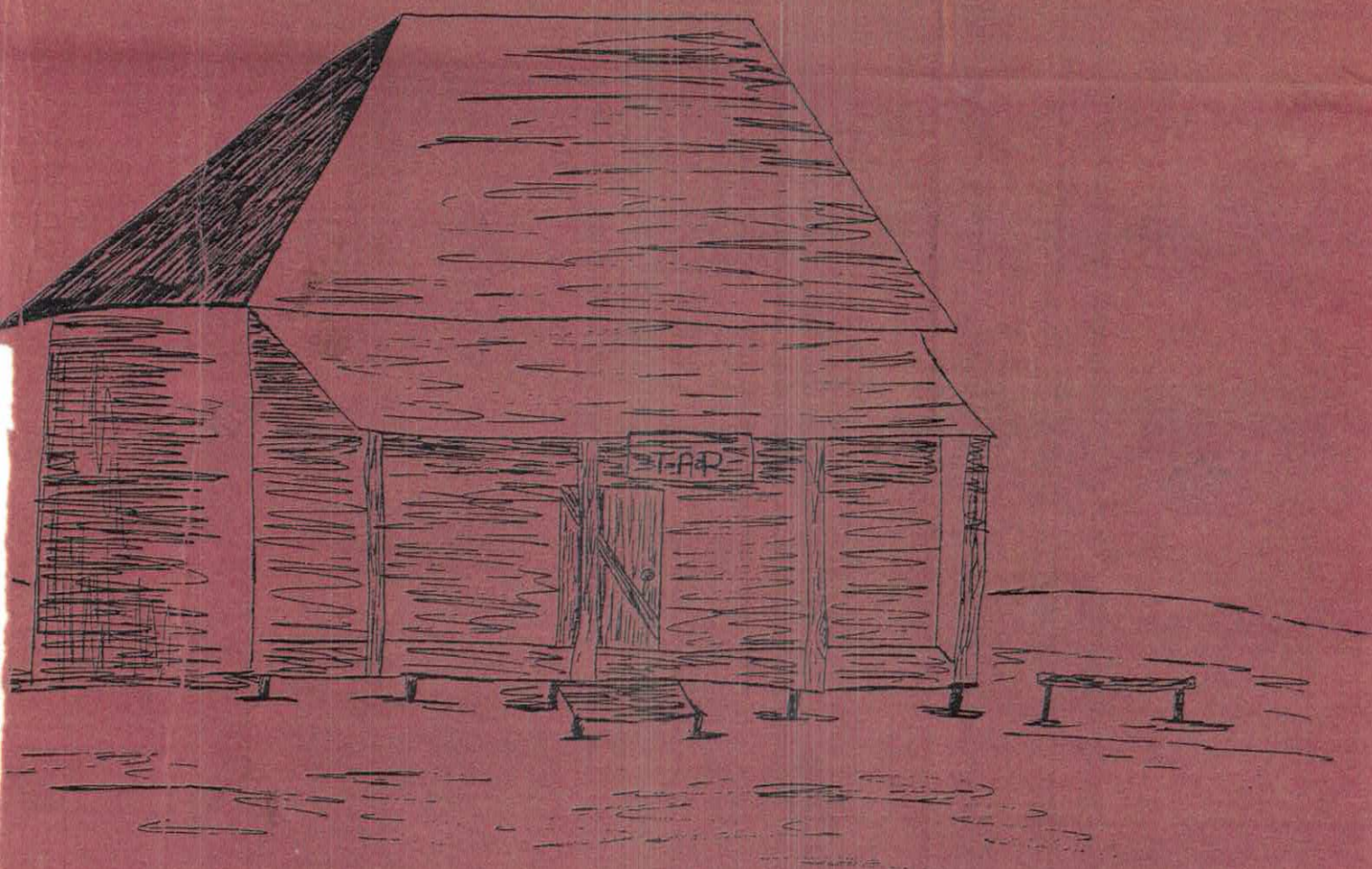


# TAP, TEXAS

1890 - 1979



By

Mrs. Dornie Pace



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*Aunt. Georgia & Donnie*



## TAP

When I sit down to concentrate on the stories of our location, some strange memories circulate through my imagination. The first thing I think of is why did all of those first "Nesters" who settled here, select this location for a permanent home.

The only thing I can figure out was the old Spur ranch rejected a three or four mile strip of country from the west side of Catfish River, known as White River today, over to the East side of Red Mud and fenced it out of their pasture, leaving it open to be filed on.

When people learned of this open country, they came to record their homesteads. According to Scotch Bill Elliot's book, Mr. J. H. Parrish was the first white man to settle in Dickens County. (As later recorded, Mr. Ruff Parish, uncle of Mrs. Mamie Martin, lived on what was known as the Grandpa McArthur place in the 1890's. Mrs. Martin remembers visiting there in later years.) When Mr. Parrish came to this county, he brought a fellow with him by the name of Alf Manning. In 1871, they went back to Callahan County from which they had come to put together a herd of cattle and a bunch of hogs. They returned to Dickens County late in the fall of '71 with their animals.

Alf Manning was a buffalo hunter until 1875 at which time he went back to Callahan County and married Nerlie Thomas. They came back and settled in the Red Mud community, later known as Bolt, then still later as Tap. The Mannings lived on what was known as the Grandpa McArthur place for some time. They later sold the land to Dr. E. H. Boulter, and moved a little farther west and lived on what was later known as the Bill McArthur place. This land was later owned by W. C. (Clint) Garrett, A son was born to Alf and Nerlie Manning in June, 1886.

1



He was said to be the first white child born in this area. I can't say county because the county was not organized until 1890. At the death of Alf Manning, he was the oldest continuous resident of Dickens County. He, along with the other members of his family, lie at rest in the Red Mud Cemetery in sight of his old home place. W. C. (Clint) Garrett lived in this community in the early days.

In the very beginning of the settlement of Tap, even before it was called Tap a man by the name of Mr. R. M. Parrish came to this settlement and filed on a piece of land and settled here. He married a girl by the name of Adelia Manning, the sister of Alf Manning. She lived only a few years, before dying in child birth. She and the baby were among the first graves placed here.

Mr. R. M. Parrish owned the place just south of the black top road now. It was known later as the Perkins place. Mr. R. M. Parrish sold this place to Mr. Elihu Luce and he moved away and settled on the plains near Cone, Texas. He later married a girl by the name of Katherine (Aunt Kit) Jones the sister of Mrs. Malinda (Jones) Garrett, the mother of Mr. Mamie Martin. This couple made their home at Cone, Texas, and raised a large family. They were a very fine family. In recent years a man by the name of Bonnie Parrish was brought back here to be placed in the Red Mud (Tap) cemetery near his mother Mrs. Adelia Parrish. He had never married and had no family so he wanted to come home. There is still plenty of room for any old timer who desires to be brought back home. And I hope there always will be.

It is a common custom, at this time, if you are planning to be brought back to what is now known as Red Mud, for you to select a place as your grave sight and place you name on it and stob it off. Some are having their lots curbed off with concrete several inches high. If you



select a lot, you are responsible for keeping it cleaned and cared for. It is a hard job to hire any one to clear the cemetery grounds, since so many people are on welfare, you can't hire any one to work, they will not work because they might lose their welfare assistance.

In the years when the settlers were younger and more able to work it wasn't any trouble to get it worked, but now most all of the old timers are gone and the ones that are still here are not able to do much work.

The set day for the working has been changed from, June 6th, set by the "Woodmen of the World" in about the year of 1909, as the lodge asked for the privilege of caring for the cemetery as their project.

The lodge cared for the cemetery plot through a period of time of ,I would say about fifty (50) years or more. At which time they disbanded and the work was taken care of by the community men.

Each individual with folks buried there taken care of their own lots for years but eventually ,during the war there wasn't any one left at home to care for the graves ,so it was decided to hire some one to do the work. the pay came from donations ,which is still the same way. with the extra help furnished by the county grader who does the work.

Most every one in the surrounding area are still interested. Harry Martin the president of the cemetery association ,and his wife the present secretary seem to be very interested in keeping up the work.

Harry Martin is the grand son of the Mr. Will Martin who gave the land for the cemetery along with Mr. J.E. SPARKS.

Metal grave markers were placed at unmarked graves in June of 1980. By using the map of the cemetery constructed by Georgia Pace.

Most every one who has folks buried there are still interested. May the good work continue as long as time lasts.



## The Origin of Tap, Texas

James N. Fields operated the first post office at Tap, Texas beginning in 1900. Bud Turner was hired to carry the mail from Tap to Espula, formerly called Old Dickens.

Until this time everyone carried their own mail. Mrs. Mamie (Garrett) Martin remembers her Daddy, Uncle Clint Garrett, sending her brother to Espula after the mail. He carried a flour sack to bring the mail back in, as he would also bring the neighbors mail. No one really knew the exact distance from Tap to Espula, but Mr. Alf Manning decided he wanted to know just how far it was, so he fell on the plan to measure the distance. This was his plan: he measured the distance around his wagon wheel, then tied a string on the wheel then started for Dickens. He counted the turns of the wheel, multiplied the lengths of the wheel and came up with 17 miles as the crow flies.

Bud Turner served as mail carrier for several years and frequently needed a substitute. He had a young daughter, May (Turner) Danforth, who was not quite old enough to legally substitute as a carrier, so was assisted by a cousin, Enda (Cross) Fuqua, who was older. May told me this little incident; their instructions were never to be more than 10 feet from the mail sack. One day they saw a strange looking varmit in the grass near the road and went to investigate. After following it for a little ways, they realized they were quite a distance from the mail sack. They rushed madly back, fearing the worst, but as there was no one for miles around there was no need to be afraid. They made it home just fine, but forgot to inform Mr. Turner of the strange



varmit by the road and never found out what it was.

The store and post office changed owners very soon. It was sold to one of the Harris brothers, Charles V. Henry and Rob. I am not sure which of these men bought it. They were cousins of the McArthur boys.

Harris ran the store until 1903 when they sold it to Mr. Elihu Luce. Mr. Luce moved his son John and wife from the West Pasture where they had started a settlement, to take care of the store and post office at Tap.

The West Pasture settlement became a large community and farming area known as Watson, later changed to Kalgary in the 1930's by the lady postmistress, Reed. She also ran a store with the assistance of her husband, Jimmie Reed.

Once upon a time a fellow by the name of James Fields, who had just recently purchased a piece of land, filed on it and moved his family. He decided he would like to have a supplies store at this place, so after fixing a place for it, he began making preparations for a trip to the railroad to get needed supplies.

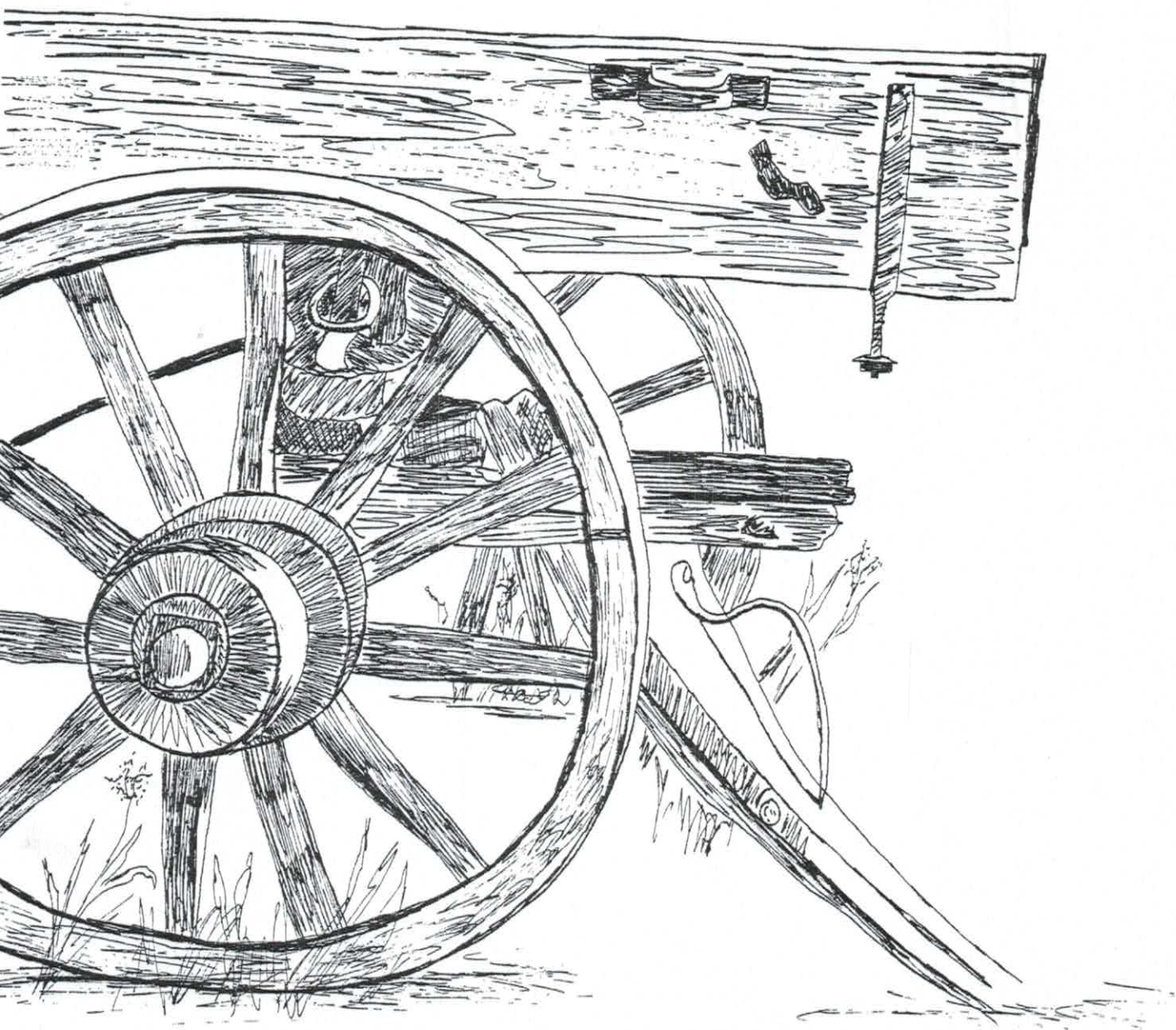
In making his preparations the first thing he did was to prepare his wagon for the trip. He had to grease the wheels, so he took the tap off of the wheel and laid it down on the ground. In the moving around the place one of the taps were misplaced and he was unable to find it. In his preparations of the wagon he finally found the tap and placed it on the wheel. In his thinking and preparing for the store he had failed to give it any kind of name, so in the tussell of the wagon it just came to him to call it "TAP". From then on the place became "TAP".

