

12-1-1983

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### Recommended Citation

McDaniel, Morning Elizabeth and Godown, Marian B. (1983) "Memories of a Pioneer Girl," *Tampa Bay History*. Vol. 5 : Iss. 2 , Article 7.

Available at: <https://scholarcommons.usf.edu/tampabayhistory/vol5/iss2/7>

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## MEMORIES OF A PIONEER GIRL

by Morning Elizabeth McDaniel

Introduction by Marian Godown

Before the turn-of-the century, Southwest Florida was a sprawling frontier. Since that time, so much growth has exploded in this area, it's hard to realize it took two days then to travel the 35 miles from Immokalee to the small spot on the Caloosahatchee River "at the end of nowhere" called Fort Myers.

There were no good roads in far-flung Lee County—which then included Collier and Hendry Counties—before 1900. To travel anywhere, you went by "river highways" or by oxcart or covered wagon.

The vast, sparsely-settled interior of Southwest Florida was mainly unexplored. Only deer and cattle trails meandered through the flatlands dotted with Cypress Strands, Oak Groves, Pine, Palmetto and open green prairies.

In 1894, when five-year-old Morning Elizabeth Curry rode to Fort Myers in a covered wagon with her mother, Josephine Yent Curry driving a team of oxen and her father, Will Curry, riding horseback with his gun, the village of Fort Myers was only nine years older than she.

It was every bit as much of a pioneer cowtown as the fabled places out West romanticized in cowboy legends and songs.

Just nine years before, a shoot-out erupted on the wooden sidewalk in front of the general store when William Guess killed homesteader Jake Daughtrey. Guess was arrested but won his freedom in far-off Key West where witnesses for both sides had to go because that's where the county jail and the courthouse were based before Lee County broke away from Monroe County.

Some 25 years ago, Morning who had always wanted to write, put her memories down on paper. In a 16-page memoir, she penned in exacting detail, her trek through the untouched wilderness alive with wild animals and game. She told of her enjoyment at camping overnight at Half-way Pond (a slough area where cattlemen often met on their cattle drives between Fort Myers and Lake Trafford, near Immokalee. In some parts, her memoir sounds like poetry as she describes the incredible beauty of the orchids and the wild flowers or the profuse masses of ferns.

Morning's father was a trapper and cattle herder for ranch owners on the Florida frontier. He marked and branded cattle and wild hogs, rode the unfenced range and helped drive the wild, scrawny cattle to the main shipping port at Punta Rassa, south of Fort Myers, where they were shipped to Key West and Cuba.



**Morning E. McDaniel, courtesy of Marian Godown.**



**Morning E. Currey McDaniel about 1894-94, when she was five or six years old, with her half-sister, Hazel Armeda, at Fort Myers.**

Photograph courtesy of Hazel Santini.

During his once-monthly trips, Curry would trade pelts for supplies at the big store of early-day Fort Myers merchant, Robert A. Henderson. Henderson founded his general store in 1887 - the same year Lee County was born. Back then, he would send his schooner to Key West loaded with hides, furs and egret plumes to trade and sell for necessities such as sugar, flour, or dry goods.

In the 1890s, Curry was one of the few non-Indians who could communicate with the Seminoles in their own tongue. They called him "Billy Coon." Sometimes, the Indians would send their pelts with Curry. Other times, they would pack their covered wagon or two-wheeled carts with alligator skins and join the wagon train for the tedious trip to Fort Myers.

In her memoir, Morning also mentions one of the most colorful characters to find contentment in the Florida Everglades, William H. "Bill" Brown. London-born and educated, Brown had established a lively business with the Seminoles trading their gator hides, otter pelts and bird plumes for tobacco, salt, derby hats, fancy vests and yard goods.

His trading post at a junction of Indian canoe routes was on the eastern edge of the Big Cypress Swamp, about ten miles north of present day Alligator Alley in today's Collier County. It was known far and wide as "Brown's Landing". Brown now and then would ask Curry to carry his accumulation of hides and furs to Fort Myers.

At Fort Myers, where the cowboys relaxed after their hard drive, they would take part in a tournament on horseback. Ring tournaments, as they were called, thrived only in North Florida until the Civil War. Gradually they moved south to Ocala, Bartow and Fort Myers before they died out.

