

The Family

Jones, Mason, and Maltby

By Hazel Jones Reader

The Family

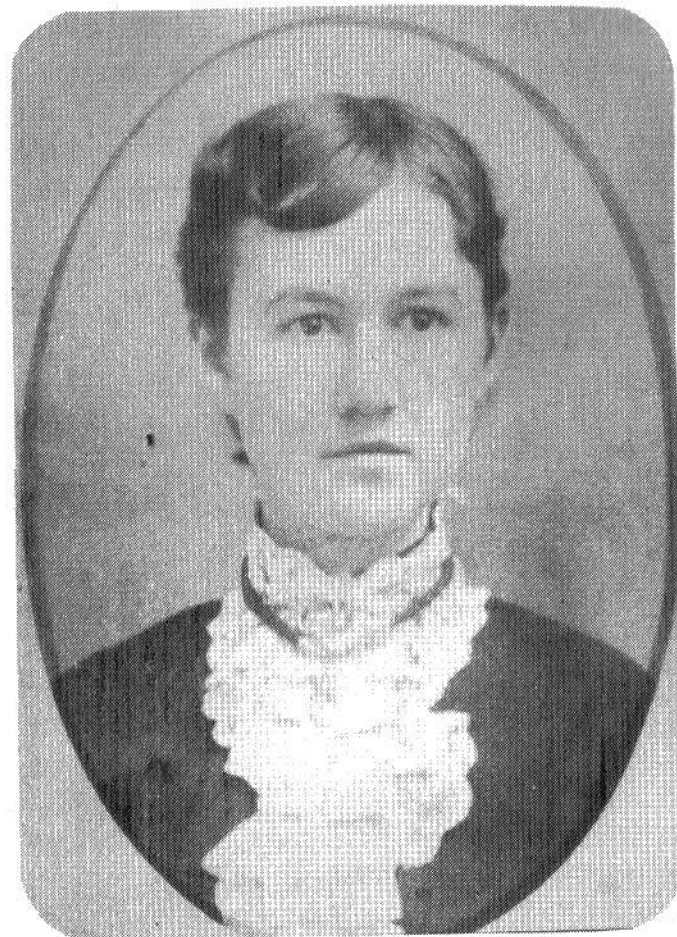
Jones, Mason, and Maltby

By Hazel Jones Reeder

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Cora Avis Jones Woods

Acknowledgements

A book is never the work of one person. I dedicate this book to the memory of Aunt Cora Woods who was a virtual storehouse of family stories. My thanks go to Aunt Myrtle Jones who filled in gaps and lent me pages from the family Bible; to my sister Vesta Lewis and my sister-in-law, Phyllis Jones, who encouraged me and searched out and typed material. Brothers and sisters gave freely of their memories. My daughters, Regina, Karen, Renee and Marita, who did much of the typing. I could not have finished this book without the help of my husband, Arthur, who has patiently listened and gone with me to visit family members while I was trying to put the bits and pieces of this great collage of family history together. Each individual, past, present, and future contributes his part to the family. I love all of you.

Preface

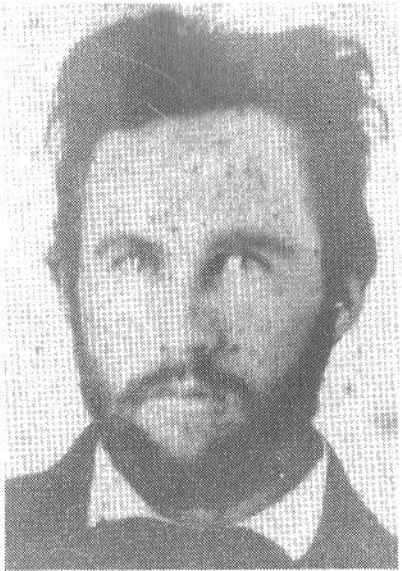
The family is the only thing that continues. Every other thing has a beginning and an ending. But the family goes on and on. To each member it gives security and love. It gives sense of being accepted and belonging. Each person is a very important part of the whole. We are family.

Chapter I

THE JONES FAMILY

Captain Robert Jones

Captain Robert Jones, better known as "Virginia Bob" in the United States, came from Wales to Virginia in the mid 1700's. The family originated in Tripoli, North Africa. Several families migrated together. Catherine E. Mason's great-grandmother, Elizabeth Caperton, and Robert Jones were schoolmates in Wales. Their families carried their acquaintances back over 200 years. The Masonic apron came down from Captain Robert Jones. He brought it with him when he came to this country. It is passed to the oldest son in each generation, and Carl Bruce Jones has it now. Captain Jones married Miss Pauline Petters, better known as Polly Petters. They had two sons, Robert and Armsted. Robert moved down the Tennessee River into Jackson County, Alabama, and established a plantation. Armsted became a medical doctor and moved to Louisiana. I do not know the names of the ladies they married. Robert's son Charles met and married Dr. Armsted's daughter, Cordelia. They had five sons and two daughters: Jasper, Marion, Bradley, Perry and Robert Armsted (named for his grandfathers). Jasper married and had one daughter, Mary Cordelia, no sons. Marion married Catherine Elizabeth Mason, daughter of Dr. William Bonapart Mason and Minerva Cowen Mason (who was the daughter of William and Catherine Caperton Cowen). They had five sons and five daughters.



Marion Norris Jones, son of Charles and Cordelia Jones of Jackson County, Alabama.



Catherine Elizabeth Mason, daughter of Dr. William Bonapart Mason and wife of Marion Norris Jones.



Children of M. N. and Catherine Mason Jones. Picture taken in 1948. Left to right: Agness (Aggie), Cora, Marion (Maud), Adili Lee (Addie), Bruce, Sam, Ruth, and Rhett.

GENERATIONS OF JONESES IN AMERICA

Generations

1. Captain Robert (Virginia Bob) Jones married Miss Pauline (Polly) Petters
 - 2. Robert Jones, moved to Alabama
 - Dr. Armsted Jones, moved to Louisiana
 - 3. Charles Jones married the daughter of Dr. A. Jones, Cordelia Jones
 - Jasper
 - Bradley
 - Perry
 - Robert Armsted
 - Two Sisters
4. Marion Norris (born 1835) married Elizabeth Catherine Mason in 1865 in Stevenson County, Alabama. Died in 1890.
 - Cora Avis 1866
 - Marion Morton 1869
 - Adili Lee 1873
 - Ruth Smyrle 1877
 - Thomas Paul 11-13-1881 Died
 - Agatha Glover 1868
 - Samuel Dabney Jones 4-13-1875
 - Rhett Davis 12-18-1879
5. Roscius Bruce Jones (born 1871) married Ophelia Ella Malby (born 1887) in 1904, Roger Mills County, Oklahoma
 - Kate Ella 1908
 - Milton Homer 1911
 - Nellie Pearl 1915
 - Frances Lorraine 1918
 - Clifford Malby 1922
 - Vesta Lee 1926
 - William Ross 1930
 - Rozell Bruce 1910
 - Helen Madge 1913
 - Hazel Lucy 1917
 - Samuel Norris 1920
 - Herbert Harold 1924
 - 6.

Marion Norris Jones

Marion Norris Jones grew up on the plantation in Jackson County, Alabama. He was graduated from Erwen College, Tennessee. He could speak eight languages fluently, and was probably preparing for diplomatic service. When war broke out, he enlisted in the Confederate Army on March 25, 1861. He went in as a sergeant under Captain F. J. Graham's Company "G" of the Seventh Regiment of the Alabama Volunteers (this information is taken from a paper that allowed him to go on leave). The rest is hearsay so far. He was discharged at the end of the war in 1865. He advanced to Lieutenant and served as a scout under his brother Jasper Jones, who was on the staff of General Bragg. Marion was engaged to be married to Miss Catherine "Kate" Mason, but when she made a speech to the honor guard of Confederate soldiers leaving for the front, he broke their engagement and they were not reconciled for four years. One battle he was engaged in was the Battle of Gettysburg. At the end of the war, he returned home to Bridgeport, Alabama, and reconciled with his former fiancée, Miss Kate Mason. They were married on October 19, 1865, at her father's home at Sandhill Mountain plantation, Jackson County, Alabama, by Rev. Bailey Bruce.

In 1868, Marion and Catherine Jones, their two daughters, Cora and Agatha, and five other families came to Texas in covered wagons. They survived a raging prairie fire at Grand Prairie, Arkansas, by pulling the wagons into a river and wetting down the canvas and all the bedding. The six families obtained land in Navarro County, Texas. Marion

Jones was given the job of county surveyor, and held other minor public offices. He was the first county superintendent of schools in Navarro County. He declined to take a position at the University of Texas when it was offered to him. He farmed near Blooming Grove, Texas until he died on February 14, 1890.

R. Bruce Jones

Roscius Bruce Jones was born June 11, 1871, near Purdon, Texas, Navarro County. He died January 29, 1956, and is buried in Dempsey Cemetery in Roger Mills County, Oklahoma. He was the son of Marion Norris Jones and Catherine Elizabeth Mason Jones. He had little formal education, but was tutored by his father. Roscius Bruce Jones came to Oklahoma in 1898 and claimed land near Grand, Oklahoma, on Dead Indian Creek in Day County, which was later incorporated into Roger Mills County. He married Miss Ophelia Ella Maltby on January 17, 1904, at Dead Indian schoolhouse north of Cheyenne, Oklahoma. He sold his farm in 1917 and bought another in the Dempsey Community southwest of Cheyenne. He later moved to The Porch Place, then to the Midway Community and from there to Reydon, Oklahoma, in 1941, where he lived until his death. He farmed most of his life, but worked as a carpenter the last several years. They had twelve children, all born in Roger Mills County. (The first six were born in Day County, but Day County was divided after the county seat, Grand, washed



R. Bruce and Ophelia (Maltby) Jones

away in a flood, and the south part was incorporated into Roger Mills County.)

Children of R. Bruce and Ophelia Maltby Jones:

1. Kate Ella, born October 27, 1908, died September 17, 1946. Married Landon Hensley in January 1937. Their children:

Wilbur Leslie, born February 21, 1938, in Roger Mills County, Oklahoma. Married Patsy Music on October 5, 1963. They have two children, Felicia Kate, born January 18, 1965, and Charlotte Christina, born September 20, 1967.

Morris Nelson, born June 18, 1939, married Young Chow Kimm in June 1972. Their child, Kimm, was born in 1974.

LaNella, born November 28, 1940.

Marvin Dean, born January 11, 1946, married Eltha Alice Gilliam in August 1976. Erica Dawn was born February 25, 1977.

2. Rozell Bruce Jones, born March 4, 1910; died September 27, 1980. He married Ruth Harrison in 1936. They were divorced. Their children were:

Carl Bruce, born August 18, 1938. He married Mary Alice Owen August 30, 1959. Their children are: Gregory Bruce, born March 26, 1962; Kelly David, born December 21, 1965; and Jody Scott, born April 14, 1969.

David Marion, born February 14, 1942. He married Mary Sue Marty on August 19, 1972. Their son is David Bruce, born in 1976.

Rozell Bruce's second wife was Phyllis Marie

Wilson. They were married April 26, 1947 and have a daughter:

Margarette Anne was born July 18, 1848. She married Jay Leshinsky on August 22, 1971.

Their children are: Beth Ellen, born May 3, 1979, and Joseph Ross, born February 25, 1982.

3. Milton Homer Jones, born August 13, 1911, married Bessie Mae Pickett on July 12, 1933. Children:

Frida Arline Jones, born November 7, 1934, in Roger Mills County, Oklahoma, married Douglas Felbinger on June 12, 1965, at Las Vegas, Nevada. Frida's children are Douglas Eugene Felbinger II, born July 13, 1967, and Linda Susan Felbinger, born November 20, 1969.

Phyllis Laverne Jones, born September 25, 1936, in Roger Mills County, Oklahoma, married Leon Cooper on October 12, 1952, at Reydon, Oklahoma. Their daughter, Karen Sue, was born December 13, 1962. She and V. Richard Mitchell, Jr. were married on June 12, 1981, at Elk City, Oklahoma. Shari Lyn Cooper was born on August 20, 1968.

4. Helen Madge Jones, born April 25, 1913, married Daniel Allen on August 12, 1932. They have one daughter and two sons:

Eva Jo Allen was born April 9, 1935, and married Samuel Edward Condo on June 6, 1954. He died in 1961. Children are: Samuel Edward Condo, born October 6, 1954. Married Donna Oliver on May 14, 1981. They have one son

born in 1982. Juanita Jo Condo, born October 24, 1955, married David Coats on May 14, 1977, at United Kingdom, Durham County. They have a son, Matthew James, born in April 1980, and a baby girl born in 1982.

Kenneth Earl Allen was born May 31, 1936, and married Betty Perry on July 6, 1956. They have two children, Galla Dawn Allen, born August 8, 1964, and Kelli Dana, born February 2, 1965.

Bobby Edward Allen, born January 18, 1939, married Edna Mae Cline on April 19, 1959. They have Ronald Edward, born December 2, 1959, and Deanne Kay, born April 16, 1962.

5. Nellie Pearl was born February 1, 1915, and died November 9, 1980. She married Ike Tinney in 1933 and they were divorced. Their daughter is:

Roberta Fern Tinney, born November 17, 1933.

She married Norman Seager, who died. She later married Lester Lytten in Walters, Oklahoma.

Nellie married Walter Jines in 1938 and they divorced in 1950. She then married Drew Giddens. Other children:

Laura Ella Jines, born January 1, 1940, in Ochiltree County, Texas. She married Dave Sells in 1959. Their children are: Arthur David Sells, born March 10, 1950; Catherine Joan Sells, born July 19, 1961.

Laura Ella and David Sells were divorced. She then married William Rhode. Their son is Christian Henry Rhode, born March 24, 1965.

LeRoy Jines, born November 21, 1941, married Marion LaRue. They are divorced.

Charlie Ross Jines, born March 20, 1947, married Jennifer Farmer in Perryton, Texas, in 1968. They have Channy and Lynn.

6. Hazel Lucy was born February 1, 1917. She married Arthur W. Reeder on October 1, 1938. Their children, all born in Potter County, Texas, are:

Janetha Carol, born December 9, 1942. Married Larry DeHerrera. They divorced. Children: Arthur Lawrence Richard, born April 4, 1960; Katherine Annette, born October 10, 1961. Her son is Christopher Michael, born February 27, 1981.

Regina Clo, born December 8, 1946. Married Nelson Williams in 1965. They divorced, and she married Jim McGennis in 1980.

Karen DeRenda, born July 14, 1948. Married Dean Fishburn in May 1964. They divorced and she married Duane Adair in 1979. Children: Rolly Dean Fishburn, born November 11, 1965; Robert Darrin Fishburn, born January 5, 1968; and Jausha Aaron Fishburn, born on April 6, 1970.

Rhonda Renee, born February 6, 1953. Married Eddie Sherrer in 1972. They are divorced.

Marita Annette, born November 24, 1954. Married Robert Nickels in 1971. They are now divorced. Their children are: Angela Christine, born April 18, 1972; Jonathan Cary, born September 14, 1979; and Marcus James, born October 22, 1981.

7. Frances Lorraine Jones, born November 11, 1918, in Roger Mills County, Oklahoma. Married Ray Mills on January 1, 1938, in Roger Mills County.

They were divorced in Marion County, Oregon. They have three children:

Nelda Ray Mills, born September 14, 1938, in Roger Mills County, Oklahoma. Married Douglas Crammer on September 17, 1963, in Marion County, Oregon; died in 1967.

Adrian Ralph Mills, born July 12, 1944, in Roger Mills County, Oklahoma. Married Nancy Forest on January 4, 1964, in Marion County, Oregon. Their son, Anthony Ralph Mills, was born on September 2, 1969, and son, Jason Lee, was born December 14, 1973.

Tony Arnold Mills, born in 1944, in Roger Mills County, Oklahoma. Married Rosemary Cain on August 4, 1964, in Marion County, Oregon. They are divorced. Shane Eric Mills was born August 17, 1966, and Shawn Andrew Mills was born October 21, 1969.

8. Samuel Norris Jones, born July 29, 1920, in Roger Mills County, Oklahoma, married Jewell Anita Pickett on February 23, 1946, in Yuma, Arizona. They have five children:

Larry Wayne Jones, born August 21, 1947, in Bremerton, Washington. Married Marta Jane Winterhouse on February 11, 1978. Their son, Nathan Wayne, was born May 13, 1981, and Luran Elizabeth was born November 13, 1982; both born in San Diego, California.

Stanley Dave Jones, born January 17, 1950, in San Diego, California, married Deborah Ann Peery on June 12, 1971. Joshua Dave Jones was born August 28, 1974, Alisha Ann was born October 29, 1976, and Zachary Samuel

was born October 3, 1978, all born in San Diego.

Douglas Lee Jones, born June 11, 1953, at Camp Pendleton, California. Married Teresa Ann Giesenschlag on April 10, 1976. They have a son, Ryan Lee Jones, born September 18, 1981, at San Diego, California.

Roger Bruce Jones, born October 23, 1957, at Camp Pendleton, California.

Michael Scott Jones, born January 5, 1961, at Camp Pendleton, California.

9. Clifford Maltby Jones, born November 3, 1922, died September 11, 1923.

10. Herbert Harold Jones, born April 23, 1924, in Roger Mills County, Oklahoma, married Rosella Wellman in May 1949, in Marion County, Oregon. They are divorced. Their children:

Rodney Herbert Jones, born September 18, 1951, at Redding, California. Married Charlette Jatton on May 31, 1977. They have three children. Carrell Jones was born December 12 (year unknown). She is a stepdaughter. Jason Earl Jones was born August 9, 1977, in Los Angeles County, California. Prissilla Lee Jones was born July 4, 1980, in Los Angeles County, California.

Audrey May Jones, born June 26, 1953, at Redding, California.

11. Vesta Lee, born April 18, 1926. Married Carl Lawrence Lewis on February 2, 1944. Their children:

Carroll Marion, born April 17, 1946.

Beverly Sue, born December 29, 1947.

Ophelia Beth, born November 21, 1949.

Terry Darlene, born August 25, 1955. Married Richard Brant.

Vicki DeAnne Lewis, born December 14, 1956. Married Winston Corbet. They have three children: Kelly Renee, born March 31, 1978; Bonny Ruth, born April 6, 1980; and Jeremiah Lewis, born November 10, 1981.

12. William Ross Jones, born March 17, 1930, in Roger Mills County, Oklahoma. Married Marion Clines on April 4, 1948. They have four children:

Frances Evelyn Jones, born October 4, 1950, married Roger Dale Hudson on May 29, 1969. They were divorced in January 1977. Children: Cory James Hudson, born July 9, 1974; and James Lee Hudson, born December 18, 1976. She married Jimmie Hutcherson on February 24, 1977. He had two daughters by a previous marriage, Melony Marie Hutcherson, born March 3, 1962, and Jacque Lee Hutcherson, born July 26, 1972.

William Ross II, born July 23, 1955, married LaGaylia Rose Garrett on May 31, 1974. Children: Caryn DeAnne Jones, born January 11, 1979, and Brandon Ross Jones, born September 10, 1981.

Jimmy DeWayne Jones, born March 21, 1956, married Monika Annette Zapp at Dumas, Texas, on July 3, 1981. They have a daughter, Chanel Nicole, born December 31, 1982.

Tommy Lee Jones, born June 8, 1962.

FURLOUGH OF MARION NORRIS JONES
September 11, 1861

Leave of absence of Marion Norris Jones, September 11, 1861, translated by his granddaughter, Hazel Jones Reeder:

To all it may concern:

The bearer hereof, Marion Norris Jones, a sergeant of Captain F. J. Graham's company "G" of the 7th Regiment of Alabama Volunteers, aged twenty-five years, five feet, eight inches high, fair complexion, blue eyes, dark hair, and a farmer by profession when he enlisted at Stevenson in the county of Jackson, state of Alabama on the 25th day of March, Eighteen hundred and sixty-one to serve for the period of one year, is hereby permitted to go to Stevenson in the county of Jackson, State of Alabama: he having received a furlough from the 11th day of September 1861 to the 6th day of October 1861, at which period he will rejoin his company or regiment at Warrington, Florida or wherever it may then be, or be considered a deserter. [I am unable to decipher the next word] has been furnished to said Sergeant M. N. Jones to the 11th day September and pay to the 30th day of June [another fold in paper]. Given under my hand this the 11th day of September 1861.

By Order
 General Rieggles
 G. Wheeler
 AAA Severne

At the bottom of the page this note was written:

I certify that Serg. M. N. Jones visits home on furlough, on account of bad health September 11th, 1861.

E. B. Johnston
 A. A. Surge
 C. S. (Confederate States) Army



Marriage Certificate of Marion Norris Jones and Elizabeth Catherine Mason.

Births.

Marion Norris Jones Rose ^{was} Bruce Jones born
born Apr. the 8th 1835 June 11th 1871 son of
Son of Charles and Delia M. and Kate Jones
Jones.

Elizabeth Catherine Mason Adele Lee Jones born
born June the 4th 1840 D. of M. and E. C. M. Jones
of Dr. W. and M. Jane Mason and E. C. M. Jones

Cora Avis Jones born Dec 10th 1866 D. of M. and E. C. M. Jones
C. M. Jones Samuel D. Jones born
Apr. 13th 1875 son of
M. and Kate Jones

Agatha L. Jones born June 10th 1868 D. of M. and E. C. M. Jones
N. & E. C. M. Jones Ruth Smurl Jones
born May the 24 1877
D. of M. and Kate Jones

Marion Morton Jones Rhett Davis Jones born
born Dec. 7th 1869. Jan. 12. 1879 son of M. and
D. of M. and E. C. M. Jones and Kate Jones
Thomas Paul Jones b.
Nov. 13. 1881.

Deaths.

Died May the 29
at 6 o'clock 1896
Blanche Kendall
Daughter of Aggie
& Sam Kendall
age 9 months

Died April the 30
at five fifteen o'clock
1905. Elizabeth Catherine
Jones wife of M. H.
Jones age 64 years
and eleven months.

Lucas J. Kendall
died Oct. 7 1957
Buried at Strong City Okla
Addie Lee Guthrie
died Sept. 30th 1953
Final resting place
Dempsey Cem. Okla

Marion Norris Jones
Died Feb 14, 1890 son
of Charles and Delia Jones
Age 5 1/2 years old.

Thomas Paul Jones
Died Oct 3 1909 son
of M. H. and Catherine
Jones Age 27 years
and 11 months 19 days
Buried at Corsicana Tex

Roscoe Bruce
Bruce R Jones
Died Jan. 29, 1956
Buried at Dempsey Okla.
Sgm is buried at Penelope Tex

Sam D. Jones
died Jan. 13 1954
Maude J. Aderhold
June 17 1950

Dora A Woods
Died Aug. 12th 1959
Rhett D. Jones
Died May 14 1967
Buried at Roll

The names on this birth record were added by different people and at different times. Some of them are spelled wrong. Other source material was used to help with the correct spelling and pronunciation.

Births

Kate Ella J. born Oct 27-1908
 Royell Bruce J. born March 4 1910
 Milton Homer J. - b. Aug. 13th 1911
 Helen Madge J. - b. April 25th 1913
 Nellie Pearl J. - b. February 1st 1915
 Hazel Lucile J. - b. Feb. 1st 1917
 Frances Lorraine J. - b. Nov. 12th 1918
 Samuel Norris J. - b. July 29-1920
 Clifford Matby J. - b. Nov. 3rd 1922
 Herbert Harold J. - b. April 22-1924
 Vesta Lee J. - b. April 18th 1926
 William Ross J. - b. March 17-1930

Marriages

Madge to Daniel Allen ^{Aug 12th} 1932
 Pearl to James Timney (divorce) ^{June 24 1933}
 Homer to Bessie Pickett ^{July 12-1933}
 R.B. Jr. to Ruth Harrison ^{divorce May 25, '36}
 Lorraine to Ray Mills ^{Jan, 1938}
 Hazel to Arthur Reeder ^{Oct 1, '38}
 Kate to Landon Hensley ^{Dec. 5, '36}
 Pearl to Walter Jines ^{Dec. 5, '38}
 Vesta Lee to Carl Lewis ^{Feb 8, '44}
 Sam Norris to Jewell Pickett ^{Feb 23, 1946}
 R. Bruce Jones, to Phyllis Wilson ^{4/26/47}
 Billy Ross to Marian Blines ^{4/5-1948}
 Herb Harold to Rosella Wellman ^{5/29}

My Dad

By Rozell Bruce Jones, Jr.

