

The Transformation Of Grandmother  
From Social Belle to Pioneer Wife to Employed Single Parent

my great-great  
grandfather  
x  
my great-great  
mother

my great-great  
grandmother

Grandmother, Lillian Pratt Porter, was born in Selma, Alabama on June 1, 1855, the second daughter of Abner Addison Porter and his wife Isabel J. Pratt. She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, the daughter of a plantation owner and Presbyterian minister. Her parents owned slaves and a black woman helped her mother care for her and her sister May. During her early years she was cared for in the nursery and had her meals there. Her mother was usually in the nursery for her evening meal and bedtime.

Grandmother also had a brother Addison younger than she. I had asked her once about him. She said that he lived in Alabama, but she had not seen him in a long time and that he did not write, so she didn't know much about him. I sensed some estrangement and that she really didn't want to talk about him.

After the Porter children were fed and settled for the night the adults dined in a spacious dining room furnished with a large walnut table and chairs, a sideboard and large cupboard, called a press, for storing dishes and silver. Southern furniture was simple in design, but beautifully made of walnut. The table would be set with a linen tablecloth and eighteen inch linen napkins. The dishes were English china and the silver service was coin silver from England. Lillian's maternal grandparents had come from England. The food was prepared in a kitchen separate from the house and brought into the house to the large pantry where it was kept warm until served. Black slaves did the cooking and serving of the food.

At the time of her christening at about the age of six months Lillian was sent a very ornate coin silver baby cup from England with her name and the date on it. I have recently given this cup to a great, great granddaughter of Lillian's. As was the custom Lillian and May were educated by their own mother and a governess employed by their family. The governess received her room and board and a small salary. The children had regular studies in the mornings and in the afternoons they learned fine needlework if they were girls. In nice weather they went for long walks or rode horseback in side-saddles. Reading books and singing around the piano were leisure activities for the family.

A change came into her life when her father accepted the offer of the Presbyterian Church of the Confederate States to become editor of their publication entitled, The Southern Presbyterian Journal. The Presbyterian Church had just gone through the difficult struggle over slavery and had split into two branches. Dr. Porter stayed with the southern branch. The family moved to Charleston, South Carolina in order for him to

assume his new position. Their house slaves moved with them.

There was talk of war and preparations for war were being made rapidly. The streets were full of young men who had already enlisted in the militia of their own states. They were being trained for a war they believed to be inevitable. After war began they were all incorporated into the Confederate Army.

Lillah's mother wrote a letter to her friend, Mrs. Ferguson in Selma, Alabama on June 11, 1860,

"As with you so with us, the whole talk is of war. Every other man you meet is a soldier and drums are as frequently heard as pianos. The church ladies are sewing havelocks to protect the soldiers from the sun. I have made a dozen, which seems very little since my next door neighbor has made a hundred. There are so many poor who need work that the ladies have not been asked to do much."

Later during the first year of the war between the states many sick and wounded soldiers were hospitalized in Charleston and the church women were needed at the hospitals to care for them. There were no women nurses connected with the military. It was considered demeaning work for a young woman to become a nurse and there were very few women nurses anywhere then.

On November 5, 1861 Mrs. Porter again writes her friend, Mrs. Ferguson, in Selma, Alabama,

"There have been over 500 sick and injured soldiers in a hospital here, 300 at one time. The church ladies take it in turn to attend, eight of them each day. They have a regular cooking establishment with a cook and soldier nurses besides the church ladies. I go every Thursday at 8:00 o'clock and do not get home until after dark.

"We had quite an excitement last Saturday on the arrival of 160 Yankee prisoners. We saw them as they were led into town. They were a pitiful looking lot. I could not keep from feeling sorry for them. They looked so young and their uniforms were so dishevelled and dirty. Some were covered with dried blood.

"We are in anxiety all the time now to hear what Lincoln's fleet are doing. It is reported that they attacked Savannah and are now engaged at Beaufort."

I remember my grandmother telling me that she didn't remember much about the war, but she remembered seeing the prisoners of war coming into the city. She said they looked so sad she couldn't hate them as she thought she was supposed to. She also remembered that her mother was gone long days at the hospital and that she and other church women also carried food to the prisoners. The prisoners' rations were very short and the

The years following the war were very difficult ones. Food was scarce, planting had not been done because of the War. Many freed slaves had gone north. Some had joined the Union Army. Some of them even went to war with their masters. They were not allowed to carry guns in the Confederate Army, but they cooked, cut wood for fires and did other kinds of labor in the South or were Southern white men were either in the Army of the South or were working to keep the army supplied with necessary equipment. Union armies had raided many plantations for food for their men. Many plantations had been overrun by the Union Army in its drive to the sea.

