NAT was first called OLD PHILADELPHIA, and it was a – there was a church and school in the same building that once was established or built on the [current] Fanny Bone Whitaker place, and there is part of a well curb still standing of this old community. We don't know just exactly how far it goes back, but Col. Will Bates and his wife [Mary], who wrote articles in – Sentinel or Redland Herald – I don't know which–and which we got from the university Special Collections Library** – told that they believe that the – Nat – the beginnings of Nat Community could have gone back prior to the Civil War, I – but that, after the Civil War this, the Nat community was settling along the crossroads where the present Nat community center is situated, and that the people decided to give the church and school [at the Old Philadelphia site] to the Negro, to the Negro settlement – there was a Negro settlement across the road; so the church was moved after the Civil War. This was a Methodist church [building] and it was moved across the road for a Negro church and school. Fudd Wade, in the early years of mine and my husband's marriage, told C.A. [West] that there was once a sizeable Negro community back of the present Salem church where the old church was moved to, and that there was a road that went through there also that led to the Flatwoods road and on to Linn Flat and to Cushing and north to the Spanish Mission, and thence on to Arkansas on the – and the Cherokee Trace.

Now, uh, they moved the church – well the community was building up at the church at Crossroads where the present Nat community that is called Nat is situated; and, according to Cary Ray Parmley, a new church was built in front of the cemetery; and she says that she knows that it was there because she attended church there and that there was a school building, quite a nice school building, a two-story school building, across the street where the present church is now located.

Now according to the Col. Will Bates story, the school was quite an advanced school, they even had "bought" seats in it and chemistry classes, and that students

*Transcribed by Ouida Whitaker Dean; 422 E. Pilar St.; Nacogdoches, Texas, 75961;
**Steen Library, Stephen F. Austin State University, Nacogdoches, Texas.
attended there from other parts of the state of Texas. She was sure – Mrs. Bates was sure – that there was one student who attended class there from as far as San Augustine, Texas, and the school was noted as an outstanding school, far above even Nacogdoches.

Now, uh, the store that I heard of first was the Nathaniel Jarrells' store, and it was located on the corner where the store buildings through the years were, except that it faced where the church now stands, and, uh, Nathaniel Jarrell was the store owner and keeper; and it was decided in the community that they needed a post office, and so they applied to the state post office, the postal department, for a post office, and they wanted it to be named Crossroads; but because there were already several "Crossroads" in the community [sic (state)], they could not name it [that] – and they suggested that it be named Nat after Nathaniel Jarrell.

And after Nathaniel Jarrell, there was E.N. Jarrell, Ernest Jarrell, who ran the uh, – well, it was not a department store, but a general merchandise store. And as I remember, it faced the Nat-to-Wilsonville road. I remember Mr. Jarrell very well. I remember the post office. I remember that they had ice cream, and sody water, and dry goods, shoes and all sorts of things. And, uh, Mr. E. M. Jarrell, Ernest Jarrell, reared his family in the Nat community.

Now after Mr. Jarrell there was Mr. George Whitaker who ran the store. Now, Mr. George was into a lo-ot of things. I don't know how long he ran the store, but he had it a number of years; and, uh, and he also had a gin that was located on the Flat Woods road on the left side of the crossroads to Flatwoods. And then he also raised cattle, and he was in the ranching business I think, long before many people were, and was the first man [in the community] to own a car; my father was the second, I think, and Mr. George helped my father to bring his car home to help him to learn how to drive it.

Well, uh, after Mr. George ran the store, in my girlhood – well, he ran it for many years, and then Mr. John and Mrs. Lizzie, his brother [and sister-in-law], ran the store in their declining years. Now, they remodeled the store, and they had an apartment in the back of the house and that's where they lived, a sizeable, very nice apartment, and they bought a – a little house that had belonged to my sister and her husband Cary Cooper that they had built when he first taught at Nat before he became principal and moved into the teacherage. Mr. John and Mrs. Lizzie moved this little house to the back of the store and used it as a guest house when their children would come home. In this house after Mr.
John was gone, Welton Whitaker, his [John's] son, and his [Welton's] wife Fanny bought the place and used it as a place to come home to. I think Bell [John and Lizzie's daughter] and Floyd [Partin] and Travis, Dr. Travis, would also come home and, uh, spend the weekends there, though they didn’t live there. But now when Fanny and Welton retired, until they got their home built, they lived here in this house and now the home belongs to Dr. Travis, who has never married, and is er – a dentist in Beaumont.

