
or a good home remedy? Every  
time I come down with a cold  
now, Mom makes me go to the  
doc and take shots. I reckon al-  
lergies, viruses and all them  
newfangled colds have to have a  
newfangled treatment to cure.  
Why I coulda bought a new  
shotgun with all the money I've  
spent on doctorin this winter.

Lots o sickness everywhere  
now though. All the neighbors  
been allin, and Grandpa Jones  
has been puny for about a week.  
Grandma says he barks like a  
Carolina coon dog every night  
and she has to put near ear  
him down to give him his cough  
medicine. I went over there last  
night to set a spell and play a  
game of checkers. When I got  
over there Grandma was puttin  
a hot poultice on his chest an  
he was carryin on worsen some  
little youngun. First he com-  
plained it was too hot, then he  
didn't like the way it smelled. I  
didn't say nuthin, but it did  
smell a mite potent. I asked  
Grandma what it was, and she  
said it was only a hot flannel  
cloth with a little tallow, tur-  
pentine, camphor and lard.

I hadnt thought of that old  
home remedy in years. My  
grandma used to dops me up  
with a mess like that when I  
was a little feller. Makes me  
think to think about it. She'd  
make me wear it to school, long  
with a chunk so unafordita in a  
little rag on a string round my  
neck. But the teachers dreaded  
to see wintertime come back in  
them days. The air round the  
old coal stove probly got pretty  
powerful on cold days.

My grandma was really good  
at takin care of sick folks, and  
food was a important part of

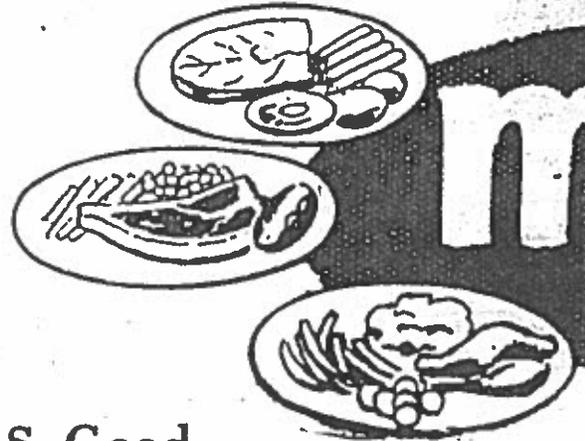
### Youth Is Subject Of WSCS Program Monday at Bryson

Mrs S. C. Shanafelt, was pro-  
gram leader for the Bryson Wo-  
man's Society of Christian Serv-  
ice Monday, as 14 members as-  
sembled to begin a study on  
"Youth in a Responsible So-  
ciety."

A discourse on Biblical youths

who began  
files intro  
Roy Clayton  
Cloud and  
panel discus  
cal basis fo  
and the  
point of vic  
Group pa  
tion and ar  
Mrs J. C. F  
program w

## Malicoat's Choice MEAL-MA



U. S. Good  
**Round Steak**

Hormel's Midwest  
**Bacon**

U. S. Good  
**Chuck Roast**

**Hamburger, 4 lbs. 98**

ARMOUR'S STAR



I called the  
nd Mrs At-  
ention.  
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and made  
atments.  
was planned

upson was  
member. Mrs  
visitor.  
I ho with  
15, 2 p.m.

## indsey WSCS

of Christian  
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H, program  
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8  
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circle chair-  
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and Mrs L.  
e devotional  
were Miss  
Bennett, Geo.  
Newsom.  
held a Royal  
Jan 8. Mrs  
ught the de-  
the program  
Brown, Pre-  
rhubck, Elmer  
S. E. Courloy  
etnam

was a little feller. Makes me  
itch, to think about it. She'd  
make me wear it to school, long  
with a chunk of asafetida in a  
little rag on a string round my  
neck. But the teachers dreaded  
to see wintertime come back in  
them days. The air round the  
old coal stove probly got pretty  
powerful on cold days.

My grandma was really good  
at takin care of sick folks, and  
food was a important part of  
her treatment. She always made  
potato soup and syllibub. Now  
syllibub is a sort of boiled cus-  
tard made with milk and eggs.  
I like to eat it any time, whether  
I'm sick or not. Most younguns  
love it.

This is how Grandma made  
her syllibub (it always sounded  
like she said silly, Bub):

- 1 quart sweet milk
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Put sugar and flour in a  
large saucepan (bout 3 quarts),  
add 1 cup of the milk and 4 egg  
yolks, beat smooth, add nutmeg  
and vanilla and 3 cups milk.  
Cook, stirring constantly, over a  
medium heat. When mixture  
comes to a boil and thickens,  
add egg whites that have been  
beaten to a soft moist peak.  
Blend the egg whites into the  
hot custard with a wire whip or  
a slotted spoon. Syllibub may be  
served hot or cold.

Mom uses this recipe and she  
figgered it out to have about  
292 calories per cupful. She's  
countin her calories since Cou-  
sin Jane was here Christmas.  
The only thing, I dont believe  
she's doin it right. She counts  
em up after she eats.

So long for now.—Pops

## Eagle Scouts Teach Brownies Flag Use

Eagle Scout Dan Ward and  
Jerry Deakon demonstrated flag  
etiquette at the meeting of 36th  
Eagle Brownie Troop Thursday.

U. S. Good

**Chuck Roast** Lb.

**Hamburger, 4 lbs. 98** T-E

ARMOUR'S STAR  
**Sausage, Lb. roll 25c** Loi

BEEF  
**Short Ribs, - lb. 19c** Clu

HORMEL 4-lb. Avg.  
**Canned Picnics 2.69** Sal

DECKER'S SPICED  
**Lunch Meat - lb. 39c** Lo

WILSON'S Box  
**Cheese Food 2 lb. 69c** Po

**Fresh PR**

**Tomatoes lb**

**Bananas**

**Cauliflower**





## Home on the **RANGE** With Pops Eatin

What's become of the common colds we used to cure with pills and aslve from the general store or a good home remedy? Every time I come down with a cold now, Mom makes me go to the doc and take shots. I reckon allergies, viruses and all them newfangled colds have to have a newfangled treatment to cure. Why I coulda bought a new shotgun with all the money I've spent on doctoring this winter.

Lots o sickness everywhere now though. All the neighbors been ailin, and Grandpa Jones has been puny for about a week. Grandma says he barks like a Carolina coon dog every night and she has to purt near ear him down to give him his cough medicine. I went over there last night to set a spell and play a game of checkers. When I got over there Grandma was putting a hot poultice on his chest an he was carryin on worsen some little youngun. First he complained it was too hot, then he didn't like the way it smelled. I didn't say nuthin, but it did smell a mite potent. I asked Grandma what it was, and she said it was only a hot flannel cloth with a little tallow, turpentine, camphor and lard.

I hadn't thought of that old home remedy in years. My grandma used to dope me up with a mess like that when I was a little feller. Makes me itch to think about it. She'd make me war it to school, long with a chunk of asafoedita in a little rag on a string round my neck. Bet the teachers dreaded to see wintertime come back in them days. The air round the old coal stove probably got pretty powerful on cold days.

My grandma was really good at takin care of sick folks, and food was a important part of her treatment. She always made potato soup and sylibub. Now sylibub is a sort of boiled custard made with milk and eggs. I like to eat it any time, whether I'm sick or not. Most younguns love it.

This is how Grandma made her sylibub (it always sounded like she said silly, Bub):

1 quart sweet milk  
4 eggs  
1 cup sugar  
3 tablespoons flour  
½ teaspoon nutmeg  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Put sugar and flour in a large saucepan (bout 3 quarts), add 1 cup of the milk and 4 egg yolks, beat until smooth, add nutmeg and vanilla and 3 cups milk. Cook, stirring constantly, over a medium heat. When mixture comes to a boil and thickens, add egg whites that have been beaten to a soft moist peak. Blend the egg whites into the hot custard with a wire whip or slotted spoon. Sylibub may be served hot or cold.

Mom uses this recipe and she figgered it out to have about 292 calories per cupful. She's countin her calories since Cousin Jane was here Christmas. The only thing, I don't believe she's doin it right. She counts em up after she eats.

So long for now.--Pops







entur Baptist Col-

Stamper enter-  
on Craig with a  
at Jackshoro Sat-  
ating his twelfth  
group went to the  
r refreshments. En-  
ccasion were Joe  
rgo Tuel, Frankle  
in Pat Newsom,  
and Craig.

s A. M. Jones were  
ors in Weatherford

ra H. C. Shanafelt  
of Denton spent  
t with Mrs Hazel

**DR**  
**S**  
**roduce**  
**GETABLES**  
**y Stores**

Grandpa had eight! He 'lowed  
he'd give the neighbors a mess  
and him and Grandma would  
have enough for a good stew.

Grandma Jones sure knows  
how to make squirrel stew. She  
always cooks up a batch o hush  
puppies to go with it. Theyre  
good with any kind o stew of  
fish. That there TV feller that  
talks about hush puppies has  
homo folks thinkin theyre some-  
thin new. Shucks, I cut my first  
teeth on a hush puppy! Now I  
got em under my plate—sorta  
like creek gravel in your shoes  
—but I eat em any time I can  
get Mom to cook em.

She says there's nothin to  
makin em. You make a stiff  
dough of:

- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 cup corn meal
- 3-4 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 medium onion, grated fine
- 1 egg
- 6 tablespoons top milk or light cream

Mix dry ingredients. Add  
onion, egg, milk, beat smooth.  
Drop by teaspoonfuls in deep  
fat. Fry brown, drain on paper.

Mom says if you dip the tea-  
spoon into cold water each time  
before you mold a hush puppy.  
The dough will come off the  
spoon much smoother, quicker  
too.

So long for now—Pops

Mr and Mrs H. L. Perry of  
Wichita Falls are spending the  
week with their daughter Mrs  
Robert Morris.

## With Mrs. Clayton

Mrs. J. R. Clayton was host-  
ess to the NTS Club on Jan. 17.  
Mrs B. B. Jones conducted the  
business meeting and Mrs J. O.  
Heester had charge of the pro-  
gram.

Refreshments were served to  
those mentioned and Mmes. T.  
T. Stuart, W. L. McCloud, L. O.  
Moore, R. H. Goble, C. P. Clay-  
ton, H. E. Bailey, Hazel Shan-  
felt, A. M. Jones, T. M. Bruce  
and E. Hughes. Mrs J. P. An-  
drews and Mrs Lessie Bryson  
were ill.

Mrs A. M. Jones will be host-  
ess for the next meeting Jan.  
31.

## Salt Creek Club Completes Quilts

The Salt Creek Sewing Club  
met Jan. 17 at the clubhouse,  
quilting two quilts, for Alla  
Raper and Mrs Buster Coffman.

Each member brought a cov-  
ered dish for the noon meal.

Present were Ruby Brown,  
Rena Mathis, Alla Raper, Eula  
Mae Swan, Lucy Lewis, Opal  
Coffman, Lovice Swan, Oletta  
Walls.

Next meeting will be Jan. 31.

## Girl Scouts Plan Special Program

Brownie and Girl Scout lead-  
ers met Thursday in the home  
of Mrs E. C. Richards to plan  
programs for the next six  
months. Two girls were present  
from each troop.

The Thinking Day program  
on Feb. 22 will honor Lord Rob-  
ert Baden-Powell, founder of  
International scouting for boys  
and girls.

The 45th anniversary of or-  
ganization of the Girl Scouts of  
America will be observed March  
12, honoring Juliette Lowe who  
held the first Girl Scout meet-  
ing at Savannah, Ga.

**SPECIALISTS in**

**BRASS STEERING**

**AUTOMATIC**

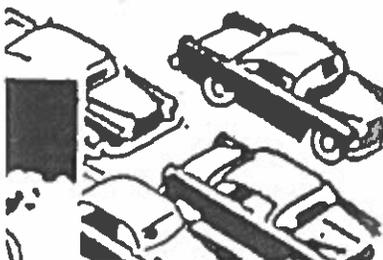
**TRANSMISSIONS**

**PAINTING**

**and**

**BODY**

**WORK**



IT'S A GIRL

11

## Home on the **RANGE** With Pops Eatin

I reckon lots of men spend a pile o money on huntin and fishin equipment every year. It ain't always the ones that spend the most that get the most game though. Bout all some of them bring in is good yarns about the big ones that got away.

Only feller I know that spends very little and brings in lots o game though, is Grandpa Jones who's the most expert squirrel hunter in Jack County, I 'low. His equipment is an old muzzle loader shotgun and a little varmint dog he trained hisself. He buys black gunpowder and shot by the pound and caps by the hundred. Makes his own loads accordin to the game he's after and the distance he wants to shoot.

When he gets that old gun rammed full o powder, shot and gun wads, and lets fly at a squirrel, the red fire and sparks shoot about three feet off the end o the barrel and a regular cannon blast echoes up and down the river bottom.

He never misses anything he aims at. His paw trained him to shoot thataway back in the days when huntin was part o providing food for the family.

Fred n me took Grandpa Jones over to the river bottom yesterday to hunt some squirrel. It was still pretty muddy under foot and Grandpa give plum out and had to rest on a stump for a spell. Me n Fred went on a ways, then back to the pickup. We had three squirrels and Grandpa had eight! He l'owed he'd give the neighbors a mess and him and Grandma would have enough fer a good stew.

Grandma Jones sure knows how to make squirrel stew. She always cooks up a batch o hush puppies to go with it. They're good with any kind o stew or fish. That there TV feller that talks about hush puppies has some folks thinking they're something new. Shucks, I cut my first teeth on a hush puppy! Now I get em under my plate—sorta like creek gravel in your shoes—but I eat em any time I can get Mom to cook em.

She says there's nothing to makin em. You make a stiff dough of:

### HUSH PUPPIES

- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 cup corn meal
- 3-4 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 medium onion grated fine
- 1 egg
- 6 tablespoons top milk or light cream

Mix dry ingredients. Add onion, egg, milk, beat smooth. Drop by teaspoonfuls in deep fat. Fry brown, drain on paper.

Mom says if you dip the teaspoon into cold water each time before you mold a high puppy, the dough will come off the spoon much smoother, quicker too.

So long for now--Pops



FIND! NO COPY

*The Jack County Herald, Jacksboro, Texas January 31, 1957*

## Home on the **RANGE**

With Pops Eatin

Its been purt nigh cold enuff to freeze the horns offen a brass billy goat out here on the range lately. <sup>1</sup> I've had myself a choppin good time too, keepin enuff wood cut, and holes in the ice on the stock tanks sos the cows can water. Them tanks down in the lower pastures had ice thick as my foot every mornin. Our water system at the house has had hardenin of the arteries. Po Mom couldn't use her new washer, and I haven't been bothered with her wantin me to take a bath. <sup>2</sup> Just goes to show that theres allus a good side to everything. It's a heap o trouble to keep things goin when things are froze up tightern a jug though.

This spell o weather reminds me o the winters we used to have when I waz a boy. Them was the days! The school'd shut down for a week at a time, and we'd have a wonderful time a skatin and playin in the snow. We played on the ice till our shoe soles'd be wore plum thru. And sometimes we'd fall in the lake and get wet and chilled to the marrow. That was a real calamity, cause Maw'd give us a good switchin. It didn't hurt overmuch though, cause we wuz so well padded. Younguns wore lots of good warm clothes back in them days. Like long stockins and long handled underwear.

