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October 1996

The Legacy

Preserving family histories

The Swedish Cowboy

The Genealogy Forum

Minnie Pearl

Tribute to a Legend

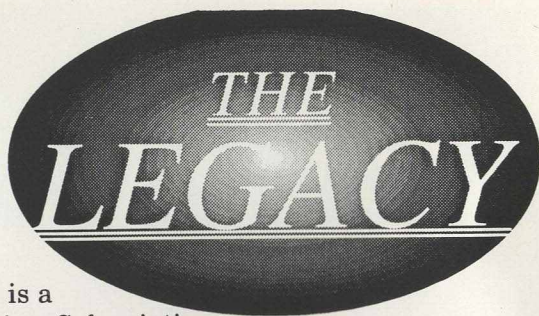
Angels
And
Other
Visitors



A Glance at the Past

Remember the Old Outhouse ?

Read this months "Storyteller".



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Editor-in-Chief:
Franklin T. Wike

Executive Editor:
Marilyn Wells, Ed.D.

Managing Editor:
Martha Wells

Senior Editor:
Melinda Long

Editor-at-Large:
E. Valerie Hewitt

Assistant Editor:
Morgan A. Jarema

Marketing Director:
Tom Knapp

Dear Legacy,

I got my copies today! I wanted to jump up and shout! It's just wonderful. I enjoyed every story.

I loved the poem about Grandma's Kitchen Table. It reminded me so much of my own grandmother because we always congregated around the table for everything.

Your Garage Sale story was terrific also. I would have loved meeting that gentleman.

We're looking forward to next month's issue. When is it coming out?

Best wishes,
Melinda >>

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Wagon Wheel: Original Painting by Pat Rains

The Old Outhouse: Original Painting by Erma Brixey

Letter from the Editor

I was traveling through Oklahoma recently and decided to interview a couple of elderly people while I was there. In order to double check some of the facts and names that they mentioned, I looked through some history books at one of the local libraries. As I was paging through the history books, I began to think about a few things relative to the passing of time.

Oklahoma City is as modern as any other city in this country. America On Line recently opened up some new offices there. There are tall office buildings, freeways, up-to-date medical centers, and everything else you find in a modern city in this country. Yet as I looked through the history books, I realized that it has only been 107 years since the federal government opened the area up and allowed settlers to move into it. One hundred and seven years is not really that long a time. In fact, there are people still living in this country today that were born before the white man was allowed to homestead in Oklahoma.

As I was reading about the great land run of 1889, I was amazed to find out that crowds in excess of 10,000 people were waiting in just one town to cross into the new land. After the Land Run started at noon, from six to ten train loads of settlers, with 1,000 settlers in each train, arrived in the new towns within a few hours.

The settling of Oklahoma is an interesting part of our national history, but besides making me think about the past, it also makes me wonder about the future. This country is only 220 years old. If it was so crowded after the first 113 years that 10,000 people could show up in one brand new town in a matter of hours, where will all of the people go in the next 100 years?

We are about to enter into the 21st century. This century has brought us electricity, space travel, computers and an end to free land for homesteaders. How can we prepare our grandchildren for the future, unless we teach them to appreciate how we arrived at the present?

Take a little time out of your schedule and sit down with your children and grandchildren. Share not only the stories of your life and your parents' lives with them, but also the history of our country. It is all a part of their heritage and the legacy which we can leave with them.

While you are talking with your children, you might even consider using a tape recorder or video camera to record your conversations as future reminders to them of their heritage. If you do tape your conversations, I would like to encourage you to send a copy of it to us for publication.

Franklin J. Wike



Leaving your Fingerprints on the Future

By Marilyn Wells, Ed. D.

Day-to-day living is exciting and something that I don't take for granted. Three years ago I was told to get things in order because my chances for living didn't look good. Being told that you have a type of cancer that often replicates itself in the other side of your body and is, therefore, very likely to spread, is a moment you never forget. Because of that experience I learned, not only to deal with life's realities, but also to grow and experience each moment of each day as if it were my last. By using the technique that I am going to explain, not only could I deal with the present situation, but in the process I could also leave a legacy to my family and friends so they might know the feelings, thoughts, fears, and dreams I was experiencing. I felt using this technique was a magical experience for me because, not only did I learn to stop fighting and trying to control people and things in my life, but I also learned to truly enjoy and

experience each moment.

This magic seems so simple. What makes it difficult is taking the time to just do it! What I am talking about is **writing**. Some people call it recording in a journal, some call it writing an autobiography, some call it writing in their diary. I call it magic! Magic because a single writing can touch strangers, help families become functional, even bring understanding where none existed before. It is magic because a situation that seems so simple and mundane or routine at the moment that it is occurring is to future generations a story that is fascinating, amazing, and unbelievable. Another way that writing down your experiences becomes magical is by generating a special closeness between the reader and the writer. So how would you go about developing a style that will reach out to others?

The technique that I used is one that will allow others to see and feel the moments you've experienced. It is so simple, yet it

can make a significant difference in the impact that your writing will have on the reader.

There are two aspects of my technique: 1) Describe the moment as if you were an observer standing outside and looking through a window or describe the moment from the viewpoint of a bird high in the sky watching it. Be as objective as you can be. Use descriptive words to include color, size, weather, placement, names of objects, sequence of events, etc. If you try to describe the moment so that a person walking down the sidewalk would write the same words, then you've got it! Write from your head, ears, nose, and eyes.

2) Feel the moment. This is the time to describe your emotions and what you were feeling during the experience. This part of writing is totally subjective. Ponder the experience for awhile. You may want to daydream about it a little. Explain any fears, concerns or

thoughts that you had while you were experiencing the situation you are writing about. You may wish to consider how the situation you are writing about relates to past or future moments. Write from your heart and listen to your "gut feeling" about the situation that you are describing.

Every experience has two facets, the cognitive and the emotional. A story about a "lived moment or experience" will be able to touch others and stay in their memories if it includes both aspects.

Leaving a legacy doesn't simply have to be through the written word; there are many ways to leave a part of yourself to future generations, including hobbies, art, objects, etc. I believe the magic of memories is the most precious and irreplaceable gift you can give to someone. Each person on this earth is unique and special. Leave your fingerprint on the future by making a little magic today. >>

Strange Name

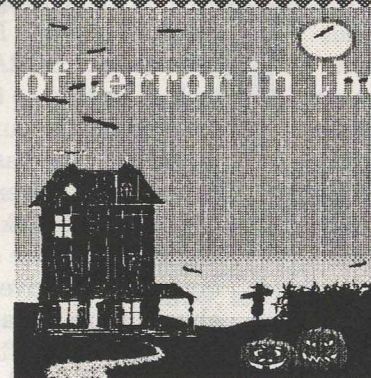
In researching my Seay line, I came across this story about one of my uncles. His first name is Eule, which is pronounced, "you'll." Put that together with his last name which is pronounced, "see," and what you have is "you'll see." It seems that one time, back in the 1920's or '30's, he was stopped by a police officer who asked him his name. When he responded Eule Seay, the officer, who thought my uncle was being evasive, responded, "You're right, I will see! I'll see you in jail." The misunderstanding was cleared up later when he showed his identification to the officer.

Kate Holgate
Sarasota, FL

Halloween Special

A story of terror in the night

by
Melinda B. Long



My Greatest Fear

when I was 12 years old was going near a closed window at night. I was certain that one evening I would hear a tap on the window, and pressing my face to the glass in order to see out into the darkness, I would find myself staring at some horror with sharp claws and teeth, drool and blood running from the corner of its mouth, its only intent to make me into its next meal. Or worse yet, I would see the face of a maniacal killer, ax in hand, ready to separate my head from the rest of me.

After all, I knew what sort of monsters dwelt beneath closed windows at night. I watched "Shock Theater" every Saturday. I read every "True Terror" comic book. I knew about the wolf man, Dracula, Frankenstein, and the most horrible of all, the psychopathic murderer who victimized the unsuspecting.

There dwelt in my mind an

indelible image of Joan Crawford as the ax murderess, her eyes glazed, her face contorted, her ax raised above her head. The thought of it caused me to keep the lights in my room blazing at night and to avoid windows at all costs.

Then one night, it happened. It was past midnight one Saturday night. I lay in bed, wide awake, reading. I don't remember what I was reading, only that it wasn't conducive to sleeping. I wasn't planning to get a whole lot of sleep anyway because the "Shock Theater" episode that day had involved a homicidal babysitter and a very large knife. Everyone else in the house was already sound asleep when I heard it....scratching.... scratching at my bedroom window.

I pulled the covers up tight around my neck and held my breath. I waited. Nothing. I

Halloween Special

began to feel very foolish. As I released the covers and reached for my book, I heard it again...SCRATCH!

I pulled the covers up once again and prayed. "Oh please, God, let it be a branch or something!" (I was a good Baptist girl and they told us in Sunday School that if you prayed for something the right way, it would happen.) But just in case that didn't work, I jumped out of bed and ran into the hall, slamming my bedroom door behind me.

Once in the hallway, I had a decision to make. Should I try to wake my mother or my brother, Mark? If I chose to wake my mother, I risked also waking my father, who would, without a doubt, give me lecture number 212, about being too old to believe in ghosts, ghouls, etc.

I went to my brother's door and knocked, timidly at first, and then a little louder. "Mark...Mark, there's something outside my window," I whispered through the door. When I got no answer, I carefully opened the door and stepped in, almost falling over Mark's eight-track tape player. "Mark, are you awake?" I heard a grumble from the bed...a sign of life. "Mark, please come look. There's something out there. I heard it."

Something round flew past my head and slammed against the wall behind me. I was pretty sure Mark wasn't going to help so I

left.

I knew that it was up to me. I went back into my room and found my Louisville Slugger in the closet. I waited. Maybe it had gone away....SCRATCH....No such luck. I tiptoed to the window and reached for the curtain.

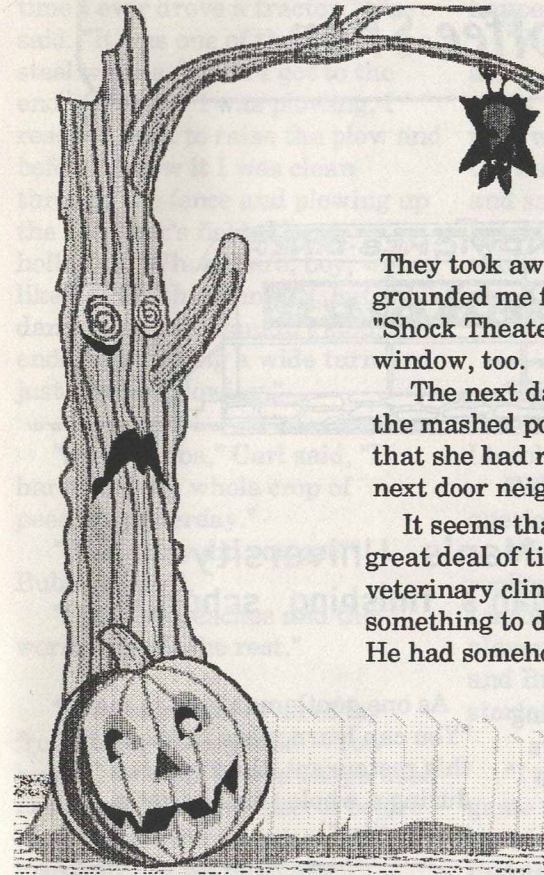
WAIT! The baseball bat would be useless if it were one of the UNDEAD! I walked to my dresser and retrieved the crucifix necklace my uncle had given me, the one I always wore in basketball games. I held it in my left hand and kept the bat in my right. I was ready. I crept toward the window once again, afraid to make a sound. I grasped the curtain and slowly began to pull it back. Then a revelation hit me. It was dark outside and light in my room. If I were to open the curtain now, whatever was out there would see me, but I wouldn't be able to see it.

I did the bravest thing yet. I reached for the light switch. With the room dark, I headed, once again, for the window.

Gathering all my courage, I jerked back the curtain. My greatest fears were realized.

