



My Family's Life in Sligo, Missouri

DWILLA LEWIS DUBOUCHE

Preface

My grandmother, Dwilla Lewis, grew up in Sligo, Dent County. She was born in 1887 in Sligo and spent her childhood there. She moved to St. Louis a few years after her mother died in Salem in 1901, and her father remarried. She lived in St. Louis the rest of her life. She died in 1977. A marriage, five children, 13 grandchildren and 70 busy years later she decided to write her memoirs.

Grandma had a good memory, and she had regaled her granddaughters with stories of her childhood for years before deciding to write. She had returned to Sligo once in the late 1950s during a summer trip with my parents. We kids had our pictures taken in front of the furnace. At the time I was too busy looking around to listen to Grandma reminisce.

Twenty years after my grandmother's death a cousin gave me a typed copy of the first installment of what Grandma had written. As a genealogist I am always intent on proving facts, so I was curious to see if the people Grandma mentioned actually lived in Sligo. I looked for these individuals in various records; the 1880 census, 1900 census, and on internet message boards.

I learned one thing very quickly. Grandma spelled phonetically, so she misspelled many names. She had heard these names many times, but Grandma had never seen these names written down during her childhood. Grandma was writing for her family. To us spelling was not important. The following are what I believe to be the correct spellings of the names included in her story. These corrections are based on the census and family information available on the internet. (Of course it is possible that the census taker could have been the bad speller!)

- "Joker and Susie Fortner" were, I believe, James and Susie Faulkner who lived in Sligo in 1900.
- Isabel Goad lived in Sligo in 1900 with her father William Goad and older sister Rachel.
- "McFadden" should be spelled McSpadden.
- "Fraiser" was spelled Fraser in the census.
- "McGuiness" was spelled McGinnis in the census.
- There was an Alex Lafoon married in Jefferson County, MO in 1884. I couldn't find him in Sligo on the 1900 census, but people moved in and out of Sligo.
- There were Reeves, Turners, and Worleys in Sligo. In fact, I found mention of a Charles Worley born in Sligo in the 1880s in a marriage record.
- The name Abigail "Teefebal" had me completely stumped until I saw the Dent county name Teverbaugh.
- Note: Grandma mentioned bringing something to her teacher's house. In the census John and Ida Needham were listed as the teachers in Sligo in 1900.

Grandma's family:

- Twibill Powers Lewis - b. 30 Jan 1854 Scioto Co, OH / d. 10 May 1911 Wayne Co, MO
- Augusta Olive Patton - b. 20 Feb 1856 Washington Co, MO / d. 2 Jan 1901 Dent Co, MO

Children:

- Viron Lewis - b. 8 Jul 1880 Dent Co, MO / d. 17 June 1964 Butler Co, MO
- Twibill P. Lewis - b. 18 May 1882 Dent Co, MO / d. Jan 1956 Butler Co, MO
- Ethel Lewis - b. 28 August 1884 Dent Co, MO / d. 10 November 1964 Butler Co, MO
- Dwilla Anna Lewis - b. 6 November 1887 Dent Co, MO / d. 28 November 1977 St. Louis, MO
- Isla Faye Lewis - b. 14 February 1890 Dent Co, MO / d. 26 Jan 1978 St. Louis, MO

Note: In the text to follow, a few words have been added for clarity which are identified in parenthesis in blue. The title and graphical elements have also been added.

Patricia A. Buelt
Email: pasbilt@aol.com

The Journal of
DWILLA LEWIS DUBOUCHET

My Family's Life in Sligo, Missouri



We lived in one of the ugliest houses after we moved from Wilson's Mills to Sligo, Missouri where my father was in charge of the iron casting. People came from everywhere to watch the casting of the iron. My father would open a door close to the ground, and millions of bright sparks would come out. Melted iron would flow out into sand molds about fifteen inches long apiece, and then was left to cool.



