

THE LIFE STORY OF MRS. W. R. MARCHMAN,  
FORMERLY FANNIE FRANKS, OF ATLANTA, GA.

.....

George Franks and Amanda Fowler were married in 1850. Returned to Holy Springs, Mississippi, where he had a home and a store, and three children by a former wife. The children were Mary, Martha and Milton, and their mother was an own cousin to Amanda Fowler. Everything seemed to be joy and happiness. In September, 1851, Amanda Franks went to her Mother's, where she was previously married; her mother's home was a large two-story house on a public road, and on a plantation with several cabins for Negroes. There was one large double cabin, fifty feet from the dining-room. The cook lived in part of it and the kitchen was in the other part. The kitchen had a large fireplace with a crane across it with pot hooks, pot racks attached. The cooking utensils were a large oven, a skillet, two pots, a frying-pan, waffle irons with long handles, teakettle and coffee pot. The food was prepared in this kitchen and carried to the dining-room on large waiters. The cook could fill that waiter with dishes of food, set it on her head and walk the fifty feet without holding with her hands. There was also a large smoke-house, one side floored, the other a dirt floor, where meat in great quantities was smoked and cured, for the many work hands and whites on the plantation, and a large orchard with all kinds of apples, pears, quinces, figs, peaches, etc., and a large chestnut tree stood near this smoke-house, that it took two men to touch hands around. A well of clear, cold water, 80 feet deep, and many horses, mules, cows, hogs, chickens, turkeys, guineas, etc., on the plantation.

The great quantities of wheat, corn, potatoes, all kinds of vegetables, I can't imagine how any one could ever get hungry on a place so well filled with food.

On this plantation on the 19th day of September, 1851, a baby was born, daughter of George and Amanda Franks, and her name was Fannie Franks. In due time Amanda Franks and her baby girl, Fannie, returned to their home in Holly Springs. When Fannie Franks was about one year old the father, George Franks, went to New York to buy goods for his store in Holly Springs. He took pneumonia and died.

My grandfather, my mother's father, died, and her mother was glad to have us with her. So there was a guardian appointed that went to Holly Springs and attended to the business of closing out the store, etc. I was nearly three years old, with a head covered with light curls. There were many bees on the place, so I got me a stick and played with the bees, but in a short time I began to scream.

Mother came to me, knocked off as many bees as she could, took me into the house and sat down in front of a large mirror, was searching through my curls for the bees, and I looked up at the mirror and saw my mother; that's the only thing that I remember about my mother, until one of her sisters took me to her bed, where she was dying. So I was left an orphan, about three years of age.

I had an uncle, my mother's brother, in the suburb of Atlanta, who had a store and lived there; so they took me to this uncle, Mitchell Fowler. He and his wife were lovely to me, and they started me to school as soon as I was old enough, were doing everything that was necessary to be done for me.

Well, the war between the States started, and we would go out and see the young men all dressed in gray, with the brass buttons, marching and in training for the Army. They were a happy bunch of young men. We went to see them leave Atlanta, and there were well filled trains leaving home in perfect health, but it wasn't long until they began coming home, minus their toes, their feet, their entire leg, the hand, arm, etc. There was a great number of wounded soldiers, and the Yankees kept gaining ground, moving rapidly toward Atlanta. So when they got so near that we could hear the cannon, and Uncle thought that he would be called right away to the Army, he moved his wife, three children and myself to his mother's home. There was a store-house on this public road, so he moved his goods to that store, and was doing a real good business. I was in that store one day, saw a knot hole behind a counter. I got down and peeped, and I saw something shiny. I went out and crawled under the floor, and I found two silver dimes.

Uncle gave me a beautiful chestnut bay pony, with black mane and tail, and a red plush side-saddle.

There was a large frame school building on the ground that the Federal prison is now on. That school was called Panthersville, and was ten miles from Atlanta. So I was placed in that school, and Mr. Marchman's brother-in-law, James Harmon, was principal. So I got acquainted with all of the young people in that neighborhood. There was a large oak tree in the front yard, and W. R. Marchman worked in the post office at Decatur, so he rode horseback to the school to see his brother-in-law, and while they were talking under the shade of this tree Mr. Marchman asked the teacher to pick him a sweet-heart out of the school, so I was the one selected, and I was sitting in a window and I saw him keep looking at me, so I moved my seat so he could not see me, but he didn't forget me. He came to see me, and told me that he was going to the Army and that on his return he wanted to see me. So when he left he had closed the gate and was on the outside and I inside. So he asked me to kiss him good-bye. Well, I didn't think it the proper thing for me to do, so he left without his kiss, so different to the young girls of to-day.

Well, there were many of the schoolmates that had horses, and we enjoyed horseback riding together.

The Stone Mountain was our choice place for a picnic. This mountain is gray granite, one mile high and eight miles around it, one side slanting, and had a town at the foot of it; the other side was steep, straight up, with a farm near it.