Staring at me through the glass were hideous yellow eyes, sharp claws and enormous fangs.

I screamed and my Louisville Slugger, taking on a life of its own, crashed through the window.



Whatever was outside made a somewhat pitiful squeal and left.

I turned around in time to see my parents and brother standing in my doorway, their mouths open in complete dismay.

They took away my Louisville Slugger and grounded me from watching any more "Shock Theater". I had to pay for the window, too.

The next day at lunch, while passing the mashed potatoes, Mama mentioned that she had run into Mrs. Huffman, our next door neighbor.

It seems that the Huffmans had spent a great deal of time at the emergency veterinary clinic Saturday night. It had something to do with their kitten, Fluffy. He had somehow gotten some broken glass embedded in his fur. Go figure.

Fluffy proved to be quite the homebody after that. As for me, I still enjoy a scary movie from time to time, but I'm an adult now and I

no longer cringe at the thought of a dark window. Now if I hear a sound outside my window at night, I hand the baseball bat to my husband and let him handle it. >>

In a Hurry.

I was doing genealogy research long before my children were even thought of, so they've seen their share of cemeteries. Recently when the state of Texas raised the speed limit to 70 mph I overheard my son say, "Great, now Mom can get to the graveyard faster."

**Dana Thomas
Hughes Springs, Texas**

The Coffee Shop

By David Hostetter



The Poor Man's University (or the wise man's finishing school).

[As an over-the-road truck driver, I spent 20 years traveling across this great country of ours and there are two things I have learned.

Every town in the United States has one special place. I am talking about a restaurant "de jour." It's not a fancy, formal or elegant place. It can be an all night coffee shop or an early morning place where the locals stop and meet for conversation while having breakfast every morning before going to work.

The second thing I have learned is that if you listen closely, you can learn more about life, humor and the pursuit of happiness in that restaurant than you can anywhere else.

As one gentleman said to me ,
"You can learn more in one day at this restaurant, than you can during a whole semester at a university."]

Comments overheard at the country cafe, the poor man's university (or the wise man's finishing school):

Bill came walking into the cafe one morning and as he sat down to join his friends, he asked, "Did you notice they moved the curb at the edge of the parking lot last night?"

Tom looked at Bill and replied, "No, they didn't move it."

"Sure did," Bill said. "I drove clean up over it, before I realized it had been moved."

"That reminds me of the first time I ever drove a tractor," Steve said. "It was one of those with the steel wheels. When I got to the end of the row I was plowing, I reached back to raise the plow and before I knew it I was clean through the fence and plowing up the neighbor's field. I kept hollering, 'Whoa there, boy, whoa,' like I did with my mules, but the dang thing just wouldn't stop, so I ended up making a wide turn and just kept on plowing."

"Hey, Bubba," Carl said, "I harvested my whole crop of peaches yesterday."

"How many did you get?" Bubba replied.

"I got five peaches and the worms got all the rest."

"I've got borers in all of my fruit trees," Henry said. "You know, I wonder how grandpa used to control all of the insects before they had all the chemicals and insect sprays we have now?"

"I don't know," Bill said, "But I was going down the highway some time ago and I saw this big orchard and I noticed that all of their trees were down. I thought that maybe a tornado had hit it, but I found out later that the trees had a disease and they pulled them all up, roots and all, to keep the disease from spreading to the adjoining orchards," Bill said.

"Did you all hear about old Barney and Leroy losing their jobs?" Carl asked.

"No, I hadn't heard. What happened?" Tom questioned.

"Well those two always got along about like a mongoose and cobra. Finally their boss told them they were going to have to bury the hatchet. Well, Leroy spoke up and said that if he buried the hatchet, it would be in Barney's skull. Since they just couldn't get along, the boss fired them both."

"Did you all hear 'bout the shootin' at the poker game over in Lincoln county?" Fred asked.

"Why? What happened?" queried Tom.

"Nothing special," Steve replied. "Just an ordinary day for Lincoln county. A couple of poker players thought they were Bart and Bret Maverick and they started shooting up the place."

"I remember when a poker game at the American Legion over in the next county was robbed. One of the people involved was a law enforcement officer and he came up missing after that happened," Eric commented.

"Well now, that reminds me," said Carl. "When I was a kid, I used to sweep the streets early in the morning while they were empty. One morning there were a bunch of cars still parked in front of this one bar. It wasn't long until I noticed three or four patrol cars come up. The police and highway patrol went in and a few minutes later they came out with

Finishing School

the mayor, the owner of the lumber yard and six or seven other prominent citizens. This one old boy was just throwing a fit. He said that it was bad enough that he had been losing all night, but just when he finally won his first hand of the night, they had to come in and take all of the winnings."

"Hey, Tom," Bill said. "I was driving by your place yesterday and saw you out in your garden. What were you doing?"

"I was pollinating my pumpkins," Tom replied. "Since so many of the bees have been dying off, there haven't been enough around to pollinate the pumpkins for me, so I took a cotton swab and transferred pollen from the male to the female blossoms."

"Well, how do you tell a male from a female blossom?" Bill asked.

"That's easy," Tom said. "The male and female blossoms both grow on the same vine, but the male has a stem that is about a foot long and the female only has a stem that is about three or four inches long. Inside the male blossom there is a yellow stamen about half the size of the tip of your little finger, while the female blossom has a yellow stigma. The only problem is that the female

only opens up for one day, so you have to be ready for it."

"Well, it sounds like the sex lives of pumpkins and humans have quite a bit in common," Steve said.

"I am not going to comment on that one," Bob replied. "I am happily married. Besides, my wife is sitting at the next table visiting with some of her friends and according to the look she just gave me, I think it is time to go."

"I used to think I was happily married," Bill said. "But when I told my wife I wanted to celebrate my 50th wedding anniversary, she wouldn't let me."

"Why not?" Tom asked.

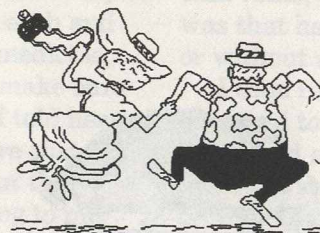
"I don't know," Bill said. "I told her that I felt I deserved to celebrate 50 years of marriage, especially since I was married to my first wife for 41 years and I have been married to her for another nine."

"Hey, Walt," Chuck said. "You're a fisherman. I've got a question for you. Which would be better: to give a man a fish, or to teach him to fish?"

"To teach him to fish, because if you give him fish, he will eat for one day, but if you can teach him to fish, he can sit around and drink beer all day," Walt replied.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

By Kay Franklin



It's hard to believe that I'm actually attending the final course of my plan of study for this doctoral program in Education Administration. It is October, 1993. I'm driving to my class, "Legal Issues in the Public School System," when I glance in my rearview mirror and AAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRGGGGGG GHHHHHHH! ALL OF MY EYELASHES HAVE FALLEN OUT!!!!!! This comes as such a shock to me. I look like a stand-in for the next "Alien" sequel. The oncologist warned me about the side effects of chemotherapy and urged me to get a wig, but no one ever said anything about my eyelashes falling out!

Well, I certainly can't go to class without eyelashes! During a quick stop at a beauty supply store, the saleslady instructs me in a mini-course called "Applying False Eyelashes 101."

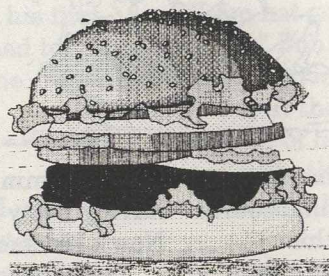
I am surprised to learn that there are several eyelash lengths, ranging from super short and functional to extra long and dramatic.

Hmmmmmm I've dreamed of having Betty Davis eyes. Wow. Now I have my chance!

I've always considered myself a fairly quick learner, but I've finally met my match. First of all, too much glue creates a vision impairment that is also known as blindness, which is now the state of my right eye. Okay, I won't use as much glue on the next eye... Now, I have what looks like long spider's legs hanging down right in front of my left eye... Well, it's time for class, and I think that since no one has noticed my wig, surely no one will notice my false eyelashes.

I only bump into the door, the wall, and two desks as I make my way to my seat. You would think that a group of school administrators would be more reserved in their reaction to seeing a lady flutter her eyelashes. At least I am not the only one with tears of laughter streaming from her eyes! Maybe I should have gone for the Janet Reno look instead. >>

The Sandwich Generation



Dear Sunshine,

As I read your column about the "sandwich generation", I started thinking about two of the most memorable experiences in my life. The first one occurred when my son Shane was one year old. We had a large German shepherd at the time and Shane was crawling around on the floor chasing him. When he got the dog into a corner, it simply opened its mouth and placed it over my son's head. Fortunately the dog did not close his mouth. However, it scared my son and when Shane jerked his head out, one of the shepherd's large teeth put a really deep gouge in Shane's head.

We took him to the hospital and while the doctor was putting stitches into the top of Shane's head and he was screaming due

to the fear and pain, Shane looked up at me. As his father, I felt as if I should help him and protect him from the pain, but I was totally unprepared for an event such as this one. I felt weak, because, for all of my masculine strength, there was nothing that I could physically do to help him as he looked at me and cried out for my help. That was the first time in my life that I ever felt totally helpless as someone I loved looked to me for help.

The second event happened years later and it involved my mother. Her health had been going downhill due to diabetes and several strokes. Finally it got to the point that it was not safe for her to be living alone, so I moved her into my house. Things were really tough on her, because it was hard for her to let her child take over the decisions and

responsibilities, and it was difficult for me because this was no longer the strong independent woman that had raised me. It felt strange for me to have, not only to remind her four times each and every day to take her medicine, but also to watch and make sure that she took it when I told her to. I even had to make sure that she didn't forget to eat. But the hardest part was having to put her back into the hospital after another minor stroke.

In the hospital, they ran some tests on her by putting some dye into her veins to check for blocked arteries. After the test was completed, the doctor asked me to come into a viewing room and look at some pictures of her veins on a monitor. I could handle that part, but I didn't know that my mother would still be strapped to a table in the next room where I could see her. The problem started when they tried to take the tubes out of her and she started screaming because of the fear and pain.

Having to sit there and watch as my own mother was twisting and turning and crying out in pain, was too much for me.

Then to top all of this off, the doctor proceeded to tell me about all of the complications she was having due to her blocked arteries, thin veins, etc. The bottom line was that her life was at risk with or without an operation.

I then realized that I was not prepared to make THE decision that could affect her life. I had to leave the room and I called my brother that lived out-of-state and requested that he come down so we could make the decision together.

Fortunately (at least for me), the doctors decided that it would be too risky to operate on her and, instead, gave her medication to reduce the blockages.

The emotions that stirred in me that day were overwhelming. I was glad to find out later that she did not even remember being on the table, but that does not change how helpless I felt when I saw her crying out on that table or how scared I felt at the possibility of having to make a life-and-death decision with which I would have to live for the rest of my life.

That was over a year ago. She is back at home now and doing much better. I know that someday she will leave and I am prepared for that. However, I do not know if I will ever be prepared for the feelings of helplessness when she is in pain, or for the fear of making a wrong decision.

I am not married. Trying to take care of my mother, my son and my job all at the same time, without anyone to talk to, makes

The Sandwich Generation

it very difficult at times. I am so glad that you have started a column where we of the "sandwich generation" can share our feelings, fears and doubts with others who understand.

Signed
Tom K.

Dear Tom:

By writing to us and sharing your experiences, you have helped yourself. None of us can REALLY do much in circumstances like yours, except listen to each other's concerns and talk through our pain. Keeping it inside doesn't work very well. To me, that's like blowing all that pain and hurt into a balloon. Sooner or later it will burst. Telling others how you feel helps by letting some of the air out of that balloon.

I bet you felt better writing your letter. I hope so. I was touched by it, and I think I understand how you feel as well as anyone who wasn't there can. Thank you for sharing it with us.

