

Memoirs of Charley Watley Callaway

October 3, 1888 - Kaufman County, Texas.

Father - James H. Came to Texas when he was 20 years old.

Married Emma Creech, near Ennis, Texas.

Moved to Newlin in Hall County, 1896 - farmed there several years-moving to Hereford, Deaf Smith County, 1902.



Max, Alice, Dallas, CW Sr
Thad, Cert, Burl, CW Jr, Lela

My schooling was in Newlin-Lakeview (those days seven miles west of Memphis-not now on the map,) and then at Hereford. Much later at the Metropolitan Business College in Dallas. Most schools were one room and teachers taught all grades, Hereford was an exception, a bigger school and several teachers.

In Hall County, being a farmer, we all worked in the fields. We did a lot of hard work with the hoe in the corn and cotton fields. Picking cotton was my hardest work, as much of that was in the winter. Walking behind a plow all day was also very hard work and I was doing this kind of work when 9 to 10 years of age.

When we moved to Hereford my father went into the real estate business. On our trip from Hall County to Hereford, we traveled in a covered wagon. At Goodnight, I saw my first buffalo. The town was very small and the biggest and best home was the Charles Goodnight Ranch home. There were several of the buffaloes in the pen close to the house and quite a few we could see from a distance. This side of Goodnight, we were about on the plains and we took a trail leading west. It was across ranches and homes were far apart. The trails headed toward the small town of Canyon. On those ranches were many antelope, now and then we would see a coyote or a big wolf. Stopping to camp at night, it was at some ranch home, or a windmill. We always were welcome and even some insisted that we spend the night in their home and offered food and hay for our horses.

At Hereford our daddy bought a home close in. I don't have in mind how many rooms the home had, but it was big enough for the family of 5 boys and two girls, and our parents. Another sister was born April 29, 1903 - died July 29, just lived three months. At that home we had a windmill and good well water.

Hereford was on a boom when we moved there. One could hear the hammers pounding in all directions. The Santa Fe RR was running a special train out of Chicago often, with approximately 100 prospective buyers of the XIT ranch land. My father, was one of the representatives on the sale of that

land. Quite a few bought, a few never moved quite a few sold out and returned to Chicago. The few that stuck were the hardy and of course it paid off in time.

Our stay in Hereford was not for long. Sometime after the baby was born my mother's health failed, and it seems she realized the serious condition she had. She started teaching me to cook, Floyd to sew and do other housework. Jess was three years older than me and he was already working out at some job. Jewel was also taught to do quite a few home chores. The doctor bills began to pile up on daddy, and he had to be at home a lot so could not give full time to his job. On July 14, 1904, mother died. She is buried at the Hereford Cemetery alongside our infant sister, Ruby.

Time went on getting harder all along for the family to be held together, and for daddy to make a living. So, I went to Memphis, Texas to work on a farm. Judge Bradley was to pay me \$15 a month and board me. He had four mules and a riding plow and needed 100 acres of sod broken. His home was right on the city limits of Memphis, his land spread out from the city, a creek running through the pasture and the field to be plowed. So off I went on my first trip away from home, At times, I got real homesick. I would cry at times. Mostly while riding that plow. Sometimes, after going to bed at night. I stuck it out for six months. The first month the Judge paid me \$15 and I bought some work clothes, the second month he gave me \$16, so I felt that I was probably doing the job, it made me feel good to get the raise. So the other months it was \$16, but at the last of the six months, he made it all come to \$20 a month, how I did appreciate that. The Bradley family of 2 boys and 5 girls, as well as Mrs. Bradley treated me as one of them. Mrs. Bradley was a wonderful mother to me, she saw that I stayed clean and neat, the same as she did her children, she took care of my clothes as to patches and rips just as she did her own. She saw that I ate right, and she kept me with the other children when she lectured us on manners, Christian living, when they had home prayers and singing. I also went to church when they went. I don't remember of being so sick that I needed a doctor, but did need a dentist to pull a wisdom tooth, the Judge went with me for that. It was some operation, had to be taken out in pieces, I got awful sick after I got home and had a very swollen jaw for several days, but I got good home care, and the Judge paid the bill. I loved that family, still it was great to get back with daddy and my brothers and sisters. I took with me \$75 of that \$120, that I had been paid, and I had good work clothes and Sunday clothes.

At Hereford and home, I went back to school. Instead of the high school, to the Add-Ran College, which was having a hard time to exist. There was a part time preacher helping at that college, doing some teaching and the janitor work, also had three or four greyhound rabbit and coyote dogs, and they were good. His name was Harvey, and he was a long time friend of Addison and Randolph Clark, and who had followed them from Thorp Springs, Texas,

Sometime in 1905, the Clarks' gave up on the college and returned to Thorp Springs. Brother Harvey as we called him was also moving back. He rented an immigrant railroad car and ask me to go with him in that car. That meant that I would be stealing the ride but seemingly it was really not even thought of as stealing in that day, it was common practice. Never the less, it was none other than stealing, as the rental on the car called for one man only, if livestock was taken. So, Mr. Harvey loaded his household goods, horses(2), one cow and the dogs - hay and grain, dog food and our food, and I slipped aboard. I had a bed away back in one end of the car, a perfect hiding place "seemingly" and away we went, by way of Santa Fe to Amarillo, then Fort Worth and Denver to Fort Worth and Granbury-Hood County-about 60 miles out southwest. Thorp Springs not shown any more on most maps is only 3 miles from Granbury. The old original Add-Ran College was still standing when I last heard. The Clarks, in my day were all known well in Texas as educators and preachers. I got a basement room at Lee Clarks' two level home. I was to cut the wood for their cook stove and fire place, also my fire place. There was a tub full "heaped up" of native pecans under my bed. I had odd work here and there and quite a lot of mixing mud and carrying brick, also native rock, repairing the main administration building, that had been damaged by fire. My wages were \$1.00 per day. I quite often was invited to eat with the Lee Clarks' and his parents, the Randolph Clarks. There was a home in Thorp Springs that would feed me for 25 to 30¢ a meal. I made out on bread, crackers, cheese and some can goods bought at a small grocery store, saving all the money I could.

RENTING A FARM

After a few months in Thorp Springs, I learned of a small farm that I could rent, it had a run down shack, but still livable. So I took it, I wrote Floyd to come and he did. My father was putting Jewel, Earl, Lee and Lois in the Juliet Orphans Home between Dallas and Fort Worth about that time and getting ready to move from Hereford to Childress. The Fort Worth and Denver shops were being moved from Clarendon to Childress, and he had in mind getting back in the building construction. He would buy some lots and start on two and four room homes for the railroad families.

After moving to the farm, Floyd and I had to find a few items to set up house keeping, we picked up items here and there at very reasonable prices. Floyd had saved up a few dollars. I bought a good horse for a small sum, we needed another, our father came by to see us and he assisted us some. It was of course a loan. He had been to the orphans home to see how the children there were and still he wanted to know about us. Floyd and I lost no time in making a dollar and soon spending it on another horse, a wagon plow and a cultivator, as it was time to plow. One would work out every day, one would be farming. Our grocery bill was an average of around \$8 a month, and should be paid promptly, and it was. Neighbors were great and loaned us some farm items we did not have. Soon we could look down the rows of cotton and corn coming up. A beautiful sight to two young farmers, I some past 17, Floyd, 15 years plus. We were very happy together and we did not lack for entertainment.

Neighbor boys and their coon dogs, possum, fishing and let's not overlook friend Brother Harvey, with his greyhounds. While there were quite a few rock fences along that Brazos River country, still too much barbwire fences for greyhounds, they were getting too badly cut up, there were no jack rabbits, but lots of cottontails. No coyotes, soon his dogs were dead. Greyhounds needed open country not small fields. But it was great sport when coon and possum hounds picked up a trail, it was a night time sport. Fishing in that part of Texas was real good, and swimming holes along the creeks good.

Our cotton and corn had got a real start, looked as though we had it made. Then there comes a letter from our dad that we should make good money at Childress in the dray business. It would be mostly unloading cars of lumber and all building products for the lumber yards. His letter contained statements convincing us, we were of the opinion that the panhandle country was where we should be. We lost no time in looking for someone to buy our crop and take over the lease of the farm. A young man we knew took it, would harvest the crop, pay the rent, he would take half of the proceeds and send us half, that worked out fine.

On our way to Childress in a covered wagon, summer of 1906. A young man friend, who had a young pony, saddle, and bed roll decided to make the trip with us, leaving Granbury and heading toward Weatherford, hard luck hit us the first day. We were near Weatherford late in the evening when one of our horses got sick. We had to take him out and harness up that friends pony. Kidney trouble, as he failed to pass water. Anxious to get in town so we could get medicine and help, we kept him walking, each of us taking turns leading him along. It was a slow go, as he was often stopping and trying to pass his water. Dark had arrived by the time we made it to a wagon yard, several different men helped us until midnight. One of us was sticking with him, taking turns for some sleep, the rest of the night. We did take time out to eat, but they told us the next morning that if he died it would cost us \$5 to have him drug out of town, and so to save that if possible, we got an early start and a mile or so out, as I was leading him he stopped, squatted and passed his water, I was sure one happy boy again. But that horse sure looked thin and worn out, sure slowed our trip the full journey. In a day of so of one of us walking and leading him, we could sit in the back of the wagon, but often he had to stop and rest awhile, that continued for a week or ten days. But the pony done his part the rest of the trip.

A PLUG FOR WEATHERFORD AND PARKER COUNTIES.

It was a very pretty town, and it is Texas Peach and Watermelon country, was in that day and still is. The morning we left there they had four matched beautiful black horses hitched to a beautiful red fire wagon, the wagon with buntion, the harness covered with a lot of silver, etc. A great sight to behold. I can all but see those horses, etc. now, nearly 70 years later.

BACK TO THE TRIP

Mineral Wells next, maybe averaging 20 miles a day, then Jacksboro, Jack County, very rocky roads. Horses needed new shoes didn't have money to spare. At times the rock would nearly jolt us out of the wagon (no 20 miles a day over such rough roads) but on to Wichita Falls. We camped on the banks of Wichita Creek, can only remember one general merchandise store. Bought bacon and eggs and potatoes to fry. There was one saloon, school and a few homes. At least it was a very small town.

We were now to follow the Fort Worth & Denver Railroad to Childress. Rain along the trip slowed us some, as it must be remembered that in those days we had no pavement. Most roads were only trails, any road work in those days was done by horses and mules, a hand scraper that men handled by hand. Too, most road work was done to cut down steep grades to be so one could pull a loaded wagon easier and also to shorten the road, etc. So, we had at times some very muddy spots. There was no such thing in my early life as a power road grader, very few automobiles, in fact I was past 21 when I had my first ride in an auto. No such things as power washing machines, so many conveniences have come in my lifetime. Likely from this date on December 3, 1975, and in even 50 years from now, you can tell your children they are lucky, as they have all those things you did not have in your day. Wonderful inventions are coming along often.

ARRIVAL AT CHILDRESS.

Our sick horse needs at least 30 days rest, that pony had sure saved us from having to hang up some where until we could have gotten a new horse. Our friend had stuck it out and was anxious to get on his way back home, but he camped with us a day or so and headed home. our trip had taken well up to the later days of July, 1906, approximately 20 days. There was a car of lumber on the track that we needed to start on.

THE BEGINNING OF THE DRAY BUSINESS.

