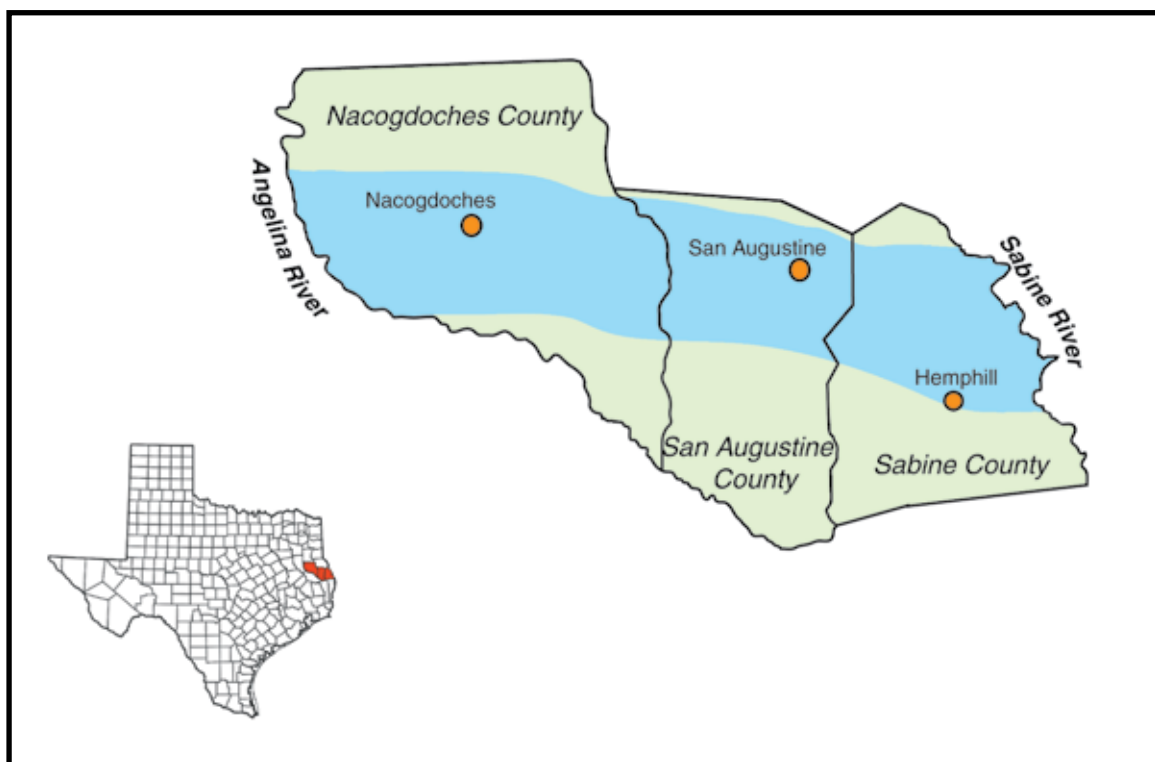


Summary Report for *Camino Real de los Tejas* Oral History Project from the Sabine River to the Angelina River, Texas

Phase I: Data Recovery from Elderly Informants



by

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Nacogdoches, Texas
September, 2010

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Project Overview

This report summarizes the results of Phase I of the *Camino Real de los Tejas* Oral History Project from the Sabine River to the Angelina River. The survey area is defined by the *Camino Real* corridor in Sabine, San Augustine, and Nacogdoches counties (Figure 1). Phase I focused on elderly informants in mostly in Sabine and San Augustine counties, with only four from Nacogdoches county. Connie Hodges was contracted by SFA to develop a list of questions (Figure 2), select informants, coordinate the interviews, conduct the interviews and assist the project director with the writing of short summaries of the interviews (Appendix 1). A sample transcription of one interview is presented in Appendix 2. From November of 2008 through October 2009, 25 interviews were conducted with a total of 30 people, most aged 70 or older (Figure 3).

Discussion

The informants were primarily from San Augustine and Sabine Counties, with a few from Nacogdoches County. There were four husband/wife interviews and one mother/son interview. The mother was in her 90s and the son was in his 70s. The interviews have recorded a wealth of information about daily life in the area during the 1930s and 1940s. Everyone seems to have a story of something that happened along the road. Some of the road activities including driving cattle, hauling lumber, traveling to Nacogdoches, an encounter with Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker, “secret” road providing advantage during the WWII maneuvers, and recreational use of the roads.

Very few of the informants knew anyone who spoke a language other than English when they were growing up. The few that did know people who didn’t speak English mentioned the Spanish speaking people near the Attoyac River. It was surprising, however, that a descendent of one of the old Spanish families in the area did not know of any Spanish speakers in the area while he was growing up, nor did his family eat any “Mexican” food when he was growing up—they were ranchers and they ate beef.

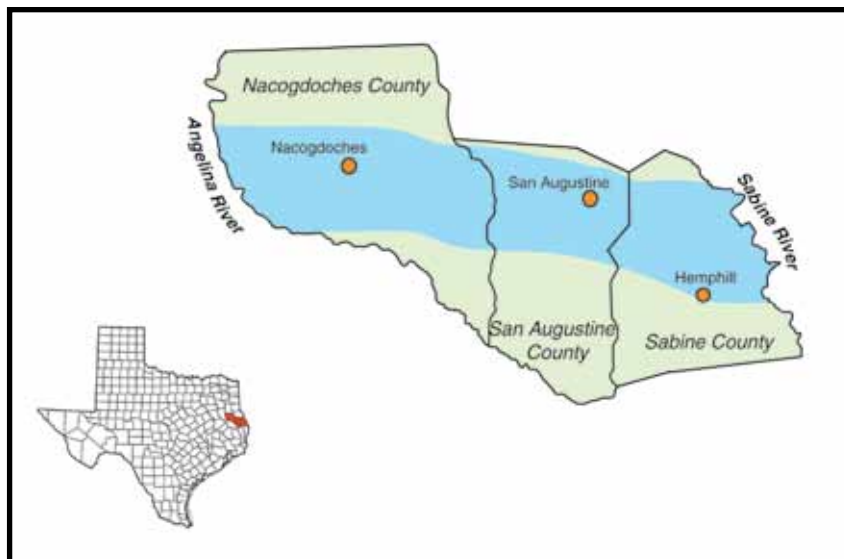


Figure 1. Location of study area.

Interview Questions

1. What was it like for you growing up in this area?
2. What did your parents, grandparents do for a living?
3. What kind of local food sources did you use?
4. Did you have gardens (how large, what did you plant), or animals?
5. Tell us about home remedies that were used in your family.
6. Describe your daily life—school, chores, playtime.
7. Describe your social activities (church, ball games, etc.)
8. How long has your family owned the land?
9. Tell us about the old people and places in the area.
10. What do you remember about the old roads in the area? How did you travel? How often? How far? What was the preferred means of transportation?
11. Do you know of any stories about American Indians in the area?
12. Do you know of any stories about the Spanish in the area?
13. What can you tell us about the history of African Americans in the area?
14. Do you have any old pictures, documents, Bibles that you can show us?
15. Describe the ethnic origins on both sides of the family. Were “mixed” marriages common? Was there an effort from local state governments to force integration?
16. What language did you speak at home? Was it different than what it was spoken in the schools?
17. What was your relationship with your neighbors? With other racial groups?
18. How did you earn a living – subsistence agriculture? – did this change with time?
19. How did relations with other groups change through time? Was there an increasing dependence on each other?
20. How did you “self-identify”? Did you think of yourself as “American” or as Texans, Louisianans, Spanish, mixed breed, etc?

Figure 2. Interview Questions.

List of Interview Dates and Participants

	Date of Interview	Interviewee(s)
1.	11-21-08	Judy Hodges
2.	12-12-08	Gerald Stewart
3.	1-23-09, 1-30-09	Billy Neal Fussell
4.	2-6-09	Rufus McLemore
5.	2-12-09	Alfred and Martha Broden
6.	6-19-09	Clifton Noble
7.	6-19-09	Tommy Hunter
8.	6-26-09	Kenneth Skillern
9.	7-3-09	David Malone
10.	7-3-09	Val Sharp
11.	7-10-09	John and Betty Oglesbee
12.	7-10-09	Weldon McDaniel
13.	7-23-09	Julia Wade
14.	7-23-09	A.E. (Jake) Whitton
15.	7-24-09	Nelsyn Wade
16.	7-24-09	Sallie and Billy Whitton
17.	8-14-09	Dr. Curtis Haley
18.	8-14-09	Earl Weatherford
19.	9-11-09	Gerald Mora
20.	9-18-09	Leon Ware
21.	10-2-09	Alton and Letitia Holt
22.	10-2-09	Bernadine Haney
23.	10-5-09	Harry Noble
24.	10-5-09	Wilma McMillen
25.	10-9-09	Burnice and Rosemary Blackstock

Figure 3. List of interview dates and participants.

Discussion (cont.)

There were a number of mentions of American Indians visiting the area in the early 1900s. The name of the specific tribe was unknown, and in one instance in Sabine County, it appeared that the Indians came in Model T automobiles and camped in an area known to be an Indian burial ground. A number of people also mentioned locations where Indian artifacts have been found in the past.

We interviewed people who grew up in the country and also those who grew up in town. There is some variation, but generally people in the country raised gardens and some livestock—milk cattle, and chickens. Cotton farming was popular before WWII, but not so much afterwards. One informant whose family had been in the area since the 1840s remarked that his ancestors cleared the land of trees to plant cotton and then to use a pasture for their cattle, but are now growing trees, so there has been an “undoing” of all the hard labor to clear the land in the 1840s. Everyone mentioned how people helped one another, but when discussed, it is clear that life was not equal for everyone—African Americans were definitely treated differently, and this was acknowledged by both Euro-Americans and African Americans.

Place names will be recorded according to their UTM coordinates. Fords Corner was a camp along the route of the Camino Real occupied by troops during the WWII maneuvers. Egnog Bayou was a camp site mentioned by several informants just outside Nacogdoches where those from San Augustine and Chireno would camp, do business in Nacogdoches and camp another night, then depart for San Augustine and Chireno the next day.

Some people brought in pictures, but many did not. Two individuals told us about Russell Lee—a photographer who came to San Augustine in 1938. Some of his pictures from San Augustine were published in the book *Home Town* (Anderson 1940), and some of our informants are in some of these pictures (Figure 4). Julia and Nelsyn Wade had identified the people in the San Augustine photos (Figure 5).

The summaries in Appendix 1 were sent to the participants for their comment and revisions. The revisions are reflected in the summaries shown in Appendix 1.

This is just a brief sketch of the results of the interviews—there is a wealth of information.

Acknowledgements

We gratefully acknowledge the Mission Dolores Museum and Visitor’s Center for allowing us to conduct most of our interviews there. Special thanks go to Val Sharp, a member of the San Augustine County Historical Society and a contributor to the local newspaper. Mr. Sharp provided a photograph and synopsis of the project to the local newspaper. (Figure 6).

FIRST ROW (L to R) JOHNNY DAWSON, DEXTER THOMPSON
 SECOND ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) DOROTHY RUSHING
 ADDIE LOU BOGARD, ARTHUR JR. SMITH (?)
 CURTIS HALEY
 3RD ROW - AT RIGHT: LILLIAN GILL ROBERTS

...San Augustine, Texas



Figure 4. Dr. Curtis Haley, shown in this photo second from the left, holding the song book (Anderson 1940:119).



Shoe Shine,
San Augustine, Texas

JIM BRYAN - GETS
BOOTS SHINED BY
BILLY SINGLETON -
(ALSO A PART TIME
BOXER

CHARLIE WITHERS
↓

Shoe Repair, San Augustine, Texas



JOHN
HENRY
→

POLK - STEPHENSON SADDLE SHOP
JOHN POLK AT SEWING MACHINE

↖
CALVIN
HOLT

Figure 5. Hand written identifications of people in photos taken in San Augustine by Russell Lee in 1938 (Anderson 1940:26).



Figure 6. Newspaper article about the project.

Reference Cited

Anderson, Sherwood

1940 *Home Town*. Alliance Book Corporation, New York.

Appendix 1

Summary Notes for Interviews

1. Judy Hodges, 11-21-08

Judy is from Crow-Charbonneau descendents, Charbonneau family settled 1796 at the Pendleton Crossing. Margaret's husband ran the ferry and was kicked by a horse and fell in the river and drowned. Isaac Crow came and married Margaret, not too long after her husband died. 1799 listed as a widow and 1801 was married to Crow. Margaret Charbonneau married a Crow, and later other Charbonneau's married Crows. Charbonneau's were from the Louisiana side. Bragg and Stewarts were from the Texas side. Judy's father and mother dated across the river. Mother was from Louisiana—Daddy didn't have much choice, was related to everybody on the Texas side. Judy's sister (6 years older) remembers her daddy crossing the Sabine River by foot. When Judy was born they had a car and they crossed on the Pendleton Bridge. It was 30 miles to go by car, but only 3-4 miles by foot. Stewart grandparents lost all their land with Toledo Bend. The Stewart family didn't fight it, but the Charbonneau family did fight it. The lake took some of Judy's family land, but not the house. Neither of Judy's grandmothers got over losing their land. The Charbonneau family cemetery was moved—38 graves, 13 known. Grandpa Stewart—caves on the Sabine River—the Pirate's Cave, behind Shacklefoot where Lindel Brown lived. Grandmother's brother told about Lafitte having a hideout at Shacklefoot in an interview with the Beaumont Enterprise. Mary Charbonneau lived at Pendleton Ferry, Isaac Crow was her step father, and wrote her memoirs. They went on to be a pirate with Lafitte and told about being on Galveston Island with Lafitte. From the Patroon Bridge to the Sabine River, there were only white people there. There was a little black community up on the west side of Patroon Creek—you couldn't ask for nicer people. Black people worked with white people, but they didn't visit in their homes—that was something that wasn't done back then. There was integration when Judy was in high school. Amazingly, very little trouble between Blacks and Whites. Judy's daddy had the store after the lake came up—still standing. Earlier there was a store in the black community—Harold and Odell Wright owned that store—Judy's aunt and uncle remembered this. When Judy was growing up, they traveled by car. Her uncle was the only one who had a car—so he had to carry people to the doctor, to get grocery. When Judy grew to be a teenager she hated living in the woods because she couldn't participate in any activities at school. At one time, she got on the bus at 6am and got back at 5pm. They were the first ones on, and the last ones off. Her grandparents had to walk to school to the eighth grade in a school that was located where the Bragg chapel church is now—stopped having school 1948-49. Judy's dad graduated from Hemphill. Judy's uncle had to walk 2-3 miles to meet the bus. Grandpa Stewart was a farmer, raised cotton, but Judy doesn't remember him growing cotton. He helped build highway 87, also worked in the CCC camps. Judy and her sister had to water tomatoes and hoe the corn. Then got chicken houses—they fed the chickens and washed the water. Judy's dad cut logs, worked in the sawmill, worked for Temple and retired from there. Judy's dad did a number of different things. Home remedies—camphor, turpentine, Vicks salve, and put it on a flannel rag on the front and on the back. For tummy ache, sugar with a few drops of turpentine or camphor. Judy's older sister hated school; Judy didn't hate it, but didn't really like it. Every 2-3 days, Judy would stay home for 3-4 years. Judy failed the 6th grade. That was the year that they got a television. Judy liked high school and made good grades. There was a dipping vat near their house, and Judy's mother wouldn't let her go near the dipping vat. Alice Brown—lived within a half mile, the first dead person Judy ever saw, laid out in the bed. Judy and her sister looked at her and ran out of the room. Alice Brown was by herself and had a son that was retarded—she had a bell to ring for help. Judy was 10 years old when Alice died. Old Roads—remembers the

Carter's Ferry Road to go fishing, to the old prairie—there were old Indian Mounds there, but the lake covered them up. Picnics and Easter egg hunts in the Prairie. The road to Aunt Bessie's house was pretty good, but from then on down, it was pretty bad—it wasn't kept up. From Miss Ida's to highway 187, doesn't remember when it wasn't paved. Indians—Uncle Herman dug up Indian arrowheads, and even today, people still go and try to find them. Stanley Jackson has dug some up arrowheads. Nothing about the Spanish. After the lake came up, you didn't even know your neighbor—completely different before the lake came up. Carter's Ferry meant absolutely nothing to Judy. She had no idea that it was historic—when she was a teenager she wished that she could get out of there, and did as soon as she could. Her daddy told her something about their connection to Lafitte—The Charbonneau people seemed like criminals—they didn't volunteer information. Judy didn't history growing up. Judy's daughter studied the Carter's Ferry Road while at SFA. Judy's mother made tamales—Judy described the process—they would kill a hog, mother would boil the hog head and grind up the head meat. She made some that were hot and some were not. Judy remembers eating very hot tamales at 3 years old, tears. Burned white oak to make ashes. Cooked the corn in the pot, put in ashes, and made hominy, grind the hominy, tie up the shucks, and steam the tamales for an hour. Made tamales in the winter time. Mother's brother from Louisiana would come and help with the hog killing. They didn't have a smoke house. Took a strip of the shuck and used this to tie. Judy loved tamales. Judy wants to make tamales—Judy and her sister made tamales after her mother died. Nothing was wasted. Judy buys tamales from a specific person in Louisiana. Connie said that someone in Center makes tamales. Judy's mother made tamales every time they had a hog killing. Grinding the corn—had a crank on it, it attached to the table. Charbonneau had a grist mill—Judy has a photograph of this. Stewart family—no drinking or smoking. Judy's mother helped Judy and her fiancé make wine from grapes, but Judy's daddy had a fit. Charbonneau family made home brew—Judy has the two whiskey jugs. The lead mine—Charbonneau family came across from Louisiana to get lead to make bullets. Matlock, Cuesta Alta. Grandpa Charbonneau died in 1947, said that they buried money at the home site. Judy and her sisters got a silver dollar when her grandpa Charbonneau died, so he must have had silver. There is a gun in the family that was brought from France by the Charbonneau's. There is still one left in Louisiana. Ghost stories—hand prints, in an old newspaper article, it told about a woman's husband killing her and she touched the tree and it made a handprint on the tree. Daddy would tell ghost stories when cousins would come visit, but Judy can't remember any specific stories. The lake came up faster than they expected. Judy doesn't remember that it rained a lot. Judy has a picture of photographs from the Ferry—1930s, before they built the bridge. Lots of photos from the Sabine River Authority. .

2. Gerald Stewart, 12-12-08

Mentioned an island in the Sabine River that wasn't claimed by either Louisiana or Texas—moonshine was made there legally. Prairie Road. Sink Hole—underground water source, fresh water. Salt lick. Soapstone located in a bend in the river—slick when it got wet. Rock shoals, below the salt lick, where they crossed. The soldiers crossed here in WWII above Carter's Ferry during the maneuvers. Road went by Mr. Tom Waller's house. There was a lake—few acres—beside the Sabine River—people used to dynamite the lake to get the fish. Prairie—a couple hundred acres—no vegetation to speak of—little elm trees. But years later, some vegetation would grow. There were some mounds on the prairie—his daddy forbade them to dig in them—they were said to be Indian burial mounds. Mentioned a place where they found arrowheads and Indian pottery at Shacklefoot—a town was said to be there, but not when he remembered. Mud for chimneys—mix mud and moss off the trees, made “cats.” Mud pits—minnows were in them. During the Depression—cattle were overstocked—the government paid people to kill the cattle. Took them to the Cattle Graveyard—off Carter's Ferry road. Also paid people to destroy their cotton. Cattle dipping. The only thing they bought was coffee and flour—they made everything else. Made clothes out of 50 pound flour bags. Raised cows, chickens, hogs, vegetable garden—they never went hungry. Also hunted, trapped, and fished. No deer. Mr. Stewart never saw a deer until he was 20 years old. They stocked deer when he was in High School. Tom Bragg house. Smoke House description—meat was salted and smoked. The kids had to keep the fire going—used hickory—the poles had to be Sassafras. Turned the geese (but not the chickens) loose in the gardens to eat the crab grass. Guineas kept the bugs out of the garden. Grew cotton, corn, peanuts, and watermelons. Later, when in high school, grew tomatoes for the market. Canned vegetables—metal cans. Could re-use the can—cut it down and use it again. Worked the garden with mules. Had oxen before mules—his daddy used oxen, but he used mules. Hogan's Field—some people owned before his time—to the left of Pendleton. New Ground—another field that Mr. Stewart's family farmed—he didn't know who owned it—it flooded sometime—12 feet of water. They owned 69 acres. He dreaded going to town—to San Augustine—in part, because they made him wear shoes. His parents lived off the land—his grandparents did the same. School—about a quarter mile from our house—a one room school house in Bragg Church, then road a bus to Hemphill for high school. Church only once a month or every other month since the preacher had to ride a mule to church. Family bought the land in 1923 and had to move out when the lake came up. The only Spanish people that Mr. Stewart heard about lived in Louisiana. His dad got one of the first vehicles in the area (a Model A), but it was useless about 6 months a year. Daddy carried people out who got sick—people would pay for the gas if they had to go somewhere. Only knew of three dipping vats—there is a dipping vat road. They were scattered out—not close together. Beef club—families rotate killing a beef. “Haints”—spooks. Possum hide—sold for 35 cents. Toledo Bend—people said at first it would take 10 years to fill up, but it filled up much quicker. Mr. Stewart worked with the REA 1947 to 1997. Married for 55 years. Started with REA at 17 years, had just finished high school.

3. Billy Neal Fussell, 1-23-09

Born in San Augustine County, east of town, right on the Sabine County line, the John C. Abney place. Gone 30 some years and then came back. Swimming and playing in the woods. Chase, hide and seek—games. His Daddy farmed cotton and corn. Always had a garden—his Daddy died when he was 7, mother re-married a bus driver—then bought food from the store. Curley leaf mustard green. Purple hull and cream peas. No collard greens were raised. Every spring, his mother would feed them poke salad (to clean you out) and sassafras tea (to thin your blood out—it got thick during the winter). His Daddy would take an orange sack and a double-barrel shotgun—shot robins and blackbirds—fed to the hogs. Momma would fry the birds and they would eat them. Didn't eat frogs at home. Mother baked all the time—especially biscuits. No fishing. Butchered the hogs in the fall when the weather was cold. Salt them down, hang and smoke them. No tamales. There was a black man who had a hot tamale cart—he had whiskey under the cart—“Hot tamales and that ain't all.” Early to mid 1950s. Got caught bootlegging and went to jail. After getting out of jail, “Hot Tamales and that's all!” A man in Denning made whiskey—did that for years. He was the only man Mr. Fussell remembers who made whiskey. I didn't know anyone who made wine. Mullein—we called it “Mullet,” I don't know it was used for. Sassafras tea—was good year round. Peach tree leaves—boil and make a tea for fever. Used coal oil for scrapes—Mr. Fussell had a nail that went through his foot. POW camp in San Augustine—he was only 4-5 years old at the time. Timber has always been an industry here. Uncle Hogan and grandpa cleared an area. Burned the stumps. Split rails for fence. Best when the wood was frozen. “Lay the worm” the first course of split rail fences—doesn't know of any split rail fences around today—doesn't know of anyone who might know how to make them—heard his Uncle Hogan talk about making them. His Daddy quit farming in 1944. Leroy Lane would break up a garden—with a mule. Boogers—west of town, blood on the ground will glow in the dark—Black folks wouldn't walk by it. Cemeteries. Indian artifacts found—George Crockett mentioned artifacts along the Ayish Bayou—found by Mr. Bates. Spanish gold reported near Chireno, also at Shacklefort or Shacklefoot—Jean Lafitte's gold. Lobonella—means a year old lamb, foolish—Boregas Creek. Palo Gaucho—crooked branch or stick. Tee Beau and Tiger (tigger) creek—don't know what they mean. Niciper—don't know what it means. Indians would break trees to mark the trail—across the street from the Cartwright House—this might be a trail marker. The “Dug Out” a swimming hole. San Augustine-Hamilton highway mentioned on Grandpa Fussell's property. Uncle Tom (died 1934-35) had a horse and buggy. Jack Cedar crossing. Buckeye, carry for good luck. Cedar trees used as marker trees. Described digging a grave. Dig a hole shoulder depth, four feet wide, eight feet long. Then dig further 2 feet wide, 6 feet long to have a ledge. Put the casket in, and cover it with cypress or virgin pine, and then fill in the hole with dirt—a peaked pile. No Indians in this area, but his mother-in-law tells about being scared of the Indians when she was 5-6 years old because they lived in mud huts.

4. Rufus McLemore, 2-6-09

Mr. McLemore is 86 years old. Raymond Goggan was also with us—we held the interview out at the old home site where M. McLemore was born. The burial ground was next to where Mr. McLemore was born. The Indians would camp for two-three months down the road from the burial ground. They came from somewhere in west Texas, close to San Antonio. The last time Mr. McLemore remembers them coming was in the early 1930s when he was 12 years old. He saw the Indians walking around the burial ground. The Indians got rattan vines and made furniture to sell. They came to his house to get their water, and they gave his daddy two rocking chairs made out of vines. The burial ground area was never cleared until about five years ago. They would dig out there looking for fish bait, and they would find bones. Mr. McLemore was born in the house near the burial ground. Lived here until 1941 when he went into the Marine Corps. Used to get the arrowheads along the Tee Beau near a spring. After you'd plow and after a rain. A lot more next to the woods where the old village used to be. The city site was at the junction of the Tee Beau and Palo Gaucho. An old road went along the Palo Gaucho. Mr. McLemore didn't know anything about a city. His daddy said that archaeologists came and worked in the area. They talked about a low stone wall. How the Palo Gaucho got its name—someone was calling for Polly, Polly. Square timbers sticking out of the ground, more than one place—Raymond said there were three places of squared timbers. Mr. McLemore knew nothing about a Spanish mission in the area when he was growing up. The archaeologists were in the area during WWII—referred to this city as a Spanish settlement. Mr. McLemore had a deed that showed the Spanish city—Raymond was not aware of this. His brother had the deed, but he's been dead for 10 years. His widow might know, but she's in the nursing home. Randy McLemore, son, might know where the deed is. Mr. McLemore's grandmother told him that she played with the Indians along the Palo Gaucho when she was a little girl. His grandmother died in 1939 at 90 years old, so she would have been playing with the Indians around the 1860s. Talked about hoeing and picking cotton. Plowed for the cotton and corn—could find arrowheads around the spring. He didn't know there was a Depression. Always had 20 head of cattle—used to can beef. Had free-range chickens, but wouldn't take one off the yard, his mother would feed the chickens corn before they were eaten. Everybody's cattle and hogs ran together. Would cut the hog's tail off and mark the hogs—cut the ears. Some people branded their cattle, but Mr. McLemore's father cut the ears of their cattle. Sweet potatoes, syrup, butter, and eggs were traded. 1200 pounds was a bale of cotton. One cotton gin in Milam and two in Hemphill. Swimming hole was nearby, deepest place was ten feet. His grandfather bought the land. His grandmother was raised by her brothers, right up the road in the curve. Maxie Bragg. Lorine Bragg—grandmother. They had no money, but Mr. McLemore didn't know they were supposed to have money. You had to walk 7 miles to Hemphill to spend money, so it wasn't any good out where Mr. McLemore grew up. Used metal cans to can food. Home remedies—only went to the doctor twice. Kerosene on cuts, Vicks salve. Don't remember using mullein. Poke salad, cooked with turnip greens. Raymond Goggan talked about a petrified purse found in the area, and about a panther with a human head near Nacogdoches. Mr. McLemore talked about an Indian Spring hewed out of rock.