I am told that Borglum did some wonderful carving on the steep side of that mountain, carved General Lee and his horses, and underneath that carving the ladies of the Confederacy had a large room cut out and shelves with all kinds of relics of the War, and that they had a wonderful door made of copper.

Well, one Saturday a crowd of us rode horseback to this mountain. We had baskets well filled with everything good to eat, so we rode half way up the mountain, that was as far as the horses could go. So we hitched our horses and walked to the top. There were cross roads cut in the mountain, about six feet deep, and a large rock covered the roads where they crossed, and the walls of the granite were smooth enough to write and carve our names. So we all left our names carved on that mountain.

There were large cavities that eagles and other large birds built nests in and raised their young. The eagles would often take young lambs to feed their young, and I was told at one time that an eagle took a young baby. Well, we remained on the top of that mountain, had a fine dinner and a jolly good time. We were above the clouds; clouds formed below us and rained torrents. We could not spend the night on the mountain, so when we left to return home we found our horses soaking wet and the rain still pouring. If I had a picture of that crowd after we were baptized it would be funny to look at.

Well, Mr. Marchman and my uncle both went to the Army. The uncle wrote home; his letters were folded and sealed with red sealing wax without envelopes.

Well, finally his letters ceased, and we searched and inquired for four years, thinking that he was in some prison, but we never heard from him any more. We never knew how he died or anything about him, after he quit writing.

Well, every day brought the Yankees nearer to us, and at school we could hear the cannon and big guns, until it was hard to keep our minds on our books. The Confederate soldiers dug a ditch three miles long, piled brush and threw dirt on the brush for breast works.

The Yankees finally gained the victory, got possession of Atlanta. They burned a good portion of the city, killed hundreds of

our soldiers, and buried them in that long ditch that they had dug for breast works. The rebels that were left alive and not in prison returned to their homes, but there were thousands of Yankees and their horses to be fed, so they foraged all over that country. They dug potatoes, gathered corn, took all the wheat and corn that was gathered and all the meat, killed all the live hogs and young calves, and took them to camp. They took all cows and horses, so there's where my nice pony went, but I had my saddle in a bedroom, but they found it and took it anyway and rode off sideways on it.

We hid everything that we could. Grandmother's house had a room added to it, and when the house was first finished it was weatherboarded, so when this room was added the weatherboarding was left inside the dining-room, and in the dark hours of the night we ripped some of that weatherboarding off and placed hams, sugar, coffee, meal, flour, etc., and then carefully fitted that weatherboard back. That was our main hiding place, except that we had bushels of wheat. We went upstairs, bored a hole in the center of a door, we poured the wheat on the floor and sat there in the night and raked wheat into that augur hole, and it would fall between the ceilings downstairs. But we had no place we could hide corn. We shucked it and shelled it, and packed it upstairs in boxes and barrels. They took every grain of the corn. One morning we were expecting the Yankees to come. We got up before day, cooked breakfast. My aunt then had three children, I made four, and she and Grandmother. We had our breakfast on the table ready to eat, when the Yankees in their dark blue suits swarmed in that dining-room like a drove of blackbirds. They snatched everything that we had to eat, every knife, fork, spoon, even the table cloth, left us there with those little children with nothing to eat. We had a pound of butter, and I had one Sunday dress. It was percale, purple ground with red figures on it, was worth many dollars at that time. They put that pound of butter in my china pitcher, walked to my Sunday dress, tore a width out of it, and wrapped the pitcher in it.

They had driven the cows off early that day, and we had no milk or anything else for those children. Of course grown folks could stand it better, but imagine the little ones crying all day for something to eat. Well, we watched for an officer, but did not see one until sundown. I spied one, and went to him and told him my story. He had saddle-bags with hard-tack, and I took it to the children. The soldiers never spent the nights away from their camos, so it was after sundown, and we had a fire in the house; when they all left the place I went to the garden and got a handful of large collard leaves, and when I was sure that the Yankees were out of sight we ripped off a weatherboard and got out some meal and salt, laid a collard leaf on the hot bricks, made my meal up with water, poured my dough on the leaf and covered it with another leaf, then I piled hot embers over it and let it cook until it was done.

Well, then, we got some cold water out of our well, and we sat around the fire and ate that bread and water. That was the best bread that I ever ate, and all the others thought it extra good.

We had one cow that had a young calf. They killed the calf and carried it away, but drove the cow with other cattle. She was so distressed about her calf that she got away and came back home, so the next morning she was at the back door lowing. I went out and called a Negro girl, and we packed big rails and built a pen about two feet tall, then we put feed inside the pen, and the cow went after the feed, and while she was eating we built a pen up around her, so she couldn't get out. Well, then, I milked her, and the kids had all the milk they needed, but we had no spoons, knives or forks.

