

When I was born in West Texas

By Missy Cox Jones

I was born on April 30, 1930. . My parents were William- Cornelius Cox and Minnie Steward Cox. My family, with my brother Wilburn and my sister Geneva, lived 24 miles from Big Spring in West Texas when I was born.

My brother Wilburn had had infantile paralysis when he was 18 or 20 months old. He was born August 2, 1915. The paralysis affected him on the left side. His story is told at another site here on the Story pages. He was a teenager, 15 years old when I was born, and all of his life he had to have two pair of shoes bought each time that he needed new shoes, because his left foot was a lot smaller than his right foot. When they bought him shoes at a store in Big Spring, the merchant at the store talked to my Mother and Daddy about getting him operated on. He told them about The Scottish Rite Hospital for Crippled Children in Dallas, Texas. So, they made plans to take Wilburn to Dallas to this hospital.

My Daddy drove their 1928 Ford touring Car from Big Spring to Dallas to the hospital. My Mother said Daddy drove all over Dallas, and never had any trouble and did not get lost. They went to have Wilburn examined at the hospital and make arrangements for him to come back later to be admitted for his surgery.

Daddy and Wilburn went to Dallas the first of January, 1930. It was very cold. Wilburn would be at the hospital for four months, and Daddy would go back on the train to get him the last of April. And when I was born Daddy had gone to Dallas on the train. My Mother was enough old school that she didn't think that young girls should know anything about having a baby. She didn't tell my sister Geneva anything, except, she said, "If I get sick while Will is gone, go to Grandpa Kemper's and tell him I am sick." Geneva, my brother Wilburn and our cousin, Vernon Cox, who lived about 4 miles from our home, had figured out that what was wrong was, our mother was going to have a baby.

Sure enough. Daddy was gone when Mama went into labor. She sent Geneva down to Grandpa Kemper's to tell mm that she was sick. He sent his oldest son to Stanton to call the Doctor in Big Spring. His name was Dr. True. He came out, and with several neighbor ladies, brought me into the world.

While I was being born that day, Geneva was sent over to Uncle Joe and Aunt Linnie's house. She and her cousin Vernon Cox (their son) stayed out in a hegari field herding cows all day, and Geneva said when that day was through, she had a new baby sister. My dear sister, Geneva told me this story every year on my birthday. And, my cousin Vernon Cox, who was the son of Joe and Linnie Cox (daddy's brother and his wife) at this time is 92 years old and living in Michigan. We are good friends, and he has told me several times about that day that I was born. He remembers every bit of that story.

He also said that my Mother was so pretty. She had long hair and curled it with a curling iron. He said she was always laughing and happy, and was so much fun. He said that he saddled up his horse and rode the 4 miles over to our house every chance he got. He said she nearly always had teacakes, pies or cakes made.