I'll never forget what a time little Charlie had learning to dress hissself and got them long handled garmints on the right way. He'd get all mixed up and put em on sorta upside down, then he'd set in the corner behind the old wood stove and bawl till Maw come in to help him.

He allus said them things just didn't fit. The legs wuz too short, the arms too long, and the neck too tight and they had a big hole right in the seat. He shoulda stood on his head to start with and he'd a come out all right! I allus had trouble fittin them long legs down in my stockins. The girls had the hang of it, but mine allus looked like a sausage with the stuffin shifted. <sup>3</sup>

Speakin o sausage reminds me o them good ol sausage biscuits Moms been making for breakfast these cold mornings. <sup>4</sup> She makes regular biscuit dough, rolls it thin and cuts it out like usual. Then she puts a fried sausage between two biscuits and mashes the edges shut. After they are baked nice and brown she serves em with a batch o scrambled eggs and some o her homemade plum jelly. Like the TV feller says, "Lickin good!"

I don't believe Moms ever gona get the hang o countin up them calories right. <sup>5</sup> She's still figgerin 'em up after she eats. Then when she gets done figgerin she says, "Oh my, aint it turrible!" then starts plannin the next meal. Seems like shes in for more figger than I can cope withen she don't mend her takin ways.—So long for now.  
Pops

1. We were living in Antelope at the time Mom wrote this. A really cold blue norther came through and snow was everywhere a couple of feet deep. School was canceled and just about everyone stayed home. The cold wind blew so hard we had to stuff rags in the cracks in the windows and hung blankets over the doors to the living room for extra insulation. We hibernated there in the living room with the only source of heat in the house, which was one of the three old stone fireplaces. Claude Fry one of the young men in the community, had chains for the tires on his car so he

***The Jack County Herald, Jacksboro, Texas January 31, 1957***

could get around on the icy roads. He stopped by to check on us to make sure we had food and firewood. Neighbors took care of one another back then

2. The story about bathing came from a story Mom loved to tell about Great Grandmother Annie Barton who insisted everyone take a bath every Saturday night whether they needed it or not. One episode included Dad (Leon Rankin) who was working for Raymond Barton as a hired hand on the Archer County ranch. Annie was urging Leon to go take a bath while she mended his socks. He was objecting when Uncle Arch Derden told Leon he just as well get up and go do it, because she wouldn't leave a body alone until he did. Arch was an old bachelor who had lived at the ranch alone for years. He had always sworn he would never live with his sister Annie, but after Reuben Derden, their father died, and the ranch became part of both Annie and Arch's inheritance, he had no choice. Both Annie and Arch lived with the Barton family until their deaths. Archibald Derden is buried near his beloved ranch in the Dundee Cemetery, Dundee, Texas. Annie is buried in Myrtle Cemetery, Ennis Texas beside her husband Charles Barton. Raymond and Lula Mae Barton, Reuben and Susan Derden, and Lucille Barton Rankin are also buried in that same plot. Little Charlie grew up and married Christine Entrop. He is buried with Chris in Holliday, Archer County, Texas.
3. The remainder of the description was a mix of what was actually happening at that time and the cold winters in Archer County when the

family had the ranch there. Little Charlie was Charles (Buddy) Roberts, Lula Mae's nephew that she and Raymond had unofficially adopted when his mother died soon after he was born.

4. The Sausage Biscuits were made by Lula Mae Barton, and were sometimes part of the sack lunch taken to school by Lucille and Little Charlie.
5. The woman who counted the calories after she ate was Lula Mae Barton (Granny Barton). She really had a tough time with it. She was a wonderful county cook, and enjoyed everything she made.

### dimen Benefit Six Months ning in Army

valup of six months ac-  
ty training at an army  
center as a National  
man was stressed today  
t. Billie E. Davis, com-  
of Battery D. 131st FA

only does this training  
the time a young man  
serve in the Ready Re-  
but it helps open the way  
ore rapid promotion in  
tional Guard, and for ap-  
ent to the United States  
y Academy.

six months training is  
at an Army training cen-  
d upon its completion the  
man returns to his home  
o serve out the remainder  
reserve military service  
local National Guard unit.

igh school student may  
in the National Guard any  
fter he reaches age 17 and  
ff taking his six month  
g until after he gradu-  
apt. Davis stated.

is Army training," he said  
fine thing for a young  
or it gives him an insight  
army life and teaches him  
o live with large groups  
n' in his own age bracket.  
oung trainees are taught  
o live in the field and giv-  
ysical training that hard-  
eir muscles and their bod-

t. Davis announced that  
nformation on the Nation-  
and may be had by inter-  
young men or their parents  
line at the National Guard  
y between 9 a.m. and 4  
on week days, or Monday  
ars after 7 p.m. or by tele-  
ne 2541.

HERALD WANT ADS  
BRING RESULTS!

# FOR Y'S Produce VEGETABLES

## HOME ON THE RANGE

By POPS HATIN

Winter months used to be the  
time o year I got caught up on  
my readin, and Mom pieced  
quilts and quilted. We visited  
the neighbors and played forty-  
two. I allus mended and oiled  
the harness and saddles, and  
sharpened the axe. We lived  
quiet and easy like most of the  
time.

Now we have to rush like  
mad to get done with the chores  
ovry day so we wont miss our  
favorite TV programs. I think  
television is one of the best new  
fangled contraptions ever in-  
vented, but it sure takes up a  
lot o my spare time.

Bout all Ive had time to read  
this winter is the Almanac, my  
new seed catalog, a little in the  
Biblia evry night, and of course  
The Herald onct a week.

I read the Almanac to keep  
up with the signs o the Zodiac.  
My paw always set great store  
in the signs. He allus looked to  
see if the sign was right for  
plantin, killin weeds and grass,  
an breakin horses. An Maw  
never set a hen or weaned a  
youngun lessen the sign was  
right for it. Some says theres  
nothin to it, but I believe there  
is, for a fact.

Ive got my days all figgered  
out for next week. Now you can  
set hens any day from the 10th  
to the 21st of this month. Mon-  
day 11th and Tuesday 12th will  
be fine for plantin stuff that  
grows above the ground. I aim  
to plant my English peas and  
some seed beds. All the rest of  
the week wont be no good for  
plantin but fine for killin weeds  
and plant pests. Monday and  
Tuesday, Friday and Saturday  
will be good days to fish. You  
may have to fish Eskimo style  
if we keep havin this freezin  
weather. Seems like them good  
fishin days allus come on days  
I have the most work laid off  
to do.

Nobody knows how far back  
people knowed about star-lorn  
and moon signs. Seems like I  
read about it onct in my school  
books that the idea came from  
Egypt way back in the B.C.  
days. I think Ill get me some  
astrology books and read up on  
it. Course that would interfere  
some with my TV lookin.

Well plant your peas and set  
your hens while the signs right.  
So long for now.—Pops

## BRYSON

Buddy Beck of ACC spent the  
week end with Mr and Mrs Joe  
Beck.

Mr and Mrs Fred Finnie at-  
tended the wedding of Miss Vir-  
ginia Smith, daughter of Mr and  
Mrs Vaughn Smith of Garner,  
and Warren Milner of Vernon,  
at Bethesda Methodist Church,  
Garner, Saturday evening.

Mrs John Tuel and Mrs W. A.  
Stafford were business visitors  
to Jacksboro Monday.

Suzette and Sherri Shanafelt  
of Jacksboro spent the week end  
with Mrs Hazel Shanafelt.

Mr and Mrs Jack Jones, Jaron  
and Randy, Mr and Mrs Dudley  
Jones and Jeanette of Wichita  
Falls visited Mr and Mrs. A. M.  
Jones.

Womon of the Church of  
Christ met Thursday in the  
home of Mrs L. V. Vanhooser  
for an all day quilting. Present

### Salt Creek Club Completes Quilts

The Salt Creek Sewing Club  
met at the club house Jan. 31  
for a day of quilting, completing  
quilts for Mmes. Lovice Swan,  
Anita Mayley, Myrtle Jean Smith,  
Lucy Carney, Loyce Maxwell  
and Pauline Mathis.

A covered dish luncheon was  
served at noon to those men-  
tioned and Mmes. Rena Mathis,  
Etta Barker, Opal Coffman, Jua-  
nita Mathis, Oletta Walls, Eula-  
mao Swan, Rubynell Carney, May  
Leatherwood and Lelure Mathis.

Next meeting was set for Feb.  
7 at the Salt Creek club house.

very fine day  
Cullery, Deo York, Carl  
Carl Smith, W. D.  
Roberta, Dora Box, Bessie  
len and M. D. Newton. A  
ered dish luncheon was  
Mr and Mrs George Gross  
cently visited Mr and Mrs  
Gross and family at Parrot.

Mrs Mae Lowe was admit-  
to Graham Hospital, Wednes-  
day with a broken shoulder. She  
later transferred to a Wild  
Falls hospital and was dismis-  
Sunday.

Mr and Mrs Fred Lay and  
Mr and Mrs Charles Cullers  
children of Fort Worth spent  
the week end with Mr and  
W. A. Carter.

Mrs Hershall Thompson  
children of Wichita Falls vis-  
Mr and Mrs D. C. Brown  
cently.

Mr and Mrs W. J. William  
Springtown spent a few  
with Mr and Mrs R. H. Gray

Mrs John Tuel was dismi-  
from Jacksboro Hospital  
Wednesday.

Mr and Mrs Carl York  
Denton, Mr and Mrs Ira  
Afee of Graham visited Mr  
Mrs Deo York and Mrs L.  
Bryson Sunday.

Mrs Leo Sanders was adm-  
to Jacksboro Hospital Sun-

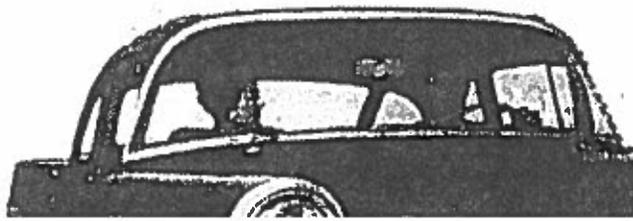
Mrs Oscar Horton and  
spent Sunday with Oscar  
San Angelo hospital.

Mr and Mrs Austin Bruce  
son of Graham, Mr and Mrs  
Bruce of Chico, Mrs Josie  
Mrs Dora Box, Mrs Fannie  
lan were guests in the T.  
Bruce home Sunday.

Mr and Mrs R. H. Gray  
companied by Mr and Mrs  
Williams attended funeral  
ices for an aunt Mrs Ada  
at Breckenridgo Tuesday.

# What a

# What





*The Jack County Herald, Jacksboro, Texas February 7, 1957*

## Home on the **RANGE** With Pops Eatin

Winter months used to be the time o year I got caught up on my reading, and Mom pieced quilts and quilted. We visited the neighbors and played forty-two. I allus mended and oiled the harness and saddles, and sharpened the axe. We lived quiet and easy like most of the time.

Now we have to rush like mad to get done with the chores every day so we won't miss our favorite TV programs. I think television is one of the best new fangled contraptions ever invented, but it sure takes up a lot o my spare time.

Bout all I've had time to read this winter is the Almanac, my new seed catalog, a little in the Bible evry night, and of course The Herald onct a week.

I read the Almanac to keep up with the signs o the Zodiac. My paw always set great store in the signs. He allus looked to see if the sign was right for plantin, killin weeds and grass an breakin horses. An Maw never set a hen or weaned a youngun lessen the sign was right for it. Some says theres nothing to it, but I believe there is, for a fact.

I've got my days all figgered out for next week. Now you can set hens any day from the 10<sup>th</sup> to the 21<sup>st</sup> of this month. Monday 11<sup>th</sup> and Tuesday 12<sup>th</sup> will be fine for plantin stuff that grows above the ground. I aim to plant my English peas and some seed beds. All the rest of the week won't be no good for plantin but fine for killin weeds and plant pests. Monday and Tuesday. Friday and Saturday will be good days to fish. You may have to fish Eskimo style if we kep havin this freezing weather.

Seems like them good fishin days allus come on days I hve the most work laid off to do.

Nobody knows how far back people knowed about star-lore and moon signs. Seems like I read about it onct in my school books that the idea came from Egypt way back in the B.C. days. I think I'll get me some astrology books and read ~~up~~ on it. Course that would interfere some with my TV lookin.

Well, plant your peas and set your hens while the signs right.  
So long for now.--Pops



# HOME ON THE RANGE

Jim plum tuckered out from pushing my garden plow all day. I got my English peas planted, put in a few rows o' pink greens and a couple o' rows o' beets. While I was out there with my plow handy I worked out my outon' patch too. Its a mite early for gardenin, but if you dont get it in early in these parts, you dont make nothin. Them had burned grasshoppers will be out chewin' up everything before you know it.

Mom ordered a hundred baby chicks last week. Theyll give them hoppers a fit come summer. I once heard tell of a feller in Kansas that couldn't raise a crop for the grasshoppers so he went into the chicken business and the chickens ate the hoppers. Now that was a snenkin way o' gettin rid of em.

I went over to Granpa Jones yesterday to help him an Granma lay off some rows in their garden. When I got there Granma was plantin peas with a hoe an she was madder an old wet hen. Granpa had got up early an started on the garden, but he turned up so many good flahin worms he just quit the gardenin and went fishin. I wasn't surprised much, cause he does it every year. I went on a helped Granma finish her plantin and she wouldnt feel so put out. Bout the time we finished, Granpa came over the hill from the south pasture tank luggin a big string o' perch an proudorn a youngun with a speckled pup. Granma started in on 'em, but he never paid her no mind. Jen sat there cleanin his fish and whittlin a little tune. We both knowed she wasn't as het up as she let on.

She fried them fish a pretty golden brown an had lots o' hot coornbread to go with them. An she made a lemon pie for dessert. They didn have to twist my arm to coax me to stay for dinner, hungry as I was after that garden work.

Now I'm here to tell you that was the best lemon pie I ever flapped a lip over. I had Granma give me the recipe for Mom. She likes to make pies to bake all together in a crust. Says its less muss and fuss. This ones baked in a crust lko a custard. Its called

### Lemon Sponge Pie

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons flour
- juice and rind one medium lemon
- lump butter size of an egg
- 1 cup boiling water
- 3 eggs
- 1 uncooked crust

Blend sugar, flour well, add the lemon juice and grated rind, butter and boiling water, stir until cool. Then add 3 egg yolks beaten, then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into pie shell and bake until firm at 350 degrees. The sponge will rise to the top and leave a thick layer of lemon custard at the bottom. Tuckin good! So long for now.

# Post Oak

Mr and Mrs Lewis Boyd and family of Dallas visited Mr and Mrs Frank Boyd Sunday. Other guests were Mr and Mrs Peto Johnson of Abilene.

Mr and Mrs Buck Skaggs and family of Mertzon were week end visitors in the L. B. Stiggs home.

Mr and Mrs John Haley and son of Lawton, Okla. visited Mrs Joe Schmittov and Virgil over the week end.

Mrs D. C. Sparkman, Nelda and Virginia visited in Denton over the week end. Miss Nancy Sparkman was home from Wichita Falls this week end.

Bro. and Mrs. Pat Craig and Torrie Anne visited in the E. L. Spangler home Sunday.

Mrs Foncino Rodgers visited Sandra Sparkman Sunday afternoon to make plans for the intermediate and Junior Sunday school class Valentine party at the home of Bro. Pat Craig on Thursday night.

