

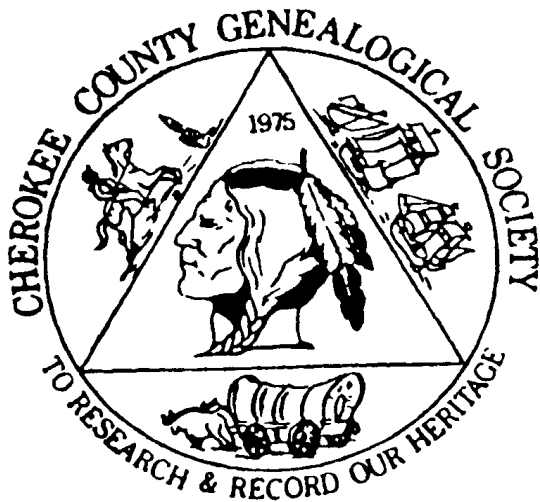
• TREE TALK •

Volume 38 Issue 4

Summer 2013

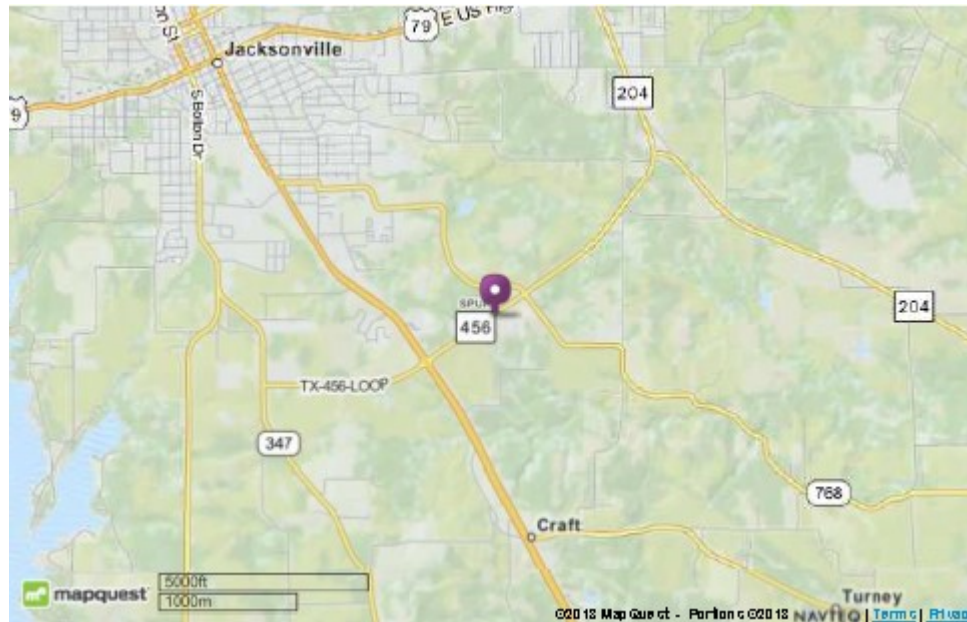
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Editor's Letter

Our membership has decided to move our meetings. The next meeting will be on Monday, September 9, 2013 at 5 p.m. at The First United Methodist Church, 1031 SE Loop 456, Jacksonville, Texas 75766.



This issue includes the index for the entire Volume 38. This listing requires extreme attention to detail. Thanks to Helen Marable, Eileen Jones and Marcella Snow for their help.

This issue ends the subscription year. Look at the mailing label. If the label date is 8/31/2013 or before, complete the enclosed membership application and mail with your check for the dues. Thanks.

Gordon Bennett
Editor



Hattie Brown Nicholson



Random Recollections

By Hattie Nicholson Schultz

CONTINUED FROM TREE TALK v. 38. ISSUE 3

Friends

The Harrell family lived not too far from us near an over head-crossing on the railroad. Jacksonville shipped many peaches and tomatoes at that time and the cars were iced frequently at that location. Chunks of ice were regularly spilled and were ours for the taking. Often we would pool our ingredients and freeze ice cream.

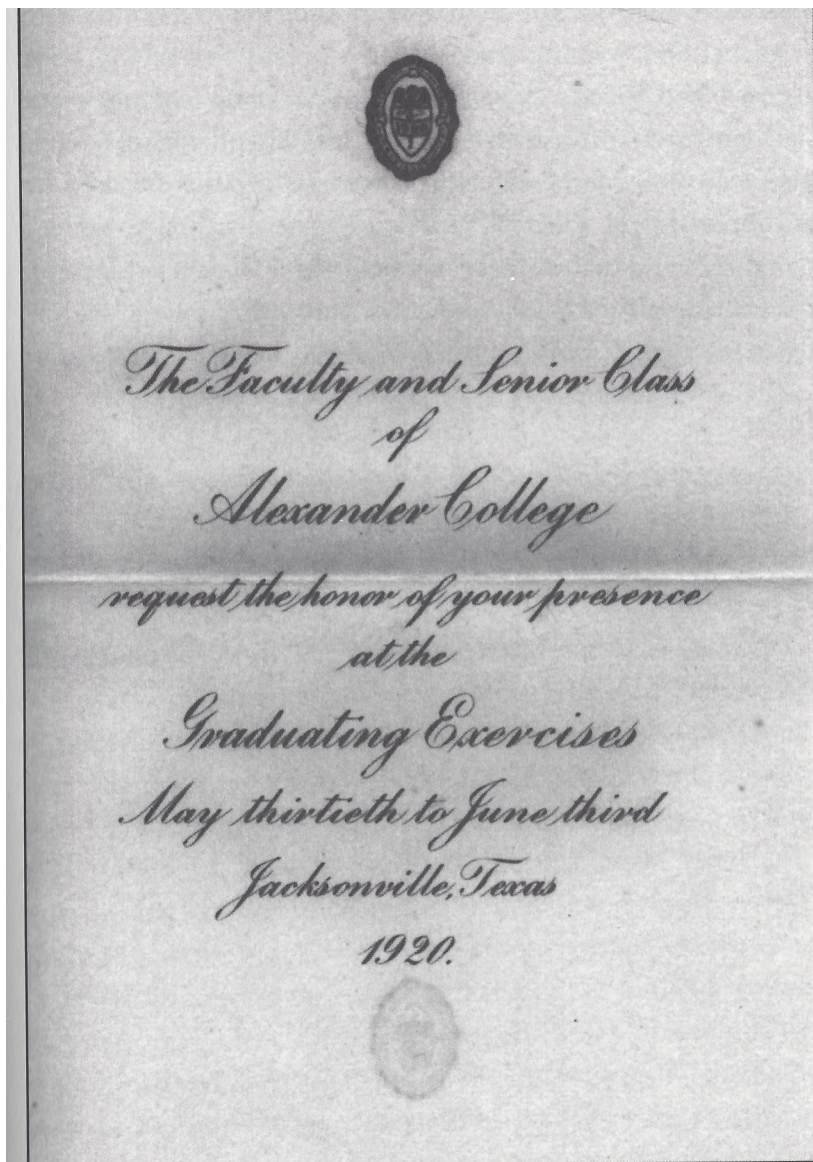
Mrs. Harrell was a widow and had to practice stringent economy. In the Harrell home there were the older girls, Miss Velma and Miss Clatie (my third grade teacher). There were also two boys, DeWitt and Cooper, near my brother's age. Then there were the younger girls, Anna Fama and Joy. Anna Fama and I were friends until the family moved away to Port Arthur. I suppose it was for the boys to find work. Later, though, she returned to Alexander Collegiate Institute (now L.on Morris College) when I also attended. This was a very talented family. Miss Velma was an artist, gifted, impractical, ;a dreamer. She was engaged to be married to a Mr. Elliot but kept him waiting many months while she made her wedding dress. It was handmade Battenburg lace, as I recall, with millions of stitches. She actually made the lace.

Many years later, Joy Harrell Carrington, the youngest girl in this family and also a talented artist, presented our First Methodist Church with a Book of Memories which she had hand-lettered with meticulous calligraphy and, in the style the old monks used, illuminated with gold, silver, and brilliant colors of paint, decorated with elaborate designs and miniature pictures, requiring months and years of dedicated work. Every page was in memory of friends or relatives. My parents are listed there. It was insured for ten thousand dollars and kept locked in a glass display case in the foyer of the church. I don't know who has charge of it now, but at first only one person had the key, Mrs. Virgie Acker, and she always wore white gloves when she turned a page. This was to avoid getting any tiny bit of oil or dirt on the pages.