There was already a supply wagon located in the community just



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1890 - 1979



By Pace



about a mile or two south of there belonging to a freighter.

He had decided some time before this, to bring a wagon load of supplies to this community so he rigged up a wagon, placing shelves on each side of the wagon attached to the sideboards and stocked it with the most needed supplies that he thought the settlers would most likely need.

Soon after Mr. Bolt located his wagon and set it up for business. The residents were happy to have a store to buy supplies for their homes.

Another man by the name of Bud Turner, who was a blacksmith by trade, moved his items of business over near Mr. Bolt's place and set up shop near the supply wagon and a new store began.

While living there a baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Turner. A few years ago this baby, now a grown lady, came back to this country to get a birth certificate. She had no trouble locating her birth place. It was recorded in Dickens, Texas, as, Uralee Turner, Bolt, Texas, in the year of 1900. Later a son was born to this union called Buster. He was struck by lightning about the year of 1908. He had second degree burns all over his back and legs and was unable to do anything for months, but our own Dr. Hale living at Dickens at this time took care of him and he survived. Another man, Lodd Fry, an uncle was also burned very bad at the same time, he also survived the ordeal.

Several people settled at this place and set up living quarters there, but when Tap was located they all moved up there.

Mr. Bolt decided he would sell out to Mr. J.N. Fields, so he went up to see him and made him an offer. In the conversation he reminded Mr. Fields that he thought the Bolt and Tap should be together.



and they combined the two stores and called it Tap. This incident occurred in April of 1900 about ten years after the county was organized, and it was beginning to be very well settled up.

One reason for the location of Tap there was a fine well of water near this place. It was a hand dug well, walled with rock and a plank cover over it with a frame and hoist to hang the pulley on. People who had no well, came there to get water. At the turn of the century everyone was very happy to assist his neighbor. Of course, everyone had to draw their own water but there was no cost.

Another great attraction to this place was it being near the center of the little settlement of nesters.

This place also had access to the open range where everyone was allowed to use the open pasture surrounding this place.

There was also a wonderful spring just east of this place giving the stock access to plenty of water at all times of the year.

Everyone hauled water and drove their stock to "gyp springs" all during the settling of this community. This spring was used by the buffalo hunters and later by the bone wagons hauling the buffalo bones.

Gyp springs was a central location for any kind of gathering that was held in the surrounding locality. I have been informed that at one time there was a camp meeting held there. That was years before my time. Now in later years, there is a story of a dance hall being there. I can't verify or deny that, but I will say I had never heard of it until recently. This was a church going community, so I doubt the story. As far as I know there was never a building of any kind located there.

The story I got was of a camp meeting being held there, which could have been managed alright, with each family or individual bringing all of their needs for camping out. The food was usually furnished by the church that was holding the meeting, either the Church of Christ



or the Baptist as they were the only congregations that were organized at that time. There was a Holiness meeting held about in the year of 1910 but that was after the tabernacle was built at Tap and it was conducted there.

All the young folks gathered there for their picnics, Easter egg hunts, and things of that nature. I have a picture of one of these gatherings. All three of my brothers are in the picture; Ed, Brooki, and Forrest Martin. In those days all the young folks went in groups.

The gyp springs was located northeast of the Tap store about two or three miles, just outside of the Spur Ranch Pasture, on the bluff of the Little Red Mud Creek. It was a flowing spring from which everyone in reach of it got water. They drove their stock to water there and hauled water in barrels or anything that would hold water.

A teacher of mine told a little story of what happened to her one day when she was taking the stock to water. Her horse became scared and almost jumped from under her when it noticed a big rattlesnake in it's trail. She managed to stay on top but when she saw the snake it scared her almost as bad as it had the horse. She managed to find something to kill it with. No one ever let a snake get away if they could help it.

This lady lived to be a school teacher, Miss Lizzie Perkins was a fine lady as well as doing a lot of work in the field. She told me a story once of a job she did helping her father. He had cleared and plowed a nice track of land, it had taken him two days to plow this patch of ground. He asked Miss Lizzie to plow it for him. She was used to a walking plow, so she geared up her horse and started out soon after lunch. By quitting time she had plowed the entire block of ground.



She always got the job done. She made a school teacher, after going to Austin ladies finishing college and taught at our school. They were friends of long standing as our families lived in Jones County before coming to Tap in 1903.

After the consolidation of the Fields' and Bolts' stores and the opening of the blacksmith shop and post office, the young boys of the community made this their headquarters for their games, footraces, wrestling matches, horse races, and the business of settling differences of who was really the best man.

At one time when a saddle horse was tied to a mesquite tree, it got excited and began to cut up, it reared up and came down on a broken limb of the tree and stuck it in its neck. It was so badly injured it bled to death, incidentally this horse was the property of the late Pat Greer.

Later, a hotel was built west of the store having several rooms. It was run by Mrs. McKay, a widow lady, she was the grandmother of the present Walter McKay, a resident of the present car center being operated in Spur.

The Tap store was bought by Mr. E. Luce in about 1903 and was later operated by a son and daughter-in-law of Mr. Luce's, John and Zona Luce. They were the first ones to drive to what is now known as Calgary in a wagon. They had to clear out a road as they went along in order to be able to take their wagons through. Mrs. Zona Luce often talked about the hardships they endured while living at Tap. She was frequently left alone while her husband was away helping someone work cattle or gone to the railroad for supplies. She always carried an ax handle to kill rattlesnakes when out walking in the pasture, usually gathering in the milk cows at night. They lived ~~AT~~ Calgary a few years before coming back to run the store.



## TAP

### LATER CALLED RED TOP AND RED MUD

The Garrett family, W.C. Garrett and Malinda, settled in the Bolt community and lived there for quite some time before they decided to go back to Oklahoma.

While living in Oklahoma, three more children were born to them; Lila, Jim, and Mamie. Finally they came back to Bolt which was called Tap by then.

Misfortune overtook them after moving back and death entered their family. Mrs. Malinda Garrett the mother passed away and left a number of children; Edna, Annie, Walter, Lila, Jim and Mamie.

Some were soon married and had families. Edna married Lee Johnson and had two little girls, Maudie and Rachel who were living in New Mexico when she passed away. Their Daddy Lee Johnson came back to Tap to raise his small children and soon married a local girl. He married Ophelia Presler and raised the two girls along with two little boys. He bought a place and built a nice house and lived for several years before he moved to California, where the family still lives. The children all married local residents and made Tap their home. The youngest girl, Alice Mamie, married Forrest Martin and raised four children, two boys and two girls, all of whom are still living not far away.

Mrs. Malinda Garrett who passed away in 1900 had the first tombstone that was placed in this cemetery. Her husband W.C. (Clint) Garrett lived in the same place and raised his children, he died in 1954 and was placed along side of his long lost companion, but he never failed her in his long life. In his later years he lived in the home of his

youngest son, Jim and his wife, Maggie Reese, Garrett at Floydada, Texas. His youngest daughter Mamie Garrett Martin cared for him. She is now the only survivor of the Clint Garrett family and lives in Spur.

At the time of the death of Mrs. Will Barger, who had a little baby, Mrs. Garrett took the baby, nursed it along with her own baby until the family came for the Barger children. They were carried away and as far as I have heard they were never seen or heard from again.

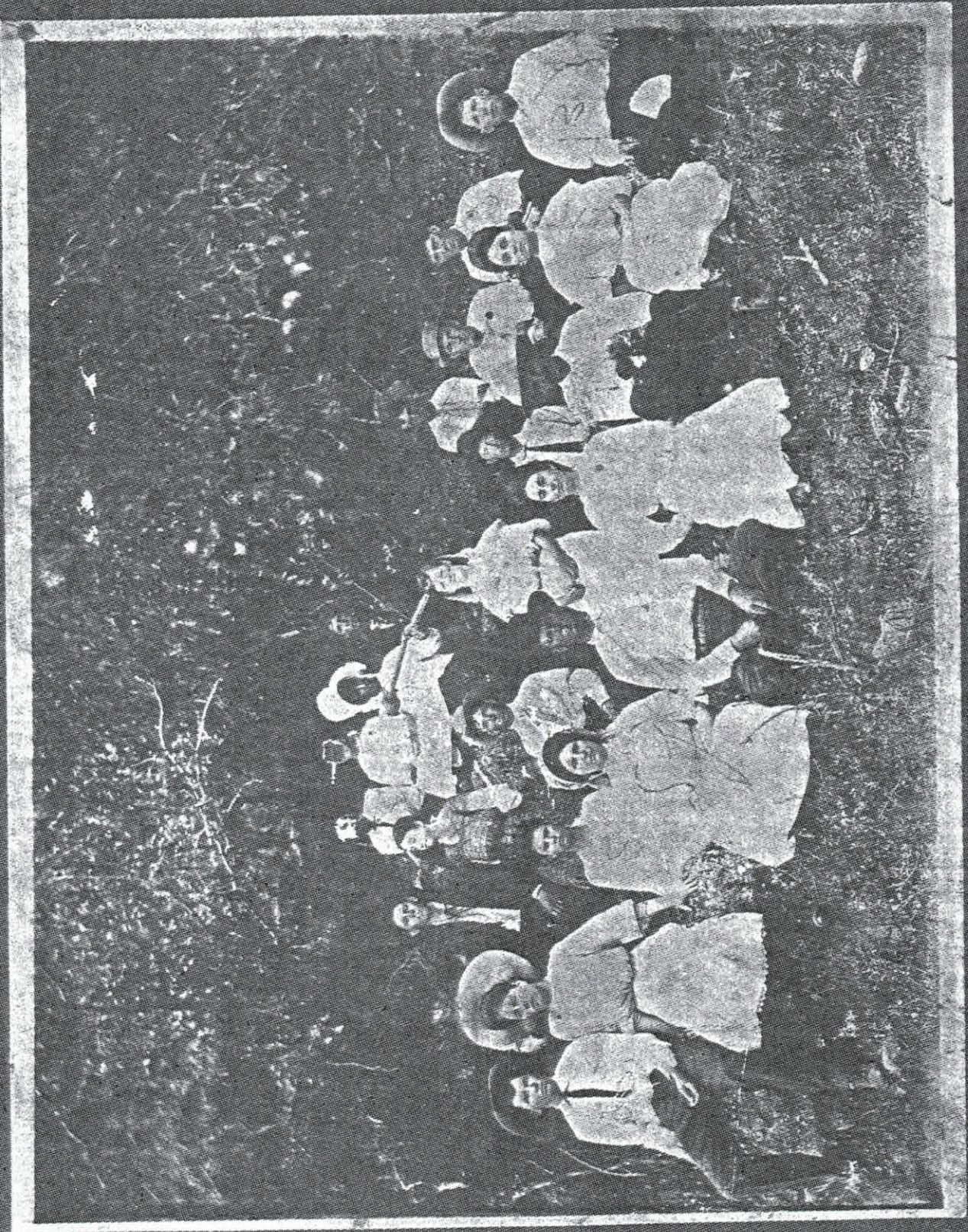
The graves were marked in later years by Johnnie Sparks with the usual marker. As he was agent for tombstones and changed the names and dates to identify the Barger graves. These markers are still there and should remain for all time. I helped to find the dates and names to be used on them.

Gilbert P. Boulter lived on what was known later as the W.H. (Will) Martin place. He built a house and put in a farm, set out trees, and other things. The large blooming willow trees that are there at this time were put out by Mrs. Belle Martin in about 1903.

W.H. Martin sold this place to Mr. Paton Hinson in 1906, later to buy back 119 acres of the same land on which he built a house at Tap, Texas and put in a grocery store. He was running the store at the time of his death on January 22, 1908. He was laid to rest in the Red Mud cemetery, where he gave a portion of the land to make the cemetery and helped to measure off the place to put it, along with Mr. J.E. (Jimmie) Sparks who gave the other half of the cemetery plot.

Mr. and Mrs. J.E. (Aunt Maggie) Sparks were former residents of what was known as White River Community. They lived south of the Peterson place away back in the shinry but in about 1905 or '06 they moved over to Tap on the place where they stayed until after his death.







THIS PICTURE WAS MADE AT GYP SPRINGS  
IN ABOUT 1910, ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON, BY A MAN  
WHO HAD SET UP HIS EQUIPMENT AT MRS. BELLE  
MARTINS HOUSE.

FRONT ROW

JIM WALKER  
CALLA SMITH  
MAMIE GREER  
*DEBIE CROSS*  
TOM McARTHUR  
OLLIE SMITH  
COUSIN WILLIE SMITH  
MINNIE CROSS  
WILLIS SMITH

SECOND ROW  
(BIG) EDD MARTIN

JORDEN SPENCER

LILLA WALKER  
*Bob, NEWTON*  
MATTIE HARROLL  
FORREST MARTIN

FOUNT HARROLL

JEFF SMITH

BACK ROW

BROOKS MARTIN

ROSS SMITH

GEORGE MARTIN

ELMER WILLIAMS

OSCAR JOINER



She had a son by a former marriage, Sebe Lambert, a daughter that moved away, Mrs. Mamie Holt, that lived in Mexico, or maybe in Arizona. There was a son Johnnie Sparks, most everyone of the old timers remember him.

One little incident I can remember about him, is he was always ready to help his friends. He made a running trip to Dickens after a doctor for the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H.C. Peterson, Frankie, when she had diptheria, although the ride was in vain because she died, he did his best.

In those days a chew of gum (Wax, then) was hard to come by. So, when anyone was fortunate enough to get a square of gum they saved it as long as possible. They chewed it in the daytime and stuck it up at night. Usually behind the door facing, window facing or under the table.

I heard a little story once about a guy who carried a girl to a dance and gave her some gum. While they were having refreshments she stuck her gum behind the door facing. Then, when she went back to get it, it was gone. They hunted for it and asked if anyone knew who took it. When no one would tell, the old guy stood up in the middle of the floor and told them in no uncertain terms, "I can whip anyone who took Liza's wax." But he never knew because no one would confess to taking the wax.

