

The
Legacy



***MYSTERIES OF THE FUTURE
& SECRETS OF THE PAST
GO HAND IN HAND***

***TO UNDERSTAND ONE YOU
NEED
TO DISCOVER THE OTHER***

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THE LEGACY

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Letter from the Editor

What's your legacy?

Welcome to the Premier Edition of THE LEGACY. We can all learn many valuable and interesting lessons about life from the people who have experienced it. Our desire at THE LEGACY is to help bring people closer together by publishing excerpts from diaries, journals, letters and other personal stories that describe the events, feelings and thoughts we all experience in life, and in the process help all of our legacies to live after us.

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be able to read a diary that contained the thoughts, dreams and emotions of your parents or grandparents? Especially something that was written as they were growing up, or as they were about to get married or even as they were about to become parents for the first time?

What about your ancestors? Wouldn't it be nice to be able to read a journal that talked about the trip they made in a wagon train as they crossed this great nation of ours or even about the boat trip that was made from a foreign land? What could their lives have been like in that foreign land that made them want to come to this country in the first place? All of these experiences would make for some very interesting reading; interesting not only to you, a blood relative, but also to the relatives of the people with whom they traveled and to other readers curious about the personal histories of our American ancestors.

As I read the stories and talk with the people that traveled in covered wagons or in buggies as a child, then lived long enough to witness the landing of the first man on the moon (while watching a TV set that had not yet been invented when they were small children), I cannot help but wonder what new inventions and lifestyles our grandchildren's grandchildren will experience. Could it be possible that they will travel from our homeland to a new land ... possibly on another planet?

At THE LEGACY, we are trying to preserve a bit of our history by printing not only stories from our ancestors, but also stories from our own personal lives. TODAY, we can leave a written journal or legacy about our lives, thoughts, dreams and feelings that future generations might want to read.

Will your grandchildren's grandchildren's grandchildren wonder about you? Will they have any desire to know what life might have been like for their ancestors in the 20th century on the planet earth, while they are living on another planet, maybe even in another galaxy?

Now is the time for you to leave a written legacy for future generations. Now is the time for you to write whatever you know about your parents, grandparents and great-grandparents. Write not just their names and where they came from, but stories about what type of work they did, how much their first horse, wagon, car or house cost them. Write about what their house looked like and how it was decorated, what type of music they enjoyed, what their religious beliefs were. Write about how they dressed, spoke, ate and interacted with

their families and friends.

Take a few moments out of your busy life and go through your attic, basement, garage or anywhere else you might have stored your old keepsakes and memories, or the keepsakes that once belonged to your parents. Start a journal with your thoughts about your children, parents and friends. Then make several copies of it and store the copies in different places. Leave information with several people as to the copies' locations, so that if you should not live long enough to see another sun rise, at least your future relatives will have some type of record, not only of your life, but also of the lives of the many people with whom you have come in contact during your time on this planet. And please send us a copy that we may share with our readers, for the more we learn about the past, the easier it will be for us to appreciate the present and understand the future.

Thank You,

Franklin T. Wike

Cover drawing by *Barby Prothro*

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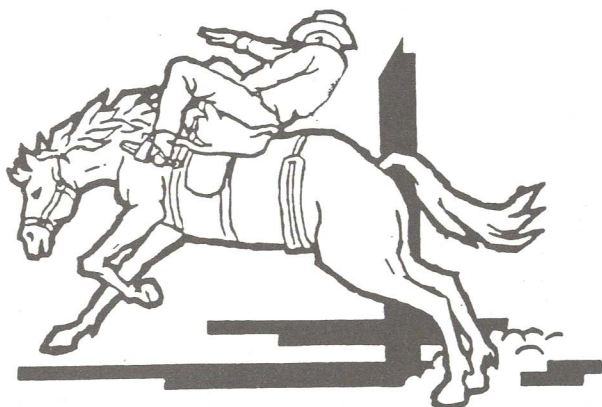
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The Show at Brixey Pond

By Marilyn Brixey



I Wish You Could Have Known Him.....

His name was Harvey Brixey and he was my father, my teacher, and my hero. Maybe you can get a glimpse of what he was like as I reflect on a couple of my favorite moments.....

The space between his front teeth only made it easier for him to spit farther and whistle louder than anyone else. I guess what was most important was that he was always smiling - always!

Especially when his dream of building Brixey Pond came true. Brixey Pond is few miles north of Perkins, Ok. on the Brixey Homestead where my father was born and raised.

When he was a kid he dreamed of damming up the creek that was fed by 104 clear water underground springs that he counted on a regular basis. Finally, in 1964, his childhood dream came true..... he had enough money to hire a bulldozer to clear out the creek and build a dam. Now picture this, a beautiful spring-fed pond as long as two football fields, as wide as four semi trucks parked bumper to bumper and so deep that you had

Brixey Pond

to wear scuba diving gear if you wanted to go deeper than eight or nine feet, mainly because the water was so cold.

His main reasons for wanting the pond was to give the kids around Perkins a place to play; a place his hay haulers could cool off after working in the hot sun; a place he could take a quick nap in the shade with a cool breeze blowing off the water, but most of all a place where he could laugh, have fun, and visit with people.

One of the enticing draws to the pond was the rope swings. Daddy had designed and welded a huge swingset and had it concreted in the bank of the pond. He then built an open shed with a tin roof close to the swingset. We started out with swings but over the years the sport of rope-swinging became more and more popular. So, he ended up building a long wooden deck where you would stand and wait for your turn. Someone would have to get in the water, throw the rope toward you, then you would grab it with the hook at the end of a long pole. Usually it would take 2-3 tries to grab the rope. Kids of all ages loved to climb on the wooden deck, grab the big heavy rope, sit on the big double knot in the rope, and swing out back and forth over the water!

The goal of most of the teenage boys was to get the nerve to climb up on the top of the shed and swing off the rope from higher up.

Buckets, barrels, and chairs eventually ended up on top of the shed, in order to enhance the challenge, as a result of all the "I dare you" and "I'm not skeered!" comments. Now the boys had an even higher place from which to jump.

There was a little platform we called the eagle's nest at the top of the swingset frame. The eagle's nest was about 35 feet above the water! Only the most daring would dream of climbing to the top of the swing frame and jump off the top! Anytime a person got up the nerve - everything and everyone stopped to watch.

Daddy was not the type to just sit back and watch others have all the fun. I remember one time when he was 65 years old and got bucked off a horse he was trying to break. The horse got the last word in, well I guess that is not exactly true..... the doctor got the very last word in when he said, "Harvey, you've got to stay off those wild horses. You were lucky this time, but you're getting too old to be getting bucked off!"

Daddy would just laugh. Anyone who came to visit, not only heard his story about taming that wild horse but also got a peek at his

left hip/buttock as he dropped his drawers and exhibited the most interesting shades of purple, black and yellow. He was pretty proud of that bruise! But even that bruise wouldn't stop him from his weekly ritual at the pond. Every Sunday at 2:00 pm was show time at Brixey's Pond. Carloads of fraternity guys from Oklahoma State University, teenagers from all around Perkins, and even people as far away as Oklahoma City would show up to watch the performance. Boys would cheer, girls would scream; but everyone's eyes stayed glued to the farmer climbing on the little ladder up to the top of the swing.

He always wore old torn bib overalls, lace-up work shoes, a farmer's cap that had some advertisement on it, and a big smile. He would walk across the top of the frame that held the rope swing then he would walk back pretending to be a tight-rope walker.

Several times
I would hold my
breath because I
just knew he was
going to fall.

He never did. After what I considered the life-threatening walk, he

would stand on the one by one eagle's nest platform and act like he was getting up his nerve to jump.

