Oral History Interview of
Clyde May

Interviewed by: David Marshall
November 16, 2017
Wilson, Texas

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Interviewer: David Marshall
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Transcript Overview:

This interview features Clyde May as she discuss a woman named Shorty who was a prominent part of the Wilson community, and who influenced Clyde to be more involved with the community.

Length of Interview: 00:47:48

Subject	Transcript Page	Time Stamp
Story about Billy Palmer	05	00:00:00
Shorty	09	00:08:21
Shorty's 90th birthday, her family	13	00:16:55
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The senior citizens group	20	00:36:01
Rattlesnakes	24	00:44:11

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David Marshall (DM):
The date is November 16th, 2017. This is David Marshall interviewing Clyde May at Tahoka Lake, Lynn County, Texas. And you were going to tell me a story.

Clyde May (CM):
Okay. Let's see where to start. Billy Palmer and I didn't know each other until like 2006. He just came to this part of the world maybe twenty, twenty-five years ago. The church had its hundredth anniversary, whatever it was—two, three, four, five years. Whenever it was. I'd have to look that up.

DM:
And he's the preacher?

CM:
He's the preacher. And so they were doing a bunch of cleaning out, and I wasn't there that day and there's been some joking around about a stuck drawer or something, and they finally just wanted to get it out and get stuff thrown away. Do you know what a cradle roll is in a church?

DM:
I guess not.

CM:
It's like a poster. A large poster. It usually has some little religious like design and then they—as babies come in—this is when the population was a lot greater. But this was—I think—I know part of it was from 1930, and old Miss May—what'll they called ___ or what I called ____ [00:01:40]—was in charge of the nursery at the First Baptist Church at that time. But anyhow, they were reading through it, and they looked down at 1930 and Billy Parmer's daddy's name was here and my husband's name was right next to it. Well he, as far as he knew, he wasn't from around here or anything like that. So I had to think about what happened. Well, in 1929 or '30, things were hard. He's from down East. Down in the boonies out from Waco somewhere. Sometimes I could remember the name of the town. Valley Mills. That's it. Valley Mills, Texas.

DM:
Valley Mills?

CM:
Uh-huh. And apparently, his grandparents, they had to find some way to make some more money. So apparently, his granddad came on out here, found a job in Lynn County. I think Billy remembers where now that he's dug around about it, and his grandmother followed with his dad,

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who was an infant. They were here for a while, and then she got sick and had to go back to where there was family to help. But he had no idea that they were out here at all during that time.

DM:
I'll be. Golly.

CM:
And for my husband and his daddy to be infants in the Sunday school at the same time.

DM:
Ain't that something.

CM:
Of course, I can look on there too and see all the other names of relations and other people. I've got a copy packed away in here. He's got the original.

DM:
Billy does?

CM:
Billy does.

DM:
Okay. Now, thank goodness for the cradle roll or you wouldn't have known. What does it look like?

CM:
Okay. It's just a big poster. There's Jesus up here doing something. Probably with the children coming to him. I don't remember exactly. But up at the top, like if you were making a poster and it's—God, I should know because I had to pay to have them photographed. But maybe sixty by twenty—maybe be bigger than that. And then I think it says cradle roll on there some place. Some place it says First Baptist Church, Wilson, and then there are just columns, and the child's birthdate or the date they went. I'm not sure. I have to look at it and see if a birth date or the date they enrolled in Sunday school.

DM:
Right.

CM:
And their full name's there.

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DM:
I'll be. And how many years would you find all that?

CM:
I think probably up to the forties. I'm not sure.

DM:
The forties? Did they stop doing that in the forties or so?

CM:
I don't know when they stopped doing it in the forties or their-- whatever they did was lost some other way.

DM:
Right, right.

CM:
I don't know when old Miss May quit being head of the nursery because most of the people my age around here remember her doing that. Shorty did the nurseries for a while. Benita Hobbs, that's here, did the nursery for a while, but that was later. That was a later _____ effect [00:05:43]. I think Benita actually moved to Wilson area, or moved out in the country here. Maybe along about '47, or something like that, and she was in high school.

