

“Between the Creeks”



Gwen Pettit

This is a compilation of weekly newspaper columns on local history written by Gwen Pettit during 1986-1992 for the *Allen Leader* and the *Allen American* in Allen, Texas. Most of these articles were initially written and published, then run again later with changes and additions made. I compiled these articles from the *Allen American* on microfilm at the Allen Public Library and from the *Allen Leader* newspapers provided by Mike Williams. Then, I typed them into the computer and indexed them in 2006-07. Lois Curtis and then Rick Mann, Managing Editor of the *Allen American* gave permission for them to be reprinted on April 30, 2007, RMann@acnpapers.com. Please, contact me to obtain a free copy on a CD. I have given a copy of this to the Allen Public Library, the Harrington Library in Plano, the McKinney Library, the Allen Independent School District and the Lovejoy School District. Tom Keener of the Allen Heritage Guild has better copies of all these photographs and is currently working on an Allen history book. Keener offices at the Allen Public Library.

Gwen was a longtime Allen resident with an avid interest in this area's history. Some of her sources were: *Pioneering in North Texas* by Capt. Roy and Helen Hall, *The History of Collin County* by Stambaugh & Stambaugh, *The Brown Papers* by George Pearis Brown, *The Peters Colony of Texas* by Seymour V. Conner, Collin County census & tax records and verbal history from local long-time residents of the county. She does not document all of her sources.

Although Gwen has an excellent reputation for accuracy, care should be taken to use these news articles as a starting point for research and not as a primary definitive source. I copied the articles exactly as written only changing obvious typing errors. Not as obvious errors with dates and names are probably present. Some of the microfilm is illegible but I decided to include those articles “as is” rather than to delete the entire article. Also, some of our history changes slightly as more research is done and more archaeology projects are undertaken. A few articles on the Allen Station Dam written by Lindy Fisher are included at the back of this book as well as including “The Ballad of Sam Bass”. Gwen Pettit's husband is named D.C. Pettit and is mentioned often in the early articles.

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LAND & PRAIRIE

A Home where the buffalo roamed

Nov. 17, 1985

At the corner of Federal and Boyd, with the traffic of Central Expressway roaring by in the foreground, one can view the western panorama and feel a kinship with the Indians of 150 years ago. Large earth moving equipment plows a rolling farmland laying out streets and pipelines, changing a way of life, much as the first plows changed the virgin prairies.

On these expansive tall grass prairies grew Bluestem, Indian grass, Sideoats Gramma, reaching up to six feet and the shorter Buffalo Grass. Dense woods of elm, hackberry, bois d'arc and pecan grew along the creeks and branches. A few clumps of trees were scattered over the blackland prairie.

Lucy Jane Phillips Epps, eight years old when her family moved here in 1851 said, "The whole prairie was covered with the prettiest flowers in the world and we did not need flowerbeds. They were everywhere."

There is general agreement that the Indians regularly burned the prairie in the Pre-Columbian times. Some experts even believe that the prairie as we know it is manmade, and always has been, pointing out that the firing of grassland is a universal custom among aboriginal people.

Accidental grass fires, though, have always been a danger here. At the little settlement on Farmers Branch in Dallas County, a lady, new to Texas, built a fire under her washpot. The fire swept away across the prairies on a south wind, not stopping until it reached the Red River.

Buffalo, deer, and pronghorn antelope roamed over these prairies, also, herds of feral mustang horses and longhorn cattle.

John T. Dugger, who went to the old Enloe School, said they drank from a cow horn or a buffalo horn, both of which made nice drinking cups when worked over and polished. He said that plenty of these horns were on the prairie in the early days of settlement. Some men got to be experts at polishing them.

The great herds of buffalo (American Bison) were thinned out in the early 1800s by white buffalo hunters wanting only the hides. The buffalo were driven south, but this was still a hunting ground for the western Indians when the first settlers arrived.

R.B. Whisenant told of hunting black bear in Bubble Bee Grove. These woods were located between Rowlett and Cottonwood Creeks now where Jupiter Road crosses Rowlett. It was densely covered with trees and underbrush. One had to cut a way through it. Jake Helms, Will Perrin, and Wash Ford hunted with hounds in the grove.

R.W. Carpenter first visited Texas in the spring of 1852. His friends, the Harringtons, his wife's brothers, the Mathews, and other Kentuckians who had migrated earlier had written back to Kentucky praising this country highly. He told his grandchildren later of his ride up Spring Creek toward the log cabin of Alfred Harrington, After the eroded clay hills of Kentucky, he thought it the most beautiful country he had ever seen.

As far as the eye could see were miles and miles of waving grass, that even in the early spring reached the stirrups of his saddle. Wild water fowl rose out of the water-

filled buffalo wallows by the thousands. He saw prairie chicken and quail, and once a glimpse of antelope or deer, on this four mile ride to the home of his friend. Here was a land such as few had ever seen!

Settlers granted land in North Texas

2-19-89

Although we do not rival the Oklahoma Sooners, we did have our own little land rush. Fannin County residents had held Republic of Texas land certificates for several years, but had been prevented from locating their land by Indian hostility. There were more people moving into North Texas from the states wanting land. With the removal of eastern Indians, the door was opened to settle the land on the forks of the Trinity. Later, other settlers would find that the door had also been opened to the western Indians, who had been kept behind the barrier of the Cross Timbers by the presence of the eastern tribes. In 1841, the time had come to move away from the stockaded towns near the Red River.

Hunting parties to the upper Trinity had reported that this region had rich, black soil with large timbered creeks - water and wood were necessities for pioneer life. In spite of the threat of floods, the choice land was along the creeks where there was rich dark clay, classified as the Trinity soil series. It is doubtful that the first settlers realized the value of the Houston black soil on the upland prairies as farmland. Daniel Rowlett described his land as about one-third arable, the balance in pasture land; however, the Bowman and Brown families later prospered cultivating the land in Rowlett's survey. There was probably not much erosion while the prairie was covered with native grass with few places where bare white rock was exposed. An old-timer, the Hon. E.W. Kirkpatrick, in 1915 said, "Before the advent of the plow, the streams in the country ran bold and swift over beautiful stone and gravel beds." The land along these streams was the first taken.

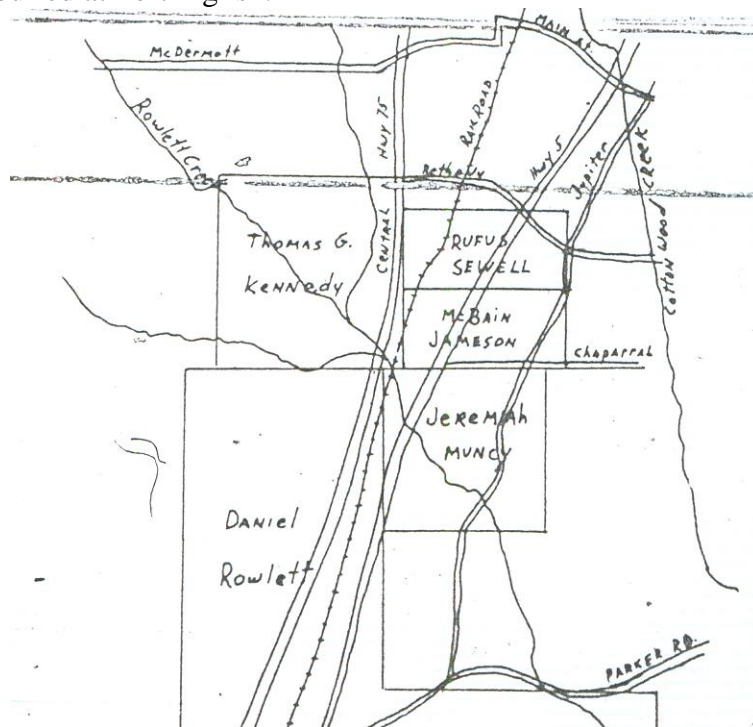
The big land giveaway was supervised by the Fannin County Board of Land commissioners. The importance of this board, who had millions of acres of land at their disposal, was such that they were elected by a joint session of both houses of Congress, as was the county surveyor, Daniel Montague. In 1841, the members of the land board were Daniel Rowlett, John Jouitt, John Simpson and James S. Baker, about whom Rex Wallace Strickland in "History of Fannin County" commented: "It is fair to say that they were among the more substantial citizens of the frontier community, and that there is nothing to show that their work was other than satisfactory."

In November 1841, Dr. Rowlett, Jabez Fitzgerald, Edmund Dodd, Pleasant Wilson, Dr. William E. Throckmorton and others set out from the settlements on the Red River to explore the land on the Trinity. Dr. Throckmorton, the father of James W. Throckmorton who was later governor of Texas, had come from northwest Arkansas to take up land in Texas. According to an often-repeated story, Throckmorton selected a site for a settlement and returned to the Red River for his family. When he returned, he found that Dr. Rowlett had taken up the land he had chosen during his absence. Pleasant Wilson, for whom Wilson Creek was named, guided the Throckmorton party to a large spring near present Melissa. There Throckmorton established the first permanent settlement in Collin County.

Whatever the reason for the misunderstanding, Rowlett, as a deputy surveyor under Montague, had been going about his business, locating land for Fannin County

men, most of whom had long-standing rights to land, and for himself. Montague's records show that a large party of men was tramping through the grassland and woods along Rowlett's Creek, as the creek was then known, during that winter. Men who carried the chain to measure the land were James Ledbetter, Edmund Dodd, Maise Foster, G.W. Kennedy, A. Hatfield and Harmon Wynn. Ledbetter, Dodd and Foster located their land farther south on the creek, even past the Dallas County line. Some of the land that Rowlett and these chainmen surveyed was 640 acres for Jeremiah Muncy and 320 acres for McBain Jameson.

Most of the older land certificates were in Spanish measure, such as the league and labor of land given to residents of Texas on the day of independence. The huge L shape of Rowlett's survey contained 15,935,561 square varas, over 2,800 acres of land. Daniel Rowlett – doctor, lawyer, surveyor, planter – never lived on this land. He died in 1848 and was buried at Fort English.



Dr. Daniel Rowlett, a member of the Fannin County Land Commission, marked off land claims along Rowlett Creek in January 1948.

Free land brought first settlers to Allen

9-13-87

How did the mythical typical Texan evolve? Are Texans really brasher, larger than life, with free-wheeling self-reliance; ready to gamble all on an oil well or a cause; and without enough sense to know when to cry, “calf-ropes?” Perhaps closer to the truth, a Texan is a product of his environment, heritage and personal ambitions. This is the first of a series about the local families who were the heritage of one Texan.

“Land for the boys,” was the most powerful motivation for the settlement of the America's frontier. Its importance was such that political thinkers wondered if our form of democracy could survive once there was no more land for expansion.

Early Texans realized that Texas' land was its most important asset. With it they would bargain for schools, railroads and even a capital building. Land would bring in

settlers who would make the small republic stronger, settlers who would be a buffer between the older settlements and the Indians. After those who were in Texas the day of independence were given a league and a labor of land and bounty grants were given to the soldiers of the Texas Revolution, settlement had not moved much beyond the early eastern settlements. Several offers for free land were made for special situations, but Texas had fully intended to sell its land to settlers. By 1840, Congress realized that more land would have to be given away to increase immigration.

Congress adopted a plan presented by a group headed by W.S. Peters of Louisville, Ky. to settle colonists on specific land in 1841. Colonists who were heads of households (including widows with children) received one section (640) acres) of land. Single men received 320 acres. These grants were known as headrights (the right of one individual to receive land).

Before the immigration company could advertise, the news swept across Kentucky by word of mouth. Families with grown sons who needed land began to make plans to move to the Texas frontier.

Land for the boys was a primary reason for William and Dice Perrin to leave Logan County, Ky. to come to Texas around 1844-45. Over two thousand acres now in Allen's city limits once belonged to members of this family. William Perrin's headright reaches from McDermott to beyond Bethany, generally between the expressway and Hwy 5, and included the land around City Hall. West of the expressway was the land of their widowed daughter, Catherine Bryan. The sons' portions are now parts of Allen and North Plano. In addition, William Perrin also acquired the Muncey survey and other land, a total of 2,980 acres.

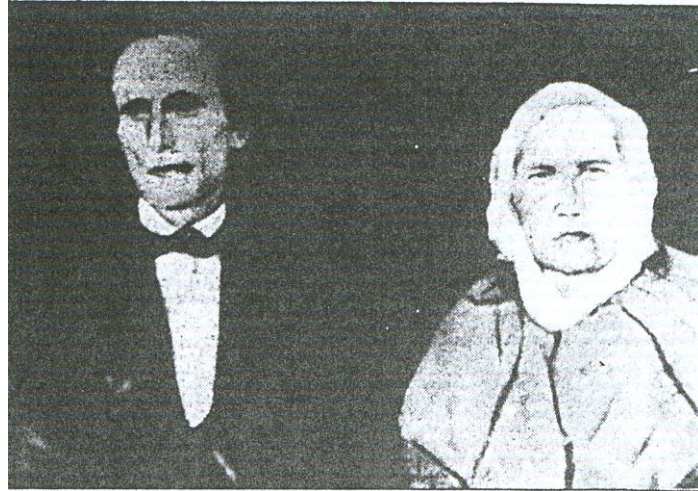
Although the Perrins had a wealth of land, an inventory of their cabin, taken after William and Dycie died in the mid-1850s, shows only the bare essentials for pioneer living, such as a featherbed, two straw beds, and utensils for fireplace cooking. Their one mare and colt was valued at more than all the household items.

Another reason for the Perrins to leave Kentucky could have been to find mates for their ten children. William and Dycie were first cousins. Their parents were Charles Perrin and Catherine Jameson, and George Kerby and Helen Jameson. Both mothers were the daughters of Thomas Jameson and Hannah Taggart. (We do not know if they were related to the McBain James who was killed by Indians.) Intermarriages were common in clannish pioneer communities, but the dangers of continuing into further generations were recognized.

Catherine Bryan married her neighbor, James W. Parsons. George married Mary Ann Finley and Charles married Mourning Finley. Ann Eliza, who would marry four times, first married Thomas Phillips, the son of a Baptist minister from Tennessee. William Jr. married Amanda Grant and his sister, Amanda Dycie, married a young school teacher from Kentucky, Henry Clay Thomas, James S. married Delia E. Roland and Ellen, who had married David Granville Thomas in Kentucky, later followed her family here.

Mary Elizabeth Perrin, described as a comely and industrious woman, small in stature, with black eyes and hair, married a young doctor from Kentucky, Dr. John Smith Huffman. Most of the Perrin children moved on to more western counties in Texas. However, Mary Elizabeth raised her family here. She lived ninety years, the last years at Merkel, Texas with a daughter. She was an omnivorous reader and a good

conversationalist until her death in 1916. We will follow her line through several generations.



William and Dycie Perrin were early settlers in the area that is now Allen. This picture appeared in a Kentucky newspaper just before they moved to Texas in 1844-45.

Dinosaur fossils found in area creek beds

1-15-89

“What about dinosaurs? Were there any dinosaurs here?” I had told a first-grade class about cowboys, Indians and buffalo, and had emphasized that history happened right here in Allen, Texas. I should have anticipated these questions, because kids this age are fascinated by dinosaurs. I recalled my own questions, when as a child I found seashells, some with a glimmer of pearl, high on a white rock hill. How could a shell be a rock? Why was it here, so far from the ocean? I have been told that once long ago, these hills were an ocean floor. If there were dinosaurs here, they were the swimming kind.

According to geologists, the continents moved around the globe, bumping into each other before finding their present places. About 300 million years ago, give or take a few million, the North American continent was rear-ended by South America, and the sea bottom was scrunched up against our shore. Water still covered this crumpled ocean floor when more mud, sand and rocks settled on top of it. Then another hard slam shoved the whole mess to the northwest. We know the results as the Ouachita Mountains of Arkansas and southeastern Oklahoma. However, the Ouachitas begin in the east, in Mississippi, cross Arkansas, into Oklahoma, then somewhere between Durant and Atoka, turn south into Texas. The mountains pass right under Collin County and Allen, continue across Central Texas to the Big Bend area. When this mountain building was over, an ocean covered our area. About 3,000 feet of dirt settled to the bottom of the sea covering the mountains, so we can't feel the bumps under us.

Sand Shale, Limestone and marl are stacked in layers beneath us. Around 1894, geologist R.T. Hill found places where most of these formations surfaced to the west and north of here, and named them for those locations: Eagle Ford, Woodbine, Main Street (Denison), Paw Paw (Creek), etc. Each formation has distinctive key fossils of marine animals that are clues to the time it was formed.

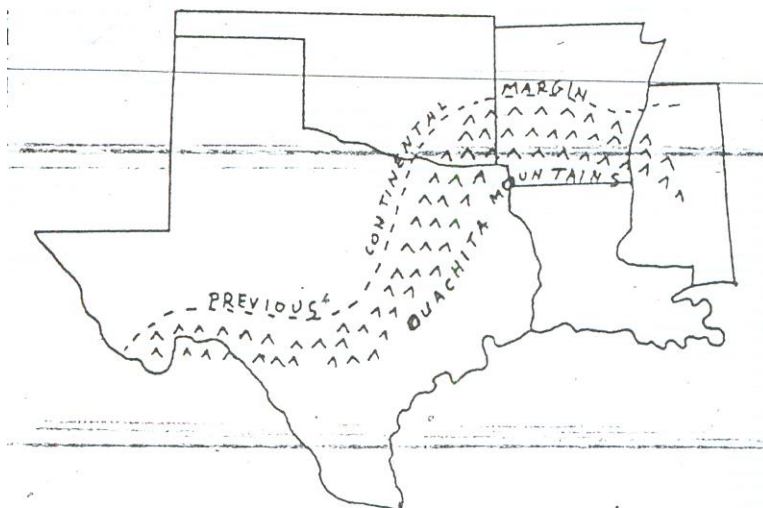
Deep down are the water-saturated Trinity sands. Artesian wells from these sands provided water for Allen and other towns before Lake Lavon and other reservoirs were

made. Allen's well water was soft and pleasant tasting, except for a slight soda taste. The high sodium content was corrosive to plumbing and clogged up hot water heaters and ice makers.

There has always been a dream that there was oil down there, somewhere. In 1915, oil fever was running high in Texas. The McKinney Cotton Factory needed a water well. A Mr. Deering contracted that he would guarantee 100,000 gallons of water daily. The well was begun with a six-inch hole down to the first sands, the Woodbine formation, at 1,300 feet. Then they continued drilling with a four-inch bore, intending to go the Paluxy sands in the Trinity group, at about 1,800 feet. However, when 1,500 feet was reached, oil flowed into the slush pit. Deering's contract was for water. To test out the oil find, it would have been necessary to draw out the casing and ream out the four-inch hole to six inches. There was a risk of a cave-in. The cotton mill needed water, not oil. Therefore, the well was not tested; the oil was cased off, much to the disgust of oil-hungry McKinney officials. A flurry of oil activity in Collin County in the 1930s and after WWII did not yield a producing oil well, but most of the open land of the county is still leased for oil.

During the late Cretaceous period, this area was covered by a shallow sea. Austin Chalk, the last formation in our area's geology, formed from fragments of shells and skeletal remains of microscopic animals that accumulated on the sea floor. Bands of shale or mudstone layer the chalk formation. The Austin formation is as thick as 50 feet in our locality.

Among the tiny fossil fragments are larger shell fish and marine creatures. While dinosaurs were slogging around in the mud near Glen Rose (only a Saturday drive away, at Dinosaur State Park) we had some pretty impressive sea creatures swimming around here. Huge marine lizards known as mosasaurs were probably the most formidable marauders of Cretaceous seas. The fossil remains of these giants are found in our area, especially in creek banks where layers of rock are exposed. The Heard Natural Science Museum has the skull of a tylosaur, one kind of mosasaur on display, that was found on Lake Lavon at Clear Lake Park. It is estimated that the animal was 45- 50 feet in length because the skull alone is 5 to 6 feet- quite an impressive set of jaws.



Map of early geologic formations in Texas.

Free land attracted newcomers

3-23-1986

What connection could piano stores “O, Susanna,” and London businessmen have with the settlers of Collin County? The connecting link was the musical family of William S. Peters.

The infant Republic of Texas had a difficult time forming a policy for dispersing its public lands. There was considerable disagreement over establishing a general land office. Congress passed land laws—President Sam Houston vetoes. Houston complained that the laws were incomplete, sketchy, and poorly conceived. There had been many special grants made that he believed should be cleared first, then a definite policy should be established.

First Class Headright grants were made to those living in Texas at the time of the Declaration of Independence (March 2, 1836) for one league and one labor (4605.5 acres). Bounty land had been granted for service in the Texas Army.

Later arrivals received as much as 1,280 acres with Second Class Headrights up to January 1, 1840. Third Class Headrights for 640 acres were issued beginning in 1841 for immigrants who would settle along the proposed military road which was to run along the western frontier from the Nueces to the Red River.

These headright grant laws were only stop-gap measures for special situations. Texas intended to sell its public lands to incoming hordes of settlers. By 1840, the Fifth Congress of the Republic realized that more land would have to be given away to increase immigration. They needed settlers to push the frontier westward, to be a buffer between the older settlements and the Indians; also, more people would promote prosperity.

U.S. President Andrew Jackson waited until the day before he left office to give the United States’ recognition to the new Republic. Texas was refused annexation to the United States by politicians who found the slavery issue too hot to handle. Texas began negotiations with Britain and France for support. One scheme was the France-Texienne proposal. The plan called for settling 8,000 French colonists and soldiers at twenty forts along the frontier, to be supervised by an incorporated company. In return the company was to receive three million acres of land. Amid violent protest, this bill passed the Texas House with Sam Houston’s support, but was killed in the Senate. The plan was dropped. An alternate plan had been timely introduced.

The Peters group presented a plan which was adopted by the Fifth Congress on February 4, 1841. The President of the Republic was authorized to make an empresario contract with the twenty petitioners who were to settle colonists on specified land. Colonists were to receive 640 acres. If married, 320 if single, if they lived on the land for three years, built a “good and comfortable cabin” and fenced and cultivated fifteen acres.

Who were these mysterious petitioners? How did the group come together at the opportune time to present this proposal to the Congress of the Republic of Texas?

These questions have teased historians since 1841. Eleven were residents of London, England, nine were of the United States. The Americans were W.S. Peters, W.C. Peters, John Peters, Henry H. Peters, John Bansamen, William Scott, Phineas J. Johnson, Timothy Cragg, and Samuel Browning. Seymour V. Conner author of *The Peters Colony of Texas* states that virtually no information at all has been found to clarify the origin of the petition to congress.

Nothing is known of the Englishmen except that they were residents of London. Of the Americans, nothing is known of Scott or Bansamen. Cragg made pianos in Louisville, Johnson was also of Louisville. Browning, a son-in-law of W.S. Peters, represented the company in Texas.

William Smalling Peters, an Englishman by birth, was father of the other Peters members. He appears to have been the organizing force behind the petition to Congress. His name headed the list and the colony was known as Peters' Colony from the first. He came to America in 1820, and is known to have made at least one trip back to England. He probably enlisted the English company members through his contacts in England.

His son, W.C. Peters was fifteen when he came to America with his parents. He taught music in Pittsburg before moving to Louisville, Kentucky and opening a music store in 1829. He soon went back to Pittsburg where he sold pianos, sheet music, played concerts and gave music lessons. One of his students was Stephen Collins Foster.

Peters moved again to Louisville where he opened a music store, then in 1839, he opened a branch store in Cincinnati. When he became associated with the Texas colonization venture he was still relatively unknown; he later gained fame as a composer and music publisher. Peters published several of his former student, Stephen Foster's songs. One of them "O, Susana" is said to have made \$10,000 for Peters and started the young songwriter to fame. Peters was known for composing a Mass and other religious works as well as several piano method books.

John Peters, a shoemaker in Louisville, later began publishing music in New York. Henry J. Peters, also a musician, manufactured pianos with Thomas P. Cragg in Louisville before moving to Young County, Texas to land that was his share of the colonization venture.

This was an odd assortment of individuals to have the responsibility for colonizing our area of Texas. Yet, in response to their advertising campaign, families came from Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri and other states and settled here.

Free land attracted many colonists to Texas in 1840s 3-29-92

"No quitting sense" we claim is typically Texas. From the Alamo, Washington-on-the-Brazos and San Jacinto, we have promoted a mythical Texas that is brasher, larger than life, with free-wheeling self-reliance; ready to gamble all on an oil well or a cause; without enough quitting sense to know when to cry "calf-ropes". In truth, a Texan is a product of environment, heritage and personal ambition.

Early leaders of the impoverished Republic of Texas realized land was their most valuable asset. With it they could bargain for schools, railroads and even a capitol building. Land would bring in settlers who would make the small republic stronger, settlers who would be a buffer between the older settlements and the Indians.

Even after they had given land to those in Texas on the day of independence, and as bounty to the soldiers of the revolution, settlement had not moved much beyond the early settlements. Several offers of free land were made for special situations, but Texas fully intended to sell its land to settlers. However, by 1840 the republic realized more land would have to be given away to increase immigration.

Congress adopted a plan in 1841, presented a group headed by W.S. Peters of Louisville, Ky., to settle colonists on specific land. Colonists who were heads of households, including widows with children, received one section---640 acres of land.

Single men received 320 acres. These grants were known as headrights-the right of one individual to receive land.

Before the immigration company could advertise, news swept across Kentucky by word of mouth. Families with grown sons who needed land began to make plans to move to the Texas frontier.

Land for the boys was the most powerful motivation for the settlement of the American frontier. Its importance was such that political thinkers wondered if our form of democracy could survive once there was no more land for expansion. It was welcome news that free land was available in the Republic of Texas.

Land for the boys was a primary reason for William and Dycie Perrin to leave Logan County, Ky., to come to Texas around 1844-45. Over 2,000 acres now in the City of Allen once belonged to the members of this family.

William Perrin took as his headright prairie land that now reaches from McDermott, south to beyond Bethany, generally between U.S. Highway 75 and State Highway 5. This includes the land around city hall, the justice center and library. West of the expressway was the land of their widowed daughter, Catherine Bryan. The sons' portions are now parts of Allen and North Plano.

In addition, William Perrin acquired the 640 acre Muncey survey from Chaparral to Spring Creek between Jupiter and the railroad, land left in open succession by the massacre of the Muncey family by Indians. Total land once held by the Perrins and their sons-in-law was 2,980 acres, most of which is now in the City of Allen.

Although the Perrins had what, even in that day, was a wealth of land, an inventory of their cabin, taken after William and Dycie's death in the mid-1850s, shows only the bare essentials for pioneer living. This included a featherbed, two straw beds, and utensils for fireplace cooking. Their mare and colt was valued at more than all the household items.

Another reason for the Perrins to leave their old neighborhood near Bowling Green, Ky., could have been to find mates for their 10 children. William and Dycie were first cousins. Their parents were Charles Perrin and Catherine Jameson, and George Kerby and Helen Jameson. Both mothers were daughters of Thomas Jameson and Hannah Taggart. (We don't know if they were related to McBain Jameson, killed by Indians with the Muncey family.) Intermarriages were common in clannish pioneer communities but the dangers of continuing into further generations was recognized.

An older daughter, Ellen, married David Granville Thomas in Kentucky and later followed the family here. There was probably a connection with the young school teacher, Henry Clay Thomas, also from Kentucky, who married Amanda Dycie Perrin. Henry Clay Thomas taught the first school known to be in this area in their home at Chaparral and Jupiter.

The widow, Catherine Bryan, married her neighbor, James Parson. Two sons married girls from Illinois: George Perrin married Mary Ann Finley, and Charles Perrin married Mourning Finley. Ann Eliza Perrin, who would eventually marry four times, first married Thomas Phillips, the son of a Baptist minister from Tennessee.

The daughter whose line we will follow for several generations was Mary Elizabeth Perrin, who married a young doctor from Kentucky, Dr. John Smith Huffman. She was described as an industrious woman, small in stature, with black eyes and hair.

While most of the Perrin children moved on to more western counties in Texas, Mary Elizabeth, Huffman raised her family here.

Wave of immigrants settled in this area

4-17-88

There were three waves of immigration into this area during the first 30 years of settlement. After 1870, this became a stable farming community that remained until World War II, when urban development brought changes.

The first wave of settlers, those who received the original patents on the land, were of pioneer stock. Their families had been on the leading edge of western expansion since the Revolutionary War. In the early years, only small patches of land were farmed, mainly for food for the farmers' families and livestock. Any surplus farm produce had to be hauled halfway across Texas to the river port of Jefferson, the nearest market; therefore, man raised cattle that could be sold on the hoof.

A second wave, mostly farmers from Kentucky and Missouri, came in the 1850s. They began more extensive farming in spite of the problems. Several who were comparatively wealthy bought large blocks of land. A few set up Southern-style plantations in our "between the creeks" area.

As grazing land was hedged, fenced and put into crops, some of the first group moved further west to Parker, Jack and Palo Pinto counties, where they could continue cattle ranching. The most notable of these was Oliver Loving of the Goodnight- Loving Trail.

At the end of the Civil War, several things happened to cause rapid development. Many settlers had thought that the rich bottomland had to be cleared for crops; but they had found that the black upland prairies were also extremely fertile. Much of the land was still in original sections of 640 acres; one man, even with 10 or 12 children to help with the chores, could only farm about 100 acres with mule or ox teams. This left large expanses of prairie still unbroken.

At the same time, the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, on which the war had stopped construction, was beginning to push northward. Soon there would be rails to transport North Texas produce.

The Southern states, especially the hills of Tennessee and Alabama, were impoverished; war tensions still split neighborhoods. Soon, empty houses had crude signs that stated that the former inhabitants had "Gone to Texas." Church records, also, had the phrase, "Gone to Texas" by numerous names on their roles. So many families left Maury County, Tenn., to settle in eastern Collin County, just across East Fork, that several communities, such as Culleoka, have names directly from south Maury County. That group joined relatives that had come here in the 1850s.

Most new immigrants had some link to Collin County, which brought them here. They stayed with relatives and friends until they could find a place to settle. Landowners recruited farmers from the old states by persuading relatives and former neighbors to come. However, numerous families, in the pioneer tradition, loaded their children and belongings in a wagon and headed toward the unknown west. Clarksville, Bonham and Dallas newspapers reported how many wagons passed through each day and how many were camped on the "jockey yards" waiting to find a place to settle. Some of these had sold farms and had money to buy land, but most of these immigrants became tenant farmers and worked on shares.

In this locality, the tenancy system made a very stable community. Several local families worked the same land, or other land belonging to the same landlord for a generation or more. There seems to have been fair dealings on both sides.

Although there were other crops raised, such as corn, grain and livestock, cotton reigned as king for three-quarters of a century. Farmers, landowners and everyone else – mule raiser, merchant and preacher – depended on the cotton crop.

Taproot

2-17-85

Why did they, the first settlers, come to Allen? They came to find a place to work, to build a home, to raise children. Some came to find a healthy place to live, a less harsh climate. Their reasons were very similar to the reasons of our new Allen residents.

When the first settlers arrived in the mid 1840s, they set about breaking land and building new homes. Meanwhile, they lived in makeshift lean-tos, tents or covered wagons. Soon, they organized churches and began schools. Several small communities were scattered around the area that is now within the boundaries of Allen.

Although they came down the Texas Road from Illinois, Missouri and northern Arkansas, these new Texans were from a wide variety of places. The Perrins, Sniders and Fitzhughs were Kentuckians, Robert Whisenant was a Georgian who had migrated north to Missouri. George W. Ford was born in Missouri, but lived in Arkansas before coming to Texas. Peter Fisher was born in Pennsylvania; Witsaul Fisher in Missouri. The birthplaces of their children mark the trail of the Wetsel clan from Pennsylvania to Ohio, Illinois, and Arkansas.

Theirs are the names of the surveys on our property deeds. They were the original patent holders. They paid for the land and made improvements. But Indians still had their ancient claim to the hunting ground. And this resulted in the deaths of Mr. Jameson and the Muncey family.

All of the men were farmers and many had other trades. There were several blacksmiths, wagon makers, a turner, a millwright, cabinet and furniture makers, carpenters, a minister and a teacher.

They are the *Taproot* on which our city grows and prospers. From diverse backgrounds they became neighbors who worked together to form a strong community. The Allen Leader is especially proud to introduce "Between the Creeks" which will begin as a bi-weekly column. Gwen Pettit, a native North Texan, has lived in Allen for 20 years, experienced in genealogical research, she and her husband, D.C. Pettit, share an interest in local history and Texans.

Tall grass prairie once covered area

10-8-89

Spanish horses, or mustangs, ranged along the spring-fed branch that heads near Reed Elementary School and runs into Cottonwood Creek.

Hunting season has opened. No, I don't mean the time when guns are loaded into pickups and the big game hunters of Allen leave their families for the wilds of West Texas deer leases.

Our annual hunt occurs when one or two tiny field mice decide that a warm modern house is preferable to a wintry home in a damp burrow. This is the time that the man of the house, a third-generation Texas that would rather be a vegetarian than hunt, reverts to primitive survival instincts. When wild chases around the furniture with a

broom fail, cunning strategy is plotted. The eating habits of the foe are studied, and through years of research, it has been found that the pesky varmints can't resist the lure of pecan goodies. Traps are set; it's them or us.

The annual field mice invasion is a reminder that this land was once a vast prairie. Even after 100 years of farming and urbanizing, descendants of original small prairie and woodland fauna exist among us. During the night, black polecats with racing stripes dodge traffic on Central Expressway to enter our neighborhoods. At dawn, squirrels romp through the tress from yard to yard to take first dibs on the pecan crop and to taunt the dogs into a frenzy of barking. A family of mockingbirds claims our address; cardinals and blue jays argue squatter's rights; and a dove perching on the power line gives us a wake-up call.

Once the uplands, where our homes are built, were a tall grass prairie. Large herds of buffalo ranged through here migrating south to milder winters. Long-horned cattle, naturalized in the dim past, grazed on the prairie grass. Hunting parties of Indians frequently came to this area. Pronghorn antelope and deer fed without fear. Indians had found that the deer would become curious of a waving rag or animal hide and would come close to investigate. Using this ploy, Mrs. Fisher held a red rag on a stick through a crack in the log lean-to, to attract the deer into the firing range of Peter Fisher's flintlock rifle. The family lived on mostly deer meat for their first months in Texas.

Spanish horses or mustangs ranged along the spring-fed branch that heads near Reed Elementary School and runs into Cottonwood Creek. Settlers named the branch Mustang Branch for this reason, according to R.B. Whisenant, one of the pioneers. Although the horses were plentiful, they were not easy to catch. George P. Brown said that when a man roped a horse "he would sometimes have a fight with the captured animal pretty much as he would have to fight a bear or a tiger or possibly worse."

There were also bear in the heavy timber along the creeks, south of Vaughan Elementary School, between Cottonwood and Rowlett Creeks, was a large dense growth of trees and undergrowth, 3 miles long and a mile and a half wide, known as Bumble Bee Grove. It was so thick that a way had to be cut to enter it. The name came from the large number of bees in the trees. This was the home of the black bear. Whisenant recalled that in the early days, Jake Helms, Will Perrin and Wash Ford hunted bears in the woods with hounds.

In the thick woods along the creeks were pecan, black walnut and large acorn oak trees that fed a multitude of squirrels. These squirrels in the woods and the rabbits on the prairie—cottontail, swamp and jack rabbits—in the long run put more meat on local tables than the larger game that soon disappeared.

Among the predatory animals were large cats and wolves. Elder Horn, an early minister, told that wolves would come up to the pioneer's cabin when they smelled food cooking and would gnaw on the cabin logs.

Coyotes still howl on Faulkner Prairie, residents near Story Elementary School tell me that the pack often sounds its chorus on the edge of town and sometimes appears in the daytime.

Today it is difficult to picture the grand prairie with the head-high grass, fringed with dense hardwood forest along clear running streams. Yet, occasionally we are reminded, as we were by a mouse. Sometimes those that stop and watch see something of past wildness. Recently Yvonne Robertson was on the Bush place, north of town,

when she saw a movement in the cornfield. Staring at her for a long minute was a large bobcat with a rabbit in its mouth.

The most graphic description of this land before the plow is found in the Carpenter family history. R.W. Carpenter arrived in Texas in the spring of 1852 and left this description of his ride to his friend's, Alfred Harrington's, place on Spring Creek.

"As far as the eye could see, were miles and miles of waving grass that even in the early spring reaching the stirrups on his saddle. Wild water fowl rose ahead out of the water-filled buffalo wallows by the thousands. He saw prairie chicken and quail, and once a glimpse of antelope or deer on this 4-mile ride."

Laying to rest the hogwash about Bluebonnets 4-21-91

A requirement for an artistic license in Texas is to paint bluebonnets, windmills and barns. I have tried to convince my husband that we should go to Central Texas to see the bluebonnets—that if we do not, I am in danger of having my artistic license revoked.

However, he has been more interested in getting his garden planted. He argues we have to eat, and besides, I have stacks of photographs I have made on other trips, several years of *Texas Highways* magazines, and should surely know what a bluebonnet looks like by this time.

Earlier, this week, on a beautiful spring day, I went to McKinney to research history. When I turned off the Expressway onto State Highway 121, I saw the beautiful display of bluebonnets the highway department had planted. I slowed down to look, even thought of stopping, but there was no safe place to park.

I went on, mulling over the possibilities of getting a closer look, but I feared I would stop traffic if I wandered around the median in my peach pink pants, or worse, cause a multi-vehicle pileup.

I was still thinking about bluebonnets when I went into the McKinney Library, grimly determined to research obituaries in microfilmed newspapers. Sometime later, as I scanned through 1901, searching for a particular date, my eyes caught the words of a headline—"Blue Bonnets."

I stopped the film and reversed, at the same time chiding myself that I had bluebonnets on my mind. The complete headline said, "Blue Bonnet or Buffalo Clover Adopted as the State Flower of Texas." Wow, this was more interesting than obits!

The report from Austin was mostly of the usual wrangling of the Texas Legislature over points of order and rulings over an amendment that concerned pilots—apparently pilots of boats in Galveston Bay.

Then the report said the debate, which had been going on for several days, was resumed on a senate resolution declaring the bluebonnet as the state flower of Texas. There followed some condescending remarks by a Mr. Clement, that he did not know he was opposing the ladies of Texas, that he had been brought under their gentle influence, that sentiment carried the day and he yielded to the ladies.

The report mentioned a painting of a bouquet of bluebonnets and wild roses had been displayed and, amid applause, placed on the clerk's desk.

I grabbed the *Hand book of Texas* and found the bluebonnet was adopted as the state flower on March 7, 1901, by the 27th Legislature. There was a mention of folk stories and legends about the plant's origin, "but it was probably brought to Texas in

shipments of grain or clover from the Mediterranean countries.” My reaction to the statement, as a true Texan, was HOGWASH.

Digging deeper, in books of later date, I found the import theory had been disproved and early European botanists exploring Northern Mexico (Texas) had recorded the lupine as widespread at an early date.

Although the flower *Lupinus texensis* is considered native from the Red River, through Collin County to Mexico. The bluebonnets we see here now were planted by the State Highway Department or by individuals. If they were once here, they were eradicated by cotton farmers that hoed down anything that looked like a weed before it could make seed.

The only reference I have found about wildflowers, and possibly bluebonnets, was a statement by Mrs. A.R. Epps, nee Miss Lucy Child, about 1851, “The whole prairie was covered with the prettiest flowers in the world, and we did not need flower beds then, they were everywhere.”

It would take the ladies of Texas to make the bluebonnet the state flower of Texas. How they got the resolution through the Texas Senate is a mystery. But in the House, one legislator after another argued for his favorite plant.

A young man from Uvalde, who three years before had begun his political career, argues that the only appropriate flower for Texas was the flower of the prickly-pear cactus. Later, a vice president of the United States and several times a serious contender for the presidency, John Nance Garner would, for the rest of his life, be known as “Cactus Jack.”

Phil Clement of Mills eloquently described his choice, the open cotton boll, as “the white rose of commerce.” John M. Green of Cuero was the spokesman for the beautiful bluebonnet. As he spoke, calls came asking, “What the devil is a bluebonnet?”

Some said it was a blue flower that looked like the sunbonnets Texas women wore to protect themselves from the hot Texas sun. Spanish-speaking Texans said the flower was *el conejo*, or the rabbit, for the white tip was like the tail of the cottontail.

Others said the flower must be buffalo clover, but it was evident the legislators were not certain what the flower was that Green proposed or what its proper name was.

The ladies, specifically The National Society of the Colonial Dames of America in the State of Texas, had originated the idea of using the bluebonnet as the state flower. They had to sit by and listen to the debate, seemingly powerless for they had no voice in the government at that time.

Something had to be done or the men were going to mess things up, because they did not know what they were talking about. A bluebonnet painting was sent for.

A painting of a bouquet of bluebonnets and pink evening primroses by Austin artist Miss Mode Walder was brought into the chamber, Mary Daggett Lake, author of *The Legend of the Bluebonnet*, said that “deep silence reigned for an instant. Then deafening applause fairly shook the old walls.”

The original Senate resolution declaring the bluebonnet as the state flower was adopted unanimously.

There are many pretty legends and gory folk tales about how the bluebonnet came to Texas—all better than the grain shipment theory. One old tale, of a little Indian girl and her doll with a headdress of blue jay feathers, is in a children’s book *The Legend of the Bluebonnet* by Tomie de Paola, in our Allen Library.

Lessons deepen appreciation of state

no date, 1886?

My dander got up when someone said that they did not like Texas because the land was too flat and boring.

As my family could have told them, the word “boring” causes Grandma to begin a tirade on boredom being caused by a lack of imagination and curiosity. But to hear someone bad-mouth Texas really caused me to go up in flames. When I simmered down, I reasoned that if I were homesick for mountains or beaches, I could possibly feel the same. Many new Texans have told me that learning about the history and geography of this area has helped them to feel more at home here. You could not pick a better time than now to put your curiosity to work and go exploring, because Texas is putting on a grand display of wildflowers.

Lucy Jane Phillips Epps was 8 years old when her father, Gabriel Phillips, brought their family to Texas to join her Uncle Jonathan Phillips, who had moved here earlier. The Texas prairies were very different from the mountains of her old home in Hawkins County, Tenn. Eighty years later, Lucy Jane recalled that wild longhorn cattle sometimes chased her and the other children as they walked across the prairie to a school located where state Highway 5 meets Stacy Road, but she remembered, “The whole prairie was covered with the prettiest flowers in the world, and we did not need flower beds then, they were everywhere.”

The pioneers gave the flowers descriptive names or the names of flowers that they knew in other places. The flowers that we have always called buttercups whether yellow, pink or white are in guidebooks as different varieties of evening primroses. We have many daisy-shaped flowers like black-eyed Susans and purple cone flowers that had regional names. The flowers we called Indian blankets are now labeled fire wheels. Tall spikes of red standing cypress were red-hot poker.

As a child, I watched for flowers to appear in certain locations without knowing that many are perennial. In the woods were violets, Johnny-jump-ups (dog-toothed violets) and dainty little lilies known by the unlovely name of crow poison. Wasteland around a white rock outcrop often had a few large lupines and mullein. Sprawling over the rock was sensitive briar with little pink puffs, as blossoms. One of these knolls of solid rock was often my playhouse. I thought my flower garden was as pretty as the one cultivated by my mother.

Lucy Jane and I are not the only ones to think that wild flowers are as pretty as garden flowers, because landscaping with wild flowers and native plants interest many Texans. On April 21 and 22, Heard Natural Science Museum will hold a native plant festival with activities for the whole family, including lectures on landscaping with native plants.

If you have not been to the Heard Museum, April is a good time to visit. The museum has many activities, and most are free. I am told that most of the people who participate in their activities are from across the metroplex and North Texas, with very few from Allen.

There will be a flower walk for adults on April 21 at 9:30 a.m. (no charge but make reservations by Friday before the walk.) There is no charge for the guided nature trails for families and individuals who drop in on Saturdays at 11:30 a.m. and on Sundays trail tours begin every half hour starting at 2 p.m. Call the Heard Museum for more information.

We will soon have another facility in Collin County to better acquaint us with our natural history—Park Hill Prairie, located in northeastern Collin County, east of Blue Ridge. The open space facility will have 436 acres with 52 acres of native prairie. The theme for the park is “A Texas Heritage for Future Generations.” Dedication will be on April 28 at 1 p.m. There will be tours of the prairies on that day, but the park will not be open for use for several weeks, when roads and picnic facilities are completed. Although Park Hill Prairie is 35 miles from Allen, the drive there is through interesting farming country and the park will be a quiet place to walk, away from traffic noise.

Our backland and white rock are unique, and so is our plant life. Drive around on the backroads in the rural part of our county and see the variety of wild flowers, but beware of the black dirt roads in wet weather.

The reason I became upset with the flat and boring statement is because the speaker had obviously not seen much of the state before making a judgment. You can drive less than a hundred miles in any direction and discover a completely different country. East of Collin County, around Lake Tawakoni, begins the Texas Post Oak region, with sandy soil. Continue on east and you enter the Piney Woods of East Texas. Travel to the west, past Denton, for a look at West Texas. In the Brazos country near Possum Kingdom Lake are the Palo Pinto mountains.

Even if you scorn bluebonnet pictures with windmills and old barns as pure corn, you should see the flowers blooming in their natural state. It is breath-taking sight to see bluebonnets covering fields, with a few red Indian paintbrushes for contrast. Our state flower does not grow in this region naturally; the few we have were planted. The closest display is at Ennis, south of Dallas on Interstate 45 (U.S.75). Their Bluebonnet Trails Festival is April 21-22. (May 5-6, Ennis, and old Czech farming community hosts the National Polka Festival.)

One of our favorite bluebonnet drives is south of Fort Worth in the area of Meridian and Clifton. We take a whole day for this trip with a picnic lunch at Meridian State Park. Between Clifton and Cranfills Gap is an old Norse community with tall-spired churches and rock walls built by early colonists. Texas has other little colonies dotted around the state that surprise and delight the shunpiker.

Explore your state and find your own favorite places. A walk on a nature trail or a drive in the country should be a sure cure for any boredom, for in the springtime wildflower season, Texas put on its party dress to celebrate.

Take time to see Texas in party dress of wildflowers 3-22-92

Regular readers of this column know it is time for my annual paean of praise to Texas springtime. Redbuds and wild plums have been blooming along the creek banks for weeks, and delicate wildflowers are by the roadside.

If this is your first Texas springtime, you are in for a treat; during spring, Texas puts on its party dress of wildflowers. Take some time to see your new state.

New and old Texans feel more at home if they have a sense of place, by being geographically oriented. Sometime ago, a newcomer complained she did not like Texas because it was too flat and boring. Any native would ignite at such a statement, but my family knows that Grandma always flares up at the word boring—no one with an ounce of imagination or curiosity should ever be bored.

However, after considering her statement, I conceded that if one were homesick for mountains, this part of Texas would seem flat, and if it were only viewed from freeways, I could accept the boring part.

Yet, even from Central Expressway there are differences. Have you noticed that, give or take a few bumps and dips, it is downhill all the way into Dallas? Dallas, Ft. Worth and most other towns in the Metroplex are clustered in the vast basin at the forks of the Trinity River.

But, Allen was built upon a high prairie by the Houston & Texas Central Railway. After the climb up out of the valley, steam engines stopped to take on water at Cottonwood Creek. From view points around Allen, you can look down on the cities spread below us.

Traveling north on Highway 75, other towns on high ground are visible in the distance. At night you can see the lights of as many as a dozen at one time. Most of those towns were also railroad towns, for the railways followed the easy terrain and built their towns at high points.

Later, modern U.S. and Interstate highways bypassed the old towns, leveled out the geological features, and in Texas particularly, left us with roads of boring sameness.

If you leave the highway to travel one of the many Farm to Market roads, you will find that between the highlands there are deeply eroded areas with spring-fed creeks, hills and vales, and white rock knolls—enough to remind you of the hills of home.

Texas is a land of contrasts. If you want to see something different, you only have to travel a short way to find it. If you go a hundred miles in any direction from Allen, you will find yourself in a different type of country. Go armed with a good map or atlas that shows the secondary roads. A compass might help.

A few miles west of here is Preston Road, or SH 289. This historic old road was laid out as a military road during the Republic of Texas days, was a migration route for early settlers and was part of the Shawnee Trail in the cattle drive era.

Have you traveled the route north up to Preston Point on the Red River, now Lake Texoma? The road through Collin County is along White Rock escarpment, where the land drops away in the west into the flats of the Elm Fork of the Trinity. The modern road peters out at old U.S. 82, east of Sherman, but with a few jogs you reach Pottsboro and on up the point. A wrong turn will take you into Hagerman National Wildlife Refuge, a place well worth a visit, especially during waterfowl migration.

For many years, Fort Worth bragged that it was “Where the West begins.” But rather than looking for the sophisticated West of that city, take U.S. 380, west of McKinney. Crossing the county line near Preston Road, you can see a difference. Across Elm Fork, the land changes to sand, the trees to oak and mesquite. Even before reaching Denton, you are in the West.

Beyond Decatur (“Eighter from Decatur, County Seat of Wise”) and Lake Bridgeport of West Fork, the terrain becomes more rugged. Jacksboro is a true West Texas town, where cowboy boots are for everyday, not just for dress-up pretending. Fort Richardson State Park will give you a glimpse of the old west, and downtown, you might find some real Texas barbecue.

To the south of Jacksboro, in the region of Possum Kingdom Lake, are the Palo Pinto Mountains. It is difficult to find a flat boring spot here, but look out for rattlesnakes.

In the springtime, my thoughts turn to the delicate colors of East Texas. Last Saturday, we drove east through the Post Oak Region, where redbuds flowered among many shades of the green of new leaves. On a farm to market road south of Sulphur Springs, we traveled over 40 miles through dairy country. I did not know Texas had so many black and white Holstein cows.

Further east, we reached the Piney Woods Region. White drifts of dogwood floated among the dark pines. There, on old farms where their grandparents once raised cotton, modern East Texans raise chickens for Bo Pilgrim.

Experience has taught us we must take a picnic lunch along on these excursions, for there are no fast-food places on the back roads. We stopped at Black Oak to read the historical marker and ate lunch in the church yard while we read tombstones—not everyone's idea of a good time, I'm sure.

We went off the highway to Little Hope, to learn why pioneer Texans had given that name to their church. The sun was well in the west when we came to Quitman, and I realized I had not taken any pictures of dogwood blossoms, the reason I had given for wanting to take the trip.

I had been caught up in the scenery wanting to see what was around the next bend in the road. We stopped on the square and I made close-up pictures of a tree on the court house lawn.

You can see that I am proud of Texas and want you to become well-acquainted with the state. But please, don't every say it's boring.

Granpa's shotgun was used to put food on table 9-23-90

Grandpa's old shotgun rusts in a corner. It is not a valuable antique. It has the brand name Champion. And it is dated the first year of this century, 1901 with patent pending Apr. 15, '02. The stock busted sometime before Grandpa died in 1912, and it was "temporarily" repaired with a coil of solder to hold the wood together.

Once, and only once, about 50 years ago, I fired the gun at a target. I do not know if I hit the tin can on a fence post, for as the shot went forward, I was going in the other direction. I was caught by a cousin, who had stood behind me for just that purpose, before I fell on my back.

Everyone thought the gun's kick was very funny except me—I wondered if my bruised shoulder was broken. My dad avoided the gun's recoil while hunting by firing from his side, at about hip level, holding the long gun like a pistol. Over the years, he became quite accurate shooting this way.

My present attitude to hunting is ambivalent. I think of all deer as Bambi's relatives. We feed pecans to the troop of squirrels that play follow-the-leader from limb to limb through the trees in our neighborhood; yet, I remember how good a platter of fried squirrel tasted after a regular diet of red beans and friend potatoes. I value Grandpa's old shotgun because of the many meals it provided for two generations of our family.

When old settlers were interviewed in the late years, they always recalled the wealth of game that was here when they first arrived. James Dugger, brother of Mrs. James Wetsel of Allen, told of hunting near his home on East Fork, northeast of Allen: "There was plenty of deer here when I became large enough to hunt them. I know I have killed and gotten at least 57 deer. Wild turkey, squirrel and duck were also plentiful. At

a place four miles east of my home, called 'Long Neck,' just west of where the town of Princeton is now located, the ground was salty. After a rain, the salt would rise to the top of the ground. These places were called salt licks. The deer and cattle would gather at these salt licks usually just after a rain. We would run the deer with hounds. The deer would usually have a certain place to run to and we would have a man located at each of these places and he would get a shot at the deer we were running. The largest deer I killed was a 24 point buck, twelve years old.

"I killed several wild cats. I was up in a tree one time watching for deer..., a wild cat came up the draw. He was hunting for young rabbits in the spring. I killed him as soon as he came up close enough for me to get a shot.

"Wild turkeys were plentiful in the early days. I would go out in the woods on a still evening and see them go to roost, and would go on close enough to locate them. Sometimes I would use a cow bell to rattle, making them think it was a cow, and in this way I could get close enough to shoot the turkeys. I had a homemade turkey caller, and one time I was calling for turkey and a wild cat heard me calling and he thought I was a turkey and came near me—that was another time I shot a wild cat."

The Fisher family settled on land now in the Allen Heights area about 1844. D.B. Fisher later told of the log lean-to that was the family's first home. For a short time the only food they had was the milk they got from some cows brought with them and some deer meat. Grandmother would hold a stick with a red rag on it through the openings in the south side or the cracks of the house and when the deer would see it they would stamp their feet (deer always did this when they were mad) and then they would come closer and closer, till near enough for grandfather to shoot one with his old flint-lock rifle."

R.B. Whisenant told of bears along Cottonwood Creek in the early days. The bottom land between Cottonwood and Rowlett Creeks was densely covered with trees and underbrush. A man had to cut through it to hunt in this area (known as Bumblebee Grove, because of the number of bees in it.) Whisenant said that Jake Helms, Will Perrin and Wash Ford hunted in the grove with hounds.

However, even bear hunts were not just for sport. Bear grease and skins were useful, and the menus of early barbecues included bear meat. Meeting a bear somewhere along Cottonwood Creek, I would probably react like Mr. Dugger who concluded his reminiscences with a tale of "buck ague." "I only ran across one bear. I was out hunting and the bear had been chasing a deer, and when the bear saw me, he came up within 30 yards and stopped. I came near getting scared. In fact, I had only an eight-inch hat, n my hair was standing up on my head so straight that I thought my hat had gone, and I forgot I had a gun."

Collectors preserve old varieties of seeds

3-11-90

Biff Summers was excited about receiving Yellow Dent corn seed that had originally been raised by his grandfather, Luther Summer, at Allen.

"If you eat, you are involved in agriculture" is a slogan in a seed catalog. The truth of this statement has hit us recently as the effects of the December freeze have been seen at the produce section of the supermarket. For home gardeners, the coming of spring gives hope of vegetables later this year. Our family gardener has just received a box of seeds he ordered. After sorting through the packets like a kid at Christmas, he has

gone out to plant radishes in the backyard. Garden seeds have been a major subject of conversation since the first seed catalog arrived between Christmas and New Year's.

The topic of seeds came up again when I received a phone call early in February from Biff Summers in northwest Arkansas. He is the son of L.C. "Big Daddy" and "Miss Ted" Summers of Allen. Biff Summers was excited about receiving Yellow Dent corn seed that had originally been raised by his grandfather, Luther Summers, at Allen. He is a collector of heirloom seed and is a member of Seed Savers Exchange, perhaps the largest of the groups that exchange seed of rare vegetable varieties. He wondered if I knew of other seed that had been handed down in families in the Allen area. Maybe some of you can help with this question. I am particularly interested in garden seed.

My involvement in agriculture is strictly in the eating, but at the hint of history, I became interested in heirloom seed. I found that there is a concern among home gardeners because many old varieties are being dropped by seed companies for new hybrid or exclusive varieties. Everyone has a bigger, better, new improved variety that will perhaps fulfill the advertised expectations, but if you plant the seed from one of these hybrid wonders, chances are you will come up with a weird lump that does not at all resemble its parent. Often the new product is better than the old vegetable in some qualities, but new seed must be purchased each year. It comes down to a matter of choices and how much we should rely on large seed companies that are themselves parts of huge conglomerates for this is essential to the food chain.

Consolidation in the seed industry has meant less variety available for home gardeners. In the economics of the big business of selling seed, the needs of commercial growers are most important; seeds for home gardens are only a sideline. Watermelons and other melons must stand up to shipping. Tomatoes have shipping and ripening requirements. Each type of fruit and vegetable has special qualities developed for canning or shipping. If a variety is not used in large quantities by commercial growers, the seed is dropped. This year we find that it is difficult, if not impossible, to find Bountiful Beans, an old variety introduced in 1896. The variety available everywhere is Blue Lake, the canners' favorite.

Most heirloom seeds are open-pollinated, that is they pollinate naturally or let the bees do it for them. This way, none of the genes are lost as they are shuffled from plant to plant. This is as technical as I am going to get, except to say that there is concern that some important crops are based on too small of a gene pool, making the whole crop vulnerable. Almost all corn planted in the U.S. is hybrid corn that descends from six parent lines.

In the past 50 years, hundreds of old varieties of corn were lost to extinction. However, some farmers around Allen have made an effort to keep alive Yellow Dent corn, a variety that grows well in this locality. We do not know when this corn was first introduced here, but the variety was created in the 1860s in Illinois when James Reid planted Gordon Hopkins corn next to a variety called Little Yellow. By selecting each year the ears with the characteristics he thought best for seed corn, each farmer developed his own improved variety of the open-pollinated corn. Ervin Arnold has corn that descends from Yellow Dent raised by his father, W.C. Arnold, at the turn of the century. He thinks it is possible that his grandfather, Quincy Arnold, planted the same corn even earlier. Now retired from farming, Arnold plans to plant enough corn in his garden to make seed to keep the strain going. He tells me that old-time farmers saved their seed

corn from year to year and argued with their kin and neighbors over the merits of their corn, that it had longer and wider grains or deeper dents. Arnold said, "Everybody thought they had the best corn."

J.W. Carpenter raised large quantities of Yellow Dent while he was farming to sell for seed corn. He does not like hybrid corn. "Hogs won't hardly eat it," he says. Although now retired, he still raised some Yellow Dent for seed. He also has the rare Pencil Cob corn.

Yellow Dent makes a good yellow corn meal. We had 60 pounds that D.C. raised ground on a stone mill this year. However, old time farm families around Allen usually raised a patch of white corn specially to make corn meal for their families. Ervin Arnold said, "They thought only poor folks had to eat yellow corn bread."

Forgotten potherbs

4-27-86

We had our mess of poke sallet last week. Once a year is often enough to satisfy any hankering I might have for poke, although it tasted pretty good. In the days before fresh produce could be bought the year round, folks looked forward to the time the frogs, started croaking in the spring, when they could start looking for the first poke shoots. After a winter of beans, potatoes, and cornbread that first mess of greens was a treat. Old-timers believed that poke sallet eaten in the spring revived the blood. Maybe it was a vitamin deficiency from their winter diet that gave them a craving for a spring tonic. Poke is rich in iron and vitamin C and other things, we are told.

Only the first tender leaves should be eaten; mature plants and seeds are poisonous. Mother taught me to parboil poke, to get rid of any poison that possibly was in the young plants. I always feel a little daring when I eat the stuff. There are several different ways to fix poke greens. I mixed mine with turnip greens. Grandma Thomas fried poke in a skillet, then scrambled in eggs.

There are other potherbs that grow around here like dock, dandelions, lamb's quarters, but I've never been able to think of them as other than weeds. With poke, they grow rank around old house places and barns. Also, there are usually some garden plants that have "escaped" where old homes once were. We found a road ditch near Allen with enough garlic to make all the spaghetti sauce in town. We brought a clump home and planted it. It has tried to take over our yard! Dill, sage, and asparagus are often found growing wild, remnants of a long-ago herb garden.

Back in January, we went to Ladonia, (about fifty miles northeast of here) to Lavender Hill Herb Farm. Some years ago, Odena Glover Brannan retired from newspaper work and began raising herbs on her patch in Ladonia. We found her store in one of the old brick buildings on the square of this old cotton farming town. We sat in rocking chairs around the wood stove and talked for an hour or so to this most interesting lady. It could have been a scene from the past with antiques and local crafts and art work surrounding us, but the redolent mingled odors of drying herbs created the ambiance. Bunches of dried herbs hung overhead, and gallon size glass jars on shelves around the walls held herbs and spices from all over the world.

We are interested in growing herbs and talked with Odena Brannan about this for sometime, before a young couple from Sherman came in on the same quest. She sent us out to Lavender Hill where her brother showed us through the greenhouses and around their yard to see the plants growing through the winter. He broke off sprigs of thyme and

rosemary for me and sold us pots of French tarragon and lavender. When Mr. Glover learned that we were from Allen, he said, "I know where Allen is; a lot of history happened around there." Needless to say, we talked history awhile. He knew all about Sam and the boys, and about some of the lesser known characters that I am still researching.

When we left Ladonia, the grey January day looked brighter. We had met two very interesting people and we carried away a remembrance of the fragrance of herbs, two pot plants and a cook book. Perhaps, I'll even get the courage to try Odena's recipe for Lamb's Quarter Pie. We have a fine crop this year.

Roses grown in pioneer days rare today

3-18-90

Spring fever has struck. I would rather walk around town looking for signs of spring than search for obscure facts in a library. Petals of peach, plum, pear and apricot swirl in the March breeze and fall like pink and white confetti on the sidewalks. The gold and carmine of forsythia and japonica blaze from yards. Irises lean their heads through the iron fence of the G.W. "Gabe" greenhouse where Joe King has offices. Dark violets border the walk in Bessie Brook's front door. Mrs. Brooks and several others in the old neighborhood around the post office reserve part of their yards for flower gardens. These are not formal borders, but beds of perennial and annual flowers that overlap as the seasons change. Between the flower beds, the earth is kept clear of grass. Once bare earth front yards with beds of flowers were a familiar sight.

Some writers of Texas folklore have speculated and sought hidden superstitions in the tradition of scraped earth cemeteries, however, in the past, the yards of homes were also kept clean of grass. This was the only practical way to keep areas neat and free from the danger of fire. Prairie grass wildfires burned cabins until settlers learned that the grass had to be scraped away from their homes. Cemeteries had wooden markers that burned if a graveyard burned off. I was also respectful to keep the cemetery neat. "Grandpa fought grass all his life. I'm not going to let any grow on his grave." was an often-heard remark at cemetery workings.

Grass was an adversary that was fought daily. Crops had to be kept clean of grasses that were natural to these prairies. A spring shower would bring out hurrah grass like hair on a dog's back. It is ironic that the yards where you spend so much time, energy and money to make lawns grow were once fields that farm families spent lifetimes keeping clear of grass. They thought grass in yards was untidy.

After the prairies became fields, front yards were fenced and flowers were grown. Until a few years ago, there were several old two-story homes in the Allen area that still had white picket fences that surrounded the front yards in the early part of this century, although most fences had long since decayed, iron fences like Joe King's were rare.

I painted several pictures of the old Ellis Bolin homeplace for members of the Bolin family about the time that the house was torn down. They wanted the old home pictured as they remembered it, with the white-fenced front yard, a flower garden like Grandma Bolin kept it, without a sprig of grass. I walked through the jungle of overgrown shrubs that the yard had become since the family sold the farm to find old beds of jonquils bordering the walk and altheas by the front window. I found climbing roses that had rambed on the fence and a rose bush centered before the wrap-around porch.

In the older section of Allen, I found plants like those in the Bolin yard to copy. I found a rose bush that grew in the center of a large yard that arched and cascaded blossoms in the way typical of old roses that are allowed space to grow. It may have been an Old Blush, also known as the common monthly rose, for it was a deep pink color.

There is a trend toward old-fashioned gardens, especially for new Victorian-style homes. Most gardening magazines have recently had articles about old roses, herbs and other traditional flowers. Last fall, when we took a tour of historic Texas, we visited the Antique Rose Emporium at Independence that we had read about in *Texas Highways* magazine. They raise old roses commercially from cuttings found at old homes and historic sites in Texas and the South. They have a collection of roses grown in the Republic of Texas days. Old roses are not grown for that perfect specimen flower, but are grown for the beauty of the whole bush or rambling vine as seen in a garden setting. Many have beautiful blossoms, too, although they often shed when cut. There are single flowers like the wild prairie rose, except larger and of different colors. Others are fat cabbage roses like those seen in old paintings, or flat quartered blossoms that are swirls of color.

In this area we are more familiar with bushes that have clusters of blooms, like the very old R. multiflora carnea that tumbles over a trellis of fence posts and iron cultivator wheels at an old house place at our garden patch. Another old favorite is the Seven Sisters rose that has clusters of blossoms that range in all colors of pinks, mauve and cream. It grows to be quite large if left unpruned.

We came home from our trip with enthusiasm to locate more old roses in this locality. We stopped at Oscar and Caroline Malcolm's cabin in East Texas and Caroline, who has a love of growing flowers like her great-grand mother Bolin, gave us a cutting from her Seven Sister rose that she had moved from Allen. We had learned that pioneer women brought their rose cuttings to Texas in Irish potatoes to keep them from drying out. We got a potato from our camper and ceremoniously pushed the Seven Sister cutting in. D.C. has planted it, topped with its own green house made from a fruit jar, but it is barely alive. Although I enjoy the results others have with growing flowers, I have found that living history like heirloom seed gardening traditions and antique roses require much more work to preserve than written history.

Surveyors depended on landmarks

3-30-86

A large oak tree marked with an "X" was the most substantial landmark used by early surveyors. The old land descriptions used many varieties of native trees. Spanish oak, Texas oak, burr oak as well as hackberry, elm, pecan, and box elder are still familiar trees, but what were pepperwood and skunkwood? A clump of red bud or a plum bush was used if nothing else was available. Although many landmarks were only a stake in the prairie.

Daniel Rowlett and Daniel Montague made many of the original surveys in this area. Their work is recognizable on the crazy-quilt pattern of a county land map for these early grants are slightly tilted to the later Peters Colony's surveys. A local surveyor explained that the early surveyors must have used magnetic north as a compass would show, while the later lines were true north as aligned with Polaris, the North Star. This left off little bits of land in between the surveys, and was a reason our roads were so crooked as they went around the angles of the old property lines.

The Peters Colony received land under four contracts. The first was just inside Collin County on the west, along Preston Road and the White Rock Escarpment, Eventually, the Colony land reached from about Denison Dam on the Red River, south to around Ennis in Ellis County, west to Baird in Callahan County, north to the Red River above Vernon in Wilbarger County. The eastern line passed through this area at the end of F.M. 2170 at the large ground level water tank.

In the old Ordinance of 1785, the United States had established a method of surveying the Northwest Territory. The land was divided neatly into townships of thirty-six sections. This standard makes locating property simple.

But, Texas had begun dividing land under the Spanish system with natural waterways' meanderings outlining major boundaries. A look at a state map of counties shows the early counties higgledy-piggledy, with the counties squared up in the north and west. (Thanks to the orderly mind of Collin McKinney.)

But, when Montague and Rowlett marked off the early headright, the unit of measure was still leagues, labors, and varas. Then, the Colony superimposed a grid of townships over this. In Lucas, there were many odd tracts next to the straight line of the Colony and the slight slant of the Calvin Boles league and other early grants, which explains some of the bends in FM 1378.

The question of property lines became a burning issue among the settlers. The District Civil Court records are full of disagreements between neighbors. Most of the local settlers were in court over trespass or cutting timber charges. Some served on a jury, only to be the one charges in the next case.

This problem of locating lands in a area where previous title had been issued became an explosive situation with the Colony. Settlement had gotten ahead of surveying. The Colony had problems with in its organization during the first three years and was negligent in surveying the grant.

This laborious and expensive project should have had first priority. No advertisement of the colony was made during the early years, but the news had spread by word of mouth. Certificates were issued in Kentucky to prospective colonists and large parties of immigrants left Louisville for Texas.

The Colony met the quota of settlers required by the Republic of Texas by July 1, 1844, but little else had been done. Nine more years would pass before most of the confusion would be resolved

Odd assortment of individuals colonized the area 10-21-90

What connection could pianos, *O Susanna* and London businessmen have to the settlement of our North Texas prairie? The connecting link was the Peters family; yet, how could men most interested in music put together a plan to colonize a large chunk of Texas? This is one of the puzzles of early Texas history that has remained unsolved.

With only a small part of Texas settled by 1840, the Republic needed to increase immigration to push the frontier westward, to crowd the Indians back, to protect the backdoors of the older settlements and to promote prosperity. On Feb. 4, 1841, a plan was adopted that authorized the president of the Republic to make a contract with 20 petitioners who were to settle colonists on specific land. Colonists were to receive 640 acres of land if married or 320 acres if single, provided they lived on the land for three years, built a "good and comfortable cabin," and fenced and cultivated 15 acres.

Why were 20 unknown foreigners able to frame a petition so apropos to the situation and how were they able to time its introduction in congress so perfectly?" Seymour V. Connor asks in his book, *The Peters Colony of Texas*. He states, "Virtually no information at all has been found to clarify the origin of the petition to congress."

Who were these mysterious petitioners? Eleven were residents of London, England; nine were of the United States. Nothing is known of the Englishmen except their names. The Ams were W.S. Peters, W.C. Peters, John Peters, Henry J. Peters, John Bansamen, William Scott, Phineas J. Johnson, Timothy Cragg, and Samuel Browning.

Cragg made pianos in Louisville, Ky.; Johnson was also of Louisville; Browning, a son-in-law of W.S. Peters, represented the company in Texas. Nothing is known of Scott and Bansamen.

William Smalling Peters, an Englishman by birth, was father of the other Peters. He appears to have been the organizing force behind the petition of Congress. His name headed the list and the Colony was known as Peter's Colony from the first. He came to America in 1820 and is known to have made at least one trip back to England. He probably enlisted the English members through his contacts there.

His son, William C. Peters, taught music in Pittsburgh, Pa. before moving in 1829 to Louisville, where he had a music store. He soon returned to Pittsburgh, where he sold pianos and sheet music, gave music lessons and played concerts. One of his students was Stephen Foster. Peters returned to Louisville to open another music store and in 1839 had a branch store in Cincinnati. When he became involved in the Texas scheme, he was still relatively unknown, but later gained fame as a composer and music publisher; Peters published several songs by his former pupil, Stephen Foster. It is said that *O Susanna* made \$10,000 for Peters. Peters composed a Catholic Mass and other religious works and wrote several piano method books.

John Peters, a shoemaker, became a New York music publisher. Henry J. Peters, also a musician, manufactured pianos with Thomas P. Cragg in Louisville before moving to Young County, Texas to his share of the company's land.

This was an odd assortment of individuals to have the responsibility for colonizing our area of Texas. However, news of the colony spread like wildfire over the Bluegrass, and flowed up the big rivers. Family groups with young men needing land left Kentucky, Illinois, and Missouri to rush to Texas even before colonizing officially began.

There were many misunderstandings between the Republic and later state of Texas and the Company, and more between the settlers and the immigration company, and more between the settlers and the immigration company, and the government. Terms of the colony grants were not fully understood. There were delays in surveying. These disputes prevented settlers from receiving titles to the Colony land. Many did not receive their patents until after 1852, some waited 12 years from the time they came to Texas to receive their titles.

Not until the land disputes were settled were the pioneers able to begin permanent institutions such as schools and churches.

By this time, a second wave of settlers were arriving to buy land from those who were ready to move on. Some land sold for needed cash, and other land was divided among families. By the middle of the 1850s, neighbors were not so widely scattered, for the original large grants were broken into family-size farms.

Early settlers had more land than could be farmed 12-9-90

To borrow a metaphor from Will Shakespeare, the virgin prairie was an empty stage. We have brought players on to it as action developed.

Our original cast were those who received Republic of Texas grants and the Peters' Colonists who came in the 1840s, the Sniders, Loveladys, Kerbys, Lucases, and others, mostly from Illinois and Missouri.

Other players arrived on the scene in the 1850s, the Coffeys, Faulkners, Spurgins, from Kentucky and from Tennessee by way of Iowa. Now we need to bring on another troupe of players from stage right.

The original grants of 640 acres were too large for a family to cultivate. About the most row crop and grain a man and his family could work with oxen or mule was 75 to 100 acres. (Only one of the prairie families, the Fishers, brought slaves with them to Texas.)

In most families, land was divided as children married. William Snider gave his children 60 acres each—a good size farm. Yet, there was still more land than the farmers could cultivate.

At the beginning of the Civil War, families were still widely scattered over the prairie. For the duration, the women and children subsisted on the farms as best they could while the men were off to war.

Following the war, the hardships and unrealistic tax evaluations during Reconstruction caused land owners to seek buyers for their surplus land, or for farmers to work on shares.

This new group differed from the earlier settlers in that they followed a more southern route into Texas, although in Colonial America their families were in the same regions of Virginia and the Carolinas as their Texas neighbors. One family group that is representative of these new farming families was the Newsoms and their allied families.

The first American Newsom was William, a Virginian planter from Lancashire, England, who received a land patent for 550 acres in 1843. Six generations later, in 1825, Balaam Newsom, then about 60 years of age, settled in Madison County, West Tennessee, with several of his grown children.

Then, about 1853, Lemuel Newsom, a son of Balaam, led another migration from Tennessee to Rusk County, Texas. Among those with him were his son and daughter-in-law, James Eldridge and Mary (McKnight) Newsom. Also with his uncle was a nephew, Thomas Hudson Williams.

While in Rusk County, Williams married Mary Ann Simmons. Before the Civil War, they moved to Collin County. The Williams raised 13 children on their farm on Faulkner's Prairie. They were followed to this county by many of their kin on both sides of their families, including his cousin, James Eldridge Newsom, and the Simmons.

Many other families in the neighborhood were either related then or later by marriages such as the Biddys, Grahams, and Phelps.

The Phelps family was in Tennessee as early as 1810, when Aquilla Lane Phelps was born, Aquilla married and lived in Georgia for some time before moving to Macon County, Alabama about 1853. In December, 1867, the family located in Collin County, Texas on Faulkner's Prairie. His son, Thomas Milton Phelps married Josephine Newsom in 1876.

It seems strange that many of these families were soon moving on westward to Montague and Clay counties, yet the same desire for more and cheaper land for the boys that brought them this far across America would once again pull them on.

The Simmons settled at Bellevue, and J.E. Newsom and his daughters' families, the Phelps, Pyles, Thompsons, Biddys, and others from this area settled at Vashti, south of Bellevue. (Some time ago, we wrote of a tornado at Bellevue and the concern of relatives here.)

There was some moving about from here to there and back again over the years. Rawl Williams made one crop in Clay County before coming back here. Thomas Milton Phelps returned after three years and brought the old George Fitzhugh farm.

Although some of these families were here only for a short while, they made many contributions to the community. J.E. Newsom was a pastor of Willow Spring Baptist Church. Son-in-law T.M. Phelps helped in the organization of at least three churches. Son, W.T. Newsom, a prolific political writer for the Democratic Club and the Farmers' Alliance, also became a minister.

Not all of this group of families moved away. Quite a few remained to farm our local blackland prairie. In looking through their complex family connection, I am amazed at the number that I have known during the years we have lived in Allen. Most of these old friends are now gone, but there are still those of their descendants still living here.

Young turkey herder worked to cut feed bill

11-27-88

This seems to be an opportune time for telling why we did not have turkey too for Thanksgiving. By this time, everyone is fed up with leftovers and can appreciate my antipathy for the bird. Turkey is the only food I won't eat because I don't like its personality. Having a chunk of plaster on my foot recently has given me too much time for rumination; otherwise, I would not be digging out these past experiences. But, for lack of anything else, I am going to embarrass my family by telling my turkey story.

Raising turkeys was a war-time project for my family. We lived on the old Hugely farm, a few miles down Rowlett Creek. My dad was one of the many commuters from this area that rode the Interurban into Dallas to work. He worked as a machinist at Continental Gin Co. Dallas' two cotton gin manufacturers and other machine shops had converted to turning out war products. Other men and women from towns and farms in this area worked at new defense plants at Garland. Local farmers sold milk, cream, eggs and poultry to help supply the demand for food. Lack of farm workers caused land to be turned to pasture for dairy or beef cattle. Our farm had been cottoned out by nearly a century of one-crop farming. Turkeys were just one of Dad's schemes to make the old farm pay.

We bought a flock of laying hens and one arrogant tom. Eggs were collected with care. Each egg was carefully turned a half round a day. We feared thunder would spoil the eggs. When a large batch had been collected, we took the eggs to a hatchery in McKinney. We collected more eggs while the first incubated. We did not have a brooder house, but with the war-time attitude of make do until we could do better, we cleared the downstairs spare bedroom of furniture in preparation for our new guests. Only a mother could love baby poults, yet as a foster parent, I patiently taught the newly hatched peeps to eat.

As soon as the turkeys were old enough, they were transferred outside to hastily constructed runs. Somewhere in a farm journal or bulletin, Dad read that during their juvenile stage, turkeys could be ranged. They would eat insects and seeds, which would save on our astronomical feed bill. His daughter was elected turkey girl.

A turkey has a very small head, mostly mouth, out on a long, scrawny neck. In this head is a brain about the size of a black-eyed pea. I've heard that someone (was it Benjamin Franklin?) wanted to make the turkey our national emblem instead of the eagle. I wonder what our stature among nations would be if it were. The word turkey has become synonymous with failure or ineptness, with good reason. Turkeys, en masse, had very little sense. Almost anything will set them off into a panic. A leaf blowing from a tree or the shadow of a buzzard flying overhead will end the whole mob into a half-running half-flying stampede. As a group, they are frequently governed by a fright and flight instinct. As a turkey herder, I had to control the mob and avoid such mass action.

Early in the mornings, I opened the pens and called my flock. A surging sea of several hundred turkeys and I would set out over the fields. There are many ways to call turkeys – gobble, gobble, turk-turk, turkey-turkey, pee-pee-pee or yok-yok. I think I hollered something like, "Come on, let's go." After a few days, I complained that I was losing my voice. Dad gave me a police whistle.

The turkeys soon learned to come when I blew the whistle – that is, if they wanted to and if there was not something else of greater interest to them. If the turkeys discovered a snake, they began circling around it, stretching out their necks and making a cut-cut sound. Soon a hundred turkeys would be going in a circle cut-cutting. They ignored all my whistles and calls. The only way to get the bunch moving again was to kill the snake and remove it. Dad made a club-like walking stick for me for such a purpose. I would wade through the circling mass of turkeys and kill the snake that appeared to be hypnotized by the birds. I cut a notch on my stick for each snake killed – 19 in one summer. Most snakes were harmless chicken snakes, but several were poisonous copperheads. Once, I heard rattles. That time I abandoned the turkeys and fled.

We made a circle of our farm in the early morning hours. Through the corn patch, we disturbed clouds of grasshoppers that were gobbled up by the hungry birds. We went down to the Rowlett Creek bottom, through dock, cockleburs and sunflowers, and back up the hill through the pasture. I had to get the flock home before the day became too hot, or they stopped in the shade of every tree. I could blow my whistle until I was blue in the face, and they would refuse to budge.

As I strode along, I brandished my stick at every weed and crawdad hole. However, a little ding on the head was enough to knock a turkey cold. I would carry my unconscious victim to the house, where Mother would make me finish the deed, and we would have fried turkey again. Beef, if we could afford it, was rationed. Turkey – fried, stewed or baked – was always available.

I still avoid eating turkey, but the scent of hot sunflowers in damp bottom land on a summer day brings a wave of remembrance for that small tomboy that roamed the countryside with a flock of turkeys.

Local dialect's terms give clues to history

11-20-88

Howdy! Get down and come in and sit a spell. I'm fixin' to tell you all why we talk like we do, but I'll get to that directly.

Regional speech is a clear indication of local and personal history. American English developed from English as spoken by early English, Scottish and Irish settlers with additions of French, German and Native American. Later immigration brought new words that were absorbed into our national speech. However, across the country, localities were isolated into pockets of regional speech, whether in the Ozark mountains, a New York neighborhood or on the prairie of North Texas. We all have speech fossils that tell of our history.

A few of us have become unofficial spokespersons for the preservation of local idioms. As someone said recently, "When you talk to Big Daddy (L.C. Summers), you know he didn't come from upstate New York." Local speech is in danger of extinction. The whole country has been playing fruit-basket-turn-over since World War II. After 40 years, television has almost homogenized our language.

Some words we use are so ingrained that we are puzzled by our persistent use of them, in spite of ourselves. I often wondered why it was so difficult to say woodpecker when I meant that red-headed bird that makes holes in trees. Word geographers explain that when I say peckerwood, I am being rude to my North Carolina roots.

Most newcomers expect North Texans to sound like Lady Bird, but plantation or coastal southern differs from our local dialect because our history differs. Regional studies show that the speech of this locality is from the area designated as Western Midland in word geography; that is, from the uplands of Virginia, the Carolinas and the upper Ohio Valley. Dead giveaways are our use of pulley-bone (wish-bone), snake-doctor (dragonfly), tow sack (burlap bag) and skillet. We have some Hoosier, mixed with Hill Southern, a strong Scots-Irish heritage, and a little King James English, North Carolina German and Pennsylvania Dutch. After the Revolutionary War, our ancestors crossed the mountains into Kentucky, Tennessee and Ohio, then into Indiana, Illinois and Missouri. Because North Texas' Peter's colonists were drawn mainly from these states, our speech is distinct from that spoken south and southeast of here. Later migration of farmers from the southern hills only reinforced this difference. Once, it was said, the line was drawn where hash-browned potatoes became grits for breakfast. (I never encountered grits until I was grown, and then it was in Alabama.) Another indicator is where mashed potatoes became rice. Around here, rice was a treat, eaten with sugar and sweet milk or cooked in a custard. In southern speech, "r" is often dropped at the ends of words. We give full value to "r" in a Scottish echo and insert it into words like warsh and Warshington. We have relics of old English like antigogelen, from the same root as goggles, which means that something looks crooked or is not straight. Catty-cornered or cater-cornered means diagonal and is from old French "cater" for four. Whopper-jawed means it is not square, but sometimes things are completely out of kilter. The meanings for these words vary from person to person, but all mean that something is not quite right. No one seems to remember why we say that a ramshackled building is "leaning for Sunday." I believe that the original saying has something to do with a week being nearly gone. Does anyone know the complete phrase?

Our native nut tree, the pecan, is pronounced p'kawn. Corn-on-the-cob is called roasenears. Some of us call a garden spade a billdookey; to others, it is a sharpshooter.

Shucks cover an ear of corn, not husks. We fish for crawdads (crayfish) with a piece of bacon tied on a string. The names for turtles vary from state to state. Our local distinction is that terrapins live on land and are often seen crawling across roads, while turtles live in water. Chiggers are tiny red bugs that bore into the skin, lightning bugs glow at night.

“You all” is always plural. It is an all-inclusive term, especially in old-time Texas hospitality: “You all come to see us.” Yet, you hollered “Hello” or “Hello-the-house,” and waited to be asked to get down and come in when you rode or drove into someone’s front yard. In the summer, you sat on the front porch to visit; in winter, visitors were invited to come in to the fire. Social politeness was a way of life. Our speech was littered with phrases such as doggone, fiddle, aw-shoot, shucks, goodness gracious alive and heck-fire or with whistles and grunts as we avoided more explicit expletives. We hid our meanings behind an assortment of euphemisms, especially for our outdoor toilets. We visited the privy, outhouse, outdoor closet or the Joneses. A male horse or cow was never referred to as a stud or bull in the presence of the opposite sex or in polite society. Our most colorful names were given to lazy unambitious persons in our community, regardless of race. These were no ‘count, trifling, lazy as a pup, no good and at worse, just plain down-right sorry.

If we have a gully washer, toad strangler, chuck floater or downpour or if the bottom fell out, you should head for the high ground – the creek’s gonna rise. We have Texas blue northers when it gets cold enough to freeze the horns off a billy goat – real hog-killing weather.

Recently, we have become a mite sensitive about fixing and directly (pronounced fix’n and dreckly). These are our most useful fossils from our word history. My dictionary defines fixing as to make ready; to prepare. It says that our regional use means to intend. No So! If we say that we are fixing to do something, we have gone beyond merely intending, we are preparing to do it, even if our preparation is not visible to the listener. Directly is a less positive word than fixing. Although directly simplifies immediate action, we unashamedly use it to stall for time. If a North Texan tells you that he is fixing to do something, he will get the job done before the one that says he will do it directly.

Now, I hope this helps you to understand what we say and why we say it, for all this explaining has wore me down to a frazzle, so I’m fixing to stop right here.

Is it spring yet in Allen? Ask a bois d’arc

3-13-88

Spring is playing peek-a-boo. We catch only a glimpse of it before it hides behind winter again. The old japonica across the street is a blaze of blossoms, but I have seen it encased in clear ice in past winters. Our plum tree is in full bloom, although our peach trees are reluctant to open their buds; last year a freeze killed all the fruit.

According to our local weather watcher, L.C. “Big Daddy” Summers, we are due some more cold weather. Summers said that the old-timers knew that it was time to take off their longhandles when the bois d’arc trees put out their leaves the size of squirrel’s ears.

The first time I heard the bois d’arc theory was while we ate our black-eyes peas on New Year’s Day. My husband, D.C., had pored over a stack of seed catalogs during the week between Christmas and New Year’s Day. We joked that he was trying to rush the seasons. Uncle Earnest Thomas said that one of the pioneer Campbell brothers

(Campbell Road and Central) told him, when he was a boy, that he should watch the bois d'arc, for when it began to leaf, the time was right to plant. This was a new use, for me, of our multi-purpose tree. Early settlers used the dense yellow wood in place of iron and stone, as house foundations, plows, wagon parts, furniture, dyeing, tanning and planted hedgerows for fences. They also sold its seeds as a cash crop. Someone in the early days must have observed that this most native of our trees did not put out its leaves until there was no danger that its tender buds would freeze. When I mentioned this to weather observer Summers, he came up with the bit of local lore that the bois d'arc leaves should be the size of squirrel's ears before planting plants that could be killed by frost.

Hazel Anderson told me, back in February, that she was busy gardening. Roland Miller said that he had set out onions and other hearty plants, and Summers has his tomatoes under individual greenhouses made from milk jugs. Our family gardener finally got his seed order sent off. The seed company at Stephenville, Texas, must have known he was in a rush, for he received his order only three days later. This year, he solved the problem of weather changes by placing his seedling pots in an old red wagon that he pulls in and out of the garage.

Many local gardeners plant potatoes in February or in early March. My grandfather, T. "Tater" Thomas, planted acres of potatoes each year on the side of Iron Ore Mountain in Tennessee. After my father moved to Texas, he continued the family tradition of planting potatoes on Saint Patrick's Day. Although this is later than usual in this locality, Dad, who denied any superstition in his planting date, claimed that potatoes planted early just lay there until the ground warmed up, anyway.

So how will you know that spring has finally spring? Watch for the scissortails! This bird's return was the signal for North Texas farmers that the time had come to plant cotton. Most of us who have been around while will tell you that we are bound to get a cold spell at Easter. The local maxim is, "If Easter is late, spring is late." Probably for this reason, many gardeners plant beans on Good Friday, rather than for any religious or superstitious reasons. Most gardeners will tell you that it is just good sense to plant in the signs; crops below the ground should be planted in the dark of the moon, and those above ground, in the light of the moon or while the moon is on the increase.

However, with all of our signs and superstitions, we are sometimes surprised. One such time was in the spring of 1902. L.C. Summers remembers Henry Tennison telling the story many years ago. Tennison was a young black cowboy (well before the turn of the century) that worked on a ranch in the Texas Hill Country when he and his boss trailed some horses that had been stolen from the ranch. **They discovered the horses in the corral at the stagecoach way station that was located south of the Wetsel-Fondren house that was burned recently.** Tennison was so impressed by this country that he told his boss as they were leaving that he would return here someday. He did return, to live a long life here and to become a valued part of this community. His home was on Rowlett Road, near the creek. In the spring of 1902, Tennison's corn was up and doing well. He plowed his patch all the day before the night of May 3, 1902. That night a late hard freeze killed all of Tennison's corn crop.

When will spring arrive? I have been checking the bois d'arc trees on the creek behind the Eric Vita building, and I haven't seen any squirrel's ears or any sign of green yet. However, the groundhog did not see his shadow, and there was no thunder in February, so spring will probably get here sometime after the Easter cold snap.

Good wells were hard to come by in area

5-14-89

“More dry holes than water wells” is Kenneth Bolin’s description of the wells in the locality. This is the opinion of all that I talked with about water wells. Most agree that although underground streams crisscross the area, good wells were not often located by happenstance. Farm homes either had good wells, weak wells or cisterns for holding rain water. Even today it is not difficult to find old timers who know what the water situation was on each local farm. Apparently, good water was often prized above good land when renting a farm. If there was a good well, a family usually rented the same farm for years.

Summers emptied cisterns, and weak wells dried up. Water had to be hauled for house use and for livestock from one of the good wells, for neighbors shared when they could. A well that provided water for many families is on what was known as the Dr. Fitzhugh Wolford place, on Rock Ridge Road, north of Main Street (FM 2170). This well ran full when others were completely dry, in spite of the demand placed on it. Once the well had a large pump with a handle, the kind used with windmills; however, no one remembered that it ever had a windmill. The water was pumped by hand. On most summer days a line of wagons with tanks and barrels waited. As one tank was filled, another moved into place so fast that the pump did not lose its prime. There was no charge for the water, but the water troughs for the stock in the pasture were kept filled as thanks for the water. A tractor-powered pump was installed by a cooperative effort; a tractor and fuel was provided. A power pole indicates that in later years an electric pump was on the well.

A strong spring fed the well and still runs out its broken curb into a small branch, even in driest times, according to those who live on adjoining property.

The well was jugged; that is, below the surface soil and loose brick, the well belled out in the solid rock. This gave the well a greater holding capacity that made it able to take the demand. We do not know who dug the well, or if the spring flowed out of the ground on the site before the well was dug.

Often there is no indication that there is a source of underground water, especially up on the higher elevations. Sometimes there are signs for those who are observant. One method that I have heard that others used, also, as we did, is to study crawdads (crayfish). Once as a child, I helped my father follow a line of crawdad holes from a spring that flowed into Rowlett Creek. Dad knew that the spring flowed across our farm – our job was to locate it. We watched for fresh mud on tops of crawdad mounds as we walked across the dried-up mud plats on a hot summer day. High on the hill above the bottomland we found that the holes continued. At a particularly large mound with lots of fresh wet mud, Dad started to bore a hole with a fence post auger. He worked at night in the cool of the evening extending the auger’s pipe handle as the hole deepened. At about 18 feet, he struck the stream of water. As he worked he told me stories about Uncle Cicero and others that he had known back in Tennessee who could locate water by a less logical method – water witching.

In the early days in this area, one of the men who witched or dowsed for water was Uncle Ack Scott. (Uncle was an honorary title given to certain venerable older men, regardless of kinship or race.) After Frances E. Kerby married Benjamin A. Scott in 1866, her father, J.W. Kerby, gave her 100 acres in the Kerby survey. Their home place

was where Tom Taylor now lives, in the area along the south fork of White Rock Creek in Lucas. There is a well at this place that is about 50 feet deep. Taylor said that after an electric pump was put on the well it could occasionally be pumped dry, but it would recover after a few hours. Taylor had a man clean out the well, intending to deepen it to have a greater reservoir capacity; however, after cleaning several feet of silt from the bottom, a stream, about a foot wide gushed into the well. It is most probably that Ack Scott first found the stream by dowsing.

Ed Ereckson told the following story that had been passed down through the family about Scott's ability as a water witch, and his nephew, Tom Kerby, a notorious prankster and tease. The Kerby family had carried water uphill from a spring in the creek for many years. W.D. (Uncle Will) asked his brother-in-law, Ack Scott, to witch for water to see if a well could be dug near the house. Tom watched with interest as his uncle witched for water. When a spot was located, Scott told his brother-in-law that if he dug there to a certain depth, he would find plenty of water. Tom Kerby ran into the house, grabbed the water bucket and flung the water out into the yard with an exuberant "Whowee!" His father thought that he was making fun of his uncle's witching and "tore the seat of his britches up." He probably had to do his share of the digging, also, so his celebration was a little early, for the well was a deep one – "Had to pull a lot of rope." But it is known as one of the better wells in the area.

Well, to borrow an old pun, wells are a deep subject that we will have to continue.

Springs an integral part of area's history

5-7-89

Once wild animals – deer, pronghorned antelope, buffalo, and bears – made trails to springs where water flows freely from the ground. Small wild creatures still water at the old springs. There is evidence that people of prehistory camped at the springs. Caddo and Wichita Indians once established home sites nearby. Later, eastern tribes – Cherokees, Delawares, Kickapoos – lived at the springs before they were evicted by white settlers.

Much of our history is related to springs. Samuel Young's spring on Rowlett Creek was the site of large camp meetings that were important to the religious life of the early settlers.

The springs on Rowlett Creek where the massacre occurred are mentioned by Gunner Brune in "Springs of Texas," Vol. I. Brune says the Muncey Springs are "located on the old Hagy place, they are near a pool called the Old Indian Hole. The Indians resisted being forced out of their old haunts, and killed several people here in 1844. The springs flowed 0.07 lps in 1977 for about 50 meters before sinking into the sand" (about a gallon per minute).

There is so much to be told about our springs that we will take each area in turn to explore their history, but first we need to know a little about where the water comes from and how it flows. One area where spring water is very evident is in the Forest Grove (Lovejoy) community. The family of John Wesley Kirby were original settlers in this area. Kirby's land reached east of FM 1378 a mile and north of Blondy Jhune Road for about a mile and a half. The family lived in the southwest corner near the south fork of White Rock Creek, where strong springs flow into the creek. Alice Jones, who had lived near the old Kirby place since 1911, remembers hot summer days when her mother

would take a gourd dipper and tell the children to come go with her to a spring on the creek, for she wanted a drink of cold spring water.

Further along the branch, on the Kirby survey, water runs from the ground some distance above the creek. The place has always been known as seep land. Ed Ereckson once plowed these fields with an old lug-wheeled tractor. If he got too close to the seeps, the wheels would sink into the soil until they hit solid rock. He said that he could hear the lugs grating against the rock as he pulled out of the mire. Although he says that he never got completely stuck, he came near enough several times to cause him to avoid that corner of the field. Tom Taylor said that his hay packer once just sunk down into the mire. A later owner scooped out the soil in the seep and made a pond.

The willow-shaded pond was never dry and fish grew to be whoppers in its murky depths; however a couple of years ago, Dennis Harris decided to clean the pond down to the rock surface. When I heard that several springs had been found, flowing into the pond, I went to see them. All the dirt and decaying rock had been removed. The upper side was a solid wall of white Austin chalk. The bottom was a smooth layer of blue shale. (As blue was the color known as “country blue”.) Where the two rock formations met, four strong springs flowed. A pump was working to keep the water out until the job was finished, but it was losing the battle. Three springs were clear and the more adventurous among us sampled the water and said that it had a good taste, but one spring, about 10 feet from one of the good springs, had the distinctive smell of rotten eggs. Where it puddled, an oil scum formed. This sulfur-fouled spring is unusual in this area, for most of our spring water is pleasant tasting and only varies in softness and hardness.

Most geologists that I have questioned about the springs have used words like porosity, permeable and impermeable that only confused me. From my own studies in Geology 101, I concluded that our local springs are from a source known as perched table. This assumption was recently verified. While exchanging family news with Gary Pettit in Plano, who is an engineering consultant in water resources, I asked about our local springs. Gary wrote a report for the book. “An Open Space Plan for Collin County.” He said that our springs are perched table springs. They are not fed by a large aquifer such as those at San Marcos, but are recharged by local rainfall. Where there is a weak place, such as where a creek cuts below the water table, a spring flows. If this weak place is on a hillside covered with soil, a seep forms.

With apologies to Gary and my former geology instructors, I offer a kitchen explanation: If a saturated sponge (porosity) is placed on a tabletop (impermeability), water will puddle under the sponge until a trickle begins to run and water flows off the table. Now, if we substitute soil and chalk saturated with rain water for the sponge, and a surface like shale for the table top, we have springs. This is a simple explanation; yet it is difficult to comprehend how some of our forceful springs have run steadily since before recorded time.

But, as land is covered with houses and concrete, water will not be absorbed and ultimately our springs will disappear – only their history can be preserved.

Old-timers say dowsing God-given talent

5-21-89

You either believe in the gift of dowsing for water or you don't. That some people have this special gift was accepted as fact in the past. It took tremendous faith to dig down 30-50 feet, blasting through solid rock, to find the underground stream that a

dowser, diviner or water witch, whatever you called him, had told you was at that location. (Especially, if it was not in the convenient place where your wife wanted a well.)

Today, the art of divining is considered in the realm of parapsychology. Old-timers believed it was a God-given talent. Had not God been telling people where to find water since the days of Abraham? In "Foxfire" No. 4, an old dowser, C.M. Arrowood, is quoted as saying, "It's just a gift from God is all I know." Arrowood is also typical in that he does not dowse for personal gain. "I don't ever charge anything for this. Oh, if people are satisfied with the well, they might give me \$10 or \$15, and I turn around and give it to the church. I don't do this as a way to make money for myself."

For many years, Uncle Frank Dugger was known as one of the best at locating water around here. He was in his late years when we knew him. My husband, D.C., would visit with him as they sat on a bench in the shade of his tool shed or on the front porch of his home on McDermott, across from the old water tower, and listen to stories of his long and varied life. He told D.C. about locating water wells here and in other counties. "I wish I had known you would be doing this (writing local history). I would have tried to remember more", D.C. complains. However, it was not difficult to find others who attest to Uncle Frank's skill.

The type of stick that Uncle Frank preferred to use was a fresh-cut, forked branch from a peach tree. Others prefer willow sticks, although some say that the kind of wood makes no difference as long as it is green and pliable. Some dowsers use copper wire of coat hangers. Gene Ereckson mostly used peach or willow, but sometimes used welding rods. The book "Foxfire" shows Arrowood holding his forked stick with one branch in his mouth and the other held lightly under the thumb of one hand. Our local dowsers used a two-handed method. Kenneth Bolin said that his father-in-law, Jim Duncan, gripped the stick so tightly that when he found a strong stream of water and the stick turned, the bark would be peeled off from the force of the twisting in his hands.

Bolin once tested the skill of three men – Dugger, Duncan and his neighbor, Jack Polser. He had each man search around his home, unbeknownst to the others. All found a stream within one foot of the other two. Because this was in a location that has some of the hardest rock found in our local chalk, the site could not be drilled. Bolin had a well-driller from Dallas dig near where a spring flows into a branch of Mustang. According to Polser, they had missed the stream by 2 or 3 inches. Bolin then had John Enloe, a local well-digger, try where Polser indicated. When Enloe had drilled only 2 feet, water bounced out of the top of the hole, Bolin said. They continued drilling and found a second stream 12 to 15 feet further down. Drilling on the 3-foot wide well continued to 30 feet. In less than an hour the well filled and water ran out of the top and flowed into the creek. In 29 years, the well has been dry only twice.

Uncle Frank Dugger, according to Bolin, said that only one thing would give a false signal to a water witch. That was eisenglass (mica?). A well Bolin watched Dugger witch in the '40s on the Frank Bedell place was an example. Water was estimated to be about 23 feet down, but at 20 feet, the well digger brought out a large piece of eisenglass – the well never had water.

Although I have seen a forked stick dip down and twist to locate streams, I was puzzled about how they could estimate so closely how deep down the water was. L.C. "Big Daddy" Summers explained that Uncle Frank used a forked stick to locate water and

a straight stick for depth. He held a straight stick over the chosen well site, and the stick would bob up and down once for each foot of depth. (Would it work in metric?)

Summers once had Dugger search for water on land he had bought at Lake Dallas in Denton County. Dugger had forgotten to bring a peach tree stick from home so he cut a fork from a willow tree. As he walked across Summers' land, he found a stream and followed its path to the boundary fence. He searched again and found a second stream that also passed under the fence. Dugger said that the two streams had to cross, not far from the fence, so the two men climbed over the fence into the neighboring property that was a jungle of trees and brush. As they pushed through to where Dugger said the streams would cross, there was an old well hidden in the brush. According to Summers, Uncle Frank said, "That well was witched."

INDIANS

Recorded Indian sites plentiful in county

1-22-89

America was not an unpeopled void waiting for the shod foot of a European to step ashore, yet we have scant knowledge of America before the voyages of Columbus and of the people we displaced. Even those of us with some Native American blood have difficulty in comprehending the prairie primeval.

For example, I once found an arrowhead. Its point was broken. As I turned the piece of flint in my hand, I wondered about the Indian that had once held it and I felt a frisson of inherited fear. Had white settlers been attacked here? Had two tribes battled? Had an animal been shot for food? I realized how limited my view of Indians was when I questioned an archaeologist. I was told that my arrowhead was a factory reject, had never been shot and was made long before any settlers arrived on the scene.

Dart and arrow points are key artifacts to periods of prehistoric Native America. A few distinctively shaped dart points found on the surface of prehistoric campsites in Collin County are indications of the presence, 10,000 years ago, of Clovis, Folsom and other PaleoIndians.

Other evidence shows that during the Archaic period, the Carrollton Focus people (about 8,000 B.C. to 2,000 B.C.) lived along the East Fork of the Trinity and the creeks of the county. These were followed by the Elam Archaic people. Less nomadic than earlier people, they occupied established campsites for long periods of time. The Archaic people gathered plants and hunted game with a throwing device, the atlatl, and darts. Commonly found tools at Archaic sites are dart points, grinding stoves and scrapers.

Collin County and other counties in Texas' blackland have been neglected by professional archaeologists, although there are many recorded sites: for, it is almost impossible to study overlying layers of occupation. Our soil moves about, artifacts fall into dry weather cracks, and organic material disintegrates in this soil. However, members of Collin County Archaeological Society are very knowledgeable. They are amateurs only in the sense that they have other professions and vocations. They have studied sites all over the county. While there are a hundred or more recorded sites, society members believe that there are many more undiscovered. There is a race with urban development to find and study the sites before they are lost forever. Archaeological studies were made at the time of construction at Lake Lavon, but sites could not be thoroughly worked before the lake filled.

Many of the sites were from the period known as Late Prehistoric. Major changes in the way of life of prehistoric Indians began about A.D. 500. Clans began to congregate along the East Fork of the Trinity in the area of the present-day lake. It is believed that the smaller creeks were drying up due to a drought. Nearly every large spring in the county also shows evidence of an Indian encampment during this period that is known as the Wylie Focus. We begin to see the appearance of pottery; corn and beans began to be cultivated. These changes are thought to have been introduced by migrating Indians.

At this time, true arrowheads or bird points appeared. This indicated the use of a bow and not the spear throwing atlatl as in earlier periods. With a bow and arrow, a long hunter could stalk game. The arrowpoint I found was of this period. The site, near large

springs on Sister Grove Creek, about 30 miles north of Allen, is one of the rare places where flint cobblestones are found. (A geologist said that the round stones had tumbled all the way from the Rockies.) Cobble fields usually show evidence that lithic tools were manufactured there – a litter of chipped stone and broken points around a campsite. A point could be crafted in about 10 minutes. Such stone points were made over 500 years ago. After that time, metal points were used.

During the Late Prehistoric period, large circular pits were made along East Fork and its tributaries. These are called Wylie Focus Pits and were 30 to 90 feet in diameter and from 2 to 6 feet deep. Some archaeologists believe that houses or ceremonial buildings were built inside the pits. There were human burials found in some pits. The Wylie Focus Pits were first studied near Hogge Bridge, a site now under Lake Lavon. This pit was 90 feet in diameter and 4 ½ feet deep. Common artifacts were pottery of the Nacona Plain type and Alba and Perdiz arrowpoints. The site was dated by radio-carbon technique at A.D. 1020.

The Heard Natural Science Museum as locally-found artifacts on display that include pottery, coral, turquoise and obsidian that is thought to have been brought to this area by traders from pueblos in New Mexico. This could be an indication that this region was on a major trade route. It is also possible that traders were seeking bois d'arc wood to make bows.

However, about 500 years ago, at about the time that the pueblo civilizations in New Mexico disintegrated, North Central Texas was abandoned by prehistoric Indian groups. There does not seem to be an explanation for the exodus. Very few relics of the later historic period have been found here. The Indians that were in North Texas when settlement began were displaced groups from eastern tribes and roaming bands of western Indians. None were native to Collin County.

Indians turned hostile as settlement increased 2-12-89

At first, the Indians showed friendliness toward settlers in North Texas. They visited the homesteads and were no bother except for some petty thievery. The friendliness disappeared as more settlers moved in. The Indians began to complain that their “cows,” or buffaloes, and other game were being killed. They left their squaws at home, painted their faces and showed other signs of hostility. Although herds of mustang horses roamed the prairies, the Indians knew good horses when they saw them, and coveted the fine horses that the settlers brought in from Tennessee and Kentucky. The settlers saw horse thieving as a sign of the Indians’ hostility and anger; the Indians probably just wanted their hoes. This led to an end of the shaky peace that Daniel Rowlett tried to maintain.

Daniel Montague led a party of 17 men in an attack on a bank of Kickapoos, Shawnees, Cherokees and Delawares camped near Warren on May 16, 1837. Several Indians were killed. Among them was Billy Amos, a cousin of Rowlett’s friend, Jim Logan. A truce was arranged after this fight, but Indians continued to steal horses. Isolated farms were attacked, and lone travelers were killed. Several children were taken by the Indians and were ransomed by the Republic of Texas.

Indians’ raids effectively held back the western movement of North Texas settlers. By 1839, many of the 600 or 700 persons in Fannin County had moved back to the comparative safety of Red River County. Those that remained in Fannin were

camped in three stockaded forts: Warren on Red River, Fort English (present Bonham), and Fort Lyday (between Honey Grove and Ladonia).

The men worked the fields together; some plowed while others stood guard. Harvest was divided among the families, but there was plenty for all.

General Edward H. Tarrant, commander of the Texas Rangers (Texas militia groups) in North Texas, led in the defense of the settlements. Tarrant had fought in the Indian Wars with Andrew Jackson and was a veteran of the Battle of New Orleans and the Texas Revolution.

However, the boldness of the Indian's raids increased. They attempted to raid the corral at Fort English, but were frightened away by the noise made by the two guards as they were awakened suddenly and, in the excitement, fell from the parapet. At Fort Warren, court officials and jurors were enjoying the hospitality of Joseph Sowell's and John H. Scott's tavern when Indians made an attempt to get what were probably the best horses in the county. Sowell was killed. John Yearly, at his home, fought off an attack with his eye hoe until his wife reached him with his gun. The brave woman received a deep wound in her thigh.

The increase in hostility was largely caused by change in the attitude of the Republic of Texas to the Indians. At the time of the revolution, Sam Houston made a treaty with Chief Bowles, guaranteeing the Indians peaceable possession of their land in exchange for their neutrality during the war. The treaty was never ratified by the republic. The Indians felt that they had been treated unjustly. Following the presidency of the tolerant Houston and that of President Mirabeau B. Lamar, a bitter enemy of all Indians, he and the land-hungry Texans saw no solution but the expulsion of Indians from Texas. This expulsion was carried out with brutality. Only a remnant remained on the western fringe.

North Texans, prevented from moving into this area because of the Indian threat, took action. On May 4, 1841, volunteers gathered on Choctaw Bayou, eight miles west of Warren. (Several of these men later had counties named for them.) James Bourland was named captain; William C. Young (Young County), lieutenant; Dr. Lemuel M. Cockran, orderly sergeant; John B. Denton (Denton County) and Henry Stout led scouting parties. Gen. Tarrant (Tarrant County) led the group, although his command was unofficial. Daniel Montague (Montague County) of Warren was among the group, as were other Fannin County men that included some who later settled in Collin County. A half-breed, Jack Ivy, led the group.

The party moved west on May 14. It was believed that the Indians were camped near the present side of Bridgeport. The volunteers went through the Cross Timbers, a band of heavy brush and trees that once ran from the Red River into Central Texas. The men crossed the Elm Fork of the Trinity. After four days they reached the rumored village on the West Fork, but found it deserted. Tarrant ordered the men to destroy the 60 or 70 lodges with axes because he feared burning would signal their presence to the Indians.

After going over the divide to the Brazos where they saw no signs of Indians, the men turned back to the Trinity to camp on Fossil Creek (Fort Worth-Haltom City). The next day, they crossed to the south side of the Trinity along an old buffalo trail. Their scouts reported sighting three Indian villages about three miles ahead (Arlington). Between 9 and 9:30 on May 24 as they stopped behind a thicket to leave their packs to

prepare to attack on horseback, Tarrant is quoted as saying “Now, my brave men, we will never meet on earth again. There is great death and confusion ahead. I shall expect every man to fill his place and to do his duty.” Thus, the Battle of Village Creek began. The North Texas volunteers quickly took two villages, but the third and largest had been aroused and was prepared for defense. John B. Denton was killed as he and Stout led an attack.

The Texans decided to take stock. From prisoners, they learned that over a thousand warriors lived in the villages. At that time, half were away hunting and raiding. Among the Village Confederation were Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Caddoes, Kickapoos and Anadarcos. In the two villages taken the men counted 225 lodges. Some lodges contained bedsteads with feather beds. There was a blacksmith shop. The Indians had all kinds of farming tools. Over 300 acres were planted in corn. They had good guns and had a large amount of ammunition. The Texans took what booty they could carry – mostly guns, lead and powder, 37 horses, and six cows – and left.

The next day, John B. Denton – lawyer, minister, Indian fighter – was buried on a high prairie. (In 1860 his remains were moved to the yard to the old Chism ranch house. In 1901 he was reburied on the courthouse square in Denton.)

It took a second expedition led by Gen. Tarrant and Gen. James Smith to disband the Village Confederation and force the Indians to leave the area. Although renegade bands continued to trouble the settlers, families began to move into the area that became Collin County.

Massacre victims buried on creek bank

3-12-89

The continuing conflict between Indians and settlers reached a chilling climax with the Muncey-Jamison massacre. However, little is known about the people involved, and there will always be disagreement about the facts. But the massacre happened. Its victims still lie buried on the southwest bank of Rowlett Creek between Highway 5 and Jupiter Road.

Almost nothing is known about the Muncey family. Jeremiah Muncey was not listed in the 1840 census of Texas. His grant of 640 acres came after the fact, in 1845, but Daniel Rowlett surveyed the tract for Muncey in January 1842. The headright certificate was fourth class, which indicates that the family was a late arrival. After the massacre, William Perrin acquired the Muncey land. Miss Geraldine Hagy, whose family for many years owned the land where the tragedy occurred, said that the Muncey’s title in the land’s abstract is said to have been ‘vacant succession,’ meaning there were no heirs.

When McBain Jamison presented a claim for 640 acres to the Fannin Board of Land Commissioners, he stated that he was a married man and head of a family. He took the oaths prescribed by the constitution and laws of the Republic of Texas and made proof by two witnesses, Charles Hampton and Thomas Rowland, that he emigrated to the country (Republic of Texas) in December 1839. He received a second-class certificate for 640 acres. He was listed in the 1840 census in Fannin County. Rowlett surveyed half this grant, 320 acres, north of the Muncey land (north of Chaparral) in January 1842. In various accounts of the massacre, Jamison is referred to as a single man or an elderly man; however, he had at least two heirs, Jane and Thankful Jamison, although their relationship to him is no known. Jane married Young B. Warren, and Thankful married a

man named Case. According to deed records, in 1855, the women sold 160 acres, “land on which they now live,” to James and Sophia Hix. The Hix family was living in Johnson County two years later in 1857, when they sold the land to Benjamin F. Mathews. This part of McBain Jamison’s land is known locally as the old Mathews place.

Although some accounts say that the Muncey-Jamison raid and others during this period were made by Comanches or Kiowas who came into this area to hunt, there are others that believe that the Muncneys were killed by a band of the Village Creek Confederation that had eluded Gen. Tarrant’s dragnet. This is just another question that is unanswerable.

The story as recounted in most history books of this region comes from an article written in 1930 by a McKinney lawyer, George Pearis Brown. This is the story as it was told to him by his father and other old-timers. According to Brown, in the fall of 1844, the Muncey family and an elderly man named Jamison settled on Rowlett Creek. They built a board camp but were engaged in building a log house. Leonard Searcy and William Rice, each with a son, were in the area hunting. Searcy went in search of Muncey’s camp. He found Muncey and Jamison dead on the floor of the hut. The bodies of Mrs. Muncey and a small child had been mutilated. The Muncey boys were missing. The Brown account said that Searcy told Rice of his horrible discovery and they went in search of their own sons. They soon found young Rice dead, but the Searcy boy had escaped.

However, G.W. “Uncle Wash” Ford, who spent most of his adult life in this vicinity; had a different version. Ford recalled the death of Joe Rice as a separate incident. Ford was himself in a hunting party that included Rice and several others who went out on a deer hunt. Rice wandered away from the hunting party and was shot by a small squad of Indians. His companions made a rush to get to him, but before they could do so the Indians had killed and scalped Rice.

“Uncle Wash” was 82 in 1903 when he told of these stories of the early days for “The Pioneer Magazine.” He said that a man named Lee brought the news of the Muncey massacre to Fort Buckner. A party was made up at once to bury the murdered victims. Ford was one of the men who performed the grim task. Pete Ford, his grandson, said that he had been told that the ground was extremely hard and difficult to dig with the tools the men had. They dug one common grave for the victims. G.W. Ford said, “All of the bodies were found except for those of two boys, which were discovered a year afterward, in March 1844, in some woods not far away.”

Longtime residents of this area have known through the years where the massacre victims were buried on the bank of Rowlett Creek. However, the gravesite is on private property. A historical marker that tells of the old tragedy is on Highway 5, south of Rowlett Creek bridge.

Indian attacks claimed some early settlers

3-5-89

Stories of the early days in Collin County have been told and retold until they have become folk tales. Their dates and details vary with each telling; yet there is one clear fact – the early settlers faced hardships and danger with courage and perseverance.

Samuel Young was such a pioneer. When the Virginian crossed the Red River into Texas in his covered wagon, he had 50 cents in his pocket. He probably arrived during 1840, because he was not listed on the 1840 census of the Republic of Texas, but on Nov. 2, 1840, he was selected for the first grand jury of Fannin County. The new county had just completed its first courthouse at Warren.

During the autumn of 1842, Samuel Young, Wesley Clements, Peg Whisler and their wives settled on Honey Creek (about three miles north of McKinney). Young went to Fort English (Bonham) in late December to get supplies. On Christmas morning, while Clements and Whisler worked in the woods near the cabin the group shared, Indians attacked and killed the men. Mrs. Clements and Mrs. Young were able to bar the door of the cabin and hold off their attackers with a gun.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Whisler, who was at the creek, heard the gunfire and saw the Indians. To hide, she submerged in the creek and kept only her nose above the water. After a while all was quiet. Believing all the others had been killed, Mrs. Whisler fled, running across the prairie in the direction of Fort English. When two men in a wagon met the woman, her clothes torn and bloody, they thought she was deranged. The poor woman probably was crazed, for her parents, too had been killed by Indians on the Brazos.

It is thought that Samuel and Patience Young stayed near Fort English during the next year, but Young had a Fannin Third Class certificate for 640 acres of land to be located. In 1844, the Youngs returned to this area. He located half of his grant on the West Fork of Rowlett Creek (west of Custer, between McDermott and Highway 121). He sold the other half of his land to Eli Witt (located in the southwest corner of the county, near Frankford).

The Youngs built a small log cabin near a large spring on Rowlett Creek. According to Gladys Young a granddaughter, their only neighbors were the Baccus and Witt families. She said that his grandfather built a large house, like a fort, to replace their first temporary cabin. When there was Indian unrest, the women and children of the neighborhood gathered behind the Youngs' stockaded walls. The men kept watch.

Patience Young, who survived the attack on Honey Creek, died in 1847 from another peril of the frontier – diphtheria. Samuel Young married a 16-year-old girl from Illinois, Charity Stow, in 1849. They had a large family.

Young began in Texas with 50 cents, but with the land that the Republic gave him, and with hard work, he prospered. During the next 50 years, he bought more land in this area, and acquired large chunks of land further west in Clay County. In the 1880s, he bought lots in the new town of Allen. In addition to this home, he owned most of the business block, east of the railroad, south of Main Street. It is said that his health was failing at that time, and he moved to town to be near the doctors.

It took perseverance to return to this area after the Indian attack on Honey Creek, because the Indian troubles were not over in 1844. Young tried to make friends with the Indians that came to his cabin and he gave them sugar and tobacco. According to family tradition, because of this show of friendliness, he received a warning that there had been a hostile powwow. Farther down Rowlett Creek, settlers were killed.

Indians assist early adventurers

11-29-92

Two years before the Pilgrims landed on the rocky shore of New England, John Bush arrived in the Virginia Colony in the ship, Neptune.

The Virginia Colony began in 1607 when three ships sent out by the Virginia Company of London landed at Jamestown to become the first English settlement to survive in America. This group of adventurers, sick and weak with hunger, would have perished if the Indians had not sent emissaries with corn, bread, meat and fish just when starvation seemed eminent.

Captain John Smith assumed leadership and they made it through another winter. After Smith was wounded in an explosion and returned to England, there was another “starving time” before the acting governor decided to abandon the settlement. However, their ship was met downstream on the James River by Lord De La Warr with three ships, 300 men and needed supplies.

Relations with the Indians improved after Pocohontas, daughter of the Indian emperor Powhatan, married Englishman John Rolfe. Rolfe is also credited with the development of tobacco as a cash crop.

Rolfe recorded a significant event in July 1619. A ship sailed up the James River where “a Dutch man of warre sold us 20 Negars...” These are the first African-Americans known to have arrived in America. They were admitted not as slaves, but as indentured servants, the same as other people who worked out a period of servitude to pay for their transportation; however, the institution of slavery would soon evolve.

As the early emergencies passed, the English settlers demanded more rights. The Virginia Company drew up a new charter with headright land grants and a council of burgesses was formed. During this time, the governors of the colony were changing with the passing of each voyage to and from England. Lord Delaware returned to England because of illness and was returning to Virginia to resume his office as governor on the *Neptune* in 1618 when he died. On the ship was John Bush, believed to be the first of our local Bush family in America.

Sir George Yeardley was appointed to take Lord Delaware’s place and a fleet of ships left England with his party in January 1619. John Bush’s wife, Elizabeth, and two daughters came to the colony on a ship named the *Guifte*.

The Bush family settled in the parish of Kicoughtan in the borough of Elizabeth City, now in Hampton and Newport News, Va. The turnover in governors led to a dispute over title to land in Kicoughtan. William Kemp, who lived with William Julian, a near neighbor of John Bush, made a complaint to a Virginia Court held in London in 1622 on behalf of the settlers at Kicoughtan. Governor Yeardley had taken over lands settled by the early colonists, which lay within a tract designated as “Company lands” that he placed under Capt. William Nuce, the first marshal of Virginia. Kemp’s testimony included these charges;

“John Bush having two howses paid for before the said Governor came in was in like manner turned out and Capt. Nuce put in possession of the same by Sir George Yeardley, contrary to all right and equity, whereby he lost all his goods and his wife, in that extremitie, miscarried with child”.

The brother of the said John Bush, being then dead in the howse, and his wife great with child was likewise turned out.”

In 1624, John Bush received a patent for 300 acres in Kicoughtan as his headright for transporting himself, his wife and two daughters to Virginia. He also received 100 acres for the transportation of two servants, Thomas Hand and William Parker in 1621.

John Bush died shortly after he was granted a "letter of administration" by the General Court, Nov. 1624. The property was acquired by Major Thomas Ceeley. Ceeley's plantation is mentioned in the book, *Old Farms Out of Which the City of Newport News Was Erected*.

The next known ancestor of the Virginia Bush family is Abraham Bush of Lancaster County, although his parentage and connection to John Bush has not been firmly established.

From early Virginia, the Bush family has left a broad trail in its westward trek. Their migrations, which included family members and those of several allied families, were to seek out new land for the younger family members. Although there have been many achievements by members of this family, the one thing that could be said of them is, "They owned a lot of land around here."

Indians protected hunting grounds

3-9-86

During the years 1843-44, determined settlers came to this northern area of the Republic of Texas to take up land. The Indians were just as intent on keeping them out. Raids became more vicious. In Fannin County most Indian raids were the work of renegade groups attempting to steal horses. These in Collin County seemed to be desperate attempts to keep white settlers from moving into their rich hunting grounds. These raids were said to have been made by the Comanches, who came from the west to strike, then quickly retreated back through the crosstimbers.

Peter Fisher moved on to the prairie at the heading of Mustang Branch, near Reed School, in 1844. After an Indian raid in the neighborhood, Fisher took his wife and two small children and escaped under the cover of night to Fort Warren on the Red River. When they returned they found that two young men, the Allred boys, who had come from Pettis County, Missouri with them, had been killed by Indians, about four miles east of present day McKinney.

McBain Jamison settled on the 320 acres now between Chaparrel Road and Ridgemont in Allen. The section south of Chapparal to Spring Creek was that of Jeremiah Muncy. Their deaths marked the end of Indian depredations in this county. George Pearis Brown, a McKinney lawyer, recorded in an article in 1930 what his father and others had told him about the incident. He said that in the fall of 1844, the Muncy family and Jamison were living in a board camp while building a cabin, near the spring in Rowlett Creek known locally as Muncy Spring or Indian Hole.

Leonard Searcy and William Rice each with a son were in the area hunting. Searcy went in search of the Muncy camp. He found Muncy and Jamison, dead on the floor of the hut. The bodies of Mrs. Muncy and a small child had been mutilated. The Muncy boys were missing. The Brown account said that Searcy told Rice of his horrible discovery, and they went in search of their own sons. They soon found young Rice's body. The Searcy boy had escaped, and was found on Wilson Creek.

In 1903, G. W. "Uncle Wash" Ford, then eighty-two years old, who had spent most of his adult life in this vicinity, told this story recorded in "The Pioneer Magazine." A man by the name of Lee brought the news of the massacre to Fort Buckner. A party

was made up at once to bury the murdered victims. Mr. Ford was one of the men who performed that grim task. He said all the bodies were found except those of two boys, which were discovered a year afterwards, in some woods, not far away. He mentioned that while they looked after the victims, Grafton Williams and Monroe McRunnels (McReynolds) came along in their wagons moving into Colin County.

Mr. Ford gave as a separate incident the death of Joe Rice. Ford, Rice, and others had gone out on a deer hunt. Rice wandered away from the hunting party, and was shot by a small squad of Indians. His companions made a rush to get to him, but before they could do so, the Indians had killed and scalped him.

Miss Geraldine Hagy and I walked down Rowlett Creek from the memorial marker on Highway 5, about a half a mile to a bend in the creek, by a hug double-trunk sycamore tree. She pointed out the spot where the graves of the Muncy family and Jamison were located according to local legend. For a hundred and forty-two years the creek has swept around this bend in dense woods of oak, pecan, and sycamore. Today, although tiny violets still grow among the dry leaves, the roar of a bulldozer broke the quiet. Change has come again as inexorable as that tide of early settlers.

Comanches resisted state's growth

8-24-91

The West began only a few miles from here.

In 1849, the United States Army established a string of eight forts along the frontier to divide White Texas from Red Texas. Fort Worth was the northernmost fort of the line.

Forty-two men of Company F, 2nd Dragoons, set up camp on the West Fork of the Trinity River on June 6, 1849. Later that year the fort was built.

It was soon apparent the line of forts was a sieve with holes hundreds of miles wide. Plains Indians continued to raid settlements east of the forts, and white settlers pushed on out beyond the line.

The small garrisons at the fort were mostly ill-equipped infantrymen. Texans joked bitterly that the only way the army could harm the Comanches was to cause the Indians to laugh themselves to death.

Governor Sam Houston wrote to Secretary of War John B. Floyd that the only way the soldiers could engage in battle was if the Indians came up to them. He said the Indians who made their forays on horseback "moved with wonderful celerity," and the Army regulars, being mostly infantry, could not pursue them and "If they did, they would only furnish a subject of ridicule and amusement to the Indians."

In two years, the first forts were obsolete. It was necessary to establish a second line of forts further west.

In June 1851, soldiers blazed a trail from Preston on the Red to the Brazos and established Fort Belknap in present Young Country. Oliver Loving, later of cattle trail fame, was a local teamster who hauled the freight for these first soldiers to Belknap.

Theoretically, there was no need for Texas Rangers, . However, Texans, to whom a horse was a necessity, believed that mounted Rangers could better patrol the frontier than a stationary army. At times, the army asked for help from the Rangers and at other times the governors took the initiative and called up companies.

Although the Rangers in the period from 1846-1861 were not the state police force they later became, they were active in the Indian Wars.

The summer of 1854 was a time of many depredations on the frontier. General Persifor F. Smith, Commandant, requisitioned six companies of Rangers from Governor Pease. Each furnished his own horse, equipment and arms. Captain William Fitzhugh and a company of Rangers from McKinney district were sent to Fort Chadbourne.

Fort Chadbourne had been established in 1852 by Company A and K, 8th Infantry. The fort was located in present Cooke County about mid-way between Abilene and San Angelo. Although its history is short, the fort served as an important contact and parley point with the Comanches and as a stop of the Overland Mail Butterfield Stage route.

Almost 80 men were enlisted into Fitzhugh's company on Nov. 2, 1853. Mostly they were young, as was the Captain's cousin Solomon Fitzhugh, who was 19. Solomon Fitzhugh drew a pension late in his life for this Ranger service.

Solomon's brother, Gabriel H., Fitzhugh, was a 2nd lieutenant in Captain James Bourland's Ranger company in 1858-59.

When Jefferson Davis became Secretary of War in 1853, he initiated some changes in the army on Texas' frontier. One unique experiment was with camels and had satisfactory results.

Also, Davis sent the newly organized 2nd Cavalry in Texas. This regiment is described as one of the most elite units to ever see field duty. From this unit, 17 officers served as generals in the Civil War—12 were Confederate.

After Davis left office, the government decided the cavalry was too expensive. It was after this that Governor Houston made his scathing remarks about the infantry. Houston called up the Texas Rangers.

Houston put nearly 1,000 Texas Rangers on the frontier. And in March 1860, ordered a campaign by Col. Middleton T. Johnson against the Kiowas and the Comanches. Serving under Johnson was Major William Fitzhugh and his brother, Captain Gabriel S. Fitzhugh, who led a company of about 100 Collin County men.

Robert Benton "Bent" Whisenant, grandfather of numerous descendents in Allen, was one of the Texas Rangers in Captain Gabriel S. Fitzhugh's company. Whisenant served from April 14 through Oct. 25, 1860. He was paid \$160.

The next year, many of these Rangers enlisted in the Confederate Army. The forts were abandoned and there was a resurgence of Indian troubles.

Many families on the frontier came back to Collin and other counties to the east to wait out the war. The conflict in Texas' West continued until Quanah, the last chief of the Comanches, led his people to the reservation in 1875.

Taking the land

2-23-86

Who would be the first to cross over the divide and settle along the creeks of the upper Trinity? Hunters and scouting parties gave reports of the rich blackland prairies and large springfed creeks to the settlers crowding the forts in Fannin County. After the expeditions to Village Creek, there was less fear of Indian attacks. A party composed of Dr. Daniel Rowlett, Jabez Fitzgerald, Edmund Todd, Pleasant Wilson, Dr. William E. Throckmorton, William R. Garnett and Little Ratton explored the area that became Collin County in the autumn of 1841. In January of 1842, they began the first white settlement of this country. The stockaded log cabin village was known as the Throckmorton settlement (between Melissa and Anna). By the end of 1842, the population was about ninety.

Samuel Young, Westley Clements, and Peg Whistler, and their families settled on Honey Creek (about three miles north of McKinney). Young went to Fort English to get supplies in late December. On Christmas Morning, 1842, Clements and Whistler were attacked by Indians while working in the woods. Whistler was killed instantly. Clements ran toward his cabin, but he was tomahawked and scalped with fifty yards of it. Mrs. Clements and Mrs. Young were able to bar the door of the cabin, and to hold off the attackers with a gun.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Whistler, who was at the creek, heard the gunfire and saw the Indians. She submerged in the creek, keeping only her nose above the water, until everything was quiet. Believing that the others had all been killed, she struck out for Fort English. After she crossed East Fork and was on the open prairie, she met two men in a wagon. She avoided them, calling out that the Indians had killed all in her settlement, and kept on running. They thought she was out of her head. The shocked woman probably was-- her parents had been killed by Indians on the Brazos. When the men reached Honey Creek, they found Mrs. Young and Mrs. Clements at the creek, trying to find a way across. The slain men were buried at Throckmorton settlement.

In 1844, Samuel Young, who had come to Texas from Virginia in a covered wagon about four years before then, again settled in Collin County. This time on land on Rowlett Creek. He was one of the first settlers in this locality. The Baccus and Witt families were their only neighbors. Miss Gladys Young said her grandfather built a large house like a fort to replace the first temporary cabin. The women and children gathered behind its walls and the men kept watch when there were Indian troubles. Samuel Young gave sugar and tobacco to friendly Indians that visited, and according to family tradition, he received warning of the hostile pow-wow before the massacre.

Patience Young, who survived the attack on Honey Creek, died in 1847 with diphtheria, another peril of the frontier. Young later married Charity Stow, and they had a large family. In the early 1880's, Young, who was in failing health, moved to the new town of Allen. He died here in 1891, at the age of 76.

Fisher family settlers troubled by Indians

3-19-89

The Pennsylvania Dutch came to William Penn's colony because of the freedom it offered. They established stable communities and practiced skilled crafts that were handed down from generation to generation. Yet, many of those of Pennsylvania-German ancestry spread out over the western territories, and were at the leading edge of the frontier. After many moves, the Fisher (Fischer) family arrived in Texas.

Peter Fisher was born in Pennsylvania about 1788. Earlier, the family was in Tennessee. In 1809, they moved to Green County, Ken., where they settled for seven years. In the fall of 1816, the Fishers moved to Illinois, but only stayed three years, because in the spring of 1820, Peter, John and Anthony Fisher and their families arrived in Cooper County, Mo. In 1829, they moved near the South Fork of the Blackwater River, the fourth family to move to Blackwater Township. At that time, the Fisher brothers had grown children, who soon linked the family to most of the other early families in that northwestern corner of Pettis County and northeastern corner of Johnson County near the Blackwater. Peter Fisher himself, at 51, married 18-year-old Elizabeth Scott. (In one of the coincidences we find so often in the research of families on the American frontier, Vincent Sitton, my husband's great-grandmother's uncle and

guardian, married Amilly Fisher; D.C.'s Sitton-Martin families were in the early settlement on the Blackwater.)

The first church organized in this settlement, a Regular (Primitive) Baptist Church, was organized in the home of James Roberts. Witsaul Fisher was a Predestinarian Baptist Preacher. James T. Roberts married Catherine Fisher, daughter of Peter and Witsaul's sister. When Peter Fisher moved to Texas in 1844, many of their kith and kin came with his family. So many were out of this Primitive Baptist church that it appeared to have been a church movement like that of Lonesome Dove, but apparently they were simply related families and friends. This did lead to the establishment of Orchard Gap Primitive Baptist Church (once located north of the corner of FM 2170 and FM 1378), because of the migration into the area of so many of this faith. A comparison of names in the 1840 census of Collin County reveals how large an exodus this really was.

In 1931, David Booth Fisher and his wife, Jennie Scalf Fisher, retold to George Pearis Brown some of their family's stories of the early days in Texas. D.B. Fisher's father was Napoleon B. Fisher, the eldest son of Peter's second family, and Jennie Fisher was a granddaughter of James Tinsley Roberts and Catherine Fisher Roberts. (It would take an expert in consanguinity to figure their complex kinship, but they were something like one-half first cousins, once removed.)

According to the Fishers, the Missouri group came to Texas in covered wagons pulled by oxen. In Indian Territory they had trouble with Indians, who set fire to the tall grass on the prairies. (Possibly this was not intentional harassment, because Indians regularly burned the prairies. Burning has been found necessary to maintain prairie grassland preserves.) However, the immigrants protected themselves by burning a large area of grass and pulling their wagons onto the burned area, until the prairie fire passed.

Sometimes when they needed water, they found the bluffs were too steep to reach the stream. They tied a rope to the clapper of an oxbell, and let the bell down as a bucket to draw up water.

In Texas, each man hurriedly built a shelter. This was described as a log cabin with a shedlike roof that sloped down on the north side. The sides were enclosed, but the south side had openings, near which fires were built to heat the cabin. Meals were cooked out in front of the cabin on an open fire. The floors were dirt, and there were no windows. The clapboards on the roof were weighted down with poles, because they had no nails.

Soon after they arrived, Indians made a raid in the area. Peter took Elizabeth and their two small children and escaped during the night to Fort Warren on the Red River. They learned that the Allred boys, two young men who had come with them from Missouri, had been killed during the raid.

To raise corn for cornmeal, they fenced a piece of land with split rails. They built the fence six to eight feet tall to keep out the deer, antelope and wild cattle and horses. The corn had to be taken to Fort Warren to be milled. For a short time, the only food that they had was milk from cows that they had brought with them and meat from the deer that they killed. To kill a deer on the open prairie was not easy with the range of the gun that Fisher had. The method used was unique.

"Grandmother would hold a stick with a red rag on it through the openings in the south side or the cracks of the house, and when the deer would see it they would stamp

their feet, - always did this when they were mad – and then they would come closer and closer, ‘til near enough for grandfather to shoot one with his old flintlock rifle.”

Army once protected Preston Road

4-26-86

Preston Road is a section of a military road of the Republic of Texas that crossed Collin County. It is part of a major international route used by early settlers. An act of Congress provided for the protection of the western frontier by a series of forts connected by a road to be cut by military personnel.

In the fall of 1839 a company of soldiers was sent north by the Secretary of War, Albert Sidney Johnson under the command of Col. William G. Cooke. They were assigned the task of laying out the section from the Brazos River to the Red River.

Colonel Cooke, in spite of difficulties with supplies, weather, and Indian attacks covered the route to the Red. Colonel Cooke and his men had to wait at the Waco village on the Brazos for the quartermaster to catch up with supplies, which included beef on the hoof and several wagons of provisions. Five men were killed by Indians when they went to get water causing the cattle to break loose and to run away. The party was left with only sugar and coffee and whatever game they could kill. When the game supply ran out they ate mules, horses and dogs.

From the forks of the Trinity, Colonel Cooke’s men ran the road over the high ground on the west side of Collin County along White Rock Escarpment. The road overlooked Mustang Flats (or “the Flats”) toward the Crosstimbers. This gave a good view to watch for approaching Indian parties. The road was at least thirty miles beyond the line of white settlement at that time in this part of the Republic.

An Indian trading post had been established by Holland Coffee about 1837 at Preston Bend on the Red River. This unique character, a member of Coffee, Colville and Company, traders of Ft. Smith, Arkansas had led trapping parties to the upper Red River and established several trading posts. He served as a member of the third Congress and brought back a bride, Sophia Sutfenfield, from Houston. The couple stopped at Warren for a few days before continuing to Coffee’s Station. While there, Coffee investigated the Indian situation and promised to parley with the Indians on behalf of the settlers. He was successful and although the treaty lasted only a short while it shows his prestige with the Indians and how he could live so far beyond the frontier.

It was to the river crossing near Coffee’s station that Colonel Cooke ran his road, where James Tyson had begun operating a log raft ferry at Rock Bluff. About four miles north of present Pottsboro, Cooke’s men built Fort Johnson. Captain William G. Preston was placed in charge of a company of men at a supply post on the Red River. The post became known as Fort Preston; the village that grew about the fort was called Preston Bend or Preston. The road north to Preston from Dallas became known as Preston Road. State Highway 289 follows the general route of the old military road.

At the Red River crossing, Preston Road connected with an old Indian trail that ran to Boggy Depot, crossed the Canadian River, and continued through the Creek Nation to cross the Arkansas River. It then ran along the west bank of the Grand River, past Fort Gibson, nicked the corner of Kansas, turned northeast into central Missouri to the Missouri River which it followed to St. Louis. Down the churned-up dirt and through the bogs of this road rolled the settlers’ wagons to the Republic of Texas. They called it the Texas Road.

In the early spring of 1845, more than a thousand wagons were said to have crossed the Red River into Texas in six weeks. This road with its Texas extension continues to be an important north-south route to this day. During cattle drives the road was known as the Shawnee Trail. By 1849, herds of Longhorns raised clouds of dust in the streets of Dallas, moving up Preston Road to the Shawnee Trail. The MKT railroad came to Texas over this route, while U.S. Highway 69 runs along the old trace.

The unusually wide Shawnee Trail carried heavy and varied traffic. Besides the long wagon trains of settlers, there were military supply caravans and companies of freighters. Northbound, the road was sometimes called the Sedalia Trail. As ruts grew deeper, the teamsters moved to one side or the other widening the trail. By 1854, the Shawnee Trail was an important cattle route with 50,000 head crossing the Red River at Preston bound for Missouri and Illinois. This was a dozen years before the Chisholm Trail was marked out.

CATTLE TRAILS

Cattlemen settled in Allen for a while

8-16-87

Oliver Loving, a pioneer of the Texas cattle industry, and titled by historians as “Dean of the Trail Drivers” was once a settler in this locality. Like many of our first settlers, Loving was more stockman than farmer.

Oliver and Susan Morgan Loving and their five children moved to Texas from Hopkins County, Kentucky in 1845. A child was born in Lamar County before the family moved to Collin County in 1846. Three more children were born here. Loving’s Peters Colony land was on Rowlett Creek near the crossing of present Parker Road.

Loving farmed, began a small herd of cattle and did some trading in horses and cattle. He hauled freight with ox wagons to Shreveport and Jefferson for merchants, and to frontier posts for the U.S. Government. In 1850, Loving hauled supplies from Preston on the Red River for the soldiers that explored the upper Brazos River area and established Fort Belknap.

Loving’s sons spent much of their time on the road with their father. James C. “Jim” Loving, who later was an organizer of the Cattle Raisers Association of Texas, began working as a teamster at the age of twelve – at nineteen was one of the best “bull-whackers” in the business.

By 1852, Loving had a herd of eighty-two head of cattle and seven horses. Our area was being hedged and fenced for farming, and was becoming too crowded for cattlemen to free range their stock. Loving and other cattlemen including the Strains, Maxwells and McCrearys moved west to Parker, Jack and Palo Pinto counties in spite of the threat of Comanches. Loving settled in northwest Palo Pinto County in October, 1855, in a valley that became known as Loving Valley. His Collin County land was sold to John D. Bowman.

Loving began cattle drives in 1858, and pioneered three routes that were afterwards followed by thousands. That year he drove a herd of several hundred steers north up the Texas Road, a route later known as the Shawnee Trail, to Illinois – the first herd to be driven overland all the way.

In 1859-60, he drove a herd to the gold fields in Colorado on a route that closely paralleled the later Dodge or Western Trail. He crossed western Oklahoma to the Arkansas River, then to Pueblo where he wintered the herd. In the spring, Loving sold his thousand steers at Denver. Loving remained in Denver during the next year. When the Civil War broke out, the Texan was detained by the authorities. His friends, wealthy mountain men Lucien Maxwell and Kit Carson, and others helped him to get away to return to Texas.