5. Alfred and Martha Broden, 2-12-09

Martha's dad's house was built in the 1880s. The first property they owned was further south. John Bodine came to Texas in 1824 and he was murdered by Alexander Horton (a self-made hero). One of the Bodine's married someone from the Horton line—Richard Murphy wrote that “my great great grandfather killed by great great grandfather.” It was a personal feud. Horton would sell land, and then change the boundaries and sell it again to someone else. Horton did this to Bodine, and they agreed to meet unarmed. Horton's people were armed and they killed Bodine and Nation. There is a court case about this. They confiscated all the Bodine property and sold it at auction. They have the Spanish land grant. The cook house was separate from the main house for fire safety reasons, Martha's grandfather remembered this. Martha was the second youngest kid. We lived out in the woods—we didn't have a car. Her dad would go to town, would sell a bale of cotton and come back with groceries. Cotton sacks—made our underwear, made dresses with feed sacks. Ordered stuff from Sears Roebuck—shoes. Grandfather was deputy sheriff—still has his .44 pistol. John Bodine is listed as alcalde of San Augustine. Horton's remembrances don't list John. A lot of the Blake collection is from the San Augustine County Court House—records were thrown away and saved, and then brought over to Nacogdoches. Garden big enough to feed a family of 11. Butchered hogs in the winter. Had a big pot to boil the clothes in. Hitch the hog to a single-tree by the back legs, dip it in the hot water, and then scrape the hair off. Martha's mother was from West Texas, so she didn't eat tripe or poke salad—she cooked it one time, but that was it. They had a smoke house for the hams and sides (bacon). Used corn cobs to smoke the ham and bacon. Picked dew berries and wild plums, and would can it. Dinner was the big meal of the day (lunch), supper was what was left over from dinner. No home remedies—her mother tried to do the modern things. Tannic acid jelly—put on burns. They had a wagon and they went to town in it. Before Martha they had a truck that was re-possessed. When Martha was a teenager, they got a car, and her father would drive the car like he was driving a team of horses—he would hold his elbows up. He would cut wood all winter and drive into the woods. Used to use a cross-cut saw, but finally got a power saw. Walked to Bland Lake School—about a mile and a half. To catch the bus, walk about 1.5 miles. Walked to Liberty Hill Church—father would have a running commentary on the sermon. 1.5 miles to the road to town, to the church, to the Bland Lake School road. There were so isolated, they never saw anyone. People were more in contact with one another during her father's time. 147 was 96 when Martha was growing up—she didn't get very far down the road until she went to college. American Indians in the area—no stories. The place where our house is there were so many pieces of pottery and little chips of stone when they would plow. From our house to the railroad. Any stories of Spanish in the area—no. Can't say anything about the history of African Americans in the area—schools were segregated. Rarely saw African Americans. When we waited for the bus, there was a Black family waited for the bus to go to their school. You knew it was all wrong, but you didn't want to think about it. Neighbor Johnson had a car and would take Martha and family places. All her siblings and her went to college—it was just an understanding that that's what you did. Martha's father carried mail, was involved in WWI. It was easier to work your way through college back then.

6. Clifton Noble, 6-19-09

Interview on the square in San Augustine—jack hammer in the background was related to renovation of the courthouse building. Mr. Noble was reading over the questions while the recorder was running in the beginning. Palo Gaicho crossing was on the left side of highway 21. Mr. Clifton can remember anything back to 1928. Owned property around Black Ankle (all “Colored” people lived there). Grandfather died in 1929. Two story house built in the slave days. Grandmother died in 1943 while Mr. Clifton was in the service, then they tore the house down. At 8 years, would bring corn over to be to the grist mill—would have lunch, take a little nap and then go back home. The man at the grist mill called Mr. Clifton “Little Boss Man.” This man broke and worked oxen. This was the last man Mr. Clifton knew that worked oxen. This man owned about 350 acres. Made his living with the grist mill—charged a toll for grinding—two little buckets of corn from your sack. Farmed and ran cattle open range. Every Saturday morning he went out and laid out salt for the cattle. About five families ran cattle in those woods. His mother always a garden—canned a lot of stuff. Two brothers and a sister (she died at 2 years old). Also had open range hogs—in the Madlock Hills, Black Ankle area. Had a club, every two weeks they would kill a calf—stored in a well to keep it cool. So we had fresh meet. Mother had 300 laying hens. Sold fryers, 50 cents a piece. The corn meal was to feed the chickens. Put up sweet potatoes in the potato house—onions. Canned in jars. School house—a two room school, went there until the 6th grade—same one that his dad went to. Traveled in a wagon. Went to church at Chapel Hill. There wasn’t a school bus when it came time for him to go to school in San Augustine—they didn’t own a car. We walked to school in San Augustine. 1933 got a house at Magnolia Park, near the high school. Dad started working for the highway dept.--\$2.10 a day. Then went back to the farm at 14 years old. He was always a trader (he is a loaner now). 1300 pounds to make a bale. Was plowing with a pair of mules, and realized he wasn’t going to make much money for all the work. Gave the pair of mules to his father and left home with 50 cents in his pocket at 14 years old. There was a grist mill beside a café in San Augustine. Bought a coke for 5 cents. Started washing dishes for 12 hours a day. Got a room for \$1.25 a week. Ate free at the café. They were buying gravel off his father’s place to gravel hwy 21. I saw the first bus that went from Nacogdoches to Beaumont. You go down one day and come back the next. After he left home, he never went back. There were water troughs to water your horses in San Augustine. The Blacks would go to a certain area in town on Saturday. Had a saw mill here. Had WPA workers. Had a NYA shop. Girls had a 15 day deal where they learned how to cook. San Augustine was a busy place on the weekend. They built this courthouse in 1927, in 1928 mother had to have an appendix operation. Dr. Haley’s dad—Dr. Haley. Went to Mansfield, Louisiana, for the operation. Doctors would make house calls for 5 dollars, or whatever you could give them. Went to Europe, discharged in 1946—hard to get a job. Went to pipeline work until 1948. There was a guy from Marshall, Texas, who hired him to build that hospital in 1949. Then built Panola College in Carthage, Texas. Went to church at Liberty Hill. 1950s, poor folks drank a lot of soda water. Could sell soda water bottles for 5 cents a piece—collected from houses that he disconnected, also collected scrap metal. Involved with power lines in the area. Highway 21, to Ford’s Corner, then to Rose Vine, then to Bronson, then to Pineland, to Brookland, to Jasper, changed a lot from then on to Beaumont. It was straightened out when 96 came in. Crossing on Lobonella Creek—still the same as it’s always been. Sam Hanklin had a store down there. Some of the crossings are on his land. 21 stayed the same until it got to Geneva, then in 1935 they straightened all that out. We went to Pendleton to

fish for a week. Brought ice, buried in newspaper in the ground. Rode the ferry. When the river was low, people would swim the horses across. Couldn't remember who was running the ferry. Made syrup. His dad hauled cane from Louisiana. He had several wagons—a pair of mules. One of the mules wouldn't get on the ferry, so that mule swam the river and the other one rode the ferry. If someone got sick, we all got together to work his farm. There were gypsies—they lived in the house, didn't charge them anything—they worked mending fencing, etc. An old gypsy woman got the warts off Mr. Clifton's hand. Used a straight pin on both hands, and put the straight pin in his cap and was told when the straight pin was gone, the warts would be gone. Three days later and the warts were gone—the pin was gone from the cap. 1932—everybody had boils—risings. A “Colored” woman poke salad bush berry—take one berry one every other day for 18 days. So they took 9 berries and before 18 days all the boils were gone. Sassafras tea for colds. Myrtle tea, the same way. Not crepe myrtle—a myrtle bush. Whiskey, peppermint candy, honey, shake it up—for coughs and sore throat. Kept 8 hives of bees. Always had milk cows—Mr. Clifton still has cattle. The hogs and deer are so bad it's hard to keep a garden now. The house that the gypsies stayed was near the post office near 21. There was shot in the lumber of this house. Cellar under the house, there was a stall in the cellar—the saddle shed. In case they needed to go somewhere at night or in bad weather, they could saddle the horse and be on their way. His mother was half German. 1937, his mother's mother, grandmother died—she never did speak English very good. She was from Heidelberg Germany. He started at Omaha Beach, and later got wounded. Was in a hospital in Fontainebleau, near Paris. Asked if he could drive a jeep—said he could drive anything. Asked to drive to Bastogne. Snow was very deep. The Germans took Bastogne that night. That morning gliders came in with the biggest paratroop jump ever made. Then he drove to Brussels, and then to Paris. Carried money in a closed in jeep—like a pay station—went to French, Germany, Italy—wherever we had troops. Went to Heidelberg, but couldn't find any Eisengoods (? Name of his mother). Called Eisenhower and Patton by name. He loans money now and is now retired.

7. Tommy Hunter, 6-19-09

Mr. Hunter still butchers hogs the old fashioned way. Described the process of butchering the hog. Have to wait until the weather is cold—have to have at least three cold nights before you start. Start early in the morning, get the water hot. Dig a hole to put the barrel in. Clean the hair off—scrape it off. If the water is too hot, you set the hair and it's hard to get off. Hang the hog up, gut him, and quarter him. Trim the cracklings. Have to dislocate the joint in the ham. All smokehouses have a table in there—turn the skin side down—put salt on the table, then salt the rest. Need three cold nights for the meat to take the salt. Then put in a salt box and leave it there two-three weeks. Then rinse all the salt off and hang up the meat and now start smoking it. Smoked stuffed sausage, use the small intestines, cut in three foot lengths. Grind the sausage and stuff it into the small intestine. You're lucky to get three cold nights these days. Shoot the hog and within 20 minutes get it into the hot water. He was 12-14 before we had electricity. The last day and a half, use sassafras to give it a bit of sweet taste. They say that salt pork bacon is bad on you—it killed his mother, she ate it every day, she was 92. Two weeks from time kill the hog to the time you can eat the finished product. Was raised back in the woods—there wasn't any candy or pop. The reason they didn't have electricity was because his dad was so tight. Garden, peas, beans, tomatoes, corn, potatoes, cane—made their own syrup. Cash crop was tomatoes—all small towns had tomato sheds near the rail. They hauled their tomatoes in a wagon. No running water, no indoor plumbing. He thought they turned the electricity off at dark (because that's when his father would turn it off). If you had to kill a hog in the summer, you would skin the hog. You would fry every bit of the meat and store it in a crock churn—seal it with fat. His mother would can beef—they would use number 3 cans. Make a pot of ground chili meat. Put the can on the stove in a pressure cooker. All the good cuts of meat would put it in can and make a brown gravy, and seal it with fat. A pressure cooker would hold 16 quarts. Cracklings are the byproduct of rendering the fat. Bones of the hog—fed to the dogs. Hog killing is back breaking work—3-4 people involved. They had a neighbor that made syrup, they cut and stripped the cane and took it to the neighbors who had a mill with a long wooden poll, about 20 feet long, about 6 feet high, a gentle mule would walk in a circle all day long. Has to be cooked real slow, fired the kettles with pine knots. Also a cold weather activity. The fire couldn't be so hot, couldn't scorch the syrup. Used a ladle to stir. You had to know what you're doing—stirring was very important—you had to know when it was cooked enough. Lived at Gary growing up on a dirt road in Panola County near Shelby County, in Brushy Creek bottom. Home remedies—for a bad cold—cough—kerosene and turpentine, mixed with sugar. Heat up a flannel rag and rub your chest with Watson's. If you stuck or cut yourself, it was kerosene—I think because it was a nickel a gallon. Parents and grandparents farmed. Dad had cattle, but cash crop was tomatoes, and grandparents raised a lot of cotton. Cotton is a lot of work. Has heard tales of Spanish gold. Gold buried in the edge of a spring—a big beech tree with two turtles carved in it—one going up, and one going down. Mr. Hunter also found the beech tree—also found a wash pot there—found the carvings. Alexander Horton cemetery—just up 147 north, before you get to the San Augustine city limits. An old slave cemetery was supposedly located near the Horton cemetery, but Mr. Hunter has never seen any indication of a cemetery there. No stories about Indians in the area when he was growing up. Mr. Hunter worked for the highway dept. and dug a site where 711 crosses Iron Ore Creek—found a lot of broken pottery, arrowheads, and a spearhead. Junior Graham found the spear head, he has passed on. His mother made tamales—he didn't like them—so he didn't pay attention to how they were made. His dad would

get the shucks, trim them and fix them for his mother. Tamales were a cold weather food. “Sorta like feeding a dog cucumbers—he won’t eat them today, but he will eat them the next day” . . . if that’s all there is. So Mr. Hunter ate tamales, he just didn’t like them—not enough meat in them. His mother’s maiden name was Thompson. Mr. Hunter is County Commission, San Augustine County. Sand rock—soft when first exposed—easy to cut. Mr. Hunter won the county chili cook-off, Junior Livestock Show in March. County Commissioner—road kill chili. Additional comment—once you got your water in your wash pot, you want to put ashes (oak) in the wash pot to help the hair fall out.

8. Kenneth Skillern, 6-26-09

1911—the DAR recommended that the markers be placed along the Camino Real so it wouldn't get lost. Installed in 1918—Mr. Skillern has traced them all. There is a lot of corrections to the website on the markers—regarding locations and pictures. His father worked for the Texas pipeline company—which is a division of the Texas Company—this is now TEXACO. Had a pump station three miles south of San Augustine, and that's where Mr. Skillern grew up. In the 1930s when oil was discovered in east Texas, then San Augustine was on the main line. Mr. Skillern's father was raised on a farm in Nacogdoches County, and Mr. Skillern's father's father died when he was 8 or 9 years old. He had five girls and one boy—my daddy. He grew up farming. Mr. Skillern learned how to plow with mules, when he was 11-12 years old he would plow for other people and get paid 50 cents a day. He would get up 4am and walk to where the people lived, work until dark and come home—all for 50 cents a day. The most undesirable kind of work he did was picking cotton—he hated that. It was back breaking work. Didn't mind plowing, hoeing or chopping cotton, but hated to pick it. One person he worked for, four boys and four girls—one of the boys and Mr. Skillern did the plowing. The man was part Indian. Only one of the boys is still living—he really showed the Indian features—didn't know the tribe. This was the youngest boy. One of the Ais villages was on the property that he was farming—he was a tenant farmer. When Mr. Skillern was plowing, he would find pieces of pottery, especially after a rain. Also find arrowheads. When coming through a gate, he had hit the neck of a water bottle—he dug it up and give it to one of his teachers. Mr. Skillern would not say where it was—he didn't want to publicize it because people would dig it up—it's on private property—he is pretty sure he knows where the grave sites are located—between two streams of water. They buried their dead in a dump ground—not a mound. The dump ground would be on the north side of the village. Raised vegetables—Mr. Skillern used to sell watermelons. One X was a nickel, two XX was 10 cents. Oliver Roberts picked out a water melon—Uncle Oliver (elderly Black man) I can't charge you for that. Home remedies—turpentine and kerosene. Put it in a rag and tie it on us. Vicks salve. Perigart. Played football in high school. Didn't play baseball, too much to do. They lived on the Texas company property. They had an elderly African American woman that came and stayed with them—she is buried in the Roberts cemetery. They didn't have a marker for her grave site—Mr. Skillern paid for a marker for this African American woman. That was the first funeral Mr. Skillern attended—when this African American woman died. Her family name was Scott—we called her Aunt _____. (Couldn't remember her first name) Remarked that African American people were not treated well. Didn't know why his parents went to the Baptist Church. His dad's family were all Methodists. His father's cousin had a shingle mill over in Nacogdoches. They probably had a Baptist Church in Edgerly Louisiana (where his father worked for a time), so Mr. Skillern was raised in a Baptist church. The Skillerns in Tennessee were Methodists. All the roads were gravel—the road from San Augustine to Nacogdoches was gravel until sometime in the early 1930s. Having a flat on the way to Nac to visit his grandmother—when you would meet a car on the road, you would roll up the window because of the dust. His daddy took off his coat and tie to fix the flat—it was Sunday—a car came by and his father was covered with dust. A grader pulled by a tractor bladed the roads. There was a saying that whenever they graded the roads it was going to rain. The roads didn't really move that much. Didn't know any stories about Indians—but he knows where the Indian village is located. He has collected quite a few arrowheads—but while he was overseas in WWII, his sisters had given many of his arrowheads away. No stories about

Spanish in the area. Spanish soldiers married Indian women—living now in Natchitoches and Zwolle. Tamales—they're good—most people don't know that tamales are an Indian food that the Spanish got from the Indians. Skillerns came from Tennessee—his great great grandfather. 1850, he paid taxes on his land. After Isaac died, his widow gave land to the freed slaves after the Civil War. Now, none of the White Skillerns own any land over there—all they own is the land the cemetery is on. There is a reunion at the cemetery every year, the African American Skillerns come. Ironwork fence (installed in 1903) was stolen from the cemetery shortly after the highway sign was put up. Isaac had a house boy—Big Richard Skillern—Big Richard had a big family (10-12 children). 1870 census, the first time that Blacks appears on a census. Named one Isaac and the other Lucy—after Mr. Skillern's great great grandparents. The Texas Company had three houses out there, and built a fourth. William and Elizabeth Skillern came in 1738 to Virginia in the Shenandoah Valley, to Kentucky, to Tennessee, to here. Isaac named one of his children after the alcalde in Nacogdoches. Isaac spent two years before he received a land grant. Isaac was a blacksmith. Isaac had a brother with the same name as the alcalde. His mother's people were Scots-Irish—the Gees. The name is Skillen in Ireland. William Skillern put the r in there. Scalen—the Norse word, meant priest—where Skillen came from. His wife is a Thompson—came in the 1850s—this is the land he is on now. Camino Real markers—he got involved because there was a lady with the DAR that was trying to find all the markers. This lady called Kenneth and asked him to help her find the markers. She and her dad—Jack Ward, her name was Lisa Lee—went to San Antonio and Austin with Mr. Skillern. Located three that were lost in one day. Number 13—most were five miles apart. Number 13 was stolen before it could be moved to highway 21. Mr. Skillern figured that one of the oil company people stole it with heavy equipment. The marker was found in Henderson—TXDOT went and got it—put it at Melrose where the old Melrose road goes around Nacogdoches. Billy Fussell was watching a program that said that a marker in Sabine County was missing. The marker had been broken in two—haven't found the other half—that's number 5. Ten have not been found. 19 was lost in the late nineties. #39 on the OSR, and #49 on the Brazos have not been found. 68 and 69 are missing—Bastrop and Hayes County. All the markers between the Sabine River San Augustine have been. No ghost stories. In San Augustine, a man made tamales and had a cart. His name was Vessy Wynn. Hot tamales, white folks, and that ain't all! He got arrested for bootlegging. When he came back, Hot tamales, white folks, and that's all! Vessy Wynn's son also made tamales. Mentioned the historical marker for the POW camp in San Augustine. A German family owned a bakery that was across the street from the POW camp. One of the POWs would go to the bakery and fell in love with the oldest girl—after the war, they married and spent their life in Shreveport, Louisiana. He's still living. Tony Ball, a guard, married a local girl from San Augustine. George Getz also came here in the army and stayed—became the mayor. There were others, but they have died. Need to ask Kenneth about the Camino Real marker at Mission Dolores—I thought he had said before we started recording that the Mission Dolores Camino Real marker at Mission Dolores was moved from near the railroad to its current location when the 1936 marker was placed there.

9. David Malone, 7-3-09

Mr. Malone will be 92 in two months, his birthday is 9-13-17. His mother and brother died, so there's no one left but Mr. Malone. Over the years White people came to accept Black people. Mr. Malone said at the time he didn't know he was black—he lived with White folks. Went to school at Spring Ridge School and Spring Ridge Church—he was the only Black person. Miss Gertrude Powers, a White teacher. Had to walk two or three miles to church. Grandpa Dave Clark had two more brothers, they raised cotton. Clark Town, where his Grandpa Dave lived. They had 988 acres of land. George Clark, Silas Clark and Dave Clark were three brothers. Grandpa Dave a lot of cattle that ran in the woods. The horse pulled a sled in the woods and killed a beef. 55 gallon wooden barrels—put the beef in the barrels. They had a way of waxing that barrel and put the head in it. Speckled peas, grew a garden near the cow pen where he milked the cows. Mr. Malone worked as a bartender—said he didn't hear what he said, but he heard it. In Brooklyn a Black man said that they were using cow chips. They were giving medicine to the White Folks, but not to the Black folks and the White Folks were dying. A doctor fell out with a lot of people because he was spitting. The Black folk were drinking the cow chip and that was saving their lives. You made a tea from the cow chips. Three things in the woods make a good medicine. In the spring of the year you get this and boil it—it looks like a whiskey—called tag oil. Chop into the bark of the tree and it immediately turns red—this is a medicine. Grandpa said that it dried the humor out of your skin in the spring time. Living with the Goodmans—the White Folks, he was a boss man—he told people what to do. Bought the Hancla land in 1952. His father lived in Sabine County. Most all the White in San Augustine knew his mother, and they came to know him. Joe Harris is going to where your daddy lives and he will give you a ride there. There was a girl (Tank) that was leaving home and she caught a ride—we got on this old truck all the way down to Geneva. He wanted to find his daddy—Louis Malone—people told Mr. Malone how to get there and he got there. Louis Malone lived out near Sid Dennis Road. There was a lot of people there—a lot of houses—but the houses are gone now. Mr. Malone knows the Weeks family. He used to shell the corn, put it in sacks and they go to Bland Lake to the grist mill there. They road from 711, St. Mathew to Bland Lake. Stories about Indians in the area—no contact with Indians until he went to Arizona. Spanish in the area—long time ago Forest Johnson front lumber company—lot of Mexicans worked for the lumber company. Mr. Malone tried to learn to speak the language. A story about Old Man Black—commissary man. Raymond Hamilton was riding through the area and came to the commissary. Old man Black said to Raymond, “They tell me that Raymond Hamilton is around. Do you think they'll catch him?” Hamilton left and went to Aiken. The law came around and Old Man Black said he hadn't seen Raymond Hamilton—he didn't know he was talking to him. Mr. Malone's house burned in 1979. When Mr. Malone was living with Mr. Goodman—he was a logger—he would send Mr. Malone on a mule to go to the store in San Augustine to pay bills at the store. Clyde Barrow was a cousin to Noah Moore, who lived on Iron Ore Creek who had a spring and would catch fish and would put them in the spring. We lived on the road—Noah lived in the wood. There was a big curve in the road and Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker stopped Mr. Malone and asked him where he was going—going to the store—Clyde asked if they sold newspapers, I want you to bring me a newspaper. He said, you know who I am? Bonnie Parker—I didn't like her attitude—she acted like she was a gun fanatic—put hand to her side like she had a gun. Clyde Barrow told Mr. Malone who he was. Mr. Malone went and got the newspaper, and brought it back—Clyde asked him if he had told anyone who you saw? No

sir. They were there for a couple of days. M. Malone cried when they killed Bonnie and Clyde. There was a fair going on, where the rehab place is. Mr. Jarred Wickerson and Jim Collins were high sheriff and deputy at that time. Bloody clothes, step right up and see bloody clothes. Mr. Wickerson and them went and closed it down. Mr. Malone was there when they shut it down. The old tree up there—Mr. Malone was courting a girl and her mother came up missing. In 1937 she was found out there by that tree—her legs propped up against the tree. They were coming out of Camp Bannister. The girl's mother had been killed—the tree still stands. Stood in front of Clark Down's store, two men started cutting one another. One had a pistol and the other man took the pistol away from him. Some terrible things went on. This white fella had a black guy who was a boxer and the white guy would tell the boxer to knock out people that were walking by. McClanahans and Bursesons, Dick Thomas was running the hardware store. Mr. Malone saw all this brewing—it was pretty bad—he saw the clash. “You better obey, or you'll come up lost too.” People used to be terrible. Leo Bishop and Dan Hines came in here—they took the law into their own hands. No memory of lead mines. But talked about a soda mine, right out there by St. Mathew's church—turn right there. A Mexican lady made tamales, she is dead now. Her daughter Delores Koonce makes tamales. Her mother (Sanchez) moved here when she was 18 years old. Delores' mother was from Sonora, Mexico. She died in January, 2009 at 80 years old. Has heard a lot of ghost stories, but can't remember exactly how they went. Mr. Malone went into the service February 1942, and when he came out of the service he didn't come back to San Augustine. In 1949 he was discharged in Chicago. He came back to Texas to get married in 1949. Professor Nickerberry taught school here. Mr. Malone was a motorcycle messenger in WWII.

10. Val Sharp, 7-3-09

Val is 86. Was away 42 years, but had wanted to return after retirement. Children had a lot of freedom—people looked out for the children in town. Remembers walking in front of the mission and catching crawfish in borrow pits nearby. Ten foot—a swimming hole in the Ayish Bayou. Remembers when Will Rogers died—was returning from Ten Foot. Played football, baseball, was in plays, in the band even though he never did learn play an instrument—he was the student conductor. Dad (died 87) was oil and gas distributor for Gulf Oil Company. Mother (died 91) worked at a clothing store down town San Augustine. Grandfather, paternal, raised sugar cane—they had a sugar mill with a mule walking around to grind the cane and save the juice. Grandmother died in 1928—don't remember much about her. Spent the night at his grandfather's house when he died—6 miles west of town, Brushy road, about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile off hwy 21. Maternal grandmother was a seamstress—lived with Mr. Sharp's family. She also did quilting. Grandfather buried at Shiloh north of Denning. Food sources—grocery stores. 10-12 stores in San Augustine County, 5-6 downtown. Had a garden. Had hogs. Made lye soap. He wouldn't eat cracklings or chitlins. Home remedies—Vicks salve, flannel cloths for colds. Took castor oil. Dad used to take a round of calama and a dose of castor in the fall to get him ready for the winter. No chores—had two brothers, he was the oldest. Got a part time job when 12—worked Saturday and Sunday, made 50 cents a day. Went to movie on Saturday afternoon for a nickel. The Black kids had to sit in the balcony. Lud Davis's shop—a cotton yard—weighed and certified the bales of cotton in San Augustine. Old roads in the area, were all dirt until 1936 when highway 21 west was paved. The service station he worked at was on the west side of town. A lot of the farm roads remained dirt roads for some time. Tough traveling in the winter when had a lot of rain for doctors or funeral directors. Doctor Rupp had 21 inch wheels on his car—he always drove a coupe. There was not hospital so babies were delivered at home. Black Slough where water went across the road to Broadess. The water came from an artesian spring. Stories about American Indians, dad was born in 1886—there were still a few Indians around then. In 1936 the Forest Service prohibited fire burning. Daddy said that people in the forest service were crazy because when the Indians were here every year they would burn the forest, and they didn't have forest fires then like we do now. They kept the undergrowth burned off. The hills on the west of Ayish Bayou is where the Indians would settle. And where Brookshire Brothers is now, Nolan would keep his horses out there. What the Spanish in the area? I'm not that old. He would look for arrowheads on Mission Hill—he never did find any, but some people did. African Americans in the area—it's a sad era in the life of the country that slavery existed. There was segregation—rest rooms, water fountains—it was a sad time. Ruth family, parent was Green Ruth, two brothers Jack and Bo—a fine family, lived out in Redland. His father was a commissary manager for the saw mill in town. The Ruth property adjoined his father's property. Daddy would write notes to Mr. Sharp's future mother and Bo Ruth would carry the notes. Mr. Sharp's daddy was a tax assessor before working at the saw mill. Sharp side is from England. Val is in SRT and Austin's old 300. Mother's family came from Lawrenceville Georgia, and that's as far as we've got—maiden name was Harris. Played dominoes. His daddy was clerking a grocery store when Mr. Sharp was born. First job was a filling station, then moved to a cleaning plant—before he got out of High School. The cleaning shop cleaned the clothes from the CCC camps—Milam and Bannister—which is down near Broadess. Mr. Sharp would drive the truck picking up and delivering the clothes. Went to work for the J.P. Mathews Company making \$2 a day. When he graduated he worked full time, but still \$2 a day.