There was a spring of water located five or six miles east of the Tap store on what is now known as the McGinty place, just recently purchased by P.D. Hagin. This spring was in the Spur pasture and was considered public property to be used by anyone who needed the water. Everyone drove their stock over to the springs for water, they also hauled water from the spring to use for drinking water, wash water or anything they needed it for. They also used the location of the springs for gatherings of all kinds. I can remember going to Easter Egg Hunts there.

It was located at the base of a high bluff which was covered with bushes and vines.

Incidentally, the springs are not there now. After man decided the place needed his assistance, he dug into the bluff and put a pipe there along with a big water trough for his stock and the spring went dry after that.

Still another member of the Tap community was Edd McArthur, the community barber. He used a wooden box for a barber stool. One day a boy came in with his hair looking about what you see now. They thought it would be awful funny to cut his hair. So they made up the money by each one giving a nickel to pay for the haircut. Well, about the time he had cut the hair on one side as close as he could get it the boy suspicioned something and went to look in the mirror, It offended him very much and he got his hat and went home about half cut. It made his mother very angry so she sent him back and made the barber finish it.

There was a family who lived below the cemetery and ran a little country store long after the Tap store was moved away. This family, by the name of Davis, had the store for years but eventually it went broke.

There was a strip of shinry country left unclaimed when the Spur Ranch pasture was fenced. They fenced the west pasture and put the fence on the west side of the river, then known as Catfish, but now is White River. When they fenced the Tap pasture the fence was placed on the east side of Red Mud leaving a strip of shinry land about three or four miles wide as open country eligible to be filed on. When the cowboys and the buffalo hunters learned of this they moved in and settled this strip of country. There was a man by the name of Dr. E.H. Boulter who filed on



quite a bit of this territory. I think he lived on the Grand Pa McArthur place at one time. At one time an uncle of Mrs. Mamie (Garrett) Martin, Uncle Ruff Parrish owned that place and lived there, also Uncle Clint, W.C. Garrett her father owned it at one time, in the 1800's and lived there.

The form of a community gathering was when someone decided to get the entire community together for some desirable reason, such as a picnic, easter egg hunt, a rattlesnake hunt, or anything of the kind.

I knew of one wedding that was conducted on the road near the springs when Lee Roy Martin and Stella Allcorn decided to be married. They came up to Tap looking for a preacher, but no one was there, so they headed out to look for one. As luck would have it, they met the preacher on the road and asked him if he would marry them. He agreed and as he had his Bible with him he just stepped out of the buggy and they sat in their buggy and Mr. John H. Stephens, Minister of the Gospel, performed the ceremony and he pronounced them man and wife and they went on their way rejoicing.

To this union ten children were born. They lived at Red Mud for awhile but eventually they moved to California and raised their family. This lady was the sister of Mrs. Tom (Susie) McArthur of Tap, or Red Mud.

A brother of this man, Joe Martin, had a very formal wedding at a little town south of here about Clairmont where they had a double wedding. Joe Martin and Sallie Shield,,and Gid Greer and his lady friend were married.

Some of the local young folks really had trouble finding someone to marry them. I have the remembrance of a couple who decided they wanted to leave a party one night and get married. Some of their friends promised to go with them. They started out to find a place

where they could buy the license. They first went to Crosbyton, but everything was closed. If you will keep in mind that they were using horse power to travel you will better understand what a terrible long distance this group traveled that night. Not being able to get the license there they had to go some other place. So they drove on down to Post, Texas. As there was a brother of mine, Forrest Martin, in the group and he had an uncle living at Post. They thought he might be able to help them. They went to his home and called him out and told him the situation, and it was resolved.

There was a man by the name of Mat Howell who lived over on the river. He married the daughter of A.J. McClain, the first county judge of Dickens. They had a large family of children only one boy, Clark and several girls; Hester Howell Cravey, Carrie Howell Evans, Fannie May Howell Fuqua, and Mattie Howell Clipper.

In later years some people moved to this locality by the name of Fry. The parents Alec and Aunt Jennie. They had two sons, Abb and Gene. They both married and raised large families. Abb raised eight children and Gene and his wife Ruth raised ten, eight boys and two girls.

The first line camp on Red Mud that I can remember was on the bank of Red Mud near the Uncle Tobie Smith place. Later a man by the name of John Weathers lived there. He had a family, two boys; Lee and Hawley and three girls, Tillie being the oldest.

There was a guy by the name of Tud Arthur that ran the camp for a long time. He had a widowed sister Mrs. McNeece. She had two children, a boy and a girl, they all lived with him a long time.

Sid Benson the husband of Emma Luce lived there and run the camp for some time, until one day he said something to her she didn't like



and she was churning in a gallon bucket, she threw the bucket at him and got her belongings and her bonnett and walked home which was the Tap store and didn't come back. Some time later a son was born to her. She named him, Carl Benson. She went back to teaching school and her parents raised the child. He was a friend of mine. He was later shot and killed in Spur. His father was also shot and killed in a border town.

This Mr. John Weathers I just mentioned lived at the red mud line camp for some time. He rode the fence lines all along the creek, and when he located a calf with no brand he put his on it.

one day he found one with no mother cow, so he decided to make a brand on it. After he got it down and started to brand it As he was sitting on the calf his horse decided to take off.

As Mr weathers was sitting on top of the calf he takened A free ride. The horse takened off, dragging the calf. There was no way for him to get off and take the rope off, so he held on and the horse did some fast running. by the time the horse give out the calf didn't need a brand. it was well branded.

Some people were not to particular about the brand they used on some of the calves they branded out in the pasture.

I heard a fellow say once that the meat was just as good as the meat from a different brand.

Of course food was scarce and it was a long ways to the Rail Road and people were short on some things But nothing like that ever came to our house.

# SCHOOLS AT TAP (RED MUD)

The first school at or near Tap, Texas, was located about one mile west and one half-mile north of the Tap store. The land was on the Airheart place, sold for the sum of \$5.00 to the county judge and paid to Mr. C.A. McKnight, the presiding county judge at that time. Consignees, J.H. and Avy Airheart, husband and wife, sold a specified plot of land to be used for the purpose of building a school house on, belonging to Mr. C.A. McKnight and his successors in office in trust for the sole purpose of school.

Consignees: J.H. Airheart  
Avy Airheart

(Seal)

County Clerk Acknowledgement;  
Fred O. McFall, County Clerk

Recorded October 20, 1898 at 4:00 pm

I have a list of several of the school teachers who had certificates and who taught schools in the county.

R.F. Self-----1901 and 1902	Lila Garrett-----1920 and 1921
R.S. Crawford-----1903 and 1904	Debie Cross-----1906 and 1907
Ford Cotton-----1903 and 1904	L. Jackson-----1906 and 1907
Aura Adams-----1903 and 1904	Mrs. L. Jackson-----1907 and 1908
Clara Locket-----1904 and 1905	Lizzie Perkins-----1914 and 1915
Cora Lindsey-----1904 and 1905	Eliza Greer-----1906 and 1907
L.E. Walker-----1905 and 1906	Callie Smith-----1917 and 1918
Edna McClain-----1910 and 1911	Annie Cross-----1920 and 1921

Several of the Red Mud girls were able to take a teacher's examination under Mr. L.E. Walker, who managed to be on the examining board and was able to see that they always passed the examination and got about a third grade certificate to teach in the country schools. Then later they were able to go on to school and finish their education.

During the time this little school was in operation, several teachers



taught there. Among whom was Mr. and Mrs. L. Jackson, Cora Lindsey, Firm Self, that I can remember, before it moved away and changed to Red Top building or I should say a larger building in about 1909. It was about 30 x 50 by the year of 1910. A Miss Queen McPheran was hired to teach this school.

Mr. Firm Self was the first school teacher in the locality, Cora was the next one. So many people were interested in sending their children to school they moved closer to send their children to Mrs. Cora Lindsey. So many she had to resign and leave there.

After cutting the district and making two schools, the attendance was about the same as the community had settled up and more families had moved in.

This school house was located just about a hundred yards north of where Douglas Hinson's house now stands.

I would say there was an attendance of 30 or 40 pupils by this time. The north end of this district built a small school and called it "Shinry Twig". I would say there were as many as 25 pupils who went to it. In later years this school was moved out on what was then the public road and the name was changed to "Peaceful Hill" and school was held there for several years.

Now to think about the other school from this district, which had grown to a nice sized community building, a much larger building, which would be small now, but looked big then, I would say they had 50 or more pupils.

This building was located on the Hinson place, just west of the cemetery. They painted it white with a Red Top, so it was called "Red Top"

for years.

It was used for all community gatherings, anytime school was not in session. Church services for the Baptist Church was held there, also the Lodge W.O.W. (Woodmen of the World) held their meetings there. All the civic community meetings as well as the Christmas trees and Literary Society Plays and the cemetery dinners were spread there where everyone attended.

This building stayed there until 1920, when it was decided to move it a mile further south. The school further south, known as the "Turkey Holler" or the "Tobie Smith School" disbanded and some of those pupils came up there to school. The other pupils further south went to another little school that had been constructed down in Kent county, called the "Bud Morrison School".

I think it is quite a coincidence that as much as has been said about Tap, Texas, that it never had a "Tap School". The Airheart school was the first and only school located nearest to the store. Professor R.F. (Firm) Self was the first teacher.

About the most prominent person in the community for a period of time was professor E.L. (Earnest) Walker, school teacher who taught the little Airheart school for a couple of years. All the students liked him so much that when he accepted another school and moved about five miles from the first school my brothers asked to be transferred to the other school and walked all that distance to be able to go to their old teacher.

I will always remember the Perkins family, J.T. And Maggie Perkins. They had two children a boy Jim and a daughter Lizzie, a school teacher. They came to Tap in 1903, from Jones county, they were close friends of our family down there, then when they came to Tap they were still closeby.



Firm Self taught the first school, at the Airheart school near Tap and John Self lived over on the river called Cat Fish and raised a large family. Only one of the family still lives near here; Mrs. Lena Hinson Lives at Kalgary on the home place of she and her husband, Right Hinson. I failed to be able to get the names of the children of the family, but there were several.

There was a man by the name of Theophelas Danforth, a half brother to Elihie Luce, who ran the Tap store until the last of the existance of Tap, Mr. Danforth had three children that I can remember. His wife passed away in early life and the father raised the children alone. There were two girls, Ruth and Ruby, and one son, Fred Danforth who married May Turner. May was the daughter of Bud Turner, who was a blacksmith in the early days of the settlement, and Fred was also a blacksmith. The two men moved into Spur and ran a blacksmith shop for quite some time. They finally sold their shop and Danforth moved to Red Land, New Mexico. I believe one of the girls is still living in Portales, New Mexico, she married a Mr. Billberry and raised a family there. All of the others have passed away.

Another family of the Tap community by the name of Allcorn were leaders of the community. There were two brothers, Frank and Seth. Frank had six children; Stella, Susie, Cleeta, Willie, Frank<sup>et</sup>hel and Mance. Seth's family consisted of all girls; Jewel, Edna, Maida Cleo, and Jimmie. They were members of the Baptist church where he was a leader. He was also the chairman of the W.O.W. (Woodmen of the World) lodge in the community.

Later a professor Jackson from Fort Worth was hired to teach. He was boarding in the home of Sam Smith. One afternoon Mr. Jackson walked

over to Tap to get his mail, when he was late for supper they wondered what had happened to him, they waited on him for some time and finally he came in and began to tell his story. They really didn't need to hear the story to know what had happened, but in his own words the story went like this: "I saw the prettiest little things down the road, I tried to catch them but I couldn't. They ran away from me." Well, as you have decided by now it was a mother polecat and her young<sup>uns</sup>. To finish the story the professor had to have his fine suit of clothes buried.

In later years, A brother of mine went to east Texas looking for cotton pickers, as he had a fine crop and he needed to get it picked. As he was looking for hands some one mentioned that there was A Mr Jackson who Managed A group of cotton picker

So when he contacted this man he turned out to be his old school teacher. At Tap Texas. It taked a little time to connect him with his old teacher. Or for brookie Martin to place him as his old teacher but when he did they were both very happy

Another little incident about the teacher he didn't like for the school children to play Mumble, peg with A sharp knife.

but when he saw A group of big boys playing he forbid them to play. ... So the boys all went home.

At that time all schools opened school with A prayer and A song. which was so much nicer t en it is now.

His little incident occured many years ago but it is A wonderful yhing to do



## TAP CHURCHES

Tap, Texas, a little store and post office located in the south end of Dickens county about 12 miles southwest of what is now Spur, Texas, was a very active little community, serving about a 30 mile radius of country homes, there were really more occupied farms in the locality during the late 1880's than there are now. The farms have been combined and it is now the mechanical age and one man can handle a very large amount of farm and ranch land, but at that time about 160 acres was enough for one man and his family to take care of.

Churches of different faiths met in the school buildings and everyone attended each time the doors were opened, regardless of their faith.

Someone came up with the idea of building a permanent tabernacle for the churches to meet in during the warm months of the summer and to have protected <sup>CAC</sup> meetings under. Each person, regardless of his faith, was to donate what he was able and also to help in the construction of this tabernacle.

This project went over with perfect results. The frame work was made of 2 x 4 lumber and the posts were 4 x 4 lumber. The arbor was about 40 x 40.

When big meeting time came, one congregation would set their date to have a meeting, get a preacher and start their meeting, everyone attended and helped out. I am sure there were some arguments but no real hard feelings.

Sometimes they held camp meetings which lasted as much as three weeks. Someone would donate a beef, which was butchered and cared for

by someone with storage space, a cook was hired, the only one I can recall was Mr. Ned Richards, who lived at Dickens. I am sure there were others, he would bring his family and their beds and come and stay the whole time during the meeting.

A brother of mine, Edd Martin, was asked to make the bread and he accepted. He would make up a 50 lb. sack of flour at one time in a wash tub, and bake it in an old home comfort range cook stove. I can't say how much he could bake at once but he made two big bread pans full. Just a wild guess, I would way at least as much as 100 bisquits at a time and they were real nice.

Most everyone brought their beds and slept on the ground. We always had a crowd as we lived close to the arbor.

These meetings usually lasted Two or Three weeks and every one brought their clothes and beds and spent the whole time.

