

SALLIE'S LIFE STORY

1983

The following family history was written by Sallie May Gatlin Day. Born March 11, 1902, in Como, Texas, Sallie Day wrote this descriptive narrative of her life for the benefit of her children, grandchildren and future descendants. She begins with her earliest memories, and goes on to describe life as she has experienced it for the past eighty years.

GATLIN-MURPHY

Son of Isaic Gatlin and Sallie Randolph Gatlin

Will Allen Gatlin

Married: Lettie L. Murphy

Birth: March 12, 1871

Married: July 21, 1900

Death: June 21, 1937

Daughter of Hamilton Boyd Murphy & Margurite E. Vanderslice Murphy

Lettie Lucinda Murphy

Married: Will A. Gatlin

Birth: June 9, 1882

Married: July 21, 1900

Death: May 7, 1975

CHILDREN OF WILL AND LETTIE GATLIN;

Sallie May Gatlin

Married: John W. Day

(11-08-01/04-25-67)

Birth: March 11, 1902

Married: May 7, 1927

Death:

Lee Roy Gatlin

Birth: March 1, 1905

Married:

Death: August 15, 1936

John Loyd Gatlin

Birth: August 11, 1907

Married;

Death: May 3, 1908

Era Pearl Gatlin

Married: Frank Rash

(03-26-27/4-7-66)

Birth: July 21, 1909

Married: April 22, 1927

Death:

Tommy Lucille Gatlin

Married: Albert Murphy

(04-18-13/)

Birth: October 12, 1913

Married: October 10, 1931

Death:

Mary Mozelle Gatlin

Married: Carl Hewitt

(07-13- ,/)

Birth: February 18, 1915

Married: October ,1935

Death:

Lorene Elizabeth Gatlin

Married: William Henry Buch

(10-13-06/02-02-18-80)

Birth: July 16, 1918

Married: August 25, 1937

Death:

Jessie Ruth Gatlin

Birth: May 3, 1921

Married: -

Death: November 4, 1933

Willie Marie Gatlin

Married: Adolph Buch

(09-19-14/

Birth: March 29, 1924

Married: January 7, 1941

Death:

Chapter 1

My mother's maiden name was Lettie Lucinda Murphy. Her mother and father, my maternal grandparents, were Marguerite Elizabeth Vanderslice Murphy and Hamilton Boyd Murphy. My father's name was William Allen Gatlin. His mother and father, my paternal grandparents, were Sallie Randolph Gatlin and Isaac Gatlin.

My dad and mother were married on July 21, 1900. They had not known each other very long, but that is the case a lot of times. Dad said he saw mother hanging out clothes as he was passing her house one day and he thought, 'That's my girl.' So their life together began then, filled with much joy and much sorrow. These are just the simple things of life as I remember them.

First, a little about my parents. My father, William Gatlin had two brothers and two sisters. One of his brothers, Cavanau Gatlin or Uncle Calve as we called him, was a Baptist preacher. I believe my father was the baby of the family. My grandfather, Isaac Gatlin, died in Booneville, Mississippi, when my father was nine years old. My father's mother, Sallie Gatlin, and her three brothers then moved to Texas. I believe the year was 1881. The three brothers who came to Texas with my grandmother were John, Jim and Dock Randolph. Once in Texas, they bought a section of land in Hopkins County. They made four homes, and built a Baptist Church and a school. They all lived there in the little town of Pickton, Texas for the rest of their lives. The church they built, was called the Baptist Missionary Association. (Often called BMA.)

Getting back to my father William Allen Gatlin, he was very

spoiled, very high tempered and somewhat jealous, but he was a hard worker, and as good and honest as the day is long. He was a restless sort of a person, always on the move. We were never in one place very long. That gave us an opportunity to meet lots of people, and see lots of places. In his younger days he was a horse trainer. He traveled far and near to break Broncos, but in the long run he ruined his health, just as ball players and boxers are doing today. In just a few years they will pay with broken bodies. My father loved his family. Sometimes we thought he didn't, but he really loved us.

My father, William Gatlin, did public work; railroading, cotton gin and some highway work, until his health broke.

He had a daughter by his first wife who died when her baby was two years old. Her name, the daughter, was Georgia Ella Gatlin. She lived with, and was raised by my grandmother, Sallie Gatlin and Aunt Millie Miller. They wanted to keep her, and father always supported all of them.

Now to my mother, Lettie Lucinda Mjrphy Gatlin. Her people were from Alabana. They moved to Texas and originally settled where the city of Waco now stands. But grandmother Murphy was sick, and grandfather sold his land to pay doctor bills, and they moved to Hopkins County. Just a guess, but I think it was about 1880. My mother, Lettie Murphy, was born on June 9, 1882 in Hopkins County. She was the oldest girl in the family. Having a sick mother to care for, she learned to cook and keep house at an early age. She had one younger sister and two brothers.

I will tell more about them later on.

My mother was something else! I believe she missed her calling. She would have made a good doctor. She was small in size, weighing only 103 pounds. She was a hard worker herself, and she didn't tolerate laziness in her family. Winter or summer, we all got up at either four or five o'clock in the morning. After we moved to the farm around 1910, daddy was sick and broken, and it was up to us to eke - out a living, and mother was the one to do it.

Mother was from the Methodist religion, one of the best Christians I have ever known. Even though she didn't get to go to church very much, she was still faithful to the Lord. She taught us children to be honest above all. A good name is better than great riches. The Ten Commandments were the guidelines that our mother taught us to live by. In all her troubles, she was faithful to the Lord until the end. On her deathbed, she sang "Walking On The Sea Of Galilee With Jesus." She died in May of 1975. She was 92 years and 11 months old. You will hear more about her as the story goes on,

I was the oldest of nine children. There were seven girls and two boys. I was born March 11, 1902, in a little log cabin at Star-ridge, Texas, near Sulpher Springs. I don't remember much about that, but I do remember an incident that occurred when I was eleven months old. My mother was taking me to Sulpher Springs on the train from Como, Texas, which was a journey of about eleven miles. I can clearly remember the conductor passing by with a basket of fruit and Candy. I began to cry for a banana. Mother couldn't believe I remembered the incident since I was only eleven months old, but I did. I don't remember much more until I was three or four years old. I do know we moved a lot.

My brother Roy, was born March 1, 1905. I was three years older than him and I remember many things that happened during that period. My grandmother, Sallie Gatlin, came to stay with us at times when Roy was a baby. Due to arthritis, she had become a morphine addict. She couldn't stand to hear Roy cry, so he got spoiled to being rocked in the cradle. As soon as the cradle would stop he would start screaming, so she tied a string to the cradle and she could rock him from various parts of the room. But granny would always go home and I would be left to rock Roy's cradle.

Roy was also sick a lot. He had congestive chills. Malaria was very bad at that time, and there were no remedies. Anyway, he had two chills and the doctor told daddy that one more chill would kill him. The doctor said he could give him a huge dose of quinine and save his life, but that the quinine could ruin his mind. So, of course, dad and mom told the doctor to give him the medicine. He lived, but his brain was damaged.

Later on, Roy was badly burned. A boiling pot of water was knocked off of the wood stove and hit his arm. When mom pulled his clothes off, a large part of the flesh came off with them. He was a long time getting over that. Of course he became more spoiled every day. We humored him a lot. I remember I had a pretty little doll I loved so much, but mama made me give it to Roy. He threw it out of the cradle and broke it. One of the great tragedies of life. Ha!

One incident happened while Roy was in the cradle. Mom put the cradle on the porch while she was washing down at the creek. A black woman was also washing that day. I went with mom to the creek. I can remember the black woman saying, "Sho is a hot day to be burned." That very day, on the streets of Sulpher Springs, they were burning a black man alive. I don't know what he had done, but even though I was young I never forgot about it.

While we were still living in the same place, Roy had another accident. Mom was working in the garden nearby and I was watching Roy, We had a bored well, and the curbing had rotted away. I looked up and Roy was almost in the hole, so I screamed for mom. She got Hoy right away and he wasn't hurt. Then at the same place, I was the victim, I was playing with a nail keg and it rolled off the porch with me, and I broke my arm.

We soon moved from that place to Como, Texas. My mother's people lived in the vicinity of Sulpher Springs, and my father's people lived around Pickton. We were located in between. Dad had a job in a coal mine at Como, Texas. We moved to a small place with a few acres of land. I have lots of memories from that time. Some not so good or funny. John Loyd was born there in 1907. He was a very sweet baby, learning to talk, pull up to things, and sitting on the floor. All he could say was, "Sit Taya", which is what he called me. At nine months of age, he came down with diphtheria, and died within three days. I grieved over John Loyd for a whole month. Mama would try to comfort me, but to no avail.

Soon after that, Grandma Sallie Gatlin died. They laid her out

in the living room. I remember having to fight off the cats. Back in those days, we did not have funeral homes, paved highways, or electric lights. There were a few telephones. It was the horse and buggy days. There were no cars where we lived.

After grandmother died, Aunt Mollie and my half sister, Ella, came and lived with us for awhile. Ella was twelve, and I was five and we had a lot of fun together. A lot of things happened the two years we lived there.

Our place was located near a railroad track and Ella and I really enjoyed the train passing through. You could hear the whittle blow for miles around. The train crew were our friends; we would cone and wave at them and they would wave back.

I got into some trouble about that time. Mom gave me the first whipping I ever got. Really, it was between Ella and me. We took turns taking drinking water to the hired man that dad had plowing for him. Dad always saw to it that there was water in the field. Dad was working in the coal mine. It was Ella's turn to take the water, but she didn't want to, and Aunt Mollie wouldn't make her do it. So, mama told me to do it. I was angry about it, so I took the water and sat down behind the pigpen and poured it out. I went back to the house, and mom asked me if I carried the water. I said I had. Well, in a little while, the hired man came for his water. Mom asked him if I had carried water to him and he said, "No."¹¹ So, mom sent me to the peach tree to get a good switch. Did you ever try to get a switch? Well, I couldn't get one, but she did. She found out that day how stubborn I could be. She tried to make me cry, but I wouldn't have cried for anything, When she got through though, I crawled under the

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house and cried all day long. The same year, dad gave me one lick with a big cotton stalk and it lasted a long time, those are the whippings of my life, and I was five years old. I am sure I needed more.

