Stories and Poems

Selections
from the
Writings of
Margaret Alline Morris Craig

Stories and Poems

Some collected writings of Margaret Alline Morris Craig.
Compiled and edited by William B. Ledbetter, Jr. & Donna Jo Glenn Ledbetter
With love to Memeire
January, 2013
2nd Edition

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Prefaces

This Book

This is a compilation and an edit of several of Margaret Aileen Morris Craig's family history manuscripts and some of her poems, hopefully done in such a way as to be interesting to read. There is a great deal more information relating to the overall genealogy, but that, for the most part, is not as "readable" as the stories.

There are likely many mistakes here; they are mostly from the scanning and optical character recognition process.

We've corrected common words where necessary to bring them up to current spelling.

The following prefaces / introductions are pulled from Margaret's writings.

December, 2012
w.b.ledbetter, jr. & Donna Ledbetter

"Texas Cousins, Kith and Kin"

by Margaret Craig

Family histories and records are at best of interest only to the families involved, and perhaps to only a few of them.

At my mother's knee as a child I heard many stories and anecdotes told of the life and times of McAdams Community which made an indelible impression on my sensitive mind. Perhaps the little center was not as thriving as my impression of it, and perhaps the importance of this small community was enhanced by my mother's ability as a story-teller; nevertheless, there was a time when its heartbeat and pulse as an East Texas community was very much alive.

Theirs was a way of life that was pleasant and satisfying. A great amount of their satisfaction came, no doubt, from the fact that each family unit was almost self-sufficient. They derived from their land and cattle and livestock the necessities of life, and what they could not make, raise or grow, they, more often than not, did without. Their material worth was measured not in money but in acres of land and head of cattle.

As is always the case, the story of McAdams Community is the story of the people who settled and lived their life's span there. That story is not here attempted, except as reflected in the thumb-nail sketches of the lives of some of the stalwarts of that community; mere milestones, gleaned from multitudes of sources through the years, are recorded for possible interest to some of the descendants of these families.

"Shaking the Morris Family Tree"

by Margaret Morris Craig

Dear Family,

"Shaking the Morris Family Tree" is what the title implies: an ongoing project. Nevertheless, eventually time and accessible sources run out; it comes time to organize and put in as presentable a form as possible what one has, even though there are still unresolved conflicts in statements, unanswered questions, unidentified persons, etc.

"Networking", corresponding with relatives and other sources here in Texas, as well as in North Carolina and other states, has yielded a surprisingly good harvest. The same is true of public records, including wills, land entries, land sales, census rolls; family genealogies, (Nance and Lindsey,) and others. It would be duplication to name these persons as they are given credit throughout the typescript. Also credited are oral and written sources and documents. I am grateful to all who were most generous, cheerful and helpful. (There are ground rules to be followed, of course, such as exchanging information which I have been glad to do.)

In order to avoid an overabundance of names and information, it seems essential to have a focal point or person. The obvious is my father, James Walter Morris (1885-1925), his lineage and descendants. The search has been for his roots. A companion piece, "Something About Mama" (Ethel Thompson Morris, 1890-1948), her lineage, descendants, kith and kin, has been compiled also. The two together make up "our" roots.

Our children and their children can use these as a beginning, and keep their own family records. May they be good ones!

Lovingly,
Margaret Craig
May 1, 1982, Austin, Texas

"Something About Mama"

At the age of thirty-four Ethel Thompson Morris was left a widow with four children, memories of eighteen-plus years with a loving husband and father, a home, one-half interest in a small business, and a strong character. And, last but not least, faith in God. She supported, nurtured, and cared for her children, husbanding her inheritance with wisdom and frugality. Her faith, her home, and her children were her lifelong priorities.

This is a look into the past - my mother's. I don't remember the first yarn I heard about my mother's people. The yarns and my mother's people had always been there, and, so long as I lived in their midst, for the most part, I took them all for granted. But somewhere in my subconscious mind must have been a determination to put something in writing, because eventually I did.

Other than charting a family tree in a Sunday afternoon session with a great-aunt (Eady Carolina McAdams Wilson,) in 1936, a few brief visits to the archives on dull days at the Capitol, and, in 1944, a sentimental "idyll" concerning Mama's childhood and youth, I had done no research on her family - until 1963. That year I turned fifty and quit work for pay. It came as no great surprise to me to learn that I had spent too many years at the

typewriter and poring over books and records to be able to quit summarily without undergoing a period of near-trauma. So, in order to channel my energies in some direction other than employment, I gave myself an assignment and took to the archives and my typewriter, on a spare-time basis. It was a self-enforced discipline. This "Something about Mama," etc., is the result.

Margaret Craig

“When We Were Young”

There is a quiet little place N. West of Huntsville in Walker County, once called McAdams Community, where thousands of Texans can say, "This is the place of our beginning."

The main purpose of this journal is to record some facts and legends of settlers of McAdams, some of their families and descendants. This is not possible without mention of other families who lived at or near old East Texas landmarks: Roark’s Prairie, Cincinnati, Mustang Prairie, Maysfield, Port Sullivan, Little River, Crabb’s Prairie, Liberty Hill School, Woodville Church, Martha's Chapel, and others.

Theirs was a way of life that was pleasant and satisfying. A great amount of their satisfaction came, no doubt, from the fact that each family unit was, almost, self-sufficient. They derived from their land and cattle and livestock the necessities of life, and what they could not make, raise or grow, they more often than not did without. Their material worth was measured not in money but in land, livestock and crops, not necessarily in that order. A man would sometimes lend a labor of land without too much hesitation, but the loan of a horse was a more serious matter and a test of real friendship.

From Tennessee, Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Alabama, Virginia and Maryland they came and stayed for a while. Some of their descendants still farm land owned by their forebears.

No emphasis has been placed on dates of arrival of these families as reflected in the General Land Office records, due to the circumstances under which the various offices operated in their origin. The colloquialism, "doing land office business," is a meaningful one to most Texans, especially East Texans. Rush of business, untrained and insufficient personnel, defective and fraudulent claims, all combined to make for error. In order to comply with various land laws, applicants had only to establish that they were in Texas by a certain date or between certain dates.

By the very nature of things, it is the women who live longer, the women who have the time and inclination to tell their children family stories, and their daughters who remember and, sometimes, write them down. No effort is made to adjust the differences between legend, i. e., stories handed down through families, and the record as reflected in the various sources. Conflicts are noted, however, and the truth probably lies somewhere in between.

To avoid confusion as to county names it is helpful to superimpose, mentally, a current map of Texas over an early map of Texas.

It has also been helpful, in researching background material, to keep an open mind, to remember that almost every one has two "given" names, that names are often misspelled, and, generally, that human beings are subject to error.

It is not the purpose of this journal to say that any of the characters mentioned were good, bad, rich, poor, famous or infamous, but simply that they were.

Margaret Morris Craig
June 13, 1964

Genealogy Tree

The following little table is an attempt to quickly show the ancestors of Margaret Alline Morris Craig. I created it from her source documents, which have much more detail. Moving to the right reaches farther back in time: 1st level in are the parents, 2nd level in are the grandparents, and so on.

So, for example, James Walter Morris and Ethel Arrine Thompson are the parents of Margaret Alline Morris.

- wblj

- Margaret Alline Morris (4/12/1913 - 2003)
  - James Walter Morris (11/5/1885 - 1925)
    - William James Morris (b. 2/10/1856)
      - Thomas James Morris (b. 1826)
        - William Airly Morris (ca 1795)
          - William Morris
          - Rebecca Nance
        - Martha Smitt (b. 1805)
          - William Smith
          - Nancy Allen
      - Sarah Jane Floyd (b. 1836)
        - James P. Floyd
        - Elizabeth W. Carver
    - Margaret A. Moore (b. 7/14/1864)
      - John Calhoun Moore
        - John Moore
        - Phoebe [unknown last name]
      - Ruthie Jane Lindsey (b. 1834)
        - William Lindsey (b. 1805)
          - James Lindsey (b. 1768)
          - Ruth Howard (b. 1770)
        - Eliza Lewis (b. 1807)
  - Ethel Arrine Thompson (9/30/1890 - 11/16/1948)
    - Thomas Jefferson Thompson (b. 1865)
      - G. Cumberland Thompson (b. 1831)
      - Arena [unknown last name] (b. 1831)
    - Margaret McAdams (b. 1870)
      - John McAdams, Jr. (b. 1815)
        - John McAdams
          - Capt. John McAdams
          - Sarah Webb
        - Martha Rodgers
      - Mary Frances Bankhead (b. 1834)
        - Richard Bankhead (b. 1795)
          - Robert Bankhead (b. 1765)
          - Nancy Holcombe (b. 1771)
        - Sarah Leah Nobles (b. 1807)
          - James L. Noble

Morris - Generations

Roman numerals indicate the generation, numbering from first known in this country, i.e., John Morris (I).

Generation I.

1696-'97	John Morris with Elizabeth Morris, John Morris, Jr., William Morris, Mary Morris, and Nathaniel Morris arrived Perquimans County, North Carolina, from Wales by way of Scotland and Virginia. Other family names in this Perquimans County record were Segrave, McClenden, Carpender.

Generation II.

1726	John Morris bought 100 acres of land, Bertie County, North Carolina, adjoining land of "Widow Earley."
1728	John Morris executed Deed of Sale to Godfry Hooker. Later that same year Godfry Hooker deeded to John Morris 300 acres of land in Bertie County. Also in 1728 Richard Williford sold to John Morris 150 acres of land adjoining Dennis McClendon, Bertie County. John Morris married Rebekah Earley.

Generation III.

ca. 1730	William Morris (1), son of John and Rebekah Morris, was born.
1740	John Earley, Sr., father of Rebekah Morris, died. His will, executed August 6 of that year, named wife Ann, son John, daughters M. McHenry, Martha Thompson, Mary Blake, S. Reef, E. Wilson, Beth Morris and Rebekah Morris. Will probated October Court, 1740, Bertie County (2).

1752	William Morris married Pheraba Gurley, daughter of William and Malinda Gurley.
1759	Between May 21, 1759 and February 11, 1760, John Morris died. His will named wife Rebekah, sons John and William, daughters Mary Stailings, Ann Holms, Sarah Farmer, Elizabeth Morris, Jane Morris, and sons Benjamin, Nathan, Jacob, James Early and Richard. (Beginning in I763 there are numerous Anson County, N. C, land entries in the name of William Morris and other Morrises. These are not included in this list, however, unless some additional factor suggests that he is "our" William.)
1772	March 28, a Baptist Congregation met at the house of William Morris at Hitchcock, North Carolina, Anson County, with 28 families present. The minister, Reverend Henry Easterling, baptized 8 people, among them were William and Mary Smith, and Nathaniel and Fanny Williams.
1774	May 19, William Morris and wife, Pheraba, conveyed land on Rocky Ford to Nathaniel Williams. Also in 1774 this same transaction is recorded in Richmond County. (Richmond County was created out of Anson County in 1779.)
1776	January 2, William Morris and wife, Pheraba, conveyed land on Bair Branch to Laughlan Curry (present Richmond County.) No record has been found of date of death of William Morris. First wife, Pheraba.
1777	William Morris purchased Lane's Creek land from Joseph Hough.

1779 William Morris received three State land grants on Lane's Creek and one on Cribb's Creek.

1780 & ‘81 William Morris served in Continental Army, American Revolution, returning home as First Sergeant, (Isaac Carpenter, according to his pension papers, "marched" under First Sergeant William Morris and returned "home" with him.)

1788 Dennis McLendon conveyed Anson County land to Nathan Morris

1790 Federal Census listed William Morris in Fayette District, Anson County as head of household including 1 male over 16, one under 16, 2 females and 2 slaves. (Fayette District, Anson County, census also listed Nathan Morris, head of household, over 16, 2 females, no slaves; and Davis Yarborough, head of household, over 16, 3 males under 16, 4 females, 1 slave.)

After 1795 and before 1800

William Morris married Martha Ann Rebecca Nance Maske (called "Patsy,") widow of Wm. Maske, Esquire, and mother of 4 Maske children, youngest of whom was Miles Washington Maske, born October 22, 1794.

Generation IV.

After 1795 and before 1800

William Airly Morris, first of two children born to William and "Patsy" Morris was born.

1804 January 2, William Morris executed his will naming sons Nathan, Jeptha, William Airly, and daughters Molly Yarborough, Betsy Henby, Fanny Beverly, Sally Yarborough, Lydia Pistole, and Patsy Morris; and his wife, Patsy Morris. Nancy Segraves was listed as one of the

witnesses to his will which was probated at the January term of Court, Anson County, in 1806.

1820 By 1820 William Airly Morris was married to Martha Smith, daughter of William and Nancy (Allen) Smith. 1820 Anson County census listed one son and one daughter under 10 years of age, with 2 "free" Negro servants.

1821 August 29, William Airly Morris conveyed Lane's Creek land to William Smithy January 1, 1822, Clay and Brown Creek land to Elijah Clark; Sept. 24, 1822, Brown Creek land to John Morris; July 29, 1824, Lane's Creek land to William Smithy Dec. 16, 1825, Brown Creek land to George Morris; Dec. 16 and 17, 1825, Brown Creek land to George Morris; Dec. 17, 1825, Big Town Creek land to John Blakeney; January 15, 1833, Brown Creek land to George Morris.

Generation V.

1826 Thomas J. Morris, third son and sixth child of William Airly and Martha Morris was born.

1828-‘31 William Airly Morris served as State Assemblyman from Anson County

1832-‘33 William Airly Morris served as State Senator from Anson County District.

1830 Anson County census listed only one Morris family, that of William A. Morris. His household consisted of 2 males under 5; 1 over 5 and under 10; 1 over 10 and under 15; 1 over 15 and under 20; 1 over 30 and under 40; 1 female under 5y 1 over 5 and under 10; 1 over 10 and under 15; 1 over 20 and under 30; all free white persons.

1840-‘50	Brown Creek Baptist Church records listed membership of William A. Morris, Martha Morris, Jackson J. Morris, George W. Morris, Nathan Morris, and Mrs. Rebecca Morris (whose death was noted in 1845.) The latter was, presumably, William Airly's mother.
1842-’44	William Airly Morris served as Pastor of the Rocky River Baptist Church (one of the oldest Baptist Congregations in N. C. still in existence.)
1844	October 4, William Airly Morris executed his Will which was probated at the October term of Court, Anson County. His will named his wife Martha; sons James W. Morris, J. J. Morris, Thomas J. S., N. A., G. W., and Columbus W.; daughters Elizabeth Allen, Martha A. K. Griffin, Frances J. L. Griffin; and named his half-brother, Miles W. Maske, as executor of his will.
1844	December 10 - Sale of Anson County Negroes belonging to Estate of William A. Morris
1850	Anson County Census, Diamond Hill District, September 2, lists Martha Morris, head of household, Thomas J., age 23, Nathan, 18, Rosanna, 13, Susanna, 13, Sarah E., 10, and Columbus W., age 6
1853	November 28, Thomas J. Morris married Sarah Jane Floyd, daughter of James P. and Elizabeth W. (Carver) Floyd of Stanly County, North Carolina
1853	December 3rd, Martha Smith Morris, widow of William Airly Morris, joined by sons Jackson J., Thomas J., George W., and Nathan A., conveyed Anson County land to D. (Darling) M. Smith, brother of Martha Morris.

Generation VI.

1856	February 10, William James Morris, first child of Thomas J. and Sarah J. Morris was born, Milam County, Texas.
1860	June 4, Thomas J. Morris and Jackson J. Morris of Texas conveyed Lane's Creek, Anson County, N. C., land to John Broadaway of Anson County. (John McLendon, Anson County, atty.-of-record.)
1870	July 8, Maysfield, Milam County, Texas, census listed Thos. J. Morris, age 44, farmer, born N. C., Sarah J., age 32, born N. C., William J., age 14, born Texas, Elizabeth, 12, Martha, 10, Ellen, 8, Columbus 6, and George, 4, all born Texas
1880	December 15, William James Morris married Margaret Antonio Moore, daughter of John Calhoun Moore and Ruthie Jane (Lindsey) Moore, Milam County

Generation VII.

1885	Nov. 5 James Walter Morris, third child of William Janes and Margaret A. Morris, born, Milam County, Texas
1906	September 30 - James Walter Morris married Ethel Arrine Thompson, daughter of Thomas Jefferson Thompson and Margaret Annaliza McAdams, at McAdams, Walker County, Texas

Generation VIII. (Margaret Alline Morris)

1907	June 29, Robert Edward Morris born to James Walter Morris and Ethel Morris at McAdams
1911	January 2 - William Otho Morris born to James Walter and Ethel Morris

1913	April 12 - Margaret Alline Morris born to James and Ethel Morris
1921	June 5 - James Walter Morris, Jr., born to James Walter and Ethel Morris, at Huntsville, Texas

Generation IX. (3)

1934	Barbara Jean McDuffie born to E. S. McDuffie and Margaret Alline Morris
1936	Dorothy Marie born to Robert Edward Morris and Lillie Lee Weston
1948	James Walter Morris, III born to James Walter Morris, Jr. and Jeanne McLean
1953	John Richard Morris born to James Walter Morris, Jr. and Jeanne McLean
1961	Joseph William Morris born to James Walter Morris, Jr. and Jeanne McLean

Generation X. (3)

1957	Randy Morris born to Dorothy Marie Morris and Don Graef
1957	William Burl Ledbetter, Jr. born to Barbara Jean McDuffie and William Burl Ledbetter
1961	Vondell Morris born to Dorothy Marie Morris and Don Graef
1963	Craig Allan Ledbetter born to Barbara Jean McDuffie and William Burl Ledbetter
1965	Kathleen Elaine Ledbetter born to Barbara Jean McDuffie and William Burl Ledbetter
1967	Paul Marney Ledbetter born to Barbara Jean McDuffie and William Burl Ledbetter

1980	Joy Michelle Morris born to James Walter Morris, III and Gayle Greenshields

Notes:

1. William Morris was apparently a grandson of John Morris, Perquimans County. He was a son of John Morris, Bertie County, N. C, who made his will May 21, 1759. By that date John Morris no longer used the "Jr.," as shown in the Perquimans County Court record, indicating perhaps that by that time his father had died.

