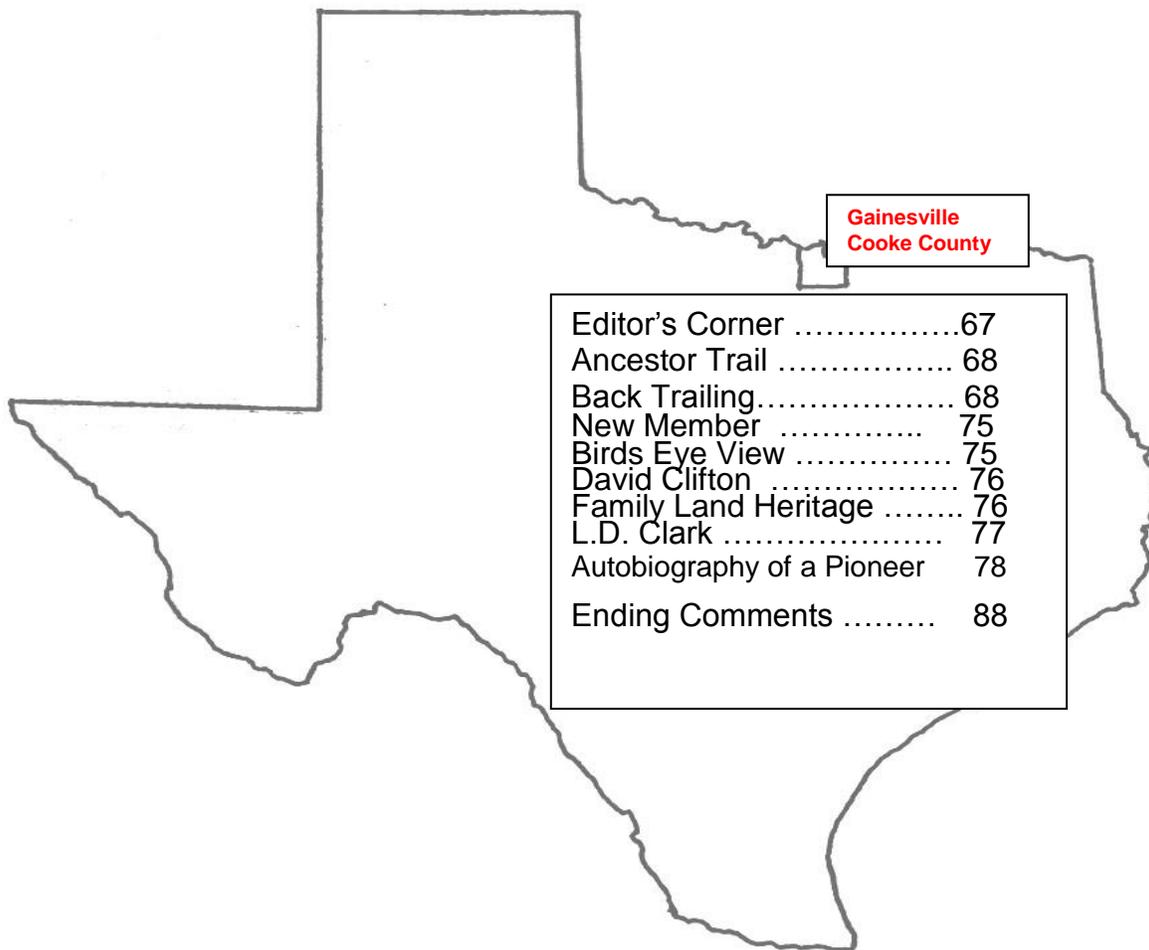


CROSS TIMBERS POST

Editor: Norman L. Newton



Gainesville
Cooke County

Editor's Corner	67
Ancestor Trail	68
Back Trailing.....	68
New Member	75
Birds Eye View	75
David Clifton	76
Family Land Heritage	76
L.D. Clark	77
Autobiography of a Pioneer	78
Ending Comments	88

Cooke County Website: <http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~txcooke/index.html>

March & June 2014

CROSS TIMBERS GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY OF COOKE COUNTY TEXAS
PO Box 197
Gainesville, TX 76241-0197

Cross Timbers Genealogical Society was organized in 1977 to provide a forum for those interested in genealogical research and preserving records for the future generations.

Funds raised by the CTGS are used to research, preserve and publish records relating to Cooke County family histories. As a service to other researchers, CTGS has published several books which are for sale.

For more or additional information, please contact any of the officers listed here:

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The Cross Timbers Post is published four times a year: March, June September and December. Subscription is by membership in the Society. Annual membership dues are \$15.00 yearly per household. Memberships run from June 1st to May 30th the next year.

All correspondence and material relative to the Cross Timbers Post should be directed to: The Editor, P.O. Box 197, Gainesville, Texas 76241-0197.

Note: The Editor of the Cross Timber Post will not be responsible for the accuracy of material printed herein since no proof is required.

EDITORS' CORNER

It was probably noticed there was no newsletter sent out during March. So this edition is late in coming and I will make it as a June issue as well. A March-June issue and not sure that has ever been done before but there is a first time for everything as they say.

We have received word from former long time editor Dick Sparkman that he will not be returning as editor as we had hoped.

In addition Dick has resigned as the assistant coordinator for Cooke County on the TXGenWeb Project. He was a mainstay to get the Cross Timbers Genealogical Society to take the website over and our gratitude to Dick is long lasting.

Our Genealogical Society has been saddened by the deaths of two members, David Clifton and L.D. Clark. Their obituaries will follow later in this publication.

I had noted in the December issue that I would be submitting a story on the primary founder of the town of Valley View which is Captain L.W. Lee so included in this edition is his story, "The Autobiography of a Pioneer". It was my original intention to put this story into a two part series but being this is a double edition it is included in its entirety.

We are looking for an editor for the CTGS Post and hope we will find one soon.

Till next time: Norman L. Newton

Meeting Schedules

Our 2014 meetings will meet in the Landmark Bank meeting room, Gainesville, Texas the first Monday each month at 6:00 pm., except for the months of January & July.

If history interests you please contact one of our officers and/or members who would love to speak to you.

Regards, Norman L. Newton

Following the Ancestor Trail:

This page covers research material and research locations in Cooke County.

MUENSTER LIBRARY,
418 No. Elm, Muenster, TX
<http://www.muensterlibrary.com>

COOKE COUNTY LIBRARY
200 South Weaver St., Gainesville, Texas
Newspapers, family history, county history, various states, and counties

COOKE COUNTY-COUNTY CLERK
100 South Dixon, Gainesville, Texas
(courthouse)
*Death, Birth, Marriage records available.
*You can look up most records yourself.
Copies are \$1.00 per page
<http://www.co.cooke.tx.us/ips/cms/countyoffice/s/>

MORTON MUSEUM of COOKE COUNTY
210 South Dixon, Gainesville, Texas
E-mail: mortonmuseum@att.net
Historical people in Cooke County, various books

LIBRARY—1525 W. California St., Gainesville
http://www.nctc.edu/NCTC_Library/library

Various genealogy magazines, papers, family information, obits

Church's in Gainesville with libraries and Archives

First Christian Church

401 No. Dixon 940-665-2053
Started May 10, 1874 Open Daily
Web site: www.firstchristiangainesville.com

St. Paul's Episcopal Church

415 E. California St. 940-665-4705
Started August 6, 1885 Open 9 A.M. to 12 Noon Only Look-up's

First United Methodist Church

214 So. Dixon 940-665-3926
Started 1852
Web site: fumcgainesville.com

First Presbyterian Church

401 So. Denton 940-665-5153
Started 1878 Archives
Web site: firstpresbyteriangainesville.com

St. Mary's Catholic Church

825 No. Weaver 940-665-5395
Started 1879
Web site: <http://stmaryscatholic.com/>

BACK TRAILING

Sheriff Finds Real Still Turning Out Booze in Oklahoma

(Marietta News) Friday January 3, 1919

For several days parties have been seen on the

streets under the influence of liquor and a young man of the Bomar country had been making many trips in his tin lizzy to the city. The sheriff began to take notice of these facts and soon his information that a good sized whiskey still was turning out a quantity of busthead for the holidays.

