

Childhood Memories

by Clara Pritchard McGary

Her Pritchard family childhood in West Virginia
and their move to Hyattville, Wyoming in 1907

Written by Clara Pritchard McGary
1887-1972

O THE WEST VIRGINIA HILLS

The West Virginia hills that round my childhood home stand forever. How I love the lofty crags, the rocks, and gentle rills, that tell me of my native land.

OUR GAL CINDY

Deep in the hills sixtyfive miles from the Great Ohio river lived a family of real hillbillys, name of Pritchard. Grandfather came from the North and settled there in the wilderness on a farm of 400 acres. He cut down trees and had a saw mill come in an saw lumber for three complete sets of buildings, a house, barn, smoke house and all other needed for a perfect farm home. In one lived my grandfather and grandmother. My own father batched in one and the other was for the sharecropper or tenant. We had three lovely orchards and gardens where they raised vegetables fit for a king. There were 2 sons and one daughter in grandfathers family. The youngest bought the older brother and sister's share in the home so they left going to other counties to settle. On Dec. 1st, 1878 Tommy Pritchard saddled up his big bay horse. and rode north to the home of Bette Summers and there they were married at noon with all her family at home. They rode home that nite and begun their life together, which lasted fifty years.

Mama brought a huge willow basket with all her personal belongings. Almost a year later on October 12, 1879 their first child Martha (Alice) was born. Then followed in time Annie (Addie) September 3, 1881. Linda (Jenny) June 13, 1885. Three girls and no son. On May 10th, 1887 our gal Cindy (Clara) came, still no son. Cindy's Aunt Agnes told her a few years later that she was an unwelcome guest and remained so until November 6, 1889, when a son came and filled the whole family with delight. So Skip (Court) was the general favorite and was thru all the years. However the next was Lorey (Lucy) born August 5, 1894 and lastly Jim (Irl) came to live with us on April 10, 1898. So the circle was complete, seven happy healthy children, lived and all grew up in the same old home. Life was full of joy and adventure. There were many neighbors close on other farms, some relatives and some newer settlers who all shared sorrows and joys. There were church and school, picnics in summer and in winter literary society and spelling bees, box suppers and some music and dancing for the young folks.

Mamma worked so hard to keep up the home and raise the family. Papa worked hard too but always had a man doing most of the farm work. Papa was of a literary turn of mind and read and studied a great deal. He came to be a self educated man and turned to political aspirations.

Papa was a Universalist. He believed in universal salvation. He had a big portrait of the first preacher who came to America. It covered almost one wall of our home. He was great for singing hymns. He used to take one of us on each knee and sing, "Are you ready, are you ready for the judgment Day". We also sang "O Whether are you going, I pray you stop my friend." Mamma always come in on the alto. They also sang at the feast of Belshazzer and we could almost see the writing on the wall.

Mamma was a good old Methodist and when she went to church, she always got a blessing. Papa saw good in everyone. He knew "There is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us, it doesn't become any of us to talk about the rest of us".

In 1896 he said Bette I must do something to get W. J. Bryan (called the Great Commoner) in the White House. He had a big race horse, so he rode night and day and when Bryan came to Parkersburg, 65 miles from our home, he was there to see him. He saw him real close but didn't get to shake his hand. When he came home, he said I patted him on the back, looked straight into his eyes and I'm convinced we need him for President. His brother-in-laws were so angry with him. Bryan was beaten by William McKinney. He became one of our martyr presidents.

In those days so soon after the Civil War, families were so divided in politics that they had debates often. Papa also taught all the country around that the earth is round. He debated it many times, never lost and finally convinced the school teachers and neighbors the truth. He never went to college, but read and studied and was happy when the neighbors came in the evening and they would talk far into the night about politics and he was an authority on money matters. He had two brothers who fought in the Civil War and mother had two brothers killed in 1864. I have forgotten where they were killed.

Our farm was self supporting. Mamma made our soap for washing. They butchered their meat. Milked many cows. Also had a small band of sheep. Sheared the wool, sent it off to be carded into yarn. Then mamma knitted all our stockings and mittens and wove cloth for our dresses for winter; also blankets and many other things.

We all grew and grew so when Annie, Martha, and Linda were in school, the teacher came to board at our house all winter. His name was Sam Davis. Cindy was four and wanted to go to school. So one cold morning the teacher said, I believe I'll carry Cindy to school. Mamma said O.K., she will be a nuisance I'm afraid. But little Cindy learned a lot that first day and every day thereafter. She finished the first reader and went to school with a brand new second reader at the age of five.. Cindy was in school every day for four winters.

