

MEMORIES OF BIRDIE BURKETT CHAMBERS

I am Birdie Burkett Chambers, the seventh child of the late Joseph Lafayette and Della Catherine Pyeatt Burkett. I was born September 15, 1898, in Mullin, Mills, County, Texas, on the same piece of land where I live now. It is known as 'The Burkett Old Home Place.'

I attended school in Mullin until I graduated in May 1917. One of my fondest memories is the fact that I was salutatorian, ranking second highest in the graduation class. Some of my teachers were; Miss Mary Barton, Miss Zula Hale, Miss Nellie Kirkpatrick, Mr. B.E. McGirk, Mr. Bowden, Mr. Wright, Mr. W. D. Dechart and Mr. A.H. Daniel. I can truthfully say that I loved and respected everyone of them.

In 1917, following my graduation from high school, I accepted a position as book keeper in the Mullin Post Office, taking my sister, Stella's place as she was resigning to marry. I continued to work for the post master, J.R. Clark, until 1922, when the federal government administration changed and a new postmaster was appointed. I then worked for the Republican post master, S. J. Eaton, until 1925. During the next two years, I kept books in a Drug Store for Mr. A.H. Daniel, one of my school teachers the year I graduated. In 1927, I became book keeper in the First State Bank of Mullin, Texas. R. H. Patterson was the cashier. Later I was made assistant cashier and remained with the bank several years.

While I was employed there, one of the most exciting events of my life occurred. On February 2, 1928, two bandits robbed the bank of \$1,745.65 after four other persons, J.A. Childress, Marvin Templin, Walter Plummer, R.H. Patterson and I were forced into the vault. A few days later, Mr. Patterson and I went with C.D. Bledsoe, Mills County Sheriff, to Sweetwater, Texas, where we were to identify the robbers. The entire law force met us at the depot in Sweetwater, the Sunday morning we went out there on the train and escorted us to the jail. I felt as if I had robbed the bank, myself before it was all over, because I was the only lady in the group and was being escorted from place to place with so many law officials all carrying and wearing so many guns.

In 1934, I went to work again in the Post Office as bookkeeper and assistant and remained until I decided to retire because of ill health. I decided to retire, myself, at that time and did not work for the public for several months. I suppose keeping books, dealing with figures and people just got into my blood; so in 1947, I obtained employment in the post office again as Book Keeper. I continued working there until 1949, when the post master, S.S. Dorbandt, was killed in an airplane wreck. Later in 1949, I started keeping books for the new post master, Earnest Lynn Fisher, and continued to work there until December 31, 1952. At that time my husband's health failed and it became necessary for me to resign from the

post office position and take care of him; thus ending about twenty-five years of book-keeping for the public, and I enjoyed every minute of it. At times there would be a few months that I would be unemployed in book-keeping work; then I would clerk in various stores and work in the telephone office. I remember at one time my sister, Stella was manager for the telephone company as well as operator both day and night. That was more work than even she could do, of course, so the telephone company gave her permission to hire Mae Delle and me to help her with the switch board.. All of us enjoyed the work. It seems that all four of my sisters as well as I enjoyed working for the public., meeting and dealing with the people.

I was married to Willis Harrison Grisby Chambers August 14, 1937, at Goldthwaite, Texas. The ceremony was performed in Gladys and Archie Hodges' home by Fred J. Burcks, pastor of the Methodist Church in that city. My husband was a ranchman and owned real estate interests. He was also a retired school teacher, having taught school in Marshall County, Alabama, as well as in Texas. He passed away April 17, 1961, and was laid to rest in Wolf Valley Cemetery, near May in Brown County, Texas.

Since his death in 1961, I still reside here in Mullin at our home, which I have said before, is "The Burkett Old Home Place."

When I think of my busy and interesting life, I am reminded of my many friends and neighbors who have been so very thoughtful. They always seem to know when I want to share my happiness or sorrows.

I am reminded also, of the pleasant conversations and trips with my husband. We made several trips during the first ten or twelve years of our married life. One of our most enjoyable trips was made to Mississippi and Alabama where we visited his relatives.

Staying busy is a familiar characteristic of the Burketts, and I practice it all the time in many ways, taking care of my home, visiting sick friends and relatives, writing letters to my relatives, entertaining very often the many friends and kinfolk who come to see me, and helping with community affairs.

HISTORY OF MAE DELLE STATYRE BURKETT GOODWIN

I am the eighth child born to Joseph Lafayette and Della Catherine Burkett. To them were born ten children, five girls and five boys. I was born May 6, 1901, at Mullin, Texas. My full name is Mae Delle Statyre. I was named after Mrs. Sam Murphy of Mullin. Mr. Murphy told Dad if he would name me after Mrs. Murphy, he would give me a real nice gift. I believe it was to be a horse----whatever it was, I never did receive it.

I can call to mind many, many things which happened while I was very young; perhaps I should not recall too many incidents because my older sisters and brothers will just declare that I was not even born at that time. I can remember a Mr. Moxley who had to pass our house to go to town. He used to give us a nickel and several times brought us candy from town for opening the gate for him. I can even remember how big his horse looked to me. I don't know how old I was when this next incident occurred; but I have never forgotten about the dog chasing Birdie and me. The dog belonged to Jim Chessar who lived in the Ben Kettle house. I well remember how we screamed and cried until finally Mrs. Chessar came to our rescue.

I remember the song Daddy would sing to us while Mother was cooking breakfast. I know several of the children will remember; "Three old crows sitting in a tree, as black as three old crows could be--." Dad's pet name for all of us was Sug, but he always called Gladys and John 'Jack Johnson.' Dad and Mother were hard-working, honest, law-a-biding people. They were both very wonderful people; but I may have been partial to Mother. I was afraid not to mind Dad, but I minded Mother because I wanted to. I don't mean that I was never peeved at them. I did get 'mad' sometime as all children get angry with their parents; however as one grows older, the resentment turns into love and respect. I don't think I ever got a whipping from Dad, but I did from Mother and deserved every one I got, plus others. I will tell about the ones I remember just to let the children and grandchildren see that we are all alike.. The children of today do not do one thing that children have not always done. Stella always loved flowers, I don't remember why I was angry with her, but I trampled her flowers down. Another time Birdie and I were 'mad' at each other, I picked up a chunk of salt and hit her with it. One evening as it was getting dark, Gladys was swinging on the front porch. I wrapped a sheet around me and walked around the corner of the house. It almost scared Gladys into convulsions. Yes, I received a whipping for each of those things, but I do know they were not half as hard as they should have been. I never decided why I ever did that to Gladys. She was such a smart little thing, and we were always proud of her. I can remember when Bird and I used to take and fix her

hair, back home we would go, knowing that no one else in the world had as pretty and cute a little sister as we did.

I have thought of another whipping I got. Birdie and I were sitting in Edgar's and Floyd's laps while they were telling us what to say to each other. We were fussing away and I hollered out, "You are a liar." I had not been told to say it because we were not allowed to say such words. I said it on my own accord; and got a severe whipping, which I rightly deserved. It makes me ashamed to be telling all the mean things I did to Bird because she has stood beside me through thick and thin ever since I have been grown and married.

I started to school at Mullin and went there until I graduated in 1918. I had many good teachers and can not call to mind any that I disliked. While attending high school, I had four years of German and loved every bit of it. We learned to sing several songs and read one novel in German. I had lots of fun going to school, and it will always be one of my fond memories. I will relate another little episode about myself. At the time John was starting to school, we still had to march out and stand in line until the triangle jingled. The first graders always marched next to my line. One day as soon as we were dismissed some of the little kids ran up to me saying, "John is going to get a whipping." I asked why and they replied, "because he couldn't see what the teacher put on the blackboard." That made me as mad as the mischief. Rushing into John's room and right up to his seat, I jerked him up and said, "Come on, John." Then I turned to the teacher and blurted, "The kids told me you were going to whip John because he could not see what you put on the board and if you do, it will be after you whip me." Out the door I went with John. I was scared to death to go home, because I just knew Dad would whip me for talking that way to the teacher; but of course, I had to go home. It almost shocked me to death when Mother and Dad did not punish me. Thinking that the superintendent would whip me, I was afraid to go back to school. Dad made me go and the incident was never mentioned to me at school. I don't know what happened, but I have always thought Dad told the teacher that John did not see well. John was not sent back to school that afternoon.

The next event was never told to Mother and Dad. It is related now in my autobiography to indicate my attitude against tattling on other people. The incident occurred while I was in high school. At that time a boy in the lower grades misbehaved so badly at times that the lady teacher would send him to our room. One day he was sent to our room and we were having examinations. Everyone else was still busy with his test after I had finished mine and turned in my paper. As I sat there looking around, the mischievous boy named(-----) threw a bottle of ink and hit the teacher's desk. The bottle broke and the ink flew all over the place. As soon as he threw the bottle the boy lowered his head and pretended to be studying. When the teacher looked, I was the only one with my head up. He asked if I did it and I told him no; then he asked if I knew who did it. My

reply was, "Yes, but I don't want to tell." Everyday for two or three days he kept me in, trying to make me tell. Finally the superintendent kept me in and said he was thinking of suspending me from school for two weeks if I didn't tell. I said, "Go ahead, I won't tell." That scared me to death---I would have told--because I would have been afraid to tell Dad that I was suspended. I don't know why, but for some reason the matter was dropped and never mentioned to me again. I must change the subject or some of my grandchildren will say, "I did not know Mama Delle was so mean."