I never knew my dad. He was so much of everything that it is hard to say where to start.

His parents got a late start in raising a family. Grandfather was thirty-one when he got married because of the political disturbance between the States and neighbors resulting from the Civil War. Their plantation was on the boundary line between Alabama and Tennessee. From this same area came the Sam Houstons, the Crocketts, and the Johnsons.

After the Civil War was over, they moved to new land in Texas as it looked better to build new than to rebuild in war-torn Alabama. With a wife and first baby, he came to Texas and settled on beautiful land in Navarro County. They were both well-educated people but knew very little about survival in a new country without the many servants they were used to. There were very few schools in Texas at that time. Grandfather contributed much to the starting and maintaining of schools and helped organize the school system. He became County Superintendent of Schools.

When Grandfather died at age fifty-six, he left Dad with a grown family at age nineteen. He was the oldest son and appointed administrator in spite of older married sisters. So, two years before he was old enough to vote, he was made responsible for the land and the welfare of a large family. He dreamed of the Klondike gold rush, but had to stay home. Then, when Teddy Roosevelt issued a call for his "Rough Riders," Dad had just recovered from a bout of malaria and again had to stay home.

Oklahoma started opening up its free land to settlers in

1889. By 1896 it was time to move on and find a better place for his family, so, in 1897, he went to Oklahoma to find new homeland. It took Dad thirty days to ride a horse from near Purdon, Texas, to near the present location of Cheyenne, Oklahoma. Part of the problem in Texas was the open range. Everyone's stock ran free, so any crops that were planted were eaten or run over before they could mature.

Barbed wire was invented in 1885, but it was a long time after that before people could afford enough wire to fence in the house area to keep animals out. Until they could fence enough land to keep their animals in at night, they had to be guarded day and night or tied up. Oxen were their chief beasts of burden as they had multiple use and they did not take so long to graze in the daytime. Oxen can graze quickly and then chew their cud later while they are working.

Dad picked out a good location in Oklahoma, filed on a good farm and proved up on it in three years. While he was doing this, he also held many jobs to provide money for the family. He operated a cotton gin where he was engineer, ginner, baler, and everything else that was needed. He freighted for various companies out of railroad towns such as Weatherford, Clinton, Canadian, and others. He drove six mules with three wagons. The load equaled 1,000 pounds for each mule. He liked his mules and took good care of them. He always rested and fed them when they needed it. The only feed was hay and grass as they could not carry grain. He kept his wagons and harness in good repair. He rode the left-hand wheeler and drove with a jerk line. This is one line to the two lead mules used to slow them down on a downhill run. The mules soon learned voice command or they got the pop of the whip nearby. I do not think he ever hit one. One of his freighting partners was Jesse Willard, who

lost the world heavyweight boxing title in 1923.

The farm was a good stock farm with plenty of water and good grass when it rained. There were many small fields to raise hay and feed on. With a moldboard turning plow and three mules, he could plow two acres of sod per day unless there were stumps to be pulled. All plows were walking plows, not the riding kind. He built a dugout house, one room dug into a dirt bank. The front was made by standing boards on end with a 2 x 4 at top and bottom, and a door set in. Then, wooden strips were nailed over the cracks where the boards came together. Roof and floor were made of many things from nothing to tin, hay, tree limbs, dirt, or tent material—whatever one had on hand. At Dad's house, the door was never locked. This was the custom of the country where travelers could be caught out in storms or at night. One was expected to replace wood and water that was used.

Uncle Rhett joined Dad and filed on a nice place two miles north of us. Later on, four of his sisters and their families moved to the area. Rhett, like Dad, worked at many jobs, but his longest job was a cook for a sawmill crew.

A man could file on a quarter section. He had to build a house, make improvements and stay on it for three years in order to own it. Many of the farms were abandoned before the three years were over, and someone else could take them over and finish out the three years. After the three years were up they could sell out, which many did. The 160 acres were worth about as much as a good team of mules. When Dad started his family in 1904, he built a big one-room house then kept adding on for extra space. He fenced some of his fields with woven wire for hogs and the rest with barbed wire. He bought the farm north of us from the Farris's and half of the farm to the south which gave him 400 acres for raising mules and cows. At that time, it took six acres to support one cow. In the fields we raised alfalfa, wheat, rye,

oats, and millet. We tried row crops, but they were not very successful. In the front yard we had a cistern to catch drinking water. If there was no rain, we hauled water about two miles from a spring or from a neighbor's well. The stock water was gypsum. This was not bad for the animals but did not taste good for people as it contained a lot of calcium and other minerals. As we needed other farm buildings, we dug another notch into the bank and roofed it over for the chicken house, hog pen, harness shed and cow pen. The granary was a separate building to keep out the insects and rodents. We also had about forty Angora goats.

Next to Mother and the children, Dad liked his pipe. Several times, he tried to quit smoking as it cost him about twenty-five cents a week to buy his R.J.R.

Those goats are part of my first memories of us as a family. On Mother's and Dad's tenth wedding anniversary, all the neighbors started to arrive at our house. It was in January and quite cold. After three or four families had arrived, Dad caught on to what was happening. He butchered a young goat and cooked it in a big barbecue pit in the yard. This also helped to keep the men warm as the house was full of women and small children so the men stayed outside. The party lasted all day and many people had come from so far away that they could not drive home that night. Our house was one big solid bedroom that night. Four or five miles by wagon was about an hour's drive.

The coyotes were always after the goats. Mother would stand in the doorway with the 30-30 and give them a good scare. She never hit any but it made them a bit more cautious. The 30-30 was always ready and Dad carried it often when he was at home. The double-barrel .12 gauge was always loaded and hung over the door, but Mother did not shoot that one as much, as she might hit something with it.

Besides, it had quite a kick.

Dad always had good riding horses and most anyone could ride them. Mother rode until I was big enough to go after the cows by myself. I would help her saddle Gladys and lead her up and across the wagon tongue which she used as a mounting block. I had to turn my head when Mother got on the horse.

Some of the young mules would like to take me out of the saddle. When I told Dad about it, he made a bullwhip as part of my riding equipment. It was about this time that Kirk Guthrie was killed by a mule kick.

When I was five years old, we got a buggy for Mother to use to go to meetings and things. She was always active in church and related activities, singing, and visiting the sick. That buggy also went to school with many of us for years.

Dad's teeth were always bad and I always wondered how much they affected his general health. Dad always liked his politics and took seriously all things about the government. He was conscientious in filling out and sending in his monthly reports to the Agriculture Department. He was always interested in new things and was instrumental in getting our first telephone. The phone company gave each customer a half mile of wire and the customer had to buy the phone instrument. When ours was installed, everyone had to come to our house to see how it was put in and how it worked. The charge was fifty cents a month to pay the switchboard lady. Our number was 52—one long ring and two short. A share in the company cost \$10.00 which could be sold if you moved away.

Dad was always happy when he could be working on the roads. Dad and I were in Strong City at a Road meeting and I learned they had Dad down for \$20.00 for the roads. I worried about that but on the way home Dad told me we could work it out. Also, we worked out the poll tax on the

road. You could work with pick and shovel for eight days, two days with a team and plow, or one day if you used four horses. The first building job I saw Dad on was to build a road bridge. Later, he was appointed Road Overseer. He always had good tools and one thing he had was a blacksmith set. Men would come from miles around to use it to sharpen plows or shoe horses. No one ever was charged even when Dad had to do the work or show the man how to do it. Sometimes, Uncle Ike or Uncle Rhett would bring a bag of coal for the forge. This was also used at branding time.

I never knew where Dad learned how to do all the things he did. He was an electrician, plumber, carpenter, veterinarian, mechanic. The only thing he tried which did not work out was the brick kiln. That was not his fault. He knew how but did not have the right materials to work with. Many times he was called out to doctor sick animals and would be gone all night. Blackleg, bloat, founder were some of the common diseases. I guess he just did not know how to say "no" and had the courage to try anything that needed to be done. So many times, later on, things that I learned from him have made a big difference in my work in remote weather stations. Things like tightening wire by rolling it on the ball of a claw hammer, or using 20 penny nails as a roller to move a 2,000 pound generator. Before that, I took many of his veterinary ideas to college with me and they helped when I was working in the dairy.

Dad always bought coal oil in fifty-five gallon drums for cooking and for the lamps. Many times we ran short because the neighbors "borrowed" a gallon or more when they were short.

To the east, our neighbors were Will and Mag Daniel. Will played the violin and went out to play somewhere every Saturday night. On the north were the Ricés who had three grown boys who all loved to sing. Uncle Ike and Aunt Myrtle

were on the west side. The Lynch family was south of us. Each time the oldest Lynch daughter came over to stay, we had a new baby. Bob McClellan was to the northwest. He did a lot of drinking and Mother did not like for him to come around when Dad was away from home. When we went to Uncle Ike's we would sing until late in the evening and most of us kids would be asleep before we got home, one mile away.

Dad, Rhett, and others in the area bought a header, a push binder for small grain crops. Dad drove this until Vern Kendall was old enough to take it over. Dad was always happy to teach younger people to do a good job. We had the best crossing on Wild Horse Creek so all heavy equipment was brought there to cross.

We moved away from Wild Horse Creek near the end of World War I. Farmland was high right then. We bought 160 acres at \$200.00 per acre. This new pasture was not good for cattle so the cows were sent back to Uncle Ike's to graze. They were finally sold for \$20.00 a cow if she was top grade and \$15.00 for canners. Broomcorn had been bringing \$500.00 a ton. The next crop went for \$100.00 per ton and then down to \$50.00. Hogs went down to eight cents a pound. Mules which had brought \$300.00 the year before dropped to \$40.00 each. We had two or three years of drought and a new snowstorm which froze forty head of cattle which left things pretty bleak at our house. I went to work for the neighbors as soon as I could and also helped at home pulling broomcorn, picking cotton, and other chores. Cotton was selling for five or six cents a pound after it was ginned.

We started making syrup in about 1923. This was something that we did better than anyone else as our syrup was always kept clean and clear and free from sediment. This was always a family project but I managed to get home after

everything was ready to go with the fuel all cut, a new sweep on the press, and the pan in position. Making syrup was from late August until after first frost. Twenty gallons a day was average, but we did go as high as thirty-five gallons. It took from 200 to 350 gallons of juice. Homer and I would start grinding as soon as we could get the mules to wake up in the morning.

I never knew of a particular time when the Okies left for California, Oregon, or back to Arkansas. When that area was first settled, every quarter section had a family living on it. By the time I can remember, about half of the quarter sections were empty. From Stong City going north, there was one farm north of the river, then Simpson's ranch, then the abandoned Indian Agency and Will Daniel's place.

After the end of World War I until WPA was started, our debts were larger than our income which worried Dad a lot. He worked at everything he could find to do but couldn't catch up. Later, I was able to help out with satisfying some of the debts, but owing money for so long made Dad older and worried.

Because of my health and a chance to go to college, I left home before the WPA started so I never had a chance to talk to Dad when he was older and could take time to sit down and reminisce.



Kate Ella Jones Hensley

By Hazel J. Reeder

Kate accepted the challenge and responsibilities of being the eldest child with ease and self-assurance. I do not remember when she was not involved with the cooking and other household duties, even though she was only eight years older than I. We four younger sisters were like the "Little Red Hen" story. We loved the ham and biscuits she cooked, but we tried to dodge dish duty.

Kate was a serious student in school and a fine musician. Mama taught her to read music, and Papa taught her to sing and to apply it to the organ. She and Madge would vie for practice time; so, that made practicing more interesting. At an early age, Kate was playing the organ for home enter-

tainment and for church. Since there were no high schools available in our area, Kate went to Jennings, Oklahoma, to stay with Mama's brother, Uncle Charley Maltby, and began high school. She helped Aunt Pearl through a difficult pregnancy. Uarda was born in April just before school was out. By the next school year, Madge was ready for high school. Papa rented a room for them in Cheyenne and brought them home weekends in the new Model-T truck. Mama studied the new styles of flapper dresses each year and made them beautiful clothes. Kate graduated with honors in the 1930 Depression and got a job teaching. By going to college each summer and accepting Bruce's help, she finally finished three years of college.

At one of the schools where she taught, she met and married Landon Hensley in 1936. He continued to farm and she continued to teach. Both were active in church and community. Her music made her an asset everywhere. Two boys and a girl were born in the next four years, Wilber, born 1938; Morris, born 1939; Lanella, born 1940. Then in 1946, she gave birth to a healthy boy, Marvin Dean, while she was dying with cancer of the liver. She lived until he was six months old. Death is rare in our family, and we miss her. Kate was a person who had ability and made her own opportunities.

Wilbur Leslie Hensley

Wilbur Leslie Hensley was born on February 21, 1938, at Midway, Oklahoma, in the house of his grandparents, Roscius and Ophelia Jones, in Roger Mills County in western Oklahoma. He is the son of Kate Ella Jones Hensley and Leslie Landon Hensley.

He served in the U. S. Navy from August 1956, to

August 1960. He went to basic training at San Diego Naval Training Center and then went aboard the U.S.S. Hancock CVA-19 on October 23, 1956. He made three cruises overseas in the engine room and made the rank of MMFN. He went to Youska, Japan; Kaby, Sabon, Hong Kong, Guam, Philippines, Pearl Harbor, Okinawa, and had a good time and saw a lot of country.

On October 5, 1963, he married Patsy Musick, daughter of Oscar and Nina Easter Musick. He has two girls, Felicia Kate, born January 18, 1965, and Charlotte Christina, born September 20, 1967.

LaNella Hensley

LaNella Hensley was born November 28, 1940, to Leslie Landon Hensley and Kate Ella Jones Hensley, in the Crawford Community, Roger Mills County, in western Oklahoma. She grew up on her grandparents' farm near Crawford, Oklahoma, except for a short time when she stayed with relatives in Kansas and attended first grade.

She attended school at Durham, Oklahoma, the next nine years, then graduated from Reydon High School in May 1959. She attended two years of college at Southwestern State College at Weatherford, Oklahoma, and Sayre Junior College at Sayre, Oklahoma, where she was listed on the Dean's Honor Roll.

After leaving college, she returned home and worked in a grocery store until April 1965, when she moved to Pampa, Texas, and began working for Marie Foundations.

In 1972, she was selected to appear in the 1972 edition of *Outstanding Young Women of America* in recognition of outstanding ability, accomplishments and service.

Marvin Dean Hensley

Marvin Dean Hensley was born January 11, 1946, at Sayre, Beckham County, in western Oklahoma, to Leslie Landon Hensley and Kate Ella Jones Hensley, who died when he was six months old. He lived on the farm until he was two years old, when he went to live with an aunt and family, until he was nearly six. He returned home with the rest of the family and attended school at Durham, Oklahoma, until 1957, when he started school at Reydon, Oklahoma. He graduated from Reydon High School in May 1966. During his junior and senior years he drove a school bus route.

After graduation he developed an interest in farming and carpentry, and continued this until he was drafted into the U. S. Army in June 1969. He was stationed at Fort Polk, Louisiana, for his boot training, then took his advanced training at Fort Knox, Kentucky. In November 1969, he was sent to Vietnam for a year's tour of duty. His duties and experiences earned him two Army Commendation Medals. He was presented the Bronze Star as a Pfc. with Company C, 1st Battalion, 69th Armor, 4th Infantry Division for meritorious achievement from 13th December, 1969, to 13th February, 1970. On June 12, 1970, as a Spec. 4 for Company B, 1st Battalion, 46th Infantry, he was presented the First Oak Leaf Cluster for personal heroism in removing casualties and wounded and devotion to duty.

After returning to the United States in November 1970, he was stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, until June 25, 1971, when he received his separation. Since that time, he has renewed his interest in carpentry and farming and working for the county.

Marvin Dean married Eltha Gilliam in 1976 and began

working for the Cabot Corporation in Pampa, Texas. They have a daughter, born February 24, 1977, Erica Dawn.

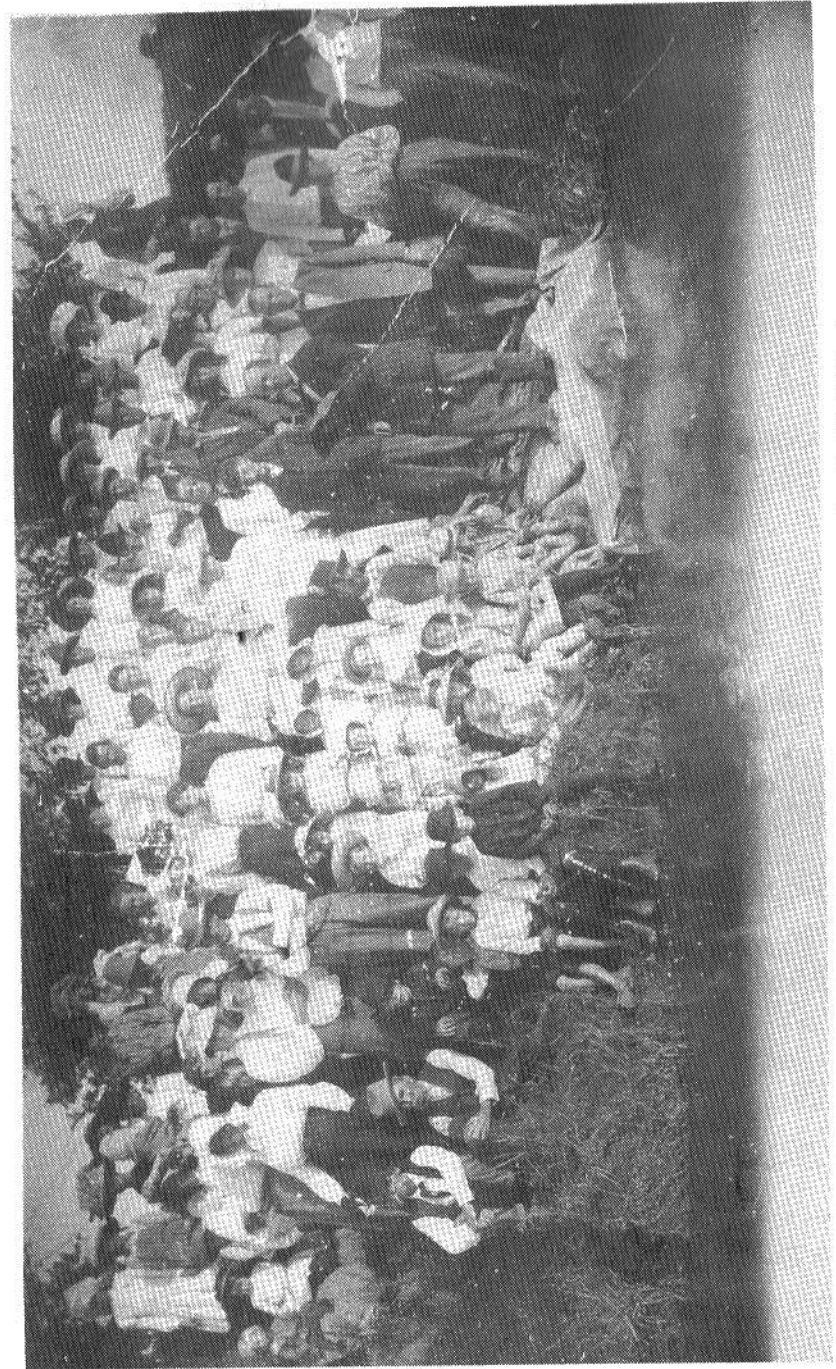
Rozell Bruce Jones

I was born on March 3 or 4, 1910, oldest son of R. Bruce and Ophelia Jones. If you note my birth date, you see I was always a questionable fellow.

There have been questions about where we lived before we moved to Dempsey, so, maybe I can help to confuse the issue for all of us.

When Oklahoma was still a Territory, there was a Day County which straddled the South Canadian River. The seat of the county government was Grand. This was on the north side of the river and about two miles west of the Pack Saddle Bridge. During this time, Uncle Sam Kendall was Road Commissioner and usually walked to and from the county seat as this was the easiest way to get across the river. Much of the time, you could not get across the river by any method. One of the crossroads store areas like Dempsey, was called Roll. You could get almost anything you might want there. The one grocery store was run by J. P. Johnson, who later moved to Strong City after the railroad came. Roll also had a doctor, Dr. G. V. Grant, who later moved to Oklahoma City and was very successful there. He helped me get a birth certificate in 1933 and treated me for a sinus condition when I did not have any money. Roll also had a post office and there were several mail routes out of there.

At the time of Statehood, or thereabouts, they did away with Day County and gave the ground south of the river to Roger Mills County. The land north of the river became part of Ellis County. I was never sure who Roger Mills was, but I



Baptizing, August 11, 1912. Beulah Church, Roll, Oklahoma.

think he was either a legislator or senator from that area. Cheyenne became the county seat of Roger Mills County. When they started to put up the brick courthouse, our father filed an injunction against the builders and held up the building until the people had a chance to vote on what was going on. I do not remember what the problem was. This was one of the few times I knew him to ride Gladys very hard. He came home and then had to go right back. Francis Walker was helping him but his car was not as fast as Gladys.

The first mailman I remember from Roll was a Mr. Miller. He rode a motorcycle with a sidecar but he often would not complete his day's run. Then Ed Kendall took over. He had two small mules, who pulled a buggy. They were not big enough to pull a wagon or heavy equipment for other work.

We moved to Dempsey in the spring of 1918. After that, the post office was moved to Strong City as it was a growing town with a railroad. J. P. Johnson had a grocery store; Her-ring and Young was the general store; Armstrong had cream and chickens.

My birth certificate says, "Born at Roll, Oklahoma." They cannot find this on the map, so for a while I put Strong City on all my papers. They could not find that either, so now I just use Oklahoma. This they accept without question. If they ask what town, I just put City after the Oklahoma and they let it get by.

Our farm was about five miles northwest of Strong City on Wild Horse Creek. The creek ran about 200 feet from our house and sometimes the floods would cover our pasture across the creek. Dad always kept a good crossing on the creek so people would come there to cross with heavy loads. Dead Indian Creek was about four miles southwest of us.

Kate and I started school at Simpson School. We rode double on Gladys. The first year, Grace Maltby (Compton) was

the teacher. She was either seventeen or eighteen. The second year, Mr. Simpson was the teacher. He had a law degree but did not want to practice law. Then we changed to Wild Horse School as Dad was on the school board. Mrs. Anderson was the teacher. I think that this was the year that Homer started school as I seem to remember there were three of us in the buggy. Dad had put iron wheels on it. Early in 1918, we moved to Dempsey and attended Blue Ridge School for a year and a half. Then we attended the Dempsey School until I finished grammar school in 1925. Loraine was born on November 11, 1918, so she ended the War.

Wild Horse Creek drained all the ground up to Uncle Ham Aderholt's farm. This was the farms of Lester McClellan, Uncle Rhett Jones, Underwood, Rice, Vanderpool, and several others.

