

H. L. RED MARSHALL

Interview 177A

February 27, 2009 at Mr. Marshall's home in Zavalla, Texas

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ABSTRACT: In this informal interview with Jonathan Gerland and Richard Donovan, Angelina County native Red Marshall reminisces about growing up in the Neches and Angelina River bottomlands before Lake Sam Rayburn and living in southern Angelina County for most of his life. He discusses raising cattle on National Forest land, hunting with dogs, pineywoods rooster hogs, feuds, moon shining, and working in sawmills. Mr. Marshall also discusses time spent as a child in oil fields.

Jonathan Gerland (hereafter JG): Today's date is February 27, 2009 and my name is Jonathan Gerland. I'm here with Richard Donovan and we are going to visit today with Mr. Red Marshall of Zavalla. We are at his home here in Zavalla and I think Mr. Donovan is going to maybe start us off with a few questions, if that would be all right.

Richard Donovan (hereafter RD): Red you grew up initially over in White City, is that correct?

Red Marshall (hereafter RM): It was just below...well you could call it that; it was Oak Grove really. You know it used to be before, three or four...it was a schoolhouse over at that beach. That is where that beach basin runs out the other side, I meant on the lake, which the water all covered up. Well we was just as far back towards the Angelina River that you could get.

RD: Practically on the bank of the Angelina.

RM: Well, we was up a little piece off of it but, like I said...

RD: Well, what was life like growing up in there before you left?

RM: Well to me I thought it was the most wonderful thing in the world but I didn't know there was any thing any different.

JG: Was there a sawmill there when you were born?

RM: No, there was some bootleggers there and stuff like that.

JG: Well, what did your father do for a living?

RM: Well, I don't know because I didn't meet him until I was 13 years old. Well I didn't meet him then. I run into him right here in Zavalla the first time and we didn't meet. Me

and my brother, older than me, was sitting in a café down there. You remember where Archie and Lucy had that café on the corner?

RD: Yes.

RM: I was just here for a little while. He walked in and bought a pack of cigarettes or something. He looked over where we were at and left. My brother asked me, said, “Did you know who that was?” I said no, I didn’t know who it was. He said, “Well that was your daddy.” So, you kind of see what the situation was.

RD: Did you grow up with your grandparents?

RM: Yes, Tom Lakey.

RD: How close did old man Troy live close by?

RM: Well he lived further out toward White City than we did.

RD: Was he bootlegging a little bit then?

RM: My granddaddy, I tell you what, it was over with then back when I was little. I remember the first orange I ever seen in my life. That is when he had spent six months in Beaumont in jail, caught bootlegging. He come walking down that road and had a sack of oranges.

JG: Oranges, the fruit?

RM: Yes, we had never seen one before in our life.

JG: How did it taste – your first taste of an orange?

RM: Well it was good. The peeling was fairly good, and the seeds because we eat every bit of it. (laughter) We didn’t throw peelings away, put them in our pocket.

RD: Did your granddaddy try to farm?

RM: Oh yes.

RD: What did he grow?

RM: Well, he growed enough corn and peas and stuff to feed us and a bale of cotton or something like that. That was the only cash crop that you had at that time. We lived off of the woods.

RD: Did you hunt very much?

RM: Well yes, but it was at certain times at certain things. The biggest thing that got us through was rooter hogs, because we were back in that river bottom and smoked meat and rooter hogs.

RD: How many was in your family Red at that time?

RM: Oh my goodness, it changed from time to time. At the time I was there I had an aunt and an uncle and us three boys. I had two older brothers and of course there was two more houses there that my uncle was raising a family on granddaddy's place. And an aunt that was in another one.

RD: How many hogs did y'all kill a year? You have any idea?

RM: We killed enough to fill a smoke house up that was probably a ten by twelve. You couldn't put nothing else in it. But the main thing you had to have was the lard. And you had to cook it out to where...water is what spoils. You can cook hog lard out and if you get all the water out of it, it won't spoil. No more than anything else. But you had to cook it out till you done that, in wash pots. You know, you would have good years and bad years of acorn crops or whatever but there was always usually some area in that country that would have some acorns. Sometime they wouldn't, but if they didn't then we would gather them bar hogs up and put them and raise enough corn to fatten them out.

RD: What is a bar hog, Red?

RM: That is a cut boar hog that has had his testicles taken away from him when he was young. We didn't eat a boar hog, I don't right now. Everybody in the world does. I just never have. I never have done it because that was something we just didn't do. I don't know, a lot of people eat them and that is fine. I can smell him cooking from here on this porch in that house and tell you if it was a boar hog or a bar hog.

RD: What age did you leave White City?

RM: Well I left over there...I was back and forth several times. But, I guess the first time I was so young it's hard to remember a whole lot. My mother, she married somebody, I know his name but he was a dope head or something. That didn't last too long. But then she remarried and had four more kids. But to start off with, it was just us three boys. My granddaddy...

JG: I'm sorry. What were their names your brothers, the two boys?

RM: Mercy, I don't want these names put in there.

RD: Gilbert was one of them.

RM: Gilbert Riley, and how in the world mother came up with these names I do not know. Most old people don't know my name. Glennis Mervin and Hollis Lindale, now where in the world she came up with those names, I do not know.

RD: She was reading a book.

RM: She must have.

JG: How did you get the name Red?

RM: I was red headed.

JG: Red headed. Was your mom's family red headed?

RM: She was red headed and my grandmother was. But, that, I don't know some of them old remedies had to do some good. Or maybe nature took care of it or we was just immune to a lot of things because we wasn't pumped full of penicillin or nothing like that. Hell we didn't know a doctor. I think a doctor might have come down and picked up several gallons of bootleg whiskey a week or two after I was born and got the information because when I started trying to get a birth certificate I went through about three. One of them, the old mid-wife was my mother and I was girl on one.

RD: They can change a lot of stuff.

RM: And I can certainly understand the doctor making a mistake.

RD: I can too.

RM: I think they got one where...

JG: Everything was matched up anyways, huh?

RM: Well, I guess it was. It showed me a year older than what I had thought I had been. Now whether its right or the other was right I don't have no idea.

RD: What year do you think you were born Red?

RM: Well, '35 was when I thought I was born, but come about it was '34 on the birth certificate. But like I said, I went through a whole lot. I didn't do that until after me and Bonnie married, start trying to do that.

RD: What was it like around Zavalla when you came here Red?

RM: Well it was mainly sawmill workers, but I was just in here to visit a little bit. I had done got up around twelve or thirteen years old. That is what I was talking about the first time I ever seen my daddy.

JG: That would have been after the war, after World War II, mid to late forties?

RM: Yes, no it was early thirties; well it was in the forties then.

JG: Yes. Did you go to school much during that time?

RM: No. I can't...I can read but I'm so slow. I can't write because I can't spell. I imagine Dick knows it but as far as being educated, I don't have any education at all. I sent my wife to college because I felt...she was fifteen and I was sixteen when we married. The last two years of school she and I were married and I kind of insisted that she go on and go to college.

RD: He's still plenty smart, smart old guy.

RM: But, I didn't have time to do something like that. In the first place I was a little too dumb and it was...

JG: Did you work in the fields?

RM: Well, when I was a kid over there. But at that time I was a little bit small to really do very much. I've lived...well when my mother married my stepdaddy he was in oil field. Well you might be at one place a month and you might be at another one two, and nothing less than that. And people didn't take time to fool with kids that they knew wasn't going to be there but a month or so, you know. What was they going to do? And, really...

JG: You mean like the school authorities and things?

RM: Yes, why put a bunch of effort into a kid that wasn't going to be there but a month. When you went to the next one it was the same thing. So, that is the reason and the next thing is you had to have somebody interested in you getting an education. And that wasn't so.