Loving supplied Texas beef and bacon to the Confederate Army, east of the Mississippi River during the war. After the war, Texans who drove cattle north ran into trouble at the Kansas-Missouri borders because of a fear of Texas fever, and because of old war tensions. Seeking a new market, Loving and his neighbor, Charles Goodnight drove a herd west in June, 1866. They followed a south curving course over arid West Texas that was twice as long as a more direct route, to avoid the Comanches and Kiowas. They lost over a hundred head when thirst-crazed cattle drank from alkali water holes. After crossing the Pecos, they drove the herd up the river to Fort Sumner, N.M where

8,500 Indians were gathered on reservations. There they sold their steers to government buyers. Goodnight returned to Texas for another herd. Loving took the remaining seven or eight hundred cows and calves north up to Pecos, through Raton pass to Denver, blazing a new trail most of the way – the Loving-Goodnight Trail.

Loving and Goodnight, now joined by other cattlemen, learned how to make the desert crossing without loss of stock from thirst, but they were harassed by Indians trying to steal their herds and horses. In 1867, Loving was hit by an Indian's rifle ball in the wrist. Gangrene set in, and after an army surgeon at Ft. Sumner amputated his arm, Oliver Loving died. His last request was to be buried in Texas. Goodnight and Loving's sons brought his body back to Weatherford, Texas is what has been described as the longest horse-drawn funeral entourage in U.S. history.

Brands showed owners of cattle, horses

2-18-90

Branding livestock is an ancient method of claiming ownership. According to the laws of the Republic of Texas, an unbranded cow belonged to no one. The first to slap on a brand was the owner. This practice continued into statehood. In the early days, the wild cattle and horses roaming the prairies were fair game to all. The work involved in capturing and branding the stock was all that was necessary to build a herd. Later, after the Civil War, there was much unbranded stock that was up for grabs, and many built large herds by branding unmarked stock. Even today, with fenced pastures, some cattlemen brand cattle as a sure means to claim ownership. Brands are registered with the county clerk's office at the courthouse. The earliest brand books for the county are apparently lost. 1880 was the earliest date we found, but we know that the original settlers all had brands.

S.L. Harrington, born on Spring Creek in 1851, was 80 in 1931 when he remembered his early years at Lebanon and Rowlett School and his experiences in raising stock. Harrington recalled "When a young man, I herded horses for Uncle Silas Harrington and myself. He branded his horses with H.L., both fixed on the same iron: I just turned the iron around and branded with 7-H with the same iron. This was used on horses and cattle, but I marked my cattle by cutting a shallow fork in the end of the right ear, and cutting an under bit in the right ear—this left the ear with fork in the end and the underside looked like a piece was bit out. Everyone had a mark and brand of some kind.

"When a man found anything wrong with any animal that belonged to his neighbor, he would attend the animal if he could and would ride several miles to let the owner know about this animal so the owner could look after it thereafter. Such was the code between the men of those early days. Each man respected the rights of the other and each tried to protect each other."

Harrington told of hauling flour to East Texas to Jordon Saline near present Grand Saline, where he traded the flour for salt which had been evaporated from well water. Besides using salt for cooking and preserving food, Harrington said, "salt was placed on the ground near the home where the stock of all kinds could lick it, and this tended to keep the stock closer to the home, and together. Sometimes the stock would be brought from the range into the lot or near it, at regular intervals, and then they would be salted, and later, when the stock would want salt they would come back to the lots."

The families along the Shawnee Trail (Preston Road) were very involved in the cattle business. We are grateful to their descendants such as Adelle Rogers Clark and

Willie Carpenter for a record of some of the history of that period. Some farms had lots made of rails where drovers could hold their stock for the night. Local families held roundups, and herds were assembled at Lebanon to go north to the markets.

William Joel "Willie" Carpenter was a horse wrangler on a drive to St. Louis in 1868. He was 14 years old; it was his third trip up the trail on drives. Alvin "Tobe" Clark was the trail boss of the drive, with a herd of about 4,000 head, handled by about 40 men. In northern Indian Territory, near the Kansas Line, the men rounded up the cattle in a valley to bed them down for the night. Carpenter's grandson, also known as Willie, recalled in *Plano, Texas---the Early Years*: "Grand paw said he wasn't paying any attention and suddenly Tobe Clark said, 'If any man pulls his gun I'll kill him!'" Grandpaw said he looked up and there was a solid ring of Indians around the tops of the hills just looking at them, sitting there on their horses." Their chief rode out, in all his feathers and regalia, on a white horse. He said something about the white men had got the Indians' cows and that the Indian would get the white men's cows. Although the Indians had guns, they used bows to kill about 40 steers. Young Willie later told his grandchildren that he never saw an Indian shoot twice. They hit every time. They took the drover's horses, but left one for each man, and stampeded the cattle. The men managed to round up some of the cattle and made it into Missouri. Carpenter continued, "But you know after that my great-grandpaw (R.W. Carpenter), he quit sending cattle up the trail... Those old steers were worth \$10 in St. Louis, but he didn't want to send any more of his boys. He was afraid they'd get killed."

Cook home a landmark on trail through area no date, 1990?

Through the years, the route that Preston Road is part has been known by several names. At times, it seems that northbound, the trail had one name, while southbound, it was known by another.

The original military road, as first proposed, did not become a reality. The Republic of Texas did not have the funds to build the string of forts along the military road that were to protect the western frontier. Five years later, when Texas became a state, settlers had pushed the frontier a hundred miles farther west. To the settlers, pouring into Texas along the old route from the north, the trail was known as the Texas Road. The village of Preston that grew about the fort at Rock Bluff crossing on the Red River began to profit from its convenient location on the Texas Road. Even before Preston was established, James Tyson had a log raft ferry at the point to carry wagons across the river. Later, the ferry was operated by Jim Shannon and Bud Randolph. About 1853, Benjamin Franklin Colbert, a Chickasaw Indian, began a ferry a short way downstream near Shawneetown. (Butterfield stagecoaches used Colbert's ferry. February's Texas Highways magazine has a good article about the stage line, and also a story about Holland Coffee and his wife, Sophia, who had a trading post near Preston.

As word spread in Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana and Missouri of the Peter's Colony's great land give-away in North Texas, families in covered wagons took the old Osage Trace from St. Louis to Fort Gibson in Indian Territory, a trail used by explorers, Indian traders and missionaries as early as 1802. At Fort Gibson, in the Cherokee Nation, the old trace connected to a trail through the Creek, Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations to the Red River crossing at Preston, where in the early spring of 1845, during a six-week period, more than a thousand wagons crossed the river into Texas. Places along Preston

Road where spring water flowed became campgrounds for wagon trains. As many as 25 wagons at a time were said to have camped at Frankford in the southwest corner of Collin County, now between Preston Road and Dallas North Parkway.

One place that was known as a landmark on the trail was the home of Henry Cook. Today, the homesite can be located on Baccus Road, about a quarter mile north of the north gate of EDS on Legacy. A historical marker that tells about the Cook family is at the gate of Baccus Cemetery. When his 17-year-old son, Daniel, died in 1847, Cook began the burial ground a few years from the family's cabin. Later, a daughter, Rachel Baccus, donated the land as a site for a Christian church and a larger cemetery, and the place became known as Baccus. On a recent Sunday afternoon, we visited the cemetery and were surprised at the steady stream of people in cars and on bicycles that stopped to read the historical marker and to walk among the tombstones.

Henry Cook was born on May 28, 1775, in western Virginia, a year before America's Declaration of Independence. While he was a child, his family moved to Kaskaski, a French settlement on the Mississippi. During the War of 1812, Cook, a lieutenant, served in Samuel Judy's and Samuel Whiteside's companies of Illinois Militia as a French and Indian interpreter. Cook had land near Kincaid's Point in Greene County, Ill., as early as 1824. His neighbors were the Kincaids, Goughs, Jacksons and Witts.

Cook was married several times. He and Alcy Nix had six children before her death. In 1825, Cook married Sarah "Sally" Kincaid. (One record says that she was his fifth wife.) She also had six children.

Two of the older Cook children, David and Mary Ann (along with her husband, Henry Miller), came to Texas with Preston, Pleasant and Hampton Witt and Elic and Weston Perry. On Sept. 1, 1846, at the age of 71, Henry Cook left Greene County, Ill., with a train of seven wagons. Three wagons were for his family, another for the family of John Nix, and one for each of the McCants: John, son Josh, and son-in-law Bill Miller. The wagon train crossed the Mississippi River at St. Louis. After buying a cookstove and some tools, including a froe and broadax, they headed down the Texas Road. One Oct. 15, 1846, the group reached their kin near Carrollton, Texas --45 days from that other Carrollton in Illinois. The location of the families near the Elm Fork of the Trinity River was thought too low and too wet to be healthy by the experienced Cook. Cook took his family back to a spring on Preston Road to winter in tents.

By spring, Cook had selected his headright land. Half was at the location of Baccus Cemetery, where there was a good spring. The other half was to the west on the Denton County line that had woodland. Water and wood were primary concerns for the early settlers. A cabin was built of logs cut locally. It was one large room, with a dirt floor and a white rock chimney. An animal skin covered the door. Later, two rooms with an open hallway between were built, and the old cabin was used as a kitchen.

Cooke's two sets of children settled on land near their father's. Quite a few people around this area are proud to claim kin to Henry Cook, a man described as having a forceful and magnetic personality for all his 87 years.

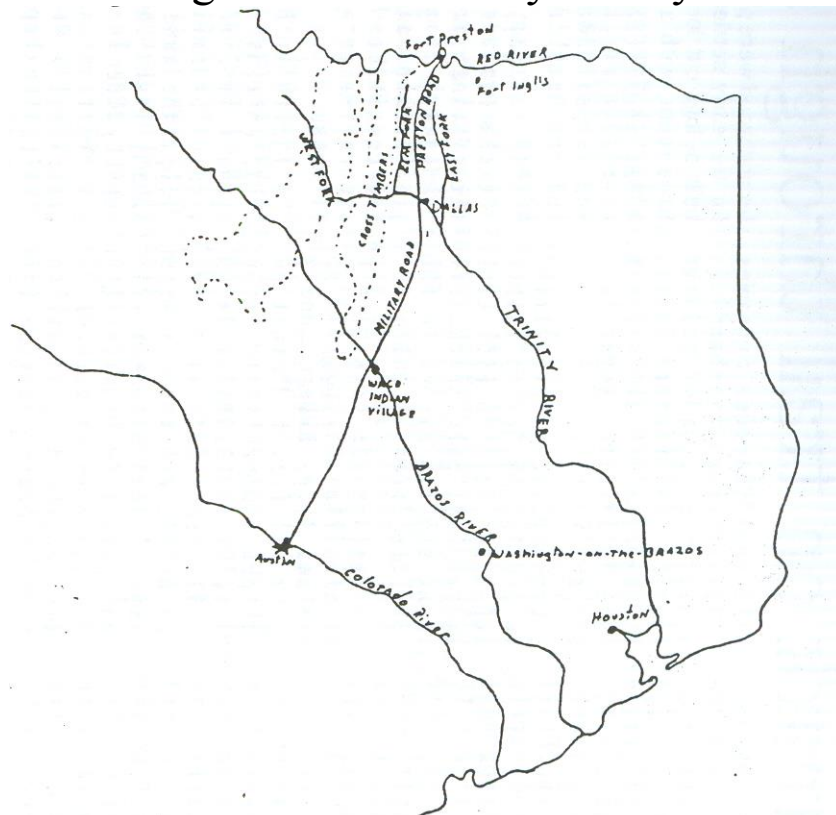
A friend from Illinois, Elder Eli Witt, a Baptist minister, often stayed at the Cook home as he rode a circuit to frontier churches. In 1850, at the home of Henry Cook, Liberty Baptist Church was constituted by Elder David Myers, Elder J.M. Myers of

Carrollton, Deacon Jesse Gough of Rowlett, and Elder Eli Witt. (The church is now located in the Gleneagle area on FM 544 west of Preston Road.)

Henry Cook's cabin, because of its isolation on the high prairie, was known as "lonesome house" by passers-by on Preston Road. It was a landmark for cattle drivers as they moved cattle north along the trail. The house was described as being "located on a crest which overlooked one of the most extensive views along the north-south trail. Its silhouette by day and its dim lights after nightfall beckoned many to stop to visit, to camp, to spend the night and to enjoy its hospitality."

Preston Road integral to area's early history

1-21-90



We traveled over an ancient route one day last week. The hooves of migrating buffalo could have first stamped out the way and leveled out fords across the creeks. Indians, long before the intrusion of white men, used the route and left stone mounds as guide posts. It was a military road for the Republic of Texas, an immigration trail for early settlers and a major route for cattle drives. The trail's story is so familiar, so often repeated, that we have neglected to tell the full history of the route; although we mention the road frequently as an important factor in our region's history. Many Allen residents travel the way daily—a road known for 150 years as Preston Road.

The trail was a natural travel route, for it ran along the divide between the watersheds of the East Fork and the Elm Fork of the Trinity River. Through most of Collin County and up to the Red River divide, the trail ran along a geological feature

known as the White Rock Escarpment. From this vantage point, to the west, could be viewed a large expanse of country known by the early settlers as Mustang Flats for the large herds of Spanish horses that roamed there. Across the flats flooded by Lake Lewisville, west of the river was the first belt of the crosstimbers, a natural barrier between the western and eastern Indians. It is thought that the Indians that used the route were Caddoans, who traveled between the Huaco Village (near present Waco) and the villages of related groups near present Wichita, Kan.

In the early days of the Republic of Texas, lawmakers found that the village of Houston, situated on the bayou, was unhealthy because of epidemic fevers. President Mirabeau Lamar favored a site on the Colorado, which was named Austin, as the capital of Texas. This location, far beyond the frontier of Anglo settlement, could also prove to be unhealthy, for it was on the edge of Comanche country. (The disagreement over the site of the capital later culminated in one of the political farces for which Texas is famous, known as the Archive War.) The proximity to the Comanches caused Congress to pass an act for a road to be laid out from the Brazos to the Red River, and for small forts to be established for protection against Indian raids.

Secretary of War Albert Sidney Johnston placed Col. William G. Cooke in charge of the expedition, which would be plagued with mishaps. Col. Cooke joined his men at the Little River on Sept. 9, 1840. After waiting several days for mules that never arrived, Col. Cooke went on to the Waco Indian village on the Brazos. There he waited for the quartermaster to bring supplies that included beef on the hoof. Water was scarce along the route, simply because the soldiers did not know the location of the frequent springs. Five of Cooke's men were killed when they carelessly left their muskets behind when they backtracked to get water at Chambers Creek. When a cold norther blew in, the cattle broke loose and ran away. The surveying party was left with nothing to eat except sugar and coffee and what game they could kill. Before reaching the Trinity, they had to eat dogs, mules and horses.

Col. Cooke became convinced that he could not reach the Red River settlements with the wagons and the sick. He was told by his guide that the settlements on the Red River were only two days away by horseback. Leaving Lt. Col. Clendenin with the sick and 40 men at a camp on the west side of the Trinity River, Cooke and the others of the party struck out to the northeast in Search of supplies. He became entangled in thickets (later infamous as a hideout for outlaws and deserters, located at the corners of Collin, Hunt, Grayson and Fannin counties). It was 10 days later that he found an old trace of Chihuahua traders and followed this trail to Bailey English's settlement on Bois D'arc Creek (Bonham). Meanwhile, Clendenin left a note that said he had been "starved out"; that most of the mules had been eaten; and that he had left for the settlements to the southeast. Two companies with 40 men came from Austin. With supplies and new men, Cooke began laying out the remaining portions of the road.

Cooke's group crossed the Trinity below the joining of the West Fork and the Elm Fork. This crossing became known as the Cedar Springs crossing for the frontier town that grew north of the crossing. (This was upstream from the crossing promoted by the early settler John Neely Bryan that later became Dallas.) Coming to the high ground above the Trinity basin, Col. Cooke followed the old Indian trail to the Red River. In 1837, Holland Coffee had come from Washington-on-the-Brazos and established a trading post near where the old Indian trail crossed the river into Indian Territory. This

post was the most western settlement on the Red River. On reaching the river, Cooke and his men built a stockade called Fort Johnson, between Holland Coffee's trading post and Basin Springs. A supply post was established with Captain William G. Preston in charge. The post at the big bend in the river became known as Fort Preston. Later a village grew up about the fort and was called Preston Bend or Preston. The segment of the military road from the Trinity to Preston on the Red became known as the Preston Road.

The story of the road was just beginning, for in those early days the route was little more than stakes in the prairie and blazed trees through the bottom lands.

Contrary to legend, cowboys often were boys 2-11-90

North Texans in the early history of Texas' cattle industry have for the most part been ignored. One of Texas' most eminent historians stated that early Texans learned the cattle business from South Texas Hispanic ranchers—everything from branding and free-ranging to herding on horseback and the vocabulary. Later historians have perpetuated this misconception. Hispanic ranchers did furnish most of the words now accepted as part of ranching (including the word ranch), but most importantly, they brought from old Spain the original stock that developed into the hearty animals that could stand up to Texas' extremes in climate, ticks and scarcity of range grasses—the Texas Longhorn.

However, Anglo-Americans were branding stock that they free-ranged in the backhills of Virginia and the Carolinas in colonial days. The Revolutionary War Battle of Cowpens in South Carolina was fought on grounds where the local people periodically rounded up their free-ranging stock. Later, cattle drives were made to coastal cities from Illinois, Indiana and other western states. To Anglo-Americans, the horse had long been an essential part of ranging and driving cattle before the Anglo settlement of Texas.

North Texans in the early days did not use the Hispanic terms that were later in common use. A round-up was a cowhunt, a corral was a cowpen, and herd owners were stockmen (because stock also referred to horses, which were valued more highly than wild cattle). On census records, they were listed as farmers or by another trade or profession. There was only one exception: an early Hispanic settler said that he was a vaquero.

Cowboys were known as stockhands. They did not have the appearance of the traditional cowboy of the 1870s, as depicted in western movies. Recent studies have shown that a large percentage of the cowboys were black. They may have received their first experience as Carter Smoot did. He was 83 in 1931 when he told of his early days in Texas. Carter Smoot was an 8-year-old slave when he came to Texas from Missouri with his master, Homer Smoot, to live on a farm in present-day Parker. He recalled seeing children crossing the prairie on foot to attend Professor Clay Thomas' school (Jupiter and Chaparral). Only a young child himself at that time, Smoot said he "used to go by there when we would be looking for the stock that had strayed from their range."

Did the use of the word cowboy evolve because herding on the range was a chore given to the young boys? The recollections of Judge Frank Wilcox shoot down the idea of a cowboy in chaps, 10-gallon hat and high-heeled boots. The Wilcox family lived on the prairie west of the old Rowlett Church. After their father bought some horses from a neighbor, Frank and his brother, George, were given the job of herding the stock. The horses continued to try to go back to their old range, and the boys had a difficult time

keeping them from going. George had a saddle, but Frank only had a piece of quilt or a sack. “Sometimes,” the Judge said, “I would lose these, and I was too small to get back on the pony when I got off to get my *saddle*.” He told how he would lead the horse into a branch, then leap onto the horse’s back from the creek bank. “When the boy gets a little larger, he can put his toes (provided the boy is barefooted, as all week then, except in cold weather) on the knee of the horse, catch hold of the horse’s mane, and pull himself up on the horse.” Judge Wilcox gave several other methods for mounting a bareback horse out on the open range, where, once unhorsed, mounting again was a problem of great proportions to a young “cowboy.”

Early fences were built to keep cattle out, rather than in, for they were simple pole fences around small corn patches. Stock ranged together with boys watching the herds. When cattle were gathered to be sold, boys from each family with cattle in the trail herd were sent with the cows led by a trail boss. Later, if these boys continued to drive cattle up the trail after they were grown, they would have adopted the 10-gallon hat and all the rest of the regalia of the legendary cowboy and would have learned to use the Spanish words now so much a part of our language.

A boy on the North Texas prairies grew up to handle just about anything, from an angry steer to a bad-tempered horse or an unexpected band of Indians. Cowboy seems to be a misnomer: they were men.

Lebanon had a ‘wild and woolly’ reputation

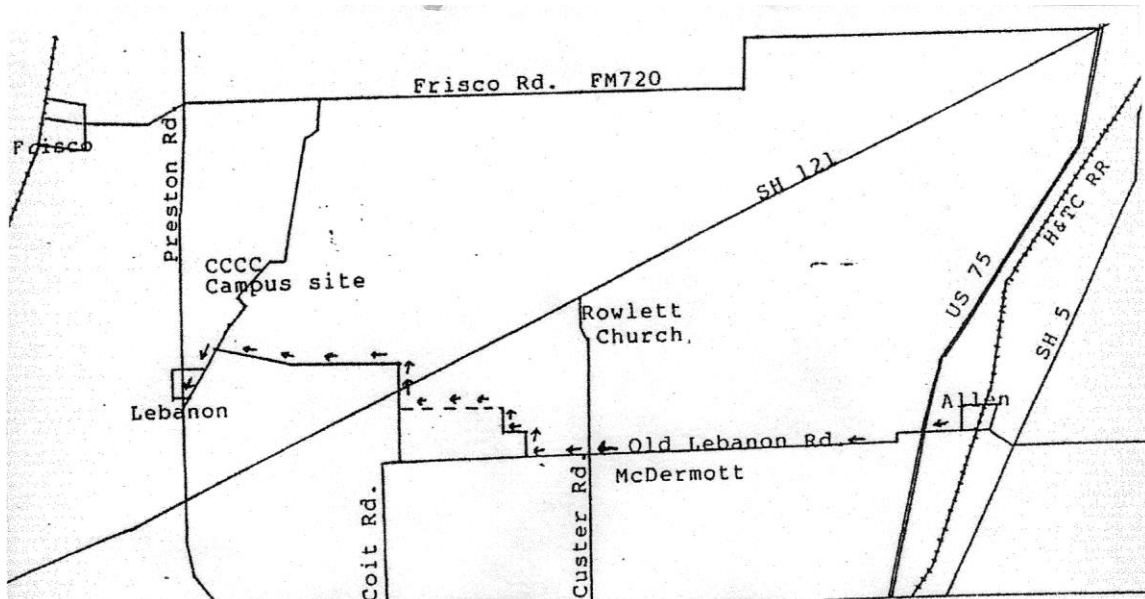
2-25-90

Lebanon was a booming town on the Shawnee Trail long before Allen and the railroad existed. The town was a trade center for the people in this corner of the county. With the coming of the H & TC Railroad, Lebanon businessmen used Allen Station because it was their closest connection to the rails. Merchants traveled to northern cities to buy stock. There were frequent news reports, such as this one on Aug. 22, 1901: “Dugan Work, the Lebanon druggist, was in Allen Sunday on his way to St. Louis. Will Quisenberry also passed through en route to St. Louis.” Their merchandise came to Allen’s railroad siding and was then hauled over Lebanon road to the town on Preston Road. In those days, Lebanon Road (now McDermott Rd. or FM 2170) did not go straight west but wandered around square corners between the sections of land. Allen news always contained mentions of illness and deaths in the neighboring town because of the close kinship of the people. There were frequent visits between friends and relatives Gibson Carter Matthews, whose father owned the undertaking establishment in Lebanon, recalled that when his family visited his aunt, Josephine Newsome Phelps, Ed Ereckson’s grandmother, who lived near present Lovejoy School, it was the only time the family traveled in the fine equipage that was used to transport mourners—an open carriage drawn by two spanking white horses.

From the beginning of Lebanon, there has been kinfolk in the two localities. Some time ago, we told of President Lyndon Baines Johnson’s local ancestry. His great-great-grandfather, William Perrin, owned much of the land that is now the center of Allen.

Perrin’s daughter, Mary Elizabeth, married the first doctor in this area, John Smith Huffman Jr. Their daughter, Ruth Ament Huffman, married her young schoolmaster at Rowlett School, Joseph W. Baines, and they became the parents of Rebekah Baines Johnson, the president’s mother. While his Johnson ancestors were building a cattle business on the Pedernales, LBJ’s Collin County kin were establishing a

town on the Shawnee Trail. Dr. Hoffman's twin sisters came to Texas as brides of Albert and Silas Harrington. In 1851, their father, John Smith Hoffman Sr., a well-to-do Kentucky planter, followed his children to Texas and bought several sections of prairie land near Preston Road (or Shawnee Trail). Others of his 13 children came with him. John Sr. was mostly interested in stock raising in Texas and was one of the first to make a success of breeding shorthorn cattle in this area. He also introduced the Sir Archie breed of horses to Texas. The home of Granddaddy Hoffman was the social focal point for the large clan. It is not surprising that a town grew.



By 1884, Lebanon, once a wild town on the Shawnee Trail, was described in newspaper reports as a clean little city with seven business houses; a Baptist church building, used also by other denominations; and a school house.

Phillip Ament Huffman and his wife, Caroline, built a frame house on Preston Road in 1856 and a store building a little south of the house. Merchandise for the store was freighted by ox teams from Jefferson, Texas, and Shreveport, La. Z. T. Ranney had some connection with the store and is usually named as the town's first merchant. T.H. Emerson, later a McKinney banker, worked in her store for Phil A. Huffman. Another early merchant was Henry "Rawhide" Hill. Hill got his nickname because he did a thriving business in hides. (Later, Hill moved several miles northwest and founded Hill Town, now Little Elm.) Foster W. Dunaway was another store owner. The townsite was part of a half-section partly sold and partly given to Phil Huffman by his father and stepmother. The town was laid out in a corner of the Mary Brown survey where Old Preston Road cut across diagonally.

Young Huffman apparently sold the first lot to Dr. Berryman S. Shelburne, another Kentuckian. Sometime in the 1850s, the Harrington brothers rented out their farms on Spring Creek and built homes near Lebanon. Z.T. Ranney, Silas and Alfred Harrington, and Berryman S. Shelburne petitioned for a post office named Lebanon, with Phillip A. Huffman as postmaster. The request was granted March 1, 1860. In the early days, the town was a supply point for drovers on the Shawnee Trail and a collection point for local cattle herds.

Meanwhile, the little town on the cattle trail was getting a dubious reputation—as the last chance to tie one on before reaching the Red River and Indian Territory. According to Adelle Rogers Clark in Lebanon on the Preston, saloons did a flourishing business: “Cattle drivers often, in the words of the early Lebanonites, painted the town a deep red to the disgrace of both the painters and the town’ so that Lebanon soon became known from the Rio Grande to Chicago as a ‘wild and wooly’ place.” Cautious Texas families would urge their trail-driving sons to not go by Lebanon: “Stay away from Lebanon if you want to stay straight!

Cattle herded through area on Shawnee Trail 2-1-90

Fort Worth is called “Cowtown” and “Where the West Begins” because in the heyday of the famed Chisholm Trail, during the post-Civil War period, it was a rowdy town on the cattle trail. On the other hand, Dallas with its assumed sophistication, plays down its beginnings as a rough cowtown on another cattle trail, years before Fort Worth exploded.

“No other cattle trail played so important a part in the history of the country through which it passed as the Texas Road,” says historian Harry Sinclair Drago. “The estimated 200,000 Longhorns that were driven over it in the approximately 31 years in which it flourished fully establishes it as one of our great little trails.” The Texas Road was given a new name by cattle drivers--The Shawnee Trail. The trail began somewhere south of Austin and followed the old military road to the Trinity River, where there was a choice of crossings, either the Cedar Springs crossing that Col. William G. Cooke’s soldiers used or another a short ways downstream at the cabin of John Neely Bryan, who was promoting a new town called Dallas. In fact, Bryan’s town was surveyed by a cattleman. Bryan had been anxious to lay out his town, but had no surveyor. In January 1844, J. O. Dumas his wife and 10 hands drove north a herd of a hundred cattle from down in the Brazos. Mrs. Dumas said the party “would have to stop for hours while the boys scared thousands of buffaloes off the trail.”

During the spring of 1844, Dumas staked out a half-mile square townsite, eight blocks, east and west. Streets were named Houston and Lamar: Jackson and Polk: and Main, Commerce, Market, etc. Dumas was given a town lot for his trouble, but host the deed, for he considered it worthless. Dumas came into Collin County and stayed with the Fitzhughs for a while before settling on a large ranch in Grayson County, east of Van Alstyne.

Dallas grew and, in a stiff competition, won out over Cedar Springs for prominence. The Shawnee Trail from Dallas followed Preston Road. Local families established a town on the trail, west of present Allen, and named it Lebanon.

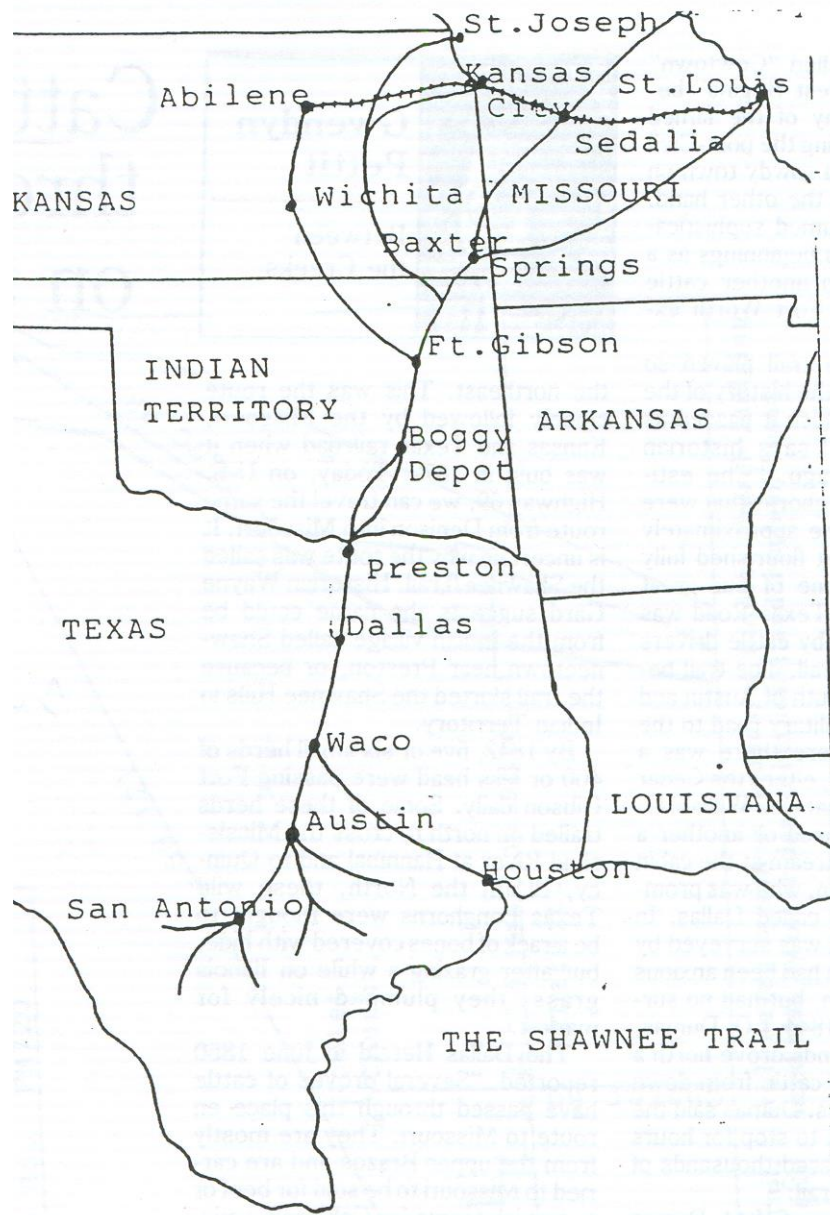
At Preston on the Red River, the Rock Bluff crossing was popular because a natural cut in the bluff served as a chute into the water. On the other side, the land sloped gradually, making it easy for the cattle to come out after swimming or walking across the wide river bed.

In Indian Territory, the trail ran to the northeast. This was the route closely followed by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas (MKT) railroad when it was built in 1872. Today, on U.S. Highway 69, we can travel the same route from Denison into Missouri. It is uncertain why the route was called the Shawnee Trail. Historian Wayne Gard suggests

the name could be from the Indian village called Shawneetown near Preston, or because the trail skirted the Shawnee Hills in Indian Territory.

By 1842, five or six small herds of 400 or less head were passing Fort Gibson daily. Some of these herds trailed on north to cross the Mississippi River at Hannibal and to Quincy, Ill. In the North, these wild Texas Longhorns were thought to be a rack of bones covered with hide, but after grazing a while on Illinois grass, they plumped nicely for market.

The Dallas Herald in June 1850 reported, "Several droves of cattle have passed through this place en route to Missouri. They are mostly from the upper Brazos and are carried to Missouri to be sold for beef or to furnish teams for California emigrants."



In the 1850s, there was trouble on the trail. No one knew the cause of the disease they called Texas Fever, but they knew that the Texas cattle were somehow to blame. (The disease was transmitted by ticks, but the Longhorns, seemed immune to the fever. Desperate farmers sometimes turned back herds at gun point.)

The Civil War was brewing, especially on the borders of Missouri and Kansas, and with new laws concerning the control of Texas fever, the cattle drives diminished. The Dallas Herald in May 1859 reported, “Yesterday a drove of 2,000 beef cattle passed through Dallas en route for the North, to feed out abolition neighbors. We hope that Southern diet may agree with them.”

The war came. While ranchers fought, their families in the western counties had to abandon their homes because of Indian attacks. The herds wandered. The longhorns, still with their feral nature, migrated south during two harsh winters. After the war, the men went on cowhunts to locate their stock. Some North Texans found cattle with their brand near Corpus Christi. In 1866, about 160,000 head of cattle trailed north over the Shawnee Trail to Sedalia.

Meanwhile, the railroad was again pushing west. An Illinois stockman, Joseph G. McCoy, decided to locate a business for shipping cattle in Kansas. After establishing his stockyards at Abilene, he sent riders south to meet cattlemen on the Shawnee Trail to persuade them to trail their herds to Abilene. This was good news to Texas cattlemen who were unwilling to risk their herds or their men on the old route where violence threatened, but only a few learned of the Abilene market in time to make a drive in 1867.

A new route began westward of the Shawnee Trail on an old military trail frequently traveled by Jesse Chisholm a half-Scot, half-Cherokee Indian trader, since 1832. It had become known as Chisholm’s Trail. Chisholm died in 1868, unaware of the fame his trail would have in song and legend.

However, Chisholm’s Trail did not entirely close the Shawnee Trail; for many continued to go up the trail to Fort Gibson to go north along the Arkansas River to Wichita, Kansas, and on to Abilene. But soon, Preston Road was just a county road. The old cowboy’s song could have been sung about the Shawnee.

The trail’s a lane, the trail’s a lane

Dead is the branding fire.

The prairie wild are tame and mild,

All close corralled with wire.

Once–thriving Lebanon hit hard times

3-4-90

The sparkling white siding of the Lebanon Baptist Church building draws the eyes of passers-by to the old church and to the historical marker in its yard near the roadside. The church is on Preston Road, about a mile north of state Highway 121. North of the church is a large tree nursery that covers most of the lots in the original townsite. Across the highway is an addition that was added to the town a few years after the Civil War. There are several old homes built in the town’s heyday, with some houses of later date, even of recent construction, and a few mobile homes. The old lodge hall is empty; there is no grocery store today. Several times, the town’s existence has been threatened, and its marks of identity as a town have been removed; yet the town seems to be waiting for the next phase of history.

The stores were first closed in Lebanon during the Civil War. Cattle drives on the Shawnee Trail resumed after the war, but soon other routes, further to the west, were favored over the old trail. However, a change came to the area around Lebanon as the prairie, once used only for grazing, was plowed and grain and cotton were planted. The original large sections of land were divided into family-size farms, and population increased as farming families from war-impooverished Southern states moved into North Texas. Lebanon outstripped the other pioneer towns as a farm trade center.

Even the construction of the H&TC railroad and the birth of Allen, seven miles east of Lebanon, did not threaten the established town on Preston Road. The railroad was a boon to the town, for merchandise for the stores did not have to be hauled overland from Jefferson and Shreveport, nor did their flour and other produce have to be hauled out to East Texas river ports. More cotton was planted when their ginned bales could be shipped out from Allen Station. The two towns complemented each other during the last 30 years of the 19th century.

By 1884, Lebanon is described in newspaper reports as a clean little city with seven business houses; a Baptist church building, used also by other denominations; and a school house. Once a wild town on the Shawnee Trail, the town had cleaned up its image, because the Plano Review reported Oct. 18, 1884: "The citizens are noticeably orderly, and the town is without liquor enough to cure a snake bite."

John Kirkpatrick and Co.'s gin had a special patented press feeder invented by R.I. Kirkpatrick that was a wonder. Cotton was brought from great distances on account of the good sample they made. The firm had just erected in 1884 a four-story flour mill with a 50-barrel capacity. This was a modern rolling mill with 11 reductions, powered by a 40 horsepower engine. A corn mill was attached. The mill had a storage capacity of 8,000 bushels.

H.H. Barnum, blacksmith and wood workman, shod horses, repaired all kinds of vehicles and built wagons to order. T.J. Campbell sold dry goods, groceries, tin ware, and Queensware (dishes made by Wedgwood for the American trade.) J.F. Gulledge carried "a splendid stock of dry goods, boots, shoes, hats and gents furnishing goods," and "a superior line of notions for ladies." "John Gulledge is one of the public-spirited citizens of Lebanon and does not hesitate to put his money down for public improvements. He has been in Lebanon since it put on its progressive feathers." Other businessmen were J.W. Steven, Dr. J.B. Hill, E.P. Crisman and E.C. Quisenberry.

Dr. Shelburne commented, "Lebanon is growing rapidly and property brings good prices. Now I will say that if we had a macadamized road from here to Dallas we would be a solid people."

In 1885, the town had a population of 500 and was continuing to grow. A two-story school house was built. The Methodist, Baptist and Christian churches each had buildings that would seat 600 or 700 people.

By 1889, the townspeople could once again wet their whistle at Anderson and Green Grocery and Saloon, and by 1894, at the Blue Goose Tavern. Mill Street was a solid row of business houses.

While the railroad in Allen was a convenient distance, the two towns could both prosper as market towns.

Lebanon was a center for a large territory of southwestern Collin County and the fertile flats of Denton County. But a railroad closer to home ended the season of

prosperity for Lebanon. In 1902, the tracks of the Frisco Railroad from Denison to Carrollton were laid at the edge of the flats below Lebanon. A townsite on the railroad was surveyed on land bought from Frances Emerson about three miles away, and the town of Emerson was begun. Later, because of the name's similarity to another, the town became Frisco City, then Frisco.

Lebanon businessmen rushed to be the first in the new town. J.H. Rippy and his wife, Jo Ella, were among the first to move to Frisco and lived in a tent until their house could be moved from Lebanon.

A beautifully restored white frame house near downtown Frisco was the T.J. Campbell home. Its historical marker says that the house was moved to Frisco in 1902. Lumber for the house, including cypress siding, was hauled from Jefferson, Texas. Mrs. J.H. Harrington, in *The History of Frisco 1902-1976*, tells that the Campbell home was moved by Willis and Jess Razor and Frank Cothes from Lebanon to Frisco.

Other store buildings and houses were rolled away to the new town. Among the businesses that moved their merchandise to Frisco were Work and Wiggins, the Gulledege Brothers and The Sapp Brothers restaurant. Lebanon's post office closed in 1902, and the mail was sent to Allen.

Adell Rogers Clark wrote in 1959 in *Lebanon on the Preston* as the town prepared for its centennial celebration: "Lebanon today with its less than a dozen homes, one store (now closed), and the Baptist church, is almost a ghost town—but not quite!"

REPUBLIC OF TEXAS-

Collin McKinney, Throckmorton,

Buckner County Seat, Centennial Celebration

The Hedgecoxe War

4-20-86

About forty angry, armed men rode north from Dallas on July 15, 1852, led by militia commander and Dallas lawyer, John J. Good. They had left a mass meeting of Dallas County colonists where a number of resolutions had been made and speakers had urged that the people “abstain from a resort to violence.” But, these men felt action was needed, although we find no indication that violence was intended.

They were angry with Senator Samuel Bogart, who had voted for the Bill of Feb. 10, 1852; with Ebenezer Allen, the Attorney General of Texas, who had delivered an opinion upholding the law; and with Henry Oliver Hedgecoxe, the agent for the Texas Emigration and Land Company.

Hedgecoxe was the man caught in the middle. He was between the Company, the State of Texas, and the colonists. Born in London in 1800, he came with his parents to settle in Indiana at the age of 19. His English birth and education could have been the cause of some of the misunderstandings between Hedgecoxe and the colonists. But most importantly he personified the Company.

He had been forced to leave the Company office in Denton County; now the Company had sent him back as their representative. The State had empowered him to determine which settlers had legitimate claims. He used that authority to order some settlers to move from certain lands claimed by the Company or the government. J.W. Throckmorton later said that this was not according to the compromise his committee had reached with the company. But according to the bill, Hedgecoxe had the power to make these demands. Attorney General Allen agreed.

When the band of armed men reached McKinney they gathered reinforcements. Several Collin County officials joined the group (not in their official capacity.) Among them were J.M. McReynolds, chief justice of Collin County, James L. Read, George H. Pegues, James W. Parson. M.W. Allen and Joseph H. Wilcox, and others who T.B. Wilson later described as, “the usual number of adventurers for fun, making in all fifty or seventy-five armed men.” He wrote, “They, after tanking up at E. Whitley’s who dispensed the regular corn juice... filed through the street going west.”

J.M. McReynolds, a fine looking rider on a fine horse, while beside him was J.L. Reed (afterward sheriff of this county) on a little mustang... They were a motley crew but it looked like war to me.”

They had made no secret of their intent to go to the company office. Throckmorton in the meantime had sent word to Hedgecoxe. Tradition is that he took some of the books and papers and hid with them in a nearby corn patch. The gang ransacked the office and the Hedgecoxe home and took away many of the records. Nevertheless, many documents were missing after the incident; no one knows what happened to them. Once again, mob action made matters worse. In the two months that Hedgecoxe had been back at work as the agent, he had recorded 981 files from the colonists.

Much of this material was lost and Hedgecoxe left under the cover of darkness. He later described the incident, “A band of armed men numbering more than one

hundred, many of whom were not colonists, violently entered my office, seized and carried away maps, books, and paper there deposited, with threats and force surrounded and entered my private residence, and seized and carried away a number of papers and books.

Among these were nearly all the files made by the colonists. The men were armed with rifles, double-barreled shotguns, bowie knives, and revolvers to attack an old man broken in health.”

John J. Good described his group’s return to Dallas. “We reached this place early this morning, and met a brilliant reception from the citizens of Dallas County, at whose expense we have been feasting and reveling until this time (3 o’clock) and still the excitement is up. Sam Bogart was promenaded around the square, in effigy, on a rail amid the groans of the citizens then swung him to blackjack and burned him.”

Denton Contains met and praised the Dallas action. Condemning “a lordly company of European Aristocrats,” They said they would defend their homes “peaceable if we can---forcibly if we must.” Collin County held its own mass meeting where resolutions were adopted condemning the action of the raiders and the self-styled committee” of Collin Contains. They commended Senator Bogart and Throckmorton and defended the bill which led to this outbreak. They called for a meeting between representatives of the counties of the colony to agree on the actions they should take.

This convention met at McKinney, July 29, for a three-day session. They asked that Governor Bell call a special session for the relief of the colonists. The Peter’s Colony committee was censured and Throckmorton resigned his place in the legislature. He was re-elected in a special election in November, and returned to battle for the colonists. He filed to get everything the colonists wanted, but eventually earned their lasting friendship.

Hedgecoxe moved to Austin and died there is 1860. Seven of his ten children remained in this locality, and he has many descendents among us today.

Old ‘new’ Texans

no date, but probably 1986

(part of the last column is missing)

While the Texas Revolution was in progress in South Texas, rapid changes were being made on the North Texas frontier. On March 2, 1836, the day Texas declared its Independence, only one family lived west of the mouth of Bois D’arc Creek. During March the seven families of Daniel Rowlett’s party arrived, followed in April by five more families. This steady flow of immigration continued during the year.

Abel Warren established a post to trade with the Indians on the Red River about a mile from the mouth of Choctaw Bayou. (At the present Grayson-Fannin county line near Ambrose). He built a storehouse and a bois d’arc log stockade. The trading post was unsuccessful and was soon abandoned. Bailey English, former sheriff of Miller County, Arkansas (Red River County, Texas) built a stockaded settlement near present Bonham. Three families moved to the head of Bois D’arc Creek between Kentucky town and Whitewright), but Indian raids forced abandonment of this settlement. Within two years, a considerable number of pioneers had moved in along the river and the creeks. Wood and water were necessities; there were no settlements on the prairies.

Red River County sent three representatives to the Second Congress of The Republic of Texas in September, 1837-- Edward H. Tarrant, Collin McKinney and Daniel

Rowlett. Two days after Congress convened, Rowlett presented a petition asking for the creation of a new county west of the Bois D'arc. The only debate was over the name; Independence was considered, then changed to Fannin, in honor of the hero of Conception and Goliad.

Daniel Montague moved near to the deserted stockade at Warren in November, 1837. During the winter and spring settlers often camped within the walls of the stockade to escape Indian attacks. Montague and William Henderson built a general merchandise store. A school was begun at Warren in the summer of 1839. A log stable was cleaned out and furnished with split log benches. Someone donated a chair for the teacher, John Trimble. A search was made among the settlers for text books; the following were pressed into use: The New Testament (The Old Testament was considered too historical for beginners), the Life of John Nelson (a Methodist preacher,) Pilgrim's Progress, Fox's Book of Martyrs, several Webster's spellers, a copy of Murray's grammar, and an arithmetic book. There were nine pupils.

This was a grim time of death and destruction on this frontier; but life had its lighter moments – Daniel Montague had a Fourth of July Ball. The summer of 1839 he had just completed the most elaborate house in the Warren settlement. The house, two large front rooms with a big center hall, was built of dressed logs, chinked with mortar. There were wide fireplaces and a front porch. The house was whitewashed inside and out. Invitations to the Montague's housewarming were sent to every settlement in the area. Chickens, turkeys, pigs and all kinds of wild game were cooked. The liquid refreshments varied from per...to "Ohio" whiskey... dancing and revelry lasting.. two days and nights...

Warran became ...important of the...It was selected...as the county seat and a log courthouse... was built. A tavern... house jurors,... other visitors.. ... Gen. Edward H. ?,....William G. Cooke., John B. De... among the visitors...that assisted...other Masons in...Masonic Lodge at.....

Denton, a Meth... as well as a law.... the first sermon i.. in the log stable.. was born in Tenn.... in Indiana. He.. blacksmith who ...Methodist minister..taught him to read...after their second... born. He preached...and Texas, but... took up the practi.. Clarksville to bett.. his large family.

Thomas Jouitt... Rowlett established .. the Red River.. To...\$2.00 for an ox... horse wagon, a... wagon was \$1.50.....horse 37 1/2 cent...Allen resident, S... recalled that he b...in his pocket when...the river with...wagon into Texas...to his granddaughter...Young. The exact...arrival is not known...served on the g...Warren in November.....

Fourth of July celebration of 1846 was special 4-30-91

On the Fourth of July, 1846, the people in this locality had great cause for celebration—they were once again citizens of the United States.

Some, like Collin McKinney's family, had left the U.S. to live in the Mexican State of Texas. Other families had come later to the Republic of Texas. None of them had intentions of permanently giving up their U.S. citizenship. They knew Texas would become a part of the United States. No one believed they would have to wait almost 10 years for statehood.

After Dec. 29, 1845, the Republic of Texas ceased to exist and the new state of Texas was born. During the next months, there were a series of events which affected the settlers on this northern frontier of Texas.

The First Legislature convened in Austin on Feb. 16, 1846. An act to create the county of Collin was approved on the third of April.

In May, war between the United States and Mexico began. Collin Countians were eager to join the fight. Several joined a company raised by Captain Daniel Montague and were mustered in on July 2. War talk was strong and patriotism was running high.

On July 4, most of the inhabitants of the new county gathered for a celebration at Buckner, the only settlement in the county that could be called a town. This is on U.S. Highway 380, about two miles west of U.S. Highway 75. In true American spirit, a flag was raised and speeches were made.

The location of the county seat was debated. No one had a clear idea where the boundaries of the county were located. It was decided Buckner was probably within the proscribed three miles from the center of the county, and those present voted that Buckner become the county seat.

In the exuberance of the occasion, the requirement that two sites be considered in an election was ignored. Later, Buckner was found to be seven miles off the county's center and the county seat was moved to McKinney.

The picnic continued through the day and concluded with a dance. However, two days before, Col. William S. Harney had asked the governor for several companies of men to be quickly stationed along the western frontier because he wanted them in place before he left on his march to the Rio Grande.

The courier must have come at a fast clip up Preston Trail, for amid the festivities at Buckner, the orders reached Captain Andrew Stapp. According to late historian Roy F. Hall, Stapp mounted a stump and issued a challenge to the men at the picnic to volunteer—63 men came forward.

Stapp was captain; Thomas J. McDonald, 1st lieutenant; Thomas A. Wilson was 2nd Lieutenant. Surprisingly, 54-year-old John Fitzhugh was 2nd sergeant. His two sons, William and Robert and his brother, Gabriel, had joined Montague's company and were already in San Antonio preparing for the march to the border.

Stapp's volunteers had to furnish their own horses and horse equipment. Henry H. Tucker, Christopher Lindsay and Joshua Dillingham were the appraisers, and the men's equipage ranged from Captain Stapp's horses at \$150 and equipment of \$25, down to several \$30 horses and \$8 saddles.

Because of a general foul-up between Col. Harney, Acting Governor Horton and Secretary of War W.L. Marcy, Stapp's company wasn't mustered in until after they had served their term out patrolling the frontier at Elm Station. It was not until Feb. 6, 1848, that the company was mustered in and out at Buckner, retroactively to the dates of actual service.

Collin County in Pioneer Times includes a letter from Secretary of War Marcy to Governor Horton giving Stapp's company of Texas Mounted Volunteers credit for their service, officially recognizing their service in the U.S. Army.

Official confusion apparently did not faze the patriotism of the men. By the time their service was made official, they were forming another company under William

Fitzhugh, who had returned to North Texas to lead his neighbors for the remainder of the war.

The first Fourth of July

no date, probably 1986

They were once again citizens of the United States of American. Some, the McKinney family and others, had left the United States to live in the Mexican state of Texas. The remainder had come here to become citizens of the Republic of Texas. We have reason to believe that they had thought this was only a temporary status, that soon Texas would be part of the United States. No one had believed that they would wait almost ten years for statehood.

After December 29, 1845, the Republic of Texas ceased to exist, and the new State of Texas was born. During the next months there were a series of events that effected the settlers on this northern frontier of Texas. The First Legislature convened of Austin on February 16, 1846. An Act to create the County of Collin was approved on the 3rd of April. John McGarrah, J.C.M. Hodge, Thomas Rattan, Ashley McKinney and Pleasant Wilson were appointed commissioners to find the center of the new county and select two townsites for a county seat. They were then instructed to hold an election and the place receiving the most votes would be the county seat.

In May, war between the United States and Mexico became a reality. Collin Countians, along with other Texans, were eager to join the fight. Several from this area had mustered into a company led by Captain Daniel Montague on July 2. War talk was strong and patriotism was running high.

On July 4th, 1846, most of the inhabitants of the new county gathered for a celebration at Buckner, the only settlement that could be called a town. In true American spirit, a flag was raised and speeches were made. The location of the county seat was debated. No one had a clear idea where the boundaries of the county were located. It was decided that Buckner, the only town, was probably within three miles of the center and those present voted that it should be the county seat. In the exuberance of the occasion, the requirement that two sites be considered was ignored. (Buckner was also about seven-miles off-center.)

The picnic continued through the day and concluded with a grand dance. Amid the festivities, Andrew Stapp mounted a stump and according to the late historian, Captain Roy F. Hall, made the following challenge: "Men of Collin County, we are now a part of the great State of Texas, and Texas is at war. The United States is at war with Mexico and needs soldiers. I am authorized by the governor of the state to raise a company of volunteers here and now to march across the Rio Grande River. I want men, real men, to come into the store and put your names down as the first soldiers Collin County ever had. Who will be first?" The records show that Stapp got his men- 63, including Stapp as Captain, Thomas J. McDonald, Lieutenant, and Thomas A. Wilson as Second Lieutenant.

They were now American citizens and proud of it. When the choice was given to them fifteen years later, they voted to stay with the Union, against the majority of the state, and only with great reluctance took up arms against their country.

Troops from the new state of Texas were unruly 6-23-91

General Zack has not been allowed to rest in peace. Although President Taylor reportedly died after becoming ill from heat and overeating on a hot July 4, in 1850, there are suspicions that someone hastened his death.

As a military leader, the Texans that served under his command in the Mexican War held "Old Rough and Ready" in high esteem. General Taylor wisely let the Texans' own officers remain their companies' commanders. It is said that only men such as Jack Hays and P. Hanbrough Bell could keep the unruly Texans in line.

When General Taylor asked Gov. J. Pinckney Henderson for four regiments, the new governor of the new state of Texas asked the legislature to give him time off to command the Texas regiments in the war. The Governor was made a general. Lieutenant Governor Albert C. Horton was acting governor of the remainder of the term.

However, not all U.S. Regular Army officers were as understanding of Texans. In the summer of 1846, Lt. Col. William S. Harney involved a regiment of North Texans in considerable confusion. Col. Harney was the commander of the Second Dragoons stationed at San Antonio for the purpose of protecting the Texas western frontier from Indian attack.

It is said Gen. Taylor sent, with reluctance, a dispatch authorizing Harney to call upon the governor of Texas for additional forces if the safety of the country required it. Col. Harney promptly wrote a requisition to the governor for seven mounted companies. The governor gave orders to James Bourland to raise the companies in North Texas.

Bourland and the captains of the companies were all seasoned warriors of skirmishes with Indians such as the Battle of Village Creek. Captain Daniel Montague of Warren in Fannin County raised Company C of Fannin and Collin County men. William F. Fitzhugh was second sergeant and his brother, Robert Fitzhugh, was fourth sergeant.

Also, in the company was a Gabriel Fitzhugh who was possibly the uncle of the other two. George Fitzhugh's son-in-law, Squire Lewis, was a private.

When the North Texas companies arrived in Austin, they found no one had made provision for them to draw rations or for forage for their horses. There was also some confusion about how long they were to serve.

Captain Smith from Red River County formed his company in the gallery of the Capital and asked those who wanted to go home to step forward. "Every man stood firm and still; just at that moment, a strong breeze swept through the gallery that caused our banner to wave as if exulting at the sight..." Finally, rations and forage were issued and the men were sent to San Antonio to be mustered in.

The North Texas companies formed the Third Texas Mounted Volunteers and elected officers for the regiment; Col. William C. Young, Lt. Col. James Bourland and Major Calvin C. Cooper.

This did not suit Lt. Col. William S. Harney, of the U.S. Regular Army, according to Texas historians. They claim Col. Harney did not recognize the Texas officer, for although he wanted all the volunteers he could get, he did not want a colonel in command of them when his own colonelcy was only a brevet. James Bourland went to tell Gen. Taylor about the disagreement.

Although Harney's mission was to protect Texas citizens from Indian attacks, he wrote to General Taylor that he was marching to the Rio Grande. He took his dragoons and the Texans and went.

The general wrote back and told him to stay in San Antonio but the letter arrived too late. The North Texans were angry enough when they left San Antonio in the heat of noon on July 23, and their opinion of their leader did not improve during the 18 days it took them to reach the river. The Rio Grande was in flood and it took two days to cross into Mexico.

Meanwhile, Brigadier General John E. Wool arrived in San Antonio and made Col. William C. Young the commander of the Third Texas Mounted Volunteers, and sent orders to Col. Harney to bring the men back, Col. Young met his regiment on their way back to San Antonio and arrested Col. Harney.

When the last of the companies returned to San Antonio, the North Texas volunteers were mustered out.

To be fair, we must admit there may be some bias against Harney, not only for his actions in the Mexican War, but because of later events on Texas' Indian frontier and the Civil War. The Union officer is said to have been the first prisoner taken by Confederate forces.

In March of the next year, paymaster St. Clair Denny came into North Texas to pay both the volunteer companies and the detachment of Texas Rangers commanded by Captain Jack McGarrah in the fall of 1845, before Texas' annexation. The Fitzhugh men and others in Collin County had other service later in the war.

The Mexican War – the beginning

July 6, 1986

Yes Sir! Us fellows in Captain Jack McGarrah's Texas Rangers was in the United States Army 'fore Texas joined up with the States. To the best of my recollection, it happened about like this.

After Sam Houston had licked Santa Anna at San Jacinto, he and the other Texans thought his old Indian fighting comrade, President Andy Jackson would jump at the chance to have Texas in the U.S. But, "Old Hickory" found Texas was too hot to handle and waited till the day before the last day he was president before he recognized Texas as a Republic and dumped the hot potato in President Van Buren's lap. You see, Texas had some slaves and those against slavery in the U.S. Congress was still smarting over having to take in Missouri, but they had everything nice and evened up now, and no one wanted to change it. Then Mexico was saying that those papers Santa Anna signed didn't mean a thing, that Texas was still theirs, and if the U.S. wanted it, they would have to fight them first.

Well, Texas began acting like a proper nation and got a mite ambitious. President Lamar had hoped to get New Mexico and California and who knows how much more, so he led a raid on Sante Fe that was a disaster. All we got out of that was a big national debt.

Houston became president then, and it looked like we were going to have to wait a long time for annexation to the States. So, he started dickering with England and France to bail us out. England thought Texas would be a good place to get cotton, but that slavery thing stuck in the craw. Texas was needing help pretty bad about then, and started talking about setting the slaves free.

Now, that really stirred things up in Washington. President Tyler said, "Whatever will be, will be," that sooner or later Texas would be part of the United States, so it might as well be sooner. He said that they could take Texas without a war with Mexico.

About then James K. Polk ran for president on a platform of Oregon and Texas. Someone came up with the idea of "Manifest Destiny," that it was the Good Lord's will that America reached from sea to shining sea.

Even though Tyler said that war could be avoided with Mexico, he had Secretary of War, William L. Marcy order General Zachary Taylor, who was down in Louisiana on the Camino Real, to get to a place where he could protect the Texas frontier. Taylor took his small army to Corpus Christi, to the mouth of the Nueces River. Now, Texas claimed the Rio Grande was the boundary with Mexico, but really the Nueces was as far as it went at the time.

The Mexican threat was not General Zack's biggest worry. The U.S. Army was just getting acquainted with the plains Indians. Texas had four hundred-fifty miles of Indian frontier that ran from Corpus Christi, up the Nueces, around to San Antonio, to Castroville, passed the German settlements just west of Austin, across the prairies to the forks of the Trinity, and passed just west of here to the Red River. General Taylor saw that he needed his army of 266 men held together because of the Mexican threat, but he needed them spread out because of the Indians. He had some crackerjack young officers straight out of West Point that were ready to tackle anything, but "Old Zack" was not ready to start something without a little help. Two weeks after he hit Corpus he asked President Jones of Texas to lend him some Texas Rangers.

We here in Texas had been fighting Mexicans and Indians for over ten years. The Texas Rangers was started back in the days before the Revolution by Stephen F. Austin, so many of us by this time had been in several skirmishes with the Indians. Late that summer of '47, President Jones sent four companies to General Taylor and three smaller detachments including ours, were considered in the U.S. service Captain Jack's company was told to stay put so that we could watch out, up here in the northern corner of Texas but we would have like to have gone down to south Texas and showed them a thing or two.

"They are teaching the United States soldiers and officers how to ride. The feats of horsemanship of our frontiersmen are most extraordinary. I saw one of them pick up from the ground three dollars, each fifty yards apart, at full speed, and pass under the horses's neck at a pace not much short of full speed."

The Ranger continues-

July 13, 1986

An old Ranger took over last week and began telling this story his way; we will let him continue:

It's just amazing how three countries playing "fruit-basket-turn-over" with their governments could stir up a war so fast. Of course, President Polk jumped in with both feet and wasn't a bit put out that President Tyler had already started something. The government down in Mexico was changing hands, and wound up with 'ol Santa Anna again. President Anson Jones, who had called on us Rangers to lend a hand to General Taylor, was out of a job in February of '46 when Texas changed over governments and Governor J. Pinckney Henderson began running things.

The Governor and the Legislature were just getting things organized in March when General Taylor started down to the Rio Grande with his U.S. Regulars and the Texas Mounted Rangers. Along about the end of April, there was a skirmish, and General Taylor decided not to wait on Congress and President Polk to send more men,

but asked the governor of Texas for four regiments of volunteers “to carry the war to the enemies country.” On May 2, the governor called for forty companies from counties south and east of here. The Red River counties were left out, probably because on the same day the governor heard that Colonel Harney at San Antonio wanted seven companies. General Taylor asked for two mounted regiments and two foot regiments, but the governor told him that he could raise the forty companies provided they were to be mounted, but he said, “I fear our people will not volunteer to serve on foot to the extent required.” He did not get one regiment of foot rifles from down around the coast and deep East Texas, but sure ‘nough there wasn’t any fourth regiment.

Governor Henderson up and asked the legislature to let him take off and go command the Texans. The governor was made a general. The companies gathered at Point Isabel for mustering in. It was this bunch of Texas volunteers that were in that fight at Monterey.

Back in Austin there was all sorts of confusion, what with the governor leaving everything to Lieutenant Governor Horton in a hurry, less than four months after the State began. Colonel Harney had asked for seven companies, so James Bourland was told to raise these companies up here in the Red River counties. Companies were enrolled over at Clarksville and at Boston, and in Lamar County. Captain William Dagley, that had a place down Rowlett Creek from here, but lived up in Fannin County, had a company. Then ol’ Captain Daniel Montague at Warren got up a company. I knowed four boys from around here that joined his company. There was William Fitzhugh that was the Second Sargent and Robert Fitzhugh the Fourth Sargent, and Gab Fitzhugh and Squire Lewis were privates.

When they all got to Austin, the Governor had left for Port Isabel and no one had fixed it up for them to draw rations or forage, and there was a lot of confusion about how long they were to serve. They had signed up for the usual three month militia tour, but now they were wanted for six months. Captain Smith from Red River County formed his company in the gallery of the capitol and asked those that wanted to go home and not accept a six month-term to step forward.

“Every man stood firm and still; just at that moment a strong breeze swept through the gallery that caused our banner to wave as if exulting at the sight...” Major Fauntleroy finally had rations and forage issued, and told the men to go to San Antonio to be mustered in.

The Texans elected officers for a regiment—Colonel William C. Young, Lieutenant Colonel James Bourland, and Major Calvin C. Cooper. This did not suit Colonel Harney. The Texans figured he didn’t want a Texas volunteer officer the same rank as he was, that he wanted to run the whole shebang. Bourland went off to tell General Taylor just how the Texans felt about the whole mess.

Colonel Harney, who was supposed to be watching out for Indians, wrote General Taylor that he was marching to the Rio Grande. He took the Texans and some dragoons and went. The General wrote back and told him to stay put, but the letter was too late. The North Texans were mad enough when they left San Antone in the heat of noon on July 23, and their opinion of their leader did not improve during the eighteen days it took them to reach the river. The river was rising when they got there and it took two days to cross the Mexican side.

Back in San Antone, Brigadier General John E. Wool arrived, and made Colonel Young the commander of the 3rd Texas Mounted Volunteers, and sent orders to Colonel Harney to bring his men back. Colonel Young met them on the way back and arrested Colonel Harney.

It was March of '47 before the paymaster came up here to North Texas to give them their pay. At the same time he paid us Rangers that had been in Captain McGarrah's company back in the fall of '45.

Pioneer signed state Declaration of Independence 10-29-89

Washington-on-the-Brazos was an unlikely site for the convention of March 1, 1836. Although settlers had lived on the land west of the river since 1821, the town had been laid out and lots sold at a public auction less than two months before. However, Noah Byars and Peter Mercer had an unfinished framed building that was perhaps the only structure in the Anglo-Texas settlements that was large enough to hold delegates from each Texas municipality. A Virginian traveling through Texas, William Fairfax Gray, wrote in February: "Left Washington at 10 o'clock. Glad to get out of so disgusting a place. It is laid out in the woods; about a dozen wretched cabins or shanties constitute the city; not one decent house in it and only one well-defined street, which consists of an opening cut out of the woods. The stumps still standing. A rare place to hold a national convention. They will have to leave it promptly to avoid starvation." Food and lodging were indeed scarce, but they were only minor considerations for the 59 Texians that signed Texas' Declaration of Independence from Mexico and formed the Republic of Texas.

Last week, my husband and I visited Washington-on-the-Brazos and came away with a new respect for Collin McKinney, the man for whom our county and county seat were named.

Collin McKinney was born April 17, 1766, in New Jersey. The family was in Virginia at the time of America's War for Independence. McKinney grew up and married at McKinney's Station in Lincoln County, Kentucky, where his father had received bounty land for military service. McKinney's children were grown and needing land when in 1824, he moved with them to Hempstead County, Arkansas, near the Red River, east of present day Texarkana.

Two years later, McKinney's settlement was visited by Benjamin Rush Milam, a Kentuckian who had served in Mexico's War for Independence from Spain, who with British soldier of fortune Gen. Arthur G. Wavell, was establishing a colony in the northeast corner of Texas. McKinney and other family members moved to the Wavell colony and established a plantation and shipping point, McKinney's Landing on the Red River.

By the end of 1835, it was evident that Anglo-Texas colonists could not exist with the ever-changing military regimes of Mexico, especially that of President Santa Anna. Even Stephen F. Austin, the colonists' most conciliatory mediator, said, "War is our only resource." Ben Milam was killed in a confrontation with General Cos at San Antonio. A call went out for a convention at Washington-on-the-Brazos beginning March 1, 1836.

The Red River colonists sent their most steady, sober, knowledgeable men: Collin McKinney, planter, surveyor, merchant, lay preacher, magistrate; Richard Ellis,

former judge of the Alabama Supreme Court; Robert Hamilton; Samuel P. Carson; and Albert H. Lattimer. All were men of means with above average education.

Collin McKinney was 70 years old when he made the trip from the Red River to Washington-on-the-Brazos-- 300 miles over Indian trails by horseback. When the delegates convened on March 1, Judge Ellis was elected chairman. Early in the proceedings, George C. Childress introduced a resolution for a committee to draft a Declaration of Independence from Mexico. And the committee, Ellis appointed Childress, Bailey Hardeman, James Gaines, Edwin Conrad and Collin McKinney. Although the authorship of the document is credited to Childress, all the points were debated by the committee and all were in agreement on the document.

On the second day, when it was time for the committee's report to the convention, news reached Washington of the plight of Travis and Bowie and their men at the Alamo. The convention was thrown into disorder. When a proposal was made that action be postponed on the Declaration of Independence, Collin McKinney, the oldest delegate, although a quiet man, stood and made an impassioned speech against delay. When he sat down, the proposal was withdrawn and the cry "Let's vote!" came from the assembly. But Judge Ellis, a strict parliamentarian, called for order, and the Declaration of Independence was adopted section by section, then unanimously adopted as a whole.

This was followed by a great excitement. Ellis recessed for 10 minutes while the delegates congratulated the committee members. Sam Houston stood on a bench in the midst of the delegates and shouted out, "Gentlemen! One word! Let us all pledge ourselves to remain in Washington until we complete our labors." "We will," cried many voices. Ellis rapped for order and business continued. McKinney served on the committee that composed the constitution. General Houston was given command of the Texas Army, David G. Burnet was elected acting president. The convention completed its work—The Republic of Texas was born; then the delegates rushed away to prepare for war.

McKinney returned to the Red River to outfit a cavalry company. Because of their great distance from the scene of war, the Red River men arrived a month after the Battle of San Jacinto.

Later Collin McKinney and other family connections moved to 'the Trinity,' where settlement was just beginning, so that the younger members could take up bounty land that was due them for their service to the Republic (about 15 miles north of Allen between Anna and Van Alstyne).

In spite of his age and the hardships of travel, Collin McKinney represented the North Texas settlers in the First, Second and Fourth Congresses of the Republic of Texas. Though not given to speech making, he was known for his conservative common sense in dealing with problems. In 1846, when this county was created, it was named for the man respectfully known to Texas lawmakers as Uncle Collin. The county seat town was named McKinney for him, also.

In 1861, with his friends, Sam Houston and James W. Throckmorton, McKinney led Collin and other North Texas counties to vote against secession. Even at the age of 95, Collin McKinney, in his quiet way, still had considerable political influence.

Remember Collin McKinney

1-19-86

First of two parts.

We remember the Alamo, Goliad, and San Jacinto, and honor their heroes. But, there were other, lesser known, men who worked to bring order to the chaos that was the Texas Revolution. One of these was Collin McKinney, the man for whom our county and county seat were named.

Collin McKinney was born April 17, 1766, in New Jersey, the son of Daniel McKinney. Daniel had also been born in New Jersey. His father was Mordecai McKinney. No one knows how long the Scot family had been in America.

When Collin was about three years old, his father and Uncle Archibald moved their families to Virginia. At the close of the War for Independence, the McKinney brothers received bounty land in Kentucky for their military services in the Virginia army. They moved to Lincoln County, Kentucky. At McKinney's Station, on the edge of the frontier, with the constant threat of Indian raids, Collin grew to manhood.

Collin McKinney married Amy Moore in 1794. Ten years later, Amy and two of their four children died within one week. In 1805, McKinney married Elizabeth "Betsy" Leek Coleman. They had seven children; six lived to adulthood.

McKinney bought land in the part of Lincoln County that became Casey County, Kentucky. McKinney spent two years in Tennessee, managing the estate of Senator G.W. Campbell, while Campbell was in Russia as the American Minister. He had a trading post while in Tennessee, and one at Elkton, Todd County, Kentucky. Probably because the depression and the Panic of 1819 made the collection of debts impossible, McKinney did not like merchandising.

When Arkansas Territory was opened for settlement some of the McKinney clan had moved there. In 1824, Collin, his brother Daniel, their mother, and others of the family followed, moving to Hempstead County Arkansas. They lived on the Red River, a few miles south to Fulton. Collin McKinney was elected Justice of Peace and officiated at four of his children's weddings.

In 1826, McKinney met Benjamin Rush Milan, a Kentuckian, who was an Indian trader in Texas before serving in the Mexican Army during the War for Independence from Spain, and his nephew, Jefferson Milam. Ben Milam was a partner of the British soldier of fortune, General Arthur G. Wavell, also of the Mexican Army, in establishing a colony in the Red River area of Northeast Texas.

Collin McKinney and Ben Milam became friends and the young surveyor, Jefferson Milam, became his son-in-law. The Mexican government was offering a generous league and one labor of land to each head of household who became one of the Wavell colonists. McKinney and other family members took up Texas land and gave allegiance to Mexico, and to the prescribed religion. They did not find these conditions too difficult to accept; no officials or priests came to that distant corner. They were exempt from Mexican taxes for several years.

The United States also claimed the land on which they settled. The boundary between the countries was the Ninety-fourth Degree, between the Red River and the Sabine River according to a treaty of 1819. No one knew exactly where this line was located. It had not been formally surveyed by either government. A map in use at the time was later found to be in error. The U.S. claimed all of the Red River settlements. This was to be a problem for many years.

Accepting this dual citizenship, the McKinnneys and their neighbors paid taxes to Arkansas, were represented in the legislature, used the courts and enjoyed the protection of Fort Towson across the river.

The logjam on the Red River had been partially removed by Ben Milam. Collin McKinney became an agent for cotton, and shipped it down river from McKinney's Landing to New Orleans.

Milam heard that the petitions sent by the settlers requesting a land commissioner to come and register their claims, had been lost in a mail robbery. He set out for Monclova, Coahilla, leaving his personal papers including a copy of the land claims with McKinney. While he was in Monclova, the city was captured by General Cos on order of President Santa Anna. Milam was taken prisoner with the governor and other officials.

He escaped in October 1835 and met up with a detachment of the Texas army. Stephen F. Austin placed Milam in charge of a company. The Texas army waited outside of San Antonio. According to folklore, Milam challenged, "Who will go with old Ben Milam into San Antonio?" Three hundred volunteered.

The battle had raged for three days when, on Dec. 7, Ben Milam was killed. The Texans began a house-to-house assault. General Cos gave up on the Tenth of December, giving Texans all public property, money and arms in San Antonio. Cos agreed to withdraw south of the Rio Grande and not fight Texans again. He crossed the Rio Grande, only to turn around to return to Texas. Many Texans had thought the war was over. They had not reckoned on President Santa Anna.

But, Texas was moving toward independence. On Feb. 1, 1836, an election was held to select delegates to the March 1, convention at Washington-on-the-Brazos. Among the five elected in the Red River colony was 70-year-old Collin McKinney.

McKinney, signer of Declaration of Independence 1-26-86

Part 2 of a series

General Santa Anna, himself, was on his way into Texas in February 1836, to put an end to the Anglo upstarts that had dared to take San Antonio.

The first of the month, 62 delegates had been elected for a Convention set for March the first. News of Ben Milam's death at San Antonio had probably reached the Wavell colonists up on the Red River.

They chose as their delegates the most steady, sober, knowledgeable men in the colony: Collin McKinney-planter, surveyor, merchant, lay preacher, magistrate with seventy years of experience of life; Richard Ellis- a former judge of the Alabama Supreme Court; Robert Hamilton; Samuel P. Carson; Albert H. Lattimer (who substituted for John H. Johnson), all men of means, and all above the average in education.

It was a journey of over 300 miles, over Indian trails, on horseback to Washington-on-the-Brazos. When the delegates convened March the first, Judge Ellis was elected chairman. Early in the proceedings, George C. Childress introduced a resolution for a committee to draft a Declaration of Independence. Ellis appointed Childress of Milam and Bailey Hardeman of Matagorda, both lawyers; James Gaines of Sabine, and Collin McKinney of Red River, both advanced in years, their experience, conservatism and practical judgment were valued; and Edwin Conrad, well-informed man though a bit impetuous it is said. Childress, the committee chairman, was a nephew of Sterling C. Robertson. The young Tennessee lawyer, it is generally supposed, had been brought to

Texas by his uncle a few months before to help in these matters. He was the one best fitted for phrasing the document. Although the authorship is credited to him, the points were debated by the committee and all were in agreement on the document.

News reached Washington of the plight of Travis and Bowie and their men at the Alamo. The convention was thrown into disorder. It was at this point that Collin McKinney; a rather quiet man, showed when aroused he was full of fire. When proposed that action be postponed on the committee's report of the Declaration of Independence, Mr. McKinney stood and made a brief impassioned speech against delay. When he sat down the proposal was withdrawn, and the cry "Let's vote!" came from the assembly. But, Judge Ellis called for order and proceeded to conduct the business of the Convention in an orderly manner. The Declaration of Independence was adopted section by section, then unanimously adopted as a whole.'

This was followed by great confusion. Ellis recessed for ten minutes. Pandemonium reigned. The delegates rushed to Childress and the committee members, embracing them and shaking their hands. Sam Houston stood on a bench in the midst of the delegates and shouted out "Gentlemen, one word' Let us all pledge ourselves to remain in Washington until we complete our labors." "We will," cried many voices. President Ellis rapped for order and the delegates took their seats.

A committee was formed to frame the constitution. Collin McKinney, Hardeman, Gaines, and 18 others composed the committee. General Houston was given command of the Texas Army. David G. Burnet was elected acting president. The convention completed its work; the Republic of Texas was born.

McKinney returned to the Red River area and began collecting money, guns and horses to outfit a cavalry company to join Gen. Houston's army. Among the soldiers were McKinney's son, Ashely, and his cousin, James McKinney. They arrived on the scene a month after San Jacinto because of the distance to and from the Red River settlements. They were placed on guard at Victoria. When they were discharged, James McKinney died enroute home.

Collin McKinney was a Representative to the First and Second Congress of the Republic of Texas. At the Second Congress in the fall of 1837, many of the delegates became ill in a epidemic of fevers in the bayou town of Houston. McKinney wrote to his wife, Betsey, "Seven have been buried and they bury from three to four a day." Evidently ill himself, he asked his wife to read his letter to their children and kin if he never returned.

McKinney did not serve in the Third Congress. He was elected to the Fourth Congress in 1839. When the 73-year-old arrived at Austin, the old question over boundaries delayed his being seated in Congress for over a month. The new Republic did not want to offend its powerful neighbor. The boundary was not settled until after McKinney's term of office. (McKinney's plantation on the Red River was well within Texas boundaries.)

Ashley McKinney and Polly McKinney, widow of James McKinney, received bounty land in this area for the men's service in the Army of the Republic of Texas. Before 1846, Collin McKinney and his family had moved to 'the Trinity' in what was then a part of Fannin County, soon to be Collin County.

Surveyor Collin McKinney, while in Congress had insisted that new counties in Texas be square with the compass, thirty miles long and thirty miles wide, with the

county seat as near the center of the county as possible. (A man could ride a horse from anywhere in the county to the county seat, take care of business, and ride home before dark.) McKinney was responsible for the northern tier of Texas counties being generally uniform in shape and size.

This county was formed in 1846, and was given the name Collin in Collin McKinney's honor. Why it was named for his first name is unknown, but a clue is that at least one young lawmaker, James W. Throckmorton, addressed him as "Uncle Collin."

When the county seat was moved from Buckner, Throckmorton wrote to Collin McKinney that he had used his influence to have the new town named McKinney. However, McKinney requested that the town be called Elizabeth Town in honor of his wife, rather than himself. Throckmorton asked the Legislature for this change, but no action was taken. The county seat's name remained McKinney.

Collin McKinney, son of an American Patriot, who had worked in the formation of the Republic of Texas and for its annexation to the United States, was strongly opposed to secession as were many in this county. His friend, Throckmorton, the representative from this area to the Secession Convention in January 1861 voted against secession.

But, by the time 95-year-old Collin McKinney died on the following September 9, 1861, most of his grandsons were in the Confederate Army.

C. McKinney influenced shapes of counties no date, 1990-91?

"You might as well go on to Brenham; you're going to wind up there anyhow," the helpful park ranger told us. She was right. However, on that day we wanted to bypass the Blue Bell capital, pardon me, that is the "Bluebonnet Capital of the World." On our recent trip in search of historic Texas, we tried to avoid the larger towns and busier roads. Texas has some beautiful scenery, away from the interstates and the clutter along the major highways, but our very good network of farm-to-market roads do tend to take you to the market towns—in this case, Brenham. There was no road straight east to Independence. We had to go southeast, then northeast, but that time we missed Brenham by going to the old town of Burton instead.

The little communities in that area have the neatness of German heritage, with tiny Lutheran churches scattered over the hills. The road ran along a high ridge known as Gay Hill and was bordered by large ranches where prize beef cattle grazed on white-fenced pastures, evidently liberally fertilized with oil money. To the southeast were folds of hills with the haze of the coastal plains in the far distance. To the north and west stretched the panorama of the Brazos basin, so vast it seemed that we could see the curve of the earth's sphere. It was a sight well worth going the long way around to see.

But, D.C. was disoriented. "Which way are we going, now?" he kept asking. It was easier for me to keep my sense of direction for I had the maps, navigating as he drove. The autumn sun, far in the south, was not much help determining directions. It seemed that we had entered a world that was antigoglin to that which we were familiar. This was particularly annoying to D.C., who likes things straight, square, plumb and level. (An exception is his wife, who is half-a-bubble off.) We lost our orientation without the familiar north-south, east-west line of roads, fences and hedgerows of North Texas which were largely due to the influence of Collin McKinney. In the area that we were traveling, there were no lines to indicate directions. This was the region of the

original Spanish and Anglo-Texas settlements. The road along Gay Hill to Independence and on to the Brazos River crossing at Washington-on-the-Brazos was an old Spanish route. Another Spanish trace was the old San Antonio Road from San Augustine and Nacogdoches, part of El Camino Real, a road first blazed in 1691 to connect Spanish America. These roads run diagonal to the compass, northeast to southwest. The major rivers, the Trinity, Brazos and Colorado, angle across the region from northwest to southeast. The Spanish laid out this area in reference to these geological features. The original land grants were measured in leagues, labor and varas, with their lines on the bias. There is little to indicate due north, south, east or west. One exception is the Anglo cemeteries. Although the perimeters may be diamond shaped, the pioneers' graves are straight to the compass, all face east, ready for the Resurrection Morn.

The ole surveyor Collin McKinney must have been appalled at the method used for marking off land when he went to Washington-on-the-Brazos in 1836. He would have been familiar with the pattern of townships established in 1787 by the Northwest Ordinance. The area northwest of the Ohio River was surveyed before sale and settlement, into townships 6 miles square, each in turn split into 36 sections of 1 square mile each, oriented to latitude and longitude lines, a system later used in other western states.

North Texas at the time of the Republic was a vast region of unsurveyed land. Settlement was moving westward along the Red River. New counties needed to be formed. At that time, Collin McKinney insisted that the new counties be laid out square with the points of the compass, and that they be approximately 30 miles long and 30 miles wide with the county seat as near the center as possible. With counties this size, a man could ride a horse from anywhere in the county to the county seat, see to his business, and return home the same day. McKinney's suggestion was followed. A map of the state shows that the northern tier of counties are generally uniform in size and shape. Original land patents were laid out as near to the compass points as possible. Early roads usually bordered the section lines. This practical suggestion by Collin McKinney is another indication of his character.

A contemporary of McKinney's William Menefree, another signer of the Declaration of Independence and senator of the Congress of the Republic, left his description of McKinney: "He impressed me as being a man of strong character. He was rather modest in nature, but when aroused he was full of fire." His friend and neighbor, Judge Richard Ellis, president of the convention at Washington-on-the-Brazos, gave us this insight to Collin McKinney: "There was something about Mr. McKinney's personality that drew the delegates to him. He was a man of mature years and his open face was an index to his true character. While he mingled with the delegates within and without the little room where they met, he was never obtrusive. On the other hand, he was reserved among strangers. He was slow to reach conclusions, but when he once made up his mind, he could not be easily made to change."

City's namesake helped annex Texas into Union no date, 1990s?

How did Allen get its name?

The town of Allen was located on the Houston and Texas Central Railway as a shipping point and depot for passenger service. The railway company located such towns about every six to eight miles along the tracks, preferring to plat new towns rather than

placing depots in established communities, because the sale of lots was a major source of revenue for the company.

Older towns such as Plano kept their identity by providing land for town lots to be sold by the railroad and by moving existing businesses nearer the depot.

We can imagine the process of choosing names for the string of new towns was something like this:

A group of bewhiskered men in a Houston board room poured over a map of the tentative route of the Houston and Texas Central Railway. The time would have been soon after the Civil War. The president of the company, William J. Hutchins, could have said, "I want that town at Dowdy's ferry on the Trinity; so the name Hutchins was penciled in.

Abram Goesbeeck and Cornelius Ennis, company directors, selected their favorite townsites. The spelling of the name Groesbeeck was changed by the post office. The old community of Breckenridge in Dallas County was bypassed by the tracks by a mile or so, and the new town was selected by S. Richardson, the company secretary, as his namesake. It is doubtful that Mrs. Marie Van Alstyne, a major stockholder, was at the meeting, and there is some debate of the identity of Anna and Melissa.

However, after these names were selected, there was a blank space on the line in Collin County. Some, probably Kosse whose job it was to draw plats for these new towns, suggested they needed a station between Plano and McKinney. What would be the name of this town?

"Let's name that one for old Ebenezer!" Ebenezer Allen was one of the extraordinary men that made up the government of Texas during the time of the Republic. Allen was born in Maine and came to Texas in the early days of the Republic to settle at Galveston. He was the Attorney General of the Republic of Texas during the administration of President Mirabeau B. Lamar and during President Sam Houston's second term.

In December, 1844, when Anson Jones, then Secretary of State, became President of Texas, Attorney General Allen became interim Secretary of State, filling both offices until July, 1845, when William B. Ochiltree became Attorney General and Allen, the Secretary of State of the Republic.

At this time, President Jones and Ebenezer Allen were under considerable pressure from Texans who wanted to become a part of the United States. Secretary of State Allen displayed delicate diplomacy while he negotiated the annexation of the Republic of Texas to the United States and assisted in framing the terms of annexation.

When the new state government was organized, Allen became the Attorney General under Governor P.H. Bell from 1849 to 1853. During this time, the situation became acute within the Peters Colony in North Texas between the immigration company, the State of Texas and the settlers, who were unable to gain title to their land. Representative J.W. Throckmorton of Collin County, in an effort to resolve the disputes, framed a special law that was passed by the Texas Legislature in 1852.

The new law, which the colonists felt favored the immigration company, only added more controversy. Attorney General Allen ruled in favor of the law of 1852. It was said his opinion fell "among the colonists like a Concrete Rocket, and is bitterly denounced by some rebellious spirits." Dallas County's rebellious colonists marched to McKinney, where they were joined by equally rebellious Collin Countians. This group

raided the Peter's Colony office at Oliver Hedgecoxe's home just north of present-day Allen, in a incident known as the "Hedgecoxe's War."

That Attorney General Allen, Representative Throckmorton and the immigration company officer Hedgecoxe had the law on their side added nothing to their popularity.

It is one of the ironies of history that the town named for Allen was established on land that was the headright of one of the known participants of the colonist's rebellion.

However, it was for the promotion of railroads that Ebenezer Allen was honored by having our town named for him. Allen promoted railroads as the means to open the wide expanses of Texas to settlement and to promote the prosperity of the state.

Allen was instrumental in securing the first charter for the railroad in 1848. The Galveston and Red River Railway Company was to extend from Galveston Bay to a point on the Red River, east of Coffee's Station, the most western settlement on the river at that time.

When after several years the company was unable to make a start, the charter was taken up by Allen of Galveston and a group of Houston businessmen in 1852. The railway's name was changed to the Houston and Texas Central Railway and Allen, still Attorney General, was made company president.

Construction of the railway began, but work was stopped at Millican, about 80 miles out of Houston, at the beginning of the Civil War.

Ebenezer Allen engaged in torpedo work during the war. The Confederate torpedo activity, primarily in the Chesapeake Bay area, was an arrangement of explosive obstructions that were supposedly a defense against iron-plated Union vessels, but their main purpose was to make the enemy more cautious. Ebenezer Allen died in Virginia in 1863.

Although the HTC was the first railroad in Texas to begin work after the Civil War, it did not reach North Texas until 1872. On Feb. 10, 1876, a plat for the town of Allen was filed with the Collin County clerk. It was named as a memorial to an extraordinary man, Ebenezer Allen.

Allen, memorial to Republic

5-11-86

Ebenezer Allen was another of the extraordinary men of the Texas Republic and early statehood days. But his name is omitted from most histories of that period and apparently the only lasting memorial to him was the naming of a town on a high rise of blackland prairie in his hone, Allen, Texas.

There is a little personal information about this man. Allen was born in the stat of Maine, and came to the Republic of Texas during the 1830s and settled at Galveston.

During the administration of President Mirabeau B. Lamar, Allen served as Attorney General. He also filled this office during President Sam Houston's second term.

When former Secretary of State, Anson Jones became President of the Republic on December 9, 1844, Allen was appointed as interim Secretary of State. On the 12th of December, Allen was appointed Attorney General. Allen filled in, evidently doing two jobs until July 1, 1845 when William B. Ochiltree became Attorney General and Ebenezer Allen became the Secretary of State.

It was during this time that Allen displayed delicate diplomacy while he negotiated the annexation of Texas to the United States, and assisted in framing the terms

of annexation, President Jones was under considerable pressure from Texans wanting to become a part of the U.S.; his Secretary of State was also under fire.

After statehood, Allen again became Attorney General under Governor P.H. Bell, from 1849-1853. During this period there was considerable controversy over the Peters Colony. Allen received criticism over his ruling on the Law of 1852. It was said his opinion fell "amongst the colonists like a concrete Rocket, and is bitterly denounced by some of the rebellious spirits."

However, it was for the promotion of railroads in Texas that Ebenezer Allen is best remembered. In 1848, Allen was instrumental in securing the charter for the Galveston and Red River Railway Company. This railroad was to extend from some point of Galveston Bay to some point on the Red River, east of Coffee's Station. It was to complete a hundred miles of track in five years.

The company received an extension of its charter in 1850, but could not make a beginning/ In 1852, some Houston businessmen became interested in the Railway. Among them were Cornelius Ennis, T.W. House, W.J. Hutchins, W.M. Rice, Augustus C. and John K. Allen, W.A. Van Alstyne, also Francis Moore and Ebenezer Allen of Galveston. The railway's name became the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, and Attorney General Allen was made president.

The railroad had reached to Millican about eight miles out of Houston when construction was stopped by the Civil War.

Ebenezer Allen was in the Confederate service. It is said he was engaged in the torpedo business. (According to a letter of Confederate President Jefferson Davis, this was an arrangement of explosive obstructions that were exploded by electricity or by impact had served as a defense against iron-plated Union vessels. Their main purpose was to make the enemy more cautious.) Allen died in Virginia in 1863.

Although the H. & T.C. was the first railroad to start building again in Texas after the War, it did not reach Dallas until 1872. In 1873, the line reached the Red River and connected with the M.T. at Denison linking Texas with other states by rail. In 1876, a plat was filed with the Collin County Clerk for a town named Allen; the sale of lots began; a town to honor the memory of Ebenezer Allen.

James Throckmorton

4-13-86

Dr. James Webb Throckmorton was unhappy in the medical profession. At twenty-six, this seasoned frontiersman, veteran of the Mexican War and country doctor decided to take up law and politics. He later wrote that, "the situation of my section of the state and partial friends caused me to enter public life." He was destined to be in the midst of controversy through his public career: during the Peters' Colony troubles, at the Secession Convention, as a Confederate General, and as Governor of Texas during Reconstruction.

Throckmorton was of the Whig Party as were most of the voters in the Twenty-fifth District that was composed of Collin and Denton Counties. In the election of 1851 the total vote in the district was 421. Throckmorton received 220.

Young Representative Throckmorton set out for Austin determined to do something about the legal tangles of the settlers in his district. He got his opportunity when he was appointed to a select committee on disturbances in Peter's Colony. This area was in a state of turmoil and upheaval, almost to the point of revolution over the Texas Emigration and Land Company as the Peters group was now known.

From the first there had been complaints against the company. At the time the Republic became a state, conditions were bad in the colony. Colonists complained that the company had not complied with its contract to furnish them with cabins, guns, ammunition and supplies, nor had it brought in the required number of families.

The state constitutional convention of 1845 passed an ordinance that the Attorney General or District Attorney should take action against the company, that the contract should be nullified if an investigation proved the company had not kept its agreement. Because of this ordinance the company did not receive its patents, and conditions that were bad during the Republic became chaotic under state control. Colonists were kept from getting titles to their lands; new settlers were moving in without the assistance of the company.

The focus turned to Henry O. Hedgecoxe, the agent for the company when feelings reached fever pitch in 1848. A mob developed among the grumblers and proceeded to the office of the company that was then located in Denton County. Hedgecoxe had to flee. This only made matters worse for the company was then without an agent.

More laws were passed by the Legislature that only added to the confusion with the company, the General Land Office, the Attorney General, the Colonists and their legal counsel, John H. Reagan, and other settlers. This was what Throckmorton and his committee faced in 1852. Surprisingly, a thorough investigation of the records revealed that the company had made every effort to comply with their contracts, failing only in minor details—that it had fully complied with the spirit of the law.

However, the question was more than the fulfillment of contract. The colonists must secure titles to the lands they had been promised, some land now held. Other unlocated or not surveyed, and at the same time satisfy the claims of the company.

The Throckmorton Compromise, designed to relieve the situation was submitted to the Legislature. The compromise provided that the company's suit against the General Land Office should be dismissed and the company was to suspend its claims until the colonists located their lands. Because the company would lose some of its best lands to the colonists, it would receive an additional 1700 sections. Each colonist was to make his location and submit a description of his land before Aug. 4, 1852. The bill containing these terms was passed by the legislature and was approved by the Governor on Feb. 10, 1852.

At first this bill was applauded by the colonists, but it would lead to a local incident that became known as the Hedgecoxe War, and before the end of July Throckmorton would be forced to resign his place in the Texas Legislature.

Only cemetery of 1st county seat remains

4-9-87

On U.S. Highway 380, about 1 ½ miles west of U.S. Highway 75, a little past Texas Instrument's McKinney plant, is a historical marker for the old town of Buckner. If you climb to the top of the highway cut, you can visualize the high prairie site of the old town, the first county seat for Collin County. The settlement began when John "Jack" McGarrah came from Arkansas and opened a trading post – the only place in 40 miles where settlers could buy merchandise.

The McGarrahs, John and George, were born in 1804 at Caney Fork, Tenn. They were small children when their family moved to Missouri. In 1823, John, George and

their brother, William, moved to Washington County, Ark., where they helped to build the town of Fayetteville. During the time he lived in Arkansas, John served two terms in the Arkansas Legislature. In 1842-43, the McGarrah clan moved to the Republic of Texas. Among the group were John's daughters, Elizabeth and her husband, James Herndon; Cynthia Ann and her husband, George Herndon; Sarah, who married Tola Dunn; Eliza Jane, who married Dr. G.A. Foote, a pioneer physician; Mary Margaret McGarrah, who married Edward Stiff; sons, Randolph and his wife, Nancy King; Conway, who married Mary Ann Wilson; and Seburn G.S. McGarrah.

George McGarrah had married Mrs. Sarah Ford while in Arkansas, and her son, G.W. Ford, came to Texas with the McGarrahs. The marriage of G.W. Ford and Parmelia Langston was the first wedding in the area that became Collin County. The Fords located on land now in Allen. George McGarrah settled about 2 miles south of his brother, John.

There are many descendants of these families – McGarrah, Herndons, Dunns, Fords and others – still in Collin County. A large number of Allenites proudly claim kin to this clan.

In February 1843, while John McGarrah and others were building a cabin at the settlement of Buckner, a Dr. Calder from the settlement of Cedar Springs (near downtown Dallas) rode by, leading a second horse, on his way to Fort English (Bonham). The doctor asked about Indian danger and was assured that no Indians had been seen in the vicinity. Soon after he rode on his way, he was seen running back toward the cabin on foot. He was killed and scalped by Indians before help could reach him. The rescue party was attacked by about 60 Indians. They retreated to the unfinished cabin and held off the attackers with their guns until nightfall. The Indians used bows and arrows and left the doctor's gun where it fell. The next day, 24 men from Cedar Springs joined with a local company, and with Jack McGarrah at the lead, pursued the Indians westward for several days, but were not able to overtake them.

At the time that the settlement was begun, this area was part of Fannin County, a vast territory that reached out to the Texas panhandle, Collin McKinney, who helped to draft Texas' Declaration of Independence, and his large family group had moved to this area (about 3 miles southeast of Van Alstyne). The elderly gentleman was still a force in the Texas Legislature. One of his numerous skills was surveying. A map of the state shows that the southeastern counties are higgledy-piggledy in shape and size, their boundaries following natural features such as rivers. McKinney recommended that all new counties be surveyed as near 30 miles by 30 miles square as possible, with their boundaries running due north, south, east and west. This common-sense recommendation was the sort of thing that the 80-year-old statesman, known as "Uncle Collin" to his younger colleagues, was noted for. When Gov. J. Pinkney Henderson created this county, it was named Collin County for Collin McKinney.)

On July 4, 1846 – the first Fourth of July since Texas had become a part of the United States – about 75 people met at Buckner. A commission had been formed to lay out a county seat town as near the center of the county as possible. Two sites were to be considered (with due regard to donations that may be offered by individuals). An election was to be held with the site getting the most votes to be the county seat.

Those at Buckner on the Fourth included most, if not all, eligible voters in the county. They decided that Buckner was a good place for the county seat; no one knew

where the county's lines were, anyway. Jack McGarrah, foreseeing a town springing up on his land, gave 50 acres for the town site for a token \$1. (Taking advantage of the patriotic exuberance of the day, a military company was formed to serve in the Mexican War.)

A town was laid out on the prairie with a square for the courthouse. Streets were named Arkansas, Houston and such, and on Sept. 21, 1846, an auction was held to sell town lots. Rev. John L. Lovejoy, Methodist preacher, Texas Ranger and merchant, opened a general merchandise store.

Buckner was to have a short existence. In their excitement of organizing a county, the pioneers overlooked the rules: the county seat was to be as near the center of the county as possible, and two places were to be considered in a proper election. The Texas Legislature rejected Buckner as a county seat. George White from New York was named county surveyor and was instructed to locate the center of the county. He found this to be on the banks of East Fork of the Trinity River, about 3 miles southeast of the present square of McKinney. The two sites that were selected were the present site of McKinney and at Sloan's Grove (Lick Springs?) on the Sloan Survey, and south of Wilson Creek. On election day, Nov. 1 1847, East Fork and Wilson Creek were in flood. Voters in the south and east of the county could not reach Buckner to vote. According to historian, Roy F. Hall, Ben Baccus arrived just before the polls closed and found that 10 votes had been cast, all for the site north of Wilson Creek (McKinney). Baccus cast his vote for Sloan's Grove, just "for devilment," he said. The vote was 10 to 1 for the present site for our county seat.

Rev. John L. Lovejoy soon rolled his Buckner store building 3 miles to the east—the town of McKinney had begun. Only a cemetery remains at old Buckner, a reminder of Jack McGarrah's dream.

Buckner, county seat

3-2-86

[The bottom of two columns must be missing]

Today, I drove out U.S. Hwy. 380, past Texas Instrument's McKinney plant, about a mile and a half west of the Expressway to the historical marker for the old town of Buckner. As I stood above the highway cut, on the level of the old prairie, I looked out at the construction activity around the site and thought, "Colonel Jack would have like this," for, if ever there were a man for progress, he was John McGarrah.

The McGarrah twins, John and George, were born March 8, 1804, at Caney Fork, Tennessee. While still small children, their family moved to Missouri. In 1823, they and their brother, William moved to the young town of Fayetteville, Arkansas, where they helped build the public buildings. While there, John served two terms in the Arkansas State Legislature. In 1843, John and George McGarrah moved to the Republic of Texas, with their children and other kin.

George McGarrah, had married Mrs. Sarah Ford in 1841. Her son, G.W. Ford came with the group. Jack McGarrah's sons-in-law were James and George Herndon, Tola Dun, Edward R. Stiff, and Dr. G.A. Foote. There were several "firsts" in this group. G.W. Ford claimed the first marriage in the county when he married Parmelia Langston. The first child born was George Henry Herndon, the first girl child, Cynthia Ann Dunn. This was just the beginning—numerous Collin Countians are descendents of this family group.

John McGarrah selected a site for a trading post which he named Buckner, at the location now at Hwy. 380. George settled a couple of miles south. In February, 1843, while John McGarrah, and some others were erecting a cabin at Buckner, a Dr. Calder from the settlement at Cedar Springs, Dallas came by on a horse leading another horse, on his way to Bonham. He asked about Indian dangers and was assured none had been seen nearby. Soon after reach him. The rescue party was then attacked by about sixty Indians. They retreated to the unfinished cabin and held the attackers off with gun fire until nightfall. The raiders tried to set fire to the prairie but were not successful. The next day twenty-four men from the Cedar Springs settlement joined the Buckner men and with Col. Jack McGarrah at the lead pursued the Indians. They followed their trail for several days but were not able to overtake them.

On July 4, 1846 about 75 persons met at Buckner, to consider a location for a county "site". The commissioners had been instructed to have an election to decide between two locations near the center of the new county. Those at Buckner that Fourth of July, which included most, if not all, the eligible voters, decided that Buckner was a good enough place. Jack McGarrah agreed to give fifty acres for the town for a token one dollar. They elected County Officials and had a big celebration. Taking advantage of the patriotic exuberance, a military company was formed to serve in the Mexican War.

A town was laid out on the prairie, with a square for the courthouse, streets were named Arkansas, Houston, and such, and on September 21, 1846 an auction was held to sell town lots. Rev. John L. Lovejoy, Methodist preacher, Texas Ranger, opened a general merchandise store. Old notes recorded that the day they moved to Buckner, he sent his son to the log cabin of William David to borrow fire.

Buckner was to have a short existence. These early Texans had overlooked some of the procedures for establishing county seats in their excitement of organizing a new county. Buckner was not in the middle of the county, nor had two places been considered in a proper election. Lovejoy was soon to roll his store three miles to the east.

Texas Centennial

5-4-86

A grayish-green lump with a pin fastener has been in the family trunk for fifty years. Closer inspection shows that it is a pickle shaped with "Heinz" stamped on it. It is one of our few mementos from the great Texas Centennial Exposition.

You have noticed that Texas makes a big thing out of birthday celebrations. This Sesquicentennial Year is nothing to the big blast we had in 1936. The Centennial Exposition officially started when Governor Allred pushed the switch that set off dynamite that broke ground for the Texas Hall of State in October, 1935, but long before then, plans were being made. Perhaps it began in 1902 when Governor Hogg declared that he hoped Texas would stage a fitting observation in honor of the State's first 100 years.

Groups were planning before World War I. In 1923, it was decided that history and heroism was our state's greatest asset. The movement was organized and moving forward the next year. Texans overwhelmingly voted to amend the State Constitution for a Centennial Exposition in 1932; but the legislative battle that followed was ludicrous with ridiculous proposals being made by the opposition.

Finally, only months before the centennial year began, Texas Congress came through with approval and \$100,000. Patriotic Texans led by vice-president John Nance Garner talked the U.S. Congress out of three million. This was spread around the state to Houston and San Jacinto, for renovating the Alamo, to Austin, and Amon Carter wrangled \$250,000 for Fort Worth. R.L. Thornton and other Dallasites used the remainder to stage Dallas' big six month party-the Texas Centennial Exposition.

My father was one of the 6,000 men working in three shifts that rushed to complete the construction of the fair grounds before the June 6, 1936 opening date. At this time during the depression, Dad was thankful to have a job in the maintenance shop as a mechanic.

My memories of the "Centennial" are rather hazy. (There was a celluloid Kewpie doll on the walking stick). So, I asked a few other people what they remembered.

The state show, "Cavalcade of Texas" with pioneers in covered wagons impressed the most. Someone mentioned Cab Callaway at the Music Hall. At the Toadstool Theater, "the first theater built in the United States exclusively for marionette performances," Tony Sarg's Marionettes presented "Sinbad, the Sailor," "Rip Van Winkle," and "Alice in Wonderland" on a rotary stage.

One man said he was twenty-three when he came to the Centennial Exposition and had never been to Dallas before, even though he lived only a hundred miles away. One Allenite came from north-central Oklahoma with his family to the Exposition.

The petroleum industry was among the first to plan exhibits, such as oil perpetually flowing from a can. (Sinclair's 30 foot fighting dinosaurs terrified one three-year-old girl.)

At the Food Products Building more than cookbooks were given away. A farm boy with little money, could fill up on free samples and not waste money on food that he would rather spend on the Midway. The automobile companies had impressive displays. General Motors renovated the auditorium and installed an air conditioning plant.

Progress was emphasized as well as history. Twenty-nine buildings were air conditioned! The discomfort of that hot Texas summer is remembered by many. Everyone dressed in their stylish best. Country kids walking on concrete found new shoes and boots miserable. One fashionable Allen lady wore a net dress with a satin slip. The blistering sun left an unusual sunburn-she was polka dotted through the holes in the net.

On the Midway there were attractions such as had never been seen by many Texans. "Ripley's Believe It Or Not" show was in the "Odditorium." The guess-your-weight man gave away walking sticks. "Midget City" was a complex of games of skill and chance and side shows operated by some of the one-hundred midgets at the Exposition. (Lee, my brother, took me into Midget City to meet his friends and co-workers. I was stunned to meet so many little people, all my size. Lee towered over us. There was a wall of shelves full of dolls. Choose any one you want, I was told, an impossible task. Long minutes passed, I could not decide. Finally my eyes found her-a Shirley Temple doll. That one! A little lady brought the doll to me and kissed me. There were tears in her eyes.)

Beginning Sesquicentennial

1-5-86

They were the grandsons of the American patriots of sixty years before, schooled on the frontier. When faced with a tyrannical government that refused to listen to their grievances they took up arms with an eagerness that seemed to be premeditated.

Texas was claimed by explorers for Spain and France. In a joint Church-State effort of the Rio Grande, thirty missions were established to convert the Indians, and to bring civilization to Texas. The hostility of the Indians caused these missions to be abandoned except for those at San Antonio and La Bahia. It was left to the empresarios to bring lasting change to Texas.

Connecticut born Moses Austin had obtained land in Missouri from Spain in 1798 to develop lead mines. When Napoleon acquired Louisiana from Spain, then sold it to the United States, Austin found his land claims to be shaky. He had heavy losses in the Panic of 1819 when the Bank of St. Louis failed.

Again, Austin looked to Spain for his fortune. On January 17, 1821 a grant was approved for him to settle three hundred families in Texas. He received the grant in March, and died the following June 10.

His son, Stephen F. Austin then tried to have the claim transferred to him. The luck of the Austins continued- Mexico won its independence from Spain on September 27, 1821. The new government refused to honor the Austin grant.

In Mexico City, Austin sought the help of British-born Major General Arthur Goodall Wavell of the Mexican Army. The General invited Austin to stay in his home, advanced him money and used his influence to assist Austin in obtaining his grant.

Austin was, at last, able to begin bringing colonists into Texas.

General Wavell, who had served in the armies of Great Britain, Spain, Chile, and Mexico, had become interested in Texas. Wavell, with Benjamin Rush Milam, an Indian trader who had also served in the Mexican army, received a grant to bring in four to five hundred families into the Red River region of Northeast Texas. Milam became the manager of the Wavell Colony.

The Nashville Company, headed by Sterling C. Robertson, was granted a permit to settle a colony on the Brazos River. This company was made up of some of the political elite of Nashville including Sam Houston, who commuted between his Cherokee Nation home and Tennessee propounding his unique political views.

As these and other empresarios brought settlers from the United States, the Mexican government was undergoing constant change. It is said that Mexico usually had three governments—one on the march to power, one temporarily in power, and one on the way out. Each administration had their own ideas about those Texians. While Mexico had envisioned Texas as being settled by European colonies, it was being filled with an appalling number of contentious Anglo-Americans. In 1830, Mexico cut off immigration.

In October the Texans held a convention to inform the government of the need to repeal this act. Also, their grievances were being ignored by the government of the State of Coahuila Texas. The Texans wanted a separate government. The petitions never reached the federal government.

At a second convention in 1833 these previous petitions were repeated and a constitution for a Texas state government was framed. Although Austin opposed the petitions, he was elected as the most influential man in Texas to take the petitions to

Mexico City. Only successful in having the immigration law repealed, he started for home. At Saltillo, January, 1834 he was arrested under suspicion of trying to incite an insurrection in Texas. He was held in Mexico City until July 1835.

Back in Texas, Austin learned that another convention was being called for October. In September at a dinner held for him, he came out for the convention and added words that sent a chill and thrill through the Anglos in Texas: "War is our only resource." Before the convention could be held, revolution had broken out.

At that time the fight was against the military tyranny of President Santa Anna's government. They were rallying for the liberal Constitution of 1824. But, as with all revolutions, The Texas Revolution progressed beyond its original aim. While Travis and his men fought at the Alamo, a convention was being held at Washington-on-the-Brazos. Four days before the Alamo fell Texans proclaimed a Declaration of Independence.

LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON & ANCESTORS

Lyndon B. Johnson fostered Texas image

10-11-87

Sometime back, we asked “what is a typical Texan?” Since, we have seen that from the beginning, Texans have been very individualistic. If one characteristic could be used to describe all Texans, it is individualism. However, we actively promote a mythical Texas stereotype, even those of us who have never owned a pair of boots and should never be seen in blue jeans.

Perhaps the champion promoter of the Texas myth was President Lyndon Baines Johnson. He began to foster his Texas image the day Texas Governor James V. Allred told the young politician that he should get rid of his city hat if he wanted to get anywhere with Texas’ grassroots. Some sources say that Allred gave Johnson his own “lucky hat.”

LBJ began to tell colorful, sometimes true stories about his Johnson ancestors, who were trail drivers in the heyday of the Texas cattle industry. Little mention was made of the Deshas and Buntons, or of his mother’s Perrin, Huffman and Baines families. His ancestors did suffer the deprivations and Indian attacks of the Texas frontier; however, they were among the educated political elite of Texas and had been since John Wheeler Bunton signed the Texas Declaration of Independence.

Texans expect to be entertained by their politicians, and we have never been disappointed. Back in the 1930s, we had a ‘biscuit salesman’ with a hillbilly band. Johnson countered with his own bands and barbecues. (All of this hoopla has led others to believe that this state is politically naive, but we enjoy the barbecue and listen to the rhetoric. Then we vote the way we please and usually surprise everyone.)

Johnson’s use of the Texas myth was an example of his political savvy. The Western myth has extended beyond our state’ boundaries to include the rest of the nation. In *The Psychoanthropology of American Culture*, Howard F. Stein says, “Americans everywhere play the childhood game of cowboys and Indians: and says all recent successful presidential candidates have elevated this western ethos to be the national model.

No biographer of Lyndon Baines Johnson has failed to examine his Texas heritage. However, the womenfolk of his family have often been overlooked. The truth is that they were all exceptionally strong individuals, and most were well educated for their times. Rebekah Baines Johnson, the mother of the president, was a woman ahead of her time – an educated career woman at the turn of the century. (We are indebted to her for her well-documented family history and for many of the quotes used in these articles.)

Her marriage to Sam Johnson was spiced with their arguments; he said they frequently disagreed over the small things but always agreed about the larger issues. Her influence on her son’s ambitions was a major factor in his life.

If we look for easy analysis of LBJ’s character such as those who say he has an “Alamo complex” in dealing with Vietnam, we also have to consider certain paradoxes. Although he was raised in a Southern white society, a present-day history says of his presidency: “No president since Lincoln had worked harder or done more for civil rights. None had shown more compassion for the poor, the ill-educated, and the black.”

Although ecumenical in his religion, he often called on his friend, Rev. Billy Graham. He identified the Baptist evangelist with his great grandfather, G.W. Baines. "When I need some tall prayin', I get Billy," Johnson said in 1967.

More frequently now than at that time, we see pictures of a president in despair, broken by the suffering of a war he could not end. We are reminded of a frontier doctor who agonized for wounded soldiers of another war, that he could not help

Failure and achievement were blended in his presidency. In a recent book by Vaughn Davis Bornet, "The Presidency of Lyndon B. Johnson," the final chapter is titled "History Will Judge." Bornet states that Johnson was a force in civil rights, space, care for the aged and poor, war on poverty, education, arts, environment improvement, consumerism, and in the efforts to thwart communism overseas.

Non one will ever forget that Lyndon Baines Johnson was a president from Texas. Half of his early Texas heritage began here in this locality. Emerson said, "In different hours, a man represents each of several of his ancestors, as if there were seven or eight of us rolled up in each man's skin."

Rowlett schoolmaster marries young student 9-27-87

Life in the Rowlett community (Custer and Hwy. 121) centered around the church, one of the first Baptist churches in North Texas. It was a mother church for churches in Dallas, Denton, and Collin County. People from far and wide attended camp meetings at the big spring on Samuel Young's farm. A school also met in the church building. The young schoolmaster was as Baptist as they come.

He was a descendent of George Bains of Chowan County, N.C., soldier, surveyor and planter, and some sources say Baptist preacher – a man of education and ability. Two of his 11 children were Baptist preachers. The youngest son, Rev. Thomas Baines, (he changed the spelling of the name) lived in Clark County, Ga., before moving to Tuscaloosa County, Ala. He worked in the Baptist churches in that county as early as 1818, and helped organize several churches.

His son, George Washington Baines attended the University of Alabama, senior year of 1836. A college mate was O.M. Roberts, who became governor of Texas. G.W. Baines was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1836. He went to Carroll County, Ark., then a pioneer area, and in seven years organized three churches and baptized 150 people

In 1844, he settled in north Louisiana. While there he assisted in the organization of the Baptist church at Marshall, Texas, and caught Texas fever. He became the pastor of the church at Huntsville, Texas, in 1850. From that time, he was a leader of the Texas Baptist Convention. His great interest in state missions, the organization of new churches, was a force in the denomination for 32 years. As well as pastor, he was editor of the first Baptist paper, *The Texas Baptist*, until the Civil War. In 1861, during the first year of the war, he became the president of Baylor University, then at Independence, Texas. For two years he struggled against the odds before resigning because of ruined health. He settled at Salado and continued his denominational work until his death in 1882.

Joseph Wilson Baines was born in 1846 while the family was in Louisiana and was four years old when they moved to Texas. He was educated at Anderson Academy and Baylor before serving two years in the Confederate Army. In 1867, at the age of 21, he came to that Baptist stronghold on the banks of Rowlett Creek as the schoolmaster.

One of his students was Ruth Ament Huffman, fifth of the eight daughters of Dr. John S. Huffman and Mary Elizabeth Perrin Huffman. She was a friendly blond girl with a sunny disposition. She loved to race full speed across the family farm on one of their fine Kentucky horses. Ruth was only mildly interested in her school work except for the geography and poetry.

In 1869, just before school began, Ruth's mother was surprised to receive a call from the young school teacher, Joseph W. Baines. He asked permission "to pay his addresses" to her daughter, Ruth. She had a house full of marriageable daughters, and was astounded his choice was 14-year-old Ruth. Ruth, herself, was the most surprised for she thought "teacher" was rather severe with her, although, after thought she rather liked the idea. On Sunday morning, Sept. 12, 1869, three months before her fifteenth birthday, the young teacher Joseph Baines and Ruth Huffman were married at Rowlett Baptist Church by Rev. Long. It was a beautiful wedding with a lovely young bride and her six bridesmaids. Afterwards, the wedding party went to "granddaddy" John S. Huffman's for a wedding dinner. The young couple began their marriage by boarding at Capt. W.N. Bush's home.



Joseph Wilson Baines

Ruth Ament Huffman Baines

Joseph Wilson Baines served in the Confederate army before marrying Ruth Huffman. Ruth Ament Huffman was the fifth of eight daughters of Dr. John S. Huffman.

Sen. Gough dedicated years of service

4-1-90

The life of Sen. James Rowland Gough was like a new star that suddenly burst into brilliance. We wonder how a young farm boy that grew up in the turbulent times of the Civil War and Reconstruction could become such a super-achiever. The answer had to be somewhere in these historic circumstances, in the people who influenced his life, as well as in his own intelligence and personal drive.

J.R. Gough was the son of Alexander Bailey and Elizabeth Jane Rowland Gough. He was 10 months old when his two young sisters died within days of one another. Soon after his first birthday, his father went to war. After his Uncle Charles, a Confederate soldier, died in early June 1862, his father wrote a will. He left his farm to his wife to use for her lifetime and to care and educate their son. Throughout the will he used the words

“my son” as if they were in italics. A.B. Gough died in battle at Norwoods’ Plantation in Louisiana when his son was 3 ½ years old.

J.R.’s mother would have taught his first lessons. She taught at Young’s schoolhouse, probably during the war. Rowlett school, near his grandfather Gough’s during the time he was of school age, had a very qualified teacher for the common schools of that day, J.W. Baines. Before the war, Baines had attended Baylor University at Independence. The teacher was studying law with Gov. J.W. Throckmorton, who had recently been removed from office by the military regime in Texas after the Civil War. Completing his studies, Baines practiced law in McKinney and published a Democrat paper before moving to Blanco. He became secretary of state of Texas and a member of Texas’ House of Representatives. His grandson became president—Lyndon Baines Johnson.

Rowlett must have been a political hot bed while young Gough grew up. Neighbors of the family, Witts and Wilcoxes, were related to Throckmorton. Others were politically active. Gough’s only formal education was in the country schools at Rowlett however, he continued his education by home study. “His widowed mother was able to give him only a common school education, but being naturally of a bright mind and ambitions character, the young farm boy made the most of his limited common school advantages, which he supplemented by extensive reading and study, and retained to a remarkable degree the knowledge, which he gleaned from reading and studying at home nights after working in the field during the day.”

In 1887, J.R. Gough married Mary Andrews, daughter of District Judge, W.H. Andrews of McKinney. In June 1888, he was admitted to the bar and began practicing law in McKinney. He was elected justice of the peace. In 1890, he became a representative to the Texas Legislature, where he served six years. He then became a state senator for four years. He was the author of several legislative acts; one gave children in orphanages their share of public school funds. He was elected president pro tempore of the Senate. He lost by a narrow margin when he yielded to the persuasion of friends and ran for lieutenant governor. He was described as a stalwart Democrat. “Few men were better informed on public questions of the day. He was a fluent, eloquent speaker and a fearless defender of his party and political faith...” Sen. Gough was “an ardent prohibition advocate and lent his voice, influence and means toward banishing the saloons from our country.”

When he was young, Gough joined old Rowlett Church. “The Gough family is a pioneer Baptist one. One of his paternal uncles, William Gough, and maternal uncle, William Rowland were both Baptist ministers.” He joined the First Baptist Church in McKinney when he moved there and served on the building committee and gave generously toward the building cost. He taught the men’s Bible class. Gough was on the McKinney school board for several years and was its treasurer. As a member of the Odd Fellows of Texas, he served as grand master of the Grand Lodge of the State and attended sessions across the U.S. and Canada. He was a Mason of the highest rank, a Knight of Pythias, a Woodman of the World and an Elk.

While the young man pursued his political career, he was fortunate to have the industrious John Razor family as renters of the land he had inherited from his father. Early, he began investing in city property in McKinney and accumulated large land holdings in Collin and adjoining counties. After his political career, he returned to

McKinney to practice law and to build a large abstract business. The evidence of his business ability is staggering. He was a director and stockholder of the Collin County National Bank of McKinney and the First National Bank of Frisco and had interest in other banks and in the International Fire Insurance Co. and Western Casualty and Guaranty Co. He had interest in the Burrus Milling Co. and in two Interurbans, the Texas Traction Co. and Southern Traction.

The amazing thing is his active participation in these many organizations and in business, civic and church activities. But this bright star, the man destined to fulfill the hopes of a family who had lost three sons in the Civil War, died in 1916, only 55 years of age: yet his years had been years of service: "Senator Gough was a public-spirited citizen and could ever be depended upon to join all movements calculated to advance the public good and promote the well-being of his fellow citizens."

G.W. Baines led Collin County Baptists

4-12-92

Life in old Rowlett community, at Custer and State Highway 121, centered around the church, one of the first Baptist churches in North Texas. It was mother church for churches in Dallas, Denton and Collin counties.

People came from far and wide to attend camp meetings at the big spring on Samuel Young's farm. Near the church house was a school building. In the late 1860s, the schoolmaster at Rowlett came from a family that was as Baptist as they come.

He was a descendent of George Bains of Chowan County, N.C., soldier, surveyor and planter, and some sources say, Baptist preacher—a man of education and ability. Two of his 11 children were Baptist preachers.

The youngest son, the Rev. Thomas Baines (he changed the spelling of the name) lived in Clark County, Ga., before moving to Tuscaloosa County, Ala. He worked in the Baptist churches in that county as early as 1818 and helped organize several churches.

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As well as the pastor, G. W. Baines was the editor of the first Baptist paper, *The Texas Baptist* until the Civil War. In 1861, during the first year of the war, he became the president to Baylor University, then located in Independence, Texas.

For two years he struggled against the odds of maintaining the school during war-time, before resigning because of ruined health. He settled at Salado and continued his denomination work until his death in 1882.

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Academy and at Baylor before serving two years in the Confederate Army. In 1867 at the age of 21 he came to that Baptist stronghold on the banks of Rowlett Creek as the schoolmaster.

One of Baines' students was Ruth Ament Huffman, fifth of the eight daughters of Dr. John S. and Mary Elizabeth Perrin Huffman. She is described as a friendly, blonde girl with a sunny disposition. She loved to race at full speed across the family farm on one of their fine Kentucky thoroughbred horses. Ruth was only mildly interested in her school work except for geography and poetry.

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On Sunday morning, Sept. 12, 1869, three months before the bride's 15th birthday, the young school teacher, Joseph Baines, and Ruth Huffman were married at Rowlett Baptist Church by the Rev. Long. It was a beautiful wedding with a lovely young bride and her six bridesmaids.

Afterward, the wedding party went to "Grand-daddy" John S. Huffman's for a wedding dinner. The young couple began their marriage by boarding in Major William M. Bush's home while the groom taught school and studied law.

Baines' interest in law brought him to county 4-26-92

Joseph Baines, the Rowlett school teacher, was ambitious and had a great interest in law and politics. This interest could have been the reason for his coming to Collin County, for he studied law in the offices of Throckmorton and Brown in McKinney.

At that time, this law office was perhaps the most politically explosive spot in the state. General James W. Throckmorton, a senior partner of the law firm, had just been removed as governor of Texas by Commander of the Military Division of the Southwest, General P.H. Sheridan, as "an impediment to reconstruction of the state."

Baines was admitted to the bar and began his law practice in Plano in 1870. Later, he moved to McKinney where, in addition to practicing law, in 1877, he established a widely read and influential Democratic newspaper, the *McKinney Advocate*.

He had gained his early newspaper experience working for his father, the Rev. G.W. Baines, who was the editor of *The Texas Baptist*. Throughout his life, Joseph Baines always proudly said, "I am a Baptist and a Democrat."

Rebekah, the first child of Joseph and Ruth Huffman Baine's three children was born June 26, 1881, in McKinney.

After Reconstruction in 1874, Democrats gained control of the Texas government. When "Old Oxcart" John Ireland became the governor of Texas in 1882, he appointed the lawyer and editor from McKinney, Joseph Baines, as Secretary of State.

Many years later, when a young lad trailed his father, Representative Sam Johnson, around the Texas Statehouse, old-timers remembered that his granddaddy, Secretary of State Joseph Baines, had laid the cornerstone of the pink granite capitol.

After serving four years as secretary of state, Baines moved to Blanco, in the Texas hill country. He practiced law, had a newspaper, and represented his district many years in the Texas Legislature. His children were raised in comfortable gentility.

Rebekah Baines attended Baylor at Belton. When her father “suffered severe and sudden financial reverses,” she paid her own way her senior year by becoming the manager of the college bookstore.

When Baines was succeeded in the Legislature by Sam Johnson, a young man from the Pedernales Valley, Baines sent his daughter, Rebekah, to interview the new legislator for his newspaper.

“I asked him lots of questions, but he was pretty cagey, and I couldn’t pin him down. I was awfully provoked with the man,” she remembered.

As for Sam Johnson, “He was enchanted to find a girl who really liked politics”. Johnson quickly decided he wanted to marry the well-educated blonde.

She moved with her family to Fredricksburg, where Joseph Baines soon died of a malignancy. By that time, Rebekah was already self-supporting as a teacher of expression classes and a correspondent for daily newspapers. On one of her dates with Johnson, he took her and others to hear William Jennings Bryan address the State Legislature. Sam Johnson was anxious to get married, but Rebekah delayed making a decision.

There was the question of how her mother would be cared for. But Ruth Huffman Baines, still in her 30s, showed the pluck and determination to be expected from the daughter of Mary Elizabeth Perrin Huffman, who too had been widowed young, but had raised her family on the farm at Rowlett. Ruth took care of herself. She moved to San Marcos and established a boarding house for students attending Southwest Texas State Teachers’ College.

Sam Johnson took his bride, Rebekah, to a small cottage on his father’s farm. It was a low-built, three-room structure, with a central “dog-trot.” The cultured town girl “shuddered over the chickens and wrestled with a mammoth iron stove.”

Their first child was born seven days after their first wedding anniversary on Aug. 27, 1908. For three months, they debated the name of the baby. Finally one morning, Rebekah issued an ultimatum—she would not cook breakfast until they agreed on a name for the “Baby.”

Sam recited the names of his best friends. Rebekah rejected each. Eventually, he named his lawyer friend, W.C. Linden. She like that but wanted to change the spelling “Spell it as you please....Now come cook breakfast; the naming is over.”

So their son was named Lyndon Baines Johnson.

President Johnson promoted Texas heritage no date, 1991-92?

Perhaps, President Lyndon Baines Johnson was the champion promoter of the Texas myth. Early in his political career, he began to promote his Texas image.

Some say it began the day Texas Governor James V. Allred told the young politician to get rid of his city hat if he wanted to get anywhere with Texas’ grassroots and gave Johnson his own “lucky hat.

Johnson began to tell colorful, sometimes true stories about his Johnson ancestors who were trail drivers in the heyday of the Texas cattle industry. Little mention was made of his Grandmother Johnson’s people, the Deshas, who were Tennessee and

Kentucky political leaders, with even a Kentucky governor among them. Nor, did he mention the Buntons, leaders in the Texas Revolution and the Republic.

His mother's family, who settled in Collin County, the Huffmans and Perrins, were from early Kentucky aristocracy, and the Baines were educators and religious leaders. Johnson's ancestors did suffer the deprivations and Indian attacks on the Texas frontier. However, they were also among the educated political elite of Texas and had been since John Wheeler Bunton signed the Texas Declaration of Independence.

It is said that his tall tales sometimes distressed his mother, but Johnson's use of the Texas myth was an example of his political savvy. The western myth has extended beyond our state's boundaries to include the rest of the nation.

In *The Psychoanthropology of American Culture*, Howard F. Stein says, "Americans everywhere play the childhood game of cowboys and Indians," and says all recent successful presidential candidates have elevated this western ethos to be the national model.

No biographer of Lyndon Baines Johnson has failed to examine his Texas heritage. However, the womenfolk of his family have often been overlooked. They were all exceptionally strong individuals, and most were well educated for their times.

Rebekah Baines Johnson, the mother of the president, was a woman ahead of her time—an educated career woman at the turn of the century. We are indebted to her for her well-documented family history and for many of the quotes used in these articles.

Her marriage to Sam Johnson was spiced with their arguments; she said they frequently disagreed over the small things, but always agreed about the larger issues. Her influence on her son's ambitions was a major factor in his life.

Liz Carpenter said, "Sam Johnson always indulged his wife's independence. One day he appeared with two presents for her—a Victrola and a newspaper, the *Record-Courier*, a weekly newspaper in Johnson City. The owner of both had to go west for his health and persuaded Sam Johnson to buy them.

"The newspaper gave Mrs. Johnson an opportunity to do what she had always loved—write. Despite the fact that she had five little children under 8 years of age, she wrote out—on yellow tablet paper—every line of copy that went into the weekly paper for a year.

"And during this time she was also correspondent for the *Dallas New, Austin American* and *The San Antonio Express*, signing her stories RBJ.

If we look for easy analysis of LBJ's character, such as those who say he had an "Alamo complex" (that Texas no-quitting sense) in dealing with Vietnam, we also have to consider certain paradoxes. Although he was raised in a southern white society, a present-day history textbook says of his presidency: "No president since Lincoln had worked harder or done more for civil rights. None had shown more compassion for the poor, the ill-educated and the Black."

Although ecumenical in his religion, he often called on his friend, the Rev. Billy Graham. He identified the Baptist evangelist with his great-grandfather, the Rev. G.W. Baines. "When I need some tall praying, I get Billy," Johnson said in 1967.

More frequently now than during his presidency, we see pictures of the President in despair, broken by the suffering of a war he could not end. We are reminded of a frontier doctor who agonized for wounded soldiers of another war that he could not help.

Failure and achievement were blended in his presidency. In a recent book by Vaughn Davis Bornet, *The Presidency of Lyndon B. Johnson*, the final chapter is titled, "History Will Judge." Davis states that Johnson was a force in civil rights, space, care for the aged and poor, war on poverty, education, arts, environment improvement, consumerism and in the efforts to thwart communism overseas.

No one will ever forget that Lyndon Baines Johnson was a president from Texas. Half of his early Texas heritage began here in this locality. Everson said, "In different hours, a man represents each of several of his ancestors, as if there were seven or eight of us rolled up in each man's skin..."

CHURCHES

Railroad led to 1st Baptist Church

1-13-91

Part II of a two-part series.

The railroad was the catalyst that changed all areas of local life. It marked the end of the pioneer era. Before the railroad was built, community life of the country folk centered around small churches and schools. The railway charter given by the State of Texas gave the company the right to build the railroad anywhere between Galveston and the Red River. The line crossed the creeks where it was most convenient to build bridges and sought the most level grade across the prairies.

On Phillips' prairie, a church was in the way. The church property was square and less than two acres. The railway right-of-way took a swath 100 feet wide at an angle across the churchyard.

The railway was the first in North Texas. Many people, especially the children, had never seen a train. The great snorting iron horse was a marvel as it pulled up the long grade to where the little church sat.

How could a preacher contend with the roar of fire, the hiss of steam, the belch of black smoke from this raging behemoth? Mere words of future fire and brimstone could not compete, Lucy Jane Phillips Epps later recalled "When the train would go by, people would look at the train, and stop listening to the preacher."

Her cousin, Julie Ann Phillips Huey said, "The H&TC Railway came about 1872, and it was so close to the church that the denomination disbanded and Grandpa Phillips moved his membership to the Rowlett Creek Church."

Although the Phillips families left, the church did not disband. You may be sure that the Baptists complained to the railway company.

At Allen Station, late in 1876, the land office was not doing land-office business. Only four business lots had been sold since the first lot had been given for a school in February. Railway officials in Houston probably thought a church would help the town's image, and they could solve their problems with the Baptists in one gesture.

On Oct, 18, 1876, A. Grosbeck, acting president of the railway, sold an acre lot to the trustees of Wilson Creek Baptist Church, Robert Drake and Henry Shields for "\$1, and other consideration" This lot was located across from the schoolhouse, near the present location of St. Mary's Baptist Church.

In November of 1876, the railway settled with the trustees Shields and Drake by paying \$300 for the old church building and property, (at Ridgeview, behind the old Stuckey's building, at the railroad).

There are some discrepancies in the church records at this point that are difficult to resolve. A statement says that in 1876, Wilson Creek and Faulkner's Prairie Church agreed to unite at a new location on the Sayles Coffey farm. "They invited Allen to cooperate."

Perhaps a few people were meeting near the new town of Allen, but this is unlikely at that time. The record states that the next meeting was held at the schoolhouse near the Allen Station.

In May 1878, the name was changed from Wilson Creek to Allen. Meanwhile, the Faulkner's Prairie Baptist Church had bought, for some inexplicable reason, 60 acres in 1873 for \$360. What their plans were for this large plot of land is a mystery.

On Saturday Oct. 12, 1878, the congregation of Faulkner's Prairie joined in conference to formally disband the church. The Rev. C.A. Stanton was the moderator; T.M. Phelps was the church clerk. There are no minutes of this meeting, but documents record actions taken that day. A deed record shows that the church voted to sell its 60 acres to J.B. Spurgin for \$450.

Found in the private papers of Mr. Phelps, after his death, was a church letter. It appears that letters of dismissal were written by Phelps as church clerk for all the members, but the one in his possession was one not delivered. It is addressed to any other sister church from the Baptist Church of Christ at Faulkner Prairie...Done by order of Church in conference Saturday Oct. 12, 1878.

The next document is dated the next day, Oct. 13, 1878, and is headed "Minutes of Allen Church." This, the first record of the present church, now known as First Baptist Church of Allen, tells that after preaching by Elder G.W. Rogers, a council was organized by calling Elder Rogers to the chair and Elder J.M. Trotter as clerk. The council then proceeded to organized those present of the old Allen church (Wilson Creek), those of Faulkner's Prairie, and also all of those holding letters from sister churches of the same faith and order into a new Baptist Church called Allen Baptist Church.

The charter members were Brothers; Sales Coffy, R.R. Smart, R.R. Drake, J.C. Jones, B.D. Taylor, T.R. Murry, G.W. Shields, T.J. Ford, G.W. Ford, Bent Whisenant, (first name unknown) Whisenant, James Whisenant, J.C. Turner, John Smallwood, J.M. Trotter, George Ford, J.D. Yeatts, J.M. Yeatts, C.C. Yeats, G.W. Kidd, M. T. Gulledege, T.J. Lynn, W.M. Lynn, N.S. Clardy, T.M. Phelps and J.A. Phelps.

Sisters were: J.A. Smart, M.E. Jones, Margaret Ford, Syntha Drake, M.E. Shields, S.J. McKnight, Rebecca Kid, S.J. Yeatts, S.E. Lockheart, Easterly Yeatts, (first name unknown)Ford, (first name unknown) Whisenant, (first name unknown) Whisenant, Mary A. Coffy, Jane McFarlin, M. Kerby, Josie Kerby, M.A. Clardy, M.A. Mountcastle, Mary Warrenton, Aurena Chapman, (first name unknown) Turner and Caroline Ford.

A two week revival was then held by the new church. Nineteen came for baptism and six by letter. At the next conference in November, the church considered building a house of worship; however, the site owned by the church was thought to be too far from the town's center, so a committee was instructed to secure a lot "as near the depot as possible." A lot on the southwest corner of the present church site was bought and a wooden church house was built.

Postlude: A century later, while the organist plays a quiet meditation, distant rumble is heard. The church windows begin to rattle. Then, breaking through the quiet calm of Sunday morning, the strident sound of a train whistle adds a discordant obbligato to the hymn.

Uncle Abe: a true type of old Southern Gentlemen 9-8-91

The first winter the Enloe family was in Texas, they camped on Wilson Creek, near where Fitzhugh Mills was later located.

The father, Abraham Enloe, was from North Carolina. The mother, Sarah Pate Enloe, was a native of Kentucky. They married in Kentucky but soon moved to Tennessee, then to Missouri. They were the parents of 10 children; Benjamin, J.S., John, Abe, William, Enoch, Elizabeth, Jane, Polly and Sallie.

The family made the move from Missouri in an ox wagon and arrived in Texas in December 1850.

Their son, young Abe, was born at Houston, Mo., on Sept. 10, 1845. Although he was only 5 years old at the time, the Rev. Abe Enoe II, the progenitor of our local Enloes, well remembered his early days in Texas.

“In those days the buffalo roamed through West Collin and the wild mustang ponies could be found in the timbered portions of East Collin while the lonely howling of myriad wolves filled the night hours with their mournful resonance.”

For two or three years, the family rented land in the Fitzhugh Mills vicinity from Peter Fisher.

The Enloes then moved to a farm northeast of McKinney, near present Altoga.

“This section of the county was then practically a wilderness..., father had to cut his way through the timber, and wild beast were here in great numbers. Indians, too, were frequent visitors to this county then, the Rev. Enloe recalled in an interview for the *Courier-Gazette* in 1921.

“They cleared out a small patch of land on which they grew a little corn and garden, the family table being partly provided from wild game which they killed.

This land was sold in 1857, and the family moved to what became known as the Milligan community east of McKinney. Their only neighbors were the families of J.J. Massey and Wiley Dugger.

John T. Dugger later told of a log school house built in 1858, five miles east of McKinney, that was known as Enloe Schoolhouse. Abraham Enloe was the teacher.

The building had a dirt floor and no windows except for the cracks between the logs. It was a subscription school; tuition was paid by the parents of the pupils. Enloe used the Blue Back Speller, Ray’s Arithmetic and McGuffey Readers.

Dugger and Dick Massey told of another early school built on the Massey farm in 1860, a short distance northwest of the first school. That was also taught by the Rev. Abe Enloe I. This mention by Dugger and Massey in the Brown papers is the only indication we have found that the older Abe Enloe was a minister as well as a teacher.

When he was 16, young Abe Enloe II ran away from home to enlist in the Confederate Army. He rode horseback to Tahlequah, Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory, to join the company which two older brothers belonged. Being under age, when the Conscript Act was passed, he was sent home. He enlisted in Company D, 28th Texas Dismounted Cavalry, commanded by Abe Adams under Col. Baxter at Holloway Prairie near Alexander, La., as soon as he reached his 18th birthday.

At the close of the war, he was discharged at Hempstead, Texas, about 50 miles northwest of Houston, and with 15 or 20 other Collin County men, walked to McKinney. They left Hempstead at 2 p.m. on a Monday and arrived the next Monday at 11 a.m.

Abe Enloe I married Mattie Kindle on Nov. 23, 1865. They first lived in McKinney. Abe later told of hauling much cotton to Jefferson in than ox wagon and bringing loads of East Texas lumber back.

From 1871 to 1873, he had a butcher shop in McKinney. They then moved to Plano where he continued in the meat market business.

Meanwhile, Abe and Mattie had purchased a farm about three miles southeast of McKinney. They moved to the farm in 1879.

Two of their children died in infancy. Their other six children were W.A. "Abe III" Enloe, who lived near Branch; J.M. "Jim" Enloe settled at Seymour, Texas; John C. Enloe lived in McKinney G.B. "Pete" Enloe lived near Branch; T.B. "Tobe" Enloe lived in the Enloe Community; and Miss Dovie Enloe remained at home and cared for her father.

The Rev. Abe Enloe I, or "Uncle Abe" as he was known all over Collin County, gave a plot of land from his farm for a county school. Enloe School and the community around it were named in his honor.

Abe Enloe had worked as a teamster, butcher and farmer, served in a war, raised a family; and lived the hardships of pioneer life when, in 1887, he had a life-changing experience at East Fork Baptist Church. He was baptized on Sept. 9, 1887, one day before his 42nd birthday. About two years later, he began to preach the gospel.

Even though he began his ministry late in life, he preached for 35 years and influenced the lives of not only his community, but much of the county.

One of the churches he pastored was Willow Springs, now First Baptist Church of Lucas, and he helped organize the Friendship Baptist Church in the Forest Grove community, serving as its pastor.

"The Rev. Mr. Enloe has probably married more couples in Collin County than any other preacher. He has married nearly one thousand couples", the writer for the *Courier-Gazette* said in 1921. He concluded with the tribute: "Uncle Abe is in every sense a true type of the old Southern gentlemen."

Sloan Creek neighbors worshiped in Lick Springs schoolhouse

11-24-91

Neighbors along Sloan Creek met in Lick Springs schoolhouse for church services. They were Hill Southern families, mostly from Tennessee and Alabama. They had large families, and in a twist on the name of their school, their community was known as Lick Skillet.

The five or six families that met in the schoolhouse were missionary Baptists, doctrinally different from the "Hardshell" Baptists at Orchard Gap. The nearest missionary Baptists churches were First Baptists in Allen, Lucas, McKinney and at East Fork, all over five miles away.

On Nov. 7, 1909, the Rev. M. F. Wheeler, missionary for the Collin Baptist Association; the Rev. Abe Enloe; and W.W. Kirk met with the congregation at Lick Springs to organize a Baptist church to be known as Friendship.

The 15 charter members were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. M.W. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. W.T. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. M.C. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Shatley, Mr. Lindsey, C.H.S. Martin, Thad Martin, Claude C. Martin and Price Strickland.

The Rev. Abe Enloe was called as pastor, to preach every fourth Sunday. The Rev. Wheeler reported "This church fills a gap in Baptist ranks in the county."

Recently, Thomas C. Brown Jr. and Edwin L. Ereckson, grandsons of the Phelps, reconstructed lost records from the associational minutes and newspaper reports and put together a history of the first 50 years of the church. They interviewed former pastors and talked with other descendents of early members: Lucille Watkins Cates, Alice Ann

Watkins Burnett, Evelyn Martin Shipman, Donnie Watson Barksdale and Nettie Beth Strickland Jones.