Our house just grew. The first room was a big square room which we soon outgrew. It was made from cottonwood lumber. These trees grew on our creek and were taken up to Lester McClellan's and cut into boards. The next section was a lean-to on the south side. This was three steps lower than the original room. Next, we added a similar room on the other side of the big room, which became the kitchen equipped with a table and bench and Mother got a new big four burner coal oil (kerosene) stove. All the red land in that area had gyp water from Uncle Rhett's to Uncle Sam Kendall's; about three miles. Behind the kitchen, we added a dugout to store the fruit jars and other food stores. One year the rats were so bad, Dad would sit in there and shoot rats and mice. We would dig them out of their holes, sometimes as many as thirty to a hole. One time, each of us kids were armed with broom handles, the dog Francis was helping, Mother had a pitchfork, and Dad was using the spade. One rat came out of the hole and he stepped on it. The next one Dad tried to step on with the other foot, but he missed and it

went up the inside of his pant leg. He caught hold of it from the outside at just about the hip pocket area. Mother was trying to get it out and wanted him to move his hand or his other foot but he wouldn't let go. Finally, he let go and a very dead rat fell out his pant leg. Everyone started to breath again and Mother was glad it was dead as she was not about to touch it, dead or alive. Then he could move the other foot and get rid of that rat. Somehow, our chief rat digger lost interest in the project for that day, so our program was brought to an end until the next weekend.

The buildings were in a line along a dirt cut bank. First was the house with a cistern in the front yard. Next was the original dugout where Dad and Uncle Rhett first lived when they came there. Next was the granary, which we built after we started to raise small grain. Then came the sheds for the cows, horses and pigs. We must have been an optimistic family. We not only had a cistern in case of rain, we also had eaves troughs on the house. The few times it rained, the eaves troughs were full of leaks and each of us had a leak to stand under to catch rainwater. Once, I remember, the cistern had water in it—almost half full! It was a big thrill to go out and get a bucket of water when we wanted it.

I was always so happy to be with my father when he was doing anything, from plowing the fields to repair work. He had such beautiful mules to work with, but he usually kept me and my mules right where he could reach them in case I nodded off or on rare occasions when I made a mistake. I could not reach high enough to hang the chains, so I hooked them in the hames. I found I was growing up one day when company was coming with a son about my age. I wanted to stay at the house and play, but Dad said it was time to go to the field. I learned so much from him that I have used in my jobs these many years. He always had to make what he needed or substitute or do without.

When I was seven years old, we moved to Dempsey and the cattle were moved before we left. I thought I should go with them, but Uncle Grover somehow managed to do the job without me. I felt very unhappy about it.

This was a very trying time for our parents as World War I was on and there were many changes going on and much uncertainty for farm people. We gave up the 280 acre stock farm and bought a cultivable farm in Dempsey, where we raised cotton and broomcorn. Along about this time, I got a burro of my own. This probably shaped my temperament more than anything. I tried farming one year with Dad. I sold my cotton and bought Mother some dishes for Christmas, but had to give them to her before Christmas so she could set the table. By the time I was thirteen, I was working most of the time for some neighbors and brought home some money every week or took my pay in a pig or mule or something like that. It took me two years to complete the eighth grade and I had to stay out one year before starting high school. Our parents always wanted us to go to school and tried all they could to help me continue. I drove a school bus from the day I started high school until the day I graduated.

By this time, I knew I would have to give up farming and construction due to a nervous stomach condition. So I contacted Dee Pennington to see if he could get me a job at the dairy so I could go to college. About six months later, I got a message to come down that weekend. I had \$3.45, Kate's hatbox, with all my clothes and what I could "borrow" from Homer, and set out for Edmund, Oklahoma. I hitchhiked to Oklahoma City and got there late at night. They let me out at the first streetcar track and after a long wait I finally got a ride to Edmund. I had heard about the streetcars but had a hard time figuring out which way they were going from looking at the tracks. I had heard that they could go sixty miles an hour and take your breath away. When I got to Edmund about

2:00 a.m., I didn't want to spend money for a hotel room for that short a time, so I waited around till people started moving around and found someone to direct me to the dairy. When I got there, milking was underway and Dee got me cleaned up, shaved and with my other shirt on. I had gotten there before the fall session of school started and the men at the dairy were making silage so I was able to earn enough to start with new shoes, new pants, and could buy most of my books and clothes. Pay was fifteen cents an hour and by the end of the year, I had saved enough to send for Kate and pay her way. She worked for her room and board and I bought her books and clothes. I worried about having her there because I knew of her back problem, but she did real well having only one bad attack, which I remember. I guess her back and my stomach made a good team. I made the honor roll every semester with a lot of hard work.

Every storyteller is allowed some digressions and I want to tell you about our horses and mules. We all learned a lot from them. Working and playing with animals teaches a lot of patience and understanding.

Dad needed a riding mare and a mother horse, so he bought a mare from a traveling group. Daze had been a racer and had been injured on the racetrack. She gave birth to a little filly, who was named Gladys, about three years before I was born. She was a sorrel with one white foot and a white star on her forehead. She proved to be more than a mother. She had many beautiful mule colts all of whom had their own personalities. The oldest was Rex. He must have lived to be well beyond thirty years old. The most famous was Bill. After six mule colts, Gladys started having horse colts. I am not sure just how many, but there were a lot. Gladys had the responsibility of raising about a dozen kids as well as a dozen colts of her own. I first remember her when a cousin would take her out on Friday night and bring her

back on Monday morning with her winnings from racing—pocket knives, ropes, spurs—which were all the boys had to bet with in those days. She was a pacer like her mother and had to slow down her pacing to break into a run. Then Gladys started going to school. She started with Grace, then Kate and me. She went to school every day until we got the Model-T truck. I was sent with Gladys to bring in the other horses and mules who did not like to come in and go to work. One of them decided to kick me off Gladys, but she brought me out with only a small bruise. From then on she would not get close enough for any of them to kick at me. When I told Dad, he had me carry a bullwhip when I went after the young mules.

When I was four years old, Uncle Grover was so sick with typhoid fever that Mother had to go take care of him. Gladys took Mother and me to Wittims, about eleven miles away, and then Mother decided to stay but I had to go home. She phoned Dad, who told her to start me back and Gladys would take care of me. When Dad met us outside our gate, I was so wrapped up in blankets in the buggy, I didn't even know I had gotten home. The wind was so strong and cold that most animals would not have faced it, but Gladys made the whole trip on her own. Uncle Grover got better and came to our house for a long stay while he recuperated.

Gladys was so easy to ride and I learned to put her halter on long before I could reach her head. I could throw a rope over her neck and lead her to the wagon tongue. From there, I could climb on. When I tried to put a bridle on her, she refused to have the bit in her mouth. So I asked Dad what to do. He told us never to put a bit in her mouth as her mouth was so tender. He fixed up a leather strap for us kids to use as a bit. To put her saddle on, I went back to the wagon tongue. Then she would swell up so I couldn't get the cinch too tight. From then on, I never pulled one too tight on any animal

unless we were working with a saddle horn. I would start to get on and find a pair of teeth would catch me where the pants get tight. Back to Dad for more instructions. His answer was, "If I tried to get on his back with all that weight on one side, he would bite too." So, I learned to get in the saddle without putting all the weight on one side.

After three years, I stopped attending college and started to teach school (poor kids). I borrowed a car to drive to Cotton County for an interview. Ruth was in school at that time, so I took her home and went on down to Cotton County. The car, a Graham, burned forty gallons of gas and five quarts of oil before I got back, which left me a bit more than broke.

I took that teaching job and the first day of school many of the students asked me if I was one of the new students. I finally blushed and told them I was their teacher. I probably learned more that year than any of the students. The janitor and I shared an apartment. He did the cooking and I bought the groceries. I earned \$560.00 that year. Later the janitor left. Just before I starved to death, Lorraine came down and took care of me. This was the first time I had lived with any of my family for about ten years and it was a strange feeling. When school was out, Lorraine had to go back to Reydon. I bought a used car, got married to Ruth Harrison on May 25, 1936, and did what all teachers have to do—went back to school. I tried to graduate that summer, but fourteen credit hours was too much for a nine-week session and my scholastic average fell. I also had to work on campus that summer. So, I went back in the summer of 1937 to finish my courses for my B.A. I taught at the same school for four years. My oldest son, Carl Bruce, was born while we were there, on August 18, 1938.

What a lesson fatherhood is! The first thing I remember

him saying was, "What is that, Daddy?" and he finally learned how to throw a ball. We roughhoused every night until one night he said, "Don't shake me" and we could see his swollen jaws from the mumps. I took him to a ball game one night with a black eye, which had the whole school talking. I had thought we were through playing the night before and had gone to bed, when suddenly he jumped astride me with a pair of scissors gouging me through the quilts. I jumped and he went tumbling to the floor and ended up with a black eye.

Teaching was not for me as I needed to be paid for more than eight and a half months a year. So, I began to watch the government posters and applied for every job I could qualify for. Suddenly I found I had been accepted for three of them all at once, so I had to decide which to take. One was with the Weather Bureau. As the weathermen were never correct, I thought I could help them some. I was right, because we still are never correct.

I had a hurry up request to report for duty. My school and the superintendent let me off from teaching early as it was the beginning of World War II and a bit of an emergency. My son, David Marion, had arrived that Valentine's Day, but I was not sure of my draft status and Ruth and the boys were in Anadarko with her mother. Brother Sam came down and helped me finish grading papers and make up my ledgers for the end of the school year. We took the work back to school, said good-bye to a lot of friends and headed west. Sam checked out of the CCC Camp and we took the car back to Anadarko. I reported to Denver, Colorado, on April 10, 1942, to start a new career. This was a whole new education and rather nice to receive a paycheck every two weeks, for the first time. In October, I had settled in and went back to Anadarko for the car. This was my first lesson in driving icy mountain roads. Just before

I hit the icy part, I had picked up a hitchhiker. Very soon he asked me if I had ever driven on icy roads before and when I said "No," he said, "Well, you are now. How about slowing down?"

In May 1943, I was transferred to Ely, Nevada, and had the experience of living at 6,280 feet altitude. The nights were cold all summer. In February 1944, I was asked if I would like a sixty-day detail to Boston, Massachusetts. They promised that when I came back I would get a promotion and my choice of stations anywhere in California. This sounded pretty good and I had not yet learned what the government meant when they said "temporary." So, on March 1, I flew to Boston. I had never seen a ship before, but three days later I was at sea on Barbara Hutton's yacht, "The Sea Cloud." Many of the owners of the oceangoing yachts had donated them to the government for Coast Guard duty during the war. Almost everyone aboard was seasick. If I had not done a lot of horseback riding, I probably would have been sick, too. I found that riding a ship is a lot like riding a horse, only it's longer and higher. I was lucky that my first trip out was near Bermuda. We had fairly good weather, but I had never gone for four weeks without a bath. We only had salt water showers.

We were sent out on Coast Guard ships to report the weather conditions throughout the Atlantic Ocean from Newfoundland to Brazil. We were also on submarine watch and were stationed so that planes flying to and from Europe could spot their positions with us. It got a bit lonesome sometimes when we were all by ourselves and knew there were one or more submarines who would love to have us for breakfast. But then we felt it all worthwhile when we pulled downed pilots out of the Atlantic before they had time to freeze in the icy water.

My second trip was on the "Normal," Vincent Aster's

yacht. This time, we had nothing but rough water and cold for the whole trip. After that, there were many Coast Guard ships. We went out on twenty-eight day patrols to a designated spot in the Atlantic and went round and round that spot until it was time to come back. After about a week on shore, we did it again. I had one trip, in November 1945, to Recife, Brazil. Most of the rest were to the North Atlantic in winter and toward Bermuda in summer. In April 1946, I was stationed on base in Newfoundland as administrator. This base was for ships to put into for repairs and supplies when they could not get back to the States. In October, I came back to the States to have help for my knee, which I injured at sea in Casco Bay, Maine. It was so painful I could hardly walk on it. While in port that time, I heard that sometime during the past year, my sister Kate had died and that I had been divorced. What can a man do? So, I went back to Newfoundland to finish out my year.

When I came back to Boston, in April 1947, I was married to Phyllis Wilson. Everyone was wondering what to do next. We almost decided to take a station in Panama, but I had been talking with some men who were involved in a new project called "Arctic Operations." I had remembered my fifth grade geography book, which always showed northern Canada as a big blank space. This had always bothered me, and I wished someone could go there and fill in that space. So, I chose a "temporary" assignment with the "Arctic Operations," and was assigned to buying, packing, and readying materials to be loaded on ships for the first permanent weather station to be built at Thule, Greenland. This would be the jumping-off point for exploration in the Arctic. The first time we loaded the ships we had to divide up the cargo so that if one ship was lost, the others would have adequate supplies of everything needed. Admiral Dufack was in charge of the project and did an admirable job

getting all his ships through the ice, unloaded, and back out before the harbor froze over for the winter. The first crew wintered over in safety and they soon had the Arctic area photographed and mapped from the air.

All of us who had been at sea during the war had learned a great respect for the sea and ice. There were many small growlers (icebergs) that came by and took a swipe at our ship. One time when this happened, we lost our sonar (direction finding equipment) and took some cracks in the side of our ship. Sometimes the ice gets so heavy on the rigging, one wonders if the ship can right itself when it rolls with the waves. The antenna cables grow to six inches in diameter and the guy wires are the size of a man's swollen legs. When you know that a submarine may be following and there is no way to get off a depth charge or shoot a K gun, you are glad to be on the way home.

The U. S. Government signed an agreement with Canada for a cooperative effort to establish weather stations across the top of Canada, and year by year these were built and manned. There were seven from Thule, Greenland, inland as far as we could go on land. The same was done from the Pacific side. At first, we used DC-3 planes to fly in supplies, then we got DC-4's and cargo planes. (I suspect that Homer had a hand in helping our project while working at the airplane factory in California—but that is his story, and he should tell it.) If you find anyone who says you cannot transport eight-ton D4 tractors in a DC-4, just tell him to get some Oklahoma boys together and they will do it. They used the tractors for loading, and then took them apart and flew them in, put them back together, and unloaded the planes. With these, we built runways on the ocean ice or on dry land and brought in the bigger planes and equipment. This was rather hazardous as some men have been known to freeze. From our experiences of living in thirty-foot square refriger-

ators for houses, the military was able to come in and build the DEW line for defense.

IGY (International Geophysical Year) rolled around in 1956 and this took us from the North Pole to the South Pole with a line of weather stations up and down the 90th Meridian (the West Coast of South America to the South Pole). All of the men with Antarctic experience were called out of retirement and many who had learned the hard way in the Arctic wanted to learn about the other pole, too. So, we drew up the plans for the camps and buildings and observation stations and moved in. We set up six stations in the Antarctic. Soon, with better radar and other equipment, the smaller nations were able to help out and carry their share of the operation. One of our men wintered for over two years with the Russians at their base and one of the Russian scientists lived and worked in our station.

With the Arctic Operations turned over to Canada and the Antarctic Operations running smoothly and down to routine, we became known as Overseas Operations. This includes all U.S. Weather Stations outside the continental U.S. The program was designed to set up stations in many small island countries, in South and Central America, and throughout the Orient and Africa. These stations would feed information into the worldwide meteorological program for weather information. At first, the material was shipped to these countries and we waited to hear from them with their weather data. But somehow, the equipment never got installed or there was no one who could operate it. So, we started over. We became electronic technicians. Then we went out to each island or country and set up the equipment. Often, we had to build the building to put it in first. Most of these are set up in connection with an airport, and all the islands and small countries have better air travel than roads. While the stations are being set up, the native technicians

are brought to the U. S. and given special training courses in operation and maintenance of all the equipment. This is quite advanced training as most of the weather work is done with electronic devices. When equipment and men are functioning well, the station is turned over to the country through the U. N. and they run the station themselves. At least once each year, a technician is sent out to inspect these stations, check their equipment and operating techniques, and give them any help they may need.

These last years have provided some very interesting trips and I have seen many beautiful Caribbean islands. Also, Phyllis has had a chance to go with me on some trips which has been nice for her. Now I turn it over to the younger men and retire. I'll take a crack at selling real estate. If that doesn't work, we will think up some kind of mischief to keep us on the go and feeling young.

Addendum

When Nixon was President, Bruce was appointed to a federal grand jury to investigate the Governor of Maryland, Marvin Mandel. He was convicted of mail fraud and racketeering. He was disbarred and sent to federal prison. The investigation brought to light that Vice-president Spiro Agnew was implicated also. Charges were filed against him and he resigned from office. He accepted conviction for income tax evasion rather than to be tried for accepting bribes. Bruce was in a lot of danger the two years that he served on the grand jury, but it takes brave men to make our government function.

Milton Homer Jones

I, Milton Homer Jones, was born at Roll, Oklahoma, on August 13, 1911, early in the morning, to Mr. and Mrs. Roscius Bruce Jones, farmers of the Strong City Community. I started this life, without the help of a doctor to enter this world, weighing ten pounds. My troubles started the next day when my brother, Bruce, crawled over me and scratched my left hand between my thumb and forefinger, leaving a scar which I bear to this day.

This could be the reason I am left-handed, as I am the only offspring of twelve children born to Roscius Bruce Jones that is left-handed. I am proud of my being a south-paw as it is a mark of accuracy, found in the Bible of the tribe of Benjamin.

I grew up in a Christian home where the family altar was enforced most of my lifetime while living at home. Many a time in my life I have had a very close call with death. Only a mother's love for children and a close relationship with the Lord, with prayer always on her lips, has kept me. The first time prayer was answered for me, I was only six weeks old. When I had the whooping cough so bad, my parents thought I had choked to death until my mother put a cold wash cloth on my throat and prayed for me; from that moment on the cough was no more.

When I was three years old I almost lost my left forefinger on the mowing machine, but Mother sewed it on, then, again, with prayer, it healed and there was never a loss of feeling or strength from the finger.

From then on things went along in my life as in the lives of most youngsters. I remember when I was five years old, my brother and I were playing on the corn binder and he



Bethel Church members, November 6, 1932.

pushed my head into the feeder shoot. While we both were screaming at the top of our voices, Mother literally pulled my head out of the shoot and skinned my head and ears very badly and almost broke my neck, but time heals all wounds and at that age I had lots of time.

My first concern for the family came to me when I was still a small boy. The family moved to the Dempsey-Sweetwater Community when I was six years of age. The next fall, we, like Job, had all of our material things taken away from us in a snowstorm. That storm is still the worst on record in western Oklahoma. We lost all our cattle except for one cow and we had a very large mortgage on the home, of which we never recovered. That year I knew why my dad shed tears and had lines of worry that made him old before his time. It was this silent vow that formed my life and made me have a closeness with my loved ones that is almost like the love of a parent for their children.

As I grew older and could help more, I soon realized one of us boys was going to miss a lot of schooling in our life, so I said, "Let it be me." This missing school when I was young has been a burden on me. In later years many times advancements were given to other men because of their better education.

My first year of high school was a year of decision on my part for my father broke his right hand that year cranking our Model "T" truck. Again it was a decision that had to be made early in the school year. Either my older brother or I had to quit school and harvest the crop. That last day of school was for me heartbreaking in a way, but I knew my family had to have help. We couldn't hire this work done; so I closed my books, gave my janitor job to another boy, and never looked back, only ahead, trying to help in the only way I knew how, with my heart and my hand.

My older brother and I accepted the Lord Jesus at the

same revival meeting at Buffalo, Oklahoma, on August 18, 1924. After being baptized, I read the New Testament that year and I remember how angry I got at the Roman soldiers for crucifying my Lord. I wanted to go over there and fight them for what they had done, but my mother told me why that had to be and how Christ died on the cross for all.

At age nineteen life began to change somewhat for my family. We moved from the farm that cost us our home and our cattle, and moved to the Blue Ridge Community. We rented a good farm with a creek on it. This was the first year of the Great Depression of the 1930's but our family got a new start that year, with really more material things than we had had for ten years. From this farm the children began to start their own homes. The first to leave was Madge, my sister just younger than I, then Pearl, two years younger than Madge.

It was in 1932 that I started going with a girl that I fell in love with and Bessie Pickett and I were married on July 12, 1933, at Reydon, Oklahoma.

The next few years were busy for both of us, trying to get a start in life and at the same time raise a family. On November 7, 1934, our first child was born, Freida Arlene, and our hearts just overflowed. It seemed there was never a baby more precious. But tragedy follows joy and in the spring of 1935 Mrs. Pickett died. The grief that my wife went through was evident in her life until our second child was born in September of 1936. Phyllis Laverne was born at Elk City, Oklahoma, on September 25, at nine o'clock in the morning, and again our joy was overflowing.

We kept records on all our income and expenses on the farm and by January of 1941 we didn't have the start in life we had hoped for. It was soon after we had balanced our books that the decision was made to move to California and work in an aircraft plant.

Many things happened after our move from Oklahoma. Our children grew to womanhood and married very fine young men. Bessie and I both worked for Douglas Aircraft, later to be known as McDonnell Douglas Aircraft, in California. Our lives were molded and settled. We worked steadily and faithfully through World War II. While working at Douglas, I joined the Coast Guard for the duration of World War II, but I was discharged in 1945 when my job required more time. I was transferred to the laboratory that year to work on a material to seal fuel tanks and airplane fuselages for high flights, and pressurizing above 30,000 feet. This was a challenge but I loved it, and our team did get the honor of inventing the sealant that has stood the test to this day.

It is hard to take the memories of the country from one's mind, so in September of 1946 we quit our jobs in Los Angeles and sold our property and moved to Silverton, Oregon. We bought a farm about fourteen miles east of that city. On that farm we worked hard and in more rain than we had seen in a lifetime. After two years of farming, mostly at night, and working in the timber in the daylight hours—and after an accident in which I almost lost my left hand in the chain saw—we decided it was better back in Los Angeles. Our girls didn't like the hills of Oregon so in September of 1948 we sold our farm in the Evergreen State and returned to the noise of industry. Both of us went back to work with Douglas Aircraft. My wife stayed with the mother plant in Santa Monica, but I guess I worked in every plant the company owned in southern California.

The next twenty years I worked in the Development Laboratory. Whenever the company had a new airplane to be built, there you would find me working on the development of the hydraulic system. This job would continue from

the drawing board until well after the ship had been proven in flight. I stayed with the project until well after the contract was completed; then I took an early retirement. The last five years I spent at the Long Beach plant working on the last of the D.C. series. I worked on the delivery end of the D.C. 8. On the D.C. 9 series, I worked on development, check out, and flight until ship number 500 was finished. Management then sent me back to the development area of building #1, to help start the famous and last series as of this date, the D.C. 10. To me, this was a great ship and flew like no other airplane before it. The main problem was found to be in my field of the development: the hydraulic system. I had pointed out the flaw to my design engineer before the ship ever flew. It was in the return lines. Because I was the one that showed them how to make the correction, I was given the job of correcting the hydraulic systems in all the airplanes already delivered. This was a challenge and a lot of hard work, but it was a rewarding project as most of the work was done during my last year with the company. Since I left Long Beach, the problems that I pointed out have been corrected.

During my thirty years in Los Angeles there have been a few events that I cannot overlook. This is a personal testimony for which I give God the praise and thanks. Without Him and His love I would not be here today. I do not know why this was necessary. My first meeting with the personal care of the Father has for his children came in 1951. I had to return to Oregon on business, so I drove most of the night. North of San Francisco there are a lot of old bridges along the Ell River that are not straight with the road. At one of these bridges I fell asleep. While there was still time to correct the car and make the bridge, I was struck on the collar bone of my right shoulder and awakened in time to make the bridge at seventy miles an hour. Most of you know about my

second encounter with almost certain death when I was hit by a car while I was walking in a crosswalk. My recovery, again, was a miracle that can only be done by the Heavenly Father in answer to prayers. This was prayers of my family and friends as I was beyond helping myself. I was hit, and hit hard, by a car traveling fifty miles an hour. It knocked me about thirty-five feet. I made an arc and came down on my head. My skull was fractured, and my juglar vein was ruptured. With every heartbeat my blood was pouring out through my ears and mouth. There was no way they could be closed. The doctor told me later that as he sat in the road trying to stop the blood, he saw the vein that feeds the brain opening and closing with each heartbeat and no more blood coming from it. They took me to the hospital, washed me up, then took a number of X-ray pictures of my head which showed a fracture one-eighth inch wide and six inches long. They gave me no more blood because of the open vein. They just waited for the final breath—but it never came. Prayer changes things, for on the third day after being hit I opened my eyes. I felt no pain, only dizziness when I moved my head. When the doctor came in we talked for awhile, and he told me I had a better doctor than he would ever be.

