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## **Brandywine Crucible**

### **Individual Biographies**

**October 20, 2014**

The Board of Directors encourages all descendants of Solomon and Naomi Hussey Cox and related families to develop short biographies for Brandywine. This is a way of documenting who we are and preserving the story of our lives for future generations. A one - page bio will suffice, telling the family what we should know about you, although longer ones will be fine. We will post on our web site and perhaps at some time publish in book form all our biographies, so please indicate with your submission your willingness to have your biography posted and published. We do hope that all of you will agree to share on behalf of our family posterity. Please forward biographies to data base manager Debbie Cox, email: brandywinecrucible@gmail.com, or 708 CreekrIDGE Dr., Goodrich, TX 77335, phone (936) 329-1519.

## Table of Contents:

Table of Contents:.....	2
Absher, Brenda Sue Stump (by Brenda Absher) .....	3
Billings, Aaron.....	4
Cox, Caleb’s Descendants .....	5
Cox, Chester Ray (by Chester Cox).....	8
Cox, Cornelius Wilburn (by Marvalene(Missy) Cox Jones) .....	11
Cox, Eldon Walter 1910-1966 (by Perry Cox) .....	15
Cox, Elton .....	16
Cox, Horace 1898-2000 (By Horace Cox in 1996) .....	19
Cox, James Albert, Sr .....	20
Cox, Joseph A. (Autobiography) .....	21
Cox, Lemmie. 1907-1976 (by Ada C. Stump).....	40
Cox, Leslie O. and Violet L. (by Janice Cox Sothman) .....	43
Cox, Madelin (Cullom) (by granddaughter Debbie (Erdevig) Schleiffer) .....	45
Cox, Morrow H. “Skeet” and Margaret (King) Cox (by Janice Cox Sothman) .....	47
Cox, Perry Sterling Ashby 1875-1937 (by Perry Cox).....	49
Cox, Ray Wilbur (by Debbie Schleiffer, daughter of Margaret Ann (Cox) Erdevig) .....	50
Cox, Roland Ray “Bud” (by Louise Cox, Widow of Roland Cox) .....	52
Cox, Vera Pearl 1906-1970 (by Perry Cox).....	54
Cox, X. B., Jr. ....	55
Cox, X. B., Sr., 1880-1968 .....	56
Gordon, Peggy Lorraine King (by Peggy Gordon).....	58
Gowen, Arlee Claud (by Arlee Gowen) .....	59
Hamlin, Sandra Rave Cox (by Sandra Hamlin).....	62
Parrish, Bessie (by Debbie Schleiffer, daughter of Margaret Ann (Cox) Erdevig) .....	63
Sutton, Les (by Les Sutton) .....	65
Sutton, Marjory Ruth Osborne (by Marjory Sutton) .....	66
Billings, Lizzie Teague .....	67
Wallace, Bettye Cox (by Bettye Wallace) .....	68

## **Absher, Brenda Sue Stump (by Brenda Absher)**

Descendant of Solomon and Naomi Hussey Cox  
Daughter of Ron and Ada Marie Cox Stump  
Daughter of Lemuel and Opal Irene Bentley Cox

I suppose my biography is a little off the beaten path in regards to my Cox lineage. Dale Richard Absher and I have been blessed with three sons, Thomas Dale, Samuel Ryan, and Joseph Bentley who will carry on that surname producing progeny who perhaps will never know of their Cox heritage. However, I count it as one of my greatest treasures.

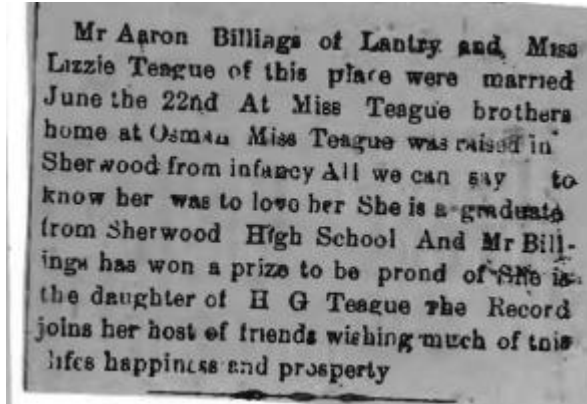
I have been completely fascinated and delighted with our ancestors. In my mind's eye I have lived in London and colonized the Ulster Plantations. I have been locked in the Tower of London and traveled by ship to the Colonies. I have built a church in New Jersey, married in Pennsylvania, and drove a wagon in the French and Indian War. I have supplied horses for the American Revolution, trapped with Daniel Boone, farmed in Missouri, and crossed the Canadian River in a covered wagon.

Who am I? I am a card-carrying member of the Friends of the Library!

Dale Richard Absher, St Louis, MO	11-28-58
Div Mgr RJ Reynolds Tobacco	
Bachelor Business and Economics	
Oklahoma State University	
Brenda Sue Stump Absher, OKC, OK	6-19-62
Thomas Dale Absher, Lafayette, LA	4-21-89
University Central Oklahoma	
Samuel Ryan Absher, Lafayette, LA	8-3-90
Deer Creek High School	
Joseph Bentley Absher, Sandy, UT	5-31-96
Deer Creek Middle School	

## Billings, Aaron

Mr. Aaron Billings of Langtry and Miss Lizzie Teague of this place were married June the 22nd At Miss Teague brothers home at Osman Miss Teague was raised in Sherwood from infancy All we can say to know her was to love her She is graduate from Sherman High School And Mr. Billings has won a prize to be proud of She is the daughter of H G Teague The record joins her host of friends wishing much this lifes happiness and prosperity



## Cox, Caleb's Descendants

Caleb Cox was born about 1825 in Missouri, according to census records. In 1850 he and his first wife, Elisebeth Pearson, were living in Limestone County, Texas near Thomas and Martha Ann Murray Cox and James and Deborah Cox Sylvester, who had been living next to each other in Sevier Co., Arkansas in 1840. It has been assumed that they were siblings.

Caleb and Elisebeth's family consisted of Sarah A., b. 1844 in Arkansas, married to Frances M. McCowen; Benjamin Franklin, born in Texas in 1849, married to Nancy Ann West; William, b. 1853, married to Martha J. Currie; Charla, b. 1856; Rhoda E. b. 1858, married to Avery Briggs; Laura J., b. 1859, married to Arthur Jones; Caleb C. b. 1863, married to Mollie Kelley and Cynthia Annie Morgan; Malinda, b. 1864, married to Thomas Eaton; and Mary Ann, b. 1871, married to Samuel Willman.

In the 1860 census James and Deborah were living in dwelling 908, Caleb and Elisebeth were living in dwelling 909 in Austin, Travis Co., and Governor Sam Houston was living in dwelling 921.

After Elisebeth died, Caleb and Eliza M. Jane Burleson, who was born in 1846 in Fayette County, were married in 1877 in Travis County, Texas. Eliza had previously been married and widowed three times. Their son, Franklin Asberry, was born in 1878 and his brother, Samuel William, in 1879 in Brown County, Texas. Eliza was pregnant with Debbie in 1881 when Caleb was shot to death in a tragic misunderstanding with his good friend and brother-in-law, Charles Monroe Pearson, who was also a nephew of his first wife.

The story of Caleb's death was detailed in a letter written by Samuel's daughter, Mary Dell Cox Moore on April 9, 1979. Uncle Bill and Uncle Cale, mentioned here, were sons from Caleb's first marriage. She wrote:

"Uncle Cale and uncle Bill cox waunted Grandpaw to move on some where else he said no he was settling down right there. they could go on if they waunted to. So they set in to seperate Grandpaw and Grandmaw and the boys were causing truble. They got out one night run horse races in the cane patch one night and runt the cane. Grandpaw was real high tempered but him and uncle Charlie were the best of friends. and they were getting ready to go Deer Hunting in a few days and that morning Grandmaw was out at the lot milking the cows and uncle Bill uncle Cale went to the pastor after the calves. Uncle Charlie was cleaning his gun and when he got through he stepped out in the yard and shot straight up in the air. There hauses were about a quarter of a mile apart and he didnt know the boys were out any where and didnt mean anything by it and never thought anything by it. I don't supose the boys ment any harm at the time. But uncle Bill hallared and uncle cale went to the house as fast as he could told Grandpaw Charlie Pearson had killed Bill. Grandpaw grabed his gun and went up there started shoote Charlie house and uncle Charlie tryed to talk to him and he just kept shooting. So uncle Charlie told aunt Mary to hand him his gun he just had two shells. He shot the tree by the side of Grandpaw with the first shot and that didnt stop him so he was forced to shote him with the next one. Grandmaw didnt know what was going on tell she heard Grandpaw holler when he was shot. When he fell aunt Mary and uncle Charlie went to him and he looked up said Charlie you have killed the best friend you ever had. Uncle Charlie said I know it."

Franklin Cox and Frances (Fannie) Adeline Barton, who married on New Years Day 1905, were parents of eight children. The first, Opal Bell, was born near Byrd's Store in Brown County Texas in 1906, followed by Vida Minnie in 1907. Next, Sidney Columbus Cale was born in 1909. The family moved to Jayton in Kent County and they also had a farm home in Stonewall County. Odis was born in 1911, followed by Alton Cerano in 1913, Owen Robert in 1916, Lela Pearl in 1919 and Clifford in 1921. Clifford died before he was five. In 1927 at age 41, Fannie died in childbirth along with their ninth child.

By 1930 Opal and Vida were teaching in Pampa, and Sidney and Odis had moved there to live with them. Odis graduated from Pampa High School that year. Back in Jayton, Franklin had met Rosa when he was serving jury duty and hired her to cook for his family. That arrangement eventually led to their marriage, and Lela had a step-mother whom she grew to love.

Odis met Dorothy Woods when she and her sister from Edwards County, Kansas visited her soon to be brother-in-law who was working in the carbon black industry in the Panhandle of Texas. Odis, who had a few years of college under his belt at The University of Texas and West Texas State College, was "under-employed" throughout his short life.

They married in 1936 and their first child, Larry Glen, was born in 1938, Karla Jo was born in 1939, and Dale Lynn was a leap year baby in 1944. They were all born in Pampa. It was probably during the time Dorothy was pregnant with Dale, surgery was performed on Odis for a goiter. It's not known if treatment included thyroid supplements, but Odis suffered a mental breakdown and was admitted to Coyne Campbell Sanitarium in Oklahoma City, OK. In an undated letter to Dorothy he wrote "I'm feeling fine when I'm not under the influence of the treatments....I am very well contented, dear. I am doing all I can to help the other patients and make them contented." On March 12, 1945, when he was not yet 34 years old, he was home on furlough from the hospital and took his life. His death certificate reported the contributing cause was manic-depressive state.

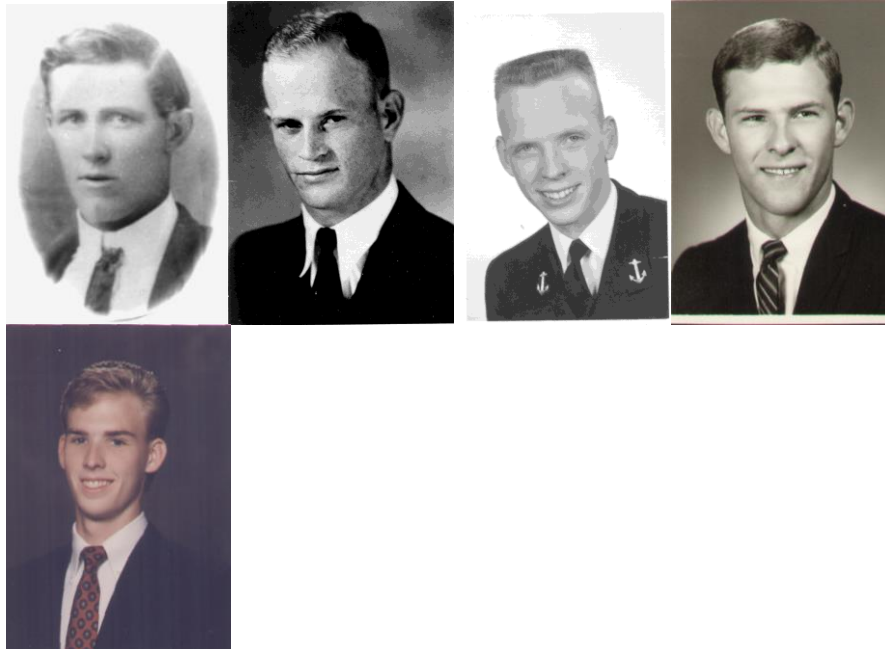
Larry, Odis' first son, became an Eagle Scout, was recognized by President Eisenhower for saving the lives of two neighborhood boys by administering artificial respiration when they were overcome by gas fumes, and graduated from the United States Naval Academy.

Karla edited the award winning high school yearbook, was an honor student, and graduated from Texas Tech with a Bachelor of Science degree in applied arts. She was a professional member of the American Society of Interior Designers, and was the chartering president of the John Berry Chapter of Daughters of the Republic of Texas.

Dale played bass in a popular Rock and Roll band through high school and college at Texas Tech. He had a career in the petroleum industry and later joined his wife in a residential design firm.

It's not difficult to imagine what Caleb Cox might have looked like:

Franklin (Dale's son)	Odis	Larry	Dale	Cody
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Franklin and Fannie's other children:

Opal owned a preschool in Irving, Texas which was affiliated with the public schools there. Her husband, David Blankinship, was a civil engineer. Their children were David Edward and Mary Ann.

Vida taught first and second graders in Texas and Oklahoma. She was an accomplished artist, a licensed short wave radio operator, and traveled extensively with her husband, David Beach, who had served in WWII, manning captured oil refineries in Italy. Vida was the favorite Aunt, but had no children of her own.

Sidney attended Hardin-Simmons Baptist Seminary and was a Baptist minister. He and his wife, Catherine North, adopted a son, Murray Wayne.

Alton was in the agricultural and commodity business. He and his wife, Ruby Williams, were parents of Paul Allan and Pegene.

Owen was a cowboy and a hospital administrator. He was married, first to Lola Myers, then Dorothy Ryan. He had no children.

Lela Pearl studied business administration at Texas Tech, and married Hubert Tom Duke, who was a graduate of Texas A&M and an Army Major in WWII. He was a farmer after the war. Their children are Harold, PhD engineering, and Jorja.

Caleb and Eliza's other son, Samuel, married Laura Augusta Newton and they were parents of eleven children. Debbie, born six weeks after Caleb's death, was married to Mr. Cummings, George Magill and Alfred Taylor, and was the mother of seven children.

## Cox, Chester Ray (by Chester Cox)



Chester Ray Cox and Aleta Clifton

I was born April 23, 1939 on a farm in Cleveland County, Oklahoma.

My parents were not people of wealth but good parents, who loved the Lord & brought me & my sisters & brothers up to work hard & be respectful of others. I am married to Aleta Clifton, daughter of Floyd Clifton & Vida West, she was born October 31, 1940 in Wayne, McClain Co., OK.

My dad, Lemmie Cox, was a farmer & mom, Irene Bentley, was a housewife; they spent many hours toiling to give their children the best life they could. Times were difficult and it was hard to keep food on the table. I learned to work from a very early age, and learn to drive the truck in the field for the men to throw the hay on, soon it was me throwing the hay, building the fences, & milking the cows. We didn't run a dairy but sold cream and produce from our crops we raised. When I was in the eighth grade I drove the family car and transported my sisters & brothers to school. We took responsibility at an early age back then.

As a teen I got on a bus and went to work in the wheat fields of Kansas. The farm consisted of 1800 acres and most of it was wheat, I mounted a tractor with a one way 14' disk plow and plowed from six in the morning until six in the evening. I milked six of his cows and ran the separator to get the cream. The milk was given to his hogs and he sold the cream. When dad gave us a job to do we stayed with it until we finished. One day I worked thirty minutes over, not thinking it would cause concern but he came and got me and when he got through talking I was always in by my appointed time of 6:30.

I had diphtheria when I was just a boy, I survived & mom was always thanking God for that. Another time I was at the barn & fell into one of the stalls where one of dad's horses was feeding. He pawed me good and I still have a small scar but I got all right.



When I started to school we lived in the Rocky Pointe school district, I can remember being in the plays but the one I liked or Ada liked was the one where I got to dress up like an Indian and beat the drums, I was eight or nine years old. In 1949 dad & mom moved over in the Highland school district. The two room school house would go to the eighth grade. The teachers were Mr. & Mrs. Tivis Nelson. I enjoyed going to school and had many friends at Highland; Raybourn Dousett, G.C. Larison, Keith Streun and Jimmy Malone to name a few. We all had our own horse and would go for long rides when we weren't doing chores.

Mr. Nelson loved basketball, so all students learned to play. I was tall for my age & became a more than avid player. We were for the most part a team to be reckoned with. He was a good basketball coach and a nice man. We had track meets each year I would participate in the relays and high jump.

Mr. Nelson & some of the men in the community were working on expanding the school building. We would eventually have a cafeteria and shop area. The men had jobs and couldn't work every day, so Mr. Nelson would pull me and G.C. out of class and have me to work with him on the construction of making cement blocks or what ever needed to be done. When mom found out about this she wasn't too happy.