Augusta Olive Lewis
Born 1856 – Died 1901

In summer I wore calico dresses made by my mother. I always wore shoes; most children went barefooted. Even at three, I used to take Old Bounce and roam through the meadows, and go to the little creek that flowed from a spring that came out of a hill.

As I grew older I was by myself most of the time. I hated my sister Isla. My sister Ethel was the favorite of both my mother and my father. She was pretty. She had brown curls all over her head. I had straight blond hair that had to be braided everyday.

My brothers and sister went to school. My brothers wore boots, and my sisters and I wore copper-toed shoes. In the winter (*we wore*) yarn stockings which my mother knitted.



My mother wasn't a very friendly person. She never stood and talked like the other women did. She was always cooking, baking, canning, or sewing. If she had any leisure time she took one of us girls and went into the hills just to sit and think. She talked very little at those times. My mother always sang to us – the old English ballads. I know them all from memory.

My father was a drinking man. He drank whiskey, and was never home from work, but worked every day. He made violins and picture frames. My father and brothers all played the violin. My mother hated it.

Twible Powers Lewis
Born 1854 – Died 1911



In the fall we peeled apples and dried them. We also peeled pumpkins and dried both in the sun. Every year or two we would get new dogs. We had two at that time—Danger and Darrel. In the fall we would take three gallon buckets to the man who kept bees, and get two gallons of clear honey and one with a comb.

I remember going by the boarding house and hearing a very old man talking. I would pull a wisteria vine apart and say, "Who are you talking to Mr. McGinnis?" He would say, "I'm talking to a very fine gentleman. I'm talking to myself."



The Sligo Iron Company had a company store where all the people bought their groceries and clothes, also yard goods, but we didn't trade there much. My father sent away somewhere for our coffee beans in ten pound cans. Also our sugar came in a small barrel. Our cheese came in a wooden box with two ten pound pieces of cheese. At Christmas oranges came from Florida with plain oranges on one side and blood oranges on the other side of the case.

I used to have to take a small bucket of milk twice a day to a poor boy that was born crippled. There was a big mean bull in the pasture where they lived in a log cabin.

I don't remember our mother ever hitting any one of us. As a punishment we had to sew a ball of carpet rags. I was the one who made the most balls.

We never had any religious training or were told about God, Jesus, or the Holy Spirit. My mother did tell us, "Do good unto those who despitefully use you." My father said, "The Bible is the engineer who points the way to heaven so clear." We never went to church. There wasn't any church in Sligo, or any preacher or priest. We had a large Bible. I don't see how we went day after day without God.

I had my work to do. I had to churn the milk to make butter in the cellar. It was cold and dark. I also had to keep water and ashes in the barrel that made lye to make the soap. I gathered herbs once a week for an old man who sold them. He paid me for gathering them. One day I found a ginseng plant, and took it home to show my mother. I got what I thought was a lot of money for that. I also found wild anise, which my brother Joe gave me money for. He used it for fish bait. My job was also to gather the hops off a vine that was growing on a fence between the front yard and the back yard. Our garden was very large. We used all the vegetables in the garden but the cabbage. We gave that to the neighbors, as we didn't eat cabbage.



My sister Isla and another girl and I were walking in the meadow. We turned over a rock and found five little snakes. I picked them up in my apron and ran home. We were quarreling because I wanted all the snakes. My mother asked what was going on. I said, "They want my snakes." My mother looked in my apron and took it and dumped all my snakes in the kettle of boiling wash water. The snakes were copperheads!

We all gathered blackberries, huckleberries, and wild grapes for *(making)* jelly. We also gathered walnuts, butternuts and hazelnuts.

We never had a birthday party or a birthday cake.

I had one thing I loved dearly- a big spider, big as a nickel. I would sit and hum to him, and he made a queer noise back. I never touched him. My mother sent my brother Joe to find me, and he killed my spider. I cried, and didn't eat or sleep for some time.



I was seven and still didn't go to school. I had diphtheria, and after that I had my tonsils taken out by a dentist. After I was well I went to school. My father took me to school to explain to the teacher that I could read anything, and I knew the times tables and was a good speller. So I went in the third grade at seven years old.



