

Margie (Carlton) Simons, brother Preston Carlton, and son Princeton Simons

Margie Simons 1

Princeton : And, of course, farmers had a lot of the cotton gins were really, uh, going great when, when the, uh

Ken: Yeah

Princeton : But Daddy preferred cutting cedar to pulling cotton. So, if he had any say-so in the matter, he was in a cedar break rather than the cotton patch.

Margie Simons: But they did go to the cotton patch every summer. They'd go down south to Corpus, around the, uh, south Texas, and pull bolls and pull cotton and ___ all the way to west Texas

Ken: Uh-huh

Margie Simons: And, of course, they had a lot of kids and they could all work in the cotton patch

Princeton : They were in Oklahoma and New Mexico and all over the place. He had a very colorful youth, but most of it was separate from the rest of the Simons clan. 'cause Dad pretty much just ran away and, you know

Ken: What was his dad's name?

Princeton : Eli

Ken: Eli. He just left. Where did he leave from then? Did he leave from this area here

Margie Simons: Austin ___

Princeton : Bull Creek

Ken: Bull Creek, that area

Princeton : Yeah

Margie Simons: Um-hum

Ken: I see

Margie Simons: What, what are you going to do with this when you get through?

Ken: I hope to write a book eventually

Margie Simons: Um-hum

Ken: Uh, the story has never been told. It's a, it's a story of, you know, the way the, the way most, a lot of people lived, made their living. Uh, starting, and what I'm starting to see, in particular, here is a bunch of people having started in the Bull Creek area. Uh, and then going west from there. Whether it's here or Leander, or Marble Falls, uh, I've talked to John, uh, Boatright,

Princeton : Yeah

Ken: And he, uh, his, the Boatrights originally came from the Bull Creek area

Margie Simons: Yeah, we, I knew his, I knew John's daddy

Ken: Uh-huh

Princeton : Dick. Dick had cedar yards

Margie Simons: Yeah

Ken: Right

Princeton : You probably already know all that.

Ken: I know a little bit. I mean I know that John had a cedar yard here in Cedar Park and that he said that's why his father moved out here from Bull Creek

Margie Simons: Um-hum. He put in a cedar yard here.

Princeton : When the lake was put in they had to get rid of a lot of cedar in a hurry and I think that's when a lot of the cedar yards were put in here at Cedar Park.

Margie Simons: Well, they were here beforehand, but, uh, then, that's when a lot of extra ones flourished, because

Princeton : They had to get rid of the cedar and then

Margie Simons: They had to get rid of the cedar and my daddy and, I guess we probably had more than anybody. The lake – we had a regular cedar break. It was like a pine forest back behind our field. I don't know, probably twenty or twenty-five acres, I don't know how much it was because I was real little. And you'd go back there and it was just straight cedars. They were just so thick that they just grew up. There weren't any limbs. Like, just like pine trees.

Ken: Yes

Margie Simons: You just cut 'em down and took, take the top out, that was about it. And, uh, daddy had cedar choppers to come in and chop that, take it to Cedar Park. It might have been another one. I can't remember, but it was Reeds and Kings and then from then a lot of 'em flourished because people started chopping the Hill Country out too, you know, after the lake came in even. But Reeds, Reed, if I'm not mistaken, Reed's the one that daddy had the, uh,

cedar choppers take the cedar out there, and they would, uh, uh, to hold out a percentage for daddy and the choppers got

Princeton : A certain percentage of the sales, or a certain percentage of the cedar, literal cedar posts?

Margie Simons: I think it was the money

Princeton : The money, yeah

Margie Simons: Because I think they turned the slip in to daddy

Princeton : Yeah

Margie Simons: And, but the

Princeton : Well the cedar yards, a lot of times, held that out

Margie Simons: Or, yeah, they did, but I think daddy received the cedar, or maybe the cedar yard held the cedar and paid daddy the percentage.

Ken: Margie , what was your dad's, your father's name?

Margie Simons: It was Jimmy, J.J. Carlton. Johnny James. Preston, what are you looking for?

Princeton : He and, uh, Preston, and different ones would cut cedar when they just were desperate, had to have cash for taxes or something. A lot of it was cut by other people and there are old cedar camps all over those old hills in there where they'd, uh, one of 'em was made out of doors. The walls, the roof, everything. Somebody had a bunch of doors and that, they made their little cedar chopping camp out of it. But, uh, also, you've got family names of different ones who cut cedar over there.

Margie Simons: Yes. ___ Preston, uh, can you remember any cedar yards? I thought I'd let you try to remember what you know, remember about how many cedar yards and who had 'em

Preston: OK. There was, down in Cedar Park, uh, there were two there in Cedar Park

Margie Simons: That's what I remember too

Preston: There were two really right close together. Uh, and, then, um

Ken: Do you know who ran them? The names of them?

Preston: Um

Ken: Was one of 'em Boatrights, Boatrights Cedar Yard?

Preston: No. The Boatrights that you heard was, was, uh, here across the road from, uh, Leander, where

Margie Simons: Cedar Park

Ken: Cedar Park

Preston: Cedar Park

Ken: OK

Margie Simons: But they came in later. The first two was

Preston: Uh, well, there was, uh, the one's that were coming from, uh, um, oh, uh, oh the, the uh big

Margie Simons: Reed?

Preston: No.

Princeton : King?

Preston: King

Margie Simons: King and Reed. That's the only two that I can remember to begin with.

Preston: Um, the uh, oh, I just ran into him here this week. He's, uh, um, he's pretty weak now.

Ken: Oh, I know who you're talking about. Let's see. He lives in Cedar Park? I'm blanking on his name.

Preston: No, uh, well

Margie Simons: is it Wade

Preston: _____, uh

Ken: It wasn't TM Pearson you're talking about?

Preston: TM Pearson!

Ken: TM Pearson, yeah, I've talked to him. He was very

Margie Simons: Oh, you talking about Nep Hyatt?

Preston: Nep Hyatt

Margie Simons: Yeah, they had one on the corner right here where

Ken: What is his, Neil? You said Neil?

Margie Simons: Nep Hyatt. It's H Y A T T is what I've got. I don't know

Preston: I've never heard that name before

Ken: His first name was Nep? N E P?

Preston: Uh, Nep. They always called him Nep

Ken: Alright

Preston: Nep Hyatt. His last name was Hyatt.

Ken: OK

Preston: And, uh, he

Margie Simons: I saw him over there last Sunday at the – when we ate at Wendy's.

Ken: That was Pearsons? TM Pearsons?

Preston: Tm Pearson. TM Pearson was directly across from where we

Princeton : You mean the cedar yard?

Margie Simons: Cedar Yard, yes

Princeton : On the west, on the east side of the

Preston: Right there where that, uh, that, uh, big gas station is.

Ken: Yeah

Preston: Right there.

Ken: OK

Preston: that's where it was. And, now, um, the, uh, the Boatrights did have it there, uh, during that time. That, uh, in fact, he, he actually, uh, got that when I was about, I guess I was three years old.

Princeton : By "he" do you mean Pearson, or Boatright?

Preston: Boatright

Ken: Boatright

Preston: Boatright, yeah. Jim Boatright, uh, his, um, daddy. His daddy was the one. He always never did have an education. But he was one of the smartest people I've ever seen.

Ken: His daddy?

Preston: His daddy.

Princeton : Are you talking about Dick Boatright?

Preston: Dick Boatright

Ken: Um-hum

Preston: And Dick would go out of town and we'd take a big load of cedar out and others as well, and he'd just kind of like this, this way.

Princeton : What was he doing?

Preston: He was tallying the cedars that he had. But he'd go just like this.

Ken: Was he counting 'em or

Preston: He was counting them.

Princeton : And the different sizes

Preston: And the different sizes

Ken: He'd keep it all in his mind?

Preston: And he'd, uh

Princeton : And would he calculate prices as well that way?

Preston: He'd calculate the prices and everything.

Ken: And pay the man right there on the spot from his head, huh?

Preston: You bet.

Ken: I'll be darned.

Preston: And he always had, he was always, I've always been, thought it was kind-of funny, because the ____ of his pants was always down. I mean he was

Ken: laugh

Margie Simons: Always ____

Preston: (laugh) I mean he was about to fall out of 'em.

(all laugh)

Preston: And, uh, but, that was, he was, he got to where he was stooping a lot.

Ken: Uh-huh

Preston: And, because

Princeton : Carrying them old posts around

Preston: Old posts

Margie Simons: Well, he had a real bad stroke too, there

Ken: Did they, did they haul a lot of cedar out on the rails, or was it mainly taken out by truck, from the cedar yards?

Preston: Well, back when the cedar yard was first thriving, uh, down there, they, uh, um, took a bunch of that stuff so I've been told, big posts, that would be this big around, and maybe as tall as, taller than this

Margie Simons: Something for gate posts?

Ken: You're talking about

Preston: What they were doing

Princeton : Two foot base

Preston: What they were doing was taking them down to the bays and, uh

Princeton : For pilings?

Preston: For pilings.

Ken: Yes

Preston: And they would, that cedar would last forever just about.

Ken: Would that be pilings for a bridge, or a, something like that?

Preston: For a bridge, or going out further

Ken: A pier?

Preston: A pier

Ken: Oh, OK

Preston, and, uh

Margie Simons: They called it blocking, I think's what they called it.

Ken: Uh-huh

Preston: Well, the blocking was mostly, uh, the uh, it was for putting, uh, down in the ground and building houses on it.

Ken: Yes. A good friend of mine has got a little house there in Bertram, one of those Sears houses from about 19-, early 1900s, and it sits on cedar blocking.

Princeton : They look brand new, don't they? If you were

Ken: I told him I wanted to crawl up under it the other day. He wouldn't join me, so we didn't do it.

Margie Simons: (laugh)

Preston: (laugh)

Princeton : Before Mr. Roberts leaves, show him the old cedar, uh, beam you've still got left that didn't burn.

Margie Simons: From the barn. I mean

Princeton : They used to do that a lot

Ken: Oh, OK

Princeton : It'd be about, I don't know if they were milled or hand done, but they'd be about this thick, probably sixteen inches or so

Ken: Uh-huh

Princeton : Flat, you know, what would be the vertical edges, and they'd just, they'd remain round on the top, but the, you still find old outbuildings made out of those huge cedars

Ken: Well, you're the first person, because I have asked other people, uh, it's been a while, since I've been teaching, I'm trying to see who it was I was talking to. And you're gona know this lady real well. Um, here in Cedar Park. Uh, um, dad-gum it. It's not down there. She lives off of, she lives off of, um, Brushy Creek Road, there with some old trucks and stuff in front. She lights 'em all up

Margie Simons: Betty Henry?