A year later, in October of 1962, again the Lord saved me. My son-in-law, Leon Cooper, a friend and I were hunting in Utah. I was on a ledge of a mountain, and dragging a little buck, but I could find no place to get off. Leon was trying to communicate with me, but he was too far below for me to make out what he was saying. He pointed to a place that I could come down. I turned and gave the rope a jerk to get the deer over a rock. The rope broke and I lost my balance. I was within twelve inches of the rim, and there was no chance for me to grab onto anything. Suddenly there was about 500 feet of air below me to the next ledge and another 500 feet to where Leon was standing. I stopped about ten

feet from Leon and the other hunter. When I turned and looked back at the top of that mountain, I said, "Thank you Lord." He let me down safely without any bruises, cuts, or torn clothing. We gave this story to the Utah paper, but they said no one would believe it.

In 1973, Bessie and I retired from public work. We sold our home in California and returned to our favorite state, Oklahoma. We have an acre of land and a new house in Elk City. We will be with our children and we will watch our grandchildren and great-grandchildren grow up. This keeps us as busy as a one-armed paper hanger trying to hang paper while riding on a merry-go-round with one foot in the bucket.

After retirement, I was led by the Holy Spirit to write and publish a book entitled, *Let's Take a Walk Through the Bible*. This book has given me many opportunities to talk to people about the Bible, and about Bible prophesy.

Helen Madge Jones Allen

Madge was born April 6, 1913, on the homestead nine miles from Strong City, Oklahoma. She was educated in the one-room school that all the brothers and sisters attended in the Dempsey Community. She finished high school at Cheyenne, Oklahoma. Madge married Daniel Allen August 12, 1932. They bought land near Sweetwater, Oklahoma, in the Meridian Community, where they farmed and operated a dairy. Their house was blown away by a huge tornado that destroyed homes in Beckham and Roger Mills counties in Oklahoma, and in Wheeler County, Texas. Madge and Dan built a new house and replaced the farm buildings only to have them destroyed a few years later by chemical con-

tamination. They sued the Gulf Oil Company in federal court in Oklahoma City and won their case, but the judge refused to assess guilt.

Madge and Dan retired and moved to Belen, New Mexico, where they bought a home and an acreage. They have three children:

1. Eva Jo, born April 9, 1935.
2. Kenneth Earl, born May 31, 1936.
3. Bobby Edward, born January 18, 1939.

Nellie Pearl Jones Giddens

I, Nellie Pearl Jones, was born on February 1, 1915. In 1933 I married James Edward Tinney and was divorced three years later. I married Walter Lee Jines on December 24, 1938, and divorced him in October of 1950. I married Drew Giddens in April 1952.

My work has been a variety of things, but mostly restaurant work. I worked at a T.G.&Y. store awhile, and at Montgomery Ward for a short while. I am now a cook in a restaurant. Children:

1. Roberta Fern Tinney was born November 17, 1933. She is the daughter of Nellie Pearl and James Edward (Ike) Tinney. Fern grew up in Perryton, Texas, and finished high school in Spearman, Texas, in 1950. She then moved to Oklahoma City, where she met and married O. D. Fisher. She has no children. She does restaurant work.

Fern was Grandpa Jones' "right-hand man," or you might say, "sidekick." She followed him wherever he went, when he was near enough to the house. He called her "Snooks."

2. Laura Ella Jines was born January 1, 1940. She was a New Year's baby, but it was wartime and there were no gifts for her, as there were the years before and the years after, for the first baby in the town or county for the new year. She grew up in Perryton and Waco, Texas. Laura Ella was burned when she was about three and a half years old. She threw some kerosene, that her daddy had left under the stove, into the burning fire. It got on her from the explosion. She was in the hospital four days and I had to dress the burn for about three months. She carries a bad scar on her arm and breast now.
3. Leroy Jines was born November 21, 1941. He grew up in Perryton and married there. He had two step-daughters, Cindy and Mary Ann LaRue. His wife was Marion Mounts LaRue. They were divorced and both live in California.

Leroy served his time in the Army as an M.P. He was in Korea most of his term. While in the Army, he finished his high school credits and passed his exams with one of the highest grades in the group. He was honorably discharged.

One time, when Leroy was eight, I think, he had begged me for about two weeks to give him a birthday party. I finally consented and the day arrived. I had cake and something to drink and all the kids came with gifts, but no Leroy. He had forgotten about his birthday and stopped to play with some other children on the way home from school.

4. Charles Ross Jines was born March 20, 1947, in Perryton, Texas. He attended all of his first ten years of school at Waco, then came back home and attended school part of one year at Spearman, then a

year in Perryton. He finished high school in Kerrville, Texas. He was drafted and spent most of his time in Korea and was honorably discharged. He married Jenifer (Jenny) Farmer in 1968, in Perryton. They have one daughter, Cammey Lyn, born in April 1970. They now reside in Pacoima, California. He works at a plastic factory and she at a vitamin pill factory.

When Charles was six weeks old we started rebuilding our house in Perryton. We kept him in his car bed right where we were working. He could just sleep and sleep with all the hammering going on, but when things got quiet, he got noisy. After the hammering and rebuilding were done, I had to keep the radio on real loud so he could sleep.

Hazel Lucy Jones Reeder

I was born February 1, 1917, on the homestead in old Day County, during World War I. Within the year, Papa bought a farm and moved the family to the Dempsey Community. They had high hopes that the move would be beneficial to them. They built a two-story house on the highest ridge between the Washita and the Red rivers. The house was painted white with green trim. The yard and grounds were landscaped with locust trees in front of the house and on each side of the driveway. Lombardy poplar made a windbreak for the north side of the yard. The three-acre fruit orchard and woodlot were bounded on two sides by the section line roads and on the other two sides by the long tree-lined driveways that led up to the house. It was a happy new beginning for them.

The community was made up of relations and friends that Papa had known in Texas. Aunt Addie and Uncle John Gutherie and George Washington and America Franklin, lived close by. These dear people were the souls of love and patience. Mrs. Franklin knew that Mama loved to read aloud, as reading aloud to groups of people was the "in thing to do" in those days. She kept us supplied with books from her home library. Along with these classics, Mama read aloud serialized novels that were published in *Cappers Weekly*, *The Kansas City Star* and other papers and magazines. Literature was not her only interest. Each paper and magazine was read in its entirety. Since the age of four, I have been a political science student. Mr. Franklin was chairman of the Socialist Party and an atheist. We were active Democrats and Baptists. Their courtesy and friendship were deep even though their discussions were carried on regularly. By the time I finished high school, I had read many of the classics and much of the works of the newer writers, such as Pearl Buck, Zane Gray, and others.

Papa bought the place on an inflated market and kept his cattle. The next two years were very hard. The blizzard of 1918 is in all the history books. The snow was so deep, the cattle were covered and died standing. When the snow melted in the spring, the carcasses were still in a standing position. He lost them all.

The fall of 1918 brought an end to the war and a new baby sister. France and Germany had fought over the rich Lorraine Valley, located between them. Since France won and baby sister was born the day after the Armistice was signed, Mama named her Frances Lorraine.

With the winter came the tragic flu epidemic. The only people in the community to escape it were Fred Harris, Aunt Addie's son-in-law, on the adjoining farm and Pearl and I. Fred spent each day going from farm to farm tending people

and livestock. Pearl was four and I was two. We had the same birthdays. We fed and cared for Papa, Mama with the new baby, and four other brothers and sisters. Pearl could light the coal oil stove and cook simple foods. We were fortunate Mama knew everything must be disinfected and constantly cleaned. We were one of the few families that did not make the trip to the cemetery to bury our dead, either from the war or the flu.

One of the two places I loved most was the orchard with ripening fruit from early spring until late fall. The fruit was so sweet and good; the trees were just right for climbing; but best of all was the shaded sandy soil. Our imaginations ran rampant there. We dug caves, made full-sized playhouses with furniture modeled out of sand; farms, dams, and roads were also favorites. We made whatever our minds could grasp. It was a marvelous summer playing place; too far from the house to hear when we were called to do chores. In the winter, we four sisters, who were also best friends, played dress up and paper dolls cut from Sears and Montgomery Ward catalogs. On the upstairs floor, for posterity to see, were my green footprints, where I had rubbed green house paint on myself until I shown and scared Mama out of her wits. When I was two she couldn't find me, but when she called upstairs, a jolly green elf came to the head of the stairs and said, "Here me is."

Lorraine's birth was the last of four girls. The next three children were boys. When Mama would take to her child-birth bed, Kate would take over the kitchen duties. She always intimidated me with her thirteen-year-old self-assurance and efficiency. I don't remember ever hearing her ask what should be done or how to do it. The only difference in the household was the excitement of having a new baby brother and having Mama in bed for a week. She nursed all of her twelve children.

About this time, we went to the county fair at Strong City. This was the first time Papa took us back to the community of his earlier homestead. We spent several days with his brother Rhet's family. County fairs and contests were Mama's joys. She entered everything. Even the baby, Vesta, was entered in the beautiful baby contest. Mama won first places on her squashes, peppers, beets, everything but the baby. She won second, but we still thought of her as number one. The real purpose of the long trip to the fair was to get Mama's organ. She had brought it to Oklahoma, but had loaned it to a friend while her own children were little. Now, Kate was to be taught to play it. Mama taught her to read music and the finger exercises, and Papa taught her to sing. He taught her to know and recognize the sound of the notes. She was such an apt student, she was playing for church and community functions in a short while. Madge was not to be outdone. She vied with Kate for practice time on the organ. She wasn't given as much instruction as Kate, but she did a lot of listening in while Kate was being taught. Madge still plays the hymns beautifully.

The day before I was thirteen, Papa loaded our household plunder in his Model-T truck, loaded Mama and four-year-old Vesta in the cab, and the rest of us on top of the loaded furniture. He drove on the glazed surface of three feet of snow the two miles to our new farm, The Porch Place. It was the headwater of Croten Creek with a two-foot wide spring of sweet water. We had never lived where we didn't have to haul water before. We reveled in it. The main house was made of native stone. The upstairs, side bedroom and screened in porch were added later.

Within a short time, just three months before Papa was sixty years old, we had a new baby brother and Aunt Cora Woods came to live with us after Uncle Arthur's death. Our

household fluxuated between twelve and fourteen people at this time. Kate and Madge were attending high school at Cheyenne. They stayed with Aunt Aggie Kendall on weekdays, but Papa or Homer went after them each Friday afternoon. Bruce worked for Mr. Waldrop for his room and board, and drove a school bus to Reydon four years to get his high school education. The last part of his senior year, he stayed at home. By this time, the rest of us were attending a consolidated school at Meridian, some distance away. Bruce and I were the morning cooks while the rest of the family milked the cows and tended the livestock. We had a big woodburning range cook stove that dominated the kitchen even with the seven-foot table, such as the Waltons use. Each night, I would take two pans as large as would fit into the oven and fill them with breakfast rolls. We used a yeast that worked something like sourdough. When I finished with the rolls, I would save a little of the yeast to start another batch of dough to be ready for the next evening. It worked just slowly enough to be ready to pop into the oven when morning came. Papa butchered and cured the meat from several hogs each fall. Under Mama's direction, we canned a lot of fruits and vegetables and we made sorghum syrup each fall. With milk and butter and eggs from the cows and chickens, we had a good living, but we didn't know it then. Bruce and I would pack lunches for all of us and we would be on the school buses by 7:30. By February, wild greens were ready to be gathered. We could have shown Euel Gibbons a thing or two.

At the Meridian School I met competition for the first time. There were students that could make better grades than I could. I had to really work. We had marvelous teachers. Mr. Harris taught math and science, and Miss Moon taught literature. We were fortunate to have good teachers both at Meridian and later when we went to Reydon.

Life wasn't all play, but this is not about the lack of money and hard work after 1929. That part strengthened our characters for our adult years. Each spring, I would begin to worry for fear Mama's brothers and their families would not visit us that summer, but soon we would get letters. We had parties similar to square dances at some of the neighbors' houses each Saturday night. After Sunday School each Sunday, all of the young people in the community would spend the afternoon together. We would swim in the pasture lake or put on our own rodeos. When aunts, uncles and cousins came, we intensified our enjoyment of being together. When they had gone, we were as emotionally drained as the watermelon patch was bare. We began to look forward to the following summer.

Winter was harder on the livestock, but we didn't brave the elements when the snows came. At least we made no effort to go to school, but it was rarely too bad to wade snow hip deep and hunt rabbits all day. Blizzards were something else. We never quite expected them. About eleven o'clock one snowy night, there was a knock at the door and there stood 300-pound Jim Marshall almost frozen to death. He had spent the evening courting Miss Annabell King, our teacher, and when he started home the temperature had dropped to near zero. He was near death before he had traveled a mile. The next three days were spent playing cards, reading, eating and singing around the organ. It was a time for drawing closer as a family as we waited out the storm. On the third day, the sun beamed out and Joe Dansby rode in to see if we were alright. The spell was broken as each of us busied ourselves with our separate duties.

Dr. Carry came by about sundown one evening soon afterward. He was very worried. He said nineteen-year-old Joe Dansby had pneumonia and would die before morning if



Karen Reeder Adair with President Ronald Reagan at a fundraising dinner in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma in 1982.

he didn't operate. He came to ask for Papa's help. The kitchen table was turned into an operating table. Papa gave the anesthesia and helped with the lights. When spring came, Joe was planting crops with the other farmers.

As the Depression deepened in the 1930s, banks were foreclosing on the farmers in the community, and were closing their doors. Papa moved the family to the Midway Community north of Reydon, Oklahoma. I finished high school and went to Canadian, Texas, where I got work on the R. J. Alexander ranch, on the Washita River. Boss and

Madam Alexander were wonderful people to work for. They were some of the very first people to settle in the Panhandle of Texas. While working there, I met and married Arthur Willard Reeder. We moved to the Hampker's KKK ranch north of Canadian and worked there for a year. We were so gorged on good food by that dear German lady, we couldn't face another breakfast of steaks, potatoes, eggs, biscuits, jams, and gravies. Later Arthur went to work for the Texas Highway Department and was moved to Amarillo. Our first daughter, Patricia Ann, was born June 6, 1941. She died on October 15, 1941, of whooping cough. Our second daughter was born a year after Pearl Harbor. We named her Janetha Carol. When she was a year old, I went to work for the Pantex ammunition plant and worked there until the war was over. For the next fifteen years, I kept house and raised four more daughters. In 1961, I started college at Amarillo Junior College and got my B.S. degree in 1964. Since then, I have been keeping house, raising daughters, helping with grandchildren, and teaching school.

Frances Lorraine Jones

Frances Lorraine Jones was the seventh child born to Bruce and Ophelia, born November 12, 1918, at the close of World War I (hence the name Frances Lorraine), in Roger Mills County, Dempsey Community, Oklahoma. Her grammar schooling was completed in the local one-room school in Dempsey and Blue Ridge. High schools attended were at Meridian, Midway and she graduated at Ahpeaton, Cotton County, Oklahoma, in 1936.

On January 1, 1938, Frances Lorraine was married to

Albert Ray Mills of the Reydon Community, the fifth son of a local pioneer family, Albert and May Mills. The first year of marriage they lived at Parlin, Colorado, Gunnison County, moving back to Oklahoma just prior to the birth of their first child, a daughter, Nelda Ray, born September 14, 1938. During the next nine years there were many moves and locations. On September 28, 1942, a son, Adrian Ralph, was born in Dumas, Texas. On July 12, 1944, Tony Arnold was born in Reydon, Oklahoma.

In September 1948, they moved with their three children to Aumsville, Marion County, Oregon. Frances Lorraine became associated with the telephone office. She began on the old country switchboard and worked at this profession for seventeen years; eleven as a telephone operator and six as office manager for the business field of the telephone company.

In 1967, she was left widowed by the disappearance of Ray Mills, but lived alone in the town of Gates, Oregon, where she was still employed by the telephone company. In 1969, she served as council member for the city of Gates. In 1971, she was elected mayor of Gates, in which capacity she served faithfully and honorably for two years. During this term in office, she was the first mayor to get the city of Gates off on its way to progress by erecting and installing new water systems. As a result, Gates increased in value and land began to sell and fourteen blocks of city streets were hard surfaced.

On November 29, 1971, Frances Lorraine was married to Samuel O. Bibles II, at Vancouver, Washington. Sam was a native of North Dakota, born near Alamo which is near Welliston. This marriage gave Frances two stepsons, Samuel O. Bibles III, age eleven, and David Brian, age eight.

At their retirement the Bibles had a beautiful home

on the bank of the North Santiam River, Marion County, Oregon, twenty-eight miles east of Salem. Both Sam and Lorraine were very active in community affairs, devoting most of their time to the American Legion.

Lorraine was left a widow again in 1977. She moved back to Beaverton, Oregon, and legally restored her name to Lorraine Mills. She is working again for the telephone company and will retire in 1984.

Following is a poem written especially for the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Bruce and Ophelia Jones in 1954:

"The Jones'es"

On January 17, 1954,
An opportunity knocked on our door,
The family of Ophelia and Bruce,
Left their responsibilities on the loose
To celebrate a memorable day—
and love and appreciation to pay
to Mom with her love untiring,
and Pop with his jest undying.

There was Hazel with her beautiful hair,
Arthur and four girls also were there.
Then Bill with his family three,
Seeing them meant a lot to me.
Homer came alone over the road
Birds and tv were his only load.
His words and thoughts of understanding
always willing, never demanding.

The ever dependable Pearl was there,
Doing her part the work to share.
There was Bruce, Phyllis and Margaret Anne,
Two lovely ladies and a handsome man.
The Allens—Madge, Dan and kiddies three,
Kenny the longest limb on the family tree—
Eva Jo a fair, charming beauty
and old Bob ever doing his duty.



Golden Wedding Anniversary: Left to right, back row: Samuel N., R. Bruce, Jr., Madge, Pearl, Hazel, Vesta, and Bill. Front row, left to right: Homer, R. Bruce, Sr., Ophelia, Lorraine, and Herb.

There was Herb as faithful as ever,
 There is no equal—never no never.
 We certainly missed his wife, Rosella,
 The Audry Miss and Rodney fellow.
 The Hensley family their place to claim,
 The children changed, Landon the same.
 O' the beautiful cake they brought,
 Told the Grandparents their every thought.

No one can explain how we missed Sam
 By this I mean all of them.
 Vesta with her smiling face,
 Carl and three girls were in their place.
 The many, many wonderful guests
 Made me glad we looked our best.
 Sometimes in this far off place,
 I feel I live in outer space.

Lorraine Jones Bibles

Postscript by Madge:

In attendance were also the Mills,
 That is Ray and boys from over the rills,
 While Nelda in their Oregon domain—
 To attend school was left to remain.
 And Lorraine, the author of these verses,
 To her goes the laurels and the roses
 For composing this great story
 Of the Jones Family in all its glory.

Samuel Norris Jones

Samuel Norris Jones, son of Roscius Bruce Jones and Ophelia Ella Maltby Jones of Roger Mills County, Oklahoma, was born July 29, 1920. He graduated from Reydon High School, Reydon, Oklahoma, in May 1938. From May 1938 to August 1942, Samuel worked at odd jobs and spent eighteen months in the Civilian Conservation Corps in 1940 and 1941. He was stationed at Clinton, Oklahoma, for fifteen months and at Cody, Wyoming, for three months. He received his final discharge from the CCC in April 1942, with the rating of Leader, the highest rating held by a noncommissioned officer.

Samuel enlisted in the U. S. Navy on August 13, 1942, and served continuously until March 1, 1971 (twenty-eight years, six months, and eighteen days). He was placed in the Fleet Reserve, March 1, 1971, and placed on the retired list of the U. S. Navy, September 1, 1971. He completed thirty years active duty requirement for retirement purposes.

Samuel married Jewell Anita Pickett Jones of Inglewood, California (previously of Sweetwater, Oklahoma), at Yuma, Arizona, on February 23, 1946. Jewell is the daughter of Dave and Willa Bachel Pickett. She was born in Mesilla Park, New Mexico, March 29, 1927.

Samuel and Jewell had five sons: Larry Wayne Jones, born August 21, 1947, in Bremerton, Washington; Stanley Dave Jones, born January 17, 1950, in San Diego, California; Douglas Lee Jones, born June 11, 1953, in Camp Pendleton, California; Roger Bruce Jones, born October 23, 1957, in Camp Pendleton, California; and Michael Scott Jones, born January 5, 1961, in Camp Pendleton, California. Larry served in the Army for three years during the Vietnam War;

one year with the 101st Airborne Division in Vietnam. Stanley graduated from San Diego State College in June 1972, and he completed his teaching eligibility training in June 1973. Doug completed four years at the University of California at San Diego in April 1976, with a B.S. degree in mathematics. Roger completed Madison High School in June 1975, and Michael was a seventh grader in Einstein Junior High School in September 1973. Stanley married in the East Clairemont Southern Baptist Church, San Diego, California, June 12, 1971. Larry has his own musical group and resides in San Diego, California. He completed his B.S. in history at San Diego State University in May 1977, and his law degree in 1981. He is an assistant prosecuting attorney.

Samuel and Jewell have lived in several cities and places since their marriage:

Inglewood, California, from February 1946 to July 1946.

Bremerton, Washington, from July 1946 to June 1948.

Tacoma, Washington, from June 1948 to June 1949.

Portsmouth, Virginia, from June 1949 to November 1949.

San Diego, California, from December 1949 to June 1951.

Bethesda, Maryland, from June 1951 to June 1952.

Oceanside, California, from June 1952 to October 1954.

Kaneohe Bay, Oahu, Hawaii, from October 1954 to June 1956.

Oceanside, California, from July 1956 to March 1958.

Vista, California, from March 1958 to July 1961.

San Diego, California, from July 1961 to present.

Herbert Harold Jones

Born April 23, 1924, on the hill farm in the Dempsey Community. The farm was the watershed between the Red and the Washita rivers. The tall two-storied house could be seen for miles. The visibility of the house and the reputation of the Jones family's hospitality brought many visitors. Travelers, preachers, politicians, cowboys and ranchers, family kin, and family friends, were all welcomed. Herb was the tenth of twelve children born to Bruce and Ophelia Jones of Roger Mills County, Oklahoma. He started to school when he was four and a half. He walked the two and half miles each morning and each evening with his brothers and sisters. When winter came Homer began driving the Model-T Ford truck—such luxury! When Herb was fourteen, he was almost six feet tall and weighed 170 pounds. He began working in the wheat harvest and doing other jobs farm boys did during the Depression.

Herb graduated from high school in 1942, and joined the Marines in 1943. His basic training was at San Diego, California. Then he was sent to special ordnance schools in North Carolina. In 1944 he was sent to the South Pacific; he served on Guam, Okinawa, and other islands. The last year of his service was spent in China. He was discharged in 1946, and made his home in Oregon. He married Rozella Wellman of Silverton, Marion County, Oregon, in 1949. Herb worked in the Giant Redwood Forest in southern Oregon and northern California. Herb and Rozella made their home in Redding, California. He was named top logger of the year in 1955 by two top trade publications. After he and Rozella were divorced in 1967, Herb worked at different jobs until his health forced him to retire. He makes his home

in Salem, Oregon. Herb's children:

1. Rodney Herbert Jones, born September 18, 1951.
2. Audrey May Jones, born June 26, 1953.

Vesta Lee Jones Lewis

The child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blith and boony and good and gay.
From an English Nursery Rhyme

It was the usual procedure in our household for the family to be in church on Sunday morning; however, on the Sunday morning of April 18, 1926, the older children were taken to the neighbors, George Washington and America Franklin. There was a "blessed event" about to take place in the home of Roscius Bruce and Ophelia Ella Jones. Soon after Dr. Thrylkeld arrived a baby girl was born. The sixth daughter and eleventh child of Bruce and Ophelia was named Vesta Lee after the doctor's wife. I am sure I was a much loved and pampered baby sister. I still feel that my older brothers and sisters have a special love toward me. For this I am grateful.

