



Covers all Wolvertons/Woolvertons in the U.S., Canada, and England. With special focus on descendants of Charles Woolverton (c1660-c1746), Andrew Woolverton (c1750-c1812), Moses Hanks (1746-1831) and allied families (Dodson, Neville, Littlefield, Harris, etc.).

**Vol. 5, Number 5** **September/October 1997**

**Correction:** After further study of the original handwritten Bible record for William and Susannah (Hall) Woolverton which was featured in the last newsletter, and after conferring with David Macdonald and others, I have determined that the birth year for Hannah (Myers) Woolverton should be 1821 rather than 1827. In all other instances the number seven has a distinctive flair to it, which this entry lacks, so it must be the number one instead. Also note that her husband, William, was born in 1817, and their marriage date was January 20, 1839. It makes more sense for her to be just 4 years younger than her husband, rather than 10 years younger. And she would be 17 at her marriage rather than eleven.--ed.

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## WOLVERTONS IN BARBADOS

**3 February 1629.** The King writes to Captain **Charles Wolverton**, Governor of Barbados, that because of differences between the Earls of Carlisle and Montgomery about the ownership of Barbados, he is to take care that Captain Powell and his company who are proceeding to Barbados under the protection of Montgomery should conform to Lord Carlisle's government.

(Original Source: *Calendars of State Papers, American and Colonial Series, 1574-1660*, edited by W. Noel Sainsbury. Longman & Green, 1860.)

? **Date.** A further letter from the King to **Wolverton** confirming Lord Carlisle's title to Barbados. Controversy had earlier arisen from an ambiguity of names in so remote a region. (Original Source: *Calendars of State Papers, American and Colonial Series, 1574-1660*, edited by W. Noel Sainsbury. Longman & Green, 1860.)

**1 August 1660.** Deposition of Thomas Paris, merchant. He arrived at Barbados with several others in July 17628 in the *Long and Costly* and found Captain John Powell the elder had been chosen Governor 18 months previously. **Wolverton** afterwards came there and proposed to make a colony under the patent of Lord Carlisle but the inhabitants refused. Captain Henry Hawley some time after seized Governor John Powell who was taken forcibly to England. (Original Source: *Calendars of State Papers, American and Colonial Series, 1574-1660*, edited by W. Noel Sainsbury. Longman & Green, 1860.)

(Source for all the above: Coldham, Peter Wilson. *The Complete Book of Emigrants, 1607-1660*. Baltimore: Genealogical Publishing Co., Inc., 1987, pp. 86, 466.)

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**WOLVERSTON, John**

St Georges Parish, 26 May 1663, RB6/15, p. 261

To be buried in St Georges Parish church; wife **Anne Wolverston**, son John Galloway & my own dau Sarah Galloway his wife--land where said John Galloway, George Bromwell, & Will Collier now live; son **Benjamine Wolverston**--executor; friend Capt. Thomas Cole & Robert Custis--Overseers & Guardians during minority of son **Benjamine**; Bartholomew Evans.

Signed **John Wolverston**

Witnesses: Thomas (x) Cole, Edward Drake.

Proved 29 June 1663.

(Source *Barbados Records: Wills and Administrations, Volume 1, 1639-1680*. Compiled by Joanne McRee Sanders. Marceline, MO: Walsworth Publishing Company, 1979, p. 379.)

Page 235, RL1/1, 1679

Sep 10, Mr. Joseph Ridgway & **Elizab: Wolverton** married at St. Michael Parish.

(Source *Barbados Records: Marriages, Vol. 1, 1643-1800*. Compiled by Joanne McRee Sanders. Houston, TX: Sanders Historical Publications, 1982, p. 45.)

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***Wolverton Place Names in Maryland***

John Butten, cooper. Dorchester County, MD, 26 May 1682, 50 acres called **Wolverton**.  
(Original Source: Maryland Archives, Liber 24, p. 459; Liber 29, p. 274.)

