

# PIONEER TALES

May 11, 1930

Mr. Joseph Rhodes:

Dear Grandson:

You have asked me to write out some things about the pioneer days of our country, and our family. The little I know I will gladly write down for you.

Once upon a time a great long while ago in far off England, there was borned a baby girl, its parents I am sure was of England's nobility. But this baby girl didn't happen to be the oldest child and therefore, was not the heiress to lands, title, or money. It being the custom of English people to give a small amount of money to each child except the oldest, who inherited the wealth, be it great or small.

About or near the same time there was borned in Ireland, a chubby baby boy, his parents being honest, thrifty tradespeople, they raised this child up to be honest and thrifty too.

As all other children do these two children grew up in different countries, educated so differently and their environments so very different until they were graduated, and this young man began to think of something to do as a life work, just as all boys and girls should do. (But I fear there are many who are just drifters and never try to look forward to the future.) So after giving the subject much consideration, he at last decided to become a weaver by trade. He went to work at the bottom and worked himself up until he became one of the most perfect weavers in his country. Indeed, he must have been very successful and made for himself a name second to none.

For I was told by my Dear Mother, that he wove such beautiful linens. So by and by he had a call to visit England. And there this young man, whom we will call William Gray. The William part of this name I have drawn from my imagination, but Gray was his really true name. There in England, he met and married this fair and beautiful English maiden. They settled down and lived happily for some time, and to them was borned a son, they called him Joshua, and about this time people begin to hear about the new world, that Columbus had discovered in 1492.

Some said it would be an ideal place for a home, some said it would be a place where everyone could worship God as he choose to. And since England was so oppressive about religious matters, my Great Grandfather, William Gray and his wife, above mentioned, together with the little Joshua, decided to emigrate to America.

So sometime late in the year 1798, or early in the 1799, they set sail for the new world.

You know by reading history that England had been oppressing the colonies and they decided to throw off the yoke England had imposed upon them. They met at Philadelphia and wrote up the Declaration of Independence, and then started into whip England. Which you know by reading history. They did with much credit, to the Thirteen colonies. They elected their own rulers and began to grow and thrive.

Now you see these things had been told in England so that is why my Great Grandfather was so sure he could come to America, and carve out a little house in the vast wilderness for himself and wife and baby son. So as I said before they set sail from Liverpool, England which was to last for

some three or four months, I can almost hear them talking as they walked the deck of that old ship, or settled themselves down in a deck chair to rest a while. I believe they must have said to each other, we will build our home by some sparkling spring and clear a field and plant our grain and till the soil, and live happy where we can worship God in spirit and in truth.

What a brave little woman to be ready and willing to cross the great Atlantic Ocean, and come to a country and settle among the wild Indians, of which there were a plenty. However the dear old ship sailed on and on without any mishap, and they continued to enjoy the ocean voyage, but on this Jong voyage there was something of great importance which happened to brighten their lives and add on more responsibility in their lives. For there was borned to them another chubby bright eyed baby boy, they named him William, and he grew and thrived and when he was a few weeks old, they landed on Plymouth Rock. This was sometime in 1799.

Well the long ocean trip was at an end and they began to study the situation and plan where to make this little home in this vast land of wilderness, for you will remember there were only few settlements as yet besides the Thirteen Colonies. So they finally agreed to get a team and wagon, which they did. And piled their belongings into the wagon, which I imagine at that early period was a very rude affair.

Somehow or where, they obtained a goods box, or a few boards, and made a box, then hewed out a rude affair called rockers, and nailed onto this box and lo, they had a cradle for baby William. I can almost feel that I can see the fat chubby little blue eyed boy kicking up his heels in that wonderful cradle with his thumb in his mouth, and laugh and crow back when little Joshua, came near to play with the baby brother. However, this little family traveled Southward, on and on through the wilderness, until they came to the place which now is called, Russelville, Alabama, and there they pitched their tent, and proceeded to build their little cabin near the Sparkling Spring, where they could have water for drinking, cooking, washing, and for their horses. There were many Indians there, in the surrounding country, but these brave people wanted to make friends with those Alabama Indians. And finally did as events proved.

For one day, my Great Grandmother, went to the spring for a bucket of water, and when she came back the chubby baby, William, was gone, and in his cradle was a little pappoose. She had taken little Joshua with her to the spring so she then had one child and a little Indian baby, and was frightened most to death for, in those days, it was not uncommon for some Indians to kill and eat a child, many times, or some times, only kill and scalp them.

My Great Grandmother just had to keep still and say nothing but, she could see them, a great bunch of painted savages skulking through the timber, and she got behind trees, and she could see her baby being passed from one to another of those savages.

And he must have found it amusing for he would laugh and crow back at them, ant that perhaps, saved his little life, for after some length of time and old squaw brought baby William back to his other and said, in broken English, lets trade babies. My Great Grandmother was quite willing to do so you may be sure. And said so.

Then she said, would you like something to eat? And the squaw answered, that she would, where upon my Great Grandmother brought out bread and meat and what soever she had cooked, and gave it to her. She took up her little pappoose and went back to where her comrades were still lurking, among the timber, and showed her eats. Then the stampede began, the whole bunch of indians came and she had to cook and feed them all. But her bravery, and tact in trying to be friends with them sealed the friendship between the Alabama Indians and Great Grandfather and Great Grandmother and the two little boys.

Dear Joe, this William Gray homed in Ireland, and his wife who was homed in England, was my Great Grandparents, your Mother's Great-Great-Grandparents, and your Great-Great-Great-Grandparents. I do not know the exact date of their birth, but presumable about the year 1778. You see he would be about twenty one at the time of his marriage. However, I have seen the Bible where little William's birth is recorded, and it said 1799. I forget the month, he may have been twenty one, or may have been much older, but the little boy William Gray whom the Indians took from the cradle, was my Grandfather. My Mother's Father. I can remember him very well, for I was nine years old when he died. He never shed a tooth and still had the first teeth he cut when he died, and not a single decayed.

I have no record of where his parents were buried at Russelville, Alabama.

When the Indians were all gone he married, and settled down and worked at his trade as a blacksmith, you will get a very good description of him as he worked in his little shop.

Grandfather married a lady by the name of Mary Gocher, the first time. He spoke the Indian language very fluently and he often got his Grandchildren around him and talked for their amusement, and after he would spiel off for a length of time he would claim a kiss from each of us. And that is where I always was sorry, for his beard was so long, it always scratched my face. But I never said a word to hurt his feeling, for I dearly loved him, and loved his stories best of all.

After his first wife died, he moved to Aberdeen, Mississippi, and his children remained in Alabama, as they were grown up. There were three girls and one boy. The oldest girl Polly Gray, married Ben Mausel, and they lived at Russelville, all their lives, and are buried there leaving several children.

Jane Gray married a man by the name of James and they moved to a little place in Illinois. The post office was Rose. I have written to her. I received letters from her several times, but she has been dead many years and is buried in Illinois.

I have often wondered if Jessie and Frank James were any relation of theirs. But I don't know, I sometimes think they were.

Cardine Gray married a man by the name of Cook. I remember her very well. And she has spent the night with us several times. She lived about Tupelo, Mississippi, and died there.

Gideon Gray lived to be very old, the only son of William Gray, who lived to be grown. He was a fine old man and always told his children to be honest and truthful and see weights and measurers to give them correct always, and never send their souls to the place presided over by satan, fir the lack of giving good measure to their fellowmen.

The name William became a family name therefore, Uncle Gedeon named his oldest son William and so there was one more William Gray. He lived and grew up to manhood in Itawaueba Co. Mississippi. And when the civil war broke out he joined the Confederate Army. And later was killed in action, however, Josh Gray, William Gray's brother went through the war, and came home minus a arm.

After Grandfather William Gray left Russelville, Alabama, he went to Aberdeen, Mississippi, he married a second time, his former wife having been dead for some years. This time he married a little lady by the name of Esther Sanders. She was a good and loveable little woman, and together, she and Grandfather made a house in Aberdeen, where Grandfather set up his Blacksmith shop, and plied his trade which in those days was very popular, with his neighbors. And his company, with that of his wife was much sought after. He had a neighbor by the name of Brooks, who thought so much of Grandfather, that when he had a big supper he imagined he couldn't get along without Billie Gray.

So at one time he was giving a really big supper and he goes personally to Grandfather's shop, and invited him to bring his wife to the supper. Grandfather had work that had to be completed that day so he said, I beg you to excuse me for I will be so late this afternoon that I will not have time to go home and dress and arrive at your place at the dinner hour. Mr. Brooks argued and pleaded but Grandfather said he just couldn't. So at last, as a last resort, Mr. Brooks said, Mr. Gray, you and I are about the same size, and build, and, I have a nice dinner suit which I will lend you, and you can come in the back way, and you know where my room is. Just come there and no one will see you, until you can clean up and enter the drawing room. So at last he conceited, there being no other way to get around it. To do this and when his work was done he goes up to Mr. Brooks house, and in the back way and donned the suit, which was a very elaborate affair, as Mr. Brooks was a very rich man.

Grandpa descended the stairs and entered the drawing room in his borrowed finery. His wife, my own Grandmother had arrived earlier in the evening. And they chatted very pleasantly until the gong sounded, where they arose and each gentleman present offered his arm to a lady in true old country style, and together in succession, they marched to the dining room with courtly grace and seated at the table loaded with all the good things for which a Southern home is noted. They dined and supped, and drank toasts, to each other and to the Host and Hostess. Then Mr. Brooks pushed his chair and arose and he said, Well Mr. Gray, I believe my suit fits you as well or better than it does me. And the company saw the joke, and laughed heartily at Grandfather's expense, for he was so embarrassed, he could find nothing to say. However, he wore the suit home and never did return it to Mr. Brooks. But he didn't care for that and took it as a joke, too.