My father was a great hunter, and the woods were full of deer, turkey, and rabbits. In the morning early, I would go with my brother Teap to get the rabbits out of the traps. Evenings I would go with my father to hunt turkeys. My father would put me in a big high tree, and he would go to kill turkeys on the ground looking for resting places. Once, near the tree I was in were a sheep pen and a shed by a high fence. The wolves came, and they tried to get some sheep. A couple (*of the wolves*) stayed under the tree I was in howling. My father got me out of that tree.

My father never used tobacco. He neither chewed nor smoked tobacco. My father never called me Dwillla. He always called me "Bill-dad." My sister Ethel... we called Tetsie.

We took baths often in the summer. In the winter a bath was on every Saturday night.

Behind our house was the stable yard where about fifty or more mules were kept. The barn was very large. It was the Company barn. Just a few horses were kept in there. At this time we had two more new dogs, hunting dogs- You Know and Guess. The boy I brought milk to gave me a chicken, which grew up to be a hen with every color feathers. I called her Henny Penny.

When I was about ten years old we had two brown turkeys, one peacock, one baby deer, and two new dogs called Nellie and Tom. Tom was a bloodhound given to me by the crippled boy.



The summer I was eleven my mother and sisters went to Salem to visit my aunt, Adeline DuBow and her daughter Melsinia and her son Fred. Once my grandfather came to visit, but he didn't sleep at our house. He was dressed very fine. My mother said his suit was broadcloth. He was a minister- Episcopalian, I think, from Ohio. All my father's people came from Ohio. We had no relations- just Aunt Adeline, Melsinia and Fred in Salem. My mother's sister Aunt "Nina" lived in St. Louis. I only saw her twice. All my mother's people were dead, I think. She said her people came from Wales in England to Virginia. (*They*) lived on a plantation, later freed the slaves and came to Missouri. My father's

people came from Scotland. They came to America, landed in New York, and went to Ohio.



Every week I used to visit two very old women. They both lived in one-room cabins. One was so clean. Her house just shined, *(and she was)* so very neat and clean herself. The other house and the woman were filthy. While I was there she was cooking beans in a wash pan. Her son came home and asked for the wash pan. The old woman poured the beans in a bucket, the man washed in the pan, and when he was done she put the beans back into the pan to cook them.

My sister Ethel had a girlfriend my mother approved of- she didn't approve of many.

Sometimes shows came to our town. We used to go to see them. One I remember had a woman and a man black-faced like a Negro, in a sleigh on the stage. They sat in the sleigh and someone behind the curtain was pulling on ropes that were supposed to be a mule. The man in the sleigh kept saying, "Whoa, mule! Whoa, mule! Just keep your seat Miss Liz A Jane! Hold onto the sleigh. I got to mind the mule!" We also had freak shows, but we didn't go see them. Our father wouldn't let us.

We were never allowed to do so many things. We never went to anyone's house at mealtime. We never got to go see a dead person. We could never go in anyone's back door. One time my teacher asked me to sell her some huckleberries. When I went to her front door she came to the door and told me to go to the kitchen door. I told her I didn't go to kitchen doors. She insisted, so I went down the walk to her gate. She called me back, and wanted to know why I wouldn't go to the kitchen door. I told her I wasn't a servant.



When any of the poor people were sick they always came for my mother. Rain or shine she always went with them. My mother had two long pillows. They were filled with hops. She always took one with her. It cured nervousness and headache. When several people caught the same ailment my mother put asafetida on a string around our necks. It smelled awful!

My sister Isla and I were always being sent to a different pregnant woman's house to have one inch of our haircut off. My mother told me that when there was a baby growing as the baby grew my hair would grow. I always had to do something I didn't want to do. When my father killed a deer, which was often, my mother would put the parts of the deer she didn't want in a basket. I had to take it to some poor family. When my sister Isla and I were very young we never got to go out in the rain and run up and down the road like the other children did. We sat on the floor, and my mother

would give us a little black satchel. We would open it and pour out the gold pieces on the floor, and play with them.