The new church immediately began to build a meeting house. There are indications that land was committed and a wooden church building was completed before Nov. 12, 1910, when Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Phelps formally deeded the church one acre on the northwest location of the church at the corner of FM 1378 and Stacy Road.

The Phelps were well-acquainted with Baptist work and new church organization. Mr. Phelps had been the church clerk at Faulkner Prairie when that church joined with the Wilson Creek Church to form First Baptist Church in Allen. Mrs. Phelps was a daughter of the Rev. J.E Newsom, an early pastor of Willow Springs, now First Baptist, Lucas.

The Newsoms and their daughter's families, the Phelps, Pykes, Thompsons and Biddys moved to Clay County and settled near the town of Vasti. However, after three years the Phelps bought the old George Fitzhugh place from Solomon Fitzhugh and returned to Collin County in 1892.

Before World War, I, the church membership grew to 61. After the Rev. Enloe, pastors were the Revs. Jimmy F. Smith, L.V. Hart, J. H. Passion and E.F. Watson.

In 1924, the Rev. Charlie Gotcher became the pastor. The Rev. Gotcher's daughter Mildred Ann Swanner tells that her father had taught singing schools before he was ordained to preach in 1913. He is also known for his nursery business in McKinney.

The Rev. Milton Greer became the pastor of Friendship in 1925. There is a story that one of the laymen, Price Strickland, sought out the young preacher from Murphy and offered him a guaranteed \$8 per service and \$20 for a revival, and more if collections made it possible. Collections must have been good. It is said he received \$20 a service and \$50 for revivals. The Rev. Greer was at Friendship for three years.

During the 1930s, the Rev. J.B. Snider, son of Aaron Snider, grandson of pioneer William Snider, served as pastor for five years or more.

In some annual reports there was no pastor named. During those times the pulpit was supplied by ministers from other Collin County churches and by seminary students. The Rev. Joe Carl Johnson served for two years before he became a missionary to Panama.

Other pastors included L.D. Morgan, J.E. Roller and J.D. Wallace. In the early '50s, pastors were J.L. Carman and Jim Haughton. The Rev. Robert Collinsworth, now a resident of Allen, pastored Friendship for eight years, from 1956 to 1964.

During the first 50 years, the church was a part-time church; that is, there was preaching only once or twice a month. Responsibility for the continuing function of the church fell on the church members. During the early years lay leadership continued to be from the Robinsons, Watsons, Harts, Martins, Watkins, Shatleys and Phelps, with responsibility passing on to younger members through the years.

The lay person most mentioned in one office or another was Brother Price Strickland. For well over 50 years, Bro. Strickland served Friendship Baptist Church and Collin Baptist Association. Former pastor the Rev. Bob Collinsworth says "He was one of the great, great men. We don't see many of them anymore."

Strickland had a speech impediment, however he did not stutter when he sang, and could he sing! Brown and Ereckson wrote: "We can remember, as young boys, how enthusiastically he led the singing in church. You couldn't help but join in and sing..."

Strickland quoted scripture without impediment- not just verses but whole chapters. We have listed numerous pastors that served Friendship church during the years that Price Strickland was a member, but the Rev. Collinsworth tells us that he once heard Bro. Strickland say, "I never had a pastor that I wouldn't want back."

Gough part of early history of local Baptists 3-25-90

Jesse Gough was a man of "honest report." The King James phrase meaning good reputation seems to aptly describe Deacon Gough. His name is part of the early history of the Baptist churches of this county and North Texas, although the family name is no longer remembered in this locality.

The name Gough is said to be English and Irish. The family spelling was Gough, but other people thought it should have an F somewhere—Gough or Goff. His family lived in Ohio when Jesse was born, about 1808. They moved to Greene County, Ill., before 1827. Jesse married Sarah Tompkins on Nov. 18, 1830, at about the time the snow began to fall that harsh winter known as Winter of the Deep Snow. Others in their neighborhood near present day Greenfield, Ill., were Jacksons, Finleys and Witts. Not far away was the Baccus family. In Texas on the upper reaches of Rowlett Creek, the neighbors would once again group.

Jesse Gough's headright is the section northeast of the corner of McDermott and Custer. He and Sarah and their six children arrived in Texas in 1844. Another child was born here.

In 1848, when a small group of local Baptists organized into a church, Jesse Gough was already an ordained deacon, apparently having been set aside for this office in Illinois. The church, Rowlett Creek Baptist Church, was the first Baptist church in this county. In 1850, Deacon Gough and several Elders formed the presbytery that constituted Liberty Baptist Church, a church now in West Plano. In 1852 or 1853, he was a member of the presbytery that organized Wilson Creek Baptist Church, one of the two churches that moved to Allen to form the present First Baptist Church. In 1849, Gough and 14 other delegates met to form the Elm Fork Baptist Association. Jesse and Sarah's family grew up attending the church at Rowlett. Their son, Alexander Bailey, became the church clerk in 1855. By 1860, the family was almost all grown. A.B. had married Elizabeth J. Rowland. Charles H. married Melissa J. Byrd.

When the Civil War began, all of the Gough sons, except the youngest who was just a boy, served in the Confederate army. William M. Gough joined Capt. R.M. Board's Co. (I), 9th Regiment of Texas Infantry C.S.A., under Col. William H. Young. (R. B. and J.W. Whisenant were also in this company.) A.B. Gough enlisted about March 1, 1862, in a company made up of mostly men in the Rowlett area: Company (G) Texas Cavalry, C.S.A. commanded by Col. A.M. Alexander. The captain was William M. Bush. Later W.M. Bush was made captain when William M. became a major. Charles H. Gough, it is said, enlisted in Capt. Witt's independent company about March 15, 1862; although Maj. Bush listed him among his men. Charles H. came home on leave, perhaps ill, for he died at home of fever on June 4. He was 26. About the first of July young George H. Gough left to join Company (G). On Oct. 27, he died of a fever in a hospital at Fayetteville, Ark. He was 20.

After serving in campaigns in Indian Territory, Missouri and Northwest Arkansas, Company (G) was dismounted on the Arkansas River and put in the infantry. In Virginia

in May 1864, the Battle of the Wilderness began; Sherman was on his march through Georgia; but meanwhile in a lesser known arena, Union forces were on the Red River in Louisiana trying to move into Texas and to the Gulf ports. Skirmishes occurred as Confederate forces pushed the Federal Army into retreat downriver from near Shreveport and past Alexandria. At Yellow Bayou (also known as Bayou de Glaize, Norwood's Plantation of Old Oaks) Louisiana, on May 18, 1864, Alexander Bailey Gough fell in battle. He was 30 years old.

William M. Gough returned from the War and soon answered a call to the ministry and was licensed to preach by the church. In December, 1865, the church voted to recommend the young man as a ministerial student to president and faculty of Baylor University.

In 1871, Jesse and Sarah divided their land among their surviving descendants. Jesse was about 63 by that time. Through all of his personal loss, he continued to serve his church. He frequently served as a moderator of business sessions in the absence of the pastor and often acted as church clerk.

Deacons like Jesse Gough were the mainstay of churches whose pastors rode in once or twice a month with their Bibles in their saddle bags. Deacons took care of church business, visited the sick, sometimes buried the dead, and cared for widows and orphans—they were indeed men of honest report.

Gone to Texas

8-18-91

One March 17, 1845 church clerk George Fry of the Church of Christ of South Richwoods, Greene County, Ill., wrote a church letter stating that William and Mary Sandusky Snider had been faithful members of the Church. Clerk Fry, when he crossed out their names on the church roll, probably wrote in the records, as church clerks did across the frontier states from Illinois to Tennessee: Gone to Texas.

This church letter and one for their son, John are among family papers of the Rev. Albert H. Snider that now belong to his daughter, Lavauda Snider Branch. When William and Mary Sandusky Snider did not find a church of like faith near their new home in Texas to receive their letters from Illinois, they led in the organization of the new church—Forest Grove Christian Church.

“One of the first places I went to preaching when a barefoot boy was to father Snider's”, wrote Elder J. Ben Faulkner, who married the Snider's daughter, Catherine, the widow of Dan Bradley. In a letter written in 1906 to Gabe Lucas, Faulkner wrote “In those days we had meetings in private houses at your father's (Peter F. Lucas) and Uncle George's (Fitzhugh?) and Uncle Billie Snider's and James Lovelady's, Peter Fisher's and other places. Everybody went and loved to go...”

Although these pioneer services were enjoyed, doctrinal differences could not be denied. Predestinarian Baptist neighbors organized the Orchard Gap Baptist Church. The Sniders and others organized the Forest Grove Christian Church.

Elder R.C. Horn, a long-time minister of Collin County, described William and Mary Sandusky Snider as a pious and Godly couple. “They were Bible students and had read and meditated upon the promise of Jesus that ‘where two or three have met together in my name, there I am in their midst...’” They found a brother Anderson and wife of like faith and they decided to meet together to worship... There were no convenient public houses to hold services and the private homes were small with meager furnishings.

George Fitzhugh, another pioneer settler of the community, learning of their desire to start holding services invited them to his home, the most roomy one convenient... The four met at his home on Sunday in 1847 and covenanted together to establish a congregation of the people calling themselves Christians or Disciples of Christ.”

Another account of the organization of the church, evidently from facts given by Elder John M. McKinney, tells that the church was organized by Elder J.B. Wilmeth and names six charter members: William and Mary Snider, James and Mary Anderson, and James and Elizabeth Lovelady.

The Sniders were Kentuckians who had lived in Illinois for about 10 years before coming to Texas. The Andersons were also Kentuckians who had lived in Illinois. James Lovelady was born in Tennessee and his wife in Missouri. They came from Missouri about 1845. Even with these few families, they would have needed a large space to worship. The Sniders had 16 in their household in 1850.

Living with the Sniders were two young men, John M. and William McKinney, sons of John Meyers McKinney Sr., a neighbor who had been killed in a riding accident soon after coming to Texas from near Springfield, Mo. Their mother had also died. Young John McKinney married Eliza Jane Snider in 1853. She died after the birth of a son in 1856 and McKinney married Mary A. “Polly Ann” Coffey.

When Dr. Cartwright of Grayson County held a historic revival meeting in McKinney in July of 1854, John M. McKinney was among the converts. He was baptized in Wilson Creek, near the bridge on the McKinney to Dallas road. Elder McKinney began his ministry after the Civil War and preached the gospel for 52 years.

J.B. Faulkner began preaching at about the same time as McKinney. With the two young ministers preaching and baptizing, Elder Horn said, “This church (Forest Grove) grew by leaps and bounds. In this growth the Snider family had a large part.”

Elder Horn named John King and Ben Forbes, with McKinney and Faulkner, as the first generation of ministers to come from the church. In the next generation were Mack Cook, Ed Bowman, Cord Spurgin and two Snider grandsons, Albert H. Snider and his brother J. Ben Snider, a Baptist minister.

The congregation made plans to build a building, but was delayed by the Civil War, Horn said, “He (McKinney) built a small box house on his land and the meetings were held in it.” That is, perhaps, the building that was known as McKinney’s School house, that predated the old Willow Springs School at Lucas.

In 1875, John M. McKinney, as trustee of the church, bought two acres from Frances Fitzhugh adjoining the Fitzhugh Cemetery, and in 1876, bought two and three-quarter acres more. In a deed dated March 21, 1877, John M. McKinney conveyed these tracts to Elders John King and J.B. Faulkner, and Deacons A.J. Lewis and William Coffey of the Forest Grove Christian Church: “For the use and benefit of the said Christian Church as long as water runs, and grass grows...”

Pioneer churches established by Jonathan Phillips no date, 90s?

The pioneer families who first came to this virgin prairie not only wrest their livelihood from its stubborn sod, they established communities, instituted schools and organized churches.

Through the perseverance of Elder Jonathan Phillips, his children and their descendents, not only was the first Baptist church established in the county, they established other churches that survive today. First Baptist Church of Fairview may not be the first Baptist church to have been located in the present-day city, but it too is part of the Phillips legacy.

Jonathan Phillips was born in North Carolina in 1794. His family was settled in Hawkins County, Tenn., for many years before moving to Texas. Including the land of his sons-in-law, the families' holding reached from Rowlett Road—Exchange Parkway in Allen to Eldorado Parkway in McKinney, much of it along U.S. Highway 75.

The northeast corner of Jonathan Phillips' land is now the interchange of U.S. 75 and State Highway 121. From various sources, it appears that his home may have been at the Riley Maynard place, south of Belz Mall.

Jonathan's and Rebecca's children were most of marriageable age when they arrived in Texas. They soon found mates among the neighbors. Thomas married Ann Eliza Perrin; William married Ellwon Shields; and Cassandra married Henry Shields.

Sarah married E.D. McCoy. A younger Sarah A. Phillips, perhaps a niece, married widower Grafton Williams in 1853; Elder Phillips officiated. John Fyke, whose family had settled Farmers' Branch in Dallas County, married Ellen Phillips and chose his headright in present Allen near her family.

George Phillips married Margaret Young, a German-born girl who lived in the Joseph Dixon household. Their daughter, Julia Ann (Mrs. R.A.) Huey said in a 1931 interview: "1855, Dec. 12, I was born about 4 ½ miles south of McKinney.... When my parents first married, they lived in a log house. The lumber was brought from some place in East Texas, I think Jefferson." George Phillips' land was south of Ridgeview Road.

More of the Phillips clan moved from Tennessee to settle near Jonathan's family. Lucy Jane Phillips (Mrs. A.R.) Epps was interviewed by McKinney lawyer, George Pearis Brown, and her great-nephew Judge A.M. Wolford, on July 30, 1931.

Mrs. Epps, who we have quoted before, said: "1851---my father, Gabriel Phillips and wife came to Texas from Hawkins County, Tenn. I was 8 years of age. They settled about 5 miles south of McKinney and about ¼ mile west of U.S. 75 (now State Highway 5). There was a branch about 200 yards west of our house where we got water at a spring (two room plank house and a log cabin for a kitchen.). Father bought the land from his nephew, Thomas Phillips, 1851."

She tells of going to school in the old ox mill at Wetsel, and she and her brother, Will, grandfather to Judge Wolford, rode horseback to attend a subscription school. Southwest of McKinney near the old County Farm, taught by her cousin, Marian Phillips.

In 1853, she went to a school near her cousin George's home. In 1860, she went to another school at Wetsel crossroads. "Sometimes a fellow would come along and teach nothing but a writing school, and we would go to it. I was one of the best spellers in school."

"I rode horseback a great deal. I would ride anything the boys would saddle; I was not afraid. I could ride then and liked to ride, but I can't now".

"The whole prairie was covered with the prettiest flowers in the world, and we did not need flower beds then, they were everywhere. Plenty of longhorn wild cattle, and we had to watch for them sometimes, for they would run you, especially if you were walking."

“(We) cooked on fireplace with skillet and lid, pots and kettles, and oven-roasted potatoes in the ashes in the fireplace. They got a cook-stove about 1860 and got an oil lamp about 1870, a little brass oil lamp, and used it some, but had always used candles.”

Mrs. Epps’ and Mrs. Huey’s interviews are in *Collin County in Pioneer Times*, published by the Collin County Historical Society. Both cousins mention Elder Phillips’ work in beginning Baptist churches, but they were understandably confused about the sequence of events.

Mrs. Huey stated, “I have always understood that he organized the Baptist Church at Rowlett, but I don’t recall when he did it.” Mrs. Epps said, “I remember there was a Baptist Church at Lower Rowlett and Uncle Jonathan helped to organize it, or had some thing to do with it... I am 88 years old and forget some things, but this is the way I remember it now.”

Next week, we will sort out the organization of five churches that are in some way related to the Phillips family.

However, it is as Mrs. Epps said, “It makes no difference anyway which was the first. The thing for all to do is to live right, love God and worship Him. I hope people are doing that.”

Churches key elements in most black communities 2-16-92

“By and by, when the morning comes... we will tell the story how we overcome, we will understand it better, by and by.”

The Rev. Charles A. Tindley’s gospel song expresses the faith, the sustaining force that gave African Americans the strength to endure in times when there was little hope. It was the church that unified, molded their lives, and from which grew their leadership.

“The Black Church in America has long been recognized as the most independent, stable and dominant institution in Black communities,” writes C. Eric Lincoln and Lawrence H. Mamiya in *The Black Church in the African American Experience*, a new book in the Allen Public Library. This book is a broad-based study covering the history of the major denominations from Colonial times to the challenges of the Black church today.

It is difficult to find clues to the religious life of African Americans in this locality during the early years. The histories of white families reveal an ambivalence toward slaves and their religion.

The family of the Rev. Jacob Routh, who settled on the county line, Central and Renner Road, included abolitionists and a father and grandfather who were lifelong opponents of slavery. Records show that Routh, himself, owned one woman slave and two children. Yet according to *Plano, the Early Years*, the Baptist minister “incurred the hostility of some of his neighbors because he was a Republican, preached to colored people, married them, preached their funerals and organized churches for them...”

In 1867, he recommended to the Plano Baptist Church that their building be used by the Freedmen and that the church help educate their ministers. Routh ordained Ammon Scott, a freedman, to the ministry for the First African Baptist Church of Dallas.

There is a local tradition that in the old Rowlett Creek Baptist Church, the seating was divided with the men seated on one side, the women, on the other, and their slaves were in a gallery at the back of the church-house. In Rowlett church records for 1855 is

the following; “Subscribing to the Mission System on Sabbath received Colored Jacob by relationship. Eli Witt, moderator; A.B. Gough, clerk.”

Another record, evidently a membership roll, is headed Colored. On one side are names; on the other side are the words, “belonging to.” Caroline and Martha-Mrs. (indecipherable); Matilda-Alfred Harrington; Charity-Quisenberry; Martha-Shelbourne.

Marriage records show that the Rev. C.A. Stanton, pastor of Rowlett, was performing ceremonies for African Americans in that community in the 1870s, such as for James Wells to Alice Dowell on Sept. 26, 1877. Other weddings in that area were officiated by black ministers William Titus and Richard White. We do not know their denomination. The Rev. Richard White and his wife, Emma Jackson White, were living in Allen in 1900. He was 55; both were from Missouri.

We have been unable to find information about the Methodists except that the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in Allen sold their property in Allen to the Allen Independent School District in 1933.

We do not know when the Baptists in the Rowlett community began to meet independently of the white church. St. Mary’s Baptist Church was organized and functioning before church trustees James Wells and Thomas Bush purchased a half-acre on the northwest corner of a farm owned by Thomas and Ermine Bush on Aug. 23, 1887, for \$10.

This site was west of upper Rowlett Creek, on Rowlett Road, at the first square corner of the road, west of Allen. At that corner are centuries-old native pecan trees, a choice site for dinners-on-the-grounds and other church activities.

However, Tom Bush sold his farm in 1892 to T.C. Huguley. In a move that was unpopular with some of the congregation, many who lived in the vicinity of Rowlett, the church property was sold to Huguley in 1896 for \$25. Church trustees Tom Bush and James Wells then purchased lot 2, Block E, in the Town of Allen, from Tom and Ermine Bush. The rural church was moved to town, but its mainstay through the years were farming families from a wide area of the county.

The names of early ministers are lost to history. Among those known are the Revs. B.T. Beatty, D.P. Price and H.W. Howard. The present pastor, the Rev. George J. Anderson, former principal and teacher in Allen schools, has served at St. Mary’s since 1977. He also pastored another historic church, St. Paul Baptist in Melissa.

Among the family names of those who have been members down through the years are White, Jones, Howard, Ross, Washington and Williams. St. Mary’s church house, a century old or more, is the oldest church building in Allen. It is believed the church building was moved four miles from the original church site west of town. Necessary repairs in recent years have altered the steeple.

“St. Mary’s is one of the oldest churches in Allen; and though small in number, we are very sincere about our Christian beliefs,” says Pastor Anderson. “At St. Mary’s, we try to create a Christian atmosphere in our teaching and preaching, hoping that we have encouraged many to live a better life for God.”

“We encourage the children and adults who live in our community to join us to learn about our Savior who is good to us each day.”

Old Rowlett Church

no date, probably 1990s

Old Rowlett Church was more than a congregation of people with a common faith. It was an ethnic colony with the church at its center. The church was the guardian of public weal, the standard of rectitude, the arbiter of morals. It was a school of democracy, the center for community social gatherings, a marriage mart.

The church on Rowlett Creek has been a landmark for 140 years, but it originated over five miles away on the watershed of another creek. In the first years of settlement, Baptists met in homes to worship together. On the 12th of February, 1848, a group of Baptists gathered at the home of Elder Jonathan Phillips, a Baptist preacher. Phillips' home was in present Fairview, between Highway 5 and U.S. 75, south of SH 121. With Elders Phillips and David Myers composing the presbytery, a church was constituted that day and was called Wilson Creek Church of United Baptist. The seven members who made up the new church had come together from several miles over the prairies. Jesse H. and Sarah Gough and Shadrick and Prudence Jackson lived near the later church site on Rowlett Creek. Mr. and Mrs. William Butler's headright was north of the McKinney Texas Instruments plant. Joab Butler had land west of Phillips'. When the organization was completed, Elder Phillips and his wife, Rebecca, and a neighbor, Sarah Harris, joined by letter.

Wilson Creek was the first Baptist church in Collin County. In 1849, four churches met together at Lonesome Dove on Halford Prairie, in south Denton County, northwest of present Grapevine, to organize The Elm Fork Association of United Baptists. Lonesome Dove church migrated as a church from Polk County, Mo., in 1846 to become the first Baptist church in this region. Union, organized later that year by people mostly from Greene County, Ill., was at Carrollton-Farmers Branch. Wilson Creek was the third; the fourth was Bethel, on Rowlett Creek in the Dublin Community, east of Plano. Their combined membership was 137: Wilson Creek reported 20 members. The association voted to meet with the Wilson Creek church the following years.

Meanwhile, the church grew to 41 members and began meeting at the school at Rowlett Creek, north of the present location of the cemetery at Custer and State Highway 121. The schoolhouse was built with boards from the trees on the creek, and it was shingled with shakes made from oak trees that were held in place with wooden pegs. The name Wilson Creek was no longer appropriate. Before the next associational meeting, the name was changed to Rowlett's Creek Church or United Baptists. In 1852 or 1853, Jesse Gough and Elder J. Fyke of Farmers Branch helped Elder Phillips constitute another Wilson Creek church that was eventually located near Stacy Road and U.S. 75. Most of the membership of the new Wilson Creek Church were from the large Phillips family.

Rowlett Creek church became the strongest and most missionary of the Baptist churches in the association. One of the reasons was that almost all the original settlers of land now within the bounds of the city of Allen were Baptist. The church membership extended to the Perrin and Yantis families on the old stagecoach road, now Jupiter, to the Huffman, Harrington and Quisenberry families at Lebanon on Preston Road. Between were the many Baptists from Greene County, Ill. -Witt, Baccus, Gough, Finley, Jackson and many other families. Virginian Sam Young had a spring-fed waterhole on Rowlett Creek near the church that was an ideal place for camp meetings and covenant for baptismal services.

In August 1854, a meeting was held by Elders Eli Witt and J.C. Portman. It was noted that the meeting lasted 10 days and was very interesting. There were 12 additions to the church. By the end of the 1850s, the church had about 70 members. There was a pressing need for a larger meeting place, a house of worship.

The church, having no site on which to build, applied to George White for a situation near the schoolhouse. White promptly responded and sold the church 6 acres for a token \$1 “to promote the interest of education and morals and to promote a place for the erection of a house for the public worship of God” have given and sold to Godfrey S. Baccus, O. E. Bush and Edward Chambers, trustees of the Baptist Church of Rowlett Creek. The deed is dated July 11, 1861. The next year, Shadrick J. and Sophronia Jackson gave 4 acres adjoining. A graveyard was platted. The lumber for the church was hauled from Jefferson by the church members in ox wagons. Miss Gladys Young remembers the old-timers talking about the trip to East Texas. She recalls, “They took the oxens with them to get the lumber. Well, they had these old deacons, just like they do now, you know, and one old oxen just wouldn’t pull, just lay dawn. This old deacon said “I knew the devil would be on the way with us!” Miss Lucy Razor wrote a description of the building that is in *Plano, Texas –The Early Years* “The pulpit was in the west end with a door on either side. Worshipers entered facing the congregation. There was one door in the east end for the colored people to enter and go to their pews in one corner in the back. On the right of the altar was the Amen corner, and in front of the altar was the mourner’s bench. There was a division line through the center of the middle of the tier of seats. The women sat on the left and the men on the right. The pulpit’s location at the entrance is said to have helped the minister to hold his crowd.”

Miss Razor also wrote of her early memories of seeing C.S. Baccus, Hogan Witt and A.E. Quisenberry with their long flowing beards as they worshipped in the Amen corner. She said that they reminded her of the pictures of Moses and ten prophets on her Sunday school cards.

Everyone enjoyed fun at Sister Grove Baptist 10-13-91

Someone asked me if I had a horse-and-buggy wedding. Our wedding was more in the late Model A era, but it was very much a country affair and could have been in any of the small rural communities of any time in the previous 100 years.

I have a warm affection for the people of numerous small communities in North Texas, for as a child I lived in many localities, and I also knew other communities where my father pastored rural churches, where the people took turns feeding the preacher’s family on Sunday.

However, more than any place, the Jameson community and old Sister Grove Baptist Church, about six miles northeast of Van Alstyne, is perhaps the one place, more than any other, that I think of as home. I did not live there, though, except for a few months after we were married.

It was there I reached what I thought at the time was maturity, met and married my husband, and continued to return to for visits to our parents for another 10 years or so.

Jameson was an old farming community that was, for most of its history, isolated after every rain by roads that became quagmire. By the late 1940s, the school had been consolidated with Van Alstyne and a road had been rocked through the community for

the school bus and mail routes. The store had closed. The church was, at that time, the last vestige of what had been a community.

Sister Grove Baptist Church was a pioneer church, organized in 1870. The old wooden church building sat only a few feet from the steep white rock canyon of the middle fork of Sister Grove Creek. It was a plain structure with two doors on the gable end. Its windows were opened to the air and to the rural scene in the summer. In winter, a wood stove was in the middle of the center aisle.

Everyone, of all ages, joined in the fun when we had church socials or spontaneous get-togethers. We played ball in a pasture, had dinners-on-the grounds, and had play-parties.

D.C., one of the young bachelors of the community, lived down the lane from the church. One year at the Christmas tree, he slipped a gift for me beneath it. I knew then I had caught his interest, but he did not ask to take me home from church until I had my 16th birthday in February—he did not want to rob the cradle, he said. After that, we dated at church and he took me to some school activities.

On Saturday nights we went to Van Alstyne and walked around the square, one of the social customs in North Texas. I don't know how wide-spread the practice was. Farm families came to town on Saturday to do their week's shopping. While the children went to the picture show, the others walked in a circle around downtown, visiting with neighbors and relatives as they met them, changing directions after a round or two to see who was coming from the other way.

In 1949, the custom of walking around the square was doomed, for crowds gathered in front of the Western Auto Store to see that new-fangled television.

Our wedding had many things in common with those of earlier years. When the young schoolmaster, Joseph Baines, married his 14-year-old pupil Ruth Huffman, at Rowlett Church on a Sunday morning in 1869, the wedding guests of the young couple went to "Granddaddy" John S. Huffman's home at Lebanon for a "sumptuous dinner." This young couple were later to be the grandparents of President Lyndon Baines Johnson.

Mother and I cooked the "sumptuous dinner" for our guests, about 35 relatives, on a small coal oil stove that had a portable oven placed over one burner. We had no electricity in the old farm house—the REA power lines had not reached there. The bride personally nailed on some additional boards and re-hung the door to the well-ventilated privy so that it would not shock the citified relatives too much.

Marriages in the Jameson community were occasions for teasing fun. We plotted to keep our wedding plans secret and to out-smart those planning a chivaree, which we managed to avoid. Our plans were to be married after a regular church service with only those who happened to be present as witnesses.

However, *The Sherman Democrat* published our marriage license the day before we planned to wed and our secret was out. Along with our relatives, everyone in the community crowded the small country church on Sunday morning, Oct. 15, 1950.

We planned no music since I was the only pianist in the church. We would walk in together at the close of the church service. However, my cousins from Dallas vetoed our plans. They agreed that one of them would play a prelude and the wedding march.

Dad said no one could expect him to preach and marry off his only daughter in one morning—the wedding would be the worship service. When he saw the standing room

only crowd, he probably regretted that decision. I'm surprised he did not pass a collection plate.

Shortly before 11 a.m., my bridesmaid and I met D.C. and his brother, who was his best man, in the church yard, and I hurriedly explained the change in plans. While my cousin banged out *Lohengrin* on the tinny old piano, I walked down the worn boards of the aisle of Sister Grove Baptist Church, and so we were wed. If we make it through until Tuesday, we will be married 41 years.

First Christian Church/ Disciples of Christ 9-15-91

The First Christian Church/Disciples of Christ Church in Allen was formed in 1880 when the town was only 4 years old.

The first year, the church met in the schoolhouse, and the next year met on Sunday afternoons in the Baptists' church building.

In July 1880, the elders of the Christian church bought two town lots from the H&TC Railway Co. Their first church building was completed in 1883 on a lot north of the present site.

Nearer the corner, south of the church building, was a large tabernacle where open air meetings were held in the summer by the Christina church members as well as the Methodists and Baptists, the other two churches in town.

The open sides allowed the summer breezes to flow through, but according to Lida Angel, the oil lamps that lit the tabernacle at night "brought in the bugs as well as the worshipers."

Lucille Bridges Brazeal, who lived near the church, remembers the deep shade under the large tabernacle as a good place to play in the summertime.

The church building and tabernacle were used for services until the present building was constructed in 1918.

News in 1908 wasn't always about Allen outlaws 1990s?

Once, after one of our protracted outlaw chases, a local minister suggested it was time for me to write about the good folk of Allen for a change. I have found many of you prefer to read about the black hats, but the white hats prevailed, and Allen soon left its frontier beginnings to become a progressive example of Small Town, USA.

For many of us, our mental picture of a small town in the early 1900s is colored by the musical *The Music Man*. However, spiffy ice cream suits and straw hats were not this town's usual garb. I am told that an ex-senator who appeared in his old hometown in a white suit and a Panama hat looked extremely outlandish to the local citizens.

The streets of Allen were either dust or mud. During the rainy season, Main Street was a quagmire. As one pedestrian followed another across the muddy street, a path of sorts was packed down in the mud. Wood or cinder walkways edged the street. It was the custom for someone standing on the walk to reach out a helping hand to the one crossing the street to pull them out of the mud. But, occasionally a prankster would grasp the helping hand, only to yank the helper into the mire.

Young Edwin Lee Ereckson, a tot who had the whole town as his playground, once became bogged own on Main Street, at the corner of Water's Hardware Store (now Brookshire's District Office). Mr. Will Bell saw the boy's plight and came out of the

store to pull him out. Probably because of this incident Ed remembers that a short time later, he saw Stonewall Jackson “Stoney” Allen’s big wagons haul in the rock to rock Main Street.

Ed Ereckson gave me copies of some Allen news he found in an old *McKinney Weekly Democrat-Gazette*, that he discovered while searching for his family’s history, that notes some changes in the town. Included are bits of social news and the activities of the “good folk,” that gives a glimpse of life in this small farming town.

In September, 1908, the Christian Church had closed a protracted brush arbor meeting with a number of new members to the church. The Methodists were beginning a meeting with Rev. J.W. Clifton, who had just completed a meeting at Harrington’s Chapel in the Bethany Community. Rev. and Mrs. J.J. Hollums were attending the Baptist Association at Frisco.

The Interurban Railway that had recently begun operation was still the big news. Allen Realty Co. said, “Allen, located on the Interurban offers splendid opportunities for the man who wants to live in a nice, clean, quiet little town.”

Pharmacist Wesley Young, whose drug store was located where the police station recently was, inserted this notice: “Owing to the large increase in the Texas Traction Co.’s business at this place (Allen), it could no longer be run in the drug store. Their business is very heavy here and in attending to their affairs, I was compelled to a certain extent to neglect my drug business and this of course I could not afford to do...Ed Shehane who has been with me for sometime has been appointed their agent and a nice depot and waiting room is being prepared in the store building of J.L. Angle just south of the drug store, (north of the later brick depot, now on Butler Street). The next week’s report said, “The Texas Traction Co. have new seats in their depot here,” and “The Interurban section foreman and family have moved in the new cottage recently built by S.M. Brown.”

The year’s harvest was in full swing, and Allen had become the market town the Houston & Texas Central Railway Co. had envisioned when the town was started 30 years before. “The new corn sheller and elevator is running in full blast and Allen is as usual maintaining her place as one of the leading corn markets of Collin County.” “Corn and Cotton are coming to Allen in great quantities and men whom the citizens of Allen have never seen are here almost every day. And the ‘spit-spot’ of the gasoline engine and the hum of the corn sheller can be heard all day long”.

Young, who never lost an opportunity to insert an advertisement in his report to the paper said, “the Allen public school will begin Monday, Oct. 5th, and you will find school books, tablets, pencils and in fact school supplies of every kind at Young’s drug store. While my stock had always been large in this line, if you will come to the store next week, I will be pleased to show you the most complete assortment of the kind ever seen in Allen.”

The newspaper report also noted that Fred and Edgar H. Bush, Carl Melton, Oren Hunter and Miss Lucille Wolford had left to attend school at TCU at Waco. Several of our local families helped found old Add-Ran College that became TCU and many of our young people were educated there. Edgar Bush recalled his days at the university: “In 1908, I enrolled in Texas Christian University at Waco and received my BA in 1911. A fire destroyed the main building at the Waco campus (1910). I managed to escape with just the clothes on my back by crawling down the stairs. Later the school moved to Ft.

Worth where I finished my studies. I played half-back on the football team and have memories of tough games before rules and equipment were improved.”

Throughout its history Allen’s citizens have sought ways to improve the town. “Progressive Allen” was the headline for an article in Nov. 1909, that told of another step forward. “County Commissioner C.M. Christie was here (McKinney) from Allen. He says Allen citizens are going to dig a deep well in order to secure a pure artesian water supply for their fast growing town. A company has been organized with a capital stock of \$4,000 and a charter applied for. About 80 percent of the capital subscribed has already been paid in. The depth of the well is expected to be from 1,000 to 1,200 feet. Work will probably commence on it between Dec. 1 and 15. The same company contemplates putting in an electric and ice plant in connection with the waterworks after the latter is put into operation.” Sounding like a modern day report, the article concludes, “Allen has grown faster in the last year than ever before in its history. Several new houses are now under construction.”

Itinerant preachers traveled circuits in North Texas 9-29-91

“He was a preacher traveling lonely roads alone to widely scattered congregations who wanted to hear the Gospel Message,” Georgia Myers Ogle wrote of her ancestor, the Rev. David Myers. He preached at Rowlett’s Creek, Bethel and Liberty Baptist Churches in southwest Collin County, Lonesome Dove in Denton County and his home church, Union Baptist at Carrollton, Dallas County.

Myers was only one of the itinerant preachers who traveled wide circuits on lonely roads to widely scattered settlements in pioneer North Texas.

The Rev. Joab Harrel Biggs was a pioneer Methodist preacher who rode a circuit of 300 miles in North Texas. “Wherever night overtook him, regardless of the state of the weather, he would stop, unsaddle his horse, take the saddle for a pillow, and with his saddle blanket for his only cover, sleep ‘till day.” The minister was seldom at home. It took several weeks to travel around his circuit.

Elder R.C. Horn, a Christian minister of Collin County, kept a diary for most of his long life, and recorded the trials and triumphs of a traveling preacher, now in the book, *The Annals of Elder Horn- Early Life in the Southwest*.

Elder Horn wrote, “The preacher’s circuit carried him many miles to meet his monthly appointments. On Saturday he would saddle up, lay his saddlepockets across the saddle, and mount his pony for the trip.”

“Sometimes this pony was Spanish and lacking in missionary zeal, and would proceed to spread the Gospel at home. If the preacher had been long in Texas, he had learned his pony’s tricks and was prepared to stay on top and put the spurs to him.”

Elder Horn taught, split rails and farmed. Most of the ministers of that time, and the rural ministers of this century, supported their families by farming or other secular work. What money they got from the churches helped to pay their expenses but did not pay them a living wage.

New Years Day, 1875, Elder Horn hauled in firewood for his family. “The next day I left shortly after breakfast for White Mount (near Tom Bean, Grayson County), and found the roads very muddy. At times my horse had a hard time to pull its feet out of the stiff bog, but we both persevered and finally reached our destination. I preached to a small audience. They had had a hard time getting there as well as I.

“The next day being Lord’s Day, I preached again; I married a couple in the evening. On Monday morning, which was very cold, I left for home soon after breakfast and rode until 2 o’clock; my hands, feet, and nose got very cold. I hardly know which suffered more, my horse or myself.”

The Rev. Noah Good was on his way to his home at Farmers Branch after preaching at Bethel on Rowlett Creek, east of Plano, when a blue norther blew in. His horse carried the elderly minister home where he soon died from exposure.

United Methodist Church of Allen was part of a circuit until 1952, when the church became a part-time pastorate. In 1969, full-time status was achieved.

First Christian Church has at times not had a full-time minister. The Rev. Milton Greer served First Baptist on a half-time basis during the Depression years, 1932-1942. He was also the pastor of First Baptist Church, Princeton at that time. The Baptists went to full time in 1946.

Although there were few old-time country preachers around, the town’s churches and most rural churches in the area became the proving ground for numerous seminary students from Perkins School of Theology at SMU, Brite Divinity School at TCU and Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminar. Local churches took the responsibility of training young ministers seriously. Many of the students became leaders in their denominations. Quite a few married local girls.

One of our local boys, Dr. Ray Summers was a student at Baylor in Waco while he was the pastor of Rosamond Chapel, east of Anna. The young minister hitchhiked his way north for his preaching assignment.

The small church had little money to pay a minister, but gave him a sack of homegrown produce and groceries. If he had any money to pay the fare, he caught the interurban from Anna to the family farm, north of Allen to spend the night.

The next morning, his younger brother, L.C. would ride with him on horseback to the highway, now State Highway 5. He stuck out his thumb as the first car approached. There was not much traffic in those days, but after talking with the driver and climbing into the car with his bag of groceries that would feed him for a week, he would turn to his brother and say “I’ve got my ride to Waco.”

Baptist church at Rowlett known for camp meetings 4-29-90

Lantern light illuminated the speaker’s stand and reflected in a thousand faces. Children lay sleeping on pallets on the ground. Beyond the great congregation was a ring of tents, concessionaires’ stands, wagons and buggies. Further away in the darkness along Rowlett Creek, horses were tethered or corralled waiting to be hitched up for the journey home. It was early September; crops were laid-by; it was time for a camp meeting at Rowlett Church.

The McKinney Democrat reported on Sept. 7, 1905, that the great Rowlett camp meeting that had been in progress for two weeks had closed. “Sunday was the greatest day of the meeting. Evangelist Sid Williams preached three powerful sermons, and at the night service fully a thousand people were present. There were 24 conversions making a total of about 40.” This was only one of the great camp meetings for which the little Baptist church at Rowlett was known. The earliest meeting recorded was in 1854, and they continued into this century. Lucille Bridges Brazeal recalls the meetings during her childhood when large numbers of families camped in the open space in front of the

church building. Gladys Young tells that the earliest meetings were held on her grandfather, Sam Young's farm near a large spring on the west branch of Rowlett Creek. Miss Young remembers hearing about a family with a large number of children, who left in their wagon one night after a camp meeting and were well into Denton County on their way home before they discovered that a couple of children had been left at the meeting grounds. Rowlett camp meetings were events that drew large crowds of people from Dallas and Denton Counties as well as Collin.

Two meetings that have become a part of the region's history were in 1880 and 1881. The 1870s were a time of great change in this area with the coming of the railroad and with an influx of farmers from other southern states as grassland was broken into family-sized farms. The town of Allen was being built. This was also the time of outlaw bands, such as the Sam Bass gang that held up the train at Allen Station and of Jim Reed and his bad men. Feuds disrupted life in many communities. The good people wanted spiritual revival. They needed a big man in every way- Major W.E. Penn, known as "the Texas Evangelist".

Major Penn was tall, straight and weighed about 250 pounds. His hair was long and hung nearly to his shoulders; he had a long white beard. His striking appearance and bearing commanded attention. His strong voice could be heard by an audience of several thousand people. Penn was a lawyer from Tennessee, who had a successful practice at Jefferson, Texas. During the Civil War he served as a major in the Confederate Army. He became the president of the Texas Baptist Sunday School Convention. After a state meeting in Tyler, in 1876, he was asked to stay for the weekend to speak at revival services. The revival was protracted to five weeks. That an unordained layman preached caused considerable criticism, but from that time Penn left law and entered evangelistic work permanently. He held meetings in many states and in England and Scotland. He was the first Texas Baptist to devote his full time to evangelism.

Penn was a mighty preacher, but he cared little for politics or flowery oration. He presented his case as a lawyer to a jury. Rev. George W. Baines II wrote: "Everywhere he set the people to singing in enthusiastic fashion". Baines said that Penn "Wrought a revolution, radical and permanent" in demonstrating the power of song in revival work.

Instead of the traditional mourners bench, Penn reserved "seats for inquirers after truth,; in front of the pulpit. He selected campgrounds with good shade and plenty of water. The first meeting at Rowlett was probably under a brush arbor. Thirty-nine members were received into the church by the experience of conversion and baptism. Three were received by letter.

The next year, the church invited Major Penn to return. The Allen Baptist Church was asked to participate in the meetings, but when the town church asked that the meetings be held in Allen, Rowlett refused. Rev. G.W. Baines preached at Rowlett on the day of the organizational meeting of the camp meeting. The guest minister was asked to preside at the business session. (remember, J.W. Baines who was then a McKinney lawyer and newspaper publisher, had been the schoolteacher at Rowlett school when he married Ruth Ament Huffman at Rowlett Church in 1869. This was probably his brother, G.W. Baines II, for their father, also a preacher, was said to have been in poor health at that time. LBJ came from a long line of Baptist ministers.)

A considerable amount of organization went into the 1881 camp meeting. Most of the committees were made up of members of the Rowlett church, but the finance

committee had representatives from McKinney, Plano, Lebanon, Pleasant Valley, with Salathiel Coffee and R.B. Whisenant from Allen. A request was sent to Bro. Penn that no stands of any kind be permitted in half a mile of the church.

Penn's meetings were followed by various concessionaires. There were grocery stores, restaurants, photography shops, lemonade stands, etc., but Penn placed restrictions on these. There could be no business during hours of service. When the horn sounded for worship all shops were closed. Earlier, in the spring of 1881, the churches of Texas had bought a large gospel tent for Penn who wrote: "I used it all the summer and until late in the fall. The Lord blessed us at every place. The last meeting was a Rowlett's Creek, in Collin County. "During the meeting, Penn received a telegram from Houston: "Your house and everything in it was burned at three o'clock this morning." Penn said that he thought he would be unable to preach that night, "but the Lord said I must." Afterwards he told the congregation of the loss.

"The next morning the women came and, oh, how much sympathy they expressed for my dear wife. They said they could not sleep that night for thinking of her: they knew the value of a home to a woman. They brought their choicest quilts and gave to her."

It was said that Penn usually preached at a place until a revival was had. In the church minutes is a note that appears to be about this second Penn revival: "This meeting was protracted with glorious consequences- saints were revived and made to rejoice with that joy, which is unspeakable and full of glory. Sinners trembled in view of the judgment..."

J.A. Oliver wrote to Miss Lucy Rasor in 1949, about the baptismal service that followed the meeting, remembering "the place where they blasted out a hole in the little creek. It had been dry and it run full of water from a little spring and was it cold!" He also remembered that there were 60 baptized- all adults.

Methodist minister caused sinners to tremble

7-17-88

Methodists were among the earliest settlers in this area and were one of the first church groups to organize. Thirteen people: Russells, Browns and Stones, met at Joseph Russell's log cabin on Nov. 15, 1847, and organized a church. The families were related and had come to Texas together. The Russell home was located on present-day Jupiter, just south of Rowlett Creek (known as the old Arnold place). The new church became a part of the far reaching Dallas circuit that included Bonham. Among the traveling ministers who preached there were other Peter's Colonists Joab Biggs, J.N. Cole and John Beverly. The growing congregation began to meet at Spring Creek school house when it was built in 1857, about three miles to the west on George W. Barnett's land.

However, when the railroad came, Plano, the only town in this corner of the county, moved west of the rails; new streets were made and lots sold. With Conference approval, church trustees B.F. Mathews, Robert H. Brown, George W. Bowman and Alexander M. Lyle moved the church to Plano.

When the Town of Allen was begun two years later, those living here found that the nearest Methodist Church was a long way from their homes. When the Methodists began meeting in Allen is not known, although there are some indications that they met in the school house before 1880.

Apparently, all the town's religious services were held in the school house before the Baptists completed their church house in the fall of 1880. In April 1881, the Baptists

gave permission to the Methodists to hold services in their new building. The next month, the Baptists granted the use of their meeting house to the Sabbath School, which had been organized in the school house. This cooperation between the churches of Allen has continued through the town's history.

When the United Methodist Church celebrated its 100th anniversary in 1981, Betty Lowman searched the Conference records to compile a list of the 56 ministers that have pastored the church. She was unable to verify the names of the pastors for the first three years. The first known Allen pastor was a venerable old-time Texas Methodist minister named Rev. George S. Gatewood, a well-known leader of camp meetings.

In 1873, Gatewood conducted a camp meeting at Pegues Springs (on Dublin Road, a mile north of FM 544, between Plano and Murphy). Spring water and plenty of large trees for shade made this an ideal place for a camp meeting. Preaching was held under a large brush arbor. Mrs. Belle Brown Allee and Joe Will Brown recalled this and other early Methodist meetings when they were interviewed by George Pearis Brown in 1931. They described Rev. Gatewood as "a unique character, tall and slender with a white beard, and his hair stood straight up on his forehead."

"Gatewood, in his day, was regarded as one of the greatest revivalists in the country. People from afar would come to hear him. He was a very original man in his illustrations, and was forceful in his logic, and powerful in retort, when that was needed. He could picture hell in such a way that sinners would tremble with fear, and could almost feel the heat from the furnace, and then portray heaven in such a way that all would want to go there, for the final abode of the souls."

Mrs. Allee said, "He once held a meeting in the Spring Creek Schoolhouse and a fellow came to the mourners bench – we had mourners' benches in those days - by the name of World, and Gatewood said, 'Thank God, the whole world is tumbling into the Methodist Church.'" Rev. Gatewood was pastor at Allen only for the year of 1884; he died in 1886.

If the church had a permanent place to worship during the last years of the 19th century, we do not know today. However, church trustees C.E. Mountcastle, W.H. Chambers and B.F. Ferguson purchased a lot facing the railroad, three blocks north of Main Street in 1883. Twenty years later when this land was sold, it was noted in the deed records as the Methodist parsonage property. Evidently, Allen was the home of the 16 ministers that, during this period, pastored the churches of the Allen Circuit: Allen, Fannie Harrington Chapel, Whites Grove and Perkins Chapel. This earlier parsonage was replaced by the large substantial home built in 1905 that still stands at 202 S. Butler Street. This parsonage was used by pastors and their families until 1960, when a new brick home was built on Daisy Street.

According to their church history, a small wooden church house with a steeple was built in 1902 on the southeast corner of Allen Drive and Belmont (across from the fire station). A windstorm, possibly a tornado, damaged the church beyond repair about 1915. A new church house, very similar to that of First Christian Church, was built on the west side of Allen Drive, where the fire station is today, between 1917 and 1919. This church house, with its bell calling the faithful each Sunday morning, was the place where Allen Methodists worshipped for half of a century.

Additions were made as the congregation grew. The long brick building that later served as our City Hall was built in 1964, but projections of the future growth of the town and of church membership caused the church to relocate to its present site on Highway 5.

However, it is the people of the church that have made the lasting contributions to Allen's history. Not only have they contributed a Christian influence, they have been among our business and professional leaders and have served willingly to meet community needs.

SCHOOLS

School Lunches

4-7-85

Just a cold biscuit and sausage was what most answered, when asked about their school lunches in the days before the hot lunch program. But when questioned further, they remembered other delicacies. “Had a cold biscuit – maybe a fried egg, or a boiled egg, and an apple. Sometimes we’d have an apple, but not many children had apples then. And, maybe, some cookies, homemade cookies.” was Mrs. Williard Fondren Horn’s answer. Others spoke of fried pies and tea cakes as special treats.

The look of refrigeration limited the choice of meats. Canned potted meat was mentioned by L.C. Summers. Bologna and cheese could be bought at lunchtime from the store. In winter, after hog killing time, it was the well-remembered sausage and biscuit that was found in the dinner pail. Syrup or lard buckets were the usual containers, although there were a few lunch pails especially made for the purpose.

Later lunches were wrapped in newspapers, or put in brown paper sacks. Children often traded lunches. A baked sweet potato might be a fair trade for peanut butter and crackers. But there could be resistance, “I won’t trade. It’s too good.” Fred and Walter Day were envied for their fried squab.

Vioa Rose and her sister, Minnie Rose Shelton, town children, went home for lunch, then rushed back to school to play basketball.

Trading eggs at the store for other groceries was a barter used by most farm families. Roberta Story tells of the morning the Miller children were talking eggs into town in the buggy, with the intention of buying their lunch. Dr. M.O. Perry, believed to have dozed after an all night maternity call, bumped the buggy with his car. The horse broke loose, and turned around, scattering eggs. No one was hurt, but they had no lunch that day.

W. J. Mosely, School Superintendent when the cafeteria was built, said, “I’ll never forget this school lunchroom. That was one of the highlights of my experience at Allen.” Mrs. Luther Summers, Mrs. Jack Curtis, and Mrs. Alvis Story were the cooks during that time.

Lois Curtis and Iva Mae Morrow have fed two generations of hungry students. In the early days of their more than 25 years of service, there were no convenience foods. They often peeled a hundred pounds of potatoes, cried their way through sacks of onion, and washed every dish by hand.

Early Schools

3-17-85

In the early days of the settlement of the area, children were taught in their homes or in a neighbor’s. The only schoolhouse known to have existed before 1850 in Collin County was the Liberty School at Mantua, in the northern part of the county near Van Alstyne. In 1850, few children were in school in our local area. On the west side of Cottonwood Creek there were several large families whose children were not in school.

Soon after 1850, Henry Clay Thomas moved to the neighborhood from Kentucky. Carter Smoot, a former slave, recalled seeing children crossing the prairie on foot to the

Thomas log cabin located on Jupiter Road, then the main road from McKinney to Dallas. The cabin was a little south of Chaparral Road near Rowlett Creek.

East of Cottonwood, 15 children of Wetsel, Ford, Whisenant, Fisher and Roberts families attended school during 1850. We do not know who their teacher was for no one gave teaching as their primary occupation on the census.

R. B. Whisenant told in later years about Mustang Schol being built in 1851. He had not attended school the year before with his older brothers and sisters, but his being 7-years-old in '51, Mustang was probably his first school.

Its location was on old south Allen Heights Drive, about 200 yards south of the Park Place intersection, near Mustang Branch. There were only benches made from logs, with no backs. There were no desks. As primitive as this was, it was better than what other children had in this area. Mustang School was the second in Collin County.

A Last Word – A person that is rather persnickety in the use of words, and obviously not a Texan, said that we were incorrect in saying that we are celebrating our Sesquicentennial next year, that properly the noun form was sesquicentenary. After consulting six dictionaries, I found that Sesquicentennial was accepted by all as a noun for the anniversary of 150 years, or as an adjective, as a sesquicentennial year.

The next word in the dictionary was sesquipedalian: meaning a word of many syllables or one given to using long words, literally, a word a foot and a half long.

200 years of good intentions

3-24-85

His Majesty, Charles III, King of Spain issued an order in 1782, that some land should be set apart, to be cultivated, to pay expenses for school. When Mexico became independent from Spain, she too gave strong support for schools in Texas. Stephen F. Austin urged that land be granted for a school. The Texas Convention of 1832 petitioned land for a school fund. Yet when Collin McKinney and four others drew up the Texas Declaration of Independence, one of the charges against Mexico was: it has failed to establish any public system of education . . . that unless a people are educated and enlightened, it is idle to expect the continuance of civil liberty, or the capacity for self-government.

President Mirabeau Lamar, like Charles III of Spain, believed a school system should be endowed with land. Land was Texas' only wealth. In response to President Lamar's request, 52,000,000 acres were set aside in Texas. Each county was given four leagues of land for the support of primary schools. This policy was continued after statehood. Although, most of this land was sold for the average price of \$1.64 per acre, it was the most bountiful land endowment ever given to the cause of education by any one government.

There was no immediate revenue available to support this long awaited school system. In 1854, two million dollars of the bonds Texas received from the United States for our claims to lands in the north and west were put in a special fund for public schools; only the interest would be used.

Collin County Commissioners finally, received cash money from the school fund and on Nov. 17, 1857 ordered that the school funds for 1854-1857 be distributed in accordance with the law. How this was done was not specified in court minutes, but the following year 7 ½ cents per day was paid to teachers for teaching children whose parents

could not pay for their schooling. Paying patrons received a pro rata amount. Teachers charged about 20 cents a day for those who could pay.

By 1858 the common school system of Collin County was beginning to function., although the Civil War and Reconstruction would play havoc during the next 20 years. The Commissioners appointed two men as trustees to pay the teacher of each school. During 1858, 49 teachers were paid. From the locations of the homes of the trustees, we can surmise that a school was located near present Lucas, trustees, G.F. Lucas, and James Lovelady, teacher. N.A Mendenhall; near present Boyd school in Allen, George Yantis and Wash Ford, trustees, teacher, Lydia J. Franklin; Wetsel (Fairview) S.L. Jenkins and William Draper paid Stanley Cooper: Bush-Rowlett, O.E. Bush and Hogan Witt paid teacher F.M. Crim.

In 1883, the directors of Allen High School, H.H. Compton, G.C. Mountcastle, and J.M. Hobson bought block 13 in Houston and Texas Central Railroad's new town of Allen, adding a secondary school to the network of rural schools.

Other schools in our area were Cottonwood, Faulkner, Stinson, Winningkoff, Brown, Bethany, Parker, Lovejoy, Upper Rowlett, White's Grove and Willow Springs. Although, Allen changed to an independent school district status in 1910, many of us owe much to the old rural common schools for our primary education.

Area students once dodged wild longhorns

3-20-88

The following is part of our local history as told to Mrs. Diamond's first-grade class at Boyd Elementary School during their study of Texas history.

Once, long ago, there was no one here. There were no houses, no schools, no streets. Where your school and your homes are was a prairie, a big field of grass. This grass was so tall in places that if you walked through it, you would be hidden; it would be taller than your heads. Along the creeks, there were woods with trees bigger than any we have now.

On the prairie, there were buffalo, deer and antelope (an animal that looks like a deer, but had different horns). There were herds of wild longhorn cows and wild horses called mustangs. In the woods, there were black bears, squirrels, raccoons and other kinds of small animals.

Indians did not live here, but because there were so many animals here that they could kill for food, they often came to hunt. This was the hunting ground for Comanches and Kiowas that rode horses from far in the west. The Indians camped at springs where water flowed out of the ground. There were many springs here; most of them still flow.

You know about the Alamo and about the battle of San Jacinto. After the war, Texas gave land to everyone that was in Texas when it became an independent country. Extra land was given to the men who helped in the war. Texas had lots of land where no one lived where the people could choose their land.

Some of the men that had been in Texas' war came here to find their land. One was Doctor Daniel Rowlett, a doctor that had helped those that had been hurt in the war. He marked off his land along the big creek, the one between here and Plano, and the creek was named Rowlett's Creek for him. Dr. Rowlett and his friends marked off land for other settlers, too. One of these families was the Muncey family. They and their neighbor, Mr. Jamison, camped at a big spring on Rowlett's Creek. When the Indians came to hunt, they were very angry to find these settlers camped at the spring. The

Indians knew that if other people lived here this would not be a hunting ground anymore. The angry Indians killed the Muncey family and Mr. Jamison. Although the people were afraid of the Indians, they still came here to live. Soon, there were enough settlers to keep the Indians away.

The families cut trees in the woods and built log houses. They plowed some of the grassland to plant corn and other food. The families had lots of children, and these children needed schools. One of the first schools was not far from here. Do you know where the concrete on Jupiter Road ends and it becomes a dirt road, at the corner where Chaparral crosses Jupiter? Near that corner was the first school – the school of Professor Henry Clay Thomas. Most teachers were men in those days and they were often called professor. A long time later, Carter Smoot, a black cowboy that had been a slave, told that about 1850 he saw children walking across the prairie to Professor Thomas' school while he was herding cattle.

Lucy Jame Phillips went to another school near here. She said that in the spring, the whole prairie was covered with pretty flowers. But they had to watch for wild longhorn cows on the prairie as they walked to school for they would sometimes chase the children. You watch for cars as you walk to school, but you don't have to watch for wild cows, do you?

In the beginning, Professor Thomas' school was in his home. When school houses were built they were log cabins with dirt floors. They were built near a spring, so that the children would have water to drink. There were no desks. The children sat on benches made from logs that had been split.

They took turns going to a shelf attached to the wall to practice writing. Lucy Jane said she had only one book – a Busy Back Speller. Books were handed down in the family from an older child to a younger until the book wore out. Paper was scarce. They practiced their writing on any bits of paper that the family had. Most of their work was done on slates which were small chalk boards that they held in their laps.

Julie Ann Phillips, Lucy Jane's cousin said that they got water from a spring: "A bucket of water would be brought by some of the pupils and set in the room, and we drank when we got ready, just like we did at home. (We) had tin cups and all drank from the same cup – never thought about germs and such then. Took our dinner and would eat in house when weather was bad – sometimes keep something to eat as we went home, and when we got home would eat something to eat the very first thing we did – oh, bread and meat or a cold potato and such thing. (We) didn't have any too much, and pretty much the same all the time."

Area's education system had rustic start

3-27-88

Education has been a hot issue in Texas since colonial days. Texas' Declaration of Independence charged that Mexico had "failed to establish any public system of education." Congress was given the duty of providing a school system and, at the request of President Mirabeau B. Lamar, in 1838, adopted a plan ranging from primary schools to universities. A total of 17, 712 acres of land was granted each county for the support of schools. However, land had little value at the time – there was such a lot of it in this vast state, yet it would ultimately pay off. For this endowment, Lamar is considered the "Father of Education in Texas." When Texas became part of the United States, it kept its school lands and set aside part of the income from taxes for schools.

Although the first settlers arrived here in 1844, there does not seem to have been schools until after 1850. This does not mean that the children were not taught. Most parents were better educated than would be expected in a pioneer community, so there was probably some home instruction. As soon as possible, families got together, and shared the cost to hire a teacher. The teachers of these subscription schools were often family members.

We know about some of these early schools because Collin County lawyer George Pearis Brown interviewed many of the pioneers that were still living in 1930. The landmarks in their descriptions of school locations are no longer here, but I will give them for those of you who remember where these places were, and I will try to guess at a present-day location for those of us who came later. Correct me if I am wrong.

Mrs. A.R. Epps (Lucy Jane Phillips) came to Texas in 1851 when she was 8. She said that in that year she “went to school at an old ox mill that belonged to Thomas Phillips, and was about 200 yards north of the present Wetsel School House, and about 150 yards west of Highway 75” (Fairview water tower at the corner of Stacy Road and Highway 5.)

“1852, went to school out where the County Farm now is,” she continued, “about three and a half miles southwest of McKinney – house on west side of branch, got water from a spring, this spring still furnishes water for the County Farm.” She mentioned that Mary Herndon and Lizzie Wilmeth also attended this school. She and her brother, Will Phillips, rode horseback to this one term three-month subscription school, taught by her cousin, Marian Phillips (west of Eldorado).

“In 1853, went to school in a log house near where the section house on the H&TC Ry, now is.” (north of Stacy at the railroad and Central).

R.B. Whisenant said, “1851, there was built a long house about 200 yards from the present home of Alonzo Richards – log benches, no backs, and no desks. Got water from a spring on Mustang Branch which runs into Cottonwood.” (south on Allen Heights, northeast of the bridge over Mustang Branch).

Carter Smoot in his interview said, “1850, or about that time, Mr. Clay Thomas taught a school in his home, a log cabin, and the children crossed the prairie on foot. His house was a little northeast of and about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from the place where the Muncey family was massacred by the Indians in 1844. It is northeast of the bridge on Rowlett Creek where the U.S. Highway 75 crosses the creek” (Jupiter and Chaparral). “I remember that Mr. Thomas gave a school exhibition there once. Used to go by there when we would be looking for the stock that had strayed from their range.” Smoot had been a slave at that time.

The actual beginning of a state-supported school system was when Governor E.M. Pease had \$2 million of the \$10 million Texas received from the sale of lands to the U.S. set aside as a school fund, in 1854. By 1857, a school system was functioning in Collin County; a board of school examiners had been appointed by the Commissioners Court, and the school fund for 1854-57 was distributed. For the year ending Aug. 31, 1858, Collin County’s part of the State School Fund was \$1,744.82. Teachers were paid 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents a day for each child whose parents were unable to pay, orphans and children of widows. After these amounts were paid, the rest was divided to reimburse those who were paying patrons of the schools. Teachers were not paid if they had not passed an examination as required by the public school law.

Texas had a school system at last. However, the Civil War broke out in 1861. There was little time or money for education; teachers were drafted; school children and their mothers took over farming duties as their fathers and husbands went to war. Not until 1874 did the system of common schools, where many of us were educated, become a working reality.

Community united to keep school district intact 3-1-92

A recent headline announced Allen High School had been classified 5A, the largest school classification in the University Interscholastic league. Allen is once again one of the smallest schools in its class in the state, but from times past, we know that the school shows its greatest strength when it fights from an underdog position.

It is an often told story, but a few new Allen residents may not know that if the whole community had not put up a fight in the '40s and '50s, our school would now be Plano North High School or McKinney South. "We kept it by the skin of our teeth", a phrase heard many times from old-timers.

Farm flight caused by the Depressions, farm mechanization and war jobs hurt the community of Allen. In the post-war period, the town found its school was threatened because of low enrollment. In May of 1949, there were only 13 in the graduating class.

In April of '49, Alton Boyd became president of the school board; other board members were Major Neely, Carl Marion, Frank Howlett, T.H. Cundiff, Luther Bolin and young L.C. Summers, who had been elected to replace his father, Luther Summers, former board president who had served for 18 years.

This was a most critical time for the district, for in the Texas Legislature were pending some revolutionary school laws drafted by State Rep. Claud Gilmer and A.M. Akins and Senator James Taylor. Even before the Gilmer-Akins laws were passed, county school boards were working to consolidate schools. In Collin County, Allen Independent School District was on the hit list.

The district would have been divided down the middle of Main Street, with the north half going to McKinney and the south to Plano. There was no doubt the town would be split; it had happened to Murphy.

To appeal to a higher authority, L.C. Summers, Superintendent Pete Moseley and Senator Reed paid their own way to Austin to meet with the committee of the State Board. Summers recalls that committee members were astounded when he told them in his presentation that if Allen could hold on a little longer, the town would soon become a suburban community of Dallas. "We were fighting for life," he says.

Allen's bus route served most of the defunct districts of Cottonwood, Bethany, Wetsel and parts of White's Grove, with their students adding to Allen's enrollment. It was expected with the reorganization of the common school districts, AISD's borders would encompass the area it was already serving, at least.

On June 8, 1949, Gov. Beauford Jester signed Senate Bill 116 into law. The Collin County School Board met in a special closed session, June 17, nine days later, and in a wholesale closing of most of the small country schools, reorganized the county school districts.

Members of Allen's school board waited outside the closed doors for an opportunity to present a map of their proposed district, but they were refused an audience. Although the district had been saved from immediate closing, at the end of that night,

they learned they had received not one inch of additional territory. Wetsel school district, less than two miles north of Allen, was given to McKinney.

McKinney came out the big winner; 13 common school districts were consolidated with McKinney. Plano got Cottonwood, Bethany and several others, cutting off Allen to the south. The students in these districts who had been attending Allen schools were lost to the big neighbors. It appeared to Allen citizens that although the county board had been denied the privilege of closing the school, they had cut off the district and were prepared to wait for its demise.

School board president Alton Boyd later said, "It looked as though we might have some tough times. But tough times never last, but tough people do." The next decade would show just how tough Allen could be.

Parents were completely involved. They held pie and cake sales, box suppers and Halloween carnivals. The mothers cooked for the Lions Club and other events to raise money for school activities. "We kept fighting and holding on."

They were pretty good at scrounging, too. Bleachers, an electronic scoreboard and other equipment came at no cost to the district except some hard work by individuals.

D.L Rountree, who became superintendent of AISD in 1954, recalled in an interview in 1985, "When I came here, we had 158. We had eight teachers, including myself. I taught five classes, coached football, basketball, custodial service, drove buses..., just anything."

The most critical time Rountree recalled was 1956-57. "Back then, if you had under 157 students, you had to go to Common School status; we had 158. That's how close it came to being a terrible situation for our school system."

Max Vaughan coached six and eight men football teams in the '50s. Allen's teams won 44 games straight. In 1962, Allen began playing 11 men in Class B- it took every boy in school.

The total involvement of the community that began during the hard times when everyone worked together for the school continued as the town began to grow in the late '50s and '60s. On game nights when the team traveled, the town was deserted as the buses led the parade out of town. Often, there were more Allen fans than those supporting the home teams.

One memorable night, we packed the stands at Alvord, some 100 miles or so to the west of Wise County. Someone, seeing an Allen merchant, asked, "Who's minding the store?" Someone else quipped, "Who's minding the town?"

"By the skin of our teeth"

no date, probably 1986

Not long ago, Allen was in danger of losing its full, 12- year school system because of a lack of pupils. The Post-Depression years and World War II were the beginning of the decrease in rural population. The Texas State School Board in the Forties and the Fifties were consolidating or closing schools where, in their opinion, the enrollment was too small to be practical.

The opinions of the Allen School Board, parents and students differed from the State Board in what was considered practical. So the fight was on.

School Board President Luther Summers made trips to Austin to plead our case. Later Presidents Allen Boyd and H.E. 'Hef' Hefner continued the campaign. To meet financial needs, the parents held cake sales, pie sales, box suppers and Halloween

Carnivals. The mothers cooked for the Lions Club, and other events, to raise money for school activities. "We kept fighting and holding on."

The enrollment dropped so slow one pupil less would have meant that the Senior Class would have had to go the Plano or McKinney for their final year. In 1955, we were in that situation when Pat Wilcox Dillard moved to town, keeping the school intact for all 45 high school students.

"We had to shake the bushes, to keep the school going." Relatives of School Board members were encouraged to move to the school district to increase the enrollment. A child on a remote farm was watched closely as he grew to school age. The 1957 Graduating Class was eight girls and one boy.

That lone boy was Kent Statton, quarterback of the six-man football team. "We had a good team, but it took every kid." The town supported their teams. When school bus drivers Alvis Story and Fred Day drove the teams to out of town games, they led a parade of every available vehicle in town. Often there were more Allen fans than those supporting the home teams.

Basketball was a favorite sport. In 1942, the Allen girls team won the County Championship, in what was described by a *Plano Star-Courier* reporter as one of the finest games of the year. In the game played at Blue Ridge our team defeated McKinney's team by a score of 28-20.

Although they lost to Mesquite 29-21, in the play-off game two Allen girls, Dorothy and Gladys Ross, a guard and a forward, made the All-Regional Team. Allen fans went along to cheer them on.

"We fought so hard for our school, and we kept it by the skin of our teeth," is the phrase used by most to describe these difficult years. By 1960, the tide had turned. Texas Instruments and Collin (Rockwell), and other industries had built plants in Richardson, and Capitol Wire in Plano. New homes were being built in Allen.

School officials had little time to catch a breath before they faced the problems brought by rapid growth. But, the school spirit of the leaner years, when everyone had to be involved, continues on. If you have wondered at the faithfulness of some of the "Old-timers" in attending school activities, ask Alton Boyd, Gene Reed or any of the others. They will tell you why.

Remembering the early Collin County schools 3-5-9?

The old country schools, where generations of farm children across Collin County were educated, are remembered with fondness by those who attended then.

These schools had formal names on the books of the County School Board seldom used by children. They were Sway Back, Dump, Speckled Pup and "Who'd a Thought it," (the remark of a passerby when he first saw the new Stinson School, south of Lucas) and many others scattered every two or four miles over the county.

Some years ago, Captain Roy Hall of McKinney collected and published stories about the old schools. Verda Smith Laird wrote to the McKinney historian and told him she enjoyed the information shared in his column, "especially (on) the old schools of Collin County, but I would like to add one more. The first school I went to was called Faulkner or Hog Waller. It was located southeast of Allen, between Allen and Lucas."

Mrs. Laird was a daughter of Robert C. and Susan Smith, and the wife of long-time Allen barber, Henry Laird. She was a student at Faulkner in the early 1900s.

Recently, I told about the community formed on the prairie east of Allen and the Baptist church that moved to Allen after the railroad established the town. As Allen grew, rather than diminishing, the community of farmers grew and more land was put into cultivation.

Some of the large blocks of land such as the 320-acre Skaggs farm, known in the neighborhood as the Ranch, had as many as six families farming on shares. A 1930 map shows a profusion of dots for houses that have long since disappeared.

The school house was located on Bethany, about one-third mile east of FM 2551, Mr. and Mrs. J.B. Mitchell donated the land for the school of Aug. 24, 1881.

Among the earliest students of Faulkner Free School were the children of Jonathan and Tish Spurgin. Their grandson, Leon Alexander, who has his home on the old family farm on FM 2551, tells me his mother, Ona Spurgin Alexander, and his sister and two brothers attended Faulkner School.

Later, Arleigh Rogers' father, Ed Rogers, attended the school with the Hunter and Petway children. Ed Rogers was on the school board when his son was a student there in the 1920s.

Arleigh's classmates were Bessie Jones Brooks, and her twin, Jessie Jones. Other Jones children were John Thomas, Cordie Lee, and Willie. Bessie and Arleigh remembered the other families that attended the one room school: The Binkey girls-Ora Lee, Lela and Velma- cousins of the children of Irby and Martin Heifner; also the Lewis children, the Smiths, Cains, Trammells, Rays, Futz, Whites, Cottles and Holleys.

While the school was known locally as Hog Waller, I found both Arleigh and Bessie called the school Pig Waller. Depressions in the near-level prairie ground of this locality are known as hog wallows and are a natural phenomenon. These may begin by the ground cracking in dry weather, but whatever the cause, they result in large puddle holes in wet weather.

The school house was one large room. It leaned with the wind until Ed Rogers and other men cut some poles about 30 feet long and braced the building, with three poles on the north and three on the south.

These made good shinny poles for the children at recess. Bessie and Arleigh claim they were the "Annie Over" champs. With one on each side, they could keep the ball from the other kids. Bessie said, "He could really throw it, and I could really catch it."

Children took their lunch to school in a syrup bucket. Anyone with a fried pie could trade for anything else they wanted, for pies were a treat. The usual lunch was only sausage and biscuits—homemade sausage and homemade biscuits.

Drinking water was from the school well, that is, if the well was not dry. If it was, water was carried from a neighbor's well. There were the two little houses out back- one for boys and one for girls. Remembered was the smell of wet wool coats hanging in the classroom in wet weather.

The desks were double desks. If they were good, students could share a seat with a friend. "You better study; no giggling." they were warned.

Teachers remembered were Miss Annise Boyd, Alton Boy's sister; Misses Mary Campbell, Irene Jay and Katherine "Kitty" Alexander, an aunt of Leon Alexander.

When Miss Alexander came to teach at the school in 1922, part of the classroom was partitioned to make living quarters for her and her father, Joe Alexander. Miss Alexander taught at Faulkner through 1925.

The teachers had only six minutes to teach each class one subject, assign tasks and move on to the next grade, covering all subjects for each of the six or seven grades each day.

Bessie Jones Brooks especially remembered Miss Mary Campbell, a spinster lady who roomed and boarded with the Jones family. Bessie and the teacher shared a bed. One April Fools' Day, as a prank, the whole school went walking to the Parker School, two miles south across the fields. "We did it just to be mean, I guess."

Arleigh Rogers remembered when he and Jessie Jones were fishing crawdads out of the road ditch. They then placed them on a board and catapulted them up into the trees, mangling them considerably. Miss Campbell was horrified at the boy's action. She whipped them both, Arleigh recalls, and now admits they probably needed it.

School equipment was almost non-existent. At Faulkner, there was a model of the solar system on a stand that was chain driven. The school library was a box nailed to the wall containing a dozen or so books. The school taught the basics and prepared generations of children for life.

When one of the Holley boys brought a friend, Hub Brooks, to the school to help with a school play, seventh grader Bessie Jones met the love of her life. A romance began with the school play, and six months later, at ages 20 and 15, they married.



Hog Waller School Allen TX top (l-r) Geneve Rich, Mary Frances White, Ethern Hefner (hat), Weldon Hefner, Murrell Hefner, bottom row T.B. White, Elizabeth White, Dorothy Parks, Earl Parks, J.B. Parrish, Teddie White (later known as Miss Ted), Geraldine Ramey, Margie White, Erma Parrish, Earl Parks.

Remains of early schools scant in county

4-7-88

A broken-curbed well or an oversized storm cellar are usually the only remains of one of the small rural schools that were the major source of elementary education in Texas from 1870 until the 1940's. Many of the school sites are on abandoned country lanes and are inaccessible today; such is the case of Cottonwood School.

G. Frank Mathews described Cottonwood School: "1873, I went to my first school here. My father, Owen Mathews, was the teacher. He had about 60 pupils. Frame building. Weather boarded and ceiled about 30 by 40 feet, and heated by a stove burning wood.

Got water from a spring on the second bank of Cottonwood Creek, and on the east side. House was located about 10 miles south of McKinney, about 1 mile east of Highway 75, (Jupiter) and on the south side of the road that runs by the Quincy Arnold

old home place, and about 1 mile south of the Harrison Butcher old home place. We walked to school; Quincy Arnold and his wife (M.E.A. Strain) were pupils. I am told this house was not far from the home of Clay Thomas who once taught in his residence long before this, yea, even before the Civil War.”

R.B. Whisenant, who had been a child during pioneer days when schools were scarce, took the opportunity of further learning offered by an injury, “On Cottonwood, further down towards Rowlett Creek, Mr. Owen Mathews taught a school right after the Civil War. I was married and had 2 children, but had cut my foot so I could not work, so I went to school to him, took my youngest child, Milton, age six years, behind me on the horse and rose to school for three months, never lost a day. My daughter, 3 years older than Milton, walked.”

These stories seem to infer that the school was on or near Cottonwood Creek. However, the site remembered by former pupils, today, is upon the rise of the hill; away from the creek. An old index at the courthouse had a reference to the schoolhouse being moved at some point in its history, but the record was unobtainable. The confusion of deed records for this vicinity defeated this researcher.

One of the teachers during Cottonwood’s later years was Ethel Summers Reynolds, who taught during the years 1929-30 and 1930-31. During the school terms, she boarded with the Cuffman family. She describes the schoolhouse as a one-room building heated by a pot-bellied stove: “The building was cold.” A curtain separated her classes, grades one through four, from the principal’s classes, grades five through eight. Water was obtained from a well. There were two outhouses; “On windy days, it was terrible out” she recalls. A fall curriculum was taught: reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, spelling and history. The upper grades studied algebra and Latin. Mrs. Reynolds said that she traded out with the principal – he taught her students arithmetic, and she taught Latin to his classes.

The Denton girls were Mrs. Reynolds’ students. Earline Denton Tucker was in the third grade; her sister Gearldine was in the first grade. Among the other families whose children attended Cottonwood School at that time were Cuffmans, Shaddicks, Ferrells, Rogers, and the Crouch boys. Earling Tucker recalled, “We had a good time.”

After a slow start, the common school system grew rapidly after 1871. In 1880, there were 100 schools in Collin County’s 886 square miles. This would have placed a school in walking distance of even the youngest school child. In a listing of school assignments and funds for that year, Cottonwood had one teacher, J. Colquitt, “a young man just entering the profession. The school was allotted \$142.89. “This is a good farming section of the county,” the report noted.

What was the quality of the education in these small schools? Perhaps this was best said by G. Frank Mathews: “I want to say this, that father taught me and all the pupils things that we use in life today. I never ask any man to calculate interest for me, nor figure the numbers of acres of land if I have the field notes. I know how to spell, punctuate, and use the capital letters. We learned everything thoroughly, no skimming, no sliding; but we dug things up by the roots so to speak. His idea was to instruct, to teach the child how to think, not merely remember things, he sought to form and develop character. His work will last.”

Remembering stories from Hog Waller School 199?

We have more about Hog Waller. Last week's column on old Faulkner School sparked some memories, and a few pictures turned up.

Ted White Summers had made pictures with her little box camera on Tacky Day in 1928. Their teacher, Miss Lavonia Binkley, let the children dress tacky for Halloween. The old photographs do not reproduce well, but we are including one of the whole school.

Shown, not in order, are Geneva Rich; Earl, Walter and Dorothy Parks; J.B. and Erma Parrish; Geraldine Ramey; Etherd and Weldon Heifner and their cousin Murrell Heifner; and Ted, Mary, Margie and T.B. White.

Also in the picture is Elizabeth White, who was too young to be in school. Little Liz frequently slipped away from her mother and walked down the deep road ditch to the school, only a short distance away. One of the older children had to take her home.

Faulkner was a county school. The county superintendent was over each of the small schools. When he visited a school, it was a state occasion. The students were on their best behavior, and the teacher was a little flustered. Before he left, the superintendent made a short speech to the school. Arleigh Rogers remembers that Professor Smith was one who visited Faulkner.

With the County School Board and county superintendent overseeing the county schools, there was uniformity in their curriculum. Individual schools each had funds limited by their size and district. They often ran out of money and had to dismiss school. It was customary for farm families to move at the first of the year. There was enough similarity to classes that students could move from one school to another without difficulty.

Ted White Summers attended Faulkner School two different times. The White family lived on the Skaggs farm near Faulkner, then farmed two other Skaggs places near Allen, before returning to the Ranch, the Skaggs farm at Faulkner.

This pattern of movement from one farm to another that belonged to one owner was a usual practice in our locality. Often families worked land for the same landowner for several generations. Arleigh Rogers says the land known as the Joe McKinney place that the Rogers family moved to in 1900 is still being farmed by his relatives. The local tenant farming system made very stable communities with families taking pride in working the land.

Although school dismissed for harvest and children often had to miss school to work, parents saw that their children got schooling.

Joyce Bellew Graham tells that on muddy days, her father put her and her sister, Mary Lois, on a horse and walked, leading the horse, to Faulkner School. She said she is every thankful for what her parents, Albus and Quincy Bellew, did for her- "We got the essentials."

The Bellews lived on the Jim McKinney place. When Joyce, Mary Lois and their brother Eugene completed school at Faulkner, they came to Allen for three years of high school. Since Allen did not have the 11th grade, the last grade of high school at that time, they finished school in McKinney.

When Albus and Quincy Bellew retired from farming, they moved into Allen. Their children moved away from this area for many years, but like others who grew up here, Eugene and Joyce returned to Allen, and their sister lives in Plano.

Someone asked if Arleigh Rogers told me about falling out of the attic, so I called him for details. The school house at Hog Waller was one large room with a high ceiling. In a corner there was a ladder nailed to the wall leading to a scuttle hole. The children were not supposed to go into the attic, but that did not stop Arleigh.

One day, before class, he was in the attic when he was warned the teacher was coming. He hurried down the ladder, but forgot the ceiling was 12 or 13 feet high. He thought he was at the end of the ladder, but was only about half way when he turned loose of the rungs. He fell the rest of the way and landed on his back, with his breath knocked out.

I was skeptical when he said the only licking he got was for the crawdad incident we related last week. Now he recalls when he first began school, he would go home bawling from school each day. There were some big boys that teased him and told their little brother, who was Arleigh's age, to "get him". One day as he walked hoe, crying, his father, who was plowing, stopped and scolded him for not showing more spunk. He shook the plow lines (reins) at him and told him the next time he wanted him to take care of it, and if he came home bawling again, he would "take the end of this line on you."

The next time the boy picked on him, Arleigh swung the gallon dinner bucket he carried at the other boy and hit him behind the ear, knocking him out cold.

The other child was out of school for quite awhile, but the first day after he returned to school, the teacher whipped both boys for fighting.

There had to be problems when students from six to seven years old were in the same classroom as those 16 years or older. But there was some good. Students learned from hearing the teacher teach other grades. With the same material being repeated year after year, learning was reinforced.

Joyce Graham remembers the older students often heard the reading lessons of the younger children. Older sisters watched their younger siblings at school, much the same way they did at home. However, with students ever ready to escape the classroom, helpfulness often had a hidden motive. There were always volunteers to fetch a bucket of coal for the big round stove or to dust erasers.

One day, in the early '30s, Faulkner schoolhouse was moved south over the field about two miles, to become a teacherage for Parker School, and Hog Waller School was no more.

Disparities between white and black schools were many

2-22-92

Ahead, through the steamy windows of the school bus, a huddle of children could be seen trudging along beside the highway in sleet and freezing rain. The students in the bus started shouting. "Stop! Stop!" The bus continued on.

When the riders loudly complained, the bus driver explained, I'd be without a job as soon as I got to town if I picked up those kids.

If this experience of the inequality of "separate, but equal" was imprinted in my memory, what are the memories of those African-American children we left by the wayside?

Education for African-Americans had a slow start in Texas. Few came out of slavery knowing how to read or write. Even fewer were qualified to teach. During the

years following the Civil War and Reconstruction, rural schools received little public funds.

Many teachers, both white and black, were ministers, and often farmers as well. As Texans struggled to establish a public school system, the policy of separate schools became accepted.

This policy was given validity by the U.S. Supreme Court ruling in 1896, in *Plessy v. Ferguson*. The court upheld state-imposed segregation of the races so long as equal facilities were provided. Although not directly involving education, it formed the basis for separate school systems for nearly 60 years, until the ruling was overturned in 1954 by *Brown v. Board of Education*.

A search through local and county school records revealed nothing about an early black school in Allen except the fact that there was one. The census of 1900 records four black households in the Town of Allen. All the school-aged children were attending school.

Mary Wells had two children at school, and Joe and Dink Williams had three. However, each child attended school for only three months of the school year, where children in Allen's white families were in school six to seven months.

Nine families made up Allen's black community in 1910. Willis and Mary Wells Jones had four children in school. Henry Tennison had four, and Gunn and Eliza Jones had three. A grandniece and a grandson of Oliver and Sallie Taylor were pupils.

On farms near Allen were George and Anna McCown with nine in school; Wiley Huguley with four; Caston Hutchinson with four; and Cland Jones with one. This is 34 children who were probably attending school in Allen.

Haise and Annice Scourton Williams moved to Collin County in 1920 with Hazel, their infant daughter. Hazel Williams Anderson began her school days at St. Mary's Baptist Church building. She remembers her teachers were Carla Coleman, Ruth Dykes and Mrs. Doty.

On Sept. 18, 1932, the trustees for the Plano Circuit of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church of American, successors to trustees for the Allen Colored Methodist Church; Willis Jones, Henry Tenison and Wood Jones; sold their church house and lot on the corner of Cedar and St. Mary's Streets to the Allen Independent School District for \$150. It was agreed as part of the transfer that the church "may use said building for their church services as long as they may desire to do so." The building was about 20 years old.

Funding for black schools was based on the number of black students, not on the school district as a whole. There could be no integrated use of facilities without penalties to the district by the state. The disparities between white and black schools were many, such as a general lack of libraries, teaching aids, sports equipment, facilities and school buses.

A bus for a black school was unusual. Allen had the first in the county. Mr. W.H. Moseley, superintendent of AISD in the 1940s, told of an incident with the old bus that was given to the black school when the district bought two new buses after World War II. When families on the border of Allen district found that Allen was picking up students, they asked the driver to take their children, too.

The first thing he noticed, Moseley, said, was that the bus used more gasoline than both of the other buses. Then one day, the superintendent of Frisco called and

asked, "Mr. Moseley, do you have a bus that's coming all the way up to right east of Frisco?"

"I said, 'Not that I know of.' He replied, 'Well, you do have one up here.' Moseley checked and found that the bus was going "plumb up to Frisco to pick up students because that was quite something for the black children in south Collin."

Allen taught eight grades most years. Students who continued on to high school commuted to Plano or Doty High School in McKinney on the Interurban until it was discontinued, then on the Greyhound bus. Some boarded with McKinney families.

Mrs. Anderson attended junior college to complete her last two years of high school. Her husband, the Rev. George Anderson, was raised near Plano and attended school there. After World War II, as an ex-G.I., he enrolled in Texas College at Tyler.

George Anderson and Hazel Williams married in 1948 when they were both students at Texas College. He graduated in 1949, Mrs. Anderson in 1950. Later, after they began teaching, they attended Texas Southern University in Houston in summers and received their Masters degrees in elementary education- he is '59 and she in '60.

Because of low attendance, Allen's black school was made a one teacher school of six grades in 1948-49. While the school tried to regain its status as a two teacher school, new college graduate George Anderson was trying to get a job teaching. He tells that he went to see Mr. Moseley, superintendent of AISD every Saturday morning for two months.

"After two months," the Rev. Anderson recalls, "I went up there and he told me, 'Yes George, I have hired you. The Board has hired you. Because I don't want you coming to my house every Saturday looking for a job.'"

Beginning in 1950, George Anderson taught fifth through eighth grades in Allen's Elementary School for black students. Mrs. Theresa Van Meally taught the first four grades.

In 1953-54, a larger school building was built to replace the old Methodist church building still in use as a school house.

There were about 50 students; two-thirds lived in the country. Mr. Anderson drove the school bus for them, and if the old bus failed- it did frequently - he and Mrs. Anderson picked them up in cars.

There was a threat the school would again be reduced to one teacher. Haise Williams, Anderson's father-in-law, sought to keep enrollment above the minimum for two teachers. At one time, 45 children lived in the area around the school.

Hazel Anderson taught at Nevada and Prosper, and in the last years of segregation, '63-'64, she taught with her husband in Allen. Later, she worked in McKinney in the Job Corp and Head Start programs.

With the closing of the school at integration in 1964, George Anderson worked for Collins Radio for 18 months, then returned to teaching in AISD. He taught social studies, science and math in high school and middle school. He was line coach for the Eagle football team and worked with basketball. He retired from teaching in 1975. He commends the Allen Independent School District as having always been one of the most progressive, that cooperation was superb.

Mrs. J.L. Lovejoy dedicated life to education 11-17-91

When the schools of Forest Grove and Lick Springs consolidated on July 2, 1917, the new school district was named Lovejoy in honor of Mrs. J.L. Lovejoy. Mrs. Lovejoy is described as a prominent club woman.

I realized my personal connotation of “club woman” had to be at fault and there had to be much more to her story for Mrs. Lovejoy to have been so widely loved and respected in Collin County. I found not only did Mrs. Lovejoy dedicate her life to promoting education and making conditions better for rural women and girls, but in Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy’s personal and family history there was proof of the possibility of attaining the American Dream.

The name Lovejoy has been associated with Collin County since the county’s beginning. John L. Lovejoy III was the grandson of the Rev. John L. Lovejoy, an early Methodist missionary to Texas who divided his activities between fighting Indians, preaching and selling merchandise.

The minister opened a dry goods store in Old Buckner in 1846. When the county seat was changed to McKinney, the Rev. Lovejoy rolled his store building to the new town site and became McKinney’s first merchant. Sons John L. Lovejoy II was a county clerk, and James H. Lovejoy was a sheriff.

Another, son, George W. Lovejoy settled in the White’s Grove community on land now in Eldorado Village. He died when his son John L. III was 8 years old. At the age of 17, the boy became a clerk in a McKinney drug store. He sold his cow pony for \$100 and used the money for tuition to Muse Academy. He became a traveling salesman for a St. Louis drug firm and later entered the wholesale drug business in Dallas.

John L. Lovejoy III took as his life’s slogan, “Work, Save, Invest.” It is said he was always successful in business and rarely lost money on his investments. He was stockholder and official of many firms and corporations, president of the First National Bank of McKinney and owner of over 1,000 acres of Collin County land.

Mr. Lovejoy was eulogized as a striking example “and his record should stand out as a shining slight of inspiration to all (young) men...as to how such success is attained.”

Not only does the story of Mrs. Lovejoy’s husband John L. III, read like a rags-to-riches tale by Horatio Alger, crusading preacher of the gospel of success, but the life of her father was another such story. Francis Emerson was born at Lurgan, County of Armagh, Ireland, in 1815. When he was 13 years of age he came to America, learned the coppersmith trade, and repaired and fitted out steamships at New Orleans.

Emerson returned to Ireland and married a Scottish girl, Elizabeth Thompson, in 1836. The newlyweds sailed immediately for America. They settled at Monroe, Green County, Wis., where Emerson established a hardware business and a factory to make wagons and buggies.

In 1854 Emerson made his first trip from Wisconsin to Texas on horseback, the first of several such trips, before he moved his family to Texas. He established a hardware business in Dallas. After the Civil War he moved to McKinney and entered the general merchandising business. He established the first bank in McKinney, a private firm, that was the beginning of the First National Bank.

Although a woman of wealth and the daughter and wife of successful businessmen, Carrie Louise Emerson Lovejoy was untiring in her efforts on behalf of

women and children, especially in rural areas of Collin County. Her “enthusiasm, with her inevitable smile” won respect and cooperation.

Texas Woman’s Hall of Fame Yearbook, 1915 lists an impressive number of clubs in which she served. Her activities carried her to every corner of the county. She organized mother’s clubs at rural schools before there was PTA. She worked to get school cafeterias. She took crates of books to schools without libraries, and on the next visit brought more books, picked up the last batch and carried them to another school. She escorted the first Home Demonstration lady to rural communities and helped organize Home Demonstration, canning and girls’ clubs.

Mrs. Lovejoy scattered wildflower seeds from trains as she traveled and promoted planting blooming trees. Not only did she work to make the country more beautiful, she is remembered as a woman that was beautiful inside.

Evelyn Shipman recalls that when she was about 8 years old, Mrs. Lovejoy saw her admiring crepe paper roses the Home Demonstration club at Lovejoy had made. She volunteered to come to her home to show her how to make roses and dip them in wax. “I just loved that old lady.”

Settling the question of “Which creeks?”

8-30-87

“I’ve heard that there is some speculation about which creeks are between, so I’m fixing to set the record straight. We are talking about Wilson Creek and Old Rowlett, the two big creeks that meander catty-cornered across these parts, northwest to southwest. The territory I have staked out reaches from the heading of West Rowlett, over west about where the old Baccus school was, down to the East Fork Bottoms, somewhere under Lake Lavon,. This takes in all the folks in Fairview, Lucas, Allen and some in Parker.

Way back when, you could strike out across the prairie in a wagon and go anywhere. There was nothing to stop you except the big creeks. There weren’t many places to ford the big ones, and if they got up, you had to stay put until they went down again.

When they were trying to decide where to put the court house, this caused a whole passel of trouble. Seems like they had two places to choose from; one place was where McKinney is now, and some say the other was about where the railroad overpass is on Hwy. 5. (I’ve heard of other places that are contrary to that.) Everybody had to go to Buckner, which was the old county seat to vote. Wouldn’t you know it! The night before voting day there was a gully washer – a real toad strangler. Rowlett and Wilson went out of their banks. Folks down here couldn’t get across the floodwaters to go vote. Those at Buckner were the only ones that could vote, and they voted for the place where McKinney is, otherwise McKinney could have been in Fairview.

So you see, the creeks have always been boundaries. I don’t rightly know where all the new city limits are, so when I get to talking about the past, I just forget them, and tell you about how it used to be. Sometimes I may get clean out of my territory, because those old folks really got around.

There were quite a few small schools, churches and stores back a generation or so ago. Old-timers still think of these old names, instead of remembering which of the bigger towns that has taken them in. They remember going to school at Bush, Wetsel, Cottonwood, Lick Springs, Hogwallow, or Who-d-a-thought-it. General merchandise

stores were at Forest Grove, Winningkoff and Lazy Neck. Places like Fitzhugh Mills had cotton gins. Some old churches had real pretty names like Bethany, Orchard Gap, Forest Grove, Mr. Olive, Corinth, Willow Springs and Cottonwood; others were named for people such as White's Grove, Fannie Harrington Chapel or Blythe Chapel.

If I stray across a creek, now or then with a story, the folks at Plano or McKinney won't mind, for with all the moving around and marrying in this part of the county, we are all kinfolks, anyway. I hope this has set you straight about our title, and I promise not to write like I talk too often, but to write real proper, like they taught me at Murphy School.



Lick Springs school, shown here early in this century, was consolidated with Forrest Grove school to establish the Lovejoy Common School District in 1917.

Lick Springs, Forest Grove combined to form Lovejoy

11-3-91

Lick Springs School House was a landmark on the old McKinney to Rockwall Road. The road, now Country Club or FM 1378, skirted the north edge of Samuel Sloan's large 3,000-plus acre land grant, ran down the eastern side and crossed Sloan's Creek at a ford, near the present bridge.

Lick Springs School House was north of the creek, on the hill, east of the road.

D.B. Fisher explained the name of the school in an interview in 1931: "It is so called because deer, buffalo and other wild animals came there and licked large holes in the banks of Sloan Creek, for the salt they could get, and these holes were as large as half

bushel measure and deep as the deer could reach, possible 3 to 4 feet, and perfectly smooth on the inside.”

He continued, “Every known animal from the lowest up to man likes and craves salt. Indians would trade for it in preference to anything else.”

If these were salt licks, they were geological oddities in this locality. Lack of salt was a problem to early settlers, and they began early to haul wheat and other grain to East Texas to the Grand Saline area to trade for wagon loads of salt.



Lick Springs School in about 1914. It was located on Farm Road 1378 in Fairview north of Stacy Rd. Donnie Mae Watson is a female student, the 4th on the left bottom row in dark stockings. She became a teacher in the Allen/McKinney area for 47 years.

We do not know when the first Lick Springs school began, although Commissioner’s Court records indicate there was an early school, somewhere between the prongs of Wilson’s and Sloan’s Creeks, that was subsidized with state school funds.

D.B. Fisher, son of Napoleon B. Fisher whose home was east of Allen in the area of Rock Ridge Road and White Rock Creek, began his schooling at Lick Springs in 1872. “This was a log house about 14 feet square, no windows,” Fisher recalled.

School was held two terms in the summertime. "They had no school in the winter as there was no way to make a fire. A Mr. Warren taught the school." After Forest Grove School was built nearer his home, Fisher attended school there until he was about 15 years old.

Sometime in Lick Spring's history, the original log structure was replaced with a building made of boxing planks. Early in this century, the pupils were children of large families, often grandchildren of the original settlers.

In a scrapbook put together by the Retired Teachers Association, now in the old Post Office Museum in McKinney, is a newspaper clipping of a photograph of Lick Springs School in 1915. Robert Burgess identifies those in the picture as Marrim Roberson, teacher; Walter Strickland; Lester Dickerson; Meda Van Pope; Donna Watson; Sallie Strickland; Ruby Tucker; Nellie Hill; Willies Burgess; Ella Watkins; John Strickland; Sal Strickland; Marshall Watkins; Hubert Strickland; Robert Burgess; Irene Dickerson; Ruby Watkins and other names that were indecipherable.

Claude Cecil Martin was a young school master from the hills of East Tennessee. He was the first of his family to come to Texas and, as the family representative, purchased a farm in the Weston community. His father, George W. Martin, when he followed to Texas with the remainder of the family, was not happy with the nearly level prairie land in that locality.

According to Evelyn Martin Shipman, her grandfather looked around Collin County until he found a site that reminded him of the hills of home. He brought the white rock hill, north of Stacy Road and east of Country Club Road that gave him a wide vista from his front porch. The Martin families settled in the Lick Springs- Forest Grove area.

C.C. Martin was teaching school at Wetsel when daughter Evelyn was born in the teacherage at Stacy Road and State Highway 5. After he became the teacher at Lick Springs School, he became concerned because he had so little time to give to each class.

Down the road, less than two miles away at Forest Grove, there was another one-room school and another trying to teach all grades. Martin began a petition to consolidate the two schools.

The communities served by the schools had historically been two distinct communities and the consolidation was unpopular with some people. However, C.C. Martin went from house to house obtaining signatures for his petition. His brother, J.G. Martin, representing the Forest Grove School District, and C.B. Watson, representing the Lick Springs School District, presented the petition to the County School Board.

On July 2, 1917, the Lovejoy Common School District was established, combining the two old schools.

Residents of Bethany were proud of school

10-2-88

Bethany Road does not go to Bethany anymore. The road plays out west of the expressway; a gate bars the way. Even in the past, the dirt lane had many twists and turns between Allen and Bethany. Today, all that remains of Bethany is a cemetery. A well curb marks the location of the school. These reminders of bygone days are on Custer Road, north of Legacy. Engraved in the gate pillars is a historical record of the community and its families, for whom church and education were of great importance.

In early days, the Christian Church, that met at the old Spring Creek school, had several preachers who were not only noble as early leaders of Texas Christians, but were also educators. Elder James S. Muse had an academy in McKinney. Bro. Charles Carlton's school at Kentuckytown, and later at Bonham, taught academy through college level. Bro. James R. Wilmeth was a teacher who later taught at AddRan College.

Bro. J.A. Clark was a man of many talents - lawyer, newspaperman, farmer, miller as well as preacher-evangelist. Later, he and his sons, Addison and Randolph Clark, who also preached locally, had a school at Fort Worth that became AddRan College. Among these preachers, Carlton, Wilmeth and Randolph Clark had attended Bethany College of West Virginia, the school begun by Alexander Campbell, an early Christian Church/Disciples of Christ leader.

The Spring Creek Christians built a church house in Plano in 1873. Mrs. Lizzie Carpenter wrote about a state meeting on Thursday, Nov. 20, 1873: "Our meeting begins tonight in our new church house. Mr. Carpenter and Willie have gone in company with Bro. R.M. Gano. He took supper with us this evening." (Gano was a Confederate general and Christian minister.)

On Sunday, Nov. 30, she wrote that the state meeting did not last long because of the weather, and another meeting was set for Dec. 30. "There was speaking in regard to school matters at the church last night." School matters concerned AddRan College. Bros. J.A. Addison and Randolph Clark moved their school from Fort Worth to Thorp's Spring near Grandbury in 1873 and changed its name to AddRan Male and Female College. By that time, the college was recognized as a school of the Christian churches. At the meeting in Plano on Dec. 30, 1873, the school was adopted by Christian delegates from throughout the state by a unanimous vote. Later, AddRan was officially acquired by the denomination and, in time, became Texas Christian University. R.W. Carpenter, C.S. Haggard and W.N. Bush were among those who lent financial aid to the school. One of the first three degrees granted by AddRan was to G.E. "Gippy" Carpenter the Carpenter's second son. Young Carpenter taught languages at the college before returning home to become a successful farmer, lawyer and businessman.

By 1876, the families on upper Spring Creek began to meet for church services in their neighborhood. In 1877, Captain Bush sold four acres "to the Christian Church worshipping at Bethany." Elders were R.W. Carpenter and E.F. Elkins. (Was the name Bethany chosen for Bethany College of West Virginia or the biblical village?)

In Nannie Kate Haggard's diary, there are many entries about the church, such as this one on May 11, 1884: "Went to Bethany, Bro. Douglas preached two very good sermons. had dinner on the ground; large congregation. Mr. Robinson came home with us from church. Aug. 8: "Had a protracted meeting at Bethany - had such a good meeting - some of the best preaching by Bro. Douglas. Lasted two weeks, lacking one or two nights." She noted that a new church building was dedicated on Oct. 23.

Meanwhile, the Methodists in the neighborhood had met at Spring Creek in the early years. Among them were members of the same families as the Christians. Benjamin F. Mathews, one of Mrs. Cathrine Mathews-Lunsford's older sons, was a leader in the local Methodist work. His children led in organizing a Methodist church at Bethany after a tent meeting. Mathew's son-in-law, John Huffman Harrington, his son, William B. Mathews, and William Howard paid a token \$5 to J.E. and Florrie Wall for an acre at the corner of present-day Custer and Legacy. The church was named Fannie

Harrington Chapel in honor of Mathew's daughter, Mary Frances Mathews Harrington. Mrs. Harrington ministered to the tenant families in the community, often making clothes and giving transportation, so that children could attend Sunday school. It was said of Mrs. Harrington: "If she didn't get to heaven, there isn't any use of anybody else trying".

Bethany was a neighborhood with a great deal of community spirit, and every occasion was a good excuse for a big get-together. A Home Demonstration Club was organized on March 11, 1920. Pie suppers and other fund-raisers paid for a canning kitchen that was built by the member's husbands. An old clipping tells that the whole community – men, women and children – were present at a demonstration by Mrs. Viola Poole-McGee, the county home demonstration agent, when a whole beef was canned. "A splendid dinner was spread."

However, it was the school that united the whole community of farm families. (When A.C. Story was the age of the students at Story Elementary School, he attended Bethany School.) The school first began in 1877 and another of the Mathews-Lunsford clan, Owen Mathews, left Cottonwood School to teach at Bethany. Later, his son, G. Frank Mathews, recalled: "I want to say this, that father taught me and all the pupils things that we use in life today.... We learned everything thoroughly no skimming, no sliding; but we dug things up by the roots so to speak. His idea was to instruct – to teach the child how to think not merely remember things; he sought to form and develop character. His work will last."

Early Texas Schoolhouses difficult to pinpoint 11-18-1990

The search for the sites of early schools is often a frustrating experience. Some schools refuse to be pinned down to a specific location. The first schools were not on land formally dedicated to school use.

In the 1930s, George Pearis Brown, an attorney, interviewed members of pioneer families and recorded their stories about their early years in Collin County. He asked each one about their education. It is thanks to Mr. Brown that we even know that some of these schools existed. However, 1930 landmarks were given for locating the schools, and there have been many changes in the last 60 years.

R.B. Whisenant told about Mustang School House. "1851, there was built a log house about 200 yards from the present home of Alonzo Richards...." This was on the east side of Hillside/Allen Heights, north of Mustang Branch, "Log benches, no backs and no desks. Got water from a spring on Mustang Branch which runs into Cottonwood."

Many remember Wetsel School that was at the intersection of State Highway 5 and Stacy Road, and that corner has long had the name of Wetsel. Lucy Jane Phillips Epps told of an earlier school. "1860, went to school where the present Wetsel School House is. A Mr. Mills taught this school; there were several different teachers here from 1855 to 1860. Had a slate this time; benches with no backs and no desks. There was one long plank on one side where we would go and learn to write, and write on slate where teacher set the copy. Sometimes a fellow would come along and teach nothing but a writing school, and we would go to it. I was one of the best spellers in the school."

D.B. Fisher attended Lick Springs School in 1872. It was his first school. He said the place, located where FM 1378 crosses Sloan Creek, north of Stacy Road, "is so called because deer, buffalo, and other wild animals came there and licked large holes in the

banks of Sloan Creek, for the salt they could get, and these holes were as large as a half-bushel measure and as deep as the deer could reach, possible 3 to 4 feet, and perfectly smooth on the inside.”

He described the school building as “a log house bout 14 feet square, no windows, went two terms in summertime; had no school in the winter as there was no way to make a fire. A Mr. Warren taught the school.” (Lick Springs County School was later combined with Forest Grove to form Lovejoy School.)

These early schools were subscription schools; that is, the parents paid the teacher. In 1838, President Mirabeau B. Lamar asked the Congress of the Republic of Texas to establish and endow an educational system. As a result, a plan was adopted and land granted to each county for the support of schools. Because of this, Lamar is known as the Father of Education in Texas.

Yet, it was not until after annexation of Texas to the U.S. that the foundation of a school system was laid. In 1854, Governor E.M. Pease succeeded in having \$2 million of the \$10 million Texas received for land sold to the U.S. set aside for a school fund.

In October 1858, Collin County received \$1,744.82 from the State Treasurer as the county’s apportionment of the school fund for the year ending Aug. 31, 1858. Teachers were given 7 1/2 cents per day for each child “who on account of inability of parents or as orphans, or children of widows who are not able to pay.” The court then instructed two paying patrons from each school to make a distribution to the paying patrons from the remaining funds as reimbursement for fees that they had paid. Among the patrons named were George R. Yantis and Wash Ford for a school taught by Lydia J. Franklin, that could have been the Mustang School.

Court records specify that “teachers who have not obtained a certificate of qualification as required by public school law shall not be allowed to draw any of the school fund.”

Julia Ann Phillips Huey, Lucy Jane’s cousin, described another school north of Stacy Road at the railroad, in the Wilson Creek Baptist church building: “Each child furnished its own chalk, slate, pencil, book, and each had a thumb paper (?). Then each book was handed down to the next younger child and so on till the book wore out.

“E.W. Kirkpatrick taught the first school at this church- I mean free school... We learned to write on a plank fixed to the wall as a desk-none to the benches- and at certain times, certain children would take their writing lessons at this plank.”

The old-timers’ remembrances of their schools were all similar. Although log or frame unheated schoolhouses may seem cheerless by our standards, their pupils remembered happy school days.

Source of unusual nickname for Stinson School unclear

1-5-92

Who’d a Thought It , otherwise known as old Stinson School, was a little beyond our usual territory. The school site was on Parker Road, about two miles south of downtown Lucas.

However, we have found there is no quitting place to the area we call ‘Between the Creeks’, for the old communities were overlapping circles, with the large families of earlier times extending from one community to another. The large Biggs-Stinson clan is, today, well represented in Lucas, Parker, Allen and beyond.

I first heard of Stinson School and its unusual nickname from Gene Reed, for whom Reed Elementary School is named. The old school was named for his great-grandparents, James F. and Margaret C. Biggs Stinson, who donated the land for the school.

Mrs. Stinson's father, Benjamin F. Biggs was born in Tennessee on June 20, 1818. His parents were from North Carolina. Mrs. Stinson's mother, Bigg's first wife, Ailse Jane Starr, was born in Illinois. The family lived in Rusk County, Texas, before coming to Collin County in 1867. In the neighborhood near Lucas were other Tennessee families who had lived in Rusk County- the Newsomes, Williams and other related families.

B.F. Biggs was married twice and had 11 children. His descendents were already numerous before his death in 1903 at the age of 85.

James Francis Stinson was born in Akron, Ohio, on Oct. 17, 1846. His father was a Pennsylvanian Stinson came to Texas as a young, single man in the wagon train of the Rountree family. He went to work for B.G. Biggs, and on Nov. 5, 1876, James F. Stinson and Bigg's daughter, Margaret Catherine, were married.

The next year, Stinson purchased land in the Lewis Marshall survey on present Parker Road, where they made their home. Their children were Lucy Jane (Mrs. W.R.) Tomberlin, Cora (Mrs. Ed) Starnes, Emma (Mrs. S.F.) McGuire, Lula Maude (Mrs. Loy) McCreary, William B. Stinson, Henry R. Stinson, Myrtle L. Strain, and Clara Edith (Mrs. Watson) McCreary.

Cora and Ed Starnes were the parents of Ruby Starnes who married Gene Reed Sr. and grandparents of Gene Reed Jr. and his sister Ruth Acker.

It would be surprising to discover how many descendents of Biggs, Stinson and other related families there are among our acquaintances. Gene and I have had numerous discussions on consanguinity, or family relationships, as he tried to puzzle out how he was related to various people. Many are third cousins to him and twice more removed for the Acker grandchildren.

There is more than one story on how Who'd a Thought It school got its name. The story as told by Gene Reed, and most others, is that James Francis and Margaret Stinson donated land for a school and neighbors gathered to build the one-room structure. When a passer-by first saw the new school house he was heard to exclaim "Who'd a thought it!" Of course the name stuck and people seldom remembered that it was officially the Stinson Schoolhouse.

Another tale is that the people of the community were building a church but ran out of money. A dance was held to raise funds to complete the structure. "Who'd a thought it?" a man questioned when he heard that a dance was held to raise money for a church. Not enough money was collected and the building was used for a school instead, it is said.

This story is a little hard to swallow, considering the teachings of the religious denominations of the people of the neighborhood, at this period of time. There would have been more than one to question, "Who'd a thought it?"

However, as with all folklore, you take our choice along with a large pinch of salt.

Willow Springs School educated kids in late 1800s 12-2-90

Willow Springs was once the peaceful sounding name of the place that grew into the city of Lucas. From the time of earliest settlement, an old road wandered around the sharp corners of the original survey lines and was known first as the McKinney-Kaufman Road, then later, after the new county road was formed, as the McKinney-Rockwall Road. Now, with only a few edges blunted on the square corners, it is Fm 13778, or County Club, Lucas Road, etc.

The old road saw many changes as communities grew along it. At the corner where the road turns east to pass the Lucas churches, there was an early school known as the McKinney School House.

J.H. Sneed told about the school many years later. As he was six years old in 1870, the school he said was named after Uncle Johnny McKinney (Elder John M. McKinney) was probably his first school. "It was a box house 16 X 40 feet with a fireplace in the west end of it' a row of benches along the north wall and also along the south wall. Split log and plank seats, there was no desk except a crude one along one end of the house where the children were permitted to sit when learning to write. Got water from a well."

He named as teachers Rev. King, a Christian minister, and Professors Gentry, Stewart, and Collier. Pupils were Fitzhughs, Sniders, Cooks, Sneeds, Spurgins, McKinneys, Biggs, McMillans, Coffeys, Williams and many others.

In 1871, the school district for this school, No. 10 {precinct 1, began in East Fork at the mouth of White Rock Creek (now in Lake Lavon, up the south prong of White Rock Creek to Salathiel Coffey's' then to the southeast corner of the J.A. Taylor survey near present Storey Elementary School. It then continued south to the south precinct line (Parker Road?); east to East Fork and up east Fork to the beginning of White Rock Creek. (Maybe the stories our grandparents told about how far they had to walk to school were not exaggerated.)

Trustees for this district were J.M. McKinney, R.S. Sneed, and William Coffey.

About 1874, school district lines were redrawn; more schools were added. This was the beginning of the country schools as they are remembered by those of us who attended the old schools before they were consolidated out of existence in the 19 40-1960s.

On May 27, 1874, John and Martha A. Spurgin sold for a token \$1, three acres of land to J.M. McKinney, Aaron Snider, and Jacob Faulkner, trustees of School District No. 20. This acreage is located on the east end of Estelle Lane, one-half mile north of Strain's store building.

At this site a strong spring flowed out beneath a grove of willow trees. The school built there became known as Willow Springs School. A generation of children were educated there during the last quarter of the 19th century.

A later Lucas teacher, Clarence L. Horton, wrote in 1966: "The late attorney John Doyle of McKinney once taught at Willow Springs. Most of the parents of Lucas (students) in the 1920s had attended his school. They spoke of his stern discipline and he seemed to the most remembered teacher." Also, J.H. Sneed named Eli Hogue as a Willow Springs teacher.

The school house became the center of community life. Newspapers of the times tell of entertainments, debating society meetings, and singing schools at Willow Springs. It became a leading post of the Farmers' Alliance.

Those I talked with who had lived at Lucas for a long time did not know when the school was moved from the springs, although they had heard their parents tell of the old school house being moved. In 1888, a post office was established at the store of Gabriel H. Lucas on the McKinney-Rockwall Road. "Gabe" Lucas was the first post master, and the post office was named Lucas for him. As other signs of a town appeared, it was decided to move the school.

On the 7th of January, 1897, Noah Cox deeded one acre to the county "For school purposes," for \$1. Apparently this is where the old two-story school building stood in Lucas until it burned some years ago, although local tradition says that the land was given by J.E. Stratton.

In 1904, Cox and his wife Sarah gave a half acre for the Christian Church at Lucas, adjoining the tract of "one acre of land deeded by us to Collin County for school purposes." The school consolidated with Lovejoy in 1962, and the property was sold to the town of Lucas. This is now the location of the fire station.

Although the school had moved uptown, it was still known as Willow Springs. Captain Roy Hall, the late McKinney historian, wrote about the old country schools in 1966. His columns brought in letters from across the county as people remembered the old schools.

When Alma Littrell and the Retired Teachers Association of McKinney put together scrapbooks about the schools. Mrs. Helen Hall gave copies of the letter to be included in the books that are now at the Old Post Office Museum in McKinney. One of the most informative letters was from Clarence L. Horton of Farmersville, a former teacher. He wrote: "I spent twelve years in the Lucas School. When I went there in 1922, it was known as Willow Springs. Before I left Lucas in 1936, the name had changed. I may have had a part in the change. The original school building was about a mile north and a bit east of Lucas, near a spring with willow trees about- hence the name Willow Springs."

Eagles blasted everyone in 6-man football

9-20-90?

When the first autumn cold snap blew in last week, I was struck by a wave of football nostalgia. Although our team has been playing in the heat of late summer, it just did not feel like football season to those of us who remember when the first games were played at the end of September.

Winter was advancing before the play-off games. On a cold December night in '49, I knelt in the dark on the muddy field of Bearcat Stadium in Sherman and tried to light a damp fuzee, for what was to have been a spectacular half-time display of colored flares at the regional play-off game between Van Alstyne and Frisco.

Since I wasn't the only one who had difficulty with her fuzee, the drill team's routine was mostly a dud. We were just glad to get back to the bleachers to our coats, and we huddled together in the sleet and snow as the game finally ended with a Van Alstyne win.

We were proud that our team won the regional trophy for our senior year, yet thankful that we would not have to freeze through more football games. Twenty years

later, we were back in the stands on cold nights cheering the Allen Eagles. Now as another score of years have passed, we rest on laurels of the past and wait to read about the games in the paper.

At the time that Van Alstyne and Frisco were slugging it out in Class B, Allen was playing 6-man football. An old article told about the champion team of '48. The first game was with Rice, a school between Ennis and Corsicana. Allen won 55-0. Then they beat Cedar Hill 55-13.

In the first conference game with Westminster, Allen won 49-7. Bland Rural High School (Merit-Floyd) fell 52-12. Mount Calm, northeast of Waco, lost 32-13. Emory, beaten once earlier in the season 33-13, lost again on Nov. 11 to Allen 32-13. In the opening play of this last game with Emory, referee Pat Simpson suffered a broken ankle. Alton Taylor stepped in and substituted for the injured ref.

Allen played Westminster in a second game and beat them 50-6. (In those days, I've heard, Westminster's playing field had a barn in the end zone, with the side of the barn serving as the goal posts. If a team scored at that end of the field, they had the option of trying for the extra point at the other end of the field where there were proper goal posts.)

With lop-sided victories over the other teams in their district, the Allen team went to Vernon on Dec. 2 to play the District 11 winners, Oklaunion, a small town out west in Wilbarger County, in the bi-district play-off. Allen's starting line was Payton Bridges and Robert Frazee at ends and Robert Harris at center. James Marion (not related to principal Marion) was halfback. Frank Dugger was fullback and Doyle Morrow, quarterback, Perry Orlds was also an end, and Marvin Mills, center, also saw service in the game.

Soon after the opening kick-off, with Frank Dugger of the Eagles passing to Doyle Morrow, the team's leading scorer for the season, the Eagles advanced to near the Oklaunion goal before losing the ball on downs.

The next series of downs ended with a fumble, but the Eagles bounced back the next time they got possession to make their first score when Dugger passed for a 33 yard gain, then followed with another pass for 28 yards, and the score. Dugger passed to Morrow for the extra point and Allen was out front 7-0.

Oklaunion scored with 30 seconds on the clock, but missed the conversion, and the first half ended 7-6.

In the opening minutes of the third quarter, the Eagles reversed the passing combo with Morrow passing to Dugger for 22 yards, bringing the score to 13-6. Then Dugger threw 27 yards to Marion, who ran 40 paces for another touchdown. This was followed with Oklaunion making another 6 points; they drop kicked on the conversion which counted for 2 points in 6-man football, and brought the score to Allen 19 and Oklaunion 14.

(For those of you who are unfamiliar with drop kicks, the ball was dropped from the hands and kicked at the instant it hit the ground. If it went between the goal posts, it counted two points for it was harder to make than a run or pass that were one point conversions. Former Allen coach, Max Vaughan said that drop kicks went out when the ball's shape was made more pointed, making them even harder to kick.)

"In the final quarter," the old article said, "The Eagles took the ball on the Oklaunion 44 and used just 3 plays to rack up their final score of the contest. Dugger

passed to Morrow for 30 yards. Dugger tossed another to Robert Harris for 8 to put the ball on the 7 yard line and Dugger hit Marion with a pay-off pitch for the remaining distance. Dugger drop-kicked the point to make it 27-14.”

Oklahoma scored in the last minutes of the game, making the final score Allen 27, Oklahoma 20. Although the Allen team had a couple of extra linemen that saw service in this game, in those days substitutions were rare, and the starting team played the whole of the game, both offense and defense.. “Coach W.H. ‘Pete’ Moseley was especially well-pleased with the manner in which his passing attack clicked after the Eagles found themselves stymied on the ground by a team that out-weighted them some 15 pounds to the man and stated further that the defensive work of his entire team was superb.”

Early AHS basketball game vivid memory for Leach 4-6-91

Shades of Amelia Bloomer! There have been some drastic changes in women’s active wear since the basketball game in progress in this picture made about 1911 or 1912. Kathleen Bell Leach, a player on the Allen team, has the original picture.

In 1910, Allen citizens voted to change their school from a common or county school district to an independent school district. The first president of the board of trustees was Milton Whisenant, and other members of the board were James Garland, secretary; J.N. Bush, treasurer; M.O. Perry; R.W. Eden; W.A. Giddings and A.W. Richards. A bond election for \$12,000 passed and construction of the brick building began.

Bob Carroll attended first grade in 1910 in the old two-story wooden building. Apparently the brick building on Belmont Street was completed for the 1911-1912 school year. The small building on the right of the picture has been identified as the coal house, and the white building on the left as the Baptist Church. Later, an addition was made on the west side, therefore the basketball game was played in the vicinity of the cafeteria building.

When Allen Independent School District celebrated its 75th anniversary in 1985, L.C. Summers interviewed some of the former students and teachers. The tapes of their experiences were transcribed for a permanent record for the school. One of those interviewed was Kathleen Leach.

She tells of her early school years when her first teacher was Grace Bradshaw. The Bell daughters, Ruby, Ethel, Frankie, Nan, Irene, and Kathleen; and their brothers, Burl and Herbert, walked to school. At the time Kathleen started to school, they lived on the Montgomery place, southwest of Allen.

Kathleen Bell shared a double desk. After telling about the “great big coal stove which got awfully hot,” she says, “My first desk mate was Donnie Miller and of course she was older than I was, and she did me like she wanted to. So, in the morning time, she’d make me sit on the cold side and in the afternoon, she’d make me sit on the hot side. My sisters, older than I, they got tired of her doing me that-a-way, so they decided that they’d tell her that she had to take one side of the desk for hers, so she did, but I don’t remember which side she took, but we got it settled.”

(This is probably a long-standing debate between these two ladies for Donnie married Cotton Leach and Kathleen married his brother, Elzer Leach. Last week, on March 26, Donnie Leach celebrated her 96th birthday. Kathleen is still the youngest.)

Continuing her narrative about her school days, Kathleen Leach says, “then, in later years, whenever I started playing basketball, we didn’t have a court inside. We had to play outside, and you know the courts at this time, we couldn’t go from one end of the court to the other. We were divided into three sections. One section, the forwards was in; the middle section was the center, and the other section was the guards.”

“So the first team that I played with was: Betty Bell Howlett and I were the forwards, and Ruby Bell and Viola Rose were the centers, and Minnie Rose and Bertha Lewis were the guards. So we generally played in the afternoon, because we had to play when it was warmer.”

“We played Plano. (The game pictured.) I remember the first time, I think, we ever played a matched game. We BEAT Plano, and I never will forget. Mr. Henry Miller came to me after the ball game and gave me a big red apple, and I asked him what he was-a-giving me that for, and he said, ‘Well, because you were the best player on the team’.”

The Allen team wore white middy blouses and skirts, while the Plano team wore darker bloomer outfits. Kathleen has marked herself in the picture with a “K”, her sister Ruby with an “R” and Bettie Bell Howlett with a “B.”

Kathleen Bell Leach graduated from Allen High School on May 3, 1915. Others in her graduating class were Alma Carroll, Ethel Richards, Gusta Ford, Hazel Kennedy, Chester Lewis, Addison Chandler and Fred Petway.



Kathleen Bell and her Allen teammates take on a team from Plano in an outdoor girl’s basketball game at Allen High School in 1911 or 1912.

More about the Mudhole

1-12-86

Dr. Ray Summers of Waco recalled an experience at the local swimming hole known as Mud Hole. The shape and depth of this hole changed as the silt bars moved

during the floods. On this occasion the Summers boys went swimming for the first time after a large rain. Nelse ran on ahead and was up to his neck in the murky water when Ray arrived. He shouted for him to come on in. Ray dived ahead first into Mud Hole. He painfully learned that Nelse was sitting on the bottom in shallow water. Dr. Summers has a scar on his forehead as a reminder of old Mud Hole.

Marshall E. Surratt of Midland (father of our editor) commented that due to the influence of TV and other media our word in Texas for a circular wind storm had changed from Cyclone or Tornado. That's right! The Sherman Cyclone was in 1986. The McKinney Tornado was in 1948.

Oops! Somehow the fact that oil was struck at 1,500 feet in drilling the cotton mill well was deleted from the article on oil exploration. A change in the size of casing would have been necessary for testing, therefore, it was not tested.

Another blooper struck many people as funny. When the typo gremlin dropped a ½ mark into the Sam Bass story, I was stopped in stores, at church, and received several calls from readers wanting to know how a woman could have half a child. The lady died, didn't she? My apologies to the memory of Mrs. Bass.

Dr. June Welch told the Collin County Genealogical Society last month that he recorded his 95-year-old grandmother signing 79 verses of the *Ballad of Sam Bass*. So, I guess one more story can always be told about our famed outlaw.

There are several versions of this local folk tale but this seems to be a consensus of what occurred:

The Mathews family lived south of Allen. Their old house, on the hill overlooking Rowlett Creek, was standing until recently, just east of the Expressway. On that cold night of February 22, 1878. Frank Mathews and other boys were walking up the railroad to a church meeting in the Allen School House. (The school was in the far north-eastern corner of the surveyed town, north of St. Mary's Baptist Church.) Near the tracks, south of Allen Station, were a group of men sitting around a campfire in a clump of trees. The boys warmed at the fire and drank coffee the men offered them. Later, someone rushed into the church meeting with the news that the train had been robbed. Frank Mathews then realized he had been drinking coffee with train robbers.

This story is probably the reason that many local people thought that the robbery was south of town. From the testimony of the train crew we found that the bandits struck at the station and forced the engineer to pull the express car about 60 feet from the rest of the train. The actual site was between Belmont and McDermott Streets. Should not a historical marker for Texas' first train robbery be placed when the McDermott Street improvements are completed?

The best documented biography of Bass is by Wayne Gard printed by the University of Nebraska Press titled *Sam Bass*. Oddly, the best contemporary source of what really happened at Allen is the "Galveston Daily News," of Feb. 24, 1878. When the train reached Houston their reporter was waiting to interview the crew. Another source is the "Dallas Daily Herald." Several books were written soon after Bass' death, but many things have to be taken with a grain of salt. The current work by Brian Wooley is fiction, and should be read with that understanding.

Sam Bass & The First Texas Train Robbery

State's 1st Train robbery occurred in Allen in 1878 7-15-90

Part I of a series on Texas' first train robbery, which occurred at Allen Station. Because of continued interest in the series, we are reprinting a revised version of the story of the Allen train robbery and the outlaw, Sam Bass.

Allen Station sat on the prairie under a dismal February sky. There were only a few hopeful signs that a town would grow around the station. Dr. Wolford's large Victorian home was probably being constructed, but no other residential lots had been sold. Patterson's and Mountcastle's stores were a block or two west of the railroad tracks. Facing the depot were three long, narrow frame buildings, spaced apart. On the south end of the row was J.W. Franklin's store and post office. S.K. Ingram's store was on the north corner. Behind Ingram's was a small square building that was Dr. Wolford's office and Crowder's drug store.

On Washington's birthday, February 22, 1878, a man on a gray pacing pony rode into Allen and stopped at Newman's Saloon, the middle building across from the depot. Striking up conversation with the saloonkeeper, Tom Newman, the stranger asked if there were any gaming in town. He added that he was a sporting man himself. While talking casually to Newman, he asked what time the southbound train came through. The man soon left the saloon, mounted his gray horse, and rode over the brow of the prairie to the west.

That night, four men sheltered from the cold dampness in a clump of trees near Allen Station. Train Number Four of the Houston and Texas Central line was an hour late leaving Denison, where it connected with the M.K.T. from St. Louis,

The train was made up of two or three passenger cars and two sleepers. In the sleeper car from St. Louis were Major J. Waldo, an official of the H & TC; J. Newman of the Texas and Pacific; J.C. McCoy of the International and Great Northern; and O.G. Murray of the Galveston, Houston and Henderson Railway. There was a full train of about 175 passengers. An express car was in front of the baggage car.

At about 9 p.m., the train pulled into Allen Station and came to a halt. Two men jumped onto the engine, captured the engineer and fireman, and cut the bell rope. Two other men were at the door of the express car when the Texas Express messenger, James L.A. Thomas, opened the door to deliver a package.

"Throw up your hands and give us your money!" someone shouted. Thomas thought he recognized the voice of a messenger who worked on another line. It was just a joke, he thought, there had never been a train robbery in Texas. However, when he saw the bandana masks hiding the men's faces, he fired his pistol, then jumped behind some boxes as the bandits fired back. He kept them from entering the car with three more shots. But, he was down to his last shot and could not reach his extra bullets without leaving the protection of the boxes.

Faced with a stubborn expressman, the bandits used a ploy that the Reno brothers in Indiana had used a decade before. Bill Sullivan, the engineer, was told to uncouple the express car from the rest of the train and to move it forward. "Which I did with a six-shooter leveled at my head all the time," he later explained. "I moved the engine about 60 feet...One of the robbers remarked to the fireman when they got to the rear of the

express car, “Partner, we don’t wish to harm you or any one else; all we want is money out of this car, and we are going to have it.”

After the express car was separated from the rest of the train, the robbers threatened to set fire to it if Messenger Thomas did not surrender. He gave them his gun and lantern; he was then forced to open the safe. One bandit held a gun on him while another rifled the safe. “One of our party is killed,” a robber casually remarked. When Thomas asked if that was so, he replied, “No, no. But he is hurt.” They took six or seven packages of money and valuables worth about \$1,500 from the safe. The train robbers sat down on the side-track and opened two packages that contained silver coins. The leader took all the money, rose and with the other bandits following, walked around the front of the engine. After crossing the track they ran to their horses and rode off across the prairie to the northwest.

(Sources: *The Galveston Daily News*, Feb. 24, 1878; *The Dallas Weekly Herald*, March 2, 1878; *Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang* by Thomas E. Hogg, Denton, 1878; and *A Sketch of Sam Bass*, by Charles L. Martin, Dallas, 1880.)

Wild rumors preceded train after Allen robbery 7-22-90

Part II of a series on Texas’ first train robbery, which occurred at Allen Station. Because of continued interest in the series, we are reprinting a revised version of the story of the Allen train robbery and the outlaw, Sam Bass.

Conductor Brown stepped down from the train when it stopped at Allen Station at about 9 p.m. on Feb. 22, 1878. Apparently there was no one about the few buildings clustered near the station. Suddenly, Brown heard gun shots from the front of the train. The conductor went back into the train and entered the sleeping car. He told the passengers, which included several railroad officials, that a number of masked robbers had taken possession of the express car and were “going through” it.

The gentlemen in the sleeper immediately began to hide their valuables. In a *Galveston Daily News* report, O.G. Murray of the Galveston, Houston and Henderson Railway commented that the ingenuity displayed in hiding their money “Could only have been acquired by expectation of the contingency that had arrived.”

Murray continued, “Had the passengers been made to ‘stand and deliver,’ a very respectable haul in the way of booty would have been obtained, as all of the occupants of the sleeper had available watches, jewelry and more or less money.”

One reporter said that as the gunfire was heard, a man rushed through the passenger cars with the news that the train had been attacked by 50 or 60 robbers. “A general scramble ensued” as everyone hid their money and valuables. Local lore tells that the next day, Allen boys helped sheriff’s deputies to search for watches and wallets that had been chucked out of the train’s windows into the grass and weeds along the track. Newspapers commented that the passengers were completely demoralized. An exception was Captain W. Apperson, who with the Conductor Brown “attempted to arouse the passengers to action.” The mail agent closed up the mail car and put out his light when he realized there was a robbery attempt. Some of the passengers thought that if the mail agent had helped Express Messenger Thomas, the robbery could have been prevented, or “At least some of them killed or disabled.” Major J. Waldo, an Houston & Texas Central Railway Co. official, started to walk toward the express car, but returned

to the sleeper to hide his watch. When he started back, he was only in time to see the robbers' departure.

Someone took a survey among the passengers, a group of about 175 people, and found that there was only a toy gun in the whole crowd. Evidently, the myth that all Texans at that time carried guns did not originate with "Wild West" movies, for a reporter commented that the fact that none of the passengers had a gun "will probably go a far toward disabusing the minds of people abroad of the impression that Texans, when they travel are always armed like brigands."

When the outlaws rode away, the train crew recoupled and left Allen Station. None of the reports mentioned a station agent on duty at the depot. A story has come down that someone rushed into a church service at the school house and reported that a robbery had taken place at the depot. Young Frank Mathews later told that as he and two other boys walked the tracks to Allen to attend the church meeting, they saw a group of men and their horses in a clump of trees south of the station.

The train continued south and stopped at the next station (Plano) to wire the superintendent of the railway at Corsicana that the train had been held up. When he received the message, superintendent T.A. Quinlin sent a telegram to the chief of police of Dallas: "Train No. 4 was robbed at Allen tonight by party of six men. Express car robbed. See conductor of train and get particulars." Quinlin sent another telegram around midnight saying that a car would be at his service by 1 o'clock to carry them up the road to give chase to the robbers. A group set out from Dallas for Allen Station.

Train No. 4 continued on its run to Houston. There was considerable excitement all along the line. At every station there were crowds who were eager to hear what had really happened, for the wildest rumors had preceded the train. The next day it seemed as if all the world had descended on Allen Station as lawmen, reporters, and curious converged on the little town. Allen had gained a place in history.

(Sources: *Galveston Daily News*, Feb. 24, 1878; *Dallas Weekly Herald*, March 2, 1878; and local lore.)

Intense manhunt followed Allen train robbery 7-29-90

Part III of a series on Texas' first train robbery, which occurred at Allen Station. Because of continued interest in the series, we are reprinting a revised version of the story of the Allen train robbery and the outlaw, Sam Bass.

Allen became the center of an intense manhunt following the holdup of the train at the depot on Feb. 22, 1878. When the governor heard of the robbery, he immediately offered a reward of \$500 for the capture of each of the robbers. Various agencies got into the act, with or without legal jurisdiction. Superintendent T.A. Quinlan of the Houston & Texas Central Railway Co. enlisted the help of Dallas' police chief. Local posses ranged around the area without finding a trace of the outlaws.

The Texas Express Company, a separate entity from the railway, began its own investigation. Messenger James L.A. Thomas had been under orders not to talk to reporters. He first told his story to his boss, Agent W.R. Cornish, and to other messengers. One of the messengers that listened to Jim Thomas' report was his cousin, Henry A. "Heck" Thomas who would later gain fame as an Oklahoma lawman.

The leader was described as 30 years old, 5 feet 11 inches tall, light blue eyes, the right one disfigured slightly, fair complexion, light-colored moustache, chin whiskers, beard of three or four weeks growth, and light hair. He rode a gay pacing pony.

Another of the band rode a fine bay, fast-walking horse. He was about 6 feet high, 30 years old, no whiskers, dark moustache, hair and eyes, and a swarthy complexion.

Cornish and Jim Thomas arrived in Allen about Tuesday of the next week. Tom Newman, former school teacher and constable of the precinct, and Elijah Leach described the man who asked about the train's schedule on the afternoon of the robbery. Not only did this description compare with the man Jim Thomas said was the leader of the robbers, the Allen men were sure that they recognized him. They believed he was Thomas Spotswood, who had sometime before been arrested in McKinney and taken to Missouri to face murder charges. After his acquittal he had returned to Texas.

Cornish and Thomas set out west in the direction the outlaws had fled. Between Allen and the county line were prosperous farms and the town of Lebanon of the Shawnee Trail (Preston Road). However, Denton County was not as heavily populated, although a large number of farmers, recently arrived in Texas, were clearing out the cross timbers for farms.

About 18 miles from Allen near Hilltown (Little Elm), the searchers heard that the man they described and his horse had been seen. They went on to the town of Denton, and with Deputy Sheriff George Drennan, raided a posse. They left Denton about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Not far from Sandtown (Aubrey) they hid in the dense undergrowth of Elm Bottoms where they spent the night. At day break, they rushed the suspect's house- he was not there.

Thomas Spotswood had been in Cooke County overnight, visiting his wife's family. His wife had died a short while before. The oldest of his two sons, about two years old, was with him as he drove into the square at Pilot Point. Deputy Drennan, Cornish and Thomas were crossing the square on the way to the livery stable to get fresh horses when they met Spotswood. They drew their six-shooters and arrested him for the train robbery.

Spotswood was unarmed and had only \$11 and a few cents on him when he was searched. He "stoutly protested that he was not guilty and appeared confident of proving his innocence, though Thomas, the messenger who as along, identified him. " His little boy was left with Elijah Brewer and his family, neighbors who were also caring for his infant son.

Spotswood was taken to McKinney. When they arrived there on Wednesday night, he was identified by Thomas Newman and others as the man they had seen at the Allen saloon the day of the robbery. He was indicted for the robbery, and bond was set at \$2,500. Unable to raise his bond Thomas Spotswood remained in the Collin County jail. A second charge with intent to kill was being prepared.

Headlines in the newspapers across the state proclaimed, "Capture of Spotswood the Leader of the Allen Train Robbers." But was he?

(Sources; *Dallas Weekly Herald*, Mar.2, 1878; *Authentic History of Sam Bass and his Gang* by Thomas E. Hogg, Denton, 1878; A Sketch of Sam Bass by Charles L. Martin, Dallas 1880; and *Heck Thomas, Frontier Marshal* by Glenn Shirley, Norman, Ok. 1981.)

Allen train robber's dream was to go to Texas 8-5-90

Part IV of a series on Texas' first train robbery, which occurred at Allen Station. Because of continued interest in the series, we are reprinting a revised version of the story of the Allen train robbery and the outlaw, Sam Bass.

Sam Bass was 18 when he left his Indiana home because his uncle would not give him his inheritance until he was 21. Since their father's death five years before, the 10 Bass children had lived with their uncle, David Sheek. Their mother had died earlier during childbirth. The Bass and Sheek families, early settlers in Indiana, were farmers and highly moral community leaders.

Without a cent in his pocket, young Sam traveled down the rivers to a Mississippi sawmill town. His dream was to go to Texas, to become a cowboy and go on cattle drives. He worked a year at the sawmill to buy a horse and a saddle. At the same time he acquired some cardplaying skills and learned to handle a six-shooter.

Sam was from Indiana, it was his native home.

At the early age of 17, Sam began to roam

*He rambled out to Texas, the cowboy for to be,
as good-hearted a fellow, as you ever wished to see.*

Late in the summer of 1870, Sam Bass came to Texas with the Mayes family of Denton, who had been back to visit relatives in Mississippi. Mr. Mayes owned a livery stable and a small hotel in Denton. During the slow wagon trip through Arkansas, Bass learned about life in Texas and became friends with young Scott Mayes.

Bass went to work on Bob Carruth's ranch in south Denton County. He found cowboy life was not as he had imagined, and when the steers were sent up the trail to Kansas, the Indiana greenhorn was left behind.

However, he had a way with horses, so he took a job in the stable of a Denton hotel. Later, he worked for Sheriff W.E. Egan, caring for the sheriff's horses and the family milk cow. Egan found Bass a trust worthy employee- his friends called him "Honest Eph." He hauled freight from Dallas and Sherman and learned the routes over the north Texas prairies. As he hunted the sheriff's free-ranging stock, he became familiar with the back trails of the cross-timbers. Bass made many friends around Denton, among them were the sons of a saloon keeper, Henderson Murphy; Frank Jackson and Henry Underwood.

At the quarter-mile race track, north of Denton, Bass became interested in horse racing. He and Army Egan, their sheriff's younger brother, bought a mare named Jenny from Mose Taylor at Little Elm. She was a two-year-old, thought to have a strain of *Steel Dust*, a famous Texas race horse of the 1850s. Sheriff Egan did not want his brother racing, so he loaned Bass the money to buy Army's share. However, his hired hand's racing became an embarrassment, so the sheriff had to give him the choice of his job or his horse.

Sam dealt in race stock, known as the Denton Mare

He matched her in the scrub races, and took her to the fair.

He always won the money, and spent it just as free.

A good-hearted fellow, as you will ever see.

Jenny was a winner. Bass and his "Denton Mare" became well known at North Texas tracks and fairs. He and his friends Henry Underwood took the mare to Oklahoma and to San Antonio. When Underwood left to pursue south Texas cattle, Bass teamed up

with Joel Collins, a saloon keeper from Dallas, Bass had paid off his debt to Sheriff Egan before San Antonians became suspicious of the rig Bass and Collins were running. Bass sold the Denton Mare.

The partners then bought cattle, mostly on credit, and Bass finally realized his dream to go on a cattle drive. They drove the herd to Dodge City, Kansas, then on to Ogallala, Nebraska, where prices were higher. There they heard of the gold in the Black Hills of Dakota Territory, and they went to Deadwood with the \$8,000 they had received for the cattle.

The two from Texas fancied themselves as card sharps, but found that they were outclassed in Deadwood. Collins bought a house for a girl named Maud and blew some more money on a quartz mine. A freighting venture failed. Texas creditors had not been paid and the cattle money was gone. Several attempts at stage robbery yielded little. They decided to rob a train.

Collins, Bass and four others held up a union Pacific train at Big Springs, a small station, 19 miles west of Ogallala. IN the baggage car was an unexpected bonanza- 60,000 \$20 gold pieces; \$1,200,000- fresh from the San Francisco mint.

The loot was divided, and the six robbers split into pairs. Collins and Bill Heffridge were killed in a shootout with lawmen at Buffalo, Kansas. Jim Berry died of gunshot wounds after being taken prisoner at his Callaway County, Missouri home. He said his partner, Tom Nixon, had taken a train north; it was thought he went to Canada.

Sam Bass and Jack Davis traded their horses to a Kansas farmer for an old buggy and workhorse. Soldiers and lawmen, searching for six desperados, overlooked the two dressed as farmers in the buggy with bags of gold at their feet. Bass took Davis to Fort Worth to catch a train to New Orleans, possibly on his way to Latin America.

Bass, with this bag of double eagles, returned to Denton County.
(Sources: *Sam Bass*, by Wayne Gard, New York, 1936; *The Ballad of Sam Bass*, a traditional folk song. *Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang*, by Thomas E. Hogg. *A Sketch of Sam Bass*, by Charles L. Martin, Dallas, 1880.)

