

**Thomas Lewis Latane Temple, III**  
**Interview 083G (2 tapes)**  
**Dec., 1985**  
**Retyped by Elaine Lawrence**

**Abstract:** In this self interview, Thomas Lewis Latané Temple, III records his memories of his life growing up in Texarkana and Houston and also the history of his mother, Hal Crouch Temple's childhood and marriage to his father, Thomas Lewis Latané Temple, Jr. He talks about the history of the Crouch and Temple families, their involvement in the railroad and lumber industries, and his family's experiences in Texarkana, in particular.

**Latane Temple (hereafter LT):** My name is Latane Temple, Thomas Lewis Latane Temple III. This taping is a labor of love from my mother who wrote reminiscences of her childhood and youth in Texarkana and kept them and entrusted them to me and I kept them for years until my sister requested them. I sent them to her and she says she has sent them back to me. They are unaccounted for as of this time. This weighs heavily on my mind because it was very important to my mother that these recollections be preserved and somehow or another, used. They were well written for the most part, and very interesting. I would like to somehow or another make up the loss of those recollections. I hope that this tape that I am making for the Texarkana Historical Library may be useful to that Library.

I will begin with a little history of two families, briefly the Temple family history from the time my grandfather followed his older brother to Little River County and later came to Texarkana where he worked for the Garrett Lumber Company. I'm not quite sure that is the exact name of it, and from there went on into the lumber industry himself, ultimately succeeded and became one of what we call the "Lumber Barons", many of which originated there in Texarkana, The Buchanans, the Collins, perhaps the Wadleys and others.

My mother's family goes back a lot farther. It goes back to Rondo, soon after, I guess. Arkansas became a state but, anyway around 1840 when my great-great-grandfather, Louis Tulley, brought his family from Illinois, I believe, by covered wagon down to Rondo and settled there. My mother recalls that my great-grandmother, Louis Tulley's daughter, rode her pony and in her saddle bags were as I recall Iris bulbs.

Around the same time there was a Tom Edwards in Washington, Arkansas who reportedly eloped with a student from a college, of the Young Ladies Institute in Fayetteville, I believe, and they started to the West Coast, to the Gold Rush in 1849. On the way, his wife died in child birth, gave birth to William, who was known as Willie, or in my family lore, Uncle Willie. They went to the Gold Rush as far as I know but without any success and great-grandfather Edwards brought Willie back around the Horn, I believe, and up the Mississippi River and by wagon to Rondo, where he married Helen Mar Tulley, the daughter with the saddlebags. As I recall from being told Ellen Mar was virtually disowned by her father for having married a married man, a man who had been

married and a widower. Uncle Willie, when he got to be of some age, I guess, returned to northwest Arkansas. I don't recall much more about him than that.

Helen Mar and Tom had three children; there was John Edwards, who later became County Judge, I guess, in Texarkana and later had a tent and awning store on East Broad that I recall from my childhood. Father Viola and Helen Mar. A second was Emma who married a Trigg, who was a slave holder, a young Virginian who had been set up by his father with land in or near Rondo, later all lost because as I understand from one of his descendants, a cousin, he was a gambler and never hit a lick of work in his life. Hallie married William Benedict Crouch who was born in Arkadelphia. His father was one of the early mayors of Arkadelphia, perhaps the first, I think my mother has said that. Earlier he had lost a finger by whatever means I'm not certain, my mother was a little dubious, but because of that finger he couldn't serve in the Confederate Army. Instead he made Confederate uniforms in Jefferson, Texas before moving to Arkadelphia. He was from New Washington, Pennsylvania as was his wife, Josephine Allen. This was W. C. Crouch. As I remember he had any number of brothers and only one sister. The story that I tell was that as my grandfather, his son William B. who had a kind of cute sense of humor, anyway, said his father always told people that he had 11 brothers and every one had a sister. How many were in the family? Well, of course, there was just one sister. Presumably my great-great-grandmother, no that would be my great-grandmother, Josephine Allen was Pennsylvania Allen, I've always thought so with having something to do with Allentown, Pennsylvania. This great-grandfather, after they went to Arkadelphia, had a livery stable and I've always been told that Jesse James exchanged horses one time, Jesse and his gang, at that livery stable.

My grandfather, William B. Crouch was enamored of the railroad, just as others in the past have been enamored of the sea, or perhaps of serving as Mark Twain did on river boats, but he never had any doubt in his mind whatsoever what he wanted to do. He, I don't know when he met my grandmother, Hallie, but I know that she and my grandfather's sister, Lizzie Crouch, later Lizzie Crouch Bumgartner, of Decatur, Texas went to a woman's seminary in Little Rock together and through Lizzie he met Hallie. This seminary was in the old Albert Pyke Home, which is still there and was later the Fletcher Home and I don't know whose home it is now. This great-grandfather, W. C. Crouch, was obviously prominent in the small town of Arkansas, prominent in the Methodist Church, very active in the Methodist church, which probably didn't hurt him politically, if he was politically minded, but the tragedy of his life was that he was sitting on his front porch, according to the account of my Aunt Helen, my mother's older sister, sitting on his front porch when a lad walked along the street and threw a rock up on the porch and some kind of a, as I understood it, some kind of idle mischief, struck him in the head and he was the ward of my great-grandmother ever after that.