Grandma Murphy also died that year. It seems like so many things happened. One day we heard a train coming and whistling. We looked up and saw Roy sitting on the cattleguard. Man reached him in time. What a close call! That same year, Aunt Mollie and Ella moved back home to Pick ton.

Another thing happened at that place that I'll never forget! Mom and I were in the barn shucking corn, and a large rough lizard went down my back. Mom had to help me get it out of my blouse. I can still feel it.

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Next, we moved to Como for awhile. Dad was still working in the coal mine. The company dad worked for, had brought over a bunch of workers from Latin America. I had never seen Latin Americans before, so it was new to me. One day I met a little latin girl, and I was having a real good time. My little friend and I couldn't understand each other, but we were having fun playing with a Raggedy Ann Doll mom had made for me. Anyway, mom made me come into the house. She didn't want me playing with Latins, and I was having such fun.

The only outstanding thing that happened at Como, was the Christmas Tree Party at the church. The tree was huge; it reached to the ceiling. Most of the town was there. Everyone was supposed to get a gift, plus a little bag of fruit and candy. Even at that early age, I sensed injustice. One little girl was lavished with gifts, and a few

children didn't get anything, but the little bag of fruit and candy. Even today, I am sad at Christmas. There is so much unfairness and heartache for a poor child, even on Jesus' birthday. The most wonderful gift the world has ever known, is the birth of Jesus. But Christmas is still a sad day for a lot of children.

While we lived in Como, I began to visit my mom's family, which consisted of Grandpa Murphy, Uncle Amos and Aunt Adaline (Add). My aunt and uncle were in their twenties. I was the only grandchild of any size, so they spoiled me a lot. Aunt Add always had so many little trinkets, and I sure did like to meddle. Uncle Amos and Aunt Add brought about the start of my schooling. In those days, school was held only five or six months a year, especially in the country. Generally the school was a one room building, and children of all ages were in the same room. Since I was only six years old, I was much too young to think of school. However, Uncle Amos and Aunt Add taught me how to spell, recite the alphabet, add, subtract and multiply, long before I started school. Often at night, after we were already in bed, we would practice math and spelling out loud. There was really not much to do after dark, no radio, television or anything except for talking. Of course I kept my aunt and uncle awake with all my questions and energy. Well, that was my first schooling. It really helped me when I started school. I always loved school.

In 1908 we moved again. Dad was working for the railroad, but he hurt his back and wasn't able to do public work anymore.

That same year, mama was sick with walking typhoid. Also, Era was born on July 21, 1909. We moved to Durant, Oklahoma when Era was

six weeks old. Soon after that, mom came down with typhoid fever. For three months, she lay at death's door. I was seven years old, but I tended to Era. Then I took typhed (cold typhoid.) I wasn't sick very long, but two women came and took Era and cared for her until mama got well. By the time she got well though, she had lost all of her hair.

We didn't stay long in Durant, but we stayed long enough for me to start school. After Durant, we moved back to GOOD, and then to a little farm near Pickton.

Since dad's back was so bad, he tried fanning and woodcutting, but that's the hardest work in the world. I was about eight years old, and I was dad's handyman since Boy was not able to work, thank goodness God blessed me with a good strong back. Dad and I sawed down large trees and cut them into cord wood. We stacked it in cords piled, and then we would burn the brush. Then he did a little farming. I was still by his side feeding animals and such. He loved his animals, and he always saw to it that they had food and water.

I have gotten a little ahead of myself. I almost got a spanking at the place where we lived when we first came back from Oklahoma. Mama had gotten her strength back. She had a garden, chickens and the works. She loved to work outside. That left me with the job of babysitting. Anyway, in those days we had peddlers. They would load up a covered wagon with chickens, pins, dry goods, groceries and most anything you needed. The peddlers would buy chicks, eggs and butter. One day a peddler came by while man and I were shelling peas. She told me to watch the peas and chickens, but I just had to go see what the peddler had in his wagon. So, I left the peas and those stinking

chickens, knocked the peas over, and I sure like to have gotten a spanking.

At this same place, dad got the Bible down and he taught me the Twenty Third Psalm. That was my first memorized scripture. I also began going to Sunday School and church.

I can remember, we had an old hen, and mama set some duck eggs under her. Well, sure enough they hatched. One day the old hen rambled off to a nearby tank and those little ducks followed her and went right into the water and began to float along. That poor old hen didn't know what in the world to do.

At that place, books began to come into my life. Mom bought the Primer and First Readers. I almost pestered her to death following her around with my book. One day a book salesman came by our place and sold dad a book. It was a big pink book titled, "The Golden Gems of Life, From the Cradle to the Grave." It was full of pictures of the young baby to the old gray haired man. I looked and looked. I finally learned to read. My Aunt Mollie had two books I used to look at, but I can't remember their titles. There were two pictures in those books that put a stamp on my mind. One was of two men playing cards and gambling and the Holy Spirit was standing by, grieved and sad. The other picture showed a mound like an ant hill and men and women were chasing dollars into hell. I never got over those pictures.

At Christmas, cousin Ida Randolph gave me a New Testament. I was so proud of it. Then in Sunday School I began to learn and love. I didn't know it then, but now I know there is power in the printed page, for good or bad. The most wonderful page is the Holy Word, the Bible.

By now, Era was getting to be a pretty spoiled baby, especially by me. But I had to spend a lot of time with dad in the woods or the field. But I loved it all. I was big for my age. When I was twelve years old, I weighed 145 pounds and I have stayed pretty close to that for eighty one years.

One more thing worth noting, happened at this place. Mama always had chickens if she could, and we had a hen with a bunch of chicks. One day one of those northeast Texas storms was coming up and mama was driving the old hen in to shelter, when lightning struck a nearby tree, split it in half and knocked men flat on the ground.

We moved from that place near Pickton to Wood County near Winnsboro, Texas. There were piney woods, beautiful trees, springs, wild flowers and a lovely river fern on the spring creeks. We grew strawberries to sell at the market and I earned my first paycheck. I was nine years old.

I loved school there. It was three miles from home, but we still had to walk. Roy had started to school, so we had lots of good times on the way to and back home from school.

There was a lovely little Methodist Church which always made me think of the Little Brown Church in the Vale. Come - come - come - to the church in the vale. No spot is as dear as the little church in the vale.

Dad's health became worse as time went by and he became more Cross. At the supper table one night he jumped onto mom and it got

bad. Mom said she was going to leave in the morning. I cried all night. I got up as usual at 4 o'clock, and poor mom was cooking breakfast. She told me she would not leave us children.

There were a few odd moments there, since Era was growing and getting around pretty good. Mom and I were hoeing in the garden. We had left Roy and Era in the house for a few minutes. I went in to see about them. Roy had opened a trunk where mom kept her starched and ironed bonnet. Era had crawled into the trunk and Roy had shut the lid. It was a good thing I went in to check on them. Era wouldn't have lasted too long in that trunk.

Well, back to the horses. Dad had a very mean horse. Sometime in his life he had lost half of his tongue where the bridle bit fits into his mouth. He couldn't eat unless the grass was tall. It was mine and Roy's job to keep Old Joe on the tall grass. I know dad was a good man because he believed in taking care of animals. So do I. If anything irks me, it is to see people shut in, or tie animals and not feed or take care of them.

I will always remember the piney woods and the many things I want to record.

Now we moved back to Hopkins County. We went to a little country school with two rooms. It was near Independence, Texas. It was 1912 and we got our first telephone. It was a large one that hung on the wall. You could ring it by hand. One long and one short ring and so on. Even though we had a telephone, it was still horse and buggy days.

Things began to pick up when we moved to Hopkins County. There were plenty of trees to cut down and cut into cord wood, for the fireplace and wood stove.

Dad was farming a little and I was still his helper. Our sister Tommie Lucille was born October 11, 1911.

Our school sessions were short because the children had to help in the fields. We had two teachers at this school. We went to school from 8 o'clock to 4 o'clock. We had a short recess each day. The restrooms were outdoors.

Chapter 2

My Aunt Add died around that time. She was twenty five years old when she got sick with typhoid pneumonia and died. Her death was a great grief to me since her and Uncle Amos had helped me so much by beginning my education.

One time before Aunt Add died, our family visited them. Era was about 2½ years old. They had a large plum orchard with little paths all through it. So here we go; Roy, Era and I, all to the plum orchard. Little Miss Era gets herself way back under the trees right next to a black wasp nest and guess who had to get her out! We were swollen up something terrible. The bite that hurt me the worst, was on my ear. Oh boy!

Back to the farm. We raised cotton and ribbon cane. We made our own Ribbon Cane Syrup and it was really good. Our neighbor had a hone made vat and mill. It was drawn by a mule. Round and round he went all day long. He did it on the shares, but we had to strip the cane, cut it down and haul it to the syrup mill.

We also raised our own corn. We shelled it and took it to a grist mill where we made our meal for bread.

About that time we started using our first ice box, but we had to haul the ice for seven miles in a wagon. Nice easy life! There were very few window screens. I had never heard of a fan except palmetto hand fans. The mosquitoes and malaria was bad, and our only defense was to smoke them out. If we didn't, they would pick us off. We burned rags, mostly wool rags, and used our hand fans.

Era was little and frail and she looked pale. Someone told dad that West Texas would be good for her health. So here we go. We took

the train to West Texas. We, the kids, enjoyed the train ride. We liked the people, the weather was nice, and we had lots of fun. We didn't stay very long, but we had a nice trip. We would go down to the Concho River and fish. There were some little mountains nearby that looked big to me. The only kind of fish we would catch was alligator gar, but we still had some good experiences.

But soon we returned to good old Hopkins County. I look back now and wonder how we ever made it, but somehow we managed. Things were different then. People helped each other. The men would gather together and work on the farm if something big needed to be done. The women would help each other out, and money wasn't a problem if someone got sick and needed help. Friends and relatives would go far and near to help each other, and they didn't worry about how much you would pay them for an hour's work. If someone was ill, they didn't go to a hospital. The doctor would come to the house and the neighbors would take turns sitting up with the sick. We have come a long way, but where is our compassion today?