2. Abstract, "Grimes Wills, N. C.," from Reva Carpenter, Charlotte, North Carolina

3. Generations IX and X were in a different format in Margaret's writings and have been changed to match this list. - wblj

Journey Into Yesterday

By Margaret Morris Craig

Huntsville

The town as we drove into it seemed to have shrunk in size; the once main street had been by-passed, victim of progress, one of the multitude of changes brought about by the automobile's effect on society. In my childhood the main thoroughfare of the town had stretched from one seat of learning to the other: Sam Houston State Teachers College to Huntsville High School. The buildings, each bringing back its own peculiar memories, were not nearly so impressive in size as they had been in my youth.

My mind was flooded with memories as I retraced the route I took, twice each day, by horseback, to the old school. Once on the campus, the lines of an old poem from one of my early primers came rushing into my thoughts:

"I've wandered to the Village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house playground,
That sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know,
Who played with me upon the green,
Just forty years ago."

Beloved little city - which gave to its state and its country so many brave and noble sons. The rolling hills, where I had romped and played as a child, couldn't actually have been worn down by so short a span of time. Grass-covered knolls to my childish eyes had loomed large and forbidding as I scampered up to belly-slide down the other side. (Parental reprimands in memory still smart for the torn pinafores brought home from such excursions.)

Nothing remains of the church I knew except the cornerstone, with names that are more than names; each recalls a form and a face, a time and a place.

The old home no longer stands; it, too, was a victim of progress, and in its place is a modern, attractive house. I had only to close my eyes to see the old house, superstructure added to structure, as the family grew up and needed more room; the old bois d'arc trees still bearing apples; the aged hackberry trees, where I had climbed, and read, and whiled away the hours of childhood, still overshadowing the lot.

It seemed hard to believe that I had been away more years than I had lived there, so short is the span of childhood.

[Note: The following 5 paragraphs are from "Texas Cousins – Kith & Kin", and was not present in the other manuscript I have. But, it seems to fit right here, somewhere. – wblj]

Indeed, it had been just forty years since I enrolled in that school.

After completing our mission to Huntsville, we drove the 18 or 20 miles out to McAdams Cemetery, one of the last remnants of that community. This visit was in sharp contrast to earlier childhood jaunts when the place was teeming with scores of cousins, aunts and uncles, on the annual occasion of family gatherings there and at old Woodville Church nearby. The hot July sun beat down on a citadel of the past, the quiet disturbed only by the sounds of nature - the chirp of the katydids, almost drowned out by the raucous cries of the curious blue-jays as they fluttered from one branch to another of the sombre, gaunt pines outside the fence enclosure. The desolation of the spot, however, was denied by the neatly-kept grave-plots, mute witness to frequent visitors who come to tend the resting places of kith and kin.

The occasion for our visit to Huntsville and to Walker County was to attend to the erecting of a monument to my own mother and father. During her lifetime, my mother had never consented to placing a marker at my father's grave, for reasons of her own which never made sense to us until after she was gone.

Her story only am I able to tell, a portion of a chapter of her life that unfolded at McAdams, Texas, as told to me over all of my childhood and the early years of my adult life.

With few exceptions, most of the people mentioned in her account have gone on to where the pine trees are taller and greener, the soughing of the winds through their branches more gentle.

July, 1960

Epilogue

A small boy stood on a bridge, tossed a pebble into the waters below, and gazed as the circles 'round the pebble moved out, and out, and out, — the inner circles forming and merging with the outer rim in constant motion — for a time. Turning to the gray haired lady who held his hand, he asked, "Grandmother, where do the circles go? Do they die?"

After a long pause, the grandmother replied, "Not really. They move on out to make room for the newer circles."

This was not an absolute answer, but it satisfied the small boy, as they passed on over the bridge before the motion ceased.

Letter To Margaret

By Jack Morris

February 19, 1960

Dearest Margaret:

I am afraid that I cannot tell you how much your little prose-poem meant to me and what a responsive chord it strikes in me. So often have I had similar thoughts striving for expression but could not find the words. Children who have come along since have had so much more than we did but what one of them could have reached into his memory to bring up such a thought provoking little poem so full of beauty and feeling. I must confess that the poem tucked in with your personal expressions moved me more deeply than a man should be inclined to say.

I do not know whether I look back over my shoulder at those cool and pleasant spots which I have passed more than is proper. Perhaps I do. Where are they gone - those things you speak of - the house that was the home, the green knolls that we called hills, the little girl and her pony, and the people she loved and that loved her. Though they once were so immediate and real they are now so surely passed from view. But so long as one of us can bring them so sharply in focus as you did and in such a lovely way, then surely we shall never, never lose them.

Lovingly,

[Signed Jack]

Edna And Ethyl Thompson

Edna and Ethel (“Mama” to Margaret) Thompson were identical twins, and, like all identical twins, were something of a novelty in the community in which they were reared, as well as in the town in which they lived after they grew up and were married. During their childhood and girlhood they always dressed in identical clothes, from head to toe, which contributed to the confusion of their family and friends in properly identifying them. So few had success in doing so that they nearly always were taken as a unit, rather than individuals. They were always "Edna and Ethel," not "Edna" and "Ethel." They married local young men, and they moved to town (Huntsville) after they were married and lived in almost identical houses, side by side, during most of their married lives.

Tom's stock reply, when asked the inevitable question, "Which of the twins did you marry?" was, "The good looking one, of course!" Yet he, on occasion, would try to claim the wrong twin when it came time to go home after a social outing.

Their children were as much at home in their Aunt's home as in their own. They belonged to the same church, attended the same social functions. In their younger married years, on special occasions, they would revert to the childhood custom of dressing alike, They nearly always had one identical outfit. Townsfolk were never able to distinguish one from the other, and, in fact, their children were never able to distinguish their voices one from the other. The sisters often paid each other visits, over morning coffee, before their children were out of bed. Many a morning, their conversation, coming from the kitchen, would cause one or the other of the children to get out of bed to find out which twin was saying what.

Ethel married first and when her first child came along, a son, he was not able to satisfy himself at times as to which was his mother. He would go first to one and then the other trying to decide. While looking at one twin, he would decide that she was his mother and would be satisfied over his decision until he looked at the other, and then he would cry and go to her, and it

would start all over again. The sisters were young enough at the time to think this was a great joke on the mother.

In their later years, they were both widowed, Ethel at the age of thirty-four and Edna a number of years later. They were, at times, great comfort to each other in their lonely years and seemed to sense when one was needed by the other. And, at times, they unwittingly reverted to their childish practice of what is now called "sibling rivalry."

Ethel died first, at the age of fifty-eight, November 16, 1948, followed by the death of Edna within a few years (April, 1954,) each of heart failure. In Edna's personal effects, at her death, was found a little note in tribute to her twin sister, saying that she never had to call for Ethel when she needed her; that just when she had reached the point when she would have called her, she would look up and see Ethel coming in to her house. Their empathy was at times not understood by them or their families.

In death, as in life, Edna and Ethel are not far apart. Edna and Tom, Ethel and Jim are buried in Oakwood Cemetery at Huntsville, Texas.

When We Were Young

Memories of Ethel Thompson, as told to her daughter, reduced to writing 1944.

[Note: There are two versions of this story, with two different titles and slightly different content, in Margaret Craig's writings. One is titled "When We Were Young", the other is "When I Was A Girl". This is a combined version. – wblj]

Time: September 30, 1890 to September 30, 1906

Place: McAdams, Walker County, Texas

Characters:

- I - Ethel Thompson
- Sister - Edna Thompson
- Other sisters and brother - Alice, Una May, Jeff Olen Thompson
- Mama - Margaret McAdams Thompson
- Papa - Thomas Jefferson Thompson
- Grandma - Mary Prances Bankhead McAdams
- Persuasive Preacher - Robert E. Day
- Fiddling Cousin - Pat Allphin
- Girls of Neighboring Family - Irma and Hattie Morris
- Tom - Thomas Claud Roberts
- Father-in-law - William James Morris
- Jim - James Walter Morris

When We Were Young

I first saw the light of day on September 30, 1890, following by about thirty minutes the arrival of my twin sister. Nowadays we hear the story of the exchanged name-band situation in modern hospitals, and had my arrival been attended by such medical and sanitary advantages, I would feel convinced that my sister's and my name-bands had been exchanged. This is based on a feeling I have always had that I was really the older of the twins, and the eldest of the children. This feeling is not substantiated, however, by the facts as given me by my mother and those attending her at the time of our arrival. My earliest recollections are of

mothering my twin and covering up for her when she had done wrong.

There was always a great deal of activity around our household. About every two years there was a new baby: first the twins, then a girl, another girl, and last a boy. To make a living on an East Texas farm in those days kept all hands and the cook busy. The cooking, incidentally, was a major task of large proportions. In season there were always fresh vegetables, fruits, and meat in abundance. In the winter months the smokehouse was filled to overflowing with sausage, hams, kraut, preserves and jellies, potatoes, and other provisions gathered in season, preserved, canned, or "cured" and put away for the winter months. Tasks were assigned to each member of the household and age and size was not necessarily a disqualification for any one.

Papa died when we were only nine years old but I can recall vividly his appearance as well as his traits of character. The prevailing style of well-groomed men of that day leaned to mustaches and haircuts with low side-burns. Papa was never one to be out of step with the current mode of dress. He was stalwart and handsome and "covered" the ground he stood on, physically and as to character. He was intolerant of disobedience in his children or his hired hands. The fact that he was never able to distinguish the difference between Sister and me was a source of constant irritation to him. He applied himself diligently to finding some different or distinguishing mark on one or the other of us; he would stare at us in turn, and just as he thought he had conquered his problem, the wrong twin would answer to what he thought was the right name.

To say that he had a temper is to put it mildly. One bitterly cold winter night the family was gathered about the fireplace, we children toasting our toes while the grown-ups were indulging in conversation. There was very little time for talk in the day’s work and the evenings afforded a good opportunity for discussions and planning the next day's work. In the course of the evening, the scissors were accidentally knocked off the mantel-piece and fell perilously close to one of the smaller children on the floor. Papa was so frightened and enraged at the carelessness of the individual involved in the accident that he stamped the scissors

into bits, never stopping to consider that scissors were an expensive item and could be bought only on one of his infrequent trips into town.

The shopping, with few exceptions, was done by Papa. In the fall of the year he would return from town with bolts of "outing," gingham, domestic, lace, stockings, shoes, (fitted by previous drawings of our feet on paper,) and all the various and sundry articles which would be needed during the winter. Trips were made by horse and wagon. On rare occasions, Mama and we children would be allowed to accompany him, but not often as our trip would involve taking the buggy and, consequently, there would be less space for storing the provisions to be purchased. In those days women's place was indeed in the home.

After Papa's death, Grandma moved in and took over the management of the family along with Mama. She was a woman of excellent business judgment and unhesitatingly took charge of the situation of helping Mama make a living for her brood. We all arose early and breakfasted together. Regularly each morning when breakfast was finished, Grandma would remark, "Well, Tommie, what's on the program for today?" Every day's activities were planned and carried out according to plan, whether it was cotton-picking, hog-killing, soap-making or plowing.

The menial household tasks, with few exceptions, were left to the twins' supervision. By this time we were considered to be old enough to take over the responsibility of housekeeping, leaving Grandma and Mama free to do the outside work: the supervising and running of the farm and store. The general merchandise store was an annex to the house where the countryside farmers could purchase staple groceries, thread, calico and the like.

Both Grandma and Mama were lovers of the outdoors, and I can close my eyes now and in memory see them in their calico split-bonnets, 'way across a country field, hunting up some poor sick cow that was down and couldn't get up, or trying to free a sickly calf that was tangled in the underbrush. Providence has a way of compensating certain lacks, and it was a kind nature that endowed these women with love of the outdoors, inasmuch as it was their lot to make a living from the land.

Social activities and contacts were few and far between. Most of these centered around the church and its functions. Once a month there was "conference" meeting, an all-day church affair which occurred on Saturdays. In the summer there was one day set aside for cemetery "workings" when all the community residents came and cleaned and "worked" the cemetery. There was dinner on the ground and much talking and visiting. Families from far and near came and brought trunks full of home-cooking. There was always an abundance of food, more than the crowd was able to consume. For days in advance of the grave-yard working, housewives would be busy baking for this occasion, and the womenfolk took great pride in the pastries and dishes they brought to this gathering.

In the latter part of the summers, there was always a "protracted" meeting when every night for two or three weeks there would be preaching and singing, under a bough-covered arbor, with many converts for the church. I must have been particularly stubborn or shy, because I remember that the whole community was concerned over the condition of my soul before I finally joined the church. Sister had already made a trip to the mourner's bench and had been baptized long before I made the decision. How I dreaded those protracted meetings because I knew that some well-meaning person would feel called on to come and talk to me in low tones during the invitational hymn about joining the church, (It took a particularly persuasive preacher to get me to the baptizing stream some years later.)

In the days along about the turn of the century, the world seemed a pretty small place to us. We were concerned only with the activities in our little section of East Texas. Transportation was difficult; horses, buggies, and wagons were the chief means of getting into town, which was about the extent of our traveling. Our community had occasional visitors from town which caused much excitement. An unexpected emergency calling for an unplanned trip into town took on an aspect of large proportions. Doctors were summoned by horseback riders into town, or, if the illness was no emergency, by sending word in to the doctor by someone known to be making a trip into town.

Girls from town always had a decided advantage over the rural belles with the young men of the community. Many a lovers' quarrel was precipitated by feminine visitors from the nearest towns. Tears by the bucketsful were shed by the local girls over their erstwhile lovers whose heads were too easily turned. How shortsighted we were not to realize that the visitors would soon return to their city ways, leaving the young men to repent their perfidy and pledge anew their love and fidelity. For, after all, there was very little likelihood that any permanent arrangement would come about between a country boy and a city lass, as she would be reluctant to exchange the convenience of her town ways for the hardships of the rural community.

On rare occasions, the young folks of the community were invited to a dance given by our fiddling cousin and his wife. This caused great excitement, and there was always a strong possibility that we would not be allowed to attend. After several family discussions over the subject, however, we would usually win out, and preparations to attend would begin. During the winter months our family sometimes "kept" the local school teacher and it occasionally fell her lot to chaperone us girls on such an outing. Life for a country school teacher must have been a constant battle against boredom, and she probably welcomed an occasion when she could enjoy a social outing without having parental wrath brought down upon her head.

I remember after one such occasion, Sister, along with others, was called before the church conference for attending a dance. They were saved from being "churched" by publicly repenting and pledging never to participate in such worldly activities again. (I was not involved, either because I was not a member of the church or because I was already married. The time element is not clear.)

In those days we had itinerant preachers, itinerant peddlers, and itinerant photographers. A visit from the latter caused a great deal of commotion and there was no end to our curiosity about his paraphernalia. On one such visit, Sister and I had our pictures made. Now it is a faded tintype but it typifies more eloquently than words of description our characteristic differences. There we are, with our little mouse-brown pigtails

and our high-buttoned shoes; Sister with her chin held high and head thrown back, and I with my head shyly tucked.

Monday was always wash day, providing the weather was clear. If it rained, the family washing was postponed until the following Monday, it never occurring to us that a washing could be done on any other day of the week. We rarely ever rearranged our plans, and Tuesdays' plans did not include washing. In the summers, Sister and I would gather up all the soiled linens, stacks and stacks of ruffled petticoats, calico aprons, dresses, bonnets, baby clothes, and go down to the creek to put out our washing. There we would meet the girls of a neighboring family and turn into an all-day affair what could easily have been accomplished in a few hours' time with less giggling and talking and more elbow grease.

A girl in our community “came out" at a tender age, and if she were not married by the time she was twenty or so, she was considered an old maid. We were extremely modest and relied on church-going, summer meetings, and the like for our courting and pairing off. I'll never forget the time Jim and I were walking home from church and came unexpectedly upon Sister kissing Tom. Although both couples were engaged at the time, I felt humiliated and degraded and didn't sleep well all night. When I confronted her with the accusation and she had the temerity to giggle, my heart was broken, and I tossed and tumbled all night worrying about it. Sister, after a few stifled giggles, turned over and slept like a log. For days afterwards I felt a heaviness of spirit and a weight on my conscience because I didn't tell.

Mama always took great pride in the appearance of her twins and required us to dress identically. The quarrels we had over which dress we would wear to school or to church. Many's the time we have dressed fully, with different dresses, each vowing that she would not change, and that the other would have to give in. Always at the last minute, rather than brave the storm of Mama's wrath directed at both of us, I would yield and keep the others waiting while I changed dresses.

