



*Home of the Goin Tribe of
Aubrey, Texas
for
Eight Generations
and growing*

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A Long Time Ago...

But not far away, there were ten of us children, all grandchildren of Wood and Laura Goin of Aubrey, Texas. We all liked stories, and some of our most cherished memories are of being gathered on the porch of the house still at the corner of Hill and Division in Aubrey while Grandad Goin, a superb storyteller, told us tales of long ago.

Dad Goin told us of the many Indian uses for directional rocks, and a few years ago I made some directional rocks of clay and had them fired in the kiln at Galveston College. Just after I finished them, the wonderful Choctaw storyteller, Tim Tingle, came to the College and I showed him the rocks I made for my great-grandsons. He suggested I update this story for them to go with the rocks.

Many of the Indian stories transcend the tribes and are like Aesop's fables, adjusted to fit the listeners. Cherokee, Choctaw or Apache – the oral tradition lives on in computers.

All my cousins and I are great-grandparents now, and this is the story I updated for my own great-grandsons, and great everythings – daughters, nieces, nephews and cousins, second third and shirttail.

Hashar Okwa Ouiga (HAY'shar OHK'wa Wee'gah) was a Choctaw Indian boy, who lived not too long ago by family standards – when great-grandmother Williams was a girl, a long time after dinosaurs, but before computers.

He was curious and stubborn, a little bit more than was safe for him. He believed he could rob a honey tree like a bear, even though Grandfather told him no, he could not.

Hashar Okwa Ouiga tried to get honey from the bee tree and was stung so very badly he had to be covered with mud from the bank of the Elm Fork of the Trinity River to draw out the poison. Deep thick fur protects the bear from stings when he steals the honey away from the bees.

When Hashar Okwa Ouiga recovered from his bee stings, grandfather gave him a flat, curious rock.

“Here,” grandfather said, “Keep this with you and it will always show you the way to go. It is a directional rock.”

Well, Hashar Okwa Ouiga didn’t think much of this gift. It was only a plain brown rock, nothing special. And he didn’t need directions around their camp. He knew every trail and footpath. He was a big boy.

He knew the way to the Flowing Well, to where the best blackberries grew. And was planning to snare a rabbit quite soon by a rabbit path he had discovered.

This all happened in the time before this, when there were no street signs, paved roads or McDonalds, to tell you which way to turn to find your house or your tree.

What Hashar Okwa Ouiga did not know was that just beyond the edge of their camp was a large, dark, evil, gray-green swamp, and right in the middle of this swamp lived a Soul-Sucking Demon!

The Demon Nest was deep in the swamp and he lured people into his trap by a pretty, flickering light that moved, fluttered and drew them on till they were hopelessly caught in creeper vines. Then he sucked all the hope and happiness out of them. He had none, you see, and had to steal them from humans, which he then ate without a knife and fork, because he was bad mannered as well as evil. Never picked up his garbage and was extremely rude to everyone. A dreadful Demon!

As Hashar Okwa Ouiga grew, he heard scary things about the swamp, but also interesting things. There were blue flowers, fuzzy swamp bunnies and delicious green berries all around the edge of the swamp.

Grandfather told Hashar Okwa Ouiga about the dangers, and warned him and cautioned him and counseled him but Hashar Okwa Ouiga was still a very curious, very stubborn boy.

Late one evening Hashar Okwa Ouiga was picking wild grapes at the edge of the swamp when he saw a beautiful flickering light just a few feet further than where he had been told he absolutely Must Not Go!

It was only a very few feet away and he was curious. He heard Grandfather calling him, but he stepped very carefully forward. Just to see what it was. Hashar Okwa Ouiga could still hear grandfather calling, but his voice was fainter. The light was so close, then danced away behind trees. It was truly beautiful, pulsing white with colored sprinkles around the edges. It beckoned and drew him on, promising wonderful feelings and tastes.

Hashar Okwa Ouiga ignored the warning of owl and grandfather's voice was very faint. The marvelous light was so close, he could almost touch it, just a few more steps, and he was quivering with curiosity.

Spanish Moss hung long fingers from the trees. It was black dark and big bugs crawled across the feet of Hashar Okwa Ouiga.

Suddenly he remembered the Demon and stopped walking. He could no longer hear grandfather's voice. The air was terribly still in the swamp.

Very, very quiet, as though all the sound had been sucked up.