At the age of fifteen, she had finished 8th grade and started to Normal or Teacher's training for one summer. At the county seat at Harrisville, they held examinations once a year for students who wanted to be teachers. Linda was ready to qualify and Annie already a teacher since she was sixteen. So Cindy went with chum and passed the test and received a license to teach and has that certificate in her possession today. Mamma said Cindy is too young, although she carried herself like a queen, but Papa said I'll talk to the superintendent of schools. Teachers were very few at that time, so in due time Cindy was given a school to teach and control at Den Run, five miles from Harrisville, W. Va. She did fine and continued teaching and going to school in summer until she was 21 years old.

Life was so full of growing up this little girl hadn't much time for childhood. We will mention a few incidents when Linda was ten and Cindy was 8. They were quite jealous of each other. Papa was partial to Linda because she was very much like his Mamma. Very slow and even tempered while little sister had a violent temper.

She was known over the country side as a very willful little girl, flaming red hair, blue, blue eyes and could run away from anything.

Papa had a share cropper who hired a young boy fifteen years old who was his nephew, to plow for him. The horses were stabled at our home so when they came for the teams in the mornings this little girl was always in trouble so when this boy went home on week ends his mamma said to him "How do you like it over there Mac? He said O.K. only there is one little girl over there with long red braids. She is very pretty but she is either awful bad or very mistreated because she is in tears all the time and I'm going to find out. And so he did, and became Cindy's husband and father of her ten children.

As I have said our farm was self supporting. That year of 1896 was a busy one for mamma and us children while papa was campaigning. Mamma must do her best. She was a wonderful manager and I think our hired man preferred to work for her. When the butchering was done in the fall, mamma saved all the dried cracklin from the lard and all other fat not used so we could make the soap. Papa always kept the ash hopper in good repair. It was a sort of big wooden box tapering at one end and the small end without a bottom sat on a platform which sloped so that it drained. The hickory and oak ashes were saved all winter in a dry bin so mamma lined the hopper with straw then put in ashes then more straw until it was full enough to hollow out a place in the middle for water. We would start pouring in several buckets of water a day until the lye would start to drain into a big oven. For several days we would drain the lye from the ashes into large iron ovens. Then the big iron kettle was hung and the fat was put into it.. The fire was started and water and the lye added and the soap was soon in the makings. She boiled it for several days then added some chunks of redsin from pine trees and our soap washed clothes very beautifully. While we had large jars and sometimes it lasted several years, I remember once when our Huxter came, he said Bette I have some factory soap. So mamma bought a bar. The name was Lenot soap. It was very yellow in color.

I must tell of the sugar camp. When papa cleared the land he left 12 sugar maple trees. It was a beautiful little grassy field by the creek. When the spring thaw came, the sugar making started. They cut long limbs from Sumac trees, split them from one end leaving one end round like a spool. Then the peth was scraped out and the spites were ready for use. The hired man usually did this for mamma. They took a brace and one inch bit and bored two holes in each tree three feet from the ground and 3 inches apart. When they drove the round end of the spike in the tree the sap would start to flow and soon we had barrels and barrels for boiling into sugar. We put the big kettle on and as it boiled away we filled it again and again. I don't remember how much or in how many days we had maple sugar and syrup for all our use and some to send to the cities for market. Those were busy days, we all enjoyed every day.

In the spring that Cindy was five our grandma Summers came to stay a month. She always came for some time to help Bette catch up with her sittin work such as mending, knitting, quilting, and she always operated the big barrel churn when she was there. Sometimes she would churn 8 or 10 pounds of butter. It was put into big wooden bowls, washed, salted and molded into 2 pound rolls, then packed in a tall tub and set in the spring house. Sometimes, mamma sold some to the Huxter.

Grandma smoked a clay pipe. She would let all the girls put a coal on her pipe to light it except Cindy. Cindy never in her life was allowed to light grandma's pipe.

Once our neighbor came in the middle of the night and took mamma to his house to deliver a baby. Grandma slept in a big four poster bed. We had a trundle bed pulled from under it at nite for Linda and Cindy. So mamma came into the room and said "Mother I'm going to John's to help Addie. I may be gone all day, can you manage the girls". Cindy was awake and heard grandma say, "go on Bette, I can manage them, all except that little imp Cindy". So soon as daylight came, Cindy was up and dressed in her blue jeans. dress bonnet on and went out all day with papa and Skip. Papa was hauling rock off the meadow as he did every spring and we helped him all day. At noon he said "Honey, why do you stay out all day?" and Cindy said, "I just don't like grandma. He laughed and said "Well honey, to tell you the truth, I don't either."

Mamma was gone several days. The father of the baby would not get the doctor ten miles away until it was too late. The mother died, but mamma saved the big healthy baby boy. She brought him home and he lived with us a long time. Then the father married again. The baby's name was Otho Jobes. He was raised on a bottle and mamma and Aunt Agnes took turns caring for him.