That's why we here at "The Legacy" thought "The Sandwich Generation" was important. We want to let others know that none of us are alone. Throughout our

lives we have all had some very scary, very nasty decisions to make. We are the only ones who can make those decisions. Letting others see the pain and hear us cry, helps. I understand what you have experienced. Many of us do. Taking care of others, whether they are our children or our parents or some one else close to us, is a difficult thing. Only those who also do this can understand the pain we feel, as well as understand the frustration and the funny things, too.

Many of you reading this have been in situations similar to Tom's. Many of you have been in situations that were problems at one time, but now you laugh about them.

Let us know what your situations are, so we can ALL share in being children, parents, husbands, wives and friends.

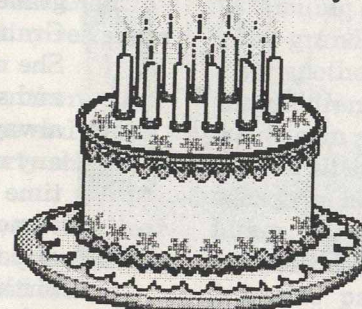
Sunshine >>

Send your
letters to
"The Legacy",
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Perkins. Ok.
74059.

We reserve the
right to edit
letters for
reasons of space
and grammar.

The Storyteller

By Melinda Long



Alpha's Birthday

When Alpha Ree Huskey Brown (my mother) was a child, there were no VCRs or boom boxes...no computers or handheld calculators. When she turned on a light in a room, she had to reach for a piece of string attached to the light socket. To this day, the house still has no wall switches.

One other feature that was very obviously missing from the Huskey household was indoor plumbing. To my great relief, they did add a bathroom around 1972, when I was 12.

At that time, however, when Alpha was little, a call of nature meant running out to a small wooden structure about a hundred yards from the house. It was built over a deep hole in the ground and held a very necessary seat, directly over the hole. Toilet paper was a luxury not often seen. The Sears and Roebuck catalog served the purpose nicely. It also

provided reading material.

The outhouse was a simple fact of life that Alpha never felt the need to complain about.

Unfortunately, her life was complicated by the presence of a very ill-tempered bantam rooster by the name of Dominaker.

Dominaker was, by nature, rude and generally nasty. He was, however, especially mean whenever he saw five year old Alpha. Whenever Alpha headed to the out-house, she watched for Dominaker. If he happened to spot little Alpha, he would flap his wings and make all sorts of awful squawking noises while he chased her, at full speed, through the yard. Alpha learned to be a fast runner, but when he did occasionally catch her, he would grab her leg with his sharp claws, flog her unmercifully with his wings and peck her with his beak

Storyteller

until she ran crying for help. Her mama, Stella, or one of her older brothers, Farrell or Leonard, always ended up rescuing her.

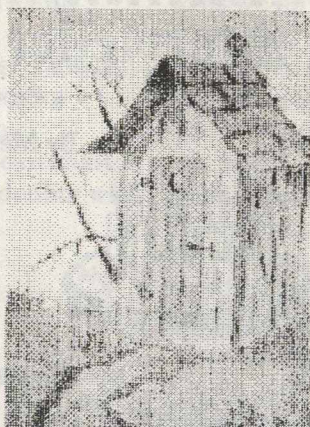
Alpha prayed for the day that Dominaker would be served up with gravy and biscuits.

One day Alpha peeked around the corner and seeing no sign of Dominaker, ran for the outhouse. He came out of nowhere, ready to pounce on his victim. Luckily, Alpha was too fast for him. She ran into the outhouse, slamming the door behind her.

But Dominaker was willing to wait. Through a crack in the door, Alpha could see him standing there so she sat down to wait. It wasn't long before she fell asleep.

Two hours later, Alpha's daddy, Lee, her mama, her sister, Alice, and her two older brothers, along with three neighbors, were all outside trying to find Alpha. They searched every nook and cranny of the house and barn and every row of the garden. If Leonard hadn't needed to make use of the outhouse, they might have searched all night.

The next day, Farrell tied a bell



around Dominaker's neck so that Alpha could hear him coming.

Alpha loved first grade at Mayo Grammar School. She met new friends and she wasn't always the youngest any more. By the time her birthday came along, she had already gone to two birthday parties and

more than anything else, she wanted to have her own party with a cake and presents. Alpha's birthday was February 12, the same as Honest Abe Lincoln. That particular year, it fell on a Saturday. On Friday, the eleventh, Alpha invited all of her friends to her house the next day for her party.

There was only one problem with this plan.

Alpha forgot to mention it to her mama. Stella had been out of state in North Carolina all week taking care of her own mother, who had been very sick. When she returned home on Saturday morning, she found the house a mess. That was when Alpha told her that 20 first graders were coming to the house right after lunch for a birthday party.

Any other parent might have gone through the roof, but not Stella. She started out by cleaning up the week's worth of dirt left by her husband and four children in her absence. That

was not an easy task.

When everything was neat and clean, she began to sift flour for a cake. When it was cooked and cooled, she melted chocolate to drizzle over the top and then finished it off with tiny red sugar hearts.

Every first grader there was made to feel welcome and Alpha had the birthday party she had always wanted.

Earlier this year, my five year old son had a birthday party including ten assorted four to eight year olds. I was very happy to see my parents walk in with

Grandma Stella. (My kids call her G-Granny.) She's 93 years old and doesn't get around as well as she used to, but she sat down and ate cake and ice cream with the rest of us, smiling as she watched her great-grandson open one present after another. Every time one of the children went near her, they would grin at the sweet, frail old woman sitting there, and with each grin, her own smile grew larger. Maybe those children reminded her of that special "surprise" party she gave for her daughter so many years ago. <<

Wedding Invitation

While looking through some old records of marriages, I had to stop when the following marriage caught my eye. When Abraham Broom, who was born August 23, 1701, married Jane Pitchfork, born around 1680, I wonder if they sent out wedding invitations inviting people to the Broom and Pitchfork wedding?

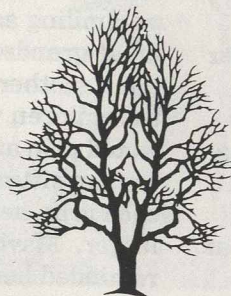
**Forest (Jack) Horner
Schuyler NE**

GENEALOGIST STEW

Take one curious beginner,
One age discrepancy,
One unavoidable microfisch and
One census record written in "disappearing ink".
Fold in one ton of correspondence.
Simmer while awaiting answers.
That's enough to make any
Genealogist Stew!

**Betty Ashton,
Woodland Park, CO**

The Genealogy Forum



Picture of me/120 years ago!

My parents were touring Paris one time and stumbled on an Hubert Museum. My maiden name is Hubert, so of course they had to tour it. While walking through the museum, my father turned a corner and stopped dead in his tracks. There was a picture of me painted between 1870 and 1890 by a man with my maiden name. This portrait did not just resemble me. It is me. I have written the museum for more information about the painting, but have received no response. The name of the picture translated to something close to "Street Person" in English. I think it is "Le Jeun(something)", but my parents can't remember the precise title.

If you have any information on this artist or this picture, please contact "The Legacy"

Trish McKnight
Houston, TX

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We would like to receive genealogical information involving the following family names:

Headley, Caldwell, Matzen, Snyder, Allen, Arnold, Beckett, Bethea, Blair, Bollender, Bostick, Brock, Bryan, Burnett, Buxton, Carman, Child, Coe, Corbin, Creel, Cruson, Dreese, Earl(e), Enochs, Glass, Gornto, Goss, Green, Gully(e), Haas, Hall, Holgate, Houser, Howard, Jaggar, Jarrott, Jones, Joyce, Kauffman, Lawton, Licata, Lock, Lovett, Lyon, Manship, Mayfield, Mayor, McConnell, McRill, Mertins, Metcalf, Peak, Prudden, Seay, Smith, Specht, Steele, Stetler, Stewart, Stoberats, Swartz, Tucker, Walter, Walters, Warner and Westcott.

We are also interested in receiving information on the families of Charles Henry Guerin from New Jersey and George Washington Toms and/or Davis from Virginia.

Please mail all replies to
The Legacy, P.O. Box 201,
Perkins, OK 74059 or e-mail
them to A Legacy@aol.com.

Angels and Other Visitors



Sabina

My three year-old granddaughter was with me when I found my great-grandparent's graves in an old cemetery. My granddaughter looked at me strangely as I told her about her relatives that were buried there. When we got home she told her mother about her great-great-great-grandmother and called her by her name, Sabina. My granddaughter said she saw Sabina standing next to me in the cemetery and that Sabina had something in her mouth and was trying to tell her something. The little girl also said that Sabina's hair was on top of her head in a bun. I had never told my granddaughter my great-grandmother's name and was surprised that she knew it. Since we do not have a picture of Sabina, I asked my uncle to describe her and he said the only thing he

remembered was that she wore her hair in a bun. We have also found out that she died from intestinal cancer. I wonder if this is why she couldn't talk?
Cathy Sheehan
Oak Lawn, IL

Lipstick Kiss

My grandmother died in Wisconsin when I was seven years old. We were living in South Carolina, so we could not be with her when she died. The night she died, I was in my bed and looked up to see her standing beside it. She sat down on my bed and started stroking my hair. She always liked to do this because it was long and curly. She then told me that she was going to be with my grandfather and wouldn't get to see me again for a long time. She told me not to worry, though, because she would always be with

Genealogy....Angels

me to protect me.

She then leaned down and kissed me on the cheek and told me she loved me. Then she was gone. I called my mama and when she came into the room I had a lipstick kiss on my cheek in the same color that my grandmother used. My mama has never been able to explain that. This happened over 30 years ago.

Margaret Tunison Moody
West Columbia, SC

A Big Girl

I shared a bedroom with my grandmother Charlotte Mae (Kendall) Swartz when I was a little girl. When I was about seven years old, she was sent to the hospital. I had not been sleeping well while she was in the hospital because I had never been alone before. Then one night my grandmother came and stood in the doorway and said I would have to be a big girl now and share that room with my little sister. When she left me I called out for her and my mother came to me. My mother told me the next day that my grandmother had died that night.

Theresa Schrufer Tall
Baltimore, MD

Grandma's Pictures

After my grandma's death, I had a dream in which she told me, "If you want to find more things look in the ceiling." My dream was about the kitchen ceiling in

her house. However, there is no way to get into that ceiling. I wasn't sure what to do. One day when my parents were at the house, my dad lifted up a drop-ceiling tile in the room behind the kitchen and down fell two old photos. That really freaked my dad out. Apparently my grandma wanted to make sure her old pictures remained in our family. **Mrs. Bev (Poorman) Albert**
Auburn, PA.

Two Rabbits

After my great-grandmother's first husband joined the army in Texas in 1861 she never saw him again. When he had been gone two years she had a dream one night about opening the door and seeing two rabbits on the doorstep. They hopped away as she watched and when she looked up the road after the rabbits, there was Tom coming home. Of course she looked out next morning and there WERE two rabbits on her doorstep, but Tom was not on the road. When she finally heard that he had died in a POW camp, she discovered that the time of his death coincided with the time of her dream.

How do our hearts know?
Barbara White
Newark, DE

Inscribed on a Tombstone

"Ma loved Pa, Pa loved women,
Ma caught Pa with two in
swimming. Here lies Pa."

married William Granville Walters in Surry Co, NC and they reared her two children plus 8 of their own. William and Mildred's youngest child was my grandmother, Mary Ann Elizabeth (Walters) Sheppard. Mildred died in 1907 in Surry Co, NC.
Barbara White
Newark, DE

Strange Sensation

Last summer, I traveled over 300 miles to find some family graves. I had never been to Sheboygan, Wisconsin, before and didn't even know where to begin looking for cemeteries. I thought I would just stop and ask around at the churches. I started driving around looking for a church when I was suddenly and unexpectedly compelled to head north towards the edge of town. To my surprise, I found myself stopped in the middle of an old county road just north of town. I looked over to my left and saw a little private cemetery with an iron fence around it. It had been recently trimmed and flowers had been placed there. I walked over to a grave and looked with disbelief. It was my great-great-great-grandparent's family plot. **Gottlieb Eisner and Louisa Anna Wilke Eisner.**

I believe there are unexplained powers of some type, ghosts or angels or whatever, that are helping us to preserve our family heritage. Have you ever had that

same feeling?