My history is incomplete unless I mention the good times I used to have while visiting Annie and her family and George and his family. We had very wonderful times and some of my most enjoyable childhood days were spent in their homes.

During our youthful years, we called our parents Pa and Ma as was customary in those days. When Lee began to 'get' educated, he learned that it did not sound well to say Pa and Ma; so he encouraged us to say Dad and Mother. I have always been grateful to Lee for that because I think it sounds better and more respectful to say Dad and Mother.

Soon after graduating from High School, I worked in the Drug Store owned by Mr. A. H. Daniel at Mullin. I enjoyed every day of it, but I was not there long until I had an opportunity to work in the bank in Mullin. Dad was president of the bank at that time. From the first day, I loved every minute of my work in the bank and continued until I married Thomas Daniel Goodwin, October 8, 1920. We were married in the courthouse in Goldthwaite, Texas, by Judge Weaver. Lois Canady, Gertrude Abney, Earnest Hancock and Birdie went with us. Until this time, nineteen hundred-sixty-two, we still have not had a real honeymoon; but we have had many good times and lots of fun. We can talk up a storm yet, so why worry over not having a honeymoon?

Dan was a barber working for Uncle Dave Eaton at Mullin when we married. We lived in Mullin where Margie La Juana was born, December 23, 1921. When she was one year old, we moved to Blanket, Texas. Mr. Milton Casey moved us. After we unloaded our belongings and Milton started to leave, I broke down and cried and cried, for it seemed that I was ten thousand miles away from home but it was only twenty- miles. Since we were all too home sick to stay long in Blanket, we soon moved to Mullin.

Della Lou was born November 8, 1923 at Mullin. It was nice living in the same town with my Mother and Dan's Mother. They helped me over several uneasy times when the children were sick.

We continued living in Mullin until 1927, then we returned to Blanket. We were better satisfied about living there because Dan had bought a barbershop and and we felt more secure with Dans' having his own shop. Another thing that helped was that Gladys and Archie moved to Blanket and we had so many opportunities

to be with them. We had lots of fun and good times.

Nelda Berylene was born January 12, 1930 at Blanket, Texas, Dr. Brown was the attending physician for all three of our children.

All three of our girls graduated from high school at Blanket. During their school years I lived an ordinary life, going to church, P.T.A. meetings, school programs, ball games, washing, ironing cooking for my family. We always had a crowd at our house rather than have our children away from home. Dad and I both liked dogs, and we have always kept dogs. Our love for dogs is one thing we have passed on to our grandchildren.

In 1937 I was offered a position in Blanket State Bank. We not only needed the money, but I dearly loved the bank work. Now twenty-five years later, 1962, I am still working there and enjoying every day of it. Of course, I have to work long and hard hours, yet each morning I can hardly wait to get to work. To me there is something fascinating about figures and I am my happiest while trying to find the solution of a problem which seems impossible to solve.

La Juana Goodwin married Eugene Rex Ivy of Mullin, Texas, January 1, 1942. They have three children, Mickey Eugene was born April 8, 1948. Debra Ann was born May 1, 1951. David Rex was born November 4, 1953. LaJuana's husband works for Humble Oil Company. They live at Kingsville, Texas.

Della Lou Goodwin married Delmar Don Geeslin of Goldthwaite, Texas, September 1, 1945. They have three children. Linda Gayle was born August 1, 1946. Don Kent was born August 3, 1950. Kyle Mark was born October 19, 1954. Don and Della own and operate a turkey farm. This year they have built a hatchery on the farm. They live at Goldthwaite, Texas.

Nelda Berylene Goodwin married Don Earl Beck February 21, 1948. They have five boys. Terry Don was born March 12, 1949. Danny Charles was born December 13, 1952. David Chris and Marcus Pat, twins, were born September 13, 1957. Steven Paul was born January 20, 1959. Don has a top and body shop. They live in Brownwood, Texas.

All three of our boys served in World War II. Don Geeslin and Rex Ivy were in Germany during the European Theatre of War. Don Beck was in the Occupational Army in Japan.

We have had a very happy life together. We are so proud of our daughters, sons-in-law, and grandchildren. We have lots of fun and good times together. I would just love to tell you, especially my brothers and sisters, just how intelligent my grandchildren are; but on second thought, since all your children are first cousins to my children, and your grandchildren are third cousins to my grandchildren, you already know how very alert and intelligent the whole group is. So long---

Reaching back in my memory for happenings in my childhood, I recall a few things that will be of no interest to anyone except perhaps my own children and possibly some of my brothers and sisters. But since this chronicle is written primarily for the immediate family, I will write down some of the things I remember. As I write this in February 1962, memories crowd into my mind so thick and fast I cannot write fast enough to keep up with them. I cannot put these happenings in chronological order since I have no idea which events happened first.

One very clear memory I cherish is my fifth birthday. Although I was born in the winter time, evidently the weather was nice enough on my fifth birthday for me to be playing outside; for I recall as though it were yesterday. I was in the front yard which was enclosed by a fence made of planks about eight inches wide. The path, for we had no side walk, ran along beside the front fence. A little to the left of the gate outside the yard were two large oak trees which shaded the path. It was late in the afternoon when I looked up and saw my father walking up the path. The last rays of the sun made light and shadows on him. I can see him yet. He was already grey, even then, for I was next to the youngest of ten children. He had a grey moustache and grey whiskers. He wore a large white hat without a crease in the top. On his shoulder he carried a small trunk, brand new and the most beautiful one I had ever seen. He had bought it for my birthday. I just could not believe it was for me. No other gift I have ever received has meant so much to me as that trunk. It represented my own private world to me, for in a large family it just was not possible for a child to have a room of his own or even a corner of a room. Not until one had a trunk, could he have a place for his treasures. My treasures consisted mostly of dolls, a tea set, and some crystal prisms from a beautiful lamp Mama V. White had given us children when she and her daughters moved from Mullin. But now I had a trunk of my own. No one could open my trunk without my permission. I had nothing anyone else wanted but I had a place that was mine for the first time in my life. I felt a little bad, because I had a trunk by myself while Bird and Mae Delle had to share one, even though they both were older than I.

Another occasion, I remember was when John was a tiny baby. Mother was probably still in bed. A neighbor woman was there. I think it was Aunt Rene Williams. I had always thought Bird was "One of the children" but on this day the baby cried and even with a grown woman sitting in the room, Bird picked up the baby and changed his diaper, though he was so tiny he had to be carried on a pillow. I knew right then that Bird was 'grown'. Of course she could not have been more than twelve years old.

Too, I remember the whispering when a name was chosen for John. Some

of the brothers and sisters had picked a name and a definite decision had been made, but Grandma Ezzell, who was not our grandmother at all, but we loved her as well as anyone ever loved his own grandmother, said, "His name is John. He looks like George Burketts' John. We will call him Johnny while he is little and when he grows to be a man, we will call him John." Not one of us from the oldest to the youngest dared to return a word. Grandma had spoken and we had been taught to respect older people. The very first minute, however, we got Mother alone, protests in whispers poured out. We were broken hearted. Imagine a baby as wonderful as ours with a name as common as John! But Mother stood firm. She said Grandma had to be respected. She gave permission to the family to put a fancy middle name with 'John', but that was as far as she would go. I don't know which brother or sister thought of 'Ivy' but we decided that would help take the common sound from his name.

Also I remember Mother waked me early on morning I was sleeping at the foot of her bed, for Johnny had taken my place in her arm when he was born. Pa had already got up and was building the fires. Ma said, "Guess who's here?" Of course I had no idea who it was. She said, "Floyd came in last night after you were asleep. He's in bed and you can go sleep with him if you want to." I ran and climbed in bed with Floyd and Oh! I was so glad he was at home again because he always petted me. He told me he had been at Miles, Texas, but that he would be home now.

Our trips to Annie's house, each summer, were highlights in our lives like Christmas in the winter. She was so good to us and she cooked such wonderful meals. I shall never forget her table. It was always loaded with huge bowls of delicious garden fresh English peas, floating in rich cream and butter, new potatoes in the same kind of rich sauce, platters of fried chicken, sliced red tomatoes, and sweet , green fleshed cantaloupes. We were allowed to go to the orchard and eat all the peaches and plums our hearts desired any time we wanted to. Each morning and each afternoon we stopped playing long enough to eat the hearts out of luscious red watermelons and even sweeter yellow ones.

Christmas has always been a very happy occassion for me--the gathering of the family, the tree, the gifts, the good food, the secrets about gifts and the general air of fun and loving kindness. As far as I can remember Mother and Stell worked, cooked, planned, saved, and made a great big, wonderful occasion of it for us children with all the toys and dolls they could possibly afford, and cakes and pies by the dozens. Dad always bought a box of apples and a box of oranges and sat one on either side of the fireplace and we were free to eat all we wanted anytime we wanted them without even having to ask for them. All the married children came home bringing their children and we were all together even if we did have to sleep on pallets, because there were not enough beds to go around.

And the beautiful Christmas Trees! I can see them now. One very large one, I especially remember. In those days the children were not allowed to see the tree until after supper on Christmas Eve night. Then when the tree was fully decorated and all the gifts in place, the door to the 'Front Room' would be flung open and there in all its' beauty, its' splendor burst on our sight. That special time the tree was so big and there were so many candles glowing, it was just too much beauty and wonder at once for me and I almost fainted.