William Kirkham, planter. Talbot County, MD, 8 May 1683, 250 acres called **Wolverton**.  
(Original Source: Maryland Archives, Liber 24, p. 548; Liber 31, p. 526.)

John Southey, planter. Dorchester County, MD, 26 May 1682, 50 acres called **Wolverton**.  
(Original Source: Maryland Archives, Liber 24, p. 459.)

(Source: Coldham, Peter Wilson. *Settlers of Maryland, 1679-1700*. Baltimore, MD: Genealogical Publishing Co., 1995, pp. 25, 100.)

*[In most cases, immigrants thought up their own names for their property. Another entry is found for a Thomas Smoote who owned land in Charles County which he named "Smoote's Chance." The Smoots are also reported to be related to us through the Dodson and Durham families. I conjecture that these 3 men above either knew of a Wolverton family back in England or were from one of the Wolverton towns or parishes located in England.--ed.]*

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***GENEALOGY OF THE WOLVERTON FAMILY*** by George W. Cuddy, 1957

**Beulah Imhoff and Paul Wright have provided me with a copy of a 68-page typed manuscript called *Genealogy of the Wolverton Family*, compiled by George W. Cuddy, 1957. This covers a line of the Wolverton family which originated in Ohio and later moved to Kansas and other Western States. From page 3 of the manuscript:**

"Jonathan Wolverton and Desire Mann Wolverton were the parents of thirteen children in Ohio, whose names and dates of birth are unknown except that one of them was David Samuel born in Darke County in 1837. He married Malinda Shook in 1864 and their first child was Sara Desire born in March 1866. The latter part of 1866, when Sara Desire was six months old, they journeyed to Kansas by covered wagon, settling in Labette County where their next child, Emma Etta, was born in Montana in 1868.

Desire Wolverton, wife of Jonathan and mother of David Samuel, was born in 1783. She and her son George came to Kansas after the death of Jonathan and after David and Malinda came. George Wolverton is buried in the cemetery near the old Atteberry farm, land included in K.O.P. Desire died October 5, 1886, and is buried in the Wolverton plot in Mitchell Cemetery, Montana, Kansas. She lived to be 103 years old.

Jacob Wolverton, Co. K-77 Illinois Infantry, a brother of David Samuel, is interred in the Wolverton plot at Montana. The dates of his birth and death are unknown."

**The rest of the manuscript covers only the descendants of David Samuel Wolverton (1837-1915) and his wife, Malinda Shook. They were parents of 10 children. Here is the earliest information recorded on this family:**

Jonathan Wolverton, d. ca. 1866 or later in Darke Co., OH; md. Desire Mann, b. 1783 prob. in Ohio, d. 5 Oct. 1886 Montana, KS

(Jonathan and Desire were parents of 13 children in Ohio, including David, Jacob, and George Wolverton. Desire and a son, George Wolverton, came to Labette Co., KS sometime after 1866. This was after the death of Jonathan Wolverton. Desire Wolverton lived to be 103 and is buried in the Mitchell Cemetery at Montana, Kansas.)

David Samuel Wolverton, b. 2 July 1837 Darke Co., OH, d. 9 May 1915 Montana, KS; md. 15 June 1864 in Darke Co., OH to Malinda Shook, b. 15 Feb. 1844 Darke Co., OH, d. 9 Aug. 1921 Montana, KS

(David Wolverton was a Civil War veteran. Both David and Malinda are believed to be buried in the Mitchell Cemetery at Montana, Kansas, near his mother, Desire Wolverton, and a brother, Jacob Wolverton.)