RD: What was the first sawmill you ever worked at Red?

RM: I worked for Hardy Beard in the forks of the Neches and Angelina River.

RD: Did you ever know of a better saw miller than Hardy Beard?

RM: No he was good!

RD: He was the best wasn't he?

RM: He was.

JG: What is that name again?

RD: Hardy Beard.

RD: H-a-r-d-y.

JG: B-e-a-r-d.

RD: Yes.

RM: And you know I seen Pumpkin, we called him, up here at this little gathering we had. And he has come by here a time or two. See me and him was right about the same age bracket. And, that was the first time I had seen him in I don't know when. But, I worked for...that was back about that time that I was talking about when I was about thirteen.

RD: What did you do for that sawmill?

RM: I was in the back end stacking lumber and you know you sorted it out if it was a one by six or one by eight or whatever.

RD: Did ya'll cut pine or hardwood?

RM: Well, that was pretty well both. The main thing they was doing was crossties. And we stacked them too.

RD: How long were the crossties they were cutting, do you remember?

RM: At that time eight foot is what they were cutting and then they went up to nine foot. But that was later on.

JG: Was that all hardwood ties, just hardwood or pine too?

RM: Well it was in the river bottom and that is where the hardwood was at.

JG: Do you know who bought most of the lumber or the crossties?

RM: No, I really don't. They hauled it out of there on trucks...I was too young to worry about that. To think about it, I just wanted to get what little bit of money I could get and didn't care where they went with them.

JG: Was it pretty regular work? I mean steady work or seasonal?

RD: Until it rained.

RM: Well it was till it rained and everything was shut down. But, I wasn't there very long.

JG: Okay.

RM: Man, I worked for him out here when he moved up to Zavalla out there at McGilberry. You know where Mac McGilberry and them moved too?

RD: Yes.

RM: Ira Cotton bought it and had a sawmill behind that.

JG: You say you were about 13 or 14 years old. Were there many other boys your age, or any older?

RM: No, not no bunch. There was a few. The first time I ever met Cecil Martin was in the forks of the river, Dubbler we called him. He wasn't really known for working. (laughter) It was kind of a thing he wasn't too interested in. That was the first time I met him. That is the reason I was around Zavalla and that is how I met my wife really. We kind of was the same age and he didn't work there but a little while because he didn't want to stack no ties or nothing like that. That is the reason I said, a lot of things I don't want to mention on something like this.

RD: Tell everything Red. It is not going to be heard for another ten years. When the truck came in with a load of logs, what did it look like? Bob tail trucks, steel axle, most of them.

RM: They was bob tail trucks, yeah, well back there then, well you know what kind of trucks. They brought them in but it wasn't just trucks. It was a team of mules and a wagon that they were loaded on. And that is like I told a lot of people, I've heard all my life that hard labor won't hurt you and I said, "I disagree with you. First place I'm so broke up right now I can't hardly get around." And I said, "I'll prove my point in one way. If you've ever seen a team of logging mules within a few years that was so stove up that they barely could get around." 'Course, they would limber up a little bit after you got out there and went to working. But it wouldn't take many years until he was worn out. And you could take one of them mules and turn him a loose out there and let him run wild, hell, when he was thirty years old he would be jumping and fishing and if he could he would kill a goat you know, just playing. So don't let nobody tell you that hard labor won't hurt you.

RD: When those trucks came in there, those logs would be stacked just as high as they could stack one wouldn't they? Just the last log they could put up there.

RM: Well, what trucks brought them in, but like I said they were mainly mules and wagons.

RD: They would break those chains loose and those logs would go ever which a way.

RM: Scatter.

RD: That is the point I was trying to make.

RM: Yes when they done that the last thing, that man that done flipped them boomers could get out of the way 'cause they were coming off in every direction.

JG: They didn't have a log pond huh? It was a smaller operation?

RM: Well this didn't. Wasn't nothing there 'cause that was...

JG: Was this like a portable mill?

RD: Yes, a portable mill.

RM: Well, this is what you would call a ground hog.

JG: Ground, yes. Gasoline powered, gasoline powered?

RM: Yes, diesel.

RD: Well diesel came later. At first they powered them with straight A Buick engines.

RM: Yes gasoline. But, what it was, they moved them where the timber was at.

JG: Right.

RM: That's so the hauling situation, when they cut out of a certain area, they could move the sawmill to where the timber was easier than they could haul the timber where the mill was at.

JG: So was this cutting mostly like second growth forest?

RD: A lot of it was.

JG: The pine would probably be second.

RM: Well back where we were cutting was old growth.

JG: Old growth.

RD: And the hardwood.

RM: In the hardwood business and a whole bunch of pine too.

RD: Yes you could find pockets of them.

JG: I guess it was a circular saw, the main saw circular?

RM: Yes.

JG: Probably a pretty good size to cut those big logs.

RM: That lumber right there on my wall was cut by a circular saw. You can see where a tooth was off a little bit. It's still got...you see on this one right here.

JG: Right...yes I can see it.

RD: Did you ever ride a carriage and set blocks Red?

RM: No, I never did. I never did do that. I had a brother done that and run the saw.

RD: Run the saw. That carriage rider always seemed like a rough job to me.

RM: No, it was the easiest job.

RD: It might have been but you had to pay attention. The guy gave you those signals.

RM: Yes, well the sawyer knew what he wanted and where he would scoop that log out that distance.

RD: Yes and you had to flip that log.

RM: That was a cant hook. I got a couple of them hanging around here. I don't know old people had some strange remedies for ailments. I was telling somebody here the other day, when I was a little bitty kid, had these broom tail horses. Of course I think they had a law then he couldn't run a loose if he was three years old. He had to be a gelding unless you kept him shut up. And this is kind of silly for me to even say this. My ancestors would take and get one of them little stud horses and get what kids was around there and run that little fellow for about a mile wide open and come back and he'd just be puffing that steam out of his...you got in front of him and inhaled that and that was going to keep you from catching whooping cough.

RD: Did you ever have that remedy?

RM: Yes, I stood in front of that stud horse and inhaled his...

JG: Exhaust! (laughter)

RD: Well, did you ever have whooping cough?

RM: Not that I know of.

RD: See there, it worked. (laughter)

RM: Well I don't know if that done it, because I told you, like I said, we were pretty well immune to...

RD: You had to be to survive didn't you Red?

RM: That is right. It is sort of survival of the fittest...

RD: Did you ever eat a coon?

RM: No, we didn't eat many coons. I ate a coon one time; we never did eat many coons. Well, squirrels and rooster hogs and that. I had an uncle that cooked a coon one time that I can remember eating a coon with sweet potatoes around and whatever. It was good! But my grandmother wouldn't cook a dove. That is on account of back when Noah turned the dove a loose and went and...she had an old Bible and I wish I knew where it was at right now. At one time I had it. But now she read the Bible to us kids and herself too. And then records was kept in it. I guess about the only way they had of keeping records was in that Bible, of what happened and when somebody was born and this and well any kind of record was pretty well in that Bible.

JG: Did she go to church? Did y'all go to church much as a kid that you remember?

RM: The only way we went to church was in a wagon and it was a piece off and I was pretty young. It was out at that Oak Grove church house. You know where it's at over on little old Broaddus, back in there?

RD: I don't know Red.

RM: Well, whatever that highway is that goes from Broaddus to Pineland.

JG: 83?

RD: 83, I believe.

RM: Yes, well you get down there and turn off it and come back here to the river bottom. But see it was a couple of miles or so to where that little old church was. And we rode in a wagon up there.

RD: Did your granddaddy bootleg any Red?

RM: Yes.

RD: Make it himself?