My mother told me about things that happened to me during my childhood that I do not remember, but I would like to include them in my story. I believe they were significant to me. My mother said the Lord kept talking to her about giving me to Him when I was two or three years old. She could not understand what He wanted her to do, and she hesitated to say yes. For three days the Lord tested her. I toddled outside into a red ant bed. I was stung so badly that I couldn't get away. This could have been fatal, but Mother was being tried as only a mother knows when her children

suffer. The next day I was burned by the pressure cooker. The following day I swallowed an excessive amount of medicine, which again, could have been fatal. As Mother told the story, she said, "I took you in my arms and said, 'Lord, I'll dedicate her to you, if you won't take her from me.' " I believe God has had His hand on me all the days of my life.

I started to school at Meridian, then moved with my family to Midway. I graduated from Reydon High School in 1944. Nat Taylor, a former Oklahoma State senator and an old family friend, was my teacher and the school superintendent. I was fortunate to have such a capable teacher. When Billy was seven and I was eleven, we had the lead roles in a school play, *The Littlest Angel*. Billy played the "Littlest Angel" and had a long part to memorize. We were all so proud of him.

In the fall of 1936, Dad borrowed a team of mules from Uncle Sam Jones to finish the syrup making that year. Uncle Sam had said, "Now Bruce, you watch those kids around this team of mules. They sure can kick." We were finishing up the last day for the season and were very tired. I hit "Old Jim" on the flank with a cane stalk to hurry him up. His hind leg flew out and he kicked me on the chin. I flew through the air about twenty feet. Papa was so frightened when he picked me up. It could have broken my neck, but I only had all my teeth knocked loose. Papa had me rinse my bloody mouth with salt water. I heard him tell Uncle Sam later that he would never again fire up a syrup mill. He came too near getting a child killed. The old mill is at the Metcalf Ranch Museum near Durham, Oklahoma.

In the spring of 1936, I took rheumatic fever and was very sick for about three months. The pain in my legs was so bad much of the time I could hardly move them. Every summer we went to the Washita River to pick wild plums

and grapes for canning. It was a warm July day. Our family and a neighbor family were going to the river to pick plums and fish out a few water holes in the river that still had a fish left in them. Papa made me a bed of hay in the wagon so I could go along, then he put me on a pallet under a tree and said, "Stay out of the water." The water was about four inches deep at the wagon crossing. It was so enticing with a warm sandy bottom, but I stayed on the pallet until the neighbor asked me to lay down across the river at the wagon crossing so the fish wouldn't go downstream. Of course I was happy to oblige. Oh! That warm water felt so good to my aching body! I lay in the stream of warm running water for about four hours. When we went home that evening I could walk without help for the first time in several weeks. The next day we went back to the river; Papa didn't tell me to stay out of the water that day.

In school I was active in 4-H Club work, and won several awards. In 1939 I won a trip to the Oklahoma State Fair in Oklahoma City. That was a memorable week in my life. When we moved to Reydon, I continued with school activities, especially dramatics. We always seemed to have a need to be self-supporting. I started working at the Reydon Mercantile every Saturday. I worked from 8:00 a.m. until 10:00 p.m. for \$1.00 a day. That paid my school expenses and bought most of my clothes. During summer vacations I went to Hammon, Oklahoma, and worked for Aunt Myrtle Maltby in her cafe.

In February 1944, I went to Herrington, Kansas, with Mrs. Stella Lewis to visit her son. He just happened to be the man of my dreams. While there we decided to get married. Carl was restricted to the base during the day; so, I took a taxi to Marion, Kansas, twenty miles away, to get the marriage license. I had to lie about my age. Miss Vesta Lee Jones and Carl Lawrence Lewis were married on February 8,

1944. Eight days later Carl left for the European Theater of War. He was attached to the Eighth Air Force and was stationed in England. I returned to Reydon and finished school. After fighting thirty combat missions as a belly turret gunner on a B-24, Carl returned to the States. We made our first home on an Army base. We have five daughters: Carroll Marion, born April 17, 1946; Beverly Sue, born December 29, 1947; Ophelia Beth, born November 21, 1949; Terry Darlene, born August 24, 1955, and Vicki DeAnne, born December 14, 1956. Vicki married Winston Corbin and has three children: Kelly Renee, born March 31, 1978; Bonny Ruth, born April 6, 1980, and Jeremiah Lewis, born November 10, 1982.

Besides raising a family, I have always been active in community affairs. I was able to help organize a school for our church, and wrote the material for our Vacation Bible Schools. I taught in the school and was assistant principal until I retired in 1982. I have taken leadership rolls in the Homemakers Extension Club and with the 4-H Club. But I am happiest about starting the Jones-Maltby Family Reunions. We met in 1981 where our Grandfather Maltby made his homestead near Goffs, Kansas (just 100 years after he moved his family there). It was a moving experience to see so many of the descendants of Milton Harmon and Flora Ella Maltby together at his old home and at the cemetery where he is buried.

Our parents were never wealthy as far as material things go, but what a heritage they did leave us! A good home, faith in God, and a sense of humor. I am glad my mother taught me the Ten Commandments, the Beatitudes, and many interesting things about the Bible. She took time to show us the big dipper, and to teach us a poem as we lay in the back of the wagon going home from church on a bright starry night. This was always a favorite time to me.

Mother taught me this little poem before I started to school. It nourished my desire to learn about the galaxy.

The Man In The Moon

The man in the moon who sails through the skies,
Is a most courageous skipper.
But he made a mistake when he tried to take
A drink of milk from the dipper.
He dipped it into the Milky Way,
And slowly cautiously filled it.
But the Big Bear growled and the Little Bear howled,
And scared him so he spilled it.

Our parents helped start a church in every community in Roger Mills County that we lived in. I do not remember their church activities prior to the church at Blue Ridge. I do remember the Sunday School picnics, the Children's Day programs, and the old-time box suppers that helped finance the community Christmas activities. These things helped to make the community a better place to live. When we moved to the Midway Community, Mother went to the school one Friday afternoon and got permission from the superintendent of the school to call an assembly for the purpose of starting a Sunday School. There were no Christians in the community, but my mother was undaunted. The teachers of the school and others helped to organize. They played the piano, led the singing and taught classes. At the revival the next summer all of them were converted. The young man who held the revival that summer stayed at our house. It was his first revival, but it changed the community. Through the years the preachers always stayed at our house when they were holding a revival. Mother was a Bible scholar and they would spend hours studying together.

During the Depression years, we used to have an occa-

sional visitor at our house and somehow I do not think this book would be complete without mentioning him. I may have been an impressionable child, but I have a deeper feeling for him than I do for other visitors. I remember so vividly his snow-white beard and hair that glistened. He said his name was Walter Jones. No one knew where he lived, originated from, or where he went when he left our house. He came to our house to tune the organ. As he would come in the door, he would say, "Let the Peace of God rest upon this house." Somehow I was always fascinated about the stories he told and how he and Mother and Dad would discuss the Word of God. That wasn't so unusual as many people came to our house to be taught about the Word that Mother held so dear to her heart, but the day I shall never forget was such a phenomenal event I have wondered about it many times and thought, "Who was he?" Walter Jones was at our house and planned to leave this particular day, but the dirt was blowing unmercifully. Papa went to Reydon in the wagon and offered him a ride. He said, "No, I'll just walk." As we sat at the dinner table, Mother asked him to stay another day as the weather was so bad. This old fellow raised his hand and said, "Peace be still." The wind stopped blowing immediately, the air became clear and there was such a sudden change in the atmosphere I cannot describe it.

I recall another time that a man called Jesus said to the wind and waves, "Peace be still!" and they were calmed.

William Ross Jones

I was born March 17, 1930, on a farm called The Porch Place at the headwater of Croten Creek in Roger Mills County, Oklahoma. I was the youngest of twelve children born to R. Bruce and Ophelia Maltby Jones. I did the usual farm chores and helped with the family syrup making each fall. The family moved to the Midway Community before I started to school. At first I walked to school but later the school bus picked us up. The bus would also run on special occasions, such as for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners to pick up all the families who had no transportation in those Depression days.

The family moved to the Washita River for a few months just before their final move to Reydon, Oklahoma, in 1942. This was one of the happiest times of my life—playing in the river. I graduated from Reydon High School in 1948.

On April 5, 1948, Marion Elizabeth Cline and I were married at Cheyenne, Oklahoma. Marion was the daughter of Jimmy and Maxine Cline of the Reydon Community. I worked at several different jobs. Marion and I spent one year working for a fine farm family in Washington state.

Marion and I made our permanent home in Dumas, Texas, where I worked for the American Zinc and Refining Company and raised cattle near Reydon in Oklahoma. After the smelter closed, I went to work for the Dumas Water Department. Marion began working for the Dumas Hospital. Through the years as the boys were growing up, I coached or managed the Little League baseball and football teams every year. Marion was always supportive in these games, year after year, until the boys finished school. Children:

1. Frances Evelyn Jones, born October 4, 1950, in Sayre, Oklahoma, married Roger Dale Hudson at

Dumas, Texas, on August 29, 1969. They were divorced in 1976. They have two children:

Cory James Hudson was born July 9, 1974.

James Lee Hudson was born December 18, 1976. Frances married Jim Hutchinson on February 24, 1977. Jim had two daughters:

Melaney Marie was born March 1, 1969.

Jacque was born July 28, 1972.

2. William Ross Jones, Jr. was born July 23, 1955, at Dumas, Texas. He attended Amarillo College and graduated from Beaumont University and went to work for Phillips Petroleum Company. He married La Gaylia Rose Garrett on May 31, 1974, at Dumas. La Gayla was born November 6, 1955. They have two children:
 - Caryn (Karen) Re Anne was born January 11, 1979, at Orange, Texas.
 - Brandon Ross was born September 10, 1981, at Orange, Texas.
3. Jimmy DeWayne, born March 21, 1957, at Dumas, Texas, married Monika Annette Zapp on July 3, 1981, at Dumas, Texas. Monika was born in Germany.
4. Tommy Ray Jones, born June 8, 1962, at Dumas, Texas, is a junior at Texas Tech in Lubbock, Texas.

Cora Avis Jones Woods

Born December 10, 1866, in Jackson County, Alabama, and died August 12, 1959 in Roger Mills County, Oklahoma. Cora came with her family to Texas in 1869. She had a very alert mind, and recalled many things that happened to her in Alabama and on the trip to Texas. Cora did not like

the responsibility of being the oldest child. She would have loved to have lived before the Civil War when there were plenty of servants. She was a fun-loving girl who liked to go to parties and dances, especially when her Caperton cousins came from Alabama to visit. Her future husband, Arthur Woods, upbraided her in his letters about her fun-loving ways, and urged her to join the Epworth League for Bible study. When Cora was eighteen, her parents sent her to a finishing school for young ladies in Galveston, Texas. In 1876 she married Arthur Woods from a socially prominent family of Dallas. Cora's married life was somewhat turbulent. All through the ages landowners have been the aristocrats. This had been instilled in her. She wanted to own land and to farm. Arthur wanted to work on the railroads. His career had a lot of ups and downs. Cora would always work to tide them over when he would be laid off. She was a talented hat maker, a corset maker, and in later years she ran a boarding house.

When Arthur retired in 1927, they came to Oklahoma and started farming again. He died about a year later. Cora finished the farming year, then stayed with her brother Bruce's family for a period of time. When Addie could no longer stay alone, Cora moved in with her until she died. Addie's granddaughter, Helen Harris Scheberle, and her baby daughter, Patsy, were living there too. Cora helped raise the baby while Martin was in the war and Helen worked. A lovely bond developed between these two that continues on. Cora had no children, but she had a strong influence on all her nieces and nephews. She was always the lady, even when working in the fields. She spent her last years in the rest home in Cheyenne, Oklahoma. She was a science-fiction buff, and was very interested in the space program that was developing at that time. She would explain to the rest of us how it would be developed.

Marian Morton Jones Aderhold

Marian (Maud) Jones was born December 7, 1869 and died June 17, 1950. She was born in Navarro County, Texas, the daughter of Marion N. and Catherine Mason Jones. She married Ham Harbor Aderhold and moved to Coalgate, Oklahoma after 1900. All their children were born at Corsicana, Texas. In October 1905 they moved to a farm east of Roll, Oklahoma. This farm is still in the family. They always took an active interest in their church, and in the community. Their children:

1. Ethel M. Aderhold was born November 27, 1892; died February 11, 1983. She married Lester Clarence McClellan January 4, 1914. They lived in the Roll Community until they retired in 1965 at which time they moved to Cheyenne, Oklahoma.
2. Margaret (Margie) Aderhold was born about 1894 and died in the 1950s. She married Emmitt McClellan, nephew of his brother-in-law, Lester. They had eight children: Emmitt, Jr. (Bud), Freida, Warren G., Johnny Franklin, and Margie Neal. I do not know the names of the others.
3. Inez Aderhold was born in 1896. She married Jim Sing. Both have passed away.
4. Walter Aderhold was born about 1898. He married Arvor Butler. After several years together she died and he married Ella Collins. Ella passed away in 1980. Walter has farmed most of his life in the Crawford Community.
5. Fred Aderhold was born December 3, 1900 and died February 11, 1983. He married Lorene Elizabeth Spears on December 22, 1923. Lorene died in 1971. He was a retired farmer in the Crawford Com-

munity. His children:

Brilla Aderhold, born in 1932. She married Ike Lucas on May 1, 1955. They are both from Roger Mills County, Oklahoma. Their children are: Carol, born in 1956 and died in 1960; Frank, born January 6, 1960; and Julia, born September 25, 1961.

Jack Aderhold was born in 1934 and died in 1960.

Agatha Glover Jones Kendall

"Aggie" was born June 10, 1868, on Sandhill Mountain Plantation in Jackson County, Alabama. She died October 7, 1957, in Roger Mills County, Oklahoma. The plantation belonged to her grandfather, Dr. William Bonapart Mason. She was the second daughter of Marion Norris and Elizabeth Catherine Mason Jones. Soon after her birth her father went to Texas and got a township of land. He surveyed it and returned to Alabama for his family and other relatives and friends that came to Texas with him. Their location was close to the land owned by Major John B. Jones of the Texas Rangers. In Arkansas they survived a prairie fire by getting the wagons, people and animals into a river. Everyone stayed in their wagons, and covered themselves with bedding and wagon sheets soaked in water until the fire passed over them.

Aggie married a widower, Samuel Kendall, in 1893. He had three young sons: Willie, Cleve, and Ernest. They made their home in Glen Rose, Summerville County, Texas, until they moved to Roger Mills County, Oklahoma, about 1898. Sam and his three brothers, Edward, William, and Thomas, went to Oklahoma and got a farm by the Home-

stead Act. Bruce Jones soon followed them, or he may have preceded them. They surveyed a township and brought their families and friends from Texas because of the malaria epidemic there. Their farms were in Day County, Oklahoma, but Grand, the county seat, washed away by the flooded Canadian River. That part of the county became a part of Roger Mills County. After the children were old enough to go to high school Sam and Aggie Kendall moved to Cheyenne. He was County Commissioner for years. His oldest son, Guy Kendall, was County Treasurer until he retired. He was succeeded by his son, Royce Kendall. Children of Agatha Jones and Samuel Kendall are:

1. Guy Kendall, born September 8, 1894. He married Margarit Thompson, sister of Myrtle Thompson Jones, wife of Guy's uncle, Rhett Jones. Their children:

Carl Kendall, born January 11, 1916. He served in World War II. After he returned, he married Betty Montgomery of the Reydon Community. They have five children. Carla was born December 1949. She married Stan Compton. Judy, born in 1951, married Steve Smith and they have a son named Ryan. Kenneth Neal was born February 25, 1953. He has two daughters, Jalene and Ginger. Kemberly, born in December 1958, married Clay Rogers in 1982. Roger was born in 1959.

Earl Rexford was born February 14, 1917. He was in the Pacific Theater in World War II. He married Constance Irene McFarlane (born September 20, 1920), on November 9, 1946. They still live on the farm that Constance's grandfather homesteaded. They have one child and two grandchildren.

Opal Marie, born September 20, 1918, married Cecil Smith in 1939. Children.

Royce Clifford, born July 8, 1920, was in the Seventh Cavalry in World War II and served in the Pacific. He married Ruth Broadbent in December 1946.

Glenn Leon Kendall, born February 3, 1922, was wounded in the Battle of the Bulge during World War II. He was married on May 25, 1945, to June Hicky, born June 29, 1919. She was from the Reydon Community.

Velda Rae married Ernest Lee Smith.

Floyd Orland Kendall fell from a wagon and died in 1935.

2. Blanch Kendall, born in August 1895, died May 24, 1896.
3. Vern Mason Kendall, born February 16, 1896, in Summerville County, Texas. He married Margaret Vinson and had one son, Billy, and three grandchildren. Vern served in Europe in World War I. He enlisted in 1917. He wrote a book about his war experience called *The Fierce Lambs*.
4. Vivian Kendall, born October 19, 1899, worked for the telephone company most of her life.
5. Samuel Kendall, born June 16, 1901, married Lena Howe. No children.
6. Clyde Kendall, born in 1903, married Elsie (maiden name unknown). She died and he married Litha. She also died and his third wife was Margie. His children are Jerry, Joann, and Samuel. The names of his other children are unknown.
7. Ruth G. Kendall, born May 11, 1905, married Andrew Taylor, who died. She then married Morice

Bradford of Phillips, Texas. She had one son, Andrew Taylor, Jr. Ruth died in January, 1983.

8. Bernice Kendall, born September 19, 1909, became a Registered Nurse. She married Faye Kennedy. They divorced, and she later married Dr. Short.

All the Sam Kendall children after Vern were born and lived most of their lives in Roger Mills County, Oklahoma. All of Guy Kendall's children were born in Roger Mills County. I do not know where Clyde Kendall's children were born. He now lives in Arkansas. Vern and Bernice live in Sayre, and Sam and Ruth live in Elk City, all of Beckham County, Oklahoma.

Adili Lee Jones Guthrie (1873-1953)

Born May 9, 1873, to Marion Norris and Elizabeth Catherine Mason Jones of Navarro County, Texas. About 1889 she married a young Mr. Tadlock. They had one child and were divorced. Later she married a widower with three sons, John Guthrie, and moved to Arkansas. The climate did not agree with them there; so, after a few years they joined "Addie's" other brothers and sisters in Roger Mills County, Oklahoma. They either bought a homestead or filed on their own land, and built a large house and made other improvements. They had two children between 1900 and 1906, Pearl and Forrest. When the children were old enough for high school they rented the farm out and moved to Strong City, Oklahoma. As they grew older Pearl married Lonnie Arnold, and I do not know the lady Forrest married. Lonnie and Forrest were in the construction business. About 1927 they moved to New Mexico. When they were preparing to

move they gave the R. Bruce Jones family a set of encyclopedias and a collection of literature books. Bruce's children were just getting into high school. Pearl had one or two children. Her daughter's name was Joy. Joy had several children, but I lost track of them.

1. Oma Tadlock married Fred Harris of Roger Mills County, Oklahoma, in 1915. He bought a farm near the Guthrie farm. Their children:

Lorraine, born in November 1916, became a nurse and married a farmer in South Dakota. They have twelve children.

Fred Harris, Jr., born in 1918, served in Europe in World War II. He married and had two children, Fred and Brenda, born about 1941 and 1943. Fred, Jr. died during the 1950s.

Alice, born in 1920, married Mr. Little and moved to California. Their first children were twins.

Blanch, born in 1921, married and lives near Cheyenne, Oklahoma, with her husband and family.

Helen Rozene, born in 1923, died December 3, 1978. Helen lived with her grandmother, Addie, who had moved to Sayre, Oklahoma, after she got older. Helen married Martin Scheberle from Colorado during the war. He was in the Navy. They moved to Amarillo after the war and Martin became a machinist. They had one child named Patricia Ann, born December 24, 1943. Patricia graduated from the University of Texas at Austin and taught the bilingual children in South Texas. She married Scott Hughes and lives with her husband and three children at McAllen, Texas.

When Fred and Oma Harris lived on their farm in Roger

Mills County, they were close neighbors and friends to the R. Bruce Jones family. During the flu epidemic in 1918, Fred was the only person in the community who was able to be up. He spent all day every day going from farm to farm taking care of the livestock and tending the sick. Fred moved his family to Sayre, Oklahoma, after Helen was born and he worked at the cotton gin. They had twelve children altogether. One died as a baby. One lived in New Jersey with his wife and two daughters. He was killed in a construction accident about 1970. Then there is Benny and the youngest son, David. When Oma was a young child, only two or three years old, she was sick with a very high fever that caused her to almost lose her hearing and eyesight, yet she raised a large family of lovely children. Fred gave them a lot of loving care, and helped her with them when they were little.

Samuel Dabney Jones

Samuel Dabney Jones, brother of R. Bruce Jones, Sr., and son of Charles B. and Cordelia Jones, was born April 13, 1875, and died January 13, 1954. He and Alice Mae Snider (born April 3, 1882) were married on April 16, 1899. She died February 1, 1930. They had six children:

1. Jacob Earl Jones was born December 15, 1899. He married Gertrude Ellen Hale on December 23, 1920. They have no children.
2. George Elmer Jones, born November 22, 1901, died November 12, 1962. He married Bessie Lela Whiteaker on January 3, 1926, and they have three children:

Doyce Elmer Jones, born June 30, 1939, married

Judy Kay Waldrop on March 20, 1959. They have no children.

Jerry Lynn Jones, born July 9, 1943, married Sue Francis Cormack on February 10, 1961. They have one child, Julie Ann, born February 3, 1969. Jerry Lynn divorced Sue Francis and married "Jo" (don't know her last name). They have one child, Jeffrey Lynn Jones, born September 14, 1971.

Tommie Lee Jones, born September 16, 1946, married Cheryl Beth Richardson on September 14, 1968. They were divorced in 1972, and had no children. He married Patricia (last name unknown) in December of 1975. As of the present time they have no children.

3. Willie Jones, born June 10, 1903, died February 22, 1909.
4. Madie Alice Jones, born November 23, 1904, died October 26, 1965. She and Willie Arthur Scruggs were married on June 20, 1926, and divorced in 1939. They had no children.
5. Ruth Ann Jones, born October 26, 1913, married Harvey Wayne Mustion on December 23, 1935. They have two children:

Shirley Ann Mustion, born February 13, 1944, is not married.

Cathy Jo Mustion, born September 6, 1947, married Grover Lee Ray on October 6, 1967. They have three children, Shanon Rena Ray, born September 19, 1968; Shawn Lee Ray, born November 20, 1969; and Crystal Dawn Ray, born February 5, 1971.

6. Ellen Marie Jones, born August 12, 1922, married

Russell Ray Ellis on June 21, 1941. They have three children:

Phyllis Ruth Ellis, born February 16, 1942, died May 18, 1942.

Linda Gale Ellis, born July 20, 1943, married James Albert Maddox, Jr. on May 27, 1961. They have four children. Jamie Gayle Maddox was born February 13, 1962, James Russell Maddox was born November 22, 1963, Samuel Thomas Maddox was born April 3, 1966, and Mary Susan Maddox, was born June 16, 1970.

Mary Geneece Ellis, born September 3, 1946, married John David Lindburg, and they have one child. Shelley Marie Lindburg was born on April 12, 1966. John was killed in Vietnam in December of 1966. Mary Geneece married Jerry Merle Cox and they have two children, Tonja Sulynn Cox, born July 18, 1969, and Dusty Dawn Cox, born January 27, 1975.

