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Interview with
Arthur & Louise Caillet Dieterich

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Business Oral History Collection

Arthur & Louise Caillet Dieterich

Interviewer: Dr. Floyd Jenkins

Place of Interview: Denton, Texas

Date: August 11, 1985

Dr. Jenkins: This is Floyd Jenkins recording for the Business Archives Project, North Texas State University, Denton, Texas. Today is August 11, 1985. I am talking to Arthur and Louise Dieterich in their apartment at Good Samaritan Village in Denton, Texas, 2500 Hinkle Drive. The Dieterichs were in the dairy business for many years in Dallas, Texas, in an area that is now totally surrounded by businesses and homes, and we want to get the history of that dairy business in addition to many other things that they have done in their life.

Dr. Jenkins: Let's get started by getting Mrs. Dieterich, Louise, to give us what knowledge she has of her family background and kind of lead us up to when she and Arthur met.

Mrs. Dieterich: My great grandfather came to Dallas in 1855 with a group of French people to establish La Reunion. His name was Maximilian Reverchon.

Dr. Jenkins: Is that where Reverchon Park comes from?

Mrs. Dieterich: Yes. It was named for my great uncle, Julian Reverchon, who was a botanist who taught at Baylor Medical School.

Jenkins: Did they come directly from France to Dallas?

Louise: Yes, they came directly from France to Dallas.

Jenkins: Did they leave any tales of getting overland to Dallas?

Louise: Yes. We have some diaries, interesting diaries, of the trip on the ship. It took them 43 days to come from France. And we have my Uncle Julian's diary. He was 18 when he came. And my Great Aunt Louise Reverchon Gerard came at that time.

Jenkins: Where did they land?

Louise: They landed at Galveston and came by oxcart to Dallas. My great grandfather, Maximilian Reverchon, was one of the leaders of the group, and we know many of the descendents. They are still our friends. The Santerre, the Cretien . . .

Jenkins: A lot of them are still in the Dallas area?

Louise: Oh, yes, many of them are still in the Dallas area. My grandmother, Eugenia Reverchon, came later, and she married my grandfather, George Caillet, in 1871. My father was born that year, and his name was Fleury Paul Caillet. His mother died young, and he helped on the farm and helped take care of the younger children. There were three younger children. My grandmother bought the farm with money she inherited from France, and the farm was located on the corner of Lovers Lane, Inwood Road, University Boulevard and Roper Lane. She bought that in 1873, and it remained in the family until 1948.

Jenkins: Who had she bought it from? Do you have any idea?

Louise: Yes, I have the deed.

Jenkins: It was from an individual, though, it wasn't . . .

Louise: Yes, it was from an individual. And she paid, I believe, it was \$12 an acre for it. My mother was Laura Riehn. Her mother and father came from Germany right after the Civil War. My grandfather developed tuberculosis, and the doctors told my grandmother that she should come to Texas. They lived in Gilman, Illinois, near Chicago. She came to the Dallas area with her sick husband and four of her six children. The two older children had left home, had married and left. She bought a farm between Letot and Farmers Branch on the old Denton Road. Her husband died just a few years after they came to Texas, but she kept the farm and lived there. My mother met my father at a dance. They had lots of dances in those days. My father was very much in love with my mother, but my grandmother really didn't like my father because he was a Catholic. All the French people were Catholic that came over from France. But they finally got together, and they were married in Indian Territory at the home of her brother in Muskogee. They were married in 1899. I was the first child to be born, and I was born in 1901 there on Lovers Lane where my father had built a little house.

Jenkins: What date specifically?

Louise: September 23, 1901. I will soon be 84 years old. I have three sisters and one brother. My brother, Dr. Caillet, died in 1980.

Jenkins: Where did he practice?

Louise: He practiced in Dallas. He was a pediatrician, one of the early pediatricians in Dallas. He ended up going to Boys Ranch and spent seven years out there giving his time as a children's doctor.

Jenkins: That was his last practice?

Louise: That was his last practice at Boys Ranch. My father raised cotton and corn and wheat on the farm there off Lovers Lane. He liked to work with his hands, too, as a carpenter. He became a contractor. On the side he built furniture for my mother for the house. He built very pretty furniture for the house. We went to school at Cochran's Chapel School. That was a one room, one teacher, country school. Cochran's Chapel School was located near the corner of Northwest Highway and Midway Road.

Jenkins: What is there today?

Louise: That Cochran Chapel Church is still there. That church was established, I believe, in 1833. They still have a nice church and chapel and cemetery.

Jenkins: We go by there a whole lot, of course, and we will have to stop and see it.

Louise: It is an interesting cemetery. I was thinking, I think I know everybody that is buried there. They were all our neighbors and friends. You see, those people came with the Peter's Colony. Those people came there in 1833 with the Peter's Colony.

Jenkins: There were how many of these kids?

Louise: There were five of us.

Jenkins: How many boys and how many girls?

Louise: One boy, my brother, Dr. Caillet, and four girls. One of my sisters lives in Nashville, Tennessee, and the other two live out here on the upper end of old Lake Dallas.

Jenkins: How much work, farm work, did he get out of the kids, your dad?

Louise: I think most people thought that my father was rather lenient. We were talking about this the other day, and I told my sister . . . there were a whole group of us, the Caillet's, together, and we were reminiscing. I said I think one year my father took us out of school for one week to pick cotton. My sister, Shirley, who is just two years younger than I said, "You are entirely mistaken. Papa never did take us out of school." But now see, we all remember differently. So I may have made a mistake.

Jenkins: Oh, yes, but you did pick cotton.

Louise: Yes, we did, but we just kind of did it on Saturday morning. But I know I liked to help, and I used to plow the cotton and the corn because I liked to do it. I was the oldest in the family.

Jenkins: How old do you think you were when you started plowing?

Louise: Oh, I was about ten years old, maybe twelve. I never did after I went to high school.

Jenkins: How did you start a day when you were going to plow? Tell

us about . . .

Louise: We always had a hearty breakfast.

Jenkins: Like what?

Louise: Oatmeal. We had oatmeal every morning. And bacon and eggs. And my mother made homemade bread. We didn't have biscuits and cornbread. Our neighbors felt sorry for us because we didn't have biscuits and cornbread, but we had homemade . . .

Jenkins: Lightbread.

Louise: Yeast, it was made with yeast. And my mother made sweetrolls and regular rolls. That's what we had for breakfast.

Jenkins: What time did you get up? What time did your daddy get up?

Louise: Well, he got up early. He usually got up about 5 o'clock. I could hear him grinding the coffee. He put the water on for the oatmeal. In those days you cooked the oatmeal a long time. It is not like it is today. I never worked beyond noon. I would work in the morning when it was cool.

Jenkins: Did you do the harnessing?

Louise: No. Papa helped me with that. He had two cultivators, and we rode side-by-side. He watched me so I wouldn't plow up the cotton.

Jenkins: Did you have mules or horses?

Louise: We had mules.

Jenkins: What were their names?

Louise: Beck and Tobe were my favorites.

Jenkins: Did you "gee" and "haw" them, or did you just pull on the reins?

Louise: No, we usually just pulled on the reins. Sometimes my father talked to them in French.

Jenkins: What kind of cooking facilities did your mother use?

Louise: When they started housekeeping in 1901, she had what they called a four-eye wood cookstove, and they had small pieces of wood they put in there to cook with. My father, like I say, he loved to build things. I think my mother was one of the first ones in the community that had built-in kitchen cabinets, and I remember them so well. We were proud of them, because nobody else had them. But sometimes I wished that we had one of those cabinets that people bought. You remember they had kind of a safe up above, I mean shelves with doors, and they put the pies up there. There was a place where you could sift your flour down below. I can't remember the name of those cabinets.

Arthur: Safe.

Jenkins: Pie safe.

Louise: Pie safe in a kitchen cabinet. But anyway, my father built one. He also built pretty little corner cabinets in the dining room with glass doors above and then down below, shelves with a door. That was where my grandfather Caillet kept his wine. He kept a jug of concord grape wine.

Jenkins: Did he make it himself?

Louise: No. No, he never made wine. He bought it in a gallon jug, and he always had some for supper. My grandmother died young. He

lived in the old Caillet home, but he came down and took three meals a day with us. He came down the hill to our little house.

Jenkins: Had they built their own home there?

Louise: Yes.

Jenkins: Now you were born there.

Louise: Yes, I was born there.

Jenkins: So you didn't see how it was built.

Louise: No. Well, but I did in 1920. When the children began to come, my father would add another room. I have all this in my history.

Jenkins: You have written a history of your family.

Louise: Yes, I have.

Jenkins: And it may be possible for us to get a copy of that and put it in the library.

Louise: It is in the Dallas Library.

Jenkins: Is it? Okay.

Louise: My father built three rooms in 1899, getting ready for his marriage to Laura Riehn, my mother. They added on to the house after my brother was born. There were three children then. Then it became fashionable for people to have a screened porch and sleep in the fresh air, and we three children slept out on that sleeping porch. It was very nice in the summer-time, but sometimes in the winter it was very cold. But my father thought fresh air would keep us well.

Jenkins: What kind of building materials?

Louise: All wooden. He bought it from Lingo Lumber Company, and he re-did the whole house in 1920, so we would have a nice bathroom and three bedrooms. By that time my mother was 40, she had twin girls, Marie and Margaret, so we had to have more room.

Jenkins: Were there log houses around, that you remember?

Louise: The old Burger house. When I think of the old Burger house, I think about my mother. My mother was a little bitty woman about 5 feet tall and weighed about 110 pounds, but she was brave, the bravest woman I ever knew. And I remember one morning an old man came, and we didn't know him. He said that he and his wife were living in that little log house up on Briarwood and Lovers Lane. A lot of transients would come and live there when they didn't have another place. And he said, "My wife is having a baby, and I want you to come right away." So Mama didn't hesitate, she just gathered up sheets and towels. She told the man, "Run home and get as much hot water as you possibly can, and I am coming." She didn't even take time to hitch up the horse, but she just ran all the way up and delivered the baby. And, you know, I couldn't have done that today.

Jenkins: You could have then, I bet.

Louise: Maybe.

Jenkins: Let's go back to your early years. Let's not grow you up too quick here. Let's look at that house a little bit.

What was your source of water when you were a kid there?

Louise: We had a cistern, a tin cistern, that we got soft water.

Jenkins: Caught it off the roof.

Louise: Caught it off the roof. And then we had a well, and it was hard water but real nice, cool, drinking water. It was called an underground cistern. It had been blasted. My father had built that before he and Mama married. It was blasted out of the rock. That was blue rock, wasn't it?

Arthur: Blue and white limestone.

Jenkins: But did it catch surface water, or was it a well of underground water?

Louise: No, it caught water off of the barn.

Jenkins: I see.

Louise: Isn't that right?

Arthur: No, it just seeped in there. It was a big jugged-out down at the bottom. It would hold lots of water.

Louise: We always had water. Except I remember one summer we had to haul water.

Jenkins: You didn't have a conventional well, then, deep well?

Arthur: There were very few deep wells at that time. One thing is you had to go so deep to get any water.

Jenkins: And there was rock around there, too.

Arthur: Oh, yes.

Louise: And we carried the water down to the house, the drinking water. And when we did the laundry, well, we had a big round iron pot

that we put out in the backyard and heated the water and put the soap in it and pushed it up and down. And we had tubs. We lived near Elm Thicket. Elm Thicket was where the black people had been given homes after the Civil War, and we had a lot of black friends. Their Elm Thicket was right next to my grandmother's farm. And we had a black man and his wife, Bud Long and Lizzie Long, that lived on our farm. My father built them a nice little house when they lived there. They had three children.

Jenkins: Was Elm Thicket the name of a community?

Louise: Yes. Elm Thicket. On the corner of Mockingbird Lane and Lemon Avenue.

Jenkins: And it was primarily a black section?

Louise: Oh, yes, all black. And my mother could always have help. She had help for doing the laundry. However, my mother liked to milk the cows, take care of the cows, and garden. She had a beautiful garden and always a pretty yard. Rhode Island red chickens. But she always, as far back as I can remember, never did much cooking or housework. She liked to do the outdoor work and let the black woman . . . We had Aunt Lucy Lee. She was a dear, sweet woman, and I have her picture in my family history. She lived with us for years. She was just part of our family. She helped raise my twin sisters. We thought a great deal of her.

Jenkins: Now you had cows and so on. Did you make butter?

Louise: Yes.

Jenkins: How?

Louise: With a churn.

Jenkins: Which kind?

Louise: It went up and down, and we used to sing.

Jenkins: What did you sing?

Louise: Come Butter Come, Come Butter Come. I can't remember any more of it. And my sister and I, Shirley and I, had a clock there, and we timed. I would churn for five minutes and she would churn for five minutes. And we were very careful that we never went over that five minutes, or below that five minutes. We churned, and we made ice cream on Sundays because the ice man, it was called an ice club, and the farmers all belonged to it in that area, and on Saturday they brought . . . my father had built this refrigerator, and it held 200 pounds of ice. That would last us all week. We were very careful about it. In the summertime we would have iced tea once a day. Mother was very careful, she didn't let us fill our glasses with ice, we just had cold tea. We also had ice cream. We made ice cream every Sunday afternoon. We went to Sunday School and church at Cochran Chapel Church.

Jenkins: Which was right there.

Louise: Right there in the community we lived in.

Jenkins: About how many people were in the Cochran community? do you have any idea?

Louise: There were other schools around. There was the Merrill School.

Jenkins: How far away?

Louise: It was up on Royal lane.

Arthur: About 3 miles.

Louise: Three miles, about 3 miles apart. But we only had between 15 and 20 students that went to Cochran Chapel School.

Jenkins: One room school.

Louise: One room school.

Jenkins: One teacher school.

Louise: One teacher.

Jenkins: How many grades?

Louise: Through the 7th grade, 1st through the 7th. And that is where I met Arthur. Arthur and his family had decided they wanted to move out to the country, and they bought a farm on Walnut Hill Lane, which was just two miles from us. The school was about halfway between his home and our home. I remember so well the first day that Arthur and his brother came to school. Most of the boys wore overalls to school, and most of them went barefooted in the summertime. And Arthur and his brother came that fall, in September, and they were dressed like they were going to go to Sunday School. They had on knickers and a nice coat, white shirt, good looking shoes. So we thought, my friend and I, my neighbor, thought, "Those sure are smart aleck boys." Anyway, Arthur just fell into the school life right away. I can remember we always had a program at Christmas, and they wanted somebody to say The Night Before Christmas the little story. And Arthur held up his hand, the first one;

and they thought, "That new boy, he sure is a smart aleck."

I ended up marrying that smart aleck. He told me that he loved me right off. He was 10 years old, and I was 9.

Jenkins: Now you had wood stoves. What kind of lighting did you have?

Louise: We had lanterns.

Jenkins: Coal oil.

Louise: Coal oil lanterns. And we had a big, we called it a potbellied stove with coal. They heated it with coal. In real cold weather we had chairs that we could draw up around the stove.

Jenkins: This is the schoolhouse?

Louise: This is the schoolhouse. Now in our home we had the heating stove and the cookstove in the kitchen. And in the room where we sat was really the dining room, the dining room-sitting room, we had a coal stove.

Jenkins: No fireplace?

Louise: Yes. My mother always wanted a fireplace. In 1920 when my father rebuilt the house, he added a fireplace and a lot of bookcases because we had lots of books. I remember those were two things that my mother wanted, a fireplace and bookcases for her books.

Jenkins: Now on those cold, cold winter nights when you got ready to go to bed, did you do anything special to get warm to go to bed?

Louise: Yes, sir, we did. My sister and I slept together, the one just younger than I. On top of the stove everybody had a brick, and we had them named. Everybody's brick was named, and

my mother had made little flannel, kind of like envelopes, to slip them in. We would take those and put them in our beds maybe ten minutes before we went to bed. Then when we got in bed, at least we had a warm place to put our feet.

Jenkins: What about sanitary facilities?

Louise: We had an outdoor toilet.

Jenkins: Everybody did.

Louise: Everybody did. And we took a bath in the largest wash tub you could buy in those days. I have forgotten the number. Number 2.

Jenkins: In the kitchen?

Louise: In the kitchen. Everybody took their bath in the kitchen.

Jenkins: Did they change water between baths?

Louise: Well, I don't know how my mother and father did, but we three children took turns. Sometimes I would get the bath first, and then Shirley, and then Otto.

Jenkins: But you all bathed in the same water.

Louise: We all bathed in the same water, that's right, we did.

Jenkins: Did you ever have electricity while you were living there?

Louise: No. It is surprising, you would think on Lovers Lane we would have had electricity, but we didn't have electricity.

We married in 1924, and we still didn't have electricity in 1924.

Jenkins: You married and stayed right in that same area.

Louise: No, we did not. Arthur was working in a dairy in El Paso after he graduated from A&M, and he came over and we were

married in 1924 and went to El Paso where he was working. We lived there four years. He was the assistant manager of a large dairy plant. Then we decided to come back to Dallas, and we bought our farm in Dallas in 1928.

Jenkins: In that same area?

Louise: Yes, on Forest Lane and Midway Road.

Jenkins: When did electricity come?

Louise: To Mama? In 1928, wasn't it? The same year that we built our farm, and we had to have electricity on our farm on Forest Lane. I remember the Texas Power and Light Company charged us \$1,500 to bring electricity, and that was lots of money then.

Jenkins: Boy, was it ever. But it was TP&L from the start?

Lousie: Yes.

Jenkins: What about water, city water? When did that come?

Louise: To Mama on Lovers Lane, I have really forgotten. They had it though, I know they had it in 1928. Those things all came before the Depression. My father built a bathroom, and we had a bathtub in 1920. Well, we did have a bathtub; we had a little house out in the back, and my father had a bathtub out there. We could take lots of baths in the summertime. But he put one in the house in 1920, and built a regular bathroom. And the water, I can't remember where we got the water from. I just don't remember that. It wasn't city water.

Arthur: In 1928 the city water had not come, because I got Hiney to help put in that commode and hook it up to the water system and put in a little electric pump. We had that and pumped it

out of the well. Then we also used it out of the cistern, which was right next to the bathroom.

Louise: That's right. Also I remember that if you ran low on water, you hauled water. We had a water tank, and they hauled water.

Jenkins: You had a septic tank, then?

Louise: Yes.

Arthur: We built a septic tank.

Jenkins: When did natural gas get out there?

Louise: I can't remember Mama ever having natural gas. She had an oil burning stove that threw out heat and heated up the back part of the house. And the oil was out in the yard, and it was piped in to the stove. In the wintertime she kept it on day and night. We had a big fireplace, and we also used to use those little oil heaters, they were about this high, in the bedrooms if you knew somebody was going to study.

Jenkins: Natural gas came while you were in the dairy business then, I suppose?

Arthur: We never did have natural gas until we moved up to Grayson County.

Jenkins: So you never did get it?

Arthur: No, not down there.

Louis: We used electricity for most everything. My mother cooked with electricity.

Jenkins: While you were growing up on the farm, y'all grew and preserved practically everything that you ate, I suppose?

Louise: Well, yes, we surely did.

Jenkins: Like what?

Louise: Tomatoes, green beans, corn. I remember our first attempt. . .
Mama's friend, Rose Lively, said she had a new method of canning corn. She brought the cans and the soldering iron and the chemicals and all that. My father brought up a whole load of beautiful corn, just the right kind. I remember we girls shucked it, cut it off the cob, scraped it to get all that good juice. We would fill up the cans, and that day we put up over 100 cans of corn, and we were so proud of it. We stored it down in our cellar. And, oh, about a month later we heard what sounded like a gun going off. We would hear another one and another one. My father had a suspicion, and he went down there, and he said, "All Hell has broken loose in the cellar. Every damn one of those cans are bursting."

Jenkins: Fermented?

Louise: And bursted. Oh, it was the awfulest mess. It took us weeks to clean up. And that was our first experience, but we learned a lot.

Jenkins: What had you done wrong?

Louise: Rose Lively said that they didn't give her the right kind of chemical sealer. And evidently they didn't put it on right. They did something wrong.

Jenkins: Was Rose Lively any kin to the Lively Dairy?

Louise: Yes, she married John Lively.

Jenkins: Did you know Nora Lively? She must have married a Lively, I suppose.

Louise: But you see the Livelys were early settlers that came in 1833 to the Cochran Chapel. They are part of the Cochran Chapel group. Patrick Lively was the one that came from Virginia. He had Eugene Lively, who is his older son. His youngest son was John Lively. Then Jack Lively was the same age as Arthur and me, and we were all in the same grade at school.

Jenkins: Bluffview Farm.

Louise: Yes, that belonged to the Livelys.

Jenkins: When I lived in Mesquite in the '40s, some Livelys, the woman's name was Nora. She may have been a widow by then, but we understood that she was part of this Bluffview Farm family.

Louise: That doesn't sound familiar. We knew all of the Livelys, and I don't remember one named Nora. John Lively's first wife was Frone, Safronia, and she died, and then he married Rose Womack. They were married a long time. He lived to be 90 some-odd years old. And our friend, Jack, just died this year, Jack Lively. He has a son, Jack, Jackie, we call the son Jackie. They were in the dairy business a long time, and their land became very valuable. They are very well-to-do people now.

Jenkins: How did you preserve meat?

Louise: That was important. We always killed the hog on a real cold, cold day, and all of us helped. Some of the neighbors would come in and help. Papa had a big barrel, and he used salt and saltpeter and a little sugar, I think. And pepper. He stored the shoulders and the hams and the bacon in this. No, he never smoked ours. Your family smoked theirs. I think they were better meat people than we were. But we enjoyed the bacon and the ham.

Jenkins: Did you make sausage?

Louise: Oh, yes, that was important, making sausage. We made head-cheese. That was something special to eat, because there wasn't much of it.

Jenkins: How did you preserve your sausage?

Louise: We hung it up. We ate it up pretty quick. A lot of people smoked their sausage, but we didn't.

Jenkins: Some people packed it in grease.

Arthur: Fried it and packed it in grease.

Louise: And put it in jars. But my mother didn't do that.

Jenkins: What about beef? Did anybody preserve beef?

Arthur: Yes, we did. We preserved the male calves or bull calves of the cows, you know, that we milked? We fed them up until they got to be pretty good size, and then most of the time we mixed them with pork to make sausage. Then we smoked that. We also preserved beef and made what we called sort of like corned beef, you know. We preserved it in a brine. Then,

of course, too, there was a meat club. Once a week the different farmers or people that belonged to this meat club would kill an animal. Of course, a lot of them were very poor butchers, and they just ended up cutting the meat up in chunks. Taking kind of like an axe and cutting it up. They would bring you a piece of it, what they figured was your share.

Louise: I will tell that the Dieterichs really knew how to take care of beef. They loved meat, and they ate a lot of meat. In my family we hardly ever had beef. We ate fish and quail, dove, pheasant, all kind of rabbit. My father was a hunter and fisherman. That was his hobby. Arthur has often said that I didn't know what a beefsteak was until I married him.

Jenkins: So there was plenty of hunting there?

Louise: Oh, yes.

Jenkins: Plenty of fishing. Where did they fish?

Louise: We fished in Bachman. That is where we caught our fish. And in the Trinity River. We also hunted along Turtle Creek.

Jenkins: Bachman was the Dallas lake at that time?

Louise: It was. It was the only water supply for Dallas until they built White rock.

Jenkins: Anything else that you want to say about your family before we turn to Arthur's family?

Louise: My sisters were all teachers. My sister Shirley was principal of Walnut Hill School, which is on the corner of Walnut Hill

Lane and Midway Road. All of us sisters, all four of us sisters and my brother's wife, my sister-in-law, graduated from TSCW. I graduated in 1923. I was the first one; then all the others did. My sister, Marie, taught in the university at Lafayette, Louisiana, for 30 years. She retired early, and she lives on the upper end of old Lake Dallas. My father bought that land on the shores of the old Lake Dallas, which is just south of 380 in 1929 from Mr. Orr, who was the father of the Orr's here in the bank. My sisters still own that land.

Jenkins: How far from 380?

Louise: It is about five miles.

Arthur: Down by the Yacht Club.

Louise: Do you know where the Dallas Yacht Club is?

Jenkins: Yes.

Arthur: Right there close by.

Louise: They live there. My sister, Shirley, and her husband, when she retired from Walnut Hill School, moved to the lake and built a home. And then my sister, Marie, one of the twins, built her home there. My sister, Marie, we call her the iris lady. She grows iris, and she is very active in the American Iris Society, the Louisiana type of iris. She has a beautiful place. She received The Distinguished Service Award from the American Iris Society last year. We are very proud of Marie. She is a

maiden lady. We have always called her the banker of the family. She always had money to loan to us if we needed it. Margaret, her twin sister, established the first school for handicapped children in Dallas. She built it there on the land where my parents lived all their life. They gave her some land in the back, and she built a school for handicapped children.

Jenkins: What is there now?

Lousie: Nothing but used cars.

Jenkins: That school lasted for how long, do you think?

Arthur: Just about a year or two. Two years, I guess. The public schools were just getting ready, the public schools of Texas, to start teaching handicapped children, and they asked her to come to Houston and help start the handicapped program in Houston. She went down there.

Jenkins: What year, when did she start her school, about?

Louise: Well, let's see. She started it in about 1938. She graduated in 1937, and then she went to a special school at the University of Michigan to get some ideas on teaching handicapped children.

Jenkins: You graduated from . . . what was it then, CIA?

Louise: Yes, it was CIA.

Jenkins: But you went into the dairy business, you didn't teach.

Louise: No, I didn't teach. I taught Sunday School for years. No, I went into the dairy business with Arthur.

Jenkins: Okay, anything else about your side of the family before we get Arthur to trace his? Now your family history is in the Dallas Public Library, and we would find it how, what is the name of it?

Louise: I will just give you a copy right now.

Jenkins: And we are going to put this copy of As I Remember: A Family History by Louise Caillet Dieterich in the North Texas State University Archives, and as an appendix to this manuscript. Let's go back and review a little bit about your father's contribution to building here in north Dallas.

Louise: First I like to remember what he did in the early days. I have heard these stories that he built cabins for the black people that harvested, planted and harvested all the cotton on the Caruth Plantations. I have heard the stories of different barns that he built for farmers in that area. But the things that I remember most are the homes that he built before the Depression days in the '20s. He built those homes in the '20s in Bluffview Estates and Greenways Parks and in University Park. So many of those homes are still standing today.

Jenkins: Where is Bluffview Estates?

Louise: Bluffview is on the corner of Lovers Lane and Midway Road, the northeast corner. And there are lots of beautiful homes in that area. It is in the woods.

Jenkins: Oh, yes, some of the prettiest country around Dallas.

Louise: Yes.

Jenkins: What, Greenway? What was the other?

Louise: Greenway Park is on Inwood Road and University Boulevard.

It was a new conception where the houses faced the park, and you had a street here and a street here, and you came into your home the back way. Those homes are all there on Inwood Road and Mockingbird Lane. Yes, they go all the way to Mockingbird Lane. And he built, in his retirement after he built his cabin on Lake Dallas, well, he built a lot of cabins and homes for people on Lake Dallas. I remember one that he was so proud of, the one he built for Humphrey Lee, who was president of SMU. He also built for the Penniman's. The Penniman's owned the big coal company, Penniman Coal Company. Those were the two that I remember offhand. He built one for Bessie Kirk, our good friend. He enjoyed ten years at the lake, ten happy years. He was building and had a garden, and he fished every day. It was better fishing in Lake Dallas than it used to be in Bachman. It had more room. And I think that is all.

Jenkins: Let's resume here by going back and picking up on some thing that you have remembered while we were at lunch.

Lousie: I wanted to say that in 1914 I had to change schools. I had finished the grade school at Cochran Chapel, and there was a country high school, Maple Lawn, located on the corner of Inwood Road and Cedar Springs. It was a big school in the eyes

of my sister and brother and myself. It had four rooms downstairs and an auditorium, and two rooms upstairs. We enjoyed that because we met lots of new boys and girls. We had a football team, and the girls played basketball. It was an entirely different setup from the one-room country school.

Jenkins: Did you play indoor basketball?

Louise: Oh, no. Everything was outdoors.

Jenkins: What kind of surface did you play basketball on?

Louise: The ground.

Jenkins: Whatever was there?

Louise: Yes. That's right.

Jenkins: Grass.

Louise: Grass. We soon wore out the grass. I never was a very good player, but sister, Shirley, was always on the team. I have pictures of that in my family history, pictures of the school.

Jenkins: Did y'all play other schools or just among . . .

Louise: Yes, we played other schools. We played Irving, and we played Carrollton. And we played football with Terrell Private School.

Jenkins: Is that Terrell, Texas?

Louise: No. Terrell Preparatory School in Dallas.

Arthur: It was a boy's school.

Louise: It was an exclusive school for boys. It was for the Highland Park and University Park kids.

Arthur: Then we played the west Dallas Roughnecks from Cement City.

Louise: Yes, we played Cement City.

Jenkins: Where was that?

Lousie: That was out west Dallas. You got out on the Commerce Street bridge, the end of the Commerce Street bridge, which was called Cement City. It was where they had the cement plant.

Jenkins: Over in Oak Cliff?

Louise: No, it was west Dallas. It was not called Oak Cliff; it was called west Dallas.

Jenkins: But it was across the river?

Lousie: Yes, it was across the river. We went over on the Commerce Street bridge. I graduated from that school in 1918. But my mother and father were very anxious for all of us to go to college. We didn't have a lot of money, but my father thought that everybody had to have a good education. Because he didn't have a good education, and he wanted his children to have a good education. And my father was, well, he was very special. He loved us children, and he was proud of us. My mother said he always bragged on us too much. As a consequence my mother seldom ever complimented us.

Jenkins: She thought you had plenty without it.

Lousie: Plenty from my dad. Mama was a very quiet person who had educated herself by reading. She read and read. She finally got my father interested in reading. And he educated himself by reading. My mother in the end became an authority on iris.

She had the first commercial iris garden in Dallas. My father, of course, loved to garden. He loved to build pretty things. He built beautiful furniture for our home. He was an artisan.

Jenkins: What do you remember about the commercial iris business?

Louise: My mother just got started in it in a simple way, and it began to grow. She got interested in it, and she went to some of the National Iris meetings. She would bring home some of the newest iris and plant them. Then people would come and buy them. I remember she was so proud when she had enough money to buy her a new Ford sedan.

Jenkins: From her iris business?

Louise: From her iris business. And then in another two years, my younger sisters, Marie and Margaret, who were 14 years younger than I, my mother had made enough money in two years to buy them a Ford sedan when they graduated from TWU in 1937, 14 years after I had graduated.

Jenkins: What was her market for these?

Louise: Just the neighborhood. Well, practically all of Dallas.

Jenkins: Did she sell to commercial places?

Louise: No, she just sold retail. They just came to her garden, and she dug them up and sold them to them. A lot of her customers even came from Oak Cliff.

Jenkins: Now that garden was located where?

Louise: On Lovers Lane, where my father had lived all of his life. On Lovers Lane, Inwood Road and University Boulevard. Roper

Lane bounded by those four streets. And my father had lived there all of his life. Then he built a home for Mama when they married in 1899. All of us children were born there, and my mother and father died there. My sister inherited that portion of the land. She sold it in 1948. But I did want to say that I enjoyed my four years of high school at Maple Lawn. We had a small class. But we had 4 years of Latin, 4 years of English, 4 years of math, 4 years of history, and 4 years of science. So we took all of the basics, and that was all we could take. We didn't have any electives. But I didn't have enough money to go to college that year, so I went to Metropolitan Business College and learned to type and take shorthand. I was very fortunate, I got my first job with the Dallas Times Herald. I was secretary to Herman Phillipson, who was in charge of national advertising. But I was saving every penny. I told Mr. Phillipson when I went to work there that I was going to go to college in September, I would only work eight months. I started in January, and I told him I would work eight months, and then I would have to quit the first of September. Mr. Tom Gooch was editor of the Times Herald. Mr. Kiest was publisher at that time. That was 1919. And Mr. Gooch didn't want me to go to college. He said I could make more money in the advertising business if I would stay there and learn. But Mr. Phillipson urged me to go, so I went to CIA here in Denton.

It was the College of Industrial Arts. And, of course, it has had its name changed twice. I got a job at College of Industrial Arts right away. Dean White was very kind and got me a job in the Extension Department with Lillian Umphries. I earned enough each month for my room and board, which was only \$22 a month at that time. And then my sister came the next year to school. We have always said that those were four of the happiest years of our lives. We really had a wonderful time in college. We worked, but we made lots of friends; friends who have been our friends for life. In fact five of us who graduated in that class live here at Good Samaritan Village. four of us are still here, one died.

Jenkins: You were there before the Little Chapel was built, then?

Louise: Oh, yes, long before.

Jenkins: Okay, anything else you want to tell us?

Lousie: All during my college years I was writing to Arthur at A&M. He was at A&M when I was at CIA. During our high school years we hadn't seen much of each other, and I had always thought that it was his mother and my mother that had something to do about us starting to write to each other. When I was a freshman, I guess I hadn't been on the campus but a few weeks until I got a letter from Arthur. The first letter I ever had from him, except those little notes he used to write in grade school. And we started writing to each other. I would see him and have a few dates during the summertime, but he

was always in camp at Fort Knox, Kentucky, ROTC Camp. I remember when I graduated from TWU was one of the happy times, that my mother and father came to graduation and baccalaureate. They stayed three days. And my younger sisters, Marie and Margaret, came. My sister, Shirley, hooded me. And on that baccalaureate day I got this beautiful box. Oh, everybody was so excited. I opened it up, and it was a string of beautiful cultured pearls from Arthur. That was really a happy day. I remember I wore them to dinner that day, and all the girls were so excited, and I was so pleased about my pearls. I still have them, and I am going to give them to my namesake, Martha Louise Kurrus.

Jenkins: Anything else?

Louise: I was able to get a job right away. I really wanted to work.

Jenkins: When you graduated.

Louise: When I graduated. And I got a job as secretary to Dr. Wren Webb at City Temple Presbyterian Church. He was director of home missions in Texas and Louisiana.

Jenkins: Now that was in Dallas?

Louise: In Dallas. I went back home to Dallas. Dallas was always my home, until Arthur and I married. I worked there until we were married in '24. That was in '23 that I graduated. Arthur, you should be talking about what you were doing, because you were at West Point and had decided to resign. You had gotten sick and couldn't continue your football playing at West Point. And you came by CIA to see me before you were on your way to

El Paso. And he gave me his fraternity pin, he pinned me. And he said, "Now, let's get married in '24." He had stood on the front porch of our senior dormitory, and all he did was just give me a little hug. He couldn't kiss me because the girls were all peeping out the windows.

Jenkins: I remember courting at TWU. Even when I was there it was very restricted.

Louise: Well, it certainly was. I was president of the Student's Association my senior year, and Arthur came and didn't get permission to come. He just came by, and I found out that in order to see him I would have to go up to the Dean's office and get permission from Miss Heffley to see Arthur. And I thought, "Here I was 20 years old, almost ready to graduate from college, I was president of the student body, but still I had to get permission." That was the rules.

Arthur: She had to take me by Dean Heffley, and let her look me over to see whether or not I was suitable material.

Louise: Times have really changed since 1923.

Jenkins: Okay, we have gotten you married now. We will shift over to Arthur now and get your family background.

Arthur: My mother was Minnie Gunther. She came to Dallas when she was three years old, about 1874 or 1875, with her father and her sister and with her new stepmother. Her mother had died.

Jenkins: They came from where?

Arthur: They came from Chicago to Dallas. My grandfather, Herman Gunther, was a saddle maker and harness maker and had a real good business

in Chicago but was burnt out in the fire of 1871 and lost practically everything he had. So he came to Dallas. And my father came to Texas in 1884 from Germany after he had learned his trade as a machinist. His brother, Louis, had come to America several years before. He was a sailor and did not like the way that Prussia was treating their city of Bremen where they were born and where they lived and where they had free citizenship. So my Uncle Louis deserted and jumped overboard from the ship at Galveston and swam the three miles in to shore on High Island. That is where he lived. When my father came over as a young man, he didn't know where to find his brother Louis. Several years before he had told my father's mother in Germany for her to see Frau Shultz in Galveston, who operated a boarding house and eating house for sailors and so on like that, and she would know where he was. So when my father came to Galveston then as an 18-year-old, he immediately went to Frau Shultz. Of course, Papa didn't have any money left. The con man aboard ship and the rest of them had taken what little he had. She gave him board and bed there, and he worked for her: washed dishes, etc., like that. Finally, along just a little before Christmas, two or three months later, they had a note from his brother who was building wooden bridges for the Houston and North Texas Central Railroad, and for the International and Great Northern, as they were building north out of Houston and Galveston. He was up at Hempstead, Texas. So Papa

immediately started up there on foot to see him, he was so anxious to see him. You could imagine the grand reunion that they had up there. At that time it was close to the little town of Wellborn, which is just six miles from College Station. Our father continued railroading as a machinist to sharpen their tools and the drill bits and repair the tools. His biggest pleasure was running a little donkey engine which hoisted the heavy timbers from the bottom of the creeks and the rivers on up into place. They did that, the two of them worked together. Uncle Louis was a foreman of the bridge building group, and Papa was the machinist there that did those jobs. They continued to do that. Then in the wintertime they would go back to east Texas and work in the lumber mills. They enjoyed that, too, because they could work all the time over in the east Texas counties close to the Louisiana border over there. I know Papa tells one of his real interesting stories: When they hired him over there to put this mill in shape and it hadn't been run for a while, there was a little donkey engine, steam engine, that hadn't been run. And Papa overhauled that so that he could run it. They ran that. They used wood 4 X 4 tracks, wood tracks, out into the woods so that they could load on the logs and bring them on into the mill.

Jenkins: Is that why it was called a donkey engine, because that was the kind of work that it did?

Arthur: That's right, yes.

Jenkins: On temporary tracks.