DM:
I'm glad that Billy is interested in the history out here.

CM:
Oh, he's fascinated.

DM:
Especially since he's not from here.

CM:
Yeah. He sent me a picture of the—I think it's on the phone that I drowned, but it's been replaced, but the picture's gone.

DM:
Oh no.

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CM:
Well of—what is it? Oh, a well. It's marked with a well and who drilled it and the date on it. I remember asking him if that was on somebody's property or whether it could be preserved some other way. He said, "No," deal about looking at it, but people will want to save it.

DM:
Is it still—is it?

CM:
It's concrete or a rock or something.

DM:
Okay. I'm glad he's interested in that though.

CM:
He is. Oh, he could tell you relationships out here, and he's always asking somebody that's been here a lot.

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DM:
How old a guy is he?

CM:
Huh?

DM:
How old a guy is he?

CM:
Fifty-two, three. Something like that. He's got two sons in Tech. The oldest child is a daughter. She's like twenty-six or something. Then he's got like a three old granddaughter and an eighteen month old son, and a lot in between. So one of them is a little autistic girl. A fourteen year old autistic girl that I helped keep in the nursery. Beautiful child.

DM:
Yeah. I want to talk to him sometime. Shorty was involved in the nursery over there?

CM:
Yeah.

DM:
She was involved in a lot it sounds like.

CM:
Oh yeah.

DM:
Around Wilson, especially. What? A judge. A municipal court judge, right?

CM:
Uh-huh. That's like what Suzanne is. I think Suzanne's that when it's needed.

DM:
Yeah.

CM:
Most everything like that has to go to Tahoka.

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DM:
Right, right. Do you feel comfortable talking about Shorty a little bit while we have this going?

CM:
Yeah. Uh-huh.

DM:
Can you tell me some more of the things she was involved in over there in Wilson? You know, we interviewed her here, but it's kind of nice to get another person's perspective too, and what you thought about her.

CM:
Well, I probably wouldn't be involved the way I am if it wasn't for Shorty. When Jerry and Lance died, you know my son, Lance, died within nine dies of his daddy. I wasn't going to have any kind of services because I hadn't interacted in the community. I didn't think anybody would come, so why have it? We've got our own cemetery out here and we'd cremate, and what not so, but a bunch of Lance's friends came by and they wanted a funeral service, and so they brought Billy because they knew that Jerry was involved in the Baptist Church when he was here. So we had a service and they had the meal. They always have a meal. Shorty was about the only one I knew there because I had—Jerry knew who she was and she was Shorty. Everybody knew her even though you weren't interacting up there. And she had, as we came back and forth time to time visiting, she had been there in the city office, and I'd met her several times. She came up

and sat by me and was holding my hand, and what not. One of the things she said was, "Why don't you come on to church with us? We won't try to make a Baptist out of you." I teased her for the last decade plus—whatever decade that happened, that she's a liar. I made a point of saying it in public and people would look at me. She's a liar. [Laughter] And she and her sister-in-law, her husband's brother's wife, Gladys Moore, who is in Lynnwood now, went everywhere and did all these things together, and fought like they were sisters. Gladys was always telling Shorty to hush, we need to get on with business. Shorty would still tell her story until the end. They'd invited me—they were involved with—we didn't have the fitness center and the wellness clinic and all that then, but they were—and old car dealership, they had machines for the gym, you know? And kind of an attic, but a physical therapist there. They were going—I don't know—every—was it twice a week or something? They were going to Tahoka. So Shorty would drive out from out in the country, go pick up Gladys, and then the next week, Shorty would drive to Gladys' house in Wilson and Gladys would drive. And so they came by here and picked me up at the mailbox, and so we went and ran the treadmills and all that stuff, and go out to eat together. Well, at the Dairy Queen. On Sunday, at the Dairy Queen in Slaton, which is not the Dairy Queen anymore.

DM:
What is it now?

CM:
Arandas. A good Mexican food place. We went there when they put the arrow in and all the people—I think Tai and that bunch. Holly—yeah, that's her name. Holly Humphrey. I have to say it literally.