Edith Myrtle Thompson Jones

(October 1886-May 1976)

Firstborn of Logan Gilbert and Nancy Alice Chester Thompson. She was born October 1, 1886, in Jacksboro, Texas. The family moved to Day County, Oklahoma, in 1901, after living in Colorado for a year. Myrtle finished school and attended Normal College at Grand, Oklahoma. After two years of teaching she married Rhett D. Jones.



Rhett and Myrtle Jones on their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

Rhett Davis Jones

(1879-1967)

He was named for Jefferson Davis. He was the sixth child and the second son born to M. N. and Catherine Mason Jones. After spending his early years near Corsicana, Texas, he came to Oklahoma in 1901. At Weatherford, Oklahoma, he ran out of money and hitched a ride on a freight wagon to his brother Bruce's place in Roger Mills County. He filed on land and built a half dugout. In the winter he cooked for the crew of the McClellan Saw Mill Co. They made trees into lumber up and down the Washita River and Dead Indian Creek. Many trees had arrowheads and bullets in them from the earlier Indian battles.

On August 11, 1907, Rhett married Miss Myrtle Edith Thompson, a daughter of Logan Gilbert and Nancy Alice Chester Thompson. They married on a spot about 100 yards away from the bride's home because Rhett bought the license in Roger Mills County, Indian Territory. They bought another 160 acres of land and built a two-room house, a barn, and a storm cellar. They worked their farm many years, and raised and educated their children. In 1948 they moved to Plainview, Texas, to help Chester with the farm irrigation. When they retired, they moved back to Roll, Oklahoma. Children:

1. Thomas Clarence Jones, born December 13, 1909, died April 15, 1981.
2. Mildred May Jones Cogburn, born June 11, 1911.
3. Gilbert Chester Jones, born September 29, 1913.
4. Ira Jones, born September 2, 1915, died in 1956.
5. Hugh Jones, born September 7, 1917.
6. Edith Fern Jones Keahey, born March 10, 1919.
7. Avis Marie Jones Cobb, born August 26, 1924.
8. Alice Jones Shay, born March 26, 1926.

Mildred May Jones Cogburn

May was born June 7, 1911, near Roll, Oklahoma, Roger Mills County. When Tom was seven and she was five they walked one and a half miles to school. The neighbor's geese made it rough on May's long braids. She attended Wild Horse and Breezy Meadow schools and graduated from Strong City High School in 1930.

In 1936 May married Robert A. Cogburn and moved to the farm on the Washita River where they are still living. It is the farm that Robert's grandfather homesteaded when Indian Territory was opened for settlement. They are in the Anadarko oil basin where oil and gas production has been booming. They have a new house on the farm now. Through the years Robert has farmed and worked part-time for Grocery and Produce. May works sometime as meat cutter for the market in Cheyenne and at the florist as a floral designer. She has served as president of the Home Extension Group, and as treasurer of the Roger Mills County group. She has a big responsibility for the Jones Family Reunion each year. Children and grandchildren:

1. Robert (Bob) Alpheus Cogburn II was born April 2, 1944, at Elk City, Oklahoma. He attended school at Cheyenne until he graduated. He attended college at Stillwater and Sayre Junior College. His major was flying and electronics. He has his pilot's license and is C.O.E. Superintendent for the telephone company where he has been employed for fifteen years. Bob married Shirley Bright in 1967 and they have three children:

Robert (Bobby) Alpheus Cogburn III was born in July 1968.

Rebecca (Becky) Suzette Cogburn was born on May 4, 1970.

Leroy Scott Cogburn was born October 6, 1976.



Thomas Clarence Jones
(December 13, 1909-April 15, 1981)

Thomas Clarence Jones, the oldest child of Rhett Davis Jones and Myrtle Thompson Jones, was born December 13, 1909, at Roll, Roger Mills County, Oklahoma.

He attended Wild Horse School and graduated from Strong City High School in 1928. He was employed during his senior year by the First State Bank in Strong City. Later during the Depression he worked as Administrator of the FERA and later of the WPA in western Oklahoma.

He married Margie Lorene Williams at Clinton, Oklahoma, on June 27, 1937. They lived in Oklahoma City, and then in Dallas, Texas, where he worked as a field auditor for the Farm Security Administration of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. He attended night school at Southern Methodist University, and earned his CPA certificate for the State of Texas.

World War II broke out, and in 1942 he enlisted in the U.S. Navy, and became a Naval Flight Instructor, advancing to the rank of Lieutenant Commander. He instructed in New Orleans, in Dallas, and was Chief Flight Instructor at the NAS at Covington (Memphis), Tennessee. At the close of the war, he returned to Dallas, and accepted the position of Comptroller of the Consumers Co-operative Association in Amarillo, Texas, moving to Amarillo on January 20, 1946. In 1957, he was named General Manager of the Association, which became known as Southern Farm Supply Association. He received the award "Co-operator of the Year" in 1962, at the joint meeting of the Texas Federation of Co-ops. He was listed in *Who's Who in Business and Industry in the Southwest* for many years, and served on the Board of Directors of the Houston Bank for Co-ops.

He was a co-founder of Center Plains Industries, in 1968, and founded Ball-Joint Trailer & Equipment, Inc., a manufacturer and wholesaler of agricultural equipment, in 1973, and served as president of that corporation until the time of his death.

He was also engaged in farming and ranching, and the

petroleum wholesaling business at the time of his death.

He was a member of the First Baptist Church, and had taught a Sunday School class of 13-year-olds for many years.

He was a 32nd^o Mason, having taken the Scottish Rite Consistory, and a member of the Khiva Temple in Amarillo, Texas.

He served as chairman of the Advance Gifts Section of the American Cancer Society fund raising program. Children:

1. Peggy Suzanne Jones, born January 20, 1945, in Dallas, Texas, married Fabian Joe Palitza in November 1971, in Amarillo, Texas. Fabian is currently Marketing Representative for IBM Corporation in Amarillo, and Peggy is Executive Vice-president of Ball-Joint Trailer & Equipment, Inc.
2. Thomas Rhett Jones, born February 24, 1948, in Amarillo, Texas, died November 7, 1961, in Amarillo.
3. Mary Jane Jones, born September 14, 1949, in Amarillo, Texas, married Bob Roby in January 1968, in Amarillo. They were divorced in 1981 in Austin, Texas. Mary Jane received a M.A. degree from the University of Texas in Human Nutrition in 1982, and is currently working on her Ph.D. in Human Nutrition at the University of Texas. She has two children:
Richard Russell (Robin) Roby was born October 2, 1968, at Amarillo, Texas.
Alexander Cronin Roby was born January 1, 1975, at Austin, Texas.

Gilbert Chester Jones

Gilbert Chester Jones was born September 29, 1913, near Roll, Oklahoma. He finished high school at Strong City, Oklahoma, in April 1933. For the next fourteen years he was employed by the United States Borax and Potash Co. in Carlsbad, New Mexico. He married Marie Hubbard on December 24, 1936. They had two children, Darla, born October 26, 1937, and Don C., born November 29, 1938. Chester moved to the Texas Panhandle in 1948. He bought land in Swisher and Hale counties. He was the first to develop lake pumping in Swisher County. The project was on the Rook Creek farm five miles east of Kress.

Chester and Marie Hubbard Jones were divorced and he married Ella Fern Trotter May 11, 1955. After living on the farm for twenty-six years they retired in 1976 and moved to Kress. They retained their Parker Place ranch on Parker Place Road in Wheeler County, Texas. Chester's children:

1. Darla married Garland Fund of Artesia, New Mexico, in 1955. Their two sons are:

John Rhett, born June 30, 1958. He received his CPA degree from New Mexico A. and M. at Las Cruces and his law degree from Texas Tech University.

Phillip Reed, born January 16, 1964, graduated from Artesia High School and plans to attend college in Springfield, Missouri.

2. Don C. Jones graduated from Artesia High School, then he served four years in the Air Force in Germany. He married Maria Dick of Bavaria, Germany, in 1961. He graduated with an Electrical Engineering degree in 1964 from New Mexico A. and M. He worked twelve years for the United States Geologi-

cal Survey. In 1980, he transferred to the Oil and Gas Department of the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Denver, Colorado. Don and Maria have two children:

Lisa Maria was born January 16, 1963.

William Gregory was born November 30, 1971.

Ira Jones

Ira Jones, the fourth child and third son of Rhett and Myrtle Jones, was born September 2, 1915, on the old homestead eight miles north of Strong City, Oklahoma. He attended school at Wild Horse and Breezy Meadow on horseback with his brothers and sister. In 1935 he moved to Carlsbad, New Mexico, and worked for the American Potash Mining and Refining Co.

Sensing that the nation was on the verge of war in 1940, Ira volunteered in the Army Air Corps and was stationed at Brooks Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas. In those pre-war days the troops drilled in the hot Texas sun without benefit of uniforms and hats. When the American Air Force was formed, Ira was transferred to Las Vegas, Nevada. He later served at Rapid City, South Dakota, as line chief preparing B-52 bombers to go to the European Theater of War.

Ira was transferred to England in 1945 as chief of mechanics, servicing planes of the Eighth Air Force which bombed Germany into surrendering. He stayed to continue his duties as the planes brought out the survivors of Dachau and other concentration camps in Nazi Germany. As a humanitarian act, Ira flew into Germany as line chief of a maintenance crew and gave his place on the plane to the wounded. He remained at the prison camp until the plane returned.

After the war, Ira returned to his pre-war job as mechanic in the Potash Refining Co. at Carlsbad, New Mexico. He was always interested in farming and ranching, and was involved in irrigation farming with his brother Chester, near Plainview, Texas.

Ira married Arlene Oliver in April 1952, at Little Rock, Arkansas. They made their home in Carlsbad until 1956 when Ira was killed in an accident at the refinery. He was buried near his childhood home in Oklahoma.

Hugh (Hoover) Jones

Hugh was the name given to the fifth child of Rhett and Myrtle Jones, born on September 7, 1917. He was a delicate child during the first years of his life. His brothers and sister pulled him everywhere in a little red wagon—to entertain him. As he grew up, he continued to be a “tag-along” and acquired the nickname “Hoover” after a comic strip character. The nickname stuck so well that he continues to use it even for his business signature in adult life.

Hoover grew to manhood in the Breezy Meadow and Roll communities. He was active in farming, and when World War II broke out, he was deferred from military service to farm and produce food.

On December 9, 1939, he married Leola Painter. To this union two children were born: Deanna Gail, on July 6, 1943, and Jerry Dale, on June 29, 1947. Hoover is a versatile person with many talents. While he continues to farm and raise cattle, he has a second occupation—that of carpenter and cabinetmaker. He continues to be active in the same community where he was born and raised.

1. Deanna Gail Jones graduated from Crawford High

School and upon graduation she married her high school sweetheart, Jerry Lee Merriott, on June 3, 1961. Gail continued her education and received a bachelor's degree from Northwestern State College at Alva, Oklahoma. Afterward she took a job as a social worker at the state hospital at Fort Supply, Oklahoma. To their union two children were born:

Deann was born August 2, 1963.

Brian was born on July 2, 1966.

2. Jerry Dale Jones was born on June 28, 1947. He graduated from Crawford High School and later from Southwestern State College at Weatherford, Oklahoma, where he received his degree in business administration. He served as administrator to some of the better hospitals in the state, but more recently at Thomas, Oklahoma, where he is also engaged in farming. In 1965, Jerry married Sherry Briggs. Jerry has been active in civic and religious organizations wherever he has lived, and has been an integral part of each community. Jerry and Sherry have two sons:

Michael Gregg was born April 6, 1966.

Criss Allen was born February 13, 1975.

Edith Fern Jones Keahey

Western Oklahoma has been the setting for most of my entire life.

Edith Fern Jones was born March 10, 1919, to Rhett and Myrtle (Thompson) Jones, who lived nine miles north of Strong City, Oklahoma, in Roger Mills County.

As I remember my childhood, I surely was not born in a cotton patch, but was reared in one. Some of my early re-

membrances are losing my shoes in the cotton patch, taking a nap on my dad's sack and having to wear a red cap so my parents could locate me. Most of my early childhood was spent wading in the nearby creek, climbing trees and playing in a playhouse.

The school building where I attended was used for Sunday School and church. All denominations met for Sunday School and to worship.

I attended high school at Crawford, Oklahoma, about fifteen miles from my home. I rode a school bus around seventy miles each day. I have a lot of happy memories of those four years of high school. I graduated in 1939.

On March 13, 1943 I married Gerald Clifton Keahey, who was with the 1268 Engineer "C" Battalion, stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. We lived in Lawton, Oklahoma, until he was sent overseas. He was in England, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and France. He was on his way to the Pacific when Germany surrendered. He was in Luzon of the Philippines for several months, and was discharged in January 1946. We moved to the Keahey homestead near Crawford and later bought it. We are still farming and ranching the same place. It is our home. Children and grandchildren:

1. Wendell Gerald Keahey, born June 8, 1948, married Sherry Eugenia Harmon on June 10, 1967. They live in Moore, Oklahoma, and have one daughter:

Wendi Marie Keahey was born January 22, 1968.

2. Judith Coleen Keahey, born February 18, 1953, is married to Johnnie Terrell Scroggins. They married July 17, 1971 and have one child:

Tera Nicole Scroggins was born June 25, 1980.

3. Terry Wayne Keahey was born October 11, 1958. He attended Sayre Junior College and Southwestern Oklahoma State University at Weatherford, Oklahoma.

Avis Jones Cobb

Avis, the youngest child of Rhett and Myrtle Jones, was born August 26, 1924. She grew up during the Depression of the thirties, which was an education in itself. All community activities were centered in a two-room school, Breezy Meadow, three miles from the Jones homestead. Horses were the main form of transportation, but by 1938 busses were sent out from Crawford to pick up the high school students. Avis graduated in 1942. By this time World War II had been going on for six months. The draft was in full sway, gasoline was rationed, and everything was on a wartime basis.

Growing up on the farm, she learned to do all the farm chores and helped with the crops. After high school, Avis was secretary to the county sheriff and the county superintendent of schools. While working there she met Fred Cobb. He had just been discharged from the Army after serving five years with the Oklahoma 45th Division.

On April 27, 1947, Fred and Avis were married and moved to a farm he had bought with money he had saved from his Army pay. About ten years later they bought the Rhett Jones homestead and continued to farm and raise cattle. When the oil and gas fields came to western Oklahoma, Roger Mills County was part of the Anadarko Basin. Now looking across the field where Rhett filed his claim, you see a shining Christmas tree and storage tanks for a gas well. Children:

1. Richard Eugene was born April 13, 1949. He married Myrna Lea Strambaugh on July 28, 1972. Their children:

Kari Jean, born April 22, 1976:

Jon Rhett, born September 7, 1978.

2. Gary Fred, born May 27, 1961, married Cathy Margaret Ely on February 13, 1982.



The family of Fred and Avis Cobb at Gary's wedding. Left to right: Myrna, Avis, Cathy, Gary, Fred, and Gene. standing in front are Kari and Rhett.

Alice Jones Shay

Alice was the eighth child of Rhett and Myrtle Jones, born March 26, 1926. She graduated from Crawford High School in 1943 and worked for three years for the United States Office of Agriculture at Cheyenne, Oklahoma. She married a career soldier, Lieutenant Clarence R. Shay. They were stationed at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and Fort Sill, Oklahoma, until 1950, when Lieutenant Shay had to go to Korea at the outbreak of the Korean War. Alice, with their year-old

daughter, Iris, stayed with her parents and brother, Chester, at Plainview, Texas. Lieutenant Shay returned after the war and was soon stationed in Bamberg, Germany, and at Wurzburg, Germany. The family returned to Fort Riley, Kansas, in 1954 and moved to Wichita Falls, Texas, the next year, where Lieutenant Shay retired in 1960. Both Alice and Clarence enrolled in Midwestern University and graduated in 1964 with degrees in education. Alice has taught high school math each year since. She got her master's degree in 1973. Children of Alice Jones Shay:

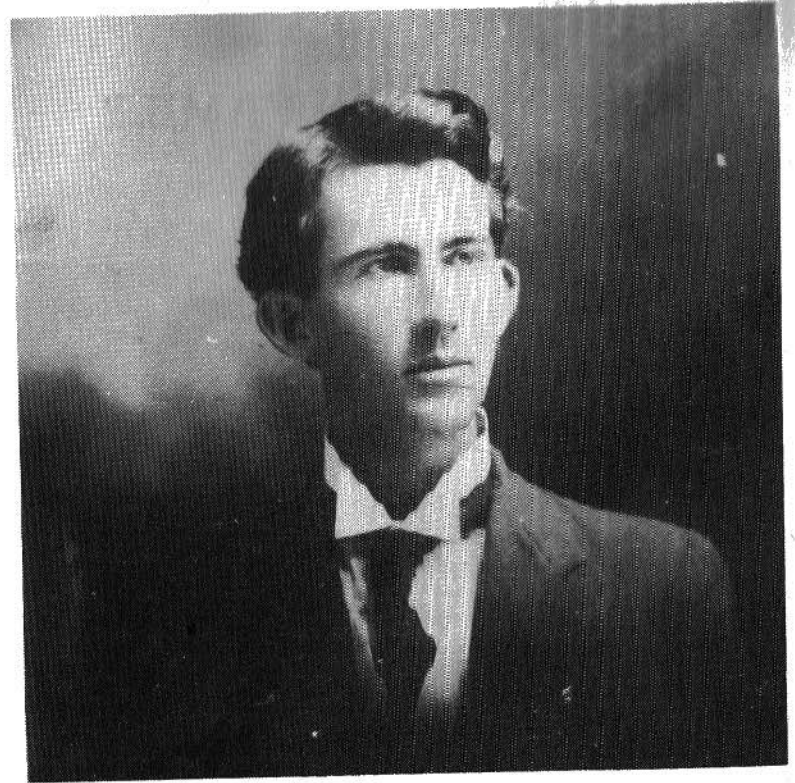
1. Iris was born September 24, 1949. While attending Oklahoma State University she met and married Donald N. Dates, an engineering student. After his graduation they moved to Chicago, Illinois. After a promotion, Donald was transferred to Ann Arbor, Michigan. They grew tired of the cold winters and asked for a transfer to Houston in 1981. While in Michigan, Iris got a degree in interior designing and was employed by a designing firm soon after moving to Houston. They have two children:
Jeffery Nelson was born October 20, 1973, at Chicago, Illinois.
Jennifer Allison was born September 8, 1977, at Ann Arbor, Michigan.
2. Clarence Ray Shay, Jr. was born July 14, 1953. He worked at several jobs in Houston and Oklahoma City after attending Oklahoma State University. He was introduced to computers while working for the U.S. Geological Survey in Oklahoma City. In 1980, he moved to Houston, Texas, married Barbara Ann Nance, and went to work with computers for a major oil company. They live in Spring, Texas, just six blocks from his sister and her family, Iris and Donald Dates.

Ruth Smyrl Jones Slater

She was born May 24, 1877, and died October 21, 1963. She married Joe Slater and lived on a cotton farm near Frost, Texas. Joe and Ruth had interests in banking before the Depression. Even though they suffered some financial loss, they did not lose their zest for living. They raised fox hounds and would sit around a camp fire all night on the creek banks with their neighbors and friends listening to the baying as the hounds chased the fox. Joe and Ruth had no children. After Joe died, Ruth left the farm and moved into Blooming Grove, Texas. She had a lady who stayed with her the last years of her life. She kept contact with her family through her nephews, Elmer and Earl Jones, sons of her brother, Sam.

Thomas Paul Jones

He was born November 13, 1881, and died October 3, 1909. He was the youngest of Marion and Catherine Mason Jones' children. He stayed with his mother after most of his brothers and sisters moved to Oklahoma. He continued to farm his father's homestead, but he was also a professional artist and judge of the Justice of the Peace court. He married



Tom Jones, M. N. Jones' youngest son.

Miss Jewel Foster, but he had no children. He died at age twenty-eight from tuberculosis. He was the third judge from that office who died from the same illness. The law books carried the germs and had to be burned. The following judges had no trouble with it.

Chapter II

THE MASON FAMILY



Jane Cowen Mason, wife of Dr. W. B. Mason. She was the daughter of William and Catherine Caperton Cowen of Virginia. With her is her young son, Winifield Scott Mason.



Dr. William B. Mason and his eldest son, Caperton, who was named for his great-grandfather, William Caperton. The two pictures on this page were taken from Daguerreotype pictures made before Dr. Mason left for the War with Mexico in 1846. The Daguerreotypes are made on glass and encased in wooden boxes that are covered with tooled leather. The lid is lined with tooled red velvet, and the glass the picture is imprinted on is held in place with gold filigree. They are hinged together and fastened with a clasp.

Dr. William Bonapart Mason

Dr. William Bonapart Mason was born circa 1801 in Greensville County, Virginia. This became West Virginia in 1861. He was the son of Edmunds and Frances Anne Young Mason and grandson of Captain James Mason of the 15th Virginia Lines of the American Revolution.*

He was educated as a doctor and moved to Jackson County, Alabama, where he started a plantation called Sandhill Mountain Plantation and began his medical practice. He had one of the largest medical libraries in Alabama and kept young medical students in his home as he trained them.

Dr. Mason married Minerva Jane Cowen, who was the daughter of William and Elizabeth Caperton Cowen and granddaughter of William and Catherine Caperton. Elizabeth Caperton and Virginia Bob Jones went to school together in Wales. They claimed that the two families carried their acquaintances back 200 years.

Dr. Mason and Minerva Jane Mason had three children: Caperton, Catherine Elizabeth, and Winfield Scott. Winfield Scott was born in 1846, when Dr. Mason was leaving for the Mexican War. Dr. Mason admired General Scott and named his son for him. When the boy was fifteen, he ran away and was in one of the first battles of the Civil War and was killed. Dr. Mason fought in the war with Mexico and in the Civil War. Madge said his picture was in her history book when she was in high school.

Minerva Jane died and Dr. Mason's second wife was Prudence Morris. Everyone called her "Miss Pruddie." They had several sons and the last child was a girl. They named

**Dictionary of American Biography, Vol. VI* (New York: Charles Scribner's & Son, 1961).

her Nellie Morris and when she grew up she married Eck Marshall; so she became Nellie Morris Mason Marshall, M.D.

After Dr. Mason's second wife died, he made his home with Dr. Nellie and her family in Alabama. He continued to practice medicine until he died well past 90. He was on call to deliver a baby on a stormy night. His horse spooked and threw him and broke his neck.

Dr. Mason and Minerva Jane Mason had three children:

1. Caperton. Little is known of him. I have a picture of him as a teenager and another in his twenties.
2. Catherine Elizabeth. She married M. N. Jones.
3. Winfield Scott, named for General Winfield Scott of the Mexican War. He was born in 1846 and when he was fifteen he ran away to the Civil War and was killed in one of the first battles.

Minerva died soon after the birth of Winfield Scott and Dr. Mason married Miss Prudence "Pruddie" Morris. They had five sons and a daughter.

4. John. His children were Norris, Claud, Lillian, Robert George, Nona Mae, Louis, and Mildred.

5. Harry. His children were:

Bessie

Lela Mason Johnson, who lives in La Junta, Colorado.

Lena Mason Hill, who also lives in La Junta, Colorado.

Robert Edd Mason, who lives in San Antonio, Texas.

6. Hough married Nan. Their family is:

John

Alice married Charlie Hall. They have no children.

"Little Black-eyed Bob" married Mattie Demis. He

was red-headed and left-handed, and played the violin. His children were Hubert and Opal. Minnie married Will Ouser. They have no children.

Mattie married Fate Baughmen. Their daughter is named Terrar.

Albert Emmit Mason married and lived in Dallas. He died in 1971.

Dr. R. E. Mason lives in Ranger, Texas.

7. Robert "Bob" Mason married Angelion Baily. Their children:

Prudence "Prudie" Mason, lived in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Nancy Mason, lived in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Margarett Mason

Robert W. "Little Bob" Mason, lived on a farm at Hughes Spring, Texas.