Last Sunday morning with **Jim Glover**, the sheriff went to the home of **Frank Givens** a short distance from Bomar and found a still in operation in a cellar on the place. He also found twenty-four quarts of booze hid around the place and also at the home of Lester Harvey, living near there. He also found sixty gallons of mash ready to be turned into booze which he poured out.

The sheriff arrested Givens and Harvey and with the still, brought them to the city jail and placed them behind bars. After being caught they confessed and implicated **Jim Hart** who was also arrested and placed in jail. The still was good one and showed that whoever made it had experience before, and it is a cinch that others are implicated. Givens is well known, having lived in this city and county for many years, but not much is known in regard to Harvey. Hart is the son of R. H. Hart, a farmer of Bomar country, and is only about twenty years of age.

On two or three occasions parties have attempted to operate stills in Love county but owing to the alertness of **Sheriff Smith**, their careers were very short.

Work Progressing On Mill Building Wednesday
January 8, 1919

The severe weather has recently hindered the

work on the concrete mill building being erected by the Whaley Mill and Elevator company at their plant in this city. The building is being constructed of reinforced concrete, and the concrete cannot be run in hard freezing weather, as the substance is injured if frozen before it properly "sets" or hardens. With the warmer days the work is now going forward again, the concrete now being poured for the third story of the structure, which is to be six stories high when completed, and 35 by 110 feet. The new mill building will have new machinery throughout of the very latest patterns and the old mill will continue in operation at present until the new one is ready to start up.

Woman And Child Have Close Call In Exiting Race Tuesday January 28, 1919

One of the most exciting runaways ever witnessed in Gainesville occurred on California street shortly after 11 o'clock this morning while that thoroughfare was crowded with traffic, and **Mrs. J. H. Bell** and year old baby had an almost miraculous escape from death.

Mrs. Bell, with her baby in her arms was sitting in a single seat buggy near Ryan's market, east of the railroad on California street, while her husband stepped into the market. A span of young horses was hitched to the buggy, a bay and a gray, and the animals became frightened, either at an express wagon backing up to the curb or at an automobile which was passing, and started running west up California street toward the business center of the city. Mr. Bell ran out of the market but was too late to catch the team, and

Mrs. Bell, in addition to holding her baby in her arms, managed to hold the horses in the middle of the street while they went dashing madly through the city, across the square and on to the City Park, more than a mile from the starting point.

Just before reaching the entrance of the park, the horses turned across the walk on the south side of the street, ran over a small cedar tree and then crashed into a large post standing about ten feet south of the park entrance. The post was broken down, but stopped the team, Mrs. Bell and baby being thrown out under the heels of the horses, where they would no doubt have been kicked to death but for the timely arrival of **Geo. Leach**, engineer of the waterworks plant. Mr. Leach had run out to try to stop the team and got to the scene just after the crash against the post. Being a very strong man and seeing the imminent peril of the woman and child, he grabbed the nearest horse by the hind foot with his right hand while he pulled Mrs. Bell and baby to safety with his left hand.

Mrs. Bell was badly shocked by the awful ordeal and was considerably bruised when thrown from the buggy, but it is not thought that she is seriously injured, and the baby, clasped in the mother's arms throughout the wild ride and during the plunge from the buggy, escaped without serious injury.

Mrs. Bell and baby were taken to the sanitarium and given attention and were able to be taken to their home about ten miles northeast of Gainesville this afternoon.

The wild plunge of the frightened team through the city created near-panic. Many men ran into the

street and attempted to stop the horses, but they were going so rapidly it appeared impossible to stop them without causing the buggy to be turned or dashed to pieces. One man on horseback and many in cars gave chase until they were stopped at the City Park.

Mrs. Bell displayed remarkable courage and presence of mind in guiding the maddened horses, which she did not have strength to stop. Having her baby in her arms made the task more difficult, but this nerved her to hold on grimly until the final crash, and even in that last plunge she did not release her hold upon the baby.

J. W. Ware Quits The Rural Route Work Friday
January 31, 1919

J. W. Ware (better known as Major Ware), who has been Uncle Sam's faithful rural route mail carrier on Route 2 out of Gainesville, has quit the service, bought him a farm in Grayson county, near the Cooke county line and has become a full fledged farmer on his way to prosperity. Back in 1898, more than 20 years ago, Mr. Ware carried the first mail route out of Woodbine and the then handsome young man gave the people a thrill by bringing their mail right up to the door and he was considered a greater man than Uncle Sam.

A few years ago Mr. Ware exchanged his Woodbine route for one out of Pilot Point and after several months stay there, he was transferred to Gainesville and has been on route 2 out of here and his patrons were sorry to lose him, as he gave splendid service and looked after every little detail connected with his duties.

Presly Ward, one of Cooke county's best citizens and well known here, who has been on a route out of Muenster for several years, is moving to Gainesville and will be Mr. Ware's successor on Route 2.

School Herald, 34 Years Old, Gives Glimpses Of Past Friday Feb 14, 1919

Through the courtesy of **Dr. C. H. Hall**, The Register has been shown a copy of The School Herald, Vol. 1, No. 1, published by the Gainesville Public Schools in March 1885. This paper is the property of **Mrs. Jesse Williamson** of Dallas, daughter of **Judge and Mrs. J. P. Hall**. It is thirty-four years old but is well preserved and gives an interesting glimpse into the past, especially to those who resided in Gainesville at the time of its publication.

The editor of The Herald was **Claude Weaver**, the first graduate from the Gainesville Public School and now postmaster of Oklahoma City. The business manager of the journal was **J. W. Blanton**, now engaged in the insurance business in Dallas. The directory of the school for that year shows several well known names and is as follows:

Trustee – **A. E. Dodson**, mayor and ex officio chairman; **Jas. A. Race**, superintendent; **H. E. Eldridge**, secretary; **Geo. L. Hill**, **A. J. Thomson**, **J. M. Lindsay**, **D. S. Aynes**, **W. S. Smith**.

Faculty: Belcher School, Hall No. 2 – **J. M. McMurray**, principal; assistants Misses **Annie Underwood**, **Annie Mathis**, and **Allie Houston**. Hall No. 1 – Miss **Lydia Cleaves**, principal; assistants

Misses **Ollie Thompson**, **Sue Roots**, **Lena Trueblood**, and **Effie London**.

Lindsay School, Hall No. 2 – **J. Z. Keel**, principal; assistants Misses **Mallie Gilbert** and **Adelaide Hughes**. Hall No. 1 – Miss **Ada Moss**, principal; assistants Misses **Annie Curtis**, and **Maggie Maupin**.

Of this faculty **Mr. McMurray** is now a prominent attorney of McAlester, OK. **J. Z. Keel** is now mayor of Gainesville. **Jas. R. Race**, who was the first superintendent of the Gainesville Public Schools has been dead several years. He was the father of **Buel Race**, residing north of the city.

Miss **Annie Underwood** is now Mrs. **W. O. Davis**. Miss **Allie Houston** deceased, became Mrs. **John Maupin**. Miss **Mallie Gilbert** is now Mrs. **H. S. Holman**, and Miss **Ada Moss** is now Mrs. **J. C. Murrell**. Others of the faculty are still living and are well known to some of our readers.

Many well known names appear in the local items and advertisements of The Herald. **W. O. Davis** was state senator from this district at that time and was given very complimentary notice. Hon. **A. Y. Gunter**, representative from Cooke county, was also complimented for his work in the legislature. Mr. Gunter has been dead several years. He was the father of Mrs. **Isom Beasley** and Miss **Lillian Gunter** of this city.