**CHILDREN OF DAVID AND MALINDA (SHOOK) WOLVERTON:**

1. **Sarah Desire Wolverton**, b. 1 March 1866 Darke Co., OH, d. 3 Jan. 1885; md. 1 April 1884 at Independence, KS to James Hole

2. **Emma Etta Wolverton**, b. 27 Jan. 1868 Montana, KS, d. 8 April 1918 of cancer; md. 19 Sept. 1888 at Joplin, MO to Henry R. Bennett, b. 2 Sept. 1868 Columbus, KS
3. **Nellie Jane Wolverton**, b. 2 Jan. 1870 Montana, KS, d. 28 Oct. 1933; md. 14 March (yr. unknown) to Capt. A. C. Hilligoss, b. 1847 Fayette Co., IN (no children)
4. **George Jacob Wolverton**, b. 10 Feb. 1872 Elgin, KS, d. 19 Feb. 1947 Montana, KS; md. 10 Nov. 1907 at Magnolia, MO to Margaret Fry, b. 22 May 1885 Holden, MO. (Margaret md. 2nd on 9 June 1951 at Champlin, AR to Arthur D. Trinkle, b. 7 Jan. 1887, d. 6 March 1957 at Wichita, KS.) George is buried at Montana, Kansas.
5. **William Isaac Wolverton**, b. 7 June 1873 Montana, KS, d. 1 Dec. 1956 Parsons, KS; md. 29 Dec. 1892 at McCune, KS to Ollie May Alexander, b. 30 Aug. 1873 McCune, KS, d. 10 June 1950 Parsons, KS. (William md. 2nd on 28 Oct. 1955 at Parsons, KS to Mrs. Polly Sturdefant, b. 3 April 1876 McCune, KS.) (William and Ollie (Alexander) Wolverton are both buried at Oakwood Cemetery, Parsons, Kansas.)
6. **Elizabeth C. Wolverton**, b. 4 March 1876 Montana, KS, d. July 1876 Montana, KS
7. **Arthur Monroe Wolverton**, b. 26 March 1880 Montana, KS; md. 22 June 1914 at Arapaho, OK to Hazel O'Dessa McMillin, b. 21 Aug. 1888 Fort Worth, TX. (In 1940 they retired and moved to West Los Angeles, California.)
8. **Nettie May Wolverton**, b. 19 Aug. 1882 Montana, KS, d. 21 Oct. 1935 Parsons, KS; md. 1 June 1901 at Montana, KS to Charles H. Caldwell, b. 16 Jan. 1875 Sherman, KS, d. 18 Dec. 1938 Parsons, KS. (They are both buried at Oakwood Cemetery, Parsons, Kansas.)
9. **Blanche Agnes Wolverton**, b. 19 Nov. 1884 Montana, KS, d. 12 Oct. 1888 Montana, KS
10. **Elsie Senn Wolverton**, b. 17 Oct. 1887 Montana, KS; md. 18 Dec. 1905 at Bartlesville, OK to Harry A. Hatch, b. 27 March 1881 Lyons Co., IA, d. 24 Nov. 1958 Parsons, KS. (Harry Hatch is buried at Oakwood Cemetery, Parsons, Kansas.)

*[I would be glad to photocopy this manuscript for anyone interested in this branch of the Wolverton family.--ed.]*

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A SHORT SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE  
WITH A SPRINKLE OF LOVE ROMANCE

by J. C. Woolverton, [1936?]

*[This treatise was contributed by Onoldah Rone, who is a great-granddaughter of J. C. Woolverton. Joseph C. Woolverton was born Feb. 13, 1861 in Northeast Texas. He married Amanda S. Darrow on September 14, 1882. They were the parents of 10 children, 8 of which lived to adulthood. In addition to a sketch of his life, J. C. Woolverton likes to philosophize. This is chapter 1 of a much longer thesis which the author calls "Philosophical Essays." The longer work is a typed manuscript of 123 pages, plus some introductory pages. The manuscript was compiled in the author's 75th year, so according to his year of birth, it appears the thesis was typed in 1936. This sketch from chapter 1 will be presented in 2 parts in the newsletter, to be continued at a later date.--ed.]*



I feel a touch of timidity in attempting to write a sketch of my own life, owing possibly to the fact that I have always been more or less beset with an inferiority complex. Nevertheless, as I have no desire to extol myself, I will proceed, hoping the effort will meet with favor by those who may chance to read it. I will breathe a sigh of satisfaction when and if that is accomplished. I am not writing a story of my life because it has been so very colorful or tragic, but my contention is that many people live a life almost unnoticed, yet when viewed from the right angle will be found to contain some of the cardinal principles on which society rests. And in view of these facts I hope to be able to show that my life has been no exception to the rule. I want to further state that every detail will be absolutely true without the least tinge of fiction or undue coloring.