The beautiful light was all he could see, so he stumbled forward, afraid now, but unable to see any other way to go because of the blinding light.

Hashar Okwa Ouiga trembled and tried to look around to see the way back, but all he could see was the glowing white light that pulled him on, deeper into the swamp. Now he was really very, very afraid.

He stood still, put his hands in his pockets and there discovered grandfather's rock.

Hashar Okwa Ouiga took the rock from his pocket and clutched it as he wished he had paid attention to grandfather's voice calling him. If he hadn't been a big boy he would have cried.

He held the rock up toward his face and as the round, flat rock came between Hashar Okwa Ouiga and the enchanted light, the rock blocked the light. The evil light was hidden by grandfather's rock.

With the dangerous light blocked, Hashar Okwa Ouiga could see the sky wasn't quite dark yet, and the trees pointed the way out to him.

He held grandfather's rock up to block the Demon's light and hurried home.

Hashar Okwa Ouiga was still a curious and stubborn boy when he got out of the swamp, but not quite as much as he had been.

And he never, ever, went anywhere without grandfather's rock.

Not even on the trail of tears, but that's another story.



Games We Played

The potatoes and onions were stored under the house at Grandad Goin's, individually placed carefully in rows on the cool, dry sand.

Canned goods were stored in the storm cellar, shelves of beautiful quart glass Ball jars of Freestone peaches, tomatoes, okra, Kentucky Wonder green beans and many varieties of jelly and preserves..

Hams hung in the smokehouse. Chickens clucked in the yard, unaware that they would soon be Sunday dinner, and old Snip, the horse, dozed beside the barn, hoping we'd leave her alone.

When our grandmother, Moms and Aunts gathered in the kitchen to prepare the meal for three table settings of the tribe, we all went about our assigned chores.

Bouncer, Mary and I were closest together in age, so we generally got the same duties – to retrieve enough potatoes and onions to feed however many of us were gathered this particular day. Since we had to crawl on hands and knees under the house, this took several trips. We naturally gathered the potatoes and onions closest to the edge of the house first.

After a couple of trips, we slowed down. After all, if we finished too soon, we would be given other chores. It was many years before we heard of Murphy's Law, but we definitely arranged our work to fill the time allotted to it

It was remarkably clean under the house, also cool in the summer long before the Texas Theatre got the first air conditioning in Denton county.

And we discovered Doodle Bugs! They made interesting cone shaped declivities in the sand, so we could see where they had burrowed.

Mary, Bouncer and I determined to catch one of these critters, and crept up stealthily on their holes, pouncing swiftly and digging away, but they were quite elusive bugs and we seldom saw more than their holes.

One summer day we were silently stalking Doodle Bugs and did not realize how far we had crawled, when we discovered we were near the front porch and could hear quite plainly that grown folks were gathered there, talking softly.

They were discussing a matter we had not heard the particulars of, since if we were seen, someone always loudly said, "Little pitchers have big ears!" and conversational subject matter abruptly changed.

With a silent exchange of glances. Bouncer, Mary and I flattened on the ground and listened avidly.

This is one reason we know the location of the family still, and the fact that it took 50 pounds of sugar to operate it. The patriotic Uncle who maintained it shut it down when WW11 came, as he flatly refused to use Black Market sugar, even though the Peace Officers who were very good customers offered to provide him with a plentiful supply.

By the time this happened, we were big enough to hear the family secrets and pretty disappointed not to get to help out in the operation of the still. But when we were small children, listening under the front porch to grown up conversation was a fun game for us, till we made the mistake of taking cousin Martha Joe along. Martha Joe blew the whole thing by giggling and squeaking, even though we had warned her to silence. So we were busted. We got even, though.

Old Snip was a sweet, placid old plough horse of Grandad Goin's. He had a barn with a low roofed open shed attached to the right side of the barn. We were sometimes allowed to go for horseback rides, just around the barnyard. Snip could hold three or four of us on her broad bare back and walked at a slow Merry-Go-Round pace, taking us for a ride.

Snip usually tired of us before we did of her, and she would simply stop. We would slide off, knowing she would not go again that day.

One day Bouncer, Mary and I wiggled a bit more than usual, and Snip walked slowly to the edge of the shed, ducked her head and carefully scraped us off her back. She had learned a new way to get rid of us.