Mr and Mrs Morris Williams and family and Mrs. Murgle Campbell of Henrietta visited Mr and Mrs C. T. Moreland Sunday. Mr and Mrs S. S. Campsey and Barbara Lynn Liggitt also visited them Sunday.

William Donald Cleveland handles this week.

E. L. Spangler, Mr and Mrs C. T. Moreland made a business trip to Henrietta Tuesday.

## Jim Green Honored At Birthday Dinner

Mrs Jim Green entertained with a birthday dinner Sunday for her husband.

Guests from out of town were Mrs Vera Mauzy of Farmington, N.M., Mr and Mrs Brady Cox and Mike of Dallas, Mrs Bude White and Miss Evelyn Baker of Wichita Falls, Mrs Julia Lee Larson, Mrs Jean Hammon and children of Olney, Mrs Lennie Mauzy, Mr and Mrs Leon Mauzy and Donna Lynn of Fort Worth.

Also present were Mrs Ada Wynn, Mr and Mrs Bertram Fox, Mrs Anna Durham, Mrs Leona Weig, Mrs Ruby Mathis, Sam Newman, Mr and Mrs Fred Green and Marlene, Harold and Jerry Mower, Vekie Worthington.

Recent guests of Mr and Mrs T. C. Counts were Mr and Mrs James Counts of Dallas where James is a Junior at SMU, also Mr and Mrs Tommy Counts and Debbie, Mr and Mrs Carroll Mitchell and daughter of Fort Worth.

# It's Your



## PRODIGY!

AT THE AGE OF 2, HORACE CREFFORED OVER THE BIBLE. AT 3 HE READ CHILDREN'S BOOKS. AT 4 ADULT BOOKS. AT 5 HE GAVE EVIDENCE OF READING ANY BOOK RIGHT-UPSIDE DOWN OR SIDEWAYS!



## Ruth Circle Views Dramatized Scene

The Ruth W.M.U. Circle, byson Baptist Church, is sponsoring a dramatized scene of Young Women's Auxiliary, Feb. 4 meeting, with Mrs. Sartin as leader in the drama of Mrs. G. R. Sweetnam, chairman.

Mrs. E. Hughes read verses from Psalms and led in prayer. Mrs. Bradford gave the YWA constitution.

Golden Heritage was dramatized with Mrs. M. H. Som as the mother and Mary Pendleton and Mrs. Glidwell as daughters, from an old family album.

The Esther W.M.U. Circle

## DR. C. C. SADLER

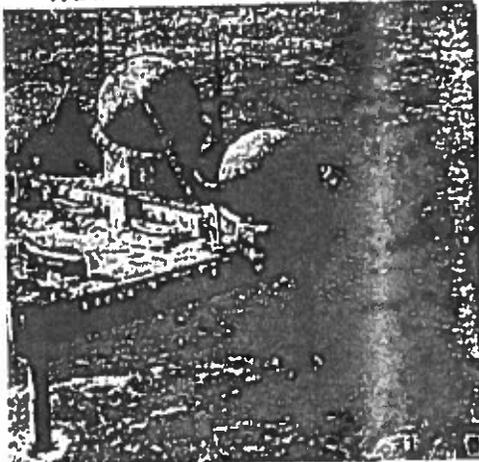
Chiropractor

TELEPHONE 2062  
303 EAST ARCHIE

men), most men say, especially when it's a well- This tasty main dish appears regularly at most d homomakers usually have their own favorite in than not, they improvise with each purchase ding ingredients that the family has. come to ulance of beef and pork in the flavored blend. at loaf more tasty than ever, try serving a now Here's a poppy Barbecue Sauce that combines ce with just the right amount of herbs and spices nvelops of salad dressing mix. This Good Seasons the dish, with its delightful seasoning to comple- it meat. Try it next time you plan to serve meat it makes the most of this favorite main dish!

- Good Seasons Barbecue Sauce
- 1 teaspoon chopped parsley
  - 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
  - 1/2 clove garlic, crushed
  - 1 tablespoon sugar
  - 1/2 cup water
- Herbs) mix non juice
- Place in a saucepan. Place over medium heat and remove from heat. Serve with meat loaf. Makes

## Radar Island



60 miles off the New England coast, this man-made the first open-sea radar tower in the nation's defense network against air attack. Costing \$13 60 Air Force personnel on its three decks, and gear to supply a city of 100,000. Its three decks are designed to spot enemy raiders at distances a military secret. The 6,000-ton "island" is the first ever to stand so far from land amid such conditions, according to Gulf Oil which supplied the structure during the unprecedented erection job by the Pile Co. and DeLong Corp. (a joint venture).

## Moore

AT LAW  
Hotel Bldg.  
up Street

## JERMYN

Mrs. J. R. Sloan Jr. has tickets to sell in Jermyrn for the I.P.T.A. Hospitality Banquet to be held in Houston Feb. 23.



## Home on the **RANGE**

With Pops Eatin

I'm plum tuckered out from pushin my garden plow all-day. I got my English peas planted, put in a few rows o pinch greens and a couple o rows of beets. While I was out there with my plow handy I worked out my onion patch too. It's a mite early for gardenin, but if you don't get it in early in these parts, you don't make nothing. Them dad burned grasshoppers will be out chewin up everything before you know it.

Mom ordered a hundred baby chicks last week. They'll give them hoppers a fit come summer. I once heard tell of a feller in Kansas that couldn't raise a crop fer the grasshoppers so he went into the chicken bizness and the chickens ate the hoppers. Now that was a sneakin way o gettin rid of em.

I went over to Grandpa Jones yesterday to help him an Grandma lay off some rows in their garden. When I got there Grandma was plantin peas with a how an she was maddern an old wet hen. Grandpa had got up early an started on the garden, but he turned up so many good fishin works he just quit the gardenin and went fishin. I wasn't surprised much, cause he does it every year. I went on an helped Grandma finish her plantin sos she wouldn't feel so put out. Bout the time we finished, Grandpa came over the hill from the south pasture tank luggin a big string o perch an prodern a youngun with a speckled pup. Granma started in on him, but he never paid her no mind, jes sat there cleanin his fish and whistlin a little tune. We both knowed she wasn't as het up as she let on.

She fried them fish a pretty golden brown an had lots o hot cornbread to go with them. An she made a lemon pie for dessert.

They didn't have to twist my arm to coax me to stay for dinner, hungry as I was after that garden work.

Now I'm here to tell you that was the best lemon pie I ever flapped a lip over. I had Grandma give me the recipe for Mom. She likes to make pies to bake all together in a crust. She says its less muss and fuss. This ones baked in a crust like a custard. Its called:

### **Lemon Sponge Pie**

1 cup sugar  
2 tablespoons flour  
juice and rind one medium lemon  
lump butter size of an egg  
1 cup boiling water  
3 eggs  
1 uncooked crust

Blend sugar, flour well, add the lemon juice and grated rind, butter and boiling water, stir until cool. Then add 3 egg yolks beaten, then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into pie shell and bake until firm at 350 degrees. The sponge will rise to the top and leave a thick layer of lemon custard at the bottom. Lickin good! So long for now.--Pops







**calls**

**For Mrs. Habberth**

entertain-  
dinner Fri-  
brating his

Mrs. P. D. Habberth was hon-  
ored with a pink and blue show-  
er in the home of Mrs. B. J.  
Sims at Bryson Feb. 1.

baseball be-  
red a movie  
were Marty  
kins, John  
op, Mickey  
mittou.

After games were enjoyed,  
punch, cookies and mints were  
served to Mmes Billy Kinder,  
John Tuel, Bert Hillard, J. W.  
Amburn, Jack Hull, Ralph Coloy,  
Don Mitchell, Gerald Deck, E. E.  
Habberth, Joe Phil Andrews,  
Ted McCrory, Sam Amburn, of  
Bryson.

h and Don-  
visited Di-

Also Mrs. Melba Proffitt of  
Graham, Mrs. W. D. Brown of  
Brad, Mrs. Jim Chestnut of  
Strawn, Miss Eva Brown, Mrs  
Coston Bailey of Dallas.

**Timer:**



always wor-  
is station in  
ehody to tell

Visiting in the D. O. Barrling-  
ton home last week were Mr.  
and Mrs. Marvin Veal, Dobbie  
Nelson of Midland, Mrs. J. R.  
and Kim of Abilene, Mrs. T. J.  
Gaddy and Mrs. Grady High-  
tower of Terrell, Mr. and Mrs.  
S. P. Rowlette of Graham. Keith  
and David remained for a long-  
er visit with their grandparents.

**RANGE**

By POPS HATTIN

Last Tuesday was one o' them  
good fishin days accordin to the  
almanac, an that almanac was  
right for once.

I was shore hankerin to wet  
a hook but couldn't figger up a  
good yarn to tell Mom sos I cud  
git outa diggin flower beds. I  
promised Mom Id git em dug  
this week, so Tuesday mornin  
I pitched in and startel spadin'  
up a storm out front.

Directly Mom come out an  
wanted me to drive her over to  
Mable's to a quilltin party. Id  
blum forgot it was quilltin day!

When we got to Mable's, Fred  
an Granpa Jones was out in the  
garage packin Freds ol pickup  
for a fishin trip. They had the  
poles tied on top and a big box  
o grub and some bait in back.

They was almin to come by  
an pick me up after the quilltin  
started. I decided to let them  
flower beds rest an took off to  
the big lake.

We got down to the lake an  
rowed up to a little neck on the  
north side where the stumps an  
brush is thick. The crapple bite  
good there sometime. Me an  
Fred was rowin an Granpa was  
a draggin his line in the water.  
Directly he started yellin fer us  
to stop, he'us hung on a stump.  
I knowed hod git hung an ruin  
a good hook, but it dont do no  
good to tell him. Fred went to  
the back o the boat to help him  
when the biggest ol bass I ever  
seen started sloshin right beside  
the boat. When Gramp saw it he  
started yellin an hollerin fit to  
split our ears. Fred was tryin to  
help land it and they both near  
fell in the lake, an I near had  
heart failure for fear theyd lose  
it. Well, that bass turned out to  
be a real grampuppy—weighed  
high on to nine pounds.

We wuz all so excited we  
didnt stay to fish no more.  
Granpa Jones jee couldnt wait  
to git back an show it to the  
fellers at the store an all them  
winnin at the quilltin. Hen been  
tollin that fish yarn all week,  
an ever time he git excited an  
tells it a little bigger n better  
than last time. Purty noon no-  
body's gonna believe him.

We didnt get to cook the grub  
we took, so the winninfolk at  
the quilltin invited us to share  
their grubber. Now if you never  
have ol af one o them Jack  
County quilltin parties, well you

**To Attend Breakfast**

Ninety percent of the mem-  
bers of the Bryson Wednesday  
Study Club turned out in apparel  
suitable for everything from car  
washing to a shopping excursion  
for a 'come as you are' break-  
fast at the home of Mrs. W. L.  
McCloud on Feb. 22.

It a short business session the  
club voted to endorse HB 404,  
Article 1374, which provides a  
penalty for anyone subjecting  
an animal to needless suffering.

The district convention call  
was read and plans made to at-  
tend.

Mrs. J. H. Armstrong, chair-  
man of the nominating committee  
presented a slate of officers for  
1957-58:

Mrs. Earl Shepard, president;  
Mrs. J. B. Settle, vice president;  
Mrs. Morris Newby, recording  
secretary; Mrs. Dick Davis, cor-  
responding secretary; Mrs. J. C.  
Rudolph, treasurer; Mrs. W. O.  
Hickman, parliamentarian.

Attending the breakfast were  
Mmes. T. T. Stuart, J. H. Arm-

Club  
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Mrs.  
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Get Smart,  
**GALS...**  
get **CON-TACT**  
PLASTIC  
SHELF PAPER

ng & Edging— all in one!  
best—Peel off backing and stick on—  
de—Lasts for Years—  
ed by Good Housekeeping.  
foot Roll, 13" in wide  
cluding edging **98c**



**AUSTEX**  
**TAMALES**  
**MEXICAN STYLE**  
**BEANS**  
**BROWN BEAUTY**  
**SPANISH RICE**

100  
100  
100

g & Edging - all in one!

ve—Peel off backing and stick on—  
—Lasts for Years—  
by Good Housekeeping.

1 Roll, 137 in. wide  
fining edging **98c**

g New for Fine Fabrics

**Wool 'n' Wash**

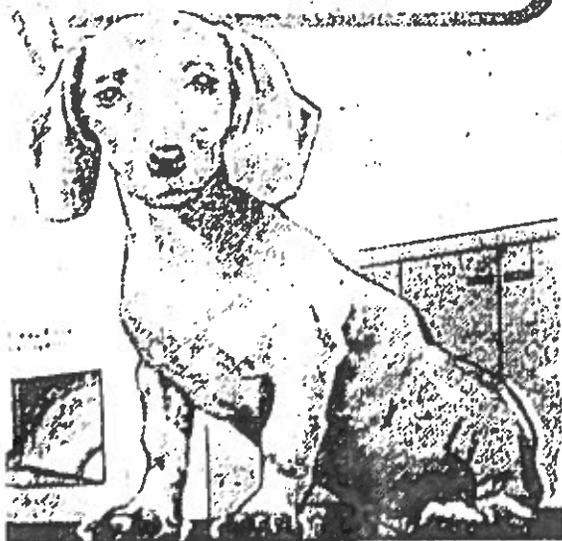
Putnam Dye Product for  
denis — Silks — Synthetics  
for Good Housekeeping Seal

only **79c**

**ELL'S** VARIETY &  
DRY GOODS

en leading a dog's life  
e she got that new

**C CLOTHES DRYER...**



new electric dryer. In the good ol' days  
(Electric Dryer) ... I used to pull  
line, chew up clothespins and sox, while  
on my favorite bath towel. How can  
so happy ... puttin' wet  
pretty soon, taking them out so fluffy, so  
dry ... right before me!

wimmin at the quilting. Her soon  
tellin that fish yarn all week,  
an ever time he gets excited an  
yells it a little bigger n better  
than last time. Purty soon no-  
body's gonna believe him.

We didnt get to cook the grub  
we took, so the wimminfolk at  
the quilting invited us to share  
their dinner. Now if you never  
have et at one o them Jack  
County quilting parties, well you  
jes aint lived. Them wimmin all  
try to outdo each other! Mom  
took a big banana cake that al-  
ways brings lots o compliments.  
I like it cause its nice an moist  
an has such a wonderful flavor.  
Next time you have some good  
ripe bananas try this:

**Mom's Banana Cake**

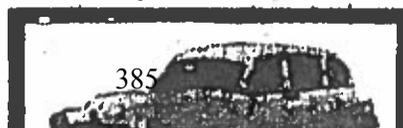
- 3 medium bananas
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 3-4 teaspoon soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1-1 cut buttermilk

Mom makes this up with her  
new mixer and says its a snap.  
She breaks the fruit an beats it  
to a smooth paste in the mixer.  
While the bananas are beatin at  
medium speed she sifts flour,  
bakin powder, soda an salt to-  
gether. Then she puts the short-  
ening, sugar, whole eggs an va-  
nilla into the large mixin bowl  
an beats it on No 8 speed for  
a minute and a half. Next she  
puts in the buttermilk, then she  
adds the mashed bananas and  
flour alternately with the mixer  
slowed down to No. 3. When all  
is blended she bakes it in a loaf  
pan—one o them with a hole in  
350 degrees. She used to fill the  
the middle—bout 40 minutes at  
hole with whipped cream, but  
since she started countin her  
calories she leaves that off and  
just adds a half cup chopped  
pecans to the recipe. She says  
they dont hurt her conscience  
like whipped cream. Maybe its  
cause theyre sorta hid in the  
cake! So long for now.—Pops

Mrs Eula Craft spent several  
days this week with her daught-  
er Mrs. Travis Key at Mineral  
Wells.