I was born in Northeast Texas on the 13th of February, 1861 at the outbreak of the Civil War (so called). My father was a miller and had lived in that part of the country for a number of years prior to my birth. There were eleven children born to my parents. All of them except the two eldest were born in Texas. I was the youngest. My father and mother moved from Indiana to Texas while it was yet a Republic.

Immediately after the Civil War my father became tired of milling, and when I was about six years of age he sold all of his holdings except the household goods, work stock, the milch cows and a small herd of sheep. The cows and sheep were to be driven along with the covered wagons and vehicles on which the family and the belongings were to be transported to a location somewhere in Northwest Missouri. But as I remember it, no exact point had as yet been decided upon. And right here may I request that all the details of my younger life be kept in mind for the reason that I expect to contrast the early part of my life with the latter part. And on that comparison, I propose to make a statement, the truth of which I presume will be easily established by the facts cited in the experiences as contained in the story.

To resume, I remember to start with one incident that was a striking contrast with that which would be counted as safe and sound procedure in these modern times. That to which I have reference was the last crowning act of the negotiation my father had made with the two men for his property. The act I refer to is that of the two men who purchased the property, coming to my father's house, and going into a room where there was a table, sitting down with my father and brother-in-law, who was a partner with my father in the mill, and counting out the money to satisfy the purchase price. The payment was made in silver and gold, or specie, as it was frequently called in those days; and as young as I was, it struck me very forcibly as being lots of money when I saw those stacks of silver and gold that almost covered the table, but I believe you will agree that the climax of the contrast in handling money then and now was reached when I tell you that they put that money in one of the wagons down among the other family belongings and hauled it right along down the road, up the hills and across the hollows, seemingly as unperturbed about it as they were about the other chattels. I remember that they didn't have any firearms, as a means of defense, worth mentioning. There were two squirrel rifles of the old cap and ball variety that had to be loaded by ramming the ball down the barrel with a wooden stick, called the ramrod, so it is easy to see how well equipped they would be now in the way of self defense if attacked by some of our modern stick-up men, armed with automatic revolvers, sawed-off shotguns, and possibly a good supply of tear gas, accompanied by a nice little machine gun tucked away in a high powered automobile.

As one of the incentives for writing this story is to point out the contrast in the customs of the early part of my life and those of the latter part, first let the scene of a defenseless family of people traveling overland at the almost incredibly slow speed of ten miles per day, with several thousand dollars of money stacked down in one of the wagons, pass in review before the mind, and then try to imagine, if you can, who would be foolish enough to even think of starting out across the country in these modern times under such circumstances as those just cited.

As I was very young, I cannot remember a great deal about the preparations as they were being made preparatory to the journey, owing possibly to the fact that my mind hadn't as yet been detracted from the daily routine of play and amusement, but after we were once on the road and an opportunity to play was made impossible, with nothing else to do except take in the things that came into sight, all of which of course were entirely new and strikingly different, so much so that my mind was impressed in a way that I have never forgotten many things that took place as we made our pilgrimage across the country in the manner as being described, which was by no means a departure from the customs of that day and time.

My intention as to the style of this story is to make it short and crisp, so I will try to give only the striking events as I recall them.