RM: That is the reason he spent six months in jail in Beaumont and that is when I seen the first orange was when he come back and he was toting that sack of oranges.

RD: Did he make the whiskey himself?

RM: Yes.

RD: Did old man Troy make the whiskey himself, old man Troy Lakey?

RM: I can't say. Well see now there is two Troy's.

RD: I'm talking about the one that I know.

RM: The one you knew over here was the one they call...one was little Troy and one was Big Troy. The Troy Lakey over there was my granddaddy's brother.

RD: Well, you were kin to this one over here too, though.

RM: Yes, he was a cousin of...

RD: He used to make a lot of whiskey I know.

RM: Yes, oh when granddaddy was making it he wasn't bootlegging. He was making it and selling it to Hawkins's across this side of the river. And you put it across that river on a mule. He had an old mule that you wouldn't believe. It didn't make no difference if that river was full bank or half bank he would put two kegs of whiskey on both sides of that mule and put that uncle of mine, which was a little bit older than us, sitting up between it. I never will forget that old mule would hit that water and just as soon as that water touched his belly, he would groan...oghhhh. But he knowed where he'd go in here and know where to come out over yonder. They paid for it over there, he knowed where to come back.

RD: They make it out of corn?

RM: Yes, and sugar was the biggest thing. You'd get enough sugar for nobody not to know what you was doing.

RD: How did he get caught?

RM: I guess they come down there and located it, 'cause it was always off on a spring branch where you had water. It wasn't around the house. That was to cool your...

RD: Did he quite making it after he got out of Beaumont?

RM: Oh yes, he didn't make any more. He never did after that, it was just what farming we done, we canned everything we eat. I remember when, but before my time now they were living pretty good. They had A-Models and T-Models when he was bootlegging because they could afford to buy them, but when that stopped that was all out.

RD: Did you ever make any whiskey?

RM: Never have.

RD: Not a bit. Did you ever make any beer?

RM: No I never have. I know a neighbor right here close by that I've sit there with him making it. (laughter) It's just one of them fellows that we could cut down on our budget a little bit.

JG: The railroad may have already been abandoned by the time of your memories, but the old railroad that went from White City to Broadus and Warsaw, it was already taken up by your time?

RM: No.

JG: It would have been sometime in the thirties.

RM: I'm not going to say that it was. I never was there to see a train.

JG: Okay.

RM: But I remember that they...but I can't say whether it was the railroad or whether they had some sort of truck. See, there was a man that my granddaddy's place joined to. He had 160 acres and he was the only person over there in that whole country that had a deed to it. The rest of them was that dollar a year lease.

JG: Who were they leasing it from?

RM: The government. You had to pay a dollar a year to be there.

RD: I guess it was that old Forest Service land.

RM: Yes, that was Forest Service land is what it is.

JG: Forest Service land, okay.

RM: You could go build you a building on it but you had to pay a dollar a year lease so you couldn't claim it, you know.

JG: And how much land could you get – a hundred and sixty acres?

RM: Well no, my granddaddy owned that 160 acres.

JG: Oh he owned it, okay. But the dollar a year was just to have a house?

RM: Just to have a house.

JG: Okay.

RM: And most of them I knew it was just a house stuck here and maybe a little place opened up for a garden. It wasn't no whole lot of gardens. Like I said they lived off of the woods and if it hadn't been for the rooter hog there would been more people starve to death than anything. And now then we want to destroy them and I'm guilty of turning them a loose in the woods.

RD: You stocked some places didn't you Red?

RM: This whole area, when they were killed plumb out.

RD: He brought them back in.

RM: That ain't no joke. And they multiplied so fast on me and me harvesting them and giving them to people that didn't have any. You had to keep them down because they would just leave, you know, scatter. When you get too many they move out.

RD: They spread out, yes.

RM: I don't know my old granddaddy beat anything I ever seen. He wouldn't kill a hog unless it was a four or five year old bar hog. We had them fat hundred pound guilds and bars, we tended to them when they were little pigs. We could eat it in one meal but to him that was a waste. He had to get up old enough, and I guess tough enough that you could just get one piece of him and you could chew on that all day long. (laughter) And then you could take you a string and go down to that branch and get you a few crawfish out of

that and take the tails and roast them over a little fire. (laughter) Like I said, strange, but that is the way it was.

RD: How many people did you know that had a car Red when you were very young?

RM: First car I ever seen my granddaddy had an old truck sort of a deal. And, every time it was cranked, which wasn't but about once or twice a year, we hooked the mules onto it and even heated water to put in the radiator. He would heat that water to put in the radiator, was warming it up and he put a team of mules on it and pull it around till he got it cranked. He, like I said, on a couple of occasions (he was chasing them little fences I guess) he took us to San Augustine to get vaccinated for something and I had never been further than that Oak Grove church and I thought the world was as wide in this other direction as it was up there. It was a hell of a big place.

JG: So San Augustine was your first big city?

RM: Well, Broaddus was there, but it had I think one store. But, when we did go up there us kids...and you know San Augustine right there at that courthouse hasn't changed a whole lot since I was a kid, and that courthouse square. We stayed on that courthouse square, the kids did. We could go round and round it, but we stayed right there.

JG: Did you have any money to buy anything?

RM: No, my God we didn't know what money was.

RD: Your grandpa didn't even have any money did he?

RM: No.

RD: Red do you remember anything at all about the San Augustine feuds, any of them?

RM: I remember just what I heard, the McClanahans, Burlesons and the McClannahans if I remember right.

RD: That was the last one.

RM: I remember just what little bit I heard about it.

RD: What do you remember about it?

RM: Well the Texas Rangers come in over there and straightened it out. And they told certain people, "You don't be here tomorrow. Roll up what you've got and be gone. Because if we come back and you are here anymore, we won't be playing, we will be serious."

RD: Do you remember what started that?

RM: Well it was two different families I think. One out of this family married one out of that family. And it was really over property the best I can understand, which that still goes on right now.

RD: Yep.

RM: It was the matter of owning property and like I said that still causes confusion right now.

RD: Well one of them rode into a store and killed two or three of them and then fled the scene. That is kind of what started it as I recall.

RM: Well that was all over...that part I did know. And, I like I said, mine was all just hearsay. One of them Texas Rangers was in one of them little old café's stuck out there and evidently they put the fear into them people. They didn't mess around about it; they were evidently serious. But they toted that pistol on their hip. He was there in the morning and he got up and he said, "Well I'm fixing to get up and go. I haven't killed nobody today." Of course that was just talk.

JG: Living in White City, did you ever go or was there a town called Warsaw on that old railroad?

RM: I know that name but I don't have no idea where it would have been at. I've heard of that name.

JG: It was a little town or station there on the railroad just on San Augustine County side of the Atoyac there.

RM: You are way up too far for me. We were way back down this way.

JG: Okay. This would have been on the railroad line south of Broaddus toward Huntington.

RM: Well, where the old railroad line came in there was the old Senator Cousin's farm over here. He put in a pea farm and people from everywhere could come and can peas. They called it the Pea Farm. And, people that could come in there and pick peas and can peas and as far as I know they got them for nothing. These ear mark deals we call them now that got him votes.

RD: Yes.

RM: And, now that railroad track came in there, I had cattle on that place after the lake took it. Of course, he had it fixed up fine; there was clover and coastal Bermuda grass. I had some cattle over there I never did even have to feed.

RD: Did you have it leased, or just put your cows over there?

RM: I just put my cattle over there.

JG: Did you ever graze any on the national forest land?

RM: Yes, for I don't know how long.

JG: How many cows did you run?

RM: At one time I had 250 head of cattle and didn't nobody know I owned but about 30 something.

JG: Is that for tax purposes? (laughter)

RD: That is just Red.

JG: That is Red, huh.