Ken: That's it. Betty Henry. Right. I talked to Betty and, uh, I was asking her and so far you are the first person that has confirmed, because I've heard it before, I read it one time, that they were taking the cedar out by rail.

Preston: Yeah

Ken: Because they had that track there already.

Preston: Oh yeah

Princeton : All of the cedar yards, just about, were on that side of the road too.

Margie Simons: Um-hum

Ken: On the rail side of the road?

Margie Simons: Um-huh

Ken: Backed right up to the rail.

Preston: Well,

Princeton : Or a lot of 'em anyway. The early ones, I think.

Margie Simons: Yes, uh, Reeds and Kings was.

Ken: They were the only two at the first. Weren't there even more later on?

Margie Simons: Oh, yes, there's a lot more.

Princeton : Around Cedar Park.

Preston: And there were, um, you know, I thought of two, and possibly a third one, Strokes

Princeton : Strokes

Ken: Yeah

Princeton : Names and numbers

Preston: Names and numbers

Princeton : Don't come to him now.

Ken: It happened to me just recently. I think I'm having the same problem today (laugh).

Margie Simons: Well, I have a list. I think I have about eleven or more. Uh, BC Reeds and Kings was the first ones we've already talked about.

Ken: B C REED?

Margie Simons: BC Reed. But it was Reed's. They just called it Reed's.

Ken: Reed's, OK

Margie Simons: But BC

Ken: DC?

Preston: That was up in Bertram too.

Princeton : Was Reeds in Bertram?

Preston: There was a Reeds. The Reeds were there.

Ken: OK

Preston: The same Reeds are brothers, of the other Reeds.

Margie Simons: And then Dick Boatright. That's the three that comes to mind. Three, the oldest one's I can remember. And, uh, PD Hammock, also, worked for Reeds.

Preston: For Reeds

Margie Simons: Or Dick Boatright, I guess, maybe. I think.

Princeton : And that's with an "l". Himmick?

Margie Simons: Hammock. Ham-- as a period for PD, up there, that's

Princeton : Oh, oh, there is an A, OK.

Ken: Did he have his own yard? Was it called the Hammock yard?

Margie Simons: No, he was, he was a cedar checker.

Ken: A checker

Princeton : For Boatright

Margie Simons: Always was Dick Boatright. And then Jim and John, his two sons, and, uh, and PD Hammock. And also, the, uh, Henry boys worked for John Boatright. I mean, Dick Boatright, I guess. Uh, Punk, and uh, Cecil, maybe Cecil

Ken: Punk Henry. Was he Betty Henry's, uh,

Margie Simons: Cousin. They are cousins, distant cousins. I don't know exactly

Ken: Uh-huh

Margie Simons: what relation, but they were related. But, uh, there was, what was that other boy's name? What was Punk's actual name?

Ken: Well, there's Turners.

Margie Simons: Yes, there's Punk Turner too.

Ken: Yeah, but that's a different Punk?

Margie Simons: That's different, uh-huh. Punk Henry and Punk Turner

Ken: OK

Preston: They are cousins as well.

Ken: Because I, another man I've talked to was over, was Turner. Was Dick Turner

Margie Simons: Um-huh

Ken: In Bertram, Burnet.

Margie Simons: Yes

Ken: And he apparently worked at a yard

Princeton : Yeah, he had a yard in Bertram

Margie Simons: He owned a yard

Ken: In Bertram

Preston: He had it for years and years and years

Ken: Uh-huh

Preston: And, um it was, uh, oh, gosh, um, he's right at a hundred years old.

Margie Simons: Um-hum

Ken: Dick?. I talked to him. I guess he's, I have it down, but I think he's like ninety.

Princeton : Yeah, he's not a hundred. He's in his mid nineties, early to mid nineties, I think

Margie Simons: He's the oldest of the family, I think

Princeton : Now the other day at Meyers, up at Lampasas, I think didn't we see a little sign that they'd been there since 1930?

Preston: Yeah

Princeton : I didn't know they'd been there that long. You've probably talked to them, haven't ya?

Ken: I just, just in passing, yes,

Princeton : But you got their contact

Ken: I do, right, keep that, 'cause I need to spend a lot of time – Doug Lavender is a

Princeton : Yeah

Ken: guy that runs that. I talked to him. He's a busy man

Princeton : Yeah

Ken: So I haven't had a chance to really sit down

Princeton : Yeah, he's up at, uh, North

Preston: Well I'm ____ too.

Princeton : ____ North of Waco

Ken: Uh-huh

Princeton : Maybe not North, but

Margie Simons: ____

Ken: Yes

Preston: Those people, uh, migrated from down here when the lake was in. And, from around here.

Princeton : You talking about the Meyers?

Preston: The Meyers.

Princeton : So they were down here too?

Preston: Yeah.

Ken: I didn't know that.

Margie Simons: Charlie Meyers was our neighbor, joined us

Preston: Charlie Meyers

Margie Simons: Next ...

Preston: Yeah

Ken: Charlie Meyers did what?

Margie Simons: Charlie Meyers joined our place that was covered up when the lake

Princeton : ____ same family as the Meyers up at

Margie Simons: At Leander, yeah, an off-shoots.

Preston: Up here, and, daddy used to go up there and just visit with him. He's passed away now.

Margie Simons: Charlie Meyers and Bertha didn't have any children. They didn't have any children. But, I don't know whether you knew, I guess you did, but daddy's sister married WI Toungate, Bud Toungate, and then his sister married Charlie Meyers. So they were almost, are cousins, third cousins (laugh)

Ken: (laugh) I get lost in

Princeton : Well, all of them families were intermarried eventually, just about

Ken: Yeah

Princeton : Many of 'em

Margie Simons: But, anyway, there was a Wade's, Wade's cedar yard, didn't Wade put a cedar yard in Cedar Park?

Preston: Wade, Wade did, and, uh, they

Ken: Which Wade was that?

Preston: Um, that was

Margie Simons: George Wade?

Preston: Not, George was the son. And he was, oh I bought his property there and I don't know why I can't remember that, but, uh, anyway, uh, Taylor Wade. Taylor Wade.

Ken: He had a yard?

Preston: He had a yard.

Ken: Were all these yards at the same time, or are they just one or two at a time?

Preston: No, all

Margie Simons: All at the same time.

Preston: All at the same time

Margie Simons: After the

Preston: ___ for those posts

Princeton : Well, Cedar Park was actually named for a number of years, it was one cedar yard after another, wasn't it?

Margie Simons: Yes. It was Reed's, King's, Boatright's, Wade's, Hyatts, and then my cousin Emily and Bob Hart, put one on the Hart Mountain over here on 1431 for a while, you know, back after, in the forties, I guess it was, the late forties maybe. And they, it didn't last too long, but they had one there Emily did the checking and we took cedar in there. Did you remember that? There where they lived up on the hill here at 14, on 1431 where the ___ is?

Preston: who?

Margie Simons: Bob Hart

Preston: Oh, yeah, Bob Hart.

Margie Simons: Yeah

Princeton : They had a cedar yard

Preston: they had a cedar yard

Princeton : On 1431

Ken: ON 1431? Where is Hart Mountain?

Princeton : The first one you go off of

Ken: OK, gotcha.

Preston: Hart Hill

Ken: Hart Hill.

Preston: It's Hart Hill. And then on the Hart property out there.

Ken: Is that the family that lives down below? You go down that hill there used to be an old family that lived down there

Margie Simons: Um-hum

Ken: at the bottom.

Preston: At the bottom, that's right.

Ken: OK

Margie Simons: That was Frank and Laura Hart.

Preston: Yeah

Margie Simons: I don't know what her maiden name was

Preston: They, uh,

Margie Simons: And they were cousins of ours too, Hart was

Preston: On the ___ side.

Margie Simons: Yeah

Ken: This was uh, when do you think the year when there was the most cedar activity taking place in Cedar Park?

Preston: It was

Ken: The years, I mean, a five year period, maybe even a ten year period.

Preston: Well, I'll tell you what. They were cutting cedar and they'd have a wagon and they'd have two, uh, mules and they'd take those and go over to where we were talking a while ago, where those , where those guys made their, their fortune, right there in Cedar Park, right behind me. And, these

Margie Simons: You mean Reed and Kings?

Preston: Yeah, I meant Reed and Kings. And it was when, oh, the Hyatts and, the ,what was

Margie Simons: Boatright?

Preston: No it was not Boatrights, it was down in Cedar Park. The old Post Office

Margie Simons: Reed and Kings and then the Boatrights later came in.

Preston: Yeah

Princeton : Somebody else?

Preston: He was a big tall guy

Margie Simons: You mean Roscoe Faubion

Preston: No, no

Margie Simons: He was ____

Preston.No, unt-uh

Margie Simons: He was ___ the Post Office

Preston: They stayed across the railroad

Margie Simons: You talking about PD Henry?

Preston: PD.

Margie Simons: He was a tall man.

Preston: Uh, yeah, PD Henry. I guess is where he was, it was taking the cedar.

Ken: Hammock?

Preston: Hammock

Ken: H A M M O C K?

Preston: Yeah

Princeton : OK

Margie Simons:

Preston: Hammat. H A M M A T

Ken: OK

Margie Simons: OK. I was wondering

Preston: H A M

Ken: So he had a yard too?

Preston: Yeah

Ken: They were taking it in wagons?

Preston: Well, that's all they had.

Ken: Uh-huh

Preston: They didn't have

Princeton : So, you think that was the heyday, really, before they had automobiles carrying stuff

Preston: Well, it was, they were just always tight, and those, um, those were old bachelors in there.

Margie Simons: Oh, you're talking about Cooks?

Preston: No. It wasn't the Cooks. They're, you know

Margie Simons: Loeschman ? You talking about Loeschmans?

Preston: The Loechmans! That's it.

Margie Simons: OK.

Princeton : How do you spell that?

Ken: Probably L O E S C H or something like that.

Princeton : Have you heard of them?

Ken: I've heard that name before.

Margie Simons: They were back down there close where Betty Henry lives.

Ken: OK.

Margie Simons: Back in that country, back in

Ken: That's where I heard that name from. And they still have some land there. And she said it's still a virgin cedar brake.