There was many additions to the church, during the meeting. There was a brush arbor builded by the men of the community and used for A long time but was eventually replaced by A sheet iron building several feet square, i would say maybe fourty or fifty feet square. It was used by all the churches in the community. for their summer meetings, but was eventually torn down. The curches eventually were allowed to use the school house so the tabernackel was torn down and moved away.

The Baptist church was the last one to disband so they donated their building to the cemetery association and it is still in use for the place to serve the lunch and have meeting.



## COTTON GINS AT TAP, TEXAS

The story of the cotton gins at Tap, Texas, their beginning and their end. The first cotton gin to be located at Tap was near the little store at Tap. It was located just south of the store about a quarter of a mile out in the John Luce Pasture. Mr. E. Luce drove down in Stonewall county near Peacock on the Double Mountain River and bought a deserted cotton gin. It was dismantled, loaded on freight wagons, hauled to Tap, reassembled, and used again. It was bought for the sum of \$400.00 and was moved by the men of the community at their own expense. Everyone was so pleased to have a cotton gin nearby to save trouble and expense of hauling their cotton to the railroad.

Among those who helped with the hauling was a man by the name of John Hill. By his own work he was called contrary and lived up to the name.

Others who helped to move the gin were: Alf Manning, Elzy Cross, Clint Garrett, Uncle Elve Garrett, J.E. Sparks, Sam Smith, and many others of whom I won't try to name. Anyway, the whole community helped out.

It was a one stand hand operated affair fired by a wood furnace. It was run by Claud Mayo and Sam Smith fired the boiler. Fred Danforth ran the stand, this was in the year of 1903-04. This operation only lasted about two years before another gin, something of a Co-Op was constructed.

At this first gin the cotton was hauled to the gin by the farmers on wagons, then unloaded by the owners and carried in wire baskets and poured into the stands. They had to tramp the cotton in the press with their feet. The baskeys were made of wire and lined with cotton cloth, duckin. Fred Danforth and Lee Peacock weighed the bales on a large set

of scales with a big iron pea as a balance.

An amusing story was told to me by Fred Danforth. He said since he and Lee Peacock had been out late one night they decided to sleep in the gin in order not to be late for work the next morning. Then as the story goes, Lee Peacock was a person who walked in his sleep. Sometime during the night Fred heard a terrible scream and on investigation he found Lee had fallen into the press hole, about nine feet below, while walking in his sleep. It was covered with bagging but it was still pretty rough to land on. So, he made a pretty rough landing and was unable to tramp cotton for sometime.

Jeff Smith and Sam McKay were working for Mr. E. Luce at this time and farming the Luce land at Watson, later called Kalgary. They hauled their cotton to Tap to be ginned, a distance of about 15 or 20 miles. It was a slow process but still far closer than having to go to Rotan or Colorado City. Jeff even remembers the names of the horses he used; Old Tom, Old Ben, Dime and Button. They were practically members of the family. Incidentally everyone considered their stock one of the family. They were their pride and joy and a necessity.

This first gin had a crew of four men and could gin about six or seven bales of cotton in a day. This was during the years of 1903 and 04. In the years of 1905-06 the farmers of the community formed what is correctly known as a Co-Op, something no one had ever heard of at that time. With each farmer doing all that he was able to do, they bought a small plot of land off of the original Airhart place, which I believe was owned by Uncle Bobbie Williams at that time. About 15 acres on which to build a new gin, about a mile or more from the location of the old gin at Tap. It was placed near a windmill with plenty of water, later a large dirt



tank was made and was called the Sam Smith gin tank. Sam Smith was hired to run this gin, others who worked there were; Fount Harroll and Brookie Martin was the fireman. This was a larger gin with two stands, and many conveniences that the first one did not have. It was operated by machinery instead of hand and they used more help then.

Most everyone in the community helped to finance this gin. Some of the men whose names have been brought to my attention were; J.T. Perkins, Alf Manning, Uncle Jimmie Sparks, Uncle Tobie Smith (W.A.), Uncle Billie Smith, Uncle Jeffie Smith, Uncle Bobbie Williams, W.H. (Will) Martin, W.C. (Clint) Garrett, Mr. W.C. McArthur and sons, Tom, Jim, Bill, and Edd. The Luces helped and Elzy Cross, Bud Turner, T.S. Lambert (Uncle Sebe), Johnnie Sparks and I am sure the people who lived across the shinry, John Slef and Firm Self, A.J. McClains, the Fuquas, Lon and Edd, and the Uncle Tandy Smith family of about four or five sons.

## The J.L. Cross Family and Son Elzy

Each family have a different story to tell of the trouble and hardships they had in order to be able to bring their families and live stock and come west.

Mr. J.L. Cross was a minister of the gospel. His family was small. The only family he had was a son Elzy and set of twin girls Rosella and Luella. They filed on land in the Red Mud community. The part that the son got was a strip of shinry pasture along by the side of his father's,

Mr. Cross made a trip to west Texas and settled in the Croton community. He stayed there for awhile and then he went back to Leon county for awhile and then back to Red Mud community where he filed on land and made a home that lasted him as long as he lived. He and his good wife are buried at the Red Mud cemetery.

Elzy Cross married Susan Fry and raised a large family. They were Debbie, Edna, Annie, Minnie, and Dessie May, Elmer and Jim.

I remember a little incident that occurred on Sunday morning. The congregation gathered at the school house where they were going to have church. The crowd waited for some time and decided they had better go see about the preacher. When they got to his house they found him out in the field plowing. They asked him why he didn't come to church and he answered I will tomorrow, this is Saturday. He never lived that one down.

Luella married Bud Turner. They had two children Youralee and Buster. Bud Turner had two girls, May and Mollie.

Buster was struck by lightning but lived to tell the story. Also, an Uncle, Euralee is still alive. He lives in California. Dessie May and Ann



are the only ones of the Cross's living. Dessie May Benson still lives in Spur. She lived alone as she doesn't have any children. Only an adopted son who has a little girl. the little girl stays with her grandmother some times. Also a sister of Mrs Benson, Mrs. Ann Rotan, who lives at Wharten Texas. She comes out and spends several weeks at a time. with her sister, as she is not strong neither is her sister. it makes it nice to have some living with you.

Other members of the family have passed away, Now since there is no one else to live with it makes it real fine to spend a portion of their time together. They spend part of their time in Spur and some of their time at Wharton Texas in the home of Anne at Rotan Texas.

The family as far back as the great great grand parents are all at rest in the Red Mud cemetery. New head stones and permanent markers were placed at the graves by Mrs. R.L. Benson recently.

There was a mistake made at one time and a child was buried by the father of Mrs. Bessie May Benson and sister and and they didn't have a place for her mother so she was buried at Spur Texas. So I have been informed that others of the family will be buried at Spur. But they still care for the former graves that have been there for so many years.

## JOHN AND ZONA LUCE

In the year of 1890 a young girl by the name of Miss Zona Thomas, came to this locality in a freight wagon with relatives to visit an aunt, Mrs. Nerlie Manning and her grandmother Mrs. Addie Thomas. She was so pleased with the country and the attractions she found here, one of which was the man she later married, J.N. Luce, where she remained to live. This happened to be quite some time, as she lived to the ripe old age of 103 years.

One of her early experiences, as she told it to me, was a trip to the first store in Dickens county, the Docum store northwest, 10 or 12 miles of what is now known as Spur, Texas, this was long before Spur was ever thought of. They were going to the store for whatever supplies they might be able to get and of course the mail for the whole community. She said it rained all day long and the ground was flooded. She mentioned that she was forced to just keep spitting all the time to keep from drowning. Since she came from a place where they usually have a lot of rain, that would be quite an incident.

J.N. (John) Luce and Miss Zona Thomas, was married at Espula, Texas in the year of 1891, the first couple to be married in the county, since it was organized. They made their first home at what is known now as Kalgary. At that time it had no name, it was referred to as the West Spur Ranch Pasture. It just so happened that they were the first residents to live there. They carried their belongings in a covered wagon and had to clear out a road to travel as they went along.

They lived in a half dug out and made their own furniture. Their only neighbors were at Tap, Texas, a distance of about twelve or fifteen



miles. They lived there thirteen years after which time they moved to Tap and ran the store for his father, Mr. E. Luce who had bought the place but was moving away himself.

It just so happened that Mr. and Mrs. E. Luce moved to old Emma. Here they were instrumental in getting the community organized. A daughter was born there and was named Emma. She eventually got her education and taught school, but not around their home place. She was married to Sid Benson and had a son, Carl Benson. Later she left Sid Benson and continued in her teaching career leaving her small son with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Luce, who were keeping the Tap store at that time.

Carl Benson was a playmate of mine for years as we grew up. He came to see me every day and always managed to get into the candy case before leaving the store and would always bring me candy. As I was a bedridden person at this time it really helped me to endure my affliction, that lasted five years, and left me to walk with two crutches, which I am still doing after a period of seventy years.

Emma Luce remarried in later years, a man by the name of Earnest Davies. Six children were born to this couple, five girls, and one boy. Clarence Davies was the boy's name; the girls were, Nina Opel Keys, Katherine Bernice Guess, Estel Fence, Lee Ora Little, they were raised in Lubbock and went to Texas Tech and graduated with teaching degrees.

John and Zona Luce did not have children of their own but were always generous with others. A cousin of his, William Alexander Smith, lived with them, another relative John Reed came there at Tap and stayed with them some.

Mrs. Zona (Thomas) Luce lost a sister leaving several children. Mr. and Mrs. Luce adopted a little baby boy and raised him as their own son. Derward Woodard was the baby's name. It just so happens that this child inherited all of the Luce estate in and around Spur and the new oil well just brought in West of Spur in Crosby County is located on the Luce land.

Mrs. Zona Luce was an inspiration to me, she always complimented my work and encouraged me to do things. At one time when I was very sick I made a little doll bonnet that would just fit her finger, she asked for it and I gave it to her for a keepsake. I guess she kept it as long as she lived, which was quite a long while. She passed away at the ripe old age of 103 years. There were other members of the Luce family. A boy Morgan and two girls I can remember.

I can remember two more of the Luce girls by name, Mrs. Georgia Glenn and Mrs. Laura Ringgöld. They had property here by inheritance but I can't remember either of them ever living here.

Mr. Luce was a financier, he was strictly out for advancement. He was the first one in our locality to charge 10% interest. Everyone who needed assistance went to him to borrow money.

I remember a little story the local boys told on him about the money:  
One boy to another: "Say fellow, I bet you can't guess who I saw up in the shinry this morning?"

Second boy: "No, who did you see?"

First boy: "Mr. Luce, he was diggin in the sand."

Second boy: "What on earth was he doing that for?"

First Boy: "Well, he found a nickel and he was looking for the interest."

Mr. Luce was the main leader for the improving of the Tap community. He went down near Peacock and bought a cotton gin for the sum of \$400.00 moved it to Tap with the help of most all of the men of the Tap community



Everybody who had a team and wagon hitched up their teams and went along to help move the machinery that it takes for a gin. This gin was the first gin in this area. It was located just south of the Tap Store a few hundred yards on the place later owned by John Luce.

This was a one stand gin. It was run with fire power of mesquite wood, hauled out of, what was then known as, the Spur Ranch Pasture. It took four men to run the gin. The farmers brought their cotton to the gin in wagons. They would carry the cotton into the gin in wire baskets lined with cotton ducking cloth and dump it into the gin. It was tromped or packed into the stands by the boys stomping it with their feet. They could gin three or four bales a day, I have been told, it sounds big to me.

The Luce family were hard workers and always tried to help with any kind of improvement in the community, but they never gave anything away. They would sell you anything on credit but they expected to be paid back sooner or later and always with interest.

MR. R.D. (BOB AND SALLIE) WILLIAMS

In the year of 1901 the Williams family came to the Tap community and bought a piece of land between the Catfish River and the little creek of Red Mud. He was originally from Mason county but they had stopped and lived in other places before coming to Dickens county.

They bought a piece of land from a Mr. Ben Shirley, north from there. The family consisted of eight children: Elmer, W.B. (Bud), J.T. (Tom), Lucy, Mamie, Oma, Effie, and Ava.

They lived on this place until 1907, in a rock house built by Mr. Airheart, before selling out and moving to Clovis, New Mexico. Where they filed on land and stayed there until they lived it out. The boys stayed out on the claim and took care of it while Mr. and Mrs. Williams lived in Clovis, and ran a hotel.

While they were residents at Red Mud, when the community decided that the cotton gin at Tap was not large enough they organized the community into what would be called not a Co-Op and Mr. E. Luce backed the project for a bigger and better gin than the first one that was down near the Tap store.

Mr. Williams sold the group enough land, fifteen acres on which to build the gin. Just west of the school house on the hill. This was known as the Sam Smith gin and was used for a number of years.

Mr. Williams (Uncle Bobbie) as he was known in the surrounding area played the violin. He was among the best and was still taking first place at all the fiddling contests in the surrounding areas. On his 98th birthday he played, an 85 year old woman danced, Mrs. Ida Peterson. She was an early day resident of the community.

Aunt Sallie Williams lived to the ripe old age of 103 years.



The W.H. (Will) AND BELLE DORA MARTIN FAMILY

In the year of our Lord, 1888, Will Martin was married to Belle Dora Goff, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Goff, near McMinnville, Tennessee. They made their home in Tennessee for about one year, then came to Texas.

They moved their household goods and belongings in a wagon. When they came to the Mississippi River they crossed on a ferry. One horse had been traded to a man there and his daughter was riding it, when the other horses were ferried across he wanted to go too. The horse jumped into the river and swam with the girl riding him one mile across the river.

The Martins landed in Stonewall, county near what is now Aspermont, Texas. They stayed in the home of a brother, J.J. (John) Martin until they settled in a home of their own, just a short time later.

Rattlesnakes and coyotes were numerous and only tank water to use, the stock watered at this tank and it was very muddy. Mrs. Martin was very dissatisfied, she really wanted to go back to Tennessee, but as luck would have it, she never made it, although she lived 61 years after that.

On Christmas day in the year of 1902, a man by the name of W.H. (Will) Martin along with his family consisting of his wife, three boys, Ed. H., Brookie, and Forrest, two girls, Willie and Georgia, arrived in Dickens county and settled in what was at that time the Tap community. Their first home in the county was a half dug-out located about 200 yards north of the Red Mud Cemetery.

