

LIFE AND TIMES WITH HORACE COX

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.