One time a new boy came to school at recess. He had everyone stand in line. Then he would take everyone's hand, and say something and then let his or her hand go. Came my turn he took my hand, and said, "Water by water, land by land, yes, by golly, I'll spit in her hand!" When he put his head down to spit on me I hit him with my fist and made his head bleed. The teacher was going to whip me with a stick. I told her no one spits on me or hits me with a stick. I went home. Charley Worley it's a long time ago. I still remember the "plum granites" and peaches you brought me...but, you never spit on me!

Once some country boys came to play baseball with my brother Joe's team. They had dinner at our house. I went home with them, as they were going to take me to some paw paw trees. As I sat outside the house, (*I beard*) his mother ask him where he ate and what he ate. He said, "Mother, Mrs. Lewis had some stuff she called grav-i...it was just our common sop!"

Once I got treed by a bull. Two girls and I went to get persimmons. A bull came along. They ran for the fence; I climbed the tree. My father came and got me down, the bull still under the tree.

There was a queer looking man working for my father. He came to our house and told my father, "I have to quit. I'm no working man." My father asked, "What are you?" He said, "I'm a Jew peddler. I went broke on account of sickness. My father said, "How much do you need?" He said, "Four hundred dollars," and the little black bag appeared and my father gave Levi the money. No paper signing. They just shook hands.



The older I grew the more I noticed I was like our crow. He was nosey and he stole. On our roof "he" had all kinds of things he took from people. "He" also talked telling things at our home that he had heard from the neighbors.

When I was seven I went to school, and when I was ten I was in sixth grade. I was reading every kind of book or magazine story, like "Joie, the Dog Faced Man", and good poetry. At our school of one room and a lean-to we had no privies. Girls went up the hill; boys in the hollow. My mother thought this was a terrible thing. On Friday nights we had a spelling bee. My father always pulled on the opposite side of me. I was a good speller.



There was close to a hundred houses in Sligo, and light deep wells.

When my brothers were very young they brought home a wild little pig, and built a pen and kept it there until it was tame. They let it out to fight the town Billy goat. The wild sow had ten baby pigs. My sister Ethel was a baby. My mother put the baby in a cradle in the yard while she worked in the garden. The sow came into the yard, got the baby in her mouth, and carried her some distance. My father killed the sow while she still had the baby in her mouth.

When my brother Joe was about eighteen he was a conductor, fireman, and engineer on a train that went from Sligo to Cooks Station about fifteen miles from Sligo. The Frisco train went past the Cook Station on to Salem. The Sligo train was a freight train to carry all the freight that the Frisco train had brought from St. Louis.

One day my father was reloading brass cartridges for his Winchester gun. The cartridges exploded and tore off most of my father's hand. There was no doctor in town, so my mother took care of his hand until a doctor came in the evening. He cut off three fingers that were hanging by a piece of skin. He had a thumb and a little finger left on his hand.



Dwilla Lewis DuBouchet, Twible Powers Lewis II (Teap), Ethel Sturgeon and the wife of Teap, Magie Lewis

The blacksmith was raffling off an old gray mare. Everyone had a ticket but my brother Teap. He got a quarter from my mother, and bought the last ticket. Next day he went to work herding wild Texas cattle in a woods pasture on a borrowed horse. The day after that Mr. Wilson came to our house, and told Teap to come out to the farm and get his horse, an old gray mare. We had her a month when she had a colt, the color of clay. So, that's what he called the pony.

I must tell you this because it is the first time my mother raised her hand to me, but did not hit me. I was roaming around a pasture. I saw a young woman walking along with a big tin spoon in her hand with an egg in it. I followed her. She went to the company store, went in, and poked the spoon at the clerk. He took the egg and gave her a stick of gum. The clerk, Mrs. MacFadden, told me she came once a week. I told my mother. She knew all about the girl. She was married two years, and had a baby that died. She was not in her right mind. I was laughing at her...that is why my mother was mad. Another time I almost got hit. I was carrying a bucket of water from the well. A big man stopped me and begun to make motions at me and grunt. I was scared to death. I started to run when I heard my mother hollering at me to give him a drink. Shaking all over I gave him a dipper of the water. He drank it, and then he half kneeled and touched his heart and forehead. My mother said he was Alec Lafoon, a woodchopper. He lived in a cabin with cats and dogs, and was deaf and dumb.