RM: I'd have a bunch here and a bunch yonder all the way down to old Aldridge in here. I had to have a permit. I wound up several years my cows had tore the ear tags out so I'd get me another so many. And, I got up to where at one time I had 300 tags. I even helped some people that couldn't even get some.

JG: Now, what was the purpose of the tags?

RM: So, they would recognize your cows and see if you had more cows out there than...

RD: The forest service got to where they required that?

RM: What?

RD: The forest service got to where they required that?

RM: Yes.

RD: I didn't know that.

RM: Yes, you had to pay.

RD: That must have been in the later years.

RM: Yeah, you had to pay so much per head. That is when they come in here and cut all these pastures up. This was a grazing pasture and this was a big creek pasture and that was another pasture. And they wanted you in one area. I never wanted to keep...I wanted the cattle to where they could do the best. Now, I'm saying some things I ought not say. So I made for sure my cattle could go wherever the best grazing was at.

RD: They called that wire cutters didn't they Red?

RM: Yes, or stomping it down or doing what ever. I'd drive my cattle, but wasn't nobody going to tell too much about my cattle no way.

RD: You had a few hogs too, didn't you?

RM: Oh yes, well later on I did. Everybody and his uncle now has gone crazy. When I first started putting them hogs out I had some good years and I, like I said, I had so many I had to haul them off. They multiplied too fast. I've butchered hogs and took them to people and give them to them. Right now nearly every other pick up you see will have some sort of dog in the back of it. They say we will move rushing hogs in here. There ain't nothing wrong with a hog. It's the people and the type of dog they are using. I had dogs I could bay up any hog. And they wouldn't kill a pig if he wasn't that high, but they would catch the biggest boar hog I wanted them to. But they listened to me. I told them what I wanted them to do and that is what they done and I never was cruel to a dog.

RD: What kind of dogs did you have?

RM: Cur dogs. I don't want a bulldog on my place. Now, if there is anything...and I know that there is certain...they got a certain amount of brain, but it is very little if he has got one. That is that one thing that you can't get out of him. He just as apt to go in there and catch the dog that is baying the hog as he is the hog, you know. I never did need that.

RD: Did you ever kill a hog and cook him out right here at this place Red?

RM: Huh?

RD: Did you ever cook out a hog here at this place?

RM: Oh lord, many of them.

JG: How long have you lived here?

RM: Well that goes back to about...me and Bonnie married in '52. I worked in the oil field for 10 years after that, which that was backwards and forwards. Then I went to work down here at that plant.

JG: What plant is that?

RD: Magabar.

JG: Magabar?

RM: Magabar. We was dressed around us and wound up now then I think...isn't it Halliburton?

RD: It is gone now; Halliburton bought it.

RM: Yes, Halliburton bought it out. I wish I would have kept my stock in it after Halliburton.

RD: Yes, you would be rich now. Of course, he's rich now. You'd think he hasn't got money.

RM: Oh, don't let Dick kid you now.

RD: He's got money.

JG: So, '52 now?

RM: Well, me and Bonnie married in '52. She was fifteen and I was sixteen.

JG: And y'all moved here then.

RM: Well...

RD: He built a little house here.

RM: Yes, we moved a little old house in here. We build this house right here. It is not nothing to look at but it's pretty comfortable. I got a wood heater in there.

RD: He has got a wood heater in there you'll wish you had Jonathan, home made.

RM: And it is...I got central air and heat, but I wouldn't swap that wood heater for all the heat you can get.

RD: Particularly not when he can get Bonnie to get up and get the wood and take it and build a fire.

RM: I'll have to say that she will do that. (laughter)

RD: I hope Jonathan gets to meet her before we leave here.

RM: Bonnie will do whatever is necessary for us to...

RD: Yep.

JG: Now you said she went to college.

RM: Yes, she was a teacher.

JG: A teacher. Where did she teach at?

RM: Well, she never did. She taught in Broaddus over there for...I can't say how long because it was a teacher off or something. Back there then they would just pay a substitute so much and the teacher was off. She said she wouldn't do that because when she went over there that teacher hadn't prepared no lessons or nothing. And she told me if you want me to do this, I'll draw her salary and she can be off if she wants too. I think she taught over there for a year maybe, or something like that. And she was a schoolteacher up here for a little bit.

RD: She also worked in Lufkin doing something for a while.

RM: She worked for Lufkin Industries for six or eight years, something like that. Most work my wife ever done cost me money. That ain't no joke. And I'll tell her that, 'cause you got to have a vehicle to go to Lufkin. And you got to dress properly. Bonnie never did have to work.

RD: You always made her a living, I know that Red.

RM: I have and under some hard conditions.

RD: I tell you Jonathan, I bet you the man...if he couldn't write you a check for two hundred thousand dollars, he could have you two hundred thousand dollars gathered up in a very short length of time.

RM: Who is this? (laughter) I could beat that some Dick.

RD: Well I think so, but I was just being careful. (laughter) Not many people have that much cash lying around, is what I'm talking about. But, I think you could come up with two hundred thousand pretty quick.

RM: I could loan you more than that right now. But, there ain't very many people that I would. The reason I would do that is because I know that you have got so much you can't even spend it. (laughter)

RD: He is terrible.

JG: Tell me a little more about, if you can, just some of your memories of the Forest Service and lands and maybe even like the blue hole. We've been talking about the blue hole. What is your earliest memories of the blue hole? Were you a kid when you saw it the first time?

RM: No, I was back here after me and Bonnie married and what ever and we went down there. That is before they got all that rock to go to Galveston.

JG: Did you swim in it? Did y'all go swimming down there?

RM: Oh yes, I've been in it a lot of times. Me and Bonnie used to go down there and swim and it would just be us, take the kids, we raised some kids.

JG: So it is pretty common then. I mean, y'all did it and maybe a lot of other people around at different times just went.

RM: You know what? And this is a strange thing to me. That is down in the black settlement. We called it the settlement.

JG: Is that the old Vernon School?

RM: Yes, the old Vernon school was just right there, it's not five or six hundred yards from it. You never seen a black person, as many times as I went down there. And now, well it was for a while, it got to be a boat. Son, I don't know how it come about, and I would be the last person on earth that you would want to come to when they asked any advice on how to raise a kid, because I screwed up on every one I raised. This dope come in here and that is something that I have never fooled with in my life. If it would have been when I was growing up, I guess surely I would have tried it. But it was just something that never happened. Me and Bonnie used to party we would go dancing and party. We couldn't afford...well the thing about it, the time, we spent most of the time on the dance floor. You couldn't get drunk dancing every set. You would get one bottle of beer and drank it, but most of the time you know you don't. I got one DWI when I was a kid just after me and her married and I've had one public intoxication.

RD: Where were you?

RM: Well, I was coming across...you remember old Fred Davis that used to be...

RD: He gave out many a DWI.

RM: Oh yes, and they watched me like a hawk. Anytime I pulled out of Zavalla he'd be waiting on me. And man I disliked him a whole lot. And after I got grown I realized the man was really doing me a favor. But I didn't realize it when I was a kid.

RD: Red, something nobody hardly talks about much in interviews like this, is fighting. Was fighting pretty common growing up, you have a lot of fights?

RM: Oh yes. When I was kid, I had an uncle that I was...I'll say he was sixteen or seventeen years old when we was little kids. There was seven of us boys, well eight and I was next to the youngest, that was his recreation. He fought us like roosters. And you sure as hell didn't tell nobody about it because he would tear you up.

RD: What about outside the family?

RM: Well, I've done quite a bit of getting into that, but it was usually somebody said something. If I was at a party I was jolly, I wasn't mad at nobody unless somebody fooled with me or some of my group.