The tourney harked back to medieval days in England when ladies were honored in a Court of Love and Beauty by bold knights. It involved a ceremony in which cowboy "knights" rode their high-spirited horses at full speed while they tried to impale on long wooden "lances" or spears, three small rings hanging from a cross-bar between poles about 30 feet apart. Tournament Street in Fort Myers is named for the old-time celebration.

On her next trek to Fort Myers, young Morning Curry remained to live with her grandmother, Martha Elizabeth Yent, to go to school. Growing up with the city of Fort Myers, Morning was to spend most of her life here.

For nearly a century she watched history happen, but she was not content to rest on her memories. Up until the time of her death at age 91 in August, 1981, the wiry 74-pound Florida native read the newspapers daily and saw the news on TV.

As a child on the Florida frontier, Morning had hobnobbed with cowboys and Indians. Many years later, she was to witness the crossing of another frontier undreamed of when she was small as she watched men blast off for the moon. Her memoir of growing up in Florida follows.

## I

Over the dew blown willow ponds, and cypress swamps at Immokalee, Florida, near Lake Trafford, the night hung low but, inlaid with innumeral brightness, diffused a shower of starlight that lent transparency to the night air. My parents and I just arrived home from Fort Myers, a two-day journey traveling in our covered wagon drawn by our oxen. Some of the trips required four oxen which is called a two yoke outfit. Mother usually did the driving of the team while daddy rode horseback with his gun. As the country was sparsely settled and there were many wild animals as well as cattle in those days, daddy would ride along with the team. It was a long slow trip, as oxen are slow travelers, but that was the way most everyone traveled. Sometimes we used horses for our travels. This was the only way of transportation through that part of Florida at the time; no trains, buses or trucks; there were only country roads, cow and deer trails.

The country lay in a succession of timber, cypress strands and open prairie ridges, groves of oak and elder. Here and there, a pond of water surrounded with willows, broken low hills of the green prairies were a solid golden yellow with the wild daisies. In addition, there were a score of parallel paths along a hillside and marshy levels made by cattle, hogs, deer in search of water.

Trappers traveled these trails riding horseback. Game was abundant, in fact, the wild abundance of an unexhausted nature offered at every hand. In between the expanse of timberland and cypress strands, there rose blue smokes of countless campfires, each showing the location of hunters, trappers and herdsman. Black specks grouped here and there proved the presence of livestock under herd.

Being a small child, I enjoyed every mile of our travels. We always camped one night of the trip between Lake Trafford and Fort Myers, at a place called Half-Way Pond, as it was half way between these two places. Very often there would be a number of campers there for the night. We would always arrive about sundown, then get the campfire going by gathering twigs, wood and enough for all night fire as well as to cook the evening meal and breakfast. Daddy gathered the wood, watered and fed the animals while mother unpacked our food and bedding and prepared our evening meal. Our camping outfit consisted of a dutch oven, which is a large pan with lid made of iron and is used for boiling or baking, a coffee boiler, fry pan, tin cups and plates. We slept in our covered wagon on comforts and blankets. We always had a couple of Dad's hunting dogs along.

There was one large log cabin at Half-Way Pond that was owned by the Carsons, a rancher who had quite a herd of cattle and horses. Some of the family were always home and we would have quite an enjoyable evening. Some of the cowboys would have guitars, some harmonicas and some would sing; it was very enjoyable around the campfires. There were very few families throughout the country and nearest neighbors were eight and ten miles apart. There were small houses and log cabins of three and four rooms with low roofs, heavy beams of cypress and wood running the entire length. Some had palmetto palm fronds used for shingles on the roof, some had shingles made of cypress. Most furniture was homemade; chairs had cow or deer skin seats, benches were mostly used at the dining tables, and they were padded with dried straw grass that grew profusely in Florida. The bed mattresses and pillows were made of bird, chicken, geese and duck feathers. Some people had the Florida moss mattresses. Most had bunk beds. Every family used wood-burning stoves for cooking as well as for warmth during the winter. Oil burning lamps were used for the homes and oil burning lanterns for outside use. It was customary with all country folk to have a log fire burning all night in their yard, and the children would play many games around the log fires.

Families had milk cows and they made cottage cheese and their own butter. A flock of chickens furnished meat and eggs, and their feathers were saved. There was always a garden near. The game was plentiful—wild turkey, whooping crane, quail, ducks, squirrel, rabbit. There was always plenty of meat. First one, then another would butcher a beef or hog and the deer grazed in herds. Our smoke houses were always hanging full of meat of various kinds to be smoke cured. There were many many kind of birds; the Curlew made a very appetizing dish. If you wanted fish, there always were lakes, creeks, ponds full of fish of various kind, and for those who liked turtle or gopher, they were plentiful.