Just imagine trying to cook without any of those articles. I went into the big old smoke-house, searching for spoons, and I found what I thought a spoon, but it was made of iron and was awfully heavy. I took it to my grand-mother: she told me that it was spoon molds, and if I'd get some of the old pewter plates and something to melt them in I could mold spoons: so I found an old broken boiler but enough of it left that I could melt the pewter. I molded several spoons, and they were so bright and beautiful, with flowers on the handle, but if you stirred real hot food in grease your spoon would melt and just leave the handle in your hand.

The Yankees would look at them and then drop them on the floor to see if they would ring, but they would take them anyway, and then I would have to make more spoons.

They would stick bayonets in the cow and make her flinch, and we would beg and plead, but we finally kept her, and I don't see how we would have lived without that cow.

We had quantities of lard, syrup, in fact, everything to eat. We filled a 5-gallon jar full of lard, and a 5-gallon jug full of syrup. We went out to locate a place to bury those things. We found a persimmon tree, and we stepped four feet east of that tree and buried those two vessels. When the war was over we went to locate them, and there was no sign of the persimmon tree. Well, we dug and dug, but we never located that lard and syrup.

My uncle had a buggy and my grandmother had a rockaway, so we took a wheel off the buggy, carried it down a field and threw it in a deep ditch. Well, the rockaway had a tongue, and they worked two horses to it. We took that tongue off and threw it in the gully, but the sharp Yankees took the shafts off the buggy, put them on the rockaway and made a set of harness out of material in the buggy house. They hitched the horse and drove away, left the buggy without shafts or wheels.

Well, we were getting out of candles. We had lots of seed cotton stored in Uncle's store-room, but we had no ginned cotton, so we brought a lot of that seed cotton into the house and we picked the seed out of it, and then I carded and spun some thread that made wicks. Grandmother had the candle molds, and we had some tallow,

so I made the wicks, got them into the molds, my Grandmother showing me how to, then we melted the tallow, poured it in, let it get cold and pulled out the well molded candles.

But I haven't told you how we got our wheat out of that wall that we raked thru an augur hole. We ripped off a ceiling plank downstairs, and let the wheat pour out onto the floor, then we took it up in vessels, sent it to the mill when the mill got to running, had our flour ground. We had four sacks, one contained bran, it was bran, shorts, seconds and flour. We had to send four sacks to the mill.

Now, the war is closed, but the Negroes had meetings and agreed to rise against the whites, so there's where the Ku-Klux came to our relief.

There was a lovely spring at the Stone Mountain, walled with the grey granite, and a large piece across the branch.

Negroes liked to go to this branch and wash. So they had gathered there on wash day when the Ku Klux rode up and asked for a drink of water, each man was equipped with a piece of rubber hose that extended from his throat down his pants' leg, on the inside of course. The Negroes had large gourds with long handles so they handed the Ku Klux a gourd of water, he would put the handle of that gourd that the end had been opened into the rubber hose and empty three gourds of water that the Negroes thought he was drinking. Ah! get a bucket and give me water, your gourds don't hold enough, then the Negroes would run.

I went to a circus and the Ku Klux were on stilts, so they had grown about ten feet tall and go where the Negroes were seated and bow over to them, they would fall off their seats getting out of the way, so that's the way the Ku Klux saved us.

We could not buy sugar, coffee and many things that we would like to have, so we tried many substitutes for coffee, such as parched corn, parched wheat, parched okra seed, and parched thin slices of sweet potatoes, but none of it tasted like coffee.

My Grandmother died when I was between sixteen and seventeen years old, so that left me with a widowed Aunt.

My Mother had fifteen brothers and sisters, including three half brothers. She had a sister with two boys, Wafer and Bud Boring. Bud married Fannie Whitlow, a school mate of mine, and they had a daughter, Bessie Boring Gardner, living in Decatur, Georgia, and I correspond with her. Wafer Boring had a son, Rev. Will Boring, a fine Methodist Preacher.

I am the only living first Cousin that I know anything about in the Fowler family. I will be 91 years old September, 1942.

The war is over, things are left sad and desolate, but Mr. Marchman had returned, and was visiting me every opportunity, so we were married November 24th, 1968. He had a mother, and sister, with 4 ch

dren; this sister's husband, James T. Harmon, came to Jefferson, Texas, to locate a home for us.

We left Atlanta February 6, 1869, Mr. Marchman's mother, the sister, the four children and Mr. Marchman and I, and a bird dog that belonged to the brother-in-law. We all boarded an emigrant train with well filled baskets of chicken, ham, and everything good to eat. The coach had a stove in it, and they gave us permission to make coffee. We rode this train to Mobile, Alabama, where we took a boat. We were not on this boat many hours until we boarded another train, and rode to Lake Pontchartrain. This boat took us to a six mile train that carried us into New Orleans. We had a letter from J. T. Harmon, Jefferson, Texas, telling us to leave New Orleans on the Mittie Stephens, a large side-wheel steamer. The Mittie Stephens was at the wharf, but one of the children was very sick. We had to call a doctor. He advised us not to move that child, so the Mittie Stephens left us in New Orleans.