Arthur: Yes. Of course, they did, too, what they did they had the oxen teams that usually were three yoke of oxen, that is 6 oxen, that would pull this big two-wheeled sort of a cart across and straddled the tree, and then it had a big lever on it that they could get ahold and pull up one end of it so that the wheels would carry part of the load, and then they drug the rest of it. They pulled that on up to where this little donkey train was. The donkey train had a hoist on it, too, that could lift up these logs onto the cars. Sometimes, though, they would roll the logs up onto the cars. I remember when I went back over there to that country, Colmesneil was one of the towns, and it is close to Newton, along the river over there, the Sabine, which divides Texas and Louisiana. Papa showed me some of those big, virgin timbers, their stumps, that were still left standing there, of those big trees that they cut down. That was during World War II, and during that time they were taking these stumps, which were still real rich with pine and turpentine and curing them into war materials.

Jenkins: What kind of war materials?

Arthur: They made turpentine. They got turpentine out of them, they got resin. I know those were some of the things that they got out of it.

Jenkins: You used a term that sounded like Colmesneil.

Arthur: That is the name of the town, a French name. Jasper was

another town in east Texas where they did that. They continued to do that, they worked together for quite a long time and continued to go into Oklahoma into Indian Territory and built north with the Sante Fe Railroad when it was building north. He built all the way up to Wynnewood and Purcell and that country up there, and enjoyed that very much. He enjoyed hunting very much. They didn't bother the deer, because the Indians wanted the deer. The Indians told them that they could shoot all of the squirrels and rabbits that they wanted, and also the prairie chickens and quail. Turkeys, wild turkeys flew over from one mountain to another at night, you know.

Jenkins: What year are we talking about here?

Arthur: That was in the late '80s, I would say. They continued that because that paid much better wages, that type of work: the railroad work and the lumber work over there paid that much. I remember they were getting tired of that, though, as the years went by, and realized that they weren't getting very far ahead. So Papa was a young buck in those days, and he was always sticking his nose into things. He interfered in a poker game one night at the lumber camp in east Texas. He was kibbutzing a game and watching the hands that were drawn. One of these men that was playing, pretty rough customers, and they were pretty well loaded with whiskey, too, and one of them drew this hand, and said, "I will raise you," to the rest of them, "I will raise you \$2," or whatever it might have been. Papa

just gasped a little bit. Of course, he knew he was bluffing because he didn't have anything. This fellow said, "God damn you," and pulled out his pistol and shot Papa in the leg. It made Papa so mad, of course, that he just really went back to his little shack he was living in to get his prize gun, which was an over and under 32 round shot and a 10 gauge shotgun underneath. Of course, Uncle Louis stopped him and they left town that night. So they didn't continue that. That is when Papa came to Dallas.

Jenkins: This was about . . .

Arthur: I would say about '89 or '90.

Jenkins: He came to Dallas in what area now?

Arthur: Since he had been raised a devout Lutheran, he went to the Lutheran Church. And this Lutheran Church had been founded by my Grandfather Gunther, Herman Gunther. The first Lutheran Church of Dallas was founded in his home on the corner of Allen & Bryan St. So Papa went to the Lutheran Church, and that is where he met Mama. He saw her in the choir loft singing, and he thought she was such a pretty woman. He courted her for quite a while. She was reluctant to marry, and also, too, her father had remarried and they had several younger brothers and sisters, and they needed Mama, my mother, who was the second oldest by the first wife, to help stay at home and help take care of those kids and also work to make a living. And they didn't want her to marry from that standpoint. They didn't

know Papa very well, either. But they soon found out that he was a good man. Papa and Mama both had excellent voices. My mother and father married in 1893. In 1894 my older brother, Herman, was born. In August 28, 1900, I was born.

Jenkins: Where were you living then?

Arthur: We were living on 377 Oakland Avenue on a corner of Pennsylvania in south Dallas.

Jenkins: You are living in town.

Arthur: In town.

Jenkins: They were living in town.

Arthur: That's right. They were living in town. Our father had gone to work for Sanger Brothers as a maintenance man, and he worked there for 35 years and became a superintendent for the building and the maintenance of the big Sanger Brothers' store that they had. My younger brother, Louis, was born in 1903, and my sister, Minnie, was born in 1906.

Jenkins: And you were born . . .

Arthur: August 28, 1900. We moved from this place because our place on the corner of Oakland and Pennsylvania, because it was getting, as Papa said, too tough. Today it is recognized as the toughest corner in the city of Dallas. But I am glad we didn't have anything to do with that. We moved away from there. We moved to the farm on Midway Road and Walnut Hill on the southwest corner of that, 144 acres, which we bought from, which my father bought from Millard Lively. He continued to work at Sanger

Brothers because he knew that he couldn't finish paying for that farm by just farming it. That is where we started. My older brother, who was 16 when we moved there to farm, could not adjust to the farm life, so he left home, and then there were the 3 of us there. Most of the time we had a hired man because there were considerable chores. Papa could see right at the start that dairy farming would be the best thing that we could do because most of our farm would be good for pasture, because it was along what we called Bachman's Creek

He would take the milk to town in the mornings. would milk the cows, and there would be a few gallons of milk, and he would take that milk to town. At that time Sanger Brothers had the best restaurant in Dallas. He sold that milk there to the restaurant. Then he also sold some to some of the family, aunts and uncles, etc., like that along the way and had a little milk route. We bottled that milk. We were some of the first people to bottle the milk.

Jenkins: On the farm.

Arthur: On the farm, yes, we bottled it on the farm.

Jenkins: Let's go back and grow you up a little bit before you get involved directly in ~~farming~~, and let's look at your school-house and church and kind of see what was happening to that community.

Arthur: I went to school to start with kindergarten in the Lutheran Church. ~~Pre-kindergarten~~ school, you know, generally is

where they start these. They start with kindergarten.

Jenkins: Is that church still there?

Arthur: No. It was the Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church, and it is now out on the corner of Skillman and Lovers Lane.

Jenkins: Is there a church there?

Arthur: Yes, a church and a full 12-year school, parochial school. And I went there one year, and I rode the streetcar from our house.

Jenkins: Electric?

Arthur: Yes, because the mule cars had just gone out.

Jenkins: You remember the mule cars?

Arthur: Yes, I remember the mule car because there were a few mule cars as they were electrifying the road. Papa had worked, he was the first one that ran and operated, helped to operate and put together an electric car that had, they called, one with the "fishing pole" on top that had the trolley up there.

Jenkins: I remember those.

Arthur: Yes. One of his first jobs in Dallas before he went to work for Sanger Brothers was repairing those and working, like on the mule cars, too. The little mule cars, they were just small, you know. Sometimes the young men would get on the back of one of them and rock up and down and rock it off of the tracks.

Jenkins: Your father was involved in creating the electric . . .

Arthur: He was a poor machinist that had worked for them.

Jenkins: That helped create that first car?

Arthur: That's right.

Jenkins: Do you know about what year we are talking about?

Arthur: It was in the late '80s, or early '90s. That was the first one, you see. Those were the mules. The Dallas Railway System electrified as they could get money together.

Jenkins: You saw mules as late as when, do you think?

Arthur: Well, when I was a little bitty kid, just a few years old.

Louise: I don't ever remember seeing them, because we didn't go to town very much.

Arthur: But I can see that little narrow track, and I can see that path in the middle where the mule ran. He was hooked up to the streetcar. The motorman was right behind in the little, old car. It probably didn't hold but, I would guess, maybe 12 people. It would hold 12 people. And, of course, he had a brake on it to keep from running over the mule.

Jenkins: Going down hill.

Arthur: Yes, going down hill. And then he had a place here he could ring his bell. He would tromp on this like that, you know, and there was a big bell fastened to the car.

Jenkins: Do you remember what it cost to get on that?

Arthur: I think that it was a nickel for most people. We bought a book of tickets, and the adults could ride cheaper; but we could ride, maybe, for 2¢. We would ride on the Southbelt Railway, we were on Southbelt out there. We would ride on Southbelt, kind of by the Fair Grounds over there, where the Fair Grounds is

now, and then on into town. Then we would transfer down by Lamar Street, Lamar and Elm, I guess, it would be, about where Sanger Brothers was. Lamar and Elm, down there close to the Courthouse.

Jenkins: I bet it went out to Sears, probably.

Arthur: Yes, it went out by way of Sears. Yes, that's right. That was Southbelt, and then they had a Northbelt Railroad, I mean one that went out to east Dallas.

Jenkins: Did one go across the viaduct, or do you remember?

Arthur: They had the interurban cars. That was later on. And then, of course, they had streetcars, too.

Jenkins: Do you remember when the viaducts were built?

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: What were the first ones built for, the interurban?

Arthur: I think the first one was a train, of course. Railroads were the first viaduct. Then the interurban, and then, of course, one for traffic.

Jenkins: How had people gotten across the Trinity before the . . .

Louise: Mrs. Cockrell had a ferry. I remember that, reading about Mrs. Cockrell. She was a famous lady. She owned the ferry that took people back and forth across the Trinity.

Arthur: And, of course, they built a bridge across there, too, that was probably from Elm Street west across there. That was the bridge that went on to west Dallas and towards Fort Worth

and also to Oak Cliff. And I can remember the flood of 1908, when the water got so high there, and you just look across the Trinity over there all the way to Oak Cliff, a mile wide; and houses and chickens and animals and everything else coming down that river. It washed out most of that bridge, and the water backed up, of course, and came in on Akard Street back along Akard and McKinney. I remember the time Papa had at Sanger Brothers because they had basements there, and Sanger Brothers generated their own power and had their own deep well. The engineers working there were so afraid they were going to drown them out and that they couldn't generate their electricity, etc. The water backed up in the sewer lines, storm sewers and in the other sewers, too, from the river. Some of that was lower than the river.

Louise: The only thing that I remember about the flood was that as soon as my father heard about it, he got his boat and hitched up his horse, put his boat in what he called a hack, a buck-board. And he said, "Now I am going to go and see how many people I can save." So he went down to Letot. That would be the closest place to us, on the other side of Letot. The water was all the way up to Letot, and all that was covered. He helped save lots of people. He spent the whole day working and late into the evening. And the one that did the most good, I have always remembered, was Nat Record, a black man, and he was a friend of everybody. He saved more people than anybody

else during that flood.

Jenkins: How far is Letot from the present bed of the Trinity River?

Louise: Not much over a mile.

Jenkins: Yes, but that is a lot of water.

Arthur: Oh, yes. But, of course, that is low down there, see.

Jenkins: There were no levees, I guess.

Louise: Oh, no.

Arthur: No levees.

Louise: There were no dams.

Jenkins: Did you ride the ferry across the Trinity?

Louise: No.

Jenkins: But you saw it?

Louise: No, I didn't.

Arthur: I can't remember that, no. I can remember the bridge, but I
can't . . .

Jenkins: You remember before the bridge was built? You remember before
there was a viaduct?

Arthur: Yes, before there was a viaduct, but there was a little wooden
bridge that just went across the . . . And the road had been
built up some all right, but every time it rained real hard,
it flooded, you know. That was the road to west Dallas.

Louise: Commerce Street bridge.

Arthur: Commerce Street bridge, yes.

Jenkins: Was the first viaduct a concrete affair, or was it wooden?

Arthur: The first real viaduct for people to cross, yes, was a concrete affair.

Jenkins: It is still there, probably.

Arthur: Yes, it is still there.

Jenkins: So any of the wooden ones were low water structures?

Arthur: Yes, that's right.

Jenkins: All right, let's move you along.

Arthur: I went to school at the kindergarten for one year, and then I went to Colonial Hill Grade School in south Dallas, public schools of Dallas.

Jenkins: Where is that?

Arthur: That is on the corner, still there, of Colonial and Pennsylvania.

Jenkins: Still the same building?

Arthur: I haven't been by there. I haven't been by there for a number of years.

Jenkins: Was it a brick building, though, at the time you were there?

Arthur: Yes, a brick building. It was a brick building, and I remember that I went from there, then, to the country in late 1910.

Jenkins: And took up dairying.

Arthur: Moved with the family to the farm, you know. And then I started to school there, to this Cochran's Chapel School, which is just about a mile from Love Field. It was the same school that she went to.

Louise: I showed you this picture. That picture was made, I believe, in 1910. or 1911. He started to school in the fall of 1910.

That was when you all moved to the country.

Arthur: I think that that is right, because 1911 was a terrible year on the farm. It was one of the first real drouths we had, you know. That was our first year on the farm. We didn't make any, for instance, corn. There was no corn made at all that year. People said in those days, those hot winds just came and killed it all. It only got up about that high.

Jenkins: He didn't start dairying right off, or did he?

Arthur: We already had a couple of milk cows in town where we lived. We started that, yes, and whenever we had any surplus milk, we sold it, or anything that we could get. We butchered hogs, and we sold sausage, and we sold spareribs.

Jenkins: You sold sausage.

Arthur: That's right, and hams. Papa befriended one of his newcomers from Germany who came over here, and was a sausage maker and a butcher. He taught us how to do all of these things, you see. And he lived there with us for three or four months while he was learning to speak English.

Jenkins: How did you market your sausage? Door to door?

Arthur: No, on this little old route that we had. And the people where Papa worked, they said, "Mr. Dieterich, do you have any more of that good country sausage?" Or, "Could you bring us some of that?" or "Could you bring us some steaks?" Sometimes we would do that. Then we made souse and sausage of all kinds

and smoked it. You know, packing houses those days, they didn't have a lot of those things.

Jenkins: So you had a meat route, then?

Arthur: Yes, along with our milk. It wasn't so much of a route. It wasn't done on such a terribly big scale.

Jenkins: But it was door-to-door.

Arthur: That's right. Yes, door-to-door.

Jenkins: How long did this meat business last?

Arthur: Well, after Louise and I were married, during the Depression.

Louise: We were still in at that time. We revived it.

Arthur: We revived it.

Jenkins: Did you ever get to branding it?

Arthur: No.

Louise: We called it Hermosa Farms.

Arthur: Hermosa Farms was the name of our dairy. We had three milk routes, see, and we sold eggs and meat, mainly sausage.

Jenkins: Did you ever run across Owens?

Louise: They were later than we were.

Jenkins: Did you know them?

Arthur: Not directly at that time. I have met one of the Owens' since then. I don't know which one. Out there by Plano.

Louise: But they were not in the business when we were Hermosa Farms. We started Hermosa Farms in 1928.

Jenkins: Well, did you overlap, then? Were you still in the business

when he got started, as far as you know?

Arthur: No, because we had moved from Dallas. The city crowded us out, and we had moved to Grayson County.

Jenkins: Let's go back and grow up with that farm. So you actually grew up in the meat and dairy and farming business?

Arthur: Yes, that's right. From the time I was 11 years old. When I got to be about 12, curious as I was, I was into everything, and I was pretty capable of doing a lot of those things.

Jenkins: You stayed with your father on his farm until when?

Arthur: Until 1918. I finished high school, the old Bryan Street High School, after I got out of the country school, Cochran's Chapel country school, and finished high school. Then I went to A&M in 1918 to learn to be a better farmer, and also to learn to be a soldier.

Jenkins: Let's go back and follow you up to that point and look at some of those early years on that Dallas County farm and as it grew and as you grew, what was happening?

Arthur: I think that we saw some of the changes from primitive dairying to the, I guess you would say, the first stage there. I remember particularly how proud we were in 1913 when Papa bought our first registered Jersey bull from Dr. Flowers, the veterinarian, who had a little Jersey farm south of Dallas. That is when we started to upbreed our cattle. We could see that was a good thing to do. That is when, too, that we stopped chopping

up little nubbins of corn with a hand axe and mixing it with some cottonseed and some oats to feed to those cows, and when we started buying bran and shorts and cottonseed meal and mixing with some of the oats and cottonseed to make a better ration for our dairy cows so that they would give more milk. And being very particular of the bull that we bred to, trying to upgrade the cattle, we increased that milk production so that we were milking, not a whole lot, but I would say about 15 cows. And, of course, that was all hand milking in those days. But we did build a new dairy barn. We found out that in order to produce milk the year round like people wanted it, we had to change the breeding season on these cattle so they didn't all come in the spring. And then we also learned, too, that a silo was necessary. I think that the silo that we put up in 1918 was the first silo built in Dallas.

Jenkins: Made of what?

Arthur: It was made of metal from the old Wyatt Metal Works in Dallas. They made this silo under a patent right.

Jenkins: What dimensions?

Arthur: 16 X 30. 16 X 30 feet high.

Jenkins: And round, probably.

Arthur: ~~Round~~ yes. 16 x 30.

Jenkins: 16 diameter.

Arthur: That's right. I remember what a hard time we had filling that, you know, with an old one cylinder engine pulling the ensilage cutter. Then, finally, when we were able to get ahold of an old

fashioned three-wheeled tractor; a kerosene, two-cylinder tractor the way I remember it was, and pulled that. Then other people bought silos, too. I had the job, then, in the summertime, a job I liked very much, of being the boss of that silo crew where we cut it with a row binder, three mules to a row binder.

Jenkins: Cutting what?

Arthur: Cutting the corn or the cane. Most of it was cane that we cut. Then we would have to haul that in on wagons, kind of like we hauled wheat, you know, to the thresher.

Jenkins: Bundle wagon.

Arthur: Bundle wagons, yes. Then we would feed that into the silage cutter and fill the silos.

Jenkins: Now what was the advantage of having a silo?

Arthur: Hay baling had not been perfected at that time, and it was real difficult to make a good bale of hay or to buy baled hay. And the hay that we knew how to make in those days would not produce the amount of milk that we wanted to produce. Silage, we found out, being a green feed all the year round, would be a whole lot better. We were doing this with the help of Mr. C. O. Moser, who was the first County Agent for Dallas. His assistant, later on, and not much later, was Mr. A. B. Jolly, who became a real, dear friend of ours and one that we worked with for many, many years.

Jenkins: We have him on tape, fortunately.

Louise: You do? He worked with three generations of the family.

Arthur: Yes, he worked with Papa; well, he worked with four generations.

Louise: Four generations. And you, and our son, and our son's son, our grandson.

Arthur: And he died right across the hall here.

Jenkins: Yes, I had the pleasure of talking with him. I didn't record him. He had already been recorded by the time I met him.
Let's get back to Arthur's life, now.

Louise: I think that Arthur wanted to say something about graduating from A&M.

Arthur: I think I said something earlier about that.

Louise: And then you went on to West Point, didn't you? Did he say that in there?

Jenkins: Repeat it briefly, to be sure to have it.

Arthur: I went to A&M, of course, in 1918. I was interested in live-stock farming, because I was raised on that kind of a farm. I also worked at A&M for two years there to learn more about . . . I worked on the dairy farm and the beef farm, hogs and sheep.

Jenkins: After you graduated?

Arthur: No, while I was at A&M my first two years. Then my third and fourth years I participated in athletics. I was slow maturing for one thing, and I had very little experience because we lived so far out in the country when I was in high school, I couldn't participate in sports for the old Bryan Street High School

where I graduated. I was successful in athletics and was fortunate enough to be a good boxer and football player and a track man.

Jenkins: Somewhere I have a notion in my head that you were more than just a football player, that you were recognized as an outstanding football player. Tell us a little about that.

Arthur: I was outstanding as a football player from the standpoint that I played on a team which was called The Twelfth Man, which is quite a tradition at A&M. And I did become valuable to the team from the fact that I was sort of a peacemaker and got things straightened out. Then for two years I won the championship of the Southwest Conference in track. Then I was elected to the A&M's Athletic Sports Hall of Fame.

Jenkins: May I read from this?

Louise: Yes.

Jenkins: I am reading from a plaque here: Texas A&M Hall of Fame.

Arthur "Ox" Dieterich '22. Football letters 1920-21. Track letters 1921-1922. Starting tackle 1921 Champ. Football team. Member 1922 Aggie-Dixie Champs, First Cotton Bowl. Southwest Champion Javelin Record 1921. Southwest Conference Javelin record 1922. B.S. in A.H. 1922. Has been granted the high honor of election to the Texas A&M Athletic Hall of Fame in recognition of his outstanding contributions to Texas A&M in athletics, sportsmanship, integrity and character. This certificate bears witness that his name shall forever be

enshrined in the Texas A&M Athletic Hall of Fame.

Arthur: Thank you. I was also interested at A&M in the military Cadet Corps. Nearly all were in the Cadet Corps at that time, and it is my personal belief that that training to lead an orderly and efficient life, that you can really get it that way. You have to get up in the morning at 6 o'clock; you have to go to meals; you have to go to your classes; you have to stand retreat at night; you have to go to bed when the taps sounds. Those make for an orderly life. While I didn't have a lot of time for the military or the Cadet Corps, because especially I was working and I was also participating in athletics, but I did become captain of my battery in the artillery and was also a member of the Ross Volunteers, which was the honorary military organization at A&M which still exists, and which is used now, as it was then, in functions, state functions, like when the governor is inaugurated, for instance.

Jenkins: Did you get involved in other things at A&M, like clubs and organizations other than . . .

Arthur: Not a great deal, because you could imagine, taking a full course and then some and passing them all, which wasn't a problem particularly, and then being captain of the battery. The officers in this company were the ones responsible for all the men in their outfit. That is the way it was; pretty much like in the Army. It was just a real 24-hour job.

Jenkins: Were there clubs in the various departments?

Arthur: Yes. I belonged to the Animal Husbandry Club, the Dallas Club and those things like that. They were very good for a lot of students, but not too much for me because I didn't have time for it. When I graduated from A&M I went to West Point, and I spent time up there playing football. I made the team right off. But then I was injured, so I resigned and came on home. Some people said, "Why did you go up to West Point?" And I said, "I went up there because I was offered a scholarship up there, and I would get a further education." I wanted to know more about feeding army horses and mules, which was in my line of study. Then in addition I wanted to keep in training so that I might try out for the Olympics. I was pretty well assured by some of the coaches up there that I had at least a fair opportunity of doing that, javelin throwing and boxing. After I left West Point, though, I went to El Paso and went into the dairy business with my brother out there. Later on my younger brother came, too, and we operated one of the real good dairy plants. In fact, the biggest one in El Paso, and also one of the very first successful milk marketing associations in Texas, cooperatives. And I followed that cooperative marketing among dairy farmers ever since. Louise and I, when she came out there and when we were married, we stayed there for four years, and then we moved back to Dallas.

Jenkins: Let's go back and follow you through that El Paso operation and see what you were involved in there, see what the business was

doing, how it was growing and how you were growing with it.

Arthur: We had had some knowledge of what it took to produce milk and also what it took to sell it, because we were in that business on a small scale, all three of us. In fact, that was one of the ways we made a living.

Louise: You were working with your father.

Arthur: Yes. I was working with my father, you know, on the farm, but it was small. But we saw a lot of those opportunities and the needs, you know. Fortunately we were imbued with the spirit of helping the whole situation. And we did that in El Paso.

Jenkins: Let me get you to go back and remind us. I imagine we have done this. But you got your early experience with your father around Dallas.

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: How did you make the El Paso connection?

Arthur: It was an unusual situation. My brother's wife developed tuberculosis. She moved to El Paso. I think I have already recited that on tape. But he moved there because the El Paso climate was good for tuberculosis. A lot of people don't realize what a scourge tuberculosis was at that time. Probably the biggest killer that we had.

Lousie: So many people in El Paso. That was one thing that worried my mother. She didn't think it was a very good idea that I marry and go to El Paso to live, because of all the tubercular people

out there. But I never was afraid.

Jenkins: Somewhere out in there, Carlsbad or somewhere, we ran into . . .

was it Carlsbad that some doctor used for a while for tubercular patients? Somewhere out in some cave out there we heard the history of some doctor.

Arthur: Yes, they tried that once. They felt that if they could live underground that they would improve. There were just a few people that were of that opinion, and the idea soon played out.

Jenkins: Was it during this time, though, that they were doing this?

Arthur: Yes, they were doing all kinds of things. The standard diet was to go to bed, and to drink a gallon of milk a day.

Jenkins: So that is how you got out to El Paso.

Arthur: Yes. It was a defunct dairy, not a dairy cooperative, a dairy association; and there was nothing binding that held the people together. So if times got a little tough, they just dropped out, they quit the dairy business, or they went to competitors and sold their milk there. But we worked that up until we made a cooperative in addition to the marketing association so that all of the profit went to the dairy farmers. It was a non-profit organization, excepting that it paid the stockholders a certain amount of stock, and most of those were farmers. Then we became the largest dairy plant there. We sold milk, and cream, and ice cream, and buttermilk. Condensed milk, we made condensed milk during the surplus period. It became a real successful operation.

Jenkins: This was a co-op that was doing this.

Arthur: Yes, we delivered these products to the milk plant, which was a separate company.

Jenkins: Now, did you have a dairy farm there?

Arthur: No, we did not have a dairy farm in El Paso.

Jenkins: What was it?

Arthur: My brother was manager and I was assistant manager of this defunct dairy association.

Jenkins: That was your business in El Paso, the association.

Arthur: Both of us, my brother particularly, he lost his wife along about that time, and he just devoted 15 hours a day to his business.

Jenkins: What I need is a picture of this operation now. The dairy farmers brought their raw materials to the co-op.

Arthur: They were members of the cooperative. And that cooperative association, which was a corporation, delivered all these products to the dairy plant.

Jenkins: This is the picture I want. Now the dairy farmers brought the raw milk to the co-op.

Arthur: Right.

Jenkins: And the co-op did what with it?

Arthur: The cooperative did not pasteurize it. The cooperative just merely set the cans of milk into the plant.

Jenkins: A gathering point.

Arthur: A gathering point, and of course, issued the checks for them. It took the samples to see the amount of butterfat and the

amount of water. It was pretty rough in those days, the quality of the milk, you know. The cooperative also made contracts with milk haulers who brought the milk in there. But they just set it down there, and said, "Here, milk plant, this is your milk now. You go ahead and dispose of it."

Jenkins: Did you do cleaning of milk? Was there any device for cleaning?

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: The co-op did that?

Arthur: No, the milk plant. They took the milk, as they dumped up the cans and weighed it, took a sample of it, then that milk went on into the pasteurizers. The pasteurizers and all that belonged to the plant. They went through the process of pasteurization and of cleaning, removing any sediment that it had in it, making cream and separating, making butter, making condensed milk according to the need for those. Cottage cheese and ice cream.

Louise: They were especially known for their ice cream. It was called Desert Gold. I thought that was such a pretty name. All the products were called Desert Gold.

Arthur: We later changed the name of the dairy plant to the Desert Gold Dairies. That is the way we went. The cooperative was the Rio Grande Valley Cooperative Dairy Association.

Jenkins: Now, you were part of the dairy association. You and your brother, y'all more or less ran this co-op.

Arthur: We ran both.

Jenkins: That is what I am after.

Arthur: Except we had a board of directors.

Jenkins: Let me get this question in my mind clear. For the processing plant, Desert Gold, were you financially involved in that? Were you a part of that?

Arthur: Not to start with. No, we just had employees, my brother and I. And the cooperative, the milk plant, too, they were controlled by a board of directors.

Jenkins: Together?

Arthur: No, a separate board for each one.

Jenkins: Separate ownership.

Arthur: Separate ownership, yes. Separate board for each one.

Jenkins: You were a part of the co-op.

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: Were you a part of the processing plant?

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: Okay, kind of lead me and clarify that.

Arthur: In the cooperative, to do with the paperwork that the farmers didn't want to mess with, we had a secretary and a treasurer. Then actually I did, really, most of the work of the secretary, because the farmer maybe didn't want to do that work or wasn't maybe turned that way. We had this secretary that took care of the details. Then we had a manager and an assistant manager for

the plant, the actual running of the plant. The manager was my brother, the older man; and I was the assistant manager. I held that job, and we did that for six years while we were there. At that time, before the crash, there was a great demand for consolidation of companies, and it became harder, more and more difficult, to finance your growing plant, and also more difficult for my brother and I to deal with the directors as far as salary was concerned, because notoriously, as you know, farmers do not like to pay good salaries. So we worked out a formula of how much we would return to the farmer, we received a certain percentage of that. And the more they received, the more money that my brother and I made. Then, also, some of the farmers that had belonged to the old original association had stock in it, and they said, "Well, that stock is not paying much." It was paying pretty good in those days. It was paying 10%. But they said, "We need our money!" They offered some of that stock for sale, and my brother and I bought it. So we became finally majority owners of the dairy plant, not of the cooperative.

Jenkins: I still have got to get this straight in my head. And how did you get involved in the processing plant?

Arthur: I am sorry, it wasn't the first thing I did. It was an old milk plant, and it was broken and just couldn't

sell the milk. It didn't have adequate management. In fact the manager had quit, and they had the plant man running it, see. And my brother, in the meantime, felt that he would be a whole lot better off selling milk. So he bought some bottled milk from this old milk plant. He bought him a truck, and he started him a milk route. And the first thing you know, he was selling 25% of the milk from that plant. But they were processing it, and of course they were not doing a very good job. The product was poor. And then when they saw the condition there, they came to him and offered him the job as manager. He immediately got in touch with me at West Point, and said, "Quit West Point, and come on down here and help me," see; because one thing, his wife was still living at that time, and she had TB.

Lousie: And everybody thought that Louise Caillet was the cause of Arthur leaving West Point. Now I have had to explain that over and over and over all my life. I don't know whether people still believe me or not. His father just knew that Arthur left West Point because he was ready to get married.

Arthur: I was.

Jenkins: I am getting clear in my own mind, the difference between the co-op and the plant, or processor. And you worked for both of these at the same time.

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: Okay. And you were doing what for the co-op?

Arthur: We had a secretary there that they paid, and then they paid me a small salary.

Jenkins: To do what?

Arthur: To sort of supervise the records and get the minutes of the meetings which they had once a month; and also to see the auditors to check those records to see if the milk plant was actually paying out all the money that they were due.

Jenkins: For the plant, the processor, you were doing what?

Arthur: I was assistant manager. I had charge of the laboratory, for instance. I had charge of the inside operation of the plant: the refrigeration, the boilers, the heaters and things like that. My brother was in the sales. He was interested in sales, wholesale and retail. I was, too, of course. I helped quite a bit with the advertising. We, for instance, had about 50 horses that were delivering milk. Milk wagon horses. And the first thing you know we had a couple of trucks. Then we had some more trucks, you know. I had charge of transportation or delivery.

Jenkins: How big was this market? What were you serving?

Arthur: El Paso and surrounding towns.

Arthur: The town of El Paso, and of course, Fort Bliss at that time. They had about 80,000 soldiers out there, and we furnished most of them quite a bit of milk.

Jenkins: Now this El Paso operation, your involvement in it lasted how long?

Arthur: Until 1928.

Jenkins: From what year?

Arthur: 1922 until 1928, and we built it up. That doesn't sound like much these days, but the last year we sold a million dollars worth of stuff. And, of course, milk at 5¢ and 6¢ or 7¢ a quart, that is a whole lot of it.

Jenkins: Lots of milk, yes.

Arthur: And ice cream at \$1 a gallon.

Jenkins: Now you left there then in '28?

Arthur: '28, yes.

Jenkins: Is that still in existence out there?

Arthur: No. That, as I say, was the time that we were doing a lot of consolidating, just like we are doing a lot nowadays. One of the big milk plant companies from the west coast had a plant there in El Paso, and they were our big competitor. But they came in and offered to buy the milk plant. I had some stock in it, my brother had some stock in it, and a lot of the farmers had stock in it. They all got together, the majority of them, and they sold to this milk plant from the west coast.

Jenkins: So at that point you left.

Arthur: In other words in 1928, just before. The actual transaction took place after I left.

Jenkins: Oh, so it was still . . .

Arthur: Operating after I left, yes.

Jenkins: Kind of summarize what caused you to decide to leave El Paso and come back to Dallas.

Arthur: I think there would be two reasons there. One of them would be I wanted to get back to the farm, because I felt more opportunity to do the things that I wanted to do existed on the farm, to grow things. And also I was very much, very fond of our doctor in El Paso. He and I were members of the Rotary Club together. He told me one day, he said, "Arthur, the way you are going you are not going to last long. You have got a good wife and two children, and if I were you I would see about getting out of this rat race. A man that has been as active as you have physically all of his life and then he just sits at a desk there and eats too much and gets fat and drinks too much at times, maybe, then you better think about changing." Grandma can give you her opinion, too, as to why I left.

Louise: Well, I loved El Paso. I had never been west of Fort Worth when Arthur and I married. I thought I had come to the end of the world when I came to all of that sand and desert, but I learned to love that country. We were very happy. We had a nice home, and Arthur had a good job. But he worked so hard. He worked 6½ days a week.

Jenkins: How many hours a day?

Louise: He would get up early in the morning and work sometimes 12 to 16 hours a day. And I hardly ever saw him. I don't think his brother even liked for him to take off Sunday afternoon, but he did take Sunday afternoon off and took the children and me

for a ride to get acquainted with that country. And one day he came in, one night, it was about 9 o'clock. He was so tired. He said, "Mama, what do you think about us just going back to Dallas and getting us a farm?" And I said, "Well, I will have to think about it. One thing, I sure would like to be back where my Mama and Papa lived." I just loved my mother and father, and we all had such a happy family, such a good time together. I said, "It will be a hard job to change, because here I am living in town and a nice home. All I have to do is take care of the children and feed Arthur. But if we move to a farm, there will be a different story." But it didn't take us long to decide that that was what we really wanted to do. We were both glad that we made the decision to come back to Dallas.

Jenkins: Let's pick up, then, at coming back to Dallas and pick up what happens.

Arthur: We immediately looked for a place to build us a dairy. We wanted to start a new dairy and a new concept, maybe, producing quality better milk than what was generally produced. So we ended up buying 54 acres on the corner of Midway Road and Forest Lane. We built a dairy barn and gradually increased it to the shelter barns, the silos, and then later on, the chickens. And we made it sort of a commercial farm, I guess you would say. Commercial farm that could sell good eggs, and good

cream, and milk, and chickens, turkeys, those things. Sausage. We could sell to the better customers there; Greenway, University Park, and Highland Park in Dallas.

Jenkins: We were looking at a picture, water color, I suppose, of the early farm. I was noticing that the building seemed to be of Spanish architecture. Why did you choose this? Tell us something about this.

Arthur: Because one thing is we liked the Mexican architecture. It was simple, and it was cheap. It was fireproof. It had lots of advantages.

Louise: And we also, both of us, spoke Spanish. My minor in college was Spanish, and I could speak Spanish like a native. We had all Mexican workers on Hermosa Farms, except the men that drove the delivery trucks. But the milkers and workers were Mexicans, and they did not speak English. So it was nice to be able to converse.

Jenkins: What does Hermosa mean in Spanish?

Louise: Beautiful, pretty.

Jenkins: Okay, let's pick up then, and you were describing the products that you had.

Arthur: We started with some purebreed cattle. Of course, then the Depression hit us, and it was awfully hard during the Depression.

Jenkins: What breed of cattle?

Arthur: Jersey, registered Jerseys. That was the ones that we had

grown up with, you know. We have worked with Jerseys ever since that time. It was interesting that it was 72 years ago that I remember when Papa bought the first Jersey bull. We had some real good bulls, too, and we were fortunate to have a tie-in at A&M to realize what the good breeding was. So we had some advantages there that other people didn't. Then the first thing you know, artificial insemination came along. Now it is all frozen and has become pretty simple, but in those days it was just liquid semen that had been mixed with some egg yolks, for instance, and lasted two or three days. It didn't last very long. It was real hard. We worked with some of the other dairy farmers in Dallas to do that. We ended up with Dr. Smockler, who has been very influential, a great dairyman. I would say the greatest dairyman Texas has ever had, from the production standpoint.

Jenkins: Where was he?

Arthur: He was in south Dallas. His father had come over from Scotland, was a dairy farmer from Scotland. They had originally had some Guernsey cows, but they later on changed from Guernseys to the Holsteins.

Louise: They still have Holsteins.

Arthur: That's right, they still have Holsteins. He went to A&M and became a veterinarian, this Dr. Smockler did. He became a real wonderful veterinarian, specializing in dairy cattle.

Jenkins: Did he continue his own dairy business?

Arthur: Yes, his own dairy business with his father. His father's place, which was set up for that sort of a thing, is where we had the North Texas Artificial Insemination Association, I think that is the name. Then later on, they learned how to freeze the semen, made it much easier. Now some of the cooperatives, in the Semen Association, most of them are cooperative associations. They work with the farmers and the dairy farmers; they collect the semen, and keep the bulls there and sell the semen. Some of them, of course, are commercial, entirely. They have their own bulls and they compete, you know, with that.

Louise: I remember it was a feather in our cap when we were able to sell some of our bulls to the bull studs in the north. We sold two to A&M, the stud at A&M. And I remember how much that meant to us, especially to our pocketbook.

Jenkins: How did it mean something, besides simply that individual sale?

Louise: If that bull proved good and sold more semen, we got what we called our royalty. Arthur sold one bull, and I thought I would never forget that bull, named Dorchester Penn. We got checks once a month, and we called it our oil royalty.

Arthur: Bull royalty.

Jenkins: But you sold the bull, though.

Louise: Oh, yes, you sold him, but you still got royalties from the semen that they sold from the bull, if he was a good bull, he produced lots of semen.

Arthur: We use the word "sell", which is a misnomer. We rented the bulls to the stud. And, of course, they were good bulls or they never would have leased them. Of course, when we did that then that also helped us to sell bulls to individual farmers who were not into artificial insemination.

Jenkins: You made a name for yourself.

Arthur: Made a name, yes, that's right. You would be surprised how many bulls we sold over the country to dairy farmers from one place to another.

Jenkins: How did you make yourself known to these farmers across the country?

Arthur: That was one way. Another way we did, and that is part of the business of being successful in that kind of thing. We were one of the organizers of the co-ops, of the cooperatives in Texas. We were a director, for instance, in the North Texas Dairyman's Association. We became representative from Grayson County. We became interested in helping sell milk, and that was through the American Dairy Association. We were the organizing secretary when we organized the American Dairy Association of Texas.

Jenkins: Were you in Dallas or Grayson County?

Arthur: We were in Dallas at that time.

Jenkins: I want to kind of follow you chronologically here. You stayed in Dallas, we are not going to leave Dallas too quick. I want to find out all that was going on. You had the farm in Dallas until when?

Arthur: Until 1947. And at that time the city built out so close to us that the land became so valuable and the taxes became so high that we saw that we were going to have to change.

Jenkins: So you sold out the Dallas operation and moved.