In 1865 Dr. Porter again moved his family when he became the minister of the Presbyterian Church in Spartanburg, South Carolina. Their house slaves remained as house servants following the War. Three more children were born to this new marriage, Janet, Lola and Frank.

Dr. Porter had married Sarah Elizabeth Black in 1864. I had not known that Dr. Porter had lost his first wife in childbirth before my grandmother's death, so I was never able to ask her about this. The historical record in the Presbyterian Church says that he married Hannah Napier Leland on June 13, 1844 and that she died April 20, 1845 leaving an infant child. I have assumed from the dates that she either died in childbirth or shortly thereafter.

"A. A. Porter, Editor of the Southern Presbyterian Journal, whose face is ornamental with a pair of gold spectacles and a magnificent black-head, is a quiet grave, rather handsome-looking man of thirty-five, though a few months since he looked ten years older. This wonderful transformation may legitimately be attributed to the influence of his new wife, the third in his short life."

Dr. Porter must have remarried within a year of his wife's death for an article in Charlotte, North Carolina in The Bulletin, May 6, 1864 in naming the commissioners at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the Confederate States of America states:

Lillah's mother died in 1863 when she was eight years old. She and her older sister May were devastated. May became Lillah's comforter and nurturer and the two girls became very close.

There is a brief mention of Addison in one of her mother's letters to Mrs. Ferguson saying, "Addison is so fat you wouldn't know him". I gathered he was a baby at that time.

Facilities were inadequate for feeding so many. She said her mother said that she hoped someone was doing the same for southern boys who were being held prisoners by the North.

After President Lincoln's death carpet baggers moved into the south which made matters much worse. From eight to ten thousand southerners left the United States to settle in Mexico, Central and South America.

In the summer of 1866 a number of families and individuals from South Carolina, Georgia and Florida left the States for Brazil. There were four colonies of them who settled in

Brazil, one on the Amazon, one in the state of Esperanto and two in the state of Sao Paulo. Most of these were Presbyterians. Some were led by ministers. One was led by a well known surgeon in the Confederate Army, Dr. J. McE. Gaston. He became an elder in the Presbyterian Church of Campinas. He returned to the states in 1883 and practiced in Atlanta and in 1895 became President of the American Medical Association. However, most of his children remained in Brazil. Only one of these colonies survived. The others returned to the United States. The most successful of these colonies was the one centered around Santa Barbara, thirty miles northeast of Campinas in the state of Sao Paulo. The Presbyterians in Brazil maintained a relationship with the southern branch of the Presbyterian Church through several generations. They broke with the Presbyterian Church when the two churches reunited in 1983. They opposed reunion. The descendants of those early colonists form a community of English speaking Brazilians to this day.

Even though The Rev. Aaron A. Porter, Lillah's father encouraged the emigration to Brazil, he did not take his family and go with them. He served the church in Spartanburg, South Carolina for over three years. Then he accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church in Austin, Texas and moved his family there in 1869.

This was a very happy time for the new family after the difficult years of the war and the years of reconstruction following. May continued her schooling in Virginia coming to Austin for vacations. After finishing her schooling she married Major Henry James from Abilene, Texas and made her home there for the rest of her life. Lillah was sent to the Mary Baldwin Female Seminary in Virginia and graduated there. She returned to her family home in Austin and was an active leader in the church, social and club life in the city of Austin.

Family life continued much as it was before the war with black servants rather than slaves. Lillah had studied art, religion, music, literature, Latin and mathematics in school. She had learned to sew a fine seam, play the piano and sing, and paint a little. She read a great deal of history and philosophy, but she was little prepared to cook and do the other kinds of things homemakers find it necessary to do.

While she was living in Charleston a young man from Mississippi, John Jeremiah Read, age 16, had enlisted in the Mississippi Regiment, which was incorporated into the

Army of the South. He was in Georgia for much of his military career. One of his sons, my Uncle Theodore, told me that for a time Grandfather served as an orderly under Robert E. Lee. I have never been able to verify this in any of the records. Several of his letters to his mother and sister were written when he was in a camp in Georgia. His war record shows that he was paroled after General James E. Johnston surrendered to Gen. Sherman in North Carolina.