Until I began writing this account of my early years, I had given no thought to the fact that most of our close friends lived near us. This is easy to understand because we all walked in those days, or used horse-drawn conveyances, so we rarely got far from home. Walking to church and Sunday School was an ordeal-hot in summer, cold in winter, damp in rainy weather much of the time unpleasant.

We always lived near the schools until Joe Wright School was built to serve as the high school. It was on Kickapoo Street about a mile from my home so we had quite a walk. Nearly always a group walked together-Margia Childs, Merit Williams, Maurine Beard, the Canon boys, and others.

When we were in the tenth grade, my father took me out of the high school and enrolled me at Alexander Collegiate Institute, which had high school classes. I never knew the exact reason for this, but got an inkling of a scandal connected with a teacher and a young student. Then I really



Hattie graduates from Alexander College in 1920.

had a long walk. Again I had friends to walk with: Anna Fama was one-she had returned to live with her sister and attend school-Margia, Maurine, Merle, Ila Non Moon (who later became an authoress), and Gladys Vance who were both preacher's daughters, and many others. My years there were very pleasant. I made friends with girls and boys from other towns, grieved when we parted, and in most instances never saw them again.

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Fashions of the Day

The way we dressed might be interesting to you today. I was a big girl before socks became stylish for little girls. I always wore long black cotton stockings on week days, which were held up by "supporters;" attached to a "waist" or underbody. You can understand why in the summer-time we went barefoot at every opportunity. On Sunday or other dress up occasions I wore white cotton stockings. There were two qualities-course ribbed stockings, worn by the poorer children, and thinner, daintier cotton stockings worn by the more privileged. In winter we all wore union suits for warmth. How I hated them. But we walked to school and almost everywhere else we went, and we played outdoors, so they were needed. When we dressed on winter mornings, first came the union suit; over that, black sateen bloomers (sateen was twenty-five cents a yard) with elastic at the knees and waist; a slip; a warm dress or a pleated woolen skirt and middie blouse; perhaps a sweater and coat, depending on the weather. We resembled nothing so much as bags of mush tied in the middle.

When I was entering my teens, Mama made me a white woolen skirt and middie blouse, and I felt very dressed up. By that time, "petti-bockers" (similar to bloomers) had come into favor. They were made of sateen, but came below the knees with elastic and below that a ruffle, and they took the place of petticoats.

We wore undervests or undershirts-brassieres were still in the future. Mrs. Childs was a fine seamstress and she improvised, for Margia's summer wear, a slip with a fitted top much like the brassiere that later became commonplace. At that time, women all wore stiff corsets with whale-bone stays, corset covers, then petticoats, dresses, or skirts and "waists." Our camisoles were fancy, with lace and embroidery and Mama used to make beautiful ones for gifts. When worn with sheer dresses, the camisoles often had little sleeves, for underarm shaving had not yet come to be accepted and neither had deodorants. Mama was one of the first women I knew who shaved under her arms. I remember well what Miss Whitfield, my music teacher, remarked. She said, "If God had not wanted us to have underarm hair, he would not have made it."

Living across the street from us was a "spinster" of uncertain age, Miss Dolly Morris. She was a lovely lady: dainty, immaculate, and, in my eyes, utterly charming. I loved her dearly. But the good women of the town never forgot an unfortunate episode in her life, and considered her a "tainted woman." It seems that some years earlier a man had courted her, they married, and left on their honeymoon to St. Louis. There, after a few days, he stole her jewelry, deserted her in a hotel, and her family had to send her train fare to return home. It was also discovered that the man was a bigamist, so she had not been legally married.

The rest of her life she had no husband, and lived with her mother, who was as plain as she could be. There was a brother, Joe Morris, who also lived at home, and to my knowledge, never worked, but let Miss Dolly support him. She taught music, elocution, and dancing. The recitals

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her pupils gave were very entertaining.

Miss Dolly was "different" and fascinated me. I used to visit her and she let me watch her "make up" her face. Now, my Mother would give her own face a good soapy wash, dry it, and dust it with a little powder and that was that. Not so, Miss Dolly. She creamed her face generously, wiped it gently, put on bright red rouge in little circles high on her cheekbones, reddened her lips with rouge (no lipsticks yet), darkened her eyelashes and brows, took her hair out of her overnight kid curlers, combed it carefully, dressed daintily, put on high heels, and perfume. I admired her.

Papa

What are some of the qualities our father, Charles Chester Nicholson, tried to instill in his children? An expression I heard him use many times was, "Be above the common herd." He looked down on lazy people, on those who did not pay their bills promptly, on those without ambition. He wanted us to excel in our studies at school and if our grades were not up to his expectations, we knew we were in for an accounting or the loss of some of our privileges.

We had to be careful of our associates. "You are known by the company you keep!" he would say when he objected to one of our friends. So we early learned to avoid questionable characters, or those who had a relative not up to his standards. If we spilled something, broke something, or ran into furniture, he said, "Be deliberate in all your actions." This did not mean for us to be slow, but to be careful, graceful, and thoughtful.

Many times we children resented his dictatorial way-for instance when he had us "show out" by playing piano or violin solos at lodge meetings, or got Lala to sing solos in church. We didn't mind the recitals that we, along with other children, took part in, but to be singled out to appear before an audience caused us embarrassment. He really and truly thought that we could do whatever we set our minds to. He was firmly convinced that "his crows were the blackest." Perhaps I understood this striving for perfection a little better in later years when I knew more about the background from which he came. He had been reared in a family with ambition, success, and high standards.

He never made a great deal of money, but neither did we feel deprived. We always had delicious food, were attractively dressed, had a comfortable home, and the best people of the town were our friends. Over and above food, clothing, and shelter, he saw to it that all of us had elocution or expression lessons (now known as speech), that Lala and I had piano and voice lessons, and for a short time I had violin lessons. He always subscribed for good magazines to read, such as *The American Boy* for J.B., *National Geographic* for all of us, and Mama subscribed to *Ladies Home Journal*, *The Delineator*, *Holland's*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, etc. He especially enjoyed his *Field and Stream*. Papa carefully monitored our library book selections. There was no radio or television to distract us in the evening, so our family circle sat reading or getting lessons as our day drew to a close.

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We children went regularly to Sunday School and church. Papa taught the Men's Wesley Bible Class of First Methodist Church for some twenty odd years, and was a long time steward. He was prominent in the Masonic Lodge and the Knights of Pythias, holding leading offices in both. He was always gentlemanly' polite, and thoughtful to Mama, chivalrous to the ladies (always tipping his hat), kind and generous with children, and solicitous of old people. He never ever drank, smoked, or cursed. This could be said of very few people today. We knew and appreciated that he was respected by everyone and his reputation was above reproach.

My Brother

My brother, John Bradford Nicholson, was born November 14, 1897, in Attalla, Alabama. He was nearly six years older than I, and never were there two more different siblings. J.B. was a natural-born scholar. Books, studying, learning new things, made up his entire life. In 1900, our parents and he had, for a time, lived in Shreveport, Louisiana, next door to a convent and the nuns made much of him. He visited them often and they taught him how to read before he was five years old.

As he grew older, Papa wanted to make an outdoorsman of him-a hunter, fisherman, and an athlete. Papa gave him a gun when he was a teenager and tried to interest him in going along on hunting and fishing trips. J.B. would have no part in these activities. All he wanted to do was to read and study. He graduated from high school at fifteen, rather small for his age, and still wearing short pants. He entered Alexander Collegiate Institute (A.C.I.), where he took every hard course they offered, and graduated as valedictorian when he was seventeen.

He loved languages. Latin had been a snap for him in high school. In A.C.I., his Spanish teacher, Professor Cruz, was a native Spaniard, not Mexican, who spoke the pure Castilian language. I remember one winter evening when Mr. Cobb, the high school Spanish teacher, was visiting in our home. J.B. was trying to converse with him in Spanish with not much success. I was present, listening to them. All at once J.B.'s face lit up and he said, "Mr. Cobb, I know why we don't understand each other. You are speaking Mexican lingo." Mr. Cobb looked crestfallen and said, "You are right. All the Spanish I know, I learned while working on the railroad with a gang of Mexican laborers."

J.B. also studied German in college and often visited for hours with a German family who lived near the outlying community of Price's Switch. J.B. would ride the train that far, then walk to their home and stay all day, speaking German with them. They seemed to enjoy his visits as much as he did.

But his temperament was misunderstood, not only by his father, but by his classmates. He would have no part in games or athletics so they nicknamed him "Cicero" and called him "Brains." He fit in better with a group of old men here in town who were Confederate war veterans. In 1912, they seemed old and feeble to me. He talked for hours with them. Finally they made him an "honorary member" and he once entertained them in our parent's home. Mama provided refreshments and they asked me to come in and accompany them on the piano while

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they sang "Dixie." Their voices were cracked and tuneless, and I probably played too fast. But they had a good time.