Back to Hallie now, Hallie and William were wed and moved to Texarkana, or were in Texarkana, I don't know. My grandfather, William, worked for a merchant there down on Broad Street as I envision it, and was much liked by the owner who offered to bring him into the store and be the owner of it through a long time purchase plan, but my grandfather had an opportunity to go to work, I believe, for the Faulks, and perhaps the

Collinses on the railroad that ran between – (new railroad that started like most railroads, I believe, as a logging railroad, since those were lumber people), ran from Texarkana to Shreveport. It was called the T.S.N. [Texas-Shreveport and Natchez] it never got to Natchez but that was the run. My Aunt Helen recalls my – and my mother also, recalls my grandmother getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning to prepare his lunch for him and he would walk off down to the railroads before dawn and return after dark in the evening. My grandmother was born in Rondo but when Tom Edwards died, this was her mother, this is going back another generation for a little bit, my great-grandmother, Helen Morrow, took the estate he had and came to Texarkana and bought a house, and that house is I've always been told, located on the state line exactly where the post office has been ever since. My Aunt was born there and my Uncle Paul Crouch was born there, but later on - but my mother was born over on Beech at 809 Beech; the house is still there. When I deliver these tapes and I'm going on indefinitely it appears, I'll deliver a very primitive painting that my mother did from a snapshot of the house as it is now, but rebuilt with a picket fence and the trees to be what she remembers as a child there on Beech Street, and that's where she grew up until my grandfather was able to buy a house over on Hickory, I don't know why I can't remember the number of it but it was between 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> on the West side of Hickory next door to the Arnold Home.

I have many, many memories of that place where I spent much of my early, early years. My mother recalls, (and this is where I'm trying to recall some of the things she has written about) and one of the sadly funny ones was when my mother, well, let me say it this way, when my older sister – when her older sister, Helen, was ten years older than she, and her brother, Paul, who was perhaps eight years older than she, dressed up, scrubbed shiny clean to ride the streetcar down to the Chautauqua. I remember when the Chautauqua used to be, come once a year to downtown Texarkana and was where the Hotel Graham was later built. But I don't know where this Chautauqua was, but anyway, this was one of the earliest of my mother's memories. She was dressed up. I can see her in a pinafore and starched pretty. She was a pretty girl, and was never allowed to forget it by her father and she never forgot it as long as she lived. But, anyway on the way back, this was a horse-drawn streetcar and the seats were along the sides, parallel to the side of the trolley and underneath, sitting with your back to windows and out windows across the way. Well, she had been too long without going to the bathroom and was afraid to say anything about it and was just embarrassed to death, but anyway, finally she couldn't restrain herself any more. I don't know if there were other people on the trolley, I guess there were. But when she finally passed water, her brother and sister were so ashamed they got up and went on the other side of the trolley and looked out the window and she was isolated on her side with this puddle of water that was running in this curved seat, wooden seat, to the rear of the trolley as it would go up hill and back to her as it would go down a grade. She has never forgotten that and her writing about it was beautifully anecdotal.

Another memory that she wrote about was while she was a child on Beech Street. There was a lynching downtown and the town was all up in excitement about it but she was home. What she remembers is that after the lynching was over some of the men who had been at the lynching returned along Beech Street in front of her father's and mother's house where she lived, and with the sticks they had broken off the tree where he was,

presumably of course, a black man, had been hanged, they took those sticks and they raked them along the picket fence which my mother has restored to the picture of the house that I referred to and she remembers them hollering and laughing and excited and recounting the event and rattling those sticks along that picket fence.

Another memory that she recounts is that the black quarters, which used to be called "The Negro Quarters", or at least the black neighborhood, was behind her house there. (envision it as on 9<sup>th</sup> Street there behind that part of Beech where she lived.) There was a Negro woman, a black woman who was, I guess, a sort of nurse and sometimes sitter, but mother, being left with her or going to visit her, I guess, and enjoying reading the funny papers which had been used to paper the shack in which this black person lived. She also remembers somebody back there, a black woman, who would eat clay out of a clay bank there in the neighborhood; I've read later that there are people who have cravings. I don't know if it is altogether hunger, but anyway, those were memories she had of that neighborhood at that time. I'm sure that most of it, or perhaps all of it, was unpaved.

While the family lived there on Beech Street there were things that my Aunt Helen, in particular, recalled and perhaps my mother, too, but my grandfather, as I've said, would leave early in the morning to go to work, first as brakeman and later as conductor on the run to Shreveport and back each day. How my grandmother worked so hard; she was, for her time, an educated person and I would have to say that both of them were from very respectable educated backgrounds, but she worked like a slave particularly, and added to that was the fact that my Aunt Helen was a polio victim. They didn't know what polio was when she was stricken. She was born in '82. I guess, of course, when she was about twelve she was stricken and was lame all her life, but my grandmother, I guess in the way of mothers, felt some kind of guilt about her. She was thrown from a carriage, is the account, and they thought that was what had caused it, but I think it was clearly polio, from all I've heard. But she washed and cooked and slaved for those three children and my Aunt Helen recalls how my grandmother would worry about my grandfather when he was late getting back, getting home. She recounted one time when there was heavy rains and flooding and in the dark coming back from Shreveport, crossing over a trellis, my grandfather crawling on his hands and knees with a lantern leading the locomotive, he was feeling his way along to see if the trellis was out in the driving rain. Rain storms made a great impression on my mother when my aunt told about it.