He walked all the way back to his home in Mississippi. The Army had run out of food and the soldiers had not been paid for months. He had no money to ride the railroads but most of them were too damaged by the war to operate anyway. He lived mostly on nuts and fruits or whatever he could find in the woods that was edible. All he had to wear was his uniform and it was too dangerous to be seen in it. Many of the military units had not yet heard that the South had surrendered. Union soldiers would suspect him of being a spy or the Confederate forces would think he was a deserter. He occasionally came upon a plantation where he was fed and had a chance to bathe and sleep in a bed. He lost a great deal of weight and his health never seemed very good after that.

He was twenty-one when he got out of the Army. He was born in Hinds, Mississippi on January 12, 1843. His early education had been in a plantation school, most of which were of very high quality with excellent teachers. He wanted to study for the ministry. He enrolled in Oakland College, Oakland, Mississippi. After he graduated there he entered Columbia Presbyterian Seminary in Decatur, Georgia. Upon his graduation he was licensed to preach and supplied a small church in Fort Gibson, Mississippi. He was called to the First Presbyterian Church in Houston, Texas. He began his ministry there September 18, 1871 and was ordained by Brazos Presbytery on December 10, 1871.

While serving as minister in Houston, he met Miss Lillah Porter. Lillah Porter became the bride of John Jeremiah Read in 1873. She was 18 and he was 30 years of age.

Lillah's life immediately became very different. She was very happy in her new marriage and in spite of her youth and inexperience in cooking and housework, she was determined to be a good wife. John hired a black woman to help her get settled in her new home, who taught her to cook. She learned fast and well. She became an accomplished cook and homemaker and a helpmate for her husband. She continued her interest in the arts and in fine needlework. In a short time she had become involved in the life of the church as the minister's wife, but women were still not allowed to speak in the church or organize in any way. They could meet and sew for missions. When they did, the minister would come and lead in meditation and prayer for the group before they began.



Their first child, a beautiful, blonde curly haired daughter named Isabel was born to the Rev. and Mrs. Read in 1874 when Lillah was 19 years of age. They enjoyed their young daughter. Lillah spent most of her time at home with her young child. She was very busy and very happy. John was busy in a fast growing church. Life could not have been better for them.

The Houston Post reported the following story of a Christmas party held in the church for all the children in the church and neighborhood:

"The tree was decorated with beautiful ornaments and small lighted candles. The entertainment began with singing, after which the little ones were given a square meal of all sorts of nice things. Everyone got a little stocking well filled and a big orange to boot. We never saw children enjoy themselves more. In fact all, big and little, were happy and gay, and no little courting was done in the bargain among the belles and beaux, of whom there was a large number.

"After more music the children were dismissed, and a beautiful silver tea service was presented by Mr. McGregor in behalf of the congregation to Mrs. Read with appropriate address. Rev. J. J. Read, in behalf of his excellent helpmate, responded in a short, earnest speech, expressing her sincere thanks and gratitude. Of course, after this happy scene, everyone felt inclined to take supper, and they accordingly marched on the tremendous fortification of pig, turkey, salad, ham, pies in endless variety and everything else that is good."

All of this pleasant life was to end shortly. Mr. Read accepted a call to become the superintendent of Spencer Academy, a school for Choctaw Indian boys, which was located in the Kiamichi Hills in the southeast corner of what is now Oklahoma, but then was in the Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory. This was considered a foreign mission field by the church. It meant learning a new language and living in an alien culture. Little in her life had prepared Lillah for the life that was about to begin for them.

They went by train to Paris, Texas taking all their personal belongings and household needs. They were given hospitality by members of the Presbyterian church there, until all their things arrived and they could purchase a covered wagon and team and needed supplies for their work.

When everything was in readiness for their forty mile journey, Grandfather and Grandmother Read and their little daughter Isabel set out in the wagon with all their earthly possessions for their new home. It was early winter 1876 and they ran into a heavy snow storm. They sought refuge in the cabin of an Indian family, who welcomed them and made them

The superintendent went to the bank in Paris every two months to get enough money to pay his staff. He paid them in gold. Grandfather rode horseback the forty miles each way. He watched carefully to be sure he wasn't followed when he started off alone on his way back to the Academy with the gold. However, if he saw an Indian coming, he waited for him to catch

The Choctaw Indians were driven out of Mississippi, and Alabama by the increasing numbers of white settlers. The result was the "Trail of Tears" as they moved westward into this new territory given them by the U.S. government. They were never on a reservation. They had their own government. The U.S. government had compensated them for the loss of their prosperous farms. The Choctaws requested that the government keep one-half of the compensation to establish schools for them. The government contracted with the Presbyterian Church to supply teachers and superintendents for these boarding schools. The Choctaw Nation paid \$5000 a year for room and board for the students. The government gave \$5,000 for the payment of the staff.

