Poetry Foundation SC-14-CT5 - CMS-0001
Centers for Medicare & Medicaid Services, Department of Health and Human Services
Comment on CMS-0001-P, Medicare Program; Hospice Wage Index for Fiscal Year 2015

The Second Year Issue

A Magazine of Poetry and Prose
Edited by Jonathan Galassi and Robert Pinsky
Published by the Poetry Foundation

The latest news coming out of Antioch has devolved to a Dickens
Jon Stewart's Comedy Central Show Ends Its Run
Ten Years Ago, Poetry Was Dying. Now It's Not.
Not the Kind Of Poetry We Want to Publish
Poetry Foundation Sues Over Use of Its Name in Lawsuit Against Hospice Chain
Poetry Foundation Sues Hospice Chain Over Use of Its Name
Poetry Foundation Sues Hospice Chain Over Use of Its Name
Antioch Dean Resigns Amid Financial Crisis, Plans to Leave Office
Antioch Dean Resigns Amid The Financial Crisis, Plans to Leave Office
Poetry Foundation Sues Hospice Chain Over Use of Its Name
Antioch Dean Resigns Amid The Financial Crisis, Plans to Leave Office
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Dear Poetry Foundation SC-14-CT5 - CMS-0001,

Thank you for your comment on Medicare Program; Hospice Wage Index for Fiscal Year 2015.

We are interested in your comment. Please see the Poetry Foundation Sues Over Use of Its Name section of the Hospice Wage Index for Fiscal Year 2015 Federal Register document for our response to your comment.

Thank you for participating in the Medicare program.

Sincerely,

Marilyn Tavenner

I stand at the edge of a place I can
Not see the end of, a place I can
Not see across or around or through.
I can see only what I see.

I can see nature in a glass of clear light
and human nature in a glass of blood.
I can see a man who says he
Sing I feel sing I is a lyric.

I can see yesterday and tomorrow sing
Like a bird. I can see
Poetry? I'm going strictly bird
Today. I can see

Everyone must be a poet to sing
Open wide the wide
Open wide the wide open wide
Open wide the wide open.

Written by and dedicated to Jack Gilbert, Elizabeth Bishop, Mrs. Elizabeth Bishop, Mr. Elizabeth Bishop, and Mr. Jack Gilbert.

Jonathan Galassi
Robert Pinsky
February 18, 1958

The Second Year Issue

The Poetry Foundation

Poetry Foundation SC-14-CT5 - CMS-0001

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Poetry Foundation SC-14-CT5 - CMS-0001 - Poetry Foundation SC-14-CT5 - CMS-0001 - Poetry Foundation SC-14-CT5 - CMS-0001 -

A VISIT TO IDAHO

Up to Table of Contents

In 1908 Floyd took the girls and me to Gooman in the buggy where we entertained for Idaho to visit my family. I had not seen them since I left Idaho for Bisbee Copper County, years before. I had not seen since. We corresponded however and I had learned that my sister was married to a Congressman who later became Secretary of the Interior under President Wilson. My brother, Will, was sheriff in Weiser, Idaho for about twenty years.

I was looking forward to the trip that offered the change from a jolting wagon and prairie trails, but the train trip also had its drawbacks. The girls were excited and pleased with everything especially the fruit vendor's basket. They asked for so many bananas that I was embarrassed. Vainly I tried to divert their attention to the lovely boxed lunch brought along. They were enchanted over the mountains and scenery, but that faded too. I caught Spray with her hands spread over her face and heard her say peevishly, "I'm tired of looking at mountains. I want to see Indians!" Entertainment of the Indians was the delight of the plains. Mother met us at the station in Boise in her electric car. She lived in a nice two story home and the children ran up and down the stairs and through the rooms. Mother had bought them Indian bead bracelets and their first taste of ice cream cones. They saw their first movie in Idaho. The movie fare was five cents.