I remember Mr. Templeton (John Allen's grandfather), Mr. Harris (father of Miss Anna and Miss Winifred), and others. (I chuckle to remember at that time I thought "oldconfederate-veterans" was one long word.)

J.B. was so talented in languages that Papa thought he would make a successful United States' diplomat to a foreign country. Our congressman at that time, Martin Dies, Sr., was a personal friend of my father. Senator Dies had lived in Colorado City when we did. With his influence, J.B. was given the opportunity to go to Washington, D.C., to take examinations for service in foreign fields. He passed his oral and written examinations with high grades and came home to wait for his assignment. When it came, he was ordered to Peking, China, as a student interpreter. All Jacksonville was proud of him.

The day he was to leave, Mama prepared his favorite meal, but he just toyed with his food. After awhile she asked him why he wasn't eating more. He replied, "I am so full of advice from so many people that I can't swallow." I wonder if that was the only reason. I imagine that he was apprehensive of leaving home, crossing the wide Pacific Ocean on a ship (a trip which required a month), leaving his parents, sisters, and friends, for a life in a foreign country, and not yet eighteen years of age. But he went, and interesting letters and pictures came back and were published in the newspaper. The government provided him with a house, a native teacher, a servant, and a salary which, in the China of that day, was very generous. I have, in my Kodak book, pictures which he sent to us showing Chinese scenes, his home, his teacher, the horse he rode, etc.

After two years he came home for a visit, bringing us souvenirs and hand-woven pure silk material for dresses for Mama, Lala, and me. I regret that I don't have even a scrap of that beautiful fabric, but I was proud of the pretty dresses made for me from several pieces. Because of the weavers comparatively short arms, their looms were narrow; thus, the cloth was only about twenty-eight inches in width.

He received a promotion to vice consul and served two more years in Changsha, China (now Shanghai). World War I broke out and a close friend of his was killed when the ship he was on in the port of Aden was submarined and sunk. J.B. got so angry that he tried to resign and enlist in the army. His superior refused to accept his resignation, saying he had been trained to do a certain job and was of more use to his country where he was; that there were hundreds and thousands who could be soldiers, but few who could do his work. So he stayed on for two more years before coming home to continue his education. He went to New York, where he enrolled in Columbia University, and received his B.A. and M.A. degrees in Asiatic languages and did work on his Ph.D. He wrote his thesis in Chinese as he could write, as well as speak, the language fluently.

From that time on, J.B. came home only for visits, living the rest of his life in New York City, writing, teaching, and lecturing. For a time, he worked in the laboratories of Thomas A. Edison.

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He did much genealogical research on the Nicholson and Stowers families. He married but never had children. During World War II, he worked for the U.S. government as a cryptanalyst (code breaker). He died in New York City on July 4, 1975, and is buried in the family plot in Jacksonville City Cemetery.

The Quitter

I've never had much respect for a quitter. My parents taught us children that when we started something, we should see it through. But I was a "quitter" the summer I was sixteen years old, and had had a year at Alexander Collegiate Institute.

A friend I had made at A.C.I. was Nona Mae Shaw, from Black Jack, a tiny country community near Troup. Nona was a niece of the first Mrs. Godby Acker. Her mother was an ambitious woman who yearned to give her three children all the advantages possible, and they had sacrificed to finance Nona Mae's college year. Mrs. Shaw suggested that I get up a music class in Black Jack, and give music lessons to her two children in exchange for board at her home.

I fell in with this plan and when Mr. Shaw came to town to "trade," I went back with him to their farm home. Their home was a shock to me. There were no screens, no indoor plumbing, and it was furnished with just the bare necessities. Water came from a well in the yard. Mrs. Shaw cooked on a wood cook stove. Light was furnished by kerosene lamps, which drew many insects, and we had to fight flies when we ate. The meals were far different from those I was accustomed to at home.

Every day Mrs. Shaw made a big pot of vegetable soup from vegetables they grew, served with cornbread. Only once that I remember did she make a quick, plain cake. At the end of their day's work in the field, Mr. Shaw and the boys took a dip in the creek nearby. We womenfolk had to content ourselves with "sponge baths;" and the weather was very hot. One night a bat got into the house and circled around our heads while we tried to "shoo" it out. It seemed many minutes before we succeeded.

I did get together a fair number of pupils for my music classes, and stuck this out for two miserable weeks. I rode home to Jacksonville with Mr. Shaw, and when I told my parents about these living conditions, they said I was not to go back. Gladly I sent Mrs. Shaw word that I would not be coming back.

When Mrs. Acker heard this, she said, "I did not think you could stand it this long." Not many years later, I heard that Nona Mae had died.

World War I

As I entered my middle teens, World War I had broken out in Europe. Our sympathies were with England and the Allies. Cartoons pictured the Kaiser of Germany as a blood-thirsty predator, and the Crown Prince as a weak-chinned lecher. The stories of atrocities in Belgium were

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horrifying. I know there was wrong perhaps on both sides, but propaganda went a long way toward preparing the ordinary citizen for war's inevitability. We were woefully unprepared, but when passenger ships with innocent men, women, and children began to be sunk, the United States could no longer stay neutral.

The draft was set up and all the young men had to register. As the first draft was enforced, many young men of Cherokee County were called up. There were a number of hasty wartime weddings; some for love, others to try to avoid the draft. The women of Jacksonville rallied to send the first contingent away with a note of cheer. They planned a big banquet held in the Alexander College dining hall. Many girls were called on to act as hostesses and I was among them. Afterward we all went to the I & GN railroad station, where a special train was to take "our boys" to Camp Travis. There were many tears, lots of kisses (right in public-the casual kiss of today was unknown).

Among the men leaving that night, there was a certain handsome young fellow named Carl Schultz. He was years older than I so it meant nothing to me when he kissed his girl, Miss Tura Boyd, goodbye. It never crossed my mind that some day Carl would come into my life.

At camp meeting, I had met and had dates with a fine young man named Herbert Haynes. We corresponded and when he entered the U.S. Navy, we continued to write to each other. He was trained to be a telegrapher, sending and receiving messages on the high seas, where he saw service on a battleship. On furlough he visited his family who lived on a farm near Elysian Fields. He would also come to Jacksonville to see me. I was proud to meet him at the train and walk home with him, for he was very good looking in his naval uniform.

Once Herbert came to see me unexpectedly. I was at Carey Lake, a popular boating and picnic spot, with a group of my college friends. He got his cousin, Ernest Whitaker, to drive him to the lake to find me. I was with Ramsey Lassater when Herbert drove up, so things got a little tense. Herbert stayed several days and asked me to marry him when the war was over. His proposal was very sweet, but we were much too young to consider marrying. I told him that we would wait and see when the time came. But I was flattered, wrote often to him, sent him boxes of homemade candy, and thought I was being very helpful of the war effort. Herbert came again that Christmas and gave me a dainty gold and platinum bar pin set with a diamond. I still have it these sixty years later and wear it occasionally. But after the war, Herbert went to work in Louisiana and we drifted apart.

I well remember when the news of the Armistice reached Jacksonville, November 11, 1918. Whistles began blowing, church bells rang, school dismissed, and there was a gathering at the city park. Judge John Box made a rousing speech, tears of happiness were shed, those who had loved ones in the war zone or on the ocean were jubilant.

It was a "let down" when Mama said, "I'm going home and make a pan of biscuits and eat all I can hold!" For you to understand this statement, I must tell that it had been our patriotic duty to send white flour overseas, and we had been eating cornbread three times a day for much of the

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war. Lala had ulcers in her mouth that were caused by the rough bread, or so Mama thought, and Mama's delicate stomach had not been able to tolerate so much roughage. All of her life, she had loved hot buttered biscuits, perhaps because she was born soon after the Civil War ended and wheat flour was scarce then too, shipped in, and expensive. Corn was grown in Alabama and ground into meal, so most of their bread was made from that. I celebrated by making fudge.

Courting

My first "boy friend" was Gleason Barber. (Actually, the term "boy friend" was not used when I was a girl. A boy was either a friend, or a "beau"-which meant boy friend.) We double dated with Margia Childs and Ned Ragsdale, our best friends. Ned's father was quite well-to-do and owned a car which he loaned to Ned frequently. You should be very impressed. There were so few cars in Jacksonville at that time that when we heard one coming, everyone in the house migrated to the front to see it pass. It spit, and chugged, and roared. The gears were shifted by hand and screeched, the horn was a bulb that was squeezed by hand, and thirty miles an hour was top speed. The cars were "open" but heavy curtains containing small isinglass peephole panels were provided. If a rain came, the driver got out of the car and laboriously snapped and buckled the curtains in place.