Now, back of the store building is the cemetery. Now the cemetery is quite old and has some quite old graves in it. Some of the graves go back to the early 1800s. I know that, uh, the uh, some of the Russells are buried there, some of the Wades, and some of the Jarrells. Now, I don't know about the real old families, whether they – like the Brewers, and the Cooks and so forth, whether they are buried there. I do not believe that they are. They may be buried at Friendship community [– miles farther west]. I'm not sure about that.

The school was, uh, back of the cemetery on the Nat-to-Wilsonville road. And in my memory there were two schools. The first school – the school that I went to for two or three years – was a light brown school with sort of a yellow border and there were four rooms in this school house but only three of them were used as classrooms. There was the elementary and the, uh, middle, uh, middle, uh, class, classes, and then the high school. And, uh, the, uh, first teacher that I remember was Miss, uh, Miss Laura, who was my first grade teacher.

Ah, now the, uh, the school that had once been, uh, located, – the two-story building that was once located where the church now stands – uh, was moved on the school grounds and used as a lodge building. Now I remember very well this building. Uh, I had heard my parents speak of riding a goat, uh, in the upstairs of this building, and we, uh, school children would hear our parents speaking of "riding the goat" and we thought the goat was kept up there and we would go up there. We did not find a goat, but we did find a lot of gold and silver regalia that they were reported to have worn when they rode the goat. It was beautiful things; I don't remember just exactly what they looked like, I but I do remember that downstairs there once had been a, a chemistry class and there were all kinds of test tubes and beakers and, uh, glass things and burners, and we children would often snitch those test tubes, uh, in our, uh, to put in our playhouses. We had – we had built play houses out in the pine trees, uh, back of this lodge building and
we had quite a good time.

Now, uh, the – uh, uh, school – uh, uh, to me was, uh, a very interesting school. They, uh, the doors, opened up so that the whole building could be – the whole three teaching rooms – could be turned into an auditorium. Now, in the high school part there was a stage and we often had plays, especially at the end of school and, uh, before Christmas.

Now, I do not know how the school was lighted. I do know that we had running water because there were faucets. Evidently, there was some type of a Delco system.

I remember when I was about in the third grade that there came a cyclone and we were having a spelling match. All the building had been thrown together, uh, with the open doors, and small children and large ones and high school and all were together with the sch–, the spelling match. And it was pretty soon evident that we were having a storm and through the, uh, quick thinking of Mr. Jackson and, uh, some of the other teachers and the high school boys, uh, – even though the school careened and there were ashes blown allover the building, as I remember, – uh, no one was hurt because they, uh, secured the small children in their desks with the big boys holding on – on to them.

Now, uh, one of the interesting things about the school – well the school was not destroyed with this cyclone; they were able to, uh, go on teaching school, with – uh, uh, using – ah, some things to straighten the school up, and they went on teaching school and didn't lose any, any time at all.

One of the interesting things, uh, to me about the school was, was the stoves. They always used, uh, the wood stoves. They were great big, uh – not pot-bellied stoves, but – stoves with a jacket, and they threw out a great deal of heat. And I remember that when the boys would come in they would stick their feet into the fire, into the, uh, – against, uh – up to the heater to get their feet warm because they would have been playing outside where it was very cold, and it seems to me in my childhood that the weather was always freezing. I'm sure that it was not but that's my memory of it. And there would be the most pungent odor of rubber. Now the boys' shoes – they wore their shoes out, their soles out much faster than the girls did, and so the boys' – uh, shoes were resoled at home on a home-made shoe last with, uh, worn-out tires of, of cars.

