

MEMOIRS OF MAUDE BEDINGFIELD SCOTT

My father was of English descent. His grandfather, John Bedingfield, with his twin brother, Joe, came across and settled in Georgia. His son Johny, Later my grandfather, met and married Christena King. To them were born eleven children, my father being their second child, as well as John III.

When he was three months old they moved to Anderson County, Texas, and later to Rockwall. Here he enlisted in the Confederate Army, leaving his wife and her sister, Mrs. Mary Gains, and several children with only her negro girl slave to help them in his absence. The oldest boy was only twelve years old.

Dad grew to manhood here but he got the wonder lust, and he went west. Stopping in Stephens County, he worked with the cow outfits. Later he obtained two wagons and six oxen and freighted buffalo hides on the halves from Buffalo Gap to Fort Worth. During the time he met Lurana Martin and married her.

My mother was a little Missouri girl, having lost her mother at the age of three, during the war, and her father at the age of seven. She was sixteen when she came to Texas with an Uncle who was a Baptist minister. He was sent to Stephens County to take over the church work there. When his time came to go elsewhere, mother married the cowboy and stayed behind.

Dad homesteaded and built a little two room log cabin, where they started life's journey together. Down through the years were born to them five children. Four boys and one girl. I being the girl and the third child. I began to recall things that happened when I was three years old. At this time we lived on the Gonzales Creek in Stephens Co. It being a hilly country, every time it rained much up in the hills the creek would overflow. I vividly recall three such occasions. One time it was late afternoon. Dad saddled old Chief and took Ruffus on the saddle horn in front of him. Mother tied me securely in her big cotton apron and sat behind the saddle and behind John. Old Chief swam the creek with us and we took refuge with a neighbor until morning. Another time was early in the day. Mother quickly gathered some food and blankets and we went to the hills until the creek ran down. Still another time we had little warning the rise was coming. We rushed out to a big oak tree standing beside the stake-and-ridered corral. Mother, John, and I were hoisted to safety after climbing on the fence where limbs could be reached. Dad drew himself up on the first limb and reached for Ruffus' hands just as a wall of water hit the fence taking it from under him.

December 17, 1888, Frank was born at this place and I recall that was my first Christmas. Mother was not able to be up yet. Ruffus and John went to the Christmas tree with a neighbor and brought me back a little china doll, which I still have.

We had a neighbor who ran goats and we children became so fascinated with them the good man gave we children a goat each. Mine was little and white with tan spots, short haired, but Ruffus' and John's were larger and were white, long haired goats. Dad

took old boot legs and fashioned a set of harness for theirs and broke them to work to our little red wagon. I was most always a passenger when they were hitched up. They would head toward the creek, down hill in deep sand and plenty of sand burrs. They usually ran away spilling me where the boys would pick me up and pick out the sand burrs. As these goats were such pests about the place, when they grew older and fat Dad butchered them.

Did Dad spoil me? I always said no, but how well do I remember Mother started to whip me for some misdemeanor and Dad hollered, "Run climb a tree"; for I was a real tom-boy and did most anything my older brothers did. I started out of the house and headed for a pecan tree that stood by the pig pen. I climbed the rail pen and reached the first limb where I felt secure. I sat there until I thought of something else I wanted to do. I climbed down and quietly slipped back to the house and I thought Mother had forgotten. I guess she didn't have the heart to punish me for what Dad had told me to do.

One of our neighbors had an old slave negro. The only negro I had ever seen. He didn't work only to help Mrs. Motes with the house work and children. I recall we children all loved Jake. He was very kind to us, but one day we were visiting there and as we snooped around in the kitchen I saw Jake taking up butter with his "old black hands". Imagine my horror for I thought the black was lack of cleanliness. Needless to say, I ate no butter there.

One day while seeking amusement the two older boys and I took a hoe and went to the creek. Ruffus dug steps up a deep or steep bank. Upon reaching the top he turned and threw the hoe down to John to dig him some steps up, but I, standing there with my head tilted up, watching the marvelous work, caught the hoe on my chin. I carry a scar to this day. This ended the great adventures for the day, for they were two scared boys and they hurried me to the house, bloody and bawling. Mother bound it up with "turpentine and sugar" and put me to bed for a nap and the hurt was soon forgotten and "Magic" healing took place, without a doctor's stitches or a germicide.

Before another rainy season rolled around, Dad, having all he wanted of overflows, moved near Wayland. Here we had a group of large oak trees in the yard where two swings (rope) were tied up, also a nice peach orchard, and I remember the many nice watermelons Dad raised that year, and how Frank loved them. He kept himself well soaked with the sweet red juice which oozed through his chubby hands. It was here on this little tree with just a few peaches on it which promised to be exceedingly nice. He was guarding them, as he wanted them to get good and ripe before sampling them. We had a lot of company that Sunday and two other girls and I sampled the peaches so closely that there were none left. When Dad asked me about it I denied it, nor did I tell him differently until I was grown. It was on this place Paul was born July 26, 1891. How well do I remember Dad had to be away for some reason and Mother would have Ruffus, then eleven years old, bring a pan of water to wash her hands, then the pan of flour, milk, sale, soda and lard, and she would mix the biscuits and make them out by hand, put them in the pan and Ruffus would bake them. Yes people had a way of getting by without hospitals, nurses, and maids. A neighbor woman would come in the mornings, bathe Mother and baby about three mornings then Mother managed it herself.

Ruffus started to school while we were on the Gonzales. One evening while coming through a wooded area, he heard a scream. Thinking it was neighboring children, he answered. He continued answering the scream until it got near him. He detected it

wasn't natural and heard the brush cracking. He became scared and ran for home. The next morning a large panther was sighted in a nearby field. John started to school after we moved and he and a neighbor girl would fight all the way home from school.

While living here Dad took the western fever. He sold his cattle and help deliver them to Concho Co. getting only a small amount down. The man was to pay him in the fall or the following year. Dad sold dear old Chief and Bill. How I used to love to go to the barn and smell their breath while they ate corn, and stroke the velvety neck.

They helped to pay for a span of mules. With three horses he rigged two wagons for the trip west. Mother dried a big two bushel sack of peaches. Corn was shelled and sacked to feed the teams and a five gallon keg of molasses was included in the preparations. A number of new comforts and a lot of sewing including new bonnets for we smaller children were made. In February of 1892 we were all set to start, including his two fox hounds. Dad loved to chase fox and had two fine fox hounds and a big cow horn he blew to call them. I recall he fell and broke his arm one night while on a chase. I hated to leave as we had playmates we had spent many happy hours with. Would you like to know how we spent our play hours? Ruffus would be the daddy, Minnie would be mama, Frank was baby and Dick and I were older children. Where did John come in? He was the preacher of course. We would get on our stick horses, go to church where we would sing and John would often slip the family Bible out and read to us. Oh happy days, but we must say good-bye. The good neighbors came over to bid us good-bye. They gave Frank and I a white kitten each which we reached Crosby County with. Dad was really headed for Silverton. Our neighbor had a son living there and a younger son about eighteen came with us and drove one wagon for Dad. This was February 1892.

When we reached the caprock south of Emma, Dad was contemplating hitching both teams to one wagon to get us up, when some cowboys came along and tied their lariats to the wagon tongue and pulled us up by the saddle horn. Shortly after reaching the top we reached a ranch windmill and stopped to water the teams and cook dinner. Several cowboys were there seeing after the mill. They gave us a warm welcome and hustled around and soon had a good pile of chips ready to cook dinner with. My mother was so embarrassed she very reluctantly crawled out of the wagon and set about the noon meal. We were soon on our way following cow trails to Emma. It was a very small burg where they were moving and rebuilding the courthouse from Estacado. You see the Quakers had gone through a seven year drought and were broke and leaving. Stringfellow and Hume had a general merchandise store there. Dad watered his teams at the public tank and drove up in front of the store. Doctor Carter came out and chatted with Mother while Dad inquired about the possibilities of settling. A young man readily offered his claim on a section five miles north of town for the saddle and horse Dad had. The deal closed, the doctor insisted on Dad driving by his place and sacking up some coal to take along and would have no pay for the same. Joe P. Brown was on an adjoining section. We camped near his well where we could get water, pitched our big tent and put up two beds. The corn was piled underneath. We sat up a little wood style cook stove.

Dad engaged a man to start drilling a well and he and John Burson, the boy who came with us, took off for Amarillo for lumber and windmill. It was March by now and the wind was high. It broke the ridge pole to our tent. Mother took two bed slats from her bed while Ruffus ran for Mr. Brown who came and helped her repair the tent. He stated, "A tent ain't no good on the Plains." He was Frank's hero from then on. We went through one big snow storm while in the tent. We lived mostly on flapjacks and sorghum

molasses and stewed, dried peaches. By the time we got the hauling done John Burson was homesick and wanted to go home. Dad gave him a horse and one of the fox hounds and he set out for Stephens County.