Bass assembled, led gang that robbed Allen train 8-12-90

Part I of a series on Texas' first train robbery, which occurred at Allen Station. Because of continued interest in the series, we are reprinting a revised version of the story of the Allen train robbery and the outlaw, Sam Bass.

Sam Bass left some of the gold from the Nebraska train robbery with his friend Jim Murphy, saying he had struck it rich in the Dakota gold fields. He went to Cove Hollow a deep ravine on the corners of Cook, Wise and Denton counties near the Murphy ranch.

Bass' former racing partner, Henry Underwood had run into trouble down on the Concho, and had returned to Denton. He was suspected of setting fire to the Presbyterian Church which was being used for legal proceedings since the courthouse burned. He joined Bass at Cove Hollow. Frank Jackson, a tinsmith was persuaded to join them.

Bass bought horses for Underwood and Jackson and then bought new clothes and guns in Fort Worth. (\$20 gold pieces, dated 1877, were showing up all around the area.) The trio went to San Antonio for a spree.

There was some suspicion in North Texas that Sam Bass had been involved in the Nebraska train robbery. He and his friends were followed to San Antonio by Tooney

Waits, a Pinkerton detective; Tom Gerren, Denton County deputy sheriff; and Sheriff William C. Everheart of Grayson County. Waits and Everheart thought Underwood was the robber, Tom Nixon. Gerren knew Underwood was in Denton at the time of the Nebraska robbery. A “lady of the evening” overheard the lawmen’s argument and warned Bass. He, Underwood, and Jackson immediately headed north. They held up the Fort Worth stage near Granbury on their way back to Denton County. Bass and Jackson holed up at Cove Creek, but Underwood went home for Christmas. Sheriff Everheart (who never worried about county lines and jurisdiction) arrested Underwood on Christmas Day. He was taken to a Nebraska jail.

The other two moved into the cross timbers, south of Denton. To get supplies, they went into Denton during the night and awakened a store clerk friend. However, Bass bored with inaction, decided to try another stage robbery. On January 26, they held up the westbound stage between Fort Worth and Weatherford. They took four gold watches and \$400. Later, near Whitesboro, they waited for the Sherman stage, but decided to back off because they were in Sheriff Everheart’s bailiwick.

According to an “authentic” account written later that year, believed to have been authored by Thomas E. Hogg, the editor and publisher of the *Denton Monitor*, and reported to be information taken from friends, earwitnesses to the outlaw’s confidences, Sam Bass wanted to try robbing a Texas train. Bass enlisted Seaborn Barnes and Thomas Spotswood, who had both had problems with the law. Spotswood was familiar with the country around Allen Station. They thought the depot, out on the open prairie, was the safest place for a holdup. It was only a short ride to Elm bottoms. There were heavily wooded creeks nearby if they needed to hide from immediate pursuit, but they had little fear of trouble from the few men that lived near the station.

The account continues, saying Bass, at the head of the gang, approached Allen on the afternoon of Washington’s birthday, 1878. Spotswood, it said, was sent to learn the time that the train would arrive. They waited in a cold drizzle for the light of the locomotive to appear in the north. As the train stopped, Frank Jackson and Seab Barnes jumped to the engine’s cab with drawn pistols. Bass and Spotswood tried to board the express car. The messenger, entrenched behind boxes, exchanged fire with the bandits. Only after the express car was separated from the train and they threatened to burn the car did the messenger give up. Bass removed the contents of the safe, while Spotswood held a gun on the messenger.

“Well, this is pretty good, old Honest Eph; what’ll we do next?” one of the robbers is reported to have said as they divided the \$1,280 taken from the train. “Well, I’ll have to get a fresh horse before I make another strike,” Bass answered.

Bass, Jackson, and Barnes returned to Hickory Creek bottom; Spotswood returned home. When Spotswood was arrested and taken to jail, an earwitness reported that Sam Bass said, “Any man that will rob a train in 15 miles of home and return home and try to play old solid ought to be captured. But he is a good one, if they have him in jail in McKinney after we get a stake, we’ll try to get him out. But the next man that goes home after this and gets captured, he may go to!”

(Sources: *Authentic History of Sam Bass and Hi Gang* by Thomas E. Hogg, Denton, 1878.)

Bass found train robbing in Texas unprofitable 8-19-90

Part VI of a series on Texas' first train robbery, which occurred at Allen Station. Because of continued interest in the series, we are reprinting a revised version of the story of the Allen train robbery and the outlaw, Sam Bass.

"Robbers on the platform!" the mail clerk shouted as the Houston & Texas Central train No. 4 stopped at Hutchins, about eight miles south of Dallas on March 18, 1878. When Heck Thomas, in the express car, heard the warning, he carried out the plans he made after his cousin Jim had been robbed at Allen, less than month before.

He turned out the light in the car and hid \$4,000 in the stove. Again, the robbers cut the express car from the rest of the train. A fire had been lit under one end before Thomas opened the door.

About that time, several passengers and trainmen began shooting. In the melee, Thomas was hit by gunshot on his neck and face. The robbers emptied the express safe and took some packages from the mail car, then rode off to the northeast into the Trinity bottoms.

Thomas insisted the crew get moving immediately. A stop was made at Corsicana to have his wounds treated. He did not reveal, until the train reached Houston, that he had placed fake money packages in the safe and the express company's money was in the stove. (Thus began the legend of Heck Thomas, frontier marshal.)

The expressman had studied the outlaw leader closely and gave this description: "He is older than I, about 5 ½ feet tall and muscular- walked with a stoop. His black hair and eyes made me think he was Indian. He spoke through his nose like a Yankee, very different from the drawl of us Southerners."

Sheriff Egan of Denton County could no longer deny the obvious; the outlaw leader was his former hired hand, Sam Bass. Egan gave permission for his deputy, Riley Wetsel, to go with Jim Murphy to Bass' camp to visit, play some poker, and see what was going on. (William Riley Wetsel was the son of Louis Wetsel, furniture and cabinet maker of Allen and McKinney.)

Billy Collins, brother of Joel Collins, Bass' late partner, and another Dallas youth joined the camp while Wetsel was there. A couple of days later, Henry Underwood, who had broken out of the Kearney, Neb., jail came bringing his cellmate, Arkansas Johnson.

On April 4, four members of Bass' gang held up a Texas & Pacific train at Eagle Ford, a few miles west of Dallas. The outlaws found only \$52. The robbery had been expected: a special messenger was carrying the express money as a train passenger.

Indignation was running high in Dallas. The *Herald* began to name Bass, Jackson, and Underwood as the train robbers. The *Denton Monitor* pointed out that no charges had been made against these men except an old charge on Henry Underwood for carrying a pistol. Poses were out looking for the robbers who had shifted their camp to the White Rock Creek bottoms, north of Dallas.

Six days after the Eagle Ford robbery, they hit the Texas & Pacific train again. This time before it reached Dallas, at Mesquite Station. That night there were seven in his gang: Bass, as leader, Frank Johnson, Seaborn Barnes, Henry Underwood, Arkansas Johnson, and two Dallas County farm boys, Sam Pipes and Albert Herndon.

However, the train crew was prepared to resist. The baggagemaster, B.F. Caperton, who had been helpless before at Eagle Ford, emptied his shotgun at the bandits. Conductor Julius Alvord, after being wounded, crawled under a car and fired

from behind a wheel. Two guards were with the messenger in the express car, but they had to surrender after the car was ignited.

The outlaws had two wounded at Mesquite and got only \$150 for their effort. Messenger Kerley had hidden \$1,500 in the ashes of the stove. The \$1,280 reported taken at Allen Station was more than the total amount of the other three robberies. Bass had found that train robbing in Texas was unprofitable. The robbers rode north to Duck Creek (Garland). The Dallas posse rode again- they had only been home a few hours. (Sources: *The Dallas Weekly Herald*. March and April, 1878.; *Heck Thomas, frontier marshal*. Glenn Shirley. Norman, Ok., 1981; *Sam Bass*, Wayne Gard, NY, 1936; *Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang*. Thomas E. Hogg, Denton, 1878.)

Chasing Bass' gang became deadly serious 8-26-90

Part VII of a series on Texas' first train robbery, which occurred at Allen Station. Because of continued interest in the series, we are reprinting a revised version of the story of the Allen train robbery and the outlaw, Sam Bass.

"Send the Rangers!" was North Texans' pleas to the governor. The Bass war was on. Although the Texas Rangers had not been called out, the Frontier Battalion of Texas' (Rangers) commander, Major John B. Jones, was scouting the area. U.S. Marshal Stillwell H. Russell was investigating because the U.S. mail had been robbed. William Pinkerton and his Chicago detectives had been hired by the Texas Express Company.

Governor Hubbard made an effort to appease those demanding action without offending refined Dallasites who tried to deny Dallas' rough frontier beginning. He did not call the Rangers in from their Indian patrol in West Texas, but commissioned Dallas city recorder Junius "June" Peak, a seasoned frontier warrior, to enlist a special Ranger company of 30 local men.

Major Jones arrested Herndon and Pipes. Yet, Bass and the other outlaws defied the army of detectives. The 1877 \$20 gold pieces from the Union Pacific robbery in Nebraska appeared in Dallas and Fort Worth saloons. The men were sighted, but they disappeared before the reports reached law officers.

Denton County was cluttered with armed bands of Pinkerton detectives, Texas Rangers, U.S. marshals, deputy sheriffs, and unofficial posses. One group trailed another believing they were the outlaws.

Bass watched with field glasses from Pilot Knob and other lookout points. Friends kept the gang informed; food was hung in trees for the train robbers by otherwise law-abiding citizens. (Although Reconstruction had officially ended, North Texans still smarted from its strictures. Many equated railroads with corrupt government and Yankee money.)

The town of Denton was taken over by war parties. There were several skirmishes between lawmen and outlaws. When a posse headed by Judge Thomas E. Hogg surprised the outlaws as they cooked supper, they fled, leaving their camping gear. The judge captured Coly, Jackson's horse and city attorney Ferguson got Sam Bass' horse.

A dragnet caught many Denton County citizens, and they were taken to the federal jail at Tyler. Among those arrested was deputy William Riley Wetsel, who had spied for Sheriff Egan on a visit to Bass' camp. Grayson County sheriff Everheart arrested the Murphy's Jim and Bob, and their father, Henderson Murphy. While attention

was focused on the federal court at Tyler, Bass and his gang went west to Stephens County to camp on Big Caddo Creek, about 16 miles from Breckenridge.

Although Tom Spotswood, charged with robbery of the train at Allen, did not have federal charges against him because the mail was not touched at Allen, he had enough trouble. Several of his neighbors near Sand Town (Aubrey) swore they had seen him on the afternoon of the Allen robbery in the Sand Town neighborhood, over 20 miles from Allen. However, James L.A. Thomas, the express messenger, positively identified him as the man that had held him at gun point during the Allen robbery. Other state's witnesses included H. Clay Thomas and Elijah Leach of Allen and Mollie Leach Stephens of Cook County. Spotswood was found guilty of robbery and given 10 years in the state penitentiary. (After later climatic events, Spotswood got a new trial in 1880 and was acquitted.)

Meanwhile, after a shoot-out on Big Caddo, Bass headed back to Denton County. In a bold raid, he took his captured horse from a Denton stable. As he passed the sheriff's house, Sam called out, "Hello, Little Park," to 8-year-old John Egan. Mrs. Egan let her tired husband continue to sleep, but the sheriff was awakened a few minutes later by townsmen who wanted him to lead them on another chase.

Everyone was tired of the game. Crops were being neglected. Volunteer posse members received no pay. When Peak's Rangers found the outlaws resting at Salt Creek in Wise County, Ark., Johnson was killed. The game had become deadly serious; there would be no more time to rest.

(Sources: *The Dallas Weekly Herald*, May 1878. *Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang*, by Thomas E. Hogg, Denton 1878. District Court records, McKinney, Texas.)

Texas Ranger kills Bass in shootout at Round Rock 9-3-90

Part VIII of a series on Texas' first train robbery, which occurred at Allen Station. Because of continued interest in the series, we are reprinting a revised version of the story of the Allen train robbery and the outlaw, Sam Bass.

The Murphy family was in jail because of their friendship with Sam Bass. Jim was desperate to find a way to obtain a release for his elderly father, Henderson Murphy, from the federal jail at Tyler. A deal was made. All charges were dropped on the elder Murphy, and Jim was released on a straw bond. When he returned to Denton County, Jim told Bass he had jumped bail and he was also a hunted man.

Train robbery in Texas had yielded little for Bass. He decided to rob a bank. The gang set out to find the right bank. After having a horse shod at Frankford on Preston Road, the outlaws traveled eastward to Rockwall. From there, they went to Terrell, where they decided the banks did not look like good prospects. They continued south to Kaufman. There the banks appeared either too poor or were too protected. During this trek, Seaborn Barnes was suspicious of Jim Murphy. Frank Jackson came to Murphy's defense more than once.

Although Bass favored a bank at XXXXX he was dissuaded by Murphy who argued they could not make a getaway from theavoid participating in the robbery if it were in Waco, nor could he warn Major John B. Jones of the Rangers. The Williamson County Bank at Round Rock was suggested. Bass agreed because he remembered the bank from his trips to San Antonio.

Before they left Waco, Sam Bass tossed his last double-eagle down on the bar. "Jim there goes the last piece of '66 gold. It hasn't done me the least bit of good; but that's all right- I'll get some more in a few days. So let it gush. It all goes in a lifetime."

Jim Murphy managed to mail a note to Walter Johnson and Sheriff Everheart at Sherman. At Georgetown, he found a chance to send a warning to Major Jones in Austin.

On Sunday, July 14, the Bass gang arrived at Round Rock. Old Round Rock was near Brushy Creek, where a large boulder in the creek had given the town its name. A new town had grown up around the railroad station, three-quarters of a mile up the hill. It was the bank in New Town that was Bass' objective. The gang, pretending to be cattle buyers, camped west of town on the San Saba Road. Bass planned to rob the bank late Saturday, July 20.

After Major Jones in Austin received Murphy's note, he sent Corporal Vernon Wilson after the nearest Ranger company. Wilson rode his horse to death to reach San Saba with Jones' orders. Three Rangers, camped on the..... Round Rock. Jones took a local deputy, former Ranger Maurice Moore, with him. After he arrived in Round Rock, the Ranger commander informed A.W. Grimes, a Williamson County deputy sheriff, another former Ranger, of the planned robbery and warned the banker.

Thursday afternoon at about 4 o'clock, Bass and his men went into Round Rock. Murphy stopped off in Old Town. Bass, Jackson, and Barnes tied their horses in an alley at the north edge of the business district and crossed to Koppel's store.

Moore said to Grimes, "I think one of those men had a six-shooter on him." The two lawmen thought the trio were cowboys. They walked across the street and into the store. Grimes approached the three strangers and patted the bulge on Bass' coat as he asked if he had a pistol.

"Yes" was the answer as the three outlaws turned and began shooting. Grimes did not have time to draw his gun. He fell dead. Although he was hit, Moore continued to fire into the smoke that filled the store. Bass and Jackson made it out the door. Barnes continued firing at Moore as he left. By this time, the three Rangers, Chris Conner, George Harrell, and Richard C. Ware, were in the street shooting at the bandits. Major Jones reached Main Street and began firing. Bass was hit by Harrell as he reached the alley where their horses were tied. Dick Ware shot Barnes? through the head.

With coolness and courage that was admired by these western lawmen, Frank Jackson held off the attackers and helped his wounded leader onto his horse. He held Bass in the saddle as they rode away.

The next morning, the Rangers found the wounded desperado near town. "Don't shoot! I am unarmed and helpless. I am the man you're looking for. I am Sam Bass."

The dying outlaw was taken into town. The doctor did not think he would live long. In answer to questioning by Major Jones, Bass said, "It is agin' my profession to blow on my pards." Sam Bass, Texas' most notorious train robber, died Sunday, July 21, 1878, on his 27th birthday.

Sam met his fate at Round Rock, July twenty-first.

Old Sam was filled with rifle balls,

And they emptied out his purse.

So Sam lies a corpse, and six feet under clay.

And old Jackson is in the bushes trying hard to get away.

(Sources: *The Galveston Daily News*, June and July 1878, *Sam Bass*, by Wayne Gard, N.Y., 1936. *Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang*, by Thomas E. Hogg, Denton, 1878. *The Ballad of Sam Bass*, traditional folk song.)

Jackson survived shootout, changed name to Allen 9-10-90

This is the last of a nine part series on Texas' first train robbery, which occurred at Allen Station. Because of continued interest in the series, we are reprinting a revised version of the story of the Allen train robbery and the outlaw, Sam Bass.

Last year, after reading one of our columns about the Allen rain robbery, Mrs. Rosa Lee Allen called from Blue Eye, Missouri. She told a strange sequel to the Sam Bass saga. Mrs. Allen and I talked for sometime about the possibilities for research in this area, but after the call ended, I realized that I did not know the name of her daughter in Allen who had sent her the clipping from *The American*. I hope with our retelling the Bass story I would hear from the family again, so I was pleased when Mary Lee Powell, Mrs. Allen's daughter wrote about their story. She has given permission to relate some of her family's history.

Most of the Bass gang were either killed or captured soon after the shoot-out at Round Rock. Only Henry Underwood and Frank Jackson were "Alive and unfettered" The *Authentic History of the Sam Bass Gang* says, "and they were renegades and outlaws, who will doubtless be pursued wherever they go..."

As Bass was dying, he told Major Jones of the Texas Rangers that he had not seen Underwood since the Salt Creek incident, some weeks before. "Where is Jackson now?" he was asked. "I do not know," He replied.

Frank Jackson, a tinner or tinsmith in Denton, was a friend of Bass before the outlaw leader took to crime. In the reports Franks' brother, Warner Jackson is mentioned several times; once a bucket of food was found hanging in a shawl from a tree branch near his home. Before beginning the fateful trek south to Round Rock, Frank went to Billy Jackson's camp on the Carruth Ranch and traded for a horse named Old Ben. Billy, who was probably another brother, was reluctant to trade because he was afraid he would get into trouble.

Jim Murphy, the spy in Bass' camp, was saved several times by Jackson when the others became suspicious of him. Murphy gave a complete narrative of his time with the outlaws. He told of their camping outside of Round Rock, and that on Friday evening going into town.

"I told them I would stay in Old Round Rock," Murphy related. "They went up to New Town. As they got off their horses Sam's coat blew up and exposed his pistol. Frank and Sebe (Barnes) had theirs in saddle pockets, and if Sam had left his in his saddle pockets he might have been living yet. The sheriff saw Sam's pistol and followed in after him, and while in the store the sheriff thought he would take the pistol away and it resulted in the death of the sheriff... Sam and Frank got on their horses and came back through Old Round Rock, and passed right close to me, and I thought they looked at me, but Frank says they did not see me. I was sitting in old man May's store when they passed. I saw that Sam was wounded in the hand, and he looked like he was sick, and Frank was holding him on his horse, the last I saw of them." Murphy indicates that he talked with Jackson after the incident.

As the two fled out of town with their pursuers on their trail, Jackson called out a warning to a young girl sitting in a tree by the road. "Get in the house, little girl! Get in the house!"

The men rode into their camp near the graveyard, and Jackson picked up a rifle hidden in the grass. Bass told a black man nearby of the fracas in town. They were seen by Mary Matson, a young black woman who had cooked some meals for the group while they were camped there.

They headed in the direction of the Georgetown road. The posse lost their trail in a cedar brake. After Bass and Jackson had gone several miles, "Bass' wounds began to grow so sore that he found he would have to stop. Jackson wanted to stop and remain with him, but Bass told him no, that he was seriously wounded and must stop, and that Frank must take care of himself. He gave Jackson all the money he had, his horse, arms and ammunition, and enjoined him to leave him. Jackson took his departure from Bass and left him there alone."

Mary Lee Powell's great-grandfather, Bluford Allen, settled at Meridian, Texas about 50 miles northwest of Waco. He married and raised a large family. He lived to be quite old, and shortly before he died in the 1930s, he told his family that he had been a member of Sam Bass' gang. He said he was a friend of Sam's and had gone along on the robberies because of his friendship. When Bass had known he was dying, he had insisted he make his get-away. He had come to Meridian, changed his name to Allen, and made a new life. Powell says she did not know there was a town in Texas named Allen until she moved here a couple of years ago. She was surprised to learn of the town's connection to Sam Bass. She now wonders if her great-grandfather took the name Allen because of the train robbery. The family is sure Bluford Allen was Frank Jackson. Did he listen through the years for the hoof beats of the posse on his trail? His grandson, James Allen recalls he always slept with his hat and boots beside his bed.

It was rumored Jackson stayed near Round Rock while Bass lay dying. Several posses went out searching for him. Years later, Mary Matson, the black woman who had cooked for the men, told of seeing the funeral procession on its way to the graveyard to bury Bass. She watched through the fence during the short service. After several black workmen had covered the grave and were about to leave, a man on the bay horse dashed to the spot, picked up a clod and threw it on the grave, whirled his horse and rode away. Mary Matson was sure the horseman was Frank Jackson.

The Ballad of Sam Bass author anonymous, from Roth publishing, Inc.
2006

Sam Bass was born in Indiana, it was his native home.
And at the age of seventeen young Sam began to roam.
Sam first came out to Texas a cowboy for to be,
A kinder hearted fellow you seldom ever see.
Sam used to deal in race stock, one called the Denton mare,
He matched her in scrub races, and took her to the fair.
Sam useter coin the money and spent it just as free,
He always drank good whiskey, wherever he might be.
Sam left the Collins' ranch in the merry month of May
With a herd of Texas cattle the Black Hills for to see,
Sold out in Custer City and then got on the spree, --

A harder set of cowboys you seldom ever see.
On their way back to Texas they boarded the U P train.
And then split up in couples and started out again.
Joe Collins and his partner were overtaken soon,
With all their hard-earned money they had to meet their doom.
Sam made it back to Texas all right side up with care
Rode in the town of Denton with all his friends to share.
Sam's life was short in Texas; three robberies did he do,
He robbed all the passenger, mail and express cars too.
Sam had four companions – four bold and daring lads –
They were Richardson, Jackson, J. Collins and Old Dad;
Four more bold and daring cowboys the Rangers never knew
They whipped the Texas Rangers and ran the boys in blue.
Sam had another companion called Arkansas for short
Was shot by a Texas Ranger by the name of Thomas Floyd;
Tom is a big six-footer and thinks he's mighty fly,
But let me tell you this sir, he's a dead beat on the sly.
Jim Murphy was arrested and then released on bail:
He jumped his bond at Tyler and took the train for Terrell;
But Mayor Jones had posted Jim so it was all a stall.
'Twas but a plan to capture Sam before the coming fall.
Sam met his fate at Round Rock, July the twenty-first,
They pierced poor Sam with rifle balls and emptied out his purse.
Poor Sam he is a corpse and six feet under clay.
And Jackson's in the bushes trying hard to get away.
Jim had borrowed Sam's good gold and didn't want to pay,
The only shot he saw was to give poor Sam away.
He sold out on Sam and Barnes and left their friends to mourn, --
Oh, what a scorching Jim will get when Gabriel blows his horn.
And so he sold out Sam and Barnes and left their friends to mourn,
Oh, what a searching Jim will get when Gabriel blows his horn.
Perhaps he got to heaven, there's none of us can say.
But if I'm right in my surmise he's gone the other way.

LATE 1800s

Life tough for early North Texas settlers

2-5-89

While the Texas revolution was in progress, settlers were moving westward in North Texas. They located near the banks of the Red River, or not far from the mouths of the creeks that flowed into the river. As more settlers came to the new republic, they grouped together into settlements. The Red River settlement most important to our history was the old town of Warren. This town was built on the site where Massachusetts-born Abel Warren tried to establish a trading post. Warren's Post, now returned to wilderness, was at the mouth of Choctaw Bayou (north of present Ambrose at the Grayson-Fannin County line). Warren had hoped to trade for pelts and hides with the Indians, but abandoned his storehouse and bois d'arc log stockade when the post proved unprofitable. Later, settlers camped within the stockade for protection against Indian attacks. Former Ohioan John Hart, noted trapper, trader, Indian fighter and merchant, after serving in the Texas Revolution, moved to Warren's Post. Another settler on Choctaw Bayou was Daniel Montague.

Montague, born at South Hadley, Mass., in 1798, was well educated, a surveyor and civil engineer. He had lived in Louisiana for several years before he rushed to Texas to participate in the war. He arrived after the Battle of San Jacinto, but looking for opportunities in the new republic, moved to Warren and opened a general merchandise store.

Red River Country which included all of North Texas was becoming cumbersome due to its size and scattered population. Edward H. Tarrent, Collin McKinney and Daniel Rowlett represented the district at the Second Congress of the Republic of Texas in September 1837. Two days after the congress convened, Rowlett presented a petition asking for a new county to be created west of the mouth of the Bois d'arc. Rowlett estimated that six or seven persons lived in the region that extended west to the Cross Timbers and the Trinity. The only debate was over the name. Independence was considered, but the county was named Fannin in honor of Col. James Fannin, Texas' hero who died at the massacre at Goliad. At first, the western boundary was the Cross Timbers; however, the Fourth Congress, with Rowlett's influence, better defined the boundaries as beginning at the mouth of Bois'arc Creek on the Red River, up the creek to the crossing at Carter P. Clift's; south in a straight line for 60 miles; then west to a point south of the head of the upper Wichita; then north to the Red River; and down the meanderings of the river to the beginning. This included Collin and Hunt Counties and counties due west to Childress, and into the Texas Panhandle, an area mostly unexplored at that time.

The home of Jacob Black near Tulip Bend served as the county seat for a while, then Warren's Post was selected as the seat of justice. A log courthouse, 18 X 24 feet, was built. Court minutes from April 1839 show the effects of increasing Indian depredations. A road from Bois d'arc to Warren had not been opened due to hostile raids. John F. Moody was discharged from a committee by death – he had been killed by Shawnees.

The town of Warren grew to provide services for the courts and for the settlers. A tavern was built to house jurors, lawyers and other visitors. Among those that were at

Warren were men whose names are recognized in Texas history and geography. Gen. Edward H. Tarrant, Col. William G. Cook and John B. Denton were among the visiting masons that assisted Rowlett and other masons in establishing a Masonic lodge at Warren.

John Denton, a Methodist minister and lawyer, preached the first sermon in the county. He was born in Tennessee and grew up in Indiana; he was a blacksmith who became a minister. His wife taught him to read and write after their second child was born. He preached in Arkansas and Texas, but in 1838 began to practice law at Clarksville to better provide for his large family.

Denton's sermon was preached in the new schoolhouse. A log stable had been cleaned out and furnished with split log benches. A search among the settlers turned up an odd assortment of books for teacher John Trimble's nine students: "The New Testament," "The Life of John Nelson," (a Methodist preacher), "Pilgrim's Progress," "Fox's Book of Martyrs," several Webster's spellers, a copy of Murray's grammar, and an arithmetic book.

The summer of 1839 was a grim time on the frontier. Indian raids had increased, but life at Warren had its lighter moments. Daniel Montague had a ball. He had completed his elaborate log home. Invitations for the Fourth of July housewarming were sent to every settlement. Guests at the ball were treated to a bounty of food and to a variety of liquid refreshment – from persimmon beer to "Ohio" whiskey. It was one of the rare times that the settlers took time from their work for making homes on Texas' northern frontier. The dancing and revelry continued for two days and nights.

The Saturday Bath

Sept. 29, 1985

The ritual of the Saturday bath was an institution before the "Bathtub Hoax" of 1917. H.L. Menchen was believed when he printed a fictitious story of the bathtub as a prank because he only confirmed what was already suspected. He claimed that physicians had once tried to get bathtubs banned in America as a menace to health.

Most folks around here believed with John Wesley that "cleanliness is next to godliness." It was probably the lack of facilities and a shortage of water that relegated bathing to Saturday, the end of the week's work and the eve of Sunday. On other days rural folks made due with a "spit-bath" – a little water in the washpan.

Boys might have considered a quick dip in the creek or stock tank as a bath without even a sliver of lye soap. They still had rusty necks and dirt behind their ears.

The water in the number 3 washtub was heated by solar energy in the summer, and the children were bathed out by the well. In the winter, the kitchen was filled with the steam of the boiling kettles of bath water on the cookstove. A roaring fire was required to ward off the chill.

We are told that the girls and mom bathed first, followed by the boys, with poor Dad, supposedly the dirtiest, being last. That is probably an exaggeration, but the water was used by more than one. Scarcity of water was a problem on most of the area's farms. In drought the creeks and stocktanks dried up. The needs of the livestock came before the family's cleanliness.

Grandma's November 1905 *Ladies Home Journal* had only two bath soap ads: Pear's "There's no place like home and no soap like Pear's", and Fairy Soap, "Pure as the thoughts of childhood". Only one shampoo ad Saponisol, "The one, sanitary, transparent,

pure liquid soap having the approval of physicians”. The purity and gentleness of soap was stressed because some of the homemade variety could take the hide off.

Mayor Don Rodenbaugh told us that part of this store building was once a bathhouse. Back when he was first starting in business, he had plenty of time to talk with Henry Laird, a long-time Allen barber whose shop was next to the old bank building. Laird told him that cowboys and farmhands rode into town on Saturdays and hitched their horses to a chain rail that was on the back of the building when Rodenbaugh bought it.

The men picked up their laundry that had been left the week before, and payed 10 cents for a towel, a bar of soap, and a tub of hot water for their bath. They left their dirty jeans and overalls (which could probably stand alone after a week’s wear) to be laundered for the next week. After bathing they went next door to the barber shop for a shave and a hair cut. All spruced up, they headed for the nearest café for a Big Meal.

While repairing some weak floor boards, Rodenbaugh discovered an open well, 40 feet deep and full of water. Was this the water source for the bath house and laundry? The well was jugged, that is, it was about four feet across at the top, belling out to a huge width in the solid rock. Connie Rodenbaugh said that they were told it was “wide enough to turn a team of horses.” (This is a standard measurement for the huge underground cisterns of this locality. How wide a circle did it take to turn a team?)

Today, there are complaints from siblings over sharing the use of one of the family’s bathrooms. Can you imagine the arguments over who gets first dibs on the bath water?

Tracing Allen’s roots leads to different beginnings 8-2-87

“When did Allen begin?” is the question most often asked about our town’s history, yet it is difficult to answer.

You have a choice of events that could be called Allen’s beginning. In the 1840s, a community began that was strung out along the stage coach route (Jupiter) from about present Bethany to beyond Chaparral. Before the Civil War, there were a school, a stage coach stop, a doctor’s office, a couple of homes that had boarders, and a cemetery. However, the organized town of Allen was begun in the 1870s by the railroad.

A History of Collin County by Stambaugh and Stambaugh says that Allen was begun in 1872 when the Houston and Texas Central Railway went through. In 1972, we had a big centennial celebration of the town’s beginning. (Our resident Santa Claus, Dale Sanders and our world-traveling singer/evangelist, Eddie Bridges still have the beards they grew for the beard growing contest). But, an examination of the records shows that we were a bit premature with our celebration.

The Old Donation, the site of the original town platted by the railway was the headright of James L. Read. Read as a single man received 320 acres of Peters’ Colony land. In 1851, before his patent was perfected, Read sold his land rights to James M. McReynolds for \$80.

G.W. Ford later recalled that McReynolds came by in 1844, moving into the county, as Ford and others were burying the massacred Muncy family. McReynolds was appointed a member of the commission to locate the county seat, and become Chief Justice of the county court. According to local lore, Judge McReynolds and Sheriff Read died together – hung by a renegade band during the Civil War.

There were delays in the settlers receiving their Peters Colony patents. When an angry Dallas mob came to raid the land company's office at the home of Oliver Hedgecoxe, McReynolds and Read (not in their official capacities) were among those that joined the group in McKinney. This raid, known as the Hedgecoxe War, only confused matters and caused more delay.

McReynolds sold the land soon after receiving Read's patent. The north half went to Joseph Dixon, who sold it to James W. Franklin. The south half, that was later to become the town of Allen, went to Jarnagin Aldridge. By 1857, these 142 acres were owned by McKinney businessman, Abraham Rhine. Born in Bavaria, Germany about 1825 and naturalized American, Rhine had a dry goods store in McKinney at an early date.

The Civil War was difficult for merchants in this area. In December, 1865, Abraham Rhine sold this tract to Isaac Rhine of Philadelphia, Pa. to cover a debt of \$300.

The Houston & Texas Central Railroad paid Isaac Rhine \$275 for a strip of land 150 feet wide "over and upon which said company has built a railway." This record is dated August 12, 1873. Apparently, the railroad went through, then cleared the legal details later.

In 1874, the H&TC obtained an easement from J.W. Franklin to dam Cottonwood Creek for a water stop. Meanwhile, Isaac Rhine had sold his Texas property back to Abraham Rhine. On November 21, 1874, the H & T.C. bought the town site for \$1370. (\$685 down, the note was paid off in 1887.)

At 11 o'clock, February 10, 1876, a plat for the town of Allen was filed with the Clerk of Collin County. Immediately, the first lot was given to school trustees for a school. This school lot was in the northeast corner of town – near present St. Mary's Baptist Church. The second lot was sold to J.W. Franklin, who became the town's first postmaster. Franklin's 25-foot wide general merchandise store faced the railroad on the corner where Allen Lumber Company is now. Wilson Creek Baptist Church whose land was soon the railroad right of way, north of Stacy Road, traded for a lot near the school land. G.W. Patterson, and S.K. Ingram bought business lots, and Dr. W.F. Wolford moved over from the old community on Jupiter. The town of Allen had begun. Within a year, the new town had a post office, school, church, doctor, and several businesses.

Once mighty Bois d'Arc faced bulldozers

3-16-86

An English visitor to North Texas wrote of the beautiful bois d'arc. We wonder how our grotesque tree could ever have been thought beautiful, but most trees we see today are the remains of cut back, used up, or deliberately pruned hedgerows, that do not resemble the trees they once were.

The bois d'arc was one of the most useful and versatile of the natural resources found in Collin County by the early settlers. The strong, flexible wood was used by the Osage Indians to make bows and received the name bois d'arc, meaning bow-wood from French explorers. Osage orange, hedge apple, horse apple, and yellow-wood are some of the other names of the tree.

With the wood of the bois d'arc as a substitute for iron and stone and as wood-stock, the pioneers made many of their necessities. The yellow to bright orange wood, hard and elastic, weighs forty-eight pounds per square foot. It is nearly impervious to rot.

Century-old houses rest on original bois d'arc block foundations. The lack of hard stone in the county made substituting of bois d'arc for foundations necessary, also "cobblestones" of the wood were used to pave streets. Because iron and steel were scarce, much of the virgin prairie was plowed with crude plows made from forked pieces of bois d'arc. The stockade at the old Fort Warren was made of bois d'arc.

Ed Lynge told of an early bridge over Mustang Branch made of bois d'arc, near the new extension of Bethany Drive, that was used to reach a field between the branch and Cottonwood Creek until recent years. Early settlers had crossed Mustang on the bridge, then forded Cottonwood near a large spring.

Baxter M. Bell, a McKinney woodworker, made bois d'arc wagons. Perhaps the most difficult crafting was making wagon wheels from the wood. English visitor Dr. Edward Smith wrote in his journal "The bois d'arc is a beautiful yellow hardwood, very enduring, from which are made excellent wagons, articles of furniture. The French use the yellow as dye and beautiful walking sticks are made from twigs."

The tree gave this county two early industries. Resourceful settlers discovered bois d'arc could be used for tanning. Several tanneries were established to tan buffalo and cowhide. A more unique business was selling hedge apple seeds. The long-horned cattle and deer that roamed the prairies were a problem to settlers trying to raise corn and other food. They found that the thorny bois d'arc made an effective, economical means to fence broad stretches of prairie lands. Collin Countian Governor James W. Throckmorton wrote an article for the 1886 *Texas Almanac* giving directions on how to plant, grow, and prune a hedgerow, effective against the worst stock in rabbits in four years.

Travelers who went back to Missouri for supplies took along bois d'arc seed to sell. They found a ready market. This brought cash into the county in the early 1840s before land could be broken and the first crop raised. Mills were made to crush the apples similar to sorghum mills. William Snider, who had settled on the prairie now the east side of Allen, operated a bois d'arc mill. Snider ground the apples and put them in barrels of water. After a few days the pulp floated and the seeds dropped to the bottom of the barrel. They were then dried and sold. A bushel of seed brought as much as \$25 a bushel. A wagon train loaded with 10,000 bushels of seed went to Missouri and brought only \$10 a bushel. Collin Countians had glutted the market in three years. But, the industry continued until barbed wire came in the 1870s. Then, the trees were cut for fence posts.

Today, remnants of the old hedgerows are considered nuisances to be bulldozed by developers. But there are a few hearty specimens of the "beautiful bois d'arc" as reminders that Collin County was built on a foundation of bois d'arc.

Pioneer homes, Part I

6-8-86

The first home of the Peter Fisher family in Texas was described by his grandson, D.B. Fisher in 1931. The family settled in 1844 on the section of land between 2170 and Exchange now centered by Reed Elementary School. After a three month trip from Missouri in a covered wagon, they were in a hurry to build that first shelter.

New cut logs were hewn with a broadax and notched at the corners to build up the walls. The roof sloped down on the north side and was covered with clapboards

weighted down with poles to hold the boards in place for they had no nails. There were no windows, only openings on the south side. The floors were dirt.

Fires were built near the south openings for warmth. Cooking was done on an open fire out in front of the cabin. They got their water from nearby springs that still feed Mustang Branch.

After the cabin was built, Peter Fisher and his sons split rails and fenced a small patch of ground. The fence was six or eight rails high to protect their corn from the deer, wild cattle and horses that roamed the open prairie. That first corn crop was essential to the family and the harvest was taken to old Fort Warren on the Red River by ox wagon to be ground into corn meal. For a short time the only food the family had was the milk they got from some cows they had brought with them from Missouri and some deer meat.

Mr. Fisher said, "Grandmother would hold a stick with a red rag on it through the opening in the south side or through the cracks of the house. When the deer would see it, they would stamp their feet)always did this when they were mad and then they would come closer and closer, till near enough for Grandfather to shoot one with his old flint lock rifle."

Mr. Fisher's description is a good picture of the first temporary homes of the first wave of settlers to this area. Later, there was time to build more substantial cabins, but the earliest pioneers made do with these "lean-to" shelters their first winter on the prairie. As the county became more settled new-comers stayed with relatives or neighbors until homes could be built. The shed roofed shelters were replaced with well built log cabins.

Joe B. Rogers described his family's first home built in 1847 near Frisco as a hewn log house, fifteen feet square. The house was covered with oak boards rived on Big Elm, four feet long and from three to eight inches wide and fastened with pegs. They had no nails. It had a stick and dirt chimney, a dirt floor and I think a rawhide door, later had an oak door."

Another log cabin, 14 by 16, had a puncheon floor and a white rock chimney. Apparently, white rock that was of good enough quality for chimneys was rare; most old timers told the location of the quarry where their chimney stones came from when describing their cabins. One lady said the white rock chimneys were beautiful, shining in the sunlight.

Only a few had cabins made of hand sawn boards. The old residence of Collin McKinney built in 1845 was one of these. (The house was moved to Finch Park in McKinney from north of Anna during the Texas Centennial Celebration in 1936, and burned a few years ago.) The boards were sawn by slaves with a crosscut rip saw about six feet long with handles on each end. The log was placed on a scaffold and one man stood above the log and another on the ground and sawed the timber to the desired thickness.

Shelter was the first priority of each family for Texas winters were fierce and the wild life dangerous. Elder Horn, an early minister in Collin County, told the spine-tingling story of a pack of wolves, attracted by the smell of cooking, that gnawed on the corners of a lonely cabin. How thankful that pioneer family must have been for the solid log walls around them!

Pioneer Homes, Part II

6-15-86

They made do until they could do better. Very few household items could be brought in their covered wagons, and once here there was no way for the pioneers to add more except to make what was needed from the materials at hand. "...drank out of a gourd, or a cow horn or buffalo horn, both of which made nice drinking cups when worked over and polished. Plenty of these on the prairies then. Some men got to be experts at polishing them." One local family tied a rope to the clapper of the ox bell, and used it as a bucket to draw water from the steep-banked creeks.

Several inventories and sale bills of estates give us pictures of the interiors of the early cabins. Apparently, the one making the inventory stood in the center of the cabin and listed items as he turned around the room. One such estate sale bill was for household items of a man who owned over 1,500 acres of land now in the center of Allen, valued at that time (1858) at a little over \$1200. In spite of this wealth of land, his household furnishings were simple. There were two bureaus and a small table, three bedsteads, one feather bed (the most expensive item, sold for \$11), and two straw beds.

There were four blankets and one trunk. The six books and some pamphlets were not usual items. These were bought by a son-in-law that was a doctor. In the kitchen area there was a lard stand, a dough tray, and flour sieve, a bucket and pan, cupboard ware (dishes valued at \$2.40), some spoons, a small jar, one tub, a skillet and lid, 2 wash pots, shovel and hooks (fireplace), one baker, a smoothing iron, dining table and chairs. Other items were a frow, a foot adds (adz), a half bushel, three buckets, a mare and colt (sold for \$83), 2 pair of gear, 3 hogs, 2 cows and calves, and an ox bell (sold for \$3.60). Missing from the list were the luxury items such as a looking glass or a clock found in some estates.

Lucy Jane Phillips Epps said that in the early days her family, "cooked on the fireplace with skillet and lid, pots and kettles, and ovens—roasted potatoes in the ashes in the fireplace." They bought a cookstove about 1860.

Joe B. Rogers' family got their first cookstove in 1859. It was hauled from Jefferson, Texas. However, Mr. Rogers gave a detailed description of fireplace cooking. He said a pot rack, about five-foot long, swung the pots out over the fire. They also used ovens and skillets with lids. Live coals were pulled out on the hearth and the oven was set in the coals. The bread dough, potatoes or other food was placed in the oven. The lid was put in place and live coals were heaped on the lid. The coals were replaced as they began to die out and the process continued until the food was cooked. "Sometimes it would be necessary to lift the lid off to see whether or not the stuff that was cooking was done."

Although several old-timers mentioned when they got their first cookstoves when interviewed by George Pearis Brown over 50 years ago, all said that food cooked in the fireplace tasted better. Alex Forman, a former slave, put it this way: "Missus had to cook on the fireplace with pots, skillets, and ovens. White folks used to say that stuff cooked on the fireplace was better than that cooked on a stove, and I still think that they told the truth about it."

Stove was 1st indication Mrs. Brown would have a home

5-24-92

“Mr. Brown bought a stove,” wrote Mary Susanna Lunsford Brown in her journal on Nov. 24, 1868. It had been 11 years since, as a 16-year-old, she had recorded her trip to Texas from Kentucky.

She and John Liter Brown had married April 9, but in these first months they did not have a home of their own. They boarded with her sister and brother-in-law, Nannie Kate and Clint Haggard. This stove, a heavy hunk of cast iron, was solid evidence that she would soon have her own household.

Although she recorded Mr. Brown’s several trips to Bonham in September and October, she did not mention that he had bought 200 acres from their heirs of Daniel Rowlett. The complicated estate settlement and land purchase were finalized on Oct. 23.

On Friday, Nov. 27, she wrote, “Went to Plano and bought me some dishes,” and on Saturday, “Cleaned my stove,” then on Sunday, “Went to see my new home.”

The new home was located south of Rowlett Creek. U.S. Highway 75 cuts a wide path through the Brown farm. The house was on the hill to the west of the road, above the present golf course. We do not know what type of house was there when the Browns bought the place. Later, Mr. Brown built a two-story home.

John Liter Brown was a carpenter. Although his birthplace was Oldham County, Ky., where his wife had lived during her childhood, he had been raised in Moultrie County, Ill. Brown came to Texas late in the 1850s and was living with his uncle R.W. Carpenter in 1860.

During the Civil War, Brown served in Captain Carpenter’s company. After the war, his possessions were a \$60 horse and his carpentry tools. At the age of 30, when he married Mary Susanna, his main assets were his skill as a carpenter and, undoubtedly, unique business ability.

Mrs. Brown’s journal records that in preparation for moving, she made towels, sheets, blankets and other goods for the house. Candlewick was spun and candles made. After Mrs. Leach gave her four pounds of feathers, she made pillow ticks and a bolster. Other gifts included chickens.

However, it was the last day of February before she wrote: “Drove to where I expect to live, and to Benny’s at night.” Wednesday, March 12: “Went to Clint Haggard’s after out plunder.” Thursday: “Come home.”

Less than two months later, their first child was born. The new house that Mr. Brown built was large enough to accommodate a large family. A grandchild later wrote, “The old farmstead three miles south of Allen was a delightful place where all the grandchildren loved to gather. There was plenty of room to play.”

Mr. Brown’s barn was unusual for this locality. An inclined road led to the second floor of the large structure built on the hillside. A wagon could be rolled into the upper story to be unloaded. The only other similar barn that we know about was that of their neighbor, W.N. Bush. We might suppose that Brown built that barn also because his wife’s diary noted that he often worked for Bush. A corn sheller and grist mill were on the upper floor of Brown’s barn. These were powered by a large windmill near the barn. Another windmill, about 200 yards east pumped water from the well.

School was taught in a house on the southeast side of the front yard. Later, this building was Brown’s workshop. In 1872, the railroad cut across the eastern side of the

farm. In 1891, the Brown's gave 10,000 square feet, a bit of land across the railroad tracks at the northeast corner of their farm, for a school - Brown School, School District 93. Among the children attending the school with the Brown children were their Mathews cousins from across the creek.

When the Christian Church began meeting in Allen in 1880, John L. Brown was one of the church elders. Brown descendants are still among its members.

Through the years, as enough money was saved, the Browns bought more land. During the 1870s, they had about 50 horses, 20 cows and 50 hogs. At one point in the 1880s, most of the horses were sold. They invested in several pieces of land. By 1892, they had 981.5 acres.

Evidently, this amount was not a coincidence- they had nine children. As was the custom among the group of Kentuckians, each child was given 100 acres, when they married.

Lydia Catherine "Kate," the first born, married James Lafayette Angle. John William married Nannie Neal Angle, sister of Kate's husband. Mary Elizabeth married Hugh Fitz Ereckson. Carrie Etta married William Henry Day. James Allen died at the age of 18. Nannie Sue married James Pat Moulden. Mattie Dia??? Married the Rev. John A. Stockard, the pastor of the Christian Church at Allen and Bethany. Emma Lou married Wilber L. Hedgcoxe.

The Browns, John and Mary Susanna, had 46 years together. They accomplished much in those years and provided well for their children. However, we wonder if she was ever as proud of anything they acquired as she was the day "Mr. Brown bought a stove."

Tracing ancestry clouded by slavery issue

2-2-92

"Lift every voice and sing till earth and heaven ring. Ring with the harmonies of liberty."

These triumphal words are from an anthem by James Weldon Johnson, an early leader of the NAACP (National Association for the Advancement of Colored People). The rousing music, written by his brother, J. Rosamond Johnson, set the rhythm, "a steady beat," of a march that led to the Civil Rights movement of the 50s and 60s.

The prayer in Johnson's song was that in victory "the stony road, the chast'ning rod," would not be forgotten, nor would "the faith that the dark past has taught us."

Slavery is an inescapable fact of history, yet for most of us, it is a romanticized Tara or a grim tale of brutality. The true picture will probably never be known, for slavery was followed by 100 years of segregation, a time with little real communication between the races. Only a few stories about slavery days can be found in our local history.

Those of us who research and write about history have been afraid- afraid that facts may be offensive to some individuals, afraid of our own lack of understanding. Also, there seemed to be a reputation of their heritage by those who had been too busy making history to study it.

As a family historian, I was dismayed by those who changed their "slave names" for others from a culture they had not experienced. Were they trying to forget the past and its indomitable survivors, now that they had, in Johnson's words, "Come to the place for which our father's sighed?"

However, now that another quarter of a century has passed, I frequently meet young adults of African–American heritage who are searching for facts about their long-ago slave ancestors. They are finding it is difficult to construct direct lineages, but with few clues from stories handed down in oral history it is possible to track families.

Names are often a puzzle. It is generally supposed that freedmen were given the names of their former owners at emancipation, but usually surnames originated further back in an individual's or family's history.

Dave Walker, 86-year-old when he told his story in an interview in 1931, recalled, "My young mistress, Miss Martha Walker, married a Dr. Crow in Lexington and my 'ole master' gave me and my mother to Miss Martha when she married.

He told that they went from Kentucky to Buchanan County, Mo., about 1848. In 1861, at the beginning of the war, Dr. Crow, afraid that slaves would be freed in Missouri, sent them to Texas with a kinsman, Frank Robinson, who was bringing other slaves that belonged to his family.

"There were two wagon loads of us," Walker recalled. He told how they met up with the army of General Sterling Price and came with the Confederate soldiers across Indian Territory. At the Red River, they left the Army and came to Collin County. The Robinsons traded him to a Mr. Ledbetter for about 100 wild Spanish horses. His mother was hired to another man who took her to Hot Springs, Ark. It was years before the family was reunited. Walker and his sister lived with the Ledbetters.

"Mr. Ledbetter would not tell us we were free. After he died, someone came around with a paper and showed Mrs. Ledbetter that we were free, and if she kept us we had to be paid wages or free us, so she freed us and moved to Parker County."

In 1850, there were 123 slaves in the county, about six percent of the total population- 36 were owned by Collin McKinney and his family.

Most slaves were brought into Texas by their owners from territories that became free states or from border states of Missouri or Kentucky. The last evidence of the possession of slaves in Green County, Ill., is a bill of sale in the deed records dated Sept. 18, 1848. For \$1,100, Larkin Rattan conveyed to Thomas Rattan his half-interest in the following slaves: Charlotte, 43; Bill, 14; Mary, 12; George, about 11; Louisiana, about 8; Green Iowa, about 5; and another slave boy, name unknown, about 2 years.

This is further traced to Collin County deed records of a sale from Thomas Rattan to Andrew Witt for \$600 for two slaves, Louisa (Louisiana), age 9, and Green Iowa, age 7. The two children are evidently those listed in the 1850 census with the A.J. Witt household.

There were 12 slaves in the area now Allen in 1850. One, a man with William Perrin was probably one of two that were the Perrin in Logan County, Ky., in 1840.

The others were listed with the households of Peter Fisher and his son, James T. Fisher, and were possibly one family. There was a man, 37, a woman, 30, boys, aged 18,14,13, 7, 5, 3. Two girls were 16, and there was a 1-year-old.

Peter Fisher bequeathed in his will in 1861, seven slaves to various family members. Their names were Maria, Pleasant, Carrell, Lonzo, Margaret, Hannah and Nancy. Two others were listed in the estate inventory: one Negro man, Sam, valued \$800, and one Negro named Eady, \$1,000. It is unclear if the last is a man or woman. Marriage records show that on May 1867, freewoman Edna Fisher married freeman, Benjamin Henderson.

In the 1850s, there was a large migration from Missouri and Kentucky into this county, as slave owners foresaw changes in those states. A few of the newcomers had large numbers of slaves and set up plantation-like farms. By 1864, there were over 1,500 slaves in the county.

North of Allen, slave-holders were the Hedgcoxes and Stimsons (Stimpsons). At Forest Grove, the younger Fitzhughs acquired slaves, possibly from in-laws.

West of Allen, at Lebanon and the old Rowlett Church communities, slave-holders were W.M. and Oliver Bush, S.A. Elkins, G.S. Baccus and Dr. Shelbourne. John S. Huffman Sr. came from Kentucky with an entourage which included 16 slaves. His sons-in-law, the Harringtons, had 21.

It is one of the ironies of history that John Huffman, the largest slave owner in our area, was the great-great-grandfather of Lyndon Baines Johnson, the president who signed the landmark Voting Rights Act of 1965. Of LBJ it is said that no president since Lincoln had worked harder or done more for civil rights.

Quality of slave records varies across South

2-9-92

Following the first of our series of articles on African-American history, there have been questions about where such information could be found.

I can only answer for what is available in this county, for we have found that information varies from place to place, in states and counties across the South. Locally, slave trading was never a business. Deed records contain a few sales of individuals. Most transactions are records of exchanges of ownership within families. Probate records and wills are another source for these transfers.

Slaves are usually identified by a given name, gender and age. Sometimes there is a physical description or a child's mother is named. No surnames are found in legal records until after emancipation. Marriages were forbidden.

Most stories are closely linked to their owner's family. After emancipation, census takers usually found ex-slaves in the immediate neighborhood of their former owners. Whether this was because of economic necessity, loyalty or other ties is not always known.

Lee Jackson is remembered in Allen as a former slave of the Compton family. He was probably one of the eight slaves numbered in tax records of 1864 as belonging to Eber Compton, who settled east of Allen. Census records show that Jackson was born in Missouri in 1824. One source gives his parents' birthplace as Kentucky, a pattern of migration that compounds with the Comptons. He was 41 years old when he became a freeman.

In 1885, Lee Jackson paid \$22.30 rent on two bales of cotton to the estate of Robert Fitzhugh. At that time he worked land near Fitzhugh Mills on the shares. In 1900, 74-year-old Jackson and his wife Eley were living in Allen with James and Sallie Keyes. Sallie Wilkerson Keyes appears to have been Jackson's step-daughter.

The 1910 census shows Jackson, a widower, living in Allen as a boarder with Willis and Mary Jones. Late in his life, the aged man is remembered as living in a house next to Dr. H.H. Compton's home at the present location of First Baptist Church.

A compilation of records have been made by Jeanette Bickley Bland in *African-Americans in Early Records of Collin County, Texas*. Included are lists of slaves by age and gender found in the census records of 1850 and 1860, families listed as black in

1870, marriage records of persons listed as colored or freemen circa 1865-1880, and transfers of ownership found in deed and probate records.

Thanks to the Collin County Historical Society, we are fortunate to have a few stories of former slaves in the book *Collin County in Pioneer Times: Selections from the George Pearis Brown Papers*. One of these is an interview of Alex Foreman.

The Forman name is well-known in this area. William Forman Sr.; his wife, Ruth; sons, Joe, William, James C. and Clint; and daughter, Letitia; arrived in Texas from Kentucky about 1850, bringing several slaves. The Formans operated a mill, sawmill, cooperage and distillery. Forman Sr. became the first postmaster in 1852 of a village that grew near Forman's place on the stagecoach road. First named Fillmore after the president, the post office's name was changed to Plano.

Former slave, Alex Forman was well-known as a caller for square dances, "I used to call for the white folks when they had their dances. I was born at Plano. Mr. Joe Forman was my 'master'. Mr. Scott, oldest son of Mr. Joe Forman and I are about the same age- I guess about 80-years-old," Forman related around 1932.

The 1860 census lists Joseph Forman's household as he and his wife, Elizabeth; daughters, Josephine, 10, and Ivan, 1; sons, Scott, 7, Williams 5, Ford, 3; and relative, Williams Hughes. Forman had one slave house with female slaves aged 35, 22 and 12; males aged 25, 9, 6, 3, 4, and two 1-year-olds. We suppose Alex is the 6-year-old boy.

There is a marriage record after emancipation in 1867 for Harrison Forman and Nancy Jones. The 1870 census lists their family as Harrison, 43, Nancy, 46, Alexander, 17, Allen, 13, and Doctor, 11.

In three interviews, the former slaves apparently answered a query about whippings they had experienced. Alex Forman, a youth when he became free, gave this account: "There was one whipping in my life that I will never forget. Old master sent me to the still after a jug of whiskey. The still was about one mile due east from our house and we went right across a prairie to it.

"I was walkin' with the whiskey on my shoulder and as I was coming back, I let the jug fall and break. When I got home, they didn't believe that I broke it. So, he made me go back and get a piece of the jug and I went back and got the piece and then he got a piece of me."

"I remember another whipping that Mr. Willie and I got. Mr. Willie was the second boy of the 'master.' We were taking the work horses to Spring Creek, a half mile west of the house to water them. Willie was riding a horse and I was riding a mule. Willie got to running his horse and it threw him.

"That night Willie went to bed without his supper and his pa wanted to know what was the matter with him that he didn't eat. Some of the other boys had told the 'master' about the horse throwing Willie and he asked Willie about it."

"Willie told him something' - I never did know what it was - so he said, "Well, I'll just whip you and Alex both so I will know if I get the right one." said Mr. Forman."

Except for these rare interviews, it is necessary to piece together bits from several sources to follow a personal story. Most trails will lead to other states for North Texas was settled in the last years of slavery.

Collin County African-Americans of that time had been on the frontier trail in the western expansion of the U.S. for several generations before arriving here.

Texans use initials in names

no date, probably 85-86

A character named J.R., T.J. or any other initial name is usually recognized as a Texan without further description. Although the custom of using initial names was once widespread, Texans have held on to the practice. So common were these names that many boys grew up not knowing that the initials stood for regular names. A cousin went for many years (including several in the U.S. Army) insisting his name was J.T. (initials only). Only when he read our family history did he realize that he had been named for Grandpa John Thomas as had cousins Johnny, Tommy and another J.T.

The custom of using initial names was brought to Texas with the earliest settlers. This was only one of the customs for naming children that at that time was often a complicated business. Because many children were named old biblical names there is the folk tale that the father chose an infant's name by opening the Bible at random and pointing to a capitalized word. That could explain how some unfortunate children received their unusual names, but most families used as strict formula for naming their children until the middle 1800s.

The most common naming formula used by the families that migrated to North Texas was that the first born son was named for the father's father, the second son received the name of the mother's father often including the surname. The first daughter was named for the maternal grandmother, the second for the father's mother, sometimes including their maiden names. In that manner the family's genealogy was passed down. Later children in the family were named for the parent's brothers and sisters, neighbors, and political and religious leaders. These names also give clues of where the family lived and of their religious and political beliefs.

Among the early settlers in our county were many men and boys named for the U.S. presidents and other national figures. This is surprising when you know that most of these families came to Texas when it was a Republic and not a part of the United States. Andrew Jackson and George Washington tied for the most popular patriotic names among our earliest settlers. There were thirteen G.W.s and thirteen A.J.s in this locality in 1850. There were seven each of the initials T.J. and B.F. for Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin. Were the four J.M.s for James Monroe or James Madison? Zachary T., Daniel W. and J.K.P. were also represented.

Kentuckians brought their Whig politics and children named Henry Clay to this locality. Although most former South Carolinians had lived in several states before arriving in Texas, they were still naming their children for the Swamp Fox, Francis Marion. Many early Missouri families named a son Thomas, H.B. for a man that modern history books barely mention—Thomas Hart Benton. By 1850, four Missouri born boys with his full name were living in this area and one “Benton” that became the grandfather of a large Allen family.

The great camp meeting movement gave us a few names like Lorenzo Dow, but many more Methodist's sons were named for John Wesley. The initial, A.C. was a common name in this area among Kentuckians honoring Alexander Campbell.

Girls were named Mary, Martha, Eliza, Nancy and Susanna and other usual names, but a few were named for Martha Dandridge. The family nickname for Martha was Patsy. Mary was known as Polly, Margaret as Peggy. The first girl born in Texas in several families was named Texana. Others were named for previous homes —Missouri, Tennessee and Virginia.

With so many cousins having the same names, nicknames and initials were used to distinguish between them. George Washington became G.W. or Wash. John Wesley was J.W., Wes, John W. or “Dubb” for the W. Then there were the double –barrelled names like Billy Bob, Billy Jack, Billy Joe probably for much the same reason.

Diminutive names used within some families had their roots buried far in the family’s history. The use of Bud for a small boy probably came from Pennsylvania “Dutch” or North Carolina German origins. In some families each little boy was called Bud until a smaller baby boy took his place. The last “Bud” in the family was stuck with the name for the rest of his life!

Another nickname brought into early North Texas was “Dude”. This was an Irish diminutive from “duidin”, a little clay pipe. The name was given to both boys and girls. (I had an Aunt Dude, Gene Reed, and Uncle Dude.) Early Texans gave the name to new comers, inexperienced in frontier life, or “babes on the prairies.” The word evolved away from being a name for a small child.

There seems to be a trend toward using old-fashioned names. Many new parents are naming their children old family or biblical names. Perhaps we will see a new generation of Texans known only by their initials.

During pioneer years, laymen and women were salt of the earth

no date, probably 1991 or 92

“Oh come, come, come, come...,” an old song hums through my mind, along with snatches of recent conversations, as I try to focus on one historic local church. I hereby abandon my planned subject and yield to these extraneous thoughts. We will see where they lead.

When Williams S. Pitts wrote “Little Brown Church” in 1865, our local churches were indeed “in the wildwood.” As the pioneers joined together to form churches, they also established a community conscience – moral and ethical standards that were recognized throughout the farming community and town.

Until recent times, most of the churches were quarter-time, or half-time, that is, a church had preaching once or twice a month. However, in reality, there were no part-time churches or part-time church members.

Laymen and women carried on the day to day work of the church, led Sunday schools, prayer meetings and took care of the needs of the community.

They were the salt of the earth. They lived their religion each day. In business, they practiced fair dealing. Their word was their bond. Contracts were firm with a handshake.

Some of their acts of kindness may be argued to have been simple neighborliness, but they were based on principles taught in the churches and in the homes of churchfolk.

When there was serious illness, back before hospitals, they came to sit with the sick. A rota was worked out among the church members so the family had someone to help at all times. If a man was ill, his crop was tilled and gathered; livestock was tended.

If death came, the deceased was prepared for burial; a coffin was built; the house aired and fumigated. Church members sat in vigil and dug the grave. The preacher was sent for, but if necessary, a church elder or deacon also took care of the funeral service.

Church bells were slowly tolled to honor the departed. The bell at St. Mary's Baptist Church is remembered as being especially solemn and mournful. The whole community grieved. The widow and her children were cared for. If children were left orphaned, they were taken into the homes of church families. Census records show how a large family of children were spread out over the families of a church.

We hear criticism that they qualified their harsh charity. They helped the worthy poor, or those who were needy indeed. In a hard-working community, there was no abiding a lazy, no 'count, good-for-nothing.

Men who were improvident were visited by a delegation of church men, often repeatedly, to try to get them to mend their ways. Tramps riding the rails who stopped off in town for a meal found they were expected to pay for their food by chopping wood or other chores.

Up until 60 years ago, churches disciplined their membership and in effect, policed the town and community. The harshest penalty was exclusion, or "getting kicked out of the church."

This was no simple process, taken on a whim, but usually a lengthy, legalistic affair that followed prescribed steps." A formal charge was made before the church or governing body. Witnesses were called. A delegation was sent to talk with the accused. They reported back to the church, and often the accused testified before the church prior to any action taken.

During the pioneer years, and well into this century, there was no disagreement between the denominations in this locality about what was proper conduct, and each church dealt with their membership.

Public drunkenness, gaming and horseracing came under the evangelist's fire and under the churches' discipline. One local woman was charged with "keeping a disorderly house," and I don't think they were criticizing her housekeeping.

Occasionally, two brethren came to fisticuffs. The church worked to make peace and resolve their differences before taking actions against them. Church discipline had the attitude "this is going to hurt us more than you."

To be reinstated, a backslider usually had to take a few trips down to the mourner bench and had to make a public apology to the church.

Allen has always been a town that had taken care of its own. In a recent conversation, Hazel Williams Anderson spoke of the many times the town had rallied to help people in need. "If a house burned or a family needed help, it did not matter who they were. Everyone got together and helped them."

Although we are less aware of our neighbors in our larger community, we have seen that the town can still rally to a need if it is known.

Allen Cemetery

8-11-85

A walk through the 101-year-old Allen Cemetery is a review of the history of this area. A tall white marble monument is in honor of Permelia, the first bride of Collin County. She married G.W. Ford on August 29, 1844. In 1846, they headrighted land that is now a part of Allen.

The elegance of Victoriana is in the unusual wooden marker of W.H. Bennett who died in 1890. The wood is deeply weathered and the engraving is almost unreadable. He

was the husband of Mary E. Wetsel Bennett. Was this beautiful marker the handwork of one of the Wetsels, a pioneer family known for their woodcraft?

The monuments of Doctors Wolford and Compton remind us that these doctors cared for over two generations of residents of this locality. The dates in stone give evidence of epidemics, and little stones with the resting lamb symbol remind us of the high mortality of infants and small children.

A chronicle of wars can be found. The Whisenant brothers, Robert Benton and John W. both served in Capt. R.M. Board's Company of the Ninth Regiment of the Texas Infantry, C.S.A. Robert J. Cuffman was killed in the offensive at Meuse-Argonne in France in 1918. His nephew, Robert E. Cuffman was killed in 1944. The Mann family also lost two: Lt. Rudd V. Mann died in 1942; Capt Wayne T. Mann was killed in 1951 during the Korean War. Vernon Cain, Charles Jeanes, Mathew Philpot and James N. Poindexter all died during World War II.

There is an oral history of burials that predate the established cemetery. The cemetery association, would like to verify these stories. Was an earlier cemetery incorporated when the present cemetery was established?

Ed Lynge, whose granduncle once owned the land, said family tradition told of a slave cemetery in the southeast corner from a time before the family purchased the land.

On April 5, 1884, the International Order of Odd Fellows, Lodge No. 249 bought 2.9 acres of land for a cemetery from John W. Whisenant. This was the northeast corner of the William Perrin survey, adjacent to the platted town of Allen.

The I.O.O.F. was a fraternal organization whose benefits to members included cemeteries, widows and orphans homes, and some endowed insurance. The Allen Lodge, the 249th in Texas, was organized during 1877-78. The Grand Lodge of Texas had a troubled existence during this period. Many lodges became defunct. A series of disasters around the turn of the century, cyclones at Blum and Garza, the Galveston hurricane, greatly taxed the resources of the organization.

In 1899, the Allen Cemetery Association was formed to administer the burial ground. An additional 1.5 acres was purchased in 1919.

By 1950 more land was needed. L.C. Summers was President and Mrs. Nan Leach, secretary-treasurer. The adjoining land was being subdivided. Homer Cuffman, the owner, told the officers of the impending change for he knew they wanted to increase the size of the cemetery. They quickly sought a lender for the money they needed, but found that a cemetery was viewed as a poor risk. But John Butler loaned the money and two acres of land was purchased. A surveyor was hired to lay out the new cemetery lots. In one day enough lots were sold to pay the debt to Mr. Butler.

The present officers of the Allen Cemetery Association, Ed Lynge, President and Mrs. Dale Holt, secretary-treasurer, and other association members are documenting the history of the cemetery to submit an application to the Texas Historical Commission for a historical marker. This recognition is greatly deserved for the cemetery's place in our history.

Local Legends

no date, probably 1991 or 92

[The first page cannot be found. This is probably not by Gwen Pettit and was probably in the Dallas Morning News or the Dallas Times Herald. But this was included in her papers]

Two local legends involve Rowlett Creek. A suspected Union sympathizer was found hanged from a tree on Rowlett Creek during the Civil War. Also there is the story of the ill-fated Muncey family, slaughtered in 1844 by Indians and buried by other settlers near the spring on Rowlett Creek.

_____age of ghostly tales.

For the most part, the tales are unsubstantiated by historical fact, but nevertheless enrich area history.

Strange howls and evil sounds are primary ingredients of the dreaded “things that go bump in the night,” and the flatland prairies of Collin County are no exception. Since the day of the ancient Indian tribes, the winds have swept across the prairie, joining with the howls of wolves to terrify inhabitants. Around the time of the Civil War, one settler of this area wrote in his diary of the fear of wild wolves.

“We are living on the bank of a deep ravine where the prairie meets the woods. We have no fence around the house, which is a low, unpainted, ox shanty, similar to all share-farming tenant houses of this time. The wolves are numerous, and often at night, when the weather is cold and the wolves are very hungry, they come up to the door. While mother is frying meat for supper, they gnarl and snap and gnaw on the corner of the kitchen... They gnaw on the wood and gnarl and snap at one another for several minutes. Then, from far down in the thick brush we hear the lonesome howl of other wolves, and if by signal, those near the kitchen leave.”

Legends abound throughout the area’s history of vicious attacks on settlers by wolves, panthers, bear and, occasionally, Indians. For early inhabitants, animals were the primary raiders of the night.

The Civil War brought new fears into this area, particularly concerning Union sympathizers. Anyone suspected of consorting with the Union army, Indians settlers or strangers was often the victim of brutality or murder.

One such story is told about the murder of a suspected Union sympathizer in north Collin County. According to Helen Hall of the Heritage Guild of Collin County, this was an event that was responsible for the “haunted crossing of Indian Creek.” During the Civil War, the stagecoach ran from central Texas through Collin County on its way north. Stopping at the stagecoach stop in Allen, (which was just of south of Stacy Road) and then moving up to McKinney, this particular stagecoach run had a strange man and young boy, who both rode a horse behind the stage. That was not unusual, because the stagecoach provided safety from the numerous highwaymen and Indian attacks. However, a stranger was not a welcome sight in those days, and the appearance of the man and boy caused some worry along the way. By the time the pair rode into the McKinney stop, the local town patrol had been alerted. Town patrols were primarily made up of men who were too old to fight in the war and who instead stayed behind as local militiamen to defend their homes and families.

The horse riders continued to follow the stage after it left McKinney, and the man told those in town that he was taking his son to a safe house in Oklahoma. Local authorities doubted the story, however, and legend says that outside of the town of

Squeezepenny, about seven miles north of McKinney, the town patrol took matters into its own hands.

Squeezepenny was rumored to be an ancient place and was believed to be a possible burial ground of Indian tribes. In 1842, when settlers first came through this area, they found Indian tribes living on little hills outside of the area later known as Squeezepenny and around the banks of Indian Creek.

At the time of the Civil War, the creek was at the bottom of a steep incline. Horses and coaches slowly made their way through the rocky waters of its shallows.

Overhung with large dark trees, it was at this crossing that the man and boy on the horse were suddenly ambushed at night by locals seeking to rid the area of suspected Union sympathizers, the local patrol rode out from the shadows of the creekbed and shot the riders without hesitation. The two were buried in unmarked graves, and no one ever learned their identity.

As years passed, locals believed that the soul of the murdered haunted the creekbed, reliving the terrible events that passed that night. On moonlit nights, many claimed to hear the clatter of horse's hooves across the creek and the terrified screams of the child as he fell to his death.

Rowlett Creek is equally as mysterious in the legends of this area. According to local historian Gwen Pettit, several incidents have occurred there that still are regarded with legendary mystery.

In one incident, a suspected Union sympathizer was found hanged from a tree on Rowlett Creek during the course of the Civil War.

Also, on Rowlett Creek, between Highway 5 and Jupiter Road, there was a large spring-fed "Indian hole." Even on the hottest days, the water was always ice cold. A regular camping spot for Indians, it also became the home of the Muncey family in the 1840s. Tragically, the Muncneys were slaughtered by angry Indians in 1844 and were buried by other settlers near the spring on Rowlett Creek. Thereafter, when locals swam in the spring, they would report goose bumps, chills and eerie feelings that were not the result of the spring waters.

By the time Collin County was settled, the nation was well past the era of witch hunts and warlocks, but nevertheless there is some mention in local history of strange cures and treatments for a variety of ailments. One early settler wrote that during the mid-1860s, there was a woman in this area, known as Old Mrs. Fuller, "who had lots of experience with ills and remedies for them." One was her cure for cramp colic. According to Fuller, the afflicted needed to go into the field and find nine stinkbugs and swallow them as a "sure cure." Another remedy was her treatment for "sore lips andhot place. Its curative powers were believed to come from the fact that the butter was rancid by the time it used.

Even Allen is not without some historical intrigue. In the Allen Cemetery, the oldest burial on record is 1883, but rumors passed down through the years suggest that a portion of the property was used much earlier, possibly as a slave burial ground. Research hints that there were some bodies buried on the far southeast corner by the creek before the area was officially declared a cemetery in 1884. But their identities and histories are unknown, leaving all to speculation and legend.

Halloween tales or historical color, these mysteries are retold with each generation or storyteller, varying every time. The difficulty lies in substantiating the

stories and uncovering any truths. Historical documentation requires painstaking research and...ing for anything to provide factual evidence of the past.

In Collin County, there are many historians and groups working to piece together an accurate accounting of this area's history. Recent progress was made with the Allen Cemetery Associations' notification that the cemetery will receive a historical marker from the state. The marker will commemorate the more than 100 years of the cemetery's existence and is the result of four years of tedious research documenting the cemetery's origins. The Cemetery Association plans to officially dedicate the marker in the spring of 1989. Other work continues throughout the county to save historical buildings and to preserve significant areas. Many have been lost, but growing concern and awareness of the area's colorful history continue to separate fact from fiction. This works to provide accurate historical records that are needed and to preserve the

Allen Cemetery reportedly was created in 1883, but old rumors suggest that a portion of the property was used much earlier, possibly as a slave burial ground. Research hints that there were some bodies buried on the far southeast corner by Cottonwood Creek before the area was officially declared a cemetery.

Memories of old-time barbershops in Allen linger 11-19-89

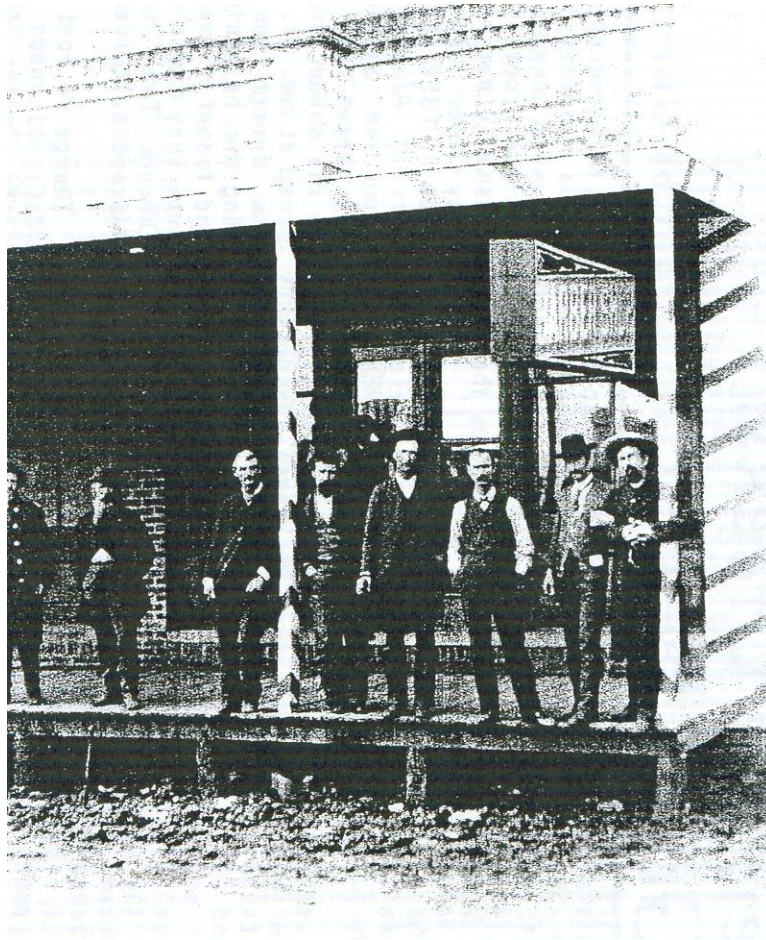
The local barbershop as an all-male stronghold is long past. Today's shops usually have cute names that emphasize that both sexes are welcome. No longer does a male gossip session suddenly cease when a lady enters the door. Prices, too, have changed since the days of the old barbershop quarter tag, "Shave and a haircut, six bits."

My experience with barbershops began one day when my mother, frustrated with hair that refused to curl and a wriggling 3-year-old daughter, took scissors and cut off my would-be sausage curls. She then marched me around the block to the neighborhood barbershop and asked an amused barber to do something with what remained of my hair. For the remainder of my childhood, I suffered through periodic sessions in a barbershop, to have my hair cut in a short bob just below my ears, shingled in back, with straight bands across my forehead. (This was when the favored fashion for little girls was Shirley Temple curls.) My mother was always uncomfortable going into a barbershop, even though she was one of the generation of women that broke through the all-male bastion of the barbershop to have their hair bobbed in the 1920s.

Most tonsorial artistry during the early years of settlement was probably performed on the front porch by the father of the family. Early photographs show that children's hairstyles were fashioned after the proverbial bowl. 1850 census records do not list any men whose principal occupation was barber. The 1880 census of Allen does not have a barber; however, A.J. Winningkoff, for whom the Winningkoff community was named, was a barber in McKinney.

Allen's earliest known barber was James S. Spradley. He was the only barber listed in the 1900 census of Allen. An article of Allen local news in the McKinney Democrat in September 1901 said, "Our neighbor and friend, J.S. Spradley, who has been in the barber business here for some years, has sold his dwelling to Rev. B.F. Lockhart and his shop to Mr. Looney, recently of McKinney, and is going to move this week to McKinney where he will follow his old trade—that of running a barbershop. We regret to give him and family up and hope that he will prosper wherever he goes." We do not know how long Mr. Looney practiced barbering here, but we know that Adolphus D.

“Dolph” Carroll soon became the town barber. Carroll was a son of B.C. Carroll, an old-time Allen merchant and was an uncle of our Bob Carroll. The Carroll family came to Allen about 1885 from Alabama. The parents were originally from Georgia. An article in 1904, titled “Busy Town of Allen,” said “A.D. Carroll is our barber. He has the laundry basket in connection.” (A steam laundry in Denison advertised that laundry left at certain barbershops would be returned speedily, evidently making the round trip by rail.)



This picture is thought to be of the barbershop next to the old bank building, now Rodenbaugh's.

Old-timers remember more than one barbershop in Allen at times. Carroll was a barber here for many years; another barber was Red Christie. Henry Laird was the last long-time Allen barber. For as long as anyone can remember, a barbershop was next to the bank building. It is supposed that the picture shown with this article is of this building, yet this building is a wider premises that is remembered. The reason for this could be that at that time the building housed other facilities besides a barbershop. Don Rodenbaugh, who now owns the building, tells that in the early days of his business, he had plenty of time to talk of the olden days with Henry Laird in the barbershop. Laird told him that once cowboys and farmhands rode into town each Saturday and hitched

their horses to a chain rail that was still at the back of the building when Rodenbaugh bought it.

The men picked up their laundry that had been left the week before and, at the bathhouse connected to the barbershop, paid 10 cents for a towel, a bar of soap and a tub of hot water. They left their dirty jeans and overalls (which could probably stand alone after a week's wear) to be laundered for the next week. After their baths, they went next door to the barbershop for a shave and a haircut. Then they headed to the nearest café for a big meal.

Today styling salons have almost replaced the old-time barbershops, but we still have memories of the aroma of bay rum and other tonics, once rowed in colorful array on mirrored shelves.

Gold Fever

5-25-86

Gold fever struck Collin County in 1849. Companies of men were gathering at Johnson Station (Arlington), and at the new fort, Fort Worth, to begin the trek to the California gold fields. Many were coming down the Texas Road from Missouri and Arkansas to take the southern route west.

To a man that had pushed the Frontier west, to be among the first to settle here, this new adventure would have been irresistible. Jack McGarrah was accustomed to living on the edge of danger from the time. He and his twin, George, were born in Tennessee. He had been raised on the Missouri frontier, had lived at Fayetteville, Arkansas during the rough days of that town's beginning, and had established the trading post, Buckner, in 1843. His dream of a town at Buckner was lost when the county seat had moved to McKinney. Colonel Jack was forty-six years old and the father of a large, nearly grown family when he followed the lure of California gold.

Joining Jack McGarrah in this venture was his son-in-law, Tola Dunn; Thomas McDonald; and G.W. Ford. A caravan of one hundred-fifty men gathered at Fort Worth and began the slow overland trip to California. Descriptions of these groups of Argonauts tell that each man usually had a couple of pack mules as well as their saddle horses, and trailed at least one beef for food.

The route went through Comanche country to El Paso, passed through Apache land and the deserts of the Southwest. The caravan lost all its animals in raids by the plains Indians.

The group was almost without food for six days. A Mexican horse was killed and eaten on one occasion when starvation threatened according to "Wash" Ford. Only half the men reached California. They were seven months on the trail.

Apparently, the Collin County men went to Sonora, California, a town in the Sierra Nevadas, east of San Francisco, known as the "The queen of the southern mines." The town was the site of the Big Bonanza, often called the "richest single-pocket mine ever discovered in California." Jack McGarrah dies at Sonora.

The remaining three evidently were successful enough that they could take the expensive water route home. They sailed from San Francisco in 1853. After touching port at Acapulco, cholera broke out on the crowded ship. About two hundred died on the stricken ship and were buried at sea. Mr. Ford said it was through fear and trembling that he reached Panama, and footed it across the isthmus. They took a ship for New Orleans. Tola Dunn died at Alexandria, Louisiana.

George W. Ford and Thomas McDonald made it back to Collin County. Whether they brought back any California gold was left to their neighbors' conjecture.

Men, lured by gold, make dangerous trek probably 1991-92

The legendary, larger-than-life Texan was no myth, Texas even before the Republic, drew men who dared to dream large dreams, to have bigger goals than other men. They pushed the frontier before them, their eyes to the far horizon. Some were men with political savvy that had achieved success in other places. Their old dreams might have gone sour, or their restlessness drove them to move on, but there was always another place to make a new start. Collin County seems to have had a fair share of men of their stamp.

History does not tell us enough about their womenfolk. Little is known of the wives that tended the home hearth, fed their children from the land, clothed them with clothes made of home-grown fiber, tutored their rudimentary lessons, and taught them faith while the husbands fought wars, chased Indians, and sought their fortunes in distant places. Four ladies that we wish we knew more about are Polly McGarrah, Sarah Dunn, Parmelia Ford and Mrs. McDonald.

Some time ago, we told of old Fort Buckner, the first county seat of Collin County. Buckner was begun in 1843 by John "Jack" McGarrah as a settlement and trading post. Several Allenites are direct descendants of Captain Jack; while others are related to the large McGarrah clan. McGarrah, a former member of the Arkansas Legislature, was the captain of a Ranger company that protected this frontier during the early days- an attack was repelled at Fort Buckner while the first cabin was being constructed. When Collin County was created in 1846, Buckner was informally selected as the county seat. Town lots were laid out with a square for the court house. However, the pioneers overlooked the proper procedure required by the Texas legislature that the county seat was to be as near as possible to the county's center and two sites had to be considered in an official election. Buckner, was too far from the center. A later election chose McKinney. Jack McGarrah's dream of a city on his headright was lost.

Jack McGarrah was 46 years old and the father of a large nearly grown family when in 1850 he followed the lure of California Gold.

Three younger men joined him in the venture; his son-in-law, Tola Dunn; Thomas McDonald; and George Washington Ford. (Ford lived southeast of Ford Middle School and Ford Park. The school and park were named for his descendant, W.E. "Pete" Ford and are on the original Ford headright.)

A caravan of 150 men gathered at Fort Worth and set out on the slow overland trip to California. Each man in the group of Argonauts taking this trail usually had a couple of pack mules, as well as their saddle horses, and trailed at least one head of beef for food. The caravan went through Comanche country to El Paso and passed through Apache land. While crossing the southwestern deserts, the caravan lost all its animals in Indian raids.

At one time on the seven-month trek, the men were almost without food for six days. When starvation threatened, a Mexican horse was killed and eaten. Only half the men reached California.

The Collin County men were at Sonora, Calif., a town in the Sierra Nevadas, east of San Francisco (near Yosemite) known as the "the Queen of the Southern Mines." The

town was the site of the Big Bonanza, often called the “richest single-pocket mine ever discovered in California.” Jack McGarrahan died at Sonora.

The remaining three were successful enough to take the expensive water route home. They sailed from San Francisco in 1853. After touching port at Acapulco, cholera broke out on the crowded ship. About 200 died on the stricken ship and were buried at sea. “Wash” Ford later told that it was “with fear and trembling” that he reached Panama. With the others, he “footed it across the isthmus” to take a ship to New Orleans. Tola Dunn died at Alexandria, Louisiana. Ford and McDonald made it home. During his remaining years, except for service in the Confederate Army, Ford said he never again left “old Collin.” Whether or not the two men brought back any California gold was left to their neighbor’s conjecture.

Lee-Peacock feud rages

7-26-92

The Lee-Peacock feud is not as well-known as the Appalachian feuds fictionalized in movies and song, but the North Texas feud involved the people of four counties and was one of the bloodiest of the feuds that raged in the years following the Civil War.

The counties of North Texas, with the exception of Dallas, voted against secession. But when Texas seceded, most north Texans stayed loyal to the state’s decision. However, there remained Union sympathizers.

They formed a secret organization and were suspected of sabotage and murder. This led to retaliations and mob violence. During the war years, North Texas was gripped in a reign of terror.

After the war, the Union sympathizers were in a commanding position. Pilot Grove, on the stagecoach road between Bonham and McKinney, was headquarters of an organization known as the Union League. The small town, also known as Licksillet, was in southeast Grayson County, near the corners of Collin, Fannin and Hunt Counties.

Miss G.B. Ray’s well-documented book about the feud, *Murder at the Corners*, was published in 1956. I first heard about the feud from my high school teacher at Whitewright, Mr. Homer Gentry. His grandfather was the local minister at the time of the feud.

How it came about that the feud was part of our lesson, I do not recall, but that was when I first realized that history could be local and personal.

The feud was said to have begun when Captain Bob Lee returned from the war. He had enlisted in a company of Texas State Troops raised at Pilot Grove in August 1861 and rose through the ranks to be a captain in General Forrest’s cavalry.

When he returned home, he found many changes in his old neighborhood. However, the Confederate veterans felt they had a leader in Lee.

The leader of the Union League was a wagon-maker, Lewis Peacock from Missouri and Kansas who had settled near Pilot Grove in the 1850s. During the war years, newcomers with Union sympathies who had come to the Corners from the border states to escape the war were aided in settling by Lewis Peacock.

Miss Ray said: “From all accounts the wagon-maker was a practical opportunist with a quick sense of timing. He made one unfortunate and unforgettable statement, however, when he said that some day he meant to be the boss of all Grayson County!”

The Lee family was better off than some of their neighbors and it was thought that the father, Daniel Lee, had brought a quantity of gold from old Virginia that was buried somewhere on the Lee ranch.

One night a posse entered Bob Lee's house, where he was sick in bed, and arrested him. They said he was being taken to Sherman to be tried for crimes he committed during the war. At Choctaw Bottom they made camp. One of the men told Lee that if he would hand over some gold he could go free. After 36 hours, the sick man yielded and signed a note for \$2,000, gave them a \$25 gold piece he had in his pocket, and promised them his mule and bridle. He was allowed to go free.

Lee went to Bonham and filed charges against the leaders of the kidnapers, but Union Leaguers stormed the Fannin County jail and released their men. Lee refused to honor the note.

Wildcat Thicket, a dense, almost impenetrable tangle of brush that lay over the corners of the four counties, became Lee's hide-out. Lee's home was only a short ride to the thicket. He built a tent of black oil cloth and spent more time there than at home. His followers met there and brought reports to the thicket. If a stranger appeared or any unusual incident occurred, Lee knew within an hour.

One day, Lee and one of Peacock's men exchanged some fighting words in Pilot Grove. As Lee walked away, a bullet grazed his head and he fell to the ground.

Dr. William H. Pierce ran to his aid. The doctor took him to his home and cared for him. A few days later, a man called the doctor to the front gate, started an argument over a horse and shot the doctor as the family watched. He died three days later, the first fatality of a feud that would run for five years.

Bob Lee wrote a long letter to the editor that was printed in the *Texas State News* at Bonham, relating the events in Choctaw Bottom and the death of Dr. Pierce. "I will not cease to punish these men so long as I can find them..."

Within a month, newspapers reported killings at Farmersville and Kentucky Town. General J.J. Reynolds, military commander of Texas, sent more troops to North Texas. Rewards of \$1,000 were posted for Lee and his followers. The bloody trails of the feud extended to Marshall in East Texas, to Dallas, west to Gainesville and into Indian Territory.

In shoot-outs near Col. William Fitzhugh's home, north of McKinney, one man was killed. Two others escaped on the sheriff's and a deputy's horse. They were seen later that day "trotting jauntily" down the Rockwall Road (FM 1378).

Only one man was known to maintain neutrality in the neighborhood at the Corners- Parson Martin Gentry. The Baptist minister traveled a wide circuit preaching at churches at Pilot Grove, Kentucky Town, Shady Grove and other places.

He prayed for his warring neighbors, acted as mediator on occasion and preached their funerals. The old cemetery at Pilot Grove had many new graves; so did the Lee family cemetery.

Bob Lee was killed by Federal soldiers after a neighbor betrayed the routes to Lee's hideout. Lewis Peacock was ambushed when he went out to his wood pile one morning.

In the summer of 1871, peace finally came to the Corners. The descendants of those caught in the feud are now widespread. Some live in Allen. Last week, the townspeople of Leonard, a town built near Wildcat Thicket after the feud, gave a musical

dramatization of the feud. A murmur rose through the audience when it was announced that a couple of descendents of the Peacocks were there.

When they asked for Lee descendents, there was a general stir as people rose. Today at the Corners there are those who say, like our neighbor at our garden patch at Pike, "That was my great-granddaddy." "Which one?" I asked. "Why Lee, of course!" Pettit is a longtime Allen resident with an avid interest in history.

Local, national politics intertwined in 1890s 10-30-88

Our march through history became bogged down about 1890. There appeared to be a dearth of information available for this stage of local history. The whole of the 1890 census was destroyed. The only local newspaper we have for this period is *The McKinney Democrat*; all others were lost in fires. *The Democrat*, despite its name, had become the official organ of the Farmers' Alliance. There was very little news of local interest; that is, any that interested me. With present-day media creating political overkill, I was not in the mood to sit at a microfilm viewer reading reels of repetitious political screed.

Occasionally, the *Democrat* reprinted local news from the *Plano Enquirer*, *Wylie Rustler*, *Nevada News* or *Farmersville Times* – nothing from Allen. My eyes wandered from reports of Alliance meetings to advertisements for Syrup of Figs, Mexican Mustang Liniment, Ayer's Sasparilla and Shiloh's Consumption Cure. Earlier ads of furniture and parlor organs had given way to steam engines and farm machinery.

However, my perseverance was rewarded with a note from *Hornet* on Oct. 1 1891, about a new gin at Bethany: "The hum of the gin and the shriek of the whistle is the music we have to pick cotton by." In December, a report said, "There were over 100 bales of cotton brought from Mathew's gin near Bethany to McKinney and sold last Friday."

An Allen Alliance group began reporting; however, W.W. Chapman, secretary wrote that meetings were held at Wetsel schoolhouse, near Highway 5 at Stacy. Judge J.W. Gray was the chairman.

A report from Allen on July 7, 1892, said that the wheat and oat crop was above average. "Threshing begins next week in dead earnest, and Allen expects to ship 300 cars."

At this point, I began to suspect that I was missing something. I have often stated that my only interest in national political history was how it affected the individual or the local community. Apparently I had been overlooking the obvious. Local and National history were intertwined in the early '90s. Many local people were deeply involved with national issues. Was it possible that Grandpa could have had another political affiliation? Where was the solid South?

The Farmer's Alliance was more than a social club for farm folk. To help its members market their crops and buy goods for their families, the Alliance had six cooperative stores and warehouses in this county, with mills at McKinney and Melissa. However, the Alliance was serious about their political views. A Kansas lawyer, Mary Elizabeth "Mary Yellin" Lease, told Farmers' Alliance members that they needed to "raise less corn and more hell." Farmers in the western farm states proceeded to do so.

The most vocal Alliance members in our area were in the Willow Springs group at Lucas, John T. Branch was the county lecturer. He made a circuit of the county

schoolhouses and spoke most nights. The president in Willow Springs, W.T. Newsom, wrote long articles for the paper. This group challenged the McKinney Democrat Club to debate the question: "Resolved, that the subtreasury as expressed in the Ocala platform is superior to our present monetary system." This referred to the program drawn up at an Alliance convention at Ocala, Fla., in December, 1890, that called for unlimited coinage of silver, subtreasuries to make credit easier for farmers to secure loans, laws prohibiting stock market speculation, strict regulation of railroads (or government ownership), popular election of U.S. senators, and a graduated income tax.

At a convention in Omaha in July, 1892, the Alliance and other farmers' and laborers' organizations formed the people's Party. They adopted a platform of the same issues as at the Ocala convention and nominated Gen. James B. Weaver as their presidential candidate. Their campaign had the fervor of camp meeting revivals as they sang, "Bring out the good old ballot, boys, We'll right every wrong." They carried several western farm states and made a surprising showing in the South – 22 electoral votes for Weaver. In Collin County, Cleveland got 4,988 votes, but 2,069 voted for Weaver. Harrison was third at 976 votes.

Although the People's Party lost the election of '92, the issues that our local farmers were prepared to debate eventually resulted in the Federal Reserve system, acts regulating railroads and the stock market, and the 16th and 17th amendments for a graduated income tax and the popular election of U.S. senators.

Local politics in 1892 were more vigorous than any time since Reconstruction. Almost every Collin County voter (men over 21) cast a ballot. Grassroot voices had spoken; they wanted their vote to count.

Many traveled from Kentucky to settle here

8-28-88

Young Kentuckians came from Bourbon, Oldham and other counties near Louisville and Lexington to recreate their old Kentucky homes on the Texas prairies. They claimed Peter's Colony land as they could – land their descendants would farm to the present generation. Their names also became familiar in local business. There are many of their descendants and kin still here. If these families were not related when they came to Texas, they soon were connected. Our first doctor, Dr. John Smith Huffman Jr. of Bourbon County, had recently graduated from the University of Louisville when he took up Peter's Colony land. In 1848, he married Mary Elizabeth Perrin, the daughter of Kentuckian William Perrin, whose land is now in the center of Allen. The Huffman's half-section was southeast of the present-day intersection of Custer Road and McDermott.

South on Custer at Spring Creek is where Silas and Alfred Harrington of Shelbyville, Ky., camped for three years to prove their claims. Silas returned to Kentucky in 1848 and, while in the old state, married 18-year-old Mary Elizabeth Huffman, one of Dr. Huffman's twin sisters. Two years later, the older brother, Alfred Harrington, returned to Kentucky to settle his father's estate, and he married his sister-in-law's twin, Martha Huffman.

The father of the Huffmans, John S. Huffman Sr., joined the younger members of his family in Texas in 1852. Others of the family settled further west on White Rock Creek. The names of Liter and Ament, maiden names of the Huffman family, appear among other families as evidence of family connections.

An older son of another family, Benjamin Franklin Mathews, came from Oldham County, Ky., before 1848 with his wife, Mary Ann, a young daughter and Thomas Yager, Mary Ann's brother. Mathews was a carpenter and built homes for his neighbors. Most families lived in cabins at first, but built two-story homes of Kentucky style as soon as possible. One such home built by B.F. Mathews in 1867 for Joe Forman, is at 1617 Ave. K (Highway 5) in Plano.

Later, Owen Mathews bought land from his brother on Rowlett Creek. The old Mathews' home stood until recently on the hill above the creek between the railroad and Central (south of Intecom). Owen Mathews was a school teacher and taught at Cottonwood and Bethany.

These early settlers sent word back praising this wonderful new country bringing others here. Robert W. Carpenter came on a scouting trip to Texas in 1852. He bought land and returned to Kentucky for his bride, Elizabeth Mathews. The mother of the Mathews, Catherine Mathew-Lunsford, came to be with her older children in 1857. She brought her daughters, Mary Susanna Lunsford and Nancy Catherine Lunsford, and sons, Simon Peter Lunsford and William Gibson Mathews. Nancy Catherine (Nannie Kate) married Clinton Haggard, formerly of Winchester, Ky., and Mary Susanna married John Liter Brown.

Another family, William Nelson Bush and his wife, Elizabeth, settled southwest of Allen (Legacy between Alma and Custer) and would later have large farming and business holdings in Allen. Bush and his bride set out for Texas in a two-horse wagon with his cousin, Oliver Bush, and Oliver's four slaves. W.N. caught pneumonia and was delayed at point Comfort, Ark. They arrived in McKinney on Dec. 8, 1856, two months after leaving Kentucky.

Because these people left written records, we know about their trips to Texas and about their daily lives. Through the Carpenter family history, we can picture this land as they first saw it, because Robert Washington Carpenter later told his grandchildren of his first impressions of this country. He was 20 when he left the stage coach at William Forman's general store, post office and inn (that later became Plano). After hiring a horse from Forman, he rode northwest along Spring Creek toward the log cabin homes of Alfred Harrington and his brother-in-law, B.F. Mathews. He thought it was the most beautiful country he had ever seen. As far as the eye could see were miles and miles of waving grass that even in the early spring reached the stirrups on his saddle. Wild water fowl, duck and geese rose ahead, out of water-filled buffalo wallows, by the thousands. He saw prairie chickens and quail and once glimpsed an antelope or deer on his ride up Spring Creek. Here was a land such as few had ever seen.

Parker returns to normal without Dallas, Southfork 4-14-91

With the demise of the television series *Dallas* and the loss of Southfork, our local tourist attraction, the town of Parker can get back to being Parker again. Some news reports have made us wonder how much life imitates fiction but Texas has always had men who had big dreams. Our history is full of men who dared to risk, failed and moved on, and of others who stayed, picked up the pieces and remained to make something worthwhile.

One bubble that burst was the town of Decatur. Henry Maxwell envisioned a town, possibly a city in south Collin County. Nothing is known of his reasons for believing in the success of his scheme.

At about the same time, the McKinney family in north Collin County was laying out the town of Mantua. Collin McKinney wrote to a nephew in Kentucky: "The railroad fever has run very high here, everybody thinks the railroad is coming by their house and certain to go through all the towns. The engineer has not surveyed the route yet."

A railroad was proposed that would run from Memphis, through Little Rock, Bonham, and on to El Paso. Another was chartered to run from Houston to some place on the Red River. If only Maxwell could get the rails to cross at Decatur!

John W. Parker put in a general store in Decatur. The old town site was located on FM 544, east of FM 2551, east of the Murphy crossroads. In a short while, Maxwell, more cattleman than entrepreneur, abandoned his town and moved his herd and his family to Parker County. John W. Parker stayed.

The Parker family was from Humphrey County, Tennessee. John W. Parker had a brother, the Rev. James M. Parker, a Methodist minister, who settled at Pleasant Valley (south of Sachse) in Dallas County. The sons of another brother, William S. Parker, settled at McKinney. John R. and R.L. Parker were prominent McKinney businessmen. Others of the family connections from Humphrey County, Tennessee included the Rev. Robert Dunlap, a Presbyterian minister, and his brother James Marion Dunlap, and their families.

With the J.W. Parkers was a slave woman named Abbie and her children, Bob, Harriet, Jim and Henderson. As a young man, John W. Parker had married and moved to Yalobusha County, Mississippi, probably when the Chickasaw Indians ceded their lands in 1832. William C. Parker, his eldest son was born in Mississippi, in 1836, as were John Thomas, James David, Eliza Ann and Samuel J; Lucy Ann was born back in Tennessee. The mother of these children died and Parker married Mary Eloise, whose children were Mary E., Jr., Buchanan and others, thought to be Lawrance and Desdemona.

Four of the sons enlisted in the Confederate Army. James David and John Thomas, both in Fitzhugh's Regiment, died- James at Milliken's Bend Louisiana on June 7, 1863, and Thomas on July 2. Samuel J. was wounded, came home to recover and reenlisted. William C. joined Burford's Regiment at Breckenridge (now Richardson), as a blacksmith.

Meanwhile their father John W. Parker died in 1862. After the war, William C. came home to become administrator of his father's complicated estate. John Thomas' widow married A.T. Martin and John W. Parker's widow married the blacksmith at Decatur, J.L. Emberton.

Abbie Parker, the former slave, lived in a large household of other former slaves in Plano in 1870. She later married James Crume. Her daughter Harriett married Andrew Jones, and Robert Parker married Mary "Molly" Jones.

Robert farmed on Rowlett Creek for some years. By 1900, Robert and Mary Parker had moved into Plano where he worked as a handyman. In 1932, Robert Parker, age 86, was fatally burned in an explosion as he tried to light his stove with kerosene.

Early settlers in the area around present Murphy included several Presbyterian families. Records mention Maxwell's Meeting House, thought to have been located near

the Old Decatur Cemetery. The Rev. Dunlap arrived from Tennessee in 1853 and had acreage near the cemetery.

Presbyterians organized on August 2, 1846. The location of that meeting is thought to have been at the home of Comfort A. McMillen, brother-in-law of Henry Maxwell.

After the Rev. Dunlap left, S.M. Wilkins, a former merchant in Plano who had bought land in the area of the present Parker, served as the minister of what had become known as Corinth Presbyterian Church. Wilkins also had a school on the bend of Maxwell Creek, south of the church's present location on Parker Road.

The community is referred to in the old newspapers as Wilkin's settlement. (Wilkins was the minister who married Myra Maybelle Shirley, aka Belle Star, and James Reed in 1866.) Deed records show that William C. Parker was one of the elders of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Corinth or Wilkins School House.

It is apparent that soon after the Civil War, William C. Parker was focusing his attention three miles to the north of old Decatur. Some say he was influenced by rumors of a railroad coming that way. Before 1880, he had a gin at present day Parker. However, it was Nickleville to the west, that got a railroad and became the town of Wylie. Again, Decatur and Parker's settlement were both bypassed when another railroad swung north of Decatur.

The land adjacent to the depot was owned by J.T. Murphy, who built a gin and a store. There is evidence some heavy bargaining had taken place. Parker had marked off town lots to sell, but saw his dreams fade. Yet, the community became a farm center with its gin, several other businesses and a post office.

George W. McKinney is listed as postmaster when the post office was formed in April of 1888, and Jeb B. Willis, 1890, Thomas L. Johnson, 1893. On Nov. 30, 1901, the post office at Parker was discontinued and mail was sent to Allen.

Parker School at one time had four teachers who taught 11 grades. Of William C. Parker, who had accumulated a large estate before his death in 1898, it was said, "During his long life, he ever proved himself to be a worthy citizen, useful to the community in which he lived and highly respected by his neighbors."

Allen on verge of steady growth in 1880

7-10-88

Allen was not an overnight boomtown, but grew steadily throughout its early history. From the time that the town was laid out in 1876 until the train robbery in 1878, only a few lots had been sold. During the next two years, the momentum increased; there were 19 households in 1880.

The railroad station was still the focal point of the community that the census taker titles "Village of Allen in Collin County, Texas." The railroad clerk was Henry O. Rawlins. Allen was beginning to be a market town for local farmers. John W. Whisenant, whose farm joined the town on the south, was a stock dealer. Whisenant had bought town lots, and he and his wife, Canzada, and their five children were listed in Allen. Ira Jones, a farm hand, also lived in their household.

Another of our pioneer Whisenant families – R.B. and Harriet and children Mary, Milton, Virginia, Elzer and 4-month-old Forest - were living in town that year. They were building a new home about this time on their farm southeast of town and would not become permanent Allen residents until later.

Other local farm families living in town in 1880 were those of H.H. Finley, Phillip Odell, John McIver and James Fort. N.S. Clardy had a nursery business. Orchards of peach and other fruit trees were being planted since the railroad made marketing the fruit possible. Local nurseries were buying peach seeds by the bushel to grow more trees. Collin County had become a noted fruit-growing county.

George Mountcastle and his partner, Otha Offut, had the largest general merchandising business. Mountcastle, postmaster at that time, was one of the community leaders. He was a charter trustee of the Methodist Church and a trustee of Allen High School when the present location of the old school building was purchased in 1883. Thirty years later, he was a school trustee when Allen became an independent school district.

However, in 1880, the school was still located down by the creek in the northeast corner of town. Schoolmaster J.C. Jones lived near the school. Teacher Amayda Delmar boarded with Mrs. Pierce, and teacher Elnora Clardy lived with her parents.

S.K. Ingram had sold his store to B.M. Boyd. A.C. Jones was a merchant. Another business had changed hands: Newman's saloon had been bought by J.C. England. William Huey was a liquor clerk.

Even in the 1880s, the occupation of door-to-door salesman was the butt of jokes. A report in the *McKinney Democrat* began by stating that a sewing machine salesman had been attacked by a catamount near Dallas. The story concluded that the surprising part of the report was that the panther got away without buying a sewing machine. Many a husband of that day was forced to part with hard-earned cash when faced with a determined wife and a persistent sewing machine salesman. Many of us still have great-grandma's old treadle machine as evidence of the success of these salesmen and of the endurance of their product. J.D. Adkinson was our local sewing machine salesman. He may have had a shop, but most likely, he peddled machines door-to-door.

W.A. Crowder, his wife, Bettie, and their month-old son had several young men boarding with them. One was a carpenter named Starnes. Other carpenters were probably at work building in Allen, but did not reside in town.

Another essential business was blacksmithing. J.W. Foust and J.A. Estes were the village blacksmiths in 1880. There is no record of where their forge was located. Not only did the blacksmiths produce horseshoes, chains, hinges and farm tools, but a skilled blacksmith could make hundreds of nails in a day. The old homes of Allen were made with these square handmade nails, and they can be found where houses have been razed.

Early homes were simple in design. Some were what are known locally as "box houses." They were made of wide boxing boards with the cracks covered by narrow battens. Numerous houses of this single-wall construction were built during this period for tenant farmer's homes and in the new railroad towns. Although good pine lumber was cheap at East Texas saw mills, there was a long haul of about 150 miles by wagons from Jefferson, where we are told most of the lumber was bought. Most Allen homes were valued at \$150, according to tax records of 1880; however, actual value was 2 ½ times the tax valuation, so the average house was worth about \$375.

There were two exceptions. Dr. G.W. Douglas bought an acre from John W. Whisenant, just south of the town's boundary (about 250 feet east of All-Spec), and built a large home. In 1880, Douglas sold his home and apparently turned over his practice to

Dr. H.H. Compton for \$1,250. Dr. Compton sold the place a couple of years later for \$900. The record of this sale notes that the deed was partly burned.

No one remembers the Douglas-Compton house; however, we can presume that it compared to the home of Dr. W.F. Wolford, for the valuation was the same for both doctor's homes. The Wolford House (later Dr. Perry's) stood at the double bend on North Allen Drive until a few years ago. The doctor's home was a huge 1 ½ story Victorian with a rounded room on one corner. The porch wrapped around the house from midway on the east front, along the south side and across the back. In 1880, Dr. and Mrs. Missouri (Fitzhugh) Wolford had two small daughters and a baby son of 6-months-old. Palina Beck helped Mrs. Wolford care for the family and the large house.

Allen had a population of 97 in 1880. The town was beginning to be a market center and offered a variety of services for the farming community. The Christian Church and the Methodists would begin to meet in Allen, and the Baptists would move nearer to the center of town. Other business would come, and the town would settle to a period of steady growth during the next 20 years.

Newspaper writers record growth of Allen

8-14-88

The good folk of Allen were trying to leave their frontier image behind. There was still an occasional cutting incident, and two shot-outs left only minor wounds. Since the shots were fired at point-blank range, the participants were not serious about their argument or were very poor shots. Politics seems to have been the major topic of discussion. Though the area was solidly Democratic, local and state issues caused considerable mudslinging, which was the political style of that day. According to historians, the Cleveland-Blaine race of 1884, sank to the lowest level in American experience.

Newspapers were unabashedly partisan. The only county paper whose issues survived time and fires was the *McKinney Democrat*. A lot of political rhetoric has to be sifted through to find bits of personal interest. Thanks to several writers who wrote under the pseudonyms of Cottonwood, Cactus and Texan from Allen, Orchard Gap from Lazy Neck (Lucas), and Black Cat from Forest Grove, we know a little about that time.

Cottonwood remarked about Allen in 1884: "Everything is so very quiet since the election that our little village seems almost deserted... Mr. J.W. Franklin has resumed his old occupation, arguing woman suffrage. Some of our citizens say they intend petitioning President Cleveland to appoint Susan B. Anthony to some honorable position with Mr. Franklin as her assistant. Mr. Franklin says he will gladly accept any position that the President sees fit to give him by the side of Susan B."

A literary society met at Cottonwood schoolhouse. Its officers were W.N. Lynn, president; George Ford, vice president; T.J. Erickson, treasurer; and Loyd Compton, secretary. J.F. Matthews published a weekly paper. Our question for next Saturday night is resolved that "Pride is a greater evil than intoxication liquor."

Perhaps the voices against "Demon Rum" won the debate, because in June 1885, Cottonwood reported, "We had a temperance council organized a few weeks ago with fifty members. Our list now numbers about eighty. The members all take a great interest and as Dr. Young terms it 'we mean business.' The churchhouse doors being closed against all temperance lecturers and temperance meetings, we occupy the second story of Prof. Agnew's school building." The writer was considerable miffed because the

Baptists shared their building with other denominations, yet refused their group. He had some harsh words for Baptists “when they exert their influence against so good a move as a temperance reform.”

Included in the news was the marriage of Miss Lula Grandy, Dr. Compton’s adopted daughter, to Mr. Nat Ferguson in November 1885. Cottonwood, who lived somewhere along the creek from which he took his name, reported, “Mr. T.J. Erickson, our esteemed friend and neighbor has been suffering with a terrible catarrh in the palm of his hand for the past four weeks that has rendered him almost helpless.” W.N. Lynn, literary society leader, died at the age of 31.

During a severe cold spell in February 1885, Texan wrote: “Today we are freezing in our room while at close proximity to a well-heated stove. The changes are too sudden and have resulted in innumerable cases of pneumonia, among those sicken down with that fever is a venerable and highly esteemed Christian friend, Father Mountcastle, whose present condition is extremely critical... Since writing the above, old Father Mountcastle has shuffled off the mortal coil. He died as few do – without an enemy or one to doubt his Christianity.” This was C.E. Mountcastle, one of the original trustees of the Methodist Church.

Recently, I confused C.E. Mountcastle with George C., who was probably his son. George had a dry goods store across the tracks from the depot. He opened a second store in McKinney in 1885; both were large establishments. “A little boom” was recorded in ’85. “Our little village, Allen is somewhat looking up. A new storehouse is soon to be built and will be occupied by a Dallas firm. Although no one mentioned the name of the store, in July they were selling nice smoked bacon for 7 ½ cents a pound; best brands of calico at 5 cents per yard; 10 pounds of choice Rio coffee for \$1. “Allen is now the cheapest goods market in the state.”

New fangled steam engines and threshers had been bought by local farmers. “The snort of the iron horse can be heard in our wheat fields at every point of the compass. The yield is unusually large and not damaged by rain as many suppose.

A later note said, “We make about thirty bushels of corn per acre and two-thirds of a bale of cotton.” Farmers Alliance groups were meeting in all the rural schoolhouses, yet those in this area made resolutions against boycotting as advocated by the national organization. Alliance cotton yards and a flour mill were in McKinney.

There was a general air of prosperity in spite of high interest rates. The style of home furnishings was ornate. Beds had high, carved headboards. Parlor organs with plenty of gingerbread were advertised.

Texas wrote about Allen in ’85: “Our little city is progressing in regular order. Some ten years ago Dr. Wolford commenced rolling pills in our midst. His success in that line was such in a few years as to induce the second M.D. to hang out his shingle. This soon opened the eyes of the good people to their future wants and they purchased of Mr. John Whisenant a beautiful site to be used as a cemetery; time rolled on and our cemetery was rapidly filling up, a fact which reached the ever ready ear of Dr. Carson, a descendant of one of the first families of Virginia and a thorough graduate of the Bell View School of New York, and he at once settled in our midst, and this people who are always equal to any emergency have established an undertakers shop, so the people in this section need not be afraid to grow sick or die.”

Some blarney about potatoes, Irishmen

3-17-91

Each year on St. Patrick's Day, I feel a little Irish, and a little Irish I am. Before the time of St. Patrick, there was a chieftan named McManus with a clan of kin known by his name. In 1773, 13 centuries after St. Patrick brought Christianity to these pagan ancestors, my only known Irish ancestor, Lawrence McManus, came to the colony of North Carolina.

Eight generations have diluted my Irish blood, but one day a year can't we all be as Irish as the Irish potato?

The Irish adopted the potato, a native of South America, as a food staple in the 1500s, some 200 years before it was widely accepted in other parts of Europe. The dependence of Ireland on the potato was so great, that when the potato blight attacked the crop in 1845-46, many thousand Irish people died of starvation.

The potato famine caused over a million Irish to emigrate to America. This new group swelled eastern cities and overflowed over the country. Emigration continued during the last half of the 1800s; shiploads came regularly to Galveston and New Orleans.

During this time, some Irish families moved into North Texas to be neighbors of others with obviously Irish names, whose ancestors had come to this country, perhaps a century before, during colonial days. There was less prejudice toward these newcomers here, than in other places. They are remembered as being very Irish, whatever that means.

One thing the new Irish had in common with others in this community was their dependence on potatoes as a diet staple. Language geographers indicate an ethnic link with potatoes. It has been determined by the speech of native North Texans, and research of individual families shows that it is so, that we share a history of migration from the back country of Virginia and the Carolinas that took a northern route into Texas. East Texans' speech indicates a more southern route to Texas.

Our speech is sometimes called Hill Southern, while theirs is Plantation Southern. The dividing line, according to some experts, is drawn from the Appalachian Mountains westward at approximately where hash browns replace grits on the breakfast menu. This potato eater first encountered grits in an Alabama restaurant.

My family may have been far removed from Lawrence McManus and his wife Cattrel, but we would have found it hard to survive without potatoes at least twice a day. Instead of meat, we had fried potatoes. On Sundays we might have meat, usually fried chicken or fried steak, or even more rarely pot roast, served with mashed potatoes and gravy.

Perhaps no other food except rice or pasta can have the variety a potato has by varying its preparation. I can detect a subtle difference in taste between fried potatoes that are cut in strips in the French style and those cut in round disks that are sometimes called cottage fries. Potatoes fried with onions can be soft and mushy; others, crisp with the onions slightly burnt, are quite different. What I am trying to say is that I never got tired of having potatoes at every meal.

Not only were potatoes the main food of my father's family, there were his business. Grandpa raised potatoes as a cash crop on a hillside farm in Tennessee.

The sides of Iron Ore Mountain, a big hill, were steep and rocky. The land was plowed with a hillside plow made so the mold board could be switched over at the end of the row and would always turn the soil down hill.

Because he raised so many potaoes, Grandpa was known in the neighborhood of Culleoka, Tenn., as T. Tater Thomas. His oldest son was Big Tater and my dad, the next son, was Little Tater. Ech year, they hauled wagon loads of potatoes to Parks' Switch to be shipped off on the railroad.

A little bit of blarney is the family claimed that, to harvest the potatoes, they only had to position the wagons just so and cut open the end of the row; the potatoes rolled down the mountain into the wagons. While my Grandpa grew potatoes, others of the McManus clan carried on another occupation from their Irish heritage – they were distillers. Nothing illegal; they were licensed distillers. If they had not had a family wrangle that ended up in the courts, they mght have rivaled the Daniels family.

Uncle Micagah borrowed some money from Uncle Aaron. Young Micagah was to have payed this back by working as a distiller for Uncle Aaron, but after a time he left to join the army in the Civil War – the wrong army according to the family.

After the war, when Uncle Aaron tried to collect on the debt, the matter went to court. Numerous neighbors made affidavits stating how good a “stiller” young Micagah was, proving he had payed the debt. I am told that somewhere in the court records is the family recipe for corn liquor. I would like to have it – for its historic value, or course.

Afterward, young Micagah and his cousin left their warring families and moved to Collin County. We do not know if they continued in the trade.

However, as far as I know my branch of the family raised potatoes and used their corn for corn bread. One tradition that has its roots in their Irish heritage is that Grandpa, a staunch Presbyterian, always planted potatoes on St. Patrick's Day. The family would have the land and seed potatoes prepared, and on March 17, the whole family turned out to plant the acres of potatoes, trying to complete the job on this day.

After he came to Texas, Dad continued to plant potatoes on St. Patrick's Day. He, a Baptist minister, insisted this was because the time was right, not because of any special significance to the day, but most people in this locality plant in February or early March. It is difficult to find seed potatoes here this late in the season, but I am just enough Irish to be planting potatoes today if I had potatoes to plant.

Epitaph

4-14-85

“Don't step on the graves!” children were admonished, not because of superstition, but of respect. The black earth was scraped clean with hoes. “Grandpa worked himself to death keeping the grass and weeds out of his cotton patch. He was not going to allow any to grow on his grave.” was heard at the old graveyard workings. Only a few flowers and shrubs, and a cedar tree or two were permitted to grow in the graveyards, in the days before lawn movers and Restland changed the looks of our cemeteries.

Although, some families still work their own plots, the annual Decoration Day is now more of a social event, where family ties were strengthened, and old friendships are renewed.

The first Sunday in May is the ---e of Allen, Rowlet, Fitzhugh and Ridgeview Cemeteries' Decoration Day. The peonies are usually blooming at their best, and the cemetery associatios are justly proud.

But, there is a different story for the small family graveyards. The family has often moved away, and can not return to tend their ancestors graves. In many cases, the present generation does not know their location. The few family members nearby, feel responsibility, but are often unable to maintain the grave sites.

Alice Pitts, Wanda O'Roark, and Doris Posey recorded some of the family cemeteries in their two volumes of "Collin County, Texas Cemetery Inscriptions." There are others in our area that were not recorded, including the numerous unmarked graves.

In the early days of settlement, when tombstones had to be hauled in by ox wagon, only a few were purchased. There was no hard fieldstone for homemade markers. The custom was to place bois d'arc stakes at the ends of the graves. Most of these have disappeared, leaving grave sites known only to a few family members, if at all.

Now, urbanization is bringing changes and unforeseen problems to small graveyards. We have watched the Grey family's plot, as utilities have dug close to the one small stone that is left standing. There were five graves in the yard of the W.B. Grey homeplace, when the family sold their land in 1897 and moved to Seymour, Texas.

Its vulnerability at the roadside has been a cause of worry to interested individuals, and city officials. The developer of the property is seeking, through legal procedures, to remove the graves to a perpetual care cemetery and to avoid further desecration.

Members of Collin County Historical Society and a representative of a local family have told us that an attempt has been made to obliterate another family's cemetery. The 133-year-old tombstones it had were of the earliest dated (1852) in the county. When Whitsaul Fisher, sold the land in 1856, he reserved one-half acre for the graveyard. He was a Regular Predestinarian Baptist minister. His family was one of a colony from central Missouri, that came to this state in the days of the Republic of Texas.

We know there were later burials by a neighbor Missourian family, who were related by marriage and of the same faith. Because its size was large for only a family cemetery, there possibly are unmarked graves. The nearby Fitzhugh family cemetery did not become in general use until the 1870s when land was donated for the Forest Grove Christan Church.

Three of the four tombstones that were still standing in the pioneer graveyard in 1973 are recorded as having this epitaph: "Go home dear friend and dry those tears I must lie here until Christ appears."

CIVIL WAR

Throckmorton voted against secession

10-18-87

Anyone else would count sheep or try to find a solution to the world's problems, but I spent a recent wakeful hour pondering the question: If north Texas became a separate state, what would be its name?

The division of Texas into five states has been discussed since the state's beginning. Texas was admitted into the Union with the understanding that the state could divide if it at anytime wished to do so. There is a recent fictional book that presents the "what if" of a present-day division. In January, 1861, a document was circulated in this area that proposed that north Texas should divide from the rest of the state and become a new state if Texas proceeded with secession.

However, two veteran political leaders were a great influence on the people of this area - Governor Sam Houston and Collin McKinney, a former representative. Each in his own way had worked for Texas' independence and then for admission to the United States. They had no wish to sever this union, nor to split the state. The 94-year-old McKinney stood on his daughter's porch near Van Alstyne and addressed his neighbors. With his long memory, he feared that a division of the country would so weaken the states that they could easily fall to Britain.

James W. Throckmorton, a McKinney lawyer, physician and state representative for Collin County, was undoubtedly uninfluenced by McKinney, who he respectfully addressed as Uncle Collin. Throckmorton supported Houston for governor. He was an old-line Whig, but since that party had fizzled, he was without a political party. He was faced with a choice of voting for a candidate of the "Regular Democrats," a radical secessionist party, or for Houston, who called himself a Democrat, but did not want to split the Union.

Throckmorton voted for Houston, and he then made an unsuccessful attempt to organize other old-line Whigs into a Conservative Union party. They shunned the label "Republican." On the secession issue, Throckmorton believed he represented the sentiments of the majority of the people in this section. The document that circulated with the plan to create a small state from the northern counties, including Collin, and to ask for admission to the Union if the state decided on secession was thought to have been from the Throckmorton camp. However, there is no proof that he was connected with the scheme.

There was a strong secession group in this area. They selected George W. Barnett as their candidate to the state convention to consider if Texas would secede from the Union. Barnett had a farm on Spring Creek, west of present Central at Spring Creek. He was a McKinney businessman and professional who was connected through marriage with families in the Plano area.

When the vote was taken, Throckmorton was elected by a good majority to represent this section. On Jan. 28, 1861, 177 delegates assembled in Austin to decide if Texas would secede. When the clerk called Throckmorton's name, he stood and said, "In view of the responsibility in the presence of God and my country and unawed by the wild spirit of revolution around me, I vote no."

As he took his seat, a hiss was heard in the gallery. He stood again and said, "Mr. President, when the rabble hiss, well may patriots tremble." Six others voted no.

The ordinance then went to the people. The majority in the state voted for secession – 44,129 for and 14, 697 against. The southern edge of Collin County voted for secession. Plano's vote was 55 for and 18 against; Maxwell (Murphy) voted 57-4. Most voters "between the creeks" probably voted at McKinney, where 124 voted for and 348 against. A few would have voted at Baccus (Rowlett), with 5 for and 25 against. The total-vote in Collin County was 948 against secession and 405 in favor. Dallas voters were for secession, but in Grayson County to the north, twice as many voted to remain in the Union. Also opposing secession along with Collin and Grayson counties were the north Texas counties of Cooke, Fannin, Jack, Lamar, Montague and Wise – a total area about the size of New Jersey. But what would they have named the new state?

Throckmorton supports Confederacy

10-25-87

Brother against brother is a familiar theme for Civil War stories, but the inner conflicts that warred within individuals is little known, for most kept their doubts and fears to themselves. Sometimes diaries and military records give us clues to confused feelings about the war.

For example, my great-grandfather, Kemp Goodman, joined the Confederate army early in the war but was absent without leave after the battle of Shiloh. He had joined the Union army. After serving his hitch, he was honorably discharged. The next records show that he was a Confederate soldier again when he was captured at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga. He spent the last months of the war in an Indiana prisoner-of-war camp.

When I see a "pickup cowboy" with Stars and Bars flying from his antenna, I have an urge to pull up beside him and ask if he really knows what his great-grandpappy did in the war.

During the Civil War, our locality was overrun by secret organizations, guerrillas and deserters. Later, usually law-abiding citizens fostered and protected known outlaws. However, if county leaders had not made an effort to defuse the situation at the beginning, it could have been worse. More than two-thirds of the voters in this county were against Texas leaving the Union, yet Unionists were defeated on the statewide level; like it or not, they were in the Confederacy.

James W. Throckmorton, the leader of the anti-secessionists of Collin County was one of the first to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy. He later explained, "The war came. I saw that, unless I did something to prevent it, neighbors and friends of my own immediate section of the state would be embroiled with each other in deadly conflict."

The secession group of the county was quick to take control after their stance was upheld by the majority of the state. On April 27, 1861, a convention of friends of the Confederacy was held at the courthouse in McKinney. They let it be known that former Union men were not welcome. When other Unionists left to have their own meeting at the Methodist church, Throckmorton refused to leave. Suspicion of his loyalty to the Confederate cause kept him from being recognized until after business was completed. George White, secretary of the group, reported to the *Dallas Herald* that after the adjournment, Throckmorton was called upon "to give his views with regard to the present critical state of affairs." He gave a brief patriotic speech, urging that all should unite in

defense of the south, that dissensions should be dropped and that “the present government of the Confederate States should be sustained, right or wrong.” In conclusion, he offered his services and if need be, his life in the defense of the South. “A subscription for volunteers was headed by Dr. Throckmorton and the names of 40 were immediately obtained,” White reported. He concluded, “Thus you see both parties here will patriotically unite in the common defense of the country.”

The men, led by Throckmorton, soon had an opportunity for action. White reported from McKinney to the Herald three days later: “April 30. An express reached here last night from Sherman, calling for men to prevent an invasion from Fort Washita. A company has been raised, equipped and provisioned today, and tomorrow we leave for the scene of the war. We have loaded two wagons with provisions enough to sustain us a month. We expect to meet additional volunteers from other counties.”

Confederates find Union forts abandoned

11-1-87

A drive of less than two hours, north up Interstate 35, will take you into a region where the earth is turned on edge – the Arbuckle Mountains. Saturday before last, the Arbuckle area of Oklahoma was invaded by hundreds of geology students from North Texas, armed only with rock hammers. Our class from Collin County Community College scrambled for parking space at Turner Falls, on country lanes and at rock faces along the interstate with charter buses and car caravans from several other colleges and universities of the Metroplex. Usually, I am far from agile, even on our less rugged prairies, and I had not realized that a geology course would include mountaineering. However, with help from my younger classmates, I managed the trip (no pun intended) and received no more than one Technicolor knee.

During lectures, as would be expected, my mind wandered to things historical. While geological jokes were made about Reagan’s fault, I thought of Col. W.D. Reagan and Gen. Throckmorton meeting with Indians in the area during the Civil War and of an earlier group of Collin County residents clambering about the Arbuckle Anticline.

Soon after the five civilized tribes of eastern Indians arrived in Indian Territory, they complained to the government of frequent raids from western Indians. Forts were built along the Washita River as protection and as supply posts for the Indians. The Washita heads in the Texas panhandle, runs through western Oklahoma and cuts through the Arbuckle range to join the Red River about due north of here. Fort Washita was established about 10 miles west of present-day Durant; Fort Arbuckle was north of Turner Falls near Davis, and Fort Cobb was upriver, west of Anadarka.

About the time the Civil War was warming up at Fort Sumter, there was a confusing exchange of dispatches among the Union forces west of the Mississippi River. Gen Winfield Scott ordered Lt. Col. W.H. Emory at Fort Smith to concentrate the troops from the three Indian Territory forts on the Washita at Fort Washita. Emory ordered the soldiers to bring along the Indians living at the forts. The Chickasaws and the Choctaws objected to Fort Cobb Indians coming on their reservations. Emory wrote a long letter to his superiors explaining the difficulties, and the whole operation was countermanded. (In his letter, Emory also requested to be removed from duty in the South, because as an officer from a southern state, his position was embarrassing. He asked permission to go to Washington to explain the southern Union officers’ views.)

Meanwhile, back in Texas, rumors of the proposed concentration of forces at Fort Washita, just across the Red River, was causing a stir. Earlier, W.C. Young, an old Indian fighter and a veteran of the Mexican War had been summoned to Montgomery to confer with Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy – probably to discuss the defense of Texas' northern boundary. The rumor of a Union force gathering was cause for immediate action. Texans chose to take the offensive, an adhoc force was formed. About 300 men from Collin County were in the group. (A list of these volunteers could not be obtained, but undoubtedly some were from this area.)

On May 3, 1861, the regiment was organized near Preston on the Red River with W.C. Young as colonel, James W. Throckmorton as lieutenant colonel and Hugh F. Young as major. On the same day, a group left for Fort Washita. They found the fort abandoned. Considerable supplies of clothing, shoes and hats had been left, with about 20 wagons loads of corn and forage. Guns had been broken, ammunition scattered and cannon balls sunk in a stream.

Young and Throckmorton went on to Fort Arbuckle with about 530 men. They reached the fort on May 11, but found that it was also deserted. The expedition had grown to about 2,000 men when they continued on to Fort Cobb. That fort was also abandoned. Without firing a shot, the Texans had captured three forts; the U.S. Army had withdrawn to Fort Leavenworth in Kansas. As a Confederate post, Fort Washita would become an important protection for Texas during the war.

Missouri connection strong in North Texas

11-7-87

The wagons of settlers from Missouri rattled down an old Indian trail that they called the Texas Road. To Texans going to Missouri to trade and to visit kin, the same trail was the Sedalia Road. Later, during the days of cattle drives, the old trail was known as the Shawnee Trail. This was the route followed by the tracks of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway. The modern version of the old road through Oklahoma is U.S. Highway 69. From the earliest days, Missourians and Texans have kept the road hot between the two states.

Most of the families who settled the land now in the east side of Allen, in Lucas, and in the Forest Grove-Lovejoy vicinity were originally from Missouri. These include the Lucas, Kerby, Lovelady, Tucker, See and McKinney families. The Fitzhughs of Forest Grove and the Fitzhugh mills once had a mill south of Westport on the Missouri-Kansas line. Peter Fisher, sons Witsaul and James T. and son-in-law James T. Roberts brought heir families from the Blackwater River area near Sedalia, Mo. R.C. Whisenant lived in southwestern Missouri, and his neighbor, G.W. Ford was born in Missouri, although he lived in Arkansas before moving to Texas. Soon, the children of these families married either another from Missouri or someone from another state, mostly Kentuckians, until there was a complex network or related families, all with a Missouri connection. This pattern was repeated across all of North Texas. Because of their close relationships, Missouri's troubles would become North Texas' troubles, much as other kinfolk are embroiled in family feuds.

However, pro-slavery Missourians and abolitionist Kansans were engaged in a full scale war across their border. It began when the organization of Kansas into a free state was first debated. It was intolerable to some Missourians, especially those in the western counties where there were 50,000 slaves, that a free state would be just across its

border. They tried to block abolitionist settlers, many sponsored by the New England Emigrant Aid Society, and other eastern organizations from entering Kansas.

In 1856, Missouri militia and others raided the town of Lawrence, Kans., the center of anti-slavery forces, and killed three people. Outraged abolitionist John Brown of Osawatomie struck back with a raid on the pro-slavery settlement at Pottawatomie; five were killed. The war between Missouri and Kansas had begun. During the next five years, there were frequent attacks by one side with retaliation by the other. The issue of slavery was blurred as the fight became more personal as individuals died and property was destroyed.

North Texans were involved. Not only were their sympathies with their kinfolk, whichever side they were on, but increasing numbers left the border area to join families and friends in Texas. In November 1857, three Missouri planters, Albert G. Graves, Isaac F. Graves and J.S. Muse, their families and slaves arrived in Collin and settled near McKinney.

During the Civil War, Missouri guerilla leader, Quantrill brought his men into this area where they were both welcomed and feared. The names James, Hill, Younger, Reed and Shirley would become part of our local history.

Younger family settles in North Texas

11-29-87

Family ties linked people in this community with the Confederate underground resistance in Missouri. That it was usually a family reason that caused many to join the various guerilla groups makes the involvement of Texas relatives more understandable. A list of nearly 300 of Quantrill's men shows that many of the surnames are repeated several times. Indeed, those who later became notorious are spoken of in the plural – the Youngers, the Jameses, the Daltons. However, there were numerous other groups of brothers, brothers-in-law and cousins who were guerilla fighters.

Unfortunately, it is the stories of those who gained notoriety that were best known to us, and these may be thought to be only excuses or justification for later actions. Yet, there are clues in the family histories of those who settled and lived respectable lives after the war that show that there were usually extreme family circumstances that caused the men to join the bush soldiers.

One of the best known families was the Youngers. The Younger family of Lee's Summit, Mo., had always been politically prominent. A great-grandmother was a daughter of "Lighthorse Harry" Lee. A grandfather was a grandnephew of John Marshall, U.S. Supreme Court chief justice. The Youngers were connected with numerous prominent Southern families. They could claim kin to the leader of the Confederate army, Robert E. Lee.

Before the war, Judge Henry Washington Younger was one of the wealthiest men in Missouri. After the war began, his family was harassed by the Union militia and was required to pay "tribute." His son, Thomas Coleman Younger, after being accused of being a spy against the Union, sought out Quantrill. He became one of his most able lieutenants. A son-in-law, John Jarrette, also joined the guerrillas.

Judge Younger was murdered, and three of the Younger sisters and two cousins were confined in jail. The foundations of the rickety jail were undermined. When the building collapsed, Charity Kerr, one of the cousins, was killed. Fifteen-year-old James Younger joined his brother with the guerillas. After the war, the Youngers brought their

mother to Texas. "Mother's health had failed perceptibly, the result in a large measure of her exposure at the time the militia forced her to burn her house, and we sought to make her home in a milder climate in the Southwest," Cole later wrote. They lived at Scyene in Dallas County. The men gathered and drove cattle for several years. Jim became a deputy sheriff in Dallas County, and he and Bob sang in the church choir. John worked as a clerk in a Dallas store. Other displaced Missourians made them welcome in the community. Among their neighbors were the Shirleys. John Shirley left his ruined business in Missouri and brought his family to Texas. The Youngers had known "Bud" Shirley and had met his parents and his young sister, Myra Maybelle (later known as Belle Star).

It is also possible the Youngers would have settled permanently and more or less respectably in Texas if 19-year-old John Younger had not run into trouble. In an alcohol enhanced incident, John shot a pipe out of a man's mouth. Dallas County Deputy Charles H. Nichols, a former lieutenant colonel in Shelby's Division, went to Scyene to arrest the boy he had known in Missouri for breaking the peace. There are conflicting reports of what happened, but the colonel, relying on Younger to peaceably submit to arrest, had given him time to eat breakfast before leaving for jail. As escape attempt resulted in the death of Nichols. Who actually shot Nichols was disputed by witnesses, but John Younger was blamed. He fled to Indian Territory where his trail was lost.

Mrs. Younger returned to Missouri to live with a daughter and soon died of consumption. Death by law officers, long years in prison and suicide would end the outlaw careers of her sons. However, the exploits of the Youngers, together with the Jameses, would leave several folktales in the history of Collin County.

Quantrill in North Texas - the beginning

11-15-87

One of the puzzles of history is William Clarke Quantrill, the son of an Ohio school teacher who became the notorious leader of a guerilla band. Quantrill himself taught school in his early years. He lived in Illinois and Indiana before going to Kansas with family friends. When he was discovered pilfering from his neighbors in a settlement of Ohioans in Kansas, they chased him out. As "Charley Hart," he became a gambler in Utah until Army officials asked him to leave the territory.

Later, Quantrill invented several stories as justification for his hatred of Kansans; none stood up to later research. One story was that his family had been killed by Kansas Jayhawkers. Biographers now accept that the only reason he vented his anger against the state of Kansas was that it was Kansans who had thrown him out. Quantrill organized a band of men who believed they were defending Missourians against free-state raiders from Kansas. When the Civil War broke out, he told his men that they would fight for the Confederacy. It was the excuse he needed to murder and plunder.

Missouri, once standing united over the slavery question, was divided over secession. Urban St. Louis was aloof from the conflict on the state's western border. Even in the principal slave counties, sentiment for the Union prevailed; Missouri stayed with the Union. The secessionist governor formed a government in exile. (After moving from place to place in the state, the Confederate state government of Missouri settled in Marshall, Texas.) Gen. Sterling Price tried to rally Missourians to the Confederate cause. There were skirmishes between the Union Army and Price's Confederates at Carthage, Sarcoxie and Neosho in southwest Missouri. The effect of this warfare on the citizens

was worse than the battles. Hatred between the sympathizers of the two armies, as they passed and re-passed through the area, became intense. Both Confederates and Federals took hostages and looted. Union sympathizers, after receiving anonymous warnings, moved to Kansas or to the north. Many secessionists came to Texas and settled permanently.

Quantrill, leading 15 men, joined Price's forces and participated in the battle of Carthage. They were at the battle of Wilson's Creek and stayed with Price until after the battle of Lexington in Missouri. Quantrill left Price to return to the Kansas line, where he ambushed a group of Jayhawkers. Quantrill preferred this style of warfare to the army's style. He and his men would continue to use guerrilla tactics and to live in the bush for the remainder of the war.

When winter came in 1861, Quantrill and his men came into North Texas, but settled for the winter, north of the Red River in Indian Territory. In the spring, the band returned to Missouri and continued their guerrilla activities. Brig. Gen. Benjamin Loan of the Missouri state militia expressed his exasperation with Quantrill's group in a letter to Maj. Gen. Samuel R. Curtis on Nov. 19, 1862. He wrote, "it is much easier to catch a rat with your hands in a warehouse filled with a thousand four barrels than it is to catch a band of guerrillas when every, or almost every, man, woman and child are their spies, pickets or couriers."

At this time, the fall of 1862, North Texas was in a reign of terror that mirrored the conflict on the Missouri and Kansas border. A secret pro-Union organization of about 1,700 members known as the Clan was active in Collin, Cooke, Denton, Grayson and Wise counties. The Clan was thought to be in contact with Kansas Jayhawkers who would render assistance when the brotherhood would arise. It was believed that the immediate objective was to blow up or seize ammunition and arms stored at Sherman. After the organization was penetrated by Confederate informers, alleged members were rounded up and held at Gainesville. Amid this climate of paranoid suspicion, Col. William C. Young was killed on his farm in Cooke County; the clan was thought responsible. The killer was later found to have been a disgruntled soldier in his regiment. However, Young's death was the spark that led to a mob hanging 40 men held at Gainesville. There were other suspected plots and killings, and there was also an Indian uprising at Fort Cobb.

When Quantrill and his guerrillas migrated to Texas with the approach of winter in 1862 and camped near a large spring two miles north of Kentuckytown on Camp Branch, they were welcomed.

Quantrill's marauders attack town in Kansas, massacre 150 people

12-6-87

On Aug. 20, 1863, Quantrill's men and others under the command of Confederate Col. Holt gathered near the Blackwater River, about 35 miles east of the Kansas-Missouri line. At five o'clock, the 300 men crossed into Kansas. They were seen by sentries on the state line, and word was sent to Kansas City, yet no warning was sent to their destination. The raiders found the town of Lawrence, Kans., asleep as they rode into town just before daybreak. One hundred and fifty citizens were massacred; the town was left in ruins.

Following the sack of Lawrence, the group disbanded and went into hiding. The whole, 11th Missouri Cavalry combed western Missouri, but the guerrillas couldn't be found. Gen. Schofield ordered Brid. Gen. Ewing to "spare no means by which he may be destroyed." Ewing, in the heat of the moment, thought the only way to catch the guerrillas was to starve them out. He issued Order. No. 11:

"All persons living in Jackson, Cass, and Bates County, Missouri, and in that part of Vernon . . . except those within one mile of the limits of Independence, Hickman, Hill, Pleasant Hill and Harrisonville . . . are hereby ordered to remove from their places of residence within 15 days from this date hereof."

This order for civilians resulted in much suffering and loss. Gen. George C. Bingham was sickened by the hardships imposed by this order. No aid or protection was given those expelled from their homes. They crowded the banks of the Missouri River, where steamboat captains took them to places where they could find aid. Those who had a team of horses or oxen set out for Texas.

There had been no distinction between Union or Confederate – all were forced from their homes. Some of those displaced were families of Quantrill's men. From Boggy Depot in Indian Territory a letter was sent on Oct. 15, 1863, from the commander of Confederate headquarters to North Texas newspapers in an appeal for aid for a wagon train of lady refugees from Missouri. Of the 14 women named, six were wives of Quantrill's men; the husbands of the others were in Gen. Price's command. There were more than 20 children. The women had left Missouri with good teams, but in the northeastern part of Indian Territory, all their horses had been taken by federal soldiers, leaving them stranded. They were able to buy enough oxen from the Indians to get as far as Boggy Depot.