After about 2 minutes - a long enough time so that everyone was either cheering him on or begging him to come back down

--- he jumped! Splash!
Everything would get so
quiet you could hear the
waves hitting the sandy
shore.

Then up he would pop up and say "Where's my hat?" Amid the clapping and screaming - he would bring a bucket of water with him as he came up on shore. Some lucky young girl would get cooled off every Sunday at 2:10 pm. I remember hearing a number of young men state they hoped they could be just like my dad when they were 65!

Daddy is gone now, but memories of him live on in the minds and hearts of his children and grandchildren as well as many others that knew and loved him. My desire now, is to save these memories by writing them down so that when his great grandchildren are born, they too can share some of the pride and joy I feel at being related to such a wonderful man. Ω

One day a man decided he would put a puzzle together. He excitedly went to the store for his purchase. After about a week, he ran proudly to his wife exclaiming, "Look, Honey! Look. I've put a puzzle together and it only took me a week!!!!"

"That's a long time," his wife replied.

"Oh no it's not," he said. "Just look at the side of the box. It says 3-5 years!!!!!!"

Pamela Wilson, M.D.

The Sandwich Generation

By Sunshine



Sooner or later, most people get asked, "And what do you do?" Depending on the kind of day I have had, I have been known to respond, "I raise a mother."

Needless to say, I have gotten some strange looks when I say this. I find that some people first look at me funny, then their expression changes and they respond, "Oh! You too?" We then start discussing this "job" we both share.

When I talk about raising a mother, I refer to the fact that I am a member of that increasing minority - the sandwich generation, people who are raising children at the same time that they are having to take more care of one or both parents. I suspect there are many of you reading this who will recognize yourselves here - and you had no idea that this situation even had a name!

I don't know how, where or when the name originated. I just know that it fits. There are days I definitely feel like a slice of

baloney squished between all sorts of stuff and two slices of bread. With the kids believing that you "don't know nothing" (assuming you have children of school age or older), and your parent(s) telling you about the time you were your kids' age and the goofy things you did, it is easy to forget that you have a mind of your own and you can actually cross the street by yourself!

I have been caring for my mother for almost seven years. Before I started, I vaguely knew that this would happen, that other people did the same thing, but I don't think I knew anybody that actually was doing it. Now, I know several. I don't know if I am just looking harder, or if the situation is becoming more common.

As those who are there know, being in the Sandwich Generation can be .. well, difficult and confusing. Some place between work and home I become considerably less competent. Children see me as .. uh.. "old". As in

ancient. Prehistorical. Out of Jurassic Park ancient. You know the questions: What was Columbus like? Did you ever meet George Washington? Old.

Then there is Mother. The author of this column is the world's oldest, gangliest ten year old. I doubt a day goes by in which she does not say something to the effect that "But I can only see you as that ten year old kid who...."

(Which IS better than being seen as "the two year old who....."). I do not understand why I continue to remind her that some people in the world view me as a competent adult. I came home to help her BECAUSE I was viewed as competent and able to manage the paperwork. She acknowledges this, then tells me what should be done, or how to do a particular job.

It isn't that I mind the comments and suggestions. What gets to me is that mother manages to give me these comments as if I were ten again. I do have some abilities. Mother knows and is proud of this - I have heard her tell others about the things I have done (not always factually, but.....)

then turn around and ask me if I am warm enough. Do I need a sweater? Did I get enough sleep last night? Isn't it past my bed time? Did I have enough to eat? Sometimes I wonder if she thinks I have the sense to come in out of the rain. I must admit, however, I have never asked her. I don't want to hear the answer.

I find that it helps keep me sane when I can talk to others who also have to walk the thin line between child/parent/self.

So, write and let us hear from you. Tell your story and your tips. Take refuge in the fact that **YOU ARE NOT ALONE!**

Maybe someday you will find something similar to your situation and you can show this column to your children/spouse/friends/others as proof that you are not making your stories up!

I just heard there is a new Robin Williams movie out about a 10 year old who looks like a forty year old. I wonder if the person who wrote the screenplay is a member of the Sandwich Generation?

A little boy wanted a \$100.00 very badly. he prayed and prayed for two weeks but nothing happened. Then he decided to write GOD a letter requesting the \$100.00. When the postal service received the letter to GOD USA, they decided to send it to President Clinton. The President was so impressed, touched, and amused that he instructed his secretary to send the little boy a \$5.00 bill. Mr. Clinton thought this would appear to be a lot of money to a little boy.

The little boy was delighted with the \$5.00 and sat down to write a thank you note to GOD, which read: Dear GOD, Thank you very much for sending me the money. However, I noticed that for some reason you had to send it through Washington and, as usual, those jerks deducted \$95.00.

Embarrassing Moments

I Just Hate it when that Happens.

By Kay Franklin

July, 1993..... is memorable because of two events! First, my 25th high school reunion was to take place. Second, I heard the surgeon say,

"The tumor is malignant. We need to schedule surgery!"

The reunion and my right breast came off as scheduled.

One would think that after three years of wearing fake body parts (from wigs and eyelashes to a breast prosthesis) you would make accommodations that would diminish mishaps. But wait until you hear about my rendezvous with Jack, an email friend! To make a long story short, Jack was a country gentleman and exactly fit my email, photo, telephone image of him.

This particular Sunday found Jack and I making a trek down to the Cimarron River. It had snowed a few days earlier and the ground

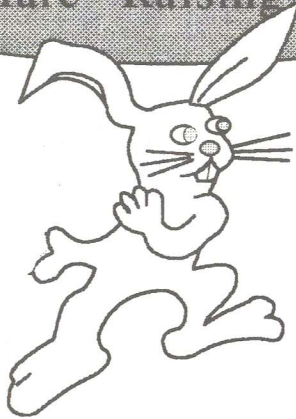
spots. As I was crossing a small ravine, I was struggling to maintain my balance by grabbing hold of small tree limbs to keep from falling down. Then I hear Jack say, "Oops!" As I turned around, there on the ground lay my right boob! I picked it up, brushed it off and put it back in my bra as I said, "I just hate it when that happens!" I took one step when it dawned on me how it must have embarrassed Jack. As we laughed, he tried to lessen my embarrassment by telling me his own story.

He went to the men's room in a club and described that between the alcoholic drinks and the strong odor of the facilities, his weak stomach proceeded to heave.

As he gagged, his false teeth popped right out of his mouth and into the urinal...

He picked them up, rinsed 'em off, put 'em back in his mouth and told the wide-eyed guy standing next to him....."I just hate it when that happens!"

A Hare Raising story



Sent to us by Bill Herder
from Raytown, Mo.

Today, as I was going to work, I noticed a car parked on the side of the road. The driver was looking at an object in the road. I stopped to see if I could help. The driver pointed out a rabbit he had unfortunately run over. The rabbit wasn't dead but in very bad shape.

The driver wanted to know if I could help bring the rabbit back from sure death. I told him I could not & got ready to leave when another car stopped. The driver of the other car said she could

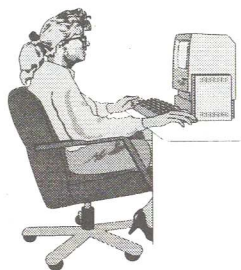
help & proceeded to get a can of something out of her trunk. She then proceeded to spray a substance all over the dying rabbit.

Pretty soon, the rabbit **GOT UP**. It took its little front foot and "waved" it in the air. The rabbit, fully cured of its encounter with the first car, continued waving while it hopped off into the nearby trees.

"Man," I said, "I've just got to know what material is in that can that can bring a rabbit back from death and make it feel so good it continues to wave its little leg as it runs away."