Byron Mason of Mt. Pleasant, Texas.

8. I have no information on Will Mason's family.

9. Dr. Nellie Mason Marshall married Eck Marshall. They lived near Butler, Oklahoma, and later at Clinton, Oklahoma. They had several children:

Joe Marshall of Clinton, Oklahoma.

Effie Marshall of Clinton, Oklahoma. She is the one who gave me this information.

There are other children (about five), but I don't know them. I hope to visit Joe again and get all their names.

Catherine Elizabeth Mason Jones

Catherine E. Mason was born June 4, 1840, at Sandhill Mountain Plantation in Jackson County, Alabama. She died April 30, 1905, at Blooming Grove, Texas. She was the daughter of Dr. William Bonapart Mason and Minerva Jane Cowen Mason. She was a graduate of the University of McKernville, Tennessee. She was active politically before the Civil War and took an active part in the war.

She was married to Marion Norris Jones October 19, 1865, by the Reverend Baily Bruce, all of Jackson County, Alabama. She left Alabama with her husband and five other families in 1869 and went to Navarro County, Texas, in covered wagons. They survived a ravaging prairie fire at Grand Prairie, Arkansas. She refused to allow her husband to accept the offer of Dean of the University of Texas because she would be required to have some of the teachers board in her house. She was the mother of five daughters and four sons:

Following is Miss Catherine E. Mason's speech to the Alabama honor guard leaving for the front:

Gentlemen of the Jackson Guard:

When the rights and privileges of a nation are assailed; when the institution under which for ages it has prospered are threatened with ruin and overthrow, a man fearlessly and self-reliantly depending upon his own strong arm for success and redress boldly meets the emergency. But, so woman, her tears and prayers her only armour of defense and upon man she relies for that safety and protection which she is inadequate to afford her-

self. Feeling then that such a crisis is not only pending but actually arrived when the noble form of government bequeathed to us by our revolutionary fathers has passed into the hands of bigoted and ruthless fanatics who have declared the constitution of the United States an invalidity, and have erected in its stead a higher law submission to which would be a degradation, to any true reared son of the South, and which would debase us to the level and equality of the African race. Then which death itself would be a consummation inevitable to be wished, therefore, we your sisters, your daughters, your friends have prepared, now present you with a banner which we hope you will accept and cherish as a momento of our warmest esteem and regard for those who in the hour of danger so gallantly preparing to defend us against the insurrectionary movements of the brutal blacks in our midst, and the more brutal black Republican instigators, and permit me on my own part and that of the ladies associated with me on this occasion to say that we respect and honor you as worthy sons of illustrious sires who know the "right" and knowing dare maintain.

Addendum

This speech was made early in 1861 by Miss Catherine Elizabeth Mason, age twenty, of Bridgeport, Alabama, Jackson County, to the honor guard of the Confederate soldiers on leaving for the front.

Her fiance, Mr. M. N. Jones, thought so little of a lady making a public address that it caused a broken engagement for four years. Eventually the hatchet was buried as recorded in the old family Bible.

Minerva Jane Cowen Mason

Minerva was born about 1810, and died in 1848. She was the daughter of William Cowen and Catherine Elizabeth Caperton Cowen. The Cowen-Caperton branch of the family migrated to the Sam Norwood Community in the Texas Panhandle. Minerva had three children: Caperton, Catherine Elizabeth, and Winfield Scott. Minerva Mason had two sisters. Each of the three daughters married and had young daughters. Each little girl was named Catherine after their grandmother. All three of the Cowen daughters died when the girls were still small. Grandmother Catherine Cowen took all three little girls into her home. To avoid confusion one was called Kitty, one was Cathy, and my grandmother was called Kate. This name stayed with her the rest of her life.

Nellie Morris Mason Marshall, M.D.

By Effie Marshall

It was in the year of 1907 that mother hung out her little tin shingle on the telephone pole in front of our house by the road. It had big black letters painted on it reading "N. M. Marshall M.D., Physician, and Surgeon." Little did I know at that time how much that little piece of tin was valued by her, as I was only seven years old. But as I grew up I became more accustomed to her life belonging to the public as well as to her family. Also, that she was the first and only lady doctor in this part of Western Oklahoma. That little tin shingle

also represented ten years of medical service to the people "free of cost" before getting her diploma to practice medicine for a fee. Then she really went to work, as there were few doctors, and with wide open spaces with lots of people still living in dugouts and other hard to find places.

It was no easy task to be a doctor and raise a family, also homestead a new home, which she and my father had taken in the year of 1898 on a bald prairie where there was nothing but bluestem grass, a few trails and lots of Indians traveling them. When the homestead was fenced in and the crops were growing, new roads were made, such as they were. But the Indians still wanted to go on the same old trails. My father would have to guard his new fences to keep the Indians from going through his crops.

It took a lot of courage to face a barren prairie with coyotes in droves and lots of Indians. Also, there was not enough wood and water to cook the daily meals. Bluestem grass was mostly used for the firewood. They had to carry water from the little store called "Old Butler," which was about four miles. They drove their stock to the Washita River for water. It was about three miles from their camp. They had to camp in the head of a canyon until they could make a better place to stay by digging a little dugout. Later a big room rock house was built from native red rock and white-washed inside with native gyp rock. It had cottonwood shingles which kept the rain and weather out. While living in the canyon where they first camped, Mother would hang a lantern in the tree or in the wagon when my father was away at work or if he had gone to Weatherford where he got most of our supplies. He could find his way home by the lantern light. This red rock house was the first one I remember. I'll never forget the double-deck beds full of kids at bedtime, as there were eight children and sometimes the neighbors.

A few years later another house was built. It is still here although it has aged just as we all do.

Mother had studied medicine most of her life since she was the daughter of a country doctor with the largest medical library in the state of Alabama. She began to show an interest in medicine when she was just a little girl, by issuing out directions, of course. Being a doctor was in her blood from childhood. She did not get to take advantage of her knowledge until she came west to make her home. She had done ten years of gratuitous practice before getting her diploma. It was then that she decided that she really wanted to practice medicine. She went to Guthrie, Oklahoma, to take her medical examination. When she arrived there and looked around she found that she was the only female among many men who were going to take that final and most important test of their lives. When the test was over, a man came to her and said another fellow wanted to bet him twenty-five dollars that she would not pass the examination. But he did not make the bet for fear that he would not win. As he saw her diploma rolled up in her hand there were many congratulations passed on to her. Many of the young men there sadly walked out without theirs. Mother had studied many years in advance to get prepared for that test and diploma; so she could do what she always wanted to do.

It was in 1912 that her life as a country doctor began with its many troubles and trials for a woman to assume in a new country where distance was an obstacle. It was the horse and buggy days. There were lots of rough roads and trails that she traveled alone. She had three telephone lines with a switchboard coming into the new home so anyone for miles around could call her by phone. She was visiting her sick patients more than she was ever at home. We children soon got used to it and thought it was only a part of life.



Her practice grew very fast as time went on. Soon she was well-known far and wide. She was called out of our county many times and drove alone on the road more than she did with someone with her. She always preferred to do her own driving of her horses as she didn't think anyone else could handle them as well as she did. She always kept two teams of horses for exchange when necessary. Her favorite team that she used most was a pair of little bays with blazed faces and stocking legs which was very tough on the road everyday. The bays were well-known by everyone as far as they could be seen. They were always kept well shod and could be heard on the road quite a distance away. So many of her patients could recognize the sound of her coming. In those days distance did not count when she was called. This little team of bays took her on thirty or forty mile drives many

a dark night to visit a patient that she had never seen before, yet she always found the place.

She had been to visit a sick patient one night all alone. Returning home after midnight, she had gotten just east of the Barnitz Creek, west of Arapaho, when two men in a wagon with a good team of mules popped up from a side road just behind her and followed her for quite a ways. They were driving at a very fast speed. Naturally she thought they were up to something, so she never let them pass her as they seemed to be trying to do. When she came to the first farmhouse she drove in and spent the rest of the night with a well-known family, relaying her most exciting experience and letting her pursuers go on their way. That was about the first real scare she had ever had while visiting her patients. As she usually collected quite a little sum of money each day while making her rounds, she thought the men knew her and had the intention of holding her up, knowing she was a doctor.

This was not the only such experience she ran into, for in making another sick call one dark night of several miles distance, and alone as usual, she was coming home about midnight and had to cross the Washita River bridge where there were high embankments on each side, and no way of turning back. Just as she drove on the bridge, two men were standing, one on each side of the banisters at a right angle which was in position for either one of them to have stopped her if she was the one they were looking for to come along. She didn't give them a chance for she was driving her second team which was a spare. One of them was a western mustang mare with a lot of speed and power enough to drag any man to the ground. So, she just gave her a "rap" with her big jumbo whip, that she drove with, and they took her across the bridge as fast as any late model car of nowadays.

Mother never carried any protection other than her

jumbo whip, that she used to drive with, until after that incident. Then she thought it might be wise to, since she was on the go day and night. However, she never had an occasion to use more than a long necked quart bottle to protect herself after that, and that was quite funny as well as serious. It was on a moonlight night that she stood up in her buggy and shook that long shiny bottle at a rival M.D. She was sure he thought it was a big shiny gun aimed at him. This M.D. was from a little town nearby, and was getting quite a thrill out of running his new car close upon Mother while she was driving in what he thought was his territory, and watching her team rear in the harness and almost get away from her. So she would wave him back until she could get to some intersection to turn off the road as her team was very afraid of the new cars. The young doctor didn't let up on having his fun until Mother saw him in person. Thereafter he slowed down and gave her the right-of-way. It seemed that the new cars on the road in those days were the biggest "bugger boos" the horses had ever met up with. They would always rear in the harness getting out from under the tugs, making it very hard to control them without a runaway.

Mother had the largest practice of any doctor in this county and was often called out of Custer County into adjoining counties. Some of the young male M.D.'s that began to move into the little towns nearby tried to gain more practice by knocking her reputation every chance they got. Some of them digging up her past as to where and how she got her diploma to practice medicine and were very sorry they couldn't do anything about it. Little did they know that she grew up from childhood with medicine on her fingers and in her blood, so much so that no one could discourage her.

It was her father, Dr. William Mason, who started it all as

he had the largest medical library in the state of Alabama. He also kept students in his home studying medicine along with his daughter, Nell. He often tried to discourage her by telling her it was a hard life for a woman, but it was not so easy to convince her not to do what she wanted most of all.

She married and raised a family, but she kept on studying medicine. When her mother passed away she moved her father, along with his library, into her home. He was still practicing medicine at the age of 91, riding horseback to visit his patients. After his death, my mother and father came west to Texas and Oklahoma starting a pioneer's life of farming and stock raising the first few years until she combined medicine into her life. They never moved to the towns or cities where most doctors go. It seemed she never feared anything. When she was called to go, she wouldn't let weather or distance stand in the way. She never said no to a patient who needed her. Many times she went when the weather was so bad that other doctors refused to go. She would use heated rocks or bricks, put in the floorboard along with a lantern, to keep her feet warm. There were many times while driving home on a dark night, the coyotes would almost attack her as they were hungry for meat. She had to drive with speed to escape them.

On one occasion, late in the evening, she was called to Grandma Jones' as quick as she could get there. Grandma Jones and her son had been thrown out of a runaway wagon, turning over and cutting all the calf off of her leg. While the son went to get help, Grandma had to lay in a pool of blood on the ground with her umbrella in her hand, fighting off the coyotes that were trying to attack her. There was a neighbor looking on, but he almost passed out, making two patients instead of one.

Her most interesting case that I remember came run-

ning into our front yard one morning about ten o'clock on horseback, his clothes on fire, a very excited man. He had just been shot by a stranger, that he and another man, had given a ride in their buggy. They were on their way to Arapaho. The three men had just passed our place a few minutes before. The stranger remarked to the other two men that a doctor lived there. He had read the sign on the telephone pole when passing by. As they came to a little ravine or draw, just over half a mile down the road, the two men who had picked up the stranger started teasing him about that being a good place to rob him, not knowing the stranger had a gun on him. As one man turned his head to spit, the stranger shot both of them. A neighbor man going to Butler had just ridden upon the scene. He put the man with the clothes afire on his horse to ride back to our place for help. He stayed with the other man who was in no condition to be moved. Mother had to work fast as there were two men seriously wounded and in need of immediate help. She had some of the boys help the man off the horse and put him on the bed. I think that must have been the first operation she ever performed. She removed that bullet, which was just under his heart, and fixed him up so he lived many years after. The other man died as his brains were shot out. Mother, along with the neighbor, who stayed with the dying man, had to attend court for four years before the stranger was cleared of that killing. It was the most memorable history that occurred so close to home in our time.

In those days this was the main road leading to all of the nearby towns, making it very convenient as a camping ground and a feeding and watering stop. We had a big pond that was about halfway between the towns of Clinton and Hammon. The Indians could make it to there from either of the two towns and stop for their dinner and to water their horses. Just before the big Fourth of July celebrations, there

would be wagons and wagons loaded with them, also lots of them on horseback, going to the big powwow. I have counted as many as 100 wagons going to Hammon for the big celebration. Doubtless to say I was scared of them, especially when my parents were not at the house.

Later as the years went by, the highways and cars were more numerous. The Indians got more modern, driving good cars, going to white schools, and were never seen on the highways in wagons and teams anymore.

As the motor vehicle was replacing the horse and buggy age, Mother also got a car which wasn't nearly as dependable as her little bay team that she had driven for so many faithful years.

It was in the year 1912 that she lost one of her teammates, that she called "Old Mollie," in a terrible disaster which hit our whole community on April 7th of that year. She had accepted an invitation to visit one of our neighbors, the Price family, who lived just a mile away. Another family who were close neighbors, was there also, making a total of eleven people getting together for a visit and evening meal which had been prepared by the hostess. Just as we were all seated at the table to partake of that delicious food, there was an awful roar. Everyone left the table to see what it was. We had never seen black clouds boiling in the sky such as there were that evening. The women and children all huddled close together in one room. There was a big blast and it was all over in just a few minutes. Some of the menfolk were still outside hugging a tree or a post. None of them were seriously hurt, but most of the women were.

Mother had driven "Old Mollie" harnessed to a one-horse buggy that evening to make that visit, taking Joe and me with her. One of the boys had put her in the barn, thinking no harm would come to her. She was blown across the

field and killed, making that her last and final call. If there is a horse heaven, "Old Mollie" will surely be there with medals on for the good deeds she did while on this earth.

Mother was seriously injured as the roof of that big house had pinned her down, also many others. It was the worst disaster that ever happened in our community. As she got better, her patients came to her when in need of services until she was able to go on her calls, which she was making in a car by that time. As years went by, serious illness entered our home, she gave up her active practice and turned to farming and stock raising. Even though, when a patient came to her for help, she never retired from the oath that she had taken in 1907 until she made her final call in 1934.

Chapter III THE MALTBY FAMILY

Genealogy

The genealogy of the Maltbys in England and America was published in 1916 by the Maltby Association of New York. It was researched by Dorothy VonCiel Maltby Verrel of Victoria, British Columbia, Canada. It was published at the expense of B. L. Maltby. It has a picture of the Coat of Arms and is illustrated.

The first record of the family was made in 1066 when William of Normandy conquered England. He had a book written called *The Book of the Dead*. Every individual and their property was recorded for tax purposes.

This is the American ancestry:

1. John Maltby, died 1557. His will was read.
2. Richard Maltby, died 1582. His will was read.
3. John Maltby. Will was probated 1610.
4. John Maltby. Will was probated 1647-1648.
5. William Maltby migrated to America with
6. his son Samuel I in 1693. Samuel Maltby I married Abrigail Bailey, who was the daughter of Deputy General James Bailey.
7. Samuel Maltby II married Elizabeth Baxter, daughter of William and Elizabeth Harrison Baxter.
8. Samuel Maltby III married Rebecca Foote, daughter of Stephen and Elizabeth Nash Foote. Stephen was the son of Robert Foote and grandson of Dr. Nathaniel Foote, who helped found the town of Cornwall, Vermont, close to where Margaret Anne and Jay Lishensky live.

9. Samuel Maltby IV married Roseanne Coe about 1800. She was the daughter of Simeon and Anna Morris Coe and granddaughter of Robert Coe and



Samuel Maltby IV of New York, born about 1800. He was the father of M. H. Maltby. Picture taken about 1860.



Rosanne Coe Maltby, daughter of Simeon and Anne Morris Coe. Wife of Samuel Maltby IV. Taken circa 1860.

great-granddaughter of John Morris. They had four children: Will, Milton Harmon, born May 7, 1835, Morris, and a daughter, Jessie, who died in her teens.

10. Milton Harmon Maltby had two wives. He married Ophelia Abbott in 1856. She bore Eugene, Winfred and Lilia. After her death, he married Flora Ella Bassett, daughter of Martha and Captain Bassett. They had six children: Charlie, Joseph, Grover, Ophelia, Isaac, and Michael, who died early.



Milton Harmon Maltby in his Civil War uniform.

Milton Harmon Maltby

Milton Harmon was born on May 7, 1835, and died December 25, 1899. His parents were Samuel Maltby IV and Roseanne Coe Maltby. Birthplace—Paris, Oneida County, New York. He was educated in common school and academy. He married Ophelia Lura Abbott in 1856. He was 5'9" tall, blue eyed and had blond hair. He was a farmer.

He enlisted in the 121st New York Volunteers Au-

gust 11, 1862. He was assigned to orderly duty in the Maryland Campaign. He took the fever on November 5, 1862, and returned to service on May 4, 1863. While his regiment was supporting a battery at Salem Chapel, he picked up a gun and cartridge box and fell in the ranks while the Confederates were advancing. He was at the Battle of Gettysburg, July 4, 1863, and at Rappahannock, November 7, 1863. He was shot through the tongue and upper jaw and through the shoulder. He was given a disability discharge on October 19, 1864. He and his wife Ophelia had three children:

1. Eugene Abbott, born May 26, 1867, died September 20, 1916.
2. Winfred Charles, born May 7, 1869, died August 1, 1955.
3. Lilia Rebecca, born January 4, 1875, married Dr. Sherwood Haggerty.

Ophelia became very ill and hired Flora Ella Bassett to help with the household and the children. Ophelia died in 1879. Milton Harmon married the young housekeeper a year later. They moved with two of his children to Goff, Kansas, but Lilia returned to New York later. They built a two-story house with a basement.

These are the children of Milton H. Maltby and his second wife, Flora Ella Bassett:

1. Charles Winfred, born July 26, 1881, died 1955, married Pearl Whittin, June 2, 1908. His children: Jay, Glen, Grace Adell, Neil and Uarda.
2. Rozell Joseph, born about 1883, married Beatress in 1916.
3. Grover
4. Ophelia Ella
5. Isaac Morris
6. Michael, who died at an early age.

Flora Ella Bassett, born December 11, 1959, daughter of Captain and Martha Bassett of Frankfort, New York. The captain abandoned his family during the Civil War. It is believed that he was a gun-runner for the South. Bruce Jones knew a Captain Bassett who came to Navarro County, Texas, after the Civil War. He fit the description of Ophelia's grandfather—tall, big framed, ruddy complexion,



Martha Bassett of Frankfort, New York, wife of Captain Bassett and mother of Flora Ella Maltby, oldest of six daughters. The Bassetts have their genealogy published.



and red headed. He married a young woman and had six more daughters. When Ophelia became ill, Flora was hired to take care of her and the household. After Ophelia died and Milton decided to move to Kansas, he and Flora were married in 1879. She was left widowed in 1899 and moved to Cheyenne, Oklahoma on February 1, 1902. At this time she started her own homestead. She married William Rhodes in 1906. She died May 7, 1917 and is buried at Sharon, Oklahoma.

ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES
CERTIFICATE
OF DISABILITY FOR DISCHARGE.

Private Abiloy D. Maltby of Captain *DeKrom*
 Company, () of the *12th* Regiment of United States
 was enlisted by *at Frankfort N.Y.*
 the *1st* Regiment of *at Frankfort N.Y.*
 on the *1st* day of *August* 186*4*, to serve *Three* years; he was born
 in *Canis* in the State of *New York* is *Single* years
 years of age *Five* feet *Five* inches high, *Dark* complexion, *Blue* eyes,
Wavy hair, and by occupation when enlisted a *Farmer* During the last two
 months said soldier has been unfit for duty *None* days.

STATION *Columbian, Wash*
 DATE: *October 11 1864*

I CERTIFY that I have carefully examined the said *Abiloy D. Maltby* of
 Captain *DeKrom* Company, and find him incapable of performing the duties of a soldier
 because of *a gunshot wound through the right shoulder*
under the process partially dislocating the humerus
and thus the upper jaw fracturing it & causing loss of all the teeth
of that jaw but two
unfit for duty in U.S.A. Disability 1/2

Discharged, this *11th* day of *October* 186*4*, at *Columbian*
Thomas P. Cowley Surgeon
Thomas P. Cowley Commanding the Reg't
 The soldier desires to be addressed at
 Town _____ County _____ State _____

The following document was copied exactly as he wrote it, including punctuation and spelling.

(7-501.)

Application for Appointment as Enumerator for the
Eleventh Census

To the Supervisor of Census

For the _____ District of _____

I, Milton H. Maltby, of Goffs County of Nemaha, State
of Kansas, hereby apply for appointment as Census
Enumerator for or in the subdivision named above, of which I have
been a resident for Ten years.

(To Applicants.-Make a brief statement, in your own handwriting,
as to place of birth, present legal residence, the principal facts
of education and professional or business experience, including a
statement of all national, state, county, or municipal offices held
at any time, and the place and nature of present occupation.)

Born in Oneida Co. New York, May 7th 1835, educated in common
schools and academy. Enlisted Aug, 11th 1862, Shot out of service
May 10th 1864, discharged October 19th 1864 with eight dollars
per month pension. Have since had it raised to sixteen dollars
per month. Am a farmer ever since except two years was in
the express business. Have never held any office in state county
or township to amount to any thing, The nearest to it was when
I was a candidate for trustee three times and lost by from three
to six each time. Have held all of the offices in the G. A. R.
Up to commander for four years.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the above is a true statement to the best of
my knowledge and belief, and is in my own handwriting.

(Applicant's signature) Milton H. Maltby
(Post-office address) Goffs Nemaha Co Kas.
(Date) May 5th, 1890

(13074-200M.) 145

Winfred Charles Maltby

(1869-1955)

Winfred Charles was the second son born to Milton H. and Ophelia Abbott Maltby, and the grandson of Samuel and Roseanne Coe Maltby of Paris, Oneida County, New York. Ophelia died in 1879 and his father married Flora Ella Bassett, who had been their housekeeper while Ophelia was ill. In 1880 Milton H. Maltby moved his family to a homestead in Nemaha County, Kansas. It is near Goff. Win drove one of the wagons. Eugene, the older son, stayed with his Abbott grandparents in New York. Lilia, aged four, went to Kansas but moved back to New York for school. Win stayed; he said it was always his job to ride for the doctor when the babies were born. When he was twenty, Win rode a buckskin horse in the "Run" when the Cherokee Strip was opened for settlement in 1889.

In 1894, Win married Carrie Jane Henry in Alma, Kansas. He moved to Oklahoma in 1900 and bought a homestead of 160 acres from the Cheyenne-Arapaho Indians. It was three miles east of Cheyenne, Oklahoma. After his father died in 1899, Win helped his stepmother move her family to the same area in Oklahoma. Later Carrie died and Win left the farm and worked in the Oklahoma oil boom. He married again about 1928. The lady was Bessie Sorrel, who had a son, Claud. Win ended his working years operating the refinery at Whittenburg, Texas. It is now known as Phillips, Texas. Descendants:

1. Grace Isabelle, born June 3, 1896, at Topeka, Kansas. Married Fred Compton (born September 7, 1896 at Ramona, Cherokee Strip, Oklahoma) on May 29, 1920. Their daughter was Marjorie Fay



Maltby homestead near Goff, Kansas. Each son on the roof is by the window of his room. Left to right: Charlie, Joe, and Grover. The big man on the right is Will Maltby, brother of M. H. Maltby. He was a teletype operator for the railroad. He spent his winters in Galveston, Texas and his summers in New York. He visited his brother and family often. The children are Ike and Ophelia with their mother, Flora. Milton H. Maltby is on the right. The man with Will is one of his friends.