RD: Well, I was thinking kind of more in the other people present and that sort of thing.

JG: Maybe, not you fighting but other people fighting.

RM: Well it was quite a bit of that, but it was just old boy type of stuff. Not something that you were going to get killed or crippled.

RD: Nobody ever got stabbed.

RM: When somebody whopped somebody they stopped, you know. And it is totally different this day and time. Hell, now that is on the count of that stuff I'm talking about that I didn't know anything about.

RD: Do you remember Toad Marshall?

RM: Yes, sure do. Arnold was his son. (laughter) I remember he used to joke about old Toad a whole lot.

RD: Toad was the constable here in Zavalla for a long time.

RM: He was the constable.

JG: Is he kin to Mr. Marshall, the Marshall's here?

RM: Well, way off, way off. I wasn't raised around the Marshall's here. Even after me and Bonnie married I wasn't around the Marshall's.

JG: Was that your father's name, Marshall?

RM: Yes, my father. My mother was a Lakey from over in San Augustine, County.

JG: A Lakey, okay.

RD: Old Toad, it was pretty rough around here when old Toad was here.

RM: Well, he was just like the rest of us, pretty ignorant. I guess I ought not to said that.

RD: Why?

RM: Well, he knowed one word he could say that sounded intelligent and that was "Certainly." You had to be pretty smart to say "certainly." (laughter)

RD: And his wife, what would she do?

RM: I really didn't know her.

RD: She had a billy club about that long that she'd circle around behind you.

RM: Yes, and knock you in the head or something. (laughter) At one time, somebody came through here a speeding and his old car wouldn't run and Arnold had a car. He just got Arnold and got in that car and chased them up top of the hill and they was out running him. He stopped and got out and emptied his pistol at them going down the road because they was speeding. I mean, crap like that.

JG: Now, this Toad Marshall, he was the sheriff or the highway or the constable?

RM: He was the constable.

RD: Duly elected constable. He would hold the gun on you a lot of times. He was a little bitty guy and his wife was quite large. He would hold the gun on them and she would circle around behind. She had a regular billy club, and she would rap them one. Let me tell you. End of story.

JG: And he was the one that stopped you a couple of times you were talking about earlier?

RM: No, no. That was a highway patrol I was talking about.

RD: You remember when Cotton got elected here?

RM: I was here just shortly after that. I wasn't around here. Me and Cotton got along good. We had one disagreement but we got along. Hell, I've partied with Cotton and Abbie.

JG: Who is this?

RM: Gaskamp.

RD: He was the constable here for a long time.

JG: What was his name again?

RM: Gaskamp.

RD: Cotton Gaskamp.

JG: Gaskamp.

RM: I guess he was about as good as we could have around here. But he was like all other things. There was some partiality. The people that...it was always some of these young fellows that didn't have nobody to take up for them or do nothing. And that is the way he really found out what took place. He would get one of them and get pretty rough on him and find out who done this and who done that.

JG: What about the lake coming in? Do you remember when all that was talk and when it was coming about and how?

RM: Well I can't tell you the dates but I can tell you...

JG: Oh yes, not the date but just the time period.

RM: Oh yes, I remember it coming in. It took my granddaddy's old place over there at San Augustine, County. I come home and buried my granddaddy and he had seven kids.

JG: Where is he buried?

RM: Coleman cemetery down...

JG: How have you seen Zavalla, the town of Zavalla the community, how has it been impacted by the lake?

RM: Well Zavalla I guess got less good out of that lake than any town. Coleman's up here on the hill is doing good and I'm so tickled for them it's pitiful. But other than that, Zavalla is just not a place that is going to benefit. Of course Mr. Barge owned the property around here. And he didn't want it to progress much because it would have cost him more money to get people to work or do whatever. And me and him got along fine.

JG: And who is that?

RM: Aarron Barge.

RD: Aaron Barge, he owned most of the town, most of this end of the county. He was a patrón.

JG: Well how did the people feel about the lake in general as far as for or against it?

RM: No, nobody here liked it. Well them old people down there in them woods didn't want to be moved off of their farm.

JG: Cemeteries had to be moved.

RM: Yes, that is the reason that Concord cemetery has got about...I don't know how many different cemeteries in it.

RD: Five I think.

RM: I know it is five and I started to say six.

RD: It may be.

RM: See my, on the Marshall side they got one of them is a Marshall cemetery and one of them is another one. And one of them is another one, just the way they got it blocked off. My mother is buried out there; my step daddy is buried out there. I got a brother that is buried there, a nephew that is buried there. Now me and my wife, the Boykin Cemetery down there is where we will be buried at. We took care of every bit of that and put tombstones.

RD: I went out there the other day.

RM: Well, if you went to the right through that gate you would have seen it.

RD: I saw your stone.

RM: I didn't put no big stone down there. Bonnie's mother and daddy didn't have no big stone and I just kind of wanted it to fit in.

JG: That is right there by the camp ground huh?

RD: No.

JG: No, no. It is on the other side.

RD: This is on the north side of 63.

JG: 63 right, okay.

RM: Me and Bonnie went ahead and took care of all of that through Carroway. Old Roy Carroway is a good friend of mine.

JG: Yes, I know Roy.

RM: Well, you ask him if he knows Red Marshall. Because he's seen me come up there and bury quite a few people that nobody else wasn't going to bury. Like I said me and him are good friends.

JG: So, where were you working at the time? Or how were you making a living during the time the lake was coming in?

RM: Well, I was working in the oil field that was the first job. I had a bad car wreck down in New Orleans. I had just got off work, the 27th of December. We was in my car. I had a '55 Mercury Montclair, oh a sports coupe. At that time, it was the finest thing you ever seen. We got off from work, there was six of us in my car. Well, I never did drink because you see they all were from New Iberia and along through there. Well see I had to drive from there all the way to here, so I didn't drink. At times when I went there and I didn't drive all the way I left my car at one of their places and then they drove. And, I didn't drink then because I had to get back. Hell, people in Zavalla think I'm an alcoholic. I couldn't afford to drink. I didn't have enough money to support my family and drink and my family come first. I've lived on the credit for a year at a time on a couple of occasions and just as soon as I got to work I paid every dime of it back.

RD: Aaron Barge or Tisdale or which one?

RM: Both of them, I could deal with either one and get anything I wanted. I never will forget one time, we are talking about things I ought not to bring up, but anyway, I had done went to putting cattle in the woods every time I got to where I could buy one from this and that. I went in there and got two or three sacks of feed around Wednesday or something but I didn't get paid until Friday. Maudine was in there and I asked her to charge it. "Well Mr. Barge"...you remember that little old desk he used to sit at had one little old light that he pulled.

RD: That is right.

RM: And when you went in there and seen him. I can remember, "Something for you please sir." That is what he would say every time. But anyway he was sitting there when Maudine said that and he got up and walked over there and he said "you put him, he can charge that whole feed store if he wants to and don't you ever question him about charging something."

RD: He was a good old man. I liked him too.

RM: I tell you what a lot of people will say a lot of things but he helped a lot of people.

RD: Yes, he did. I know people he has given freezers to and cook stoves to.

RM: Of course in a way he was profiting, but he was helping them survive.

RD: But he just didn't want this town expanding none. He was patron down here and he wanted it to stay that way.

RM: That is right.

RD: Red before we get away, let's talk a little bit about outlaw hunting. I know you didn't do any of that.

RM: I used to be the best.

RD: So you actually outlaw hunted a little bit, did you?

RM: Oh yes, in every manner you could do it. With headlights, with dogs when you wasn't suppose to. My main thing is I enjoyed fooling with dogs and I didn't want to have one if he wasn't the best. The only reason that I would pick a headlight up is if...at that point mainly there was a few other people...

RD: They wanted to do it.