Mama and the relatives had the mistaken idea that we, the twins, could sing, and there was never a family gathering or church

meeting of a social nature that we were not called on to sing. To me those occasions were terrible ordeals, and I would be seized with stage fright in the worst form: a mist formed over my eyes, the blood rushed to my face, my knees trembled, my hands shook, but we sang. We would attempt the most difficult renditions, musical score with which we were not overly familiar. Our repertoire consisted of "Two Little Girls in Blue," "O, Little Black Mustache," "After the Ball," "Hello, Central," and many others. Whenever any member of the family found a new song, (all they needed were the words, they thought we could improvise the music,) they would save it, remarking, "Let's send this to Tommie's twins," and at the next gathering of the clan we would be expected to do the honors. At about the age of thirteen, we decided that we were no longer going to be exploited simply because we were twins. We were tired of having no more privacy than goldfish simply because there were two of us instead of one, and, we negotiated a neat little rebellion. We conspired with the result that the next time Mama called on us to sing in public we shook our heads from side to side and beat a hasty retreat to the smokehouse. The porch and yard were filled with cousins, aunts and uncles, and their mouths fell open with amazement at our audacity. Mama was the most dumbfounded of all. She felt that we had let her down personally and didn't fail to tell us so when we finally emerged much later in the day, feeling pretty sheepish over our victory, which, incidentally, was complete. We were not again invited to perform at family gatherings.

Discipline in our family was ironclad, usually. When one disobeyed, one was punished. There was no middle ground, or getting off with a talking-to. Once I left my hat, a little blue one, with forget-me-nots on the brim and a pink bow to tie underneath the chin, at the conference meeting on a Saturday. Next morning to my alarm it was missing, and how I pleaded to be allowed to stay at home. No, sir, I must go to church and wear my split-bonnet. All during church I sat in our family pew with my head bowed in shame, feeling as if all eyes were on me because I wore a split-bonnet instead of a hat. Next time I went to conference I was not careless with my hat. In those days lessons were well-learned and long-remembered.

It did not take the young people long, when they began keeping company, to pair off. After a girl was seen several times with the same boy, the community began to take for granted they were courting and "promised." After a few months of keeping company, either the couple began to make serious plans or their elders began to lift their eyebrows. When the question had been put and the family's approval given, all hands set to work to help give the couple a good start in the matrimonial state.

A family who allowed its daughters to come to marriage without benefit of dowry was considered unambitious and unsuccessful. When each of us were married, we were given the essentials to set up housekeeping. In my case, I was given fifty acres of land, a horse, a cow, a Poland-China sow, a bed, a stove, ten new quilts, many various and sundry articles of a household nature. My trousseau consisted of beautifully hand-sewn lingerie, dresses, waists, and skirts, and more garments than I could wear in many months' time. It was not considered out of order in those days for a bride's trousseau to contain at least one baby dress, as it was taken for granted that there would be a baby in due time. All of this was packed in a new trunk bought for the trousseau.

I was married on my sixteenth birthday. It was the fad in the fall of 1906 for couples to be married in buggies. The ceremony was performed by my husband's father, who was the local Justice of the Peace. He came out to the yard gate and performed the ceremony as we sat in the buggy. Perhaps it was just as well that I didn't realize the solemnity of the occasion, nor that the road ahead was a long one, filled with decisions to be made, sickness and health, good days and bad, prosperous years and lean, happy and lonely times. No, I was not concerned with the problems that faced a young couple in a changing world. I was concerned with a more immediate problem. As we drove along the country lane leading to my future father-in-law's house, I noticed a cloud coming up over in the East, and as the magic words were being spoken, I was praying that the ceremony would be over before the rain began because I didn't want my China silk wedding dress spoiled.

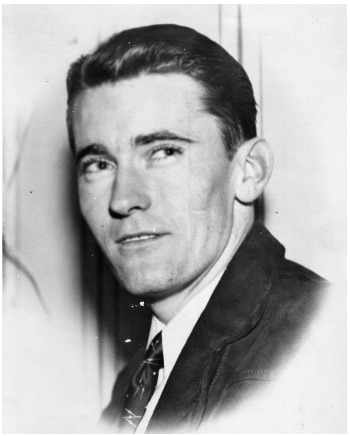
We rode away at a gay gallop to our little new house on our fifty acres of land where we were welcomed by our cow and our Poland-China sow. But that is another chapter of the story.

Note:

Ethel and Jim Morris were married on her sixteenth birthday, September 30, 1906. They were married at the home of neighbors and relatives. Shiles Marion Fraser and his wife, Samantha Francis (Guerra?) Fraser, by the Reverend Robert E. Day. Ethel's mother who had recently married a widower, R. O. Barron, gave Ethel and Jim fifty acres of land which he farmed until shortly after the birth of their third child, when they moved to Huntsville. (m. c.)

James Walter Morris (A Letter)

Jack Morris



James Morris

A Letter to James Morris, by Jack Morris (Margaret's brothers)

Longview, Texas

12 March 1959

Dear James:

You have told me that you remember little of our Father. You have heard many things about him in family conversation but some you have not. I was only a boy of fourteen when he died so there is much that I could have observed and asked about, had a greater awareness made this possible but that is a lost opportunity. Your children will have an interest in the subject some day and as they will have the privilege of knowing but one grandfather, this letter is also intended for them and other children of the family. Margaret did a fine thing some years ago in preparing a comprehensive outline about Mama's family and her childhood. I have neither the skill nor the information which would enable me to do the same for Daddy's family and if I did I

doubt that it would tell so complete a story. In making their journey through life everyone leaves tracks that may be followed. Some day I hope that I may be afforded the opportunity of following his tracks in the matter of legal and other records. In the meantime there are things that I remember which appear in no record - memories of what I saw and heard. Written records of events are of some consequence. Errors which appear in what I have to say will speak eloquently of this. Unlike Margaret's Kith and Kin, this letter will be entirely undocumented. I have been prompted by a desire that there be a simple written record of some facts about his life and that his youngest son and others- who bear his name and blood might know him.

In telling this simple story I have used the expedient of jumping from the first to the third person and back again. I have, in the latter form, taken the liberty of addressing the subject by his Christian name. You will understand that no disrespect is meant. The narration goes easier this way and also it is hoped by this gesture that he will appear as a real and natural personality. This is what I remember of him.

James Walter Morris was born November 5, 1885 in Milam County, Texas, the second son of William James Morris and Margaret Moore. Eleven children were born of this union, ten of whom lived to maturity. The family moved to Walker County when he was a young boy and settled in the McAdams Community west of Huntsville. In early years he was called Walter by his family but in young manhood and later he was always called Jim and this was the manner in which he always signed and identified himself. He apparently had a happy childhood as he always spoke of it in such manner as to leave this definite impression. As long as he lived in Walker County W. J. Morris, "Paw", as he was called by his children, was a tenant farmer. In later years his income was supplemented by fees as Justice of the Peace and notary public but he was always desperately poor.

Jim liked to hunt and swim. He attended school but little and this for a few short sessions in the dead of winter after one crop had been gathered and before another was begun. In his youth he learned to "fiddle". His teacher was probably his older brother,

John. He played for his own amusement and that of his family and friends. It is possible that he also played at parties where square dancing and dance games were played. From the pleasure that he evidently derived from this harmless hobby, it seems odd that he never owned a fiddle in later years. The only time I saw him play was on a toy instrument which I had purchased from a mail order house. His antics while playing were most amusing to us, and we saw a side of him that we had not known he possessed. The tunes were those he had learned as a boy and I remember only two: "Little Brown Jug" and “Over the River to Charlie". It is my impression that he felt that fiddling was not quite dignified. It is also my impression that he had much pleasure from it.

As a boy and in early manhood he worked at a mill where shingles were made. These shingles are not seen today but were quite common even when I was a boy. The process was apparently simple. The wood was cut in appropriate lengths, made soft with steam, and the shingles rived out with a frow and mall. It was hard and hot work.

The relationship of the children of W. J. Morris was and remains quite close to this day. No opportunity was passed to offer a practical demonstration of their mutual regard. Irma, the eldest daughter, was left a widow with five young children before she was thirty. Those brothers who were able lovingly ministered to her financial and other requirements as long as there was need for it. Jim's regular contribution was to pay her rent. This was continued as long as he lived. He visited her weekly with few exceptions. A younger brother, Ebb, made his home with Jim for some years prior to World War I. During this period there was ample evidence of the pleasure that each had from the other's company. I never was a witness to an unkind exchange or disagreement between Jim and any of his brothers or sisters. As he was frequently in contact with them this seems remarkable.

To the best of my knowledge the children in the order of their birth were as follows: John, Jim, Will, Irma, Hattie, Grady, Sally, George, Lloyd and Bernice. W. J. or Billy, as his wife called him, was a stern and humorless man. All his children stood in awe of him. The manner in which they privately mimicked his speech

and manner spoke of a loving regard for him but he was not a man to invite outward expressions of affection. The manner toward their mother was entirely different. All her children adore her and show it openly. These children enjoyed an unusual close relationship even after they were married and had children of their own.

It is my belief that he had only one sweetheart and that he married her as soon as her mother would permit it. In later years he showed his children where he first kissed her. It was on the porch of the old Grandma Barron Place, where Uncle Will lived and died. Mama was present when he pointed this spot out to us. She was embarrassed and remonstrated with him for mentioning such a delicate matter. He married on his wife's sixteenth birthday, September 30, 1906. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend Robert Day, Sr., a Baptist minister. As a part of her dowry, Ethel was given fifty acres of land from the estate of her mother and on this property the first tiny home was built.

This home with its meagre furnishings was later destroyed by fire. Jim farmed this place from 1907 until it was sold probably in 1912. I am unable to follow events of these years in chronological order but some fragments I recall vividly. The home was built by Jim and his friends and relatives. The chimney was made of mud, moss and sticks. A major portion of the superstructure was made of unplaned pine boards called "boxing planks". It was covered with the type of shingles which he perhaps made himself. One of the farm animals which he owned was a grey mare called "Mag". Later Jim broke two yearling steers to the yoke and these were used for one season in the farm work. There was at one time a mulatto boy who helped on the farm whose name was Horace Ross. Because of this early association. Horace was to have a rather possessive attitude toward Jim afterwards which was embarrassing to him. I recall his bringing a horse to the house one Sunday morning hoping to secure a loan on him. This was refused.

The two older children were born on the farm, the first on June 29, 1907 and the second on January 2, 1911. I have only one recollection of these days. The family was working at clearing

some brush for a newground patch. Dry brush had been stacked in a large pile and had been fired. A family pet, Shep, a mongrel, chased a rabbit into the burning brush-pile, could not extricate himself, and died there. I was broken hearted as well as the rest of the family.

Jim once told me that he left the farm because he could not make a livelihood at it. From boyhood he had served as family and neighborhood barber. This continued after he was married and such work was usually done on Sundays. This was a source of irritation to his wife, first, because it prevented him from being free to be with his family and secondly, it kept them from visiting their families and friends. It is also suspected that he was given nothing for this neighborly service except friendship. But out of this experience grew his interest in and aptitude for a more profitable vocation. Gone forever are opportunities to secure answers to questions concerning this period which would be of interest. Who supplied the cash necessary for making his first crop? How much cotton was made the first year? What was the best crop year he had and what was the yield?

In any event Jim wisely decided that farming was not his forte and sometime in 1912 he made one of the major decisions of his life. The family decided to sell the farm and use the cash to secure training for him and setting themselves up in Huntsville. He entered the Houston Barber College for a three month course probably in the late fall of 1912 or early in 1913. Due to his years of practical experience he felt that there was much being taught at the school which he already knew. As an example he was quite upset at being required to lather up a slick bottle and shave it. After approximately half the prescribed course had been completed he withdrew from school, secured a job and moved his family into a tiny apartment in Huntsville owned by the Graybill family whom they had previously known. Shortly after this time the third child, a daughter, was born on April 12, 1913.

Jim's first and only employer as a barber was Gordon G. Young, a cousin of his wife's, who operated a four chair shop in the building later occupied by Keisler's Tailor Shop. He worked here until he opened his own business in 1918. Young was a grave and taciturn man, but he and Jim through a long association

became good friends. His leaving Young's employment after about six years did not come about of his own choosing. It was indirectly a result of the Great War. A committee of citizens made up a list of contributions for the American Red Cross as a war project. The assessments were arrived at arbitrarily without consulting the prospective donors. Young's assessment was $10.00. He felt that this was excessive and an issue was made of it with the committee. Neither would give way. A group of Jim's customers called on him and told him that he faced the loss of a substantial portion of his clientele or the alternative of opening his own shop. With much misgiving he decided to accept their advice. Young was grieved to lose his oldest employee in point of service and Jim said that he wept when he told him of his decision. They remained friends.

Jim borrowed money to purchase necessary equipment and rented space over the New York Store owned by the Rather family. This store later became Nance Dry Goods Company and still later the Cafe Raven. The business was opened possibly in early 1919. The venture turned out happily for him, but he soon felt the need for an associate to share with him the financial burden of the undertaking. He offered a partnership to his first employee, Grady O'Bannon, agreeing to let him pay for his share out of earnings. Grady had difficulty in meeting the payments agreed upon and eventually he agreed to transfer a Model-T Ford touring car which he had to Jim as part-payment. He thus became the owner of the first of two automobiles which he owned during his lifetime. Grady was a gay blade given to hunting, fishing and frolicking as might be expected of a lively and handsome young man in a small town. His earnings went mostly for his favorite sports, entertainment of young ladies of his acquaintance, an occasional pint of moonshine whiskey and vividly striped silk shirts which were the mode for young swains of the time. Consequently, no additional payments were made on the business. His share was transferred to his brother, Bob, who had also come to work in the shop. This arrangement was entirely satisfactory for everyone, When he became ill, the chairs of the shop were occupied by Jim and three O'Bannon brothers, Bob, Grady and Dick. Mance Mason was the porter and shine boy.

Jim was said to have been an excellent workman by his customers, and took much pride in his work and apparently had talent for it. It was during this period that women first began to cut their hair and many of his customers were women. This was before the time of beauty parlors in small towns and the barber shop was the only establishment where a lady could have her hair trimmed. Jim loved his job, and, after the gaining of techniques and skills no longer challenged him, he enjoyed it principally because it gave him an opportunity to indulge his greatest pleasure - an intimate communication with people.

During his lifetime, the Morris family occupied five separate dwellings in Huntsville. The first has already been mentioned. The Graybill house was situated in the extreme eastern end of town designated by local residents as "Stringtown". As soon afterwards as possible they moved in a small house near the Graybill residence. The next move was to a cottage located on a street which is an extension of the west side of the town square at about the intersection of Fifteenth Street. This house was painted green and in after years it was referred to by the family as the "little green house". This move was made in order that Jim might be closer to his place of employment. The next move was to a four room house in the northern part of town and situated on a lot adjoining the old section of Oakwood Cemetery. It was while living here that the City installed a sewage system and the family first came to enjoy the benefits of inside plumbing. In late 1917 the final move was made to 1425 Fifteenth Street. This house was owned at the time by Gibbs Brothers and Company. When the family moved, the house consisted of four rooms and a screened in back porch. It had neither inside plumbing nor electric wiring, but both were added shortly afterwards. In a short while a contract of purchase was drawn up, in which he agreed to pay $1000 for it. From this time onwards, he owed the private banking firm from which the house was bought money either for the house or for improvements. A major addition was made adding four upstairs rooms following a fire which severely damaged it. He still owed a principal sum equivalent to the purchase price at the time of his death.

So far as I know, he never posed for a formal portrait. There are a number of group pictures taken by itinerant photographers some of which the family has seen. I feel sure that there are others that we have not seen, perhaps taken with some fraternal groups with which he was associated. I believe that at least one of the group pictures was published in the Huntsville Item. This was taken at a Fourth of July Picnic and portrayed the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Huntsville. This must have been in 1922 or 1923. In his maturity he was about five feet ten inches tall. He was always slight of figure and never weighed more than 160 pounds. His skin was thin and sallow being always pale, his dark beard showing even when freshly shaven. His hair was almost black and had been abundant in his youth but in his thirties had begun to thin on top. He wore side burns dropping to mid-point of his ears and worn rather long in back with an angled bob effect. His manner of cutting and dressing his hair gave the appearance of his being older than he actually was. There was a noticeable lack of symmetry of the bridge of his nose and deviation to one side. This characteristic may be observed to a greater degree in one of his brothers, Grady, and also in his second son. The most striking point of his expression was in his eyes. They could laugh or frown and in change of mood could almost be seen to darken in color. The eye coloring may be observed in his daughter and the nearest approach to his expression may be seen in his brother, George, and to a limited degree when you look in your own mirror. But all in all, he was much more inclined to dark mood and somber expression than yourself, though on occasion his eyes could dance with merriment and mischief. You also have a mannerism of speech which was so characteristic of him. That of beginning a thought - trailing into silence - and when all hope of your continuing has been abandoned - to pick up the thread and carry on.

He was deliberate in most things - walking, talking, thinking. His gait was firm and unhurried. His posture was always slightly stooped which gave him the appearance of being hollowchested. He wore his hat squarely on the top of his head, pulled neither to one side nor the other - but more forward than back. In a group of men, an observant person would have noticed his hands. They were truly masculine but possessed a fineness and

delicacy of motion which was remarkable. His work contributed to the excellent care which he gave to his hands of course, but the unusually large "half-moons" of his nails were his from birth. His manner was customarily warm, friendly, and out-going. He made friends easily and quickly. This characteristic had its liabilities as well as its assets. Because of it, he had a more than casual acquaintance with persons not generally accepted in the best part of the society in which he moved.