"Well," she said, "I'm a beautician and what I have in this can is Hare Restorer with a Permanent Wave."

We invite you to send us your best jokes.



Reconstructive Breast Surgery....

One Survivors Journal

By Kay Franklin

April 27 Lying here on my back, as I am waiting for the doctor to come in, allows me time to reflect on this latest episode in my adventure through life. Thoughts flash through my mind ... "Is it too late to change my mind? Why would a person want to put herself through the pain of surgery and the risk of being under anesthesia just for a breast? I must be crazy to put myself through this... all for a cleavage!"

As I look down at my chest, the mastectomy scar that runs from midchest straight to my side under the right arm is still very obvious, but after almost three years, the line has faded. Pondering the reasons why I considered breast reconstruction, I figured that I had had a choice. I could easily have chosen to accept my lopsided chest, continued to frantically search for my prosthesis because I'd forgotten where I had laid it, bought bras with pockets, even had fun playing toss with it when work got

boring. But, I developed a "go for it!" attitude very early in life and even now at age 46 continue to practice this motto. Whatever comes up, whether it be operating a cattle ranch, completing requirements for a doctorate degree, having plastic surgery, or meeting internet friends in person, I listen to my "gut" and if there is a chance for success or personal growth, or if it just feels right in the pit of my stomach... I say, "GO FOR IT!"

Because my chest skin is so tight from the radical mastectomy, the doctor will take a flap of skin, similar in shape to a magnolia leaf, from my back and piece it onto my chest over a saline enlarger. "What is a saline enlarger?" I had asked him. In lay terms, he informed me that it is a soft plastic pouch that has a small metal area located toward the top of the chest. The enlarger will cause the skin to stretch much like the abdomen during pregnancy, as a saline solution is injected into it many times over a period of several weeks.

Well, here comes the doctor, so I guess that it is too late to change my mind. I will continue this after the saline enlarger is installed and the anesthesia wears off.

May 14 After spending weeks healing from the skin surgery and the installation of the saline enlarger, a constant dull pain throbs from my elbow to midchest around to the midback.

I still have tape holding the stitches together on the battle-scars, and I assure you, it is not a pretty sight. The swelling makes it hard to hold my right arm down in order to type these words. I am very tired, which, I suppose, is due to the lingering anesthetic or maybe just because of the trauma my body has experienced.

Was it worth it? At the moment, I'm questioning my sanity, so I respectfully request that you ask me that question again during the summer when it is 100 degrees outside and I don't have a hot silicone prosthetic breast against my skin. Or better yet, ask me at the end of this ordeal, when the enlarger will be replaced with a saline pouch.

June 3 I am now ready for the next step. The saline injections. The doctor is moving a handheld device similar to a computer mouse across my chest.

This device has a magnet in it and a little red light that flashes when it gets close to the metal of the saline enlarger. Every time the red light comes on, he puts a dot on my chest with a purple magic marker. The fun starts as he plays connect the dots and a bull's eye is drawn on my chest (soon to become a breast).

It is interesting how the body reacts to what the mind anticipates. It kind of reminds me of the way my body assumes a lead pipe rigid position in response to the sound of a dentist's drill.

As I watch the doctor prepare

to put the needle in the purple bull's eye, my body automatically tightens up. I am screaming in my mind, "Give me a bullet to bite, hand to hold, something!"

Brenda, the most sensitive and caring nurse, somehow hears my silent scream and quickly takes my left hand and allows me to hold on tight.

You would think that there would be little or no feeling in the chest's outer skin, especially since this particular chest of mine has fought so many battles. This is partially true... as the needle is injected, the pain is bearable, but I breathe a sigh of relief when it's over.

One syringe is emptied... The breast is stretched tight... Whew!... What?... He's filling another syringe?... He's got to be kidding! As I wipe a tear from my eye, I ask the doctor, "How many more?"

He says, "Only one more." I don't see how there could be room for one more drop... Now what is he doing?...

Is that a.....no, it can't be..... a GREASE gun?!

He's putting the syringe into the gun and is now pulling the trigger slowly and rhythmically. That pushes the cap in the syringe, injecting saline into my enlarger. Boy, oh boy, I don't think anyone will believe this! In this age of high technology, here I lie on the table in the most

Reconstructive Breast Surgery

prestigious, artfully decorated, high-dollar plastic surgeon's office, and I have an old grease gun over my chest! But, hey... Look at this! I definitely see signs of a future cleavage...

I understand the enlarger-pouch exchange will take place in about four months, so I suppose it's not too early to start planning a party... Anyone interested in coming to a "boob burning" bonfire? x

August 14 Now as the end of summer is near. I do believe that I can answer your question "Was it worth it?" with a loud "Yes - at least for me." I am still alive and kicking, I do look better in my clothes and bathing suit, I have met many wonderful people because of this ordeal, and I can go almost all day without thinking about the effects of cancer! I believe that deciding to have my breast reconstructed provided a kind of closure to Chapter 43 in my life's story.

THE SMART TEACHER

From David Westley of Jackson, Tn.

One year at Duke University, there were two guys who were taking chemistry and who did pretty well on all of the quizzes and the midterms and labs, etc., such that going into the final they both had solid A's. These two friends were so confident going into the exam that the weekend before finals week (even though the chem final was on Monday), they decided to go up to the University of Virginia (UV) and party with some friends up there. So they did and they had a great time. However, with their hangovers and everything, they slept all day Sunday and didn't make it back to Duke until early Monday morning. Rather than taking the final then, they found Professor Bonk after the exam and explained to him why they had missed it.

They told him that they had gone up to UV for the weekend, and had planned to come back in time to study, but that they had had a flat tire on the way back and didn't have a spare and couldn't get help for a long time and so were late getting back to campus. Bonk thought this over and then agreed that they could make up the final on the following day. The two guys were relieved and elated.

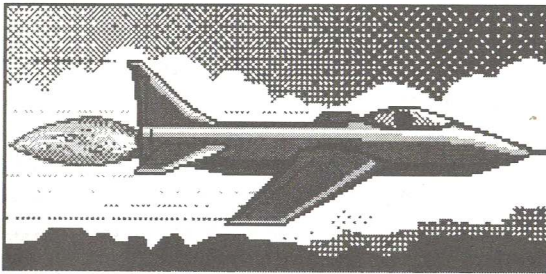
So, they studied that night and went in for the final the next day at the time that Bonk had told them to be there. He placed them in separate rooms and handed each of them a test booklet and told them to begin. They looked at the first problem, which was something simple about molarity and solutions and was worth five points. "Cool," they thought. "This is going to be easy." They did that problem and then turned the page.

They were unprepared, however, for what they saw on the next page.

It said:

1 2

"(95 points) Which tire?"



Flying High, Fast, and Proud

By Eric & Marilyn Wells

Nineteen years old and already 350 hours flight time! Eric, my oldest son, comes by his love for flying naturally. His father, Happy (a pilot since the age of 16) started reading airplane magazines to Eric when he was only six months old. Even as a baby, Eric appeared interested as his dad read about flight control systems and instrument approaches. He would sit for the longest time on his dad's lap just studying the pictures and listening to every word. Happy always had an airplane either sitting in the backyard or at the airport; consequently, Eric had many opportunities to fly.

When he was about ten years old, his dad let him feel the controls while continuously explaining all the details. Eric had to fly by instruments basically because he was too short to see out of

the window - even sitting on a pillow. This is backwards from the way most people learn to fly....usually they fly by VFR (visual flight rules) rather than IFR (instrument flight rules).