This I didn't want to tell but it is part of my story. We had entertainment at our school twice a year. I was always ever acting...part reciting. One time ten girls were in an act with their dolls. I had no doll, but I could recite any of the old English poetry my mother had taught me, like "Young Lochinvar" or "Maude Miller." I used to recite many at each entertainment. Or I would have a young man on stage made up like an old man. I was made up like an old woman. I would say, "I was very good looking when I was young, pretty blue eyes and gay. Fellows go courting on Saturday night, especially Jim." Jim was the old man.

It was two weeks till doll day at school. My sister Ethel and I decided we wanted dolls to bring to school that day. First, we asked our father to buy us dolls, but he said no. Then a few days later we asked if we could make a doll. He still said no. We cried and we nagged, but our father said no still. One day Tetsie, Ethel, stood up to our father. She looked right at him and said that people would think we were poor if we didn't bring dolls to school. Our father hollered that no false idols would be brought into our house, and told us not to ask again. On doll day father called me and Tetsie that morning to come to him. He tied a ribbon around each of our necks. Hanging from each ribbon was a ten dollar gold piece. He made us go to school that way so everyone would know we were not poor.



At Christmas time we never had a Christmas tree. My father sent away for two large wooden buckets of candy for us, or any poor kids who came by. I always had the job of giving the candy out. I used a tin cup to measure the candy. I had little cloth bags to put the candy in that my mother made on her sewing machine. Levi the peddler always brought me storybooks (*like*) Goodie Two Shoes and Nellie's Christmas Eve. I never got a doll.

It had been several years since Levi got the money from my father. Levi came every spring and fall. One time he brought me a dark blue coat, Tetsie a brown coat, and Isla's coat was gray...and we got new fascinators.

Before my mother was sick my father went to Ohio to visit his people. He bought a trunk and all new clothes. He took a big handful of gold pieces out of the little satchel. He was gone two weeks.

Our mother had told us some time before that she and Mr. DuBow were going to get married until she met my father. My mother's people would not receive Mr. Lewis in their home, so my mother left her home and went to live with a lady friend. Her name was Ann Laurence; she was married. My mother got nothing from her home —only what she had with her, her horse. She didn't have any money, but she had diamond earrings in her ears.

My mother rarely spoke to my father. One day a man came and talked to my mother. She told us that Uncle George DuBow was very sick. My mother went to the Company barn and rented a horse and went to Salem to be with Uncle George. He had Aunt Adeline and had three children. My father came home and followed my mother. Uncle George died, and my mother and father stayed in Salem until Uncle George was buried. Then they came home. My mother was very sad and cried a lot, but tried to do her work.

One day my father got drunk and hit my mother. He had a rope and was going to hang my mother. I ran out and got two friends of my father's. They threw him on the bed and tied him down- one rope around his body and another below his knees. I remember this because I was thirteen years old. There wasn't any law or sheriff in Sligo. My mother was very sick for a few days. She just sat in her rocking chair. My father got over his crazy spell and never drank for a long time.

My father took my mother to a special doctor in Steelville. He said she had a sickness that they didn't have a name for, or any cure for it. My mother stayed in bed and I took care of her. Abigail Teefeball came to change the bed and wash my mother. The old woman cut my mother's long hair off. I had to stay in the house to take care of my mother. Tetsie did the cooking. We neither one knew how to cook. Our bread came from St. Louis. It was terrible stuff! All I had ever cooked was pigtails, which my mother usually threw away.