Good luck, Gus Morgan, an old Kentucky friend, had a pony he loaned us. Our daddy had ask Gus to come help him build and he and his family had come a few months back. They were doing real good and would sell a house even before it was finished. His pony was some bigger than our friends, but still small enough to look odd alongside our big horse.

It took us as long to unload that car of lumber as it took an old timer to unload his. A Mr. Bushan was seemingly moving very slow, and could beat us two young and more active straps. So, I had a talk with Mr. Bushan, ask him to give us some pointers, he was very helpful. Loading and stacking lumber, or unloading out of a car is experience gained in the knack of how best. By watching him do the job we began to catch on. Like for instance, in stacking in the shed at the yard one of us would stay at the back to keep the pile straight, Mr. Bashan needed no such help. Neither did we in a very short time. We watched the experienced, we observed, and learned by doing, it paid off, we soon were able to move a lot of lumber.

Our big break was when a Mr. Withey, manager of Wm. Cameron & Co., came and ask if we would take all his dray work. He made an offer to pay us a little better than had been paid. We were to pay the demurrage on any car that was not unloaded on time. The Railroad Company gives one so much time to unload a car, and then starts charging on overtime. It was not so high in that day for the first day but better watch out for the next and the next days. We took the job, and believe me, we had to work from daylight to so dark we couldn't see, to save on those extra charges. We did not pay but very little extra.

That dray business was one of the most profitable jobs we had ever had and instead of the wages, we had been getting (the \$1 for the man and \$1 for the horse) we made double that and then some. Oh Yes! It was hard work, but if you work where is there an easy job? I never found one.

Our horse, that we had put on a good pasture was there only about a month, he fully recovered. It was good to get him back in the harness.

Over three or four months, we were able to buy and pay cash for a lot of 50 x 140'. we built a shack for ourselves, and sheds and corral, stalls for the horses. Later we bought a neat rubber tired buggy.

Buggy, Harness for one horse and a shed for that buggy, that saved us money, as now and then we rented a buggy or a hack to take the girls for a ride.

One morning early in 1908, Floyd and I sat at the gate of the Cameron yard. Usually, Mr. Withey had the yard open by 7 A.M., it was near 8 A.M., we wondered, then his daughter, Kate showed up, she said he was sick. Albert, his son, who did the yard work had gone fishing. Mr. Withey had sent me the keys combination to the safe and a note to take over. I was agreeable, although while at that time I knew how to figure lumber, I had never made a ticket, never before had I had any idea about opening a safe, did not know any prices. Kate said they did not know which lake or pond Albert had gone, but they would try and locate him. I believe that was a Monday morning and don't remember the month. But there I was in charge of a big business, no experience. Albert was not located, but he showed up later in the week. Mr. Withey died the next day. At least I do know that I run that yard a week. Mr. Whithey was buried Sunday, Albert came to the yard on Monday. I had phoned the head office (may have sent a telegram) at Waco. They had a man out there fairly soon. Then the auditors, there were a lot of tickets to write up, I had only made a list of items bought and by who, I had handled only a very small amount of cash or checks. Some few had paid their accounts.

We had to hire a man to help Floyd, as lumber, post, brick cement, and etc. was coming on in.

Cameron auditors checked yard, and seem to find big shortage. I had been suspicious myself, as Albert always seemed to have a pocket full of money, but I really knew nothing. They checked in a manager, who wanted me to stay on the job. So I did, Floyd had different men helping him, but he began to tire of those long hours. For a spell we held on, but finally decided to sell the dray business. The team and the wagon went first. Floyd also went to work in the yard and I also stayed, but all of a sudden I decided I had better go back to school, so we began to sell our holdings.

Sometime along in early 1908 I had gone into court to get my disabilities removed (my father consented). I would then be able to transact business in my own name. That court cost was \$10 and I acted as my own attorney, saving that cash.

I have forgotten the year my father remarried, but when he remarried Miss Ada, she invited Floyd and I to live with them. We both turned that down. she would have enough kids with Jewel, Earl, Lee and Lois. She was a wonderful lady to take on that, but she was a good old farm gal raised in a big family and didn't object to work. Our father had built a big and nice home and did have lots of room.

As we got all our holdings sold Floyd and I settled up and went our own ways. Floyd first transferred with Cameron to Chickasha, Oklahoma, and I went to the Metropolitan Business College in Dallas. This was around May, may have been late April, 1908, as I was there nine months, having finished there late January, 1909.

I had run out of money and had to borrow \$10 from my daddy to get home. I had a job with Cameron when I got back in Childress, as bookkeeper, also did other things like waiting on the trade. Too, along about that time my daddy handed me \$200. He said he had been under bond ever since our mother had died, and as we children reached the age of 21, he was to pay each one that amount. Although, I was not quite 21, that by reason of the court case that I was declared an adult, he would pay as he had it. I would not have accepted and told him so, but he assured me that he had gotten pretty well fixed and wanted me to have it. Said he had paid Jess off when he reached 21.

I worked at the Cameron yard only a few months, that manager was crooked and I told him so. A builder, who had bought lots from them came in and paid his bill in full, paid it to this manager and he over charged him \$10. In posting up that account I noticed the error, called it to his (the managers) attention, and he said he would handle that, he made an entry as showing paid back, but really took it himself. I quit and went to work in a feed store. I told my father about that man, as he bought a lot also from Cameron. My father never bought any more from Cameron, as long as that manager was there. Later years probably 20 years later, I was talking to some Cameron head men at Waco. I ask what had happened to that manager. I had heard that he had been promoted to the Temple, Texas yard, but had been let out for some reason. They did not just outright tell me he was fired, or that he was a crook but

said they had put a lot of confidence in him, but he had been found unsatisfactory. Much later in the Gulf Coast Lumbermen, I noticed he had passed away.

I was not very long at the feed store, as I wanted back in the lumber business, and had an offer from the Cicero manager, there in the Childress yard. It would also pay \$5 a month more than paid by Cameron, so to Cicero I went. The Cicero manager was a business getter. He was great at remembering names, and given names especially. To me was honest in his dealings. He had a bad fault, he was really a heavy drinker as evidenced by the empty whiskey bottles in behind the lumber in the sheds. He had been at that yard, probably about a year before he hired me. I wondered how he got by with it, but I can say I never saw him drunk. But something went wrong, as they checked him out not long after I had gone with them. I sure hated it when he was gone, as I liked to work for that man.

ANOTHER MOVE FOR ME

On my way to Canadian, a letter from that same Cicero manager, received in early September, 1909, offered me a job to work with him at the Tepe-Hoover Lumber Co. He had been made manager there. He offered me some more than I was getting, and I would be both bookkeeper and yard man. The offer seemed attractive to me, it seemed that I was getting more into that part of the panhandle that would grow and I hoped to grow with it. I left Childress on my 21st birthday, October 3, 1909. I stopped at Memphis to visit with Myrtle Bradley, it was a Sunday. That morning before leaving on the train, I went by my fathers' home to tell he and Miss Ada goodbye. I mentioned to them that I was going to spend that day with Myrtle and her family, catch the evening train to Amarillo, leave Amarillo Monday night for Canadian.

Tuesday morning, October 5, 1909, I was at work for Tepe-Hoover Lumber Company, This manager, Purser was his name, I found had only been there about two months. He was introducing me to men in the General office, carpenters, etc. all by their given names as well as surnames. I noticed that customers who came in during the day he spoke to most of them calling most by their first names. He was a most friendly man, well liked by all. His first direction to me, after showing me over the yard. Well, Charley, you see the mess it's in "have to it". I did see the mess and in 10 days it looked a lot better.

The first Sunday in Canadian I went to Sunday School. The last words my father had said to me "Charley don't get out of the habit of going to church and Sunday school."

At that Sunday school, I met Mrs. Ben Tepe, her daughters, twins Vera and Velma, and Opal, their little boy, Clifford, he was about 4 years old. I had not yet met Ben Tepe, the general manager of the company. On the 4th of October, a day before I went to work there, Charles Bowen, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Tepe had died in Ochiltree. Mrs. Tepe had been up there at the time and also her husband, Ben, he had stayed a few days longer after the funeral to help the Bowen family on some business. That first Sunday, Mrs. Tepe invited me to go to lunch with them, but I had to decline, as Purser had told me he wanted to show me around the town that afternoon. The company kept a horse and buggy at the yard for the use of the employees (that was another chore of mine to feed and water that horse.) So, I was to get my meal that day as soon as possible, go get the outfit and go pick up Purser. We covered the town and then took off across the river, but first we had to go by the office so Purser could pick up a bottle of liquor. It was a 5th and almost full. Purser knew I didn't drink, he never offered me a drink, he would rather have it all for his own use, as that man could sure put it away and never even seem to get drunk.

It was a week or ten days that Ben Tepe showed up at the yard. He was sitting in the down floor office one morning, I had been out in the yard, came in and met him. We visited a short time. About the next day or so he ask me quite a bit about my family, schooling, who I had worked for, etc. Then the next day or so he asked me up again. At that time, he mentioned about his brother, Homer; who was then manager of the Ochiltree yard, and was wanting to be relieved, and that would I consider going there as manager. I told him that when I hired out that it was my idea that I should tackle any place my employer could use me best, and that I would be glad to go. I knew nothing of that part of the country but could soon find out no doubt, only by taking the chance. So he just up and said he would take me out there on the 22nd, that for me to have the horse and buggy ready. Mrs. Tepe had fixed us a nice lunch. Ben took Clifford along, we made it to the half-way house by noon, where we ate that lunch, and fed and

watered the horse. Half-way later was known by Notla after it got a post office (spell that backward and you have Alton.)

Afternoon, after an hour rest, we got on our way arriving in Ochiltree at sundown. Homer Tepe and Sid Talley, sheriff at that time, were at the yard to see us. Homer took me to the Vincent Boarding House where he had arranged for me to stay. I was tired after that 50 mile trip, hungry and really ready for supper. Mrs. Vincent had to warm up some items of food as the men who boarded there had all ate.

That night my room contained two double beds and there we three men already using it, so I was supposed to sleep with one. But that was the custom, they didn't mind and neither did I. There I met my long time friends, Cap Correll, a young attorney, Bill Seits, Van Stewart, carpenters. Cap and I slept together. I also met Clyde and Max Cofer, carpenters and contractors (brothers) then with Herbert Nesbit and Charles Jackson occupied another room. There were men who ate there who roomed at other places. I was soon one of the bunch, and was getting acquainted pretty fast.

Homer Tepe, was so anxious to get going, that after checking me in on the 23rd of October, he helped me one day only on the books, telling me about the customers and their paying habits. Ben and Clifford only stuck around another day, and I was on my own.

Ben Tepe and Clifford had stayed with the Bowens, as he was trying to give them all the help he could. He ask me that if and when I had a little time on my hands, he would be glad if I would go up to the Bowens' and give them what help I could. He had told Mrs. Bowen that he would ask me. So one evening about a week later, I knocked on the Bowens' door, met all the family. I was very much impressed with Mrs. Bowen and the children, two girls and three boys. They were long time friends. Mr. Bowens' business (feed-livery stable some implements, etc.) was in a mess, as far as his bookkeeping was concerned. One could hardly read his writing, A lot of tickets had a bale of hay or a sack of feed, no price, no date. No doubt, Mr. Bowen knew as he was a successful man, but none of the Bowens knew a thing about his business. We just had to contact the customer and a lot of the bills were paid by taking their word for it, which was in most cases okay, as nearly all those who owed were very honest men. So, I felt I did the Bowens' some good, and I know they appreciated my help. And it was not a one-sided deal as they helped me a lot too. All are now dead but the two girls of that family, but they are not forgotten.