When he was 16 years old, he told his dad he would like to learn to fly. His dad said "That's a big commitment. If I put up that kind of money, you'd better be dedicated." Eric said, "I will be. I know I love flying. I've been around it all of my life, maybe it was burned in my brain... with you always going up in airplanes - it just seems like a way of life." With those words as a symbol of his ambition, combined with lots of time, studying, and effort, Eric finished his commercial, multi-engine, and instrument ratings in only eight months. His first solo was made on February 23,

Flying High and Proud

1994 at the age of 17!

On Mothers Day, May 1994, Eric called me and invited me to meet him at the Stillwater Oklahoma airport. He landed in a Piper Tomahawk: a single-engine, two seat trainer airplane. As he walked quickly toward me, with a big grin on his face, he handed me three presentsa bouquet of white carnations, the video "Mrs. Doubtfire" and a big hug.

"Oh, Eric...how wonderful! Thank you so much."

"The other present for your Mothers Day is a ride in the airplane!"

**Thoughts flash through my mind.....
a two seater!
and a 17 year old pilot!.....**

Oh, wow! I thought as I took a deep breath and said "Hey, let's go!"

I climbed in the passenger side and buckled up while Eric did his preflight check. I noticed that he never stopped smiling. "Is this fun or what?!" I thought to myself as he

went over about a zillion checklists before we taxied down the runway.

As we took off, I watched him talking into his microphone. I couldn't hear his words because of the engine noise. I just watched him closely as he efficiently pulled levers, knobs, and talked to the tower while his eyes were continuously scanning the sky and panel instruments. Suddenly we are off the ground and climbing! As I relaxed and began to enjoy the scenery a warm feeling began in my heart..... I was so proud to be Eric's mother.

He obviously had several places in mind that he wanted me to see from the air. (I silently smiled to myself because he reminded me so much of his dad.) We flew over my farm and I acted as if it was the first time I had seen it from the air. While flying over our corn field he decided to explain (yelling because of the loud motor noise) about negative G-forces. I had no idea what he was talking about but I had a feeling I was about to find out. We climbed up, up, up he told me to hold my hand out and he put a pencil on my palm. The next second.... the plane dropped down FAST!

The pencil floated in the air along with my stomach and screams!

**To Strive for Greatness
is to attempt to accomplish
that which you have not yet achieved.**

**To achieve greatness
is to accomplish that which
fulfills your own heart and mind.**

As we leveled off, I remember telling him that I now understood everything I ever needed to know about negative G-forces and could we please not do that again.

Eventually after identifying everyone's farm, house, cars, and cows....we finally went back to the airport. As he made the final approach and a perfectly smooth three point landing, I felt so proud because I had anticipated a few bounces and bumps !

This was certainly a Mothers Day I will never forget - flying high and so proud.

As Eric continued with high school, he continued to study, fly, and take lessons. On his 18th birthday, he was finally old enough to take the commercial and multi-engine tests, (called check rides by pilots). He passed all of the tests with flying colors. When he finished the training, his dad gave him a job as a first officer, or copilot, on Lear jets, specifically the Lear 25B. This unique opportunity gave him the chance to experience what few, if any, 18 year old boys have experienced.

Eric always has flying adventures that he loves to share with any interested listener, such as:

"I'll never forget my first flight in the Lear jet. I had just finished up multi-engine and commercial ratings tests. To put it bluntly, I though I was a bad-ass pilot! Just a bit cocky and really sure of myself! We took-off from Wiley Post Airport in Oklahoma City (OKC), Oklahoma and headed toward Shreveport, Louisiana. I was doing all of the checklists, watching for traffic, and communicating with the tower. The adrenalin rush when you take off in a jet is so hard to explain. Things happen so fast and you are so busy with checklists.

"It is truly amazing how quickly you can fall behind in a jet! I was so embarrassed to realize that I was still working on the climb check list, out of OKC when the captain (my dad) said we were ready to descend in Louisiana! I couldn't believe we had traveled over 500 miles, were ready to make our landing and I was still working on the paperwork from the takeoff. This was definitely a humbling experience. My dad

While flying Lear jets he had the opportunity to meet Fergie (The Duchess of Wales), Charlton Heston, Guns & Roses, Ozzie Osborn, and various senators and other political figures.

Flying High and Proud

never said anything - but I think he realized how embarrassed I was. This made me all the more determined to get faster and better at handling all the checks, jobs, and communications.

"We were coming home from Hastings, Nebraska, when we took off around 8:30 pm. I contacted the ATIS (Automated Terminal Information Service) to check out the weather conditions. The weather report was clear skies with no clouds in Nebraska.

We were about 100 miles out of Wiley Post Airport in Oklahoma City and we were going a mile every six seconds.

"Dad told me to check the ATIS again just to make sure there were no surprises. I told him I had checked it when we left Hastings. But, he told me to check it again.

"With this check the ATIS reported "200 foot overcast - visibility obscured - fog." This meant that we probably weren't going to get in at Wiley Post, so we checked with the Will Rogers Airport. The weather was basically the same but the tower reported that pilots were shooting instrument approaches and

landing successfully at Will Rogers.

"I calculated the rate of jet fuel we would burn and the results showed that we had enough fuel to shoot one approach and then go to an alternate airport close by in case the clouds were too low to land safely.

Even though we had enough fuel to safely land and/ or use a back-up plan,

there wasn't any reserve fuel in case of an emergency.

"We were scraping the bottom of the barrel, and it made us nervous. As we entered the OKC airspace, we were handed off to the approach control tower. They asked us what we wanted to do. I told them we'd like to shoot the ILS (Instrument Landing System) on runway 17 Left at Will Rogers. They assigned a flight path and I set up the airplane for the approach. With only 12 hours flying the Lear, I was a young first officer with very little instrument experience, but my dad had faith in me.

"The altitude of 200 feet above the airport it is called the "decision height". If you can see the airport, the decision is to land.

If you can't see the airport, then it is a missed approach and either you go to an alternate airport or you try another approach. Not having an abundance of fuel, we were not very enthusiastic about making it to another airport or even having to circle this airport while waiting for permission to make another landing attempt. It was crucial to make a successful landing on the first attempt.

"We came out below the clouds at exactly "decision height". With sweaty palms, a sigh of relief and a thank you prayer we were able to land on the first attempt without any

problems.

"In aviation there is no room for any forgiveness. If you mess up in the airplane, that could be it for you. I think being in aviation has helped me become more responsible and has definitely provided me with a checklist for life. There is a series of things you have to do in order to keep the airplane in line. This is similar to life where you handle things in order and simply take care of business while planning ahead. I am able to apply what I've learned flying in dealing with life." Ω

A cowboy's dying wish.

From Brian Hunter of Clermont, Florida

One day a lonely cowboy named Jimmy was captured by Indians. The chief said to Jimmy, " In three days we will kill you , but on each day we will grant you a request. "

So Jimmy asked to see his horse. Jimmy whispered something in his horse's ear and it ran off. Later the horse appeared carrying a voluptuous woman.

The second day the cowboy asked for his horse again and again the horse ran off and came back with a woman.

On the last day the chief says to him , " We will kill you today , but you have one last request. " And again Jimmy asked for his horse. Jimmy walked to his horse, leaned to his ear and shouted, " POSSE!!!
I SAID BRING ME A POSSE!!!! "

Grandma's Kitchen Table

Franklin T. Wike

**Many Years ago- in my Grandmother's House
was a Kitchen Table.**

**It was not fancy or expensive. But it was full of love.
For at this Kitchen Table- the whole family would
sit down to eat together and talk.**

**There were no TV's blaring away or people
eating on the run. We said Grace, ate and
shared conversation as a family.**

**During the hours between meals, Grandma would
sometimes sit at the table and play games with us
Other times a friend or neighbor might stop by and sit
at the table while sipping a cup of coffee and sharing
some friendly conversation.**

**That Kitchen Table was the center piece for
a whole lot of love and kindness.**

**I feel the world would be a better place
with a lot less problems,
if more people spent time eating,
talking, playing, loving, and praying
as a family at Grandma's Kitchen Table.**

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"The Storyteller"



Burnin' the Lard

**A mostly true story by Melinda Long;
with only a few stretchers here and there.**

Spartanburg, SC, Circa 1945.