Another vivid memory was the keen anxiety we felt in Dad while Lee was overseas during World War I. Always Dad had gone to the farm early in the mornings but during this time he never left until the mail had come and he had scanned the casualty list in the daily paper. We had never taken a daily paper before but in order to get the war news, Dad had subscribed to the Houston Chronicle. While Lee was gone Mother was sad and quieter than ever, if that was possible; for Mother was kind and gentle with 'a meek and quiet spirit.'

I sometime think Ed missed his calling. He was a 'Natural born' teacher. I remember I had difficulty with the statement problems in the seventh grade arithmetic. Mother suggested that I go to the farm and spend the night with . . . and Dove. She said she thought Ed could explain them so that I could understand them. I remember we were studying the papering of a room. The words did not mean a thing to me. After supper, though Ed was tired from working in the field all day, he sat up and patiently explained the problems to me.

Do you suppose any one else in the whole wide world had such a sister as I did? I mean Stella. She worked tirelessly to make our childhood a happy time. She took us on Easter picnics; she made candy for us, she popped corn for us, she took us with her when she visited her girl friends. She spent too much of the little salary she earned on us when she worked in the post office and in the drug store. She paid for music lessons for Mae Delle and me, so that we could have advantages that she did not have. I did not have any musical talent, but I still cherish the feeling of 'belonging' I had from being able to take music lessons like some of my friends. And Stell was so proud of us when we were in recitals. I remember Jennie Mae Little and I played a duet in one recital and Mae Delle and Mattie Little played solos.

There are some disadvantages to being one of the younger children. I remember having to get up and give the older brothers and sisters a chair when they came into a room where there were not enough chairs for everyone. I remember, also, having to wait to eat at the second table when we had company. But no other "little sister" ever had such self-sacrificing and good sisters as I have. I have never

had to feel alone in sickness for Bird or Mae Delle has always come to us when we needed someone. It is such a good feeling when you are young and need someone to know that when you ask for help, it will come surely and speedily. Sometime when the children were sick, Bird would come bringing 'goodies' that we could not afford.

I was born December twenty-third, nineteen hundred-four. I have been told that, George, my oldest brother, named me. He was married before I was born and so was my oldest sister, Anna. I still like the softer sounding name Annie which we all call her.

When J.W., Annie's oldest son, came to stay with us to be near school, I persuaded Mother to let me start to school, too, even though I was only five years old. J.W. and I always played together and the thought of being separated from him during the whole day every day while he was in school was unbearable. Miss Flora Summy, the first grade teacher, agreed for me to come to school with J.W. She was kind and patient. In those days the boys sat on one side of the room and the girls sat on the other side in double desks. Miss. Flora let me sit with J.W. because I was terrified at the thought of sitting across the room from him. Naturally I had to sit on the boys' side of the room because it was unthinkable that a boy should sit on the girls' side. Of course I had to endure teasing from the boys and pinches and having my long plaits of hair pulled, but it never entered my mind to move away from J.W. We went to school that year in the old rock building. The next year we were in the first grade in the new building and Miss. Helen Clark was our teacher. We had single seats in the new building, but I still sat with J.W., at least for a time. Miss Helen was so tiny and beautiful and sweet. How we all loved her. Other teachers I remember are Miss. Marjorie Taylor, Miss. Nell Kirkpatick, and Mr. A.H. Daniel. Most of my brothers and sisters at one time or another had Miss. Nell for a teacher. She taught me both in grammer school and high school. Miss Marjorie Taylor was my fourth grade teacher though she promoted me to fifth grade a few weeks after school started. She taught my second daughter, Nelda, in the fifth grade years later in the Golthwaite school . By that time she was Mrs. Frank Bowman.

My father died in October, nineteen hundred-twenty, when I was a senior in Mullin High School. We visited in Abilene that summer with Cousin Iru Jackson, Uncle Jim Burkett's daughter. When she found out I had finished high school she rushed me over to Abilene Christian College to take the entrance examinations, planning for me to stay with her and attend college that Fall. I remember, we were eating dinner when the subject came up, Without washing dishes, without even putting away the food, Cousin Iru rushed me into her car and to Dan Speck's house and on to the college. She was always eager to help anyone get a chance to go to school.

After we went back home Mother said I was too young to go away from home.. I was sixteen. I was broken hearted. I wanted so badly to be a school teacher. Finally just before school started that fall, Mother and Edgar agreed for me to go to high school at Goldthwaite, if Cousin Ora Barton would let me live with her. Goldthwaite was an accredited high school, so they taught one more grade than Mullin high School. I graduated from Goldthwaite High School in the spring of Nineteen hundred twenty-two. While I was in high school in Goldthwaite, Bird was working in Mr. Daniels' drugstore or in the post office. We felt like I had to have nicer clothes than when I was going to school in Mullin, since it was a larger school. To keep this from being a burden on Mother, Bird bought many of my clothes and hired them made for me. It meant a great deal to me to feel as well dressed as the other girls.

Uncle Jim Burkett came by our house that summer on one of his trips to Austin, where he was employed in the office of the Commissioner of Agriculture. He told me he would pay my tuition and deposit a small amount in the bank in Mullin each month for me, so that I could attend Abilene Christian College. He said I could live with Cousin Iru and she would charge me very little board. He said I could pay Cousin Iru for my board when I had my teaching certificate and was earning money. He told me to pay what I owed him to Cousin Iru, then she could use it to go to College.

I taught my first school at Trigger Mountain in Mills, County. It was a two teacher school. Miss. Laurie Petsick was principal and I was the primary teacher. The next two years I taught in San Saba County, then one year in Mullin Grammer school. Beside the one long term I went to college, I went two summer terms and part of one fall term until my school started, finishing the term's work by correspondence. I earned enough credits to finish the sophomore year in college. I always thought that someday I would finish college but here I am a grandmother, fifty-seven years old and have not done it yet. I had no idea how to apply for a teaching position. Always I had been told what to do because there were so many older brothers and sisters. I suppose Lee realized this so he came to my rescue and helped me with written applications and took me to see trustees in his car. Of course I had no money to pay even for gasoline. I was quite small and appeared much younger than I was, so when we started out to apply for teaching positions for me, Lee told me to wear my most grown up looking dress and hat and to keep my hat on.

On June thirteenth, nineteen hundred twenty-seven, I was married to Benjamin Archer Hodges, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charley Hodges of the Duren community. We were married in my Mother's home at high noon, by a Methodist Minister. At the time of our marriage, Archie was working in a barber shop in Big Lake, Texas. We lived there until after Christmas, I was so homesick by that time that

I persuaded Archie to move closer to home. He got a job in Dan Goodwin's barber shop in Blanket, Texas. Dan is my sister, Mae Delle's husband. I taught school the next year in Blanket. Those were such happy times, at least for Archie and me. We stayed at Mae Delle and Dan's home so much I am sure they were glad when we moved to Mullin, Texas. There February 15, 1930, our first baby, Helen Colleen was born. In a little less than two years on November 21, 1931, our second daughter, Nelda Ruth was born. Helen was born in Archie's Aunt Emma Harvey's house in Mullin. I think it was known as the Wade Cryer Place. Nelda was born on my Mother's farm. At that time we were living in the house that we called the new house. Soon after her birth my brother, Edgar wanted the house, so we moved to Goldthwaite where Archie was barbering. We lived there about three weeks and then we moved to Sleepy Hollow Ranch, which belonged to Will Dew, the banker of Mills County. Archie worked on the farm and ranch for two or three years. The work was hard, the hours long and the pay was small, but that was during the depression and we were thankful to have a job and a house and the privilege of having a garden, a cow and a pig. Then we moved to Stephenville, Texas. There Joe Charles was born December 9, 1935, in a new little house we had bought. When the old lady we had engaged to stay with us at the time of Joe's birth, broke her arm, Mae Delle left Dan, who was barbering, her two daughters, La Juana and Della Lou, who were in school, and brought Berylene with her and took care of us while I was in bed. It was getting close to Christmas and Mae Delle needed to go home so badly, because she always spent so much time preparing a wonderful Christmas for her family. The day she planned to leave, I took fever. Poor Mae Delle! Her heart said she must go home, but Loyalty to what she thought was her duty made her stay a few more days with us.

Since Joe was only about two weeks old, I did not dare tell Mother my plans to come home for Christmas; but I could not stay away, so even though the weather was terrible we went home. A good neighbor, Mrs. Loren Vaughan, came to my house, helped me get the childrens' clothes packed, heated a big rock for my feet, tucked Joe and me in the car while Archie wrapped Helen and Nelda in the back seat and we were off for Christmas at home.

We moved to Goldthwaite in the summer of 1936. Archie had a job as a salesman at the Ford Motor Company which was owned by Walter Weatherby. Mother died in June , 1937. We lived in Goldthwaite until the summer of 1952. There Helen had started to school and there she finished school. She attended Abilene Christian College one summer term and was married September 8, 1947, to Paul Ray Mayr of Waco, Texas. Helen met Paul when he came to Goldthwaite on several occasions to preach while he was attending Abilene Christian College. Paul received

his B.A. Degree from Abilene Christian College in August, 1947, before he married Helen in September. Four boys were born to them, but one died when he was one and a half years old. Their children are; Paul Mark, born October 1, 1949; Robert Edward, born April 18, 1951; Stephen Ray, born June 20, 1952, died December 10, 1953; Wesley Ray, born July 4, 1956. Paul preached full time for several years. He preached at Post, Texas; at Kerrville, Texas, where Mark was born; at Georgetown, Texas where Ed and Stephen were born; and at San Antonio, Texas where Wesley was born. Paul, Helen and their boys live in Dallas where Paul is Personnel Manager for a restaurant chain. He preaches occasionally for different congregations.