Steve Ellis built our little two room house. Mr. Loe drilled our well and we moved in. Dad freighted in wire and post and fenced one half section, cross fencing for a field, where he broke our sod and planted corn. I'll pause here to say he made no crop that year.

He bought a milk cow off Steve Ellis and later another off C.R. Ellis and one from a Quaker. A brood sow was bought from Jeff Spikes and Mother managed to pick up a few hens. We were pretty well set except for feed. We had fine grass, but Dad freighted corn from Amarillo for his teams.

Dad made several trips to the breaks and cut and hauled mesquite wood and piled up to take the place of cow chips through the winter. He made a trip to Amarillo for lumber to cover a dugout. While was gone, Mother and the boys made adobes to build up the walls instead of using sod as most of them did. After it was finished Mother saved her wood ashes and used them to white wash the interior, which made it much lighter.

The second year (1893) Dad made a good maize crop, and Bob Linn threshed it for him. He needed room to store it, so the dugout was used for kitchen and the living room. He moved his and Mother's bed to the dugout and made a trundle bed for Frank, which emptied one room of the house, he then stored grain in it up as high as the windows. Ruffus and John occupied the other. During this time Mother fashioned trousers for Dad and the boys out of the tent. They were white and no money could be spared for dye or thread to make them, but Mother wasn't to be taken aback. She took a straight piece of duckin about a yard long and raveled two threads at a time for strength. Although she had brought along her new Singer sewing machine, she had to sew these garments on her fingers.

These long and tedious trips to Amarillo, our nearest railroad, were hard on the mother as well as the father. The roads were made as the crow flies, across the prairie. Two wagon ruts and two trails for the horses and if it rained or snowed there was great delay. Dad could make it there and back in five days, when the days were the longest, with his long legged mules, if the road was good. Whereas if they were bad sometimes they would be gone two or three weeks. Sometimes if a man had two wagons, he would drop one, putting four horses to the other and come on in. It might be two or three weeks before they got back, but everything would be intact. Nothing missing. They were usually loaded with groceries for the local merchants. I know it sounds impossible, but it is a fact. We had nothing to fear from our fellow man. I can remember how Mother and we children would walk the yard and strain our eyes for the sight of Dad's wagon, or sit quietly at night listening to the welcome cluck of his wagon as he came into hearing distance.

At last over a year had passed and the man who bought Dad's cattle had failed to send any payment and was branding the increase in the FORD (his brand) instead of the LUE (Dad's brand) and the little one thousand dollars Dad had landed here with, was getting low. One morning he saddled one horse and packed another with a bed roll, clothing and grub, kissed us good-bye and rode off. It was a long lonely time for us. It seemed as though he would never get back. Our little black dog, Curley, had gotten

stricknine bait our bachelor neighbor had put out for coyotes. He came in sick and Mother decided at once that he was poisoned. She stuffed butter down him and worked with him feverishly, while we children stood by and cried. I want to say here Mother hadn't been at all well for some time and she had a nervous spell and feared maybe she had become poisoned from working with the dog. Ruffus ran for the bachelor neighbor who lived close. He was a fine educated young man who had studied medicine some. He came over and sat until bed time and talked and cheered us up 'till Mother was much better. They were anxious hours without Dad, who was trying to salvage something of his little herd that he had sold for six dollars a head nearly two years before, and collected about half of them back. Mr. Ford turned twenty-five cows and calves over to him and sent Mother a twenty dollar gold piece. Dad hired a boy to help him drive them back. They had to do a lot of maneuvering and night driving to get though the quarantine line but at last a fog of dust revealed to us they were nearing home. The corral gate was thrown open and our precious long horns were penned. Every cow was named. We milked most of them, and poured the milk to our hogs, and made soap from the butter. As there were no fences, everybody's cows ran free on the range, but each one knew where his watering lot was. They came in about eleven o'clock every day for water. Some of we children were given a list of names and placed on the gate to tally each cow as she came in and keep out an occasional stray. If one were missing a horse was saddled, and some one went in quest of her. The list went something like this: Wyeley, Hardy, Kicker, Blue, Big Muley, Little Muley, Redy, Bess, etc. Big Muley proved to be a caution to we smaller children, as she didn't like children or dogs. If either was around she would stand with her tongue hanging out and if she could get at us she would give us a race. One day Frank and I were minding the gate, and at the same time playing cowboy on our stick horses, when I saw Big Muley coming. I ducked under a wire fence and hollered at Frank. He dropped his stick horse and dived for the fence. Just as he got on his hands and knees, Muley gave him a lift on under.

Each fall Dad would go to Amarillo for a years supply of staple groceries, such as flour, meal, sugar, coffee, dried fruits, tobacco. His bed roll was fixed, a sack of biscuits, and one of tea cakes, a hunk of bacon, and coffee were put into his chuck box. You would wonder how they ate those biscuits for a week, but they would split them open and fry them and dunk their tea cakes in their coffee. Do you wonder if they were happy? I can still seem to hear Mother's clear sweet voice as she sang and went about her work, and the sweetest music to my ears was early mornings, when I as a sleepy headed child would be awakened by Dad's clear whistling. He was indeed a good whistler and singer as well.

Often times the young people of the neighborhood would come over and sit and sing the late love songs and have Mother and Dad sing those of an earlier day, such as Kitty Wells, the Romish Lady, Sweet Sixteen, Barbara Allen, Jesse James, etc.

In these wide open spaces they visualized a future for their children. After Mother passed away Dad would sit and live theses days over in his solitude. "Precious memories, how they linger."

Many were the times a blizzard would blow up from the North, and our cattle would drift from the storm. Ruffus and John, twelve and fourteen would have their feet wrapped in gunny sacks, a cloth tied over their ears, their homemade overcoats, and get on their horses and overtake them and bring them back. Sometimes this took them over a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, and they would be in the night getting in. No roads, only cow trails and wide open prairies. A lantern was always hung on the windmill that

could be seen a great many miles. You may be sure they suffered from cold and frost bites but this was the life of a pioneer.

It was several years before we had any neighbor children to play with, but we never lost the art of play. We still had "preaching" and went it one further. We would change into some old clothes and John would baptize us in the earth tank. We would chase the plover bird until they would get so hot they would keel over and we would catch them. We learned if we didn't crowd them too much they wouldn't fly and we could outwind them. We also chased grasshoppers and butterflies and sailed our little boats on the lakes, as we waded and drew them along by a string attached.

Sometimes we would hitch old Drive, the hound, to the little wagon and haul cow chips piles high in sacks. Sometimes we would jump off the front end of the horse shed or walk the top of the corral which was one inch thick. We also rode the calves. Many were the skinned knees when the calf would try to drag us off against the corral. Sometimes Ruffus would sit in and make doll dresses for me. We somehow always found some way to amuse ourselves. We had never heard of a picture show.

Ruffus and John rode old Jim to Emma to school the first year. The next year Miss Lily Cox, a little Quaker girl, taught the little Labarque school and they attended there. It was two and one half miles and they walked it. The next year, Mrs. Temple Ellis taught there and dad had acquired more horses so I rode behind John on old Lula. This was my first school. Being nine years old, Mother had taught me some at home so I started in McGuffey's second reader and Swinton's speller. Being a cripple, my kind teacher realized sitting on a hard board bench all day was hard on me. I was never conscious I wasn't capable of doing any thing any normal child could do. Therefore I couldn't understand why she was so kind. As years went by and I grew to understand the seed of love and kindness planted in a little girl's heart grew, and today we have both reached the "ripe old age." We talk today of old times as woman to woman, and years have brought our ages seemingly closer together, as well as the tie of friendship.

Fruit was scarce, but we must have some. In the breaks under the caprock, luscious wild plums and grapes grew in abundance. A team was hitched to the big wagon, bed rolls loaded in, and a well filled chuck box of biscuit, cookies, bacon and onions, and coffee. There was a five gallon keg filled with good water, for we couldn't drink the water down on the salt fork. We would reach our destination by mid-afternoon, hobble out our horses, and everybody went to gathering plums. Half the back end of the wagon was reserved for plums. We gathered ripe and half ripe plums. Just before night a good hot supper was served, our beds spread and we retired early to rise early and work a couple of hours or so after breakfast before loading up to start home, tired and covered with chiggers. We were sure glad to get some lard and coal oil to rub on them. How I dreaded the job the next day or two. A wagon sheet was spread down and plums poured on it. We children would sort the ripe ones from the green ones while Mother busied herself making delicious preserves, jellies, and jams, which was poured into big two and three gallon crocks, paper placed over it, and cloth tied down over that. How good it was the next winter with hot biscuits and butter.

School time again! This year we would go to Emma to school. Professor Naugle was teacher assisted at intervals by Miss Della Martin, one of the other pupils. Just one room, but a wonderful bell. We could hear it three miles away on a still morning. First bell meant thirty minutes until books. Ruffus would slap old Fox with the lines, for we

must not be late. Books called, the roll called, a song sang by the school, Miss Della Martin would lead the "Lord's Prayer," then all would get busy with no whispering. This I could never conquer which often got me into trouble.