Mr. W.H. Martin had a brother, J.J. (John) Martin, who was already here. John Martin owned a place about eight miles south of the cemetery in the lower Red Mud Community. John Martin had quite a large family, which consisted of his wife, Mollie [Rosell] Martin, four boys; Jo, Lee Roy, Edd Lee, and John L., and five girls; Jessie, Audrie, Jewel, Katie, and Lora.

Another brother came to the home of Will Martin from Oklahoma who was sick with TB, known then as consumption of the lungs. He died and was buried in the Red Mud cemetery in the fall of 1904. He died two weeks before his wife, Malisa, and two boys; Johnnie and George arrived with their household goods and their livestock. He had come on ahead on the train due to his illness and left his family to drive through in a covered wagon and bring the stock.

Will Martin cleared the land for a farm, improved the place, and lived and farmed there four years. He then sold the place to P. Hinson in the fall of 1906 and moved to Dickens where resided through the winter and into the spring of 1907. In 1907, he loaded his household goods and his family into covered wagons and driving his livestock, he headed west.

Going along with them in the same way was his brother's wife and boys. They traveled slowly, prospecting the country down through Garza, Borden, Martin, Midland, and Crane counties, looking for a desirable location to file on four sections of land in Crane county, which sounded good to a fellow with a few cows. But after spending about three weeks there, the hair came off the young colts from lying down in alkali dirt, and the family with the exceptions of Forrest and Georgia, all became sick from drinking the alkali water. It is impossible to use soap in the water,



so the people that lived there made their sheets and pillow cases of black satin. Ladies' underclothes and the men's shorts were also made of this material.

This being such an undesirable place to live, never realizing it would someday be a very rich oil field, Mr. Martin decided to head back toward home and eventually ended up where he had started from.

He bought 119 acres of the same land he had sold to P. Hinson and built a store and a dwelling house at Tap and put in a grocery store in the summer of 1907. He stayed here waiting for the ranch land at Watson (Kalgary) to come on the market as he had decided that was where he wanted to make his home. He operated the small store through the fall and winter of that year but destiny overtook him in January 1908 and he developed pneumonia and passed away leaving his wife and five children.

In March of the same year, the youngest girl, Georgia, became ill of an incurable hip joint disease known now as osteomyelitis, an incurable infection. There were very few doctors as Spur had not been founded and there was nothing to be done about her illness. This child, Five years old at the time, was confined to her bed where she spent five years of agony. She was never expected to be in any better health, but to grow worse gradually until the end. Fortunately, her fate was to have a different ending.

In the spring of 1913, there was a terrible epidemic of scarlet fever in Abilene, Texas. A drummer from there stopped at the home of Mrs. Martin. He removed his overcoat and placed it on the foot of the sick child's bed for a short time as he visited there. In a few days

the child became very ill with a raging fever. By this time, Spur had come into being and several doctors had located there. Dr. J.E. Morris was called in. He in turn called all the other doctors in town for a consultation, never realizing the child could possibly have had a chance to contract the fever, not having left her bed in months. However, it became evident that the trouble was scarlet fever and she was treated accordingly. Finally, she became so ill that she was kept alive for days on strychnine. Her temperature ranged as high as 105° for over a week. Then she gradually overcame the fever and was on the road to recovery and eventually got well. Not only of the fever, but of the incurable infection, too.

There had been seven large places on her hips draining for the past five years before she had contacted the fever which healed them. The little girl became a very live wire and is living to this year of 1980. She was left a cripple and impelled to walk on two crutches for the past half century, but she married and raised a family. She was married to Donnie Pace in 1922. To this union one child was born in 1925, and was named Velton Winona Pace.

Mrs. Belle Martin resided on the place at Tap, Texas, for the five year period of the child's illness. Then she sold the small place and bought a quarter section of land at the head of Red Mud from the late Bill Elliott, an old timer known to some as Scotch Bill. She made her home and reared her family on this place and resided there until her death on December 22, 1950. She was laid to rest at the side of her husband in the Red Mud cemetery, December, 24, 1950.



## THE W.A. (UNCLE TOBIE) SMITH FAMILY STORY

In the year of 1890 this man came to this country and brought his family consisting of seven children and his wife, two were born later. He brought some spotted cows and some horses. He settled on Red Mud Creek for the reason that he could get water for his livestock, rather than to select a place for a farm.

He improved the place and lived on it until his death in the year of 1925. His wife lived quite a number of years longer than he did. They were both laid to rest in the Red Mud cemetery at the original Tap, Texas, community location.

The family consisted of ten children; Alice, Willie, Annie, Addie, Minnie, Calla, Norma, Milton and Naomi. The last two were born after they came to this community in 1890.

He built his house up on the hill west of the little Red Mud creek. There was a school house just south of his dwelling where his children and any other children nearby went to school. This school was known as the Turkey Holler School, or the Uncle Tobie School. One of the early day teacher's name was Earnest Walker. He was a very well liked teacher and helped all of the children. One thing he helped them to do was to get certificates to teach school. Another thing was to make a mark on the highest tree on the creek after a big rain in 1895, to show how high the water got after the creek came down. He watched this mark for years before the creek got that high anymore. It was in the year of 1917.

The family lived in this same house for many years until he finally decided to build a new house over on the east side of the creek..

## THE A.L. BRANTNER FAMILY

In the year of 1900 this family came to Tap from east Texas and settled near Tap. They lived in a dugout just north of the cemetery for a time. The family consisted of four girls and three boys. Another boy was born later, their names in order are; Carl, Ray, Reba, Ruth, Ruby, Kay, Coy, and Johnnie who was born after they came to this county.

Incidentally, my husband's father and mother knew them before they came to Dickens county. They had lived neighbors to them in Denton county.

The first tombstone placed in this cemetery was in 1900 and Ray Brantner Rankin tells me she remembers playing around it when she was a little girl.

The Brantners later moved to a farm southwest of their first location. They built a house and put in a farm and put out a lot of trees near what everyone referred to as the Brantner Sand Hills. They can be seen from almost any place in the surrounding area. It was such a lovely place for active young folks to play and roll down the hill. There was most always a group around.

They always had a nice watermelon patch, also fruit trees. I can remember one Christmas, we were invited to eat lunch with them. We were very happy to accept the invitation. Our surprise of the day was they served fresh watermelon for dessert. Can you imagine that? They had gathered the melons before frost and buried them in the barn under the cotton seed. They were well preserved and seemed to be really something different.



Mrs. Eugenia Brantner, the mother, passed away in 1944. The father went back to east Texas, for a time and Carl and Ray cared for the younger children and kept up the home until their father came back. He had learned to graft fruit trees. He grafted trees for other people for a number of years. They naturally had trees all over the place. Mr. A.L. Brantner lived to the ripe old age of about 96 years. He lived his last days with his younger son, Johnnie, and his wife, Opal, at Girard, Texas, not far from Spur.

There is only two of the family still living. The two oldest girls, Mrs. Ray Rankin, Spur, Texas, and Mrs. Reba Thornton, Ft. Worth, Texas.

Each of them have one son. Mrs. Rankin's son is a telephone man and he was just recently moved to Dallas Texas

His name is John Calvin Rankin. They are the parents of two sons.

Mrs. Reba Thornton has a son and two girls, they live at Ft Worth and he works on the railroad.

## THE T.S. LAMBERT FAMILY STORY

On January 6, 1906, a family by the name of T.S. (Severn) Lambert and his good wife, Susie, along with their entire family consisting of two boys and a girl landed at a little place known as Tap, Texas, about twelve miles from what is known now as Spur, Texas. The boys names were Orwin and Joe, the girl was Essie.

They had relatives there by the name of Sparks. His mother, Mrs. Maggie Sparks, also a stepfather Mr. J.E. Sparks and a half brother J.E. (Johnie) Sparks.

These people came from Fisher county. They were looking for a place to settle after spending some time with the relatives they lived on what was known later as the Alf Manning place in a half dug-out near some big cottonwood trees.

They stayed there a couple of years, later moving into a small house west of the same places where they had been living and spent some time. Really long enough for the place to be known as the "Lambert Sand Hill".

Later two more girls were born to them, their names were Edna and Eola. The family eventually moved about a couple of miles north from the Sand Hill Place onto the Sam Smith Place, into a real nice house larger and better.

They stayed there for several years and farmed for a living. Later they moved up to Witchita community and ran a grocery store. By then the older ones of the children were grown and married. Orwin was the manager at the Pitchfork Ranch for a few years. Essie married Dick



South and lived in Spur for a while. Joe married Florence Starrett. He helped to move the school house from the Red Top location where it was built down on the McArthur Place about a mile. They moved to Hobbs, New Mexico, where they made their home and where she finally passed away in 1975. Joe still lives there, also his daughter. Eola Lambert married Don Perrin. They live away from here I do not know where.

Mr. Lambert was a crippled man. He had a bad fever when he was small that left him a cripple but he was able to walk and get around enough to make his own way. He also was burned real bad from a gasoline lantern that ruined his hand, while he was running the store at Witchita community east of Dickens. After the accident with his hand, which almost ruined his hand and burned his face he could no longer run the little store they moved back to Spur to live.

They celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. He only lived a few years after that. She remained there for the remaining years of her time on earth.

Even though his mother and stepfather were both buried at Red Mud cemetery where Mr. J.E. Sparks had donated one acre of land, the son chose to be buried at Spur where a grandson, Seburn South, was buried. Also the brother Johnie Sparks is buried at Spur, but the parents, Uncle Jimmie Sparks and the mother Aunt Maggie Sparks are resting in the old home cemetery.

The family is all scattered around the Lubbock locality and nearby. Orwin and Mary live at Shallowater, their daughter lives at Lubbock.

Mrs. Essie Beavers lives at Lubbock. Also the next girl, Edna Legg and family reside at Lubbock. The other boy Joe lives at Hobbs,

Orwin Lambert passed away in August 1980 and was buried at Shallow water Texas.

423

New Mexico, where his wife, Florence Starrett Lambert, passed away in 1975, and was buried there.

I would like to mention that Joe helped to move the original Red Top school house from it's original location where it was built in 1909 and used until 1920 at which time Joe Lambert helped to move it about a mile southeast of the first location and placed on the corner of the old Grandpa McArthur place. Here it was consolidated with the Turkey Holler school and used for several more years.

The man who accepted the contract to move the building was a man who lived nearby. His name was Will Walker, everyone knew and liked him, but that's another story.

Orwin Lambert worked on the Pirchfork Ranch as supervisor for some time and as he came from Red Mud he acquired the nickname of Red Mud. Still has it.

Joe, who is still living at Hobbs, New Mexico, is a very jolly person. A big talker and makes many friends. He is over six feet tall and loves everybody.

Mrs. Essie Beever lives in Lubbock near some of her children, also Edna Legg. I have kind of lost track of the rest of the family but they still love Tap. The material to make the school house was brought into Spur on the first train that came into Spur.



## THE FAMILY OF M.A. PACE

At one time there was a family by the name of Pace, M.A. (Marion Allen) who lived a short distance south of the school, which had been moved to the corner of the McArthur place. The Pace family consisted of; Marion Allen, father, Elizabeth, mother, Donnie Lee, William Edward, and one daughter, Glennie. They came to Spur on the train and lived in Spur for a time. They later moved to Red Mud and farmed a few years. They then lived in the Espula community before they moved into the Highway community. The oldest son, Donnie Lee, married Georgia Martin. They lived in Brownfield, where he owned and operated a barber shop for a time. Later, he sold the shop and they moved back to Spur and cared for her mother, Belle Martin, until her death in 1950. They are still living at the old home place which was settled in 1913. Donnie has a sister living in Dumas, Texas, Mrs. Glennie Ellis. The others have all passed away; the parents are at rest in the cemetery at Portales, New Mexico.

One daughter was born to Donnie and Georgia Pace on September 18, 1925, Velton Winona Pace. She married the son of Celia and the late J.W. Rinehart, Loyd I. Rinehart, of Girard, Texas in August 1945. Three children were born to this union, LaDonna Ruth (Rinehart) Kirkes, married Forrest Kirkes, August 23, 1964. They have three children; Laresa Che-mainie Kirkes, born November 11, 1966, Dona L<sup>ne</sup> Kirkes, born July 18, 1969, and Lyndall Glen Kirkes, born August 10, 1974. The Rinehart's next child, Lorita Winona Rinehart Baldrige, born June 25, 1950, at Hobbs, New Mexico. She married Richard Don Baldrige and two children

have been born to the family; Donnie Lee Baldridge, born April 19, 1974, in Portales, New Mexico and LaRonda Shay Baldridge, born June 21, 1976, at Portales, New Mexico. Their present home is Broadview, New Mexico. ... only Rinehart son, Loyd Isaac Rinehart, Jr., born November 9, 1954, married Gilda Wilson in Hobbs, New Mexico. They have one little boy, Jacob Loyd Rinehart, born September 3, 1976, and a daughter, Lara Jill Rinehart, born March 11, 1979.

Loyd, Sr. is completing his 40th year with Phillips Petroleum Co. as a gas tester. Winona has completed her 20th year as bookkeeper of Williams Cash Lumber and 15 years as bookkeeper of La Siesta Retirement Center, the last seven years as Assistant Administrator. She also has a bookkeeping and tax service in her home. LaDonna, besides caring for three children, has a bookkeeping service in her home. Glen is completing 14 years as a mechanic with Phillips Petroleum Company. Lorita is a housewife, mother of two, ranch woman, painter, and western fiddler, having completed NMSU with an accounting degree. Richard has been working for Santa Fe Railroad since before the marriage. Loyd, Jr. is a CPA with First National Bank in Lubbock, Texas, after graduating from Texas Tech University with honors. Gilda is a homemaker.

## INTERESTING PEOPLE OF TAP, TEXAS

There was a family of people who were among the very first people to settle in this community, by the name of Airheart. In fact, they were the people who sold five acres of their land to the county judge for the location of a school to be built for the whole sum of five dollars. The school was located about a mile northwest of the Tap store, and they called the school "The Airheart" school. They built one small room about large enough for a dozen children. I have been told the first teacher's name was Firm Self.

There was a large family of Airheart children; Edchar, Jewel, Bertha, Edna, Elsie, Elonzo, Beecher and Johnie.

Mr. Airheart was one of the first county officers elected in the county. He was a very industrious person and worked very hard to make a go of life for his large family. I have the story from one of his daughters, Edna, that her father with the assistance of his boys and one other man hauled and cut the rock to build a rock house for his family to live in. The other fellow liked it so well that he persuaded Mr. Airheart to build another one for him.