PICKING

Up to Table of Contents

My boys tell me there was no sense in this trip, but to Floyd and me it made sense. We had good crops, horses, and cattle but needed cash to buy more cattle and to pay off the mortgage. Floyd had loaded in onto the wagon for a trip to Fredrick Oklahoma to pick cotton. I remember the trip well. We crossed the Canadian river and it was up to the hubs. Mid-afternoon, we encountered a cloudburst in the crossing. He told his lazy nags from our neck yoke to his saddle horn and helped us across the river. We camped for the night near the river. A half hour later it was raining so hard we crawled under the wagon. Floyd had cut cedar limbs and trash in its wake. I was deeply thankful we had escaped. We returned from the cotton field with five hundred dollars in our pockets and I was happy. It was because it was important in our stay on the plains. Floyd was determined to do we just did it and didn't waste much time worrying and talking about its.

GOODWELL

Up to Table of Contents

We moved to Goodwell in 1911 to send our children to school. We moved into a four- room house and soon our home was the meeting place of many young people. Our one room school was in Guymon, came from Elsberne and stayed in our home and attended school the first year. Other Hansford County Kids: Clen Pierce, Vina, Josie, and Eva Cotez, Ruth Dresser, Gladys Cardwell, and Wanda Willbank also were attending the school and often visited our home there. Editors note: Eva Cotez married Clen Pierce brother of Floyd Pierce, the author of this biography Sister Wanda was their sister. All these folks were neighbors.

Our boy, Virgil was thirteen and he had teacher that she thought she was in the third grade instead of second. The teacher gave her three arithmetic problems to work and advanced her to third grade. Later on, we were very proud of Spray. She was a spelling contest and got to go to the Panhandle Championship Guadalupe Mtns. The girls took piano lessons and their brothers used to tease them, that Old Billy had taught them to play the piano. We returned to the farm each summer. Mother and spray the boys decided they had enough schooling and dropped out. We boarded the girls at school until they finished.

HAPPY TIMES

Up to Table of Contents

This era for the girls was the happiest time in their lives, they say. They were growing up with the opportunity to be with young people of their own age. Fare was simple but wholesome and the food was plentiful and popular girl in school. For her prize, a Goodwell drugstore gave her an upright Victrola, and records which she still has today.

Our boy, Virgil had his motorcycle at Goodwell. Once I had all the neighbor boys and young people with him on the motorcycle or going home by wagon, which was a day and a half's journey. I rode the motorcycle and still remember how sore my muscles were and how I hobbled stiffly about for several days. I believe it was a worse muscle experience than from riding horseback.

The children reminisced me of the changes that occurred in our mode of travel during our Goodwell stay. We went there by covered wagon and commuted back and forth by motorcycle and buggy.

VIRGIL MARRIES

Up to Table of Contents

Other changes came too. Virgil met and married Nellie Lynch at Goodwell College. She was a lovely and beautiful girl and they were happily married until tragedy separated them in death. Virgil and Nellie had no children of their own. When her sister died and left an infant daughter, Virgil and Nellie adopted her and raised her as their own. Virgil is now married to Hazel and they live in Hansford County where oil wells were recently found on his land.

HORSELESS CARRIAGE

Up to Table of Contents

The Model T changed our lives. It made our world smaller and it was fun seeing the oldsters learn to drive. One old fellow, a confirmed horse lover, amused us by hollering "Gee" and "Haw" or "Whoa."! He went through a wire gate once yelling "Whoa"! He forgot to put his foot on the brake.

CIRCUS

Up to Table of Contents

We rarely saw a Circus in the old days. Shortly before World War I, our families and the Ernest Wilbanks families went to Guymon in our new cars. When we got to the Cold Water draw it was up and washing over the bridge. The boys were anxious to get across. They put a board across the bridge in one car while the popular girl in school. For the boys steered the first car over while the others pushed. They secured a lariat rope from the rear end of the car already across to the one we were in. They pulled us across with the boys pushing again. It was a bit scary, but the next day when we returned home to water had receded in the draw about normal.