But back to my mother now, somehow or another my grandfather found enough money to see that the three got all the education they would take because my grandmother paid more attention to my Aunt Helen, so my mother always told me and I have no reason not to believe that, she didn't realize that my mother was grieved that she didn't get that much attention but what my grandmother failed to give her my grandfather, I fancy, over compensated. But anyway, somehow or another, they found it possible to send her off to school, to a young lady's school in St. Louis, it was Hasma Hall. I don't know if it was then that she met, I believe this is right, Dick Brunner, who will come back in my story in a moment.

But from there to a young lady's finishing school in Washington, it was called "Washington College" and I'm sure it was a fairly small school but one of my mother's distinctions and some pride to me because mother was an educated person and, or at least, comparatively, wrote well and spoke well and she was salutatorian. Speaking of my grandfather Crouch being able to send her off to school and to educate the three of them as far as they wanted to be educated, she was always, my mother was something of an iconoclast. She always wondered how he was able to do that, which reminds me that my Grandfather Crouch, who was a sort of a naughty old man when I knew him but a lovable and lived by everybody, told me that as conductor on the train to Shreveport and back, when he got a cash fare he always threw it up. I should say that in the old days, they had a bell cord that ran above the aisle on the train and the conductor was able to stop, signal the engineer to stop by pulling that cord, but anyway, my grandfather used to say that when he got cash fares he threw them up on the bell cord and everything that stayed on the bell cord belonged to the railroad and everything that fell to the floor belonged to him. I'm sure that was a long time joke.

My mother, as she grew up, became a rather celebrated beauty in Texarkana. I have that from her but I have it from a lot of independent sources, of older men that I've – who have always told me how beautiful she was, she was considered a sort of Gibson girl, stood erect and commanded the gathering. She also, well, I remember Ben Anthony, who lived forever, married Lillie Bell Webber, is the most recent one I can remember, although I remember Joe Wynegardner in Houston when I met him, saying the same thing about her, but that gets way ahead of my story. She was always spoiled, first with a pony and later with a horse and she had what was called a fine seat on a horse. Somewhere about age 18 she was engaged to someone prominent in St. Louis. I don't know if this was someone she had met when she was going to school or some other method, perhaps it was someone who had visited in Texarkana, but this was Dick Grunner as I recall. Now this is when the other side of my family comes in briefly to the story.

My father, T. L. L. Temple, Junior, called T.L., was a boy in my grandfather's and grandmother's home right there at Fifth and Walnut in the block where the old original Michael Meyer Hospital used to be. My grandfather, when my father was young, was busy making his way and my grandmother, Georgie Faulks Temple, ran a boarding house there, helping to support the family while my grandfather was making his way in the lumber industry. Recalling what my father has told me, he got very little attention from his father and was sent off to school, as a small boy early in his life. His mother died early and all he was ever able to recall about her to me, and he would always choke up when he would tell about this but it was, as if it was the most remarkable thing in the world, the only happy memory he recalled because I have been told by others that she was hard worked and hard working and she had a large family to look after, a lot of children, five ultimately, but I think a couple had died as infants in there, but he would recall to me, not once but several times, he said, "You know, one time my mother sent me to the grocery store for a loaf of bread and something else, and when I brought it back she said, 'you are my little man.' That was all he ever recalled of tenderness. When he

was off at school, a child of about 12 or something like that, he remembered being hazed by the older boys and how sad and unhappy he was there. One thing, he was made to climb a pine tree, I remember a pine sapling, and how it scratched him and how wretched he was and then his mother, (my grandmother), died when he was at school and he was not even permitted to come home to her funeral. He never forgot that and it was always a bitter memory. He was well liked and musical, my grandfather insisted upon the oldest child, Gertrude, who became Gertrude Webber, and later Gertrude Webber Gregory, played the piano and my father played the violin.

My father turned out to be pretty wild. He had told me about when he was way under age, going down on West Broad, I guess, wherever it was, where the Bordellos were, with the older boys and being initiated and being accepted as one of them. He was a good athlete. He went to many schools and left all of them. One school he went to that impressed him so much that he insisted that I go to it when I grew up was Lawrenceville. For years he saved the letter, (I hope I've still got it somewhere but I don't know) from the headmaster to his father, my grandfather, saying that – it wasn't an unpleasant letter, but he said in the letter that my father would never die of overwork and that turned out to be a true and proper prediction.

But anyway, he grew up to be pretty wild and by now, my grandfather had established his fortune, had built a big house on the southeast corner of 5<sup>th</sup> and Walnut, which I understand, is doomed for destruction as I write this. I can see them sitting on, what in those days was called, the "Gallery" and there was a porch all the way around the street side of the house – her sitting there and my father and my grandfather in remonstrance, my father talking about his ways and about that time my mother rode by. I can envision this as being there on 5<sup>th</sup> Street, probably riding west toward the post office, and my grandfather saying, "Now, there's the girl you ought to marry". This is my mother's story. Well, my mother's story is that she felt that my father took this to be an opportunity to please his father and cynically, my mother always believed that he courted and married her so he could please his father and succeed in getting more favors from him, which is to say, to be able to draw more money and he did it cynically. But anyway, he courted my mother and she, at that time, was engaged to a person who apparently was quite a prominent socialite in St. Louis because she was torn and, finally persuaded to break that engagement and marry my father.