Arthur: Yes. What we did, there was no one interested particularly in buying out the operation. It had become obsolete at that time, or was becoming so. So what we did, we took a bunch of the cows and went to Grayson County. We sold the land. We had six houses where our workers lived, and we sold those and gave some of them to the people who had been working for us. They just moved them over to west Dallas. Those were mostly Mexicans

Lousie: Industry was growing in Dallas, and they all got jobs. Neuhoff Packing Comapny, several of them got jobs with Neuhoff.

Arthur: We helped them there at the Neuhoff Packing Company, and they

were good workers. We knew the Neuhoffs real good; they were the owners of the Neuhoff Packing Company, the biggest one in Dallas.

Lousie: I am thinking we left out a lot about Hermosa Farms. We lived there 19 years, and we had a daughter born there. All our children grew up on the farm, and they worked on the farm, too, helped on the farm. We went through the Depression and then all through World War II.

Jenkins: I want to get all of that. I just wanted to get in mind that you never operated in both Dallas and Grayson County at the same time?

Louise: No.

Jenkins: Let's go back and grow through to the end of the Dallas operation and see what all was happening there.

Arthur: We built it up into a comfortable operation. It was real difficult during the Depression to do that.

Louise: Yes, we paid high for our cattle and high for the land, and then all those prices went down. It was hard to make the payments every month. We were thankful that we were able in the end to make it go, but it was hard work.

Jenkins: What are some of your most vivid recollections of, not only your operation during the Depression, but what you were seeing in and around Dallas during the Depression?

Arthur: As far as the dairy business is concerned, we saw the change going from small producers-distributors, as we called them,

where a man had 10, 15, 25, 30, 40, 50 cows and sold that milk on his route himself, raw milk.

Jenkins: On his route, meaning retail?

Arthur: Retail route, and wholesale routes, too. And we saw that the milk plants, that that was a more practical way to do that: to bring it in for the milk plants to do that, and also to get away from house-to-house delivery, to sell it through the stores. Another thing that worked a real handicap on the type of dairy farmer that we were is that they put a ceiling on the price of milk that we could sell milk for. During World War II, for instance, when a lot of businesses made big profits, we could't even break even. That was part of the war effort, to do it that way.

Louise: The thing that I remember about the Depression is people coming and begging for work. They would work for 50¢ a day. That is hard for people to understand now. But they were glad to get a job. We always paid our people \$1 a day, plus a house to live in, and milk, and they had a place for a garden. Some of them were good gardeners, and they were well taken care of. But there were so many people out of work, and it just broke your heart. We could hire just so many and no more. I always remember Sprinkle. Arthur was cutting oats, and he needed somebody to stack them. He was cutting with the old binder back in the '30s. This man stopped him. His name was Max Sprinkle, and he said, "I sure would like to work. I sure do like to shock oats." Arthur said, "Well, I need somebody." He said,

"I will work for you for 50¢ a day." And Arthur said, "If you do a good job, I will pay you \$1 a day." And he said, "I sure do need that, because I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday." So Arthur told him when he went back to our home for his lunch, he would bring him something. And Arthur took him some sandwiches and gave him \$3 extra. And he said, "Oh, I appreciate this so much. Now I can go buy my old mother some groceries, and if I have enough left over I will get me a can of Garret Snuff.

Jenkins: He could buy a loaf of bread for how much?

Louise: A nickel.

Jenkins: And Garret Snuff was probably a nickel.

Arthur: He worked for us until we left Hermosa Farms.

Louise: Then he went to Dorchester with us and stayed until he retired.

Arthur: Thirty years, I guess, he worked for us. When I went for lunch, I said, "You just go on and start shocking, and I will keep track of your time." When I got back half that field was shocked.

Jenkins: He was really getting after it. How many people did you have working on the Dallas farm?

Arthur: We usually had about six working the dairy: milking the cows and bottling the milk and washing the bottles and things like that, making the cottage cheese, etc. And then we usually had two or three farm hands. We had three route men, the men

that worked on the routes and sold the milk to the customers and collected for it.

Jenkins: So you had a dozen to 15 or so.

Arthur: Yes, that's right.

Jenkins: You bottled the milk.

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: Describe from the time you milked the cow, your milking machine was your hands at the time.

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: Describe from the time you milked the cow until you delivered your product some of the things that you were doing.

Arthur: We milked the cows, then we cooled the milk . . .

Jenkins: How?

Arthur: By putting it in a tank, something like a water tank, that was insulated around and had a top on it. We put ice in there, in that water, to cool the water. Then we would set that milk in there as we milked it.

Louise: First you strained the milk.

Arthur: Yes, strained the milk right into the milk cans. As soon as we got a can full of milk, we just put it right in there to cool it.

Jenkins: What did you use to strain it with?

Arthur: We had a regular strainer and what they called a milk pad.

Jenkins: Metal?

Arthur: No, it was a cotton disc pad that strained any feed or dust or things like that that got in there. Then we did that also in

the morning. We found out that we could do a better job this way because it was awful hard to keep that milk cold enough and sweet to get to the customers. The night's milk we could cool in the tank. Now we found out in the morning that we start to milking, you know, at 3 o'clock in the morning so that we could have the milk ready to go on the milk route at 5:30, something like that. We got electricity there, and we put in a little pump that pumped this cool water through what we called an aerator, and the milk flowed over the outside of that and cooled immediately as much as it could. Then just as soon as we got a can of that, we just rolled it into the bottling room then, and we just bottled the milk and put the caps on it. In the meantime we built a little storage vault, and then we put the milk in there in the bottles in the cases and then put ice on the top of these. Then when the men delivered it, we would just unload it out of that vault, those bottles of milk.

Jenkins: How did you fill the bottles?

Arthur: We had a filler. It was a hand operated filler. It was a porcelain bowl that held about 20 gallons, and it had a cover on it. We lifted the cans up . . . you got to be real strong in those days, lifting 110 pounds of milk can right up there, just pour it in there real nicely. We would set 4 bottles on this and move it around underneath the filler, pull a lever and it raised it up and filled the milk bottles full of milk.

Jenkins: One at a time.

Arthur: No, all 4 of them. Then we flipped it back around out from

under there, and then we had a capper, an automatic capper; and we just capped it like that. That capper put this paper cap on the top of it.

Jenkins: That was a a mechanical capper, I suppose?

Arthur: Yes, a mechanical capper. Before that, of course, we used to just take our thumbs and push them in the groove at the top of the bottle.

Jenkins: So that is the way you got your milk out.

Arthur: Yes, that's right.

Jenkins: Did you have a separator?

Arthur: Yes, we had a separator.

Jenkins: Mechanical?

Arthur: No.

Jenkins: Gravity?

Arthur: No, we had electric.

Jenkins: You were uptown, then.

Arthur: Yes, I was. We have run one those, too, turned by hand.

Louise: Out on the farm, on your farm when you were growing up.

Jenkins: What did you use the separated milk and cream for?

Arthur: All right, the cream, we had a lot of customers, the more affluent people, that bought cream. And it is unusual to know that some people bought a quart of cream a day, because they had servants and a big family. Then, some people bought a jill. Do you know how much a jill is?

Jenkins: No.

Arthur: A jill is 4 ounces, a half of a half pint. That was a little bitty tiny milk bottle. We delivered those to people,

delivered right to their back door. In most cases just walked into the kitchen and put it into their refrigerator.

Louise: That was seven days a week.

Jenkins: Did you personally deliver much milk?

Arthur: I did that to start with when I was getting business started. I did that for 22 months without a stop.

Jenkins: Did you have any unusual experiences?

Arthur: Yes, we had lots of them. One thing is there were lots of maids in those days, and you went to the lady of the house, of course, and got the business. You didn't always deal with the maids or the cooks, you know. There were all kinds of cooks. Some of them always wanted a handout or wanted an extra . . . "My church is having this . . ." Most of them were black, I would say, most of them were black. We got along with a lot of them, and all of them if you wanted to sell them the milk.

Louise: What I remember about it is that my job, I stayed home every morning, I never went any place in the morning, I was to answer the telephone. And I wanted to tell you the kind of service that those people got. If the maid forgot to say that she wanted four bottles of milk and she had only been left two, well, then she would call the farm, call me, and she would say, "Tell Coleman to bring me two more bottles of milk." And I would take the orders all morning. They were spoiled, the customers were. They would say, "We are going to have company." And I got real friendly with some of the cooks. I remember Miss May. She was a lady who loved baseball. She would have to

talk baseball ten minutes with me before she ever got around to telling me she needed another quart of cream. But anyway, then the men, the drivers, Coleman and Norton, especially those two I remember so well, they would call me at noon and get the orders. I would give them all of the orders; then they would have to go back to these homes and give them the extra milk and extra cream.

Jenkins: Were there two routes a day?

Louise: That's right. It showed the type of service that was given in those days that you don't get anymore.

Jenkins: What about credit?

Arthur: We ran monthly credit accounts. Fortunately the people we sold to were of that ability, you know, and of that credit rating that we could. Highland Park and over in there, those were more influential people.

Jenkins: That was your biggest market?

Arthur: Yes, that was my biggest market, and University Park and Greenway Park is adjacent there. Highland Park West. Those were the places where we sold. Some people preferred to pay every day. They didn't want anything to do with the milk man, especially. They would just set out the bottles right out the door and put their money in them, 11¢ or 12¢ or whatever it might be. Or they would buy tickets from us, what we called tickets or tokens. You would sell them a little cheaper, you see, and so on like that. The men that ran the milk routes, they worked on a percentage basis in order to give them an opportunity to

do well and improve. They were good men. In fact we had a letter from one of them just recently. He said, "It was 52 years ago this morning that I went to work for you, and I never did work anyplace in my life that I enjoyed so much as working for you." And what we did, we just made them responsible, and if they needed some help on a credit rating of somebody, wondering whether to sell them or not, they would ask us. And if there was any question about it, we would look them up.

Jenkins: Were the route men responsible for collections?

Arthur: Yes, they were responsible. They got paid on what they collected.

Jenkins: So if there was a loss, it was their loss?

Arthur: Yes, that is right. Well, I think we shared that if they got beat on somebody.

Jenkins: Did you lose much?

Arthur: Very little. During the Depression, of course, it was real sad. Some of those people that had been living high on the hog all of their lives just were wiped out. We kept selling milk to them because we had the milk, and we had to do something with it. I just would tell them, I would say, "If you can spare a dollar or two to help us buy some cottonseed meal, pay the boys for milking the cows or delivering it here to you, we would appreciate it." And it is unbelievable, but we had bills that ran up \$100, \$200, \$300 dollars.

Louise: They finally paid. Everybody paid us at the end of the Depression.

Jenkins: So you really didn't lose much.

Arthur: And sometimes four or five years later. After the Depression there for a while, things got pretty tough, you know, for a bit. And I remember one Christmas, What-You-Call-It gave me a check for \$300. He said, "Arthur, I ran into a little windfall, and I remember how you kept feeding us when we usually didn't have any."

Jenkins: Did you ever cut somebody off because they couldn't pay?

Arthur: Yes, finally we did, one of them. It was a funny story. They got up to a \$125 bill, something like that. The woman was actually a deadbeat. She had the money, but she just didn't want to pay. I would get after her, you know, and I would collect some from her, and she just piddled along, and would keep getting in debt a little further. I said, "Mrs. Jones, I tell you what I would like to do. You have got this little Ford Model T setting there that you haven't used for a long, long time. The tires are flat on it." and I said, "I would like to just trade you out of that. I would just cancel out your bill if you would give me that Ford." And she said, "Well, what do you want with that Ford?" I said, "Well, there is a man working for me, and he has to walk to work, one of the farm hands, and he would like very much to have that." She said, "Well, I think I will just let you do that." The next morning I came by there, and there was nobody home. She was in town

shopping, I know that. So about two miles from where she lived out there was the mechanic that traded mechanic work for milk. So I went out there, and I said, "Albert, are you busy?" He said, "Yes, I am always busy." I said, "I want you to go with me right now and get that tank so we can pump up these tires, because I have got a car out here that is down, has got some flats on it, and I have got to move it out of there immediately." And I went out there with Albert, and we aired up the tires. Of course, the battery was dead. I just hooked onto it with my milk truck with his chain and just pulled it back to his garage. I gave that to Claude Kimberly, and he used that. He was a poor fellow who had four or five children.

Louise: And you know we still hear from his wife, and we still hear from the Mexicans that worked for us.

Jenkins: Did you do any other payment in kind much? Did people give you something besides cash?

Louise: Oh, yes.

Jenkins: What are some of the things?

Arthur: Insurance. Tires. Gasoline.

Louise: Bread. We traded with Aston's Bakery.

Arthur: For the bread.

Louise: We were going to have our third child, and we wondered how in the world we would ever pay for her. So we traded Dr. Goff. Dr. Goff said that he would take milk and cream. \$75 worth, that is how much it cost to have a baby then. She was born

during the Depression, in '35, and that is our daughter who lives here now.

Jenkins: That would keep somebody in milk and cream a long time, too, \$75.

Louise: And also my brother was a pediatrician, and he took care of all three of our children. You know, gave them their shots. We furnished them milk and cream in trade for my brother taking care of our three children.

Jenkins: Let's go back and follow another one of those products through. Now you delivered whole milk, you delivered cottage cheese?

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: You made your own cottage cheese?

Arthur: We made that from the skim milk.

Jenkins: Describe making cottage cheese.

Arthur: Cottage cheese was very simple. You just curdled it. You took the skim milk, added some buttermilk to it for what we called a starter, to get the bugs in it, lactic acid bacteria. You let it set at 70° for 14 hours. That is what it takes to incubate the milk to make it turn into clabber. That would turn it into clabber, and then we warmed that up just in a milk can or two milk cans, how much we were making; warmed it up and sort of made a curd, cooked it a little bit. Temperature of the water may be 120° or something like that. We would just set the process along. Then we just took the milk out of that and put it into cheesecloth and just drained it. Then we took that cottage cheese and mixed it with some cream, and that

became creamed cottage cheese. We also just sold dry curd cottage cheese. Some people wanted it that way.

Jenkins: Now when you put the whey, I suppose. . . that is what we always called it. My mother always hung it on the line, but in these quantities how did you . . .

Arthur: We didn't hang it outside, because there would be too many flies around.

Jenkins: But you did hang it?

Arthur: Yes, but we hung it inside where it was screened and where we could drip some of the whey out of it. Then the whey, we gave it to the hogs.

Jenkins: That's right. Your own hogs.

Arthur: Yes. We raised a bunch of hogs.

Louise: And we sold sausage.

Jenkins: Let's follow the cottage cheese, and then we will follow up something else.

Arthur: That just went out on the milk route. We would put in about a pint jar. It was a round, glass jar.

Louise: Like a canning jar.

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: So it could come out of there.

Arthur: That's right. It had a little groove around the top, and you put a cap on it, and it had your name on it.

Jenkins: What else did you deliver, now?

Arthur: We delivered the cream, and it went into those bottles, you know, mostly into half-pint bottles.

Louise: Whipping cream and coffee cream. Two kinds of cream.

Jenkins: How did you distinguish between them? Was it the same cream, or was one of them heavier?

Arthur: One of them was richer. One of them was 40% and one of them was 20%.

Jenkins: How did you come about that? Do you separate it and pour back in?

Arthur: We separated it to 40%, and then the others we added half skim milk back to it and made it 20%. The Health Department tested it to see that you lived to that.

Jenkins: How often did you get an inspection?

Arthur: They inspected the dairy farms once a month. Most of the time they try to sample at least once a month off of the milk truck. They just caught you somewhere, and they would get cottage cheese and milk or whatever they wanted.

Jenkins: While you were on the streets?

Arthur: While we were on the street delivering.

Jenkins: Did you ever have any trouble with them?

Arthur: Yes, we did. One time we had a very peculiar ruling there. It didn't stand up, they changed it. One time we had a bacteria count a little high, so they said, "You can't sell grade A milk anymore, you have got to sell grade B milk." Of course, we went through that. But our customers, believe it or not, they believed in us, and we didn't lose a one.

Jenkins: Well, did you get back to grade A?

Arthur: Oh, yes, real quick.

Jenkins: Now what was the difference between Grade A and Grade B?

Arthur: It was a matter of bacteria count.

Jenkins: As far as the customer was concerned, was it a detectable difference?

Arthur: Oh, no. No, it was no detectable difference. As far as that is concerned you couldn't tell 50,000 bacterial count from 10,000 or from 200,000.

Jenkins: What was the primary difference in effect? How long it would keep?

Arthur: Yes, that would be it. The main thing was the cooling, how you cooled it. And we had trouble cooling our milk. That was after we had gotten mechanical cooling, and we had trouble there with our mechanical cooler not cooling fast enough. In those days, too, you had trouble getting air conditioning people or people to work on those coolers.

Jenkins: Was that about the only trouble you had in your dairy career of problems with inspectors?

Arthur: That was, I would say, a very minor problem. That was the biggest problem we ever had. I mean that was a minor problem, and didn't bother us, especially because we were just off a grade for three or four days.

Jenkins: Did you have any major problems?

Arthur: Yes. The major problem was keeping your head above water during the Depression.

Jenkins: I am talking about inspections.

Arthur: Oh, no.

Jenkins: That was the only real brush you had with them.

Arthur: Yes, that's right.

Jenkins: Let's follow some more products now. Sausage? You made your own sausage.

Louis: Yes. Fryers and eggs. We went into the chicken business and built a chicken house.

Arthur: In '36 we went into the chicken business.

Jenkins: Let's follow each one of those products a little bit. Sausage, for instance.

Arthur: In the milk business there is a certain amount of by-products. We had whey, for instance, from the cottage cheese. We had returns off the milk trucks when they came back off their routes. We couldn't take that milk back the next day, so we had to just dump it. We used that for the hogs.

Louise: Where the cows ate, in their troughs, you cleaned that out every evening and hauled the leftovers that they had left . . .

Arthur: Leftover feed.

Louise: That was mixed with the milk, and then that was fed to the hogs.

Arthur: We did that on two bases. I went back to A&M again, and one of my real good classmates at A&M had charge of the hog farm down there. I said, "Fred, I need a few little pigs, sow pigs, because I want to go into the hog business to use that waste that we have." So he said, "Well, I can fix you up, because

we have got a surplus." I said, "Now, when they get old enough to breed, I want you to sell me one of your best boars that you are trying out and want to prove before you use him back on your own stock here. You just loan him to me, and then I will give him back to you if he is good and you want him. If you don't want him then we will just sell him when we get through with him." So he did that. And, of course, that gave us an opportunity to get some real good hogs, and also it gave us an opportunity to sell some registered hogs that came from there, because people could see. We would take them down to the fair, and they would win, and people could see that they were just awful good Duroc-Jersey hogs. They would buy these boars from us and occasionally some gilt or a bred sow or something like that, and that was just a little extra. I remember when we sold out our place in Dallas and moved. We knew we wouldn't be having hogs up there. I called this man from Texas Tech. And I said, "I have got some real good hogs over here. I would like to sell you some gilts." They were feeding garbage out there from the camp. He said, "Well, we have got enough now." About two weeks later, he was a little embarrassed about it, he called me. Of course, I had known him at A&M. He was out there, and he called me . . . He had somebody else call me first. "Mr. Dieterich, I understand you have got some shoats that you want to sell." And I said, "Yes, I do." He said, "How many do you have?" And I said, "I have about 100." He said,

"How much do you want for them?" I said, "I want around 14¢ a pound." He said, "Well, that is above the market." I said, "Well, yes, it is, but they are better than the average hogs." He said, "How much will they weigh?" And I said, "About 100 pounds apiece." He said, "Well, we are going to have a truck down there this coming week taking some old sows and other hogs from here and some cattle, too, and we will just come by your place and pick them up." And I said, "Well, don't you want to come see them?" He said, "No, a man told me that I could believe what you told me." When he got them out there he weighed them, and they had 102, and I had told him 100, and they weighed 100 pounds exactly. I had them all earmarked so they could be registered. When they got them out there, they weren't interested in any papers on them, not registering them. So this same fellow called me back in a couple of weeks, and he said, "Mr. Dieterich, do you have the papers on those hogs, those shoats you sold us?" I said, "No, I don't have them, but they are earmarked and I could get the papers." He said, "Well, there are a few of them that I would really like to have to add to our breeding herd out here if you would be so kind as to register these for us, and we will pay you for the trouble of registering them." So I registered them for them.

Jenkins: Let's get some of that sausage to market.

Arthur: The boys in the neighborhood on Saturday didn't have a whole lot to do. The teenagers, you know, they couldn't work much

during school. Our son at that time was about 16 years old, something like that, 14. I said, "Buddy, why don't we just start making some sausage here. You get old Grady and Scooter here and David and so on like that. Y'all can kill a couple of hogs every week, and we can make sausage and sell them on the milk route. Y'all do all the work, and I will split the profit on them." So they were always looking for spending money, you know. So that is what we did, we got in the hog business.

Jenkins: Go through the process of killing, making sausage and delivering.

Arthur: They would usually get home from school on Friday afternoon, and they would kill the hogs.

Jenkins: Did it matter what time of ~~year~~ it was?

Arthur: Well, we didn't do it until cold weather came. Not in the summertime, I mean, because people weren't buying sausage. At least in those days they didn't buy much. They would kill them and bring them up to the cooler where we kept milk, you know, and they would hang them in there and cool them out during the night. The next morning they would cut them up. They cut them up into spareribs, sausage--most of it sausage--and sometimes hams and sometimes shoulders. They would put those down in brine in our cooler there in big 15-gallon crocks that they put in there. We sold those, too. And, of course, we ate a lot of them.

Jenkins: You made sausage.

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: What part of the hog went in the sausage at that time? Now they claim that it all goes in, but not then.

Louise: Sometimes all of it would go in.

Arthur: Ham was too good to go into sausage. And the spareribs . . .

Jenkins: Too hard to get the meat off.

Arthur: too hard to get the meat off. The hands, our Mexicans just loved tamales made from hogshead, cabeza de marano. That is the best, as far as we are concerned. Then we'd give them a couple of old hens to go with them, and they would make tamales for us, too. They wouldn't put so much pepper in them.

Jenkins: How about souse and hogshead cheese?

Arthur: Well, we didn't do too much of that.

Louise: No. We did that when I was a child growing up at home.

Jenkins: What did you put in your sausage, if you remember?

Arthur: Oh, yes. We had salt and sage and ~~pepper, saltpeter,~~ sugar.

Jenkins: And how did you sack it?

Arthur: We didn't sack it. We put it in a butter mold, one pound butter mold. We filled that full, and then wrapped it in the parchment, and it was one pound of sausage.

Jenkins: And delivered that on your milk route.

Arthur: On the milk route.

Jenkins: How did you get rid of the hams and things?

Arthur: We would sell them individually.

Lousie: The family, we had a big family.

Arthur: A lot of it we gave away.

Jenkins: But not on the route.

Arthur: Yes, sometimes we would sell hams. And some people would say, "Oh, I wished I could get some old-fashioned spareribs," or, "I could get some old-fashioned backbone." And, of course, that is one way that you had good customers and you tried to please them.

Jenkins: Now you brought milk back.

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: Did you bring sausage back?

Arthur: Yes, but it would keep for several days.

Jenkins: Any other products that you carried on your route?

Louise: Eggs and fryers.

Arthur: Yes, we got into the egg business and the chicken business. And it was good in those days. We got out a nice carton, and it was good advertisement. In those days it was awfully difficult to buy good eggs.

Jenkins: So you had an advertising package for Hermosa Farms.

Arthur: Yes, an advertising package, that's right, and "laid yesterday" on the eggs.

Jenkins: Did you candle them or anything?

Arthur: No, we didn't have to candle them.

Louise: I have all those things in my scrapbook.

Arthur: We didn't candle them, because it was so rare that we had an egg that had a bloody spot in it. And we explained that to

most of the cooks. We just said, "Just throw that away, and we will give you another egg for it in the palce of it.

Jenkins: Fryers, now, you butchered them?

Arthur: Yes.

Louise: Augustine and Refugio had charge of cleaning the chickens.

Jenkins: How big an operation was that?

Arthur: It wasn't too big. We had mostly laying hens, but we had to raise the pullets. And we went year round raising chickens. We bought just roosters, and we raised just roosters part of the year. They grew fast.

Louise: Fryers.

Arthur: And we had a rule in those days . . . We started someting new. We sold chickens by the pound, dressed. Most of the time, you know, if you went to the market to buy a chicken, they would put a live chicken on the scale andweigh it, and then they would kill it for you, you see. Of course, they would do a lot of fudging on it. But we started marketing by the pound, and we did the same thing then when we started raising turkeys for the Thanksgiving and Christmas trade.

Jenkins: When your vehicle went out to deliver, you had automobiles from the start.

Arthur: That's right.

Jenkins: Did you refrigerate it in any way?

Arthur: Yes. Well, we refrigerated with ice.

Jenkins: Okay. Everything in there was cooled.

Arthur: That's right.

Louise: We bought lots of ice.

Jenkins: Did you have any other products that you delivered?

Arthur: Yes. Not from the standpoint of the customers on the routes, but we sold turkey eggs. That was our main thing, because we were the first ones in this country to get the turkey eggs of the small Beltsville white turkeys from Beltsville, Maryland, where the experiment farm was up there. And they sold us a case of turkey eggs, and we started them. Then we sold turkey eggs to a hatchery, and they brought a real good income. Believe it or not, in those days some of those turkey hens would lay \$50 worth of eggs in a year. And, of course, that is another business if you are not used to it, you know, to raise turkeys.

Louise: Our older daughter worked with the turkeys.

Arthur: Yes, and the chickens. She liked them.

Louise: Nancy, our youngest daughter, she liked to stay with the pigs, and that used to scare me to death. She just loved those baby pigs. If we couldn't find her, that is where she would be, down with the little pigs.

Arthur: Or down in the brooder house playing with the little baby chickens.

Jenkins: Turkeys were very, very seasonal at that time, I suppose. Thanksgiving and Christmas was it.

Louise: Oh, yes.

Arthur: So many people had football games, you know, the people over there, and most of them I had become acquainted with knew I was a football player. And I would just suggest maybe to one of

the ladies of the house there or to the cook, I said, "Y'all are going to have a party it looks like this afternoon, aren't you." "Oh, yes, that is after the football game." And I said, "Well, have you thought about surprising those people by baking one of those turkeys?"

Jenkins: Oh, yes. You increased the season on turkeys.

Louise: We sold everything to make a living.

Jenkins: Well, anything else that you did sell? We will try to cover it all, if you can think of it.

Louise: I think that is about all.

Arthur: Of course, we sold bull calves, and we sold some breeding stock.

Jenkins: You didn't have much trouble with spoilage, then. The milk came back and simply wasn't sold? Did you ever have much trouble with spoilage?

Arthur: No, not much. Sometimes . . .

Louise: If we had any it all went to the pigs.

Jenkins: So in the long run it wasn't spoilage.

Arthur: It was awful high priced pig feed. Sometimes we would have to do this.

Jenkins: Butter and everything went into hog feed if it spoiled.

Louise: No, we never had any trouble with butter.

Arthur: In fact, we didn't sell any butter.

Lousie: I started to say we didn't sell butter. In fact we got so much for our cream that I didn't even make butter for our house. We

bought butter from Mr. Dooley. And the children still call butter "Dooley."

Arthur: Butter 25¢ a pound, see, and the cream, it took 50¢ worth of whipping cream to make a pound of butter.

Jenkins: In the process of separating milk and getting whey and all of this, we used to call something blue john. What is blue john?

Arthur: Blue john is skim milk or Holstein milk that they say you can put a 50¢ piece down in the milk bottle and you use blue john, and you can see it down through the milk, the 50¢ piece.

Jenkins: There is really not much left in blue john. Practically all of the butterfat and everything else is out of blue john.

Arthur: That is what people drink now, that low fat milk.

Jenkins: That is pretty close to blue john.

Louise: Yes, it sure is.

Jenkins: Have you pretty well covered the Dallas operation now?

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: Before we leave there, give us kind of a picture of a typical day on the dairy farm: when you get up, activities, when you eventually get to go to bed, when you sleep, if ever. What was a typical day, at that time, on a dairy farm?

Louise: We changed, and we sold wholesale.

Arthur: Not while we were down at Dallas.

Louise: Oh, I thought you were talking about a typical day at Dorchester.

Arthur: We milked at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Jenkins: So you got up at . . .

Arthur: Sometimes I would, sometimes I didn't.

Jenkins: Somebody is milking at 3 o'clock.

Arthur: Oh, yes. There were two or three or four milkers at a time.

Jenkins: There was a time when you milked at 3 o'clock.

Arthur: Yes. And sometimes I would go down there, and I would just say, "Joe, you have done real good, you have been a real good worker, I will just finish your string this morning. You just go on and take off, and take off the rest of the day." I used that as a bonus.

Louise: And to check up, too.

Arthur: And to check up. It gave me a good opportunity to check up.

Jenkins: Typically, though, the work day started about 3 o'clock.

Arthur: Yes, it started at 3 o'clock.

Jenkins: Ever if you didn't get up to do that, when would you typically get up?

Arthur: About the time that the boys would come to load up to take the milk out on the routes. About 5 o'clock.

Jenkins: So even when you slept in, you got up at 5 o'clock.

Arthur: I was also in the farming business pretty strong from the standpoint that, one thing is we ran a threshing machine. And in order to get a bunch of feed that we could buy or trade for our threshing, Lee Slaughter, another dairy farmer who was just selling wholesale, he and I did this together. Of course, you know if you know anything about threshing, you started at 4 o'clock and quit about 9 at night. That was the customary thing. That was the way we operated. And on those, I needed all

the sleep that I could get after being in that dust, dealing with the farmers and the crew and where they were going and the cook shack, etc.

Jenkins: Typically you would get how many hours of sleep?

Arthur: I would say most of the time we got about six or seven.

Louise: I will tell you one thing. All the time, though, he got a nap.

Jenkins: After lunch or dinner?

Louise: From twelve until three, usually. All the men had that time off.

Jenkins: Siesta time.

Louise: Yes, siesta time.

Arthur: Particularly when we moved up to Dorchester. When we were in Dallas, we were milking three times a day, part of them three times a day. We started at 4 o'clock in the morning, and at noon, and at 8 o'clock that night.

Jenkins: Three times a day.

Arthur: Three times a day, that was part of the cattle, the heavy producing cows. And they gave considerable more milk when you milk them three times a day and feed them three times a day.

Jenkins: Was that typical, three times a day?

Arthur: No. We found out then as a student of that, if we fed three times a day, we could just milk twice a day and get just about as much milk; so we discontinued that after a couple of years. But we did do this: we made it so that it would be easier on the men, we changed those hours and had better refrigeration.

We would start, for instance, in the morning we would start at 3 o'clock, the men would start milking at 3 o'clock in the morning. In the afternoons they would start at 2 so that they could get through before dark and get through after four or five hours of work and go home for their supper and get a pretty good night's sleep. Then we also let those men off from one until three. One until three, that was typical with us. Some places they didn't do that. The first time we could, we saw it was easy, we started 6½ days a week to work; and then down to 6; and finally down to 5½ days.

Jenkins: Somebody had to be there to milk.

Arthur: Yes, we had what we called the extra man. I was an extra man, too. That kept me in touch. Louise and I knowing, back in running this business or anyplace else, that Saturday and Sunday are days that the boss better be on the job.

Jenkins: There is no getting away from the dairy business.

Arthur: That's right. Louise and I would usually take off for a day or something like that if we wanted to during the week.

Jenkins: This pretty well covers the Dallas operation, so when we start again we will move to Dorchester and resume operation.

Arthur: It was in 1947 we moved to Dorchester, and we bought 800 acres of land up there. We got our good friends here at the Denton Experiment Station, Dr. Paul Dunkle, the superintendent, and Dr. Atkins, the geneticist, to come up there and okay the farm,

to tell us what the possibilities were for wheat and dairy farming.

Jenkins: I am going to interview Dr. Atkins.

Arthur: Good, good. Dr. Atkins is a real fine man. He surely knows a whole lot about the fall grains, particularly. Anyway, we are indebted to them for helping us to buy the place. We had been cooperators with them, and we continued to cooperate with them in the fall grain experiments that they were carrying on. When we moved to Dorchester, we hit some of those bad years in farming: poor prices and drouthy and too much rain at times, etc. Those were very difficult.

Jenkins: Did you tell us what year you went to Dorchester?

Arthur: In 1947. The farm that we had up there had been neglected, so it made it that much more difficult to bring that land back. Some of it hadn't been in cultivation during the war. The buildings, and there were plenty of them, but they were in poor repair; and, of course, we had to do all those things. In addition we had some difficult years, like any family has. We lost our father, and we lost our brother in just a period of two or three months after we were there. Then our mother became a patient, and it required an awful lot of time there. Not only mine, but I don't know how I would have ever made it if Louise hadn't come along and helped. But we finally snapped out of that, and did what we wanted to do; and that was to buy this farm, 800 acres, which was a real good farm.

And then we had plans to sell part of it so that we could get the money to finance our cattle operation, to buy cattle with and to increase our dairy herd. At the same time, too, to get out from under the bank loan, which we used in order to make the original purchase. We did then go ahead and finance with the Federal Loan Bank, which was an awfully good way to do then and one to do now.

Lousie: That is one reason why we bought that farm. I thought it was too far away from Dallas, and I was a little upset about moving that far away from everything; especially taking our younger daughter, Nancy, out of Walnut Hill School where my sister was principal and where she had always gone to school and take her up to Dorchester to a country school. But that worked out beautifully. We found wonderful neighbors, and we found that Dorchester was a great community. Nearly all the people owned their land and lived on their land, and that makes for a good community. We enjoyed our 25 years there. We always say it was the happiest years of our lives, but we say that about every one of them. But anyway, that was one reason why we bought that land was because it had this Federal Land Bank loan on it at 4% interest, so that was one reason why we thought it was a good buy.

Arthur: We started building then our herd on up so that it would be a real good paying proposition, and also we wanted to go purebred, which we did, and we went entirely purebred. Not just

immediately, but gradually as we worked into it; and at the same time we worked to make improvements and keep abreast of the times. In dairying, for instance, like in parlor milking, bulk tanks to cool the milk with, and then also to work with the County Commissioners to get the road fixed so that a milk truck could get in there. It was just a gravel road, and they got stuck a lot of times, and they couldn't pick up our milk, and we would just lose it. We were fortunate there. The commissioners listened well, and pretty soon we had a nice road there.

Louise: Farm to market road.

Arthur: It was a good community, and we enjoyed that phase of it. For instance, Louise was working with the PTA there, in fact became president of it. And she was working with the Women's Home Demonstration Club, which she helped to organize. We helped to improve the school. We, all of us, started a little community fair. We had a lot of fun at that, and it did so much for the young people, particularly in the neighborhood; and old people, too. They had a lot of good cattle and good crops, and people that were intelligent. One thing is they were big farmers, and ordinarily when you have big farmers you have more financing and people that are more able to do some of those things. And in the meantime, too, we made a church affiliation in Sherman which was sixteen miles from

us, but we hardly ever missed a Sunday there, especially after we got going a little bit. We arranged our work so we could.

Jenkins: Were the things that you were doing at Dorchester about the same as you had been doing at the Dallas farm?

Arthur: No.

Louise: No, entirely different.

Jenkins: Let's get a picture of the difference between the two farms.

Louise: In Dallas we were in the retail business. We had routes and delivered milk. We bottled the milk and cream and made the cottage cheese. We sold all of these on three different routes over the communities of Highland Park and University Park and Greenway Park. But when we moved to Dorchester, it was entirely a wholesale business. We milked the cows, and to begin with we put it in cans. The milkman would come by and pick up our cans every day.

Jenkins: Those big ten gallon cans?

Louise: Ten gallon cans. And we immediately put in electric milkers, so that we didn't milk by hand anymore. That was another change. Then the next thing that we did was to buy a stainless steel bulk tank. We put our milk into that bulk tank. Then from there the next improvement was when you built the new milking parlor. The milk went directly from the cow to the stainless steel tank. It was never handled by hand.

Jenkins: Was that cooled?

Louise: Yes, the tank was.

Arthur: We, fortunately, had REA electricity there. Of course, that was a godsend to dairy farmers when they got away from lanterns and cooling their milk with ice.

Jenkins: The big tank trucks were just coming in.

Arthur: Yes.

Louise: They pumped it out of our stainless steel tank into their stainless steel tank.

Arthur: It was amusing to us for a while. We bought the first tank there, and several people, several dairymen, said that they were going to buy tanks, too. One of the distributors said that if you will buy a tank, then we will put on a tank truck. Okay, in the meantime they didn't put on the tank truck, and there weren't many people that bought the tanks. So we had to put the milk into our cooler, and then we had to draw it out of there and put it back in the cans so they could carry it.

Jenkins: How long did it take before they got tank trucks?

Arthur: Well, it took three or four months. We got awful tired of that.

Jenkins: What were some of the other changes in dairy technology that you were experiencing?

Lousie: We had fewer people working for us. We really did. We started

out with one man to do the milking, and Max Sprinkle did the farm work. But as we expanded, though, and bought more cows . . . We thought we should say this: we were financially helped by our family and encouraged by our family, and that was a great help to us in order to get better breeding bulls and better cattle. That was a great help to us, and we wanted to put that in so that our family would know that we remembered how much they helped us.

Arthur: One of the big disappointments that we had during this crises of hard times, drouth and so on like that, is that our son had just graduated from A&M, was there with us. In fact he hadn't graduated when we moved up there yet, but he finished and graduated. We were going to work together, but we found out that under those conditions we couldn't finance an operation big enough for the two of us.

Jenkins: Technology had just rooted you out.

Arthur: That's right. Our son went into another business, in the carpet business, which he didn't know much about. But he is a real top salesman, real super salesman. He worked ~~at~~ that for many years and became manager of this Gullistan Carpet Company, which covers the southwest, you know.

Louise: He was selling Gullistan Carpet with J. P. Stephens Company.

Arthur: J. P. Stephens Company was a big manufacturer of all kinds of materials, especially over in the Carolinas, in that

neighborhood. Then when he retired from that, he came back to his love of farming. He is now farming in east Texas 100 miles east of here and is enjoying it very much and being very successful at it.

Jenkins: Was anything happening in feed mixes about this time?

