

Amonett Family Newsletter
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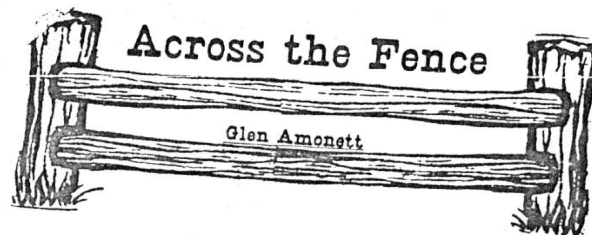
Dear Friends,

We have made arrangements with our secretary for family affairs, Wanda Faye Amonett-Campbell, to write current events and activities.

Our interest this year is historical, and our subject is Grandmother Amonett. She was born Elmira Octavia Irwin, but Granddaddy always called her "Tivvie". Her birth date was February 1, 1877, in Byrdstown, Tennessee.

After marriage to John Alvis Amonett and the birth of three children, Floyd, Pearl and Leo, they decided to move to Texas. Granddaddy found a place in Comanche County and wrote for Grandmother to come and bring the kids. That was about 1901, and on trains and river ferries she brought her family to Texas. (NOTE: In later newsletters Glen Amonett wrote that this was not correct. John Alvis actually went back to Tennessee for his family).

Seven more children were born in Comanche County. They were Myrta, Willis, Posy, Cordie, Earlene, Clyde and Thayne. About 1925 the family moved to West Texas. After a year near Hamlin they moved to Motley County, thirteen miles north of Matador. In 1945, Granddaddy bought a farm in Floyd County where they spent their declining years. Every move they made was further west. Both are buried in the nearby cemetery at Petersburg, Texas. Grandmother passed away on November 2, 1960. She raised ten children in a time when mothers had few conveniences and much work. Grandmother never complained about things, not even the weather. She was dedicated to her family.



(From the Hale Center American of December 21, 1979)

When a young mule is "broken to harness" it is a frustrating experience for the mule. He has a free and easy life until he reaches working size, then he is suddenly covered with harness, a steel bit crammed into his mouth and the bridle strapped around his head and rattling chains hitched from the harness to a wagon or a plow that he must pull according to the whims of a man that has suddenly become his master.

After a training period mules usually settle down and become gentle work animals with only an occasional rebellion against the routine. But they can't run away from their

problems because they are hitched to them, and the cause of their trouble just follows along right behind them, man and all.

One Sunday afternoon about fifty years ago my parents and grandmother and I climbed into the family wagon to visit a neighbor that lived a couple of miles east of us. Dad hitched his new team of mules to the wagon. They seemed gentle and used to the harness and we went on our way. Near the neighbors farm a road crew had started building a new paved road that came north out of Matador. When we crossed the road something frightened the mules and they took off like a shot. Runaway mules start instantly and before a fellow can get ready his wagon is bouncing along at breakneck speed over ditches and boulders. The ground was rough and the wagon rocked high on one side and then the other as the mules ran over everything in their path. I was a small boy in the back of the wagon, grabbing at one sideboard after the other as the wagon rocked back and forth. The grown ups were riding on the spring seat that was bolted onto the sideboards at the front of the wagon. Dad was busy trying to help the ladies hang on and he couldn't do anything with the mules. There was some yelling and screaming going on as the mules jumped ditches and run over trees. They finally pulled the wagon onto a high place where they might have hurt themselves if they had kept running. They knew when to stop. Mules are dumb animals but they are not stupid. The runaway was over as quickly as it had begun. The excitement was out of their system and they were panting for air.

Those mules later became a gentle hard-working team and worked well for many years. One of the most remarkable things about the runaway was that when it was over my grandmother was the calmest and coolest person on the wagon. She had been involved with runaway mules before. Grandmothers are usually not as fragile and delicate as people think.