Walter Brown (my father), was known by his friends as Walt, and Edward Brown (my uncle) was known as Buddy.

Walt and Buddy were brothers. Walt was the oldest by two years. He taught Buddy everything he knew. He showed him how to pitch horseshoes and skip stones across a creek; how to milk a cow and drive a tractor. One day, the two of them slipped out behind the barn with one of their daddy's cigars, and learned how to turn green and get sick in a hurry.

Walt was even responsible for Buddy's name. You see, two year old Walt couldn't pronounce his baby brother's given name,

Edward. Instead, he proclaimed, "He's my buddy." The name, Edward, was all but forgotten and he was called, from that day onward, "Buddy".

The two boys lived with their grandmother, Hattie Brown, but they called her Mommy Brown. Their mama, Sarah, had died of kidney disease, shortly after Buddy was born. Their daddy, Leland Brown, didn't know how to handle two small boys, and so everyone moved in with Mommy Brown. Now, according to Walt,

Mommy Brown stood about eight feet tall in her stocking feet, weighed, at least, 400 pounds,

and was the meanest woman this side of the Mississippi. He might have stretched it just a bit. She couldn't have been as bad as all that. After all, she did take in two small boys who needed a home. She was the kind of woman who never forgot a birthday or anniversary or any special event. She never forgot a kindness done for her. That's just the way she was.

Living on a farm, the boys had many chores they had to do. Among them were, milking the cows, helping with the crops and cutting stove wood. They didn't mind all of those things, and the many other daily responsibilities that were just part of farm life. There was one chore, however, they both hated more than Saturday baths....rendering lard.

Every fall, when the weather turned cold, they would go with their daddy to slaughter two or three hogs. The meat was hung in the smoke house so that they could have pork chops, ham, bacon, sausage and other good foods throughout the year. (Walt likes to say that his grandpa ate fatback everyday of his life and it finally killed him....when he was 98.) Just about every part of the hog was used. What was left over, was the fat. They handed that over to Mommy Brown. She would drag out her big black wash pot, into the backyard, and build a very small fire underneath it. She would then cut the fat up into little chunks and begin to cook it

down. This is where the boys came in. Mommy didn't have time to stand over that pot all day and stir, what with keeping up the house and all, so Walt and Buddy would be put to stirring the pot.

After many hours of this business, the result was this goeey white stuff called lard. Mommy Brown used it all year long for cooking just like we would use vegetable shortening today.

**On top of the lard there
would be a layer of
crunching stuff called
cracklin'.**

**If you've never had
cracklin' in your corn
bread then you've never
had corn bread.**

Now, when the boys saw Mommy building a fire under her black wash pot, they thought about running for the hills but they knew Mommy would eventually catch up to them, so they didn't.

"Walter Jess...Buddeee"
Mommy yelled across the backyard, both hands cupped around her mouth. When her grandsons finally stood before her, a hang dog look on both their faces, she put one hand on her hip

Burnin' the Lard

and used the other to add emphasis to what she was about to say. "Now, you boys keep this pot stirred and don't you add any wood to this fire. I'll add it if it needs it. I don't want this lard catchin' on fire. Is that understood?" It was.

Mommy went back inside to tend to the morning dishes. Walt and Buddy stirred the pot,...and stirred...and stirred. They wandered off to play mumbly peg with their pocket knives. (Every boy, older than five, carried a pocket knife for whittlin' and eating watermelons and such.) Then they stirred some more. They played "kick the can" for a few minutes and then stirred. They chased a lizard across the yard, and then stirred.

After some time, Walt made a very pertinent comment, "This is gonna take all day and here we are stuck with it."

Then he made a suggestion, one they would both regret,

"Let's speed this up some." Buddy knew this probably was a bad idea but surely one piece of wood wouldn't hurt. It was just more temptation than he could handle. They added one

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stick of wood to the fire.... just one. They watched and stirred to see if things would improve. They did. That fat seemed to be cooking down just a little faster. Finally, another idea was brought to light. It was later a point of great consternation as to who had made this second suggestion, but no matter who the guilty party was, they both agreed to the thought that if one stick of wood was a good thing, two or three would be even better.

Two more sticks of wood were added to the fire. Walt and Buddy stirred until they were certain things were under control. Then they went off to climb a tree.



*They smelled it
before they saw it:*

greasy black smoke, boiling out of that wash pot. And they weren't the only ones to smell it. Mommy Brown slammed open the screen door, put both hands on her hips and hollered, "Walter Jess... Buddy! What have you done to my lard?"

Now Mommy kept handy, just inside the screen door, an old brush broom, dried and cracking with age. It was made of pieces of cut brush, lashed together with twine. She used it to sweep the

dirt part of the back yard.

It also had other uses.

When the boys saw Mommy grab for that brush broom, they took off. Walt headed for the woods, and Buddy for the creek. They figured she couldn't catch them both. Walt got about 50 feet into the trees before he realized he wasn't being followed. He stopped in time to hear his brother yelling.

He was amazed to discover that a person could cuss and pray at the same time.

Walt kept a low profile for the remainder of the day. After that, the lard incident was laid to rest.

Two weeks later, Mommy stopped Walt just as he was leaving the breakfast table and asked him to cut some fresh brush and make her a new brush broom.

"My old one is just worn down to a nub." she told him.

Walt was happy to do anything he could to get back into Mommy's good graces, so he quickly began a search for the best patch of fresh brush he could find. He cut down enough for a broom and tamped the ends together to make them even. Finally, he lashed the bundle with twine and tied a good strong knot so it wouldn't fall apart.

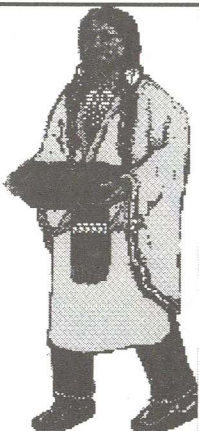
Walt slapped the strong, green brush broom against his hand, watching it bounce back. This one was going to last a good long time. He carried the broom back inside to Mommy and handed it to her with his most winning smile. "It's a good one Mommy. Good and Strong."

Mommy accepted the broom with a grin. "Thank you, Walt. I'm sure it'll do the job just fine."

His task complete, and Mommy on his side again, Walt turned to leave. This time, *he heard it before he felt it:* the sound of that brand new brush broom swooshing through the air toward his backside. When the broom met its target, Walter Jess Brown remembered Mommy Brown never forgot a birthday or anniversary or special event. She never forgot a kindness done for her and she surely never forgot about that lard fire in the back yard.

I can tell you for certain that this story is true because Walter Jess himself told me...and my daddy would never tell me anything that wasn't true. Ω

Editor's Note: "The Storyteller" will be a regular feature of THE LEGACY. The author, Melinda Long, is a professional storyteller (see ad on back cover) and has recently joined our staff. We welcome her and encourage you to look for one of her interesting stories every month.



By Franklin T. Wike

One day while I was traveling through a small town in Oklahoma, I saw a sign for a yard sale. Since I had some extra time on my hands, I decided to stop and see what type of treasures I might find. I had no idea that I would ever find a treasure as precious and irreplaceable as the one I found.

