

I suppose curiosity was the first thing that motivated me to begin asking my parents and grandparents about the family background. As a small child I was thrilled by the stories of the pioneers, Indian raids and the hardships of the frontier. But it was not until I was married that I really began in earnest to inquire about my family background. By that time my Grandfather Tidwell was dead and my enquiries of the nearest relatives met with laughter and little or no information. I met with more success on my mother's side but little was known beyond my grandparents information back to their grandparents. I made notes on what was told me but, unfortunately, they were far too scanty.

In 1932 Thelma and I moved to Thurber where I was pastor of the Baptist Church. About 1933 I supplied one Sunday at nearby Strawn. During the afternoon I received a visit from an elderly man named Tidwell. He gave me more information on the Tidwell family than I had heard up to that time. He informed me that my great-great-grandfather was a Methodist minister named David Tidwell, who resided in Limestone County, Texas and was referred to as Uncle Davy. He also said that he had met Welsh miners at the Lida mine near Strawn who had said, "Oh, yes, I knew the Tidswells back in Wales," and that they pronounced the name with a long "i".