Before dismissing for lunch, our books placed inside our desk, now we must listen to a sermon delivered by the Methodist minister.

My next teacher was Marcus Phillips. I believe all the children loved him more than the former teacher until one day we girls ran off to the lake while he was gone home to lunch. Needless to say he lined us up and used the rod which we always thought was unjust as we got back to school in time for books. We didn't realize we had done any wrong. This man proved to be my teacher several years and I forgot the wrong I felt as he encouraged me a lot in life. He, also, is still living.

When I think of school my mind always rambles on, thinking of each boy and girl. We living six miles from town made it pretty hard on a little girl when sudden blizzards blew in, but must admit I often welcomed them as I at such time was permitted to spend the night with some dear friend in town. Yes, I can call them by name: Rena Murphy, Nellie Millwee, Esther Murry, Eula Detwiler, Nellie Witt. Though Nellie was a bit younger than I, she welcomed me to her home as did Lena Martin. I love to go with Esther, who was older than I, but besides being nice to me, my name would be in the Crosby County News the next week. Then, there was Vena and Susie Elkins and Eva Brown.

I love to think of our old family doctor. Doctor J.W. Carter, the father of three fine boys, Stanley, Russell, and Clayton, who played with my brothers. They often rode out with us and spent the night in the country with our boys. Mrs. Carter was a most gracious Christian wife and mother. My mother was pretty closely associated with the Doctor in sickness. Especially where there was a new baby.

One night Rena came home with me. My mother was called to a neighbor's house during the night. Before going, she mixed salt, soda, and lard in buttermilk for me to make biscuits from. We managed to get through breakfast but I didn't get off to school. The Doctor came by and took Rena back to town.

We lived on the main road and mail route. Often travelers would stop and stay all night with us or camp near the house and Mother would invite the lady to come in and cook on her stove. We were always glad to have any one stop with us.

The cowboys used to stop and drink buttermilk, even in the mid-afternoon, when they came by. They were welcome to the hospitality of our home.

How clear to my mind after all these years, getting off to school on a frosty morning. Our books were placed in a box and Frank must see they were put in the buggy. Fox was hitched by one of the older boys. Mother placed hot tocks at our feet. We crawled in and she tucked a wagon sheet securely over us. I can hear the clop, clop of Fox's feet over the frozen ground and can hear the clear sweet tones of that first bell.

Despite the hot rocks, we suffered frost bites. Our mother made every rag we wore except hose and caps. Every rag of underwear, pants, coats, overcoats. How proud I was

of my pretty brown “waterproof” cloak lined with cotton flannel. Dad shopped for all the materials in Amarillo and Mother made them up.

It wasn't all cold. Spring opened and the lakes looked like a glower garden. Often we could get Ruffus to stop long enough for us to gather the teacher a bouquet. Maybe it didn't always smell too good, but it was a feast for the eyes as no one had flowers by the Murray's and Martin's.

I was greatly impressed by the early day preachers. The first one I heard preach after coming to Crosby County was Joe Day, a very recent convert to the Church of Christ. He lived at Starkey in Floyd County. He came once a month to preach at the Murphy school house. He was a rather small man but stood so erect, and had such a strong character. His voice was so kind and soft, and always displayed such a meek disposition. As he stood there with his old Christian Hymn book the only book in the house, he would read a verse and all would sing. To me he was the finest looking man I had ever seen. He always shook hands with the little ones. In later years he came to Emma to preach, often bringing Uncle Charlie Smith with him. I remember one meeting they held. They always stayed at our house, which was a five mile drive from town. Sometimes when Brother Day was alone he would come by horseback, but he and Brother Smith had driven over in a double team buggy. That night some mischievous boys took the harness off the team and hid it under the school house where he was preaching. It was a dark night and all hands failed to resurrect them. As Dad and Mother and we three smaller children had come on our old school buggy and the older boys on horseback, we had no way of taking them back home with us. Dad told them to take their horses to the livery stable and go to the hotel for the night and he would settle for it. Next morning they got down to the school house and soon found the harness, and Mrs. Norwood, the hotel lady, would have nothing for their night's lodging. The trick was treated as a joke and they went on with the meeting. Then there was a Baptist minister. His home was in Plainview but he made it down once a month. Often spent the night in our home, going or coming. We were always glad to have Brother Winn. Then there was Brother Bently, the Methodist minister, that all the young folks loved. Being a very large man, the house wives would cringe as he laboriously settled himself in their prized rocker.

When we lived at Estacado, he always spent a night in our home, when he came there to preach. These were men of wonderful character, with such teachers why shouldn't the people here be good neighbors and law abiding citizens. Brother S.W. Smith came down one Sunday from Lockney and preached. Not getting word, we were not present, but Mrs. J.K. Millwee made the good confession on Sunday night and on Monday morning they brought her out to our house to baptize her in our earth tank. Mother was washing and I was suffering with toothache. Mrs. John Witt and Nellie was in the group. As I was going in to have my tooth pulled that afternoon I persuaded Mrs. Witt to let Nellie stay and come in with me. Mother hurried around and fixed dinner. She hastily made two chess pies, which were very delicious but cheap in those days. It took seven eggs and two cups of sugar and one cup of butter. Sugar being the only cost as butter and eggs were always plentiful. I will never forget how Nellie enjoyed the chess pie, though awfully rich she accepted the second helping, while I didn't dare taste it for anything sweet made my toothache worse. I was about ten years old, and as every one was working I had to go alone. We hitched old Fox to the buggy and Nellie and I set out for town. Dr. Carter was also our County Judge, for this reason his office was in the Court House. When we arrived we soon singled him out in the group of men in the hall. He took one look, a decayed molar. He stepped back in the hall and borrowed a small

pocket knife from Abb Benedict and came back, whetted it on the sole of his shoe and used it to loosen the gums around the effected tooth, then got hold of it with his forceps and yanked it out. To this day Nellie wonder why I didn't cry. Well, it was my first experience with a doctor and I guess I was ashamed to cry. Anyway I was happy I wouldn't have the toothache any more when I ate syrup and chess pie.

The men always went to the salt flat in Stonewall County for salt for their stock. Dad built a little house where he stored a years supply. It was in December when he took Ruffus with him, borrowing a wagon from our neighbor, Temple Ellis. He was bringing two loads. They had a break down and had to go to Aspermont to get it fixed. This threw them late and they didn't get home for Xmas. The Ellis family had no way to go but in the big wagon and they felt a must to take their little daughter to the big public Christmas tree held yearly in the courthouse, so they came and borrowed our school buggy for the occasion. We didn't have any Christmas. I was very disappointed but in a few days a peddler came along and Mother bought me a very nice doll from him, which healed the wound.

As years went by they hired a teacher a term in the Labarque school house again. They decided they wanted lady teachers at Emma, so they moved Marcus Phillips to the Labarque where the Jones, Witts, Poulsons, Smyers, and Bedingfields made up the school. One day a terrible snow set in and the teacher turned out early because two families of us had to face it home and the roads or wagon ruts were almost obliterated. The teacher was staying at the Smyer home, so home, so he saw the rest of us started right and he jumped on his horse to catch the two little Smyer girls, Gertie and John, before they got lost. He never caught them. When he reached the home they were safe in by the warm fire. Old Mattie, the horse, need no guidance to take them home. Likewise our horse, Old Babe. We were covered up, head and ears, with the lines hung up on the buggy whip, when suddenly Babe stopped and nickered. Mother had run out and opened the big gate so we wouldn't have to get out until we reached the house. We uncovered to find Babe had trotted up in front of the door with icicles hanging from her nose and her face frozen over with ice and snow.

Still another time during this school term the teacher felt a responsibility to look out for the little girls. A strong west wind was blowing when a fire broke out about eight miles north of us. When the wind suddenly whipped to the north bringing a ten mile head fire in on us. The teacher dismissed, knowing before we could reach home we would have to cross the fire. The girls got a head start on him and swept through the fire and beat him home. When we reached home the fire proper had passed our place burning off all Dad's range and he was following the fire and helping fight it off the caprock and came in about midnight. Dad had taken his turn riding a green cowhide and was as black as a negro, blistered and tired out. You see two cowboys would tie their lariats to a cowhide and their saddle horn and straddle the side fire. A man would ride this with a keg of water to keep it wet. This smothered most of it while others rode along with wet sacks knocking any bit that might remain.

As Dad had no grass left the H.H.H. boss, Mr. Beal, told him to bring his cattle down on the ranch until grass put up. As this was March, with a good rain we soon had a good pasture. This favor was never forgotten by Dad. Dad was building up a nice herd by now. Having introduced good blood into his herd, he was fast building up a fine herd of Herefords. He had procured more land and built more room onto our house. Our two oldest boys were almost grown. Dad had started them a brand, and they had their own

horse and saddle. They often went up trail with ranch herds, that is to shipping point. Sometimes going on the train to Kansas City with them. In this way they earned their spending money.