Christmas of 1909 was not a lonely day for me even though I had been there only a few months. Of course, I missed being with my father, the brothers and sisters at Childress.

Floyd at Portland, Oregon, Jess, I didn't know where he was. By the New Year of 1910, I was knowing a lot of Ochiltree folks. I had men friends and a few of the ladies, fact I had done some dating. You might wonder, we didn't have many phones, no radios, no picture shows only a very few cars, but we had parties, cards, dominoes tennis, baseball, dances, Church and Sunday School, fact is we made our own entertainment.

The lumber business in Ochiltree was pretty good especially on weekends, Some days I only had a customer or so. Those days were long and I tried to stay awake, a few times I laid down on the nail counter and would doze off to sleep, sure as I did a customer would come, that embarrassed me. I made a reclining chair, have a paper in my lap and if I went off to sleep, it was not quite so upsetting to me as asleep on the counter. The yard was close to the court house so was the boarding house. I had just finished my lunch and was outside talking to Herbert Nesbit, two ladies were walking by (150 or 200') from us, dressed full length, one had on a black dress, the other was a local girl, they were headed toward the court house. I got a pretty good look at the black dressed one, and realized she was new in that town. I made the statement to Herbert that I was going to work fast on her to get acquainted. Luck was that I found out she was boarding with the Bowens'. Also, I found out that she was a typist at the Courthouse building abstract books. It had been a week of so since I had seen any of the Bowens' and the good thing was that I didn't need an invite to drop in on them any time, so I soon met that lady and that was one evening after supper I walked up to the Bowens'. Guess who she was? Well she is Mrs. Alice Callaway, and has been at this writing going under that name for 65 years. My wife, your mother, your grandmother, great-grandmother, etc. Yes we have had a good life together.

That meeting was in March of 1910, we have had our ups and downs, it has not all been bliss, nor has it been sorrow.

After our engagement, I put in about three months of building a one room house, it was 16 x 16', built it in the lumber yard, so as to save buying a lot. The cost of the material was approximately \$175.00. My carpenter friends gave some help on it, I worked on it ever spare hour. No built-ins, one door, two windows, I could not pay for it all. The furnishings were mostly second hand.

Our wedding on November 6, 1910 was at her folks home, 15 miles north of Ochiltree. There was no minister that we wanted, so we decided on the County Judge. A Mr. Hannah, who we both liked very much, on the evening before the wedding, I took off on my bicycle riding it that distance. The next day was Sunday, Judge and Mrs. Hannah came out in their two seated hack. We tied the bike on the back of the hack and they took off near sundown taking us to our new home. The wedding was just before noon, Mother Records had prepared a wedding meal. In those days there were no such things as showers for the bride. Very few presents were received, however, as far as I remember the only present we received was a Silver Set from Herbert Nesbit and his mother. For quite awhile before the wedding I had been boarding with Herbert and Mrs. Nesbit, she was a fine cook and otherwise a wonderful English lady. she came to America after the death of her husband as both her boys were here in America. She longed to go back to her old home, but she did not get to go. She treated me as though I was one of them.

Alice had quite a hope chest, quite a few house items that came in handy in getting our home set up, some bed linens, etc. The little items like every home needs. But as it was to start with, we had our first breakfast, lunch and supper at home, I would say it was kind of like setting up a camp, not many conveniences.

Time was necessary, money a problem, still we made out. Good luck hit early in 1911, she was offered a job at the First National Bank. Jim Wilson was then heading the bank, he offered her \$75 a month, which was considered good in that day. she took that job, I believe at that time that was maybe \$10 a month more than I was making. Unless, if I made money for my Company, they gave me a bonus.

Two years in our little home and we sold it for \$200, to be moved. The bank had a bungalow we bought for \$500, it had four rooms. By that time we had saved up enough to pay the difference. Before we moved that bungalow needed quite a bit of repair. It had been papered and had to be redone. As we began to strip the old paper off, it was discovered that the house was loaded with bed-bugs. Someone had told us to use red pepper in the paste we did and after the new paper was put on, it never had a bedbug while we lived there. We did a lot of fixing up, and a picket pence added to the home. We were very proud of the home.

Moving along a few years, we were getting in shape to have about what we wanted and needed. We had a horse and buggy within a year or so. I had gotten into the life insurance business, selling what I could as a sideline. Got a milk cow, traded horses, got a new buggy and a dandy horse.

Along during our prosperity, we had saved up \$65 and we decided we could spare that much to go by Childress to see my folks and then on to the Dallas Fair. We had been no place since we had married. So off we went. The company had sent Paul Bryant out of the Canadian yard to hold down the fort at the yard and Alice could get a vacation from the bank. She had never seen my parents. We drove our horse, "Old Hank", to Glazier and the manager there (Mr. McBride) was glad to take care of him for the week we would be gone. Going this way instead of on the mail car saved us \$16.00.

My daddy seemed to think Alice was okay, and she was impressed very favorable with him and my stepmother. Also, Jewel, Earl, Lee and Lois. Although, we had not timed it very well, as far as they were concerned, as that very night, Miss Ada gave birth to their first child, a girl, Ruth. We cut that stop short and took the next train to Dallas.

We did not go the hotel at Dallas, it was much cheaper at a rooming house. Just off the main streets of Dallas were quite a few and it had been only a few years since I had boarded in two different ones, I also knew about the others. We found one at \$1 a night and meals were not over 50¢, and good at that. We stayed two nights, and were well pleased. We took in the fair for two days, then took the Urban

Trolley car to Ennis, Texas to see my Aunt Cora (sister of my mother). From there back to Dallas, and caught the train for the return home.

We had enjoyed the fair at Dallas and our trip was quite pleasant. We had bought a very pretty lap robe to go with our nice buggy and pretty harness. Old Hank had served the McBrides' at Glazier several evenings of pleasure rides and he was well taken care of. We had an early start out of Glazier on our way home. The chilly wind caused me to take pleurisy, I was suffering quite a bit. We were well on our way, when the mail car caught up with us, the mailman stopped to visit and when he got in Ochiltree he told different ones that I was sick. Mrs. Talley heard that news and when we arrived in Ochiltree she was out watching for us and nothing would do but that we come stay with them that night, and she would plaster me up. Old Hank had served us well on that 50 miles, he was one horse that many knew, and the best horse we ever owned. A cold black mare was the best looking and the highest priced, but none could beat "Old Hank". I was a horse lover and was always doing some trading on horses and to some extent on cows.

Getting back to our stay that night at Talley's, Mamie Talley bound up my chest with adhesive tape, and by morning I was better, she was a good nurse. Paul Bryant took the mail car back to Glazier the next day and Alice and I were back on our jobs.

OCHILTREE IN 1910 to 1915

For our home and business, our pleasure, our activities we felt that was our country, our town, our church. We did not need to move, we felt the need to grow and we with many others was boosting for better roads, especially a railroad. There was much interest when we arrived in Ochiltree County for a railroad out of Dalhart to Enid Oklahoma, right of way had already been obtained for a great part of the route to be. This Railroad project was under way when we got there, but the story is long and cannot be written here, it is written up in detail and can be read at the Panhandle Plains Historical Review XXXIII, 1960. A rather interesting story is in the "Early History of Ochiltree County," a copy which I have. It was called the "Enid, Ochiltree and Western Railroad." (EO&W) It went defunded and hurt the pocket book of many.

Our civic duties included better roads. There were no such thing as a road grader, as we know them today. All road work was by team and scraper and hard work for both men and beast. The work was mostly cutting down steep hills, putting straw on sandy places, a wood culvert here and there. We also were looking for better churches and schools.

Our business got better, I had run the yard a long time alone, but now and then had to hire some help. I was working overtime quite often. It occurred to me that I was getting no where, and was making more selling life insurance, why not get into that on a full time basis. So down to Canadian I went, and handed Ben Tepe and Bob Stone my resignation. They expressed shock and regret. Said they would consider it and let me know. Bob Stone came out in a few days to Ochiltree, he was concerned, the result was that they would raise my salary \$25 per month and if I showed profit they would give a more liberal bonus at the year end. That was in mid 1914, they also said for me to hire a full time helper. One of the school teachers (a young man by the name of Smith, who had come from Kentucky, and seemingly a very fine man) had been telling me he had a brother who had graduated from high school, who wanted to come out to Texas and wanted him to look for a job for him. The decision was made that he come work with me. Well, Chester Smith showed up right quick. I believe that Chester was about the most ignorant man I ever hired before or since, but I felt the need to stick it out, the result was that Chester would work and ask for help, he applied himself to the task and in a very few months was growing into the lumber business fast. He made me good help. He was accepted by all the customers and finally was made a manager of the White Deer yard. Chester had married one of the Ochiltree girls, a very fine lady who helped him a lot.

IT'S A BOY

Along about this time it was necessary for your mother quit her bank job as she was expecting. At that time, we had a motorcycle and a side car and on November 13, 1914, Burl came to live with us, it was a Friday 13th, supposed to be a bad luck day, but he sure was welcome and we were not that

suspicious. I let everyone know it was a toy. It had been four years and seven days since we were married and it was time we were starting a family.

That Friday morning when it was evident that mama was about ready to have that baby, I phoned the doctor and Effie, who was supposed to be in town, also, her mother. Effie, who was a single lady at that time was to be with her, and to stay at the home as long as necessary, but I found she was out in the country and needed a ride, so out I go five or six miles, motorcycle and side car and it was a fast trip both out and back. Effie was in demand on baby cases, but not in a side car, she had no experience, but she was game, and decided it was a good way to get around, She later married Charles McLarty, and they were great friends of ours for many years, but they passed on to another world much too young.

Burl was sure some chap (our first, and he soon grew to the cute age). we were nicely set up at that time for the addition. The bungalow home was comfortable, and his coming in the winter weather made it a "stay in the house" for most of the time. One thing I remember so well that came over me very sudden after his birth was a more grown up feeling and a great responsibility presented to me. And I was really glad to accept it. Seems he was about the best and smartest kid around, and mama evidently thought so too. She at one time, had quite a few of his first words and sayings set down, so she would not forget to tell me and others, those cute get offs.

IT'S A GIRL

Oh well, time passed, good times in old Ochiltee. Two more years, "a little lass" Lela arrived, July 31, 1916, to be exact, and all the things I have said of Burl can be applied to that girl. She was such a sweet little girl and how proud we were that we now had them, and I found out that happiness does exist when one has children in the home, especially babies. I was very proud to announce it was a girl.

In 1916, we were looking forward to the coming of the Railroad, as the Santa Fe had gotten the right of way and started grading out of Shattuck, Oklahoma, and also were soon laying ties and the rails, building bridges, etc. They had gotten out as far as Kiowa creek. Which had slowed them up on account of a very high dump and the bridge over the creek had to be very high. World War had been going in Europe for some time and it seemed America was bound to get in on that. Soon after they got nearly over that stream, which was near Darrouzett it was necessary to shut down work on all jobs in America not related to the war and turn all our attention to the war effort. America had declared war along about this time that we had been so anxious for the completion of the Railroad. We too had to settle down to just sticking it out. As we were to give our efforts to the winning of the war with all others of our country. The draft was instituted and I had to register, same as other young men, but my classification was lower than the single man and the fact I had a wife and two children, but I had passed the test, and was about down to the line when I would have been taken, the war ended, and won.