If there was one characteristic which overshadowed all others in him, it was friendliness. He liked people and they liked him. I doubt that he gave thought to the abstract idea of friends, nor do I know whether he gave much consideration to which were close and which were on the outer fringe of the circle. But many kinds of people considered him their friend. In a small town where he spent a substantial portion of his life, it was only natural that he would know almost everyone and they in turn would know him. I cannot know whom he would have identified as his friends. I will mention only those whom, of my own knowledge, there were incidents which demonstrated that the relationship was more than casual. Among them are his family physician and neighbor, Dr. J. Ross Martin; William R. (Bill) Nance, a dry goods merchant, Adolphus A. Keisler, a tailor; Stace Westmoreland, an eccentric optometrist and Jeweler; Ross Woodall, owner and editor of the Huntsville Item; Mack E. Gates, an attorney; Ernest Franklow, a bookkeeper; Press Wilson, a grocer; Jack Peters, a sometime house-painter and ne're-do-well; Verge S and Hardy Nance, druggists; W. P. Mallcry, Jr., in the automobile business; T. E. Humphery, an attorney; Jim Atkinson, a small cafe owner and radical "anti-prohibitionists" (Jim's name for him was Bone-Dry); Boley B. Branch, a haberdasher and alcoholic; Tom Oliphant, local Ford agent; Charles N. Shaver, school superintendent; Grover Wilson, mentally retarded member of a prominent family; Tom Oliphant, a grocer, not being the same as mentioned elsewhere; S. W. (Fat) Robinett, for many years the county clerk; Tom Ball, banker; Seth Duncan, a convicted but pardoned murderer who was also a barber; James A. Elkins, an attorney; "Buzz" Rather, a bootlegger, but a member of a well-known and good family; Edwin G. Boynton, minister of the Disciples of Christ Church; J. R. Tilley, conductor of the railroad

company that served Huntsville; Bob O'Bannon, his business partner; Charles F. Andrews, his pastor; Mance Mason, the shine boy in his shop. The last name is included with some misgiving because it never would have occurred to him that the relationship between a white southern man and a person of color should be so designated. He certainly would have questioned this. But many of the elements of true friendship seem to have existed between them, and in later years, Mance, for his part, was more honest and frank; he called him his friend.

From the vantage point of many intervening years, it is no great problem to make some suggestion as to some of the reasons for his actions and his manner of thinking. Despite the fact that he lived in a college town, he took no great stock in education. In the circle of small-town businessmen in which he moved, it was mere or less popular to hold the college man up to some degree of ridicule. He once scolded me for reading a classic telling me that it was not his wish that I should grow up to be a "book-worm". It was certain that he wished his children to graduate from high school. I doubt that his ambition for them in an academic way went any further. He was a joiner. He sought and found outlets in this manner that could not be realized elsewhere. He was a Mason, a Knights Templar, a Shriner and a Knight of the Bythian Lodge. He had been a member of the Klan. This statement will no doubt shock the younger members of the family. I make no attempt to apologize or explain away this fact, and we must see him in his environment before we pass judgement. The South was some different immediately following World War I than it is now. The little town was different too. He admired successful businessmen, certain protestant clergymen, outdoorsmen, and sportsmen and successful politicians if they were Democrats. A substantial majority of the people he admired belonged to the Klan. All of his intimates did including his pastor.

I do not know at what age Jim became a Christian. I have no recollection of having heard him pray in public, but I later learned that he frequently did so. A grace was not said at table before meals in his home, although he had been reared in a home where there was never a departure from this custom. I do not recall any direct teaching regarding religious matters which he

gave me except by example, which was uniformly in this direction. He attended worship services regularly and insisted that his children do so. He was present on the occasion of my baptism at the age of 9 years and apparently approved. He enjoyed singing hymns in the church and was active in the choir before his voice failed. He never used an oath of any kind in my presence. I knew that he was a member of the committee which planned and carried through to execution the building of the church sanctuary which, up to that time was the most substantial such building in the town. I cannot say whether he was a deacon, though I am of the impression that he was.

Of all recollections I have of him no other is so vivid as his final illness. For this reason I somehow cannot briefly pass over this period and thus place these events in their proper sphere of proportion. The impressions of those sad days remain in sharp relief despite the kind efforts of 35 intervening years to dull their edge. From his youth and early manhood he had suffered from a malfunction of the thyroid but this had occasioned him only intermittent difficulty. It is believed that it did not cause him sufficient discomfort to require him to seek medical assistance for it. In the summer of 1924, however, there was definite evidence that the condition was growing rapidly worse, He began to notice difficulty with his speech and eventually he lost his voice entirely and was able to speak in a whisper only. He was referred to a surgeon in Houston, Dr. Frank Barnes. He had previously known Dr. Barnes as he had performed an appendectomy on him some years earlier. After diagnosis it was determined that the treatment of choice was the removal of a substantial portion of the thyroid gland. This was done either in August or September. In less than a month he returned home much improved and with partial restoration of function of the larynx. His voice was greatly changed, however, and he now spoke in a high falsetto and with some effort and strain. There were times when his voice would fail altogether.

In general his condition seemed almost normal; he regained strength sufficiently to return to work. It was after working for about two weeks that the nature of the malady was fully known to him. Late one Sunday afternoon early in October the family

was gathered around the kitchen table eating a light meal in buffet style rather than sitting at table. In the course of eating he drank from a glass of milk. Immediately he felt a trickle on his neck and chest. The sensation was caused by the milk running down the skin on the outside of his neck and chest. It had passed through an opening in the esophagus made by spread of the tumor. Being much alarmed he went to Houston the following day for consultation with his doctor. It is possible that his physician was already aware of the strong likelihood of malignancy. He was referred for further treatment to a Dr. Norsworthy, a radiologist. He took a series of exposures to radium, three treatments in all, between October and December. It soon was evident that the disease was beyond control and that further treatment would be futile. While visiting relatives in Huntsville on Christmas Day of 1924 Dr. Norsworthy called on him for a final visit. (Dr. Norsworthy had married a sister of the Gibbs brothers and was visiting them at the time.)

It would not be possible to call to mind all those who tried to be helpful during this time. Dr. Martin saw him daily for several months. He was made as comfortable as the medication of the time would permit. The palliatives used were morphine and liquid phenobarbital. When the Nance Drug Company went bankrupt in 1932 the prescription files were purchased by the Central Drug Company where I worked. I located and read many of these prescriptions when engaged in storing them. The Forest Lodge of Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons of Huntsville employed two trained nurses and a cook for the family throughout the final weeks of his illness. It is possible that they also assisted in other ways not now known.

It was Mama's wish that the children not be told of the nature of his illness. Looking back it seems most strange that I did not even suspect that he would not recover until the day of his death. On that day it was apparent that he could last but a few hours. At about dusk, Miss Alice Cotton, an elderly spinster and family friend, came by and was discussing the situation with some of the children on the lawn in front of the house. In the conversation, she expressed the opinion that he would not live through the night. This was a great shock to me. I then began to

see that there was an unusual amount of activity about. Several of his brothers and sisters had remained longer than their visits in the past, and there were others who apparently were waiting for some unforeseen emergency. Several times during the evening I went with others of the family to look in at him through the window on the west side of the house. The room was filled with the nurse and others who were doing what they could to minister to him. Finally he whispered to someone near that he wished to talk to Mama. She was hastily summoned to his side but it was too late. Whatever it was that he wished to say remains unsaid. He died at about 9:00 o'clock in the evening on Thursday, March 12, 1925.

The funeral was held the following day at 2:30 in the afternoon from the home. The service was conducted by his friend and pastor, Charles F. Andrews. Graveside rites were performed by the Masonic Lodge and read by his neighbor, Gibbs Vinson.

From his age at the time of his death (39 years 4 months and 7 days), it is evident that he died on the threshold of full maturity. Any statement as to what might have been would be idle conjecture of course, but there is evidence that he was maturing and changing. He felt a strong civic and social responsibility and was being given an opportunity to learn how he might be useful. He was at the time serving in several positions of community responsibility including the City Council, the Board of Education and in his church.

He died intestate and no appraisal was made of his estate. If a will had been made and an inventory prepared by his executors, it would have included some items which I shall mention. A hundred and more years ago, it was the custom to include such items as small personal possessions, clothing and trinkets in such inventories. A person’s possessions can tell the story of some phases of his life more eloquently than words, no matter how well chosen. Such is the purpose of my list, and for the most part it will speak for itself.

At the time of his death, he owed $1000 on a mechanics lien for repairs and improvements on his home to Gibbs Brothers & Company. This was paid shortly after his death with residue from

life insurance. The home was sold in 1945 for $4,000. It is assumed that real property in this slowly growing town would have advanced in value in the twenty years, and by deducting the $1,000 paid on the lien and allowing a reasonable appreciation in value his equity in the home might have been approximately $2,500 in 1925. His partnership with Bob O'Bannon in the barber shop was dissolved sometime in the last months of 1925 or early in 1926. In the settlement, $1,650 was paid for his share of the business. He had at least two and perhaps three life insurance policies. The largest of these was in the amount of $3,000 and was carried with the Great Southern Life Insurer of Houston. Other policies issued by fraternal organizations were in a gross amount of $2,000. All were paid in cash soon after his death. During his final illness, a small personal loan was advanced to him without interest by his business partner. This was probably no more than two or three hundred dollars. The home, the business and the residue from the insurance policies comprised the major items of the estate.

As the only purpose of this inventory is to tell something of its owner it would be idle to assess a value to the personal possessions and other trivia. The list contains only such items as I can personally vouch that he possessed.

His possessions

- 1 best suit - consisting of three pieces, coat, vest and trousers of good wool cloth, dark blue in color with thin pin stripe. This suit was given him by Mr. James A. Elkins and he was buried in it. It had been purchased from the store of Lewis E. Ball.
- 1 second best suit - of wool blue serge consisting of coat, vest and two pairs of trousers. This suit as well as most of the clothing mentioned was purchased in the shop of E. B. Branch.
- 1 Overcoat of black broadcloth
- 1 pair of black wool trousers with white pin stripe
- 1 summer suit - of the type known as seersucker with two pairs of trousers
- 1 pair of black kangaroo blucher style low quarter shoes
- 1 pair of white canvass low quarter shoes

- 1 gray felt hat with narrow brim and wide black silk ribbon.
- 1 hard straw hat with low flat crown of the bowler type
- Perhaps a dozen or more of white shirts made for heavy starching to be worn with detachable collars and turned back cuffs
- Several high stiff collars for above shirts
- A pair of mother-of-pearl cuff links
- 1 black leather belt with monogramed gold buckle which had been a Christmas present from his wife
- Two or more black bow ties which when tied were butterfly shaped
- Several pairs of underwear of the type known as B.V.D.s
- Several night shirts
- 1 Complete Knights Templar Uniform, including dress cloak, hat with plume and cockade, sward belt, dress sword with scabbard and leather carrying case, shoulder strap and trim.
- 1 red felt Shriner's fez
- 2 gold collar buttons
- 1 gold cased Elgin pocket watch with 17 jewel movement. His eldest son was wearing the watch at the time of his death and it was apparently his intention that he should have it.
- 1 yellow gold fraternal finger ring with Knights of Pythias crest. At the direction of his wife the ring was not removed from his finger and he was buried wearing it.
- 1 small pen knife with mother-of-pearl handles
- 1 32 calibre five shot Iver and Johnson revolver
- 1 maroon, heavy cotton outing lounging robe
- 1 long leather coin purse
- 1 Bible
- 1 expanding folder for personal and other papers
- 1 1922 Model-T Ford Touring car
- 1 nine room frame, two story dwelling situated on 56/100 acres of land at 1425 Fifteenth Street in Huntsville estimated value: $2,500.
- Mature on two or more life insurance policies: 5,000.
- Residue from dissolution of business: 1,650
- Household effects, estimated value: 1,000.

These were his worldly goods and his material legacy to his family. With marvelous husbandry Mama contrived to make it answer for all our needs until three of us were full grown. But as with all good men, I feel that he left much more. I do not propose to put a name to it. It has many facets. I will mention one of them which has taken the achievement of middle life to fully appreciate. It was that which enabled him to look squarely and apparently without fear, into the face of the gravest problem he ever had - the certain knowledge of his approaching death. There was in his situation all the seeds of bitterness and despair - a young man with few dreams realized, with a family of four minor children and a wife wholly unprepared for the problems ahead, a sizable debt and facing months of painful and dreadful illness which could have but one end. He never mentioned the subject to any member of his family nor to any other person, so far as I know, except his pastor. Recently in describing a friend who faced some of these same issues I used the words courage, dignity and faith. Making allowances for the love that I have for him and the veil of 35 years that lies between can I honestly find other words that more perfectly describe him? I think not.

But I would not have the parting thought a sad one, for, he was not a sad man. There are so many happy incidents in which he played a vital part. In looking back at what I have said I am disappointed to learn that I have failed in what I set out to do. Despite the words and my desire, I fail to find a single situation in which you can really see him as he was. If I had the fluency to put into words just one homely incident, I just might, almost, succeed.

Not so many years ago, mosquitoes were an awful pest in summer. This was before houses were so adequately screened and not much attention was paid to drainage and other control measures. Various methods were devised to make sleep possible during the mosquito season - one was the cumbersome and ugly mosquito net. Another was the liberal use of so-called repellants. One such preparation that was quite popular when we were children was called Sweet Dreams. It was packaged in a small round black bottle with a long neck and topped with a dispenser such as is used on hair tonic bottles. To use it, one

simply stood a few feet from the area to be treated and flung a small streamlet in that general direction. I do not recall how effective the repellant was but the aroma remains vividly fresh in my mind to this day. I believe one of its ingredients was oil of anise. One summer night, for some reason which has been forgotten, R. E. and I had persuaded Mama and Daddy to permit us to sleep on the floor. Perhaps it was to get a breath of fresh air from the door nearby. In any event we had prepared our bed by pulling our mattress from its customary place and had made all preparations for sleep save one. Just before the lights were out Daddy stepped into the room to give us our dousing of Sweet Dreams. There he stood above us, smiling and with the characteristic mischief in his eyes, making some little pleasantry and giving us his blessing and good night with a liberal sprinkling of Sweet Dreams. Sweet Dreams indeed, how could they have been otherwise when tucked in by such a loving Father. In the years since I have occasionally caught the aroma of oil of anise or something like it, and without fail there immediately appears a vision of this humble, but to me a beautiful and cherished memory of my childhood.

There are so many more such incidents I could relate: a visit to the swimmin' hole of a Sunday afternoon with his sons; of a trip in the Ford to see relatives which he called a vacation; of long talks he had with male relatives sitting on the huge wood pile in back of the house which lasted until far into the night; of treating an ailing cow whose illness he had diagnosed as hollow-tail; of a wonderful raccoon hunt in which he, Eugene Addison, Tom Howard and your brothers participated; of pleasant evenings spent listening to the phonograph played for the entertainment of friends who had dropped in after supper; of a trip to visit his mother on a hot Sunday made in a fancy buggy drawn by a lively pair of bays which had been rented from the livery stable; or of so many evenings in the long summer twilight when the neighbors would gather on his porch to talk while the children chased lightening bugs or invented some other fascinating game to amuse themselves. Just to mention these things brings a flood of happy memories, but I cannot tell of them all. I am afraid I cannot bring myself to relate any of them for fear that in the telling they would be reduced to the commonplace, which I would

prefer not to do. So I will remember him and those happy days as surrounded by all the half-real, half-dream magic of childhood. And he was a part of them all - a most wonderful companion, Father and friend. And my earnest hope is that you will remember him as I do.

Affectionately your brother,

[signed Jack]

James Walter Morris

James Walter Morris, son of William James Morris and Margaret Antonio Moore Morris, was born November 5, 1885, in Milam County, Texas. At two years of age, he, with his parents, sister and brothers, moved to Walker County. He attended Wolf Hill School. (The school children then called it "Goose Paddle" School - there were little lakes nearby. It is now called Liberty Springs School.)

Jim joined Woodville Baptist Church, McAdams Community, when he was seventeen years of age. Thirty-nine others were baptized along with Jim. In his youth, on occasion, he conducted prayer meeting, his sisters, Irma and Hattie, helping him with his preparation.

September 30, 1906, he married Ethel Arrine Thompson, daughter of "Tommie" Thompson and Thomas Jefferson Thompson. During the early years of their married life he farmed. About 1912 their home and all their furnishings burned while they were visiting nearby neighbors. With the help of friends and neighbors, he rebuilt their home, but it must have been shortly after this that he made the decision to give up farming and to attend a barber college at Houston. In October, 1913, he and his family moved to Huntsville where he was first employed in Gordon Young's barber shop. Later he went into business for himself, upstairs over the old New York Store. Within a few years, he took in a partner, Bob O'Bannon, from Midway.

Jim served as a member of the school board at Huntsville and as a member of the City Council. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias, a 32° Mason, and a Noble of the Mystic Shrine in Arabia, Temple of Houston. He was a deacon in the Baptist Church and a member of the building commission which planned the third church building. He was outspoken in politics. (In 1914 he had been a part of the parade that marched around the town square chanting "We want Tom Ball!")