DM:
Yeah. Y'all went over there. Arandas—is it—it's over by United, right?

CM:
Yeah, just a little beyond. It's on four—I mean, 41.

DM:
Okay.

CM:
But 41 runs along the side. Slaton's crooked so I can't tell you whether it's North of. But anyhow, if I'm parked in front of the United like that, it's on my right, and down a couple of blocks, there's a Sonic there and then it's just beyond the Sonic.

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DM:
Anyway, I got off the subject because you mentioned food. [Laughter]

CM:
Well, and talk about Baptists. They eat.

DM:
Yeah.

CM:
I've eaten. We had WMU, so that was potluck on Tuesday. Ate senior citizen lunch Wednesday. Ate at the church Wednesday night. Going to have potluck Sunday, and then we go home to—oh, the Catholic Church had their annual Thanksgiving, where they have really good food. Really good. Raising money to pay for their—they don't have any income and don't really have regular priests.

DM:
Oh, they don't?

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CM:
I guess you call the mission church. I don't know. They need premiums for their insurance.

DM:
Okay, right.

CM:
So at eight dollars a plate, they made plenty enough money.

DM:
Wow. Good.

CM:
So anytime one of the Lutheran—there's two Lutheran churches. There's not but what? Four hundred and some odd people.

DM:
Two Lutheran churches.

CM:
Two Lutheran churches that as near as I can tell they're not the same denomination. And a

Baptist church and the Catholic Church, and I think it's a mission church for the Methodist. It used to be a Methodist church when the population was larger.

DM:
That's amazing. Five churches for four hundred people.

CM:
Um-hm, and a lot of them don't go to church. Well, the demographics have changed a lot.

DM:
Yeah. Right. But Shorty was in the Baptist church? Was she always Baptist?

CM:
At some point she—as a young woman somewhere she became Baptist. Her mother, who was really well known around here and whatnot, didn't go to church.

DM:
I'm sure she told that story. I'm just not remembering right now because it's been a few months.

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CM:
I don't remember the details of much of anything anymore and that drives me up the wall.

DM:
Me too. I'm hearing some sounds out on the lake. Is that sand hill cranes?

CM:
Uh-huh.

DM:
Oh. Last I was here, they weren't here yet.

CM:
That's daytime sounds. You ought to be there when they come in at night. Actually, people that camp down there on the—don't get much sleep.

DM:
Well, what else did Shorty do around the community? Municipal court judge.

CM:
I know in the last years that she seldom missed the little young kids' basket—her great grandkids' basketball games. Little dribblers.

DM:
Little dribblers.

CM:
Uh-huh. And she—I don't know how many. I know when she—we had her ninetieth birthday, which was really the 8th, 9th, but she couldn't remember exactly, so there was something like forty-seven people there that were kin to her. Most of them were her kids, their kids, their spouses, their children, to the great grands. I know when she—she didn't live in Lynnwood but three or four years, but she wouldn't let most of the people who were trying to just lay there until they could die do that. She'd go to their rooms, make them get up, come out here and sit in a chair, and stand up and sit down like a physical therapist or a ____ [00:17:51]. She walked around that building every morning just for the exercise—well, and stopping to see people.

DM:
She was a ball of fire.

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CM:
Uh-huh. And her—you need to talk to her son, Gary, who lives right over here because he's got tales. Lots of tales about her.

DM:
I want to. I want to talk to her.

CM:
So I can ask him. He's a card too. You don't know whether he's teasing or serious. He got up at the funeral and told tales on his mom. Only the boys are married with children. Her daughter isn't and she—if you go along access of eighty-four on the other side. I don't know whether that's the East side or the North side. Anyhow, the other side. There's a small little house there called Carla's Cutup. She's a beautician.

DM:
Carla's Cutup.

CM:
And the tale there was that she wanted to have that business, but she didn't have the money so

she worked some place cutting up and processing chicken, and that's the reason she calls it Carla's Cutup, even though she cuts hair. That's kind of—some of the humor that family has.