**WE PROVIDE  
DAY AND NIGHT  
AMBULANCE SERVICE**

**PHONE 600**



**MEXICAN STYLE  
BEANS - - - tall**

**BROWN BEAUTY  
SPANISH RICE 2 ta**

**La Choy CHOW MEIN  
NOODLES - - 2**

**La CHOY  
BEAN SPROUTS -**

**La CHOY  
CHOP SUEY Vegetal**

**OUR DARLING—Gold  
CORN, 300 size**

**BROOMS -**

**COTTON MOPS**

**No. 2 1/2 Size  
BEETS - - - ta**

**SWEET POTAT**

**SPAGHETTI - ta**

**Delicious APPLES**

**RADISHES or ONIO**

**CENTRAL AMERICA  
BANANAS -**

11

## Home on the RANGE

With Pops Eatin

Last Tuesday was one of them good fishin days accordin to the almanac, an that almanac was right for once.

I was shore hankerin to wet a hook but couldn't figger up a good yarn to tell Mom sos I cud get outa diggin flower beds. I promised Mom I'd git em dug this week, so Tuesday mornin I pitched in and started spadn up a storm out front.

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granpappy—weighed nigh on to nine pounds.

We wuz all so excited we didn't stay to fish no more. Granpa Jones jes couldn't wait to git back an show it to the fellers at the store an all them wimmin at the quiltin. He's been tellin that fish yarn all week, an ever time he gits excited en tells it a little bigger n better than last time. Purty soon nobody's gonna believe him.

We didn't get to cook the grub we took, so the wimminfolk at the quiltin invited us to share their dinner. Now if you never have et at one o them Jack County quiltin parties, well you jes ain't lived. Them wimmin all try to outdo each other! Mom took a big banana cake that always brings lots o compliments. I like it cause its nice an moist an has such a wonderful flavor. Next time you have some good ripe bananas try this:

### Mom's Banana Cake

- 3 medium bananas
- 2 cups flour
- ½ teaspoon baking powder
- 3-4 teaspoon soda
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup shortening
- 1 ½ cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/4 cups buttermilk

(paper has 1-4 cup buttermilk but is probably a mistake)\*

Mom makes this up with her new mixer and says it's a snap. She breaks the fruit an beats it to a smooth paste in the mixer. While the bananas are beatin at medium speed she sifts flour, bakin powder, soda an salt together. Then she puts the shortening, sugar, while eggs an vanilla into the large mixin bowl and beats it on No. 8 speed for a minute and a half. Next she puts in the buttermilk, then she adds the mashed bananas and flour alternately with the nixer showed down to No. 3. When all is blended

When we got to Mable's, Fred an Granpa Jones was out in the garage packin Fred's ol pickup for a fishin trip. They had the poles tied on top and a big box o grub and some bait in back. They was aimin to come by an pick me up after the quiltin started. I decided to let them flower beds rest an took off to the big lake. We got down to the lake an rowed up to a little neck on the north side where the stumps an brush is thick. The crappie bite good there sometime. Me an Fred was rowin an Grandpa was a draggin his line in the water. Directly he started yellin fer us to stop, he'us hung on a stump. I knowed hed git hung an ruin a good hook, but it don't do no good to tell him. Fred went to the back o the boat to help him when the biggest ol bass I ever seen started sloshin right beside the boat. When Grampa saw it he started yellin an hollerin fit to split our ears. Fred was tryin to help land it and they both near fell in the lake, an I near had heart failure for fear they'd lose it. Well, that bass turned out to be a real granpappy—weighed nigh on to nine pounds. We wuz all so excited we didn't stay to fish no more. Granpa Jones jes couldn't wait to git back an show it to the fellers at the store an all them wimmin at the quiltin. He's been tellin that fish yarn all week, an ever time he gits excited en tells it a little bigger n better than last time. Purty soon nobody's gonna believe him. We didn't get to cook the grub we took, so the wimminfolk at the quiltin invited us to share their dinner. Now if you never have et at one o them Jack County quiltin parties, well you jes ain't lived. Them wimmin all try to outdo each other! Mom took a big banana cake that always brings lots o compliments. I like it cause its nice an moist an has such a wonderful flavor. Next time you have some good ripe bananas try this:

When we got to Mable's,

***The Jack County Herald, Jacksboro, Texas February 28, 1957***

she bakes it in a loaf pan—one o them  
with a hole at 350 degrees. She used to  
fill the middle with whipped cream, but  
since she started countin her calories she  
leaves that off and just adds a half cup  
chopped pecans to the recipe. She says  
they don't hurt her conscience like  
whipped cream. Maybe its cause they're  
sorta hid in the cake!  
So long for now.--Pops

*in the middle - about 40 min @ 350 degrees*

# HOME ON THE RANGE

By POPS EATIN

I'm allus glad when March rolls around. I feel like I've made the winter an spring is just around the corner.

Mom has already started her spring cleaning. She always gets in a rush and has it all done time them spring sandstorms set in.

She started on the smokehouse this year. Had me out there cartin off junk for two whole days. I had a time with her a bringin back bout as much as I hauled off every load. She's the worst to save every old piece a junk.

We found a lot o old stuff I hadn't thought of in years. Like a fruit jar of old ration stamps left over from World War II days. I couldn't remember which was for coffee and which was for sugar. I never will fernt how hard it was in rit a new tire, an them little sticks everybody had on their car windshields that said, "Is this trip really necessary"? Id do better if I had had one on mine.

Another thing we found was Grandmaw Eatins old round butter mold. It has a shell a wheat all carved in the little flgger that pushes the butter out. I got Mom to clean it up and fix us a pat a butter with it. It sure brought back memories of when I was a youngun and my grandmaw allus had a pound o butter like that in the old silver butter dish. She put on a white table cloth and put napkins and silver and everybody had a regular place at the table. When they ate everyday. Eatins was a serious business by them days. When she got a meal ready everybody came and sat around the big old table in the dining room and ate together. It wasnt no realy die in after the while and grace. Nobody had to say a prayer out our vltles.

We had to eat in a manner too and remember to say please and thank you and yes ma'am. I go up to our fathers. I was always the middle m'en on the old bench behind the table. I was the youngest. I had to obey.

## Birthday Banquet At Bryson Draws Record Attendance

Annual Birthday Banquet of the Bryson PTA was held Saturday evening in the Bryson School gym, with Leon Hawkins of Jackboro as master of ceremonies.

The welcome was given by the primary group in song and Mrs. Morris Newby, PTA president, responded. Invocation was by Rev. S. E. Cearley.

It was the largest PTA banquet crowd on record, with 159 people served.

Each of the twelve tables represented a month, with decorations in appropriate theme. Diners sat at the table corresponding to their birth month.

The program, keyed to the seasons, included a patriotic poem by Geneva Robinson and patriotic characters; Athletic Awards for the School Year by Homer Denning and high school group; Friendly Sewing Circle by Mrs. Dove Carlile's sixth grade girls; "Slippin' and Shidin'" by Little Pruitt and his Be-Bop Boys.

## Divorce Is Granted By Visiting Judge

Judge Lewis Holland of Montague County conducted a short session in district court here today.

In the case of C. E. Jarrett vs. Frances Lee Jarrett he granted a divorce and gave the defendant custody of two minor children. The plaintiff was ordered to pay \$40 monthly for child support.

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## Bible Study Has New Officers

New officers took their odties at the Bible Study Club r home of Mrs. A. D. Mrs. Cecil Shaw Mrs. H. H. McConfort; Mrs Leon Henry-treasurer; Mr reporter.

Mrs. W. W. Sh God's Minute an Shaw reviewed Kings and Chronic Mrs. Allen Bro David's purpose. Temple and Mrs T David's preparati Temple.

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111

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We had to mind our manners too and remember to say please and thank you and to never let no ole man or woman get away with the middle finger on the old bench behind the table. Once I was the youngest. I had to sit

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*The Jack County Herald, Jacksboro, Texas March 7, 1957*

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We had to mind our manners too and remember to say please and thank you and to say no sir to our elders. It was the ways the middle man on the bench behind the table was the youngest. I wasn't allowed...--  
~~SINCE POPS I~~  
-(not sure—really light print) ... fer every meal. Sunday was always the day us younguns ate at the second table which was usually brought company from church. Brother and he was high brown.... He knew a chicken had ... backs wings and ... I liked all the newfangled... these days a, and I ... to change a thing. ... in a while I hanker for... the food old comforts and enjoy. It's a sure sign I've gotten old I recon. So that's all for now—Pops.

LOOK UP







*The Jack County Herald, Jacksboro, Texas April 4, 1957*

## Home on the **RANGE**

With Pops Eatin

I never in all my put-togethers saw so much hair on civilized varmints as they is on these Jack County menfolks these days.

Black beards, white beards, red beards, and just purt near any color is stylish. Them that can't grow'em the color they want, has 'em dyed to suit their fancy.

Fred let his grow into a sorta Van Dyke, and them is the reddest whiskers I ever saw. I accused him o puttin some o Mable's hair rinse stuff on 'em, but he declared he don't.

An Grandpa Jones looks jest like Gabby Hayes on TV.

I've let me a little mustache and a few chin whiskers grow sos I won't be having to wear one o them sissy buttons or git tied to a parkin meter. Mom sure does fuss about it—says she understands now why "smoochin" wasn't popular back in the old days!

The women out here on the range are all makin split bonnets to wear to town. I sure am glad all this is taking place right now. I may git outa buyin her a new spring hat.

We got a lot of old stuff out of the trunk the other day, to see if any would do to use or wear for this here celebration. Mom found a pair of old button shoes, and I found Grandpa Eatins old mustache cup. You know, I bet theys lots o younguns that never seen one. Case you didn't, they're about like a coffee cup with the top enclosed, all but a little slot to drink through. I reckon it was to help keep a fellers mustache outa what he was drinkin. It would sure

be a help to a feller if he was drinkin buttermilk.

When all this is over and done with, we'll have to git one of them sheep shearin men to come in and give us all a good clippin, I reckon.

So long for now, and be careful about what you say, the feller next to you may be your friend or enemy either one and you not know it, with him hidin behind a lot of brush -- Pops



**Appendix IX.**  
**Correspondence of**  
**Lucille Barton Rankin**  
**with Keith Mulkey**



August 1, 1972

Dear Lucille and Leon:

Well, it seems that time and events would never let me get around to writing you. Thank you for sending the 1893 "Programme". Jina put it in the Eunice library along with some of our things on display during the Centennial, and it drew a lot of comments. I would like to have gotten some more of your things to display but Mamma died on April 17th and had been real sick for 2 weeks before so our part in the Centennial was not much and then after the funeral I had two or three more heart attacks so we didn't get to use our old clothes that we had bought for the Celebration but one or two times (and my beard). We sure did appreciate the girls coming to Mamma's funeral.

We had planned on waiting til summer to clear out Mamma's house and sell it, but since I was the executor of the estate and I was having the attacks, we decided for Marguerite to stay a week or so and clean the house. All of the kids, Jan, July, Jo Beth, Jerry, Charles and Madonna and Jina and Marguerite in bossa got together with 3 negroes and took everything out of the house and divided all of the contents among the families in 3 or 4 days. Then they all went home and I had a carpenter completely redo the inside and paint it (tiptone). The kitchen and bath had already been redone before Mamma died. Then Jina and I have been busy all summer selling the house. We finally have it sold and the deal should be complete by Aug. 15th (I hope). Then maybe we can get a little rest. Jina just got out of the Louisiana hospital after a stay of several days for tests and x-rays. She has Diverticulitis and has had lots of trouble with it this summer.

Jo Beth has been at a summer camp (Camp Lewis at Granbury, Tex) as a counselor all summer and will be home in a week or two and goes back to Baylor on Aug. 21st. David and family are in Taiwan and will be until Jan. 8, 1973. David flies C-130 in Viet Nam most of the time and has been over there 10 months now. (We also worry about him a lot). Jan and Judy and families are fine.

Lucille, I know you got a copy of the Ennis Daily News with the Mulkey history in it. I had to get it ready in such a hurry and what with Mama's illness I did not put all that I have found out about the family in it. I took the copy to the Carabatts and told them to print what they wanted to use they liked it so well, they printed the entire thing. (the whole thing). I have not had a chance to do any more research since, but I have been writing some Mulkeys in Mulkey town, Illinois and if I can ever feel like seeing them, I can find out a lot more.

I have found out that Great-grandpa Philip A. Mulkey came here with a group from Illinois in 1854. From the records in Wapakoneta, Susan Arrington came to Ennis in 1855 with Sam and Matilda Eldridge, and Matilda must have died, because in 1857 Sam Eldridge married a Mrs. Martha Campbell. I have no record of them in a census or a death record, but do have their marriage record by the same J.P. about the same time Philip Mulkey married Susan Arrington. There are so many unanswered questions, and nobody to ask. We found a lot of Grandpa James A. Mulkey letters and papers when we cleaned out the attic that are very interesting, letters to Rosa Lee Weston when he was on the cattle drives and so much of his legal contracts when he was in the real estate business in the 1880's & 1890's when he sold lots in the Henge land addition and farms all over the country.

It seems like Grandpa Woolan attended to the Mulkey estate after James and Rosa's deaths in 1903, then Grandpa Dorden took over sometime around 1909 or 1910. At one time, according to the tax records in the 1890's, Grandpa James owned several thousand acres of land in Ellis and Archer Co. He had several farms, sold hogs, raised Jersey cows, was in the cotton market, had a window shade invention (with another man) owned a gin at Cragg, Texas. He was mixed up in so many things. I can find no pictures of him or of Grandma Susan Dorden.

Maybe this winter I can get back to my research and re-write (or add to) my history. I have some mistakes in some of my data that I need to correct. I started all of this for our 4 children to know something about their ancestors, since nobody else had ever been interested in doing it, and I have found it to be very interesting. But, I sure get worried when I can't find answers. I can't even find out what outfit Great-grandpa Philip A. Mulkey served with in the Civil War. Since he came from Illinois maybe he was a "Damon Yankee". Raymond and everybody else said he was with the Confederate Army and died at home while on leave. (Also there were 14 families of Mulkeys in Franklin Co. Ill. (Mulkeytown) in 1840 (he should have been born in 1835) and I don't know which family he came from as the Census only lists the head of the household and no children. Also there are lots of Philips and Johns. Maybe I'll find out.

I hope you and Leon, and Lula Mae are in good health. Give my regards to them and all of your family.

Joe  
Keith



Ennis, Texas March 17, 1975

Dear Lucille & Leon:

Time has such a way of slipping by, that it seems like I never could get around to writing you. Actually, I have had a hard time talking to Billy Beasley. He works for the City of Ennis out at the new water plant; and he works different shifts and when he is off he is down at his farm with his cattle. Also his mother, Velma, is still in the nursing home at Italy, Texas and his wife Edna Faye works at the Ennis Savings & Loan Co. About a month ago Velma fell and broke her hip and stayed in the Waxahachie hospital until a few days ago. Then Edna Faye had breast surgery in Dallas and only went back to work today for a half of a day at a time. So Billy has had his hands full. He lives in Velma's house.