One happy image I have of him, she recounted that when he was courting her he played the violin. He was playing Schubert's Serenade and he looked over and, my father did have a very sweet smile, blue eyes. He smiled over the violin at her in such a beguiling way that she was won over. She was also won over, and this was a source of bitterness to her all her life, at my grandfather, and this is her story – my grandfather, who is revered almost as a god by his descendants, accumulated a great fortune and was very generous in his way with it and was a good, just man in almost everybody's eyes but he told Hal "If you will marry my boy and make a man of him, I'll never forget it. I'll always look after you." Well, that story becomes ironic later on, but after they married, my grandfather made an office for him, or made a job for him as assistant manager of the sawmill at Pineland, Texas, and out of the best edge grained and select lumber that the

mill produced, they built a house for my mother and father and they moved there. Mother –before that, I must tell this story, it may be censurable – but it was a story he told me, when they married, well the first part is not censurable, when they married they married, as I recall, in St. James Church. Both families were Episcopalians. I’m not sure whether my grandfather had gone over to Christian Science then or not, but anyway, they married in St. James Church and had no honeymoon plans or anything. They returned to my grandfather Crouch’s house to pass their wedding night and their honeymoon. I suppose you would have to say, but my grandfather said, “No, you are not going – I’m not going to have an unmarried couple and that my own daughter, sleeping in my house”. He said, “Well, what’s the matter?” “Well, you married on the Texas side and you reside in Arkansas. You’ll have to go to the courthouse and get married.” So they went to the Texarkana, Arkansas county court house and married a second time. That was always ironic to my mother since their marriage was so stormy that they had been married twice and still didn’t last forever. So then they spent their wedding night (and this is a censurable story) but mother, in telling how unprepared and innocent she was, had been told that a man transmitted a seed to his bride and when she went to the bathroom after her initiation, she looked in the toilet for a seed, and imagined she would see something like a watermelon seed. That is one of the stories that she has told but anyway, they went on down to Pineland and, I don’t know if my sister, Helen, was conceived on their wedding night. But they lived there for a brief time and my mother was very homesick for her mother and unhappy in this strange place, but anyway, she lived there but she returned to Texarkana to her mother to give birth to my sister on December 7, 1911, I guess it was. Seems to me they had married in 1910.

Well, now, as a bride with a baby, she was twenty years old as I recall, something like that, when my sister was born, she returned to Pineland with my father who had grown up really, or had worked in the mills mainly at Diboll where the first Temple Mill was, Southern Pine Lumber Company, but he was a great one with sports, and I don’t know how much work he put in. Along about that time, after a short time, he, as I have the story, persuaded my grandfather to start a retail lumber yard, which later turned into a chain of retail lumber yards, but start a retail lumber yard in Houston and forthwith he did, over on Polk Avenue, as I recall, was the original and he hired as a bookkeeper someone named, I believe it was McFarland, and my father was the, of course, the manager of it. I don’t think he changed his ways much. Years later when I went down to be head of the chain I met an old time lumberman who said that he – at the lumber yard where he worked was on a railroad track, as all used to be, right where the street crossed the railroad track – heard a train coming and, at the same time he saw this car coming. I see it as an early Dodge Roadster. They got to the crossing almost at the same time but the car, in order to avoid being hit, turned onto the railroad track and went bump, bump, bump on the crossties down to the next crossing where it sped up enough to get away from the train a little bit and went on to the next street and was gone. The man with whom he was standing turned to him ashen and said, “I didn’t think there was any damn fool in the world who would do a thing like that unless it would be T. L. L. Temple”, and the man he was talking to said, “Well, that’s who it was”.

Well, I was born there at what was on the fringe of downtown but not downtown, by any means, at Fannin and Bell. It's one block from where the Humber Tower is now and that was how I happened to be born in Houston, because my father had started a lumber company. Well, about that time, when I was about three, I believe, the United States had gotten into World War I and T. L. was up for the draft. Well, my mother's story was that my grandfather pulled all the strings he could to get my father into a lumber unit, in the engineers and that she had social affairs, helped by superior officers and that is what he ultimately went into as a Lieutenant so at that time, of course, he had gone into the army and was sent to France where he stayed for his duration. My mother was forced to return to Texarkana and to live with her parents without any help at all from my father or my father's family. She lived, she and my sister and I then lived there on Hickory in the big house that I remember pleasantly, big frame house next door to the Arnolds, were my earliest memories.

There is one early memory though before that, and I think it was kept alive by my mother telling the story, but it is very clear in my recollection. We lived over on – I've forgotten for the moment the name of the street, where a streetcar line ran, made a little jog there, but anyway, it was nap time after lunch. There was a black maid – cook- nurse working in the kitchen. My sister had her nightgown on but I didn't have anything on and this, remember was when I was, I'm sure, barely three, but I went down the back steps (it seems it was a duplex and we lived upstairs) on to the street and the black maid hollered to me to come back and she had the butcher knife in her hand (she was, I guess, preparing something), but she chased me down the street, that I will remember some day, and telling me she was going to cut it off. I guess, this was, mother tells that I was horrified but anyway.

