

Rochester and Rule

Twin Cities News Rochester, Texas 79544 Thursday March 17, 1983

*A Yester Year -
People
in love With Life
Pioneers*
Calligraphy W



*Norman Lonzo &
Joy Juanita Turner
Bevel*

by Marsha Whittemore
... "As the middle child of
H.B. Henry and Bertha
Bristow Turner Sr. I was
born on August 19, 1912 at
Athens, Texas in Hender-
son County," said Juanita
'Neat' Bevel of Haskell. "I
had three brothers and
four sisters."

I grew up in the Rochester Community, attending schools at O'Brien, Needmore, Foster and Rochester where I graduated in 1932. One brother S.F. Turner still lives in Rochester.

We had lots of Uncles, Aunts, Cousins and lots of 'get-to-gethers'. We went to parties in the Community and every Saturday night we'd stay in town until after midnight. Everyone did this. It was the young people's thing.

We would go up to the railroad station and meet the train, known as the "Doodle Bug." This was the biggest thing around.

Sundays we attended Sunday School and Church. In the Summers we attended the revivals under the community tabernacle.

I don't remember how Norman and I met," smiled Neat Bevel, "at the new mid school they had plays, box suppers and end of school picnics with baseball games.

Norman was born in Tolor, Hood County, Texas on October 27, 1911. He was the youngest child of J.H. 'Jim' and Jettie Whitworth Bevel's three children. Cora Saunders of Knox City and the late Thomas Bevel.

His mother died when he was very young. His dad married Stella W'senbaker. She had three children and they had one daughter Jimmy. They moved to the New Mid Community in the 20's.

Norman attended the New Mid School. Jimmy, died at an early age and his father in 1959. We lost his wonderful stepmother in November 1980.

Norman and I married on October 21, 1933 at my Uncle Jim Turner's home, near Rochester. We lived and farmed near O'Brien for several years. Our first children, James Henry was born 1934 and Jackie Lynn in 1936.

We moved near Beeville, Texas where we farmed and ranched in South Texas and the Rio Grande Valley. Patricia Ann was born in 1941 at Mercedes, Texas. We then moved to Pawnee, Bee County, and Norma Joy was born in 1943 where we continued to farm and ranch. Later we moved to the valley again and Sheila Darlene was born in 1946. Our five children have given us thirteen grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

In 1960 we moved to Haskell where Norman continued to farm with his brother Tom. Then after his death with his nephew Joel. He loved to farm but due to his health he had to retire.

We were members of the Eastside Baptist Church. We began going to the Center in January 1981 and met old friends and made new ones. They had an opening for a Van driver which I applied for and was hired.

Norman was a Volunteer worker who assisted folks on and off the Van. Also he loved doing everything and anything he could to help around the center.

For almost a year it was our joy to go and pick up the ones that needed a ride. In November 1981, he was again forced to retire from something that meant so much to him. Norman died February 1982.

In April 1982, at the Volunteer Banquet Norman Bevel received one of the older Texan Awards signed by the Governor of Texas. Not only for the services at the ECC Center but for the

many that only the receiver knew. Being the first Volunteer to die friends at the Center set up the NB Memorial Fund to add on an addition to the building.

In February 1983 the dedication for the new addition at the Experienced Citizens Center was given by Darrell Feemster, pastor of the Eastside Baptist Church.

Mrs. Norman 'Neat' Bevel still works at the Center, in her church and as a member of the Haskell Garden Club.

Doing what she and Norman did best....Helping others.

Page 2—Thursday, October 8, 1981—The HASKELL FREE PRESS

Mrs. Angie Mullino Celebrates Birthday

Sunday, October 4, from 3-5 p.m. the family of Angie Herren Mullino hosted an 'Open House' on her birthday at her home, 1207 N. Ave. E. Over one hundred friends and relatives attended. Many greetings, as well as gifts, cards, and calls were received.

The table had a maderira cut-work table cloth, centered with a mixed floral arrangement predominately yellow with satin streamers of "Happy Birthday", yellow punch and cake with yellow roses, barbequed pecans were served with napkins printed with "Angie 91" in gold.

Guests were greeted by Bob, Bud, Dorothy, Fred and Eula Mae.

Anita registered guests in a handpainted memory book she had presented and had used when the grandchildren had given her a Mother Day Dinner and Party at age 87, at the Bank Community Room.

Fresh mixed flowers on the register table were sent by grandson Roy, Pam and Kevin Herren. The unusual ar-

rangement of silk flowers on the mantle were presented by Dr. Robert, Suzanne, Hunter and Casey Herren. Centerpiece for the table was from her three granddaughters, Bobbie Ann, Betty Jo and Jan and husbands, Edward Corzine, Don Howard and John Gannaway.

Two of the grandsons, Paul Vernon and George Brown's wives, Keran and Rose Mary served punch and cake throughout the afternoon.

