

Hello, family and friends:

I started to write my little book just for the very young of my family many years ago but after writing down things, I slightly went further than I intended.

Here I just included parts of my life story that might be interesting.

I was born in Hearn Texas, 1920. My Parent[s were] William and Loreen Dailey. My Mother's Father [was] Peter Wilson. Harriel, grandmother,

I was the 8th living child moving to Oklahoma.

Our family was moved to Oklahoma as share croppers to work on the farm mainly.

Originally, my father named me Esther Beatrice, his sister named me Mae Willie. When I entered Langston University, the person in the office decided Willie Mae Dailey [was better] for the degree.

I did not know much about living until about age 5. By then then I knew we had moved about three times.

By this time I had seen all my brothers and sisters, some who had been cared for by some other family members and my second family member was teaching in a County School in a little school called Browns Chapell.

It was she who made the impression on me that wanted to become a teacher some day.

Our family name was well-known in each school, as I can remember, for the boys played ball, my sisters could sing, my mother cooked dishes for the school, and she knew how to make things for the 4-H club and things at church. She did a lot of singing in church, and helped sick people.

I remember my very first teacher. She was very much Indian – Mrs. Adah McGee. Mrs. McGee came to our house riding on a horse as her husband walked beside her. That was my first year. She wanted my mom to see how good [I] was in sounding the letters [and] from that day on she had me help the other kid[s].

That community grew very fast. The same family names all around. By the time we moved away, the school membership had reached around 118 and more.

This community was named Huttonville. There were many families and related married families building in the area. This was in McIntosh County and the Township in Oklahoma, Eufala. Families: Riddle Long, McGee, Jones, Pierce were outstanding names to know.

Letter from Willie Mae Osborn, handwritten in 2021, roughly transcribed here

Finally, WPA came along, which was great help to our family.

It was fun to sit in our yard in Huttonville at night and listen to the Indians chant their song from [a] distance. Even from the mountain they Called Bald Hill They held celebration[s], they went into their war dance. At times we were afraid to go to their picnics, [as] we were told that they go into violent action, at times.

The WPA came in at a good time. It considered large families. Where cotton picking was failing from where it had been good for large families.

That year there came a pandemic among farm animals. The animals died all around the community. Farmers' animals laid down and died, wherever they were. [D]ay and night you saw men crying for their loss. My father lost the one riding horse.

He had taken our family to help one of the big farmers [and] he received some favors that helped our family. [B]ecause the farm began to fail the owner helped us move to a new location and dad was helped by WPA to qualify for 2 farm animals, and another friend led him to qualify for a good house where we enrolled in a better school system, Eufala, where the system included grades first through twelfth.

That year, our whole family was nearer to walk to school. The first grade teacher, Mrs. Sarah Cooper, adopted a young Indian girl. However, she needed a companion in the home.

Her husband, Dr. Cooper, was not such a good help because Mrs. Cooper was a kind of socialite to be away from home most weekends. She saw me as an ideal companion for Lillian, and I became the person in the same school, one block in the same house for 2 years, I was with them until graduation.

At [that] time, my principal's wife, upon visiting at a small ice cream [parlor?] engaged my mother in conversation as to what I would do next. She informed my mother that she had a daughter living on a corner street next to the Langston University, and would help make connections for me if interested.

At this time I had gone to Tulsa with my Mothers sister Aunt Jessie Louis, where I was enrolled in pre-college classes and doing a small job.

At the year ending I took up the offer to go to Langston University and finished my degree, Elementary Ed., came home ([and] got married) to be employed in McIntosh County Eufaula for three years. During World War II my husband served in the war. Upon his discharge, He decided to attend Howard University, found a good job, [and] decided to live in D.C.

We decided to make this area our home. We both joined First Baptist Church [in] the 1950s. My husband passed on in 19[95]. I continue work for the Lord, and until he calls me, I have

Letter from Willie Mae Osborn, handwritten in 2021, roughly transcribed here

been blessed to be in the time of name change to the Greater First Baptist Church from location to 13th and Fairmont St. NW. I have lived to welcome pastors Edward Thomas Sr., Rev. Dr. Winston [Ridley] Jr. for 20 years and many of my years as a member.

I came to D.C., joined First Baptist Church, applied for work in the federal government and was employed for nine years until the Office of Chief Transportation was relocated from its site in [Alexandria], VA to Suitland.

From Suitland many were put on [a] waiting list during the year I applied to Arlington for teaching in the elementary school system. I was accepted and was hired among the first African American teachers in Arlington.

I spent 13 years in the Arlington school system. I retired from there [and then] came to my church [to] set up Church Day Nursery for approximately 3 years. I have church ministries [and] have served into my time of 101+ years.

I thank God for my time, for my family, for friends. I continue to help wherever I can.

Thank every[one] who have been a part of my success and life.

Sincerely,

Willie M. Osborn

Mom

Grandmom

Great-grandmom