Another thing that happened there that I have to recall my mother telling about was that my life was barely saved by grace when I was a toddler and my father was backing the car out, whatever it was, a Dodge or Model T, backing out of the garage and I was there and had fallen down in the driveway and he was about to run over me when my mother screamed. Now whether she exaggerated that story or not but I've always felt it could have been short lived, or I could not be here at all, perhaps if mother had gone ahead and married Dick Grunner which she always felt she should have. Speaking of Dick Grunner I neglected to say that when she broke her engagement to him there was a big article in the St. Louis Post Dispatch and, as I recall it I did see it, mother had a copy of it, I did see it when I was young, as I recall it was a full page, but surely not, but just prominent on a page, perhaps of the society section, and it was headlined "Southern Bell Jilts St. Louis Socialite". It was enough of a story then to be sort of a scandal, but I have to recall that for history even though I forgot to mention it when I said they were engaged.

I remember those childhood days, living at Big Mammams and Big Daddys on Hickory between 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> with great nostalgia. I never loved anybody in the same way as I loved Big Mamma. I remember on dark winter days, particularly, under a drop light, she would read to me out of the book of knowledge and I was in heaven and we would walk to town, maybe, she would always dress in nice, not dress-up, but properly dressed

in a nice dress and we would solemnly walk to town and back. Sometimes we would catch the Hazel Streetcar and go out to Mrs. Elliott's, out on, Hazel, no, out on Beech, I guess it was. Mrs. Elliott, no, it was the county line, the county street line and she would buy Mrs. Elliott's groceries, it seems to me, home baked bread, no, the home baked bread was at home where she would make bread, but anyway, I always thought how remarkable it was that you didn't have to pay, all you had to say was "Charge it". I went to kindergarten just around the corner on 6<sup>th</sup> and County, 6<sup>th</sup> and Pecan to the Methodist church basement where they would keep us amused playing with clay. Frank Mullins lived on 5<sup>th</sup> over east of Hickory somewhere. I recall Dorothy Wood who later became Gene Gilbert, lived on the corner there at Hickory and 5<sup>th</sup>. The Arnolds lived next door, Richard Arnold was an older boy, always very kind and considerate as I recall. Across the street, well across the street in one house Mrs. Bottom's house, she had a parrot that talked, forgotten what it said but right across the street was Mrs. Pedigree and her grandson, Willie Johnson, I believe his name was. Willis was Mrs. Pedigree's grandson and when he would come to visit we were always special friends. I remember one time she came back from Louisiana some place, with a lot of tree mulch and some of the boys had put it out in her magnolia tree in the front yard. Willie and I discovered it as it had grown there over night and we very carefully as a favor to other, took it all down because we climbed that tree, and of course, we had to take it all back up again. Next door to us was my Big Mamma's house, on 6<sup>th</sup> Street, there on the corner. I never was really acquainted with anyone there but in later years I learned that the first neighbors were the Josey's and I've always wondered if they were kin to the oil rich Jack Josey and others in Houston. Then catty-cornered from that were the Tennisons, but anyway that, around the corner I believe was Benn Wood and Lillian Wood on Pecan. Anyway that was some of the kids in that neighborhood. My particular friends were on up the street though, when we moved to 10<sup>th</sup> and Hickory.

I don't remember much about my mother's social life when we lived there. We lived there until, I guess it was about, well, until my father came home from the war. I remember one thing, he sent me a uniform, French uniform, from France and I can remember right now, seeing that postman, a horse drawn post wagon, the kind that had doors on each side, as I recall, like a milk wagon, but come up with that uniform. I'll digress long enough to say that my mother put it on me soon after that and we went downtown to have a picture taken. At the same time, there was a little boy there in an American uniform and I let him play with my sword and he broke it. But that picture of me in that French uniform is still floating around and several copies among my children, I guess.

I don't remember much about my mother's social life, but I would like to go back a little bit, to say that among the children, the young people that she grew up with were Corinne Ghio and Gussie, Augusta Ghio, the father Ghio as my mother recalled had a very popular bar before prohibition, anyway, Corinne went on to be Corinne Griffith, one of the first super-stars in movies. My mother did see her on several occasions in later years, a couple of times after mother moved to Los Angeles. Bessie married my Uncle Paul. He was a very handsome man and had the reputation of being quite a lady's man but that marriage was fairly short lived and stormy and ended unhappily. Anyway, I do remember

back on Hickory there, at my grandmother's, my mother told me how deeply my grandmother resented seeing my grandfather riding by with a fine span of horses and carriage with some handsome woman, all the time when he was totally ignoring her. That is, ignoring my mother and leaving her to get along as best she could, but mother was always discreet about any of her social life, but I do remember that Will Buchanan, it was William Buchanan, Jr., who was a lifetime bachelor used to call on my mother so I think a little something was going there. We lived there until my father, as I said, got out of the army and came home and that must have been in 1918. With his father's help he bought the house on the northeast corner of 10<sup>th</sup> and Hickory, across the street from the high school, catty-cornered from the Bryants, across the street later were Basil Hogue and Louis Bryant Hogue. I remember Leo Bryant was very clever. One thing I remember was that he was a fine cartoonist as a kid, but my Uncle Paul and Gussie had the house next to the Bryants on Hickory Street while their marriage lasted, as I recall. I do recall Uncle Paul sitting on the front porch there at my big Mama's but I don't remember, I guess that was before his marriage or what, but anyway, he was very handsome and young and he didn't talk much to me but I just adored him and always did, the few times I ever saw him. There on 10<sup>th</sup> and Hickory my friends were close and next door was sort of the leader of the gang, as a matter of fact we had a gang and he called it "JRB" – Jolly Roger Buccaneers", but it was a secret what they stood for and I forgot who all was in it but I think Billy McKinney who was over across the street and up a block was one of us and I think that the Kitrells were.