There were many good times in our community, we had box supers, Christmas plays, & dinner on the ground at the local church. It was a nice time to grow up!

Dad always had chickens so we would have plenty of eggs. I had to be careful when I went to gather the eggs, I would be surprised by chicken snakes who like to have an egg or two. I learned the different kinds of snake at a very young age but I could do something most could not do, that is pop the head off of a snake. It would was fun for me but scary for my mom and sisters to see me handle any snake.

I loved working with horses and by the time I was a teenager, I was working on the local ranches to break horses & train them for saddle back riding. I purchased a horse in the '60's to race barrels. My son, Earl, & my daughter, Connie participated in the rodeos and lined their shelves with trophies racing Goldie. I later sold Goldie to my brother Floyd; he also enjoyed the ownership of such a well trained horse. Ron and Ada was over visiting Floyd and Ada hadn't rode a horse in about six months and talked Floyd into letting her ride Goldie. She rode down unknowingly to where Floyd had his barrels to practice the runs. Floyd started hollering at her to turn back, but too late Goldie jumped about eight foot and ran the barrels. Ada didn't win a trophy but she stayed on the horse, she was so light that when the horse jumped she went behind the saddle and had to get back in the saddle to finish the ride. She was in a bit of shock, but when it was over she acted like it was a piece of cake to run the barrels.

Little River, had deep holes such as "The Dave Blue Hole" which was close to where I lived and there were several ponds on different farms. I went as often as possible to the local swimming holes & ponds to swim. I was a good swimmer and could float longer than anyone I knew but on one of these swimming trips to a pond a friend of mine got in trouble and I had to save his life. He was a lot bigger than me; it was scary and was one of the most memorable things that happened to me in the process of growing up. When I became of age to drive to Turner Falls, my friends and I would make many trips there to swim on week-ends.

My first car was a 1951 black Ford, it was fast! We watched movies like "Thunder Road" and racing scenes with James Dean. So it was natural to want to own the

fastest car you could get. I was working in Norman and could make it there in 12 minutes. Way to fast, of course, I didn't think it was then but one night I was coming home and made a turn that had a rail guard to protect you from leaving the highway. Well, I rode that rail guard all the way round that curve and I think that was the night I learned respect for fast cars & speed.

I worked most of my life for the Malone Chili Company, and became the manager for Paul and Rosie Malone. I am retired now. Aleta & I live on a farm in Wayne, Oklahoma. I have a couple of ponds that I like to take a fish out of & usually put them back. We have a few cows, and today I had to pull a calf, I am seventy years old and have a pace maker so I am going to have to slow down. We have added several rooms to our farm house & built a new cellar inside of the utility room. We enjoy having company and taking the time to watch the grandchildren and great grandchildren grow up and start their families. The days are more relaxed and our lives have been blessed!

By Chester R. Cox  
and written by; Ada

C. Stump

Thomas Isaac Cox b. 1775, VA

Solomon Cox b. 1798, VA or KY

Jahu Cox b. 04 Feb 1822, Indiana

John H. Cox b. 16 Aug 1845, Ava, MO.

Lemmie Cox b. 10 May 1907, Lexington, OK

Chester Cox b. 23 Apr 1939, Noble Ok

## **Cox, Cornelius Wilburn (by Marvalene(Missy) Cox Jones)**

Cornelius Wilburn Cox, son of William Cornelius Cox and grandson of Cornelius Nicholas Cox. He was the great grandson of Andrew J. Cox. Wilburn's son is Tony Stephen Cox of Brownwood, Texas

This story is from an interview with my brother, Wilburn Cox when he was in the Brownwood, Texas hospital. I spent several nights with him, and one night he was feeling really good and wanted to talk. He started telling me so many things about his childhood. I wrote down, as fast as I could, all the things he was telling me.

I have typed this out as I remember him telling these stories. This is not as correct as it would have been if I had taped it.

I tried to get this booklet finished for our family reunion this year, August 2 and 3rd, 2003. Wilburn would be 88 years old on August 2, 2003.

I am sorry that I could not capture all of the laughing and talking that Wilburn was doing as he talked to me. - Marvalene (Missy) Cox Jones

### **WHEN WE LIVED NEAR PETTIT**

When I was just a young boy, we lived on Aunt Catherine (Cat).Pettit's place. Her husband was John P. Pettit, and she was the sister of my grandfather Cox, Cornelius Nicholas (Nick) Cox. This was about one mile or less north of Pettit.

One time, on the Pettit place, I stepped on a thorn, and it went all the way through my foot and poked the skin up on top. I was moaning and crying, and Aunt Bobbie Johnson ( my grandmother Cox's sister) told Daddy, " Go and find me a snakeshed". Daddy brought her one, she wrapped it around my foot, we soaked my foot in kerosene and the next morning it didn't hurt at all.

There was lots of rock fences that the early settlers had put up, before the days of barb wire. There was some around the Pettit school. Bob Lane, Kirk Pettit, me and some other kids proceeded to tear down some of the fences. We took the rocks and carried them over to some trees for houses and stuff. All at once the cows were getting out, and we had to take the rocks back and rebuild the fence.

When we lived on the Pettit place, I had a lot of Banty chickens. The kids around there didn't have any little chickens like that, and they paid 50 cents, and then I went up to a dollar each, and sold them at school and to the neighbors.

### **WHEN WE MOVED TO WEST TEXAS**

When Daddy decided to move to West Texas, he shipped the horses, chickens, and all of the furniture from Comanche to Big Spring on the train, in a boxcar for \$77.00.

We lived on the Gist place for awhile. We raised the best sweet potatoes. We raised one that weighed 9 pounds. Daddy knew how to raise these potatoes. He would have the bed fixed for the potato slips. He would take a broom handle, walk along and punch a hole ever so often on the top of the bed. We would walk behind with the sweet potato slips, drop the slips in the holes and punch them down. This land was so good, it would grow anything. Daddy said "This land would promise less and make more than any I have ever seen". Daddy could survive off of the land. When it rained, the land turned to Paradise. Daddy would have the land ready for more peas, corn and beans. We

would dig the sweet potatoes, put them in a big pile, stand hegari up all around it and cover it with hegari, then put sand on the stack and cover it with a big tub. These potatoes stayed good all winter long. We just went out and dug out how ever many we wanted to cook.

#### DRYLAND LAKES

There was dryland lakes on the Anderson ranch, it joined the Wilkerson ranch and the Guitar ranch. The dryland lakes in West Texas was just low places where water would settle when it rained. Some of them might cover 200 acres, and might be 5 inches deep or they might be 3 feet deep.

Maybe two different years it rained a lot in the spring and these lakes were full of yellow catfish. As the water receded and went down and the weather got dry, we could go down in the lake in wagons and drive out in the lake. The water was shallow and we had tubs with ropes tied to them. Just drop them off in the water and catch the fish. People came from everywhere for those fish.

#### WHEN WE LIVED AT KNOTT

When we lived at Knott, there was a place called Vincent near by. We went in a wagon to get wood. We would leave way before daylight, and cut a wagon load of wood and we got home way after dark. We paid \$5.00 for that load of wood.

A man went to get a load of wood. He had a 30-30 under the wagon seat. He got the wood, but the man said he had not paid for it, and to unload all of it. He unloaded it all, but when he got down to where the gun was, he turned it on the man, and reloaded all his wood.

We met our good friends the Nichols family there. They had a horse named "Mag", she was a mare and her mother died when she was 2 or 3 months old. A mule took her over.

We had a horse named "Pet". She was gentle, but I wanted one with more Sprinktum. There was a boy there named James McNeil. We had bought "Mag" from Mr. Nichols. I sold "Pet" to James for \$3.00. James thought she should be fat and sassy like "Mag". Geneva and Ollie Faye Nichols fell off of old "Mag".

When I was operated on in Dallas in 1930, I came home with my leg in a cast. I got on old "Mag" without a saddle; I just had my leg and cast up on her wethers. I was chasing chickens, and ran up to a bunch of bushes and "Mag" didn't jump. She stopped and I went head over heels over the bush.

It was dry, and no grass. Daddy went together with other men and leased 2 or 3 sections that had grass. Everybody put their stock in a herd and drove them over there.

Geneva and I went to Valley View school, west of Knott toward Lenorah. I had an awful big bunch of pigeons, 70 or 80 of them. This boy at school had an big bunch of rabbits. He said, "I'll tell you what I will do. I will give you a rabbit for a pigeon". So, I caught the pigeons at night, loaded them in a wagon and took them over to his house. We penned them in a coop. But, the pigeons came home and the rabbits had to be fed. I was cutting sudan grass, cutting maize "when it was milky and in the dough" for those rabbits. They ate as much as a horse. I finally gave them all away.

#### ON THE GIST PLACE

One time on the Gist place, we had brought a bulldog from Comanche home with us. Named "Bob". Then we had greyhounds and staghounds mixed to run coyotes. The house had two porches, on the south side and the east side. The hounds stayed under one porch, the bulldog under the other.

One time, two salesman drove up in a blue car, got out with their bags. The hounds came out one side of the house and the bulldog out the other. They sounded like they were going to tear them limb from limb. These men were on top of the car just as high as they could go, with the dogs leaping all around the car. I asked them what they wanted, and they said just call off these dogs and we'll leave.

There was a man came around selling McNess products. This was an old firm and Daddy had known him in Comanche. He sold all kinds of things for the house and would come around late in the evening. He would trade and give us kids things and he would eat supper with us and spend the night. We sure enjoyed that.

#### WE MOVED TO THE HENDERSON PLACE

We had lived on the Wilkerson ranch and moved to the Henderson place. Mr. Nichols was quite a trader. I was 13 or 14 years old. We always had lots of hogs. They had never castrated their hogs, and brought over one that weighed 500 pounds. We roped him and had lots of fun. They were going to castrate him and handed me the knife. I told them I had never done that before, but they insisted. I did it and did just fine.

Mr. Nichols had a blue horse named Seleam. This old man over near Valley View raised big black Jacks and Jennys. Wes Nichols told me and Charlie (his son) to run a Jenny by and Wes dropped a loop on. He started to step off of old Seleam, and the mule went one way and Seleam went the other. When the dust cleared, Wes was sitting on the ground trying to get his breath.

Mr. Nichols was a horse trader and a cow trader. He never raised much crops. The kids herded stock on open sections of grass on horseback. They drove cattle and usually spent the day out there, they might bring the stock to water during the hottest days.

Ollie Faye and Revis Harris married while they lived on this place.

Me and Charlie Nichols used to break horses. He would ride regular outlaws, but I didn't get on horses that were too bad. To make the horses go the right way, we beat them up by the side of the head or stuck a finger in their eye.

By Brown school, Charlie and I rode our horses and went to their mailbox. There was a lot of mailboxes all in a row. We got some chocolate candy and found that every mailbox had samples of this candy. That candy was so good. We ate several boxes of it. We had a pretty good workout before we got home, we had to stop several times. It was Ex-Lax.

#### ON THE GIST PLACE

When we lived on the Gist place west of Knott, we lived near the Kempers. The Kempers was Mrs. Nichols mother and father. We called them Grandpa and Grandma. Mr. Kemper had a good looking horse. His neighbor said he would like to trade. Mr. Kemper said, "It will tickle you to death to see him pull through water." Sure enough, when the man told Mr. Kemper that the horse wouldn't pull through water, and Mr. Kemper said, "I told you you would be tickled to death to see him do that."

When we lived here, Uncle Joe Cox and his family lived on the same place. He and Daddy went together and bought a cooker and a canner to put up things in cans. The booklet had instructions how long to cook everything. When we put up field corn, we were going by the book about how long to cook it. Uncle Joe said we didn't need to cook it this long, we will cut the time in half. We had a back room where we put the canned goods under the beds. Pretty soon, there was a funny smell, it was pretty rank.

Uncle Joe and Aunt Linnie just lived about a mile from us. One day I went up there to see J. C. and asked how their corn was. Daddy wanted to know how the corn was keeping. Uncle Joe said, "O. K., it is in the cotton seed shed". The shed had a tin roof about 7 feet tall and it was half full of cotton seed. The cans of corn was buried in the seed. It was the most horrible smell. The cans had blowed up, corn and cotton seed was everywhere. The ceiling was covered with it. J. C. told Uncle Joe they would have to eat the corn off the ceiling mixed with cotton seed.

In 1927 or 1928, Uncle Birl's family all lived on the Colorado River on the Wilburn ranch near Colorado City. The whole family had typhoid fever. Uncle Joe and Daddy had to leave and go and help take care of them. They stayed and stayed. They would all have died if Daddy and Uncle Joe had not have been there to take care of them. This was in the spring of the year during planting time. I was about 12 years old, old enough to milk and help some. Uncle Joe came home and him and Dee and Virgil Cobb helped plant our cotton crop. Delphine had married Virgil Cobb and they had a son they called Nubbin.

#### MOVING BACK TO COMANCHE

In 1933 we moved back to Comanche. Daddy had an old Chevrolet truck. He sent Willis Steward and Hilton Burks \$20.00 to catch a bus to Big Spring and drive the truck back to Comanche. They loaded it up and covered it with a tarp. Drove it to Comanche to Uncle Hill's place until we got down there. \$20.00 was a lot of money then.

## **Cox, Eldon Walter 1910-1966 (by Perry Cox)**

Born and raised in Belton, Texas, Eldon was the youngest of three children of Perry Sterling Ashby Cox and Lillie May Roberts. Graduating from high school in 1929, Eldon was an outstanding player for the Belton Tigers football team.

Shortly after graduating, Eldon began his work career with the Texas Highway Department where he developed his beautiful handwriting while working as a draftsman. While working with the Texas Highway Department in south Texas, Eldon met and married Irene Dillingham in 1937. Eldon and Irene had a boy and a girl while living in Karnes City from 1937 till 1942.

Eldon took a job with a large construction firm in San Antonio and moved the family there in 1942. Only a year later he was drafted into the US Navy at the ripe old age of 33! At that age, the Navy sent him to supply training school and then to North Africa where he was stationed on land at a supply depot. Later he was shipped to England where he served out his tour of duty till the end of World War II.

Returning from the war, Eldon had a job with the Texas Highway Department waiting for him in Kerrville, Texas. The family enjoyed living in Kerrville for three years, but opportunity was to soon be knocking in the south Texas town of Eagle Pass where he became active in the community and was known as a bit of a jokester to his coffee buddies.

Eldon went to work for the Maverick County Irrigation District as an assistant to the manager. He designed and laid out the course of irrigation canals and also supervised construction and repair of the irrigation system. This job lasted from 1948 till about 1958 when his biggest opportunity came along in the form of the position of Eagle Pass City Water Manager.

This was the position that fully utilized his interests and skills that he had developed over the years. His biggest challenge while City Water Manager was to devise a way to alleviate the regular summer water shortage that City of Eagle Pass experienced each year. The solution was the construction of a large fresh water storage lake. Eldon helped design and then supervised the construction of storage lake in 1960. The storage lake is still in use today in 2008.

Eldon passed away at the end of 1966 and Irene in 1984. Both are buried in Kerrville, Texas.

## **Cox, Elton**

Family, friends and co-volunteers, we are gathered here today to celebrate the life of Elton Cox. It is amazing sometimes how little we know of a person even though we have worked with them for a good many years. I would like to share with you some of the things I have learned about Elton and his journey through life.

Elton Cox began his early years in Comanche County as a third generation Cox, the son of Neely Cornelius and Kathy Daniels Cox. He graduated from high school at Olney High School and was on the Olney Football team at the time when they wore leather helmets.

He joined the navy at the age of 19, and served his boot camp in San Diego. He then was assigned with the Asian Fleet on the USS Marblehead and spent a great deal of time in the Japanese/Chinese war and the resulting destruction. The USS Marblehead was an Omaha-class Light Cruiser of the United States Navy, some 555 feet long with a crew of 450 officers and enlisted men that was commissioned in 1924. The ship's home port was at Cavite, Philippine Islands and she cruised the Sea of Japan and the South and East China seas as tension, political and military, rapidly increased in the Far East prior to World War II. He had many memorabilia from those times and even walked on the great China Wall. He was in the Navy from 1936 to 1940. When WWII broke out he tried to re-enlist but they would not accept him because he had a perforated ear drum.

When he returned to San Diego, he met and married Wilma Whitley, the mother of his children, and sort of fell into the sheet metal trade, which he learned to love and spent the next thirty-five year in that occupation. He was a life long member of the Sheet Metal Workers Union.

After he raised his family, he wanted to return to his roots to be near his mother and two sisters Mildred Moore and Bernell Guynes who lived in Brownwood and thus enjoyed many additional years with them.

On May 12, 1978, he married Norma Rogers.

In 1976, to supplement his retirement, he took a maintenance job at Brownwood High School, serving the Lion football team in the locker rooms. He became on a first name basis with Coach Gordon Wood and all the players. Those of you who knew the quiet Elton may not know that he became one of the loudest bell ringers at the games wherever they played. And he never missed a game until the last year of his 92 years.

His lifetime love of history led him to metal detection and treasure hunting which he actually began in California in the 1970's. He once won first place for his fruit jar and canning equipment for all of San Diego County.

