

# Family Group Sheet

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**Husband: Lewis Gardner Smith**

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Born: 04/12/1867 in: Modena, Mercer, Missouri  
Married: in: Stoner farm near Ridgeway, Harrison, Missouri  
Died: 1939 in: Ruidoso, New Mexico  
Father: William Smith  
Mother: Martha Ann Gardner  
Other Spouses: Petra Cordova

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**Wife: Olive Jeanette Stoner**

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Born: 12/10/1869 in: Cainsville, Harrison county, Missouri  
Died: 24/05/1956 in: Possibly in New Jersey  
Father: Augustus Washington Stoner  
Mother: Martha Elizabeth Trainer

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**CHILDREN**

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1 M	Name: Ray Estes Smith Born: 25/10/1894 Died: 05/1968 in: Friona, Texas Married: Spouse: Esther Married: Abt. 1916 in: Missouri Spouse: Chloe Kampmann
2 F	Name: Lula Corrine Smith Born: 05/06/1907 Died: Abt. 1968
3 M	Name: Carol Smith Born: Unknown Died: Unknown
4 F	Name: Enid Smith Born: Unknown Died: Unknown in: Hereford, Texas
5 F	Name: Eddith Lee Smith Born: 01/11/1894 in: Spickard, Grundy, Missouri Died: 25/10/1952 in: Great Falls, Cascade, Montana Married: Spouse: Orne Everett Ridgeway Married: 20/09/1913 in: Muleshoe, Bailey, Texas Spouse: Russell Hammond McDonald
6 M	Name: Arthur Smith Born: 08/11/1888 in: Mercer County, Missouri Died: 29/10/1903 in: Hereford, Texas
7 F	Name: Estella Ruth Smith Born: 03/04/1903 Died: 1988 Married: in: Texas Spouse: Sanford M. Pool
8 M	Name: Paul Bernice Smith Born: 10/09/1905 in: Hereford, Texas Died: 27/05/1994 in: Austin, Texas Married: 03/03/1928 in: Austin, Texas Spouse: Opal Jo Baldwin

## *Family Group Sheet*

<b>Husband:</b>	<b>Lewis Gardner Smith</b>
Source:	Jean Richard, Castro Co. Book.
Born:	04/12/1867
in:	Modena, Mercer, Missouri
Died:	1939
in:	Ruidoso, New Mexico
Source:	MCDonald web site, His second wife Petra said at one time that he was alive during WWII Need to verify with records in Ruidoso.
Relationship with Father:	William Smith - Natural
Relationship with Mother:	Martha Ann Gardner - Natural
Occupation:	Father wanted him to be a farmer. He and Olive farmed land near Hereford.
<b>Address and Phone(s)</b>	
<b>Medical</b>	
<b>Notes</b>	
<b>Marriage Information</b>	
Wife:	Olive Jeanette Stoner
Beginning status:	Married
in:	Stoner farm near Ridgeway, Harrison, Missouri
<b>Marriage Notes</b>	

## *Family Group Sheet*

<b>Wife:</b>	<b>Olive Jeanette Stoner</b>
Born:	12/10/1869
in:	Cainsville, Harrison county, Missouri
Died:	24/05/1956
in:	Possibly in New Jersey
Relationship with Father:	Augustus Washington Stoner - Natural
Relationship with Mother:	Martha Elizabeth Trainer - Natural

<b>Address and Phone(s)</b>	
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### **Medical**

### *Notes*

## Family Group Sheet

<b>Child:</b>	<b>Ray Estes Smith</b>
Source:	Court House Records, Deaf Smith County, Gives information on children of Lewis and Olive.
Born:	25/10/1894
Died:	05/1968
in:	Friona, Texas
Source:	Social Security Death Index.
Relationship with Father:	Lewis Gardner Smith - Natural
Relationship with Mother:	Olive Jeanette Stoner - Natural
<b>Address and Phone(s)</b>	

### Medical

#### Notes

December 1976

For John, David and Cherry:

A short time before Ray died I was in Friona for Corinne's funeral. Afterward Ray and I spent several days with Cherry and Glen, before Cherry and I took him to Oklahoma City where he met Paul, who took him on to Arkansas. While we were at Cherry's, Ray and I got talking about the early days in the Panhandle, which he remembered from the family's arrival there. I found his recollections interesting and began taking shorthand notes. The notes were easy to transcribe, but as the talk was random, it took longer to get the material in some chronological order. I'm sending this to you, for I suspect you, and less likely his grandchildren, know few of the details of his life except in a general way. Practically all of the following are Ray's own words, with comments by me in parenthesis.