Nelda finished high school in Goldthwaite in June 1949. She attended Abilene Christian College two years, finishing the sophomore requirements. She was married to Charles Moss Willingham November 17, 1951. Nelda met Charles at Abilene Christian College. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Willingham, now of Bangs, Texas. Charles completed two years in Abilene Christian College; then in the fall of 1951, he transferred to the University of Texas. He married Nelda in November after school started in September. They lived in Austin and he received a degree in Business Administration in June 1953. They moved to Fort Worth, Texas. While living in Fort Worth, Charles worked for Texas Electric and later for Convair, They now live in Garland, Texas, a suburb of Dallas, where Charles works as Contract Administrator for Collins Radio Corporation. Their children are; Charles Nicholas, born November 1, 1953, in Austin, Texas; Cynthia Lynn, born October 21, 1954, in Fort Worth, Texas; Lisa, born October 7, 1957 in Fort Worth, Texas.

Joe attended school in Goldthwaite through his sophomore year in High School. In the summer of 1952, we moved to Austin, Texas and Joe entered Abilene Christian High School as a junior. After completing high school, he entered Abilene Christian College. He received his B.S. degree in August, 1957, after having completed the work in three long terms and half of one summer term, graduating summa cum laude. In the fall of 1957 he entered Baylor Dental School in Dallas. He married Nancy Elaine Wilson of Memphis, Tenn. August 22, 1959, whom he met while they were both attending Abilene Christian College. Nancy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wilson. Nancy graduated from Abilene Christian College in June 1958. Joe received his D.D.S. degree from Baylor in June 1961. He had volunteered into the United States Navy with the rank of Lieutenant and upon graduation from dental school was sent to San Diego, California. Joe and Nancy's first child, a son, William Gregory was born in San Diego, September 24, 1961. A daughter, Michelle Elaine, was born April 16, 1963.

While we still lived in Goldthwaite, Archie left the employ of Mr. Weatherby in the Ford Agency and took a job in construction work at Camp Bowie in Brownwood, Texas. Later he applied for a fireman's job at Camp Bowie. After working as a fire man at Camp Bowie he was transferred to the Air Base at Brownwood. On his

days off, he bought repaired, reupholstered and repainted Model A Fords and sold them. About this time, my brother, Lee Burkett, gave Archie a job building houses in Austin, also my brother, Floyd Burkett, contractors in Austin. They were also partners in some building projects. Archie continued to haul lumber and after we moved to Austin, he established a small lumber business. At present his lumber yard is located just outside the city limits of Austin. Our home is near the lumber yard and I keep his books for him and stay at the office while he is out attending to business.

We are all members of the Church of Christ, including the two oldest grand children, the other grand children not having reached the age of accountability.

In closing, I would love to quote a very impressive and comforting passage of Scripture. It is found in the eighth chapter of Paul's letter to the Romans, the thirty eighth and thirty ninth verses and reads as follows;

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord,

HISTORY OF JOHN IVY BURKETT

I am John Ivy Burkett, the tenth and last child born to Joseph Lafayette and Della Catherine Pyeatt Burkett. I was born August 8, 1909, in Mullin, Texas. Grandma Ezzell named me. She stayed with us much of the time when I was small. She prepared my bottles for me quite often when Mama was busy. At that time it was customary for old ladies to smoke a pipe. Grandma Ezzell smoked a cob pipe. Each time she got a new box of tobacco she emptied it into a leather pouch, which she hung on a nail by the side of the fireplace. Each time she did this it caused a quarrel between Gladys and me for we both wanted the empty can. My being the baby may have had something to do with it, but I think I usually ended up with the can. Grandma told my Mother to call me Johnny until I was twenty-one years old, after that to call me John.

When I went to school in Mullin when I was seven years old, Miss Cassie Williams was my first teacher. On the first day of school the teacher asked my name and I told her, "John Burkett Ivy." The whole room laughed when I said that. I wondered what I had done wrong. Finally, Maurine Starnes, a girl who lived close to us, said, "Miss Cassie his name is John Ivy Burkett not John Burkett Ivy."

I continued to go to school at Mullin with nothing of much importance happening to me that does not happen to every ordinary boy. I had a friend and defender while I was in primary grades at school. Mr. M.R. Wylie, who lived with his grand parents across the street from us, watched over me like a brother. Once when a larger boy was teasing me, M.R. saw what was happening and though he was not very big himself, he stood right up to him, clinching his fists, he told the larger boy. "Now listen, when you're picking on Johnny, you're picking on your tombstone."

I had trouble with my eyes, as they had always been weak, I was having difficulty studying so while I was in the eighth grade, Dr. Shelton, an optometrist, in Brownwood, advised Mother to take me out of school saying, "Education is fine, but sight is better." I never returned to the school room. I kept cows for a while and sold milk. Later I ran a second-hand store and did odd jobs for several years.

Many things happened while I was growing up, one of which I remember quite clearly. My sister Mae Delle and her husband came to spend the night with us on a very cold night. Dan went hunting and came home very late in the night. He came into my room and said, "Son, Mother said for you to move over." Of course, since Mama told me to do it, I thought I had to move over, so over I went. The bed was so cold it waked me up and I realized that Mama had not said it all, and that it was one of Dan's jokes, To this day I can remember how cold the bed was and how angry I got at Dan.

I married Edna Merle Means of the Colony Community of San Saba County,

December 17, 1930. We were married in the Methodist Parsonage at San Saba, Texas, by V.L. Sherman, the Methodist Minister. Soon we moved to Blanket, in Brown County and ran a filling station for a number of years. Then I worked at Brownwood while Camp Bowie was being built. I was called for military service, but was rejected due to a leg injury and weak eyes. Several months before this the World War situation was looking so dark that it seemed certain that the United States would have to get into it in earnest. Many of my friends were already in training, so I volunteered for military service, but was rejected because of my eyes.

Over a period of years, I worked in a filling station in Mills County, did carpenter work in Waco, Texas, then went to San Antonio, Texas and did carpenter work there. It was at this place that I was injured while I was on the job. My social security card had my San Saba address on it, so the news of my accident was sent to San Saba to my wife's mother, Mrs. Means, instead of being sent to my wife in San Antonio and was the first to tell Merle that I was injured and had been taken to the hospital there in San Antonio. I was in the hospital twenty-one days before I had brain surgery. And it was several months before I was dismissed from the doctor's care and allowed to go to San Saba where our home was.

In a few months, we both went to work on a farm for MR. R.W. McDonnell, a race horse owner. We had a very good life there for two and a half years, as the McDonnells were such nice people to work for. When the McDonnells sold their farm, we bought a place in Goldthwaite and moved there. It was at this time that my wife started to work in a variety store in Goldthwaite and I ran our place, taking care of the yard, trees, chickens, and sheep and doing some of the house work. At the present time, which is nineteen hundred-sixty-one, we are still living in Goldthwaite and enjoying our life together as most ordinary people do and hoping to have many more happy years together. As we do not have any children, my history will not be as long as the others, but I will bring this journal to an end so Mae Delle will have room to include all of the names of her children and grandchildren in her story.

IMPRESSIVE MEMORIES ABOUT OUR PARENTS

I have many memories of my father, but the one that comes to my mind most often is seeing him as he nears home, coming in from work, walking in his long steady steps, with his arms swinging, wearing his broad brimmed hat; his bright blue eyes shining with confidence and satisfaction; and the pleasant expression of his face, impressing me with thoughts of honesty, cheerfulness, and kindness in his every word. "I truly think I had the best and wisest Dad in the world."

I have many dear memories of my Mother and a deep feeling of love and respect for her. One memory present with every thought of Mother, is her quiet, unobstructive, quick-to-laugh way of life along with her constant devotion interest and love for her family and her very ready helpfulness to all people.

I remember, also, that Mother always stressed the importance of respect, honor, and love among the brothers and sisters in a family. She often called our attention to the wonderful love that she and her brother shared with each other. She taught us from the days of our infancy, to love and help our brothers and sisters.

Annie Burkett Jackson

My most impressive memory of Pa is that he did the very best that he could with anything he had undertaken to do; and he always told us children "The thing that is worth doing, is worth doing right."

Pa was a peacemaker among his fellowmen wherever he went. He served several times as peace officer, holding several different positions in our little town of Mullin.

Mother seemed to have a heart of gold. She loved everyone, especially little children. She seemed to have a 'special' ear for a baby's voice. She could always hear a child's cry anytime. Mother was a gentle, soft-spoken person who could always smooth children's problems. There was always room on her lap for another baby. Mother taught us to be truthful in everything we did.

George Newton Burkett

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My ever present memory of Dad is summed up in two words, "Be Honest." Perhaps the reason for my having that memory is the impression that Dad's words made on me when he called me to his bedside and told me the diagnosis of his ailment showed it to be incurable cancer and that he had only a short time on this earth. He had a request to ask of me; and if I would accept it, he wanted to give me some advice. His request was, "Will you take the responsibility of caring for my wife---Your Mother---and help her manager the estate?" His advice was, "Follow the path I followed all through life---be considerate of all persons, firm sincere and upright in all your dealings; follow the two old sayings; "Know you are right, then go straight ahead." "Honesty is the best policy."