Out-of-town guests were Mrs. Vera Vernon, a neice from Abilene; the oldest granddaughter, Bobbie Ann and Edward Corzine, Ft. Worth; a grandson, Dr. Robert, Suzanne, Hunter and Casey Herren, Dallas; and Juanita Stone Perrin, Hereford.

LIFE OF HOMESTEADERS IN OKLAHOMA

BY

MRS. TENNESSEE MISSOURIA PIKE

(Published in The Graham Reporter, Monday, July 11, 1960)

(Editors Note - Mrs. Pike is a sister of Mary Francis Dickson of Loving and friends will be interested in this story of early day life in the Sooner State.)

Altho growing up in the wild open country of Oklahoma with a large family, there were many hardships to overcome, with makeshifts to live by, I can't believe life in the most cultured and wealthy homes could be more profitable or satisfying and sweet for the children reared thus. With an educated father, a God fearing man as my father was.

He laid a good foundation for his home and children. My father was a strong healthy man in his forties, with a healthy bunch of seven children. The two older daughters married before we came to the homestead, and the oldest son soon went back and married. But there came two more daughters in succession to take their place.

Our work was hard, clearing the land, burning the brush, breaking the land, and cultivating by hand plows, and hoes. Buildings to be erected, fences to be put around the land, barn yard, corrals for cattle and stock of all kinds. Although our work was hard, our rest sweet, and our recreation pleasant. We loved to explore the countryside for wild fruits of many different varieties, from early Spring strawberries, to persimmons and pecans, last. Lots of open country for stock, and game, with big droves of wild trukey, deer, and many others. Brothers Tom and Morgan liked to go deer hunting, and turkey, squirrel, and other wild game hunting.

The first few years were the hardest for my parents. We soon grew everything we needed, except clothing, sugar, flour and coffee. We didn't make a lot of money, but we were happy people, with kind, considerate, and helpful neighbors, that we trusted and appreciated. My father was of Irish descent, with all the qualities of their humor, integrity, inventiveness, and progressiveness.

He was a considerate father and loving husband, succeeding in most of his endeavors. He bought a shingle machine, and made shingles to cover houses, a saw mill and made lumber from the heavy timber from the farm, acquired a molasses mill, raised cane and made syrup for the neighborhood, which was stored in wooden barrels. We girls would make candy of this syrup in winter. Father and Tom dug a cellar about six feet deep, ten foot long and ten foot wide, built a smokehouse over it, where the meat was dried and smoked to keep it after it had been salted down in a big wooden box for two weeks.

In this cellar went the potatoes raised each year, a barrel of sour kraut from cabbage raised in the garden, dried onions, all kinds of fruits and vegetables for winter.

Until father made the lumber for a house, we lived in a log house which father had built, cutting the timber, and splitting the boards to cover it, filled the cracks with mortar made of lime and sand, with board doors and floor. But the new house had a big fireplace, with better doors and floors.

There was always a huge pile of wood prepared, piled high, to burn for heat in winter. Father and the boys had dug a deep well, there was an abundance of good water. A big iron kettle sat near this well that was used for many things. Sister Mary and I drew water from this well, filled the kettle with water, built a fire around it and heated the water, and did the washing, hung it on a line, or the fence to dry. In winter the ashes were saved from the fireplace, and put in a hopper father had made for the purpose, dampened down, covered, until it was full.

Mother, (Bless her memory) trimmed the fat down from the meat, and rendered it out filling big cans for shortening to cook with, saving the cracklings, then in the Spring uncovered the ash bin, poured a small amount of water on the ash at a time, until the lye began to drip from the hollow log underneath the hopper, which was about one foot from the ground, catch it in wooden buckets and empty it in the big kettle when it was about two thirds full, build a fire under it, put in the cracklings, or any fat otherwise saved and boil it until it was thick enough for soap. This is what we washed the clothes with.

And believe me, it was good soap. It usually took a day to do the wash for such a big family. Mary and I had a bench where we sat two galvanized tubs, and scrubbed each piece on a wooden washboard, put it in the big kettle and boiled it good, rinsed it in a couple of tubs of clean water. Washing machines now days may do a wash quicker but they don't do it as good. Wash days usually were at the end of the week. When the wash was out, we took a pail of good suds to clean and scrub the floors, for this we had a homemade mop, made of a thick board with big holes bored in it, a long handle in the center on one side. The handle was also fitted in a hole in the board.

Then we went to the corn crib where the corn from the field was stored, shucked several ears of corn, took the shucks and dipped them in the hot suds to soften them, filled the holes in our mop tight with these shucks, swept the floors and sprinkled clean sand over them, and proceeded to give the floor a good mopping, then it was rinsed and let dry. This had to be done each week.