Aunt Ruth Pool

The Santa Fe was building the line from Kansas City west and the land was being opened, so Grandpa Smith went from Missouri to take a look. He bought the section of land near Dimmitt for \$1.25 an acre, and the seller threw in some other land for 25 cents an acre. Then Grandpa went back to Missouri in an old buggy, and talked his boys into going to Texas. He settled up things in Missouri, loaded household goods, cattle and stuff in a railroad immigrant car and went to Hereford, then almost the end of the line. When he built the house in Dimmitt he had to haul lumber by wagon from Amarillo.

Mom refused to live out in the country where there were no schools, so Grandpa bought 20 acres a mile from Hereford where we lived. Dad finally got the land in the settlement of Grandpa's estate, and deeded it to Mama.

(We got to Hereford in 1902, I think. Ray didn't mention the date and I didn't ask, as we were just chatting. But I was born there in April, 1903, and the house had been built then.)

When we got to Hereford Mom and Dad and us five kids lived in a hotel for a week or two, then Dad got two tents set up on the 20 acres, and we lived in them for a year or so. Dirt was banked over the edges of the tents, and with a coal stove in them, they were very comfortable. One was used for cooking and eating and the other for sleeping.

Dad was working on the construction of the Christian College being built out of town, about a mile from our place. One day a big wind and rain blew one of the tents over. Dad saw it from where he was working, and came home to set it up again. Any time the wind got high wash tubs and anything empty would go flying off over the prairie, and we'd have to run 'em down.

The grass was high all over the prairie around there. Dad would take a gun and walk away from the tents a short distance and kill quail and prairie chickens for meat. Once he killed an antelope.

Finally lumber was hauled in a wagon from Amarillo for a one-room house with a loft for sleeping. After the house was built, or sometime about then, a fence was put around the house, and later the entire 20 acres was fenced with barb wire.

(Mama told me once that before the place was fenced huge droves of cattle would come by from the west to the railroad at Hereford. She said the cowpunchers were solicitous -- they told her to get the children in a group, and they stationed a man near to keep the cattle from straying around her and the children.)

Mama raised every vegetable she could think of in the garden -- tried to raise everything we'd eat. Even the pie melons (citrons) -- they were good to eat cooked, in preserves or pies, but no good raw. They were big things, looked like watermelons. I was out in the garden near the road one day when a bunch of prospectors came by in a big surrey. One of them said, "Those sure are pretty melons" and I said "Want one?" So I gave them a big one and they drove off looking mighty happy. Sure would liked to have seen their faces when they cut it and bit in!

An old Mexican named Labardee carried freight and mail from Hereford to Endee, New Mexico in a hack. I made a trip with him once. It took ten to twelve hours. We went out one day and came back the next.

Labardee's oldest son came out and was wagon cook at the 7 Bar Ranch. When the Rock Island went through Vega and Tucumcari that stopped the mail carrying.

Once Dad and Uncle John were hunting and Dad saw a little antelope, a real young one. He got off his horse, crawled up and grabbed him. Then Uncle John saw another one, got off and walked over and picked it up.

They brought 'em home and we raised 'em on a bottle. They were cute as could be when they were little, but mean as the dickens when they grew up.

## Family Group Sheet

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The whole country out here was mighty empty then. Two miles from Grandpa's house was the 7 Anchor Ranch drift fence. You'd go through a gate in the fence and head to the Canadian River and never see a house or a fence -- just prairie and cattle and a few shacks for cowboys. The Capitol Syndicate was the Capitol Land and Cattle Company -- they had a great big ranch west of here and north -- it was called the XIT because that was their brand.

I remember a fellow named Cal Walker, a big, husky guy. He and Dad were good friends; Dad called him "Light Weight" and he called Dad "Heavy Set". He owned a lot in Canyon. One day he was in the hardware store where Dad worked, talking about the price he'd been offered for the lot. He said, "Heck, I'm jist gonna dig it up and haul it to Hereford."

Lots of people were only known by nicknames. J.Z. Smith owned a section near Grandpa's. He raised a lot of sweet potatoes and they called him "Sweet Potato" Smith. Grandpa raised peaches and was called "Peach Orchard" Smith.