He even went Spanish treasure hunting with the great hunters in Death Valley. Once in Texas, he joined the local metal detector club and spent at least twenty-five years as a member, officer and was president of the Central Texas Treasure Club until his death.

He sometimes hunted daily, especially when an old house was torn down or moved, and made many historical finds. Before he got home, he would make



half dozen stops to share what he found with others. He loved to share history and the past.

Every year he would attend the Texas Council of Treasure Clubs Convention. With his longtime friend Ed Ferguson, for fifteen years, they would set up a booth at the

Convention and twice they won 2nd place. In 2007, at the Convention in Killeen, he received a President's special award in honor for all he had done over the years in behalf of the hobby. These, two "old timers", Elton and Ed, shared many displays with the community like our local library, the depot and the Brown County Museum of History.

He would display his collection anywhere they would allow him to. It took several tables to lay it all out.

One of the things he looked most forward to was going to the Lion's Club Camp in Kerrville. During the year, all the clubs would collect foreign coins and take them to the camp on one weekend. They would bury the coins at the show bam and then they would help the kids find the coins using their metal detectors. The kids all loved Elton and looked forward to his visit each year.

He spent nearly thirty years as a member and officer of the Brown County Historical Society and shared his collection at several of their programs.

This year he donated much of his railroad memorabilia to the Martin and Francis Lehnis Railroad Museum. The museum has a special display case with his collection and he would come to the museum often to sit and look at his display. You might have called him an Urban Historical Archeologist for he has in the display a Santa Fe Railroad 25th Anniversary pin of 1897 and Chinese Coins from 1667 to 1880. He also had brass tokens that the train engineers would trade local folks for wood for the locomotives. They could take the tokens to town and use them as money. On display also is a Fred Harvey House telescoping metal drinking cup.

He donated many things to the Brown County Museum where he faithfully volunteered for twenty years or more.

The family has asked me to add that the minister of the South Side Baptist Church who visited Elton in the hospital earlier this year where Elton was saved at age 91 and thus will be sharing his history and finds with St. Peter!

Elton is survived by his wife Normal Rogers Cox; son, Kenneth Cox and daughter, Yvonne Peters; three grandchildren, Tammy Yordy, Scott Peters and Kenzee Du Pont; and brother in law, James Guynes. He is also survived by three step children, Jean Ann Mindieta of Brownwood, Danny Lamberth of Haskell and Karen Snyder of Brownwood. He is preceded in death by sisters, Mildred Moore and Bemell Guynes.

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## **Cox, Horace 1898-2000 (By Horace Cox in 1996)**

August 18, 1898 I was born to William and Nanny Cox. There were five older sisters already and we lived on a farm about a mile west of Nolanville. The west side of that farm is now Harker Heights. It came back across Nolan Creek and Highway 190. Highway 190 now splits it half, in two.

As this family grew, I had three more sisters, making a total of eight, and the house and farm had to grow. But as time went on, three of the older sisters married, and left the family.

Later World War I broke out. About that time, I met and fell in love with a wonderful young lady. The war finally came to an end. Some of those younger sisters finished their education, and with my father and mother moved into Belton. We stayed out on the farm.

Not long after the war, the young lady I fell in love with, and I got married on January 4, 1920. We moved out on the farm, and we stayed there for several years.

We had two sons, and before they had gotten very old, we decided to leave the farm and move to St. Rita, New Mexico, a mining town. We stayed there for four or five years. The water there did not agree with me, and the doctor told me if I wanted to live, I would have to leave. We came back to Bell County.

We moved out on a little ranch north of Belton and soon had another son. We had three boys and one daughter. We didn't stay there very long and went back to our old home place. That was some of the very hard years for our family on the farm.

In all we had three girls and five boys. We lost one daughter to Leukemia. We made it through the rough years until the older boys went to serve with Uncle Sam. The older daughter went to school and that left two sons and two daughters. We raised seven children.

We decided to move to Houston, and we stayed down there about twenty-five or thirty years. I was a Fuller Brush Salesman. We stayed there until we left and went out to a place called Sweet Home. There we took care of, an elderly man who some woman had gotten hold of and was about to get everything he had.

Later, we went to San Antonio to a home where we stayed with a rich lady and took care of her bulldog. She had show dogs. My wife kind of had to take care of her. She was a wonderful lady, and has passed on now.

We moved from San Antonio to a home on North Beal in Belton and stayed there for two or three years, and then moved out to the country about nine miles out of town on a two-hundred acre cattle farm. We stayed there for 15 or 16 years. We moved from the cattle farm to 730 Mitchell Street. It was at this place that my wife passed away on March 12, 1995. I am still living in this same place. (Horace died on August 15, 2000 at age 101)

## **Cox, James Albert, Sr**

Born: 18 November 1925 at home at 1213 Bolivar Street, Denton, Texas

He finished high school in Denton in 1942, attended Texas A & M between June 1942 until December 1942 and enlisted for a “minority hitch” the US Navy. We were at war against the so called Axis powers in Europe and the Japanese in the Pacific. He was an ammunition handler in Hawthorne Nevada following boot camp in San Diego, CA.

He received an appointment to the US Naval Academy and graduated in 1948 and served for 6 ½ years, thereafter. He is a veteran of World War II and the Korean War. He served on Destroyers in both the Atlantic and Pacific as well as shore duty in California.

He joined IBM Corporation in 1954 in Dallas, TX as a sales trainee and left IBM as branch Manager of a Data Processing Division in Oakland CA in 1968 to form his own consulting company.

While with IBM, he and his family lived in Dallas, Houston and Austin, TX as well as San Jose, Oakland and San Francisco.

Jim founded a consulting company, James Cox and Associates and was co-founder of Data Design Associates, a software company. His work with DDA brought him to establish offices in Connecticut in 1985 and he became a “damn Yankee”. □

Jim married Marilyn Brooks in Denton, TX June 13, 1948 and the marriage produced four children; Angela 30 March, 1949, Cecelia January 31, 1951, James Albert Cox, Jr, October 22, 1953 and Mary Susan Cox June 30, 1960.

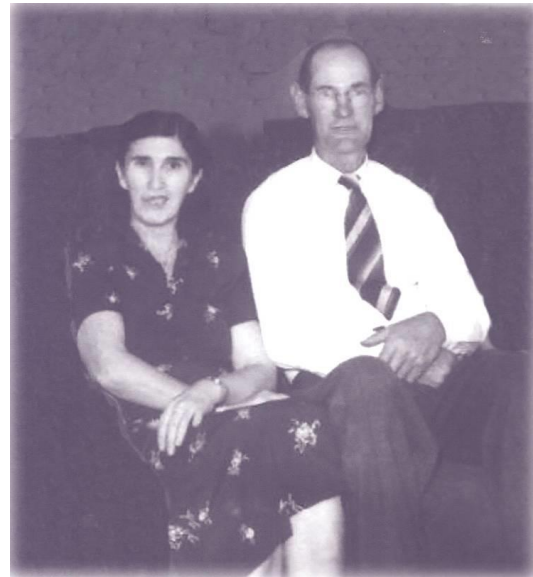
Jim married again after Marilyn divorced him and married again with no children from the marriage. He is currently married to Priscilla Cook Brown Cox and lives in Yarmouth, ME. He is a member of the Foreside Community Church, Falmouth, ME and is retired.

## Cox, Joseph A. (Autobiography)



I was born on October 14, 1925 in Booneville Arkansas. I am the third child of Virgil and Viola Cox. They had nine children. Virgil was born on August 1, 1900 and died on November 6, 1953. His name was Melvin Virgil Cox but everyone called him Bert. He was the son of John Tilman Cox Sr. and Sarah Scroggins-Cox. Emma Viola Tyler-Cox was born on December 23, 1903 and died on October 23, 1962.

Hazel Leona Cox, the oldest was born on July 10, 1920 in Ione Arkansas and died in Greenwood Arkansas on September 3, 2003. Anna Mae Cox was born on April 6, 1923 in Ione and I was born on October 14, 1925 in Booneville. Samuel Lee Cox was born on February 18, 1928 in Seminole, Oklahoma and died on May 27, 1996. Georgia Jhue Cox was born on March 14, 1930 in Ione, Virgie Bell Cox was born on April 7, 1932 in Booneville, James Kenneth Cox was born on July 18, 1935 in Fresno California and died on April 13, 1984, Julia Ester Cox was born on July 26, 1937 in Fresno, Ca and died June 10, 1985, Lucille Cox was born June 20, 1939 in Fresno, California.



Melvin Virgil & Viola Cox family

Top Row- George, Virgie Bell, Julia, Anna Mae, Joe. Bottom Row Jimmie, Hazel, Viola, Melvin Virgil, Lucille, Sam.



remember very much, but I do remember picking wild onions by the stream that ran

The Cox family farmed in Ione, Arkansas. My dad raised beef and sugar cane. We lived here until I was about seven years old. I remember helping with the hay crop and walking across the sugar cane fields. I stubbed my big toe one day and I still have a deformed toenail on my right toe. I helped my dad drive the team of mules (Kit & Toby) and hauled supplies in the wagon. I thought I was really doing something great but the mules knew where they were going anyway. I don't

through the sugar cane field, getting water from a spring by the little house that we lived in, my mother dad and some of their friends deeping the well by this house and a group of friends butchering hogs in the fall. I also helped with the making of the molasses by keeping the mule going around and around as the cane was pressed and the juice was



collected and boiled to make molasses. This activity involved all of the neighbors and everyone from the area came and helped make the molasses. This process was simple but it took a lot of expertise to boil the juice just right and to keep from giving the molasses a burnt taste. My dad raised several acres of sugar cane.

Above: Viola, Joe, Anna Mae, Hazel and Dad.

My sister Hazel and I had malaria, and I remember many days when I was cold and shaking with fever. We slept on a pallet on the floor and it was several years before we were able to live without getting the fever and cold sweat. About a year or so before we moved to California my grandfather died and Uncle Johnnie moved into the family home with my grandmother and we moved into Uncle Johnnie's place. This house was on the hillside overlooking a great meadow that was beautiful. There were all kinds of trees around this house as it was on a hillside and my mother raised chickens that ran freely. We also had a milk cow that was my responsibility to find when she strayed off into the hills. At times this had to be in the morning when it was really cold and I had to hunt all over the hills for her. She wore a bell around her neck that I could hear if she was close enough but this was usually not the case.



Dad and Mom in the early years

There was a large mulberry tree by a pond just down the hill from the house and it had mulberries that we ate during the season. The pond was large and held a lot of water. My uncle Johnnie would fish in it and it did have a lot of fish but it also had water moccians. These snakes were dangerous and we had to watch for them.

My dad also made his own homebrew and I helped him bottle it. My cousin Virdell and I would fill the bottles and would fill them a little to much and would drink the excess off. My mother did not like this and she put a stop to it when she found out what was happening. One time I remember that the beer was hid in the hay stack and during the summer you could hear the bottles exploding as they got too hot.

My family had some friends named Carpenter and they visited us a lot. We played with their children and had great times. For some reason they moved and we never saw them again. We also played with the Lewis children but I don't remember much about them.



I remember that my dad was involved with bootlegging and he and my uncle Shade made moonshine and sold it around the area. The moonshine was put in five gallon shiny square cans and distributed by friends of our family. We had two Indians that helped. One was named Preston and the other was always called Chief. As the moonshine was loaded for distribution, there were a lot of guns in evidence. Evidently Preston stayed with us and all of us really liked him. He got married and that made us really sad.

Just before we moved to California and my dad had decided to sell his cattle and move to California Hazel and I were sent to the nearest gas station at Ione for some gas. It was about five miles from where we lived. Hazel and I got on this mule and headed for Ione. I was seated on the mule in back of Hazel and held a five-gallon can to be used to buy some gas. Before we got to the pond the mule got scared and I fell off and hit my head on a rock. I was taken to the doctor and it was several years before the middle of my head healed properly. No one thought I would live. I still have a sensitive spot right in the middle of my head but I don't seem to have any lingering effects.

### ELEMENTARY SCHOOL YEARS

I started kindergarten at Ione elementary school and went for about one year. (I think). I remember taking our lunch pails, a drinking cup and walking from where we lived to the school. We usually walked with a group. This was a long way. The brick schoolhouse still stands but today it is a community center.



This was the Ione School and I in 1990. It still looks good. I did not see the well where we used to get a drink at recess and at noon but when we attended a Cox family reunion in 2000 I did see it. It was still there but was not being used. We each had to have our own drinking cup and we drank from a bucket that drew water from the well

Left: Joe Cox: around five years old



I never knew my grandfather but my grandmother on my dad's side stayed with us when we moved to California. She took care of us and was the baby sitter when my mother was working. She was always with us and she was treated as one of our family members. My grandmother on my mother's side lived in Oklahoma and we didn't see her very often. She stayed with her oldest son, Uncle Martin Tyler.



Right: Joe and Uncle Martin-  
Picture taken on our visit in 1940.  
Uncle Martin lived in Oklahoma.

I think this picture was taken on our visit in 1940. It was taken at Uncle Johnnie's house in Ione Arkansas.



Top—From left to right  
Mavis Scanlon (Esten's Wife) holding their baby, Esten was a son of Uncle Johnnie Scanlon and his wife Aunt Lulu (my dad's sister) Viola Cox, Uncle Johnnie, Me, Esten, Aunt Lulu, Anna Mae, Grandma Tyler, and grandma Cox. Lucille, Sam, Jimmie, George, Wanda Mae (Uncle David Tyler's Daughter)



Left: Jimmie Brown

Below: the Cox family (minus Joe).  
From left to right: George, Lucille, Anna Mae, Jimmie, Sam, Julia, Virgie Bell, Hazel





Right: The Cox Family. Top Row: Anna Mae, George, Jimmie, Julia, Joe; Bottom Row: Sam, Lucille, Virgie Bell, Hazel.



When I was about seven years old, my dad sold the cows and rented the land and we started for California. It took us several years. We stopped in Texas for a year or so and then at my Uncle Martin's place in Oklahoma. My grandmother's place (my mother's mother) in Oklahoma and then again in Texas. We did not go to school during this time. On the trip to California, we camped on the side of the road at night, cooked our meals, ate and slept in the open. We usually had to gather sticks and cow chips to build the cook fire. That was the job of the children. This was not easy as most of the land we traveled through seemed to be desert.

When we arrived in Reedley California, we lived in the country by a stream in the Minkler area and did not go to school. We later moved to a camping area on the banks of the Kings River by a bridge. This was in the Reedley area. Later we moved into a house in Reedley and I started school at Reedley Elementary school.

I can remember some of this experience. I did take part in recess but I am unable to recall the activities that we participated in except for softball. In the class room, we had milk for a break and sometimes they gave us chocolate milk. I remember that as a real treat. In class the teacher tried to teach us music and she gave me two drum sticks to use. I hated this activity. This period was not very productive for me and I remember very little of any of the activities, school work and whether we took our lunch or had a hot lunch. It just seems like I blanked out during my Reedley Elementary school year.

It took some time for me to become a part of the school because I was new and my clothing was not the best. I always had a hard time making new friends. We had no friends that I could count on. I was given special help but it was not much. The part I hated the most was the music time with the sticks etc. I hated that part of the school day. Music never was a favorite subject of mine.



We arrived in California in the middle of the depression and camped out by the Kings River and my dad worked at anything that he could find. According to him it was very hard but I don't remember the hard part.

Left: My dad's brother Shade and his 2nd wife

I remember playing with our cousins, walking into town and just having a good time. As we walked, we would look for cigarette butts and save them for my dad. He would take the tobacco out and roll the tobacco in another paper and smoke it. As the

years went on he bought a cigarette roller and we rolled cigarettes for him from a special tobacco that was made for this machine.

My dad had moved to this particular location because Dee Cox, a cousin of his had moved here a few months previously. Dee had several children and we had a large group to play with. Time went fast. We moved to the bank of the Kings River, at the edge of Reedley, a few months later and we camped out there for several months.

We moved around the Reedley area for several years. We attended several schools over the years: Whatoke, Navelencia and Mt. Olive. My next recollection of elementary school days was in Mt. Olive Elementary school. We had moved to the country and I remember going to Mt. Olive. I really adored the teacher, Miss Andersen. She worked with us on penmanship, reading and regular school work. I hated the penmanship activity that we had to do every day. Miss Andersen was very careful and made sure that we made our letters correctly. We used a pen and dipped it into an open bottle of ink. I don't remember much about the other subjects. There were three grades in my classroom and I don't remember any problems that the teacher had with discipline. We were well behaved.

At Mt. Olive we went to school with Glen French and his sisters. These were cousins of ours from my dad's side of the family. We lived almost four miles from the school and we usually walked together. As we walked we fought verbally and sometimes physically. I took bologna sandwiches for lunch and sometimes I would trade a bologna sandwich for a rice ball with a Japanese student. This was a good break from the lunch routine.

We had an organized physical activity during the recess and lunch periods. Soccer, basketball and softball were the sports I remember the best. We were instructed in the rules of the game by the teacher and we followed them without any interference from the teacher. We settled our own disagreements

My years at Mt. Olive were great. I played soccer and basketball here and I loved the teacher (Miss Andersen). We moved to the property on the Sudden Lumber Company ranch and I started to school in Navalencia.