Many of the old timers should remember it, it was near the road going toward the cemetery. It is gone now, but I remember it quite well. Edna also told me of seeing an Indian hanging around their place one time, she said it almost scared them to death but he finally went away and didn't stop.

I have been unable to find out when the McArthur family moved to



this county, but there was a large family of them. Their oldest daughter's name as I remember her was Florence, there was a set of twins, Tom and Jim, girls Willie and Maud, then two boys, Bill and Edd, he was the baby. They all told it on him that he was such a baby that he slept with his mother until after he was twelve years old. Two of the girls married Scott boys, Willie married Liss Scott and Maud married Boney Scott. Some of their girls are still here, one I can remember is Mrs. Roy Winkler (Sue) the rest have moved away or died.

All the ranches that had cattle to be looked after kept a small camp of some kind for a cowboy to live in, to watch after in the surrounding area.

There was a small house on Red Mud where a man by the name of Hough Lewis, who was the first range rider to live on Red Mud, lived. So the camp was called "The Hough Lewis Camp". It was near the W.A. Smith place on the creek bank. It was called the Hough Lewis Camp for a long time, but later after he left there it was known as the Red Mud Camp.

I mentioned the large number of Smiths around Tap, six different families who were not related but I haven't mentioned any Jones. There was a family of Jones who finally came to this county from Stonewall county and settled over on Red Mud near Spring Creek and lived on the Scotch Bill Elliott place on Red Mud. They attended the Spring Creek school. This was J.H. and Zenna Jones. They had five children; Flora, Buran, Gladys, Clark and Ethel. I believe Flora was already married when they came to this country. They lived there for about twenty years before they moved to West End community, where they lived for a number

of years after which they finally moved back to Spring Creek on the same place they had lived on several years before. The only member of the family who still lives in this area is L.B. (Buran) and his family. His wife, Effie, Williams Jones, has been one of the first settlers at Tap in 1901.

The Quisenberry family lived on the Tom McArthur place in about 1918. They were not early day settlers but they were a part of the community for several years and everyone liked them. They were related to the Frys.

A man by the name of John Weathers lived at this same line camp and cared for the range cattle. He could tell some pretty wild tales about riding the range and branding Maverick calves up and down Red Mud. One of his big stories was that while he was tring to brank a maverick his horse became entangled in the rope and took off in a high run. There wasn't anything for him to do but to go along so he jumped up on the calf and held on with both hands. By the time the horse stopped the calf didn't need branding.

There was a family by the name of Wilkerson who had a very sad time of raising their children. There is a lone tombstone with the names of the three children, located near the Garrett family lot. The first boy to succomb to death was riding a horse and leading one with a rope. A big rain cam that evening and all the draws were running full of water, when this boy came to what is known as Hack Berry Creek (it drains a large territory of pasture land and when a big rain came it was dangerous). He rode into the creek, the horses became entangled in the rope and the boy and both of the horses were drowned.

Later the other boy contacted typhoid fever and failed to live over it. There was one little girl in the family, one evening coming home from school she became very ill, but she managed to make the walk on home. There was not a doctor this side of Dickens, so they tried to care for the child with their old home remedies but this time they failed. She passes away some time during the night. At dawn the father rode a horse over to the Uncle Tobie (N.A.) Smith home and reported her death. This typifies some of the hard times the people who setteled the west had to contend with.

I have mentioned a man by the name of Bud Turner several times in this narrative but failed to mention that he had been married before and had two children by his first wife. Her name was Francis Fry, the sister of Lodd Fry, who was struck by lightning. The children were; May Turner Danforth and Warren Turner, the children of the local black-smith at Bolt, then at Tap.

There was another man, brother to Clint Garrett, Uncle (Jim) J.T. Garrett, he also had a large family and raised them alone for a time but later he married a lady, Aunt Ann Grubbs, who had about four children. He had two daughters Maud Garrett Cross and Amy Garrett Grubbs and two sons Jack and Homer Garrett. Jack Garrett married the daughter of Uncle Ruff Parrish at Cone, Texas already mentioned in this narrative.

The Grubbs children buried here are: T.W., Mary and C.D., also the father was W.N. (Wylie) Grubbs, and Lawana and the grandfather J.T. Garrett.

There was a family of Himsons who moved into the Tap community



in the year of 1907 and bought the land belonging to W.H. Martin about 400 acres.

They came from east Texas and wanted to become a westerner. There were several children the ones I remember are: Wallace, Elmer, Leander, J.C. and one girl, Clara. At one time she was a girlfriend of my brother, Forrest Martin.

The Hinsons are still in possession of the land they bought at that time also several other places they have come into possession of Calgary. The family moved away years ago, only on grandson is still living on the place.

Wallace Hinson came into possession of the place several years ago and spent the balance of his life on the old home place. He married Susie Scott, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Liss Scott local residents of Tap.

There were three boys, all cowboys. All the girls thought it was the finest thing to do to marry a cowboy. Luther (Big Un) married Ruby Brantner. Joe Thornton married Reba Brantner and Bush Thornton married a lovely girl.

There was a family by the name of Cravey who lived down on lower Red Mud, the ones who are still living at Spur at this time is Lincoln. The family had several children. The ones I remember are: Dick, Newt, Lincoln, Jack, a sister Evie Cravey Smelser. The mother and father and all of the boys but Lincoln, along with some in-laws and babies are buried at Red Mud. Lincoln lives in Spur.

There was a generation of Fuqua families who also lived down on lower Red Mud. It would be impossible for me to name all of them.

The Story of the Red Mud (Tap) Cemetery, from 1886-1980  
"IN MEMORY OF LOVED ONES GONE ON"

WRITTEN BY GEORGIA MARTIN PACE, as told to me by persons here at the time. In a small community ten miles west of what is now Spur, Texas, a few people lived, loved, worked and wept together in close neighborly fellowship as was the custom of the old west at that time of the early 1880's in order to survive the hardships of the early days.

Some of the old timers and early residents of the Bolt community later to be known as Tap, Texas, were: Mr. L.D. Bolt, who had the first store, which was only a covered wagon with shelves on each side with supplies of groceries and household supplies and a few plow points and wagon wheel grease for the farmers. He later sold out to a Mr. Charlie Harris who moved it to what was later known as Tap. The owners got together and decided that the Bolt and the Tap should be together so they combined them.

Mr. E. Luce later bought the store and it was run in 1903 by his son and wife: John and Zona Luce. They later moved south about one-half mile and built a house and lived there until Spur was settled at which time they moved over there until their deaths. She lived to the ripe old age of 103 years. Mr. E. Luce moved back from old Emma on the plains and ran the store and post office until 1912 at which time it was moved to Spur and they went along with it. He had at one time lived on what is known as the old Perkin's place before moving to old Emma.

Uncle Clint Garrett lived on the place south of the cemetery on what was later known at the Bill McArthur Place. This was the Alf Manning place a long time.

A man by the name of J.P. (Jess) Addamson, hand dug a well at the place where the Tap store was to be located later and walled it up with rock. He was to be the one to start this cemetery, as he was the fellow who killed the man who was the first person to be buried there. There was trouble between Jess Addamson and Mr. Will Barger over a stud horse. Addamson hid behind a chapperell bush and shot him with a shotgun loaded with buckshot. There was a story that he went to the man and picked out the buck shot and there was 26 of them.

Will Barger, the first man to be buried in this cemetery was living on what was later to be known as the Spark's place. He had filed on the land and came here for his wife's health. She was suffering from what was known as consumption, later referred to as TB. She later died, about three months later and was buried near her husband on their own place. There was not a cemetery anyways close by to use.

Relatives came later and carried the six children away and they were never heard from anymore. An infant was buried by the Bargers while living there,

This was the beginning of our little cemetery that each of us have become so closely related to as our loved ones have passed on and been placed there.

Materials were so scarce it was hard to find anything out of which to make a casket so just anything that was available had to be used. This man's coffin was made from a set of wagon sideboards by Mr. Elihu Luce.

Men were also scarce. There were so few that the women had to help. Grandmother Thomas (Zona Luce's grandmother) helped to lower the casket into the grave.

As far as can be determined at this time this grave was placed here



in May of 1886, one month before the birth of Butler Manning on June 11, 1886, as was told to me by Mrs. Zona Luce, a cousin of his. He had the honor of being the first white child born in the surrounding area as far as could be determined. His mother, Aunt Nerlie Manning (as she was lovingly referred to in later years), and as we all remember her, attended the funeral, but was unable to get down from the wagon during the services. Her baby was born one month later.

I make mention of this fact to verify this date as near as possible.

As Will Barger was sick, she was cared for by the neighbors. She died only three months later and left a nursing baby. Mrs. Clint Garrett the mother of Mrs. Forrest (Mamie) Martin, nursed the baby along with her own baby until such time as it took to get word to their family and they could drive here in a wagon from somewhere in East Texas.

As the county was not organized at this time Jess Addamson was never punished for his crime.

There has been quite a lot of improvements going on at the cemetery.. Several concrete vaults placed there by the family of Mr. and Mrs. Bill McArthur. In preparation of more family members. Things change as we go along through life but we never fail to remember those who have gone on before.

A short time after the cemetery was started Mrs. Adelia Parrish and her infant child passed away at the birth of the child and were buried in a line with the Barger graves.

In the spring of 1889 a school teacher by the name of R.A. Baker passed away with pneumonia and was placed at the feet of Mrs. Parrish.

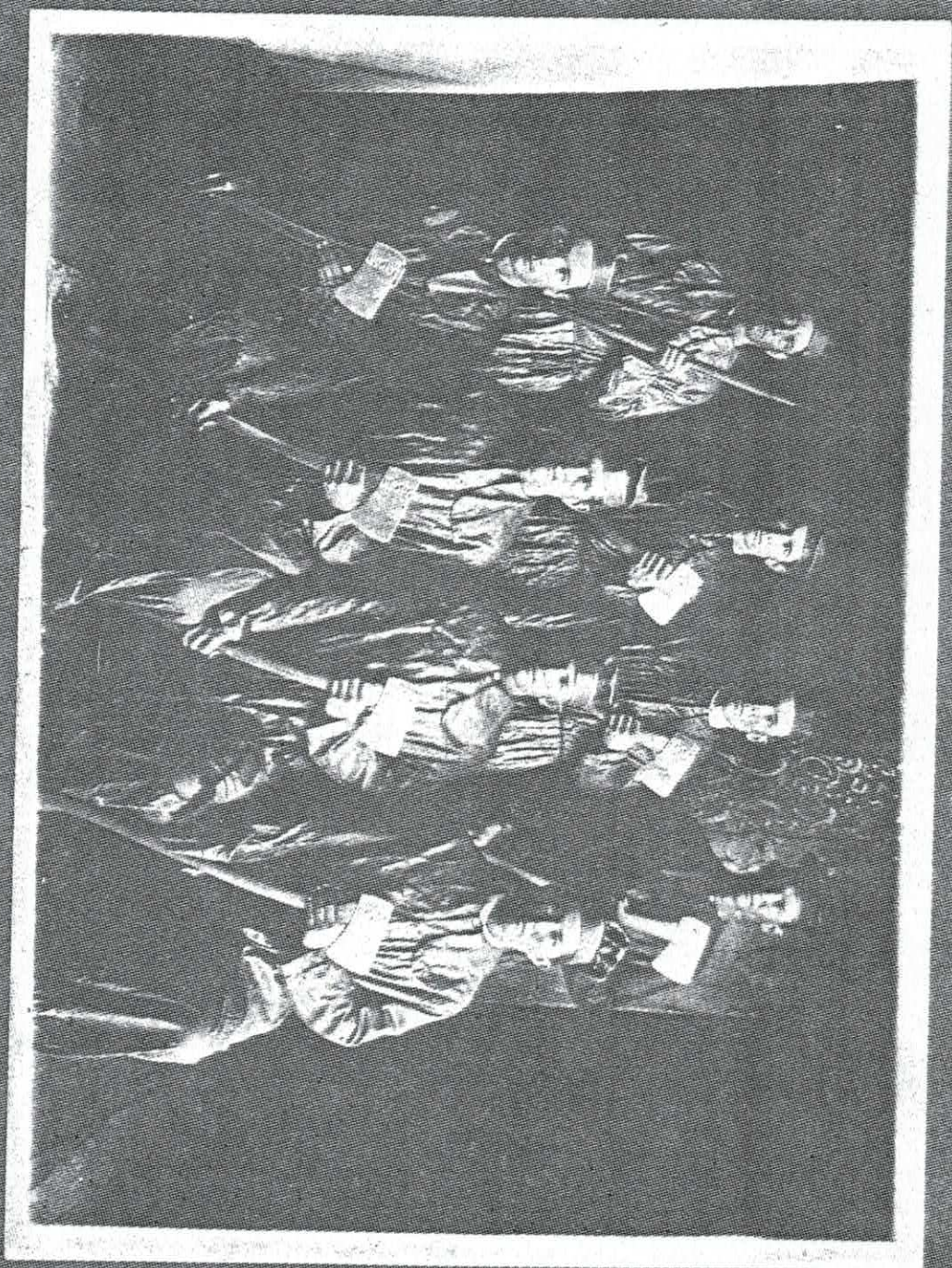
I believe the next person to be placed there was A.H. Samples, who is directly in line with the Parrish and Baker graves. However, I am not positive about his being the next person to be buried there. A few more of the early graves are Josie and Francis Wilson, Cora Heart and her child, Old Grandma Gardner, Lennie Harris, Grandma Smith, the mother of Uncle Jeffie, and Uncle Tobie Smith.

Materials were so scarce that anything available was used to build caskets. A set of wagon sideboards was used to construct a box to bury Mr. Will Barger in. It was built by E. Luce who was living on what is known now as the Perkins place. Later he owned and operated the Tap store. Mr. W.C. Garrett took the partition out of his half-dug out and built the caskets of the Wilson girls, Francis and Josie. Their family came back in recent years and put tombs on their graves.

Help was also scarce in those days and the ladies had to help with the funerals. Grandma Thomas, the grandmother of Butler Manning, assisted in the burial of Mr. Barger. She got into the grave and helped to lower the casket, then helped with the filling of the grave.