Arthur: Yes, at that time feed companies quit selling feed in sacks to the bigger farmers and bigger users, and they started delivering it in bulk tanks. Then these tanks they had at the farm, they had an automatic feeding device, augered it, carried it right on into the milking parlor and that made it much better. Of course, it made it different from this standpoint: the feed could be better balanced and mixed to an individual farmer, according to what roughage he was feeding.

Jenkins: Was milk productivity per pound of feed changing much?

Arthur: Yes. One thing was that we had better rations, which helped. The main thing is though, I would say, we had better cattle.

Jenkins: Oh, it was hard to tell which was which.

Arthur: Yes. Of course, that was a time, too, that we had learned a whole lot more about picking the right kind of bulls, and then also when we got into artificial insemination.

Jenkins: How was productivity per animal changing through there? Was it increasing substantially?

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: Do you remember any figures, averages?

Arthur: For instance, when we were in the DHIA, Dairy Herd Improvement Association, back in Dallas and also up there, if a herd annually produced, we will just say 300 pounds of fat, or equivalent of about 6,000 pounds of milk in Jerseys, or about 1/3 more than that in milk in Holsteins, well, that has been doubled by now. More than doubled.

Louise: I remember that we won prizes on our herd improvement. One thing that I wanted to mention was that Arthur has always been a good feed expert. And he decided that the way that he could make money was to get a feed mill and buy our oats and wheat from the combine, and our maize, as the farmers were harvesting. We would go and buy. We had a big barn. There was a lot of storage room upstairs. And Arthur knew, he was an expert on nutrients, and he knew what would be good for the cattle. We ground and mixed our own feed, and we did that for many years.

Jenkins: Did you go out with your own trucks and bring in grains?

Louise: Sometimes we did.

Arthur: Yes, in those days when we had a truck that would hold 20,000 pounds of wheat, 300 bushels of wheat, or that equivalent of maize or oats. And we bought that just locally, because Dorchester was a big grain producing neighborhood. We just didn't buy, a lot of times, pure oats or pure wheat. Sometimes they would have some volunteer oats

in a field and they would plant wheat in there, the farmer would, and it came up, and he was docked considerably when that went to market. So instead of taking the docking that he would have to take, we would buy it for just that price or maybe a little bit more. Then also we found out, too, that it was just real wise to feed cottonseed. Since there was quite a bit of cotton raised around there, there was a big gin and we could buy that seed right from the gin for just a little premium and get a real good buy there to make our feed.

Jenkins: Were you still growing some of your own feed?

Arthur: Oh, yes. But when we got up to 300 head of cattle and young stuff, something like that, well, we just specialized on the pasture on our place. That was the best buy for us, particularly the cultivated pastures for the wintertime. We always planted oats this time of the year, for instance, because we could get some early grazing. We liked to have grazing, for instance, when the fair started, the State Fair started. We hoped we would have oats shoe-top high, so the cows could get a good start, because we had a lot of them calve that time of the year so they would produce milk on through the winter.

Louise: I remember our two oldest grandsons, Tom Dieterich and Fred Lusk would come every summer, and that was their job: to haul the wheat and oats and maize from the combine. They worked awfully hard. I couldn't remember their exact ages when they started working, but they loved to come. And they loved

Grandma's cooking. We didn't pay them very much, but they got their room and board.

Arthur: We paid them wages. \$2 a day.

Louise: \$2 a day, \$3 a day. But they wanted to come every summer.

Jenkins: You were primarily in the dairy business, but did grow some of your own feed.

Arthur: Yes, but not much.

Louise: Pasture.

Arthur: It was just surplus, really, surplus feed as far as the grain was concerned. Now we did grow quite a bit of hay, bermuda grass. We were one of the early cooperators with the . . . In fact, immediately when we went to Grayson County, we joined the Soil Conservation Service. For instance, on our farm there we put in nine miles of terraces.

Louise: And we built some tanks.

Arthur: We built some tanks. Then we had bermuda grass. We put out about 100 acres of coastal bermuda grass.

Jenkins: You are talking about surface water tanks.

Arthur: Yes. Ponds, farm ponds. One thing is because we had that divided into different pastures so that they could drink at the pond. If you have 150 cows, ordinarily you have 150 head of young cattle. We used that for the young. And, of course, we fed a lot of hay to our milk cows. But in those days with the grain, the way we were

buying it, it was cheaper to feed more grain and less hay. Ordinarily people say, "Well, don't feed that grain. It is too expensive." But it is not. At the same time we did that, in order to know more about that and also to advertise the fact that we were knowledgeable about this, we started writing some feed articles. I think that we recalled some of that information before, but we just virtually said this: "These are some good points for feeding your cattle and for managing them." The Dairyman's Digest used that as a spread, their center spread, those two pages with a picture or two.

Lousie: Feeding for profit.

Arthur: Feeding for profit.

Louise: He wrote a monthly article for sixteen years.

Arthur: Of course, that was good advertisement for anybody who was in the purebred business and wanted to sell cattle or sell bulls.

Jenkins: Did you do any actual advertising as such?

Arthur: Yes, but not much.

Jenkins: What ways did you . . .

Arthur: One thing is that we wrote a little history of about the type of thing we were doing, just a little story about it. We sent that out to prospective customers. We also advertised in what we called The Texas Jersey Cattle Club, a little magazine; and also The American Jersey Cattle Club. And we

wrote some articles, too, for them, which was better advertising, really, than the advertising.

Jenkins: So you continued not only to be in the milk business, but you sold animals.

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: What else was that farm doing now: dairy business, selling animals, raising your own feed. Did you get out of the meat business?

Arthur: Yes, we got out of the meat business. The thing that we worked on there was this, and it is a real good principle. I think Louise wants to show you something here if you want to cut this off for a minute.

Jenkins: We are looking at a family album which contains a lot of the advertising that your farm did.

Louise: Here: Show Cattle For Sale. Start a Registered Jersey Herd.

Jenkins: Apparently you did go to the fairs a lot, you did show cattle. Kind of review a little bit of the highlights of your showing at fairs.

Arthur: Really what we did, we found out that showing was a very costly thing to do. And unless you just really were overcome with wanting to win purple ribbons and blue ribbons and something like that, which we are not, we were more production minded . . . We gave some of the dairymen who liked to show, and we gave also the boys and girls in 4-H and FFA who wanted to show and have a particular project and wanted to use that, we would

sell them some of our real good animals. Then they would do the showing and the taking care of them, etc. They would say, "Well, where did you get this?" Dieterich Dairy. And, of course, we built our reputation that way. But what I was going to say, a good theory for the dairy farm that we practiced there, and that was an idea that my father gave me even though he was not a farmer. He had lived on a farm, he had a farm, but I mean that wasn't his prime occupation. He said, "One thing is, let's make that land better when you get through using it than it was when you got it." Okay. Let's make these cows better when you have their offspring, and maybe eight generations down the line, let's make them better than the ones you started with. And then let's increase the value of those by, in other words, doubled or tripled or quadrupled the value of your cattle which you can do with registered cattle but you can't do very well with grade cattle. And also you make your farm by good farming and putting all that good cow manure back on the land and soil conservation, you make that land two or three times more productive than it was to start with. Then the other thing is, get several times more satisfaction from that sort of thing than you would maybe from selling a suit of clothes for a profit.

Jenkins: Yes. Did you continue throughout your farming career to return the manure to the soil?

Arthur: Oh, yes.

Jenkins: Is that still commonly done today, or have they shifted pretty much to commercial fertilizers?

Arthur: It is pretty well done on dairy farms. One thing is, in order to keep the place sanitary you have got to move it.

Jenkins: Get rid of it.

Arthur: Yes, get rid of it. And then the other thing is, too, that commercial fertilizer has gotten higher and higher, too, you know. We were not adverse at all to using commercial fertilizer. In fact we were one of the first people that started using commercial fertilizer in that neighborhood up there.

Louise: Now they have a big fertilizer plant.

Arthur: Yes, they have a big fertilizer plant, that sells it, right there at Dorchester, just two miles from where we had our farm.

Jenkins: Whose plant is that?

Louise: It wasn't Kerr-McGee, was it?

Arthur: Yes, it was Kerr-McGee. But I don't know who owns it now. I think it has been sold. They have had a change in policies. And at the same time we were improving the type of seed, still working with the Experiment Station, the type of seed that we would use. We would have some little block plots. In front of our neighbors, I would say, "Well, this new variety of oats, Nortex oats or 687 variety or whatever it might be, this will do better. I have got some of this good pure seed here, and I will let you have some, and you just return me your surplus, enough to replant it so I can give somebody else some." So

that worked out just real good, too.

Jenkins: So you say you worked closely with the Agricultural Experiment Station out of A&M?

Arthur: Out of A&M and out of Denton, too, yes.

Jenkins: How did that work? Did they use your farm, in part, as an experiment station?

Arthur: Yes. In other words, they just would say, "Now this is a new variety of oats. It is not much different, but if you would like you take ten bushels here or twenty bushels, something like that, enough to plant a few acres, and just compare it with the oats you are growing now." It might have been to prevent rust, for instance; or it might have been that it was a few days earlier so that it matured; or the straw was stiffer so that you could combine it so that it didn't lodge; that it gave more grazing, which was an important thing to us. It gave that fall grazing, you see.

Jenkins: And you kept records for them, or they kept them?

Arthur: We kept the records, yes. And periodically they would come, every month or two or three, one of them would come up and see how it was doing. If we saw that it was doing pretty good, we would plant more, and then we would also contract out some of that seed to somebody else, and then we would just tell the Experiment Station here that this was awfully good. And they knew it, see, and they had a demand for it, but the Experiment Station said, "Well, if you want to get some of that seed,

Dieterich over at Dorchester has got some of it."

Jenkins: Was there any kind of a financial arrangement between you and the Experiment Station?

Arthur: No. Just cooperation to help each other.

Jenkins: They would give you the seed, and you . . .

Arthur: No, they wouldn't give it to us. We would buy it from them, but they wouldn't sell that seed excepting to those who were willing to cooperate and give them some return, just how they were doing, see. We also dealt at that time with Tommy Harpool of the Harpool Seed Company. In fact, we would bring it over here for him to clean, and separate when we were growing clover together with oats. It is hard to separate that. So we would bring it over here to get Harpool's . . . and then sometimes we would sell them part of that seed. And then, of course, sometimes we would buy some seed from them that we found was real good.

Jenkins: We have Tom Harpool's story on tape.

Arthur: Tom is a great man.

Jenkins: Let's work up through the years, up until the time y'all retired and see what things were happening and what changes were occurring in the dairy business.

Louise: One thing I wanted to mention was the fact that we kept a record on every cow. That was monthly records. We had a cow tester come once a month. He came and usually stayed a couple of days and was our guest. He tested the cows, and then we would get

a report. It was not too long after we started testing that we got the computer results. It was all on computer. Now that was the first farming operation that I know of that was put on computer.

Jenkins: When did that start?

Louise: I wish I could tell you, but I have forgotten.

Jenkins: Approximately.

Arthur: I would say in the late '50s. It might have been a little later than that. The computer at that time, the leader in that was over in Raleigh, North Carolina, at the North Carolina State University.

Louise: And they were the ones that sent us the result every month. We knew what the cow had eaten, how much she produced, how much she made—the profit from that cow for that month. It was very interesting.

Arthur: You would be surprised what we know about a cow when you go to buy a bull, because you know how many daughters he had, how they did, if they were hard breeders or if they were easy breeders, if they lived long, how much milk they gave, everything like that.

Lousie: We also joined the cooperative soon after we moved to Dorchester. Arthur became a director for many years. That was one of our pleasures. We went to the annual meetings all over the United States. By that time our younger daughter, Nancy, had started to college, so we could leave home, you know, and not

worry about having children at home. We would fly to the different places: Seattle, New York. By the way, when we were at a meeting in New York it was during the blackout. I will never forget that meeting. We would usually rent a car, and then we would see that state while we were there.

Arthur: Visit some dairies.

Louise: Visit the dairy plants. That would be part of his story for the Dairyman's Digest

Jenkins: Let's get a picture of what you were doing and what the co-op was doing during those years.

Arthur: The milk business was a pretty helter-skelter sort of a business, all the way from producing it to getting it to the consumer to drink. It took a number of years to make that transformation: from delivering it in cans and bottles; and then pasteurizing and clarifying it and emulsifying it and all those things like that; marketing it; seeing that it was kept fresh and sweet and it wasn't adulterated; and the way it was delivered. The milk plants were continually scrapping among each other. They were trying, especially in the spring when you had a big surplus of milk, they would undersell each other. They cut the prices so low that nobody could make a living at it. Of course, since most of it had gone to the bigger milk companies to sell that milk, the little farmer who was selling to them, he really took the loss because they passed it on down to him. And they said, "Well, we couldn't get but 8¢ a quart for the milk, and

you can only get this much for it, \$2 a hundred." What is \$2 a hundred? That is less than 20¢ a gallon you sold your milk for, you see. And then, of course, some unscrupulous dealers, they would say, "Well, your milk was sour today. We just had to pour it out," and you wouldn't get paid for it, and you wouldn't know whether it was sour or whether it was not. Sometimes they would send it back; and, of course, by the time it got back to you it was clabber, and you couldn't do anything with it but feed it to the hogs or the chickens, or just dump it out on the ground. So many times you weren't in the chicken business or the hog business. So the dairy farmers felt that they needed to have some say in the quality production of milk and also in the marketing of it. So they organized these cooperatives. And the cooperative in those days, and which it continues to do, they gathered the milk, and they put it together, enforced the regulations and the sanitation and all of those things. You would be surprised what all they go to now. And then they deliver that milk to a milk plant, who says, "Well," like, for instance, Piggly-Wiggly, Lucerne--which is Safeway, Krogers or any of those companies, they say, "We want so much milk here, so many thousand gallons of milk, to bottle." Then they make another grade, and, "We also want a certain amount of milk that we want to make cottage cheese out of, and we want to make ice cream out of," which sells for a lower price, usually. So the cooperative

finally has worked to the point that they gather this milk, get it together, test it, guarantee it. Then in order to do this they had to call in the government and set up some regulations on it. So they had to have this Federal Milk Marketing Act that helps take care of that. Then they all get together and say, "Let's determine what is a fair price for the dairyman." The federal administration sat in sort of as the judge of that. That is the way that that is done now.

Jenkins: Is there much milk that doesn't go through a co-op?

Arthur: Yes, a whole lot. In any kind of a business, whatever it is, you have got these people on the outside that feel that they can do better; and especially some dairymen, for instance, that are milking, we will just say, 21,000 cows. That is a lot of milk that you control. And he will say, "Well, now, I can sell my milk directly to the milk distributor, milk plant, cheaper because I can have my own bulk plant here, and I can deliver it to him; and I will sell it to him a little cheaper than the cooperative will." So he makes that kind of a deal. We don't have that much anymore, but some of them were just sort of chiselers, some of the milk plants and some of the people that operated those and also the people that dealt with them. They took advantage. They would say, "Now, the co-op is paying this much for milk, and we will pay you 10¢ a hundred more." And then they will keep all those little different ways of

chiseling. As a result I would say of the milk in the United States nowadays, the grade A fluid milk that is used to drink, I would say that 50% of it or more is grade A through the cooperative. But now we have considerable in the north what we call grade B milk, and that is milk that is used for manufacturing. A lot of that milk does not go through a cheese plant or a butter plant or a place like that. For one thing it is those dealers are smaller, and they don't want something taken from their check to give them an equity to help build the financial resources the cooperative has got to have.

Jenkins: Do they tend then in grade A, the ones who don't go through a co-op, tend to be the large ones, I suppose.

Arthur: Yes, some of the larger dairymen. Some of the older ones, they just know this, they say, "Well, I can afford to take a little bit less for my milk and sell through the cooperative in order to maintain the cooperative, because if we didn't have the cooperative these other guys, they couldn't be getting the price now because the milk plants would beat them down in price." And, of course, the milk people are one of the first and only that started commodity marketing. We don't see that, you know. We have wheat farmers co-ops and maize and corn and the rest of them, but none of them to the extent that we do in dairy farming. And the dairy business has been a lot better off as a result of it.

Jenkins: The picture I am trying to get is in grade A, then, most all of the small dairymen belong to the co-op.

Arthur: Yes. Yes, the smaller dairymen do. And a lot of the big ones.

Jenkins: But the grade B milk, do they tend not to be co-op members?

Arthur: Not to be, that's right. Yes. Because one thing is some of the big cheese manufacturers like Kraft, and Land of Lakes with butter, they have been long established outfits; and they have got a clientele they have been fair with generally, and those people just stay with them from that standpoint. They say, "Well, we don't want to mess around because then we would have to elect somebody to represent us." Of course, a lot of times there are politics going with that, too.

Jenkins: Now when you got out of the hog business, when you went up to Dorchester, did you have much spoil, waste?

Arthur: No, you don't have much.

Jenkins: You just got out of it.

Arthur: That's right. You have what we call fresh cow milk, colostrum milk, where for the first three or four or five days after a cow calves you don't use that milk for human consumption, even though there is nothing wrong with it.

Jenkins: What word did you use?

Arthur: Colostrum, that is milk just after a cow calves and it is very important towards producing a live, healthy calf;

because that first milk from that cow, just like from any mother's milk, contains antibodies that she has built up in her system, and it protects that baby animal. For instance, one of the bugaboos of raising dairy calves is they develop the scours. All right, so it is a rule immediately as that calf hits the ground, it was on our dairy farm, night or day immediately that that calf hit the ground and as soon as we could get to it, if we couldn't get it up to nurse, it was maybe a week or so about coming up to nurse, we milked some colostrum into a little 12 ounce bottle, for instance, and then gave it to them to suck.

Jenkins: What was the length of period from the time the calf was born until you marketed the milk?

Arthur: Ordinarily about three or four or five days. The oldtimers used to say, "Well, let's wait a week." And some of the dairy country, particularly European countries, they prized that first milk, they want it. They make pudding out of it, all kinds of things. It is very high in sugar and calories, minerals and antibodies.

Jenkins: When you put the cow back into production for milking, what happens to the calf?

Arthur: A dairy farmer raises the heifers for replacements. Because if he is a progressive dairyman, he will need those replacements to replace the old cows. In other words you are wanting

young cows. They will outproduce the old cows. So they will gradually move those old cows out, you see. That is one thing.

Louise: We had a special calf barn. Each calf had its individual stall. They were specially made. I should say her, because they were all heifers, had a water fountain and a place to put her milk and a place to put her feed. They were on slatted boards with hay on them, so those could be cleaned regularly. They were given very special care, the calves.

Jenkins: Did you leave the calf on the cow?

Arthur: No.

Jenkins: So you took the calf off the cow after that few days?

Arthur: No, they didn't stay there a few days. They stayed a few hours with the cow.

Jenkins: So the calf didn't suck after that.

Arthur: No.

Louise: But you took the colostrum milk and gave it to the calf.

Arthur: We took the colostrum milk and we gave that to the calf. Also we mixed that with some other milk to give to the rest of the calves. We didn't waste any of it.

Louise: And we taught them how to drink out of that little container.

Arthur: We would use a bottle to maybe start them with, but then take your finger down in the bottom, and the first thing you know they would start to drink.

Jenkins: So you saved the milk from a mother who had just produced a calf.

Arthur: Oh, yes.

Jenkins: And fed it back to calves.

Arthur: Yes, that's right.

Jenkins: Give me this picture. The cow has the calf. Give me a picture of what happens to that cow until she gets back fully into production and you are putting that milk into the regular marketing channels.

Arthur: We just start her right away through the milking parlor. We start her there. The only difference is that we do not put her with the regular herd just immediately. We shut her off into what we call the maternity pen.

Jenkins: All of the new mothers, then, go into that.

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: The milk is saved separately.

Arthur: Yes. The milk is saved separately, yes.

Louise: For the calves.

Arthur: And, of course, we raised, too, a few bull calves that we sold for breeders; and then also we sold some of them to put into cooperatives, these artificial insemination associations. Then some of them that we saved to sell to beef cattle raisers who wanted to breed their beef heifers younger. They wanted to breed to a Jersey bull so that that heifer would not have difficulty in calving because it would be a smaller calf. Then they used also some of those heifers as a result of that beef cross, so many times they saved them to breed back to a

Hereford bull, for instance, or an Angus bull or something like that in order to get an animal there that was a little larger but still retained the calving ease of the Jersey. The Jersey has always been known as an excellent mother and one that could, let's just say, take time to give birth to a calf without a lot of complications.

Jenkins: How long does a cow stay fresh after a calf before you have to breed her again?

Arthur: We would check them to see that everything was all right by a veterinarian or by someone who was competent to see that all of the organs were in good shape, and then we would breed in about 60 days after she calved. Ordinarily that would be what we would call the second heat period. Our goal was to have a calf every year from every cow.

Jenkins: What I am looking at now, without re-breeding, how long would a cow stay fresh?

Arthur: Well-bred cows like dairy cattle nowadays, it is not uncommon for them to milk for two years.

Jenkins: But you wanted a calf every year?

Arthur: Yes, we wanted a calf every year. But now sometime these old, old cows that you knew that you would want to be cold blooded about it, which you had to be in a cattle operation, you knew that she was twelve years old, for instance, and that she had arthritis just like you did, she couldn't get around very well anymore, and that you wouldn't breed her back. Now you would

milk her just as long as she was comfortable & profitable & sometimes they just keep on milking. And then when you finally load them onto a trailer or your truck to carry them to the packinghouse, you cried and told them, "Goodbye, old Bossie, you sure have been faithful to us."

Jenkins: What kind of price would you get for her?

Arthur: Canner price, usually. Sometimes a cutter price.

Jenkins: Do you ever look upon the co-op as being in any way like a union?

Arthur: Yes. Yes, we do.

Jenkins: Without worrying about it, you recognize it as such.

Arthur: Yes, that's right. Particularly some people are rabid, you know, one way or the other thinking about these things. I wouldn't say rabid, but they are almost that way. The big difference, of course, is that this average dairy farmer has got \$150,000 invested in his farm there, and he is quite interested in how to do the best with it. While a union man working at most union jobs, he has got, of course, a lot of time invested there, etc., but he doesn't have nearly that kind of financial investment in it.

Jenkins: But the purposes are the same.

Arthur: Yes, they are the same. If you are a member you have got to take some bumps along, which you don't like to do,

Jenkins: I have heard some of the oldtimers talk about, way back, when they would unload milk and pour it through the strainers and

all manner of stuff would come out of that can. How has that changed?

Arthur: The way they do now when this man comes up to the, the driver on this tank truck when he comes up to take your milk, we will just say you have got 4,000 pounds of milk in there. That is roughly 500 gallons of milk in there. He turns it on and stirs it up real good and agitates it and takes a sample for butterfat.

Jenkins: Right there?

Arthur: Right there. He takes sometimes two samples: one for butterfat and one for solids not fat, the other one for bacteria, the temperature and things like that.

Louise: And he also checks it to see that you haven't been using too many insecticides.

Arthur: Anything like that.

Jenkins: Do you know all of that before he takes the milk away?

Arthur: No, you don't.

Jenkins: You trust the co-op for his test.

Arthur: You trust the co-op for his test. All right, when it goes in to the co-op, before that truck is unloaded they take a test of that whole load of milk to see how those things are. And if that load doesn't meet the expectations, for instance, if somebody has dumped a load of milk in there they they didn't cool properly and the bacteria count is real high, then that whole load of milk is up high, and it has brought that up.

The thing about it nowadays particularly, is the use of anti-biotics, which is very much frowned upon by the doctors and by people who know, say, "We don't want these cows that have been treated by the veterinarians," for instance. The veterinarian, when he treats a cow, he will say, "Now you can't use the milk from this cow for so many days." We do use that milk for the calves, which is all right for the calves, but you can't use it. All right now, what happens then when that milk comes in to that plant and they turn that whole load down, they look at it carefully and say, "Well now, we can make cheese out of this, and we can make powdered milk, and we can make some butter out of it," and it is worth so much that way. It is not grade A. All right, why, who is going to pay for that difference? The man that produced that milk, he has to pay the rest of the farmers for what they lost in it. So he is pretty darn careful about what he produces.

Jenkins: That is grade B milk, then?

Arthur: Yes, it becomes grade B milk.

Jenkins: Is any of it ever turned down completely?

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: What happens to that?

Arthur: They run it down the sewer.

Jenkins: They don't want anything to get hold of it.

Arthur: They don't want anything to get hold of it. And, of course, that sounds like that is kind of simple, but when one of those

tankers has got 40,000 pounds of milk on there at \$12 a hundred, that is about \$5,000 worth of milk. When that dairy farmer has to pay the difference, for instance, he might have to pay for all of it; or he may have to pay the difference between grade A and grade B price on it, which would be less.

Jenkins: So your milk is picked up and mixed, really, in the truck.

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: So that is why you have to pay the difference.

Arthur: That's right.

Jenkins: Okay, follow on up with any other observations you want to make as we go down to when you sold out.

Louis: We had real good help, that is what I would like to say. We had boys that had been raised on the farm. Some came from Arkansas, some from counties around Grayson County. In Dallas we had all Mexican help, but here in Dorchester we had all Anglo. They were American farm boys that had grown up on the farm. We saw that they only worked six days a week, and if they wanted to have two days off, we let them have two days off. We gave them a good house and a place for a garden. They were excellent help. We felt like that we could go off at any time. Sometimes we would go off for two or three weeks and know that they were going to do everything just right. We were blessed with good help on the farm.

Jenkins: Did you have many people who stayed with you for long years?

Louise: Yes, and they are still our friends. They still come to see us.

Arthur: Just recently, a couple of weeks ago, people who worked for us back at that time came to see us all the way from Arkansas.

Louise: We had one man, Mack Sprinkle, who stayed with us for 25 years; and Lee Shinpaw stayed with us for 25 years.

Arthur: It wasn't a big operation. We had four or five or six people working there, you know. We would train them to do the way we wanted, and we didn't demand too much. We got it down to 5½ days a week. Then we gave them vacation time. We had some little bonuses, for instance. If it was, for instance, this man's week to be responsible for the cows that were going to calve, he would get up just almost any hour at night to check the cows to see, especially if they were having any difficulty. And if he couldn't handle it, he would come get me.

Louise: One thing they enjoyed was that when Arthur would go to the shows at A&M, the dairy heifer show every March, he would take one of the boys and his wife with him. It was a pleasure to them to get to stay in a nice motel and to go to the banquet and be at the show and meet the other dairy farmers.

Arthur: We used to come over here to Denton to the North Texas Fair.

Louise: That was a big occasion way back in the '20s and '30s, the Denton County Fair.

Jenkins: Denton was a big fair.

Louis: Yes, a big fair, and lots of Jerseys. Lots of Jerseys in the show.

Arthur: And we would spend the night over here. Some of the dairy wives had never spent the night in a hotel or a motel and, of course, had never gone to a banquet. After one of these banquets, and I can remember yet them telling some of the rest of the ladies what they had to eat.

Jenkins: Do you still go to fairs?

Arthur: Yes, we have up until recently.

Louise: We have up until recently. We have been going, really, to the annual meeting of the American Jersey Cattle Club, and they have shows and fairs there. That is all over the United States. We have not gone in the last two or three years.

Jenkins: Has the Denton County Fair, in terms of livestock, changed much?

Arthur: Oh, yes.

Louise: Very much.

Jenkins: In what way?

Arthur: It is a minor part of it now, and it used to be a big part of it. It used to have all of the 4-H demonstrations and the Ladies Home Demonstration Club used to have all the jellies, and ears of corn, and the cucumbers, watermelons and the cantaloupes, and they judged them. Of course, that was when they . . .

Jenkins: That was the fair, the reason for the fair.

Arthur: Yes.

Louise: Just like the Dallas Fair, now it has changed.

Jenkins: Now the reason for the fair is . . .

Arthur: To ride the . . .

Jenkins: Ferris wheel.

Louise: And the Dallas Fair has an automobile show.

Jenkins: Was the Dorchester area considerably a dairy area?

Arthur: No.

Jenkins: Not even then?

Louise: No.

Arthur: It was too easy to make a living grain farming.

Jenkins: I am trying to think the very small town out in west Texas, south of Wichita Falls. Windthorst.

Arthur: Windthorst, that has come to the front here in the last twenty years or so, yes.

Jenkins: That recent, then?

Arthur: Well, maybe thirty, but I would say, yes, probably thirty.

Jenkins: Is that a major dairy area?

Arthur: Right in there, yes.

Jenkins: In the state of Texas and the country, I suppose.

Louise: Decatur is, too.

Jenkins: Decatur is bigger than Windthorst?

Louise: Yes, and Sulphur Springs.

Arthur: Yes, Sulphur Springs, they have more dairying there than almost any place.

Jenkins: Sulphur Springs.

Arthur: For grade A dairymen, yes.

Jenkins: I guess it is because Windthorst is such a small town that it looks like the whole country is dairying.

Arthur: Cooke County at one time had 100 and some-odd dairy farms up there, but it doesn't have as many now as it used to, but they still have a lot.

Louise: Here in Denton County they used to have maybe 25 Jersey herds. Now they have one. That is all, isn't it?

Arthur: I think that is right.

Louise: J. Fred Davis.

Jenkins: Are there any other observations on changes in the dairy business that y'all want to make here while we are reminiscing?

Arthur: I could say that all the things that the dairymen have done have surely improved the situation of dairy farming, and it has made a lot of progress. But what a great many people don't realize is it is still, as far as I am concerned, a family enterprise. And the family, just like we have said, we enjoyed growing crops and gardens and Jersey calves and children, you know, all of them together. All of them learning to work and enjoying that. There is a lot of pleasures in dairy farming if you take the time to do that and are not just so ambitious that you want to pay for a farm or do this overnight.

Jenkins: Is the dairy business still this family orientation.

Arthur: Well, yes, I would say that it was. The majority of the milk is produced by family farms.

Louise: We have a few large, like in the state of California, if you get out of Texas you have larger farms.

Jenkins: But Texas is primarily family.

Louise: Don't you think the dairy farms have grown in size?

Arthur: Yes, they have grown in size.

Louise: Much larger than they used to be.

Arthur: And a lot less dairy farms, of course.

Jenkins: Is anything comparable in the dairy business to the feedlots in the beef business?

Arthur: Yes, because there are some dairy farms that are just like a feedlot. The feedlot brings this animal in and fattens it up and sells it. Okay. This dairy farm does not raise any calves, does not raise any. They buy these heifers that are just about ready to calve, milk them during their lifetime, and then they sell them.

Louise: And they never go out on pasture.

Arthur: They never go out on pasture. Some of those are highly efficient operations.

Louise: They are like machines.

Arthur: They are very susceptible to the vagaries of price; because that 25¢ a hundred for milk, for instance, may not seem like very much. That would be 2¢ a quart. That doesn't sound like very much, but, boy, that makes you or breaks you in that kind of an operation. And now the farmer, he has besides his dairy cows and that investment like that, he has a farm back there and those things like that. He has a heavy investment. He withstands hard times because he can just not lose that investment, and he

falls back onto his own family for help, for instance. He says, "Well, I can't afford you boys to milk for me anymore. We can't expand, and we are going to have to do this. And we can't afford to raise any more heifers. We are just going to sell our baby calves when they are born.

Louise: I wanted to say that our twelve grandchildren really loved to come to the farm. They came every summer. They liked to come when their cousins could come, too. So we would have, sometimes, six at a time. And it was a lot of pleasure for us, a lot of pleasure for them and something that they looked forward to. I think our Dorchester farm will go down in history for all of those children as something, lots of fun in their lives. We enjoyed them.

Jenkins: When did you decide to get out of it, and why?

Louise: On a real cold, rainy day.

Arthur: We had been thinking about it for a long time. I was on canes, at that time. You know, dairy farmers like football players, just say, they lead a pretty rough life, physically. They get buggered up. Cows kick them and knock them down. They have to do a lot of leg work: squatting and so many different things. We had been here thinking about it, so like Grandma says, Louise says, that one rainy morning I came in. You tell him about it.

Louise: He came in for breakfast. It was snowing and raining and cold, down in the 20's. And I had breakfast ready for him. He sat

down, and he said, "What do you think about us selling out?" And I said, "Well, you are going to be 72 and I am going to be 71, and I think that we have worked long enough. Let's just sell out." I didn't give it much thought. But anyway, I remember . . . you know how words get around. Some real estate man from Sherman, maybe a couple of months later . . . We hadn't said anything to the children or anything about it. He came out and he was very nice. We invited him in, and he had a cup of coffee. We were sitting around talking, and he said, "Don't you think you are old enough now to retire? Don't you want to sell this farm. I have got a good buyer for it." Arthur said, "Well, we might think about it." He said, "Just think, Mrs. Dieterich, you could buy you a Cadillac car, you could take a trip to Europe. And I said, "Well, sir, if I wanted a Cadillac car I could go buy it tomorrow, and if I wanted to go to Europe I could go to Europe week after next." It just kind of irritated me.

Jenkins: Did you sell it as a farm? Did someone take it over as a dairy?

Arthur: No. We sold the farm to this young buck who had come into some money. He wasn't interested in milking cows or having that kind of an operation. So what we did with him, we contracted to sell him the farm and for him to give us seven months to get off the farm and sell our equipment, etc., and our cattle. What we did was to go ahead and advertise that we had 150 good milk cows for sale. And a lot of people knew us and had cattle that had been bought from us that had done well. So

we offered to sell them, instead of having an auction, we offered to sell to these individual buyers who were friends of ours, nearly all of them. We made it easy for them to buy from us by offering to sell them these cattle on time: a certain amount down and a certain amount each month as they got the milk check, and those cows produced the milk and they could make some profit on them. That worked out real good for them, and it worked out good for us. One thing is we charged the bank rate of ~~interest~~ interest which they were paying. Then the other thing is that it prolonged us getting all that money in at one time from those cattle, because you can imagine 150 cows, you know, at \$500 to \$1,000 apiece. That runs into money. So that would help you on your income tax.

Louise: Some people took five years to pay.

Arthur: That's right.

Louise: We let them have five years.

Arthur: We took about 150 head of the young stuff, baby calves and so on like that, and we moved them to a place that we rented real close to Sherman where we bought a home. I continued to look after those until they all had a chance to grow up, to be bred, and ready to calve with their first calf. And that took another three years. So we did that in the meantime. In the meantime, too, we continued with our writing. We emphasized that more, and also with our work with the cooperative and with the cattle people. Finally we got to the point there that

we were spending more time with church work when we got older. then in '79, that has been seven years ago almost, we moved up here to Good Samaritan Village.

Louise: We bought our apartment in October of '78, and then we moved in the first week in January. So it will soon be seven years.

Jenkins: Now you had mentioned earlier some of the organizations that y'all had been involved in over the years. Just to summarize the ones that you can think of, in what ways have you been involved in community and civic organizations?

Louise: Grandpa has been involved in everything.

Arthur: I guess you would say that people have told me that I was a natural leader, a lot of people wanted to follow. I enjoy that. One community activity that we have been proud of, I have acted as the chairman of the council here of Good Samaritan Village for three years and continue on the council to the board of directors. Then, of course, in the church.

Louise: He was an elder, chairman of the building committee.

Jenkins: What church?

Louise: Grand Avenue Presbyterian Church, across the street from Austin College.

Arthur: In Sherman.

Louise: We were members there about 33 years.

Arthur: Here we are members of St. Andrews Presbyterian Church. It is a little difficult for me to go to church, so I go to chapel here which is six days a week. Some of the sources of pride, I would say, I will speak for Grandma, but she was a real good

old country girl that just made her way through college with the help of parents, hers and mine, too, that were determined that their kids were going to get a good education. They made a lot of sacrifices for us. So she did that, and she has been a leader in her family, among a bunch of leaders.

Louise: I did Girl Scout work, was a Girl Scout leader at Walnut Hill School. I served as president of the PTA of Hillcrest High School in Dallas and Walnut School where my sister was principal.

Jenkins: On Hillcrest, the high school which is still there?

Louise: It is the same Hillcrest High School. Same location. That is where our two older children graduated, from Hillcrest High School. It is off of Hillcrest.

Jenkins: Yes, I pass it often.

Louise: That is where our two older children went to high school and graduated from there. I served on the board of regents at TWU for seven years. But Arthur was president of Texas Jersey Cattle Club. He was on the board of the Texas Jersey Cattle Club for thirty years. He was the Outstanding Conservation Farmer in Grayson County. He was on the school board at Dorchester.

Jenkins: What other things that you can remember through the years, all the way back. You mentioned some. Kind of summarize there.

Louise: He was chairman of the DHIA.

Arthur: Dairy Herd Improvement Association. In Dallas and also in Grayson County.

Louise: He served on the board of the AMPI Cooperative.

Arthur: I helped organize and was the first secretary of the American Dairy Association of Texas.

Jenkins: That was when, about what year?

Arthur: I guess, maybe, that was back in the late '40s or '50s.

Louise: You served a long time on that.

Arthur: Oh, yes. I served as a national committeeman then, representing Texas. I enjoyed that association very much. Three or four times a year we would meet at Chicago or Indianapolis or those dairy sections up there. Some folks have given me a plaque for being a Pioneer Dairyman or being a Master Dairyman. One of the honors that I appreciate particularly is from the American Jersey Cattle Club, The Distinguished Service Award.

Louise: Oh, yes, that is the most important thing.

Jenkins: Have you kept these plaques?

Louise: He has given them to the children. Do you know he never would let me hang them up? So when we moved to Sherman, we had a long hall. Our daughter, Nancy, said, "Well, now this is one time we are going to hang up Grandpa's medals and awards, and we are going to call this the Hall of Fame." So she just went down the wall and put every one of them up.

Jenkins: Those things are available if we have reason to get them together?

Arthur: Yes.

Jenkins: What about your writing? Have you or anyone else kept copies of the things that you have written?

Louise: Don't you have some, Arthur?

Arthur: I have copies of articles that I wrote for the Progressive Farmer, the Farm and Ranch. One of the unusual ones is the copy of an article I wrote and this was reprinted in South Africa, the dairy section of Africa.

Louise: And in New Zealand.

Arthur: In New Zealand. Those articles were published in many different places like that. Another one, of course, was this recent one here, the Texas A&M University Athletic Hall of Fame.