The next elementary school I attended was Navelencia elementary school.

I remember that I was in the fourth grade when I started here but the years that I



remember best were the fourth and fifth grades. In the fourth grade we had competition every day with spelling and math. We did a lot of blackboard work and competed with the problems and other activities that the teacher put on the board. The teacher Miss Griffith would time us and I was the fastest and most accurate most of the time. I enjoyed this competition and excelled in my school work. I received a reading certificate for reading forty books.

Left: Navalencia Elementary School, 4th grade.

I was in the fourth grade in Navelencia and was promoted to the fifth grade in one year. I believe I was promoted to the fifth grade because you had to be in the fifth grade to compete in track with other elementary schools in the Reedley area. and I was the fastest one in the fourth and fifth grade. (I really don't think this was the real reason but

at the time I did). I ran the fifty-yard dash, low hurdles and was on the relay team. We competed in the regional meet and I ran the fifty yard dash, hurdles and anchored the relay team. Our team went into Reedley for the big meet and I received a second place in the fifty-yard dash and hurdles.

Later we moved to the Whatoke Grammar school attendance area. We had the 6th, 7th and 8th grade in one room with one teacher. Mrs. Kanawyer was the teacher and I really liked her. I was very active in school activities, read the most books in the 7th and 8th grades and graduated as the Valedictorian. The next year I entered Reedley High School

(A report given in 2009 Merced College class)

Grammar School Years

### MY GRAMMAR SCHOOL YEARS

I started school in Ione Arkansas. We lived in the hills quite a distance from the grammar school that was located in Ione. I vaguely remember walking to school with a group of other students and my two older sisters, Hazel and Anna Mae.

The school was a two room school and I don't remember anything about what was taught, or what we did, except we carried our lunch and a drinking cup. We got water from a well on the campus and used our own cups. I don't remember any recess or play time but there was a playground on the campus. The brick school house still stands but it is used as a community center.

My dad sold his livestock and rented his property in the early 30's (about 33 or 34) and we migrated to California. This was a lengthy process, as we stopped for some time at my grandmother's place (my mother's mother) in Oklahoma and then again in Texas. I don't remember why we stopped in Texas but we camped out for several weeks. We did not go to school during this time.

Just before we left for California, my dad tied a gas can to one of our mules and sent Hazel and I to Ione to get some gas. The mule got scared and Hazel and I fell off. Hazel had to have stitches and I had a big hole in my head. It took several years to heal. It was a wonder that we were not killed.

Traveling to California was a lengthy process as we stopped for some time at my Grandmother Tyler's place in Oklahoma and again in Texas where my uncle Shade was living at that time. We did not attend school during this time when we were traveling to California.

On the way to California with my uncle Shade, we camped on the side of the road at night, cooked our meals, ate and slept in the open or in the car. We usually had to gather brush, wood and chips to build the cook fire. This was the job of the children.

Hazel says that it took a long time to get to California as we had to camp out at night. Those in our car were dad, mom, Hazel, Anna May, Sam, Virgie Bell, George, me, Grandma Cox and Jewell Scantling.

When we arrived in the Reedley California area, we lived in the country by a stream and did not go to school. I can remember some of this experience as we played with Dee's children and I remember that we enjoyed ourselves and explored the surrounding areas. We did not go to school during the time that we lived in this area.

We later moved into town and started school at Reedley Elementary school. I can remember some of this experience. I did take part in recess and remember playing

softball but I am unable to recall the other activities that we participated in. In the classroom, we had milk for the morning break and sometimes they gave us chocolate milk. I remember this as a real treat. In class, the teacher tried to teach us music and she gave two drum sticks for me to use. I hated this activity.

This period in my grammar school education was not very productive for me and I remember very little of the activities, school work and whether we took our lunch or ate from a cafeteria. I am sure that we must have taken a sack lunch because we were very poor. I do not remember what the teacher or anyone else in the school looked like. I do remember that the teacher was a female. It just seems like I blanked out during my attendance at Reedley Elementary School.

My next recollection of elementary school was in Mr. Olive Elementary school. We had moved to the country and I remember going to Mr. Olive. I really adored the teacher, Miss Andersen. She worked with us on penmanship and used an ink pen and ink. You had to be very careful not to spill the ink. We also worked on math, reading and other regular school work. I hated the penmanship activity because it was repetitive and she was very strict on us making the letters correctly.

There were three grades in this classroom. We lived about four miles from the school and walked. Usually with some other kids and we usually fought almost every day verbally and sometimes physically. I took bologna sandwiches for lunch and sometimes I would trade a bologna sandwich for a rice ball with a Japanese student. This was a good break from the bologna sandwich and we both enjoyed the break from the routine.

We had an organized physical activity during the recess and lunch periods. Soccer and basketball were the sports that I participated in. We were usually instructed in the rules of the games but after that we enforced the rules ourselves. We did not have very much interference from the teacher as she was supervising all of the activities and had no time for close supervision. We settled our own differences.

The next elementary school that I can remember attending was Navalencia Elementary School. I was in the fourth grade when I entered Navalencia Elementary school. I enjoyed the fourth grade the best. We had competition every day in spelling and math. We did a lot of blackboard work and competed with math problems, spelling and other activities that the teacher put on the board. The teacher would time us and I was the fastest and most accurate most of the time. I really enjoyed this competition and looked forward to doing it every day as I excelled in math and reading. I received a reading certificate for reading forty books.

About the second part of the year I was promoted to the fifth grade. I thought at the time it was because I was the fastest runner in the school and you had to be in the fifth grade to compete with other elementary schools in the Reedley area. Later I realized that this was not the reason.

That year, we competed in the regional meet in Reedley and I ran the fifty yard dash, hurdles, and anchored the relay team. I won a 2nd place in the 50 yard dash and hurdles.

I had a hard time catching up to the fifth grade class academically but by the end of the year I was doing well and was promoted to the 6th grade.

My dad worked for the Sudden Lumber Company when we were attending the Navalencia grammar school. I helped him irrigate the orange orchards and I helped oil

the pumps that were used for irrigation. I really hated to go down to the pump that was about thirty feet below the ground. The pumps had to have oil put in the little holders every day.

Putting in the pipes for irrigating was really hard work as the ground was all clay and it was really hard to work with. We had metal irrigation pipes and we had to put them in and remove them every time that we changed the water. The pipes were very heavy for me. We had to watch very closely because the clay would wash out around the pipes and we would have to put them back in or we would have water all over the orchard.

Later we moved to the Wahtoke Grammar school attendance area when I was in the 6th grade (I think). I don't remember much about the 6th grade. We had the 6th 7th and 8th grades in one room with one teacher. Mrs. Kanawyer was the teacher and I really loved her. I was very active in school activities, sports and read the most books in the 7th and 8th grades and graduated as the Valedictorian in June 1940. In September 1940 I entered Reedley High School.

Mr. Brown was my dad's boss when he worked for the Sudden Lumber Company. While living in the house on the Sudden Lumber Company property, my dad took part in several jackrabbit hunts. On a particular day a large group of men would get together with their shotguns and they would line up and make a sweep of the fields, shooting every jack rabbit that they could. This was done to keep the jackrabbit population down but we took home, cooked and ate the ones that dad shot.



Left: Sam, Jimmie Brown, George, Joe



Wahtoke Grammar School: April 14, 1939—6th, 7th and 8th grades.  
Bottom Row 2nd from left Joe Cox





Left: Wahtoke Grammar School-6, 7  
and 8th  
Bottom Row –Left 1st student Joe  
1940

While in this area, my mother bought me a bicycle. It was my first and it was a really fancy one. My mother paid a small amount down and a few dollars each month. She bought it from Western Auto. Our cousins and I really roamed the area and we went all over the area without any supervision.

I entered Reedley High School in September of that year and Anna Mae and I rode the bus into town and attended Reedley High School.



Beatrice Stark (Happy) me and a friend I met on a trip to Arkansas in 1940. This picture was taken when we made a trip to Arkansas to visit our relatives and my dad's sister and Uncle Johnnie. We also visited my mother's sisters, Etter and Emaline.

Below is a photo of Uncle Johnnie—he loved to fish and he always had dogs around him. On this trip he took me with him to fish in the pond on our place and to trap rabbits in a trap that he had made. We checked all of his traps but found no rabbits. We did catch a fish and put him on a string and left him in the water while we did something else. When we got back a water moccasin had eaten our fish. We also looked for poke salet along the streambeds. Our place and our Uncle Johnnie's and uncle Shade's were all inherited from my grandfather Cox. It included several acres and we had hills, pine trees, a spring, a stream, and a natural meadow. My uncle Johnnie lived in a house on a hill overlooking the meadow. It was a great view.

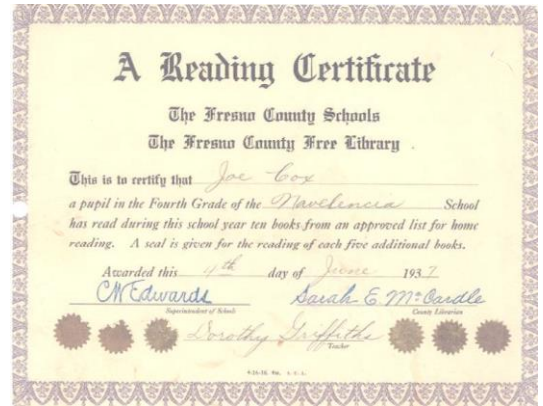


Betty Cox, Grandma Cox, Ruth Cox  
 These were Uncle Shade's and Aunt Rosie's daughters.



Just before we left Arkansas, we moved into this house and it was really great. We moved from a very small house on a corner of the property where we had a well and there was a natural spring nearby. Hazel and I had malaria and we were sick when we lived in this small house. We drew our water from a well by the house. I remember the fall butchering of hogs, A group from the area came over, large pots of water were heated and the hogs killed and the hair removed by pouring hot water on them and scrapping the hair off. The bladder was saved and we dried it out and used it as a ball. This was an enjoyable time as everyone helped and the meat was saved for the winter months. I don't recall the process that was used to store the meat.

Right: Reading certificate for reading books.



Cox extended family



Back row- George, Eddie (Sam's wife) Herb (Anna Mae's husband)- middle row June (George's wife), Jimmie, Julia, Virgie Bell-bottom row Bob Olive (Virgie Bell's husband), Lucille, Sam and Hazel

### HIGH SCHOOL YEARS

I graduated as the valedictorian from Wahtoke Elementary school in June 1940 and entered Reedley High School in September 1940. As we lived several miles out in the country, my sister, Anna Mae, and I rode the bus to school. This was the first time that I had ridden a bus. We had walked to every elementary school. The dress in high school was usually cords or Levi's... The

cords had a zippered pocket with a little lock. I don't know the reason they were made with a lock. We took sack lunches and a group of us usually ate by the wall of the science building. Sometimes we would walk down town as it was just a few blocks away.

One of the things that I remember about the debating was that I was with a person and we competed against a team that had a Cox on it. He was an excellent debater, ived in Squaw Valley and rode the bus down from the hills. The one thing that stands out in my mind was that I used a quote from General Pershing in one of our debates. "Give me an athletic and I will make a solder out of him in short order".

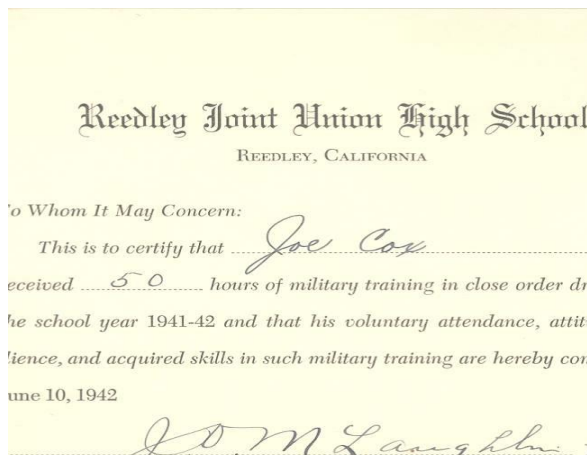
When I entered Reedley High School, I was put in the upper level classes because of my grades in elementary school. For some reason, I was entered into the college prep program. I struggled because all of the area elementary school graduates and Reedley graduates were now in one school.

Reedley had many students of German and Japanese ancestry and they were excellent students. A few years later the German community built a private high school for their students. As neither of my parents had completed elementary school and I had no relatives that had gone to college, I find this to be a little strange but I did take the college prep classes. I had no study area at home and no one at home could help me with my home work. In my freshman year, I took English 1, Algebra 1, Social Studies, Latin 1 and P.E.

Reedley high school had an activity advisor that was very good in debating and speech and I was lucky enough to be a part of this debate program. We debated as two person teams and did extermous speaking on a regular basis. I really enjoyed this activity. I don't remember if we won or lost that debate but I have always remembered it. We had many lively debates and the speeches required a lot of library work.

In P.E. Classes we had intramural boxing. We had boxing matches during the lunch period. I thought I was pretty good until I advanced to the championship round.

I was elected the president of a new car club. This was a new experience for it was my first elective office. This was a very interesting club as we looked at all kinds of driving situations even though we could not qualify for a driving license... The advisor was very good and helped us understand the rules of the road. This was a new club and we had no money for a spot in the annual.



In my sophomore year I took English II, Geometry, World History, Latin II and P.E. and I participated in a voluntary military class and put in fifty hours of military drill. Company C.

In 1941 we started school in September and on December 8, 1941 when we arrived at school; the entire school was called into the auditorium. The auditorium could seat the entire student body. In the auditorium seating was by class and we had an assigned area.

Each student was assigned a specific seat and roll was taken. As we did not have television and most of us did not listen to the radio most of us did not keep up on current events. Communication was not what it is today. We were told that Japan had bombed Pearl Harbor and now we were at war with Japan. Before the beginning of the war, we



had many Japanese students in our classes. Soon after the war started the Japanese students disappeared.

In October, 1942 we moved to Parlier and I continued my junior year at Parlier High School. In my junior year I took Physics, Algebra II & Trigonometry, Typing I, Vocational Agriculture II and P.E.

Parlier entered a team in the West Coast Relays and I was the third runner on the team. The relay consisted of 440, 880, 1320 and mile distances. We came in last but it was really exciting and something special to participate in. The Relays were held at the Fresno State University stadium.

My grades improved and as the student body was a lot smaller and we lived in walking distance of the school, I got involved in school activities. I was a guard and captain on the Basketball B team, Quarterback for the football team and ran the 100 yard dash and the 1320 distance event in track. I won second place in the 1320 yard run "Class B" in the Sequoia League C.I.F. Central Section track meet at Selma High School on May 14, 1943

My dad bought a house in Reedley at 100 Hope Avenue and moved back to Reedley. I stayed in Parlier and lived with my grandmother, my senior year at Parlier High School. I took U.S. History/Civics, Chemistry, Algebra II, Vocational Agriculture and P.E.

I became a real part of the student body. I took part in the Christmas Pageant, the senior play "Parents & Pigtails" The Future Farmers of America Vice president, Hi-Y, Vice president, Block P Secretary Treasurer, Arrow Senior staff and different clubs. I also participated as the captain on the B team in basketball, Co-captain and Quarterback of the football team, and track.

In the Agriculture classes, we spent most of our time collecting scrap and we collected the biggest pile of scrap that you could imagine. I graduated from Parlier high school mid term and went into the navy.

"Note from Coach Jarnagin", In our 1944 high school year book

Dear Joe:

I'm grabbing this page and may monopolize on it for a very good, reason. Through its title, "Sports", I made one of the most treasured acquaintances that I ever expect to have-namely, that of Joseph Cox. I need not repeat (but I shall) that you were the hardest working and most conscientious fellow I have known for some time. There are quite a few who may equal you Joe, but there are very few that can surpass you and the good work that you have done.

I was very impressed with your demeanor and attitude both in athletics and in school work. You were the "Spark" plug of all teams on which you played and in that way you are the most valuable asset that a coach could have. Too, you were the top student in History, the only class in which I was your teacher. But that is really a tough course. and you went through it with flying colors and the "Top" grade.

Well Joe, one final tribute to an all around good fellow and one whom I hope I can always call a friend. Keep writing! "Best of luck always"

Coach Jarnagin.



Radio School—Farragut Idaho

Presentation made to Los Banos High School History classes on Jan 30, 2008

## WORLD WAR II

Caveats: One person's observation—Each of us can only relate to what we have seen or experienced. We did not have privy to the whole picture.

I ENTERED REEDLEY HIGH SCHOOL IN SEPTEMBER 1940. IN MY SOPHOMORE YEAR ON SUNDAY MORNING DECEMBER 7, 1941 JAPAN BOMBED PEARL HARBOR. ON MONDAY MORNING THE ENTIRE SCHOOL WAS ASSEMBLED IN THE AUDITORIUM AND TOLD ABOUT THE BOMBING. WE DID NOT HAVE TELEVISION AND MOST OF US DID NOT LISTEN TO THE RADIO ALTHOUGH WE HAD ONE.