Swarms of federal troops and Missouri militia searched southwestern Missouri for the guerrillas. Quantrill brought his men to Texas earlier than usual. They found that they were not so welcome as before, because news of their recent brutal raids, especially of their raids on Lawrence, had preceded them. There was also dissension among Quantrill and his lieutenants that would soon split the band into factions. At Bonham, Gen. McCulloch was seeking a way to rid North Texas of the guerrillas.

Quantrill arrested by military in Bonham

12-13-87

The winter of 1863-64 brought the end of Quantrill's absolute authority over his guerrillas. George W. Todd, one of his captains, was gaining influence with the men. Todd was beginning to see that Quantrill was only motivated by his hatred of Kansas – the Confederate cause was secondary. There was no way that their raids on civilians could benefit the Confederacy. Capt. Bill Anderson wanted to marry Miss Bush Smith of Sherman. Quantrill objected violently, Anderson took his men to Sherman and established a camp. Citizens of the town feared a pitched battle in its streets, but the conflict never happened.

The split in authority brought about some local raiding. Except for commandeering what they wanted and displaying high spirits, the guerrillas had confined their activities to enemy territory. Now, the local inhabitants were harassed, robbed and even murdered with the blame pointing to the guerrillas. The country swarmed with deserters and renegades, and the Unionists were still active. There was a general climate of lawlessness in the area. Anderson went to Gen. McCulloch several times with

evidence that Quantrill had ordered the crimes committed. That some of this proof was not fact has now been proven, but it was good enough at the time to make McCulloch take action. The general was so irritated over the orders of Gen. Kirby-Smith that he used Quantrill to hunt down deserters. He wrote to Gen. Magruder on Feb. 3, 1864, "Quantrill will not obey orders, and so much mischief is charged to his command here that I have determined to disarm, arrest and send his entire command to you or to Gen. Kirby-Smith at Shreveport. This is the only chance to get them out of this section of the country which they have nearly ruined, and I have never yet got them to do any service."

At the end of March, 1864, McCulloch summoned Quantrill to his headquarters in Bonham. The guerrilla leader had remained in Texas later than usual, probably because of the divisions among his men and the increase of the federal military in Missouri. Quantrill knew of McCulloch's hostile feelings and suspected a trap at Bonham. He took most of his men with him and left Todd in charge of a small camp guard. When Quantrill arrived at Confederate headquarters in the Fannin County Courthouse of Bonham, McCulloch confronted him with charges and evidence, and over his objections, placed him under military arrest. What followed was one of those serio-comic incidents that are often found in history. McCulloch placed him on immediate parole – he would not be imprisoned before his trial. Then McCulloch asked the guerrilla leader to dine with him at a nearby hotel. Enraged, Quantrill refused to eat with the general. McCulloch left him in the office under the guard of two soldiers and went to dine alone.

Quantrill's pistols had been removed from him and placed on a cot. On the pretext of being thirsty, Quantrill stepped toward a pitcher of water. As he passed the cot, he snatched up his pistols and made the surprised guards give up their guns. He locked the guards in the room. He took the two guards on the stairs prisoner and used them as shields as he stepped onto the street. Quantrill shouted to his men to mount and ride clear of Bonham because they were prisoners there.

A fast rider was sent to their camp to tell Todd to meet them on the Texas side of the Red River. Todd was told to bring only ammunition and as much of that as could be carried. McCulloch was furious at Quantrill's escape. He ordered Col. Martin's regiment in pursuit. Anderson and Fletcher Taylor and their men joined the chase of their former chief.

Todd received the message and moved to join Quantrill by the most direct route. At Choctaw Creek, about five miles east of Sherman, Todd met Anderson and Taylor with some of Martin's men and a skirmish began in the heavy timber of Choctaw Bottom. Anderson challenged Todd to come out on the open prairie, but Todd knew that he was outnumbered and refused to give Anderson the advantage. The fight between the two factions was a draw.

Quantrill left the Sherman-Bonham road and moved more directly to the ford at Colbert's ferry. Todd heard gunfire and joined his leader in retreat. They skirmished all the way to the river crossing where Quantrill and his men crossed into Indian Territory. Martin and Quantrill parleyed in the middle of the river – neither wanted to fight other Confederates.

The guerrillas continued northward. Quantrill accepted Todd's leadership after this time. Todd and Anderson continued guerrilla activities. Todd died near Independence on Oct. 23. "Bloody Bill" Anderson was killed on Oct. 27. In November, 1864, 26 men and their wives, under the leadership of Lt. Gen. George Shepherd started

south to Texas. Quantrill, with 48 men wearing blue Union uniforms, went into Kentucky. Quantrill died at Louisville, Ky., on June 6, 1865. The war had ended; the leaders were dead. The remaining guerrillas surrendered to federal authorities.

Missourians brought changes to lives of Texans 8-9-92

William Clarke Quantrill is one of history's enigmas. He fabricated stories of great loss of family and property at the hands of Kansans as justification of his guerilla activities to his followers. Biographers now accept that the only reason the Ohioan school teacher vented his anger on Kansas was that he was once thrown out of a camp in Kansas for pilfering.

Quantrill organized a band of men who believed they were defending Missourians against free-state raiders from Kansas. When the Civil War came, Quantrill told his men they would fight for the Confederacy. Missouri was divided over secession, but the state stayed with the Union. A secessionist government was formed in exile, and eventually the Confederate state government settled in Marshall, Texas.

General Sterling Price tried to rally Missourians to the Confederate cause, and there were skirmishes with the Union Army at Carthage, Sarcoxie and Neosho in southwest Missouri before Price took his troops into Arkansas. Quantrill and his men joined Price's army for this activity, but he preferred his own brand of warfare. They left the army and continued their guerilla activities and lived in the bush for the remainder of the war.

When winter came in 1861, Quantrill and his men came into North Texas, but settled for the winter in Indian Territory. In the spring, they returned to Missouri to continue their guerilla activities. Brigadier General Benjamin Loan of the Missouri State Militia expressed his exasperation with Quantrill's group in a letter to Major General Samuel R. Curtis on Nov. 19, 1862:

"It is much easier to catch a rat with our hands in a warehouse filled with a thousand flour barrels than it is to catch a band of guerillas when every, or almost every, man, woman and child are their spies, pickets or couriers."

As winter approached, Quantrill and his men migrated to Texas and camped near a large spring two miles north of Kentucky Town on Camp Branch. They were welcomed.

Brig. Gen. Henry McCulloch, Confederate commander of this district, whose headquarters was at Bonham was not pleased when Quantrill and his men appeared, dressed in assorted uniforms of Union blue and Confederate gray, in the winters of 1862, '63 and '64. He already had hundreds of renegades and deserters from both Union and Confederate armies hiding in the thickets, cane breaks and creek bottoms,

When he complained to Gen. Edmund Kirby-Smith, commander of the Confederate forces west of the Mississippi, the General was more concerned with fighting the war than with McCulloch's problems. He thought the solution was simple—set the Missourians to rounding up the deserters.

While the military argued about what to do with the guerillas, the people of North Texas were finding that the Missourians brought changes to their lives. Joe W. Chumbley, cousin of our Rev. Leon Chumbley, wrote a well researched book, *Kentucky*

Town and its Baptist Church, that is a curious blend of church history and the effects of Quantrill's men on the pioneer community. Chumbley wrote "In many and varied ways, their wintery sojourns here were of tremendous import to the people of Kentucky Town, of Grayson County, and much of North Texas at that time. For one thing the number of saloons in Kentucky Town increased from three to seven...."

Besides the camp at Kentucky Town, they camped on Little Mineral Creek, west of Sherman, and other locations. Many of the tales about the guerillas that have come down in folklore seem to have been of inebriated pranks.

One example is when several men rode their horses into the lobby of Ben Christian's hotel in Sherman. Horse hooves went through the floorboards and some furniture was destroyed. With remarkable aim, someone shot the tassel off Christian's mother-in-law's hat. Christian was a friend of Quantrill and the damage was settled a few days later.

The irregularly dressed band rode through towns shooting at windows and riddling church steeples. The guerillas commandeered anything they needed from local citizens as they traveled over North Texas. For impromptu barbecues, they took any animal they wanted. G.W. Ford, who lived near the present day middle school named for his grandson, said that their presence in the community cost him seven sheep, which he "cheerfully" furnished.

It was not unusual at that time for groups of armed men to ride up to a farm house and demand dinner. Ford told about the time that Quantrill's gang stopped at the home of his neighbor, Lewis McMillan, who lived near the stagecoach road (now Jupiter) and ordered dinner. Ford did not mention how many were in the group, but said that half of them ate heartily while the other half stood guard, and then they changed.

It was also a custom of the guerillas to swap a tired horse for a fresh one. Ford related that he got the best of one such deal. One member of the squad exchanged a good mare that had been taken from a Kansas stable for one of Ford's horses. Ford later traded the mare to Weeded Franklin as payment for building an addition to his house.

Most complied with their wishes from fear but other, more recently from Missouri, recognized the guerillas as young men from good families and made them welcome in their homes.

McCulloch never received much help from the Missourians who he told Kirby-Smith were a terror to the country and a curse to our land and cause in this section."

However, several of the more serious crimes in North Texas attributed to the gang happened when the guerrillas are now known to have been in Missouri.

Local families feed Quantrill's guerrilla band 11-22-87

When Quantrill and his men came to Texas, they were a big problem to Brig. Gen. Henry McCulloch. As Confederate commander of the subdistrict headquarters at Bonham, McCulloch already had hundreds of renegades and deserters from the armies in Arkansas and Louisiana hiding in thickets, in cane breaks and in dense wooded bottoms of the East Fork, Sabine and Sulphur rivers. When Quantrill's men, dressed in assorted uniforms of Union blue and Confederate gray, came into North Texas during the winters of '62, '63 and '64, they further complicated McCulloch's life. He complained to his superiors of men in federal overcoats committing robberies, thefts and murders. "I assure you the Captain Quantrill command has been a terror to the country and a curse to our

land and cause in this section . . .” Gen. Edmund Kirby-Smith, commander of the Confederate forces west of the Mississippi, was more concerned with fighting the war than with McCulloch’s problems. He thought the solution was simple – set Quantrill to rounding up the deserters.

While the military argued about what to do with the guerrillas, the people were finding that the Missouriians brought changes to their lives. Joe W. Chumbley, cousin of our own Rev. Leon Chumbley, has written a well-researched book, “Kentucky Town and its Baptist Church,” that is a curious blend of church history and the effects of Quantrill’s men on the little pioneer community. Chumbley writes: “In many and varied ways, their wintry sojourns here were of tremendous import to the people of Kentucky Town, of Grayson County, and much of North Texas at that time. For one thing the number of saloons in Kentucky Town increased from three to seven . . .”

Besides the camp at Kentucky Town they camped on Little Mineral Creek, west of Sherman, and at other locations in North Texas. Many of the tales about the Guerrillas that have come down in folklore seem to have been of inebriated pranks, such as when several men rode their horses into the lobby of Ben Christian’s hotel in Sherman. Horse hooves went through the floor boards, and some furniture was destroyed. With remarkable aim, someone shot the tassel off Christian’s mother-in-law’s hat. Christian was a friend of Quantrill, and the damage was settled a few days later. The irregularly dressed band rode through the towns shooting at windows and riddling church steeples.

Closer to home, they commandeered anything they needed from local citizens. George Washington Ford (who lived near the present-day school named for his grandson) said that their presence in the community cost him seven sheep, sheep he “cheerfully” furnished.

At that time, Jupiter was the main road between McKinney and Dallas. The stage road had been laid out 10 years before the war. Some families, who lived along the route offered beds and meals to travelers. George Yantis (near Boyd school) went broke during the war providing free meals to any traveler in a Confederate uniform. Many years later, Ford told about the time that Quantrill’s gang stopped at the home of his neighbor, Lewis McMillan, and ordered dinner. He did not mention how many were in the group, but said that half of them ate heartily while the other half stood guard, and then they changed.

It was also the custom of the guerrillas to swap a tired horse for a fresh one. Ford got the best of one such deal. One member of the squad exchanged a good mare that had been taken from a Kansas stable for one of Ford’s horses. Ford later traded the mare to Weden Franklin as payment for building an addition to his home.

Probably, not all of the Missouri guerrilla’s activities in Texas were as light-hearted as these, for many deeds were thought to have been their work. However, several of the more serious crimes in North Texas attributed to the gang happened when the guerrillas are now known to have been in Missouri.

Local posses helpful during the Civil War Reconstruction

8-23-92

The Reconstruction period with military rule was a great trial to Texans. Politically, Collin County was a powder keg.

Dr. James W. Throckmorton, the representative for this district to the secession convention, had cast his vote against Texas leaving the Union. But, as soon as Texas seceded, he raised a company of men to go into Indian Territory to take the federal forts nearest the Texas borders. Throckmorton rose to the rank of brigadier general in the Confederate Army.

After the war, he was a successful compromise candidate for governor of Texas. Gov. Throckmorton could have possibly pulled Texas from the aftermath of the war if he had been allowed. However, when he began acting like a governor, he was in conflict with the military commander, Gen. P.H. Sheridan.

Throckmorton had considerable experience with Indians on the Texas frontier, who at the time were taking advantage of the removal of Texas and Confederate troops from the forts to raid western settlers. Sheridan, who once said, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." forced him to wait for federal action

Throckmorton appealed directly to the president over the other matters and further incensed Sheridan. Sheridan removed Throckmorton from office as "an impediment to the reconstruction of the state."

While the ousting of Throckmorton did not cause outright anarchy it did cause some defiance to federal and military rule. While most citizens did not resort to civil disobedience, they did sometimes protect others from federal law

Several of the men who had served under Missouri guerilla chief Quantrill came to Texas to live permanently after the war. Former Missourians who had welcomed the guerrilla fighters during the war continued to open their homes to them after the war.

It is said that the Isaac Graves family of McKinney set aside two rooms in their spacious home for Quantrill's men to use. If more accommodations were needed, they slept in the large barn.

Former guerilla captain "Tuck" Hill returned to McKinney and married Quintella Graves, daughter of Albert G. Graves. His brother, Wood (Woot) Hill, also married a Graves daughter, and A.M. Hill married a granddaughter. Three Hill sisters married into prominent Collin County families.

Tuck Hill engaged in farming and stock raising. He was an alderman for the City of McKinney and helped organize the Ex-Confederate and Old Settlers Picnic organization. He built a home on West Virginia Street in McKinney, raised nine children and lived to the age of 83.

Ex-guerilla Allen Parmer married Tuck Hill's cousin, Susan James. They lived for a while in Sherman, where Susan had once taught school, before moving west to near Wichita Falls to engage in the cattle business.

However, not all former guerillas settled to exemplary respectability. Allen Parmer's brothers-in-law and cousins of the Hills, Frank and Jesse James, were among those who chose to live outside the law.

The story of the James Brothers involvement with Quantrill's guerillas began when Frank James enlisted in the Confederate Army early in the war. He was captured at the Battle of Wilson's Creek and later paroled.

When he returned to his home at Kearney, Clay County, Mo., he was arrested by the sheriff. After some time his mother was able to obtain his release. Frank James then joined Quantrill's guerillas.

The militia began to harass the family when this became known. Dr. Rueben Samuel, Franks James' stepfather, was hung when he refused to tell where Quantrill was hiding. Mrs. Samuels, pregnant, was roughly treated, and young Jesse James was beaten with plow lines.

When the militiamen had left, Dr. Samuel was cut down and revived. Quantill had a new recruit—16-year-old Jesse James.

The stories of the James brothers in Collin County tell that they were heroes to former Confederates. These “Robin Hoods” were making their depredations mainly against the North and northern institutions, but after all, no one else had any money.

Captain Roy. F. Hall collected several stories from our local folk lore that are in the book *Pioneering in North Texas* by Captain Hall and Mrs. Helen Hall.

One story is about Frank and Jesse James, Cole Younger and others stealing 400 mules that federal mule buyers had bought and corralled in McKinney. The man guarding the stock was surprised and disarmed. The mules were herded from the corral, driven north and into Indian Territory. They sold the mules to the quarter master at Fort Washita.

When the theft was discovered; a local posse rode north about six miles from McKinney and camped. The next day they rode back to town and reported that the mule thieves had escaped into Indian Territory.

The former Missouri guerrillas were well-known in McKinney. Another folk tale was of a time when Frank James, visiting relatives in McKinney, decided to ride to Denton. Somehow, a federal lawman staying at the Tucker Hotel heard of this and, with a posse of local citizens, followed to arrest James.

As the posse raced west, some of the men began the old “Rebel Yell.” When James heard them he rode back. Someone clued him in on the situation by hailing him with a name. When asked if he had seen Frank James, he said he had seen someone riding toward Denton.

Later in the day when the posse had returned from their fruitless search Frank James was sitting with his cousin, Tuck Hill, on Hill's front porch.

As other characters joined the cast in the drama of Missouri guerillas in Reconstruction Collin County, federal law officers would find local posses ever helpful—but helpful to whom?

Local citizens aided outlaws after Civil War

1-17-88

The Civil War was only the first act of the drama. The impact of the Missouri-Texas connection would remain during Reconstruction and afterward. At “the Corners” where Collin, Grayson, Fannin and Hunt counties meet, a full-blown feud erupted between former Missourian Union Leaguer Lewis Peacock and returning Confederate Capt. Robert Lee, a feud that eventually involved every family in that vicinity. Federal troops were sent to Pilot Grove, but the feud ran its course until the principals were all dead.

Politically, this county was in a mess. After the war, Collin Countian James W. Throckmorton was a successful compromise candidate for governor. Since he had led North Texas in a stand against secession, he had the support of the moderate Unionists; but since he had later served as a Confederate brigadier general, he was acceptable to the secessionists. Governor Throckmorton could have possibly pulled Texas from the

aftermath of the war if he had been allowed; however, when he began acting like a governor, he was in conflict with the military commander, Gen. P.H. Sheridan. Throckmorton had considerable experience with the Indians on Texas' frontier but was forced by Gen. "the only good Indian is a dead Indian" Sheridan to wait for federal action. Throckmorton also appealed directly to the president over other matters, and further incensed Sheridan. Sheridan removed Throckmorton from office as "an impediment to the reconstruction of the state."

While this order did not result in outright anarchy it did cause some defiance from the people in this area. Most citizens did not resort to civil disobedience, but they did sometimes protect others from federal law.

Former Missourians welcomed those who had served as guerilla fighters during the war. The Graves family of McKinney, it is said, set aside two rooms in their spacious home for Quantrill's men to use. If more accommodation was needed, they slept in the huge barn. Former guerrilla Capt. Tuck Hill returned to McKinney and married Quintella Graves, daughter of Albert G. Graves. His brother, Wood Hill, also married a Graves daughter, and A.M. Hill married a grand-daughter. Three Hill sisters married into prominent Collin County families.

Tuck Hill engaged in farming and stock raising. He was an alderman for the City of McKinney and helped organize the Ex-Confederate and Old Settlers Picnic Organization. He built a home on West Virginia Street in McKinney, raised nine children and lived to the age of 83.

Ex-guerrilla Allen Parmer married Tuck Hill's cousin, Susan James. They lived at Sherman, where Susan had once taught school before moving west, near Wichita Falls, where he engaged in the cattle business.

However, not all former guerrillas settled to exemplary respectability. Allen Parmer's brothers-in-law and cousins of the Hills, Frank and Jesse James, were among those who chose to live outside the law.

Cole Younger settled with his family in Dallas County and gathered Texas cattle to drive up the old trail through the Indian Territory that was familiar to him and the other Missourian-Texans. One source said that Cole Younger had a ranch in Collin County, although no proof can be found.

An example of citizens protecting outlaws is a tale about the Youngers, Jameses and others stealing 400 mules that federal mule buyers had corralled in McKinney. They drove the mules north into Indian Territory, where they sold them to the quartermaster at Fort Washita. A local posse rode north in pursuit about six miles from McKinney, where they camped. The next day they rode back to town, and reported that the mule thieves had escaped into Indian Territory.

Former Missouri guerrillas were well-known in McKinney, especially at the Rock Front Saloon. Another folk talk was of a time when Frank James, visiting in McKinney, decided to ride to Denton. Somehow, a federal lawman staying at the Tucker Hotel heard of this, and with a posse of local men, followed to arrest James. As the posse raced west, some of the men began the old "Rebel Yell." When James heard them, he rode back. Someone clued him in on the situation by hailing him with a fictitious name. When asked if he had seen Frank James, he said he had seen someone riding toward Denton. When the posse returned from their fruitless search, James was sitting with his cousin, Tuck Hill, on Hill's front porch.

As other characters joined the cast of the drama, federal law officers would find local posses ever helpful - but helpful to whom?

Texas northers bring sudden cold blasts

12-27-87

Today we are forwarned by Harold or Troy with their computerized graphics of impending arctic cold fronts. We no longer rely on the 'signs' that the old-timers read with great accuracy. We are not as aware of dramatic weather changes as we were when we awoke on a cold morning to find that our breath had frozen on the top of our pile of quilts like a drift of snow, when our bare feet touched cold linoleum, or when we found the water frozen in the water bucket in a cold kitchen.

Grandma's patchwork quilt is now displayed on the wall like the artwork that it is, but once quilts were hung on the walls, over doors and windows, and sometimes on wires as curtains around the stove to block out as much cold air as possible. Too many of our farm homes had walls only an inch thick. They were constructed of wide upright boxing boards with the cracks covered by narrow battens. The wallpaper breathed in and out, as if it were alive.

Families gathered around the wood or coal oil stove, the only source of heat, with the cat and dogs and other assorted livestock such as early lambs or baby chicks that had been delivered by the mailman. One side of you froze while the other side baked, so everyone turned slowly like a rotisserie.

A norther, a sudden blast of cold wind, is our most dramatic weather change. One that arrived on an otherwise mild winter day, preceded by a dark ominous cloud containing dust, rain, sleet or snow and with a strong arctic blast that lowers the temperature 50 degrees in as many minutes, we call Texas Blue Norther. One that is unusually severe is a blizzard.

After a sunny Groundhog Day, the temperature made a sudden drop that bottomed out in this locality at minus 10 degrees, Feb. 11 to 13, 1899. South Texas had temperatures in the teens. It must have been another cold winter back during the Civil War when North Texas cattle migrated to South Texas and Galveston Bay froze over.

We have had many strange expressions to describe the weather. Texas weather had always supplied us with a reliable source of conversation. One such conversation around the stove is the general store could have been: "It's cold enough to freeze the horns off a billy goat." "Yup, someone left the gap down, this time," "I'm afeard the wind's done got in the peach orchard." Translated, someone believes the fruit crop is ruined by the freeze, another thinks it is cold enough to dehorn a denizen of the nether regions, and the other refers to a limp wire gate in a mythical wire fence.

The Blue Norther by Gwendyn L. Pettit

*On the high prairie, there's nothing between you and the North Pole
but a bob war fence.*

The pasture's bone dry; the yearlings wouldn't know rain if they saw it.

A blue line on the north horizon gets wider as you hustle the steers into the cedar brake.

In no time a'tall, a norther hits – sand stings your face; It's another dry one.

You turn your horse's rump to the wind and head for home; weeds blow by at a gallop.

The old barn shudders as the horse shoulders in next to the milk cow at the hay rack.

You struggle through the cold gale, past the tied-down windmill, to the house.

With your full weight against the door, you shut out the wind that tears at the sheet iron roof. It whistles through the boxing planks and down the limestone chimney. You build a fire of mesquite sticks to warm a pan of beans, then sit back on your heels. To think; "It sure aint' much, but a feller could be in a worse fix. When there's nothing between you and the north pole but a bob war fence. And somebody left the gap down."

Early 1900s

1900 Sears catalog used by area's settlers

11-13-88

Early Sears, Roebuck was how we described our décor back when early American was the style. Our old things are the type found at stores with “jonque” signs. Now, battered old furniture and household items are a part of the latest country-style décor. As the song says, we were country when country wasn't cool.

We did not realize how true our label was until our granddaughter gave us a reprint of Sears, Roebuck and Company's fall 1900 catalog. We went through our house finding items that were advertised in the book. We have several pairs of their spectacles; Sears printed an eye chart. Grandma Patton's monogrammed spoons, now worn lopsided from scraping the sides of bowls, were from a set costing \$4.95 for 26 pieces. Great Aunt Bett's oak cabinet sewing machine, made in 1897, is a little different in the cabinet decorations but the works are the same. Grandma Dorman's trunk is in the catalog. A dresser, the first piece of furniture that Aunt Dude and Uncle Will bought when they set up housekeeping, although similar to those in the book, was probably bought from Harrington Furniture and Undertaking Company in Plano.

The reason our things are from this era is because my mother's family was part of the great migration of farmers into this area in the late 1800s and early 1900s. Migrating families sold or gave away their bulky possessions before they moved to Texas by wagon or train. New household furniture, usually cheap and mass-produced in golden oak, was bought after the move. Our family's story is typical.

In 1903, Will Lemons of Plano visited relatives in Cleveland County, Ark. There, the big Texan met Judah Frances Dorman and brought her as his bride home to his family's farm south of Plano. Later, they rented a farm west of Allen. Letters to Arkansas told of fertile blackland and bumper cotton crops. Homesick, Judah “Dude” Lemons begged her family to come to Texas. In 1905, her father, John Tomas Dorman, brought his large family on the Cotton Belt train to Wylie. A farm was leased near Sachse. Then his parents, Allen and Harriet Dorman, 80 years of age, with their spinster daughter, Sarah Ann Elizabeth (Aunt Bett), followed to Texas after selling their farm in Arkansas.

Grandma's trunk and Aunt Bett's sewing machine are the only things that I have that came from Arkansas; everything else was bought after the move. All our old things show their years of hard use and scars from many moves, such as when Grandpa moved his family from Pleasant Valley, between Wylie and Garland, to near Arlington, where a large ranch was being broken into farms. The family was to spend the night at a Dallas hotel. However, the mule team, standing hitched to the wagon that carried the Dormans household furniture, was startled by their first sight of an automobile and bolted. The family searched the streets of Dallas through the night for the runaways. At daybreak, the team and wagon were found by the tracks near the train station.

Although furniture styles changed soon after the turn of the century, pieces of the style shown in the 1900 catalog are found in many local homes. This style is less ornate than in 1890, but not as plain and straight-lined as later craftsman designs. Tall headboards of beds are decorated with scrolls. There are three piece suites – bed, dresser, and commode or washstand. There are bookcase and desk combinations, rolltop desks,

pressed back dining chairs and rockers. Over stuffed is the best way to describe upholstered furniture. Ice boxes are made of golden oak. Thirty dollar Acme cookstoves are 540 pounds of ornately decorated cast iron. Two catalog pages are filled with blue-enamelled ware prized by present-day collectors.

The catalog contains an assortment of vehicles from farm wagons to fancy canopied surries, cabriolets and three-seat mountain wagons. The book has pages of farm equipment, show plows, sulky rakes, and Acme windmills.

The fashion for ladies in 1900, according to Sears, Roebuck, is wasp-like waists with long, bell shaped skirts. Hats are fantastic creations of feathers and taffeta rosettes. A brown felt hat as velveta around the crown, "Directly in front is a pair of beautifully shaded natural duck wings with chou of brown velveta caught with handsome steel buckle. The hat is tipped over the face by tab band of purple violets."

The male models are slim Teddy Roosevelt. Men's hats are stiff hats or derbys, sombreros, Pine Ridge Scout hats that remind us of Teddy's Rough Riders and J.B. Stetson's "Boss of the Plains." Shoes are high topped, made of cloth, cowhide or kangaroo and are either buttoned or laced.

Necessities are not all that Sears, Roebuck sold; many items were for social and artistic expression: violins, guitars, lute-backed mandolins, and assortment of brass horns, pianos and parlor organs. With cameras were magic lanterns, the Optigraph moving picture machine and the Columbia Grand Graphophone with cylinder records. Most, of these luxury items never found their way to sharecroppers' homes. Although the 1900 catalog is a good indication of the culture at the turn of the century, for many it was only a wish book.

Robberies explosion awakens Allen in 1901

11-6-88

There was a big bang in Allen at the beginning of the 20th century. However, the event, nine days late, was not in celebration of the new century. As I think about the turn of the century, I wonder if others are as confused as I am about when a century ends and another begins. The last turn of the century was not when 1899 became 1900, nor will we be able to celebrate the beginning of a new century in the year 2000, but we must wait around a whole year until Jan. 1, 2001. It seems anticlimactic.

The 20th century slipped into Allen, then a town of 67 homes, quietly enough. Although there were other stores scattered around, the main business district was a row of narrow, western-style wooden buildings from Main Street south to Belmont Street, on the west side of the railroad tracks. On the night of Jan. 8, 1901, the town slept, unaware that there would be a rude awakening.

In the dead of the night, four men broke into the second building from the south end of the row of stores – Henry T. Jordan's Dry Goods and Grocery. Jordan had placed his cash in a large iron safe when he closed his store that Tuesday night, but the burglars were prepared to deal with it. At about 2:30 a.m., an explosion blew the heavy safe door across the storeroom. The safecrackers removed \$90 from the mangled safe and quickly left town before the awakened townspeople found the cause of the blast.

The robbers probably thought there would be plenty of time to make their escape before the usual pursuit by a posse on horseback could be organized. They evidently did not take into account the speed of new means of communication. County Sheriff Pafford

in McKinney was notified and at about 3:30 a.m., the Plano city marshal received a telephone call warning him to be on the lookout for the safecrackers.

A west bound Cottonbelt train was due at Plano at 4:30 a.m. Shortly before the time of the train's arrival, two strangers, Charles Francis and John Edmonds, walked into Plano with intentions of catching the train and leaving the county, well ahead of their pursuers.

However, they were met by the Plano marshal and his men. Both robbery suspects carried pistols. As the Plano men disarmed the strangers, Edmonds threw something away. It was discovered that the object he threw was a bottle of blasting powder.

The next day, Sheriff Pafford arrived in Plano to transfer the prisoners to McKinney to the county jail. The only thing that Edmonds would tell about himself was that he was 55 years old. Francis, a younger man, said that he lived in Houston. During his examining trial, Francis took down the evidence of the witnesses in shorthand. We do not know their fate at the hands of Collin County juries, not if the other two men were caught. However, Henry Jordan was able to identify some of the money that they carried as cash that he had placed in his safe. Almost every penny was recovered.

Few traces remain of city's early newspaper 12-4-88

A yellowed newspaper lay in the clutter of the organ bench. It was The Allen American, Vol. 1. No. 1, dated Tuesday, July 21, 1970. The paper brought back a flood of memories of Allen as it was in 1970, when an energetic young couple, Buddy and Pat Camper, moved to town to begin a weekly newspaper. The big news that week, other than the paper itself, was the announcement that we would soon have direct long-distance dialing. We would not have to dial the operator to place a long-distance call. The other front page story was the official opening of the swim club's pool. An editorial comment was titled "A New Era for Allen". Below the editorial an article outlined Allen's history. The two articles tied together our past, present and future. Although a newspaper's major concern is with current events, historical view gives continuity to a community.

However, an editor's review of history recently caused some frustration. From the 1900 census we knew that Allen had an early newspaper. That is, it seemed reasonable that if an editor and a printer lived in town, there had to be a newspaper. Ernest J. Parker, 31, from Tennessee, who lived on Jabin Street, gave his occupation as editor. He and his wife, Minnie, had daughters Mandy, Clara and Mary and sons Ernest R. and Walton (or Walter). A printer, Joe Glasgow, 34, from South Carolina, boarded with Mary Harris.

Contemporary newspapers are one of our best historical sources, although they were strongly biased politically during earlier periods. The McKinney Democrat, our only local source, was strangely silent about Allen during the 1890s. Could Allen have had its own paper, or was there a difference of political opinion between the town and the Democrat's strong Alliance slant? The Democrat occasionally picked up stories from other county papers; hopefully, careful scan would reveal news of Allen.

There it was, on Jan, 31, 1901 – news from the Allen Advocate! A month later, on Feb, 28, the McKinney paper printed an obituary for little Amanda Heidt Parker, an 8-year-old daughter of editor E.J. Parker of the Advocate who had died when measles led to

pneumonia. It noted that the child's uncle was editor C.W. Parker of the Sherman Register. This was a sad confirmation to earlier speculation.

The first article found in the Democrat was a frustrating disappointment. Rather than giving us a picture of Allen at the turn of the century, it was a reprint of the Advocate's reprint from the March 13, 1869, McKinney Enquirer. However, the article gave a better picture of the period after the Civil War than we had before. In March 1869, there was considerable cotton in the country waiting fair weather for shipment. Remember, this was three years before we had a railroad. This cotton had to be hauled overland by wagon for 200 miles to a riverport or to the Gulf Coast. Cotton was selling for 13 ½ cents to 14 cents a pound.

George Coffman sold a lot of corn-fed beef steers at Shreveport for \$55 a head. The Enquirer predicted that stall-feeding cattle would become popular in this country as the profits were big. Money was easier than it had been in three years. Peach trees were in full bloom.

A party from Tarrant County followed, overtook and killed a horse thief in Indian Territory. They recovered their horses.

A store was paying a bit (12 1/2 cents) a pound in trade for bacon. Flour was in sufficient quantity to supply the demand at 7 cents a pound; lard, 8 to 10 cents; Irish potatoes, \$3 to \$4 per bushel; eggs, 10 cents; butter, 15 cents.

Under the head of "troublesome," the '69 Enquirer had this story in the style of that day. "Mr. Walker, the jailor, has two very naughty boys boarding with him at this time. One named Clanton, from Fannin (County), has an utter abhorrence to anything like jewelry – thinks it looks foppish, and amuses himself by wrenching the shackles off his limbs about as fast as they can be put on. Gaylor, who is charged with the murder of Sockwell, near Farmersville, is also very obstreperous and refuses to be a good boy. He paid the Vulcans (blacksmiths) of our city a left-landed compliment the other day while waiting for his manacles to be forged, by saying this was 'the d--- poorest place to get blacksmithing done he ever saw.'"

That this article, first printed by the McKinney Enquirer in 1869, was reprinted in 1901 by the Allen Advocate, then reprinted in the McKinney Democrat, is now in the Allen American seems to emphasize that today's news is tomorrow's history. After the turn of the century, possibly because of the cooperation between the editors, more news of Allen appeared in the now extant McKinney papers. By this time, Allen once a little western-style town of the prairie, was beginning to enter a period of growth and prosperity.

Old newspapers show life of early Allen

1-14-90

Allen's local news item in old microfilmed newspapers are a window into the life of the town during the town's early years, just as Lavern's "Hart Beat" will be 80 or so years from now. Although, today you would not find that it was remarkable that "C.M. Spradley and J.M. Cox were seeing the sights in McKinney Friday" or that "Mrs. J.R. Spradley and son Charley were in McKinney Saturday," once these items were newsworthy to a small town. The headline, "Breezy Buggets from Allen" caught my eye as I looked for another item in the McKinney Democrat-Gazette of Feb. 24, 1907. I read that M. Whisenant and Walter Spradley attended a Valentine party given by Miss Lucy Razor at her home west of town; that J.N. Bush was having his house painted by Rud

Ereckson; and that Mrs. H.T. Jordan, Mrs. Dr. W.F. Wolford and Dr. Compton were in McKinney Tuesday.

Jim White, Lawrence Waddill, John Heard and Judge T.T. Goodner were attending to some business regarding right of way between McKinney and Allen for the Interurban. J.N. Bush, Dow Marshall, W.R. Lynn and Wesley Lewis had jury duty.

Out of town visitors included Jake Dennis of Nacona, who was visiting the Sim Cate family. Miss Mamie Cate returned to Nocona with him for a short visit. P.O. Parr and wife of Justin in Denton County visited the families of Wesley Young and G.A. Wilkerson. Dr. Perry's mother from Merit, Texas, and his aunt, Mrs. Harrelson of Seattle, Wash., visited the doctor's family. More local visitors were Mrs. Gregory and daughter of Parker, and Mr. and Mrs. O.C. Rolater from Richardson visited the T.P. Rolater family. Miss Rossie Rolater spent Sunday with her parents. She is teaching at Stinson school (south of Lucas) and say she had an attendance of 50 pupils and all the grades from A-Z. Sam Mouldea of the Cottonwood community came to Allen on Saturday.

Rev. J.W. Clifton preached two interesting sermons at the Methodist Church. The ladies of Rowlett church will give a box supper at the church Saturday night for the purpose of raising money to pay off the indebtedness on the church organ. Rev. R.J. Fletcher filled his regular appointment at Rowlett last Sunday. Next Sunday, Feb. 24, completes Bro. Fletcher's four years work as pastor of the Baptist Church at Allen. The next week's column said that Allen's church was beginning preaching services three times a month instead of once a month as they previously had. Mr. and Mrs. W.A. Melton attended church at Rowlett on Sunday, which indicates tat some of the townfolk went out to the country church when it was their pastor' preaching day there.

Mrs. S.P. Bush was ill and her daughter, Mrs. E.C. Allen, had come from Sherman. Other Allenites traveled to the cities for medical treatment. Mrs. T.J. Ereckson went to Dallas to see an eye specialist. Miss Rosa Bridges went to Fort Worth to have an operation for appendicitis. She was accompanied by Dr. Perry and her sister, Mrs. Ruel Ereckson. It was noted that Mrs. Bridges and daughter, Nannie, are running the boarding house this week during the absence of Mrs. Ruel Ereckson's stay in Fort Worth.

"John Green while hunting some wild geese was accidentally shot Monday night. His wounds although painful are not thought to be serious and at the present writing he is resting as well as could be expected." A later column said that both Miss Bridges and Green were recovering nicely.

During this time, there was always a blurb advertising Wesley Young's drug store included with the news. This seems to indicate that the drug store, located where the old police station was, was the source of the news report. The note that "J. Wesley Young and wife visited home folks at Rowlett Sunday" reminded me of a story told to me by Miss Gladys Young, about her brother, Wess.

The druggist built the house on the corner of Main and Allen drive, now occupied by Heart Strings and Country Things in 1908. Miss Gladys said, "He, my brother, had the first car, in Allen. Well all the people were looking to see him come, to see the new car. They were standing out there to see him bring in the new car. Well that same old garage sets there..., what does he do when he drives up ...he didn't stop it very fast and goes through it!"

Roosevelt made short visit here in 1904

1-8-89

President "Teddy" Roosevelt was brandishing the Big Stick. Dirt was flying in Panama. It was a time of full dinner pails. The Rough Rider's high-voltage energy was electrifying the country. Roosevelt had "accidentally" become president when McKinley was killed. As summer began in 1904, the "cowboy president" was out to win the presidency in his own right.

The town of Allen, after 30 years of existence, had come of age. As in small towns across America, summer was a time for ice cream suppers, protracted meetings and lodge functions. Agriculture was its business. At the end of June 1904, threshing was in full blast. Grain buyers, Milt Whisenant, W.C. Killingsworth and W.T. Macy, were buying the harvest for three different grain companies. A.E. Rawlins, Allen's railroad agent, "is doing all he can to supply the demand for cars," according to a newspaper report.

Allen had three churches – Methodist, Baptist and Christian. The ladies of the Christian Church were planning an ice cream supper. Rev. L.L. Coale preached at the Methodist Church Sunday morning and at the Wetzel schoolhouse in the afternoon. In July, Rev. Coale would commence a protracted meeting at Blythe's Chapel (Winningkoff, now Lucas). Rev. John S. Davis would assist.

Rev. J.J. Hall had been ill. Amos Huguely, an old respected citizen of Allen, was confined to bed and "would like to have his old friends call as it gives him cheer in his hour of affliction."

Allen had four doctors in 1904: H.H. Compton, W.T. Wolford, T.M. Young and Fitzhugh Wolford. Dr. T.M. Young had "a nice drug store filled with all the drugs and medicines necessary for a first class drug store." Walter Camp was Dr. Young's assistant in the pharmacy business. Wesley Young had a nice drug store, also, "He handles all the latest and pure drugs and is well qualified to fill all prescriptions."

Grocery merchants included T.J. Erickson and A.A. Humphrey. H.T. Jordan had a large line of groceries in his general merchandise store. He also carried a good stock of hardware and dry goods and had recently put in a good stock of furniture. G.A. Wilkerson had a nice stock of hardware and groceries.

J.W. Thomas and sons had a blacksmith and carriage shop business. F.B. Rickerson had a blacksmith shop and a woodworking business. He carried "a nice line of undertaker's goods" in addition to his shop work.

The town's barber was A.D. Carroll; he had a "laundry basket" in connection with his barber shop. B.C. Carroll had the ice house. This was the only vault and cold storage in town. A large stock of ice and cold drinks was always on hand. Dr. T.M. Young had "a complete telephone system giving us communication with all points."

A communication was received in Allen later in the year that the president of the United States would pass through town on the railroad. When President Roosevelt's train arrived at the depot, it was met by a crowd of the town's citizens. Among the group was 11-year-old Williard Fondren (Horn). She said, over 80 years later, "When the train arrived, he came out on the platform of the last coach and made a short address." He was

dressed in his Rough Rider suit, as pictures of him show in history books, with his hat, and glasses with long cord.”

Mules were big business in transition of farms 7-21-1991

L.C. “Big Daddy” Summers and his wife, Ted Summers, my husband, D.C., and I visited the Collin County Farm Museum this week, where Big Daddy made an oral history tape about working with horse-drawn farm implements.

Some weeks ago, Adah Leah Wolf asked D.C. if he could tell her what the plowhead or metal shackle at the leading end of the beam of a horse-drawn plow was known as locally. Although he recalled how the thing was used to hitch the team to the plow, he had forgotten what it was called.

Papa Pettit traded their mules in as a down payment for a John Deere tractor in 1940. D.C. called Big Daddy, who said that his family called the thing a loggerhead. Eventually, this discussion over a loggerhead led to the oral history tape.

After the taping session, Adah Leah took us to see the farm tools and machinery the museum has on display in the John Wells Building. The museum’s collection focuses on the transition period of the 1930s, when farms in Collin County were discontinuing the use of mules and were becoming mechanized. This transition was extended in the 40s because of World War II.

Mules were big business in this county. In 1866, Collin County was the leading mule market west of the Mississippi. Local mule breeders furnished many army mules. In 1910, Collin County tied for second place in the mule industry in Texas. Our most well-known mule breeder in southwest Collin County was J.W. Shepard, but farmers like the Rasors, Carpenters and Haggards raised mules for their own use and to sell.

Many others were involved in the industry, as farmers took the mules to break and to train to work as teams for the raisers. Even today, when I am in the old downtown of Plano, I am reminded of the time when the braying of mules rent the air as mules in Shepard’s Mule Barn were echoed by mules at the livery stable.

Mules have a reputation for stubbornness, but a well-trained team knew its business. You only had to indicate what you wanted them to do and let them do it. Most farmers tied their plow reins together and draped them over their shoulder. There was no need to guide the team, they simply followed the row.

However, like people, they had personality quirks. Some were more intelligent than their owners. My mother made me stay indoors when a neighbor plowed his bottomland, a half-mile away, because the language he used to his team turned the air blue.

As we walked among the implements at the museum, Big Daddy gave a running commentary on their use. He demonstrated the benefits of a wiggle tail cultivator on display. The plows are guided with your feet, but with a wiggletail you could put more of yourself into the operation because the seat swiveled.

There was a one-row walking cultivator. “That thing will kill you,” and “I’d rather lose a crop than use this.” Big Daddy made a sweeping gesture and declared, “All this stuff will work you to death!”

Memory of the back-breaking work involved in making a crop with such implements tempered any nostalgia. We walked by a double shovel, then a Georgia stock, or single stock, with a buzzard wing sweep. “When you walked behind one of

these all day, you didn't want to go honky-tonking that night." There was a one-row planter that "whupped many a man."

D.C. pointed to a turning plow with a rooster comb. "My daddy plowed a whole farm with one of those one year. It was solid Bermuda grass. The rooster comb laid the sod over in a long ribbon, but he killed it out in one year." ' "

I recognized an old F12 Farm-all with cog wheels like the one we had, but there were other machines that were outside of any of our experiences.

There are regional expressions for many of the parts of horse-drawn equipment. A singletree is sometimes called a whipple- or whiffletree. Brand names got into the language, much like Frigidaire came to mean any refrigerator. Big Daddy said, "Whatever your Daddy called it, that's what it was."

The collection of threshing equipment shows how important grain raising has been in this county. Frank Mathews ran a threshing crew of 20-30 men around the turn of the century. Newspaper reports of the time tell that he loaded his equipment onto railroad cars at Allen's station and followed the harvest into Oklahoma after the local threshing was done.

The most impressive piece of equipment at the museum is the huge steam engine made by the Minneapolis Threshing Machine Company in 1923. The restored engine, on loan from Gerald Furr, is well-known to many in this area.

Our two old farmhands who had worked at the thresher in their young days recalled those days with a thresher crew with some nostalgia. We heard of some pranks that we won't repeat, but most involved the snakes that moved into the grain shocks while the shocks were standing in the field.

The ripe grain was cut and tied into bundles by a binder, then stacked into shocks in the field to wait until the thresher was available. The slow-moving steam engine pulled the huge threshing machine into the field and provided its power. Pitchers tossed bundles onto the bundle wagon that hauled them to the stationary thresher. There were men who fed the thresher, hauled grain, and kept the engine running. The size of the crew depended on the size of the operation;

D.C. thought the most important person on the threshing crew was the water jack. This was usually a young boy who rode a horse and carried water to the men at the thresher and in the field: "Water Jack, Water Jack, You ought been here. And half way back!"

Levi Carruth's family's cookshack, built in 1909, set off Big Daddy's memories. "I'd like to see someone cook a big meal in there like they used to do."

The small wood cookstove, original to the wagon, according to John Wells who donated the cookshack, was bought at Sherley's store in Anna. There is a small oakwood ice box, also. The sides fold down to make counters along the sides.

Include black-eyed peas on Jan. 1 menu

1-1-89

We have been eating high on the hog during the holidays, but it's time to get back to plain everyday living and begin the new year with black-eyed peas and hog jowl. In Texas and throughout the South, there is the tradition that eating black-eyed peas and hog jowl on New Year's Day will bring good luck for the coming year. In some localities, cabbage, collard or turnip greens are added to the menu for the green of money. Evidently, good luck is not enough – it must be accompanied by the green stuff.

Frequently, new Texans complain that they would rather do without luck than eat black-eyed peas. This could be because they have experienced some poorly cooked peas. My preference is for canned fresh peas, rather than dried peas. There are those who argue that for good luck the peas should be dried, but I have not noticed any difference in the quality of luck. Cooking hint: Boil slices of salt pork in a little water until tender, then add canned peas. Cook slowly until the extra liquid is cooked down, usually about 30 minutes.

Black-eyed peas, turnips, turnip greens, corn bread and salt pork - hog jowl, fat back or sow's belly - have been popularized in recent years as soul food that is, the traditional food of southern blacks; however, it is also the food of southern whites – just good, plain home cooking. If you were raised in a different region or culture, you might find it difficult to acquire a taste for these local delicacies, but it would be in the spirit of the New Year's tradition to substitute your own basic regional or ethnic foods – your version of humble pie – to begin the new year.

However, much of our local food heritage involves hog meat (creating a cholesterol level problem in our present-day lifestyle). Our local speech is full of idioms referring to swine- root hog or die, in a pig's eye, hog wild, pig crazy, etc. (The worst of hog puns were abundant when James S. Hogg became governor of Texas after a bitter campaign in 1891.) Some local sayings are more indirect, such as, "You got a good scald on it," meaning that you did the job right the first time, or that you made a correct statement. Good hog-killing weather and the proper preservation of the meat by smoking or dry salting were vital to farm folk.

The number of hogs once raised in this area is surprising. Tax records show that it was not uncommon for a local farmer to have 40 or 50 hogs. Swine were an important cash crop

The following editorial exchange from the Allen Advocate of April 26, 1901, shows Allen's civic pride as a hog market. It began when Advocate editor E.J. Parker wrote: "Allen continues to be the best hog market in Collin County – and when we say the best we mean that her buyers pay a little more than those of other points."

The McKinney Examiner retaliated: "Oh! come off, now, Parker! Allen is a very nice little town, but she can't hold a light alongside McKinney as a hog market."

Parker replied, "The Advocate is real glad to note that the Examiner acknowledges that such a place as Allen exists. As to the hog proposition, we are speaking by the card. Only last Saturday, George Parvin and Dave Boales, from Rock Hill, came to Allen with hogs and sold them to R.B. Whisenant for \$5.35 (per hundred). An hour later Jim Caves living near Princeton drove into McKinney with two loads of hogs and the best offer he could get was \$4.80. His hogs were just as good as those brought to Allen. When we last saw Mr. Caves at 6:15 Saturday afternoon, the "'bid' had not been raised and he was fixing to take his hogs home. One Tuesday previous, Dave Williams a substantial farmer of the White Grove community, was in the county seat in the morning and was offered \$4.90 for his hogs. That afternoon, he brought them to Allen and received \$5.40 for them. So, it will be seen, that Allen is not only holding a light alongside McKinney as a hog market, but she is throwing the county capital in the shade. In fact, Allen is THE hog and cattle market of Collin County."

Children's games teach lessons

11-8-92

"One potato, two potato, three potato, four..." or "Eeny meeny miny moe ..." we counted to choose up sides, or to decide who was "It." If we did not like the choice made by our rhyme, we could always tack on, "You dirty dishrag, you," or other extensions until we came up with the person we wanted. The games children played were passed on from one child to another, from generation to generation, until they are part of our folklore.

Most of us do not remember when we learned to sing, *London Bridge is Falling Down*. For sure, it was before we knew there was a place called London. Folklorists tell us that this capture and tug-of-war game is found in many cultures. Author Jesse Stuart, tells in his autobiographic book, *The Thread That Runs So True*, that on his first day as a teacher in the Kentucky mountains, the children rushed out at recess to play The Needle's Eye. "The needle's eye that doth supply, the thread that runs so true," is a version of the game we know as London Bridge. The Needle's Eye is also played in some areas of Texas, according to a book by the Texas Folklore Society, *Texas Toys and Games*, in the Allen Public Library. The book tells of the German version played by children in Fredericksburg Texas, "Zieh Durch," and that Hispanic children play "La Puerta Esta Quebrada" (The Door is Broken.)

It was at small, rural schools where children of all ages played together, that older children taught the younger ones the old games. My first country school was Murphy School, where I began the sixth grade. I was 10 years old, and undersized to boot. Sixth, seventh and eighth grades were in the same classroom- my classmates promptly nicknamed me "Runt."

In choosing up sides, I was always last to be picked. I was the end of every Pop the Whip line, and the weakest link in Red Rover. *Texas Toys and Games* compared Red Rover to tribal warfare: "Children select like nature, attacking the weak and choosing the strong." The playground pecking order extended to elder children over their younger siblings.

Country school children played Leap Frog, Tag, Hide-and-Go-Seek, and other games that required no equipment and had few rules. The game of Horseshoes was played with real horseshoes, and Pitching "Warshers" came from washers possibly from farm machinery.

The boys often engaged in no-holds-barred "wrasslin" that continued until some hollered "calf-rope," or a teacher heard the ruckus and put a stop to it.

Having a small number of students was no hindrance to playground competition. Bessie Jones Brooks and Arleigh Rogers claim they were the Annie Over champs at Hog Waller (Faulkner) School.

Lack of enough players to make up teams did not stop rural school children from playing baseball. We played Scrub, a version of baseball where players rotate positions, or One-eyed Cat, played with one base. There were other ball games that probably had other regional names.

Remember when boys brought knives to school to be used in games? The game played most often was Mumblepeg, (Mumblepeg, Mumbletypeg, etc.), a contest of skill. Each boy valued his own special jackknife chosen for its weight, size, length of blades and handle, and was always eager to show off his skill.

“Down in the Meadow where the green grass grows...” “Red Hot Pepper,” and other jump rope thymes and chants were passed from big sister to little sister for generations.

We watched the older girls put “pigs in the pen” and “eggs in the basket,” then found a corner to practice with our jacks until we were ready to compete.

Boys brought marbles to school in tobacco sacks or homemade bags. Most had a prized taw, an agate if he could afford it, that fit his fingers just right. Other marbles were mostly glass. Our garden patch at Pike has several old homesites, near the abandoned schoolhouse. Each plowing brings out a new crop of long lost marbles. A few are old brown or blue mottled crock marbles. But most are weathered glass. We pick them up and wonder about those boys of long ago.

As adults we often wish we could make up our own ground rules and play the game our way, or is it that we just want to be able when we don’t like the way the game is going, to pick up our marbles and go home?

The Fire of 1915

9-15-85

[Part of the last column if missing]

“That was an awful night,” is how Minnie Shelton remembers the Sunday night, Nov. 28, 1915, when half of downtown Allen went up in flames. She and her sister, Viola Rose recalled the confusion and panic of the town’s citizens when it was feared the whole of the business district, and many homes, would be lost.

Allen had been enjoying a period of prosperity. New homes, churches, lodge halls and store buildings had been built. The cotton yard, east of downtown, was full from the year’s harvest. The railroad platform was loaded with cotton bales ready to be shipped.

No one has ever known how the fire started in A. Green’s General Merchandise Store about 11 o’clock that Sunday night. The building, owned by Waters and Mathews, was on the west end of the north side of Main Street, next to the Interurban tracks on Butler Street.

The fire spread quickly to S.M. Brown’s vacant frame building. About a hundred men gathered to fight the blaze. There was no organized fire department and no equipment. Women were crying. No one seemed to know what to do. Telephone and electric wires fell into the streets in a triangle. Men were hollering “Don’t touch those lines!” The Bush Grocery burned. Several hundred feet of small hose was put into service. The private water system was a good one. But, a heavy wind was pushing the fire.

The old Odd Fellows hall, a two story wooden building owned by Price Bush, caught on fire. In the upstairs club room were stored the furniture and other household belongings of the Wilson family. But, downstairs was a large quantity of oil and gasoline (estimated about \$150 worth), owned by the Pierce-Fordyce Oil Company.

It is said that the fire fighters did not know that it was stored here. Shortly after the fire caught in the building, the barrels exploded and were hurled about a hundred feet in the air with a blaze that illuminated the entire town. The concussion shattered the large plate glass windows in the stores on the south side of Main Street. Several persons ere injured by flying glass, and others received burns.

The Odd Fellows’ new two-story brick building was next in the path of the flames. R.A. Dickerson’s Dry Goods Store and Frank Bell’s Grocery was on the ground floor. The lodge lost all its regalia and Dr. H.H. Compton’s office on the second floor contained his medical library.

Uncle Tom Rose had extra worries that Sunday night. He was substituting for the Cotton Agent over the weekend, in addition to his usual duties as the Interurban Agent. The wind was carrying the flying fire brands in the direction of the cotton yard while the bales on the railroad platform were in imminent danger.

Also, that evening he had received an unusual shipment from the Interurban freight car. A corpse had been sent to Allen for burial. Uncle Tom was instructed to leave the casket in the interurban waiting room overnight; someone was to pick it up early Monday morning. If that fire spread to the ___ Main Street it ___ reach the wo ___ Station. His _____ that he nearly _____ night, fearing _____ burn the cotton ___ ban Depot.

When the Odd ___ burned out ne ___ wear fire fight _____ the high brick w _____ as fire walls, ___ blaze and p ___ spreading further _____ National Bank ___ saved. All other ___ the north side of ___ were completely _____ gutted. L. _____ estimated a ___ \$20,000 and \$ _____

Downtown fire in 1915 ended early boom probably 1990s

“Fire!” Shouts of “fire” wakened the town of Allen about 11 p.m. on a Sunday night, Nov. 28, 1915. “That was an awful night,” Minnie Shelton remembers. Before the night was over, half Allen’s downtown business district burned.

1915 was a year of unexplainable fires. Beneath accounts of the Allen fire in both Dallas papers were reports that the interurban power station, north of Sherman, had been destroyed by fire. No one ever knew how the Allen fire started in G.W. “Gabe” Green’s general merchandise store on the northwest corner of the business block. The interurban tracks ran near the store building’s wooden walls. Could a cigar carelessly tossed by a passenger, lie smoldering in dead grass until a blaze caught and set fire to the building? Could it have been an electrical fire? The high voltage wires supplying the town and the railway ran above its eaves. Behind the frame building were the Allen Power Company’s transformers and connections to the main line. There was no insurance on the building owned by Waters & Mathews, valued at \$450, nor on Green’s \$200 worth of stock.

From Green’s store the fire quickly spread eastward to a vacant frame building owned by S.M. Brown. Allen had no organized fire department. The *Times Herald* reported that the town had several hundred feet of small hose and a good waterworks system. “This equipment in the hands of a hundred volunteers fought a winning battle with the flames despite the heavy wind which threatened to spread the flames not only over all the business section, but much of the residence portion of the town.”

Minnie Shelton and her sister, Viola Rose, eyewitnesses to the fire, recalled the emotions and confusion of the event. No one seemed to know what to do. Women were crying. Telephone and electric wires fell into the streets in a tangle. Men were hollering, “Don’t touch those wires!”

The Bush Grocery burned. A heavy wind was pushing the fire. It leapt the alley to the old Odd Fellows’ Hall, a two-story wooden building. Stored in the upstairs clubroom was furniture and other household belongings of the Wilson family. But on the ground floor was a large quantity of oil and gasoline owned by Pierce-Fordyce Oil Company.

It is said that the firefighters did not know that the fuel was stored there. Shortly after fire caught this building, the barrels exploded and hurled a hundred feet in the air. The blaze illuminated the entire town. Across the street, the large plate glass windows in Waters & Mathews’ new hardware and implement store, and those in other southside businesses, were shattered by the concussion. Several persons were injured by flying glass; others received burns.

The Odd Fellows’ new two-storey brick building was next in the path of the flames. R.A. Dickerson’s Dry Goods Store and Frank Bell’s Grocery, were on the

ground floor. The lodge lost all its regalia in the upstairs club room. Dr. H.H. Comptom's office, also upstairs, burned with all his medical supplies and equipment. He lost an extensive medical library. Dry good stock was valued at \$10,000.

The Rose sisters said that their father, Tom Rose, had extra worries that Sunday night. He was substituting for the cotton agent over the weekend, in addition to his duties as the interurban agent. The cotton yard, east of downtown, was full with the year's harvest. The railroad bales ready to be shipped. The high wind was carrying flying firebrands in the direction of the cotton yard while the bales on the platform were in imminent danger.

Also, that evening he had received an unusual shipment from the interurban freight car- a corpse had been sent to Allen for burial. Rose had been instructed to leave the casket in the waiting room overnight for someone was to pick it up early Monday morning. If the fire spread to the south side of Main Street, it would soon reach the interurban station. His daughters said that Rose nearly went crazy that night, fearing the fire would burn the cotton or the interurban depot.

When the Odd Fellow's Hall burned out near dawn, the weary firefighters found that its high brick walls had acted as firewalls to contain the blaze. The walls had prevented the fire from spreading to the barber shop and to the First National Bank building on the east corner. All the other buildings on the north side of Allen's Main Street were burned or gutted. Losses were estimated to have been between \$20,000 and \$50,000. There was little insurance.

During the first 15 years of this century, the town of Allen was in a period of prosperity. New homes, churches, lodge halls and store buildings had been built. After that awful night in 1915, the town's loss could not be measured in the thousands of dollars lost in the fire. Allen's heyday was over.

Downtown location has a busy history

4-2-89

Snippets of information from old newspapers, notes from another researcher - bit by bit the story of a downtown location began to add up. The story is timely because the police department has recently moved from the old site, but for many months, stories about the many uses of that location have been collecting in my files. At the present time, city administrators are deciding what the site's next municipal function will be.

A.C. Story, Walter Curtis, Ed Erickson and others remember when the building on the corner of Main and Butler was Allen's first municipal building. In the early 1950s, Allen's Volunteer Fire Department bought a used fire truck from Richardson, and the Town of Allen incorporated. (Which came first is as much a riddle as the old question about the chicken or the egg.) It was immediately obvious that the town needed a city hall, and the firemen needed a place to park the fire truck. Private contributions and various activities raised the funds, and the Main Street site was selected.

The narrow red brick building on Lot 15, Block 8 had already had many owners and had served as a drugstore, doctor's office, post office, and a variety of other purposes. The building had become dilapidated since it had been acquired by a Dallas bank during the Depression. Dr. M.O. Perry bought the property for \$300 in 1942, but the building remained unused until November 1953, when the Fire Department paid \$200 to Perry's heirs. For a token \$1, the fire volunteers transferred ownership to the city of

Allen. The property was to be used for municipal purposes. The firemen also donated \$500 toward rebuilding the structure; the city agreed to finance the rest.

Yet, reconstruction was a community effort; local businesses furnished material at cost and much of the work was done by volunteer labor. Two bays were made at the south end to garage the fire truck and the water department truck. The front section was partitioned for city offices. Through the years, each improvement had its own story. A.C. Story, former city secretary, remembers when he and Virgil Watson bought the first jail from the city of Denton. "It wasn't much more than a monkey cage. To tryout the new jail, our two stalwart officers locked up the local druggist on a trumped-up charge. (Probably his coffee was not to their taste that day.)

Since 1954, many serious decisions about our town's future were made in the building, and as a police station, it was vital for the protection of our city.



This street scene of downtown Allen, from between 1911 and 1915, included the old drug store. In 1906, the Houston and Texas Central and the Southern Pacific Railroad Companies sold Lot 15, Block 8 to J. Wesley Young for \$85. At this time, Allen was changing from the old-style western board buildings facing the railroad to more substantial brick structures on Main Street. Young built a single-story red brick building for a drug store. About 1912, W.G. Cundiff bought Young's pharmacy business. Dr. Compton moved into the south end of the building after his medical office in the Odd Fellow building was destroyed by fire in 1915. The doctor's entrance was on the west side facing the Interurban tracks. Cundiff later built his own building (now Tony's Meat market) and moved the drug store. Meanwhile, Young had moved to Tarrant County; he sold his building to C.R. Scott in 1919. Bill Haynes, a McKinney historian, found several articles about his relative, Scott, in old newspapers. His help explained some bits of information that I had found earlier. C.R. Scott was a building contractor who built several of McKinney's downtown business buildings and probably some of Allen's. He had a carpentry shop in Allen between the Interurban building and the brick building. Scott's father had a brickyard east of McKinney, and made brick from clay shipped in on the railroad. (We have no brick clay in this county.)

The Weekly Democrat Gazette of April 24, 1919, said that C.R. Scott was putting in a concrete floor and making other improvements on this brick building in Allen. "One

of the best sites for a business house in Allen.” The reason for the improvements was that the building would soon be used for a photo playhouse.

However, before the movie house could be opened, there was an article headlined: “Smallpox is Raging in the Allen Section.” It reported that there were between 75 and 100 cases of small pox in the Allen neighborhood. Judge R.L. Moulden and county physician Dr. Todd Largent quarantined all the cases, closed the school and churches, and ordered the picture show which was due to open for business that night to remain closed until the epidemic had run its course. If there was no improvement in a few days, the officials threatened to quarantine the whole town.

Apparently, the epidemic was short lived, or over-rated, for on May 29, 1919, an article stated that the Green brothers of Wylie had recently opened a picture show in Allen in C.R. Scott’s brick building. There was a contest to name the theater, and a large number of names were submitted. The three judges selected the winner – the photo playhouse was named the Pershing. Mrs. J.T. Yates of Allen received a \$5 prize for her winning entry. Why Pershing? General John Joseph Pershing’s bold offensive had ended the War to End All Wars only months before. The name of Allen’s theater honored the great military leader of World War I.

A.C. and Roberta Story were among those who attended the Allen movie theater. “What kind of movies did they show?” I asked. “They were silent pictures,” Mr. Story explained. “You had to read the words to know what they were saying.”

Time changes Allen’s oldest downtown building 2-24-91

In the quarter of a century we have lived in Allen, we have seen numerous changes to the appearance of the buildings in old downtown Allen. Facades have changed with the architectural styles of the decades and with changes in the use of the Buildings.

On several occasions I have been asked by students which was the oldest building in town. I have found it was difficult to give an answer they could understand, for the building I believe to be the oldest is the one most changed in appearance.

The early business district of Allen was a row of narrow “shot-gun buildings facing the railroad tracks. From all accounts, they were typically western style with wood porches or sidewalks.

In February, 1906, J.W. Thomas, the town blacksmith, and his wife, Nannie, sold the corner at Cola Street (now Main), where he had his blacksmith shop, to Allen State Bank. Because the lots were laid out with 25-foot frontage to the railroad reservation, it was necessary to buy several lots to get the depth needed to face new buildings toward Cola Street.

On March 8, 1906, the Allen reporter to *The McKinney Democrat* said, “Mr. Thomas will begin moving his blacksmith shop soon and work will begin on the new brick building for our bank, as soon as the material can be gotten.”

Getting g brick would have been a problem, for there were no brickmakers in the county at that time. The supplies would have come by rail. Apparently, the bank and the adjacent business house built by Price Bush were the first brick structures in town.

With its corner door, halfway facing the railroad and half turned to Cola Street, the bank building turned the corner and set the way for the row of buildings on what was to become the town’s Main Street.

The reporter continued, "Verily, Allen is on the boom. After many years she is waking up and now promises to be a town any citizen should be proud of. The Bank is an assured thing... Our bank will be the foundation to build from, as this is the most needed and will do more toward benefiting every one than any other enterprise...."

In October, the building had its first test by fire. It was supposed robbers set fire to the business house, next door, occupied by a general merchandise store owned by Bryant & McGhee. The interior and stock of the store building, completed only two months before, were completely destroyed.

The bank had a brick and concrete vault, but one of the events of 1910 was when the bank's safe arrived. Forty mules were used to pull the 9,000-pound safe to its specially prepared location near the front windows of the bank. It was placed on a thick concrete pad, with an iron plate on top of that, to keep the safe from going through the floor.

January 1911, the capital stock of Allen State Bank was increased from \$10,000 to \$25,000. Besides the members of the Bush family, the bank's 24 stockholders included Allen businessmen, local farmers, doctors and several women in their own right.

Transfer of property was made in 1914 from Allen State Bank, S.P. Bush, president, to First National Bank of Allen, S.P. Bush, president. The town was enjoying a period of prosperity.

However, on Sunday night, Nov. 28, 1915, a fire began in Gabe Green's grocery on the west end of what was a solid row of businesses. The fire quickly spread to the east from building to building until it reached the new two-story brick Odd Fellow' building.

The dry goods store and grocery on the ground floor burned and Dr. Compton's office and the lodge hall upstairs were gutted. But the two-story brick wall of the lodge building served as a fire wall, and the First National Bank was saved.

James Nelson Bush, brother of S.P. "Price" Bush, served for many years as the bank's president. James Garland was cashier. Milton Whisenant became bank president in the early 1930s. William Hagey, an assistant cashier, worked in the bank from 1914 through 1928. Mrs. Minnie Shelton was another long-time employee.

Banks were in trouble in Depression days. Those still solvent were plagued by a rash of robberies. The bank at Mesquite was robbed, and by the time the robbers were caught, the bank at Whitesboro was hit.

Neither robbery was thought to be the work of the Barrow-Hamilton gang. I have not been able to find evidence that the Allen bank was ever robbed, yet have heard stories that it was. Can anyone remember a robbery?

On March 5, 1934, the First National Bank in Allen had assets of \$84,340. Total deposits were \$54,254. The bank had \$27,767 out on loans. The assets were assumed by the Central National Bank in McKinney.

At the Allen bank building, an exchange was maintained for the convenience of the local merchants and the townspeople. A.C. Story ran the exchange for about 10 years. Mr. Story cashed checks, kept change for businesses and took deposits to the McKinney banks daily. He also made regular deposits in Plano.

After the building's use as a bank, it served as a dry cleaning establishment and a barber shop. The facilities were rather cramped with its large vault and the big safe. The furnishings, the counter and cages, were given to the Old City Park Museum in Dallas.

Plano businessman John Brodhead, who had known of the safe from his boyhood on a farm east of town, bought the four and a half ton safe several years ago. Brodhead planned to use the safe at one of his businesses, but I talked to him last week, and he told me he was still walking around it, daily, in his garage. A special place would have to be prepared for it before it could be moved. It was quite a feat to get it out of the bank building.

Don Rodenbaugh refurbished the old structure, gave it a new look, removed the old vault that took up so much room and made it more usable for his business. But, under the bright paint are the old brick walls that make this the oldest building in downtown Allen.

Water a primary concern for early settlers

5-28-89

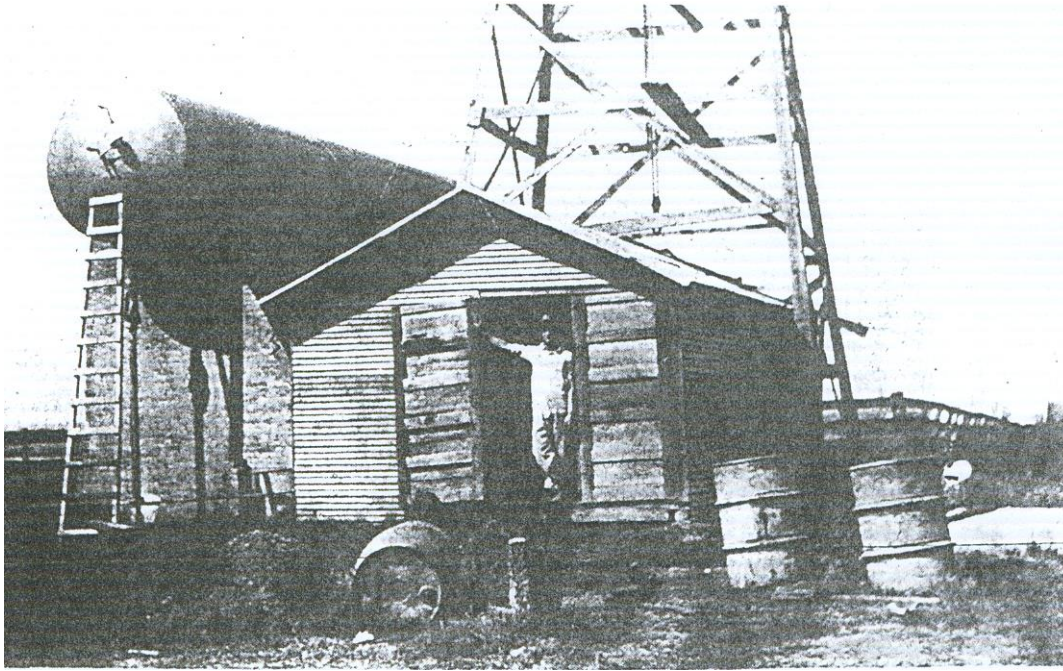
The site of the town of Allen was selected for the convenience of the railroad. Few farm homes were built out on the prairie upland. Water and wood were primary concerns for households. Yet, the railroad avoided the pioneer settlements and crossed over the uninhabited, largely uncultivated prairie. Building lots sold slowly.

Water had to be part of the problem of the town's slow development. Between the railroad tracks, south of Main Street, is the old depot well. The brick curb is now sealed with concrete. At one time, the depot well was probably the only source of water in the center of town. The school house was in the northeast corner of the town site near springs of Cottonwood Creek. While some homeowners were fortunate to find water in their yards, many had underground cisterns. Rainwater was caught in gutters around the roofs and directed to the cisterns.

The old town was full of holes in the ground. One knows how many still exist. It was necessary for First Baptist Church to fill in several before constructing their present buildings. The Compton and Huguley families, who once shared the block with the church, had at least four wells or cisterns. One was hidden under the floor of the back porch of the Huguley house where it had once been accessible to the kitchen.

There is a unit of measure of the size of the large jugged cisterns and wells that seems to be unique to this region. I was a child when I first heard the description "big enough to turn a team of mules in." A neighbor told us that the cistern on our back porch was that size. I looked into its dark mysterious depths and visualized our mule team, Matt and Kate, turning around and around down there. There are still two wells in town that are described a "big enough..."

By the turn of the century, there was a need for a convenient water supply and a growing concern of the dangers of drinking water from shallow wells in densely settled communities. Allen had a series of epidemic diseases that took a heavy toll. The Allen Water Company bought two lots from the railroad in 1909 for a water well. This well was located east of the tracks, north of Main Street (north of the slab of the burned supermarket on First Baptist's parking lot.) However, the site would not serve the new addition west of town that was being developed by J.M. and Ola Whisenant. Another well was drilled near the old water tower on McDermott. We do not know how long the first well was in use. In 1940, the Allen Water Works Company sold the lots where the first well was located to Mrs. Ella Garrison. At that time the water company president was M.F. Sims, and James Garland was secretary. Mrs. Garrison had a laundry at the site. The old well head was under the floor.



Basil Leach in 1915 at Allen's water well, located at the site of the old water tower on McDermott. A wooden derrick, used for pulling the rods, and a pump shed are pictured.

In 1910, Buford Cate was the engineer for the well engine, and Guy Thomas was the waterworks plumber. Clifford Ereckson, the Leach brothers and other townsmen often worked through the night hours, pulling the sucker rods and replacing the leathers, to have water pumping again before breakfast time. The picture with this article shows a wooden derrick, used for pulling the rods, and a pump shed. Later the wooden tower was enclosed to protect the workmen from the weather during the long process of pulling no one knows how many feet of sucker rod.

A.C. Story said that the private system's water customers up on the hill were often without water because subscribers in the lower elevation around downtown drained the supply. After incorporation in 1954, the town of Allen bought the system from Mrs. Lola Sims and the Garland family – well, land pipes, pumps, motors, towers, elevated machinery and meters. Since that time, the city of Allen has had a continuing challenge to keep ahead of the water demand of our growing city.

Biblical references abounded in town plan

5-1-88

Although the outer boundaries of the original townsite of Allen are square with the compass, the railroad was the axis for the town's plan. Everything in the "Old Donation" is slanted about 10 degrees northeast of north. This left some odd-shaped parcels of land around town.

My first impression when I saw the street names on the original plat was that after naming streets in all the other new towns on the railway, planners had run out of names by the time they got to Allen. I recognized that Esther and Festus were biblical trivia. Present-day Main Street was Cola Street. The word cola, a West African tree that grows cola nuts, was not in the half-dozen Bible concordances and dictionaries I searched. Nor

could I find a biblical reference for Balamo (Boyd). Abana (Coats) is a Damascus river; Dishon (which means “mountain goat”) referred to the sons of Seir. Esther was a Jewish girl that became a Persian Queen. Festus was the procurator of Judea. Gahan, probably Gaham, son of Nahor, was Allen Drive. Hashum, which means rich, was a family name.

Imah was the father of the prophet Micaiah. Cedar Street was Jaban, king of Hazor. Kanan appears to be a variation of Canaan, and the name Labana came from the Apocrypha.

Originally the streets were in alphabetical order from Abana on the north through Festus at the southern boundary; then west to east Gahan, (Allen Drive) to Labana. A revised plat in 1878 extended Labana southward and eliminated Kanan Street.

The railway company gave the first lot in the new town to school trustees for a school. The schoolhouse was on Labana, located in the northeastern most corner of town, beside Cottonwood Creek. There was probably a spring nearby for drinking water. Today, the old school site is in St. Mary’s Park, north of St. Mary’s Baptist Church.

The second lot, on the southeast corner of block 8, directly across from the new depot, was bought by J.W. Franklin for a general merchandise store. Franklin became the first postmaster. The Town of Allen, which began as a pattern of stakes in the prairie grass, had become a reality.



The original plan of the Town of Allen from Feb. 10, 1876, included boundaries square with the compass. The railroad was the axis of the town.

Depression generation clings to its antiques

12-31-89

“A time to keep; a time to cast away,” the preacher wrote centuries ago, when he said that there was a season, a time, for everything. As we begin this New Year, we resolve that the time has come to throw away. By going public with this resolution, we hope to gain the additional fortitude needed to overcome an ingrained trait that has

become a problem. It does not take a psychologist to figure out that we are products of our generation, for we are Depression Kids.

We learned early to “make do, until we can do better.” In our large network of relations, household items were constantly shared and passed from family to family. Old furniture, dating from 1900 through the ‘20s, was loaned, swapped or sold among the family as needs changed. A new coat of enamel paint was applied to iron bedsteads and dressers. Mattresses were renovated, but nothing new was bought; nothing was thrown away.

During this period, families were moving back and forth from farms to city in search of work. Those with jobs shared their homes and livelihood with kin. Churns, butter molds, pressure cookers, can sealers, kraut crocks, kerosene lamps, wash pots, well buckets, pulleys and ropes went to whoever needed them at the time. Hoosier cabinets and oak dining tables for which there was no room, we loaned out or stored in someone’s junk room.

The hard times of the Depression of the ‘30s extended into war-time shortages of the ‘40s. “Waste not, want not,” we were told. We grew up accepting as maxims: “If you throw something away, you will need it in the near future”; “If you keep something seven years, you will find a use for it.” As children we were taught to be like squirrels, to accumulate, to put away for a rainy day.

So, when did the squirrel become a packrat? When did our accumulations become clutter? Why, oh why, were we not taught the fine art of disposal?

We have come full circle. Today, environmentalists warn that we must learn to recycle. We are made to feel that we must make a moral decision when the package boy asks, “Paper or plastic?” We who are Depression Kids have long known how to recycle, but perhaps not in the modern sense. We see each object as having multiple uses, and review the possibilities before making a decision to toss it or not. “It might come in handy, someday. We argue with ourselves. The problem is compounded if two Depression Kids are married. One may decide to trash an item, only to have it retrieved by the spouse who sees a possible future use.

We hold on to the battered old furniture that survived the Depression and was mostly junk when it was handed down to the newlyweds. It could be considered to be antique. Certain accouterments from farm life have also changed status. The butter molds, kerosene lamps, churns-even the Hoosier cabinet-are now prized collectibles for “country kitchens.” But, why do ours look only like just more junk instead of stylish accents? Is it because we remember when they were in daily use, even used them ourselves?

However, the time had arrived to cast away. This will be a painful experience, we know, but after a quarter of a century at one location, we can no longer remember what is on the bottom of the stack. We still have “turnips” (it-will-turn-up-sooner-or-later) yet to appear from our last move. Watch for our garage sale signs. We may get around to having one this year. Anything plastic, formica, chrome or vinyl will go, but we will keep the battered, well-worn relics from our childhood home of the Depression years. You never know, they might come in handy some day.

Remembering sights, smells of summers past in Allen 7-19-92

“Don’t you remember how good water used to taste? When you were working in the field and picked up the water jug, wrapped in a wet towsack, how good that water tasted? Somehow, the smell of wet burlap made it taste better,” D.C. reminisced as he drank.

He had come in hot and thirsty from working outside in the heat, but had refused my offers of ice tea, lemonade or soda pop.

I turned the air conditioner up another notch, turned off any guilt from not going out to help him work, and let the summers of yesteryear come back to haunt me. As many agree last winter when I wrote about coping with cold weather, there were some things about the good-old-days that were not so good.

Remember riding on a crowded Interurban or bus in the days before Lifebuoy soap announced on the radio in a loud foghorn voice that we had “B.O.?”

We were always told that honest sweat was not offensive, but there were some people you tried to stay on the up-wind side of while you questioned their mendacity.

To me, one of the pleasant smells of summer was a new straw hat. Most women of my mother’s generation were well protected from the sun when working in the fields. Over long dresses they wore loose smocks or long-sleeved men’s shirts. Their faces were hidden in the depths of stiff poke bonnets.

Fear of freckles was not enough to make me wear a bonnet. Luckily, my dad declared, “She can’t work around machinery with blinders on.” The cheap straw hat he bought was my first symbol of liberation.

As summer days hit around 100 degrees, we hear, “How did you live here without air conditioning?” Out houses may have been hard to heat in the winter, but they were built for our hot summers. Most rooms had a door to the outside. Windows and doors were opened to draw any breeze available through rooms with 10 to 20 foot ceilings.

Porches were on two or three sides of the house or there were wide overhanging eaves to protect from the sun. Porches were not just for sitting, but were where we lived. Often, an area was screened as a sleeping porch. Watermelon was eaten, beans snapped, peas shelled, peaches peeled and corn was shucked, silked and cut off outside, either on the porch or under a shade tree. Grandpa snoozed in his rocking chair on the porch with a white handkerchief over his face to keep off insects.

Our only insect repellent was oil of citronella. Each night we slept with a rag soaked in the strong-smelling oil tied above our heads on the iron bedstead.

Remember the dank smell of a wooden icebox? Ours was out on the screened porch. The drip pan usually ran over before I remembered I was supposed to empty it.

When we lived where ice was delivered, we kept a sign in a front window, turned with the number of pounds we wanted at the top. The ice man wore a leather shield on his back and carried ice slung over his shoulder with tongs.

Ice tea (pronounced as one word) has been the traditional drink for Sunday dinner and special occasions since ice was first available. Carbonated beverages were most often called cold drinks in this area. Soda pop or pop were terms used by some, but stores had signs out that said “cold drinks.”

In June 1904, an article in the McKinney *Democrat* about the town of Allen said: “B.C. Carrol is in the cold drink business, and always keeps a large stock on hand. He has the only vault and cold storage in town. He also handles a stock of groceries.”

The same article told that the ladies of the Christian Church planned an ice cream supper on Saturday night. Most weeks in the summer, one or another of the churches had an ice cream supper. They made tables from boards and saw horses and served ice cream and cake in the church yard.

There were frequent dinner-on-the-grounds and picnics. The railroad pond on Cottonwood Creek was a favorite spot for an outing. Courting couples walked the railroad track from town to the pond.

In the past, the woods along Rowlett Creek were open to everyone. There were no "no trespassing" signs and no undergrowth grew beneath the huge trees because of the frequent passage of fishermen, swimmers and picnickers. Farm and town folk knew to close gates to keep livestock from wandering.

School children and Sunday school classes caught the Interurban and rode to Brown's stop to picnic on the Rowlett Creek. The local African-American community gathered for barbecues under the large trees along Rowlett south of Allen.

The newspapers of neighboring towns reported the many summer activities in Allen and other communities. However, in 1892, an election year, the *McKinney Democrat*, in spite of its name, was the organ of the Farmer's' Alliance and the Populist Party. Local news is difficult to find among columns of small print political screed.

On July 4, 1892, a crowd of 2,000 gathered for a political picnic and barbecue at Fitzhugh's Mill. Rain interrupted the day's enjoyment, but the group, mostly farmers, rejoiced in the much-needed rain.

Governor Throckmorton and Judge Wolfe spoke in the morning, but the speeches of numerous other politicians were rained out. "There seemed to be a general feeling of good-nature, notwithstanding a few 'scaps' which took place, and those who didn't get wet say they had a boss time."

Time changes way people spend Sunday afternoons 3-31-91

"For, lo, the winter is past..." Once again the miracle of spring has come to cover the scars of winter. The redbud trees have been especially beautiful in our neighborhood this year. Tiny grape hyacinths have naturalized in the yards of old house places and down the road ditches. Echoing the yellow ribbons still on trees and doors, yellow iris lean through the iron fence at the old Gabe Green house.

There are still reminders of an age, long past, in the old Whisenant Addition, to be seen on a walk through our neighborhood. Our house is a 50s model, built in the former barnyard of the Baccus-Brown house that was built in 1911. The porches on the older houses were the gathering places of families and friends on quiet Sunday afternoons in the time when this century was in its teens.

At that time, Allen had three churches- Methodist, Baptist and Christian. While there were doctrinal differences between the denominations, they were agreed on moral behavior, most social practices, and on the observance of the Sabbath.

Each church had a parsonage for its pastor's family; however, the minister's time was divided between the Allen pastorate and other churches. There was preaching in the local churches on alternate Sundays. The townspeople, regardless of their denomination affiliation, attended whichever church had preaching. Most social activities centered around the churches with the whole town in attendance.

Some years ago, Alyene Porter wrote a book about her childhood in a Methodist parsonage, titled *Papa Was a Preacher*. Her father, the Rev. R. Edwin Porter, served 18 or more pastorates in the North Texas Conference. Late in his life, the Rev. Porter served for many years as the assistant pastor of the First United Methodist Church of Plano. In 1962, he answered roll call for the 62nd consecutive time at annual conference.

Early in his ministry, before his assignment to a city church in Dallas, the Porter family, a total of 10 in number, lived in small towns across North Texas. The book is a humorous collection of experiences of the eight Porter children and their parents, but it also reveals a picture of the manners and mores of small town life early in this century.

Alyene Porter gave a description of her family's three-point observance of the Sabbath: "On Saturday we remembered to remember the Sabbath Day, on Sunday we remembered, and on Monday we remembered that we had remembered." Although her story is from the perspective of parsonage life, it is the story of most church-going people in small towns such as Allen.

"In rearing eight children, Papa had never found it necessary to buy on Sunday. Feed for his circuit-riding horse was bought on Saturday; gasoline for his car is still bought on Saturday..." She tells that milk and ice for Sunday were bought in advance, but one Sunday her father awoke to see milk ordered for Saturday night being placed on the doorstep. He called the dairyman's wife. "Mrs. Brown, I'm sorry. We don't buy milk on Sunday." "But Brother Porter," came her incredulous protest, "unfortunately the cows *give* milk on Sunday." "Yes," sighed Papa in a regretful tone, "unfortunately!"

Saturday was a day of preparation. A day for grocery shopping, for baking, for making the house shine. A day for haircuts, for ironing the Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, for Saturday night baths.

In the Porter home, baths were taken in order of age, beginning with the baby. All preparations had to be completed by a midnight deadline. "We wore black shoes, for obvious reasons. Bathroom-bound Saturday night we detoured by way of the kitchen to leave them. There Papa was settled with a giant bottle of shoe polish and a preoccupied look. Passing through the hall we could hear him accenting the scripture with a whip of the shoe cloth. And by midnight, ready for Sunday, the kitchen floor exhibited a flossy display to make a shoeshop window green with envy. "Boots, boots" exactly 10 pairs of them."

On Sunday morning, the father rose "at an unearthly hour to go over his sermon, to meditate, and to hide the funny papers." At 11 o'clock service, "as the choir filed in singing, 'Holy, holy, holy,' Papa seated himself in the pulpit chair and went through an ocular roll call of our pew. Unless some catastrophe prevented, he saw six boys in white starched shirts and creased trousers, two girls with curled hair and ruffled dresses, and mother looking as fresh and lovely as the flower which unfailingly graces her shoulder."

After church, in small-town Texas, instead of hurrying away as most do today, family and friends visited together. Invitations to Sunday dinner were given. At home, most of the preparations for the meal were already made.

After dinner, the older folks gathered on the front porches or strolled around town visiting with those who were just sitting. In Allen, I am told, the favorite activity on Sunday afternoon for the younger folk was to walk up the railroad track to the pond at the watering station for steam engines on Cottonwood Creek, especially those couples who were "walking-out" together. Young boys roamed the creek bank, chunking at wasp

nests and other mischief, away from the eyes of their elders who would frown on most boyish activities as unseemly for Sunday.

As I look around this old neighborhood and see porches being wasted for lack of sitters, I wish our lives were simpler, and more clear cut, and for one leisurely weekend when everyone could worship as they wish, and could leave their beepers at home.

Worst-tasting folk medicines seemed to work best 1-12-92

“To cure a cold in one day take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.” No cure, no pay, promised the old advertisement for E.W. Grove’s patent medicine back in 1900.

If the old-timers felt like most of us have felt in the recent cold and flu season, they would have easily risked their 25 cents on Grove’s cure-all. However, since no miracle drug was available, I have spent several days feeling sorry for myself and reviewing my knowledge of home remedies.

Chicken soup has been called “Jewish penicillin.” Although many an old hen sacrificed her life to medicine, in our Hill Southern tradition, cold sufferers were often fed potato soup. “Irish penicillin” maybe. However, the potatoes were just for thickening. It should have been called onion soup. When the strong onion vapor wafted through your nasal passages, a cure was on the way.

Those of my age I polled on the subject all told that at the first sign of a cold, their mothers brought out the ubiquitous blue jar. The salve was slathered on our chests and necks, rubbed on our sore noses, boiled in a stew pan for vapor, and for sore throats, we were forced to eat great globs. This last treatment I am sure was something Mr. Vick never intended. I hated going to school reeking of Vick’s slave, but chances were most of my classmates had the same perfume. We had reason to be thankful enough, we could have smelled of asafetida.

Asafetida is a yellow-brown, bitter, offensive-smelling resinous material obtained from the roots of plants in the genus *Ferula*. The herb’s name is Latin for stinking gum. Used in concoctions of teas and medicinal mixtures, asafetida is most remembered for the little bags of it that were hung on strings around the necks of children to ward off colds and other contagious diseases. Perhaps the asafetida bag worked because no other child would get close enough to the wearer to give them anything.

Apparently in old-time remedies, the worse it tasted or smelled, the better the cure-all. That some folk medicine worked is probably because of trial and error experimentation over generations of time.

My generation had parents who had their feet in two eras. During their lifetime the germ theory was accepted. The cause of some contagious diseases had become known, disease whose prevention and treatment in the past had been in the realm of superstition and folk medicine.

Bad air such as in swamp land was blamed for numerous ailments that was proven to be spread by the mosquito. Some of the high smelling concoctions were to prevent the effects of bad air.

While the parents were ready to accept the wonders of modern medicine, they also remembered the old days. Walking the floor with a crying, coughing, feverish child in the middle of the night at a lone farmhouse, many father and mother sought the home remedies handed down from their parents. They used whatever they had at hand to soothe the child.

I hardly think a disclaimer is necessary, but DO NOT TRY THESE AT HOME.

To treat a cough, they mixed honey and vinegar, sometimes adding sage, to make a cough syrup. A variation was honey and alum. Another remedy was a spoonful of sugar with a couple of drops of kerosene added. Others used a couple of drops of turpentine in sugar. A cough syrup was made from horehound candy dissolved in whiskey or a tea from mullein roots and leaves and sweetener. Both were given a spoonful at a time.

More of a treat than a cure, the top was cut from a lemon; a peppermint candy stick was pushed in the hole; and the lemon juice was sucked through the candy.

The word icky could have been invented to describe a mustard plaster. Ground mustard seed was mixed with water, smeared onto a wet cloth, then placed on the sufferer's chest. Just when you began to get used to the cold, icky feeling, the thing began to heat up. When your skin became as red as if you had been in the hot sun a couple of hours too long, the mustard plaster was removed. You thought it was all over, then you had to roll over, and it was slapped on your back.

There were worse, I am told. Poultices were made using cooked onions, or hog lard, mixed with turpentine and kerosene, placed in a wool cloth.

Today's medicine advertisements do not promise cures for colds, only relief. Some of the old standbys we remember from our childhoods are still around, for one benefit they give is that with them the mother is able to give that best medicine- tender, loving care.

Some food for thought on diets

11-1-92

A Lament for Streaky Gravy

*Can't have no more pork chops,
Bacon, streaky gravy or ham,
Butter on biscuits, and cornbread,
Or fat back in red beans.*

*Can't fry catfish, chicken, steak,
And make good gravy with cream.
No cracklin' bread, fried okra, potatoes,
Or ham hocks with turnip greens.*

*Gotta' change my way of living,
And mind my peas and cues,
There's no more pleasure in eating.
I've got the high cholesterol blues.*

This bit of doggerel grew out of my frustration while grocery shopping. Last week, as I tried to adjust my distance to read the fine print on a package with my trifocals, I backed into a lady's shopping cart. I apologized, but she said that she understood my problem, that when she found something that she thought she would like to eat, she read what was in it, and put it back on the shelf.

Streaky gravy, often called red-eye gravy, is just a symbol of the worst of our local fare. While there are other dietary restrictions, none strikes at the roots of ethnicity of our native North Texas culture more than the low-fat diet. Most of us are descendents

of farm folk from “Hill Southern” tradition. Our families, both White and African-American, for generations subsisted on homegrown food, much of it fried.

The hog was our most useful animal. Its meat was preserved with smoke, salt and sugar-cure; in sausage, souse, and pickled. The organ meat, which would not keep long, was shared with neighbors.

Hog fat was cut up, put in a wash pot and cooked until all the oil had been rendered out, and the cracklings settled to the bottom. The pure lard was placed in cans to be used in cooking, especially for frying. The cracklings were baked in cornbread. The local saying is that every part of the pig was used except the squeal.

Salt pork, either fat back, bacon, jowl, or sow belly, seasoned boiled vegetables. Fried potatoes were my family’s most basic food, but red beans cooked with salt pork was a close second. Fresh vegetables were available only in season from the garden. Turnip, mustard and collard greens were valued as winter greens. The first sprouts of wild poke salad were welcomed in spring. Not only was poke boiled down and fried in the skillet, sometimes eggs were scrambled into the greens.

As a preacher’s kid, I ate in farm kitchens in five North Texas counties. Often this was not special preacher-is-a-coming cooking, but pot-luck sharing with families. In all of these kitchens, the skillet was the most used utensil.

I take exception to a television advertisement that says their sandwich is made from the best part of the chicken, the breast. If this were true, why did generations of children squabble over who got the drumsticks? Once fried chicken was a treat that was available only when spring chicks grew to the right size.

One summer, I helped in a vacation Bible school in Fannin County community. The ladies of the Baptist and Methodist churches took turns feeding the preacher and others of us from out of town. For every meal that week, lunch and supper, we were served fried chicken, fried okra, and black-eyed peas. No one complained.

Restaurants serve what they call chicken fried steak, their version of what we simply call steak. I was grown before I knew steak could be cooked any way other than fried. We beat steak with a crockery saucer, dredged it in flour, and fried it until crisp. As a purist, I am offended if my steak is doused with cream gravy. Don’t they know gravy is for mashed potatoes?

Medical specialists tell that an inherited factor possibly is a cause of cardiovascular problems. They question our recent family histories and shake their heads. However, Grandpa, when he was in his 90s, bragged that we came from a line of long livers. Discounting epidemics, ancestors tended to live into their 80s and 90s, and a great-grandfather and his twin lived to be over 100.

We no longer follow a mule-drawn plow, wash our clothes with a wash board, or grub our food from the ground. Yet, in our easier lifestyles we have problems unknown to our ancestors. Perhaps, the inherited factor that plagues us is in the frying pan.

Jackrabbit makes good subject for tall tales 10-25-92

Texas has some animals that seem to have been especially made for our tall tales. When Texans are swapping yarns, you never know if the yarn spinner is stretching the truth a mite, or if the tale is made up of whole cloth. If you had never seen a jackrabbit, and someone described one to you, you would be dubious for one of the critters looks like it could be a cross between a donkey and a kangaroo.

In-all-my-life-put-together, (as my Grandpa used to say) I don't recollect that jackrabbits were ever thick on the ground around these parts. I got my raising in the hard times of the Depression and World War II, when mostly anything that ran across the pasture was meat for the table.

We never saw more than a pair of jackrabbits on our 100-acre farm. Either there never were many of them, or they had all found their fate in a stewpot. We had plenty of squirrels down in our Rowlett Creek bottoms, and cottontails hopping all over the place, ready for the frying pan.

I don't recall a jackrabbit being killed for food, and our dogs were too slow and lazy to catch one. The remarkable jackrabbit can lope along at a normal gait of 12-feet a jump, but if pursued can get up to 18-20 feet a hop, cruising at 30 mph, with a top speed of 45 mph. That is no tall tale, but is straight out of the encyclopedia. It leaps as high as 4 feet in the air in order to look around, and at top speed can come to a sudden stop or change direction. The jackrabbit is one of the fastest animals, rivaling the antelope for speed.

Our local jackrabbit is the Blacktailed Jackrabbit, *Lepus Californicus*- a hare, not a rabbit. It is found in most western states and in Mexico. Our locality is on the eastern edge of its natural range.

The reason for all of these jackrabbit facts is a notice I found in the *McKinney Enquirer* of Saturday, April 14, 1883: "The Ford Rabbit hunt will take place on Friday 20th, instant, at nine o'clock a.m. near the farm of Wash Ford. Everybody and their greyhounds are invited to attend and participate in the hunt."

This was followed in the next weekly edition with a report: "The rabbit chase, of which notice was given in your columns, came off today, and the sport was highly exciting."

Apparently, one legendary jackrabbit was the focus of the chase. "About 40 citizens of the surrounding neighborhood, and some from McKinney and vicinity, gathered on the prairie east of Mr. Ford's for the purpose of testing the speed of the now somewhat famous jackrabbit that roams at will over the commons.

From this description of locale, the site of the chase was the high ground northeast of the new Bethany Lakes Park. "The first chase was that of a rabbit of untried bottom (staying power, stamina), and although the race was interesting, it served only to raise conjectures as to the fleetest hound on the ground."

Other than the main event which soon followed, there were three more races that were opportunities to test the 12 hounds that were in contention. "Impartial judges, in the tests that served to draw out the speed of the dogs gave the palm (honor due the victor) to Katie Dowell..." who owned Major Buck. A black dog of George Herndon was second and James Wetsel's white dog won third place.

"Katie Dowell is a bullet," the reporter enthused.

Other hounds on the ground that received special mention were Coffey's, Barker's and Fitzhugh's.

The main event, the race with the legendary jackrabbit, was the one that gave the greyhounds a chance to stretch out and show their speed.

"The dogs were again put in motion. There was not a man on the ground but what had his favorite, and seemed to be anxious for an opportunity to prove his favorite dog

the fastest; when the veritable jackrabbit we were all looking for, bounced up, and as if in supreme contempt came bouncing past.

“Men, dogs, boys and rabbit went pell-mell, helter-skelter over the prairie at a speed that was fearful indeed to all, except the jackrabbit.

“A race of a mile and a half served to settle the contest in favor of the rabbit-distance in his favor being variously estimated at from 150 yards.”

It appears to me, that the palm of victory should have gone to Mr. Jack Rabbit. Now, he was really a bullet!

Brief telegrams of past always brought bad news 5-20-90

The immediacy of present-day communication is amazing. The world watched as San Francisco began to shake in last fall's earthquake. We watched as countries changed governments; the Berlin Wall came down; and saw unedited views of the war in Panama. During this spring's disastrous weather, we waited anxiously with parents for word that their children were safe from the floods and a rescue from the top of a flooded car by helicopter. We saw pictures of a tornado made with a home video camera within an hour after the storm.

Yet, once news was relayed by wire, and a telegram to a home always meant bad news. Communications were brief, and frustratingly lacking in details.

The spring of 1906 was a time of disasters. The great San Francisco earthquake was on April 18. Although news of the quake came by wire, it took days for details of the devastation to reach North Texas. Then on April 26, at 6:30 p.m., a cyclone (tornado) that swept through Clay County, Texas completely destroyed the town of Bellevue, and left 17 dead and 20 injured. In this town were many people from Collin County- kin and friends of families in Allen, Lucas, Forest Grove, Wetsel and Rowlett. You can imagine the anxiety in these communities when the news reached here, probably that night by wire. The news report in the *McKinney Democrat* (printed the next Thursday, a week later) said “what little left of the town was set on fire from chemicals from a wrecked drug store and at midnight was burning fiercely. Every animal in the town was killed- horses, cattle, livestock of every sort and the scene last night was a terrible one, lighted up by the flames of homes and business houses.” “The cyclone...raced through it and ran eight miles northeast, destroying everything in its path a mile and a half wide. The people were alarmed by the noise before the wind reached the town, and but for this many more would have lost their lives.”

Among those who ____d to the devastated town from here were Mrs. Mallie Phelps McIntosh. Other Phelps sisters- Jane, Mrs. James Simmons; Lucy, Mrs. George W. Simmons; and Virginia “Jennie,” Mrs. Jake Faulkner; and their grown children- had migrated to Bellevue years earlier. Two days after arriving at Bellevue, Mrs. McIntosh sent a letter to her brother-in-law, Joe McKinney. (Ed Ereckson and I tried to sort out the relationships of those she mentioned in the letter using a 14-foot long printout from Tom Brown in Dallas, who is compiling family information, but we could not.)

Mrs. McIntosh wrote: “We arrived at Bellevue Friday night at 12:35. I could see the fires long before we come to a stop. Oh, what a destruction; not a wall standing. Melton and Spivy's large two-story stone, leveled to the ground...there is nothing, positively nothing, left south of the FW&D RR from the stock pens, for a mile south. The debris had been cleared from the mainstreet, so that vehicles could pass. We went to

Sister Jennie's got there 2:30 a.m. I came to Will Childress', to see Sister Jane. She is holding up very well, but they haven't anything left, or what they have is ruined, and did not fill a wagon bed." She told that Mabel was sick and was taken to the storm cellar, with pillows for her to lie upon. They also carried in two chairs. There is nothing left of the house, but the rock foundation."

"I never broke down until I got back and found Mr. George Simmons and his children searching for their lost treasures; years of hard toil gone and they are now old. He met us saying they were all right and so thankful that they were all saved and uninjured.' Dr. Hyatt's wife and child had gone to the cellar with them. Jim Simmons' house (probably a nephew's) was blown off its foundation, but his wife and children were in their cellar. The wrecked house was being used to care for the injured. "Old Man Cook, who is Fred Mount's grandfather, was down sick and was blown a hundred yards and the house demolished; the bed set down and him on it. Mr. Mounts and his daughter had died since."

"They received 200 tents yesterday and every family a cook stove. The grocery that belonged to Jim S. (Simmons) was a total loss. Mrs. Hatfield is keeping post office in a tent in her yard. Mr. Moore is in an old box car with his wires operating." The town's communication links had been reestablished. Yet, a week after the cyclone, concerned friends and relatives still waited for more details of the Bellevue disaster. Mrs. McIntosh's letter giving personal news was printed on May 3, in the *McKinney Democrat*, along with the week-old news report.

Interurban links urban areas with countryside

8-6-89

1879 was a turning point in electrical technology. Not only did Thomas Edison invent his light bulb, but German inventor, Werner von Siemens, developed an electric railway. Technology moved rapidly, developing power supplies and uses for electricity. Texans were eager to have electrical power and the interurban railways that were connecting small towns with cities across America. Although steam railways provided distant transportation, local travel was still limited to the pace of a horse.

J.F. Strickland was the man responsible for bringing the Blacklands of Texas into the age of electricity. Early in the 1890s, he was the manager of the electric utility at Waxahachie, which he merged with the electric company at Hillsboro. He then acquired electric and gas companies at Cleburne, Dublin, Bonham and Sherman. Strickland was the founder of Texas Power and Light, Dallas Power and Light, Dallas Railway, and Texas Traction Company, which brought the electric interurban railway through Allen.

In 1905, Strickland with Osce Goodwin and M.B. Templeton began to promote an interurban line to connect Dallas and Sherman. Sufficient backing had been secured by Sept. 25, 1906, for Strickland to form the Texas Traction Company. Much of this financing was from local sources, land owners, and businessmen along the route. (Interurban stocks still turn up among local family papers. While worthless, they are interesting keepsakes.) W.C. Eubank, S.S. Dumas, J.S. Heard, George W. Bowman, and D.G. Thompson were early trustees.

Right of way was purchased parallel to the Houston and Texas Central Railroad. In Allen, the two railways diverged with the interurban line running down present Butler Street, separated from the steam line by the block of business buildings.

The Texas Traction Company's rolling stock, equipment and rail line were the latest in the interurban technology. The St. Louis Car Company supplied 10 double-end passenger motorized cars and two express trailers. The elegant cars had a line of eight pairs of arched windows with narrow arched clerestory windows along the roof. They were manned by a motorman and a conductor.

A steam turbine power plant was built in McKinney – 2,200 volts, 25 cycles were boosted to 19,100 volts for transmission. Substations at Vickery, Plano, Van Alstyne and Sherman converted the power to 600 volts DC to supply the trolley line. The wire was 19 feet above the rails, supported on single bracket poles except in towns, where a suspension system was used.

On June 30, 1908, the interurban's inaugural run was made with pomp and ceremony. Strickland and the stockholders reached Sherman about noon. After picking up Sherman dignitaries and others in most of the line's 10 cars, they left for an inspection trip and ceremony at McKinney. At the McKinney powerhouse, Fred A. Jones Construction Company of Dallas turned the property over to the Texas Traction Company.

Originally, all cars stopped at all local stations; limited service did not begin until 1911. In addition to regular fares, there were tickets for children, party, clergy and special excursions. There was an interline connection with the Denison and Sherman Railway starting in 1909, until Strickland's Company purchased the 10-mile line from Canadians J.P. Crearer and J.W.D. O'Grady in 1911. This sale also included the local streetcar lines in Denison and Sherman. Texas Traction constructed a local system in McKinney in 1908. This consisted of two branches off Virginia Street on which one trolley ran alternately beginning at the courthouse.

Johnnie J. Myers in his book "Texas Electric Railway" says, "In 1908, the interurban was a wondrous thing, perhaps comparable to the opening of an extensive freeway in the 1950s – and for the same reason. It meant mobility and, thus, freedom to travel to people who hadn't enjoyed it before."

"The new line, the longest interurban in the southwest at the time (65 miles), provided improved transportation across the 'Blackland Belt' of Texas. Linking urban areas with the countryside, it stimulated suburban development and made conveniences of the city available to the rural population."

A report in the Plano Star Courier in 1910 indicated that Allen citizens were leaving their horses and buggies in the stable when they jaunted to neighboring towns, because the Allen correspondent wrote: "Miss Dona Butler and Sallie Cates drove to Plano Tuesday. We say 'drove' because the interurban is the usual means of transit to that burg."

Interurban railway once a vital part of area

7-30-89

Perhaps the interurban train was not quite as fast as the rapid transit proposed for the future, but at one time, you could board a railway car in Allen and arrive in downtown Dallas in 59 minutes. For some reason, the return trip was scheduled 58 minutes. These figures are from a 1933 time table. There would have been some adjustments to the schedule during World War II when the line ran extra sections to take care of commuting war workers.

I am frequently asked questions about the interurban line that once linked Allen to other cities and towns in North Texas. Why did it stop? Why is the station a block away from the railroad tracks? Old-timers speak of the electric railway in capital letters as the The Interurban and lament its passing. We will try to answer the whys, tell its history, and explain the rail system's impact on a country town and on individual lives.

Curiously, the electric railway began at the northern end of the line between Sherman and Denison. Perhaps the real beginning was when Sherman, to cope with the problem of black gumbo streets every time it rained, started a mule-drawn city rail system late in the nineteenth century. Both North Texas towns had local trolleys in 1896 when J.P. Crearer of Ottawa, Canada, moved to Denison and began a plan to link Sherman and Denison with a rail system. He searched the rough country between the towns on foot to locate a site for a dream resort. In the wooded hills at Tanyard Springs, he selected the location, built a dam across a deep ravine and started laying tracks to the resort he named Woodlake. With local and Canadian backing, he built a power plant, offices and shops for the railway and developed Woodlake into a first-class resort. The 40-acre park had picnic tables, benches, boats, a zoo and a large casino for vaudeville and summer stock stows. Later, a dance pavilion, skating rink and swimming pool were added. The tracks between Sherman and Denison, with Woodlake the central focus, were opened May 1, 1901. Soon crowds came from all across the region to board the railway train at Sherman or Denison to go to the resort. The only way to get there was to pay 10 or 15 cents for around-trip ticket to ride the trolley car. Later, the railway from Dallas connected with the line at Sherman. By 1919, Woodlake, the fashionable turn-of-the-century resort, had deteriorated. It was purchased by a group who wanted to preserve the park. Today, many people remember Woodlake as a place for religious encampments and school picnics. The fun began with the ride to Woodlake on The Interurban.

In my early childhood, an interurban ride meant a trip to Grandma's house. My parents and I boarded the train in Dallas and rode to Campbell stop, north of Richardson. We were set down in a different world from the city. As the train rattled on down the tracks, we were left on a quiet country road. We crossed the train tracks and the red brick highway, then walked east about a quarter-mile to Grandma's old two-story house. We visited with Grandma, my two big brothers and two uncles, who lived with her, for the day. I played under the large trees where there was a swing my father had made for me. Beyond the edge of the yard, cotton fields seemed to go on forever. In the afternoon, we walked back to the interurban track to wait for the train to come up the grade from Spring Creek. Dad raised his hand and the train came to a halt. To a 3-year-old, the happiness of the day at Grandma's was connected with the big trolley car.

Later, when I lived on a farm, an interurban ride was always a special treat. As other children that grew up along the Texas Electric Railway, I was interested in how the interurban differed from other trains. In 1914, long before my time, my father worked with an interurban section gang. I felt that this qualified him to answer my innumerable questions about how things worked. He did not share my enthusiasm; apparently his only nostalgic moments about this time of his life were occasional hankerings for vinegar pie. Dad, usually a great cook, would try to duplicate the interurban cook's recipe for this fruitless cobbler – he was never quite successful.

Interurban gave cosmopolitan air to rural town 9-3-89

If a train whistle could cause thoughts of faraway places, an Interurban car, passing hourly in each direction, would have been a constant reminder that there were destinations beyond the end of a cotton row. The Luther Summers family, who farmed the old Franklin place north of town, was aware of the Interurban cars that rattled and swayed along the nearby tracks. L.C. "Big Daddy" Summers particularly remembers Southbound 11:23, for its passing was the family's signal to quit for lunch. He said someone was usually watching the track when the car topped the hill and would shout, "11:23." All the kids would stop working and stand leaning on their hoe handles to wait for the car to pass before they ran home for lunch.

The Interurban was more than a convenient means of transportation to the people of Allen. It was a way of life that gave a cosmopolitan air to an otherwise rural town.

During the 1920s and early 1930s, Allen schools taught through the 10th grade, although 11 years of schooling were required for graduation. For the final year, Allen students had to attend McKinney or Plano schools. Most students rode the Interurban. Some had to walk quite a distance to catch the train and in McKinney, they all had to walk up the hill to the high school. Yet a large percentage of Allen students completed high school. The McKinney graduating class of '28 included Lucille Bridges (Brazeal), Anna Ruth Marion (Gilliland), Nannie Kate Angel (Bowman), Mary Emma Brown (Haggard), Ray Summers and G.W. Henderson from Allen.

Voice and piano teachers came on the Interurban to Allen from Plano. Those who could took advantage of the cultural opportunities of Dallas. The weekly Allen column in the Plano Star-Courier during the 1920s listed these comings and goings. "Misses Minnie and Viola Rose were shopping in Dallas Saturday." With their father, an Interurban employee, the Rose sisters frequently visited Dallas for shopping and to see shows at the Majestic Theater. According to the newspaper reports, Allenites traveled the Interurban network to Fort Worth, Waco and other points to visit and attend college or business school.

Each week during the summer months, some Allen groups had a picnic or wiener roast at Finch Park in McKinney. School teachers took their classes on the Interurban to Brown Stop, a couple of miles south of town, to picnic on the banks of Rowlett Creek. When the big circus came, a car and a trailer ran every 30 minutes. There were special cars to the State Fair, charters to lodge conventions and special rates for events such as the Liberty Bell's visit to Dallas.

Joe Masters and other boys walked five miles into Allen to catch the Interurban to go to McKinney for the Saturday matinee. Others went to Plano to the Ritz.

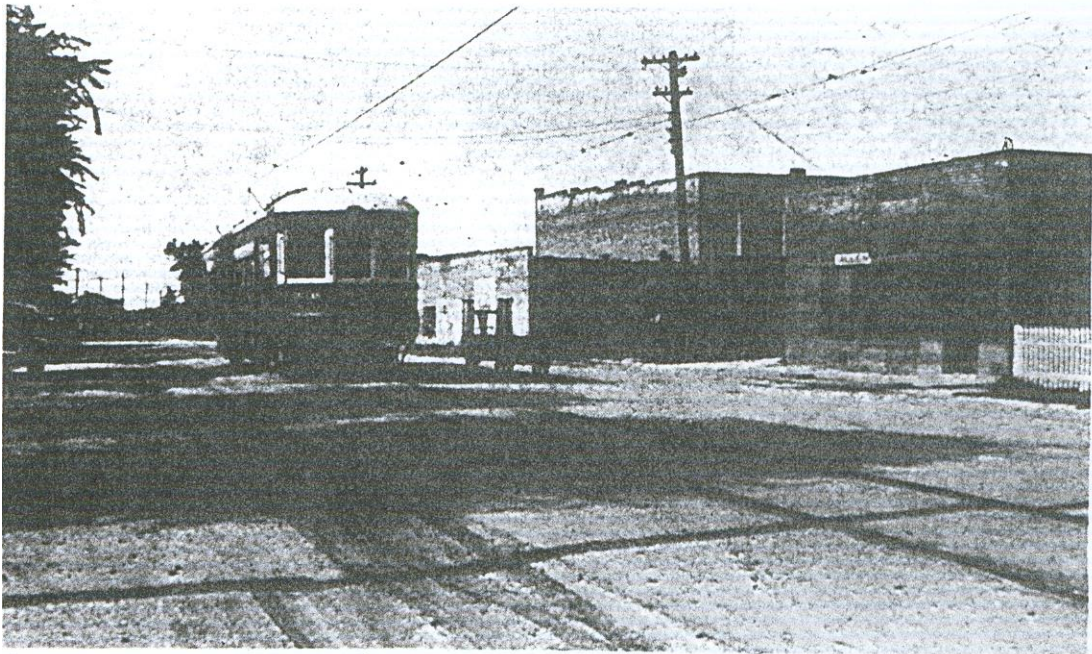
This is only part of the picture of the town and the transportation system that has been gone for over 40 years. Everyone who lived here at that time has their own personal story about the Interurban; however, this story is retold as part of the Methodist Church history.

While there were many business people and commuters who regularly rode the Interurban, there were others whose business was unknown, and supposedly non-existent, known as "Interurban riders." The suspected reason for their frequent trips was that alcoholic beverages were more available in the city. Prohibition was in effect during much of this time. The temptations of the big city led to a fright for an Allen pastor's wife.

The Methodist parsonage was south down Butler Street from the Interurban station. One morning the pastor, a young ministerial student, left early for class at SMU. His wife went about her usual housekeeping chores. When her cleaning took her to the front bedroom, she found a strange man asleep in the bed. Scared, she ran out of the house to her neighbors. It was discovered that her uninvited guest had been on a drinking binge in Dallas. He had taken the Interurban for home late the night before. Tradition does not tell if he was a local man, but when the Interurban stopped at Allen station, he got off and wandered down the tracks. He entered the first house, the parsonage. In the front room he found a bed, thought he was safely home and retired without waking the minister's family.

Interurban station much a part of local history 9-10-89

"Whoever heard of Allen, Texas? J.D. Goodman recalls saying when he saw the sign on the Interurban station one day in 1930. Except as viewed from an Interurban car's window, many people had no knowledge of the town of Allen. Just as traffic whizzes by on Central Expressway today, through highway traffic bypassed the town in the past. Therefore, many of us who lived in the area knew only the Interurban station and the little that could be seen of downtown as the train rolled across Main Street. The neat square brick building with its identifying sign represented Allen.



Except as viewed from an Interurban's cars window, many area residents had no knowledge of Allen. Pictured is the local Interurban station about 1848, a short time before the final run of the big red cars on Dec. 31, 1948.

There is no complete list of Allen's Interurban agents, but early newspaper reports mention that Will S. Rippy had been an agent before 1910. The 1910 census lists A.D. Marshall as Interurban agent. About 1914, Tom Rose began substituting for an agent

named Greer on weekends. Soon Rose became the Allen agent for the company, then named the Texas Traction Company. He was the agent until his death in 1931. Miss Viola Rose took her father's place and served for 11 years before becoming Allen's postmistress. The few remaining years of the railway, Allen had several part-time agents.

J.D. Goodman's remembrance of his first glimpse of Allen is because of a seriocomic incident that was a part of a large tragedy. Goodman was an under aged National Guardsman of 17 in 1930, en route to the scene of a riot. That day in Sherman, a crazed lynch mob perpetrated the most inhuman racial violence in North Texas' history. This was the first time that Goodman and most of the young men in Capt. "Bubba" Newman's Troop A, 112th National Guard Cavalry had been called out. The company left Dallas in two or three Interurban cars. Just south of Allen, one of the men handling his gun shot himself in his foot. The train had been highballing along the track when the cars pulled up at Allen Station. That was when Goodman, who has been in business in Allen for many years, asked, "Whoever heard of Allen, Texas?" The injured foot was examined, but the train did not stay but a short time in Allen – only long enough for the officers to take action to protect the nervous troops from themselves. Still remembering that insult, Goodman complains "They took up our guns!"

Allen's Interurban station saw many segments of life; happy children going on a picnic, a casket sent home for burial, students on their way to school, service men and women of two world wars, children boarding the circus special, a thief who found only \$17 in the cash drawer, bored commuters, life-saving medicine delivered. Twenty-four times a day a red Interurban car came down the tracks into Allen.

There was a small bustle as passengers got off and others boarded. Twice a day mail bags were exchanged. With an electrical hum and a clack over rail joints, the car moved off.

Liberty Bell tour prompts Interurban traffic

8-13-8

The Liberty Bell is a cherished symbol of our nation's freedom. Although cracked, tongue-tied and silent, it continues to "proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all inhabitants thereof." Its crack is a reminder to Americans that freedom is very fragile.

In November 1815, there were reasons to fear for that freedom. Europe was at war. Earlier in the year, there had been the shock of the sinking of the Lusitania. Below the Rio Grande, Mexico was in a turmoil. Bandit-hero Pancho Villa was harrying villages north of the river. Newspapers warned that North Texas was also vulnerable to Villistas. A series of fires of unknown origin were suspected to be sabotage. But not all news was grim – the Liberty Bell was coming!

The bell had been exhibited for the first time in the western United States at the Panama-Pacific exposition in San Francisco. On its return trip to Philadelphia, the historic relic was making a patriotic pilgrimage through the Southwest. The bell would reach Dallas on Nov. 18.

This was the last chance for Texans to see the Liberty Bell without traveling to Philadelphia. The fissure had widened and it was feared that the jolting of the long journey could crack the bell even more. The Texas Traction company set a special rate of 50 cents for school children to get to Dallas to see the bell. Schools along the line

declared a holiday. “The Interurban deserves credit for its patriotism in putting on such a low rate for the schoolchildren of North Texas,” commended a McKinney newspaper.

Dallas stores were taking advantage of the commercial possibilities of the occasion. Titcher-Gettinger and Neiman-Marcus were having special sales on millinery. A. Harris advertised sales on silk and millinery and invited out-of-town visitors to make the store headquarters for the day. These stores were leading promoters of “Dallas chic.” The city was famed for fashionable dress. There was a tacit dress code – a lady dressed up to go downtown. (As late as the mid-1950s, hat and gloves were de rigueur.) Ladies from the towns along the Interurban line, no less fashion conscious than their city sisters, wore their best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes to go into Dallas. At that time, skirts were slim and restrictive. A Paris designer, Paul Poiret, the previous year had produced the “one-legged woman” look. Bands were placed around the lower legs limiting movement even more, creating the “hobble skirt.” This restrictive hobbling causes some unforeseen problems for a couple of Allen ladies.

Six-year-old Lucille Bridges was one of the excited children going to see the Liberty Bell. Her mother, Antha Bridges, and her Aunt Frank Bridges dressed in their most up-to-date fashions for their trip to Dallas. Because of the large number of passengers, the Interurban cars were running 45 minutes late; however, there was a further delay in Allen. The Bridges ladies could not step up into the Interurban car in their hobble skirts.

The ladies tried and tried, but the step was too high and the skirts too tight. Little Lucille wondered if she would see the big bell. Finally, the conductor, after much tugging and pulling, lifted the ladies aboard the car.

In Dallas, the Liberty Bell was greeted with a 21-gun salute. Its railway flatcar was switched onto the streetcar line, and the bell was paraded down Main Street. Among the thousands who crowded along the route was the little girl from Allen, standing near Union Station. A few years ago, Lucille Bridges Brazeal saw the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia. The bell was just as she remembered from that long-ago day in 1915: “The same crack and everything.”

Interurban stops service after 40 years

1990s

Quaint streetcars have been restored for a new Dallas attraction. There had been a tendency to call these cars trolleys, as in “Clang, Clang, Clang Went the Trolley”; however, in Dallas, they have always been known as streetcars, like the one named “Desire”. Technically, trolley refers to the apparatus that connects the cars to the overhead power line. In North Texas, we had two kinds of electric railway cars using this mechanism: a streetcar in the cities and Interurban cars connecting the towns. A distinction was always made between the two types of trolley cars, for the two systems were either owned by the same company or by sister companies headed by the same individuals. The cars even shared the same tracks in places. Our Interurban ran on company-owned rails through the countryside, but joined the Vickery streetcar line at Bryan and Garrett streets in Dallas. The tightest corner for the big Interurban cars was on a Dallas street. Early mishaps known as “splitting the switch” occurred on streetcar lines when the heavier Interurban’s wheels followed divergent rails.

In its heyday, the electric railway was in widespread use. The trolley system was suited to the Midwestern states where the lines could have gentle curves and grades.

(Our local line's sharpest curve was 16 percent at the steam railway underpass at Vickery, and the only exception to a maximum grade of 2 percent was 600 feet of line on a 4 percent grade coming out of Wilson Creek bottom northbound into McKinney.) However, most Interurban systems were short lived. Our Interurban's life was extended only by extensive cannibalizing of equipment scavenged from defunct lines.

The Texas Traction Company ran the first trip on its line between Sherman and Dallas on June 30, 1908. Later, the company headed by J.F. Strickland, purchased the short line between Sherman and Denison, along with those cities' streetcar systems. The smallest city on the line to have a streetcar was McKinney. In 1912, on the basis of gross receipts of 28.4 percent over the previous year, and anticipating greater gains, Strickland secured financing for a new line south of Dallas. At Ferris, the line divided into a line to Corsicana and another to Waco.

Other companies built Interurban lines, one from Dallas to Fort Worth and on to Cleburne, and another connecting Terrell, Dallas and Denton. The railway from Dallas to Fort Worth through Grand Prairie and Arlington catered with some swank to businessmen and ladies traveling between the cities. A parlor car was furnished with wicker chairs and settees like an elegant sunroom.

The Texas Traction Company contracted to carry mail in 1914 with two mail runs each way, every day. Interurban railway post offices were rare. The two cars that were rebuilt for this service were in use as long as the railway was in service. Mail was sorted en route and delivered to each station. A letter mailed at Van Alstyne would be in the Allen post office within the hours.

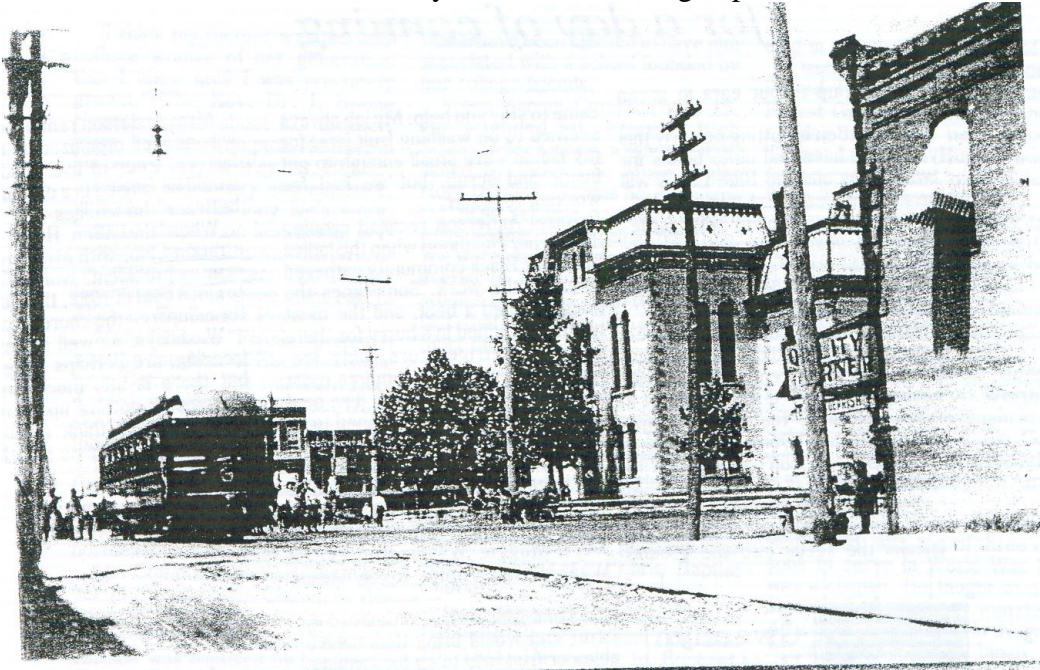
The railway had regularly scheduled baggage motors and trains. Baggage could be checked directly between hotels and depots of "on line" cities. Originally, the passenger cars were run connected together as trains, some with parlor cars; each train had a motorman and conductor. Although the railway was not as successful as Strickland predicted, the service remained unchanged for years. On Jan. 1, 1917, the two affiliated lines, Texas Traction from Dallas to Denison and Southern Traction from Dallas to Waco and Corsicana consolidated to form Texas Electric Railway.

The reasons given to the public seemed insufficient when the Interurban stopped service. There had always been a "why." The obvious answer to what killed the Interurban was the automobile; however, several other factors were involved. Actually, 54 percent of the railway revenue was from freight, but while the reduction of passengers was not the only reason, cars played a part in its demise. When the Interurban began, automobiles were a rich man's novelty. Texas blackland roads were rough in dry weather and impassable in wet. By the 20s, improvements were being made to major roads. During this time, Exall Highway, U.S. 75 (now Jupiter Road) was built east of Allen along the old stage coach route and was the pride of North Texas. Henry Ford had a new plant in Dallas that turned out "tin lizzies" that were cheap enough for most farmers. But the event that marked the beginning of the end of Interurban was the crash of '29. The following depression caused a cash shortage that brought a suit against Texas Electric for an unpaid bill for crossties for \$687.11. The railway convinced the court that it performed a necessary public service, and the line was placed in receivership in 1931. As well as curtailment of some service, all Interurban cars were rebuilt for one-man operation. Parlor cars and passenger trailers were eliminated, some rebuilt into baggage trailers. Texas Electric survived, but by 1934, all other North Texas lines were gone.

Although in receivership, the railway bought six of the newest cars from the failed Northern Texas Traction, the Dallas-Forth Worth line. Earlier, the company had various color schemes of mostly green, but the company liked the brilliant red and cream of the new cars. All older cars were painted red and cream. Silver roofs had been found to reflect Texas sun. These bright red cars are the ones that remain in our memory.

Another blow to the railway was when the ICC ruled that due to the high percentage of freight business, the line was subject to Railway Labor and Retirement Acts. This caused higher wages and a pension plan for the employees, but strained the beleaguered company. Texas Electric was the first company in Texas to file under the new Federal Bankruptcy Act. Under the reorganization, Texas Power and Light acquired ownership of its power houses and pole lines as payment for unpaid power bills. The Corsicana division was abandoned in 1940.

World War II, along with Connally Army Air Force Base at Waco, gasoline rationing and commuters, put new life into the business. Old equipment was patched up and reactivated and was constantly rebuilt with salvaged parts.



This picture was taken from the southwest corner of the square in McKinney about 1908.

Soon after the war, the local streetcar lines were sold, and the company was then strictly an Interurban operation. Two passenger car accidents injured four and caused attention to be focused on the company's problems. The final blow came as the result of a serious accident on April 10, 1948. The motorman misunderstood an order that he was to meet the southbound train at Kirkland spur to mean that the trains would meet at Perkins siding (Fairview). He copied and repeated the order, but the dispatcher also misunderstood, believing that he said Kirkland when he said Perkins. About a thousand feet north of Kirkland spur near old Kirkland park (present Presbyterian Hospital) the two trains, each traveling at 25 miles per hour, collided head on. Thirty passengers were injured. Facing lawsuits and an ICC recommendation that the entire line be equipped with a modern

block signal system, 10 days after the wreck, Texas Electric decided to abandon the Interurban railway.

Nostalgia buffs came from across the country during the last months to ride the railroad. Central Electric Rail Fans Association (whose Bulletin 121 by Johnney J. Myers furnished facts for these articles) had special runs on this, one of America's last electric railways. On Dec. 31, 1948, the final runs of the big red Interurbans arrived in Dallas. Almost immediately the rails were ripped up, because as scrap they were the company's biggest asset. Ties and roadbed gravel were salvaged. Passenger cars were sold for \$1,000 each for diners, motels and for other non-rail uses. Much of the right-of-way was sold back to adjacent farms. After 40 years of service, the Interurban was gone.

Families gathered in Allen for a day of canning 5-26-91

We are up to our ears in green beans. Our garden is putting on early this year. We have had pinto beans for two weeks and the Blue Lakes will be at their peak next week. That is the problem with gardening; the season for some vegetables is short. You have to can, freeze or otherwise preserve what you need in a hurry. Soon after we bought our garden patch, we met an older retired couple at a garden center. While our husbands discussed the merits of a rear-tined tiller, the lady took me aside and said "Don't let him plant too much. You won't know what to do with it all." Sound advice. However, she did not tell me how to do that. He sneaks the seeds into the ground when I am not looking. We keep what we can use, then hand out bags of produce on the church parking lot. Our neighbors find zucchinis abandoned on their doorsteps.

In spite of the hard work I have always enjoyed canning. Like a miser, I count the rows of jars of vegetables, pickles and jewel-like jellies. When I was a child, canning time was a happy time when aunts and cousins came to stay and help. My job always seemed to be washing fruit jars, for my hands were small enough to get inside and scrub, but we had fun working together.

Hazel Anderson recalled canning days in her childhood when the ladies of Allen's black community gathered to share the work. Some times the families killed a beef, and the meat had to be canned in a hurry for there were no refrigerators, only ice boxes. They canned some as roast beef and made a lot of chili. The beef stock or broth was also canned to be used later for making soup.

They used large No. 3 cans for all had large families to feed. The ladies that helped Hazel Anderson's mother, Anise Williams, most often were Muggie Washington, Pearl Washington, Annie Ross, Addie Jones and Mary Bly. Some lived on farms and would bring their vegetables or fruit into town for canning.

Corn canning was begun under a shade tree as Haise Williams, Luther and George Washington, and the other men took axes, placed ears of corn on a wood block, chopped both ends off, then shucked the corn. The small kids did the silking. Mrs. Anderson tells they were warned to get every silk, for silks would make the corn sour.

With very sharp butcher knives, the women cut the corn from the cobs. Some kernels were cut off almost whole for "frying corn." Other corn was scraped from the cobs for cream-style. Some whole kernel corn was combined with peppers to make a pickle relish. Mrs. Muggie Washington was remembered as presiding at the wood stove, watching and stirring the cooking pots. Others sterilized the cans; Mrs. Williams filled

cans, and someone else sealed them. Mrs. Anderson remembers that it was as well organized as a canning factory. Four to five hundred cans would be canned in a day and divided between the families.

When the Allen Home Demonstration Club, with Mrs. Louis Goeman as president, worked together to can a beef in 1922, the club reporter compared the chore to washday. Washdays, as well as canning or freezing, are perhaps easier today, but there is still much hard work involved in putting up garden produce. I try to think of how good these beans will taste next January.

This was added in the column in typing: Hazel (Williams) Anderson is about L.C.'s age (Big Daddy Sommers). The black women all canned together and the white women all canned together, mostly through the Home Demonstration clubs.

Home demonstration clubs teach canning in Allen 9-6-87

Viola Poole arrived in Collin County in 1919, and as the new Home Demonstration Agent began organizing the women and girls of the county. She was well qualified for her job. After finishing college at Chicora in her hometown of Greenville, N.C., she studied home demonstration work at Peabody and Cornell. Old newspaper clippings report that she "started work with energy and enthusiasm."

That first summer she organized canning clubs and conducted successful box suppers to raise money for canning equipment in many communities in the county. Her groups showed their work at the State Fair of Texas. Eight months after she arrived, on November 1, 1919, the "lady demonstrator" married "a worthy young stock farmer," J. Ed McGee.

In the early years of Home Demonstration, the most important work was demonstrating safe canning methods. By 1922, the clubs in Collin County were canning 100,000 containers a year. "Our county has always produced, but it took wise womanhood to show us how to save it." Commented a club reporter. Mrs. L. Goeman was president when on a Tuesday in the fall of 1922, the Allen Club canned a beef, a chore compared to washday. On Wednesday, they held an exhibit in preparation to compete for a \$75 prize offered at the county fair.

Mrs. McGee also taught the importance of good nutrition. Some of the innovations in their diets were opposed by farmer husbands. Dainty salads were scorned as "rabbit food." They needed "real food" to do their work. Marion Snider said, "Anything Viola Poole McGee said to fix Mother would try it."

By 1923, the home demonstration clubs in most of the local communities had built club houses, usually about 24 feet by 24 feet, for about \$150 in money raised by box suppers and other events, and had equipped them with stoves, utensils, and canners and sealers. During this year, Lucas, Lovejoy, Wetsel, Bethany and Allen club members purchased seventy-one steam pressure canners and fifty-three sealers for their homes and were canning from abundant gardens. (There was a good cotton crop that year. Farmers around Lucas had standardized a new variety – Davidson Sunshine Cotton.) Allen Club's thirty-one members canned 15,789 containers. Officers were Mrs. G.E. Bush, president; Mrs. N. P. Lynge, vice president; and Miss Ethel Ereckson, secretary-treasurer.

The Wetsel Home Demonstration Club located on the Exall Highway, (Highway 5 at Stacy Rd.), displayed a variety of work done by its club members at the State Fair in 1923 as shown in the photograph. The club reported that they grew 26 gardens, planted

70 plants, culled three flocks of poultry, made seven dress forms, and held 26 meetings. They canned thirteen beeves, sugar-cured 4,000 pounds of sun dried beef, rendered 1,092 pounds of lard, and canned a total of 11,482 containers of meat, vegetables and fruit.

With U.S. Government "receipts," and instructions, they made forty loaves of bread, 200 pounds of soap, refooted one pair of hose and trimmed four hats, Mrs. G.H. Reeves was president; Mrs. L.H. Woods, vice president; Mrs. G.M. Martin, secretary; and Mrs. J.H. Wetsel, treasurer.

No longer would the overabundance of summer gardens be wasted. In 1922, Mrs. Maude Platte Murray compared the large numbers of canned products to the fragments gathered after Christ fed the five thousand.

*Tw'as long ago, the Master said;
'Tis just as true this autumn day,
Gathering fragments is still His way.*



The Wetsel Home Demonstration Club's exhibit at the State Fair of Texas in 1923 shows a variety of work. By 1922, Collin County clubs were canning 100,000 containers a year.

Mom's college education unusual for woman at time 1-20-91

"I think my mother was the only college woman of her generation that I knew until I was practically grown," the Rev. Dr. J. Boone Hunter wrote about his mother, Mary Frances Compton Hunter, in his book *Along the Way*. Dr. Hunter, a retired missionary and educator, writing about his long life's work, began a chapter on interesting personalities he had known with an article about his mother. The Hunter family lived about three miles east of Allen on Faulkner's Prairie.

Mary Frances "Fannie" Compton was the daughter of Eber and Angie Frye Compton. She was born Dec. 4, 1851, in middle Tennessee. When she was four years old, the family moved near Springfield, Missouri. In 1859, they moved to Collin County, Texas, in wagons drawn by oxen. Eber Compton bought 160 acres from William Snider on the northeast corner of his survey.

Mr. Compton was a leading member of the Christian Church in this county. When Fannie accepted Christ as her Savior at the age of 12, she was baptized by her uncle, Charles Carlton, who had also come from Springfield, Mo., and was teaching at a private school in Dallas. Fannie began her education in her uncle's school.

Elder R.C. Horn wrote, "Uncle Charlie Carlton was well known by the older citizens of McKinney, as he preached there often in the early days. He was a graduate of Bethany College of West Virginia, which was established by Alexander Campbell and was the first college established by the Christian Churches. Charlie Carlton founded Carlton College at Bonham, Texas, among the best colleges for girls in the state." Fannie was one of the college's earliest students. Later the school was Carr-Carlton College of Sherman.

Two of Fannie's classmates at the college in Bonham were Addison and Randolph Clark, who established a college in Fort Worth, that was later at Thorp Springs, then Waco, before moving back to Fort Worth. This is now Texas Christian University. Boone Hunter later joined the faculty of TCU because he felt his mother would have been pleased to have him associated with a school founded by her college friends.

When Fannie Compton was 15, she attended Mt. Pleasant High School in McKinney, a school established by Elder J.S. Muse. Elder Horn, recalled, "It was here the writer first became acquainted with Miss Fannie as we called her then. We were classmates and while I was averse to being outstripped in my studies by a lady, I had to admit the fact that she was my superior in most studies."

Fannie Compton taught school in McKinney for two years. Her father died in 1868. Her parents had four daughters and one son, John Compton, who died in a Civil War battle. Fannie, as a young single woman, bought 60 acres of land near the family farm in April, 1870. This was the land she and her husband later sold to Faulkner's Prairie Baptist Church.

John Wilson Hunter was born in Davidson County, Tenn., on Oct. 10, 1844. He moved to Bonham, Texas, in 1868. On Dec. 29, 1870, he and Mary Frances Compton were married in Fannin County. They lived in Bonham until 1874, when they moved to the old Compton farm, east of Allen.

John W. and Fannie Hunter had fifteen children. Boone Hunter wrote: "Even though my mother gave birth to 15 children, she visited the sick and distressed in the neighborhood, taught Sunday School classes, wrote news items for a county paper, and kept her academic mind alert by assisting her children with mathematics, English literature, and Latin which she could read until her last illness."

Dr. J. Eber Hunter, her eldest son, graduated from Galveston Medical School in 1896. He practiced medicine at Melissa and other communities before becoming associated with Dr. Wysong in McKinney.

Robert Marshal Hunter was a wheat farmer on the Texas panhandle near Claude, Texas, Grace May Hunter married Dr. John Coffey, but died in childbirth at the age of 19. Claude B. and his wife Cora B. Sneed Hunter taught school at Forest Grove and Princeton before moving to a farm near Amarillo, Texas. Luther T. Hunter was the farm demonstration agent in several West Texas towns.

Maude Hunter McKinney taught in several rural schools in Collin County and at Allen School before moving to Bellevue, Texas.

Young John Clarence Hunter died in a tragic accident when at age five, he fell into the wash kettle.

Virginia B. Hunter McMillen made her home at Fort Worth. Edward Lee Hunter first taught at Allen School and at other Collin County schools before becoming the principal at Horace Mann School in Amarillo for 25 years.

Dr. Joseph Boone Hunter, the tenth child, was one of three of the sons to serve in World War I. He was a chaplain. He taught as a missionary in Japan and married an American Missionary in Nagasaki. After many years in Japan, they were on furlough at the beginning of WWII. He worked at one of the concentration camps of Japanese, ministering to those confined there, most of whom were American citizens.

He continued teaching at college in America as a professor of Bible and church history. As a young man, Boone taught school at Forest Grove. One of his former students Edna Turnbow Strickland has kept in touch through the years. Although Dr. Boone Hunter died about 1985, at the age of 98 or 99, Mrs. Strickland received a letter at Christmas from Mrs. Mary Hunter, of Little Rock, Arkansas, who is herself nearing the "Century Club", as she calls it.

Eula Frances Hunter taught for four years in McKinney while living with her mother. She made the trip daily by interurban. She taught high school math in Fort Worth until she retired. She was the first president at Fort Worth Classroom Teachers Association and was a president of the Department of Classroom Teachers in the National Education Association. She has been the president of numerous civic and education organizations.