There was one family that we associated with more than any other. We called the parents Uncle Jim and Aunt Willie. It was a large family and we always had lots of fun together. It rained a lot in East Texas and there were a lot of water springs. I remember on one occasion, my cousin and I and a bunch of kids went down to the creek. The creek had a grape vine that swung out over the water. I took a swing over the water, and my hands slipped, and into the water I fell. Well, I was wearing a new red dress, and it had faded something terrible. In those days we didn't have fast colors and permanent press. Well, we

were really caught then. That's one time I needed a spanking but everything turned out alright.

At the same place, we went one day to visit Uncle Jim and Aunt Willie. They had lots of children. They also had triplets which was a problem for Maudie (a friend) and I. We just couldn't figure out where babies came from, and triplets put our minds to wondering even more. Well, anyway, we were visiting them one Saturday and Aunt Willie sent us to the potato kiln to get sane potatoes. It was kind of bottom land around there, and cockle burrs were big and fine. So, somehow, we got into a cockle burr fight. Maudie had short hair and mine was long. We matted each other's hair with cockle burrs and when we realized what we had done, we began to try and get them out. Well, we forgot all about getting the potatoes. Oh boy, did we ever get a hair pulling when we returned home. But mama always tried to keep my hair pretty, and she was pretty gentle and tried not to break it off or pull it out by the roots.

During that same visit, the men folk decided it was time for a summer vacation. So, they gathered up all the kids, women and old folks. They assembled a camping outfit that consisted of two covered wagons, food, bedding, and all the things needed for a camp out. Aunt Delilah, an elderly lady, tiny, old, and wrinkled, sat right in the wagon with us noisy kids. We traveled a few miles to Big Caney Creek where all the bugs, mosquitos, whipperwills, hoot owls and bull frogs hollered all night. But everyone had fun. Someone had to work to keep the smoke going to prevent the mosquitos from packing us kids off. After about two days we were ready to go home, I don't know about all the fish and wildlife we disturbed. I imagine they were glad to see us go too.

So we returned to the routine of life. It wasn't too long before school would begin again. It always seemed to me that no matter where we moved to, we were always about three miles from school. Just Roy and I attended school then. I loved school. It was never a bother to me. I liked it best when it was cold and snowy. Not many kids would come, and the ones that did, got to pull their benches up to the pot bellied stove to have their lessons. That was fun!

Soon we had a new baby at our place. Mary Mozelle Gatlin came to our house on February 18, 1915. She was little and so cute. The first time I saw her, she opened her pretty little eyes and looked so sweet. Mom came down with pneumonia and we had a pretty hard time, having a new baby and all. Aunt Mollie and Ella came and stayed a few days to help out. But mom recovered, and life went on.

That fall we moved again, back to the big woods. That is when things began to happen. Dad wasn't feeling too well. Era got sick and soon she was very sick. My dad's cousin, Dr. Boyd Randolph came to the house to look at Era. He said she had peritonitis and she would have to have an operation. We were eighteen miles from a hospital; the roads were rough and Era couldn't make the trip. So, they called in five doctors. They put her on the dining roan table. Man held her feet down and dad stayed outside with his head in his hands. When they cut into her, the pus hit the ceiling. The doctor sewed her up and said she wouldn't live, but he didn't know Era. She was sick a long time, but she pulled through after all. We all had to help take care of her. Someone had to stand over her with a

fan and she had certain foods she would eat, or she didn't eat at all. But she survived and did real well.

The farm work and wood cutting went right on. I was about thirteen and weighed 145 pounds. We were in Pickton School District and Roy and I attended school. We also went to Sunday School and church there. There was a revival that summer, and I was saved. It was the most glorious happening of my life. I was so happy and still am. But when I told my father, he had a mad fit. Of course that broke my heart and I went behind the house and cried. But I told myself that this was one time I wouldn't mind my dad. He had said I couldn't be baptized. But when the time came, he didn't object.

That was the beginning of my Bible Reading. Of course I loved to read anyway. I attended all of the church activities and I took all the courses the Southern Baptists conducted. The Tabernacle Baptist Church had broken off from the First Baptist Church and joined the Southern Baptist Conference. My Grandmother Gatlin and Uncle John Randolph went to the Tabernacle Church, so I did too. It was a very active church and I enjoyed it a lot. We were out of the wood cutting business now, so I had more time to read and study.

About this time I found an old treddle organ in good condition. It cost twelve dollars, so I picked cotton to pay for it. I had a cousin who played the piano at the church, and she taught me the lines and notes, and I took it from there. I have pinched hit at playing the piano at nursing homes and churches through the years.

One interesting thing happened about this time. We had been to church and Uncle Calve Gatlin and his family were coming home with us

for lunch. We were in a wagon with two spring seats and a little rocker* Someone had parked a car on the side of the road. The mules saw it, got scared and ran away. The bit in one of the mule's mouth broke and Uncle Calve couldn't hold him. The baby was crying and Uncle Calve and Aunt Ella were both hollering whoa! Whoa! My cousin had jumped out of the wagon and was standing with her hands in the air hollering for dear life. Some man came to our rescue and got ahold of the bridle and mules. So all was okay. At that time there weren't very many cars, and horses and mules were scared of them. They would run away nearly everytime they saw a car, but it didn't take them too long to get used to them. It was such a blessing to have machines. When the horses and mules had to do all the hard work, many people were heartless and cruel to them. I was glad when the machines began to come.

I can remember when we were a little younger and we would go to camp meetings or brush arbor meetings. We enjoyed it so much. The women would make pallets for the little ones between the plank benches. The only light we had was a kerosene lantern, but we loved the horse and buggy days. Sometimes I wish we were back there and out of this mad rush we live in today,

By now, we had moved out of the big woods to a real nice farm. It was closer to the church and school, and we were free from working in the woods. Era was not able to start school. Life was taking on a new way. The Pickton school was bigger; it had more teachers and it was in session for eight months a year. We still lived about three miles from school, but we had a lot more conveniences. Our farm had all kinds of fruit trees. We were all growing, but I was still dad's helper.

When he went to the field, I went, whether it was to plow pick cotton, gather corn, cut feed or gather firewood. We had a nice fine place with plenty of room. I had more time to practice the organ and read. I always read good clean books.

Our social life changed when I was about fifteen years old. Singing was the big thing in East Texas and I loved it. We sang sacred songs. There was a singing almost every Sunday. They were held nearby enough so most could attend. In time, we had parties which consisted of mostly singing. There were no worldly things such as a picture show. I guess we were backwoodsy, mostly church people. There were two Baptist Churches and one Methodist Church, Our parents were very strict. The Edison radio was the first outside entertainment we had. We have come a long way since then, but in the wrong direction.

I laughed a lot and cried a lot. My tears were so shallow. Dad could hurt my feelings so easily. He found out if he could make me cry, mom would get riled up. Of course his health was worsening, but he kept going. We fanned and I loved it and I still do, but I was like my dad. I was restless and I always made a lot of changes in my life. I went a lot of places and I met a lot of people. Boys never bothered me. I didn't have time for them. I kept busy all day and into the night. I played the organ every evening and the family would sing. I have kept on playing the organ off and on all my life. Sometimes I wouldn't have an organ, but I would usually find one. That and my Bible reading are something I have always tried to do.

I have had in my life, wonderful opportunities to meet real nice people; people from all walks of life, rich, poor, good and not so good, I will go back now to when we moved to Pickton, Texas, We had lots of fun and a lot of things happened that weren't so funny. Life was real and life was earnest, and the grave is not the goal. Dust thou art, to dust returneth, and the grave is not the goal.

The next move we made was to Uncle Dock Randolph's place. I really believe the place belonged to my grandmother, Sallie Gatlin, but somehow Uncle Dock and Aunt Rose Randolph came to own it. Uncle Dock and Aunt Rose were a great help to all of us. They had one of the first cars in the community. They went to the First Baptist Church in Pickton and they would give us kids a lift on Sunday mornings. I never missed a Sunday. I taught my first Sunday School class when I was sixteen years old. I tried the best I could, and I never missed a class for over three years.

Grandpa Murphy used to come and stay with us. Uncle Amos Murphy had married Gertrude Teer and that left Grandpa alone. So, grandpa took turns visiting around with Uncle Ambrose Murphy, Uncle Amos, Aunt Mollie and my mother. Aunt Mollie and Ella lived pretty close to us. After Ella married, Aunt Mollie was left alone, and I used to go and spend nights with her. I always loved elderly people. We had all kinds of kin folks around Pickton. We were well established in school and church activities.

We always tried to help our neighbors, especially the elderly ones. One of our most needy neighbors was an elderly couple. The man was blind and feeble and his wife was nearly blind. They lived

in a big old timey house. I would go to their place regularly and help with the housework. Roy would go under the house and gather eggs for them. One day they wanted help robbing the bees. They had a beehive out by the water well. The woman covered *my* hands and put a bonnet on me. I was supposed to hold the pan for her while she robbed the bees. She warned me to avoid hitting at them, but somehow I disturbed them, and they lit in on me. I put that pan down and ran clear around that big house. I came back and picked up the pan and "the old woman never knew I had even left. The old man was sitting on the porch and of course he didn't see me since he was blind. I went home after that and I was sick in bed for three days. Those bees really got me.

We lived at Uncle Dock's place for quite a number of years. I lived there from ages fifteen to nineteen, at which time I went away to work. We had everything we needed on Uncle Dock's place. There were all kinds of fruit trees and berries growing there. We would dry peaches and apples in the sunshine and sack them for the winter. Mama was a good gardener and we always had plenty of good food; chickens, turkeys, and lots of milk and butter. On the farm there was no laying around in bed in the morning. We all were up and ready to go to work by sunrise. We worked all day long during the week, but on weekends we were free to go to church on Sunday mornings and evenings and to singings on Saturday nights. Mozelle was just a baby when we first moved there. We continued to visit with Uncle Jim and Aunt Willie and all their children.

Chapter 3

Around the year 1917, while World War I was going on, a terrible influenza and pneumonia epidemic broke out.. People were dying left and right. During the epidemic, we lost our cousin. He was seventeen years old. He was working on the farm for us when he became sick and he died at our house. When he was sick and dying, my mother got up over him and led him to the Lord. It was very sad. Soon we all had the flu. Everyone in the house was sick, but somehow none of us died. Mama was a good nurse and doctor. Our neighbors helped us out without coming into the house. They would milk the cows and gather the eggs and set them on the porch. TTthey also took our clothes and washed them and set them back on the porch. Mama had a hole in the floor in the house and she would put some feed to the chickens. She kept us going on chicken soup. So many people died during this epidemic that there was hardly enough people to bury them.