And there was another very pungent odor, and that was the odor of asafetida. Now Momma never did not[sic] make us wear asafetida around our neck, but some of the
people did; and when the wind would get warm, you could really smell that asafetida.

And not only the asafetida but a lot of the people had the "seven-year itch." We had the seven-year itch once, but Momma kept us at home and greased us in sulphur and lard and made us sleep on the floor and, uh, use the same linens, and the same bedclothes, and she greased us day and night; – between bathing us – uh, between our bathing, and greasing we were always, ah, working to get rid of the itch. And it didn't take long to get rid of the itch. Anybody who really cared could get rid of the itch because the cure was not expensive. They used homemade lard and sulphur, and sulphur was very, very cheap. But, now that sulphur really had a pungent odor when it got hot and some people, uh, used it and still went to school and wore the same old, same old clothes! Uh, now, uh – I don't know what kind of lights we had. As I said, probably they were Delco because we did have running – we did have running – running water. And, uh, there were a great many teachers at Nat. As I said, Mrs. Laura Goldsberry – Well, she was a Baxter – now the Baxters were one of the real old families that lived on, uh, Flowery Mountain; they went back, oh, as far, I guess, as anybody did – the Baxters and the Brewers. Mrs. Laura – who was my first grade teacher – ah, ah, married John Goldsberry and ah, later they had a daughter named Lennijo Goldsberry. Ah, I suppose that the oldest peo, uh, the oldest, the teachers that go back the furthest of any that I remember were the S.V. Parrotts. S. stood for Saint and the V. stood for Valentine, and I imagine the kids, ah, got a kick out of that. My imagination is that he was born on St. Valentine's day and his mother named him St. Valentine. He had a brother who was – ah, the, – ah, presiding elder of the Nacogdoches district; and, he, ah, I went to school with, ah, one of his daughters.

Now, Andrew Jackson was a teacher whom I remember very well; he was the, uh, principal. He was not only the teacher, he was the coach. And he was a one-armed man, and with that one arm he could throw his, ah, basketball and always make the goal. He was an excellent coach and always had a winning, winning team, it seemed to me. And not only was he a good, ah, teacher, uh, and a good basketball player, and a good coach, he was a good disciplinarian. I remember once that there were two boys who had been very disobedient, and Mr. Jackson was going to whip them. He had only one hand, and so he had the, uh, switch in one hand and he could not hold them with his, uh, with his, – he could not hold them. Usually, a small child he would put between his legs and he would be able to hold him until he would, he would stand still and take, and take his
licking.

Well, this day the boys ran away from him, from the high school room into the middle room, and the window was open and they leaped out the window and here came Mr. Jackson running after them with a switch brandished in the air, and he leaped through the window – and it was a frightening time for all of us! But it was not long until he had the boys under control; and as far as I knew, they never gave him any more trouble. In fact, I don't think very many of them did give him any – any trouble.

Now, ah, there was his sister, Bessie, who taught the middle room where, I, ah, was in the fourth and fifth grade; and then his wife, Opal, who taught the, uh, elementary grades. Ah, there was a, uh, the, oh, uh – there was Mr. Coats, and he had two daughters; they were nearly grown. And there was Jim Ammons and his wife, Velma, ah, Sitton who, who taught there; Roy Self, ah, who taught there, but not his wife. Now, Mr. Roy Self was our Sunday School tea- superintendent; and he was a very fine man, as were most of these.

Then there was a Mr. Tillory, and he had a daughter I remember named Opal, and his wife was Mrs. Hugh Haney's sister. Ah, then was Mrs. Obie Jones, uh, uh, Mrs., uh, Neal from Trawick, Dee[?] White, Vernis Fulmer, Jesse Bone, Hettie Bates, Mr. Green, who was, uh, an agriculture teacher, and, ah, taught also at Lilbert once; and Jake Rogers from, uh, Alto; Carey and Zellah[?] .Now Zellah – ah, both of them taught there; he first just taught as a teacher, and then later was the, ah, superintendent. Vera, uh, Baker Trawick taught there several years. Earl Whitaker prepared to be a teacher, but whether he ever taught there I do not know.