Some Sundays, Gleason would telephone to say, "Hattie, Ned can get his dad's car this afternoon and has invited us to go too. Margia is going with him." What a heavenly prospect. We enjoyed riding around town on the red dirt roads, passing other cars occasionally, and waving at our friends. Sometimes the dust would be so thick, it settled on everything, but we didn't let that bother us.

Always we ended up at Bando's Candy Kitchen for drinks-a five cent Coke or a ten cent soda, and perhaps some of Mr. Bando's famous candy. Mr. Bando was a first generation Assyrian in this country and as fine and honorable a man as I ever knew. He was civic minded, and had a genuine love for children and young people. His wife was just as friendly. They spoke with an accent, which we found charming.

Let me describe his store in downtown Jacksonville. One entered a large room and on one side was an elaborate soda fountain with nozzles to dispense different flavors for ice cream sodas. In a tall glass, the "soda jerk" placed a scoop of ice cream, the flavoring-vanilla, chocolate, pineapple, lemon, or banana-squirted a fizzling liquid over this, then a cherry on top, stuck in a straw, and a delicious taste thrill was in store. Or maybe you asked for a sundae. As I look back on the prices, they seem ridiculously low.

When I started to Alexander College, I dated Chester Harris from Beckville. Then I started going with Ramsey Lasseter from Henderson. His best friend was W.D. (Dub) Cornett, who dated Margia. Dub had a car and we four went many places together. We three friends of Ramsey were invited to spend the weekend at the Lasseter home in Henderson. It was a typical country home of the period. His parents and his three sisters gave us a hearty welcome. The food was

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the best that a plentiful garden could grow, plus fried chicken, pie, and a caramel cake I have never forgotten. We met many of Dub's friends and Dick Elliott was one. Dick later moved to Jacksonville and he and his wife, Jack, were our close friends always.

After Aunt Hattie's and Uncle Jim's daughter, Mae, had had one year at Randolph-Macon College, she wanted an entirely new wardrobe, so all her clothes of the previous year were sent to me and I proudly and happily accepted them. I remember a beautiful white wool cape lined in pale blue silk, which I wore to parties for several winters. There was a lovely blue woolen suit with a fur collar, and other dresses.

We finished our two years at Alexander. The boys left, Margia entered Baylor University, and I was elected to teach in the public schools in my home town. We four were never again together as a group, although my friendship with Margia lasted all our lives, as she came back to live in Jacksonville.

I continued to teach school and to relish my youthful friends and activities. I was popular and, I suppose, attractive. Before long, I caught the attention of a certain Carl Schultz, a handsome, young blade-around-town and ten years my senior. He asked me out a number of times but each time I had previous engagements. However, I was attracted to Carl, too, and so gave him a word of advice: "If you call earlier to ask me out before I make other plans that fill my calendar, I would like to go out with you." (Hard to get?)

Our friendship soon became true love. On my twenty-second birthday, May 12, 1924, we were married in a large and lovely, formal wedding in the First Methodist Church. For our honeymoon, we adventurously drove Carl's 1920 Buick roadster to New Orleans. We spent our wedding night in Natchitoches, Louisiana, in the romantic atmosphere of this historical town's antebellum homes and the crystal clear Cane River.

We came back to move into the house on Myrtle Drive which Carl had bought before we married. Here we reared our two daughters, and lived out the remainder of a long and satisfying life. [Note: At the time we are preparing this book, The Schultz Haus is the home of one of their granddaughters, Alyson Owen. The place is too much a part of our happy and meaningful memories to let it out of the family. What a comfort and joy for all of us still to be able to "go home" and feel the presence of Hattie and Carl.]

Carl

Carl's parents came to America in 1892, from Copenhagen, Denmark. They were not the typical immigrants of the time. They paid passage on a steamer, traveled with trunks of clothes and other prized possessions, and did not enter the United States through Ellis Island. They were a handsome couple, both were educated and spoke several languages, were proud, and aristocratic. Carl, Sr., had traveled in Europe and America when he was a younger man and when he decided to come to the United States with his bride, he chose Texas for their home. He told me once that he had expected to make his fortune and return to Denmark in ten years' time, never

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once dreaming that they would live and die in Granbury, Texas, and raise a family of eight children.

Carl's mother, Nelcina Westerman (Mama Schultz as we in-laws called her) held herself aloof and did not mix with people to any extent. I am sure that in the early days their accent and foreign mannerisms set them apart from the ordinary people of that small West Texas town, which was a far cry from the cosmopolitan surroundings they were accustomed to in their home city of Copenhagen. But Papa Schultz carried on several businesses, joined the Chamber of Commerce, was respected and well liked. They were never affiliated with any church, although they had been members of the Lutheran Church in the Old Country. They were good neighbors, though, and taught their children to be mannerly, to study hard, to respect their elders, to be honest and ambitious. The boys were taught to work at several trades; Mama Schultz trained the girls to cook, sew, etc.

Danish was spoken in their home so Carl was nine years old before he was fluent enough in English to start to school. He liked school but resented the teacher who singled him out to speak in front of the others just to show his accent. He remembered one kind teacher whom he loved, Mrs. M.L. Lefler, whose daughter married Dr. Lewie Travis of Jacksonville. Mrs. Lefler and Carl were lifelong friends and visited often.

I wish I knew more of my husband's childhood, but do know that he had a comfortable home, and loving parents who, of course, were very busy and did not have much time to coddle their children. There was less than two years between Carl and his younger brother, Didrick (called Lolle). The two boys were followed in rapid succession by five sisters and another brother, Sophia Hedvig, Nellie, Fredrick, Teone, Ellen, and Frieda.

Papa Schultz felt that if he should die and leave his large family, they would have to look to Carl, as the eldest son, for support. Fortunately this did not happen, but Carl told me he cried when he was taken out of school at the age of thirteen to go to work. Among his jobs were at his father's monument works and his blacksmith shop. A joke his family told on him occurred in the blacksmith shop when he was just a little tyke. Carl was holding a skittish horse while his father shod it. As the horse got more and more unruly, Papa Schultz said, "Speak to the horse, Bubbie!" Carl answered, "I don't have anything to say to him." [Today, on the courthouse square of Granbury at the corner of Bridge and Crockett Streets, a historical marker has been placed. It describes Papa Schultz and his shop. The old Schultz home site is out Lipan Road at the corner of Cogdill and Menefee Streets. The Cogdill family were their neighbors and influential in the town. [The Cogdill home is now a bed-and-breakfast, The Iron Horse Inn.]

Later, Carl worked for the Fort Worth and Rio Grande Railroad (Frisco System) for four years, doing all kinds of things in the railyard and the station, as warehouseman, baggage clerk, billing clerk, and yard clerk. [We have a sturdy little stool with a handhold slot in the top that was from the Granbury railroad station; the kind that the conductor would put in place for the passengers to step up into the train. This little wooden stool was put to good use in our home. When they were small, our two daughters used it to step up to the wash basin, etc. Margaret Carol has it

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now and treasures it. She even had a replica of it made, as we don't want to lose this pattern.]

Determined to better himself, Carl enrolled in Tyler Commercial College in 1914, when he was twenty-one years of age. There he studied bookkeeping, typing, penmanship, and I don't know what other courses. He was an outstanding student and such a hard worker. His practice account books were chosen to be entered in the Louisiana State Fair because they were so beautifully kept, neat, and accurate. All of his life, his handwriting was exceptionally meticulous and lovely. He was still studying telegraphy when the college president, Mr. Roberts, asked him if he would accept a position in Jacksonville, Texas, with the Jacksonville Cotton Oil Mill, of which B.N. Kimbro was the manager. So he came to Jacksonville in 1915.

At the end of the cotton harvest season, he went to work for Parrish and Forrest, Ford automobile dealers, as bookkeeper, parts man, and just about any other task that came around. He lived in Mrs. Caperton's Boarding House, which was on the corner of Main and Rusk Streets, just across from the city park. He became very popular with the young ladies because he was handsome, well-dressed, clean living, and, besides, he had a car and a monthly paycheck. At this time, I knew who he was, but I was only thirteen years old, interested in music, tennis, school, etc. I little dreamed that he would become a part of my life.

World War I broke out and, in 1917, the United States entered the war. Carl was drafted in April, 1917, and was sent for training to Camp Travis, located in Bexar County near San Antonio. He was in Company C, 315th Engineers, 90th Division. His company was among the first to be shipped overseas, landing at St. Mihiel, France. After brief training there, he was sent on to the front lines, seeing action on the St. Mihiel salient and in the Muese-Argonne Forest. He fought in the unspeakably miserable trench warfare in both France and Belgium.