As soon as we could leave we took a stern-wheel steamer, Era No. 9. When we arrived at Shreveport the hull of the Mittie Stephens was still burning, and there were sixty-five lives lost, and they were dragging the dead bodies out of the lake, a sight that I will never forget. We finally arrived at Jefferson after a ten days journey. Mr. Harmon had rented a large farm with cabins on it from emigrants, and a large two-story hewed log house, situated sixteen miles from Jefferson. Mr. Harmon met us with a large carriage, with two fine horses hitched to it, and a wagon to take trunks, baggage, etc. We rode this sixteen miles in a short time. This house had a large fireplace. The men put rocks in this fireplace for andirons, to lay the wood on, built a fire, and we made coffee, broiled meat, etc., were enjoying a very good meal; when those rocks got real hot they began to explode like they were loaded with powder, and threw pieces all over the room.

Mr. Harmon remained on this farm several years, but Mr. Marchman got work in a shoe store in Jefferson, so we moved there, bought a half acre lot and built a nice cottage home, set out a fine orchard of different kinds of fruit.

We lived on this place until after all three of the boys, Riley, Oscar and Orville, were born.

About four years after we moved into our new home the Texas & Pacific Railroad was built. Jefferson had many stores fronting on the wharf, and I have seen as many as ten steamboats at that wharf at one time to carry off cattle, cotton, hides, and tallow, and all kinds of produce that was raised in Texas, and they were there to bring goods to the merchants in Jefferson. Jefferson is situated on a bayou that was made navigable by the aid of a dredge boat run by the Government.

Jefferson was a thriving City with street cars and horse drawn cabs. good schools and churches, and many factories manufact-

using different articles. One was the first artificial ice that was ever invented and made in an ice factory, by Scott & Boyd. There were hundreds of wagons drawn by oxen that hauled produce to the boats to be shipped out of Texas.

G. A. Kelly, the great man of iron, had a large shop near Jefferson, and made cow-bells for the oxen when they were turned out at night to graze, but his bells would not ring, so he heard of a man in Kentucky that made bells that would ring, and he went on horseback to see this man, was six weeks on the road. He found that the iron had to be mixed with copper to make the ring. From this bell factory he built a foundry and employed many people to work in it. He built a large church and school, and gave all of his kinfolks work in the foundry. I had a pair of andirons, image of George Washington. I loaned him the andirons to use as a pattern, and he moulded hundreds of pairs. He then built a furnace, six miles from the foundry. He employed a hundred convicts to gather iron to be melted into pigs, which was a piece of iron about 5 feet long, with knots on it, looked like a limb had been sawed off. The ground in Marion County had quantities of iron rocks on top of the ground, and there was a railroad built from Jefferson to Greenville especially to carry this iron from the furnace, and in the foundry they made stoves, wash pots, the Kelly Blue Plow, a light farm wagon, and many things that I do not remember. He moved to Longview and built a foundry there, built a fine church known as the Kelly Memorial. A few years ago we had an East Texas picnic at the Dallas Fair Grounds. I met G. A. Kelly's son, Marvin, that I knew when a child. He said that he and Oscar Marchman were towheads together on a quilt pallet, but now they were both cotton-heads with limited acres. In our conversation he remarked that he would give anything for one of the bells that his father made. I told him that in 1869 I bought a bell from his father to put on my pony when I turned him out, and that he should have that bell. So I sent the bell to Longview, after keeping it since 1869. Two years ago my grandson, Dr. O. M. Marchman, Jr., married Marvin Kelly's niece, and at the announcement of the wedding, a long table, people all around it, Marvin Kelly marched in ringing my old cow-bell.

Dr. Marchman, Jr.'s, wife, Mary Hurst, was daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Hurst, of Longview, so Dr. Hurst built a hospital, and at the opening Marvin Kelly rang the old cow-bell again that his father made before he was born. Marvin Kelly went through the old foundry and found a pair of andirons that his father made by my andirons, and sent them to me, and I prized them highly.

Dr. O. M. Marchman, Jr., is Captain in the Army at Kelly Field and does special eye work in the Sam Houston Hospital. His wife is with the Red Cross, studying First Aid. They are a happy couple, and doing fine. The teacher asked a member of her class to explain the circulation of blood through the body. Her answer was "The cir-



ulation of blood through the body had to go down one leg and up the other." But she did not explain how the blood got from one foot to the other. Well, I am getting off of my subject, and I must go back to Jefferson.

There were thousands of long horn cattle in Texas and all kinds of wild game. In the Bend where Harmon lived there were deer, wild turkeys, streams full of fish, and wild pigeons by the thousand, and, so many of them would light on one limb and break it off with their weight.