In making the journey, we passed out of Texas into Arkansas, and, Red River being the line between the two states, it necessitated, as a matter of course, our crossing the river, and naturally that had to be done by and with the means that were in use at that time and place, which consisted of an old fashioned flat boat that was pushed across the stream by the use of long poles operated by the ferrymen. Crossing in that manner or swimming it were the only two alternatives, and after a consultation it was decided to ferry everything except the cattle, that were being driven through with the caravan. They swam them across to save ferryage, which worked out all right, and when all were safely landed, we resumed our journey. The vehicles that made up that part of our train on which we rode and hauled our goods consisted of a very large wagon drawn by three yoke of oxen, one ordinary sized wagon drawn by a span of mules, and a one horse buggy.

The journey progressed very slowly on account of the fact that sheep with heavy coats of wool are easily overheated and are not a long winded animal, so they had to be given plenty of time in order to keep them from becoming worn out and footsore. Neither do cattle travel fast like horses, especially when loaded heavily. Added to that, the route we were traveling was almost due north, holding very closely to the western line of the state, and that gave us a very rough mountainous road to travel over. The range of Boston Mountains lay directly across our path.

It will be remembered that Arkansas was one of the middle states where the two contending armies met, and when we moved through immediately after the war the work of the devastating hand of such conflicts could be seen on every side. The country had never been settled up prior to the war as it is now, and most of those who were living there when war was declared had refugeeed to other parts of the country. Some left for one reason, some for another. Those who sympathized with the north moved farther north, and those who held with the south moved farther south. The country had been so foraged by the two contending armies that many had to move away from the scene of conflict to a place where food and supplies were more available. All of those things were talked of by the family as we moved slowly across the country and were impressed on my young mind by seeing the old deserted, desolate looking homes, with nothing left as a monument to what was possibly once a happy dwelling place except, in many instances, old stone chimneys that were left standing to mark the burnt ruins of the houses to which they had been attached. Occasionally we passed a remnant of rail fence that had by some hook or crook escaped the ravages of fire which had, in many instances, no doubt been set by incendiary hands.

There was an occasional occurrence that was at the time more or less annoying, but when viewed in the retrospect is strikingly humorous.

The three yoke of oxen were arranged as follows: the largest yoke came first and were called the wheel cattle, or wheelers. The second in size came next, and the smallest came last. The last yoke was made up with a steer or ox and a little black male or bull that would sometimes, when he became tired and hot, proceed to sully on the driver, and, as all who are familiar with the handling of such animals know, when one sullys there is hardly any persuasion that can be brought to bear that will induce him to come out of it.

I remember one time when he threw a good one. It was in the afternoon when he went down on us, so there we were, all sewed up, and couldn't move a peg further until the spirit moved him. My mother was an old pioneer woman and knew the nature of such cases as well as anyone on the job. She knew how futile it would be to try to resort to brutal beating, and being of a merciful disposition, it wouldn't have been tolerated at all by her if it had been started, so there was only one of two things to do. That was to either just sit patiently by until he took a notion all of his own to get up, or devise some means other than cruelty to get the trick performed. So the old adage "Where there is a will there is a way" was brought into play by a brother-in-law who was quite resourceful.

Up to that time the only matches that had been invented were the long extinct sulphur matches. He went to one of the wagons, procured a handful of those old sulphur matches, went back, knelt down by the sullied animal's head, put his hat over the bull's nose, and struck a bunch of those sulphur matches and stuck them under the hat. When that little black surly got a whiff of that sulphur smoke, boy, howdy, he came up from there like the world was afire under him, all set and ready to go.

So we slowly trudged along on our journey day after day, stopping sometimes for a day by one of those clear mountain streams that ripple down over the rocks into the narrow valley below to let the women wash and iron. My mother smoked a clay pipe, as was the custom of the older ladies of that time, and was a devout Methodist, but a good woman in spite of both. She usually prevailed on the rest of the crew to observe Sundays. All this, of course, made the progress of the journey slower, but everybody seemed to understand the situation and conformed themselves accordingly.