Next time Martha Joe was present, we begged for a ride and were all four lifted up on Snip's broad white back. We made sure Martha Joe was last on. Bouncer was first on and he whooped and kicked, pulling on Snip's mane. Sure enough, Snip soon had enough of this foolishness and headed for the shed. We waited till she ducked her head, then Bouncer, Mary and I rapidly dropped off and innocently watched while Martha Joe was scraped off.

Martha Joe said some words she learned from her father when his tractor broke, but I hope she doesn't read this, because she believed it was the first time for us, too. I think I can still out run her, though.

We never, ever, played Cowboys and Indians. Taking care of horses and cows wasn't a game (nor is it yet) but we loved to play cops and robbers. We had to have the adults call time and make us change sides, because we all wanted to be robbers.

The thirties was the time of the glamorization of bandits. Looking at the land even now, it is ludicrous that the Dalton gang had their hideout on Pilot Knob, and no one could find them. Everyone in Denton knew where Ma Barker and the boys lived. Bonnie was writing poems and letters to the Dallas Morning news and increasing their circulation.

We didn't have toy guns, or much in the way of any toys but we had imagination, plenty to eat and wonderful storytellers who taught us to listen. Running games of any sort were popular. Hide and go seek, Red Rover, and races of various lengths were organized when there were enough of us. Most of us are good at judging distances because of tossing games. We did not have dried bean bags – beans were to eat - but drew target circles in the sand and stood various lengths away, depending on our age and height, and tossed rocks toward the center. Simply to win was the object, just the satisfaction of knowing we won. We won no prizes, just the satisfaction of knowing we were the best, at least for that game, that day. Tomorrow would be someone else's turn. Anyone could play and boys and girls of all ages played together. The boys helped us make cornshuck dolls. Cornsilk makes lovely doll hair. All our activities were community efforts. Bouncer is much better at embroidery than Mary and I ever were, and my brother taught me to be a very good marble player. We learned to do things together, both play and work. I love to tell how my first driving effort was with Bouncer and Mary. We were all too small to do it alone, so Uncle Jim let us drive his cattle truck out in the field. We alternated tasks, one crouched on the floorboards working the gas peddle, one shifting through all the gears and one standing up trying to steer the stiff steering wheel. This was Mary's favorite task, and she didn't give it up till Bouncer and I simply refused to do our part anymore. This would not be complete without mentioning collecting lightning bugs in glass jars in the evening dusk after a day spent collecting horned toads. We played with the little horny toads, then let them loose. They would not eat in captivity for us, and we did not keep critters till they died of starvation. The lightning bugs were freed before we went to bed on the big feather bed on the screened back porch, tired and happy. As one Indian grandmother said, "If you don't sweat, you don't sleep."





The storm cellar behind the Goin home in 1929, filled with lovely canned fruits and vegetables.

These are a few of the people who came to Texas after the Civil War as children with their brothers, sisters and cousins. They grew up and married into other half breed Indian families. The only full blooded Cherokee in this picture is Granny Rachel Harmon, standing at extreme right by the house. I used to think she dyed her hair, because she never got any gray in it, like my other grandmothers.

Having Indian blood was not denied, it was simply never discussed. When our grandparents were children, it could get you shot. To live, we became Black Irish, Black Dutch, etc.

But we children were protected totally and never knew what our grandparents went through until late in our own lives.

However, adversity is a glue for families, and we grew up with strong bonds that we carry on today. Family comes first. The Goin Tribe, though scattered, still manages to convene in Aubrey at Bouncer's Home, where we all have such happy childhood memories.





In January 2002, Bouncer and Jackie had an open house. Their daughter Deborah and I gathered as many of the tribe as we could to make an updated picture by the storm cellar. Some had already left, and the five carloads from Oklahoma had not arrived, but this is a good sample.

Mary Ann is seated in her wheelchair with the blue scarf. In the 1929 picture, the little boy seated on the storm cellar, third from left, not shading his eyes, is Buddy Goin. He is here with his wife Sue McCauley Goin, and a good assortment of their six children and their families, most of who live in and around the Aubrey area.

Bouncer has maintained the storm cellar, replacing the wooden door every few years, but freezers have replaced home canning, and its use is more sentimental than actual. It can be used as a storm cellar. We grew up with people who remember when much of Aubrey was leveled by a Tornado, and it is there if we need it.