MY FAMILY LIVED IN THE NAVALENCIA AREA JUST A FEW MILES OUTSIDE OF REEDLEY. THIS WAS A FARMING AREA. FOR THE NEXT TWO YEARS THINGS DID CHANGE BUT MOST OF US IN SCHOOL DID NOT NOTICE THE CHANGES TAKING PLACE. I TOOK A MILITARY TRAINING CLASS AND LEARNED TO MARCH AND DO SIMPLE MANUEVERS. ONE OF THE THINGS THAT WAS NOTICEABLE WAS THAT ALL OF THE JAPANESE WERE MOVED INTO CAMPS AND REEDLEY THAT HAD A LARGE JAPANESE POPULATION ALL OF A SUDDEN HAD NONE. THEY WERE SENT OFF TO CAMPS THAT WERE ESTABLISHED FOR THEM.

AFTER MY SOPHOMORE YEAR, WE MOVED TO PARLIER AND I FINISHED MY HIGH SCHOOL YEARS AT PARLIER HIGH SCHOOL IN DECEMBER 1943 AND JOINED THE NAVY.

IN PARLIER HIGH SCHOOL I JOINED THE FUTURE FARMERS OF AMERICA CHAPTER AND TOOK VOCATIONAL AGRICULTURE CLASSES. IT

SEEMS LIKE ONE OF OUR MAIN ACTIVITIES WAS COLLECTING SCRAP METAL. WE HAD A PILE AS BIG AS A HOUSE. THE STUDENT BODY HAD SOME ACTIVITIES BUT ALL SPORTS WERE LIMITED AND WE HAD TO FURNISH OUR OWN TRANSPORTATION TO EVENTS. GASOLINE AND TIRES WERE RATIONED. WE SOLD WAR BONDS THROUGHOUT THE YEARS.

WORLD WAR II WAS THE DEFINING MOMENT OF THE 20TH CENTURY. AMERICANS CAME TOGETHER AS NEVER BEFORE (OR IN MY OPINION SINCE)

16 MILLION WERE IN UNIFORM PLUS THE MILLIONS MORE ON THE HOME FRONT. THOSE AT HOME WERE CALLED UPON TO SUPPORT OUR TROOPS AND THEY DID. THEY PLANTED VICTORY GARDENS, CONSERVED AND RECYCLED MATERIALS AND PARTICIPATED IN CIVIL DEFENSE ACTIVITIES.

WOMEN AND THOSE LEFT BEHIND WENT TO WORK IN LARGE NUMBERS. WOMEN ENTERED THE LABOR FORCE IN LARGE NUMBERS FOR THE FIRST TIME.

SACRIFICIES: MANY ORDINARY ITEMS WERE RATIONED OR WERE NOT AVAILABLE I.E. GASOLINE, TIRES, NYLONS, CHOCOLATE, BUTTER, SUGAR, CANNED VEGETABLES, CARS ETC.

AS MEN WENT TO WAR MILLIONS OF WOMEN TOOK THEIR PLACES IN FACTORIES FOR THE FIRST TIME. 20 MILLION AMERICANS PLANTED GARDENS THAT PRODUCED ALMOST 40% OF THE FOOD CONSUMED

ORDINARY AMERICANS WERE CALLED UPON TO MEET AN EXTRAORDINARY CHALLENGE.

## PEARL HARBOR

ATTACK LASTED APPROXIMATELY TWO HOURS, 2,400 NAVY PERSONNEL WERE KILLED AND OVER 700 MORE WERE WOUNDED. NO SUBMARINE SAILOR WAS KILLED ALTHOUGH ONE WAS WOUNDED.

ALL OF THE NAVY CAPITAL SHIPS EXCEPT THE BATTLE SHIP PENNSYLVANIA WERE LOST OR OUT OF COMMISSION. FORTUNATELY THE CARRIERS WERE AT SEA.

THE SUBMARINE BASE, FUEL DEPOT AND AMMUNITION DUMP WERE NOT TOUCHED.

THE SUBMARINE FORCE WAS TOTALLY UNPREPARED FOR THE NEW TYPE OF WAR THAT THEY WERE CALLED UPON TO WAGE. SUBMARINES WERE ORIGINALLY LOOKED UPON TO SERVE AS SCOUTS AND SCREENS FOR THE NAVY'S CAPITAL SHIPS. AFTER PEARL HARBOR ADMIRAL STARK ISSUED THE ORDER "UNRESTRICTED" WARFARE AGAINST ANY THING JAPANESE. A FEW DAYS LATER PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ISSUED A PROCLAMATION "UNRESTRICTED WARFARE" UP TO THIS TIME SUBMARINES WERE RESTRICTED BY THE LONDON NAVAL TREATY OF 1930

WORLD WAR II WAS THE LARGEST WAR OF ALL TIME. OF THE 16,535,000 SERVICE MEMBERS OVER 400,000 WERE KILLED AND MANY MORE WOUNDED.

WORLD WAR II WAS UNUSUAL IN THAT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MODERN HISTORY (500 YEARS) CIVILIANS WERE KILLED IN GREATER NUMBERS THAN THOSE IN THE SERVICE.

WORLD WAR II WAS THE BLOODEST "SOLDIERS" WAR IN ALL HISTORY. NO WOMEN SERVED IN COMBAT ROLES. WACS WERE THE FIRST WOMEN TO SERVE IN OUR ARMED FORCES OTHER THAN NURSES.

MY ENTRY INTO THE NAVY CAME IN DECEMBER 1943. IN JANUARY OF 1944, I LEFT FRESNO ON A TROOP TRAIN FOR BOOT CAMP IN FARRAGUT IDAHO.

AS A FARM BOY FROM A VERY SMALL TOWN AND SCHOOL, THIS WAS A REAL CULTURE SHOCK FOR ME AND IT WOULD CHANGE ME FOREVER.

IT TOOK TWO DAYS TO GET TO FARRAGUT. WE SAW A LOT OF SNOW ON THE TRIP AND WHEN WE ARRIVED WE WERE LOADED INTO CATTLE TRAILERS AND TAKEN TO OUR BARRACKS THAT WOULD BE OUR HOME FOR THE NEXT SIX WEEKS. THE GROUND WAS COVERED WITH SNOW AND IT WAS VERY COLD. SAILORS LINED UP ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AS WE WERE TRANSPORTED TO OUR BARRACKS ALL SHOUTING, "YOU'LL BE SORRY".

DURING OUR BOOT CAMP EXPERIENCE WE WERE INDUCTED INTO A NEW LIFE. WE UNDERWENT ALL OF THE USUAL THINGS, HAIR CUT, SHOTS, DENTAL WORK, PHYSICAL CHECKUPS, STANDING IN LINE FOR EVERYTHING, MARCHING, SWIMMING, DOING OUR OWN LAUNDRY, STANDING GUARD AT THE OUTSIDE REGULAR GUARD POSTS IN THE SNOW AND SCHEDULED WATCHES FOR THE FURNACES THAT HEATED OUR BARRACKS.

AT NIGHT YOU COULD HEAR CRYING AND SOBBING THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT. ALL OF US WERE YOUNG AND FOR THE MOST OF US THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME THAT WE HAD BEEN REALLY SEPERATED FROM OUR PARENTS.

AFTER BOOT CAMP, I WAS ASSIGNED TO RADIO SCHOOL AND THE ENTIRE COMPANY WAS GIVEN TWO WEEKS LEAVE. THIS IS WHEN I REALLY LEARNED ABOUT HUMAN NATURE. (LOST WALLETS ETC)

BEFORE COMPLETING RADIO SCHOOL, WE WERE ASKED IF ANYONE WAS INTERESTED IN VOLUNTEERING FOR SUBMARINE DUTY. OVER 100 OF US VOLUNTEERED. ONLY FIVE WERE SELECTED. THIS WAS AFTER MANY HOURS OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL EXAMINATIONS. THE FIRST TEST WAS THAT YOU HAD TO HOLD YOUR BREATH FOR ONE FULL MINUTE.

DURING SUBMARINE SCHOOL, WE SPENT A WEEK ON A REAL SUBMARINE. WE HAD TO LEARN ABOUT THE OPERATION OF THE SUBMARINE AND YOU WERE TOLD NOT TO TOUCH ANYTHING IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHAT YOU WERE DOING. GOING TO THE BATHROOM AND SHOWERING WERE UNIQUE EXPERIENCES ON THE "S" BOATS.

MY DUTIES ON THE SUBMARINE WERE RADIOMAN, RADAR, SONAR AND PERISCOPE DEPENDING IF WE WERE ON THE SURFACE OR SUBMERGED.



Left: Shore Liberty in Hawaii-WWII

#### SUBMARINE LOSSES

FIFTY TWO SUBMARINES AND 3505 MEN WERE LOST (20%). THE HIGHEST PERCENTAGE LOSS OF ANY OF THE ARMED FORCES.

#### SUBMARINES LOST.

46 DUE TO ENEMY ACTION  
6 ACCIDENTS AND STRANDING  
37 WENT DOWN WITH ALL HANDS  
SOME WERE LOST FROM FRIENDLY FIRE AND/OR OWN TORPODES.

GERMANY LOST 781 U-BOATS  
JAPAN                    130 SUBMARINES  
ITALIANS                86 SUBMARINES  
BRITISH                 74 SUBMARINES

OUR SUBMARINES MADE 1682 WAR PATROLS and 1050 WERE SUCCESSFUL (62%)  
273 BOATS MADE PATROLS

THE YOUNGEST MAN IN THE NAVY WAS CALVIN GRAHAM, USN 12 YEARS OLD.

THE GERMAN SUBMARINE U-120 WAS SUNK BY A MALFUNCTIONING  
TOILET.

VJ DAY—SEPTEMBER 2, 1945 “GREATEST WAR IN HUMAN HISTORY”

AUGUST 15, 1945 EMPEROR HIROHITO ANNOUNCED JAPAN’S  
SURRENDER.

Lineage added by Les Sutton 030512

Joseph Albert Cox, PHD  
Melvin Virgil “Bert” Cox and Emmer Viola Tyler  
Jehu Tillman “Tede” Cox and Sarah Ann Scroggins  
Joseph King Cox and Carolyn Elam  
Nathan Cox and Dorcas King  
Thomas Isaac Cox and Rachel Carr

**Joe Cox  
Military  
Record**



**Joe Cox  
Military  
Record**

**Enlisted: December 1943**

**Entered Service January 1944**

**Discharged May 5 1952**

**A total of 8 years, 3 months and 14 days of active and reserve duty**

### **Training and Duty Stations**

**Boot camp — Farragut Idaho — Camp Scott**

**Radio School — Farragut Idaho**

**Submarine School — San Diego California**

**Sonar School — San Diego**

**Temporary Duty — Communications — Mare Island, Submarine Division**

**Subron 45**

**Subdiv162**

**Fleet Radar School — Pearl Harbor, Hawaii**

**U.S.S. Bluefish — Assigned for Sea Duty purposes**

**U.S.S. Orion (A.S. 18) — Submarine Replacement, division**

**U.S.S. Batfish (SS310)**

**SubAD—Mare Island, California**

**U.S.S. McDermut (DD677)**

### **Awards and Medals**

**Asiatic Pacific Medal — One star**

**American Campaign — Medal**

**World War II Victory Medal**

**Submarine Combat Pin**

**Republic of Korea War Service Medal**

**National Defense Service Medal**

**Korean Service Medal — Three Stars**

**United Nations Service Medal**

**Imperial Domain of the Golden Dragon**

**Presidential Unit Citation-Republic of Korea**

**Combat Action Ribbon**

## Cox, Lemmie. 1907-1976 (by Ada C. Stump)



Lemmie Cox & Opal Irene Bentley Cox  
Grandma Ada Beatrice McWater Bentley and first child William Donald Cox

Irene and Lemmie were married on August 31, 1935 in Norman, Oklahoma. Lemmie met Irene while working for Mr. William Bentley, Irene's dad, in 1935. Lemmie was twenty-eight years old, divorced, with two children, his parents were deceased and he was in need of direction and a mother figure. Lemmie's mother had died when he was two years old. Mrs. Ada B. McWater Bentley became that mother figure in his life from the time they first met. Mr. William Bentley would be the father, father-in-law, and his pastor for Mr. Bentley was a minister and pastor of the local church who had come as a circuit riding minister from Arkansas.

Irene said that mama & papa went on their dates keeping a respectful distance so the young people could have a good time. One Sunday afternoon the young people from church were going to swim at a near by swimming hole. Irene didn't have a swimming suit and neither did the other girls, except one who insisted mom was to wear it because she had a beau. When she and Lemmie married her friends had made individual quilt blocks with their names on it and sewed into what they called a wedding ring quilt. It was presented to her and was the most cherished gift she received.

Opal Irene Bentley was born December 8, 1917 in Maud, Oklahoma. She had white blond hair-that would turn brown by the time she was a teen, fair complexion, and a heart that was full of love. The Lord was first in her life, she taught her children the word of the Lord not only in word but by how she lived, she taught us to sing while we worked, because she sang all the old blessed hymns that were sung at church as she worked. She toiled from morning until late of night. She sewed the



clothes we wore, ironed ever piece of cloth (from clothing we wore, pillow cases, sheets, etc...) and canned the food we ate. She killed the chickens, plucked the feathers, seared their skin, and cooked up the best fried chicken in the community. She tended her garden, papered her walls, made her quilts, and gave birth to nine children.

In 1946, Lemmie built her a little black buggy and purchased her a little pony named, Pinto. Pinto was the gentlest pony that ever came to the farm; if a rein was dropped he would stop on a dime. Lemmie didn't want harm to come to his family and Pinto fit the bill for his wife and children. Irene now had transportation; she didn't drive a car, to go the Maguire Store to do her shopping. She worked there as a young girl before her marriage to Lemmie and was happy to visit with her friends on those outings.

When Linda, Thelma, and Diana learned to drive they would be her chauffer and drive her where ever she wanted to go. She did learn to drive a little after the death of Lemmie just to be able to go to church when no one was around.

Lemmie was born May 10, 1907, in Lexington, OK and as an adult he lived basically in the Noble area. He was a farmer, a witcher, worked as a greens keeper, on the railroad, and a tenant farmer before he purchased his own farm. His specialty was raising Black Diamond Watermelon, hogs & witched most wells dug in our rural community. Ecclesiastes 9:10 reads whatsoever thy hands findeth to do, do it with thy might and that Lemmie did. My dad treated all jobs equal and took pride in his labor. His thought was regardless of your profession all jobs were honorable; digging ditches, janitor, farmer, teacher, or a manager of a business take pride in your work and give a hundred percent & always earn your pay. He lived an exemplary life of attending church (when churches were open), working hard & caring for his family.

He was a little over six foot tall with dark hair, almost black, and brown eyes with olive complexion. He had an almost aristocratic look about him, he was the only man I knew that could be in a pair of overalls & appeared dressed up. He grew up thinking he was part Cherokee and was very proud of this heritage. One of the tribes in the Little Axe area thought he looked like he was part Indian; they invited him to their powwows and other activities. He enjoyed his close friendships with the tribe that he had established over the years & they were proud to call him friend. Lemmie is English, French, & research is being done to see if he is part Indian. This is a work in process.....

Winter was a bad time for Lemmie his lungs were bad and he would have pneumonia almost ever winter. He only went to bed when he could go no more. His children learned from an early age to assist him. The two older boys were gone and Earlene and Ada were next in line. Earlene being the older said come Ada we will go and cut some wood to help daddy. We went to where the edge of the timber had some tall thin trees and cut them down. We had brought a wagon to bring them back to the house. Earlene was taller and had more strength than I did so she did most of the work with very little assistance. Believe it or not we did manage to cut those trees down and took daddy's saw and cut them to the length and size he always required. Earlene was fifteen and I was thirteen and weighed about 80 pounds. We still reminisce about it and proud that we could help him even though we weren't boys.

Our cousins from California came to visit us one summer and the house was not big enough to accommodate all of us so Lemmie and Irene improvised. Lemmie had a flat bed truck for hauling hay, he pulled it up by the house and all beds had double mattresses for company and they took how many they needed and placed them on the truck and the guys slept out that night (it was so beautiful) on the truck looking up at the sky and visiting until they all fell a sleep.

Lemmie Cox passed away in 1976, after taking the swine flu shot. He will always be remembered with much love. His first wife, Leona, and he had two children a son & daughter.

Children: Paul and Pauline Cox.

Spouse I: Leona Agnes Grill, daughter of Fred Grill, JR & Lucy Fink  
Born: 17 Sep 1913,

Died: 14 May 1977

Buried:

Married: 10 April 1928, Norman, Cleveland Co., OK

Lemmie's marriage to Irene produced nine children of which the last two were twins.

Children: William Donald, Chester Ray, Dortha Earlene, Ada Marie, Floyd Lemuel, Linda Faye, Thelma Jean, & the twins Diana and Danny.

Opal Irene died of cancer at her home in Noble, OK with her children, grandchildren gathered around her bed, singing hymns, and also a Happy Birthday song right after midnight when she turned 82 years old.

Spouse II: Opal Irene Bentley, daughter of William A. Bentley & Ada Beatrice McWater

Born: 08 December 1917, Maud, Oklahoma

Died: 08 Dec 1999, Noble, Cleveland Co., Oklahoma.