RM: No, they needed it.

RD: Oh, uh-huh.

RM: Cecil Earl Martin was one of them up there and he had five little daughters and Bonnie's half brother, Harvey Wright. I bought that place and he couldn't get no credit, \$500 to pay down on it and him just...I think the notes on it was fifty dollars a month.

JG: So this is in the '50's and the '60's?

RM: Don't ask me when...I don't even...I swore I wouldn't look at a calendar or wear a watch when I retired. And, right now I have to ask Bonnie what day it is because I don't care. I'm going do whatever I want to when I get up whatever day it is.

JG: Well, I mean it was right after you got married or before?

RM: Oh it was a while after I was married.

JG: Okay.

RM: I had three kids and Pete had five girls and I would go get him and go out there and kill a deer.

RD: Where would you go most often?

RM: Just back in this country. I killed most of them off of...and I told David Renfro this one time, that Chalk road. I said, "I tell you what..."

RD: Turn off there at the store and go back out that way?

RM: Yes, to the left at the store. But, I could go anywhere and kill a deer.

JG: What kind of gun did you use?

RM: Shotgun, only kind of gun I had.

JG: At night too?

RM: Yes. If you...

JG: Buckshot?

RM: There is certain things about doing that you really find the right time. You know those little old carbine lights they used to have, the reason they were so good they wasn't very bright and you could walk up close enough to nearly kick him if you was down wind where he couldn't smell you. You stole one of these high-powered Q-beams, which I got, and I don't know whether the deer got adjusted to it or what, but even back there then it was so bright or something.

JG: They would run away.

RM: A dim light will do better on holding a deer. And I had one that had a red circle around it.

JG: A reflector?

RM: Yes, around the lens. And I could walk as close to that truck and I could take one of them bright ones and you wouldn't get nowhere near it.

RD: Carbide lights to my notion were always better than one of those battery lights.

RM: Oh yes, they were. I don't know if they didn't recognize it that much or, well I take one of them Q-beams and put it in your eyes it will bother you, you know.

RD: Did Archie ever outlaw hunt with you any?

RM: Oh yes, with dogs. Hell Archie hardly ever killed a deer.

RD: He was a fun guy though wasn't he?

RM: He was.

RD: That was his daddy-in-law.

RM: I walked more miles for him and old Jerome Pickard and Ed Bingham. I'd always make the drive and usually wind up killing the deer. Archie had a little old sixteen gauge pump gun. I let my oldest son have it, which he is dead now, and I think he pawned it. The best I could tell. I wished I had it, an old Winchester sixteen gauge. And it would hold six shells. I always knew when Archie was shooting. He'd have his gun, well the first shot he shot was wherever it was pointed. (laughter) The second one he shot was wherever he kicked it to. (laughter) But he would shoot all six of them. From the time to where it was pointed to wherever he kicked it to.

RD: You didn't want to be close to him then did you?

RM: And the deer may be over yonder, whatever.

JG: And he is still shooting. (laughter) Whatever happened to the sixteen gauges? You don't see or hear much of them anymore.

RM: I had a good one and I let a friend have it and he died.

RD: You didn't get it back.

RM: No.

JG: I mean they even make them, I know they make ammunition I guess.

RM: They...

JG: Does anyone even offer a sixteen gauge anymore?

RM: I got a sixteen gauge Browning in there, but I had that Winchester, I got one of them Model 12 Winchester twelve gauge.

RD: That is a good gun, whew!

JG: My grandfather's got one.

RM: I had the sixteen to go with it. Both of them was just alike and that was that friend I told you. He wanted that gun so bad and me and him was the best of friends. I give it to him and he died and his wife and he had some boys and I told them I said "I give Sonny that gun, I didn't give it to y'all." But it didn't do no good.

RD: Do you remember when Kirkendal was, or Kookindale whatever it was, did he give you any trouble?

RM: I never did have no trouble with him. I always operated...I've never had a game warden but one time.

RD: What you were going to say is that you were always slick enough that you never did get into their bad side.

RM: Well I tried to think a little bit you know, when to do, what to do, and what not to do.

RD: And where to come out.

RM: Yes, where to come out. (laughter) A rat has more than one hole to get out of. (laughter) I'm trying to think of what his name was, Clyde Moore.

RD: Who?

RM: I can't think of his name now, but he was a game warden after Kuykendahl.

RD: Oh yes, supposed to be a tough old boy.

RM: Pretty tall...

RD: Tall, yes, I know him well.

RM: But anyway, I was back in there and there was a little bunch of hogs there and but I had some walker hounds and I had an old gyp and three young dogs that I was just...really to be honest with you I had more fox hounds. I had rather listen to the dogs running than I had kill something. I got up there right now that I don't care about killing nothing. I guess that is age or something.

JG: Did you ever go to any of those group foxhunts, some of those meetings and stuff?

RM: Yes, well there was a group of us around here. All the dogs I ever...I raised three young dogs here and old C. M. Davis was a dentist over at Woodville and we hunted together all the time.

RD: Tom Dick Man

RM: Tom Dick Man. I raised three young walker dogs and that wasn't nothing but a briar patch back out here. And, man they'd make you listen to a rabbit race. I was all crippled up and I couldn't even afford to feed them. He got the distemper and all that, the shots, and came over here and vaccinated those three dogs. And, but anyway, I was

crippled up and old Tom Dick took them dogs and kept them down at Vidor. He was in Vidor. But they grewed up right here running rabbits. And them little dogs, two little gyps especially, they run everything they had down there out. Well, them Beam's which is Vernon School now they went by Doc Davis's and told them, said, "We are going up yonder and buy them dogs from Red." He said, "No you're not either." He said, "I'll be there before you do." And he come here and like I said, I was all crippled up. Bonnie was pregnant. I couldn't afford to feed them. And he told me, he said, "Red I want to buy them dogs." I said, "Doc, I ain't gonna sell you no dogs." I said "I'll give them to you." And I did. He said, "that is fine." And when he started to leave he said, "Red I ain't gonna buy no dog from you." And he laid \$150 on the table there. "You give me some dogs and I just got something I'm going to give you." And that was it. But...

RD: Do you care anything about talking about what happened on your porch that time?

RM: Do I what?

RD: Do you care anything about talking about what happened on your porch that time?

RM: (sigh) I don't mind talking about it. I liked to got killed trying to keep Brody from getting killed. I sure did. Well, I got shot through the foot but the other one was between the eyes. And I knew he was going to get killed. I tried every way in the world to prevent it from happening. His brother Josh, run up here and stopped and was right with him. Well, I couldn't get close enough to him. It was in March, the wind was blowing and I had went to feed my horse. Of course he had done come by here with a gun and a looking. And I told him, I said "Brody don't come here no more with no damn gun looking for my brother. Y'all settle y'all's problems somewhere else." And he was messed up pretty bad. Not to the point to where I wanted him to get killed. My kids knew him and called him uncle. He cut their hair the whole time. And the only reason that I guess, I was trying to get Bonnie's attention because her and the kids was in there. And eventually that oldest boy of mine come to the door and I told him, I said, "You tell your mother to come here." And I told Brody, I said, "Hey, I'll let you go in. If this is what's gonna have to happen." Hell, he had that gun between my eyes. And he had done shot me in the foot. But I said, "You got to let me get my family, my wife and kids out of that house or you are going to have to kill me before you go in there under those circumstances. So you just make your mind up." And I think it got Randy's attention but he didn't know nothing. He turned around and went back in there and said, "Oh, it's just Uncle Brody." Of course, then it immediately brought everything to attention. Bonnie and the kids come out and went and I told her when she left I said, "Call an ambulance going up to Archie's." I stepped out of the way and I knew what was going to happen to him just as soon as he went in that door. And that is what happened. Hell, I went and got a pillow and put under his head and everything in the world. But...