PRANKS

Up to Table of Contents

Our nephew, His Wilbanks, was the sheriff of Hansford County, and I remember once how he took care of one of my pranksters. My children loved to play pranks on the family. They dressed up dummies and put them in my bed to scare me and others had to enter. I'm sure they spent hours on their pranks. Once Floyd's pranks backfired though when he dressed up in a bonnet as Mother Hubbard in an effort to give us a bit of humor and excitement. It was reported that a woman was wandering about over the countryside, and I'm sure everyone in the neighborhood was in fear. It seen, they were to report to the sheriffs' office at Old Hansford immediately.

They Sheriff drove up on Hiram about a quarter of a miles from the house as he sauntered along toward us thinking "Boy I'm gonna have some fun out Ma and the girls." Floyd was in the wagon and I remember I was running around". As they Model T rolled to a stop, the sheriff opened the rear door said: "Get In Lady!" Hiram astonished, stammered, "I ain't no lady, I'm just Hiram Williams". Hiram was only too happy to comply. We had a lot of fun teasing Hiram about his prank for a long times. I think it was his last try.

Newcomers or tenderfeet were sometimes taken on snipe hunts or "badger fights", where they were allowed to pull the string that yanked the badger out. Neighbors were often victims. If the couch fell indeed the guests in for refreshments of well were all. If not, the groom might be thrown into the pond.

Masquerade dances and play parties were usually held on Halloween and Mrs. J.H. Buchanan and Mrs. Sally Clark were chief party givers.

I think trick or treat the young folks practice was much better than once favorite pranks of turning over outdoor toilets, changing the wheels of the buggies and wagons and putting the saddles on backward or unsuspecting individuals. Sometimes a cockleber made a hasty departure from the neighbor boy's outhouse back within the moment. One year the boys at Old Hansford managed to place an old buggy on the porch roof of the school building. (I am reminded of the prank, when I was an antique shop with a buggy on display. Someone placed a dummy dressed as a pigeoon) The Old Hansford kids were normal mischievous boys.

WORLD WAR I

Up to Table of Contents

We had two sons in service for their country. We took them to Guymon where they entrained for camp. Henry was soon on board a troop ship bound for France. He was one of his company's few casualties of war and died of the flu epidemic. Lawrence was stationed at Austin for the duration and was very ill with the dreaded flu. Each day I breathed a prayer for my boys' return.

HOME FRONT

Up to Table of Contents

We formed a home front by buying Liberty Bonds and working, shortbedded to produce good crops of grain and cattle. We were rationed on flour, sugar, and meat, and felt no hardship in our war effort. The main thing was to get the boys home again as soon as possible.

The Girls pitched in. They learned to start the Model T without cranking it. One, on horseback, pulled the car off by a lariat rope tied to the saddle horn. Arriving at Old Hansford for supplies, they learned to park the car on a sandy knoll in front of S.B. Hale's drug store. When we were ready to go home Mr. Hale came out and help the girls push the car off the knoll to start it.

During severe cold spells in the winter, we hauled cake to the cattle. We lost many of our cows during the winter of 1918. The girls helped the cattle and we got through the cold spell with no loss. Floyd and I would feed the dead cows over the sides for sale later. It was a great day for us when the war ended and our boys were safely home again. Hearts were filled with thanksgiving. The boys were home safely and we could settle down to our usual lives. Life was not long, it seemed, until life slipped again into the normal groove. They married and raised families, and I enjoyed their early-the next morning and she made a splendid recovery

OUR GIRLS GROW UP

Up to Table of Contents

Without realizing it perhaps, our children were grown up. The boys were home from the service and our girls were attracting beaux. Spray wanted to attend the races at Dalhart with a boy friend and we gave her permission. She was stricken suddenly ill with appendicitis on the trip and was rushed to a hospital. When the message came on the telephone, Fay and I were alone at Goodwell. I asked a neighbor, Fran Newell, to take me to my girl. His car sailed at Texhoma and a banker there, took Fay and I to Dalhart. Dr Dawson operated on Spray early the next morning and she made a splendid recovery

Bill and Desail Bradford, owed the telephone company at old Hansford. They were recently home from the war. Spray and Bill became sweethearts. I was concerned when the question of marriage came our way. They were married at Perryton, Texas, and lived for a short time at Old Hansford.