He told some things about his war experiences, but was always hesitant to talk about them. One story he told me was how he happened to be promoted to corporal. He was in the front line trenches when, on one particular occasion, his squad was ordered out during the night to check the barbed-wire entanglements between the German and American lines. He overheard the captain's orders to his lieutenant to get the reconnaissance done, but not to let daylight catch them still out in No Man's Land. Somehow, the leader became disoriented, and told his men to stay in a shell hole while he crawled out to check directions. But hours went by and he did not return. As dawn was breaking, Carl remembered the captain's instructions to get back to their own trenches while it was still dark. Though reluctant to disobey the lieutenant's orders, Carl had no desire to be killed by enemy fire so he said to the other men, "I think our lines are that way. Will anybody follow me if I go in that direction?" Everyone said "yes" so they crept and crawled as he led and reached their own lines just as the sky brightened.

He was in the front line trenches with the enemy only yards away when the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918. Fighting stopped immediately. Carl was in France, on detached service with divisional headquarters. He was then moved into Luxembourg, then to Berncastel, Germany, on the Mozelle River. He stayed there six months or more with the army of occupation. He was in the billeting department, commandeering German homes where two or four

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Allied soldiers could be housed. His buddy, Arch Reichnau, who spoke German, went with him as he inventoried available rooms.

He stayed with a German family, the Pastrops, while there. Members of the family were the father and mother, a son named Joseph, and three daughters. Another son, Peter, was in America. Carl and the Pastrops became friends rather than "conquered and conqueror." Carl corresponded with this family for many years after he returned to the United States. In June of 1919, he was discharged at Camp Bowie, Fort Worth. [His army helmet and other relics from the war are at my daughter's home on Lake Jacksonville.] He visited his family in Granbury for two or three months and then came back to Jacksonville and was immediately given his old job as bookkeeper with the Ford agency.

We married on May 12, 1924. He continued working for Parrish and Forest until 1926, and then through the early 30s was bookkeeper for Nan Travis Hospital. After some years, he decided to go into business for himself. I had continued to teach school after our marriage so we had saved some money for a start, and he also got a loan from the Texas State Bank. He rented a vacant lot in downtown Jacksonville and opened a used car lot. By dint of hard work, long hours, a fine reputation that earned the complete confidence of friends and the people of our area, he prospered. Carl liked and trusted everyone, unless they proved unreliable. From then on he would have no use for those persons. After a time he was appointed as the dealer for Chrysler and Plymouth cars.

During the second World War, 1941 to 1945, new cars were unavailable and were much in demand when peacetime manufacturing began again. We have the notebook in which Carl kept a waiting list of customers who ordered new cars. Many dealers were selling to the "highest bidder" and making much above the regular retail. Not so, Carl. He sold at the legitimate price and the cars, as they came in, went to the next person on the waiting list. This honesty and fidelity to his friends and fellow citizens did not go unnoticed, and he won for himself a stellar reputation as the Chrysler-Plymouth dealer. His customers never forgot, and bought from him again and again through the coming years, proving "honesty is the best policy."



*Three-year-old Margaret Carol Schultz on July 22, 1931
(Red hair and blue eyes)*

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He always had my help and understanding. His business was at two different locations: first across from the Post Office on Jackson St. and then on the corner of Commerce and Ragsdale. He held the dealership until about 1960, when he retired.

It is now the winter of 1982. I am eighty years old and live alone, for Carl died on September 20, 1977. He was a kind, generous, and loving husband, a devoted father to our two daughters, Margaret Carol (born February 3, 1932), and Linda Grace (born October 28, 1938). He was a dedicated church man and steward for years in the First Methodist Church, regularly attended the Men's Wesley Bible Class, and more than once served as its president. He was a member of the Lions Club, its president several years.

We loved each other devotedly and had a long, happy and fulfilling life together.



*Linda Grace Schultz at eighteen months.
(Brown-eyed brunette)*

Epilogue
Memories of Hattie

I Remember Mother

By her daughter Carol Schultz Staton

My mother was certainly a wonderful person. She was a lady in the truest sense of the word. My father loved her and depended on her unwavering support always. Mother and daddy were both honest and respected, hardworking, ambitious, intelligent, generous, and sharing of their time and energy with their family, friends, church, and community.

All the family loved and admired Hattie. Her father and mother (my very dear Nicholson grandparents) had lived in Jacksonville since 1908, so this has been our hometown for many years. It is a fact that gives our family roots and stability, which I believe is much to be desired. We were all very close; I think perhaps more than the majority of families.

Mother helped her parents in many ways and especially in their old age, though they, too, were self-sufficient types until their health failed. After Chester died, Grandmother lived with Mother and Daddy for the last few years of her life. Daddy always called her "Mother" and loved her

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very much. We all relished making her comfortable and happy. She was a dear, fine woman. My mother followed in her footsteps, having learned the right way to live by example.

I was genuinely blessed with a stable homelife. My parents were pillars of the community, active in the First Methodist Church. Daddy was an usher and steward for many years and Mother taught Sunday School classes and played the piano and organ for her class. They attended church services every time the doors were open and saw to it that their two daughters were well grounded in the Christian faith. We were at Sunday School and church every Sunday for morning and evening worship, went to Bible School, revivals, and church activities.

And they saw that we had fun, too. So many good times to remember I can't begin to relate them here. But briefly, we visited with friends, had guests, went on picnics, pleasure drives, and trips. They were a popular couple and had a group of friends who were solid citizens of our town. Daddy was in the Lions Club and worked hard on all their projects. Mother could be counted on to volunteer every year as a room mother for both my classes and my sister, Linda's. She was very active in the P.T.A. and president any number of times. I can remember the pride I always felt because she was a room mother, helping provide refreshments for special occasions and serving as a chaperone on all kinds of outings. When my high school senior class went on buses to New Orleans at the end of the year, she, along with several other mothers and teachers, accompanied us. Even for my college Phi Beta Kappa trip to Monterey, Mexico, she volunteered to be one of the chaperones (sic).

Her life was, for the era, a fairly comfortable one. Yet she always worked hard. Our home was a mile from the center of town and in those days this put it in the "country." I was an only child until the age of six when my little sister, Linda Grace, was born in 1937. There were no children in the neighborhood as playmates for me, so Mother would often "import" other children to spend the day. Still she was always my best "playmate" and we were very close. She read to me from my earliest babyhood, especially from a lovely set of My Bookhouse which I still have and read to my children and now to my grandson. She taught me a real appreciation for reading which I have continued all my life with great pleasure. She took us to the library once a week to check out books. In those days before television, life was slower and we had what seemed to me to be long, leisurely days with time to enjoy many quiet hours.

We loved for her to play the piano. Except for radio, movies, church music, and an occasional recital or concert, this was the only music in our lives. She played almost every day for her own enjoyment, as well as for the rest of us. Many times we sang together. She enrolled me for piano lessons with Miss Lottie Dee Stevens when I was about five years old, but I resisted. I never wanted to practice so in a few years, because of my obstinacy, she let me stop lessons. This is one time I wish she had stood up to me. In adulthood I have regretted I did not play, for I love music.

Mother was a skillful seamstress and made almost all the clothes for herself and us two daughters. We were well dressed as she did a professional job and used the best of fabrics.

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She cooked delicious meals. One of the things I liked best about life with her was that we had a schedule for our days—all rising early, taking care of chores and responsibilities, gathering at noon for dinner together, with a rest time afterwards. These siestas were sorely needed when the day was at its hottest in the summertime. We had buzz fans but they only helped to stir the hot air and evaporate our perspiration. Supper was usually leftovers or a light meal of cold cereal. We had lots of milk because we nearly always had a milk cow. Daddy did the milking but then Mother had the milk to contend with. She churned (one of my assignments as a child, too), had buttermilk, homemade butter, cottage cheese, thick cream for whipping or on cereal, as well as all the milk we could drink and use in pudding or ice cream. The ice cream was frozen in the small compartment of our old, coils-on-top G.E. refrigerator or, on special occasions, in a hand-cranked freezer with ice and salt. There were very few electrical appliances, but we usually had a "colored" woman to help with the washing, ironing, and other chores.

Through most of my life, we lived in the same town, were in touch daily—if not in person, at least by phone. I know we were closer than most mothers and daughters. Though I won't pretend there was never friction. I was perhaps somewhat spoiled and certainly very strong-minded so we had our differences. How I wish I could relive our years together with my more mature knowledge and strengths. I would do many things differently. I regret the worries I am sure I caused and hope that the right things I did made restitution.