Margie Simons: Oh, OK

Ken: Just like you were talking about.

Female: Uh-huh. I didn't know what happened to that. I knew when I was last paying attention to it. I figured it was all grown up like

Ken: And they took it out in wagons? You said they were bachelors and they cut that cedar and took it, took it in wagons?

Preston: Uh, yeah. Yeah.

Ken: That's cool.

Preston: That's right.

Margie Simons: Kreshmar married their niece. Now ___ married ___ when that was probably their niece. Of course those were bachelors. Kreshmar first wife was a Loeschman . Pretty woman. She looked like Ms. Pearson.

Preston: Was that the one that he

Margie Simons: He divorced

Preston: He divorced

Margie Simons: Uh-huh

Princeton : So, so, do you think that, like, before the thirties, before the lake came in, before the thirties, before then was when they were really harvesting the cedar?

Preston: Oh, yeah.

Margie Simons: Probably after the lake come in, because that's when they put in all those cedar yards. Everybody put in a cedar yard nearly, probably in the forties, after the lake came in, don't you think?

Preston: Well, what they were doing, um, I think, they started it out there when Cedar Park was just a little ___

Margie Simons: Just a village. Not even that

Preston: And, uh, so, they uh, But one, other thing, this lady that you said gave you some information

Margie Simons: Betty?

Ken: Betty Henry

Preston: Betty Henry's daddy, uh, was a person who actually, he did some repairing and different things,

Margie Simons: Blair

Preston: Blair. No

Margie Simons: Betty's daddy was Blair

Preston: And, I know

Margie Simons: I'm sorry, I'm getting you off track

Preston: I'm getting that mixed up with, but, uh, you remember that old boy that he wanted to take you out on a date?

Margie Simons: Yeah, that was Hyatt.

Preston: Hyatt. OK. Um, his daddy is who I was trying to think of.

Margie Simons: Nep Hyatt. You talking about Nep Hyatt?

Preston: Yeah.

Female: Was his daddy

Preston: And, OK. There is a guy that's in his nineties, and he goes to the meetings all the time, whenever we have meetings, and the, you where Bobby Lou and her

Margie Simons: ____

Preston: OK. Uh, say it again.

Margie Simons: Bobby Lou and Bill ____?

Preston: They lived there but there was this guy

Margie Simons: Well Nep Hyatt lived there.

Preston: OK. OK, maybe I'm not seeing it right here.

Ken: You know, I don't need to know all the names anyway. I'm more interested in what it was like.

Princeton : The genre

Ken: You know what

Princeton : If you want a specific that, I don't know if it's gona be kind-of like the general experience, or you want specific anecdotes, but one that he's got that I don't think you'll get anywhere else is the telephone posts for San Antonio.

Preston: Oh, yeah. We used to, well, it wasn't we, it was

Margie Simons: Your granddaddy

Preston: before our time, but

Ken: Your granddaddy.

Preston: Yeah. And, um, my grandfather and others they used to go up there and those cedar posts were extremely high. And, uh, the Indians used to go in there, they said, and they would take rawhides and all and they'd go up and they'd build their houses up

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Preston: on those big thick trees. And they would just have ___ in there. Uh, and, uh, they, later on, when the bluecoats come in and started getting rid of the Indians and, they, it's not far, over here to, um, it's Bloody Hollow. And that's where the massacres were for that particular period. And they had a house that was built out in Leander, or real close to Leander. It was

Princeton : You talking about Block House?

Preston: Block House. Yeah. And, so, anyway, it did, I think, either lightning hit it, and the bluecoats had, of course, already gone, but they've got a monument across.

Ken: Um-hum

Princeton : Yeah, I've seen it. But tell me, who, you told me here, not too long ago, about the, about the telephone poles. That San Antonio wanted.

Preston: Um, yeah, they. What they did, they had those old mule trains. And there'd be somewhere in the vicinity of four to six mule teams that went in. And they took, they, uh, those big, tall cedars and (phone rings) excuse me just a second.

Princeton : But a lot of the history of the area did change with that lake. Because there were different routes, better routes, toward Austin and south. The lake, the country on the north side of the valley back fifty years, so Cedar Park was the conduit out of here.

Margie Simons: It ___ you cross the lake going up Volente and down and Bull Creek

Princeton : Until, until, or after the lake came in, or

Margie Simons: No, before then, before the lake came in. But it cut us off.

Ken: What did you used to do, Margie? You would, how would you get to Austin?

Margie Simons: We lived down in Sandy Creek

Ken: OK

Margie Simons: Close to Lago Vista

Ken: Right, right

Margie Simons: But west

Ken: Yeah

Margie Simons: We would, and, when you came off the Hart Mountain, here, the road went down the creek

Princeton : Yep

Margie Simons: All the way down to the mouth of the creek, almost to the Colorado River

Ken: Right

Margie Simons: But just before you got to the Colorado River it went back up to Volente

Ken: OK

Margie Simons: And we 'cross the Cypress, that was, old Cypress School, all that's cut off too

Ken: OK

Margie Simons: And, it went on through to, uh, down Bull Creek, 2222.

Ken: OK

Margie Simons: And went down, down Bull Creek

Ken: OK

Margie Simons: Or you could go, uh, out to, uh,

Princeton : Lohmans Crossing

Margie Simons: No, No. I'm going to Austin.

Princeton : Oh, you're still talking about that route

Margie Simons: Yeah. Or you could go up Cypress and cut across and come out at, uh, at, uh, Jollyville, at the, uh, or you could come out another way, if you going, like that, if he's going to Bertram or somewhere, he'd, he'd go Cy---, the, uh, Cypress Creek Road. Now, where it comes

out in Cedar Park, you know, there was a cut-off there and you'd go back that way if you're going back north. But if you're going to Austin you'd either go out to Jollyville, or you'd go down Bull Creek.

Preston: Well, it was fourteen miles from, from, uh, the other side of, of, uh, Sandy Creek, to Austin

Margie Simons: Twenty-four miles.

Princeton : That's a lot nearer than it is now.

Margie Simons: Oh, yeah. Twenty-four miles down Bull Creek was the nearest way we had to get to Austin.

Preston: I know, directly.

Ken: Down Bull Creek?

Margie Simons: Uh-huh. Down, uh, hit 2222, and go down that way. And when I was little town didn't begin until you got to 45th and Guadalupe.

Ken: Oh, yeah. Well, see, my mama was from Hyde Park. I was just at her house today. 43rd and Avenue D.

Margie Simons: 43rd. Uh-huh

Ken: So, I grew up in Austin

Margie Simons: That's where town began.

Ken: I know

Margie Simons: Uh

Ken: So, I'm trying to picture now, because I've driven Bull Creek from, I've driven out Bull Creek, and finally it says "Old Lampasas Highway." If you're on Bull Creek and you're coming toward Spicewood Springs, you know,

Princeton : Yeah

Ken: And, I've, I couldn't believe that. So, that's, that's what you're talking about, isn't it? Where as the railroad goes kind-of north. So that's, yall didn't do the railroad. Ya'll came in

Princeton : Yeah

Margie Simons: Yes, we angled

Ken: I've got'cha.

Margie Simons: But, uh, uh, I lost my train of thought. Um

Ken: You were saying about Bull Creek

Margie Simons: Um-hum. Uh, what was I gona say? The railroad went, went down, uh, and at that time 183 was highway 29

Ken: Uh-huh

Princeton : Oh, really!

Margie Simons: It went clear into Austin. 29 went, went clear into Austin from, I don't know where it ended back north, but that was our only paved road we had back when I was little. The rest of it was caliche.

Ken: Sure. Yeah.

Margie Simons: All the rest of it. There was no pavement except for highway 29.

Ken: Right

Princeton : Well, back to the telephone poles.

Preston: OK. Now, the, what, um, San Antonio, they had, uh, had, uh, a lot of, of their land, all cleared because of the Indians and the Mexicans and this sort of thing. And, so, they came up here to get those poles to, so they could put lights in San Antonio. And, so, they would go up there and, uh, and, uh, they'd load it down, usually with four mule trains going side, all together

Ken: Um-hum

Preston: and, so, anyway, they would, uh, go down and, uh, they would, uh, Henry Guerra was the, uh, guy on the radio

Margie Simons: WOAI

Preston: WOAI. And, anyway, uh, I was going up to Lampasas one day, and, so, anyway, I got listening to, uh, Henry Guerra, and, so I just pulled off on the side of the road because I was afraid I would listen and wouldn't hear what he was saying. And then he, uh, he mentioned, uh, where it was and, um, coming up to Sandy Creek, and, uh, getting those mules and all. That's where the first lights was in San Antonio.

Princeton : Poles

Preston: Light poles

Ken: I wonder how tall those poles were?

Preston: Oh, they would be, uh, oh, I guess they'd go up thirty feet.

Ken: Uh-huh

Princeton : There used to be some short ones between Andice and Florence, old ones still left along the side of the road. But they weren't that tall.

Preston: Yeah

Princeton : Maybe ten footers, so

Preston: Well, up at the ranch, up in Lampasas

Princeton : They've still got some?

Preston: There is, there is, uh, four, still.

Princeton : Cedar posts used for electric wires

Preston: Yeah

Margie Simons: We

Preston: We've still got the, little things that

Princeton : Insulators

Preston: Yeah, insulators, yeah.

Margie Simons: You know, over here at Lago Vista where it, close to where the airport was, we used to could see some telephone posts there. They, the old cedar posts

Princeton : They were cedar, made of cedar?

Margie Simons: They run a telephone line through there. But they're either crowded out or burned, or gone. You can't see them anymore.

Princeton : But on one of genres it's not directly related to cedar cutting, but a reality for everybody in this country, were the fires that come through.

Ken: Uh-huh

Princeton : And, uh, you know, they'd last for days. And, uh, then sometimes they thought, they'd try to salvage some of the cedar after a fire had come through, if they could, and cut posts out of 'em, things.

Ken: I bet once the fire got into the cedar brake it was very difficult to put out, I suppose.

Preston: Yeah, it's, uh, uh, you know how cedar got here.

Ken: Well, tell me. I don't.

Preston: Well, I don't either

(all laugh together)

Ken: I heard it was always here. That's what I've heard (all laugh)

Preston: No. Uh, the, uh, ranchers and the people that were here all kept it clean.

Princeton : But it was here before the Indians and before the ranchers.