Left Mathews and operated a service station until November of 1942 when entered the service. Became a Navy pilot. Flew a “Yellow Devil” in training. Did anti-submarine patrol in the Caribbean, then to Brazil, then to an island off the coast of Africa. Ghost stories—two houses in town were supposed to be haunted—old abandoned houses, both were two stories, Mr. Sharp saw any ghosts there. Tamales—a black man, Vessie, had a cart and he pushed the cart around San Augustine. Vessie might have been sent to the penitentiary . No cemetery stories—did not visit cemeteries when growing up. Worked at the funeral home 6 or 8 years when came back from the service. A tradition was to sit up with the deceased. In 1986-87 a family would sit up, but not now. People took shifts sitting up. Grape Vine Community, Dickerson Cemetery, they traditionally seem to collect more around the funeral home than other families during the day than most other families. Many of the Dickerson families stay the whole day. African American funerals are different—Saturday or Sunday is the most frequent burial day—they are usually longer than the Caucasian funerals.

11. John and Betty Oglesbee, 7-10-09

When John Oglesbee first came to San Augustine he was in the second grade, and the population of San Augustine was 2,518 people. At least four grocery stores on the courthouse square, children were allowed to go alone to the midnight movies in town. The dentist would leave his windows open because there was no air conditioning—he was a painful dentist—you could hear screams. Life was simple, it centered around your church, school. The movies were on every night. Betty's parents had a department store in town, the old Wood Brothers Store. Everybody shopped locally. From San Augustine to Nacogdoches you couldn't get out of sight from a cotton farm. Bland Lake—teenagers went out there, John and Betty went there with their families and swam. It was the age of the country store—every five miles there was a country store—and they were thriving. On the railroad track, there was a tomato shed—they would throw away the bad ones—threw away about as many as they kept. Betty's family got milk from Mr. Horn—when bitterweed was growing the milk would taste that way. Betty's mother would ring a chicken. John had a milk cow. Betty's grandmother had a butter churn. The grocery stores would deliver grocery stores. People would drive a pickup and deliver your groceries—they would come right into your house if you were there or not. The Depression was not felt as bad in San Augustine. Everybody had victory gardens—everybody was frugal—signs on cars saying "Is this trip necessary?" Pea shelling—14 bushels at one time. The whole back end of the pickup would be full of corn and Betty's family would shuck it and wash it and then scrape it so that was a corn scraping, and then they would can it. School consolidation in the 1940s—brought the country kids into town. There were little county schools everywhere. Betty's family had a store and had a victory garden, but otherwise bought vegetables. John's family had a big garden. Games—Flying Dutchman, Red Rover, Betty loved the movies—Flash Gordon, Boston Blackie—serials every Tuesday night. Betty lived in town and had chores and when she was old enough, she worked in the store. Betty's family owned land that goes back to patent. John moved from Silsbee. There weren't any nursing homes, there was more respect for the elderly. Betty's family had a car. The Camino Real—Dorsey drove a rabbit bus twice a day from San Augustine to Nacogdoches. Fairdale—inundated by Toledo Bend—where John's grandparents and they would get stuck and have to walk. It was hot in those cars—you would want to travel on a cloudy day. The first air conditioners for cars were a tubular thing mounted on the window of your car that was filled with ice. Telephone operators in San Augustine—the operator would know who you were. No stories of American Indians, but lots of artifacts picked up where Mr. Aaron Bates lived, and no one knows what became of all the artifacts. The story of the American Indians wasn't incorporated into the school curriculum. The Blacks were definitely not on the level that they are now—they were still in a servitude situation. There wasn't any real hate, everybody was segregated—school, movies. That was not right, that was just the way it was. There was no big Hispanic population here, just in recent years has there been an influx of Hispanic people. February 1846, Texas became a state—they have a document from the Republic of Texas times. They have gasoline rationing stamps, and John wrote a paper on the German POW camp in San Augustine. One of the German POWs married a girl from the bakery that was across the street. The Bakery family was a German family and every night the mother would play the German songs. The bakery structure is still there—on 147 across from where the POW camp was located. The guards and prisoners pretty much got along. Nobody really worried about the prisoners. They were brought in to cut timber that had been blown down. They called the San Augustine POW Camp "The Fritz Ritz." There was a county fair. San

Augustine has stagnated now somewhat. If you wanted to go Lufkin, you went to Nacogdoches first, and then to Lufkin. We didn't even go to Center all that much. The Doodlebug train from San Augustine to Center—Betty would ride this train to Center to visit her grandmother. 7 or 10 cents to ride the Doodlebug from San Augustine to Bland Lake, but they had to walk back to San Augustine. Racial interaction—segregation—détente is about what it was. Almost every family had a Black person who was pledged to that family—a maid, someone to watch the children—they made about 10 dollars a week. There was more dependence then, more independence today. Identify as Texan and then as American. Their son was in Switzerland in the early part of the Iraq War, and he said it was better to say you were Texan than American. Because they all watched the television show Dallas. Houston was the ultimate destination and John went there but got lost and finally saw another San Augustinian, but the other guy was lost too. Tamales—there a great big Black guy that had a cart, and he also had moonshine liquor, and he would say “Hot Tamales and that ain't all.” Betty's family would buy hot tamales, but not the liquor, and he got arrested to selling the moonshine. John would eat hot tamales and drink strawberry soda. During the war we couldn't get chocolate candy because they were all being sent to the troops. Musical chairs, cards, dominoes—the adults played dominoes and bridge. Played canasta, monopoly, rook, solitaire, boys played marbles. The country boys would play marbles for keeps. When they consolidated—one teacher said the country people were just as smart as the city people. Any Over—throw the ball over the house. Lead mines—go out 353, the top of Higginbotham Hill, turn right, then take the fork. It's alleged that the Spanish molded their bullets, but John has never seen a lead mine even though he has been to the place where they are supposed to be. A man named Williams, claimed he had found lead. Red Hill road—a fire tower—Betty would climb the fire tower. John wanted to save the fire tower, but couldn't do it. First Black Eagle Scout in San Augustine was when John was scout master. Betty says that the Cullen House has a ghost—this ghost has been seen. Martha Newton has been the docent at the Cullen House—she went into the house and saw a man standing there at the door—had a jacket and a vest—this had to be Mr. Owen, who used to be the docent there. She asked him if she could help him and he just looked at here, and then vanished. Wild Cat Hollow—south of Broadus—Peterson stories. Home remedies—coal oil was the cure all for everything, and Epsom Salt, Castor Oil. Children got boils because they didn't take vitamins. John's mother would give him “ear da lay”—John said it tasted like fish eggs. People would have gout. John would made grease toast. The rosin—chew on it and that was a cure for back ache—according to people in the lumber industry. Cow Chip tea was drank—John. The angel without the wing in the cemetery. The top of her wing disappeared, but 30 years later it was found way away when someone was mowing. Poindexter put the angel wing back on. There are legends of ghosts in the cemetery. Angel what are you doing? The angel would say, “Nothing.” No Spanish or Indian ghosts. Betty mentioned the story of the Lady in Blue, Maria de Agreda. They made a video of the Lady in Blue—John and Betty's son. Forrest Oglesbee made an interview of Raiford Stripling, and Mr. Clark, Ambassador to Australia.

12. Weldon McDaniel, 7-10-09

Will 70 years old in January, 2010. Grew up on the banks of Six Mile Creek in Sabine County, an “extremely rural area.” Closest neighbor was three miles. Went to town once a month. Walked 3.2 miles to a one room school which have eight grades. Father in 1945 had been working defense jobs, end of 1944 went to work for US Forest Service, and in 1945 was drafted into the US Army. Before he left, he plowed the big garden with a mule—Weldon has pictures. In 1946, released soldiers who had children, and Weldon’s father was discharged. And spent 36 years working for the US Forest Service. Had fruit trees, corn for cattle feed—had it crushed cob, shuck and kernels for feed. A man in the community would kill a beef, put it in the back of his pick-up and drive around—Weldon’s mother would cut off the portions that she wanted. No electricity until 1947 when father bought a gasoline powered washing machine and a butane gas refrigerator and a gas stove and “we were up town!” The school buses didn’t come to Six Mile Creek, so they moved to Yellow Pine, 6-7 miles away on the main road. Food was what you grew—picked huckleberries (East Texas blueberry), grapes, hickory nuts (better than walnuts in a cake), beech mash—the fruit that comes off a beech tree, fished a lot. Fried perch whole—ate everything. Had cattle and occasionally he would kill a beef. The deer were almost non-existent in East Texas, ate squirrel, possum, some raccoons. Home remedies—every spring cod liver oil and black draught to clean you out. All country children ended up with—ground itch—end up with a logger in your foot. Remedy for ground itch—wrap your foot up in a wool blanket, build a fire, get green pine tops on the fire and hold your foot in the smoke. Great grandmother had a little bit of Choctaw—don’t know where the remedy came from. But it worked. Chores—before school had to fill up the wash pot with water from the well—two or three times a week. Tended the cows. In 1944 built a house that was not complete when they moved in—they lived in the barn. 1947-48 had a large number of rabid fox. Had to wade across a creek that covered the road. Father had a 1937 Ford to drive to work. When the creeks would flood he had to leave the car, wade through the water and walk to work and school. Grandfather and Grandmother McDaniel lived a short distance and had been living there since 1923. Mother’s mom and father lived about 10 miles away. East of them was the Sabine River bottom. His grandfather had a camp down there—they went through “the premier Black Community in Sabine County”—the descendents of former slaves that had been brought there in 1850 by two Roberson brothers who started a plantation. Weldon spent a lot of time with these families. The Roberson brothers never married, but had children by one of the Black servants. In 1890 when the Roberson brother died, he left all the land, possessions, and the ferry to the daughter of this servant. Robert Grace—we always visited him—like an Uncle Remus—a masterful story teller—when he came from Alabama, and ran the ferry. One of the cemetery books is about this community. There were White Anglos that live in the area—one man had a grist mill, so you went to the grist mill—get 10 pounds of corn. One of the Black gentlemen had a sugar mill, and Weldon’s grandfather had a sugar mill—they alternated every year as to which mill was used by both the Black and Anglos in the area. Roads in the area. In 1946, at the end, there was a jeep dealership in Hemphill—daddy bought a red jeep—we could go where we wanted. Highway 87 going south was not paved. The teacher came out of Hemphill to the one room school and sometime the teacher wouldn’t make it. If she didn’t make it by 9am, we would eat our lunch and then walk home. There was an old well on the school ground. The roads in some parts of the year were not travelable. Saturday was a big day in town—stores would stay open until midnight. Winter time when wet roads not so good. American Indians in the area—the old ones talked

about. About 1953—Great grandmother part Choctaw and Creek—she was a Lott. The Lotts filed a claim against the US to get land back in Mississippi—grandmother signed in 1953, but it was thrown out. Haven't found the documents. Picked arrowheads—on sandy knolls in the bottom near the creek. Very few stories of the Spanish in the area. One story—a Black family had one of the old helmets that the Spanish soldiers wore—found along the El Camino. Two stories of lost gold—at Geneva. At Geneva close to a spring where the northern trail went there were silver Spanish coins found. History of African Americans in the area—Milam, Geneva—see cemetery books. 1830s—many Blacks came as servants (couldn't be called slaves under Spanish). Some Blacks would qualify for DRT and SRT, but there is no documentation since they didn't receive a surname until after the Civil War in 1870. Back then we visited more, now we don't visit as much. In 1945, father had cut boards from a cypress tree and had a local carpenter build him a boat—a battow(?). It was a nice boat, but heavy. If the boat was gone, we knew where it was, to go into the Black community you had to go across a slough—the bus driver sometimes had to use the boat to carry the kids. May of 1957 got out of high school, all across the south people were trying to stave off integration so most of the communities were building the Blacks a new school. Two days after he got out of high school went to work at Pine Land construction of a Black school, worked at a toilet seat factory, then went to SFA in 1958. Graduated in August 1961, taught 15-16 years in Beaumont, in 1976 came back to Hemphill and worked there for 21 years as a teacher, principle, and other jobs. Retired 11 years and haven't been still yet. Self identify—Texan first. McDaniel ancestors did not arrive in Texas until around 1850. 1824—mother's side of family, John Latham (pron. Lay-thum)—showed up 1825. Bragg community, the well was still there when Weldon was growing up. The Braggs had some artifacts were picked up at Shacklefoot where the well was. The big spring is being restored at Beulah Baptist Church. Stricklands, Strouds, Carters, and another family in an old cemetery near where Crows ferry was, at Merritt's Mountain, structure that looks like a paddle boat. Centenary College bought it. Pictures of Carter's Ferry on cheese cloth, showing Mrs. Carter—she was a Mason. Carter's Ferry Road crosses Boregas, Jack Cedars lived there about 1793 and the Spanish had a small military outpost there. In that Creek bed would be a great place to look for artifacts. In the library of congress there is a picture of Ybarbo's house. In the 1950s Reggie McGam used tombstones for house blocks. We can permission to see the Reggie McGam house. Location of Ybarbo's wife's grave. The red iron ore rock was used for foundations. Tamales—there was an old Black woman—Hattie Parker in Pineland that made and sold tamales, in 1957 that was the first time I'd ever heard of a hot tamale. There may be in Sabine County one or two old Black women that might make a basket or remember. Lloyd Beasley would make white oak baskets—he would make a clothes basket for Weldon's mom. Old Black women at Robertson's Bend that could make baskets in the past. Felix Holmes is trying to find basket makers. Grandmother made bonnets and you never saw her in the summer time without a bonnet. In Geneva you might still find some of the older Black women wearing a bonnet. Enderd Hicks plowed with a mule—Connie and Dr. Corbin watched him plow. Ybarbo was buried under the Nacogdoches County Courthouse. Ghost stories—no. Grandfather did a little bit of money hunting—you could only do it at night. They were always talking about the "Haints." They had to go at a certain time of night or else the "Haints" would get them. Haint is a particular type of ghost—like the boogeyman. Weldon's family wasn't superstitious—maybe tell ghost stories around a camp fire to scare the kids.

13. Julia Wade, 7-23-09 (re-written by Julia Wade)

Julia Howard grew up in Pineville, Louisiana. She met her husband, Nelsyn Wade, at Baylor University. Nelsyn's family came to Texas during the Texas Republic, were here when Texas became a State. When Julia married Nelsyn in 1948, and moved to Texas, the Wade family were raising cattle, and owned the Movie Theater. They had sold their Café during WWII. Nelsyn and Julia ran the Movie Theater at night after Nelsyn worked at the Farm all day, clearing land to make pasture for the cattle. The Theater had double features on Saturday, then a midnight show. Julia and Nelsyn bought a house on Main Street from Ben Ramsey, and paid for the house in three years with proceeds from Midnight Show, and the sale of 5 cent Pop Corn. They lived in that house for 25 years. After 5 years of marriage, they had four children. The children could walk to school and to church from that little house. The Wades added on rooms as the family grew. In 1973, Julia and Nelsyn moved to their new house on City Lake. They, their children, and grandchildren, enjoy "Life on the Lake."

Home Remedies: Julia's dad believed Tichenor's Antiseptic would cure anything. He gave Julia a tony bottle to take on her honeymoon. When Nelsyn said he had a scratchy throat as they drove to Colorado, Julia handed him the little bottle. Nelsyn did not know to just touch it to his tongue, took a big swig, and almost lost control of the car as he lost he breath, gasping.

In Louisiana, Julia grew up eating rice and gravy, but found that in Texas they ate potatoes. Tamales were not even Julia's vocabulary. Her Mother made Gumbo from chicken, turkey, and squirrel. Unlike the Café, Julia's family sometimes had grits or rice or biscuits or fried eggs and toast, and called that a meal. We always had cane syrup. When Julia's Dad was growing up in Louisiana, his family made syrup for all the families in the countryside on halves. Then, they tithed syrup. Julia's Dad retired early. He and Julia's mother loved to fish, would pull their pop-up camper with their car to the various lakes in Central Louisiana.

Nelsyn and Julia opened a furniture store—Nelsyn's Furniture Store—in 1958. Theo sold it in 1998, having worked hard in that store for 40 years. The Wades' four children worked the Store as soon as they were old enough to count. They also worked for Grandmother Wade at her Theater and Snack Bar from the age of eight. The Theater was air conditioned, so people would get cool. At first, the only snacks were 5 cent bags of pop corn; then there were Sno Cones, then cold drinks and Hamburgers with all the trimmings. Hamburgers were a dime. Theater admission was a dime for children and a quarter for adults.

After their first year of marriage, they always had household help, the housekeeper got \$6.00 a week in the early days.

The Ais Indians of Mission Nuestra Señora de los Dolores de los Ais, were long gone. The Spaniards were pulled out in 1773, and there were few Spanish-speaking people in San Augustine until after WWII.

The Colored People sat in the balcony of the Theater. The White people sat downstairs. There were separate entrances. All had access to the Snack Bar, through separate windows.

Julia's family descended from Scottish-Irish, and on her Mother's side, some Welsh and Huguenot. Her paternal great grandparents came directly from Scotland and Ireland. Julia's Dad said his Grandfather Blain had a very strong Scottish brogue. Julia's Mother's ancestors were Revolutionary War heroes, with a monument in Alabama. In 1976, Julia and her Mother joined the DAR as part of their Bicentennial celebration. Her Mother's paternal grandfather was a Confederate soldier.

Nelsyn's grandmother's family goes back to Stephen F. Austin's Old 300. There are 12 members

of Nelsyn's family now members of the organization, "Stephen F. Austin's Old 300 of 1824." Julia put her Drama training to work when she was appointed, with Wanda Roper, in 1967, to write and direct a Historical Pageant depicting the 250 year old history of San Augustine. Julia had to study Texas History, since she had studied history from the viewpoint of Louisiana. Before that, she had given a book review to the DRT at the Cullen Home about the Siege of the Alamo, and had mispronounced "Bexar" as "Becks-er." She immediately knew something was wrong by the glances and giggles, so she avoided that word for the rest of the program, substitution Alamo or San Antonio. Getting ready for the The Pageant was an intense study, cramming on the History of Texas, which began a lifelong love of the subject. The Pageant filled the Football stadium, with a cast of about 350 (it varied each night, as people joined in the crowd scenes, wagons, horses, the town of San Augustine on wheels, the Alabama-Coushatta Indians, The Lady in Blue, Civil War Veterans, The Virginia Reel, Outlaws, etc. Both Texas Senators attended, SFA President Ralph Steen, himself an accomplished historian. Many people came. Raymond Wells made lots of pictures. When the San Augustine Holiday Inn was built, A Company in Florida obtained the Wells pictures to make the Huge Glass Murals for the Holiday Inn, later donated to the Garden Club, and placed in the City's Civic Center Log Cabin, where they "just fit."

The decision was made to repeat the Pageant the next year, in 1968, "to divert traffic here as people traveled to San Antonio's HemisFair." We were trying to raise money to rebuild the Mission Dolores. This has been an ongoing project for almost a century. Back in 1936, a newspaper article tells of an interview with old Bro. Tower, grandfather of Senator John Tower. At that time, there were still ruins of the Mission which were described. Bro. Tower was interviewed there.

People have mined the Mission Hill for artifacts for over 250 years. Mr. Ralph Sharp's arrowhead collection, found nearby about 1915, was stolen when he was seventy. Ralph's Daughter, Betty Sharp Adcock, poet laureate of North Carolina, describes in a moving poem in her book *Intervale*, "The Ais Indians," and her Father's stolen collection of arrowheads, the "wrongheaded patterns on a Turkey rug."

Raiford Stripling said: "Let's get a archaeologist to examine the ground. Those Archaeologists can tell what those people back then had for breakfast."

Dr. Kathleen Gilmore came with a team of accomplished archaeologists—during a very rainy season.

A Grant was written, received, and approved, for the Mission Project. Alton Shaw, City Manager, worked hard, but instead of a Mission Replica, we got this Tourist Facility. Again, we are working on a reproduction of the Mission alongside this compound. This is a beautiful facility; it is not a Mission Replica.

When Julia was president of the San Augustine county Historical Society in 1974, the group wanted to know exactly where the original buildings were, so that we could re-construct the original buildings were, so that we could re-construct the Mission correctly, so Julia called over to SFA and asked if they had an archaeologist; they said they were getting an archaeologist that very sum in 1974. Julia said, "As soon as he gets there, you have him call me—I want to talk to him." Dr. Corbin said that when he got to SFA there was a note on his door that said to call San Augustine, so he came over here, and he got in contact with Willie Tindall and Julia. They talked about doing archaeology. Julia thinks that Dr. Corbin misunderstood the question. They knew that this was the Mission Site; they just wanted to know the configuration of the buildings so they could build a replication. Dr. Corbin's Archaeology students did lots of work at this Site.

Julia shared a lot of the history of Mission Dolores—a very accurate account. She has been studying it for many years.

In 1948, when Julia first saw them, the El Camino Real Granite marker and the 1936 Centennial marker for Mission Dolores were down by the railroad tracks, on the west side of Hwy. 147. Wanda Roper put the map of Texas in crushed marble in front of the markers at their present location.

Julia remarked that this area was once called “Tequitania,” quoting Dr. Crocket’s *Two Centuries in East Texas*, pages 60-61.

Julia said San Augustine will come out of this slump. “And, we have been saying that ever since I came to Texas.”

When the Historical Society bought “Mission Hill,” Irion Bates’ house was here. He was the City Manager. He said he had used the stones from the Mission to build his house and make the walls on the sides of his driveway. The foundation timber used in his house had markings that connected it to the Mission (Roofing Timbers?). the stones have never been examined. The Bates House was sold, moved to John Wells Drive. The timber up under it was part of the Mission.

San Augustine has been an interesting place to live and raise a family. There is rich history here to explore. It needs to be shared with the World.

Julia adds:

Nowhere did I tell the names of our four children. They are very important to me and my life history:

Sylvia Lauren;	Married Chris Drake, Children: Alexandria and Wade
Lisa Frances:	Married James Crouch, Children: Anjuli, Charles, and William
William Alan Wade	Married Lesa Connor, Children: Sheridan (f) and Caleb
David Eugene Wade	Married Gail Geary, Children: Charles and Faithanne