As I was looking around the sale, I noticed many antiques from World War II from a canteen and mess kit to old coins. Then a gentleman approached me and pulled a gun out of his pocket. As he started telling me the story behind the gun, I became absolutely fascinated with his stories, not only about this particular gun, but also about his life and the history of his family.

This is the story of

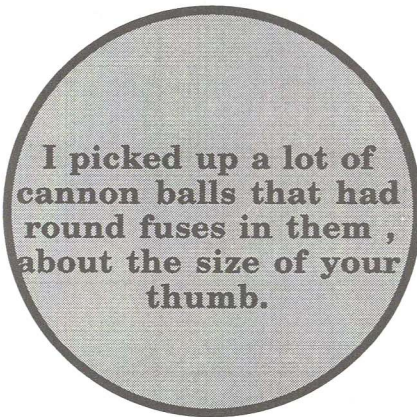
Kenneth Hill, known by the Indians as **Oh Saw Hay Tay** or "little hill." I have tried to keep much of his language as authentic as possible.

"This four barrel 22 caliber Derringer was made in Italy. It previously belonged to Lloyd Floyd. Lloyd Floyd was born around 1890. After statehood he was elected Sheriff of Le Flore County, Oklahoma. He carried the Derringer in his boot during the entire 42 years he served as sheriff. He was even reelected as Sheriff after his youngest brother Pretty Boy Floyd was killed for bank robbery.

"Pretty Boy Floyd used to roam the Cookston Hills area in southeast Oklahoma, because there were a lot of Indians there making 190 proof home brew. Pretty Boy would take the home brew across the state line to Missouri and sell it.

"I also have a cobblestone pill box big enough to hold 60 people, that came from Lincoln County. It's round and has two floors in it and slots about four inches in diameter all the way around it. If the Indians attacked, the settlers would all run and get into it. They kept enough supplies in it to last them about a month. The pill box was fixed so the settlers could lay on the floor, stick their rifle barrels up to these holes and shoot out of them. They had to be careful not to stick their rifles out of the holes, because the Indians could grab them.

"When the Indians hit, they would hit all at once and then two minutes later, you wouldn't see no Indians, they were all gone. That's the way they fought. That's the way the Cherokee fought through the South. That's also the way that General Stand Watie fought. I lived a half a mile from the Big Cabin battle ground where he was buried at .

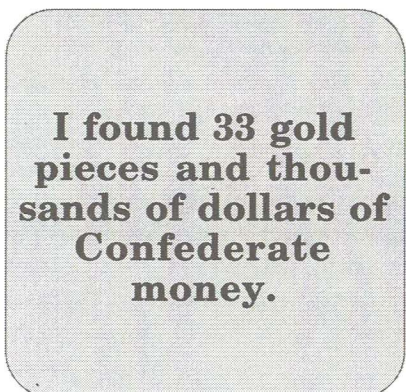


I picked up a lot of cannon balls that had round fuses in them , about the size of your thumb.

"A guy up in Stillwater, Oklahoma told me to get rid of them because they might go off. I did. I

got rid of them, but I don't think they would go off. I didn't want them anyway. Everybody was always after me to buy them and everything.

"In 1933, when I was a kid, I was out coon hunting one day. I found this tree with a hole in it. I reached down into that hole, and I could feel something soft. I had gloves on and I pulled it up. It was an old leather pouch and I dropped it. Of course, when it hit the ground, it came apart. I took a pouch and gathered it all up and took it home. Then we spread it all out on the table. I found a treasure in that old oak tree.



I found 33 gold pieces and thousands of dollars of Confederate money.

"The Confederate money was in such bad shape that when you touched it, it fell apart. Confederate money, then, wasn't worth anything. One of my wife's aunts had a trunk half full of confederate money.

"The gold was taken to the bank and I got several hundred dollars from it. It got us through the depression time pretty well. "

Garage Sale Special

Authors note: After obtaining these stories from Kenneth Hill, I was able to obtain information about the history of the Hill family. I have included this information in case any long lost relatives get a chance to read this article.

"In 1733 James Oglethorp brought English prisoners into Georgia. He started the Georgia colony in northern Georgia. The prisoners were mostly men, so they married into the Cherokee and so many of your Cherokee had English relatives.

"When gold was discovered on their land in 1838, Chief John Ross was forced to lead the Cherokees off their land in Georgia and on a journey where thousands of Cherokees died on the way to Oklahoma. This was called the "trail of tears".

"My great-grandfather, George Washington Hill II, being part Cherokee Indian, traveled the "trail of tears" until he got to Tennessee. There he hid

out until 1850. Then he and my grandfather, George Washington Hill III moved into the Indian Territory now called Oklahoma. My Grandfather had 14 children and is buried in the New Hope graveyard in Stilwell, Oklahoma.

"My father, George Washington Hill IV was born in Oklahoma. He married Ida Steel and I, Kenneth Hill, known by the Indians as "Oh Saw Hay Tay" or "little hill" was born in 1926.

"My mother was half German and half English. Grandma Hill came from England and my grandad Albert Steel was German. He was born in 1841. He went to West Point, then when he was 18 or 19 he moved to Wisconsin. In 1863 he joined the service and fought in the Civil War. He was wounded in the war. His father was Frederick Steel and he led the siege on Red River through Arkansas and if you go through Arkansas where the battles was at, they have a big plaque up there that says Major General Frederick Steel. Frederick Steel went to West Point with General Sheridan and they fought together when they both had the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

"Grandma Steel was born 12 days after her mother arrived here from England.

“ She was adopted by a rich couple named Ramsey that raised her but she left them at an early age and got married to Albert Steel and they had 12 children in Corning, Iowa. They later had a covered wagon and they traveled to Neosho, Missouri and later they came to Vinita, Oklahoma.

“Vinita is an old town that was on the Texas Road. That was the first cattle trail that run out of Oklahoma. It went right on down in to Texas and up into Kansas. It’s known as the MK &T road now because the MK&T Railroad went right up the old Texas Road and that stopped the cattle trail because they sent them by rail.

“My dad was born in 1861. He lived in Flint community where Stilwell, Oklahoma is now. He knew Ned Christy, the famous Indian outlaw, as well as several other famous people. Jim Gross was one of our neighbors and Pretty Boy Floyd used to hang around his place quite a bit. Jim used to haul home made whiskey in milk trucks to

“One day when I was over at Jim’s place, I saw some of his hogs laying in the field. I thought they might have swallowed some cockleburs that were closed up. If they open up when they are inside of the hog, they can kill them.

Missouri.

I went and found Jim and told him about them. He went over and took a look and then busted out laughing.

“He pointed to an overturned barrel of mash and told me they would be okay, they had just gotten into his mash whiskey barrel and drank it.



“I have a picture of my Mother that was taken in front of a church building that was transported across the” trail of tears” in 1838.

“That church is still standing south of Watts Oklahoma and the original Indian minister of the church is buried in the cemetery across the road from the church.

“At one time there was so many Hills living in Stilwell, Oklahoma, there was seven barbershops and they was all run by Hills. There was a lot of Hills there.

Garage Sale Special

Austin Hill was the only one that really jumped up and left. He was some kind of petroleum engineer that went to work for Standard Oil Company. He went to Argentina and invented the deals that brought the oil up out of the sea with the platforms and stuff that could withstand the winds and bring the oil up. He's buried in Enid, Oklahoma. He married a woman from Enid but that was back around 1900."