Preston: All the

Ken: Oh, yeah

Princeton : 'cause they burned it

Ken: Right

Preston: Oh, yeah

Princeton : Now the Indians, most, the collective memory is that this was open country because the Plains Indians would burn it.

Ken: Yeah

Princeton : That doesn't mean that it was, wasn't here before that.

Ken: Right

Margie Simons: Mr. Waldon, the old fella, that lived there on the corner of 620 and 183, uh, told us, we, we lived on 620 for thirty-six years, but, we, uh, visited with him a lot, and he was in his nineties, and he come a hundred, he used to remember when all this land was prairie land.

Ken: Um-hum

Margie Simons: In here. And, of course, he lived long enough, he, he knew

Princeton : Noah Smithwick writes about most of this country being open. But he even writes about cedar brakes.

Ken: Um-hum

Princeton : Apparently just real dense

Ken: Um-hum

Princeton : Areas, thickets of cedar. And shinoak, thick as, just like now.

Preston: What they would do, uh, is think about food, and, food would be deer

Ken: Yeah

Preston: And different things. They would hide. And that's what they were mainly doing. It may, up at Lampasas, I've gotten places for those deer to go to.

Princeton : Yeah

Preston: And, and, uh, hide

Princeton : Yeah

Margie Simons: Um-hum

Preston: And, I drove by there the other day and it was, uh, three bucks, uh, just laying down right there and watching me drive on by

Ken: Yeah

Princeton : But, uh

Ken: I've seen an old cedar brake, you know, that road that runs out to, Tow, not Tow, runs out past Lake Buchanan, past Burnet, and, and, you get out, there's a road to the right that goes up to around Lake Buchanan, on the far side

Preston: Yeah

Ken: I've forgot the number of it, but Barney Baker lives out there.

Margie Simons: Oh, yes

Ken: And I went on his ranch and he showed me one of those old cedar brakes. And I think what it was is they were, they were growing down in, I mean this is rough land

Princeton : Yeah

Ken: It is rough, rough. Uh, you know, big ravines, and this, these cedars were growing down in there, and they're going straight up, thirty-feet tall

Princeton : Yep, yep.

Ken: Without a branch on 'em until you get up to the top.

Margie Simons: Now, was that Luther Baker's home place?

Ken: I imagine it is. He showed me where he grew up.

Margie Simons: Where he, probably his daddy, because Luther's dead, but

Princeton : Yeah, he's dead

Ken: And that little creek runs in there to the right as you, just as you make that big curve around

Princeton : Sounds like the same place

Ken: Yeah

Princeton : Is the creek dammed up a little bit

Ken: Yeah

Princeton : about, behind there

Ken: Yep, real pretty

Princeton : Yeah

Margie Simons: A rock house?

Ken: Yeah

Princeton : You know, but the stories that are, that are mentioned about the virgin cedar, you know, from back in the twenties, thirties, whatever, would mean that there were big cedar brakes for decades at least. It wasn't all burned out, or, or cleared out.

Preston: Well, over there on, over there on the hilltops right now. There are some big 'ole trees that was about like this, and, um, if you look at it closely you'll see that there is a twig left on one of those

Ken: Yeah

Preston: And,

Princeton : It died back and was cut and that little twig eventually became a big trunk tree

Ken: Uh-huh

Princeton : Lots of that

Preston: It's amazing. It was. It don't take much for the cedar to, uh

Princeton : Some of those 'ole, on those very flat tops of so many of those hills, probably those little 'old cedars are a hundred, two hundred years old.

Preston: Oh, yeah

Princeton : Really

Ken: Um-hum

Princeton : You know, bonsai'd, naturally bonsai'd

Preston: We used to, chop, keep that cedar down. Um, they, uh, went down and there was some small trees and so, uh, anyway, they cut all of the, all of the, uh, good stuff out and they'd leave that other. And if you didn't burn it off

Princeton : It'd grow back

Ken: right, right. Well let me ask you something. Just kind-of, uh, changing the subject just slightly, uh, from the cedar business, which I've got a pretty good handle on now, and when it was growing. I mean, ya'll were, ya'll had a ranch, essentially a farm down there

Margie Simons: Um-hum

Ken: some real good land, and there were folks with, with farms and ranches around

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Ken: around here, and, uh, who was it I was talking to that was saying "well, the cedar, the cedar brakes were down toward the river." Uh, maybe it was, I talked to Genny Kircheville, right, at the Sunset Ranch, up in, got that, that thing

Margie Simons: Buddy Roger's daughter

Ken: Buddy Roger's daughter, right, yeah. Um, and I talked to some folks, a guy named Kerry Russell, who's a lawyer in Georgetown now, but he grew up in Liberty Hill. And, talking about back in those brakes, I mean, everybody cut cedar, OK. So, at one time or another it seems like, if a person needed some money you could always go cut cedar.

Margie Simons: Um-hum

Ken: It's an honorable profession and a good thing to do. But there were some folks that were just, that's all they did. They lived back in the brakes, they called 'em cedar choppers, you know.

Margie Simons: Um-hum

Ken: Uh, because that's what they did. That's what their daddies did. Uh, were they just like everybody else? Did they go to school? Ya'll hung around with them, or were they kind-of a different, a different breed of person?

Princeton : Well, she married one of 'em

Margie Simons: (laugh)

Ken: OK. OK

Margie Simons: (laugh)

Princeton : And, they lived a long time all on your dad's land

Preston: Yeah

Margie Simons: They were, I guess cedar choppers, some were like the Maynards up there, they just lived there all the time. I don't know what kind-of homes they had. Never did go up, back up there. But, uh, some of 'em just, that's just all they did, that's the way they made their living

Ken: The Maynards did that?

Margie Simons: Yes, as far as I know. You know, The Bloody Holler Maynards, we called 'em, they lived up in Bloody Holler there, it's when you go off the Hart Mountain, you know, where

Ken: Yes

Margie Simons: ___, there's a little, it's just a little creek there. But then you, when you go up the other side, there's a real good sized creek. And that 's Bloody Holler. It goes up, uh, Cross Creek, I think they call it Cross Creek now.

Ken: Yeah

Margie Simons: But we called it Bloody Holler.

Ken: Uh-huh

Margie Simons: Because it was red, red, I thought it was because it was so much red dirt and everything

Preston: ___, always, she was a great-aunt, and, um, she said that her mother told her when she was a little girl that they, uh, the Bluecoats came in there and massacred up all of the Indians that they could find.

Ken: Hum!

Preston: Yeah

Ken: That's why they named it that.

Margie Simons: That's right

Ken: Uh-huh

Margie Simons: It was just. But, I think those people chopped cedar all the time.

Princeton : Well, the Mousers were that way. They'd live in little 'ole camps

Margie Simons: They'd just follow the

Princeton : camps, right there in the cedar brake

Ken: Uh-huh

Princeton : And they didn't think much about owning land. There were some people, like, like their dad and others, that, that felt a great sense of pride and valued importance in literally owning title to the land. But then, but in terms of living there, it didn't matter if you owned it or not

Ken: Um-hum

Princeton : And it was, probably they weren't even considered squatters. They were just there. You know, there was no resentment, like, or anything formal, I don't guess

Margie Simons: When you

Princeton : Unless you was chopping their cedar and stealing it

Margie Simons: When the, when the, uh, daddy had that cedar brake chopped out we had gobs of people camped all around the house out there. There was a Preece, and a, uh, well several of the Preeces, several different families of the Preeces was there. Uh, old people and their children, and their children

Ken: Really

Margie Simons: and their kids were there, everything. They just camped there and they got through with it.

Princeton : And everybody in this country in this country was pretty much cash poor. What you had was in terms of, uh, of the land, what you lived on, and, yeah, you had to come up with a cash crop sometimes, but in terms of, of economical pecking order, I don't think anybody would have looked down upon a cedar braker because they were all poor in terms of dollars and cents

Ken: Right, right

Margie Simons: Um-hum. In the thirties

Princeton : And a good cedar chopper could come up with some, a lot of cash.

Ken: I heard that. And a lot more than you could doing anything else

Princeton : But it was the family name. Now, in terms of stereotyping, you know, there's some people that were looked down on, but it was more, like, the name. The clan had earned a bad name, but here would be another clan, cedar choppers too, and they were held in high reputation

Ken: Uh-huh, uh-huh

Princeton : I don't think the, like in some countries, the what, the charcoal guys, they were kind-of looked on as a lower class. I don't know that the cedar chopper was looked down on around here

Preston: What they did, though, they made that charcoal

Princeton : I'm talking about in certain areas. They were kind-of looked down on as being an inferior breed

Preston: Yeah

Princeton : Around here it was still, it wasn't foreigners, it was people from around here, that

Preston: But I remember, uh, seeing, uh, the uh, people that had some pickups or something

Margie Simons: no, they had a truck

Preston: Cedar, they'd uh, had their charcoal

Ken: Um-hum

Preston: And they would go down into Austin in the black and Mexican sides and they would use that to cook with.

Ken: Um-hum

Preston: Because it was a good

Ken: You remember seeing that as a kid?

Preston: Oh, yeah.

Margie Simons: And the thing was, they could use the crooked sticks that you couldn't sell for a post.

Princeton : Um-hum, yeah

Margie Simons: And you could use that for charcoal.

Princeton : And it was a superior coal, uh, cedar pops when you burn it.

Ken: Right

Princeton : When you make your charcoal it's as clean

Preston: Oh, Yeah

Princeton : But am I correct there about the attitude toward the cedar choppers. Whether they were cedar choppers or not, it didn't affect people's attitudes toward 'em.

Margie Simons: Yes

Princeton : But family name. You could, you know, a family name could be ruined and here you're born into that family and you're just automatically looked down on the name. But it wasn't because they were cedar choppers, was it?

Margie Simons: Not necessarily, I don't think

Preston: The only thing that, once in a while, you'd get some of 'em and they'd stink just like (laugh)

Margie Simons: (laugh)

Preston: they'd already died. (laugh)

Princeton : Well, daddy used to __, I don't remember, is it the Boatright cedar yard, or what, but there was this Drummer, he called him a "Drummer" come up there wanting to peddle something (deep inhale) and, you know, I forget the name, I think it was one of the Maynards, came in there and, uh, you know, brought in a load of cedar and that Drummer kind-of turned up his nose and after a while he said "you stink!" And later on he says "when was the last time you took a bath?" And that guy went "I don't know, I guess a month or two ago." And he says "well, I take a bath every day." And he says "you must be a stinking blackity-black if you take that every day!" (all laugh)

Preston: (laugh)

Ken: So, you're thinking that, the image in the name Mouser, I've heard that name before

Princeton : Yeah, there's a Mouser camp there

Ken: Uh-huh

Preston: There's one of the Mouser boys

Princeton : And one of the Simons married a Mouser .