W. L. Blanton, attorney at law, had a card in the Herald. **Kennerly & Spraggins** were in the hardware business. **S. J. Kennerly** is still in the hardware business here, but **Mr. Spraggins** is now at Ardmore. **F. A. Tyler** was in the wholesale grocery business, now senior member of the firm

of Tyler & Simpson. **Max Kahn** claimed to be the oldest reliable wholesale grocer in Gainesville – he is still here but retired from the wholesale business recently. Stevens & Sherwood were in the hardware business. Both are now dead, the latter being **F. R. Sherwood** and father of **Frank Sherwood**, who recently moved to Ardmore. The Waples Painter Co. had a lumber yard here, managed by **D. L. Painter**, deceased. **C. R. Rollins** was in the insurance business and was afterward mayor, now deceased. **John T. Walker** and **H. M. Thomason**, lawyers have also since died. A. Goldstein & Bro. were in the dry goods business. Mr. **Goldstein** is now a prominent merchant of Dallas. **E. A. Blanton** was practicing law, now city recorder.

The Herald contains a tribute to Miss **Daisy Gribble**, daughter of **R. D. Gribble**, who had just died. Mr. Gribble was manager of the Lyon & Gribble lumber yard.

School Visitor Is Staunch Advocate Of Improved Roads Wednesday 19 Feb 1919

Mrs. **D. O. Belew**, visitor of rural schools for the Department of Education, who is now making an inspection of rural schools of Cooke county names good roads as the first essential to good schools. This has been forcibly impressed upon her by the roads of Cooke county and if she had tried to get over ours some two weeks ago, she would be even more emphatic on this point.

In company with County Supt. **F. J. Clement**, Mrs. Belew is now visiting the rural schools of Cooke county, which have applied for or are receiving

state aid, and when seen by a representative of The Register this morning she stated that she was far from satisfied with the rural school situation in this county. Among other things she said: "Good roads are the first essential to good rural schools. The county's greatest need is more consolidated high schools. The boys and girls of the rural districts must have the same opportunities as those in the city, but good rural schools are the result of consolidation. Consolidation means transportation and transportation means good roads, which brings us back to good roads as the first essential for good schools. There is a great need of organized parents and teachers' clubs in the various communities. The teachers said trustees usually work hard, but they need the cooperation of the parents in the district. All schools that have the parent-teacher organizations flourish. Cooke county has a most excellent superintendent and the people must stay with him. He is eminently qualified as to scholarship and his heart is in the work; he is a clean gentleman and one of the most capable superintendents I have met. In some of the schools I have visited I found sanitary conditions very unsatisfactory, particularly as regards toilets. One school community uses its schoolhouse as a place to hold funerals, which should not be especially during such epidemics as that of influenza, which has swept the country. Schoolhouses should not have to be used for any kind of church purposes. Build good roads and consolidate your rural schools are the greatest needs confronting Cooke county today."

Mrs. Belew was a teacher in the Dallas city schools prior to her appointment by Miss **Annie Webb Blanton**, the new state superintendent. Mrs. Belew's husband **Capt. D. O. Belew** is with the American army of occupation in Germany.

Another Well In The City Was Abandoned On Account Of Oil Wednesday March 12, 1919

Another of the old wells in Gainesville which was abandoned long ago on account of oil spoiling the water for domestic purposes is on the premises of Mrs. **W. J. Bell** on East Broadway. This well was drilled about twenty five years ago by the late **W. J. Bell** for the purpose of obtaining stock water. The well was sunk to a depth between 300 and 400 feet and an abundance of water was found, but there was so much oil in the water that the stock would not drink it, so the well was abandoned. In those days no one thought of the possibilities of an oil well in this country, but now that oil is being found in the state, old timers are now recalling the showings of oil made in these wells. The belief is growing in the minds of the oil scouts that there is an oil pool right here beneath the city of Gainesville.

50 Years Ago January and February 1964

Fifteen Receive Diploma Friday January 10, 1964
Fifteen women received their diplomas from Gainesville Memorial Hospital School of Vocational Nursing Tuesday night.
Dr. C. F. Lusk, chief of staff of Memorial Hospital,

presented the diplomas during graduation exercises at Temple Baptist Church. **Dr. Harry Roark**, pastor of the First Baptist Church presented the main address to the graduates. The graduation exercises culminated one year of study by the 15 class members and marked the first time Memorial Hospital has graduated a class of vocational nurses.

Receiving their diplomas were **Irene A. Cain, Cecelia Ann Haverkamp, Burney Lou Henry, Mabel LaRue, Margie Neal, Patricia M. Noggler, Bernice Pauline Norwood, Betty J. Patrick, Nancy Ann Pearson, Virginia Lee Jones, Ruth E. Robinson, Hazel Anice Weaver, Elva Wells, Kathryn Lou Williams, and Doris Loleet Williams.** **Ed Wright**, president of the hospital board, served as master of ceremonies for the graduation exercises. Others on the program included the **Rev. J. E. Carter**, pastor of Temple Baptist Church, **David Taylor**, Mrs. **Pat Holden**, hospital administrator, and Miss Haverkamp, class president.

Other officers of the class include Burney Henry, vice president; Margie Neal, secretary-treasurer; and Kathryn Williams, parliamentarian.

The class members will take their test to become licensed nurses within the near future.

Salary Increase Is Turned Down Monday January 13, 1964

A plea for salary increases for the four employees of the Cooke County Library fell on deaf ears this morning.

The plea was presented by Mrs. **Carrie Hudspeth**

librarian at the regular monthly meeting of the Cooke County Commissioners Court.

The increases were incorporated in a \$20,000 library budget submitted last fall by Mrs. Hudspeth. When the commissioners approved their annual county budget last September, they included an allotment of \$17,450 for library expenditures for 1964. The library budget for 1963 totaled \$18,176 with \$11,390 estimated for salaries. In the 1964 budget Mrs. Hudspeth had requested \$12,500 for salaries.

The court has had to increase its library budget since it assumed operation of the facility last spring. Under an agreement with the city, the county took over the operation after the city built the new facility.

County Judge **William Carroll** explained this morning that the court is not considering any salary increases at this time. "It will probably be late this spring before any pay hikes will be discussed," he said.

Mrs. Hudspeth told the commissioners that she would remain as librarian as long as her health permitted. She requested that a replacement be sought however. She requested her replacement be paid a higher salary and recommended that the library facilities be expanded to serve rural areas. "I am not fussing," Mrs. Hudspeth said, "just stating the facts. People that say that we don't have much to do should follow us around during the long, hard hours that we work."

Muenster Hospital Wed January 16, 1964
Dedication Is Set Sunday Afternoon

The new \$750,000 Muenster Memorial Hospital will be dedicated by Father **Alcuim Kubis**, pastor of the Sacred Heart Catholic Church at a 2 pm service Sunday.

The 32 bed hospital was completed this week, and Cooke County residents are invited to tour the medical facilities following the dedication ceremonies. The new hospital is located at Sixth and Maple Streets in Muenster. It contains 32 beds with 12 private rooms and 10 semi-private. An additional 12 beds can be added to make a total capacity of 44 beds.

Completely fire proof, the only wood in the new hospital is in the doors of the rooms. The building is constructed of steel and brick with vinyl tiles floors. Most of the windows are aluminum. All of the rooms have piped in oxygen, television and telephone connections, bath facilities, and closets. Some of the hospital beds are electric. Modern throughout the hospital equipment includes three X-ray machines, including one portable unit, stainless steel kitchen equipment, a 100 pint blood bank, and many other items too numerous to mention. Lighting in patient rooms can be "tuned" to the proper brightness by simply turning a dial. And, it can be turned to shine towards the ceiling or towards the floor.

J. M. Weinzapfel is president of the Hospital Authority, which has carried the campaign for Muenster Memorial Hospital. Others on the Authority are Mrs. **T. S. Myrick**, **Joe W. Fisher**, Mrs. **John Mosman**, **R. N. Fette**, **Ray Voth**, **Arthur Hess**, **John Wieler**, **Leo J. Haverkamp**, **Alphonse**

Felderhoff, and John H. Bayer.