ANOTHER BOY

June 30, 1918, another boy was welcomed in our home, which we named "Cleo". I still had a great love for all those who arrived to live with us. We were still living in the bungalow, but had bought another home from Mr. Bales, which was not so nice as where we were living. I had gotten the Bales home expecting to rent it, and did for a time. When it got empty and seemed it was not going to get a renter and we could rent the bungalow and for more rent, we just up and moved in that ourselves. It was located next to the fine home of the Blassingames They had a good well and windmill, so we were close to plenty of water, a number of years we had kept a milk cow and usually we had a good one and at the Bales house we always had a lot of good rich milk and good butter. Up to the time of getting the motorcycle, we had kept a horse and buggy. I was a horse lover and sometimes we had two or three in the lot. I also traded in cattle some and at one time had fifteen head running around the town on free grass. However, I did not keep them very long and do not know if I made or lost on them. But it was in my blood, it seems to try anything to try and get ahead.

THE RACE TRACK

Now, after years of waiting in Ochiltee, and taking an active interest in Chamber of Commerce work, boosting our country, roads, etc., helping in any way I could, I must tell about our race track. In 1915,

Jim Wilson, Bill McLarty and I met with others of our Chamber of Commerce about the building around a Playa Lake S. W. of Ochiltree about six or seven miles. This was a lake capable of building a 2 1/2 mile race track. A natural amphitheater, owned by the Santa Fe Railroad Company. They offered us free use of the land, others of our Chamber of Commerce members turned us down. We three decided to tackle it alone. Bill McLarty arranged to have it graded, he got a man who owed him a grocery bill, and this man had a bunch of mules, plows, scrapers, etc. and he did a good job. Jim and I was handling the advertising. We had to build a mile of fence to control the crowd. We also built a grandstand and a dance platform had a strip plowed 200' away from the track, so as to control the parked cars around the entire 2 1/2 miles. This for safety in case of a race car that might fly the track. Our purse money as advertised was \$2000. We run small ads all over the Panhandle and got all the news coverage we could.

Yes, we got shakey on the eve of the races. Three or four days before the races we were getting good rains, fortunately for us there was one day for drying out the track and the roads before the races were to start. By the time the races started the track was in wonderful shape.

The roads all over the Panhandle were drying out except for the low places, and lots got stuck getting there, but they came in big numbers. The first day was a big one for everyone who saw it. We took in that day over \$3600, entrance fee was \$1. Some of the cars were Hudson, Buick, Stutz, Pierce Arrow, National, others names now forgotten. Second day over \$2000, or over \$5600 for the two days. This was a 250 mile race and top speed at this race track was around 80 miles. This speed was terrific, as in those days we did good to average 20 miles out on our roads. In other words, we who had a car did great when we could get to Amarillo in 5-1/2 to 6 hours.

VACATION

My folks lived in Childress, as heretofore mentioned. We had a pretty fair old Ford after Lela was born in 1916. We got up one morning early and left home at 5 A.M., we had our lunch along and we were in Canadian near 9 A.M. We ate our lunch at Wheeler Court House Windmill at noon and had only one flat tire that morning. We had to take the tire off, patch the tube, put the tire back on the wheel, pump it up and move along. We got to Childress just as the sun was going down, and we bragged about a fast and successful journey.

Leaving Childress after our visit was over, we headed for Amarillo, at Memphis we stopped a short hour to visit with the Bradley's and from them we learned where Myrtle and her family lived near Claude on a farm, we visited with them a short time. In the Clarendon area it was pretty sandy road, three men were ahead pushing their car up a pretty sandy hill. I hurried up to try and catch them, honked but they never looked around, so there we were facing a sandy hill that looked impossible to get up on our own. But down the hill I drove as fast as the car would go and had a good start on the up hill side, I got it a little further up than those men ahead of us were, all out pushing their car, and there we were stopped dead, maybe 2/3 up and another 1/3 to go. I kept spinning the wheels, jerking it a foot now and then, Burl was sitting between his mother and I, Mama was holding Lela in her lap. Burl was very quite and tense, finally the wheels began to roll ahead a little, with still some jerking, and then they took hold and on, we found solid ground. Burl said, "Now Daddy did it." In those days anyone who owned a car would give help to another car owner, not always so with a farmer, or old labor boy, who never made enough to even wish for one of those things that scared their horses and sometimes caused them to run away, break up their harness, etc. But most would stop and pull you out of the sand or mud, if they were paid a dollar or so.

On to Amarillo, we ate sandwiches that Miss Ada had fixed for us that morning, but when we arrived in Amarillo near sundown, we went direct to the Verdune Hotel, registered and ate a good supper there. Breakfast there the next morning, picked up some lunch items and drove down to Palo Duro Canyon to do some fishing and see the canyon. We caught a few very small fish, in mid-afternoon we headed back to Amarillo to look around, shop and take in the sights, At night, we took in a show. The next morning we ate early and headed back home, going by Panhandle, Pampa, Miami, Canadian stopping a very short time at all White House Lumber yards for a visit, leaving Canadian by mid-afternoon, we

arrived home a little before dark. In those days lights on cars were not too dependable and we did not risk out very far after night, unless it was necessary.

Now since all this has been said about our trip and for the reason mostly to give you some idea of early day car trips, I should finish about the races. Our old car had served us well and likewise the racing cars had served most of the racers well. As I recall, only one car that entered the races broke down and could not be fixed until new parts were shipped in.

We three that had promoted the races were very pleased, as were all who had come and paid to see them, so far as we could learn. We paid all bills and had over \$600 left. We had brought a lot of people into our county who had never been there before.

Well later, (about 3 months), we decided it would be good to hold another race, as the track would only need a little smoothing up. The fence was still there the seats and the dance floor, okay. So we advertised again about as before, but didn't go over anything like before. Oh well, it seemed most had seen races before and they did not show up, the result we wound up after all bills were paid, with a mere check of about \$13 each for all our trouble. Still, we had no regrets.

WORLD WAR I

World War One was on big and all Americans were doing their part in the war effort. There were very few who were not loyal, and if they showed up as traitors, they were put to work for the country and if necessary thrown in prison at hard labor. Previous to America entering the war, there was big job of getting ready and we had to cut down on many items of steel, copper, lumber, and many items of food, sugar, flour, rice, and many more were rationed. We used quite a few substitutes. We ground up maize and found various ways of cooking it, mainly for a breakfast food, usually when we couldn't get sugar, we used syrup. We didn't suffer for plenty to eat, it was just a different batch of food. We didn't suffer for beef or pork.

During the years of 1916-17-18, we just rocked along best we could, hoping the war would soon be over and we could be getting the Railroad. We gave all the help we could to the Santa Fe. They had sent into Ochiltree, a fast talker, a man who had power and money to spend, he was not known to be a Santa Fe man. His name was Hurley, and he had a crew of live or six men, set up house-keeping for that crew, one man was a cook, another the cooks helper. Another was stationed at Canadian, but that was mainly an office, and the main man there went under an assumed name. That man, Hurley, was a large fellow well met and was supplied with several cars. His job was buying land and he did not mind paying cash, and neither did he grumble very long, over what price was quoted by the owner. He paid \$10 to \$12 an acre which was more than had ever been offered or paid up to that time, still we realized he might be buying for the Santa Fe. And so as he bought, sellers feared they had sold too cheap and maybe if they had held out for more, he would have paid. An example of this is Mr. Purcell, editor of the Ochiltree Herald, he was just holding out, Hurley bought a 1/2 section, just west of where Perryton is now, Purcell owned the Perryton sight, but he must have had some leaked out news that the rest of us did not know about. Hurley announced that the Santa Fe was buying up all that land and that the town would be west of due north of old Ochiltree and would probably be named Lord, which we understood was the name of some Santa Fe official in Chicago. In time, Purcell gave in when Hurley upped the price to \$60 an acre. There was a house on the property but Hurley continued to hang on, built some on the home, moved his crew up and continued to buy land, paying probably up to \$15 or 20 an acre. He also announced that the town would be named Perryton instead of Lord, but they would put a switch track there.

The war was about over, and the Santa Fe was getting ready to start building again. There was much talk of the day we would all get moved and settled in Perryton.

MOVING TO PERRYTON

That day arrived in June 1919, when George Perry, W. B. LaMaster and I ask all in Ochiltree that expected to move to come in and select their location. We three were selected by the officials to deal out a lot or lots according to the size of the home or business free of charge. We had arranged a list of all the homes and owners, selecting the best or most improved homes, or business that would require

two lots, the second list and a third list. No. 1 had first selection and on down the list, we had very little trouble on this.

I had to make the selection for our two homes and the lumber yard. Some few selected acreage at the outside edge of town paying the difference.

What a move it was, when it got started every one wanted to be first. Everyone was busy, help was scarce. I had one boy helping me and couldn't find other help. We were fortunate in being able to sell the bungalow home deeding the lot I had selected for it at Perryton to a man from Gray, Oklahoma.

When the Santa Fe notified us that they would be able to run a special train out of Woodward, Oklahoma on August 20, 1919, that caused another burden, as we wanted to celebrate our first birthday, and there were not enough homes or other buildings there to accommodate the crowd we would expect, we needed shade, outdoor privies, water, drink stands, etc.

But fast work with good civic help, we got it ready. I furnished the lumber for the arbor, seat lumber, etc., and what a celebration it was, and yes we even had plenty to eat, entertainment, etc.. our first passenger train and it came in loaded, what a "dream come true" for all Ochiltree County folks.

It took a year or more to do all the moving, but right off building, remodeling all that we had started. A home moved eight miles is somewhat wrecked, we know, as it takes time to get it settled on a new foundation. I spent a lot of nights under our home trying to get it up here, down there to take the rocking out. Within a year however, we were fairly well settled ourselves. I never did care to make another move like this.

In that day, I handled coal for domestic use, thrasher coal for the steam engines that thrashed the wheat, so the first we built at the yard was a wagon scale. New yards were put in at Follett, Booker, and Spearman. Our new buildings at Perryton were up toward the last of 1920. I was sure glad to get a new bunch of sheds and a much nicer office. The old lumber shed I moved up almost went to pieces on the move, so it was great to see it go and sell the old lumber for what it would bring.