As soon as the Sauer & Ballard Grocery Company moved from Shamuck, Oklahoma, Old Hansford started moving to the new town site. Spray was the first woman resident of Spearman. They lived in their telephone building. She was the first woman resident of Spearman. She made the weekly broadcasts. The first program they received was a broadcast from the Missouri State Penitentiary!

That was Glenn, now thirty-seven years old and recently married was our first graduate. Spray and Bill moved to Tulsa in the 1930's where they have resided since them. Recently they purchased a farm near Tulsa and are enjoying farm life and its measure of freedom.

NEW HOME IN TOWN

Up to Table of Contents

For several years Floyd bought lumber at Texhoma while freighting. He stored it under the house on the farm. When the new town site was opened up he bought lots for a future home in the town of Spearman. When Old Hansford moved to Spearman, Floyd moved his house onto his lots stayed in the new town so much that I was often left alone on the farm. I was glad when Floyd decided to build our new home. Our new home was built of concrete blocks made from the Spearman Commissions of stone protruding from the cement. The rocks were hauled from the hills on the Palo Duro creek on the Steele ranch. They run a certain piece of concrete blocks and then a piece of stone alternately. When the blocks were dry the blocks were finished Floyd hired Tom Kerr, Amarillo contractor to build the house. When the house was completed, it contained seven rooms, a large living room, a large bedroom and bathroom. I had a lovely Porch on two sides that formed an L shape. French windows opened onto the porch, and were a favorite with young folks at dances. When Floyd was planning the house I suggested that he put in them and hold hands.

I was more thrilled over my beautiful floor in the living room than anything about the home, I think. It was made of hardwood and had a large Oriental rug in the center and small rugs in the corners and outward around the square. Each time I looked at it I think I remember our first dances in the home and how I sewed cotton sacks together and covered the dirt floor of our dugout.

HOUSE WARMING

Up to Table of Contents

Floyd invited the local young people and everyone else who wanted to come, to our new house for a house warming. It was the custom to dance. I could hardly stand to think of anyone dancing on my new floor and did not relish the thought at all.

They night of the dance was cold and foggy. The streets were unpaved. The men lined the walls of my new house and rested their feet again the new paint. The next day I went over to see how it looked. Fifty years later, I still feel this week be announced another dance. I was surprised to and but but be offered no explanation. (It was his custom to try to please me).

When our house was filled again with the delighted merry makers, Floyd got down his old fiddle and told our guest he was about to second the motion. Floyd was a Taylor and Tom Green County Texas Fiddle champion for local dances at that time, and this act was another surprise but I was still in for more. He then announced, "Boys, this dance will cost you another dollar per couple." The boys had paid the dollar when they made the second bow and gave their money to the hat. They danced to his music as happily as if it were on the house. At midnight I served the usual cake and coffee and sandwiches. In the wee hours of the morning Floyd played "Home Sweet Home" and our guests disappeared. Floyd loaded me the hatful of money and I counted it. Enough to pay the lumber made the house. There were two dollar bills in the hat. I understood that his surprise were just his way of getting even with the boys for ruining my walls. I think the young folk just thought that, "Old Mr Williams just wanted to show off his old fiddle and musical talent."

I could not help but see that times and people were changing for the entire better. The young people behaved well at our dances. The local boys looked up the boys who were new in our locality and if they were what they considered the right sort, took them around to where the girls were seated and introduced them. Girls were cared for dancing when it was off but did go to the square dances once in a while.

I remember a dance long ago that was being disrupted by a cowboy who had too much to drink and kept yelling - Boomer, boomer, we've got the boomer! Someone was getting tired of him and his noisily yelling. Finally, Floyd laid down his fiddle and pulled out his gun and shot into the rafters. After the smoke cleared away, the cowpoke was nowhere to be found and everyone had a big laugh at the boomer. When he said anything "Woo, who' se got the boomer"?