Land for the hospital was donated by Weinzapfel and the community has joined in several projects. Women's organizations made linens, the Muenster Dress Factory made the draperies, and individuals and organizations contributed shrubbery, money, and labor for the landscaping.

Completion of the hospital comes during Muenster's "Diamond Jubilee" celebration year. The celebration is scheduled for Dec. 8 – date of the first mass at Muenster 75 years ago.

A small chapel is located in the hospital and will seat approximately 25 persons. Father Kubis will deliver the first mass in the chapel Sunday to specially invited persons only. Decorations in the chapel are hand carved from wood, and two Muenster men did the work. The carvings depict the nailing of Jesus to the cross, and consist of 14 separate carvings. In addition several carvings are located on the alter of the chapel.

Tours of the hospital will start at 10 am Sunday. They will be conducted by members of the VFW Auxiliary.

Maker of Markers at Fair Park Here, Dead

Wednesday February 5, 1964

Ira Correll, 91, an Austin sculptor whose works range from the San Jacinto battlefield monument near Houston to historical panels at the Sterling Library at Yale University, died Tuesday in Austin. Correll designed and carved the large limestone panels at the east driveways of Cooke County Fair Park, just west of S. Weaver street. They depict settlers with their oxen-propelled covered wagons

coming to North Texas to settle Cooke County in 1848 and the scene 100 years later (1948) when Gainesville was a center of agriculture, oil, and industry. When the Centennial Anniversary was observed here, then Gov. **Coke R. Stevenson** made the dedicatory address in the shadows of the historical markers.

A native of Odom, Ind., Correll had lived in Austin since 1934. His sculpture can be seen on such buildings as the British embassy in Washington, the Oklahoma City Capitol in Oklahoma City, the Masonic Temple in Detroit, the Hall of Fame at Fair Park in Dallas, and the Express and News Building in San Antonio. Correll worked 40 years with Indiana limestone and with Georgia and Tennessee marble before moving to Texas. Services will be conducted Thursday in Austin. Survivors include three daughters, Mrs. **Hobart Smale** of Indianapolis, Mrs. **Leslie Buckschen** of Glenville, Ill., and Mrs. **Herb Elrod** of Austin; two sons, **Ross Correll** of Austin and **Winton Correll** of New Albany, Ind. And a sister Mrs. **Robert Schuffle** of Odom.

Cross Timbers Genealogical Society

welcomes new member, Reynolds Ansley to our group. He has already shown an interest to assist in the publishing of the Cross Timbers Post Newsletter. Thanks Reynolds.

Thanks to Ron Wood for sharing a link to a website that gives a Birds Eye View of Gainesville in 1883 & 1891 to include close up pictorial of the Cooke County Courthouse and

City Hall and more. Please check out this link; <http://www.birdseyeviews.org/>

On February 26, 2014 we were saddened with the passing of CTGS member David Clifton. His interest in history and his willingness to share was always appreciated. The following obit was published in the Gainesville Daily Register.

David Sherman Clifton

(February 15, 1943 - February 26, 2014)

Services for David Sherman Clifton, 71, are set for 3 PM Saturday, March 1, 2014 at the Valley View United Methodist Church with the Reverends Cheryl Murphy, Vic Casad, and Larry Kruger presiding. The family will receive friends on February 28, 2014 from 5-7 pm at the Geo. J. Carroll and Son funeral home. Burial will follow under the direction of George J. Carroll & Son Funeral Home of Gainesville, TX.

David Clifton died on February 26, 2014 at 4:00 am at Denton Regional Hospital Denton, TX with his family at his side. He was born on Feb 15, 1943 in Gainesville, TX to General Sherman and Wanda Clifton. He graduated as the valedictorian from Valley View High School in 1961 before marrying Marcia Clifton on January 23, 1965 in Hood, TX. He received his undergraduate degree from Texas A&M University in 1965, he earned a distinguished student award in Electrical Engineering and graduated with honors. David served in the Texas A&M Corps of Cadets all four years, holding various high-ranking positions. He originally earned an athletic scholarship to Texas A&M, but opted to focus his time and energy on his academics. He was awarded a Merit Scholarship that he used to earn his Masters in Nuclear Engineering in 1966 from the University

of Michigan. David worked for General Dynamics, Compass, PxQ (owner), Lloyd's Rental (owner), Litton, and EDS. For the past 17 years David worked for Alan Ritchey Inc. as the Chief Information Officer, from which he later retired. David was a faithful Christian and was very active in the Valley View United Methodist Church serving on numerous committees and in the choir. David and Marcia took great pleasure in operating their cattle ranch together in Valley View, TX. David was preceded in death by his wife Marcia (Feb. 5, 2013) and his parents.

He is survived by two children David Ashley Clifton (wife Elizabeth and granddaughters Payton and Madeleine) of Valley View and Dabney Ann (Clifton) Swaidner (husband Scott Swaidner) of Gainesville.

Pallbearers will be Billy Vann, Mike Mason, Jack Thayer, Jerry Flowers, Worth Gragg, Mark Davidson, Bob Anderson, John Bruce, Scott Swaidner, Don Hobbs, *Don Lightsey and *Don Ekvall. * Honorary Pallbearers

Memorial gifts can be made in his name to the Valley View United Methodist Church Memorial Fund.

FAMILY LAND HERITAGE

They came to the State Fair in Dallas October 14, 1974 - over 1,200 honorees and relatives, from 93 to three months old, to celebrate Family Land Heritage Day. The same determination that had kept the land in the family for 100 years or more also led them to travel through record autumn rainstorms and adapt to shifts in plans with good spirits. An outdoor presentation had been scheduled, but the deluge moved the participants into the Pan American Livestock Arena for the first state ceremonies designed to recognize the hard Texas farmers and ranchers.

Requirements were kept uncomplicated. The farm or ranch must have been established

during or before 1874. At least ten acres must have been managed directly and continuously by family members with minimum annual sales of \$50. If the acreage was less than 10, the annual income must have totaled at least \$250. County judges confirmed the applications. Dating back to 1821, the oldest farm with supporting documents in the 1974 Registry is owned by Harry McLean of Crockett in Houston County.

The beginning of the State of Texas, when most families lived off the land, growing rich from its bounty or poor from its unyielding stinginess. In those days it was not unusual for a father and son to die defending their home or for a bandit to drop by for lunch, gun on the table, eye riveted to the door. White settlers lost their scalps to Comanches and circuit riders ablaze with the Lord defied loneliness and peril to carry the gospel to pioneer families. No hazard seemed great enough to keep people away. Texas lay waiting for the plow and the fence post, and thousands of immigrants were eager to oblige.

The family was an independent unit, working together for the benefit of all. Fathers sowed cotton and corn under a scorching sun, children milked cows and pulled eggs from the nest of squawking hens. Mothers baked, churned, scrubbed, sewed, nursed sick children and learned to survive under the harshest conditions. Many wives assumed full responsibility for running the farm or ranch when their men died or went off to war.

Today the family farm faces drought, poor markets and encroaching suburbia, but the hardy souls that settled this land is still evident today. And by surviving have qualified for the Texas Department of Agriculture's first Family Land Heritage Program.

Cooke County farms that has received this designation can be for at the following link;

http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~txcooke/century_farms.htm

On March 19, we were saddened with the passing of L.D. Clark who had a deep love for Cooke County and its history. He will be dearly missed. This obituary was published in the Gainesville Daily Register.

L.D. CLARK

Our beloved Uncle L.D. Clark, 91, passed from this life on March 19, 2014 in Gainesville, Texas. One of seven children, he was born on October 22, 1922 on the Clark farm seven miles southeast of Gainesville to Tom and Ruby Loyd Clark.