DM:
Well, let me get his number from you sometime.

CM:
Okay.

DM:
Or if you want to talk to him and ask him if it'd be okay if I called, that'd probably be better.

CM:
Uh-huh. I'll see.

DM:
Yeah.

CM:
If he even knows how to handle that. He probably does.

DM:
I'll bet he does. I don't know. Someone will. It's easy.

CM:
Yeah. I know Randy Hobbs will. He's the one that runs the—all the electronic stuff for the church and has got a—I guess it's a DVD player that they hang up and he can—over here, he's got all the equipment and they make things. I know Nancy Walker because she had less—well she and Les Art will—she says Les is Nancy's IT guy. That's what they called the _____ [00:20:46]. Nancy's IT guy.

DM:
No, it won't be a problem.

CM:
I just, I need somebody to come over and then fill me in on the last twenty years of computer stuff.

DM:
Oh golly. We can't keep up. I depend on—my parents depend on me, but I depend on the people

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at work, and the people at work can't keep up. You know, it's just too much.

CM:
You know what, for me, what would really be great is a glossary of jargon, and a glossary of icons because I don't icon like other people icon, evidently. Certainly not like the Japanese do. I got the new cellphone. It's replacing the one I drowned in Diet Cola at the harvest festival [laughs]. I'm on my granddaughter's plan. I said, "Just pack the phone up," after I did the taking the battery out and sitting it in rice for X number of days and stuff. That didn't work, so I sent it back to Careth [?] [00:22:04] and just now got the new one. Well, it's not doing the same thing as the others and I can't find the right icons, and I dialed Warren twice just by touching the screen when I didn't intend to call him at all.

DM:
It's a whole—you have to relearn it all, and they want to change it.

CM:
And they don't print manuals.

DM:
I know. Have to find them online.

CM:
If you want a manual for a computer, you have to go into the computer to learn how to turn the computer on so that you can get it, and you can't leaf through looking for what you want.

DM:
That's right. That's right. It is a very different kind of thing now.

CM:
I guess it's just snowballed too fast.

DM:
Yes. Yes. It has. Especially for those of us who didn't grow up with it. We looked at things differently.

CM:
I still have punch cards in there in a box, and I remember when Tech got its first computer.

DM:
I remember you telling that story because I was telling you I used to punch FORTRAN cards.

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CM:
I tried to teach myself FORTRAN.

DM:
That was kind of complicated then, but now it's just gone so far beyond. Some people have to specialize. You know, they have to specialize.

CM:
You need to have them on hand. But just the stuff that my eleven year old great granddaughter can do. Well, actually people—my friend—one of my friends from Tahoka that works in the bank and has to know how to mess with the computers and whatnot, and cannot figure out how to work this one. It's not Apple and it's not Windows.

DM:
Okay. I don't. Well, that is an issue.

CM:
Yeah. Exceed is the name of the provider, but I can turn it on. I can't get it [inaudible 00:24:11]

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DM:
I've never heard of that. Exceed.

CM:
Well, you get it through—it's a satellite. You get it through—in Lubbock, through the same people that you get Direct TV and what's the other one? The other DTV thing.

DM:
Okay. Yeah, yeah. Well, I don't guess we need to be recording all of that, but—

CM:
I'll try to think of other things about Shorty.

DM:
Can you tell me how she died?

CM:
Yes.

DM:
You wrote that, but maybe if you just told me.