Those were happy days, all neighborly regardless of race, creed or color. The wealthy were no different from the poor as far as selfishness, greed or high mindedness was concerned. It's too bad we don't have more unity nowadays. Then this beautiful world the Lord made for us would be heavenly.



**Starting for the Everglades.**

From a postcard of 1892 in Marian Godown's collection.

The country life called not for the life of ease but the life of strenuous endeavor, and all kept eternally active. One of the surest of all truths is that life will give you no more than you give it. There being no highways or railroads, we usually made a trip to Ft. Myers, which then was a small settlement, about once every month. My daddy, Will Curry, everyone called him Bill, was a trapper and cattle herder for the ranch owners. He broke in their wild horses, marked and branded cattle and pigs and rode the pastures to keep up the fences as well as to look for and kill wild animals that caught the cattle, hogs, and colts in the pastures. The panthers, bobcats, bear and fox were numerous. He had to be on the alert for prairie fires, and usually there were three or four men who would ride in a group in case of an emergency or accident. Bill Brown had a small business place called the trading post, where he kept tobacco, one hundred pound bags of salt, which the trappers used on various skins and furs to preserve them temporarily. Mr. Brown bought and traded for furs and skins or hides and then took them to Ft. Myers to sell, as he bought supplies in Ft. Myers for his trading post and family necessities. Mr. R. A. Henderson did quite a business in Ft. Myers. He kept hardware, groceries, dry goods and feedstuff for stock. He would buy any and all furs and skins, which consisted of alligator, coon, cow, bear, rattlesnake, fox and bird plumes. The flour came only in half and whole barrels in those days. We always bought the half barrel size as it kept very nicely. Mr. Brown would sell smaller amounts to the Indians as they lived in small tepees or shacks and couldn't take care of a large quantity at one time. You could however, get meal, grits, rice in ten-pound bags. Mr. Brown had quite a bit of business from the Seminole Indians.

## II

The day before our journey was a very busy day indeed. Mother cooked and prepared food for the first day's travel and packed clothing for a week's trip and roll bedding for camping. Daddy packed furs and skins in barrels to take to market and very often some of the Indian friends would send in their trapped contents by Dad. Then again sometimes they would pack up their covered wagon and drive in company with our outfit. At times there would be two and three outfits traveling along, more or less like a wagon train. It was truly an exciting journey as every mile of the way had its excitement, anxieties with never a dull moment. The scenery was a constant succession of changing beauties. Game was at hand in such lavish abundance. The deer ranged always within touch, great bunches of turkey appeared now and then, and Curlew and whooping cranes flew overhead always in sight.

Wagons kept well apace with the average schedule of a dozen miles a day, and at times we would make fifteen. We would have to stop in the middle of the morning and again in afternoons to breathe our oxen and let them get a cool drink at a ford, sometime in a slough. Winding out of the low marshy country up into the timberland, the little pack train was nearing our camping ground, the smoke of a distant encampment caught mother's eye. She said to me, "Mona, we'll be to camp soon, the sun is about two hours high." I always took my little rag doll with me, and when I tired of sitting on the seat with Mother, I'd play with my doll behind Mother on our bed roll and often take a nap. As our wagon advanced, we could hear the whip-o-will voices; by dark the owls would join in on the chorus. It was difficult for some wagons to keep up as the inexperienced oxen showed distress under a loaded wagon on a long stretch. We heard some of the campers singing, and we smelled the bacon, crisp and golden brown.

Daddy passed on ahead of our wagon to pick a place to park for the night. He rode up under an oak tree and turned and dismounted Mollie. He busied himself taking off the saddle, put a hobble on Mollie, and turned her loose to go grazing. Mother pulled the reins back and said "Whoa Mott, Jerry." The oxen stopped and Dad unhitched them. He tied a rope around Jerry's horns and led them to water. There was a hand dug well in the edge of the cypress just a few yards away, and he only had to tie one oxen and the other would follow. Finishing that chore, he fed the animals and hurried off to gather fire wood for the night and cooking. Mother only had to make coffee, for she had a basket of cooked food. Dad went up to the Carson cabin and purchased some milk for me.