Jim never had much time for hobbies as such, but his greatest such interest must have been music. In his youth and early married life he attended singing schools, usually conducted by

Tom Shine, a famous singing-school teacher in his time. Jim never learned round notes but was good at reading square notes. As a young man he played the violin. Years later he played his second son's toy violin, “Turkey in the Straw,” and “Sallie Goodin”, to his children's delight. He sang in the church choir and owned one of the first cabinet Victrolas in Huntsville which he purchased at the Corner Drug Store. He had a collection of Caruso, Alma Gluck, and Galli-Curci records, and others, including "The Preacher and the Bear," and "That Was Some Weddin'." He arranged for his daughter to have a piano and music lessons.

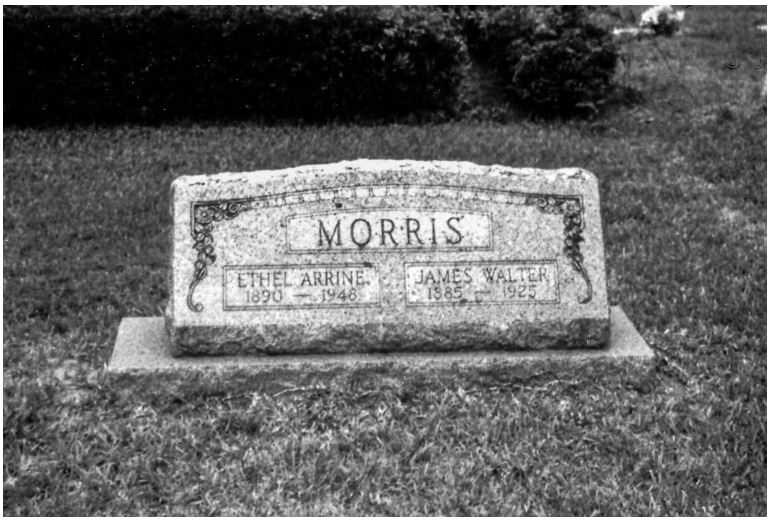
One of the few interests left over from his farm life was horses. He indulged this through his daughter, for whom, at an early age, he purchased a thorough-bred Shetland racing pony, out of Oklahoma Indian territory. He alternately cajoled, teased and coaxed her until she could ride properly.

But over and above all, Jim's interest was people, some of whom were: the saddler, whose wife was expecting another baby and didn't have a crib or a cradle; the paroled convict, who needed a friend, a job, and to be trusted; the lawyer from Houston, who favored his haircuts and his quietude, and gave him a pin-striped suit to indicate that he did; the automobile dealer, who needed a loan, and gave as security a large diamond ring for which Jim had no use; the black sheep of an old and respected family, in whom Jim saw good qualities; the doctor from Houston, who paid him a final Christmas visit, though Jim was no longer his patient; the banker, who came and kept silent vigil alone by the fireplace in the still of the night; the nurse, who cared for him in his final illness and wept with his family when the end came.

Jim died in his fortieth year, March 12, 1925, survived by his wife, his sons, R. E., Otho [William Otho Morris – “Jack”], and James Walter, Jr., and his daughter, Margaret. Funeral services were conducted from his home, 1425 Fifteenth Street, Huntsville, by C. P. Andrews, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, a personal friend. Masonic graveside services were conducted at Oakwood Cemetery, with Gibbs Vinson, his long-time friend and neighbor, officiating.

In 1959 my brother Jack wrote a 25-page touching and heartwarming letter to my brother James, in which he reminisced in detail about our father, James Walter Morris: his appearance, his disposition, his experiences in business, his religious beliefs and practices, his civic services, fraternal memberships, and his final illness and death, at 39 years of age. Jack made available a copy of this letter for the younger generation. It tells more than I can remember about him in the areas covered by Jack. I remember him mostly as a loving and devoted father whom I loved dearly.

Gravestone of Ethyl and James Walter Morris



William Airly (1) Morris

William Airly was a landowner, farmer, slaveholder, state assemblyman (1828 - 1831), and state senator (1832 - 1833) from Anson County, and pastor, Rocky River Missionary Baptist Church, (1842 until his death, 1844.)

"Rocky River Missionary Baptist Church, Anson County, North Carolina, was organized in the year 1776. The founder of the church is unknown. The founding of the church has been credited traditionally to Hon. and Rev. John Culpepper, Sr. He was an early pastor and the church was often designated locally as "Culpepper's Meeting House." From other sources it is known that Elder Edmond Lilly was pastor in 1790.

"The Church is located in what is known as upper Anson or the Northwest corner of the county, seven miles West of Ansonville.

"Many prominent men of the long ago preached from the rustic old pulpit. The Culpeppers, father and son, Edmond Lilly, Edmond Lilly Davis, S. P. Morton, W. A. Morris, Dwight Hayes, Robert Furman, N. B. Cobb and others. No church of any denomination seems to have been in existence within twenty-five or thirty miles of Rocky River at the time of its founding in 1776.

"About thirty yards from the Church Arbor stood the community school house. Quite a number of the teachers of that day taught here. Washington Maske, Watt Allen, S. P. Morton, Miss Belle Strother, a refugee from Virginia, taught during the War. Later teachers were Eliza' and Mary Brooks, John A. Kendall, Esquire, Tom Hyatt and others. (2) (3)

"Owing to river being high most preachers were unable to meet several appointments and dropped out. Elder William A. Morris who lived only six miles away on the Anson side and had no streams to hinder him served three years and was followed by Elder Dwight Hayes for 1845.

"William A. Morris served as pastor from 1842-1844, the year of his death. He was spoken of in the tenderest terms in a Memorial paper offered by the church on the occasion of his death. He

lived on a farm midway between the church and the present town of Polkton. His grave is in sight of the present Lane's Creek bridge on the highway now in use. He was a man of fair intelligence and held some good pastorates. His family is extinct so far as known. Though there are grandchildren, none bear the name of Morris." (4)

November, 1844. Elder Jonathan Davis is supplying for the church as their pastor, William A. Morris had died.

1845 January 4th: "A lecture by Jonathan Davis. Sunday the 12 January 1845, the minutes follows: "Brother Dwight Hayes preached from Rev. the 2 ch. and 10 verse. And reception of members and none joined. And then proceeded to appoint a pastor after the removal by death of our dear beloved pastor, William A. Morris…"

April, 1845: A memorial for Rev. William A. Morris was offered and received. He was spoken of in the highest terms.

- Quoted from "History of Rocky River Baptist Church, by Rev. E. M. Brooks, 1928", furnished by Miriam B. Gray of Wadesboro, N. C., to M. C.

Notes:

1. Airly is a variation of an ancient Scottish name going back to the reign of King David I in the 12th century. An old ballad, "The Bonnie House of Airlie," was written in commemoration of members of this family who fought for King Charles in the British civil war in 1640. - "The Houston Post," Oct. 8, 1967.

2. Washington Maske was Miles Washington Maske, half brother of William Airly Morris

3. Eliza Brooks was Elizabeth Ann, daughter of William Airly Morris. She married Alex Brooks after death of her first husband, Miles Allen, after his death, she married George Turner.

4. The Reverend Mr. Brooks was in error as to William Airly Morris having no descendants bearing his name. He and his wife had twelve children, six of whom were sons. They were:

    - James W. Morris, concerning whom the writer found no record after 1844;
    - Jackson J. Morris, who came to Texas with his second wife and three children in 1853,
    - Thomas J. Morris, who came to Texas with his bride in 1853,
    - Nathan A. Morris, who died in 1856 and is buried beside his parents in the old Morris family cemetery near the Diamond Hill Bridge on Lane's Creek, Anson County, North Carolina,
    - George W. Morris, who with his children and his second wife migrated to Tennessee, and,
    - Columbus W. Morris, who died young, during the war, 1863.

    - m.c.

Thomas James Morris And Sarah Jane (Floyd) Morris

Sarah Jane Floyd was born October 9, 1836, and was the youngest of four children who survived their parents, James P. and Elizabeth W. (Carver) Floyd. Her brothers were William J., born May 5, 1823, James T., born May 3, 1826, and Joseph P., born October 19, 1827.

Sarah Jane and Thomas James Morris, who was ten years her senior, were married November 28, 1853, in Stanly County, North Carolina (near Albemarle and Charlotte.) They were from farm homes and their parents raised cotton, corn, tobacco and a little wheat. They owned their own land which was worked with the help of slaves.

In December, 1853, having heard that "money grew on trees in Texas," and having lost their parents(1), they decided to move to Texas. They came to New Orleans by train and took a ship, "Perseverance(2)," from New Orleans to Galveston. En route they were overtaken by a severe storm and Sarah Jane reported when the trip was over that the ship was appropriately named'. They traveled from Galveston to Houston and on inland to Little River, Milam County, where they settled, sixteen miles North of Cameron near Kaysfield.

Thomas James bought 25 acres of land on Harold's Creek, a short distance from the Little River Church. Here they made their home and raised their family. In addition to farming, "Tom" also taught school, at Rocky Hill School(3). The school terms lasted approximately three or four months.

Soon after their arrival in Texas, Sarah Jane joined the Baptist Church at a revival at the Little River Baptist Church. There were three churches, all log structures, at Little River at the time she was baptized (she had until that time been a member of the Methodist Church); they soon had a fourth church at Little River.

Thomas James Morris died before any of his children were married. His oldest, "Billy" was married in 1880. Sarah Jane lived to a ripe old age and is well-remembered by her grandchildren.

She is buried at Little River Cemetery, along with other Morrises. Her grave is marked; however, some of the others are not.

As the vessel that brought Sarah Jane to Texas persevered; so did she. Her memory lingers on in the minds of those few remaining whose lives she touched and in the records and mementoes she left behind.

(Based on an interview with Miss Nellie Moore, granddaughter of Thomas James Morris and Sarah Jane Floyd Morris, at Cameron, Texas, May 26, 1963; records in old Morris family Bible in her possession; and on subsequent letters from her, 1963.) M. C.

Information copied from Bible at Nellie Moore's; Cameron, Texas, Sunday, May 26, 1963. (Published 1851, NY; Sarah Jane & Tom Morris Bible; she thinks they brought it from N. C.)

Notes:

1. Actually Tom's mother, Martha Morris, was still living on December 3, 1853, when she and four of her sons, Tom, Jackson, George and Nathan, sold their interest in her father's (William Smith's) estate to Darling M. Smith, her brother.

2. In 1855, the "Perseverance," under command of Captain H. Place, was one of four ships hauling mail twice weekly from the Port of Indianola, Texas, to New Orleans.

    - Boozer, "The History of Indianola, Texas," p. 37-38, as quoted in "Victorian Lady on the Texas Frontier, The Journal of Ann Raney Coleman," ed. C. Richard King, Un. Okla. Press, 1971, p. 147. - M.c.

3. Only William James and Elizabeth Jane went to school to their father.

Jackson J. Morris

No effort has been made to list descendants except to the first generation of our Morris line; in other words, only our line and their siblings. An exception is made, however, in the instance of Jackson J. Morris who came to Texas shortly after our great-grandfather, Thomas James Morris, and settled also in Milam County. This information was made available by Girtrue Morris Donaldson, a descendant of Jackson J. Morris.

James Henry Morris, son of Jackson J. Morris, served three terms in the Texas House of Representatives, 1909-1914. His photograph, in panels with other members of these legislatures, may be seen on the third floor balcony of the State Capitol.

Jackson J. Morris, son of William Airly Morris and Martha (Smith) Morris, was born in North Carolina, September 4, 1822. His first wife was Mary Benton (born August 6, 1826, N. C.) They were married April 18, 1846, Anson County, N. C.

In 1850 Jackson Morris and his family were living in Union County, North Carolina. (Union County census, 1850, #1308, lists Jackson J. Morris, age 28; Mary, age 24; William A., age 3; James H., age 2.)

Their children were: William Addison, born August 21, 1847, N. C., died 1853-'54 in Texas; James Henry, born N. C., January 3, 1849; Martha Elizabeth, born September 12, 1850, N. C., died in Texas, 1853-1854.

Jackson Morris and his second wife, Mary Tyson, were married January 20, 1852.

On October 5, 1853, Jackson Morris, Mary Morris, et al, conveyed Brown Creek land in Anson County to John McLendon. And on December 3, 1853, Jackson Morris joined his mother and his brothers in the sale of Lane's Creek Land, Anson County, to D. M. Smith. Shortly after his second marriage, Jackson and his wife and three children moved to Texas, coming by boat from North Carolina to Galveston, and then overland to Houston where he was met by his brother, Thomas J. Morris,

who had come to Texas earlier. Jackson bought a wagon, oxen and supplies in Houston and headed for Milam County. Four children were born to Jackson and Mary Tyson Morris, three of whom died young, leaving only Nancy Susannah (and her half-brother James Henry.)

After the death of his second wife, Jackson was planning to marry another "Mary," when he became ill and died in a short time. Nancy Susannah was only 15 years old and he was planning to send her back to North Carolina to College. He had lumber on the ground to build a new house when he died.

Jackson brought two slaves with him to Texas "as free persons." (A number of years later, Jackson's grandson, Felix Alvin Morris, burned the contents of Jackson's old trunk, including Confederate money and a number of slave deeds. He kept one of the slave deeds which eventually came into the possession of his daughter, Girtrue.)

Jackson Morris died in March, 1872, near Maysfield, Milam County, Texas.

Nancy Morris

Nancy Morris, daughter of Jackson J. and Mary Tyson Morris. Sheridan K. and Nancy Susannah Morris Lindsey moved to McLennan County from Milam County sometime between 1883 and 1885. He held public office continuously for forty years and at the time of his death was serving as City Secretary of McGregor. He was a veteran of the War Between the States. He was known as "Shird" Lindsey. His wife Nancy was called "Polly," according to Nellie Moore of Cameron, Texas. "Shird" Lindsey was a brother of Ruthie Jane Lindsey(1) Moore who married John Calhoun Moore.

- (From: "LINDSEY" c. 1962, Vaughn Rowley)

Notes:

1. Ruthie Jane Lindsey Moore was the mother of our grandmother, "Maggie" Moore who married William James Morris. - m. c.

William James Morris

William James Morris, called Billy, son of Thomas J. Morris and Sarah Jane (Floyd) Morris, was born in Milam County, Texas, February 10, 1856. He married Margaret Antonio Moore, daughter of John Calhoun Moore and Ruthie Jane (Lindsey) Moore, December 15, 1880. In December, 1887, Billy, Maggie and their small children moved from Milam County To Walker County. Billy's brothers, Pat and Lum, also made the trip with them. The men took turns driving the wagons, cows, horses and other livestock. Camping at night, the trip was made in three weeks. They settled at McAdams Community where Billy farmed. Like his father before him, he also taught school on occasion. Later he served as a county commissioner and as a trustee for the Liberty Springs School. He was Justice of the Peace, Walker County, Precinct 2, continuously from November 17, 1904 until February 14, 1919, when he resigned. For about a year following that he was employed by the Texas Prison System at Goree State Farm near Huntsville. In 1920 Billy, Maggie, their daughters Sallie and Bernice, and their sons Lloyd and Grady moved to Brownwood. Billy was a life-long Baptist. He served as a deacon and Sunday School superintendent of Belle Plain Baptist Church, Brownwood for a number of years. He died in 1927 at the age of seventy-one and is buried in Greenleaf Cemetery at Brownwood.

Obituary

W. J. Morris, 1511 Waco Avenue, for the past seven years a citizen of Brownwood, died in a local hospital Wednesday morning about 10 o'clock. Mr. Morris had been in ill health for the past six months and his death did not come as a surprise to his family. The deceased was born February 10, I856, in Milam County, Texas, and had lived in the state all his life. The family moved here from Huntsville in 1920.

The deceased was a member of the Belle Plain Baptist Church and until his final illness was an active member of that congregation. For several years he served as superintendent of the Sunday School and was a deacon at the time of his death.

According to those who were well acquainted with him, he was a devout Christian and at all times lived according to the teachings of his Master.

The funeral services were held at the family home this afternoon at three o'clock and were conducted by Rev. Frank Steele, pastor of the Belle Plain Baptist Church. Interment was in Greenleaf immediately following the services in the home.

Mr. Morris is survived by his wife and life-time companion(1) and by five sons and four daughters, most of whom are here to attend the last rites held in honor of their father. The children are Lloyd and Grady Morris of Brownwood; E. Morris of Hearne; J. T. Morris of Huntsville; and George Morris of Richards; Mrs. Irma Archer of Huntsville; Mrs. Hattie Robinson of Huntsville; Misses Bernice and Sallie Morris of Brownwood. Besides the immediate family there are 20 grandchildren and a host of friends in Brownwood who join with the family in mourning the loss of their husband and father.

- "Brownwood Banner," March 2,1927

Notes:

1. Margaret Antonio Moore Morris, daughter of John Moore and Ruthie Jane Lindsey Moore

Margaret Antonio Moore Morris

Margaret Antonio Moore was born July 14, 1864, daughter of John Calhoun Moore (b. I836, North Carolina, d. 1871, Calvert, Texas,) and Ruth Jane Lindsey Moore (b. 1834, Georgia, d. 1906, Walker County, Texas.) Margaret, called "Maggie," was one of six children born to John and Ruth Moore.

Bible Records of "Maggie Moore Morris"

William James Morris and Margaret Antonio "Maggie" Moore were married December 15, 1880, at Maysfield, Texas. They were united in marriage by E. J. Glazner, Baptist Minister.

William James Morris born February 10, I856, at Calvert, Milam County, Texas, son of Thomas J. and Sarah J. Floyd Morris.

Margaret Antonio Moore born July 14, 1864, Winn Parish, Louisiana, (near Vicksburg, Miss.) daughter of John Calhoun Moore and Ruthie Jane Lindsey.