Now, I want to tell you a little more about my Grandfather Gray, as I said once before, in this little write up. He was always playing jokes on someone and if one was pulled on him he took it in good spirit, and bided his time when he could return the compliment, with interest added.

You see, after he married my Mother's Mother, the country was settling up quite a bit, and ones neighbors were a little nearer, to each other. The town of Aberdeen, Mississippi, was now consisting of a big general store, where you could buy both dry goods, and groceries. For dry goods were not what they are today. People spun and wove almost all their clothes and bought a few silks and satins and calico for nicer wear. So one day Grandfather went to the store to make some purchases and there were gathered quite a crowd, as it was Saturday, and everyone was doing their weeks trading.

As he stepped to the door, he noticed a stranger, and he said he never saw such a nose on a human, so he stepped up and said, please Mr. would you mind turning your nose to one side till I can pass? The man got very angry, at what he considered a slander to his nose. He jumped out in the yard, threw off his coat rolled up his sleeves, and he raved and caved and swore he would whip the man who said that. Grandpa stepped into the store, as soon as he made the remark and the crowd began to pile out the back door and go around thinking to see a fight. Grandfather just marched out with the crowd and walked around and watched him make a show of himself. He jumped up and popped his heels together and stormed, but he didn't know the man and Granddad stood there and laughed with the crowd. One Halloween, he with others decided to play a prank on an old grouch. So they knew where there was a dead horse, had died that day, but was frozen stiff, so they dragged it up and propped it up with it's feet against the door. There they rapped on the door and run and hid. The old man got up and opened the door and the horse fell in head and forfeet, was he mad? Well I say he was. He threatened dire vengeance on the culprits. And there they were lying in the bushes close enough to hear it all.

May 13, 1930

When our country was new everyone set much importance on politicks. Grandfather, being very staunch Democrat, he very often liked to air his opinion on subjects political and very often, he was challenged to a duel, and he being as I have remarked before, one half Irish, he never let a chance slip for a good scrap. Their weapons were their brawny fists and mere strength, they never killed each other, but sometimes, they were greatly bruised up.

July 23, 1930

Mr. Joseph Rhodes:

My Dear Grandson,

I know you are disappointed that I haven't written any more of our history for you. I have had so much to do that I just haven't had the time to get at it. I wanted to take time and not hurry with it. So I think perhaps that I can get to it.

About our trip when we left Alabama to Arkansas, as I can remember nothing, as I was a small baby, I think mama said, I was about 8 or 9 months old, however, they left Alabama in the year 1871. I was born June 27, 1870, and traveled in a lumber wagon to Arkansas. I can't remember many things Mama said about the trip. Of course they cooked the meals over campfires and I often think how funny it would look to us to see a great bunch of people traveling like that now days. There were several wagons and I guess all were pretty well loaded. One thing I remember my Mother said, one night when they made camp she tied me in a chair and set me near the campfire, to keep me warm while she got the meal. And one of my small cousins ran up behind me and shoved the chair forward throwing me onto a big dutch oven with a lid on it, and generously covered with coals of fire. Results was that my right arm was badly burned, and a place on my left wrist. The scars still remain as a silent reminder of that sad catastrophe. And I believe the young culprit got off scott free without any chastisement, I believe if I could see him I'd give him a licking now even if it would be a tongue lashing Ha! Ha!

Another item Mama told me about was this when they crossed a river, I can't remember what river it was, but I think she said the Mississippi River, it was Sunday, and there was a little grocery store on the bank of the river. The man was there and Papa wanted to buy some groceries. He told Papa he couldn't sell them to him on Sunday, but that he would lend them a boat and they could all come back after dark in the row boat and he would sell them all they wanted, but Papa and the other men thot there was something suspicious about him and they decided not to go back till the next morning, so after daylight next morning, they got in the boat, and started back after the groceries, and the man called to them to land that boat immediately, and he would send for it, but he wouldn't let them cross over. The folks all thot he intended killing them, and robbing them of their money and it made him mad, that they waited till daylight. So they landed and had to go without groceries, until they came to the next town.

After we got to Arkansas as I grew up I can remember quite a lot of things that happened for we lived there 7 years. Papa was a Civil Engineer, and he worked at flour mills, saw mills and com mills, the most of the time. I think he did some carpenter work too. At on saw mill, where he worked, a man come in to look things over, I think he was a farmer and knew nothing of machinery. So Papa thot he might do something he ought not to, and he kept an eye on him. But he kept watching, and finnaly Papa had to turn his head for something and the man turned a hot water gage and sprayed Papa from his waist down with boiling water. Papa lay in bed for weeks and I remember the Doctor put quinine on his burns, finally he got well, and worked there for a long while. While he worked there he killed

a centepede, that measured 13 inches long. I remember seeing it, he took it up in the fire tongs, and put it into the furnace and burned it. He said, they had to leave the Engine Room it smelled so bad, it made them feel sick.

Our neighbors were few and far between and the wild wolf was often heard howling and other wild animals just the same. Turkey, deer sometimes bear, and panthers roamed the woods at large. One day Mother and I and my baby sister, were all alone and as I said, before, we lived so far from anyone at least a mile, perhaps farther and about 9 o'clock, we heard something screaming, my Mother begin closing doors and windows, and brot in a big arm load of wood. I was about 6 years old, and I could see Mother was agitated, and frightened, so I begged her to tell me what it was screaming and she said "listen honey it's a panther", at that I was thrown into a panic and I cried and made a terrible uproar. Mama, Bless her brave little soul, she knew she must quiet me so, she gently took me up and said honey don't cry for if it hears you crying it sure will come to us. You must be quiet, and I'll give you the butcher knife, and if it does come, you may cut his tail off. That appealed to me, very much, and I studied the matter over, and I wondered how funny a tailless panther would look, so I stopped my crying and we stood by the window and watched for the monster, to appear.

We had a woodpile in the fire place with kindlings all placed and matches handy, so we could build a fire at a moments notice, I really think now that I was very much disappointed when he did not appear on the scene, so I could cut his off. Little did I know that my brave mother was only quieting my fears, so I wouldn't cry and thus bring the monsters to our door. Such is a pioneer's life, it is hopes and fears, and hardships. But my Daddy and mother were both brave and they did not fear hardships, but rather gloried in being able to overcome obstacles, and bear hardships.

Things were scarce and we used gouards for dippers to drink from, they raised a kind of gouard that would hold about  $\frac{1}{2}$  bushel, they cleaned them out and boiled them out and soaked them till they were not bitter and used them to put lard in and other things too. Such as salt and sugar, and soap. You see, they made all the soap they ever had, for you couldn't buy soap, they saved the wood ashes and poured water on them and run the lye and put grease with it to make soap. They always saved some of the weaker lye and made a dishpan of hominy, when they made soap. The canning of fruit was unknown. So they had to dry the fruit to keep it. It was dried apples and peaches and even pumpkins. Just bushels of them. And we liked them very much, we burned a tallow dip, they called it for a light, at nite. We even molded candles, and burned them much of the time. The moulds were 6 in a group. You would melt the tallow and have a soft spun thread or cord put one in each mould, then pour the melted tallow into the moulds and set up to get cold. One always had a number of them on hand. But even the candles were rather scarce, as we didn't butcher beef too often, and we burned pine-knots much of the time. They are very resinous, and make a beautiful light, and most of my lessons were learned by a pine knott light.

When Papa wanted to go bunting, at night he would split up fine good rich resinous pieces and light a torch to hunt by. Daddy was a great hunter, and I have eaten so much of wild meats such as buffalo, bear, deer, coon, possum, squirrel, rabbits and even tasted a piece of ground hog once, ate prairie chickens, wild geese, and ducks, and pigeons, wild turkeys. We always had wild meat in our house while we lived in Arkansas also wild honey. Daddy hunted wild bee trees almost every Sunday, and sometimes, he would cut 2 a day and we had honey in abundance.

Daddy farmed some while we lived there and the crops sure did grow good too, such great big ears of com and nice cotton, but he worked at saw mills most of his time while we were there but every spare minute he had he was hunting. Sometimes going out of a morning killing 2 or 3 big turkeys while Mother got the breakfast ready for him. Sometimes he killed young ones most as large as a hen, and we fried them like young chicken, they sure was good too. Sometimes he would have narrow escapes from bodily injury while bunting. One day, he went deer hunting, they called it driving, he stayed out

till about 4 o'clock and never saw a deer, he came in and laid his gun on the bed, and sat down to eat his dinner. Pretty soon we heard a pack of deer hounds trailing, boy they were making a lot of noise. Dad said, to me run out there and see what they are after. I went out and sure enough those hounds were coming through the field at breakneck speed following closely a bug buck. I spread the news quickly and Daddy lost his head, he ran out and left his gun lying on the bed, he saw at once about where the deer would jump the big 10 rail fence and he was there by the time the deer arrived, the deer was already tired from being chased, no telling how many miles, so when he jumped the fence he fell no sooner than he came down Daddy was onto him with his hunting knife and cut his throat, the deer jumped up and started in a circle, around and around, right after Papa, he had big horns and was trying with all his strength to use them on Papa. Presently Papa caught him by a hind leg and threw it, then he used his knife to some purpose and quickly killed the deer. If you and I could go there, I could show you the very spot where he killed that deer, for I saw the whole performance. There are several other people who saw him kill it. He was closer to Mr. Hill's than he was to our place and Mrs. Hill hollered as loud as she could "Oh Mr. Cleveland, you got him". This happened in Mississippi, after I was quite a big girl, about 12 or 13 years old.

But to go back to our home in Arkansas. We lived there as I mentioned, once before, about 7 years. So I grew up from a tiny baby to nearly 8 years old, in Arkansas.

