

Shamrock was a little cowboy town then. And course now there's nobody up in that country just people that come in and settle. And then we had our first experince over there when my daddy was gone and we was just there in that wagon bed. It was--I don't have any idea of how many cattle--but there was a terrible drove of them and they just circled around that wagon bed and of all the pawing and bellowing and just taking on tha you saw--we were all just scared to death but we didn't get out of the wagon bed. And they finally decided to just leave us alone. They just didn't come nearer then that circle they formed. They just bawled and stomped and pawed the ground. But they didn't know what it was, I guess. It appeared there. So they come around a few more times but the government then had opened that for homesteads and the people were coming in so fast, that the cattle was all moved out of that pasture. And I don't know where to go from there.

FATHER: A PREACHER:

(What was your father's name?)

My father's name was Vines, B.L. Vines and he was an ordained Baptist minister.

(Did he keep on preachin--)

Yes, he kept on preaching--oh we hadn't--the people began to gather in there along about 1900 then. It was a pretty good settlement. It was getting pretty well settled up. Most of the people came in and looked located their place and filed on it. And maybe they put them a little dug out or some of them just left their wagon beds, covered wagon beds only. Some of them brought lumber and built a little shack. But just to show that that place was taken you know. And while we--my daddy he hauled