Mrs. Maggie Morris Here for Reunion of Her Family Sunday

Unknown Newspaper Clipping, 1961

A reunion of the family of Mrs. Maggie Morris, 97 of Brownwood was held at the J. H. Rose Ranch, north of Huntsville, Sunday.

Mrs. Morris, a former resident of Huntsville, is an aunt of Mrs. Rose.

Included among the 91 attending the gala event were six of the eight living sons and daughters of Mrs. Morris. They were John Morris, Mrs. R. V. Archer and Mrs. William Robinson, all of Huntsville; Ebb Morris of Hearne, George Morris of Richards and Mrs. Bernice Loudermilk of Brownwood.

Grady Morris of Brownwood and Lloyd Morris of San Angelo were unable to attend.

Mrs. Maggie Morris has 21 grandchildren, 25 great-grand-children and four great-great-grandchildren.

Also present were a number of nieces, nephews and friends from Austin, Longview, Houston, Conroe, Cameron and Huntsville.

Mrs. Margaret Morris Still Spry at 98; Recalls Early Days In Louisiana, Texas

The *Huntsville Item* July 20,1962

On Saturday, July 14, Mrs. Margaret Morris of Huntsville celebrated her 98th birthday. She was born near Baton Rouge, La., in 1864.

Mrs. Morris still has a keen mind and a lively sense of humor. She has saved some wonderful memories of the early days in Texas; she recalls, at the age of four, crossing the Mississippi River in a ferry and traveling to Texas in a wagon train.

Being the only girl in her family, with five brothers, Mrs. Morris had to do a large share of the housework. When she was 12, she took over the household management completely, at the illness of her mother.

"Times certainly have changed," says the bright, blue-eyed Mrs. Morris: She remembers taking the washing down to the creek, where she boiled the clothes in a wash-pot, and hung them on the bushes to dry.

Fashions change every year, and in her youth, Mrs. Morris wore long dresses. When the shorter dresses came in style, the girls all wore ruffled pantalets which came below the dress. In her wedding picture, taken when she married at the age of 16, Mrs. Morris is pictured in a long, flowing gown. Her hair was pulled up in a cluster at the top of her head, and secured with combs, as was the fashion.

The method of making the clothes was also radically different. The mother not only made all the family's clothes, but spun thread and wove it into cloth. Mrs. Morris made her first dress at the age of seven. She also knit her own stockings, and knit socks for the soldiers in both World Wars I and II.

Mrs. Morris is extremely talented at piecing quilts, and since September of last year, has completed nearly 20. At present, she is working on a string quilt. She does all her piecing without glasses, or any visual aid. She admits not being able to do the intricate and fancy piecing that used to be her specialty, but few women at 98 could boast of such excellent eyesight.

Among her other memories, Mrs. Morris can recall hearing her parents talk of Lincoln's assassination when she was very young.

Mrs. Morris only walks a little now, due to a leg injury years ago, but she says that long ago, she walked everywhere, except when the horse or carriage were used for very long distances. Each Sunday meant a three-mile walk to church.

Mrs. Morris is the mother of 11 children, eight of whom are still living. At the all-day gathering of her family on her birthday last Saturday, it was estimated that at least 40 of Mrs. Morris' descendants were at the house. She lives with her daughter, Mrs. Ewell Loudermilk.

Final Rites Conducted for Mrs. Morris

Huntsville Item 6-12-1963

Mrs. Margaret Antonio Morris, 98, passed away at 4:30 a.m., on Sunday, June 9th at the Huntsville Memorial Hospital.

Daughter of John Calhoun Moore and Ruth Lindsey Moore, she was born July 14, 1864, in Vicksburg, La.(1) She came to Texas in 1868 with her parents and settled in Milam County. At an early age, she joined the Methodist Church at Little River, Milam County.

She married William James Morris in 1880, and soon thereafter, they moved to Walker County, where they resided until 1920 when they moved to Brownwood. Her husband preceded her in death in 1927. She returned to Huntsville in recent years. Funeral services were held Monday, June 10, at 10 o'clock a.m. from the Huntsville Funeral Home Chapel, with the Rev. Roy Felder, the Rev. Robert Owens, and the Rev. Joe Barnes officiating.

Graveside rites were held at 5 o'clock p. m. in Brownwood at the Greenleaf Cemetery, with the Rev. Henry Causey officiating. Interment followed in Greenleaf Cemetery.

She is survived by five sons, John T. and Grady M., both of Huntsville, George of Richards, Ebb of Hearne, and Lloyd R. Morris of San Angelo.

Also three daughters, Mrs. R.V. Archer, Mrs. William T. Robinson, and Mrs. Ewell Loudermilk, all of Huntsville; 22 grandchildren, 30 great-grandchildren; and 9 great-great-grandchildren.

Notes:

1. "Maggie" Moore was born in Winn Parish, Louisiana. The nearest postoffice (town) was Vicksburg, Mississippi. -m.c.

A Visit With Marshall Moore

In the summer of 1966 James and his family spent several days at the Jess Rose Ranch near Huntsville which is the old home place of Eb and Lucy Moore. Marshall and his sister Florence, neither of whom ever married, live on the ranch and look after the place with the help of hired hands.

(Jess Rose married Ruth Moore, a niece of our Grandmother Morris. This ranch was the site of our family reunions for several years until Grandmother Morris died.)

Marshall and Dad, in addition to being first cousins were good friends and about the same age.

Marshall took James and his family on a sentimental excursion, to point out the sites where Mother and Dad's first home stood, where old Woodville Church stood, and other old landmarks familiar to our parents and to Marshall. The church no longer stands, and the house burned only a few years after Mother and Dad married, about 1911. (I can fix the time approximately because Mother said Jack was only a baby at the time the house burned.)

Somewhat between the church and Ethel's mother's home was a water well. According to Marshall, this was where Jim and Ethel did their courting, if sharing a dipper of well water could be called courting. Jim and Ethel, when attending church, would invariably get thirsty at the same time and would rendezvous at the well, according to Marshall, who despite his age and ill health retains a sense of humor.

Nothing remains at the church site except a small fenced enclosure with an infant's grave inside. Outside the enclosure are two other graves marked with a "Kelly" family name. The old stepping stone into the church still remains. (Bernice Morris Loudermilk says a Mr. Kelly was at one time pastor of Woodville Church.)

Only foundation rocks mark the site of the homeplace of Jim and Ethel, and a few old fence posts and rocks along the fence row.

While Marshall, James, and Jeanne were visiting and strolling over the grounds the children busied themselves looking for souvenirs, and were successful. They found bits of old pottery shards, broken pieces of dishes, and digging in the ground found a charred Wm. Rogers silverplate teaspoon which they brought home. They also brought me two rocks, or sandstones, one from the steps into the house, and the other from the fence-row.

The old roadway to the house, though overgrown with grass and weeds is still visible, to someone who knows where to look, as Marshall does. While resting on a rock, he said to James: "When I look down that road, I can almost see Jim coming whistling up the road toward me."

In their youth, Marshall, Jim and another friend left home to seek their fortunes. Their destination was Waxahachie. Jim did not get very far. Marshall said Jim got to thinking about Ethel and returned home. They were married shortly after that. After a short time, Marshall also returned home where he has spent the remainder of his 81 years.

National Origin

Mrs. J. R. Burleson, (nee Nancy Lenore Lindsey,) of Dallas, in 1969 the oldest living descendant of Jackson J. Morris, (V) stated in a letter to Girtrue Donaldson (copy to M. C.) that Jackson J. Morris and his second wife, Mary Tyson Morris, were full blooded Welsh people.

Written in the back of a Bible belonging to Felix Morris (VII) is a statement to the effect that the Morrises came from Edinburg, Scotland. (Girtrue Donaldson to M. C., letter January 12, 1965.)

In 1656, at Land, County Cavan, Ireland, one Thomas Morris joined the newly founded Society of Friends (Quakers.)

In that same year at Balburbet, County Cavan, Ireland, another meeting of Friends was formed by William Parker and William Morris. (No effort has been made to connect these Morrises with our line.)

- "Irish and Scotch Irish Ancestral Research," by Margaret Dickson, c. 1962, p.p., Shenandoah Publishing House, Strasburg, Va., Ch. VIII, Quaker Records, p. 413.

Morris Coat of Arms

The Latin motto translates: For God and Our Fathers. This is the Coat of Arms of the Morrises of Cardiganshire, Wales, and has been in existence for many centuries. It is recorded for Anthony Morris, from Cardiganshire, who settled in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1695. It has been used for generations by his descendants and by many other American branches of the Morris family. This Coat of Arms is carved at the top of the panel of the fourth choir stall, Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge. It commemorates The Muhlenberg Brigade and was given in memory of Captain Morris by his descendants.

- "Morris Family History," J. M. Seaver, Phila., Pa., 1929

Religion

For the most part, religious preference of our Morris line appears to be Baptist. In fact, in early North Carolina they were considered to be "converted" Baptists, though it is not crystal clear what they were converted from. Probably Quaker, or Friends Society, as they mixed with settlers from the Welsh tract who were Quakers. At least one of the Quaker group, Nathaniel Williams, became a Baptist at the home of William Morris, (III) on March 28, 1772. (Reva Nance Carpenter to M. C, letter, 19691 in which she quotes from "History of N. C, Morgan Edwards,"ca. 1773" and "History of N. C.V" p. 225, Pascal, n. d.)

William Airley Morris (IV) served as pastor of Rocky River Missionary Baptist Church, Anson County, N. C, from 1842-1844, the year of his death. ("History of Rocky River Baptist Church," by Rev. E. M. Brooks, 1928.)

Brown Creek Baptist Church records, 1840-1850, listed membership of Jackson J., George W., Nathan, William A(IV), Martha, and Mrs. Rebecca Morris, who died in 1845. (The last-named was the mother of William Airly Morris; Jackson, George, and Nathan were his sons, and Martha his wife.)

Thomas J. Morris and his family, and Jackson J. Morris (V) and his family were members of Little River Baptist Church, Jones Prairie, near Maysfield, Milam County, Texas, beginning in 1855. (Miss Nellie Moore, Cameron; Mrs. J. D. Martin, Clerk, Little River Baptist Church, Route 4, Cameron, November, 1964,. letters to M.C.)

William James Morris (VI) was a lifelong member of the Baptist Church and, at the time of his death, was serving as deacon of Belle Plain Baptist Church, Brownwood, Texas. (Mar., 1927)

James Walter Morris (VII) was serving as a deacon and a member of the finance committee of First Baptist Church, Huntsville, Texas, at the time of his death, March, 1925.

The current generation of Morrises are predominantly Baptists.

Some Additional Ancestor Stories

Arena Thompson

There was almost a complete void concerning G. Cumberland Thompson's first wife, my mother's paternal grandmother, until I read the Grimes County census schedule, 1880. There I learned for the first time her name, Arena. Perhaps this is accounted for by the fact that according to family legend she was Indian, or part Indian (though the census recorded her as "white".) My mother was named for her, Ethel Arrine. (It was pronounced Ahreen.) I remember hearing the twins laugh about the peculiar pronunciation of their names, Ethel "Ahreen" and Edna "Ahleen," - a peculiarity they did something about when they were old enough and could pronounce their names as they pleased.

John McAdams and Martha Rodgers

In the latter part of the 18th century, John McAdams emigrated from Scotland to Tennessee where he met and married Martha Rodgers, emigrant from Ireland to Tennessee.

John McAdams (Sr.) was the son of John McAdams, Esquire, and Sara Webb McAdams of Abbeville District, South Carolina. Both his parents had arrived in this country (from Great Britain or Ireland) as children. He married Martha Rodgers who was born in South Carolina. Their children were: James, born South Carolina, 1804; Elizabeth, born South Carolina, 1806; Mary, born 1808; Joseph, born 1811; Nancy, born 1814; John, Jr., born 1815, Tennessee; Martha, born 1817; William, born 1819; Jane Evaline, born 1821; George, born 1824; and Drucilla, born 1825, Alabama. John, Martha and their children came to Texas in 1834 and settled first in Shelby Municipality, Department of Nacogdoches. Three of their five sons died tragic and violent deaths before he had spent ten years in the new land. George died as a child. William, as a child, was killed by the kick of a horse during festivities following his sister's marriage to John Gillespie. James, in 1837, was ambushed and murdered by

outlaws from the Neutral Ground. According to family legend, Joseph was also shot and killed by outlaws who raided and pillaged the McAdams-White settlement.

In 1838, the family moved to the newly organized county of Montgomery. John McAdams, Sr., died prior to September, 1850. Martha died in Panola County in 1853, at the age of seventy, while visiting daughters there.

Children of John and Martha McAdams:

Elizabeth, Joseph, Nancy, John, Jr., James, Martha, Mary, Jane, Evalina, Drucilla, and William John McAdams, a Methodist minister, and wife Martha, together with their children, traveled to Texas by ox-wagon, arriving in 1830, and settled in Shelby Municipality, Department of Nacogdoches (present Panola County). Late one night a group of cattle-rustlers from the "Neutral Ground" across the Sabine raided the settlement of the McAdamses and a neighboring family by the name of White, killed two of the McAdams' sons, Joseph and James, and took all their possessions. The two families then moved to present Walker County. They settled at what later was known as Roark Prairie, Walker County. He (John) died there February 2, 1851. Martha McAdams died in Panola County, 1853, while visiting her daughters there.

Newspaper Article on James McAdams

James McAdams, 1805-1837. Son of John McAdams and Martha Rodgers McAdams

Telegraph and Texas Register, Houston, October 14, 1837

We have just learned that about 20 persons assembled in Sabine County, 10 miles from Milam, and placed themselves in ambush, to way-lay and assassinate 5 men of the same county, and also to surprise 2 others and convey them to the U. S. Fortunately only one of the number passed the lurking place of the assassins, but he fell a victim to their lawless desires, and died, pierced by 6 or 7 balls. His name is James McAdams. Our

informant says, that the officers of justice are actively engaged in trying to arrest the offenders and had succeeded in taking one before he left. - "Texas Chronicle."

- Newspaper Archives, Barkley Center, Call # 313, 1964 "Telegraph and Texas Register," p. 2, Col. 3, date 10/20/1937. m.c.

Sarah Leah Nobles

Details of the life of Sarah Leah Nobles, if available, would make interesting reading. A combination of spirit and energy, courage and faith, good health and personal charm, enabled her to fill her long and useful life with more than the average amount of activity. Only in imagination, supported by threads of family legend, can we delve into her problems and tribulations, the happiness and heartache that three marriages and eleven children could bring. Thrice widowed, she lived through her own tragedies and those of her children.

She lost her first husband, Richard Bankhead, from illness resulting from exposure suffered during the long trek into the new land of Texas.

A bride a second time just prior to the Revolution, she was widowed at an early age, losing her second husband, George A. Lamb, to the cause of freedom at the Battle of San Jacinto.

(The year 1835-'36 was an eventful one for her: She married again for the second time, buried two Bankhead sons within a month, was again widowed, and gave birth to Lamb's only child, a daughter, Susan Alexander.)

The devotion of Lamb to Sarah Leah and her orphaned babies was evidenced by his concern and care for them during trying times. During the periods when he would be called away on Indian expeditions, along with other Texans, he maintained a secret hideaway, fully stocked with provisions, where they could take refuge from the Indians in his absence. Years later, she regaled her grandchildren with stories of her experiences in the

"bulrushes" of the bottom-lands while anxiously awaiting the return of Lamb from Indian skirmishes.

Sarah's third husband, Jonathon McGary, gave her continuing companionship over a period of some twenty-five years. She survived him by 26 years.

Sarah died in 1888 at the age of 81. She is buried in old Ebenezer Cemetery North of Huntsville by the side of her third husband. Their graves are marked with identical marble shafts giving briefly, their names, dates and places of their birth and dates of death. Like a silent finger pointing to the skies, the moss-covered gravestone of Sarah McGary is a timeworn reminder of the brave and dauntless spirit of a South Carolina lass who cast her lot, for better or for worse, in a new land. She gave what hundreds of other pioneer women gave but in fuller measure than most.

In 1936 there were 603 living descendants in Texas of Sarah Leah Nobles Bankhead Lamb McGary.

Bankhead Families

Of passing interest to the descendants of Richard Bankhead and Sarah Nobles Bankhead is the possibility that the Texas Bankheads and the Alabama Bankheads (of political and stage renown) stem from the same family. There are Bankheads buried in the family burial plot at Monticello, home of Thomas Jefferson, whose granddaughter married a Bankhead. (Thomas Jefferson's daughter Martha in 1791 married Thomas Mann Randolph. Their daughter Ann Randolph married Charles L. Bankhead (1810). They had several children (John Warren B., b. 1810; Thomas Mann Randolph B., b. 18__; Ellen Waytes B., b. 18__; Wm. Stuart B., b. 1826.) Charles Bankhead was a man of violent temper, given to excessive drink. He and his family resided with the Jeffersons at Monticello.)

(John Hollis Bankhead, his son Will and granddaughter Tallulah are direct descendants of John Hollis, aide to George Washington). Will Bankhead's "stomping ground" covered not

only Alabama but Tennessee. He was married (to his first wife) in Nashville. (Richard Bankhead came to Texas in 1834 from this area in Tennessee.) And on at least one occasion, he campaigned in Tennessee while running for Congress in Alabama!