Mr. Marchman and I used to often visit his mother and sister on that large farm, where there were several cabins filled with immigrants from Alabama and Georgia. The brother-in-law, Mr. Harmon, would rig up horses, and we would ride to Jim's Bayou, several miles, and catch Goggle Eye perch as fast as we would drop our hook in. There were many wild hogs in that country, and a man and family named Stratford killed the hogs and made kegs of lard. Mrs. Stratford told us to bring the fish and she would fry them for us. Her children's names were Boots, Tildy, Sug, Hun and Towhead. We had a couple with us, and Mrs. Stratford filled her iron skillet with lard, mixed meal and salt together, rolled the fish in it and fried them whole. Let me tell you that we all enjoyed fresh fish.

When this T. & P. Railroad was built it carried the produce by Jefferson on to other points, so then people began moving, selling their homes for a song to Negroes or any one that would buy them. We sold our lovely little home, with flowers, fruits and every convenience that we could get at that time, for \$250. We followed the T. & P. Railroad to Lineola, where we lived until the boys were grown. Riley, my oldest son, had a business in Lindale, Smith County, for years. Oscar, my second son, studied medicine, went to Grand Saline, practiced there a few years, then moved to Dallas, where he has had an office since 1906. He has two children, Dr. O.L. Marchman, Jr., of Kelly Field, and Mrs. Horace Nash, of New York. He is still having more work than he can do, and is looking well after all these years.

R. G. Marchman moved to Waxahachie, has two children, a son, Laurens, and a daughter, Mrs. Gene Williams, and two grandchildren, and Dr. Marchman's daughter has a little girl, Martha Louise, so he too is a grandfather. My youngest son, Orville Marchman, went to Wichita Falls about 1908. He built a hotel, and I named it "The Marchman". He passed away three years ago. His name is on a monument on the Capitol grounds in Austin as one of the builders of Texas. His wife still runs the hotel with the help of a nephew, Morgan Gillum. That hotel is brimming full of people all the time.

My eldest son and family live in Waxahachie, 40 miles from Dallas, a nice road, and they come over almost every Sunday afternoon.

Dr. Marchman and his wife live on Live Oak Street, so I am left without children in my home, but they all except two grandchildren that are too far away come to see me every Sunday eve.

I employ a lady to live with me, thought it best not to break up, as I cannot have many more years to live, as I have already lived on 21 years borrowed time, so I guess I will remain in my home, surrounded by flowers, shrubs, etc. I have two hundred rose bushes, all were in bloom, and a perfect picture. We had a hail last Wednesday that knocked them all off the bushes, but they will bloom again.

My work for several years has been helping "shut-ins". In the year 1941 I sent out 509 remembrances, and 600 magazines to Y.M.C.A., but I have cataracts on my eyes, and I fear that will end most of my "shut-in" work.

At the age of 14 I joined the Methodist Church at Wesley Chapel, a Church my mother and the Fowler generations helped to build. I attended Sunday School and my teacher was a sweet Christian character, named Mary Osborn. She and her brother, Jeff, were supposed to be watching a bad cloud. They were both found dead in the yard, with their clothes ripped off, like lightning peels the bark off of a tree. Of course we all missed them and felt like her place could never be filled.

There is a large cemetery near this Church, and many members of the Fowler family, including my mother, are buried there.

William Riley Marchman, Sr., died Feb. 25, 1923, aged 76 years, 11 months 16 days. Epitaph verse on W.R. Marchman's tomb is "His memory is blessed?"

He passed away and left me with the three boys. These three boys were always a blessing to me, kind, obedient, studious and helpful. I have always been proud of my boys, but a great sorrow came to me in 1937, when Orville Franks Marchman died March 23, 1937, in Wichita Falls, Texas, aged 63 years, 2 months, 15 days. Epitaph on Orville Marchman's tomb is "In Sweet Remembrance." He did a great deal of charity work. He gave the Shriners' Hospital for crippled children \$150 a year, and willed that that be kept up.

All three of the boys have been a great help to me always. Riley has a son and a grandson in uniform, and Dr. Marchman, Sr., has a son, Captain O.K. Marchman, doing special eye work in the Sam Houston Hospital, San Antonio, and his daughter and grandchild, Martha Louise, live in New York, so I have two sons, Riley and Oscar, and their wives, and one granddaughter in this part of Texas. They visit me every Sunday eve, and I don't see how I could live without them.

I will be 91 years old in September, and I guess that I have forgotten more English than I remember, and you will find many errors in this little history.

Wishing all that read this health and happiness, with love,

Sincerely,

Mrs. W. R. Marchman  
(Formerly Fannie Franks.)