Jenkins: What we would like to do if you would consider it, would be to have your writings put into the library, the archives, so that they would be available along with the oral history.

Louise: One thing he wrote that I thought was of interest, he was a commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States at their annual meeting at Montreal. They were impressed with his report when he came back to Texas, so he had it written out, and they published it in the Texas Presbyterian Magazine. I have a copy of that. I have the copy that was in the magazine. I have it in my family scrapbook, but I have your typed part that I typed for you. You had it in longhand, and I typed it. I have a copy of that, I found it the other day. I had sent it to Korea to my niece who is a missionary over there.

Jenkins: Are there any other things now?

Arthur: One thing that has come up that I heard yesterday, as class

agent of my class at A&M-1922, we have been getting together in tapes and also the written history of our classmates. I heard yesterday that now we have twelve of the tapes that we have put onto one big master tape, and then we have made fourteen tapes of that. So that every one of those who have cooperated will have a copy of it, and one of them that has been put in the Archives down at A&M. And then we are getting ready to publish the others into a book similar to what this will be.

Jenkins: Y'all stay busy, then?

Louise: Yes, too busy. We thought we came here to retire.

Arthur: Of course, one of the things that really brought the family to life, especially among the younger generation, is Grandma's history of the family.

Jenkins: We have a copy of that, and it will be in the Archives. Okay, anything else. This is your story, and is there anything that I should have asked you and didn't? Anything that you would simply like to add?

Arthur: You see that we have enjoyed it, and we appreciate it. We hope that it will help folks.

Louise: We sure have had a good time together.

Jenkins: That is important.

Louise: It sure is, for 61 years.

Arthur: Next week we will celebrate our 61st anniversary.

Louise: Last year when we celebrated our 60th anniversary, we had 58 members of our family come.

Jenkins: We want to add at least one other organization here.

Louise: I will tell it, he won't tell it. Arthur was honorary vice president of the State Fair of Texas for many, many years. Now they continue to give him a pass for him and his car every year. They take the bus from here . . .

Jenkins: That's a big car.

Louise: A big car. And he gets to park at a special place by the dairy barn. They don't have to go out in the big parking place.

Jenkins: Do y'all go every year?

Louise: They have a special place to park, and they all get in free. He gets to see the dairy cattle. He always sees the dairy cattle first. They like it because they get in free and they have a special place to park.

Arthur: There is another point that I want to add to the honorary vice president is fine, but the thing is that I was a hard working member of that agricultural committee that decided how many cows we would have; and whether or not the Fair could afford to spend the money to put in this milking parlor; and how much the milk plants would spend there; and also if we could afford to build this new coliseum to show the cattle in. Those were some of the decisions that I enjoyed.

Lousie: That was when he was really working for the State Fair. And this honorary business just came as a gift to him.

Jenkins: Okay, anything else?

A P P E N D I X

As I Remember



A FAMILY HISTORY

By LOUISE CAILLET DIETERICH

From the archives of
North Texas State University Library

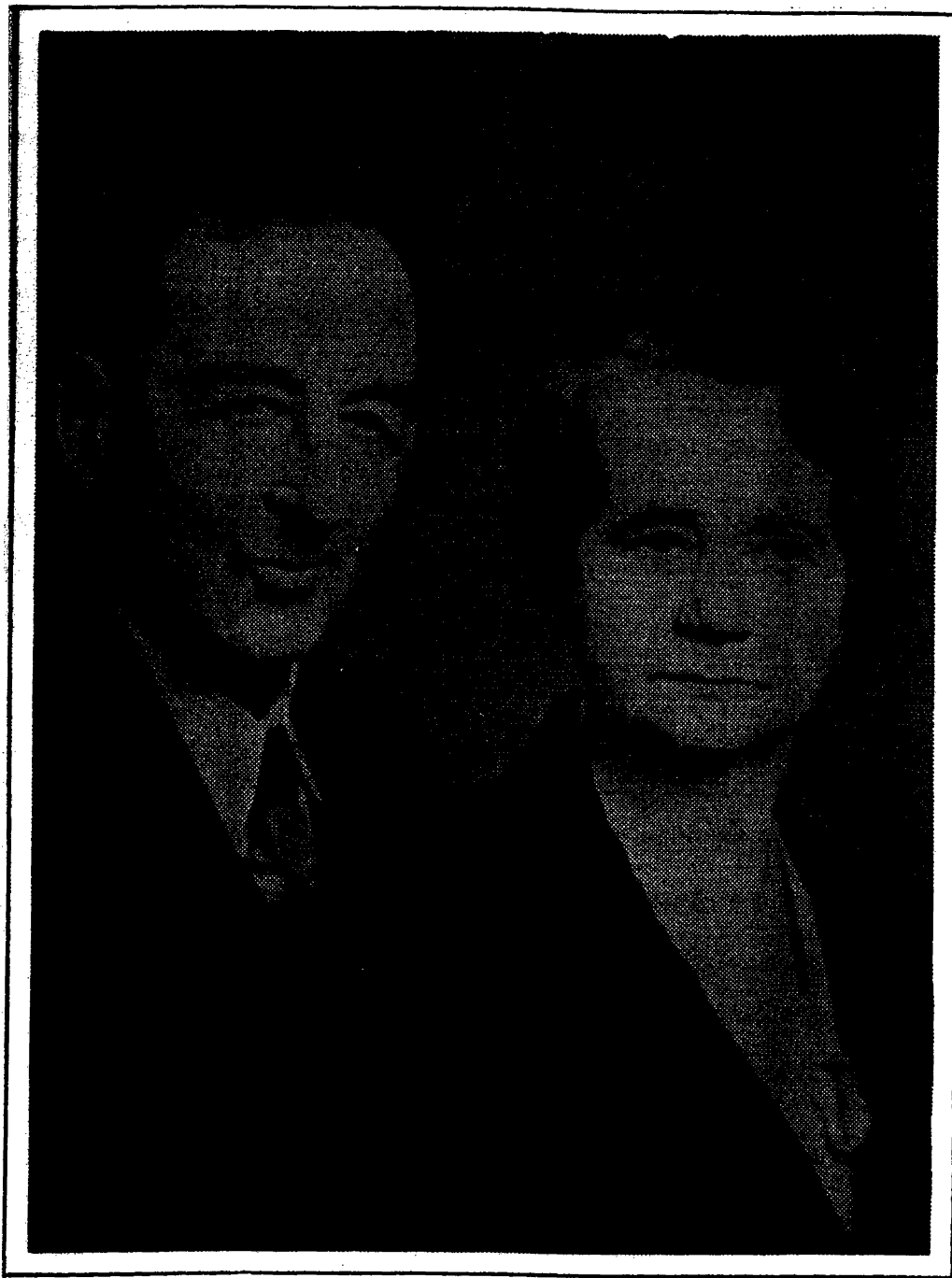
With best wishes,
Louise C. Dieterich

A S I R E M E M B E R

A FAMILY HISTORY — 1856 TO 1947

WRITTEN BY LOUISE CAILLET DIETERICH, 1977-82

Compiled and edited by Nancy Dieterich Kurrus, 1983-84



This history is lovingly dedicated to the memory of my mother and father, Laura Riehn and Fleury Paul Caillet.

NOTES

The Riehn-Wandtke history is taken from letters our mother and her sisters, Clara and Elizabeth, wrote to their brother Otto and his wife Blanche in Muskogee, Indian Territory, during the 1890's. Maude Riehn Luby, Otto's daughter, gave me those letters in 1976. Additional information came from correspondence to our mother from her oldest sister Martha of Redondo Beach, California, and from her cousin Charley Wandtke of Chicago.

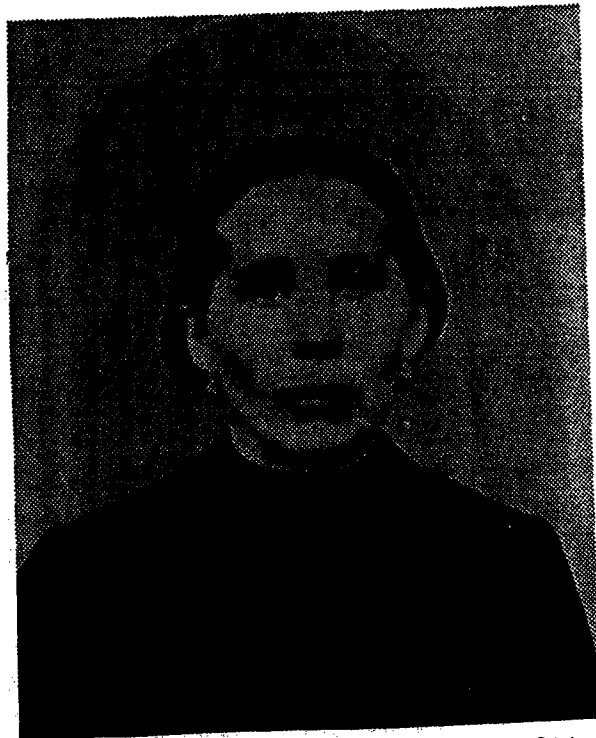
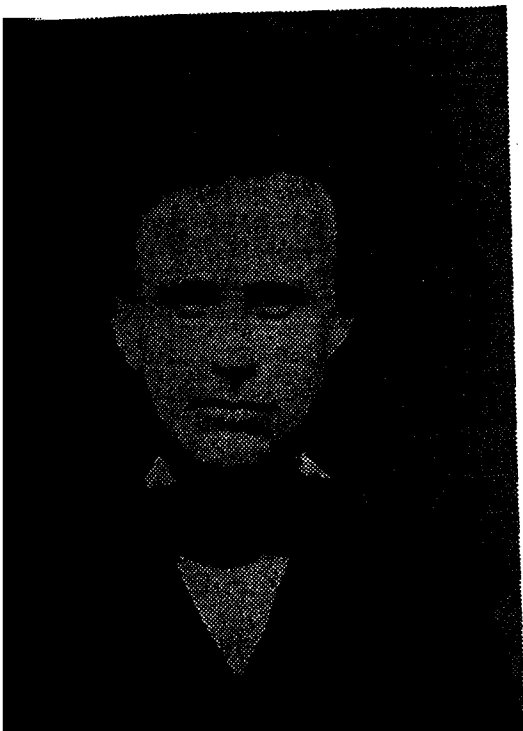
The history of the Caillet-Reverchon family has been found in letters my brother, Dr. O. R. Caillet, inherited along with a desk belonging to our great-uncle Julien Reverchon. My sister Marie Caillet has had many of these letters and documents translated from the French by her friend Jeanne Gilmore of Lafayette, Louisiana. Some of the details of La Reunion and the Reverchon history are from the files of the Dallas Historical Society and from historical articles in the *Dallas Morning News*.

The Caillet-Riehn history came from various members of the family, and mostly from the way I remember it. The Caillet-Dieterich story is from the memories of Arthur and myself. All original letters, documents and journals are in our safe deposit box at University State Bank in Denton, Texas.

Nancy Dieterich Kurrus has spent many hours typing, editing and overseeing the printing of this history. Our thanks to Mr. Woodson and Nu-Art Printing of Denton for their expert assistance.

Louise C. Dieterich

April 15, 1984



Riehn and Johanna Wandtke Riehn, grandparents of Louise, Shirley, Otto, and Margaret Caillet. Wedding pictures, 1858.



Pat-grandfather William Frederick Wandtke of Pustamin, many. (never came to America)



Johanna Wandtke Riehn, age 70, 1905.

RIEHN - WANDTKE

From the time of their marriage in 1858, our maternal grandparents, August Riehn (1831-1886) and Johanna Wandtke Riehn (1835-1909) of Marsow, Germany, had talked of coming to America. They disliked the monarchic form of government in their country and wanted to move to a democratic land. They were disturbed about the Civil War in the United States and decided to wait for the outcome. When the North won, they came to Gilman, Illinois, south of Chicago, in 1866. The naturalization paper of Grandfather Riehn, dated October 17, 1876, reads in part, "...renouncing all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign Prince, Potentate, State and Sovereignty whatever, and more particularly to William, Emperor of Germany..."

Their older son Otto (1860-1916) and eldest daughter Martha (1861-1931) were born in Germany and came over with them. It is from Aunt Martha's letters to our mother, Laura Riehn Caillet, that I have been able to trace the early history of the Riehn-Wandtke family.

Our great-grandfather William Frederick Riehn, father of August Riehn, was born in Alsace-Lorraine, but after the wars he settled in Marsow, Germany, where he was mayor of the town and a deacon in the Lutheran Church. As a young man he was a bodyguard to Frederick the Great of Germany, saving his life one time. For that act of bravery and kindness, the Emperor rewarded him with the title to a large piece of land. His first wife died quite young, but he was fortunate to marry a kind woman who took good care of our grandfather August and his brothers and sisters. When in his teens, August was apprenticed to a tailor, who taught him to make men's fine woolen suits and overcoats.

In the nearby town of Pustamin lived the Wandtke family. Our great-grandfather Wandtke was a blacksmith; his wife was the daughter of a well-to-do family. Our grandfather Riehn became acquainted with their daughter Johanna, and they were married in 1858. August and Johanna were given a house and several acres of land from his parents; and with a gift of money from her parents, according to Aunt Martha,

...they were able to furnish their home quite comfortably. They bought furniture from a member of the German nobility---a nice bookcase with glass doors, a very fine center table and some caned chairs. There were muslin curtains at the windows and pots of flowers. The heating stove was built in of brown tile, in which they burned peat that was dug from the ground and dried. The kitchen stove was built of brick. In the large back room was father's tailor shop, where he cut and sewed. The house was on two acres of ground with willow trees in front---a garden and fruit trees in the back.

When August and Johanna Riehn, their son Otto and daughter Martha arrived in Gilman, Illinois, they had enough money to buy 160 acres of farm land. Four children were born in Gilman:

Clara R. Letot-Barry (1867-1924)
Elizabeth R. O'Leary-Hale (1869-1948)
Edward (1872-1947)
Laura R. Caillet (1876-1942), our mother



First cousins Paul Wandtke and
Martha Riehn, married in 1879.



Clara Riehn Letot Barry



Elizabeth Riehn O'Leary Hale, known as Aunt Lizzie.

Clara Wandtke Scott (L) with
aunts Laura Riehn Caillet and
Elizabeth Riehn Hale, 1939.



Clara Wandtke Scott, daughter of Paul
and Martha Wandtke and oldest grand-
child of August and Johanna Riehn.



Aunt Lizzie and her nieces, L to R, Thelma Riehn Horn,
Marie Caillet, Louise C. Dieterich, Marie Scott, Shirley
C. Welch, Maude Riehn Luby, Ann Riehn Saunderson, 1947.

by her sister Martha to move to Redondo Beach. While travelling west on the Southern Pacific, she met Horatio Barry, the conductor of the train, and they were married in 1908. There were no children from either marriage.

Elizabeth Riehn was our favorite aunt, always known as Aunt Lizzie, and the member of the family who had a great sense of humor. When just 15 years old she married Jerry O'Leary. They had three children: Clara (1885-1892), Daniel (1886-1887), and a son who died at birth. They lived on a farm at the southeast corner of Walnut Hill and Marsh Lanes in Dallas County. Their foster son, Paul LaRoche, went to school with us at Cochran Chapel, married a high school friend of ours, Estelle Keyes, and we have been friends through the years. Aunt Lizzie's first marriage ended in divorce and in 1911 she married W. K. Hale---they had no children. (She gave me more information about the Riehn family than any other member of the clan.)

Edward Riehn married Lula Garvin (1878-1968) in 1896. They had three children: Carl (1898-1962), Ann R. Saunderson (1903-), and Thelma R. Horn (1906-). Ann lives in Dallas and Thelma in Paris, Texas---we have kept in touch with them through the years. After Uncle Ed and Aunt Lula were divorced, he married Maude Haywood and they had one child, Charles Edward, a musician who performs with the Dallas Symphony. We never knew Maude or Charles very well.

Our mother Laura Riehn was only six years old when she came to Texas. She went to school at Letot---five years of formal education---but she continued to read every book and volume of poetry she could find. We considered her a well-educated woman. I remember her quoting poems to us children from Longfellow, Whittier, Browning and Tennyson as she went about baking bread, cleaning house and sewing. As a young girl she loved to dance and to ride horses---she was the first woman in the Letot-Farmers Branch area to ride astride. She was also the first girl in the neighborhood to cut her hair short, which was considered very unladylike in those days. Laura Swann Peterson of Houston has a letter written by our mother to her brother Otto and his wife Blanche in 1892, telling them that her shorn hair was the "talk" of the community.

Mother was small---not quite five feet in height---with light brown curly hair and blue eyes. Although soft-spoken, she had very definite opinions and stated them clearly. After her children were grown, she became an authority on the growing of iris, and owned and operated the Dallas Iris Gardens at her home on Lovers Lane. She also served on the Board of Directors of the Dallas Campfire Council for several terms. In 1936 at the age of 60 she taught herself to type. (I am using her typewriter to tell this story.)

Laura and her mother were members of the Midway Presbyterian Church at the corner of Marsh Lane and Valley View east of Farmers Branch (destroyed by fire in the early thirties). When the church was without a pastor, the two women would leave home at sunup in order to attend services at the First Presbyterian Church in downtown Dallas, led by the minister Dr. William M. Anderson, Sr. The church remains at its original location on the corner of Wood and Harwood Streets; at this writing Dr. Anderson's grandson, John Anderson, is the pastor. Aunt Lizzie was a member of City Temple, a downtown Presbyterian church torn down for office buildings about 1964. Our mother and our sister, Shirley C. Welch, became charter members of Highland Park Presbyterian Church in 1926.

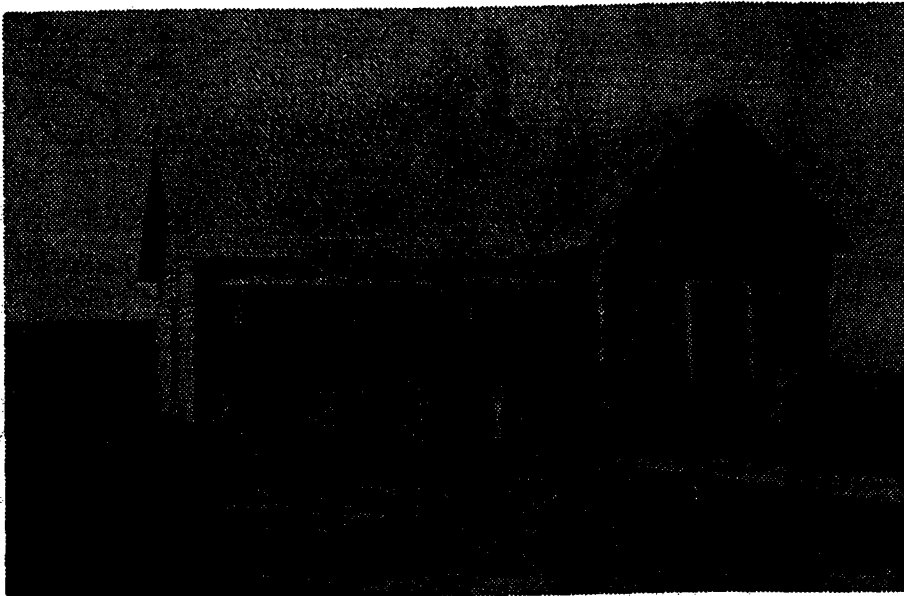
Laura was 16, her brother Edward decided to strike out on his own, and much of the farm work for her to do. Although her mother, Johanna "Red man" to help with the heavy work during planting, cultivating and seasons, Laura felt her chores were too heavy. So when she met a young man at the age of 21, she and Fleury Paul Caillet began to think of marriage. Our grandmother---stoic, stern and one of the matriarchs of our family was opposed to the union. She needed Laura at home and on the farm, and did not approve of Fleury's Catholic background. Finally, when she gave her consent, Laura left home in the summer of 1899 to live with her Otto and his family in Muskogee, Indian Territory.

Laura took care of her three little nieces---Clara, Maude and Gladys--- and her sister-in-law Blanche helped her fill her hope chest with linens and clothing. It was a happy time for Laura. Six months after her arrival, Fleury came by train to Muskogee, and they were married in the Riehn home on Christmas Day.

During that year of 1899 Fleury had spent his spare time building and furnishing a three-room house on two acres of his parents' farm, located on Lovers Lane between the Briarwood dead-ends at the former Lovers Lane Methodist Church. This was the house in which he brought his bride and to which he added more rooms from time to time. It would be their home for the rest of their lives. In 1899 their home was the fifth house on Lovers Lane between Preston Road and Lemmon Avenue.

Their children are:

Louise C. Dieterich (1901-)
Shirley C. Welch (1903-)
Otto Riehn Caillet (1904-1980)
Margaret C. Swann (1915-)
Marie Caillet (1915-)



The home Fleury built for his bride on Lovers Lane, Dallas, where the five Caillet children were born.

CAILLET - REVERCHON

Our great-great-great-grandfather, Jacques Reverchon (1746-1828), a wine merchant and Deputy in the Legislative Assembly, was born at St. Cyr at Mont d'Or near Lyons, France. He was a leader and ardent lover of the French Revolution, and throughout the strife was able to retain the confidence of the men who were in charge of the struggle for liberty. We have a personal letter from Napoleon Bonaparte to Jacques Reverchon, thanking him for his assistance in the Revolution. Later in life, due to his political beliefs, he was forced to leave France. He took refuge in Switzerland where he died at Nyon in July, 1828.

Jacques Reverchon's great love of liberty was passed down to his son Jean, a man of much culture, and on to his grandson Maximilien. It is interesting to note that while Jacques promoted political emancipation, Maximilien was concerned with socioeconomic and intellectual liberty. In other words, our great-grandfather was a socialist!

Maximilien Reverchon (1810-1878) was born in Marcigny, France, educated at the Cluny College in Paris, and early in life became interested in social reform. In 1831 he married Florine Pete; five children were born to them:

Paul (1833-18??), a physician
Elisi (1835-18??), a naturalist and collector of plants
Louise R. Girard (1836-19??)
Julien (1837-1905), a naturalist and professor at Baylor Medical School
Eugenie R. Caillet (1840-1892), our grandmother

Maximilien was a member of the Fourierism Society, a socialistic group under the leadership of Fourier, the French philosopher, and his young friend Victor Considerant, both residents of Lyons. In 1846 Maximilien left his fine vineyards and winery in the care of his family and went to Algeria to found a colony on the plan of Fourier. The colony was unsuccessful, and his vineyards had to be sacrificed. In 1848 he took part in the February Revolution which caused the downfall of Louis Philippe. When the party of Napoleon III founded the Second Empire in 1851, Maximilien left France and visited other European countries with Considerant to help plan the establishment of a Fourier colony in Texas. Four years later La Reunion, a socialist colony of French, Swiss and Belgian pioneers, was founded three miles west of Dallas on the old trail to Fort Worth at "Chalk Hill."

Of the 300 persons who had signed up to come to Dallas, half of the group were to sail in February, 1855, and the remainder were to come the following November. It took six weeks to cross the Atlantic. After first sighting land off the Florida coast, they sailed on to New Orleans where they took on fresh supplies for their trip to Galveston. They came from Galveston to Dallas by oxcart. Many of the group had to walk, travelling about ten miles each day. Each cart had four oxen, and there were just enough carts to carry the supplies, the old women and the children.

When this first group arrived at La Reunion in late April of 1855, their land---2080 acres---looked beautiful and promising with lush green pastures and wildflowers in bloom. There was a bountiful supply of wood and limestone rock, so the men set to work building two and three-room cabins, a community kitchen and a dining hall. Vegetable seeds were planted, grapevines and fruit trees brought from France were set out, and some late grain was sown.

When our great-grandfather Maximilien came to La Reunion in December, 1855, he brought with him his son Julien and daughter Louise. His wife, sons Paul and Louis, and daughter Eugenie remained in France. Maximilien was happy and pleased in the new French colony---everyone was busy with the spring planting, the vines looked good, and the future seemed bright. However, 1857 was a difficult story. It was a year of devastating drought. The vines died, there was not enough food for all the colonists, and their high hopes began to fade. Some of the men and their families moved to Dallas (pop. 500) to find jobs. Although drought was partly responsible for the failure of La Reunion, perhaps the main reason for its dissolution was the fact that there were too many scholars and professional men in the group---and too few who knew how or wanted to attend to the vineyards and fields.

It is of interest to note that Francois Santerre, grandfather of our long-time friends Leo and Johnny Santerre, had been educated in the science of agriculture and was placed in charge of all the La Reunion farming operations. He sailed over on the same sailing vessel with our Reverchon family in December, 1856. After the demise of the colony, the Santerre family continued to run a successful farming and business for many years.

Our great-aunt Louise Reverchon was married to Pierre Girard, a member of the French Colony. They had one son, Paul, a grain farmer at Krum near Denton. Paul and his wife had one daughter, Louise Girard Archer. (We have been unable to locate her since 1970; we thought she might have pictures of the Reverchon family which we do not have.) Paul Girard and our father were about the same age and became good friends for life.

Our great-uncle Julien Reverchon married Marie Henri, daughter of Paul Henri of La Reunion. Two sons were born, but both died from typhoid fever in 1884. Julien reared and educated a foster son, Dr. R. M. Freeman of Dallas. Julien, his wife, and two sons are buried in the old French cemetery in West Dallas, at 2500 West Street near Hampton Road and Pinkston High School. A professor of botany at Baylor College of Medicine and Pharmacy, Julien was a prominent citizen of Dallas. When he died on December 30, 1905, the *Dallas News* had this to say:

Professor Reverchon was one of the most distinguished naturalists and botanists of his time. His home in West Dallas, called "Rose Cottage," contained more than 2600 species and over 20,000 specimens of Texas flora. It is declared to be the best collection of its kind in the world, for no other man or institution possessed so much of value regarding the flora of Texas.

In his will Julien gave his collection to the Shaw Museum in St. Louis, Missouri. Reverchon Park in Dallas is named for him.

According to letters written by our great-grandfather Maximilien, his daughter Eugenie (our grandmother) arrived at his home near La Reunion in June, 1871. Her son Fleury Paul was born on October 31, 1871, and we were never to know the name of his father (our grandfather). In 1872 she married Georges Caillet (1825-1872), who adopted and gave his name to our father.

Maximilien remained active in La Reunion for several years, but finally became discouraged and purchased a tract of land in the southeastern part of the colony's estates, near what are now Davis and Westmounts Streets in Oak Cliff.

La Reunion"

Reunion spirit borrowed from early settlement

They came to the United States hoping to build a Utopian agrarian community.

The small band of European immigrants arrived in what is now Oak Cliff in 1856 under the leadership of Victor Considerant, a socialist who wanted to create a community that stressed the idea of all away from the turbulent political climate of Europe. They named their newly formed community La Reunion.

Considerant had scouted the United States in 1854 and returned to France where he wrote a book called *Au Texas*, which gained him enough followers — dreamers — to begin planning for a new community in a far away land called Texas.

Considerant preceded his followers to the chosen spot on the banks of the Trinity, but in their eagerness for a new life, those who were to follow him before the colony was ready to support them.

The French-speaking Europeans from Belgium, Switzerland and France arrived by boat at Galveston and then walked behind their plodding oxen from the coast to Dallas.

The 300 or so that made the journey in their wooden shoes and strange clothing must have been a strange sight to frontiersmen. They spoke only French and were relieved to find on their arrival in Dallas that one resident spoke French and English.

In his book, *A Place Called Dallas*, C.C. Green talks of the conditions that met the new arrivals.

"The people were a curious mixture of artists, aristocrats, physicians (one of whom was forced to be a cook), editors and political figures who had been forced to leave their various countries when governments changed. The colonists also split from the beginning into three or four (political) factions, and on top of this, Texas turned on one of its fiercest weather cycles: a terrible drought, then an equally terrible winter in which even the Trinity froze. Not knowing local agricultural traditions, the La Reunionists couldn't even raise vegetables in their kitchen gardens."

Their community failed after a few years, but not for lack of determination or courage. They were greatly lacking in farming skills and Considerant had chosen perhaps the worst agricultural land in the area, land where a cement factory now stands.

Those that remained in Texas after the colony disbanded, merged into the city of Dallas, a struggling frontier town only a few miles away.

They brought with them to their new city valuable talents, for they were educated people with crafts and trades seldom seen on the frontier. There were tailors, lithographers, weavers, jewelers, painters, chefs, and even dancing masters. Unlike the rich organizers of the community, these craftsmen could not afford to return to Europe when the community failed. Most had spent life savings to join the venture. To Dallas' advantage they stayed, many becoming outstanding citizens whose descendants continue to contribute to the city today.

It was to the courage and pioneer spirit of La Reunion that Reunion developer John Scovell paid tribute when he said that the seed for the name of Reunion came from the spirit of this early community.

A newspaper article about the few living colonists appeared in 1922 and again stressed the diversity of talent at La Reunion.

"There were men who could make shoes, weave cloth, repair watches, grind wheat, sell merchandise, keep books and set diamonds," the story read, "but there were none to till the soil and provide food for their empty stomachs."

Among the new Dallasites from the French community were French botanist Julien Reverchon, who won international fame by cataloging the native flora in the area. Reverchon park on Maple Ave. is named for this early immigrant.

Michael Thevenet, a leading banker in Paris before coming to Texas, became an officer in one of Dallas' first banks when the colony disbanded.

Allyre Bureau, a well known teacher and musician in France, brought the first piano to Dallas, and Ben Long, a former resident of Zurich, Switzerland, would eventually serve as mayor of Dallas.

But the names of those easily recognized as valuable contributors to Dallas' history could go on: Raymond, Michel, Loupot, Henry, Frichot and Nussbaumer. Today many Dallasites can speak proudly of their roots in La Reunion.

The last of the original immigrants to die was Emanuel Santerre, who was 5 when he arrived with his family from France. Santerre died in 1939 and is buried in the Fish Trap cemetery in Oak Cliff along with Reverchon and others from La Reunion.

But the stories of the community and their dreams have not vanished. Dallas businessman Loucain Santerre, with the dark good looks of his French heritage, continues to keep the history of the early community alive for his 2-year-old daughter Schoina, just as his father and grandfather and great grandfather have done before him.

Julien Reverchon



Emilien Reverchon, father of our grandmother,
Henie Reverchon Caillet.



*Julien Reverchon, left, with the Henry family
at Rose Cottage.*

After building a small stone house on this property, he and his son Julien moved to this location. Here after an extended illness he died in August, 1879, and supposedly was buried in his backyard near his favorite pecan tree. His wife and two other sons never came to the United States.

In 1873 our grandmother, Eugenie Reverchon Caillet, purchased 163 acres of land five miles north of downtown Dallas for \$3700, money she had inherited from her mother Florine. The boundaries of this farm were the present Lovers Lane, Inwood Road, University Boulevard and Roper Lane.

Our grandmother died in 1892 when our father Fleury was 20 years old. He recalled to us that his mother had a beautiful yard with flowers and plants brought from the site of La Reunion. (Our sister Shirley Welch still has some of the original blue iris and desert willow growing in her yard.) He also said his mother made wonderful French bread, and sometimes at school he traded it for southern biscuits. Eugenie and her family were the only French people in the Cochran Chapel neighborhood; French was always spoken in the home.

I remember our grandfather, Georges Caillet (we called him Grandpa Dad), better than any of our grandparents. In fact, our Grandfather Riehn and Grandmother Caillet died many years before we children were born, and I was only seven when Grandmother Riehn died. We know very little about Grandpa Dad's background. According to Maximilien's letters, our great-grandfather was not very happy with his daughter's choice of a husband. Georges was a French sailor who landed in New York and fought on the Union side during the Civil War. When the war was over he came to La Reunion.

Shirley, Otto and I loved Grandpa Dad. He would whittle simple toys out of wood for us, and when he went to town he always brought us a gift of rock candy--- a crystal-like confection on cord string. (Our mother kept a mixture of this candy and whiskey in a pint jar to use for cough syrup.) He smoked Twin Oaks tobacco in a corncob pipe and read a weekly newspaper which came from Paris, France. His favorite pastime was playing dominoes.

For many years Grandpa Dad lived alone in the old home on Lovers Lane, coming down the hill about 50 yards to our house each day for his meals. He kept a jug of wine in the dining room cabinet and enjoyed a glass or two of his favorite concord grape at supper time.

He had his own buggy and horse, Little John, which he used for his trips to Dallas to visit his old friend Emanuel Gasquet, who lived in a little cottage on Turtle Creek where the Dallas Theater Center is now located. They played dominoes and drank wine---sometimes too much, which would mean that Little John would often lead the way home. Our father Fleury reprimanded him one evening for coming home after dark, to which Grandpa Dad replied, "You know, Fleury, that Gasquet had a birthday and maybe we had a little too much wine." Two months later he came in after dark again, with the lines thrown over the dashboard and Little John bringing him home. Papa met him down the road and really fussed at him, telling him he would have to quit making trips to Dallas. Grandpa Dad's answer was, "You know, Fleury, that damn Gasquet had another birthday." This is one of our favorite family stories.

Three children were born to Eugenie Reverchon and Georges Caillet:

Eliza Caillet Elsby (1875-1953)

George Caillet (1877-1949)

Kitty Caillet Sanderson (1883-19??)

When our grandmother died in 1892, Eliza was 17, George 15, and Kitty nine of age. Our father Fleury, 20, took over as head of the household. Grandpa depended upon him for everything. He took charge of the farm work, and on the hunted wild game for the market. He supplied the St. George Hotel, Dallas' st in those days, with quail, dove, plover, prairie chickens, ducks, geese, venison, as well as fresh-water fish of various kinds. He was considered the hunter, camp cook and outdoorsman in north Dallas, and he often told us ies about his serving as a guide and leader for hunting parties of Dallas ers and professional men in the Arbuckle Mountains of the Indian Territory in the vicinity of the Coon Creek Club near Athens, Texas.

Fleury was tall and handsome, with curly black hair and a winning smile. as very gallant and made everyone feel "at home" and important. As a host, as at his best. He designed and made beautiful furniture for our home, and ur sister Margaret wrote me, "The furniture Daddy made was very similar to being made by Gustav Stickley---the renowned New York cabinetmaker, yet I t that he ever saw a piece of Stickley furniture!" (Margaret wrote this in , and since then we have discovered that our parents' dining room furniture based second-hand in 1925 was made by Stickley. It is in the home of their daughter Nancy Dieterich Kurrus.)

In 1957 a Dallas elementary school was named for F. P. Caillet, "an early as settler, a descendant of the French pioneers who established La Reunion."

Eliza Caillet (1875-1953) married Larry Elsby (1871-1922) in 1893. He lived farm across the road from the Caillets. (The Elsbys and the Caillets were bors for three generations and have remained friends through the years.) and Larry had five children:

May E. Eldredge (1895-1975)

Rosa E. Buckner (1897-), McAdoo, Texas

Rena E. McDuff (1901-1959)

Willie E. Formby (1903-), Plainview, Texas

Joe (1906-1960)

In 1908 they moved to West Texas, pioneers on the "Caprock," and they and r descendants have lived in the McAdoo-Crosbyton area since that time. Our in Rosa Buckner wrote me about their journey to West Texas:

We travelled in four covered wagons, taking a man along to do the cooking and to help in setting up the overnight camps along the way. Our parents bought 320 acres of grassland at \$12.50 per acre---no fences and no buildings. We lived in a sod house the first winter---water was scarce and had to be hauled in barrels from a neighbor's windmill one mile away. In the summertime many antelope would come up around the house and barn looking for a drink of water. Papa had to go to "The Breaks" several miles away to haul mesquite wood for the cookstove and heater. We kids walked two miles to a one-teacher school.



Louise Reverchon Girard,
sister of our grandmother.



Eliza Caillet Elsby, daughter
of Eugenie R. Caillet and
sister of Fleury Paul Caillet.



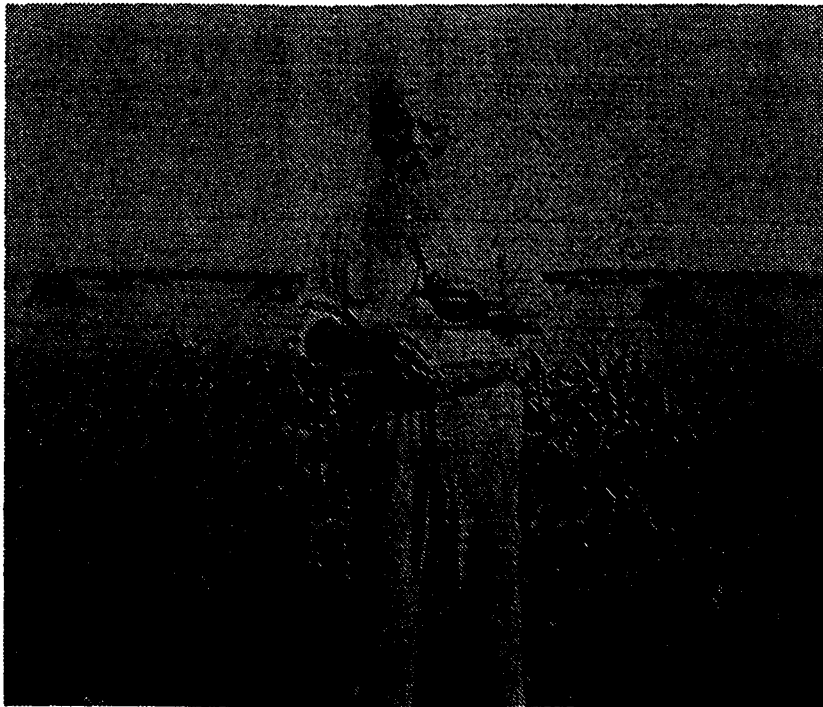
La Reunion Cemetery off Hampton Road in West
Dallas. Headstone of Julien and Marie Rever-
chon in foreground, their two sons at left.
(photo taken in 1982)

Aunt Eliza was a friendly affectionate person---in West Texas she was known as "the little French lady with the pretty flower gardens." Our mother and father enjoyed visits with them and their children, and I have enjoyed keeping in touch with my West Texas cousins. Many of Aunt Eliza's descendants have attended Texas Tech University. One of them, Clint Formby, is a recent chairman of the Board of Regents.