Sunday was a special day, every one and everything had to be clean for Sunday. The hot water came from the big kettle for baths, on Saturday nights. Mother did most of the cooking and something special was prepared on Saturday. The neighborhood had built a log school house. This was used for Sunday services, and all social get-togethers, such as singing gospel hymns, box suppers and club meetings.

In summer when crops were laid by, to await harvest, there would be picnics in some shady grove, or on the banks of ~~next~~ some running stream, where all the neighbors from surrounding communities would gather. A lot of the young people would have square dancing and good violin music. That was a great attraction for me. But father did not approve, so we just watched.

My father was very religious and faithful in his beliefs. He held family prayer at home, for which I am very thankful, he set the pattern for his offspring to live by. For which I shall ever be grateful. Parents and small children usually went places in wagons, but the young people either went horseback or in buggies. Ladies rode side saddles with long riding skirts that covered their feet, when they had a boy friend accompanying them. Most girls worked outside in the garden, and with the crop, when working out we wore big bonnets with long homemade gloves, and a thick scarf around the neck, to protect us from sun tan. We would have felt disgraced to have a sun tan like the people of today.

The world is not only getting smaller seems to me, but everything is trying to be of the same color, perhaps that is as it should be. Then we are all more alike, as we are all living together. But if we could all have the same faith in God it would suit me better. I am now eighty years old, and these are all memories of the life I lived in the raw, one would say. But they are the pleasant memories of my life. The most honest, loyal people

George Harris, Jennie M. (Harris) Pike, Ole Mae (Pike) Lisle

1980

A BIT OF HISTORY REVIEW RECEIVED FROM FAMILY MEMBERS
ABOUT THE HARRIS FAMILY

George Washington Harris, born July 5, 1852, at Lafayette Alabama.

He was a full blooded Irishman, blond hair, and blue eyes, very fair, and about 5' 10" tall, stocky built. He was a healthy person all his life, friendly and neighborly with every body.

His wife, Mary Adeline (Musgroves) Harris, born September 27, 1852 in Windfield, Alabama. She was half Cherokee Indian, a small person, very quiet and reserved, a hard worker and loved her children, (dark brown eyes and olive skin) They were married at Windfield at the age of 19 years old in 1871.

They raised 11 children, 8 girls and 3 boys. He was a farmer, and was a Baptist preacher, blazing a mission trail across the new front interior. They moved back and forth from Alabama and Mississippi until 1880. In 1882, they moved to Clinton, Van Buren County, Arkansas. 2 children had been born in Mississippi and 4 in Alabama and 2 were born in Arkansas. Later 3 children were born in Oklahoma. They lived in Arkansas 7 years, and they were told about the new land in Oklahoma, just across the Arkansas and Oklahoma line in Logan County. They wanted to try for some of the land This was hard to get any of the land even if you won it in the race of 1889. It depended on the value of the land, how much you could register for. It took time and money and some 20 years to prove it up.

My mother told about standing on the line and watching the wagon and teams start, real exciting. George Harris did not get his first pick as he was out run by Walter Pike who had a better team. The Indians had lived on this part of Old Oklahoma, but had never developed it, and the Government wanted the White people to move in and teach them to farm and do other work and support themselves. This was the Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory of five civil Indian tribes. They lived in several Counties in size. Southeast part of the state. They were Choctaws, Cherokee, Creeks, Chicashaw and Seminoles.

Oklahoma did not become a State of the Union until 1907. The Harrises sold out in Arkansas and moved to Logan, County, Oklahoma soon after this to make another new start. It happened to be a very bad timing as Oklahoma had the worst drouth in 1890. It lasted 3 years. All the history books tell us about it. But the Harrises were survivalist. Jennie (Harris) Pike told about the move from Arkansas. They moved overland. The 2 oldest boys, Morgan and Tom. had team of Mules or horses. Their father had several teams of oxen. The oxen were used mostly for farming at this time. They were slower for travel, but very strong and dependable.

The family brought lots of supplies, food for people and animals, seed, tools to farm with. They brought cows, chickens, their hogs, also a few blood hound dogs to hunt with. The food was cured meat, (2000 pounds) dried fruits, can fruit, wheat and corn for meal and flour. This was a life saver since they did not raise much for the 3 years, with so little rain. But all this time the family worked, built a house, cleared land to farm. You have to live in that part of the State to know how dense and brushy the under growth can grow under the trees.

Grandfather George Harris lived to be 80 years old. He was staying with his daughter Bessie at Pauls Valley, Oklahoma. In the afternoon he liked to walk around the house for exercise. The basement door that opened out at the side of the house had been left open by some one. He was feeling his way around the house and fell down on the concrete floor on his head. Bessie heard him and ran to him, but he never knew anything and died in a few hours. He never suffered, just went to sleep so easy. He died June 12, 1938. They both are buried at Foster, Oklahoma.

He was blind for 10 years before he died.