Doreen Eskandarani
Apple Valley, MN

Bottle Blowers?

While researching my family in the 1900 Martin County, Indiana Census, I found a great-granduncle who had two children that were under two years of age. The occupations of the children were listed there as "Bottle Blowers".

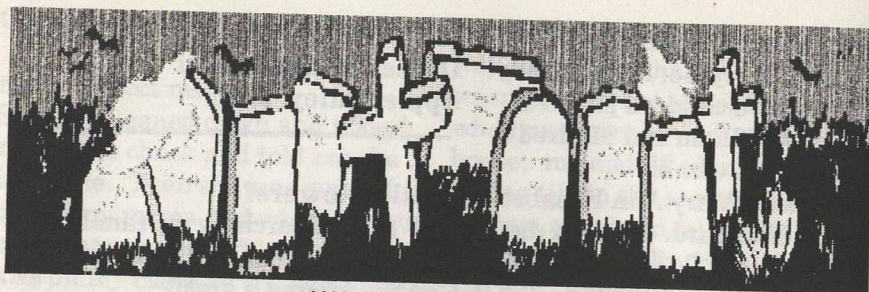
Bruce Young
Noblesville IN

If you have a strange or interesting story that you have uncovered while shaking your family tree, please send it to us so that we can share it with our readers.

We would also like to encourage you to send us a copy of your family tree for our data base, so we will have it on file when one of your long lost relatives contact us.

Looking for an ancestor? Write us, we may have the information you need. If we don't have it, we can ask our readers to help you find it.

Contact: The Legacy, P.O. Box 201, Perkins, Ok. 74059 or e-mail A Legacy @ AOL.Com.



Spooky Stories

Beware of moaning sounds coming from the cemetery.

Back in the early days of this century my father went to the movies and saw a Lon Chaney movie. On his way home, he passed Woodland Cemetery in Cleveland, Ohio. He heard a low moaning and some sort of noise. As he got nearer to a new grave, the noise got a bit louder. It scared the devil out of him and he ran to get out of there and for help. He came back with the police and they had the new grave dug up. Sure enough, a woman who had been in a diabetic coma "woke up" in her coffin. The only problem was that she had been without oxygen so long that she died by the time they got her out.

**Marjorie Rohrsen
Scottsdale AZ**

The Graverobbers Surprise.

We had a great-great-aunt that had a sleeping sickness and was thought to be dead. She was buried at the local cemetery. After the burial some graverobbers went about the business of trying to rob her

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grave and were so greedy that they cut off a finger to get the ring she was wearing. Imagine their surprise when she woke up!

She later walked down the side of the mountain to return home, but her relatives actually told her to go back to her grave because they thought she was a ghost. She finally convinced them she was alive and she lived for many long years after that incident.

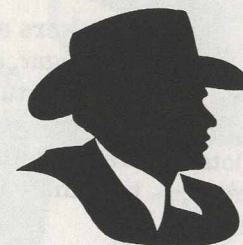
**Barb Dachtler
Arvada, CO**

Puritan Punishment

Seems that Joseph Gatchell, an ancestor of mine was punished in 1637 by his friendly Puritan neighbors in Salem, Massachusetts for religious beliefs that did not coincide with theirs. He was a universalist who believed that everyone was saved at death despite their actions on earth and who uttered several blasphemous speeches. His punishment was a red hot poker through the tongue. Gives new meaning to the phrase "watch your mouth!"

**Todd Gottdiner,
Cincinnati, OH. 45244**

Black Horse Inn



Eleven years ago, my husband and his partner opened an office in Midway, Kentucky. We had both been raised and lived most of our lives in the Bowling Green, Kentucky area, but moved to Lexington to be near his office. After four moves we finally found a home near Midway and his office. For two years I drove past an old tavern that had been vacant for 20 years and wondered why no one was in this fine old building and decided to check it out. I looked inside and decided that it would make a great art gallery. To make a long story short, I started renovations in September of 1994 and opened the gallery in April of 1995.

While we were doing the work on the building I called my sister and told her about the old building and its history. It was once owned by a man named Richard Cole, Jr. who was Jesse James' great-grandfather. Jesse's mother Zerelda Cole James was born in the tavern in 1826. I thought this was kind of odd considering the fact that our

mother's maiden name was Cole and we had a first cousin named Richard Cole. My sister informed me that when she was a young girl she had heard we were kin to Jesse James. We decided to check into it and found out through an aunt who had done extensive genealogical research, that Richard Cole, Sr. was our sixth great-grandfather. The fact that I had leased the building and started an art gallery in it before I even knew that my ancestors had owned and run a business there was kind of haunting.

When I later found out that I was living in a house on the same property where my ancestors had lived, it really became exciting. I'm where I am supposed to be!!!!!!

Now if I can just figure out why the ghost of Jesse's cousin who was killed in a barroom brawl is still in the old tavern, I will have solved the biggest puzzle of all. He seems to delight in moving things around in the upstairs rooms after I close at night.

**Andria L. Phelps
Midway, Ky**

Old Family Recipes

OUR FOOD

by Erma Brixey

Grandma Jackson was continually preparing food for storage, canning and meals. In the summer, we always had lots of fresh vegetables and fruits. Also, every evening Grandma would be shelling cowpeas, or English peas for the next day's meal or preparing green beans and new potatoes. We raised our own chickens and pork. I learned how to clean a chicken and to cut it up when I was pretty young. We always had plenty of canned foods in the cellar, including fruits, vegetables, pickles, preserves and dried foods.

In the winter we had a lot of boiled foods. Beans and cornbread were our favorites. Grandma made lots of biscuits, cornbread and homemade breads in the wintertime. She baked in a wood cook stove. In the summer we had pancakes alot, since you could cook those on a kerosene stove without heating up the house. During harvest, Grandma would cook everything she could think of: pigs-in-blankets, vegetables, potatoes and gravy, and usually made a cobbler for dessert.

Bread Pudding

Grandma used up stale bread to make bread pudding. She never had a recipe. She just put in all the ingredients that made it great!

Crackers and Frosting

Mix sugar, cocoa and cream into a thick mixture. We spread this on soda crackers. We used graham crackers when we had them. We took these in our lunch to school.

Watermelon Preserves

In the late evening, cut up peeled watermelon rinds into bite sizes. Cut up a big panfull as they shrink overnight. Cover with sugar (quite a bit) and cover with a clean towel. In the morning begin cooking slowly. Add a cut up lemon and cinnamon. Cook until syrup is thick. Pour into sterilized jars.

Peach Preserves

In the late evening, peel cling peaches and chop fine. Fill the pan pretty full as they will shrink when they sit overnight. Cover generously with sugar (quite a lot). Slice a lemon and add. Cover with a towel. Next morning start cooking slowly. Cook until the syrup is thick. Pour into sterilized jars.

Snow Ice Cream

This was a special treat during the winter. We would fill a big bowl with good clean snow, add cream and sugar and vanilla and stir until mixed well - then eat!



Nostalgia Corner

Fill in the Blank: In each of the following jingles, there is a word missing. If you can fill in the blank, you can win a prize. See rules at the end of this section.

Does your shoe have
a boy inside?

What a funny place
for a boy to hide.

Does your shoe have
a dog there too?

A boy and a dog
and a foot in the shoe.

Well the boy is Buster Brown
and the dog is ? his friend.
They're really just a picture
but it's fun to play pretend.

So look, look, look
in your telephone book
For the store that sells the shoe
With the picture of the dog
and the boy inside
So you can put your foot in too.
Buster Brown Shoes (arf, arf).

You can trust your car
to the man who wears the star
The ? red Texaco Star.....

There was a cigarette commercial
that showed a person sporting a
black eye. The slogan was, "I'd
rather fight than switch!"
What brand of cigarette was it?
 ?

Thoughts to Elise BP

By Franklin T. Wike

*If you can remember how you wanted
others to act toward you,
when you were a child,
then you will know how to act
toward others now that you are an adult.*

The thoughts of a child...

*If you want to give me something special,
please do not give me your money,
for it is nothing but mere paper.*

*A gift is wonderful if it is given as a symbol of your love,
but not as a substitution for it.*

*Give me the gift of your love,
in the quality of the words you speak,
in the tone of voice you use,
in the tenderness of your touch,
and in the quietness in which
you listen to what I have to say.*

*If you want to give me something precious,
then give me your time,
for it can never be bought, sold or replaced. .*

*Give me your attention,
for if it is focused on me,
then I will know that I am
more important during that moment,
than anything else.*

*Give of yourself,
for how am I to learn what love is,
if you do not show it to me through your actions.*

*And if I do not learn what love is,
How can I give it to others?*

More Commercials

Pepsi Cola hits the spot.
Twelve full ounces, that's a lot.
_____? _____ as much for a nickel too.
Pepsi Cola is the drink for you.

Does anyone remember that Fred and Wilma Flintstone were smokers? In fact, "The Flintstones" show was sponsored by _____? _____ cigarettes.
The commercial showed Fred Flintstone lighting up in his humble abode.

N*E*S*T*L*E*S

Nestles makes the very best.....
Chooocolate.
Remember the Nestles dog? What was his name? _____?

This TV ad showed "Broadway" Joe Namath getting stripped of the stubble on his face, while a woman, to the tune of "The Stripper" said, "Take it off; take it ALL off!..." for Noxema shaving cream.

_____? _____ Hutton was the first woman to do the Noxema "Take it off" commercials.

Rules for submitting answers to jingle questions:

Send your answers to: "The Legacy" at P.O. Box 201, Perkins, OK 74059. The first five submissions with at least five correct answers will be entitled to their choice of either one free copy of "The Legacy" or one free copy of any "Writing of Love" that has been advertised in "The Legacy" by FTW. "The Legacy" employees and staff writers are not eligible. Submission times will be determined by the postmark on the envelopes.

Muriel Cigars had Edie Adams, saying their slogan, "Why don't you pick one up and smoke it sometime?" She was the wife of what comic? _____? _____ ***

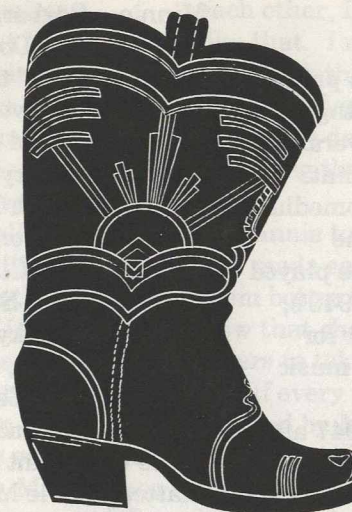
You'll love Lancer
If you love styling
Inside and outside
Elegant car.

You'll love Lancer
If you love saving
A gallon of gas
Never went so far!

You'll love Lancer
_____? _____ built Lancer
It's what you want
In a compact car.

[Harry Belafonte sang this ad.]

If you have any nostalgic pictures and short stories to accompany them, we would love to have you send us a copy that we could share with our readers.



Minnie Pearl

A Tribute to the Queen of Country Comedy

By Tom Knapp

Earlier this year, Sarah Cannon, better known as Minnie Pearl, passed on. She was referred to as the Queen of Country Comedy.

Sarah did not grow up in wealthy surroundings by many people's standards. Her father had a saw mill, but lost it during the Depression. Yet the riches this pearl of a lady had bestowed upon her, through the love of her family and friends, could not be bought for any amount of money.

Sarah Cannon started performing in 1940 at the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville,

Tennessee. After an eleven-week engagement there, she was hired by Roy Acuff, but she got fired after three months. She then went home and worked on perfecting her talent before making another attempt at stardom.

In 1941 she started performing on a radio show. At that time, Minnie Pearl went on a 19-month radio tour performing for soldiers.

Her sister, Virginia, originally wrote a lot of Minnie's jokes.

Minnie was well known for

Minnie Pearl

wearing a hat with a price tag of \$1.98 on it. The price tag was originally from some flowers that she bought to put on the hat.

Minnie's talent as a comedian was recognized beyond the country music circuit. She played at Carnegie Hall in the 1940's, which was quite an honor for anyone from the country music industry.