While we lived there a woman and little girl was torn to pieces by a Mexican lion, about 3 miles from where we lived. She was sick and lying on the bed, the little girl also was on the bed. The door was open and the beast walked in and killed them both. The husband and father came in from his work and found the lacerated bodies of wife and small daughter, think what a shock for him. They immediately called out men all from everywhere, and they brought dogs and they took up the trail at the house where it killed these people and tracked it down and finally killed it. I think it killed one or two of the many dogs after it. They skinned it and stretched the hide on a barn. It made me shudder to see it. Even if I was only a baby almost. I was about 5 years old. But I can remember how it looked till this day. We lived sometimes in log cabins, but later on we had a fine 6 room frame house, we sure could raise fine garden and truck patches. Tomatoes sure did fine there so did watermelons, and everything we tried to grow did fine.

I will tell you later of our trip to Texas in a lumber wagon, as I remember it better. So Bye Bye and please let me know at once if you get this.

We are well and hope you folks are.

Grandma

One day near election time, a crowd of men met at the village store, to talk things over and there were men from both sides present. So one made a remark, and the other side made a remark, and finally, they very bitterly disagreed. The one man was Grandfather, the other a very tall broad shouldered athletic man challenged Granddad to a fight and you know an Irishman, is not a coward, and he accepted the challenge so a time was set, and a place to meet, to fight it out.

Now Grandfather was short and not a very large man at best. And he studied the matter over, and he decided he would have to use strategy, if he was to lick his opponent. So he decided he would have to hit upon a scheme. They were to meet at an old sawmill, where there was lots of sawdust, and if they were knocked down the sawdust made a very convenient place on which to light. It was noised around a big fight would take place so on the appointed day every man far and near came to see the fun. The

combatants arrived on scheduled time. They laid off their coats, and pitched into each other. Granddad let the big man knock him (Granddad) down and then he jumped on him and was now mauling him proper when Grandfather began kicking in the sides with first one foot and then the other. And he had a great big spur on each foot. He locked his arms around the man and held him down and spurred him till he said he was licked. They both got up and shook hands and was friends everafter.

The Esther Sanders, that married Grandfather was my Mother's Mother. There were four children, three girls and one boy, who die in infancy. The oldest girl graduated in Aberdeen, Mississippi. And her father gave her a set of Eardrops for a graduation present. They were imported stones from Italy, of inlaid work. Very costly and very beautiful. I have on of them now and had a jewelery man to fix it for me to wear as a Lavallier. I wear it on a Gold chain. Sometime, Joe I hope to show it to you. This stone has been in my family something near a hundred years, to my knowledge, and might have been longer and just been reset. My own Mother wore them and gave me the history as far as she knew it.

This girl, Mother's sister, name was Ervie Mac Meehan Gray, (note the Irish name). She married a man by the name of Chris Deavors, they had one child, a son Carl, who now lives at Russellville, and I believe he is a lawyer.

In the time of the Civil War, my Uncle Chris, was walking in the yard of his father's plantation, and he saw a negro come running up and dashed into bis father's kitchen. You see Dear, this brings us up to slavery time. He saw his Mother's cook and this negro from an adjoining plantation, talking very earnestly together. So he thought it very strange and he crept up under the kitchen window and listened, to see what they said. And he heard the wickedest and most diabolical plot in the history of our country.

The negroes were plotting to poison all the white people. And just think, they had been hunting up Rattlesnakes, and killing them and planned to place the heads of these snakes in the water bucket.

And when, the family should take a drink, they would die. Uncle went to bis Father, and they got on horses and rode for miles warning the white people what was on foot. And thereby averting a sad calamity. The negroes was soundly thrashed as he should have been. And all the others were also, whom they knew to be in the plot.

Joe, I am sure you have heard people talk of bow cruel the slaves' owners were to the colored people in slavery times, but it was not true. However, when something like this occurred, they did whip them soundly, for their misdemeanors. Granddad was over-seer for a long time over the slaves on a big plantation, but he never bought a slave in all his life.

When the war broke out between Texas, and Mexico, Granddad went and fought and when you hear or read the words "'Give them a little more Grape Captain Bragg". You can think with pride that your Great-GreatGrandfather was right there helping to whip those Mexicans. And there by make Texas free from their thieving.

The girl next to Aunt Mac, was Sarah Gray, and she was a noted beauty, and her beauty combined with her sparkling wit made her very popular with all who come in contact with her. She had inherited also her Father's half Irish tendency to play pranks on her school mates. So a lot of her playmates were on a log, at one time, one end of the log was in the creek the other out on bank, she got on the end of the log and was teeter-tottering the log and her companions were having a swell time, until, she tipped the log over. On purpose mind you, and ducked every girl. She got a licking, but she always said it was worth it to see those girls crawl out of the water. She is now living in Tupelo, Mississippi. She has a son named William Gray McCarley. You see the William was a family name.



Now I come to my own dear Mother Hettie Ann Gray, a very sweet and lovable girl. I am sure altho her modesty forbade her telling me how beautiful or sweet she was. But, I am sure she was both. I have no picture of my Mother, only the one I carry way back in my mind. So I will try to give you a little description of her. She was about my height, I never knew her to weigh 130 lbs but once. She was thirty two years old when she died. Loved and respected by all who knew her. There were five of us when she died, myself, Lou Tishey, Orlando, Elvinia and Oscar Cleveland.

My Mother married Joseph Cleveland, August 8, 1869. She lived in Mississippi, and he lived in Alabama, she met him while she was away attending her finishing school. And married soon after her graduation. While she and her sister Sarah Gray, were in school, at Burleson, Alabama, they boarded and roomed with a lady, a Mrs. Hughes, and she was so very stingy, she wouldn't give the girls all they wanted to eat. You see it was a big boarding house and she kept most all the school girls, who boarded. The girls often got very hungry. Mrs. Hughes had a nice apple orchard, and she told the girls they must never pull no apples, but if, they found any on the ground they could eat them, and as soon as she got up of a morning, she sent her servant out to pick up the windfalls, and only to leave a very few of the sorriest ones on the ground. My Mother and her sister, Sarah, together with their oldest Sister, Mac, proceeds to arise early in the morning and goes out and pull the choicest apples from the prize tree, and divides with all the girls, and she kept this up so long as there were apples to pull, and old lady Hughes called the tree Sarah Gray. I was there twice and saw the Sarah Gray Tree. Do you blame Sarah, Joe? Well I don't. Mrs. Hughes should have given the girls enough to eat and she wouldn't have taken the apples. Mrs. Hughes house is still standing, and is very old, was when I first saw it about fourty five years ago.

My Grandmother Gray died, and was buried at Aberdeen, Mississippi. Then Grandfather moved to Itawaura, Co., Mississippi. And left Sarah and Hetty at their brother's. (Gideon Gray). Where they lived until Granddad married again. My Mother, was a baby of the family for so long, I guess she was pretty spoiled, and so she did many things to annoy the new stepmother, who, was a very hard working woman, and also very economical, and taught my Mother the habit of saving. Always, telling her that a "long little was better than a short heap". However, Grandfather always told the wife to cook plenty for he didn't want to die in debt to his stomach. Of course by this time things were getting scarce, and hard to save anything, or to get everything they needed. For it was along near and just before the Civil War, when one had to save everything and be very careful of the little they had.

She taughted my Mother a little poem. Here it is.

I must not thro upon the floor,  
The crust, I cannot eat,  
For many little hungry one,  
Would think it quite a treat.  
For, willful waste makes woeful want,  
And I may live to say,  
Oh, how I wish I had the crust,  
That once I threw away.

In war times things were so high, and one could hardly get anything. The women spun thread and wove cloth for their clothes. A pair of cotton cards cost Five dollars, which after the war was fifty cents. The new stepmother started in to teach the two girls to spin, and make cloth, but they had never

seen such things done, and didn't like the idea very well, and resented having a Stepmother, so one day she was spinning and she walked beside the wheel my Mother then, about seven or eight years old, slipped up behind her and locked her arms around the Stepmother's knees so she couldn't step. She couldn't reach her to shake her loose and so she begged and plead with Hetty to tum her loose. Finally, she did only to bide her time and repeat the performance, now and then, as the notion took her. At last, being tired of the interruptions to her work, and the humiliation she gave her a sound spanking, so Hetty, took up her sunbonnet and started for her brother". Who lived about a half mile away. Her Stepmother knew that would never do, so she followed her and begged and coaxed and bribed her and finally she returned home, and the old lady made her a wonderful Rag doll, which she duplicated for me when I was small, and which I thought was very beautiful, until my first and only boughten china doll. I proceeded to have a real funeral for the rag baby. And asked my two cousins to assist me in the last sad rights of poor Dinah. When my mother knew what I had done she scolded me roundly. But poor Dinah lies buried in far off Arkansas.

My cousins' names are Jim Tora Sullinger, and Martha, his sister. Funny name isn't it? To go back to my story, I think my Grandfather's last wife must have had some good qualities for the two girls were very trying. One day she and Granddad, lay down to take a nap at noon, Sarah hunted up some strong cord and proceeded to tie their big toes together, and when Granddad waked up to go to work, he raised up and put his feet off the bed and his wife's foot followed his, there waking her up too. Sarah hid and watched till they began to untie the string, then she skipped out and stayed hid till supertime, and by that time the old folks had kinder cooled down, and didn't punish her.

Hettie always had a jolly time when the stepmother was gone, she would borrow her finery, which was (by the way) some dresses she bought before the war. Grandfather would go hunting at night and catch opossums, and coons, and he was this time kindly deaf, so he always took Sarah and Hettie along to listen for the dogs when they treed the opossums. One night Sarah was carrying a big fire torch, they had no lanterns and flashlights, very unheard of. They came to a pond of water and there was a foot log to walk across the water. They all started across and Grandfather's foot slipped, and he fell in the water with a foot on each side of the log, and Sarah was so tickled she wanted to laugh, and was afraid to, so she crammed her handkerchief in her mouth to keep him from hearing her.