Now the time came when the last Quaker family of Estacado decided he must leave. This was Charlie Holmes, who ran a General Merchandise store and post office. Dad and the Carter brothers bough him out. Now the only surviving store was styled Bedingfield & Carter Bros. We moved up to Estacado and Ruffus stayed on the ranch. Dad soon bought out Carter Brothers and styled it Bedingfield and Sons.

This life didn't suit Dad, so he sold to Spikes and Fullingim and back to the ranch we went.

John, deciding on a business education, went to Dallas to attend Metropolitan Business College where he put in three months. Dad took seriously ill, and John came home. In the fall Ruffus decided on a medical career and went to St. Louis, where he studied two and one half years. When he came home on vacation he was indulging in one of his favorite hobbies, that of breaking a bronc horse. The horse pitched so hard internal blood vessels were ruptured and he passed away instantly. This being the first death and tragedy in our family, we were terribly broken up. My mother seemed to never get over it. Kind and loving friends came to our needs and he was laid to rest in the little Emma Cemetary January 9, 1904. His death being January 8, 1904.

I had met new friends and learned to love them at Estacado where I attended school two years to Marcus Phillips. Here I began taking my place as a young lady, attending various entertainments and parties. I hated to leave them and go back to Emma as I had been away from that school three years. When I returned there, J.C. Woody was principal. Then came J.M. Glass to take his place and be my last public school teacher, loving memories linger of each of them.

After we moved back to the ranch, Dad gave me a saddle horse all my own. The boys broke him out for me and trained him as a cow horse and he was a fine cutting horse. This called for something else. Mother and I drove to Emma and bought a nice side saddle from Witt and Spikes. Was I happy? That Saturday afternoon, Maggie and Hattie Linn and Ethel Spikes rode down on their horses to spend the night and all of us went to Farmer to church Sunday morning and to Waynes for dinner where quite a crowd of youngsters congregated. A photographer being on hand, we had our pictures taken cowboy style. A mock chuck wagon, chip fire and kettle, the girls wearing boy's hats. The day spent, we headed home. My first outing on my new saddle.

Later Hattie came back and we went to church Saturday night at Emma. John went with us and a terrible cloud came up. Some cowboys loaned us slickers and one of them accompanied me home. He being red headed, they dubbed him lightening bug and we rode in the lead. They said we lighted their way home, but there was plenty of lightening playing on our horses' ears, without his red head. We reached home safe but not too soon for the comfort of Mother.

John and I were invited to a farewell party for Emma Luce. Buggies had begun to come into use now and Dad had a nice new buggy, so we went in it, driving a pair of young spirited horses. Here I got an insight to the difference in humanity. As it was a social or talking party, a floor manager changed us around so each one talked to

everybody. I felt I was doing okay with the old school boys and some cowboys until they brought a young man to introduce to me, Mr. Otto Watts. His father had vast ranch holdings and his home was in some city in Louisiana. He was highly educated, especially in speech. He kindly directed the plays for the high school kids while here. I thought I was sunk for the night but his nice manners and method of entertaining made me forget he was a wealthy college boy and I had a wonderful evening. Before time to go home a terrible black cloud came up from the northwest and as George Jones put it, it was so dark he could whittle out a negro. Every one tried to persuade me to stay in town, but I felt I must go back with John. We started out and lost our road and come in a mile east of home. The lightening was so furious we could locate land marks. John took down the pasture fence, and I drove through. Now we were driving facing a pelting rain along side a wire fence. The horses swerved, and one of them got his foot in the fence. John got out to remove it and when he touched the fence to crawl through, it knocked him down but we soon reached home. I was okay but he was soaking wet.

One of our summer sports was fishing trips on Blanco Canyon. One summer a young preacher came along and preached a few days for us and fell for one of the young ladies. As he made his home at our house, he and John cooked up a fishing trip, including the young lady he liked so well and mother chaperoned the group. There were three boys and five girls. John rigged up two wagons trailed together and a four horse team. Each party put in his bed roll and Mother packed the chuck box for an overnight trip. One boy took his horse and buggy and he and his girl rode in that. The rest rode in the front wagon. John and his girl were the drivers on the high spring seat. The second seat took care of the preacher and two girls, and the third seat accommodated Mother and two girls. Provisions and bed rolls were in the back wagon. We arrived in time for a late campfire dinner of bacon, eggs, onions, syrup, and coffee, cookies, pies, and cakes. Everyone rigged himself a fishing pole of a cottonwood limb, bated the hook and kind of paired off as long as the boys lasted, and we three left out girls went our way. Mother patrolled the creek. All was well the first afternoon, fish for supper and fun around the campfire, and time to retire. The boys went off on one side of the wagon while Mother and we girls rolled our bunks on the other side. The boys rose early, went off down the creek and we girls got up and helped Mother with breakfast. Breakfast over, we caught a small mess of fish and have dinner before starting home. Everyone was still and intent on his fishing trip when a terrible splash attracted us, we all ran to see what. The preacher had fallen in the creek and no clothes to change in. He was greatly embarrassed while the young lady was laughing fit to die. He went and sat by the fire while we fixed and ate our dinner, then Mother told him to get in the back wagon and wrap up with a quilt. Two of the girls had already got back there and they didn't want him, so the three pouted all the way home, while the preacher's girl and I had all the fun. Everyone was blistered but we had a good time.

One afternoon a large crowd had gathered at the Estacado school house to sing. As we stood mostly around the organ, the lightening flashed, and thunder roared, a black cloud had come up from the northwest. Rain began to pour and immediately hail stones large as golf balls began falling, horses broke loose from the hitch rail. One boy grabbed the water bucket and turned it over his head and the team from his buggy. He was pretty badly bruised in the ordeal. I don't think I have ever seen anything worse in my lifetime. Some were crying, some were praying. The crowd, mostly girls, and women, huddled in the south east corner of the room. It didn't last long and the sun came out and the men and boys rounded up the teams that had broken loose and all went happily home, only to

find the homes in that immediate area with the roofs full of holes made from the hail stones. Our singing came to an abrupt end, but we had other pastimes.

Often a crowd would gather at one of the homes after morning church for lunch and a good time. Sometimes this was taking horse races, as most all the youngsters had their own horses and saddles. Sometimes we would play tag on horseback, by riding by and snatching a hat or bonnet as the case may be. The girls usually put on bonnets for the occasion but we didn't tie them. Then maybe we would end up heading for the orchard in quest of peaches or apples or maybe a watermelon patch. Maybe we took off coyote hunting. Some in buggies, some on horseback. If we jumped one, the fences didn't matter. A couple of boys would dismount, kick the staples out of a few posts, stand on the wire until the group passed over.

Then box suppers were a source of fun, as well as out "cake and fruit" suppers. Girls would bring cakes and the boys bring fruit so the hostess was not put to too much trouble in serving. Dancing was a great sport for most of the youngsters. Sometimes old folks thought they had too many Saturday night dances. Often they would call Brother Bentley from Emma to preach to break up a dance. The youngsters all loved him and they would all go to church, but after church they took off to the dance at some neighbor's house. When there was no Sunday night preaching we would gather in some house and sing. Our preachers were scarce and far between.

When I was fifteen, word was passed around, "A young man sixteen years old was to begin a series of meetings at the Estacado school house." Dad and the boys quit work early. Frank and I had the cows milked and feed out for the teams. After a hasty meal and dress, some in the buggy, and some on horseback, we traveled the eight miles there and back to hear every sermon. He proved to be wonderful. He baptized several, including John and I, in the big lake south of town. This young man was none other than Early Arceneaux. He traveled horseback, with his wardrobe in his saddle bags. Dad bought him an extra pair of pants to baptize in. When he left there he went on to Emma where we continued to hear him. He baptized two young ladies there and started a small group to meeting regularly again.

I often saddled my pony and rode over to Estacado on Saturday afternoon to spend the night with the Linn girls. We were always in quest of entertainment. Maggie suggested we put on men's clothes and fool the old folks. Their brothers were all younger than we and their dad was gone from home. Mother and the older girls and one son-in-law was sitting out front. It was a beautiful moonlit night. There were four girls of us. The largest, Hattie, donned her father's suit and I put on the little brother's suit. The other two wore mother hubbards and padded with pillows. We knew we could fool the world. We came walking up, the son-in-law took one look at us and said, "Look at them gals. Take them off them boys." It was considered a shame to be seen in men's clothing in those days and you can't imagine my shock, we whirled to run. The largest boy attacked Hattie and the smaller one, me. He caught the collar of my coat, I reached back my arms and skinned out of it, and left him holding it. Then I raced to the plum thicket, where I got lost and skipped out of the pants. I had played safe and kept dress on beneath them. When I returned they had Hattie crying and her mother called them off. I never got the idea anymore that I could fool anyone in my identity.