She was married in 1947 after dating Henry Cannon for only three months. Her husband said of her, "When the Lord made you, he must have buffed his nails." He still lives in their Nashville home.

Minnie was honored on a television show called "This is Your Life" in the 1950's and in 1975 she was inducted into the Country Music Hall of Fame. She was given the plaque at the ceremony by a long time friend, Tennessee Ernie Ford.

In 1985 she had a mastectomy and then had another one six months later. As a result of the medical treatment she received and her feelings about cancer, she made a substantial donation to Baptist Memorial Hospital in Nashville for cancer research and had the Sarah Cannon Research Center named after her.

She never had any children, so she "adopted" Jim Nabors and treated him like a son.

Minnie performed for over 50 years at the Grand Ole Opry and after she died PBS aired a tribute to her. As part of the tribute to

Minnie, Barbara Mandrell sang a 1940's song, "Don't Take Your Love From Me" that was Minnie and Henry's favorite. This PBS tribute included many legends from the country music world including Ralph Emery, who was the spokesperson, the Statler Brothers, Roy Clark, Glen Campbell, Ray Stevens, Mel Tillis, Pam Tillis, Ricky Van Shelton, George Lindsey, Jim Nabors, Willard Scott, George Jones, Ricky Scaggs, John and June Cash, Vince Gill, Clint Black, Kathy Mattea, Lorrie Morgan, Dwight Yoakam, the Oak Ridge Boys, and many others.

Gary Morris made a beautiful tribute by dedicating "See the Love She Found in Me" to her. Chet Atkins wrote some new lines to "You Are My Sunshine" that were inspired by the way she had touched his life. Faron Young and Jimmy Dean sang a song about Minnie called "These Are the Memories That Last" and Pat

Minnie had a quote on her desk that represented her attitude toward people.

It talked about "treating every creature that passes by you today with kindness, for you may never pass this way again"

Boone and the Jordinares performed a song that Pat's father-in-law, Red Foley used to sing, before he passed away. With so many performers paying tribute to Minnie, it is apparent that many people were touched by her personality as well as her skill as a performer. Her lifestyle was such that she constantly tried to give a part of herself in order to help others. And when it gets right down to the bottom line, isn't that what our time on this earth is all about? Aren't we supposed to help our fellow man? Many times as I listen to my elders, especially the ones that grew up in the country, where everyone knew their neighbors and trusted and helped

each other, I long to live in a world like that. I realize that I cannot turn back the hands of time. However, I can do my part each and every day by doing at least one thing that will help someone else.

Minnie touched so many lives and made each and every one of them better for having known her. Now that she is gone, it is time for others to take over where she left off. If every person that was touched by Minnie were to reach out and touch five, ten or twenty other people in a random act of kindness, just think how much richer our lives would be. Minnie showed us it can be done. I will do my part; now, how about you?

The Sick Farmer

A middle-aged farmer went to the doctor and told the doctor that his young wife was always complaining about him being tired and not being able to perform his duties as a husband. The farmer told the doctor that he worked so hard in the fields during the day that he was too tired to do anything for her at night.

The doctor told the man, "Well, try doing this. When you get the urge during the day, go right home and perform your duties then."

The middle-aged man said, "I tried that, Doc, but by the time I get home, I'm all tuckered out and I can only go to sleep."

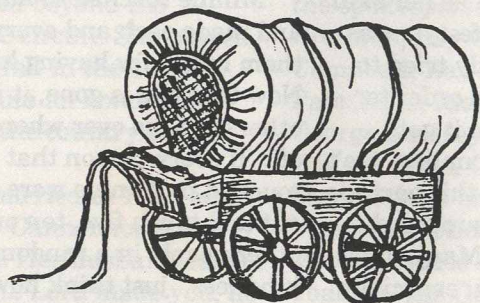
The doctor thought for a minute and said, "Try this, then. In the morning, when you leave, take your shotgun to work with you. Tell your wife when you get the urge she will hear you fire a shot in the air. She should run out to the field to see you and you will perform your duties right there in the field."

The man said he would try that and left. A few weeks later the doctor saw the middle-aged man in town and asked him how it had worked out with his wife. The farmer responded, "It worked great for two weeks, but then hunting season opened and I haven't seen her since."

A Glance at the Past

Edited by
Martha Wells

Drawings by
Barby Prothro



A story written by **Fannie Lillian Terry Prothro** prior to her death in 1979

[The first chapter to this history was printed last month and contains information about Mrs. Prothro's childhood from her birth in 1895 to 1907.]

My father's people, the Terrys, came from Ireland. The name was O'Terry but they dropped the O after they arrived in America. They were wealthy and owned many slaves until after the Civil War. Taxes and debts took all they had so five brothers and their families left their home near Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in covered wagons and they settled in Crecy, Texas.

One of those brothers was Sanford Warren Terry, my grandfather. He was married to

Cornelia Elizabeth Cockerham and they had eight children. The girls were, Lillian, Mae, Berta, and Martha. The four boys were Randolph Monroe (my father), Wert, Silas and Ivy. I was named for Papa's sister Lillian and Mama's sister Fannie. When I was in my teens, I was called Frances (I didn't like the "little" name, Fannie).

In those days, every girl had a new dress for Easter and a new hat to wear to church. One of mine I shall never forget was made of sky blue china silk. Mama thought blue was my color and I still like it. On Saturday before Easter, I went to town dressed in my pretty dress. The main street was wide with stores on each side. The farmers came to town on Saturday and stood around talking on the street. As I passed a man, he spit tobacco juice all

over me. He hadn't seen me and was horrified. I went home crying. I can't remember if Mama could clean my dress and I wonder why she let me wear it downtown. I guess I wanted to show off.

Papa's brother, Silas, had moved to Louisiana and he urged Papa to move from Groveton, Texas, to Boleyn in Northern Louisiana where he could get a good paying job at a place where Silas was a manager. We moved in January 1908. After we arrived, we learned that the school wasn't a good one. From there we moved to Victoria, a better place. Elsie was born there, so now my parents had seven children: Edward, Tom, Bill, Eva, Vera, Elsie and me.

Grandpa wrote to Papa and wanted me to come back to Groveton to live with him and Grandma and go to school. Their last daughter, Berta, had married and moved to Joliet, Illinois, and they were lonely (As I look back, I wonder if Papa wrote to them about the poor schools in Louisiana and this was the reason they invited me).

O, joy! How happy I was to be back in Groveton where my friends were and to be staying with my grandparents whom I loved. Grandpa had a big brown quarter horse named Dan Patch (I think there had been a race horse by that name). He had a fancy buggy (no fringe around the top) and we took rides often. Aunt Mae lived a few miles away and we visited her on Sunday. Life was all wonderful!

I returned home to Galbraith, Louisiana, when school closed for the year. Again the school problem.

There was only one teacher and only seven grades were taught.

There was a good accredited school at Marthaville in North Louisiana, so it was arranged that I would go there and board with the Coopers. We knew them at Boleyn. They had a girl my age named Omie and a son, Karl.

At Thanksgiving Omie went home to Galbraith with me to spend the weekend. She had a boyfriend who was an agent for the Texas and Pacific Railroad two miles from Galbraith at Chopin, Louisiana. She had written to him and told him we would be on the train. After he had finished his work while our train was at the Chopin station, he came back to the coach to speak to Omie and I met him. His name was Eddie Thomas Prothro.

I later found out that Eddie was born near Robeline, Louisiana, in 1889. Since there was no school close by when he was young, his mother taught him reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic. When he was nine, his family moved to Marthaville, Louisiana. It was a small town with a good grade school. He

Glance at the Past

entered the grade with pupils his age and won several prizes for being best in his class. The prizes were usually good books, such as Ruskin's True and Beautiful. When he was 14 he quit school and went to work in a mercantile store to help support the family.

His salary was \$20 per month. He bought the house and lots where they lived for \$350, plus paid for music lessons for his sister Essie.

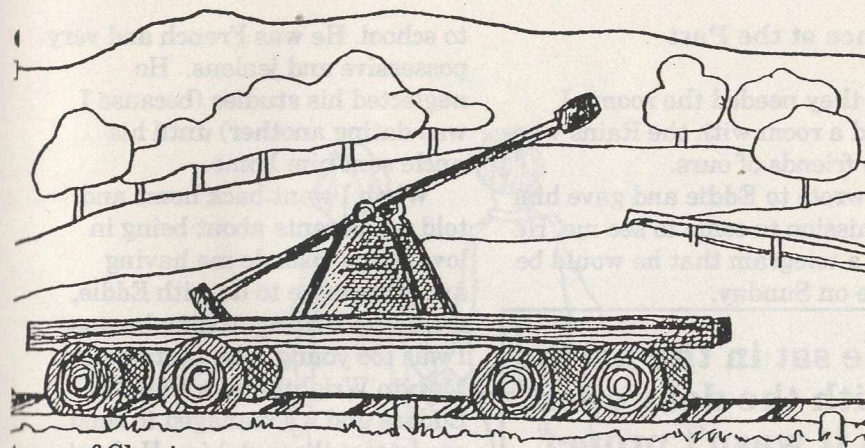
Later he got a job in Langstreet in North Louisiana at a commissary where he earned \$60 per month. He had a nice place to board for \$12 per month. He sent his mother \$5 each month to pay for the washing and ironing. It is unbelievable when we compare living expenses then and now.

After two years the sawmill at Longstreet closed and Eddie went back to his old job at the store at Marthaville. He did not see much future to working in a store and was trying to decide on what to do. He wanted to go to college and study medicine but there was no way to finance it. There were no scholarships or loans to help. The railroads were paying the highest salaries and a way did open up for

him. Young men were allowed to study telegraphy and help the station agent with accounts but the agent at Marthaville already had someone helping him. Then one day the agent came to the store frightened, as the auditor had come to check his accounts and he knew he was short \$20. One could lose his job even with that little amount of shortage. He wanted to borrow the money and Eddie loaned it to him. When the agent, Mr. Small, did not pay him back, Eddie asked if he could study station work and telegraphy as repayment and Mr. Small agreed. The other man left to take a job at another station.

Eddie had saved enough money to meet all his needs until he got another job. He bought telegraph instruments and installed them at home. He ran wires under the house from his room to his brother Leslie's room. At night Leslie would send messages in morse code from his history lesson, and Eddie copied them down. One had to be able to copy train orders in a rush and be sure they were correct. During the day, Eddie studied as the messages came over the wires, plus he worked on the accounts and learned station work.

In six months, he was sent to Lake End as relief agent and he worked as relief agent at several stations before he got a permanent railroad agent job at Chopin, Louisiana. At that time he also handled the business of the Galbraith sawmill and of the



town of Chopin.

At the time that Eddie was talking to us through the coach window at the Chopin station, though, I knew nothing of his background. Omie and I invited him to come to Galbraith to visit that night. He got the section men to bring him on a handcar (after he checked with the dispatcher to see that no trains would be passing through). I had a boyfriend who came to visit, too.

My boyfriend and I sat on one side of the parlor and Eddie and Omie sat across the room on the other side. We played the phonograph. It had a big horn where the music came out and we had it on loud so we couldn't hear each other talking.

Every time I looked at Eddie, he was looking at me. My boyfriend and Eddie came back on Sunday and Mama had a good dinner. After dinner we went walking up a high hill to the schoolhouse where we all really got acquainted. We acted silly as we wrote on the blackboard and just had a good time. We left at four o'clock on the train to go back

to Marthaville. Eddie got off at Chopin. He was leaving Chopin the following Wednesday to go to Mansfield to take a job as a telegrapher, and he stopped in Marthaville to visit friends as this had been his home since he was nine. His family had recently moved to Pleasant Hill, a few miles from Marthaville.

After Eddie got to Mansfield, Omie received a letter from him. When she read it, she threw it into the fire and was angry. Until then, she had let me read her love letters from him and he did write good letters. After a few days, I received a letter from him saying he was in love with me! I did not answer, because I felt guilty about coming between Omie and him. I did send him a Christmas card at Christmas. At that time the greeting was a postcard with no envelope. Soon a letter came from him asking if he could come to see me. This caused the Coopers to ask me to move. Their excuse was that they had a relative coming to live with them

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and they needed the room. I found a room with the Rains who were friends of ours.