My mother's brother, Amos Murphy married Gertrude Teer on July 28, 1918. They had one son, born in August 1919. He was named J.W. Then in 1920, Uncle Amos went to be with the Lord. He was a good man. He died from the flu and pneumonia.

Of course other things were happening around this time. Aunt Willie, who was Uncle Jim's wife, had a nervous breakdown. Somehow it seems the whole family broke down. I went to their house to spend the weekend with Maudie and she told me that she would tell me something if I would promise not to tell anyone. So, I promised that I wouldn't tell anyone, and she said they had "found a note under papa's pillow saying that he was going to kill himself." That same day Uncle Jim asked me to play a certain song. I don't remember

what *it* was. I was worried, but I didn't tell anybody. Then Monday morning while we were picking cotton, someone came and told us that Uncle Jim had shot himself. He had put a shotgun under his chin and shot one side of his face off. He lived for several days before he finally died. My conscience began to bother me. *I* told dad about the promise I had made, and he said that if I would have told him, he might have been able to talk Uncle Jim out of it. I decided not to make any more promises, and it has always bothered me. It is just one of the happenings in my life that laid a lasting hold on me.

When Uncle Amos Murphy died, it wasn't long before Gertrude married again and we didn't see much of J.W., Uncle Amos's son. Gertrude and her new husband moved away. *They* had a large family and J.W. grew up and made a fine man. We see him every year or two now. He is a big businessman in Sulphur, Springs, Texas.

We had a great event at our house on July 16, 1918; a new arrival named Loraine Elizabeth Gatlin. She was named after our mother's mother, Elizabeth Murphy. She was a beautiful baby with a good voice. The first time I got to see her, I planted a kiss on her fat little face. We still love each other. She is a wonderful sister.

On the farm, it was peach time in July and August. I always helped gather the great big alberta peaches to take to the market. This year, 1918, I had to take a few days off from picking peaches to help mom with the house and the new baby. We always got through with the field work by July the Fourth, and then I was free to hit the peach orchard. I would always make enough money to buy me

school clothes and supplies. I enjoyed gathering the big beautiful peaches. We always cut and dried enough to last the whole year. We would cook dried peaches and make fried pies for our school lunches. There were not any cafeterias in those days, *lie* all carried sack lunches, and at lunch time we would group together and eat. We had lots of fun. I may have to go back now, as *I* skipped lots of happenings.

I haven't said much about my boyfriend. I only had one, during my teens. He was a real nice guy. He led the singing at the church. We really did go together. He was desperately afraid of my dad. Dad said he would kill him if he ever came to the house and we really believed it. So, we would just meet each other at singings and other places. After I moved away to work, he married another girl. It didn't grieve me very much. We would have never been happy, since he was a stay at home, and I was restless and wanted to go.

While we still lived at Uncle Dock's place, I had an episode with an old Jersey bull. We had a swimming pond not too far from home, and in the summer the kids from Pickton would come out there to swim. The old bull went where he pleased. A fence didn't mean a thing to him. Anyway, the kids who came to swim teased him and made him mean. One weekend, mom and dad went visiting, and I stayed home and spent the night with Uncle Dock and Aunt Rose. In the morning, I went to our house to milk the cows. When I got there, I found the old bull in the pen with the cows. I tried to get the cows into the stable, but the bull gave me a hard time. He met me head on, and came at me with such power that I fell down. He was pawing the earth around me. I made a run for the house and he almost got me.

I went into the house and lay down. I was scared to death. But soon Uncle Dock came along and handled the bull. From then on, that old bull hated me.

Another part of our life on the farm was wash day. We had a large family, and it was usually an all day ordeal. Mom did most of the washing and of course the kids helped. But when mom was sick or when the babies were born, I would take over the job. First, we filled a wash pot with water from the well. Then we would build a fire to heat the water. Then the number three wash tub would be filled with the water. We would then rub the clothes, using a rubboard. Next, we put the clothes into the wash pot to boil. Then the clothes were rinsed and hung on a line to dry. In those days, everything had to be ironed, as there was no such thing as permanent press. We used hand irons that were heated on a wood stove. Mom was very particular about her clothes, and I wasn't so particular. So we didn't always agree, but the poor thing had to put up with me and the other kids. So that takes care of the clothing chores, except that they had to be made. Not many clothes were ready made then. It was a busy life just to keep up with the clothes.

Another big day, was when we killed a hog. Of course, that was in the winter, during school, so us kids usually didn't help much. Also in the winter time, when the weather was bad, we had to get into the barn loft and get the peanuts put away. We also had to dry peas to shell and put away. Mother was such a good gardener that we always had plenty of vegetables. It kept us all busy. There wasn't much idle time around our place. Sunday was our day for recreation, and of course we had our evening get-togethers around the old organ.

I watched the children a lot, as mom loved to work in her garden. If I wasn't working with dad, I would help man, and I loved my brother and little sisters.

On May 3, 1921, another daughter, Jessie Ruth, was born into our family. She was a precious baby; sweet, she always had a sweet smile. But when she was a year old, she became very sick and when she recovered, she was paralyzed. At that time, it was called "infantile paralysis," Very little was known about it back then, and little could be done. Dad and man tried everything, but it was to no avail. She was so sweet, and she could smile beautifully. She seldom cried. It was such a tragedy in our family. She had to be fed, and she could not talk, but smile she could. I believe her mind was perfect. She lived to be fourteen years old. She is one of the many persons I want to see in Heaven.

Before Jessie Ruth was born, dad bought us a new top buggy and a pretty little horse. We would use it to go to Sunday School and church. Anyway, there was one car that went to our church, a Model T of course. When we were all in the buggy after church waiting to leave, the Model T would start up and our pony would take out after it. You just couldn't hold her back. She would stay right behind that car and it was dangerous. She had another trick she liked to pull. Dad would let Roy plow at times, and at 10:00 AM on the dot, she would take out for the house, pulling the plow and Roy. You just couldn't hold her back. That was quite a pony. Used to be a show horse.

In the years we lived on Uncle Dock's place, I had a favorite spot out under an old pear tree where I would steal away, when it was quiet. I would read my Bible or anything I could get ahold of to read. I would also do my Sunday School studying under that old pear tree.

I have so many memories from Uncle Dock's place. Memories of my brothers and sisters and man and dad. I would often go to spend the night with Aunt Mollie and that is where I first began to read the Bible through the year, from Genesis to Revelation.

Chapter 4

By now in *my* life I am ready to turn over the work to the other children. They are now big enough to help man and dad. I am nineteen years old and ready to face the world. I didn't get my high school diploma. Pickton school didn't give the final examinations for a diploma. I would have had to go to Sulpher Springs for about a month and we really couldn't afford it. I made a decision to go out on my own, so that I could help more by sending a little money home. I was leaving my church, and it would be hard to find a new one. I was leaving mom, dad, Roy, Era, Lucille, Mozelle, Loraine and little Jessie Ruth. Willa Marie hadn't come on the scene yet.

So I went to Sulpher Springs, which was eleven miles away and I found a job in a dress factory. The factory was owned by a woman who had made it the hard way. She was hard boiled, but was a good woman. She built her factory in the back of a big fine hone. She kept four of her employees in her home, two cutters, the inspector and the presser. She didn't want them laying out at night. I was hired as a cutter. The ties of home were broken and it wasn't easy. I would take the train hone on weekends and the kids would meet me when I arrived. They would all be talking at once, but I loved it. I got my room and board plus nine dollars a week. That was pretty good money at the time. I moved into Mrs. Thornton's house with three other girls. I was trained to be a cutter and another girl was trained to do the trimming. I would cut six dresses at a time and the other girl did the trim, collars, belts and all the little parts. The factory ran about eighteen sewing machines plus the pressers.

The inspector manager was the owner's son-in-law. There was also a chicken pen in the back yard between the house and the factory.

Mrs. Thornton was gone a lot of the time since she was her own traveling salesman. It was a nice place to work. Nothing exciting really happened there. The most interesting thing that happened to me while I was there, involved my first experience in catching and killing a chicken. We four girls who lived there, would take turns fixing lunch. Well, one day when it was my turn to fix lunch, Mrs. Thornton told me to get a chicken. I had never killed a chicken before, but I caught the chicken, and tried to wring its head off. All I managed to do was break its neck, and the poor thing got loose and was running around something crazy. So, I caught it again and believe me, its head came off then. I was so afraid someone would be looking out of the factory and see me chasing that poor chicken. Ha! I lived through it.

Every once in a while I would get a letter from mom. She said they missed me so much, especially in the evenings, since that's when we all sang, and I played the organ. While I worked at the factory I earned enough money to buy mama a Singer sewing machine.

One little incident occurred while I worked there that I can remember, toe day the manager's daughter came home from school, and gave me a bouquet of ripe grass burrs. When I went into the house at quitting time, I was going to town, so I just threw the grass burrs in a chair, and forgot all about them. When I returned everyone was at the supper table in an uproar. The manager had sat

in the chair on the grass burrs and they were trying to figure out who put them in the chair. It seemed they didn't think quiet Sallie would do such a thing. I tried to be very quiet at the table, but of course in the long run they found out I was the guilty one.

Well, now for a little fun in my life. It was Halloween night, and all the girls and the bunch that lived there had bought Halloween suits. They got fixed up and ready to go. I told them to go on, since I didn't plan to go, and I would wash the dishes. Then Mrs. Thornton came and told me she would fix me up if I would go. So of course I said yes. She went upstairs, and came back with a hoop skirt, a big blouse, a big white bonnet and a black stocking to cover my face with. I dressed and went alone. It was just three blocks to the square in Sulpher Springs from Mrs. Thornton's place. No one knew who I was and was I ever an attraction. All the kids and grown folks followed me around the square, time after time. For once, I was the ball of the Halloween party.

That's about all that happened during the two years I was there. At the end of those two years, man was expecting another baby. My folks had moved again, this time near Como, Texas. It was Spring, and dad needed help with planting, so I quit my job and went home to help out again.