Bouncer has made changes, however. The barn is gone, and in its place is a swimming pool. A change applauded by all. I love to float looking through the pecan trees in the gathering dusk, when lightening bugs begin to glow and stars come out. I remember Grandad Goin showing us how to find the big dipper and locate the North Star.

Bouncer sends me pecans from the trees and I make them into pralines and cookies for my family and Servicemen in Iraq and Afghanistan.

My daughter, Molly, dragged me onto the information highway and is my guru, as is Bouncer's daughter, Deborah. Thanks to them, we can keep up with our increasingly far-flung family, and each other. It's great to have children who are smarter than you are!



We are descended from Choctaw and Cherokee Indian great-grandmothers. Grandmother Elkins never hid her heritage and taught my Dad to be proud of it, also. They were each others favorites in the family. She is the one who said, "If you don't sweat, you don't sleep," a Choctaw way of saying. "Do your chores, then you can rest."

When the Cherokees in Aubrey were ordered to go to Oklahoma, they had long intermarried, and besides, they WERE there first. So they were protected by their families and friends, who called them Black Dutch, or Black Irish.

There was much hard feeling by many whites against the Indians, especially those white people who could not tell the difference in the tribes. Some Indians were shot and left where they fell to be a warning to others to leave.

Dolly Harris McKinney's grandfather was killed in one of the last Indian raids from Oklahoma into Texas. He was scalped and left in his field, where his wife found him. There was much fear and hatred in those years, on both sides.

I do not think racial prejudice will ever die completely, but it is much weaker. Early in my marriage, we met neighbors and the husband was a Flat Head Indian (this is a tribe, not a comment) from Washington State. I was interested in his heritage and mentioned my Indian great-grandmothers. When we got home, my husband was very irritated with me for this. He told me I must never tell anyone again that I had Indian blood. He was ashamed of it, while I was proud of it.

Years later, when Bouncer and the descendents of Cherokees had a growing Organization, he wrote the then Texas Governor George Bush for an acknowledgement of this group. Usually, this is pro forma – most Governors will send a polite letter acknowledging the contributions and heritage of any ethnic group. That is all they expected.

Governor Bush wrote back that there was no such thing as Indians in North Texas, and if there were, they should all go back home to Oklahoma where they belonged. His rudeness cost him that group of votes.

James Goin Jr. has a grandson who does live in Oklahoma with his lovely wife, who is a full blooded Soux Indian. She has a different view of Custer. And a whole branch of the Harmon family lives on the Cherokee Reservation in Oklahoma.

Though as a family, we have much more Scotch/Irish heritage, the Indian is simply coming out of the closet and being admitted more.

As my great grandkids, great- great nieces and nephews grow, they should know our roots in this country are very firm. Some of us met the boats the others came over on.

We are a mixture of races of people who have always loved this land.

The following picture is the only one my father had of his grandmother Elkins. In 1962 he framed the picture and identified all his family and gave it to my daughter.

At the time, Molly was nine years old, and her brother John, thirteen. Daddy did not give John a picture. As life has worked out, Molly is a grandmother twice in this year of 2005, while John remains childless.

Education has always been important in this family with so many teachers. Daddy was proud of his Uncle who had the Ph. D. and listed the degree on the picture.

When I was in the third grade at Demonstration school at North Texas, Daddy came and gave a talk on our Indian heritage. I remember he gave several examples of trail blazing, drawing illustrations on the chalk board. One thing the Indians did, I do as a habit now. When setting out on several errands - Post Office, grocery store, cleaners, etc. I plan my trip to form a rough circle, so that I do not retrace any part of it.

Indians did this for protection, so enemies could not lay in wait for them as they returned home. I do it for convenience, and it conserves gas.

So some very old ways work quite well in modern times.

I have learned if I don't sweat, I don't sleep.

Billie McKinney McCauley 2005



Top Row - Left to Right

H. D. McKinney

W. B. Elkins

Mother McKinney (Mrs. Ollie)

Dad " (D. T.)

Mrs. Jewel Elkins

Glenn Melvin Elkins

Front Row - Left to Right

Mrs. W. B. Elkins (Grandma)

Thelma McKinney (Mrs. C. W. Tinney)

Mable Walker - sister in law to Aunt Birdie

Aunt Birdie - Mrs. Emmett Walker

Burnel Walker - (P.H.D.)

To Molly - Xmas 1967

Wendell & Granddad