

(Oh you know in those days well you didn't realize how hard times really were.)

Mrs. Fallin: Well there was no way they had of makin' anything.

DRIFTERS AND PASSING TRAVELERS WERE GIVEN SHELTER AND FOOD

Gibb: You know, old Uncle Church. He built him a house up there and he worked and helped him get a lot that way. He always tried to raise a big garden you know and watermelons and stuff like that. And he helped out that way a lot. But I can always remember, it didn't seem like they would bank a fellow, but they say "Old Church", you know his name was, everybody called him Uncle Church and they'd say "Old Church" \_\_\_\_\_ y'know (sentence not clear). He watched them little ones and you know his main conversation was them kids. Take care of them, that's his interest. That's where his interest was at. He's buried down here in Timpson Chapel graveyard. And there was another old fellow down there, you know just drifted in, we don't know where he come from, was old man Houston, Sam Houston, he's buried down here. Jest an old bachelor come in here you know and stayed.

Mrs. Fallin: Well now they used to be drifters come through the country and we fed one, and they called him Diamond Dick. And my dad worked in the mines different places and this old man was always drifting around them, well he was an old miner, originally, and he would show up at our house you know and we know he had come from a pretty wealthy family, he had a good education. I know we had an old organ there and I know one time we was going to church and asked him to go with us and he said "No." He said, "my clothes are not, I don't have no clothes presentable to go to church." And he said "I'll stay and keep the fire." And when we got home he said "I had a little service right in here with God." He said I said "I read the Bible and I played the organ and sung some hymns and had prayer." He said, "I had my own service here." He could play the organ. But then he'd just disappear. I