George Caillet (1877-1949) married Hattie Ritchey. Three children were born to that union: Irving, Myrl and Lillian. Hattie left George and the children when Lillian was a baby. Our parents took care of Lillian until Uncle George married again, and I remember what a sad day it was for all of us when we had to take her to Uncle George and her stepmother, Mikie Odum. George and Mikie had five children. They always had a hard time financially---our mother and father and we children helped them until the time of Uncle George's death, and our brother Dr. O. R. Caillet took care of many of the grandchildren in later years.

Kitty Caillet (1883-19??) married Ches Sanderson of Alabama in 1900. They built a home at the corner of Lovers Lane and Inwood Road and had one daughter, Ruby. When she was three years old, they moved to Lawrence County, Alabama, where two other daughters were born. Our parents helped them financially during Aunt Kitty's long illness until her death at an early age. I remember that our mother made gowns for Aunt Kitty and gingham dresses for the girls. After her death we never heard from the family anymore.

Our Grandpa Dad lived to be 87 years old, dying on December 27, 1912. Services were held in the Holy Trinity Catholic Church on Oak Lawn Avenue and Preston Road. He and our grandmother, Eugenie Reverchon Caillet, are buried in the old Catholic cemetery on Hall Street in North Dallas.



Georges Caillet, "Grandpa Dad."

CAILLET - RIEHN

Fleury Caillet was delighted when Laura Riehn finally consented to marry him Christmas Day, 1899, at the home of her brother Otto in Muskogee, Indian Territory. Laura was a very popular young lady in the Farmers Branch community, and quote from a letter written in 1895 by Laura's sister, Clara Riehn Letot (Barry) their sister-in-law Blanche Riehn in Muskogee:

Sister Laura and Mother went to a reunion of Old Settlers at Farmers Branch the 2nd and 3rd days of August. I helped Laura to make a new white dress and Mother said that all eyes turned to look the second time. Laura is very nice-looking and tell Otto she is like himself -- very proud and goes with the best people...

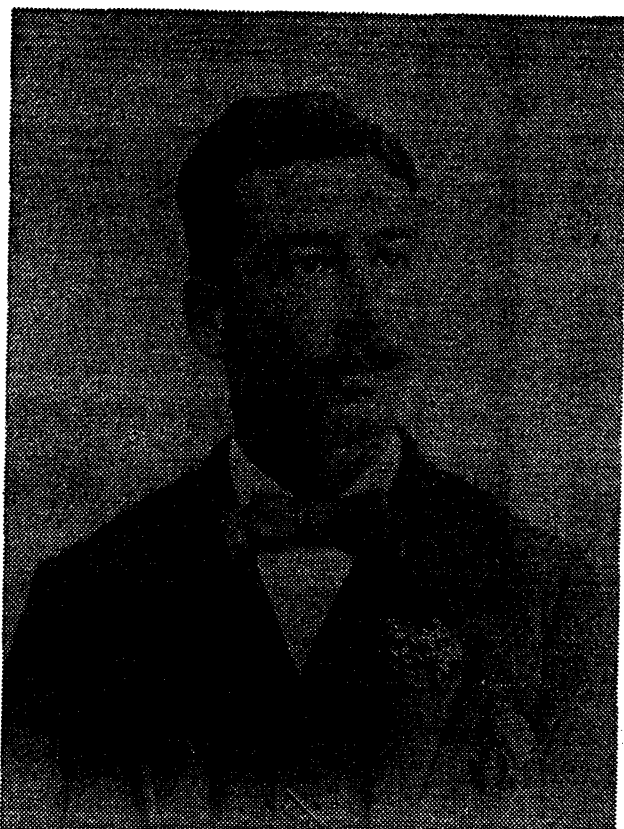
After their marriage Fleury brought Laura to the home he had built for them Lovers Lane. She later told us children how pleased she was with the house and the furniture---the bedroom had an oak dresser, bed and washstand, an oak table and six chairs in the dining room, and a new "four-eye" wood cookstove in the kitchen. Fleury had learned to be a skilled carpenter and had built a corner china cabinet with glass doors in the dining room and cabinets along the south wall of the kitchen. At the turn of the century very few farm homes had "built-in" furniture. He had put shades at the windows, and her sister Lizzie gave her lace curtains for the two front rooms.

She and Fleury spent as much time as they could beautifying their yard and getting a plot of ground ready for a vegetable garden between the house and the barn he was to build in the spring. In the evenings Laura read *The Youth's Companion* and *The Saturday Evening Post* to Fleury---he had never developed a habit of reading. In fact, his boyhood home contained papers and books only in French.

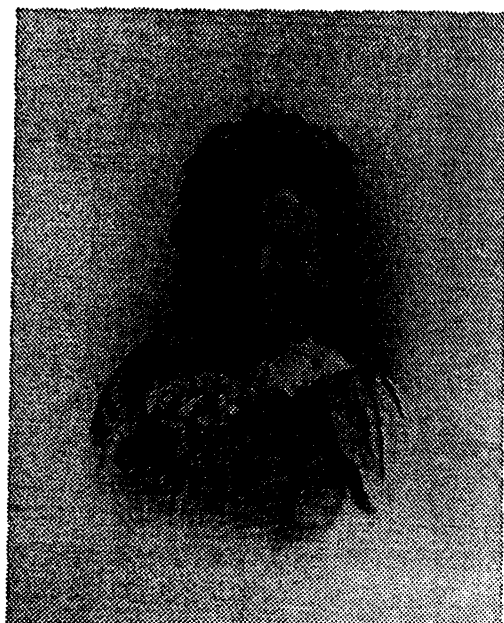
After I was born on September 23, 1901, Mama had less time for reading; and when Papa became impatient as to how the continued stories were coming along, he began to pick up the magazines as they came every week and read for himself. This was the beginning of his love for books, and for the rest of his life he was an avid reader. He also loved good music and opera. I remember when he bought our first Victrola with the big horn; he purchased records by Schuman-Heink, John McCormick and Caruso, as well as Harry Lauder and popular songs of the day. He often talked of *Faust*, his favorite opera. When we were little, he took us to see the Al G. Fields Negro Minstrels at the old Dallas Opera House. The program was song, dance and jokes by white actors in blackface.

Aunt Lizzie told me of Grandmother Riehn's continuing disapproval of Laura's marriage---that when I was nine months old she said to herself, "I'm going to hitch up my horse, go down to Farmers Branch for Grandma Riehn and take her to Laura and Fleury's to see their firstborn, Louise." It turned out to be a very pleasant visit and the beginning of a fine relationship between Papa and his mother-in-law. In fact, several years later she told Mama that she and Fleury had the happiest and best marriage of any of her children.

My sister Shirley was born on July 8, 1903, and our only brother Otto on October 16, 1904. Dr. McIver was the physician who delivered all three of us at home, and Eliza Peace was the nurse who took charge for about ten days after each birth. She was born during slavery days in the 1850's and lived in Elm Thicket,

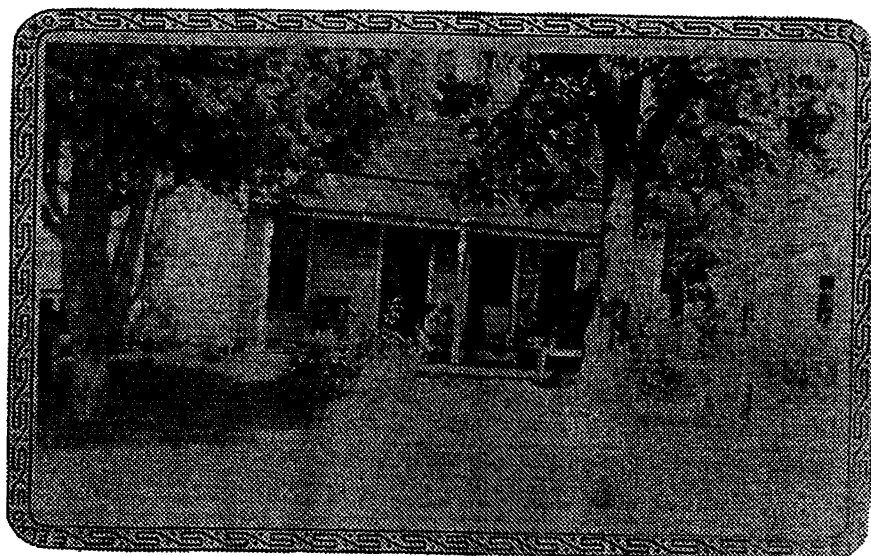


Fleury Paul Reverchon Caillet

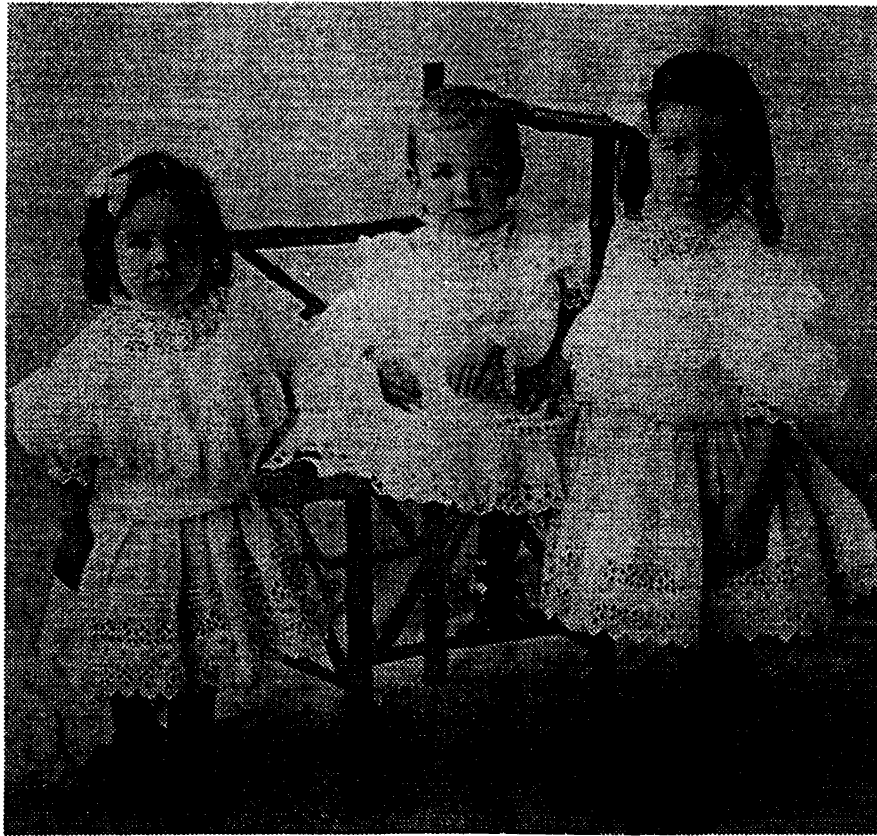


Laura Riehn Caillet

Fleury and Laura were married
in the home shown below on
Christmas Day, 1899.



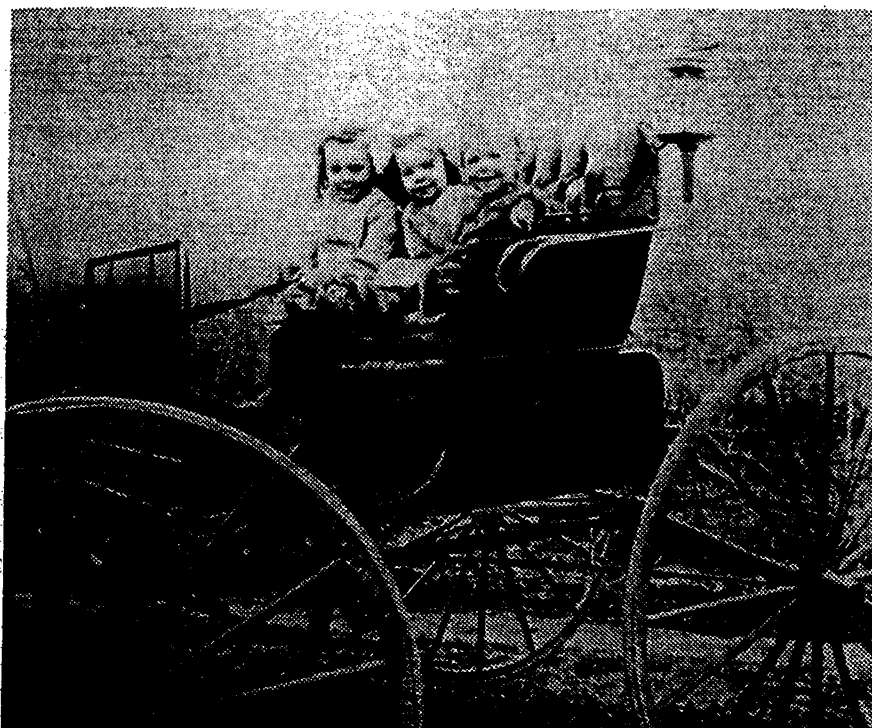
Home of Otto and Blanche Riehn, Muskogee OK, 1938.



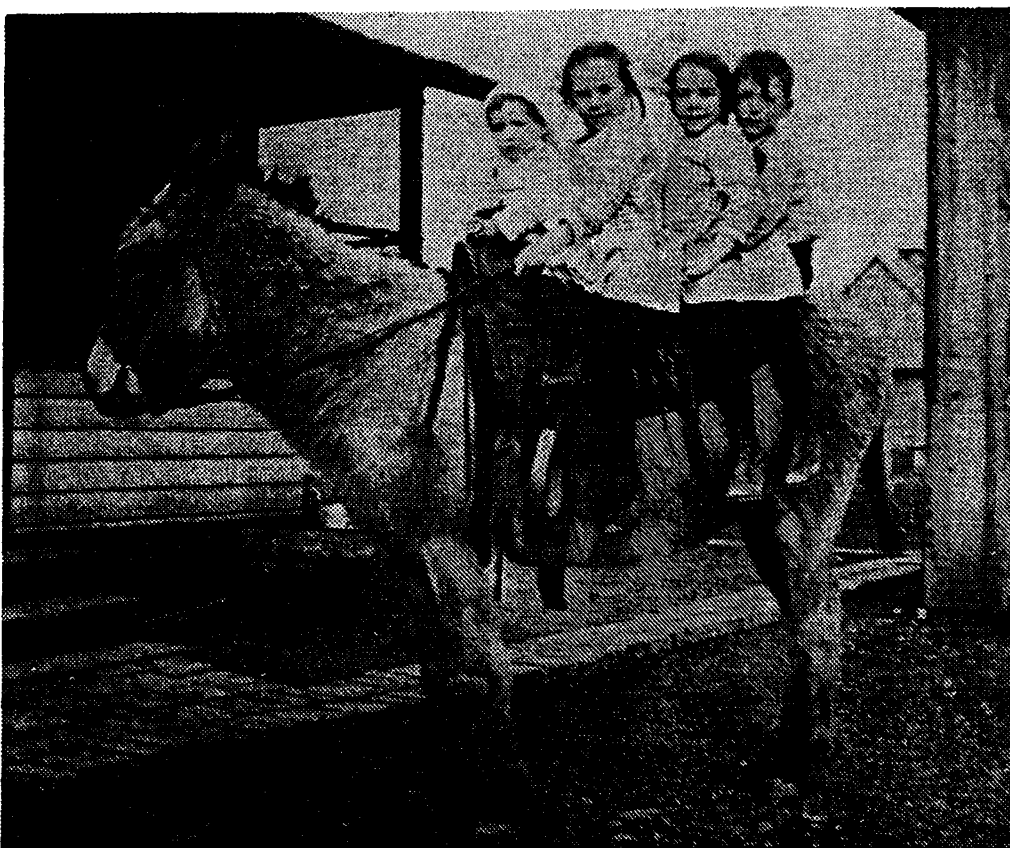
Shirley, Otto and Louise Caillet, 1906.



Grandpa Georges "Dad" Caillet, Shirley, Louise, Otto, 1908.



Louise, Shirley and Otto in a spider phaeton, 1906.



Julia Gibson, Louise, Shirley, Otto on "Teddy Gray," 1908.

The community given over to the Negroes following the Civil War, now the south end of Love Field. For many years her daughter Lizzie and her husband, Bud Long, lived with their three children on our farm, doing the farm work while Papa continued his work as a carpenter and contractor.

In his spare time, Papa was adding more rooms to our house: another bedroom, a large combination living-dining area, a screened-in back porch on the south side where we ate in the summertime, and---when it became a health fad---he built a sleeping porch on the east side of the house in order that we would have fresh air all year round. It was delightful in the summer but not very pleasant in the winter!

We children loved to visit our Grandmother Riehn at her home in Farmers Branch. The house was two-storied, and we liked to climb the steep stairs to the upper bedrooms. She had a big watchdog, a mastiff, which she kept on a chain in the daytime. To us he was a big lion, and we kept our distance from him. She often came and stayed with us, and always brought lemon teacakes---also a special treat of Aunt Lizzie's.

We grew up in a happy home. Perhaps we were poor in material things, but we never knew or felt it. Mama was the disciplinarian; Papa never "laid a hand" or corrected any of us. Only once, I remember, did Papa become real angry with us children. That was the time Shirley, Otto and I drove our pony-cart down to the watermelon patch to see if the melons were ripe. They looked okay to us, and we thought we would surprise Papa and be helpful at the same time---so we gathered enough large melons to fill the cart. Every one was green, and Papa was furious! We never really liked watermelon much after that.

In the summer Papa played croquet with us and dominoes and "42" in the winter. Christmas was always a big occasion, with a large native cedar tree trimmed with strings of cranberries and popcorn, and real candles which were lighted on Christmas Eve. Often we invited the neighbors in, or we would go to their house for a Christmas Eve party. One year Mama decided we would have a real Santa Claus, so she splurged on a beautiful mask with long white whiskers and flowing hair, plus a red velvet cap. But velvet was too expensive for an entire suit, so she bought red polka-dot on white calico at 10¢ a yard for Santa's outfit.

That Christmas Eve the Elsbys (including Pauline, Jim, Thelma and Charley) from across the road came to our party; also Uncle George Caillet, his wife and two older sons, Irving and Myrl. Mama had baked five kinds of cake to serve, and Grandpa Dad furnished the wine. We children were having such a good time we never noticed the absence of Papa, and in due time Mama announced that Santa was coming and for all of us to be real quiet. We heard the ringing of a cowbell and Mama asked some of us children to go to the door. No one volunteered until finally brave, prissy Thelma opened the door. When Santa came in, every child in the room began to cry and scream (except Thelma and her older sister and brother). Finally Santa took off his cap and mask---Papa trying to reassure us that Santa was only our Papa. After we children quieted down, the gifts were passed out, cake and wine served, and a good time was had by all. However, we were not to see or hear the last of the polka-dot suit. Mama was a thrifty person---she had to be---so she made a beautiful quilt from the suit and left-over material. We children never liked it and would not have it on our beds. Shirley and I would drape it over our heads and yell "Boo!" to Otto, sending him crying to Mama. It lasted for many years and was always referred to as the Santa Claus quilt.

In 1908 I started to school at Cochran Chapel---a two-story building with stairs room for the Woodmen of the World lodge meetings and the downstairs for our classes. There were about 15 or 20 pupils in the seven grades with one teacher. This building was located in a grove of trees on Midway Road and present Shorecrest Drive near Bachman Creek in Dallas. Our playground was on Midway Road; our drinking water was from Bachman springs served in a bucket with a wooden dipper; our restroom was a "two-seater" without a roof up in the woods.

Thelma Elsby and I had been taught the first grade at home, so when her sister Pauline took us to school on that Monday morning in September, 1908, we were proud to be entering the second grade. Before the day was over, and after teasing from Asbury Brown, Jim Elsby, and the two older Harrison boys about our long pigtail braids (most of the girls wore their hair on top of their heads), I felt very insecure and went home in tears.

I was glad when Shirley and Otto (aged 6 and 5) joined me at school the next year. Although PTA's were unknown in those days, Mama suggested that the school-children needed a playground and a roof over the restroom; so with the help of Papa, our hired man, Papa, and Ernest Brown (Anna B. Baker's father), work was done. Small trees, bushes and briars were cut down, the ground was leveled, and soon there was enough room for a baseball diamond on the south side of the building and for "drop-the-handkerchief" and "London Bridge" on the north side.

Papa decided we three children were having to walk too far to school---a mile if we went through the Elsby and Brown pastures and woods, but much easier if we went around by the road. That is how the donkey "Teddy Gray" came into our lives. Papa sold corn shucks for tamales to some Mexicans who lived on Sanger Avenue in order to buy him. We three children rode him to school---two in the saddle and one on behind. Mama thought we needed some kind of buggy along with Teddy Gray, so one day she came home with an English ponycart. Since our donkey had cost only \$10, she felt the nice second-hand cart was well worth \$25. We used this cart for many years, even after we were in high school, and eventually exchanged old Teddy Gray for a real pony.

I remember our summer vacations at Bachman's Lake, and sometimes we would go all the way to the Trinity River five miles from home for a camping trip. We would hitch up the mules to the wagon, load up with a tent, quilts, cooking utensils, and lots of good food, and we would join our neighbors at the lake or river for swimming, fishing, games and plenty of fried catfish.

We attended Sunday school and church in our community, Cochran Chapel Methodist Church, organized and built in 1844 on the site where it now stands at the corner of Midway Road and Northwest Highway. We especially enjoyed Children's Bazaar, Dinner-on-the-Ground, and the Christmas programs. Shirley and I were a bit shy but Otto was always ready to perform in any capacity---it seemed to be so easy for him to memorize the verses and parts he was to recite.

We children enjoyed our monthly trips to downtown Dallas with Mama in the surrey pulled by her spirited horse "Billy Boy." (Papa had built sideboards for the back seat of the surrey to keep us from falling out.) She would hitch him in front of Sanger's Department Store, buy some fudge candy from a sidewalk stand for us to eat, and leave us while she went to Sanger's, the bank, and up the street to A. Harris'. The trip home always included a stop at the bakery for Papa's bread and cookies (a once-a-month treat) and at the butcher shop for a piece of steak, which was a pleasant relief from wild game and fish.

One day going home on McKinney Avenue we met our first car---I think it was a bright red Stanley Steamer. Mama said, very calmly, "You children lie down on the floor. Billy-Boy may be afraid of that auto coming." Of course, he was frightened to death and ran all the way to the end of McKinney out to where Knox street is now. All the while Mama was standing up in the front seat trying to control him by holding the lines tight and talking in a soothing tone. And of course we kids had come off the floor and were standing too. It was a thrill of a lifetime to go so fast---we even passed several streetcars!

Papa's horse "Sloan" was gentle, "just perfect," Papa always said, for hunting birds. He would hitch him to his buckboard buggy---one seat with standing room in the back. Otto sat in front, Shirley and I stood in the back. We would be hunting for quail, doves and plovers over in the area where S.M.U. is now located and along Turtle Creek. We never failed to come home without meat for supper.

I remember one spring we had many wind and rain storms. Papa decided we would have a storm shelter before another year had passed, so in March of 1910 he bought one of O. K. Harry's new-style corrugated iron cellars, placed it securely in the ground and covered it over with good black soil. Shirley, Otto and I couldn't wait to have a storm. Every time we saw a black cloud in the sky we would think this was the time to go. It seemed months before Mama gave the warning, "We're going to have a storm. Each of you children get a quilt and all go to the cellar." Papa lit the lantern and we all marched down the stairs into the cellar to spend the night. The next morning when Papa went up to fix breakfast, he opened the cellar door, and we heard him say, "Well I'll be damned! Mama, come look." There had been so much rain during the night that our underground cellar was now floating high off the ground. Papa had to pull off shoes and socks, wade to the house, get his boots on, then carry each one of us out.

State Fair time was an important yearly occasion for our family. Mama would get up early to fix the lunch, while Papa hitched up Billy Boy to the surrey and put in a bag of oats for his mid-day meal. On the way to the Fair, we would stop in town to buy baker's bread, boiled ham, and a basket of Concord grapes fresh from Arkansas to add to Mama's fried chicken and lemon cake. Besides our extra-special picnic lunch, the things I remember most about the day would be the merry-go-round, the "Shoot-the-Chute" (boats filled with people were lifted up to a high ramp, then let go down a slick runway to splash into a lake of water---an early version of the log ride at Six Flags.), and the band music at the old coliseum. I have never forgotten John Philip Sousa and his great band playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

Although I did not know it at the time, in 1910 I would meet "the man of my life." We kids at school had heard a town family had bought the Millard Lively farm at the corner of Midway Road and Walnut Hill Lane, and two of their children would be coming to Cochran Chapel about Thanksgiving time to enter classes. I remember the day Arthur and Louis Dieterich came to school. They were dressed in wool knickers and coats---what we called Sunday clothes. Most of the boys out in the country wore overalls. Thelma, Elsby and I decided right off that Arthur was a smart-aleck---he volunteered to do "The Night Before Christmas" at our school's holiday program before anyone else had a chance to hold up a hand. Also, by springtime he was teasing the girls. Thelma and I sat up front in a double desk. Arthur sat in the back with Jack Lively. He would hold up a sign: "If you love me, grin," then cough and clear his throat real loud. Of course Thelma

I looked around and grinned! He always sent me an extra special Valentine, I was sorry when he decided to go to high school at Dallas High on Bryan St. I would go to the nearest country high school, Maple Lawn.

The year 1914 was an important one. That spring Papa bought our first auto, a Model T Ford touring car, for \$375 cash. Our neighbor George Lay taught how to drive, and we children couldn't wait to have a ride in it every evening when Papa came home from work. It had isinglass curtains, which had to be pulled up if it rained or was too cold, and the lights went off whenever the engine stopped running. When Papa first learned to drive, he often killed the engine, especially at night if we were out for a drive. We kids would giggle every time it happened, which sometimes provoked Papa. It so happened that it was a long time before Mama would ride with him in the daytime, much less at night.

In September of 1914 Shirley, Otto and I entered Maple Lawn School, a combination rural high school and grade school on the corner of Inwood Road and Oak Springs. It was a two-story frame building with two rooms for high school classes plus an auditorium upstairs, and four rooms downstairs for the elementary grades. There were six teachers. We felt lost in such a large school, but soon made new friends, went to football games and really had a good time. Our mother had been busy that summer sewing dresses for Shirley and me and shirts for Otto to wear to our new school. Shirley and I each had three gingham---I remember one was a red, black and white plaid. We were so proud of the pleated skirts and white Indianhead cotton middie-blouses with red collars and cuffs lined with white soutache braid. She even made each of us a new Sunday winter dress of blue wool serge with a white linen collar. Along with a pair of high-top black laced leather shoes, this constituted our winter wardrobe. Papa took Otto to Sanger Brothers and bought him his first suit with long pants.

At Thanksgiving time that year "Aunt" Lucy Lee, a kind and good black woman, came to live with us. Papa built her a pretty servant's room adjoining his carpenter shop, with a front porch and wallpaper with pink roses, and Mama made curtains for the windows. She could not read or write, and Otto taught her to read through the First and Second Readers and how to write her name. She would dictate letters to her only relative, Rebecca Williams of Sherman, Otto would write them, then Aunt Lucy would sign her name. The letters were always sent to "Moxey" Street in Sherman. Many years later when Arthur and I moved to Grayson County, we found out that the street was Maxey. Rebecca was dead by then, but some of the neighbors remembered her.

Aunt Lucy was a beloved member of our family, and was a great help to Mama in the cooking, housecleaning and laundry. Occasionally she would take us children to the Negro baseball games, the diamond located at the corner of Lem Avenue and Mockingbird Lane. Papa always gave her extra money to buy us each an ice cream cone. He also let her have his horse and buggy to go to Elm Thicket for the Sunday afternoon services at the Negro church---and for "Juneteenth," a special occasion on June 19 when the black folks celebrated Emancipation Day with pecue, soda pop, beer and baseball. I remember her coming in late in the evening singing "Amazing Grace."



Cochran Chapel School, Midway Road at Northwest Highway, 1911.
(1,2) Otto, Louise on donkey, (3) Shirley, (4) Arthur Dieterich.



English dog-cart which took Shirley,
Otto and Louise to Maple Lawn
School, 1914.



"Aunt" Lucy Lee.



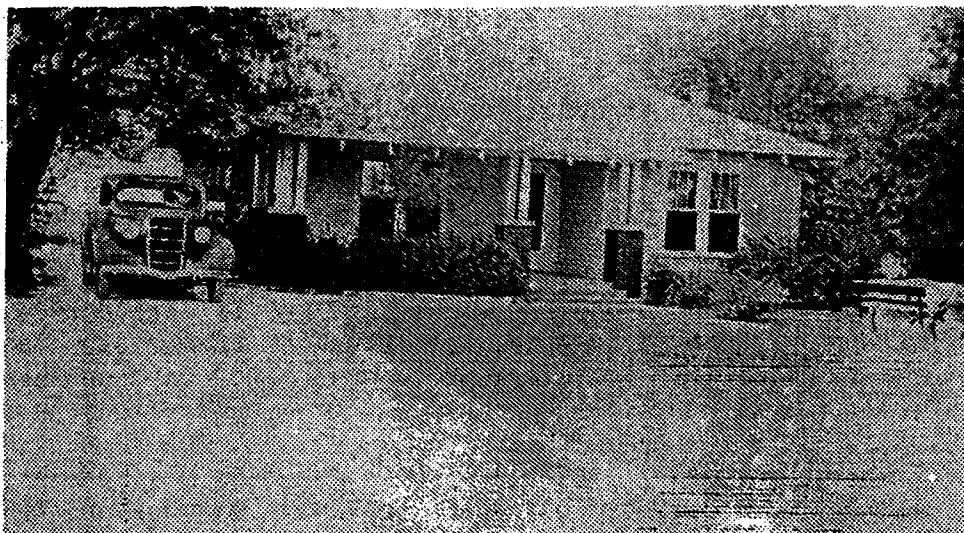
Margaret and Marie in the new sedan, 1920.



Marie and Margaret- graduates of Bradfield Elementary School, Highland Park, 1929.



Margaret and Marie Caillet, 1921.



Caillet home, 1922. Built in 1899 and remodelled in 1920.

She was really needed in the fall of 1915, when our mother gave birth, at
me, to twin daughters, Margaret and Marie, on September 7. That summer Mama
ad told us she was going to have a baby and showed us some of the clothes she
as making for it. Mama's best friend, Minnie Lucas, brought her a pretty hand-
broidered baby dress to add to the layette. About two weeks later Marie King,
or music teacher's sister, brought Mama an identical hand-embroidered dress.
ighbors said, "Now Mrs. Caillet will have to have twins." Aunt Lucy would often
ay to us kids, "You white chilluns be nice and step aroun' easy cause your mama
s in a family way."

Everyone was so excited over the birth of the Caillet twins. They were
beautiful babies and people came from around the community to see them. Mama
ad the best of care: two physicians, a practical nurse, and as always, Aunt Lucy
in charge of the household! Shirley, Otto and I helped in every way we could.
Each twin had a baby-buggy, and we did lots of pushing. When they were one year
old, Mama was teaching me how to sew, and I began by making simple apron-dresses
for them. I was glad when I could make "Sunday" frocks with lace and tucks for
Marie and Margaret.

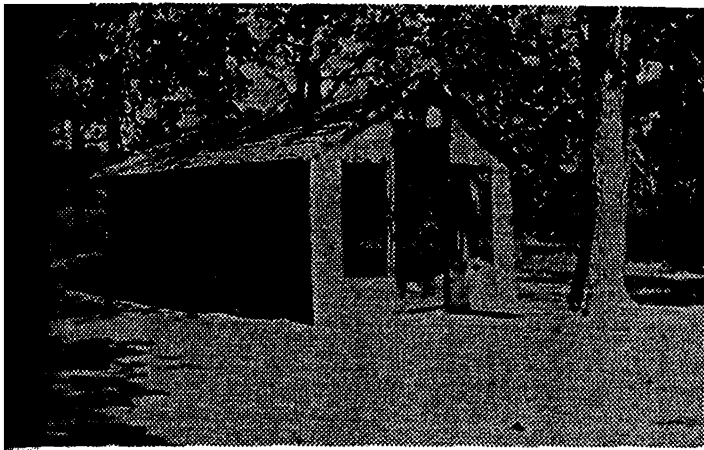
We three older children enjoyed our teen-age years. We helped on the farm
and around the house when needed, but there was leisure time also. Our parents
let us roll up the rugs on Saturday night, and we danced with the neighbor kids
to the music of our 1910 tin-horn Victrola. Our favorite music was Eula Mae
Melch's piano playing. She was my life-long friend, and her brother Clyde married
Shirley in 1930.

Papa was always ready to take us to dances at neighboring homes, to football
games, basketball tournaments, and picture shows---he enjoyed them all as much as
we did. As I recall, our home was always the gathering place for the children in
the community. Shirley played on the high school basketball team, and we never
missed a game.

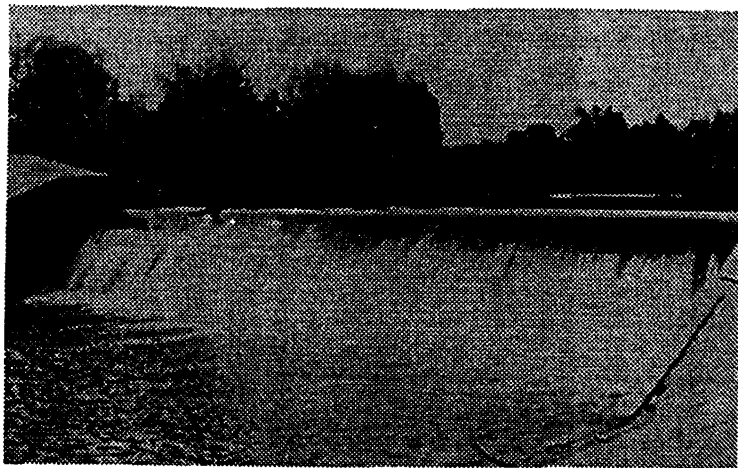
During the summer of 1916 our parents leased two acres of wooded land with
a screened-in cabin near California Crossing Dam on the Trinity River west of
the Letot community. It was here that our family and friends enjoyed camping,
swimming and many neighborhood picnics for several years. Mama named it "Camp
Hardtack." Below the dam, the water was clear and swift, and the river had a
fine gravel base---ideal for swimming.

We went to Sunday school at Cochran Chapel Church and played baseball on
Sunday afternoons. If we had enough ice to spare, we turned the freezer for home-
made ice cream. Several of the men stationed at Love Field Air Force Base in 1917-
1918 (later to become Dallas' first airport) would often drop in on Saturday night
or Sunday afternoon. Mama usually served cookies, doughnuts and lemonade. Our
living room and front porch were like a U.S.O. Lt. Cleveland, a high school tea-
cher from Michigan, played the piano, and Bobby Ogg from New Jersey entertained
us with his stories of Jersey City. Sergeant Clyde Patterson of Hubbard City,
Texas, and Corporal Lloyd Crow of Pennsylvania kept in touch with our family for
the rest of their lives.

Occasionally a training plane would fall, crashing in our cotton and grain
fields, which was very exciting. Papa and Otto would hurry down to the crash to
see if they could help and to estimate the amount of damage done to our crops.
Fortunately no one was ever seriously injured on our farm.



Camp Hardtack," the Caillets' first vacation
abin at...



...California Crossing Dam on Trinity River
west of Letot, 1917.



L to R, Louise Caillet, Johnie Hollingsworth, Shirley Caillet
and Frankie Welch in new bathing suits with black hose,
"Aunt" Maude Nesbit in bonnet. Trinity River, 1917.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 25th
1917

Minstrel, by High School

Sam Bone	Leo Blessingame
Trom Bone	Wm. Funderburk
"Happy" the mule driver	Hogan Aulick
Prof. Smartaleck	Edward McAllister
"Coal Dust"	James Mackey
Mischievous Pete	Robt. Williams
Fighting Joe	Clyde Welch
Jacobsin, the Jew	Turley Dalston
Interlocutor	Jeptha Dalston

Chorus: Misses Eula May Welch, Eloise Hawes, Alta Ziliox, May Belle Butler, Ethel Cervin, Jessie Mullins, Hazel Keyes, Louise Caillet, Shirley Caillet, Thelma Elsby.

Pianist - Miss Alice Cull

Admission 15 and 25 cents.

Commencement Exercises

May 27, 1918

8:30 o'clock

Vocal Solo (selected)	-	Miss Winkler
Prostrate Belgium	-	Eula Mae Welch
Piano Solo	- - -	Thelma Elsby
Why We Are at War With Germany	-	Jeptha Dalston
Piano Solo	- -	Jessie Mullins
German War Practices	-	Thelma Elsby <i>Salutatorian</i>
Piano Solo	- - -	Eula Mae Welch
A War of Self-Defense	-	Louise Caillet <i>Valedictorian</i>

Presentation of Diplomas

by Prof. D. S. Hood

Star-Spangled Banner - - Audience



Maple Lawn School, Inwood and Cedar Springs, Dallas.
Basketball team with Shirley Caillet on R.

Although we had good teachers who taught all the basic high school studies, Maple Lawn School was much improved with the construction of a new brick building and the hiring of a new principal, Spurgeon Hood. He encouraged us to do plays and minstrel shows. Shirley, Eula Mae Welch, Thelma Elsby and I were always in the chorus line, Clyde Welch played the part of a black-face comedian, and Otto had charge of the tickets.

There were only four in my graduating class: Jephtha Dalston, Thelma, Eula Mae and I. Mr. Hood saw to it that we had all the graduation festivities that city folks had: We celebrated Class Day with a luncheon at the Adolphus Hotel followed by their famous ice show. We sent out invitations and had Baccalaureate Sunday. We girls graduated in white crepe de chine dresses and carried white carnations.