Billy does not know how the Whites and the Derdens were kin; and Velma is not able to tell him. Velma is 84, so she was born in 1891. Billy was born on Nov. 3, 1916. His dad Billy Sr. died in Temple at Scott & White Hospital in 1937 in Bell Co. Velma's brother George Allen White was born in 1895 and died in Oklahoma in 1947. Her father George W. White died in 1927. He does not know who the Velma Bolen White (born in 1901) is. Velma's name is Velma Lou Beasley Pace. That is about all that I can help you with about the Beasleys and the Whites. Cousin Sally White (Velma's mother) was the daughter of Nick Rodriguez. They lived south of Ennis around Oak Grove in the 1850s and were the nearest neighbors of Philip A. Mulkey and Susan Arrington Mulkey who lived in their log cabin over on Paris Street, where the Bland house was later. Kuben Derden lived with his folks down between Creechville and Tellico. In Aug. 1861 a company of the 19th. Brigade of the Texas Militia was organized at Old Tellico on the Trinity River (a cavalry unit). Capt. T.B. Poitevent was the leader and P.A. Mulkey was a 3rd. Lt. Derden, Rodriguez were Privates. Grandpa Philip died in the spring of 1862; and after the war Grandma Susan married Grandpa Derden. Part of the land that my Grandpa Jim Mulkey bought around Tellico in the 1880s had been owned by Capt. Poitevent (his father's commanding officer). In the 1870s Grandpa Jim helped Nick Rodriguez drive cattle from Texas to Kansas. All of the families were close together in those early days. Mulkey came from Illinois and the Derdens and Rodriguez came from Louisiana. I often wonder what Philip A. Mulkey would have accomplished had he lived through the Civil War. He was a real adventurer. But if he had lived, there would not have been any Derden family, so we never know what God has in store for us in his scheme of events, do we? I sure wish I had known all of those old timers, and have had sense enough to talk with them and write it all down.

Tina Beth and I are both doing all right, considering our ailments. We are in Corsicana at our doctors more than we are in Ennis, but they keep us moving. Beth and Hugh are doing fine in Killeen. Hugh in the army and Jo Beth sub taught some until she got a regular job as a librarian at the Central Texas College in Killeen. Hugh will be out of the army in July, and they will move to College Station where he will finish up at A. & M. She will teach there. David and Joan and their two boys are fine in Belleville, Ill. at Scott Air Base. Jan and Charles and two children are still in Corsicana and busy as Mama was in everything. Judy, Jerry, Jon & Joel are having the time of their lives in London, England where Jerry is with the Brown & Root Const. Co. They all plan on coming home for a visit some time in the summer. Judy is trying to get Tina & I to come over for a visit, but Tina says she can't walk on the water and won't fly so we'll see. Maybe I can talk her in to going.

You two take care of yourselves and come to see us. Love,

*Bill*  
*I thought you would like to have this information & if you don't have your pen*

*Lucille*



COPY

Keith Mulkey, President  
110 North Elm St.  
Ennis, Texas 75119

January 20, 1978

Dear Louise:

It has been years since you have heard from any of your kinfolks in Ennis, and just as long since we have heard from you. A few years back, while Tina Beth and I were visiting our daughter, Judy Gray, in Houston, I talked to Mildred. She was fine and said that you and Hugh were moving to an apartment at that time and she did not have your telephone number. Since that time Judy and her family have moved to London and we have not been back to Houston since. Judy's husband Jerry Gray is with Brown and Root and they have been in London for several years. They have two sons- Jon Keith and Joel Kevin- 16 and 12 years of age.

I had a severe heart attack in July of 1969 and had to retire from the Post Office after 35 years service. The doctors could not do anything for my heart condition except to keep me alive with medicine. Finally in 1976, after my heart had failed, ( as a last resort ) the doctors at Baylor Medical Center in Dallas performed heart surgery- replaced my broken mitral valve and did 4 bypasses. After months in the hospital, I finally came home and have been getting along all right by taking it very easily. Still cannot do any kind of work or strenuous exercise.

During those years of doing nothing I took up Genealogy as a hobby. My doctor told me not to lift anything over 5 pounds; so I figured that books were about my speed. I have been doing research on the Mulkey family and have been writing Mulkeys all over the United States. We never had any Mulkey kinfolks in Ennis; but now I have found hundreds of them all over. Three of us formed the Mulkey Family Association last summer- Philip Mulkey Hunt, Portland, Oregon; Richard L. Maus, Boise, Idaho and myself. Both of their mothers were Mulkeys. We publish the Mulkey Journal 4 times a year and now have nearly 200 members in the MFA. Mulkeys are coming out of the woodwork and really getting together lots of information on the family, which we share with all members through the Journal.

The main mystery in my line is WHO WAS THE FATHER OF PHILIP A. MULKEY, who came to Texas in the late 1840s, was born in Illinois, married Susan A. Arrington in 1857; settled Ennis in 1854 in a log cabin where the Bland house used to be on Paris Street, bought the Wm. Joice Survey, joined the 19th Brigade of the Texas Cavalry at Old Tellico in August, 1861 as a 3rd. Lt. ; got wet in the spring of 1862 while crossing the Trinity River on his way to fight in Arkansas and came by home to tell Susan and son James A. goodbye, came down with pneumonia & died 4 days later and is buried by the side of the road near new Tellico? Grandpa Varden was in the same company. I have proven all of this; and I THINK that I know who his father was-- Dr. John Milton Mulkey of Mulkeytown, Illinois who died in 1849. BUT I can not prove this.

When Mama died in 1972, after she had been in a car wreck and then was in the Ennis nursing home for over a year and a half, we had the task of clearing out her house and then selling it. Tina and Marguerite and Jan, Judy, and Jo Beth would go over each day and bring large bags of letters and papers home to me to go through ( I couldn't and David was in Viet Nam, so it was left up to the girls). Mama had saved every letter and newspaper clipping from the 1910s in West to McKinney, the farm and then Ennis. Letters from Lyndon Johnson, clubs, kin, death notices, etc. The other day I was upstairs in my office, where I write and read and research, and I came across this letter from you to Raymond Barton, written over 30 years ago, I guess. There was only this one page, that I am sending you, ( I have a

2- Louise Page

copy of it). After all of the dates of births, etc. on the front page, which I am very glad to have, I was very interested in the last page where you say-"Raymond, there isn't anything about your father in this BOOK!- I've looked over it thoroughly- probably you will find it in some of Aunt Annie's things". Do you still have the book?? If so, is there anything in it about Philip A. Mulkey (Grandma Berden's first husband)?? Where he came from, how old he was when he married, his parents, where he got the money to buy the 160 acres of the Wm. Joice Survey ( \$500 ) in gold to pay for it in 1860???? Anything.

Great grand father Philip is a complete mystery. I heard so many tales from Raymond Barton. He and Lula May used to come to Ennis and Raymond would go with me on my rural route before he died in the 1960s. He told me so much about the family as we drove along. You know Raymond used to be a sub rural carrier, while Aunt Annie worked in the Post Office. I also learned so much from George Barney while he was Postmaster and I was Superintendent -of -Mails back in the 1950s. We did lots of talking on rainy bad days. Dad or John either one ever said anything about the family; and I did not have sense enough to ask them about it. But since I had to stop working and became interested in genealogy, I have been looking up all of the information that I can find in several libraries and the courthouses in Waxahachie and Corsicana and writing hundreds of letters to State and National Archives and any Mulkey that I can find. About the most real facts, that I can prove are-- in the 1850 census of Navarro County- P. Mulkey, age 23, farmer, born in Illinois, lived in the house of Joseph C. Bartlett in Chatfield, Texas-- next from a clipping from the old Ennis newspaper, saying that he built the first log cabin in Ennis, circa 1854-55, on Paris Street where you all used to live-- then I found his and Susan's marriage records in the Waxahachie courthouse- Philip A. Mulkey married Susan A. Arrington on August 25, 1857, (G.W. Beard, J.P. married them)- then Philip Mulkey had R.A. Davis, County Surveyor, survey the 320 acres of the Wm. Joice Survey on Jan. 28, 1858-- Gov. Sam Houston approved the patent to the land on August 30, 1860 and Philip A. Mulkey paid Joshua S. Danley ( who had first made a deal with Wm. Joice to locate the land and secure a patent to it for an interest in the 320 acres, but failed to do so and Joice, who had received a Head Right Certificate from the Mercer Colony for the 320 acres back in 1851 and could never locate the land and had gone back to Kentucky) \$500 in gold for  $\frac{1}{2}$  (160 acres) of the survey. So finally Philip had the south 160 acres of the land he lived on.

Then the 1860 Ellis County census shows -- P.A. Mulkey, age 25, b. in Illinois; Susan A. Mulkey, age 17, b. Texas; J.A. Mulkey, age 1, b. Texas; Philip had \$1041 in personal property and \$2141 in real estate which was a lot of money at that time. Also living in the same house were M. Glass age 56, female- \$830, born in Illinois and W.G. Glass, age 15, male born in Illinois. I have never found who the Glass's were nor any other record of them, but they must have been kin to Philip as they all came from Illinois. Also Philip was 23 in 1850 and 25 in 1860. But I think that he was 25 and had given the wrong age in 1850 for some reason. ( a male had to be 18 to receive a land grant from the Mercer Colony and Philip had to buy his land so that may have been the reason )

Then I find from the muster roll of the of the 19th Brigade of Texas Cavalry that 3rd. Lt. Philip A. Mulkey, age 26, and Private Ruben Durden, age 21, both enlisted for 6 months in the Confederate Army at Old Tellico on the Trinity river on August 10, 1861. Then Philip died in the spring of 1862. R.W. Derden (Reubin W. ) age 22, 5 ft. 9 in. blue eyes, light hair- horse worth \$140 and horse equip. worth \$25, joined the 19th Texas Cav. for the duration of the war, at Chambers Creek Post Office, Ellis County on March 22, 1862.

-3- Louise Page

Then I find-Pvt. Reuben W. Derden had traveled 44 miles from Chambers Creek P.O. to Camp Stonewall Jackson, Hdq, 19th Regiment Texas Cavalry, Dallas County, had received \$50 Bounty pay on June 24th, 1862. Colonel Nathaniel M. Burford was the commanding officer, of the 19th Cavalry. Next I find that Pvt. R.W. Derden, Co G, 19th Regt. Texas Cav. was on a roll of Prisoners of War received at New Orleans, La. on May 21, 1864. He had been captured near Alexandria, La. on May 12, 1864. He was actually received at New Orleans on May 18, 1864. He was on a roll of POW at New Orleans on July 7, 1864. Then he was on Roll of POW transferred from New Orleans, La. and exchanged at Red River Landing on July 22, 1864. No more record after that. No record of an application for a pension by Reuben W. Derden-- BUT an R.W. Derden of Athens, Texas made an application for a pension on Aug. 11, 1909-- he had served 2 years in Co. E, 34th Texas Cavalry, and had been discharged at Porters Bluff, Texas (near Old Tellico on the Trinity) on May 14, 1865. He had been born in Alabama and Grandpa Derden had been born in Louisiana. R.W. from Athens received his pension on Aug. 31, 1909. I am sure the reason that Grandpa never applied was that you had to swear that your income was no more than \$150 per annum and you could not own over \$1000 worth of property. You had to be a ~~paper~~ paper to get a pension.

You can see how you can get mixed up with people having the same names. That is why I have had so much trouble hunting my Philip A.s parents. The names Philip and John have been the two most used names in the family since the 1650s when Philip Mullica (Mulkey) came to New Sweden from Mora Parish, in the Province of Helsingeland, Kingdom of Sweden in 1654, and started the family.

Louise, I have found nearly all of this data, either in the Texas State Archives, General Land Office, both in Austin or the National Archives in Washington, D.C. I have been in contact with Lucille Barton Rankin for the last several years. She and Leon now live in Denton, Texas. She does not have any records that came down through Aunt Annie. She is still hunting her grandfather- Raymond's dad. She has sent me a few pictures that I have made copies of - the Derden house; grandpa Jim Mulkey and the 5 Derden children- no picture of Grandma Susan Mulkey Derden- DO YOU HAVE ONE???

I have rambled around enough; but it is hard to find a place to stop.

Just a short resume of our family-- Tina Beth and I are alone in the old Loggins house that we bought in 1944 (By the way, I have written a history of the Mulkey-Loggins House and we have received a Historical Marker from the Texas Historical Commission which we will get next month to put on our front porch- our house is one of the oldest in Ennis). We are both in fair health; will be 65 in June.

Jan is in Corsicana married to Charles H. Magee, Jr. have Janet K. Magee, 18, student in North Texas Univ. -and Robert Keith Magee, age 9.

Judy is in London married to Jerry L. Gray- sons Jon Keith & 16, and Joel Kevin, age 12.

David Keith is a Capt. in the Air Force, married to Joan Underwood, at Scott Air Force Base, Belleville, Illinois- sons Christian Keith, 7 and Marc David, 5.

Jo Beth is married to Hugh F. Ellis, lives in Bryan, Texas, school teacher, grad of Baylor Univ. have one daughter Mary Beth, age 6 months.

Marguerite is still in Tampa, Fla. Her daughter Donna lives in Los Angeles, married to Dr. Harvey Sharies, one daughter, Tabitha. Marguerite visited Donna last fall and stopped by here for several days on her way back to Tampa.

-4- Louise Page

Well, I just thought of something else that would be of interest to you. Susan Arrington was born in Shelby County, Texas on Oct. 30, 1842. The 1850 census of Shelby County, Texas shows--Sam C. Eldridge, 44, Farmer, born in Tenn., Matildy Eldridge, 45, born in Tenn., Susan Arrington, 7, born in Texas, William Arrington, 4, born in Texas, and Benedict Beaucamp, 36, born in Kentucky. So Susan and William were orphans and living in the home of Sam & Matildy Eldridge. In the 1880 census of Ellis County, Susan Derden shows that her parents were born in Tenn. So the two families most have been kin or have come from Tenn. in the 1840s together. Then to prove that Susan came to Ellis county with the Eldridge family about 1854-55; I found in the Ellis County marriage records where Samuel Eldridge married Mrs. Marthe A. Campbell on July 28, 1857, and the same J.P. that married P.A. Mulkey and Susan Arrington on August 25, 1857 had performed the ceremony; G.W. Board. It looks like Matildy Eldridge had died after they got to Ellis County. I can find no record of what happened to Susan's brother, William, and no more record of the Eldridge family. I hope that some of the answers are in the book that you have. Susan was some girl. Orphaned in Texas in the 1840s; born in Texas in 1842 while Texas was still a Republic, came to Ennis at age 13; married when she was 15, had a son at 17, became a widow at 20; married again 24; had 5 more children; both husbands served in the Confederate Army; lived by herself during the Civil War when Texas was a real wilderness (in a log cabin, no less) and then she and her son, Jim Mulkey developed most of the east side of Ennis in the 1890s. Raymond told me how she went in a covered wagon out to Archer County, when he was a young boy, and she cooked out and had sour dough bread all of the time. I would like to write a book about her life.