I mentioned such a large chestnut tree in the back yard near the smoke-house in my Grandmother's yard at Atlanta, Georgia, but I did not mention the thousands of burs full of nuts that it bore. The tree was covered all over with burs full of nuts, and when they were ripe the burs would open, and if we had a wind they would scatter all over the white sand, and such a time as the children had gathering nuts, and then we would roast them in the hot embers, but had to chip a little piece off of them or they would burst. We also boiled them, and we would save quantities of them until Christmas and they would be dry and sweet. That tree was worth many dollars to the kids that were raised at my Grandmother's. Sorry that I haven't a lot of those chestnuts for the readers of this story.

I well remember the white yard with nuts scattered all over it after a hard wind, and how fast we picked them up to see which one would get the most.

This note should have been connected with the chestnut tree, but failed to get it in. I thought best not to leave the large tree barren of fruits, and the children were not the only ones that enjoyed the sweet Chestnuts that tree bore. They were so different in taste to the horse chestnuts grown in Canada and other northern States. So with the description of this chestnut tree I will end my story.

Sincerely,

Mrs. W. R. M.

A FEW OF THE "UPS AND DOWNS" OF DR. OSCAR MILTON MARCHMAN AND HIS  
MOTHER

---

In the year 1899 W. R. Marchman was at Mineral Wells for his health.

Riley Marchman was living in Tyler.

Orville Marchman was in Galveston in a business college. So I was left alone as usual in the home.

Oscar returned from medical college, ready to start practice. I had a nice buggy and a gentle buggy horse. I did not think the old family horse looked stylish enough for a young doctor. I had already spotted a beautiful chestnut bay with black mane and tail. So I sent for the owner, Mr. Adrian, to come to see me. I knew he would drive that horse. When he came I told him I'd like to trade my buggy horse for him. He said that he thought too much of him to part with him, but finally said that it was a trade if I'd give him 20 dollars difference. So motherlike, she wanted her boy to look his best, I paid the \$20, got the horse and turned over the horse and buggy to Oscar. He had a few cases in Mineola, but soon found out that he would always be Oscar, as he had lived there so long and every one knew him. To get the title of doctor he saw that he would have to leave home. So he donned his white pleated shirt, standing collar, fancy vest, frock tail coat and derby hat and moved to Grand Saline. By the way, I'd like to say I still have that suit, in good repair.

There were 200 families in tents in Grand Saline, and not a house or apartment for rent. The houses and tents were so crowded with people, the children began to take measles, and an epidemic of measles and pneumonia followed.

He soon had more work than he could do.

He did not have the comforts that he had at home; he got sick and had malaria, high fever, when a young man, Jack Mullins, wrote me to come to Grand Saline. So the first train that left Mineola after the message was the Cannon Ball. I knew it didn't stop at the station, but a mile or more left of Grand Saline. However, I boarded it and got off at the water tank in the underbrush at night, not knowing for sure if any one would meet me. This young man thought

I'd do as I did. He met me at the tank and took me in. I remained there until he was better. I saw he had to have some one to keep up with his calls, and that he really needed a chaperon. They were building a two-story frame hotel building. We engaged two rooms, when it was completed. I went back to Mineola, rented the home furnished, moved what I had to have to Grand Saline.

I kept up with his calls, answered the 'phone, made all of his bandages different widths, rolled and placed them in boxes ready for use at any time. There was no hospital, no operating rooms. It was hard to get hot water when needed. We had to tack sheets over the windows to keep dust out during an operation.

I assisted him in many ways in operations by having things clean and ready for him. I visited a new comer from Waxahachie. She was so large until she had no lap. She told me the doctors diagnosed her case as dropsy, but I had seen too many with large tumors, but I couldn't tell her to send for my son and let him diagnose the case.

I stopped by a near neighbor, and told her to visit this new neighbor (Mrs. Syephens). I knew very well that she would tell her whom to send for. I hadn't told him of my visit, but he came in at 11 o'clock that night and said, "Mother, have you any three-inch bandages?" I had them, and told him where they were. He said he had a very large tumor to remove the next morning, if it didn't burst. We got up early, went to the residence, tacked sheets over the windows, he asked for a vessel that would hold five gallons. An old fashioned coal oil can was brought. The can was filled with the fluid from the tumor, all was placed in a tub, and weighed 54 pounds.

I went to see her a number of times. The tenth day I found her in the kitchen baking bread.

They moved to Fort Worth, and I saw her a year after the operation. She looked many years younger and was in fine health. That operation brought others from surrounding towns. Oscar really looked younger than he was. There was an old doctor who had lived there for years, with beard over his face. He knew every one in the little town. He took it upon himself to visit Oscar's patients to see if he knew how to treat them. One morning I looked out from the hotel, and saw Oscar shaking his fist in the doctor's face. I wanted to know what the trouble was. He said he told this doctor to attend to his own affairs and leave his patients alone. After that they got along fine by leaving him alone. After all, he found that the old Doctor had one good prescription, a cough syrup, and Oscar still uses it in his practice in Dallas.