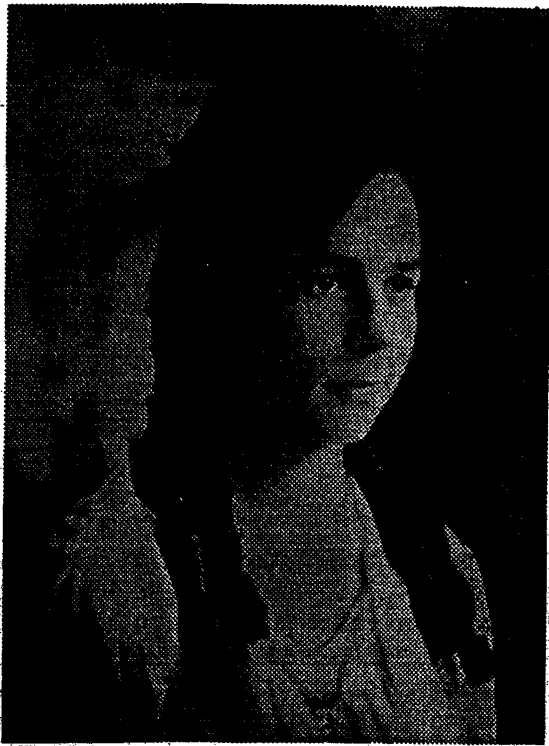
Mr. Hood encouraged me to go to college, but on account of the lack of finances I decided to study typing and shorthand at Metropolitan Business College, from which I graduated in February, 1919. I was pleased to secure work a few days later at the *Dallas Times Herald* as secretary to the advertising manager, Herman Philipson, for a salary of \$75 a month.

During that winter of 1919 I lived with our Aunt Lizzie (Elizabeth Riehn) at 4221 Cole Avenue. My cousin Annie Riehn, who was attending Dallas High School, shared a room with me---upstairs with no heat. We nearly froze to death, but fortunately we never caught the influenza, which was a terrible epidemic that winter. Aunt Lizzie was a dear and a good cook too. We enjoyed our meals with her and Uncle Buck, her husband; but most of all we liked to hear her tell stories of the "good old days" when she grew up in Gilman, Illinois, came to Texas at 13, and lived on the Riehn farm near Farmers Branch.

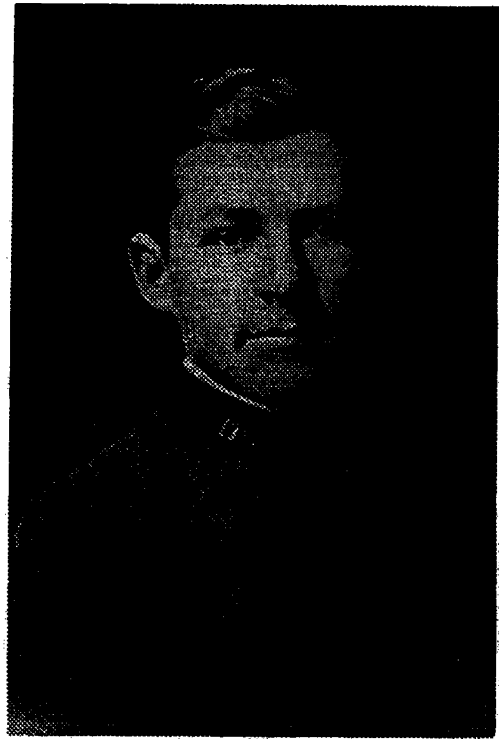
I remember one very exciting happening that winter. On the morning of November 11, 1918, my cousin Annie and I woke up to bells ringing, whistles blowing and a terrible lot of noise on Cole Avenue. When we went downstairs Aunt Lizzie told us the World War was over. As I arrived at business college, it was announced there would be no classes, but we should all march in the victory parade down Elm and down Main Streets. All the stores were closed, and everyone was marching. We carried flags, horns blew, bands played---I have never ever heard so much noise.

Mama had always wanted us children to have a college education. Both she and Papa encouraged us to go. I had saved some money, and with the help of Clara Gibson, who gave me her uniforms and a trunk, I entered the College of Industrial Arts in Denton (now Texas Woman's University) in September, 1919. I was able to get a room in the home of Mrs. Justin, mother of the Justin and Cona boot families. I found work in the Extension Department at C.I.A.---four hours a week at 25¢ per hour, which paid my room and board. My roommate was a girl named Nell Butler of Oklaunion, Texas. Although I was very homesick and sometimes cried, I soon made friends with the other girls living in the Justin home: Nell and Leona Blackstock and Irene Perryman from Gatesville.

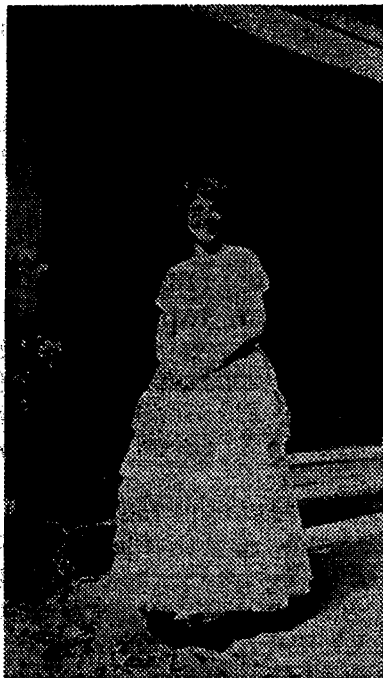
I had been at C.I.A. only six weeks when I had a letter from Arthur Dieckrich, in his second year at Texas A&M College. I had seen him only a few times during high school days, so it was quite a surprise to hear from him. I have always had a feeling that his mother and my mother helped to promote our romance. I also remember Otto often telling me that Arthur was the man for me! His was the beginning of our "two-cent stamp" courtship.



Louise Caillet, Maple Lawn High School graduate, 1918.



Arthur Dieterich, Dallas High School (Bryan St.) graduate, 1918.



Shirley Caillet, C.I.A. May Queen, 1924.



Class of 1923, C.I.A. R, Louise Caillet.



Otto Caillet-Track team, Grubb Vocational College, Arlington, 1921.

The summer of 1920 Otto and I wanted to find work in Dallas. He got a job at Neiman-Marcus as a cash-boy, and I worked at Sanger Brothers' wholesale office. Otto drove our Model T Ford downtown where we parked it at the Camp Street Wagon Yard among buggies, wagons and other cars. We ate our lunch at the New England Cafeteria on Elm Street, the first cafeteria to be built in Dallas.

That was the summer Papa remodelled our home. With the help of some carpenters, he put on a new roof, built a fireplace and bookcases in an enlarged living room, and added another bedroom and a bath. We were really proud of it.

I had only one date with Arthur before he left to spend the summer in Fort Knox, Kentucky, at the college ROTC camp. We went to the Old Mill Theater on Elm Street to see a Charley Chaplin show, and afterwards we stopped at Urbish's Drug Store on Oak Lawn for a chocolate soda.

Our mother had decided that Shirley and Otto should finish their high school education in a preparatory school, so the fall of 1920 saw all three of us leaving home---Shirley and I to C.I.A. and Otto to Grubbs Vocational College (now the University of Texas at Arlington). I worked in the Extension Department again, and Shirley served tables in Breckenridge Hall for room and board. We celebrated every Saturday night with a picture show (10¢) and an ice cream cone (5¢). Mama was good to surprise us occasionally with roast wild duck and dressing sent by parcel post, or sometimes a lemon-coconut cake. Those were happy carefree days, and we were grateful for the privilege of attending college. Marie and Margaret, five years old, were happy too---glad to be the only ones at home. When they came with Mama and Papa to visit us on campus, they were a conversation piece. Otto and his friends from Grubbs drove over to visit too---he was popular with the C.I.A. girls.

In 1921 Otto and I were pleased to have summer jobs again at Neiman-Marcus and Sanger Brothers. Arthur's father was the building superintendent at Sanger's and had been working there since 1894. When I would meet him at various times in the store, he would always ask me what I had heard from Arthur, saying that his son was failing to write home as often as he should.

When Shirley, Otto and I went back to school that fall, I had a new job as night secretary of Oakland Annex Dormitory, and a new roommate, Mardie Jinkins from Normangee. There were 30 freshmen including Shirley, and we made many lifelong friends that year, the happiest of my college life. A special friend was Margaret Chambers (Brown) from Houston, an incomparable hostess and participant with her husband at our annual dove hunts for over 20 years.

Arthur graduated from Texas A&M in June, 1922, and went directly to West Point when he received an appointment from Hatton W. Sumner, U.S. Congressman from Texas. We had one date before he left, and he asked me to think about marriage in '24 or '25! I worked at Sanger Brothers all summer, anxious to return to C.I.A. for my senior year. Shirley would be a sophomore and Otto would be transferring to A&M for his pre-med studies.

The seniors had a special new dorm, Shadow Lawn, where Mardie and I were assigned. We also ate at special tables reserved for seniors in Breckenridge Hall. It was a busy year filled with good times, study in order to graduate, and many extra duties as president of the Students Association. I shall never

forget when Papa came for Parents' Day. I can see him now as he raised his hand and smiled at me as I stood on the stage to welcome the many parents who had come for the occasion. I thought he was the best-looking father there and was so proud of him.

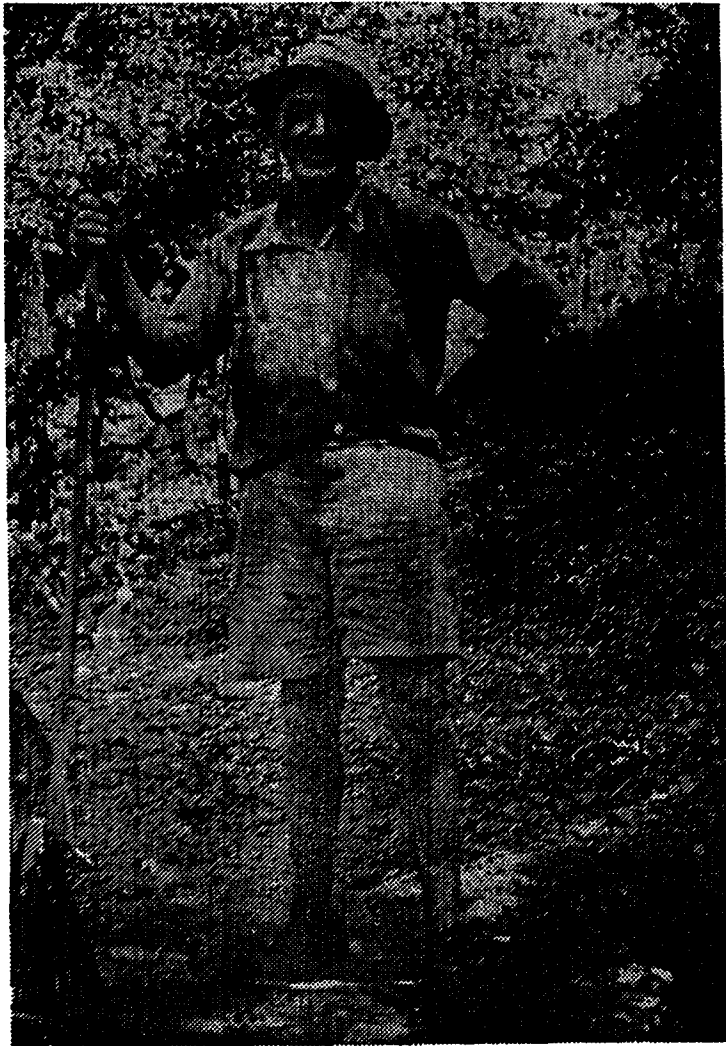
That November I had a surprise visit from Arthur. He had resigned from West Point and was on his way to El Paso to work with his brother Herman at the Desert Gold Dairy. He pinned his A&M TT fraternity pin on my blue chambray collar, gave me a hug, and said, "How about getting married in September, 1924?"

Graduation 1923 was a memorable three-day affair. Mama and the twins came for Class Day, Baccalaureate Sunday and Graduation Day. Shirley was my "little sister" and hooded me. Papa came on Monday for Commencement. Only Otto was absent---his classes at A&M were not out for spring term. My big surprise on Sunday was a special delivery letter and a beautiful string of pearls from Arthur, my sweetheart. I wore them at our wedding, as did each of our two daughters.

Two weeks after graduation I began work at City Temple Presbyterian Church in downtown Dallas as secretary to Dr. B. Wrenn Webb, Director of Home Missions for Texas and Louisiana, at a salary of \$95 a month. I had been making \$85 in summer jobs at Sanger Brothers', and now with a college degree my income was only \$10 more! But I enjoyed my work and felt at home at City Temple because Shirley, Otto and I had become members of that church in 1920.

Arthur came home for Christmas to give me an engagement ring and ask my parents' permission to marry me. I recall that Papa said, "Well, we've been expecting this!" We decided we would be married on September 3, 1924. Soon after New Year's I began to fill my hope chest---the old trunk our daughter Nancy now has. In those days a bride was supposed to have all the necessary linens, quilts and blankets with which to start housekeeping, as well as a very nice trousseau. With Mama helping me choose materials and patterns, I made most of my clothes. My wedding dress was brown satin-back crepe trimmed with ermine fur. I bought brown satin pumps to match for \$10, the most I had ever paid for a pair of shoes. Along with a brown velvet hat, this outfit also served as my "going-away" dress.

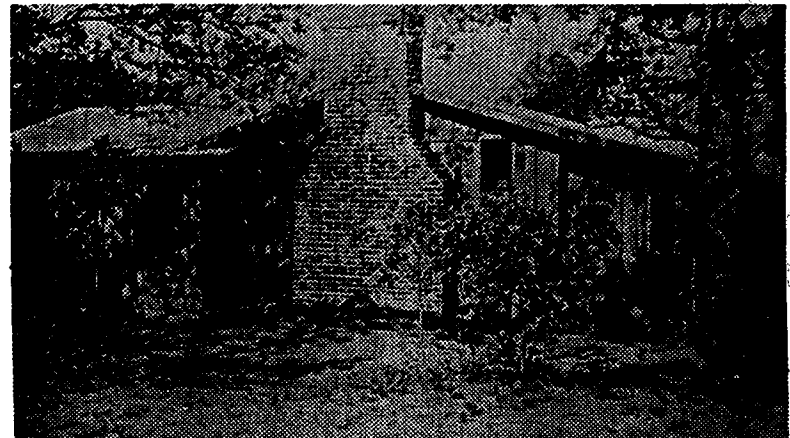
That spring I also made my sister Shirley a very pretty chintz and organdy dress with rows and rows of ruffles to wear in the May Day parade at C.I.A. She had been chosen Queen of the May by the student body. My two high school friends, Eula Mae Welch and Thelma Elsby, had a shower for me, and Arthur's mother and sister entertained with a party for me to meet the Gunther side of the family.



Fleury Caillet enjoyed his cabin for 10 happy years. In his original cut-offs, he and his fan rake kept the grounds free of trash. He did not tolerate cigarette butts or beer cans.



Caillet cabin at Lake Dallas.



Caillet cabin, east side. Site occupied by home of Shirley and Clyde Welch since 1960.



Laura Caillet (L) with friend Mrs. Berian Lindsley in her iris garden at Caillet home on Lovers Lane, the first commercial iris garden in Dallas.



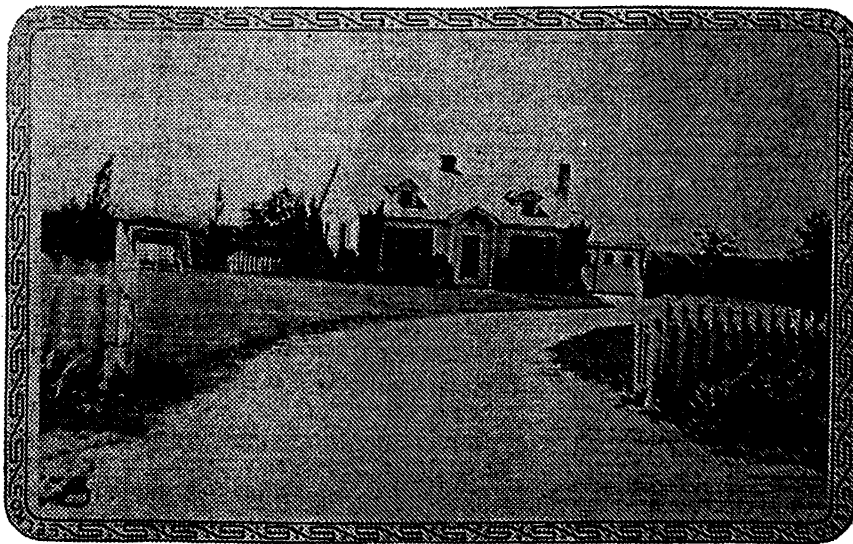
Cabin at Lake Dallas with iris Laura planted down the hill to the shore. The "Early Purples" still bloom today.



Clyde Welch and Shirley Caillet
June 24, 1930



Elizabeth Perry and O. R. Caillet, M.D.
January 13, 1934



Aunt Shirley and Uncle Clyde Welch's new home
on Midway Road (SE corner of Hermosa Farms).

From T.S.C.W. "Lass-O," 1936.

Personality Revue

By MODINA WARREN



Margaret Coillet

"Big Cal" is vice-president of the student body and "Little Cal" was recently named to the Who's Who from the home economics department. Both were Loan Sale managers last year. And they call each other Sis. Telling what they like and dislike, they spoke always of "we."

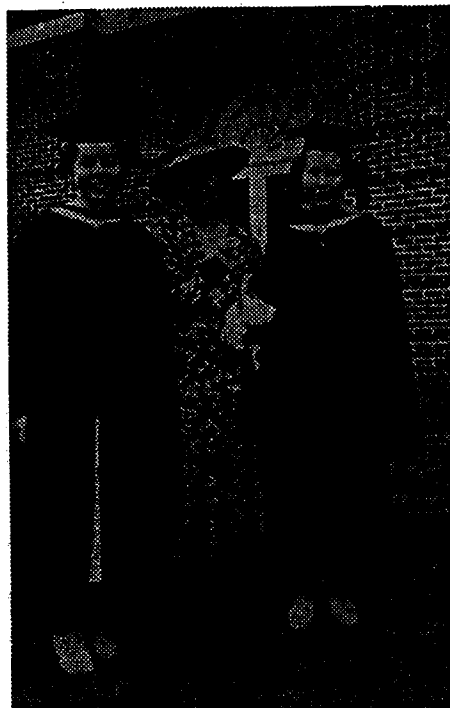
Margaret likes modern poetry and classical music while Marie likes mathematics, politics and confesses to having her aesthetic sense appealed to only by art. Margaret is a primary-kindergarten major and hopes to teach unadjusted children. Marie hopes to do something connected with clothing. They are not affectionate but never fuss. Claim that there are many advantages to being twins. Are independent and are not spoiled, since there are two of them.



Marie Coillet

Marie likes to argue about "mercy killings" and ardently upholds that theory while Margaret disagrees. Marie likes to ride "Lightening." She dislikes people who put on and those who talk above their heads and talk just to be talking. Margaret likes to draw little animals. Likes people in general and those in particular who will talk to her.

Collectively they like sports, dancing—cafeteria diners will testify to that—bridge and knitting. Have a pig penny bank. Run around together. Have always lived on top floor and have had a corner room for three years. Both like Winnie the Pooh, radio programs, to meet new people and especially odd types, and great Dane dogs. Have a picture of a Dane, Helen, in their room. Don't like sad shows nor people who cry at shows. Both like flowers and so Marie cleans the room and Margaret buys flowers for the room.



T.S.C.W. graduates with their mother, 1937.

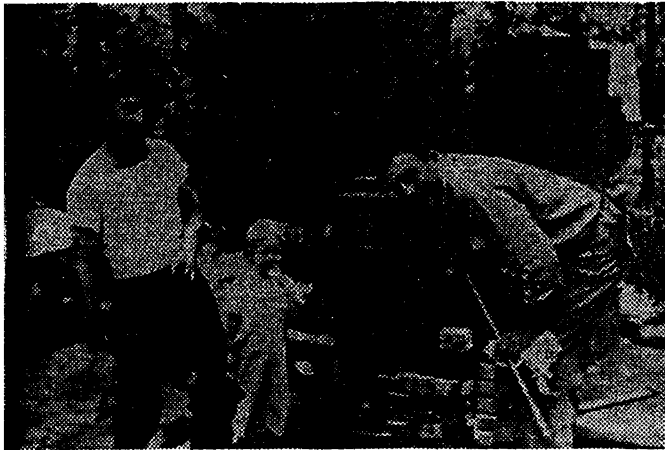


Teachers, 1938.



Caillet children, 1945.

Marie Scott, Marie Caillet and Shirley C. Welch toast "that good old lake-water tea," 1947. (Lake Dallas in background)



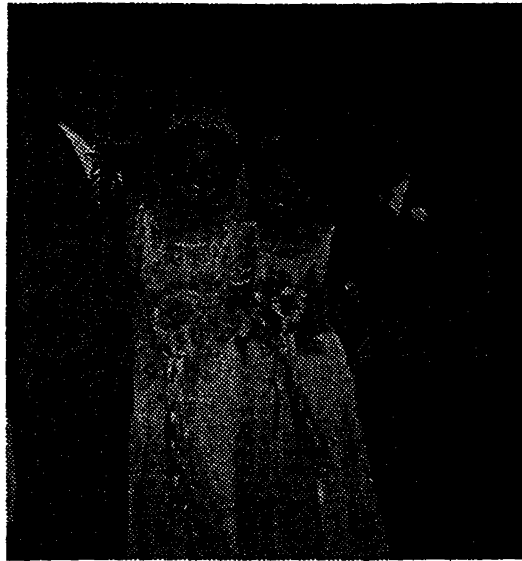
Clyde, Julien Caillet, Arthur: "barbecuers."

Hunting and fishing friends, L to R, Bill Hood, Clyde Welch, Red Horton, Son Mackey and Arthur.





Hal Swann, Jr. and Miss Margaret at Highland Park Presbyterian Church, where they first met, 1945.



Wedding day, July 27, 1946. Marie was maid of honor and Doc gave the bride away.

Margaret Caillet built and was principal of the first school for handicapped children in Dallas.



Marie Caillet has carried on her mother's iris-growing tradition. She is a national judge and has served as Regional Vice-President of the American Iris Society.



Caillet children, 1945.

Marie Scott, Marie Caillet and Shirley C. Welch toast "that good old lake-water tea," 1947. (Lake Dallas in background)



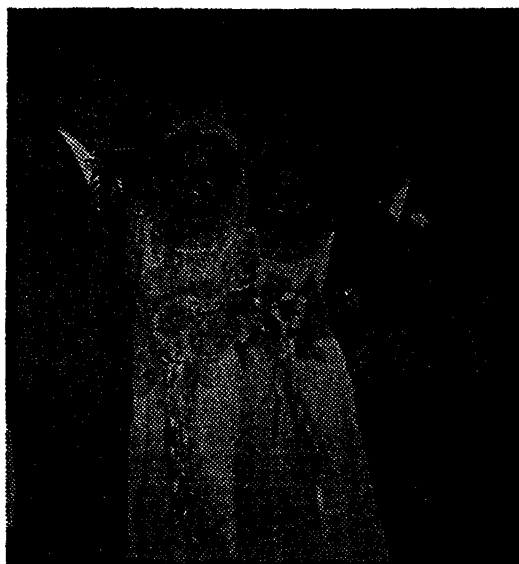
Clyde, Julien Caillet, Arthur:
"barbecuers."

Hunting and fishing friends,
L to R, Bill Hood, Clyde
Welch, Red Horton, Son Mackey
and Arthur.





Hal Swann, Jr. and Miss Margaret at Highland Park Presbyterian Church, where they first met, 1945.



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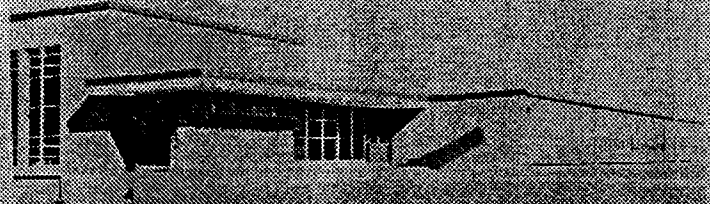


Marie Caillet has carried on her mother's iris-growing tradition. She is a national judge and has served as Regional Vice-President of the American Iris Society.



Thanksgiving, 1946. Front row: Paul, Kay, Julien Caillet, Nancy Dieterich, Elizabeth Ann Caillet. Middle row: Aunt Lizzie Hale, Ralph Luby, Clyde Welch, Hal Swann, Jr., Otto Caillet, Arthur Dieterich, Uncle Buck Hale. Back row: Margaret C. Swann, Buddy Dieterich, Shirley C. Welch, Shirley Dieterich, Marie Caillet, Maude Riehn Luby, Louise C. Dieterich, Elizabeth P. Caillet.

Dedication Services

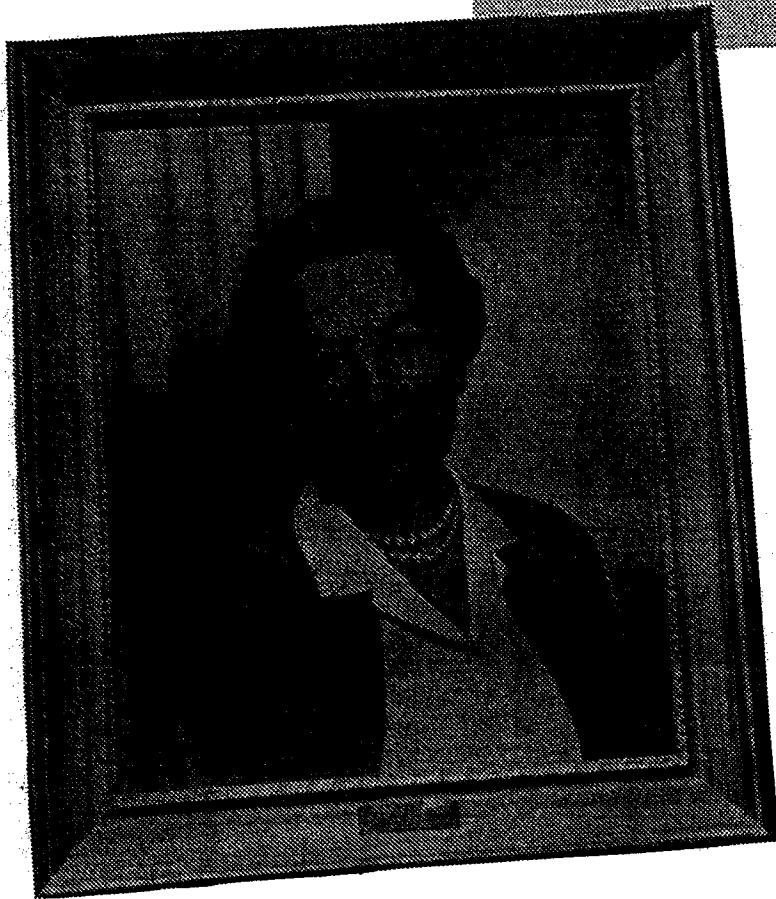


F. P. CALLEY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

3033 MURRELL ROAD

Sunday, March 10, 1957

2:00-4:30 p.m.

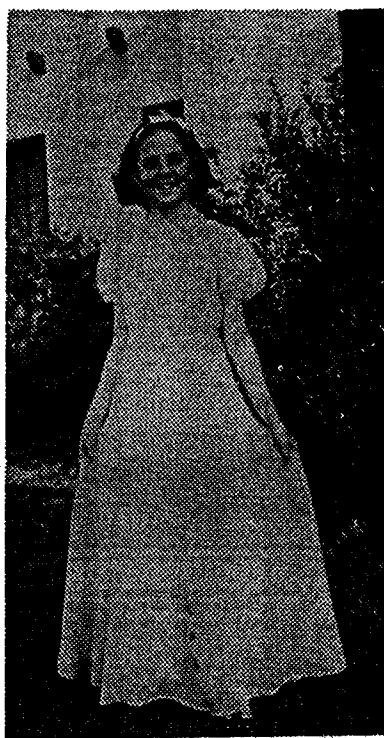


A great occasion for our family, sponsored by Shirley C. Welch, principal of Walnut Hill Elementary School from 1934 to 1957.

LAURA AND FLEURY CAILLET'S GRANDCHILDREN



Paul Caillet, 1935.
Kay Caillet, 1936.
Nancy Dieterich, 1935.



Shirley Dieterich, 1925.



Buddy Dieterich, 1927.



Elizabeth Ann Caillet, 1939.



Laura Swann, 1951, Susan Swann, 1948,
Mark Swann, 1950.



Julien Caillet, 1944.

CAILLET - DIETERICH

EL PASO

Arthur and I were married on September 3, 1924, at the Caillet home on Lovers Lane. Shirley was my bridesmaid and Arthur's brother Louis was best man. Eula Mae Welch played the traditional wedding march, Thelma Elsby cut the wedding cake, and Marie and Margaret, almost nine, helped serve the guests. There were 27 family members and friends present for the occasion.

We spent the night in Dallas at the Adolphus Hotel and took the "Sunshine Special" train to El Paso at noon the next day. Arthur's older brother Herman and his wife Willie (Goodwin) met us at the station and two days later had a party for us in Juarez, Mexico. I had never been west of Fort Worth and was amazed at the great expanse of sand, desert and bare mountains. Arthur borrowed Herman's Hudson Super Six, and we took a wedding trip through New Mexico and Arizona. On our return we rented a very nice furnished house at 2910 Lebanon Street on the east side of Mount Franklin. By 1925 we were able to buy it---our first home---with payments of \$50.00 per month for house, furniture, rugs, china and all.

The yard was in terrible condition---all rocks and weeds. I was immediately pregnant, so was kept busy either working in the yard or sewing baby clothes---no time to be homesick. We had good neighbors, and they were very kind and really glad we were planting grass, trees and shrubs. Willie and I became good friends. Her health was not good, and she missed their daughter Evelyn, age six, Arthur's family's only grandchild, who was living with her grandparents in Dallas. I would often pick up Willie at the Sanitorium where she was recovering from tuberculosis, bring her out to spend the day, then Herman would come home with Arthur and we would have supper together.

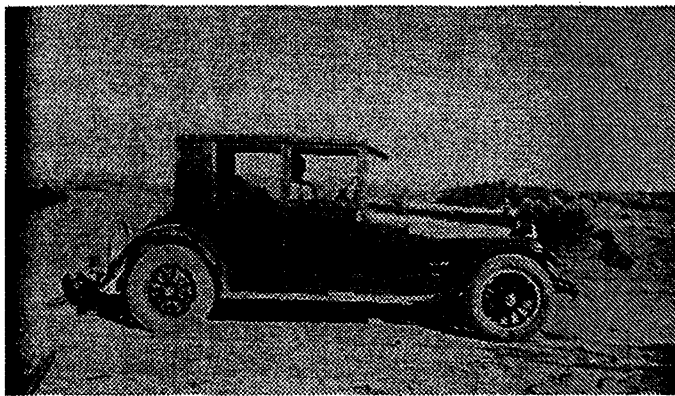
In November my father and Mr. John Lively came out to visit and to go deer hunting with Arthur and Herman. We were so glad to see them, and Papa complimented my cooking, which pleased me because I really wasn't a very good cook, just learning! That was the time Arthur was lost for 30 hours in the Mogollon Mountains in New Mexico, causing great concern and worry among his hunting companions. (He has told that story many times to our children and grandchildren.) We went back to Dallas for the Christmas holidays and to help celebrate Mama and Papa's 25th wedding anniversary.

On May 24, 1925, our baby, Shirley Caillet, was born. She was a sweet little girl, and I had plenty of time to spoil her. She liked to be outdoors, and I took her for rides in her buggy every day. Arthur sang her to sleep every night. Those were busy days for him at the dairy---he worked long hours with only Sunday off. We often spent that time exploring the countryside and getting acquainted with the desert, where we saw quail, roadrunners, rabbits, and many beautiful flowers, especially after a rain. Shirley looked forward to these Sunday afternoon trips, and her parents did too.

When "Aunt" Shirley came out in August to see her namesake, Arthur decided we should all have a vacation. So we took our two-and-a-half month old baby on her first camping trip to the little village of Ruidoso, New Mexico, which consisted of a combination log grocery and filling station with a few log cabins and tents for rent to summer vacationers. Shirley had graduated from C.I.A. in

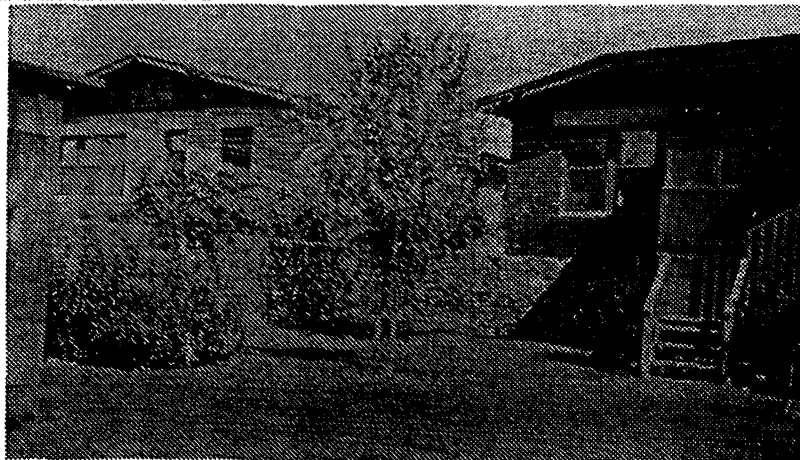


Louise Caillet Arthur Dieterich
September 3, 1924



Arthur at the wheel of our honeymoon car, a Hudson Super Six, in New Mexico.

Back yard at 2910 Lebanon,
El Paso, restored by Louise
and Arthur.





Shirley Caillet Dieterich, 1926.



Arthur F. Dieterich, Jr. - Buddy, 1927.



Grandpa Caillet, Arthur and John Lively. The "deer hunters" also enjoyed Juarez!



2910 Lebanon. Evelyn, Grandma and Grandpa Dieterich, Buddy and Shirley.

June and was looking forward to her first teaching job at Love Field School. Otto went back to Texas A&M to continue his pre-med studies, and the twins were in grade school at Highland Park.

Christmas was coming, Arthur had brought home a little tree, we had invited Herman and Willie for dinner, and I had written home to Mama to send me the exact way to cook a turkey and make the dressing. Then on the 19th Willie died very suddenly, and we went with Herman to Dallas for the services and to spend the holidays.

In the spring of 1926 Arthur's parents moved to El Paso to make a home for Herman and his daughter Evelyn. And that summer we had many friends and relatives come to visit. They were easy to entertain---everyone wanted to go to El Paso across the border to eat Mexican food, see the bullfights, and go to the races. When my parents and the twins came, Papa decided we needed a sleeping porch added to our house, so with the help of some Mexican carpenters (and me acting as interpreter) it was up, screened and painted in no time. He and Mama took a trip to New Mexico and left the twins with us. They set up a "beauty parlor" in the basement for the neighborhood kids. Kimie Yanagawa, the Japanese girl next door, and Baby Shirley were daily customers.

That fall Arthur and I attended the first of a lifelong series of dairy meetings. It was held in Detroit, and we stopped in Chicago to visit my mother's cousin, Charley Wandtke, and his family. They lived in a smoke-stained three-story "town" house set close by others exactly like it with a postage-stamp yard. Once inside, however, I was amazed to find a beautiful interior with highly polished mahogany furniture, crisp white organdy curtains---and a delicious Sunday dinner.

The year 1927 was very important to our family. I was pregnant with our second child. Arthur's sister Minnie (always known as Sister) and Warren Lawson were married in Tombstone, Arizona on March 10. They eventually settled on the Con River near Temple, Texas, and the "Jubilee Springs" ranch was their home until Warren's death in 1960. Sister continues to make her home there.

Arthur Frederick Jr. arrived on July 31, and right away his sister named him Buddy. Mama and the twins came out on the train two days later to help while he was in the hospital. In those days a mother was supposed to spend two weeks in the hospital with her baby. I have never been certain why; maybe the long rest assured the mother of a good milk supply. The twins entertained us with stories of their train ride---eating and sleeping on the Sunshine Special, and they were good "baby-sitters" for Shirley and Buddy.

That fall (I am not sure of the date) Charles Lindbergh was to be out at Fort Bliss in El Paso on his tour of the United States following his solo flight across the Atlantic. Our neighbor Elva Sly said this would be a historic occasion, and we must take the children so they could always say they saw Lindbergh. What a crowd! I never saw so many people gathered on the parade grounds. Sly took Shirley as close as she could get to the plane, and they got lost. I stayed in her Model T coupe and held Buddy up high so he could see---I'm sure he saw a plane at age three months!

One Saturday evening in October Arthur came home about eight o'clock weary and tired, with an announcement that would change our lives: "Let's go back to El Paso and start us a dairy farm out in the country." I was really surprised

and had not thought about leaving El Paso. In fact I had learned to like the town and loved our home. But the more we talked about it, pro and con, we made up our minds it would be a wise decision, and Arthur would be doing the kind of work he really wanted to do. So in January, 1928, we moved back to Dallas to begin our life on a farm. We have always been thankful we made that decision, to be near our parents and other family members. We had many memorable times together.

HERMOSA FARMS

We purchased 54 acres of land at the corner of Midway Road and Forest Lane in February, 1928, from Dollie Cox Daniel and Fronie Cox Lively---lifelong friends and liberal creditors---for \$250 an acre. The property was located way out in the country, and the roads had not been improved. Forest Lane was passable only in dry weather.