We had saved everything we could from the Ochiltree locations. About the only thing we could not move was the storm cellar, but we needed one at Perryton. There was a rugged and somewhat of an old tramp man showed up in Perryton, with a spade over his shoulder. I had watched him digging foundation trenches, he could sure dig a lot in a day and seemed he was very slow, but when the day was over there was a lot of dirt and the work was real good. I put him to work on a cellar for us. There was hardly any extra rooms in Perryton, but he had a hole dug out in a hay stack and he was sleeping in that. He would likely only eat one good meal a day at a restaurant, bought other things at the grocery store. He did a good job for us on the cellar, so I put him to work at the yard, stacking lumber in the shed. He was a single man, but we started calling him Daddy, (Worthington was his name), he was making his stake, saving his money, so he bought a cheap lot on the east side, built himself a half dugout and when he finished it, it was real nice. It was also a good big one, he let a man and his wife move in and he had it made for better eating habits. He turned out to be liked by all who knew him. In a year or so after he came there he did most of the grave digging. He needed no help to open a grave in a day. In time he made a trip to Tulsa, Oklahoma to visit two sisters, he brought back a picture and presented it to us, he had dressed up for it and he and the two sisters looked like aristocratic folk. He told us one of the sisters was deaf, however, later one of the sisters came to visit him and she was a grand person, came to our home and used the sewing machine to make curtains for Daddy's half dugout. By the time she left he had a nicely dressed up home. she was also concerned about her brother in other ways, and if he got sick or died they wanted to know and bounded Bob Wilson and I to let them know, as she sure wanted to know that if he was sick, she wanted him to have the best of care and if he died a decent funeral. Bob Wilson was the funeral director at that time. But after we had gone from Perryton, Perryton friends had to commit Daddy to the State Mental Hospital at Wichita Falls, Texas, if either of the sister were living someone would inform them. Daddy died in Wichita Falls and also learned was buried there. The moral of this story "don't be too quick to judge a person". Here was a man who showed up as a stranger, a tramp like, but he was a honest man, a hard worker, saved his money, poor trask borrowed from him and he was beat out of most he made the hard way, he never

mistreated anyone, he loved folks, but was himself slow to make friends, he came from a good family and he died as he lived, a good citizen. I hope God saw that he got his just reward, as I know he lived a clean life. I never heard him say a dirty word and too, I know some he worked for never paid him but he would say they probably needed it worse than he.

NUMBER 4 - YOU GUESSED IT, ANOTHER BOY

On August 12, 1920, I was trying to get in touch with Dr. May by phone, mama was in labor, I learned he was out of town, had gone to New Mexico. He had been looking after her, and of course, he knew the baby was about due. He had not told us he was leaving, and we had no doctor that we knew to call. So we decided to call in Doctor Brewer, he lived fairly close, so I dressed and walked down to his home. It was some after midnite. The doctor came quickly, he was so nice about it, he just acted as if he had been taking care of her all during her pregnancy. Within a day or so Dr. May showed up and he saw me and asked to take over, I refused, he got mad and I told him I was the one that should be mad. To say the least there is when we gave up on Dr. May, he did send a bill for the calls she had made to his office and I paid the bill. Dr. Brewer always spoke of C. W. Jr., as his boy. C. W. was born just about a year after the birth of Perryton, and in the moved home. We welcomed him as we had the others before him, however, we were expecting a girl. It was after C. W. got to talking that he got the nickname of Dub, he really coined that himself, as he could not pronounce the "W", called it "C. Dub", He too has blessed our home and our lives as the rest of you have. It turned out that Dub was very much a student in his school, from his very first school days and on through high school, he devoted a lot of time to his learning, his mother was always having trouble getting him to go to bed, that I am sure it was the same in his college days. At high school he graduated with honors and was valedictorian of his class.

Time passed on at Perryton, the town and country continued to grow. The railroad was just what we needed for growth, land values were jumping, business was growing. I was continually having to hire more help. But, too as I would get a man well trained the company would want him at some other yard. I, of course, hated to give him up, but if it was in the best interest of the employee, I was glad for him.

HARDWARE STORE

In 1922, we decided to put in a hardware store. It was necessary that we build. But it was not until the early part of 1923, that we finished a brick and tile building to house it. I also arranged that we put our office in that building, as more room was needed for it, and too that I might have a private office. By the time we had the building finished the hardware and fixtures, shelving, show cases, etc. was on hand. We had an opening day and had a good crowd for that, so we got off to a good start, that was early in 1923. After that was all done, it was still necessary for more help. Ernest Records had been teaching school, he indicated that he had enough of teaching, he had no hardware experience, neither the lumber, so I ask him to take over as the hardware man. He was able in no time to catch on, while he was there it was also available for him to do so much lumber clerking. Soon after the mud for the bricklayer came to work with me, I had noticed him while the building was being built, as a worker, so that made me think he would make us a good helper. He had what it would take, I was not mistaken. Ernest and his wife, Audryn later ran the Follet yard for a few years. Truman later ran the Canadian yard, his wife Velora worked at the home while "Dub" was a little fellow. Those two men and their wives have been great in our life. Ernest being the brother of mama, as well as a business associate, Truman being like a brother, Velora somewhat like a sister to us both.

In those early years of Perryton, and the near beginning of the hardware, Clifford, Ben Tepe's son, mentioned as about four years old, who was on the buggy trip with his dad and I, when I was taken to Ochiltree, had grown up. He had just married, he had been quite a disappointment to his dad? "hard to handle", got to running with the wrong crowd, drinking, etc. I was making a trip to Amarillo for a lumber dealers meeting, had driven to Canadian, took the train there, Ben and Clifford were on that train, they were also heading for that meeting. Clifford and I got together, I knew of the trouble they were having, but Clifford was a very smart fellow, a well met fellow "so to speak". It occurred to me that I could handle him, so I ask him if he thought he would like to work for me, he jumped at that. I tried to impress on him that he would get no extra favors from me, and being the son of the boss, he probably would have even extra duties to cope with, to show up to the other employees that I was showing no favors.

He accepted, saying he could and would be just another helper, and do his best to show me.

Well, to say the least that was one of my biggest mistakes in my business life. I had that boy on the carpet time and time again, put up with him for a year. In letting him go, I incurred the ill will of his three sisters and his mother, but probably not so much with his father, although I was never so sure of that, as you know it is said, "blood is thicker than water." Ben Tepe managed to get Mr. John Hill, headman of the Panhandle Lumber Company to put him to work under a Mr. Hood, one of their best managers, at Slaton, Texas. Mr. Hood later told me he tried all tricks in the books to no avail, he sent him over to the Hereford yard, there they let him go, giving him 30 days at the yard.

He evidently told his Dad a lot of things he would do good, that at least his dad had some reason to take him in the General Office with Clifford doing the buying and handling other top jobs, he soon had a blindfold over his dad, all of the "G.O." bunch were about to resign, most of the managers were disturbed, as he was telling them things to do. He sure avoided me, but I caught him in Perryton one night with a strange lady, another couple with them, they were all drinking. The next day, I called Ben Tepe, "first to see that he was in the office," told him I was coming down just to visit, Clifford was in his office and picked up the phone to listen in on the conversation, he met me about seven miles out of town, begged and more begging that I not tell his Dad, I did not intend to tell his Dad about the night before but tell him that he better open up his ears and eyes as he "Clifford" was disturbing the whole organization and he was going to cause a lot of resignations. A few other things, but I stayed off at that time, just having a nice visit, I had promised Clifford that I would, but Clifford did not keep his promise to me, he was not capable of keeping any promise it seemed, although Clifford was, as I said early in this story that he was a very smart fellow and he was also a likable fellow in so many ways. So later as Ben was passing through Perryton on his way to Liberal, Kansas to visit some lumber friends, he stopped at the yard to visit me, and I had to tell him that he sure had an upset bunch of employees and the "why" of it, I did not tell him of his visit that night with the girls. His wife and children had already left him. He had married Ethel Jones and they had two, a boy and a girl. Many other things are to be told about Clifford, but that will be left for others to tell. Clifford never got mad at me, fact I am sure he loved and respected me, but the whiskey got the poor fellow, he was found dead in bed one morning by his sisters.

Leonard Records, the youngest of the Records family, after his high school days went to Oklahoma City to "Hills Business College." When he came back from there in the early 1920's, I put him to work as bookkeeper, the company had just taken my bookman, Albert Burran to manage the Spearman yard, Albert was a product of that town. Leonard was not with me very long, the company needed him at Booker to run that yard, he and his mother, also my mother-in-law were living together and moved to Booker. I bought a small lumber yard that a Booker man had put in at a switch (I believe it was called Twitchel) between Perryton and Booker And it was decided that Leonard better run that yard, as well as the Booker yard, it being our idea to close it out as soon as possible so Leonard had to hire extra help. It was not long till the company put in another manager at Booker and as soon as Leonard could close out the Twitchell yard they moved him into the General Office. The company put him at the head of the bookkeeping department, in other words he was head auditor. Leonard was a book worm, and he had long service there. He and his mother had lived there, but they had to make often trips to her farm north of Perryton. One Sunday, while I was sitting at the window at our home, I saw Leonard and his mother drive up in front of our home, all of a sudden I saw he was having a struggle getting her out of his car. I rushed out to help him get her in the house, she had a stroke, we got her in the bed, called for Dr. Blank, only to find out that the doctor had gone to Liberal to a case he had sent to the hospital there. It was late that afternoon when he got back, he suggested we get a nurse out of Liberal to take care of her and we all agreed, so he called Dr. Huddleston at Liberal for a nurse. The doctor had to check and call back, he later called and said he found no nurse in Liberal, but he had located one in Hutchinson, Kansas and that she would be on the 11 P.M. train due there that night, so have someone up there to meet her. I was elected to pick her up. When the train arrived, there was a lady with a small hand bag who got off, and I ask her if she was nurse, she was and her name was Iva? later to be Iva Records. I ask her if she knew where she was going, she only knew that the Liberal doctor had ask for a nurse and she was to go where the patient was. I told her we had a 52 mile trip to make, she said okay, just

so I get to where I am needed. All dirt roads with some sand and stuck only once crossing a sandy creek, we arrived home (Perryton) about 2:30 A.M., she immediately took over the case.

Mother Records received the best of care, under the conditions that existed in those days. She had seemingly gone into a coma when Iva arrived, Dr. Blank called for Dr. Huddleston to come assist him on the case, but with all three of those good helpers, God called her home about 10 days after her stroke, she passed away on September 30, 1924, her husband, Francis Records, died at the farm home of a heart attack February 18, 1917. They both were wonderful Christian folks and had raised a fine family.

Iva stayed on at the home for the funeral, she had at that short time seemingly already joined the family. Leonard had gotten so attracted to her that he insisted on taking her home, when she desired to do so. She went back to Hutchinson, her home, but Dr. Huddleston had a hospital in Liberal and he called her back to work with him, and that was better for Leonard, who started making frequent trips up to Liberal, later they got married.

OH MY! ANOTHER BOY

Thad, another boy had arrived in our home, April 3, 1922 so at the time of mother Records death, we had four fine boys and a fine girl. We were kinda over growing our old moved in home. We had already began to think of more room. Sometime along in 1922-24, we had bought 175 foot frontage out the edge of town - close to the new high school, we thought that was the location most apt to grow, so we started our plan to build. We were doing right well financially, and would we thought be able to build a home big enough for all who came along. So in 1924, the latter part of that year, we started the full basement. Early in the spring of 1925, we had a modern home ready to move into. Up to that time we had never lived in a home that was modern in all respects. Our bathroom was of the best it was possible to buy. I had made a trip to Amarillo to select the fixtures. There were three bedrooms, a combination living and dining room, and a music room. All were what we called big rooms in those days, the kitchen was ample and we had built a breakfast nook off that. Hardwood floors were sanded and polished, carpets were not in use, but room rugs were. We bought those later, also had linoleum on the kitchen and breakfast room floor.

MAX - NUMBER SIX # 5 BOY

We had sold the old home late in 1924, and had to rent a house for a few months. But here I have got ahead of my story, as I have overlooked another boy, yes another boy as Lela would say. Max was born November 27, 1923. Mama was having a time handling all that bunch so we were lucky to have the help of Velora Murray, and others. We also had various others along, that I do not recall their names, and no reason to recall as some were more in the way than helpful. Max was not too well for a starter. Dr. Blank was helpful in his case. But Burl and Lela were in school, and of course if the mumps or measles, you name it, showed up, they got it; Lela was the only one to escape the mumps. C. W (Dub) had the chicken pox.