But Bert Loy was, ah, one of the early teachers. Luther Loy may have taught there. He spent most of his years in, ah, Silsbee or South Texas. Maggie Sitton prepared to be a teacher. She married Earl McLain ah, Merle McLain, and I – Maggie taught there; but I'm not sure about Merle. I know they taught at Lilbert and at Cushing and somewhere in Beaumont.

And then there was, ah, Dee Partin's wife. There was Laura Melton. There was Lossie D. Shirley from, uh, Douglass – and, ah, ah, just a great many teachers. Now in this – this school – this school building , ah, that I went to school in – I think, blew away. Uh, it seems that there must have been a cyclone pocket in there, because churches and store buildings and, ah, schools were always blowing away. But when I was teaching at
Cushing, there was a large white school [at Nat?], ah, a, a white plank school and they had about ten teachers, and they had a gymnasium, and the, uh, lodge building was long since, uh, a long since gone. I think that they, uh, sold the teacherage – Jim Bradshaw and his wife, Mattie B., uh, Vanlandingingham bought the teacherage; and I think that, ah, about the time of the, ah, second World War that, uh, the, uh, Nat school consolidated with the Cushing school.

Ah, now, to the left of the, er., sort of cater-cornered from the school building there was a little house, a little, uh, – well, just a plain, plank house and, uh, Ken Mullins and his wife, Ida McCuistian lived there. Now their oldest child was Lilla, and then there was Grady – Lilla married Bill O-, Overall. And then there was Grady who married Nola Long. And there was Flonnie(?) who married Arthur Overall. Now, Arthur and Bill, I think, were not brothers, but first cousins. And Zanie, who married Albert Hagens. And I do not know whom Needie married, but Needie was always one of my friends; I should know whom she married, but I don't know.

Then, ah, there was, ah, ah – there – they were the Lees who lived there. Now, they had first lived on Uncle Cort's place, but I will enumerate them from here. The Lees had, uh, four daughters and one son. Ah, the daughters were, uh, uh, Ione, who married Othell Baker and they had one daughter, Shirley; and then there was, uh, uh, Oleta, and ah, ah, there was Oleta and uh, uh, – Well, I can't think of her name; and uh, uh, then a boy, and, ah, Hazel, Hazel, was the youngest girl.

Then, next to the school on the right hand side of the road was the McLain house. Now this house had first belonged to the Oscar Bateses. Harold Bates, who is the second son of Oscar and Sudie told me that he remembered that they had lived there, and that it was there that Kyle was kicked in the head by, uh, a horse and they had to put a silver dollar into his head. Now, their children were Kyle, who was a teacher – who became a teacher. He was, ah, a real good friend of mine when we were, ah, growing up. In fact, we both liked a lot of the same things: we both loved history; we both loved to read. Then Harold who married Evelyn Davis, with whom I taught school in Cushing, and Garth, and, uh, uh, I think another boy, and then Jeanette. And, uh, Harold tells me that they ran the post office, but he did not know where the post office was located or if it was in with his Uncle Frank's store.

Then, ah, the next place is on the left and it was George Whitaker's house, and he
married Tancie Hammond; and, ah, their children were, ah , – Well, first of all, let me tell you a little bit about the house. The house, I think would have been too old for George and Tancie to have built it; it was built on the old style with the hall all the way through and the kitchen off at one, ah, one end of the house. And the oldest child was Willie and he was about Oran's age. He'd be about 78 years old now and he married Bessie White from Lilbert. And the next was, uh, Iva, who married Jim Reeves. Now Iva and Jim were both teachers, but I do not think that they ever taught at Nat. They, uh, ah, – I know Jim was reared at Flatwoods, right across from the Flatwoods, ah, school. Ah, but then they taught at Diboll, and, ah, after they retired, they lived in, ah, ah, Lufkin and are still living there and once in a while they come to the homecoming.