14. A.E. “Jake” Whitton, 7-23-09

No one had too much back then—everyone was pretty much at the same economic level. This was the Depression era—no running water or electricity. Father ran a filling station and was a farmer, grandfather was a farmer and was an investor. Great Uncle—Newt Whitton—was a surveyor and his name shows up on a lot of deeds. Newt patented practically all the land in the area that was owned by the state. Part of the Gulf Beaumont railroad was built by letting a horse choose the trail. Newt rode with his horse to Bronson and the next day with reigns down rode on his horse back to San Augustine and hacked a notch on trees as he passed them to mark the trail. [Is this a bridle trail?] Jake’s uncle was postmaster at Bland Lake and also had a grocery store. Jake’s mother is 104 and had a garden this year. Home remedies—kerosene and sugar and tie a rag on it—for a nail in foot. Doctors were paid with whatever people had. Dr. Freeman had a doctor shop at Denning. He had over 3,000 acres of land. Uncle Newt worked on a third for his survey work—he would survey land for a third of it, and he died with over 3,000 acres. Uncle Newt’s house was closed up after he died—people broke in and used his old papers for kindling. Rode to school on a bus, chores—when got home from school, feed the hogs and chickens, and brought in the wood. No real play time—if didn’t have any to do, went fishing at Bland Lake. Uncle Jeff Bland had built the lake had a grist mill, saw mill, and a saloon, and in 1900 got the railroad surveyors in the saloon and drinking red-eye and talked them to running the railroad to his lake. Home brew (alcohol content 20 proof) made from malt and sugar, and whiskey (alcohol content 180 proof) made from corn and sugar. Corn squeeze, alcohol content 60 proof. Jake’s ancestors came from Georgia probably about 150 years ago. They came into Shelby County, got into an argument with the sheriff and killed the deputy and had to run, and the dogs that were chasing them died. Jake’s mother will be 104 in October. She was raped on her 99th birthday, she was living by herself, and so Jake’s brother took her to his house. Daddy was mechanically inclined so they always had a car. Only one bridge on hwy 147. American Indians, when he was a kid they would come through the country kinda like gypsies selling things. They would camp right above Bland Lake. There were Indians. They made little trinkets to sell. When Jake became a surveyor a man who worked for him hunted for arrowheads. The archaeological sites were always near live water that didn’t flood the adjacent land. Jake was told by Ben, when was working with him, that the Indians would take sand from the creek and spread it around to cover where they dropped grease and stuff, so they just covered it over. Ben called himself a red-headed Indian, raised in Louisiana, at Coushatta. Over at Blackjack, that’s where the original Spanish settled. His dad and uncle were in WWI—they were in France with a Carl Ybarbo who was raised in Blackjack, Carl would be PR guy in the community. There were a few families who couldn’t speak English, not many, but they would have to call the children out to speak English. Another Spanish settlement west of Nacogdoches where Jake surveyed. No pictures, bibles, but his daughter in law has been going through his dad’s photographs. Some confederates in the Whitton Cemetery. Language spoken at home—East Texan brogue. There were Black people who lived as tenants on their property. Jake got his name after a Black man named Jake that he stayed with—later as an adult had his name changed to A.E. Jake Whitton. There was no one his age, so he mostly played with Black people. Started survey work right after WWII when he was 14. Was in the army in the 1950s and started surveying full time in 1956 when he returned from the service. Mentioned an infrared photo from NASA (after they went to the moon—1968) that showed the spring out at Mission Dolores, also showed the road as a red line, behind REA. Julia Wade saw the green dot and asked Jake what it was, it turned out to be a

septic tank next to the house. The US marshals were hunting some bodies, but couldn't find them with infrared. People all got along, but the change came on after WWII—people went off to defense jobs and didn't come back, and the ones that did come back weren't like they were when they left. You could make a living in this area, but you could make more money outside the area. Self identify—neither of them, we didn't have anything against anybody—we were just people. Beaumont, Port Arthur, Shreveport, Lufkin—had to go through Nacogdoches to get there. You would be mud holes one year, but another year you would get another mud hole somewhere else. There was a place where they forded the bayou near the mission. Tamales—Jake didn't know about them—didn't have many Spanish in the area. Ghost stories—some ghosts in his office, Chris has seen a little girl, and Jake heard someone with a walking stick walking down the hall. Jake's office was built in anticipation of San Augustine being a big town on account of the railroad. It was the first house in San Augustine that indoor plumbing and 12 foot ceiling, a windmill ran the water. A gas station was near the house—someone was getting gas and he told his wife that the house was where the Whittons lived and said they should be run out of town for what they do, which was eat and shit in the same house. Jake's grandfather used the outdoor privy. Gypsies and Indians came through. Some Indians had model T cars, and the gypsies would have wagons. About 2 miles up 147 at the Murphy place they camped and the kids went to school during the winter and moved on in the summer. The Indians were mostly peddlers, when the lake came in there was a Black man that had some land that was going to be covered up with water, and some archaeologists got permission to dig there before it was covered up with water. The Black man asked Jake to check things out. The archaeologists didn't find any gold, dug about 1.5 foot deep. The Indians buried people around their camps. When did they stop coming around? Didn't get an answer. A gypsy camp at Arp just recently. Chimney rocks—it was a form of clay dug from a creek—you could saw them or cut them with an ax and then lay them out in the sun. In some of the cemeteries, they cut a chimney rock big enough to cover the whole grave. They would cut smaller chimney rock in an outline and then lay that big chimney rock across the top. It would be soft enough that you could take a nail and inscribe a name on the chimney rock. Harris's grave was listed on a survey, Jake saw it near a couple of myrtle bushes. Jake asked some local people how did this get there? In Shelby County near the ferry. Someone got off the ferry and knocked on the door of a nearby house and asked if he could stay (for 50 cents or a quarter). After he ate supper he said he wasn't feeling too good and went to bed. The next morning they checked on him and he was dead. They didn't know his full name. Jake didn't cut chimney rock—saw where they done that, but didn't cut it himself. Some of the old maps show lead mine branch, but this doesn't show up on the new maps. Mr. Williams said that his daddy said that the fort at Natchitoches sent troops over to the lead mine, they made finished bullets and cannon balls back. They were practicing with the cannons and you could hear the cannons shoot near Lead Mine Branch, is what Mr. Williams told Jake that Mr. Williams's daddy said. Jake had gone in there and picked up the nodules of lead—Jake carried Dr. Oglesbee there. They weren't lead nodules, but it was this glauconite that they knew how to get the lead out of through some sort of process, so it wasn't pure mineral lead. Larry Wood, Gold Mines in East Texas—Larry used to work for Jake. It was Larry's daddy that was the red headed Indian. Larry hunted arrowheads. There was a man from New Hampshire seeing if he could find it. China Chapel Church, right across the road (21) from here, the deed said “reserve one acre for iron.” Mr. McKinney said way back in slavery times there was a slave who knew how to make iron from the rock from the area. Reserved in a cypress brake to make shingles—on the deed reserved to make shingles—for the Garrets. Race track—right on the city

lake. Jake can't find it because it's under water now. Back when you had buggies, some people were a little shady with horses—they would put a race horse on a buggy, and tell someone who also a horse—"I'll take a horse out of the darn harness and beat your horse." The Black man had fighting chickens and he conditioned the race horses as well. The fighting chickens were recently shut down. Called them jungle cocks—fighting cocks. They put gaffs on the chickens with dental floss—want to get as much moisture out of them—the gaff wouldn't stick in as easy to a dry chicken as a moist chicken. German POW camp in San Augustine—Jake's uncle built it. They had an ice house right up the railroad. The prisoners had first choice of the ice. Prisoners would go out and cut pulp wood—guarded by one man. The prisoners would go eat a watermelon or melon—Jake said they didn't care if the prisoners ate them. Maybe one or two escaped but there wasn't anywhere to go. 75% of all the surveyors were from Germany. At one time they were going to straighten out 21 and he drew a line to the Sabine and he said the woods were open enough. Connie mentioned that all the iron in the soil would throw the compass off. Jake said he had some workers who had so much lead in their ass that the compass wouldn't work—the metal threw the compass off! ☺

15. Nelsyn E.B. Wade, 7-24-09 (re-written by Julia Wade)

Nelsyn Wade of San Augustine, TX, was 86 years in 2009, he lived in San Augustine all his life, except for this college days and Navy days. Nelsyn's parents, married in 1920, both from San Augustine County, were determined to get ahead. Mother taught at a small rural school—Steep Creek—a logging camp six or seven miles south of San Augustine. His Dad, Will. M. Wade, served in WWI as a mounted policeman in San Antonio. His Dad loved animals, always had fine horses, trained oxen to pull an ox wagon, and did logging in Bannister, Steep Creek, and other places. In Bronson, Texas, he borrowed money on three yoke of oxen and a wagon. Oxen pulled loads when it was too wet for mules to work; mules did not like to put their feet in a soft place. Mr. Will. M. Wade bought a Café downtown San Augustine on Columbia Street in May, 1920, and married a month later. Mother and her brother, Doc Rhodes, bought a movie theater in town; then Doc sold out to Nelsyn's Mother. She ran the Movie until the 1970s.

In the 1920s and 30s, San Augustine had a lawless ear. Gov. Ferguson was impeached, but the country folks like him, so he ran his wife for Governor—and she won—she was called Ma Ferguson by the people. Both Fergusons were mad at the Texas Rangers, so they disbanded the Texas Rangers. Ma Ferguson appointed “Special Rangers.” All that was necessary to become a Special Ranger was to “Send in a Dollar!” There were 30 Special Rangers in San Augustine, carrying guns. Many were really the outlaws. They began to take advantage of people in the area. Nelsyn's Dad decided that, to protect his business, the family should move downtown over the Café. So, Nelsyn, living downtown all through school, witnessed everything that went on downtown.

There was another café, The Texas Café, directly across from the courthouse. One night some ruffians tore the Texas Café to pieces. Nelsyn's Dad got word that they were going to raid his Café the next night. So, Nelsyn's Dad and his younger brothers who lived in the County took stations on the roof and inside the Café, for a possible shoot-out. Thankfully, that did not happen.

Nelsyn's parent borrowed money from the Whittons, very thrifty people, to buy the Café Building. When the Depression came, they had a hard time paying the notes. The Whittons were understanding, and said just pay the interest for now. Nelsyn's Mother took a job as Postmaster of San Augustine to help pay the note. She was a hard-working woman. Bobby Johnson, SFA Historian, did an Oral History of Nelsyn's Mother, interviewing her, then making it a scene in his historical drama. The incidents she told and Johnson wrote about then portrayed on the stage was this: Mrs. Wade's Mother—Nelsyn's Grandmother—ran their rooming house, down the street from the Café and the Movie Theater. A traveling salesman bought stamps from Mother at the Post Office. After work, he rented a room—from Mother. Mother went to the Café for the Dinner Run, served the salesman, then she sold tickets at the Movie Theater—when the salesman looked up and saw Mother, he commented, “Woman, do you run the whole town?” One time, as Nelsyn was visiting his Mother at the Post Office, then facing the West side of the Courthouse Square, they watched two men outside the Courthouse having a gun battle, shooting at each other. One was killed, and the other wounded. They were disputing a child custody case. Another time, when Nelsyn heard someone shooting on the street, he thought it was firecrackers, and went to see, but a Man was shooting up into an upstairs window at a man he was mad at. On another occasion, Nelsyn's Mother heard shots next to the Post Office (where the title Company is now). The shooting was in the Chevrolet Agency (now Bogards). After closing the Post Office, Mother went over, and found Mr. Barge, the owner, shot and lying on the floor. She and

Dad took him to the hospital in Nacogdoches. The worst shooting during this time happened just before Christmas in 1932 when three Thomases were shot to death, one was Nelsyn's scoutmaster. The shooter was mortally wounded—this was over mistreatment of sharecroppers. There were slot machines in town during that time. The Café had slot machines. Some company hired the Special Rangers to place their slot machines. Nelsyn's Dad refused theirs; he had his own, and had ordered a new penny machine himself. When the new penny slot machine came, The Special Rangers came in and took it out, and threw it on the Courthouse Lawn, there the pennies stayed for days. Nelsyn had seen the new penny slot machine at noon when he came for lunch, and was so excited to rush home that afternoon, but when he got to the Café/home, everyone was “shushing” him about the slot machine—because it was gone, thrown out, torn up. It was very fortunate that Nelsyn's Dad was not in the Café when they took his new penny machine out, or there would have been another shooting. Mr. Will. M. Wade kept a loaded pistol in the Café.

One Saturday, a Special Ranger's child was causing problems in the Movie House, bothering everyone, so the child was put out. When he told his Special Ranger dad he had been thrown out of the Movie, the Special Ranger came to get his money back. Nelsyn's Mother refused, since the child had seen the movie twice, but Nelsyn's Dad thought it best to go ahead and give the money to the Special Ranger to prevent another shooting.

Finally, this very unpleasant Lawless Era came to an end when the Texas Rangers were sent in. It happened this way: Ed Clark of San Augustine became Secretary of State—he informed the new Governor Allred of the problem in San Augustine. James Allred re-activated the Texas Rangers, and disbanded the Special Rangers. Then, he sent Rangers into San Augustine to straighten things out. They brought their horses in a box car, and dramatically rode into town, putting fear into the Special Rangers. Captain McCormick, Leo Bishop, and Ban Hines, the Texas Rangers, cleaned up the town. They used the City Café, Nelsyn's Dad's Café, as a headquarters. One day, one of the leaders came in and gave himself up. The Rangers arrested some of the others. Finally, things cleared up. For many years there was a Texas Ranger stationed in San Augustine.

Nelsyn lived above the Café, two doors from the Movie House. Sometimes he spent the night with Grandmother down the street. One night, Nelsyn went to sleep in the Movie, and got locked in. No one missed him. He woke up way in the night, and cried until the night watchman heard him, and he got Nelsyn's parents to come get little Nelsyn.

There was a “Round House” by the railroad tracks, sort of a “Lazy Susan” for the trains to turn around. The line ran from Beaumont to Longview. There was a stationhouse there with a wood-burning stove. Nelsyn's Granddad, Samp Rhodes, was sitting by the stove with Mr. Whitehurst, the railroad man, when lightning ran down the stove pipe, knocking Mr. Whitehurst's leg off and burning Samp Rhodes' new suit and curling up the leather of his shoes. Mother showed those shoes for years.

Nelsyn's Dad at one time had an ice house by the RR track, receiving ice from Beaumont, and selling ice in a delivery wagon in 12 ½, 25, and 50 pound blocks. The streets were all dirt in the 1920s, with built-up sidewalks. The buildings were made of wood before the fire of 1890. The Hollis building, on Columbia and Montgomery Streets, built in 12889, was a large brick building, the only downtown building to survive that large fire. During the 190s, the town was result with brick buildings. The historic Hollis Building housed Nelsyn's Furniture Store for 40 years (owned and operated by Nelsyn and Julia Wade) and before that, Wood's Dry Good Store. The Streets were paved in 1927. The concrete sidewalks were built high to replace the wooden

sidewalks, because the entries to the buildings were built that way.

The Café had a contract to feed the jail prisoners two meals a day. As soon as Nelsyn was old enough he delivered them. The prisoners were fed what was left from the noon rush. Always available at the Café were Chili and Irish stew. A bowl of Chili was 15 cents and Irish stew was 20 cents. The Wades raised hogs just north of town. They fed the hogs the “slop”—the leftover food—with other nutrients added. When Nelsyn was 13, he began driving—and got a driving license—so he could take the “slop” to feed the hogs. In the Fall, they butchered the hogs, and put up the meat to serve in the Café. Occasionally, they took a pick-up load of hogs to Fort Worth. And, later, they took a trailer load of cattle to Fort Worth. By the time they got to Fort Worth, after dealing with those animals all the way, the Father and Son were filthy and looked terrible. The hotels near the Stockyards were prepared to take them anyway.

During the Depression, the schools in San Augustine could not support sports, so sports were shut down. There was no basketball or football for eleven years. Football was revived in Fall, 1938. This was Nelsyn’s senior year. Only one person had actually ever *seen* a football game. The coach had to teach the very basics. The first game we played, we got all confused, because we did not know to change ends each quarter. The first game, Silsbee beat San Augustine 67 to nothing. Our team did not score a point all season. We wore one set of uniforms for practice and for the games—if we ever washed those uniforms I do not remember it. They got pretty rank. Joe Barnes was our coach and principal.

Val Sharp, Kenneth Skillern, Bernard Woods, Doc Beard, were some of the other players. Our best game was a 7-0 loss.

When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, Nelsyn was a Junior at Baylor University. Nelsyn graduated with courses required to be a Naval officer, went to Chicago the Fall of 1943 for further training, then was deployed on a Liberty Ship in the South Pacific carrying cargo and personnel from island to island, then, in 1945 and 1946, bringing the fighting Marines, exhausted soldiers, and the Flying Tigers from China, home to the USA.

Nelsyn went back to Baylor for a year, met and got engaged to Julia. They married as soon as Julia graduated from Baylor.

After WWII, Nelsyn came back to San Augustine, raised cattle and ran the Movie house, especially promoting the Midnight show. Nelsyn cleared land and raised feed for cattle. At night, he sold popcorn for a nickel a bag, made \$13 on popcorn, and \$150-220 on the midnight show. They bought a house from Ben Ramsey, and paid for it in three years.

Nelsyn liked acting. At Baylor, he was in a production of *Macbeth*. In 1954 he was guest performer portraying Macbeth in a special production in Georgetown, KY. He learned his lines driving his tractor. Julia, eight months pregnant, flew to Kentucky to see the production, staying with Orlin and Irene Corey, the directors. The next week, back in San Augustine, Mrs. Wade, Nelsyn’s mother, had invited the Study club—and the public—to a special performance of Nelsyn and Julia playing scenes from *Macbeth* in the High School auditorium. Nelsyn and Julia performed on risers on the stage. Nelsyn, at one point, shook a very pregnant Julia, with the line: “Bring forth male children only!” The next month, Lisa Frances was born.

The Wades tried all kinds of cattle and found that the best for East Texas was a mixed breed, Brahma and Whiteface, to get the advantage of each. All those years, they cleared land for pasture and for growing feedstuff.

After Mr. Will died, Nelsyn sold the cattle. He raises trees now. All those years the land wanted to grow those trees so bad, so now Nelsyn is a tree farmer.

Nelsyn and Julia had a Furniture Store for 40 years. They became active in the Trade

organizations. Nelsyn became President of the Southwest Home Furnishings Association (Now the International Furnishings Association). He attended meetings in Dallas and around the state, and Conventions in New Orleans, Hawaii, Hong Kong, Germany, Canada, and other places. Nelsyn was Sunday School Director at First Baptist Church for over 40 years. He went to Glorieta, NM, Ridgecrest, NC, and conventions in Beaumont, Dallas, Fort Worth, etc. There were study courses, meetings, conferences, etc.

Back to Depression times. The Government required all cattle to be dipped every two weeks, to stop infestation of ticks and worms. The Government man would put the chemicals in the troughs that were built all over the Counties, 3 or 4 miles apart. People had to drive their cattle through these troughs.

Within Nelsyn's memory, there were no Indians in the county and very few Hispanics before WWII. A man named Vess would come from Center on a bus, and sell tamales on the street from a cart with bicycle wheels. Vess would bring his cart to the back of the Café, where the Colored people entered, to get his tamales heated up. Vess would give Dad a dozen tamales. Vess, on the street would call out, "Hot Tamales, and that ain't all!" Nelsyn, as a child, did not realize he was also selling moonshine.

At that time, there was segregation. The Colored people sat in the back of the Café, and in the balcony of the Movie Theater, entering through a separate door. The Snack bar had separate windows for the Whites and for the Blacks. Asked about Ghost Stories, Nelsyn replied that Larry Wood of San Augustine, now living in Nacogdoches, has written a book about old Ghost Stories. He did tell about some relatives who went sleep walking. The Nations side of the family lived near the Attoyac River. One lady would sleep walk down to the Attoyac. She wore a long sleeping gown.

Nelsyn's Dad loved the ranching business. The Wade Farm, 14 miles south of downtown San Augustine, was established by Nelsyn's Great Grandfather, Thomas Sebastian Cabot Wade, in 1848, two years after he came to Texas from North Carolina. TSC Wade's half-brother was E.O. LeGrande, signer of the Texas Declaration of Independence. LeGrande had written back to North Carolina "Come to Texas—this is a good place to live." Nelsyn's Grandfather, also TSC Wade, Jr., inherited the home place. Nelsyn's Dad, W.M. Wade, bought out his eight siblings, to keep the Farm together. Nelsyn, WM's only heir, has deeded the Wade Homestead Farm to his two sons, William Alan and David Eugene Wade. These sons are managing the land according to modern plans—Forest, Lake, Duck Pond, Hunting, Fishing, etc. Nelsyn and these sons are Tree Farmers. This is easier than cattle farming. The cattle had to be tended to constantly. Now, we worry about pine beetles, fire, and poachers. We love trees, and the land loves trees.

16. Sallie and Billy Whitton, 7-24-09

October 22, 2009 Sallie will be 104. Sallie grew up in the nearby house. McClennen community first, but after she was born they move to the house nearby, her younger sister and brother were born in that house (need to get a picture of the house). Earl and Mary Lee. Parents and grandparents were farmers. Daddy was a syrup maker—he raised cane besides children! He had his own syrup mill and cooked his own syrup. Takes a lot of water to make syrup. Her brother sold the syrup mill to some black people that had worked in their family. Made syrup on Sand Creek in the Tinsley Community. The roads were bad, Sallie would hitch the wagon up to a pair of mules, and they'd all get in that wagon and go down to the syrup mill and carry stuff to make the biscuits with—a spider, a round container with three legs to keep it off of the coals and a lid, but coals on top of the lid. Made the best biscuits with butter and syrup. Sallie didn't care for syrup herself. Made syrup pies—eggs, syrup, flour and cook that in a pie pan. Married Abby Whitton from San Augustine, he had some land at Bland Lake. He had a rent house in San Augustine, didn't have a paved road—dusty!! OOO, that red dirt! One evening her husband came in and Sallie was crying—he said, “What's the matter?” And she said, “I'm going to take Billie and I'm going home, or else you've got to take me out of this red hole.” At Steek Creek a lumber man owed Abby some money, timber sale, and built a pretty nice house. Tore down the old Bland house and made rent houses. Farmed on halves—they provided the seed, labor and got half when it was harvested. Billy went in the Navy in 1943 and ended up on Guam. Mrs. Whitton's husband built a three bedroom, 1.5 bath house, hardwood floors—the kids would slide on the floors, they were polished so well. Grew everything in their gardens—peas, beans, squashes, radishes, tomatoes. There were Home Demonstration Clubs to teach how to can certain things in the pressure cooker. Mrs. Whitton was a seamstress and showed people how to make their own clothes—she would come in your home and teach you things. She used to make underwear out of flour sacks. Have to get Clorox to get the color out of flour sacks. Home remedies—bottle of quinine, rose's chill tonic. Peach tree poultices, red oak bark poultices for boils. Sage grass roots for blood poisoning. Dr. Morris said go dig up sage grass roots, mix with meal and make a poultice on it and he'll be all right. Sallie's boys went to San Augustine schools, they lived in San Augustine. Billie started out at Texas A&M in 1946. Had to have yard fences back in 1943 because they didn't have stock laws. Sallie sent Billie some flower seeds to plant in Guam. She sent Billie a syrup bucket full of food. Billie said 1906 land bought by Granddaddy—the house was started, and they finished it and lived in it until they died. Billie owned the property in 1955. The house was run down, but fixed up in 1970. Sallie's mother never did do the laundry; she had a black woman come and wash and hang the clothes out to dry. They hauled water from Newton's Pond to wash the clothes. The well didn't have so much water, because the sand box was clogged up. Sallie's Daddy was a Richards. Billie talks about someone cutting the lumber and making brick to the build the fireplaces for two houses—one of which is still there. Momma Whitton got married in that house in 1883. His Grandpa Whitton built those houses. [Jake?]Married a girl from Calgary Canada—like Sallie's daughter in law—had to get used to East Texas cooking. She would say, Jake, take me down to the Dairy Barn to get a hamburger. They way they made their turkey dressing in Canada, they used white bread, not cornbread, and they'd stuff it into the back end of that old turkey, and they way it would come out, a dog wouldn't eat it. Made dressing her way with cornbread—sister of the daughter-in-law liked the way Sallie made it. Indians in the area—Sallie—no. But she said there was an old Indian that would come through here—he had a wagon and three-four mules and he used to

camp 3-4 weeks at the wet place. But the tribes of Indians were all gone—Sallie’s family had come in 1901, she was born in 1905. Spanish in the area—Sallie no. Billie talked about the Old Spanish Trail—said they split up, depending where they were going to cross the river. There are two wells on this place, and if they were going to cross the river on East Hamilton, they’d come up through here, and if they were going to cross at Pendleton, they would go on 21. Of course, that was back in the 1800s. Billie’s idea—they would camp here, go up to Patroon, he filled up two wells on this property. There were ferries at East Hamilton, at Pendleton, and at Sabinetown, and there was another one, he couldn’t remember the name—so four ferries. 1936 built the Pendleton Bridge. Self identify—Sallie—born in Texas, older brothers and sisters born in Alabama. Tamales—Sallie, growing up—didn’t know what a tamale was—we’d never heard of it. Ghost stories—Sallie, oh yea—there is a cemetery just down the road on 147. There is a fella that just knew that he had seen a ghost in that cemetery—a family cemetery. The ghost had on a white robe—there were some flowers that looked like a ghost. The wrought iron fence is around some Wares, but not around Sallie’s family. The oldest markers are 1883—there was a school house there—Grandma Whitton went there in 1881. In 1880 the land was donated and the cemetery was started. The old Whitton cemetery is just in San Augustine, but the Shelby County line goes across the cemetery. Abby had a brother that was killed in WWI, and when they brought his body back, they buried him in the other Whitton Cemetery. When they started that Whitton Cemetery, they lived there. Moved from a place called Buzzard Roost then. John Whitton was deputy sheriff then. There were living there, this child died, and they buried the child in the corner of the yard. The railroad right-of-way and road—you can’t encroach on a cemetery. Henderson Whitton, killed in Kansas, is buried there. Ghost tales—Billie—Old Man Beckham, used to be a saw mill—this old man shot the top of his head off. They just tied a rag around his head and buried him. There were some Ware boys who came by one evening, Billy Ponder, and they saw Old Man Beckham sitting next to the grave—he had a rag tied on his head. Had a picture of the old water mill at Bland Lake—picture of a meal bag. Bland Lake was a recreation center. Set of pictures made by Russell Lee—Billie got them in 1947. Granddaddy Whitton and others in Lee photos. Bag of popcorn for a nickel and go see the show for a nickel. Six to ten San Augustine boys went to Texas A&M after serving in WWII. Domino Hall at Bland Lake. Uncle Jeff Bland, Judge Joe Fisher’s granddaddy, kin folks to the Blands, Granddaddy Babbitt in 1874 built this little pond when they first came to Texas. Poppa Whitton put in a saw(?) mill—Good Hope, later Bugtussle. Richard Murphy might be able to identify some in the Russell Lee book—but he’s not as old as Billie. Richard Murphy is also in one of the Lee pictures. Deep East Texas Electrification started laying the lines in 1938—all the holes were dug by hand—6-8 feet—paid people 50 cents a hole to dig them. Gymnasium school in San Augustine was built in the 1930s—WPA. Billie worked as a carpenter helper for 60 cents an hour, carpenter made \$1.25. When first got out of high school worked washing dishes 5 dollars a week, 7-12 hour days at the café. Got meals provided, worked at Uncle Tom’s café in San Augustine. In 1950s or 1960s Texas State retraced Russell Lee’s steps and put out a book about it.