The memories of my Mother are many and pleasant ones; but I believe the most outstanding one is how she readily and cheerfully performed her duties as a wife, a mother, to ten of us children, and a caretaker for the many elderly people who made our home their home, too. During the short stay of my first twenty-one years of life in our home, I can remember eleven elderly people, no relation, living with us for years. There was no old age assistance at that time, and they had to stay somewhere. I do not remember of our immediate family having 'one meal' alone during all those years. In all that period of time, I never heard Mother say one complaining word or show any sign of worry and fatigue; yet there were no conveniences, such as electricity, washing machines, refrigerators, and nothing to cook on except a wood stove or the fireplace. I remember only one vacation that Mother had in all those years. It was a ten day vacation when she and all of us children got in the covered wagon and drove to Putman, leaving Dad to see after things at home. The trip required three days to go and three days to return. That gave us three days for visiting her brother.

With the same contented, satisfied, pleasant look on her face, Mother was buried in Mullin Cemetery June 11, 1937.

Edgar Lorenza Burkett

To me, my father was an honest and upright man; fearing no man because he had nothing to hide; meeting the problems and hardships of life without whining; a strict father, but kind to us as little children.

Mother was a meek and gentle woman, with a meek and gentle spirit, unassuming and humble, obedient to her husband, loving the Lord's Church. She worked long hours and long years, devoting her whole life to her husband and her children, unselfishly giving all she had--a life of service--for us without complaining.

Gladys Burkett Hodges

When I start thinking of Mother and Dad, the first thing that enters my mind is how hard they both worked and the long hours they had, working from before daylight until after dark. Along with their hard work, they taught us to be honest and how to get along with people.

Mother was good, kind and honest, teaching us to love each other and respect older people. The thing that impresses me most about Mother was that she taught us not to tell things which could cause trouble or hard feelings. She was truly a believer in, 'The least said is easiest to mend.'

Dad was good, upright and honest. He believed firmly in taking care of one's own business and leaving the other fellows' alone. The following quotation by Charles Evans Hughs easily could have been thoughts of Mother and Dad. "I believe in work and long hours of work. Men do not break down from over work, but from worry and dissipation.'

Mae Delle Burkett Goodwin

One of the many memories I have of my father was his noble character. I think that his enduring the hardships he had while growing up helped to build that character. To me he was firm, kind, honest and hard-working.

Among my memories of Mother is seeing her work hard each day for her husband and children, never complaining, always pleasant and kind, doing something for neighbors and friends in time of need.

Birdie Burkett Chambers

I was so young when Papa passed away, I am afraid I will not be able to write the things about him that the older children will write. To me Papa was a good understanding father, always working hard; but he also had time to be a boy with me, taking me to town, buying fruit and candy for me. We managed, also to have a few fishing trips. When I was young, he used to hold me in his lap and sing funny songs to me while Mama cooked breakfast. I know he must have had a sense of humor, too, for I remember a little joke he played on me. When I was a small boy, he came driving up in a wagon toward the house, and called me to come see what a big bear or some kind of big animal he had. After much coaxing from Papa, I climbed up and peeped into the wagon. Over in the corner of the wagon was an armadillo. To me a small boy, Papa was tops.

I knew Mama better, of course, because I had her with me longer. She was a wonderful person, good, kind, humble and understanding. To know Mama was to love her. She worked hard, taking care of her family and minding her own business, but always ready to help people in trouble and to help the sick folks in the community. Mama not only had room in her heart for her own family, but also for the older people who having no other place to stay, lived with us and were treated as one

of the family. Mama was such a good, nice person that the world seemed a nicer place to live after you spent a few hours with her.

John Ivy Burkett

As a child I was impressed and made to wonder why, so often, when Dad was called out from his family and away from his work by other people. As time passed I began to understand. Those people usually had problems of some nature; such as religious, financial, or family, Dad, being a fair Bible scholar, reasonable in his decisions, sympathetic, considerate of all, was often called on to help.

I am reminded even now by old timers with such remarks as, "Your Dad helped when I needed help. Your Dad was a good arbitrator, he was a peace-maker." All of these remarks make it clearer why so many called him away.

I was equally impressed why my Mother had to prepare so many meals for others in addition to her own family. Two or more elderly people usually stayed in our home in addition to the ten children of her own. If Mother was ever unhappy or unpleasant about any of that, she was able and did bear it alone. She had a smile and love for all of us. She and her brother, our Uncle Newt, both wore a smile which meant peace on earth and good will to all.

Floyd Eli Burkett

Stella passed away several years ago, but if she were here now, I believe she would say her memory of Dad is that he treated his family and neighbors with kindness and tolerance; that he worked hard to provide comforts and conveniences for his family and friends, not merely for himself. Stella would remind us, also, that Dad never complained when he helped other people.

Stella would remember Mother's kindly sense of humor which enabled her to enjoy harmless pranks just as Stella did. She would remember also that Mother was always pleasant and thoughtful of others, and willing to do all she could for any and all with whom she came in contact.

Stella Burkett Massey
(by her sister Annie Jackson)

IMPRESSIVE MEMORIES OF OUR GRANDPARENTS

I am one of the very few Burkett grandchildren who was fortunate enough to see and know my grandfather Burkett. Although I knew him for only a very short nine years, his image is very plain in my mind, and I can remember quite a few things about him, I can see him now very clearly driving slowly in his wagon up the road toward our house. He was almost always driving a gray horse and a black or some other dark colored horse to the wagon. He had a pipe in his mouth, smoking, and wore a tall crown black hat. When we saw his wagon coming to our house, Lois, Chlotilde and I would go to meet him and ride the rest of the way to the house. We nearly always thought he would have something for us, and he usually did; such as a bouquet of wild flowers that were in bloom at the time. In the spring he nearly always brought Red Bud limbs; or many times he brought Bare Grass Blossoms. I think the correct name for Bare Grass is Yucca, also called Adam's Needle because it has large, lance like leaves. In the spring a stem of bare grass about four or five inches tall would shoot straight up from the middle of the long, sharp-pointed leaves. Gradually that stem opened into a large umbrella shape of small blossoms which were always pretty. We were always so proud to get those flowers.

One other thing I remember about Grandpa is that during his visits to our house in the summer, we finished the night chores, ate supper, and then sat awhile on the front porch before going to bed. It would still be light enough to see out in the yard--twilight, I suppose you call it. We had in our front yard two or three large bushes called "Bird of Paradise" covered with beautiful, large yellow blooms. Many humming birds would be flying around sucking the sweetness from those blooms, with their long bills. I, being a bird lover, would have given almost anything to catch and hold one of those very small birds in my hand. While Grandpa sat there smoking his pipe, he would say, "Well, hon, if you sprinkle salt on his tail you can catch him." Naturally I emptied all Mama's salt shakers and ran myself down, all the while Grandpa would set on the porch and chuckle quietly to himself. Needless to say I never caught that bird and still haven't to this day, although I would like to. I love to watch birds when they are around.

I remember Grandmother Burkett more clearly, because we had her with us much longer than we did Grandfather. In fact I was married and had two children Patsy June, age five, and Wesley, aged three, when Grandmother passed away. If I remember correctly, Patsy was Grandma's first great-grandchild. She enjoyed holding and loving Patsy as her very own. Grandmother was a very wonderful person,

gentle and soft spoken to all. When we were small, she perhaps, would correct us, but in a very gentle, sweet way. She nearly always kept a long keen, peach tree limb hanging high in one corner of her dining room, but so far as I know, that switch was never taken down. We children looked forward to school being out because Mama and Daddy always allowed the older children to spend a week during the summer with Grandmother Burkett.

On Saturdays we always went into town for our next weeks supply of groceries. While we children were still small, Mama would instruct us not to ask for anything to eat when we got to Grandma's house, but somehow Grandmother could always tell by the looks on our faces that we wanted to ask for something to eat. She would say, "Well, if you don't care, I have some cold cornbread or biscuits (which ever it was) that the children can have." Oh " How we would love to hear those words and enjoyed the bread so much, just because Grandma gave it to us.

There are numerous other things I could mention, such as Christmases spent there, and how beautifully she could embroider. I still have my Blue Bird sheet and pillow cases which she gave me for a wedding gift. How I cherished that one gift!

Leona Burkett Coleman.

I have several fond memories of Grandpa Burkett, but one that seems to stand out the most in my mind has to do with us children going home with him when he hauled wood from our farm. He would spend some time hauling firewood to their house in town in order to have wood for the winter months. Almost every time he came on one day, loaded the wagon, spent the night, and went home early the next morning. When he started, Leona and I began asking to go home with him. Usually Mama and Daddy let us go, and I was so happy to crawl upon the load of wood with Grandpa and make the long trip.

Being older and being around Grandma Burkett more, I can recall more things about her. Although those things seem to repeat the things that my sisters have said, I feel the same way---that I can never remember Grandma's saying anything ugly or bad about anybody. She lived by the rule that if you can't say anything good about anybody, just don't say it. I hope that I can live so that my grandchildren truly have half as nice memories of me as I have of Grandmother Burkett.

Chlotilde Burkett Swinney

I never knew Grandpa Burkett because he died before I was born, but in my mind I picture him as a very wonderful man. How else could he have chosen a most wonderful woman as his wife and reared ten wonderful children which I remember well. The most precious one of all is my Dad, George N. Burkett.