Grandma was more than eighty years old. Never had a tooth in her head. She could put her chin tip up and touch her nose; and how we all laughed when she did it. She wore a black silk lace cap at all times. Also, a black sateen dress with a white collar and always a white linen apron. She was very beautiful. Her Hair was white as snow. We all loved her very much.

We loved our other grandmother more because she depended on us for everything and never scolded. At this time she was 86. She was papa's idol.

The spring was a busy time of year and surely the summer and fall were also. In summer, the garden and field crops must be cultivated. Some years were better than others and too there were the chickens, the pigs, calves and lambs to get started. When the growing season was finished the harvest was a busy time indeed. We raised all our grain for feed as well as bread. Grandfather had a grist mill and ground grain for us and all the neighbors. He also owned and operated a blacksmith shop which my father took over. Beside it, he had a grocery store, and the U.S Post Office was kept at our house. Our home (since there were three sets of buildings and some other business places) was more like a village or trading center.

It was a big day when the Huxter came. He drove a big covered wagon drawn by four horses and sold us all kinds of wares and mamma

sold to him much of her produce. When he came over the hill above our house, he would ring a bell. The day he came was uncertain. It was most always Tuesday and Friday. When we would hear his bell, some of us children would ring our big dinner bell and all the neighbors came to our yard to trade with him.

We grew a large field of sugar cane each year. It got very tall and before the freeze came, we went over the field and pulled off the blades. A few days later, it had to be cut at the ground, hauled in close to the barnyard and put into small piles. Then it was ready for the men who drove over the country with machines to grind it up and run the juice. Then drained into an evaporates to boil so the molasses could be made. They mostly called it making sorghum. The men moved the machines from farm to farm for many people raised their own. Sorghum was a good paying crop.

We also raised tobacco. It grew from seeds sown, then transplanted. When it was harvested, the big stalks were hung upside down on hooks in large sheds until the leaves were cured. Then it was taken down. The leaves were taken from the stalk. The center stem thru the leaf was cut out and it was rolled into twists and sent to the cities for market. Tobacco was a good cash crop too.

We had many peach trees along the fences. Some years the crops were not good. Though mostly we raised large crops of good peaches. The native peach was white meated. When ripe, one side is a beautiful red. We could pick hundreds of gallons of blackberries for canning, making jam and sometimes could find a market for them.

I want to mention the large spreading chestnut trees. Chestnuts grew in abundance. The tree would be full of big burrs as large as apples. When the frost came, the burr burst open and there you would see 3 or 4 large beautiful chestnuts. When they were ready, our city cousins all came to gather chestnuts. We knew they came mostly for a good square meal of mother's fried chicken, baked sweet potatoes and berry pie. How they could strut, and how silly they seemed to us real mountain people. We thought they lived in town mostly on style. They had a full wardrobe of fine clothes, but always an empty cupboard. Their children were sick at times from malnutrition.

Cindy decided to run away at eight. So the neighbors saw her running by the creek and called, "Come here! Come here!". Her cousin Lee (Mort) came and caught her and so told mamma, Cindy is running away. Mamma said if you want her, she may stay with you and wait on Aunt Marydane. So she lived with them a long time, just across the creek from home. Mamma's brother's wife, Aunt Agnes, was very fond of this little wayward girl. She would come and take her home with her real often. She loved Aunt Agnes very much, and was treated like one of their family. Their names were Iva, Berlin, Hazel, Bernard and George Summers. Aunt Agnes was a cousin of Papa's. Most of the hill people were related.

Almost everyone had a big dinner bell mounted on a high pole, like a telephone pole; and when a tragedy occurred, they would ring the big dinner bell and the neighbors would come running.

Once when Linda and Cindy were quite small they were sitting in the old cradle, one in each end writing with slates and pencils. The pencils were very short, not an inch long so Linda stuck one in her ear. She tried to get it out but only pushed it in farther. Cindy ran into the garden to tell Mamma. Martha ran to ring the dinner bell so soon the countryside were alerted. Papa jumped on his big black race horse and raced for Dr. Morgan Goff. He came and brought his brother Dr. Lee Goff with him. They put Linda up on the table and gave her chloroform and put her to sleep, then took the pencil from her ear. Cindy and a little friend went outside to pray. Cindy "Now God get that pencil out of her ear and I'll never slap her again." Linda has had trouble with that ear all her life.

Skip was very spoiled but quite a boy. Papa and Mamma knew he was just perfect. He could catch a fish where there were none in the creek. One day he and Cindy hitched up the little bay horse to a bob sled loaded it with a barrel drove down to the creek and filled the barrel half full of water and went off down a sandy road by the creek and fished all day. They came home with a nice bunch of sun fish, perch and many crawdads, but Skip spoiled the day by catching a frog and said, "Cindy look here" so he dropped the frog down inside of her blouse. She screamed and cried and clawed then fainted dead away. And to this day she wouldn't go fishing with Ship.