Willa Marie Gatlin arrived March 29, 1924. It was quite a night. Aunt Mollie and Ella came to spend the night with us. Mom was so sick, and Aunt Mollie was just walking the floor saying, "What in the world are we going to do?" We all stayed put on the other side of the house, and eventually the baby arrived okay.

Now mom had two babies, Willa and Jessie Ruth, who was the same as a baby since she was paralyzed. So, I stayed with mama and helped in the house until she got on her feet again. Then I went to the fields to help dad. I stayed around the hone place until they got caught up on their work. Then I decided to try the world again.

Uncle Dock and Aunt Rose gave me some money so I could go to the Tyler Commercial College in Tyler, Texas. I wanted to study bookkeeping. Well I soon found that bookkeeping wasn't for me. Typing was my biggest problem, but I stayed with it for awhile.

White I lived in Tyler, I had my long hair cut. All of my family was disgusted with me. They thought I had turned out to be such a sinner. For it was a sin for a woman to have short hair. But I could never bring myself to let it grow long again.

During my stay in Tyler, I met a little frenchman from Louisiana. He was a Catholic. Mama liked to have died when she found out I was seeing him. But it didn't last.

Not too much else happened while I was living in Tyler. Man and dad moved again; this time to Cooper, Texas. I left Tyler and went home for awhile.

I had a cousin, Wash Murphy, who lived in Austin, Texas. He got me a job at the State Hospital. At that time, it was called an "insane asylum", and they did nothing to cure the patients. They were just locked up and forgotten by the world. There was never a dull moment there, something was happening all the time.

When I first arrived at the hospital, they were under a Small Pox Quarantine, but I went on it. I was vaccinated and I really had

a bunch of us girls went boat riding and had a lovely time. Often we would go to Barton Springs and take pictures. I sure enjoyed that, as ' I was a picture nut. I would also go shopping when I could and buy things to send home to my brothers and sisters. I would pack boxes and mail them home. I loved all my family and they were so far away. I didn't have any traveling time since I had such little time off. Mom would write me such sweet letters thanking me for the packages I sent home. It meant a lot to her. She was such a sweet mother. But she had a very hard life keeping up with dad.

After a while I decided to move to San Antonio, Texas, and work at the State Hospital there. Somehow it was different. It was larger, about 2,500 patients and the working conditions were better. The Superintendent was more active and he sought to bring in new ideas. He opened a beauty shop for the patients. He also started a working center for the patients so they could have something to do besides sitting around all day. It was more pleasant for me to work there, but the routine was about the same.

There was a lot of things in San Antonio to go and see. I loved to go to Brackenridge Park. I tried to go to church there but it just didn't work. I guess the devil didn't want it to work. So I just went places when I had a chance, which wasn't very often. At night I read a lot and I did needle work, so I was busy as a bee. As usual I have always been a workaholic.

I learned a lot during my four years of hospital work. It was first hand experience in real life and it meant more to me than a lot of schooling. I feel like it was time well spent, as I always tried

to help those helpless people.

I guess the big event of my life was when I met John Washington Day. We didn't court very long. On May 7, 1927 we were married by a Lutheran minister in San Antonio, Texas. I got two days off from work to go on a honeymoon. The State Hospital provided furnished apartments for married employees. But of course we didn't work there too long.

I was going to a new life style, back to where I could find a church. Was I happy for that, because I loved the Lord and his work! Life wasn't easy, but God really blessed us. He gave us three nice sons. Life was hard then as we were coming into the deep depression. John's father was a well to do fanner in Edgar, Texas. We moved about a lot. We stayed in East Texas for awhile. My old hone place. Our oldest son, John Washington Day Jr., was born then. By now times are really getting bad so we moved back to Edgar, Texas. Our second son Cecil Allen Day was born there. Then we went back to East Texas to try farming, but by then times were really hard, no work and no money. Somehow the Lord provided and we got back to Edgar, Texas. My brother-in-law, Arthur Cooper had a little farm so we were in luck. We stayed with them that year and our third son Walter Delano Day was born. I named him after President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Doctor Walter Shropshire. So he was named after a president and a doctor.

Soon after Delano was born, John collected his war service pay and we bought a house and five acres of land for \$250.00. It was near Cuero, Texas. Delano was three weeks old when we moved there.

Those were the happiest days of my life. I had all my children at home at one time.

I need to go back now to some important events that I have passed over. On November 4, 1933 our little crippled sister, Jessie Ruth went to be with the Lord. I wasn't able to go to her funeral. There weren't any phones at that time, so I didn't even know she had died until later. The next horrible event was on August 15, 1936. Our brother Roy was run over by a train. He wasn't found for several hours. Mom had to identify the body and he was buried real soon. Poor mom, so much trouble in her life. Walter Delano was only six days old when Roy died. Then on June 21, 1937 daddy went to be with the Lord. I was there when he passed away. All of these loved ones who died, were taken to Como, Texas for burial.

Now back to my children. John Jr. was a restless child and big for his age. He started working at the age of twelve. He was in the eighth grade and he needed money to pay his typing fee or the teacher would not give him his report card. We didn't have the money so he quit school and went to work.

World War II is now in full force, so John went to Corpus Christi, Texas to get a job at the Naval Air Station. We moved there and rented a place on North Beach. The boys were all still at home, but John Jr. was pawing at the bit. Cecil was in school and Delano was just starting school. The boys really enjoyed the beach. John Jr. found a job at an all day parking lot. They were crying for help at the Naval Air Station, so I went to work there also.

Things began to look up now. I found a little Baptist church on

North Beach. So I finally got into church. I had already been attending church in Edgar, Texas and I took the boys to Sunday School and church for about five years. John Jr. was saved and joined the church when he was twelve years old. I was so glad to get back to church and Sunday School. God really blessed us with our children. We had three wonderful healthy sons who never gave us any serious trouble. Just the little knocks of life.

I ended up working at the Naval Air Station for eleven years. At first I was very skeptical about going to work and leaving the boys at home. I had never left them before. I never asked anyone to take care of them. If I went somewhere they went with me. I mean when they were small of course. John Jr. was never little. Ha! He was made out of going leather. He hit the world going. When he was small he would crawl down the dirt road, ready to go. Now back to my going to work. I had someone to keep their eyes on the boys while I was working. I never felt right about it but I never left them at night. The light was always burning when they came home.

Many things happened during the eleven years I worked at the Naval Air Station. I met two great preachers during that time. First I met Lester Roloff. We had moved to Buford Street in Corpus Christi, Texas. We lived about three blocks from the Park Avenue Baptist Church. I attended Sunday School there. Lester Roloff was teaching a Sunday School class and he was a real live wire. He was about thirty years old at the time and I really enjoyed his teaching. But the church burned down and I went to another church shopping around for a church I liked. I finally joined the Baptist Temple. Somehow I just couldn't get settled on a church.

In the meantime, John Jr. had joined the Merchant Marines. He went completely around the world from Corpus Christi, Texas. With the war going on, some tankers were being shot at but the Lord took care of him. He spent eight years in the Merchant Marines.

Eventually we bought a house on Lynch Street. During all this time we had two hurricanes, but I can't remember their names. We always stayed in our home during a storm though. Cecil met Louise on Lynch Street. Her family lived next door to us. It was love at first sight for Cecil.

During this time, I met the only other great preacher I have known in my life besides Lester Roloff. His name was Dr. Ben David. He started a church in his home and I began going. Dr. David was one of the great preachers of his day. He had taught Bible at the Seminary for eleven years. He had built a church on Staples St., Southside Baptist Church, but through a misunderstanding he gave it up. But he had started a class at the church and he took the class with him as he went to his home and held church. He finally found a two story house on Eighteenth Street and held church there. When the war was over, he bought an army chapel for \$1.00 through Lyndon Baines Johnson, who would someday be president. It cost \$500.00 to move the chapel. They moved the two story house back and put the chapel where the house had been. The house was used for Sunday School classes. This was located one block from our house on Lynch Street. I really enjoyed that little church. I still love it. Some of my grandchildren go there and work for the Lord even still. My last memories of John Jr. are of him

attending church there in his last days. When I lived on Lynch, I had lots of flowers growing and I always kept flowers in the church.

Back to my work at the Naval Air Station. I loved it but I still worried about the boys. But before I knew it they were grown. Cecil was the musician of the family but he joined the Air Force and was stationed at Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas. Delano joined the Army and was stationed at a missile base in the state of Washington. When John Jr. left the Merchant Marines after eight years he joined the Army and served almost twenty-five years. All three of the boys got married while we lived on Lynch Street. My house was large, we had plenty of room and somebody was staying with us most of the time. I always loved company and I was so glad to be able to help someone else.

Working at the Naval Air Station gave me plenty of time to read and study my Bible. John liked to go to work early so I would sit in the car and read my Bible while waiting for work to begin. I kept one Bible in the car and one in my work bench drawer. At lunchtime someone would come along and we would read and discuss the Bible. One day a boy who had served in the army during the war came by my bench. He was a new Christian. He asked me where us Baptists get that 1,000 year reign of Christ out of the Bible. So, I opened up the Bible right to the exact passage. He read it and never mentioned it again. Then one day one of the inspectors came up to me and asked me if he could borrow my Bible for a few minutes. Of course I was glad to let him use it. He came back and told me that he had won a \$5.00 bet. A man had bet him that out of 3,500 people working there you wouldn't find one Bible. There was never a dull moment around there.

Finally, after eleven years I got tired of working with metal and steel, so I quit the Naval Air Station to go to work with people. After I first quit at the Naval Air Station I stayed at home for a-while and caught up on my work at home. By now, the boys had all gone their separate ways.

During the next three years I worked in nursing homes and I saw the ruthless treatment of old, helpless people. The first nursing home I worked at was the Hearth Nursing Home. I worked there before the days of government inspections and things were bad. It was a county home and it cost the patient ninety dollars a month, and if you could afford it, it cost one hundred and fifty dollars a month. This home was run by a group of women in Corpus Christi, and it wasn't too bad, but we had some heartless people working there. I got so disgusted when I worked there! I had other things on my mind. The one thing I had against nursing was that it interfered with my church work.