I was surprised by a visit of my brother from Idaho as we were finishing the house. He arrived in time to help us move in and help clean up about the place. He like the country and people very much, and planned to move to the Panhandle later. He returned another year and helped during harvest. His wife died and his plans of moving to Texas were disrupted.

LAWRENCE MARRIES

Up to Table of Contents

Not long after we moved into town, Lawrence brought home a lovely bridge from Oklahoma. He and Virus lived on the old homestead for many years before moving into Spearman, where they now have a lovely home. Children, like fledglings leaving the nest, were soon to be gone from the nest, leaving their wings in a life of their own.

FAYE MARRIES

Up to Table of Contents

My baby has grown up. I was reluctant to see the change in Faye. She was our tomboy and had led us a merry chase on the farm with her escapades. We could not keep her off the horses. She rode well and usually like the wind. She learned to saddle her horse and pick pocket Henry's horses. In winter, she was often seen forcing her saddle horse onto the ice of the frozen lakes in our neighborhood. I tried to keep her long golden hair braided and a sunbonnet on her head but she discard the sunbonnet when out of sight of home and let her hair streaming in the wind and cover her purple. Years later, on a visit to Idaho, my mother talked her into dying her hair black. It was the rage then, to dye one's hair black. The result was very disappointing, and we were glad when the black rinsed out and her golden hair appeared. Faye, she fell in love and I could hardly believe, it until furnished with what I thought was proof. Ae had a convertible car and was taking care of free sections of his father's land near Morse, Texas. She liked the car, I thought. One day, however, he came in call on her and there was no sign of her anywhere. Finally, she came home on the farm at the top of. Floyd did not seem to notice the change. I realized that this courtship was going to be different, and my theory proved correct. They were married in a manner by County Judge Ed Hale, Perryton, Texas.

They have operated cafes in different towns. They farmed for several years during the depression. Later, in Amarillo, they operated a café and an apartment building. While they were running a café in Dalhart during the war they made a special effort to make the service more satisfactory to airbase field men in the Dalhart area. A bomber from near fell near the air base and their place swarmed with airmen. It was during the winter and very cold. The kept the café open all night and served hot coffee and doughnuts to the Air Force boys.

SWEETHEART OF THE AIRBASE

Up to Table of Contents

Later the airbase surprised them by electing her sweetheart of the base. A special car took her to the base and she entered the auditorium a cry went up "Here comes our Faye." She was given a standing ovation. We were very glad for Faye.

HENRY MARRIES

Up to Table of Contents

Before World War II, Henry married Beatrice Walker from Perryton Texas. He moved to Dumas on two sections of land purchased for fifteen dollars per acre. He has prospered in Moore County, and has three lovely children. The oldest, Ann, graduated from the airbase with a great grandaughter, my first great grandchild. He has a daughter Jane, and another son whom they named after my husband Floyd. Needless to say this pleased me greatly.

DUST STORMS

Up to Table of Contents

There was not much prairie left when Spearman was built. What there was left soon disappeared altogether. The land was under cultivation field to field. The thirties were ushered in with poor yield and poor prices for our wheat. Drought caused the prairies fields to Drought caused the fields to blow. The dust storms were terrible. I recall that we first viewed as an ocean of billowing grass with myriad of wild prairie flowers growing abundantly in springtime. We had torn the lush roots the soil to ocean of wheat. Now the ocean of wheat was gone, blinding dust storms swept across and lifted into our homes like flour. We planted but did not reap. If the seed germinated, the tender blades were soon blackened and curled by the choking dust.

CLOUDS APPEAR

Up to Table of Contents

War clouds loomed on the horizon gianthlie. Italy was in Ethiopia threatening the peace of the world and Hitler was parading his Storm Troops and causing concern. Everyone was talking about the war. Newspapers were swamped our nation. The government helped out by creating the OCC and WPA. We rented our spare bedrooms and served special dinners at the request of numerous friends and businessmen. It was a profitable proposition for us, as all of our children were gone except our old bachelor son, Harlan and Tom Moon lived with us till he died. (He was the boy who came to work for us and stayed fifty-three years until he died). Rain clouds also came and our land again produced bountifully. Good yield and good prices helped erase the horrors of the dust storms. On the heels of prosperity another came another World War—worse than the first—Pearl Harbor.