There was always much work to be done on the farm. Martha did most of the milking and was a real little shepherdess. Any morning you might see her going over the hill and thru the woods to pasture, carrying a little wooden bucket of salt for the sheep to follow her for they must change pastures. Annie was in school all winter and most of the summer. How Cindy envied her when she was sixteen. Mamma and papa sent her to a select school at Berea.

On Friday evening, they would saddle up Old Logan, a big dapple grey and Cindy would go to bring Annie home. It was five miles the short cut by crossing the Hughes river at the ford. On this one Friday evening Cindy started on her journey when she reached the river crossing the water was very muddy and she was a little afraid but Old Logan plunged in and crossed by swimming and Cindy had the worst scare of her whole life. Logan drifted with the tide and came to the other side half a mile down stream into a thicket of brush and almost scratched Cindy's face off. She stuck to the saddle horns sometime she was almost entirely underwater and to this day can't see how she stuck to that saddle. Had to go thru the brush to cousin Alvira's house and face and hands all bleeding from scratches and the horse dripping wet. They had to go thru town and cross the bridge on the way home.

Skip was always too busy to work. The corn had to be cultivated and hoed so the girls and Skip must hoe it. He would be so busy hunting lizzards and fighting sweat bees, he just couldn't get a thing done. Papa came by with the one horse plow cullivator and said how are you doing Skip, He answered, "If ever I saw lightening go down a tree, I never saw lighting go down a tree as fast as that lizzard went up the tree." Papa was disgusted but said not a word.

When Cindy was twelve she had a severe case of granulated eye-lids developed from pinkeye. So papa sold some cattle for money and took her all the way to Parkersburg for an eye operation. She had to be in darkness for a month. They found a place to stay with a cousin. Her suffering was great. This cousin talked papa into buying Cindy a new coat. When they went home papa bought a whole outfit of musical instruments but when the other girls saw Cindy's new coat they were very angry with jealousy. So she would never wear the coat.

Papa got a music teacher to teach them all how to play on some instrument and mamma was a beautiful singer. So our home became a gathering place for all music loving young folks, all over the country. Lorey was a fine musician. Skip plays almost every kind of instrument. Lorey grew to be a great horse woman and to this day living in the west and is a real western woman.

Now we must not forget and last but not least mentioned is Jim (Irl). He was spoiled by all members of the family. Could sing most popular songs before he could talk plain. One day he was sitting in his little rocking chair singing "Old Dan Tucker" Skip came in and started singing along too. All at once Jim thru a fit and yelled "Mamma, Mamma come here, every time I start singing OLe Dan Tucker, Skip comes in and starts and the tune all leaves me and goes to him."

As the children grew up the house grew smaller so much work to be done. The kitchen wasn't nearly adequate so mamma must have a big back porch, where the washing, churning, and ironing could be done. And since we had so much fruit and vegetables to preserve, there was no room to work.

So papa hired a man name John Smith to build us a new porch. He had been working for our share cropper thru the planting season. He came to work but stayed with his brother who was married to our cousin. John had a big boil in the middle of his upper lip and suffered much from it, which kept him from work a few days.

One morning, he came to work. The children were playing around on the new porch. He slyly slipped up and grabbed little Cindy and kissed her hard on the mouth. The boil had broken open in the night and was still drawing. O dear what a shock. Cindy ran around the house spitting and sputtering, then passed out. Skip ran after her, he said "what is wrong Cindy?" She looked down at the ground and said "look there, I just thru my lungs away." She was sick all day from shock. John was sent home and John Stanley finished the porch for papa.

We had the porch screened in and drying racks set all the way across one end. The apples must be peeled, cored and quartered, then strung on long strings by a needle and hung on the racks to dry. We all could peel and core apples very fast. Jim was too small to work, but always played around with building blocks which he would gather from the shop where Papa made bob sleds.

One day, Jim was eating an apple and began choking. Mamma ran to him and administered first aid in every way she knew. He was turning very dark, no luck. We children were all screaming, when a man rode into the yard, his name was Mr. Connors. He jumped from his horse, grabbed Jim up and took him by his ankles and

gave him a mighty jerk, just like the cracking of a whip. The piece of apple flew against the wall and I'll always wonder why Jim's head didn't fly off. Mamma sat down and cried and cried for joy.

Papa had so many beautiful saddle horses. Each of us children owned one of our very own. Martha rode the fastest horse and rode wherever the horse could go. In warm weather we all worked hard and when our days work was done, we would each take a bridle and go thru the woods into another pasture and bring the horses home to the creek for water. We would race all the way home. We girls could ride bareback, sitting aside the horse in a gallup all the way. I don't remember any of us ever being thrown from a horse. Papa bought us a nice little surrayer and gave us a driving horse. So mamma dresses us all up and let us go one Saturday afternoon to Aunt Margarets. It was six miles and quite a trip. Martha and Annie sat in the front seat with Linda and Cindy in back and little Lorie between. The horse was trotting along the river road when we heard a noise and looking to the right saw two good sized boys sitting on the fence. After we were a little farther on, one of them exclaimed, "Well wasn't there one pretty one there?" We are stilling wondering which was the pretty one.