17. Dr. Curtis Haley, 8-14-09

Born in 1926, so times were very tough when he grew up. His father was a physician and gone a lot. Not much money changed hands—a barter system. Dr. Haley's father had performed a number of deliveries and a man couldn't pay for them. One morning a man came with a cow and a calf to settle his bills—that worked out fine. Brother was 7 years old and he started milking the cow, but this became Dr. Haley's chore. Dr. Haley's father was doing well before the Depression. His father was the Santa Fe surgeon. In 1933 they got passes to go the Chicago World's Fair—got up to Chicago and Dr. Haley couldn't understand the way the kids talked—in essence there was a little gang there and they didn't like the way Dr. Haley talked. Had met two of his aunts there and when Dr. Haley got into it with the gang, his two aunts broke it up and sent the gang kids home. Right after 1933 things got tough. They like to go spy on the hobos. There were two hobo camps in San Augustine—they were on the railroad track. One was on the south side, not too far from Mission Dolores, and another one was about the same distance north, near two swimming holes—one called Ten Foot and the other Tug Foot—on the Ayish Bayou. We didn't want those hobos going into our swimming holes. The hobos were interesting—delivered circulars every Friday and Dr. Haley delivered circulars every Friday to the hobos—they wanted to see what was going on. Dr. Haley would hang out and listen to the hobos. They'd tell tales about riding the train—the train detectives would get rough sometimes. Every now and then the hobos would do a little work and make money, but basically they were a free-style people, you might say. They were from all over the country—California to New York. They would spend the winter south of the Mason Dixon line. The county fair was a big event—in October. In 1936, the big Texas centennial was a big event in San Augustine—Edward Clark, Sec. of State, brought the governor up to San Augustine and had a pageant. The oldest white lady in the state of Texas lived in San Augustine—Charlotte Knight—lived to be 108 years, she was 100 in 1936—she lived to be the oldest white woman in the state of Texas. She was the queen of the centennial. Dr. Haley has a flier from the event. Dr. Haley was in the Boy Scouts at the time and they had contests on who could go around to the markers, write the names down, and return the quickest. He tied for the first prize. The Old Prothro Plantation in Natchitoches is where they put the first marker for the Camino Real. Dr. Haley would fish over there and one day he just stumbled on that Camino Real marker. Had gardens by necessity, they didn't know much about gardens but they quickly found out—like the milk cow, and people paying their bills in syrup. Someone paid by building a smoke house. Money was almost non-existent. People shared with one another. Turnip greens, cabbage, corn, tomatoes—also had chickens in the yard and some in the pen when they were ready to lay eggs. Dr. Haley learned how to wring a chicken's neck. He also worked at the local grocery after school. Sold scrap iron, soda water bottles, prescription bottles. Had the GI bill for medical school—dad died when he was a senior in high school. Home remedies—a bad question for a doctor—most of Dr. Haley's home remedies was castor oil—his mother would have to hold his nose when he took it. When kids would get the crupe—bronchitis, asthmatic—make a tent with ointment in there, but not a good thing—steam alone was the best. Penicillin came out in 1938. People would try anything as a remedy—a lot of it is mental—people would ask, is this going to do me any good? Dr. Haley would say, if it doesn't hurt you, it will do some good (a lot was psychological). Was the last doctor in East Texas to do home deliveries. A lot of people couldn't afford to come to the hospital. A nurse would come with, and if she couldn't go, would bring a black midwife. One time a 13 year girl was trying to have a baby—in the middle of the night—raining and had a time getting out there—dirt road, got

stuck and got out and carried the bag to the house. The nurse stayed with the car—one of the others went back and got the nurse. Transverse lie—the delivery. This midwife was trying to work, but wasn't succeeding because of the transverse lie. Cleaned her up and did a version and extraction on what was probably the biggest baby he delivered—weighed 13 pounds and 12 ounces. This was the toughest delivery he did. Had she been at the hospital, Dr. Haley would have done a c-section. She is still living, and that boy went up East, went into the military and retired as a major. There were two other doctors in the area. Dr. Haley had the heaviest load of anyone because he did the home deliveries. Dr. Haley worked 18 hours every day. And believe it or not, he misses it! Misses his patients. Family land bought in 1925 by his dad. 1953 started his practice. Mr. Sharp didn't want them to put City Lake on his property. Some of the Camino Real goes behind his house. The Nicholson House is older than Dr. Haley's House—the first part of his house was built in 1841, and the last part was built in 1862. The Nicholson House—behind Dr. Haley's house—was built in 1837—both are medallion homes. Dr. Haley's son bought the Nicholson House. Brad Haley has an insurance agency in town and he bought the Nicholson House—some antique furniture came with the house. Transportation—during the Depression, most was horse and wagon. In the mid 1930s, you started seeing a few more automobiles. Around the courthouse square there was a water trough and a horse hitch. Just before WWII, they did away with the water trough. Metoyers or Brookshire Grocery where he worked, Dr. Haley would carry people's groceries to their wagons or vehicles, and consequently, a lot of those people became Dr. Haley's patients. Church also played a big part of social activities. Churches were pretty well attended. Some of the oldest churches in the state—1837 first Methodist Church, McMahan's Chapel. Milton Fowler was a missionary who came from Tennessee and preached at McMahan's Chapel in the 1830s when it was a brush arbor. James Pickney Henderson (governor) and Thomas J. Rusk came over for the opening of the church. Bland Lake was the mecca of the whole area for recreation. Walter Bland operated it. Train—went to Bland Lake, for a nickel or a dime to ride from San Augustine and hope to get a ride back. The closest was to walk back on the railroad track—about 4 miles, the road was about 7 miles, but if you walked the road, most times you would get a ride from someone. Dr. Haley would buy a box of candy whole sale for about 75 cents, and sell candy on the train—usually paid for his trip and then some. American Indians in the area—arrowheads—found where he grew up. On 21 near Tebeau also found arrowheads. According to the old timers, the Indians would migrate in and out. Spanish—talked about Mission Dolores. Used to make calls in Bragg Town and Louisiana—Dr. Haley's dad volunteered for the service during his residency during the WWI. Studied at Yale University, then talk at Tulane and he went to west Louisiana, and came to San Augustine and the people talked him into to coming here. Bragg Town—some of these people are still fighting the Civil War—No Man's Land—Jean Lafitte. African Americans in the area—brought in as slaves, after the Civil War, most didn't have much choice but to stay. Were treated well as far as Dr. Haley knows. Self identify—Texas American. Tamales—Vessie Winn—Harry Noble had wrote an article about him, referred to him as Vessie Quinn. Louisiana people brought tamales over to Texas. A dozen hot tamales during the Depression were a little expensive—12-13 cents. Vessie—a mulatto Black man, pushed a little hot tamale. If you bought two dozen you would get a break on the price. When Vessie saw Dr. Haley on the street he knew his dad liked hot tamales. Mr. Winn would give Dr. Haley two dozen tamales and say, you give these to your dad—one dozen is for my bill, and the other is for your dad for taking care of me. Late 1930s started pushing the hot tamale cart. "Hot tamales and that ain't all" What else you got? Mr. Winn would say, you'll have to pay a couple dollars to see. He was bootlegging

whiskey. Got caught him and he had to spend some time in jail. Some local people got him out, came back in about 1940—"Hot tamales and that's all!" Ghost stories—always prevailed around where kids were. Johnny Sauceman would tell ghost stories that would scare the liver out of you. The old Brooks House was haunted. McDonald Hill house was haunted. Folder of stuff—from the pageant in 1967, 250 year anniversary (Mission Dolores established 1717)—Dr. Haley was president of the county historical society at the time. The society had gone defunct, when he came back in 1953, Charles McMillan, Ben and Smith Ramsey, Brian Butz, Steve Cardele—we decided to get it going again. Ben sent F. Lee Lawrence in here. In 1967-68 did a pageant. Mail from John Tower—spent his summers here, good friend with Dr. Haley, also from Charlie Wilson, used to fish with Dr. Haley. Comments on Russell Lee, 1937 and 1939, photographs. People in San Augustine were told that Russell came to take pictures as a propaganda thing to send to Russia to show how people in the US lived, what rural America looked like. War was looking more and more imminent from the mid 1930s on. Lee was planning to stay 2-3 days, but stayed 2-3 weeks. Big difference between the Baptists and Methodists—Julia Wade was a Baptist, not a Methodist. Cora Parker made history herself. Curtis Wade—where Dr. Haley got his first name. Mother and dad were coming back from Louisiana and they got stuck coming back on 21—there had come a big rain after they left and 21 was a dirt road. His mother was pregnant with Dr. Haley. Curtis Wade flagged someone down and they got them unstuck. Dr. Haley's dad said to Curtis Wade, "If this is a boy, I'm going to name him after you!"

18. Earl Weatherford, 8-14-09

He grew up in the area, farmed cotton and corn. His parents and grandparents did the same thing. They had a garden—sweet potatoes and stuff. He still plows with a mule. It costs money to run a machine. They had a pretty big garden. Mule's name is Red—has had him a pretty good while. Home remedies—castor oil. Went to a country school when he was a kid. Crossing on Lobonella was on Mr. Hancla's place. His daddy owned the land a long time. Indians—says didn't know of any Indians around. The Spanish are gone. He gets somebody to go for him—to Brookshire Brothers. His family is gone—just him. He puts a few peas up. He gets out early in the morning to work the field—chopping the corn down. No dogs. No chickens. Foxes and things—raccoons getting the watermelons. He built a big fence. Tamales—didn't know anyone who made them. Ghost stories—no response. He didn't get sick growing up. Castor oil for a sore throat. He made sassafras tea, raised sugar cane and made syrup. This house has been here a long time—his daddy built the house. Brothers and sisters are all gone—just him. Picked some peas the day before. Used to cook biscuits—now makes the canned biscuits. Went to a Baptist church right down the road. Didn't play any games, he was working all the time—no fishing, hunting, or swimming. Crossing on Poly Gaucho—they tore it up, not it's gone—close to the bridge—it was a rock crossing. Sometimes run his air conditioner.

19. Gerald Mora, 9-11-09

80 years old. All the farmers would get together, bring their tomatoes to Nacogdoches, sort them out, and send them to Jacksonville where they were canned. The cattle business—tick fever, the state made them dip the cattle. Creosote dip. Dipped horses and dogs just to make sure. Dipping vats about 5 miles apart—easy access to roads. Had to dip every 14 days. Mid 1940s—42, 43 stopped dipping cattle. POW camp in Chireno. POWs harvested pulp wood. As a boy played ball with the guards and went to the PX. About once a week they would have a dance and invite the local people. Mr. McKinney bought the land—he had a brick house on it, before there was a log house. Frost Lumber owned it—carried lumber to Lufkin from the depot on the south end of town. The whole town of Chireno moved—it used to be down below and moved the town to up on the hill. The upper cemetery and lower cemetery. Mountain Cemetery—cemetery for Catholic people—Ybarbo, Cordova are there—his great grandparents are buried there. Twice a year there are cemetery cleanings—first Monday in May and then Labor Day weekend. Everyone brings a covered dish. We think the fence is a little bit wrong—it should be bigger—the cedar is supposed to be in the center of the cemetery, but now it's not. It used to be isolated off, but now it's easy. Back in the old days, the road was called the smugglers road near Mountain Cemetery. The county has changed the roads so much, but 21 has changed, it was so crooked that you might see your own shoulder coming from behind. Race track at Black Jack, the Cordova family had it. Races once a month back in the early 1900s. A.J. Waters is the one who owned the POW camp in Chireno—had good education. Most of Mr. Mora's family were self-educated. No buildings left from the POW camp. The McKinney bunch that bought the POW camp raised Texas longhorns for show purposes. Go south and west, about 5 miles to the POW camp. This was a corduroy road because it was not very well kept. Just a bunch of ridges, there is some clay in the roads—it's really bumpy. The sweet gum from the POW camp is still there. Mr. Mora talked to the prisoners—most of them talked good English. Some of the prisoners said they did what they had to do because we did what we had to do—the fighting troops. Origin of family—came directly from Spain—the king of Spain granted him land in Nacogdoches in the 15-1600s—Spanish land grants, still standing up. He doesn't speak Spanish—daddy, grandparents couldn't speak Spanish. This America, we are all going to speak English. You lived 15-20 miles from each other. The Mora land grant is around Woden Texas. Jose Mora—sometime listed as J.M. Mora. They had three cotton gins in Chireno—parts of one of the gins is still there. We would 2 or 3 bales of cotton on a wagon and leave at 4am to go to Nacogdoches. All the neighbors would get together. Mommas didn't go they had to stay home—just a man and his son, or a man and his daughter. Eggnog Branch—not there anymore. Near the city limit sign of Nacogdoches—but this has moved. A Four Mile well—four miles from the Nacogdoches County courthouse—filled in when they widened 21. He and his father would camp at Eggnog Branch when doing business in Nacogdoches, traveling from Chireno. Located just east of Nacogdoches. One day's travel to Eggnog Branch—spend the night—next day go into Nacogdoches and do business, return to Eggnog Branch in the evening and camp. Next day return to Chireno. New building project built on the east side of Nacogdoches—Eggnog Creek was just a small branch fed by springs. Stayed in the wagons—slept under the wagons, ate beans and pork. Mr. Mora's dad would kill and beef once a month and take it in the wagon and peddle it out, or sometimes just give it away. Mr. Mora's mom died and three days later a tornado blew their house down. The people in the community got together and dug graves. Start about four foot wide all the way down to six feet with a pick, post hole digger,

shovel, and make the side even with an ax. A board covering the casket make out of pine. The casket went into a box. Have to go back about three or four months to fill in the graves and the dirt settled. Now they have a vault. Ed Green sold caskets and was an undertaker—ran a service station. Crossing at the Cottingham Bridge—between Chireno and Nacogdoches—Connie said it is on the maps. Used to take three hours longer to get to Nacogdoches because of the winding road. Attoyac Bayou would be half mile wide when it rained. There was sandstone clay—soapstone. La Lunaca was made—an island, but originally wasn't an island. The Attoyac has lots of trees in it so you can't go up and down. Most of the old Spanish families moved east of the Attoyac because it was better living, better conditions. Mr. Mora was raised over near Our Lady of Lourdes Church—he lived right behind it, near the cemetery. But had to go to Nacogdoches for confirmation. Didn't have a confirmation class only one time in 50 years, so had some old people—grandparents and the youngest was 12—and Mr. Mora was 12. They had a long picture made of the confirmation class (need to get this). The Catholic Cemetery was called Sacred Cemetery. When they dug graves, they didn't carry the dirt leftover away from the cemetery. A Spanish cemetery near Broaddus was supposed to be moved before building of Sam Rayburn—but it wasn't moved. Cordova pronounced Cordaway here. Herrera was called Raiders. But later on back to Herrera. Mora has been changed a lot. When Mr. Mora went into the service, he told them his name, but when he got his dog tags it was Moore. So he went two years signing two names. Same thing happened to his daddy in WWI. They had a family meeting to deep the Mora name—so even though Uncle Earnest had changed to Moore, they went back to Mora. Military tradition in Spanish communities. His dad had four brothers, three were in WWI. Mr. Mora had a brother, who didn't go because he was married. Mr. Mora had a daughter who went to Iraq. Mr. Mora was in Korea. I wouldn't take nothing for it, but I wouldn't give you a nickel for it either—his military service. They weren't fed very good—they got whiskey every Wednesday in Korea, jugs dropped by airplanes. Now the young troops have drugs. Ironosa changed to Iron Ore. 6 years when started in cattle. Water moccasin bite—put mud from the slough on the bit. Home remedies—Vicks salve. Sassafras. Knew of people used mullein, but he didn't—they would boil it and use it as a tea, or make a thickening out of it and use it for poison ivy, poison oak, or mosquito bites, and for respiratory problems. Before there were tooth brushes, would use black gum to brush teeth. Black gum are the first trees to put out in Spring time and the first trees to drop their leaves in Fall. Toothache tree used would relieve the pain for an hour or two. Did not use leaves of Sassafras, used the roots, bark. Used a certain type of red oak and color your water a little different—make it red looking. Didn't know of anyone who made oak baskets—but used oak and hickory to make ax handles, post hole diggers, and hammer handles. If you didn't carry a knife then you wasn't in East Texas. Snakeroot—has heard about it, have to mix with a lot of Black people to learn about that. Abstained from meat on Friday because of being Catholic. Baseball coach wouldn't let him play on Friday because he hadn't ate meat, but when they got behind, the coach would play Mr. Mora. Mr. Mora's daddy said that's okay. Now Catholics can eat meat. Daddy—rancher all his life. Beef, pork, chicken, squirrel, gardens. 2-3 acre garden—called truck patches. If we found there was a party in Black Jack—had to walk 7 miles. 4 miles to Chireno. On 21, you might walk all the way home and not get a ride—not see a car. Ball games at the YBarbo settlement, had a baseball diamond, had games on Sundays. Race Track—early 1900s. The only medicine they gave was whiskey, honey, sugar. Roads in the area—walking, horse, wagon. The roads were so crooked and unkempt. People didn't fuss too much if you made a cut off through their property. Indians in the area—Jack Stubblefield, his daddy looked like an Indian. Didn't know what tribe. Spanish

in the area—when the white folks, we got shoved out, gathered up and got our own neighborhoods. African Americans—younger generation is not like the older generation. Brush broom—Black lady worked for his parents—she would whip Mr. Mora. Let's speak English or Spanish. We ought to have one language. Mr. Mora—cowboying all his life. American or Texas, with Spanish heritage. We like our neighbors, but not so close—his closest neighbor is ¼ mile away. Mr. Mora has contact now with Old Spanish families in Moral and Ebarb, but not growing up, because that was too far. We knew those people, but we didn't visit. Sacred Heart Church in Nacogdoches—Mr. Mora goes there, and Moral community people go there. New Spanish speakers in the area—back in the 1970s at SFA, a Spanish teaching couple, Mr. Mora said that that's when he got to know that the lingo spoken around here was just made up Spanish. Mexicans started coming in with the chicken, watermelon business—also cattle—five dollars a day with room and board. They would stay 4-5 months and go home. Mr. Mora didn't know about Mexican workers coming in with the timber industry before the 1930s (he was too young). Tamales—he didn't eat Mexican food—nobody knew how to cook it. There might be tamales at a church social. Knew families that made tamales. Grist Mill at Black Jack, done on shares. Ghost stories—oh yeah we could always hear ghost stories. Mountain Cemetery Road—always someone sneaking up on them—man without a head. Big black dogs. His grandfather is buried in Mountain Cemetery. His wife died in child birth. Met another woman, she carried coffee to him in the field and the coffee had arsenic in it. He had land and money, and she had nothing. The arsenic put him in a coma and he started sweating at his wake. They put him in the ground. But she didn't get anything—she confessed—the lawyer got everything. He doesn't drink beer, he drinks whiskey (in cola?). Rodeos in Center, San Augustine, Nacogdoches, Lufkin, Jasper. March-November left home going to rodeos. Lots of Trail Rides—no trail rides growing up. Now get to play a little bit more because of the better transportation—can haul horses to a meeting place and have trail rides.

20. Leon Ware, 9-18-09

76 years old, born 3-10-33. Rode a bicycle to school—about 3 miles. His father farmed and then after working in the shipyard and ran a saw mill. Food sources, Brookshire's—and 5 other groceries. They grew most of what they ate. There was a grist mill at Bland Lake. $\frac{3}{4}$ acre gardens. Home remedies—cough syrup—honey and turpentine. Vicks salve. Til age 12 played in the woods, then made 2 dollars cleaning out from under the mill. Went to the Baptist Church at Liberty Hill and Church of Christ at Antioch. One place since 1877, the other since 1891. His Dad was nearly 91 when he died. Uncle Lee Whitton—not his uncle, but everyone called him uncle. Bob Richards, not as old as his dad, ran the Bland Lake store. Back in the 1920s, Bland Lake was pretty good size, but when Leon came along there was just that store there. The sawmill at Bland Lake was built by Jeff Bland—that's why he built the lake, was for the sawmill. Leon's dad worked at this sawmill. Everybody pretty much had a car when Leon was growing up, there were still a few who would park their wagons down town where the post office is now. The roads—a lot weren't paved—the farm roads. Indians—Leon only knew one Indian, but he was traveling through and Leon's dad let him stay in a little house behind their house. Leon was little then. Spanish—Edmond Quirk, killed by John Bodine, and Alexander Horton killed John Bodine. African Americans—quick a few bootlegged back then. 1985-6 the last still was brought in by Sherriff Tindal. No mixed marriages. English was spoken—graduated in 1950, very few Spanish around. Neighbors were all distant kin folks. His dad could butcher a hog, but Leon never learned that. Hauled pulp wood, and built molds—tool and die maker in Nacogdoches, Nebco. Went to SFA and got 108 hours. Self identify—East Texan. Sleepy Hollow Night Club—1936-39, his dad had an archery range, worked for TEXDOT, hewed ties, the war started and he worked as a guard at a ship yard. After the war, first had an archery range near the SFA theater in Nacogdoches, then started the sawmill. Stopped at 20:26 Cotton was big in the area until WWII, then there was a shift to cattle. Leon's dad made bows from bois d'arc, would use broken bottle glass to scrape it down. Made some bows 1925-30, and the last ones he made were in the 1960s. Sawmill in the area—at Bland Lake, Leon's dad had two kinds of saw mill—one was a friction feed saw mill, 52 inch circular saw. Leon would change the blades, his dad would do the filing. The circular saw would take 5/16 inch for the cut, but the modern band saws would take 1/8 inch. The other type saw mill was a belt feed saw mill. The first mill was babbitt. A full crew at the saw mill was nine, but usually there was three of us—an old colored fellow—we called him Moore Boy, Leon guesses his last name was Moore. He died about 40—had a heart attack. His dad had two Buick motors strapped together for the saw mill—a '36 and a '48—to power the feed. UD 16 International diesel engine, had 110 horse power on the pulley. Cranked on gas and then turned over to diesel. Started the saw mill in 1946, Leon's dad sold the last one in 1966. Most of the time Leon's dad would buy the timber, and they would go haul it in. When he was 13, Leon bought himself a truck, drove it sometime—there wasn't any highway patrol around—Leon would haul to Broaddus and Chireno, when he was 16 he bought a 2 ton Chevrolet truck with a trailer and started hauling longer lengths, would haul also to Nacogdoches. Broaddus had a planer, Leon didn't have a planer. Leon got his commercial driver's license at 16. The roads were good. Most of the roads were paved that he drove. Crossing a creek was a challenge—described the process using trees laid down. A lot of times would drive by himself to Nacogdoches and Chireno. Vernon Fussell and Steel had a lumber yard at the crossroads on 21—near the house with the columns. About all the bridges were one lane back then. People didn't respect the trucks—they took longer to stop. 21 was paved as

long as Leon could remember. Paved in the early 1930s. 96 was also paved. Whenever you bought timber at somebody's place, it was your problem on how to get it out—most of the farm roads were not paved and there were no bridges. Most of the time, you go cut it and bring it in. Stone had a planer mill in San Augustine—Stone Lumber company. And Greer, Downs, and Knowle, road near the Civic Center went to it. Nathan Tindal saw mill. Leon's dad's sawmills were located near his house. In 1954, Leon was in the military. Tamales—you got tamales in cans, no shuck, but paper wrapped around it, heard about Zwolle tamales. There is an Indian lady that makes Indian Tacos. Ghost stories—Leon haunted a few! McCathern House across from Antioch, Mr. Kirk lived right close to where the house used to be—Leon and LaKita haunted that house. Leon slept behind the counter most of the time at the Sleepy Hollow Club. A Lout girl was scared of Leon's dog. The night club opened after there was vote for the area to legalize the sale of alcohol. Other night clubs in the area—Wood Lawn, Dee Brown had a night club where route 7 crosses the Attoyac—the building may still be standing. Walter Bland bootlegged all his life, so they were more likely to vote for prohibition. Mentioned the night clubs in Nacogdoches—Goodman Bridge. Angelina County went wet, and this put a lot of night clubs out of business in Nacogdoches. Part 2: Railroad ties, beech, sweet gum, poor grade of oak, in the 1940s and 1950s if you got 90 cents for a tie. Back then, didn't have forklifts, two men would be loading them. Peckerwood mills had circular saws, not band saws. In 1947-48, the big sawmills had double cutting band saws. Leon's dad worked at Bland sawmill. Babbit is a lead compound—you can melt it easily. Part 3: thinks there was a ferry north of Pendleton Bridge—Carter's Ferry, and there was another one even further north at the old Hamilton ferry—to Patroon and down by his yard. Old Road used to go near the old Catholic Church at Chireno to the Sabine. Pendleton Ferry—Charbonneau had it and Carter ended up with it. Another crossing at Sabinetown—there was a garrison across from Sabinetown. Talked about Y'Barbo's plantation near Lobonella Creek. Heard it went further south too—Milam was a point where they came together—a road from Milam went up to Carter's Ferry and then to Hamilton. Eggnog Branch—used to be a park there, Leon's dad would ride with his daddy on a freight wagon hauling freight from San Augustine to Nacogdoches, near the new apartments on 21. The highway department used to have a park there. It would take all day for his daddy to get from San Augustine to Eggnog Branch and they would camp there. Next day would do business, camp again, and leave the next day for San Augustine—a three day trip. Martha Brodin's great grandfather was a freighter and would do the same thing. His daddy would also go to Logansport—Bow's field road. You could cross the Sabine River at Ebarb when the river was low. Part 4: Mary Ware, maybe daughter of Homer Ware, Bug Tussle—a community near Bland Lake (?). Tinsley School—San Augustine or Shelby County? Moore Boy lived back near there. Arise Bluford. Bland Lake used to have a post office. Judy Hodges is related to Edmond Quirk. Betty Oglesbee wrote a play about Quirk's daughters marrying Lafitte's pirates. Part 5: spring—near the railroad tracks behind the old Stone lumber company—found some beams made out of sticks and mud—found this back in the 1920s or 1930s, or maybe before then. His father was born in 1889—he came and told Dr. Corbin about this in the 1970s—his dad died in 1988. When the railroad came through, it cut down the mission site. The Ayish Bayou changed course. John Oglesbee and Leon graduated at the same time.

21. Alton and Letitia Holt, 10-2-09

Alton (84 years old) and Letitia (born in 1930)—lived on opposite sides of the Attoyac River—he on the San Augustine County side, and she on the Nacogdoches County side. Letitia grew up in the house that her grandmother and mother grew up in. Prince, and Thomas's (San Augustine) were her family. Mr. Holt went to school in Center and came home on the weekends—said the roads were just terrible—after a rain you got a horse or a wagon. The farm where he grew up is still pretty isolated. Chireno was amazingly “civilized”—had a lot of people, several stores, doctor, dentist, and a lot of social life. Two-three churches, a good school. Mrs. Holt went to the Methodist Church, established in 1844. The first two Methodist churches were wood and they burned. The one that exists now was built in 1925. REA—1938—Chireno did have REA, they got electricity in 1937. REA produced a lot of jobs in the area. Private companies couldn't have afforded to make it in Chireno. Mrs. Holt's dad had a small sawmill, and that's how he came to Chireno. He was forty and had never married. Food sources—pigs, cattle, not much on hunting and fishing, always plenty of food. 20 families of Black people clearing the forest and turn it into farmland. Fifty cents a day—had a commissary for the Black people, and the Black people had their own gardens—some raised gardens, milk a cow, but now all. Nobody really made any money. Ledgers from mercantile store in Chireno. Mr. Holt had cattle, feed crops. Mrs. Holt family rented out the land—grandfather had a country store and father had a saw mill, just a small mill. In 1938 Mr. Holt's dad had about 25 mules that were all worn out. Rather than trade them for younger mules, he bought a tractor. This was the first tractor in San Augustine County—a 1938 model. Bought a big tractor to break up the land, and then buy some young mules who could cultivate it. A very mechanically inclined Black man operated and maintained the tractor—don't think his daddy ever got on it. The tractor was something to see—people would come out to see it. They had moved from Center, TX to near the Attoyac. Mr. Holt bought the tractor back—it had a big tree growing in it. Mr. Holt asked the man how much he'd take for it, the man said, “oh, I gave your daddy \$200 for it, I guess it's worth \$200.” So Mr. Holt paid \$200 for it. Mr. Holt bought another tractor for parts. Mr. Holt was a mechanic as a boy—he had a natural instinct for it. He has restored the tractor and it runs. Mr. Holt's family did things that Mrs. Holt's family didn't—Mr. Holt's family canned meat—Mr. Holt wasn't really fond of it, it wasn't as good as store bought. Getting into town in the winter they would put a barrel in the wagon and build a fire in it (before the truck). Cemeteries were about 3-5 miles apart. Mrs. Holt's family made jelly from grapes and dew berries. Wine making. Mr. Holt had a brother and three sisters, and Mrs. Holt had a brother and a sister. It was a happy time. Mr. Holt's mother would pick cotton—would rather be out in the field. She hired someone to cook. They got into the dairy business after WWII, 100 head of cows, but only for three years and then sold—no sentimental attachment to that period. Bought the tractor in Timpson, and traded the mules in. They replaced 20 mules with the tractor. Put a planter on the tractor. Albert got on it—crooked rows at first—but straightened out—then put a cultivator on it—so didn't need any mules. So they put lights on the tractor and Mr. Holt and his brothers would drive it at night. They used the tractor for 20 some years. They only lived five miles away, but the families were very different. Mr. Holt's family would put a layer of cooked sausage in big crocks, a layer of lard, and on up—it never spoiled. Mr. Holt had a smoke house, pecan trees—they still had to buy flour, baking soda and powder, coffee, tea, shortening, at the grocery. Mr. Holt—Garden—1-2 acres. Canned the corn. Fed the stalk to the cows. Had a silo in the ground. Had to have water to pump while you were grinding. Mr. Holt was 12, said he could put lights in the

house—bought wire and light bulbs and hooked up to the pump. REA had come to the area, but not enough families in the immediate area to make it pay –2-3 years later they got electricity from REA. 4am to 8pm work on the dairy farm. Mr. Holt at 10 years old had a good ability to deal with people—was a banker for 40 years because he had a wide variety of experiences growing up. The tenant system was not fair, but the tenants had enough to eat and had a roof over their heads. Daddy was good to the tenants. The roads were so bad the women didn't get to go to the cemetery, but they had to bury the little girl. It was hard times—but Mrs. Holt had never heard the word “Depression” until Raymond Colter had the little girl. Home remedies—teaspoon of sugar and a couple drops of turpentine—didn't like this, better was hot lemonade with a little whiskey. Vicks Salve. A lot of courting took place at church. Box suppers, you fix a supper and decorate the box—the girls would accidentally let the boys know your box and you ate with whoever bought your box—the boys bid on the boxes. 85 years ago Mr. Holt's dad bought the land. Mrs. Holt's family owned the land before the Civil War. A photograph of the Civil War—father's great uncle. Photograph in Confederate uniform—he died somewhere—that was heartbreak for so many people. Old roads in the area—they were rough in San Augustine, particularly in the winter. When it rained or when there was a heavy dew, these old red hills were slick. WPA came around and they built some pretty good roads—this gave people something to do. Mrs. Holt remembers when 21 was paved—she was born in 1930 and it was paved in 1938, they were using fresnos—big scoops with two mules, or two great big horses. Mrs. Holt went with her daddy to bring water to the horses when it was very hot. The horse died the next day. American Indians in the area—no. In Center Mr. Holt remembers going to Center to get cow feed—and here come a bunch of Indians—20-40, hungry and tired and ragged, terrible looking—they came through the train area. Don't know where they came from or where they were going. Connie talked about Indians getting the cattle that were killed as part of the official killing—near Center. Mr. Holt talked about his uncle had a large grave to bury the dead cattle as part of the official killing. You couldn't sell them—they would pay you to plow up the cotton—Mr. Holt did that. Then they planted peas instead of cotton and that's where the pea check come from—paid to plow up their peas. Lack of refrigeration was a problem. Mrs. Holt had an ice man to deliver ice—one time the ice man backed over Mrs. Holt's tricycle. There are two definite Indian archaeological sites in the Chireno area. One of Mrs. Holt's uncle would have an Indian show up once a year—he was tall, thin, had braids—he would sleep in the barn—his name was Yellow something. He did a little work for his meals—would stay about a month. A big freeze at the beginning of WWII knocked down the telephone lines and they didn't have telephone service for 10 years. They POW camp had a phone, and the fire tower had a phone in Chireno—only two phones. There was a Spanish settlement about 5 miles from Chireno—Antonio Ebarbo. There are still 4-5 Spanish names, there is still Our Lady of Lourdes church. A family was working at the cemetery near the church and a limb fell on the little boy and killed him, so the daddy dedicated a couple acres to the cemetery—this was their family land—that is still the cemetery. Mrs. Holt went to school with children from the Spanish settlement. Ebarbo, Mora, Shaws. Recently they had a bishop come visit and they had to pay to have an interpreter—and nobody even speaks Spanish there. There are not many old people left in the Spanish settlement—Alice Ebarbo is the unofficial genealogist—lot of gas there now—up on the mountain. Elizabeth Mora is the director of the nutrition center—her mother died when she was young. There were differences in culture there—Mr. Ebarbo promised to keep a fire going in the fire place after Alice's mom, his wife, died and he did this for don't know how many years. No mixed marriages back then, but the Spanish began to intermarry, but not the African Americans.