When Linda and I presented her with a total of five granddaughters, she took it all in stride. She loved them everyone and did many things for them. She was always there to baby-sit or just take them to spend the night for fun, generous with her time and gifts.

Linda's tragic and untimely death on August 16, 1970, of a brain aneurism was the greatest sorrow of her life. But at the age of sixty-eight, she did not hesitate to help rear Linda's two daughters, Marie, eleven-years-old, and Clair, only six. Their dad, Charles Lambright, traveled, so could not be with them all the time. We think having young girls again helped to keep her active and youthful.

As Daddy's health became frail and he developed senility, she did a heroic job of caring for him to the end. He had always sheltered her from any worries over business or financial matters' so she had to dive in, do research to learn about their affairs, and take over this aspect of their lives. After his death in 1977, she lived on comfortably. She had time to do the things she liked to do, enjoy friends and family, play bridge, travel, do club and church work, remain self-sufficient, and maintain her home.

When she began to need some assistance with living, I was here to step in and give her the help she needed. She lived with my husband and me the last three years of her life. To the end, she was a lady—good natured, accommodating, loving, as happy and satisfied as possible with a frail body, and a loss of short-term memory. She was appreciative of the love and care we gave her. I know we made her feel welcome and safe in our home. We enjoyed sharing meals and outings with her, and included her in our activities as much as possible. Her death at the age of eighty-six left a terrible void in my life. Perhaps it is not good to be this close to anyone person. I miss her more and more with each passing day, instead of less. I realize now how fortunate I am to have had her for my mother.

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My Mama Hattie
by her first granddaughter, Leigh Owen

My Mama Hattie had a red sidewalk and I had it made. With the Schultz's new car parking area, there came a brand new sidewalk. Mama Hattie didn't settle for a plain gray slab. She had the walk made in a graceful curve leading to the front porch steps, and tinted red to match the porch and trim.

She was born May 12, 1902, my mother was born in 1932, and I came along in 1952-the first grandchild on the Schultz side and the first granddaughter on the Owen side. I DID have it made.

Her loving heart included my friends, who loved her too. She was known as Mama Hattie to all. She was admired, respected, and never said an unkind thing. She and my grandfather raised two beautiful, talented daughters and spread their love to include five grandchildren-all girls. Poor Papa Carl, good brother to his five sisters, was surrounded by females all his life.

My thoughts of Mama Hattie are completely tied up with Schultz Hill. With her there, it was the best play place a child could wish for. A crop of kittens appeared with faces as flat and pretty as pansies, so she named them for flowers: Pansy, Violet, Rose, etc. We also named the cows and gave them treats. Between the strands of barbed wire, my hand would stretch out a flat, flat palm to offer a rich-smelling range cube to Brindle or Casper. (My first word was "moo.")

From her patient attendance at my pretend horse shows, to her generosity of allowing us to play with her collection of carefully ironed aprons, there was nothing better than spend-ing time with Mama Hattie.

We did things that kids don't do much of now. She and I folded paper cups out of note paper, stacked kitchen matches to form tiny corn cribs, and arranged dominoes into little tables and chairs. I don't know how her miniature china tea set survived all its adventures. With sequins and costume jewelry, we worked together on her Christmas ball project. I would also sit and watch as she carefully judged the practice bridge hands she dealt.

On special summer evenings, we gathered for watermelon. Her picnic table was swathed in newspapers to keep the drips from running through the cracks onto our laps. She ate her watermelon cut round to fit on a dinner plate and used a spoon. As far as she was concerned, watermelon wasn't watermelon without a good dose of salt. Afterwards, for the lightning bug rally, she could always produce an empty pickle jar. Sometimes she would let me keep the blinking bottle as my night light. They were only trapped for one night, though. Her kindness, you see, extended to beetles.

She mixed up the best peach ice cream, Papa Carl turned the crank, and I got to lick the dasher. She made the best fried chicken, the best dressing and gravy, and the best dewberry cobbler, but, on a cold morning, Papa Carl made the best toast, all yellow with melting butter. I wasn't

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much help with the preparation of this wonderful food, but I did occasionally shell peas and pick dewberries. I would also help her wind yarn skeins into a big ball, dipping my arms this way and that. (Why didn't yarn just come in balls?) She did lovely needlepoint, crochet, and cross-stitch.

She was brave. When I got my learning permit, she let me drive her big blue Chrysler. These practice forays took us away from town on little farm-to-market roads. Although my driving skills weren't the best, I did safely pilot us to the side of the road after the scariest blowout I'd ever heard-before or since. She took it calmly, didn't scold, and we walked together to a poor little house to call Papa Carl.

She was a person we knew we could always lean on. When Kathleen's dentist dropped a tooth down her little throat, it was Mama Hattie who had to be sure that it passed. Although she was a consummate lady, she was strong and not at all squeamish. She could separate a snake from its head with a shovel when necessary.

While our Pine Street house was a Walter Cronkite house, TV. in the evenings at Mama Hattie's was "Good night, Chet. Good night, David!" Then The Lawrence Welk Show commanded our attention while I toasted my back at the Dearborne heater.

She sang to us when we were sick, dressed our scrapes with Campho- Phenique, and tucked us under a blanket so heavy and scratchy, it took all your sleeping skills to keep the sheet high enough to protect your neck from its nettles. Her face fresh and shiny with Pond's Cold Cream, she was right there in the near twin bed ready to comfort.

Years later, she and I spent more nights together-on the road. Mama Hattie wanted to touch the Liberty Bell, see New England in autumn, and visit the Pennsylvania Dutch country. So, in October, 1979, I accompanied her on a sixteen-day bus tour and she got to touch and marvel at it all. You wouldn't have guessed that she was the "seniorist" senior on that bus (I was the youngest). I was so proud of her. She never complained, was the first to give a morning devotional, joined in, and had fun. Together, she and I alternated writing about each day as we kept a journal of this trip. At the end-of-the-trip party, she read aloud the excellent and insightful poem she had written about our journey. To go back and read that journal today is like having her with me again. This collection of her remembrances does the same thing. I miss her deeply. My heart hurts for children who grow up without grandparents-the ultimate memory makers.

My Mama Hattie
by her second granddaughter, Marie Lambright Roser

Mama Hattie was a Southern lady and a good Christian woman. She grew up in different times than we did. Some of the stories in this book may seem outdated, but that is how the times were.

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I always enjoyed Mama Hattie's piano playing. She arranged for me to take lessons from our neighbor, Mary Elba Brown, about two houses down Myrtle Drive from her house. I would practice for hours, usually on one song, to the dismay of my sister Clair. I am thankful to have this same piano in my home today.

Mama Hattie wanted to make sure that we got out and traveled. We would take weekend excursions to various places. I remember going with her and her DAR group to the Alabama-Coushatta Indian Reservation. (She was proud of her membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution.) We took trips to Austin, Round Rock, and many other places. One memorable trip was when Mama Hattie, Kathleen, and I went to her sister Lala's home in Austin on Lake Travis. It stormed on the drive down and, at one point, Mama Hattie pulled off the road. Kathleen and I were so scared that we were going to have to turn around and go home, that we claimed we saw the sun shining on down the road and exclaimed that the weather would get better soon. We must have convinced Mama Hattie because we continued our journey once the rain slackened and had a wonderful time. Also, while at Aunt Lala's, Kathleen and I wanted to wear our halter tops and Mama Hattie said we couldn't because the tops were not proper attire. Aunt Lala told her to go ahead and let us wear them, enjoy ourselves, and be young. Mama Hattie relented. To me, this demonstrated her desire to raise us as she had been raised but also her ability to be flexible with the changing times.

As I grew older, Mama Hattie and I had many "discussions." One such discussion was of my not wanting to go to church and Mama Hattie thinking that it was important for me to go to church. I told her I didn't want to go because the church was full of hypocrites. We "discussed" this some more, and Mama Hattie asked me if it were not hypocritical of me to wear makeup. That remark shut me up and I went to church that day. As a rebellious, young adult, I came home from college for Thanksgiving one year dressed in my ROTC uniform. The Thanksgiving family gatherings were rather formal. Mama Hattie welcomed me home and said, "Well, honey, when the Lord made you, he broke the mold, and I'm kind of glad that he did." Everybody had a good laugh and we sat down to a wonderful dinner.

Mama Hattie was a very good cook but would get upset with me when I put ketchup on her roast beef. Two of the dishes that I especially associate with her are Frikadella (Danish meatballs) and chicken spaghetti. One thing I admired about Mama Hattie is that she learned much of the cooking styles of Papa Carl's German-Danish ancestry. The lovely rosette pastries she made are an example of these dishes. Papa Carl loved her peach ice cream.