I got to go out twice a day; I didn't go to the hills anymore. I just sat a ways from the house, and a boy named Ross Haws sat with me. One day he took me to a place where a young doctor was boiling a man's body in a big iron pot. He was making a skeleton. While he stirred the contents of the pot he ate cheese, crackers, and an apple.

Ross and I talked about the thing that came out of the sky- a big fiery thing with a long tail. It was a meteorite. It dropped in a field, and made a big hole. After it cooled there were cinders. My father took some and sent them away somewhere.

Wherever I sat Ross came. One day we went for a walk just to the hill in front of our house. There was a small cave in the side of the hill. Two other girls were with us. Ross said, "Let's all crawl into the cave." It wasn't high enough to stand up in. Ross went first with a light, then me and the other girls, all crawling on our knees. We came to a place as big as a room in a house, all walls. A deep hole was below with water rushing through the place. We soon got out of there

It was October. It would be my birthday soon; I would be fourteen years old. I didn't know how to cook or sew a fine seam. I could wash dishes and scrub the kitchen floor with homemade soap and sand. My sister Tetsie did learn to cook.

I now never went far from the house. My mother was very sick, so I sat on the woodpile, which was outside our front fence and talked to anyone who came to sit with me. We talked about the things that happened like the circus man who walked on a rope stretched high in space. (*We talked*) about Mr. Turner who went in a steam boiler to clean it while it was empty. Someone turned the steam on just for a joke and couldn't turn it off. My father went in the steam-filled boiler and brought Mr. Turner out in his arms. My father was home in bed for a few days. Mr. Turner lived, but never worked another day in his life.

My mother was sick, but we had to mind her. She seldom talked. She called me, and I went to her. She said, "Do the same for Mr. Turner as you did for Jim Pitts." I had to take a basket and go from house to house begging for the Turner family. I wasn't the only child in Sligo, but no one else cared. I took whatever they gave me. When I got the basket filled I took it home, and started out again to get it refilled. I didn't have to take the things I collected to the Turner family. My brother Teap drove a buggy for the doctor, so he took the food to them.



The man who brought our flour and corn meal from the mill was a black man named Sam. The children asked me why my mother let me ride with Sam in the wagon. I told them, "I don't ride with Sam. I sit on the seat behind Sam, and he takes me where I want to go."

Once Sam was taking me to the place where we bought potatoes to ask Mr. Turpen to bring us some. Sam went that far to go back to Wilson's Mills. I asked him what his name was besides Sam. He told me his name was Sam Patton. I told him it couldn't be Patton as that was my mother's name before she married. He said, "My mammy's name was Patton. My granny's name was Patton, and she was never married...jus cooked all her life for our fokes, the Pattons.



Dwilla Lewis DuBouchet
holding her first born daughter
Esther Katherine DuBouchet
1915

When the Company killed a beef Isla and I had to take a basket and a note and some money, and walk a mile to the place where the meat was being sold. We went early, so we would get the best pieces of meat. In the fall we were always busy getting the honey, and going after sorghum molasses. No one delivered anything. My brother had to go get a ham or a side of bacon. My father left all our smoked meat in Mr. Bean's smoke house.

The Company store had no sacks or bags to put things you bought in. You had to take a basket, except if you bought yard goods. They were wrapped in old newspaper or any scrap of paper. There weren't any paper boxes; everything came in wooden crates. My father bought canned salmon by the case, but we never ate it except on special occasions or when my sister Tetsie didn't have dinner ready. Then we ate the delicious red salmon.

In the springtime we gathered wild greens. We cooked them, but never put them on the table. After my father left the table we ate the wild greens.

I forgot to tell this. My father had a heavy hunting coat. He got rained on, so we put the coat on the fence to dry. A bird built her nest in the pocket of the coat. We left that coat hang until the birds were old enough to fly.

Every Thursday I went to Joker and Suzie Fortner's to exchange magazines. They were such nice people. My mother didn't care if I stayed in their house talking to them.

