My Remembers

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As I look back at the first little house I was born in, I remember it was located down behind trees and along a creek, hid from the outside world. Whin I was about three or four we got word from Ray Haggard that we could move into the Big House. This is where mother said, A home at last! But this home become more than just a home. For my famley it also become a motel from time to time and a cafe most of the time.

Now for you reader, let me see if I can paint the pitcher I’m telling about. I remember that during the thirties and the Depression, every where you go peoples were doing a lot of traveling going to and fro, here and there. Some walking or hoboing, some horse and wagon, some car, and some riding the bus. I suppose looking for a better place than the last.

Now pitcher this: You are traveling along a Texas hiway, Preston Road. You are hungry and thirsty, tired of walking or having trouble with your car. All of a sudden you top the hill and as you come to the start of the curve and down the hill, you see a big two story house off to the right front of you down about seventy-five or a hundred yard. A road lead off the hiway down through a paster to the house. You might see some one stirring around and you may not. There is no signs posted and the house look as if it have big welcome across the front, so you walk slowly or drive slowly down the trail to the house. Whin you get there some kid run out waving and speaking about the same time. A little short, plump woman or a six foot slim man come out on the porch. This was mom and dad. One of them would say, You look tired and thirsty. Come on in and rest a while. I’ll get you a drink. Are you hungry?

Some time it may be one person, some time two, or a car with a famley. It made no diffrence who it was or how many it was. You could all way get a drink of something cool and a meal
before you go—even a night rest if you want. From the day we move in that big two story house around 1933 until about 1944, there were all way some one stopping by. I think the location of the house and the beautiful site to look down at from the main road and the entrances and exits it had were a welcoming site.

The next episode is a little fuzzy because during these same years we had a cupple of visitor to stop by one after noon before night. They were like any body else passing by but dress a little difference and had a better looking car. I never talk about these folk or thought about them because as a kid we were told to keep our mouth shut and we aint seen nothing! I can remember that evening we had another old man visiting us. Of course, he was like the famley. He came by every week end, and every time it come a shower of rain you could look up and see Mr. Hen. He know this cupple who stopped by, and being the type of man he was, he ask the cupple, Aint you Bonnie and Clyde?

There were no respond. Any way it was about night and we all ate supper. After supper Mr. Hen said, Well, I hate to eat and run but I got to go and feed my mules. Clyde ask daddy if he had a radio. Dad all way keep some type of radio. The two borrow the ear phone radio of Dad and said they would like to rest. So Mom fix my bed in my room and gave it to them. They told dad and mom they had to move on some time that night, so whin I woke up the first thing I did was go out front and look for the car. They had gone.

For about cupple of days I think we become the most popular black family in Collin County. There were peoples from every where stopping by. From riding horse back to driving Cadillac, white and black, police and state trooper like wise. Every body had question. What did they look like? What were they wearing? Did they have guns? Where did they sleep? What did you feed them? How long they stay? Did you get scared?

One of the main question was, How much money did they
give you? No body never did no that. Dad and mom use to talk and tell people years later about Bonnie and Clyde. Like I said, I guess I was grown before I ask Dad or Mom about that episode. They had follow ther action since that night. The famous bank robbers, who may have been bad news for the bankers but was good news for this famley, that evening that Bonnie and Clyde spent with us.