While the new home was under construction, we rented a home was lucky to be very close to the Dr. Blank home. One morning Max showed up with a good sized lump on his throat. I took him down to the Dr. Blank home, did not go in his home as they had small children, the Dr. examined him outside calling his lump a tonsil condition. He was considered too young to remove his tonsils. The Dr. thought he should be at least two years old. At that time, we had Jewell Keith "later Cooper" who was helping at the home, also going to school. As all of you children know, Jewell turns out to be so outstanding in our minds, that we think of her as almost our bunch. Chester Cooper was our great ol boy, doing our dray work. Jewel had no boyfriend, Chester, no girl-friend, so I got the idea to invite him to have Sunday dinner with us. Jewel would be mostly cooking the meal. It worked. Later he married Jewel and without a doubt they have been happy ever since and so have we.

1925: The new home was ready to move in. We had Jewel along to help, but lost her back to her family after school was out. They lived out in the country. We likely had two or three girls during school vacation, but along came Venita Collins, later married Arthur Townsend. At the time of moving in the new home, we had to have a cess pool, no sewer, but we expected to have a sewer connection in time

and that had been taken into consideration in the plumbing of the home, so we could connect when the time arrived. That time was likely a year later and when we got on the sewer it sure was a welcome change. At the new home, with all that room we were soon putting in play things for our children, and their friends. We had a lighted croquet and combination tennis court. We got at Christmas a small pool table, other items, things to the enjoyment of all who came. Not only our children, but neighbor children, school teachers, etc. We always knew where our bunch were, as we enjoyed that new home and their friends who came.

1925-26: Venita entered school and helped out in the home. She was one of us, she worked hard, she was very good in her school work. When she finished high school, her folks managed to send her to Amarillo for a business course. When she returned I put her to work as bookkeeper, and what a "gal". I never had anyone who could even come close, other than Leonard. That chap has also been, and is one of our closest friends. She as mentioned previously married Arthur Townsend, they have made real good, and at this writing we still hear from them. Seems to me that Venita could do all things she tackled well.

1926-Along with our growing business, I took on another line, the John Deere line of tractors and all other of their numerous items. I contracted for eighteen tractors, the head men at Canadian thought I had gone crazy, but tractors were replacing the horses and mules and I realized it, it seems they were slow to think so. That first year I sold 54, could have sold more and could not get them. I only got that many by reason of a drought in Iowa, the next year we had a drought, but I sold all that had been contracted and maybe two more. As it occurs, I had only contracted for 25 and sold 27. But along with tractors went many other items, such as big plows, drills, harrows, combines, many other items. We had a good stock of parts, a manager for that department, two top mechanics, we also had a set up man. We not only sold the machinery, we gave service. We had a price and no one bought for less than the others had paid. We built up a big business, the John Deere men told me we were their top dealer in the U.S.A. In that day the farmer was just starting to pay some attention to the White Collar Man, "the agricultural agent", and also some counties had hired "Home Demonstration Agents."

Some of my trips are appropriate here. From the opening of the hardware store, I had really never been any further than Amarillo on an expense account. The few Amarillo trips were to lumber meetings of the lumber dealers. We had a right good attendance from all over the panhandle, from different dealers we heard many good speakers, we learned from the mill men, but getting to know one another was very profitable. In time we saw benefit and we began to get more interested and started to taking in the Lumber Dealers Association of Texas. The Hardware and Implement Dealers at Kansas City, later on they organized one at Oklahoma City, but that was only the Lumber Dealers, we attended there.

Mama made a few trips to Amarillo with me, she made the first trip with me to Kansas City in 1926, in 1927 Burl went. Burl had a real big time, he had \$5 to spend, came home with \$5.50. He had a present for all the bunch, items picked up from various exhibitors. As for the extra 50¢, we have it in mind that one of the lady secretaries, at the John Deere offices, took him one evening to a park where they had various rides, so she likely handed him a dollar or so to spend himself, he spent all but the 50¢, Too, it must be credited to Burl that one day the President of John Deere invited Burl and I to have lunch with him. When the time arrived for us to meet him at the front door of the plant, there was a fine automobile, with a Chauffeur and the President Mr. Haley. He took us to a private dining room at the Mulebaack Hotel, this in spite of the fact that they were feeding over 500 John Deere Dealers, at the plant that day. Mr. Haley had never been in our part of Texas, it seems and he wanted to ask as to why we were selling so much large machinery in that territory. His knowledge of their Texas Business was the old walking turning plow, a two horse cultivator, all used in the cotton country. He was surprised that we were in the wheat belt. He got a lot of information from us two boosters of the Panhandle of Texas. Burl really interested him, he would tell Mr. Haley of our new Railroad and how Perryton was growing and the new school building he attended, etc. It should be stated here that Burl was only 12 years old, but no one ever got too big for Burl to meet and talk to. On that trip, Burl and I drove the car to Wichita, Kansas, took the train (at night) to Kansas City, got a pullman berth got up in Kansas City, Mo. the next morning for cur breakfast, checked in at the hotel. Later we ate at the Harvey house in the Santa Fe Depot, a great place to eat in those days. I was leaving a 25¢ tip, also a good tip in those days. Burl

noticed me getting up and leaving the money, he called my attention to it, saying "if you don't want it, I will take it." I explained it was for the lady who waited on us, he was still confused, I am sure that was his first sight of a tip. No doubt he has left many a tip much larger than that one since. Too, we had a great time together.

CERT AND LELA TO KANSAS CITY

The next year to the Kansas City convention it was Cert and Lela, another great trip with two lovely travelers. All children, as you know are different while these two were interested in the displays at the big convention hall, now called Civic Centers, they were mostly interested in the shows. They got to go to several good picture shows and window shopping and we had an understanding where we would meet, as it was necessary that I go, not only to see the improved machinery but to a bunch of wholesale hardware houses to do some buying, see new goods as they came on the market and those places did not appeal too well for them. But I got the news of what they saw, and it was good for them no doubt. To make really a long story short, it was all great, they enjoyed the trip and I did too. As I had done with the trips with Mama and then Burl. That trip was in 1928.

The latter part of 1928 was a record breaker in our business. All items of merchandise were moving out. The lumber business was fast, plus the regular every day trade, we were building homes fast, all machinery was moving, the hardware store was a going thing. We had sixteen regular employees, had to hire common labor to set up machinery. I had three young ladies workings, one at the cash register, one stenographer, whose desk was next to mine. We had to get out of the private office, and get up toward the front door, as I was missing seeing too many customers. In the Private office, my work was slowed up by reason that when a customer was in with me and the business had been completed it was only natural, it seemed that they wanted to just sit and visit. They not realizing that others were waiting to see me. Too out in the open, they that wanted to say a word or so privately generally was sufficient and I could tell them quickly to one who could handle the deal as well or even better than me. Just now and then was it necessary to go into the private office for a few minutes, so a private office did not work out for me.

DALLAS #7 AND THE LAST

That business was so big and I was so busy that I realized I was overlooking I had a family, and that was not good. Even as I write here, I have overlooked that we must go back some over a year and tell you we now have another boy, who we named Dallas. He came to stay with us April 28, 1927. I had hardly got well acquainted with that fellow, he was a dandy, as was all the others, I loved them all but I probably was not showing it. But it was decided that he would have to be our last, as mama was not doing so well her health had to some extent started to fail. Doctor Blank was having her at his office for a check up quite often, and it was necessary that she have extra help all the time. We went. along till up in 1928, Dr. Blank ask her to go to Shattuck for an operation. He made all the arrangements with the original Dr. Newman and we took her over to him, but Dr. Blank was there to help when the day arrived. The operation went well, and after a two week stay it was expected we could get her home. But about two weeks were up, and her door had been left open, not far down the hall they were operating on a patient, the ether floated down the hall and into her room, and when a nurse went into her room they found her out. This caused the doctor much concern and caused another weeks stay. The doctor told me they had never had anything like that to ever happen before, Mama had got to see all the children previous, except Dallas, and she was so anxious to see him. We then made a special effort to get all the children over to see her, as well as Jewell Cooper who was handling the run of the home while Alice was in the hospital. We were very lucky to have Jewel take over, and too, we had a helper for her, a Miss Collins, who was sister to Venita Collins-Townsend. She was a good helper, but was not up to her sister, Venita, who has been mentioned previously. On a Sunday morning, that we were to go, it was raining, we all piled in the car. Jewel was holding Dallas, I thought we could make it but knew it would be slow going. We had chains for the most muddy roads, but it turned out that the mud began to ball up, and when that happens on these plains muddy roads, going is tough. We had left fairly early, got only six miles out and found a spot to turn around, got back home the mid-afternoon. We would not have made it at all, but it got to raining again and the mud got to a slushy mixture and then there was

no balling up. I called mama and she was heart broken that we failed to make it, so in all that three weeks at Shattuck hospital, she did not get to see Dallas. She found him in great shape when she got home, as Jewel had been a wonderful mother, not only for Dallas, but all you bunch of children, and to this day, Jewel has not been forgotten by any of the family.

1929, business continued strong, so strong that the demands on me were really sapping my strength. I probably failed in proper management, I knew better in some respects, but in some of my thinking I was handcuffed by a higher management in the General Office. I wanted to pass more responsibility to others. With others over me, pressure by those who were not on the job, I felt they just did not understand the situation. With them they were hamstringing me on paying higher salaries and wages, also, when I got a good man trained they wanted that one at another yard, where of course he was paid more. That could have been the man I needed badly. I gave up and suggested that we sell the hardware business and the implement business. General Office was very reluctant, because they knew we were making money. My final was to them that I wanted to get back into the lumber business only, and unless we did sell, I would be on the lookout for a lumber job only. As the lumber business was my love. And I was not afraid but that another job would show up when and if I was relieved. Too, I did like the life insurance business and felt if a lumber job was slow coming my way, I would go the insurance route.

SOLD HARDWARE & IMPLEMENTS

1929-Early in this year, it was decided that I sell the hardware and the implements if I liked. So in June, the hardware was sold, I do believe that 1929 was the hardest business year of my life. As it seems, I was so slow getting loose of the Implements, although too when the year was almost over, I did sell. In November, McDivitt, who was still working with me, and as the manager, managed to organize the Perryton Implement Company, Inc. He got capital from several good men, they paid all down that they could raise at that time and I took a note with mortgage for the balance due of \$10,000, at 10% interest. I thought it a good deal for them, as well as us. As that was a going business and had made us a good profit over the years we handled it. Still it will long be remembered that late in 1929, the New York Stock Market busted wide open, causing losses of millions of dollars to many business folks. As it turned out Banks and Loan Companies began calling in loans, the economy of America was so badly strained that many very wealthy men, at least thought to be wealthy, soon found out they were busted. What loans my company owed, we were called on to pay. It was good fortune that in our part of the country we did not feel the pinch until early 1932, and that gave us a chance to get our business in shape to ride it out. We did for practically seven long years. The men who had bought the implement business did not get a good start in 1930, they made no profit, and as times got worse instead of better, there were years .hat they could not even pay the interest. We also had or maybe did in order to save Mr. Spencer and later Mr. Conner from going busted released them from the mortgage. This was in agreement with the others concerned. We finally wound up with Mr. Womble of Spearman the hardware and implement dealer there the sole debtor to us, but he had mortgaged a half section of land to us, and it was clear of any other debt. Mr. Womble had his own concern of his own business and like us and a lot more just hanging on in the worst times any of us had ever fought, Mr. Spencer died during those bad years, and we all thought worry had brought for him an early death. He was caught owing us a personal bill of \$1200. We had charged it off the White House Lumber Co. books and about 200,000 dollars more, but long after his death his daughter, Grace, called me by phone to figure up the bill, add the interest and she would pay it off. Mrs. Spencer was still living, I figured it up to a little over \$2000. When I got to their home, I told them the amount, but in the same breath, I said they were to pay only the face amount of \$1200, like wise on a lot of that \$200,000, that had been charged off during those hard years, there was finally paid the principle amount on some near \$100,000. In the 1940's Mr. Womble died, the last time I saw him alive I ask him how he had come out on the Perryton Implement Company deal, "I had heard he had sold his interest", he said some over \$25,000 ahead. Those of us who rode it "the depression" out finally got back on our feet.