Sunday was a great day. Everyone went to Sunday School and church. Mamma always had our best dresses starched and ironed. We wore broad rimmed hats, they used to call leghorn hats. We walked two miles carrying our shoes until we were in sight of the church, because we could have only one pair for Sunday. and they were handed down for more than one season.

How we all loved the singing and always had contests who could commit the longest verse of scripture to recite when the roll was called. Mamma and papa seldom went but always attended the revival meeting held in winter. Our home was the home of all ministers. Mamma always made pie and cake and did lots of cooking on Saturday. She believed Sunday should be a day of rest and worship. Our big table was always set with goodies on Sunday. Our church was a Methodist, tho all denominations came into the hills and had the use of our church. Later years, many other churches were built.

And now we come to the time that the girls are grown up. Martha lived at home and did chores and helped with all the house work. Annie was a number one teacher. Linda was a licensed teacher and little Cindy had qualified and they were all in the work whole heartedly. Even Skip was a qualified teacher. Lorey and Jim were still in school in the higher grades.

When Cindy taught her first school, it was in the country near the town of Harrisville. She had a room and board with Mac's family. During that term of school Mac and Cindy met formally and went out together. Mac was seldom at home. His work took him all over the country and he mostly lived in town.

He was six years older than Cindy. When the term was finished he took her home and began to come and visit her at her home once or twice a month. He drove a team of beautiful bays and a lovely carriage. So Cindy was as proud of the horses and carriage as she was of her handsome beau.

Once when Mac came on a Saturday evening, he said "There is an Indian Medicine show on the road. It looks like it might be real good." The road shows were something like our drive - in today. "Shall we go". Of course she had to ask Mamma and Mamma said indeed no. Then they decided to go for a drive. Mamma said take Annie along and go and spend the evening at Aunt Agnes's. So off they went. When they arrived at Aunt Agnes's all the cousins came out and said "Come, we are all going to a big birthday party and dance at Masons." Annie said "We will have to call Mamma" and she did. Mamma said "You may stay all night if you like, but be sure to get home in time to go to our church". They were having services Sunday morning, dinner in the grove and services in afternoon. They were careful not to tell Mamma of the dance. So off we went, the eight of us.

Our cousin, who lived just across the creek from us, was a music teacher. He led the orchestra for the party and the dance lasted all night, 'til broad daylight. Ice cream cake and lemonade in abundance. We came on home after eating breakfast at Aunt Agnes's. Of course they must be home in time for church. So when Mac with Cindy and Annie drove into the yard at home, all had gone to church, except mamma. There she sat on the front porch on a straight chair, leaning back against the wall and swinging her feet. Annie said "Mamma, why aren't you at church?" She jumped to her feet and yelled, "two of my girls attended a dance. Why should I go to church?" More than that, she struck Mac in the face, saying "I'll teach you to take my family where they should not go." Mac was really embarrassed. He turned on his heels and climbed into the carriage. Annie was very angry with Mamma. She called to Mac, "Wait for us, we will be down in a moment". So she and Cindy rushed upstairs and threw off their party dresses and dressed for church and off they went.

Cindy said she would never forget what a good time Annie had dancing, she really knew all the steps and square danced as well as any one. Of course, she was six years older than Cindy, had been away to college and had attended many parties.

Our cousin had spilled the beans. He came home and called Mama and said Aunt Bette are the girls home yet? They were at Masons party last night and danced all nite". The girls thought they could never forgive him.

Our big event each year was the county fair. It was just the week before the girls had to go off to teach school. It lasted 3 days. Mac's work kept him traveling and once only can Cindy remember him ever having taken her to the County fair. But Cindy didn't mind that in the least. There were always others who would could and did and she got to go every day. The fair was held at Pennsbora and that was 13 miles away. What an enjoyable affair it was. The merry go round, the side shows, floral hall with all our farm and sewing projects on display. It was all so interesting and entertaining.

Cindy had several boy friends and in those days young people had much respect for each other and their parents. No one knew of Juvenile delinquency. Parents trusted their children and their children never betrayed the trust.

One of Cindy's friends said " I have taken her home from church on three Sunday evenings and thought I might have her for my girl, but as I turned around there stood Mac with that sarcastic grin of his". He just reached out his hand and with a laugh for which he was famous, they were off on a starry night for a ramble thru the flowery dell. Thru the bush and bramble, kiss and never tell.