Grandma--- Yes, I remember her well. She died in 1937, I was thirteen years old at the time. She was the kindest, most nearly perfect person I have ever known. I can not remember her ever being angry, firm at times, but never harsh. I remember a special sheet that she called her Blue Bird sheet. It graced the bed of the guest room. When any of us --as children do, leaned on it, Grandma would very softly say, "Don't muss Ma's sheet, Honey." I remember, also, the tiny white biscuits she baked and the wonderful watermelon preserves that she made.

Can anyone expect me, Estelle Burkett Dueboay, to write a short paragraph about the memories I have of my grandmother--the one and only grandparent I ever knew? That could never be---why, I could write a book, which I just might do!

Estelle Burkett Dueboay

I don't know what to write about Grandpa Burkett since he died two years before I was born. Naturally I do not remember him, but something always seemed to be lacking in my life because I never had a grandfather to remember on either side. I think it would have been wonderful if I could have known him.

I have many memories about Grandmother Burkett, since I stayed with her and Aunt Birdie so much of the time. From these memories it is so hard for me to single out just one particular thing; however I suppose it is the good times we always had together at Christmas time when all of us gathered at Grandmother's house on Christmas Eve and had our tree with all our cousins. Grandmother always had time for all of her grandchildren.

Floretta Burkett Chambers

Grandpa Burkett passed away several years before I was born, but I remember Grandma well. She was everything a grandmother should be---kind, considerate, softspoken and beautiful. I cannot remember her being out of sorts or angry. She always referred to herself as "ma" to us. I remember when we went to see her that as all children do, we would think we were starved, even though we had probably just eaten before we left home. She would always say, "Come on, Ma will find you something." Although it may have been just a biscuit or piece of cornbread that she gave us, it was just as good as cake to me because Grandma had cooked it. The memory of my Grandmother Burkett is one of my most cherished memories.

Enza Dell Burkett Wilson

Having been born in 1931, I did not have the pleasure of knowing my grandfather, Joe Burkett, and memories of Grandmother Burkett are dim as I was only six years old when she passed away. I do remember, vividly, however, her sweet smile and gentle voice. As most children do, I loved to go to Grandmother's and eat. When we visited her, Mama and Daddy warned us before hand not to ask her for food. Naturally we forgot their admonition and after awhile gently slipped up to Mama and whispered in her ear. Grandmother would smile and say, "Lizzie, what does that child want?" Mama would tell her, "Oh, they think they are hungry." Grandmother would then take us to the kitchen and put us either at the table or on the back porch and give us cold biscuit with homemade jam of which she always seemed to have an unending supply. I have never to this day tasted bread and jam quite so good as Grandmother Burkett's.

Verna Bess Burkett Collins

Youngest daughter of George Newton Burkett

- I have many, pleasant sweet memories of my Grandmother Burkett, but one of the most impressive is that concerning my illness during my first few years in school. I was sick much of the time and as my parents had moved to the country, my teachers would send me to Grandmother Burkett's home. Although she did not have a telephone for the teachers to call her that I was on my way, she would be expecting me, for when I walked in the front door, here Grandmother came with a little bowl of soda and molasses. I had to start eating that before I got my shoes off to lie down. Regardless of my ailment, the soda and molasses was always Grandmother's remedy. Maybe that is why I am so big and healthy now with a family of my own in spite of the doctor's diagnosis that I would never live.

The memories that I have of my Grandpa Burkett are formed from what I have heard others say as I was only two months old when he died, October 27, 1920. When I think of Grandpa now, I picture him as being a hard-working, honest, sincere man; kind not only to small children, but firm and kind to everyone, ready to help those who were needing a friend, and deserved one. Grandpa must have been a real peace officer, too, not just a policeman or sheriff in name.

Juanelle Burkett Curtis

- I have many dear memories of Grandma Burkett as I was twenty-three years old when she died. One of my oldest and dearest memories was how firm, yet kind and interested she was in all her dealings with us grandchildren. When little

Joe (Pat), six years old, and I, eight years old, rode our small race horse to school, we always left the pony at Grandma's house during school hours. I shall never forget the firm look that Grandmother had on her face each afternoon, as she held the bridle until we got seated in the saddle, because the pony had been trained to start in a jump and run the minute the reins were loosened. Each day Grandma's words were the same, "Children call me the minute you get home."

As long as I live I'll never have anything as good as Grandma's Molasses Beans. She had them on a certain kind of day---always a misty, cold, dreary day to have Molasses Beans or Stickey. Grandma failed to pass on to me how to make stickeys, but I still try, and I would like to pass on to my neices and nephews the wonderful dish that Grandma Burkett made for us grandchildren. I can see and taste both the molasses beans and stickeys in memory!

Another memory---Grandmother Burkett was always a proud woman, I did not realize or know then, at my age, that the way we were brought up or our surroundings would be our "way of life" But Grandmother Burkett was proud to be clean in body, clean in dress, clean in mind and always to hold her head high. Because, "Next to being an angel, God's wonderful Bestowment was to make a woman." That is my memory of my Grandmother Burkett.

Blanche Katherine Burkett Britt

Being as young as I was, I remember so well that as soon as Grandpa Burkett rode up and tied his horses, he would always say, "Children, get me a cold dipper of water," even though we were already on our way to the well to draw him his dipper of cold water. Another thing I remember, too, is that when Grandpa came from Marlin where he had been taking baths in hot mineral water, he brought all of his children and their families a piece of cut glass he colored in the mineral water while he had his baths.

My grandfather's funeral was the most impressive one of my forty-seven years--maybe because it was my first funeral. Mullin school was dismissed and all the business places closed. The whole town of people followed by all the school children marched behind the horse-drawn hearse.

Blanche Katherine Burkett Britt

My Grandma Burkett was the one who always had a piece of candy to trade me for my rooster. I have no idea how many times I traded my pet rooster for candy or gum, but Grandma always said that she owned more roosters, not to have one, than anyone else in Mills County. I liked to go across the road and see my Grandma because she would read or talk to me and let me explore the yard where there was sea cane, the only patch in Central Texas.

Jake Bently Burkett

Among my many cherished memories of Grandma and Grandpa Burkett are those signifying their intrinsic respect for all the noble principles of life--honor, courage, unselfishness, courtesy, devotion to God and others.

Grandma's tolerance, delightful sense of humor, and persistence in good deed will always be outstanding impressions that I have of my lovely kind hearted modest Grandmother Burkett.

Grandpa's encouragement of the highest intellectual attainments and the most worthy accomplishments in all other endeavors, particularly by his own children and grandchildren, continue to be impressive memories that I have of my Commendable, unpretending Grandfather Burkett.

Stella B. Jackson McMicheal

Christmas With Grandma and Grandpa Burkett

No book having the history and traditions of the Burkett Family is complete without an article about the Christmas Eves at Grandma and Grandpa Burkett's house. Can't you just feel the breath taking awe of that wonderful time when the grandchildren were first allowed to walk into the room where the Christmas tree was so beautifully decorated like a fairy land? Let your thoughts go with ours while we remember that fabulous tree adorned just the way we wanted it because our Aunt Birdie and our Mothers and our Grandmother Burkett loved us. There, too, were the presents Santa had placed on the tree. Each grandchild's amazement and curiosity was almost beyond control as we wondered which present would be ours. All the girls wondered which doll was hers. Some of the boys did also. Jake loved the Negro Mammy doll he got one Christmas.

Every grandchild had to recite a short verse or some little speech, then Santa Claus came in person to give our present, candy, nuts, and fruit. Oh! there was so much of all these goodies! Next came the fireworks. No fourth of July event could ever have the fireworks that all ten Burkett children and Grandpa and Grandpa had bought and put on display those Christmas Eves. Even 'Old Frank Scott' took part.

Then Christmas Day all the cooking that went on in Grandma's kitchen was supplemented by cakes, cookies, pies, and candies brought in by children.

No other generation will ever be able to say more truly that they look forward to going "over the hill and through the dale" to grandmother's house---whether it is Christmas or New Years.

This article about Christmas was contributed by Blanche and Juanelle Burkett for themselves and all the other grandchildren.

MEMORIES - NELDA BERYLENE GOODWIN BECK

I am Nelda Berylene Burkett Beck, the youngest daughter of Mae Delle Statyre Burkett and Thomas Daniel Goodwin. I remember Grandma Burkett best when Mama and I stayed with her and Aunt Bird. Mr. Patterson had been hurt and Mama worked in the postoffice with Aunt Bird. I was six years old and we wanted Grandma to death but I never remember her losing patience with me. I remember that I would ask her to make 'stewd' potatoes every day and she would make me a little pan full, even when everyone else was sick of them. I remember that she taught me to spell 'Floyd' although why that particular name of her ten children, I don't remember. I remember the big clock that hung on the wall in the living room. It had Roman numerals on it and she and Johnny taught me how to tell time, thus teaching me my roman numerals at the same time.

The real high light of my day came at five o'clock in the evening, then Grandma would go to the closet and get her bonnet, this meant we were going to feed the chickens. We would get a little bucket of maize and feed them, then we would gather the eggs and put them in the bucket. Grandma seemed to love those old hens the way most people love their dogs and cats. I remember that sometimes Mama and Aunt Birdie would be very late coming in and Grandma and I would sit in the living room and wait for them, and like little girls will, sometime I would cry. Grandma would just sit in her chair and rock, pretending not to notice that I was crying, thus allowing me to 'save face.'