Other graves were added as the years passed and community grew. Four boys are buried there who were killed with horses. One of these boys drowned while trying to cross Grapevine Draw. Five children died of lockjaw after getting splinters in their feet. Three graves were those of children that had eaten rat poison. One child was accidentally shot by another child playing with a gun. Whooping cough, pneumonia







tuberculosis, and poisoning have also taken the lives of some of those buried in this cemetery.

This cemetery was known as Tap Cemetery until about 1910 when a new school building was constructed near the cemetery and the top was painted red. With this the name was changed to Red Top. The cemetery was called Red Top for a number of years until the school building was moved away and repainted. It then began to be called Red Mud due to the fact that it is located near the little Red Mud creek. It is still called by this name.

In 1957 a man by the name of Parrish came here looking for the Tap Cemetery, his father had been kicked to death by a team of horses in 1907 and was buried here. He remembered the cemetery as Tap. His name was Homer W. Parrish and he lived in Walledlake, Michigan.

Two persons buried here were burned to death. Several old Confederate soldiers and some World War I and II boys are buried here. Two old rangers are also buried here. A total of 225 graves have been identified on a map drawn by Mrs. Donnie Pace. There are still a few unidentified, but she is still trying and does get a few names every year.

Two neighbors out gathering their milk cows in the year of 1904, Mrs. Ava Airheart and Mrs. Alf Manning, met near the cemetery and the cows were tromping the graves, so an idea was born to have the graves fenced. But where was the money to come from? A box supper was planned to raise the funds and was held in the home of Mrs. Airheart. Enough money was raised to buy barb wire to fence it using mesquite posts cut out of the pasture on which to hang the wire. Later a second box supper was held in the school house and a net wire fence was put around it. Still later in 1925, money was donated at the cemetery working

to buy cedar posts and hog wire to put a better fence around it.

When the second fence was to be built it was decided to make the plot larger, so, Mr. J.H. Sparks owning land on the south side and Mr. Mr. W.H. Martin, owning the land on the north side offered to donate an acre each, making two acres in the plot. It was measured off by these two men and fenced by the group in 1906.

In the year of 1909 the lodge known as the W.O.W. (woodmen of the world) took over the project of seeing that the cemetery was taken care of and set the working date to be held each year of June 6th. Mr. S.S. Alcorn was president of the lodge at this time.

Long after the lodge disbanded and all moved away, the day is still being observed regularly. Dinner for everyone is served by the ladies. There has always been a plentiful and delicious dinner. A short program of singing and readings of local talent and candidate speaking in election years is held in the afternoon after the work is completed by the men present. Some hired labor has been used on occasion.

This story would not be complete if I did not mention the two sons of J.H. Sparks, Johnie Sparks and Sebe Lambert, who were always on hand to promote and help. Mr. Sebe Lambert was the chairman for years and could always be depended on to be there and keep things going. He died in the 1940's.

In 1955 the Baptist Church at this place disbanded, the church building was donated to the cemetery to be used for the programs and the lunch hour. It has been repaired, stuccoed, and painted through donations.

Dock Love, a chairman of the association for a number of years, has just recently been laid to rest at this place.

The day of June 6, has become a tradition with all the old-timers and I hope will never be forgotten even though in 1977 for the very first time the day of the meeting was changed. Although it had been voted on many time in the past it had remained June 6th, but now it is the first Saturday in June, so the job working people from off can come.

As the years have gone on, many other graves have been placed here. The next one to my knowledge was a school teacher, R.S. Baker, then A.H. Samples, Adelia Parrish, her baby, are other closeby graves. She was the sister of Mr. Alf Manning. I don't have a record of any of the early graves. Mrs. Clint Garrett (Malinda) was buried there in 1900. The number grows every year and many more have selected grave sights and had them curbed. There will be many more.

R.A. Baker died in the spring of 1894 while in a school at the Uncle Toby Smith School, known as Turkey Holler School in lower Red Mud community.

This cemetery was known as the Tap Cemetery for a number of years until the post office was moved to Spur. I really don't know why it became Red Mud unless it was because it was near the little creek of Red Mud.

People who came from far away places who once lived here, always ask for the Tap Cemetery. There is still a lot of people who still remember it by that name.

At about this time a new school house was built at this place near the cemetery and the top was painted red so the school was called Red Top and the cemetery went by the same name until it was moved away in 1920 and the name eventually became Red Mud.



A man from Walled Lake Michigan came to Dickens county to locate the grave of his father who was buried here in October 1907. He came back for the first time just fifty years later in 1957. He asked at the Dickens courthouse and was directed to our place by Mrs. Ave Williams Johnson. After locating the grave they had supper with us. I could bring him up to date on his father's tombstone. His mother asked my mother to see that a tomb which she would send later by properly located and cared for. My mother took care of it as long as she lived and now my husband and I care for it. They were moving from Fisher county to Hall county when he was injured by a team of horses. He stepped up on the double tree and fell underneath the horses and was kicked to death. This happened in the lower Red Mud community where the Fugate lived. He was taken to the Grice home where he was cared for and died three days later. He was buried in the Tap cemetery. After the funeral the family spent the night in the home of Will and Belle Martin before going on to Hall county.

Showing that the cemetery is still referred to as "Tap" by people who were here in the early days of the making of the cemetery.

This son, Homer W. Parrish, left a donation of \$10.00 to be used in the construction of memorial building, our present building.

Mrs. Clint Garrett, the same person who cared for the Will Barger baby died in the year of 1900. Her tombstone was the first to be placed in this cemetery. It was removed to make room for a double marker after the death of her husband, fifty-four years later in the year of 1954.

Other graves of tragic interest, just to mention a few, include; a Kimbro child, living on the Peterson place at White River, died from eating rat poison. The Plesse Nutt child who died from accidentally being shot, also a Rumfield child was shot accidentally. Dock Hoover,

Dick Deen, Billie Sacs, and Bud Warren who were all killed by being thrown from horses. Gordon Wilkerson was drowned. Bessie Fuqua Stoneman was burned to death when her house was destroyed by fire. Her son, Develon, was killed in a car wreck. Alice Howell was burned to death when her clothing caught fire by the wash pot when her mother was rendering lard. Elza Cross was kicked by a horse. Lee Fry was drowned when a bridge gave way with a platoon of soldiers while in the service during Would Was II. Oscar Hinson and a Bridges baby also ate poison. Scooter Hinson was killed when his pickup went off the White River bridge.

There are three old confederate soldiers buried there that I know of and probably more that I don't. There is two old rangers, J.I. Greer, and R.D., Uncle Bobbie Williams. Old soldiers are L.G. Garrett and J.H. Sparks. The first county judge, A.J. McClain, of Dickens county is buried here. He only got to serve a short time, as when they surveyed off the county he just happened to be living outside the county by a short distance.

A total of 283 graves are in the cemetery at this writing of June 6, 1976, over a period of 90 years. I really am surprised that isn't more.

As this cemetery was in an open pasture people of the community began to see the need of protection from the stock. I have the story of two ladies out looking for their milk cows and stopped to visit a little while to pass the time of day. Their cows were grazing around and on the graves so they discussed how to get a fence around the graves. Mrs. Bill Airheart offered to have a box supper in her home to raise the money for a fence. Mrs. Manning thought it a very nice idea, so they began to make plans for the supper. The Spur Ranch offered to

furnish the posts. Each man to cut and haul twenty posts each.

A work day was set to put up this fence, which I suppose could be called the first cemetery working. I believe it was about the year of 1904. The money from the box supper was used to buy barbed wire to fence the plot. A day was set for the working. The ladies brought dinner and the men did the work. It was a nice get together for the community and everyone enjoyed it. Later, another box supper was held in the school house for the same purpose. The fence had served it's purpose but was about down and needed repair. A net wire fence was used this time, which didn't last too long. So, in the year of 1925 a hog wire fence was installed and it lasted quite a while.

When the first fence was to be put up, two men that owned the land on each side of the place, met there and measured off two acres. One off of each place, to be permanently used for a cemetery. Mr. J. H. Sparks who owned the Barger Place at this time and W.H. (Will) Martin owned the north side. They did this in all good faith. There being no one to deed this land to, they felt that they had the perfect right to give it without ever being questioned. In later years it was questioned, but the present owner is very agreeable and it still stands as when it started.

When Mrs. Will Martin sold this place, she carefully specified to the buyer that she was not selling the one acre of the cemetery to him. He later tried to sell it to a man but was told that he did not come to West Texas to buy cemeteries, so he refused to buy it, so how could he sell it if he didn't buy it?

Several work days were set to clean the cemetery, but no definate date was set until the year of 1909. At which time the Woodmen of the

601



World had a lodge at Tap with a nice number of participants with a marching band. S.S. Alcorn was the first acting chairman. The marching team, consisting of: Fount Harrell, Captain John Crump, Barney McDaniel, Walter Garrett, Verney Williamson, Brookie Martin, and Forrest Martin. I have a picture of the group in their robes. It was quite an attraction of the lodge. They adopted the plot as their project and took the job of keeping it clean as their business, and set the date of June 6th for the clean up date, not wanting it set on Memorial Day. It has remained as the date all through the years. When it falls on Sunday it is understood that the date will be on Saturday the 5th. There has always been a basket lunch served to all present, and never have I seen food scarce. There is always plenty.

A few still had policies in effect when this story was written in 1957, but most of them have passed away at this copywriting in 1976. Some of them were: Jeff Smith, Charlie McLain, Butler Manning still had his policy which was issued in 1908 at his death in 1973 or thereabouts.

This lodge played an important part in our cemetery and we are very proud. They took the cleaning of the cemetery as an active project and set the date of June 6th, 1909 as the first date to be observed by the W.O.W. Lodge. This should settle the date as to when was the first 6th of June working. I have the authority of Mr. S.S. (Seth) Alcorn on this data and date in a letter written in about 1957 when I was getting information to write this record. This day has been diligently observed since that time with the work beginning as early

as anyone can get there and continuing until the place is well cleaned and decorated with flowers and the flags of the old soldiers and the young. The cleaning is usually finished before noon. The lunch hour and the visiting is really something, meeting old friends as far away as California and all around us. Visiting and reliving the past through the dinner hour is a great pleasure.

Some kind of a program was conducted in the afternoon at the first 6th. The W.O.W. had charge of the program. The marching team performed at the cemetery in their caps and robes, then marched over to the school house in formation. One old timer mentioned that they all carried an ax covered in tinfoil and that he remembered thinking how wonderful it was. After which a program was given on the stage at the school house. Speeches by the older pupils were given. Jewel Alcorn gave the Woodman unveiling: "Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud". She was the daughter of Seth Alcorn. Flora Jones gave a reading and held up a human skull. Laura McClain was on the program the sister of Charlie McClain, still living here. Cordie Harroll McClain was the first program chairman ever to be appointed.

This custom has been kept through the years to prepare some form of a program. The instigator and promoter of the project after the lodge disbanded was our old friend, Sebe Lambert. Uncle Sebe as most of us called him, was the leader for years until his death. After he passed away Bob Smith was made chairman and served until his death. I believe Dock Love served after Mr. Smith. Forrest Martin also served a term or two before he became unable and then his son, Harry was elected and I guess will serve just the same as all the others have. I may have forgotten some of the leaders, if I have I am sorry.

The program always opens and closes with a prayer. There is a gospel singing through the evening. On election years we used to let the candidates speak. We don't have them anymore. In later years as the organization has grown, being kept alive by the community and the old timers after the lodge became inactive, and the tradition and work goes on. A business session is held in the afternoon and a collection is taken up for the purpose of keeping the cemetery up and the different projects that are carried on for the benefit of the cemetery. This was started during World War II when so many of the boys were in the armed forces. There wasn't enough help to get the lots worked and someone had to be hired to finish up the job. Butler was given the job. Sometimes he worked for nothing but at times he was paid a small amount to clean up the whole thing.

There were two active churches in the community but everyone was a part of the cemetery organization, which was organized in later years and is called "The Red Mud Cemetery Association".

After the Baptist church disbanded, they donated their tabernacle to the cemetery association for a meeting place. Some repair work had to be done on it and it had to be moved to the location of the cemetery. Funds were made available through donation. The building was moved on June 17, 1957 and placed across the road directly across the road from the cemetery for the sum of \$500.00. All the repair work to be done later. It was finished in the year of 1957. A lot of repair was done. It was panelled with sheetrock inside and stuccoed on the outside. Better doors and windows were put in and more benches were purchased from the Dry Lake Baptist Church for a sum of \$75.00 and new dinner tables were built by Donnie Pace, Henry Slack, Buran and Glenn Jones. Five tables, 3 x 8 feet, every table is used every year and could use more but the room is inadequate for them.

64



There was 155 attendants in the year of 1957. The work was finished by noon with the help of the county grader. This has been furnished every year without charge. A working committee is appointed each year to take care of the work to be done through the year. The committee consisted of Dock Love, Chairman, Donnie Pace, Vice Chairman, Buran Jones, Elmer Cross, Abb Fry, Henry Slack, Forrest Martin, Wallas Hinson, was appointed to have authority over the repair work to be done. A contract was let to Ish Hahn for the sum of \$700.00 on April 26th, 1958 for the purpose of renovating the whole building with a turn key job to be completed before June 6, 1958.

On May 30, 1958, a group of the people near enough to come gathered at the building to finish the job. They cleaned the building, scrubbed the floor, painted the woodwork and the sheetrock. The county grader cleared the lot around the building for the approximate distance of one acre square for parking space. The grader also drug the driveways in the cemetery and the vacant part of the cemetery. The money for this project was borrowed from the Spur Security Bank and signed by the working committee. No new project was undertaken in 1958, as the note at the bank was our first concern. It was taken care of in three years. In 1960, Elmer Mabin donated three doors and delivered them to the cemetery the 6th of June. They were installed later by Donnie Pace and Elmer Cross. S.H. Jones was paid \$16.00 for adjusting the doors at his planing mill. Rev. J.E. Lee of the Bethel Baptist Church in Spur was paid \$30.00 for adjusting the door frames and swinging the doors. There was also a lumber bill of \$11.97 for material used in the door frames.

In 1961 pew type benches were bought for the price of \$75.00.