Oran E. Hunter was a cotton buyer in Allen and in other Texas towns. Walter D. Hunter was also a cotton buyer in Allen for Will Bush before going to Waco to go into business for himself. Roy R. Hunter was engaged in the cattle commission business in west Texas. Hall H. Hunter taught at Midland College before becoming a businessman in Fort Worth.

Boone Hunter said, "Perhaps 'Generous Poverty' would be a better expression to describe the spirit of the farm community in North Texas where I grew up." He tells in his book, *Along the Way* of some of the hard times the family endured on the farm east of Allen. (The book was loaned to me by Ted Summers. It was a gift to her from Williard Fondren Horn, a former neighbor of the Hunters, who also kept in touch with the family through the years.)

After telling about his mother's assistance with the children's studies, Dr. Hunter said, "And yet she was domestic. She was a good cook. She could convert hard corn into delicious hominy by taking it through many rinsings, and then removing the hard outer coating by rubbing the grains on a wash board. She could prepare a ten gallon jar of kraut out of summer cabbage, season and sack pork sausage and supervise the smoking".

"She was a capable seamstress and praised even beyond her own family for her skill in patching and mending garments. She could pluck feathers from our white Peking ducks for pillows or a feather tick, and batt wool for quilt and comforts, and even prepare corn shucks for a rough mattress. And from all this she could take time out to write a speech for one of her sons to deliver at a Sunday school convention."

Permanent Press

1985 or 86

"Don't ever buy anything like that again," I screeched. My granddaughter clutched her favorite new shirt. "But, Grandma," she began. I interrupted with a tirade against the offending garment whose care label read "hand wash separate, line dry, warm iron." I ended my lecture with, "If women were still chained to the ironing board, there would be no women's liberation." To me, the women's emancipation proclamation was "Permanent Press, machine wash, tumble dry, no ironing necessary,"

We have found shopping for school clothes quite an experience. She has been challenged to outfit her grandmother acceptable collegiate, yet befitting advance years, while I have been appalled at what is in the stores for the teen trade. I talked with other grandmothers as we waited outside dressing cubicles, and found that I am not the only one that balks at paying \$40 for jeans that look as if a fieldhand has worn them a couple of years. Together, we shuddered at rack after rack of clothes that look slept in. In one generation we are in danger of losing our freedom from ironing!

In the past, many women followed the weekly schedule Kay Harris remembers her mother, Mary Sparkman invariably followed. She washed, starched, and dried clothes on Monday, then sprinkled them down to be ready for ironing. Tuesday morning she began ironing before daylight to finish before the noonday heat of Texas summers. Everything for her large family was ironed from underwear to pillow slips.

Heavy smoothing irons make cute bookends, now but were very tiring to use. Sadirons were flatirons with points at both ends and removable handles. (Sad is defined as obsolete for heavy, but they also caused ironing day depression.)

We once lived in a remote farmhouse, beyond the electric wire of the REA. Mother and I heated the old flatirons on a smoky coal oil stove. I have heard that the irons heated better on a wood range, but it heated the whole kitchen at the same time. After an iron heated, we wiped it clean of soot and spit-tested that it was not so hot that it would scorch the clothes. We then ironed as fast as we could until the iron cooled. It was replaced on the fire to reheat, and the other iron was used. Mother always ironed my father's starched white shirts for she knew that I would scorch them.

By the time I married and received an electric iron for a wedding present, my aversion to ironing was firmly fixed. A mountain of unironed clothes began to form. My husband, ever hopeful of having more than one ironed shirt in the closet at a time, gave me an adjustable ironing board for our second anniversary. It is in perfect condition after thirty-four years. It only creaks a little from disuse as the granddaughter sets it up. As she sprays fabric finish over her shirt, I explain that once we sprinkled clothes with water, and put them in the refrigerator. She is incredulous.

The Unironed Mountain grew through the years—outgrown rompers were topped by blue jeans. Dresser scarves and ruffled aprons sunk into oblivion. (Did we really use dresser scarves?) I never knew what was on the bottom of that pile. Long after I converted to Permanent Press, I bundled up the whole Unironed Mountain and sent it to Goodwill. Grandma was free at last.

Rodeos past

3-10-85

Allen was once treated to a twice-daily Rodeo performance, on the block where the Post Office is located, that would rival any rodeo in Fort Worth, Houston or Mesquite.

In the early morning the only spectators were a few sleepy mothers, waiting in cars. But, when the Future Farmer boys came after school to care for their project animals, there were usually several onlookers to witness the fun.

There were Calf Roping and Bulldogging events as the boys cut their animals from the herd to feed and groom them. Their teaching the half-wild steers to be led before the livestock show was always worth the price of admission. The owner of the

calf pulled on the lead rope, a couple cowhands hung on around the brisket, and the other boys pushed on the rumproast.

As did the cowboys of yore, none of the future stockman liked to work on the fences. There was little to stop a steer that wanted to wander down Main Street, or to deter the calves from heading for open country up Allen Drive. But, when the whole heard thought the St. Augustine looked greener in the neighboring lawns, we had the Main Event. Boy, mothers and any chance passersby participated in the Great Roundup, and the Grand Finale, The Corraling of the Runaways.

As Allen changed from a rural town to a suburban city, we lost this entertainment. After almost 20 years, even the mothers can recall their rodeo days with nostalgia.

We are proud of Allen School's fine Agriculture Project Center. But the students of Leon Porter, and their parents, were grateful to the heirs of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Eden, and Pete Ford, who managed the two-plus acres for the use of the downtown feed lot.

Patriotic songs lift war-time spirits

2-10-1991

A skinny little kid held on to the headlamp that cut a dim path through the sunflowers and cuckleburs, and kept her precarious perch on the front fender of the Model A Ford as they bumped over terraces and crawdad mounds. She bellowed out into the night air, in a voice that could probably be heard in Plano, two miles away, "Off we go, into the wild blue yonder...."

Recently, some of us older folks have been questioned by history students about past decades. The above autobiographical sketch is one that emerged from my memory. As I remembered the '40s, World War II was the most outstanding event. Certain memories are clear cut in my mind; such as the Sunday in 1941, when I was 8 years old and we sat stunned by the radio, listening to the reports from Pearl Harbor. And, I remember the singing. We sang at rallies for Victory Bonds and at school assemblies. At every event we sang. We sang new songs and the old songs from previous wars.

"What's the use of worrying? It never was worthwhile. So, pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile."

A short while ago, we watched the reports from Iraq for about 30 hours, forgetting to eat or sleep. The reports took on a surrealistic appearance. My husband, D.C., said the broadcasts reminded him of *The War of the Worlds*. On Oct., 30 1938, the Mercury Theatre of the Air presented, as a Halloween stunt, an adaptation of H.G. Well's *The War of the Worlds*, with Orson Wells playing the lead. D.C. said the radio program switched from one reporter to another as the action of an invasion from Mars unfolded, much the same as the nonstop TV reports. We felt someone should come in with a disclaimer that this was just a dramatization.

I applaud the school officials who had their students singing patriotic songs in the halls before classes. As a child of wartime, I remember the tensions of listening to news reports that were not as clear as the pictures of today, but just as frightening to a child.

Each night we waited for wavy shortwave broadcasts and hoped that Gabriel Heatter would begin his commentary with the words "Ah, there's good news tonight!" We remember that singing helps. Probably for this reason, I have collected patriotic songs for years. Some of these are in little paperback books that sold for 15 cents or were give-aways.

One book of community songs is *I Hear America Singing*. Another is *Songs America Sings*, in a red, white and blue cover, printed by a Dallas publishing company, and included advertisements of local sponsors. There are several McKinney businesses such as Harris Funeral Home, Gills Dry Goods and Dungan Grain and Feed Co. that sponsored the book. Allen businesses that sponsored the book are Perry Bros., Marion's Café, Bolin General Merchandise, Dutton's Garage, Laird Barber Shop, James Garland Insurance and L.C. Morris' Magnolia Service Station.

My collection of sheet music is rag-tag from long years on piano music racks and coming from second-hand book stores, and such. They are the rousing patriotic works of Cohan and Berlin—no negative whines of more recent years.

“There's a feeling come a-stealing and it sets my brain a reeling, When I'm listening to the music of a military band,” begins the oldest song in my collection, and it echoes my sentiments exactly. The song became associated with World War I, but my original copy is 1906 vintage - a song hit from the latest musical play, *George Washington Jr.* written and composed by George M. Cohan, *You're a Grand Old Flag*.

Another begins, “Rosie Green was a village queen, who enlisted as a nurse.” Published in 1918, Con Conrad's chorus continues, “Oh! Frenchy...” The sheet music has a banner that says, “Do your bit! America's problem, ships and food – to send the most food possible in least shipping space. Solution - eat more fish, cheese, eggs, poultry, and save beef, pork, and mutton for our fighters. HELP WIN THE WAR!”

America, I Love You, a 1915 song was reprinted in the '40s. Among other songs promoted on the sheet is *Give the Stars and Stripes a Permanent Wave*, which evidently did not make the hit parade. I have Cole Porter's *Don't Fence Me In*, from the movie, *Hollywood Canteen*, and the Army's *The Caisons Go Rolling Along*, *The Marine's Hymn*, and *The Army Air Corp*, which has since been rewritten for the Air Force.

After the recent TV marathon of newscasts, I needed to work off some steam. I put on a tape of fast-paced marches and peddled my stationary bike to *Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue*, from *Stars and Stripes Forever*, and to the *Washington Post March*. It worked.

Perhaps the most prized of my sheet music collection is the song by Irving Berlin that was introduced and first performed by Kate Smith on Armistice Day, 1938. Written at a time when our involvement in conflict seemed eminent, Irving Berlin's words are in the hearts of Americans today: “While the storm clouds gather far across the sea, Let us swear allegiance to a land that's free. Let us all be grateful for a land so fair, as we raise our voices in a solemn prayer – God Bless America....”

1942

1-3-85

On December 7, 1941, “A date which will live in infamy”, (President Roosevelt), the men gathered around the radio, while the women sat silently grieving for what had happened and for what they knew would come. The children refused to leave their sides to play, for even they knew their lives had been forever changed. These are some of the events that effected a small American town and its farming community in the first year of war.

January: (Japanese take Manila, invade Burma; Germans in Crimea.) Local farmers are asked to sell scrap iron; barbershops collecting old razor blades; the American Legion collecting waste paper.

February: (Singapore and Manila surrenders to Japanese.) Lt. Rudd V. Mann killed in an airplane accident at Long Beach, CA: Allen girls win County Basketball Championship, Allen -28 McKinney -20.; Freeze and green bug invasion seriously damage grain crop.

March: (MacArthur based in Australia, Japan takes Java, Rangoon.) Snow and freeze; “don’t pass the sugar bowl”; Every individual to get sugar rationing book about April 1; at the Palace: “The Maltese Falcon”, “How Green Was My Valley”; farmers warned to save tow sacks.

April: (Japanese control Bay of Bengal, in full control of Malaya, Dutch East Indies; U.S. bombs Tokyo.) The home of Mr. and Mrs. Wes Royal was destroyed by fire. Allen bucket brigade kept flames from spreading, extinguished a blaze set by flying fire brands on the roof of the Christian Church; green bug infestation worse than 1907.

(At this point in my research I read a long list of Service Men from the Plano-Allen area. It included the name of my brother, Joe Grady Thomas. My two other brothers had been in the Army for several years before the war began. Remembered were the three stars in the window, a child’s prayers for their safety, and for the war’s end; Radio news reports and Gabriel Heatter’s nightly news commentaries; Censored letters: The knot of fear we learned to live with.:

“Sugar rationing may be what we need for better teeth”; W.C. Hagy running for second term as County Clerk; THE GREAT FLOOD – 8.45 inches of rain, hail damage, Plano man drowned, livestock lost, crops flooded, land eroded, Allen is isolated as bridges wash out, railroad and interurban lines damaged, Cottonwood Creek bridge on Main Street washed out between the town and the highway.

May: (Japanese take Mandalay, Burma Road cut, U.S. surrenders the Philippines, Battle of Coral Sea, Cologne raided by 1,000 bombers, Tunis liberated.)

4,437 men registered in Collin County; heavy winds and hail; Drivers who go over the 40 mile per hour speed limit to be denied tires.

June: (Battle of Midway, Japanese fleet crippled, Japanese momentum checked. Eisenhower appointed C. In C. of U.S. forces in Europe, German offensive begins on a wide front, Japan invades Aleutians.)

Gas rationing: Boy Scouts collect old rubber; More rain and hail, Rowlett overflows again; “Kings Row” with Ronald Reagan at the Palace.

July: (Germans enter Sebastopol, begin Siege of Stalingrad.) Rev. C.N. Smith begins a revival at the Methodist Church: 806 men ages 18-19 years registered; Army convoy of 79 vehicles passed on the highway; Allen goes over the top in U.S.O. quota of \$50 in “One Hour Drive”, Oscar Lynge, chairman, Paul Henderson, Roscoe Leach, Mrs. Nan Leach and W.R. Williams raised \$50 quota and an additional \$10. County Chairman A.H. Eubanks, Jr. accepted the check and said, “The spirit of this fine American community should be an inspiration to everyone...”; Bicycles rationed; fruit canned with sugar was recorded; Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House, of Bonham was returned to Congress by North Texas voters; W. Lee O’Daniel and James V. Allred, both former Texas Governors, are in a run-off for Senate seat; 54,060 bushels of onions sold by Collin County farmers to the government; Railroad station at Allen is destroyed by fire, car loaded with wool belonging to Collin Harrington and T.L. Ray also burned, W.G. Cundiff, Allen druggist died.

August: (U.S. troops land in Guadalcanal, allied raid on Dieppe.) Dan F. Gilliland died of burns when gasoline was ignited by a lantern while he was helping a stranded motorist. He was the 11th fire fatality in Collin County for 1942; 1,500-bed Army hospital to be built in McKinney; O'Daniel is Texas Democratic nominee for Senate; "Sargent York" at the movies.

September: (Wainwright and 6,000 others reported to be captives in the Philippines, they were taken in the Fall of Corregidor on May 6, their fate had since been in doubt.)

County's draft quota is 50 for September; Tire quota is reduced.

October: (Eighth Army begins battle of El Alamein.)

Navy recruits 42; Draft Board sends 69 to Army; Dorothy Lamour in "Beyond the Blue Horizon."

November: (Battle of Guadalcanal, Germans in France, French fleet blown up at Toulon, Churchill, Stalin and Roosevelt meet in Teheran, Allied First Army under Eisenhower land in Algeria.)

Speed limit set at 35 miles per hour, to be strictly enforced; old silk stockings were collected to make gun powder bags; coffee rationing began; Leach and Bush Corn Sheller barn burned. December; (Algiers taken, also in '42, first electronic computer made in U.S., Nuclear reactor invented.)

Canned, dried, frozen fruit and vegetables rationed—"a step to assure our fighting men the food they need."

The first year passed. It had been a year of war, fire, and flood. Many of the elderly had died. There were shortages of many commodities. But patriotism was running high; and like the fighting men, those on the "Home Front" were in for the duration.

Allen was an island in floodwaters of 1964

9-25-88

Last Saturday, just before noon, Rev. George Anderson and I were discussing the weather. We wondered what the remnants of the hurricane would bring to this area. I recalled the flood of '64 that was caused by a similar storm. Bro. Anderson spoke of the times he had watched Cottonwood Creek in flood. Little did we know, as we talked in the Foxworth-Galbraith store, that where we stood would be under a pile of debris before nightfall.

The wind broke up quite a few trees on the west side of town. We lost a large hackberry. A big old hackberry in our neighbor's yard split apart. However, the torrent of rain that accompanied the windstorm was only a sample of the rain we received in 1964. Four or five inches of rain had fallen during the week before that storm, with an additional inch during Saturday night and Sunday. On Sunday night, rain drummed down most of the night. Rainfall was recorded at 12.35 inches.

Monday morning, Sept. 21, 1964, Allen was an island. Rowlett Creek flowed over Central Expressway. On Highway 5, Albert Dickerson's car stalled in floodwater. The driver of a semi-truck, after an attempt to get the car out, left to get help. Mr. Dickerson drowned when the road gave way, overturning his car and the trailer truck into the floodwater.

The railway bridge was weakened and a train derailed injuring the engineer and fireman. Across the area, motorists clung to trees as floodwaters swirled around them.

It would be well if we remember that it does not take a tropical storm to cause flooding in this area. On April 19, 1942, Charlie Cowherd drowned when a wall of water came down Spring Creek, striking the barn where he was tending his livestock. Cowherd's home was a short way up the creek from today's Collin Creek Mall.

Further up Spring Creek, near Custer Road, the B.B. Carpenter's home was split by floodwaters. Mr. Carpenter was trapped in one section, while Mrs. Carpenter, in the kitchen section, stood on the cookstove to stay above water until neighbors came to their rescue.

The 7 p.m. Interurban out of Dallas left Plano in torrential rain. S.C. Sartain, the section foreman, cautioned the motorman, W.G. McMahan, to proceed with care. As they neared Muncy Stop, they discovered that a hundred feet of track had been washed out. When McMahan picked up the phone to report to Dallas, lightning struck and knocked the receiver out of his hand.

A.C. and Roberta Story, stranded overnight in Plano, had to go high on the watershed to the Frisco highway, then over rock roads from the north to discover a way into town. On U.S. Highway 75 (now Highway 5), water lapped over the banisters of the concrete bridges on Cottonwood and Rowlett. The bridge over Cottonwood Creek on Main Street was washed away. Bridges were out on Watters Creek and Rowlett Creek, west of town. Some Allenites who were unable to get home shouted across the creek to their families. A footbridge was rigged after the floodwaters went down. Grocery deliveries eventually arrived in the stranded town after Stacy Road was repaired.

Since, 1844, when early settlers experienced their first major flood, we have had severe floods about every 20 years. Each flood -1866, 1871, 1890, 1908, to 1964- was headlined "The Worst Flood in History." Although windstorms are unpredictable, floods are predictable to a certain extent. Old-timers around here often complain that our creeks don't get enough respect. After living all our lives along "ol' Riow-l't" and its branches, we shake our heads in dismay when we see construction where we have seen floodwaters.

Too often, land developers choose to play the odds. A 100-year flood is actually a statement of probabilities – that each year we have one chance in a hundred that floodwater will reach a certain point. There are other probabilities, such as 10-to-1 or 10-year flood plains, that have no historical basis.

In a 1978 report of the U.S. Corps of Engineer's study of Rowlett Creek's flood plain, there is the thought-provoking statement that with maximum development in some locations, the 10-year flood stage would be where the 100-year stage was before development. Pictures in the report of the 1942 flood have this caption: "Future floods can be deeper and wider and more devastating."

And the floods came

4-28-85

The site of the county seat was not selected by an election in 1948, but by a flood. The choice was either a site by the old railroad underpass on Highway 5 in Fairview, or the present location. A heavy rain fell the night before the election. The creeks were flooded and only those living at Buckner, then the county seat, about three miles west of McKinney, could cast their votes. Of course, they favored the nearest site.

Since 1844 when the early settlers experienced their first major flood, we have had severe floods about every twenty years. Each one was headlined “The Worst Flood in History”. 1866, 1871 and 1890 were years of high flooding.

In late May 1908, up to ten inches of rain fell in the Upper Trinity Basin. As floodwaters rose, 4,000 fled their homes in Dallas. Sherman and Bonham reported hail and high winds. The Carrollton Town Square was under four feet of water.

The Dallas sheriff commandeered a Trinity River steamboat, “The Nellie Maurine” for rescue work. Eleven lives were lost. When the river crested at 62.4 feet Dallas officials said that a permanent mark should be placed there, and no building should be below that mark. Evidently, this plan was not followed for there were heavy losses in 1942 when the Trinity crested at 45.43 feet.

The worst floods usually occur in this area when heavy rains fall on already soaked ground. Our soil absorbs large quantities of water and swells like a sponge; but if rain falls after it has reached maximum absorption, the water rapidly flows off the rolling prairies, raising the creeks at an alarming rate.

An experience as a child taught me that creeks were unpredictable and dangerous. I was the only passenger on a school bus that was stalled by a sudden surge of flood water, while crossing the concrete slab through Rowlett bottom, east of Plano. As water poured in the front door, we quickly exited out the back. Even in that short time, water was up to the driver’s waist as he carried me to safety.

The week before Sept. 21, 1964, we had 4 – 4.5 inches of rain with an additional one inch Saturday night and Sunday. During the night drumming rain fell. It was gauged in McKinney at 12.35 inches. Early morning commuters found that Rowlett Creek was flowing over Highway 75. Allen was an island again.

Highway 5 was covered with water up to Chapparral Road. Albert Dickerson’s car stalled in the flood water. After the driver of a trailer truck was unable to get the car out, he left to get more help. Part of the embankment gave way throwing vehicles into the water, drowning Mr. Dickerson.

The picturesque beauty of our creeks and their usual trickles of water, had led some to ignore the signs and build on the creek banks. The depths of the creekbeds, often through solid rock, and the widths of the flood plains show the creeks destructive power. Houses that had been built along Cottonwood and Rowlett were flooded. In North Dallas, White Rock Creek’s flood waters raced through many expensive homes and covered cars in the driveways. The water gauges set up by the Corp of Engineers across the area were only capable of measuring twelve inches of rainfall - they overflowed.

The rains came down

4-21-85

The 7 p.m. interurban out of Dallas, left Plano Sunday evening, April 19, 1942 in torrential rain. S.G. Sartain, the section foreman, cautioned the motorman, W.G. McMahan, to go slow. Watching the line closely, they were able to brake quickly when they neared Muncy Stop south of Rockwell Creek, and discovered a hundred feet of track had been washed out of line by the flooded creek. When McMahan tried to communicate with the Dallas office by telephone, lightning struck the phone, knocking the receiver out of his hand. The passengers were marooned until 5 o’clock Monday morning.

Chaerlie Cowherd, whose home was west of Plano, was drowned when his barn, where he was seeing about his livestock, was hit by a wall of water that surged down Spring Creek. The barn was washed away, carrying him with it. The B.B. Carpenters' home further up Spring Creek was slip into by flood waters. Mr. Carpenter was treapped in one setion, while his wife, in the other part, stood on the cookstove to stay above the water, until theyw ere rescued by neighbors.

Allen was cut off from the rest of the world. The Main Street bridge over Cottonwood Creek was washed out. On U.S. 75 (now Highway 5), the main route into town, walls of water tapped over the banisters of the concrete bridges on Cottonwood and Rowlett Bridges were out west of town on Wtters Branch and Rowlett Creek.

Howard Snider, after spending the night on the stranded interurban, found he had even more difficulties in returning to Allen when the bus came to pick up the passengers.

Alvis and Robert Story, who had been in Plano, attempted to drive home. They worked their way high on the watershed to the Frisco Highway, where they found Gene Reed, waiting for the school bus, unaware of the devastation downstream. Gene rode along as they made ther way over the rocky roads from the north, the first to discover a route into town.

Allenites, unable to return home, shouted across the creek to their families. When floodwaters subsided, a footbridge was rigged over Cottonwood Creek. Grocery deliveries eventually came after Stacy Road was repaired.

"They just don't respect our creek!" is the complaint of those who had a lifetime of experience with "ole Rowlett" and its branches. City planners, engineers, and property developers discuss 100-year flood plains when we know there are devastating floods more often. We see construction where we have seen flood waters. A shopping mall is over the creek where Mr. Cowherd died. How will covering the land with houses and concrete affect future floods?

The 10-year flood is actually a misleading term. It is a statement of probablilities: That each year we have one chance in a hundred that flood water will reach a certain point. There are 10 to 1 (or 10-year) flood plains and other probablities which have no historical basis.

In 1978, the U.S. Army Corp of Engineers published a lengthy report of their study of Rowlett Creek's flood plain. This is now used as a standard for planning and has some thought provoking statements: With maximum development in some locations, the 10-year flood stage could be where the 100-year was before development. Pictures of the 1942 flood have this caption: "Future floods can be deeper and wider and more devastating."

Pettits were welcomed to Allen 28 years ago 5-31-92

Old Lizzie had to go into the shop for necessary repairs. She is chugging along on all cylinders now, but it is still hard to get her going in high gear. Many thanks for all your well wishes and patience.

The only thing worse than making a mistake is repeating that mistake. My apologies to the Brown family for omitting Henry Arrington Brown, who married Annie Kate Carpenter, from the list of children of John Liter and Mary Susanna Lunsford Brown.

What makes my error more puzzling is that I have lived in close proximity to their homeplace for many years. The Brown house, as the property is known locally, is on W. Main Street. The large, two-story house, built in the style known as "American four-square," was constructed by G.S. Baccus around 1910-11 on a two acre block.

Henry A. and Annie Kate Brown bought the house in 1923. In addition to the house, there was a barn, chicken house, smokehouse, wash house, garage and cellar. The rest of the space was pasture, orchard, garden and chicken yard.

In the 1950s, the large house was sold and new home was built for the family. The rest of the block was divided into lots for five other houses. We have been told that our home was built on the site of the Brown's barn and barn lot.

In May 1964, my family drove into Allen for the first time. We had seen Allen from a distance as we passed along the old U.S. Highway 75, now State Highway 5. Since the new portion of U.S. 75 passed west of town, we had seen another side of Allen and watched new homes being built.

In the past, we had caught glimpses of downtown from the Interurban, but we had never actually been in the town before.

We drove around and found only one 'for sale' sign on a used house. Over-grown shrubbery and a large weeping willow tree hid a small brick house. We found Bailey Whisenant at Pete Ford's office, and he showed us the property. He said the house had been empty over six months.

After we made a tentative agreement, we drove around Allen for a closer look. We saw a small rural town, barely touched by the urban sprawl that had only reached Richardson at that time.

We drove by First Baptist Church and were impressed by the near, steepled building. D.C. slammed on the brakes as he read the sign: Pastor, Rev. Leon Chumbley. He remembered Leon from his school days when the Pettit kids attended school at Howe with the children of the Rev. Cleophas Chumbley.

With the speed that is frightening when we look back on it, the deal went through to swap our house in Farmers Branch for the one in Allen. Two weeks from the time we first visited the town, we were living in Allen. We moved over Memorial Day weekend, 28 years ago.

On Sunday, while the others took the rental truck back to Farmers Branch for another load, I stayed to clean an old cookstove that had been stored in a barn. I was up to my elbows in grime when the door bell rang. It was the Rev. Leon Chumbley- he had heard we were moving in.

He invited our son, Mark, to attend Vacation Bible School which was beginning the next day. We agreed that Vacation Bible School was a good opportunity for Mark to meet other children before school started. We did not realize the extent that this worked the other way.

The next Sunday, when we joined the church, we were introduced as Mark's parents. Apparently, our 12-year-old son was already well-known to the congregation. When I walked into Crawford and Moseley's grocery store for the first time, I was greeted at the door with: "Hi, we heard that you were coming."

I explored downtown; such places as the Laundromat and Allen Dry Goods. I rented a post office box and had a telephone installed. Our local office was Saratoga 7, but we only used the last four digits to call around town.

D.C. found that he could leave home, travel the speed limit of 70 miles an hour on U.S. 75, and without making a stop, arrive at the Texas Instruments plant in Richardson in 15 minutes. Amazing!

In the late afternoons of that summer, our elderly neighbors in this older neighborhood sat on their front porches while friends and relatives strolled around and stopped to talk. Few of the older homes had any air conditioning at that time. At night, we used an attic fan that brought in cool air through our open windows. Doors stood open in the daytime. We were casual at that time about locking doors.

We were welcomed by neighbors, at church, school and by merchants. At no time were we made to feel as outsiders, strangers in a town where most of the families had been settled for generations. We were drawn into the town's activities and quickly found our niche in the community.

The town has changed in the last 28 years, and new people moving into town is a daily occurrence, with no one to welcome them with a friendly, "Hi!" We heard that you were coming." But we have noted that townspeople strive to have the same neighborly friendliness that we found then.

Hymn written here will be sung Sunday

3-26-89

"Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand," the minister invited. B.B. McKinney, who was leading the music for the service at First Baptist Church, said these words "were gripping me like a vice," McKinney later recalled, "I wrote the statement down on an envelope."

As the congregation left the church that night in 1924, a dark thunder cloud was moving toward Allen. Elder "Soda" and Kathleen Leach had offered the hospitality of their home to McKinney and another of the visiting ministers. They and their guests hurried to their home on Bonham Drive. McKinney later wrote, "As the service closed a storm cloud came up, and we rushed to our homes. I went to my room. The storm struck in a moment after I arrived. During the storm, I wrote the first stanza of "The Nail-scarred Hand."

Have you failed in your plan of your storm-tossed life?

Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.

Baylus Benjamin McKinney (1886-1952) was Southern Baptists' most prolific song writer. About "the Nail-scarred Hand," one of his most enduring hymns, he wrote: "Before retiring I completed the song - words and music." McKinney, a well-known evangelistic singer, was an assistant director of the School of Sacred Music at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary where he was a professor of voice, harmony and composition from 1919-1931. During those years, he was also music editor for Robert H. Colman, a songbook publisher of Dallas. (Coleman was publisher of the Plano Courier before the newspaper consolidated with the Star in 1902.) McKinney was the author of the words and music of 149 gospel hymns and songs and composed the music for 114 hymn texts by other authors. Many of McKinney's songs are familiar to those of other denominations, as well as Baptists, such as "Neath the Old Olive Trees," "Let Others See Jesus in You," "Breathe on Me," and "Wherever He Leads I'll Go." Sixteen of McKinney's hymns are in the present edition of the Baptist hymnal.

The morning after the storm, the Allen congregation heard B.B. McKinney as he sang for the first time the words of the new hymn:

Would you live in the light of his blessed word?

Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.

A 14-year-old Allen boy was impressed with the song written during a storm, and was later able to set the record straight about the song's history. This Allen youth, Ray Summers, was ordained to preach by First Baptist Church only four years later - he became a religious educator. Dr. Ray Summers taught New Testament interpretation at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary at Fort Worth for 20 years, and at Southern Seminary at Louisville, Ky. In 1964, Dr. Summers became the chairman of the Religion Department at Baylor University at Waco.

When the committee for the "Baptist Hymnal" in 1956 chose a name for the hymn tune of "the Nail-scarred Hand," they believed that the song had been written at Lubbock. However, Dr. Summers wrote to the editors about the error. "The true situation is that this hymn was written in my home town of Allen... One day when I met him (McKinney) personally and mentioned that my home was in Allen, he told me again face-to-face the story of the writing of the song. Notes later discovered in McKinney's personal papers reinforced the information given by Summers. The hymn's tune is still "Lubbock," but the true story of the song's history is in the book, "Companion to the Baptist Hymnal," by William J. Reynolds.

On this Easter morning in churches around the world, the words of this song will invite:

Would you follow the will of the risen Lord?

Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.

Humphreys' grocery store offered a variety of goods 7-23-89

"We certainly regret having to give up our old friend and neighbor," the Allen correspondent wrote to the *McKinney Democrat* on Aug. 29, 1901. A.A. Humphreys, who farmed near Lebanon, had sold his crop and farm tools to Lem Green and was thinking of buying land in Bowie County. However, Humphreys became an Allen merchant. A 1904 article describing the "busy town of Allen" reported, A.A. Humphreys has a nice line of groceries. He is assisted in the store by his excellent wife."

Humphreys' first store in Allen was a frame building that faced the railroad tracks. In 1916, Humphreys bought the property now occupied by Caplinger Heating and Cooling, the west end of the block of brick buildings on the north side of Main Street, from the International Order of Odd Fellows. The lodge's two-story building had been destroyed in the fire of 1915. Although the IOOF retained the right to build a second story above Humphreys' store building, the building is still one story.

The picture of "Uncle Tump" Humphreys and the interior of his early store is dated 1906 and is from the Historic Allen Photography collection of Texas American Bank of Allen; the original picture was a courtesy of Mrs. Gladys Whisenant,

The store building is long and narrow with a beaded wood ceiling, ornate wallpaper and a wood plank floor. The crowded counters hold glass display cases, scales and a paper reel. There is a cracker barrel, a well-used rope-bottom chair and bins of dry beans. Bundles of brooms and a prize stalk of cotton hang from the ceiling. Maps of Texas and the United States are on the rear wall.

We used a jeweler's eyepiece to decipher the print on labels and signs. A case of cornflakes is from Battle (indecipherable): there are Saltine Flakes, Liberty Bell cracker

cakes and a Nabisco product. On the walls and hanging from the ceiling is a profusion of examples of the advertising style of the time. One sign tells us to buy Ferry's seed; another says, "That is why so many Quick Meal ranges are so good." Gallon buckets of Karo syrup are stacked toward the back. Arbuckle coffee, Lemon Snap, Pan-Tan, Sodaette, Clairette soap, Bob White soap and Giant Iye are other products. A sign hanging from the ceiling says to ask for Red W Brand ammunition, while others picture birds and Winchester shotgun shells.

We are told to "ask about the best snuff made now." Signs on the back wall are for Velvet tobacco and Duke's Mixture. Humphreys is standing by a sign offering a \$50 reward. The fine print said, "We will pay \$50 in gold to anyone who will inform and instruct us how to produce a better 5 cent cigar than Red Dot. Already its big sale is a warranty of merit."



A.A. 'Uncle Tump' Humphreys in his Allen grocery store in 1906. In 1916, Humphreys bought the property now occupied by Caplinger Heating and Cooling, the west end of the block of buildings on the north side of Main Street.

Farm implement firm booms with city in 1915 7-16-89

The town of Allen was riding the crest of a wave of prosperity in 1915. Since 1900, the town had gained importance as a farm market, with grain, ginning and corn shelling businesses, as well as livestock markets. A fast-growing farm implement and hardware firm, housed in new brick buildings, dominated the center of the business district.

An article in the McKinney Weekly Democrat-Gazette on Thursday, Sept. 16, 1915, described the owners of Waters and Mathews, Wm. "Bill" Waters and G.F.

“Frank” Mathews, as “big-hearted, whole-souled fellows” who it was a pleasure to have business dealings with. “They are doing their share of helping put the little town of Allen on the map of Collin County.” A large advertisement in the paper pictured a Superior grain drill. “In addition to the Superior drills, we handle in stock a full line of Parlin and Orendorff farm implements, buggies, wagons, Bull tractors, and Pullman cars.” “They keep two experts in the house to help handle the very large and fast growing volume of trade that comes to them.”

Both partners, according to the article, “are natives to this county and are successful farmers on a large scale as well as successful merchants. Waters’ farm was north of Allen, and Mathews’ home place was south of town. His schoolteacher father settled there in the 1850s. Before joining Waters, Mathews was a partner of M.F. Sims in the Mathews and Sims Implement Co.

Waters and Mathews advertised: “Everything we sell, we put out at the lowest possible margin of profit, as we own our own building and our expenses are always at a minimum.” However, ownership of our downtown buildings was very complicated and is now hard to unravel from public records. Often contracts, which could simply be a handshake, or leases were not recorded. Deed records of property with several owners are puzzling. Apparently, Sims retained partial ownership.

Originally, our business houses faced the railroad. The lots were only 25 feet wide, but reached back 125 feet to the alley. To build the brick building facing Main Street, several pieces of property had to be purchased. Between 1913 and 1915, the two single-story brick buildings on the south side of Main Street were built. Ed Ereckson said that his father, Clifford, had watched the construction, and that instead of a concrete foundation, a deep trench had been dug, and the brickwork began underground, perhaps on the living rock. Waters built the corner building, now Brookshire’s District Office and Training Center, and the next building to the west, now Allen Country Cattery. Blue Ribbon Horse Blankets is located now where Mathews and Sims Implement Co. was originally.

During the growing season of 1915, Waters and Mathews sold 22 Bull tractors, a car load of binder twine, more than a car load of Adriance binders and mowers, and two car loads of thrashing machinery.

In 1917, Wm. N. and Henrietta Waters bought land and built the beautiful “airplane” bungalow, next to the Christian Church. (Airplane because of the panoramic view from its many upstairs windows.)

However, farm prosperity and that of related businesses failed after World War I. Farmers who had worked hard to produce food for our country and our allies found that their increased efficiency piled up surplus produce that caused prices to fail, and a farm depression began.

Frank Mathews moved to East Texas before 1920, but “Uncle Billy” Waters kept the hardware store for many years. Next door, where the large folding doors once opened to farm tractors, M.F. Sims worked as a mechanic on those new-fangled automobiles.

Allen’s large implement house was on the turning point to mechanized farming. The Bull tractors that they sold were used to pull binders, bale hay, break land, disk and drill. The article written in 1915 said that farmers who do any work like that just mentioned “rarely ever hitch up a mule or a horse team anymore.”

Visionaries in 1950s stirred population toward progress

9-24-89

“We heard that you were coming!” was the greeting we received when we first entered one of Allen’s grocery stores. News had traveled across town that Pete Ford and Bailey Whisenant had sold the little brick house on West Ave. E, North that had been empty for several months. Rev. Leon Chumbley, pastor of First Baptist Church, arrived for a visit before the last load of the U-Haul. In 1964, the town eagerly counted each new family. One look at our strapping 12-year-old son, and they knew he would be a boon to the grocery business for years to come.

The townspeople had been shaken by the school crisis caused by low enrollment figures in the ’40s and ’50s. According to a report titled “Growth of Allen, Texas, 1950-1962,” the 1950 population of Allen was 400. “Returning servicemen and their families swelled the census and together with a few visionaries who saw potential progress, stirred the interests of the local population.”

A copy of this report came to us from the family of Ethyl Ereckson Roddy, a longtime resident of Allen and an early participant in the town’s promotion. The report outlines the beginnings of the civic awareness that led to the development of our city. Throughout the city’s growth, the impetus had come from citizens working together.

A story is told by L.C. “Big Daddy” Summers about a group sitting around the Woodman Building sometime around 1950 who decided to count the inhabitants of Allen. (Since there was no city government, the federal census figures were probably not available locally.) Without leaving their chairs, they counted from street to street, house to house. They knew everyone in town, how many children each family had, and probably the names of their dogs and milk cow. According to this unofficial census, the population of Allen was 401.” The homemade sign was nailed to a post on the edge of town.

The report tells that Progressive Citizens Club was organized about 1952. In 1953, the town voted to incorporate and adopted a mayor city council form of government. The first city council meeting was held July 1, 1953. H.L. Moore was mayor pro tem, and aldermen were W.E. “Pete” Ford, Dick McClure, T.H. Cundiff and Oscar E. Lyng. Virgil Watson was the first mayor, and A.C. Story was city secretary.

The city purchased the privately owned water system which had a deep artesian well. A bond issue was overwhelmingly endorsed to lay new mains, fire hydrants and to build a tower tank. By the time this work was completed in 1955, a volunteer fire department had organized, purchased a used fire truck, and bought the old building at Main and Butler. The building was rebuilt as a fire station with offices for City Secretary Story in front. The fire volunteers then deeded the building and gave the title to the fire truck to the city.

Among other changes was a new franchise to Southwestern Bell for an automatic dialing phone system to replace the privately owned hand-crank system. (The central office was Saratoga 7, now 727.) Street improvements and installation of street lights were begun. Citizens’ demands for zoning and for a sewer system were met.

Plans were under way for Central Expressway in 1954. Once again, the major north-south route was slated to bypass Allen. Local citizens presented their needs to the state Highway Commission and the final route crossed on the western edge of town.

Deeds for the right-of-way were signed in January 1956 for U.S. 75 and work began in May.

During the '50s, new houses were built on lots between the old homes, and new additions were platted north and south of the old town. As the town increased in size, school officials breathed sighs of relief and began making long-range plans. In 1960, Eros Brown gave land to the Allen Independent School District in memory of his parents, Morgan and Belle Brown, for a high school site. The site, at Jupiter and Main Street, a mile from town amid cotton fields, showed vision for future growth.

A run-down of population figures for 1960-1962 shows the rapid growth of the town that had 400 people in 1950 and about 500 in 1953 at the time of incorporation. 1960: Jan., 626; April, 643; June, 688; Aug. 718; Sept. 733, 1961: Jan., 772; March 801; June 838; Oct. 887, 1962: Jan., 900.

“A census taken in the past two weeks reveals a total of 991 people in Allen as of Oct. 1, 1962, almost exactly two and a half times as many as in 1950.”

In 1962, Allen had a trade area of a six-mile radius that included 3,000 people on farms and ranches raising cotton and small grains, dairy and beef cattle. The report noted that many farm folk worked in industry during off seasons. More than 300 inhabitants of Allen were employed outside the city.

The town's 22 businesses in 1962 were four groceries, three service stations, a garage, barber shop, beauty shop, two cafes, a florist, dry goods store, lumber-hardware store, self-service laundry, grain elevator, television repair shop, one small food factory (Kracketts), two insurance real estate offices, a rock and gravel service, and a state-licensed day care and kindergarten. Allen had a third-class post office.

Last week, we drove around town and looked at the new construction and saw families moving into new homes. Growth has come to Allen just as those few visionaries foresaw in the early '50s. Newcomers, welcome to Allen; we heard that you were coming!

Missed turnoff leads a young Dr. Vita to town 8-20-89

The young doctor's mind wandered as he drove over the familiar route between Wylie and the county hospital in McKinney. During the months Tony Vita had been associated with Dr. Trimble in Wylie, he had traveled the road so often that driving was automatic. However, on the return trip that day, the little Chevy's auto pilot failed – he missed the turnoff at Fairview. As the road curved and dipped under a railway underpass he realized his mistake. Soon he saw a water tower and a church steeple above a cluster of trees and roof tops on a distant hill. Was that a town?

The doctor came to a crossroad. Lost, with a low gas gauge, he took the road to the west toward the unknown town. Was there the faint hum of the theme from “The Twilight Zone,” the popular TV series of 1963, as the car crossed Cottonwood Creek bridge?

After passing a few store buildings, he pulled into Holt's Mobil station. When Virgil “Square” Holt came out to the gas pumps, the doctor asked, “Is this a town?”

“It sure is. This is Allen, Texas.” A surprised Holt answered.

“I'm Dr. Vita from Wylie. I missed my road. I need gas and some directions from here to Wylie.”

Holt had picked up one particular bit of that information. “You’re a doctor?”
What kind of doctor are you?”

“An M.D.: a family doctor.”

“Hey, would you like a Coke?” Holt asked.

Vita only wanted gas and directions, but the friendly man was not showing any inclination to pump gas. “Why not drink a Coke,” he thought. Holt said there were some people that he would like the doctor to meet.

Roy Hefner came from his insurance office next door to the station. His father-in-law, Oscar Lynge, came from the lumberyard. Dudley Robertson, the banker; Mayor Gentry Jones, restaurant owner-builder; Leon Porter, ag teacher-businessman; and Leo Dement, builder, crowded around the doctor at Holt’s station.

An inquisition began. The doctor gave bits of his personal history. He was a graduate of the University of Texas Medical Branch at Galveston; he interned at John Sealy Hospital. He was from Philadelphia; his wife was a Texan. They had three sons. He was 30 years old. The purpose of the questioning had become apparent. The town of Allen was desperate for a doctor.

In the past, the town had sufficient doctors. When Allen began, Dr. W.F. Wolford, who already practiced nearby in the Cottonwood community moved to town. Other doctors joined him. In 1910, Allen had four doctors; Dr Wolford, Dr. H.H. Compton, Dr. Elsworth S. Blythe, and Dr. Malcolm O. Perry. The last doctor, Dr. Perry, died in 1952. Since that time, townspeople had to go to McKinney or Plano for medical help. The young doctor in the service station was just the kind of physician they were looking for. The men promised to helping any that they could if he would set up a practice in Allen.

“Just a minute; I’ll have to talk to my wife about this.” Although intrigued by their proposition, Vita was feeling pressured. After agreeing to later visit from the ad hoc committee, Vita returned home to tell his wife about his surprising experience.

“I was scared to death,” Evangeline Vita recalls. She was not thrilled by the prospect of a move. During the last few months, she had had a new home – the first nice home in 10 years of marriage. On her first visit to Allen, she read the city limit sign that said the population was 659. She told her husband, “I don’t think the town can support you. Everyone will have to be sick in the same month to pay bills.” But by that time, the town had captured the doctor.

“It will work,” Tony kept saying. Others joined in the effort to bring the doctor to Allen. Although the possibility of recruiting a young doctor had been discussed, no definite plan had been made. There was no suitable place for a clinic. The interurban station was too small; Dr. Perry’s old office was upstairs over Cundiff’s grocery. Land downtown was beyond the doctor’s means.

However, Oscar Lynge had a personal goal that Allen would once again have a doctor. Lynge showed Vita a corner of his sheep pasture, and told the doctor that the land he and his wife, Tommie, would give one-half acre for a clinic site. He promised that his construction company would build for a minimal margin. The doctor, still encumbered with school debts, had capital of about \$1,000. Lynge took him to McKinney and introduced him to bankers. On the promise of his hard work, the potential of the practice, and a subtle nod from Lynge, the money was obtained to build and equip

the clinic. "A young doctor couldn't start like that these days," Mrs. Vita said of the small amount spent for equipment. "Tony made a lot of medical garage sales."

Dr. Jack Webb of Farmersville told his colleague that a drug store was necessary. If a patient had to go to another town for medicine, they might as well go to an out-of-town doctor. With Web as Vitas' partner, a drug store building was added to the plans. (The two rectangular buildings on Allen Drive were later joined with a center section.)

Early in June 1964, Oscar Lynge told his wife, "Today we start the young doctor's clinic." At noon, Lynge died. Only hours later, his widow told the Vitas that the clinic would be built; her husband's dream would be carried out. Two weeks later, she and her family had the business in order for work to begin.

Many Allen people had a hand in building the clinic from the time Gus Davis cut through the wire fence of the pasture to allow construction to begin. The Stratton brothers soon had the framework up. The builders worked with speed to complete the work by Oct. 1. Ed Ereckson put in the wiring, and A.D. Dunn made the cabinets. Twenty-five years ago, On Aug. 15 and 16, 1964, Dr. and Mrs. Vita and their sons moved to Allen to a house on Keith Drive leased from Roy and Lil Hefner. While in the midst of the clutter of moving in, Alvis C. Story came to their door, sick, seeking a doctor. Surprised, Dr. Vita told him that he had not begun his Allen practice yet. "You've got a license haven't you?" Story asked. "You've got a black bag." Story was Vita's first Allen patient.

While continuing to work in Wylie, the doctor was quickly caught up in Allen affairs. The football team was given physicals – a service Vita performed gratis for the school, along with attendance at every game in Allen, for about 15 years.

Evangeline Vita continued to have doubts about the move. She applied for a job as a nurse at the VA hospital in McKinney. At the beginning of October, Dr. Vita began seeing patients in the back room of the drugstore while work continued on the clinic building. His nurse at Wylie, VonDean Barnes, commuted to Allen for several years before she and her husband, Ray Barnes, moved here. She worked at Allen Clinic for 15 years. Their first patient was Ed Ereckson.

Two weeks later, on Sunday, Oct. 17, an open house was held from 1 to 6 p.m. for the completed clinic. Ernest Roberts had worked through the night to have the new building spotlessly clean for the event. At the dedication service, Rev. Leon Chumbley, pastor of First Baptist Church of Allen, told the story behind the building effort and unveiled a plaque on the building that read, "In memory of Oscar Lynge, 1964." Mrs. Lynge cut the ribbon for the opening ceremony. Dr. Vita missed the dedication service – he was delivering a baby at that time. He arrived a short time before the open house was over.

This was an indication of things to come. Allen residents crowded the tiny waiting room. They were joined by what seemed to be an equal number of Wylie patients who refused to give up their doctor. (He still had Wylie patients.) In spite of Mrs. Vita's worries, the first month's bills were paid. She never took that job at the VA hospital. Instead, she filled in as nurse, receptionist, pharmacist and in any other job in an emergency, in addition to caring for her home and family.

The early years were busy, but as the town grew, the doctor was increasingly overworked before help arrived. During the last 25 years, he has cared for our families through all stages of life, has participated in community and church activities and has

encouraged other medical and dental professionals to bring additional services to the town. We have many reasons to be grateful that when Dr. Tony Vita came to the crossroad, he took the road toward Allen.

CHRISTMAS STORIES

Churches celebrated Christmas in special ways 12-20-87

The jingle of harnesses and the excited laughter of children echoed in the cold night air as families made their way to the "Christmas Tree." Some people rode on horseback over muddy or hard-frozen roads. Some rode in style in buggies, but most large families came in their wagons, all bundled up together in quilts. There was a warm glow shining through the church windows to greet them when they arrived in the dark churchyard; someone had gone earlier to light the lamps and to build a fire in the pot-bellied stove.

Everyone rushed into the warmth. While their parents greeted their neighbors and kin, the children stared in awe at the giant Christmas tree in the corner. The tree was a native cedar, probably cut that day from a nearby pasture. It was as big a tree as could be hauled through the church doors. It was so tall that the top branches scraped the high ceiling.

When everyone had arrived and had warmed up, the program began. Carols were sung, a child or two said their piece, and the Christmas story was given. Sometimes the story was enacted as the Bible verses were read. After the program, fruit and candy were given to the children. Some parents placed small gifts under the tree for their children.

This was a scene that was repeated annually at most rural or small town churches for many years. The term Christmas Tree was used to refer to the event as well as to the decorated tree. The Christmas Tree remained as transportation changed and electricity reached our small communities in the 1940s and 1950s. Although some small churches still have Christmas Trees, most were lost as the rural schools closed and the small churches disbanded. They are now just nostalgic memories for many of us of long-ago childhoods.

A couple of years ago, I asked several people who are longtime residents of this area what they remembered about their childhood Christmases. Gladys Young, who lives near the old Rowlett Baptist Church, said that her father would ride a horse over to the church on the day of the Tree to attend to the tree and all the other details. He would get the building warm before he rode home to take the family to church in a buggy. Gladys, who first played the piano for church services when she was 12, played for many Christmas programs at Rowlett.

In Allen, another young musician, Viola Rose, played for the First Christian Church when she was so small that she could not reach the piano pedals. The church had an old pump organ, too, but she never played it because she could not pump it. Christmas was an exciting time for Viola and her sister, Minnie. They could not wait for Santa and usually searched for hidden treats. Rose said if they got a rag doll, they were satisfied.

Roland Miller said that the ten Miller children did not get many gifts while he was growing up, but each child hung up a stocking. His sister, Roberta Story, was only 7 when their father died, but she remembered that he would bring in a cotton sack full of fruit and would hide it under a bed until he filled the 10 stockings on Christmas Eve.

Kathleen Leach said that the Bell children did not get much for Christmas. "If we got one thing, we were tickled to death," she said.

Alma Gant said that there were two events at Winningkoff to celebrate Christmas. There was a special program at Winningkoff school and a Christmas Tree at Blythe Chapel Methodist Church (now First United Methodist in Lucas.)

Anna Mae Bolin recalled that her family always went to her Aunt Fanny Lou Bryan's home in Plano for Christmas. Christmas was a time when farming families would take time from their work to visit their relatives and friends.

L.C. Summers said that his family visited every day for a whole week at Christmas. Everyone commented that the Christmases of their childhood were very different from those of today. Because treats were so rare, those at Christmas were extra special. Celebrations centered around the Christmas Tree at church and in reunions of families and friends.

“Christmas gift” greeting losing popularity 12-25-88

Christmas gift! Let me be the first to wish you “Christmas gift” on Christmas morning. This was the greeting of our grandparents early on Christmas morning, that is, those born in the 19th century. When a survey was made by students of East Texas University in 1960, 49.5 percent of North Texans surveyed responded with “Christmas gift” as the usual greeting heard early on Christmas morning; 75.7 percent of those over 70 said “Christmas gift,” while 86.7 percent of those 20 years old said, “Merry Christmas.” Apparently, the younger group had been educated out of the old custom. Word geographer Hans Kurath found that “Christmas gift” was a greeting used in the Eastern United States, west and south of New Jersey.

This is more than you wanted to know about Christmas greetings, but I was searching for a tradition that had been lost. Why did Grandpa always get up extra early so that he could be the first one to say “Christmas gift”? With all my searching, I did not find any superstition connected with the greeting. There might be a tradition similar to “First-footing,” a New Year's custom in Scotland and other countries. But to be on the safe side – Christmas gift!

I have been making my own survey of the older longtime residents of Allen about their childhood Christmases. They all shared the custom of hanging their stockings on the mantelpiece or behind the wood stove. (Everyone knew that Santa would come down the chimney.) They all said that they did not get much. It is difficult for those of us who have fruit the year-round to realize that an apple or an orange that Christmas was a treat. Stockings were stuffed with fruit, candy and nuts. Sometimes there was a small toy, the kind we call stocking stuffers today – such as a bag of marbles, a top, firecrackers or a sock doll. “We did not get anything like the kids do now” was the comment of almost everyone.

Recently, I grumbled about the high pressure advertising of toys that children just had to have for Christmas - the Cabbage Patch phenomenon, for example. Then I recalled Christmases in the 1930s when my life depended on my getting a Betsy Wetsy or a Shirley Temple doll. Someone was doing some pretty good marketing in those days, too.

While in search of Christmas traditions, I asked if families had Christmas trees every year. Most said that they did, sometimes, but not every year. (My husband said that if they had a tree, there were no presents under it because Santa filled their

stockings.) That the stocking tradition was much stronger than the Christmas tree was what my survey revealed.

One reason was that there were few Christmas trees available. Our only conifer is the *juniperus virginiana*, the eastern red cedar. Local farmers thought of the trees as a weed that had to be kept cut out of fields. When a patch of land is allowed to lie fallow, the cedar tree is one of the first native plants to reseed. Because they are evergreen, most old homeplaces had cedar trees in their yards, although some families had the superstition that when a cedar grew big enough to shade your grave, it was time for you to die. Fortunately, the trees are slow growing. Most old graveyards have a few trees. Someone suggested that this was because they were evergreen, that they represented eternal life. However, most local folk deny any superstitions relating to our native cedar.

There are a few in fence rows and pastures in this area, but there is a band of cedar across Fairview, along Wilson and Sloan Creeks, especially in the Heard Sanctuary. When this was farm land, most people did not mind their neighbors cutting trees for Christmas.

Although, family trees were not common, in each community there was an event known as the Christmas Tree held in most rural churches a generation ago. Grady Clothes recalls the Christmas Trees at Bethany during his childhood. Some of the men would drive a wagon to a pasture on Wilson Creek to cut a big cedar. The tree would be over 16 feet tall and so big that I was difficult to carry it through the church house's double doors. Mrs. Clothes made washtubs of popcorn that were dyed red and green. Everyone would gather to string the popcorn into garlands. The mothers made gauze socks or bags that were filled with fruit, candy and nuts for the children that came to the Christmas Tree.

Where the churches found the trees for the Christmas Tree was sometimes a great mystery, if none of the members had cedars. "Don't you worry about that, Preacher," the pastor was often told. The children were never disappointed; there was a tree. For the men that got the tree believed that what the preachers didn't know, couldn't hurt them. Christmas Gift!

Column has covered much history in 1 year

8-7-88

This week is the first anniversary of "Between the Creeks" in *The Allen American*. In looking back over the year, I am somewhat amazed that no deadlines were missed. This was only possible because of the help of my family and friends. My good friend, Laverne Hart, took several columns that I wrote in the hospital, deciphered my handwriting, typed them and turned them in to the office for me. My history research served double-duty. Quantrill became the subject of a term paper; the information I collected on local springs was used in geology. However, my English instructor complained that she knows more than she ever wanted to know about bois d'arc trees.

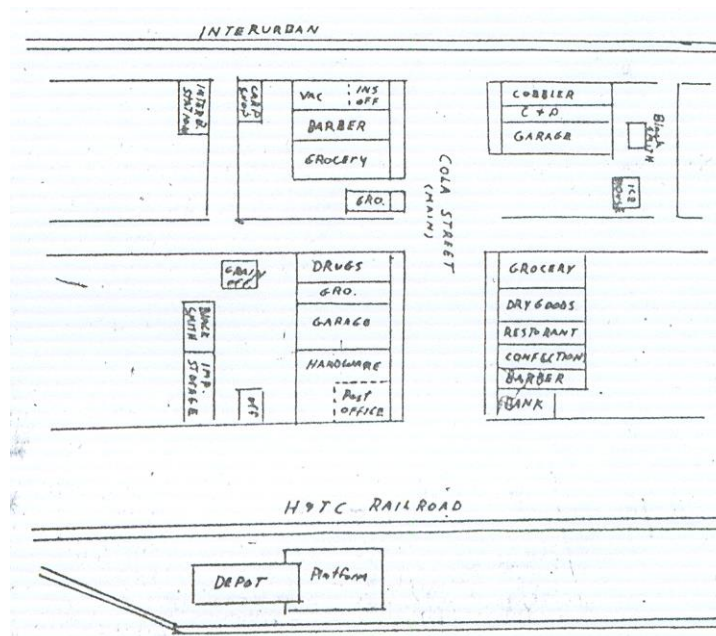
During the last year we have marched through history, more or less chronologically. There were Indian raids, cattlemen, Peters' Colony settlers and land disputes. We followed a pioneer family through several generations to the presidency of the United States. We examined the Civil War from one particular angle and spent several weeks on Reconstruction and its outlaws. The railroad came; a new town began. We had a famous train robbery. Cotton farmers, a new group of settlers, broke the prairie. Yet, only 40 years of history have been covered – we have 100 years to go.

Although this period was before their time, the longtime residents have helped tremendously as they shared their family’s histories and other information. Often, I have called them to check facts – such as to ask L.C. “Big Daddy” Summers to describe the train depot or to ask Ed Lynge about his grandfather’s home. However, it is the encouragement of our old timers that has been vital. As we progress to the time of their remembrances, their help is most essential.

Recently, an old map was uncovered in the tax office that has stimulated memories. Apparently, it was a map prepared for a fire watchman. Buildings are marked with the location of keys for the night watchman’s time clock. He walked the town at night and, at each point, took the key that was in a small metal box and turned it in his clock. This marked a paper disk with the time that he checked each building. We are still trying to find out the date of the map. It is color-coded for the type of structure. The school and Baptist church are indicted as wooden buildings. The history of the church notes that a brick building was built in 1912. According to Mrs. Minnie Rose Shelton, a 1914 graduate of Allen High School, classes were first held in the brick schoolhouse in 1912. There are some puzzling things on the map that we need to research, but it appears to be of about 1910 vintage.

Ed Ereckson first tried to solve the map’s mysteries, then decided to make a map of the town as he remembered it as a child in the 1920s. He has enlisted the help of almost everyone in town that was here in the ‘20s, and they have placed names on almost all the residential and business lots.

Our pioneer days were interesting to research, and there are many stories about that time yet to be told; however, I am excited that we will soon be in more recent history. We have reached 1880 and beyond and will soon be at the turn of the century.



Above is Allen’s downtown area as shown on the old map.

Stories reported in 1991 stirred many memories 12-29-91

This old year is almost history. At times, we have felt that the world was a raging bull, and we could barely hang on to its tail as we were dragged from one cuckleburrr patch to another and thought all the muck and mire of the barn lot and pig pen. We feel torn and bruised, and more than a little dingy.

We have celebrated the 200th year of the Bill of Rights with a flaunting of the First Amendment. It is my personal opinion that we should also have the right to not know, if we wish. I prefer, as a helpless spectator, that my news of war be filtered and not be experienced first hand. Also, there are some things that are not discussed in polite company. As a small-town moralist, I just as soon not know what the rest of the world is up to.

You're right if you think this gives me a lop-sided view of history. I disagree with Shakespeare, that what the good men do is interred with their bones, and only the evil is remembered. We have had some good people in this town in the past who have done much to make this a fine community. This is what I choose to remember. Certainly I have turned up some dirt in my research but I have no wish to embarrass my friends. We will let it remain buried.

Now that I have gotten that off my chest, let's discuss the history that we have told in the last year. For most of the year, we have focused our attention to the east of Allen. We began with the story of Mary Frances Compton Hunter and the remarkable family she and her husband, John Wilson Hunter, produced.

We reprised the article on Ebenezer Allen, secretary of state of the Republic of Texas and attorney general of Texas after statehood, for whom the town of Allen was named. We told again the story of Oliver Loving and his connection to the television series, *Lonesome Dove*. All of our attention during that time was turned to the war. The column on patriotic songs was very well received as we remembered when we learned to cope with war by singing.

After we got back to our regular subjects, we wrote about old Hog Waller-Faulkner School, and stirred up the memories of many. Another column, one about Allen School in 1911 caused quite a bit of comment. We answered a query about the Parker family and the town before South Fork.

I was obviously vamping for time in April with a story about bluebonnets, for the next week was the beginning of the series for which we had been researching for months. I use the plural we, not the editorial we, for many people contributed to this series. The Fitzhugh family story had taken a year to tell in part. We have not yet discussed their contribution to the Confederacy during the Civil War.

The tale of the Fitzhughs, their numerous kin and their descendents extended to several communities to the east of Allen- Lucas, Orchard Gap, Fitzhugh Mills, Forest Grove and Lick Springs. We have rehashed the Mexican War, Texas Rangers and Indian fighting. D.C. and I had a memorable experience searching for old Fort Fitzhugh at Gainesville in Cooke County.

In between the Fitzhugh's series, we discussed doctors, preachers, just church folk, and other matters; for as regular readers of this column know, our series do not run consecutively.

We met the Rev. Abe Enloe, ancestor of numerous local residents and other early ministers. A miniseries on wedding customs set off the memories of many people, including my own.

I talked cotton farming with J.W. Carpenter and other local farmers before returning to the long-running series with articles about Lick Spring and Forest Gove Schools, and their successor, Lovejoy School. We followed with the story of Friendship Baptist Church.

As the holidays approached we became downright personal with stories of cold weather, snow and Christmas in the 50s. The last one stirred up quite a few memories, I have been told, for kids of the 50s and their parents.

Where do we go from here? I wish I knew. We intend to give some time to the folks in Fairview and to the old Wetsel community. We want to collect the remembrances of the old-timers in Allen and in the surrounding area, and focus more on the history of the 1920s, 30s and later. We hope you will have a good new year- one that will be worth remembering.

Christmas very special for Spurgins

12-16-90

“Christmas was a very special time for the Spurgin family,” recalls Dock Erickson. Her earliest memories are of Christmas. She was two when her parents, Bernard and Earnie Cotter Spurgin moved to a two-room house on the 45 acre farm they had purchased at Lick Springs (where FM 1378 crosses Sloan Creek).

Her father enlarged the house for his growing family. There were seven children; at times they slept three in a bed. Their grandmother and a great uncle lived with the nine Spurgins.

On Christmas Eve, the family would all climb into the wagon to ride six miles to St. Michael’s Catholic Church in McKinney for midnight mass. At home, the children’s stockings hung behind the wood stove.

There was a Christmas tree, a native cedar from neighbor Charlie Watson’s bottomland. The children strung popcorn and cranberries for decoration. Dock said one of the first things she bought when she first earned money was crepe paper and paper bells to decorate the family’s tree.

On Christmas morning, the children found their stockings stuffed with nuts, candy, oranges, and apples. Their other gifts were mostly clothes their mother had made for them.

New clothes were a treat in a family where clothes were handed down and down again. Mrs. Spurgin was skilled with a needle and could work wonders with flour bags and feed sacks.

Christmas dinner was an event, and was celebrated by replacing their worn tablecloth with a new oilcloth. Mrs. Spurgin cooked a lot, not only for her family, but for the relatives that gathered, especially to see their grandmother. There was a steady stream of visitors for several days after Christmas but there were plenty of leftovers.

Dock said her mother cooked a turkey or chicken hen with a large amount of dressing. She made her own cranberry sauce. Mr. Spurgin killed hogs before Christmas and fresh pork was given to the neighbors, along with sweet potatoes out of their bunk.

For Christmas dinner the family had ham, sausage and hogshead souse. And they had meat from the beef that had been canned in the fall. Each Christmas, Mrs. Spurgin

made a special cake of white and pink layers, frosted with white icing and fresh grated coconut.

As in many large families, the children all had nicknames. Dock says she did not know her name was Mildred until she started school. (That she had a real name is a surprise to most of us.)

Her brother Malcolm was Mack; Elmo became Elbow, then that was shortened to Bow. Mozelle was known as Sis; Maurine, because of her pale blonde hair, was Cotton. James was Jim, and the last was Baby Ruth. Their names and nicknames reflect their family's history.

Early in the 1850s, a group from the Irish province of Connaught sailed from Liverpool, England. After a six-week voyage, they landed at New Orleans. The Gallaghers, Neilons and Millers came to Texas and settled south of present-day Lucas. Later, they were joined by the Boyland and Corbitt families.

There was no church for these Catholic families until after the Civil War. The Rev. C.M. Dubois, Bishop of Galveston, visited in this area after the war and appointed the Rev. Joseph Martiniere to take charge of the northern part of Texas.

Martiniere rode horseback from Galveston to the home of James Gallagher. He organized St. Paul Catholic Church in the Gallagher home. This is recognized as the first Catholic Church in North Texas.

While farming was the main occupation of these families, Neilon was a wagon maker and the two Miller brothers were coopers. Living nearby were the families of Samuel J. Spurgin and his son, William.

The Spurgins were Tennesseans who had lived a short while in Iowa before moving to Texas. William had two sons that married cousins from the Irish families.

David Spurgin married Mary E. Gallagher and James F. Spurgin married Sarah M. Miller. The last were the parents of Bernard Spurgin, Dock Erickson's father.

One Christmas, Dock especially remembers was the year Baby Ruth was born on Dec. 20. In those days, mothers were required to take two weeks confinement after childbirth. On Christmas Day, there was a foot of snow on the ground. Yet, their neighbor brought the family a complete Christmas dinner: a pork roast with dressing made from the drippings, sweet potatoes, cranberry sauce, and coconut pie.

Country Christmases of past were colorful events 12-24-89

Christmases of the past are like faded photographs: slightly out of focus, with the problems of their times blurred; edges frayed and rounded until they blend into one memory; no sharp lines to distinguish one Christmas from another except, maybe, who the baby of the family was that year.

A country Christmas begins as kinfolk arrive at the old farmhouse from distant farms and the city. The night before Christmas every bed is full. Children bicker over who has to sleep at the foot of the bed. Pallets are spread on the drafty floor. After most have settled down for the night, several of the men sit by the fire, talking quietly or dozing in their chairs, while keeping wood in the stove through the night.

Early Christmas morning the strong smell of boiling coffee drifts through the house, bringing the stragglers awake. One or two of the men, perhaps those who sat up all night, go into the woods in the frosty dawn, so that there is fried squirrel for breakfast, as well as fried ham and fresh sausage to eat with the biscuits and eggs. After a dash of

cold water is thrown into the boiled coffee to settle the grounds, some of the black brew is poured into the ham drippings in the skillet to make streaky gravy. At the back of the stove a couple of old hens are boiling tender in a big stew pot.

After breakfast the men go out to do the farm chores, or so gather around the woodpile to split a big pile of firewood. They find a sunny spot on a porch or by a barn wall and whittle, tell yarns and “hoo-raw” one another, all the time keeping a watchful eye on the children.

In the farm kitchen, the serious work of the day is being performed. Pans of corn bread dressing, layered with stewed chicken pieces, are baking beside pans of candied sweet potatoes. More families arrive and bring pies, cakes and other food already prepared. Jars of green beans and black-eyes peas are brought up from the storm cellar or from out of the pantry, along with cucumber, beet and peach pickles. Young chickens are fried; there is fresh pork and ham. Enough cream gravy is made to smother a mountain of mashed potatoes.

The sideboard is crowded with coconut and chocolate cakes; peach and apricot cobblers; and pecan, sweet potato, mincemeat, coconut, chocolate, egg custard, apple and cherry pies.

The old oak pedestal table is extended to its full length, and the pressed-back chairs are supplemented with an assortment of old cane- rope- or rawhide-bottomed chairs and the back porch bench.

At about noon, everyone gathers as the elder uncle turns thanks. The men sit down at the table. The women stand about serving food and keeping the iced tea glasses full. The sound of chairs scraping back from the table brings the children to peer in the doors as the men rise, but as dishes are whisked away, quickly washed and the table reset, Grandma and the elder aunts are persuaded to take places for the next sitting. Long after the drumsticks are gone, the children and the younger women have their chance to eat, but there is plenty of other food left.

A few men take the dogs on a quick walk and rabbit hunt across the fields, while others doze by the fire. There is the clank of washers or horseshoes and good-natured arguments from games out in the yard.

Somewhere in the house there is music. Carols are played on the tinny piano, or an uncle teaches his nephew an old fiddle tune learned long ago in the hills of the family’s former home. A clear-cut picture forms: other young men arrive, longtime friends of the family. An assortment of musical instruments appears: banjo, mandolin, guitars, fiddles and a bass. The men play a mixture of old breakdown tunes, gospel songs and the local version of Texas swing. The front room shakes with music and patting feet, and toes are set to tapping throughout the house. Four little girl cousins pester the musicians to play their favorite song. A deal is made. The girls promise to leave after their song is played. They stand enthralled as their big brothers, cousins and friends play and sing “My Mama told me, if I’d be a good-ee, that she would buy me a rubber doll-ee.”

True to their promise, the little girls leave. As the door slams behind them, they run into the sitting room to play scratched records on the hand-cranked phonograph. The men sitting by the fire chase the noisy group to the kitchen. There the women-talk is deemed unfit for young ears, and the children are shooed outside.

As families begin to talk of leaving, one of the aunts brings out a Brownie box camera and herds everyone toward the sunshine on the west side of the house. The kinfolk all squeeze together to get everyone in the picture as the photographer keeps backing further away. The family squints into the sun as a snapshot is made as a remembrance of the day. Fifty years later, we puzzle over the tiny photograph and wonder who the baby was that year?

Tidying up for a new beginning

12-30-90

The days between Christmas and New Year's are a time for tidying up the old year to make ready for a new beginning. Looking back, it appears that 1990 fell apart for me about June 3. That was when I stopped neatly clipping and filing each week's column and began to let copies of *The Allen American* stack up.

File folders of research material used during the following months are in piles rather than in the filing cabinet. My method for finding information is to figure how long that I used a file; then, to measure down the pile to an approximate depth.

Today, I have accomplished one of the tasks for my end-of-the-year goal to re-establish order-- I have updated my file of "Between the Creeks' columns. This job took quite a bit of time, since I reviewed the year as I sorted.

In January, we began with local items from early in this century. We reported what was, perhaps, the first automobile accident in Allen. As the gathered townspeople watched, pharmacist Wes Young proudly drove up to his home in his new car. But he was unable to stop the vehicle- he crashed through the car shed. To answer those who asked, Miss Gladys Young said her brother's new car was a handmade 1902 Reo.

In mid-January, we began a series on the old military road we know as Preston Road. We continued with the history of the road as an immigrant trail, and as the cattle drive route known as the Shawnee Trail. We told the story of "wild and woolly" Lebanon on Preston Road, and about the town's near demise when the town of Frisco was established after Frisco Railroad was laid across Mustang Flats in 1902.

About the middle of March, I came down with a case of spring fever and wrote about heirloom seed, old gardens and antique roses. We tried to get down to business again, and began a series on old families in the Rowlett community; however, a set-back to spring fever led to a wildflower column.

The long history of old Rowlett Baptist Church took several weeks to tell. In May, we printed a picture of Mrs. Monrow Angle's first and second grade class at Allen School with some recollections from one of the pupils, Bob Carroll.

You have probably noticed that our so-called series do not run consecutively; sometimes we vamp as we hunt for more information. We returned to the Rowlett community and to the Baccus and Spradley families, who moved into the town of Allen. These were followed with a story about Dr. Compton, one of our early doctors.

In June, we began a short series on Tennesseans' migration to Collin County with our own family, then told the story of the Duggers who came from the same locality in Tennessee.

Beginning July 15, we printed a revised version of Allen's famous train robbery- the first in Texas, and the seriocomic manhunt for the Sam Bass gang that followed. This nine part series ran until Sept. 9. Through the years, we have received more questions

about the train robbery than about any other subject. Did all of you who wanted copies manage to save the articles this time?

After the robbery series, we had a few weeks of ordinary things such as hunting and football before we began a series on the families who settled east of Allen on Faulkner's prairie, at Willow Springs, Orchard Gap, and Forest Grove, that we will continue after New Year's.

Our stories on the Coffeys, Ballews, Sniders, and Spurgins have caused considerable comment to me and among the families, I am told. Their numerous descendents have come forward and identified themselves.

"Gwen, are you trying to tell me that I am my own grandma?" a friend asked. Her mother was a descendent of Salathiel Coffey and her father descended from the Ballews.

I assured her that her ancestors were only step-siblings, both products of Coffey's and Mary Ann Ballew's first marriages, although two great-aunts and a great-uncle were related to her from both sides since they were half-brother and sister of both her ancestors.

Sometime after New Year's we will attempt to sort out the Fitzhugh families. Any help with this group will be greatly appreciated. The Fitzhughs are one of several families that I have not written about simply because they were so active in shaping our history, yet are so complex I have never felt I had all the information I need to do them justice. However, because of their importance, we will soon tell their story as we know it.

1990 is history. I am ready to tackle the New Year. It is my hope that 1991 will be a good year for you and for Allen.

Time to offer holiday gifts to readers

12-22-90

Christmas gift, everyone! I use the old greeting from my grandpa's time as a special thank you to all of you who make this column possible.

The picture of the Interurban car was given to me by Big Daddy and his wife, "Miss Ted" Summers. It is a view of the southwest corner of the square in McKinney taken about 1908, when the electric railway began service. Note the horse-drawn vehicles. The courthouse is in its original state with a mansard roof and Gothic clock tower. The building was modernized in 1927, and the roof and tower and its Victorian charm were removed.

The Summerses are among the many longtime residents that contribute to the column. Thanks to those that I call frequently to check out facts. It is not always possible to name my sources, but they are appreciated none the less. Thanks, also to those who point out errors, and keep me honest.

Christmas gift to the schoolchildren and their teachers who are interested in our local history. They give me additional incentive to continue writing and to document my work.

Christmas gift to those most actively involved in my pursuit of elusive facts- the research libraries at Harrington Library in Plano, Allen Public Library, and the Special Collections at UTD Library. The Old Post Office and the Heard Museums also help with facts. However, I am a particular pest at the McKinney Memorial Library, where I

regularly research in their Texana Room. They are very patient in helping me to chase wild geese.

For example, I recently wanted to prove a bit of local lore. "Where and when was a World's Fair around the turn of the century?" "Chicago's was later, I think." "Could it have been St. Louis?" "You know, *Meet Me in St. Louis, Louie.*" Answer: The St. Louis Exposition began May 1, 1904. With this date, I was able to find newspaper accounts of the storm that destroyed the Willow Springs Baptist Church building in April 1904 from the clue that church members gave the money that they had saved to go to the world's fair to rebuild the church house. We will have more about this later.

Christmas gift to my husband, D.C., and friend, Laverne, who give me continuous encouragement and listen patiently as I work out ideas. Christmas gift to Ed Ereckson, our most loyal contributor. Ed is a serious family historian, who happens to be related to most of our early local families. When I am scraping the bottom of the barrel, wondering where the next column is coming from, Ed appears on our doorstep with a handful of information he knows I have been seeking.

Christmas gift to all of our readers. Whether you moved here recently, or you were born here over a half-century ago, you show an interest in our local history. Your questions and comments give me the encouragement I need to continue to search for our past.

Christmas gift!

Dreams of White Christmas rarely come true in Texas

probably in Dec. 1990s

About this time each year, children begin to ask if there will be snow for Christmas, while mothers hope for a good day for bikes and outdoor play. Yet, Texas children influenced by song and storybook pictures, dream of a white Christmas. What are the chances that there will be snow for Santa's sleigh?

Christmas weather in Collin County was recorded by Elder R.C. Horn back in the last century. In 1871, after bringing his bride to Texas from Tennessee, he wrote, "Christmas was a cold dry day in Texas."

There followed several years of the kind of Christmases we have come to expect. 1872 a pleasant day; 1873 a pleasant day; 1874 pleasant; 1875: a beautiful day."

The year 1876 brought a change: a cold day, then 1877 was another pleasant day. This was followed in 1878 by a rare white Christmas. Another cold day in 1879.

The Christmases of the 1880s were cool and cloudy; pleasant; cool but a nice day; then a lost record for 1883. The year 1884 was cold with sleet; next was a pleasant day, then another lost record. A pleasant day was recorded for 18?? And in 1888 there was rain until noon. In 1989 Horn noted, "Warm, so I worked without a coat."

The 90s were cold and damp; cool day, warm until noon, then a norther blew up; nice ????? a cool norther; "I killed six quail and dined at home." The year, 18?? was a clear day that Horn spent hunting. This was followed by a Christmas that had a south wind and pleasant; again he hunted.

In 1897 Christmas day was foggy; 1898, a fine day; 1899 was a nice day. Christmas 1900, a week before the turn of the century, Horn said was "a lovely day; had the children and grandchildren at home for dinner." 1901 was another pleasant Christmas, "all the family with us." 1902: "a nice day, children with us for dinner."

On Christmas 1903, wet day but faired up. In 1904, wet and damp; and 1905, a fine day, “we had 12 to eat dinner with us and sent two dinners to campers nearby.”

One-half of these 34 Christmases were pleasant or nice.

This far south, we tend to expect good weather for Christmas. We are 33 degrees latitude, north of the Equator, approximately the same parallel as San Diego, Phoenix, Bermuda, Casablanca, the Mediterranean, Baghdad and Shanghai.

We are near enough to the Gulf of Mexico for our weather to be affected. We enjoy warm December days until we are surprised by a blue norther that sweeps down out of the Rockies or across the Plains from Canada, when “there is nothing between us and the North Pole but ‘bob war’ fence, and somebody left the gap down.”

When the weather forces from the north and south collide over North Texas we sometimes have a rare white Christmas- or we could have an ice storm such as the Christmas of '83.

I recall seeing snow on Christmas back in the early 1960s. The snow had fallen on Christmas Eve. When we left my parents home at Pilot Grove early Christmas morning, the sky was overcast, but thawing had begun. When we reached the main highway and turned south, the sun suddenly burst through the clouds and spotlighted the small town we had just left, two miles to the west.

We stopped to view the scene-sunlight gleamed on a white church steeple, mist rose in the hollows from the melting snow, native cedar trees were heavily laden with snow. On the following New Years' Day, I tried to capture the memory in an oil painting. The picture is dated 1963, but I don't remember if that was the year of the Christmas or of the New Year.

About 1975, we awoke to find Allen was covered in a blanket of snow. We traveled to Arlington that morning and found no snow had fallen south of Lewisville.

Miss Ted White Summers recalls a Christmas snow in 1925. She remembers the year because her baby sister was about 6 weeks old. The Whites spent Christmas with the Jones family, their neighbors in the Hog Waller community. Ted tells that she and the Jones children Johnny, Cordie, Jessie and Bessie (Brooks)- played in the snow in bright sunshine. She remembers they made a huge snowball, the biggest she has ever seen.

With the selective memory that comes as we grow older, I remember all my childhood Christmases as warm days of sunshine. Inspired by Elder Horn's record, I searched old newspapers for proof that my memory is accurate.

The first Christmas I remember was 1935, a little over a month before my third birthday. Although I remember the doll my brother gave me and several other toys, I do not recall that “Christmas morning was partially cloudy and thermometer dropped throughout the day as icy winds came whipping across the prairies on the heels of the season's fresh norther...”

Christmas 1936 was cold and rainy; 1937, foggy 60 degrees; 1938, warm and raining; 1939 was dark and dreary with some sleet and snow that melted on reaching the warm soggy ground. It was rainy in 1940.

In 1941 and 1942, war news filled the papers; there was no mention of local weather. Christmas 1943 was a cold day with temperatures from 28 to 36 degrees. Where were the pretty days that I remember? Do you suppose Christmas is always remembered by a happy child as a good day whether there is snow or sunshine?

From this collection of less than accurate data, we can conclude that the probability of our having snow for Christmas is one in 30. However, one sure thing about Texas weather is that it is unpredictable- There is always a chance we will have a white Christmas.

Christmas toys introduced in 50s are old standards now

12-22-91

“I want to have an old-fashioned Christmas this year,” a new, very young, grandmother was overheard to say. It was a jolt to realize that perpetuation of the traditions of Christmas now rests in the hand of the kids of the 50s- the first generation of the plastic era, raised in the “wasteland” of television.

The 50s have been labeled “high tack.” Collectors of memorabilia and household collectible search for 50s items-the uglier, tackier the thing is, the higher price it brings.

Although the 50s were not totally without taste, it was a decade of extremes in decor, especially color fads. Pink was the rage. Pink flamingos appeared in unlikely places. We had a pink kitchen. Left over from those days is a pink Formica and black wrought iron dinette table that appears to be indestructible.

A turquoise fad left a legacy of a set of melmac dishes, equally indestructible, even after rattling around in a travel trailer for years.

After the pastel period, colors were bright and bold, like orange and lime green. Dark plum and chartreuse was a short-lived fad.

While we played safe with Early American, our neighbors splurged on Danish Modern furniture. Other friends were 50s Contemporary with iron wire lamps, butterfly chairs and odd geometric shapes everywhere.

I tried to make a survey among our thirty-something, pushing forty-ish friends who were kids of the 50s, about their childhood memories of Christmas. However, this crowd is the busiest of our acquaintances and the most difficult to find to question, so the survey was limited. Surprisingly, the toys mentioned most are now old standards.

Although much advertised when introduced through the new medium of television, these toys have stood up to the tests of play. The first toy advertised on television, Mr. Potato Head, was introduced in 1952.

Early Tonka Toys were from pressed steel. Our son’s Tonkas moved a lot of dirt before they were passed on to younger cousins. His Erector set was a hand-me-down from an older cousin. Pieces of Tinkertoys still show up in junk drawers and button bowls. A complete set of Lincoln Logs survives because of a house rule that whoever dumped them out had to replace them in their round can.

A bit of trivia: Lincoln Logs were invented by John Lloyd Wright, son of Frank Lloyd Wright.

Mark, our son, recalled the red Western Flyer bike with streamers on the handlebars that he wanted so much, for so long, before he got it, and the Christmas Eve, our first in Allen, when his father stayed up all night playing with the Lionel train we had brought second-hand. Mark had found its hiding place and had played with it for days before Christmas, we later learned.

Engineers used new technology to develop toys like Slinky, Play-Doh and Silly Putty. Plastic toy soldiers and Matchbox cars had more detail. In 1956, there was a sudden jump in battery-operated toys.

The Frisbee first appeared in 1957; then in 1958 there was alarm over a new toy called a Hula Hoop. It was feared the toy could do serious harm; besides, Hula swiveling looked dangerously like Elvis the Pelvis! The fad was over by the next summer.

Little girls of the 50s remembered their dolls. One recalled that her Tiny Tears dribbled. Another remembered a bride doll named Margaret- her own name- that was too pretty to play with, but was lovingly taken from her shelf, touched and her beautiful clothes straightened, then replaced.

Barbie, a true 50s teen-ager, appeared in 1958. We have heard that these first Barbies, especially with original packaging, are selling among collectors for hundreds of dollars, although I doubt that a grown-up little girl who still has her Barbie would part with it.

Children of the 50s sang about the new reindeer. Gene Autry, native of Tioga, Texas, and star of western movies, radio and television, recorded *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* in 1949. In 1950, Autry introduced *Frosty the Snowman*, another character that has become a part of the Christmas season.

When asked about their childhood Christmases, the eyes of the grown-up kids of the 50s light up with memories of aluminum Christmas trees. They told about the beauty of the changing colors of the silvery tree as a color wheel slowly revolved in front of the spot light. Different colored balls decorated the trees each year, all pink one year, and blue the next. Some had tree stands that turned and played *Jingle Bells*.

I was told about a grandmother who took her aluminum tree out of storage to surprise her grandchildren. "What is that thing?" the shocked children asked.

Mr. Potato Head, now middle-aged, has given up smoking. Barbie is 33, and Rudolph is over the hill at 42. What do the children of the 50s remember most about Christmas?

They remember decorating cookies, making gifts, the smell of spice, and families getting together, seeing cousins, aunts and uncles, that one time of year, and being with their grandparents.

It is my hope that the new grandmother, and other busy people juggling jobs, home and families, will find time for an old-fashioned Christmas and time to remember what Christmas is.

Ol' days weren't so good during cold weather 12-1-91

"The good ol' days weren't all that good, were they?" several old-timers have commented recently. Each time, they were discussing how we once had to cope with cold weather.

Cold weather came early this year and caught D.C. and I with several projects not completed. When temperatures dropped to the 20s and stayed there for nearly a week, we decided to tough out the cold snap in our old house up in the country.

A heating system was just one of the projects we haven't gotten around to, so our only heat was from a small electric stove. We shivered, remembered the good ol' days, and found new thankfulness for modern conveniences.

I know my friends from more northern climes think we Texans don't know what cold weather is. True, we don't have the months of severe weather experienced by other states, but in the past we lived in houses built for hot Texas summers and suffered through the weeks of "blue northers."

Drafty old farm houses were often constructed with single-thickness walls. "Walls so thin you could throw a chicken through them," is how Big Daddy Summers describes them.

Known as boxed houses, the walls were made of upright 1 X 12 pine boards with battens of 1 X 4s covering the cracks. When winter winds whistled around the battens and the window frames, wall paper was the last defense against the cold. You sat by the stove and watched the walls breath as the wind puffed the wallpaper in and out.

Several generations of linoleum usually covered the cracks in the floor. You walked on a cushion of air sometimes two inches above the boards as the wind blew up through the floor. In our recent experience, I found that walking barefoot on linoleum is just as cold as remembered.

In most homes, only one room was heated, and in that, just the area around the stove was warm. You turned like a turkey on a rotisserie trying to keep warm on both sides. Almost everyone had a hard time that became a bench mark for how bad winter can be. For my parents it was the year I was a baby. We lived in an old farm house somewhere between Garland and Richardson. I had pneumonia, and they curtained the area around the wood cookstove with quilts to keep me warm.

This was not the last time Mother put up quilts to keep out cold, but as she did, she always recalled the Winter of '33 at the old Hawkins place. With a wood-burning cookstove, a family could usually live comfortable in a large kitchen. As coal oil cookstoves replaced wood, the kitchen was not heated between meals, and the family gathered by a heating stove in the setting room. The smell of a pot of red beans or an Irish stew slow-cooking on the back of a wood heater gives a special feeling of warm comfort.

Water was frozen in the bucket in the kitchen on cold winter mornings, and your breath fogged as you cooked breakfast. Water for washing dishes had to be heated in the tea kettle or dish pan. Eye glasses fogged in the steam from rapidly cooling dish water.

Since we have had central heat, I have wondered if sleeping in an unheated bedroom would be more healthy. I had forgotten how cold, cold sheets can be, and that under a heavy mound of quilts and blankets you have difficulty turning over. Also, if you turn onto areas of the bed that your body has not warmed the shocking cold will wake you. Our bench mark of cold weather is the winter of '50 when we woke to discover our breath had frozen on the top blanket and looked like a pile of snow. Now that's cold!

Like most who remember those so-called good ol' days, I am most thankful for nice, warm bathrooms. As a child, I once told my class at Murphy School that I had not had a bath in nearly a year. The three boys in my class never let me forget it. I was thinking of a proper bath in a porcelain tub in a bathroom with hot and cold running water, not the daily scrub and Saturday-wash-tub-in-front-of-the-fire variety that we had to make do with in the country. Mother could take the skin off with a wash rag, and I was nearly grown before she trusted me to do a sufficient job for myself. I guarantee I was the cleanest kid in school.

We had many euphemisms for the little shack out back: the outhouse, outside closet, privy, outdoor toilet, outback, outside, down the path, or Miz Joneses'. Less polite phrases probably expressed out true feelings about the place, especially in the winter time.

Can anyone explain why the door was usually on the south side and the house back up to the north wind?

Harvest a reason for Thanksgiving in 1926

1-26-89

Come Ye Thankful People Come,
Raise The Song of Harvest Home!

*While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest,
And cold and heat, and summer and winter,
And day and night shall not cease.*

Ge 8:22.

Allen, Texas, 1926

March 25: Bountiful rain fell. It is especially beneficent to the corn that has been planted. *He that ploweth should plow in hope.* 1 Cor. 8:10.

April 15: Corn up to a good stand; wheat and oats are looking well.

April 13: Crops are devastated by hail and rain over large area. Dallas heavily damaged, described as a war zone. Local farmers report hail and rain damage, but corn looks good. More than 2,000 acres of onions planted in county. *Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe.* Jl. 3:13.

June 10: Wheat harvest is in full blast. Bumper peach crop now promised.

June 17: Onion crop yield most satisfactory.

June 24: Heavy rain fell, considerable damage to crops. Threshing started.

June 1: Cotton flea threatens to do serious damage. Threshers are busy between showers. Oats are turning out fine, but wheat is not so good. Grasshoppers are damaging crops in East Fork bottoms.

July 8: Heavy rain. The rain will be a great assistance to corn crop, especially spoiling the "nubbin" crop this year. *It is a time of much rain.* Esr. 10-13.

July 15: 4.51 inches of rain in three days; creeks are flooded, corn blown down. East Fork overflow had marooned John B. McKinney's cattle and horses. Hay and other bottom crops damaged.

July 22: Allen hatchery, Specialty Whiterock Farm, reports good business custom hatching and selling chicks.

July 29: Cotton flea now abating.

Aug. 19: Two mules were killed by lightning near Bethany.

Sept. 16: Cotton is later by six weeks this fall.

Sept. 23: There is a shortage of cotton pickers. Laborers are going to West Texas and Oklahoma. *Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest.* Lu. 10:2.

Sept 30: Cotton pickers are wanted all over the county. The pessimistic attitude of farmers is blamed for lack of pickers. Although not as good as last year, crops are better than expected. Gins at this place are becoming really busy. *Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.* Jn. 4:35. Bolls are opening rapidly. Mrs. L. Goeman reports fields are now white with open cotton.

Oct. 14: County schools are opening late because of late cotton crop. Supt. J.W. Mosely says, "We may be a little late, but the schools in the county all promise to be full

this year.” Allen school is dismissed for two weeks so that the children can help get the cotton picked.

Nov. 11: Bart Popplewell, mail carrier on RFD No.1, Allen, says that cotton is very spotted on farms along his route. Wet weather and boll weevils have played havoc with crops of some good farmers. *All is safely gathered in; ere the winter storms begin; God our maker, doth provide for our wants to be supplied.*

Dec. 2: The ladies of the Methodist Church have been doing some papering at the parsonage. On Wednesday night the pastor and his family were given an old-fashioned pounding. On Thursday morning a sunrise Thanksgiving service was held at the church. Come to God’s own temple, come raise the song of harvest home.

FOUNDING FAMILIES

Ashby recalls life in England after settling here 10-16-88

In the darkness before dawn, Maria is lost in a maze of passageways in the manor house. Somehow, she must find her way to the kitchens – her candle is burning low. She blunders into the green room, where Miss Onslo, the spinster lady, is sleeping. She closes the door lightly and continues down to a lower floor. At the end of a hallway, Maria's hand touches a wall. Where is the door? She searches with her hand and accidentally finds a secret spring – a hidden door swings upward. The girl passes through the door and closes it behind her. There is a stairway leading down. On the next floor, she opens a door and finds that she is in Lady Bingham's room. Quietly she closes the door before her employer awakens and rushes on. At last, there is the main staircase! She descends into the great hall. A sound is heard in the drawing room; she peeks in. Ann, making a fire in the fireplace, looks up and exclaims, "Maria, are you just getting down?"

This tale of a young girl's first morning in a manor house of Victorian England sounds rather gothic, but it was a story recalled 70 years later by Maria Howe Ashby at her farm home in the Winningkoff community.

"I was almost crying, for I was about an hour finding my way down, and I was getting very homesick, as I had never been away from home before.

"When I was about fourteen years old, (1855) I received a note from Lady Bingham, wanting me to come to work for her . . . Lady Bingham wanted me to assist the cook, and as I was very young, my duties were very light, but I had gained some experience from helping my mother.

"In those days girls did not have the opportunity to enter the business world . . . The only thing that was offered for them to do was to go into service. "To receive training at so grand an establishment as the manor was a privilege"

Maria was one of eight children of Richard and Elizabeth Scott Howe. The family lived in a thatched cottage at Waterditch near Christchurch on the south coast of England. "There was a living room, kitchen and dining room on the lower floor, and there were two bedrooms on the second floor," Maria remembered. "In the yard were two oaks, a pine tree and a holly tree. There were also some apple trees, one called bittersweet, another merry apple and a green apple. There was a plum tree called Damson, and another called a yellow plum. We had some currant and gooseberry bushes . . . The orchard was surrounded by a holly hedge."

From this small cottage, she went to live at the manor, "a very large and grand place" with about 30 rooms. She remembered Lady Bingham as being kindly. However, the lady of the manor insisted on proper decorum from the girls she trained. "There was another girl that stayed there too; her name was Liza Turner. She was light-headed, and wore her hair in a little knot about the size of a spool. I liked her very much."

One day the girls were in their rooms dressing when the door bell rang. "We stuck our heads out of the windows staring." They stood on their clothes boxes and leaned out of the windows. Lady Bingham, as she came from the stables, saw the girls. "Liza, I don't know that I was selling sheep's head and pluck, meaning to the lights, liver and heart of the sheep, referring to the sheep's head as Liza's hair. Lady Bingham sent a

carpenter right up and nailed boards on the boxes in the shape of house tops, so we couldn't stand on them any more.

"We certainly did have a lot of fun together; we stayed with Lady Bingham about four years. The last I heard from Liza, she was traveling with a family in France and other countries."

Maria Ashby recalled her own travels in England. She especially liked the Isle of Wight. Once she and a friend went to Whippingham Church expecting to see the queen, but her royal highness was ill and did not attend the church service. However, later the sexton allowed the girls to sit on the crimson velvet royal pew. Maria was in Southampton for the big celebration when the Prince of Wales married (1863, Edward VII).

In 1925, Lena Stiff Odle wrote down these and other memories as her grandmother related them to her. (How often we wished we had recorded our families stories!) Maria Howe Ashby immigrated to Texas in 1873. She was a single woman, age 32, when she accompanied her younger sister, Mary, to America. At the age of 34, when she told her story, she had traveled far in time and distance from the frightened young girl that she was that early morning in the manor.

Baccus home reminds us of family's history here 6-17-90

The Baccus family was prolific and blessed with longevity. It was impossible to sort out the generations and relationships without help. A trail of phone calls led to Ira B. Baccus of Dallas, who sent an outline of his family's history. He said the name had changed through the years. "I believe the Baccus family in Texas descended from the Backus family that arrived in New England about 1650, and later settled in Connecticut. My father told me the name was originally spelled Backus, but because the old quill pens made the difference between *h* and *k* indistinguishable, an ancestor decided to omit the *k* and the name was spelled Bacus. My grandmother's huge family Bible had Rachel Baccus on the cover. Dad also told me the family came from Pennsylvania after immigrating from "Down East somewhere."

John Baccus was their Revolutionary War ancestor. About 1768, he married a daughter of the Frank family of Fayette County, Pa. They had several children, one of which was Peter Baccus, born about 1772.

Peter married Barbara Hoover and their children were Jacob, Dorcus, an unknown daughter, Michael, and Enoch. We do not know when the family arrived in Greene County, but Godfrey S. Baccus, a son of Jacob and Emilie Smith Baccus was born there May 2, 1812. Peter, Jacob and Enoch patented public domain land in the south part of Greene County near the Macoupin River.

During the Black Hawk War (1832), Enoch, who had married Elizabeth Brown in 1832, served as 1st lieutenant in Captain Samuel Smith's company. Enoch and Elizabeth's children were Elizabeth, Thomas and Joseph Clark Baccus.

Ira Baccus said his great-grandfather, Enoch, was the first Baccus to come to Texas. He settled near Paris, in Lamar County. Although a quarter-section west of Allen is known as the Enoch Baccus Survey, nothing is known of his being in Collin County. His son, Thomas, married Mouren Melton, daughter of David Melton, also from Greene County, Ill., in 1856 in Collin County and was living in the Rowlett Community in 1860.

His other son, Joseph Clark Baccus, first married Lucinda Boren in Lamar County. They had three children, Charles, Elijah, and Millie. After Lucinda's death, Joseph married in Collin County, Rachel Cook Bridges, widow of William Bridges, who had died in the Civil War, and daughter of Henry Cook. She had three children, Francis, Mary and Millie Bridges. Joseph C. and Rachel had three more children, Henry, Joseph and Ira. (Henry and Jennie Bishop Baccus were the parents of Ira B., who shared this information with us.)

Earlier this year, we had an article about Rachel Baccus' father Henry Cook, whose home was a landmark on the old Shawnee Trail. Rachel gave land for a Christian Church adjacent to the family cemetery. Both the church and cemetery were given the name Baccus in her honor. Baccus cemetery is north of Legacy at Baccus Road, near EDS.

Enoch's brother, Jacob Baccus, and his family arrived on Rowlett Creek on September 25, 1845. Jacob, who was about fifty years old at the time, claimed 640 acres along the west fork of Rowlett as his headright. Sons, Godfrey and Peter, granted half-sections as single men, took up land north of their father's. Daughters Lucretia married Garland A. Martin and Barbara A. married Edward F. Springer, neighbors. Son, Ben, who lived in Hunt County for a while, married there, before moving to Collin County. He assisted in surveying the new counties of Denton, Collin, Hunt and Cooke.

The family took an active part in the community. Jacob's family and his nephews, were early members of Rowlett Baptist Church. Jacob was active in politics - he represented the district in the legislature. In the election of 1851, at the climax of the Peter's Colony controversy, Baccus, a Democrat, was defeated by Whig, Dr. James W. Throckmorton. Although Baccus carried Denton County, Collin, a stronghold of Whigs, voted for Throckmorton.

Peter Baccus and Hogan Witt built a grist mill on Rowlett Creek, south of the bridge on McDermott. In the 1860 census, a millwright, Jacob P. Houts, was living in Jacob Baccus' household.



The Baccus home, built about 1910, was one in a neighborhood of fine homes.

As time passed, the families of old Jake Baccus' four sons and two daughters grew to maturity and married, connecting the Baccus clan to many other old families in Allen, Rowlett and Lebanon. In the late 1800s many migrated to the western plains counties. When Godfrey S. Baccus died in 1907, at the age of 95, his only near relatives in Collin County were his nephews, John's sons, Erasmus Dow Baccus of Frisco and G.S. Baccus of Lebanon.

Dow married in 1882, in Montague County, where he worked on a ranch and farmed. He brought wife, Winola Belle, back to the Rowlett community, and in 1886 purchased a farm known as the Dow Baccus homeplace. In 1905, they moved to the new town of Frisco, where he served as mayor.

G.S. and his wife, Mintie, bought 2 acres from J.M. and Ola Whisenant, who were beginning Allen's first addition. A lot had been sold the previous month to the Christian Church and the Baccus property, all of 400 block of West Main over to Boyd Street, was the next sale recorded. This was at the time of Allen's heyday and the large Baccus home was one in a neighborhood of fine homes of prosperous merchants, professionals, and retired farmers. Henry and Annie K. Brown bought the house in 1923 and it was their family's home for many years. Mrs. Judine Peterson, the present owner, has restored the 80 year old home as near as possible to its original condition.

The Baccus family has moved on to other places, but the house on Main Street, several farms still known as Baccus places and a cemetery, remind us that for a century or more, they had a large part in our local history.

Dr. Rowlett: doctor, lawyer, planter

2-2-86

At Memphis, Tennessee in the autumn of 1835 Dr. Daniel Rowlett, of Wadesboro, Kentucky, gathered a party of settlers to go to the Mexican province of Texas. This group included the families of Rowlett; John and Edward Stephens, of Lamar County, Alabama; Daniel Slack, of Mississippi; and Richard H. Lock of Sommersville, Tennessee. They chartered Captain Benjamin Crook's steamboat "Rover" to bring them to Texas.

The travelers had a slow trip up the log-jammed Red River. They passed McKinney's Landing, and went on up the river to Jonesboro. This town, Texas' first Anglo-American settlement, established in 1816, was of considerable size at that time. It was March 1, 1836, when the "Rover" with Rowlett's group reached this Red River settlement.

The convention was beginning that day at Washington-on-the-Brazos, 300 miles south, that would the next day declare Texas' independence. Sam Houston had earlier crossed the river at Jonesboro with six companies of soldiers, and had visited in the home of James Clark while awaiting guides to lead his group over the trails to Nacogdoches.

The last of March, the settlers left this outpost and set out along the south bank of the river to the west. Before leaving Jonesboro, they were joined by the families of Jabez Fitzgerald, and Mark R. Roberts, from Tennessee, who had traveled overland through Arkansas, the Cherokee country, to Fort Towson, where they crossed the Red River to Texas. About April 1, Rowlett's group arrived at the home of Carter P. Clift where Bois D'arc Creek flowed into the river. (This is where the present county line between Lamar and Fannin Counties is located.)

There had been no permanent settlements, west of the mouth of the Bois D'arc, only the camps of a few hunters and trappers. The men left their families at the Cliff's and went further up the river to locate places to settle. Rowlett selected a site on the Tulip bend of the river (north of present Bonham). The settlement became known as Lexington.

During April 1836, several other families moved beyond the Bois D'arc. On May 10, the men organized a militia company. There had been rumors of an Indian uprising. Five men under Rowlett started up river on a scouting expedition. They met a band of friendly Kickapoos, who told them of the battle at San Jacinto. Rowlett's men went on towards Shawneetown (north of Denison). When they met a party of Shawnees, Rowlett was surprised that one of the Indians was his old friend, Jim Logan, who had been educated in Kentucky.

The scouting party turned south toward the upper Trinity, where they met a group of Caddoes. The Indians agreed not to come into the area where the families had settled. Rowlett and his men then found the heading of the Bois D'arc (near Whitewright), and followed the creek to the Red. There they found a company of 57 men had been recruited. Rowlett and these Red River settlers left to take part in Texas' War for Independence. When they arrived in south Texas, they found the war was all over, but the shouting. Dr. Rowlett worked in an army hospital from July 20 until Oct. 24.

Afterwards, Rowlett, a man of many skills, was involved with setting up the government of the new county of Fannin. At that time the county extended from a line running south from the mouth of the Bois D'arc, westward to an undefined area in the Texas panhandle, and included Collin County. Rowlett served as County Attorney, County Commissioner, and Land Commissioner. He was a member of the House of Representatives of the Fourth and Eighth Congresses of the Republic of Texas. He and others of the Red River settlers, who received land for their military service and for other reasons, selected their land here in this area of rich black prairies, and along these large spring-fed creeks of the upper Trinity.

Rowlett surveyed the original land grants in this locality. He claimed a choice piece for himself- 15,935,561 square varas, or over 2,800 acres. (This was a mile wide swath, from about where the expressway crosses Rowlett Creek, west to Alma Road, south from the creek to Parker Road, then east along Parker to the creek-a huge "L" shape. The north end was known as the Brown farm, later Breezeway Farms.) The creek became known by his name.

Daniel Rowlett, doctor, lawyer, surveyor and planter, only lived twelve years in Texas. He died in 1848, and was buried at Bonham.

Rowlett earns certificate for land near creek

1-29-89

The steamboat Rover arrived at Jonesboro, March 1, 1836. Dr. Daniel Rowlett of Wadesboro Ky.; John and Edward Stephens, of Lamar County, Ala.; and Daniel Slack of Mississippi had chartered Capt. Benjamin Crook's steamboat at Memphis, Tenn., to bring their families up the log-jammed Red River to its most western port.

On the day the Rover docked in North Texas, a convention was beginning 300 miles to the south at Washington-on-the-Brazos. One of the representatives sent by the Wavell colonists of North Texas, Judge Richard Ellis, was elected the chairman of the convention. Ellis appointed another North Texas representative, Collin McKinney (for

whom our county and county seat are named), to a committee to draft Texas' Declaration of Independence.

At the same time, Texans at San Antonio were under siege at the Alamo. The new Texans were unaware of the historic events taking place elsewhere; however, rumors that Texans were on the point of rebellion had surely been the talk of Memphis before the group sailed. The next day, March 2, 1836, delegates at Washington-on-the-Brazos signed the Texas Declaration of Independence. War had begun. Sam Houston was made the military leader; he and a group of men set out for San Antonio. Ellis and McKinney started on their long trek back to North Texas to enlist men and to gather supplies.

Meanwhile on the Red River, two other families, Jabez Fitzgerald's and Mark R. Roberts', who had traveled over land from Tennessee, joined with Rowlett's group to begin a search for places to settle. They went west along the river to where Bois d'arc Creek enters the Red (at the present-day line between Fannin and Lamar counties). The men left their families there at Carter P. Clift's home, the most western settlement, and went further up the river. Rowlett selected a site on Tulip Bend (north of present Bonham).

Several other families moved beyond the Bois d'arc during the next few weeks. On May 10, the men organized a militia company. There were fears of an Indian uprising; probably, the Texans expected the Indians to support Mexico in the war.

During the early 1800s, Indians from the United States were welcomed into Texas by the Spanish government. Kickapoos headed by Chief Mosqua, Cherokees led by Chief Bowles, Shawnees, Delawares and other groups had preferred Texas to the reservations assigned to them in U.S. territories. They established themselves as a buffer between Spanish settlements and the fierce Comanches. In 1824, after Mexico gained independence from Spain, the Indians were allowed to stay, establish villages and farms and raise herds of livestock.

Immediately after the settlers had organized the militia company, five men under the command of Daniel Rowlett set out west up the river on a scouting expedition. Two days later, they discovered an Indian trail and found a party of friendly Kickapoos, camped on the river bank. The Indians informed the Texans of the Mexican defeat at San Jacinto.

The scouting party continued on to an established Indian village, Shawneetown, north of present-day Denison. Among the Shawnees, Rowlett found an old acquaintance, Jim Logan, who had been educated at the Great Crossing of the Elkhorn, Scott County, Ky. Logan's father had lived with Judge Logan, a prominent Kentuckian, and had died fighting for the Americans in the War of 1812. Jim Logan had a flute that had been presented to him by Richard M. Johnson a colonel of the War of 1812, lawyer at Great Crossings, and a U.S. representative who became vice president of the U.S. under Martin Van Buren in 1837. The Shawnee entertained his visitors by playing a few of his favorite tunes.

After the pleasant visit with the Shawnees, the scouting party turned southward to the headwaters of the Trinity (somewhere south of Tom Bean) where they met a party of Caddoes. The Indians agreed not to come into the area where the families had settled. From the headwaters of Sister Grove and Pilot Grove Creeks, creeks that flowed south into the East Fork of the Trinity, the scouts turned to the northeast and found the source

of the Bois d'arc (near Kentuckytown). The group followed Bois d'arc Creek eastward to its mouth on the Red River, where their families waited.

After settling their families and cautioning them to maintain friendly relations with their Indian neighbors, Rowlett, Lock, Slack and others left for South Texas to take part in the war for independence.

The war was over. However, Dr. Rowlett found that his medical skills were needed in an army hospital. For this patriotic service he was granted a land certificate.

By arriving in Texas one day before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the cutoff date, Rowlett received a first-class land certificate for land which he later located on the large creek in our area that has since been known as Rowlett.

Physician settled near Rowlett in 1847

9-20-87

John Smith Huffman Jr. was born in Bourbon County, Ky., May 7, 1824. Old Bourbon County's society mirrored that of aristocratic Virginia. Wealth, education and tradition marked the dominant families, yet they promoted humanitarian causes, education and religion. Politically they were Whig and followed Kentucky's great leader, Henry Clay. Young men who had the opportunity for higher education at that time studied law, medicine or theology. Huffman chose medicine and enrolled in the University of Louisville's Medical School in 1841.

In 1847, he came to Collin County and registered as a physician. His 340-acre Peter's Colony headright was located at the southeast corner of McDermott and Custer. The next year he married Mary Elizabeth Perrin, daughter of William and Dycea Perrin. They made their home on his farm near the Rowlett community.



John Huffman Jr. was the first doctor in the Allen area.

Huffman's father, John Smith Huffman Sr., who had been born in Bourbon County, Ky., in 1794, was a successful farmer in Kentucky. In 1851, he joined his son in Texas and bought large blocks of land on the west side of the county near Preston Road. He was the first to bring the Sir Archie strain of horses, the Kentucky thoroughbred, to Texas. He was also the first to successfully breed shorthorn cattle in this state. John Sr. was well-built, strong and very energetic. He rode his horse until his death at 85. He was keenly

interested in state and national affairs and was well-known for his charity. He was also one of the largest slaveholders in this area.

Dr. John S. Huffman and his wife, Mary Elizabeth, had nine daughters and one son. They prospered and had a herd of cattle and nearly 100 blooded Kentucky mares. They did not have slaves.

The Civil War brought great changes to the family. The 39-year-old doctor enlisted in Capt. Edward Chamber's Company D, 15th Battalion, Texas State Troops in July 1863. His letters to his family showed the strain and suffering he felt as a surgeon ministering to the wounded soldiers. A granddaughter later wrote, "He felt a great sympathy for all human suffering and acute personal pain when unable to alleviate it. . . . He returned home at the close of the war completely broken in health with his nerves shattered. He died from the effects of the war, June 22, 1865, at his home near Rowlett."

Mary Elizabeth Perrin Huffman was a 39-year-old widow with ten children, ages 2 to 16. She carried on the farm and raised her children in what was described as striated circumstances. She sent the children to school at Rowlett. She was a woman of strong will, great determination and unbounded energy.

The Morgan Brown Family

probably 1980

On an August afternoon in 1933, a large crowd of friends and relations gathered on the banks of the little lake at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eros Brown to honor his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Brown on their fifty-first wedding anniversary. (The site of the celebration was near the Cottonwood Creek apartments, north of Brookshires Grocery Store.) It was reported that the guests dined on an abundance of barbecued beef, lamb, and pork, also pickles and onions, salads, cakes, pies, soda pop, ice tea, hot coffee, ice cold lemonade and ice water. Ninety-two year old Captain T.F. Hughston invoked the divine blessing upon the meal and the guests.

Laura Denton said that her Uncle Morgan was only sixteen when he came to Texas as the family representative to find a location for the Sumner County, Tennessee family. Eventually, Morgan Brown owned the land where Fountain Park and Walden Park are now. Brown first came to this area in 1879.

He never forgot the kindness of the people he met here on his arrival. He was on the old Whiterock Campground near Richardson when he was found by Robert H. Brown, and was invited to eat dinner at the Brown's table. Morgan Brown later said, "I don't want to ever forget that act of kindness to a lonely, hungry country young man like I was."

Brown was living with Captain and Mrs. T.F. Hughston at Plano when he was married to Miss Belle May on August 16, 1882, by Rev. John W. Chalk, a pioneer circuit riding Methodist preacher. Brown worked on the farm of George W. Barnett, between Allen and Plano, before settling here.

Morgan Brown had three brothers that came to Texas, George W. Brown, John W. Brown, and P.J. (Jeff) Brown. His sister, Florence, and her husband, George Monroe Smith, made their home in the Allen community.

James Garland, Allen banker and intimate friend of the Browns, "Called the house to order: on the bank of the lake and asked the venerable Hughston to say grace. George P. Brown presented the couple with a copy of their marriage certificate. Many beautiful presents were given—one in particular from the citizens of Allen was especially

appreciated by the couple. One hundred-seventy-four guests were named in a report of the occasion. Apparently, the whole of this corner of the county was present that day to honor the Morgan Browns.

Many years later, in 1960, their son, Eros Brown gave land to the Allen Independent School District as the site for a new Allen High School in memory of Morgan and Belle Brown. The School Board was told to choose whatever they needed, where ever they wanted it from the large Brown farm. Twelve acres were selected on the corner of Jupiter Road and Main Street. When the school was built, it sat alone amid the farmland, a mile from town. Twelve acres seemed a huge site for a school at that time.

A high school site seems an appropriate memorial for that once lonely, hungry sixteen-year-old young man from Tennessee, Morgan Brown.

Helping former residents big part of this job

5-13-90

The most delightful part of writing this column is the response I received from readers. I get comments at the grocery store, church and other places around town and phone calls and letters. My errors are pointed out quickly, but most of the time the comments are positive. Today, Big Daddy and Ted Summers gave me a jar of Bountiful bean seed that they had received from their son Biff, in northwestern Arkansas, with a note that said: "Give these seed to Gwen and tell her that nothing is impossible." I mentioned that I had found it impossible to find the old variety of beans in a recent article about heirloom seeds, that I wrote after he called in February- thanks, Biff.

However, most often I receive requests for information. I take very seriously requests for information from out-of-town people, who once had families here. When I first started my own family research, back in the '50s, before genealogy became popular, I found that most county histories, in the old states, where my families had lived for generations, only mentioned the "County Seat Elite" as I called them. That is, they told about the lawyers, doctors, merchants and other important people in the county seat town, and the most prosperous land owners, or gentlemen farmers. My own families were always out on the county lines, as far as they could get from the sheriff, I suppose, and had later "Gone to Texas." Information had to be dug from dusty tomes, stored in vaults or courthouse basements. I am glad that I had the experience of visiting courthouses in several states, to find scraps of information about my elusive ancestors, but I vowed that if ever I had the opportunity, I would help those whose families had moved on and had to research long distance.

In the latter part of the 19th century, a large group of people left the farms around Allen to migrate west, to Clay and Montague Counties, in particular. Before I wrote about the Wetsel family, I contacted family members at Bellevue, Texas, who told me that Dudley Wetsel of Arlington, Texas had some family information. Mr. Wetsel shared this information with me and it was the basis of a series of articles about our local family. Later, I sent copies of my articles and other information that I had gathered to him.

Ed Ereckson has a map of an area south of Vashti, a small town west of Bowie and south of Bellevue in Clay County, locating the farms of his grandfather, Thomas Phelps and great-grandfather, James E. Newsome. The Newsome clan near Vashti were Phelps, Thompsons, Pyles, Bidley and Williams. Later the Phelps and the Williams returned to Collin County. This large clan is only one of the connections between Allen and Clay County.

It is not surprising that descendants of these people are interested in Allen's and their family's history. Recently, I exchanged information with Inez Greer and Wanda Bess, who sought the names of the parents of their grandmother, Roxie Wilson. She first married W. Francis Howard, who is buried in the Allen Cemetery. She then married Henry Louis Bush, and they moved to Clay County near Vashti in 1906. An obituary said she had two sisters, Mrs. Mike Frazee and Mrs. Fred Hancock. I found that Arimenta Frazee had lived in Allen and Josephine Hancock in Celina. I was not able to connect any other local Wilsons to them. Irene Frazee of McKinney remembers great-aunt Roxie Bush visiting her grandmother, but she did not know who the ladies' parents were, either.

I was more successful in a query from James B. Wetsel of Shreveport, La. His grandfather was James J. Wetsel, who married Emma Yeatts, before moving, about 1899, to Bellevue, Clay County. His brother, Dudley, the one who told us so much about the Wetsels, had sent our articles to him. He asked if I knew anything about the Yeatts family. I found that Emma was the daughter of J.D. Yeatts, a shoemaker and his wife, Stella, who lived near Allen in 1880. In 1881 they bought Allen town lots. Later, members of the family had a restaurant on the north side of the business block. Searching tombstone records, I found that the parents are buried in Pleasant Hill cemetery, south of Nevada. This led to the *History of Nevada*, by Grace Moran Evans, that includes an article on the Yeatts family, and tells that the family came from Abbingdon, Va. As I sealed his self-addressed envelope, I commented that I wished someone would send me one like it from someplace like Maury County, Tenn.

Details give clues to past of old house on Main Street 5-27-90

The old house on the north side of Main Street, east of the railroad tracks, has drawn considerable interest since it was converted to business use. My curiosity has been whetted, but not satisfied, by several articles about the house. The attention its builder gave to architectural details, such as the dormer windows in three triangular gables and the classic pediments of the window frames shows this was the home of a prosperous gentleman's family.

It is the style built in this region in the latter part of the 19th century, by well-to-do farmers and merchants, that is often copied in today's new Victorians. In a 1979 interview, Cappe Wilson Ewen said she believed that the house, built by her uncle Jim Spradley for his large family, was at least 100 years old. Mrs. Ewen and her mother bought the house and lived there from 1914 through 1947. Mrs. Wilson rented out rooms and apartments in the house and sometimes provided board. Mrs. Ewen remembered especially the boarders who were a work crew that installed Allen's natural gas lines in the '20s. A sleeping porch on the east side provided space for single men, while rooms were rented to married men and their wives. There was a well on the sleeping porch, but at that time there was no bathroom facilities except a bathtub. Mrs. Ewen told writer Sherry Johnson, "The house is just as it was, except for the covered walk. It was the only house in town to have a sidewalk for years- often the streets of Allen were just mud holes, where horses sank to their knees in mud." She said the front door was original, as were the glass doorknobs and etched glass in the door in the room, which was made out of the sleeping porch. She remembered that the house had fireplaces in the dining room and in the kitchen and "we burned wood in pot belly stoves."

Usually, the date a house was built in early Allen is indicated by a \$300 to \$600 jump in tax evaluation. The ten unimproved lots that J.R. Spradley bought from B.M. Boyd in 1888, were valued at \$650. This evaluation remained the same until 1908, long after the house was built. From clues found in the family's history, the house was probably built about 1890-93.

James R. Spradley was born in DeKalb County, Tenn., about 1832. He was 9 years old when his family moved to Illinois. As part of the continuing migration from Greene County, Ill., to Collin County, Jim Spradley came to Texas when he was 20, and settled in the Rowlett community. It was said Spradley delighted in recalling how they did things in those early days; that when he came to Collin County and for many years afterward, everybody traveled in ox wagons, and people would often ride 10 or 15 miles to church. Those he remembered as his neighbors in 1852, were Dr. John Huffman; William Holliday; Jesse Gough; Hogan Witt; Samuel Young; Jacob, Pete and Godfrey Baccus; Davis Melton; neighbors scattered over 20 square miles of prairies included John Foss and Oliver Hedgcoxe; David White; Meriday Ashlock; C. Fox; and George Herndon. Spradley served in the Confederate Army in General Gano's brigade, mostly in Indian Territory. A news report in 1906, said that Spradley and Owen Murray had gone to New Orleans to attend an ex-Confederate reunion; he was 74 at the time.

After the Civil War, in 1866, Spradley married the widow of Charles H. Gough, the former Miss Melissa Jane Byrd. She had a daughter, Etta Gough. The couple had 11 more children. They raised their family on a farm in the Rowlett community. Their home was noted for hospitality especially at the time of the annual reunions at the Rowlett Church. When the family became older, they moved to McKinney for several years, perhaps to further educate the children. They returned to their old home place for 2 years before moving to Allen.

A 1919 eulogy said: "Mr. Spradley was one of the county's 'best fixed' citizens in this world's goods, having had plenty to live in comfort and ease. Until the last few years, he looked after and attended to his business affairs...., he owned his old home place in the Rowlett community and several acres in the plains country."

"(Spradley) never held an office, never asked for one, never cared for public office, never joined a lodge, but gave most of his time to farming and stock-raising...., one of the county's most highly esteemed, respected and honored citizens."

In their Allen home, at the time of the 1900 census, the Spradley family was a household of eight adults. Two years earlier, daughter Mary had married Dr. H.H. Compton, one of Allen's doctors. Still at home and unmarried were daughters Annie, Clara and Cora. (Another daughter, Florence, also single, was not listed in the household.) Son Walter was a grain dealer, Sylvester, "Ves" was the baggage master at the H&TC depot and Charles M., age 22 was attending school. The need for an 11-room house is easy to see.

In 1901, Miss Cora and Rev. Z.V. Liles, the pastor of the Allen Methodist Church, were married at the Spradley home. This wedding was soon followed by Miss Annie's to Dr. A.J. Jeter.

Charles M. Spradley pursued a political career and as a Democrat, won a seat in Texas' 31st Legislature, in 1908. (Allen citizens cast 102 votes for the Democrats and 25 for the Republicans.) Spradley continued in the Texas House through 1918. A 1915 news report said that he was drilling a well for oil on his father's land at Valley View.

The past glories of the old house can be imagined in the announcement on June 28, 1906, in the *McKinney Democrat* on the marriage of Mr. J.E. Gibson of Melissa to Miss Clara B. Spradley at the bride's home.

Their home is one of the most beautiful in Allen and on this occasion was decorated elaborately with cut flowers and pot plants." [This house was torn down around 1997]

Dr. Compton brought medicine, family to Allen 6-3-1990

For half of a century, Dr. Henry H. "Hal" Compton cared for the sick of Allen. He came to Texas in 1880, to take up the practice of Dr. G.W. Douglas, who was here for a few weeks in the 1870s. Henry H. Compton was born in Breckinridge County, Ky., on Dec. 22, 1848. His father, George J. Compton, born in 1819, in the same county, was a well-to-do farmer; his mother's maiden name was Anna Scott. Dr. Compton was raised on the home farm and attended a country school. At the age of 20, in 1868, he began to read medicine with Dr. J.W. Moorman, in Hardinsburg, Ky. He graduated from the Kentucky School of Medicine at Louisville in 1872. On Oct. 15, 1874, Dr. Compton married Miss Letitia Bandy of Breckinridge County. He practiced medicine at Beulahville and Clifton Mills in Kentucky until 1880.

There is a hint that Allen's two young doctors from Kentucky, Compton and Dr. W.F. Wolford, were well acquainted before they came to Texas, perhaps at medical school. Wolford may have suggested that Compton take over Dr. Douglas' practice. Douglas had bought an acre from John W. Whisenant, just south of the town's boundary, (south of McDermott, about 250 feet east of All-Spec,) and had built a large house. Douglas sold his home to Dr. Compton in 1880 for \$1,250. Because it was built at about the same time and had the same evaluation, we can presume that the house compared to the home of Dr. Wolford (later Dr. Perry's) which was a large Victorian with curved rooms and wrap-around porches. However, Dr. Compton sold the house two years later for \$900. The record of this sale notes that the deed was partly burned; a clue that the house, too, was partially destroyed by fire. No one remembers the Douglas-Compton house. Dr. Compton built a new home on Main Street, across from the Spradley house. A large cedar tree on the corner of First Baptist's parking lot has been the only reminder of the doctor's home for many years. The home, similar to the Spradley house, was elegant; its parlor had an organ, lounge and clock.

During his first years in Texas, the doctor bought several farms east of Allen that he rented to local farmers. His father, George J. Compton, came to Texas in 1881, as did several others of his family. We know that brothers Lloyd B. and N.S. "Nick" were here. C.E. and G.W. Compton, who have family members buried in the family plot in the Allen cemetery, we presume were his brothers, also. On the east side of the Compton home was the home of Lee Jackson, a former slave who remained with the doctor throughout his life.

Letitia Compton the mother of two children, Richard H. and Jesse May, died in 1886. The doctor's father died the same year. In 1889, Compton married Malta Z. Stansell. They had two daughters, Aenard and Vivian. On Feb. 13, 1897, the second Mrs. Compton died. By this time, the older children were grown; but the little girls were about 4 and 6.

On June 14, 1898, in what appears to have been a double wedding, the doctor's son, Richard H. Compton, married Lena May Wolford, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W.F.

Wolford; and his daughter Jessie May Compton married A.B. Carroll. The minister was elder Randolph Clark, a founder of Add-Ran College, later renamed Texas Christian University.

The next month, Dr. Compton married Miss Mary J. Spradley. Mrs. Spradley, although she had no children, raised the doctor's two daughters, and his grandniece, Alma Carroll.

Dr. Compton had an office above the Odd Fellows building in 1915 when the north side of the business block on Main Street burned. The office with the doctor's medical library was destroyed. Later, he had an office behind Wes Young's drug store (the old police station.)

Daughters, Jessie and Aenard, died as young women. Miss Vivian Compton, a school teacher, taught in Allen school for many years. Alma Carroll became a nurse. Son, Richard H. Compton moved to Tom Greene County, and was a druggist at San Angelo.

Often our local doctors were honored by having children named for them. There is one person the I know, living in Allen, who was named for Dr. Compton. However, I have been asked to keep his lifelong secret that his middle initial C stands for Compton. Dr. Compton is remembered as "a dapper little man," a man who enjoyed helping others. [Gwen is talking about L.C. Summers(Big Daddy) being named after Dr. Compton]

Lonesome Dove Character has local ties

2-2-91

The recent showing of the TV series, *Lonesome Dove*, reminded me of a local historical connection. The author, Larry McMurtry is the grandson of a Texas frontiersman and cattleman who settled in Archer County, Texas, in the 1880s.

In his historical writings, he has drawn on his grandfather's pioneer experiences and from the cattle ranching history of the area near his family home. About 30 miles southeast of Archer City is the town of Loving, named for Oliver Loving who has been titled "Dean of Trail Drivers." McMurtry apparently borrowed some parts of Loving's story for his character, Augustus McCrae.

However, Oliver Loving was one of our local Peters' Colony settlers long before his name became a Texas legend. Oliver and Susan Morgan Loving, and their five children, came to Texas from Hopkins County, Kentucky. The family stayed a short while in Lamar County, Texas, where a child was born, before moving to Collin County in 1846. Loving took up Peters' Colony land on Rowlett Creek, south of the present Spring Creek Campus of Collin County Community College near Parker Road.

The family was much like their neighbors on Rowlett Creek. Three more children were born; there were nine in all. Loving farmed part of his land, began a small herd of cattle, and did some trading in horses and cattle.

He began a trade that was probably a forerunner of his later career; he hauled freight in ox-drawn wagons from Shreveport and Jefferson for merchants, and supplies to frontier posts for the U.S. government. In 1850, Loving hauled supplies from Preston on the Red River for the soldiers that explored the upper reaches of the Brazos River, and that established Fort Belknap.

Loving's sons spent much of their time on the road with their father. James C. "Jim" Loving, who later was an organizer of the Cattle Raisers Association of Texas,

began working as a teamster at the age of 12; at 19 he was one of the best “bull-whackers” in the business.

By 1852, Loving had a herd of 82 head of cattle and 7 horses. Their neighborhood was, more and more, being hedged and fenced for farming, too crowded for cattlemen to free range their stock. Loving and other local cattlemen- the Strains, Maxwells and McCrearys, who still have relatives here- moved west to Parker, Jack and Palo Pinto Counties in spite of the ever-present threat of Comanche raids. The Loving family settled in northeast Palo Pinto County in October 1855 in a valley that became known as Loving Valley. Loving’s Collin County land was sold to John D. Bowman.

In 1858, at the age of 46 years, Loving began the cattle drives that would place his name in Texas history, and he pioneered three routes that were afterwards followed by thousands. That year he drove a herd of several hundred steers north up the Texas Road, a route later known as the Shawnee Trail, to Illinois- the first herd to be driven overland all the way.

In 1859-60, he drove a herd to the gold fields in Colorado on a route that closely paralleled the later Dodge or Western Trail. He crossed western Oklahoma to the Arkansas River, then followed the river to Pueblo, Colo., where he wintered the herd. In the spring, Loving sold his thousand steers at Denver. The Texan stayed in Denver through the next year.

When the Civil War broke out, Loving was detained by the authorities. His friends, wealthy mountain man Lucien Maxwell, Kit Carson, and others helped him get away to return to Texas. During the war, Loving supplied Texas beef and bacon to the Confederate Army by trailing cattle east of the Mississippi.

After the war, Texas’ only marketable product was its cattle, but ranchers who drove cattle north up the Shawnee Trail ran into trouble at the Kansas and Missouri borders because of a fear of Texas fever and old war tensions. Oliver Loving and his neighbor, Charles Goodnight, sought a new marker- Army forts and Indian reservations in New Mexico. They drove a herd west in June, 1866, following a southward curving course over West Texas that was twice as long as a more direct route, to avoid Comanches and Kiowas.

They lost over a hundred head when thirst-craved cattle drank from alkali water holes. After crossing the Pecos, they drove the herd up the river to Fort Sumner, N.M., where 8,500 Indians were gathered on reservations. The government buyers would only buy the steers. While Goodnight returned to Texas for another herd, Loving took the remaining seven or eight hundred cows and calves north up the Pecos, through Raton Pass and to Denver, blazing a new trail most of the way. Although the trail became known as the Goodnight-Loving Trail, some historians insist it was more properly the Loving-Goodnight Trail since Loving took the first herd on the route through the pass to Denver.

After their first trail drive, Loving and Goodnight, joined by other cattlemen, learned how to make the West Texas desert crossing without loss of stock from thirst, but they were harassed by Indians trying to steal their herds and horses.

In 1867, Loving and another rider named Bill Wilson, after making the hazardous crossing of the Pecos River, left the herd to go ahead up the Pecos to Fort Sumner to arrange for the sale of the cattle.

Three days later the men were attacked by about 80 Comanche Indians. Loving was hit by an Indian's rifle ball in his wrist. While hiding from the Indians under the river bank, Loving became weak.

He insisted that Wilson try to escape in the dark of night. Wilson, who only had one arm floated down the river past the Indians. Barefoot and in only his underwear, Wilson traveled two days and another night before meeting Goodnight and the herd.

Meanwhile, after he had gone up the river a few miles, Loving was found by three Mexicans. They took the injured man on to Fort Sumner. Oliver Loving died from the loss of blood following the amputation of his arm by an army surgeon. It is said his last request was that he be buried in Texas.

Loving was buried temporarily at the fort in a coffin placed in a large box filled with charcoal. In January, 1868, his coffin was taken up by Charles Goodnight, H.C. Holloway and Joe Loving, his son, and was placed in a wagon and brought back to Weatherford, Parker County Texas, in what has been described as the longest horse-drawn funeral entourage in U.S. history.

Journal details move from Kentucky to Texas 5-10-92

Part I of a three part series.

"I started to Texas about eleven o'clock; traveled about 10 miles, stayed at Mr. Brinly's in Middleton," wrote Mary Susanna Lunsford in her journal on Oct. 11, 1857.

As a well-educated young lady, Mary Susanna had been taught to keep a journal of the important events of her life. To be on her way to Texas from Kentucky was indeed a high point. For most of her life, she had heard about his country from her brothers and sister who lived here.

Her half-brother, Benjamin Franklin Mathews, came from Oldham County, KY, before 1848 with his wife, Mary Ann, their young daughter, and his wife's brother, Thomas Yager. A carpenter by trade, B.F. Mathews built two-story, Kentucky-style homes for local settlers. One such home, built by Mathews in 1867 for Joe Forman is at 1617 Ave. K. in Plano.

Another brother, Owen Mathews, bought land from B.F. on Rowlett Creek, between State Highway 5 and U.S. Highway 75, south of Intecom. A school teacher, Owen Mathews taught at Cottonwood and Bethany. His family has been closely involved in Allen's history.

Another young Kentuckian, Robert W. Carpenter came to Texas on a scouting trip in 1852. He bought land on Spring Creek and returned to Kentucky for his bride, Elizabeth Mathews.

Catherine Lunsford, the mother of the Mathews-Lunsford children, followed her older children to Texas in 1857, bringing with her, daughters, Nancy Catherine Lunsford and Mary Susanna Lunsford, and sons, Simon Peter Lunsford and William Gibson Mathews.

Nancy Catherine (Nannie Kate) married Clinton Haggard and became the mother of a large family that has long been associated with Plano. Mary Susanna married John Liter Brown, nephew of R.W. Carpenter, her sister Elizabeth's husband. From the town's beginning, the Browns have contributed to Allen's development. Today, although many of their numerous descendents are scattered, the family is still well represented in Allen.

However, in 1857, when they set out for Texas, Mary Susanna was a young girl, 16, and almost grown. At first, her journal entries just marked off the miles: "Came

through Bardstown, traveled 28 miles, rained until noon.” She did not see anything noteworthy in well-settled Kentucky.

After a week on the road, the wagon train reached Tennessee. “We crossed the Cumberland River on the great wire bridge, came through Nashville, a very dirty town for a capital.”

On Nov. 1 she wrote, “Came through Charlotte, a little town in the hills, drove up some awful hills today.” The Lunsford ladies had a traveling carriage that Mary Susanna often drove. She does not say how many were in their company, although she mentions several families and individuals by name. A Mr. Crume seems to have been in charge of the wagon train. Apparently, they made better time than others on the road, perhaps because they had good horses, while others used oxen. She noted that they passed other companies of movers on most days.

“Came to the Tennessee River, and we are going to cross it on a ferry called *The Wild Buck*. It’s the awfullest looking concern I have ever seen.” Each river crossing caused delay, and the crossings were the most hazardous parts of the trip. It was a rainy autumn. She wrote, “The roads were very muddy and slippery,” or similar words most of their days in Tennessee.

On Saturday, Nov. 7: “Woke up to rain again.” They went through the little town of Denmark. “As we were coming out of town a storm came up and was so hard we had to stop until it stopped. It showered all evening. We have camped on Hatchery (Hatchie) River; it rained so hard we had to cook in an old kitchen that was there and our blacks are going to sleep in it. We sleep in or wagons. We came 19 miles today.” (Mrs. Lunsford brought about 10 slaves to Texas - four adults and six children.)

On Tuesday, a clear and frosty day, a mishap occurred. “The wagon ran over brother Bud (probably 13-year-old Simon Peter). He is not seriously injured by it.

The next day, Nov. 11, she was impressed with the beautiful homes as they approached Memphis. “We are now in Memphis; it has wider streets than Nashville; I think it is a nicer city. We stayed in Memphis some time.”

“We crossed the great Mississippi on the *Nashabah*. We got over safe, and we are going to dine in Arkansas for the first time.”

Today, we rush off the stretch of Interstate 40 between Nashville and Memphis in just a few hours and complain that the law does not allow us to go faster. The Lunsford’s wagon train made the trip in 13 days, averaging 18 miles per day. In 1857, the old route was churned up by a constant stream of settlers’ wagons heading west. During the trip across West Tennessee, Mary Susanna counted 158 movers that their faster equipage passed. Most movers were on their way to settle in Arkansas.

After the mud and rain in Tennessee, the company faced worse conditions during the next month as they crawled slowly across Arkansas. Although she had plenty to say later, Mary Susanna first wrote in Arkansas, “We have stopped to camp, not a pretty place, for the first night. I won’t comment on Arkansas until I see more of it - if it don’t get better soon.”

Pioneer’s journal records arrival in Allen

5-17-92

Although a wet November was not a good time to cross the swamps of Arkansas, this was the best time for farm families to relocate. They gathered their crops in the old

state and moved during the mild days of autumn to settle in their new location before winter set in. They were ready by spring to plant on new fields.

The Lunsford's wagon train en route from Oldham County, Ky., to Collin County, Texas, was in the swamps of Crittenden County, Ark., across the Mississippi from Memphis in November, 1857. Mary Susanna Lunsford, 16, was reserving comment on Arkansas until she saw more of it. However, on Friday, Nov. 13, she poured out her feelings into her journal.

"I woke up, found it raining. Crossed the Black Fish Lake at Cheek's Ferry. Got on the wrong road. Walked three miles, then had to go back. The muddiest roads I have seen or heard of; it is hoped that we will never see such roads again. I would willingly put on a pair of boots if I had them. I am the muddiest sight that I have ever seen. I got knee deep in mud. We have stopped to dine. I walked all the morning, and will have to walk all evening.

"I am very tired tonight. We have passed 30 movers today. We are now in the swamps. I hope this is our last night in the swamps. We have not got a pretty place to camp tonight. We came nine miles today. Arkansas is an awful place."

The crossed the St. Francis River at Allen's Ferry. "I wore a pair of Mr. Crume's boots this morning, but I don't think I will try again soon." At the White River crossing at Clarendon, Mr. Crume got his stud horse tangled up in the work horse's harness gears. "Rene was behind him, but was not hurt bad. We were all scared right bad."

West of Clarendon was a new danger: "We have been close to the prairie that is burning all evening. We have stopped to camp. The grass is burning all around us.

On Saturday, Nov. 21, they crossed the Arkansas River on a ferry into Little Rock. From Little Rock the wagon train followed the route of Interstate 30 through Benton to Rockport, near present day Malvern. "We crossed the Washataw (Ouachita) on an apology- I won't call it a boat."

"After the river crossing, they struck out west over the hills to Murfreesboro. They had to stop at a blacksmith's to have a wagon repaired. There was more rain.

"We came through Center Point, right nice town. We have had bad roads; one of our wagons got fast in the mud."

Saturday, Nov. 28, it was raining so hard they could hardly cook breakfast. They crossed the Saline River on a bridge, but the sloughs were belly deep. A wagon stuck. They stopped at 2 p.m. because of the road conditions.

The next day, the country was very hilly. "We have found the turning over place three or four times, but we have had the good luck not to turn over yet." From Center Point, they turned south to cross the Little River, somewhere around the present Millwood Dam.

"We came through slews (sloughs) and mud, and are now at little river they call it, but it looks more like a big river; the river is very fast; lots of drift running in the river."

The Little River that drains out of Oklahoma mountains and is now partially controlled by Beavers Bend and Millwood Dams, was in one of its famous spates because of continuous rains. Mary Susanna recorded that the river was rising at the rate of seven inches an hour.

"The boat came over after us this morning, but the water was so high we couldn't cross. We are surrounded here by water on a very small island. The ferryman went back

after some horsefeed for us; the water is still rising.... This place beats the Mississippi swamp, and I thought they were the worst in the world.... We have had to move to high ground. We have very little room to stand or wagons.”

It was the next day, Dec. 1, before the ferryman, Mr. Mills, brought horsefeed in a skiff. By that time, the people were running out of food. On Dec. 2: “Mr. Mills brought us some meat this morning, and Brother John (probably John Omar Mathews) and Mr. Haley went back and brought the flat boat, and we are going to try to take all over, and I am glad.

“The river is falling. It will make a good many glad hearts: It is good news for our company. I do not dread to leave this place at all.... They have taken one wagon on the flat boat and gone with it. They have to bring the flat boat in the slew, we can’t get to the river banks at all with the wagons.

Even after crossing the main river, they were water-bound for a week, waiting for the water to go down. Some of the company were sick.

As they left Arkansas, Mary Susanna wrote, “We crossed a creek on a bridge to bid farewell to Arkansas. That state is composed of hills, quick sand and swamps, and mudholes, and disagreeable looking places.”

They nicked the corner or Indian Territory, and after traveling only 14 miles, crossed the Red River at the mouth of Mill Creek into Texas. Mary Susanna saw the steamboat, *Era*, come down the river loaded, with Texas cotton.

They passed through Clarksville and Paris. “Walked seven miles, come through hog wallers, prairies and then through Honey Grove, nice little town.” At Bonham, they crossed “Bowdark” (Bois d’arc) Creek twice to camp on the edge of the prairies.

The next day, Dec. 13, “We ate dinner in Collin County today, we came through a small town called Lick Skillet (Pilot Grove), very bad roads.... I hope this is our last night in camp.”

On Monday, Dec. 14, 1857, she wrote, “Got up early, ate breakfast, started by the time it was light. We came through McKinney, a very pretty little town. We landed at Brother Robert’s (R.W. Carpenter) this evening after dark. There was joy in our company. I am awful glad for my part. We came 22 miles this day.”

The journal was forgotten in the excitement of arriving in the neighborhood of their kin, southwest of present Allen. The entry for Tuesday, Dec. 15, was “Went to Brother Benny’s (B.F. Mathews). I forgot to post my book, so forgot what I done.”