On his travels Mac met many girls and he became an accomplished flirt and man of the world, but always came back to the auburn haired, blue eyed old fashion girl of the hills.

After Mamma learned to know Mac better, she loved him very much and never again said no she cannot go. They often took Linda with them for an evening, but most of the time Linda's boy friend came to take her home.

Cindy and Linda looked very much alike. Indeed, at teachers meetings Linda would make a date and sometimes send Cindy out with her date and no one ever knew the truth. They dressed alike most of the time. Annie sewed beautifully and pretty dresses were no problem.

Martha stayed close home because of poor health until we came west. She is living in our home at Hyattville today and is in her eighties. She is a true bible student. Taught Sunday school for several years. And now with her faith, she is very happy.

Pay for teachers was very low in the hills. Mamma's Aunt Hettie Wilson died and her son came home from Wyoming for her funeral. He came to visit Mamma and Papa. He said, "It is a shame you have all these school teachers and they work for so little. Why don't you sell out and come West. The Teachers are well paid there."

So Papa made a trip to Wyoming bringing Linda and Cindy with him. They all worked hard thru that summer. The girls qualified and took schools, Linda above Hyattville and Cindy below Hyattville. Papa worked that summer at his carpenter's trade, which was much in demand at that time. When the girls began their schools, Papa left for home and stayed all winter, then sold out completely and came West.

Papa and Mamma bought a new home at Hyattville and built more rooms so Mamma kept roomers and boarders for many years. That was the only time our family ever moved and that was all the way from West Virginia to Wyoming.

Papa came to the Big Horn Basin to look for a location one year before he brought the whole family. Linda and Cindy came with him.

They travelled on an emigrant train from Chicago, four long days. It was a hectic journey some cousins and friends were with them, making 8 in the party.

After 3 days, the train creeping thru the sandhills of Nebraska struck some loose terrain where the snow had lain all winter. This was in April. The rails spread and the train coaches left the track and piled up off the track.

Those who were there would never forget the rattle, noise, then crash. Some cars were crosswise of the track, some lying on their side. The one our party occupied was turned on its side. The girls were caught between two seats. Linda came out with an injured knee. Cindy was only scared until it was impossible to stand on her own two feet.

The train crew climbed up on top the car and broke out the windows, and pulled the passengers up thru them. A rescue train came from Ravenna bringing a crew of doctors and nurses. They had plenty to do. There was no one killed, but many were injured. They put all the people in a big hotel and fed them. They made up a train, repaired the track and resumed the journey.

Linda said "O papa lets go back home". They immediately sent a telegram to Mamma saying they were all safe. Mamma had a fear of something happening to them on the way.

However, they arrived at Toluca, Montana without further incident. There was no railroads in Wyoming at that time. There was a small spur of track came down to Garland. So we finished our trip at Garland and crossed to Basin City from Garland by stage coach.

There were on the road the first cowboys that Linda and Cindy ever saw. They all stayed the night at Germania Bench where there was a road house. It was a long hall and on top a large room for people to sleep. We were lucky enough to have a bed for the girls and Papa and his nephew slept on a blanket by the bed.

There were a bunch of people came to Basin at that time to build the railroad. Three cars were loaded with those, mostly foreigners. Papa found work helping to build the depot at Basin, Manderson, and Worland. Linda worked in the home of a real estate firm. Cindy lived and worked in the home of Mr. & Mrs C.A. Zaring. Mr. Zaring was the prosecuting attorney at that time. It was a fine home with 3 lovely children. It was a great pleasure for Cindy to have found such wonderful people to care for.

That fall, the train came puffing into Basin City. The evening the road was finished, they invited Mr. Zaring to drive the gold spike. So Mrs Zaring and Cindy stood at his elbow and everyone took part in the celebration.

The west at this time was still in the making and was wild and wooly. The law of justice had a hard time keeping order and indeed the lives of those who were working for what was best for the new settlers were in danger.

About this time there were 2 brothers from Iowa homesteaded on Shell Creek. They had a nice little home and did their own cooking and housework until a girl came from their home town in Iowa. She married one brother. Their name was Gorman. Some time later, they supposedly all three went back to their home in Iowa for a visit and to transact some business. When they came home, just one brother came back.

The neighbors began to grow suspicious. One day the couple came to Basin City for supplies and while they were away the sheriff Felix Alston went out with some of the neighbors to investigate. They found the husband buried by the barn. They immediately took them into custody. They put them in jail, and kept putting off the trial for some time.

One night Mr. Zaring was awakened by loud voices, shooting and flashes of gun fire. He hurried into his clothes and rushed out to see if he could identify anyone or any of the men or horses which were tied to the hitch rack in front of the jail. As he left his door, a man stepped in his way and said go back in or I'll blow your head off. The same thing happened at the Sheriff's home. The jailer was bound and left lying on the ground. A young man named Paul Lewis was sleeping in one room of the court house. He was secretary to the county treasurer or county clerk. His body was shot full of holes.