I helped Grandpa plant the peach seeds for those trees. He had about 75 acres in peaches, and people would drive 20 or thirty miles to buy fruit. Of course he raised cattle, kaffir corn and stuff to feed 'em, and later on wheat. There weren't any hogs the first few years we were out here, but later on they raised big ones -- 700 to 800 pounds. And not many sheep -- Allen Bell was about the only sheep man. The first wheat I know of out here was planted by a man named Wiseman near Vega, for winter pasture. That was a real bad winter, the ground covered with snow, cattle drifted, starved, and froze. Lots of men went broke. But after the snow melted, the wheat came out and Wiseman harvested 10,000 bushels. That was the year I went to work for the 7 Bar Ranch. I'd finished the eighth grade in school and in summers I'd work for Grandpa for free, and I decided to work for money.

I went to work for the 7 Bar Ranch -- the McIntosh boys owned it -- 20 miles due north of Hereford, in January. February 3 it snowed hard, with a high wind, and it snowed again February 5 -- real blizzard. During the storm we just stayed in the shack. I worked about a year for the 7 Bar, then went to Kansas City and took a short course in auto mechanics. Autos were beginning to be popular. Then I worked a year in Kansas City at the White Front Garage on 12th and McGee. While I was there I visited the Missouri relatives and met Chloe Kampmann. Came on home and worked three more years at the 7 Bar.

Bronc-bustin? Yeah, I did a lot on the ranch, and got throwed many a time. All of us did. We'd break horses in the spring, ride 'em in summer and turn 'em to pasture in winter to keep from feeding 'em. We kept three horses per man in winter and about 15 in summer. We'd ride each horse half a day in summer and all day in winter. Until he was broke we'd ride each bronc a little every day - kept 'em on stakes. Used a hackamore instead of a bridle to break him. We'd rope him around the neck, loop a hind foot to the neck rope, throw on a blanket and saddle, put on a hackamore and jump on him. Some horses just couldn't be broken, so we'd just turn 'em out and let 'em go.

The ranch had 300 sections, with one to five thousand head of cattle and about 100 head of broad mares. Every spring we broke the 2-3-year olds, besides looking after the cattle and horses we rode fences and burned fire guards. We'd break strips of land, and burn the grass between 'em to stop prairie fires.

When we drove cattle to market a seven or eight-mile day was real good. We never did run 'em like you see in the movies or on TV -- just let 'em walk along slow so as not to run off the fat.

Broke my ankle while I was working out there -- my horse slipped and fell on me. But he stayed near me, or I don't know when the other boys would have found me. The next day they put me in a buggy, and I started off by myself to see Doc Price in Hereford. Had to open 20 fence gates and close 'em, but I made it. Took a long time for Doc Price to send me a bill, but I finally got one, for \$10.00. Went around to see him and said, "Doc, I guess this is for setting my ankle, but I can't read it." He looked at it and laughed and said, "I guess so, Ray -- can't read my own writing after it gets cold."

Out there on the ranch we lived on sour dough bread, steak, beans, canned tomatoes and coffee. Mostly we used cow chips for fuel. It'd nearly keep a man busy poking chips in the stove. The whole crew would go out and pick up chips, sack 'em and haul 'em back to the shack. The first man to get in from the range would start the fire under the beans.

When I quit the ranch I went back to Missouri, married Chloe, and entered the Army as a draftee in 1916. I was sent to Camp Funston, Kansas, then Camp Hancock, Georgia, and from there to Camp Merritt, New Jersey and overseas.

I was with the 1st Air Service, Signal Corps, an airplane engine mechanic. We were aboard ship 28 pr 29 days on the President Lincoln, I think. We landed at St. Nazaire, were supposed to go to England, but ports got switched while we were at sea. When we landed it was a beautiful day and I thought, "Well, often heard of sunny France and here it is." The next morning was cold and rainy, and it rained steady for two months. Sunny France had disappeared.

From St. Nazaire we were moved to Epinal on the Moselle River, and I was there a year and a half, off and on. I made Sergeant about 30 days after I got in the Army.