Some of the Bankhead descendants, both in Texas and Alabama, share common given names, the most prevalent of which is "Marion." The eldest daughter of John Bankhead (Alabama) was named Marion, spelled with an "o". (George Lamb and Sarah Bankhead Lamb's daughter married Richard Marion Bankhead, son of George Bankhead. There have been several Marion Bankheads since the arrival in Texas of this family.

(Sources: A Biography of Thomas Jefferson; Tallulah Bankhead, an autobiography; The Randolphs of Virginia) This information, included for the benefit of anyone who might be interested in researching that limb of the family tree, is not otherwise documented herein for the reason that the subject of this mss. is "Texas Cousins," etc.)

(Our Richard Bankhead obviously is not a descendant of Chas. Bankhead.) "Annual Report Monticello Association, 1955"

- m.c.

John McAdams, Jr. (Variant 1)

John McAdams, Jr. (Mama's maternal grandfather), was born July 8, 1815, in Tennessee, son of (1) John McAdams and Martha Rodgers McAdams. By 1834(1) he was in Texas, along with his parents, sisters and brothers. Sometime between his arrival in Texas and his service in the army, he made a return trip to Tennessee. On April 30, 1836, he enrolled (from Shelby Municipality, Department of Nacogdoches) in Captain John M. Bradley's Company, San Augustine Volunteers. July 4, 1836 - October 4, 1836, he served under the command of Captain Scurlocky; he was on furlough from September 26 - October 4, 1836, and was honorably discharged. For the latter service, he

was issued one pair of brogans and received $24.00 in money.) In 1838 he married Hester White and moved to location near Huntsville. Children of this marriage were Jane, Bill, John, Hiram and Jim. On January 16, 1849, Hester McAdams died. On November 14, 1849, he married Mary Frances Bankhead. Children of this marriage were Frances, Hester, George, Eady Caroline, Alice Theodocia, Margaret and Mattle Ethel. He died September 11, 1892, and is buried at McAdams Cemetery, Walker County, beside his second wife.

John McAdams, Jr. (Variant 2)

John McAdams, Jr., was born In the State of Tennessee, July 3, 1815, son of John McAdams and Martha (Rodgers) McAdams. His father, a Methodist minister, had come to Tennessee from Scotland in the latter part of the eighteenth century, his mother from Ireland. John, Jr., had seven sisters, Elizabeth, Nancy, Martha, Mary, Jane, Evalina and Drucilla, and three brothers, Joseph, James and William.

At the age of fourteen, John, Jr., along with the rest of his family, came to Texas and in February, 1830, settled in Shelby Municipality, Department of Nacogdoches. In 1833, John, Jr., returned to Tennessee and came again to Texas in 1834.

As a soldier from the District of Nacogdoches, he fought with the Revolutionary forces(1). After independence was won, he offered his services with the San Augustine Volunteers, headed by Captain William Scurlock. He served as a private with this unit of the Army of the Republic from July 4, 1836 to October 4, 1836, when he received an honorable discharge after a short furlough. (2)

Following his release from the Army, he returned to his parents' home. Here In 1838 he married Hester White, daughter of a neighboring family. Late one night in 1838, a group of outlaws from the Neutral Ground raided the McAdams and White settlement, mortally wounded two of the McAdams' sons, Joseph and James, and took nearly all of their possessions. Rallying from this tragic blow, the McAdams family, including John, Jr.,

and Hester, gathered together their few remaining possessions, hitched up their ox wagons and set out toward Huntsville, seeking Sam Houston who had been their friend back in Tennessee. They settled fourteen miles west of Huntsville.

In 1844, John and Hester purchased 1,042 acres of land from Daniel Boone Guerrant and wife and Green Spillers and wife. The McAdams home was located near the present McAdams Cemetery in Walker County. Here John McAdams, Jr., became patriarch of a large family clan, numbering in the hundreds.

Following the death of Hester in January, 1849, John, Jr., lost little time in finding another wife and mother for his five children. In November of that year he married Mary Frances Bankhead, (3) daughter of Richard and Sarah Nobles Bankhead. The fifteen-year-old "Frankie" took on the responsibilities of his family like a seasoned housekeeper, having been well-trained by her mother and, more recently, her elder sister, Mary Elizabeth, with whom she had lived until her marriage. "Frankie" bore him seven children, and they shared the good and bad fortunes of many years together until his death at the age of seventy-seven.

"Frankie" spent her declining years In the home of a widowed daughter, Margaret "Tommy" Tompson. John McAdams, Jr., Is burled by the side of his second wife, Mary Frances, In McAdams Cemetery. A few steps away Is the grave of John's first wife, Hester. The handmade rock vault Is marked with a metal tablet inscribed: "John, when I die, bury me under this hickory tree."

Notes:

1. August 18, 1881, John McAdams (Jr.) received 1,280 acres of land in Angelina County for his services in the Revolution, under an act providing for grants to soldiers of the Revolution and the Battle of San Jacinto, their survivors, etc. This land was conveyed to a Mr. Byers, November 18, 1881; the instrument of conveyance was notarized before H. W. Woodall at Walker County.

2. November 8, 1838, he received 320 acres of land in Smith County for his services in the Army of the Republic. This land was immediately assigned to his lawyers at Houston.

3. Mary Frances Bankhead was born July 17, 1834, in Tipton County, Tennessee; died May 23, 1905.

McAdams Legends

There are family stories that Jhn. McAdams, Jr., was a pious man; (his father was a "preacher" and his son, John, was a "preacher;") that he gave land for a church, two schools, and other beneficent causes; that he furnished a home to twenty-nine orphan children; and that he freed his slaves prior to emancipation. There are also family stories to the effect that Sam Houston made frequent visits to the McAdams country home near Huntsville.

George A. Lamb

George A. Lamb was born In Laurens District, South Carolina, October 3, 1814, and was orphaned at an early age. He later moved to Georgia, Crawford County, and at the age of 20 started out on horseback to Texas. In Arkansas he encountered an ox-wagon caravan on the way to Texas and joined them. The caravan was made up of the families of Richard Bankhead, Jimmie Spillers, Ben Roberson and William Winters.

After reaching Texas, Lamb, a single man, made his home with the Bankhead family. Shortly after their arrival, Richard Bankhead died from exposure leaving his wife, Sarah Bankhead, and five small children.

On June 27, 1835, Lamb and the widow Bankhead were married. He was often called on to participate in Indian skirmishes to help protect the settlers from their raids.

In March 1836, Lamb and a group of 16 other volunteers organized to go to the aid of General Houston. They chose William Ware, Captain; Job Collard, First Lieutenant; George A. Lamb, Second Lieutenant; Albert Gallatin, First Sergeant; and William Winters, Second Sergeant. They went immediately to General Houston and participated in the arduous campaign culminating in the Battle of San Jacinto. Lamb met his death in this decisive battle, falling in the first charge of the Texans.

Lamb's daughter, Susan Alexander, was born to Sarah Nobles Bankhead Lamb on November 10, 1836. She married Richard Marion Bankhead, son of George Bankhead. Their children: Callie Elizabeth, George Frances, Laurisa and Gertrude.

George A. Lamb or Heirs Land Grants: Donation Certificate No. 625 for 640 acres of land, issued November 26, 1838, for participating in the Battle of San Jacinto; Bounty Certificate No. 464 for 320 acres of land, October 4, 1838, for services in the Army of the Republic from March 1 to April 21, 1836.

A brother of George Lamb, Isaac Kinion Lamb, lived in Lampasas, Texas, in 1876; sisters Hester Ann Lamb and Rhoda Campbell lived in Monroe County, Georgia; a sister, Azeneth Cunningham, lived in Upton County, Georgia. Lamb County, Texas, was named for George A. Lamb.

Edna Alline Thompson

Edna Alline Thompson married Thomas Claud Roberts.

Mary Alice Thompson

Mary Alice Thompson married William Perm Morris, son of William James Morris and Margaret Antonio Moore Morris. Two children, Gracie May and William Jefferson, called Dub, were born to them. Will Morris died October 23, 1917, and is buried in McAdams Cemetery. Alice and her children moved to the Rio Grande Valley about 1920 to be near her mother. Alice later married M. G. Woods of San Benito, by whom she had a son,

Alton. After Mr. Woods' death, she married E. C. Mellman. She resides at Brownsville, Texas.

Una May Thompson

Una May Thompson (Aunt May) married A. J. Sanders of San Antonio. A.J. was, eventually, First Sergeant, Regular Army, United States. They had one son, Cecil Bernard. Una May died about 1944 and is buried in McAdams Cemetery. A. J. Sanders died a few years later, survived by his son.

Jeff Olen Thompson

Jeff Olen Thompson married Evelyn Evans of Whittier, California. They had one son, Kenneth. Jeff died about 1959, survived by his second wife, Mamie Lee Williamson Thompson of San Francisco, California, his son, and two grandchildren, Terry and Kerry.

Margaret Annaliza McAdams

Margaret Annaliza McAdams, called Tommie, daughter of John McAdams, Jr., and Mary Frances Bankhead McAdams, was born in McAdams Community, Walker County, Texas, May 27, 1870. When she was nineteen years of age she married Thomas Jefferson Thompson, son of G. Cumberland Thompson and Arena Thompson of Mustang Prairie, Grimes County.

Thomas Jefferson, called Jeff, died in 1899, leaving his young wife with five small children. Tommie continued to live on their farm and, with the help of her widowed mother, made a living by farming and keeping a country store in one room of her home. She had strong traits of character and was considered a good business woman. She could talk about the price of cotton and cabbage with more enthusiasm than she showed for her domestic duties.

In 1906 Tommie married Reese O. Barron, a local farmer and widower with seven children: Jewel, Grace, Rhett, Reese, Jim, Kate, and Bill. (Part of the local folklore was to the effect that the neighbor, who came to look after the Barron children the day of the first Mrs. Barron's funeral, stood and gazed out the window as the funeral entourage left the Barron home, and remarked, prophetically, "Tommie Thompson." She was no seer but simply predicted that Reese Barron and Tommie Thompson would be drawn together by their mutual problems, and, besides, there probably were no other eligibles their age in the community.)

Tommie Barron and her daughter, Ethel, gave birth to babies the same day, June 29, 1907. Reta Orene and R. E. shared the same birthday until Reta's death when she was about four years old. Other children born to Tommie and Reese Barron were John Frank and Darrell.

About 1920, Tommie, her husband and their sons moved from Walker County to Cameron County, near Los Indios, a small townsite. Here they remained, operating large-scale farm interests until their sons were old enough to take over.

Tommie died in February, 1946, and Mr. Barron several years later.

There were strong bonds between the McAdams sisters, Tommie, Eady Caroline, called Cat, Alice Theodosia, called Dosh, and Mattie, throughout their lives. (Frances and Hester pre-deceased their sisters by many years.)

The McAdams clan gathers once a year at grounds adjacent to McAdams Cemetery for a family reunion. This custom has prevailed for many years, and, in the beginning, was of necessity, to clean and work the cemetery grounds. In earlier years it was customary, and perhaps the custom still prevails, to honor one member of the family at each gathering. In 1939, Alice Theodosia was honored and Tommie paid tribute to her sister. Her words are descriptive of herself as well as of Dosh:

"Flowers to the Living", Dedicated to my sister, Dosh.

"We've gathered here today to do honor to our beloved sister, aunt, cousin and what have you. I don't think that anything that I can say can add to or take from her noble character. She has built for herself a living monument to us that know her. Her integrity has never been questioned. Her generosity has not been surpassed. She will deprive herself of the really necessary things that others might share the fruits of her labor. I could go on and on telling of the fine things in her noble life. She has practiced the little deeds of kindness and little words of love that if more of us would follow, it would make this world an Eden like heaven above. The hovel was never too dirty nor mansions so grand that she was always, ready to lend a kind, helping hand. She never turned a deaf ear to those less fortunate than she. I've known her to walk a mile twice a day to help a little old sick woman to care for twin babies that otherwise would have suffered, and it seemed to me that she could just help you your burdens to bear. When we had that awful hurricane in '33 we were cut off from the outside world as far as telegraph and telephone were concerned but we did get some mail that was transferred by boat over the washouts. But she thought and sent a self-addressed envelope that she might hear as early as possible, and she did hear. I am proud to call her my sister for she has been so strong in the faith, and I feel assured that in that Great Round Up the Lord will say to her, 'Well done, thy good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of the Lord.'

> "May the blessing of God rest on her and her children now and forevermore.
>
> - Her loving sister, Tommie Barron. Aug. 13, 1939."

Cumberland Thompson

The Grimes County census, Prairie Plains Precinct, taken on June 8, 1880, lists the G. Cumberland Thompson household as: Cumberland Thompson (Mama's Paternal Grandpa), age 49, farmer, born in Louisiana, father born in Virginia, mother born in Ireland; Arena Thompson, wife, age 49, born in Mississippi,

keeps house, father born in Louisiana, mother born in Mississippi; Cumberland, age 18, son, single, works on farm, born in Texas, father born in Louisiana, mother born in Mississippi; Thomas J., age 14, son, works on farm, born in Texas; Charles, age 12, son, works on farm; James N., son, age 10, works on farm.

Jennie, the only daughter, married Mack (M. C.) Thomas. G. C. Thompson filed for and was granted 160 acres of land at Mustang Prairie, Grimes County, under the pre-emption law in 1870. His first wife died prior to 1890. G. Cumberland Thompson died in April, 1927, survived by his second wife, Mildred T., three sons and a daughter. At the time of his death he owned two tracts of land in the G. C. Thompson Survey and the J. Lindley Survey in Grimes County.

Mary Frances Bankhead

Mary Frances Bankhead (Mama's Maternal Grandmother), called Frankie, was born July 17, 1834, in Tipton County, Tennessee, daughter of Sarah Leah Nobles Bankhead and Richard Bankhead. When she was only a few months old, her parents brought her and her sisters and brothers, William Newton, James Marion, Mary Elizabeth and Eady Elmyra to Texas. They settled near what was soon to be the townsite (earlier a trading post) of Huntsville. On November 14, 1849, she married John McAdams, Jr., a widower, son of John McAdams, a Methodist preacher, born in South Carolina and Martha Rodgers McAdams, also born in South Carolina. At the time of her marriage, Frankie and her sister, Eady, were living with their married sister, Mary Elizabeth, wife of Green Spillers. Frankie served as the first postmaster of McAdams, Texas, 1887-1889. She spent her last years in the home of a widowed daughter, Tommie Thompson. She died May 23, 1905, and is buried in McAdams Cemetery by the side of her husband. A few steps away, in a rock-covered grave, lie the remains of John's first wife, Hester. In recent years, a small engraved metal marker has been placed at the head of Hester's grave, recording her words when she selected her burial site: "John, when I die, bury me under

this hickory tree." Hundreds of McAdamses, their descendants, relatives and friends have been buried there since that time.

McAdams Footnote

In compiling a record of this kind, it is difficult and sometimes impossible to reconcile fact and legend. In this instance, it has not been possible to learn if the date of arrival in Texas of the McAdams family Is correct as reflected in the official records of the General Land Office or as handed down through generations of the family.

The Land Office records reflect that John McAdams Sr., and Jr., came to Texas in the year 1834. This is the date used in their applications for land, under the laws granting land to colonists and to soldiers of the Republic of Texas.

Family version: John McAdams, Sr., and his family, including John McAdams, Jr., came to Texas in 1830. John McAdams, Jr., was 14 years of age at the time he came to Texas. He spent the remainder of his life in Texas with the exception of 2 years, when he returned to Tennessee. (Perhaps he returned to Tennessee in 1832 and came back to Texas in 1834, inasmuch as it is claimed that he arrived in Texas too late to join the Texian forces until after their independence was declared. This, however, does not explain the use of the date 1834 as date of emigration by John McAdams, Sr., in his application for land grants.)

Suffice it to say, the McAdamses were in Texas, by agreement of Land Office records and legend as early as 1834.

McAdams Article

Descendants of Young Texas Soldier Honor Eldest of Clan at Reunion

(From a Houston, Texas, newspaper. September, 1935)

On April 21, 1836 while the guns of San Jacinto boomed their way to victory, groups of volunteers from "the states" picked their way through the woods and over unmarked trails to assist Texas in her battle for freedom. In one of these picturesque processions, eager to join forces with Sam Houston, a personal friend of his father back in Tennessee, rode John McAdams, Jr. He arrived at the San Jacinto Battleground too late to participate in the battle, but he remained in Texas, made his home and reared a family. Almost 100 years later, on September 8, 1935, at his old homestead in Walker County, a family reunion was held to celebrate the 90th birthday of one of his sons, Hiram McAdams, and the first birthday of one of his great-great-granddaughters, Carol McAdams, both of Bedias, in Grimes County,

250 McAdams Registered

At this family gathering - the largest ever held in either Walker or Grimes County - more than 250 McAdams signed the register. A checkup showed there were 439 living and 94 dead, direct descendants of this eager young volunteer to the cause of Texas' liberty in 1836.

John, Jr., was born in 1815, the son of a Methodist minister, Reverend John McAdams, Sr., in Tennessee, but he lived the greater part of his life in Texas.

Reached Texas in 1830

In 1828-29, the Tennessee newspapers bore glowing accounts of this "Spanish country - Texas" and letters told of there being

no ministers in this vast territory. John, Sr., who "knew the Bible from memory," decided to move to Texas.

About the middle of February, 1830, after long months of travel by ox wagon, Rev. John McAdams, Sr., with his wife, daughters and sons, including John, Jr., located in Shelby municipality, Department of Nacogdoches.