Ken: Uh-huh, 'cause I've heard that name as kind-of a rough, uh,

Princeton : Some of them're still cutting cedar as far as I know. I don't know the family, but some Mouser's are still cedar choppers.

Ken: The Johns, was that another one?

Margie Simons: Yeah, I forgot to put the Johnses

Ken: Uh-huh

Margie Simons: I've got a whole list of names [see end of transcript]

Ken: OK. Oh, good. Good. Well, see, I, I actually, you said Maynard, I lived right next to us, we called it The Maynard Place.

Princeton : Where at?

Ken: On Round Mountain Road

Princeton : OK

Ken: You know. Uh, about halfway between Liberty Hill and Nameless Road.

Princeton : Those are some, that's probably older, the older family, years ago

Margie Simons: Let me see. Uh

Ken: We live on the Whitt place

Princeton : Yeah, that's an old family too.

Ken: We've lived there since '75

Margie Simons: Yeah.

Preston: You say you live there?

Ken: Uh-huh. You mentioned about Boatright. I used to work at the Leander Post Office for Ruth Boatright

Margie Simons: Uh-huh

Ken: And, uh, Jim Boatright built our road, to our place

Princeton : Yeah

Margie Simons: Well, I

Princeton : But the Maynard's such an old family, nearly anybody that hadn't moved in here is going to kin one way or the other with the Maynards

Margie Simons: You know who

Additional Female: Hey, how are you!

(introductions)

Princeton : But there was a Mous, a Maynard camp right down there where Forest North is, you know, until what? The mid seventies, the late sixties, early seventies?

Preston: Who

Princeton : The little shanty town

Margie Simons: Yeah, there on 620 [near intersection 183]

Princeton : They still lived that way, you know, in recent years, you know, until recent decades

Ken: Where was that?

Princeton : 620

Princeton : uh, the northern entrance to Forest North

Margie Simons: ____ Rays wife lived there

Princeton : Probably back where Wal-Mart would be now

Ken: OK

Margie Simons: Uh, Maynard

Princeton : And I don't, I don't know who owned it even, but

Margie Simons: Mary ____ lived there

Princeton : until they were bought out

Ken: Right

Princeton : they kind-of scattered from there

Margie Simons: That man had a little green house there. He kept it real pretty. Just a tiny little house. And then, finally, I think he died or something and several of the Maynards moved in there on 620, right there close to the Cantrell place. In front of the Cantrell place. Between ____ and the Cantrells

Preston: Um-hum

Margie Simons: Right in front of the cemetery.

Preston: Yeah, I remember that one.

Princeton : It's when Forest North went in there, you know, that was bought out and cleared out.

Margie Simons: Yeah, there was a whole bunch of 'em, there was this whole string of little houses in there.

Ken: Huh!

Margie Simons: I forgot about that. But, anyway.

Ken: Cantwell. Cantrell.

Margie Simons: Cantrell.

Ken: Is that the same as – there is a Lee Cantrell in, in Liberty Hill now. Uh, must be one of them.

Margie Simons: There's Cantwell and there's Cantrell.

Ken: Right

Princeton : Both of 'em

Ken: Yes

Margie Simons: and

Ken: Cantrell is the one I know. I don't know the – the Cantwells cut cedar too, I believe, didn't they?

Margie Simons: I don't know whether the Cantwells did or not. John Cantwell was, was Homer's dad. They lived over in the Lake, over, uh, close to Point Venture

Ken: Uh-huh

Margie Simons: back in there. And they moved out then, and, uh, that was John Cantwell. And they raised their family in there, you know, on, down on the river

Preston: Um-hum

Margie Simons: And their land was covered up with the lake, part of it, at least

Ken: Um-hum, um-hum

Margie Simons: And then, Cantrell is a, is a different family. And, they, but, but, Little Man John Cantrell married, uh, Sylvester. And she was raised, I guess, on the, on the lake over there.

Preston: yeah.

Margie Simons: They lived to be

Preston: The Sylvesters, um, they, they, uh, lived across the lake, I think.

Margie Simons: They lived

Preston: from

Margie Simons: They lived down there close to Pearson's still, up the river from Pearsons

Preston: Yeah

Margie Simons: I think. If I've got it right. ___ Sylvester, and, and, uh, I don't know where they lived. They lived on the river there somewhere close to Lohman's Crossing. I don't know which side of the river they lived on. But, uh, we lived there. But that's the impression, (I've got to run to the bathroom. I'll be back in a minute.)

Preston: OK. I've got something I want to get in here

Ken: All righty

Break in taping

Princeton : But, uh, you know, they were so cash, guy, or, you know, whoever came by, and he gave them some crayons. They were useless to them. They didn't have any paper.

Ken: Uh-huh. Wow.

Princeton : So he gave them a ticket book. One of his receipt books, so they would have something to color on.

Ken: Uh-huh

Princeton : Uh, and, uh, Mullein weed was their toilet paper.

Ken: What kind of weed?

Princeton : Mullein weed, the fuzzy, pale green ...

Break in taping

that makes a collapsed long

Ken: Uh-huh

Princeton : apparently, a lot of that happened. TB and pneumonia, whatever, and, whatever way they treated it, they'd lose a lung. But he was chopping cedar with an axe after, after ya'll married, wasn't he? And making a living for a while

Margie Simons: Just, probably just a short time, because, uh, I got a job in Austin. And he got a job with the lumber company. And, so he, he, uh, worked for the lumber company for a while. And then, uh, that's, they had him unloading, uh, line.

Princeton : But, uh, I'm assuming ya'll were married when he had the ring with, with your picture in it. The one that got cut

Margie Simons: I don't think he

Princeton : He was tossing out posts one time

Margie Simons: I don't know wh

Princeton : And he had a ring

Margie Simons: I think it was before we married.

Princeton : with her picture in it, and, a little snag on that post caught that ring, said liked to yanked his finger off.

Ken: Uh-huh

Princeton : But, before, you know, fortunately the ring finally did go off and he never found it.

Ken: Oh!

Princeton : But John, speaking of, you mentioned John Boatright earlier. I think John was a boy and working there for his dad, and daddy would bring in a pick-up, you know, it's not the big beds like we have now-a-days.

Ken: Right

Princeton : It's the step-sides, but everyday he was bringing in a load of cedar. He'd, he'd cut cedar and be out by noon and bring the posts down

Ken: He'd bring a load in, he'd cut a load every day?

Princeton : Every day, that particular week, every day. And finally the boy said, John said, you gona bring in a load every day? And dad said "No! Friday I'm gona bring in two loads!"

Margie Simons: (laugh)

Princeton : And, of course, John thought he was hoo-rahing. But, but daddy meant it. I think he was wanting to kind-of act bravado, but, every day he'd have one or two extra, you know

Ken: Um-hum

Princeton : By the end of the week there was enough to go back and bring in a second load

Ken: Uh-huh

Princeton : John said "well you meant it!"

Preston: That's right

Princeton : "when you said you would bring in two loads."

Margie Simons: That's probably when, uh, after Jerry was born, uh, he chopped cedar, 'cause he, he could

Princeton : And I think it was still with an axe, too.

Margie Simons: Yes!

Princeton : That's a lot of work

Ken: This is your son, Jerry?

Margie Simons: Jerry was our son and he was a baby.

Princeton : Born in '52.

Margie Simons: Born in '52.

Princeton : So, it would have been after that when daddy, like I say, he

Margie Simons: I don't know when it was.

Princeton : And, and as far as I know, none of 'em chopped cedar all day long.

Ken: Right

Princeton : You got in there and, and how in the world they'd come up with that volume, but they'd, they'd, it's unbelievable.

Ken: Jerry, Jerry was born in '52 and he was cutting cedar with an axe, he, he had to be ten or twelve, didn't he, when he started?

Princeton : No, dad

Ken: Oh, your daddy was cutting it.

Princeton : Daddy was cutting cedar after the first son was born

Margie Simons: No, my husband

Ken: I got you. I got you.

Margie Simons: I know one time, I went over there with him, and cooked lunch, and waited for the timeframe to, I'd help him, I would stand the post up and then he'd pick 'em up and put 'em on the

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Margie Simons: on the pick-up after, after lunch. We'd eat lunch, I'd ___ something good. Sometimes I'd take beans over there, I'd cook a pot of beans on the campfire. They were really good. But, anyway

Ken: I bet

Margie Simons: whatever we had, and, but, I'd keep Jerry close to me, 'cause he was busy with the axe and everything, but one day, uh, Je, about time come lunch, Jerry wanted to go down just a little ways from where we were down to where his daddy was. And I hollered and told him he was coming and, so, he was just a toddler. Just two or three years old, I guess. And he would, uh, he wasn't ready to come. He had some good posts there, I guess, he was gona cut and so he just made a circle in brush around Jerry

Ken: (laugh)

Margie Simons: And Jerry couldn't get away from him.

Ken: (laugh)

Margie Simons: That's the way he had to babysit him for a few minutes, until he got through.

Princeton : And you've probably already got this information elsewhere, but, stays, the little ones

Ken: Yeah

Princeton : you'd tie between, a penny apiece.

Ken: Uh-huh

Princeton : I think ten cents for a yard four, and daddy said that if he could find a ten-ten, ten foot tall, ten inch top, that was a dollar. And I (emphasis) mean, he was some high-cotton. But he said a lot of the time if he did cut one that, that big, he'd have to build a ramp out of the rest of the, the posts, to manage, to get the thing, he'd roll it up there and get it positioned, and then back under it

Ken: Uh-huh

Princeton : I guess the butt-end would be up

Ken: Uh-huh

Princeton : Just load it. And now I'm not talking about cutting with a, a chopping axe, but, cutting with a chainsaw, it's harder loading 'em than cutting 'em. And, them big 'ole heavy posts

Ken: Sure

Princeton : And how those guys do it, like even out at the cedar yards, they haul some big stuff. I don't know how they do it.

Ken: I've seen 'em.

Princeton : You've gotta I guess work your muscles up to a certain condition. But it's, it was, it's hard work and they did, some of 'em, like I say, did it all the time

Ken: Um-hum

Princeton : And they wouldn't, you know, they preferred that to fishing, hunting, anything else. They enjoyed it, apparently

Ken: I think you could make more money doing that than you could, well, they said that the quarry out here, I was told how much you got paid, for a day, or whatever it was. They could make more money cutting cedar than they could working at a wage job.