WORLD WAR II

Up to Table of Contents

As in World War I we bought war bonds to help in the war effort. Our daughter Spray, and son Glen, worked for Douglas Aircraft at Tulsa, Oklahoma. Later, during the war Glen served thirty-six months in the Air Corps. Luckily good Spray was not injured in the plane crash in which she was carrying medicine, sugar, shoes and tires and a few other items some things were scarcer too, but on the whole no one suffered any real hardship. Our boys were drafted and served in the Ordnance Plant in Amarillo. Many were in the war foreign battlefields, some of our old friends and neighbors' sons died in foreign battlefields. We were thankful when Global victories brought Peace again to the world. Please God that it shall be preserved.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

Up to Table of Contents

Floyd and I celebrated our fiftieth anniversary March 18, 1940. A reception was held in our home in Spearman, Several hundred people came from over the Golden Spread to offer their congratulations; Bill Miller surprised us by having his Old School Band march from the school and play "Let Me Call Van Sweetheart" on our front lawn. It pleased us very much and Floyd insted the whole band in to sample the wedding cake and punch. It is fitting that the Spearman Flame Sheet's account of our golden anniversary appear in the afternoon and made pictures of us. It was a gala day for us with all our children at home and the many old friends and neighbors.

A lovely dinner was prepared and served, and the house seemed to overflow with beautiful flowers and gifts. I remembered a day long ago when I stood before the Minister with my handsome young lochinvar, and said, "I do". I meant it for life. I remembered the Ordnance Plant in Amarillo in the war foreign battlefields, some of our old friends and neighbors' sons died in foreign battlefields. We were thankful when Global victories brought Peace again to the world. Please God that it shall be preserved.

DEATH COMES

Up to Table of Contents

In the after our golden wedding anniversary, Floyd suffered a slight stroke. His health declined until he had a massive stroke that took his life November 23, 1942. My family helped me to adjust to my great loss and the change it brought in life by their love and unselfish devotion. They have all made me feel loved and wanted. They spoil me perhaps but, I repeat "I love it".

GOODBYES

Up to Table of Contents

My sister Mollie Sellie, twice paid me a visit my home in Spearman. The first visit was several years before Floyd's death, and she visited once afterwards. During her last visit I can't forget how thrilled she was when Faye kidnaped a Cooper. We took Faye and Mollie up to visit a Henry and Beatrice near Dumas. A coupre ran across an open field and Faye gave chase in the car and shot it with a 22 rifle. Sister Mollie was as thrilled as if she had been in the chase.

When her visit was concluded, we took her to the air terminal in Amarillo. Before entering the plane she turned and waved at me. "This is the last time", I thought as I restrained her goodbye and watched while the plane roared down the runway and zoomed into the blue nothingness. I remembered the time in Bosque County when the covered wagon pulled away from the old homestead taking my mother and family. I experienced the same feeling. Sister Mollie's letters to me were full of cheer Faye broke my chain of though by saying "Come on, Mamma, let's get home before dark." Sister Mollie died several years later. I never saw her again.

New trends are developed in almost every phase of life. Farming has changed in Hansford County and for the better. The good water, from great depth, that we were so fortunate to Possess in the beginning, is now channeled for irrigation purposes. Four hundred acres on the home place are irrigated now with Pumps operated by natural gas pumped across the road from a gas line. An oil well was drilled on our farm. Unlike our son Virgil who got a producer on his place, our well was plugged up as a dry hole.

The question was once bandied around old Hansford "Do you would you buy Fires, if you struck oil?" One old friend from a wooded country said "I want a now axe". She forgot that an axe was not necessary in our country to chop cow chips. I don't have many needs any more, and haven't the slightest idea what I would buy first, like we used to joke about. But like those who live in Spearman, I think it would be fun to just stick around for awhile and see what happens next. In our ever changing world-maybe my next oil well won't be a dry hole.