Shelby municipality at that time contained all the land which is now Shelby, Harrison, Marion, Upshur and Panola Counties. And across the Sabine, more desperately destructive than the stealthily creeping Indians, dwelt the cut-throats, horse-thieves and renegades of "the neutral ground," between Mexico and the United States.

John, Jr., returned to Tennessee in 1833, where he remained until he heard the tidings of the Texas Revolution; then, riding hard, with other volunteers he arrived again, anxious to do his bit.

Close Neighbors

What the family of John, Sr., suffered during those years has come down to posterity only in sketchy tales. Among the closest neighbors was a family named White. Isolated, huddled together for protection against the hostile Indians on the one hand and the unscrupulous inhabitants of "the neutral ground" on the other, the White and McAdams families carried on the duties of their everyday lives. To Hester White, who had heard her friends, the McAdams girls, speak of "Brother John," this young man, returning from San Jacinto, was nothing short of a conquering hero, and in 1838 the two were married.

Late one night a group of cattlerustlers from "the neutral ground" across the Sabine raided the settlement. Barricading themselves in their cabins, the White and McAdamses sought to save their lives.

When the battle cleared, Joe and Jim were found mortally wounded; also all the hogs, geese, mules, chickens, horses - practically all of their worldly possessions - had been stolen.

Moved to Walker County.

Hastily burying their brave boys, the two families packed their remaining possessions, drove a yoke of oxen up from the woods, and made their way toward "the old San Antonio Road." Seeking Sam Houston, they settled, in 1838, in what now is Walker County.

John, Sr., and his family settled at what is known today as the Rube Allphin place on Roark Prairie. Years later, when he and his wife died, they were buried in a little grove of trees in the old field nearby.

In 1844, so the deed records of Walker County show, John McAdams, Jr., and wife Hester White McAdams, purchased 1042 acres of land from Daniel Guerrant and Green Spillers and their wives. They built their home just east of the gate, near where the McAdams Cemetery is now located.

To John, Jr., and Hester were born five children: Jane, Bill, John, Jim and Hiram. Their door was always open to all who might pass by.

McAdams Cemetery

Hester's health was not at all good and one lovely Sunday afternoon, walking with her husband in the woods, she remarked: "John, when I die, I want to be buried under this hickory tree." At her death, in 1849, John, remembering her wishes placed her body under the towering boughs of the large hickory tree. That lone grave was the beginning of the McAdams Cemetery, in which nearly 100 of Hester's descendants and many of her friends and their descendants rest today. In early days, when the graveyard included only members of the immediate family, the McAdams slaves were also placed in the quiet of the trees in a little corner set aside for them by their "Marster John."

The five small children needed a mother's care, so their grandparents, John, Sr., and his wife, came from their home on Roark Prairie and remained with them until November 14, 1849,

when John, Jr., married Miss Frankie Bankhead. They built a large double log house from seasoned hand-sawed logs, where they spent the remainder of their lives. To them were born Frances, Hester, George, Carrie, Docia, Tom (Margaret), and Mattie. This house, later striped with lumber, is in use today.

In this home prosperity reigned. Visitors came and went. Sam Houston built his home at Huntsville about 16 miles away. Many nights he spent under their roof.

Built School

To 29 orphan children John, Jr., gave a home, in addition to his own. Anxious that these children should receive an education, he donated the lumber to build a school. For the construction of another school, about a half mile from Liberty Springs, he gave materials. At one time he owned 10,000 acres of land and 2,000 head of cattle.

He owned a number of slaves, whose services he needed to work his cotton and corn, to hoe potatoes and drive his cattle, hogs and horses.

At the McAdams reunion, held at the old homestead, descendants of the McAdams slaves took part in the program, singing spirituals.

Rev. Leonard Bankhead of Goose Creek paid tribute to Hiram McAdams in his address for the counsel and service always obtained when needed.

McAdams Article (2)

The History of John McAdams, Sr., and Jr. (Pioneers)

From: *The Huntsville Item*, Huntsville, Texas, undated clipping, 1936

By Mrs. Oneta McKay

When John McAdams was four years of age his family emigrated from Scotland to Tennessee in the latter part of the seventeenth century. A few years later at the age of six, Martha Rodgers with her family emigrated, from Ireland to Tennessee, where she met John McAdams, and in later years, the two were married.(1) In 1815 John, Jr., was born to Martha and Rev. John McAdams, a Methodist minister. The family included Elizabeth, Joseph, Nancy, James, Martha, Mary, Jane, Evelina, Drucilla, and William. Elizabeth became the bride of John Gillaspie,(2) and moved to Alabama. Before the crowd had dispersed from the wedding festivities, the youngest brother, William, was kicked by a horse and killed.

In 1928-1829 Tennessee newspapers bore glowing accounts of the "Spanish Country," Texas, and letters told of the great need of ministers. In February, 1830, after long months of travel by ox wagon, Rev. John McAdams and his family located in Shelby municipality, Department of Nacogdoches. John McAdams and his son, Joseph, were granted one and two-thirds league and labor of land in Panola County.

For years John McAdams thought he was the first minister to reach Texas, but later he learned that Thomas J. Pilgrim, a Baptist minister came to Texas the latter part of 1829 and settled in San Felipe two or three months before Rev. John reached Texas. Nevertheless he was the first Methodist minister and the second Texas minister in all Texas. '3) He was acknowledged by all who knew him as "A man who knew the Bible from memory.

In 1833 John McAdams, Jr., returned to Tennessee where he remained until 1836 when he returned to Texas to join forces

with Sam Houston at the Battle of San Jacinto.(4) He arrived too late for the actual battle. Young John served thirteen campaigns (4 years and 4 months) in military service with Houston in the Army of Reinforcements. He served in Captain James Gillaspie's company. In 1838 a donation of one hundred and sixty six acres of land in Panola county was made John McAdams for his services. In the same year he married Miss Hester White, the daughter of a nearby neighbor.

Late one night a group of cattle rustlers from the "Neutral ground" across the Sabine, raided the settlement of the Whites and McAdamses, took all their worldly possessions and killed two of their sons, Joseph and James. The two families then moved to Walker County in 1838, John McAdams settling on the old Rubin Allphin place on Roark Prairie with the Whites on an adjoining tract.

A life long and loyal friend of the John McAdams family was General Sam Houston, whose friendship dated back to he early days in Tennessee. Always the two families kept in close contact with each other. In 1832 when Sam Houston visited Texas bearing secret messages of government from President Jackson, he sought out John McAdams' home and spent the night. Later, when the McAdamses moved to Walker County, Houston made many weekend visits in their home.

February 2, 1851, John McAdams, Sr., expired and he was buried on the Rubin Allphin place.(5) When John's wife (widow) later returned to Panola county to visit two of her daughters, she contracted cold and died in 1853.

John McAdams and Hester purchased one thousand and forty acres of land for $315 from Daniel Boone Guerrant and Green Spillers. To this union were born five children: Jane, Bill, John, Jim, and Hiram.

January 16, 1849, Hester died from exposure during the cold winter and by request she was buried under a large hickory tree which was the beginning of the McAdams Cemetery. November 14, 1849, John McAdams, Jr., married Mary Frances Bankhead,

to which union were born Frances, Hester, George, Eady Caroline, Alice Theodosia, Margaret, and Mattie Ethel.

John McAdams prospered in all he undertook. Land was added to land, more slaves were bought and he was a most progressive citizen, leader, and philanthropist. In addition to his own family he gave a home to twenty-nine orphan children. He donated lumber to build two schools and paid the teacher of one himself year after year.

September 11, 1892, he died and was buried in the McAdams Cemetery, his donation at the death of his first wife. Direct descendants of John McAdams, Jr., in Texas today are four hundred thirty-nine living and ninety-four dead.

Other members establishing eligibility to Daughters of Republic of Texas are: Mrs. Opal Samuel, Mrs. Mattie Robert, Real Daughter, Mrs. Clara Roberts, Mrs. Edna Roberts, Mrs. Delia Lawlis.

Notes:

1. According to Walker County census records, Martha Rodgers McAdams was born in South Carolina; their first child, Elizabeth, was born in South Carolina in 1806. - M.C.

2. The 1850 Walker County census recorded Elizabeth's married name as "Gilespey." Her sons, William, George and James were all born in Alabama. - M. C.

3. This distinction may belong to Rev. Henry Stephenson, who first visited Redlands area of Texas, 1824, was assigned as missionary, 1834 (See "Handbook of Texas." - M. C.)

4. John McAdams, Jr., first enrolled in the Texian Army on April 30, 1836, as a member of San Augustine Volunteers under command of Captain Jno. M. Bradley. (Muster Rolls, General Land Office, Index 2, page 52.) He also served under the command of Captain William Scurlock, entering service on July 4, 1836; was furloughed September 26, 1836, and "faithfully discharged" October 4, 1836, by Second

Lieutenant Wm. M. Love. (Audited Military Claims, Texas State Archives.) For his last three months tour of service he received "one pear of common Brogans (shoes) and nothing more in any way whatever for his services."

5. The Walker County census of 1850 listed Martha McAdams as a widow, aged 66. Her daughter Drucilla Stevenson, age 25, born in Alabama, was living with her at that time, along with Drucilla's children, John Stevenson, age 2, and Martha Stevenson, age 5 months, both born in Texas. - m.c.

Nobles Article

Life History of Sarah Leah Nobles

From: *The Huntsville Item*, Huntsville, Texas, undated clipping, 1936

By Mrs. Oneta McAdams McKay

During the eighteenth century there emigrated from England to South Carolina a family bearing the name of Nobles. Sarah Leah Nobles, one of the earliest of Texas pioneers, was born in Laurens County, South Carolina, September 11, 1807. January 1, 1827 she married Richard Bankhead of Tennessee to which union were born: William Newton, James Marion, Mary Elizabeth, Eady Elmyra, and Mary Frances.

In 1834 Richard Bankhead and his family came to Texas accompanied by four other families, Jimmie Spillers, Ben Roberson, William Winters, and Geo. A Lamb and settled on a tract of land a few miles west of Huntsville. On January 17, 1835, Richard Bankhead died from exposure in crossing the "Bedias" (creek) and his body was buried at Bath on the old Wars' Dewey Convict Farm.

June 27, 1835, Sarah Nobles Bankhead became the wife of her husband's entrusted friend, Geo. A. Lamb, who proved to be a capable father to the orphan children and a devoted husband to his wife. Within the range of four weeks, October 15, 1835 to November 18, 1835, Sarah lost her two sons, William and James, both bodies being buried by that of their father at Bath. March 1, 1831, the remaining heirs of Richard Bankhead were granted two-thirds league and labor of land.

George A. Lamb served his state in the Second Regiment of Texas Volunteers in Houston's army as Second Lieutenant of Company "D" and in the Battle of San Jacinto he was killed April 21, 1836, leaving Sarah Nobles again a widow.

A few months after the loss of her husband a baby girl named Susie was born to Mrs. Lamb. Many hardships followed for the mother and four little girls. on several occasions the family was forced to flee for their lives and hide themselves in the cane brakes and palmettoes of the San Jacinto bottom in order to escape the ravages of the Indians. On other occasions the mask of courage and bravery was their weapon of defense.

On July 31, 1844 the Lamb heirs received a large survey of land granted Geor. A. Lamb. Governor Albert C. Horton donated six hundred and forty acres to the Lamb heirs in consideration of Geo. A. Lamb having fought in the Battle of San Jacinto. Later several other adequate donations were made the heirs.

On December 17, 1837, Mrs. Lamb married Jonathan McGary, with whom she lived until his death November 8, 1862, at forty-seven years of age. To this union were born five children: Claresa,(1) Jonathan, Jr., Sarah, Amanda, and Marion. At this time Mary Elizabeth who was thirteen years of age, married Green Spillers and took her two sisters, Sady Elmyra and Mary Frances, to live with her. Later Eady Elmyra married Daniel Boone Guerrant.

Sarah McGary, aged eighty-one years, six months and twenty days, died March 31, 1888. She was buried in the Ebenezer Cemetery twelve miles from Huntsville by the side of her daughter Susan Lamb(2) Bankhead, who had preceded her in death a number of years. She left nine children with families to carry on her undying spirit of bravery and fortitude.

In Texas today, there are six hundred and three direct descendants of Sarah Leah Nobles with one hundred and twenty-two dead.

Members establishing their eligibility in Daughters of the Republic of Texas from Sarah Leah Nobles are: Mrs. Annavieve Barrett, Mrs. Harry Allen, Mrs. J. W. McAdams, Mrs. Marion Wells, and Mrs. Odell Hall.

Notes:

1. The 1850 Walker County census lists only Courtney, (male, age 12,) Jonathan, Jr., Sarah and Amanda. Marion was not yet born in 1850. - m.c.

2. Sarah Leah Noble McGary was buried by the side of her third husband, Jonathan McGary, in Ebenezer Cemetery. Her daughter, Susan A. Lamb Bankhead is buried by the side of her husband in McAdams Cemetery, Walker County. m.c.

McAdams Community, 1850

In September, 1850, when the Walker County census enumerator visited the McAdams community, he noted that John McAdams, Jr., was 35 years of age, born in Tennessee, had been married within the year, and was a farmer with real estate value of $2,190.00; that his wife, Mary, was 16, born in Tennessee; that his daughter, Mary, was 10, and in school; that his son, William, was 8, and in school; that his son, John, was 6; his son, Hiram, was 4; his son, James, was 2; that all the children were born in Texas; and that Richard Mills, born in Georgia, was 26 years old and a sharecropper.

The next farm visited by the enumerator was that of John Dickey, age 29, born in Alabama, and his wife, Priscilla, age 26, born in Alabama. Their children were listed as James, age 8, born in Alabama; Mary, 6, born in Mississippi; Hiram, 2, born in Texas, and Dorthula, 6 months, born in Texas.

The next family listed is that of Elizabeth Gilespey, (sic) widowed daughter of John McAdams, Sr. A native of South Carolina, she was 44 years of age. Her sons, William, 19, George, 17, and James, 22, all born in Alabama, were farmers.

The farm next recorded is that of Martha Rodgers McAdams, widow of John, Sr., age 66, and her widowed daughter, Drucilla Stevenson, age 25, born in Alabama. Drucilla's children, John Stevenson, age 2, and Martha Stevenson, age 5 months, were both born in Texas.

The John McGary farm was the next stopping place for the enumerator.

John McAdams, Jr., dispelled any doubts his father might have had as to whether the McAdams family name would survive in the new land. He had twelve children and one hundred six grandchildren. In 1936, he had four hundred thirty-nine descendants in Texas.

Notes:

1. Margaret "Tommy" McAdams (Thompson) Barron, in her D. R. T. application stated that her father, John McAdams, Jr., arrived in Texas February 1830. Oneta McAdams McKay in an article published in the Huntsville Item, 1936, also said he arrived Texas 1830. In John McAdams' (Jr.) application for land he certified he arrived Texas in 1834.

Margaret A. Morris Craig Poems

1936 - Margaret and Barbara

Disillusion

I would not ask that you should change.
Indeed, I fear I'd find it strange
Were you so perfect and so good,
Always acting as you should.

The things that make you dear to me
Are things that others cannot see;
The careless way you comb your hair,
Your ashes scattered, here and there.

Prince Charming was a gallant knight,
But he was far too out of sight.
Unhitched my wagon from that star,
I like you just the way you are.

MMcD
12-21-40

Barbara Jean

Two eyes so blue
The sky is shamed,
Such rosy cheeks,
I can't be blamed
If I should boast
About her worth.
To me there's nothing
On this earth
Can e'er surpass
Her winning ways.
I know that I shall
Spend my days
Grateful that this
Should happen to me,
This miracle of
Half past three.

1941
MMcD

Hearts Don't Break

When I was just a little lass
I'd climb on Mammy's knee,
And I shall ne'er forget the things
She used to say to me.

One day I ran into her arms,
"Mammy, my heart is broken!"
"Hush, my chile! Such words as those
Are best just left unspoken!"

How true is that old sayin',
"Hearts don't break."
Too many lovely things in life
Appease and compensate.

The lilt of a song,
The smile of a friend
The rainbow
At a shower's end;

Gratitude for a
Kind deed done;
Water sparklin'
In the sun;

A hand clasped
In sympathy;
Happiness, 'cause
You tho't of me.

So, now, when I'm haunted
By a harvest moon
Out of the past
I hear Mammy croon:

"Honey, shed those tears
"For lost love's sake,
"Then dry yo' eyes, 'cause
"Heart's don't break."

MMcD 1-24-41

Miss You

I miss you in the mornin'
When grass is wet with dew;
Seems like all I do these days
It just miss you.

Miss you, too, at noontime,
And want you by my side
To share the panorama
Of city streets so wide.

But, I miss you most at ev'nin'
When shadows 'gin to fall;
Spend my days and nights as well
Just missin' you, that's all.

MMcD
1-24-41

Resignation

I do not rue the heartaches
I've had along the way;
I do not rue the stardust
I've seen turn into clay,

It is enough that we have loved
And for a time we've shared
An understanding that was worth
All that I have dared.

MMcD
6-21-41

My Daughter

This is my daughter. I see her walk.
I hear her laugh, I hear her talk.

This little thing in curls and dress
Is witness to such tenderness

I cannot stop to give it thought
Lest tears well up in me unsought.

Such sentiment is absurd, surely,
A thing for maudlin women, purely

But I shell never learn my place.
"Kiss, Mother, kiss on face"

(A finger pointing to her cheek)
Is quite enough to make me weak.

This is my daughter. I cannot cease
My proud refrain. She is my peace.