WE MOVED TO CANADIAN

1932 - Our move to Canadian had to be delayed on account of school, Burl was to graduate that year and too, Lela and Cert were both in High School and we didn't think it good to move especially them. We made the move the last of May. Previous to our move "on the evening of May 10, 1932" Ben Tepe and Judge Hoover told me they were due in Perryton that night and ask me to go along. I was always ready to get back to my family, so I went along. It seems I got a little suspicious, that maybe they were pulling something on me, but said nothing. There was some kind of a meeting and sure as it turned out, it was "Charley Callaway Night". Perryton friends had planned a "Going Away Party" for mama and me. There were approximately 125 in attendance, my good friend Cap Correll was the chairman-sponsored by the Perryton Lions Club, of which I was a charter member. They had several give talks, some singing, told the good things about me and my family, don't think they mentioned the bad part. Said Perrytons' loss was Canadians' gain. I was presented with a gold case Elgin wrist watch, engraved on the back "To C.W.C. by Perryton Friends 1932". Mama received a large bouquet of red roses. It was a wonderful send off, I wore that watch about 40 years, the time had come when it gave out and parts to repair it could no longer be obtained. I gave it to our first granddaughter, Becky, for a keepsake. I hope others of you will be able to see that watch on down the years for many years to come and go. I really hated to see that watch go, as it had many memories for me and at this time of 1976, I miss it more than words can express.

Leaving Perryton was hard to take for us all. Our friends were our standby. Our new home, which we so enjoyed for such a few years, and by reason of the depression could not be sold for anywhere near its cost. We had to rent the home and also had to rent a home in Canadian, we had gotten in debt owed some on the home and owed otherwise as previously told by speculation on lots that could not be sold. At Canadian our hands had been tied on account of the debts until around the 1940's, so continued to rent, and did not own another home until we bought and paid cash for the one we are now living in. But early in the 1940's I was out of debt, and never have had to go in debt again.

All of the 1930's were tough to some extent, but we made the best of it. My job was a complete change, I had to travel quite a lot. I was assistant to Ben Tepe, general manager of the Company. He was sick quite a lot and I was doing the buying for the yards, two to twelve of them. Called on the Oil companies, went to the lumber mills, tried to make most conventions. This gave me a chance at times to take the family along, usually what could go. Canadian country was quite different from the plains country of Perryton, it has a lot more places to go for outings and nice interesting scenery , game and fishing, etc.

COUNTRY CLUB

The company had a country club six miles out of Canadian that came in handy for our family, there were three small lakes, a boat, the lakes stocked with fish, mostly cat and bass, and there were always deer and wild turkey on that place of some 200 or more acres, or on near by places. Also, good for swimming. At one time Captain Mosely, a fine head game warden, for that district told me that Hemphill County had more game than any other county in Texas. Hard to believe, yes? But to name the different kinds makes one think he might be correct, as I remember here are some that he named: Deer, antelope, wild turkey, wild bobcats, fox, beaver, porcupine, rabbits, both the jack and cotton tails, skunks, coons, opossums, armadillo, quail, prairie chicken, pheasants and watch out for the snakes. Captain Mosely was a fine warden, he wanted to help the hunters and did, but watch out if you disobeyed the law, he seemed to be at the right spot at the right time. We, of course, were well pleased with our surroundings in Perryton County, but must admit that Canadian had all to offer that Perryton had, Hemphill County much more.

YOU CHILDREN LEAVING HOME

Our children just seemed to grow up so fast, Burl leaving for college in 1933, Lela soon finishing high school, Cert's time coming along as an outstanding graduate. Not much longer til those three were gone from home and much too soon we were taking C Dub to college at Enid, Oklahoma. Our family began to seem so small with only three left at home. But with all our woes of the '30's I began to grieve at our loss. I can remember very well that when Burl left home I just took it for granted, when Lela got

married it struck me pretty hard, when Cert left home to go to work for Maynard Lumber Company in Amarillo, I was rather pleased as I recall, although I more fully realized how time was passing, but when we took Dub to Enid that was a blow for sure, Dub was such a student and now here he was headed for giving his life to our Lord. Mama and I both shed tears when we unloaded him in Enid and said goodbye, in other words, as for him leaving was probably no worse, in some respects than any of you leaving home, we were just waking up a little more of how soon we would be left alone and all would be gone from us. We came back from Enid and got back to the care of those three boys left. After all we also began to give more thought to how you who had left our home, how you progressed as citizens out for yourself. We could now be pleased and proud that you were establishing yourselves so nicely on your own.

WORLD WAR TWO

Late in the thirties the war started, and we were hoping that America would not be involved, we had another worry, as we knew some of you would be in there fighting for your country. As time passed, Burl married and not too far off, Robert came along. Burl had made good after his schooling with the United Sash and Door company. Later he joined Art Arnold, a longtime lumber salesman and that proved a wonderful move, as he was now selling on commission and he had what it took to sell. Then there came the time Cert enlisted in the Navy, at that time it was for six years. The war was raging, getting nearer to our shores. Cert had quit John Maynard Lumber Co., and that was quite a blow to Mr. Maynard, so he told me, but as that turned out Cert was taking up electronics, not too long he mastered that and was soon a Chief Petty Officer. Came Pearl Harbor, Jap attack and there we had arrived in World War II. Not too long, it was Burl, Thad, Max, Jiggs. Dallas got to the age he had to register, and was all ready to go when he was held up as the war was all but over. How five of our family returned without injury is a mystery, only God knows. How thankful we were, the war is now history that you who read this will be in the know and others of you who were then too young or not yet born will be informed by history books and you will get some idea of the horrors of war. Mother and I have lived through the Spanish-American, World War I and II. As heretofore mentioned, in World War I I was expected to go just about the time that one was over, so I have missed all wars, just by age, the timing, maybe just luck. Although, I regret that I did not get to serve my country in some way.

1930's till 1948, things happening with us was routine in most respects. Probably like most families, just living with the times. We made many trips as a family, but as time went the younger of you were getting to the age where your interest was mostly with friends at home. After the 1940's and during the war, we had to cut down on all the driving we could, gasoline was rationed, we were allowed so many gas stamps, tires were hard to come by. As the war progressed, we were experiencing many anxious moments and not only moments but lasting days before we got better news. We were in a more prosperous condition and invested our surplus funds in Liberty Bonds. After the war was all over, I sold the Bonds and bought a half block of vacant property on what is now called Amarillo Blvd. 8th Street NE. Paid \$8500 cash, sold it at a good profit after holding it a short time after one year had passed. My mistake was that I did not take a bigger chance and buy two other tracts and pay down so much on all three that had been offered at a small amount down and several years to pay on at about 6% interest. Hindsight had been the best. But we had gone thru the depression in debt and I was thru with being in debt. Have been ever since as far as speculation is involved. I did not consider the lumber business speculation, As may be shown here later.

WEST COAST TRIPS

When the war was over, it was still a few years before our country got back on an even basis, as most supplies were hard to buy. In 1946, Ralph Wood and I did a lot of traveling to try and buy stock, as the government still had most items under control, we did the best we could, took anything they offered at the controlled prices. On our trip to the West Coast timber states, I realized my time was short with the White House Lumber Company, and I discussed this with Ralph, in whom I had the upmost confidence.

In 1947, Mama, Lela and I made a trip out thru California, Oregon, Washington. We went on that trip 6500 miles, we visited friends, relatives, etc. Most of the large National Parks.

Previous to the above trip, I asked for a three months leave of absence with pay, which was granted. By this time, I could see Ben Tepe was just putting off asking for my resignation, he was showing his displeasure of me very much, but my idea was to force his asking, as I felt that leaving it all up to him was my best bet. It would be to my interest in going into business against them. It did not take very much over a month, as I could not stand being out of work, and needed time to quietly get ready to organize my company. I talked to my trusted friend my children, etc. of my plans. I was nearing the age of sixty and I needed younger folks in with me and that they have lumber knowledge and love of the lumber business. About three months ahead of the end of 1947, Ben called me into his office and was in a very nervous condition, so I knew before he could get it off his chest, he told me they wanted to retire me, my answer "Retire or Fire" as you wish to call it, but I will call it as fired. He said that in the mean time of my being relieved he would like to buy my stock, and indicated that they would give me a \$5000 bonus and would set the time as the first of the year. I told him that consideration would be given to his request. Of course, I knew that it had to be the first of the year, as my term of service as assistant manager was an elective office, as I had been elected by the directors to hold that office during 1947. Otherwise, he would have had to bring charges against me as being unfit to hold the office and call on the directors to remove me, earlier. The Tepe family held the majority of the stock and their votes alone could have removed me, and I would surely not want to fight against it. It was giving me ample time to make my plans, and by the first of the year I had arranged with the Santa Fe Railroad Company, for a lease on the highway for our lumber business.

Our stock had been bought and carloads of lumber began to arrive in early January, 1948. We had selected the name Jessie Fry came up with "Modern Lumber Company", Speck Fry was to stay with the White House Lumber Company until April and Bob Bayless until approximately the same time. My first deposit, as I recall was \$28,000 in the name selected, Mr. Wilbur of the First National Bank told me at that time that would establish us with a loan amount of \$10,000, if we needed it. We started selling anything we had on hand as it arrived. April of 1948, Mama and I took off for Houston to attend the Texas Lumber Dealers Convention, leaving Speck Fry and Jiggs in charge. At that time, we had a fairly good and well balanced stock on hand. My visiting the conventions in Kansas City, and also in Oklahoma City had to have a lot to do with us getting stock, as the U.S. Gypsum and also the National Gypsum were sure doing as they told me and that was "Charley we are going to see that you get started", also, the same was true with cement shippers. It was items that other dealers "our competitors", were on an allotted basis. So that was a big boost for us, as the whole country was really wanting Gypsum board and cement and at one time we had seven cement companies shipping us. Our nearby competitors could not understand how we could out-do them and evidently, "as we understood" were really putting pressure on the "WHY" not them who had been in business so long. The item that we had very little of was steel products-such as wire, barb, smooth, nails, steel posts, and especially galvanized steel roofing, which was also a badly needed item, as well as black and galvanized pipe and fittings. We were getting some of these items from wholesale hardware houses, but we needed to buy these items in carload lots. The Houston trip was made with the idea of getting, steel products and it was worth the trip, paid off well in a short time. While we were at Houston, there were also other connections made and of a lasting nature for many years. Our getting a good start was not all due to the shippers. We must give credit to our fellow lumber dealer friends, we had made over the years, such as Lynn Boyd at Pampa, Forrest Lumber Company- Lubbock, Maynard Lumber and Long Bell in Amarillo.

