

BETTY'S PARENTS:

James Edward Horne was born April 2, 1902 at Austin, Texas. His parents Samuel Iant and Ella Jane Horne. His mother died when he was 2 years old and he was raised by relatives.

Opal (Oklahoma) Tanner was born April 8, 1907 at Blair, Oklahoma. Her parents were Charles David and Emma D. Tanner. She didn't like her name Oklahoma (named for the state of Oklahoma) so later she changes it to Opal.

Their lives cross in 1922 when Jim drifted in with some people from East Texas to pick cotton for her father. Opal ask her mother about the pretty boy in the group. "Oklahoma," said her mother, "that boy's name is Jim Horne." Opal laughs, "What a name - Horne". And little does she know at that time that this will be her name too.

Jim & Opal were married at Weatherford, Texas with the ministers wife and a cab driver for witnesses. February 28, 1924 - running away - ELOPING.

This is part of the account my mother has made of their lives from a scrapbook she compiled and it is just as she tells it.

Jim met me in a taxi as I was on my way to school. In less than one hour we were married. We took a train in Ft. Worth, Texas and headed back to Oklahoma. Jim had picked cotton and saved enough to buy a team of bay horses, rent land, and a one room house. So began our life together.

The first bill of groceries, some dishes, and knives and forks were bought at Cold Springs, Oklahoma from A. T. Henderson's Grocery Store. Our furniture was just make shift (what someone had given to us).

Our first cotton crop was good. We bought a cow and another team & buggy horse for me to drive. Grays - all mares (Kriss, Dolly and Puss). Kriss was balky and there was nothing to do when she balked but unhitch her. Our cow had a heifer calf, and we raised 60 pullets from 10 hens. Water was hauled from what later was our beloved home. Jim made a two wheel cart that he hitched to Kriss and Dolly to haul water. One barrel a week, no ice, no icebox, very little money, but plenty to eat in our bountiful garden. Lots of lambs quarter growing wild. We were never hungry, but depression days were not far away and dust would soon cover the sun. When it came wenever worried about anything. Horses ran wild and loose. A bunch took shelter around our little one room shack. The leader was a big black stallion and sometimes it seemed they would kick our little house down. How scared we were of him. He never bothered our mares pasturing behind barb wire fences. He lifted a baby calf with his teeth and killed it. Oh, how still and quiet we stayed.

On April 1, 1925, a son, James Earl was born in our one room shack. It had pretty white curtains at each small window. Our furniture consisted of a big iron bed, 1 small cook stove with 3 legs (bricks made the 4th leg), a table that couldn't be pulled away from the wall. What a time we had. Two young kids that didn't know how to manage, but this we too learn. We had saved back some cotton seed to sell and pay for the doctor's fee \$27.50. A neighbor man cameto buy the seed and when we loaded then he told us he had no money until harvest. We mortgaged our team to pay Dr. Preston. I remember what Jim said when the lady with me Lula Ashton put Earl in his arms. His eyes were so blue like his dad's, but later they turn brown. Not much hair and webbed toes. Jim said, "Iwouldn't trade this fellow for a good team of mules." Oh, how we loved that little boy. He walked and could say words at 9 months.

The next year we move to better land, a large two story house with 5 rooms, and a good well of water. A good move. Here we begin to build up fast. Good cotton crops, lots of garden vegetables, 2 cows, and better teams. The mares were traded for a high-stepping buggy horse named Andy (a dapple gray). What a pretty thing he was. The other mares were traded for 2 black mares (Babe and Fan). Good horses that worked well in harness and a span of big mules (Buster and Kit). Jim keeps these until he started farming with a tractor. Oh the joy of having our own teams and equipment, and land that grows sweet corn, irish potatoes and english peas by the bushels. We paid our debts out of the fall crop, but had no money left so in debt again, but the Lord was always with us and we had another good cotton crop in the fall of 1926. Bootleggers were making whiskey and home brew on the creeks. We were so scared of them.