As we got deeper and deeper into the mountain fastnesses, there was evidence of the prevalence of wild animals, especially wolves. We were sometimes forced to camp in forests where the howling of wolves and the general outlook of the wild surroundings necessitated providing a means of protection for our little flock of sheep, out of the wool of which the winter clothes for the family were to be made. Of course, any means provided could only be temporary, as we only camped overnight in one place. In such cases they would take the two wagons and the buggy and arrange them in a manner so as to form a hollow square, or V, then stretch quilts and sheets around on the inner side, tying them at the bottom and top to form a corral, thereby providing a refuge that saved a risk to those almost defenseless animals.

So the journey proceeded day by day until at last we found ourselves safely across the mountains in the beautiful fertile valley that lies directly north. In a few days we struck camp about three miles southwest of Fayetteville, the county seat of Washington County, Arkansas. Before we were to resume our journey it set in raining, which proved to be one of those long protracted autumn wet spells. Because of the continued raining we remained in camp for a number of days, and I remember hearing the older members of the family talk about our moving trip. We had then been on the road a distance of about three hundred miles, around six weeks. With the prevailing war prices that were still on everything in the way of forage for the livestock and the food stuff for the family, my mother, who was more of an economic manager than my father, began to see that if we continued our journey another three hundred miles at the rate of speed we had made the first three hundred, our money would be dwindled to a near pittance. Consequently, she prevailed on my father to change his plans from going on to Northwest Missouri to buying a farm in that part of the country while they had the money. That they did and settled down for life.

I grew on up to manhood on the farm they bought there, and many things I recall that were customs of such common occurrence that they didn't event attract attention, but are of such striking contrast with the customs of today that, when viewed in the retrospect, cannot fail to have a humorous aspect, even to those of us who lived at that time. There was one that links into the story of my life that I feel as if I would be cheating the reader if I didn't give it, but in order to give it the proper setting, I will give a few preliminaries.



My mother, like all the housewives up to that day and time, clothed her family by the old single hand tool process. That is, she carded, spun and wove the cloth that clothed the family. But by the time I was large enough to go places alone on horseback the carding machine was coming into use. It so occurred that my father was summoned to serve on the jury at the county seat about eight or nine miles away. It was arranged for me to take him to town horseback, (or rather muleback). In order to economize and expedite time, my mother decided I should take the wool to the carding machine. Accordingly, the wool was tied up into two big sheets or bed ticks, and bright and early Monday morning the two large bundles of wool were tied together and, when I was mounted on the old family mule on which I was to make my journey to the county seat to fill the twofold mission, that of taking my father to town and mother's wool to the carding machine, they were placed across the mule, "Old Pete," on which I was to ride, and father and I hied away to the county seat.

All went well until we were within a mile or so of the end of our journey, when, to our misfortune, we had a mishap. It all occurred in the twinkling of an eye, and the whole outlook on life was suddenly changed. While we were riding leisurely and complacently down a slope--single file, of course, for the bags of wool were of such size it was impossible to us to ride side by side in those narrow wagon roads--Old Pete struck his toe against something and began to stumble, and in the scramble, managed to run one of his hind hoofs into one of the bags of wool, ripping it almost in half, scattering the wool promiscuously over the road and hillside. I shall never forget the scene, how I felt and how my father looked when he dismounted, walked back to where I was standing with the empty bag in hand, viewing the scattered wool on the ground. I had often heard the old saying "Left with the bag to hold," but that was one time I actually experienced it. My father, while a good man, was somewhat prone to profanity, so, after viewing the scattered wool for a moment and then taking a glance at some hawthorn bushes that stood off to the side of the road, he exclaimed, "Pick that d-----d wool up and stick it back in the sack while I go get some of them thorns, and we'll see if we can pin it up."

The hawthorns worked all right and the trip was finished in good old homespun style.

The style and customs of children's amusements at the time and in such places as that in which I was reared, furnish equally as striking a contrast with those which are coming up in these modern times as do the customs and styles of the grown-ups. Modern things to amuse the children in those days, especially in rural districts, were scarcely known.