After talking with Kenneth, I was impressed not only with his flare for story telling but also his desire to maintain and pass along some family history to future generations. For how can we learn about our history, if we do not listen to those that have lived it? I can only hope that many other "experienced people" will come forward and share their valuable memories with us, so that we might learn from what their eyes have seen. Franklin T. Wike



Life in the Nursing Home

From Dan Garner

There were 3 old guys sitting in a nursing home, reminiscing about the good ol' days. One says, "you know, growing old hasn't been too bad, the worst part is that when I pee, I can't completely empty my bladder," Another says "I can empty my bladder, my problem is that I can't have a complete bowel movement. I always feel like I still have to go." The last one says, "I don't have any problem peeing or pooping, every morning at 8:30 I completely empty my bladder and bowels...the only problem is that I don't get out of bed until 9:00."

A Glance at the past.

By: Fannie L Prothro



Drawings by
Barby Prothro

Forward by
Martha Wells

This is a story that my grandmother wrote about her life. She was in her 80's when she wrote it and died a couple of years afterward. I really don't know much about my grandmother except what she wrote at the end of her life and I am very grateful that she took the time to write down what she did. To me, it has meant having a small sense of family ...something of which I had very little while growing up.

Fannie L Prothro

At the request of my granddaughters, this is a brief story of my life, a glance at the past as I remember it.

I was born Fannie Lillian Terry in Crecy, Texas (Trinity County) January 5, 1895. My father was Randolph Monroe Terry, my mother was Theodosia McClain. They got married in 1894, when Papa was 19 and Mama 17. My father was tall, with sandy hair and blue eyes. My mother had black hair and eyes. When I was a little girl, I was fair and had blue eyes. I heard people say it was a pity that I didn't have hair like Mama's.

When I was a year old Mama

A Glance at the Past

Mama went to the wood pile to get wood for the fireplace. She did not know I had followed her to the fence. She threw a pine knot over the fence, hit me on the head and knocked me senseless.

She picked me up, ran crying to the field where Papa was, and said, "O, I've killed her." I don't know how they revived me. So thankful they did.

A short distance from our house there was a creek, fed by a spring up on a hill with a waterfall that was about five feet high. This was where Mama washed our clothes in a zinc tub. Papa went along to carry the bundle and make a fire under the black iron wash pot. Mama put the clothes on a big wooden block and paddled them. She boiled them and rinsed them in three tubs then carried them home and dried them on a clothes line.

One day when we were there Papa took me and waded in the shallow water. He stepped off into a deep place over his head, fell under the water, and dropped me. I remember this and from that time I've been afraid of water and never learned to swim.

Mama read "Brer Rabbitt" to me and I thought it was our spring where he muddied the water. There were black-berry bushes and a briar patch--where he did not want to be.

Our school was two miles from our house. My brother Ed and I walked with other children who lived near us. The McBrides had a girl my age, May, and a boy, Jim Tom, Ed's age. We liked to go spend the night with friends, but were not allowed to go often.

There was a boy, Howard Mangum, whose mother had died and his father let him go any time. One day he said he would go home with the one who carried





him piggyback the farthest. He rode Ed's back and then Jim Tom's. We had to pass Grandpa's store and he saw Ed all stooped over with a boy on his back. Grandpa told Papa about seeing Ed with the boy on his back. Papa was angry and told Ed never to do that again.

We had a cow that would chase me. One day papa hid and made me go in the pen where she was. Sure enough, she came at me in a fast run. Papa jumped the fence and whipped her; said that would cure her. I never gave her a chance to know if she was cured.

Our social life was built around the church. They had singing conventions. I remember Papa and Mama would always go. A teacher came to teach singing and we always attended. Mama sang alto and I loved to hear Papa sing. I think these meetings were in the summer when the crops were laid

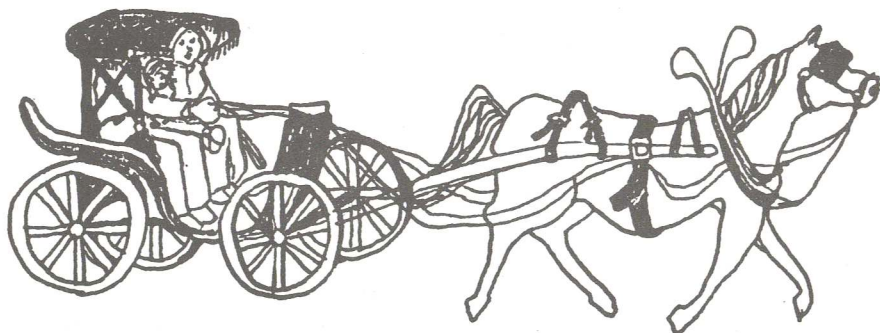
by. They had books with shaped notes (now the notes are round).

They would have dinner on the ground and preaching once each month.

We had a Christmas tree at Church. Santa was there to give out the presents. Everyone received a gift and stick candy.

No one had a tree at home. We hung our stockings on the mantle above the fireplace and got an orange, apple, and nuts.

On Sunday when there wasn't church service at Crecy, we often went to Grandpa McClain's. I loved to ride in the



surrey with fringe around the top. They hitched the horses that pulled all the buggies and wagons around the church house under the shade trees.

Usually someone went home with us for dinner. Grandma always cooked the best food, chicken and dumplings, smoke cured ham, sweet potatoes with candy dripping, big dishes of vegetables, pickles, preserves, hot biscuits, corn bread, yellow butter, sweet milk and buttermilk. It was a long dining table, with Grandpa at the head and Grandma at the end. Eleven children sat at the side, and there was always room for another guest. Grandpa asked the blessing. I couldn't understand the words because of his Scottish accent.

After dinner, the young people went to the parlor. One played the organ and they sang hymns and popular songs. When they were tired of singing, the men went outside and wrestled and played

"pitching dollars". They dug a hole the size of a dollar, stood on a line on the ground a certain distance and each pitched a dollar towards the hole. The one that went in won. They ran races, broad jumped, etc.

We crossed a creek on our way; usually it was ankle deep. One time it rained the night before. The water came down from the hills and the creek was wide. Papa drove in and when halfway across the wagon lodged on on a big log and almost upset us in the water. We children screamed and frightened the horses. Papa unhitched them and rode out to the bank. We were scared the wagon would spill us in the deep water and were so glad when some men came and carried us out.

That was one time I didn't enjoy my visit because I was thinking about having to cross the creek again going home. But when we got to the creek, the water had flowed off and the log had been removed.

Mother's people, the McClains, moved to Texas from Tennessee after the Civil War and Settled in Trinity County at Centralia. Her people were Scotch-Irish. Her father was named James Ardis and her mother Harriet Meredith.

Grandpa McClain had more than a thousand acres of good farm land and raised cotton, sugar cane, peanuts, and corn. He had a big orchard, with peach, pear, plum, apple and fig trees. Grandpa McClain gave my parents sixty acres of land half-way between Mama's and Papa's families in Crecy, Texas and

they built a house with a big hall and two rooms on each side. The hall was open at each end--called a dog trot.

Father's family came to Texas from Louisiana. His father was Sanford Warren Terry, his mother Cornelia Elizabeth Cockerham.

The Terrys came from Ireland; the name was O'Terry but the O was dropped after they arrived in America.

They owned many slaves and were wealthy until after the Civil War. Taxes and debts took all they had and they left their home near Baton Rouge, Louisiana for Texas. Five brothers and their

families went in covered wagons. They settled at Crecy, Texas. They had a big house, lots of trees, shrubs, and flowers.

Grandpa had a country store and taught school. The store was near their house. Grandpa closed the store at noon for dinner. Then he and Grandma would take a nap or rest. And they always had a headache and said I had magic in my hands, so I would rub their foreheads. Grandpa always gave me a shiny new nickel. (When I visited my Aunt Berta recently, I asked if they had really had headaches. She said no, they just liked to have me rub their heads.)