Raised on a farm among generations of his elders that loved to tell stories of family history and their struggles and joys among the river breaks, streams and furrowed fields, he began his education in a one-room schoolhouse called Six Mile (or Hog-Eye) that got its water carried in from a spring in the woods. He graduated from Gainesville High School in 1940. After attending Cooke County College (now NCTC) for one year, L.D. enlisted with the Army Air Corps in August 1942 and served in the Pacific as a gunner and weathercaster on B-24 bombers running search and destroy missions.

After his discharge in 1945, he decided to take advantage of the GI Bill and studied at Columbia University in New York City where he received a B.A., an M.A. and a Ph.D. in English Literature. There in a creative writing class he met the love of his life, a young girl from Smithville, Texas named LaVerne Harrell. They were married on September 15, 1951 in Smithville.

L.D. was a professor of English at the University of Arizona for thirty-three years in Tucson and also spent time at the University of Nice, Kansai University in Japan and Korea University. Author of fourteen books, he was an avid writer of both fiction and literary criticism and became a well-

known scholar of D.H. Lawrence as well as professor emeritus of English at the University of Arizona.

He and LaVerne traveled extensively abroad and in the United States. Upon retirement, he and LaVerne moved from Tucson to her childhood home in Smithville in 1999. L.D. returned to his beloved Cooke County in 2010 to be near his nieces and nephews. He continued to write his last novel, a book of reminiscences and commentary on the great changes that have taken place in our world during his long lifetime.

He was a member of the Cooke County Historical Commission, Cross Timbers Genealogical Society, Great Hanging Memorial Foundation and the Texas Institute of Letters. He dearly loved the Mt. Springs community and performed yearly at the Melodrama.

He was predeceased by his loving wife, LaVerne in 2008, his parents, five brothers, one sister and seven nephews.

He is survived by nieces, Carol Harshbarger, Nell Reta Johnson, Sherri Auchter, Colleen Carri,

Renee Clark, and Cindy Mangum and nephews, Miles Ray Clark, Larry Clark, Neil Clark, and Gerald Clark. Also surviving are many great nieces and nephews, great-great nieces and nephews, and two great-great-great nephews.

Saturday, March 22, 2014 visitation will be at the Geo. J. Carroll & Son Funeral Home at 1:00 p.m., followed by Services at 2:00 p.m. in the funeral home chapel with the Rev. Hollis Parsons officiating.

Graveside services will be held on Monday, March 24, 2014 at 2:00 p.m. at the All Faiths of the Pines Funeral Home in Smithville, Texas. The family will receive friends at the All Faiths of the Pines Funeral Home at 1:00 p.m. on Monday, March 24.

The family wishes to thank the wonderful staff at the Renaissance Care Center for their kind support and caring hands.

In lieu of flowers memorial donations may be made to the Great Hanging Memorial Foundation, P.O. Box 461, Valley View, TX 76272.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PIONEER

By L. W. Lee

Valley View, Texas

August 10th, 1914

Transcribed by Norman L. Newton, 2003

At the request of several of the children and relatives of my old comrades, who crossed the plains with me, I have written this little history of my life. Unfortunately no record of any kind was kept of the California trips, so I have had to depend entirely on my memory. If there should be mistakes as to dates or events, I trust the readers will remember my advanced age and overlook them.

L. W. LEE

I WAS BORN in Howard County, Missouri, October 27, 1831. When I was six years old my parents moved to Cooper county, where I spent my childhood days. In 1849 the great rush to California for gold began, but I was too young to go, but the following spring, 1850, I persuaded my father to let me try my luck in the New Eldorado. A company under Bird D. Parks, my brother-in-law, was about ready to start, so I lost no time in joining them. Our neighbors who had gone to California the year before, sent back word to load light, so our cooking utensils were a coffee pot, frying pan, bread pan, tin cup and butcher knife. Our food supply consisted of flour, bacon, navy beans, and onions.

We had twenty-four men in our company and eight wagons, drawn by ox teams, and on April 26, 1850, we crossed the western state line of Missouri into the then called "Great American Desert," which was inhabited by Indians, buffaloes, bears and prairie dogs. As we crossed the state line a very depressing feeling came over us, as if we were leaving home forever. Occasionally some one would try to say something funny or sing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," but his utter failure was all the fun there was in it. Our first drive was to Kaw river, where we camped three of four days, as the grazing was very good and our supply of feed had given out. When our oxen had recuperated we started on, reaching Platte river in a cold, drizzling rain, fuel all wet and not much chance for a fire. About seventy-five yards out in the river was a little island, where we hoped to find enough dry wood to start a fire. I being a good swimmer, offered to swim across and see what I could find. I shed my clothes and plunged into the river, which proved to be about ankle deep and caused loud laughs and cheers from my comrades. We soon got together a few dry willows and built a big fire, which greatly revived our somewhat dampened spirits.

After our scanty meal we all joined in singing the most popular song of that time:

CALIFORNIA

Come all ye poor men of the North,
Who are toiling for your lives,
Just to support your families,
Your, children and your wives;
There are easier ways of gaining wealth
Than toiling night and day,
Go out and dig the gold that lies
In California.

The fairest of all countries
That lie beneath the sun,
The lofty trees go towering high
And noble rivers run
Beneath the shade of every tree,
Among the flowers so gay
'Tis there we'll dig the gold that lies
In California.

On every lofty mountain,
On every sunny plain,
The gold dust lies glittering
Like dew drops after rain;

Beneath the sparkling waters,
As they glide to the sea,
It's there we'll dig the gold that lies
In California.

Why should this noble country
By Indians be run o'er,
While many of you are starving
And many more are poor;
Come, rise and with new energy,
And without more delay,
Just go and dig the gold that lies
In California.

We knew and sang an endless lot of songs, from the sublime to the ridiculous. The following one, composed on the way out in honor of the girls we left behind us, will show that we had the saving sense of humor, even if our poetry was a little faulty. I used the name of Mary as that suited my particular case. The others substituted Sallie or Betsy, according to their liking:

Fare you well, pretty Mary, I bid you adieu,
My heart it is breaking o'er the leaving of you,
It is not the long journey that I value one straw,
Or leaving my country, for the money I owe,
The thought that doth grieve me and trouble my mind
Is leaving my true love, pretty Mary, behind.

The ships on the ocean may run without sail,
The smallest of fishes may grow to be whales,
In the middle of the ocean may grow a green tree,
If I ever prove false to the girl that loves me.

The next day we passed near Fort Kearney, where we mailed some letters home and bought the St. Louis Republican, which we read eagerly, even the advertisements. We followed the Platte river for days and days. We had a great deal of trouble crossing it on account of the quicksand. We were obliged to double up our teams and take one wagon across at a time. The constantly shifting quicksand gave the same motion to the wagon as if we were running over rocks. Often when we camped for the night, we would first dig a well and would strike water within a few feet of the surface.

About the second week out we passed through Ash Hollow, a troublesome canyon, where we were obliged to rough lock each wagon and all hands would take hold and pull back to keep the wagon from running on to the oxen. Near this point we passed the place where Gen. Kearney had had a battle with the Indians. We could see the bodies of several dead Indians tied far up in the tree tops. They had been placed there by the surviving Indians, that being a form of burial peculiar to that particular tribe.

It was a grewsome [gruesome] sight and we didn't tarry long but travelled on toward Fort Laramie.

One day we heard a rumbling noise and the clatter of horses' feet. Ever on the alert for any possible danger, we grabbed our guns and waited for what we supposed to be an attack by Indians. It turned out to be a troop of soldiers running a buffalo cow which they killed within a short distance of us. After they had taken all the meat they wanted they generously gave us the rest, but requested us not to report them at Fort Laramie, as they would be reprimanded for running their horses unnecessarily. The fresh buffalo meat was a treat for us, and that night's feast was one of the joyful occasions among the many gloomy ones. The following day we resumed our journey along the North Platte. We reached a ferry consisting of two flat boats. We thought the price for ferrying exhorbitant [exorbitant] and decided to have them take our wagons over and we would swim the oxen. We put them in the water about nine o'clock in the morning, but the river was so swift and cold they would swim down the stream and out on the same side. After working with them all day unsuccessfully, we came back to the ferry and had them taken over at the ferryman's own price. The next morning we struck the trail again, but felt the effect of our hard day's work in the cold water.