Another night I was there and we all had beaux coming to take us to church but it looked stormy and Mr. Linn wouldn't let us go, so the older girls coupled off in the yard

that was like a park for trees and swings and benches, but Hattie and I agreed to stay together and those little brothers and little sister really lead us a cat's life. We would try to hide out from them, but they would find us. The older boys called our boys bush jumpers. We never heard the last of it.

I went back to school the next fall. After two years at Emma, my dear classmates and chums attended a summer normal at Plainview, where we took the teacher's examination, and received a certificate for teaching.

My old teacher, Professor Glass, was making the race for County Judge. With my permission he procured a little school for me, while he was electioneering. The place was known as Upper Tapp in Dickens County. Dad loaded my trunk, and corn for my horse, and lead my horse and saddle. We crawled in and was most of the day making it down there. Mr. Glass had also arranged for my boarding place. This was just a little school ten miles from Espuela, where I got my mail. Dad stayed all night and unloaded my corn and bid me good-bye and left me for the first time feeling I was on my own. I almost had to pinch myself to see if it was I, when they called me "Miss Bedingfield", but this didn't last. It proved too big a mouth full and they quickly substituted "Miss Maude" which made me feel a little more at home. My landlady was a kind, good humored, red headed lady, and he a jolly old cowboy. They had two girls and two boys. I wrestled through the six months, some happy days and some not so happy. I was always glad to ride the ten miles to Espuela, where an old cowboy known as Scotch (Bill) Elliot ran the post office. He was so very kind to me and advised with me in time of need. I counted him one of the best friends I ever had.

Time came for us to have our little picnic and say good-bye. I often wonder how all my children came out. One of my best boys was killed by a mountain lion in New Mexico. One served his country in World War I, and passed on from wounds inflicted years later. One boy still resides on his father's old farm. One girl is a house wife in Post City and still another, a trained nurse, passed away with a heart attack last summer. Of the remainder, I know nothing.

During the holidays I came back to Old Emma and while there, I met a young carpenter who had recently come to Emma to build some houses. We saw a lot of each other and was interested enough to strike up a correspondence. During these short weeks a lot seemed to happen. We sat up with my old teacher that was seriously ill, also sat up with two corpse. One a little child for whom the carpenter took lumber off his job and made a little casket to bury this child in. Time came for me to reopen school. I mounted Bullet and rode back to the breaks where weekly letters were written and received. He finished his jobs and went to Plainview to work. Occasionally we would meet and at Emma where my parents had moved to from the ranch. I'd ride up on Saturday and he would catch the mail hack down. On one of these occasions he put a gold band on my finger when I said, "Yes."

I came home and Frank and I went with my grandmother to Oklahoma to visit one of her sons. We were driven to Plainview in a buggy where we stayed all night and caught the train out the next day. Needless to say, Claude met me there and took me out, also to the depot the next day, and saw me off. Two weeks stay and I had bought my wedding hat and we headed back to Plainview. My uncle and Claude met us at the depot at eleven a.m. Claude had a big lunch for the bunch, and hired a livery rig for he and I to ride in. We got out of town and stopped at a ranch house, watered the teams, and enjoyed the

picnic lunch, and we started home for Emma. Just four weeks and we would be married. We were laying plans. Plans of economy, for this we must do for we had saved very little cash, and in the midst of this, smoke began to curl from under the lap robe. His new suit was on fire. It seemed to us we needed to plan against carelessness. Matches for his cigarettes had somehow ignited.

We reached home in time to attend church that night and to our surprise found John had moved his wedding date up two weeks earlier to beat us to the bat and I had to forfeit a nice quilt, instead of getting a cook stove as he and I had wagered.

Monday morning Claude returned to Plainview to his work and I hurried to the dressmakers to get help on my trousseau. The following Sunday John and Ethel were to be married in Lockney at the home of the bride. Saturday morning John hitched old Dude to his new buggy with a new lap robe I had given him as a wedding gift. He and I sat out. He must go by Floydada to procure his license.

We arrived in Lockney and visited a while with Ethel and I went to her best girl friends to spend the night, Sarah Nall. Claude hired a bicycle and rode down from Plainview. Dad drove over in the big wagon to haul the trunk and bedding of the bride. He and Dad camped together that night in the wagon yard. Claude came up to the Nalls for me that night and we all went to church. A beautiful moonlit night and we walked. Several couples of us, we had a delightful time. Next morning we assembled in the Mickey home to witness the wedding, and then to church again and back to a big wedding dinner. Four or five couples of us spent the afternoon visiting the photograph gallery and strolling. Monday morning Claude loaded his bicycle and himself on the mail hack and returned to Plainview. I crawled on the wagon with Dad and we started for Emma.

John and Ethel came the next day in the buggy and moved right in to a little one room house on his ranch. Claude was employed to build two more rooms for him.

Just two weeks later we were to be married. Claude got moved back down to Emma and began to try to find a house for us. One was in the process of being built and was promised to him. He secured board for the time with Stanley Carter and went to work on another job, as John didn't have his lumber hauled from Plainview.

The twenty eighth of July dawned fair enough, but the afternoon had thunder showers, but cleared away for the wedding which took place in the home of my parents at seven p.m. Quite a number of guests had assembled. The same preacher that read John and Ethel's ceremony, performed ours, Brother C.W. Smith. After the wedding we all went to church which was about a quarter of a mile. We walked. With church over the black clouds began to loom up. A number of my kins people had come some distance and must stay all night. I don't know how my mother ever bedded them, but there were pallets everywhere. The morning dawned bright and beautiful and all went home.

Claude and I hitched my old saddle pony, Bullet, to Dad's buggy and went up town to pick up the wedding gifts that had been bought and left at the stores for us. One of the clerks, a young man, handed us a box of knives and forks and seemed pretty nervous and anxious for us to go on. He had included a paper of safety pins as a practical joke and he didn't want me to open the box there. I must pause here to say the man rented the house we were to get to his brother-in-law so we stayed on at Dad's four weeks. He swapped a

graphophone to Charlie Watkins for a buggy and harness. He built John's house and one for Charley and Annie McDermitt. They were the next couple of our group getting married. By now we had bought the renter off the farm Dad had given me. Claude was doing some building for Sam Bennett, he had bought a wagon and another horse. It was time to move. We had bought our furniture from Montgomery-Ward. About fifty dollars worth, but it hadn't arrived. Dad gave me the organ and we loaded it and an old bedstead Dad and Mother had kept house with all these years, our trunks and bedding which consisted of six pillows and a bolster. Claude had taken on a job at Plainview. The family moving out had left an old bachelor stove. Claude went on to work and when I got everything rounded up I drove by his job and he loaded on a dining table he had made on the job. I gaily drove back as he went back to sawing boards. Six miles out and no one to help me. I made it and had our bed set up and dining table in and supper hot, and on the stove when he rode in on old Fox, the old family horse, which we were going to take care of his few remaining days.

That job finished, he came home to try to be a farmer. There was a crop on the place to be gathered and fifty head of hogs to be fed out. The crop to be gathered was standard maize which grew five or six feet tall. It was late maturing. We had bought twelve cows and had retained the lease on some grass land Dad had leased when he gave us the farm. Claude took another job out for money was really short. This job took him away from home from Monday morning until Saturday evening. I would take him and go back after him. I stayed by myself with the nearest neighbor one and one half miles away. I had my gun and knew how to use it, but I was not afraid. I milked my cows and sold a little butter and had cut and hauled a wagon load of cane each day to those fifty hogs and carried water in two five gallon cans to them. Claude would come in Saturday night, tired of course, and I wasn't rested. We would go to church Sunday morning and would spend all afternoon cutting and piling up cane enough to feed about three days, and the other four was left to me. We couldn't enjoy each other for having to work so hard what little time he was there. Hog fences were to repair, and numerous other things. Those hogs would get out and go to the corn and maize field which partially belonged to the other fellow. How well I remember one week. I could not get them back to the pen. They filled up and bedded up under the barn and I could not get them out. I went to town and told my troubles to Mother and Granny. I was crying. Granny was a little wiry woman about seventy-five and had gone through all kinds of hardships during the Civil War while her husband was in service. She got her coat and bonnet and said, "Come on Maude, I will help you." And she did. That night when those hogs bedded down, we had all the boards and nails we needed to fasten them under there. She said, "Any where a hog can get his nose he can get through so we left no cracks. We then retired and rested all the next day but to fill the troughs with water and shell a few ears of corn. Late that afternoon we let them out and I had a can of water which they immediately recognized, and she strew a few grains of corn along and we tolled them in and nailed them up hard and fast. They never got out again. Happy to say, Claude's job was about over and he came home to gather the crop. Alas! A freeze came and down came the big maize. Crossed and criss-crossed across the rows but we were game and we rigged the big wagon, sharpened our knives and started heading maize. Our cows were milked, hogs fed and breakfast over by good daylight. We would load our wagon by noon. While he unloaded, I fixed some dinner. I never will forget how tired I would be. Sometimes he would make me get up on the wagon and rest awhile. He had never seen work like this done and of course was not very fast at it. When dinner was over, I would lay down at his request and rest, while he cleared up the dishes. Then the ground and I stumbled through the stalks and often fell. At last, the last head was gathered, the hogs ready to be

turned over to their rightful owner, the butcher. We butchered our part, and sold the rest dressed, at three cents a pound and put up plenty to do us the coming year.