People could get no coffee and had to parch com and bran and wheat and sometime okra seed and use that for coffee. One day a Company of Yankee Soldiers, passed thru the country and the lost a can of real coffee. My Mother found it and took it home and Oh Boy, the old folks used it and thought it was so good that one can of coffee lasted for months. They used only such a little bit at a time it was ground and already sweetened, so you may be sure they enjoyed it very much.

At this time everything was very high and there was not much money. For people didn't know how the war would go. Many people had spent most of their savings of years for negroes, to farm the land for them, and after they had bought the negro and paid so much, anywhere from eight hundred dollars to fifteen hundred dollars for a single slave. They were in constant fear of being poisoned by the negroes, and also that perhaps, they might be freed, and they would have no help to farm the lands.

Many of the wealthy southern people had their houses burned to the ground, their horses either taken by foraging yankees, or stolen by deserters. Their cattle and hogs were killed, many times for the yankees to eat. Their wheat taken out of granarys and scattered here and there, where it could not be picked up by the owners. Then, too, the war was so cruel, often Father fought against son, brother against brother. And often the negroes who were taken from the south to the North, and made to fight against the south.

One of my Uncles who fought in the confederate Army saw a big black negro take aim as tho he were going to shoot Uncle, and he shot and missed him, he raised his own gun and pulled the trigger and

the negro fell backward. The confederates won that battle. And captured a provision train and they marched around the train after the victory. We asked did you see the negro? He said, no, I didn't want to see him, for I think he was dead.

Those days between 1861-1865 were sad and the whole population of the south was sad and depressed. Their slaves, many of them, had either been taken from them or else had run away and gone North. Their sons, husbands and fathers, away in the army, the women did the best they could with the help of the old men who were too old to go to war. They could only farm a very little and they spun and wove their own clothes. Lots of times only to have a raiding parties come in and take all the new cloth they had and cut the thread left broach, so they couldn't weave it. Then when the war was over, and the negroes were free, the South was overrun by them, with nothing to eat, no clothes much, and no way of making a living. Some worthy old slaves hired out to their former masters, and continued to live on the plantations, and to work for wages. Or farm on shares. But the worthless, no accounts, ones just roved around stealing, and many times killing innocent persons.

You have, no doubt, read uncle Tom's Cabin, if you have perhaps, your mind sympathised with the poor colored man and woman, as it was intended that you should. Now listen closely, there may have been, and doubtless was many a man who ill treated the colored people, but it is not true of the South in general. For they were kind to their slaves. And let me ask how they could be otherwise? They bought them and paid enormous prices for them. Would that be a wise thing to go to work and beat them to death, or cripple them up, just simply to be cruel?

I once hired an old slave woman to wash for me she did my washing for over a year, that was when your Mother was about five years old. She often talked about when she as a slave girl, and with tears in her old eyes, she would say, Miss Esther, that was good old days and I have never seen any good times since. She said she had good clothes to wear, and plenty to eat and a kind master. And he allowed the negroes to go town on Saturdays. And when a circus came to town everybody went, both black and white. She said she had never seen such good times since.

One negro came to me one day and asked me to let her have a chicken, and a quart of flour and said, she hadn't had a bite to eat in four days. It was never that way in slavery times. Now, I believe the negro should be free, but I think he should be sent back to Africa where he came from, and be given a years rations and a team, and let him stay to himself.

My Father's Grandfather bought one negro, kept her for a while and sold her, she was the only slave any of my people ever bought or sold. I knew her well, she was a real African negress, she told me many things of her African life. She said they chased her down with blood hounds, and captured her, put her on a ship and brought her to the United States, and sold her. She said my Great grandparents were good to her, and that she wished they had kept her for the man who bought her was not so kind to her. She said in Africa they lived on bark and roots, berries, leaves, or any kind of vegetation, they could get. They were wild, had no homes or general place of habitation. She became a member of a Church, and always Prayed and sing, asked the blessing at the table and sometimes, preached. She could never talk very plain, but I got so I could understand her quite well. She was estimated to be about one hundred and thirty years old, I think. She never knew when her birthday was. She was about four foot tall and very small. She was quite a curiosity, she never forgot anyone whom she had seen. She had not seen my Father or his sister since they were children, and she saw them one day, she just cried, and laughed, and seemed so very glad to see them. They both had children grown and I am sure they had changed a lot since she saw them.

One Halloween, my Grandfather was playing tricks on the gouches and he with others, built a little scaffold way up in top of a tree, a tall one at that, they nailed up banisters around it, they took a little calf and tied it up in the little pen they built. Next morning, when the old gentleman got up heard

a calf bawling way up high. He looked and saw his own calf up in the tree. He puzzled a long time before he hit upon a scheme to bring the calf down safely, but he finally accomplished the feat very satisfactorily.

My Grandmother (Esther Sanders) Gray, (I was named Esther for her) never liked anyone to put anything over on her. As I have said before, times were hard and everything scarce and people often made underbeds out of com husks, or shucks, as I call them. Some folks had a kind of a knife, to chop up the shucks, called a hackle. One day Grandmother wanted to fill her straw tick, and as she had no hackle, she sent to a neighbor to borrow hers. The lady sent word back that she wouldn't lend her hackle, but if she wanted to she could bring her shucks over there and hackle them. However Grandmother didn't and just split the shucks up fine with her fingers to fill her straw ticks.

Now you know everyone rode horseback, nearly everywhere they went, so, Grandma had a fine ladies saddle. The old lady that had the hackle, didn't have a ladies saddle, and she wanted to go someplace, so she sent over to ask Mrs. Gray to lend her ladies saddle. Grandmother sent back word she could come over to her house and ride the saddle all she wanted to, but she wouldn't lend her ladies saddle. Only a fitting answer, and yet it looks kinder bad, but I believe it showed the other woman how selfish she was, not to lend the hackle.

All my people were honest and dealt fairly with everyone, and always taught their children never to steal anything, not even to pick up a coin or a brass pin. I was taught that, as far back as I can remember by Mama and Papa both.

In those days, you never saw any budded fruit, it was all seedlings, and they couldn't can up fruit and vegetables, like they do now. Those who were fortunate enough to have orchards just cut and dried peaches and apples, plumes and berries, and grapes, they couldn't dry very well, so they eat them. They cut pumpkins, and hung them up and dried them.

If a sixteen year old girl was told to get busy and cut peaches, pumpkins or apples to dry now, she would throw a fit, now a days.

Once when I was a school girl, a young man wrote this little poem on the blackboard.

To weave, to spin, to knit and sew,

Was once a girls employment,

But, now to dress and catch a beau.

Is all she calls enjoyment

The old scrapbooks and the schoolgirls autograph album was very interesting. I used to own a scrapbook, I guess more than a hundred years old, but in moving around I have lost it, but is sure was interesting reading. The sale bills were worded so funny and the clothes pictured in it was so funny. Dresses would drag at the shoe toes in front. They sure looked funny.

I read a little funny item in an old paper like this.

“Mother - can't our daughter sweep into a room very gracefully?”

“Father -yes, she can, but she can't sweep out a room.”

Before the war a white girl couldn't do any work, she didn't know how. Not even to comb her hair and dress it nicely. Slaves did the hair dressing. They even thought it a distinction of greatness not to know

how to work and many times in later years it brought grief to those very ones who were so happy to boast of their ignorance of work.

One girl I heard about, but didn't know her, got married, she had never cooked a meal in her life and didn't know very much about it. When they started to keeping house, her Mother and Father in law, came to spent the day, she was so nervous for fear she couldn't get a nice dinner, and so anxious to do so, she cooked and worked in the kitchen and her Mother in law didn't go out and offer any assistance, she finally thot she had everything ready, set the table, dished up the vegetables, and meat and had no bread at all, so they retired until she baked bread. At another time she dressed a chicken, and didn't cut the gizzard open but cooked it like it was. Imagine, how everyone felt, when they found the gizzard at dinner time.

But the white girls from 1850 thru 1865 didn't know very much they were so ignorant of what it takes to make or keep a home, that I often wonder how any marriages could have been happy ones. Such a wonder there were, no more divorces than they were. But I don't think there were very many.

In all the history ofmy Father's or Mother's families, I never knew of even one single divorce. Or heard of one.

In an old autograph album I came across a very amusing little verse it seems as tho the boy who wrote it was wanting to marry the girl. I have forgotten the date, but here is the verse.

If you will have me say yes,  
If you will not have me say no,  
If you will have me say nothing,  
And to the Parson we will go.  
If I were to say yes, you'd think me fast,  
If I were to say no you would think me slow,  
If I were to say nothing you would think I was dumb,  
So you can go home the same way you come.

I always thought it sounded silly don't you? Here is another little old time rhyme, I have often heard my Mother repeat

The dog sat down to eat a bone,  
The cat went out to walk alone,  
The leaves were shaking the bough  
The bells were tinkling on the cow,  
Twas night and all was still,  
The ghost was walking in the lane,  
The pig did want its swill.

Some of these old time verses sound so queer to me and I think they were considered beautiful a hundred years ago. Just think the difference a hundred years have made. No cars, no planes, no phones, no radios, not any of the things we have today. I sometimes wish I could see what will take place one hundred years from now. You are so young, there will be many inventions, and improvements in your time. Some day you may make an invention, I hope so.

Now in conclusion of my little story I will say I can remember my Grandfather Gray, quite well, he lived an honest life. Lived in his little home. Set fruit trees, and grafted many. One tree in particular, it was a nice peach tree, and bore some three or four kinds of peaches, he works on until the last year of his life, he didn't do much only sit propped back and read his Bible. He was a good man, a fine neighbor, and a loyal friend. I will never forget how he called his hogs, he would say, "choke, choke, choke", and they would come as if he had said piggy. Old man Landers, in Texas, called his hogs "pig-OO py-pig-OO-dee-pig-OO-py-dee-pig-OO-py-dee-pigOO-poo", then blow a horn and they came running.