As this is a bicentennial year, I will mention as a historical event I want to state where the benches came from. They were built by men of the Espula Community way back, when I really don't know, but they have been the rounds. They were used in the church until it disbanded. In 1949, when the big cyclone came across the county, it blew the Soldier Mound Church building away so the Espula Church donated the pews to the church there. Also, the building and it was used several years more. Later, it was donated to the Bethel Baptist Church in Spur and used some more when the Soldier Mound Church disbanded. The Cemetery Association of Red Mud bought the benches from the Bethel Baptist Church in 1963, for the sum of \$75.00 and they are still in use by the association at this time, June 6, 1974.

In the year of 1962, Charlie Hawley and sons, Hubert and Curtis, were hired to re-do the interior of the building. Repaint and do some bracing of the sheetrock. This work was to be completed and ready by June 6, 1962, for the price of \$125.00.

It was voted in 1963 to have the piano retuned. Later, it was decided to install outside restrooms. The ladies room was finished that year, but the men's was not built for a couple of years.

In the year of 1960, 183 persons were registered, but the year after in 1961, the group was small due to it being a rainy day. In 1962 there was a record crowd,, also in 1963 there was a large group.

A map of the cemetery has been in the making for a number of years. Mr. and Mrs. Donnie Pace, assisted by Mrs. Ava Williams Johnson took on the project of making a map of the cemetery in about 1945. A rough sketch was drawn off on hektograph paper, later to be revised of the

entire plot of ground. Georgia Pace worked it into a map with each grave identified by name. This work has gone on all through the years until 1980. As the cemetery grew and was filled with more graves each year, a new map was made by Georgia Pace. In this bicentennial year, a new method was used. The names were all listed on paper with an identifying number and letter to be located on a check sheet. This check sheet has a plot of the cemetery and it will be easy to locate any grave in a very short time. A record sheet will be placed in the Dicken's county Archives in the Dickens court house for future use as well as one which will be kept in the community for our use.

More and more graves are identified each year but there will still be some that will never be identified. They have been there too long, and folks all left. Georgia Pace has been working on this project for thirty years or more and hopes to interest some younger person to take over the project after I am gone.

In recent years someone is hired to hoe the cemetery before the June 6th gathering and work day. The finish up work to be done by the family of the one buried there. The county grader always drags the drives and the vacant part of the plot, which is a great help. We appreciate it very much. When this work is done, an overseer is present to take care of the work. Different ones have been hired for the job. Jess and Jake Shackelford have done the job several times. Forrest Martin, Kay Brantner, and Wallas Hinson have all been everseers. There is always a working committee elected to take care of the projects undertaken.

A new fence was constructed in about 1965 or 1970, using new wire



and telephone poles for posts. They are really doing the job meant for them, too. A cross bar over the gate was made by Elmer Mabin, "Red Mud Cemetery", when the fence was built, then later a "Tap Cemetery" marker was made by Clyde Smith and placed on the gate as an identification of the place.

In the year of 1972, a motion was made by Mrs. Ava Johnson that a memorial fund be started to be placed in savings, never to be removed from the bank fund, only the interest to be used to care for the cemetery clean up and up keep in years to come. A nice response was given to the project and the first year more than a thousand dollars was contributed. It has gained about \$600.00 more since 1972, and we hope to advance through the years to come. A nice contribution each year takes care of the work so far and will for an extended time yet.

A historical marker, giving the history of the cemetery was placed at the gate in the year 1972. It is a lead metal letters on a permanent metal frame placed on a large sand and gravel rock about four feet high, placed by the entrance drive just outside of the gate. It is very attractive and noticable and is really something to be proud of. We are very appreciative of the record it bears.

C.F. (Forrest) Martin, Jr. was appointed to take care of the project. He is the grandson of W.H. (Will) Martin, the man who was instrumental in getting the place measured and fenced the first time in the year of 1904. The whole family have given their time and labor to keep the organization in operation. Harry Martin is the acting chairman of the organization at this time, which is June 6, 1976.

The large rock which holds the historical marker was acquired from

the old E. Luce estate and was moved by the Dickens County road machinery to be placed here. The rock was donated by the present owners of the Luce Estate, Derward and Louise Woodward of Spur, Texas.

I would like to mention another occurrence that happened in the early days during the time when things were very scarce and hard to get, when everything had to be hauled from the railroad in wagons. Two people passed away in the same family, by the name of Wilson, Frankie and Josie. The weather having been bad, no one had been to the railroad lately, so the material had run out to make caskets. Mr. W.C. Garrett (Uncle Clint) had just recently built a partition in his half dug-out. He was living just south of the cemetery on the Manning Place, so he removed this partition from his house and build the caskets.

People had to do things the hard way then, yes and even later. A local boy, Keith Fry, while serving in the army during World War II, had a child to die. He was stationed in one of the eastern states at this time, so he along with his wife and two other children brought this baby in his own car back here for burial. Anyone who has ever lived on Red Mud never forgets their old home and friends.

In 1975, the cemetery had to be cleaned twice in the year due to lots of rain. Mrs. Kenneth Stonemon and small son, along with some assistance from Kenneth were hired to do the work in the fall. In May of 1976, some Mexicans were hired too.

MEMORIES: BY MRS. DONNIE PACE

Since this is my golden wedding anniversary year, I am trying to remember some of the most unusual things that I have experienced through the years.

I was born near the small town of Anson, Texas in Jones county in the year of 1902. My parents were Will and Belle Martin. I was called Georgia Ruth. I had three brothers and one sister. Our family moved to Dickens county that same year. The west was young and conveniences were scarce. We lived in a half dug-out until such time as my daddy was able to get a house built.

My father passed away in January of 1908. I was afflicted in March of the same year with an incurable blood infection known now as osteomyelitis. I was confined to my bed the most of the time over a period of five years. There were seven large boils over my hips that drained continuously the entire time. The bones were exposed in these places.

I attended a small country school for a few months. My teacher was the first to notice me limping and sent word to my mother to investigate my limp. That was the times before the antibiotics came into existence so there was no known cure. The physicians who were available gave me no hope of survival. I took to my bed in March of 1908, and spent the most of the time there until March of 1913, at which time I contacted a very severe case of scarlet fever. My temperature ran as high as 105<sup>o</sup> for more than a week. The medicine used was stricnine for a heart stimulant.



After I survived the fever, which had counteracted the blood poisoning condition I had, I began to try to catch up on the five years I had lost. I was left a cripple and forced to walk on two crutches the rest of my life. I learned to use them very efficiently. I can do most anything anyone else can. I started back to school in the fourth grade, having studied lessons brought to me by my sister.

I would like to mention a little incident that happened. I had a little friend who would pull me around in my little wagon. One day we decided to go to school. It was three quarters of a mile, but we made it. When we were missed from our backyard my mother started to the school house looking for us. Since I wanted to go to school so badly she reasoned that this would be our destination.

In the year of 1921 in April my sister, Willie, died and left an infant son, Joe D. Williams. I left school to help my mother care for him and Carroll, his brother three years old, while their father, Tom Williams, made a crop.

October 26, 1922, I was married to Donnie Pace. To this union one daughter, Velton Winona, was born September 18, 1925, Spur, Texas. I was extremely happy over this as I had never even hoped to marry, have a home of my own or have a family. I now have three grandchildren and four great granddaughters and three great grandsons.

In the year of 1936, I had a very serious kidney operation. The kidney, a large puss tumor, and a stone as large as a marble were removed. In 1958, I had to have major surgery again and 133 gallstones were removed. In 1964, I had to have another major surgery. In 1962, I fell on the concrete and crushed my left wrist, but I never have given up to anything.

As a girl I rode horseback to go to church, parties, old fashioned dances or picnics. It was the day before cars, a wagon, or a buggy were the only conveyance other than riding horses. I always enjoyed handling the stock. I geared up a team and plowed all day many times. I could go to the lot and milk the cows as well as anyone. If you had no father and lived on the farm you learn to do most anything.

I taught myself music and learned to play the organ. I was encouraged to do so by my mother. She bought me an old organ of which I was very proud. She thought it would help me to use my legs pumping the organ, as they were very helpless.

I attended singing schools during the summer held at the different school houses and learned to sing. I am a contro alto. I even taught school as an assistant during the teacher shortage.

I learned to sew a fine seam from my mother. I did my practicing on doll clothes, then made my own clothes as no one could make a dress to fit me with the crutches. It is still a problem but I can do it. I do any kind of work, crochet, knitting, tatting, embroidery of all kinds. I have just recently been making the new crochet beads. I sewed for the public for years. During the depression I did things without pay but as things picked up I charged for my work and made my spending money and even accumulated a savings account. I finally had to quit in 1970. I am now making heirloom quilts for my grandchildren, and hope to live long enough to make one each for my great grandchildren.

I became a member of the Texas Extension Service Home Demonstration Club in August of 1926, and have continued to work with it for the past 46 years. It has been very beneficial to me in my sewing career through-

out the years.

I obeyed the gospel in the year of 1917, at Tap, Texas, and have been a member of the Lord's church, known as "The Church of Christ" since that time.

From 1908 to 1913, the time of my illness, my mother had the constant care of me. She was unable to do outside work of any consequence. As soon as I was better she bought a farm and moved our house eight miles from Tap community to West End community and began to improve a piece of what is referred to as raw land. Mother and I worked very hard. The boys, Edd, Brooker, Forrest and my sister were married by 1917 so we were left alone. In her reclining years my mother offered my husband and me the place to take care of her for as long as she lived. The original house burned in 1936. A three room house was built in 1940 for mother, so Winona could stay with her and attend Spur school. January of 1943, we built onto the house and moved in with her. Mother lived eighty years less one month. The date of her death was December 22, 1950. We were still living on this same place, ten miles west and one mile north of Spur, Texas.

I have been writing a news column for a local newspaper off and on for the past twenty years. My friends tell me they enjoy it very much, especially the ones who live in different states, who like to hear from home. I tell everything I know of interest that isn't gossip or politics.

I have been driving a car since before driving licences came into effect. I drive the tractor and the farm pickup when it is necessary.

I have a wonderful husband who has always been willing to help me do anything I wanted to do. He has helped me with the work, he likes to wash dishes. All through my life if I ever voice a desire for some-



thing I usually get it. My mother seen to that as long as she lived. After her death my husband took it up and now my daughter and my grandchildren all see after it. My mother always said I was the luckiest unlucky person that ever lived.

My husband and I have always had a lot of illness through the years. The first year we were married he had a very servere case of typhoid fever and was irrational for 28 days and was down six weeks. In the year of 1952 he had a coronary thrombosis, which blocked off his right side. We were afraid he was going to lose his right arm, but the Lord was with us and after about six months he regained his health and has lived a very useful life. He has done differect kind of work. At one time he operated a barber shop in Brownfield, Texas. He drove a school bus to Kalgary for seven years and farmed. We milked a bunch of cows and sold cream and butter. He is a pretty good carpenter and one of these fix-it guys. He has always been real good to assist me with my work. I mention all of this to say that it surely would have been unlikely for me to have done all of the things that I have done without the assistance of a good husband.

My family has lived in and around the same community where we settled in 1902. My father, Will H. Martin, gave one acre in 1905 to the cemetery that is located twelve miles southwest of Spur, Texas. It was known as Tap, Texas, at one time. It is now known as the Red Mud cemetery. All of my family are buried there with the exception of one brother, Edd, and two babies.

I have written the history of this cemetery, which was started in 1886. I have also made a map and log of it. I continue to add graves with time, as the old timers and their families pass away. I only have about twelve graves unnamed. I have gotten my information from the old

timers and what I can remember.

I have worked in the Cancer Research Program for years. I received my ten year certificate long ago, then my gold pin, and my twenty year certificate. I have served as area chairman for several years.

I am president of the Home Demonstration Club at the present and have served in different capacities of the club and enjoy it very much and appreciate the things I have learned through the years.

I have taught bible classes all through the years and helped out anyway possible in the work of the Lord. I try to miss as little as possible. In the year of 1962, I fell on the concrete and crushed my left wrist. On the next Lord's day when I appeared at services the preacher commented: "I knew she would be here if at all possible."

During the time I was so desperately ill when anyone asked me, "How are you?" I always answered, "I am fine." even though I was at the point of death. During the time of my illness someone gave me a book entitled "Polly Anna, the Glad Girl". I think it was my mother I read it over and over until I almost had it memorized. Through the powers of suggestion I decided to pattern my life after Polly Anna in the book. If you have ever read it, she could always find something to be glad about no matter what happened. I have schooled myself to do the same thing. All my life I have looked for the bright side of life. No one has had more fun than I have. Of course, I was never able to do a lot of things the other children were doing, but usually I found something to enjoy while I waited for them.

There were a few things that I desperately wanted to do that I was unable to do but I always tried. I wanted to dance more than anything. I even did a little of that. I also wanted to go on the stage and I



did a little of that, too. I even played baseball at school. I could run fast enough to get on base then someone would run for me. I could bat and throw the ball. My motto has always been: "Where there is a will, there is a way."

My friends do not consider me a cripple, even to this good day. Even though I have walked on two crutches ever since March 1908, what walking I have done, and I have been many a mile in the last 78 years. When it is mentioned, I have been told many time, "You are not crippled." I usually answer them this way, "No one is crippled unless it is in the head."

Our children have always been very considerate of us, as well as friends. Our son-in-law has been so nice to help any way possible ever since my husband had the heart attack in 1952. They have never lived less than 165 miles away, but they manage to get here if we need them. Our grandchildren and the grandsons-in-law and granddaughters-in-law are the same way. Also, the great grandchildren. Don't understand me to say we have to have assistance in everything we do, because we are very efficient in anything we start but the years are beginning to catch up with us. As I mentioned at the beginning, we are celebrating our golden wedding anniversary and when you are doing that you certainly are not what you once were. We are dry land farmers and ranchers. We live about thirteen miles from town and our nearest neighbor is five miles away, but distance doesn't mean a thing.

We play table games with friends for recreation, mostly "84" played with dominoes. It takes three or four couples to play so we gather in our homes first one home then another, about once or twice a week for about three hours.

For our golden wedding anniversary gift to each other this year, we took advantage of a nice warm spring, while it was too dry to do



much farming, to build onto our dwelling house. We added about one third as much more room as we already had and renovated other parts of it, besides making storage space, a car port, and a backyard patio to connect a small building in the back yard to the main house for extra living space when the children and grandchildren come to visit.

In closing I would like to say I am very proud of my record and really hope I can keep on keeping on for several more years until I can see my children all grown and married with homes of their own and things to be happy over. This includes my grandchildren and great-grandchildren.