Compton, born April 2, 1929. She married Dudley Sherrill on February 3, 1953. She died February 18, 1957. Their daughter is Cynthia Ann Sherrill, born December 8, 1955.

2. Robert Milton Maltby, born August 28, 1897, in Monte Vista, Colorado. Died March 31, 1942, in Northern New Mexico, where he was working as a forest ranger. Robert was in World War I and was gassed by the Germans. He married Roberta Fern Peel about 1928.
3. Flossie Adell, born June 21, 1900, and died January 11, 1970. She married Lymon Adair. Their son is Kenneth Ray Adair, born February 21, 1932. His children are Evan Adair, born April 10, 1957; Kenneth Adair; and Linda Fern Adair, born July 10, 1962.

Charles Winfred Maltby

Charles Winfred Maltby, born February 7, 1881, died January 1, 1965. He was the son of Milton Harmon and Flora Ella Bassett Maltby. Born in Goff, Oneida County, Kansas, and educated in the community school. He moved to Oklahoma with his family about 1900 where he and his mother claimed a homestead. He worked as a driver of an eight-span mule team, hauling freight for H. E. Herring from Canadian, Texas, to Weatherford, Oklahoma. He married Anna Pearl Whittin on June 21, 1908. She was the daughter of John C. and Malinda Gates Whittin. They lived near Cheyenne, Oklahoma for a while, then moved to Cleveland, Oklahoma, where he worked in the oil fields. These are their children:

1. Jay Whittin Maltby, born July 5, 1911, married Nannie Jane Ogilvie on August 14, 1937. One son, Robert Milton Maltby, born September 25, 1950, married Robin G. Posey.
2. Glenn Eldon Maltby, born August 13, 1915, at Cleveland, Oklahoma, married Hazel Louise Pace on August 14, 1938, at Gorman, Texas. Their children and grandchildren:

James William Maltby, born May 21, 1941, at Freer, Texas, married Wanda Fay Rann on November 10, 1963, at Stephenville, Texas. They have two children: Debra Anne Maltby, born January 11, 1964, at De Leon, Texas, and Kimberley Kay Maltby, born April 12, 1966, also at De Leon.

Kenneth Hubert Maltby, born October 11, 1943, at Texas City, Texas, married Rena Mae Carr on

June 13, 1964, at Desdemona, Texas. He works with the police department at Dallas, Texas. Their children: Tresa Dawn Maltby, born February 8, 1965, Kingsville, Texas; Donna Maltby, born August 14, 1967, at Hico, Texas; and Lance Maltby, born July 14, 1970, at Richardson, Dallas County, Texas.

Glenda Joyce Maltby, born January 1, 1946, at Kingsville, Texas, married a Mr. Castanos (first name unknown). They have one child, Christopher Alan Castanos, who was born June 17, 1967.

Beverly Lynne Maltby, born April 20, 1950, at Premont, Texas, was married April 13, 1968, at Desdemona, Texas, to Charles Doyle Majors. They have two children: Bryan Doyle, born November 6, 1968, at Eastland, Texas, and Steven Wayne, born December 24, 1972, at Ogden, Utah.

3. Grace Adell Maltby, born December 28, 1919, at Cleveland, Oklahoma, married William Scotty Lemaster on August 14, 1938, at Gorman, Texas. Their children and grandchildren are:

Nancy Louise Lemaster, born September 25, 1942, at Gorman, Texas, married Donald Juan Carson on February 11, 1961, at Dallas, Texas. They have two children: Kent Allen Carson, born August 8, 1962, at Heidleberg, Germany, and Douglas Todd Carson, born February 28, 1967, at Dallas, Texas.

Charlene Ann Lemaster, born August 4, 1945, at Amarillo, Texas, married Travis Ray Aven on July 24, 1964, at Dallas, Texas. They have one

child, Lesa Rae, born December 14, 1976, at Dallas, Texas.

Terry Lynn Lemaster, born November 22, 1946, at Dallas, Texas, married Linda Carrie Laza on October 14, 1967, at Dallas, Texas. They have three children: Kenneth Wade, born June 11, 1969; Keith Michael, born April 8, 1972; Kevin Lynn, born December 17, 1973, all born at Dallas, Texas.

Olice Kyle Lemaster, born October 31, 1952, at Dallas, Texas, married Wanda Gale Gee on July 31, 1971, at Dallas, Texas. They have one child, Kelley Renee Lemaster, born June 4, 1974, at Dallas, Texas.

4. Herman Neil Maltby, born March 5, 1923, at Cleveland, Oklahoma, married Margie Rose McCracken on December 5, 1954. They have five children:

Brenda Sue, born in 1951 at Wilmington, Delaware, is adopted.

Ceil Dee was born November 21, 1955.

Jay Eldon was born February 13, 1957.

Charles Neil was born May 29, 1959.

Randell Lee was born August 19, 1960.

5. Uarda Mae Maltby, born May 4, 1926, at Jennings, Oklahoma, married Lamar Gorden Barker at Eastland, Texas, on May 24, 1944. They have three children:

Gary Lamar, born February 15, 1945, at Gorman, Texas, married Linda Lou Wisdom on January 2, 1966, at Piedras Negras, Mexico. They have one child, Garrett Lamar Barker, born November 10, 1968.

Linda Gene, born October 31, 1946, married Fred D. McCarty, Jr. on January 1, 1966, in

De Leon, Texas. Their three children are: Fred D. McCarty III, born May 24, 1968; Harold Wayne McCarty, born January 1, 1974; Warren Eugene McCarty, born January 14, 1976.

Jamie Sue, born October 20, 1958, at Dublin, Texas, married Clarence Eugene Richardson on July 27, 1974, at De Leon, Texas. They have one child, Christie Rene Richardson, born February 23, 1975.

• Joseph Rozell Maltby

Joseph (Joe) Maltby was born in 1883. He was the son of Milton and Flora Maltby of Nemaha County, Kansas. As a young boy he went to Idaho to join his brother, Grover, in the Bob Welch Lumber Co. of Coerer D'Alene, Idaho. His boss, Mr. Diver, thought he was a rather responsible young man and asked him to go to his homestead and look after his wife and children. While he was living there, he met a sixteen-year-old beauty at a church social. Aunt Bee, as we all called her, was a student at the time. Her mother insisted that she finish school before marriage. They were married in Spokane, Washington, in 1916.

After they were married, Uncle Joe continued to work for Mr. Diver until 1924 when he went to work for the Mobil Oil Co. in Casper, Wyoming. In later years he was in charge of the department where oil was put into cans for marketing. He stayed with this company until he retired.

When Joe and Bee moved to Casper, Wyoming, they bought a two-room house. Later they added four rooms and bought land surrounding the property until they had a half block.

Joe and Bee had two sons:

1. Gordon, born in 1918, married Barbara (last name name unknown). They have three children:
David and his wife, Nancy, have one son named Christopher.
Danny and his wife, Dea, have one son, Brendon.
Karen has two children, Stephen and Windy.
2. Maurice, born in 1920.

Grover Maltby

(Born 1885—Date of Death Unknown)

Grover Maltby was the fifth son and sixth child of Milton Harmon Maltby. He moved with his mother and family to Oklahoma about 1900. He worked later in Colorado and Idaho with his brother Joe. When he came home, he almost died with typhoid fever. After he recovered, he took care of his mother until she died in 1917. Following her death, he went to work in the Kansas-Oklahoma oil field until World War II, when he began working in the airplane factory in Florence, Kansas.

Grover married Mrs. Bertie Fulk on December 21, 1920. She was a widow with four children. Her husband died when the baby, Norma, was just a few months old. Grover and Bertie had four children of their own, but he was "Dad" to all of them.

Norma married Andrew Coley and they live in Del City, Oklahoma.

1. Betty Lou was born May 8, 1924. She married Charles Chapman and lives in Arlington, Texas.

Their children are:

Carolyn, born February 4, 1951.

Bruce, born August 2, 1953.

Tom, born October 15, 1954.

Ellen, born March 3, 1957.

2. Lois Marie was born March 15, 1926. She was killed in a car accident on October 16, 1935.

3. Peggy Joice, born January 20, 1928 in Florence, Kansas, married Francis Locke. They now live in Geuda Springs, Kansas. Their children were born in Arkansas City, Kansas:

Joyce, born December 10, 1946.

Linda, born August 12, 1950.

Steve, born October 1, 1952.

Mike, born May 29, 1954.

Tony, born March 14, 1958.

Willa Sue, born October 20, 1960.

Mark, born May 12, 1962.

4. Daniel Dean was born April 17, 1935. He married Donna Branch and lives in Westmoreland, Kansas, where all their children were born. Dan works for the telephone company. Their home is not far from the homestead started by his grandfather, Milton H. Maltby. Dan's children are:

Danny Paul, born February 2, 1955.

Charles, born June 9, 1956.

John David, born October 16, 1961.

Arlen Dean, born December 23, 1965.

Jan Marlene, born March 5, 1971.

Isaac Morris Maltby

By Verda Maltby

Isaac Morris Maltby was the youngest of six children born to Milton and Flora Maltby. He was born February 1, 1889, near Goff, Kansas. He was ten when his father died. Two years later he moved to Oklahoma Territory with his mother and family. When his sister, Ophelia, married Bruce Jones in 1904, he lived with them for a few years.

Ike loved life to the fullest in every aspect. He had no high school to attend; so, he went through the eighth grade twice in order to read all the books the second time. When his children were in high school, he read and re-read their books so much they could hardly get them long enough to study.

When Ike was seventeen, he started living alone and farming for himself. The lonely bachelor's life never appealed to him; so, in 1911 he met a beautiful sixteen-year-old girl, fell in love, and married her a year later. He had to teach her to cook and to keep house, but she became an expert seamstress and cook and housekeeper. Ike and Myrtle May Jarvis were a lovely couple. He was six feet three inches tall, fair complexioned and blue eyed. She was five feet seven inches tall with dark hair and eyes. They were a handsome dancing couple and won many prizes for their waltzing.

Ike and Myrtle did farming and ranching near Strong City the first eight years of their marriage. Three children were born during this time, Harley Morris, Willie Lloyd, who lived seventeen days, and Oletta America. She was so named because she was born on July 4, 1919. She liked her name and liked to tell how she came to have it. Verda Min-

nilea was born after they moved to Moorewood. When the town of Hammon became a new town in a new state, Ike and Myrtle moved there. He started the first meat market and she started the first restaurant. They lived in back of the restaurant so she could look after her children.

Isaac became "Big Ike" quickly by Whites and Indians alike. He did his own butchering with only the experience he had learned while farming. Late in the afternoon he would take the children with him to the country to play while he butchered a beef in the pasture. He would wrap the four quarters in white ducking and haul it as quickly as possible into town and hang it in the cooler and the next morning he would dress it out. Myrtle had a very good business. She was a good cook, even though Ike took credit for teaching her. The meat market was a success, too. Many of his customers were Indians from the Cheyenne and Arapaho tribes. Indians have always been great meat eaters. This has been their way of life from the beginning. They changed from buffalo meat only after the buffalo became scarce. The Indians taught Ike many things about cutting up a beef. Ike learned quickly to communicate with them both in sign language and their own language. They were good friends. When the Depression came in 1930, people couldn't pay their debts. He kept selling on credit until he had butchered his very last cow, then he butchered Myrtle's, then Harley's, and bought others to sell through the market, knowing he would never be paid for them. Myrtle would say, "You are losing everything we have." He would respond, "I know it, but these people would starve if I didn't let them have meat." Both Ike and Myrtle went broke. No one could buy a hamburger for a nickel, nor a dinner served with coffee and dessert for twenty-five cents.

Being the youngest member of the family as Ike grew

up did not mean he was the smallest by any means. He was very strong. He carried a block of wood in his truck and when he had a flat tire, it was too slow to jack the wheel up; so, he would lift the truck up and have someone put the block under it. He never used mud chains. He got stuck often, but he just lifted the car or truck out of the ruts and kept going.

Ike won many titles for broad jumping, lifting weights, boxing, and wrestling. He helped Jess Willard train for his championship bout with Jack Johnson. He was called on many times to tame wild bulls. He would get into the pen with them pawing the dirt, bellowing, and snorting. He never showed any fear, but would walk up to them, catch the ring in the nose, and hang on until they were calm and gentle.

Ike bought and shipped many loads of cattle to Dodge City, Kansas; Kansas City, Missouri, and Chicago, Illinois. They would drive the cattle into town to the stock pens by the railroad tracks. Several cowboys would be hired to help drive them across country, through the town and into the pens. The cattle would be fed several days then shipped to market.

Ike was the community veterinarian for everyone near Hammon. He helped all the ranchers and farmers when they had sick animals. When he passed away in 1962, Harley, Oletta, and Verda found his old ledgers with thousands of dollars of unpaid accounts receivable. The thought came to their minds that he may have saved the Cheyenne and Arapaho tribes just as his father had helped his community by issuing the Maltby Script in the Panic of 1890.

Children of Isaac and Myrtle Jarvis Maltby:

1. Harley Morris Maltby, born June 16, 1914, died on September 7, 1974. He married Cora Ann Neff on

February 20, 1938. Their children:

Donald Joe Maltby, born November 26, 1938, married Earlene Mary Willsie on January 17, 1961.

Linda Morris Maltby, born March 30, 1948, married Eston Dale Dashier on October 14, 1965.

2. Oletta America Maltby, born July 4, 1919, died on May 7, 1977. She married Eldred Eugene Trent on July 4, 1939. Their children:

Glenda Kay Trent was born September 8, 1948, and lived forty minutes.

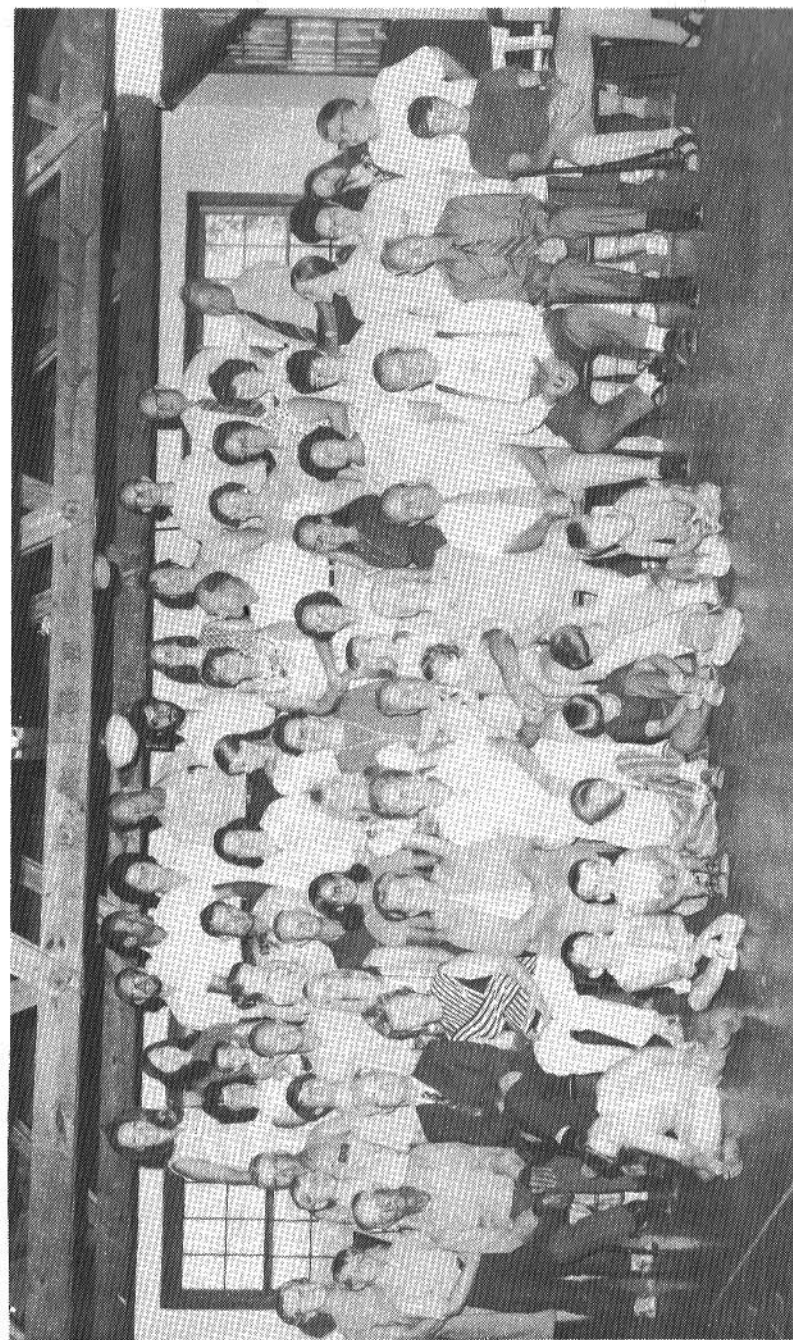
Jo Marilyn Trent was born December 30, 1950.

3. Verda Minnilea Maltby was born September 20, 1920, in Roger Mills County, Oklahoma. She married Lawrence Everett Dick on September 10, 1939. Their children are:

Verina Sue Dick, born November 5, 1944, married Keneth Ray Hart on February 8, 1963.

Donna Jean Dick, born May 9, 1948, married Larry Wayne Wilson on July 1, 1966.

Cindy Faye (Jones) Dick, born July 1, 1956, in Denver, Colorado, married James Emmit Smith on January 25, 1973, in Wheeler, Texas.



Maltby family reunion in 1975 at Altus, Oklahoma.

Charlie Winfred Maltby

By Jay Maltby

Dad always said that the only reason he remained in western Oklahoma as long as he did was because of Mamma. He met Pearl Whittom, the daughter of John C. Whittom, a Cheyenne, Oklahoma farmer, when she was fifteen years old. He decided immediately that she was the girl for him. Grandpa Whittom would not let her marry until she had finished school and was eighteen years old, so Dad courted her for three years before they were permitted to marry.

From their union six children were born. The first, a boy, died in infancy. Then came myself, Jay. Then Glenn, Adell, Neil, and Uarda. Uarda is an odd name. Mamma said she picked it from a history book. Uarda was the daughter of an ancient Egyptian ruler, and Mamma liked the name.

I was born near Cheyenne in a dugout that Dad had constructed on his place. A dugout was simply a deep hole the size of a large room. Above ground it had walls about three feet high with a window on either side. These dugouts were common in that area. The early settlers coming to that open prairie found them easy to build. They would live in these dugouts until they could afford to build a house. They were supposed to be a safe haven in a windstorm, but I recall one story about Mamma having to kill a rattlesnake that got into the dugout.

We left Cheyenne before I was old enough to have any real memories of the place. Whether Dad was farming or doing another type of work, I do not know. Mamma was teaching school when I was two years old. Dad wanted to make a change. He left to find work in the oil fields. Mamma

stayed until her school was out, then she and I went to Cleveland, Oklahoma to join him. He was working as an operator at a gasoline plant with Uncle Win Maltby.

The fact that they were working at this particular plant is notable. Gasoline has been distilled from crude oil ever since the refining of oil was invented. But it was useless and was always burned at the refinery as a waste product. But with the coming of the automobile, there became a demand for gasoline. What is notable about the plant where Dad and Uncle Win were working, is that it was the second casing head gasoline plant ever built in the USA. The first was built in West Virginia. By today's standards it would not be much of a plant. At that time it was really something. The idea that you could take natural gas from a well head and extract gasoline from it was novel. It was the start of a brand new giant industry, and Dad and Uncle Win were a part of it. Today there are literally hundreds of products made from the components of natural gas. Not only your propane and butanes, but everything from all kinds of plastics, to some of the very clothes you wear on your back.

Dad was a big man. I recall that I liked to watch the muscles of his arm and neck ripple when he was shaving. One day I was excited to discover that a box we had bought at the grocery store had a picture of Dad's arm on it. It was the Arm and Hammer Soda box. Cousins Grace and Flossie were there with Uncle Win. We lived in the same house, but in separate living quarters. Then for awhile Robert was there. His visits were the highlights of my life. He must have really liked children, because he had a way of making them adore him. He taught me to ride a horse, to build a camp fire, and many other things. When Glen was a tiny toddler, Robert would stand him on the edge of the roof of the house, then get down and hold up his hands. Glen would blindly, and with infinite faith fall off the roof into Robert's arms.

four rows at a time, and won the contest hands down.

The next I heard of Dad he was hauling freight in the mining areas of the Colorado Rockies. The names of Colorado towns such as Gunnison, Silverton, Ouray, Rifle, Leadville, and Telluride kept cropping up in his stories. He must have liked the work because he loved to talk of his experiences and the six-mule teams that he drove.

A work animal such as a horse or mule from the low countries had to be turned out to pasture for a full year to get acclimated to the high altitude. If you tried to work him hard before that you would kill him.

A freighter on the road always slept where night overtook him. Always the animals had to be cared for first. They were unharnessed and fed (they were fed heavily morning and night). After the animals were cared for Dad would build his camp fire, cook his own meal, throw his bedroll down and sleep on the ground. Sometimes at night in those high mountains the temperature would be well below freezing, but Dad said that he never heard of one of those men who stayed out in the open all of the time ever having a cold, or becoming ill.

The brakes, even though they might lock the wheels, would not hold one of those big, heavily loaded freight wagons going down those steep mountain grades. The wagon would either run over the team, or push it off a precipice. To brake the wagon, the driver at the top of the hill would chop down a fairly large tree, tie it on the back of the wagon and let the team drag it down to the bottom of the hill. I do not know how long Dad stayed in Colorado. I know that Uncle Win was in the big Oklahoma Land Rush, but when, how, and why the rest of the Malbys went to Oklahoma, I haven't the foggiest idea.

Dad always liked to hunt, and it was always a thrill to go

with him. We always lived in the oil fields where there was never any deer or big game, but there were always lots of quail, squirrel, and rabbits. Dad would not shoot a rabbit during the summer. He said it was not the time of year to eat them. But in the winter, fried rabbit was on the table quite frequently. I did not always hit my target, but Dad did not waste ammunition. If we walked up to a covey of quail and he unloaded both barrels of that shotgun, you can bet that there were two more quails for dinner that night. Dad particularly liked squirrel hunting. For that he used a .22. In later years he had to give up hunting squirrels because of failing eyesight. He said he could see the squirrel okay, but could not see the sights on his rifle. When he was fitted for reading glasses he could see the sights of the rifle perfectly, but could not see the squirrel.

I think it was the year Uarada graduated from high school that Mamma went back to the job she loved, teaching school. Her certificate from Normal School many years ago allowed her to get started, but Texas started setting up rules of higher education for teachers. So, Mamma went to summer school for several years. Finally, at the age of 65, she graduated from Hardin-Simmons University at Abilene, Texas with a Bachelor of Arts degree, and a lifetime certificate for teaching school in the state of Texas.

Dad's company went broke in the late thirties. They couldn't meet the payroll or replace wornout parts. All the old employees had quit, but Dad stayed on as superintendent to the end. In lieu of back wages the company gave Dad the ten acres of land the plant was built on, and the four company houses built on the place. It is doubtful the monetary value would have equalled the back wages Dad had coming, but he was not unhappy. He did not seek other employment. He had a place to live for the rest of his life, and

was engaged in the occupation he loved above all others—raising cattle.

In the summer of 1953 Dad had his first heart attack and was no longer able to tend the cattle. They had to be sold and the lease for the pasture was not renewed. He died in 1965, almost 84 years old. Mamma died in March 1973, just a week after her 83rd birthday. They are buried side by side in the Desdemona, Texas cemetery.