The loud swearing and threats were awful. The young Gorman pleaded for his life. The woman was tied and put astride a pole and taken to the railroad station and given a ticket to leave town. No one was ever identified as members of the mob. They rode out of town yelling, swearing and it was plain they had visited the saloon before attacking the jail, which was in the North side of the court house.

The cowboys rode into town on payday with their guns strapped on and sometimes left shooting up the town.

About this time there was a young man named Kester working on a ranch near the village of Shell. He fell in love with a young school teacher. A rancher by the name of Tindal lived near and his son Johnny had been taking the teacher home from school. She had admitted to Johnny she was in love with Kester. Johnny broke into Kester's room and took a picture from his suit case. She had given the picture to Kester and Johnny insisted she give it to him. When Kester missed the picture, he immediately accused Johnny. He took a gun, went to the Tindal's home and took the picture off the piano, and walked out with it. Johnny's father was there and he began shooting with a shot gun. He blew the cap off Kester's head.

Kester then turned around and pulled out his pistol and shot Johnny thru the heart. Mrs. Zaring and Cindy attended the trial. The Judge instructed the jury that a man can go armed into any home for his own property, so they turned Kester loose. Kester and the school teacher were married and lived happily ever after.

On April 10th, ¹⁹⁰⁷ 1905 the family came from West Virginia to the Big Horn Basin and settled in a new home at Hyattville. The Hotel at Basin City was full and only Papa and Mamma and the two youngest could get a room. The others had to have a room in the annex which was added to the rear of the main hotel. Linda and Cindy with some friends came down from Hyattville to meet the train. What a happy meeting it was; the big family of nine all reunited.

The annex was just a long hall with rooms on either side. It happened the girls had a room across the hall from a young man who was alone. In the middle of the night there was a great disturbance in the hall going into his room. There was loud cursing and quarreling and shooting. The desperados ordered him out. They shot open the door and dragged him out. They took him across the street to the saloon, and took the money which he had won from them playing cards. What a scare, the girls all huddled up in bed and hardly breathed until it was quiet again.

Annie said to Linda and Cindy, "Why didn't you come home and never let us come here". And they did indeed try to tell Papa to stay where they were, but Papa had a western fever and wanted to try irrigation, and did for many years.

There were so few dwelling houses in Basin. Almost as many saloons as homes. The family was a whole day going home from Basin. There were no bridges across the big Horn river and people drove their team and wagons on to a ferry boat and it was a chore to cross the river going and coming to and from town.

That was the year the freighters and stage coaches went out of business. It was wonderful to have the railroad and freight trains hauling all goods to and from the big cities.

Mamma was very homesick and unhappy the first year. Her health was much better than in the hills and she learned to love the mountains covered with snow all the year.

Here at Hyattville, our family began breaking up. Cindy lived most of the time in the home of friends from back home. She boarded with them thru the winter and they seemed like her own family. Their names were Will and Genevieve Kirkpatrick. They are living at this time in Belflower, California.

The old school house is still standing below Hyattville where Cindy taught her last term. Cindy and her sisters still didn't see alike about anything.

A telegram came from Mac saying "I'll be in Basin on Wednesday, please meet me there". Annie and Cindy were at the station to meet him and after five years of courtship they were married August 29, 1907 at Basin at the Baptist minister's parsonage. They left immediately for Indiana where Mac had a farm. The minister's name was Rex Howell. Annie and Linda were witnesses.

When Mac came for Cindy, the second day of his visit he approached Papa in the garden and said, "Well, I want to take my girl home with me to Indiana". Papa looked him straight in the eye and said, "Our girl has a way and a will of her own. I like you very much, but can you get along with her. She has a very bad temper"? Mac smiled and said "I'll take the chance and he did."

Cindy learned early in life to bury her temper behind the sense of humor which she got from Mamma. Mamma could see humor in some of the worst disasters.

Soon the family were separated for good. Linda married a year later to Ralph Mercer and remains near home. Annie married Robert Kennedy and they went to Purdue University where he learned to be a civil engineer. Annie passed away in 1947. Lorey married J. C. Noll and they now live at Tensleep. Skip's wife was Ida Cook. She passed away in 1955.

Skip and Jim served in World war 1. When they came home, Jim went back to the University of Wyoming and finished. He is an expert accountant with offices at Sheridan for unemployment all over the state. Jim's wife was Thelma Gerard of Laramie and Deaver. Martha remained home with Grandpa and Grandma and they lived there many years. She still lives alone.