Though Grandma was the soul of kindness and sweetness, I remember one incident where Grandma showed a spark of mischievous humor. I always read my first grade reader to Grandma and Mama at night. For weeks I read about 'Jocko, Jocko can hang by his tail, see Jocko hang by his tail' etc. Finally I got a new book and that night when I started to read, Grandmother said sweetly, "Well, I'm glad we're through with Jocko."

Favorite Quotation

My Mother managed to instill in me a faith that everything would work out alright, so a quotation that comes most often to my mind is from a poem I read in high school--"God moves in mysterious ways, his wonders to preform" This is from "Light Shining Out of Darkness" by William Cooper.

To remember Grandmother Burkett is a joy and blessing. I regret my scant association with her. My admiration for her grows as I delve back into her life and the times she knew and must have loved. I was a small child when we lost her but my mind still recalls some scenes, through brief, treasured through the

years. One that comes clearly was when Helen, Berylene and I were trying desperately to learn to whistle---I can still see Grandmother's amused smile, her raised eyebrows and hear her say,

"A whistling girl and a crowing hen
Is sure to come to some bad end."

To this day a whistle seldom passes my lips, but when it does, I remember my Grandmother Burkett.

Nelda Hodges Willingham

MEMORIES---Margie LaJuana Goodwin Ivy

I remember Grandma as always being there in the background smiling and seeing that every one was fed and always keeping peace among the children so our own Mothers and Daddys wouldn't have to punish us.

My own Mother today reminds me so much of my memory of Grandma Burkett always kind and gentle and always smiling.

Favorite Quotation

There is so much good in the worst of us
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it ill behooves any of us
To find fault with the rest of us.

Source Unknown

MEMORIES----Della Lou Goodwin Geeslin

Grandma had such a sweet, soft voice, I can still hear her say, "Honey, do you have the comb hung in Grandma's hair?" Everytime I was at her house I wanted to comb her hair. It was so long she could sit on it. One day while combing her hair, I started at the tips and rolled the comb round and round until I got right up against her head. For the next hour I worked and worked trying to get the comb out of Grandma's hair. The longer I worked, the more tangled I got the comb in her hair. Grandma sat there just as still. with her eyes closed, pretending to be asleep, and I labored, scared half to death that I would pull so hard she would find out what had happened. After she let me work for about an hour, she finally pretended to wake up and say, "Honey, do you have the comb hung in Granda's hair?" By that time I was so tired and scared also that I told her I did. I remember that she just chuckled real big and started to work on the job which took her about an hour and even cost her a few strands of hair.

FAVORITE Scripture

I was eighteen, just out of high school, and living in Brownwood with Ma Wilson and nine other girls that worked for the telephone Company, as I did. One day a peddler came to the house selling plaques, and all kind of paintings, Each of us chose something to buy from the saleswoman, since it was quite evident that she was in bad need of money. Most of the girls chose beautiful pictures of flowers or fruits, but I chose a little cremic plaque, very simple, with this inscription upon it, " Jesus never fails," I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." Joshua 1-5.

Through the years this little plaque has become a part of me. Each time that I become discouraged, worried or have to make a decision that I am uncertain about, I turn to the words on my little plaque, that I purchased twenty years ago for a dollar. There I find strength and encouragement to face whatever problem I am confronted with. I would not say this little "keepsake" has been a "cure-all" or has worked "magic" for me, But I will say it has been one of the best dollar investments I have ever made.

WISE AND WITTY SAYINGS

All the Burketts enjoy hearing, reading and quoting both wise and witty expressions. Part of our family tradition is to collect and exchange 'sayings' which appeal to us, particularly those which enable us to laugh and those which remind us to live better morally and spiritually. Our family history would be incomplete without some of the wise and witty sayings which we have treasured over the years. Many of them seem to be part of our personalities which we want to share with you who read and cherish this family history. Perhaps some of you will add both humorous quotations which remind you of various individuals in our family.

SOME FAVORITE PROVERBS FROM THE BIBLE

- "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."
"Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."
"For whom Jehovah loveth he reproveth."
"The way of the transgressor is hard."
"A soft answer turneth away wrath."
"A cheerful heart is of good medicine."
"Let another man praise thee and not thine own mouth."
"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it."
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OTHER FAVORITE SCRIPTURES FROM THE BIBLE.

- "Be not wise in your own conceits."-----Romans 12:16
"So let us follow after things which make for peace, and things whereby we may edify one another."-----Romans 14:19
"Love suffereth long, and is kind, love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, does not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth." -----Corinthians 13: 4-7
"Let all bitterness and wrath and anger, and clamor, and railing, be put away from you. with all malice: And be ye kind one to the other, tender hearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you." Ephesians 4; 31-32.
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WISE SAYINGS

Time for Everything.

- Take time to work---It is the price of success.
Take time to think---it is the source of power.
Take time to play---it is the secret of perpetual youth.
Take time to read---it is the fountain of wisdom.
Take time to be friendly--- it is the road to happiness.
Take time to dream---it is hitching your wagon to a star.
Take time to love and be loved---it is the privilege of the Gods.
Take time to look around---it is too short a day to be selfish.
Take time to laugh---it is the music of the soul.

Old English Prayer, Author Unknown.

What is beautiful is good and who is good will soon be beautiful.

Sappho (600 B.C.)

Well begun is half done.-----Epistlies, Book I, Horace

All's well that ends well-----William Shakespeare

An idle brain is the devil's workshop-----Proverb

Sincerity and truth are the basis of every virtue.----Confucius

The fear of the Lord, is the beginning of wisdom.----Bible Proverb

Great is wisdom; infinite is the value of wisdom. It can not be exaggerated; it is the highest achievement of man. -----Thomas Caryle

Wisdom is knowing when to speak your mind and when to mind your speech.

A still tongue makes a wise head.

The least you say, the less you have to take back.

To admit you are wrong, is the first step toward getting right.

Many of us spend half our time wishing for things we could have if we didn't spend half our time wishing-----Alexander Woolcott

Be careful as you make footprints in the sands of time, lest you leave the marks of a heel.-----Leader, Stuttgart, Arkansas.

Wouldn't it be nice to so live, that you could write your diary in ink.

-----Reporter, Danbury, N.C.

Don't put off til tomorrow what she thinks you did yesterday.

-----Gateway, Bremen, Ga.

It is easier to get into the conversation if you are not there.

-----Verde Independent, Cottonwood, Ariz.

If someone were to pay you ten cents for every kind word that you have spoken about people, and collect five cents for every unkind word, would you be rich or poor?

It is harder to conceal ignorance than to aquire knowledge.

-----Arnold H. Glasow in "Quote"

The world stands aside to let anyone pass who knows where he is going.

-----David Star Jordan

It's the songs you sing and the smiles you wear, that's a-making the sunshine everywhere.

-----James Whitcomb Riley

I wish to do justice to all.

I shall unselfishly try to deal fairly with all men.

Do nothing merely for revenge.

Let us have faith that right makes might.

Take hold with an honest heart and a strong hand.

Love is a chain whereby to bind a child to its' parents.

If you once forfeit the confidence of your fellow citizens, you can never regain

their respect and esteem.

-----Abraham Lincoln.

Outstanding Quotations from Other People

The simple virtue of willingness, readiness, alertness and courtesy will carry a man farther than mere smartness.-----Davidson

Some kindnesses, small courtesies, small consideration habitually practiced, give a greater charm to our character than the display of great talent and accomplishments.

-----Kelty.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.-----Sir Humphrey Davy

Live your life each day as you would climb a mountain. An occasional glance toward the summit keeps the goal in mind, but many beautiful scenes are to be observed from each vantage point. Climb slowly, steadily, enjoying each passing moment; and the view from the summit will serve as a fitting climax for the journey.--

-----Harold A. Melchert

Truth begets strength and peace of mind, Lies breed fear and unrest.

----- Ann Landers.

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good nature.

----- Montaigne

A great many people think they are thinking when they are really just rearranging their prejudices.

-----Edward R. Marrow

A man has to live with himself, and he should see to it that he always has good company.

-----Charles Evans Hughes

Most people are about as happy as they make up their minds to be.

-----Lincoln

Think all you speak, but speak not all you think.-----Seneca

Integrity is the first step to true greatness. -----C. Simmons

A duty dodged is like a debt unpaid; it is only deferred, and we must come back and settle the account at last. -----Joseph Newton

Any fool can criticize, condemn and complain, and most fools do.

-----Dale Carnegie.

WITTY SAYINGS

Good judgement comes from experience and experience comes from poor judgement. The only book that can tell you where to spend your vacation, is your check book.

Talk about others and you are a gossip---talk about yourself and you are a bore.

Trouble with most folks isn't so much their ignorance, but knowing so many things aren't so.

If there is applause at the beginning of a speech, it means faith,;

If in the middle, it means hope; if at the end, it means charity.

One reason that crime doesn't pay these days, is the number of people that carry credit cards.

Old Timer: One who remembers when charity began at home and not in an organization.

Fathers are what gives daughters away to other men who aren't nearly good enough so they can have grandchildren who are smarter than anybody's.

A smart man never tells his wife a secret, he just thinks he does.

The husband who puts his foot down around home, probably had it on the coffee table.

A wife is the person who can look in the top drawer and find her husband's socks that aren't there.