The repair shops were housed in temporary wooden buildings. We never had adequate equipment, made do with what we had. Most of the engines were Puegeots, Fiats and some Canadian Canoocks, because we were attached to the French air corps. Later, toward the end of the war, we had a few Packard engines in American planes. One-place planes were fighters, two-place ones had an observer in rear of the pilot. The observer used a Kodak and glasses. Five to six thousand feet was the maximum height for the planes. The first guns that were used were Army rifles. The pilot would pick up a rifle and shoot it at the enemy pilot. Both sides used rifles. About a year after I landed they started mounting guns which shot through the prop. The pilot was a 3-hat man -- pilot, navigator, and gunner.

Once we took 8 planes we had overhauled and were supposed to deliver them to St. Germaine. I was piloting

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## Family Group Sheet

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one. Anybody could fly those planes, at least for transport, but not in battle as we'd not been trained for that. Accidentally on purpose I got lost and landed at a Paris field. We had no business there, but we started down the street looking around. Old Tape Wyatt lived north of Hereford. He was on MP duty in Paris and we ran into him. He took us to the Provost transportation office to get tickets, as ours were from St. Germaine to Epinal. The old Provost looked at our papers and said, "I've got a damn good notion to throw all of you in the brig," but finally gave us some tickets to Epinal and said, "If you guys aren't on that train you're going in the brig and stay there." So we were on it. Tape stayed with us for a while and showed us around. We were there five or six hours altogether, and that was the only time I saw Paris.

Then one day I was working on a Puegeot engine and it fell on my right hand. It was awful hard to get hospitalized then, they only had a few hospitals over there. So I just stayed with the outfit, and went to the field hospital every day, then back to work, doing what i could. Two or three months later gangrene started and they sent me to a general hospital.

When I got there there was a little doctor from Kentuck, real nice little fellow. He used Dakin's solution and stuff, and killed the gangrene and the hand healed up some. The little doctor wanted to send me back to the U.S. to a bone specialist. Well, there was a Medical colonel there who was one, and before he went into the Army he was head of a medical school somewhere. He looked at my hand and told the ward surgeon to take me to X-ray -- he wanted to see the hand through the fluroscope. He looked at it and said, "Well, Sergeant, I can operate on that hand and eventually give you a pretty good hand. If you want me to I'll do it, as much for the benefit of these young doctors here as for you." I said, "If you can help it any, get busy." He operated, and it wasn't very long before we started home.

Aboard ship I was in the lower bunk and the boy above me, climbing up, kicked my hand and knocked the bones out of place, and they're still out. When I got home my arm was still in a sling. When I got home I went to see Dr. Price. He said, "Ray, don't let anybody touch that hand." So I never did.

(Orthopedic surgeons were few and far between in those days. The first fluroscope in Hereford was delivered in the summer of 1920 or 1921 to Dr. Price and his partner. I worked across the hall from them, and they used me and others around as guinea pigs to see if it worked properly.)

It was 1920 when I got back from overseas. I was given a disability when I left New York. They sent me to a camp in Des Moines and I was discharged there. I went to Ridgeway and got Chloe and we went on home. I didn't intend to work for a while, but Homer Wilkerson wanted me to go to work, so I went to see him and we made a deal. It was Wilkerson and Stocking garage. Stocking ran a drug store, but was a partner in the garage. He later turned out to be a minister.

(Although Ray said he got home in 1920, I am sure it was 1919 for he and Chloe were in Hereford when I left that fall to go to the University. The flu epidemic had been rather bad in Hereford in the winter of '18-'19 but none of us had it. It was worse there in 1919-20. Chloe died of it in pregnancy, and everyone in the family had it. Ray had a light case. He wrote me saying no one had written -- he'd been too busy looking after the animals, nursing, and doing the other work.)

I went to the University at Ames, Iowa in 1922-23 under what was like the GI bill. As I had gone into the Army from Missouri I was sent to an Iowa school.

Esther and I got married in September 1927, and we moved to Friona in 1930.

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Marriage Information	
Wife:	Esther
Beginning status:	Married

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### Marriage Notes

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## *Family Group Sheet*

<b>Child:</b>	<b>Lula Corrine Smith</b>
Born:	05/06/1907
Died:	Abt. 1968
Relationship with Father:	Lewis Gardner Smith - Natural
Relationship with Mother:	Olive Jeanette Stoner - Natural

<b>Address and Phone(s)</b>	
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### **Medical**

### *Notes*

<b>Marriage Information</b>	
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### *Marriage Notes*

## *Family Group Sheet*

<b>Child:</b>	<b>Carol Smith</b>
Born:	Unknown
Died:	Unknown
Relationship with Father:	Lewis Gardner Smith - Natural
Relationship with Mother:	Olive Jeanette Stoner - Natural