We relaxed, had our evening meal, which we enjoyed. Some of the cowboys were eating, some picking a guitar, some singing, some blowing a harp with several campfires burning. The fire kept the mosquitoes away so that the horse and deer flies did not bother the animals at night. Mother said to Dad, "Billie, I'm going to turn in early so I can rest," and Dad replied, "Alright Joan, I'll talk to Frank a few minutes and push up the fire. Oh, by the way, did you feed the dogs?" Mother answered, "I sure did, and they are resting under the wagon." Then, Mother and I climbed up into the wagon, lit the lantern, hung it up, and made ready for bed. We hadn't been resting long before Daddy came. The cowboys must have been tired out too, for they all retired by nine o'clock. Dad was up a couple of times through the night to push up the low-burning campfire and to see if the animals were comfortable. It's natural with cattle and deer to rest and chew their cud until midnight, then get up and go grazing. Horses and oxen that are experienced travelers never get too far from the camping outfit.

Before the blazing sun had fully risen on the second day, loads were repacked except for a sack of dried corn which was the animal's food. We spread a blanket down to sit on to cover the dew-laden grass to eat our breakfast. Mother made coffee, bacon and eggs and hot cakes. We were finishing our morning meal. It was a great picture, a stirring panorama of an earlier day: the massed arklike wagons, the scores of morning flies, and wreaths of blue lazy smoke against the morning mists. In those days, the women folk usually wore sun bonnets. We could hear the gobble of the wild turkey.

There were only two wagons and a cart going our way, the others were going on south to the Big Cypress in the Everglades. Having two wheels and drawn by two oxen, the cart was used when trapping as it was light enough for the oxen to pull through muddy lowlands and water. This cart was owned and driven by an Indian from Immokalee, Josie Billie. He and his friend (Tiger Tom) were on their way to Fort Myers with a load of alligator skins.

We were now all ready to start on our journey. Mother and I were in the wagon, Dad was fumbling in his tobacco pouch filling his pipe, looking up at the vast number of quail hurtling through the silence, alighting with high heads fearlessly close. Dad said, "I'll ride ahead until we get to the ford crossing. If there's much water, I may have to lead the oxen across, as the spring rains leave the ground soft in places and high waters make the fords difficult to cross." As to the start of our small wagon train, little time, indeed, remained. For we had a long day's travel. Dad picked up the bridle reins and shouted "Let's go," as he would be the head of the train. The sky was unspeakably fresh and blue with its light clouds.

Our wagons wound down out of the timberland into the trampled creek bed. All kinds of palms and ferns dominated the landscape. Intertwined were wild orchids of many hues. We came to the edge of the cypress slough, and Dad's horse was already wading in the shallow water. The cranes were flying up in midair, frogs were jumping from the lily pads swimming away. The oxen paused for a cool drink. Looking up in the moss-laden trees, you could see the squirrels playing hide and seek; they were up there for lunch, eating cypress burrs. No wagon changed its own place in the train after the start. Dad had gone on a few yards ahead to look after the condition of crossing the ford. It looked favorable, and he motioned to Mother to drive on. The oxen waded along slowly, and the water gradually got a little deeper. Dad, at the ford now, yelled aloud, "Drive on, the water is about three feet." It was a nice hard white sand bottom, so there was no danger of getting the wagon stuck. On across the ford we went, traveling through a willow pond, a deer dashing off from here and there into the thick swamps; we saw a fawn with its mother now and then-those baby deer could really put on speed when frightened.

Nearing the timber and prairie ridges, Dad turned out of the road and waited for our team to catch up with him. He said to Mother he would speed on ahead and stop at Six-Mile Cypress, which was about a mile on ahead, and cut a swamp cabbage and get a few squirrel to cook for lunch. So, away he went in a gallop. Mother said that we would be to grandmom's by tonight, and I was so happy to hear that, for I loved my grandmom. She had so many kinds of fruit growing, a large garden, and she always had something for me.

I was very happy the rest of our travel. As we drove up under the shade of the trees at Six-Mile Cypress just off the trail, Dad was gathering wood and twigs for our campfire to prepare lunch.

While Mother was getting the cooking outfit, Dad dressed the squirrel and lunch was soon on the way. The other travelers pulled off the trail on the opposite side to have lunch. A short distance away you could see the cowboys driving a herd of cattle. The cowboys yelled and the crack of the whip was a very familiar sound. The sun shone warm above. The birds chirped softly and sweetly. Here and there you could see a pair of raccoons scurry swiftly to the underbrush. Trees swayed with soft gray Spanish moss. Florida was so beautiful.

