

Other families who they had known in Bowie County moved to the territory and were their neighbors. Mr. And Mrs. Peavy were God-fearing people who helped establish a church and Sunday School in the community. Ada, who not being able to take the children to Sunday School, would always get the older ones dressed and send them to church with the Peaveys, who went every Sunday in their wagon.

The years rolled by and the older children were now old enough to start to attend school, as there were no schools for the white children, the men of the community got together and built a log house and hired anyone that would take the job at just a dollar a month for each child, and anyone who had an old school book would send it to the school for the teacher to use in the discharge of his duty as teacher. Some of the teachers were very illiterate. Ada at times would set up all night getting the school dresses washed and ironed in order that her children would not have to miss school the next day. They had only one school dress apiece.

At harvest time, Tom would take his cotton to the nearest town some fifty miles away and buy supplies for the entire family, including shoes, materials for the family needs and groceries. On these occasions he brought his beautiful wife the choicest of all. Ada made garments to sekk or trade with the Indians for sugar and flour, and there was very little of either to eat in those days. At times the Indians would try to scare her away from her home when Tom would be gone.

In the course of time there were born to Ada fourteen children; Maude, Elsie, Iantha, Aurda, Aut, Thelma, Ples, Wyatt, Leonard, John Downey, Archie, Spear, and Geraldine. One child died in infancy. Some of the children had grown to adulthood and married, when on the 22nd day of May 1919, Tom went to his reward, and on Ada's 46th birthday, May 26 1919, was laid to rest in the Connerville Cemetary. This being Memorial Day, I think it very fitting to quote from the Oklahoma Mason concerning him.

"Mr. Ferris was born in Arkansas, October 13, 1866. He spent the greater part of his early life in or near San Antonio, Texas, where his father moved when he was quite young. He was ten years of age when his father died. Tom being the oldest of his family the care of his mother and the younger children fell to his lot.

At the time of his death Mr. Ferris was living on his farm and ranch Meadow Brook Home, about three miles south of Connerville.

When Mr Ferris started life for himself he was poor, but God had endowed him with brains, energy, physical and moral courage and self-reliance; these were great riches and well did he make use of them.

Could Mr. Ferris have had his choice of who should be with him when he was called to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, he would have chosen the very ones that were there. His wife that had always occupied the throne of love and reigned supreme in his heart and the Stewarts who were tried and true friends.

On Sunday afternoon the funeral services were conducted at the Connerville Cemetery in the presence of his entire family, two brothers from Mountain Park Oklahoma, and the largest crowd ever gathered at the cemetery. A very impressive sermon was delivered by Reverend Carey, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Tishomingo.

Mr. Ferris was a 32 degree Mason, and an I.O.C.F. and WOW. After the sermon the masons took charge of the remainder of the services.

Mr. Ferris leaves a heritage of a useful and upright life. He possessed a strong, noble and substantial character and nothing is more useful or essential. The deeds and lessons of his life and the good example he gave will live forever.