If the world is getting smaller all the time, how come postal rates keep going up?

No wonder women live longer than men---Look how long they are girls.

If you want to write something that will live forever, put your name on a mortgage.

Doctor to portly patient; "Follow this diet, and in a couple of months, I want to see three-fourths of you back here for a check-up.

A man should work eight hours, and sleep eight hours, but it's better to arrange things so they are not the same eight.

Trouble with some women is they'd rather mend their husband's ways, than his socks.

The best way for housewives to have a few minutes to themselves at the end of the day, is to start doing the dishes.

It's funny that a wife can see right through you and doesn't notice a missing button.

What this country needs is lots of ice. We've already got plenty of cheapskates.

There is no indigestion worse than that which comes from having to eat your own words.

OUR FAVORITE QUOTATIONS

Those that bring sunshine to the lives of others, cannot keep it to themselves.

-----Barrie. Selected by John Ivy Burkett

With hold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thy hand to do it.-----Proverbs 3:27. Selected by Lee P. Burkett

Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thine enemy to gain him.

-----Franklin, Selected by Floyd Eli Burkett

A wise old owl sat on an oak,
The more he saw the less he spoke,
The less he spoke the more he heard;
Why aren't we like that wise old bird?

-----Richards, Selected by Edgar Lorenza Burkett

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

-----Selected by George N. Burkett

Finally, Brethern, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest what so ever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any viture, and if there be any praise, think on these things.-----Philippians 4:8

-----Selected by Gladys Burkett Hodges

This world that we're living in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You get a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet?

-----Staton

-----Selected by Mae Delle Burkett Goodwin

Silence never makes any blunders. -----Shaw

-----Selected by Birdie Burkett Chambers

Good friends make good medicine.

-----Selected by Stella Burkett Masey

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Live peaceably with all men.

-----Romans 12: 10-18, Selected by Annie Burkett Jackson

FAVORITE QUOTATIONS OF GRANDCHILDREN

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

-----Leona Burkett Coleman

The hardest instrument to play, is second fiddle.

-----Enza Dell Burkett Wilson

Everyone to his own taste.

-----Estelle Burkett Dueboay

Those who have known grief, seldom seem sad.

-----Blanche Katherine Burkett Britt

A little bit of friendship will brighten up the day.

Make light the burdens some carry on life's way;

A bit of friendship is not so much to give,

But makes a golden moment for everyday you live.

-----Juanelle Burkett Curtis

A good person finds all the world friendly.

-----Stella B. Jackson McMichael

MY PRAYER

By Estelle Burkett Dueboay;

Unable to sleep on my bed tonight.

I put my thoughts on this paper, thin

As I gaze on my reflection in the mirror of life,

What I see of myself looks pretty grim.

A failure as a neighbor, a parent and a wife;

But what's worse----a failure to "Him".

I've stumbled and fallen by the wayside,

Been picked up and fallen again.

Where do I turn in my wayward life?

Where can I, Only to "Him"!

God help me a better person to be,

Hold on to my faltering hand,

Lead me into the path that I know is right,

Open my eyes wide so I may see

As I look into this mirror of life,

The reflection of a better me.

LOOKING BACK

by

Edgar L. Burkett

As I sit on my front porch watching the traffic go by, I am reminded what-a-difference! What a change! in things during the short time I have been here, only seventy-three years. It makes me 'wonder' and wish I could return here seventy three years hence and take a look. Could I believe my eyes?

As you know the purpose of this little book is to provide the descendants of Joe and Della Burkett with a history of the family. I believe they will appreciate a few remarks on other things and people that were here during those early days. I shall not mention nearly all the people but only those with whom we associated more closely.

John Williams with his four sons, Bill, George, John and Jim were the first permanent settlers in the late 1850's. Soon after came John Dan Chessar, John Conner, the Epleys, Black Jack Fisher, Ben White, Bob Huffman, Mose Kirkpatrick, his brother, Dr. Jimmy Kirkpatrick, T.S. Baird, Jim King, Henry Barker, the Burketts, Pyeatts, John and Mary Cox, Jackson and Bill Fisher, Abe Penland, John Coggin, Parson Templin, Felix and Jeff Johnson, Sledge, Slemp, Shipley, Preacher Harris, Rufe Burks, Jack Brockenbrough, Captain Martin, Captain Hutchinson, Jim Guthrie, Enoch Reynolds, Mr. Mullins, Carl Wesserman, Will Taylor, John Taylor, P.W. Bolton, Phil Duren, Alec Conner, George and Burl Etheridge, John Brannon, and Tab Branum.

During my early childhood only the fields, traps, and smaller pastures were fenced, leaving most of the land as open range grass areas for the livestock, belonging to different owners. Cattle and horses were the main source of income. Very few sheep were grazed for their wool and a few Spanish goats were raised for meat. Community roundups were common once a year. when people would cut out their own cattle, and take them near their own home in order to see after them more easily. The last round-up I remember, occurred when Burle Etheridge had a round-up and cut out one thousand cows which he drove to Leaky, Edwards County, where he sold them. That was about 1902. After that year, people began fencing their own pastures. A stock law was passed in a short time and men were compelled to keep their livestock on their own land.

There was not a paved road in the county, not even a paved street in Goldthwaite, the biggest town in the county. Each legal voter was required to work five days a year on the road nearest his home or pay three dollars per year and be released from road duty that year. When a bad mud hole or a bad crossing was present, the business men closed their places of businesses and joined the rest of the community in working the road. The last public road working I remember was held down the Mullin and Duren road that crosses Long Hollow Ranch two miles north of Mullin.

Eighty loads of rock were thrown into that mud hole. I don't remember what year that happened. The next morning, the merchants of Mullin, not expecting any praise because they thought they had merely done their duty, had their stores open for business and all the farmers were happy.

It is only fair to tell that all the farmers were equally ready to help the merchants and other business men. This was demonstrated when a public water supply was needed in Mullin. A tax was not voted on the people, but farmers as well as the town volunteered to dig a well. A spot was chosen in the middle of the street between where the present community center and Phillips Grocery are now located. Volunteer work was started and in a few weeks a hole seventy feet deep and six feet in diameter was completed. A long rope, two wooden buckets, and a pulley were paid for after "the hat was passed around." Mullin had plenty of free water. For several years following, many farmers drove their herds of stock into the town of Mullin during dry seasons and water was drawn from the public well for them. People also enjoyed the water. Very often a weary traveler from the many covered wagon trains that passed through Mullin has quenched his own thirst the same as the stock at this almost forgotten spot.

Many wagon trains have lain over here for a few days rest, buy supplies and have repair work done at the blacksmith shop. A few days ago, I was talking with an old man in Talpa. He told me about being with a wagon train that passed through Mullin and he had a single-tree repaired at the blacksmith shop. When he asked the price so that he could pay the bill, the smith said, "Ten cents." The man from Talpa never knew my Dad was the blacksmith. Numerous jokes were told on people at that time. They were good entertainment for the plain, common people who lived here at that time. Sherril Chessar told this one; Some campers stopped at the camp ground near Horace Butt's store where Sherril worked. He went out to have a chat and exchange information. He found out that the travelers had left Arkansas because varmints were scarce and the man had earned his living by trapping them. They were very poor people. Neither the man or his wife had ever seen a mirror, but they had seen photographs. They were elderly people. The man found a mirror, which had been lost by previous campers. Not knowing what it was, he looked at the mirror thinking it was a photograph and recognizing the resemblance, he remarked, "Well, well! poor old dad, I never knew what became of him. Maybe I'll find him. He can't be but a few days ahead of us." Then he put the mirror in his coat pocket and the incident was forgotten. The next morning his wife went to the store to buy coffee. The weather being cold, she put on the old man's coat. When she started to pay for the coffee, she found the 'photograph'. Looking at it, she told Sherril, "Ugh!, so this is what made John decide to leave Arkansas. He's got in trouble with this old hag. I don't see why a man would want to flirt with such an ugly old winch

as this."

Before Mills County was organized and shortly afterward, it was thinly settled and law enforcement was bad; therefore mob rule was started. The intention of the mob in the beginning was good, but soon changed. Many an undesirable man was hanged or forced to leave the county; however many good citizens were treated likewise. About seventy men were hanged in this county before law was restored. The following men were on the grand jury that broke up the mob in 1893; Phil Duren, J.R. Graves, J.B. Murrell, J.N. Drybread, W.E. Gray, D. N. Mayer, J.S. Weatherby, W. T. Vann, C.W. Humphry, Dan Bush, Joe Burkett and W.L. Faulkner.

After the county was organized, Mr. Cunningham was the first Sheriff, Mr. Whitaker was the first county judge.

The section of land on which Goldthwaite is located was taken up first by Black Jack Fisher under the two dollar act. Later when the one dollar act came into law, Jack thought he would forfeit the land on January first, then wait until January fifth and take it on the one dollar act. He was advised that Mr. Hearne filed on January third. Jack being compelled to file elsewhere obtained a section of land for one dollar per acre five miles north of Mullin. It is now owned by Pierce Hodges and George Fletcher. Fisher Street in Goldthwaite is named in honor of Black Jack Fisher.

The price of land soon began to climb. Dad gave three dollars per acre for his place two miles northeast of Mullin.

The first cemetery for Mullin was on the N.J. Tyson place in the east part of town. Only a few graves are there. In 1890 John Tuggle was buried where the present cemetery is now located, and it has been the only one used here ever since.