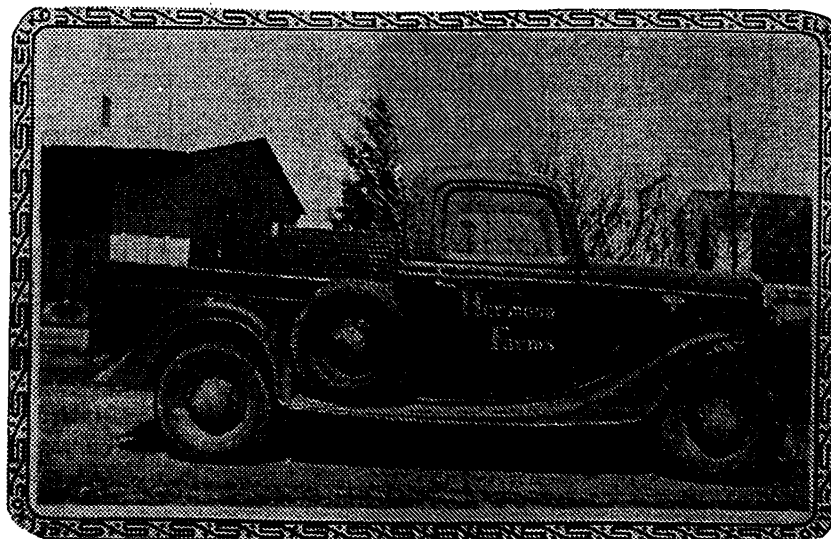
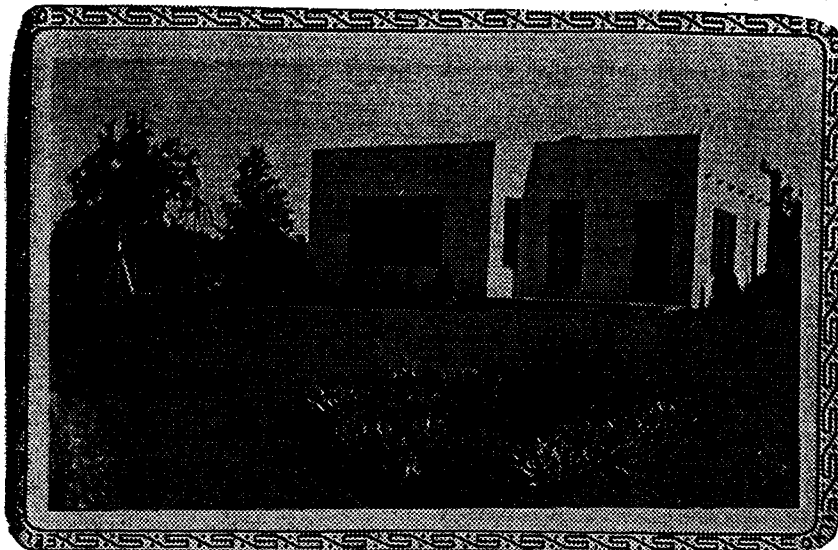
My father Fleury was the contractor in charge of constructing the necessary buildings, to be built of concrete blocks to keep down the fire hazard. We arranged to buy ten Jersey cows on time, purchased a '28 Ford panel truck, and started delivering Hermosa Farms milk on July 15, about two weeks before Buddy's first birthday. Arthur got up early to milk the cows, bottle the milk, deliver it to his new Highland Park route of six customers, then spent the rest of the morning "knocking on doors" to get more folks to buy his good Jersey milk. He came home at noon for lunch and a restful nap, then up at three o'clock to do the farm chores and evening milking. Business was good: we soon had 25 customers and were milking 35 Jerseys. And we hired our first Mexican family to help with the work: Ernesto Saenz, wife and three children.

When I think of Hermosa Farms, I remember 19 happy years with Arthur and the children as we worked out our problems during the Great Depression and World War II. We had bought the land and cattle in 1928 and '29 when prices were high, and we were getting 25¢ a quart for milk. Then in 1930 the bottom fell out, and the price of milk dropped to 9¢ a quart. Our interest and principal payments were high, and we often wondered how we would break even at the end of each month. We were ever grateful we were able to borrow money from our parents, Fleury and Laura Caillet and Herman and Minnie Dieterich, at 10% interest---a great help in time of need.

So many people were out of work, especially alien farm workers from Mexico. They were willing to work for 50¢ a day; however, we paid them \$1.00 along with furnishing them a house, milk, eggs, a garden plot, utilities, and at regular intervals shared meat with them from a butchered steer. We also helped a number of our Mexican workers get their citizenship papers.

In 1931 Arthur was cutting oats on rented land near Royal and Marsh Lanes when a young man stopped him and asked for work. Mack Sprinkle said, "I need work. I'm hungry and will make a good hand at 50¢ a day. I can start shocking oats right now." When Arthur went home for lunch, he brought back two large ham and cheese sandwiches along with a quart of milk for Sprinkle, who was very grateful because that was the first food he had had all day. When Arthur gave him \$3.00 extra and hired him full time at the end of the day, Sprinkle said, "Now I'll go buy my mama something to eat and a bottle of Garrett snuff for me." He worked and lived on our farm until he retired at age 65, when we were then living on our farm in Grayson County. And he was never without that dip of Garrett snuff.

HERMOSA FARMS, Midway Road and Forest Lane, Dallas. Home of Louise and Arthur Dieterich and family from July 13, 1928 to July 29, 1947.



Effective

Monday, May 1st, 1933

HERMOSA FARMS

Jersey Milk	Quarts . .	12c
	Pints . .	7c
Extra Heavy Cream	$\frac{3}{4}$ Pints . .	22c
Churned Buttermilk	Quarts . .	7c

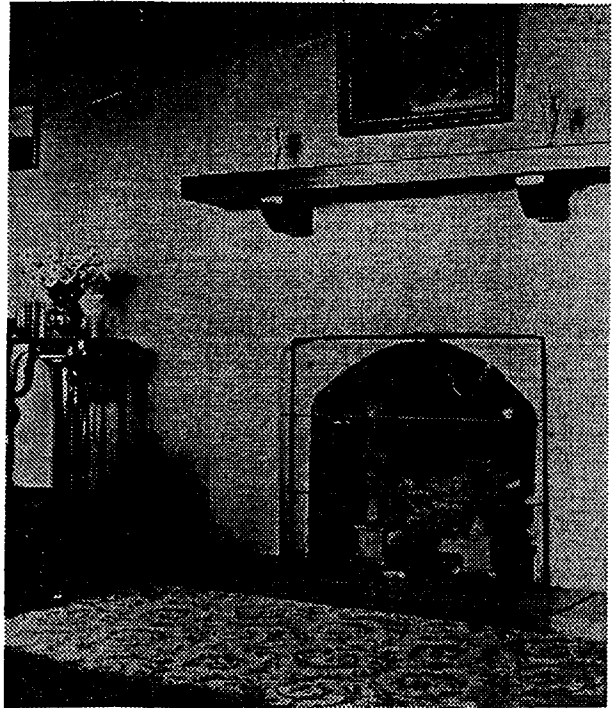
IN ADDITION all customers whose weekly purchases amount to \$2.20 or more, or whose monthly purchases amount to \$10.00 or more, will receive a discount of 10%.

This slight increase is in line with the general rise of milk and commodity prices, and partially cover our higher production cost, caused by the recent more than 50% increase in the price of Dairy Feeds.

Telephone 5-6051

ARTHUR F. DIETERICH
N. P. COLEMAN
CLYDE W. WELCH

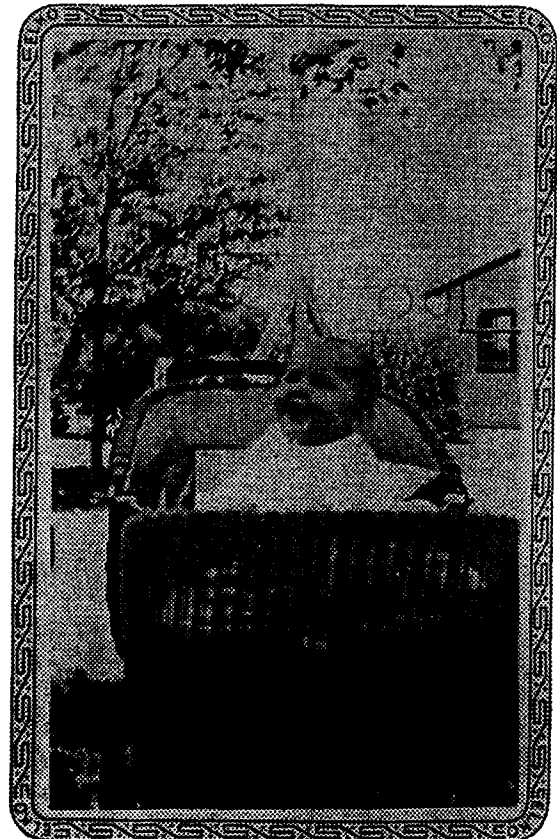
DELIVERY is restricted to Highland Park, University Park, Oak Lawn and Greenland Hills.



Hermosa Farms living room.



Buddy and Shirley on "Tony."
Squirrel cage/sand pile at left.
Swing set built by Grandpa Dieterich in 1931 was moved to Dorchester in 1947, is now at Nancy Kurrus's in Argyle.



Nancy, summer 1935.

During the depression years trading, bartering, or swapping were practical means of buying needed goods without money. It helped us keep our business going. We traded our milk and cream to Aston's Bakery at Lemmon and Lomo Alto for bread and sweet rolls, to Albert Baker's Garage on Lemmon and Mockingbird for mechanical work on our car and trucks, to Dunlap-Swain at Harwood and Pacific for tires and tire repairs, to Carter Insurance Company for insurance, to Magnolia Oil Company (Mobil) for oil and gas. We swapped our more poorly producing Jerseys to woodcutters in the Trinity River bottoms for cord wood to use in our fireplace and in our workers' heating and cooking stoves. Our two very best trades were 75 worth of milk and cream to Dr. Jeff Goff, who delivered Nancy, and several years' milk supply to Dr. O. R. Caillet and family for his long-time care of our three children.

There were two family weddings in the early '30's. Shirley Caillet was married to her grade school sweetheart and our high school friend, Clyde Welch, on June 24, 1930, at Highland Park Presbyterian Church. Otto had finished his medical education at Northwestern University in Chicago and had come home to practice with Dr. Jack Perkins in his clinic on Cedar Springs. He met his bride-to-be here---a pretty red-headed medical technician named Elizabeth Perry---and they were married on January 13, 1934, at Central Christian Church in downtown Dallas.

The most important date of the '30's was January 26, 1935, when our third child, Nancy Louise, was born. Shirley and Buddy had named her Nancy long before her birth at St. Paul's Hospital. With all our depression debts we wondered how we could afford her. However, 1935 would prove to be a better year with the price of milk going from 9¢ to 13¢ a quart, and Nancy would become a favorite of our family and Hermosa Farms.

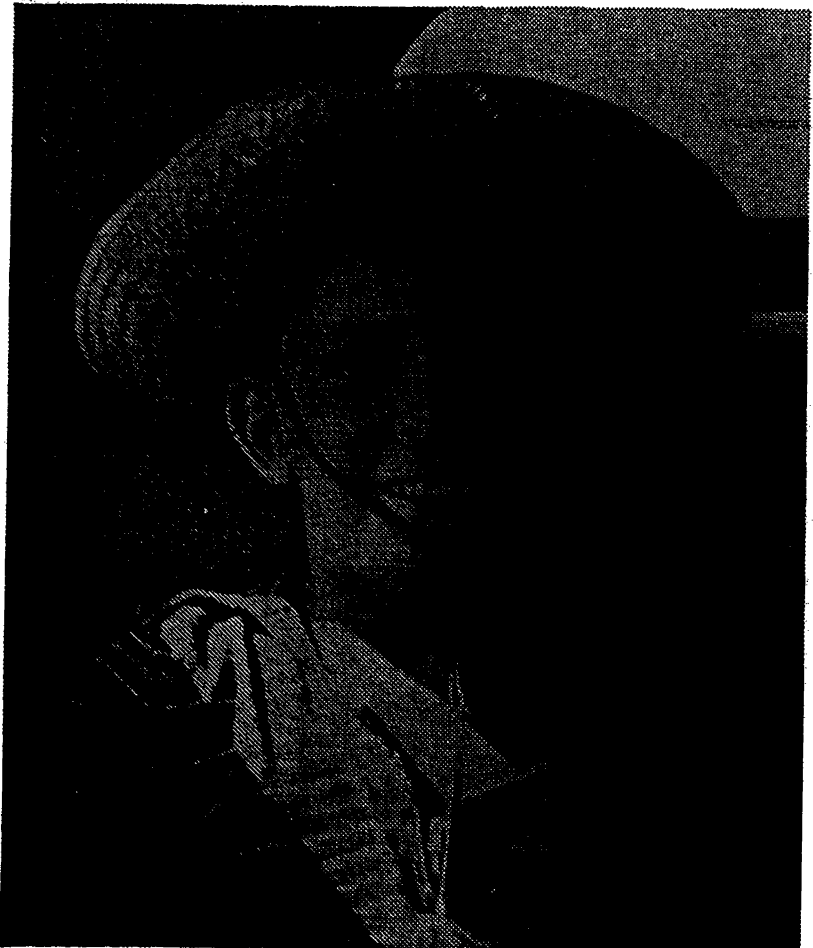
When I think of our children growing up at Hermosa Farms, I remember their pet squirrels, their cats and dogs, and their horses. Shirley's horse was "Lady" and Buddy named his "Tony." Their favorite ride was to go south on Midway Road, cross Northwest Highway, then through Bluff View Estates to visit Grandma and Grandpa Caillet on Lovers Lane. They knew a Pepsi-Cola and cookies would be there for them. Nancy's favorite place to go was down to Aunt Shirley and Uncle Clyde's, who had built their home on the southeast corner of Hermosa Farms. She also liked to visit the Mexican families who lived on the west side of our farm. They kept her supplied with tortillas. Otto gave Buddy his first Beagle hound, "Sandy," who was a winner at the Field Trials. The children had many cats; however it was Nancy who was the kitten girl. She had cats at the hay barn, in the chicken houses, out at the feed room, and at least one or two who lived in the house. One spring "White Kitty," a Persian, had her kittens in my Sunday Panama hat! They also had pet goats---all named "Toggy"---gifts of Uncle Herman Dieterich. When each one grew up and began to butt everyone down, it was barbecued, much to the sorrow of the children.

The Great Depression was surely not all work and no play. Grandpa and Grandma Caillet bought land on Lake Dallas in 1929, and he built a cabin which was the "country club" for all the family. He thoroughly enjoyed entertaining his family and friends there for the ten years before his death on August 31, 1939. (Grandma Caillet died on January 2, 1942, and both are buried in the Keenan Cemetery in Farmers Branch.) I remember his "ragouts" (French stews with a thick sauce), the domino games, his garden and the iris Grandma planted, the barbecues on the Fourth of July and the fried dove parties on September 1st.



Shirley, 14, Nancy, 4.

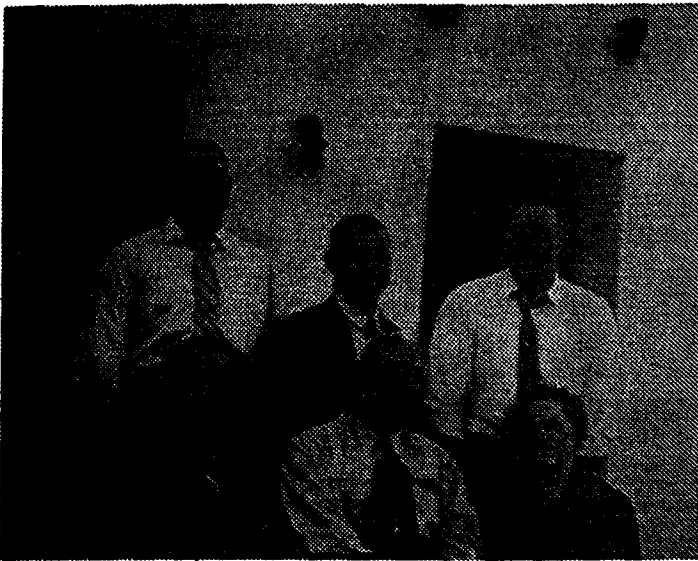
Photos taken by Cousin
Marie Scott, 1939.



Buddy, 12.



Grandma and Grandpa Dieterich at home at 4403 Vandelia in Dallas with grandchildren Herman Jr. and (back row) Warren Jr., Buddy, Shirley and Evelyn, 1934.



Louis, Herman, Arthur, Sister, Grandpa, Grandma, 1938.



Buddy with cousin Herman, 1939.

Other forms of recreation were coon and possum hunts on Dr. Dye's ranch along White Rock Creek near Frankford Road west of Preston Road. Clyde, Otto and Arthur would work all day, hunt all night, then go back to work on time the next morning. Except for the ticks, the women and children enjoyed the hunts also, but only until bedtime. Arthur and the farm workers built a lighted baseball field out of old 3-inch well pipe and second-hand lights and wiring; this was enjoyed by the farm folks, family and neighbors. Many people parked their cars on the side of Midway Road to watch the ball games.

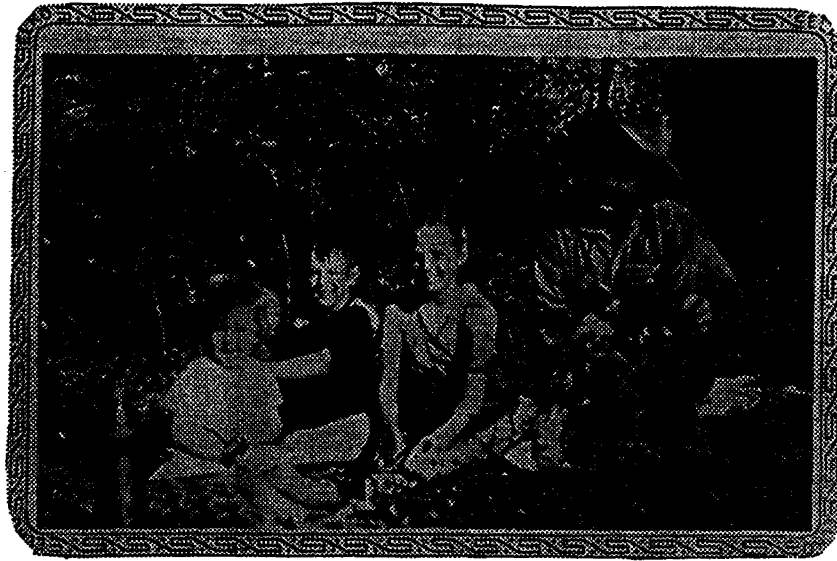
Christmastime for the workers at Hermosa Farms was a happy occasion, with often as many as ten families gathered around the tree. (Six Mexican families lived on our farm.) Shirley and Buddy liked to buy the gifts for the children--- especially the popular "Big-Little" books with adventure and cowboy stories along with the old favorites. They usually read them before gift-wrapping! The Mexican women appreciated towels and yards of percale prints (at 15¢ per yard). We managed to give each farm worker a \$10 bill, which was generous during the early '30's. We served punch and cookies to the women and children in the living room, while the men went to the kitchen for the special spiked punch. Nat Coleman played Santa Claus, Alejandra and Franco danced the Mexican Hat Dance, and Uncle Clyde led the singing of Christmas carols. No one had a better time at these parties than Grandpa Gaillet.

We all looked forward to 1936 when Texas would celebrate its Centennial with a grand exposition at Fair Park. Despite the fact that we did not have a guest room, and only one bath, we had lots of overnight company; some spent as much as a week with us. (On the guest list in our family scrapbook I counted the names of 34 friends who spent from a day to a week with us during the Centennial that summer of 1936 with its record-breaking heat wave, and no air conditioning.)

In 1933 the twins graduated from Highland Park High School and went on to finish their education at Texas State College for Women in 1937. Marie received her Master's in 1938, doing research for her thesis at Neiman-Marcus. Margaret's first teaching job was at Itasca, Texas. Later she built her own school for handicapped children in the back yard of the old Gaillet home on Lovers Lane. Marie went to Shreveport to teach clothing and textiles at Centenary College, and the following year (1940) she transferred to Southwestern Louisiana Institute in Lafayette, where she was a professor in the home economics department for more than 30 years.

Our children attended Walnut Hill School, where Aunt Shirley Welch was principal from 1934 to 1957. Shirley graduated in 1938 and entered Hillcrest High School, which had just opened. She graduated with honors in the first class of 1942, spent two years at T.S.C.W., and graduated from the University of Oklahoma in 1946 with a degree in chemistry. After two weeks' vacation at home, she began work as a biochemist at the Experiment Station at Texas A&M. She lived in Bryan, where she met her future husband, Clu Flu Lusk. He had a summer job as an entomologist for Delta Dusting Service while attending Tulane Medical School; he received his M.D. degree in 1950.

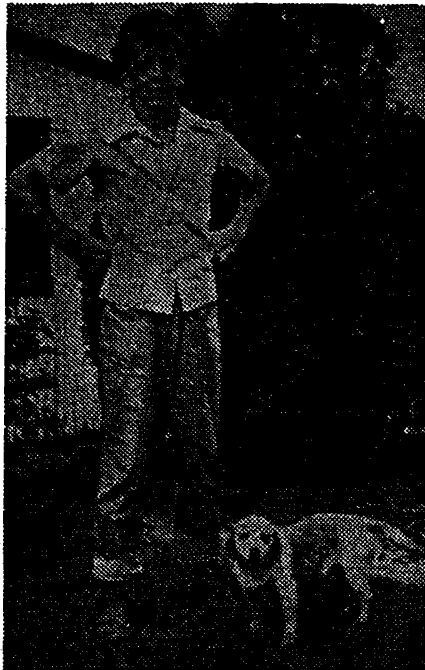
Buddy graduated from Hillcrest High School in 1944. He entered A&M that summer, but his education was interrupted by World War II. On Sunday afternoon, December 7, 1941, Arthur's brother Herman called about three o'clock and asked, "Do you have your radio turned on? It's terrible at Pearl Harbor. War has been declared against Japan." (I didn't even know where Pearl Harbor was.) Many young men began to volunteer for service; many were drafted. Every night we would listen



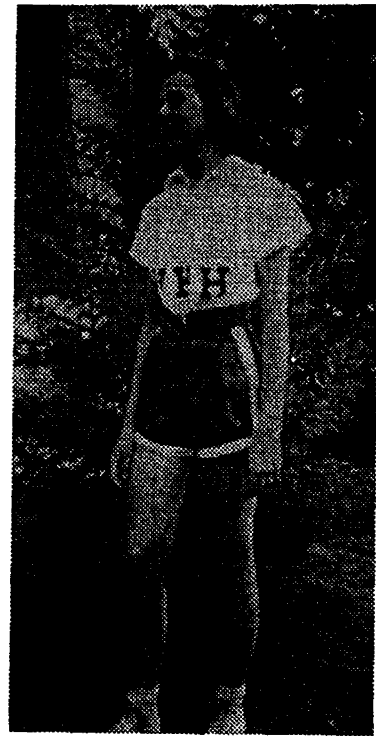
Picnic at Dr. Dye's. Nancy, Buddy, Shirley, Arthur.



Little yard lady, 1942.



STATE CHAMPION WINNER AT SOUTHWEST
Dance in Sandy the Grand Dr. Collier
Gave his nephew, A. F. Hatch Jr. who
surprised the Doctor by winning the 13
year combined class. In addition to the
Winner Girls.



Vickery-Hillcrest High
basketball team, 1941.

RATION STAMPS GOOD 1945

JUNE	JULY	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.
RED STAMPS						
RETAILERS PAY 2 POINTS A POUND FOR USED HOUSEHOLD FATS						
V 2		W 2		X 2		Y 2
Z 2		THRU SEPT. 30				
A 1		B 1		C 1		D 1
E 1		THRU OCT. 31				
F 1		G 1		H 1		I 1
J 1		K 1		THRU NOV. 30		
L 1		M 1		N 1		O 1
P 1		Q 1		THRU DEC. 31		
Next stamps become good Oct. 1						
SUGAR STAMPS						
38		SUGAR		THRU DEC. 31		
SHOE STAMPS BOOK NO. 3						
1		2		3		4
GOOD INDEFINITELY						

CLIP THIS CHART FOR FUTURE REFERENCE



Shirley graduates from Oklahoma Univ., 1946.



Buddy, Texas A & M, 1945.



Piano recital, 1944.

to the ten o'clock news on the radio about the fall of Corregidor, the Bataan March, D-Day, the Normandy beaches, the Ploesti oil fields---where two of our neighbors, the Crump boys, were shot down from their B-17 bombers. Many of the Hillcrest boys were called, including David Nash, Alvin Renfro Welch, Scooter Bargain, and finally Buddy, who joined the Infantry. He was stationed in San Antonio; however, one day we got a letter from him postmarked Georgia saying, "Now don't worry, Mama, when I tell you I have transferred to the Paratroopers. Just think, I'll get \$50 more per month." After the war was over he told us about how traumatic and terrifying that first jump was. In 1946 he re-entered AM, graduating in 1949.

The war years were a time of rationing. We had ration stamps for sugar, coffee, meat, pinto beans, shoes, gasoline and other commodities. We were always short of sugar. When we had picnics and weekends at Lake Dallas, Aunt Shirley and I would tell everyone to bring their own sugar for coffee and tea. Then at the end of the party she and I would gather up what was left. Sometimes we would have as much as a cupful to divide! Our Mexican workers never had enough beans, so we planted five acres of pintos and harvested them by combine, sharing with each family. They also needed more coffee, while Shirley and her O.U. friends wanted new pairs of shoes, so there was much trading going on between the two groups. Buddy sent us a whole tin of Domino sugar cubes he had saved from Army breakfasts, and Aunt Shirley and I used them to make our traditional Christmas fruitcakes. Our pick-up truck could get more gasoline stamps as a farm vehicle, so it became our vacation car, with a plywood top built over the back and a mattress laid on the floor. Nancy and her cousins thought it was luxurious.

On July 5, 1942, sister Margaret met Private Hal R. Swann, Jr., in her Sunday school class at Highland Park Presbyterian Church. He was a six foot-four southern gentleman from Nashville, Tennessee, stationed at Camp Wolters near Mineral Wells. After three years of corresponding while Hal served overseas, he returned a 1st Lieutenant, and they were married on July 27, 1946, in a pretty afternoon ceremony at the church where they first met.

During that time Arthur and I had decided to sell our farm and move farther out in the country. The city of Dallas had taken our land in for tax purposes, the Health Department enacted a new law forbidding dairymen from selling raw milk in Dallas, and several of our good workers had gone into industry where they could earn more money. Also we were tired and weary from the war years, when it was difficult to produce enough milk to satisfy our customers. They all wanted more and more cream to make their own butter! And because of the government's price ceiling on dairy products, we did well to break even.

We began looking for another farm in August of 1946. We wanted to stay near Dallas, but Mr. Geer of the Federal Land Bank encouraged us to go to Grayson County that October, to look at a good buy near Dorchester, 14 miles southwest of Sherman and 50 miles north of Hermosa Farms. After we saw the possibilities of a dairy farm at Dorchester, we could never find any site nearer Dallas to equal it. We did not like to take Nancy away from Walnut Hill School, where she had been a student for six years. However, she never fussed about moving as long as she could take all of her favorite cats with her.

DORCHESTER

We bought our Dorchester farm on May 13, 1947, and moved on July 29---Arthur, Louise, Shirley, Buddy, Nancy, her cats and Buddy's two beagles. I remember that Aunt Shirley and Uncle Clyde, along with other family members, helped us move. Elizabeth Caillet sent enough fried chicken, potato salad and chocolate cake to feed the entire group. It was a very hot day, and we must have drunk gallons of iced tea. Also making the trip the following week were Aurelio, Lola and Anita Garza; Mack Sprinkle; a dozen Jersey cows; and about a hundred Beltsville White turkey hens.

The move proved to be a good one. Arthur and I spent 32 of the happiest years of our lives in Grayson County. There was much work to be done, restoring the land and buildings, and progress was slow, but we enjoyed establishing a prize-winning Jersey herd and receiving honors for our soil conservation work. Nancy attended grade school at Dorchester, graduating from 8th grade in 1949, and she enjoyed her high school years in Sherman, where she met her future husband, Fred D. Kurrus. She received her degree with honors in fashion illustration from T.S.C.W. in 1957. Fred completed his pre-med studies at the University of Texas, and in 1961 he received his M.D. degree from the U.T. Medical Branch in Galveston.

Despite our busy days on the farm, Arthur could always find time to travel. I could write a book on our trips, beginning way back when we took Shirley and Buddy on "educational" tours of Texas and nearby states in the '30's, and when Nancy accompanied us to Chicago in 1946. Arthur served on the boards of the Texas Jersey Cattle Club, American Dairy Association, Associated Milk Producers, and the Grand Avenue Presbyterian Church. These positions called for journeys all over the United States, and we seldom missed a one. I served on the Board of Regents of Texas Woman's University for more than six years, which took us regularly to Denton or occasionally to Austin to meet with legislators. Arthur also found time to write for various dairy magazines, including a monthly two-page spread, "Feeding for Profit," for *Dairymen's Digest*, that he continued for sixteen years.

Our children married and brought us a dozen grandchildren who have afforded us much joy and pleasure. Their visits to Dorchester Farm were lots of fun for all of us. Our grandchildren are:

Frederick Albert Lusk, 6-6-44
Alan Remington Lusk, 5-7-53
Carol Jane Lusk, 6-30-55
John Stephen Lusk, 11-8-56
Claire Eileen Lusk, 1-29-59

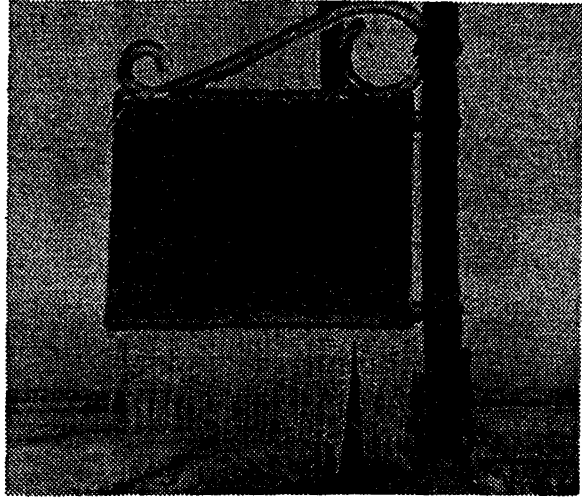
Thomas Arthur Dieterich, 8-30-49
Robert Caillet Dieterich, 9-17-51
Susan Cecelia Dieterich, 8-12-56

David Dunham Kurrus, 8-15-59
Virginia Leigh Kurrus, 1-1-62
Martha Louise Kurrus, 4-30-65
Barbara Jean Kurrus, 7-1-66

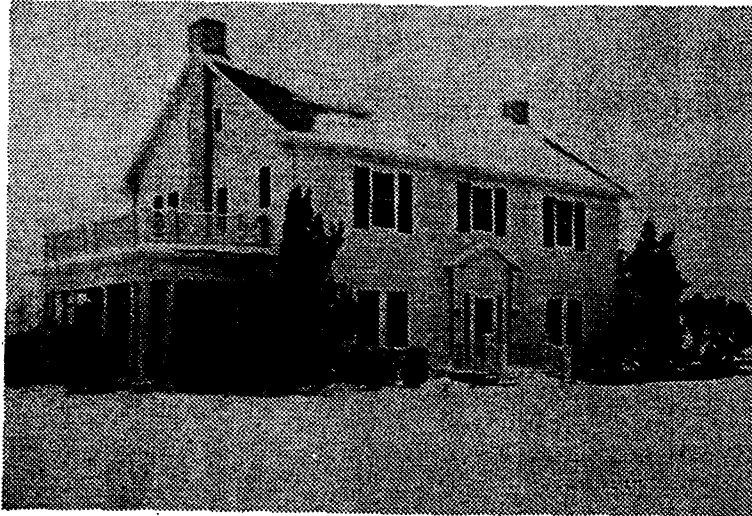
DORCHESTER, 1947 - 1972.



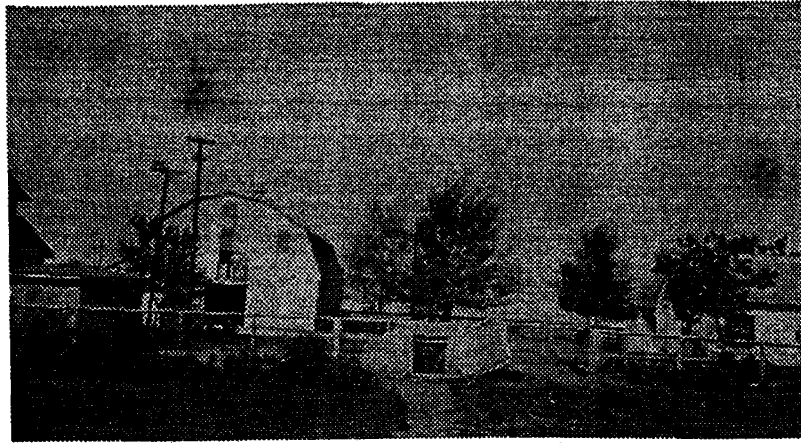
A new beginning for Arthur and Louise.



Ice storm, January, 1949.



Our Dorchester home for 25 years.



Barn, storm cellar, Mack Sprinkle's house.



Farmer Dieterich receives the American Jersey Cattle Club Distinguished Service Award, 1972.



Julien Reverchon's great-niece.

In 1972 we retired and moved to 914 Hillcrest in Sherman, where we lived six and a half good years. Our home was in the woods, almost like being in the country. With the help of our children and grandchildren, we cleared and cleaned the acre and a half around the house all the way down to Post Oak Creek, the eastern boundary line. We were near our church, our dentist and doctors, just a mile from the square and Safeway. We became better acquainted with our city friends, but did not forget our Dorchester neighbors.

Our golden wedding anniversary was celebrated here in September, 1974, with a reception given by our children, Shirley and Clu Flu Lusk, Buddy and Nancy Dieterich, and Nancy and Fred Kurrus. It was a beautiful day and a happy occasion with sisters, brothers, cousins, children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and close friends coming from far and near. Thirteen who were at our wedding were there; also eight of us from Cochran Chapel Grade School and twelve from high school days. Several of our parents' former neighbors---a few in their nineties---came to the party, including Bessie Kirk, Rosa Lively, Fay Porter, A. B. Jolley and Joe Cox.

With a certain amount of reluctance we sold our Sherman home in January, 1979, and moved to Good Samaritan Retirement Village in Denton, Texas, where we now live. We are very happy here and have never regretted changing our address. We hope our children will continue writing the family history for their children and grandchildren.



Caillets at Louise and Arthur Dieterich's 50th wedding anniversary, September 3, 1974. Marie, Louise, Otto, Margaret, Shirley.

THE REVERCHON FAMILY

Jacques Maximilien Reverchon (1810-1878) was born near Lyon, France and educated at Cluny College. From an early age he was interested in social reform. He came to Dallas in December, 1855 to help establish the colony of La Reunion three miles west of Dallas at Chalk Hill on the old trail to Fort Worth. There were 300 colonists and 2,080 acres of land. Three-room cabins and a community kitchen were built of limestone rock found nearby. Maximilien had been in the wine-making business in France and thought such an industry might be successful in the Dallas area.

The colonists found 1855 and '56 good years for growing their grapevines, fruit trees, vegetables and other crops. The pastures were lush and green. However, the summer of 1857 was a different story because of continued drought. The group became discouraged; some moved to Dallas, and a number returned to France. Maximilien stayed on and remained active in La Reunion for several years, but finally became discouraged and built a small stone house on land he purchased from the colony, where he lived with his son Julien until his death in 1878.

Maximilien and his wife, Florine Pete (who because of illness never came to Dallas) had five children: Paul, a doctor, and Elisi, a botanist, remained in France in the Lyon area. Three children came to Dallas:

Louise, married Pierre Girard and had one child, Paul, a wheat farmer near Krum, Texas. Paul had one daughter, Louise, who married Virgil Archer.

Julien (1837-1905) was a professor of botany at Baylor College of Medicine and one of the more distinguished naturalists of his time. His collection of more than 2,500 species and over 20,000 specimens was given to the Shaw Museum in St. Louis. Reverchon Park in Dallas is named for him. Julien and his wife, Marie Henry, had two sons who died of typhoid fever at an early age. All four are buried in La Reunion Cemetery in West Dallas. Their foster son, Dr. R. M. Freeman, was a prominent Dallas physician.

Eugenie (1840-1892) married George Caillet, Sr. (1825-1912). They bought 163 acres of land on Lovers Lane in North Dallas near Cochran Chapel community, later selling 55 acres on the west side near the present Roper Street. They had four children:

Fleury Paul (1871-1939), a carpenter and contractor in North Dallas. Many homes he built in Bluff View, Greenway Parks and University Park are still in use. He married Laura Riehn of Farmers Branch in 1899. Her family had come to Illinois from Germany in 1867 and then migrated to Texas in 1882. The Caillets built their home on Lovers Lane and lived there the remainder of their lives. Fleury Paul continued his interest in hunting and fishing, which he had done as a boy to help support his family. Laura Caillet began growing irises in the 1920's and opened a commercial business, the Dallas Iris Gardens. They are buried in Keenan Cemetery, Farmers Branch. They had five children:

Louise (1901-), married Arthur F. Dieterich.

Shirley (1903-), married Clyde W. Welch.

Otto René, M.D. (1904-1980), married Elizabeth Perry.

Margaret (1915-), married Hal R. Swann, Jr.

Marta Marie (1915-).

Reverchon, page 2

Eliza Caillet (1875-1953) married Larry Elsby (1871-1922), who was also from an early pioneer family of Dallas. The family left Dallas in 1908 in covered wagons and became pioneers on the Cap Rock near Crosbyton, Texas. There were five children:

Mae (1895-1975) married Will Eldredge.
Rosa (1897-) married Ewell Buckner.
Rena (1901-1959) married Barney McDuff.
Willie (1903-) married John Formby.
Joe (1906-1960).

George Caillet, Jr. (1877-1949) married Hattie Ritchey. They had three children: Irving, Myrl and Vinnie, all deceased. He later married Mikie Odom. Three of their children live in the Dallas area:

Eva (1914-) married Ray Altman.
Robert (1924-) married Joyce Owens.
Raymond (1926-) married Mary Stone.

Eugenie "Kitty" Caillet (1883- ??) married Ches Sanderson and moved to Lawrence County, Alabama. They had three daughters, whereabouts unknown.

To date there are 118 known descendants of Jacques Maximilien Reverchon and the three of his children who came to La Reunion from France. There are probably more in the fourth and fifth generations that are not on our records. The majority of his descendants were well educated---over-achievers who have left their mark on the community in some manner: teachers, doctors, engineers, gardeners, business people, farmers and community leaders. Most have continued to live in Texas, and many have their homes in the Dallas area.

Marie Caillet
Louise Caillet Dieterich
October, 1985