Mother was ready to serve lunch. We sat on the beautiful green grass and enjoyed our lunch, while the team of harness-marked oxen continued their eager drinking at the watering hole of the little stream nearby. The horse stood burying his nose and blowing into the water. Our outfitting had been done so carefully that little now remained for attention on the last day. In wagon travel, you had to have a regular system or you ended up with everything in a mess. When lunch was finished, we packed again for the last six miles of our journey toward the little cow village of Fort Myers.

Off through the cypress we went. The water was so deep in the middle of this swamp. There was a bridge made of logs, and it was a rough ride across it. The water lillies were beautiful, and the Spanish Moss hanging from the large, tall trees down to the water made a wonderful picture of nature. Out into the timberland, you could smell the sweet odor of the pine with the thick hammocks of swamp cabbage in bloom with its sweet perfume, an odor very similar to the jasimine. We admired fields of yellow daisies and white violets along the roadsides with buttercups galore. Nearing our destination, you could hear the ox bells clanging and see the covered wagons and camp tents at the camping ground across the street from R. A. Henderson's store. Cowboys and Indians always came there; it was a beautiful camping ground. Huge oak trees grew there making for wonderful shade. We continued on up Anderson Avenue to grandmom's.

At last we arrived. We drove up beside the fence to park the wagon and feed the animals. Grandmom came out to greet us with our baggage. What a happy reunion! We went inside, and grandmom had a nice evening meal all prepared and sitting on the wood stove to keep warm; fried chicken, milk gravy, steamed rice, turnip greens, baked potatoes, country butter, buttermilk bread, and lemon pie. She had two milk cows so there was milk coffee or buttermilk. It was a relief to be off the wagon for a spell, have a bath, and sit at the table for our meals. My grandmother was a widow and her youngest son lived with her. He always called me "kid," and my uncle and I had a great time. He would peel oranges and sugar cane for me. My grandmother had a great many delicious fruit trees, and there was one variety or another in season all year round. After supper, Mother and Granny busily cleared the table and washed dishes. Daddy walked down to the store, got his hair cut, swapped jokes with friends. Taff Langford had a pool room and saloon and was a wonderful man, well thought of by all who knew him.

A bunch of the boys were in town at this time, and for an all-round get-together and for a day's fun and pleasure, they decided to have a picnic, horse racing, and rodeo. The cowboys all loved playing "tournament on horseback" and to win in this, you really had to be a skilled rider. It was very interesting to the onlookers as well as to the rider. There was a good deal of preparation. The women cooked up meats and all kinds of goodies for the picnic dinner. The men-folk cleared off the race track and put the final touch to the tournament poles. They brushed the

horses and looked after their shoeing, picked out the rested high spirited ones in order to leave those that had been working to rest up. Captain Bill Towles walked into Frank Carson's livery stable, looking for my Daddy. It so happened Dad was in back with Bobby Carson, and they had been currying the horses. Captain Towles said, "Billie, how about you getting a couple to ride out to the pasture and bring in a couple of wild steers for the rodeo?" Dad replied, "Sure Captain Bill, one of the Green boys and Bobby here will go—We'll get off right away to get back early tonight." Captain Towles asked Dad to take an extra fellow along to bring in a couple of those unbroken horses to ride in the rodeo. They also decided to get a pint from T. O. Langford, the owner of the saloon. The southern ranchers all came forward offering any help towards the celebration.

Dad buckled his coiled rope to the saddle, he and his friends mounted the horses, and started on their way to the pasture. Others were busy building a long table of boards under the large oak trees, all of them doing their part of the chores. Mother and Grandma had fried three chickens and baked pies and buttermilk biscuits. Mrs. Frank Tippins was busy cooking chicken and dumplings, cakes and light rolls. Mrs. Frazier was barbecuing beef. There was cooking going on among all the neighbors. Mr. Hickey was grinding cane to make syrup, so he could furnish a barrel of juice for drinks. In those days, ice was shipped here by boat from Tampa, packed in sawdust, and sewed up in burlap bags in one and two-hundred pound cakes. There was plenty of ice cold water in barrels and drinking cups were hanging on the trees.