The maximum number of students was to be a hundred. They had seventy students that first winter. The classroom building had one large classroom for older students and two smaller ones for younger students. All of the buildings were painted white. There was a separate building for the steward and his family and some female helpers. There was a farm south of the campus which raised most of their food. There were farm houses for the workers on the farm.

According to the book, Schools for the Choctaws written by James D. Morrison, Professor of History, Southeastern Oklahoma University,

"Included were such utility structures as a storehouse, a smokehouse with room for 10 tons of bacon plus fresh meat, lard and soap, a springhouse paved with stones, and stables enough to house the necessary cattle, horses and swine and to store their feed. The three dormitories had large piazzas extending the whole length which rendered them very pleasant and agreeable."

Spencer Academy was constructed of huge pine logs and roofed with wooden shingles. There was a classroom structure, three two-story dormitories with separate apartments for two staff members on the ground floor and dormitories for the students on the second floor.

According to the book, Schools for the Choctaws written by James D. Morrison, Professor of History, Southeastern Oklahoma University,

They continued their journey the next day. They had to ford two rivers, one of which was the Red River. They reached Spencer Academy at the end of the second day.

up with him, for he trusted the Indians, but if it was a white man grandfather hid out in the woods until the stranger had passed by. Many white men who were escaping the law came into the territories and they were not to be trusted.

Many of Grandfather's students became leaders of the Choctaw Nation in future years. Among those were Dr. E. N. Wright, one of the leading men in the Choctaw Nation; Peter Hudson, who was suggested as governor of the Choctaw Nation; and the Rev. Silas Bacon, for a number of years the principal of the Goodland Indian School.

During Grandfather Read's tenure at Spencer Academy, a diphtheria epidemic spread through the region and into the school. One of the dormitories became an infirmary. A number of students and several teachers and members of their families died. Grandfather's and Grandmother's firstborn child, Isabel, died in the epidemic. It was one of those great tragedies before preventive medicine was possible.

Three more children were born to them during their stay at the Academy, Elizabeth (Bess), Eugene (Gene) and John Leighton. Grandmother went to Paris, Texas and stayed with friends awaiting the delivery of each child and remained a few weeks after each birth. Mrs. Fountain was her very close friend and supporter for many years. Grandmother was often in her home, so I assume she stayed in Mrs. Fountain's home for the birth of her children. I do not have the exact birthdates of Bess and Gene. They were born between January 1876 and late 1878 for Leighton was born September 14, 1879.

There is one interesting story about Spencer Academy which should be told here. The Choctaw Indians had been prosperous in Alabama and Mississippi and many of them owned slaves, which they took with them to their new nation. One of the slaves, "Uncle Wallace" Willis, was loaned to the Academy by his owner, a Choctaw Indian. "Uncle Willis" gave to posterity several negro spiritals. Two of the most familiar are "Steal Away to Jesus" and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot".

After five years as director of the Academy the Choctaw Nation decided to move the school nearer to the center of the Choctaw population which had spread much farther north and west by this time. Grandfather asked that his contract not be renewed. He wished to accept the offer of the Presbyterian Church to go into the Chickasaw Nation which was west of the Choctaw Nation and reached to the Texas border. The language of the Choctaws and the Chickasaws was the same except for some differences in dialect. A few of the Choctaws and Chickasaws were already Christians. He was to evangelize and organize churches.

Once more in 1881 they loaded up their belongings in the covered wagon and with their three young children, Bess,



Gene, and Leighton and set out for the Chickasaw Nation leaving behind their first born in a lonely grave in the Kiamichi Hills. They headed northwest across the almost trackless Choctaw Nation for a hundred miles to reach the Chickasaw Nation.

They decided on a location for their home about four miles from the present sight of Wapanucka. There they built the house which was to be their home for the rest of their lives. They camped under the trees until temporary shelter, which was just a large wooden box, could be built for them. Here and with the covered wagon they lived until their home could be built. This location was twenty-five miles from the nearest railroad which had been built just ten years before. The lumber had to be carried by wagon from the nearest railroad. With the help of Indian labor and with his own hands Grandfather built their house.