We next reached the Sweet Water river, then across South Pass to the Pacific Springs, whose waters finally reach the Pacific ocean. When we crossed Big Sandy river we filled our kegs with water and prepared to cross a fifty mile desert, this we did without unyoking an ox. Along this drive two Germans and myself were taken sick with mountain fever. When we reached Green river they carried the Germans out to the ferry and came back for me, but when they took me out of the wagon and the hot sun struck me I fainted, so they put me back. When I regained consciousness I heard a great commotion and everybody shouting "Cut the ropes! cut the ropes!" I learned afterwards that one end of the ferry boat went under water and the sick Germans floated off down stream. They were rescued, though everyone supposed they would die from the exposure, but instead they began to improve and were soon well. I too, fully recovered, but was very ill for several weeks. Our next point of interest was Soda Springs, located in what is now the southeast corner of Idaho. One of the springs would slowly rise and fall as if it was some living, breathing thing. Another threw its water twelve or fifteen feet in the air. Here we took the left hand road, called "Sublet's Cut Off." We went down a very steep mountain to Goose Creek. It took us all day long to go down the mountain and we reached a camping place very tired and hungry. One of our men, Ryley Stockley, was staking out the oxen and stumbled over a dead Indian. Upon investigation we found he had been shot and we were very loath to camp where there had evidently been such recent trouble between the whites and Indians, but we were too tired to go further that night and went to bed not knowing whether we would wake up with our scalps on or not. Captain Parks, however, ordered a double guard for the night. We were not disturbed and the following morning went on our way with fairly good roads from this point to the head of the Humboldt river. One night we struck camp and I was helping get supper, Captain Parks and the rest had gone on a little further with the oxen to better grass. A fine looking man, riding a good horse and leading another, came into camp and asked if we could keep him over night. He said he had plenty of money, but all the money in the world couldn't keep a man from starving to death under some circumstances. There was nothing for him to buy if he had had a million. I told him we were on half rations ourselves, but to wait and see Captain Parks about it. After talking with him awhile I found out he was Dave Enyart, from Cooper County, Missouri, and his brother had married my sister. Of course we allowed him to stay, and by each fellow eating a little less than he actually needed, we were able to accommodate our guest. He rode away the next morning the most grateful man I ever saw and promised to meet us at the Humboldt Meadows that night. We followed soon and reached the meadows about sundown. Imagine our surprise and delight to see rushing towards us this man with his arms full of red, juicy meat he had bought from some speculators who had killed a beef. No doubt he paid two dollars a pound for it, perhaps more, but refused to take a cent from us. I came to know then and have found it so in all conditions of life, that a kindness shown a fellow man in trouble is pretty sure to be returned to you in some way. The next afternoon about three o'clock, we started across the Humboldt desert, all happy, full of fun, and good

beef, not realizing at all the troubles we would encounter. We traveled all night. About 9 o'clock the next morning we saw ahead of us in the distance a beautiful lake of water. We shouted for joy and hurried on, but we never got any nearer. We found out afterwards that it was a mirage, though none of us had ever heard of such a thing before. Near this point in the desert we witnessed one of the saddest sights of the trip. Captain Parks and I were walking ahead of the wagons, when we saw near the road an emigrant train of five wagons. The men and women were crying and praying, so we went up to see what was the trouble. There in the shade of the wagon was a very sick young man, a consumptive, whose family had started with him to California, hoping the change would benefit him, but here on the hot desert, twenty-five miles from water, he was dying. Captain Parks and I walked slowly back to our own wagons, both wishing we had not seen him, as we were unable to give any assistance, and it was one of the tragedies of the desert we could never efface from our memories.

I think it was the hottest day I ever experienced and about noon we struck the deep sand. Our oxen stopped, moaned and lowed, and we could not move them, though we whipped and shouted at them. We unyoked and let them rest until sunset, then leaving two or three men to guard the wagons, the rest of us started with the oxen to Carson river, still twelve miles away. When we got within two miles of the river, the oxen lifted up their heads, sniffed the air and began to go a little faster. The nearer they got to the river the faster they went. Grazing too, was good around the river, so we waited until the following afternoon, when we started back for the wagons. The oxen, feeling very much rested, made the trip in very good time. There must have been a great deal of suffering along the twelve miles by both stock and men, for all along the road were dead oxen, mules and horses, deserted wagons, etc. Many emigrants would swap wagons with the desert to get a better or lighter one. Warm drinking water sold for a dollar a gallon. We were obliged to buy a small amount at that price. When we reached the Carson river we camped for several days, and hear one of our men, Ran Mahan, who had been sick for several weeks, died. We dug a grave, wrapped him in his blanket, gather around with heavy hearts and laid to rest one of our favorite comrades, a brave and noble man, who faced death as he had always faced life, manfully and unafraid.

From this point we traveled up the Carson river to the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains by Carson City, which was a flattened pine log with a few bottles of low grade whiskey on it. Bad as it was, the whiskey sold for fifty cents a drink, and many drank it, instead of buying bread, which they so badly needed. I have seen men beg for a biscuit from little stands along the road, only to be sworn at and refused by the owners. After traveling for several days along rough and ragged mountain roads we reached Placerville, then called Hangtown. We had very good roads from there to Sacramento, which we reached August 22nd, having been on the road four months.

We sold our oxen and wagons and began to scatter and seek employment. Six of us stayed together for some time. We got a job moving lumber, which we finished in one day and got ten dollars apiece. We were greatly encouraged, but such jobs were scarce. Finding no other work in the city, with all the worldly goods I possessed on my back and with my ten dollars in my pocket, I started for the mines and asked every man I met or saw for employment. On arriving at the Mississippi bar on the American fork of the Sacramento river, I obtained employment by agreeing to work for half wages, as they said I was only a boy.

There were three mine owners, George Calvin, David McBride and William Roberts, and when Saturday night came we all gathered around a long table to be paid off. When they came to me, Mr. Calvin said: "I have watched this boy work, he has worked as hard as any man and I am in favor of paying him full wages," the others agreed and so I received my money. I could not keep back the tears as I thanked them for their kindness, and needless to say, I have always had the most tender memory of those three good men.

Not long after this I met Captain Bird Parks again. He was going back to Missouri by ship to Panama, across the Isthmus, and then to New York, and offered to pay my way if I would accompany him, but I told him I could never go back a pauper, so bade him good-bye and he went on his way. Years afterwards he told me of the terrible experiences of that voyage. They were shipwrecked. He and several others reached an island, where they lived for days on herbs, wild berries and lizards. Parks himself always caught the lizards, probably because he was such a good runner, for there was never a lizard that could outrun Bird Parks.

After working in the mines until I had saved sufficient money to buy tools and provisions for the winter, my brother, two cousins, Captain Johnson and myself, formed a partnership and went to mining for ourselves. In the spring of 1851 we were able to buy two wagons with teams, and started a store in a tent on the Cossumes river, keeping a restaurant and selling mining supplies also. This paid us well and we continued the business until the spring of 1852, when we sold out and put up a notice in Sacramento that we were recruiting men to cross the plains to Missouri with pack mules.