## **END OF TAPE ONE**

On side two of this tape I believe I was talking about the old neighborhood at 10<sup>th</sup> and Hickory. The other gang which was led by Charles Steele, I believe there on 12<sup>th</sup> and Hickory, had mostly girls in it including my sister, Helen, and I think Morrison Maddox, who was always someone that I was very fond of, but anyway, they were the "PG's" no one was supposed to ever know what they were for. We had lots of fun in that neighborhood playing out at night after dark and things, but this story is about my mother, not about me. Mother and my father were part of a very classy post World War I crowd. This was characteristic of after the war there was a great deal of license, I guess you could call it. My mother and father's life together was very stormy and it touched me in many ways and affected me later on rather profoundly, their arguments. My mother always told me her side of it, but my father drank heavily and he would disappear for weeks, if not months, at a time and show up after having been on the West Coast or God knows where. He gambled heavily and drank heavily and his father bought him a Riverside Farm which is out on the Summerhill Road. It's a housing development now, I think, but it was six miles out over a dirt road, I can remember sometimes out there, there was a huge house on that farm that was the original owner's. Looking down over second bottom land, McKinney Bayou, there were parties out there. That was the main thing my father did. We had an overseer, Hugh Powell, I would stay out there with them from time to time, Hugh and I would play all day long but I can remember at nightfall how desperately homesick I was for my mother and, sometimes over this uncertain crank telephone, the wire was often crossed or down or something, my mother would have to drive out there at night and bring me in, had a Shetland pony in those days, "Sunshine." I

think one of the Tennisons had it, sold it later – had it later, but there were a lot of wild parties, I don't have much to report about that time. I do know that my father must have struck my mother more than once but it could have well been provoked, broke her nose one time, I remember and she would have provoked him but those are not necessarily good for history.

The only thing I can remember in this crowd, I wish I could remember some of the members of it, I know that Esther Webber Wilson was one of them and what was – her husband – anyway, was one and Juliet Jennings was one, and anything I have to say should not be taken as slander to their name because I don't have any good names to go on but I remember that two members of their group, one of them was Clemming Burke. My father, I remember him well because he was a handsome, attractive man, that he had been in the war and my father told me one time that he had – Clemming had the experience of lying wounded for twenty-four hours with a dead man over in one of the battle fields in France. His woman – what was her name? I wish I could remember, I have always but I don't now. I can remember how much I admired her and how tender and nice she was with me whenever I was in adult company and she was one of them.

Mother told me one story, she told me a lot of stories but I've forgotten them, but it seems that two members of this crowd, and it shouldn't be taken to be either of the ones I've just mentioned since they are the only names I can remember, were carrying on, were married but were carrying on with someone else and this very macho society where the men did a lot of hunting and these husbands of these two were out hunting and wouldn't be in until late, so they were out in the car in the College Hills Cemetery where they were carrying on in whatever fashion. About that time the Cotton Belt Railroad, which expected no one to be in the cemetery at that time, parked the train in front of the gate so they were trapped all night there until the train moved. I don't know what the outcome of that adventure was.

My father's and mother's stormy marriage continued with him presumably being a plantation owner but it being really run by Hugh Powell, continued until I was, until 1924, I guess, when I was ten years old and, at that time mother filed for divorce and I can remember how wretched I was when my father was the one chosen to make the announcement to me and to tell me that I was coming with him and my sister was going with my mother. That was the beginning of what was very nearly a breakdown for me. In his impatience he told me that my mother told him she didn't want me, which of course, I didn't believe and I don't believe it now. But anyway, somehow or another I escaped and went to my grandmother at whose house I spent many a weekend that my mother and father were partying, much to my happiness. But anyway, she consoled me and I wound up by going with my mother and subsequently moving with her to St. Louis and this ends the Texarkana phase of this report.

I have to go back a little bit though to say that the happiest time in this rather unhappy childhood was when I had to stay with my grandmother when she baby-sat when my mother and father were off partying, but my sister hated it. One more recollection comes – a big barn dance they had out at the old Texarkana Country Club

which was as big, as I recall it, a frame house, something that my Grandfather Temple, I think, was very influential in founding but it seems to me, the orchestra, the band was an early Dixieland band and I believe it was called "Gordons." There are not joyous recollections unhappily and I'm sure that I have overlooked some of the things that my mother wanted to recall. Certainly they are not as well spoken as what she wrote but perhaps there are some items here that, at least are not lost and I hope they will somehow or another find their place and I hope my mother, wherever she is, takes some satisfaction in the fact that I have added this to the other scraps of hers that have not been lost, that I am passing on to the museum and I thank Wilbur Smith for being my go-between for all this and I look forward to being in Texarkana and seeing the museum and I hope to be able to attend one of the Pioneer Family Festivals.