Mamma said when Cindy left that she couldn't see how she would ever live near her inlaws and indeed that was a problem. Father was so good to her and she got along well with Mac's brothers and sisters. In time, after Mac's brothers married, she did very well with the sister-in-laws and mother-in-law. They knew her very well since she lived in their home in 1903 in West Virginia.

Now this is the last of our big family of Hillbillys.

Thomas Tavener Pritchard and Lucy Ann Elizabeth Summers
Children

Thomas Tavener Pritchard and Lucy Ann Elizabeth Summers were united by me in Holy Matrimony on Slab Creek on 1st day of December in the year 1878 in the presence of Elias Summers, Miranda Summers, and Mary A. Kelly.

By Rev. Young

<u>Name</u>	<u>Births</u>	<u>Marriages</u>	<u>Deaths</u>
Thomas T Pritchard	8-5-1849		12-26-1922
Lucy A Elizabeth Summers	3-20-1852		5-30-1928

Children all born on Slab Creek, West Virginia

Martha Alice Pritchard	10-12-1879	never	8-6-1961
Addie Miranda Kennedy	9-3-1881	8-28-1910	6-9-1947
Jennie Belinda Mercer	6-13-1885	3-14-1909	10-27-1981
Clara Lucinda McGary	5-10-1887	8-29-1907	2-14-1972
Scipio Cortez Pritchard	11-6-1889	Ida Cook	4-18-1976
Lucy Lavina Noll	8-5-1894	9-24-1913	11-26-1977
James Irl Pritchard	4-10-1898	1-21-1923	7-26-1985

NAME Clara Lucinda PRITCHARD

NO.

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BORN May 10, 1887PLACE Slab Creek, Ritchie co, WVMARRIED Aug. 29, 1907PLACE Hyattville, Big Horn co, WY

SOURCE OF INFORMATION

DIED Feb. 14, 1972PLACE Powell, Park co, WY

BURIED AT

County records

RESIDED AT WV; IN; WY

Family records

OCCUPATION

CHURCH AFF.

MILITARY SERVICE

FATHER Thomas Tavner PritchardMOTHER(Maiden Name) Lucy Ann Elizabeth Summers

OTHER SPOUSE

SPOUSE Willard MCGARYBORN Aug. 10, 1881PLACE IN?DIED Jan. 23, 1951PLACE WY

BURIED AT

FATHER

MOTHER(Maiden Name)

OTHER SPOUSE

CHILDREN	BORN		DIED		MARRIED	
	DATE	PLACE	DATE	PLACE	DATE & PLACE	SPOUSE & PARENTAGE
1 Lucy Virginia (Virginia)	July 28, 1908		Nov. , 1986			
		IN	Seattle,		Richard Nichols	
			King co, WA			
2 Bessie Marguerite	Feb. 2, 1910		Apr. , 1910			
3 Willard Earl (Earl)	Dec. 11, 1911				June 7, 1935 Cody, Park co, WY	
	Hartford City				Arlene Raney	
	Blackford co, IN				Howard L.R. & Cora Mariva Hitt	
4 Wilson Wayne (Wayne)	Nov. 20, 1913		Nov. 6, 1965			
	Hyattville,		Powell,		June Fenton	
	Big Horn co, WY		Park co, WY			
5 Thomas Harry (Tom)	Mar. 4, 1915				Sep. 5, 1942 Billings, MT	
	Hartford City,				Clara McFall	
	Blackford co, IN				Edwin M. & Estelle May Washer	
6 Ivan Luther	July 10, 1917				Aug. 23, 1945 Billings, MT	
	Coldwater,				Vernett Wynn	
	Mercer co, OH				Charley & Opal Evans <i>Wynn</i>	
7 Clyde Kenneth	Apr. 29, 1919		Dec. 19, 1967			
	Hartford City		Sheridan,		Carmen Rice	
	Blackford co, IN		Sheridan co, WY			
8 John Pritchard	Mar. 3, 1921		Dec. 7, 1980			
	Hyattville,				Ruth Denim	
	Big Horn co, WY					
9 Ruth Anna	Nov. 1, 1922				Antioch, CA	
	Hyattville,				John (Jack) Rademacker	
	Big Horn co, WY					
10 Genevieve Hope	Sep. 11, 1924		Sep. 21, 1924			
	Hyattville,		Hyattville,			
	Big Horn co, WY		Big Horn co, WY			
11 Delbert Nial (Nial)	Feb. 15, 1926		Apr. 11, 1973			
	Lovell,		Texas		Virginia Black	
	Big Horn co, WY					
12 Margaret Jean	Jan. 16, 1928		Apr. , 1928			
	Deaver,		Deaver,			
	Big Horn co, WY		Big Horn co, WY			
13 George Cortez	May 10, 1929				Dec. 9, 1948 Columbus, MT	
	Deaver,				Rosemary Sewald	
	Big Horn co, WY				Faltin S. & Gertrude Schell	
14						