In a short time we had a company of thirty men and started on our homeward journey, with Captain Johnson as our captain and myself first lieutenant. At this season of the year, owing to the deep snow on the Sierra Nevada mountains, no wagons could be taken across, so each man had a pack mule and provisions for sixty days, just enough to carry us through without any allowance for accidents or delays. Every man had to depend on good health and a sure-footed mule. To be left was to be killed by the Indians, to lay over was to all starve together. They were trying to open up a new route over the mountains to Carson City, and a mountaineer named Johnson, with a Delaware Indian, offered to pilot us over the new route if we would recommend it to the emigrants we met on our way home. So we started out over the mountains through deep, heavy snow. We went ahead, tramping out a path for our mules until we were high up the mountains, where the snow would bear the weight of the mules. But in some places, generally over a creek or stream, the snow would be melted and a mule would break through, sometimes going out of sight, but we would put our picket ropes around him and haul him out. A Mr. Nance had his collar bone broken in such a fall, but he was grit to the backbone, and answered promptly to roll call. William Lockridge, a Cooper county man, also met with a painful accident. He accidentally shot himself through the hand, but he too had the nerve to continue the march. We were traveling along very comfortably when our Indian pilot sent word along down the line that he had become confused about the trail, and for us to stand still until he could go a little ahead and get his bearings, when he would fire off his gun for us to follow. Almost breathless, we waited for his signal, and in about thirty minutes we were greatly relieved to hear the gun shot and began to march ahead. We soon came up to the pilot and Johnson, who were standing on the edge of the mountain. Johnson told us we would have to go down and reach the valley by camping time, as it would be dangerous to camp up where we were in the deep snow. The mules could not walk down at this steep point, the only way being to push them off and let them slide until they could regain their footing and walk. We all gathered around and looked at the steep precipice very dubiously. "It can't be done," was our decision. The guide was a man of few words. "It has to be done," was all he said, and without further argument we pushed over the first mule. Down he went, finally reaching a footing further down the side of the mountain, quite shaken up but with no bones broken; then we pushed off the rest and much to our surprise, we all got safely down without the loss of a single man or mule. Adam Lee had courage enough left to laugh and say: "Well, this experience will do to tell our children and grandchildren." Another man, not quite so optimistic, said: "We will never get home alive, much less have any children and grandchildren." But he, with many of the rest of us, lived to fulfil the prophecy made by Adam Lee.

We adjusted our packs and formed in line, reaching Lake Valley about sunset. Here we camped for the night, tired and weary. About twelve o'clock the guard waked us up, told us it was snowing and mules were shivering with cold after their hard day's travel. Every man got up at once and put his sleeping blanket on his mule. We built up a big, roaring fire and stayed up the rest of the night to care for our mules. We had to save them in order that they might save us.

The next day's travel was not quite so hard, though we passed many places where a single mis-step would have landed a Christian in heaven and a sinner in hell. Not being perfectly sure which way we were classified we stuck close to the trail. Early in the afternoon the pilots sent back word along the line that we would be down in Carson valley in two hours. We shouted for joy. By sunset we reached the valley, and the tall green grass, waving in the breeze, we thought the most beautiful sight we had ever seen. Carson City had improved very much since we camped there two years before. It was now a one-room house and a large corral of pine logs, twelve or fifteen feet high. The men who owned the property were glad to see us and to hear from the outside world, after having been shut in all winter. The next morning we made up some money for our pilots, bade them good-bye and started out on a better traveled road with good grass on either side.

One night as we camped along the Humboldt river, we captured a very old, decrepit half-naked Indian. Some thought he was a spy, others that he was sick and had gone out in the willows to die. We put out a strong guard that night, pointed to some blankets for him to sleep on, which he did, but the next morning he was gone and not a trace of him could we find.

Every night after that, until we began to meet the emigrants, we could see great lights on the mountains, which was a sign to the Indians that the enemy was in their country. We never saw a white man until we got about half way to Missouri, except Kit Carson. We met him on the plains with a big drove of sheep, which he had wintered in Utah. Our trip home, while not so hard as the one out two years before, was filled with hardships and adventures. One exciting time was during a terrific wind and rain storm, when our mules stampeded and drifted away with the storm. Four of our men were guarding them and stayed near them through it all, and brought them safely back after the storm was over. Too much cannot be said in praise of those men, who stuck to their post of duty in the face of one of the worst storms I ever experienced.

Another thrilling adventure was crossing the Big Blue river. It was wide and still and deep, but I told Captain Johnson I would swim across and the mules would follow, if I could ride Mr. Wilson's big yellow horse. So with a good stock whip in my hand, I started across on the horse and they pushed the mules in after me. About half way across the mules overtook me and began to mill around me. I slashed right and left with my whip and urged the horse on. The men on the bank began to shout at me and tell me what to do, when Captain Johnson raised his hand and demanded absolute silence. I made it alright, but to have all those mules after me in the middle of the river scared me worse than anything I had experienced on the whole trip.

We now began to meet emigrants quite frequently. One train proved to be some of our closest neighbors, the Allison boys, but we only stopped a few minutes to talk, though we would have been glad to talk for hours. We also met Neal and Garl Maupin, from Howard county, with a large drove of sheep. They told us to pick out the best mutton sheep in their herd. We picked out a fine one, dressed it and had for supper the first fresh meat we had tasted since leaving Sacramento. A little later we had fresh buffalo meat, as my brother ran his mule into a herd of buffalo and killed one. This, too, was a great

treat.

When we neared the Missouri line our party began to separate, each taking the nearest route home. When we reached a little village about where Kansas City now stands, the two Ralston boys, my brother and myself were all there were left of our big crowd. We each bought a new suit of clothes, threw away our old ones and started for Clinton, in Henry County. Here we were received with a hearty welcome by relatives of the Ralston boys. We stopped next day with my sister and her husband, Bird Parks. Many were the laughs and jokes as we talked nearly all night about our trip to California. The next day we reached our own home. Humble though it was to us it was the fairest spot on earth. Realizing the advantage and need of a better education, the following fall I re-entered school, though I was a grown man. I applied myself most faithfully to my studies for several years. In the spring of 1857, several of my neighbors and best friends, came to me and wanted me to go again to California with them as captain of the train and drive a herd of cattle through, each putting in as many cattle as he could buy and paying in proportion to his number for feed and transportation charges. I accepted the proposition, put every cent I had into cattle, and by the middle of May I was again wending my way to the Pacific slope. The Indians were very troublesome that year. It was the year General A. S. Johnson marched his army to Salt Lake and of the Mountain Meadow massacre. Colonel Summers caught up with us on the Platte river, with a regiment of soldiers, and told us to let him know if we were disturbed by the Indians and he would send us protection. We traveled about as fast as he did, and camped near him several times, which gave us a very safe, comfortable feeling. They soon got ahead of us, however, and we were left to defend ourselves. One day I was riding a short distance ahead of the train to select a camping place, when two Indians raised up from the sage brush with their bows and arrows pointed at me. I drew my gun on them, but just then they saw the rest of my men coming over a little slope, which had hidden them. The Indians, seeing they were outnumbered lowered their bows and began to make signs for mercy. My men rushed up and wanted to kill them at once, but I feared that would get us into more trouble than if we let them alone, so I motioned my hand at them to go, and they lost no time in getting away. I think the Indians and myself felt equally pleased with the settlement of the situation. Another evening, I started out early to find a camping place. I found a nice, wide valley, but the thick willows growing along the river bank looked like too good a place for Indians to hide to suit me, so I suggested to the men when they came up that we fill our kegs with water and camp about half a mile away, more in the open, which we did. Captain Long's train, which was following, came along an hour or two later and camped at the river. Early the next morning one of his men came rushing to our camp for help, saying that the Indians were shooting at them from the willows. Four of my men went to their assistance. They killed one Indian and foolishly scalped him. When they returned to camp and told me what they had done, I said: "Well, boys, I am afraid you have done a very unwise thing and the best thing we can do is to get as far as we can from this place before night." We started immediately and made one of the longest drives we ever made, and it was well we did, for we learned afterwards that Captain Holloway's train, with whom we had become quite well acquainted along the route, camped at that place the following night and were every one killed by the Indians, except Mrs. Holloway, who was scalped and left for dead. She was found still alive by the next train of emigrants under Captain Roundtree.

He, together with others who came along, stopped long enough to bury the dead and took Mrs. Holloway along with his company to California, where she completely recovered.