Margie Simons: Well, several people just worked the quarry all the time. I had several friends, people, when you talked, Davidson, and, uh, Mr. Leach, Joy's daddy, and Bill Bryson, worked at the quarry, all the time, except when the, when, uh, the farmers brought their cotton in to the gin. They had a cotton gin in Leander. And then the, the people, the people that run the quarry would let them have a break so they could go help get the cotton in for that ..., gin the cotton.

Ken: Um-hum

Margie Simons: And they'd, they'd go back, and then when they got through with ginning cotton they'd go back to quarrying work.

Ken: Now, you mentioned Bill Bryson. Because I was just talking to Princeton about that. He's the one that wrote that book I've___

Princeton : Bill Bryson

Ken: It may have been Bill Bryson

Margie Simons: Not Bill, because he's been dead a long time.

Ken: OK. Well, it was another Bryson.

Margie Simons: It was, uh,

Princeton : That's an old book.

Ken: It's an old book.

Margie Simons: Uh

Princeton : Somewhere up around Florence, in that area, up in there, Shin Oak Country

Ken: he's calling Liberty Hill Shin Oak Country

Princeton : Yeah

Ken: Liberty Hill, Andice, Florence, and, but, all throughout that book he's saying "now, we were upstanding people. We weren't like those people living up in the hills." And stuff like that. And, so, he had this kind-of, a little bit of a snobby attitude toward people living in the cedar brakes.

Margie Simons: What was that about? Bobby Bryson's daddy. What was his name? Louie Bryson

Ken: OK

Preston: Yeah

Ken: But this is an old book. I mean, it was written a long time ago, but

Margie Simons: What year?

Ken: twenty years ago, maybe.

Preston: I'll tell 'ya a little story about, uh, that.

Margie Simons: (laugh)

Preston: He, uh, Bill Bryson, uh, he would get him a tow sack and so he'd go and get all of his beer and everything in there and he'd have his shotgun with him, and he was always walking. And, so, uh, he'd go over there and he'd, he'd hide his beer, in the bushes, and, and, uh, in the brush pile, and I still find some

(all laugh)

Preston: After a little while _____

Princeton : You're serious that he forgot about 'em?

Preston: _____

Margie Simons: _____

Preston: Probably, seventy, eighty years ago, at least.

Princeton : Cans or bottles?

Preston: It was cans.

Ken: Huh

Preston: And, uh (laugh), and, anyway, my mother was out there and, uh, that was before, while she was still living good, and, so, we'd, she'd say "why don't we just burn some of this brush in here" (laugh)

(all laugh together)

Preston: I said "What!" (laugh) And after a while

Princeton : It started exploding?

Preston (laugh) It started exploding! (laugh)

(all laugh)

Preston: I didn't know what to ____

(all laugh)

Preston: It was like this. She thought it was something so big! All of the stuff

Margie Simons: They had a little camp, fishing camp, and when he'd bring his wife when he was fine, he didn't drink at all, but I guess when she didn't come, I guess he was gona hide some out there so he had some for some reason, but, he refused to have a car because he, he knew he was an alcoholic.

Ken: Um-hum

Margie Simons: And he'd drink so much. He'd hire someone to bring him over.

Princeton : Is that the one daddy, your daddy nearly hit?

Margie Simons: Yes

Princeton : Behind the snowball.

Margie Simons: Well ___ snowball, yeah

Preston: We had a six-inch snow, uh, over there, that's the last snow we've had (laugh)

(all laugh)

Preston: Anyway, Mr. Baker, our old school teacher, lived with us. And, so, they were going down and

Margie Simons: His daddy and Mr. Baker

Preston: Yeah, my daddy and Mr. Baker was going down and, so, they'd been hitting those little rolls

Margie Simons: ___ and his daddy'd roll that great-big snowball up in the road until they got it so big they couldn't push it anymore. They just left it there. It had picked up a lot of the caliche and everything with it, and it just stayed there until it melted. We'd have to go around it (laugh)

Preston: Yeah, anyway, daddy went around it, he went down there a little bit further, and, uh, there was Bill Bryson, he, he couldn't go any farther. He was just all humped up

Princeton : But he was about to run into it.

Margie Simons: Daddy was, daddy was ___, it was just a little one, he thought "I'll run over that" and then he got thinking there might be rocks in there, he'd ruin a tire, because it was picking up everything down the road.

Princeton : Sticks, and

Margie Simons: And, and he's afraid he might ruin a tire, and so when he got down there it wasn't as, the snowball had melted by the, you know, when they went around it was still there, but when they came back it wasn't there anymore. But Bill Bryson was sitting in the road with kaki clothes on

Preston: Yeah

Margie Simons: Caliche colored, almost, all humped down, he'd gone as far as he could go. He just wandered down the road and he was just passed out.

Ken: Oh, dear

Preston: Anyway, uh

Princeton : You know, the son, like the one wrote that book (laugh)

(all laugh)

Margie Simons: No, it was probably his nephew

Ken: Uh-huh

Preston: And, uh, anyway, I was with him, and we got down to the house

Margie Simons: You picked Bill up and brought him on to the house

Preston: Yeah. Uh, we put him in the back of the truck and then we put him in there and put blankets around him. He was pretty heavy. And, so, we got up the next morning, he was gone

Margie Simons: But daddy was just as white as a sheet when he come in. He said "I almost run over him" thinking it was that snowball.

Ken: Uh-huh

Margie Simons: Because he was just gona shatter the rest of it. He was just hunkered up there.

Ken: You got some pictures here?

Preston: I'd just like to show you that one.

Ken: Oh, boy. Is this ya'll's house?

Margie Simons: Yes, that's where we lived, down in that, before the lake

Ken: Before the lake, uh-huh. Is that right

Preston: The bottom of the lake

Margie Simons: The chimney was

Preston: Where the lake used to, I mean, the creek.

Ken: Who are the people in it? That's a great picture.

Preston: Well, who do you think?

Ken: Well, I think it is you, and, uh,

Margie Simons: And me

Ken: You, which one is you?

Preston: Uh

(all talk)

Ken: The tall girl?

Margie Simons: And then my sister

Ken: Uh-huh

Margie Simons: she was the middle

Ken: You haven't changed!

Margie Simons: (laugh)

Preston: I haven't?

Ken: No! You look just like ____ (all laugh)

Margie Simons: But that chimney is the one that we still have. They had moved up to our other house. And that's one that our, our, uh, granddaddy

Break in recording, before going over paper

MS006

Ken: There we go.

Margie Simons: Ok. The Hickmans

Ken: These are cedar choppers?

Margie Simons: Um-hum. And, and this, this, Ms. Hickman, was a, was a Preece, and, uh, their sons was Clarence, Nolan and Tommy.

Ken: OK

Margie Simons: And, I think there was another, I can't remember. And then the Preece

Ken: P R E E C E

Margie Simons: Um-hum

Ken: OK

Margie Simons: And it was Chub, and his son was Dean, which stayed there, palled around with my cousin, I don't know whether he stayed with us or not.

Ken: They worked on your land, there?

Margie Simons: Well, they just, no. Uh, Preece, uh, Chub Preece was a, lived around Leander. And I don't, he was there quite a, just come to see us every once in a while. But his son was the same age as my cousin and he was there quite a bit, just palling around with him, I don't know whether they chopped cedar or not. But, Jack Preece was Chub's brother. And, uh, he had, a son Alvin, and Bully, and maybe Albert. I don't know whether he was

Ken: And they cut cedar?

Margie Simons: Yes. And they lived, these people all lived on our place, except for Alvin, and his family didn't live there.

Ken: OK.

Margie Simons: And, then, the Bonnets, they didn't live there, but they chopped cedar around where you'd see them haul it down the road. And Felix Bonnet and Zeke Bonnet, and maybe Perry was a brother, I don't know whether he chopped cedar or not.

Preston: Perry Bonnet, yeah.

Margie Simons: He did?

Preston: Yeah

Margie Simons: And then, the Williams, was people that were from Bull Creek, I think, and, I don't know what their names were. I can't remember their names.

Preston: They used to

Margie Simons: They'd go and cut and chop cedar, but I don't think they chopped any for us. But these people here all chopped cedar on our place before the lake came in.

Ken: Right

Margie Simons: And the Williams was cedar choppers after we, they were camped beside the road and places, and up there on the ____, close to where the road

Preston: Gregg Holler

Margie Simons: Huh? Gregg Holler, there where the, uh, road goes down into, uh, Reed Park Road

Ken: Um-hum

Margie Simons: Off 1431. They would camp down there in that little valley. And the Shannons, I, the Shannons camped on our creek, um, there, at uh, at uh, the old home place, before the lake came in.

Ken: What was your creek called?

Margie Simons: Sandy Creek.

Ken: Oh, OK.

Margie Simons: And, uh, they camped down there, in the pecan bottom. And I know that men, the women stayed there, camped, and stayed there, and the men went chopping cedar. And they had kids and daddy told 'em they could camp in the pecan bottom but they could not thrash the pecans, but they could pick up any pecans that fell on the ground. Because that was our living, in the fall of the year.

Ken: Right

Princeton : That's Gregg Holler.

Margie Simons: And, and, uh, then the Boatrights, were the Bull Creek people that came, they didn't, they didn't chop cedar on our, and these people didn't either, but they, some of the families camped there, and I believe, oh, there's another Boatright, what was his name? That married one of the Shannon girls, I think. They camped there I think, I don't know whether they spent the night, or just went out in the day, but they washed their clothes in the creek and hung them on the bushes. And then, the Simons all – what have I got here – all these

Ken: All brothers?

Margie Simons: All brothers. Um, Eli Simons and his family worked on our place and, I don't know whether Dick or Bill, either one, worked on our place. They might have, Bill might have. And their sons. And Harve Simons was a, man at Bull Creek that was blind. And, uh, (looking at pictures, mumbling) there's something else I've thought of here. Something else I was going to say about this, but, anyway, the Maynards then, was the people that lived up Bloody Holler, but, um, Mart Maynard married

Ken: M A R T?

Margie Simons: That's all I know, Mart.

Ken: Um-hum, um-hum

Margie Simons: Uh, I don't know whether his name is Martin, or what it was

Ken: Um-hum, um-hum

Margie Simons: But they called him, daddy called him, Uncle Mart.