THE END

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L D's P D F G e n e a l o g y W E b s

LOTT BOOK ELECTRONIC GENEALOGY LIBRARY PDF PAGE

L o t t f a m i l y t r e e

**My Great grandfather's (LD Pierce) 1st
wife was An LOTT. She died very young unknown causes
The Lotts were descended from Luke Lott
whose family has been fairly well researched. See info below regarding
Susannah Lott Pluckett's family.**

Editors note: Feb. 02, 2000

While Inputting newly located genealogy biographical Sketch about Susan Bowden Wilbanks written by my grandfather's Sister-Susie Pierce Dacus I happened to notice that Susan Bowden's Mother was a LOTT Susan Ella Bowden who married Floyd Wilbanks Johnson County Texas daughter of Mary Jane Lott Bowden and Al Bowden, Johnson County Texas

**see Biography at (Under Construction)
The Story of Aunt Susan by Susan Pierce Dacus Allen
http://members.xoom.com/ldpierce/auntsusan.html**

**Susan Bowden Wilbanks was descended from Mary Jane Lott Bowden and Al Bowden. It appears this particular Mary Jane Lott was the sister of the above Susannah Lott Pluckett Pierce, the first wife of my great Great Grandfather LD Pierce. He was commonly known as PEG LEG Pierce. His Sister Rhoda Pierce married Mannie
(Allen Mansel) Wilbanks. Manny Wilbanks and Floyd Wilbanks
were brothers both being descended from Hiram Wilbanks and Permelia Hale.
(Floyd Wilbanks married the above mentioned Susan Bowden Wilbanks)**

**I received the following info from
Joseph N Lott and Daniel F Lott
about Susanna Pluckett Lott's family**

LOTT BOOK ELECTRONIC PDF VERSION

**Ancestors of Susannah Pluckett Lott Pierce
Descendents of John and Luke Lott
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Descendents of John and Luke Lott
Printable Version PDF 8 1/2 by 11
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Text PDF**

Compiled by Joseph N. Lott and Daniel F. Lott

Joseph Lott joe@lottfamily.com

**Here is the name and address of another Lott Researcher
who wrote me recently regarding the info on Mary Jane Lott Which I posted to the LOTT Genforum**

JBarron933@aol.com

**I saw your message on the Genforum and your web site. Good work. I moderate a group on 100+ on-line researchers who study the southern Lott family (including Joe and Dan Lott) and invite you to join us. There are several
descendant charts of John1 and John2 on my web site that differ a little bit
from Joe and Dan's. You might check them out. Nothing is in concrete
concerning these early generations. Let me hear from you.**

**John Barron, Austin, TX
JBarron933@aol.com
http://members.aol.com/jbarron933**

LOTT Genealogy by Your Name and book here
LOTT Genealogy by Your Name and Book here

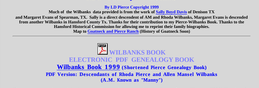
Home | LD's Family History Info | LD's PDF Help Page | Other Pierces in GA | Genealogy Links & Misc |
Joel J Pierce Mystery | Family Reunion 1999 or 2000 | E-Mail Us! | PDF Info Links | Photos
LD'S Business Eztone Chime Page | Publish Your Genealogy Electronically | LD'sBookHtml Format |
My Mothers Family Links | Hibbs | Faus | Luke | Wilbanks | Abercrombie | Cavender-Corbin-Deadman
| Scott-Woody | Lott | Return to PDF Library |Return to Reuben Pierce SC 1768 Page |
Return to James H Pierce Sr Page | Pierce Photos One | Pierce Photos Two | Pierce Photos Three |
Pierce Photos Four | Pierce Photos Five |Hibbs Photo Page | Faus Photo Page