Crossing the Humboldt desert this time was very hard on our cattle, some of them gave out, and we had to leave them, but most of them, after resting, came on to the river later, so our actual loss was

very small. We rested the cattle here for several days, while Dick Eubank and myself went across the mountains muleback, with our blankets and provisions tied on behind us, to hunt a place to locate our cattle. We went the Big Tree route and slept on the stump of a tree that had been leveled off and was used as a ball room by the aristocrats of California. When we reached Stockton we were very much surprised and elated to meet David P. Mahan, who had crossed the plains with me in 1850. He had never gone back since coming out and was so anxious for news of old Missouri that we talked all night.

Eubanks and myself crossed the San Joaquin river and found a camping place where there was plenty of good water, grass and wood. We crossed the mountains back to our cattle, which we found had improved wonderfully. We put them on the road at once, a rough and ragged road it was, but they were better able to stand it. We reached our new camp without further trouble, pitched a tent between two spreading oak trees, where we spent a very pleasant summer. Occasionally we would go into Stockton to a dance and tripped the light fantastic in our boots and spurs to the rollicking tune of –

“Buffalo girls won’t you come out tonight?
Won’t you come out tonight?
Won’t you come out tonight?
Buffalo girls, won’t you come out to-night?
And dance by the light of the moon.”

We got our mail once a month, which of course was a great event. Sometimes we would stand in line for half an hour or more to get to the window, often to be told there was nothing for us. How we did wish the officious looking clerk would look once more, to be sure he hadn’t overlooked something.

As soon as our cattle had fattened up a bit we began to sell our cows and heifers. They were better blooded than the native cattle and more gentle, so they brought better prices. As soon as a man would get his cattle all sold, he would start for home. I kept my steers and bought theirs. Finally they all went away and I was left alone in my tent under the trees. I whistled and watched my cattle grow to keep up my courage. I had few neighbors, and far apart, but all were courteous and kind. There was a Mr. Banta, from Henry County, Missouri, who lived nearest. He kept a hotel on the Stockton and San Francisco road. He was a fine hunter and trapper. He killed several grizzly bears and captured two cubs. One day one of the cubs got away and I met him in the road. I was rather surprised, but threw a lariat on him and dragged him home. Mr. Banta sold the two cubs for fifty dollars apiece.

In the spring of 1859 I drove my cattle to San Francisco, where I sold them for a good price. While there I stopped at the What Cheer House, a well-known hotel among the miners and cattlemen of the early days. I decided to return home by way of Panama and New York, so took passage on a steamer that sailed out of the Golden Gate about two o’clock in the afternoon with seven hundred passengers on board.

In about two hours the passengers began to get seasick, I among the number. Everybody ought to get seasick once in a life-time just for the feeling of relief that comes over you when you find you didn’t die after all, when you knew so well that you would. We made a stop at Manzanita and at Acapulco, then we reached the Isthmus, anchored about half a mile out from Panama and were taken to land in small steamers.

The railroad across the Isthmus had just been finished and when we landed from the steamer we were marched to the train between two lines of tall black negro soldiers. We crossed the Isthmus to Aspinwall, the name since changed to Colon. Here we boarded the steamer Illinois, under Captain McCowan, and started for New York. The ships in those days had a propelling wheel on each side, and if too much weight was on one side it would lift the opposite wheel out of the water. This often happened when a passenger would sight a whale, or some point of interest, and the rest would rush to see. The captain or mate would quickly scatter a crowd until the ship would again be level.

We were near the West Indies when our main shaft broke and we drifted about with the current and the waves for four days. Of course, the passengers were very much alarmed and realized our danger, especially as our captain hardly ate or slept for four days. We were drifting towards some bad looking breakers on the island of Cuba, when they got one wheel to running, and though badly crippled, were able to steer into Havana, passing in by old Morro Castle, with its guns pointed down at us.

We anchored in the bay at Havana for four days, when we were taken aboard the Grenada, under Capt. Berryman. When we started off Captain McCowan came on the deck of his ship and threw an old shoe after us for good luck.

He was a grand, brave man, and we gave him cheer after cheer as we sailed away. Without further mishaps we reached New York, where I spent several days seeing the sights, then took the train for St. Louis. Stopped at the old Virginia Hotel while there. Another short trip from St. Louis and I was again with my friends and loved ones in the old home. The neighbors, hearing of my return, came over the following night and we had a general jubilee. The negro slaves tuned up their fiddles and banjos and all joined in the dance. Among the ones who came to welcome me home, there was one fairer than all the rest, Miss Mary Ann Fryer, who on November 1st, 1859, became my wife.

As a wedding present from my wife's mother we received a negro slave valued at about \$1,200. She was a loyal, faithful soul, who remained with us all during the war, though she refused many tempting offers of big wages to go with the army and cook for the soldiers.

At the beginning of the war I had several hundred dollars in gold, which gave me no end of trouble seeking for a safe place to hide it. I finally buried it in the hen house. The hogs got in and rooted it up and I found it scattered all around the yard. The gold excitement in California did not begin to equal the frantic search I made for that gold until I had it all safe again. After a consultation with my wife we decided to give the money to Mary, the negro woman. She kept it for us until the close of the war, which shows the confidence we had in her honesty. Of course, we had many trying experiences during the war. My horses were stolen, my house and barn burned, fences destroyed, and general desolation prevailed where my once pretty farm had been. Still undaunted, I built again and engaged in farming, stock raising, etc. until 1869, when I sold out and moved to Texas, locating in the southern part of Cook [Cooke] county, where I still reside. Seeing the need of school facilities for my children in 1873, I laid off the town of Valley View, and gave away business and residence lots to anyone who would build a house and paint it white. Then, at my own expense, I built and furnished the first school house in this part of the country and provided the best teachers possible to obtain at that time. I have watched our little town grow from its infancy to its present population, lending a hand to every worthy cause. Here, with my good wife, I shall spend my remaining years. A few years ago we celebrated our golden wedding, surrounded by many near and dear relatives and friends.

We are comfortable and happy in the fact, that though life has brought us many hardships and sorrows, it has been more than balanced by many joys and pleasures. I am now nearly eighty-three years old, and as long as I have my present good health and activity I am glad indeed, to be here. If through illness or accident I become helpless and life a burden to myself or others, I will be ready and glad to go.

END

Ending Comments

A Bucket List – Are you a person that has made a list of things you would like to accomplish in your life time? I have heard many people speak of this and might make a comment on something they have done or wish to do and stated this is one of their bucket list items. I personally have never considered doing a bucket list but if I were as I ponder items that I would want to be on it I realize there would be nothing listed that would not be achievable. Suppose this means I am a very simple minded person perhaps compared to others. I have crossed the big pond many times to visit other countries because of business travel and am sure there will be many more opportunities to do that since I have some of those trips already on the schedule. All of my items would be within the borders of the good old USA. Goodness Texas alone a person could spend their lifetime exploring areas within the 254 counties. The purpose of this mention is that I have accomplished an item this week that if I were a bucket list person I could now scratch it off. It so happens the Valley View town founders, Captain L.W. & Mary Ann Lee which I have put his autobiography in this edition had 3 children to reach maturity and the youngest a daughter, Zoe, married in 1901 and lived there after in Denver, Colorado. I have this week while in Denver on business been able to visit her grave and pay my respects and extend greetings from her home town of Valley View. She had died in 1920 and I am probably the first one from Valley View to make this visit. This has fulfilled a desire of mine for at least 12 years now. What about your bucket list? Do

you have one? Perhaps I should write some things down and work on them and as folks often remind one when they achieve senior status “You best not put it off”. Okay I do not need the reminder.

In thinking ahead to the September edition of the CTGS Post I have planned to include the G.H. Ragsdale Historical marker ceremony we had recently at Fairview Cemetery in Gainesville. Also at Fairview Cemetery we 4 honored 4 Confederate Soldiers recently with a ceremony and will include information from that event.

There is just no shortage of materials to share when it comes to Cooke County from events going on presently to the recording of all the wonderful history that is available. How fortunate we Cooke Countians are. (Did I just create a word? Countians I will have to look that up.)

Till next time;

Norman L. Newton, Editor