While I worked at the Hearth, I had my teeth pulled and I had to go for three months without any teeth. One of my next door neighbors, Melvin Dillman, told me I looked like an old witch. I told some of my patients what he had said and they said, "Well, you are a sweet old witch."

Around this time new grand babies were coming into my life. They were all so sweet. Papa and Granny Day visited with us a lot. John was still working at the Naval Air Station. When I worked there I had bought a piano and tried to keep up my evening song services, but my family didn't cooperate. Before I went to work at the nursing home I went to Sunday School and church regularly and I worked - in the yard in the evenings so I could keep flowers in the church.

While working in the nursing home I decided to go to nursing school at Del Mar College. When I went to register for classes they told me I was past the age limit set for persons taking the training. However, since I had worked for several years at the state hospitals they allowed me to enter the nurses training program.

The program consisted of one half a day of classes and one half a day at Spohn Hospital. I enjoyed all of it. As part of our training we visited the Crippled Children's Hospital and Driscoll Hospital. All those little crippled and sick children! It was so sad. I found out that children and not only old people needed help. At Driscoll they had a whole wing of babies suffering from "water on their brains." So sad. After we finished our training we had to go to Austin, Texas to take our state boards examination. I made a good grade and we all got our diplomas on May 14, 1958. So, another part of my life was ended.

After completion of my nurses' training, I went to work at Spohn Hospital. I worked there for three months. During that time I decided to open a small nursing home. I found a big house with six bedrooms on Peabody Street. It was a mess but I rented it and cleaned it up. My family was disgusted with me and told me I was crazy. Maybe I was, but I was happy. I really enjoyed working with old people. I got the house all ready to accept my patients. I could only have three paying patients. I had to buy the beds and furniture

I needed to care for sick patients. It was so exciting! I worked twenty four hours a day, seven days a week, but I loved it.

My first patient was a retired nurse. She was eighty years old and had a broken hip. She was a harsh person but she had lots of prominent friends. She had been an O.B. nurse, and people from all walks of life visited her. She knew all about the hurricane of 1919 that killed so many people. She was a smart, interesting person. She lived at my home for three years and she died there.

My next patient was a retired school teacher and a former missionary to Old Mexico. She was an interesting person and attracted to lots of people. She had visitors from all over the world. She lived with me for six years before she passed away. I really enjoyed all the visitors.

My next patient was as mean as they come. She lived three years with me before she died. We had many other patients over the years, including a physician. He told me that my front porch was a million dollar porch. It caught that good old cool breeze off of the Gulf of Mexico.

When I first opened the nursing home, John was laid off at the Naval Air Station because he had high blood pressure. So he never worked again. He was a very sick man. One of my standbys was Dr. Ben David; he was a help in everything. I continued to support the church by tithing, and I gave the church a piano. But I couldn't go to church much because I couldn't leave my patients.

Lots of things happened during the ten years on Peabody Street. The Day family had several deaths. John's niece, Barbara Day passed

on, as had both his parents. His sister Hattie Fawcett also passed away. His brother Joe Day died before we moved to Peabody Street. , Also, during those ten years a lot of grandchildren came into my life. Some of them were getting to be a pretty good size.

On April 27, 1967 John passed away. All of our sons had moved away and I had no one else very close in Corpus Christi. I stayed on at the home on Peabody Street for a few months after John died. I hated to give up my work, I loved it so much. I still listened to Brother Roloff on the radio and I always supported him all I could. He visited us one time and I really enjoyed it. Dr. Ben David was still there with his support. I hated to leave 18th Street Baptist Church. I didn't get to go much but I knew it was there. I also hated to let my patients go. They all cried and so did I. But I had to say good bye to Corpus Christi and my friends. We had lived there almost twenty five years to the day and it had been good to us. Many memories were left behind, lots of joy and lots of heartache.

Now I moved to Victoria. Cecil and his children built a house and I lived in it. I lived in Victoria about six years. I went to work as a sitter at Citizens Manorial Hospital. I also joined Central Baptist Church. I started a tract ministry while in Victoria. I mailed them to people and distributed them at bus stations, airports, etc. I left tracts everywhere I went; on buses and airplanes. I believe there is power in the printed page. It is one way to witness for the Lord and to carry the gospel to a lost and dying world. I have done so little for Jesus and His cause. I hope I don't have to stand before the Lord on Judgement Day without one soul.

I enjoyed living around part of my family while I was in Victoria. I enjoyed the hospital work and going to church. While there, Delano surrendered to the Lord to preach the gospel and he received his license to preach at Central Baptist Church.

At the end of six years I moved to the hill country around Kerrville and stayed there about three years. While living there I enjoyed the church and I didn't have a job. During this time my mother was sick in California and I made two or three trips out there to see her.

Around this time John Jr. was stationed in Arizona. Pat Osborne, Loyce's boy, died from cancer, and then John Jr. came down with cancer and passed away in August of 1974. Before he died, he moved his family to Corpus Christi, Texas. Some of his family attend 18th Street Baptist Church to this day.

I stayed in the hill country until mama got worse and then we moved her to Cuero, Texas. I moved to Cuero to help Era take care of mama. We moved to 304 E. Clayton in Cuero on February 2, 1975, and mama passed away on May 7, 1975 at the age of ninety two years and eleven months. All my sisters from California and Arizona came to the funeral. Our mother was a wonderful person. She went through awful times, but she never stopped being patient. She lived right and taught her children to do the same. She was a wonderful Bible student and she read her Bible up to the very end. She raised six daughters and there's not one divorce in all her family. Praise the Lord!

Life goes on and soon after mama died, Era and I started a little mission in the garage behind the house on Clayton Street in Cuero.

We gathered discarded clothing and anything our friends and neighbors no longer wanted. We would send these things and money to a missionary in Mexico who was working with the poor and needy there. He had a mission there and told the ones who had never heard about Jesus, about Jesus and His great love. Also, Mexican preachers were trained there and they would go deep into the heart of Mexico to establish churches in Jesus' name. Era and I could not have done our work if it had not been for our sister, Loraine. She was a wonderful help with the transportation of the boxes of clothes we took to the Red Arrow freight lines. We sent the money collected in our mission garage sales to missionaries and other charitable organizations. Our work was a labor of love and charity. God has really blessed us. We give the glory to Him for it is all done in Jesus' name. We give tithes and offerings to our churches, but Jesus said, "As much as ye give in my name, you will be blessed."

One of the highlights of my life besides being saved was my 80th birthday party. My sons gave it for me at the Northside Baptist Church in Edna, Texas, where my son Delano is pastor. All of my family that could possibly be there came. It was the bright spot of my life and I thank my children.

It seems like I have come to the last of my working days, but the Lord's will must be done. God really blessed John and I with three sons. John Jr. has gone on, but I still have two wonderful sons. I have twelve grandchildren, seven grandsons and five granddaughters. None of them have been in any serious trouble. I have thirteen great-grandchildren and two more on the way. My

final prayer is for all my family to meet me in Heaven

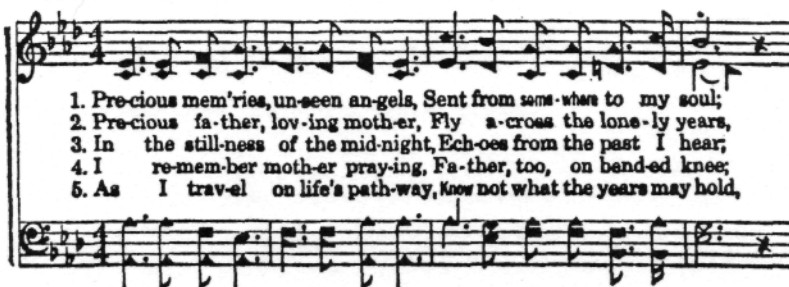
No. 209

Precious Memories

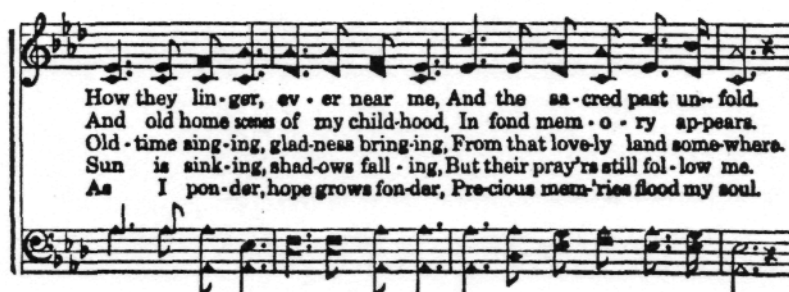
J. B. F. W. and
Lonnie B. Combs

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J. B. F. Wright

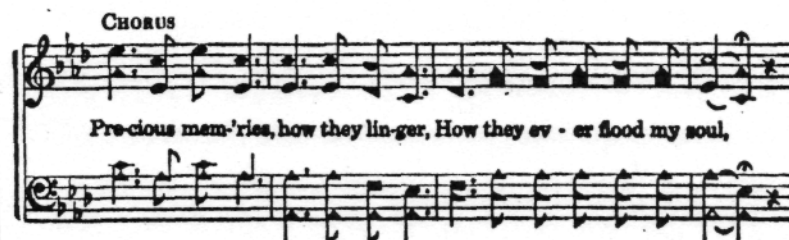


1. Precious mem'ries, un-seen an-gels, Sent from some-where to my soul;
2. Precious fa-ther, lov-ing moth-er, Fly a-croas the lone-ly years,
3. In the still-ness of the mid-night, Ech-oes from the past I hear;
4. I re-mem-ber moth-er pray-ing, Fa-ther, too, on banded knee;
5. As I trav-el on life's path-way, Know not what the years may hold,

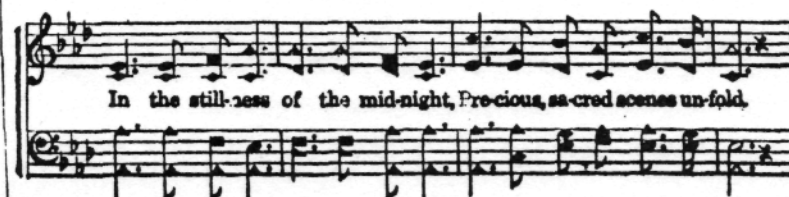


How they lin-ger, ev - er near me, And the sa-cred past un- fold.
And old home scenes of my child-hood, In fond mem - o - ry ap-pears.
Old - time sing-ing, glad-ness bring-ing, From that love-ly land some-where.
Sun is sink-ing, shad-ows fall - ing, But their pray'rs still fol-low me.
As I pon-der, hope grows fon-dar, Precious mem'-ries flood my soul.