I know it was very difficult for Mama Hattie and Papa Carl to take on the rearing of two children after the loss of their daughter, Linda, my mother, but we always felt loved and wanted. They were always involved and interested in what we did. I was blessed to have her as a grandmother. We were all lucky to have had her in our lives.

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My Mama Hattie

by her third granddaughter, Kathleen Owen Stanfill

When Mom asked us to write our recollections of Mama Hattie, I immediately became sad and lonesome for her, not necessarily wanting to recall those sweet memories. I put off the task until I remembered the love that both of us share-a generation apart-for cooking.

Mama Hattie loved to cook. So do I. I remember her cooking being such an integral part of her personality to me. Her forehead, which she always thought was large and unattractive, dabbed with perspiration as she turned out the most wonderful goodies in the world. How I loved it when she looked like that, late on a summer afternoon, because all us girls knew that meant great things were coming to the table.

Today, I own and manage Larrisa House, a restaurant/tea room and I cook in a modern, air conditioned kitchen. I have help; they chop the food and wash dishes after I'm done. Mama Hattie just had four little girls at her feet "warting" about when supper would be ready, sneaking fingers into the cake batter when her back was turned.

Her fried chicken will never be replicated and the mashed potatoes, oh, Lord, I get full thinking of them. She'd bake Papa Carl gingerbread to enjoy with his "sweet milk." There was rum below the cabinet for wonderful rum cakes. Buttermilk pie. Sand tarts. When the bridge ladies were coming, Mama Hattie would prepare rosettes stuffed with mincemeat or other fillings. She'd put Cool Whip on them. Cool Whip was brand new back then and it was goood-just ask my cousin Clair-she ate herself sick one time at Mama Hattie's house.

At Christmas, there was the traditional turkey and dressing and all the side dishes, but I was always eager to get to the living room. That's where the pralines and divinity resided, and ribbon candy in a beautiful, glass candy compote" with a lid that was so heavy you could never muffle the sound of it, no matter how carefully you tried. "You girls don't need any more candy," would come the cry from the kitchen. "But, Maaamaaa Hattieeeee," we'd squeal back as we stuffed in the pilfered goodies.

She delighted in our enjoyment of her treats and, as I get older, I wonder if I ever really thanked her enough for being such an extraordinary cook. It was a wonderful gift from her to us. Perhaps I inherited her gift. I like to think so.

My Mama Hattie

by her fourth granddaughter, Alyson Owen

My Mama Hattie was the best grandmother a little girl could have. She was never too busy for me. All I had to do was call and it wouldn't be long before that blue Chrysler would pull up in front of our house at 214 West Pine Street to take me home with her.

The first memory I have of her was when I was about five or six and attending Mrs. Dixon's

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kindergarten. At that time Mama Hattie was about sixty-six. She used to pick me up from school at 11 :00 or so and take me home with her just in time for an always wonderful lunch. My favorite was her fried chicken, mashed potatoes, and dewberry cobbler for dessert, on her blue dishes. Blue was her favorite color. She wore her apron like a crown. She was always sweet and kind. The house was sacred ground to me, every room filled with treasures. Playing Barbies, in the huge formal living room, with Kathleen, my sister, and my two cousins, Marie and Clair, was simply heaven on earth.

Spending the night with her was my favorite thing to do; it was the best place to be in the whole world. She would have me bathe in the evening. I remember the blue Camay soap as she always assisted; then the ritual check for ticks because Papa Carl had cows (some we named-Freckle Face, Casper, and Horny); and I would have always played in the pasture and in the tree house. After my bath I would put on one of Mama Hattie's much-too-big nightgowns with matching bed jacket. We would watch TV together (I Love Lucy, Gomer Pyle, The Carol Burnett Show), and we always had ice cream. I was a happy little girl, getting all the attention I wanted. She would let me sleep with her, and Papa Carl would move to one of the twin beds in another bedroom. Feeling safe, secure, and much loved, in her gown, those soft sheets, heavy quilts, and always the aroma of Ponds Cold Cream. Waking early to the smell of bacon and whatever else I wanted.

This book, I know, is about Mama Hattie, but I must tell you a little about Papa Carl. He was tall, slender, and handsome even though he was in his seventies. He was active in our church, community, Lions Club, and Masonic Lodge. He was a hard worker and he was always kind and gentle towards all us girls. It never bothered him to be outnumbered by us-two daughters and five granddaughters. He died my freshman year in high school. I wish he were here to see, finally, a boy, Kathleen's son, Owen Michael Stanfill.

We knew going to our grandparents' home was a privilege. My grandparents did not have to discipline us. Our Mother had the corner on that market.

I enjoyed going to Sunday School and church with them. Papa Carl always greeted everyone at the front door and, being an usher, he would take up the collection. Then he would join us for the sermon during which I would pass the time by playing with Mama Hattie's hands and rings, only after I had gotten her soft kid gloves.

This part cannot be left out; when I would be sick and have to miss school, I didn't want Mama to take off work to stay home with me; I wanted Mama Hattie. She would spoon feed me ice that she crushed with a hammer in a cup towel on the kitchen counter. To pass the three minutes it took to take my temperature, she would sing Ka-Ka-Ka-Katie, Beautiful Katie. Later in the day I would feel up to eating something and she would fix me the most delicious scrambled egg. I don't know why it tasted so good unless it was because it was made with love.

It is 1998. I have lived in their old home since 1984, and it is still sacred ground. All the rooms still have treasures in them. I think about her every day. I loved her so much.

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My Mama Hattie
by her fifth granddaughter, Clair Lambright

Mama Hattie was sixty-eight-years-old in 1970 when her youngest of two daughters, Linda, my mother, passed on. My family, too, lived in Jacksonville, and since my father was a truck driver and on the road for days at a time, it was decided that my older sister, Marie, and I (at that time, ages eleven and six) would live with Mama Hattie and Papa Carl while our father was out of town. I cannot imagine what thoughts of fear or doubt might have crossed Mama Hattie's mind at the beginning of this undertaking. I cannot imagine simply because she never let on that this was anything but the normal route to take. We were blessed to have such a loving, courageous, intelligent, God - fearing, and tenacious caretaker in our grandmother, Mama Hattie.

Mama Hattie and Papa Carl's home always provided their granddaughters with a calm refuge in sometimes turbulent childhoods. She was always kind and loving (as was Papa Carl). As far as great and exciting stories, I am not sure that mine would qualify; however, they are extremely precious to me. I hope my memory is not too far off-target.

My grandmother was one of my favorite people from early on. She would come over often to visit Mama at our home at 1017 Austin. I was around five when I figured out that I could hide her sleek, black purse in a drawer in my bedroom, so she would not leave quite as soon as she had planned. Pretty smart, I thought, until I started to get into trouble for doing this. I always enjoyed going to her home to spend the night. Visits included being read to, helping hang the clean wash out to dry, eating Fudgesicles, and "working" alongside Papa Carl, among other activities. Little did I know that these visiting periods would soon enough become extended periods of living with them.

When my mother died, I did not quite understand all that was going on. I remember finding Mama Hattie lying on her big, beige, living room couch with her hand on her head. I was afraid she was getting sick like Mama. I did not comprehend the depth of grief at that time.

Mama Hattie became involved in the PTA at East Side. In third grade, we were going to have a Christmas party. Mama Hattie asked if I would like to make some homemade cookies that we could decorate ourselves with icing and little candies. Sounded good to me-anything having to do with sweets was a good thing. We worked really hard-mixing up the dough, rolling it out, using cookie cutters in the shape of Santa Claus, star, candy cane, terrier dog-even the doughnut cutter with the green handle was transformed into a "Christmas wreath cutter." Prettiest cookies you have ever seen (delicious, too)! Well, the next day when I went to school, I started panicking about the cookies. I was afraid the other kids would tease me because my cookies were not some fancy store-bought kind or tease me about the fact that my "grandmother" was bringing them to school, not a youthful, modern mother. Of course, I loved my Mama Hattie more than anything, but how would the kids, who did not know her, react? I was feeling as if I would be the class oddity because of these things. Please remember that I was only eight years old at the time. Well, the appointed hour arrived and in came Mama Hattie with the trays of homemade cookies. Those cookies that I was so worried about, as well as Mama Hattie, were the hit of our

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Christmas party. The kids ate them ALL up. They were such a hit that my classmates remembered them the next year and asked if my grandma and I were going to make some more for that year's party. I was a celebrity. I was so proud of those special cookies and of the valuable lesson which was reinforced-always trust your grandma.