I've already signed off but I have a lot of footnotes, having listened to the tape, so just let me take them as they come – I mentioned the Iris bulbs, I don't know if they were Iris or Jonquils but I've always seen them as Iris, and perhaps even white Iris that my great-grandmother, Ellen Morrow, brought as a little girl in her saddle bags from Illinois, I believe to be the place they came from. In the spring and summer my Grandmother Crouch always went out on – always went to the cemetery in Rondo but now, of course, she is married and has a family, would hire a carriage, or buggy or something and go out there to tend the cemetery plots. My mother recalls going with her and at that time, at one time, one spring, she remembers particularly the whole country that she described it were covered with great-grandmother, Helen Morrow's Flag, as they called them in those days, particularly beautiful image for me. Going back to this little girl on her pony, come to a new place to live. Another account that my mother tells about Rondo was when a detachment of confederate recruits camped there on their way to join whatever unit they were assigned to, and they drank from a poison stream and, as I recall it, the entire contingent died and were buried there in the cemetery at Rondo. Whether it was the entire contingent, I don't know, but that is another story.

I mentioned Joe Wynegarden, that's much farther along, that's when my mother was a young bride with a baby girl and a boy on the way. Joe Wynegarden was the son of somebody, I don't know what his father's name was, but he was a bright young boy and their first store was somewhere there near where mother and my father and us lived, an apartment there at Fannin and Bell, but that is where she did her marketing. She tells the story that she went over there in the manner of grocery stores with the white wet chalk, whatever it is, on the window, and it misspelled the word "Fryers", chicken fryers and my mother said, "Joe, you have misspelled fryers." His response was quick and smart, he said "Well, it got you in here, didn't it?" Joe Wynegarden, I met him when he was an old man, maybe a year or two before he died and he remembered my mother and, as I indicated earlier, remarked on what a beautiful woman she was.

Another item I would like to mention about my childhood because I think it is historic in Texarkana History, is that I was one of the first students at Patty Hill School there at 9<sup>th</sup> and Hickory. Mrs. Patterson had started this progressive school. Seems they are still starting progressive schools of one sort or another around the world but fresh air was the big thing then. I had started off at Fairview as a first grader. I can remember how

sick I was there. I thought I was really ill but, of course, I was just homesick instead, and the teacher finally excused me and it was soon after that that they put me in Patty Hill, but we had to sit outside in this open pavilion with a roof over it, in her back yard, Mrs. Patterson's back yard, and had to bring blankets in the winter time to keep our selves warm. I remember that first teacher, I have no idea what her name was, but she was an emotional mess and I remember one of the things she did, was eat raw eggs, just break an egg in a saucer and slip it down her throat. These are the memories I have. Mrs. Patterson was, I remember, as a sort of a stern, I remember almost as a caricature. But anyway, she started Patty Hill. I also went from there to Central Grammar School after Patty Hill, but this again, is about me. I would like to say one thing though, Frank Mullin and I were both – would draw pictures and our favorite subject apparently was schooners, or boats. One time, whoever the teacher was at that time, it may have been Mrs. Neal, I want to mention Ms. Neal, too. But we were each – we were directed for each to draw our boat, to draw his boat on the blackboards. Frank Mullin's boat had a round bow and mine had the typical, inverted curve of the schooner that would have a figurehead, but anyway, the students voted his best. I've never gotten over that terrible disappointment, and of course, I'm joking. But one of the teachers there, the last one I had, I believe, was Ms. Neal. I'll never forget her name and I'll never forget her face, but she was very fond of me and she expected me to be President of the United States. I met her again when I was going to junior college in Texarkana in 1932 and '33 and she still expected me to be President of the United States, and I am awfully sorry that I have disappointed her.

I mentioned my grandfather throwing the money up on the bell cord, the cord that runs along, or used to run along in the coaches of a train that a conductor could pull to stop the train for an emergency. Years later when I was running a little cotton oil mill, Farmers Cotton Oil in Texarkana I had – I inherited a jolly nice old seed buyer who bought cotton seed in that territory for us and he recalled my grandfather and he recalled one time when a man's hat blew off when he was standing in the vestibule of the train. My grandfather pulled the cord, stopped the engine and had them reverse and go back to where the man picked up his hat. It's hard to imagine anything like that happening now.

I'd like to mention something that is my part of Texarkana history; at least it is something I experienced as part of Texarkana's history. There was a big lynching when some black man was caught with some stolen tires, or with a stolen tire. Dick Shoate was the Deputy Sheriff. He was a big friend of my father who, when he undertook to arrest him, the man shot him and, as I recall, shot him through the jaw. I don't think Dick Shoate died but, anyway the man was arrested, put in jail and the mob gathered there and I remember it was night, and the man who, the defender I think, worked for Mr. Wobbley there on, oh, I don't know what the street is, about 7<sup>th</sup> and Pecan, maybe. I used to pass him on the way to Grammar School, by that time I guess I was going to Central Grammar School, and he was a well put-together sort of a light complexion man. He always spoke to me in a nice fashion. I may not have the right one but I think that was the one. My father was somewhere down there and later on told me that he was there trying to save the sheriff, which meant he was trying to get the Sheriff out before the mob got the Sheriff and the man. My mother was out looking for my father and my sister and I were on Mrs. Webster's porch at 10<sup>th</sup> and Pecan. They were our neighbors across the alley.