A few years before Grandfather died, he was setting out fruit trees and his daughter in law came along and she said, Father, why do you work so hard trying to set trees and tiring yourself out? Father, don't you know you will never live to eat fruit from those trees? He said, My daughter, someone set out trees before I was horned, and I have eaten fruit from them. I think that was a noble deed and a noble thought. And if everyone thought and, if everyone would do that the world would get better. There are too many consumers, and not enough producers.

Many there be who try to go through life wearing good clothes, and living high, and when God calls them from this time, they can't say, well I made this world a little better, they are drifting on down the line. Unacquainted with honest labor, they are the one who, hid the talent God gave them, and never tried to gain anything. God wants each of us to do something for him and blessed are those who hear his voice, and answer, Here am I send me.

Grandfather was an old soldier, fought in the war with Texas and Mexico, but he never drew a pension from the government for it. He gave freely and when he came to die, he died with his children and grandchildren around him, happy in the knowledge that he had lived a pure clean life and was ready to go to the beautiful beyond. Where joy is complete, and for a Blessed always in Sweet Eternity. It is a land of Sweet Deliverance, from all the trials and perplexities, of this life where no tears are shed. Where no pain is felt where no sorrow ever reaches out to grasp its unsuspecting victim, but all is peace and love and joy forever and forever.

knowing bright twinkle, and he said, I guess I'll remain. And then I sit down and told him how terribly frightened I'd been. How his face was to me the most welcome of any I'd ever seen.

And then I lay down with the baby, and slept all the blessed night through, for I felt I was safe from all danger. Near so brave a young fellow and tree.

So my young friend do you wonder since such a good reason I've give, why I shant care for the music, unless theres whistling in Heaven.

Yes, my (can't read the word here). so in earnest, and now what I've said I repeat, unless theres a boy whistling, its music will not be complete. . .

Dear Grandson, this will finish my first book, and one of these days, I will get the next one out for you, don't get impatient with me, for my hand hurts so much I just write a while. Then do other things awhile.

I think my next will be very interesting too, for I have many things to tell you about the other branch of the family. I am proud of my ancestors, for they were so good and honest and true to their country, and home and friends.

As Always, E.B.Hughes

My great Uncle Joshua went to Texas, and married and lived and died there so far as I know, I never saw him but once. Father, Mother, and I spent the night with him once. The only time I ever remember seeing him. He looked like my Grandfather very much, and seemed a very kindly man.

Mr. Joseph Rhodes

My Dear Grandson:

I think this morning is just a bit cooler than several days previously so I think I'll get busy with my story. In my last letter I told you of our trip to Arkansas, from Alabama, or as much of it as I remember to have heard. Since I was too small to remember any of it, except as it was told to me in later years. We had much to be thankful for while living in Arkansas, and much to be grieved over. My oldest sister died and was buried near Bluffton, Arkansas, in Yell County. We were sick with Malaria, a great portion of our stay there. And my Father came near passing over the Valley of Death, but he finally recovered.

Daddy was a young man then, and I can remember how nice my dear Daddy looked, with his very fair skin, blue eyes, and auburn hair. He was a fine specimen of handsome young manhood. With his fair complexion blue eyes and ever so curly hair. After all these years, I can still look back to my childhood, and the remembrance of my Father and I repeat, I think my Father was a handsome man, as I remember him. So energetic, too so full of life, ever ready to play ball or a game of checkers, or perhaps fox and geese, with myself, or mother as opponents. And I can remember how very proud he seemed to be of his wee daughter, when memorable one day I won the game at the age of six years, and how he laughed and patted my own curly hair, and praised me for being a smart kid, and teased Mother, and told her I could beat her at a game.

We never played cards in our home, and I think we enjoyed our home life just as much and perhaps better than those who played pitch and seven-up and so on. I remember, never seeing a deck of cards in our home.

My Father was a working man, he was a civil engineer, much of the time we lived in Arkansas, but he farmed some and I can remember how I sat and watched him swing the scythe and cut wheat, and he was a boss hand at the job cutting more wheat in a day than any other man of our acquaintance.

But, as I told you once before, the country was thinly populated, and our nearest neighbors were a mile away in some places where we lived. And when the little sister died, there were only a few persons at the funeral less than a dozen, and the little casket had to be hand made, sawed out of boards, and planed by hand. And my Father had to stand by to show my Uncle and a neighbor how to make it. Doesn't that seem terrible to you, in this day and age? When we buy caskets already completed.

We lived a long way from town and not many neighbors. When we went to Church, there were only a dozen or two and we had two dozen a very large crowd, and either we rode horseback or in a lumber wagon to church. But I think sometimes we worshipped God in spirit and in Truth there, more than the majority do these days.

We gathered lots of nuts in the Autumn months and stored them away for long winter evenings. Walnuts, hichory nuts, hazlenuts, chinquepine, chestnuts, and pecans. And sometimes we raised peanuts or "goobers" as they were called those days. Doesn't that sound funny now? But it was years and years before I heard them called peanuts. And the first time I heard the name, I wondered in my mind just how they looked and where they got those new kind of nuts. Then too in My Grandfather's garden there grew a kind of grass and they produced a kind of nut, they grew under the ground like peanuts do, and we thot they were very nice and too in Grandfather's garden was a lot of Artichokes, which grow tall stalk something similar to a Sunflower, and the fruit grows in the ground like Irish Potatoes.

To go on with my story we made ready to leave Arkansas, in the winter of 1879 and we started on, (the then) long journey to Texas, crossing a wee corner of Oklahoma, which necessitated our making camp one night in Oklahoma, or it was Indian Territory at that time.

When we left our little home, which by the way, we thot was very fine for so long. We lived in log cabins and many times only a single room which had to serve as kitchen dining room, bedroom, and sitting room all combined. But the one we lived in last was a six room frame house, and we were so proud of it.

If I can remember too matches were very scarce, and very expensive, as a box cost from twenty cents to fifty cents per box, and we were so stingy with them, we scarcely ever used over one box in a year. And too they were dangerous, sometimes just to drop a box would cause them to explode, and burn the whole box before we could put out the blaze. A mouse to cut in to a box would set them afire, and in many instances, where houses were burned down, it was attributed to mice cutting into the matches.

My Mother always set a big bowl in the center of the dining room table and the one box of matches we possessed, were placed in the bowl for safety sake.

In those days it was thot to be "bad luck" to let the fire entirley go out in the house. We had open fireplaces and we burned logs and we always tried to have chunks with lots of fire on them to cover up in the ashes, so it wouldn't go out, from one meal to the next. And sometime it did go out, and if we didn't have matches, it was to walk to a neighbors, after a "Chunk of Fire". Doesn't that sound funny? I remember one morning a man came to our house to borrow a chunk of fire. Imagine it. And he must have lived quite a ways for I never had seen him before and I don't remember ever seeing him again.

The house we lived in when we left Arkansas, had a real floor in it, and we thot we were quite fine in our frame house with floor in it and windows. And say, I wish you could a seen those wonderful windows, they were almost Large enough to stand up in. And just a b strong shutter almost like a door, with a hook, and staple to fasten it on the inside, and no glass window at all. Can you imagine it? Now days and still we were so proud of them. If anyone were asked to live in a house of that kind now, they would throw a fit wouldn't they?

The first night after we left there we stayed with a cousin, we had traveled three miles. I was so tickled to get started, I didn't know what to do. And when I tell you why, I was so glad to go, I know you will laugh. But remember I was only eight years old, and had never saw a school house in my life.

Well here goes, I often had gazed at the clouds, beautiful, and otherwise, and likewise, the sky and you know they seem to come down to the ground, away off yonder, well I thot they did actually touch the Earth.

And that we would pass thru a gate in the clouds or sky. As the case happened to be. When we got the the State Line, and I that each State bad it's own special sky and clouds, and I boasted to one little girl that when we went thro the gateway, that I intended to stand up and reach out break off a piece of that beautiful Blue Sky for a keepsake. She wasn't much older than I and told me I couldn't do that, but I still that I could till I learned better by experience.



I believe you can imagine my disappointment better than I can describe it to you. We traveled twelve or fifteen miles a day, somedays there was eight or ten wagons along, and we were a jolly good natured bunch of pioneers, seeking a new country, and a place where we would have no malari, and could make a good living.

I didn't pass thro the gateway in the sky, but one memoriable day we passed thro what is called "Accadao Gap", (I don't know if I spelled it right), which is wide enough for a wagon road just between the ends of two mountains, and when we passed through the gap, there was the most beautiful river, it was clear and wide across, and I thot it the loveliest place I ever saw. We had to pay toll to cross, I have forgotten what the name of the river was, but I think it must have been the White River or Arkansas River.

I had passed thro the gateway ofmy dreams, but it wasn't what I thot it would be.

By day we traveled and we always stopped before dark long enough to get the supper over. Once in a while we would find an empty cabin, by the roadside, and would get permission to spread our beds in there and sleep. But those times were scarce of course, we had tents, and the men would built great log fires, and they drove the wagons up on each side of the fire, leaving space for a tent. Ladies would get supper and the men feed teams and play pranks on each other, and on the ladies. And joke and laugh when the weather was good, it really was lots of fun.

But one time in particular I remember the weather had got very cold, and it was Xmas Eve. We stopped and camped away out in Texas, I don't remember where but, it snowed and blowed and we had difficulty in finding a place where we could get wood to bum. You see a lot of the country was prairie. And not a tree in sight for miles and miles, however, we finally came to a little strip of timber, where there was quite a lot of down timber, dead trees, that had blown down, so we made camp, and picked up what dead limbs, and brush and, built a fire and stayed all night. Well the next morning the Landlord came down and informed us we must pay for the dead timber, we had used. And they each paid a part of the price he asked, which was much more than it should have been. Well they broke camp, and left there. The snow was so deep they hitched two teams on to one wagon and drove three miles, and brot the teams back for the rest of the wagons. It took all day to travel the three miles but we all got there at nightfall, and I think we stayed there about a week on account of the weather.