There were no schools, and no place to hold church services. The very first service was held under a large elm tree, with boards laid across logs for benches. According to the book The Red Man's Trail by William B. Morrison,

"Within three years the work of this man bore rich fruit.

Not only had he had organized churches, but had been successful in the erection of no fewer than four church buildings, giving of his limited means and actually laboring with his hands in the construction of them".

In 1884 a Chickasaw elder, Jonas Wolfe, was ordained to the ministry and Grandfather turned these churches over to him and travelled farther into untouched territory to start more new churches. As soon as there was a native ordained to take over he moved farther on to repeat this. He often travelled on horseback four hundred to five hundred miles a month. He kept his headquarters in his own home but often he did not get home for weeks at a time".

Grandmother gave birth to five more children. My mother was named Lillah for her mother. She was born November 12, 1882. David Livingstone was born November 12, 1884 and Theodore Porter was born August 4, 1895. Two babies were born prematurely and died at birth. All were born in their home with a doctor coming from Boggy Depot and with the assistance of a young black woman named Frances. All the children and grandchildren as well as many other children in the area called her "Aunt Frances". She was a willing and helping hand to many white families in the area as they began to move in. Aunt Frances was much loved by all our family and by many other families as well.

During her years of isolation when there were no roads, Grandmother reared her family and taught them herself. She travelled to visit neighbors who were ill or in need on her faithful riding horse named Beza, often with a baby in her arms

and a toddler riding behind the saddle. As the children grew older they could occasionally find a governess for a few months to help with the education of the children. Credit must be due Grandmother for the fine education they had, for all of them were admitted to colleges and all but one of them graduated.

The nearest post office was at Boggy Depot some eight to ten miles distant from them. Grandfather started a movement to have a post office established at Button Springs as the area was called because there were many fossils there which resembled buttons.

When the Post Office Department decided the time had come to establish a Post Office, Grandmother had a great deal to do with it. The land had not been surveyed and the distance from Boggy Depot to the new sight had to be established. Grandmother had the solution. She tied a red rag around the wagon wheel and counted the revolutions of the wheel all the way from Boggy Depot to the location of the new Post Office. From this she determined the distance. Later when it was surveyed her figures were found to be correct to the nearest mile.

Grandmother was given the honor of naming the new Post Office. She had been reading James Fenimore Cooper's book entitled "The Last of the Mohicans". From it she had gotten the name of a famous Chieftain of the Delaware tribe, "Wapanucka". She liked this euphonious word and felt it was appropriate for a town in Indian Territory. The Post Office Department gave it the name she suggested and it became Wapanucka, Indian Territory. The railroad came in shortly thereafter and the town grew very rapidly for a few years.

Grandfather became very active in Indian Presbytery and served as its stated clerk for fourteen years. He was a trustee of Calvin Institute in Durant and also was on the Board of Trustees of Austin College, a Presbyterian College in Sherman, Texas.

While in attendance upon a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Austin College in Sherman, he became ill and developed pneumonia. In those days nine out of every ten persons who had pneumonia died. Grandfather died in Sherman in 1898 from pneumonia just twenty-two years after he first came into Indian country to Spencer Academy. He was brought back to his home for burial in the little family cemetery where their two infant children were buried.

Grandmother was left with three children still at home, the youngest being two years old. She immediately had to find some way of supporting her family. Her father had died a number of years before and since women did not inherit property in those days the plantation in Selma, Alabama had been given to the two sons, so Grandmother never had any of the benefit of it. Some of the old silver had that had been her mother's had been given

Address + Frank

school to upgrade her teaching credentials.

Grandmother intended to go back home in the fall, but she heard about a teaching job in a mountain community thirty-five miles from town. The community had not been able to find a teacher. She volunteered to take the position and at the age of sixty-nine began teaching in an ungraded school with about twelve children. She boarded with a family and they supplied her a horse to ride the several miles back and forth to school each day. She was much loved in that community and rode the thirty-five miles back to town on a wagon and returned the same way over rough and rocky roads to spend Christmas and summer vacations with us. She continued teaching until she was seventy-two. She then returned to the farm in Oklahoma where her youngest son and his wife lived with their family of four children. During the Great Depression the farm had to be sold for its indebtedness. Both her daughters had preceded her in death, so she went to live out her life at the home of another son who lived in Oklahoma City.