We finally found a house for sale, bought it, moved into it, and lived there till we came to Dallas.

He had some hysterical cases near us. They would call him many times a day; they would call me to get him at once, as one woman was choking to death and they couldn't release her hands. He had already been there twice that morning, so I decided to try my hand on her. I picked up a bottle of ammonia and a large handkerchief. In a few minutes I was at the bedside. The patient had both hands clasped around her throat, and was apparently almost dead. I saturated the handkerchief with ammonia and put it to her nose, and soon she relaxed.

He had very little time for anything but work. At one time he had twenty-eight patients in three houses with measles and pneumonia. There was one young lady that was so determined to have him visit her, she 'phoned me to have him come at once, she had sprained or broken her ankle. She washed that foot, powdered it and made it look as attractive as possible. He was looking for injury but failed to find it, so he asked to see the other foot. That foot had been neglected from having a bath, so he had to leave her disappointed in her motive.

The Lone Star Salt Works was running full blast. The well that supplied the salt was 900 feet deep, 500 feet to the salt bed, and 400 feet into the salt bed. They had two large wooden tanks that kept full of strong brine. They also had a number of large vats that were filled with the brine from the tanks. Each vat had an engine underneath it, and wood fires kept burning day and night kept the vats boiling, and the salt evaporating.

Most of those 200 families living in tents were wood choppers that kept the fires burning under the vats. The building was 600 feet long, two stories tall, a large cooperage at the end of the building that made barrels and other containers for shipping salt. The engines were on the ground floor, the evaporating vats were on the second floor. As the salt was evaporating it would sink to the bottom. They kept hands raking it out on a slanting platform, so the surplus brine would drain back into the vat. Once in a while the workers would slip a foot or hand into this boiling salt, and then Dr. Marchman had to take small pieces of skin from other parts of the body and graft it on the scalded limbs. Of course it would take weeks to do this. They shipped salt from this one building, at times as many as sixteen cars a day.

The building was made of common Texas lumber, but none of it ever decayed, not even the wooden tanks, and in setting posts they would fill around them with refuse salt to keep them from decaying. The salt was carted from the vats and dumped downstairs, that looked like great piles of snow.

They had men and women filling sacks, barrels, etc., ready for shipping. There was a portion of that salt screened, until it was fine table and dairy salt. Women worked in this department filling small sacks and cartons. We are using that salt in Dallas

-4-

to-day, known as Morton's Salt, Chicago. I think it is a shame that the name Chicago isn't Grand Saline, Texas.

Of course the salt killed plants around the Salt Works, and the people all over the little city had come to the conclusion they couldn't grow flowers there. I planted a few pansies in good looking soil, and they all died, so I tasted that soil and found that it had plenty of salt in it. I began to look for places that grass and weeds were growing, and prove to them that any soil that would produce weeds and grass would grow flowers. There were many beautiful flower yards a short distance from the Salt Works.

There were more accidents than I ever knew in one small place. The doctors were kept busy all the time. Dr. Marchman was sewing up a bad cut in a man's head. I was holding a pan of water for him, when a boy came by and said, "Uncle Sam, aren't you glad you were close to a physician?" Uncle Sam replied, "There is only one physician, and that is Jesus Christ.

There was a wreck in Sabine bottom, when a passenger coach stood on end in a ravine. All the doctors and nurses got on a switch engine and went to the wreck, where there was plenty of work to be done. While they were busy treating the injured they started the switch engine on a second trip to the wreck, and the switch engine wrecked, and several more people were injured. There were times when he had more work than he could do.

There was a good Samaritan that always carried a box of axle grease to be used for medical purposes. So they plastered all cuts, bruises, broken bones, etc., with the axle grease, and the doctors had to spend so much time removing the axle grease before they could properly treat the wounds.

I have told you of the large tanks they kept filled with the salt brine, pumped 900 feet underground. Those tanks leaked a few drops at the time, and crystalized, and formed salt icicles from one to four feet long, hanging around the edges underneath the salt water tanks. Of course there was some waste, and it ran down a gully and salt formed on the tanks, or where there was a waterfall or a deep place in the gully it would form salt icicles which looked like ice. The salt on the banks resembled frost or snow, and made a lovely winter scene in midsummer.

All of Van Zandt County is a wooded country, except about two miles east of Grand Saline there is a bald prairie, made by the salt killing shrubs and vegetation. Several acres of ground at this point was covered with salt on the surface. Many people from other counties gathered there during the Civil War.

They raked up the salt that had dirt mixed with it; they boiled it down in cast iron kettles. The kettles were over three feet across the top, and some of them are still in use, where white women take in washing and use them to boil clothes. A Negro was not allowed on Grand Saline soil after the sun went down, so they were seldom seen in or near Grand Saline.

After these people evaporated the salt it was hauled home in sacks drawn by oxen.