And OH, Yes, I must tell you what Santa Claus put in my stocking Xmas Eve Night. It was one of those big sticks of peppermint candy, and was nearly as big around as my arm. My I was tickled. I thought I had the nicest Xmas. You see children got so little those days, that they were tickled to get even a stick of candy. I think too, that I got one orange. Wasn't that a big Xmas?

Finally the weather got some better and we started on our journey. The men wanted to get to where they were going in time to put in a crop. By this time we were in the Beeswax Soil, and we didn't travel far in a day. They had to knock the mud off the wheels every few turns of the wheels. The mud could stick to their shoes till they would be so heavy, they could scarcely lift them up. They put two teams on to a wagon and go a piece and come back for the other wagon.

My Mother would heat rocks and irons, and put to our feet to keep from freezing. Believe me I sure can't forget just how cold I got and how I began to cry with cold, and my brave little Mother would say, "Oh don't please don't cry those tears might freeze on your face, and then wouldn't you be a sight?": Then I could imagine how I'd look and begin to laugh and by and by we would come to a camping ground and all would be well.

Some days it rained and rained all day. They also was driving a big bunch of cattle and that was hard on them. Sometimes, they walked and sometimes, they rode horseback, as they had several horses along, besides the ones they drove.

Well by hard work and much patience we made it, but I can't see how we did, as the weather was so bad a lot of the time.

I remember one night, I was quite sick and that night we camped in the Indian Territory, my Mother was scared to breath freely. You will remember I told you in my first story about Mama's Father, being taken out of his cradle, when he was a baby. Well of course this story had stayed in my Mother's mind, and she was afraid an Indian might steal me.

I was sick and had gone to our tent and gone to bed. My Mother was sitting near the door of the tent, and one of the men wrapped himself, in a blanket, and crawled around behind our tent and pulled up a steak pin, and crawled into the tent. He purposely made a racket, Mother looked around, and saw him, and let into screaming and running, just as fast as she could go. Of course they all begin to laugh, and she saw the joke was on her.

Away in the night three or four men got up, one took the bell off the cow, another got some of the old chain harness and they rattled the wagons and chains, and cowbell and woke everyone in camp, and of course they thought that the Indians were stealing their horses. But soon found out before they got to shooting.

The next night we crossed the Red River, but, the cattle and one or two wagons, and some horses were still on the Territory side. The next morning, the bank had caved into the river, right where we had landed the night before. You see we had to cross on a Ferry Boat. So the Ferry man had to land the rest of our company at a different place. A hardware store, also caved off that same night.

Well what I have told you here lasted on till we finally got to the place we had started out for, Dublin, Erath County, Texas.

Daddy finally got a house to live in it was built of the roughest black jack logs, rough and knotty, just one room, and a little chimney and fireplace. But we were glad to get even that. It had no floor, only just the ground. Our bed steads, was quite a rude affair, with only on leg to them, and that was a black-jack pole cut with a fork, and stuck into the spaces between the logs in the walls of the cabin. Then poles cut and laid crosswise for slats. Ha Ha, Joe, do you want to be a pioneer? Some bed wasn't it? Can you imagine how nice and comfortable they were?

Well we were particularly proud of our cabin. Our table I believe, was a packing box, with poles nailed on for legs. Our lamp was a square brown bottle with a cork in and a hole thro the cork, a piece of rag into it and melted tallow. Sometimes the tallow was put in a saucer, and the rag propped on the edge. We got a wick and the top of an old brass lamp, and put it on the bottle, and finally got a bit of kerosene, and say, we thot we had the finest lamp of anyone. It was a marvelous invention, all right, but, we knew nothing whatever about coal oil.

Things I forgot to mention about our trip to Texas, was this, we always got enough flour and meat and coffee at one of the towns to last untill we got to the next. For you see there were no hamberger stands or fruit stands along the roads, like they are now.

So one of the men got his little sack of flour and as he was better off than some of us, he had a kinder lamp, that burned kerosene oil. Well he got a little bottle of kerosene and they had never tasted it and didn't know what it was like, they put the bottle in the box with the flour and groceries, the stopper came out and spilled the whole bottle of kerosene into the sack of flour. Well they thot they would still make biscuits and did, but again, I can't see why it didn't explode, for they baked it in an old dutch oven, with fire under, and fire on the lid, and the things were so yellow as could be. And you can imagine how they tasted. Well, they came to Mama, and wanted to borrow flour from her, and she let them have some and Lo, the next town was farther than they thot, or else the weather was so bad, they

didn't get there on time, and we all run out of flour, and then everybody had to eat kerosene biscuits, till it was all gone, but, as little as I was, I did without my bread, for I couldn't eat that. I had to throw mine away on the sly, to keep from getting a licking about wasting the bread. But I couldn't eat it. And I didn't eat it either.

My Father walked several days looking for work, he got there with 75 cents in his pocket, and no friends except the ones he went with, and they were looking for work too.

Finally a man said, I want two hundred rails made and, they agreed on the price and Papa told him he would start to work on them the next morning. And he did, and when he got them done, he went to the man and said, I have the rails made. He said, alright I'll pay you, Dad told him, no, he needn't pay till be counted the rails, so he counted them, and Papa had made two hundred and twenty seven, and came and gave Daddy his money and from that day on he could get work at reasonable prices.

Now I'll quit and mail this out and in my next I'll tell you of all the excitement we had while we stayed there. Let me know if you get this all right.

Grandmother

Well Joe, I'll try to write a little more this afternoon, but oh, its so hot, haven't had a good rain in a long time.

In my last story, we had got to Texas, on the long journey from Arkansas. We could go the same route in two days or perhaps less time. And we were on the road three months and twenty one days. If I remember correctly. I believe I told you in my last story that Papa only had seventy-five cents in his pocket when he got to Texas. And since he was an entire stranger, it was hard to get a job, or even a days work. But finally one man wanted a few fence posts or fence rails, maybe it was, I remember they had rail fences. When he got these done, he told the man to count them and he had made, I think twenty seven over what he was supposed to do.

And after that he never had any trouble getting work to do. And the country was new and land was rich and we had the finest crop that year.

The wild cattle run loose on the prairie, also wild horses, just thousands of each of them, and herds of buffalo, such great big herds of them.

Of course, it was pioneer days people were few, and lived far apart. Houses were rude affairs, we had no floors in our one room cabin built of logs, or I should say poles, for they were so small they chinked up the cracks with sticks, and daubed it with mud.

Say Joe, can you imagine living in a house like that? And as I remember, we had plenty of fresh air. The one window our cabin boasted, was about a foot square, with a strong wooden shutter.

The country was ruled by "Lynch Law". People called them mobs, as it happened my Father rented land from an old man named Landerrs, he had lived years before that at Russelville, Alabama. And one day he told my Mother where he came from, and she asked him ifhe knew Billie Gray? He said yes, I knew him well, and she said I am his daughter, and after that they were such good friends to Daddy and Mother.

The mob crowds got so bad while we lived there they had to send in the Texas Rangers, to try to quell the disturbance. And bring order out of such crime.

One particular night, I remember there were thirty men rode by our cabin on horses, the moon was shining brightly, my Father opened the door a wee bit, enough to peep through, and counted the horses and men, and heard a bit of their conversation, they were riding abreast. The road ran right along in front of the door, just a few steps away. One of the men said, shall we ride along in front of the house? The other said, no, we better not, for this man is a new comer here and we don't know how he stands with us.

One of our nearest neighbors were in the crowd, and his dog was along, and it came to the cabin door and stuck his nose in where Dad had it open, and sniffed a few times and Dad knew the dog, knew the men and the horse he rode, but he was afraid to tell it. But he was so anxious to know what happened, or what it meant. As we had only been there a few weeks so, he said, to Mr. Landers, there was a crowd riding from Stephenville quite late last night. He asked Dad a few questions and he answered all he could except telling the names of those he knew. Mr. Landers said, Cleveland, you keep a still tongue in your head, and speak to no one about their passing your place, for it was a mob, and you will hear of a murder in less than three days. Dad said, he would say nothing so it went on till about three o'clock that same afternoon, and he came to where Dad was ploughing and he said, what did I tell you? Dad said, you said, we would hear of a murder in less than three days. The old man said, well they killed a young man living about one and a half miles west of us last night, at about fifteen minutes after one o'clock. And Dad had seen the men at about one o'clock. He said they went to the door and knocked on the door, they wanted to talk to him, he had a grown brother, two grown sisters, a Father and a Mother. They begged and plead with him not to go out, but he went and his sisters, holding on to his arms, trying to keep him from opening the door, however he did and the brother was at the door too, when he opened the door there was a man on each side of the door, caught him by each arm and pulled him outside, the girls still clinging to him. But a third man shot him in the head, and he fell back, and his brains ran out into his sister's apron. The other man got loose and ran and they didn't get him, the man that was killed had a marriage license in his pocket, and was to have been married in a day or two, to a girl living somewhere not far away. And in a few weeks after he was killed this girl married one of the men, who was one of the thirty who, passed our house, that very memorable night. Everyone said he was a good man, only once in a while he drank a little more than was good for him.

Then there was one or two others who were killed and then the Rangers were brought in and stationed about half a mile from us on the prairie.

One man joined the mob just to get the dope on them so he could turn State Evidence on them. They always made the new member do the shooting. He went with them once, and when they said, shoot, he shot but didn't shoot to hit the man, so the other fellow shot and killed him and they suspicioused he was playing off, and got afraid he would tell and they began to try to get him out at night, he refused on one pretext and another and didn't go anymore. At this time they never shot a man in daylight, and seemed to be a cowardly lot. But finally they almost knew it was a certainty that he intended to turn in evidence on them, and they began hunting him in daylight. He found that out and he mounted his pony and started for Comanche, the county seat and he didn't dare to go the highway, so he threw down fence and rode through people's corn and wheat fields, and cotton. When he got to Comanche, he met some Rangers started out there, and he said, boys, wait till I go to the courthouse, and turn State Evidence, and I'll get another horse and go back with you, and he did.