CM:
Okay. I'd seen her on Tuesday at the WMU meeting, which ordinarily is the third Tuesday in the month, and we visited and actually, some people took pictures with their phones during that meeting because a young lady that I know and trying to get involved, they came with her baby parrot with its leash and its harness and there was a lot going on. Anyway, I had—I'm real grateful for that time with her Tuesday. Wednesday night, she came to the prayer meeting. I saw her enough to wave. She was leaving and I was leaving. I'm down in the nursery, so I don't get to be upstairs with grownups. Probably just about the time I got home is when she wrecked. She went—she's living with her son, Delton, and he lives over there not far from where my farms are, but I couldn't take you to his house. I've never been there, but I knew. Anyhow, she was going South onto eleven and there's a place in there where one road branches off and also, there's kind of a dunk curve thing, and they have been graveling, fixing two of them and there were no lines—painted lines on there at all, and it had just—it was dusk—dark. Well, just between dusk and dark. And I know she had travelled that road maybe thousands—before it was even paved. Back—you know, it's a farmed market road so it's been paved for a good while. She knew it better than anything, and anyway, her son Gary says he—everybody just figured that she missed the curb because she couldn't see, and realized it, and hit maybe the bar ditch or the loose gravel or something, and over compensated and rolled. She had one of the smaller SUVs and she rolled it, and ended up in the backseat. From what I heard that she had her seat belt buckled, which Shorty didn't always do. She complained about that, but Shorty never drove over fifty miles an hour or fifty-five miles an hour. It was frustrating to follow her sometimes. So I know she wasn't speeding, but evidently, those little cars are a little top-heavy. Anyhow, there was someone on the road behind her who called it in. I don't know who that is. Some of our volunteer fire department got there and they had to—the car was in such a mess, they had to cut it up with—I don't know what they cut it up with. I've heard stories of the Jaws of Life, but it sounded to me they may have had to use a torch or something to cut the metal, and they took her up to emergency in UMC, I think. I'm not sure. I've forgotten. It may have been Covenant. Billy would remember that because anything like that—fact is the whole community is just kind of whacked out by that. It's doing a little better now. It's been a couple weeks. Three weeks, I guess.

DM:
I can just imagine. With her personality and all that she was involved in that it was a real, real issue for the community.

CM:
Yeah, and Billy was having problems because he was mourning and taking care of all these mourners. He didn't say it to me, but it seemed to me that he was very stressed about that. Apparently, her daughter is taking it harder than anybody.

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DM:
Okay. Did Shorty live a little while before she?

CM:
Yeah. They said that she was conscious enough to respond to people talking to her while they were trying to get her out of the car. Billy said when he saw her, one of her arms—this was before they tried to do any surgery. I think they tried to do some kinds of surgery, but he said that her arm was already just solid black, and that she had broken all the ribs on one side, and she was a brittle diabetic and she was ninety-two years old. And I think they did try to save her and I think she—oh, he said she had a big gash on her head so minimally, a concussion. And she just didn't have enough—she had been—I don't know if it was ever told. Several years ago, she spent maybe two years of dying. She had a hernia repaired with mesh and they sent her—if you're having surgery, Medicare will only provide follow up services if you've been there for seventy-two hours, unless it's stayed somehow. Well, they sent her home along to that house you can see out there, as almost an eighty-something year old woman. A brittle diabetic, alone with no home help or anything. She should've gone—If they released her, she should've gone to swing bed.

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DM:
To what?

CM:
What they call swing bed. It's not a physical thing. It's where you're still hospitalized. You don't get as much doctor attention, but you're available for nurses, for all the other support stuff, and they do have it. I've experienced it out there with my husband, with me when I had that accident and anyway, Shorty got an infection in that incision and one of the neighbors had, I think, gone hunting and came home and just decided to check on her, and found her almost comatose in the floor by the side of her bed. And I had to call Delton, the son, I think it was, and this has been several years ago, to help get her in a car because they couldn't—she couldn't move herself. Trudy wasn't strong enough. They got her to the hospital over here and for years, she had to go through where they're washing out—I was there a time or two holding her hands when they do that. And I think it was after a couple of years, she was so sick, so terribly sick from that and she—nowadays, you can sue those people. She knows that. She would not have done that. She said she wouldn't, but that finally took her to the—there's a specialty hospital in Lubbock. I think it's not far—I'm not sure physically exactly where it is, but I think it's not far from the lakeside facility. They removed the mesh. Her deal was that, "I don't want to live this way. If this kills me, okay," and it didn't. Boy, that's when she just really got—you know, she got a reprieve.

DM:
Bounced back.

CM:
She bounced back.

DM:
That's amazing. Talking to her, you never would've thought she'd been through anything life threatening like that.