During the following spring and winter, Frank stayed with us while he broke his land, and prepared to for a crop the following year. He was a lot of company to me as Claude continued to take little jobs to bring in ready cash.

In May, Frank was married to Laura Smith of Floyd County. We drove over early. The wedding took place before church. Mother went with Frank the day before as she had to sign for him to get his license. She came back with Claude and I that evening. We didn't stay for the wedding dinner for we had a long drive home and our chores. The cows were to milk and the hogs to feed.

The next day I fixed dinner for the bride and groom and Mother had them for supper and breakfast. Next day they moved into their little new two room house where they began a long life together. They lived just one mile from us so I could walk to visit. They were our nearest neighbors.

The next winter Paul stayed with us quite a bit and broke out some sod land for a maize crop. That fall he went to Lockney and entered the Christian College. We hauled his feed in and stacked it for him. We had to haul it almost a mile so we made our load high. I stacked it on as Claude pitched it up. Sometimes we would cross old wagon roads that shook our load too much and down it would come, covering the horses and I would claw to stay on top, which I always managed to do. Feed was in and we were ready for the winter.

The livestock company had come to build a railroad from Lubbock to Crosbyton. The workers camped near our house and I sold milk and butter to them and boarded the engineer and track man. Emma had offered a right of way through the county if the railroad would come by there, but nothing doing. They wanted the county seat and to get it they must kill our beloved town. They cut up their ranch land into farms and town lots in Crosbyton and shipped people in from the north until they out numbered us. A bitter fight ensued which will never be forgotten by those of that day. John R. Ralls had land they were crossing just north of town. He gave town lots to those who would move to it and started a new town for the Emma people. On the railroad a couple of railroad camp shacks were purchased and a petition circulated to move the post office. It seemed everything we tried to do, Crosbyton officials would get out an injunction and stop us. Needless to say, they got the county seat and stole the records by night. Emmaites, determined to be no further intimidated, loaded the post office equipment and gray-haired men rode beside it with shotguns and rifles. Of course, they were not molested. The post office was installed in one shack and the faith full post mistress, Mrs. Brown, and family, moved into the other until they could get her two story house moved down. Next day my sister-in-law, who was visiting us and a neighbor girl, Ethel McDermitt and I drove over to inquire if we had any mail. Being the first ladies in the town of Ralls, except the post mistress.

Claude hired a boy to plow out the crop while he went to Crosbyton to build the B.W. Mitchell home. The train was making a daily round but they had to stop and open gates as they went through field and pasture. Finally, some wooden cattle guards were put in. This didn't turn the cattle and the C.B. Livestock company had a bunch of steers on pasture just east of us and they came over the guard and into our field. It was too much

so I told the hired boy to go down there and wire it up. It scared him. He said they would put him in the pen if the train wrecked, so I told Ruth to com on and we would do it. With wire, hammer, and stretchers we went early before the train ran and we did a good job but we couldn't get the boy to the field until the train ran. It slowed up and broke through, but as they came back they dropped off some steel guards that were immediately put in.

That fall Claude had all of the work he could do at Ralls. Walter Davies boarded with us and worked with Claude. Ruth and Walter, Claude and I had a lot of fun together. It was indeed a happy time in my life. Dad would come out in the day and he and Ruth would hitch a bronc to a two wheeled cart and we could all climb in and turn them go in the pasture. Sometimes they would spill Ruth and I but we really had a lot of fun.

The next year we rented out our farm and moved to Ralls in a little one room house. Ruth went home in the late fall, and Dora came the next winter and clerked for A.J. Botts. She returned to her home in Belton in February.

Claude and I had dreamed of a baby in our home, but this had been denied us. One day in the Fort Worth Star Telegram, we saw a notice where a home was wanted for a baby boy six weeks old, in the Texas Home and Aid Society. We immediately answered the add and received a request for reference, names of which we sent in. Soon we received notice to meet the traveling matron in Lubbock, who was bringing the baby. This was on March 15th and a blizzard had blown in the night before. Although Ralls had held the post office, she had not yet won the depot, which the C.B. Livestock Co. had built one and one half miles from Ralls. Claude made arrangements with one of our very dear friends to meet us at the train in his buggy with his storm apron, to protect our new baby. No one else knew our secret at home until we got off the train, but needless to say we had plenty of visitors for the next few days. We were so proud of our baby. He weighed only ten pounds. Each of us was afraid to risk the other to sleep with him but were finally compromised and put him between us. We fixed everything so Claude could get up and warm his milk in the night when he wanted it. Being rather late when we got to bed, because of callers, we slept very soundly and so did he. It was daylight when I suddenly awoke with a start. No milk had been given all night. I cautiously turned the cover back and I will never forget that little smile and two blue eyes sparkling like stars. My whole heart went out to him and no mother was ever prouder or loved her newborn babe more than I. It seemed our happiness had been made complete. His wardrobe was very limited. I got busy sewing for him which added to our joy. At noon, as it grew warmer, I would put him on a quilt on the floor and Claude would romp with him until time to go to work. This happiness could not last without some grief. He was a very good baby and never cried without a good cause. While Mother played with him, he would laugh and trail off into a whine. Mother said, "This baby is sick, Maude." Sure enough that night he was sick. The next day we called the doctor, but he could not come for twenty-four hours but he sent medicine. He grew worse and worse. Finally the doctor came and worked faithfully with him. He called twice a day, and Claude reported to him often. For twenty-eight days and nights we never both left his bed side at the same time. My dearest girl friend came and stayed, and did all the work, and took turns sitting up. One evening she returned home to get a change of clothes. She left us alone knowing Mother and another lady would be there shortly for the night. Time came to give his medicine which he always took readily. Instead he was listless and didn't open his eyes when I spoke to him. We thought he was dying. Mother came in and took over. He rallied about eleven o'clock. Claude and I lay on a pallet outside the door. We were

worn out, but we did not sleep. About twelve thirty Mother came to us and said he had made a change. He went through the crisis. I never saw before, nor have I seen since, so poor a human. He couldn't move hand or foot. The doctor had given him up long before, but now he began to mend. A few days later, Claude detected a faint little smile, also six teeth, all coming through at one time. Once more we were made to rejoice. He was now six months old. In December we moved back to the farm.

Here sickness beset me, and doctor bills began to pile up, but I never went to bed. When Jack was two and one half years the doctor told me I was going to have a baby. We decided to lease our farm and make a trip to New Mexico, which we did in a covered wagon. We located and filed on a farm or claim. We were gone two months, getting home just a week before our baby was born. I never knew when she was born. When I awoke, Claude said, "Sweetheart, we have the sweetest little golden haired girl." I didn't seem to realize much at the time. We were crowned with happiness once more.

We sold our farm and chartered a car and shipped our stock, implements and household goods to Ancho, New Mexico. I, with the two babies made the trip alone by train. Claude came with the stock. A very good friend met us and took us to his home until Claude's car arrived and they moved everything to the adobe. That was to be our home for a short time. Because of a shortage of water, we soon sold and bought another place nearby. We had bought a very nice little bunch of cattle at a very high price. As World War I was in progress, cattle was very high. A drought came and there was no grass. We spent much for high priced alfalfa, and cotton seed cake to carry them through the winter. We were still feeding in July, and still no rain. We couldn't hold out as money was about gone. We sold at a heavy loss. Paul was called into the service and I wanted to go home to see him. Claude went to Carrizozo and bought a Model T Ford, our first car. With plenty of provisions and our clothes we set out early the next morning. He had about thirty miles of driving experience. We were two whole days and part of one night making it in. The next morning we bade Paul good-bye and he, with a group of boys, boarded the train for San Antonio for training. Dad took Mother and headed out for the mountains where John was at Cloudcroft.

Claude and I loaded in our babies and decided to head back home going by way of Zebac where May Belle lived. I had never seen her and her baby about the age of nine. We made back to our ranch after three days over a rough muddy road.