He had the list of names belonging to the particular band, and he gave it to the Rangers, and several of them were people we knew. The Rangers caught a lot of them and took them to town and other men who were members went in and made bond for them, and got them out.

They stretched a big sea grass rope around in a circle, any man they caught, they put him inside the circle and guarded them for days, before, they took them to jail. One day a man by the name of Turnbull came to the camp, and he said, Captain, there is a man over here about half a mile who wants to

see you, and talk to you. The Ranger said alright tell him to come on up here and see me and he said, no, he don't want to come here, but wants you to come out there. The Ranger turned to one of his men and said, put this man inside of the rope and disarm him. And keep him till I come back and if you hear a gun shoot while I am gone just make a sifter bottom out of Mr. Turnbull. He rode off all alone to meet the man who was trying to lay a trap to kill him. But to his discomfort, he said, afterward, that he was scared stiff for fear some one would shoot just to get the Ranger to shoot him full of holes.

They caught a man one day near where we lived, and the man said, Mr. Ranger, that man who lives over there has the finest watermelons you ever saw. Lets go over and get some for Cleveland will give them us, and they came. And Dad gave them all they could eat and a sack for each of the to swing across the saddle with mellons in each end of the sacks, both men were horseback. I'll never forget that man for he was a jolly fellow and laughed and talked to Daddy all the while there.

After they caught all they could, they begin to look for anyone who knew anything about these killings. One young man whose name was Bill Ledbetter, had traveled with us from Arkansas to Texas, and he was a single man. I think he was courting one of my cousins, Margie Stamphill. And I imagine that is why he went on to Texas with the rest of us. And when he got there he hired out to a man and went to work and that man proved to be one of those mob men, and about two or three nights out of every week, he was gone on a murder. Or something, but Bill didn't know where he went, became curious, and decided to find out, one night another man rode up to this place where Bill worked and brot his wife along, they ate supper and after supper the two men said, they guessed they would to fox hunting, got their ponies, and rode off.

Bill decided he would find out where they went and what for, so he goes to bed early and his bed was in the kitchen, and the women set there and talked awhile. So Bill went to sleep, or so the women thot. For he snored something terrible, and one of them said, my don't Bill sleep sound? Just listen at him snore, the other said, yes he sure does. And Bill kept up the snores, and kept his ears open too. So they talked everything over about some man that would be shot that night, and they wondered just how he would feel when the mob men dragged him out the door. After a long while the men came in, and they told their wives of the killing, and Bill still snoring and still listening. Next morning the men said Bill, you aught to a went hunting with us, we had a lot of fun, and they kept trying to get him to go. But he never would, and when the other man turned States Evidence, he went and told the Law, what he knew, and asked to be protected by the law. So all the time while they were trying to convict those outlaws, they had to keep a guard for Bill. Sometimes he was in town and part of the time he was hired to a farmer with the consent of the law, and under the farmers protection.

One day when court convened Bill was to be at Commanche, at nine o'clock prompt, and they were to send an officer after him to guard him into town and he didn't come, so Bill said, he would get on his pony and go alone, for he didn't dare wait and be late in court, so he loaded two revolvers, and saddled his pony, and got on and put spurs on, so he could urge the pony to his best speed and he started. He met and passed the law, and didn't know him, as he was a different man to what had always come.

After he passed the law, he went a few miles and he saw men ride out into the road in front of him, yet he never slacked speed, but, took his bridle in his teeth and a gun in each hand and he leveled them on the two men and he shouted at them get out of my road, I'll shoot if you don't. so they put spurs to their horses and rode for dear life, and the first road that branched off they left the highway, and went in a cloud of dust without halting.

Bill went on and just as he rode into town the law who had gone for him had overtook him coming back, so he got to escort Bill to the courtroom at last.

The trial lasted on and on for sometime, but finally they convicted them. I have forgotten now if they hung them or sentenced them to life imprisonment. But I do know that they finally broke the terrible

band of Mob Men, and brot law and order out of the terrible events, that had been happening for so long.

My Daddy was subpoenaeaeed to go to court and swear whether he knew Bill Ledbetter, and if he believed Bill would tell the truth, and some of the mob men who knew my Daddy rubbed against him at the courthouse, and wouldn't speak to him, so my Mother was so afraid, they would kill Daddy, to keep him from going to court next time, and she begged him so hard to move back to Alabama. And they came back that fall, didn't even stay to gather the crops. They sold it in the field.

We were a long while coming back and so many things happened to us. My Great Grandmother was with us, my great Uncle and Aunt, and their three children.

We got back into Arkansas and Great mother Sullinger, got sick and we stopped over and got a little log cabin from a man named, Burgess, and we stayed there about three weeks. Grandmother died, and was buried there.

My oldest brother was homed there, and lived just one week and died and they buried him beside Grandmother. This was you Mother's Great-Great-Grandmother & your Great-Great-Great-Grandmother.

In one ofmy stories, I told you about my rag doll "Dinah", I called her. I buried her there with the help of my two cousins, we buried Dinah near or under a big Chingqepin tree, it was full of the little Chinqupiens. This was in October so you see our stay in Texas was not a long one, as we arrived there in January of 1877.

Joe, while I lived there in Erath county, Texas, little tho I were, I learned to keep my mouth shut about things I saw or heard, for when those "Mob People", got mad at a person it was just too bad for them, and my Mother told me I must not tell a thing I heard said, for fear they might kill my Daddy.

They did not make war on women and children, but it was the men they killed.

We never talked over things at night between ourselves, for fear of a possible evesdropper. I often heard my Mother say she and Father never talked about it at all until after they went to bed, and the one little feeble candle or tallow dip, was blown out. And then they talked only in whispers.

One night while we lived there, my Father got to dreaming, I think, I told you our beds were poles cut and drove into the dirt floor, and poles laid in the fork, and up into a crack in the wall of the cabin. Well Daddy dreamed he was going swimming, he jumped on the bed, standing up and swimming his arms ones or twice, and said, here we go in the loud tone of voice. Mama caught hold of his shirt, but he jumped out and hit the floor, kerplunk, nearly killed himself. Knocked on of his knuckles down, and it never was right again. The commotion waked me and I cried, I thot a mob had caught my Daddy, and was going to shoot him. Of course I was only small yet, but I sure shed many a tear, when I would be out playing all by myself, and I'd think maybe, they would shoot Daddy and I'd have no Father.

I tell you it sure hurt.

I remember too, there were a lot of snakes and centipedes. One day I remember real well, I was playing and going hunting, my little sister Tishey was little more than a year old, we had sticks for guns, and we pretended to shoot squire ls, up in top of the house. And Mother was sitting sewing, and over her head in the top of the house, a big centipede was swinging in a spider web, just caught by one foot, in the web. It was a big one too. I screamed to Mama to look and tried to pull her up, she got up from under it, got a pole climbed on the wonderful bed, and knocked it down on the dirt floor. I had a shovel of fire and threw on it, but it made its self crawl out, some what crippled. Mama threw more

fire on it, and by that time we had to leave the house for it gave out such a poisonous order, that it made us sick. We spent the rest of the day out under the trees.

One day we thot we would clean the yard, and we had leaves and grass burning, and looks in the North, and saw what we thot was a cloud, we had heard about Northerns, so my Mother said, come kiddies and lets get in some wood quick, we did and it was such a hot day, it looked queer to see us piling up wood, just great heaps of it ready to be burnt. But in about fifteen minutes, the wind was blowing about sixty miles an hour, and it was cold enough to freeze a lizzard off the roost. We made a roaring fire and in a few minutes Daddy came in and we were glad to see him, for we often heard of people :freezing to death.

This is all my paper, so I'll say goodbye for now, and write again soon.

(Note: Some of this is a repeat of what she already wrote, but in case a few details are added or different, I am including this also. LG)

I will now tell a little of our trip from Texas, back to Mississippi. After the Texas Rangers came out and camped for so long and caught so many of the men, they knew or thought they knew were guilty of murdering their neighbors. They began to look around and search for witnesses to try to prove them guilty of those deeds of lawlessness, and they naturally summoned my Father to go to court and swear whether he would believe the man Billy Ledbetter, on oath, since he had known him for so many years, and he had gone with the crowd from Arkansas, to Texas, so Papa, went and swore that he would believe him on oath or otherwise. And that made the mob men, as they were called, very mad at my Father, and while he was in Commanche, as a witness there were men who lived near us that would pass Father and rub elbows with him and not speak. It made my Mother very afraid, that they might kill him and, so she coaxed him to sell our crop in the field, and move back to Mississippi, which he finally did. And I am of the honest opinion that he would not have lasted long ifhe had stayed there, for I think, he was a marked man for their revenge, and for no other cause, except, the one above mentioned. So he sold the crop which by the way was one of the best crops he ever raised. For Erath County was a fine farming country.

At that time, the summer of l 878, we piled our little belongings in a covered wagon, and one bright sun shiney morning we started on the long drive back home. While the weather was good everything went pretty well.

I think some days we perhaps drove twenty or twenty five miles, and when the weather was bad we perhaps went from three to ten miles a day. Those days the towns, and cities, were few and far between. And we had to buy enough groceries and feed to do us and our teams for several days at a time. We started in August and we got away down in Arkansas by cooler weather. My Father's Grandmother, taken very ill a few days and died. And they buried her away down there among strangers, my Mother was very ill too, and my baby brother was horned there and only lived a week, and they laid him to rest by her side.

The peoples name was Burgess, who let us have the cabin, and they were very kind to us during our trouble. But I can't remember what county it was or what the post office was, but I do remember that my Mother wrote letters to Mrs. Burgess after we got to our stopping place.