RD: Where did he shoot him?

RM: With buckshot, he was shot in several different places. The one I remember real plain was through the cheekbone here and it was several in that area.

RD: And Brody had a pistol didn't he?

RM: No he had a .22, had an automatic .22. It was just...

RD: Stepped up on the porch here and shot him.

RM: Yes, that was it. Well it was either that or...

JG: What was it over?

RM: A woman.

RD: I don't know a woman.

RM: It was over a woman. The most foolish thing that I've ever seen take place.

RD: So many of those fights were over women, Red.

RM: Hell, that causes more trouble than anything. I can't see it; I can't understand it. Why would you go kill...if you want to kill somebody kill the woman.

RD: I saw more fights over women, though, than I did any other single thing.

RM: Well I have too. That happened over across the river a lot.

RD: I tried to get you to get started on that a while ago.

RM: Oh well that is just...I never was...well I was too much of having fun.

RD: Vernon, you know Vernon was a big one on that. He loved something like that.

RM: Oh yes. But first place I never had a problem. Me and Bonnie was married and I never had a problem with nobody. Me and her danced nearly ever set and...

RD: If she ever gets ready to leave you though I'm going to get her.

RM: Well, you will shore wished you hadn't because you have to listen to...(laughter). No I'm joking, Bonnie's the easiest person in the world to live with.

RD: Luckiest day of your life Bud, that is all I got to say to you.

RM: Yes, and I'm the luckiest thing she ever got because nobody else wouldn't put up with her.

RD: Are you serious that, that is a city machine sitting over there?

RM: I'm pretty sure it is.

RD: Well it's a brand new machine, got a lot of money invested in it.

RM: Now I may be wrong. That may be George Crower. He was over here at Claude's doing work a while ago.

RD: Well they have had some running around over there.

RM: That could be George Crower. I tell you what they doing. I know what they doing right now.

RD: Sewer lines.

JG: Sewer lines or something.

RM: They putting sewer lines to tie into this sewer line over here.

RD: Now you talk about a saw miller, you mentioned Cryer, Minyard Cryer was a good saw miller.

RM: I worked for Minyard.

RD: Yes, I know it. Did you ever run the slab kicker?

RM: Yes, I done that.

RD: That was dangerous a job.

RM: Pretty bad. I worked for Minyard when he was right out here where Skeet had that shop. Hell, I worked at anything I could get a job at. Matter of fact I cut that knee with a power saw one time. The first power saw I ever picked up.

JG: Chain saw?

RM: Yes.

JG: Chain saw.

RM: I was cutting the end off of some ties. Back there then exporting ties you had these 'S' arms.

RD: I drove a many a one of them out there for Minyard. That is the only job my dad let me do at a sawmill drive them...

JG: Keep them from splitting, the S's.

RM: The ones that they didn't take you had to cut the end of that tie off and get that 'S' arm off of it. If I remember right those were nine-foot ties, therefore you could cut both ends off and make an eight-foot tie out of it. But, after me and Bonnie had that little old building we moved in here.

JG: Nowadays they got those little plates they put on the end of them to keep them together.

RM: They are making ties right up here on this hill right now. They started out making some sort of pallets and it was a Martindale running it. But somebody bought that out and I don't even know who. I sold them a few loads of logs. I've been up there and met who it is but I don't really know.

RD: Jonathan, Angelina County Lumber Company had a logging yard right up here. Twice a week they would run an engine down here on the S.P line, the old line, get their logs and head back in and first part of the next week they would bring the empties back and set them out. Twice a week they ran an engine down here.

JG: And when was that? Approximate?

RD: The fifties.

JG: That was still steam engines then, probably the 110.

RD: Might have been.

RM: I was amazed. They had just re-worked this track from Beaumont all the way to Lufkin. They put that big heavy iron, you know, new ties.

RD: Rueben steel they called it.

JG: You were working for the railroad?

RM: No, I was working down there at that plant. That was the only thing really that they serviced then. They had done quit picking up pulpwood or anything. The only thing they serviced was that plant and that was to bring in lignite, soft coal.

RD: North Dakota.

RM: Yes, in gondolas. We unloaded it.

RD: Dried it.

RM: Yes, dried it then ground it.

RD: Red was the headman down there then.

RM: Well I was at one time. I wasn't the headman but I was just under the head man. But that...

RD: You have any idea what year they pulled that rail?

RM: I cannot remember Dick because I wasn't working down there at that time.

RD: You had already gone.

JG: You talking about the rail to the plant or to the main line?

RD: The mainline, the T& NO mainline

JG: I think in '95.

RD: '95.

JG: Six maybe.

RM: I worked down there for nearly 25 years.

JG: That is the Magabar Plant?

RM: Yes.

JG: Do you remember, I guess the CCC camp was long gone but old Camp Nancy?

RM: That was down here.

JG: Nancy, did you ever...was that going on in your memories?

RM: Not in my time, see that was done way before. That was right there around where that church house is.

RD: Used to be that little store was the Camp Nancy store before they tore it down.

JG: And then right there too is Sulphur Springs.

RD: What?

JG: Sulphur Springs?

RD: It is on back over there a little bit.

JG: Okay.

RM: I was talking about deer hunting with dogs and stuff and I've wet on most of these trees. But back in behind there was a big swag which I'm sure was a gulley where they disposed of all their can goods and cans. So what ever had to be there pretty close right there around where the Johnson church is at. And then, Dolan is further on down. They wasn't far apart.

JG: What was Dolan?

RM: It was just a community really.

JG: Was there like a locomotive to get water there or anything?

RD: No, the only thing there was a section house.

JG: A section house, okay.

RM: They got their water from right up here at Zavalla out of a spring up here on this hill. That is the real reason everybody around Zavalla they could tap into that line and get water. The railroad put that line to keep that tank full of water.

JG: For the tinders.

RM: Yes. I won't never forget when they were trying to get the water system in here. The man that done it was Basset Parker. He went up there and ditched that pond so couldn't no more water siphon down.

RD: I tell you a story about that though. This engineer came in, drove from Waco over here. I was there the night he was there. I was from Waco too but I had just walked up to the deal. And they would not let him speak. He had drawn up plans for a city water system and they wouldn't let him speak. And Bassett was one of the men that wouldn't let him speak. Every time he would start to say something he would interrupt him. Well, Bassett decided they needed to smoke. I had already got disgusted and gone outside. I had walked out there and Glennis, Frank Williams.

RM: Frank Williams.

RD: Glennis Williams and Basset came out there and Glennis tore him up. Let me tell you, she said “your children” and this was about a sewer system, she said “your children don’t have to get out and play in a ditch that has got raw sewage running down in the front of the house.” She raked Basset over the coals about that. He looked down at his feet for a few minutes and he was gone. Of course he didn’t want to deal with Frank, I don’t imagine.

RM: You know Dick, I’ll sit here and say this, you might want to shut that off. Robert Caldwell came along and was really the best commissioner we ever had. Up until that we would elect the dumbest creature that walked.

RD: Yes, I agree with you.

RM: You had to be about on my category, if it was like it was then, I could run for office and get elected because I’m so stupid. But that happened if you’ll think back.

RD: I don’t have to think back, I know. (laughter)

RM: Robert Caldwell made us a pretty good commissioner. And as far as I know, I believe Lynn George will do just as well, as far as I know.

RD: I don’t know anything about him.

RM: I’ve knowed him all his life.

RD: I have too.

RM: I don’t know, he came here at my house and he may have got aggravated at me. I don’t know.