CHORUS



Precious mem'-ries, how they lin-ger, How they ev - er flood my soul,



In the still-ness of the mid-night, Precious, sa-cred scenes un-fold.

Del Mar College

Corpus Christi



Texas

Be it Known That

Sallie Day

*having satisfactorily completed the prescribed Course of Instruction
is hereby awarded this Certificate as*

Vocational Nurse

the twenty-fourth day of May nineteen hundred fifty-eight.

Chas. H. Clark

President of Board

John F. Wiley

Secretary of Board

E. L. Harvin

President of College

Grady St. Clair

Dean of College

Cuero's good samaritan

By Patsy Duke

With a heart full of love, a deep personal faith in God and a double garage — Sally Day is clothing the naked and feeding the poor.

Mrs. Day, 77, lives with her sister, Mrs. Vera Rash at 304 East Clayton in Cuero. Behind the Day home is a double garage housing an array of used items ranging from clothing, appliances, to brick-a-brack and odds and ends, and pot plants. The center of attention is focused on two handmade signs nailed to a center garage support which reads, "Jesus Saves and Keeps Us".

Mrs. Day collects used but usable items from friends as close as Cuero and Yoakum to as far away as Palacios, Houston, Dallas and Corpus Christi. Most of the items are given to her, but she also buys left overs from other

garage sales in town and stores them in her own double garage for her sales which she holds frequently.

The cash intake from these sales she divides between several missionary endeavors.

The clothing and items she ships by truck to the Border Mission in Hidalgo and Matamoros. Items are sent to Mrs. H. D. Morgan for the Assembly of God Border Mission in Hidalgo, and to Missionary Bob Smith who has a Mexican School in Matamoros, Mexico where he trains young preachers at the Good Samaritan Mexican Bible Institute.

According to Mrs. Day, the students are trained at the Institute for two years, during which time their education, room and board are provided by the Institute. She said these students come from all parts of old Mexico and go

back to their homes where they organize churches in their home towns.

Mrs. Day said that this is a big church with 20 smaller churches branching from it.

She also sends a little cash each month to the World Literature Crusade with headquarters in California. She said they have bought their own paper mill and reach people who do not have a church.

She also sends contributions to Dr. Vernon McGee, who according to Mrs. Day, is headquartered at Radio City, Pasadena, California.

Brother Lester Roloff enterprises and the Good Samaritan Rescue Mission in Corpus Christi are also recipients of Mrs. Day's endeavors.

Mrs. Day said that she sends a little to all these Christian endeavors as well as supporting her own church in Cuero. Not including money from the garage sales, she divides \$100 of her own money each month between the various churches.

She said that many of her friends give her a little cash to send and she keeps tab from each donor and makes a report of how much was sent to each place.

Mrs. Day said that she also sends clothes to many of these places, especially the ones along the border.

She said that Mrs. Morgan feeds the people who come across the border and that she also gives them clothing and items from Mrs. Day's collections.

Mrs. Day said she is a Baptist but that she believes in helping all who are helping others.

Mrs. Day has lived in Cuero since February 1975.



MISSION IN A GARAGE — Mrs. Sally Day of 304 East Clayton is pictured in her double garage where she has frequent garage sales, the proceeds of which she uses to "feed the hungry and clothe the naked". Many items are donated to her but others she buys from other garage sale "left overs". Money gained is used to support many Christian endeavors which have come to her attention.

(Record photo by Patsy Duke)

RECORD FOR 1977

A MOTTO FOR THE WORK HERE:

MISSIONS

John 6:12-Jesus feeding the five thousand with 5 fish and 2 loaves of bread. Jesus said, when they all filled, "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." So we proceed to gather up the things we don't need and give them to the ones who are hungry, the sick, those that have fell by the wayside, those that are lost, hungry or cold. Jesus went about to minister to the poor and commanded us to do likewise with promise to those who obey.

Matthew 18: 19-20

Luke 10:36.

We want to take out some time at the end of the year to give a report to all that have helped in this work of love and say thanks to each and everyone. We hope and pray 1978 will be a greater year for each and everyone who has helped in this project. Thanks to each and everyone who has been so generous in giving to this cause.

As of December 1, 1977 we have sent \$1,012.50 to Missions, 12 boxes of clothes to Mexican Bible Institute and 6 boxes and bags to Border Mission.

I want to thank the following for various services:

Martha L. Hudgeons for typing this report.

Gertie Duncan for her transportation as well as gifts.

Nancy Hardin for delivery of packages to the bus station.

Red Arrow Freight Lines for delivery of the clothes.

Lorene Buch

George Hardin.

TO EACH AND EVERYONE OF THE FOLLOWING WHO HAVE DONATED THE MANY DIFFERENT THINGS:

We sell enough to take care of the expense and the remainder goes to the missions. We give the money to various organizations that are carrying out work that Jesus commanded his disciples or Christian people to do. We support the Mexican Bible Institute in Old Mexico who is training native preachers, the Roloff Evangelistic Enterprises, World Literature Crusade, Dr. Vernon McGee, and others. We still have the tract ministry. So pray for the work here. There is much to do as being the humble servant of Jesus.

Now thanks to the following donors:

Martha L. Hudgeons

Gertie Duncan

The Hardins

Lorene Buch

Jean Causey

David Buch

Delano and Barbara Day

Cecil Day

Clint and Ben Day

Grady and Sallie Blount

Bro. Jack Harris

Kenneth and Sharon Parker

Jim and Judy Parker

Raymond and Velma Albrecht

Mrs. Lud Eichholz

Katherine Parker

Cheri Coppedge

Mr. & Mrs. A. C. Eichholz

Annie Bell Coker

Sandra Talley

Era Rash

Edna Cobb

Henry Learn

Pauline Thompson

Mrs. Curtis Lucas

Violet Albrecht

Bob and Linda Smith

27 Donors

Patricia Day
4-10-1978

Total Amount Sent to Missions \$1.149.00

Dec 19 78 Report on Missions

Thanks to the Following, who has been so Faithful in giving to the Lords work, Thanks for the Prayers, and for those giving much or a little.,

We are so glad the Doors are open for the Gospel, to go out to a Lost and and Dying World,

God tells us in His Holy Word to, trust, to love, to give, to hold up the hands of his Servents, and we Praise Lord for his Goodness, his mercy and Longsuffering toward his People,

We thank and Praise God for the Church he left with us, let us ever be Faithful to him who Dyed on the Cross, That we might live and serve him, God forgive me if I am wrong, I love the Scripture, wher Jesus said even a Cup of Cold Water, a visit to the Sick, and those that are in Prison, to help those tht have Fallen by the Wayside, the good Samaritan to lift them up and ask nothing in return,

Jesus told his Disciples, to gather up the Fragments that nothing be Lost we here in America waste so much, when the World is Dying Hurry,

Millions have never heard the Name of Jesus yet we sit here in the Land that God has so wonderfully Blest, hold our Hands and in so many ways neglect to Carry out his Command to give, to go, to send,

We are so Proud of the Radio, by which the Gospel can even go Behind Iron Curtain, by the way of television, the written Page, so lets all join hands in getting out Gods Word, thanks to ever one that has given to Missions, WE must Live by Faith Praise the Lord for his great Love

We give to the following, World Literature Crusade, to Chaplin Ray Prison Ministry, Border Missions mostly Clothes, Bro Lester ROLOFF, Missionary BOB SMITH School for Mexcian Preachers, Thru the Bible Radio Which is even getting Behind the Iron Curtan and into Red China, and Russia Southamerica a large arera, James Robinson Evangelist, tracks I support my Church with tithes & Mission So lets keep up the work of Lord, thanks to all Donners & may 1979 be a great Year for the Lord,

Thank s to Following Donners

Delano & Barbra Day ✓
Kenneth & Sharon Parker ✓
Jim & Judy Parker ✓
Pauline Thompson ✓
Violet Albrecht
Mrs annie Gallaway
Mrs Buddie Coppedege
Katherine Parker ✓
Mrs David Saunders
MR & Mrs G.D. Pattillo
Annie bell Coker
Mr & Mrs Glenn Portis ✓
Mrs Lidera Hernandez
Bob & Linda Smith ✓
Mr & Mrs Morrow
Gifts For living by Faith
Mr & Mrs Urban Cash
Lucill Murphy ✓
Willie Buch
Mrs Walters
Mr & Mrs Irl Parr & Family ✓
Mr & Mrs Pahmiyer ✓

North side Baptist Church
Sudie Granberry ✓
Mrs David Story
Mrs Robert King
Martha Hudgeons
Gertrude Duncan ✓
Mr & Mrs Hardin ✓
Nancy Balwin ✓
Bro Jack Harris ✓
Mrs Hudgeons
Mrs Barnett
Mrs Curtis Lucas
Lorene Buch ✓
Betsy Buch
Jean Causy
Loyce Day ✓
Joyce Dove ✓
Cecil Day ✓
Edna Cobb ✓
Era Nash
Nola Barfield

Sallie Day & Helpers

Thanks to the following who have been so faithful in giving to the Lord's work. Thank you for your prayer's, and for those who gave, no matter how much or how little. We are so glad the doors are open for the Gospel to go out to a lost and dying world.

God tells us in His Holy Word to trust, to love, to give, and to hold up the hands of his servants. We praise the Lord for His goodness, His mercy, and His long-suffering toward His people.

We thank and praise God for the church he left us and let us ever be faithful to Him who died on the Cross, that we might live and serve Him. I love the Scriptures where Jesus said, even a cup of cold water we were to give, a visit to the sick, and to those who are in prison, we were to help. As the good Samaritan did, we are to lift them up and ask nothing in return.

Jesus told His Disciples to gather up the fragments that nothing be lost. We here in America waste so much when the world is dying of hunger. We throw away in one meal what some people do not have in a week. Thousands are dying of hunger every day.