They had the first telephone in the community. People said they would not have one of those things, lightning might strike and burn the house.

A photographer came to Crecy and stopped at Grandpa's. People went there to have group pictures taken. Mama and Papa took us, all dressed in our best, to have some made. My sister, Eva, four years younger than I, had pretty red curls, brown eyes and fair skin. She wandered off near the bee hives and a bee stung her on the cheek. Everyone looked straight at the photographer, no smiles.

A Glance at the Past

And Eva's face was so swollen, but she also looked straight ahead and did not look like herself as that bee sting really changed her looks.

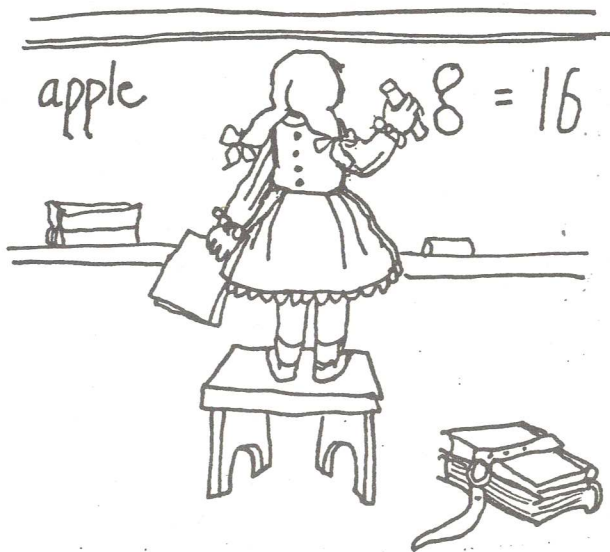
This reminds me that I must have been jealous of Eva's pretty curls. One day I took her outside and cut every curl as close as I could with scissors. When she went back in the house, Mama shrieked and I got a switching.

Mama baked pies and cakes every Friday. She put a fresh cake on the dining room table to cool. It looked so good, I broke a bite and it was good. I kept eating.

Not much left. Crumbs dropped on the floor. Mama missed me and called, "What are you doing?" "Raking crumbs through a crack," my answer. Another switching. My parents believed in using the rod (switch). Never hurt, except our feelings, very much.

We lived ten miles from Groveton, the county seat of Trinity County. The road was graded and the men who lived in the district worked the road. They used oxen to pull heavy logs over it to make it level. We walked to school on this road. One day some wolves crossed ahead of us. We were scared but they ran off into the deep woods.

One teacher was Professor Pool. All classes were in the same room. We used a slate to do our writing and numbers.



One day Ed had done something against the rules and Professor Pool said, "Ed go bring me a nine prong switch." Ed went outside and stayed a long time. Professor Pool went to a window and called, "Ed, come on right now with that switch."

Ed was crying and said, "Professor Pool, I don't know what a nine prong switch is."

I can't remember what happened then.

We would never tell if one got punished at school. Papa said if we got a whipping at school, we would get another when we got home because the teacher was always right.

Once a month, Ed and I took a sack of shelled corn to a grist mill to have it ground for meal. The miller took some of the meal for his pay.

We liked to go as we rode the horses.

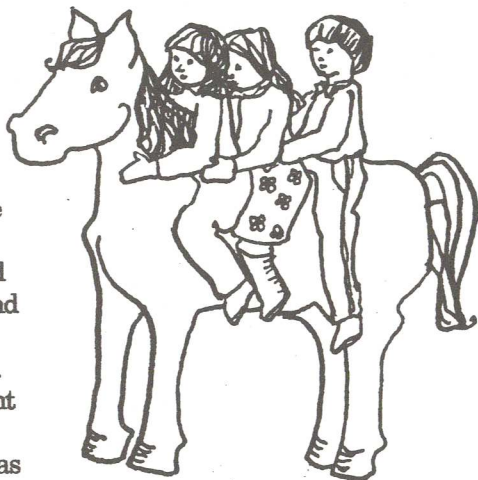
In the winter, papa butchered hogs. Neighbors came to help and were given some of the meat.

Papa made syrup in the fall. He had a cane mill. A horse went around in a circle to grind the cane, it flowed into a pan and was cooked, then into another pan where it finished cooking.

We had a log rolling. Papa wanted to clear some land to add to his farm and neighbors came to help. They cut the trees, piled them, and burned them. Mama prepared a big dinner.

About this time, Papa ran for tax assessor, lost by a few votes, ran the next time, lost again. That ended his political career.

We moved to Groveton when I was seven. Papa got a job with a lumber mill. We had a nice house with a long porch across the front. We had children to play with, a big barn to play in, and a pony to ride. She was gentle and Ed, Eva and I would mount her and she would canter off, easy to ride. Often when we were a mile or so from home she would stop and turn her head around and try to bite us. We had to get off and lead her back home. This didn't happen every time, just when she was in the mood.



A Glance at the Past

Grandpa Terry moved to Groveton and I visited them often. One night I went to spend the night with a friend. In the middle of the night I woke up; mosquitoes were all over me. I couldn't go to sleep, got up and went home about two blocks away. I went upstairs and went to bed under a mosquito bar (net). When my friends woke up the next morning and I was missing, they were frightened and came to our house to report me missing. Grandma went to my room and found me sound asleep.

There was a good grade school at Groveton. High school pupils were upstairs and we were not allowed to go up there. There was a high wall dividing the play ground. Boys on one side, girls on the other. When we had recess, the boys played football and baseball.

The girls played games. One I liked was called "witch".

One was the witch; she sat on the ground while the others had a base. They would go skipping and singing, "Chicken, chicken, McCraney Crow, I went to the well to wash my toe, when I came along back, my blackeyed chicken was gone, what time is it Old Witch?" She would say "one" and we'd go back to base and repeat. The witch counted until the number she had written down. When she said it, she would jump up and chase us. If one was touched, she had to be the witch (I've told this in detail

as I don't think children play it now).

One night Mama was sitting up with me while I was studying my lessons. We went to the back porch to get a drink of water. The linen tablecloth was on a line by the dining room. Mama opened the door to put it inside. A man was standing at the end of the table! She ran so fast to tell Papa a man was there, she could hardly walk the next day.

When Papa got there, the man was gone. The peg in the syrup barrel was out and syrup was pouring out on the pantry floor. Flour was spilled too. No one locked their doors.

There was a picnic ground near a river where people like to go and camp. My grandparents went as chaperones. One time I went with them. They went in wagons and buggies, and carried food enough to last a week. The men slept in one tent, the girls in another, and I slept in the tent with Grandma and Grandpa. They fished and went swimming. The men and women did not go in swimming together. At night we sat around the campfire and told stories, sang songs and all had fun. One morning Grandma scolded the girls because she heard them talking to the men after all had gone to bed. She told them not to let it happen again, as it wasn't decent. I wondered why.

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MOTHER

Throughout the years
you have done so much for me.
How can I ever repay you?

You opened your arms and heart to me.
You taught me how to LOVE others
unconditionally, the way you loved me.

You are so much more than just a *mother*,
You are also a *friend* for me to talk to,
a *teacher* for me to learn from,
and a human being full of *love* and
kindness for me to look up to and admire.

I am glad that God chose you to be my
MOTHER, and I love you for being the
person that you are and for loving me.

DAD

When I was little and I would look up to see
you towering above me, you seemed so BIG
and STRONG that I always
felt SAFE and SECURE when you were
around.

Your touch was so gentle when you held
me, that I felt warm from the LOVE that you
showed me.

Now that I have grown up, I realize just how
special of a person it takes to have the
GENTLE STRENGTH that you had.

You always have and always will be SPECIAL
in my eyes and in my heart.

I LOVE YOU.

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