Then the next was, ah, Earl and he married Vonnie Barnhart, and they had four lovely daughters. They had, uh, uh, Betty, who married David Whitaker of Dou-, –ah, Lilbert – and they moved to Longview, and he worked with the ah, uh, on the uh, airport road; and, uh, unfortunately, he died at a very early age, and, uh, Betty was left with several, uh, children to rear; but the children are now grown, and she has married again. And then there was Ouida, who married a, uh, a Mr. Dean, who is a college professor here at Nacogdoches. And Ouida, ah, ...has her masters degree in history and in English. And then there were Judy, and – ah, ah, Judy and, – ah, Susie. Ah, Vonnie was Beatrice's – my sister Beatrice's – age, and she was a very brilliant girl, also. Then there was, uh, Floy, who married Walter Vice, also from Flatwoods. And, Walter was buried the next day Monday after the last homecoming in October of 19 an’ 81. [This would make the dating of the tapes ca. 1982.]

And, ah, Clois, who married Basil Partin – Now, Clois was a teacher, and she taught at Cushing a good many years; and then, ah, she and Basil moved to Houston and, ah, ah, she has taught homemaking [no, science in elementary school] there and is still teaching. I understand that she and Basil built a home right across from Mother West's house there in Cushing, a very nice home; but they haven't lived there very much, if any time at all.

Then next to the Whitaker house was Will and Carey(?)'s little house that they built while Carey was just teaching before he moved into the teacherage as the principal of the school. And next to that was Beatrice and Roy's house. They built it on the 50 acres of land that they inherited from my mother when my father divided the land before
he married Seletha Whitaker Richardson, ah, a few years after my mother's death.

Then there was Fudd Wade's house. Now, Fudd was a Colored man. Ah, he was the father of about 20 children; and, ah, he lived on my father's place – not always here, but, ah, where my father lived for all, all, all of his life, for [or?] at least 50 years. And then there's Ouida's house. She has built a nice brick house [no, a framed A-frame; 1/2 mi. from the crossroads at Nat] way back on the land that she inherited from Earl that had been part of Mr. George's estate. Ah, now my father owned, I guess, about a hundred acres of land in here. He had bought from George Whitaker. Ah, but he, ah, it may have just been 50 acres, and that may have been the land that, that he gave to Roy and Beatrice.

Now the next house is on the left, and, ah, that is C.A. Trawick's house. And, ah, it is an old house, if not one of the oldest in the Nat community – not as old as the Wade house, ah, but, but, where the Bones grew up; but, ah, it's an old house and it is – it was an unpainted house with board and batten. And not until Jeannine, a granddaughter of, ah, the C.A. Trawicks, lived there did the house ever get any paint at all. And then, ah, because she didn't live there very long, the house, ah, she did not complete-, completely finish the painting of the house.

Now at the, ah, left of the house as it faced the road, there was a well-shed. As I remember, it was connected to the house. Ah, but to me it was just a storage house because inside this house there were all kinds of, ah, ah, pottery, jugs with corn cob stoppers in them, and pitchers and wash basins, and fruit jars and other collections. And I remember when I was there once I asked Mr. Trawick, "What do you do with all those jugs?" And he said, "Well, I use them for water. I have to take some water to the field and, ah, if you put a tow sack around them and keep that tow sack wet, well then you could have cool water to drink."

Well, it fascinated me because my father never used that, that kind of a deal. Ah, we always took water to him; we'd take him some fresh well water, ah, in a fruit jar, to drink, every few hours. Ah, but of course, ah, I guess Mr., ah, Trawick had his kids working in the fields, maybe with him, and they needed the water, too.

And only Oran helped Papa, because Papa thought that the girls ought to stay at home with Mama and help her take care of things until it came cotton picking [chopping?] or cotton picking time, and then we picked cotton until it was time to start to
Now, in Mr. Trawick's house there were a lot of antiques; I remember them very well. I remember we spent the night with them the night that the school house had been in the cyclone, because the winds and rains came and we could not get across the creek because it was up. Now we did have telephones, and so Mama telephoned Miz Seleth Trawick and asked if it would be all right if we spent the night there. Now Opal – not Opal, but Cleo – was one of Zellah's best friends, and J.T. was Oran's best friend, and so it was quite all, all right for us to stay there. But I remembered how homesick I was for Mama; I wouldn't have been over seven or eight or nine years old, I guess.