I wrote to Eddie and gave him permission to come to see me. He sent a telegram that he would be there on Sunday.

We sat in the parlor with the door open, as it wasn't proper for a girl to be in a room with a man and have the door closed.

After a while, we heard footsteps coming down the hall. It was Omie and a girl friend. I was embarrassed. They stopped at the door and spoke in an unfriendly way, gave us hard looks and left. I must admit that I wasn't very comfortable but it didn't bother Eddie.

I had never dated except in a group and only school boys. But I had always had my eye on some boy or another since first grade. Eddie was a man, 22 years old, and I was only 16. He was very attentive and good to me, sending me candy, books, telegrams and letters, and he came to visit every Sunday. I liked him.

A boy in my class and I had liked each other before I started dating Eddie. This boy was from Shreveport, Louisiana, and was staying with his uncle and going

to school. He was French and very possessive and jealous. He neglected his studies (because I was dating another) until his uncle sent him home.

When I went back home and told my parents about being in love, Papa forbade me having anything more to do with Eddie, including writing to him, because I was too young. The postmaster, Marvin Wright, was a friend of Eddie's and we managed to send our letters through him. He kept my letters from Eddie and gave them to me secretly. My sister, Vera, took my letters to the post office and mailed them for me. This continued for awhile until Papa found out; I guess I was careless. He was angry with Marvin and said he had thought that he was a friend of his. But as we've heard, "Everybody likes lovers." Marvin was our friend. Finally Papa agreed to let me invite Eddie to come to the house. The next Sunday, he came on the train. He met my parents and made a good impression.

Papa sent my brother Ed to Pleasant Hill to find out about the Prothros (I didn't know this until years later). Ed must have brought back a good report because there were no further objections to Eddie. The Prothros were good people. Eddie had four brothers and sisters: Louis, Essie, Leslie and Alma.

At the time we were living in a nice house in Galbraith built for the manager. His family did not live at Galbraith. One day my sister, Elsie, was playing with



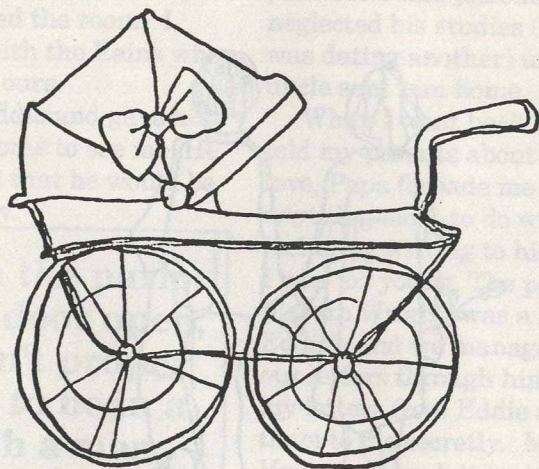
matches in the plunder room, where extra beds, quilts, clothes, and furniture was stored. She started a fire and ran out. Before we knew it, all that side of the house was burning. All my clothes and my hope chest with quilts and linens burned. A few pieces of furniture, including the parlor furniture, were saved. We moved to two small houses. By then our family included Edward, Eva, Vera, Tommy, William (Bill), James Warren (Doug), Elsie, and myself.

Eddie came every Sunday to see me. He wanted to hire a horse and buggy for me to go riding. Papa wouldn't allow it. We would go out walking and Mama sent my brother Bill along as a chaperone. Eddie didn't like that. One Sunday he brought a box of candy for Bill and when we started out gave him the candy to

keep him busy while we were gone. We had not gone far when we heard Bill running to catch up. When we asked what he did with his candy, he said he had hidden it under the iron wash pot in the yard. The other children searched everywhere for it but never found it.

We decided we wanted to get married and Eddie asked Papa if we could, as we knew we loved each other. Papa said I was too young and that he wanted me to go to college, then help send the next sibling to college when I got a job. This was the proper way to do things in those days. I wasn't present, but Eddie persuaded him until he gave his consent.

We were married June 9, 1912, after church services were over. We left at four o'clock on the train for Mansfield where Eddie was now working as a telegraph



operator from midnight to 8:00 am. Friends went to see us off at the station and carried my suitcase and a trunk with them to the station. It was time for the train to arrive and I couldn't find my suitcase. They brought it to us after the train arrived and they had decorated it with pasted-on signs and all kinds of silly things attached to it such as safety pins, etc. We were embarrassed to take that luggage onto the train. They showered us with rice. The passengers on the train joined in the hilarity. We had planned to act like old married people as we didn't want to be the center of attention.

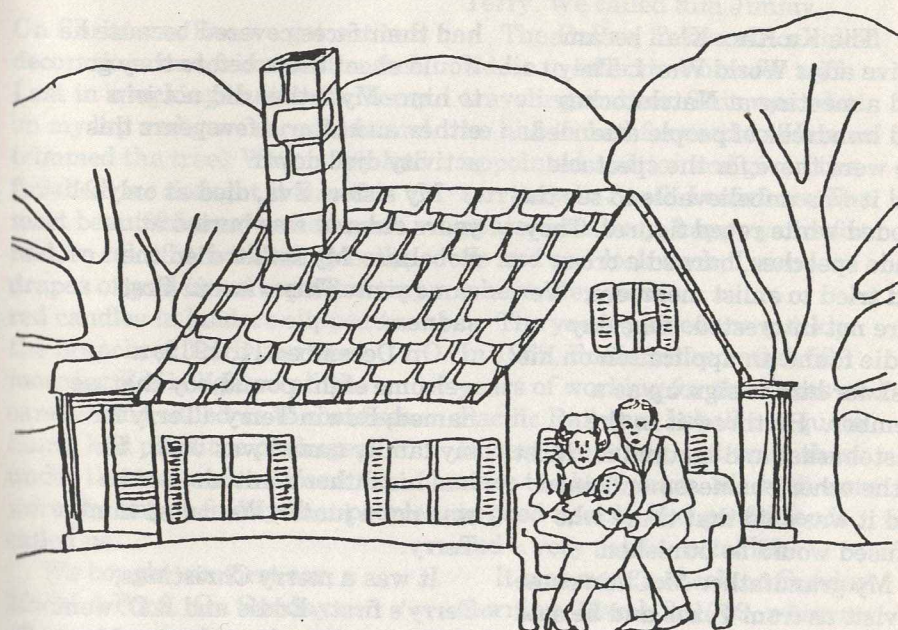
When we passed through Pleasant Hill, there were others at the train station. Both of the Prothros were there to meet their new daughter-in-law and so were Eddie's friends.

When the train stopped at Mansfield, we were greeted by

more of Eddie's friends. We hurried to a taxi, my first ride in an automobile. We had reservations at a big hotel and spent our honeymoon there.

We rented a two bedroom house and bought furniture for it. Eddie's mother gave us a hen and some little chickens. O, how happy we were! We were in love and life was great. After a few months, Eddie applied for a job as a station agent as he thought he would have a better chance at a promotion. Our first job was at Victoria where he was express agent too.

This was a wonderful time. Our first son was born June 3, 1913, a fine healthy boy we named Randolph Davis, for my father and Eddie's father. He was the first grandchild in both families and we all were so proud of him. It was the custom to call boys by initials, as R.D. has always been called.



We moved to Robeline, where Eddie had a better job. This was a good place to live, and the churches and schools were good. We bought our first home with three large rooms, a front porch and a porch on one side. It had shade trees across the front and side. We added a hall and a large living room and bathroom. Life was good.

One time, when R.D. was two he was at our neighbors', Dr. and Mrs. Merrel. I went to the market and Mrs. Merrel asked if R.D. could stay with her (the market was only a block from our house). When I came back, Mrs. Merrel had R.D. in her arms. She told me to hurry, that he had fallen on a flower pot and bit his tongue almost in two.

When he opened his mouth, his tongue fell out on his chin.

It was just terrible. I phoned Eddie and he got the doctor from Shamrock and Dr. Merrel to come. They were there in a few minutes and boiled their instruments and laid R.D. on a sheet on the kitchen table and sewed his tongue back together. It was something we could not imagine, anyone without a tongue. Eddie and I walked back and forth across the porch praying while they sewed his tongue. The doctors were afraid it would not heal before the stitches dissolved. We boiled milk and water and gave it to him in a spoon. It did heal. He still has the scars but it did not affect his speech.

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The Ku Klux Klan became active after World War I. They had a meeting at Natchitoches and hundreds of people attended. We were there for the spectacle and it was unbelievable to see the hooded white robed figures. They made speeches, burned a cross and tried to enlist members. We were not interested. One day Eddie found an application on his desk for him to sign up as a member. He threw it in the wastebasket and ignored it. Most of the other businessmen joined and it was said that those who refused would be punished.

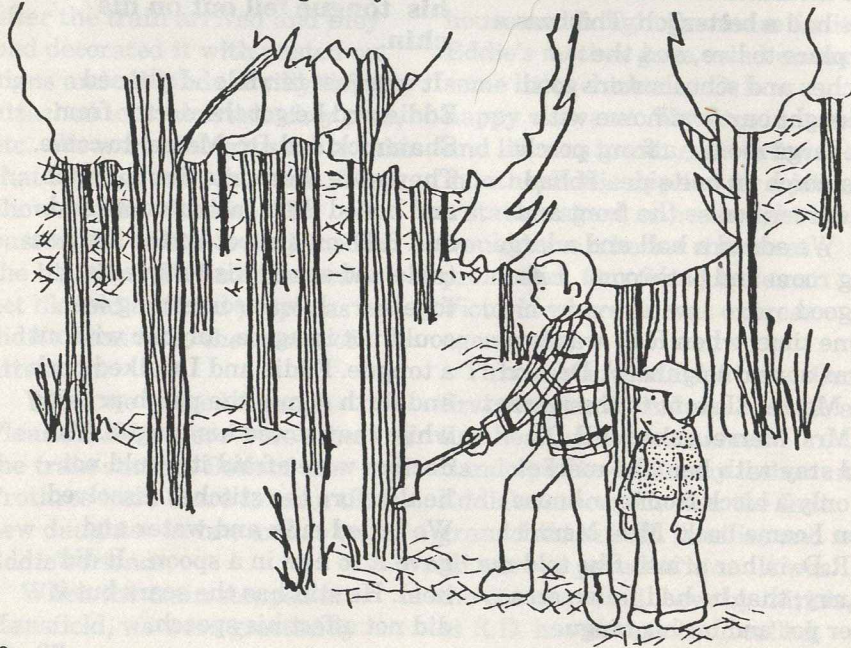
My grandfather McClain came to visit us from Texas and he said if the Klansmen should come to visit him, people would find out who they were even though they

had their faces covered because he would shoot them before they got to him. My father did not join either and after a few years this activity died down.

My sister, Eva, died at only 21 years old and was buried at Robeline. My father died the same year. This was our first sadness.

On December 11, 1919, a welcome eight pound boy that we named, Edwin Terry (Terry for my family name) was born. He had his father's initials, but he was not a junior. We called him Terry.

It was a merry Christmas, Terry's first. Eddie and R.D. went to the woods and cut down a big pine tree and put it in the hall.



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On Christmas Eve we got out our decorations and trimmed the tree. I sat in a rocking chair with Terry on my lap and gave directions and trimmed the tree. When they had finished, we thought it was the most beautiful tree we had ever had, so colorful, with shiny balls, drapes of gold tinsel rope and tiny red candles in holders clipped to the branches. Early the next morning Eddie lighted all the candles and called us to come see. Santa had piled the packages under the tree and we knew we were the happy family that people called us.

We bought our first car, a Model A Ford. On Sunday afternoons we always went driving. Mama moved to Mansfield after Papa died. Eddie's parents lived at Pleasant Hill and we visited them often and enjoyed going to Natchitoches to shop and go to the movies. I wanted to learn to drive but found it difficult. There were so many things to remember to do at the same time, which foot on what pedal, hands adjusting the spark plugs, etc. Eddie lost his patience trying to teach me and got a neighbor, Earl Cook, to take over. He didn't think I was stupid.