RD: I don’t believe that now. Nobody could get aggravated at you. (laughter)

RM: Well I told him the reason, that was when him and Delbert and I told him I said, “Lynn I’ve known you and I’ve known Delbert, both of you all your life. I’m not going to say nothing against neither one of you and I’m not going to say nothing for neither one of you.” He said, “You mean you are just not going to commit yourself.” I said, “You are absolutely right because both of you are my friends.” How can you get out here against two people? I knew who would be the best commissioner. I told them, I said, “I know both of you, depend on me to go vote.” That is something I’ve done since I got old enough to. I drove from Louisiana when I was working seven days a week, get here and vote, me and Bonnie and then go back and go to work. I said, “You can depend on me to go to the polls. I’m not going to tell you I’m voting for you and I’m not going to tell you

I'm voting against you. I am just going to go up there and vote and vote for the one I think will be the best commissioner. That is the only way."

RD: Jonathan you got any thing else you want to ask Red?

JG: Not that I can think of right at the moment. Where did those big antlers come from?

RM: A friend give me them.

JG: I thought maybe you had gone to Colorado or something.

RM: No, no them come from Montana.

JG: Montana. Those are some big ones.

RM: A fellow bought that little old house right up here from my son. I give it to my son. And, well I got it from my daughter first.

RD: Which one that one right there?

RM: No, that other side.

RD: On top of the hill up there?

RM: No, just the other side of that house.

RD: Okay.

RM: Well they wanted to move out there and then Bonnie's half sister and husband bought it and then I bought it back and then I give it to my son. Well, I bought it a couple of two or three times because Lucy was living there and I didn't want no bunch of...Bonnie's mother. But anyway, at the last I give it to my son but I put his wife at the time and she divorced him. Well, he had to pay her for half of that. Then he come wanted me to buy it from him and hell I had give it to him. I said, "No, tell you what you do, you just do whatever you want to. I've done bought it enough." And he sold it to that fellow that had them horns. Randy sold it, well he didn't sell it he sold it to Guy Husband.

RD: Oh my goodness.

RM: And then Guy Husband sold it to this old boy here. Well he died and his wife was still here. So I just bought it back from her. She was from Montana and she didn't know what to do with them so she give them to me. And that prong horn up there too. But I wish I'd have kept up with all the buck deer that I have killed.

RD: Oh my goodness Red! If you did it would be ridiculous. How about the doe deer?

RM: I never was bad about killing a doe.

RD: You did kill a few though.

RM: Oh yes, I did. I done that on those circumstances I was telling you when I seen...I was fixing to tell you, by the time we would get the hide off that thing and get the back strap it was in a fire.

RD: Robert Ogburn

RM: That was him, sure was. It was kind of funny, he drove up on me and I was leading my old dogs, them old puppies was down there really on a rabbit. I was leading the old gyp because I had called her off a deer track that had done got going where I didn't want to go no way. Gilbert was with me; two times he went hunting with me and both times the game warden showed up.

RD: Was it Ogburn both times?

RM: No, one of them was down Dayton. I called her off that deer and was leading her down the road. It was the old Pinker Stanley place, just a little old road to get in there and had a bunch of plum trees growed up around the old house place. I was going down the road and I seen him raise his head up. Gilbert was with me and I said, "Gilbert there is the game warden in them plum trees up yonder." He said, "What are we going to do." I said, "We are not going to do nothing." I had a car at the time. He come out and took our gun, got the buckshot out of it and marked on it. He said, "Was y'all out running deer." I said, "No we were hog hunting." He said, "What was them dogs after?" I said, "They was after a rabbit." I had the old gyp. Them old puppies was after a rabbit. He said, "Well I am going to call it a deer." I said, "Well call it whatever you want to, I'm going to call it a rabbit, but if you want to me and you will go in there and see what they are after." He was parked way back up that road. "Fine." I took the old gyp in the turtle hull. It was summer time and went to whooping and hollering trying to get them old puppies out and everything. They come on out, I put them in the turtle hull. I said, "Look, what are we going to do here, I have got to take these dogs. I can't leave them in this hot turtle hull in the summer time. Do you want to follow me to the house? Do you want me to meet you somewhere or what?" He said, "Mr. Marshall you are under arrest. You either give me a ride back to my car or you stop there." I said, "Well get in, I don't want you to have to walk up there." He got in and rode back up there with us. Well, he got Gilbert out with him. I said, "I'll take these dogs and put them out and I'll meet you in Lufkin." That is where he was going. I done what I said and I got up there at the road and he was pulled over. He was trying to get Gilbert to say we were deer hunting. I got out and he got out and he said, "Mr. Marshall just be honest with me now." I said, "Well I am." He said, "Well, I am going to tell you what. I'm going to let you go." And that was it.

RD: He didn't have a case.

RM: He didn't have nothing.

RD: And who was that Red, Ogburn?

RM: Yes.

RD: He wanted to get you though.

RM: Oh yes, bad. There was some people that lived out there wanted me got worse than he wanted me. That is the reason he was out there, he was called. But I wasn't joking about the hogs.

RD: Were you down there on that Continental Line road, is that where you were?

RM: No I was right out here the other side of the old Dearman place and the old Hawkins place.

RD: On the so called Bouleware road.

RM: Well they call it Bouleware road. Listen, I can't believe people get all stirred up about naming these streets.

RD: Jonathan's heard me make that speech before.

RM: I cannot believe that. James King wanted it named the King Road. Well there's a King Road up here in town that went out to that little old house that was there. And, I ask him, "What in the world?" "Well I just always wanted something named after me." I said, "Well, it's a little old street up there ain't much but it's a King Road there in Zavalla." I can't believe people.

RD: I thought they were going to kill old Delbert over it.

RM: Yes, I thought they was going to hang him or do him like they the Indians did – put him on a wheel and put a fire under him and turn him and roast him. I wouldn't have listened to that, that is the reason I wouldn't make a commissioner. I wouldn't listen to a whole lot of what any of them said. But I cannot believe that people would be that manner. That they...hell, if they would have been somebody I could understand. They wouldn't have had to ask for it, it would have been done.

RD: Like Forest Road, I can understand that.

RM: Yes, I certainly can. If they would have meant something, but why would somebody that ain't a damn thing want a street, or think somebody ought to name something after them.

RD: I agree Red. Jonathan has heard me make that speech before.

RM: That would be about as silly as me wanting somebody to name somebody a Marshall.

RD: I wish they would have named this Red Marshall road. If I had thought about it I would have put that out there. (laughter)

JG: Or Donovan Drive. (laughter)

RD: Donovan Drive.

RM: What you gonna ever do with your little place down there?

RD: That Sewell Jones place out there? I'll give that to Gina I guess. Is that the one you are talking about?

RM: No I was talking about this one down here off Five Wells Street.

RD: Oh that little eighteen acres down there?

RM: Yes.

RD: Well, I'll sell that to you if you want it.

RM: If you want, I'll buy it if it's about half price, if you want to sell it.

RD: I'll let you have it for half price, I sure will.

RM: And I'm going to be the one to say what its worth. (laughter)

JG: Well y'all were talking about two hundred thousand dollars a while ago like it was nothing. Now y'all are arguing over eighteen acres.

RD: That is the reason he's got two hundred thousand dollars. He would skin me alive on that. Jonathan, I wouldn't even be able to close my eyes if I dealt with him. (laughter)

RM: Oh no, he's sitting out there by himself now.

JG: If you want to we can turn this off now. Ya'll want to turn it off? Thank you Mr. Marshall.

RM: That is fine, I wish I could come up with...

RD: He wouldn't tell you all the good stuff Jonathan. I was hoping he would get strung out and tell you all the good stuff. He wouldn't though.

RM: There is a bunch of it I don't really...

JG: Don't want to tell, okay. Well, thank you.

END OF INTERVIEW