Preston: Martin.

Margie Simons: But, anyway, he probably was. And he married Fannie Pope. And then Fannie Pope was my granddad's half sister.

Ken: OK

Margie Simons: She came here with two little boys

Princeton : a widowed Carlton

Margie Simons: Hum?

Princeton : She was a Carlton and then widowed and married a Pope.

Ken: OK

Margie Simons: Yeah, this was a, um, my great grandmother, you saw a picture of that.

Ken: Um-hum

Margie Simons: Her husband was killed in the Civil War. Her name was Nancy (Nancy Missouri Wiggins)

Preston: That was her great-great

Margie Simons: My great grandmother Wiggins.

Princeton : That was her maiden name?

Margie Simons: Her maiden name was Wiggins.

Princeton : And then she married

Margie Simons: And then she married

Preston: She would be our great-great grandmother

Margie Simons: She married, a, James Ian Carlton. And he was killed in the Civil War.

Preston: In the battle of Cedar Creek

Margie Simons: in battle. This pen is just not writing either. Battle of Cedar Creek (mumbling) Cedar Creek, Virginia. And, she, Nancy moved to Lee County, Texas, uh, and met and married Wilson Pope. And they had nine children. I hope you can read that.

Ken: I'm recording it so I don't need to.

Margie Simons: Nine children.

Ken: This will be for Princeton to keep.

Margie Simons: And this, and one of 'em was Fannie Pope, who married Mart Maynard.

Ken: OK

Margie Simons: of these nine children she had one named Fannie Pope.

Ken: OK

Margie Simons: And

Ken: Don't forget the Whitts.

Margie Simons: OK. And, I don't know much about the Whitts. But they did chop cedar there.

Ken: Some, yeah. The land that I live on is a hundred, a hundred and

Margie Simons: they lived up, up Sandy Creek from us

Ken: Um-hum

Margie Simons: up

Princeton : Up Nameless Road?

Margie Simons: Nameless Road and Round Mountain Road.

Ken: Right, exactly. We live on a tributary of Sandy Creek.

Margie Simons: Um-hum. Yeah, you would have had Sandy Creek there. Uh, now Charlie Ward, was a, the daddy of all these people that I know of. He was old when I was a little kid, I thought. (laugh) And his sons was Charles, Bob, and Richard. And there were some more, I think too, but I can't remember

Ken: Um-hum

Margie Simons: And, uh, and they all chopped cedar on our place.

Ken: Um-hum

Margie Simons: Down at the old home place I guess, and then up at the, after they, well it came in on our property. And then the Mousers, uh, uh, I don't

Preston: Babe

Margie Simons: Babe and Boy. I don't know what, any other names for 'em.

Ken: Uh-huh

Margie Simons: And, um, and

Ken: Well, they kind-of, they were kind-of a rough bunch. Is that right? That's what I heard.

Margie Simons: Some were and some were just very

Preston: Well, they

Margie Simons: good people.

Ken: OK

Preston: Actually, they were for a while, but then they, I

Margie Simons: They calmed down?

Preston: Well, I caught 'em, uh, when I was

Margie Simons: Yeah, some of the young ones

Ken: Uh-huh

Preston: And I didn't

Princeton : Were these all brothers? Babe, Boy, Fred and Jack? What's their relationships?

Margie Simons: Uh, Babe and Boy were brothers and Fred was, was a, June's daddy, and Jack, I think, I don't know. Fred was the older man, he was probably an Uncle to Babe and Boy, and probably a brother or cousin to Jack Mouser.

Ken: All right

Margie Simons: I'm not sure. They were, I don't know, I didn't know them that well. But, anyway, and then the Finleys chopped cedar some.

Ken: Yeah. I haven't heard that name.

Margie Simons: They chopped cedar over at, over, uh, over on the LCRA property, they lived over there where Shell ___ lived, and then they probably chopped some, Earnest helped David he lived with us, before he married, and helped David chop cedar on the old place.

Preston: Yeah

Margie Simons: Um, and when he and ___ married, I think, they still chopped cedar together. And then Henry Heine was there, he chopped cedar, a whole lot of cedar, when he was there.

Preston: Yeah, Henry was

Margie Simons: And, and then, uh, the Waechters, do you know that name?

Ken: Unt-uh

Margie Simons: I'm not spelling that right, I don't think. But, I, that, it's not spelled like it sounds. But, anyway, they were people from Bull Creek. There's

Ken: W E C H T E R S. OK. That's what you wrote

Margie Simons: That may be the way it is. I don't know.

Ken: Um-hum

Margie Simons: Anyway, they, some of those people are buried in the cemetery at Bull Creek.

Ken: OK

Margie Simons: But we knew them, and they lived around Bull Creek. And then there was Walter Lentz. He chopped cedar down at our home place. Uh, uh, before the lake came in.

Ken: Um-hum

Margie Simons: He had a, a, he had a son name Buford, and another son, I know one of 'em, wore a little Army cap thing, two sons came out most of the time, they had an old red Ford truck and they'd come by the house and out the cow pen and go up the creek to Falls___, not down on the top of it, and wander around. And, they chopped cedar there. We could hear 'em way down the road coming because that old truck made a singing sound, we knew they were coming. And, then, the McAllens chopped cedar too a long time ago. They lived up, uh, where did they live? Way up Sandy there somewhere. Uh, Chester, not Chester, but, uh, Chester lived there, but I don't know whether he chopped cedar. I think he did something else. What did Chester do?

Preston: Uh

Margie Simons: But his brother, what was his name? Uh, Paul run around with him, but anyway my cousins, were cousins with these people.

Preston: Paul McAllen.

Margie Simons: What was his name? I can almost see it, I can see it, but I can't see

Preston: Well, his cousin

Margie Simons: Yeah, Chester McAllens brother.

Preston: Yeah, old Chester

Margie Simons: Chester McAllen's, uh, brother

Preston: The last time I saw him he was drunk and I took him home (laugh)

Ken: (laugh)

Margie Simons: Chester McAllen's

Preston: ____ in the highway

Margie Simons: married, married, uh, my mother's, uh, Chester Mc, uh, Alf McAllen

Princeton : Married your aunt.

Margie Simons: Alf

Princeton : You mother's baby daughter, or

Margie Simons: No. Married uh, u h, Hazel Crawford.

Preston: Hazel was

Margie Simons: My mother's sister

Preston: You mother's sister

Margie Simons: And they both, Alf and Hazel both died of typhoid fever.

Ken: Hum

Margie Simons: And she left a little boy, Paul, who was about a year old. He was thirteen months, less than two years old, seventeen months, I looked that up here a while back.

Princeton : The mother left him with

Margie Simons: with my mother.

Princeton : her sister, to go take care of her ailing husband, pretty much she realized that she probably had come down with typhoid too.

Margie Simons: And they both died within twenty-one days of each other, I think.

Ken: Hum

Margie Simons: And left that baby at, with my grandma, and

Princeton : Because she thought it was the decent thing to do, you know. Not that she could do much good, but she'd be there for him.

Margie Simons: They begged her not to go because they knew what was coming

Ken: Um-hum

Margie Simons: And she did too, I guess, but she left the baby and told Mama "take care of Paul" and she left her baby and I don't think she ever saw him anymore because, and they're buried at ___ cemetery there at the dam. And then the Varners lived on Cow Creek. And there was Carley, Chester, Tommy, and Garrison and there was another boy but I can't remember his name, I don't know how much he chopped cedar, but all these people chopped cedar on their own property and hauled it out all the time. You'd see their trucks going and coming. And Monroe Pearson, Joe and Harve Pearson, all chopped cedar. And one of the Pearson, didn't he marry a Stewart? I think he did. I've got Stewarts on the other side.

Ken: Are they related to TM Pearson?

Margie Simons: Uh, yes, but I don't know how. Cousins, I guess, or second cousins.

Ken: Turner lives on Cow Creek.

Princeton : Um-hum

Margie Simons: Yes, the Turners

Princeton : They, uh, somebody was saying their dad used to chop cedar at night. Wasn't he trying to buy, wasn't he buying a lot of that land himself and come up with the money to pay for it?

MS007

Margie Simons: Well, I don't know, but they had nine kids and they had nine kids

Preston: He, he hired a lot of people

Princeton : To chop cedar to sell.

Preston: To chop cedar. Because he hated cedar.

Princeton : Oh, he mainly wanted to get rid of it, then.

Preston: Yeah,

Princeton : Oh, OK

Preston: because he had horses

Princeton : Yeah

Preston: cattle and, all in there, and that was, uh, that was about fifty-thousand acres. Something like that.

Margie Simons: And the Woods is some more people, Willard, or Bill, and his brothers chopped cedar. And the Stewarts chopped cedar in the Hill Country here. We'd see them on the road with ___ loads of cedar. And then the Kirks back when I was little lived up Sandy Creek, just north of Jonestown, and they, uh, they were Ben and Fred Kirk and I don't know who else, I can't remember. Uh, and then Whitts.

Preston: I've remember Fred Kirk

Margie Simons: Yeah. I remember Fred Kirk too (laugh). And, and I remember their mother. Their mother was down in that little house, I remember she was a big fat lady, and, I think she was a midwife maybe, but, she didn't deliver us, but, I think she delivered Leonard Varner. He was born at our house. But, anyway, that would be these men's mother. And, uh, um, Ms. Kirk was at our house and mama said that I had, I don't remember it, but I do remember her, she said I had a fork, and back then forks were real sharp. They were pointed. They weren't like the forks we use now. It was something you could actually stick a piece of meat

Preston: Stab a piece of meat (laugh)

Margie Simons: Stab a piece of meat. And, mama and dad has some that was three prongs. But, and they wouldn't let us use them. But, anyway, she said I had a fork in my hand and said she jerked that away from me and threw it in the fireplace so fast and didn't say a word.

Preston: Hum

Margie Simons: She just got it away from me. It was dangerous and she just took it away from me and threw it away. She didn't put it up or anything (laugh) she threw it in the fireplace! (laugh) But I remember that. But, anyway, uh, then there's Johns, some more people that live around Liberty Hill.

Ken: They live right next to me.

Margie Simons: They do? OK.

Ken: Still kind-of a rough bunch.

Preston: Huh (laugh)

Ken: Yeah

Margie Simons: I know one, Ms. Johns, she's a very sweet lady.

Ken: Yes

Margie Simons:

Ken: Yeah, I know who you're talking

Margie Simons: She's in her nineties.