I am stopping now. If you can find any thing to help me in my search, I sure would appreciate you sending it to me. Give my regards to your family and to Mildred. Let me know about them.

Love,

Keith



Mulkey Family Association  
P.O. Box 192  
Boise, Idaho 83701

Keith Mulkey, President  
110 North Elm  
Ennis, Texas 75119

March 4, 1978

Dear Lucille and Leon:

Thank you so much for the two address's that you sent me, Lucille. I have just written Louise and sent her a letter that I wrote her on January 20, 1978. I sent it to the only Mrs. Hugh Page that I could find in the Houston Phone Directory, but it was returned to me. I am sending you a copy of the letter.

I will send the address of Merle Stevens to a Mr. Norton Fox who lives in Groesbeck, Texas. He is doing research on the Berden and Barden family. I will also send his address to a Mr. R. W. Barden, 4401 Martinique, Wichita Falls, Texas 76308. He is an avid family researcher and has just recently obtained a book about the Berden, Barden, Durden family. I will also drop a line to Merle as I have not heard from him in several years. He was a mighty fine young man.

We finally received a Texas Historical Marker for our house a few days ago. We had planned this as a Bi-Centennial project, with a date of June 19, 1976; but after the trouble with my heart in 1976, I had to put it off until 1977. I sent in the application in April of '77 and it took the Texas Historical Commission 10 months to approve and make the marker. But we are mighty proud to have it on our front porch.

The Ennis Daily News gave us a good write-up with pictures; so we are sending a copy of the paper to all of our kin and friends. Tina Beth and I hope that you and Leon will enjoy the copy that we are sending you.

Come to see us.

Love,

*Keith*



TO PHILIP

To me, he never was the man  
Whose mind was left to guess  
Into the depths of calculus;  
He had the patience of Job.

He had a gentleness of heart,  
Compassion for the weak;  
No one will ever know his strength,  
For he was truly meek.

How times I saw him hurry,  
I never saw him cross  
With my children in their childishness,  
How they shall miss their loss!

He hunted with the best of men,  
His knowledge others sought.  
But the novice found his willingness to teach,  
A skill not bought.

He had a love of God's good earth,  
He was never a man to roam,  
And there couldn't have been a more fitting place  
Than his farm, for his journey home.

I would not erase that peaceful smile,  
Had I the power to,  
For God needs men like Philip,  
Patient, gentle, kind and true.

Tina Beth Mulkey  
June 6, 1953



**Appendix X.**  
**Correspondence of**  
**Lucille Barton Rankin**  
**with Merle Stevens\***

**\*Derden relative; third cousin once removed from  
Ann Warner and Jenny Marshall,  
through sister of Reuben Derden,  
Sarah Rosanna Derden (married Reynolds)**



March 29, 1973  
Big Spring Tex.

Dear Mule:

I was so happy to get your letter and the information about our family. I think you are Aunt Sallie's great grandson, so that makes us some kind of cousins I don't know how to figure it all out. She was my ~~great~~ <sup>great</sup> Aunt on my father's side - My great grandfather's sister.

I knew Aunt Sallie real well. She used to come to visit us every summer. Sometimes Aunt Ann Files would come at the same time. Aunt Sallie was a tiny little thing and she always put her feet up in her rocking chair and put her arms around her knees and talk and rock. I loved to hear the tales of the "olden days". I was around eleven years old or maybe 12 when she passed away. I remember my Grandpa Derden real well too. He used to live with us - or my mother and father lived in the old Derden home and took care of him and my grandmother until his death when I was 7 years old. Then we moved out to the ranch in Archer county and Uncle Arch made his home with us until his death. I helped take care of all of them or at least helped my mother. Grandpa Derden used to tell war stories about the civil war. He fought in southern

✓ Louisiana (part 2)

Do here the palmetta palms grew so maybe they lived in the south. I remember him telling how they hauled the lumber for his nance - (one of the first in Ennis) from the sawmills with waggon and oxen.

I remember Ebb and Effie and Tom and his wife. We used to visit all of them in Jones county when I was a child. I heard from Vela when my mother passed away last Nov. She lives in Winton and I had no idea where she was if still living.

I have visited Keith several times since he has been working on the Mulkey history and we have great times together learning things from each other about the family. I was there last winter and he told me about you working on the Darden history. I am very interested in it but haven't had time to work on any of it. I want to get a lot of the things I can remember down on a tape. My husband has a recorder and he does it as a hobby. That way, I would have something down for my children. The girls are interested too.

I am 56 - my husband is 63, He is a school teacher - will retire in 2 more years - am a nurse, I am night supervisor for one of the nursing homes here. I work 4 days then have 2 days off. We are great on fishing and camping out. When the summer months

3/ come my husband is off 2 1/2 mo. and we spend a lot of time on lakes around the country. we have a good motor boat and all sorts of camping gear - a tent and all the junk it takes. We go to a lot and Moss Creek here in B.S. we have been here 15 years.

I am including some pictures so you can see what we look like - I am fat and grey and not growing old very gracefully. I ride a bike - (a 3 wheel job) my husband has a 10 speed 2 wheel. We just ride for fun and exercise.

I am off today and tomorrow so thought I would give you an answer before I get busy and start putting it off. I am bad about that.

Let us hear from you again. I am sorry I couldn't give you more help. If we had only thought to ask questions before all the old ones pass away! My mother's mind was clear and sharp and she had a wonderful memory. She died of a heart attack quite suddenly - also my Dad. They told me lots of things but some I can't remember.  
I thank you again for the information -  
yours truly  
Lucille Rankin



V

Jan 15, 1974

Dear Meade:

We received your Christmas card and the picture. You sure have a nice looking business. I hope we can drop in for a pizza sometime.

I received the picture of Grandpa Durden and the other picture. I feel sure it is grandpa Ruben Durden ~~when he was a young man.~~ My daughter Ann was here Thanksgiving and she said it was and I hadn't told her anything about it. As for another Ann Barton I never heard of her - My Grandmother Barton's name was Annie. I don't know very much about the Filie family. My Grandmother was never married but once to Charles Barton. She always signed her name Annie D. Barton D for Durden.

I found an old picture of some of the Durdens but I have no idea who they are - I am sending it to you in hopes you will be able to identify some of them or find some one who does know. I am sending you a picture of my Uncle Arch (Arch. Cobb) Durden. l...

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mentioned that <sup>my</sup> Aunt ~~Lucy~~ ~~Lincoln~~  
Burdens father was named Archibald.  
I always wondered why or where  
he got such a name as he was  
the only person I ever heard of named  
that. He always lived with us  
and we loved him dearly. He had  
a stroke in 1941 or 42 I don't remember  
for sure. He was bedfast 2 years  
and my mother and I nursed him  
~~until~~ he died. He wanted to be  
buried in Dundee Cemetery so  
that is where he was buried.  
I think he and Aunt Hattie (Smith)  
(Burdens) were the only children that  
Aunt buried at Emma. She was  
buried in Crookston or some where west.  
I am going to send you the picture  
of the family grange. I loaned it to  
Keith Mulkey and he had a copy  
made and a picture of Uncle Jim  
(his Grandfather Mulkey) taking of  
of it.

Are Ebb and Effie still living? They  
used to visit in our home often, but  
haven't heard from them in years. I  
am going to try to locate some  
more old pictures when I get  
time to look.

I had the flu Christmas week  
and I am just getting back on my

4/ fact. It sure got me down, I hadn't had even a cold for over 3 years. I am exposed to flu and colds all the time in my work. I had a "spell" with my heart Nov. 3 and was off work 3 1/2 weeks - have only been able to work extra and in emergency since. I want to get back full time - we need the income. I have coronary heart disease and I have to rest a lot, and am not able to do any heavy work at all. I am supervisor on my job and it only involves medication and desk work. I sit a lot.

I almost forgot to tell you about your new cousin - My youngest daughter Jenny (Virginia) has a baby boy born Oct 3, 1973 - at Flow Memorial Hosp. in Denton Tex. His name is James Everett Lumpkin. He is a little doll. I went down for three weeks to help out. She has little Robert who is 4 now. That makes us 4 grandsons - no girls yet!

I thought about your vacation you were planning - did you get to go? I think skiing would be such fun, and I love the outdoors.

I must bring this to a close - I

41

This is "Wright Watcher" day - I belong to Wright Watchers of West Texas. I have such a bad weight problem. I lose it then gain it back. I love to cook and eat - and I'm allergic to food - it makes big fat pores and bulges all over me! The W.W. program isn't bad at all - you get a good variety of foods and plenty of it too but it takes time, thought and a certain amount of preparation. I have learned to eat soy beans recently - at first I couldn't stand them but I have some recipes that are really good - now I enjoy the soy bean meals. They are almost a perfect food - in nutrition balance - we have to eat fish 5 meals a week. I have that problem solved but at first it was terrible. My first year in W.W. I lost 90 pounds then I was off of it about a year and gained back 30 lb. so now I'm working on that. We have lots of men in our class and they really do take the weight off.

Tonight I have to go to an Art Club meeting, Big Spring Art Assoc. I paint in oils - when I have the time - I have 2 pictures to enter in the

61  
more finished by then - I have  
2 started. I usually work on  
2 or 3 at a time so they will  
have time to dry - I like variety to -  
I am starting a series of Western  
Scenes. Haven't put anything  
on canvas yet but a quail  
picture - Cows of quail around  
an old stump and a windmill  
in the back ground. I still need to  
~~work some things out yet~~. I  
give the girls my best pictures.  
I took a fruit still life to Jenny  
Christmas and traded her it for a  
still life of vegetables for the Spring show.

I didn't get to go to Emma Christmas  
and I was really disappointed but  
we went to Denton for the holidays  
and I got sick with flu and had to  
come home - I always get to  
see Keith and Ina for a visit  
when we go. Keith always has  
some new things to tell me he  
has learned about the family.

I know you are busy too, but  
write again when you have the  
time - I am saving all your letters  
and Ann is going to type up all  
the information for me. She is interested  
in the Durbin family too - Best Regards  
P. 1. 11



May 15, 1975  
Big Spring Tex

Dear Mark:

Please forgive my long silence and not ~~having~~ finished yet the information I want to get for you from Dillie. I have a lot of first class excuses, but I won't take the time to tell you all them. I'll just sum them all into one lump and say I have been unsexually busy this spring.

I was glad to get your last letter - at least you haven't give me up yet!

I finally heard from Kieth so I'll tell you what he has found about the cousin George<sup>W</sup> White<sup>family</sup> there. Billy Beasley and his wife live in Ennis at his mother's home place. (She is Velma White Beasley Pace.) Billy Beasley (he is a gr.) was born Nov. 3, 1916 in Ennis. I knew we were very near the same age. Velma (his mother) was born 1891. (Don't know birth date) Her full name Velma Lou White. She was born in Ennis. Billy don't know who Velma Bowen White is - never heard of her. Velma's husband

2/

Bell County

Was Billy Beasley Sr. died in Jempel, at Scott and White Hospital in 1937. Velma later re-married a man named Pace - he is also dead.

Velma is 84 - still living in a rest home in Italy, Texas. She has had a stroke and a broken hip recently. Keith said she is not able to tell Billy anything about the family - and he doesn't know how Cousin George and Grandpa Reuben Darden were cousins. Cousin George W. White died in 1927 - in Ennis - buried there. Velma had one brother - His name was George Allen White, born in 1895 - He died somewhere in Okla in 1947. Cousin Sally White (Velma's mother) was the daughter of Nick Rodriguez. The Rodriguez family lived <sup>1850's</sup> south of Ennis near Oak Grove in the ~~1850's~~ 1850's. Keith said he had found where in Aug. of 1861 a company of the 19<sup>th</sup> Brigade of the Texas Militia was organized at Old Fellico on the Trinity river (a ~~cat~~ cavalry unit) Reuben Darden and Nick Rodriguez were privates with this unit. That gives us some idea of the dates they were in that area. I don't know how we will go about finding the answer to how Cousin George was kin to the Dardens - could we possibly find some of the Rodriguez descendants that would know anything? Keith also says that Nick Rodriguez drove Cattle to Kansas (from Tex) and his Grandpa Jim Mulkey helped him - that was a good while after the ~~the~~ Civil War was over.

3/

That is all the information on the whites except  
Billy Joe's wife is named —  
Edna Faye. \_\_\_\_\_ May 29 —

Dear Maude:

I wrote, or started this, about 2  
weeks ago, and then "got side tracked" — My  
Nighbor has had serious illness in her family  
and I have been helping out. Also the last  
of school is always a busy time — so  
much work to get done — programs to  
go to and graduation. Today is the last  
day, then we will have 2 months free time.  
I haven't been able to get over to Dillie yet — however  
I called her and got a few things for you.  
I thought I would try to give you what I  
have and then try to get the rest later.  
She doesn't know who Mary Derden and Gas. S Files  
are. Penelope Ann was Ann Files (Derdin) name.  
Her children were: 1. Alie (maybe Allie) ~~Alie~~  
2. Leveller 3. William 4. Daniel 5. Nelley 6. Abner  
7. David 8. Lillie Ora. These are in the order Dillie  
said they were in age — There were 8 and Dillie said  
she never heard of any children that died in  
infancy or stillbirths. James David Files died  
Dec 8, 1911. Alie — oldest — married a white. Her children  
were 1. Cora 2. Ernie — has one daughter <sup>living</sup> Beulah in Okla City —  
Dillie said she didn't know last name or address but would <sup>love</sup>

- try to find out) 3. Noble - one daughter <sup>young</sup> Edna in Ardmore  
 Okla (but don't know her last name will try to find it or)
- Jessie - one daughter living named Annie - (don't know where)
- Beula 6. Attie. 7. Carl 8. Edna 9. Annie.

William Jessie Files was born in Jack Co.  
 died in Bryson (Jack Co.) at Loras home. He had 3 children  
 in order 1. Lora 2. Along 3. baby girl that died an infant  
 allie didn't know her name -

Lora Dundays full name Lora Oke - her husband was  
 B. (don't know name) Dundap.

This is as far as we got in our telephone visit.  
 will try to get over there soon. Dillie lives alone  
 and she loves to talk and visit as much as I  
 so it takes a lot of effort on my part to  
 keep her on our subject. She is precious and I love  
 her even though we only met a short while but -  
 found out I know her sister Structure that  
 lives in ~~Stonemont~~ Stonemont. She used to  
 live in Bryson and I found out through my Dad  
 about her and went over from Antelope (when I lived  
 here) to visit them. She is a most remarkable  
 woman with her handicaps. Her husband is very nice  
 to. I didn't know she was Dillie's sister until our last visit.

I still intend to send the other pictures - will you  
 check your pictures and see if my picture of the  
 old Ennis Dearden home place is there. I can't find  
 it anywhere. If it isn't there would you please  
 make me a copy of your negative of it. I hope I  
 had send it to you. Since my illness last Sept. I  
 don't have the memory re. call I used to. I do  
 things - especially put things away and forget where  
 put them. I have to write myself notes  
 sometimes. At my last check up I told my doctor  
 my "instant replay" still didn't function as well  
 as it used to. Hope all this helps - Love Lucille

Spring Texas  
April 28/1976

Dear Mable:

I received your Christmas Card and fully intended to write you right away and here it is April! Well, that's about my speed these days. The winter was such a very busy time for me - even more than usual.