<b>Address and Phone(s)</b>	
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### **Medical**

### *Notes*

<b>Marriage Information</b>	
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### *Marriage Notes*



## *Family Group Sheet*

<b>Child:</b>	<b>Enid Smith</b>
Born:	Unknown
Died:	Unknown
in:	Hereford, Texas
Relationship with Father:	Lewis Gardner Smith - Natural
Relationship with Mother:	Olive Jeanette Stoner - Natural

<b>Address and Phone(s)</b>	
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### **Medical**

### *Notes*

<b>Marriage Information</b>	
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### *Marriage Notes*

## *Family Group Sheet*

<b>Child:</b>	<b>Eddith Lee Smith</b>
Born:	01/11/1894
in:	Spickard, Grundy, Missouri
Died:	25/10/1952
in:	Great Falls, Cascade, Montana
Relationship with Father:	Lewis Gardner Smith - Natural
Relationship with Mother:	Olive Jeanette Stoner - Natural

<b>Address and Phone(s)</b>	
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### **Medical**

### *Notes*

<b>Marriage Information</b>	
Husband:	Russell Hammond McDonald
Married:	20/09/1913
Beginning status:	Married
in:	Muleshoe, Bailey, Texas

### *Marriage Notes*

## *Family Group Sheet*

<b>Child:</b>	<b>Arthur Smith</b>
Born:	08/11/1888
in:	Mercer County, Missouri
Died:	29/10/1903
in:	Hereford, Texas
Relationship with Father:	Lewis Gardner Smith - Natural
Relationship with Mother:	Olive Jeanette Stoner - Natural

<b>Address and Phone(s)</b>	
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### **Medical**

Cause of death: Typhoid

### *Notes*

<b>Marriage Information</b>	
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### *Marriage Notes*

## *Family Group Sheet*

<b>Child:</b>	<b>Estella Ruth Smith</b>
Born:	03/04/1903
Died:	1988
Relationship with Father:	Lewis Gardner Smith - Natural
Relationship with Mother:	Olive Jeanette Stoner - Natural
<b>Address and Phone(s)</b>	

### **Medical**

### *Notes*

<b>Marriage Information</b>	
Husband:	Sanford M. Pool
Beginning status:	Married
in:	Texas

### *Marriage Notes*

## Family Group Sheet

<b>Child:</b>	<b>Paul Bernice Smith</b>
Born:	10/09/1905
in:	Hereford, Texas
Died:	27/05/1994
in:	Austin, Texas
Relationship with Father:	Lewis Gardner Smith - Natural
Relationship with Mother:	Olive Jeanette Stoner - Natural
Burial:	08/06/1994 Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas
Source:	Texas Death Certificate.
Education:	University of Texas as engineer
Military service:	Bet. 1942 and 1946 Commissioned in the US Army during WWII and left with rank of Captain. Served in the Sound and Flash Battery at Ft. Sill and in the Phillipine Islands.
Occupation:	Bet. 1927 and 1930 Houston Lighting and Power
Religion:	Episcopal
<b>Address and Phone(s)</b>	

### Medical

Cause of death: Heart failure

### Medical Information:

Suffered from high blood pressure. Had heart attack in 1989 and by-pass surgery at the age of 84.

### Notes

*He missed going to West Point because of a clerk who said he had not finished all his High School classes. He was in the process of completing his last credit and it would have been completed before entering the Point. He never forgot this disappointment. He later made a fine officer and would have been very happy with a career as an Army officer.*

*He was involved with mapping most of the oil fields in Texas, Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi. He was with the Humble crew who worked the King Ranch. He, Opal and Wayne moved on an average of every three to four weeks and lived in almost every town in Texas.*

*Later he was involved with opening Alaska to oil production as Chief Scout in the Los Angeles office of Exxon. When he retired, he and Opal lived for a few years on their ranch in Arkansas. They later moved to Corpus Christi, Leonardtown in Maryland, and Stafford county Virginia. He ended his years in Texas (New Braunfels and Austin).*

*His smile could light up a room and his laugh made everyone around want to laugh with him.*

<b>Marriage Information</b>	
Wife:	Opal Jo Baldwin
Married:	03/03/1928
Beginning status:	Married
in:	Austin, Texas

### Marriage Notes