Ken: Uh-huh, yes

Margie Simons: She's a very sweet lady

Ken: She is.

Margie Simons: Her, her. She's a, uh, she and her sister-in-law, worship at Liberty Hill. And they're both real old.

Ken: Uh-huh

Margie Simons: But they live side-by-side. One married one brother, I don't know exactly how it is, but anyway, one was a Johns and I can't remember what the other lady's name is.

Princeton : Um, now, what about the Williamsons? Were they cedar choppers too?

Margie Simons: Williamsons? Yeah, let's see, were they? I don't

Preston: Yeah

Margie Simons: yeah, I think I've got them

Princeton : That's another old name

Ken: Yeah

Margie Simons: I think I've got them. Do I have the?

Ken: Were there any bars in this area? Any honkey-tonks? 'cause, uh

Princeton : Yeah

Preston: There was three, used to be. Uh, some of 'em that would make some moonshine.

Ken: Um-hum. Yeah

Preston: But, but, _____

Ken: Like selling beer and stuff like that?

Princeton : Rattlesnake Inn

Ken: 'cause that's why out there, up there by, yeah, but right here into Liberty Hill, 1431, uh,

Preston: Uh, well, there was, um

Margie Simons: Here's

Preston: Well, there was Whiskey Gap. Have you heard of that?

Ken: No, I haven't, unt-uh

Preston: OK. Uh, Whiskey Gap, uh, was, let's see here, it got it's name, uh, because

Princeton : (pointing to map) It would be in here somewhere, one of these gaps in here.

Preston: Uh, what

Princeton : _____. I think right back in here.

Preston: Uh, now, this was told to me by my dad. Uh, is that, the, um, Sheriffs from Austin, uh, come across, and there was three of 'em. Uh, came across, and they went up to talk to, um, my dad, and, ask him "Jim," said "what do you know about a, um, whiskey still?"

Margie Simons: whiskey distillery

Preston: going on?" and he says "well, uh, frankly, I don't know, uh, anything about it, but my daddy said to uh 'don't go anywhere near that, uh, that creek.'"

Margie Simons: Mullhollow

Preston: Mullhollow

Ken: Um-hum

Preston: Ya'll stay away from that. And if you hear some shooting take place, um, don't pay any attention to it. And, we're gona go and get rid of that. And, so, low-and-behold, uh, went out there and shot one of 'em's arm off and killed one

Margie Simons: And that was a Williams

Preston: Yeah.

Princeton : Williams were running that still?

Preston: And, uh, so, they left two big 'ole, um,

Princeton : Cookers?

Preston: No. Two big boulders like this, and they were larger around than this right here. And, so, uh, I took my son, Matthew, up there when he was about sixteen. I said "I want to show you something." And, so, he says "well, what is it?" And I said "I just want to show you something, then I'll tell you what it is." And we got up there and that old spout was still getting water out into a barrel, like this. And it was, uh, that barrel was made out of concrete. And they had, uh, that had been

Margie Simons: It's a spring.

Preston: That had been kind-of down, there's a little 'ole rivelet that, coming down, and would go in that spout. And it would go in and that's where they would get their, their, uh, water to do what they wanted. Well, I told him "let's go over and look at these here rocks. I saw all this with my dad and I want to show you this over here." So we crawled in there and I'll be dipped if we didn't find a bunch of coins, upover on, on that, and I've got those coins. Yeah. And, I, I said "Matthew, you might as well take these, but don't you get rid of 'em." I said "If you want, put 'em in something, that would be kind-of neat because it was all, that was old coins that they hid back years ago."

Margie Simons: Pure silver

Preston: Yeah, pure silver.

Princeton : there was, uh, during Prohibition, correct?

Preston: Yeah

Princeton : And it was actually on the Carlton place,

Margie Simons: Yes

Preston: Yes

Princeton : And you had

Preston: Well

Princeton : Ya'll were scared to go

Preston: No, it wasn't

Princeton : It wasn't on your place?

Preston: it wasn't on our place. It was just, uh

Princeton : across the fence?

Preston: No, it was about three feet away from it.

Margie Simons: I thought it was on our place.

Preston: Unt-uh

Princeton : But, anyway, he didn't want to go anywhere near it.

Ken: Yeah

Preston: Yeah

Margie Simons: they were mean!

Ken: Who ran that? Was it the Williams'?

Preston: Yeah, but those, when they come through, one of 'em was laying across a horse's

Ken: Hum

Preston: That he'd been riding. And, the other one, uh, arm was shot

Ken: Hum

Preston: I've seen that man, um

Margie Simons: Yeah, I've seen him too.

Preston: several times.

Margie Simons: What was his name? What, it wasn't Pat, what was his name?

Preston: Oh,

Margie Simons: He Lillie Belle's brother, Lillie Belle Simon's brother, wife _____. She was a Williams, I thought that might have been _____ or something, but

Preston: I can't remember his name.

Preston: I've think wrote it down.

Margie Simons: I thought it was Williams', some of 'em, I don't know which one, but I think I'd seen that man, but I don't know why, he had that arm off.

Preston: Yeah. Guy that lost his arm.

Margie Simons: When I was little. But I, I think, I remember it, I know daddy was standing out in the yard. See, we lived right down Long Holler in the Sandy Creek Valley, before that happened. And daddy was standing out in the yard, early one morning, and he was really worried. And I don't think I heard the shots, but I think he said something to mama about those shots. Of course, I didn't know what it was, but I could tell that daddy was really worried about it because he knew that something was happening that was bad. Just, I sensed it, you know, just from the way daddy acted.

Preston: Yeah

Margie Simons: And I guess that's what it was. I've always thought that's what it was.

Ken: Um-hum

Margie Simons: And that would have been in 1930, or something

Ken: Um-hum, sure

Margie Simons: Of course, I was real, real little, but I can remember things from when I was a year old.

Ken: They were brewing moonshine west of Austin and they were up, up Bull Creek as well.

Preston: Oh, yeah.

Ken: Boatright, he told me a story about that.

Preston: I went, I went down there.

Ken: Um-hum

Preston: I (laugh) I helped one of 'em, doing some work for them, and I went down there

Ken: Um-hum

Preston: I dind't really know that he, really had whisky, but, uh, they started shuffling stuff around and

Ken: But there weren't any beer joints out, was it dry here? I guess it, it was Travis County, some of it.

Margie Simons: ____

Preston: Some of 'em just over looked it.

Margie Simons: as far as beer joints, the only thing that I can remember when I was little, they put in something before the lake came in, the lake was coming in, Four Points was growing, and they put, uh, a little 'old, uh, dancehall down in Cypress Creek over there. And it was something new. They just built it up with a floor, I guess, and then they built up the sides about, I guess, waist high, and the rest of it was open. I guess they put screen or something on that. We'd go over there one time when I was little, uh, we didn't have a car, but, uh, daddy's sister's husband had a car and we all got in the car, just driving around, and it was night, and we drove up there, and we saw people in there dancing, and we'd just drove up there and looked and went on our merry way. That was the first thing, uh, first dancehall that I ever saw, knew, knew what a dancehall was, I was real little. And then, but that was the only thing near our place that I know of.

Ken: Uh-huh

Margie Simons: But that was over at Cypress, you know, a way from where we lived.

Ken: Uh-huh, right

Margie Simons: And then, we had the, the, uh, Hilltop, out at Cedar Park.

Ken: I remember that! From high school. I went there once.

Margie Simons: we never went there but we passed it many times. Hilltop, and then there was one called Silvertop. Juell's place, I think, one of 'em was Silvertop and one was Hilltop, I think.

Ken: Uh-huh

Margie Simons: I remember both the same. But there was two up and down Burnet Road

Ken: OK

Margie Simons: One of 'em was down

Ken: Those were beer joints.

Margie Simons: those were beer joints.

Ken: The one I went to was a dancehall. It was called Hilltop, before Hilltop Baptist Church went up.

Margie Simons: Yes, uh-huh

Ken: That was a dancehall back in the early sixties.

Margie Simons: Well, I

Ken: It wasn't, it was families, in there dancing and stuff.

Princeton : Oh, it was?

Ken: I went in there and they kicked, they kicked me out.

Princeton : (laugh)

Ken: They said "you don't belong here."

Princeton : Huh

Margie Simons: Well, I know, a lot of the cedar chopper's wind up there, like the Hyatt boy. This is, this is, uh, Spirit Walker's place

Preston: Spirit Walker ____

Margie Simons: And this is, um, this is out at ____ Creek

Preston: That's where that, uh

Margie Simons: that's where that monument is.

Preston: Monument is. On their property

Margie Simons: And that tree, I guess it's that one, they had a tree there where it had steps where they could climb up and watch for Indians.

Ken: Um-hum

Margie Simons: and ___ the tree

Ken: OK.

Margie Simons: But, see this, uh, brand here?

Ken: Look at the horse.

Margie Simons: that is a -- my granddad's brand, it's a half-circle C

Ken: Uh-huh, yep.

Margie Simons: And it's my granddaddy's and Mathew's got this brand now.

Ken: OK

Margie Simons: that's my son.

Ken: Alright

Margie Simons: and, I knew this little girl.

Ken: Um-hum

Margie Simons: But I didn't know, and so he must have bought this horse from my granddaddy.

Ken: I'll be darn.

Names of cutter families

- | | |
|--|---------------------------|
| a. <i>Mouser – Fred, Jack,
Babe, Boy</i> | i. <i>Boatright</i> |
| b. <i>Johns</i> | |
| c. <i>Maynard (Bloody Holler)
Mart married Fannie
Pope</i> | <i>Identified in tree</i> |
| d. <i>Hickman – Clarence,
Nolan, Tommy</i> | |
| e. <i>Preece – Chub, Jack,
Alvin, Bully, Albert</i> | |
| f. <i>Bonnet – Felix, Zeke,
Perry</i> | |
| g. <i>Williams</i> | |
| h. <i>Shannon</i> | |

- j. *Simons – Eli, Bill, Dick,
Harve (blind, Bull Creek)*
- k. *Ward – Charlie, Charles,
Bob, Richard*
- l. Findley – Earnest
- m. *Waechter -BullCreek*
- n. McAllen - Chester
- o. *Varner – Carley, Chester,
Garrison (Cow Creek)*
- p. Pearson – *Monroe, Joe,
Harve*
- q. Wood – Williard, Bill
- r. *Kirk – Ben, Fred*