I read the message on your card again this A.M. When I ran across it (in a box with other unanswered letters) you mentioned making some new headway on the Duden name. I am sure you will still help if there is any way I can. I found my picture of the old Duden home place in Ennis. I still have the last of the pictures to send you too. While I can still remember some of the things I experienced as a child in Ennis and at the old home place with my Grandpa Duden, I want to get it on a tape as I would never get it all written down. Some of the Civil War stories he used to tell were great. I was seven - almost 8 years

" When he passed away. He was always well and active, and went about his daily routine and outdoor chores each day, was only sick 2 or 3 days when he passed away. He loved to sing and I can remember his most loved old hymn he always sung was "Lead Kindly Light." He knew lots of poems and childrens "rymes" for memory.

I took art lessons - (2 three hour lessons twice a week) all winter - just finished last month. It was fun for me, but I felt guilty spending so much money. I learned how to paint with acrylics. I always had painted in oils, and it is quite different. Acrylics dry so fast you have to learn to handle them also the tricks to keep them wet.

We are in the process of moving to Denton (Tex). We have a house there, and will move everything down there after the school term is over - June 1. I will be so happy to be close to the girls. I have cousins near them too. They are on the Willis side of my family. My address will be 1605 Mc Cormick, and our phone is 382-7087. We went down Easter and took a load of tools

3 and planted a garden. My youngest daughter lives in Denton just a few blocks from our house. We are near North Texas U. campus. I like Denton. We have lived there before. Leon got his Master degree at North Texas University. We are trying to sell our home here but real estate is very slow moving right now on account of the possibility of Webb Air base closing soon.

Let me hear from you when you have the time. I would like to know what you found last summer on your vacation. I understood you were going to Alabama or Georgia. I haven't seen Billy or heard from Keith. Do you know any of the Files<sup>family</sup> at Duncan Okla I could get in touch with to find out if they still have the Files Reunion at Duncan? It won't be far from us and I would like to go again.

Love,  
Lucille

P.S. maybe you can get over to Denton sometime - it is only 35 mi north of Ft. Worth. I would enjoy "putting an eye ball on you" as they say on C.B. are you a C.B. fan? I am!



May 17.

Dear Maudie:

I received your letter a few days ago, and it was so good to hear from you again. No, I was not mad at you, or sick — just old and slow and so much to do.

I have already packed all the pictures but the boxes were marked so I am sure I will be able to locate them. There aren't very many. There was one of Tom Bland, Louise & Mildred's only brother and a picture of Aunt Addie.

2. and one of my mother  
and father on their 25<sup>th</sup>  
wedding anniversary, some unidentified

I am so glad you asked  
me for stories Grandpa  
Derden told me about the  
war and about him. I was  
with him constantly the  
last seven years of his  
life and those are the  
formative years of a child's  
life. After I get all of that  
information together, I want  
to start on my Uncle Arch  
Derden who made his  
home with us after Grandpa  
Derden died and we moved to  
the ranch - all so my  
grandmother Annie. I could

I never write it all down  
so I am going to make  
casset tapes and when  
I get it all down I will  
record it on an 8 track  
tape. I had planned to  
do this for my family  
while I still can, because  
I am the only one that  
knows all of this, all the  
rest are dead. I have wished  
so many times I could have  
made tapes of things my  
Dad knew. There are things  
I would like to know, but  
there is no one to ask.

We are in the midst  
of packing and its a mess  
around here. I am writing

4 This early this a.m. -  
(5:30) because I know if I  
get started on the days  
work I won't have time.

The vans are supposed  
to move us June 2, and  
I will be in Denton after  
May 29. We have 2 cars  
and a trailer and a boat  
so we will have to  
go down as soon as school  
is out and take one  
car and the boat to  
Denton. I plan to stay at  
Denton and Len and my  
son-in-law will come back  
here to finish the moving.

I have a car load  
of art materials to move

5/ My family calls it Mamma's  
junk. That's alright, some  
day I may be famous  
(if not rich) besides that  
that art junk is expensive.

Yes we have a new little  
granddaughter. Her name is  
Mary Louise Taylor and  
she was born Nov. 3, '75  
in Arlington. She is Ann's  
third child and our only  
granddaughter. She is a little  
doll. She is so much like  
Ann was when a baby.

Black hair and eyes, like  
the Rankin family. I married  
into some good blood lines,  
as far as beauty and handsome  
features go. My girls are dark

by like their father and  
Grandfather. They have  
Indian blood. I have one  
blue eyed blond grandchild  
out of 5.

I must stop for now  
and you probably wont hear  
from me for a few weeks  
but we are expecting a visit  
from you this summer.  
God bless, Love, Lucille

P.S. I feel sure you must have  
a cassette recorder if not most  
libraries are equipped with them  
ours here has them but you  
know this I'm sure. I have a  
nice one and Leon has 2 he  
uses at school (they are his) we  
make our own 8 track tapes

12-1977

Dear Merle:

I have not forgotten you, but I do ask you to forgive me for my long silence. The past year has been very hectic and difficult for us. Things are better at the moment. First Leon was very ill Jan + Feb. spent 23 days in hosp. Our oldest daughter, Ann, left her husband and moved in with us for 8 months. We had to support them. Finally in Aug. there was a court hearing. She had custody of the baby and the house and they moved home - Sept 4 her husband "kidnaped" the baby and left the state. We do know he went to Michigan but we don't know where he is now and seems no way to find out. I don't like to write my troubles but I do love and appreciate you and you are welcome in our home any time. I always looked forward to your letters

**TO WISH YOU**

**ALL THE HAPPINESS OF THE**

*Christmas Season*

*with love,  
Lucille and Leon*

P.S. I received all the pictures and I found the picture of the old home of Grandpa Dahlen.



Denton Tex  
11-10-85

Dear Merle:

Just a quick note to  
let you know I'm still here.  
We have a new "Derden  
decendant". Our Grandson's  
newest baby - Brittany  
Marie Harris - April 17 - 1985  
in New Orleans La. Ann's grandbaby  
Ann, our oldest daughter  
~~has~~ ~~she~~ married -

Sept 28, 1984 - to  
Eustorgio Ordonez. They  
have been very happy the  
past year. He is Mexican but  
a most wonderful person  
and so good to Ann. She has  
had so many hard things to  
face. Her little girl has never  
been found. They have spent  
so much on private investigators  
and no trace. She was eleven  
nov. 3. We are all doing  
pretty good for old folks. We  
try to stay well and busy -  
Let me hear from you - I think  
on back

of you often and planned  
to write. I have had a  
little doll repair and porcelain  
doll business for the last  
3 years. Business has been  
good so far, but I look for  
an after Christmas slump.  
How is your business? good  
I hope.

We have a new norther  
this p.m. I'm glad, it has been  
too hot - write when you  
can - Love Lucille Rankin

Monday AM 4-24-89

Dear Herb:

I worked on some of the Deiden material you have sent me. I'm trying to get information ready for Ann - my oldest daughter - Since she has grown older and having had some experiences of life and death, she has become interested in her roots. She now has grandchildren and is interested in being able to ~~the~~ teach them about their family. We all appreciate so much the work you have done (also time) on our Deiden branch.

I'm reading over some of your letters (April 10, 1973) you mentioned your great grandmother Sallie. You said it was in 1928 that she passed away, but you didn't know the month and day. I remember some things about it. Some of the boys (Probably Et & Effie) they visited us a lot) let my father & mother know that Aunt Sallie wasn't expected to live. They went to Jones County to help. Aunt Sallie passed away soon after they got there. It was in May and there had been torrential rains. The water

was so high out there in the country  
the undertakers could not get there  
to the house. My mother was a real  
pioneer woman, she knew what to do.  
She prepared Aunt Sallie body and they  
took down a door and layed her  
out <sup>on the door</sup> It was a long time before the  
hearse finally arrived. I remember so  
much of the past and the old family  
stories, I do hope I can leave some  
of them for my children and descendants  
I have made one tape and am trying  
to do more. It takes lots of time.

The same week I received your  
last letter, with the paper about getting  
the law passed to give us access to  
birth & death records - the same message  
came out in our Record Cronial paper.  
I sent the copy you sent me to one of  
my nieces in Big Spring who is working  
on the Rankin line - haven't heard from  
her.

Forgive me for this fast note - do  
hope you can read it and forgive the  
misspelled words - Love, Lucille Rankin  
P.S. When you do down this way be sure  
to come by - would love to see you again.

Denton Texas

4-26-90

Dear Merle:

I have been wanting to write you since Christmas, but circumstances have been such that I haven't gotten to it until now.

First I want to thank you for your card and the letter and Grandpa & Grandma Deedens marriage license. That is a real treasure. I made a copy and sent to Keith Mulkey as Susan Arrington Mulkey Deeden was his great grandmother too. I haven't heard from him since last fall. He and his wife are both in poor health.

Leon and I were not very well after Christmas and our oldest daughter Ann, (who lives in Tomball or Houston) came up and took us to Houston for a while to get check ups there at Houston Medical Center - we were there 3 months. We had

2/

all sorts of Tests and checkups. Leon had 3 doctors exams and his prostate cancer is in remission and prostate is normal, all xrays, blood tests etc showed no sign of cancer any where. His problem turned out to be a spastic bladder and he could not controll his urin. They started him on oral medication and he is doing just fine now. He still gets very tired and doesnt have a lot of energy but he is due for some rest. He will be 80 July 1. I was having heart problems and had several tests. My pace maker had been set back to ~~60~~ 60 by my Dr. here. I was having circulatory problems and fluid build up. The cardiologist there set my pace maker back up to 70 and I have improved so much. We came home April 13. Sure was good to get back home once more. No place like home!

While I was in Houston

3

I found one of Mildred Bland Wray's boys, Robert Wray. He gave me Shirley Peavy's phone number and I got in touch with her. She is Louise Bland Page's oldest daughter. She told me Louise (her mother) passed away in April of 89 and her father a year before. I had not heard from Louise in about 3 years and had tried to find some of the family. I found Robert in the Houston phone book. He is a cabinet maker - has his own shop there in Houston.

He says he wants to know about his Bland and Darden folks. He never knew his Bland grandparents. I told him I would send him some material I had about the family.

I am still writing "ranch" stories for my grandchildren - perhaps when they are old they will be interested - right now they don't have time for all that. Ha!

4

Here is Shirley's address in case you would like to get in touch to get correct dates etc. She has 6 grand children now. Louise had 2 girls and a boy. I didn't get any news of them. I need to write Shirley and try to keep in touch. I always loved her mother. I named my youngest daughter after her.

I hope you will be able to add info to the Darden lineage from some of this. I like to keep in touch.

The rain has been terrible here and everywhere. I heard on radio this p.m. that Brownwood and down there are having torrential rains - 8 inches hope you are <sup>covered</sup>

Ok, and <sup>don't</sup> get too wet.  
We are on a hillside so no  
danger of high water only big  
puddles everywhere.

Love  
Lucille

P.S.  
I just saw the evening  
news on T.V. and Brownwood  
reported a bad flood and had a  
16 inch rain. I do hope you are  
O.K. The floods everywhere are so  
bad and bad storms too. We will  
be praying for you

Love  
Lucille



7-15-91  
Denton Tex.

Dear Merle:

I have planned to write for months and here the year is half gone!

My girls went to Ennis and Telesco 2 weeks ago to check on our cemetery lots and stones. Everything looks fine, they say. The church and cemetery at Telesco has been cleaned and restored. It has a historical marker now. The old tombstones have been cleaned too. They made a lot of pictures of everything. Since they are older they have become very interested in their "roots" and genealogy. I am thankful, because they have some real pioneer ancestors. Ann, my eldest daughter, lives in Houston. She brought her grand daughter to visit us. We are her great grandparents. She makes 8 generations of Dendens - from my

(2)

great, great, grand<sup>parents</sup> father George Dearden  
and Harrett (built in Telesco.) Ann  
made pictures of her by their stone.  
She will be 18 years old Aug 27.  
She lives in New Orleans La. Was  
born there. Her name is Jennifer Harris  
She has a sister, Britthie, and a  
a brother Derrick 4. After school  
was out this summer Ann went  
to New Orleans and took her to  
Houston for a 2 weeks visit. We had  
not seen the children in 2 years.  
They are really growing.

I am sending you a picture of  
the historical marker at Telesco. I didn't  
know if you had one. Also pictures  
of some Dearden stones near our  
George & Harrett's stone. They are young  
people according to the dates. Do you  
know who they are? I did not  
remember them. I haven't been to Telesco  
in years. Also a Bland stone,  
Could they be Bob Bland's parents? Bob  
Bland was Addie Dearden Bland's husband.

(3)

The girls have ask me a lot of questions, and most I can answer.

They want me to write down or make tapes of everything I can

remember about my family. It is hard to find the time, as I have

a great responsibility and lots of stress with the daily business of taking

care of Leon, myself, the house, the meal planning and cooking and all

the shopping. Leon is 81, he can't hear and can't remember anything. I'm

thankful he is in pretty good health otherwise. He can bath and shave

and he does laundry - we have a washer-dryer - also washer dishes.

I have so many problems myself being Pacemaker dependent and all

the other disadvantages of having an old worn out body. I am

grateful to still be here and also I have that old Dunder pinner spirit

of hanging in there! I have the Lord on my side and I'm completely

(4)

Dependent on him for my strength and guidance. We are still in our own home making it by ourselves. Leon doesn't drive much and I refuse to ride in the car with him. He shouldn't be driving at all but we can't stop it, so far.

I have had a little garden this spring. Just a few tomato plants and cucumbers bearing now. I grow stuff in 1/2 barrels along the driveway. We are not physically able to put in a fall garden this year. I will have a few green beans to run on the fence in my barrels later on. It's too hot and dry now.

I am writing on the back of the pictures - some are ~~for~~ for you to keep. There is a picture of the Confederate Veteran reunion in Ennis years ago. Grandpa Reuben Darden is in it. Kieth has the picture Jenny made a picture of the picture. I plan to go to Ennis soon to visit Kieth and

(5)

Sina & Beth. They are 78 now and Keith has been real sick. He spent 3 weeks in Baylor Hosp in Dallas in May and June. He had to have heart surgery again. They had to replace the heart valve they put in 15 years ago when he had 5 by passes. He says he is on his 3rd pacemaker. They can really do wonderful things now with all the new tech knowledge. I'm sorry I'm too old to be in Hospital work now. It is so interesting now. I still get lots of med books and try to keep up some by reading.

I hope you can come to Denton again while I'm still here. I'm not planning to leave but you never know!

let us hear from you when you can - we think of you often. I often read over letters I have rec. from you. I always enjoy them -

with love and best wishes for  
a good summer - Lucille Rankin  
(over for ps)

p.s. I found a note when Louise  
Bland Page died in April of 88 -  
I have her daughter's address. Did I  
send you this information the year  
I was in Houston. That was a little  
over a year ago. We were there from  
Feb 1 - to April 13 - 89 - I think I  
have the dates right. I have found  
a Christmas card from you with  
out a date. I think it was last  
Christmas - you wrote a nice long  
letter on inside the card.