Ah, now, ah, the Trawicks were Methodists, and they were very devout Methodists. Mrs. Trawick was the clerk, ah, for the Methodist Church for a long time, and, ah, along with Papa and Uncle Cort, uh, they were the ones who entertained the preacher and had them dinner most of the time. Now, ah, Mr., ah, Trawick farmed; but he had bottom land, and so he grew ribbon cane. And he also had a syrup – he also had a syrup mill. And, ah, as we children would walk, because there were no buses during this time – ah, as we would walk from school, we would, uh, ah, stop and he would give us a stalk of cane if they were cutting the cane, or some juice if they were, ah, making syrup. Now, I never did like ribbon cane syrup; I didn't like the juice; I didn't like the cane; I didn't like the syrup. Papa always raised sorghum cane for Beatrice and me, and, ah, he made ah, sorghum syrup. And I loved that thick, ah, sorghum syrup. But now it tastes so strong I cannot imagine how we could have eaten it. I like ribbon cane now. Ah, ribbon cane is more fattening than sorghum, and of course I would like it now.

Now one of the things that I forgot to tell is the fact that the boys took their lunch in, ah, syrup buckets. Talking about syrup has reminded me of this. And, ah, so they would

END SIDE IA

[Apparently, Mrs. West continued to talk at this point, not realizing she was not recording. Check for related information on last tapes where she has corrections, etc.]

Memories

He [? See supplement for pronoun referent; Mrs. West apparently did not realize a portion of her narrative did not record on Tape I.A] . . . later didn't come home very often – maybe once a year – and we wouldn't see him always when he came.
Then the next child was, ah, Opal, who married El Ray Whitaker, who was the son of Frank Whitaker, who was the, uh, son of Mr. Matt Whitaker's, uh, first wife. And, uh, they moved to Oklahoma. And their children – Mr. Frank and Miss Ella Baucom's children – were, uh, El Ray and Jack and Lorene and the twins and Bluford, who died with meningitis before they moved to Oklahoma. And, uh, there may have been others that I do not remember. But we visited them when we went to Oklahoma. Ah, now Papa di-, – we did not just go to see them when we went to Oklahoma. Papa wanted to go up and see the land in Oklahoma that he had heard about in such glowing terms and to decide whether he wanted to move to Oklahoma and sell his land in Nacogdoches County. But once we went, we visited the Mayfields – the Needham Quarles Mayfields, who lived there; we visited the, uh, Frank Whitakers; we visited the Elton Bateses (Elton Bates had married, uh, Lura Grimes, who was the daughter of one of my father's best friends, uh, Dan Grimes).

And, ah, ah, when, ah, he came back [from Oklahoma], he had, ah, such a rough time. He played out of money. For one thing, the Red River got up and we had to go back, and, it took more money to live that extra week that we had to stay. And then when we started home, the ah, ah – after the Red River went down – uh, we got to Dallas, I, ah, took, ah, malarial fever, and they had to stop and take me to a doctor because I was, ah, out of my head delirious, and, uh, it seemed that I was going to die unless they got me home to Dr. Campbell. Ah, we, along with the Whitakers and some other of the people, felt that if, uh, we could just – if Dr. Campbell could just, just lay his hand on us that he could bring us back to life.

Well, uh, it cost something to pay the doctor and for us to stay in the hotel that night. And so, ah, Papa was out of money. And he didn't know what to do; he did not think that I was getting any better nor would I get any better. And so, ah, he began trying to think what he could do. If he had the money he could, uh – we could go home on the train 'cause the train went right to Cushing.