CM:
I wish I'd had a transfusion of her blood somewhere.

DM:
She had some energy for sure and this work she was doing around the town was—that was after most people would've been retired. As I recall, it was after she was—after her mid-sixties.

CM:
I know she was there in the early to mid-nineties. We can ask Suzanne, who's doing that job now.

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DM:
So probably when she was in her seventies?

CM:
At one time she ran the café in Wilson.

DM:
How old was she then?

CM:
It was younger than that.

DM:
She was involved in a lot around Wilson so everybody in Wilson must've known her.

CM:
Yes.

DM:
Was she involved with that senior citizen's group?

CM:
She ate lunch. She wasn't like on the commission or committee. Whatever they call it.

DM:
Oh, they have a committee? A commission?

CM:
Yeah. Have to because they have to deal with SPAG [**South Plains Association-Governments**]. They have to deal with the AG department.

DM:
Okay.

CM:
All sorts of stuff.

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DM:
How many people are in the senior citizen's group?

CM:
I used to do the call in on Tuesday to see how many would eat on Wednesday and there can be as many as thirty, and there can be as few as five or six. It all depends on what, but Suzanne's doing the call in now to see if you're going to come, and there's no meals on wheels type in Wilson because there's nobody to carry it out, but there are several carry outs that somebody comes and just takes it. In Tahoka, where the meal comes from on Wednesdays, and where I could go anytime Monday through Friday if I wanted to and eat there. There, they do have where they go out on a meals on wheels type of thing regularly. They're getting a new building. I don't know—did I tell you about that?

DM:
No.

CM:
Okay. Lyntegar, electric co-op, built themselves in a building so the city of Tahoka moved their offices into the old Lyntegar building. The city offices are right on Highway 380, just barely West—barely West, maybe a block—west of the intersection of Main Street and 380, and that building is nice. Where the senior citizens are now, it's at a—I'm not sure whether it was an old

home or an old church, but it's costing us so much just to keep that building heated, cooled, safe enough for people to do the cooking and meet all the requirements that the AG department is buying half for it.

DM:
Okay. I didn't realize there was that kind of regulation.

CM:
Oh yeah. In fact, it's so regulated that sometimes people will come eat because they don't understand what it is that they're being fed. Let's see—paprikash, which was nothing but beef stew with paprika with in, but they have—when there's Mexican food very often, they serve coleslaw with it. They can't have chicken and dumplings like they used to. The thing is they've hired a dietician that makes the assumption that people are eating there every day, and it's balancing the week out.

DM:
Oh, um-hm.

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CM:
And it's not traditional stuff. They used to—when I first started going, chicken and dumplings came frequently. Turkey and dressing came frequently. Dressing, you know, corn bread dressing. The real kind.

DM:
Yeah. I'd go for that.

CM:
Not in stuffing, dressing. But there's a lot of regulation to it. They don't get paid, if they change the recipe a little bit. If they don't have the right this or that in substitute and they get caught, they don't get paid. The money comes from any place we can get it, actually, but there's donations from the county, and from different businesses, but the main part of it comes through the AG department.

DM:
Right, so follow our rules if you want our money.

CM:
Uh-huh.

DM:
Now, that's—you're talking about in Tahoka?

CM:
That's everywhere that they have that senior citizen—

DM:
Do y'all have some kind of little gathering in Wilson though?

CM:
Only on Wednesdays.

DM:
Only on Wednesdays? Okay.

CM:
And somebody from Wilson goes and waits at the back door at Tahoka, and they know how many to send for, usually, and they put it in the card and bring it up here, and we take out—

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DM:
Oh. It's part of the same deal, but it just comes out here so people don't have to go to Tahoka, huh?

CM:
Uh-huh, and people won't, most of the time.

DM:
So there are a lot of people who go only to Wilson on Wednesdays, but they won't go to Tahoka on other days?

CM:
Um-hm.

DM:
Yeah. That makes sense. The other days, they can just eat their chicken and dumplings and cornbread dressing.