On June 21, 1926, a daughter Eleanor Geraldine came, just as the sun arose, to live with us. She had long black hair and the bluest eyes. Weighed 5 lbs. Two babies in diapers and the water well not close to the house. Hadn't heard of a washing machine. Again, we had to borrow the \$27.50 for Dr. Preston. Didn't have credit business then, but that year we made 27 blaes of cotton. Jim and I picked it all. Eleanor sit in the tub under the wagon and Earl rode my cotton sack. So tired at night, but we were on our way. We hadn't bought anything that we didn't need. We had chickens that keep us in extra groceries and a few clothes. We never went anywhere so didn't need many extra clothing. The next year 1927 we move to a bottom land farm where we live until the Tom Steed Reservoir is built. On Dec 7, we load up our belongings in the wagon -it held them all. Jim drove the mare's. How handsome he looked in his John B. Stetson whit hat. The children and I followed in the buggy. We were so happy, full of hope and dreams and most of them later come true.

The terrible drought and depression begin in 1930, but we were securely anchored by that time. Many farmers give up, but not Jim and Opal Horne. We stay with the land, our cows and chickens and now we raise hogs. Hams were sugar cured. Fields of corn, feed and cotton raised. Jim becomes known as the best farmer around. He could get land to farm anywhere he wanted it, but we are still farming with our teams -slow work. On Sundays, the neighbor men would gather to work the calf crop. Jim always in demand- the best roper in the bunch. Afterward we would swing under the big elm tree, swim in the ponds and when we could afford it, ice was bought and freezers of cream were made.

Jim broke out all the creek bends, plowing every acre of it with a walking, turning plow. How tired he would be.

In 1928, we are still building, Kids growing. Lots of rattlesnakes near the house. Our home sets on the side of a mountain. We raise cotton, feed, oats, and corn. Hadn't heard about wheat yet. Neighbormen get together to butcher hogs. A big fire was built by the windmill and big black kettles of water were heated to scald the hogs. The women worked up the meat and cooked dinner for them. Just like Christmas (freshhog liver- oh how good.) No one thought of charging for his work. When butchering was all finished and meat safe in big boxes covered with Mortons Sugar Cure Salt, each one took home a big bunch of meat. Lard was rendered in a big black kettle.

In 1929, we raise a good cotton crop and our first try at raising wheat. Threshers with steam or coal powered engines are used to separate the wheat grains from the heads. It took 15 bundle wagons (big frames) to haul wheat from the shocks in the field to where the engine stood. Two men for each wagon. One to throw it on the wagon from the ground and the other to stack it on the wagon and drive. The horses were always a little skiddish of the noisy threshers. We can afford two hired hands during the summer and pay them \$1.00 a day plus room and board and washing their clothes. That was straight time, rain or shine.

Helen Rose was born October 16, 1930 and drought comes this year and depression begins. Things were moving all right, but a great uneasiness was in the air. Crops were not so good. Not much rain and prices begin to fall. Wheat fell from 60¢ and 75¢ to 30¢ and 35¢, and cotton was 10¢ - 12¢ per lb. Eggs sold for 9¢ per dozen. We were headed for real trouble. In the spring of 1931, it hit with full force, but we still have our health. One of the hired men dies from dust pneumonia. He was not working for us at the time.

We buy our first car, still in fair financial shape. Now I must learn to drive that Model T with curtains, that snapped on and celloid windows. The wind so strong that the windows were broken out a lot. Jim could drive it but I had to deliver the cream and eggs to town. My, how hard it was to learn to drive. I plowed down the yard fence twice, ran through the back of the garage, but I had to learn and I did. We're still doing fairly well, but with all the work and dust I developed asthma.

Had a calf that broke his front leg and neighbors came to help. They decided to butcher it and each neighbor took a quarter. We had some left so Jim took and gave it to some people, with a tent full of children, camped on the creek. We hadn't heard of canning meat then. Neighbors were real true friends. Fair cotton crop this year. Cotton pickers camped on the creek, in part of the house, in garage. We had to furnish them living quarters. We made a good potato and corn crop. Made hominy and shelled the corn for teams. Gathered corncobs from hog pen to burn in cook stove (a Home Comfort). How cozy it warmed the kitchen, but what a job keeping something to burn in it. The next year, we buy a Oil Stove, a new blue New Perfection, wonderful but dangerous. This year we get a big logwood heater.

On December 5, 1932, another daughter Mary Ruth was born, Yes, we had the \$11.00 to pay Dr. Martin, from Roosevelt. Drought and depression getting worse. This year no crops. Still our 150 leghorn white hens and Jersey cows keep us in food and clothing. Good print material 8¢ - 9¢ per yard.