And Oran, who was fifteen years old at that time and knew everything about a car, would drive the car home from Dallas. Now Mama nor Papa neither worried about Oran because he was a very 'spons–responsible lad. And, it seemed that he could take a piece of baling wire and fix any, uh, tin lizzie, uh, that existed. And so, uh, the quandry was he didn't know anybody in Dallas; he knew, uh, Holloway Petty, and he tried to call
him, but he was not able to reach him. And, uh, so then Papa remembered that he had bought things at Sears, Roebuck; and so he called them and they would cash a check for him.

And so Oran left in the car, and, uh, we left for – at, at this time I was delirious, did not know anything that was going on – and we left for, ah, ah, ah, when the train left Dallas, ah, for Cushing. And, ah, I do not remember any of that trip home. But I understand that, ah, ah, someone took us out home and they phoned ahead for Dr. Campbell to be there, and he was there, and sure enough he saved my life.

Ah, now, the, ah, next ch–, the next child after El Ray, ah, after Opal, ah, was, ah, J.T. And J.T. married my first cousin, Vera, uh, Baker, Uncle Cort and Aunt Ella’s daughter. Then there was Cleo, who married, uh, Herman McChristian. And Cleo is still living and they live in, uh, Beaumont. And Cleo, uh, uh, comes to the homecomings, but Herman has been dead a number of years.

Then Russell married Laura Melton, one of the Nat school teachers. And, I do not th–, know whom Garland married. But, ah, ah –. These were the children of, uh, uh, C.A., uh, and Seleta Trawick. Now Seleta was the wife of, uh –, was the, uh, daughter of Seppie and Eli Russell, and, uh, we will enumerate them a – a little –, little later.

Next would be the Trawick rent house. Ah, and, ah, as I remembr this house, the, ah, earliest people that I remembered were the Joe Pages. Now they lived on the the right hand side along with the Trawicks. And they had a daughter Gladys, and a son whose name I do not recall. The next people were the Hodges. And, ah, there was, ah, Ethel, who married Ethel Hodges–who married Elton Bates, and I will tell about them on another road, uh, from Nat. And then was Belle, who married, uh, a Tennyson from, uh, Dexter; and, uh, Walter and – Walter, and, uh, and, uh, well – George. Walter and George. And I do not know whom they married.

Then after them, I think there was only the Negro family of Veele Anderson and her husband where she raised – reared – her children. Ahh, then the next would be, uh, Caney Creek. Ah, on across from Caney Creek – Caney Creek flowed most of the year around, but not always. Now, quite often in the winter it got out, out of its banks, and, uh, it would be, uh, uh, difficult to get across, and we just couldn't travel. But, finally they were able to build, uh, big enough bridges, so that – high enough bridges, so that I think it never overflowed, overflows any more.
The next house would be the Felix Long house, ah, which is on the left, and, I do not know if Felix Long built this house or not. He was married to Nannie Whitaker, one of the first set of the Whitaker, of Matt Whitaker's children. And they had Nola, who married Grady Mullins; uh, Lela Mae, who married, ah, ah, Dewey Woodland; and, uh, Inez, who married Jesse Barnhart – and they didn't have any children; and Felix, who married Gladys Hamilton, who was one of my very dearest friends, especially in high school. And then Eddie, who died very young. They had gone, as I remember, uh, at Christmastime to, uh, Mt. Enterprise – and this was after his second marriage – and, ah, the little girl took ill and before they could, uh, get back home or get a doctor or anything, she died. And I remember how tragic it was to me because she had been one of my dear friends.

Then, in his second marriage, uh, he married a woman from Mt. Enterprise, and, uh, uh, they had a daughter. And she had brought to this marriage two sisters and a brother whom she had helped to rear. And, uh, one, one of the daughters was named Opal, and she married, uh, James Hamilton. And Opal is dead, died with cancer, and, uh, Jeannie is still living.

Then there was, uh, the girl who married Charles Moore, and I don't remember her name. Then there was Ennis, who married my double first cousin, Fay Baker. Now, I do not know where they lived at Nat, but they lived there for several years, and then they moved to Dallas, and then back to Frankston, where they, where they still live. Now Pearl and Murdock lived in the Felix Long house – I do not [End of TAPE I, SIDE B]