CM:
But anyhow, we're raising money now because the old city hall, even though it's in a good building for changing the use of it, there's been some renovation in the last few years, like in the

restrooms, and some of that. The kitchen and dining room will be in a part that was a garage for big equipment and stuff, and the floors have to be little. You have to get the right kind of stoves, and fryers, and refrigerators, and everything. They're wanting to make it nice. They figured out—I can't remember exactly how much money, but if you go by there, they've got one of those things sitting out—signs sitting out that look like a big thermometer with money this way and go in and paint the red as it—

DM:
And they're doing pretty well?

CM:
Pretty well. They're going to try to get some grants and the mayor of Tahoka knows how to do some of that, where to go looking for it and knows some people that know how to write grants. That's what I need. I need people to write grants. If you find anybody that does that, tell them to come see me.

DM:
We used to all do that, but now, it's become a specialized thing at Texas Tech.

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CM:
I know.

DM:
Where now, it's diverted to the people who do that all day long.

CM:
And what Warren does some.

DM:
Does he do some of his own still?

CM:
Um-hm, and complains because it has to all be done on computer, and has to be done exactly right.

DM:
Now, we'll submit an idea, but it has to be funneled through. We can't go to a foundation, for example, on our own like we used to. We have to funnel it up, and it's prioritized, and it's hard to get it there on the top of their priority list.

CM:
Yeah. And he's got some where he's working with universities in Oklahoma, and Arizona, and New Mexico, and all of them have their different requirements.

DM:
You know, it is a full-time job knowing all that stuff.

CM:
And actually, I had—today's Thursday. It's been three weeks that I've actually seen him except passing by once, you know, car window to car window. Text a lot. He didn't need anything extra, but he got home last night and poor Hughie got rattlesnake bit again.

DM:
Hughie is?

CM:
His oldest dog up there, and when he first moved here, he had two of them that got rattlesnake bit.

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DM:
They lived, didn't they?

CM:
Yeah, but Hughie's in the hospital right now. He's what? Eleven years old.

DM:
Oh yeah.

CM:
Evidently, he may have some immunity.

DM:
Well, he ought to by now.

CM:
And evidently, he'd been—all the dogs, his dogs, have been bitten by copperheads down when he was living in Nacogdoches, but maybe they're not as lethal. I don't know.

DM:
I'm not sure. They're pretty tough.

CM:
I've seen them.

DM:
Have you seen them out here? Copperheads?

CM:
No.

DM:
Okay.

CM:
I don't think we have anything, I mean, so far as poisonous, except rattlesnakes, and we have different kinds.

DM:
Well, what kinds? Do you have western—I think that one we have in there is a western diamondback, but there's prairie rattlers around here too.

CM:
I saw a black rattler here one time when some of the folks from Tech were out here.

DM:
Did he have a black tail or was he black all the way?

CM:
He was black all the way across. We were walking around out North towards the canyon out here and must've been fifty people or so, and somebody said, "There's a snake," and so we just all stood around looking at it because it was a black rattlesnake and nobody'd ever seen one like that, and it was sleeping. I don't know—several minutes there just looking at it and I was wishing there was some way we could've caught it.

DM:
Did you happen to get a picture of it?

CM:
No.

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DM:
Well, I know a herpetologist and I'll ask him about that.

CM:
He started waking up so we all backed off and let him have his way.

DM:
I'm sorry to hear about the dog, but I'm sure he'll be fine. He's been through it before. He'll swell up for a while and get okay, I guess.

CM:
Yeah. Warren said when he first went out, he thought he'd broken his leg and evidently, it was on his leg.

DM:
Bit him on the leg.

CM:
He's a Brittany spaniel. White with orange spots.

DM:
His age might affect him some. He's getting a little bit older.

CM:
Warren knew right where to take him. Of course, it was after office hours.

DM:
Yeah. Well hopefully—

CM:
I've been lucky, but I don't leave mine out when I'm not here anymore. They object.

DM:
Hopefully he'll be okay.

CM:
Maybe.

DM:
I guess I'll turn this off.

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CM:
Okay.

[End of Recording]

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