Lunsford records trip to Texas in diary

9-4-88

“I stated to Texas about eleven o’clock. Traveled about 10 miles, stayed at Mr. Brinlys in Middleton,” wrote Mary Susanna Lunsford in her journal on Oct. 22, 1857. As a well-educated young lady, Mary Sue had been taught to keep a journal of the important events of her life. To be on her way to Texas from Kentucky was indeed a high point. For most of her life, she had heard about his country from her brothers and sister who lived here.

Later, after the Civil War, she married John Liter Brown, a nephew of her sister’s husband, R.W. Carpenter. In the huge two-story house, Mr. Brown built at the top of the hill near the grove of large trees above the golf course, south of Rowlett Creek, they raised nine children. They gave land for Brown School, across the railroad tracks from their home. Their family was among the members of the Christian Church. They had

many grandchildren: Browns, Angels, Hedgecoxes, Erecksons, Days, Mouldens and Stockards. Today, their descendants are numerous and scattered, although some are still in Allen.

However, in 1857, Mary Sue was a young girl – 16 and almost grown. At first her journal entries just marked off the miles: “Came through Bardstown, traveled 28 miles, rained until noon.” She did not see anything noteworthy in well-settled Kentucky.

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“Came to the Tennessee River, and we are going to cross it on a ferry called the Wild Buck. It’s the awfulest looking concern I have ever seen.” Each river crossing caused delay, and the crossings were the most hazardous parts of the trip. It was a rainy autumn. She wrote, “The roads are very muddy and slippery,” or similar words most days in Tennessee.

Saturday, Nov. 7: “Woke up to rain again.” They went through the little town of Denmark. “As we were coming out of town a storm came up and was so hard we had to stop until it stopped. It showered all evening. We have camped on the Hatchery (Hatchie) River; it rained so hard we had to cook in an old kitchen, that was there and our blacks are going to sleep in it. We sleep in our wagons. We came 19 miles today.” (Mrs. Lunsford brought about 10 slaves to Texas. Four adults and several children.)

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After all the mud and rain in Tennessee, the company had worse conditions during the next month as they slowly crawled across Arkansas. When Mary Sue viewed the low country, west of the Mississippi, she wrote, “We have stopped to camp, not in a pretty place, for the first night. I won’t comment on Arkansas until I see more of it – if it don’t get better soon.”

Diaries hold record of household duties

9-18-88

“Men may work from sun to sun, but women’s work is never done.”

The trouble with household chores – considered women’s work by earlier generations, as in this old saw – was that the work did not stay done. As soon as a meal was cooked and eaten and the kitchen cleaned, it was time to start preparation on the next meal. Floors were mopped, only to be tracked with footprints before they were dry. The same clothes were washed, dried and ironed. There was little sense of achievement in performing repetitious tasks.

“My! It is Friday and I haven’t accomplished anything this week” was an often-heard lament. An accomplishment was a dress made, a quilt pieced or quilted, jars of jelly made or a doily crocheted – something tangible to show for her efforts.

Two ladies that accomplished a great amount were Mary Susanna Lunsford Brown and Elizabeth Anne Mathews Carpenter. These sisters kept a record of their achievements in a journal for a period of time in the late 1860s, and 1870s. Mrs. Carpenter wrote only occasionally when she found the time. Her entries often began with apologies to her journal for its neglect: “Sunday night, Jan. 6, 1867, I did not think when I last wrote in you, my journal, that I would let the Christmas holidays pass without noting down something in your fair pages.... I have been doing all my domestic work since Christmas – our maid of all work left us Christmas Eve – I find I can do pretty well, but do not find time to do the sewing; however, I believe I can do pretty well without help.”

On the other hand, Mrs. Brown’s journal entries were daily lists of activities with no personal comments. Beginning with her marriage to John L. Brown on April 9, 1868, her journal chronicles the newlywed’s preparations to set up their own household. The first months were spent at the home of her sister and brother-in-law, Clint and Nannie Kate Haggard.

Wednesday, April 15: “Sister Kate and myself went to Mr. J. Haggards and spent the day. Mrs. Brown went to McKinney; bought a bedstead and washtub and several other articles. Come back by Major Bush’s after his tools (carpentry tools).

However, among the entries of visits to relative and neighbors and Sunday meetings, is a record of a tremendous amount of hand work. The young Mrs. Brown quilted for her sisters, mother and herself; made bonnets; and tatted. She sewed a frock coat for Mr. Brown, trousers for Mr. Haggard, drawers for Bro. Gip and numerous dresses and aprons for the women of her family. She made tablecloths, towels, pillowcases and bolster covers. She wove, six yards in one day. She cleaned, carded and spun cotton into candlewick, sewing thread and knitting yarn. She made soap and rendered tallow and beeswax for candles. When Mr. Brown killed hogs, she tried out lard and made sausage.

Mrs. Carpenter also wrote of visits, church going and housework. “November 1, Friday, 1867 – This is Friday and pleasant and the wind blows a gentle breeze; thus far fall has been very pleasant. Two slight frosts have been about all the intimation of a coming winter; but we know that he is not far away, and we must make preparations accordingly. I am very busy spinning, trying to get my jeans filling ready for the loom. Kate Mathews had promised to weave it for me. I was busy sewing last week, and did not get any spinning done. Brother Simon (Lunsford) and Miss Mary Haggard was

married last week.... This week I have spent in sewing, spinning, etc. and today I fixed up my green tomato catsup and this evening I must put in at the wheel. Mr. Carpenter is digging our sweet potatoes today.”

In 1868, Mrs. Carpenter listed the garments made in one week as two shirts, two pairs of drawers, a vest, an apron and a pair of pants, and she pinked the trimming for Mr. Leach’s coffin.

Another week’s sewing was “2 pair of pants, 1 shirt and quilted a quilt for Aunt Ann, the black woman.”

During the year of 1868, Elizabeth Carpenter “kept a kind of memorandum of work.... All the principal things I have counted, but many little things omitted – which amounts to considerable in a year’s time as I did not count any of my patching or fruit drying or garden work:

Garments cut and made – 136

Yards of cloth wove – 55 ½

Comforts quilted – 6

Quilts quilted -3

Quilts pieced -3

Cotton rolls carded for – 44 cuts

Yarn spun for knotting – 15 cuts

Socks and stocking knit – 12 pair

Cut carpet rags for – 15 yards carpeting

Spooled and warped pieces of cloth - 4

Straw hats platted and made – 1”

In April, 1869, Mary Susanna Brown was continuing to list her activities in her journal – Sunday, April 25, “Went to Ma’s”; Monday, “Made me a chemise”; Tuesday, “Commenced to wash; Ma come and spent the day”; Wednesday, “Finished washing and scoured the floors”; and Thursday, “Ironed and made a shirt.” On Friday she admitted to being sick all day, and on Saturday, May 1, she wrote, “Made a pair of pants for Jimmie Mathews.” On Sunday, the Browns visited Clint and Nannie Kate Haggard. Monday’s entry was, “Not well; mended some,” and Tuesday’s was, “Washed.” On Wednesday, May 5, 1869, she wrote, “Kate was born before day. Ma come to stay with me; hired Betty to do the work.”

It was about time!

Warden settlers arrived in Texas

5-19-91

Among the settlers from Jackson County, Missouri was the family of William Warden Sr., Robert Fitzhugh’s father-in-law. Warden and his wife, Hulda had two other daughters besides Kate Fitzhugh and eight sons.

Stambaugh’s *A History of Collin County, Texas* has an account of the family’s move to Texas. The trip from Missouri in ox wagons took six weeks. They brought with them a herd of 30 to 40 head of Durham cattle. On April 15, 1844, they crossed the Red River into Texas.

For 10 days, they camped at Lick Skillet (Pilot Grove) in Grayson County. For some time they camped at a spring about one mile south of present Melissa while Warden looked for a suitable site for a permanent home.

They settled for a short while on White Rock Creek in Dallas County but Indian hostilities forced them back to the settlement at Fort English (Bonham). They lived for a while at Climax, northeast of Princeton, until Warden secured a patent on 640 acres, north of Weston.

Another related family was that of William Worden, who settled near Blue Ridge. The original spelling of the name was Worden.

The Wordens operated a gristmill and hotel at Blue Ridge. There was a possible tie to the Fitzhugh- Worden's sons were named Jerry W., George and Gabe.

After the Civil War, Robert Fitzhugh's brother-in-law, William Warden II, moved to a farm at Fitzhugh's Mills. Like others of the clan, this Warden was a versatile man. He was at times a farmer, cattleman and Indian fighter, Confederate veteran, constable, county commissioner, postmaster at Blue Ridge, deputy and sheriff of Collin County.

Several generations made up the families of the settlers. Lucy Abston was only a child when her family came from Missouri. Her grandfather, John Abston, was born in Scotland in 1757. During the American Revolution he served as a private in the Virginia Troops under Captain John Ellis and was in the Battle of King's Mountain.

After living in Kentucky, the family moved to Missouri. One of John's sons, John Abston II, died at Independence, Mo. Another son, Jesse H. Abston, Lucy's father, brought the family to Texas. They settled near present Melissa and Jesse died there in 1850.

His widow, Sarah E. Abston, and the aged grandfather moved near Millwood, in the present Nevada area, where Lucy grew up. John Abston lived into his hundredth year and is honored as the only veteran of the American Revolution buried in Collin County- one of the only 12 in Texas.

In 1861, Lucy Abston married a young man from the old state, Gabriel H. Fitzhugh, son of George Fitzhugh, and lived the rest of her life in the old Fitzhugh homeplace at Forest Grove. She was the mother of Miss Missouri Fitzhugh, George and Walter Fitzhugh, Mrs. James Hatcher, Mrs. Pete Wetsel, Mrs. Jeff Brock, Mrs. Milt Hammons and Mrs. Ed Deal.

The Missouri settlers grouped themselves into communities when they could. Some sold their land patents unlocated and bought land near their families. George Fitzhugh took part of his land near his brother Gabriel's and the rest several miles west of the prairie. John Fitzhugh and William located permanently near present Melissa. The original townsite is on a corner of John's survey. This locality is apparently where the others camped while they searched for places to settle.

John's son, Robert Fitzhugh, located his section of land north of his uncles George and Gabriel's land at Forest Grove. He later bought more land east of his section that included several strong springs and established Fitzhugh's Mills.

We have recently told of other related families, the Kerbys and Lucases, who settled south of the older Fitzhughs, along the road known as the McKinney to Rockwall Road, now FM 1378.

The older members of the families were Predestinationary Baptists who established the Orchard Gap Baptist Church. The older Gabriel Fitzhugh was a minister. He officiated at the marriage of several of his nieces and nephews.

The Missouri settlers immediately became involved in the affairs of their new home. When Collin County was organized in 1846, John Fitzhugh was elected as a county commissioner, and Peter F. Lucas was a justice of the peace.

Robert Fitzhugh became Collin County's sheriff in 1848. Since then a large percent of this county's sheriffs have been sons, sons-in-law and grandsons of the Fitzhugh clan. Those among the first settlers were already seasoned frontiersman and would later distinguish themselves in the protection of this frontier.

Some weddings were important but farming still main concern

10-10-91

Elder R.C. Horn told of a home wedding in 1876: "We had a good social in way of a supper, with a huge turkey cock to grace the occasion. The marriage took place, as marriages usually did, at early candle light..."

Simple home or church weddings were usual during the days of our pioneer and rural history. However, there were also some weddings in Allen and surrounding areas that were very elegant.

But even in the midst of house parties and pre-nuptial showers, there were reminders that farming was the main business and livelihood of the local people.

Early in this century, June 1905, Miss Bettie Bush, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S.P. Bush, married Dr. Fitzhugh Wolford, son of Dr. and Mrs. Frank Wolford, in a very elegant affair in Allen. Among local news of births, illnesses, deaths, news of out-of-town college friends, and relatives visiting in Allen for the wedding, the shower and the wedding itself, the Allen reporter dropped in the news that "farmers are now making great preparations for threshing."

The huge Victorian home of the Wolford family was the setting for a shower given by the Misses Wolford for Miss Bush. The parlor was decorated in white and green, and the hall had Japanese decorations. The dining room had white and crimson hearts, and hand-painted place cards with wedding bells and orange blossoms marked the places for 28 guests.

The wedding was in the S. P. Bush home. While Miss Bessie Coffman played Mendelssohn's *Wedding March*, the bridal party marched into the beautifully decorated parlor. With Mr. Walter Wolford as best man and Miss Price Bush as maid of honor, the bride and groom took their places under a bower of white roses and ferns.

The reception was in the dining room which was decorated with daisies and festoons of evergreens. Cake and brick ice cream were served to guests.

"The bride changed from her beautiful white silk wedding gown for a traveling suit of mulberry silk, and they left on the 9:16 train for Coalgate, I.T., where the groom is a prominent young physician."

Mr. Frank Mathews and Miss May Yeager were married at the Bethany Christian Church, at Custer and Legacy, 101 years ago on Oct. 22, 1890. The Mathews' homeplace was on the hill above Rowlett Creek. The old house stood east of Central until recent years.

No only was Mr. Mathews an Allen business man and farm operator for many years, he is remembered in local history as the young boy who talked to the Sam Bass gang. They were sitting around a campfire south of Allen as Mathews walked up the

railroad tracks to a church service at the school house, a short while before the train was robbed at Allen Station.

The wedding was at 7 p.m. with J.F. Barnett, Miss Mary Clark, W.B. Mathews and Miss Minnie Carlock as the attendants. Ushers were Clint Mathews and William Elkin. Miss Jennie Haggard played the wedding march. At 8 o'clock an elegant reception was tendered the happy pair at the residence of T.C. Clark." At the end of the report, headlined "Orange Blossoms" in the *McKinney Democrat*, there is a list of presents received that would turn a collector of Victorian items green with envy.

The list of 32 gifts included many silver items- silver knives, forks and teaspoons, napkin rings, cake stand, syrup stand, butter dish and knife, sugar bowl, silver pickle stand and a silver pickle castor. A pickle castor has a high ornate hoop handle with a long pickle fork dangling from a hook on the side of the handle.

There was an array of crystal and cut glass pieces- preserve stands, spoon holder, water pitcher and glasses. A thermometer and a mirror were mounted in plush frames. They received an eight day clock, a "beautiful swinging lamp," and a stand lamp. Two rocking chairs were gifts, an oil painting and bronze tea plates. Most of these elegant gifts were from relatives and friends in Plano and McKinney.

Near the end of the list were some other practical gifts. Owen Mathews, father of the bridegroom of Allen, gave the couple a pair of Berkshire pigs; W.S. Mathews and lady of Allen, a pair of Berkshire pigs; R.B. Mercer of Allen, a pair of Berkshire pigs; H.M. Mitchell of Rockhill, a pair of Berkshire pigs; for a total of eight pigs. R.C. Clark gave the newlyweds a jersey cow and calf.

Hogan Witt settled on Rowlett Creek in 1846 12-11-89

From earliest settlement, the counties of Dallas and Collin have been joined in close kinship, John Henry Brown, the Dallas historian, wrote over a century ago that the counties were closely allied "in birth, in tribulation and sacrifices." While John Neely Bryan, a lone Tennessean, was trying to find a place in the Trinity bottoms to build a cabin that would not be washed away in flood waters, at the place that would be called Dallas, groups of pioneers, mostly related families from Illinois, were settling in a diagonal line across Collin County and a corner of Denton, and over to Farmer's Branch in Dallas County.

Among the persistent frontierspeople were the Witt boys from Greene County, Ill. There were the twins, Pleasant and Preston; Wade Hampton; and Rev. Eli Witt, who are mentioned in the histories of both counties, and a younger Eli W. and Andrew Jackson Witt of north Collin. An older man John Witt, age 70, lived in Dallas County in 1850. Jesse V. Mounts, a veteran of the Black Hawk War, led the minute company of settlers on an Indian chase in 1846, known as the Grand Prairie Fight; his son-in-law, Preston Witt, is distinguished in history for his part in the fight.

Sometime before 1849, Preston and Wade Hampton Witt had an incline mill on White Rock Creek, perhaps near Hamp's headright in the area around the old Liberty Baptist Church (Gleneagle). In the 1850s, Hamp Witt and A.W. Perry established a stream mill near the Elm Fork of the Trinity. The town of Trinity Mills grew up around the mill.

The Witt that is most closely identified with the town of Allen is Hogan Witt. His relationship to Ples, Pres, Hamp and Rev. Eli Witt is always given as cousin. Hogan Witt

was born in Jefferson County, Tenn., on July 21, 1824. He was the 10th child of the family of 13 of Eli Witt of Virginia and Nancy McNealy Witt, the daughter of an Irish gentleman. When Hogan was 5 years old, the family moved to Greene County, Ill. Several other Witts of the elder Eli's generation moved to Greene County about the same time. The family became large land owners, participated in county and state politics, and were leaders of the Baptist churches of the area.

Hogan Witt was 20 years old when he came to Texas in 1844 with his older sister, Elizabeth, and her husband, John Coffman, who settled near present-day Melissa. In 1846, Witt headrighted 360 acres of land on Rowlett Creek. The Hogan Witt Survey northwest of the corner of McDermott and Custer, has been known more recently as the Erven Bolin homeplace.

In 1846, after Texas was annexed into the United States, the smoldering hostilities between the U.S. and Mexico erupted into war. A company of men from Collin, Fannin and Dallas Counties formed in Dallas County. Preston Witt became the captain of the company that included his cousin, young Hogan Witt. At San Antonio, they joined Col. John C. Hay's Rangers and went to Laredo, then down to the mouth of the Rio Grande. From there they were transported in steamers to Veracruz, where they served under General Winfield Scott. Thirteen of Company K, 6th Texas Cavalry, died at the Valley of Mexico, Mexico City or Castle Perote, while five others died of illness. Hogan Witt sold his horse to the army for \$200 while he was in Mexico City. He bought a Mexican pony for \$20 and a Mexican saddle for \$50. After the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the Dallas company was discharged in Veracruz about May 6, 1848. When they decided to return to Texas by water, he sold the pony. (Witt, who lived to the age of 82, drew a quarterly pension of \$36 for this military service.)

Soon after returning from the war, Aug. 10, 1848, Hogan Witt married Miss Louisa Rattan, daughter of Tom Rattan Sr. Later, Witt laughingly said that he was foolish for not getting married sooner, for then he could have received a patent for 640 acres as a head of a family instead of half that amount. The Witts had six children who grew up in the Rowlett community and attended the old Rowlett Baptist Church.

In 1863, Witt enlisted in the Confederate army in the company of Captain J.W. Throckmorton, another Rattan son-in-law. He served in Stone's Regiment in Magruder's command in Louisiana and Arkansas.

Laura Ann, their eldest child, married F.M. "Frank" Marshall, two of their older grandchildren, lived in Allen with their young sisters, Frankie, Bessie and Marian. Later, Dow Marshall was the Interurban agent, then was a grocery merchant in Allen for many years. Other children of Hogan and Louisa Witt were Lucy, who married J.R. Hawkins, and John W. Witt, who married Rachel Shirley and lived on the homestead and cared for his father in later years. William Eli married Laura Leach; Orlena married H.T. Roberts; and Mary Jane married W.W. Roberts. These three families settled in Cooke County. In the fall of 1903, the editor of the *Star-Courier* visited Mr. Witt at his home. The aged man did not hear the knocks on the door, so the editor, a longtime acquaintance, entered and stood by the side of the old man, who was intently reading a newspaper. "Quiet reigned for a moment. The bent form of Uncle Hogan, with an old black hat on his head and a red bandana visible through the openings of the crown, the aged form bent with years, the waving locks of gold and gray, the simple surrounding of the old homestead, walls lined with quaint pictures and relics of pioneer days, presented a scene enticing to

this artist's eye... He greeted us with a hospitable 'howdy' and a smile. The newspaper he was reading was the *Carrollton Gazette*, from the hometown in Illinois he had left 60 years before.

McMillan-Maxell Group left mark on area probably 1990s

The McMillan–Maxwell family was another large family group that contributed to our early history and left many descendants and family connections among us. Other families in this group included the Strains, Marshalls and McCrearys. G.W. Ford named the group as neighbors, although it is difficult to picture the nearness of the early neighbors with the present clutter of houses including Southfork between their land in Allen and Murphy. However at that time, Ford could probably see the chimney smoke of the McMillen-Maxwell settlement on Maxwell Creek across the prairie from the high rise above his home. It is entirely possible that Ford had known these families in Arkansas, because like the McGarrah-Ford group, they also came from Washington County, Ark., near Fayetteville.

The patriarch of the clan was 73-year-old James Maxwell. He and his wife, Hannah, had been born in the Carolinas and had lived in Tennessee before pioneering at least twice in Arkansas, Comfort Allen McMillen, the husband of the Maxwell's daughter, Lydia, was a son of Lewis and Charlotte Joy McMillen. The McMillens were living in Illinois on the line between Jackson and Perry counties (near Pinckneyville) as early as 1818, when Allen was born. In 1834, they moved to Washington County, Ark.

In the fall of 1845, the first of the family to migrate here traveled through Indian Territory along the Texas Road in ox-drawn wagons. We do not know what stock the Maxwells, who were cattle raisers, brought, but Allen McMillen was one of the few to trail sheep to Texas. According to *Plano, Texas, the Early Years*, Comfort Allen McMillen was so well known for his fine sheep that the whole area depended on him for breeding stock. Then on Jan. 1, 1845, McMillen camped and corralled his stock in what is now Murphy on land he headrighted from the Republic of Texas. South of his land were the headrights of his brothers-in-law, James W. and Henry Maxwell.

Bev Zavitz in *Living in Murphy, Texas*, wrote: "The Maxwells were typical Scotch-Irish pioneers, Presbyterians and Democrats. They were devoted to family, but unrelenting in their disapproval of religious transgression. They were generous to their neighbors and responsible when participation in official duties assigned by the court. The first generation men, C.A. McMillen, Henry Maxwell and J.W. Maxwell never ran for office. They left no written words except those on county or state documents."

In the mid-1850s, Henry bought a strip of his brother's land and platted the town of Decatur (along FM 544, between Maxwell Creek and Murphy Road). A town must have a reason for being, a basis for existence, a crossroads, a service, a railroad. Decatur had none of these, but we do not know what Maxwell dreamed for his town, what rumors of coming stage lines or railroads he had heard. A number of lots were sold or given away on streets named Galveston, Houston, Texas, Mulberry, Chestnut and Locust. A merchant in the village of Dallas, H.H. Hall sold his lot facing the town. His business carried merchandise valued at several thousand dollars. John W. Parker had a general store. A doctor minister and blacksmith moved to the town. Decatur was to have a short existence, although some buildings remained into this century. Before 1860, Hall had moved back to Dallas (Hall Street). Even Henry Maxwell moved away to Parker

County along with his sisters' and daughters' families, the Marshals, Strains, McCrearys and Joyces. Another local cattleman, Oliver Loving (of the Goodnight-Loving trail) had moved west a few years before. The Maxwells, who by this time had a large amount of cattle, moved their herds to land along the Brazos, southwest of Weatherford. On Feb. 21, 1865, while hunting and rounding up stock, Henry Maxwell and his son-in-law, J.J. Joyce, were attacked by a band of Indians. Although Joyce escaped and brought help, they found Maxwell scalped and mortally wounded with an arrow in his back.

In 1887, the St. Louis, Arkansas and Texas Railroad curved north of Decatur, and a depot was built adjacent to land owned by J.T. Murphy, who built a gin and store. This new town center, named Murphy, superseded the old town on Maxwell's Creek.

Although most of the Maxwell clan moved to Parker and Coryell counties, the McMillens became more firmly established in Collin County. In 1854-55, Allen McMillen returned to Arkansas to bring his mother, Charlotte, and his widowed sister, Mary Moulden, and her family to Texas. The ladies' occupations on the census records were knitter and weaver. Also, in Texas was his brother, Hugh McMillen and sister, Perminde Collins. At the time of his death in 1913, he was over 90 years old. "Aunt Mentie" Perminde Collins, who also lived at the homeplace in Allen with nephew, T.G. McMillen, was aged 93 when she died two days after Lewis. Comfort Allen was 95 when he died the next year at Murphy. (This must be a record for longevity among pioneer families.)

The children of Lewis McMillen and his first wife, Almeda Parsons, were Allen, Benjamin F., Lewis W., Thomas F., Eliza J. Loveless and Ethalinda Johnston and one other. Their mother died in 1884, and Lewis later married the former Mrs. Mollie Flowers. They had one daughter, Beulah.

The McMillen homeplace was near the crossroad of the old stagecoach road, now Jupiter and an east-west road known as the Lebanon-Highpoint road. The family apparently provided board and lodging to travelers, as did others in that locality. Each census shows other people besides their family members recorded with their household, from teamsters to school teachers. Ford told a story from the Civil War days of Missouri guerillas led by Quantrell stopping at the home of Lewis McMillen and ordering dinner. There were usually 50 or more men in the group; however, the feared guerillas were fed. Half the men ate heartily, while the other half stood guard, and then they changed. Ford said the gang's presence in the community cost him seven head of sheep, which he furnished "cheerfully." At the McMillen house, although the demands of the guerillas were met, it was probably less than cheerfully.

Coffey descendents still living among us today 1989-90s

The book is about the size of a Sears-Roebuck catalog. Its pages, 8 1/2 x 11 letter sized sheets, are stacked almost two inches thick. The book is titled, *The Descendents of Salathiel Coffey*. In a neighborhood where the older men were given the title of Uncle, "Sales" Coffey would have been Grandpa to the whole community. The book, revised in 1978, would be much thicker in today's version. More than any other pioneer family, there are descendents of Salathiel and Mary Ann Coffey still living among us.

The Coffeys are from an ancient Irish family, descendents of royalty, according to a history researched by Mrs. Lena Wolford Compton. The name was spelled O’Cobhthaigh before it was anglicized to O’Coffey and Coffey.

The first American Coffey was John Coffey. This John married Jane Graves in Surry County, Virginia. Two of their children married children of Alexander Cleveland of Bull Run, a cousin of Oliver Cromwell.

Rev. James Coffey, who married Elizabeth Cleveland, lived in Albemarle County, Virginia. He was a Baptist minister and became a missionary about 1757. About 1759, he moved his family to Wilkes County, North Carolina, where he is said to have been the founder of the old Mulberry Fields Baptist Church, located at the present site of Wilkesboro, North Carolina.

His sons and grandsons served in the North Carolina Militia during the Revolutionary War. After the war, the Coffeys who had become numerous in North Carolina, began to move westward. Eli Coffey married his cousin, Mary “Polly” Coffey, and moved to Kentucky. Eli was a boot and shoe maker by trade in his early life, but after moving to Kentucky turned his attention to farming and distilling. Mary and Eli had 12 children- the fifth, born April 20, 1812, was Salathiel Coffey.

He was raised on his father’s farm and in his distillery, according to an old biography written in the 1880s. On August 20, 1835, Salathiel married Nancy Dunbar. They had nine children before Mrs. Coffey’s death in November, 1853. The following May, 1854, Coffey married Mrs. Mary Ann (McFarlan) Ballew, a widow with six children of her own.

The next year, 1855, Salathiel and Mary Ann and their blended families left Russell County, Kentucky in a caravan of one ox-teamed wagon, three-horse drawn wagons, and a buggy. The trip required six weeks.

The Coffeys had been preceded to Texas by family connections, the Yantis family, who settled near Cottonwood Creek south of present Allen. (Enoch Yantis’ wife was Eleanor Wolford, a sister of Jacob Wolford who had married Elizabeth Coffey, Salathiel’s sister.) Later, the Yantis family lived on the stagecoach road (Jupiter) and had a stage stop at their home near the corner of present Jupiter and Bethany.

In November, 1855, Coffey bought 216 acres from John A. Taylor. This was high prairieland; located now south of Main Street, and included the Greengate developments, Story Elementary School, and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Later, he acquitted 216 acres in the Burns survey, south of the first land, and other pieces of property. The biographical sketch says, “He is an extensive farmer and large land-owner although he came to Texas poor and has dug what he has out of the ground.”

In addition to the children of their previous marriages, Salathiel and Mary Ann had three more children. They also reared several orphans and are said to have assisted his nephew, W.F. Wolford, who practiced medicine in Allen for many years.

There is no later mention of his children, Willis and Jesse Coffey, so we suppose that they died young. Of the other seven children of Coffey’s first marriage, Letitia married T.J. Reagan, then Mat Watson. Mary A. “Polly Ann” married John M. McKinney; William S. married Sarah E. Lucas; Harriet married R.B. Whisenant; Milton married Amanda Lewis; Zachary T. married Mary E. Snider; and Nancy Jane married Joseph Liggett.

The three children of his second family were Margaret, who married John C. Kerby; Joseph Catherine "Josie" married George D. Kerby; and Sterling P., who married Ida E. Rountree.

The Ballew children were Sidney Sarah Ellen, who married John Horton; Malissa; Cansada married John W. Whisenant; Octavia married G.W. Bigler. John Houston Ballew married Sarah Serlida Spurgin; their daughter, Minna Grey, who lived in Elgin, Texas, is 103 years old. Several other descendents of John H. Ballew still live in Allen.

Salathiel Coffey was active in establishing the Missionary Baptist Churches in this locality and served as a Commissioner of Collin County. A son served as sheriff, as did several grandsons. In 1975, according to Mrs. Bill Dungan of McKinney. "From the 10 Coffey children were descended over 1,100 direct descendents, many of whom were prominent in affairs in the church, business, and political life in Collin County and the State of Texas. What would be the number today?"

201-year-old document leads back to first Virginia settlers

11-6-92

The Bill of Rights is a far-fetched subject for a local history column, yet the making of this 201-year-old document was of great personal concern to many ancestors of our local families. As the relationships of the tightly knit local families are untangled, the threads lead to the back blocks of Virginia.

The first settlers in present Orange County, Va., were a colony of 12 German families that arrived in 1714, 42 persons from the old principality of Nassau-Siegen. They left their homes in Germany to work iron mines and a furnace for Virginia's Gov. Spotswood. They settled at Germanna and organized the first congregation of the German Reformed Church in America.

The second colony of 20 German families, mostly Lutherans, arrived in Virginia in 1717, and a third colony, also Lutherans, settled at Germanna in 1719. Descendents of the Germanna families eventually came into this area of Texas. Many of their names, Huffman, Yeager, Snyder, Carpenter (Zimmerman), etc., are familiar to us.

At first, there was tolerance for other denominations and sects in the back country, mainly because these groups provided a buffer between the Indians and the tide-water plantations.

However, the clergy of the established church became alarmed by the flood of dissenters-Scot-Irish Presbyterians, Quakers, Baptists and other sects that had poured into the upper reaches of the Rappahannock by the middle of the 19th century- and the mainstream settlers had, by 1760, began persecution of the dissenters.

There were hundreds of arrests and imprisonments of the ministers of the groups who refused to obey the regulations for licensing of religious bodies or to pay for support of the established church. Some were imprisoned for petty offenses such as "strolling," walking without a set destination or any immediate gainful activity.

When Preacher Moore was arrested for preaching and strolling, Patrick Henry stormed into the courthouse, and is quoted as saying, "Great God, gentlemen, a man in prison for preaching the gospel of the son of God!" Henry won Moore's release. The plight of the dissenter neighbors drew the attention of others who had begun to speak out against other chaffs of British Rule; Mason, Randolph, Jefferson, Lee and Madison.

James Madison, while a student for the ministry at Princeton, strongly disapproved of the persecutions for religious beliefs in his neighborhood in Virginia. He wrote an impassioned letter to a friend: "I have squabbled and scolded, abused and ridiculed so long about it to little purpose that I am without common patience. So I must beg you to pity me, and pray for liberty of conscience for all."

Virginia, while declaring the Commonwealth's independence from England, adopted a Declaration of Rights in June, 1776. Sons of the dissenter families in Virginia's back counties jumped into the fight for independence.

A Virginia Baptist, Richard Gentry, grandfather of William M. and Oliver E. Bush, two of our early settlers, was proud of the fact that he had been a soldier of the American Revolution. He religiously celebrated the 4th of July. While he waved the flag as a formal part of the annual ceremony, two of his slaves played the fife and drum. He was one of the guards who marched the British prisoners off after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown and would tell how his heart swelled with pride as the ragged, barefooted Colonial troops marched off the splendidly uniformed British regulars.

After the war, Madison and others completed the Constitution for our new federal government. It was just a framework, the nuts and bolts, for a government. Virginians, fearful of the power of a federal government, balked at ratifying the Constitution. The Baptists and others of the dissenters asked, "What are the guarantees?" Madison met with his neighbors and listened to their concerns. He agreed that if they elected him to the First Congress, he would propose amendments that included a bill of rights. Although they were concerned for other rights, Preacher John Leland of Orange County insisted that freedom of religion should lead the rest.

Madison kept his pledge. The first amendment begins: "Congress must not interfere with freedom of religion..."

Christies followed migration route to Collin County 3-15-92

The name Christie has been well-known in this county for several generations. We usually sort the families as the Frisco Christies, or the Plano Christies, or Prosper, Allen, etc. However, the family first settled in Collin on land now in Fairview.

According to family historians, the first Christie in America was James Christie who landed in New Jersey when the ship, Caledonia, destined for New York, was stranded by a storm off the New Jersey coast in 1698. The family was well established in New Jersey before the Revolutionary War.

Christies were among those who followed the migration route south down the seaboard. There is an indication that the family was in South Carolina before moving to Randolph County, Alabama.

Sampson Christie Sr. brought his family to Texas from Alabama before the Civil War, settling first near Henderson, Rusk County. After the Civil War, the Christies were among several families who left Rusk County to move to this part of Collin County.

Sampson Christie settled on land now in Fairview, bought from the heirs of Joseph Dixon. The land extended from south of Sloans Creek, north along State Highway 5 to FM 1378 and the old Frisco Road, then west to near U.S. Highway 75. Sampson died about July 11, 1867.

He had three older sons: John, who settled in Oklahoma; William Franklin of McLennan County, Texas; and Simeon, who lived in the Rowlett Community. Living at

home with their Aunt Elizabeth Curry, Sampson's sister, were Joseph, Julia, Sarah A., Nancy E., Sampson Jr., Martha, Susan and Clayborne Malone Christie.

The History of Frisco 1902-1976 details the history of the family of Sampson Christie Jr. and his wife, Ida Zeliffe, daughter of David P. and Deliza Zeliffe. Their children were Warren, Sampson III "Sam," David P. Christie and Elizabeth McDavid.

Sam Christie married Ethel Waters, daughter of William Newton Waters and Henrietta Stevenson Waters of Allen. Waters was in the hardware and farm equipment business in Allen for many years. The Sam Christies farmed near Lebanon.

Clayborne Malone "Lone" Christie was a minor when his father Sampson Sr. died in 1867. Later, he acquired land from his brother Simeon that was located on McDermott, west of Custer.

On Oct. 8, 1871, C.M. "Lone" Christie married Arta Bell Clisbie, daughter of Levi and Elizabeth Clisbie, who had moved here from Illinois. In 1877, he bought land in the Jesse Gough survey, south of old Rowlett Church, that was considered their homestead.

In 1897, Lone Christie bought business property across from the railroad depot in Allen and became a dry goods merchant. He also bought residential lots south of the business. In 1900, Christie and his wife Arta Bell and their children were living in Allen. Their known children were Elizabeth Elkin, Foster, F., Arta Bell Peters, Hatie Giddings, William F., Jessie M., Bettie Cook, Charles M. and Olen C. Christie, a veteran of World War I. Christie Elementary School in Plano was named for their son, Charles M. Christie, a long-time Plano businessman.

C.M. "Lone" Christie, 1850-1921, was a member of First Christian Church of Allen and was a founder and trustee of the Rowlett Creek Cemetery Association. During his lifetime, Christie engaged in numerous commercial pursuits as well as his farming interests.

An active leader in Collin County politics, he was elected as county commissioner for this district and served a four year term. In his last years, he promoted the construction of Exall Highway through south Collin County. He frequently contributed to newspaper columns in the county and was an enthusiastic booster for the town of Allen.

Land for boys brought Snider family to Texas 10-7-90

"A post in a mound" was the starting landmark for William Snider's headright survey. The near-featureless prairie was an expanse of tall grass. Located on the high rise of ground on the east side of Allen, this stake in the prairies would today be in the center of FM 2170 or Main Street; the west corner at Malone Road, reaching south to Bethany, and east one mile.

FM 2251, the road to Parker, splits the section down the center. On the north, a spring heads White Rock Creek and runs northeast to East Fork. The west side drains toward Cottonwood and Rowlett Creeks. On the south, where the elevation is 650 feet above sea level, are the headwaters of Maxwell and Muddy Creeks.

Today, the view is spectacular at night overlooking Dallas and the other towns in the bowl of the Trinity, yet when the Sniders came here in the 1840s, the great expanse of prairies stretching away into the distance under the Texas sky, would have been a wondrous sight.

Like the other settlers from Illinois, Snider would have known the richness of high prairie land. Land for the boys brought the family to Texas. Two sons were grown and received their own half-sections.

James M. received land east of his father's, reaching to FM 1378. John Snider's land was southwest of his father's, south of Bethany, now the Bolin and Bedell farms.

Younger children were Elizabeth, Eliza Jane, Aaron, Catharine, William T., Ellen, Emily, Amanda, Martha Melvinia, Missouri Ann, and Alvin Lorenza.

William Snider was of German ancestry. He descended from John Snider, who served in a German regiment in Virginia's 8th Army, in the American Revolution. William was born in Kentucky on March 22, 1806. In 1825, he married Mary Sandusky Maxwell.

Their eldest children were born in Kentucky before they migrated to Greene County, Illinois, about 1835. They lived a mile or so from the Macoupin River.

They would have been about the same distance from the Witts, Baccus and other Illinoisans that settled west of Allen in the Rowlett community, as they were in the old state. However, the Sniders were not far from the other families that came from along the Macoupin in Greene and Jersey Counties, the Donaldsons, Herrings, Hearn, Becks, Fosters, and Salmons, that settled in the Murphy community.

William Snider was a wagon maker by trade who had the inventive skills needed on the frontier. When the settlers found a market in the plains states for the seeds of Texas native bois d'arc, they first shipped wagon loads of "horse apples" north. Snider developed a mill that ground the apples into pulp. The pulp was then put into barrels of water, where after a few days, the pulp floated and the heavier seeds settled to the bottom. This reduced the bulk, making the enterprise more profitable.

There is some confusion about the location of early grist or corn mills. In a 1903, interview, G.W. Ford, in talking about the pioneer days of the 1840s, told of meeting "the quaint old Dutchman" William Sachse, who first settled in what is now Murphy and later moved south a few miles and established the town of Sachse. Ford said that he first met William Sachse at a grist mill built by Bill Snider, "near where the Widow Strain now lives (1903)." (This early mill was perhaps between Allen and Parker, but we would like to know where Widow Strain lived.)

In 1854, William Snider bought 320 acres about four miles further east. This became the old Snider homeplace that is remembered by his numerous descendants. One descendant, Marion Snider, still owns part of the homeplace. A lake, known as Snider Lake and now under Lake Lavon, was the site of a grist mill and saw mill.

In 1857, Snider began a tradition by giving land, in this case part of his headright, to his younger sons, Aaron and William T., for a token \$5. As the girls married, they also received land. I am told the tradition continued to later generations until there was a family community on Snider Road in what is now Lucas.

The first generation of 13 Snider children married into the other pioneer families of Fitzhugh, McKinney, Bradley, Scott, Sparlin, and Bellew; the next generation connected the Coffeys, Spurgins, Faulkners, Wetsels, Armstrongs, and most other families in the old communities east of Allen.

Two of their grandsons ministered to the churches- Albert H. Snider, a Christian preacher, and his brother Joseph Ben Snider, a Baptist. The families established schools and churches in the old communities known as Orchard Gap, Forest Grove, Winningkoff,

Willow Springs, Lick Springs, Fitzhugh Mills, and Faulkner's Prairie, now a part of Allen, Lucas, and Fairview.

Marion Snider – our own celebrity

8-23-87

“Give the world a smile”

Grim machinists ate their lunches around the deli-like store, across the street from Continental Gin Company. They did not make cotton gins, but parts for war machines. Most were older men with sons scattered around the world on battle fields. Silently, they listened to the war news that blared from a radio. Then, the news was over, and a bass voice said, “Give the world a smile each day...” They received their daily hope; their faith was renewed; they began to smile. It was time for the Stamps Quartet.

Marion Snider, his cousin, Evelyn Shipman, and I sat on his porch and looked out at fields that for 133 years had belonged to Sniders, and talked about his ancestors. He told us about his pianist mother, Delta Kerby Snider, that shared her piano bench with her five-year-old son, and of his father, Charles Marion Snider, a hard-working farmer that near the end of his 101 years had the time to write his poetic thoughts. And, we listened spellbound as Snider told of his early days in radio.

Marion Snider is our homegrown celebrity. As a cousin says, “He is kin to half the county, and the other half wishes they were.” Through radio, personal appearances, and pictures printed in song books, by 1940 he was recognized wherever he went in the United States as the pianist for the Stamps Quartet.

Anybody living in Texas in the Thirties, who listened to radio will remember the Stamps Quartet theme song, “Give the World a Smile Each Day,” and American Beauty Flour – “The four that blooms in your oven.” Snider recalled the crowds that flocked to the studio at the Texas Centennial in 1936 to see their favorite radio personalities perform. They wanted to see the faces of those whose music they enjoyed.

During that year, Virgil Stamps, leader of the group and president of the Stamps-Baxter Music Company, asked their listeners to send the titles of their favorite songs, and if they wanted a copy of the song book that would be printed from these selections to send a dollar. Not realizing their popularity, Stamps hope for twelve to fifteen hundred sales to pay for some second-hand printing equipment. They were deluged with five thousand one dollar bills in a couple of weeks. About the same time, they began broadcasting a recorded program that was heard world-wide from a powerful station across the border from Del Rio, Texas, three times each night. Sales of the book, *Favorite Radio Songs*, went into hundreds of thousands – all with a picture of the quartet and their pianist inside. When Snider went to Hollywood in 1940 to see the stars, he found himself signing autographs!

An annual singing school was held by the music company where singers went to learn to sing shaped note music, and hopeful musicians went to learn to play like Marion Snider. (I never attended one of the schools, but as a young pianist, I tried to imitate the Snider style, without any of the needed skill.)

In 1940, 7,500 people attended the all-night session that closed the singing school, and CBS broadcast the program for eight continuous hours. I told Snider that I slept through my only attendance at an all-night singing. He said that if I had been awake, I would have seen him sleeping under the piano.

Their daily noontime broadcast, other radio programs, appearances in concerts and at singing conventions made the quartet seem a part of everyone's family. When Virgil Stamps died, many mourned as if a family member had died.

These early years in radio were an exciting time for a Collin County farm boy. Snider says that he could write a book about his experiences with the quartet and with other celebrities. We wish that he would! His long career in gospel music extends into television. He had a long association with the Dudley M. Hughes Quartet. Now, although still a busy man, he prefers to spend much of his time at the family farm caring for his horses.

When I told him of my memory of having lunch with my father during World War II, he told of his similar emotional experience. He was a chaplain's assistant in the Navy. As he waited for orders to be shipped but to some unknown destination, he lay on his bunk, homesick for family and friends. A radio played in the barracks. "And then I heard Frank Stamps' bass voice cut down on "Give the World a Smile..."

Seasoned pioneers from Illinois leave mark here 12-2-89

They came to the new Eldorado before the Year of the Deep Snow. They were mostly Carolinians, some Virginians; most were Baptists. The older men had served in the Revolutionary War. Others had been Tennessee volunteers during the War of 1812, while a few, already in Illinois, had been in that territory's militia. Later, they would muster for the Black Hawk Wars. Even later, as Texans, they would meet their Illinois cousins in Civil War battles. They were a tough breed of people who were accustomed to fighting for everything they had, whether against the British, Indians, harsh weather or primitive living conditions.

The new Eldorado of that time, the early 1800s, extended from St. Louis to Chicago, up the valley of the Illinois River. Families who would later be important to the history of this part of North Texas were among the first to settle on the Macoupin, a branch of the Illinois, and on Apple Creek and the Rubicon. They were part of the 4,600 families living in Illinois in 1818 at the time of statehood. When Greene County, Ill., was formed, it was named in honor of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, hero of the Southern Campaign of the Revolutionary War, with whom the older men had served at the battle of Guilford Courthouse, and a kinsman to a local family.

These independent frontiers people gave their greatest loyalty to their extended family above any social or political considerations. Together, they scouted the land, consulted with kinfolk and moved in large groups. This would be the pattern when, once again, they pulled up stakes and moved to the Republic of Texas. As seasoned pioneers, they knew that their families were their social security and protection. The men were brothers, brothers-in-law, uncles and cousins. Often, an older man took the leadership of the party. They settled as neighbors in Greene County, Ill., where their younger members inter-married with other large family groups that had similar backgrounds. In one generation there was a confusing tangle of relationships that they brought to Texas and compounded.

Over a period of about five years, as many as 50 families, of more than 20 surnames, came to this area of Texas from Greene County and adjacent Jersey County, Ill. Some of the names are familiar in Allen- Spradley, Baccus, Witt, Gough, Melton, Snider. Other names, not so familiar, were the maiden names of the women, whose

families settled nearby. They took up the high prairie land because they knew its worth. Most settled on the west side of Allen, up to the headwaters of Rowlett Creek and over the divide to White Rock Creek. They spilled over into Denton County, to Dallas County settlements above the Elm Fork of the Trinity, even as far as Bird's Fort in Tarrant County. Some of the families were scattered beyond the usual boundaries of this column, but because of the interconnections with our families, it is necessary to have the whole story. For the same reason, we will go back to their settlement in Illinois, for it was there that they learned to establish settlements, form governments, start churches and schools, although most had some prior experience, in other states.

By the time they arrived in Texas, they knew that prairies were fertile, but when they first saw the prairies of Illinois, they relied on their experience of more mountainous areas-land that would not grow trees would not grow crops. The first settlers in Greene County kept to the timbered areas. The first settlement was at Kinkaid's Point, a finger of woodland that jutted out onto the prairie, that was visible for many miles. This became a familiar landmark in the county. First was Andrews Kinkaid, followed by his sons, William and James. James commanded a militia company and was known by his clothes, a blue hunting shirt fringed with red and encircled by a belt, from which a sword was suspended, and a tall hat with a feather.

A short time later, John "Fighting Jack" Finley built a horse mill near the later site of the town of Greenfield. In 1826, settlement on the east side of the county began in a region known as String Prairie, near a small stream, the Rubicon. Isaac and Alfred Wood, David Miller, and William and Thomas Finley lived there. James and John Cannedy and Joel and Herod Grizzle arrived from Tennessee in 1829. By this time the county was filling up, but the next year was the distinctive year that divided the early settlers from the late-comers. It was the Year of the Deep Snow.

In November 1830, snow commenced and fell almost continuously until January 1831. Driven by wind, it soon accumulated to a depth of 7 to 12 feet, and fields were covered 5 or 6 feet deep. The settlers had had mild winters during their first years in Illinois. They had built their houses in the southern fashion. Corn was still in the field when snow began. Farmers were compelled to dig down beneath several feet of snow to find corn for their families and cattle. Unable to go to the mill, they crushed corn in wooden mortars. There was a lack of suitable clothing. The snow covered the ground from November through February. The next year was also severe; a frost on Sept. 12 killed the immature corn. According to tradition that was when southern Illinois received the name of "Egypt," because the people of the northern counties had to go into the south part of the state for corn.

After the first hard years, many of the families prospered. Towns were built. Businesses were established. But a new crop of children reached maturity. There was the old problem that continued to push the frontier- land for the boys. In the 1840s, tales were circulating about free land in the Republic of Texas. Scouts came into North Texas and took back samples of rich black soil. An exodus from Green County, Ill., began.

Rattan, Illinois pioneer, helps settle area probably 1990s

The backcountry militia of the Carolinas was a surprise during the Revolutionary War. Questioning their loyalty and expecting them, in battle, to turn tail and run, Gen. Daniel Morgan placed the local militia on the front line of battle at Cowpens. However,

each frontiersman, with the precision that could take a squirrel from a tree, took careful aim between a set of epaulets on a British uniform. This first volley of the battle caused great damage to the British line. Then the local men, instead of fleeing the battle as expected, reloaded, regrouped and fell in behind. They were in at the finish. The two decisive American victories of the Southern Campaign of the Revolutionary War, King's Mountain and Cowpens, were largely won through the effort of these backwoodsmen. Not only did they protect the settlements from Indian attack and harry the British with guerrilla fighter Francis Marion, the Swamp Fox, they showed that they could distinguish themselves in formal warfare.

Many of our earliest settlers and the farmers that came later were descendants of these backcountry militia men. (Francis Marion was once a common name for boys in this area.) By the time of the Revolution, these frontier families were accustomed to being on the front line. In the Carolinas, they were a buffer between the Indians west of the mountains and the eastern plantations. They were among the first to move over the mountains and push on westward.

One such family was the Rattans. John Ratton (Rottan, Rotan) born in 1747, lived in Tryon County and served in Capt. Robert Porter's company of North Carolina troops. He and his wife, Mary Greene Ratton, left North Carolina with their family before 1800. They were among the earliest settlers in Madison County, Ill.

Their son, Thomas Rattan, born in 1789 grew up on Rattan's prairie in Madison County, across the Mississippi from St. Louis. He had a ferry at Carlisle before he made a settlement in what was to be Greene County, Ill., in 1819. Thomas Rattan was one of the commissioners appointed by the General Assembly to choose a county seat for Green County. They named the town Carrollton. (Much later, another town would be named Carrollton in Texas by settlers from Greene County.) Soon after the county seat was begun in Greene County, Thomas Rattan moved to Carrollton and kept the first hotel there. A temporary courthouse was built in 1824, but in 1830, Rattan contracted to build a two-story stone structure, 44 feet by 46 feet, for \$7,000 that was considered at the time to be the finest courthouse in Illinois.

History of Green County, Illinois, printed in 1879, says: "Thomas Rattan, the builder of the courthouse, was one of the most active, energetic men of business ever in the county. He was constantly active and pushing forward some enterprise. He is believed to have contributed more to the material improvement of the county than any of his contemporaries." Rattan is described as "short and heavy, a thorough man of business." He built a bridge across Macoupin Creek, built several mills, constructed a "fine brick dwelling" for his family, kept a tavern, and served as a representative and state senator before turning his ambitions toward a new land- the Republic of Texas.

Rattan married Gilliam Hill in 1807. By 1840, their 14 children were mostly grown: the boys needed land. Although Thomas selected his headright in north Collin County near present-day Anna, his daughter Louisa and her husband, Hogan Witt, lived in the old Rowlett community on the west side of Allen, and Mary Rattan married William Fitzhugh, who settled at Forest Grove and owned Fitzhugh Mills. Sons-in-law Hugh Jackson, John Kencaid, and A.J. Witt were also from Illinois. Other daughters married into well known county families; Ann married Dr. James W. Throckmorton, later Confederate general and governor of the state of Texas.

It is said that Thomas Rattan first came to Texas in 1840. This was indeed early for the region they called “the Trinity.” His sons, John and Littleton Rattan were in the Battle of Village Creek early in 1841. At that time, Indians made settlement in this area very risky. Yet the settlers persisted and on the front line, like their grandfather before them, were the Rattans.

In the fall of 1841, Wade Hampton Rattan and his family, with a few other families and several single men, moved to Bird’s Fort, north of the west Fork of the Trinity (Birdville), in Tarrant County. The fort had been built earlier in the year by Rangers, then left unoccupied. Late in November, a wagon was sent to the Red River for supplies. When it did not return after weeks, Alex W. Webb, Solomon Silkwood and Hamp Rattan set out to find it. On the east side of Elm Fork of the Trinity, about 1 ½ miles from present-day Carrollton, Texas, they found a bee tree. On Christmas Day, while they were cutting down the large ash tree to get the honey, a party of Indians attacked. Rattan was killed. Webb and Silkwood escaped. It was intensely cold with 6 inches of snow on the ground. Silkwood died from exposure soon after they reached the fort.

Another man set out to find the supply wagon. He found it, and on Dec. 30, five days after Hamp Rattan was killed, the wagon reached the place and found his body, still guarded by his faithful dog. He was buried at the fort in a coffin made from an old wagon bed. Settlers would continue to come from Illinois, largely through the efforts of Thomas Rattan. During the next decade, the short, stocky gentleman made nine trips between Illinois and Texas on horseback.

Huffmans brought aristocracy to Texas

4-5-92

This is the second in a series about the local families that were the heritage of one Texan -President Lyndon Baines Johnson.

John Smith Huffman Jr. was born in Bourbon County, Ky., on May 7, 1824. Old Bourbon County’s society is said to have mirrored that of aristocratic Virginia. Wealth, education and tradition marked the dominant families, yet they promoted humanitarian causes, education and religion.

Politically, they were Whig and followed Kentucky’s great leader, Henry Clay. Young men who had the opportunity for higher education at that time studied law, medicine or theology. John Smith Huffman chose medicine.

Huffman enrolled in the University of Louisville’s Medical School in 1841.

In 1847, he came to Texas and registered as a physician, the first doctor in southwest Collin County. His 340 acre Peter’s Colony headright was located at the southeast corner of McDermott and Custer. The next year, he married Mary Elizabeth Perrin, daughter of William and Dycie Perrin.

The Huffman family descends from John Peter Hoffman, who came from Germany and settled in Maryland before his son, John Hoffman was born in 1728. John II, who settled first in Culpepper County, Virginia, served in the American Revolution. His son, John Hoffman III is said to have been born in Bourbon County, Ky., in 1766.

The next generation, John Smith Huffman Sr., was a successful farmer in Bourbon County, where he had been born in 1794. In 1851, he came to Texas to join his son, Dr. John Smith Huffman Jr., and his twin daughters, who had married Alfred and Silas Harrington. Huffman Sr. bought large blocks of land on the west side of the county

near Preston Road. Another son, Phillip Ament Huffman, became the first postmaster of the town of Lebanon.

Huffman Sr. was the first to bring the Sir Archie strain of horses, the Kentucky thoroughbred, to Texas. Also, he was the first to successfully breed shorthorn cattle in this state. John Sr. was a well-built man, strong and very energetic. He rode his horse until his death at age 85. He was keenly interested in state and national affairs and was well-known for his charity. He was also one of this area's largest slaveholders.

Dr. Huffman and his wife, Mary Elizabeth, had nine daughters and one son. Before the Civil War, they prospered, had a herd of cattle and nearly 100 blooded Kentucky mares. They did not have slaves.

The Civil War brought great changes to the family. The 39-year-old doctor enlisted in Capt. Edward Chamber's Company D, 15th Battalion, Texas State Troops in July of 1863. His letters to his family showed the strain and suffering he felt as a surgeon ministering to the wounded soldiers.

His daughter later wrote: "He felt great sympathy for all human suffering and acute personal pain when unable to alleviate it.... He returned home at the close of the war completely broken in health with his nerves shattered. He died from the effects of the war, June 22, 1865 at his home near Rowlett."

His widow was 39-years-old at that time with 10 children ranging in age from 2 to 16. She carried on the farm and raised her children in what is described as striated circumstances. She sent the children to school at Rowlett.

During her last years, Mrs. Huffman lived with her youngest daughter, Mrs. Charles M. (Lula) Largent, at Merkel, Texas. Her granddaughter and family historian, Rebekah Baines Johnson, described her as "an omnivorous reader and a good conversationalist."

Mary Elizabeth Perrin Huffman died July 12, 1916, at age 90. She was remembered as "a woman of strong will, great determination and unbounded energy."

Physician settled near Rowlett in 1847

9-20-87

John Smith Huffman Jr. was born in Bourbon County, Ky., May 7, 1824. Old Bourbon County's society mirrored that of aristocratic Virginia. Wealth, education and tradition marked the dominant families, yet they promoted humanitarian causes, education and religion. Politically they were Whig and followed Kentucky's great leader, Henry Clay. Young men who had the opportunity for higher education at that time studied law, medicine or theology. Huffman chose medicine and enrolled in the University of Louisville's Medical School in 1841.

In 1847, he came to Collin County and registered as a physician. His 340-acre Peter's Colony headright was located at the southeast corner of McDermott and Custer. The next year he married Mary Elizabeth Perrin, daughter of William and Dycea Perrin. They made their home on his farm near the Rowlett community.

Huffman's father, John Smith Huffman Sr., who had been born in Bourbon County, Ky., in 1794, was a successful farmer in Kentucky. In 1851, he joined his son in Texas and bought large blocks of land on the west side of the county near Preston Road. He was the first to bring the Sir Archie strain of horses, the Kentucky thoroughbred, to Texas. He was also the first to successfully breed shorthorn cattle in this state. John Sr. was well-built, strong and very energetic. He rode his horse until his death at 85. He was

keenly interested in state and national affairs and was well-known for his charity. He was also one of the largest slaveholders in this area.

Dr. John S. Huffman and his wife, Mary Elizabeth, had nine daughters and one son. They prospered and had a herd of cattle and nearly 100 blooded Kentucky mares. They did not have slaves.

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Mary Elizabeth Perrin Huffman was a 39-year-old widow with ten children, ages 2 to 16. She carried on the farm and raised her children in what was described as striated circumstances. She sent the children to school at Rowlett. She was a woman of strong will, great determination and unbounded energy.

Dugger family migrated to county from Tennessee 7-1-90

"Allen's wealth is in its people," Lavern Hart rote in February, 1971. The subject of her sketch was her neighbor, George Frank Dugger. At that time, he was nearing his ninety-second birthday. The Duggers lived in a neat white house on Lebanon Road (now McDermott, just west of the library.) The couple were a familiar sight to passers-by as they sat on their front porch on summer afternoons. My favorite remembrance is of seeing them at church services, he with a hand cupped to his hear to hear the sermon.

The Dugger family was part of the Tennessee migration to Collin County. A 1904 article about a Wetsel family reunion told that Mrs. James Wetsel, the former Sarah Jane Dugger, was born in Giles County Tennessee, and came to Collin County, Texas in 1851 with her father, Wiley Dugger, who settled four miles east of McKinney...." In another article, written in 1926, Mrs. Wetsel's half-brother, James Dugger said, "My father Wiley W. Dugger, was born Dec. 1, 1814 in Murray County, Tennessee. He came to Texas in 1852 locating at McKinney. He lived there for two years, then bought the 100 acres of land where I now live, moving on the farm in 1854." His mother was Rachel Ann Farris. A group of 6 families, including the Duggers and Farris, came to Texas with the intention of staying, "But one returned to Tennessee without unloading his wagon."

Joseph and James Dugger were taxpayers in Maury County, Tennessee in 1811. The village of Stiversville is located near the Maury-Giles county line on the Pulaski Highway, 12 miles south of Columbia, about three miles from Culleoka. William B. Turner's *History of Maury County* says about Stiversville: "A store was opened here about 1844 by J.A. Dugger and has been maintained by someone of that family most of the time since. (1955)

Wiley and Rachel Dugger were listed in Giles County in the 1850 census. (those families on the county line regularly moved back and forth from one county to the other.) I do not know how many other Dugger families there were in Maury and Giles at that

time, but Wiley was a favorite given name, probably because of a connection to a Wiley family that lived in the area.

After the Civil War, a second Wiley Dugger is in Collin County records. This is Wiley K. Dugger, the first of the Allen Duggers. He appears to have lived in the Forest Grove community, and that his first wife was Georgeanna Frances Reagan. On July 11, 1875, Wiley K. Dugger married Susan Catherine Lewis. The couple had a daughter, Mollie, and on Feb. 23, 1879, George Frank Dugger was born. That same year, Wiley K. Dugger died and is buried in the Fitzhugh Cemetery at Forest Grove. The next year, 1880, Susan Dugger and her children, Mollie and Frank, are listed in the census with her parents, S.T. and Mary Lewis, east of Allen.

Frank, an infant when his father died, knew little of his Dugger connections, only that he was related to the other Wiley Dugger family. His mother, Susan, married Simpson Moore in 1883. They had three daughters and a son. Frank called his stepfather "Pappy" Moore, and often talked about him to his sons. He prized a straight razor that Moore carried as a soldier in the Spanish-American War.

On August 24, 1904, George Frank Dugger and Viola Clifton "Cliff" Caine, a daughter of James P. and Anna Beck Caine, married at Wetsel. They had four sons, Lenioel, Clarence Ervin, Jesse Eugene, and Avery Fitzhugh. The family lived in the Wetsel community and the boys attended Wetsel school. Later, they moved west of Allen, on a Hugely farm, and the children went to Bush school. They continued to farm in that area the rest of their working life, and moved to Allen when they retired.

Uncle Frank Dugger was well known as a water witch, with many good wells in Collin and other counties to attest to his skill. In his late years, he liked to tell stories of his long and varied life, and about people he had known through the years, remembering the good that people had done.

When I talked with their son, Jesse, this week, he reminded me of Lavern Hart's article. Rereading the article brought to fresh remembrance the old couple that were wed 68 years. One of the Duggers' many descendants, grandson, Frank E. Dugger, was the mayor of Allen from 1968 to 1978. He led the town through a decade of transition as Allen, the farming town his grandfather knew for 93 years, changed into a city.

Dugger tells stories of life in pioneer community 7-8-90

When fifteen year-old Sarah Jane Dugger married James Wetsel, a young man from Illinois of Pennsylvanian German-Scot ancestry, she moved to a home on the prairie. The Wetsel family claimed Peters' Colony land from a mile north of Stacy Road, along Highway 5, to south of Cottonwood Creek. This prairie land, now in Allen, was very different from her old home in Tennessee.

Like other Tennesseans, her father, Wiley W. Dugger, found land closer to that which he was familiar. He located about four miles east of McKinney, north of Lowery Crossing on East Fork, in the old Mt. Zion community, on land he bought in 1854 from James and Mary Massie.

Seventh-five years later, in 1926, Mrs. Wetsel's half-brother, James L. Dugger, told in an interview that he still lived in the room where he was born. "The old Dugger residence was built in 1854. It consisted of one large room, sixteen by eighteen feet square, and was made of native lumber. The frame was made of post oak lumber hewed out by hand. The studding was four by six inches. The roof was covered with boards.

The boards were split out with a froe, were made by hand and were eighteen inches long and four to six inches wide. A drawing knife was used to shave down one end of the board making it taper like the shingles of today. Pecan and ash were used for the ceiling of the room and the boards were sawed out on East Fork Creek, and these boards are still serving as the ceiling for the room. The boards were put up green as nails could not be driven in them after they dried out, and became hard.”

“The house was set on limestone rocks. There was plenty of bois d’arc, but my father was from Tennessee, and he did not know that bois d’arc would not rot easily, and it would be good for a house block. They put the houses on rocks in Tennessee and my father thought rocks should be used here. The house is still on the rocks it was set upon when first built. “For the first 20 years after the house was built, a stick and dirt chimney was used. The fireplace was four feet wide and all the cooking was done on the fireplace, using the old-fashioned skillet and lid. Other rooms were added to the one original room....”

Dugger located his house on the side of a hill, surrounded by a few trees. It was built facing north so he could see the Massie homeplace. Neighbors were important to the pioneers. James Dugger recalled that no one ever thought of making a note, such was the trust between neighbors. He told of a neighbor who needed cash and went to where Massie was working in the field to ask him for help. “Grandpa Massie told him he was too busy to go to the house but said, “go to the house and look between the straw and feather beds, get my tobacco sack out and take all the money you need.””

“In the early days we had no matches, therefore we dared not let the fire die out in the fireplace. We were usually careful to keep it covered with ashes. Oftentimes, however, we would neglect rekindling our fire and it would go out, so we would go to Massie’s for fire, and they would often come to your house for fire.” (His brother, John T. Dugger, who also mentioned borrowing fire in an interview, said that care was necessary in transporting live coals, for quite a few prairie fires were started that way.)

“We were fortunate to have a spring located just west of our home,” Dugger said. “Later on a well was dug near the house. The spring was dependable, although it went dry in 1911. When we could not get water from the spring we would haul it from East Fork Creek two miles west of the home.” He recalled the drought of 1866-1867. The creek did not run for more than a year. Stock strayed and some were never found. Eight foot fence rails could be dropped in cracks, and it was dangerous to run a horse across the prairie. Most of the meat that appeared on these pioneers’ table was wild game; however, when there was beef to eat it was shared. “In early days when some one in the community would kill a beef they would put a boy on a pony with pieces of it, and would deliver a portion of the beef to each neighbor, until each one had a portion, keeping the same amount for himself. Then when it came time for someone else to kill, he would do likewise, never weighing the meat.”

James L. Dugger’s interview gives us a rare view of life in a pioneer community. He told of attending old Enloe school, taught by the Rev. Abe Enloe, and other early schools. His hunting stories we will have in a later column. Dugger was proud he had never been further than a hundred miles from home, and had never been out of Texas. The longest he had been away from home was the three nights he spent in Sherman when he had federal jury duty. “This was just after I married and those three nights seemed to me, like three months.”

Fondren family came to area via Greenville Ave. 1-19-92

The old house seemed too stubborn to fall down. It stood derelict for over 30 years, as trees and shrubbery enclosed it to shelter its elderly pride.

You knew its walls had seen history, but the old homestead on State Highway 5, south of St. Jude Catholic Church, went up in flames from a controlled burn a few years ago. Historical groups had left it too late to try to preserve the old house.

Built by Henry Wetsel, the original headright owner, and his sons- all skilled in carpentry and cabinet making- the house was made from hardwood lumber sawed at the Wetsel's sawmill and planks hauled from East Texas in ox wagons. The stairway was put together with bois d'arc pegs.

Many travelers sheltered in the house. It was on the main north-south route through this area. Now designated SH 5, or Greenville Avenue, the road began as a stagecoach route known as the McKinney to Dallas Road and was more recently U.S. 75 before the current Expressway was built.

Although remembered as the old Wetsel place, the house was for many years the home of the F.S. Fondren family. The family was part of the migration of farm folk into this area during the latter 1800s. Many such families first came for one season to shop and pick cotton but decided to stay and make their homes here.

The Fondrens came to Texas by train from Green Forest in northwest Arkansas. They left the train at Farmersville and took a stage coach to McKinney.

Like most of those who came, they had a contact, the name of someone who had worked for them. At McKinney, they hired a livery man to bring them to Allen to find a Baptist preacher named Lockhart. When they arrived in Allen, Mr. Fondren had \$2.50 left in his pocket.

He immediately went to work picking cotton, and Mrs. Fondren cooked. When the crop was gathered, they stayed with Preacher Lockhart to work on shares.

The first year, land was cleared and put in cotton. Fondren worked the crop with a double shovel plow, a walking single stock and one old mule. They stayed with Lockhart for some time before going to work a farm for a Mr. Leach who furnished him with a team of mules. They worked for Leach for nine years.

Fondren had become well-respected in the Allen community. His son, Bud Fondren, he took a liking to my Dad, and he had 180 acres of land. He told my dad... 'You just take this land and work it like it belong to you. If you don't make nothing, I won't make nothing.'"

It was while they lived on a Wolford farm that their son, Bud, was born. He was named Wolford in honor of Dr. Frank Wolford. They first lived north of the Wolford home in Allen, on present Allen Drive, at the well across from the TP&L office. Later, they moved to another Wolford farm three miles east of Allen.

Wolford "Bud" Fondren was 9 years old in 1918 when they moved to the Wetsel place they had purchased the year before.

I recently discovered a tape at the McKinney Library's Texana Room of an interview by Michael D. Apsey of Bud Fondren. The oral history tape was part of a series made for the Bicentennial Celebration in 1976.

I interviewed one of their six daughters, Willard Fondren Horn shortly before her death in 1988. Although she was over 90, her remembrances of the early years of this century in the Allen community were very clear. In the interviews both of the Fondrens

talked of changes that had come to the old highway during their family's 41 years at the old homeplace.

I asked Mrs. Horn about the stories I had heard that her father had to pull cars out of the mud. She told me, "It was the people from the north, from Illinois and Michigan. They would come down from the north going to South Texas during the winter. You couldn't believe how it (the highway) was. It had big chug holes, big mud holes they called them. And he had to take a team of mules and take a trace chain and tie it to their cars, and pull them across them places."

"He would laugh and say, the neighbors said he went out there at night and filled those holes up with water. He didn't do nothing of the sort he didn't have to- he got tired of having to get up at night and pull them out."

Aspey also questioned Bud Fondren about pulling cars out of mud with mules. "Why sure, I pulled many a one down there on that road with teams- pulled them out for 50 cents. Sometimes I'd pull them out for free, some people."

In a picture of life in a farmhouse on a busy highway, early in the era of the automobile, Fondren told of the night that the Ringling Brothers Circus was in McKinney and a big rain came. He told how the elephants made such a mess of the McKinney streets, pulling the circus wagons out, that the city asked the circus to pay for the damage.

"There was 52 people stayed all night at our house, that night, down there. And my mother and all those people got up the next morning and fixed breakfast." Aspey asked what happened to them.

"There come a big rain and they couldn't get home- people were neighbors, from Plano and around- and they couldn't get home. I took a team and pulled them out until 12 o'clock that night.... We all just made up beds and pallets for the chaps (children) and sat up all night." Pettit is a longtime Allen resident with an avid interest in history.

Wash Ford much a part local pioneer history 10-22-89

Uncle Wash Ford's view from his front porch in 1903 was greatly changed from his first sight of the land 60 years before. The bottom land had been cleared and the prairie had been plowed. It had been many years since he had hunted bear in Bumble Bee Grove with his hounds. Mustang horses no longer roamed along Mustang Branch, although the large spring that flowed into the branch near his home still ran strong. On a day in 1903, Uncle Wash Ford shared his reminiscences with writer F.C. Thompson.

Thompson began printing local history as early as 1888, when he became the publisher of the *McKinney Democrat*. His interviews and obituaries in the *Democrat*, *Plano Star-Courier*, *McKinney Examiner* and the *Pioneer Magazine* are our best sources for information about the early years. In the *Pioneer Magazine*, in December 1903, he wrote: One of the earliest settlers of Collin County is G.W. 'Uncle' Wash Ford who lives about 1 mile southeast of Allen. Recently, when the writer called on him, we found him sitting on the front porch of his modest home, ready to welcome us with simple, true genuine hospitality. Though the weight of nearly a century of years rested upon him and had frosted his hair to snowy whiteness, he stood erect, his eyes were bright and his mind clear. To watch him move around on his farm, nimble and quick, proudly pointing out his choicest specimens of Poland Chinas, Durhams, Baret and White Plymouth Rocks, one readily concludes that 'Uncle Wash' as he is familiarly know, is yet a 'young man'."

George Washington Ford was born in Missouri on Jan. 15, 1921. His family moved to Fayetteville, Ark., in 1837. At that time Fayetteville, Washington County, was on the edge of the Western frontier. Nearby was the border between Arkansas and the new Cherokee nation. Young Ford was not a stranger to frontier life when he came to Texas on Nov. 1, 1843. He first lived near Fort Buckner, the settlement began by Jack McGarrah. (Ford's mother, Sarah, was the wife of George McGarrah, Jack's brother) On Aug. 29, 1844, G.W. Ford married Parmelia Langston, a step-daughter of George McGarrah. At that time this area was part of Fannin County. The couple were the first to be married in the territory that became Collin County.

The Fords lived near Fort Buckner until 1846, when he headrighted the 360 acres of land now part of Allen. (As a married man he was entitled to a full section or 640 acres. Another half-section of Ford's survey is west of Rowlett Creek.)

"Mr. Ford was physically a strong man in his youth. He told how he walked to McKinney from his present home on Monday morning and made rails during the week for Dan Howell on the present (1903) farm of Widow Buck, southwest of McKinney. He made 4,000 rails for a horse. He said that going to the bottoms to make rails, several would join together, take their guns and change about in standing guard against the Indians. In those days Indian raids were expected." Ford was one of the men from Fort Buckner that buried the massacred Muncey family and McBain Jameson, who were killed on Rowlett Creek between Highway 5 and Jupiter Road. He was also one of the party of deer hunters (near Rowlett Church, Custer and State Highway 121) when Joe Rice was killed and scalped by Indians before his companions could come to his aid.

The value of neighbors in those early days is shown in those that Ford considered his neighbors when he moved to this part of the country in 1846. He named Hogan Witt, who lived northwest of Custer and McDermott, and the Baccus families: Jacob, Godfrey, Ben and Pete, who were even further northwest than Witt. Billy Snider was east of Ford, and to the north were Jim, Pete, Dave and Lew Wetsel and their sisters, Lucinda Taylor and Mrs. Dr. Howell. He named Allen McMillen at Murphy. Also at Murphy were Andy and Jim Maxwell; Isaac, Daniel and Shird Hearn (Herring); and Esquire Pegues. "He referred to Bill Sachse, the quaint old Dutchman. He came here a poor boy, was one of the wealthiest men in the county when he died." Ford mentioned that he met William Sachse at William Snider's grist mill. Named as "near neighbors" were Pete Fisher, John Simonds and Bill and Gabe Fitzhugh.

The pioneer days soon passed. G.W. Ford did his part to bring changes. One of the county's first schools, a subscription school, was a short distance up Mustang Branch from the Ford home. Later when free schools were established, Ford was one of the first trustees of the Faulkner Prairie School. He was also an organizer of the Faulkner Prairie Baptist Church, the early church that joined with the Wilson Creek congregation to establish Allen Baptist Church, now First Baptist. The Fords were charter members.

G.W. Ford was one of the farmers that, early in the area's history, introduced purebred livestock to Collin County. Prize Durham cattle grazed on the prairie pastures years before cotton, corn and wheat were planted extensively. As well as Durham cattle, Ford raised Poland Chinas and was known as one of the pioneer fine hog breeders of Collin County. In 1860 a county fair was organized, and after the Civil War, a fairground was purchased east of McKinney. Exhibitors camped near a large spring on the grounds

for fair week. Among those who brought their purebred stock to exhibit in the show ring was Wash Ford.

G.W. and Parmelia Ford had 11 children. Mrs. Ford died Sept. 10, 1885. Sarah Jane Goeman, Joseph Wilburn Ford, Ida Thompson and Irene Chapman were children who had died previous to the 1903 interview. At that time, George Ford lived with his father; Lorenzo D. Ford was in Jack County; Caroline Green in Wood County; Mary Warrington at Guthrie, Okla.; Harriet Gullledge, Carrollton; Jim Ford, west of McKinney; and Stanley Ford was in Dallas. G.W. Ford was nearing his 83rd birthday when he was interviewed. He died before the next spring, on March 8, 1904.

EARLY ROADS

Henry Exall Memorial Highway was most modern of day

1-26-92

A one-way bridge is an anachronism in today's fast moving world, but the next time you wait your turn to cross the old iron bridge on Jupiter Road, take the moment to remember that the bridge is a remnant of one of the most modern roadways of its time.

Jupiter Road was an important link of the Henry Exall Memorial Highway, a pike road from Denison to the Gulf; a part of the King's Trail Highway from Canada to the Texas Coast.

Yet in the teens of this century the roadway, first laid out as a stagecoach route, was according to Wolford "Bud" Fondren, "just a wagon road."

The roadway did not treat kindly that new-fangled contraption called an automobile. Almost weekly, the Plano Star-Courier reported an accident or other incident on the stretch of road between Allen and Plano. Editor John Custer crusaded for better roads, especially for the gap, he called it, in the Exall Highway through this area.

Two young men stole a Ford car in Dallas and "got the vehicle stuck fast in a bog on the public road a mile north of Plano." More seriously were one car accidents, such as when an out-of-state family's car rolled over near Allen. An infant died and several others were injured. Allen families cared for the people until their relatives could come to Texas to help them.

According to reports, Dr. Perry was kept busy by road accidents. In December 1916, W.L. Coats of Allen, his three daughters and a farm hand were pinned in their vehicle as it overturned "at a bridge that had long been regarded as a dangerous place," a mile and a half south of Allen. They were traveling south and "approached the bridge down a sharp declivity, the roadway curving just at the bridge approach." The car plunged from the bridge to the creek bed.

The next month, January, Allen citizens had a Good Roads meeting, and in March voted on good roads for the Allen district. Editor Custer wrote: "The voice of the people is the voice of God."

In December 1917, citizens of Plano and Allen met to plan for the Exall Highway. They were goaded into action because Anna and Melissa had a bond election to provide funds for the northern stretch through the county, and McKinney had extended the road to four miles north of Allen. Their gap was the 12 miles of road south to the Dallas County line.

A joint committee was selected from the two towns- Charles E. Hood and J.T. Horn of Plano and Jack Giddings and Frank Mathews of Allen.

Building roads for automobiles was new technology. The 25 miles of Exall Highway through Collin County was to be the best drained and graded road in the county. Specifications were that it was to be 16 feet wide, have a base of 1,800 cubic yards per mile of local white rock, 8 inches thick, rolled by a 10-ton roller. This was to be covered with four to six inches of gravel, then topped with mixed asphalt and crushed rock making a hard road surface.

General contractors were F.D. Perkins and Glen Stiff of McKinney. Perkins had experience building highways in Kentucky. Work began in January 1920 when Claud

Jarvis brought his crew and mule teams from Ardmore, Okla. They pitched their tents on a farm near Anna and began clearing and scraping the way for the highway.

In June, contractors Jess Perkins and Will Smith were hauling white rock from a quarry on Mrs. Williams farm near Wetsel. They pulled the rock wagons with Cleveland tractors. In December, County Commissioner W.J. Robbins reported that work on the Allen and Plano section would begin "in real earnest" after the first of the year. Lack of railroad cars to bring in the gravel had delayed the work. The cars were being unloaded at Bush Stop which was nearer to the road than other sidings.

Concrete piers for the iron bridges on Cottonwood Creek, Perrin's Branch, Rowlett and Spring Creeks were being completed. All the steel for the bridges was on the ground.

After its completion in 1921, the Collin County section of the Henry Exall Memorial Highway was the most modern roadway of its day. The federal government paid for half of its cost, but local citizens picked up the tab for the other half.

The road was named in memory of Col. Henry Exall, Virginia Cavalry, Confederate States of America, a real Texas wheeler-dealer. Exall came to Texas following the Civil War, and was one of Dallas' first land developers and a booster of the development of North Texas. Exall built and owned the North Texas National Bank Building. His interest included oil in the Beaumont boom and coal mining at Thurber, Texas.

He built a mansion on Ross Avenue at Haskell Street, the locale of Dallas' Museum of Fine Arts, and his wife was prominent in civic and cultural affairs. Mrs. Exall applied to Andrew Carnegie for funds to begin the Dallas Public Library, funds that were matched by Dallas citizens.

Early in the 1890s, Exall promoted a development known as the Philadelphia Place Addition. He built a dam on Turtle Creek that formed Exall Lake, for he was a firm believer that urban areas need parks and open spaces.

The Panic of 1893 delayed the land development. Exall turned the huge block of land north of Dallas into Lomo Alto Farm, famous for breeding thoroughbred race horses. The land was eventually developed by John S. Armstrong, and Exall's horse ranch became Highland Park.

Col. Henry Exall, banker, cattleman, horsebreeder, realtor, died in 1913, and Exall Memorial Highway was named in his honor.

The Old Stage Road

8-3-86

R.B. Whisenant was one of the early settlers here and saw many changes come to this area in his lifetime. Many of his impressions were recorded in an interview with McKinney attorney, George Pearis Brown. He told of the laying out of the stage road in the mid-1850s; "posts 6 to 8 feet long were cut from the timbers along the streams, and stuck into the ground about every 100 yards on each side of the road in the open prairie. These posts were blazed on each side by peeling off the bark, till the white wood of the tree would show and could be easily seen as the stage went along. In the timber country, the trees were blazed that stood near the road to direct immigrants how to go. This was the method to give travelers the information how to go, for it was easy to get lost on these prairies; and these poles and blazed trees were used pretty much as the markers are now used on the highways.

When the stage route was started by the Sawyer brothers in 1857-58, they decided they needed a shorter route than the old way of going west to go south. The new road crossed Wilson Creek three miles southwest of McKinney near the old Buck place. The ford had rare pure white sand on the east bank. This ford was so troublesome that soon the Commissioners contracted to build a bridge. The contractors had built two bridges for the county on Sister Grove and Pilot Grove Creeks on the Bonham Road. In November 1858, they reported that the Wilson Creek Bridge was in process, but that the Fitzhugh Steam Mill was broke so that they “can not get lumber to complete said bridge.” They asked for more time.

There was a stage once a day, each way. Mr. Whisenant said, “It crossed Wilson Creek south of McKinney about where the crossing on the highway now crosses it. No bridges there then. It stopped at the home of George Yantis, (at Boyd Elementary School)... and changed horses. They first stage was drawn by two big iron gray horses, but later four were used. It went from there in a southerly direction across the prairie, crossing Rowlett Creek about where the U.S. Highway (Jupiter) now crosses it; there was no bridge then.”

He said that south of the creek there were large trees on each side of the road for the next half mile, until it reached the top of the hill; it went on south passed Honeyville, and Yeager Springs and the Old Whiskey distillery, about a mile east of Plano, continued south across Spring Creek (near the old Routh Place) and on into Dallas County.

The ruts dug by the wheels of the stages and numerous freight wagons and other vehicles can still be seen running parallel with Jupiter where the land had been undisturbed by construction, south of Chaparell Road, and the old house hidden by overgrown trees, south of Saint Jude’s Catholic Church was once used as a stop on the stage line.

Tracing Forest Grove road is trip into rich past 11-10-91

Once I caught a glimpse of old Forest Grove. However, like Brigadoon, this country village disappeared in the mist of time and change.

I recall we traveled north on an old road that twisted and turned around square corners, dipped down to a creek, crossed a rattling wood bridge, and pulled steeply up the creek bank to where there was a country store. On the porch was the usual group of sitters and whittlers.

I saw an old church with a large tabernacle near a cemetery. There were a few old houses. On up the road we passed a white school house.

In recent years, the route of FM 1378 smooths out the dip with a wide concrete bridge and the angular corners through Forest Grove have become a broad S-curve. I have been puzzled because the store building and church were not situated as I remembered.

With a 1930 map and a map sketched by Ed Ereckson of the community as he remembers it from his childhood, I have tried to reconcile my memory with the present. Last week, while rain slashed against windows and White Rock Creek roared through its rocky canyon, I talked with Evelyn Martin Shipman in her home at Forest Grove and once again captured a glimpse of the old town.

My memory was correct- the new road cut closer to the church house and the store building has been turned around and moved to the new highway. Old Orchard Gap

Primitive Baptist Church, a short distance south of the town was historically liked to the families at Forest Grove.

North of the upper branch of White Rock Creek, the road entered the old town. The settlement could be said to begin at the grave of the Rev. Gabriel Fitzhugh, a Primitive Baptist minister.

In fact, deed records still refer back to his gravesite and the land dedicated as the Fitzhugh cemetery. After old Gabe's death in 1853, his widow, Francis Fitzhugh, who was childless, sold off pieces of his headright of 640 acres to nephews and nephews-in-law, effectively keeping most of the land in the family for the next hundred years. She sold the Rev. John M. McKinney land for Forest Grove Christian Church next to the family cemetery.

The original Gabe Fitzhugh homeplace is thought to have been where there was a large two-story house that stood for over a century known as the home of Gabriel H. Fitzhugh, nephew of the older Gabriel. The intersection of the main road and Rock Ridge Road is known as Fitzhugh corner.

In 1887, James M. Snider, husband of Sarah Jane Fitzhugh Snider, "in consideration of the love I have for education," gave, from land he had bought from Aunt Frances, a plot northwest of the church lot for Forest Grove School, which had been established in July 1884.

The community had a post office at the turn of the century with John P. Snider and James B. Faulkner serving as postmasters.

George and Walter Fitzhugh, sons of Gabriel H. Fitzhugh, ran a store at Fitzhugh Corner. In 1900 Lloyd Garrett bought the business and built a new store building on a knoll above the creek. At the same time he built a home near the store. In 1926, Marshall Martin bought the store and house. The store continued in business until 1968.

Today, Evelyn Martin Shipman, a double niece of Marshall and Edith Coffey Martin, owns the 91-year-old home and store building. Her son, Ron Shipman, operates a crafting business in the old store. All the store owners have Fitzhugh connections. The Shipmans are fourth and fifth generation descendents of George Fitzhugh.

The road straightens as it moves up onto the prairie to Lovejoy School. The old wooden building, once painted white, with four classrooms and large many-paned windows was a model educational facility in 1918.

Where the old road joined Stacy, it ran west of Friendship Baptist Church. Traces of the old way can be seen today. West of the church was a house known locally as the "weaning pen," for many newlyweds began house-keeping there.

On the hill above the road on the east was another Fitzhugh home. So, Fitzhugh sold part of the George Fitzhugh Survey to R.M. Phelps in 1892. On the farm, near the new water tower, was a log cabin hidden under boxing blanks and added rooms that could have been the first Texas home of George Fitzhugh.

Today, Forest Grove has been absorbed by other cities, but the town and the old road is a rich heritage from the past.

Early roads followed lines between headright 6-7-92

There have been many changes at Wetsel Crossroads. An old Indian trail passed nearby when a surveyor first marked the corner where four Peter's Colony land grants met. Stage coaches, freight wagons, the first horseless carriages, heavy trucks, army

convoys, and passenger cars, in an ever increasing stream passed through the intersection, now known as State Highway 5 and Stacy Road, until a new road was built a mile away.

The cut-off from the present intersection marks the old highway. Where it meets Stacy Road is the corner of the headrights of James T. Roberts on the southeast; Henry Wetsel on the southwest; John A Taylor, Wetsels son-in-law, on the northeast; and half of Joseph Dixon's grant on the northwest.

Roads in the early days followed the line between the sections except under unusual circumstances. North of the crossroads, the road took a sharp turn to the east into Taylor's section, perhaps to go by a place to water draft animals.

In the early days of settlement, Joseph Dixon sold part of his land to Thomas Phillips, who built an ox mill about 200 yards northwest of the corner. Lucy Jane Phillips Epps told of attending school in the ox mill in 1851, the year her father, Gabriel Phillips brought his family to Texas to join their kin:

"(I) went two or tree terms here of a few months each, had no book but the Blue Back speller, (and) walked to school- long benches, no back and no desks, and no floor to the mill, just dirt. (We had) split log seats, could get water anytime we wanted to drink during school, no slate- forgot the name of the teacher."

After attending schools in two other locations, she returned to school at the crossroads, this time southwest of the corner, on Wetsel's land "where the present (1913) Wetsel School House is. A Mr. Mills taught this school; three were several different teachers here from 1855 to 1860.

In 1883, James Wetsel and his wife, Sarah Jane, deeded the half acre in the corner of his father's headright to the county and the trustees of Wetsel School Community for a token one dollar. Later a teacherage for the teacher's family was built.

C.C. Martin was teaching at Wetsel when his daughter, Evelyn Martin Shipman, was born in the teacherage. Donnie Watson Barksdale from Lick Springs, now of Allen, also taught at Wetsel.

The Wetsel Home Demonstration Club built a canning kitchen in the schoolyard. There was a school known as Wetsel School at the crossroads for over 90 years. The east-west road was officially known as the Wetsel School House to Fitzhugh Mills Road, but it was generally known as the Wetsel Road.

When the new expressway was built, it cut a sizeable swath through the Stacy farm. When the highway department put up signs on the new road, instead of the historic name of Wetsel, the exit was named Stacy Road. According to Wetsel resident H.H. Knight in a 1976 interview, the local folk "didn't know anything about it until it was already did."

Early in this century, the Allen reporter for area newspapers made mention each week that was the Sunday for preaching at the Methodist Church, that the minister went to Wetsel for services in the afternoon.

In 1904, the trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, bought a triangular half acre in the northeast corner of the intersection where the road made the sharp angle to the east for \$35. At that time, the Allen circuit included the Allen church, Fannie Harrington Chapel (at Bethany), Whites Grove (near Eldorado) and Perkins' Chapel (location unknown). Trustees sold the land at Wetsel for \$40 in 1908. Evidently there was no building.

The north-south road, an early stagecoach road, was known in the Commissioner Court records as the McKinney to Dallas Road. The road was frequently impassable in wet weather. In the early days of the automobile, residents along the route had a sideline of pulling cars out of the mud with teams.

In 1920, work began to upgrade the road as part of the Exall Memorial Highway. At its completion in 1921, this section was the most modern roadway of its day. Built partially with federal funds, the road was designated U.S. Highway 75 and State Highway 6.

During the 1920s, traffic on the highway increased as automakers-Henry Ford in particular- made the new transportation affordable for everyone. In 1934, the State Highway Department was buying right-of-way for a new road. The road by-passed much of the old way. At Wetsel, the awkward corner was avoided, leaving the remnant that ran by the schoolhouse that still remains as an unusual, often rough cut-off.

The new road was dedicated in 1936 as part of the Texas Centennial celebration. The age of the automobile brought other changes at the crossroads. Northwest of the corner, where Green Thumb Lawn and Tree Care is now located, was A-1 Auto Parts. Besides supplying new and used parts for cars, E.A. Hooper had early formed an interest in the antiques and classics of the automobile age. When Bill Alexander bought the business in the early 1970s, after Mr. Hooper's death, I went to work there as a part-time bookkeeper. There were relics in the years that looked like something that had been driven by Bonnie and Clyde. On the shelves were new parts for Model A Fords.

One day, hearing an unusual racket, I looked out to see about a dozen Model A Fords drive into the parking lot. A Model club had come from Dallas to strip the shelves.

Northwest of the new intersection, at SH 5 and Stacy, was the Wetsel store, and filling station. In the area now hidden by overgrown shrubbery was another amenity of the auto age, the Wetsel Tourist Court.

The school closed 50 years ago; the store, filling station and tourist court moldered away. The road was renamed. Yet, Wetsel is still a place well-remembered, and the crossroads await the next chapter of history.

Stuck in the Mud

6-22-86

"Old gal, you are in a perfect mess," I told myself. For on a recent wet Saturday after weeks of rain, I had decided that our cucumbers, growing gargantuan in size had to be picked. Perhaps after thirty-five years of living on paved streets and sidewalks, memories of earlier experiences with black mud had grown dim, but I do not remember ever being in such a mess before.

As I made my first steps into the plowed ground of our garden patch, my feet sunk down into the mire. My shoes stuck in the mud as I pulled my feet free and the ooze closed over them. I abandoned the shoes and proceeded barefoot down the cucumber row.

With each step my feet sunk through the plowed earth about 12 or 15 inches, or midcalf deep, to rest on the firmer clay pan below. The mud was the consistency of chocolate pudding with the viscosity of molasses. My husband came to help gather the cukes, and we noticed a peculiar quirk of physics. The ratio of my dainty bare feet to avoirdupois caused my feet to sink into the mud, while his wide-soled 11Bs supported his equal weight upon the surface, although he carried a large portion of the surface along

with him. Later, as he cleaned his shoes he commented that with the present evaluations on Collin County soil, he had about five dollars worth on his shoes.

Only as I reached the end of the row and turned to start back over the hundred yards of quagmire, I realized the extent of my predicament and muttered to myself that I was in a “perfect” mess.

The day before I had read the work “perfectly” to describe a similar situation in early Collin Court minutes in the University of Texas, Dallas Library. I was trying to determine the location of the early roads to better understand our local history. We know our main north-south road has moved westward through the years and settlement has shifted with it. In 1858, the McKinney to Dallas road ran east of Jupiter Road in places. Suitable fords was one reason for the road’s location for bridges were not built over Rowlett and Wilson Creeks until about 1860.

Landowners along the route were ordered to maintain stretches or precincts of the road by the county court. In February 1858, the Dallas road through his area was divided as Precinct 1: McKinney, south to Dixon’s branch, opposite Joseph Dixon’s house (near Stacy Road). Payton Hamilton was overseer. The hands were George White, W.A. Williams and hands James Farris, Joseph Dixon’s hands, M.W. Wilmeth, D. Doak, Boren, H. Stiff, M. Board, A. Haden, Lee Farris.

Precinct 2: from Dixon’s branch to the middle of Cottonwood branch. J.A. Taylor, overseer; hands Wm. A. Phillips, Henry Shields, Peter Wetsel, Samuel Jenkins and hands, Caleb Phillips, James Wetsel, M. Gray, and Stimpson. Precinct 3: Middle of Cottonwood, south to the south line of R.H. Brown’s survey. George W. Ford, overseer; hands, R.H. Brown, Spencer Wolford, Lewis McMillen, Clay Thomas, J. Mays and brother, James Gray, L. Curtis, Russell, O. Mathews, Wm. Howland, A. Grant, William Perrin Jr., V. Grant. Not all of these men lived on the road, but it was the nearest road to their land.

A committee was ordered to review the condition of Precinct 1 of the Dallas road, and in November, 1858 John Lovejoy Jr., William Snider, John Faires and George H. Pegues reported that a portion south of Wilson Creek running diagonally through P.A. Hamilton’s field, about a third of a mile in length was on low hogwallow ground and “that the undersigned are perfectly satisfied (the road) would be almost perfectly impassable during the rainy season and a large portion of the winter...” Perfectly true if it were anything like our hogwallow garden patch.

Stage coaches stopped on Jupiter Road

1-10-88

One morning during the Civil War, a man was found hanging from a tree on Rowlett Creek where the stage road crossed. Farther south, near the Dallas County line, the Routh family heard cries during the night from the road. They found the man’s wife and daughter badly beaten and cared for them. A renegade group had believed them to be northern sympathizers

For more than 90 years, the world passed along the old route that became U.S. Highway 75 and brought its problems to those who lived nearby. One of those who lived beside the stage road (Jupiter) and was plagued by problems was George R. Yantis. Ironically, Yantis had come to Texas for his health.

Soon after the Revolutionary War, the family of a Pennsylvania Revolutionary war soldier of German descent, Jacob Yantis, crossed into Kentucky and followed the

frontier to Wayne County, Kentucky. The soldier's descendant, George R. Yantis, at 15 became a tanner, the trade of his father, Enoch Yantis. In 1848, when he was 28, overwork and exposure in his tanyard caused a stroke of paralysis. He said he was advised to move "to a more southern clime in a quest for better health."

On the first of January, 1852, Yantis, his family, and a dozen other families left for Texas by riverboat. This was the first group of related Kentucky families that settled here and included the Coffeys, Bellews and Wolfords. The travelers reached Shreveport in February, but a wet spring caused them to become bogged down in East Texas for several months. While they waited for high water to go down and for roads to become passable, the group was attacked by fever, chills and whooping cough.

When the emigrants arrived here, Yantis had to buy land with a house, so that his family would have shelter for the coming winter. He bought 500 acres at \$3 per acre on Cottonwood Creek, south of the Whisenants. Yantis later said, "Oh, how we longed to be back in old Kentucky."

Two years later, he sold half his land for \$6 per acre. He commented in 1906, "Now it could not be bought, perhaps, for \$75 per acre, if it could be bought at all."

Then Yantis bought 125 acres on the stage road. (A narrow strip, probably a survey variance, now along Jupiter, from Bethany to Chapparral in the Cottonwood Bend development.) Yantis built a comfortable home that became a widely noted stopping place for travelers. Many years ago, R.B. Whisenant recalled. "It (the stagecoach) stopped at the home of George Yantis, located about 100 yards southeast of the present Jake Gidding's residence, at noon and changed horses. First stage was drawn by two big iron gray horses, but later four were used."

Not only did the stage change there, but the Yantis family catered to those who traveled by private conveyance by providing bed and board. Food for the business was raised on the farm.

Probably because of the numbers of strangers in their home, the Yantis family had an unusual number of illnesses. While many people suffered from unnamed fevers, the Yantis family's were specifically named. For nearby in the community along the stage road was George Yantis' cousin, Dr. W.F. Wolford. (Wolford was one of the first to move to the new town of Allen.) During 1862 and 1863, the Yantis family had 14 cases of typhoid fever. Mrs. Yantis died Sept. 27, 1863; the others recovered. The following winter, the family had twelve cases of smallpox. Yantis' 85-year-old mother-in-law, Mrs. Caldwell died.

At the beginning of the Civil War, Yantis fed traveling Confederate soldiers without charge, a policy he had to discontinue as the war dragged on. He also made change for Confederate bills. At the close of the Civil War, he was "desolate and destitute." Most of his possessions had been swept away; his stock had been stolen or strayed.

To support his family, Yantis began assisting his father, Enoch Yantis, in the county tax office. When the Texas Reconstruction constitution established the office of county tax collector, George Yantis was the first elected. During the difficult times, the once-prosperous innkeeper would have found the job to have been an unenviable position.

The railroad bypassed the community on the stage road, and a new town grew. However, traffic continued along the old road. Horse-drawn vehicles gave way to new

horseless carriages. The road we now know as Jupiter continued to be a major north-south highway until the 1930s, when the Exall Highway, now Greenville or Highway 5, was built.

Because of traffic, I stay home at 5:30 p.m.

6-10-90

A young comedian on the Carson show told about visiting his home town. His family went for a drive around town and his grandfather showed them where nothing used to be. "Right there where that supermarket is, there didn't used to be anything." Sounds just like Allen, doesn't it? Even though we have watched the change, it is difficult to believe what has happened to the old home town. Perhaps, most incredible, is the amount of traffic that moves through town each day. Some of us have been slow to adjust to this change. Because the purpose of this column is to tell how it used to be, we drift along preoccupied with the past until the present hits us in the face.

For instance, recently we discovered that we were out of bread and milk at supper time. The five o'clock news was over and I thought that I could run to the store and back before Wheel of Fortune. I rushed out and drove through the quiet streets in our neighborhood in the old section of Allen to Allen Drive. I stopped at the stop sign at McDermott and gazed in awe at four lanes of traffic passing before me. This was a shock, for only three blocks away, I had been sitting peacefully at home, unaware of the hustle-bustle going on around me. I peered through the interstices of the crape myrtles in the median, and watched cars popping over the hill at the library. I sensed that these were militant motorists, still in their expressway mind-set, intolerant of any local yokel waiting at the stop sign. Across the street where the Hefner's garden patch used to be, in the police station, I imagined that someone was saying "Come look. That old gal has been sitting there for 15 minutes, afraid to tackle the traffic." Several cars were behind me waiting to make a left turn. Feeling pressured to make a move, I took advantage of a pause in the westbound flow to scoot to the shelter of the median strip. That was not a bright move; the question now was which end of my car would be clipped off first. I wondered if I could get one of those sign boards like those on driving school cars that would say "Caution, old-timer driving!" Some kind soul, seeing my dilemma, moved to the outside lane and let me into the flow. When I arrived at the supermarket, I was so shaken that I could not remember what I needed. I am grateful that the new thoroughfare is open, but we will eat my hardtack biscuits before I tackle the afternoon traffic rush again.

Not very long ago, almost every car's owner was known. Few gave turn signals for everyone knew where you were going, anyway. We had some older residents that drove long after their eyesight failed, and their reflexes slowed. They could still keep their old cars between the ditches as they slowly chugged around town. Everyone knew them by sight; we gave them all the space they needed.

Our casual attitude has caused some headaches for city and state officials as they tried to lick us into shape as traffic has increased. In the horse and buggy days, vehicles were parked in the center of the street in the downtown business blocks. The width of the street was sufficient to turn a team of horses and a wagon and farmers parked their rigs between the two lanes of traffic, then pulled forward to turn to head out of town again. As automobiles replaced horses and mules, the town continued to park in the center of the street.

When the town incorporated in 1953, one of the first acts of the new city government was to tidy up the downtown parking situation. Paint and some 1 by 4's to make a marking frame were brought, and stripes were painted next to the sidewalk curbs to designate diagonal parking. The asphalt was rough and filled with dirt, so although the street was swept as clean as they could get it, the paint did not stick very well. However, Allen's citizens welcomed the change and continued parking diagonally after the painted stripes disappeared.

For years though the old idea that the center of the street could be used for turning hung on. Drivers from the east pulled across the street to park in front of the grocery stores on the south side. This upset the state highway department's idea of order. To keep Allenites from making U-turns in the middle of Main Street, they placed big fat yellow buttons as thick as they could stick them down the middle of the street. On the crest of the street, they were high enough for many cars to hit high center if they were ignored. Although we could see the sense in stopping the old practice, this was an indignity that could not be tolerated. We raised enough cane that the yellow buttons were removed.

Yet, some necessary innovations have been delayed long past their need, but from now on, I am going to remember that you live where nothing used to be, and stay off the streets at 5:30 in the afternoon.

EARLY LUCAS

Lucas Church destroyed in 1904

probably 1990s

“Lucas, Tex. April 15. (1904) –A considerable storm visited Lucas and surrounding county last night, lasting about two hours, from 9 to 11 o’clock. The Baptist Church was completely demolished, and the leaves on the corn that had not been plowed look as if they had been killed by a heavy frost. The leaves on the weeds, grass and bushes were also killed, it is supposed, by the fine dirt being blown with such great force.” (McKinney Dailey Courier)

The spring of 1904 was a drought-breaking spring. The weather was violent and freakish. Church buildings over the county were particularly hard hit. There were January reports from West Texas and other nearby counties of rain and hail. On March 18, a cyclone was reported at Neyland in Hunt County.

March 24, the McKinney paper reported from Lebanon: “A terrific cyclone struck this place yesterday afternoon at 3 o’clock leaving destruction in its wake. “It struck the Baptist church first and that building was shattered like glass....It struck the Methodist and Christian churches and both were partially wrecked.”

Children huddled together in the school when it was hit, and part of the roof was blown away. Straws were shot through pine boards of A.L. Quisenberry’s barn, where chickens were plucked but not killed.

The storm at Lucas was April 14, and it was followed the next day by a hail storm at McKinney. Hailstones “as big as hen eggs” wrecked roofs and broke windows. Memorial stained glass windows were lost at the Episcopal, Christian and Methodist churches. The Baptist church had 20 lights (window panes) broken.

On April 21, the *McKinney Democrat* reported a hail storm and cyclone at Nevada with the Methodist church partially destroyed. The story about the time the church house blew away has been handed down in Lucas for three generations of the Christian family. Wallace Christian recalls his father said the storm was a straight wind, not a tornado (or cyclone as they were called then). Susan Christian Calton, his daughter and church historian, tells that existing church minutes begin in 1904. Perhaps the early records were also destroyed in the storm.

When Faulkner Prairie Baptist Church joined with the Wilson Creek Church to form the church in Allen, some Baptists living east of Faulkner did not join the town church. Among these were John Spurgin, one of the organizers of the Faulkner church, and his family. At about that time, the Newsomes, a Baptist family, had moved to the area from Rusk County.

We do not know when the Baptists began meeting together in the old Willow Springs School house, but on January 22, 1881, the Willow Springs Baptist Church of Christ was organized. Its first pastor was A.J. Cocanaugher. He was followed by B.F. Lockhart. On March 26, 1886 the Rev. James Eldridge Newsome became the pastor.

On the 12th of April of 1886, John and Martha Ann Spurgin granted a plot of land to the trustees or deacons of Willow Springs Baptist Church of Christ, N.B. Lynn, J.T. Branch and John Spurgin.

This first church house, a long frame building, was built on this land, on the corner of FM 1378 and FM 3286.

Two years later, a post office was established in the general merchandise store of Gabe Lucas. The community became known as Lucas, but the church retained the name of Willow Springs some years. The Rev. J.E. Newsome was followed by the Rev. W.J. Bowling. The next pastor was the Rev. Levi Dunn who served the church five years.

On Aug. 24, 1895, the Rev. William Newsome, a son of the earlier pastor, was called as minister to the church. The younger Newsome was one of four preachers of the Willow Springs congregation ordained to the ministry in the first 20 years of the church's history.

Joseph Benjamin Snider, grandson of pioneer William Snider; was pastor of the church from 1905 to 1908. Among other pastors before 1920 were W.W. Kirk, Abe Enloe, L.A. West, J.F. Smith, and G.R. West.

The name of the church was changed to First Baptist Church of Lucas, and in July of 1966, the congregation moved to a new location, one half mile west of the old site. The old building still stands at the corners at Lucas. It was bought by Nathan Strain when the church moved.

After the storm in 1904, J.T. Couch displayed in his music store in McKinney the storm-wrecked church organ he had previously sold to the church. "Part of the top and back are split and broken. Notwithstanding its shattered condition it remains in good tune."

"The Baptist church which was blown down last week will be rebuilt as soon as the work can be done," was the report from Lucas on April 21. Before the storm, cotton planting had been delayed because of the heavy rains, and the corn that was said to look nice and would soon need plowing late in March, was killed.

On May 26, news from Lucas was, "on account of the very busy (farming) season the Baptists have postponed the rebuilding of their church for awhile. The finance committee reports over \$800 in cash and good subscriptions."

Folklore tells that some of the church members had planned to attend the St. Louis Exposition. Instead of telling their friends to "Meet Me In St. Louis, Louie," the Baptists donated their fair money to rebuild the church.

As so often happens in Texas, the spring rains were followed by a "long dry spell." Church building moved quickly when the crops were laid by. It was reported on Sept. 6, 1904, "The Baptist Church at Lucas is finished and it is a nice little structure. The seats will be added later."

Fitzhugh name brings pride to ancestors

4-28-91

(This is the first of a series about the Fitzhugh family, pioneers of the Forest Grove and Fitzhugh Mill communities.)

Hold your head high, and don't forget you are a Fitzhugh," Miss Missouri Frances Fitzhugh told her cousin's grandchildren. Miss Fitzhugh was the last to bear the name of Fitzhugh at Forest Grove. There are still any descendents of Fitzhugh daughters among us who are justifiably proud when they say their grandmother or great-grandmother was a Fitzhugh.

Their pride is in their pioneer Texas ancestors and their many contributions to our local history. But, those who remember "Aunt Zouri's" lectures are aware that Fitzhugh has long been a proud name. They will add, "We are related to the Lees, somehow."

The Fitzhughs were among the English aristocrats, the FFV- First Families of Virginia- who established plantations along the Potomac. The Lee connection is lost in the scant records of the fast-moving American frontier, but at the time of the Civil War, local Fitzhughs remembered their kinship to Gen. Robert E. Lee. Companies were raised by the Fitzhugh men; one commanded a regiment to help Cousin Robert.

Before 1800, Fitzhughs were numerous in Virginia and were moving into Kentucky. The Census of 1810 found three Fitzhugh households in Logan County, Kentucky, near Russellville.

Robert Fitzhugh has six sons and three daughters. This enumeration gives only the number of children in certain age brackets- no names. However, Robert had sons of an age to have been George, then 20; John, 18; and Gabriel, 9: the three brothers who came to Texas.

John married Sarah "Sally" Shelton in Logan County, Ky., on Jan. 29, 1816. The same year, George married Elizabeth R. "Betsy" Roundtree on Dec. 19 in Hardin County, Ky.

Pushing westward, John's family was in Missouri by 1821. George remained in Kentucky until 1832. His son, Solomon, was born at Independence, Jackson County, Mo. in 1834.

Two other Fitzhugh families were in Jackson County- Gabriel , brother of John and George; and Solomon, possibly another brother. (George's son was probably the older Solomons's namesake.)

Jackson County Pioneers by Pearl Wilcox tells of an early school, Rock Creek. "It was one of the early focal points in the development of the area lying between Independence and Kansas City.

"History is vague concerning the first log school, but there was a school long before the first land patent was issued to Gabriel Fitzhugh, May 29, 1833..."

The Fitzhugh had reached the limit of the American frontier. West of Jackson County was the Indian Territory of Kansas. Beyond was Oregon, Texas or California, land that belonged to Mexico or whose ownership was disputed.

However, this did not stop the tide of American pioneers that came through Missouri and made up wagon trains to cross deserts and mountains to reach these unknown lands.

George and John Fitzhugh provided these pioneers with their last turn of corn meal before they left the final vestiges of civilization to move westward. Jackson County history tells that the Fitzhugh brothers established a mill slap up against the Kansas line, near where the south loop of Interstate 435 crossed the state line.

"A grist mill commonly known as the Watts mill, first known as Fitzhugh's Mill, stood on the north bank of Indian Creek where the stream flowed across flat rocks and tumbled over a water fall. This location, in the shady wooded area of 103rd Street and State Line (Road) was dedicated June 19, 1974, as a historic site."

"Thousands of men and women with their children left from this mill and campsite during the trail days after George and John Fitzhugh built the mill in 1838."

The Fitzhughs sold the mill in 1842. After several changes in ownership, the mill was bought by the Watts family who continued its operation until 1922.

“Still the beauty of Indian Creek has been preserved,” writes Mrs. Wilcox. “The water falls over stepped ledges of rock around the curve where the mill stood, cutting through present Watts Mill Shopping Center.”

Through their history, the Fitzhugh men have been farmers and millers, but at the sound of war drums, they were the first to drop their plow lines and stop the mill wheel to lead their neighbors to the battlefield.

Spring’s flow remains constant

7-28-91

“Continually..., like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.” The spring at Fitzhugh’s Mills has been constant through known time.

The water gushed forth, clear and cold, today, as it did when the first settlers came. Settlers found Indians camped at the spring, and evidence indicates the spring was used by prehistoric people.

Although the site near the spring has seen much change, the waterflow has remained unchanged. The prophet Isaiah compared the Lord’s continuous guidance to just such an unfailing spring of water.

The spring, on the site of Fitzhugh’s Mills, is located in the yard of the home of Fred and Maurine Willis, about 2 miles northeast of Lovejoy Elementary School. Today, County Road 317 curves round the hill below the Willis’ home, but the rutted track of an old wagon road runs across the hill a few feet west of the spring house. Water from the spring, diverted in a pipe, pours out into the old roadway and rushes down to Wilson Creek. Once the spring was a regular stopping place where travelers drank the cold water and watered their horses.

There are many springs in the area of Forest Grove, on White Rock and Sloan Creeks. The whole upland of chalky limestone we call “between the creeks” has springs around its perimeter.

Geologists say these springs originate from perched water tables. That is, rainwater flows into the porous rock and pools where the chalk is underlaid by impermeable rock. Underground streams flow out by gravity where the rock is exposed. The only good dug wells in this locality are fed by these underground streams. Most were found by water witching.

Where ground water flows out under top soil, seeps form that play havoc with the foundations of houses. Many of these springs and seeps appear only in wet weather, but there are several notable unchanging springs.

Because of the volume of its flow, it is difficult to believe the spring at Fitzhugh’s Mills comes from a perched water table. Water is pumped to the house, and two pipes carry water by gravity flow to stock tanks in the pasture. Yet, the water that rushes from the spring house is more than two bathtub faucets wide open. Could this be an artesian spring from some deep aquifer?

In the first years after settlement, stone arrow points of prehistoric people were picked up at the site. Nearby pit sites, now under Lake Lavon, were dated at A.D.1020 using radio-carbon technique. There appears to have been a general abandonment of this county and north central Texas by prehistoric Indians during the late prehistoric period. Little evidence of Indian occupation during the early historic era has been found.

Early in the 1800s, groups of Indians from eastern United States came into Texas, choosing Spanish or Mexican Texas over forced migration to Indian Territory. When the

first white settlers came into this area, they found a band of Indians believed to be Delawares camped at the spring at Fitzhugh's Mills.

In Dec. 1841, the first surveying party came into the area to lay claim to the land. Settlement had stopped in the vicinity of Fort English (Bonham) and Warren on the Red River. No settlers had crossed the divide into the land of the Trinity before that date.

The Republic of Texas gave leagues of land, 4428.4 acres, as headrights to those in Texas at the beginning of the Republic. Calvin Boales, a citizen of Milam County, was issued a certificate in 1838. M.B. Shackelford came to Fannin County as an agent of Boales and others to locate land.

The early Texans stake out their claims on the rivers and large creeks. The Calvin Boales league was one of the first surveyed in present Collin County. William C. Carithers, deputy surveyor, and Alfred Johnson and M.B. Shackelford, chainmen, hacked their way through the heavy timbered creek bottoms on Dec. 6, 1841.

Boales' league took in the fork of Wilson Creek and the East Fork of the Trinity River, and more than two miles of both streams. It reached from Winningkoff on the south to old Bishop schoolhouse on the north. Near the northwest corner of Calvin Boales' league was the strong spring where the Fitzhughs build their mills about 10 years later.

Tale reveals past of Captain William Fitzhugh probably 1990s

Tall tales have always been as much a part of Texas as tall Texans. In bygone days, before radio and television, swapping yarns was a major source of entertainment. "To the best of my reck-o-leck, back in..." the narrative might begin. The old-timers had tales of their hair-raising experiences in the early days of settlement, and some were really gifted storytellers.

Fair warning, though, was given the listener if a tale began, "You're not going to believe this, but..." A pinch of salt was needed, for stretching the truth was also part of the game.

There is no reason to doubt the veracity of the tale of two adventurous young men whose family lived at Independence and West Port, Missouri, the jumping off place for pioneers. Evidently, they could not resist the lure of the West or the East.

Sometime ago, I found a tall tale told by William Fitzhugh, one of the older sons of John Fitzhugh, to Charles DeMorse, the editor of the *Northern Standard*.

The newspaper, published at Clarksville, Red River County, Texas, is the major contemporary source for North Texas history. In the early days of Collin County's settlement, its circulation covered all of the northern counties. DeMorse was an easterner with strong political views. The *Northern Standard*, a Democratic Republican journal, was promoting Franklin Pierce for president in 1852.

In July of '52, DeMorse traveled with the district judge that held court sessions in each county. This was the time of the Peters' colonists' revolt. We suspect the settlers' unrest was the reason for the editor to be in Collin County at that time. His reports are about the only source we have of the events that took place here in this locality.

In addition to the serious news, DeMorse kept a running account of his travels to Paris, Bonham, McKinney, Dallas, Denton and Sherman. It is in this account that we found William Fitzhugh's tale.

The main road from McKinney to Dallas went west out of McKinney. After crossing Wilson Creek, the road angles southwest to Preston Road, then south to Cedar Springs and Dallas. However, by that time, a trail had begun that went south after crossing Wilson Creek, passed the present site of Allen and continued down Jupiter to Foreman's mill and distiller. This is east of Jupiter at the Plano Mutual Cemetery, the old site of Plano.

De Morse was evidently not aware of the change of direction for he said, "West of McKinney the proportion of timber to prairies continually lessens until beyond Mr. Foreman's it became quite scarce. The prairie however is unmixed richness."

The reason for his not noticing the southerly direction could have been that he was enthralled by a tale told by his local agent of the *Standard*, William Fitzhugh. "We journeyed on Friday to the place of Mr. William Foreman upon the high prairies where it assumes the character of a broad plain; on our way seeing much country, and having the most eligible situations, and finest view points pointed out to us by our traveling companion, Captain William Fitzhugh, formerly commanding the post known as Fitzhugh's station.

"We were diverted upon the route, by a little episode in the life of the Captain, who known only as a frontiersman, has seen some adventures in life. "In boyhood, he and his brother, Robert, now sheriff of Collin County, commenced their careers by a trading excursion to Santa Fe and California. Returning thence, they drove in some buffaloes and took them east, as speculation. "There they became temporarily conjoined with P.T. Barnum and after that, made an arrangement to sell their animals at a large price, to be paid for, on arrival into Europe. They were accordingly shipped to Liverpool in the name of the purchaser, who by this means obtained control of them, and slipped off, evading payment.

"Robert Fitzhugh, who had accompanied the animals to obtain payment of their price, followed the purchaser over part of England and France, where he at last came up with him, but got nothing.

"The Captain remained in New York, and had familiarized himself with its localities, amusements, and vicissitudes, before leaving, he related to me."

"I have seldom been more surprised for our friend, the Captain, though a decidedly shrewd, keen man, not in the least tongue-tied, has so entirely the air of a western frontier's man, that I had never dreamed of hearing him mention familiarly the noted localities of the great metropolis of the Union."

Fitzhugh Mills

8-10-86

The name Fitzhugh is frequently found in the history of this county. This family were multitalented pioneers and made many contributions during the settlement of this area. They came from Kentucky by way of Missouri and Arkansas. The location of an old grist mill in Kansas City, Missouri that has been designated a historical site was first known as Fitzhugh's mill. It stood on the north bank of Indian Creek where the stream flowed across flat rocks and tumbled over a waterfall. The location is a wooded area at 103rd Street and State Line. A Jackson County, Missouri History tells that thousands left from this mill and campsite during the trail days after George and John Fitzhugh built the mill in 1838.

The Fitzhughs sold the mill in 1842. John Fitzhugh brought his family of twelve to Texas in 1845. Solomon, Gabriel, and George Fitzhugh received patents on land on

what is now the northeast corner of Allen and in the Lovejoy-Forest Grove area. The cemetery at Forest Grove began as the Fitzhugh family cemetery and is still known by their name. George and their brother William started a grist mill-sawmill east of Forest Grove known as Fitzhugh Mills. Although, several Fitzhughs served in the Mexican war, William was the most outstanding and became a captain. He also had a company during an Indian crisis in the 1850s and was commissioned a colonel of the 16th Texas Cavalry in the Confederacy.

Charles DeMorse of the *Northern Standard* reported an anecdote of his journey from McKinney to Dallas in 1852 with Captain William Fitzhugh. "We were diverted upon the route by a little episode in the life of the Captain who known only as a frontiersman has seen some adventures in life." DeMorse related that early in their youth William and his brother Robert (who was Sheriff of Collin County in 1852) had commenced their career by a trading excursion to Sante Fe and California. On their return they drove some buffalos and took them east. There they joined up for a while with P.T. Barnum. Afterwards they made arrangements to sell the buffalos in Europe. A large price was to be paid on delivery. The Fitzhugh brothers shipped the animals to Liverpool in the name of the purchaser. Because of this the buyer obtained control of them and slipped off without paying. Robert Fitzhugh, who had accompanied the buffalo, followed the man over part of England to France.

De Morse recorded, "I have seldom been more surprised by our friend, the Captain, though a decidedly shrewd keen man, not in the least tongue-tied, has so entirely the aire of a western frontier's man that I had never dreamed of hearing him mention familiarly the noted localities of the great Metropolis of the Union."

Cornbread was family staple

5-19-85

We had instant cornbread again. There is usually a packet of "complete" cornbread mix in the cupboard to fix when we need bread in a hurry. This brings a tinge of guilt for I have the pretention of being a purist, who uses only whole grain stone ground cornmeal.

The present-day concern of the dangers of using ultra-refined flour and meal is a good reason for using stone ground meal. Our past experience as millers is another.

In the late 40s my father and I operated one of the last stone mills in the area at Van Alstyne. D. C. bought the mill when we married. We closed it in 1951. Now the millstones at our doorstep are only souvenirs of this time.

Our mill was powered by an old automobile engine that was an antique even then. The mill had come from Sears and Roebuck probably in the 1920s. Corn was poured in a hopper on the top that fed it through the center of a stationary stone. While the other stone turned, the corn was crushed progressively finer as it worked to the outer edges. The corn meal fell into a sifter that removed the chaff.

In the age-old custom we took toll in payment for grinding. Each customer had his own preference for the texture of his cornmeal. One man came regularly to the mill and always gave the same instructions. We have forgotten his name, but still remember him as "Mr. Tolerable Fine."

Corn Meal was one of the first necessities of the pioneer family. Mr. and Mrs. D.B. Fisher, decendants of Peter Fisher and Tinsley Roberts, told of their families struggle to obtain this basic food when they settled here in 1844.

After building a shelter, the men fenced a small patch of ground with split rails, six to eight rails high, to keep out the deer and mustang horses. Then corn was planted. For a short time their only food was deer meat and milk from the cows they had brought with them. When the corn was harvested they went to old Fort Warren, on the Red River (at the Grayson–Fannin County line) in ox wagons to have the corn ground into meal.

Henry Wetsel, a Pennsylvanian Dutch millwright, and his sons James and Lewis built a mill for grinding corn and wheat in McKinney soon after their coming to Texas in 1848. It was an incline treadmill, powered by six yoke of oxen. Later they sold the treadmill and built the first steam powered mill in McKinney.

G.W. Ford told of going to Bill Snider's grist mill, east of Allen. William Snider, an industrious carpenter and wagon maker from Kentucky, helped build the first corn mill in this part of the country. He also had a bois d'arc mill and a gin. A source of steam power was utilized to the fullest.

Cornbread was not the only product of corn. Kentuckian, William Forman, who had a mill north-east of Plano, ran a distillery. Further east of Plano at Dublin a mill was built by William Gage; a miller named Willis ran the mill. Then Sanford Beck owned the mill and had a distiller. Becks's mill was later known as Salmon's Mill.

Fitzhugh Mill on the east Fork of the Trinity River, east of Forest Grove, was built when William Fitzhugh joined his brothers Solomon, Gabriel and George in Texas in 1857.

The Witts of Trinity Mill in Dallas County were advertising their mill in the "Dallas Herald" in 1858. They took one-fifth for toll, which was probably the local standard.

Buying stone ground meal now is rather iffy. Sometimes the meal is made from hybrid corn that does not grind well for it is almost as hard as the granite of the mill stones. There does not seem to be any "Sure Cropper" or "Yellow Dent" around anymore. This is my excuse for scratch cornbread that is sometimes as heavy as mill stones. A more accurate reason, perhaps, is I preferred working at the mill with Dad, rather than learning to cook with my Mother.

Spring was important feature at Fitzhugh Mill 8-11-91

J. Ed McGee was a proud owner of the farm at Fitzhugh's Mill. In 1923, he showed newspaper editor Walter B. Wilson around the farm and told him of the plans he had for the property.

Wilson wrote: "This farm is a portion of the old homestead of Robert Fitzhugh, second sheriff of Collin County. The old Fitzhugh custom mill was built 70 years ago at that point to get the advantage of the exceptionally good spring of water located there. The old mill site and this wonderful spring of water are located on that portion of the Fitzhugh old homestead now owned by Mr. McGee...."

"But the old flour mill which was one of the very first mills located in North Texas was long since dismantled. The old stone foundation for the engine and the remnants of the old milling machinery are still to be seen on the premise, corroding and rusting from disuse and invincible tooth of time."

W.T. Beverly, Robert Fitzhugh's son-in-law and administrator of the Fitzhugh estate, was concerned with the corrosion of the mill machinery after the mill was shut down. He told the probate court that at the time he took charge of the estate there was "a

lot of old mill machinery liable to waste and be destroyed,” and to avoid loss he sold the saw to Louis Wetzel for \$75.

Everything that could be salvaged was. T.S. Batson and Mark Russell bought 550 bricks from the old boiler at the mill.

The old farm passed through several hands after it was sold by the Fitzhugh heirs. On July 2, 1914, G.F. and Mary Mathews sold the various tracts that made up the farm to J. Ed McGee.

Fred and Maurine Wilson, the present owners, tell that there are the foundations of two gins down close to Wilson Creek. A search of county records reveal facts only about one of the gins.

In 1911, Anson L. Cole Jr. bought the right to erect a gin on the Mathew’s land. Cole passed this right to Farmers Gin Co. for \$1: “a lot on which to erect, maintain and operate a cotton gin.” Farmers Gin Co. purchased the gin from Continental Gin Co. of Dallas for \$3,500 in notes and an unknown amount of cash. This would have been a complete gin- buildings, scales and gin machinery.

In 1923, Wilson reported, “A gin is sill located at that point and is in operation under the management of Byron Griffin for the benefit of the farmers of that community.” However, in 1924, the corporation, Farmers Gin Co. of Fitzhugh Mills, was dissolved and McGee bought the property.

Early in 1919, Viola Poole came to Collin County as the first home demonstration agent. A native of Greenville, N.C., and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Perry Poole of Washington, D.C., she attended three years at Chicora College in Greenville, two years at Peabody and one year at Cornell. It was said this highly qualified young woman “Started work with energy and enthusiasm.”

She caused quite a stir in the farming communities of the country, organizing canning clubs and girls clubs. Newspapers chronicles her amazing schedule of activities that first year and the years that followed.:

“Ashgrove girl’s canning club to have box supper,” “Miss Poole has conducted several successful box suppers. One planned for Wetsel.”

Mrs. J.L. Lovejoy, wife of a McKinney banker, frequently accompanied the young demonstration agent on her travels over the county.

On Nov. 1, 1919, Viola Poole married J.Ed McGee. About the bride it was said, “her work has been loyally followed by the girls and farm women in every part of the county.” The groom “is a young stock farmer..., who is universally respected for his integrity of character and enterprise in developing the farming and stock raising interest of our county.” He was deemed worthy of the “fair young lady.”

The old homestead at Fitzhugh was up on the crown of the hill some distance above the spring and mill site. McGee moved a relatively new house from the gin lot up to the mill site so the home could have water piped into it from the spring.

The first water pump was a hydraulic ram, a device that lifts water into a reservoir by the weight of the natural downward flow of water. Ed Ereckson recalls the click-clack sound of the pump when he visited the McGee farm as a child with his aunt, Ethel Ereckson Roddy. It is believed the McGee home was the first farm home in the county to have running water.

From the farm, Viola Poole McGee traveled to the farming communities across the county in her buggy. Probably no other woman (or man) influenced as much change

among the farming families as Mrs. McGee. Marion Snider tells that his mother was one of the farm wives who followed the home demonstration lady's teaching. "whatever Viola Poole McGee said to fix, she tried."

Wilson said in 1923, "He (McGee) already has hydrants located in his various lots, barns with pipes connecting with this spring. "Neighbors whose wells went dry filled water tanks at a pipe near the road. Nearby was a general store where men waiting for their tanks to fill, or for their turn at the water pipe, talked and played dominoes. McGee never charged for the spring water.

Late in his life, neighbors suggested Mr. McGee was feeling poorly because he drank water from the spring. One morning, Mrs. Willis tells us, he asked if she would take him to McKinney. They took a jar of spring water to be tested. A few days later, some men drove up and asked if Mr. McGee lived there. They told the 93-year-old farmer they wanted to see where that water had come from – it was the purest water they had ever tested.

Fitzhugh sought military at every opportunity

7-7-91

William F. Fitzhugh was born to be a military man. He would have been a good candidate for West Point but he was born on the frontier in Kentucky in 1818, and while a young child, was taken farther west to Missouri by his parents, John and Sarah Fitzhugh.

Throughout his life, William Fitzhugh sought every opportunity for military service. He was only about 17 years old in 1835 when he served in the Seminole war in Florida. He greatly admired his commander, General Edmund Pendleton Gaines, and years later, Fitzhugh would have an opportunity to honor this sometime controversial general.

Fitzhugh's search for adventure was not limited to the military. We recently wrote about an incident when he and his brother, after a journey to California, drove a herd of buffalo to New York City.

Although he was only 27 at the time, his experience was recognized when he joined Captain Daniel Montague's Company, one of the first raised in North Texas at the beginning of the War with Mexico in 1846. He was made second sergeant.

After the expedition to the Rio Grande with Col. Harney, Fitzhugh returned to Collin County.

When Captain Stapp's company of Collin County men were mustered out of service on Feb. 2, 1847, the company immediately reorganized with William Fitzhugh as captain. Of the 80 men of Company I of Belle's Regiment of Texas Volunteers, 23 were from Stapp's company. Other officers were First Lieutenant Thomas J. McDonald, Second Lieutenant Alfred Chandler and Second Lieutenant Joshua Dillingham.

The muster rolls of the men of Fitzhugh's company during the two years of service lists the names of many of the men of this locality. Several were related to the Fitzhughs or would later marry into the family.

There were three Lewis brothers, five Tuckers, Bradleys, Phillips, Wilcoxes, Witts, Whites, etc. In the second service period, there were two Gabriel Fitzhughs, one was the captain's young brother, Gabriel H., and the other, their cousin Gabriel, the son of George Fitzhugh. Ten men died in service, mostly from disease, and one fell from a horse and died.

If I seem, to belabor this military service during the Mexican war, it is because there is little folk memory of this time, although Civil War service was greatly honored into this century.

It was because of this experience in a somewhat unpopular war, sometimes called the dress rehearsal for the Civil War, that Texas had men well-qualified to command companies and regiments in the later war. William Fitzhugh was one of these men.

The governor's order to Captain Fitzhugh was for him to choose the best location on the frontier to protect the northernmost settlements. Fitzhugh selected a site, about three miles southeast of the present town of Gainesville, overlooking the bend in the Elm Fork of the Trinity, on the western edge of the Crosstimbers. The location is about 10 miles south of the Red River and would have commanded an almost 360 degree view.

In addition to this post that became known as Fort Fitzhugh, a 30 man detachment of the company was stationed on Hickory Creek, about 30 miles south of the fort. Fort Fitzhugh and Hickory Creek Station were part of a screen of mounted troops of Texans on the western limits of the settlements.

The next company to the south was Johnson's on the West Fork of the Trinity at the Crosstimber line. (Johnson's Station, south of Arlington) The line continued south to the Waco village on the Brazos, by Enchanted Rock, another 60 miles or so west of Austin and San Antonio, and on to Presidio Crossing on the Rio Grande.

With the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo on Feb. 2, 1848, the federal government began to feel there were enough regular army troops available to assume the responsibility for protecting the western settlements. One by one, the nine companies of Texas volunteers still on the frontier were mustered out. Only Fitzhugh's company, nearest to the Red River lasted into 1849, when they were mustered out on the first of February.

The discharge of the ranging companies ended the highest degree of security the western settlements ever had or were to have until the killing of the buffalo and the surrender of the western Indians. However, Fort Fitzhugh had given the settlers the safety to move west beyond the natural barrier of the Crosstimbers.

This first settlement in Cooke County grew up around the fort and was the first county seat. However, in 1850, a new townsite was chosen on Elm Creek, three miles away, that became Gainesville.

Fort Fitzhugh near Gainesville

7-14-91

On a hot July afternoon, my husband, D.C., and I are off in search of Fort Fitzhugh. I am reminded of the quests of old for mythological cities. Fort Fitzhugh is one local myth I am determined to resolve. There has been some belief there was no actual fort, only a temporary camp that could have been in several locations. About a month ago, I discovered in Vol. 3 of the *Handbook of Texas* that Fort Fitzhugh was the first seat of Cooke County. In 1948, Boy Scouts placed a marker on the site of the fort, 3 miles southeast of Gainesville.

This was no myth! Taking a northwesterly course from McKinney to try as near as possible to follow the route of Fitzhugh's company as it left the old town of Buckner in February, 1847, we came out onto White Rock Escarpment. Here, in 1849, soldiers under the command of Col. William G. Cooke, layed out Preston Road, State Highway 289, part of a military route from Austin to the Red River. Below, to the west, are the

Flats, known as Mustang Flats by the early settlers because of the large herds of wild horses that roamed the grassland at that time.

We take Farm-to-Market Road 455 west from Celina, and at Pilot Point turn north on U.S. Highway 377 to Tioga, to bypass Lake Ray Roberts. A gazebo-covered well helps one recall Tioga was a well-known spa at the turn of the century, where the aged and infirm of Allen came to take the healing mineral water. A street is named Gene Autry Avenue for the town's famous native son.

On FM 922, west of Tioga, we are in the Eastern Crosstimber region. The Crosstimbers was a band of thick woodland that stretched from the Red River into Central Texas and once formed a barrier between the Plains Indians and white settlers, where raiding prairies disappeared on hidden trails that baffled pursuing Rangers.

Geologically, the region is an outcrop of Woodbine sandstone. The Woodbine downdips under our area providing an aquifer for local deep wells.

We turn north at Mountain Springs, onto FM 372, a roller coaster ride over hills cut steeply by creeks running westward down to the Elm Fork of the Trinity River.

At the library in Gainesville, the librarian enters into our quest for the fort and brings out the *Daily Register* of Aug. 19, 1950, given as the source of the article in the *Texas Handbook*, but there is nothing about the fort. However, 10 days later on Aug. 29, there was a special supplement celebrating Gainesville's centennial. We have found it!

Surprisingly, the headline of the newspaper article said, "William Fitzhugh Commander of Frontier Fort, Named Gainesville." There is a picture of Captain William Fitzhugh. The writer tells that in 1950 there was part of the caved-in ammunition dump and the fort's well still in evidence. There is quite a bit of Fitzhugh family information. A grandson, Frank Fitzhugh, lived in Cooke County at that time.

No temporary camp, stockaded Fort Fitzhugh was a permanent installation.

In September, 1847, William Fitzhugh married Miss Mary Jane Ratton. Evidently, the captain took his new bride to the fort, where he was located until 1849.

A town grew at the fort that served as the first county seat. The town was first named Liberty, but when it was discovered there was already a county seat town of that name in Texas, Captain Fitzhugh suggested naming the town for his old commander of the Seminole War, General Edmund Pendleton Gaines.

When the seat of government for the county was moved to a new site in 1850, the town was named Gainesville.

The article gives the specific location of the fort site and named the owners of the land, that is, as things were in 1950. We stand in the shade of a tree on the library grounds and ponder the problem of finding the location today.

Across the street is the Sheriff's Department. Perhaps someone in the office would recognize the location. We are in luck; we find a deputy who is an amateur archeologist and a sheriff with a fisherman's knowledge of the creeks and woodland in the area of the fort. We leave with a marked map and a warning to watch for rattle snakes and copperheads.

Out on the road, southeast of Gainesville, we are puzzled by the numerous creeks and try to match them with the lines on the map. We choose a creek we think is the right one and park at a cattle guard. We walk across the bridge and up the steep hill, looking into the fields and trying to see something that could be signs of the old fortifications or the marker placed at the site in 1948.

About halfway up the hill- did I say a steep hill?- I move into the weeds at the side of the road as a pickup approaches. The driver asks if I need help.

“No, we are looking for a historical marker. Do you know of one around here?” He shakes his head “no.” His big Stetson shows that he is still shaking his head as he drives away.

I continue up the steep hill in the July sun. D.C. goes back for the car. We arrive at the top of the hill at the same time. We have become grimly determined to find the fort before we leave Cooke County. D.C. goes to the door of the neat house sitting on the hill top, to see if anyone there knows the place.

Margaret Plumlee tells him we have come too far; the fort site is back toward town a mile or so. Her husband lived on the place when he was a boy, but she does not know how to find the site.

As we stand on her doorstep talking history, Doug Plumlee drives up in his pickup. He is on his way to tend some cows, but when he hears we are looking for Fort Fitzhugh, he decides there is enough daylight left to take us to the site and still see about his cattle before dark.

We drive back toward town and turn onto a ranch road. We explain to a puzzled ranch hand we want to drive out to the site of an old fort. In Doug’s pickup, we circle the ranch house and he points to bottomland fields below where he has plowed up arrowheads. He drives onto a rounded knoll and stops.

It is here, he tells us, that 50 years ago, the foundations of the fort could still be seen and they reached for about 80 feet. The ground where we stand was, at that time, littered with broken glass, pottery and bits of hardware. He once found a rusted pistol.

Down below the steep drop-off was the old well, on the banks of a slough. Near the hill was the caved-in ammunition dump. An underground passageway once connected the ammunition dup with the inside of the stockade. Doug tells of playing in the excavation when he was a boy, until he told about his “cave.” He got a lecture about the dangers of playing in the tunnel, that if it had fallen in on him, he would never have been found.

Now, a thick carpet of grass covers the area. Trees that have grown in the years since the fort was abandoned, cover the hillside and block the view.

As the men talk. I look at the view from the hilltop and think of the Collin County Rangers who had watched from that hill.

South is the blue distance down Elm Fork of the Trinity. Below, the river bends to the west, opening a vista in that direction.

As I look toward the setting sun, I think of the changes since those first white men built a fort here. And I think of Nocona and his people to whom that land in the western distance once belonged. The year the fort was built, a boy child was born to the chief’s captive white wife. He, Quanah, would carry the desperate fight to keep their land and their buffalo into the next generation.

I stand here and wish somehow history could be rewritten.

Fort Fitzhugh

7-20-86

Our old Ranger continues

All that marching to the River and back again were not the only confusing things in July 1846. Governor Horton received petitions from Collin and Dallas counties that asked for more protection from Indian attacks. The governor sent the petitions on to

Colonel Harney. The colonel told the governor he thought a frontier company on the Trinity was a good idea, but four more strung out down south on the frontier would be even better. July 2, the governor sent word to Andrew Stapp to organize a company here in Collin County. Four other companies were ordered formed at the same time.

Stapp enrolled his men at the Fourth of July picnic at Buckner and the others were organized just as promptly. Everything was fine so far, but Colonel Harney took off to the River and left Major Fauntleroy in charge. The major wrote and asked the governor what was going on and where were the companies going to be stationed. Before the governor could tell him what's what, Fauntleroy received General Taylor's letter telling Colonel Harney not to go to the River, where he had already gone. Major Fauntleroy wrote the governor and told him didn't need the new companies, but the governor said it's too late—you've got them. Well there was a real snowstorm of letters going back and forth with the governor writing to President Polk and Secretary of War. It took twenty-nine days for the first letter to get to Washington.

There was Stapp and all the Collin County boys down at Elm Station, unofficially in the army, serving out their six months. On February 2, they were discharged, but it wasn't until February 6, back at Buckner, that they were mustered in and out, retroactive to the time they had actually served.

But, they immediately reorganized for another twelve months. This time, William Fitzhugh, that had been down to the River in Montague's company, was made captain. There were 80 in this bunch: 23 had just finished six months with Stapp. First Lieutenant was Thomas J. McDonald, Seconds were Alfred Chandler and Joshua Dillingham. Sergeants were Squire Lewis, Henry Tucker, Sam Smith, and James Graves. The governor told Fitzhugh to keep his company in service and to choose the best location for it on the frontier.

The captain set up Fort Fitzhugh up Elm Fork, above the Cross Timbers, about ten miles from the Red River in what is now Cooke County. When their 12 months were up, most of the men signed up for another year. They had the same officers except Robert Hedgcoxe was the bugler. The company was down at Hickory Creek Station in '48 and several of the boys died there. (That was the way it was in this war, more died from sickness, drowning and horse accidents than were killed in battle.)

The Texans had the best defense against Indians ever, back during the war, with that string of forts along the frontier with Texans on duty. But soon as the war ended, the government said let the regular army do it, and the volunteer companies were discharged. Only Captain Fitzhugh's Company nearest to the Red River, lasted into 1849. They were mustered out in February.

The U.S. Army learned a few things from the Texas Volunteers: That they had to have horses and taught them how to ride, that a wide brim hat was necessary, and a Walker-Colt was better than a saber for a mounted soldier. Undoubtedly, we Texans learned a few things, too, and collected some good stories to tell the grandchildren.

Locating Lazy Neck easier said than done

2-17-91

Could someone tell me where Lazy Neck was? No one in that neck of the woods seems to have heard of the place, yet early in this century, in newspapers, it is given as the home community of people in the Lucas area, from Ack Scott on present Blondy Jhune Road to Gabe Lucas, himself.

Gabriel Henry Lucas was born Nov. 27, 1855, the son of Peter F. Lucas, a Primitive Baptist minister, and Mary Eliza "Polly" Fitzhugh Lucas, the daughter of George and Betsy Rountree Fitzhugh.

Peter F. Lucas was one of the first commissioners of Collin County when the county was formed in 1846. The Lucas land patent was for an odd-shaped piece of land, a long and narrow neck with an arm extending westward, that filled in spaces between the old land grants and the Peter's Colony land, on the south fork of White Rock Creek.

Gabe Lucas was only three years old when his father died. A few years later, in 1865, his mother married L.W. Lewis. His older sister, Sarah E. Lucas, married William S. Coffey, a Collin County sheriff. He had a half brother, Jim Lewis.

In 1875, Gabe Lucas married Nancy Catherine Wetsel, a daughter of James and Catherine Dugger Wetsel, who lived near Stacy Road and Highway 5, in present Allen.