Having no cattle and just about broke, Claude decided to go to Deming and go to work for the government, building army barracks. When that job was completed, we went on to Miami, Arizona, where he worked in the mines as saw filer. At last we headed back to the little ranch. Our tires were worn out. We got to Carrizozo. He swapped his liberty bonds for tires and we came on in to find his saddle stolen, a mattress, clothing, etc. I hadn't been well all winter and had an attack of pleurisy. I was trying to take care of a new neighbors family that had taken down with the dreaded flu. I contracted it myself. We all had it but Jack. We got up and about, and we sold out and Claude got a job at Fort Stanton. This was a camp to tubercular soldiers and sailors. Claude couldn't get quarters there just then for the family, so he rented a house in Capitan for the children and me. Here I relapsed with the flu and had to call him home. Doctors were scarce. He brought an army doctor with him from the fort. He pronounced me with T.B. Claude called Mother and the whole bottom dropped for me. I thought that was my death knell. One of our old neighbors dropped by to see me and cheered me up a lot. I didn't think anyone could last long with T.B. but he told me of cases and assured me. Mother came

and Claude managed get quarters for us at the Fort, so we moved in. I was put to bed on raw eggs and milk, etc. I saw the officer of the day each week for two months. After Mother got me settled she returned home and Aunt Ellie Jones kept a close watch on the children and me. They had pronounced several spots on both lungs. One day I went down and the doctor gave me a close examination and said he couldn't believe his ears and called in a specialist. He examined but walked out without a word. Doctor Ashford followed him out and came back and told me I had an arrested case. The specialist went to the shop and told Claude to bring me back the next day. He would be officer in charge, and he wanted to examine me. I went back and he told me I had never had T.B. Only pleurisy and a relapse of the flu. Was I ever a happy woman? My babies, that I didn't allow to kiss me for fear of giving it to them, almost smothered me with kisses.

I had met a little mountain girl that had married a boy from my home town. She found out I painted. She would come day after day and look at my pictures. I told her if she would get supplies I would start her out. We spent many happy hours together. She had much talent and out did her teacher in a short time.

After little more than a year we decided it wasn't a proper place to bring up our children. Claude made a trip looking for work. He landed a job at Tucumcari. We shipped our household goods and got in our little Ford and went out to our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes to stay all night before taking off. Next morning a twelve inch snow covered the ground. We were forced to stay there five days. Finally we started on. We were two days driving it. We had to put up in a hotel until morning so we could get moved in and set up house keeping once more. We moved into a rented house and got Jack started to school and he got lost the first day and the dray man picked him up and brought him home. We moved again. I got sick and had to have minor surgery. Jack was operated for adenoids and not too long after that Anna Maude took scarlet fever and we came near losing her. Claude got a job as janitor of the schools and we traded for a little farm one mile from town. We were very happy here. We built up a little dairy herd and I operated what we called "The Grand View Poultry Farm." I went in for full blood Buff Orpingtons. Claude would go early and deliver his milk, butter, cottage cheese, fryers, and eggs, then to his work at the school house. He was always late getting in. The children and I would have the cows milked and the milk separated. In the spring we hatched chickens for the public. We had a thousand egg capacity incubators. We worked early and late but we were happy for a time. Drought hit and we had to buy all our feed and our profits dropped too low. In the meantime, my mother's health had failed. The doctor told Dad to travel with her. As Dad's mother lived with them someone must take care of her. I volunteered and went to Texas for her. She was ninety years old. I kept her a year and during that time she had a long spell of sickness and didn't want anyone but me to wait on her. I had all those chickens, and butter to churn and mold and duties too numerous to mention. Claude hired a girl to help me for a while but we couldn't afford that. We sold out and rented a farm up on the plains. We were plagued with another drought. Claude went to town for work again and we moved back near Tucumcari. The children rode a school bus to school but Claude had gotten them some Shetland ponies and a buggy.

Claude worked in town and Jack and I made a little crop and some truck. He and Anna Maude would load their buggy with corn, beans, okra, squash, etc. and set out at sunup. They would peddle this out. They found the Mexicans to be their best customers. They would drop back by the drug store and have a dish of cream and home again, happy, busy, children. We raised turkeys there too. Sometimes the grasshoppers were

so bad my turkeys would eat so many it would make them sick. When it came time to cut our ten acres of feed it was so short the binder couldn't kick the bundles out. Jack would follow behind as I rode the binder and pull them out each time. We still had our cows and we piled that dab of feed up and turned the cows in on it for we were slated to move again. This time to another farm near Santone, twenty five miles from Tucumcari. We bought feed for the cows and shipped cream. That winter Anna Maude and I nearly passed on from having the flu again. Claude got his land put up but we decided to move again. We had an auction sale and sold everything but our bedding and sewing machine, two chairs, and two wagons and teams. We started out not sure where we would stop. It happened to be Panhandle, Texas. Claude got work there and then we moved on to Woodward, Okla. where he worked quite a while and then on to Moreland where he worked on the booster plant.

A letter from home in, Texas, informed us that Dad had divided his land among we children and they wanted us to come back and give it a try. A bountiful cotton crop was ready to harvest, and plenty of work. Jack begged us to go to the farm. We thought it best, but Claude wanted to finish a job. We put the children on the train and sent them to Dad and Mother so they could start pulling cotton and we would come on later. At last we were loaded, ready to go. Claude had bought a used model T to go back and forth to his work, so it was my lot to drive it home. His tool box was set on the back. It was a one seated affair. On the top of his box was a coop with the children's bantam chickens and their dog. Boots rode on the seat beside me. It was hard to find a place to camp on the highway and Claude would take the car, and I the wagon, while he drove ahead and located a place. It seemed I was doomed never to see my children again from the accidents I encountered. My first was to find on a newly built road bed a deep cut for a culvert no possible way to cross. I had missed the detour sign. What could I do? Four horses and two wagons trailed? No possible way to turn around. The bed was steep and high in a lake. It was almost panicky. That wouldn't do, I must keep my head. I stepped down from the wagon and decided to try a short turn and down off the bed. I realized there was much danger of turning my wagons over. I worked beside my team, to be clear of the wagon, if it toppled. Wrapping the lines around my hands, I prepared to make them hold it back. Slow and easy, at last on the bottom, as I dug my heels in the soft dirt to hold the team back. I mounted up, much shaken from the experience, and drove on a few miles when an end came to the narrow ledge I was traveling on. It was about eighteen inches straight down. I had no room to swing and come off straight. It would be an angle, great danger of turning my wagons over again, but all I knew to do was try it again. I pulled as square off as I could. The front wagon made it but the back one toppled. The excited the horses and I had trouble holding them. Than goodness, some road hands were working nearby who came to my rescue. Enough of them got around the wagon and turned it upright and I started on once more. I soon met Claude coming back to meet me. He had driven into town and got some fresh steak for our supper and found a camp site. We exchanged conveyances. I took the car so I could go on and have a hot steak supper ready when he got there. I hadn't gone two hundred yards until I had to cross a railroad. There was a bad sand storm raging to add to all the other unpleasantness. I had my little camp stove in the wagon that I cooked on. I took off hurriedly; another car was just in front of me. I didn't see the oncoming Golden State Limited nor did I hear the whistle. As my front wheels went onto the track, I sited the "cow-catcher" right at me. I stepped on the gas and heard a crash. The next thing I knew, I was in a doctor's office in Panhandle. The car ahead of me witnessed the crash and stopped to render service. My car was rolled up like a tin can, dog and chickens dead, tools strewn down the track, and I had been carried fifty yards. No one ever knew

how. Claude saw it all. He whipped hid tem into a lope and arrived by the time the man had picked me up. His little car had, what we called a mother-in-law seat. Claude got in and he layed me across his lap and put his hand on his horn and drove for the nearest doctor which was about two miles. How did I escape this time? Only God know. I had a gash on my head, one broken bone in my hand, a hole in my upper arm, and bruised from head to foot. One shoe was lost, my clothes full of ashes and cinders from the road bed. Even my mouth was full, which the nice hotel lady cleaned out with a wet cloth and bathed and cleaned me up, while Claude brought a fresh gown for me. There was no hospital there. Claude called Dad, and he and Frank drove in that night before day. We stayed over one day and made a settlement with the claim agent and Dad had pillows and quilts in the car. They loaded me in and started for home with me, leaving Claude to follow with the wagons and teams. Was I glad to see my babies once more? Bless their hearts, they had been working hard at saving their money to help Mama and Daddy.

It was sometime before I was able to do my work. I would try to show Jack how and he would do the washing. It was my right hand and arm that was injured. It made it much more difficult to manage. The boys and their wives were very nice to us, and we were soon moved into a little two room house. Claude got a few jobs and the children pulled cotton until it was all out.

Anna Maude started to school, but Jack did not want to go. He stayed home and did his best to put up land and plant cotton while Claude worked out. The worms ruined our cotton and the feed crop was short. We had acquired another herd of milk cows. Next year a drought and the depression hit. There was no work and no feed. We had acquired a start of hogs and chickens and got a well drilled. I raised a garden and Claude got me a pressure cooker and fixed a cellar and I really did the canning. Money was scarce, so we had to live at home, so to speak. As we struggled along the C.C.C.'s were instigated and Jack joined up after he planted his cotton. He got thirty dollars a month and he sent twenty eight of it home. We had to hire a boy to help us during cultivation and hoeing season. Jack was gone five months. He came home to help gather the crop. After the harvest, we paid him back what we had used of his money. He bought a team and a four row lister. We made a pretty good crop and hired some transient people to help gather it. Jack became interested in on of the young daughters. They went on to New Mexico, but he kept in touch with her. Anna Maude graduated the next spring and won a scholarship to a business college in Dallas. Dad loaned her money for her train fare and books and she worked for her board. She had been given material for three print dresses as graduation gifts. I made these up along with an old dress or two her Aunt Layton had given her and I made over. With her old school dresses, they were packed into one suit case. We put her on the train at ten o'clock one night. She was to arrive the next morning with a pennant of the college on her suit case. A party from the college was dispatched to pick her up and help her get located where she could work for at least part of her board.