Buried: Lexington Cemetery; Lexington, OK

Married: 31 Aug 1935; Norman, Cleveland Co., Oklahoma

Thomas Isaac Cox b. 1775, VA

Solomon Cox b. 1798, VA or KY

Jahu Cox b. 04 Feb 1822, Indiana

John H. Cox b. 16 Aug 1845, Ava, MO.

Lemmie Cox b. 10 May 1907, Lexington, OK

## **Cox, Leslie O. and Violet L. (by Janice Cox Sothman)**

Leslie Oliver Cox was the youngest of five children born to Oliver and Florence (Ogburn) Cox on August 7, 1913. Leslie's father owned a meat market in Toulon and Florence, known as an outstanding cook, tended to the family and boarders at times. Leslie's large family home was located at the SW corner of N. Franklin and W. Commercial. He was tall and long legged which allowed him the honor of riding the big wheeled bicycle in Old Settler's Parades. The big wheeled bicycle can be seen today in the attic of the Toulon Historical Society home. Leslie graduated from Toulon High School and at age 21 he and a friend set out for California in an old Model A or T.... Go West Young Man! Twenty miles out of town they had their first flat tire which was probably not the last on that long trip. After 6 months in California he moved back to Toulon. In 1941 Les, as most people called him, joined the Army and was stationed as a guard at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas.

On Christmas night in 1942 at a USO Dance in Kansas City he met Violet Vernon whom he married, April 17, 1943. Leslie was transferred to Rio, Brazil where he censored mail for the Army. After WWII, Leslie and Violet made their home in Kansas City, Missouri, where their two children were born, Janice Sue, born October 7, 1946, and Ronald Dean, born June 13, 1948. Shortly after Ronald was born Leslie and Violet moved their family to Toulon where they resided for the remainder of their lives.

Violet Lorraine Vernon was born October 26, 1915, to Roy and Vica Vernon in Eldon, Missouri. Her father was a railroad mechanic and family moved multiple times through Missouri and Kansas when she was a child. Violet said that all they owned fit in one trunk because they never knew when they would be transferred to another railroad town. Violet loved her church and was very proud she had been a Baptist since she was 3 weeks old when her parent first took her to their Baptist church. Her devotion to her faith and church continued after her move to Toulon at the First Baptist Church where she also taught Sunday School at times. Violet really enjoyed helping out at church in anyway she could be of service. She rarely missed a Sunday church service and loved her church family.

Many of Les and Vi's friendships were life long friends or relatives of Les' and lived in the Toulon/Stark County area. The annual summer baseball team picnic sometimes at Lake Calhoun continued on long after the team had disbanded. It was an event many local team member's families looked forward to every summer. Life long friend, Bruce Fell, wife Fern and children Terri and Gary, were frequent vacation traveling companions on summer trips to Wisconsin resorts. Saturday nights of friendship, cards, and laughter were enjoyed with the Fell's throughout the years.

Leslie worked for Rashid's Grocery, Kraft cheese factory in Toulon, Caterpillar and Hyster, from which he retired. He enjoyed collecting coins, stamps and loved to garden. There was always a huge garden planted behind the barn of the E Greenwood Street home where they lived and raised their family. There was always plenty of produce to share with neighbors and friends. Violet worked for the Stark County New, U.S. Soil and Water Conservation and Toulon Township. Quilting, cross stitch embroidery, and genealogy were her passion. She was a member of the Stark County Genealogy Society at its inception.

Leslie and Violet were members of the First Baptist Church of Toulon and Toulon American Legion, VFW and Auxiliary. They are the grandparents of Anna Traenkeschuh born February 17, 1975, in Peoria, to their daughter, Janice. Leslie died September 8, 1993 and Violet on October 18, 2006. Janice now resides in Menomonee Falls, WI and Ron in Kansas City, MO. Both have fond memories of a happy childhood growing up in Toulon.

Pictures: Leslie & Violet in 1943



## **Cox, Madelin (Cullom) (by granddaughter Debbie (Erdevig) Schleiffer)**

Madelin Cox was born on March 26, 1908 and raised in Toulon, Illinois. Madelin and her husband Ray Cox had four children before they split up. She worked hard as a young mother after Ray left. Her mother, Bessie (Parrish Cullom) Draper helped the family. Later, another marriage to Thomas Lawler of Springfield, Illinois also failed.

After the children were grown and married, Madelin experienced a sensational event that proved to be a turning point. While sitting on a bench at a bus stop, an inner voice told her to stand up and move. She got up and moved. Moments later a car collided with the bench killing several patrons. To her, it was a sign that she commit her life to giving back.

In 1959, Madelin took her little granddaughter, Karon Kane, as she traveled to New York City to gain permission from the Catholic archdiocese to become a nun. Not approved, the 56-year old grandmother of 15 instead became an international missionary. She served in the very poorest slums of Concepcion, Chile teaching life skills to mothers with babies. Every six months she made the arduous return trip to Illinois to renew her visa. She remembered sleeping with a broken wine bottle under her bed to defend herself against opposing establishments. When the massive earthquake of 1960 devastated Chile, Madelin was there to help.

In 1963, the Catholics for Latin America produced their monthly magazine with Madelin on the cover as their lead story chronicling her missionary achievements, her "remarkable wisdom, understanding of human nature and her practical common sense." Her letters home always reflected deep love for family, but she stated she was accomplishing more good in Concepcion.

At one point, she decided to meet the Pope at the Vatican in Rome. She saved her pennies and traveled by steam freighter to Europe to sightsee and gain audience with Pope Paul VI which impressed her immensely.

Then it was on to life with youngest daughter Carol Jean (Cox) Kvitkauskas and her six children in Orlando, Florida. Or the gypsy traveler from Toulon could be found in Tarpon Springs, Florida where she became an accomplished medical transcriber.

Sadly, Madelin began suffering from breast cancer. So she enjoyed some final years above a cheese making shop in San Juan del Rio, Mexico. Giving back, she taught English to the local post master and pharmacist. In 1974 health issues forced her to return, so daughter Marilyn Bess (Cox) Kane and granddaughter Karon drove down to pick her up.

After surgery, she continued to live at Marilyn's house in Mount Prospect, Illinois. Karon remembers those years vividly as she'd sneak past her grandma's bedroom door but was always caught and called to cross stitch. Madelin was a fine seamstress and her framed cross stitches are still enjoyed today.

Sometimes living near her daughters Marilyn or Margaret Ann (Cox) Erdevig near Elgin, Illinois, Madelin bounced from family to family as they loved her to the end. She died in Mount Prospect, Illinois on May 6, 1976. Madelin donated her body to research as her final act of giving back.



Photo: Madelin (Cullom Cox) Lawler



## **Cox, Morrow H. “Skeet” and Margaret (King) Cox (by Janice Cox Sothman)**

Morrow H. “Skeet” Cox was the third child born to Oliver and Florence (Ogburn) Cox of Toulon on November 12, 1907. I am sure there are other residents of Stark County that would be able to write a memorable tribute to Skeet and Margaret for this historical book, but the task now falls to a niece and great-niece to make sure he and Margaret are recognized as citizens of Stark County.

When Skeet was born, his older brothers were sent out to spread the news of his arrival and at the home of their Uncle Morrow Whittaker, they were given money (I wish I knew how much!) to convince their mother to name the new baby after him. The brothers were successful and the new baby boy was named Morrow after his uncle. Sometime during his youth, and I am not sure if it was given by family or friends, he was nicknamed of “Skeeter” because he wasn't much bigger than a mosquito. The name “Skeeter” or “Skeet”, as I remember most people calling him, stuck throughout his lifetime. Even his siblings called him Skeet! He was a graduate of Toulon High School and during World War II he closed his Wyoming business temporarily to serve in the Army.

Margaret (King) Cox was born April 26, 1908. Since we are not decedents of the King family, I am sorry not to include more details; however, I do know that she was an only child and I believe her father was a medical doctor. She was intelligent, independent and a college graduate, which was an accomplishment not many women of her era had. She graduated of Wyoming High School and Bradley College. While at Bradley she was a member and President of Delta Kappa Sorority. An old newspaper clipping shows Margaret in the drivers seat of a terrific looking convertible, they called the Sorority Bus, with 10 of her sorority sisters are sitting in and on the car. She was the benefactor of a scholarship fund to local Wyoming students attending Bradley University. Margaret was very loyal to her alma mater and I am sure they were very grateful for her support over the years. Margaret died December 13, 1991.

Skeet and Margaret had no children. Margaret had grown up in Wyoming and they made their home there until they fully retired to Florida in the early 1970's. Skeet was the founder and funeral directory of Cox Memorial Home in Wyoming. He was very proud of his service to Stark County community families in their times of great need for over 35 years. Cox Memorial Home was a beautiful older home on N. Galena Ave which in the beginning served as both a residence on the second floor and the funeral home on the main floor. Later the Cox's lived in the Margaret's childhood family home on the NW corner of W. Butler and 7th Street, until they built a brick ranch home on a portion of the King property in the early early 60's. Skeet and Margaret were well respected, active members of the community and both were avid golfers.

I rarely remember Skeet without a dog at his side while he lived in Wyoming. He enjoyed hunting and his dogs were breeds that made good hunting dogs. Skeet enjoyed time spend with friends and acquaintances and always had wonderful stories and jokes to tell. The Morning Coffee Club, hunting, golf and a martini or beer with friends at the Lacon or Midland Country Club were high on his list of life's greatest pleasures. Skeet kept in close contact with many of his local friends throughout his life time. He was a jolly, fun loving guy and even on the day he died at age 95, July 18, 2003, in Dunedin, Florida, he was joking with the nurses. That's the Skeet we will always remember!





## **Cox, Perry Sterling Ashby 1875-1937 (by Perry Cox)**

Born and raised in Bell County, Perry A S Cox began his life long career as a barber in Belton. Active in the church and the community, he was also considered to be a “healer” to the sick. Called on because of his religious convictions and his skill in dealing with people, Perry stepped in when doctors were not available or were not considered necessary because of the nature of the ailment. This was a common practice for barbers in the 1800’s and early 1900’s.

Perry and Lillie May (Roberts) Cox had three children between the years 1904 to 1910. The oldest child, Chester Oscar Roberts, died while saving a young girl from drowning in the Leon River. He was awarded the Carnegie Hero Medal for his actions. He was only a few months away from graduating from Belton High School when the tragedy occurred.

Perry’s barbering continued until he passed away in 1937. He and Lillie May are buried in the North Belton Cemetery.

## **Cox, Ray Wilbur (by Debbie Schleiffer, daughter of Margaret Ann (Cox) Erdevig)**

Ray Wilbur Cox is the second son of Oliver Calvin and Florence (Ogburn) Cox. Oliver was a successful cattleman with a farm west of Toulon. For years he operated a grocery store and meat market on Main Street in Toulon. That shop is the current location of Cover Insurance.

“Ollie” and “Flo” had five children, Harold, Ray Wilbur, Morrow “Skeet”, Lucille and Leslie, and were enormously active in the Toulon Baptist Church, being married there in 1902.

Second son Ray must have been quite a rascal. No record is found of Ray’s high school graduation (though he did sing in a musical production) or of his marriage. Ray played a part in the Toulon Baptist Church scandal of 1927 that was long remembered. The events are well documented in The Stark County News.

It seems that the Toulon pastor, Reverend Ray Starr, went missing one August day. A search ensued and he was “found” by Ray Cox lying unconscious in the church steeple. A doctor pronounced heat prostration as the cause though many suspected drunkenness.

The story continues with the resignation of Rev. Starr. For months his reputation was in question both inside and outside of the church with back to back indiscretions that snowballed, the newspaper reports. He vanished in December 1927 after confessing to forging checks and lying to the congregation. His luggage was found in Beaumont, Texas though he claimed to be preaching in Terra Haute, Indiana. Mrs. Starr went to be with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cox, in Chicago. The pastor avoided formal arrest and was never held accountable for these crimes. Both Ray and Rev. Starr made frequent trips to Chicago for undisclosed reasons.

Just months after the scandal, Ray was obliged to marry 19-year old Madelin Cullom. The plan to have Madelin leave town and attend distant Rockford (IL) College to avoid associating with Ray failed. Madelin, whose grandfather was minister at the Toulon M. E. Church, was pregnant. Few details remain of their 1927 winter elopement, but a child was born in April 1928.

On January 11, 1928, a brief note in the social column of the newspaper reads that a “Mr. and Mrs. Ray Cox” were playing cards with friends. It is the first and only mention of their marriage as found to date.

It is interesting to note that this story was brought to my notice in the 1980s by Ray’s brother, Leslie Cox while we were visiting the Toulon Historical Society. Leslie made a point to open the newspaper files and display these questionable incidents with a twinkle in his eye. I guess we will never know the full story, but it certainly is titillating.

I understand Ray’s second long time marriage to Edna Webb Goskins and life as a Peoria city bus mechanic were much mellower.

Cox Meat Market – Ollie Cox, second from left



Oliver Cox Family: L to R  
Back: Lucille, Morrow "Skeet", Leslie  
Front: Ray Wilbur, Oliver C., Florence, Harold



## **Cox, Roland Ray “Bud” (by Louise Cox, Widow of Roland Cox)**

Roland Cox was born in Kewanee, IL on October 29, 1929. He was the second child and only son of Ray and Madelin (Cullom) Cox. He had an older sister Margaret born in 1928 and two younger sisters, Marilyn & Carol.

“Bud “ is how everyone knew him. He didn't talk much about his childhood nor his difficult past after his parents divorced. Bud went to live with his dad and his sisters went to live with their mother in Toulon. He spoke often about helping both of his grandfathers and one of them gave him the nickname of Bud.

Bud went into the Navy in 1947 after World War II. He was deployed to the South Pacific with the Seabees in construction/mechanic for clean-up. While there, he was shot in the right leg by a Japanese sniper and carried remains of shrapnel in his leg for the rest of his life. Someone once asked him if he got a medal for it. Bud said all he got was a bandage and sent back to work.

Upon getting out of the service, he became a semi driver. He bought his own truck and hauled whiskey from Hiram Walker to California and brought wine back to Chicago for the Catholic Church. He hired another driver because back in the early 1950s trucks were nothing compared to the ones now days and it took a week to do a turn-around from Peoria to California to Chicago and then back to Peoria.

Bud always had some very interesting stories to tell about his driving experiences. When the trucking firm went under, he worked for Bosch Transport out of Peoria, IL hauling from coast to coast. I met Bud in 1976 and we became very good friends. He went his way and I went mine but he always knew where I lived. He had to quit driving in 1977 due to the onset of diabetes and could not pass the CDL physical. He went to work for the City of Peoria working on police cars, street sweepers and all the trucks. In 1982 he was promoted to the Fire Garage and worked on the fire trucks. The firemen really liked Bud because he was such a good mechanic. He retired in 1990 and moved to California but found he really didn't like it out there. He came to visit me in Canton IL and we got along so well we married in 1997.

After I retired we started to travel. Our first few adventures were in an old Airstream. Bud was so handy that within six months it was totally refurbished and it looked like something that just came off the show room floor. Whenever we would go to an Airstream Rally course, we had the oldest Airstream and everyone remarked how nice it was. Then we purchased a 40' American Tradition Coach which was a real beauty. One year we took his Aunt Violet Cox (wife of Leslie Cox) from Toulon to Wisconsin to visit with his niece Janice (Cox) Sothman. Aunt Vi thought that was really the way to travel!

Then we purchased a mobile modular home and lived in a nice trailer park. In 2004 we decided to move the house to a small village not far from Canton. We were almost ready to have the house moved when Bud had a massive heart attack on July 5, 2004. There was hope he would survive, however on July 8 he went to his final resting place. He was a wonderful man and a great friend. To this day he is missed by many.



Photo: Roland, Carol, Marilyn and Margaret Ann Cox



## **Cox, Vera Pearl 1906-1970 (by Perry Cox)**

Vera was the second child of Perry Sterling Ashby Cox and Lillie May Roberts Cox. Vera lived and worked all her life in Belton. She worked as a secretary in the County Government for most her work career.

She lived with her mother after her father passed away in 1937 and never married until late in life. In early 1967, Vera, age sixty, married Walter Frank Hamner. Frank was a prominent Belton resident whose first wife had died some years prior.

Vera only lived a few more years after her marriage, but she seemed to have been very happy during those years. Vera is also buried in the North Belton Cemetery.

## **Cox, X. B., Jr.**

(The line from Solomon Cox and Naomi Hussey, to Solomon Cox and Martha Dixon, to Joseph Cox and Amy Baker, to John W. Cox and Matilda Castle , to James Christopher Cox and Josephine Savannah Miller, to X B Cox and Lula Myrtle Teague and finally to X B Cox, Jr. and Melba Ruth White Cox.)

X B Cox, Jr. was married to Melba Ruth White in Bryan, Texas November 4, 1948 in the First Baptist Church, with Dr. W. J. Andrew performing the ceremony. Donald D. Cox, brother of X B Cox, Jr. was the best man.