People were more dependent on each other. Your neighbors would come and “sit up” when someone was sick or dead—it was mostly men—it was an honor to be asked. Mr. Holt had the midnight watch for a friend, 2-4am. Texans first—Mrs. Holt, but proud to Americans too. Her grandparents came from Liverpool—grandmother was a toddler and told the story of sickness and death on the boat—sharks following the boat—had to have burial at sea. Mrs. Holt’s grandmother died before she was born. It’s gradually dying out some, but there is still strong feeling about the Civil War. Mrs. Holt as part of a DAC put Confederate flags on graves at Oak Grove Cemetery and someone registered a complaint—they had been put out before, (for veterans day?). The DAC meetings involve pledging allegiance to the Confederate flag—Mrs. Holt felt a little subversive. Cemeteries located 5-7 miles apart, needed a lot. “Where does your family bury?” People would say this. Horses and mules—the more energetic people raised both. Mrs. Holt got a horse—that was not broken. One day they were leading the little horse away—“Jenny go Last” was the horse’s name—was sold to someone else. Her mother had a horse name Choctaw, your daddy’s saddle horse was named “So and So.” Mules, milk cows were all given names. Some mules were gentle some were contrary. Mrs. Holt’s daddy would make dewberry wine, and she guesses grape wine. One year the cork was blown out of the bottle. If you wasn’t too hard shell Baptist you would make wine. Mr. Holt’s daddy made good wine—not a staple at every meal. POW camp in Chireno—a prisoner returned. Mr. Holt was City Manager. Curt Bordemere was the POW, came from the Black Forest in Germany—came to Chireno—he said when he was captured they had no water, no fuel, no food. The French said no, the English said no, the Americans said yes. The terrible ice storm froze the trees—you could hear them explode—Arthur Temple wanted to save that timber, so that’s why they got a POW camp in Chireno to cut the timber. Ten on a crew, one guard. Hiram Murray was the woods Boss for the POW Camp—Mr. Bordemere first asked if Mr. Murray was still living, no but here’s his son. They stayed in the Alton house for 4-5 days. The officers didn’t have to work. The marker was put up in Chireno last year. A woods boss would bring everyone to a gathering point—a little girl learned her alphabet from one of the prisoners. Tamales—no. Ghost—Alton’s mother had second sight—she wished she didn’t have it.

22. Bernadine Haney

92 years old. 6 children, grandparents lived with her. Had a fabulous garden—father's family came from England, Mother was the most energetic of human beings. Grew up like the boys, didn't like the fussy fancy things. Grandmother was blind and had never seen her 17 grandchildren. Always had plenty of food—mother had 3 gardens—always canned at least 100 cans of vegetables. Mother's family 5 girls—always challenged her sisters. Mrs. Haney's father was a cotton farmer. If he didn't make 100 bales he thought he was going broke. There were always tenants on the farm—her mother could make 5 dresses for the little girls in one day. Went to church in a wagon, but she went to church in an old timey truck—the pastor had twins and Mrs. Haney was a twin, so the pastor would stop by and drive the Haney twins to church about a mile away. We all went to the same school. Mrs. Haney would protect her twin brother—accusations of being related to Blacks—apparently there were Haney's who were black. They let the girls and boys play together. The pastor's twins—Willy B. was the boy, and every time he'd get up to bat his knee would jump out of place. Lilly B. was the girl. Mrs. Haney has 20/20 vision and she drives. Retired postmaster. In business in Chireno for 29+ years. Had 4-H for 25 years. Had an orchards—peaches and pears—an acre orchard. Great great grandfather came from Tennessee in 1843 with 40 slaves. There are a lot of African American Haney's. Business in Chireno—they had everything, dry goods, food, and all kind of merchandise. DRT group will have a Christmas program like their great grandmothers had—boiled custard—a little whiskey—put it over plain cake, but this you drink—eggnog is what they call it now. In Chireno there was an academy—a professor from England. Dr. Fall—the Indians used to come there—he was the first white child they had seen. They have found some big arrows in this place—a play ground or park now. Granddaddy was a hunter, father didn't hunt. Great granddaddy was in the Civil War—there were three sons—one was in the massacre at Goliad—has a picture of it. Home remedies—mother made soap, put cloths on chests with menthalatum and Vicks. They put tallow, rendered from the pork—put it on your skin. They never had the crupe. Had double pneumonia when she was 9. Dr. Tucker, Dr. Fee in Nacogdoches—sons Dr. Henry and Dr. Stephen. Her grandmother was a good doctor—midwife. Together the twins weighed 13 pounds. Made hominy the original way—burned the oak wood and used the lye from the ash, “He's lying like an ash.” Mother made hominy this way. But then it seems she was describing the making of soap instead of hominy. The Halfway house was built in 1840. Ironosa—her grandmother taught there 8 years. She was from the Pleasant family, but married a Metoyer—he died 34 years ago. A Metoyer came over during the American Revolution and liked it so much he stayed. The Pleasant family came in the 1600s. Everyone of the Spanish community could be members of the DRT. Carl Shaw's family married into the Spanish families and Elizabeth Fountain was a Mora. Carl Shaw is a cousin to Elizabeth Fountain. On the back line of that property was the most beautiful cobalt blue glass—where people were buried—SFA excavated back there—saw lots of china near the fence line—but way away from the house. Woodrow Palmer owned it at the time. Her great grandfather owned it sometime ago—he bought it when he arrived—on the Blackjack road. This is where she thinks her grandparents are buried—on the high spot at the back of the property. The archaeologists were there about 17 years ago—you could tell they had dug it up—she was there 15 years ago. The Blackjack road comes into Melrose—between the Blackjack and Cold Springs Cemetery. The old roads—the buggies cut them down so—it was hard. Her mother was learning to drive and she had a little accident and wouldn't try anymore, so she would use the buggy to visit. The buggies would cut the ruts so

deep—they forded the branches. Mrs. Haney walked to school, about 2 miles, later rode her horse to Shady Grove. Her daddy was the best syrup maker. She is a chicken eating Methodist. Talked about the history of a house that had the first window glass in east Texas. Father made hams, mother had chickens. Mrs. Haney used to be a Democrat, is now a Republican. Self Identify—Texan mostly. Tamales—didn't eat Mexican food growing up, but she made them after she married—made 20 dozen, prefer chicken—this lady who was in their church showed her how to pressure cook them. Not clear who showed her how to make them. Ghost Stories—the Cellar Sisters—said they were mean, with butcher knives to protect them—this was back in her granddaddy's day. Miss Art and Miss Mary Seller (or Cellar). The younger kids were afraid to pass by their house, the Seller sisters were so mean.

23. Harry Noble, 10-5-09

Born in 1930, 79 years old. Great great great grandfather, William Austin Thompson, his daughter married William Scurlock, his great great grandparents. William Austin lived on the sand road—went SW over to a pub, on the road back from there they found Austin on the sand road dead—never did know exactly what happened. William Scurlock earned the title of the man with four lives—he escaped the massacre at Goliad, Aqua dulce battle—there is a lot on him. Thomas Noble came from Mississippi in the 1830s, he married Susan Tolan in Madison, Mississippi. Harry and his wife went to Madison, MS to do research—saw Noble Insurance Co.—turned out they were the descendents of Thomas Noble’s brother. Isaac Coin(?) lost a leg in the Civil War and then drove an ambulance. “Idyllic” growing up in the area. Me and Burnice—32 stories of Burnice and Harry growing up. Burnice’s mother was an expert cooking wild game—Burnice’s father was a hunter. Dad grew up near McMahan Chapel, mother died when four so Aunt and Uncle raised him. Aunt and Uncle were farmers. Harry’s dad when 16-18 went to Wichita Falls and worked with his uncle in a hardware store. Burnice and Harry drove a tractor with a circular saw mounted on it and they would cut trees. 1935 moved back to San Augustine area—Harry was five, his dog Ginger road on the running board the whole way—that was her seat. Harry’s dad butchered cows at first, then he had a milk separation route, then he had poultry—when he got tired of all these projects he would turn them over to Harry. Put in the Butane business about when WWII ended and that’s what he stayed with the rest of his life. One in San Augustine, Jasper, one in Newton—he died at 59, smoked 3 packs a day. Local food—had a garden—didn’t have a mule, but had a horse to plow—Harry didn’t like to work in the garden. Before the war his dad put a radio shack in San Augustine. The Sand Road used during the WWII maneuvers in the area—Harry wrote an article about this. The Reds got word that the Blues were coming across the Sabine, and Harry and Burnice showed the Reds how they could get behind the Blues, which they did and captured the Blues. This story appeared in a magazine. America in World War II—came out less than a year ago. Home remedies—syrup of pepsin, multi-blood, Epsom salt. A family living in a share cropper house—snake bite, poured kerosene in a tub and put his foot in that. No Sassafras tea. Fords Corner going south 5 miles was a school—big building (4-11th grade) and little building (primer-3rd grade)—that’s what they were called. Games—Deer and Dog, marbles, basketball court was dirt, outdoor toilets. Three country stores in Rose Vine, cedar pencils a penny a piece, buy paper and candy, pictures taken every year. Mail carrier that bought a tooth brush for a girl for a quarter—she’s 80 years old and still has her teeth. Geneva—one store and a post office—a pretty big place around WWI, but in decline when Harry came along—still 10-20 houses around WWII. Harry’s dad would sell butane tanks—Harry would pipe the houses. Blackstock Gin. 21 had already been straightened out before 1935. The Sand Road went south of Harry’s house. 150-200 yards up from the highway to Harry’s house. But at one time there was a road that ran right in front of Harry’s house. Harry talked about roads closed up, not used, but there were still fences. In 1935 21 was gravel. Each generation would straighten it a little more—people wouldn’t let you go through their property, so had a lot of 90 degree turns. These were gradually straightened out, even before the road was paved. Harry wrote 6-7 articles about William Scurlock. At William Scurlock’s house Harry could see the imprint of the road that went on to Lobonella when he was 6. Someone drew a picture of the orchards that Scurlock had in a book. Scurlock’s house is pretty much gone. It was a two story house, and the first time Harry went there and the stairway was still there. Chapel Hill Methodist Church and Goat Hill Baptist Church (South of Ford’s

Corner) both baptized on Lobonella Creek—was in a bend with gravel. A little ways down was a swimming hole. Earl Williams bought the Sam Hancla Store—his grandmother didn't like Sam because he bootlegged. William Austin Thompson survey—Harry owns this. There was supposed to be an academy out there. Harry saw an ad in the 1840 Redlander for Thompson Academy. Uncle Billy couldn't drive, never had a car. Harry's grandparents. Garage located where all the roads came together (Sand Road, 21, road from the south—from 103, and a road going east to McMahan Chapel), the big oak tree is still there. Horse and buggy not stored close to house but in a carriage house away from the house, so the first cars were stored in carriages away from the house, later garages were moved closer to the houses. Harry liked the smell of the carriage house—had an oil musty smell, there was an inner tube hanging on the wall and a pump—you needed the pump to fix flats. William Scurlock (grandson) up the road had a model T. Harry and Burnice walked everywhere within a five mile radius. There was a big sawdust pile from one of Harry's ancestor's (the one in the Civil War) sawmill on Palo Gaucho Bayou. Dad's dad had a saw mill in town. During WWII gasoline was rationed and a lot of people would turn the engines off and coast down the hill. Some people would drive slow to preserve gas—Burgee Scurlock was going into town and Harry caught a right, but she drove so slow he thought they'd never get there, going 30 mph. American Indians—no stories. When they first started farming that land there in the 1920s, they would collect “Arrowheads by the buckets” where the Camino Real crossed the Palo Gaucho. Burnice and Harry would go over there after a rain—the soil had ran out—was gullied and they would go there after a rain. Spanish in the area—knows the Spanish were over in Nacogdoches—but no stories of the Spanish in his area. Talked about the treason trial in San Augustine. African Americans—sharecroppers and blacks lived in the country. Every four miles had a country store to serve share croppers in the 1940s. They left after WWII. The Blackstock house, Coleman house—black sharecroppers. Fuds wore rubber boots all the time—Fullis (Fuds) would dig the holes for the butane tanks. Bug Berry—Black man—went hunting, possum, sometimes. 12 dollars a week for hired help, African Americans. Harry doesn't have any pictures of his family. History of schools in San Augustine, a book by Harry. No mixed marriages. English only spoken in schools. I ain't got nairn—East Texan. No Mexicans in the area when he was growing up. Relations between people—less dependence now. I don't know—he was called “Tex” when he was in Korea. Harry grew up as a Methodist, now is a Presbyterian. Burnice is Church of Christ. Burnice's family closer to nature than Harry's—Harry's family always had the latest technology. Mr. Blackstock had a cotton gin and a truck to haul cotton. Tamales—didn't know that hot was an adjective—Harry did an article about man from Center, called Hot Tamales and that ain't all! Everyone knows this story. Harry went to Louisiana to Zwolle to eat hot tamales. Harry has written four books and over 800 newspaper articles since 1991. The list of all Harry's articles is at the library—Lillian at the library has the list. Texas Co-op and power—come in Jan/Feb 2010 about helping his dad wire houses when the REA came through. Maneuvers were right in town, San Augustine, the cemetery and the whole area around there was full of troops. Parachute drop—it was a simulated drop. They had tanks going up and down the roads. A half track, tore through the fence and went through the field. Harry got to operate a tank. Ghost stories—Harry's house was haunted after they moved out of it. When Harry came back from Korea he rented an apartment in town, he was married. His old house was known as a haunted house. Randolph Noble had a house across from Fairway Farms—haunted house. Just about any house that was big enough became haunted, but not just any sharecropper house—they weren't big enough. So any house that was big enough became haunted as soon as it became empty—the Haints would move in. Vessi

Coleman lived across the street from his grandmother—Vessi would tell stories about Haints—he believed in Haints—everywhere he went, the Haints were after him. Aunt Bell was 102 when Harry was 6—wrote a story about her—she was a slave—Harry asked her what it was like being a slave, and she said it ain't no different from now—I was hungry then and I'm hungry now. She owned the land she lived on. The Preemption and area where Blacks owned property, located NW of San Augustine. Another area past near Sam Hancla, the Cantons, Connie interviewed a woman whose grandparents were slaves of William Scurlock, lived near Gasby Cemetery. Her grandparent were Cherokee and Choctaw Indians.

24. Wilma McMillen, 10-5-09

She only knew one of her grandparents. Wilma didn't go to Geneva until after she was married, she was raised in what's called Grapevine now, and it was called Burleson then. Her mother's daddy was Indian—doesn't know much about her mother's family. Lived around Geneva the last 40 years—her husband was born and raised there. Her parents and grandparents were farmer—granddaddy raised cotton. Daddy had garden, hogs—butchered hogs every winter. Her husband's father worked for the highway department and his mother was a school teacher. Home remedies—if you had the crupe you took some sugar with a little kerosene in it. Pine rosin for a cut. They didn't go to the doctor much. There was a lady there if you had a sore throat she come down and mop your toenails. She went to elementary school at Burleson, and went to San Augustine started 7th grade. Played volleyball. Her father was the only one with a car in the community. There was no road to us—she walked to school 4-5 miles. First school was a wagon. They came across a bear walking to school—had a chain on it, so probably had escaped. Took about 30 minutes to talk to school. African Americans—very few in her area—didn't have much dealings with black people—her daddy was prejudiced. First husband was a welder. Second husband, they had four chicken houses (50,000 chickens)—not really hard work—no complaints about working chicken houses. One time the truck turned over—it looked like snow! Less dependence on each other over time. American and a Texan. Tamales—didn't eat them, didn't like them, and didn't hear about anybody eating them. No ghost stories growing up. The house she was living in east San Augustine was haunted—you could hear a man and woman arguing, father-in-law saw something outside and he went to shoot it and his gun wouldn't work—it never worked again. We lived 13 miles out of town, didn't have much gas, and so didn't go to town much. Went in horse and wagon—walked to church a few miles through the woods. No electricity, running water, indoor bathrooms. The haunted house was torn down a long time ago. Grew up poor, but misery started when she got married!

25. Burnice and Rose Mary Blackstock, 11-13-09

She grew up in town, he grew up 7 miles east of town. He talked about running up and down Poly Gaucho Creek. Abney Wash Hole on Poly Gaucho Creek—where they used to go swimming. Today they couldn't hardly get to the creek—it was so thick with vegetation. Years ago, the water was high—up to the top—they decided to build a raft and go to Port Arthur—put their clothes on the bank, they walked back, had to cross the road (Harry Noble wrote a story about this). Turned out the hogs, the hogs would feed on acorns in the bottoms, and then just before people were going to plant, they went to gather up the hogs. They made a dart, accidentally hit their neighbors pig. Talked about a fish catching scheme. Burnice's dad let Harry and Burnice borrow their truck. Got to the lake, tied the boat, cut a three foot ditch to the lake—water started pouring out. Two Cyprus logs laying parallel to the river that had dammed up the river to form the lake. They were going to sell the fish in Black Ankle. They think there was a saw mill there that ran off of water. Red and Blue army story. The Reds were camped at Ford station. The blues were coming from Fort Polk. Burnice showed them the sand road. The little sand road goes by a cemetery (Abney Scurlock Cemetery) and then you ford the Palo Gaucho—the only place you can cross it—Burnice took those tanks down there, and come in behind the Blues. He couldn't find the old road last time he looked. Burnice knew this side of the Sabine and this side of the Angelina—these were boundaries. Games—May I? and Red Rover. Burnice's father had a steam powered cotton gin, right across the road from where they lived. Eleven kids, so the kids ran the mill. 75% of the cotton would come in wagons with mules pulling them—lined up outside the road. Gin until 10pm at night during the busy time. Mother would have food to eat. They had a pond for the steam engine—brothers had to cut wood, but when Burnice got old enough, they switched over to a gasoline engine, so no need to cut wood. Burnice made a small pond after the pond broke. Burnice had pet perch in the pond. One day Burnice went over there to feed the perch and they didn't come. CB Richards and Jake Whitton went with Burnice's brother to catch the pet perch. Jake Whitton told Burnice this 40 years later. Rosemary's parents—were Rosens, came to MA in 1600s, then to Texas in the 1840s. Momma married a Mathews—lived out at Denning. Mathews came to Texas in 1849 from Alabama. The Mathews land is still in the family. There is a spring that is still there—right across the road from the house. You can still see the old trail coming out from the spring to the house. Rosemary lived in town—several grocery stores—daddy had a dry goods store, next store was a grocery. Groceries were ordered and delivered. No broccoli, cauliflower. Cornbread every day—had help—it was so cheap. Rosemary hated the chicken pen—a couple years. Burnice had a big garden—would kill a calf, had hogs—didn't kill deer much back then. Not many deer in the 1930s-40s, but after screwworm eradication, the deer came back—only remembers his dad bringing home one deer the whole time he hunted. Burnice went to Rosevine country school, then went to San Augustine for the 9th grade. Had a pickup with bed—looked like a turtle shell—they rode. Harry, Billy Neal, Big Fred and Little Fred Eisenberg, they bus got stuck and they just walked home. Mary Katherine Williams, the Mitchells (3-4), then Harry, then us, then Eisenbergs, then others. Mary rose and 7 others went through San Augustine together and keep in touch—Momma took them, they didn't ride the bus. Skipped from the 1st to the 3rd grade. Second Summer disease—at the Thomas Cemetery, 3 little graves, all died of Second Summer disease. Ancestor was killed in the Civil War. Daddy and his older sister would walk through the woods to the Dwyer School—that old building is still there. In 1916-17 they moved into town, and her grandfather put in a store in San Augustine, I.L. Mathews and Sons. Later it was

J.P. Mathews. Closed in April 1988. The name J.P. Mathews is still on the top of the building. John Williams lived down the road from Burnice in the country. The Jones lived up the road. O.J. Eddings lived nearby—he worked at the gin—his crow would follow him to work and sit all day with him. The crow followed Burnice to the house and stayed there 2-3 years. His name was Johnnie and you could just call him, “Johnny, come here” and he would come to you and jump up in your lap. Johnnie could say some words. The crow would grab marbles and hide them. Momma would go to the garden and watch and that crow would follow her and watch her and then start picking. He could say “Miss Ida.” Miss Ida wore a bonnet, and the crow would call “Ida, Ida” and he didn’t like her, and he would grab her bonnet. Apparently Johnnie didn’t like African Americans. O.J. after 2-3 years he said “Johnnie, don’t you think it’s time to come home?” and Johnnie went back home with O.J. Indians in the area—his sister’s land, they farmed and they found lots of arrowheads. Burnice had three boxes full of arrowheads, but they got lost when he was in the army. Spanish—no. African Americans—most worked for the Williams, Burnice played with the boys all the time. He never ate with him, though, his black friend wouldn’t come in Burnice’s house, but Burnice would bring him food outside. The colored maid would take Rosemary and her sister to her to the movies and they would sit up in the balcony with the maid. Someone had written in to Carolyn Ericson’s family about information for her family—Mathews—the great granddaughter of George Wallace Mathews—a slave of Enlo Mathews—great grandfather of Rosemary. When Rosemary and this lady met at St. Luke’s cemetery, the first thing she said was, “Rosemary, I was prepared not to like you, but you know, you’ve been so nice, and we’ve been to the courthouse and we found that your great grandfather was good to the slaves—he never separated the families, and after the war they all chose to stay. Lot of Mathews still here. Mella is nearly 100. Roslyns came from England in the 1600s—Roslyn on Rosemary’s mother’s side. She went to Gillingham England to a little museum with a section on Roslyn. Burnice isn’t sure of his parent’s origins—he’s trying to get in the SRT. 1830s—Rose Mary’s poppas great granddaddy a barn built like a German barn on 21 west of town on the south—it’s about ready to fall down. Rosemary has pictures. Mixed marriages—absolutely not. No language other than English. Relations with neighbors—Harry’s wife’s grandparents lived next to Rose Mary. Two homes of Williams lived up the road from Burnice, Smith lived up the hill. Some blacks. Saturday night listened to the Grand Old Opry. Burnice—his father hauled for people, he also buried a lot of people—he would come to town and buy the lumber and build the casket, if it was a woman momma would put some lace on the casket. And he would haul the casket to the cemetery. Someone else dug the grave. He did that a lot back then, and didn’t charge, but then they passed a law and he had to stop. Daddy had the cotton gin and had that truck that he hauled things. Burnice went to work for Texas Company after the war, then went to Lufkin and worked at a store, and then opened there own store in Lufkin—Blackstocks. Then opened a woman’s store—operated a store for 30 some years. Burnice trained in the Mathews store in San Augustine. Dependency over time reduced over time in the country (Connie) but about the same in town. Rosemary mentioned how patriotic people were. Rose Mary had a doll that was made in Japan—after a while she stomped on that doll, because it was made in Japan. Burnice involved in Korea, was told when they were discharged, “you need to take this uniform off as soon as you can, don’t be surprised if people spit on you.” That really shook Burnice up. Rose Mary’s father was drafted at 34 toward the end of WWII—broke both his arms in basic training. Self identify—American first and Texan second, Burnice. Rosemary didn’t think about it. Presbyterian marker—shine the lights and dance—this most daring thing they did (Rosemary). The movie was 17 cents, 5 cents for

popcorn. Get cherry cokes and grapefruit high balls. Toms place café, building is still there, hamburger is 15 cents, and French fries 10 cents. This house built in 1939, the boi dark trees over a hundred, set out the seed balls on the road and waited for the cars to come by and smash the seed balls. Also sit and wait for the German prisoners to go by in the trucks—Poppa caught us out there one day waving and hollering and he snatched us up into the house. German POW camp, take the POWs out the work every morning. Blount Park—built by the CCC—Momma and Poppa would take the family there. They could drink 7-up, but not coke. The park out on 21. Sandra and Stephanie Cardell—would have tea parties. She could drink coke at Stephanie's. Poppa and Raiford Stripling were roommates at Texas A&M. 1928, his sophomore year, the depression had hit, so Poppa had to quit A&M. So Poppa never did credit, because that's how his daddy lost money. Rosemary and Burnice had to use credit. Back then boys worked, but girls didn't work in the summer. Rode the train to Bland Lake with her cousins. Never thought about crime. Rosemary grew up in the 1940s—graduated in 1952—they still have reunions. Played red rover and May I? Rosemary—didn't have personal cars—her cousin had a beat up pick up. Burnice and Harry only had to walk home one night—they would sit on the bench at Tom's place and wait for someone that was going their way. They got home about 2am that night they had to walk. Burnice was playing ball. Hot tamales—didn't make them, but a black man that had a cart in San Augustine and he sold tamales, so every once and a while, daddy would buy tamales and we'd have tamales (Rose Mary). Turned out he was a bootlegger. Junior was like a middle. Val Junior Sharp. Val Junior for short, he worked in the store for Rose Mary's father. Burnice had never seen a football game, he transferred in to San Augustine from Rose Vine and San Augustine had a football team, after the war. They were playing Jasper, Burnice went to Jasper and watched the game. Some of the other players asked Burnice to ask to play left tackle. Squirrel hunting came up, and Burnice missed football practice, so coach said you won't start—first play of the game they went through his hole, so then the coach told him to get in there. Ghost stories—their family home had been built in 1859, it was falling down, Rose Mary always wanted to go look in that house, and she was told there are Haints in there. Virginia Ann would tell RoseMary ghost stories. Burnice—no ghost stories. Rose Mary's Grandfather's first wife died in that house, she was accidently given strychnine. The strychnine was used to kill unwanted trees—Burnice said they would dip their ax in it and cut a ring around the unwanted trees.