Therefore we had to resort to our own resources, and rely on our own methods for our fun and pastime. While it is true we did not have present-day toys and pretty devices to captivate our mind, we were not by any means divorced from all that goes to make a boy's life happy. We had the liberty to roam over large areas. In my growing up there was neither law nor custom to prevent any one from going or hunting anywhere he pleased, so long as he did no harm to property. The practice of posting farms was not known.

Sundays we went to church and Sunday-school. In the autumn we had a three months term of free school, the attendance of which was none too good by the most of us. Most of the old timers thought all the education a boy needed was to have a pretty good smatter of spelling, reading, writing and arithmetic. As to grammar, they treated it with only passing respect, regarding it as of only secondary concern, needed for the most part to put a finishing touch on girls who didn't have to hoe corn or take in washing in order to get a new calico dress and a yard of red cotton ribbon with which to tie up their curls when going out in public, especially when making their debut. Our schoolhouse was a frame structure built for both school and church, and had home-made seats. In one end there were two big fire-places, one on either side, with the pulpit between which projected backward, resembling a bay window. It was lined inside with tongued and grooved lumber. The roof was of clapboards riven by hand.



Besides our various plays and games of marbles, ball, and so on, there were occurrences that took place that, when I now in my seventy-fifth year view them in retrospect, I can not refrain from chuckling over to myself. I of course was just another rustic barefoot boy with all the rest, going through life with that happy-go-lucky mien that constitutes that characteristic appendix to every normal boy's life. So all the notes that a boy of that kind and age ever took of events and occurrences were those that appealed to his natural instincts so strongly that they were jotted down indelibly in his mind. I always had a humorous vein in me, so many things of that type were impressed on my mind in a manner that I have remembered them on down through the years.

For the benefit of those who may read this I will try to give a word picture of some of them. The school system at that time was very poor, compared with that which we have today. Free schools had not been in vogue throughout the country for very long, and the war between the states had had its demoralizing effect on the schools and the development of a better school system, the same as all things else. Those old-time country schools didn't have grades in them. I never heard of such a thing till I was quite a boy. We used the once famous McGuffey Readers, Webster's old blue-back speller, and Ray's Arithmetic. We had first, second, third, and so on, reading, spelling, and arithmetic classes.

I remember on one occasion an occurrence which at the time did not impress me very noticeably except from the humorous slant, but in after years I could recall the scene with all its settings and glean a good lesson in human nature.

In mixed schools like those we had all sizes and ages, and all grades of intellect among that bunch of good-humored rough and tumble farm boys. The lesson I learned from that group of boys was that all our differences of character and personality when grown up, come from our inherent instincts, developed by environment. I remember that back in those old school days of mine I was small of stature and was inherently studious. At the same time there was a boy who was near my age, and who was a great deal larger than I--in fact he was what might be classed as just a great big good-humored lubber with very little instinctiveness to study.

I will give one act that shows how differently his mind ran from some of the others who were more inclined to think on things worth while. The teacher, as was the custom, announced recess and like all similar occurrences, everybody was on his feet in a jiffy, making for the door like a bunch of wild sheep getting out of a barn, some whistling, some singing, some laughing and talking, with the clatter of about forty pairs of cow-hide shoes on the hard floor making so much noise one couldn't have heard it thunder. In the meantime big Tom, who had just been reciting his lesson in the second reader, came stalking down the aisle, passing by where I was still working on some part of my lesson to be recited after recess, repeating a portion of the lesson in a way that was in line with his concepts of life in general. In the book it read like this: "Mary, Mary, get up and go out to Lucy and listen to the sweet voice of the birds singing praises to God." But his rendering of it ran as follows: "Mary, Mary, get up and go out to Lucy and listen to the sweet voice of the birds singing praises to God durn your lazy soul get up from there." I sometimes think we must have had a gay old time. Our fun as stated, depended largely on our own ingenuity in devising ways and means of getting the job done.

On one occasion our old routine had gotten a little stale, so someone suggested that we get the teacher's consent and put in the noon hour down in the creek-bottom near by getting paw-paws. The request was granted, and the race and scramble was on. Down the road across the creek, and into the pawpaw patch we went, around and around, hurry-skurry, like so many wild shoats, looking for the kind that best suited our several tastes.