LD's PDF Genealogy Webs

WILBANKS BOOK ELECTRONIC GENEALOGY LIBRARY PDF PAGE

Wilbanks Family Tree

My great grandfathers sister married AM "Manny Wilbanks"
son of Hiram Wilbanks and Rhoda Hale.
Hiram was one of Gardner Wilbanks and Sarah Stance.
Gardner Wilbanks was descended from Marshall Wilbanks and Susannah Wilbanks.
Marshall was descended from William Wilbanks and Abrilla Gestwick



AM "Manny Wilbanks" and wife Rhoda Pierce
CLICK HERE FOR OTHER WILBANKS PHOTO

Descendants of Rhoda Pierce and AM "Manny" Wilbanks

By LD Pierces Copyright 2000

Much of the Wilbanks data provided is from the work of Sally Boyd Davis of Denison TX and Margaret Freeman of Spearman, TX. Sally is a direct descendant of AM and Rhoda Wilbanks. Margaret Freeman is descended from another Wilbanks in Hansford County. Thanks for their contributions to my Pierces Wilbanks Book. Thanks to the Hansford County Texas Web Site for the Hansford County Texas Biographies.
Map to Cemetery and Pierce Ranch (History of Cimmaron Town)

WILBANKS BOOK ELECTRONIC PDF GENEALOGY BOOK
Wilbanks Book 1999 (Shortened Pierce Genealogy Book)
PDF Version: Descendants of Rhoda Pierce and Allen Manuel Wilbanks (A.M. Known as "Manny").

Please note that this is actually a shorter version of my Pierce PDF Book. It contains only info on Captain Andrew Jackson Pierce and the Descendents of Rhoda Pierce Wilbanks. It contains only the Wilbanks trees and biographies and not the info on A.J Pierces other children. The link to the full-length Pierce Genealogy PDF Book is below on this page. This Wilbanks Electronic book is not compiled-meaning it is not hyperlinked or clickable-so work like a book like the pierce book is. If you want to be able to browse the Wilbanks Genealogy information online, use the full length Pierce book below. The Wilbanks Book. is not printable or editable, but you may download it to your hard drive and keep and read later of-line!

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Rhoda Pierce and A M Wilbanks Descendance,

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MARSHALL WILBANK BOOK ELECTRONIC PDF GENEALOGY BOOK

d e s c e n d e n t s o f
m a r s h a l l w i l b a n k s
Please note that most of the information on Marshall and all the Cesson info came from Wilbanks Researcher Robert Wilbanks of AZ and his Wilbanks Newsletter.

here is his web page address

http://www.robertwilbanks.com/

send him Email Robert Wilbanks

Hiram Henry Wilbanks Biography
From Johnson County Tx History Book

Hiram Henry Wilbanks, father of AG "Alonzo Gardener" Wilbanks, Freeland Community

In 1892 "A Memorial and Biographical/Memory of Johnson and Hill Counties" by the Lewis Publishing Company, Chicago, contained with biographical sketches of early day settlers. Hiram Henry Wilbanks and his brother Allen N. Wilbanks each had a sketch about themselves; their father, Gardner Wilbanks, was in Allen N. Wilbank's sketch. At the time this book was compiled, both Hiram and Allen were living in Big Foot Township. To quote from the books:
"Hiram Henry Wilbanks, a farmer and a stock raiser residing 14 miles southeast of Cleburne, and one mile north of Freeland, Johnson County, Tex., was born Nov. 1, 1850, son of Gardner Wilbanks, A native of South Carolina. Hiram H moved with his father to Rusk County, TX., and later in 1861 to Johnson County TX settling on his present farm. He married Miss Sarah Stance, in-law of Jim, and Jim's brother, Lambert is under a fine state of cultivation. In 1862Wilbanks enlisted in the Confederate Service, in Company B, Captain Chilsons command, Stone's regiment, was in the battle of Donaldsonville, Louisiana, and was until detailed to the mail service. He served until the end of the war. Socially, he is a member of the Masonic Order and the Grange. Hiram and Sarah Stance Wilbanks had children, Allen Wilbanks, Hiram Wilbanks, Hiram Wilbanks married Cora Jane Nickell, Hiram Wilbanks married Cora Jane Nickell, Hiram Wilbanks married Cora Jane Nickell