Dan Richerson, an old settler of Van Zandt County, owned this salt covered prairie; he later started a salt works there, and employed many people to run it. His style of evaporation was very much like the Lone Star Salt Works. Salt never was mined in Van Zandt County until a few years since. They dug a mine on the prairie, where the Richerson Salt Works once stood.

About three years ago I went down into this mine, 700 feet to the bottom. I found a tunnel, 85 feet wide and 500 feet long. The floor was salt, the ceiling was salt, and the walls were salt, with bright lights shining on the salt resembled a million diamonds. Men were digging out the salt in large blocks, loaded it on chain carriers, that took it up to buildings where it was crushed in all makes of salt.

They have the ice cream salt, the table salt and dairy salt, and large lumps of rock salt to be placed in pastures and on farms for cattle.

700 feet under the ground the men were taking out large chunks of salt from a salt bed that is known to be 400 feet of solid salt; 400 feet was the deepest that I know of that was bored into (not through) the solid salt bed.

Going 700 feet down to the mine was dark as midnight, but it was beautiful and worth going to see when you reached the salt tunnel.

There are a fine lot of sociable people living in the little city. Churches of almost all denominations are there, also good schools and nice homes.

The people that live in these homes have many enjoyable functions. All kinds of parties, picnics, etc.,

One very important call that Dr. Marchman had, a Doctor Smith, of Canton, gave his son a shot-gun. Everything was covered with sleet and ice. The boy walked out on the back gallery with his loaded gun, his mother standing behind him leading a three year old son. The boy with the gun slipped on the ice, discharging the gun, and shot off the mother's arm, and covered the little boy's brain with shot. The message came to Oscar to come at once; he hired a livery team and drove to Canton, found Mrs. Smith breathing very hard. He knew it was caused from loss of blood. He filled her veins with a saline solution, and amputated the fragment of the arm.



With Dr. Smith standing there and saying, "O Doctor, save my boy," Oscar replied, "The mother is in a more dangerous condition than the boy." They both lived. She has an artificial arm and hand, and the boy is proud of his diploma and is practicing medicine.

Another patient that he had, a man shot a young man in the back. The parents of the wounded man sized Dr. Marchman up as being too young to operate on their son. Oscar told them that four hours' delay would mean death. They insisted that they have an old surgeon, Dr. Patton, of Mineola. So they got Dr. Patton there as soon as possible, he operated, but it was too late and the young man died. His father was Frank Librand, who swore vengeance against the man who shot his son, and remarked that he would shoot him in the back in the very spot that he shot his son. So he did that very thing. There were no operating tables nor any hospitals. We ordered water heated in several different places, hung sheets over windows, and prepared the best operating room we could in the old residence. Several pieces of the intestines had to be removed, being pierced with the bullet. To make a long story short, he walked into Oscar's office the tenth day after the operation. The young man's name was Bob Russell, known as "Red", and the man that shot him was Frank Librand. I saw this young man five years after the operation. He told me that he had never been sick since the operation.

In a little town like Grand Saline, when people are sick all their friends and neighbors visit them. One beautiful bright Sabbath afternoon, when people like to go some place, we had a call for Dr. Marchman to see a man, said to be very sick. Oscar answered the call, and found the room well filled with friends. He examined the patient, and turned to the visitors and said, "This man has smallpox." In two minutes the only persons left in the room were the doctor and the patient.

#### AN EXPLOSION

There were a number of evaporating vats, and each vat had an engine under it, that they kept burning night and day. Each engine had an engineer. Mr. Clay failed to water his engine, it exploded, killed one man, and hurt quite a number of people. Mr. Clay wasn't killed, but severely injured.

Dr. Marchman was called to Lyrtle Springs to operate for appendicitis. There wasn't room in the small house to do the work, so he placed two saw-horses under a tree, put planks on them, for a table, and operated, then placed the patient in the house. They recovered in a short time. He had to manage many ways to operate without the conveniences of hospitals; he even gave the anaesthetic himself. A doctor now would not think of giving an anaesthetic on

a patient he operated on. He had to do many things in Van Zandt County that they wouldn't do in Dallas.

Dr. Marchman operated on Dr. Cox on his own bed, by giving a local anaesthetic. It was under the protest of all other doctors, but it had to be done or let him die. He recovered and lived to tell the story.

Grand Saline is a lovely little city in which to live. It is situated on the T. & P. Railroad, has splendid schools and churches and beautiful homes. The loveliest people that it has ever been my privilege to know. They are kind, accommodating and neighborly. I have many friends there, and they all still have a warm place in my heart.

They have the most wonderful salt works and mine in the United States. They employ hundreds of men and women, that depend upon it for a living, and have for years.

I have missed the good people of Grand Saline since moving into a city. You don't always even know your next door neighbor. I am wishing for every citizen of Grand Saline health and happiness always.

Sincerely,

Mrs. W. R. Marchman.