Appendix 2

Example Transcription

Judy Hodges Interview

[Connie Hodges] Today is November 21, 2008 and we're interviewing Judy Stewart Hodges in her home in San Augustine Texas and one of the things we wanted to talk about was the Crow Sharbeno [Charbeneau] descendents and how you are related in that sense we're mostly talking about Bragg community down there on Sabine river around Pendleton Harbor and Highway 21 and above that on FM 276 Carter Ferry Road.

[Judy Hodges] Ok my Sharbeno family settled at the Pendleton ferry crossing in like 1796 and lived there for several years and Louis Sharbeno was married to Margaret LaFluer and he was killed, he ran the ferry there for years as far as I can tell from all the documents that I found and he was kicked by a horse and off of the ferry and drowned in the Sabine river and Margaret ran the ferry for a while as long as she could with a house-full of children that she had trying to take care of along with running the ferry and Isaac Crow came down and married her (laughter) not too long after...evidently not too long after Sharbeno was kicked off of the ferry and drowned and in the census I found she was listed in 1799 as a widow and in 1801 she was married to Isaac Crow or Michael whichever one they want to call him cause there's a conflict there as to whether Michael and Isaac are the same person or not and, but anyway she married Michael Crow and they ran the Pendleton ferry a while and they moved back up to the Crow ferry where he had already established on the Sabine river crossing and which I think was probably the Carter..or one of the Carter ferries and that's how my Sharbeno and Crows came to be and then later in years my grandfather's brothers married to Crow sisters ...two of his brothers married two Crow sisters which were descendants of Isaac Crow so they actually were kinda

[Connie] ok well I . . .

[Judy] inter-married in there somewhere, so it wasn't just the Margaret Lewis that got that Margaret Sharbeno that married Isaac Crow, we still had other family married into the Crow family.

[Connie] And the families were living on both sides of the river right? The Sharbeno were on the Louisiana side?

[Judy] My Sharbeno family lived on the Louisiana side my grandfather, great grandfather, and great great grandfather were all born at Pendleton and on the Louisiana side of the Pendleton bridge, which we call it Pendleton but it wasn't Pendleton over there but I don't know what they called that area over there.

[Connie] And then your Braggs were on the Texas side?

[Judy] My Braggs and Stewart families were on the Texas side of the Sabine river, within three and a half miles of my Sharbeno family where my Sharbeno family settled in Louisiana.

[Connie] And your father and mother dated back and forth across the river?

[Judy] Yes my... we think my dad met my mother probably through his cousins—Udell Bragg

and Herman Bragg Jr., which were..which they were dating the Divine sisters from Louisiana which they lived right across the river also, close to my mother, and I think they probably met through them and they—you know, they crossed the river to get wives because there were no wives—everybody in that community was kin to ‘em so the only place to get wives was across the river (laughter) so they went across the river to court and daddy did cross the river at Moran’s crossing, on foot, at times and when the water was low he could cross on foot and he could also ride his horse across the river when it was low and then when the water was up, they kept an old wooden boat tied at the crossing there and they would cross in it, and he’d go across and see my mother and so they courted like that for a time before they married and the of course even after they married they still crossed the river that way until daddy got a car and my sister, she’s six years older than I am, and she remembers my daddy crossing—carrying her across the river, and they had to cross a slough on a log. Walk across the log to get where they were going, and his foot slipped and he fell a’straddle of the log and he dropped her in the slough, and she remembers touching the bottom of the slough and him grabbing her up when she bobbed back up and he caught her by the clothes and pulled her back up and—‘cause she can remember crossing the river like that you know, but by the time I was born they had a car and they didn’t cross it much like that anymore so—

[Connie] And you said by then y’all had went all the way to Milam?

[Judy] Yes we had to go—we had to go up the Carter’s Ferry Road to 87 and then go to Milam and then go to Pendleton and cross the bridge there and then go on around to my grandmother’s place, where it was in Louisiana, so but it was probably between 30 and 40 miles that way compared to 3-½ if you went on foot across the river.

[Connie] That’s something...okay, the family members that,.. we know the lake took over a lot of the land and stuff, there were a lot of family members that did not want to leave when the lake was coming in and were made to...right?

[Judy] Yes. Yes my—of course my Stewart grandparents lost all of their land, they had 58-1/2 acres east of us, towards the river, and all of that went under water and they—of course Toledo Bend ,you know Sabine River Authority, bought it from them for what we’d consider a pitiful little amount, (laughter) I’m sure it was the going rate then , but you know it wasn’t—wasn’t much, if you look at it today, you’d think it was just pitiful you know for them to lose 58-½ acres and you know.

[Connie] And they had no choice?

[Judy] No they had no choice and they—my Stewart family didn’t fight it when they had to sell cause they knew it was coming and there was nothing they could do about it . So you know, they sold out when they needed to and they had to, and they built a home on my grandma Bragg’s place that my grandmother inherited as her share of my grandma Bragg’s place, and they got about 5 or 6 acres there and built their home there and lived there the rest of their life and they sold the little house that they were living in to my grandmother’s nephew and his wife and family and the little house is still there today up on a hill that’s totally deteriorating unfortunately, and then my grandparents house that they built when the lake came up, just recently it burned and

which was a sad thing for us you know that it's still standing but it's just pitiful—it's just burned and uh, now our house wasn't where—the lake didn't take our house, it took 10 acres of our land that went under water that left us 5 acres where our house stood so we were lucky enough that we didn't have to move, and then my Sharbeno grandmother, my grandfather had died in '47, so my grandmother and two uncles and an aunt all still lived in Louisiana where the water was going to take their whole property and they had 160 acres, and it took the 160 acres.

[Connie] It took a lot more on the Louisiana side didn't it?

[Judy] Yes it took all their land on the Louisiana side and they wouldn't sell, they were not going to move, they just were dead set against it and they were not going to lose their land that had been in their family for 200 years, you know that was a homestead that my grandfather—great grandfather had homesteaded that land.

[Dr. Avery] That was hard.

[Judy] Yes, and the government had given him homestead entry of 160 acres and they weren't giving it up, and they went to court several times, fighting it, and 'course you know each time they did, I think like maybe four or five times, each time they did they got a little bit more money, which their lawyer took (laughter) you know it didn't really do 'em any good to go to court because they had to pay the lawyer what difference it was that they got each time and finally they, you know there was no more and it was right up to the end when—

[Connie] It's the principle of the thing.

[Judy] Yes but they weren't giving it up, they thought if they fought it they wouldn't have to give it up, and the day that they came out to evict my uncle, my mother's brother, my uncle, he got the gun and they had to get the law out there to get him out of his house, and then they bulldozed his house down while he was standing there watching it.

[Dr. Avery] hmm

[Judy] Yeah, and my grandmother, she, neither one of my grandmothers ever got over losing their home, you know, they just wouldn't, and my grandma Stewart, you know when the lake's down, the little island is out there where her house stood and when she was alive and able, before she went to the nursing home, she'd get somebody to take her out there to that little island and she'd stand on it and look around and cry the whole time she was out there.

[Dr. Avery] hmmm—so she never got over losing it.

[Connie] That was her home.

[Judy] That was her home and it just never was the same and you know she had—

[Connie] And it was still there even though the lake was there, when the water was down, that island was there and to her that was still home.

[Judy] Yes, this week we went out there and we could see that the little island was out there, it's not much of it but at times it gets lower than that and it has been more of it out there where she could get out and walk around on it but you know.

[Connie] And you still got family and friends that still live near the river that never moved out.

[Judy] Yes I have several cousins uh the Braggs, you know the Bragg part of my family that still live down in the Bragg community, and several of them are still down in there.

[Connie] And uh they, the Sharbeno cemetery and all that was moved right?

[Judy] Yes, our family cemetery on the Sharbeno land um probably had been there from the beginning I'm sure, you know that from when they got their land grant and the first one died they buried them in the Sharbeno cemetery, and uh, it was maybe a quarter of a mile from my grandma's house, and um it was a pitiful little old cemetery you know, the headstones in it were rocks and it weren't really any headstones but my grandmother knew where most of the people were, and when they came to move the graves, when the Sabine River Authority had them come move the graves, well it.. it was a pitiful thing, that was a sad thing for them to have to endure, to see that their cemetery was moved you know and they uh , I guess the Sabine River Authority bought a piece of property and uh the four cemeteries or three cemeteries that I know of that were moved right there close by their property um were moved to the one place, there's four sections in that cemetery now and um at Lakeview Baptist Church there close to Ebarb Louisiana and uh but they placed the graves back supposedly exactly like they were in the old cemetery and there were like 38 graves and 13 of them are named and the rest of them are all unknown and now the little markers that they uh that the funeral home put up those little tiny markers, they're so deteriorated till you don't even.. You can't even tell who they are now, but I do have a listing of where each person is living,,um is buried from the Sabine River Authority gave me a plat of where they had placed them back in the cemetery, and I have a copy of uh I have a photo of the cemetery that they took when they had to go out and—

[Connie] Before they moved it?

[Judy] Yes before they moved it, I have a photo of the old cemetery that the Sabine River Authority gave me.

[Connie] And when we were down at Mission Dolores, Jeff did the 1936 aerial photos with the GIS and you were able to see on the Stewart side, your grandpa's chicken houses.

[Judy] Actually it was our chicken houses, I could see my grandpa's farm that he had and where his house was but the amazing thing was to see where our house stood and our chicken houses and our little pond and where my aunt Sally lived and all that, you know I could tell on the.. On the map and on that aerial view.

[Connie] By the GIS and those aerial views, we can recreate or see what's under Toledo Bend pretty much where it was.

[Judy] Yes.

[Connie] And things like that, and tell about with your grandpa, him pointing out the caves and the Galveston Daily.

[Judy] Um my grandpa Stewart was um definitely a fisherman, he loved the Sabine river better than anything, he loved fishing and he would take us in the boat, and this was that little—usually that little wooden boat that I don't know how would float, but it did and he would he would carry us up and down the river and he would carry us up the river and every time he would go up the river, he would point out this place and he would say there's the pirate's cave, he never would take us up close to it where we could see anything other than a dark indentation in that bluff on the river there and it was grown up pretty well with bushes in front of it and every time we went there he show it to us and it was behind what we call Shacklefoot, on the river bank there at Shacklefoot and where Lindal Brown lived and it was somewhere in there and it was just a cave, and he said it was the pirate's cave, and my grandma's brother did an interview with The Beaumont Enterprise when he was late in life and uh he told about LaFite having a hide out there at Shacklefoot and he even pretty well detailed the folklore I guess you would call it about LaFite having his pirate's hide out there at Shacklefoot so—

[Connie] And then the lady—Mary Sharbeno Cambell wrote her memoirs in the Galveston Daily.

[Judy] Yes, Mary was Lewis Sharbeno's youngest daughter and they lived at Pendleton Ferry and they ran the Pendleton Ferry and James Cambell came up the Sabine river with a load of slaves and stopped at Pendleton Ferry and he fell in love with Mary, the youngest daughter of Lewis Sharbeno and Margaret Sharbeno, which ended up being the Crow, and at the time which she was that age and course Isaac Crow was her stepfather at that time and she and James Cambell fell in love and he stayed there at the Pendleton Ferry for a while and about a year I think she said they lived there and they moved on to go and be a pirate with LaFite, (laughter) and she told all about their life on Galveston Island with LaFite and everything that happened there you know with her and, but she did tell about them being at Pendleton and about her father being kicked by the mule and then Crow being her stepfather and all that.

[Connie] You have, and I know we're going to come back and copy different things that you have, deeds, pictures, bibles you know pictures of a lot of your family and other documents that you have researched on your family and on everything and on the map I know you and your Aunt drew and mapped in and there're were other groups there like other racial groups, and they all, everybody worked together as families and they helped each other out and did an—

[Judy] Yes, in our immediate area, there from the Patroon bridge on down to the river, there're were no—there're were only white people there, and there was a little black community up on the west side of the Patroon Creek, where a few black people lived and you couldn't have asked for nicer neighbors or nicer people or anything—I mean they were just nice people and they worked with my Dad, Noble and Cat Thomas both worked in the log woods with my Dad as long as they worked in the woods like that, they thought absolutely the world of them and I'm sure that Uncle Gerald will tell you that when Cat and Noble's daddy died, he was in the service

and he cried when they called and told him—

[Connie] They were just like brothers in other words they—

[Judy] Yes, that he cried just like that was his own family had died when Mister Noble died.

[Connie] Yes, they were and—

[Judy] And they were just like—but when I was growing up, we didn't visit with them you know as far as visiting, you know they did work with my family and all that but they didn't visit in our homes or anything like that, I mean that was something that just wasn't really done back then, and of course when I was in high school, we integrated and that was the first actual contact I had had you know with anything other than white people actually, and it was a shock to them and a shock to us, but amazingly, there was very little trouble in our school between the blacks and the whites, if there were any fights or anything like that it was either the blacks fighting the blacks or the whites fighting the whites there just was hardly any you know.

[Connie] Right, the government really forced this integration that we talk about and—but once it happened it worked out ok as far as it could.

[Judy] we didn't have any trouble you know when I was in school, now I don't know later in years what they had.

[Connie] We didn't and I can remember that too.

[Judy] But we just didn't have any trouble and—

[Connie] Everybody got along.

[Judy] Yes, and we just kinda got along with 'em cause we didn't—you know—

[Connie] But they all worked together, and so—but you said there was a store down there that y'all had that or that the white community had.

[Judy] Well my daddy, and later after the lake came up he had the little store there that—which is still standing, you know the little building is still standing, and we had the little store there and—but earlier in years my Aunt and Uncle both said that there was a store in the black community and that there was a little store in that community, and I think if I'm not mistaken they said Carol and Odell Wright, maybe their father ran that store, and also James "Snook" Smith had a little store up on—close to the Nine Mile Road but that was before my time too, I don't remember that store, but my Aunt and my Uncle remember those, both of those stores.

[Connie] And how did y'all travel?

[Judy] Well—we traveled by car when I was—

[Connie] When you were—

[Judy] when I was growing up.. we traveled by car, now when my dad was growing up, I told he traveled by foot or, he owned a horse and you know he traveled by horse, and my grandpa for years and years and years had the only car in the Bragg community, he was the only one.

[Connie] He was the first one to get access to—

[Judy] Yes, he was the only one in the community that had a car and he had to carry everybody everywhere you know when they had to go to the doctor, of course they had to go to Hemphill to the doctor you know it was the closest doctor we had.

[Connie] And they called him?

[Judy] And they called him, in the middle of the night or if they needed groceries or anything if they had to go to the store for anything he had to carry them cause there were no other cars in the community, but when I was growing up, we had vehicles.

[Connie] Right.

[Judy] Just like we do now—they weren't real good vehicles, but—

[Connie] And you were probably kinda like we are you know, we're out far enough from town if we are coming from town we call and say do you need anything from town and I'm sure during that time they really did.

[Judy] Right, if anybody needed anything all the way up, if somebody was going to the store they would send by people.

[Connie] Check and see if anyone needed any thing.

[Judy] Yes—and I'm sure they still do it down there because—

[Connie] We still do it.

[Judy] there's only that one little store down there, at the end of the bridge you know so still that's the only little store down there.

[Connie] What was it like for you growing up in the area?

[Judy] Well at the time I didn't know anything different, you know when I was a little child, it was wonderful and I didn't know any different, but when I got to be a teenager I hated being in the woods.

[Connie] It was so far away from anything.

[Judy] Right. I couldn't participate in any school activities because we lived so far from town, and you know we had to ride the school bus and at one time during my school years, we got on

the bus at six o'clock in the morning and we got off the bus at five o'clock in the afternoon, and that was a long day you know because we were the first ones on and the last ones off, and at one time the bus driver even drove his car down to our house and left the bus there, when I was in high school he parked the bus on our piece of property and he'd drive his car and come down there and we'd start there and we'd end there you know so we were the first ones on and the last ones off, and it was a long way back in there, we rode the school bus sometimes you for an hour and a half or longer—sometimes nearly two hours at times you know cause they made a pretty good round to pick up all the kids.

[Connie] But I guess that was better than when your grandma and them walked three miles?

[Judy] Yes. (laughter) Yes, I guess considering that my grandparents and even my Dad had to walk to school you know so I guess that was—

[Connie] Especially in cold rainy weather—I bet that was pretty bad..(laughter).

[Judy] My dad and my Uncle and my Aunt, all three went to school to the eighth grade at Patroon School, which is now where the Bragg Chapel Church is. And I think when my Dad, he graduated from Hemphill, so he on from about the seventh or eighth grade on to the high school, and my Uncle tells about walking to meet the bus and he had to walk two or three miles to meet the bus and sometimes he'd meet the bus at Pendleton, almost down there at Pendleton to meet the bus sometimes so they had to walk a long way to go to school, but they did have the little school down there up to the seventh or eighth grade.

[Connie] Where Bragg's Chapel is now?

[Judy] Yes, where Bragg's Chapel Church is now, and then when they quit having school there, I think it was like 1948 or '49, then the church—they made it into the church then and the church was in the actual school building, and I can remember, I can remember the building and it was a little old, tall church, school building that had one big room and two little tiny rooms on the front, and a great big iron heater that my grandpa had to keep stocked up with wood all the time during school, when they went to school there he cut the wood for the school and he was the actual trustee for the Bragg school, the Patroon school, he was one of the trustees and he oversaw everything that happened at the school, as far as—I even have a copy of a receipt where he went and bought a volleyball and a net for the Patroon school.

[Connie] Oh how neat.

[Judy] but he was a trustee for the Bragg school, and was in charge of hiring and firing teachers and everything like that.

[Connie] And keeping it warm.

[Judy] Yes—and this was somebody that had a fourth grade education himself,(laughs) so, you know that was always kind of strange to me that they said he only went to the fourth grade and that he could be a trustee for the school and be able to do all that.

[Connie] But he understood the importance of education?

[Judy] Yes he did, and he—I've got letters that he wrote my grandmother, and for someone who only had a fourth grade education it was amazing that he could write like that so I kinda wonder if he didn't get some more education than just what they said he did, because he definitely learned to write you know and you can read his writing and everything.

[Connie] He may have learned it on his own.

[Judy] I guess so. I guess so he was an exceptionally smart man, and my Dad was too.

[Connie] What did your parents and grandparents do for a living?

[Judy] Uhhh, my grandpa was a farmer, my grandpa Stewart was a farmer down in the Bragg community. I told you he had 58 acres down there and they farmed, back when he and my grandma first got married, they raised cotton, and um but by the time I was old enough to remember, I don't ever remember them growing cotton, and corn and maize and stuff like that you know, and they even grew peanuts and stuff like that you know, of course they gardened and all that but he wasn't—I'm sure he had jobs—odd jobs on and off because during the depression when they had the C.C.C. camps were, you know when they built them, he helped build that and he helped build highway 87, and so he worked on the roads and he was kind of a, from what I understood like an overseer for them to get the roads built, and to get that road built, so I'm sure he had other jobs other than just being a farmer but his main occupation was that.

[Connie] That was how they survived.

[Judy] Yes, was farming was how they survived.

[Connie] And ya'll had large gardens?

[Judy] Oh yes, yes we always had a garden.

[Connie] ???

[Judy] Yes—the worst thing I can remember about the garden, well actually the field, more than a garden, was that my grandpa planted all that in corn and tomatoes and peas and beans and everything, that whole—or most of his acreage he planted and harvested and, one time when I was about seven or eight years old, might have been a little older, I'm not sure maybe ten, I'm not sure how old it was, he planted several rows of tomatoes, that seemed to me like it was you know, a mile long each one of em, and it was really dry that year and my sister and I, my little sister, she was about 2 years younger than me, carried water from the creek or branch or whatever it was that ran through his pasture or through his farm there, up that bank, buckets of water to water those tomato plants.

[Connie] My goodness.

[Judy] And we were just little children you know and that was hard work, of course we had to hoe the corn you know and my sister will still gripe to this day that I could out-hoe her any day of the world, of course I was two years older than her and I moved faster than her anyway, and she even gripes now about how daddy would fuss at her about she couldn't keep up with me.

[Connie] ..couldn't keep up.

[Judy] ..and you know we had to hoe that corn, and that was a job for little children to have to do, but we didn't know any different you know cause we grew up working and course then when we got the chicken houses we worked in them just like they did you know that was our job.

[Connie] ..right..that was just part of being a kid.. you had to help work.

[Judy] That was just part of our job, we fed the chickens and we washed the water jugs and the water troughs and everything you know.

[Connie] ..part of the chores...

[Judy] And the chickens would get out and we'd have to chase them and get them back in, you know cause that was our job.

[Connie] Just a daily part of life.

[Judy] Yes and my dad had several jobs now he just went from one place to the next (laughs) I guess was just... he did lots of things, he worked in the log woods cutting logs and he worked at a sawmill and he just had different—he worked at the electric coop one time but he had an illness that caused seizures and he got sick one time and he couldn't go back to work and then my uncle went to work in his place and when he got there they told him “well you can't work in his place, but we can hire you” (laughter) but my grandma sent my uncle, my dad's brother, to work in my dad's place because he was sick and you know she didn't want him missing a days work and they needed the money, and so my uncle went and when he got there they wouldn't let him work in my dad's place you know so, he ended up with a job and I don't know why daddy didn't get his job back, I don't know if he was sick long enough or what, he just never did go back to work out there, but over the years he just did lots of different things, and he worked for Temple, and the last job he had was with temple in Pineland and he retired from there.

[Connie] Around here everybody had jobs—I mean whatever became available they went and worked to support everybody.

[Judy] Yes, just whatever they could to support them.

[Connie] made ends meet and feed their family.

[Judy] Right.

[Connie] What about like home remedies and stuff like that, do you remember?

[Judy] The home remedies that I remember, is that every time we would get a cold, mother would take camphor, turpentine, Vick's salve and make a plaster on a rag and put it on our chest, and we would have one on the front of our chest and the back of our chest, and we would sleep with that thing, how it didn't blister us I don't know, but that was our home remedies and when we got that tummy ache, she would give us a few drops of turpentine on a spoon of sugar, I think it was turpentine, it might have been camphor, but one or the other, I can't remember which it was now, I want to say it was turpentine, which that sounds awful but—

[Connie] To this day I hate the smell of Vick's salve because that's what my grandmother did too and my dad, plastered us down with that (laughter).

[Judy] Yes she would put it on a flannel rag and put it on our chest.

[Connie] Yes (laughter).

[Judy] and that rag would stay stuck to us all night long (laughing) don't you know we smelled real good when we went to school the next day?

[Connie] (Laughing) Like I say, I can't use Vick's salve to this day because that's what it reminds me of.

[Connie] How was school back then? You know was that the best part of the day cause you had chores and that.

[Judy] No. That was probably the worst part of the day, if you just want to know the truth, I don't, I wouldn't say that I hated school, my sister will tell you she hated school, my oldest sister, she never wanted to go to school, And I don't think I hated school, I struggled, you know I struggled, I can remember trying to learn to read because it was a really hard thing for me to do, and my mother didn't have an education so she really couldn't help me you know, she couldn't help me with my stuff and daddy—(laughing) he didn't have the patience I guess to help me—he did what he could you know.

[Connie] Right.

[Judy] but he worked you know he was away from home from daylight to dark and he was tired when he got home, so we just struggled along and, but I really didn't like school, but—and I tried to stay home all I could when I was in the sixth grade, every two or three days, I'd stay home for three or four days, and why mother and daddy let me—one time, one six weeks I didn't even have enough, I didn't even go to school enough to get a grade, and you know I wasn't sick that much (laughter) I mean there was no way I was sick that much I mean uhh—and I failed the sixth grade, and I had to repeat the sixth grade because I did not go to school enough to get grades that year. So—

[Connie] I can remember not liking school, (laughs).

[Judy] I don't know why when you're 11 or 12 years old, whatever you are in the sixth grade, that I even though, even today, that my daughter teaches sixth, seventh and eighth grade, and the sixth graders she has the worst problem with them, she says the first half of the year they're babies and the second half of the year they have grown up and they do better, but she says that the sixth graders are the hardest ones that she has and I guess—I don't know why that was the grade I just decided I wasn't going to school, and mother wouldn't make me, she just was one of those that if you were sick she was gonna sympathize with you and course daddy was already gone to work or I'm sure I probably would have went (laughter) and I don't know why—I know he should have seen my report cards and know that I didn't have enough grades but I guess they could—when I said I was sick, I was sick, I'm sure by the time the school bus left my stomach would quit hurting by then (Laughter) That was the year that we got a TV.

[Connie] Oh No.

[Judy] And I think that was part of it, the fact that was the year we got a TV, first TV that we had.

[Connie] But now I'm like you, I remember not liking those junior high years, you know.

[Judy] Now when I was in high school, I liked it, I enjoyed it, and made good grades then (Laughter).

[Connie] And you talked about the chores, about the chicken houses and the doing the garden and—

[Judy] Yes, we definitely had chores.

[Connie] And then what did y'all do for playtime?

[Judy] Umm—Well, we just—my younger sister like I said was two years younger than I am, and she was—and we just hung around and played all the time, what time we weren't fighting, (Laughter) but we, you know we just played, mostly we played together, now mother would play with us, you know, she would always—she would go and build us playhouses, she'd find tin cans and this and that to make us—

[Connie] But it was thought stuff it wasn't like kids today.

[Judy] Oh no—it was—we had to—

[Connie] You had to make up stuff to do.

[Judy] We made up what we did, you know we played dolls and we played paper dolls, and stuff like that we chased each other and as far as games like—kids don't know what they miss today playing, my kids don't know what that is to play like that, even though they didn't have games like the kids do and sit in front of the TV like they do today, my kids didn't have those games either, and they did play outside a lot on their own.