Donald D. and X B, Jr. were the only children of X B Cox and Lula Myrtle Teague. Donald was born February 9, 1909 and X B, Jr. was born February 12, 1915. Donald is deceased, as of July 6, 2006, and is buried in Fairmont Cemetery, San Angelo, Texas

X B and Melba have two children, Melba Ellen Cox born October 16, 1954 in San Angelo, Texas and X B Cox, III born January 17, 1958 in San Angelo, Texas. As of this date, October 5, 2008, Melba Ellen Cox Williams lives in Kerrville, Texas and X B Cox, III lives in Fairfax, Virginia.

Melba Ellen is married to Herbert Eugene Williams, Jr., born April 19, 1954. They were married on June 3, 1978 in First Methodist Church of San Angelo, Texas. X B III is married to Kelly Anne Wittnebel, born November 12, 1959. They were married on March 31, 1984 in Houston, Tx.

Melba Ellen and Herbert Eugene have two children, Herbert Eugene Williams, III born on July 9, 1981 and Sarah Elizabeth Williams, born January 28, 1985. Herbert Eugene Williams is married to Sandra Andrews, born January 23, 1980. They were married on June 2, 2005 at Cox Chapel, Highland Park Methodist Church, Dallas, Texas.

X B Cox, III and Kelly Anne Wittnebel Cox have two children. X B Cox, IV was born on November 24, 1986 in Baton Rouge, La. and died on September 22, 2006 at Hospital University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania as the result of leukemia and his body rejecting a bone marrow transplant. He was cremated. Jordan Katherine Cox was born on April 6, 1989 in Baton Rouge, La. and as of this date is a first year student at Auburn University, in Auburn, Alabama.



## **Cox, X. B., Sr., 1880-1968**

X B (M) Cox was born May 11, 1880, the first child of James Christopher Cox and Josephine Savannah Miller Cox, in Bell County, Texas. Other children from this marriage were Boyd Rosborough Cox, Samuel Cox and Dove Ellen Cox.

Soon after Dove Ellen was born J. C. Cox and Josephine S. Cox divorced and Josephine and her four children moved to McCullough County where her family lived.

X B was named for Major X B Saunders, a Bell County Civil War veteran. X B was called "the little Major" or just "Major" until after his marriage to Lula Myrtle Teague. She did not like "Major" and she shortened it to Mage.

He was from then on called Mage, signed his checks M. Cox and the telephone directory listed their number X B (M) Cox.

Many years after his death we found, in the book "The History of Bell County", that Major Saunders full name had been Xenophon Boone Saunders. I suppose that X B's parents did not know Major Saunders' full name at the time their baby son was born.

In 1898 X B rode horseback from Brady to West Texas, spending his first night in Knickerbocker, Tx. He said there were three gates to open on the way here and the grass was tall enough to touch the stirrups of his saddle. He moved on to Sherwood, Tx where he did ranch work, mostly on the Fayette Tankersley Ranch.

Some time before marrying Myrtle, X B went to North Dakota and worked on a ranch. He spent most of the winter cutting fence posts and/nor cutting ice from the lake or river and storing it for the ranch use the next summer.

After returning to Sherwood he spent time homesteading a tract of ranch land southwest of Mertzon. The land later became a part of the Tankersley Ranch holdings.

After being injured in a horse accident he was unable to cowboy for sometime. He then became a chuck wagon cook and earned a reputation as being a very good cook.

He was called on many times to lead the cooking team for large barbeque gatherings, both in Mertzon and in San Angelo.

X B met Lula Myrtle Teague at Sherwood and they were married December 31, 1907. Two sons were born to this union, Donald D. Cox on 9 February 1909 and X B Cox, Jr. on 12 February 1915. Donald died in July 2006 and is buried in Fairmount Cemetery, San Angelo, TX.

X B opened a saddle, harness, leather business but thirty days after their marriage the building burned down and they lost everything. He then went into fence building and freighting. He drove wagons back and forth between Sherwood and San Angelo and from Sherwood to Ozona. He acquired 48 mules, burros and horses.

In addition to the wagons, he began moving houses. In 1909-1910 the railroad came out west and by-passed Sherwood because it was on the opposite side of the river. As a result a town grew up along the railroad, named Mertzon, and much of Sherwood moved across the river. X B moved many of the buildings, including the hotel, a church and several houses.

His fence building included one contract of 100 miles in Crockett County. He was working enough men to build one mile per day. The men were paid \$1.00 a day plus board or \$1.50 a day and they boarded themselves.

Myrtle would prepare food inside an early day mobile home, which X B had built on a wagon frame. It was furnished with a wood stove for cooking and a small bedroom for themselves.

Later, X B got the franchise to build concrete block water storage tanks and had a very successful business.

In 1916-18 he built the first brick home in Mertzon and began to operate a motion picture show. One of the old church buildings he had moved from Sherwood was placed on a lot west of the

brick house and became the theatre. Also, during this time he bought some sheep and ran them in the area.

In 1920 he was hired to be foreman on the W. M. Noelke Ranch, 10 miles south of Mertzon. He was allowed to run his sheep there, as well as be foreman on the 45 section ranch.

In 1923 he purchased a farm 5 miles south of San Angelo and received ownership and moved on the property 1 January 1929. After farming two years, he was offered a job with the City Water Department, which was owned by the West Texas Utilities Co.

He took the job, which was to supervise the laying of a 12 inch water line from the water plant on the south side of the city up Oaks Street to a water tank on 14th St. When that job was completed, another line was laid to Van Buren St. on the west side of town. All ditches were dug by pick and shovel.

X B and Myrtle bought a house and three vacant lots on Washington Drive and lived there until 1930. Donald had been working for a dry cleaner and X B was tired of the WTU job, so they decided to return to the farm.

The farming consisted of farm, grain and then into vegetable gardening. The house on Washington Drive was rented out. A gasoline service station had been built on the corner lot and a small garage built at the rear. X B had men farming the vegetable garden from time to time and at one time two Japanese men did the job until one of them died and the other one went back to California. They were the best gardeners we ever had.

In 1936 there was a terrible flood that came down the river and through the field and took out all the cotton and vegetables.

About this time the City of San Angelo took the water department back from WTU and they decided we could no longer pump water from the river, as that provided the city supply. They purchased 140 acres, of the 160 acres which comprised the original farm, and removed the water pumps. They then sold the farm back to us at a much reduced price. During this time X B was able to buy about 140 additional acres, which was pasture land, joining the original farm on the north. This was cleared and put into cultivation.

In 1946 Donald and X B bought a small ranch in southwest Glasscock County. There was no building on the property, so they moved two small storage buildings at the farm and then two rooms from the main house at the farm were also taken to the ranch. No one stayed at the ranch more than five or six days at a time while new fences were built, water wells and water storage tanks were built. X B deeded his half of the ranch to Donald's two children to become effective at his death. In 1951 the first oil well was drilled, with more to follow over the years. After operating the ranch for several years it was leased to the Postmaster in Garden City.

In the early 1950s X B sold the original 140 acres of the 160 acres. Soon after that the Texas Department of Transportation came through with a road now know as Loop 306. Luckily it came between the property sold and the property to the north.

In 1955 X B and Myrtle deeded the farm to Donald and X B, Jr.

Donald had married in 1939 and built a home on the farm. He and his wife lived there until both were deceased. They are buried on the Cox plot at Fairmount Cemetery.

In 1986 Donald and X B, Jr. divided the farm in half, with X B, Jr. getting the north half and Donald got the south half.

X B died in November of 1968 and is buried in Fairmount Cemetery in San Angelo, Texas.

## **Gordon, Peggy Lorraine King (by Peggy Gordon)**

Peggy Lorraine King Gordon May 18, 2006

I was born in Wichita Falls, Texas on July 16, 1923. I am the only daughter of H.L. King and Bessie Sellers King who are deceased. My only brother, Buster Ralph King, died in 1987. I had a happy childhood on a small farm four miles north of Wichita Falls.

I attended Cashion Elementary School, Reagan Junior High School and graduated from Wichita Falls Senior High School. I married Forrest R. Gordon on March 2, 1946, in Wichita Falls. After forty-six years of marriage, he died on May 1, 1992. He was a wonderful husband, father and friend.

I was employed by the Telephone Company for thirteen years before I decided to earn a degree in Elementary Education at Midwestern University in 1965. I earned a Master's Degree in Guidance and Counseling from Midwestern State University in 1972. I was a 4th grade teacher at Bradford Elementary in Iowa Park, Texas for one year and a Social Studies teacher at Jefferson Elementary in Wichita Falls for nine years. I was a vocational counselor at Hirschi High School from 1975 to 1985.

After retiring from the Wichita Falls Independent School District in 1985, I was a part-time counselor for Byers ISD for four and a half years. At this time, I became very active in civic organizations, professional organizations, and volunteer work. I was a member of the first Silver Haired Legislature of Texas from 1986 to 1988. I was on the state legislative committee for Texas AARP and the Texas Retired Teachers Association. I was a member of the Citizens Council of the Texas Medical Foundation, the Senior Citizens of North Texas Board, and the Citizens Advisory Council for the Texas Department on Aging. I am currently a member of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, a life member of MSU Alumnae, and a life member of the Texas Retired Teachers Association. Other memberships include the League of Women Voters, North Texas Genealogical Association, Wichita County Historical Commission, the History Museum of North Texas, Wichita Falls Retired Teachers Association, Sierra Club, Friends of the Wichita Falls Public Library, and Brandywine Crucible, Inc. (Cox Descendent).

I was a volunteer for Region IX English as a Second Language, First Step Store (for abused women), Wichita County Heritage Society and WFISD Partners in Education. I am still a volunteer for Hospice of Wichita Falls, Friends of the Wichita Falls Public Library Bookstore, Wichita County Archives, the History Museum of North Texas, and Friends of Riverside Cemetery.

Most of all, I have enjoyed my family, church and friends. I have a son, David W. Gordon, who lives in Seguin, Texas and one daughter, Dana Boots Gordon, who lives in Poland. I have two grandsons and three great-granddaughters.

As a child of eight years, I made a public profession of faith in Christ at Cashion Baptist Church. I was baptized in a stock tank nearby because the church didn't have a baptistery. My family was Baptist for many years. I have been attending Grace Church Interdenominational since 1972. I have had a good life and God has been good to me.

Note: My gg grandfather John W. King married Delilah Cox. They came to Texas with Peter's Colony in 1844. They were the first settlers in Little Elm, Texas.



## **Gowen, Arlee Claud (by Arlee Gowen)**

Arlee Claud Gowen, son of Claud Franklin Gowen and Ora Ethel Cox Gowen, was born, Friday, November 24, 1922 at Lamesa, Texas. Ora Ethel Cox Gowen was a granddaughter of James Christopher Cox, the Lampasas County pioneer.

Arlee Claud Gowen attended McCarty community school and Lamesa public schools, graduating from Lamesa High School in May 1939. For two years prior to graduation he was employed by the "Lamesa Reporter," weekly newspaper on which he worked as a "printer's devil."

What was life like in the 1920-1930 decade? The value of money is perhaps the first thing to be noticed. His first job at the newspaper paid 10¢ an hour. When he could borrow the family car for a date, gasoline was 17¢ a gallon. Before electricity came in 1929, the Gowens used kerosene lamps, and kerosene cost a penny per gallon more than gasoline. A quart of oil was 25¢. A haircut was 25¢. A telephone cost \$2.25 per month for those who could afford them; my Dad said we couldn't.

We produced our own meat, eggs, vegetables and fruit. Three pounds of rice cost 18¢; a gallon of milk 12¢, and eggs were 22¢ a dozen. An apple pie at the bakery was 10¢, and two loaves of bread were 10¢. Brown sugar was 7¢ a pound. A quart of ice cream cost 20¢.

The doctors would make a house call for \$2 and deliver a baby at home for \$10.

What memories stand out for a youngster growing up on a farm in the "dirty thirties?" What poignant recollections of youth remain from over 70 years ago?

"Having my own tin dinner plate when I became old enough 'to come to the table.' The tiny plate, embossed with numerals and the letters of the alphabet around its circumference, would make the kid a 'man of letters,' according to Cousin Guy Rotan who was the donor of the treasured tin ware.

Receiving a bright red coaster wagon for Christmas that would allow you to transport all your dogs and cats in one trip.

Drawing straws with my grandmother to see who had to go outside on a cold, snowy day to winnow the chaff out of the popcorn before we made popcorn balls.

Watching a sandstorm that looked like a wall 3,000 feet high roll onto the farmstead out of Lynn County during the dustbowl days.

Sitting on top of a packed ice cream freezer while Dad turned the crank and contemplating the ecstasy of that ambrosia crossing the palate as my rump slowly turned numb with cold.

Shelling peas in a washing machine wringer and watching the legumes emerge like machinegun bullets, when the family undertook a mass-production canning effort to supply the food co-op during the depression.

Slipping our feet into the fluoroscope in the shoe department at Collins Department Store when trying on new brogans. You could see in the x-ray image where the toes were pinched, and with it probably came enough radiation to see your feet glow in the dark.

Firing up ready-rolled Chesterfields pilfered from Uncle Elmer's pack by Cousin Dorman. When he caught us, he put us in the cab of his pickup, rolled up the windows and gave us the whole pack to smoke non-stop.

Chopping cotton in the summertime on the Sellers farm at 20 cents an acre for the first money I ever earned. The most disagreeable parts of the job were (1) the gnats that swarmed into the shade of my straw hat and (2) the water bucket was always at the other end of the field.

Substituting at right end and catching the touchdown that won the intramural championship.

Riding away from Montgomery-Wards on the first all-aluminum bicycle ever seen in a town of 4,000 envious people. It wasn't long before the aluminum fenders, the light, the bell and the 'longhorn' handlebars were stripped down and stashed in the "car shed."



Riding the go-devil cultivator behind two obstreperous little mules who delighted in walking on the rows of young cotton rather than on top of the soil bed the minute you began to day-dream.

Climbing the city water tower at night with a bucket of paint on a dare and having Fire chief Luther Standifer turn on the ear-splitting city siren immediately below us.

Pulling bolls for 'a dollar a hundred' and thinking that there must be a better way.

Sleeping out under the grape arbor in the summertime and watching the stars peep through the Concord vines and in-variably getting purple stains on the pillowcase to Mother's chagrin.

Sitting atop a runaway horse and holding on for dear life to the hames that were pumping like pistons on a racing locomotive. That skittish stallion shied at a tin can in the row while I was riding him to 'scratch' cotton. The scratchers were cedar posts with headless 16-penny spikes driven into them that were dragged along the row, breaking the crust to help sprouting cotton plants emerge. I could have bailed out any time in the soft plowed ground, but those cedar posts were flailing the air behind me like machetes. The trace ropes pulling the posts broke when he jumped a 10-foot ditch onto the county road-bed, but then the surface was too hard and he was running too fast. He covered the half mile to the house in record time, and approaching the horse lot gate, planted his front feet in a dead stop and watched me sail over his head and over the old top-rail in the middle of the cow lot.

In September 1939 he enrolled in Texas Technological College at Lubbock. During his undergraduate days he was employed as a printer at Wood Printing Company and Texas Tech Press. Later he was a sportswriter on the "Lubbock Avalanche-Journal."

His best memories were: was rounding the Administration Building circle in the slickest, reddest Ford roadster that 3,500 envious Texas Tech students had ever seen.

Receiving the president's gavel to add to my fraternity pin in my senior year and seeing it wind up on the sweater of the 'prettiest girl in Tech.'

Spending the year of 1941 in organizing a treasure-hunting expedition to Cocos Island and in securing permission from the government of Costa Rica to embark, only to have it all go up in the flames of Pearl Harbor on December 7.

He was graduated in June 1943 with a BA degree in journalism.

In the Navy Day parade down Broadway on October 27, 1942, the band was playing, the flag was waving, and he got that tingle down his spine—and he saw how the pretty girls swooned over those white dress uniforms and their gold braid. He signed up on the spot!

He volunteered into U. S. Naval Aviation as an aviation cadet and, prior to reporting for active duty, was employed on the flight line by Breedlove Aerial Service, flight training contractor for U.S. Army Air Corps. His naval training began at University of Texas where his physical training officer was "the meanest man that ever walked the face of the earth," Coach Lt. Paul "Bear" Bryant, who was later one of the winingest coaches in college football at Texas A&M University and University of Alabama.

He was assigned to the USS Randolph (CV-15) as its construction was being completed. As a "plank owner" on the new aircraft carrier, he was aboard on its shakedown cruise to Trinidad. Following refitting and renovation the USS Randolph joined the Fifth Fleet operating in the Pacific theatre, arriving on station there via the Panama Canal, San Francisco and Hawaii.

The USS Randolph joined the fleet in the island anchorage of Ulithi atoll and participated in the war against Japan until its conclusion, taking part in the Battles of Bonin Islands, Iwo Jima, Iwo Shima, Okinawa and the Philippines and air strikes on Tokyo, Kyushu, Minami Daita Jima and the Nansei Shoto, operating with the Fifth Fleet, the Third Fleet, Task Force 58 and Task Force 38.

He was awarded four battle stars and six campaign ribbons for service in the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic and Mediterranean theaters. He was cited for "conspicuous gallantry" by Adm. Mark Mitscher in an attack by enemy aircraft at Ulithi when his ship was hit and severely damaged by Kamikazi aircraft.