Various members of the Wetsel clan held Peter's Colony land from north of Stacy Road to south of the Cottonwood Creek crossing on the old stagecoach road, now Highway 5 and Jupiter. The Fitzhugh-Lucas clan were aligned along the old Rockwall to McKinney Road, present FM 1378, from Stacy Road to nearly Parker Road.

When Gabe and Nancy Catherine were married by Elder Ben Faulkner, they united two of the largest families among our pioneer settlers.

"For 14 or 15 years after their marriage, they lived on the farm down in Lazy Neck community where Mr. Lucas engaged in farming and merchandising," tells a 1919 newspaper account. In 1888, Gabe Lucas had a general merchandise store, presumably in that same locality, when a post office was created, named in honor of Gabriel H. Lucas, who became the first postmaster.

Gabe served as the Lucas postmaster until 1890, when he moved his family to McKinney, where he became a clerk in I.D. Newsome and Sons. He later was in the grocery business in McKinney, before he became a commercial salesman. However, it was as a raconteur of tales of the pioneer days that Lucas gained fame across North Texas as The Bumblebee Fighter from Lazy Neck.

"Mr. Lucas was noted throughout his community and county and even other counties of the state for his wit, humor and ever-cheerful spirit which rendered him a boon companion and a popular entertainer as a speaker at numerous school and picnic entertainments and even at set appointments at school houses, towns and some of the larger cities.

"His message was always one depicting rural life as he had lived it as a boy in the earlier days of the settlement of this county down on the farm in the Lazy Neck Community. By popular consent he was given the soubriquet of 'The Bumblebee Fighter from Lazy Neck,' because in his lectures portraying boyhood life of himself and playmates down on Lazy Neck he never failed to weave into his story tales about their fighting bumblebees."

"He had a wonderful faculty of word painting in the simplest language of rural life in its every feature-- family circle, neighborhood social life, rural parties, courtship, church and farm life as actually lived by the early settlers of 50 years ago and more...." How interesting these stories would be to us today!

Other postmasters at Lucas were George W. Bradley, beginning in 1890; James M Gallagher, 1891; John G. J. Moss, 1891; Robert H. Coffey, 1892; Samuel L. Renfro,

1897; Stokley T. Armstrong, 1898; John A. Armstrong, 1903; Rufus E. Morrow, 1903. On Sept 5, 1903 the post office was discontinued and mail was sent to Wylie.

Spurgins trace roots back to Colonial America 11-11-90

Our view of Colonial America is distorted by romantic notions of our forefathers. Each year at this time, we retell the Pilgrims' story, but the boat loads of religious refugees were only a fraction of the colonists. An even smaller percentage were the younger sons of English nobility that sought their fortunes in the new world, who left a legacy of colonial mansions such as Mount Vernon. Most of us with colonial ancestors descend from the laborers who were imported, either voluntarily or not, to do the actual work of hacking to the plantations from the wilderness.

Ships bringing goods to the colonies also carried loads of human cargo. Although some people could pay for their passage, many could not. Persons who had no money bought their passage to the colonies by entering into a contract or indenture with the ship's captain. On arrival at an American port, the captain sold the contracts to a plantation owner or tradesman. The persons then worked as indentured servants for a period of time, usually seven years, after which time they were free. (The first Black Americans also came under this type of agreement.)

Another group who were treated similarly to indentured servants were convicts transported as punishment for crimes. At that time there were over 150 offenses that could lead to banishment. To provide the labor needed on colonial plantations, able-bodied prisoners were transported to the colonies. Many were skilled and educated. (Young George Washington was educated by convict tutors.) Even with their black marks against them, they had more opportunities than they would ever have had locked in poverty in England.

Last year, on the trail of his father's history, Donald M. Spurgin researched in England in the Greater London Record Office. Court records revealed that his ancestor, William Spurgin, was said to have taken on the 14th of January, 15th year of the Reign of George I (1719) "one flaxen sheet, one holland sheet shirt, a holland smock, worth 35 shillings, one holland pillow; two linen aprons, two child's silk handkerchiefs from the home of Joseph Ruby in Stepney, Middlesex County (north of the Thames from London.)

In February 1719, William was sentenced to be banished from England for 14 years and to be transported to North America. That same month, Williams's brother James Spurgin was also convicted of breaking and entering a home and of taking an assortment of clothing and received the same sentence.

The brothers, thought to have been in their late teens, were put on board the ship, Margaret, Captain William Greenwood, master, bound for Virginia or Maryland. On arrival at Port de Ford, Maryland, in August 1719, William and James were both indentured to William Snowden.

After their period of servitude, they soon accumulated money to purchase land. William purchased 200 acres near the Shenandoah River, Virginia in 1737. He and James bought other land up the Potomac River from Harper's Ferry, along Antietam Creek, in Maryland. In the spelling of Spurgin found in early American records, Williams' property was called "Spriggens Lott" and James' was "Spriggens Delight."

The first William Spurgin is known to have had at least three sons; one was also named William.

William Spurgin II married Mary Jane Sellers and at the beginning of the American Revolution, they were living in Rowan County, North Carolina. Colonel William Spurgin chose to remain loyal to the Crown, while his wife, Mary Jane, supported the Revolution. Faced with arrest with others as “incorrigible enemies to the American measure for the defense of their freedom...,” William hid in the woods for some time before going over the mountains to Kentucky. He then settled in Ontario, Canada.

Mary Jane and her 11 children remained in North Carolina. She went to court several times to recover the property of her husband that had been confiscated, but was not successful. However, she is honored as an American Patriot, for helping General Greene by sending her sons to assist in locating the army of Cornwallis.

Her son, John Spurgin, settled on Muddy Creek, then North Carolina, later Sullivan County, Tennessee in 1792. He served as a representative to the State of Franklin. John had a mill at the mouth of Muddy Creek and developed a plantation of 1,350 acres before his death in 1803.

About 1850, John’s son, Samuel Spurgin, with his children and their families, moved to Iowa. They did not stay there long, possibly because of Indian troubles. By 1856, Samuel and son William were located in Collin County, Texas, according to land records, and in a record marking the beginning of the work of the Methodists in Collin County: The Arkansas Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Texas Mission district appointed Samuel and William Spurgin, James Smith, J.C. Hayes, and M.L. Morris, trustees of the camp Creek Camp Meeting Ground at Millwood.

William Spurgin’s home was located about midway between Lucas and Wylie. Several of his children married children of the Gallagher, Miller families, who together with the Neilons, had come from the province of Connaught, Ireland. Soon after the Civil War, the Rev. Joseph Marinere organized St. Paul’s Catholic Church in the home of James Gallagher, the first Catholic Church in North Texas. Spurgin descendents, over a century later, were among those who began St. Jude in Allen.

Not long after Samuel and William Spurgin came to Texas, Moses and John Spurgin arrived. Moses bought land now northwest of Wylie, while John bought tracts of land in the Sparks, Lucas and Birch surveys and later other parcels of land now on the east side of Allen and in Lucas. His descendents are still closely associated with the two towns.

Coming a long ways from their beginnings in Colonial America, the Spurgins have been community leaders and contributed to several “firsts,” for when they found a lack of schools or churches on our Texas frontier, they took steps to establish them.

Culleokans fled Civil War, settled in Collin County 6-24-90

How many towns named Culleoka could there be in the U.S.A.? Here in Collin County, we have Culleoka, an old farming community that has become a sprawling commuter town between the arms of Lake Lavon. In Maury County, Tenn., is an even older town named Culleoka, where my father was raised. That there must be a connection between the two towns would seem obvious, yet I overlooked this important clue to my family’s and this area’s history for many years.

The word Culleoka is said to be Indian in origin. Somewhere I read it meant sweetwater. With my Muskogee-English dictionary, I tried to verify Culleoka’s meaning,

but found rolling water was the best I could do. (One translation I came up with was “My foot, what is it?”)

Culleoka, Tenn. Is a very pretty little town on the L&N Railroad about 12 miles south of Columbia, the county seat of Maury County. The Duck River runs through the center of the county. Maury County (pronounced Murry) was the home of President James K. Polk and other state and national political figures. Many of the first settlers were Revolutionary War veterans, or their descendants, from North Carolina. They served in the War of 1812, at the Battle of New Orleans, in the Indian Wars, and in the Mexican War. Several Confederate generals came from Maury County. Columbia, the county seat town had many reminders of the old South.

The Country in the south part of Maury County is broken by steep hills and spring-fed creeks. It is honey-combed with limestone caverns.

While there were some large land holdings in this area, most were small family farms. Grandpa raised potatoes on the side of Iron Ore Mountain. The land had to be plowed with mules and hill-side plow. At the end of rows the mold board of the plow was flipped over so the dirt was always thrown down hill. It was a hard-scrabble life to subsist on these hill farms.

Grandpa Thomas died in 1912. Grandma was left with nine children between the ages of 2 and 20. At that time, a former neighbor, R.C. Blackburn, was in Tennessee for a visit. While waiting for the train that would take the Blackburns back to Texas, Elmer Thomas gave Emma Blackburn a ring and promised to follow as soon as possible. In Texas, Blackburn needed a farm hand, so he sent Elmer a ticket to Plano, not knowing of the young couple’s secret engagement. Later that year, Elmer arranged with a local farmer to send for his widowed mother and her other children to chop and pick cotton.

The Blackburns and Thomases went back to Tennessee after a few years, but Emma and Elmer stayed until after their third son was born in 1918. On the train trip the family as ill with the flu that was epidemic. Emma died soon after returning to Tennessee. As soon as he could, Elmer, my father, brought his mother, her younger children, and his three small sons back to Texas.

When I began research into my family’s past, I did not recognize they were part of a large migration from the southern part of Maury County, Tenn. to Collin County, Texas. I knew most of my great-grandmother’s kin had moved to Texas after the Civil War, as did many others from the area along the Maury-Giles County line. Old church records of the McCains Presbyterian Church have lines through many names with a note in the margin saying, “Gone to Texas.” Maury County was impoverished by the war. Both armies were in occupation for most of the war. There were family disputes over loyalty to the Southern cause- Giles and Maury Counties were where the Ku-Klux-Klan was first organized.

It was not until a few years ago that I found the Maury County immigrants in Collin County, after searching all over Texas for them. Apparently, Mr. Blackburn, my brother’s grandfather, had connections with families in the earlier migrations, a Collin County-Maury County connection that began before the Civil War.

The first families came early in the 1850s. Relatives and friends left Maury County after the Civil War to settle east of Allen, across East Fork, between Sister Grove and Pilot Grove Creeks, at Princeton and Farmersville, and north to Blue Ridge. Eventually, there was a large colony of Tennesseans. Their names were Dugger, Farris,

McKissick, Scott, Willcoxson, Todd, Morrow, and many other familiar names. In 1893, John P. Morrow became the postmaster of a new post office named Culleoka for his old home in Tennessee.

English immigrants relocate in Winningkoff

10-23-88

Maria and Mary Howe boarded the steamship San Jacinto at Liverpool, England, on March 24, 1873. The 1,200-ton ship, commanded by A.C. Burrows, was one of four ships of the Liverpool and Texas Steamship Company, called the Black Star Line. The San Jacinto had a shallow draft, as did the San Marcos, San Antonio and San Bernard, the other Black Star ships, because at that time, Galveston harbor was not deep enough for deep-keeled ships. Most passengers were immigrating to Texas. There were 176 named on the passenger list. Passage cost eight pounds for an adult, four pounds for a child and one pound for an infant in arms.

Among the passengers were George and Ellen Rolfe and their children, George Jr., Walter, Elizabeth and Nellie. Others of the Howe family were to have been on board, but the illness of a son kept the girls' parents in England. Mary Howe and George Rolfe Jr. planned to marry after the families settled in Texas, Maria was sent by their parents with her sister.

The ship docked at Galveston on April 21, 1873. Maria was very ill with a fever. She later told that mosquitoes swarmed the ship during the voyage. Maria stayed in a Galveston hospital for about a month.

On May 16, another ship arrived. On board were John and Harriett Ashby from Norfolk, England. Ashby and the Rolfe men were butchers by trade. It is not known if the Ashbys became acquainted with the others at Galveston or later.

About a month after their arrival in Texas, the Rolfes and the Howe sisters boarded the train to move inland. They had thought to leave the train at Dallas. However, they were not impressed with what they could see of Dallas. This was only a few months after the railway reached North Texas. Another San Jacinto passenger, Sam Hargreaves, a printer in Dallas for over 60 years, described Dallas in 1873: "When we came to Dallas, there was nothing but woods, ravines and rocks between Murphy Street and the Central Railroad. On Elm Street, just east of the Central Railroad, there was a group of stores and business houses with dwellings straggling away from them. There was fully a mile of unoccupied territory between them and the old town round the courthouse. In fact, the two settlements were far enough apart to constitute two towns."

The Rolfe-Howe party decided to remain on the train. Plano also was distant from the new tracks, and Allen was just a depot. However, McKinney was a bustling county town, so the English group decided to stay there. Maria and Mary Howe found places in the household of Dr. B.M.E. Smith, the founder of Smith Drugs in McKinney. The men found work as butchers. John Ashby worked for George Watt Meat Market. Harriet Ashby died soon after arriving in McKinney.

On Jan. 8, 1874, Maria Howe and John Ashby were married; a month before Mary Howe married George Rolfe Jr. on Feb., 4. Elizabeth Rolfe married a McKinney barber, A.J. Winningkoff, the following year.

After living in McKinney a few years, the Ashbys, Rolfes and Winningkoffs moved to farms about eight miles east of Allen. Winningkoff gave two acres of land for a school; the school and community were called Winningkoff. They were charter

members of Blythe Chapel Methodist in that community (now First United Methodist Church of Lucas). Ashby was a steward of the church for over 20 years. The English settlers lived long and useful lives in that community.

Iola Heifner, a granddaughter of George and Mary Rolfe, still lives on the Rolfe farm in the Winningkoff community, now part of Lucas. Annie Marie Odle and Sally "Vette" Brockman, granddaughter of John and Maria Ashby, live in McKinney. Jeanette Whitworth of McKinney, an Ashby great-granddaughter, shared with us the family's history that was compiled by her mother, Lena Mae Stiff Odle. Odle first wrote the story as her grandmother dictated to her in 1925. Through the years, Odle kept stacks of scrap books with letters, clippings and family pictures from their scattered family. Whitworth still corresponds with English relatives.

Maria Ashby began her autobiography at the age of 84 in her Texas farm home with these words about her childhood in England: "I spent most of my time as other children do, having a good time, as I had no worries or cares. As we lived on the coast, we had an ideal place to play." It was a long story that she told. She ended: "Then, we bought the farm in Blythe Chapel community, where we lived the rest of our lives."

A photo of the Ashby family in 1900 is shown on the microfilm, but is too dark to reprint.

Little remains of Winningkoff community

4-10-88

On a high rise of ground between Wilson and White Rock creeks before they flowed into East Fork was once Winningkoff. The old town was about seven miles east of Allen and is difficult to find, even with road signs. Once, black dirt roads, that were impassable in wet weather, linked the community and the outside world. Four mules had difficulty pulling through the mud. The community needed to be self-sufficient; some families went to town only twice a year.

In 1884, A.J. Winningkoff, who owned 204 acres, of the Calvin Bole's League, "in consideration of the imperative public want of a school and church building in the Winningkoff School Community" gave two acres to the county. J.J. Winningkoff was a barber in McKinney at the time of the 1880 census. His birthplace was in Louisiana, but his parents were from Prussia. His wife, Lizza, was born in England. They had two small daughters at that time.

A Methodist Society led by the Rev. J.A. Stafford, presiding elder, and the Rev. Nathaniel Charles Little began meeting in the school house; however, in 1895, the trustees, R.E. Morrow, John Ashby and J.H. Shell, were instructed to secure a lot and raise money for a church house. Dr. Ellsworth S. Blythe, the community physician, gave an acre northwest of the school lot to the church. A building 30 by 50 feet was built. The church built a larger, square building in 1920.

Dr. Blythe moved to Allen about 1910. Dr. Rufus E. Morrow of Lucas moved to Winningkoff but made house calls in both communities. He delivered many babies for the large families in the two communities, traveling by horseback in muddy weather.

There were at least two stores in the community. Ed Knight had a grocery-pharmacy. Other storekeepers were Johnny Snider, Otis Morrow, Earl Nickerson, and Martin and Nona Heifner. B.A. "Curley" and Bessie Taylor were the last to have a store in Winningkoff. Aaron Norman's blacksmith shop was one of the last in our part of the county.

A domino game was always in progress at the store. It moved outside under the filling station shed in the summer and often continued to midnight before adjourning until the next day. Among the domino players were the Gant brothers, Tom Ackerson, “Crack” Gallagher, Lloyd Gooch, John Enloe and Horace Moore.

In a small building, across the school yard, the ladies met for a needle club – for quilting (and for a lot of eating we are told).

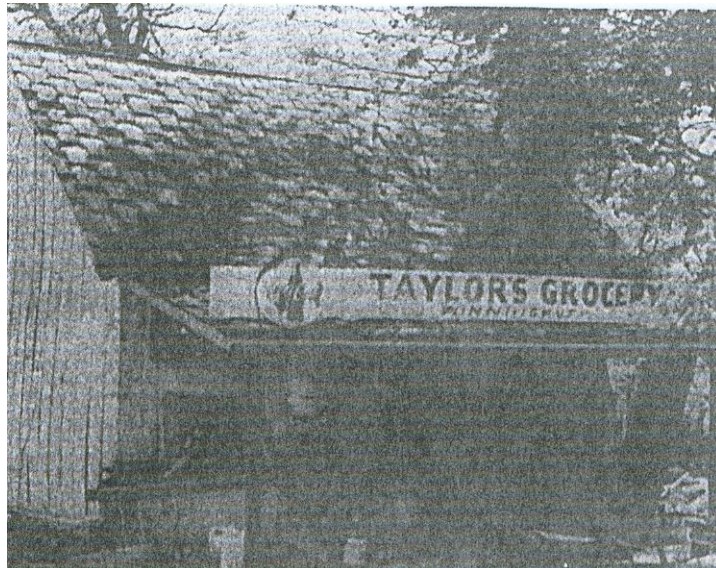
Among the family names at Winningkoff were: Moore, Hindsley, Knight, McMillen, Enloe, Heifner, Petway, Norman, Christian, Rolf, Smith, Campbell, Morrow, Snider and Gant.

A large number of children were educated in the two-room schoolhouse. The building faced west; the facilities were out back. The classrooms were heated by large, round coal stoves. In later years, water was piped from the well at the front door of the schoolhouse.

Most of the time there were two teachers, but in the last years as families moved away from the community, there was only one teacher. Among those who taught at Winningkoff were Ernest Massey, Otis Morrow, Cora Campbell Spurgin, Gladys Campbell Ferguson, Velma Snider Cooley, Delilah McMillen and Doris Gant.

After the County School Board closed the school in 1949, John Enloe bought the building, moved it to Melissa and converted it into a residence. The Blythe Chapel Methodist Church building was moved to Lucas in 1967, and the Church was renamed the First United Methodist Church of Lucas. The old building now serves as an educational building.

The store has been closed for several years. There is no school, church, blacksmith, physician or pharmacy. The road dead ends into Lake Lavon; however, a close community spirit still continues among the now scattered Winningkoff families, even after the loss of the physical evidence of the old town.



B.A. “Curley” and Bessie Taylor were the last to have a store in Winningkoff.

EARLY FAIRVIEW

Dairyman's nickname sticks; Fairview incorporated

May 7, 1958

6-14-92

How did Fairview get its name? It seemed a simple question, but no one knew the answer. The question came from an assignment by a teacher at Lovejoy Elementary School. A young boy insisted he had to know the answer before the next day. This caused a flurry of phone calls to the Allen Public Library; Fairview city officials; McKinney historian, Helen Hall; "Big Daddy" Summers, myself and others. We were unable to answer the question for him that night, but there were firm resolutions made that we would know the next time we were asked.

Soon after, the City of Fairview established an historical commission. I would like to think this was a result of the boy's persistence. Nonetheless, the commission has been at work compiling information about the town's heritage. Those of us who work in local history had offered to share information with the commission.

We knew the name Fairview had been associated with the corner of State Highway 5 and FM 1378 long before the incorporation of the city. People who had lived in the area remembered the name was used in the 1920s.

Since Apple's Dairy was a long-established landmark at Fairview corners, we concluded that the name Fairview was connected with the Apple family. Page Thomas, a member of the Fairview Historical Commission, after talking with Dr. Bill Apple, interviewed his aunt, Mrs. Mattie Alice Apple Dickinson of McKinney, daughter of Samuel W. Apple.

She recalled that shortly before she was to begin high school, about 1920-21, "My dad moved Pecan Grove Dairy... There was nothing out there." He called our dairy Fairview Dairy..." Thomas asked why he used the name Fairview and she said, "Well, he just thought it was pretty because it was kinda upon a hill and away he could see the farm, and it was a beautiful name."

Samuel Walter Apple was a well-known dairyman of his time. It was reported that he was considered "one of the best dairy operators in this section. From a small beginning he built the Apple's Dairy to a large and flourishing business."

Sam Apple was born at Chestnut Mound, Smith County, Tennessee, Sept. 21, 1876. He was one of eight children of George B. and Tennie B. Apple. In Dec. 1881, the family moved to Texas to a farm east of McKinney. In 1894, they moved to McKinney, where the father engaged in the business of painting and paperhanging.

Sam Apple married Emily Beck and their children were Mattie Alice, George, Ed, Fred, Cecil and Walter B. Another son died young. After Mr. Apple's death, Mrs. Apple continued the business until their son, Col. George Apple, a prominent auctioneer, bought the dairy from his family.

After Fairview Dairy was established southeast of the corner, a store was built west of present SH 5, south of the old Frisco Road. The store was named Fairview Grocery. Mrs. Dickinson recalled that the store's name led to some confusions with their mail - milk checks for the dairy were sent to the store. Because of this, Sam Apple changed the name of his business to Apple's Dairy, but the name of Fairview was by this time generally accepted as the name of the crossroads.

In an oral history project for the Bicentennial year, 1976, Mr. and Mrs. H.H. Knight, long-time residents of the Wetsel community, told in an interview with Michael D. Apsey of the incorporation of the Town of Fairview. After explaining about Sam Apple naming his dairy Fairview dairy, Mr. Knight concluded, "When we went to incorporate this county, this strip through here, we incorporated two communities- Wetsel and Fairview. We decided to call it Fairview instead of Wetsel."

Mr. Knight told about George Apple, Mr. Bill Glover and a couple of other men whose names he had forgotten, canvassing the area and taking donations for the incorporation. "Mr. Bill Glover was the first mayor; I don't know how many we have had since..." The town was incorporated by an election on May 7, 1958.

Apparently, the reason the name Fairview was chosen was to honor the work of Col. George Apple in leading the communities through the incorporation process. Mrs. Lille Mae Knight summed up the story: "See, the old man, Mr. Sam Apple, was George Apple's father, and his dairy was named Fairview, and George, really, was the leader of getting this little town built, you see."

Fairview's Baptist church has come almost full circle 7-12-92

The history of the 110-year-old church now known as First Baptist Church of Fairview reminds me of a parody of an old gospel song: "You are not 'Standing on the Promises' if you are just sitting on the premises."

The church has met the challenges of the changes in the community it serves by not being afraid to make changes- even to changing the premises when necessary. The church was organized in 1882, but there is no list of charter members. Later records tell that A.R. and Lucy Phillips Epps united with the church on April 6, 1882. Samuel H. and Charlie Payne joined on June 3, 1882.

In 1877, George White gave a plot of land of a school, located about one mile west of U.S. Highway 75, between Eldorado Parkway and the old Frisco Road, or FM 720. The school became known as White's Grove. Later a Methodist church was located there but we believe that before either denomination built meeting houses they met in the school house.

One indication that the Baptists met there is that Grafton Williams and his wife, Sarah Phillips Williams, in February 1893, gave two acres next to the Williams family cemetery to the White's Grove Baptist Church. Accepting the gift were Deacons M.T. Jones, Joe McMahan and George Shields.

Williams Cemetery is located about two miles west of U.S. 75. about half a mile south of Eldorado Parkway. The first plot appears to have been west of the cemetery, but the church traded the first donation for a site north of the cemetery before building.

A church member wrote: "The first church building was built in 1897 on a little hill overlooking beautiful rolling farmland." The name of the church was taken from a biblical hill, Mount Olive.

In 1903, when existing records begin, the pastor of Mt. Olive Baptist Church was Brother W.H. Dunn. R.J. Fletcher was called as pastor in 1904, the church opted to paint the church building and pay for it with money raised by the Ladies Aid Society. However, "If there is any left, it is to be returned back to that society."

Among the long list of ministers who served the church were Ben Snider, Milton Greer, Ross Bourland, Jess Bolin and Joe Carl Johnson, and other familiar names. Mt.

Olive was the center of a large farming community in the early years of this century. In its annual report in 1921, the church reported a membership of 149.

Samuel H. Payne, one of the church's original members, died in 1927 and left Mt. Olive Baptist Church a 44-acre farm. Rent from Payne's bequest helped the church through the trying times of the Depression and the war years, and its sale helped build at a new location 30 years later.

In 1933, a 40 by 50 foot tabernacle was built for open air revivals. Miss Lizzie Epps made a motion to take a collection on the first Sunday of each month for home missions. In February 1935, the church voted to give Texas Power and Light's electric lights a trial. They must have liked the new lights for in April they voted to take the lights and pay the initial cost of \$65.65 from rent money from the church farm.

In the 1930s and 40s, the farming community was changing. With the use of tractors, farmers could work more land. Many of the sharecroppers and day laborers moved away. The schools at Upper Rowlett, Bush and White's Grove closed. The war took the youth away from the community. The ones who stayed were older - their children grown, married and living in the cities.

In the middle 940s, the pastor, the Rev. John Thomas, a seminary student, broached the subject of relocating to the church. There was some opposition, so nothing more was said. After Pastor Thomas left, the church called Dr. John S. Bates, a retired minister and businessman who lived a few miles away. By that time there were only 12 or 14 active members left.

The church voted to relocate. During the next month, the farm was sold. The Williams Cemetery Association raised \$550 to purchase the church building and tabernacle. On Oct. 31, 1958, the church decided to purchase a building site from George Apple in the newly incorporated town of Fairview, across from the Fairview store and service station.

On June 21, 1959 the first Sunday services were held in the new building. Six families moved from the old churchhouse to the new: Dr. and Mrs. John S. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cashon, Mrs. and Mrs. Bert Hutcheson, Mr. and Mrs. Jess Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Earl New, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wright.

On July 7, 1965, the church voted to change its name from Mt. Olive to First Baptist Church of Fairview. First Baptist of Fairview relocated again, 28 years after Mt. Olive decided to relocate. The new buildings were dedicated on Sept. 18, 1986.

The history of the Baptists in that community has come almost full circle. First Baptist Church of Fairview is located about half a mile from the site of the old Wilson Creek Church that long-ago moved to a new town because of a railroad.

Bush Road used to be well-traveled

1-22-92

About half of a mile north of Murray Road on State Highway 5 in Fairview, just before the Sloan Creek bridge and the railroad underpass, is an old road to the west known as Bush Road. The old lane is now closed to travelers because a bridge is out further up the creek.

The only time I was ever on the road was when a tall truck stuck under the infamous low underpass at the S-curve and traffic was diverted onto Bush Road. Back then SH 5 was U.S. 75 and trucks had problems with the underpass numerous times. There have been some messy wrecks at the underpass, such as the time an egg truck hit

the railway bridge. It is recalled that slippery egg goo ran down the highway into Sloan Creek.

Although Bush Road has fallen into disuse in recent years, it was a well-traveled road. A railway siding and a section house was located there. In 1920, railway cars of gravel for the construction of Exall Highway were unloaded at Bush siding because of its nearness to the new roadway.

Also, at Bush Road; there was a stop on the Interurban rail line, known as Shain Stop. Elizabeth Bush Roberts recalls that she and her sister, daughters of William N. Bush, caught the Interurban at the stop to ride into McKinney to school. She said the local Interurban car also picked up their neighbor's children, the Murrays, at Murray stop.

About 1917, William N. Bush and a group of McKinney businessmen built a dam on the branch of Sloan's Creek that ran through his farm. They formed a private club with each member paying dues for the use of the recreational facilities at the lake. The lake was used for fishing, picnicking and, at first, swimming by the members. Later, a smaller dam was built below the large dam to form a swimming pool. Dressing rooms were built for changing into bathing costumes.

The swimming pool had a flood gate that could be opened, to drain the water for cleaning. Mrs. Roberts recalled that Ed Beard, who lived at the railroad section house, cleaned the bottom of the solid white rock pool by sweeping it with a broom. Then the gate was closed and fresh water was siphoned over the large dam to refill the swimming pool. Club members either rode the Interurban to Shain Stop or came up Bush road from the Exall Highway in new-fangled automobiles.

On another branch of Sloan Creek north of the club pool, William N. Bush's third cousin, Edgar Bush, built a swimming pool that was open to the public. In *The Bush Family*, book about his line of the family, Edgar Bush recalled: "In 1924, I built a concrete dam on Sloan Creek that ran through our farm. This swimming pool, which we called Bush Springs, was fed by cool spring water. People from surrounding towns as well as McKinney enjoyed swimming and having picnics there."

This was a popular place for socializing and recreation in the "Roaring Twenties."

The following was in the *McKinney Democrat-Gazette* in June, 1926: "Bush Springs Bathing Pool to be opened soon. Edgar H. Bush, owner and manager of Bush Springs, a popular swimming resort three miles south of McKinney on the Exall Highway, announces that his swimming pool will open within a few days... The opening of Bush Springs has been delayed by rains during the last week."

"Bush Springs is one of the most popular swimming resorts in this section. The water is supplied by springs." The article noted that there was a bath house with all conveniences, it was electrically lighted and had plenty of parking facilities for automobiles. "An ideal place for picnic parties..."

Edgar Bush recalled, "Several years later a spring rain caused a 25-foot rise in the creek, washing out the slides, diving boards and the steel reinforced dam."

Bush Road is only one reminder of our local Bush Family. During the next weeks, we will tell some of the history of this large family, which has contributed much to our local history.

Watering place near Wetsel attracted passing Indians, settlers

6-21-92

Along the familiar route on old U.S. Highway 75, now State Highway 5, there were certain landmarks that caught the eyes and imagination of a child in a slow moving 1930 Model A Ford. One of these places was a short way north of Wetsel on the west side of the road. It was a pastoral scene that could have been from a storybook. The grass in the pasture was clipped by cows and sheep to a lawnlike smoothness. In a dip in the ground there was a small pool with a well nearby.

Pictured in my memory are ducks and other fowl, a “Dominecker” hen and her chicks, and a willow tree reflecting in the water. Or, were these details just my imagination at work.

As an adult, I have continued to look for the pool each time I pass. I have made photographs with intentions of painting the scene, but the pictures have never had the right light, view point or depth of field. Perhaps I cannot capture what is in the mind’s eye. My imagination would have been even more fired if I had known the history of the roadside pool when I was a child.

Lillie Mae Murray Knight, who lived all her life on the farm where the pool is located, said in an oral history interview with Michael Aspey in 1976: “You remember that little well right down there at the culvert That was an old Indian spring – never goes dry...”

“Grandma Taylor, her husband headrighted this land; she used to tell us about it. The Indians camped down there all the time and got their water. It was just a little old place shooting up out of the ground, and finally the Indians dug out around it. And when they (the Taylors) got here, they dug it out....”

Her husband, H.H. “Hag” Knight, added that the well was 12 feet deep. They both repeated that the well had never been dry.

The spring could have been the reason the old McKinney to Dallas road made a sharp angle north of Wetsel – the old road grade is still noticeable, north of Stacy – leaving the direct line to go by the well and pool.

A watering place would have been essential for draft animals after they pulled the long grade up Wetsel hill. Many travelers would have slaked their thirst at the spring. It was customary courtesy to leave a bucket and rope at the roadside well for passersby.

Lucinda Wetsel Taylor and her husband, John A. Taylor, appear to have been the first of the large Wetsel clan to move to Texas. Her parents, Henry and Nancy Wetsel, were both born in Delaware but met as children at a spring in western Pennsylvania.

His family were German-speaking, and he knew only a few English words when he first met Nancy. She was from a Scotch-Irish family, but learned German ways of keeping milk and food in a spring-house from her mother-in-law.

Lucinda was born on March 31, 1824, in Richland County, Ohio. The family lived in Vermillion County, Ill, before moving to Lawrence County, Ark., where her father built a mill.

Lucinda Wetsel married John A. Taylor on Dec. 8, 1842. Their first child was born in Collin County, Texas on Aug. 6, 1844.

Her father, Henry Wetsel, described as an expert Pennsylvania Dutch mill man; his grown sons, skilled in milling, carpentry and woodworking; and other family

members arrived from Arkansas about the time the site of McKinney was made county seat. They set to work using their skills to build the new town.

Lucinda's husband, John A. Taylor, a farmer, took as part of his headright, prairies land east of present Allen in the vicinity of Story Elementary School. He later sold this land to Salathiel Coffey. The other half of his patent was for an L-shaped piece of land on the lower branch of Sloan's Creek, the southwest corner at the crossroads at Stacy and SH 5. Apparently their home was on the land, north of Stacy, near the old Indian Spring.

Aspey asked the Knights if the Taylors were ever bothered by the Indians. Mrs. Knight said, "No, she (Lucinda Taylor) said they never was bothered.... She told us about, a long time go, they came through... killed and kidnapped a child and scattered feathers along."

The Knights could not remember the details of the incident known as the Muncey massacre. In the fall of 1843 or 1844, Jeremiah Muncey, his family, and a neighbor, McBain Jamison, were at their camp at a large spring on Rowlett Creek, between SH 5 and Jupiter, when they were attacked and killed by Indians. The bodies of two boys were not found until sometime later.

There were no Indians native to this area at the time the first white settlers came, but parties of eastern Indians - Kickapoo, Cherokee and others that preferred to live in the Republic of Texas rather than in Indian Territory of the U.S. – roamed the area and camped at local springs.

There were also western Indians - Kiowa, Wichita, Comanche, and others- that came here to hunt. No one ever knew who killed the settlers or why. The things the Indians took most often in their raids on white settlers were horses, firearms, cooking utensils and feather beds. The bed tickings were often split either accidentally or on purpose, and as the raiding party road away; they left a trail of feathers behind.

Mrs. Night recalled what the aged Lucinda Wetsel Taylor, who she knew as Grandma Taylor, had told long ago about the spring on their farm. "And she said there was a trail right over there, then – and she said they scattered feathers... Part of them camped down there that night, but they never did bother them."

Wetsel family contributed to Allen's history

6-4-89

The Wetsel family provided several necessary skills for pioneer Collin County. They and their family connections contributed greatly to Allen's history and community character. Because their story is closely related to their heritage, a unique part of colonial America, we will begin about 250 years ago. During that period of history, large numbers of people left the German Palatinate because of religious, political and economic oppression. Their goal was William Penn's colony in America, where they expected to find religious freedom and establish self sufficient communities. Among the Palatine (Pfalzer) immigrants were at least two dozen of the name Weitzel, Wetsel and other variations. According to our local family's tradition, they descend from one of three brothers – Martin, Henry and Nicholas. Many Palantines were named Martin for the reformer, Luther, and quite a few were named Heinrich and Nicholas.

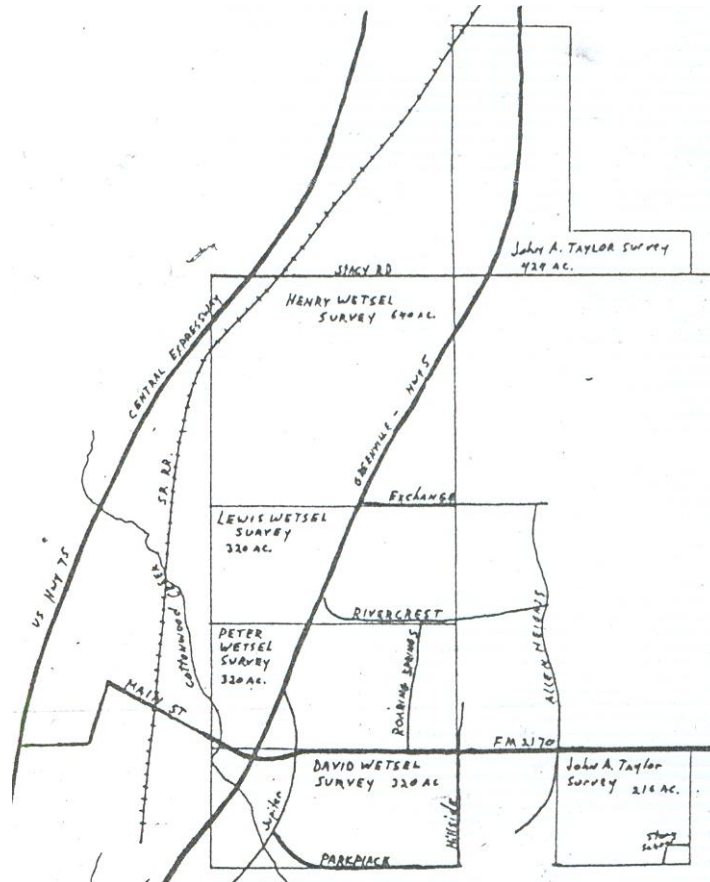
The first known ancestor was Conrad Wetzel. In a German-speaking community in Delaware, Conrad married Mary Ann Strauss. They had seven sons and five daughters. Their son Henry was born in 1791. Granddaughter, Mary Ann Wetzel-Howell said "Grandfather Wetzel and the whole family were purely German Dutch, and

were educated in that language, and never could learn English so they could speak it until they came into Pennsylvania; then the children tried to learn English so they could talk (to their neighbors).”

Conrad moved his family to western Pennsylvania about 20 miles from present-day Pittsburg. According to Mrs. Howell, “Immigrants settled that country under what was then called Tomahawk Law. Ever man would blaze out, with his ax or tomahawk, his portion of land allotted to him.”

A few weeks before the Wetzels arrived, William Nelson, also from Delaware, arrived into that western Pennsylvania country and stopped at a “good spring of everlasting cold water there.” The Nelsons, from an area on the Delaware River, did not like the lay of the land at the spring. “The land,” according to Mrs. Howell, “was rather broken up with hills and valleys, so Grandfather Nelson concluded that he would rather have level land and dig for water, so he moved back a half mile where he could have a level farm all around and a well of water in his yard.

“At this time,” Mrs. Howell continued. “Grandfather Wetzel was out looking for a good place to settle down with his family and stopped right at this spring of cold water. The Wetzel family liked a rolling country with good cold spring water to drink even if they did have to carry it uphill, which they did as grandfather built on the hill.”



The original Peter’s Colony land grants of Henry Wetsel, his sons Lewis, Peter and David and his son-in-law John A. Taylor are 2,240 acres through the center of Allen and part of Fairview.

Mary Ann Wetzel-Howell was born in Allegheny County Pa., in 1812, although a child of perhaps six years when the family left Pennsylvania, she had vivid memories for all of her 92 years of the old homeplace. "I remember how wonderfully overjoyed Grandmother Wetzel was that she could keep her milk and butter and light bread and pies so they would be fresh. But that was the Dutch way, and their custom from generation to generation."

The faithful practice of daily prayer and Bible reading by her grandfather, Conrad Wetzel, was among her recollections.

"I can remember very well, when a little girl, the old family Bible belonging to Grandfather. This was a big German Bible, and always lay on a long table on which nothing else was allowed to lie, by the hymn book, candlestick, and snuffer. The Bible and table were surely of very ancient date, handed down from generation to generation because the crosspiece under where their feet rested when reading the Bible was worn down very much, which showed plainly that it had been in use many, many years."

"Grandfather was a God-loving, praying man in his family. Every night he would sit down by that table and read his Bible until nine o'clock; then call all the family from different rooms to gather round the big table for prayer. They would all sing a hymn, finish with prayer and thank the good Lord for his care and protection over them through the labors of the past day, and so on throughout everyday so long as ever I was at their good home."

"One day, Aunt Juda and I were playing with our dolls and I unthinkingly laid my doll on his Bible stand or table. When he came in and saw it there, he picked up the doll and gave it to me, saying so pleasantly with his hands on my head: "my little daughter, don't lay anything on my stand- that is only for the Bible to lay on." That was a grand lesson to me that I have never forgotten.

Wetsel family flourished in Allen area

6-18-89

As each new frontier community was begun, there was a need for skilled workmen. At about the same time that McKinney was selected as the county seat in 1848, Henry Wetsel and his grown sons arrived from Arkansas. (The name was spelled Wetsel rather than Wetzel by this time.) The family set to work using their skills to build the new town. W.R. Wetsel wrote that his father, Lewis Wetsel helped to build the first cabin ever built on the present site of Collin County, Texas called McKinney. As an illustration of the frontier aspect, he said, "I have heard hi (Lewis) say that he stood in the door of his cabin and killed many deer."

Henry Wetsel, then 56 years old, was an experienced millwright. He had built mills along the route of the family's migrations from his boyhood home in western Pennsylvania. However, unlike the hills of Arkansas where swift streams supplied water power, Collin County had no such source. With the family's skills of construction, mechanics and machining, they built a "first-class ox mill." This mill is described as "an old-fashioned inclining wheel ox mill, with three to five oxen on the wheel to furnish the power for the mill," or as an "incline treadmill, powered by six yoke of oxen." The mill's location in McKinney was on the west side of South Tennessee Street, about four blocks south of the present Court house. It must have been an impressive sight. It is said the ox-powered mill "almost satisfied the increased demand and made money for its owners."

The Wetsels soon improved their milling business by building a steam-powered mill east of McKinney, near the old fairgrounds. This mill, in addition to grinding grain, was used to saw lumber.

The youngest son, James was a miller and helped his father at the mill; however Peter, Lewis and David were skilled in carpentry and woodworking. Son-in-law John A. Taylor, Lucinda's husband, was a farmer.

Mary Ann and her husband, Dr. Andrew Howell, did not leave Batesville, Ark., to move to Texas until the fall of 1852. Their daughter, Harriett A. Howell-Allen, who was 12 at the time, later recalled, "It was a great day to me when we arrived at McKinney, where my grandfather and grandmother lived. Our family settled there, my father practicing his profession and also had a jewelry store."

David Wetsel began a general merchandising business in McKinney, while Lewis and Peter continued woodworking.

Lewis was a cabinet and furniture maker by trade, but was also known as a fine mechanic and expert turner (both wood and metal lathes). He opened a cabinet shop in McKinney in 1850. After the Civil War, he and his partner, Isaac Crouch, purchased the property of Phillip Hocker who had a large cabinet-making business in 1860. According to Census Schedule No. 5, *Products of Industry, 1870* the firm of Crouch and Wetsel were one the major cabinet-making firms in Texas, producing \$7,000 worth of furniture that year. According to the book, *Texas Furniture, the Cabinet-makers and their Work, 1840-1880*, on June 3, 1871, the *McKinney Weekly Enquirer* reported that "the handsome store house of Lew Wetsel on the east side of the square is nearly completed, and presents a beautiful appearance, adding much to the looks of our square."

Lewis sold the west half of his headright, now a part of Allen, in the 1850s. The sturdy old house, now the home of Tommy and Shelba George on the Greenville Avenue (Highway 5) was built about 1869, according to the Malones, who were former owners. Although the house has the appearance of Wetsel workmanship, because of the uncertainty of the dates, we can not be positive that Lewis built the house because he sold the property about the time he built the store building in McKinney.

Lewis Wetsel whose first wife died in Arkansas after the birth of their son, William Riley, married Elizabeth Tucker of McKinney in 1851. Their numerous descendants settled near Brownwood, Abilene and Sweetwater. William Riley, after living in Denton County, moved to the state of Washington. Lewis Wetsel died in 189? in Douglass County, Washington.

Peter Wetsel, also mentioned in the book *Texas Furniture*, was a carpenter, cabinetmaker and clock tinker. Peter and his son Andrew went to Plano in the early 1870s to do cabinet and furniture work. According to *Plano, Texas the Early Years*, Andrew bought property for a furniture and undertaking establishment (The Plano history tells that the family for a long time had a sideline of building coffins:

"The coffins were made of fine wood and in the early days are said to have cost \$12.50 a piece, which was too costly for any but the wealthiest families" As a result, perhaps of this early coffin-making, Wetsels have been undertakers to the present time.) Andrew was Plano's first undertaker. He sold his business to E.O. Harrington, and it became the Harrington Furniture and Undertaking Establishment. However, Andrew still practiced his woodworking trade on his property north of Harrington's.

Peter Wetsel had three other children by his first wife, Elizabeth Taylor, besides Andrew: Henry, Matildie and Jimmie. His second marriage was to Sarah Catherine Dugger. They had two sons, Frank and Robert. There were no children of his third marriage to Susan Beebee. Many of Peter's descendants stayed in Collin County.

The Wetzel family did not receive title to the Peter's Colony land now in Allen until 1850. Although their businesses were in McKinney and Plano, from the 1860 census it appears that their residences were in this locality. A settlement was forming that became known as Wetsel around the present-day corner of Stacy Road and State Highway 5.

Wetzel marriage combined two cultures

6-11-89

At a willow-shaded spring in western Pennsylvania, two cultures met. The Nelson family was part of the large migration during the 1700's of Presbyterian Irish and Scots from Northern Ireland. The family was "black Irish" in coloring – black curly hair, black eyes with fair complexion. Mary Ann Wetzel-Howell recalled how her mother described meeting her father; "One morning when she (Nancy Nelson) and her brother went to the spring for water, they found another family encamped at the big spring, and this was that of Conrad Wetzel. And I have often heard them say how old they were when they first met together at the big spring. Father (Henry Wetzel) would say he was about 14 years old and mother would say she was 12 years old, and then give a good hearty laugh over it, because father could not speak a word of English but 'yes' and 'no'." None of the Nelsons could speak German.

Although we think of our large cities as America's "melting pot," the western frontier was once where cultures met and merged. German settlers taught their neighbors how to preserve meat and vegetables. Nancy, for example, learned "Dutch ways" such as the use of a springhouse from her husband's family. Many of our so-called Southern recipes have come from our German ancestors.

Six years after their first meeting, Henry Wetzel and Nancy Nelson were married. Mary Ann, the first born of their 13 children (seven boys and six girls) was born in 1812. A boy, William Utt, died an infant. Although records disagree, Peter and Sallie were probably born in Pennsylvania.

Sometime around 1820, Henry and Nancy Wetzel moved their family to Richland County, Ohio, with other kin. Nancy's father had died during the War of 1812, but her uncle settled in Ohio within half a mile of the Wetzels. Other Nelson kin lived in the neighborhood. Little is known of their stay in Ohio except that Lucinda was born in 1824 and David in 1825.

Before Louis was born in 1826, the family had moved to Vermillion County, near Danville, Ill. James was born there in 1829; then a son, Jacob for whom we have no further record, Charles; twins, Matilda and Sorilda; and Clorinda; all four under three years of age, died of scarlet fever.

Mary Ann, the eldest, married Virginian Dr. Andrew Howell in 1829. Dr. Howell practiced medicine in Danville, and also owned a flour and lumber mill. The Howells left Illinois for St. Louis in 1842, but only stayed there a short time before settling in Batesville, Ark.

Meanwhile, Henry and Nancy Wetzel moved to Lawrence County, Ark., about 30 miles northeast of Batesville. With the help of his son, Louis, Henry built a water-

powered flouring mill, with a sawmill and cotton gin in connection, on Reed's Creek, a branch of the Strawberry River. The mills were in operation between 1844 and 1848. Louis married Saleta Cochran and a son, William Riley, was born in 1847. The mother died after childbirth, and the infant was cared for by his aunt, Mary Ann, during his early years. (We are indebted to William Riley for recording in 1908 the stories his beloved aunt told him of the family's early history.)

Knowledge of Henry Wetzel's skill as a millwright preceded him to Texas, for from the book of history of the Wilmeth family, we learn that J.B. Wilmeth, an early Collin County minister, first met Henry Wetzel, described as "an expert Pennsylvania Dutch mill man" at his mill on Reed's Creek, in Arkansas. When Wilmeth took a turn of corn or wheat to Wetzel's mill, he was accompanied by his son, Mansel. James Wetzel, Henry's youngest son, and Mansell Wilmeth played marbles while the meal ground, and formed a friendship that would last for over 60 years.

Wetsel family reunions included half the county 6-25-89

For years, overgrown shrubbery and trees hid the decaying old house from the view of passers-by. The story was told that the house had been a stagecoach inn. Belatedly, historical groups began to wonder if the building could be preserved, but dilapidation was too far advanced. The house became a danger to curious children, yet we were saddened to see the destruction of the old house near St. Jude Catholic Church by a controlled burn. Although identified with the Fondren family for many years, there are still those that remember the house as Uncle Jim Wetsel's home place.

There was a stagecoach way station near the present location of as company equipment, south of the house site. But there is nothing proven that the Wetsel home was ever a stagecoach inn. The family probably took in occasional families and individuals traveling in wagons, buggies and private coaches, as did several local homes along the McKinney to Dallas road. However, with 13 children, the Wetsels would have had little room to spare.

James Wetsel, Henry and Nancy's youngest son, was a miller and helped his father with their milling business. In 1855, he married Sarah Jane Dugger, the daughter of Wiley Dugger from Giles County, Tenn., who settle east of McKinney. James decided that he would rather be a farmer than a miller. According an article about a Wetsel reunion the Aug, 18, 1904, *McKinney Democrat* by Elder R.C. Horn, Jim had no experience in his new occupation. "When time to sow wheat arrived his father wanted him to get someone to sow down the wheat, as he had never done such work, but Jim said, 'No. If I am going to be a farmer I must learn to work for myself.' He got a fine stand, and since that time, many acres have been made to glisten in the green from seed sown by his own hands."

"He has long been one of Collin's successful farmers. He has not only been a farmer, but a stock raiser, and was for a long time a leading dealer in improved hogs, sheep and cattle."

An accident at the mill could have influenced Jim to change his occupation. After they built a steam-powered mill, a saw mill was added. His father, Henry Wetsel, was in the saw pit, cleaning out sawdust, when the suction of the whirling saw drew his shirt sleeve. His left arm was severed just above the wrist. Later surgery removed the arm to

the elbow. The Wetsels sold the mill and Henry and Nancy lived with Jim on the farm. W.R. Wetsel wrote:

“After this accident, grandfather put in most of his time hunting- always walked wherever he went, and would carry a shot-gun with him killing game such as birds, quail and prairie chickens.”

Wetsel died in 1961. Henry lived until 1880- 89 years from the time of his birth in a German-speaking settlement in Delaware. Seven of Henry’s and Nancy’s children lived to be adults: six had children.

When the Wetsel family gathered for family reunions, they included half of the county. There were 59 Wetsel first cousins; some were double cousins through the Dugger line. By marriage, they united with other large interrelated local families such as Snider, Lucas, Fitzhugh, Kerby and Coffey. The Wetsels are described as good-natured, full of fun with fair complexions and freckles. Fiery-red hair was passed down to some descendants. There was occasionally a set of twins.

A picture of the whole group was made at these large family gatherings. Unfortunately, we do not have good copies to reproduce. A reunion near Sweetwater in 1907 of Lewis Wetsel descendants brought kin together from across West Texas. A picture of the reunion was made in front of five covered wagons that had provided transportation for the widely scattered family.

A reunion of James Wetsel’s family at Allen in 1904 gathered 164 family members and friends. All 13 children were present. The newspaper report said that Homer and John G. lived at Allen. Ruth Lewis, Alex C., Merrill and Wiley were listed as from McKinney, Nannie C. Lucas, wife of Gabe Lucas, was there from Sherman; and Mollie January, from Ponder. Denton County. Five children settled near Bellvue in Clay County: sons James Jr., Pete, Ben L. and daughters Annie, wife of A. Y. Simmons, and Nellie, who married J.W. Kerby. There was a large Clay County group at the reunion.



The James Wetsel family held a reunion in Allen in 1913 and had this photograph taken.

Several of the oldest remaining pioneers came to the Wetsel celebration, including three that served with Jim Wetsel in the Civil War in Dave Haynes’ Company, Martin’s Regiment. They were Joseph S. Wilson of Allen, James M. Snider of Grove and Elder R.C. Horn of McKinney.

Also present was Mancell Wilmeth, who had known Jim Wetsel for 60 years. Elder Horn reported: “I must not fail to mention the boy who played marbles with Jim Wetsel among the hills of ‘Arkansaw’ away back in the ‘40s when Mr. Wetsel’s father

operated a mill. This boy M.W. Wilmeth of Poverty Hollow four miles west from McKinney who came to Texas in 1845 and is 74 years past. He says that when he went to the mill, he and Jim would have a few games of marbles, and to remind him of these boyhood days over 60 years ago, he presented him on this occasion with a set of large marbles.” Although Wilmeth was 74 and his old friend was 76, he could not resist a boyish taunt. “He said he would beat Mr. Wetsel playing now were it not for Mr. Wetsel being crippled by a recent fall, and that he was not the man to beat a cripple.” Originally carried in *The McKinney Courier-Gazette* (date unknown) (*Between the Creeks* by Gwen Pettit)

Wetsel key player in chase of outlaw Bass

7-9-89

Readers of westernlore find numerous accounts of Allen’s train robbery and of Sam Bass, who put Allen on the map that night in 1878. While some books and movies are fictional accounts of the exploits of the outlaw, the true story has some strange twists that could not be invented - “truth is always strange; stranger than fiction.”

For example, the novel “Sam Bass” by Bryan Woolley has a minor character named Mr. Wetsel, a peg-legged, one-eyed Confederate veteran from Alabama, a farmer in Little Elm bottom. In the story, one morning Wetsel feeds breakfast to the Bass gang; however, breakfast with Wetsel was a totally different experience. The real Mr. Wetsel was Deputy Sheriff William Riley Wetsel. Riley (as he was known at this time) and his family, along with other Wetsel kin, were living in Denton County when Sam Bass went on his train robbing spree.

Bass, the former stable hand of Denton County Sheriff W.F. Egan., was a likable fellow and had many friends in Denton, including the sheriff’s men. After the train was robbed at Allen Station, rumors that Bass was involved in the robbery were discounted by Egan. But after a second train robbery at Hutchins, south of Dallas, the Express messenger, “Heck” Thomas, gave a detailed description of the outlaw leader, Egan could no longer deny that his former stable hand was the train robber, and was probably the man hunted by federal lawmen and Pinkerton agents for an earlier train robbery near Ogallala, Neb. The sheriff and his men began to make plans to apprehend Bass and his gang, who were known to be holed up at Cove Hollow, near the ranch of Henderson Murphy in northwest Denton County. After receiving permission from Sheriff Egan, Deputy Wetsel and Murphy’s son, Jim, a friend of Bass, paid a visit to the camp to play a few games of cards and to see who was there and what was going on. Egan was pressured to arrest Bass, but no formal charges had been made by Collin and Dallas officials.

Soon trains were robbed at Eagle Ford and Mesquite. Because mail was taken, federal officers were able to enter the fray and file charges against Bass and three others. “From this time, Egan redoubles his energies and worked with a zeal and untiring energy that the outside world knew nothing of,” states “Authentic History of Sam Bass and his Gang,” by a citizen of Denton County. This book was written anonymously in 1878, soon after Bass was killed. It is accepted that the book was authored by Thomas E. Hogg, publisher of the “Denton Monitor,” “Authentic History” included earwitness accounts of the words of Bass and his gang members, as well as stories of the manhunts. The book is a major source, along with newspaper accounts, of later books about Sam Bass. In this book we found these stories about Riley Wetsel and his involvement in the Bass story.

The hunt for Bass' gang became an all-out war. Rangers from Dallas, led by Capt. "June" Peak, entered Denton County from the south, and Capt. Lee Hall's Rangers came from the north. Sheriff Egan made plans to trap the gang when they slipped into Denton at night for supplies. His deputies patrolled the county.

One evening, Deputy Wetsel and Constable A.R. McGintie saw a party of men on the road north of Bolivar, about 13 miles from Denton. Wetsel and McGintie chased the fleeing group but lost them in the dark. Early the next morning, with Capt. Whitehead, local farmer, they followed the trail on foot across the captain's field in Clear Creek bottom until they saw the party just moving. Whitehead, being crippled, could not walk further; he and McGintie went for horses. Wetsel followed the outlaws "through the jungles of Clear Creek swamps, keeping now and then in sight of them until they reached the prairie beyond," Wetsel was joined by Whitehead and McGintie and they followed the outlaws until about 8 a.m., when they discovered that the robbers had stopped to feed their horses and to eat breakfast about 150 yards from the house of Hard Carter, four miles northeast of Denton.

While one of the other men went to get Egan and others to help, Wetsel "set out to reconnoiter the position of the brigands." When he approached the house to talk to Carter, he was discovered by the outlaws. Bass and his men saddled their horses and struck out in a full run, with Bass yelling, "To Clear Creek bottom, boys!" Wetsel fired a signal shot to Sheriff Egan's group and, taking a stand near their path, dismounted and opened fire on the outlaws. "The forces of Egan closed in and a rapid running fight ensued for the distance of a quarter of a mile, in which all of Egan's men who could get in gunshot range took part, the robbers yelling and firing back as they went." The sheriff's men pressed them until they entered the woods. Under the cover of the trees, the outlaws detoured around to the southeast. "Egan followed the trail until nearly night, pursuing them into Elm Swamp, where he lost it."

This chase is typical of the encounters between lawmen and outlaws. At that time, much of Denton County was uncleared timber and swampland in the flood plains of Elm Fork of the Trinity, Little Elm, Hickory and Clear Creeks, an area now under lake water. Texas Rangers, federal marshals, official and unofficial posses drove through the near impenetrable wilderness, often one group trailed another believing them to be the outlaws.

"Authentic History:" tells that the county swarmed with U.S. marshals with subpoenas, which were being ground out at the federal court at Tyler against "scores of the best citizens who were dragged from their homes as witnesses who knew nothing more about Bass and his gang than the man in the moon." Men were taken to Tyler as witnesses, only to find when they got there that there were indictments against them. "Riley Wetsel, deputy sheriff, who had risked his life to capture Bass, was taken from his trail and lodged in a dungeon at Tyler", records, "Authentic History,"

The result of these wholesale arrests was that Jim Murphy, to obtain the release of his aged father, Henderson Murphy, from jail, made a deal with the head of the Texas Rangers, Major John B. Jones. Jim Murphy returned to Denton County and told Bass that he too was an outlaw for he had escaped from jail and asked to hide out with the gang.

Bass, who had found that robbing Texas trains was unprofitable, was planning to rob a bank. The gang went south to find a bank to rob, eventually deciding on the bank at

Round Rock. Murphy was able to send a warning to Major Jones at Austin. In a shootout at Round Rock, Sam Bass was mortally wounded.

Deputy Wetsel undoubtedly contributed to "Authentic History" with reports of his manhunts. The book was perhaps intended as a vindication of the citizens of Denton County, the "scores of good people who have had to suffer innocently."

In the language of the writers of that period, the incensed author concluded, "The whole county of Denton has had to drain the cup of calamity to its dregs. Officers and citizens have had to bear untold wrongs, danger and privations, because this vile bandit and his gang made the timbered swamps and ravines of that county his hiding place."

William Wetsel recorded wartime adventures 7-2-89

Before we leave on a camping trip, I check a list of 134 items that we consider essential. We carry at least nine gallons of Allen water, just in case we are stranded in a desert. Therefore, the experiences of William Riley Wetsel, who simply "saddled my horse and went", seem incredible.

Wetsel lived 60 full years on the American frontier by the time he compiled the little book of family history in 1908 that I have quoted from in this series about the Wetsel family, but he limited his personal experiences to only one tale.

On March 7, 1862, three months before his 15th birthday, he was mustered into the Gabe Fitzhugh Company of the Confederate army. This was a company of 74 local men who undoubtedly knew of the boy's age; however, he served a year in Arkansas before he was discharged at Little Rock and sent home. When he arrived home, he found that all boys over 16 and under 18 and men 45 to 60 were drafted into the militia to round up deserters, and for other patrols. "So I made up my mind to get out, and saddled my horse and went into Indian Territory." There he joined the cavalry company of Capt. D.C. Hanes that his uncle, James Wetsel, was in. He was still underage, but served with this command until early spring of 1865, when he was given a 21-day leave.

His father, Lewis Wetsel, was one of the many in North Texas who opposed the war. The majority of North Texans did not want to leave the Union and voted against Texas' secession. But after the state seceded, some people plunged into the war immediately, and others waited until drafted, then served reluctantly. Lewis Wetsel, who had a furniture-making business in McKinney, paid about \$2,500 for a substitute to serve for him, but after the conscript law went into effect, the substitute had to take his own place in the army. "Father being a fine mechanic and expert turner, being able to turn wood, iron, steel, billiard balls, ten-pin balls, etc., he was able to get a detail to work in the government (Confederate States of America) shops, turning pistol barrels, cylinders, axles, etc."

There would have been little knowledge in North Texas that spring of the war's progress in the east. They could not foresee the climactic events soon to take place. - Lincoln killed five days after Lee's surrender. Young Wetsel and six others of his company who were home on furlough decided to go to Mexico, rather than return to their company. His father, Lewis, quit his job and went with them. The group crossed West Texas in April on the old California emigrant trail (the present day route of I-20). Buffalo were migrating north. "We traveled three days crossing their trails and in the daytime on the level plains, there was not one hour in the day when you could not look in

any direction as far as the eye could reach and not see moving masses of buffalo going north.”

The young men chased a few calves and caught them. They earmarked the buffalo with Lewis’ earmark, crop and under-half crop in the right ear and a swallow fork in the left.

They eventually reached El Paso, where the Union Army had a fort, broke, with horses ridden down. Work was hard to find. Lewis went to work at the U.S. Government shop at the fort.

“I being idle,” wrote William Riley, “and meeting others in the same condition, we formed a party of 12 to come back across the plains in August without a pack horse. We started short on grub.” They had no cooking utensils either going or coming back. They had a square yard of oilcloth on which they made their bread. The dough was rolled into a roll and divided equally. Each man strung out his dough “about the size of your finger,” then rolled the dough around his ramrod from one end to another. A pit was dug about 15 inches wide, 10 inches deep, the length of the ramrods and filled with buffalo chips. After the chips burned down to coals, the bread on the ramrods was placed across the fire. Bacon or other meat was cooked on sticks held over the fire with the drippings falling on the bread. “We had no salt, but better meals, I never tasted before or since.”

However, on the return trip, lack of supplies and water became a problem. When they reached the “Pachos” (Pecos), the river was high and spread over the plains several miles wide. The groups split over where to cross. Wetsel and three others went down river to a fall, where the river was inside its banks. They killed a stray steer and barbecued as much meat as they could carry. The hide was cut into a long strip and a raft of reeds was made to float their guns, saddles, and supplies across. Men and horses swam.

Pete Narbo had a gray horse; Mr. Young had a sorrel; Wetsel rode a Spanish mule; Billie Criswell walked. They had lost their trail, but they knew that in the sand hills, about 35 miles to the north, the trail passed a small pool of sulphur water. After filling their canteens at the river, they started out due north at about 3 p.m. to find this waterhole. By daylight the next day they were near the sand under (Monahans). Their water was gone. They had been told that water could be found by digging a foot or two into these hills of pure sand. “We went over one hill after another for about 2 miles into the main high range, at every step going into the sand over our shoe tops; so we finally reached the center, but no water.” Their tongues were swelling by this time. They decided to go back to the plains to let their horses eat and to eat. They split up to look for water along the edge of the hills. Wetsel decided to go back to the Pecos. Although Young did not want to leave the others, he went with him. They traveled south, Young leading the way. Wetsel could not stay awake; his mule followed Young. Sometime after dark, Young woke Wetsel and told him that he thought they were turned around. “So I rubbed me eyes and got my senses as best I could and looked up for the north star, and behold, it was right in front of us.” They decided to rest their horses and wait for the moon to rise at about 2 a.m. Awakened by a horse ‘nicking’, Wetsel saw the moon rising in what he thought was the west. “I woke Mr. Young first asking him, ‘Does the moon rise in the east or west?’ Then he looked at the moon and said it was in the west.”

Wetsel's mule had wandered. In his hunt for the animal, he crossed the old emigrant trail and could see distinctly the tracks of their eight friends. They had been traveling north, parallel with the trail and were within 200 yards of it. They hit the trail and by daybreak were near the sand hills again. They overtook Narbo and Criswell, who were both in bad shape from lack of water, both riding the poor horse. They found the sulphur water which they drank, and it made them very ill – “but it was a relief.” Further along the trail, they chased coyotes away from a fresh-killed antelope near Antelope Springs. They took the meat, which they barbecued, and left the carcass for the coyotes. With this meat, wild turkeys and prick pears, they made it across the plains of West Texas. Until they reached a cattle ranch and had their first real meal in many days.

“I made it back to within 3 miles of my Uncle James Wetsel's on a Sunday and got to the Baptist Church (Rowlett?) just as they adjourned.” Wetsel hid his mule out of sight and approached the church, “wishing to see someone I knew and find out what people thought of a renegade, I went as I was, in my dirty, ragged clothes which I had worn for about 30 days, my face covered with fuzz, not beard (he was 18). But a few recognized me, and I found everybody happy and joyful over the ending of the war.” Lunches had been brought in baskets and a young lady, who would later be his sister-in-law, asked Wetsel to eat with them.

In concluding his experiences, Wetsel wrote, “I had great notions in my head about what I was going to do to certain people, but when I found the loving social feeling in general, I soon forgot all my grievances and was glad to be at home and in peace.”

Goodman's historic has air of mystique

10-4-92

Old homeplaces have an aura of mystery. Their walls seem to emit a sense of history of past lives and events.

When Joyce and J.D. Goodman bought their century-old home on Stacy Road, they could feel this mystery about the old house and for this reason, named their home “Quien Sabe?”, Spanish for “Who knows?”

The old house is remembered by old-timers as the Wiley Wetsel homeplace. Remembered too are many happy family gatherings there. However, the original owners were an uncle and aunt of Wiley Wetsel, John A. and Lucinda Wetsel Taylor.

The original house, still a core of the building, was one large front room, with a kitchen-dining extension on the back. Like other houses built by the Wetsel family, who were well-known carpenters and wood craftsmen, native bois d'arc pinned together with pegs strengthens the framework.

In the early 1870s, the house and land were owned by John T. Morris and his wife, Eliza Jane, a daughter of another early settler, Peter Fisher Sr. In 1875, James Wetsel, father of Wiley, bought the farm from the Morrisises and brought the farm back into the Wetsel family. A second story was added, typical of the local style. Since the Goodmans bought the homeplace from Wetsel heirs in 1950, they have made other additions.

Although they could feel the history of “Quien Sabe?” the Goodmans have no resident specter, unlike later owners of another Wetsel house, who once reported they regularly heard the loud clumping of footsteps in their upstairs rooms, as if someone were pacing in boots. Yet “Quien Sabe?” was the scene of a monumental fiasco in 1874, when an army of lawmen tried to capture the outlaw, Jim Reed.

After Reed and his gang robbed an elderly Indian, Watt Grayson, of \$30,000 in Indian Territory in November, 1873, Belle Reed left her husband and moved back to her parent's home at Scyene in Dallas County.

Jim Reed ran off to San Antonio with Rosa McComas, an 18-year-old girl from Scyene. Also in the party were Cal Carter, William Boswell and J.M. Dickens, and Dickens' wife. The group hung out in San Antonio saloons for a couple of months.

On the first of April, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens and Rosa McComas went to San Marcos. The other three appeared for a day or so, then disappeared.

About dusk on April 7, 1874, three men, later identified as Reed, Boswell and Carter, held up the San Antonio to Austin stagecoach, north of San Marcos, about two miles after the stage crossed the Blanco River.

The holdup was in full view of several farm houses. After taking \$2,500 and four gold watches from the nine passengers, the highway men rifled through the mailbags and took one bag with them.

Texas had not had many stage holdups. This robbery caused an uproar. Newspapers demanded strong measures and suggested that rewards be offered. After a joint resolution of the Texas Legislature, the governor offered a \$3,000 reward, the U.S. Mail added \$3,000, and the stageline, \$1,000 for a total of \$7,000 for the capture and conviction of the three highwaymen.

Major Thomas F. Purnell, U.S. Marshall for the Western District of Texas, was in charge of the manhunt. The Dickens couple and the McComas girl were questioned then released. Later, Purnell questioned Reed's relatives at Scyene and learned that Rosa McComas was in Collin County, visiting a distant relative of Reed's, John T. Morris.

Purnell sent three U.S. lawmen to watch the home, "Quien Sabe?," to see if Reed appeared. On Saturday May 23, Reed and another member of the gang arrived.

The federal lawmen asked the sheriff for help to capture the outlaws. A posse of 25 Collin County men, sheriff's deputies and the federal lawmen surrounded Morris' house during the night.

They planned to wait for morning light before moving in to capture the outlaws. However, the federal men became impatient during the night and decided to go up to the house to arrest the two outlaws.

Captain W.N. Bush, an ex-confederate captain and a well-known local landowner who was a deputy sheriff, urged that the groups surrounding the house be notified of the change in plans. The federal men did not think that was necessary.

As the U.S. lawmen reached the house, they were challenged by others of the posse. In the dark, the detectives' signs were not understood and the others opened fire. U.S. Detective Herseberg received nine buckshot in this back and died soon after. U.S. Detective Martin was wounded in his leg. Reed, camped nearby in the woods, heard the lawmen's exchange of gunfire and left for Indian Territory.

Act of avengement makes Jim Reed a fugitive 9-20-92

Shootouts, feuds – the old rules of avengement – were much a part of the code of the western frontier. No amount of action by lawmen or exhortation by preachers that "vengeance is mine..., saith the Lord," could quell acts of retaliation once a vendetta began. It was because of an act of avengement that James C. Reed became a fugitive.

Some writers have concluded that the connection between tales of the James brothers, Younger brothers and Belle Starr is that Jim Reed rode with the James and Young Gang under the alias of James White. Historian Glenn Shirley states that James White was a different man and points out that at the time of a robbery by the gang in Kentucky on Oct. 30, 1866, Reed was obtaining his marriage license in Collin County, Texas.

It was about the time Jim Reed married Myra Maybelle Shirley that his mother Susan Reed, sold her farm in present Lucas back to George Lucas and returned to Bates County, Mo. Jim and Belle went to live with the Shirleys at Scyene. Jim helped his father-in-law on his farm and worked for a time as a salesman for a saddle and bridle maker.

However, Jim and Belle soon followed his mother to Missouri. Cole Younger, in an attempt to refute the persistent story that he was the father of Belle's oldest child, stated in his autobiography: "The fairy tales have told how the 'Cherokee maiden fell in love with the dashing captain.' As a matter of fact, Belle Starr was not a Cherokee. Her father was John Shirley, who during the war had a hotel at Carthage, Mo."

"In the spring of 1864, while I was in Texas, I visited her father, who had a farm near Scyene, in Dallas County. Belle Shirley was then 14 and there were two or three brothers smaller.

"The next time I saw Belle Shirley was in 1868, in Bates County, Missouri. She was then the wife of Jim Reed, who had been in my company during the war, and she was at the home of his mother. This was about three months before the birth of her eldest child, Pearl Reed, afterward known as Pearl Starr, after Belle's second husband."

The child, born in September 1868 in Missouri, was given the name Rosie Lee Reed at birth. Belle, who, according to those who knew her then, was a devoted mother, called the child "her Pearl."

Jim Reed was away from home much of the time. He gambled and raced horses at Fort Smith, Ark., and stayed at Tom Starr's place in Indian Territory. Reed had become acquainted with Tom Starr, the head of the Starr clan of the Cherokees, while he was in the company of Cole Younger. This was probably during the guerillas' migrations through Indian Territory during the Civil War.

The Starr ranch, in the vicinity of present Eufala Lake in Oklahoma, was a retreat for former Quantrill guerillas and other outlaws during the disorder of the Reconstruction period.

William Scott Reed, one of Jim Reed's brothers, became associated with a group of outlaws, a gang of bootleggers and horse thieves who operated in Texas and Indian Territory. They were led by John K. Fisher. Some sources say that Jim Reed was also involved with the gang. This John K. Fisher was not the same as the notorious King Fisher of South Texas fame.

Historians and family genealogists have found no connection with this gang to our local Fisher family, although it was a member of the local family who brought about Jim Reed's ultimate end. Apparently, members of this gang were Fishers, or Fischers, a family that lived near Evansville, Ark., a town on the border of Arkansas and the Cherokee Nation.

About 1868, a feud broke out at Evansville between the Fishers and a Shannon family over a horse, it was said, although one of the Shannons had earlier sworn a writ

against the Fisher gang for “introducing spirituous liquors into Indian country.” Soon after the feud began, Scoot Reed was killed.

Francis M. Reed, the eldest brother, later gave this statement: “In 1868, brother Scott was assassinated by some Shannon boys, between whom and a family of Fischers there had previously been some killing done. Brother Jim went immediately to this scene of Scott’s murder and allied himself with the Fischers and participated in the killing of two of the Shannon in retaliation...”

There were conflicting accounts in the Fort Smith newspapers. The Shannon version told that after killing two men from ambush, “the murderers then hastened across the Cherokee line, whooping and swearing after crossing the line that they were at home.”

Although each of the Indian Nations had their own legal systems and law enforcement, their authority extended only over their own people. The federal court at Fort Smith had little power. It would be several years before Judge Isaac C. Parker, the “hanging judge,” and his squad of federal marshals would come to Fort Smith.

Reed wrecks havoc wherever he goes

9-27-92

Jim Reed, an outlaw hunted by Arkansas lawmen and the vengeful Shannon family, sought sanctuary in Indian Territory. However, hiding in the Oklahoma hills rather limited the activities of an adventurer with a proclivity for gaming.

As others of his ilk had done, he moved west to Los Angeles, Calif. When Jim and Myra Maybelle Reed and their infant daughter arrived in Los Angeles in 1869, the “City of Angels” was a lawless frontier town, wilder than any western town later depicted by its movie makers.

The old Spanish mission town had become a thriving cattle town in the 1850s and 60s, its ranches supplying beef for the gold miners in northern California. There was almost routine daily violence. Evidently, Jim Reed was at home in the town. The conjecture of some writers is that he worked in a gambling establishment. Soon after the birth of their son, James Edwin “Eddie” Reed on Feb. 22, 1871, Reed was accused by federal authorities of passing bogus money. During the investigation, the lawmen learned that he was wanted for murder in Arkansas. Before an arrest could be made, the Reeds were on their way back to Texas.

Cole Younger gave this account of their return: “In 1871, while I was herding cattle in Texas, Jim Reed and his wife, with their two children, came back to her people. Reed had run afoul of the federal authorities for passing counterfeit money in Los Angeles and had skipped between two days.”

“Belle told her people she was tired of roaming the country over and wanted to settle down at Scyene. Mrs. Shirley wanted to give them part of the farm and knowing my influence with the father, asked me to intercede in behalf of the young folks. I did, and he (John Shirley) set them up on a farm.”

Belle’s dream of a respectable occupation for her husband did not last long. His adventurer’s propensity soon left to more nefarious activities. An article in the *Dallas Daily Commercial* at a later date told that Reed had come back to Texas with a large amount of stolen money and bought a farm in Bosque County, Texas. “He drew around him the worst class of men, and his place became a rendezvous for the horse thieves and desperadoes from all sections.”

A man was robbed and killed near Meridian. Jim and his brother, Sol Reed, were named as two of the four murderers. Then a gang member was killed, supposedly by the outlaws for making disclosures about the Reed gang. "For this they were run from the county by a posse of citizens." The governor offered a \$500 reward for the two Reeds. The outlaws sought refuge at their old haunts in Indian territory.

The next escapade was the robbery of a wealthy Indian. Facts about the case were gleaned by Kenneth W. Hobs Jr. from federal records for his Texas Christian University master's thesis. Watt Grayson was a wealthy Creek Indian, a member of the Creek Supreme Court and chief justice of the Muskogee (Creek) Nation in 1873. Judge Grayson lived in the Choctaw Nation, south of Eufala on the Canadian River, not far from Tom Starr's place.

The robbers tortured the elderly Indian by hanging him repeatedly, yet he denied having any money other than the \$2,000 he had given them, until they threatened to harm his wife. Grayson showed them where his gold was buried under his house, and Reed removed two kettles that contained \$30,000. The Watt Grayson robbery is believed to have been the largest robbery of an individual in that period of history.

Later, Belle Reed gave sworn testimony before U.S. Commissioner Ben Long at Dallas. "While we were stopping on the Canadian River in the Indian Territory, he (Reed) told me that Watt Grayson, a Creek Indian living on or near the Canadian River, had over 30,000 in gold, and that he meant to have it.

"... About the 20th day of November, A.D., 1873 in the morning, they returned all together, and the above named (James(Reed, (W.D.) Wilder and (Marion) Dickons alias Burns and came near where I was stopping and stopped in the woods and sent for me. I went to them and they told me that they had accomplished their object and had the money to show for it, and they sat down upon the ground and began counting it."

However, before Belle gave this testimony, there would be another robbery, and the scene of the drama would once again shift to this locality before the final act.

Reed's criminal days are over

10-11-92

"Tragic death! The Most Noted of American Robbers Hands in his Checks!" the *Dallas Commercial* headlined the news of the death of James C. Reed. Reed was a former Quantrill guerilla wanted by lawmen for murders, robberies and other crimes in Arkansas, California, Texas and Indian Territory. In the end, he was betrayed by a man he thought was a loyal friend, John T. Morris.

Earlier, a posse of 25 men had failed to capture the outlaw at Morris' home on present Stacy Road, a half-mile east of State Highway 5. A U.S. Marshall died there because the lawmen got their signals crossed.

The Dallas Herald reported Reed once again eluded capture. "They fled to the Indian Nation, and there were again surrounded by a posse of United States deputies and sheriffs at the house of an Indian named Starr... but they managed to again escape."

Reed returned to Texas to the home of a friend, Henry Russell, in Lamar County. *The Denison Daily News* later told, "The evidence disclosed that Reed frequently walked in open day through the streets of Paris and rode about the neighborhood without disguise."

Meanwhile, John T. Morris offered to help apprehend Reed. He was deputized by Major Thomas F. Purnell, U.S. Marshall for this area, and by Collin County Sheriff

William Merritt. Rosa McCommas, Reed's girlfriend, was still at the Morris home. Reed sent Russell to escort her to Lamar County, however, it was Morris who went with Russell.

Morris later testified, "His wife did not accompany us - she played sick - she is not his real wife, however." (His real wife, Belle Reed, and their children, were at Scyene in Dallas County with her family.)

After Morris met Reed, he fell in with his plans to go to Arkansas for a robbery. They left Russell's house the next day, Aug. 6, 1874, and rode toward Slate Shoals, a ford across the Red River into Indian Territory. Morris knew they would be out of the jurisdiction of his deputy commissions once they entered Indian Territory. He proposed a stop at S.M. Harvey's house to get dinner.

Morris finished his meal before Reed and left the dining room to find Harvey to ask him to help arrest Reed. They got the guns that had been left on the horses and went back to the dining room where Reed was still eating.

Morris later stated at the coroner's inquest in Paris, "I said to Reed, 'Jim throw up your hands,' he said he would do so, but ran under the table and raised up with the table and ran towards the door with the table in advance. I shot two holes through the table."

"After he dropped the table I shot him in the right side. He ran his hand in his pocket to draw a cylinder as I thought. I shot at him four times and hit him twice, once a scalping shot in the head and once in the right side."

The sheriff of Lamar County, unnamed in reports, testified that the deceased was Reed, and that he had known him during the war as one of the Quantrill men. The coroner's jury concluded that Morris was justified in the killing and was fully authorized to make an arrest. After the inquest, Reed's body was placed in a metallic coffin and brought to McKinney for further identification. There was a little matter of reward money at stake.

A *Dallas Herald* story, datelined McKinney, Aug. 8, said, "Last night, the remains of Jim Reed arrived here from Paris near which place he had been apprehended and shot; and were buried today after having been fully identified by those who knew him."

Those of you who remember the maze of dirt roads that were once southwest of McKinney can understand how a man driving a wagon to the County Cemetery could become lost. The cemetery is located about a mile and a half west of U.S. Highway 75 on Foncine Road, west of the Eldorado subdivision.

The newspaper report included this revolting account of Reed's burial: "The drayman, in carrying him to the Potter's Field mistook the place, and in returning, with the breeze to the windward of the corpse, he took sick, and was compelled to abandon it on the roadside. It was, however, taken charge of by the sheriff and finally interred."

The report from McKinney said, "He was a noted but desperate character, and the citizens are truly glad at the riddance.... Much praise is bestowed on Morris for his bold and successful undertaking, and he is justly entitled to the pro rata reward...."

Because the other robbers of the San Antonio stage were still at large, John R. Morris received only \$1,700 of the reward money.

Family ties linked locals to Confederate resistance 8-19-92

Family ties linked people in this community, with the Confederate underground resistance in Missouri. That it was most often a family reason that caused the young men to join the guerrilla fighters makes the involvement of Texas relatives more understandable.

A list of nearly 300 of Quantrill's men shows that many of the surnames are repeated several times. Those who later became notorious are spoken of in the plural - the Youngers, the Jameses, the Daltons.

However, there were numerous other groups of brothers, brothers-in-law and cousins who were guerilla fighters.

Unfortunately, it is the family stories of those who gained notoriety that are best known to us, and these may be thought to be only excuses for their later actions. Yet, the family histories of those who settled respectfully after the war also show it was family circumstances that caused the men to join the bush soldiers.

One of the better known stories is that of the Younger family of Lee's summit, Mo. The family had always been politically prominent. A great-grandmother was a daughter of General "Lighthorse Harry" Lee. A grandfather was a grandnephew of U.S. Supreme Court Justice John Marshall. The Youngers were connected with numerous prominent Southern families and could claim kin to the leader of the Confederate army, General Robert E. Lee.

Before the war, Judge Henry Washington Younger was one of the wealthiest men in Missouri. After the war began, his family was harassed by the Union militia and required to pay "tribute." His son, Thomas Coleman Younger, was accused of being a spy against the Union. "Cole" sought out the guerilla leader Quantrill and became one of the most able lieutenants. A son-in-law, John Jarrette, also joined the guerillas.

Judge Younger was murdered and the three Younger sisters and two female cousins were confined in jail. The foundations of the jail were undermined and the building collapsed. Charity Kerr, one of the cousins, was killed. James Younger, 15-years-old, joined his brother with the guerillas.

After the war, the younger brothers - Cole, Jim, Bob and John - brought their mother to Texas. Cole Younger later wrote: "Mother's health had failed perceptibly, the result in a large measure of her exposure at the time the militia forced her to burn her house, and we sought to make her home in a milder climate in the Southwest."

The Youngers lived at Scyene in Dallas County. The men gathered and drove cattle for several years. Cole Younger had a cattle ranch in Collin County, but it is not known where. Old-timers who lived along Rockwall Road (FM 1378) years later recalled the young Missourian visiting in their homes as he traveled the road. Cole Younger was well-known in Forest Grove/ Lucas, a community of Missourians.

The Dallas County town of Scyene where the Youngers lived was also a community of displaced Missourians. Among their neighbors were the Shirleys. John Shirley had left his ruined business in Missouri and brought his family to Texas. The Youngers had known "Bud" Shirley in the old state and had met his parents and his young sister, Myra Maybelle.

Jim Younger became a Dallas County Deputy Sheriff, and he and Bob sang in the church choir. John worked as a clerk in a Dallas store. It is possible the Youngers would have settled permanently and more or less respectably in Texas if 19-year-old John

Younger had not run into trouble. In an alcohol-enhanced incident, John shot a pipe out of a man's mouth. Dallas County Deputy Charles H. Nichols, a Missourian and former lieutenant colonel in Shelby's division, went to Scyene to arrest the boy he had known in Missouri for breaking the peace.

There are conflicting reports of what happened, but the colonel, relying on Younger to peacefully submit to arrest, gave him time to eat breakfast before leaving for jail. An escape attempt resulted in the death of Nichols. Who actually shot Nichols was disputed by witnesses, but John Younger was blamed. He fled to Indian Territory where his trail was lost.

Mrs. Younger returned to Missouri to live with a daughter and soon died of consumption. Death by law officers, long years in prison and suicide would end the outlaw careers of her sons.

One local folk tale, that Cole Younger is buried at Fitzhugh Cemetery in Forest Grove, is completely false. Cole was wounded and captured with his brothers James and Robert in a holdup attempt of a Northfield, Minnesota bank in 1876.

Robert died in prison, but Cole and James were paroled in 1901 and pardoned in 1903, after it was contended that they had become criminals because of the treatment of their family during the Civil War.

Cole Younger returned to Missouri, published his memoirs, made lecture tours and once appeared in a Wild West show. Cole Younger died at Lee's Summit on March 21, 1916.

Some early weddings were 'leaps in the dark' 10-5-91

As a young girl, I had trouble picturing as romantic the dream of a knight on a fiery steed who sweeps up the fair maiden, throws her across his saddle bow and gallops off into the sunset. The only saddles I knew were western style, and the saddle horn would have made the ride very uncomfortable.

Elopement in the early days had several obstacles. Finding a preacher was a major difficulty. Weddings had to wait for the minister to come on his circuit or the couple had to set off to find someone to officiate.

Elder R.C. Horn told of meeting a young man and his bride in a covered wagon who asked him to marry them. The minister was in a hurry to get to Kentucky town, near Whitewright, for his preaching appointment. He told the couple that if they would drive by the church, he would perform the ceremony there. Before long, it began to rain and the black dirt roads got very muddy. The couple in the wagon had not appeared by the time preaching was over, so the minister went to a home for dinner.

"In a little while, there he came trudging down the roadway on foot." They borrowed a horse and went back to the church. "He produced the license, and I said, "Now get up in the wagon and sit by your intended." He climbed up to the seat, took the girl's hand, and I married them. They drove off, apparently very happy. I never saw them again."

The myth of Belle Starr has various accounts of the marriage of Myra Maybelle Shirley and James C. Reed. Richard K. Fox, in his book, *Belle Starr*, said the couple "were married in a bend at the East Fork on Sunday morning in July 1867. It was a runaway match, and bride and groom were on horseback while the ceremony was being performed; John Fisher, a desperado, holding both horses."

S.W. Harmon wrote in *Hell on the Border* that Jim Reed married Belle Starr without her father's consent "on horseback," in the presence of 20 of his companions. The horse upon which the girl sat was of high mettle and was held, while the ceremony was performed by John Fisher, afterwards a noted outlaw,"

Both writers infer that the ceremony was a mock marriage.

The truth is that James Reed, whose family lived at Country Club Road (FM 1378) and FM 2170 legally married Myra Maybelle Shirley on Nov. 1, 1866. Their license is on file in the Collin County Courthouse.

The wedding was performed by the Rev. S.M. Wilkins, pastor of Corinth Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Wilkins' home, school and church was on a bend of Maxwell Creek, a short distance south of the present location of the church on Parker Road. In the custom of that time, the wedding could have been on horseback. There is nothing to support the theory that those with the couple were outlaws, for although Reed later became a notorious desperado, at the time of his marriage to Belle, he had not taken the outlaw trail.

Horse and buggy weddings were also a local custom. My father married his first wife, Emma Blackburn, the mother of my brothers, in such a wedding. Elmer had followed his sweetheart to Texas from Tennessee the year before, but her father objected to their marriage. Elmer worked on a section gang on the Interurban line out of Richardson. He obtained a marriage license in Dallas, and on Sunday morning in January, 1914, he took Emma from her home near Carney Spur, about 10 miles west of Allen, for a buggy ride.

They rode to Lewisville where they found there was a preaching in progress at the Baptist Church. The minister saw the young couple after the service and knew they were there to be wed. He called out to the congregation that there was to be a wedding, and with everyone gathered around the runaways, the minister married them as they sat in the buggy.

Elder Horn told of a buggy wedding by torch-light. Two or three buggies came to his gate one dark night. One man came to the house and asked the minister to come down to the gate to marry a couple. The reason he gave for their not coming to the house was they feared some stock would get out if they opened the gate. He showed a marriage license and Elder Horn went with him.

"When I got there, I could barely see the buggies, I asked, 'Which buggy is it?'"

"This one over here,' he answered."

The minister asked the couple if they were the ones named on the license. "They both replied at once, 'We are.'"

"The young man who had come to the door brought a torch and I read the names on the license and married them, not having seen their faces. They drove off into the darkness, and I went back to the house thinking that that truly was a leap in the dark."

Myths abound concerning Belle Star's life, loves 9-13-92

The bride and groom were young in years- she was 18, he was 20. Yet their childhood was far in the past, before their neighborhood had become a battlefield. It was before their families had lost their wealth and social position, before he had become a guerilla fighter.

When Myra Maybelle Shirley and James C. Reed met again after the Civil War, there was a wedding.

There are numerous myths about their wedding. Although hundreds of books and articles have been written and movies made about the bride, Belle Starr, very few writers have been bothered about the truth of this woman's life. Glenn Shirley has made a comprehensive comparison between these myths and the known facts in his book, *Belle Starr and Her Times*.

One persistent myth is a love affair between Belle and Cole Younger. In 1941, a movie was made starring Gene Tierney as Belle Star. To coincide with the movies' release, a book, *Belle Starr, the Bandit Queen* by Burton Rascoe, was published.

Rascoe cited an interview given by Belle Star in the *Fort Smith Elevator* in 1886: "When less than 15 years of age she fell in love with one of the dashing guerrillas, whose name she said it was not necessary for her to give," as evidence of her affair with Younger. However, the "dashing guerilla" was James C. Reed, her first husband.

Glen Shirley says that "Rascoe admits that his 'Myra Belle Shirley's first sweetheart' contribution is 'pure conjecture, but which may, in time, become part of the folk legend about the Bandit Queen.'" Shirley added, "He predicted well."

In 1889, Richard K. Fox, editor-owner of the *National Police Gazette* published a 25-cent paperback book titled *Bella Starr, the Bandit Queen*. The book said the wedding took place "in a bend at East Fork on Sunday morning in July 1897. It was a runaway match and the bride and bridegroom were on horseback while the ceremony was performed. John Fischer, the desperado, holding both horses. Scarcely three weeks had elapsed when Jim Reed was declared an outlaw."

Some years later, Samuel W. Harman reprised the story in a chapter of *Hell on the Border*. Harman told that Reed and other former guerrillas visited the Shirley home.

"It was a pleasant reunion and Belle assisted her father in supplying their guest with every luxury. When they departed they were accompanied by Belle. Jim Reed had failed to gain the consent of Judge Shirley to the request of his daughter's hand... and the pair were married on horseback, in the presence of 20 of his companions.

"The horse upon which the girl sat was of high mettle and was held while the ceremony was performed by John Fisher, afterward a noted outlaw."

There is nothing in the facts to indicate that the marriage of Myra Maybelle Shirley and James C. Reed was anything other than a marriage of children of two families that were friends. The parents showed their support of the newlyweds during their early years of marriage.

A marriage license was obtained in McKinney on Oct. 31, 1866, and on the following day, Nov. 1 Myra Maybelle Shirley and James C. Reed were married by the Rev. S. M. Wilkins, pastor of Corinth Presbyterian Church in present Parker, Texas.

At that time, Corinth Church was located about a half-miles south of its present location on Parker Road, near Maxwell Creek. The Rev. Wilkins was also master of the school at this settlement that was known as Corinth or as "Wilkins' community."

The marriage license was returned to the county clerk and recorded in the marriage records of Collin County.

The tale that the wedding took place on horse back could very well be fact. Horseback, buggy and wagon weddings were not unknown at that time.

We are reminded of an account of a wedding by Elder R.C. Horn: “When I got there, I could barely see the buggies. ‘Which buggy is it?’ ‘This one over here,’ he answered. ‘I guess you are the couple named in this license.’ They both replied at once, ‘We are!’ The young man who had come to the door brought a torch and I read the names on the license and married them not having seen their faces. They drove off into the darkness, and I went back to the house thinking that truly was a leap in the dark.”

Wherever the wedding took place, Jim and Belle Reed took a leap in the dark that November day. Even in that troubled time at the close of the Civil War, no one could foresee the tragic events of the next years.

Clannish, unsociable Shirleys not well-liked in Scyene 9-6-92

A search of a map of Dallas County for present day indications of the once-thriving town of Scyene reveals only a short street south of Scyene Road and west of St. Augustine, near the Dallas and Mesquite city limits. The street is named for one of the town’s most well-known citizens - Belle Star.

At the close of the Civil War, Scyene (pronounced sigh-een) was a well-established trading center with a population of 500. The town was eight miles east of Dallas on the stage road to Shreveport, La. A few years later, a railroad was laid through the area, and Scyene lost its fight to survive to the new town of Mesquite.

Scyene, like the settlements at Lucas and Forest Grove, was a town favored by Missouri immigrants; one family was that of John Shirley.

According to historian Glenn Shirley, the Shirleys were a Virginia family that lived in Tennessee before settling in Kentucky. There, John Shirley married Elizabeth “Eliza” Hatfield, a relation of the feuding Hatfields, before moving to Jasper County, Mo.

After Shirley received a patent on 800 acres, he sold some of the land, bought lots in the town of Carthage and constructed a hotel and tavern.

A history of Jasper County states; “The north side of the square was principally owned by John Shirley, on which stood the Shirley House, which was a hotel.”

Carthage was a good location for an inn. It was on a route from the Missouri River at Independence, Mo., to Fort Smith, Ark., and near the Texas road, the immigration route through Indian Territory. Besides California gold seekers and Texas-bound immigrants, there was steady patronage from circuit ministers, lawyers and business people.

Shirley House was a refined establishment, with a piano in the parlor and a fine library. John Shirley was one of Carthage’s influential citizens.

His daughter, Myra Maybelle, grew up in the hotel. She attended the Carthage Female Academy, mastered reading, grammar, spelling and arithmetic, as well as deportment, Greek, Latin, Hebrew and music.

Hotel guests flattered and spoiled her, and provided an audience for her piano recitals. But Myra Maybelle’s main interest was riding horses over the hills with her brother, Bud. It was Bud who taught her to handle a rifle and pistol.

Last week, we mentioned that Solomon and Susan Reed moved to Jasper County to escape the border conflict around their home in Vernon County. However, after the war began, Jasper County, too, became the site of almost constant guerilla activity.

The citizens were forced to join one side or the other. Carthage and Jasper County were occupied by Union Militia, when, in June 1864, Bud Shirley, a noted Confederate bushwacker, was killed. He was 21.

John Shirley loaded his family and belongings into two wagons and set out for Texas, with his daughter, Myra Maybelle, driving one of the wagons.

When they arrived in Dallas, they found a wide-open frontier town. It would be many years before tough lawmen would tame the North Texas town and a civic-minded editor would wage a campaign to rid the streets of roaming herds of hogs.

The Shirleys chose to settle east of Dallas, near the town of Scyene, where their eldest son, Preston, and other Missourians had moved earlier. Later, after the fact, old-timers would tell that the Shirleys and the other Missourians were not well-liked at Scyene. They were clannish, had learned to keep their mouths shut during the old conflicts in Missouri and were thought to be unsociable.

This clannishness would extend to other Missourians - to those in this locality. The Shirleys renewed their friendship with Susan Reed and her family at Lucas/Forest Grove. Their well-educated, cultured daughter, Myra Maybelle Shirley, married James C. Reed, former guerilla and friend of her dead brother, Bud.

Today, the old stage road, Scyene Road, is a major thoroughfare in Dallas, but the only reminder of the location of the old town is a lane named for John and Eliza Shirley's daughter, Myra Maybelle Shirley Reed, a.k.a. Belle Starr.

Civil War Border problems felt locally

8-30-92

Ricochets from the border fight between Missouri and Kansas continued to rebound in the locality for many years after the Civil War. In the last week, I have had two long phone conversations with descendents of a local family about their family's involvement in events in connection with a Missouri guerrilla fighter that became a notorious outlaw.

While their ancestors and most other kin were honest, law-abiding, God-fearing people, they assured me they were not averse to our rattling a few skeletons in their cupboard.

This involvement of local families with the outlaw began when a Missouri widow brought her family to Texas. Historical writer Glenn Shirley states that after Solomon Reed died, his widow, Susan, "went to Texas near McKinney, where a couple of relatives were living." We have tried, without success, to discover who these relatives were, but it appears to be an impossible task. Trying to untangle the relationships of our Missouri families is like trying to untangle a ball of yarn - when you think you have a strand loose, it only ties into a tighter knot.

Sue Reed of McKinney is one family historian who is attempting to unravel these relationships. She is a descendent of David and Fatima Brock Reed and their son, Commodore Perry Reed, who married Sarah Elizabeth Lucas.

However, David Reed, Solomon Reed's brother, lived in Wise County, Texas, at the time Susan Reed moved to Texas. Later, David and Fatima bought land at FM 1378 and Parker Road. The family network appears to include most of the local Missouri families.

Missouri marriage records show a marriage of Solomon Reed to Roza Fitzhugh in Pettis County in 1836. Apparently this was the same Solomon Reed that married Susan

Brock a little over two years later. A comparison of a list of his heirs and census records shows an older daughter from an earlier marriage.

The administrator of Solomon Reed's estate in Nevada, Mo., on Dec. 3, 1866, states that the names and residences of the heirs of Solomon Reed were his widow, Susan Reed, and descendents, Francis M. Reed, William Scott Reed, Talitha L. Huse, Sarah F. Reed, Jasper Columbus Reed, Solomon L. Reed, Amanda J. Reed, George W. Reed, James C. Reed, Richard Reed and Minerva A. Reed, who reside in the County of Collin in the State of Texas, and Margaret Ann Brock who resides in the State of Tennessee.

Solomon Reed had large real estate holdings near Rich Hill in Vernon County, Mo. During the Civil War, the Reeds tried to escape the border conflict around their home in Vernon County by moving to Cathage in Jasper County, Mo.

Near the end of the war, Susan brought her children to Texas. In 1865, she bought 499 acres of land from George F. Lucas, land located at the corner of FM 2170 (Main Street) and FM 1378, in present Lucas. Although Susan Reed and most of her children returned to Missouri after a few years, part of her family remained here.

However, it was the actions of her son James C. Reed that would rock the neighborhood, draw younger sons of local families into outlawry and divide the loyalties of local residents.

Jim Reed had joined Quantrill's guerrillas in 1863 when he was 17. He joined his mother and brothers and sisters in Texas after the war and married a young lady from another well-to-do Missouri family that had settled in Texas. Reed assumed to have tried for awhile to leave the violence of his war years behind. Jim Reed, the outlaw, is variously described by biographers as religious, helpful and kind; "a reckless dashing young fellow," and "a tall, hawk-faced, sandy-haired tough who was handy with fists and guns."

In the next weeks, we will recount the story of this local young man that took the outlaw trail. Despite the infamy associated with his name, it is likely that he would be forgotten today, except for the notoriety achieved by the girl he married – Belle Starr.

Murray family leaves a unique mark on Texas 11-14-92

There are reminders of the past, names of roads and places, in our present-day cities, but few people remember the origin of these names, such as the name of Murray in Fairview. Those of us who remember the electric Interurban Railway that once paralleled the Southern Pacific railroad recall that a half-mile north of present Stacy Road, where a dirt lane crossed the tracks, there was a flag stop on the interurban line called Murray Stop.

On SH 5, a street sign names the south street of the Ranchette Estates as Murray Road. This paved street is part of the old dirt lane that wound around fields to eventually cross the tracks at Murray Stop.

The name of Murray Road is a reminder of a North Carolina family that was settled on land in that vicinity for over 120 years. The first of the family to settle here was Thomas Reed Murray. He was born south of Asheville, in Buncombe County, North Carolina in 1830, on a farm that later became part of the Vanderbilt estate. His father was Bill Murray and his mother was Mary Hawkins. He was the fifteenth child of a family of 16 children. The homestead of his mother's Hawkins family had been in the family for 200 years before it became part of the estate of George Vanderbilt, known as

Biltmore House, which is now open to the public as a museum and botanical gardens. The Hawkins family cemetery is located on the vast estate.

After Tom Murray married Miss Dila Wood, in 1848, they moved to near Batesville Ark. During the Civil War, he enlisted in the Confederate Army, and was in the battles at Corinth, Iuka, Port Gibson, Vicksburg and Barker Creek before his capture at Big Black, Miss. He was in a prison camp with 15,000 other Southern soldiers at Fort Delaware, Point Lookout, Md. In later years, he was active in the local Confederate Camp and attended several national reunions.

Tom Murray moved his family to Texas in 1867. At first, they lived at Foote, west of McKinney. He recalled that when he first came here, McKinney was only a hamlet of wooden structures. "Uncle Milt" Board sold him his first bill of groceries and Tom Beverly's father preached the first sermon he heard in Texas.

About four years later, Murray bought land in the George Phillips and Joseph Dixon surveys and moved near to where the old road crossed the railroad, and lived on this homeplace for over fifty years. In his ninety years of life, he married 3 times, and had 11 children. One son, Judge Thomas Owen Murray, was first a school teacher, then attorney, county judge, and twice representative for this district.

Thomas Reed Murray was followed to Texas by other members of the family, J.E. Murray, and his brother, Robert Lewis Murray, sons of James Murray, of Haywood County, N.C., who came to the neighborhood in the 1870s. J.E. entered in a partnership with his kinsman, Tom R. Murray in a business on 3 ½ acres near the railroad.

In 1887, J.E. sold his share of the partnership to his brother, Robert L. Murray, and moved to the Viney Grove community near Princeton. He lived over 80 years, and of him it was said: "He was a man of honor and of sturdy character, who was a friend to the school and all that was right and just."

Robert Lewis Murray was a resident of the Wetsel community for 69 years, and is still remembered by old-timers. He was born at Waynesville, Haywood County, N.C. in 1857, and lived to celebrate his 90th birthday.

In 1894, Robert Lewis Murray married Mattie Martha, whose maiden name was also Murray. She was born in Arkansas, her father was Gaines Murray from Georgia. They had six children. Robert and Mattie Murray's home was on the old stage road, now SH 5, near the old Indian Springs. The old home was first a small cabin of one room, with a shed room on the back, and an upstairs room that was entered by outside stairs, built with boards split out of logs, and put together with wooden pegs.

Today, Murray Road reminds us of the three Murray families that farmed the land and of the Knights active role in the community during the City of Fairview's early years.

Gathering provided chance for women's photo 1-7-90

Early photographs of Allen and its people are rare. Apparently there were only one or two photographers in the county during the early years of this century. The few professional photographs made in downtown Allen show men posing on tractors or standing before the barbershop or Woodman Hall. There is an obvious absence of ladies who we could suppose were too busy tending their homes and children for other activities; however reports in McKinney and Plano papers show that Allen's women participated regularly in a variety of social events. Most of these activities centered around the town's three churches. Often reported was the work of the Methodist ladies,

of the Baptist Women's Missionary Union, monthly meeting of the E.E.L. and Fidelis classes, and the work of the ladies of the Christian Church with Christian Endeavor. During these years our churches were half-time or less; their ministers pastored churches in other communities or had a regular preaching circuit. The day-to-day work and activities were carried on efficiently by their members. The ladies of the Allen churches were well-known for their help to others and as leaders of county youth and missionary organizations. As the different denominations usually had different preaching Sundays, the whole town turned out for the worship services, regardless of their doctrinal preferences. (As someone said, "We were all kinfolk, anyway.")



Women's photo at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Milt Turner, 4 miles northwest of Allen, on the Frisco Hwy.

(FM 720) taken about 1920s.

The picture shown is from the Historic Allen Photographic Collection at the Allen banking office of TeamBank. The original copy belonged to Mrs. Tommie Lyng. The picture was made in the '20s at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Milt Turner, about four miles northwest of Allen on the Frisco Highway (FM 720). Although the picture is titled First Baptist Church Sunday School Class, included are most of the ladies of Allen and the surrounding countryside with their children. There are some obvious errors in the identity of those named; for example, 11 ladies are seated, but only nine are named. If you recognize any of those that are unidentified or not in correct order, please tell us. (Some of you may recognize yourself among the children.) Standing (left to right): Mrs. Grover Mathews, Mrs. Bertha Taylor, Mrs. Yeatts, unidentified, Mrs. Cothes, Mrs. Pete Lyng, Mrs. Hope Petty, Mrs. Mary Myers, Mrs. Mayo Melton, Mrs. Frankie Bridges,

Mrs. Frank Fondren, Mrs. Key Long, Mrs. W.N. Walters, unidentified, Laura Harrington, Mrs. Donnie Leach, Mrs. Ada Wilson, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Milton Whisenant, Mrs. Joe Turner, Mrs. Ereckson, unidentified, unidentified, Mrs. Raymond Smith, Mrs. Monroe Angle, Mrs. Henry Brown, Mrs. Joe Bridges, Mrs. Henry Hagy, Mrs. J.N. Bush.

Sitting: Mrs. Wolford, Mrs. J.A. Gilliland, Mrs. Setta Butler, Mrs. R.B. Whisenant, Mrs. Sally Turner, Mrs. Jennie Weaver, Mrs. Nan Leach, Mrs. Henry Brown, Mrs. Wilson.

Children (identified but not necessarily in order): Alton or James R. Taylor, Laura Billie Bridges, Laura Hastedt, Lillian Lynge, Edna Leach, Evelyn Williams, Winston Williams, Cappe Wilson, John M. Whisenant, Dorris Jean Leach.

The event photographed was probably the occasion reported with other Allen news in the *Plano Star-Courier*, Thursday, June 4, 1925: "Wednesday evening at 3 o'clock Mrs. C. Coats and Mrs. M.A. Turner entertained the ladies of the Christian and Baptist Churches at Mrs. Turner's beautiful country home northeast of town. Cream and cake were served to 52 guests.

H & TC RAILROAD 1872

The coming of the rails

8-9-87

"We don't want a railroad, we are beginning to admire the old means of transportation, wheelbarrows and ox wagons. They are far preferable to railroads at such figures."
- McKinney Enquirer.

It was a long haul by wagon to Jefferson or Galveston. A railroad was desperately needed. Back in 1848, Ebenezer Allen had recognized that need when he was the Attorney General of Texas, and had secured a charter from a railroad from the Gulf to the Red River. In the 1850s, Allen became the promoter and manager for the railroad that was known as the Houston and Texas Central. Only eighty miles of track out of Houston had been laid when the Civil War stopped work.

The Central was the first railroad to start building after the War. It passed Bryan, Hearne, Bremond, and reached Corsicana. Amid labor trouble and haggling with --vns along the route, in 1872, it was moving on toward the Red. According to the charter, the road was to run from a "point on Galveston Bay to a point on Red River between the eastern boundary of Texas and Coffee's Station (north of present Pottsboro where the company may deem most suitable.) They could run it anywhere they pretty well pleased! The Central officials were using this fact to blackmail towns. Dallas had put up a big chunk of money to get the railroad to come there, but they thought the depot was too far out on the edge of town. *The Dallas Herald* reported that Central's agent, W.G. Veal, had addressed Dallas citizens at the court-house and said that "If the people of Dallas were not satisfied with the location of the depot, they might take back their gift.... At the same time we were told, that in such case, the road would run as far as possible from Dallas..." McKinney paid \$20,000 and Sherman \$50,000 to bring the rails to their towns.

Old pioneer towns were forced to move to the railroad or die. Plano moved west a couple of miles. New towns were named for railroad officials. Breckenridge was replaced by Richardson. When Mantua refused to give \$20,000, civil engineer William

A. Van Alstyne laid out a new town that became Van Alstyne. Anna and Melissa were named for his daughters, it is said.

When Allen was planned, it was named in honor of Ebenezer Allen, secretary of state of the Republic of Texas, state attorney general and early promoter of the railroad. Allen died during the Civil War.

McKinney welcomed the railroad in spite of angry editorializing with a barbecue on November 21, 1872. By the end of the year work was near the Red River. The Central crisscrossed the tracks of the MKT that were nearing Denison. The connection with the Katy gave us rail service from St. Louis to Galveston.

However, the high-handed actions and demands of the railway were viewed as big business flourishing off the misery of the defeated Confederates. The Radical Reconstruction government in Texas that allowed these actions were bitterly resented.

The *Enquirer* said that it “placed them at the mercy of corporations who are soulless as an oyster.”

It was viewed with irony that several railroad officials were asleep in the Pullman car when Sam Bass’ gang held up the train at Allen on February 22, 1878. Sam became one of the folk-heroes that grew out of the Reconstruction.

The ol’ swimming hole

July 7, 1985

Boyhood summers in the twenties and thirties are times often remembered by some Allen men. Roaming the creeks in cut-off overalls, if in anything at all, they fished for crawdads and chunked at snakes and wasp nests. Eventually they reached one of the holes in the creek that had enough water in it for them to plunge in and dogpaddle.

At those times, there were no thoughts of a Depression, or of rumors of war with Europe. They were to be thankful for these days years later when they found themselves in the midst of World War II. Many were scarcely grown, their boyhood was too short.

Another part of the adult world was the segregation of the races that effected all areas of life. At the Mud Hole, about a half mile up Cottonwood Creek, north of the Main Street bridge, boys played together without thoughts of these grown-up rules. It is said that after a few minutes in Mud Hole everyone was the same mud color.

A walk south down the railroad track led to Giddings Tank. This was in the area to the back of DLM.

On Rowlett Creek between Highway 5 and Jupiter Road, a large spring-fed Indian Hole, on a hot day the water would feel ice cold. This added to the chill of mystery that hung about the place.

The spring was a regular camping spot for the Indians that frequently came to this rich hunting area. In 1844 the Indians found that white settlers had built a hut near the spring. The Muncey family and McBain Jameson were killed by the Indians. They were buried by other settlers near the spring on Rowlett Creek.

For this reason the spring is referred to as Muncey Spring. But to the local boys the spot was known as Indian Hole. If their shouts and war whoops seemed to have a hint of bravado, and they had goose bumps that were not caused by the chill of the water, who is to know. They are certainly not telling.

The Houston and Texas Central Railroad obtained an easement from J.W. Franklin and L.W. Oglesby, owners of farms on Cotton Creek to build a dam across the

branch in 1874. It was to be built below the railroad crossing of the creek, north of James W. Franklin's house.

A dam that still exists (we believe to be the original) was built of dressed stone blocks. A water station was built at the site to supply water for the steam locomotives. For unknown reasons (perhaps this pond eventually filled with silt, or a larger water source was needed) another dam was built in 1912. The date is in the concrete of this dam that backed water over the old dam and made a good size lake. Water lilies and willows lined the bank. As well as being a favorite swimming hole, it was the local trysting place. No one admits that they did their courting there, but there is plenty of hearsay.

The railroad no longer needs a water station. The creek has washed around the concrete dam, exposing the older structure. Weeds choke the area of the old lake. But occasionally an older boy walks up the tracks to the creek and remembers.

[If Gwen Pettit had been writing at this time, she definitely would have included this section on the Allen Station Dam.]

Allen Station Dam

by Lindy Fisher 2002

Tom Keener tells a very interesting story. One day in 1995, while he was working, this man came into his office carrying a big cane. He shook that cane at me and said "Boy, I've seen something today that I have never seen before: "There's one last thing I have to do before I die and that's to see that this thing doesn't get torn down to make way for any road."

The man kept repeating that *no one* had ever seen this thing before. When they were swimming they could feel the top of this dam with their feet. Keener thought this man was trying to lead him on a wild goose chase, but he listened to his story anyway. The man was L.C. Summers, also known as "Big Daddy" by his family and friends. He started talking about an old swimming hole from a long time ago. One thing led to another and Keener finally agreed to accompany L.C. to this place.

The next day they parked on old Exchange Pkwy. near the train tracks and headed through some dense brush. Eventually they came to the remnants of an old cement dam that wasn't very impressive. The sides had eroded away and the date 1912 was etched on the front of it. Okay, but not hardly as exciting as winning the lottery. But, the two men kept working their way north through the dense woods and sticky vines. Finally, Big Daddy was too tired to continue, but urged Keener onward. When Keener had just about given up on anything exciting coming out of this trip, a whole new world opened up before him. Hidden among a forest of ninety-year-old trees and shining in the reflected sunlight from the Austin chalk floor of Cottonwood Creek rose this very old wall of archaic stone stacked in rows on top of each other. Now Keener wanted to hear everything over again. Huge metal pipes were coming out of the creek wall and one pipe came straight up out of the stone wall. This was a really a weird sight. Surreal.

Keener advised Big Daddy about how to go about saving the dam from the newly planned Exchange Parkway. He told him what to write in his letters and gave him the addresses. Finding and preserving this historical treasure had changed the face of Allen. We indeed won the lottery. This is the only original railroad dam known to be in existence in Texas. It was saved because it was covered in water and silt after the 1912 dam was built. It was saved again when Big Daddy Summers took it on as his last project before he died. Big Daddy died in 1999, but his old swimming hole was saved.

The park surrounding it is now called Allen Station Park with a cement walking path leading right up to the dam.

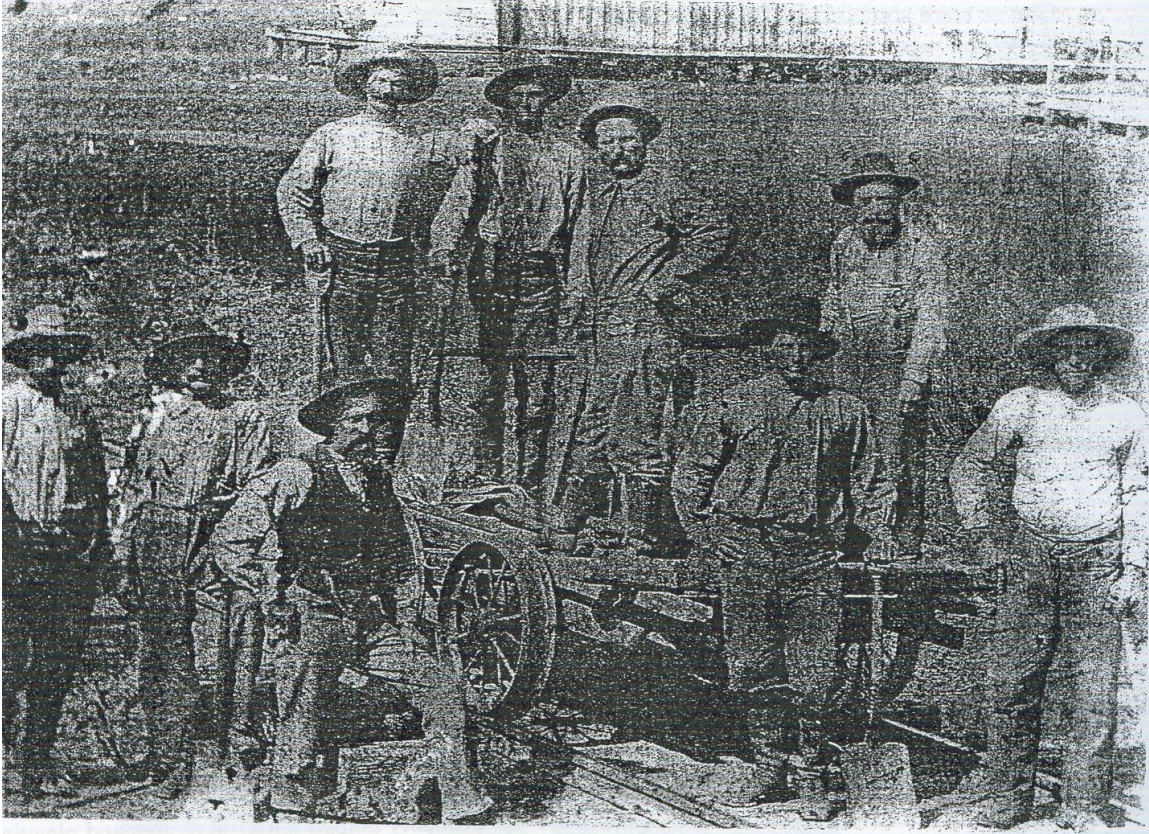
The Allen Heritage Guild Archives Committee has made an interesting exhibit at the Collin County Central Museum at the Old Post Office Museum in McKinney. Many items were recovered from the dam and are on loan to the museum. The original pipe fittings have blacksmith markings on them. The cut marks on them show that they were removed, probably when the newer dam was built. The four-foot long suction pipe end fitting was removed from behind the dam and mounted in the front of it, probably so it would remain free of silt. A possible foothold was handmade out of a bolt. Some of these artifacts had been repaired by a simple blacksmith. Pipe sections from a steam-powered engine, gears and parts fallen off from wagons are on display. The museum is located one block east of the square and is open 11-4 every Tues, Thurs, Fri. and Sat. To learn more about Allen history, attend the meetings of the Allen Heritage Guild every month or call Tom Keener at 972-727-0122



Tom Keener sits atop the old stone dam that was built in 1874 to supply water for the Houston & Texas Central Railroad steam engines. This dam is located north of Exchange Parkway and just east of the railroad tracks. Go to the entrance to Allen Station Park and turn north into the back parking lot for some buildings, go about 250 yards until you see the large historical marker.

Allen Station Section House

by Lindy Fisher 2002



Hawk Peters is wearing the dark vest. This photograph was taken in front of the Allen Station section house.

Hawk Peters' great-grandson just happens to be Ted Peters, the executive director of the Heritage Farmstead Museum in Plano. Ted does an excellent talk for school children of a railroad man wearing the typical black-and-white pin-striped overalls and the work gloves. The overalls cost a nickel more than the jean overalls worn by the local farmers. And these overalls came all the way from *St. Louie*! This was considered extravagant and foolish by the local farmers.

Work gloves were sometimes worn while eating meals by the men. It was considered rude manners to wear your work gloves at the dinner table, but the men did not want to offend the women who might notice that some of their fingers were missing, most likely from accidents related to working on the railroad.

The local farmers felt that a man who worked for wages was not as good as a man who had roots in the earth. And likewise, the railroad workers did not want to be "sod busters" and have to make a living digging in the dirt. But, Hawk Peters' brother did manage to overcome these differences. He was allowed to court and to marry a farmer's daughter from Allen.

Ted Peters has the original clock that sat in the Allen Station section house for the train to run on time. It even records the days of the month. When he traced his roots back, he didn't have far to go, just right up the RR tracks a little bit to Allen. Hawk Peters died of the flu in 1890 when he was only 43 years old.

The railroads changed life for the farmers. For the first time, more crops could be grown and sold, so extra money was on hand. Traveling salesmen came by regularly to

get some of that extra money. They were called drummers because they drummed up business. People who lived near the tracks could make extra money by having these boarders stay in their extra rooms.

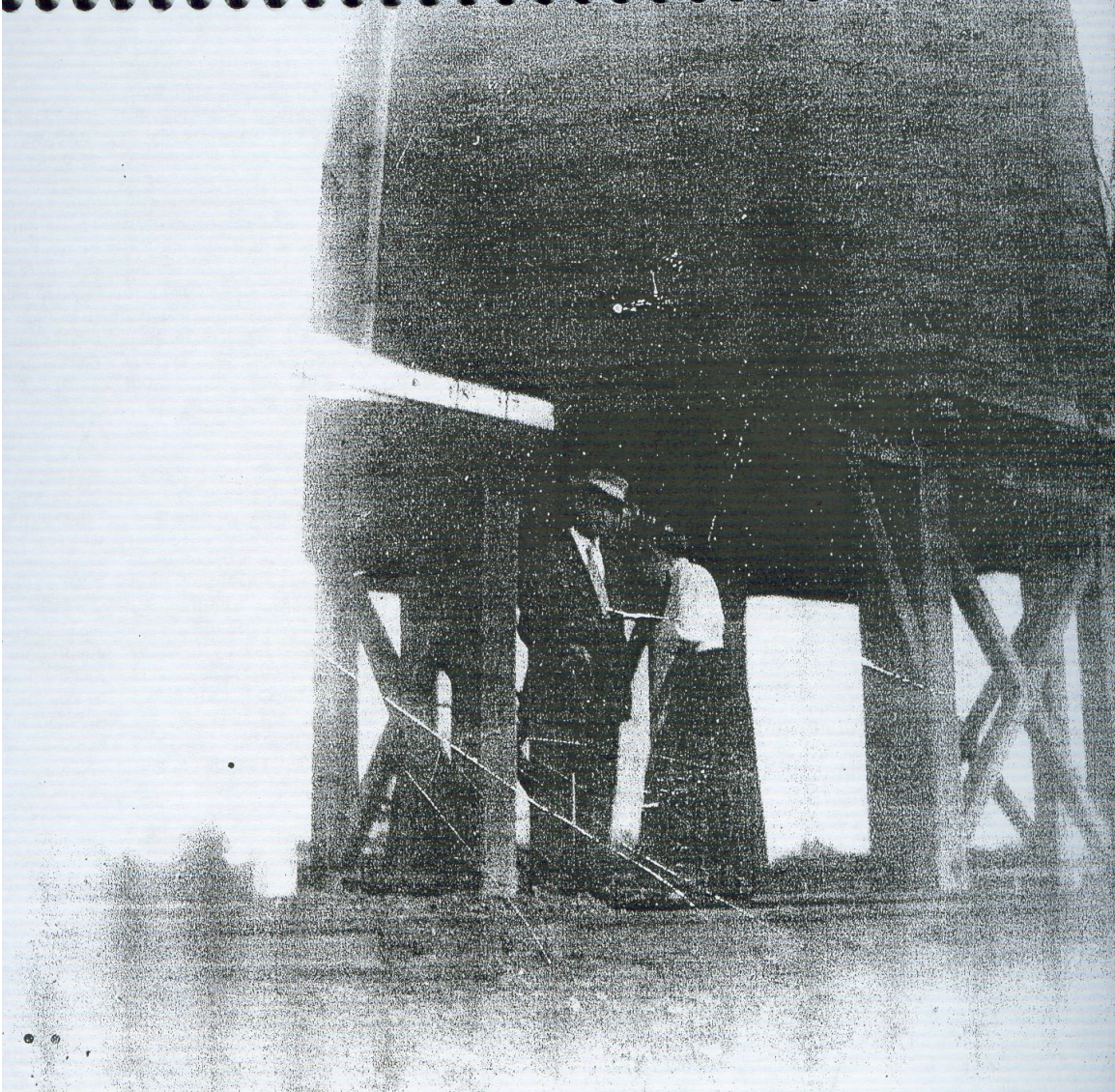
After the Civil War, men were looking for jobs. One of these men from Tennessee was James "Hawk" Peters. He had served in the Union army and a Union General had taken a job with the railroads. Hawk heard that he could get a job as a foreman on the new railroads that were being built in Texas if he could read and write.

So many people moved to work in Texas that a simple sign was often hung on their old homes. It said simply GTT: for those who couldn't read, they knew it meant Gone To Texas.

Many of the immigrant workers were single and Irish. A foreman was needed to keep these hard-drinking young men at work and away from the local farmers and especially the farmer's daughters. They wanted a Protestant foreman. Hawk taught himself how to read and write from a common primer. Then he took off for Texas.

The Houston & Texas Central Railroad was built in Allen in 1872. Hawk Peters was listed as the section house foreman in the 1880s U.S. census along with his wife. He was in charge of maintaining the Allen section of the railroad track with about ten hard-working men. They were mostly Irish, one was German and the others were from Georgia, New Jersey and Tennessee.

They lived in dormitory type housing just south of the old water tower supports and east of the railroad tracks. Hawk's wife, Loisa Van Askins, cooked for the men and there are three Peters boys who also lived there. They were three, eight and eleven years old. There also is listed a black domestic servant named Alice Bomfras. She was 30 years old. She probably helped with the chores and cleaning. I would love to hear the stories she could have told about these hard-working immigrants.



Antha Whisenant is standing in front of the Allen Station water tower with her fiancée. Circa 1900
Stone supports for the water tower. Photo by Lindy Fisher 2007

How the Allen Station Dam was Built

by Lindy Fisher

May 31, 2007

A topic of conversation around town has been just exactly *how* the Allen Station Dam was built. How did they get those stones from the railroad tracks over to the dam and just how did the stones get *sooooo* close together? The answers to these questions do not involve alien technology.

Sometimes, the dam that held the water for the steam engines was quite far from the railroad tracks. In that case, smaller scale railroad tracks would be built temporarily to haul the stones over the distance. In our case, though, the dam was built close enough to the tracks for a crane to be used to move the stones from the railroad cars to the dam site. This crane was attached on a railroad car and this crane was also used to lift up a derailed locomotive and set it back on the track. Archaeologist Dr. Randall Moir Ph.D.

completed a report in 1999, "The Historical Resources at the Old Houston & Texas Central Railroad Company's Water Station Site on Cottonwood Creek, Allen, Texas" in which he shows a photo of a typical crane being used to build a railroad dam. He knows that a crane was used since he found the evidence of a large eyebolt cemented into the ground that helped to anchor the crane to a cable. Moir states that this crane anchor is located on the east side of the dam and should be preserved. This is right where the cement jogging trail was installed, so the evidence may not be present anymore.

The stones were placed by the crane or cranes into position using large tongs as evidenced by the holes that were drilled on opposite sides of each stone that can still be seen in the stones of the dam today. The dam was built as a *weir dam*, which means that water was meant to flow over the top of the dam. David Petefish, who works for the Natural Resource Conservation Service, U.S. Dept. of Agriculture in charge of the geology of the state of Texas flood control dams, is very familiar with old dams throughout the state. After examining this dam, Petefish told me that the dam was probably built higher on the ends and slightly lower in the middle. This, way, when the stones settle, they get closer together instead of farther apart. The higher ends of the dam protect the soil material from eroding out on each side of the valley, by keeping the flow in the center of the dam. To check this out, I purchased a large inner tube and floated upstream of the dam with my camera. I took several photos that show the dam making a slight curve down toward the center, being very clear with the horizontal water level. And no, I did not see any snakes, and I was *really* watching for them!

The stone that seems to be missing is actually the center of the dam since the west side has been filling in with silt over the years. There are conflicting opinions as to if that missing stone fell out or if the dam was built that way. The top row of stones was added at a later date as can be easily seen by their slightly larger size, the mortar difference and the rougher building style.

The rod extending six feet up at the right of the photo is over the sluice opening. This was a framework that helped to raise the sluice gate and let the tank be drained of water for the silt to be cleaned out. By the way, the sluice gate is made of railroad ties and is now exposed to the air, so it is rotting and will need to be replaced at some point in the future.

Silt fill was such a problem for this water tank, that it was made taller with another layer of stones. The silt continued to fill the dam so much, that in 1912 a taller dam was built downstream. If one enjoys walking in the creek bottom, the foundation of this cement dam can still be seen in the creek bed just south of the Exchange Parkway bridge. It was this taller dam that held back the water so high that it covered the 1874 dam completely and it filled in with silt, thus preserving the dam for our present day enjoyment.

Around 1960, the 1912 dam eroded away on one side and emptied, thus exposing the original 1874 dam upstream. Bid Daddy Summers recalls that as a child he could feel the top of the dam with his feet, but had never seen it until the dam downstream was breached lowering the water.

Another interesting note is where Central Expressway got its name. The first railroad was called the Houston & Texas Central; and Highway 75 ran alongside this railroad, so it got the name "Central" as a short form of the railroad name.

Since the topic of eminent domain is now in the news, there is another interesting fact. There were too many delays in getting the first railroad through Texas. Finally, the Texas State Legislature gave permission for the H&TC Railroad to be built anywhere between Galveston and the Red River and the right-of-way could be purchased later. That is why many of the deeds for the railroad right-of-ways are dated after 1872, when the first train ratted through Allen.

To see the dam today, go to the entrance of the Allen Station Park on Exchange Parkway between the Rodenbaugh Natatorium and the RR tracks, then head north into the parking lot of some office buildings. In a few hundred feet you will see the Texas State Historical Marker for the dam. Park and walk down the switch back cement trail to view the dam. Large stone gabbions have been added on each end of the dam to prevent erosion. It is a very shady trail and wheelchair accessible, so go visit the Allen Station Dam for a summer day's excursion.



Kelly Fisher stands atop the Allen Station Dam. Photo was taken from upstream by the camerawoman in an inner tube in 2007. Note the slight curve down toward the center of the dam that keeps the stones settling tighter and tighter together.

Texas settlers displaced Native Americans no date, 1986?

At first the Indians showed a sulky friendliness toward the North Texas settlers. They visited the homesteads and were no bother except for some petty thievery. As more settlers moved in, the friendliness began to disappear. The Indians began to complain about the killing of their buffaloes and other game. They left their squaws at home, painted their faces, showed other signs of hostility, and began to steal horses.

Daniel Montague led a party of seventeen men in an attack on a band of Kickapoos, Shawnees, Cherokees, and Delawares camped near Warren on May 16, 1837. Several Indians were killed, among them was Billy Amos, a cousin of Daniel Rowlett's friend, Jim Logan. A truce was arranged after this fight, but the Indians continued to show their anger by stealing horses. Isolated farms were attacked and lone travelers were

killed. Several children were taken by the Indians and were ransomed by the Republic of Texas.

Indian raids were effectively holding back the westward movement of Fannin County settlers. Some families moved back to the more populated Red River County. By 1839, most of the remaining families were camping inside the three stockaded forts: Warren, on the Red River; English, near present-day Bonham; and Lyday, between present-day Honey Grove and Ladonia.

The men worked the fields together-some plowing, others on watchful guard. Cows were pastured under guard, horses were locked up at night. At all three forts, the harvest was divided according to the number of teams and hands that produced it. There was plenty for all.

Leading the North Texas settlers in defense was Gen. Edward H. Tarrant. He had fought Indians with Andrew Jackson, was a veteran of the Battle of New Orleans, and of the Texas Revolutions. Tarrant commanded the Texas Rangers in North Texas. He was elected to the Second Congress, but resigned after a few months to resume his command on the frontier.

The boldness of the Indian raids increased. They brazenly attempted a raid on the Fort English horse corral, but the noise of the two startled guards falling from the parapet, frightened them away. At Fort Warren, court officials and jurors were enjoying the hospitality of Joseph Sowell's and John H. Scott's tavern when Indians made an attempt to get what were probably the best horses in the county. In the fight, Sowell was killed.

In March 1841, John Yeary fought off an attack at his home with his eye hoe until his wife could reach him with his gun. Mrs. Yeary received a deep wound in her thigh.

On May 1841, volunteers gathered on Choctaw Bayou, eight miles west of Warren. From the role of those that assembled we can recognize the names of several Texas counties and of early Collin County families. James Bourland was named Captain, William C. Young, Lieutenant, Dr. Lemuel M. Cockran, Orderly Sergeant. John B. Denton and Henry Stout each led a few scouts. General Tarrant was accepted as the actual leader, although this command was unofficial.

Other names included Yeary, Montague, David, McFarland, Gilbert, Baker, Stephens, and Merrill from Fannin County. Red River County names were Lovejoy, Chisum, Porter, Hopkins, Early, Sullivan, Johnson, Fuller, and Fowler. Others named were Sims, Parker, Webb, Watson, Williams, Rattan and Pickens. Jack Ivey, a halfbreed, acted as guide. On the same day, the volunteers moved to Fort Johnson (near Denison) where they waited for others to join them.

The party moved west on the fourteenth of May. It was believed that the Indians were camped near the present site of Bridgeport. They went through the Cross Timbers, a band of heavy brush and trees that ran from the Red Rivers, south into Central Texas, and crossed Elm Fork of the Trinity. After four days, they reached the rumored village near the West Fork, which had been recently deserted. Tarrant had the sixty or seventy empty lodges destroyed with axes because he was afraid burning them would attract the attention of the Indians.

The group went over the high divide to the East Fork of the Brazos. They found no Indian signs there, so they turned back east, to the Trinity. They camped on Fo....(Fort Worth-Haltom City)... next day they crossed.....south side of the.....an old buffalo trail... reported there were.....Indian villages about.....ahead (Arlington).

.....nine and nine-thirt ...24th , they stopped.....thicket to leave their..... prepare to charge..... horseback. Tarrant is saying to the men,..... brave men, we will..... on earth again. Thedeath and confusion.....shall expect every.....his place and do..... Thus, the Battle of Village Creek began.

The North Texas..... took two villages, b.....had been arousedprepared for defense..... Denton was killed.....Stout led a group in... ..attack. His body was.....back to the second.....where the Texans.....of the situation..... prisoners they lea.....over a thousand wa..... in the villages. Half.....were away hunting..... stealing on the frontier.....Indians were of many.....Cherokees, Creeks, Caddoes, Kickapoos, Anadarcos. Two.....twenty-five lodges w.....ted, besides those..... be seen through the..... the main village.

About three hundred.....were in corn. The Indians.....
[part of this column was missing.]

The Mexican War, The Beginning no date, but probably 1986

Yes, Sir! Us fellows in Captain Jack McGarrah's Texas Rangers was in the United States Army 'fore Texas joined up with the States. To the best of my recollection, it happened about like this:

After Sam Houston had licked Santa Anna at San Jacinto, he and the other Texans thought his old Indian fighting comrade, President Andy Jackson would jump at the chance to have Texas in the U.S. But, "Old Hickory" found Texas was too hot to handle and waited till the day before the last day he was president before he recognized Texas as a Republic and dumped the hot potato in President Van Buren's lap. You see, Texas had some slaves and those against slavery in the U.S. Congress was still smarting over having to take in Missouri, but they had everything nice and evened up now, and no one wanted to change it. Then, Mexico was saying that those papers Santa Anna signed didn't mean a thing, that Texas was still theirs and if the U.S. wanted it, they would have to fight them first.

Well, Texas began acting like a proper nation and got a mite ambitious. President Lamar had hoped to get New Mexico and California and who knows how much more, so he led a raid on Santa Fe that was a disaster. All we got out of that was a big national debt.

Houston became president then, and it looked like we were going to have to wait a long time for annexation to the States. So, he started dickering with England and France to bail us out. England thought Texas would be a good place to get cotton, but that slavery thing stuck in the craw. Texas was needing help pretty bad about then, and started talking about setting the slaves free.

Now, that really stirred things up in Washington. President Tyler said "Whatever will be, will be," that sooner or later Texas would be part of the United States, so it might as well be sooner. He said that they could take Texas without a war with Mexico. About then James K. Polk ran for president on a platform of Oregon and Texas. Someone came up with the idea of "Manifest Destiny," that it was the Good Lord's will that America reached from sea to shining sea.

Even though Tyler said that war could be avoided with Mexico, he had Secretary of War, William L. Marcy order General Zachary Taylor, who was down in Louisiana on the Camino Real, to get to a place where he could protect the Texas frontier. Taylor took

his small army to Corpus Christi, to the mouth of the Nueces River. Now, Texas claimed the Rio Grande was the boundary with Mexico, but really the Nueces was as far as it went at the time.

The Mexican threat was not General Zack's biggest worry. The U.S. Army was just getting acquainted with the plains Indians. Texas had four hundred-fifty miles of Indian frontier that ran from Corpus Christi, up the Nueces, around to San Antonio, to Castroville, passed the German settlements just west of Austin, across the prairies to the forks of the Trinity, and passed just west of here to the Red River. General Taylor saw that he needed his army of 266 men held together because of the Mexican threat, but he needed them spread out because of the Indians. He had some crackerjack young officers straight out of West Point that were ready to tackle anything, but "Old Zack" was not ready to start something without a little help. Two weeks after he hit Corpus he asked President Jones of Texas to lend him some Texas Rangers.

We here in Texas had been fighting Mexican and Indians for over ten years. The Texas Rangers was started back in the days before the Revolution by Stephen F. Austin, so most of us by this time had seen the several skirmishes with the Indians. Late that summer of '47, President Jones sent four companies to General Taylor and three smaller detachments including ours, were considered in the U.S. service. Captain Jack's company was told to stay put so that we could watch out, up here on this northern corner of Texas, but we would have like to have gone down to South Texas and showed them a thing or two.

"They are teaching the United States officers and soldiers how to ride. The feats of horsemanship of our frontiersmen are most extraordinary. I saw one of them pickup from the ground three dollars, each fifty yards apart, at full speed, and pass under the horse's neck at a pace not much short of full speed."

Rebekah Baines marries young politician

10-4-87

Joe Baines, the Rowlett school teacher, was ambitious and had a great interest in law and politics. He studied law in the offices of Throckmorton and Brown in McKinney, perhaps the most politically explosive spot in the state. James W. Throckmorton had just been removed as governor of Texas by the commander of the military division of the southwest, Gen. P.H. Sheridan, as "an impediment to the reconstruction of the state."

Admitted to the bar, Baines began his law proactive in Plano in 1870. Later he moved to McKinney where, in addition to practicing law, in 1877 he established a widely read and influential Democratic newspaper, the *McKinney Advocate*. He always proudly said, "I am a Baptist and a Democrat."

In McKinney, Rebekah, the first of Joseph and Ruth Huffman Baines' three children, was born on June 26, 1881.

The Democrats gained control of the Texas government in 1874. When "Old Oxcart" John Ireland became the governor of Texas in 1882, he appointed the lawyer and editor from McKinney as secretary of state. (Later, when a young man followed his representative father around the statehouse, old-timers remembered that his grandfather Joseph Baines, as secretary of state, had laid the cornerstone of the pink granite capitol.)

After serving as secretary of state for four years, Baines moved to the hill country of Texas to the town of Blanco. He practiced law, had a newspaper and represented his

district many years in the Texas Legislature. His children were raised in comfortable gentility. Rebekah Baines attended Baylor at Belton. When her father ‘suffered severe and sudden financial reverse,’ she paid her own way her senior year by becoming the manager of the college bookstore.

Baines was succeeded in the Legislature by Sam Johnson, a young man from the Pedernales Valley (pronounced Purd-in-alleys, locally). Baines sent his daughter, Rebekah, to interview the new legislator. “I asked him lots of questions, but he was pretty cagey, and I couldn’t pin him down. I was awfully provoked with the man,” She remembered. As for Sam Johnson, “He was enchanted to find a girl who really liked politics.” Johnson quickly decided he wanted to marry the well-educated blonde. She moved with her family to Fredericksburg; where Joseph Baines soon died of a malignancy.

Rebekah was already self-supporting as a teacher of expression classes and as a correspondent for daily newspapers. On one of her dates with Johnson, he took her and others to hear William Jennings Bryan address the state Legislature. Sam Johnson was anxious to get married, but Rebekah delayed making a decision. There was a question of how her mother, Ruth Huffman Baines, would be cared for.

Showing the luck and determination to be expected from a daughter of Mary Elizabeth Perrin Huffman, who had been widowed young. Ruth Baines took care of herself. She moved to San Marcos, Texas, and established a boarding house for students attending Southwest Texas State Teachers College.

Sam Johnson took his bride to a small cottage on his father’s farm. It was a low, three-room structure with a central dogtrot. The cultured town girl shuddered over the chickens and wrestled with a mammoth iron stove,” she said.

Their first child was born seven days after their first wedding anniversary on Aug. 27, 1908. For three months, they debated over the name of the baby. Finally, one morning Rebekah issued an ultimatum; she would not cook breakfast until they agreed on a name for the ‘baby.’ Sam recited the names of his best friends. Rebekah rejected each. Eventually he named his lawyer friend, W.C. Linden. She liked that but wanted to change the spelling. “Spell it as you please. Now come cook breakfast. The naming is over.” Their son was named Lyndon Baines Johnson.



John Huffman Jr. was the first doctor in the Allen area.