[Connie] They didn't go out and dig holes or build a fort and play like they were—

[Judy] Yes—yes— hey we played under the house, my sisters and I would, we'd go to my grandma's house and her back porch was up maybe two and half feet off the ground you know because it wasn't level there, and we'd get under there and dig holes and I've always wondered how the porch didn't fall down because we dug so many holes under that house, and how spiders and snakes didn't get us.

[Connie] Mother and them used to say they did that, that that's where they played a whole lot.

[Judy] But we played under the house a whole lot—and we played in the woods you know and ran around in the woods, and as long as we didn't get too far from the house, mother didn't get too excited, but there was a dipping vat close to our house where they dipped the cows you know, and she would always warn us that we couldn't go in that direction because she was afraid we'd fall in that thing and drown.

[Connie] Right...

[Judy] You know cause water stayed in it all the time, cause it was a cement vat that someone in the community had built there to dip all those cows, so she wouldn't let us go up that way but we could roam around the other way between our house and my grandma's house all we wanted to.

[Connie] How long did your family own the land? Well always..(laughter).

[Judy] Well my family in Louisiana owned it like I told you about 200 years you know before the lake took it, but my grandma and grandpa owned that 58 acre since 1923, they bought it in 1923 from my grandma's brother owned it before them and one of the Braggs owned it before he owned it, and the Braggs were in that community since like 1875 or something like that, when they came into Texas and ended up in Sabine County there.

[Connie] What about the older people in places in the area, are there any that really stand out in your mind—I mean I know we got them on the maps and everything but are there certain ones that—

[Judy] The main one that stands out besides my grandma Bragg you know, cause she was old to me, was Mrs. Alice Brown, which was the Loving descendant, the Moran and Loving descendant, and she lived within a half a mile of us and she was old, and I remember the day she died, and I guess she must have been the fist dead person I ever remember seeing, which I don't know—maybe I had seen somebody dead before and just don't remember, but I remember the night she died, and they called us to come down to her house, and we went and I remember seeing her—they had her laid out in the bed in her living room where her bed was and she was laying there and my little sister and I walked up there and looked at her and we saw she was dead and of course we knew she was dead because they had already told us, but we turned around and ran like a bolt of lightning had stuck us you know, but she is the main one that I remember—the oldest person that I remember in our community you know was Mrs. Alice, and she had a bell

out—one of those big old dinner bells like you see on plantations you know and about that big, and any time she had trouble, she rang that bell and everybody in the community could hear it, and course she was by herself, she had no husband, two of her husbands had died, and she had a son that was retarded and if he got in trouble or did anything and she needed help, she rang her bell, and—

[Connie] Somebody came running?

[Judy] Somebody came running, to help her.

[Connie] That's what community people do.

[Judy] Yes, but she was the oldest person I can remember being there, and I think I was maybe ten years old when she died, but she was the first dead person I remember seeing, and I guess my grandma Bragg, I guess she was the next oldest person I remember being there, and I can't remember anybody else being as old as those two.

[Connie] What do you remember about the old roads in the area?

[Judy] I remember going to the river down the Carter's Ferry road, and when we would go fishing we would go sometimes we would go down the Carter's Ferry road to go fishing, and there was what we call the old prairie down there which some people thought that was where the old Indian mounds were, and you know there were mounds out there that we thought were Indian mounds and whether they were or not I have no idea, and I don't know whether any archeologists came to check them out or anything I don't know, before the lake came up I don't know if they ever did or not, but there was an area there that was like a—like I said we called it a prairie, and hardly ant grass grew there and the sand was kinda white but it wasn't salty like the salt lick, and it was on the opposite side of the Carter's Ferry road from the salt lick and a little bit further down toward the river, and we would go through there sometimes to go to the river and other times we'd go down towards the Carter's Ferry and then go to the river there when we to go fishing. Lot of times we had picnics and Easter egg hunts and all that in the prairie down there, the whole community would gather up in the prairie, especially on Easter and we'd all have an Easter egg hunt in the prairie which wasn't much place to hide the eggs since there wasn't hardly any grass (laughter) but we had picnics there and everything. But what the road, what I remember about the road, it was not too bad down to my aunt Bessie's house, but from there on there wasn't anybody living there when I was growing up, from there on to the river, and it got pretty rough and my grandpa would drive his truck through the mud holes in the road and sometimes we'd have to make another road over to the side to get around the mud hole it would be so deep you know, and from the prairie on down to the river it was, from where you turned off there to go on down to the river, the road was really really bad there I mean nobody kept it up at all, cause nobody hardly went that way, cause when we went to the river, the best place to get in to the river was through the prairie, and a lot of times we'd get in at Mrs. Alice's you know and the Moran crossing there we'd you know put in the boat there a lot of times we kept, my grandpa kept his boat there a lot, till he got this little metal boat and when he got it we'd go on down to the river and put in down there. But as far as remembering much of the road, I do remember when it was paved from Hwy. 87 down to this side of Williams' house, and then

I remember when they paved it on down to the little church, so I can remember them paving the road, and I don't remember it not being paved up to Mrs. Ida's, I don't remember when it was dirt road from there up.

[Connie] And you talked about the Indians there, the stories about the Indians on the prairie and yesterday when we went riding you were talking about the fields there before you got to Best Park.

[Judy] Yes—my uncle Herman owned a field there and he said he dug up arrow heads there from the time he moved there till he quit plowing and every time he plowed he plowed up Indian—arrow heads and I think even today there are some of the people still go and try to find them. I think Stanley Jackson, he's pretty good into the Indian artifacts and arrow heads and stuff and I think he's dug some up down there, somebody told me he had.

[Connie] Do you know any stories about the Spanish in the area?

[Judy] No, I don't know anything —there were no Spanish in the area as far back as I can remember, and I don't remember any stories about them being there.

[Connie] And your relationship with your neighbors—most of your neighbors were family so (laughter) you had to like them whether you did or not.

[Judy] As far as I know, as far back as I can remember, Mrs. Alice was the only one in our neighborhood that wasn't related to us directly you know and in later years her grandson, let's see, great grandson married into my Bragg Sanders family, so actually in the end they all—everybody there ended up being family. Right off hand I can't think of anybody else before the lake came up.

[Connie] Right.

[Judy] Now after the lake came up, people moved in there.

[Connie] Everybody?

[Judy] You know, that's not related but at that time, everybody that I can think of right there in the Bragg community were related.

[Connie] And back during that time, if somebody got sick, everybody carried them food or helped or did—

[Judy] Yes.

[Connie] ..and once the lake came up, no body even knew each other any more.

[Judy] No, you didn't even know your next door neighbor after the lake came up anymore.

[Connie] What did Carter's Ferry road mean to you when you were growing up?

[Judy] Absolutely nothing..(laugh).. I had no idea that the Carter's Ferry road was anything historical at all, I—

[Connie] It was just the way to get home (laughter).

[Judy] I was where lived on that old road and I wished, you know when I was a teenager I wished I could get out of there, and did as soon as I could, but as far as it being historical in any aspect, I had no clue, so I never was—

[Connie] Or the river crossings either, they didn't really have any meaning whatsoever did they?

[Judy] No—no.

[Connie] And they were—you saw how it was to me when I was down there. What about the road to others, did any of your family members or anybody like that ever tell you any of the stories, or realize.

[Judy] I'm sure that my dad knew and my grandpa knew I'm sure that they all knew that it was historical, like I said my dad and my grandpa both were very intelligent people and they were, my dad, he was definitely well read, that was his favorite hobby, reading and talking. But I'm sure they did know it, you know and I'm sure they knew the stories about it cause I do remember daddy telling me one time something about our Sharbeno connection to LaFite, but I didn't pay attention, I wish I had but I did not pay attention to it, it didn't mean anything to me and I didn't care. At the time, my Sharbeno family were backwoods people and I thought they must have been criminals because they lived in no-man's land and you could ask them a question and they would not tell you anything other than just the bare minimum that they had to tell you and so I didn't know anything about them because they wouldn't tell anything, and I didn't ask because I didn't care, I mean they were family, and I just wasn't interested in it.

[Connie] And in school and church and family and all that, they didn't teach the local history, or did they?

[Judy] The school I think like when I was taking Texas History, vaguely I remember something, and I mean just very vague, I hated history anyway, and very vaguely I remember Mrs. Kathleen White teaching us about, something about our area, but I, you know I didn't.

[Connie] But Mrs. Kathleen is an exception to the rule.

[Judy] Yes she is.

[Connie] I've met her and she's really special around here you know.

[Judy] Yes, she is, she is a wonderful teacher, but you know I didn't retain it, and didn't like

history at all, I mean it wasn't interesting to me and and I didn't, I don't remember hardly anything about it, and you know as far as that, I mention this to my daughter who went to SFA, and about the Carter's ferry road and she said "well sure, we studied it in history in college", I said you never told me anything about it you know. No I don't ever remember anything particularly being about anything in particular, and like I said, I'm sure Mrs. Kathleen tried to teach us something about it.

[Connie] Something yes.

[Judy] You know cause she's such a good teacher.

[Connie] She interested in our history around here but a lot of the other teachers didn't really teach local history, they taught Texas history.

[Judy] Yes, taught Texas history but as far as hitting on our area in particular.

[Connie] Right.

[Judy] I don't remember anything about that.

[Connie] That's what I remember.

[Judy] And I didn't get interested in it, I've learned more Texas history in the last five years than I ever knew when I was growing up, I can't retain it all you know, (laughter) I have a hard time remembering everything that I've read and everything but I have learned more in my old age than I ever learned when I was growing up, unfortunately.

[Connie] It's more important to us now.

[Judy] Yes it definitely does, but I don't remember, you know I don't remember learning anything about our area like that you know so.

[Connie] Are there other stories or remembrances that you have that really stand out, Christmases or birthdays or things like that that were important growing up that you can think of?

[Judy] Well, our birthdays, we didn't really do anything for our birthdays, I hardly ever remember even having a birthday cake you know, I'm sure mother must have made us birthday cakes, but we didn't have parties like we do for our children and my grandchildren.

[Connie] Like McDonalds and all that... (laughter).

[Judy] My grandchild has such a birthday party until it's—

[Connie] Laughter,—it's more like Christmas!

[Judy] It's even bigger than Christmas ..(laughter) but ours weren't like that, we were poor and we didn't have stuff like that.

[Connie] Except you got the cake.

[Judy] Yes.. And I don't remember getting birthday presents you know like that, but now we did get Christmas presents but it was only—you know, my sister, my little sister and I, most of the things I remember when I was growing up, that we got was that we always got a doll and we always got a tea set, and you know up until I was like 12 years old, I got a doll and a tea set every year.

[Connie] (laughter)—you knew what you were getting.

[Judy] I knew just about what I was gonna get. And one particular Christmas, my older sister, she got a different kind of doll than we did, and I don't remember how old I was, but I was so jealous because I wanted that teenager looking doll, you know ours was a baby doll, my little sister and I got a baby doll and she got one that looked more like a teenage doll, I don't know, I'm sure it wasn't a Barbie, cause I don't think they had Barbie back then I don't really know, but I do remember that she got a doll that was different from mine and I wanted her doll. But our Christmases weren't like they are today, and of course we went out in the woods and cut the tree down ourselves, Mother always took us out in the woods and we cut our own tree and you know off of somebody's piece of property, (chuckle) some of the neighbors property if we didn't get it off of ours, but there was a little grove of pine trees that was on my—up there close to the church that we always went and cut a little tree out of there you know, it was a little old pine tree and I'm sure it was pitiful, you know how little old trees out of the woods are.

[Connie] You were telling me about your mother carrying y'all on picnics to the lake..

[Judy] When we wanted to go somewhere, we had a pond, maybe 50 yards from the house, that daddy had built to water the chicken house, probably the late 50's when he built the pond, I can remember them building it, but anyway, that pond was down the hill from us a little bit, and when we wanted to go on a picnic, mother would get the wheel barrow and she'd take a chicken and potatoes and the lard or whatever she was gonna cook it in, probably Crisco, and put it in the wheel barrow, and our plates and everything, we didn't have paper plates of course, and everything and she'd push it down to the pond and build a fire out of wood you know just out of sticks, and she would cook the chicken and potatoes and we'd have us a picnic, and that was where we, we went picnicking there a lot, and of course when we could talk daddy into taking us somewhere, we would go up to the creek, and right beside the creek there, at Patroon creek, right beside the bridge, we would go there and have picnics there sometimes. Then we would go down to Mrs. Alice's, and mother would push that wheel barrow. You saw that hill yesterday?

[Connie] Yes..right.

[Judy] And when that was a dirt road, before it was the new road, that hill went down just exactly like it does there, that's a steep hill, but she would either put it in the wagon or put it in the wheel barrow and push that down to the river, and that was nearly ½ mile, and we'd tag along in the woods go through the woods and she'd push that wheel barrow with our food in it to go

have a picnic on the river or at the creek or the pond, of course daddy would carry us to creek cause that was like 3 or 4 miles, you know maybe 4 or 5 miles up to the creek from us.

[Connie] You talked about one time your dad or was it your granddad that you went hunting with and he carried you way off in there and you got scared if something happened to him (chuckles) you'd never get out?

[Judy] My grandpa, like I told you he was a fisherman and he was a hunter, mostly squirrels, because they said there weren't hardly any deer in the woods back then, which was unusual to me but that's what he said, what my uncle said. But he took me squirrel hunting one time and I was probably 13 years old or 14 years old maybe and we went in the woods back down towards the river somewhere, and I don't remember exactly where it was, and I'm sure he probably told somebody where we were going exactly so if something happened you know, but he gives me the gun and here we go down in the woods and he has his gun and we kill 2 or 3 squirrels and whatever you know and I was carrying that gun down through there and had my finger on the trigger, why my finger was on the trigger I don't know, it was stupid, and all of a sudden that bullet shot out through there—scared me half to death, cause he was in front of me, you know kind at the side of me, and all I could think was Oh my goodness, what if I had shot and killed him in these woods and I could have never got out of there much less get him out of there, I didn't know where I was and I never told that to anybody, he never knew about it, I never told him and if he heard the bullet, he never said a word. But I can assure you my finger got off that trigger and that gun got up over my shoulder where it should have been in the first place, and we went on out of there and I was ready to go home after that little incident, (laughter) but I never told that tale until just a just 2 or 3 years ago (laughter).

[Connie] Took you that long to get over it.

[Judy] I couldn't even bring it to mind and think about it because I was (laughter) I mean even now, I just get cold chills just thinking about it, the thought that I could have shot him and in those woods, you know and I would have never—cause he would have died, because there would have been no way for me to get anywhere to get help in time you know to.

[Connie] Right.

[Judy] And when I told it to my uncle, told that tale to my uncle the other day, he said "Well, I just want to tell you it might not have been your fault" I said well it was my fault, he said that gun would go off, just if your shook it it would go off, he said I'm sure that when I told him about the gun he said well that gun would shoot and he said it was something wrong with it and you shouldn't have ever been carrying it any way but he said it had a—

[Connie] It wasn't you..(laughter).

[Judy] He said it might not have been you—I said I know I had my finger on that trigger (laughter).

[Connie] In your mind you know.

[Judy] Yes, I know I did and it just scared me, and I have never gone hunting again and never want to and never will, that was the end of it (laughter) never went again, I hate guns, and have nothing to do with guns.

[Connie] But he also said if he knew where your grandpa went in or where he was going hunting, that he could always find you because they had certain places..

[Judy] He said he would have known, he said if something had happened he would have know where to go look, he said I could have gone right to you. He knew the woods good enough and he would have known where.

[Connie] They all grew up.

[Judy] But, only thing is, he wasn't there, (laughter) he lived in San Augustine by then you know, he was grown and gone you know. But daddy could have probably come after us too, you know he could have, but I didn't know where we were and still don't know where we were, you know as far as down in the woods.

[Connie] And that's a lot of deep woods down in there and you're young and little and scared too.

[Judy] Yes, but I've never been hunting again with him, so that was my last hunting trip, I did go fishing with him several times, and the last time I remember us going out in the boat, he and I and my husband went out there and this was right after the lake came up and oh the fishing was wonderful out there then. I mean you could just, you could catch a fish at the drop of nothing you know. (laughter) You could almost dip them up with your hand it was so wonderful. But we were out there in the boat and pulled up under a tree, you know it's so open now so it looks so different, but the trees were all still in the water then because you know the lake came up so fast until you know—

[Connie] And they still all had their leaves.

[Judy] Yes, all the trees were still living at the time, you know it was in the edge of the water, and we pulled up under that big old oak tree and all of a sudden a snake fell out of that tree into the boat, you have never heard such cussing in all your life (laughter) I can't swim and I don't know that my grandpa could swim, (much Laughter) He got that snake out of that boat in a hurry though, and it didn't turn over and we didn't jump out, how we didn't I don't know, cause I am deathly afraid of snakes...

[Connie] (laughing) I'm afraid of snakes and I'm like you, I can't swim either..

[Judy] I'm sure it was a water moccasin you know and how we didn't get bit I don't know, but I'm telling you he cussed to high heaven. It was so funny, every time I think about it now, I laugh about it, and—

[Connie] But it was scary at the time.

[Judy] Yes—but I don't remember going out in the boat with him after that (laughing).

[Connie] No more hunting and no more fishing,.

[Judy] (still laughing) Not with my grandpa no more, but he, I've got a picture of him in there of him, the last picture we have of him before he died in 1975, he had his life jacket on and he was in the boat.

[Connie] He was still hunting and fishing, he loved that river.

[Judy] Yes, he was still, still wanting to be in that boat and on that river, but he was out in the lake and I think my aunt or my uncle took the picture of him it was in the boat, and it wasn't just a few months later he died. But yes we definitely had some experiences on the lake and the river.

[Dr. Avery] About food, was there anyone in the area where you grew up that made tamales?

[Judy] My mother made tamales. I can probably make a tamale myself if I just absolutely had to.

[Dr. Avery] Can you describe the process of making them?

[Judy] I don't know if you want to hear this,(chuckles).

[Dr. Avery] Yes I do.

[Judy] (Laughing) Because to me it's really gross, just thinking about it, you know, what we did. First of all when they would kill a hog, of course they would clean the hog and she would get the head. And she would boil that hog head till all the meat fell off of the bone you know, then she would take all that meat and grind it all up. And I don't know what all seasonings exactly that she put in it besides just salt and pepper and a little bit of garlic, because my daddy didn't like pepper and he didn't like garlic, so she had to make them to suit him mostly. So she made some that were hot and some that were not hot because I can remember sitting at the table and eating the tamales that were so hot that tears were running down my face when I wasn't but about three years old, so that was one memory I do have cause they were so hot till I'd cry while I eat them because they were so hot. Then she would take us down toward Mrs. Alice's house because there were white oak trees down there, I don't know why we didn't have any further up closer the house, but there were white oak trees down there and she would cut some of the branches off or she'd cut the tree down, and she burned that white oak till it made ashes. And then of course we had to shuck the corn and shell it and put it in the wash pot, build a fire around the wash pot and cook that corn until it made hominy, and she would put those ashes in the pot with the hominy, (laughter) I know it sounds like dirt but then when the corn swelled up and turned into what we know as hominy now, then she would wash it all off when it got cooked and grind it all up, and I guess she would put some of the fat off of the hog into the hominy and spread it on the shuck, of course we would wet the shuck and get them warm enough in hot water to soak them a little bit so they would be pliable and she would spread that hominy mix on the shuck and put the meat in there and roll them up and tie them up and put them in a pan, like a double boiler or something, and steam them for probably about an hour at least and get them

good—where the hominy would get stiff, kind of stiff like you know, and that’s how she made tamales.

[Dr, Avery] Any certain time of year? I guess would be this time of year?

[Judy] In the winter time, I mean that is the only time you could kill a hog I guess was in the winter time to keep it from spoiling to much. And I can remember my uncle coming from Louisiana, my mother’s brother, coming from Louisiana every time it was hog killing time to help with the hog killing. And I can remember them hanging that hog up out there and cutting it and all the insides coming out and scraping the skin. And I don’t know how, I remember, seems like I remember when we got our first freezer, before then I don’t know how she kept the meat very good, you know I don’t know how they kept it from spoiling other than smoking it, and I know my grandpa smoked meat because they had a smoke house and I remember them using it, but we didn’t have a smoke house as far as I can remember, I don’t ever remember ever having a smoke house. And I guess, it always seemed like it was all winter time when we killed a hog, and seems like somebody told me that’s when you had to kill a hog was in the winter time you keep it from spoiling.

[Dr. Avery] You said tying the tamales, was it like..?

[Judy] You took a strip of the shuck, about a little quarter inch strip and then tied it around.

[Dr. Avery] At the end?

[Judy] Well yes just to hold the shuck on it until it was steamed enough to make it kind of firm.

[Dr. Avery] Ok

[Judy] Because that, well I keep wanting to call it corn meal but it was the hominy mixture that she put the hard fat in to make it stiff enough, and probably some of the broth off of the, when she boiled the hog head to make it stiff enough or smooth enough to smooth out, but when you steam it, it’ll get hard enough to hold together that way, and then when you pick the shuck up, they’ll just fall out (laughter).

[Dr. Avery] Yep,—yep.

[Judy] But yes, I love tamales, and I told my sister the other day, I said, one day we’re going to make tamales. Of course she’s getting to where she can’t hardly move, getting disabled almost and I told her we’re going to make some tamales, and she and I did, after my mother died several years ago, we made tamales and we did pretty good of course they weren’t my mother’s tamales. I have a hard time eating anybody else’s tamales. I mean when you know the process, (chuckling) when you know the process that you go through to do it, and what they used to do. Of course they didn’t waste anything, you know, talking about the hog head and boiling it, and that just sounds awful to me, just the thought of it you know, (laughter) but they didn’t waste anything you know, they couldn’t, they couldn’t afford to waste anything. But that’s what she made her tamales out of was that meat off hog head. But my sister and I used a pork roast when

we made them, a if I ever make any more, that's what I'll use (laughs).

[Connie] (laughing) I was wondering where you got the hog head from.

[Judy] No we didn't have a hog head, we used pork roast.

[Dr. Avery] And the hominy? How did you.. Just use corn flour or use something from the store?

[Judy] We used probably something from the store, I think its called masa meal I think you can buy it now, and I'm not that what she and I used when we made them. But now if I made them I would go and get the masa meal to make them with now. And one day I am going to try it and see how I come out I am going to do it.

[Dr. Avery] You know if you eat, I have seen it demonstrated before, with someone who—their mother had done them just the same way you described, it was.. This is the other side of the river where they did this and but she did it at the park in Los Adias in Louisiana, she came out and she had a demonstration, and we could do that at Mission Dolores if you were interested.

[Judy] Now when we buy tamales, we go to Louisiana, and there's one girl over there we'll buy them from and we won't buy any more from nobody else. My sister went over there and got some not too long ago and those were the worst—in fact we had to throw them out, they were so bad, and I mean they just were awful. And this one girl makes them and they taste sort of like mother's, almost like mother's so when we buy them we make sure we call her and tell her we are coming to get them, because she doesn't have them all the time you know. And her place is clean, we know its clean. My niece went to the tamale festival in Zowolle, and she bought some and she said they were good. They ate nearly all of what they had bought on the way home and had to turn around and go back and get some more. (laughter) so I guess somebody over there does still make them good.

[Connie] There's somebody in Center that makes them like each week and goes around selling them.

[Judy] But I have a hard time, like I said, knowing the process that it went through when I was growing up. Mother made them all the time you know she made them every time we had a hog killing we had tamales I don't remember how many times a year she would make them other when we killed a hog and I'm still thinking it was in the winter time.

[Connie] Did she make the crackling bread too?

[Judy] Occasionally we had crackling bread yes, but you know in crackling bread, the cracklings get soggy.

[Connie] I've had crackling bread, I remember my grandma and them making crackling bread.

[Judy] I don't like crackling bread when the cracklings get soggy, I just don't like that, I'd eat the cracklings by themselves, kind of like pig skins you buy in the package now but I would

eat the cracklings by themselves, but I didn't particularly like crackling cornbread when I was growing up.

[Connie] Like you said, when they did a hog killing a lot of family members or other people helped and they killed two or three hogs.

[Judy] My uncle always came and—

[Connie] And the big old wash pot.

[Judy] Yes we used—and I still have the wash pot.

[Connie] ..oh goodness.

[Judy] But they always used the wash pot to build a fire under to clean the—

[Connie] Cook off the grease?

[Judy] Yea and the grease, we kept the grease and we used it.

[Connie] Right and used it, right.

[Judy] How we don't have clogged arteries I don't know (laughter), but yes we definitely—mother cooked all the grease out of it and we used it, we kept that you know, we always did that.

[Dr. Avery] Grinding the corn, how did your mother grind the corn?

[Judy] We had a, I guess it was a meat grinder, it was cast iron with a crank on it and you screwed it to the table, had a little old thing up under it that screwed it to the table. And she'd grind the corn—the hominy with the meat grinder, and of course that's what you ground the meat up with too.

[Dr. Avery] Do you remember ever seeing, of course, before the crank grinders, there was like a stone called, it was like a matate' or sometimes they called them a 'matabry'? It was like a rectangular stone, it had three legs and there was like a rolling pin you would hold the other part, the grinding part and would kind of go like this, (demonstrates motion). Have you seen anything like this?

[Judy] I don't remember anything like that, but now my Sharbeno grandparents did have a grist mill. Where they ground the corn because I have a picture of my grandpa and somebody in the doorway of the grist mill. And I always thought it was where they had their still. (laughter), but my sister said that was a grist mill, but I always thought that thing in there was the still, (laughter) but she said no it wasn't. And they had a stone that was round that they used, I'm not sure, but she called it the grinding stone, but I don't know how it was used, but they did have it and I can remember seeing the thing but I never saw them use it, but she remembers them grinding the corn.

[Dr. Avery] Another question here, as to home remedies, but home brews too, where you were at, were there any?

[Judy] In my immediate family, in my Stewart family, there was no drinking. There was no alcohol, as far back as I can remember, no drinking and no smoking in my family. One time, before my first husband and I married, we went and picked some grapes, or muscadines, or whatever we picked, I'm not sure which it was, and anyway, we made some wine out of it. And daddy just had a fit! Because we just , and MOTHER helped us, (laughter), and it was so bad though that daddy wouldn't—he was so against anything like that you know, he just, no there was no drinking or anything in our family, and you know in our home. And my Stewart grandpa, I don't ever remember him drinking, and I do vaguely remember him smoking, when I was a little child, but he quit when I was older, and they said daddy smoked when he was young, but not when I ever remember it. My Sharbeno family, they made their own home brew. And I have two whiskey jugs that belonged to my grandpa.

[Dr. Avery] Oh, cool.

[Judy] I have his whiskey jugs. My grandma gave them to me, when I was about 15 years old, she gave me those two whiskey jugs. But yes they did make their own home brew. And another thing I was going to tell you, I showed you where the mine was yesterday when we came through the Carter Ferry road up there, ?Lynn? said it was a lead mine, it reminded me when you said that, changing the subject but she told me it was the lead mine, and my Sharbeno grandpa and his brothers and everybody came over from Louisiana and got lead out of that mine to make their bullets out of, and she said that daddy told that a lot of times, that they came across the river to the lead mine