In December 1945 Lt.[jg] Arlee Claud Gowen received a transfer to Naval Air Transport Service and was stationed successively in Norfolk, Virginia; Patuxent River, Maryland; Olathe, Kansas and Amarillo, Texas.

On February 16, 1946 he was married to May Belle "Bonnie" Bonner, daughter of Joseph Drew Bonner and Alice Belle Hestand Bonner in Crane, Texas. She was born Friday, September 11, 1925 at Breckenridge, Texas. May Belle "Bonnie" Bonner Gowen had graduated from Texas Technological College in June 1945 and was a teacher in Phillips, Texas High School at the time of their marriage. After a honeymoon in New Mexico the couple lived at Pantex, Texas near Amarillo Army Air Base where he was stationed. He was separated from naval service June 6, 1946 at Galveston, Texas, and they moved immediately to Lubbock where they had met in college.

In 1946 Arlee Claud Gowen assisted in the organizing and founding of "Southwestern Crop and Stock," a farm magazine. He was named editor of the publication which printed its first edition in January 1947. May Belle "Bonnie" Bonner Gowen was a teacher at Hutchinson Junior High School in Lubbock at that time. In 1955 he became a deacon and a bible school teacher at Broadway Church of Christ.

In August 1956 he assisted in the organization of High Plains Credit Corporation and was named executive vice-president of organization while continuing in the publishing business. In 1959 he established a wholesale electronic supply which became known as Electros, Inc. In 1961 he purchased a farm in Bailey County, Texas. Forty-five years later he continued to operate it.

He had become interested in family history research in 1941 and continued to pursue that interest for many years. In September 1986 he entered a manuscript, "The Widder Dyches" in the Texas Sesquicentennial competition. It was adjudged first place winner and was displayed in the Hall of State at the State Fair of Texas alongside the original Texas Declaration of Independence. In March 1987 he was named to the board of directors of the South Plains Genealogical Society. In the same year he was appointed to the board of directors of Texas State Genealogical Society. In 1987 "The Widder Dyches" received first place in Texas State Genealogical Society competition. In 1988 an account of his fifth-generation grandfather, "Matthew Morgan McCall, M. D, Alikchi Chukma of the Choctaws" again took the TSGS award.

In 1989, he received a visit from a cousin, Miller Abbott "Bud" Gowen of Geneva, Switzerland who proposed that they organize Gowen Research Foundation to make a study of the family history. Arlee Claud Gowen was elected president of the organization which he continued to head in April 2006.

In June 1997, he assisted with the organization of The Brandywine Crucible, a heritage society composed of the Cox family researchers and others. He was named a director of the organization and continued on the board in May 2006.

Two daughters were born to Arlee Claud Gowen and May Belle "Bonnie" Gowen: Bonnie Lee Gowen, born December 16, 1951 and Connie Louise Gowen born July 3, 1954

## **Hamlin, Sandra Rave Cox (by Sandra Hamlin)**

Sandra Raye Cox Hamlin  
Born 26 Sept, 1943  
Harlingen (Cameron), TX

We lived in the Texas Valley, and moved with TN., my father, to California. He made a career of the Navy until about 1961 when he had his first coronary. In 1985, living in Houston, it was kidney failure due to diabetes that ended his life. After California, mother and I moved to Dallas, She remarried and we moved on to west Texas where I graduated from high school. After attending Texas Woman's University in Denton, Texas, I was married July 11, 1964 to Lonnie Mack Hamlin in Wichita Falls, TX.

I am married to the sweetest person in the world and I am very blessed to have him for my husband He is just beginning semi-retirement and it is actually fun to have him around more.

Ten months after marriage we had son #1, John Derek, and in 1969 our second son David Colby came along. In 1972 our only daughter Suzanne Mignon Elizabeth was born. All were born in Wichita Falls.

In the early years of our marriage my interests were and still are in my family. The activities in which I participated reflected that interest in my children. I enjoyed Wichita Falls Mother's Club, president of Home Demonstration Club, Parent of the Year in A. C. L. D. (All Children Learn Differently), an educational organization for parents. Holding various offices of Ben Milam P.T.A. was an enjoyable experience for me and I particularly enjoyed promoting volunteer help by parents. A lifetime membership in Texas P.T.A is something of which I am proud. Of course participating in various parent's booster clubs was included.

The most thrilling aspect of my life is being a believer in The Lord Jesus Christ who died for me and is my savior. Several years were spent teaching second graders in Sunday School as well as in Awanas. We attend Grace Church, a non-denominational church, which coincidentally, Peggy Gordon attends. We both have attended there for over 40 years and never knew each other and have just met because of this family reunion!

My grand-children and soon to be great-grand son are very important to me and getting as much ancestral information as I can for them is a goal of mine. I'm looking forward to working with the Brandywine Crucible, Inc. and getting to know my just met family better.

I think my patriarchal line descends from John (1665), John (1696), Samuel (1723), Samuel (1754) Samuel, (1790), Fleming Trigg, (1811), Samuel Hampton, (1831), Columbus Alonzo (Lon) (11 Feb. 1869), Thomas (Tommy) Nathan, Sr. (3 April, 1902) Thomas Nathan (TN.), Jr. (05 Nov. 1925). I have no proof of any of this except the death and birth certificate of T. N., my father, T. N. had two sons in his second marriage, Michael and Bobby.



## **Parrish, Bessie (by Debbie Schleiffer, daughter of Margaret Ann (Cox) Erdevig)**

Bessie Laurena Parrish was one of two sets of twins born to Pethuel and Celestia (Ferris) Parrish, parents to 11 children. Bessie and her twin sister Jessie were the youngest in the family, born on October 16, 1882. Unfortunately, Jessie died at the age of 17 when she stubbed her toe and developed gangrene. Remarkably, Lizzie and Lucy, a second set of twins had been born five years earlier. Everyone recalled Celestia hollering "Lizzie, Lucy, Bessie, Jessie, SaDEE" in one breath!

Bessie graduated from Toulon Academy in 1900. She received a leather-bound book of poetry as a gift inscribed by "an old school teacher", Elsie J. Mawbey. The commencement invocation that year was given by Rev. Leonard F. Cullom, minister of Toulon Methodist Church. In 1901, Bessie married the minister's son, Charles Frances "Frank" Cullom. They moved to Kewanee on Lakeview Avenue in a house that still stands. A brief marriage bore both a boy and a girl; only the girl survived infancy. Madelin Lenore was born on March 26, 1908. Bessie took Madelin and returned to her parents.

Bessie later married Harold "Harry" N. Draper on Christmas Eve of 1915. Harry became a two-term mayor in Toulon, a 56-year Masonic Lodge member and served on the Toulon school board for 12 years. They inherited the old Cole house on North Henderson Street where they lived for decades.

Madelin graduated from Toulon Township High School in May 1925. In college, love swept her into a "shocking" elopement to Ray Wilbur Cox late in 1927. Madelin was 19. A baby was born to them just four months later. The baby's grandfather, Reverend Cullom, christened the child into the Methodist faith.

Madelin and Ray first set up house in the Ballentine apartments on East Main Street and then in the John McCall house southeast of town. Their four children were Margaret Ann, Roland "Bud" Ray, Marilyn Bess and Carol Jean. Their marriage was turbulent and Ray abandoned his family. Because Madeline was a talented piano student of Mrs. Irene Nowlan, she sometimes worked nights as a ragtime bar piano player much to her mother's chagrin though mostly she worked as a typist. Margaret Ann and Marilyn Bess were later sent to live with Bessie and Harry to make ends meet.

Redheaded Margaret Ann grew up barefoot and happy in Toulon. Though poor as "church mice", eating mustard sandwiches to survive without their father, the family held strong through hard times. Margaret Ann grew very tall and her long legs could run faster than any boy in school. She wanted to win a sports ribbon for her school but was barred from the track. Always an excellent student, her flaming hair and renowned Cox ears were easily recalled.

Margaret Ann studied fine arts at the University of Illinois. She also worked for Bell Telephone in Champaign, Illinois. A brief marriage to Neilson Cumming, Jr. in 1949 left her divorced at age 23. In 1954 Margaret Ann met a handsome widower. When she married Daniel Henry Erdevig, Jr. on Christmas Eve, she became an instant mother to his infant and toddler girls. Two years later, I was born, Debra Jo. A son rounded out the family, Daniel Henry, III, in 1958.

Margaret Ann loved Old Settler Reunions as a child and adult. Today I continue that family tradition with interest and pride by attending reunions too.

Margaret Ann Cox, age 4,  
dressed for the 1932 Old Settlers Parade



1928 four generation photo:  
Baby Margaret Ann Cox, age 9 months  
Mother, Madelin Lenore (Cullom) Cox, age 20  
Grandmother, Bessie Laurena (Parrish-Cullom) Draper, age 46 (Ten Commandments necklace)  
Great grandmother, Celestia (Ferris) Parrish, age 86



## **Sutton, Les (by Les Sutton)**

I was born in 1937 at home on a farm near Eden, Texas. If there had been a poverty line in those days, we would never have reached it. I did not realize we were poor. My everyday shirts were made from feed sacks and my Sunday shirts were made from flour sacks and every kid could tell the difference, but no one cared. We knew some folks that we thought were rich, but I sincerely believed that we were better off than them.

I grew up on a farm half way between Doole and Salt Gap. Daddy worked extremely hard, but loved to play and especially loved baseball. He died in 1950, on a baseball field in Brady. We tried to stay on the farm, but the drought and the realization that a pretty good Class B football player was not good enough to get a significant scholarship, forced me to go to Houston to work my way through college.

Marjory Osborne and I married in 1960, the day I graduated from the University of Houston. I worked for Continental Oil Company for 15 years and was moved from Houston to Salt Lake City to Cedar City to Ft. Worth to Houston to Chattanooga to Houston to Minneapolis. For the next 33 years, I was in the barge business, moving to Pittsburgh to New Orleans to Nashville and back to Houston. We have two wonderful children and three super grandchildren. Our son Mark is an engineer in New Orleans and our daughter, Karen is a Presbyterian minister in Orlando.

Growing up, I went to Church twice every Sunday and most Wednesday nights. I thought eternal life was something you got when you died and God was a distant authoritarian ruler over the universe. Marjory, through her involvement with Community Bible Study had demonstrated, beyond doubt, that we can have a very personal relationship with God and that he often intervenes in the smallest areas of our lives. Like my own father, He clearly wants us to enjoy ourselves here on earth. Life is good! – Les Sutton

## **Sutton, Marjory Ruth Osborne (by Marjory Sutton)**

I, Marjory Ruth Osborne, was born February 23, 1933, at the Masonic Hospital in Chicago, Illinois. At the time, my parents, Adam Edward (Ted) Osborne and Ruth Edith Hall Osborne, had recently graduated from Moody Bible Institute. They had been accepted by the African Inland Mission Board and were awaiting assignment. They never got to Africa, however. My father's back was broken in three places in an accident; then infection set in. He spent the next six years in a hospital for a series of spinal fusions. My parents returned to their home town of Niagara Falls, New York, where they would have the support of family through the crisis. Mother and I boarded with different family members who cared for me while Mother worked to keep our little family together. It was during the depression. Mother, with her college education, worked first as a domestic; then as a seamstress for the WPA.

What a wonderful occasion it was when Dad was finally released from the hospital! A city official learned of his situation and he was offered a political appointment for the excellent salary of \$25.00 per week. Then his benefactor was voted out of office, and Daddy lost his job. He then went to work as bookkeeper for a roofing company for the salary of \$12.00 per week. I remember his take home pay was \$11.88 after social security was deducted. Mother, Daddy and I were forced to give up our roomy apartment and move into a cramped two room apartment behind a storefront. It had indoor plumbing with cold water only. The bathroom contained a small sink and a toilet. We took our baths in a big round galvanized washtub in the middle of the kitchen with water mother heated on a little two burner kerosene stove. But we were together, and that was enough. It was while we were in this apartment that my baby brother Loren was born. I was eight years old.

Then came World War II. An intelligent, college educated young man who was 4F was much in demand! For some time, Dad held two jobs. One of them was a top security job for the U. S. Signal Corps. One of his assignments was to encode and decode messages. Needless to say, he didn't discuss his work. His good salaries enabled us to move to a large upstairs three bedroom apartment, with roomy living room, formal dining room, kitchen and full bath with hot and cold running water. What luxury! My favorite part of the place was the fully floored stand up attic. There were large windows in the gables at either end which made it a spacious, bright playroom.

In 1944, once again our fortune changed. Dad slipped and fell on the ice, and broke one of the fusions in his back. It meant another year in the hospital. Mother went to work in a war plant, working the swing shift. Every day I hurried home from school to baby sit my little brother. The doctor told Dad that if he fell again, it would probably end his life and strongly urged a move to a warmer climate. So in December of 1945, we loaded up what belongings we could pack into the green Hudson, sold everything else, and headed for Houston, Texas. Dad went to work for A. O. Smith. The war had just ended and housing was scarce. For a year we lived in a little apartment in an old converted house on City Park Drive. About a year later we found better lodgings east of town close to Dad's work. I transferred to Galena Park Junior/Senior High School from which I graduated in 1950. I worked my way through the University of Houston, and received my bachelor's degree in 1954. I then went back to Galena Park Schools where I taught; then served as a counselor, psychologist, remedial teacher, etc in the Special Education Department.

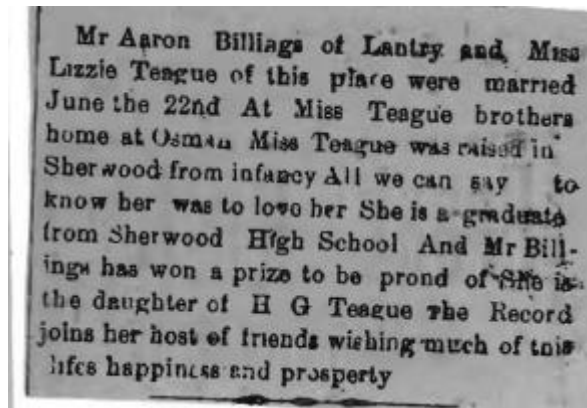
The following I count as landmark events in my life: choosing to trust Christ as my Savior and Lord at an early age; marrying Les Sutton, the love of my life; raising two wonderful children; and becoming involved in the ministry of Community Bible Study, which enriched spiritual life for both Les and me and provided me with many dear friends.

Our son Mark is an Electrical Engineer married to Kathleen Shelby. They have a son Matthew. Our daughter Karen is an ordained Presbyterian minister, married to Jon-Paul Estes. They have two boys, Martin and Alexander.

Life is indeed good!

## Billings, Lizzie Teague

Mr. Aaron Billings of Lantry and Miss Lizzie Teague of this place were married June the 22nd At Miss Teague brothers home at Osman Miss Teague was raised in Sherwood from infancy All we can say to know her was to love her She is graduate from Sherman High School And Mr. Billings has won a prize to be proud of She is the daughter of H G Teague The record joins her host of friends wishing much this lifes happiness and prosperity





## **Wallace, Bettye Cox (by Bettye Wallace)**

My dad, William Cornelius 'Nealy' Cox, Jr moved to Amarillo and attended the San Jacinto Barber College, then bought a two-chair shop in Goodnight, Texas, where he met my mother, Maude Newberry. I was born there August 30, 1927, and my brother, Billy Jess Cox, in 1929. Daddy ran a barber shop in one end of a small building, and a Sinclair Service Station in the other. He was the bus agent on the Amarillo to Clarendon highway until March, 1937 when we moved to Canyon, 'so Bill and I could go to College'. I had never thought I could do that! I think I was the first grandchild of Will Cox and Georgia Cotten Cox to do that.

Bill and I attended West Texas State Teachers College Demonstration School, then WTSTC where I received a bachelor's degree in Secondary Education and Art in 1947.

I moved to Portales, New Mexico and taught art in six grades and English in the sixth grade. The following May I married Hardy Elbern Wallace. He had a personality which invited nicknames, so he had many. Wally was in the Navy, stationed on a moth-balled cruiser on the Sacramento River at Port Chicago. We lived in Naval housing in Concord before moving to Hunter's Point Naval Yard in San Francisco. That was an exciting time to be there. The United Nations delegates were organizing downtown, and the city was celebrating 300 years since the discovery of San Francisco Bay by the Spanish.

After Wally's discharge we moved to Tulia, Texas where his father was Swisher County Judge. The Ford dealer asked Wally to be bookkeeper and assistant to the Parts Manager.

After a few months the Manager was fired and Wally became Manager, I was asked to be the bookkeeper. In 1956 we had an opportunity to become the dealer in Happy, Texas and moved there. In 1986 we moved the business to Dimmitt. Wally died of multiple myeloma in 1990 and I became the Dealer. I closed the dealership in 1992 and worked for a farmer's cooperative before moving to Canyon, Texas, where daughter Jana Goss lives.

We have three daughters, Mary of Houston, Jana of Canyon and Amy of Craig, Colorado. We adopted a son, Vann Eric, in 1969. I have nine granddaughters and twin grandsons; and am expecting my second great-grandchild in Sept, 2006.

I no longer drive, but try to serve our Father in First United Methodist Church of Canyon. He had blessed me beyond understanding ---Bettye Cox Wallace