Millions have never heard the name of Jesus. Yet we sit here in the land that God has so wonderfully blest, hold our hands and in so many ways neglect to carry out His command to give, to go, and to send.

We are so proud of the radio by which the Gospel can go even behind the Iron Curtain. Television has reached millions who may have never heard the name of Jesus, otherwise. The written page too is a powerful means of sending out the Word of God. So let us all join hands in getting out God's Word. Thanks to every one who has given to the missions. We must live by faith. Praise the Lord for His great love.

This year we gave to the following; World Literature Crusade. Chaplin Rays Prison Ministry. Border Missions (mostly clothes). Brother Lester Roloff. Missionary Bob Smith, School for Mexican Preachers. The Bible Radio, which is getting behind the Iron Curtain, into Red China, & a large area of S. America. James Robinson Evangelistic Tracts. Bethel Bible Int. Del Rio.

I also support my Church with my tithes and missions. So let's keep up the work of the Lord.

Thanks to all donors and may 1980 be a greater year for the Lord.

All in the name of Jesus.

Doners for 1979:

Mrs. Silva Lister

Mr. R. Albright

Mrs. Bea Powell

Mr. & Mrs. Pahmeyer

Mrs. Nova

Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Parker

Mrs. Leo Kucera

Mrs. Glen Portis

Mrs. Pauline Thompson

Mrs. Pat Dunn

V.F.W. Aug.

Mrs. Ruby Harriman

Mrs. Doris Casper

Mrs. Kathrine Parker

Mrs. Dwane Parker

Mrs. Gladys Brandstitter *thanks*

Mrs. Marilyn Filip *thanks*

Mrs. Kay Boras

Mrs. Lydle Harris

Mrs. Jean & Cheri Causey *thanks for*

Miss. Betsy Jo Buch

Mr. & Mrs. Irl Parr

Mrs. Louis Beauer

Mrs. Dell Rienhardt

Mrs. Lerene Buch

Mrs. Violet Albright

Mrs. Joyce Dove

Mrs. Ludell Cooper

Mrs. Lud Eichaltz

Mrs. Era Rash

Bro. & Mrs. W.D. Day

Mrs. Curtis Lucas

Mrs. Judy Parker

Mrs. Linda Smith

Mrs. Gertie Duncan

Mrs. Annie Patillo

Mrs. Luella Bartlet

Central Baptist Church

Mr. Ralph Day

Lidia Hernandez

Mrs. Chester McHatten

Mrs. E. Young

Mrs. Cecil Day

Mrs. Jean Day Morris

Mr. G.D. Patillo

Mrs. Gertrude Reece

Mrs. Edna Cobb

Mrs. Sallie Blount

Mr. Cecil Day

Mr. & Mrs. Doc Eichla

Mrs. Richard Grower

Red Arrow Freight
Lines

*Run Day
Lammwhite*

Total Amounts Sent:

\$1,336.00 Cash
40 Boxes of Clothes
9 Bags of Clothes

MISSION IN A GARAGE REPORT
ENDING DECEMBER 1, 1980

Ecclesiastes 11: 1

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it
after many days."

Dear Friends;

As another years draws to a close I would like to take this time to say
"Thank You" to all who have shared with us the opportunity to carry out
the work commanded by Jesus.

Without your support in gifts, giving, and prayers, our ministry to the
poor and the spreading of the Gospel to a lost and dying world would be
greatly handicapped.

Though the support of our church in tithes and offerings must be our first
concern, our obligation to the poor and needy should not be ignored. It
was for this express purpose that the "Mission-in-a Garage" was established.

Thanks to your help we were able to send \$1,473.00 and 80 boxes of clothing
in the name of Jesus and for His glory.

Thank you, again for caring and we pray God will richly bless you for the
service you have done in His name.

Sincerely in Christ,
Sallie Day

Marylin Filip
Martha Hudgen
Mary McNattan-Mueller
Mrs. Young
Luth Cowey
Will Day
Cecil Day
Jean Causey
Mrs. Glen Portis
Kenneth & Sharon Parker
Kathryn Parker
Bob & Linda Smith
Dell & Sandra Reinhardt
Joyce Dove
Pauline Thompson
Raymond Albrecht
Gertrude Duncan
Doc & Opal Eicholz
Bro. Jack Harris
Luella Bartlet
G.D. & Annie Patillo
Lidia Hernandez
Doris Kasper
Mrs. Lud Eicholz
Agatha Respondek
Annie Bell Coker

Mr. & Mrs. Dwane Parker

Mrs. F. Dallas
Mrs. F. Frels
Belaugh Baros
Francys Day
R. Billings
Mrs. Vargus
L. Beaur
C. Sanders
Northside Baptist
Church, Edna
Nancy Hardin
Mrs. Sterman
Mrs. Fritz Redesel
Edna Cobb
R. Kelly
V.F.W.
Mina Boothe
Betsy Buch
Joe Boothe
Era Rash
Lorene Buch
Lydia Harris
Ludell Cooper
G. Brandstetter
Willie Buch

B. Powell
Mrs. Baldt
Loyce Day
Ralph Day
D. Saunders
Bro. Delano Day
Barbara Day

Ecclesiastes 11:6

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold
not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper,
either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike
good."

MISSION IN A GARAGE REPORT
YEAR ENDING
DECEMBER 1, 1982

Ecclesiastes 11:1

"Cast thy bread upon the water, for thou shalt find it after many days."

Dear Friends;

As another year draws to a close I would like to take this time to say "THANK YOU" to all who shared with us the opportunity to carry out the command by Jesus.

Without your support in gifts, giving and prayers our ministry to the poor and needy and the spreading of the Gospel to a lost and dying world would be greatly handicapped.

Though the support of our churches in tithes and offerings must be our first concern, our obligation to the poor and needy should not be ignored. It was for this express purpose that the "Mission in a Garage" was established.

Thanks to your help we were able to send \$2,125.00 in cash and 125 boxes of clothing to various missions in Jesus name and for His glory.

Thank you again for caring and we pray God will richly bless you for the service you have done in His name.

All in Jesus Name,
Sallie Day

Lorine Buch
WILLIE Buch
Gertrude Duncan
Barbara Day
Delano Day
Kay Boras
G.D. and Annie Patillo
Mary Stiemann
Mrs. and Mrs. David Buch
Mrs. Vargus
Lidia Hernandez
Joyce Deve
Mrs. Finnley Frels
Dell Reinhardt
Cecil Day
Sallie Blount
Bob and Linda Smith
Luella Bartlett
Kathryn Parker
Dwane Parker
Kenneth Parker
Jim and Judy Parker
Mary Hewitt
Linda Hart
V.A. Albrecht
Loyce Day
Bonnie Laninham
Doris Casper
Louise White
Nancy Hardin
Mrs. Willie Hoffman

Mrs. A. Pahmeyer
Peggy Duncan
Jerry Haas
Francys Day Obrin
Pat Kurtz
Betsy Buch
Martha Hudgeons
Era Rash
Dr. Ralph Day
Rose Day
Clara Chatman
V.F.W. Org.
Leath Boldt
Corene Thomas
Lillie Richy
Mrs. Brown
Jack Harris
Robert Gilmore
Jay Rowlinson
Georgie Booth
Henry Learn
Mrs. Gonzales
Stacy Kurtz
Northside Baptist Church
Doris Schroller
Clint Day
Raymond Albrecht
Jean Causey
Ann Gallaway
Rayford Cooper
Sudie Grapberry
Rdna Cobb

Curtis Hamman
Butch Miller
Carrie Day
Ruth Cowey
Jan Marr
Estell Light

Thanks to Lorine Buch for transportation to Red Arrow Freight Lines.

Ecclesiastes 11:6

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Post Script

I first met Sallie Day in the Summer of 1970 when she was living in the house on Kinney Drive and hosting her granddaughter, the other Sallie Day. Like every summer, that one was hot. Made more so by the fact that the younger Sallie and I were both working in un-air conditioned fast food restaurants; she at the old Whataburger on the Houston Highway, and I at the old Kentucky Fried Chicken a few blocks up the street. The Kinney Street house had fans in the windows and *Granny Day* kicking the breezes. She was spry and wickedly funny in the most wonderful sense. She used to make dry hamburger patties, and mashed potatoes with slices of white bread for lunch. She reminded me of a bee. Always flitting from here to there and always talking too. Sometimes to you, and sometimes just to herself.

She never worried about anything, literally. Whatever the problem was “*The lord will provide*”. And she was right. A lifetime spent in the catholic church didn’t teach me as much about faith as I learned from *Granny Day* in a just few short years. When she needed something done she would ask and give a promise in return “*I’ll dance at your weddin’ with a cowbell on*”. She introduced me to Lester Roloff*. Years later, during his 1979 standoff with the State of Texas, I prayed with him at his school. No tanks, no FBI agents, nor SWAT teams were required. It was a time when the separation of churches from secular matters was taken seriously. It was a world based on faith and trust in the Lord Jesus. I have never known anyone in my life who typified that Christian ethic better than *Granny Day*. Sometimes I am thankful she didn’t live to see the silliness we have descended in to. But you know what? I don’t think she would have taken the modern world too seriously. “*The lord will provide*” applied to spiritual shortages as easily as financial needs.

This autobiography was prepared by her. I scanned this copy in the order it was originally produced by her, complete with her anecdotal mission notes at the end. If you discover any errors, they are mine – not hers. She was a classic woman. I am proud to have known her, and proud too that Justin knew her well before she passed. Although the younger folks in the Day family still use the term “granny” or “grandma” or even “granny Day”, for their own matronly monarchs, but there will only be one *Granny Day*, and Sallie Gatlin Day was it.

Although I have read this document several times over the years, I was surprised this last time to suddenly pay attention to her description of the train trip to West Texas and fishing in the Concho River. Those “little mountains” she recalled are the hills of Christoval where her great-grandchildren come to see Grandma Kit and Paw-Paw Blount. So you see, she still speaks to all of us, even if it takes a long time to understand. Let’s make this a living document. Send me your pictures, reminisces, and stories. I’ll add them to this tale. And maybe we can make something worth remembering for generations to come.



Grady Price Blount
Christoval, Texas
June 16, 2010

* <http://www.roloff.org/>