On our arrival home from Houston, sales that Jiggs and Speck had made the week we were gone were sure most pleasing. I can never forget how grateful I was to our customers, after all customers are who we are in business to serve and our most needed, so always treat a customer so you have reason to see him return, and return they did.

The year 1948;was very prosperous to us, we had a lot of turn over for a new firm in town, and quick turn-overs are what counted. So as the unexpected does happen at times, here came a phone call in August from Lawyer Bill Sanders of Amarillo and Vice President of The White House Lumber Company, that he would like to meet with Speck and I the next day, that he would come down on the morning train and would we meet him at the station. We met the request. He offered to sell us the White House

property and stock. The deal appeared reasonable, we ask for two weeks time to consider and time to arrange financing. ask Mr. Sanders if he had full authority and he said he did.

I questioned him on this, telling him it was hard to believe, as all the time I had worked with Ben Tepe, I had never heard of anyone getting that much authority from him. Well, evidently he was wrong, we ate our lunch that day with Mr. Bill, and we took him back to the train that evening. He had not even phoned or seen another soul that day as far as even having another conversation with anyone, but the next morning he called us from Amarillo that the deal was off for the time being, that he would be seeing us again, soon. It was about a week later that he did see us. There were some minor changes, which did not amount to enough to be concerned and we ask then for only a very few days, as we had really already checked on how we could finance the deal and had the whole deal final cost pretty much in mind. In those few days we called Mr. Bill and ask him to get up a contract and we would like to start the inventory on November 1, 1948. The contract was soon signed and we put in escrow at the First National Bank, \$7500. This good faith money, we had on hand. When November 1 arrived, Speck and their man we called Woody started taking inventory. And on November 11, 1948, same year we started that business we had bought that headquarted yard that Ben Tepe and Lawyer H. E. Hoover had established in 1896. The contract had called for them to have one year free rent on the general offices that were on the second floor of the office building and should they want a second year that they pay us a very small rent, that I believe was only \$50 a month. At the end of the second year they asked us to stay on, offering to pay as much as \$100 a month, and would have paid more, I am sure, but I told them to move out and there was no need for a larger offer, as we wanted them to move and be out on the first of the year, they were. There was a good reason for this stand on our part, and that was that, we could better establish ourselves as being the sole owners of the Modern Lumber Company. We had learned that a lot of the customers and others still were calling it the White House Yard, and that we were in some manner a part of them. Well, we were in debt but not to the White House Lumber Company. We had paid them all cash, approximately \$52,500. But we were not in debt for long. When we bought them, we had two stocks, but the first year we sold down to a well balanced stock. The real estate, we figured had cost us \$13,500, the stock, machinery, etc. \$39,000. We had 175 foot frontage on Hiway's 60 and 83, that we did not need, so we set the price up on that location on our books for \$8,000, leaving the yard location with all the buildings, and land, machinery, tools, etc., that was set-up for the sum of the balance approximately \$5,500,

We later sold to the Production Credit Association (PCA) the 100 foot corner of the Hiway location for \$10,000. That check reduced our cost of all the Real Estate and rental items to . \$3,500. That helped our investments greatly in capital items, and allowed us to raise our stock to a much more desirable of saleable items, buying in larger amounts and at more desirable prices.

1954 SANTA FE MOVING FREIGHT YARDS OUT

We were now pretty well established, the next few years were good. We continued to prosper up to about 1954. In that year the Santa Fe RR was moving the freight division out of Canadian. This was a blow to all of us that would be left. They bought all the homes of those AT&SF RR employees, most all were resettled in Amarillo. That put a lot of homes on the market, that looked serious to us. Along at that year, the Wheeler, Texas banker, had a lumber yard that he wanted to sell. We contacted him and as we thought we might be too heavy on stock, we made a deal to buy his stock only, renting his location at a price that we thought better than buying that allowed us to move quite a little of our stock to balance up that which was out of the Wheeler yard, the stock bought at Wheeler was near \$22,000, we paid him \$12,000, and the banker was glad to carry us for the other. As we got the stock pretty well balanced we paid for that we had borrowed, but we established a good credit rating and that gave us another banking connection. However, we had kept the manager that the banker had and it turned out he was .not very aggressive, and was not making us any money, in fact the yard was on the down grade. We tried an old time lumberman, who had at one time managed that yard, and that did not work, in fact we lost about \$2500 the first two years, we then run on to a father-in-law and son-in-law team of what turned out to be a lot better. We set them up for so much interest in the business to be paid if earned, and made them money and us too. I remember well that the first month they were in charge

they doubled the sales, then over the years that we owned the business we were very satisfied with the results.

Back to the Canadian yard. Even though the Santa Fe moved all those folks, and at the time things looked gloomy, it so turned out that the prospects continued to grow in leasing for oil and gas, and the drilling in the south-east of Hemphill County was all helping our business, Canadian was picking up some steam and our business was good and growing by 1956.

We were reaching out with good sales all over the county, also in Lipscomb County and getting a lot of business out of the Oklahoma territory east of us.

It is necessary that you know that at the time I went in the business for myself in 1948, I was 60 years old in October of that year. And that operation just four years later had a lot toward slowing me down. So by 1958, it was getting to where I could hardly do a days work, by three o'clock in the afternoon, I was almost past going, more work was on my good partner, Speck.

I realized that I was not keeping up my part, this I talked over with Speck, and he with his brother-in-law, Houston Stickley. Of course, I realized that we had a going business and great prospects ahead, this was evident by reason of the great amount of leasing and the prices being paid, the big oil company interest showing up day after day. Too, I realized that in ten years after we put that yard in, it had more than paid us back our investment, and that we had drawn good salaries, too that the business was worth much more than double the \$40,000 that was invested. So came the year 1959, and I was contented to accept two and one half or .32,000, for my part. Houston Stickley was to pay me \$10,000 for the stock he was to take, Speck to pay me the \$22,000 over a ten year span with 6% interest, he never missed a payment and on the date due. There was also an agreement that I was to stay on until a replacement for my feeble efforts could be replaced with a permanent man, and by reason of getting what was thought to be a good man, he staying only a few months, then deciding that he was not going to like the lumber business. He left and I went back to work. That went on until the first of 1961, then we finally got moved to Amarillo, even then I went back to help with the inventory and at one time went to relieve Speck so he and Jessie could take a two weeks vacation. That was a hard two weeks for me, but I was glad that I was able to stay with it. At that time, I was trying to tell Speck he was working himself to death, but he failed to take my advice, Speck could not turn business down, nor would he figure the job high enough to loose the business. Speck was very honest in his dealings with the customer. He died much too early for his age, died June 12, 1971.

The closing of the business fell on, Bob Henderson, Bayless Payne, and Specks' widow, Jessie. Speck had sold the Canadian yard just a short time before he entered Northwest Texas Hospital, in Amarillo. There was the Wheeler yard to dispose of, two or three warehouses, certain lots, etc. Dallas was of big help in locating two men in Lubbock, Texas, who bought the Wheeler yard. Dallas also helped them all through the sale, decided on the worth of the inventory and the property, we heard that those men found out the first year of ownership that they had made a very profitable investment. My wish has been that even though I had often wished that I could be in business and was very happy that it finally happened, but really I got in much too late, still when I did get in, I have had the pleasure of knowing that my associates were properly selected. I also, while managing the Ochiltree, later the Perryton yard, was able to select good help. As told previously here, at one time Ben Tepe took a lot of men who started in the lumber business with me, quite a few who later left the company and made good in the same business for themselves. This has also been a great satisfaction to me. But, Ben was in my mind wanting it all for himself. However, he could have had much more for himself if he had made it worth while by offering those men a chance to do more for themselves, so they could also have done for themselves and he would have prospered. This I could see in men like Lynn Boyd, Lynn had only one yard, but that one yard in Pampa did more business than a half dozen of the White House yards. "Why, the reason, Lynn had those men on a far better salary than Ben would ever think of paying and none went without a bonus at year end he divided the profits. If you see you have a capable and trust worthy man, hold on to him, take him in your arms and hold on, it costs one good money to train help, and make managers, get your business in such shape you can go on any trip that comes along. You can then do some playing, golf, go fishing, and it will be great for you as head of the business to know that

you are not indispensable and it will be good to always have in mind that the business did not even miss a job while you were out.

After our move to Amarillo, I tried to keep busy at something. My experience in the Stock Market was good, no, I didn't make much money, in fact you might think I lost money if you could look over my books, but recently I got this all added up, the losses and the gains, the dividends, etc., and I was some ahead, not a lot but enough to help. I had a lot of pleasure out of it all and made a lot of friends, and I stayed active.

Over the years in Amarillo, we have enjoyed, even though Alice and I have had a lot of sickness. It was well that we had you children near who have given us help in time of our need and much love in your givings. In these latter years at times I have felt that we were a burden on your hands, but none of you failed us, and seemed to enjoy giving to us the help needed and most of all we value deeply the love shown us. And we deeply love you.

They call it the Golden Ages, not so golden to one who tries to live with all those pains. As this is now in the Bicentennial Year, "1976", we look back, we talk of days gone by and here we sit, very little we are able to do for ourselves, no help to others, but on the other end, we talk of the changes. In our covered wagon days, the two of us nearly blind, hearing so bad we have to shout to one another, thank God, we are not bitter. We marvel at all the progress man has made since we arrived in the 1888 year.

1976 - And to think that in our early days we had no radio, phones were crude. No such thing as an adding machine, even typewriters were crude and no thought of computers and who would ever think of man on the moon. And on and on-no wonder one should love America, who have gone so far in a short time. And to us in our 88 years it has been just a short time, and to you who are now living if you live that many years or more you will say it is a short life, too. "Here Today - Gone Tomorrow".

The progress is still in effect and man will do after we are gone many more great things that to you will be much greater than we have seen in our life time. The progress in most everything goes on and on. All for the better of mankind. Or is it? We do question nuclear or atomic energy, but still believe that it could be used to a great advantage for energy, although it could destroy all mankind, and possibly all life on earth.

Our 200th has seen so many changes in living standards that we have a lot of confidence in further advances, and here I want to say to all who read this, you our children, our grandchildren and the great and their children and on down the line, that they try for an education as it seems to me that greater knowledge is much needed to success in this life. Take care of your health, do not ever touch drugs or dope, that will destroy your mind, be loyal, be gentle to your fellow man, love one another. By all means be good citizens

I realize my words are not proper, some are misspelled, some have been left out and this could be much shorter if one had the proper education, but what could an 88 year old man be expected to do better than had a very limited education. My wish is that I had thought to have done this ten years ago for a starter, and of finished it as of now. Some of you who can type and think this worth the effort might want to take it on, and if so edit it and take care of the misspelled words and get it in more readable shape and you can also make several copies. But for my age and not thinking well, also a tired old man can go no further.

"Fare Ye Well", and May Our Heavenly Father Bless all who read this.

Cinda and Lelan

Always my best wishes and God Bless.

Granddaddy Callaway

(Christmas 1976)