We assed through Texarkana. We stayed in Oklahoma, one night and we run out of feed for the horses. The men tried to buy some om a man, but he wouldn't say a word, not a word one. He was a white man, but perhaps was part Indian for he wouldn't talk at all. There were two girls just as white and very pretty, but they wouldn't talk either. But by and by we saw an Indian dwelling just a log cabin, and the men started to go to the house and get them to come down to the road and talk to us, for we had never saw an Indian. They saw our wagons, and came running down to the road, just as anxious to see

us as we were to see them. The first one down spoke to us and did all the talking. They were indeed a queer looking people to us at that time. The one who talked could speak English fluently. The men asked her if they could shoot a deer or turkey in the Indian Territory, she said, oh yes, you may kill a deer or turkey in the Indian Territory, if you wish, but they didn't, they were afraid to you see. But it was no uncommon sight to see a deer walk into the road in front of the wagons, stop for a brief minute, and look at us, and walk on as tho they were not afraid of us.

I can remember the nearer we got home the keener we were to get there. And many were the letters we mailed on the road to tell the folks where we were and how we were. Many days the weather was so cold, we had to wrap quilts around us, and heat rocks to put to our feet, and Father walked most of the time to keep warm. It truly was a laborous journey, and we were so glad, oh so glad when we landed safely, and met the loved ones who had been waiting and watching for us. All those long tedious months, I believe it was just a few days till Xmas, when we got home.

In some ways it was a sad homecoming, for Papa's Father passed away and my Mother's sister had passed away, in the eight years we were gone. Much had happened to us and to them Fapa and mama had lost two children, the girl who died in Yell county, Arkansas, and the boy who died on our trip back. I can remember that as soon as we got there, too my Uncle, he came out and begin to help me out of the wagon and shook hands with Papa and Mama, and everyone laughing and talking at once, and Mama said, Brother, I can't get out, I want to see Pa before I sleep. Uncle just lifted her out and said, now He!\_ty, I'll have Father here in five minutes. You get out. He sent one child after Grandfather and Grandmother, and another one after Marna's only remaining own sister and sent horses for them to ride back on, and in a few minutes, Grandfather came in leaning on his cane, looking old and feeble. And when Auntie came and Marna seen them all together, she cried, and they said, Hetty aren't you glad to see us? She said, oh yes, oh so glad, I thot so many times I'd never see you again. Auntie said, I am too glad you are here, I don't feel like crying at all. I want to laugh and rejoice that you are here with us once more, and this ended our long drive.

It was on this long and tedious trip that I learned to drive horses. You see, I was only eight years old, but I liked horses and wanted to drive and sometimes, my Father turned the lines over to me. I'd drive for miles and miles, sometimes, Mother would drive for Daddy walked the biggest portion of the time. It made the load that much lighter for the team you see. I too, walked some, it was warmer walking. One day, Mama was driving, we came to a creek, it was just a little narrow place, there was a bridge, but it didn't look very good and we saw a nice wagon road that went around to a little ford, and it looked like it was perfectly safe.

Creek only about twelve or fifteen feet across so she being in the front, she decided to ford the little creek, and drove down into the water, and lo, it was deep and swift, and the water came up into the wagon, and we began to think the wagon box would wash away and us in it. Mother screamed and hollered woa to the horses. Father ran onto the bridge and yelled above the roar of the water to whip the team up a little, she did and we got out all right. But, I thought we wouldn't all right.

Some of the rivers we had to go on ferry boats, some over toll bridges. There were not so many of us together, and oftimes we were afraid to lie down and go to sleep, for fear we would be murdered in our beds.

One nite we camped on the bank of a river, and couldn't get over till morning, and there were lots of negroes everywhere and a big crowd passed our camp, and one said, to the rest, lets roll that wagon down the bank into the river. My Mother was awake, she called Daddy, and he got the gun and looked out from the tent flap, and watched them, but, they finally went on and didn't bother our wagon. I tell you we never slept that night, but a very little, and was glad when we saw daylight coming. I think, that was White River.



We, Shorty and I, have drove over much of that same road about five years ago, and we drove over more miles in six days than the folks did in four or five months there. And much of the things I could remember, the rivers and towns, and cities, and lots of things I remembered, also the first time Shorty and I went back to Mississippi, there were a lot of the road between Memphis, Tennessee and home, that I remembered very distinctly after all those long years from my childhood. Of course some of the ways seems like a dream, while others were very plain to me.

When we camped and put up our tent, Daddy cut pine boughs and spread them down to make the beds down to keep us off the cold or damp ground. We always built a big fire, with logs heaped up, where we were, where we could get it. But at times people wouldn't let us have it and the men would shell the corn off the cobs, and they would make a little fire out of the cobs, and manage to get a meal over that.

At times we could not get enough water to drink or cook with and would have to buy a jug full. I remember one day we saw a man with a big barrel on a cart, and some ponies hitched up to the cart and in big letters, on the cart, said, "Cold Spring Water", and the ponies were wet half up their sides also, the cart where they had driven into the river and filled their barrel with river water. But nevertheless, it sold like wild fire, for you could see the children coming from every direction and saying "Mr., my Mama wants a bucket of that water. I believe it was twenty five cents a bucket. Sometimes we would see towns and nearly all the houses were just walls, built up and tents on the walls for roofs, they looked so queer to us. Many people had no houses at all, and lived only in tents.

Now I'll quit and sent this to you.

Yes, you may have any part of my story published if you think it is worth it. I'll be only too glad.

Box 396

Yale, Oklahoma

June 18, 1930

Joseph Rhodes:

Dear Grandson, I was more than glad to get your nice long letter, and Shorty and I both enjoyed it. It sure is nice that you have all those papers telling of your family and I think it so queer that things work around in such a queer way, at times you said in your letter, that Austin Texas was named for one of your Father's family. Now listen Dear, your Mother's cousin William R. Boun s was a legislator, sent from Johnson County to Austin. I think in the year of 1894 or 1895. I can't exactly remember the year. And Oh, how I wish now that I had kept the letters he wrote to your Mother's Father. (Your Grandfather Hughes) He was a colonel, or something, in the Confederate Army, and got a honorable discharge at the close of the war. His letters were so nicely gotten up and I always liked to read them, when he wrote my husband.

I haven't started on the story of the other branch of the family yet. But I'll try to do so in the near future. Shorty is gone on a two weeks vacation, and I am staying here and visiting around a little.

I want to go see Dessie and homer a few days while he is gone.

I just surely enjoy writing these little bits of information out for you, and had I known I ever would have been asked to do this I could have got a lot of useful information for you from those older than myself. However, when I send you the story of the Cleve lands, I trust you will like it too, for I have

always loved our name and think it a lovely name, and an honorable one. And I have always felt it is second to none, for all that stands for honesty nobleness and truth.

I gained information on April 23, 1930, about Grover Cleveland, that makes me almost positively sure that he is related to us. I think a cousin or something like that. And his pictures were like our family a very high forehead, a nose very like our folks and a general resemblance I think.

I have a first cousin who is a county attorney of Itawauiba Co., Mississippi. I have a cousin who has lived in Washington D.C., for several years, and was a great factor in the Red Cross work during the world war. I have a cousin who is a wonderful DR. My Father's Father was a justice of peace for years and many cases were tried before him. One notable murder trial was conducted by him and I'll describe it to you, when I write the Cleveland history.

My oldest brother, Orlando Cleveland, was a spoke turner (wagon & buggy spokes). He was the champion of Mississippi as he made more spokes in one day than any other man in the state.

My Father was a fine carpenter and mechanic, and a hunter and I do think I can give you a pretty good history of our trip to Arkansas and Texas and back to Alabama.

And the many things that happened to us on that trip, and also I will put in a few comic sketches as they happened to us for all things have some amusing parts too.

I often sat at my Father's knee, and listened to him relating hunting stories in which he took an important part. And the game that he killed was many and varied. I have eat of Deer, Turkey, Bear, Buffalo, Raccoon, and Opposum, didn't like that very much, prarie chicken, wild geese, ducks pidgeons, quail squirreles and all kinds of fish and I suppose there are many other things I have forgotten.

I'll send you a story in a few days. Glad you liked the other.

Write too.

Grandma

I am sending you this clipping from a paper. "Missing Link". The horse family is found in Idaho. You will see one paragraph about a mustang, I have seen thousands of them in Texas, and sometimes, they were caught and broken to ride, or work they were a tough little animal and could endure a lot of hardship, go on long trips, and when broken they sure had lots of sense. Almost acting human sometimes, some were pretty, others had a wild animal look.

Write soon.

### 1920 United States Federal Census

Name: Esther E Hughes  
Home in 1920: Clarkson, Payne, Oklahoma  
Age: 49 years  
Estimated birth year: abt 1871  
Birthplace: Alabama  
Relation to Head of House: Head  
Father's Birth Place: Alabama  
Mother's Birth Place: Mississippi  
Marital Status: Widow  
Race: White  
Sex: Female  
Home owned: Rent  
Able to read: Yes Able to Write: Yes  
Image: 617  
Neighbors: View others on page

Household Memvbers Name: Age  
Esther E Hughes 49  
Dessie M Hughes 19  
Lilie G Hughes 16

### 1910 United States Federal Census

Name: Esther E Hughes  
Age: 39 years  
Estimated birth year: abt 1871  
Birthplace: Alabama  
Relation to Head of House: Head  
Father's Birth Place: Alabama  
Mother's Birth Place: Mississippi  
Home in 1910: Clarkson, Payne, Oklahoma  
Marital Status: Widowed  
Race: White  
Gender: Female  
Home owned: Rent  
Neighbors: View others on page

Household Members Name: Age  
Esther Hughes 39  
Mimmie Hughes 17  
Ciers Hughes 15  
Fannie Hughes 12  
Dessie Hughes 9  
Lilie Hughes 6