

Sister Stories

Irene & Mary Lynn Lee



Sisters Mary Lynn (left) and Irene (right) returned to their home place in 2016.
They were born and raised in the Beavers House.

Irene : I was born in the house in 1939 and lived there until 1958. Back then we didn't have all of the entertainment that we have today. There wasn't any T.V. or computers or even many houses nearby with other kids to play with. But with seven kids plus our parents living in the little house, we found plenty of ways to amuse ourselves.

I was the scaredy cat of the bunch. After it got dark outside, I used to be afraid to cross from one side of the house to the other. We left our doors unlocked and sometimes open, and I imagined all sorts of things lurking outside, ready to jump at me as I crossed the big front hallway.

One time our oldest brother got the idea to scare us when we were playing hide & seek in the back yard. He dressed up like a ghost wearing a white bedsheet and came at us out of the cemetery. I went into hysterics.

Story telling was part of family life. I used to love to hear stories about Grandpa Lee. He kept a dance hall & barbeque before I was born. It was down past our house around the bend on the right up on the hill. There were some camp houses there too, and folks would come on the weekend to fish then have a good time at the dance hall. We also heard our share of stories at mama & daddy's country store. Life back then was filled with those kinds of simple pleasures.

Mary Lynn: I was born in the living room in 1946 (the first room on the left) and lived in the house till I was 19. The house was pretty rustic. It didn't have any central heating or air conditioning, we used small gas heaters; it didn't have an indoor bathroom until I was about 18, we took sponge baths in a wash tub; and it didn't have many rooms, but that made our large family closer.

Growing up in the country was a wonderful experience. Even though the main farming was mostly done by the time I was born, we kids still had some farm chores when we got home from school. The cows would be in the pasture across from our house and we had to drive (walk) the cows down to the bottoms. Once there, we'd take our homework and sit under a tree. It was so peaceful. You didn't hear urban noise like you do today, there weren't airplanes flying overhead or constant traffic on the roads.

Mama kept the most beautiful garden. It was over in the sunken area next to where the garage is today. We were dirt poor back then, just like everyone else we knew, but we always had enough to eat thanks to that garden and our country store.

I have such fond memories of growing up in the Beavers house. It was a hard life, but it was a good life too.



Lee Family Reunion 1965



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