In 1933, the drought and depression hits us in all its fury. Hard times like we had never known are upon all of us. Many went without shoes. Some men cut inter-tubes and used binder twine to cover their feet. We always had shoes to wear. Dust covered the sun - red sand. Lamps burned most of the day. Sheets were hung at windows to keep out the dirt, but it didn't help much. Wells were going dry. We always had water and never turned anyone away that needed water. Many people hauled from our wells. No crops this year. Not much grass. Some oats and enough wheat to trade for flour. Hogs for meat. Washed clothes on rub board and used lye that I had made. It cleaned the clothes, but so hard on my hands. We gathered wild plums for jam & plum butter. This year I get a gasoline motor Maytag washing machine. Brand new, Sometimes it would run and sometimes not. Jim helps me with the washing.

Rain comes late in the season, too late for our crops, and a second son born October 18, 1934. Jackie Ray. Doctor arrives 1 hour after he is born so was only \$5.00 for the delivery. Jack grew fast and he too becomes a farmer. Earl is big enough to work in fields and does a mans job and never complains. The children knew that all we made went for a living. He traps wild raccons and animals and sells hide for his spending money. Crops not worth anything and the Red Cross issues groceries to some. We had cows, chickens, hogs and a large garden so got along fine. Made kraut and vinegar from apple peelings. The government declared we had too many cattle so they came and shot a big steer and paid us \$15.00 for it - a lot of money then. They took the steer with them. Good 160 acres of land sold for less than \$3000.00. Ours was priced for \$6000.00. Oh, how we saved every penny.

In October 21, 1936, our last child was born, Betty Joyce. Yes, we could pay the \$11.00 delivery fee. With 6 children, there was no time to do anything but work. We all worked well together and loved every minute of it. Eleanor took care of the children while I worked in the fields. We milked 8 cows, separated milk and bucket fed many calves. Jim worked hard and provided well for us, but taking care of the kids was my job.

About this time, we see our first mad dog, in an advanced stage of rabies. It bit one cow and horse, 2 dogs and 1 man before it is killed. The man shoots himself and the stock and dogs were shot.

We had lots of kids gather at our house to bake cookies, make candy and lots of soft ball games on Sunday evening.

In 1941, Jim bought the newest canning device, a pressure cooker. My, how me and the children work to fill the shelves in the cellar. We can everything we could. Our cellar was full when winter came and Jim had 3 hogs for our meat and lard and soap. Big snow around Christmas. We hitch a horse to large box and take 15 neighbor kits for a sleigh ride over the snow. They return, very cold but happy, for cocoa and cookies.

In 1942 Jim buys his first combine, a used one, for \$1000.00. Farming with tractor now. Jim calls it his red mule. Got work done so fast and not much hoeing to be done in cotton fields. We attend church at Twin Mountains Baptist Church and later Star Valley and then Cold Springs Friends Church.

In 1943, Earl marries and begins farming raising mostly cotton and later purebred hogs. Jack is older now and helps his Jim farm. Jim raises wheat, still lots of cotton, alfalfa, millet and feed, and oats. We all learn from our father and mother and help do all the work. We donot hire any help. They all took their turns at being oldest. Each child was paid for his cotton hoeing and pulling. They used this money to buy whatever clothing and spending money that was needed for the school year. They tried so hard to make it last the whole year and spent it wisely.

The first time Ralph Dickson heard of Jim Horne, in 1952, his father buys certified milo seed from the Hobart Feed & Seed Store. The bags of seed have his name and address on it. Mr. Dickson's family also lives near Cold Springs, but to the northwest of our farm and in a different school district. Certified alfalfa seed was also raised.

Even after the children marry, they came home to work on week-ends. Whether to work cattle or whatever had to be done. When Jim's health begins failing they plant the wheat crops and plow.

The Tom Steed Reservoir buys all the farm and we move to Snyder. Jim's health not very good and I must carry on the business of completing settlement and disposing of all the farm tools & etc. Jim give his granary to Ralph and all other things are sold. Our home is moved into town and Mary Ruth lives in it. Jim passes away in Dec 5 1972 only 4 weeks after moving into town. I still live in Snyder and still long for the country.