We were eagerly looking forward to our third child and prepared for a girl. But when son number three arrived on April 15, 1922 we rejoiced and decided we didn't want a girl anyway. We named him James Warren for my grandfather James Artis McClain

and grandfather Sanford Warren Terry. We called him Jimmy.

The Dallas, Texas, office called Eddie to interview him for a job as traveling auditor. This was what he had looked forward to. He was appointed auditor and given the territory in South Louisiana. The years were busy, happy years for us and as I look back, I wonder where they went.

The years passed too quickly. In 1959, Eddie retired after 50 years of working for the Texas and Pacific Railway. I shall not quote Robert Browning, but truly these were the best years. We both were in good health, had good friends and a very active social life.

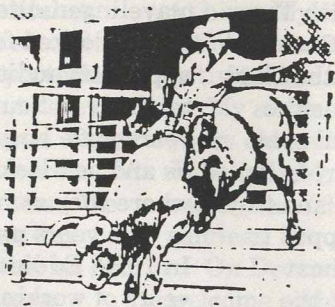
It was such a shock on Sunday morning, March 2, 1969, when my beloved husband did not wake up. After 57 years of marriage, I remember feeling like I couldn't live without him. I grieved and cried for several months. He was a great man and I am so grateful that I was fortunate enough to have been his wife all those happy years. It is a wonderful heritage he left his children, grandchildren and future generations.

Editor's note: The same can be said about my grandmother, who died in 1979.

I am extremely grateful that she left us this written legacy of her life.

The Swedish Cowboy

By Franklin T. Wike



One day while sitting in a restaurant in a small farming community, I noticed a kind looking gentleman around 80 years old, sitting at a big round table and passing on some words of wisdom to his fellow farmers. As I listened to some of the stories this gentle man was telling, I decided to ask him if he would mind giving me a private audience, so I could write down some of his stories and pass them along to others. This is the story of that mild mannered gentleman named Cliff W. Olson.

"Grandad Olson, lived and died in Sweden. I don't know what his first name was, but he was a stonecutter. He built the stone house my dad was born in, and it is still standing. There are people still living in it over a hundred years later. Grandpa was a wealthy man until his wife died. Then he got to running with the wrong crowd and went broke.

"My dad, Olof Olson, was born

in Sweden around 1872 or 1873. He didn't know exactly when he was born, because his mother died when he was really young. After Grandad Olson lost the family money, the kids had to go to work to help support the family.

"Olof never went to school, except through the second grade, 'cause, by God, he had to help make a living for the family. He hauled potatoes with a team of oxen to the distillery for his uncle. The distillery in Sweden was like the co-op here. You and I and four other fellows owned the distillery. Well, this month is your turn to use it, next month is his turn, etc. You would take your potatoes in there and make alcohol out of them. Well, they could make the trip to the distillery in one day with the team of oxen.

"Dad said, 'Boy, them little old things would trod just all day long. For dinner, you'd stop and lay a piece of linen cloth on the ground and cut up a loaf of bread and that's what the oxen got to eat.'

"In Sweden they bake bread twice a year. They didn't bake every day. It was just like a hog-killing in this country where half a dozen fellers get together. Well, the women in Sweden got together and had a big rock oven and they baked the bread in that. When they got all the bread baked they wrapped it in linen cloth which they made themselves out of flags. That stuff would keep for six months. After they got done with the oven, they would store the bread in the oven because it was waterproof and moistureproof. It got hard, now. Boy, don't think it didn't get hard.

"Dad continued, 'After you got done giving the oxen a rest period, then you'd go on up to the distillery and stay all night. You'd go back the next day after another load of potatoes. Going back you could make it without having to stop, but with the load you'd have to stop and rest the oxen.'

"He said, 'It was quite an experience, but them little old oxen, would just trod all day long, with an empty wagon.'

Taxes in Sweden were 72% of the wages.

"The state took 72% of the wages, then when you got old the government took care of you completely including your medical expenses, your lodging, everything.

"Dad said, 'That was the downfall of Sweden. Nobody had

to save, because everything was taken care of. That caused more alcoholics and more trouble because people didn't have no responsibility.'

"The money situation got so bad with my grandad, well, the fact is, the law was even after Grandad, because he was in debt so bad.

"In 1888 or 1889, when he was 16 years old, my dad decided to come to America from Stockholm, Sweden by himself. Boy now, that took guts. Think of a 16 year old boy coming across the ocean to America alone and he couldn't speak the language or anything. He came to New York, got on a train and spent three days riding down the East Coast, back up, back and forth and finally ended up in Dwight, Kansas.

" 'Dad's uncle lived in Dwight and had paid Dad's passage to America, so Dad worked as a farm hand for his uncle for \$12 a month to pay it back. "

"Dad came over here and worked for his uncle, Charlie Olson, for about two years and saved enough money to send after his brother. Then his brother came over and they put together enough money to send after their sister. They also had a retarded brother and they sent after him and got him over here. Before they saved

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up enough money to get their dad over here, he passed away. So Grandpa is buried in Sweden.

"When Dad's first brother came over, Dad went to New York to meet him. He got a hotel room and had a suitcase with enough food in it to last the two of them long enough to get back to Dwight, Kansas. Dad went to the ship to meet his brother and forgot what hotel he was staying in. So the two of them didn't have no food for three days until they got back to Dwight, Kansas.

"He told me, 'By God, we just drank water. That's an experience, when you can't speak the language and you had no food.'

"Politics wasn't dirty in those days and when Dad turned 21, his uncle took him into town to register to vote.

If you registered as a Democrat, it cost you 50 cents in Kansas. If you registered as a Republican, it was free.

With dad working for only \$12 a month, you know how he registered. Fifty cents was as big as a ferris wheel in those days. Dad raised six boys. Because of that 50 cents that it cost you if you registered as a Democrat, he raised us Republican. The oldest

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boy drowned before he was 21. Of the other five boys, they are all still Republicans. But we never did know how my mother, who lived till she was 89 years old, voted. You know women's suffrage came in around 1820.

"That's my privilege and it's none of your business,' she would say.

"My mother, Mary Fostrum, was born in 1878. She came to this country from Stockholm, Sweden with her folks in about 1886, when she was eight years old. They moved to Dwight, Kansas. Dwight is a Swedish and Norwegian settlement. They had one of the biggest Swedish Lutheran churches in the country. We were visiting some friends one time and my grandad Fostrum (he was a stonecutter, too) had whittled out a rock at the spring where you could go fill your bucket with water. It was saucer shaped on one end and had a trough on the other. You could dip your bucket in there and fill it with water. I'd give anything for that rock today.

"My dad worked in the stone quarry there in Dwight and his uncle from Foreacré, in Osage, Oklahoma, came to him one day and said, 'Olof, I'd like to borrow enough money to buy 100 head of steers.'

"My dad said, 'Well, wait 'til dinner time 'til I go to my room.'

Dad loaned him \$900 to buy 100 head of steers.

"My uncle said, 'I'll give you a note.'

"Dad said, 'No, If your word isn't any good, your note isn't either.'

"So, he just loaned him \$900 cash and that fall when his uncle Austin sold his steers, the first place he went was to pay Dad off.

"By God,' my dad always said, 'Make your word good, if it takes the skin off your nose.'

"And that's the way they lived. A hand shake and your word was good enough for anything they done. In them days if you went bankrupt, you was ruined for life.

"My parents met at Dwight and got married in 1901. Mom and Dad had lived in Kansas for two years when they had the big flood in 1903, on the Kaw River in Kansas. It worried Dad to death because he had a brother that almost drowned in it. They were building a rock bridge and he lost his footing and fell into the river when it was flooding. That just scared Dad to death. Mom's folks were living in Minnesota then, so they talked my dad into moving to Minnesota in 1903.

"Dad bought a farm in Minnesota and built his own home. The house that Dad built was made from wood and stone. They sawed trees off his place and he borrowed lumber off of a neighbor that already had some cured. Everybody trusted

everybody in them days. He borrowed lumber off his neighbor, but Dad replaced it the next year, 'cause his was dry then. The stone was round granite rocks that was formed when the glacier came through. Boy, they'd lay them stones up in mortar and they'd last forever.

"It was pretty much timber country when he bought the land. Dad would rub out five to seven acres every year.

He would pull the trees out with an old stump puller and plant potatoes in that new ground.

"That's the way he cleared the place.

"Dad would dig a freightcar load of potatoes, and ship the carload in 100 pound sacks to Minneapolis. Then he would take the team and wagon and go down there and peddle them. People used to buy their potatoes a year's supply at a time. In them days, they could keep them year to year. You would have to carry them down into the cellar, put them in their potato bin, which was always dark, where the potatoes couldn't get sunlight on them.

"Dad would sell his carload and wagonload of potatoes, then he would go back home. One of us boys would always be digging potatoes while he was gone.

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He would take two or three carloads a year to Minneapolis. He had regular customers. People knew his potatoes was good.

"When he first started, he would give women two or three potatoes and tell them to cook them and see how they liked them. That sold his potatoes for him. One of them would tell her neighbor, and that one would tell her neighbor and so on and he said, 'You'd just sell a whole wagonload without having to move even. The women would come to you.'

"One time he was going home about two in the morning. He had money in all of his pockets. He sat down on the floor of the wagon, put a burlap sack between his legs and emptied out all of his pockets. And, by God, an old boy stepped up on the sideboards of the wagon. You know, them wagons had steps on the side of them.

Anyway, this boy pulled a gun on him and said, 'Give me your money!'

"Dad said, 'When he jumped up there, I covered up my money with a sack and said, "What's going on over there by the railroad?" and that old boy turned around to look and I hit that team just as hard as I could with that whip and the old boy fell off and put two bullets in the tailend of the wagon.'

"Dad said, 'By God, I was laying flat and the team was moving on. The old boy never did get me. All he did was put two holes in the back of my wagon.'

"I was born in Anoka, Minnesota, February 6, 1916, and didn't have a name until 1994. I was registered in the courthouse as "Olson male #5". I pulled a hitch in the army and carried the mail for 28 years and my name never was registered at the courthouse where I was born. But I have always been Cliff Woodrow Wilson. My brother was head custodian in the court house there in Anoka county and, by God, his name was Stanley Leroy Olson. When we went to check my name, he found out he was listed as Stanley Roy Olson. He done his hitch in the army and worked in the courthouse for years and they didn't have the right name listed for him the whole time.

"When I was 15 years old, I picked 8,400 pounds of potatoes in one day. I worked for a neighbor and I got three cents a sack. A hundred pound sacks too, I mean, and I was a little kid! But I could work. My fingers was fast. And I made too much money for a dang kid. The old boys working up at the shed sorting potatoes was getting two dollars a day and I made over two dollars and fifty cents a day. There was this 80-rod row of potatoes. That's about a quarter of a mile. They would give this kid about a hundred feet, and that kid about a hundred feet, and the next one, the whole way down the row.

"Here this team with four horses would come by digging the potatoes. The things they used too dig potatoes out of the ground look about like those peanut diggers they got out here. They were about 30 inches wide with a runner that raised the potatoes up and onto this chain. The chain was about a foot wide and it had oblong rollers. The rollers shook the potatoes and the dirt, and that shakes the dirt out of the potatoes and the potatoes went up and out the back end of the machine. You had the vines and the potatoes left. The dirt's already shook out. The machine had little old teeth that pulled the vines over to the side, so you just got potatoes in a row.

"As soon as the team went by, I would start picking them. Well, the team would go to the end of the row and while they was turning around and coming back, well, you was supposed to have your station picked up by the time they got back. Where here they had more potatoes for you to pick up, you just stepped over and went to picking in the next row. And when they turned and came back, you ended up having two 100-foot stations, the one he had just dug and the one he was just starting. Well, I would talk to the kids that was a bit lazy and tell them to give me a part of their station. The one on one side of me and the one on the other side of me. Heck, I was picking up two stations by myself. So they cut my station down the next day, because I was making too dang

much money for a kid. So I only picked 7,300 pounds the next day. But that was big money, two dollars a day for a dang kid.

