Severa; of the younger generation of our family have asked for more information about the family, ~~particula~~ Mary

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particuliarly our mother's family and background. Since she died at age thirty-nine, and her mother shen I was about ten, my memories of the Herndons and Humes are sketchy. Too, my sisters may have different versions of the same stories. So these are my random recollections of Mama and Papa and our early childhood. Grandfather Herndon came to Oklahoma from Strasbourgh, Missouri, I think. He was a twin, and the youngest of a fairly large family. The story was told that of two older brothers one fought fot the Union and one for the Confederacy. Missouri and Kentucky were border states, and were subject to raids by lawless band of men who looted, killed, and took advantage of the unsettled state of the country. Alpha and I knew one of Grandpa's brothers in Kansas City-----Great Uncle Ned who was a doctor. He was a dear, gentle old man, and when was cared for by a devoted niece, Bessie Quinn. Grandpa (Jonsthan) Herndon married Retta Hume. Both were of Scottish decent--probably of those who came to America in the early 1800,s settled in the southern Tidelands, and gradually moved westward into Kentucky, Missouri, and Oklahoma. Retta Hume had one brother, Granville who we all knew and loved. He had two sons, Benjamin and Stewart. Uncle Granville Herndon was named for him--two beautiful , gentle men. Grandpa and Grandma had four sons and one daughter. The oldest son, Hume , died when a lad, probably fom appendecitis. Mary Thomas was next in age. When she was born Grandpa said,"I don't care what you name her I'm going to call her "Pinkie", and that is the name she always went by. Her parents moved to Oklahoma Territory, probably soon after the Cherokee Strip was opened to settlers. Their farm was near the

opened up ~~for to home~~steaders. Their farm was near the small town of Pond Creek, the first county seat of Grant County. Mama was a typical pioneer girl I expect. She was given an organ when she was sixteen and taught herself to play it, She also played the guitar. She attended the local school, but later attended a Normal school

and taught the country school in the district. I taught in Pond Creek in 1921 and knew a man there who had gone to school to "Miss Pinkie" In the meantime Papa had run in the opening of the Cherokee Strip and was living on his homestead Six miles west of Pond Creek.

It was a sparsely settled community, and as in most such communities depended on each other for amusements, aid, and communication. Somewhere Alvin met Pinkie and they fell in love. Papa was a dashing looking young blade with shiny Black hair and flowing moustache. They were married in in the little sod Baptist church just west of Papa's farm. They lived in the house Papa had built on the claim, and that is where Heylin and Norman were born. Before my birth in February, 1902 the family had moved to Deer Creek The town was young, tough and wide open, Papa had a draying service, and later bought cream from the farmers, hides, etc. and shipped them out.

Mama and Papa took part in the social activities of the town. Mama made afternoon calls, did embroidery and burnt wood articles, took part in the church events, and had a baby about every year and a half. She also took piano lessons and played quite well. We loved to have her play her guitar and sing to us in her lovely clear soprano voice. Any musical talent any of us may have stems from our mother. She had a wonderful sense of humor, as did Papa. Pinkie's brothers adored her, and thought Pinkie's children were the cutest ever. They played ~~with us and~~ and romped with us and we loved them dearly. Mama was an Eastern Star, and I remember oyster suppers and ice cream socials where we youngsters were left to play in an outer room while "the work" was being put on in the chapter hall.

I said she was remarkable, and she was. in the sense that she read and encouraged her children to read. She was not afraid to try new ideas for her home or community. Both she start and Papa read aloud to us a great deal. Mama certainly encouraged us as children to do things for ourselves. We had lots of fun as children. Everyone then had to make his own amusement. In the summer we had water fights--but we pumped the water into tubs, let it warm in the sun and fought with cups and buckets.

Before the drought killed them all there were large meple trees in our yard. We climbed all over them, and had a trapeze bar across tow sturdy limbs as well as various swings. I loved to take my doll, climb to the top of a tree and sing. In the winter we could make molasses taffy; skate, and play in the snow. It wasn't all fun: each one had his own chores to do after school. Heylin took turns getting breakfast and supper and doing the dishes after. I hated dishes. Norman brought in coal, wood for the cookstove before gas came to Deer Creek. Papa usually had something for the boys to do. When I was in late grade school Natural gas was brought into town and we had gas lights and gas to cook and heat with. No city water or electricity until after I left home. Start Someone (usually me) would get sick with some contagious illness and the entire family was quarantined. Papa brought smallpox to us from the Christian Church Revival meeting. I wasn't very sick with it, and Norman had a natural immunity to most diseases, so he and I roamed our large yard and had great times. One highlight was the discovery of a nest of very rotten eggs. We climbed on top of the chicken house and threw them all, one by one across the road into Mr. Yadon's field. All six of us had measles at one time, and Mama took care of us while Papa escaped to his work. Norman and I were good pals. I had scarlet fever when I was five, so Mama kept Norman at home and started us both in the first grade together. We were seated together, and shared desks all through grade and high School. Heylin had two years in Blackwell High School, and Norman and I looked forward to the same experience. However, each year another grade was added to DCHS so we were in the first graduating class, 1919. Mama died in 1918 when John was born, and I had just had my 16 birth. Our lives were quite different after that. I think we had a very happy childhood, and I wouldn't have missed grow-up in a small town for anything.