It was getting late in the afternoon, time to feed the chickens, milk the cows and finish the outside chores before supper as the men folk would be coming in. My uncle was a carpenter, and he and Mr. Manuel Gonzalez were building houses. Fort Myers was a small cowtown at this time and there was only one block of the business section—all small wooden buildings. Mrs. Fannie Henderson, a young widow with two children, operated a restaurant. When the cowboys were in town, they all patronized Mrs. Fannie's place of business. She was a jolly, courteous woman and had a wonderful personality, a friend to all. The purple mantle of the twilight was dropping. Dad and Bobby were busy at the stockade, a group of Indians gathered here and there, covered wagons were scattered, white tents rose round about the blue of many fires, all proved that tomorrow would be an exciting day.

These were the days, from my observation, that there was less expense and pretense; more goodwill and less ill will, more devotion and less commotion, closer family bonds and fewer broken homes, more reverence and less revelry. We small girls wore heavy rib stockings with lace-up shoes. The dresses were just below the knee. The older girls and adults wore dresses to the ankles with button-up shoes, bonnets, mittens, fascinators, Mother Hubbards, capes and shawls. Short pants and knickers were worn by boys only. Those were days of going barefooted from early spring to fall; boys wore brogans in the winter-heel skinning torture. Children walked to school one to two miles, rain or shine, good weather or bad.

We got up early to complete the outside chores, ate breakfast, packed the picnic basket, and put on our best dresses. Mrs. Kennedy Carson galloped on horseback to the gate. She had ridden in from her ranch at Half Way Pond on the north side of the Caloosahatchee River. Ft. Myers is on the south side. The river was a two mile trip to sail by boats, and it was the only crossing in those days. A number of families lived scattered about over there: the Daughertys, Youmans, Moores,



**A group of Seminoles, with the Indian Trader, William H. (Bill) Brown, in the 1880s.**

From *Yesterday's Fort Myers*, by Alberta Rawchuck and Marian Godown.

Albrittens, Corbetts and Powells. There came riding into town from camps, ranches and pastures far and near, families in covered wagons, some or horseback. In addition, there was a band of Indians, girls, boys and squaws. They laughed and giggled together. Their black hair was sleek with oil, their wrists heavy with brass circlets. Strands of beads covered their entire necks. Their moccasined feet peeped beneath gaudy calico, and the men wore their fringed shirts. Dad knew most of them.

As the rodeo began a pleasant sun shone and only an occasional dark shadow of a moving cloud passed over. Dad sat up on the rail of the bull pen, waiting his turn. He was to ride the unbroken horse and throw the wild steer for his part. "All ready Billie," yelled cowboy Lonnie, the trap door operator. Daddy was out in the pen now. The door opened up and out came the steer running full speed, charging at Dad. Dad jumped to one side, caught the steer's horns and the steer running Dad holding on to tire the steer. Halfway down the pen, the steer slowed down, bellowing and jumping. About the third jump Dad gave the steer's head a twist and threw him. Then Dad dashed for the rails before the steer got up. Next came Bobby on the wild steer holding to the rope that was tied around the steer just back of the shoulders. What a rough ride it was, the steer running, jumping and kicking; but Bobby stayed on. As they came round to the shoot, Bobby jumped off the steer still running, ready to make a charge at anyone near the rails.

The following act coming up was riding the unbroken horses and some of the women folk got their picnic baskets and got busy fixing the dinner. Old timers sat all around chatting, having an enjoyable get-together again, talking of log-rolling, horse raising, wintry night graphophone parties, pulling big hams from the salt box and smoking them with hickory. They spoke of fishing with a sprout pole, twine line and pin hooks for shell crackers, perch and silver sides. Willie Hendry was thrown from a horse and had his wrist badly sprained. Well, everybody gathered up around the table and with all those good eats spread out, it really gave you an appetite. Each one served himself as there was variety and quantity. The squirrels played hide and seek and ate acorns in the oak trees all around. After lunch the tournament and horse racing took place at the race track at Wash Pond.

Next day we got started back home to Lake Trafford. Our next trip back to town, we'll be moving there as Mother will stay to enter me in school; but, Dad will continue right on with his work. This being our last night in town some of the folks got together for a hay ride serenade. It was customary at night to drive slowly around playing hillbilly music and singing, stopping now and then in front of some old friends' homes, singing a song or playing one of their favorite melodies.

I'll miss Dad and our log cabin home while Mother and I are here at my grandmother's for the six month period of school. Dad will be coming in as usual and when vacation time comes, we will be going back home again. For every step we take forward, we leave an impression behind.