Dad bought a new 1925 Ford touring car for \$500.

"Before that he had an old touring car that didn't even have a top on it. Mom sat on top of the gas tank in the old car. The old gas pumps were hand pumps. Mom had to get out and they would take up the cushion and there was the gas tank. We'd pump the gas in it, put the cap back on, put Mom's seat back and she'd get back in the car.

"The next new car I remember him buying was a Model H around 1927 and it had the gas tank right up against the windshield. It was right in the middle of the windshield, in the front. And the radiator cap was the same size. Well, the gas cap had a vent hole in it and the radiator cap didn't, because it was under pressure. Well, if the caps got switched, you'd get about five miles down the road and the car would quit because you'd get a vacuum in the gas tank. In those days cars didn't have fuel pumps. They used gravity flow. With the caps switched, after the vacuum built up in there, you didn't get any gas because the vacuum was like a seal holding the gas in the tank. That car even had balloon tires

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on it. I bet they was three-and-a-half inch tires. The car came out with 30 x 2 1/2 tires, but Dad got the balloon tires on his.

"My parents left Minnesota in 1928, right after World War I. They moved to Kansas to be next to Dad's sister and he farmed on the Kaw River, 16 miles east of Manhattan, until 1948.

"I came to Oklahoma in 1932 when I was 16. My aunt died and I came down to the funeral with my cousin.

My Uncle offered me a job at \$20 a month plus room and board. And I slept in a granary without heat, water or light for the first year.

"And we worked 16 to 18 hours a day, those days.

"Dad's brother was a stonemason. One time I helped him cut out a fireplace in Osage County on a hillside. It was in the wintertime and the place had a roof over it so the snow and the rain wouldn't get in and he could still work. He used an old wooden ruler that folded up to measure it.

"When we got ready to lay it up, he said, 'Cliff, now you start carrying this rock to me the way I've got them laid out.'

"And we laid up that whole fireplace and we never had to cut a rock. He kept how many inches he needed, using a variable of four-inch to eight-inch rock, in the back of his head, and, by God, the whole thing fit all the way from the floor to the ceiling. But he was a master.

"He wanted to teach me to be a stonemason, but I was 18 and I already knew everything. He used a two- to two-and-a-half-inch chisel, which was straight on one side and slanted on the other. That's what they did the pretty stonework with.

"They used a barrel full of sand to lay their rock on when they cut it. They knew how to lay it on there so that it would jar the stone and cut just right. To split a rock, they used a chisel that had teeth that were about a quarter of an inch wide on it. To split the rocks, they would start on one side of a row and come across it and just tap each rock. Then they would go back to the beginning of the row and come back and tap each one again. They might have to make three, four, or five passes, but they would just hit it with the same pressure every time and finally here it would just pop open.

"My oldest brother still has my dad's wooden mallet. The face of the mallet is about six inches in diameter and the handle is about four or five inches long, just long enough for a good grip.

"Dad was a pretty good corn farmer too.

In 1933, Dad sold his corn for 13 cents a bushel.

"An old colored guy hauled it about 16 miles away for three cents a bushel. He had a little old Ford truck. Well, I guess you'd call it a ton and a half nowadays. And it had racks way above the cab on it. I remember one day, he had such a load on it that when he tried to turn out onto the road, one front wheel didn't touch the ground. But, he hauled it down there to Alma and scooped it off for three cents a bushel. But, by God, a dollar looked like a ferris wheel in them days.

"I ranched in '32. We pastured a couple thousand head of cattle for the big ranchers, Chapman and Barnard. Old Ben Johnson, a world champion calf-roper, was their foreman. Well, his son wasn't 21 years old when we pastured cattle, 'cause I remember old Ben caught young Ben smoking a cigarette with us down there at the bunkhouse and he just slapped the "H" out of him.

"Now, the son was Ben Johnson, the movie star, who died in '96. I worked cattle with the world champion calf-roper, Ben, Senior, and the world champion steer-roper, his son.

"All of the ranchers worked together. You'd have 30 or 40 cowboys working together out there. The first roundup I ever went to, a steer broke out and went south, and the younger Ben, "Son", and Kid Smith took off and went after it. One of their

buddies, Dudley, said, 'Son broke his back.' What he meant was that young Ben hit the steer in the back with the rope. He had missed him. Then come another yell, 'Kid broke his back, too'. The Kid and Ben, Jr. rode a little bit more, then Son finally snared him. They caught him and put two ropes on him and brought him back to the herd. The old boy who had popped off about them missing the steer, rode out there and heeled the steer, (put him down on the ground) and stretched him out.

"That was the first time I ever worked cattle in my life. They told me, 'You hold him down while we take the ropes off of him.'

Heck, I know that steer still has my fingerprints in his horns.

"Dudley stepped back and I pulled the steer's head back to keep him from getting up while they took the ropes off. When they said to turn him loose, all three of those cowboys had their horses right there between me and the steer so that he couldn't hurt me. The old steer got up and ran to the herd. Now they were dang sure cowboys. They really knew how to cowboy.

"About three years later, Son and Kid went out to California. They were stable boys for some big movie actor out there and, by God, there was supposed to be a faked

The Swedish Cowboy

runaway team of horses in a movie; but it wasn't no fake, it became an actual runaway.

Ben Johnson, Jr. caught the team and saved the life of an actress in the process.

"He started right then in the movie business and he done real well for himself. But he was an actual real cowboy.

"The old man I worked for had 27,000 acres of deeded land and he said it was just a fence corner to some of them ranchers. Some had hundreds of thousands of acres, yet they was out there cutting cattle just like you or I would. One time, I and the boss's boy, Bill, had just bought two new saddle slickers, the big ones that cover your horse and saddle. It started raining and the boss rode over to Bill and me and asked us to give him our slickers so he could give them to Mr. Chapman and Mr. Barnard. So we had to peel off our slickers and give them to the old man. He rode over to them and they said that if the other hands working had to set out in the rain, they would too, and they wouldn't put them on. They told him to take our slickers back to us.

"Old man Chapman rode, Old Midnight, the best cutting horse in the world. And he rode him 'til he was 23 years old. They would haul him to roundup,

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unload him, cut cattle with him, and when we were finished, they'd load him back up in the truck and haul him to the next roundup. Boy, that old horse was a cutting horse. When you said, pick that steer, he brought him out. He was just the world's best cutting horse at that time.

"When I worked on the ranch, I counted more cattle than any other cowboy in the whole outfit, besides old Ben Johnson, who counted steers seven at a time. Each finger stood for seven head of cattle. Now, I counted by twos. Whenever we counted out a carload of steers (there were 28 big steers to a car), I'd hold my hands up if I wasn't sure of my count and we'd recount them. You know, after about half a dozen times like that, it was cut and dried, old Cliff should do the counting. I'd admit when I was wrong or wasn't sure, by God, and I built a good reputation.

"I worked with Old Man Johnson 'til he died up at Sedan, Kansas. He had back problems. They had him working all over the United States in spite of his back. He got sick one morning while he was working cattle up by Sedan and they ran him into the hospital, a dang little old one-horse hospital up there. And the doctors found a cancer behind and inside of his spine. The men told the doctors, 'Don't spare the horse, save Ben,' but there was no saving old Ben. He died there in Sedan, Kansas at the hospital. So I worked with the best of them and I worked with the sorriest of

them.

"I worked on the ranch 'til I went into the U.S. Army during World War II. I was 26 when I went into the army. I volunteered on a Monday and on the following Saturday, I was done with my basic training and working on airplanes. About four months later, I was a buck sergeant.

"When I got out of the army, I went back to the ranch where I had been working, and, heck, it had turned into a dude ranch. The hired men came to work in a company pickup at 8:00 A.M. and at 5:00 P.M. went to the house. When I had gone into the army, we had been working 16 and 18 hours a day.

"About a year after I got out of the army I got married. My wife and I moved up next to my folks at Manhattan, Kansas. We talked them into selling out and coming to live with us. They was way up in their 70's and 80's, so they sold out.

"My father had farmed 84 acres of deeded land and 20 acres of quick claim land which had been built up by soil deposits from the river. The farm had a big rock two-story sweet potato cellar, a rock chicken house, the main house and a big orchard beside the house. He sold it to a bunch of professors in Manhattan. Then there was a big flood, and when the flood was over, all that was left of the farm was the house and one acre of land. The river had changed its course and cut the rest of the land off of the farm.

"I had saved some money while

I was working on the ranch and while I was in the army, so I bought 160 acres for \$5,000 and furniture, machinery and a harness for \$100. That was in '45.

"I finally got electricity in about 1946. I tried to wire the old house myself, because I couldn't get an electrician. I soldered and taped every joint. We didn't have any connectors then, so I used black tape. A friend and I worked under the house all one morning, 'cause we was running the wires up into the house from underneath it, and after we ate dinner we came back out and laid down in the crawl hole on the south side of the house and there was two copperhead snakes there.

Turns out, we had been under that house all morning with those copperhead snakes.

"Now, you talk about two old boys that got spooky, by God, we was spooky from then on.

"We got running water in the house about a year later.

"Dad died when he was 94. He farmed until he was 75.

"He had had six boys, Arvid, Rollien (Ollie), Mayby, Stanley, me and Phillip, but my oldest brother, Arvid, drowned at a Sunday school picnic at a lake in Minnesota when he was 17, before my youngest brother, Phillip, was

born. I was Mom's helper. Ollie and I were buddies 'til he died in 1993. Mayby died in 1989. Stanley still lives in Oklahoma and Phillip is in El Centro, California.

"My wife and I had 51 years together and the secret to staying together is "give and take". Now, you might disagree, but you don't have to fight. You can discuss

anything and talk it out. I've always felt that way. You can settle any argument by sitting down and just talking.

Nip problems in the bud. That's the best thing to do. Discuss them immediately. Don't wait until tomorrow or next year, by God. Discuss it right now. You clear it up and, by God, if you're wrong, admit that you're wrong.

Author's note:

As you read this story, I hope that you find it interesting and somewhat entertaining, but there is also something that we can learn from reading about past lifestyles.

The one part that I find the most interesting is where Cliff's father worked for two years in order to save up enough money to bring his brother to this country. The both of them then worked and saved their money to bring other family members over.

Was this done out of obligation, respect, duty or love? We hear so much about family values in today's society, I wonder how many people in this country would spend two years' salary to help a family member now?

As I travel around this country meeting people, I see many people that have not talked with their own brothers, sisters, parents or some other family member for months or even years.

What kind of example are we

setting for our children? As a parent and the teacher of our children, are we teaching them that money is more important then family or that family unity and closeness are too precious to be replaced and are much more important then money?

In this modern day of technology it only takes a few seconds to call someone on the telephone, so what excuse do we give to our children for not taking the time to talk or spend time with another family member?

The lesson we teach through our actions and by example, will be remembered long after our words are forgotten."

Thanksgiving and Christmas will soon be upon us. Why not take advantage of the holiday season and invite some relative that you have not seen for a long time, to spend it with you? If they choose not to come to you, then you can go to them.

Make the effort today, for you may not get the chance tomorrow.

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WHY ME LORD ?

By Franklin T. Wike

Many times I have asked that question when things were not going the way that I wanted them to.

Then one day my Lord spoke to me and said " your time on this earth is like one teardrop falling into an Ocean, but the time that you will spend by my side in Heaven, is the ENTIRE OCEAN.

So, Fear not, for the troubled times that you are spending now are SHORT compared to the ETERNAL Happiness that will be your reward. Everything that has happened to you is happening to fulfill the PLAN that I have for your life.

I did not put you on this earth simply to exist. There is a purpose for your life and I need for you to experience these difficult times so that you can LEARN from them. Then I want you to take the knowledge, compassion and understanding that you have obtained and HELP OTHERS.

Your purpose in life is to love and help others just as I have loved and helped you. When you have fulfilled your purpose, I will give you your reward, but until that time, fear not, for I will never give you more burden then you can bear."

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