I learned to love and appreciate Grandmother's fine qualities. She was strict with us, but loving and kind. She became my most admired woman next to my mother. She was the link with our larger family. We had lived in Arizona from 1917 until 1928 before seeing any of my uncles and aunts or cousins except one bachelor uncle who occasionally came to spend Christmas with us. Many of them wrote letters, but all the family we really knew was Grandmother and one uncle. She was a tiny frail looking woman. She had warm brown eyes, beautiful snow white hair which curled around her face done up in a bun at the neck. I thought she was beautiful. Her will to do and her mind were ever strong even when her body became frail. She could not have been over five feet tall in her later years. She was not the kind of person with whom we could really say "Grandma" as we know it today. She was not indulgent, and her quiet presence commanded respect. I cannot imagine any of us ever being sassy with her and she never raised her voice to any of us. She was at home with the educated or ignorant, poor or rich. She respected each person regardless of age, race or background. She was treated the same way by all who knew her.

When I began teaching and had to deal with discipline, I remembered this quality in her. It was certainly helpful to me in the sixties when I taught in senior high school. It helped to calm the angriest of teenagers to use the same approach. She gave of her time and energy and even from her limited means to help someone who sincerely needed it. She inspired me to do and be more than I might have been for she expected it of me and made me feel capable of succeeding. She was a truly magnificent woman.

I took our first two children to see her in 1939 when they were two and four years of age. They enjoyed her for they did not have a living grandmother and she enjoyed them. I regret

to her by her stepmother at the time of Lillah's marriage.

Just as Grandmother had risen to the occasion of becoming a pioneer wife and mother contributing much to her husband and breadwinner for her children.

My own mother had been away at school in Virginia at the time of her father's death. In fact she did not know of her father's death until she returned from school four months later. Since there was no way she could get home before the burial of her father, her mother decided not to disrupt her concentration on school with the news of her father's death. When she returned home at the close of school and learned of her father's death, she felt very hurt that no one had thought it important enough to let her know at once.

By this time there were a number of mission schools started for white children in their own communities. Grandmother was able to obtain a teaching position for fall. She decided to keep my mother, who was then fifteen years old, at home for a year to take care of her two year old brother. My mother seemed to accept this as her share of helping the family under the circumstances. After one year Grandmother was able to make other arrangements for him and Mother returned to Fredricksburg College in Virginia where she later graduated.

Regardless of the weather Grandmother drove a horse and buggy four miles each way to where she taught school each morning. Somehow she managed to support herself and her three youngest children and send them to college with her salary and what she made from renting out her farm land.

After my parents had been married for several years and had two children, they moved to the farm with Grandmother and she quit teaching for a time. She received a small monthly pension from the Presbyterian Church for her retirement. My youngest brother and I were both born on the farm where many of Grandmother's children were born with the same "Aunt Frances" to assist at the time and for awhile following the our births.

However, my father kept having pneumonia each winter and his health was so poor that my family decided to go to a warmer climate to help him regain his strength. My father went to Arizona in the late winter of 1917. He found a place for us to rent by the time school was out in May and we moved to Arizona. After a couple of years in Arizona my father took the influenza during that serious wartime epidemic in October 1918. Many people were dying with this flu. This, my father's fourth bout with pneumonia following the flu, proved fatal.

My mother went back to teaching to support her family and Grandmother used to come from Oklahoma to Benson, Arizona for the summer to stay with us so that my mother could go to summer

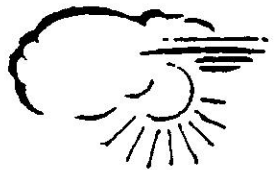
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Uncle Sam literally lost  
 the home game: After the  
 game he turned into one  
 game or other -- or  
 the fact game got hit  
 at home and Chicago went  
 to Shankster for money  
 which the bankhouse &  
 from a mortgage company  
 in Illinois -- some  
 telling anyone: They  
 peddled it and  
 game. American Daddy  
 later bought the "Home"  
 game, adjacent to "Home"



It's a  
 Beautiful Day  
 watch some clown  
 louse it up.





they were too young to remember her. Following her death on Mother's Day in 1940 just before her 85th birthday, she received official recognition in Presbyterian magazines and Oklahoma papers. The history books of Oklahoma have lauded her for her contributions to the settlement of Oklahoma. The Presbyterian Church has praised her for her contributions to the development of the Presbyterian Church there.

Eliz. R. Dillon's cousin  
Gale's mother, Diller,  
was John Keighten Read's  
sister.

This story was written by:  
Gale's B. Degan