Our appetites were soon satisfied. Then something had to be done, or else monotony would set up and that would never do, among a set of live boys like that; so presently someone threw a big soft pawpaw at another boy. That was followed swiftly by three or four others.

By that time some ingenious boy proposed that we choose up, as we called it, gather up a big pile of pawpaws on either side, and have a battle royal with pawpaws. The proposal was unanimously acclaimed and presently all was ready, with a big pile of pawpaws on either side, about eight or ten steps apart; whereupon a chosen one counted "One, two, THREE"--and the pawpaws began to fly through the air like hail. But oh, the aftermath! When the battle was over and the smoke was cleared away, some of those boys' old home-made shirts looked like walking advertisements for a custard factory. We had to actually scrape some of them with a chip before they could go back to the school room. But what did all that matter to a bunch of real live country boys? We had had our fun, and that was enough, so far as we were concerned.

We would sometimes pull off a cob fight for a change. I remember on one occasion we were engaged in one which took place in the winter just at the breaking up of a severe cold spell. The ground was thawed out except in the shade and on the north side of the buildings, so the corn-cobs that were scattered over the muddy barnyard were fairly accessible, but none too dry or clean. However, that was of no concern; our only object was to have fun and excitement. In the heat of excitement I ran out of cobs just as an opponent came around the barn with a goodly supply of wet soggy cobs and chased me around the barn, letting a mud-soaked cob fly at my back and shoulders rapidly. So I sought refuge in an unoccupied stall. Looking down in the manger, I spied a dead hen lying on her back, swelled up as tight as a toad and froze as hard as a brick, with both legs sticking straight up like two handles. The opportunity to make use of the situation was so inviting that I could not resist. Therefore I seized one of those frozen legs, used the hen for a missile, and threw it and struck the boy who was chasing me in the pit of his stomach. The impact of that frozen hen weighing five or six pounds, came very near turning our fun to grief--at least we thought so when the boy's arms suddenly dropped limp to his side, his lips turned almost milky white, with drops of sweat standing out on his face like dew-drops on an autumn pumpkin. But in a moment or so he regained normalcy and all was well. Why not? We had had a glorious round of fun and excitement reaching its sudden climax by one boy knocking the breath out of another one with a dead hen, thereby leaving us with something to chuckle over for a week.

There were numerous things to attract our attention and take up our otherwise idle time: for instance, in the neighborhood there were plenty of orchards laden in the summer season with all kinds of ripe juicy fruits glistening in the sun, with the woods harboring all kinds of wild berries including plums, pawpaws, persimmons, black-haws, and wild grapes, with the different varieties of nuts such as the black walnut, hazelnuts, hickory nuts, pecans and so on to round out our autumn fun. Of course we mixed in a sprinkle of 'possum and coon hunting of nights, with daylight rambles in the hills and on the mountain side, scaling cliffs and sometimes rolling big rocks over the bluffs and down the steep hillslides below, watching them crash through the underbrush, skinning saplings and trees that happened to come in their way, often going a long distance after having reached the bottom of the precipice. Gee! I can see and hear those big rocks going down those bluffs, helter-skelter, pell-mell, ram-jam, till "plum yet." And oh boy! that old swimming hole! I will have to refrain or I will be repeating, "Backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight, And make me a boy again just for tonight!"

I suppose everybody's life has its ups and downs, so it is only just that I was dealt my share of the downs. From my youth up I had a desire for an education, but that grim monster we call death claimed my father when I was only sixteen years of age. As I was the only one left at home with my mother, it seems, even at that age, I grasped the situation and assumed the responsibilities of running the farm and attending to the various details that naturally go with the farm life. Therefore, my opportunities for an education were greatly reduced; but I always availed myself of what opportunities that came my way to improve myself as best I could, which never quite measured up to my desires.

*{To be continued.}*