We ran out of cow feed and we herded our cows on the road side and railroad right-of-way for two miles around. We must sell enough cream to keep us going and send her money for car fare and lunch and school supplies. Many the nite I lay on her little bed and gazed out on the starry sky and prayed for her success and protection. A little country girl in the city for the first time, and among strangers. Fall came on and she had about two more months to go. She must have some new clothes. She wanted me to come and buy them for her. How could I? I had a cousin who owned a car and was wanting to go to Dallas to visit her brother, but didn't have the cash. I went to see her

and offered to buy the gas to take us. We started very early one morning and drove in that evening. We spent two wonderful days together shopping. Ophelia and I made the trek back. It was night when I got home and settled down to await her homecoming. We met her at the little depot in Lorenzo as she proudly stepped from the train with her small luggage and diploma. That meant so much to us. The depression was still on, and there were no jobs, though she sought them earnestly. Cotton picking came on, and she weighed cotton for us and kept time for the hands.

Now the family that helped us gather our crop that fall returned the next summer. It was the oldest daughter in this family which Jack was interested in. We were in the weeds and were needing help, and they were looking for work again, so they stayed to help us out of the weeds. When they moved on east to hit the early cotton pulling they left Margaret with us as she and Jack had married.

One year later Claude lost his mother which cast gloom over our little family for a time.

In December 1937 Anna Maude married our neighbor boy, Bob Hopper. We built a little house for them to live in and rented the farm to him and Jack.

1042. After Pearl Harbor, Claude went to work in the Government camps. Clovis, Hereford, and then to Camp Hood. My oldest granddaughter, now six years old, and I visited him in Camp Hood; a trip she will never forget. We drove through in our car.

Jack and Margaret have four children now, two boys and two girls. In September Anna Maude and Bob's first son was born and Claude came home from the service, tired, and suffering with his feet and legs. He put a new roof on our house and built me some nice cabinets and remodeled the old house, but he kept getting worse.

In January Jack's baby passed away, and one week later, January 29, 1945, my mother passed on. What a blow and Claude was becoming badly crippled with arthritis. Dad came to live with us. We went to the Hot Wells for the baths several times, took Dad with us once. I nursed him through a long spell of sickness. The next year, August 30, 1946, he passed away.

In October Jack and I went to Oregon to visit John. While away Claude's father passed away. Bob was so good to him. He left his grain rotting in the field, and drove him down there and back. It seemed there was no end to grief.

Bob had moved ere this, twenty-two miles north on a farm near Petersburg, and Jack and family are operating the farm. Claude is growing worse each year. First a cane, then two, then crutches. Many trips to Hot Springs and Stovall Wells and numerous doctors. He is gradually getting worse and suffering so much.

Anna Maude's second son was born in our home, Ronnie, as there was no doctor near them. As soon as she was able, I took her home, and loaded the car that night and started for the Hot Wells again at daylight with a lot to be thankful for. While on this little farm, we saw our children obey the gospel, and a few years later all three of Jack's children were baptized. Our little group, with Brother Peel met in our home two years,

then we established a congregation at Crosbyton, where the children made the good confession.

Our irrigation wells began to fail. We spent all we made on them above a bare living. Still owing some, Jack's crops won't pay out, and he is getting behind. His children in high school, and expenses are heavy. Merle graduated the last year we lived on the farm. She became employed by her superintendent. Jack decided to sell his equipment and leave the farm. He paid all his debts as far as he could, keeping about four hundred dollars. After getting moved to Abilene he paid two hundred and fifty dollars down on a home.

Merle stayed with us. I rented the farm, got a loan and bought a little place in town in May. Claude is failing fast. School is out and Merle goes to Lubbock to find work.

A new doctor has just moved into Lorenzo last night. Claude had a bad spell with his heart. A neighbor hurriedly called the doctor for us. He proved to be so kind and wonderful. How we loved him. A long struggle which looked hopeless, but in August he was in a wheel chair, and was able to go to church a few times. We sold our farm and the contract is signed. We were trying to get the deal closed before first of the year. Claude's sisters came during the summer and helped while he was so bad. Also Dub, what a comfort he was. In December, Claude wasn't doing so well again. Hope rise and ebb. What an uncertain life. Will I ever get everything straightened out? My mind is in such a mix-up. God give me strength to carry on.

We had children in for an early Christmas. He wanted it that way. It was Saturday night, our supper over, (what a table of food, scarcely touched). Presents distributed, he showed weariness. We didn't stay up late. Anna Maude's family went home and the rest to bed. Sunday morning, Jack's family went to Crosbyton to church. Anna Maude to Plainview. Merle stayed with me until barely time to go to church here in Lorenzo. After she left, the doctor dropped by and found his blood pressure too low to register. We must get him to the hospital. Jack's family went to Kress from church. Merle put in a call for them to meet us in Lubbock, also called Anna Maude. He was sinking fast. They couldn't raise his blood pressure. Oh God! The last hope is gone. His eyes scanned the Doctors and nurses and came to rest on me as I stood at the foot of his bed. One long assuring look and he closed his eyes in that eternal sleep. The last page of his life was closed.

Though I felt numb and inadequate, there was no place to stop. Just one short week to get the deal completed on the farm, and his passing had complicated matters. Bob was so kind and helpful to me, or I doubt I could have ever completed it. In fact all my dear children, friends and neighbors did all they could. I'll never the night of December 31, thanks to my kind attorney and banker, we finished the deal. I staggered into my little home, grief stricken, tired and bewildered. My dear old friend, Mrs. W.E. Willis, met me at the door with outstretched arms. She had come to be with me, and render such service as she could. She was certainly a God send to me, having been over the same rugged path. She knew how to help me in my readjustment. She spent some time with me and left me to return to her own little home. Now I realized there was still something to live for if I'd only look for it.

My first thoughts were of my dear children that were grieving for me. This must not be. I braced myself and thought out the little things I could get pleasure from and this

helped them. The hardest fight was the midnight hours. How would I ever change that? In Claude's last days, after we had lain down for the night, he would say, "Well read your Bible Mama." This I would do until my eyes would grow dim, then he would turn on his radio and often fall asleep, leaving it on. I'd slip up and gently cut it off and seek a little rest, when at two o'clock in the morning he would awaken and want me to talk to him; he couldn't sleep. He would maybe fall asleep again before morning. I usually lay there and worried and wondered if there was anything that could be done to help him. Now, these regular two o'clock awakenings were not easy to get by, even with my doctor's help. No one will ever know the anguish of those lonely hours when he no longer said, "Mama are you awake?" But how thankful I was that I could fight it out alone. It was something no one could do for me.

In a few weeks I was stricken with pneumonia. My kind doctor was very attentive, and pulled me out of it. I went to Carlsbad to stay with Dub's children, while Pearl went with him to preach. Also I visited my dear friend Laura Willis, and from there to Roswell to visit Claude's daughter, Mayebelle. I drove my car on this trip alone. Back home again, I took up painting and crocheting, also working in my yard.

I visited John in Sacramento, California. Also Elna, near Los Angeles. More than two years have passed and I find myself still painting, crocheting, working in my yard, visiting my children and friends. May God help me to continue faithful to Him and loved ones in the future as he has helped me in the past. I've been permitted to spend many cheerful hours in my yard and visiting with my good neighbors and dear children who have done much to help me along.

August 11, 1959, my dear old pal and brother passed to his reward. I had visited him twice in Sacramento, California since I have been alone. How happy were the hours we spent together. Like two little children. Then the next call was to see him layed away. I returned home sad, but knowing according to nature, not too long until I would join him on the other shore. There was still a battle to wage, but experience helps you.

I took up my duties at home, doing what little I could to help others over the same rough spots, but not for long until another call came. On September 15, 1960, the grim reaper called my last surviving brother, Frank, leaving me to go alone but for my dear children, for whom I than God each day.

Sometimes I have felt there was nothing left for me to do. Thank God, I find there are still times when I can put a little sunshine in the life of others, and this makes me happy. I think it is such a blessing I can maintain my little house and drive my car to church each Sunday and to visit my children and friends, with normal health and comforts of life. What more should I want at the age of seventy-five?

This ends the memoirs of Maude Scott. The following photo is Maude in her garden in 1970 at the age of 85.



Maude and Claude Scott.