Mama Hattie continued to be active in PTA. I remember she would often come to my different band recitals and programs, often with relatives in tow. After one program, as we all walked back to the car, Papa Carl was leading Mama Hattie by the hand. The night was pitch dark and there were no street lights out where the car was parked. This was the year of the experiment of consolidating all sixth graders in Jacksonville to one school up at what had been Fred Douglass High School. Papa Carl was in a hurry to get to the car and was pulling Mama Hattie along, with us grandchildren bringing up the rear. Mama Hattie kept urging Papa Carl to slow down; she couldn't see where they were stepping. The next thing we heard was "Carl! You d___ fool!" as Papa Carl and Mama Hattie had gone tumbling into a ditch! All of us kids stood back, shocked at hearing this come out of the mouth of a most proper lady. After we found out they were basically okay, the whole incident became quite funny. After the bruises healed, Mama Hattie was also able to laugh about it-not much, but a little.

One evening after another program at Fred Douglass, we had a scary encounter. After the program was long over (I think we had stayed behind to help clean up), we were walking through the hallway and encountered three big, black girls wandering around. Mama Hattie told them, "All right, girls, the program is over and it is time for you to go home." Well, they were not exactly asking what it was they should be doing, so they started telling both of us off. Mama Hattie stood her ground and told them again to go on home. She was not afraid of them one bit. About then, Mr. Jones, the principal, came up and "rescued" us. He told the girls they had no business being there and to go on home, which they did. He walked us out to our car and all ended peacefully.

Mama Hattie was not afraid of very much at all as I recall. She helped break me of my fear of the dark. When I would think I heard something in the night and would get scared, she would get up to investigate. I would plead with her not to get up, fearing the bogie man, or something even worse, would get her. She calmly told me that more often than not the noise would just be the house settling and that if you would just get up to find this out, you could then have a worry-free sleep the rest of the night.

About the time that I was catching on and was not letting just anything scare me, Alyson pulled a good one on us all. We four cousins were playing outside in the back pasture one day. All of a sudden, Alyson screamed that she had seen a hand move in one of Papa Carl's old cars out here. She took off for the house to tell Mama Hattie, with the rest of us close behind, but not with much fright because we all thought Alyson was only trying to scare us. Mama Hattie came out to investigate. She walked through the gate leading to the back pasture, to the car Alyson pointed out, and peered inside. To our amazement, she opened the car door and was talking to someone inside! I surely would have liked to have seen how very big all of our eyes must have been right about then. Sure enough, a neighbor girl with a history of mental illness had been sleeping in the car. Sweet Mama Hattie got her out, took care of her, and made sure she got home.

Random Recollections

I remember in the Winter:

* The back entry between the kitchen and back bedroom being a really cold space between two warm and inviting rooms; writing in the frost on the windows.

* Snow ice cream: get a large bowl full of fresh snow, add a little milk, sugar and vanilla and you end up with something nearly as good as hand-cranked homemade ice cream.

* Wonderful holiday meals, with ham and turkey, dressing and gravy, cranberry sauce, mince-meat and pumpkin pies, broccoli casserole. I didn't want to try this broccoli at first but then the cousins talked me into it and were sorry they did. It became one of my favorite dishes. I requested it numerous times when Mama Hattie would ask if I would like for her to fix something special.

• Using the old dough board as a hard surface on the carpeted floor so we could play with building blocks, and where we could place large sheets of manila paper on which to draw mouse houses.

* Papa Carl's Christmas lights in the big cedar tree at the foot of the hill by the street; Mama Hattie's bare-branched Christmas tree, painted white, with her hand beaded and sequined ornaments and the color light wheel; reading the illustrated booklet, "A Christmas Back in Grandfather's Time."

* A little black dog named Ralff. (I believe Mama Hattie got him from Edna Smith.) He surely was the cutest thing. Like most puppies, Ralff was not potty-trained. Mama Hattie bought some "potty pads" for him. These were 3x3 ft. pads which were supposed to attract the puppy to use them rather than the carpet. Well, Ralff was attracted all right-but only to tear them into shreds-not for their intended purpose. After Ralff was grown, a man interested in buying Papa Carl's cars, after being around Ralff a while, pronounced our dog as "something else again" which, of course, he was.

I remember in the Spring:

* Evening, after-supper walks.

• Easter services at church, with Easter egg hunts back home.

* Planting flowers (like encircling a tree in front with red tulips-beautiful) .

* Blooming flowers and bushes everywhere, yellow daffodils and redbuds.

Random Recollections

I especially remember in the Summer:

- * Going with Papa Carl to the rodeo where his Lions Club took up tickets. Mama Hattie would take us home early so the "Cinderellas" didn't get us.
- * Shelling peas in the bedroom with the air conditioner blasting away.
- * Going on adventures in the back pasture where the old cars and the Big Tree (this is the State Champion American Elm) were.
- * Cold, freshly squeezed, homemade lemonade.
- * Hand-cranked homemade ice cream and Papa Carl's ice cream, made in the freezer of the refrigerator, usually with peaches.
- * Swimming and picnicking out at the lake.

I remember in the Fall:

- * Crows cawing and the crisp, cool air.
- * Raking leaves, hiding in the big piles, then burning the leaves all up (quick, get the marshmallows.)
- * New school year starting with new clothes to wear. Some were store-bought and some were expertly crafted by Mama Hattie and Aunt Carol.

I remember Mama Hattie talking about the Depression and how, while they were not nearly as bad off as the majority of people, they were still very much affected. She told me of one morning when she woke up and noticed a car parked down in front of her home. She went down to see what the situation was and found a young, homeless couple spending the night in their car. Her response was typical of the kind-hearted Mama Hattie. She brought them up to her house and made them breakfast. (She did make note that they did not smell very good. Those were hard times.) She told me that during World War II, she found a jar of sugar up in the china cabinet and said that was like finding a pot of gold, as sugar was extremely scarce.

While they were children, Mama Hattie's brother, J.B., made up the following rhyme about her. "Hittie Hattie hit a hut, a hut Hittie Hattie hit. If Hittie Hattie hit a hut, where's the hut Hittie Hattie hit?" This probably contributed to her dislike of her own name. I never did understand that, especially since her name was synonymous with love and gentleness and security. My sister, Marie, christened Mama Hattie with a new nickname, "Hot Rod Hattie," partly because of her new Ford Galaxy and partly to make fun of her cautious driving.

Random Recollections

My favorite dishes Mama Hattie made: chicken spaghetti, fried apricot pies, ice cream, iced tea with fresh mint, peanut butter cookies, buttermilk pies, pear preserves, Sunday roast with vegetables, Sunday fried chicken with mashed potatoes, homemade bread, stuffed bell peppers, rosettes with mincemeat and Cool Whip, tuna fish salad with Waverly crackers. (Try as I may, I can never make tuna salad as good as she did.) Can you understand now why I was never a Twiggy? Mama Hattie's "You need to end the meal with dessert" became my way of life. Tough, huh?

Mama Hattie was a woman of deep faith. I enjoyed going to church on Sundays with her and Papa Carl, coming home to a delicious Sunday meal, and then spending the rest of the afternoon quietly playing, reading, and studying. I learned many things about Jesus and God from Mama Hattie, including what true JOY is, as taught to her by her mother: J = Jesus first, O = Others next, Y = Yourself last. She reminded us to always practice the Golden Rule in life. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." And that ours is not to question why, but to put our trust in the Lord. She always said that if you don't have anything good to say about someone, don't say anything at all. Also, that you catch more flies with honey than with vinegar. (Well, maybe that one has more to do with life than Jesus and God.)

At the evening services at church, they would take song requests. I was too shy to call out the number of the hymn but Mama Hattie wasn't and would often call it out for me. Good songs like "Holy, Holy, Holy;" "He Lives," and "Rock of Ages." She would also sometimes play the piano for the evening services. I took great pride in that and also in the fact that Papa Carl was active as a long-time steward of the church. Seeing him walk down the aisle as an usher and standing out front as a greeter was very nice indeed.

While death is a fact of life and will come to us all, it is very hard losing those we love. The loneliness of their not being physically in our life anymore can be almost unbearable at times. At least it is comforting to be able to spend some time with them through memories. "That which we have in memory is ours, unchanged forever." With that in mind, this book should provide us with even more fuel to live our lives as Christians so that we may catch up with our loved ones in Heaven. I look forward to it. That will be one great celebration.

Schultz, .Hattie Nicholson, Random Recollections, Houston, Texas, 1998. Used by permission of her Grand daughter, Alyson Owen Ezell, August 14, 2012.



Above :Hattie and Carl H. Schultz, Jr.

Left: Grandma Owen and Hattie Schultz



Left: Hattie Schultz and Carol Schultz Staton

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