I still went to school, and every morning Isabel Goad, a crippled girl on crutches, came to walk to school with us. I hated her, but Tetsie made us go with her. When we sat and talked in the evening sitting on the woodpile, I sometimes sang some of the songs my mother taught me. Or one of the boys would sing.

“There was an old man
Who had a wooden leg.
He had no tobacco,
But tobacco he would beg.
Gather up your money
Like a little pile of rocks.
You’ll always have tobacco
In your own tobacco box.”

The boys and girls that sat with me wanted me to tell them how my mother got Mr. Fraiser’s deer from the people who had the deer in their kitchen. Our deer was a doe female; Fraiser’s deer was a male with big horns. Some boy told my mother these people had the deer. My mother took one of my father’s revolvers, and put it in her dress pocket. She called me to go with her. She knocked on their kitchen door, but they wouldn’t let the deer out. Two men held the door. My mother said, “Let loose of the deer!” They laughed; they only saw a woman and a girl. My mother took the revolver out of her pocket, and said, “Release the deer.” They did, and the deer came out and nudged its head against my mother. My brother Teap took it home. Next day Mr. Fraiser was in to thank my mother.

We were still sitting on the woodpile in the evening, and poor Hal Reeves sat with us crying most of the time. The barn master Mr. Meadows had six wild mules. No one would drive them. Everyday about fifteen coal wagons pulled by four mules went to the place they called the coaling where they made charcoal to run the furnace. Mr. Meadows offered fifty dollars to anyone who would drive the six wild mules hitched to a coal wagon. No one would drive them until Bill Reaves said he would. He drove them a mile when they turned the wagon over and killed Bill Reaves. He was stomped on so much, the men could hardly find enough to bury. I didn’t have to go begging for the Reaves family. My mother asked for the little satchel, and she took two gold pieces out. She gave me them and a note to take to the family.



When it got cold we weren't able to sit out and sing and listen to the Jew's harp one of the boys played. On November 6 it was my birthday. I didn't get any presents or a birthday cake. I was fourteen years old. Our yard was empty. My father sent the deer to New York. He gave the peacock to a farmer, and he gave our brown turkeys to another farmer.

At Christmas time the boys wanted to celebrate. They went up on Dugan's Hill where an old army cannon had lain for many years. They loaded it up with gunpowder, and was going to fire it. There was only one child there. It was Rex. He was sitting on the cannon and wouldn't get off, so the boys tried to scare him by pretending to light the powder. By accident the powder caught fire. Rex threw his leg over the front of the cannon. It went off, and hurled Rex high in the air. The boys searched for the body. When they found him he was still alive. One leg was missing. They took him home, and he died of loss of blood. He was holding to my father's hand when he died. They searched all the next day for his leg so they could bury it with the body.




My mother was very sick. She asked my father to take her to Salem because she didn't want to die in Sligo. My father took the little satchel and went to Salem. He bought a large white house. ♣



Dwilla Lewis DuBouchet
Born 1887 – Died 1977

Now dear to my heart are the
 scenes of my child hood
 Dear fond recollections presents them
 to view.
 The orchard the meadow the deep
 tangled wild wood.
 and were dear spots which my
 infancy new
 The mill the pond and the bridge
 that stood near them
 and even the school house that
 stands by the well and even the
 old bucket that hung in the well
 the sun in the morning the song of
 the robin,
 the squirrel in the tree top that
 soared to the sky
 the dear house the garden the barn
 in the distance, the low of the cattle

When fees were noted 4 gallon
 buckets for honey ✓
 No X marks though never had a doll ✓
 like other children a book dress ✓
 however none of parents houses ✓
 in town on account of farm ✓
 and large yard ✓
 large side seller ✓
 grew cabbage in garden but ✓
 never cooked cabbage gave to ✓
 neighbors. our mother told us
 about wales and sang old ✓
 English songs which I memorized
 and can sing them to day ✓
 mostly kept by our selves not-
 to friends with people ✓
 Father's accident - relading to base
 meter in sky X



A page from the working notes of the journal of
 Dwilla Lewis DuBouchet.