That was Dr. Webster's wife, Isabel Webster's home, who was a great friend of my sister, Helen. But I can remember the terror I felt with all that. We could hear the shooting and I could imagine what was going on down there with both my parents missing. So I've known a lynching also. From the accounts, how they hung him from a telephone pole and, as I recall, they soaked him with gasoline and dragged him behind the car down the state line, or maybe it was Broad Street.

I think I called the T.S. & N. Railroad the Texarkana, Shreveport, - Oh, the Texas, Shreveport and Natchez – I believe it must have been Texarkana, Shreveport and Natchez and while I'm talking about my grandfather serving there when he was – when his family home was gone from Beech over to Hickory, I can remember when I was staying there and later on, when I was visiting there, I would – we would wait for him to walk north from the railroad yard to the house and I'd always run and meet him, tell him "what did you bring me?" and he always did bring me some little something that he'd bought for me. I also remember that he bought delicacies home, like tangerines and brazil nuts. Of course, we didn't call them brazil nuts but special delicacies that he could get in Shreveport that weren't available in Texarkana. He had some wonderful things. I think when I was there I believe he bought a merry-go-round, a little child's merry-go-round, and I particularly remember a wooden assembled track incline with a little cart on it and you could get on the cart and it would run for maybe 20 feet. He was a great gentle and loving grandfather and mother to my mother and husband all these years to my big Mama.

I don't think I mentioned, perhaps I didn't need to, but Tom Edwards, my great-grandfather, Halley Edwards, Crouch's father, was a merchant farmer there in Rondo and I think when I was a child that their log cabin was still there. My father used to say that he was going to dismantle it and maybe take it to his farm but, of course, he never did. I mentioned John Edward's children: I omitted mention of Florence, who was probably the oldest one and I believe Florence was the name of John Edward's wife. I didn't make it clear that my grandfather and grandmother, when they married, that is Crouch, lived with Big Mama's mother, Helen Morrow in the house on state line and they bought the house on Beech before my mother was born but after my Aunt Helen Crouch Williams and Uncle Paul were born in the state line house. The childhood friend of my mother's neighbor there on Beech, I believe, actually we were on east 9<sup>th</sup> at Beech there was Mildred Fuequay, later Mildred Fuequay Little. My mother and she kept their – maintained their friendship all their lives until the first one, I don't know if it was mother or Mildred died first, but they died just about the same time.

In my account of my grandfather and the dark, I said he walked across the trellis, obviously I know the word is trestle. Another item to be bleeped, maybe, is one that my mother always told me – going back to my grandfather on his run. Uncle Paul had the reputation when he was young of being quite a man with the women and on one of his runs there was this woman, I don't know whether she was notorious or not but she was very worn out and sleeping and my grandfather overheard some men across the aisle saying "She must have spent the night with Paul Crouch". It made my grandfather very proud. I mentioned the fact that the bordellos, in the old days, were on west Broad, that's

not right, they were, I believe, it was Front Street, still is, if that's the name, they were on West Front where the railroads ran.

The street where I ran naked in Houston is Taft; there was a street car track that ran there and made that jog right where our house was and that was the street car track that I ran down. Of course, Taft is still there.

I have to mention some of the other people in my neighborhood were more or less contemporaries of my sister's. Bernard Highland, I remember some of the older boys put us younger kids up to make us, try to get us to fight, telling us things that the other one had said which wasn't true, I remember encountering Bernard Highland one time when some of the boys were egging us on and I was not a fighter, still not a fighter, but I hit him and knocked him down and it scared me a whole lot more than it scared him. I begged him for us to make peace and I think we did. That was over close to where Mildred and Thelma Farr, the Farr home over on 12<sup>th</sup> Street. Charles Christian lived over in there some place. I don't remember Charles as being one of our gang. As a matter of fact, he was kind of a tough fellow, I'm avoiding the word "bully" because I don't think that is fair but that's the way I remember him. Joe Clark lived over on 12<sup>th</sup> Street later on. Leo Bryant had another brother, Thad Bryant, who was older and of course, Isabel Webster lived across the alley as I mentioned. Frances and Flora Faulk lived on Pecan there at 6<sup>th</sup> in a big house. A wonderful story that my grandfather told about Mrs. Faulk, but I will censure that one, it's not to her discredit, I shouldn't leave that impression, it was her naiveté. Mrs. Bottom's parrot, not too originally, cried "Polly wants a cracker" all day long when it was out. My father's farm, which was classifiable as a plantation, was 2,000 acres on second bottom land on McKinney Bayou and the boy I played with and stayed with out there was Hugh Powell, Jr., but he was always Junior Powell. My father had his own entertainers for his parties from his plantation hands and I remember Cooney played the guitar and Jessie would jig. I think there were other musical instruments also but those two I particularly remember and the truck driver out there was Johnny Glenn, my particular friend was Carl Lasses and then there was a particularly nice, somewhat older boy, who was A. C., I think I ran into A. C.

**End of Tape**