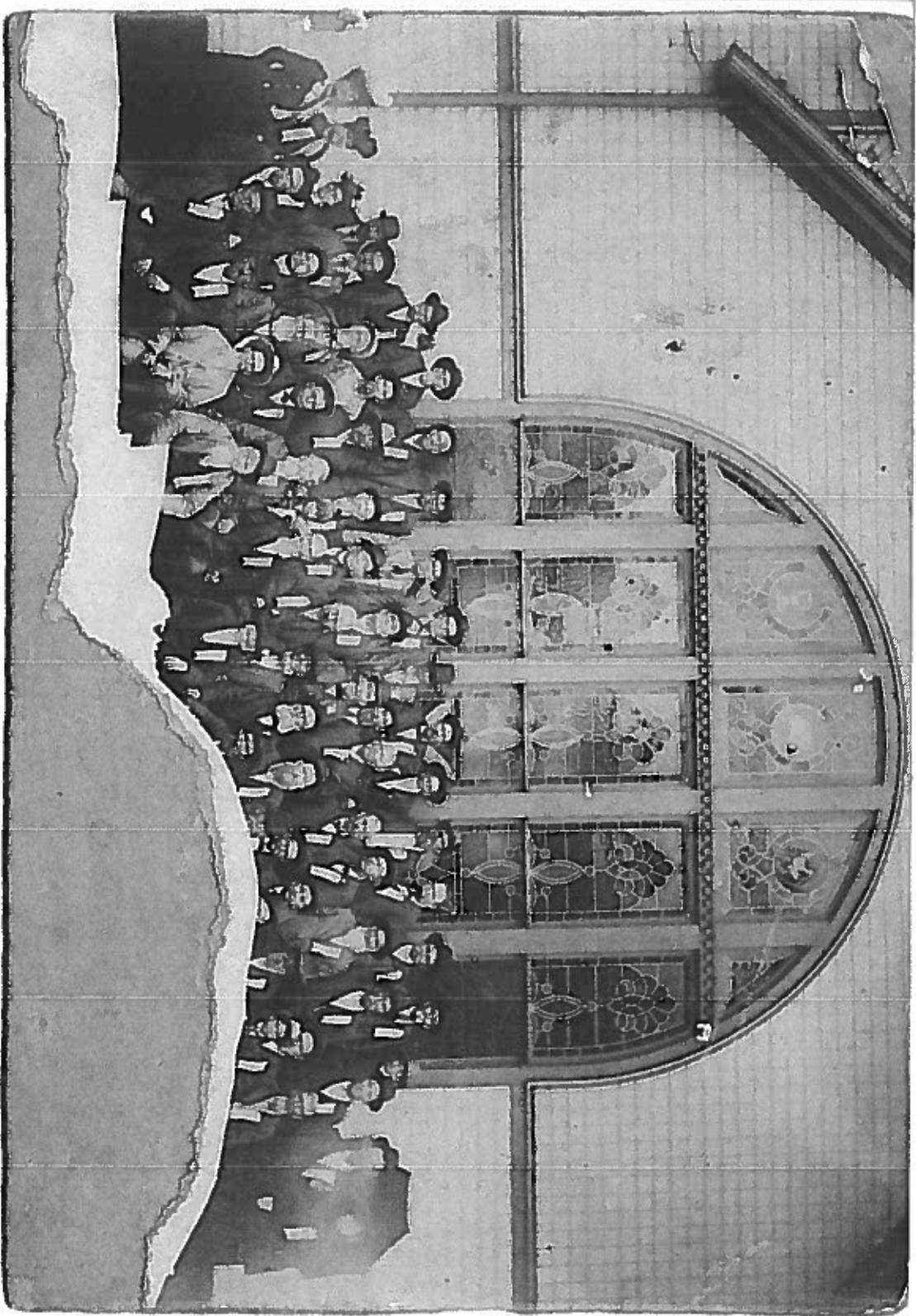
Leon and Lucille Rankin

November 1990. They had been married 58 years.



the first person buried in  
Tellico was Rev. William  
J. Kirkpatrick. He was a  
close friend of Reubin Darden  
and his name is on  
the Marriage license of  
Reubin and Susan Darden. He  
performed their wedding ceremony  
He must have passed away  
the same year. Another  
Kirkpatrick was a war  
buddy of Grandpa Dardens. I  
remember him well. He  
use to visit Grandpa often -  
you may keep this if you  
dont have one -

you may keep this, I  
have an original  
photo of this  
Reubin Berden is the  
3rd person on the  
second row on the left  
side. He had a full  
beard and does not have  
a hat on -



Tomball, Tx 77375

Dear Merle:

I have wanted to write to you all winter. I live with Ann, my eldest daughter, in Houston. Tomball is our post office, we are just north of Houston, near Spring, and all the north of downtown Houston. We are out in the country in the pinelands.

Ann lives in the Willow Forest Subdivision. Leon has had Alzheimer's a few years, and this year we just had to have help with taking care of him. I am not very well now and can't live alone. I had to sell our home in Denton and move here with Ann. I will soon be 78 and Leon will be 84. Our days are about over. He is in a nursing home <sup>in Denton</sup>.

I have been going through things and I found a Christmas Card from you back in 1987 - we were here for Christmas with Ann that year, you had written a letter in your card. You had been here to the library for research - also mentioned working on the Abercrombie - or been in touch with a man in Georgia about Abercrombie. I didn't remember Bert Darden being in Houston. I'll check that out. Maybe he isn't dead yet - I think we are near the same age, at least his wife was.

Ann goes to Clayton Library for research

② She and Jenny, my youngest, have done a lot of research on the Rankin line. There is Indian connections back there somewhere. They have not found it yet. Jenny has all my brief case of materials and family pictures.

I have been so tied down the last 5 years with Health problems of both Leon and I that my letters to you were not very many. We do have 2 mad Darden reports. I have 2 more great grand children. Have I sent them to you? I doubt I have. Did I send you Shirley Page Peerys, address. I talked to her when I was here a while back - Also Mildred Bland Wray's Son did live here. I need to try to get in touch with them. please write me and lets keep in

track. I found several old family pictures I want to send if you would be interested. 2 are unknown but I'm almost sure one of the couples is one of Reubin Darden's brothers. I am recording stories for my children about Grandpa RW Darden. I lived at his old home in Ennis until I was 9 years old. I was born there. He and I were great buddies. I went <sup>with</sup>

③ every where with him. He would tell me stories about when he was a boy, and Civil War stories. I am so thankful I grew up back in those days, and had all of those "olden days" experiences. My grand-children can't believe some of the stories I can tell them.

I hope I have your address correct - it's the only one I can find.

Do you have a phone?

cell phone # is (713) - 376 - 6209

8235 Amurwood Ln.

Fomball, TX 77375

Love

Lucille Rankin



July 5, 1994



Dear Merle:

Since I received your last letter, my girls are interested in the Waxahachie Dearden reunion in Sept. Is there someone we can contact to find out the date for '94. They plan to make copies of all their Dearden pictures, also make a sort of catalog of them and take things to share. I hope I will be physically able to attend also. I am Reubin Dearden's first great grandchild. My Dad would have been 100 years old 24 Nov. 94. All my family are very interested in the Dearden line. The girls are into research on all the family. They need to go to the Files reunion in Duncan, Okla. with my Dad and mother. I don't have time for a long letter this a.m. I will have to write again. (over)



② I was by Ennis about 2 months ago  
and we stopped by the Mulheys to visit  
a few minutes. Keith passed away about  
2 years ago, Tina Beth - (his wife) still  
lives at the old home place there. Her  
Eldest daughter, Jan Magee and her husband  
live there now, and are taking care of  
the place and her mother.

Let us hear from you soon  
Love, Lucille

---



② It was in May and we were still in school and stayed at home with my grandmother Annie and Uncle Arch. He lived with us at the ranch at Mankins. [p.s. on back ②]

About the grave Stones — I had a nice red granite head stone made for Uncle Arch Darden and took it to the Dundas Cemetery to put on his grave. Never was able to find his grave so I left the stone with the Dundas Cemetery Assn. as they could not locate the map. I moved away and never knew what happened to it. On the Darden lot in Ennis, Grandm<sup>ma</sup> Susan Darden has a nice head stone but it gets covered in dirt from washing down that hillside, then the Bermuda grass grows over it. It is to the left of the big Darden stone in the center of the lot. We have dug it up and raised it several times, but Ann, my daughter here, says it's covered again. The Cemetery Assn. there has a lot of new rules about stones and curb on lots. Ann goes there regularly

(13)  
My Grandfather Willis has a lot just  
down below the Derden lot and  
now it is lost, they have built  
a road over it, Ann is just real  
upset over that. She owns property in  
Arlington and they make trips through  
Ennis often and she goes to check the  
Derden lot. There are 2 grave sights on  
the Derden lot yet, and she wants me to  
be buried there when I pass on, that would  
make 4 generations on his lot.

I am not able to do much  
these days. I try to keep interested in  
everything. I read and watch T.V.  
and write letters to friends who write  
me. My eyes have been very poor this  
winter, I don't try to sew much and that  
is one thing I really miss a lot. I  
always enjoyed making clothe for myself  
and my family. After I retired I had a  
porcelain Doll Shop for 4 years there in Denton  
I did really well with it untill Leon  
got sick and I didn't have the time.

49

a picture in my



I want to paint the old Deiden house in Ennis, but I can't find my picture of it. Do you have one? and if so would you send me a copy. Jenny, my youngest, came down here 2 weeks ago for a weekend and she brought me my briefcase with my family records etc. I thought my picture of the Deiden house was in it, but not so. I have so many things lost since I sold the house and moved. I try not to worry about it. I have made a few story tapes for the girls of what I can remember. I find the older the stories - the better I remember them, I still have a very good memory for a person my age, and my disabilities. I had to have cataract surgery on my left eye last summer. It gives me lots of trouble yet, and my right eye is real bad. I wear glasses but still have problems.

I must stop for now and get ready to go down stairs. We had a thunder storm this afternoon. It sounded bad but not much rain. Write when you have the time



-Love, Lucille-

P.S. I wanted to finish my start about my mother & Dad going out to Aunt Sally's when she passed away. My Mother and Dad arrived some time before her death. It was in the last of May and there was a real bad storm and high water everywhere. After the funeral home couldn't send for the body for so long, my mother prepared the body - She knew how to do all that sort of things - (also deliver the babies before the Dr. arrived - if the baby got there first) She had my Dad take down a door in the house and laid her out on the door. The mortician said she did a wonderful job - She told me about it later -

I knew Ebb and Effie real well they used to come to the ranch and visit us. We kids loved to go to Jones County and visit Aunt Sally and all the grand kids. Which one of her boys was a barber I think in Abilene - I remember him and his wife too - was that your grandfather?

I'm sorry to write such a rambling letter, but after I read what I write I am dismayed at all the bad grammar and misspelled words. I couldn't remember the name of the old fort in Jacksboro - it is a big state park now I think - Love Luille



8-18-94



Dear Merle:

I thank you for the picture of the old Berden home place in Ennis. I have now found the other one I had. I think Keith made it for me. We exchanged a lot of pictures -

I called Larkene Timmons in person and she said the Berden Reunion will always be the 3rd Sun in Septemba in Niayakachic<sup>SP?</sup> at the woman building. She is planning to send you some material about it, she said. She was so nice when I called, I am looking forward to meeting her. I sure hope I get to go. I havnt done very well this summer healthwise. My Dr. has changed my medication to a new med I havnt had before. It is for heart failure. I have shown signs of improvement this week, so I am encouraged. The heat and humidity here is really bad on me, but I am so thankful to have ~~Dr.~~  to take care of me. She plans to go to the reunion and take me. My  
(over)

Daughter in Denton plane to go in  
She can make it. She is a teacher  
and school will be going on then.

I had put all the Dearden material  
you had sent me (lots and lots of letters) in a  
big Manila envelope, and this afternoon I  
sorted it all ~~out~~ out, put pictures together -  
all the copies of info together, then your letters.  
I didn't have time to read them all - but  
I plan to, and make notes. I had 2 letters  
in the envelope from Keith Mulkey. One when  
he first started the research on the Mulkeys  
and then after he had finished his book.  
He prepared the material then his children  
had it bound for him into a real book.  
He located the Mulkey family Tree Club of  
sorts, their logo was Mul  - He wrote  
on some of the special Stationery. I really do  
miss Keith. I visited Ina Beth and their  
girls, Jan and Judy, this summer, just for  
an afternoon. Jan, ~~their~~ their eldest daughter  
and her husband live at the old Mulkey home  
now and take care of Ina Beth. Ina B is doing  
real well healthwise, although she is 81 - She has had  
knee replacement and is impaired some in walking  
and standing.

I know my days are not going to last  
much longer, and I am trying hard to leave

③ my children all the family information I can remember — while I can still remember some of it, I have a small hand recorder and I just tell all the old family stories and as much as I can remember about each <sup>person</sup> one. I have just finished one side of a tape about Grandpa Reuben Dearden, his old home place in Ennis, some of his Civil War stories, and things he taught me during the years I lived there with him when I was a child. I try to tell about the person themselves. ← and show we lived back 70 years ago. Life was not so full of stress back then. In my lifetime, the U.S. has been involved in 5 wars and the great depression so there was stress then too — maybe I was younger and could take it better.

I often think about when I lived with Grandpa Dearden (at his house in Ennis) in the summer time, the kinfolk would come for a visit — Aunt Sally and Aunt Ann Files used to come and visit at the same time. I would listen to them talk, Aunt Ann used to tell about living in Jack County, old Fort Richardson and how the Indians came and made trouble. I found an article in the Denton paper about all of that and the dates were much earlier than Aunt Ann's time there, I think. Jim is sending it to you — its interesting — (over)

④ Now I'm working on a tape about life on the old Archer County ranch when we were kids, 1925-1931 - It's lots of fun to remember all the chores we had to do everyday - also all the fun times we had. Life was easy then - we kids didn't have to worry about name brand clothes, or our hair etc - we wore jeans and boots and rode horses to school. We wore "long handle" underwear in the winter time to keep warm. We had to cut stove wood, (my brother's job) I had to keep the coal oil lamps filled, chimneys clean, and the wicks trimmed properly. That was a daily chore. My mother took her sister's baby when the sister died with flu during W.W.I. I always called him my brother but he was really my first cousin, I was an only child. (just to keep the Darden record correct) and I noticed something today in the letters. Mildred Bland may told you Grandmother Annie Darden Barton was born the wrong date - She was born Dec 7, 1867 - in the new Darden house - built in 1867 - She was born in that house, My Dad - Raymond Barton was born there Nov 24, 1894 - I was born there Oct. 13, 1916 - there of us for sure - there may have been other grand children - all the Darden children were born there and Ann was the eldest. She said her name was not any name but Annie -

# I'll try to see if I can answer any of the other questions on that note as soon as I can.



On the B side of the Grandpa Darden's tape I made, I plan to put in all I know about my Greatgrandmother Susan Darden (Susan Mulkey Darden) She was one of the early Ennis pioneers. She live in a log ~~cabin~~ cabin before Ennis was a township. Kieth's grandfather, Jim Mulkey, was the first white child born in Ellis County. Susan Mulkey had one son <sup>by her first marriage to Philip Mulkey</sup> when she married Reuben Darden, 4 years after Philip Mulkey died (during the Civil War). Kieth and I had the same great grandmother - you probably know all this. I'm getting late and I must stop all this rambling letter.

I make so many mistakes and my handwriting is poor - spelling too - I have a good excuse - I'm old

Love

Lucille

P.S. I sure would enjoy a visit with you - maybe in Sept - let's count on it!

