



THE CYCLONE



Tours Highlight Alpine Conference



WTHA presidents Preston Lewis and J'Nell Pate

Congratulations to WTHA president for 2005, J'Nell Pate of Azle and vice-president, Cheryl Lewis of Hamlin. New board members include Tom Alexander of Kerrville, Kenneth Hendrickson of Wichita Falls, Kevin Sweeney of Plainview, Paul Wright of Alpine and Travis Roberts of Marathon. The 2006 meeting of the association will be at our headquarters city, Lubbock, Texas.

The West Texas Historical Association visited the rugged Trans Pecos region of Alpine and Sul Ross State University for its eighty-second annual meeting on April 1-2, 2005. A highlight of the conference was the Saturday evening tour which included a living history program at Fort Davis known as "From Retreat to Tatoo", dinner at the Indian Lodge and a star party at McDonald Observatory. Cattleman Ted Gray spoke on his experiences at the Friday evening banquet.

Paul Carlson received the Mrs. Percy Jones Award for Best Article in the *Year Book* for "Abilene and the 1928 Annual Meeting of the West Texas Historical Association." Ashley Armes of Plainview was winner of the Best Student Essay Award with "Kent Hance, George Bush and West Texas' 1978 Congressional Election." Marsha Pfluger received the Rupert N. Richardson Award for the Best Book on West Texas for *Across Time and Territory: A Walk Through the National Ranching Heritage Center*.

Double Lakes

By Jim Matthews

Located in western Lynn County seven miles northwest of Tahoka, the Double Lakes form two natural saline playas at approximately 3100 feet above sea level. For centuries the lakes provided a water source for bands of Apaches occupying the Sigh Plains. In the eighteenth century, the Comanches, warlike horsemen of the plains, drove the Apaches westward from the region. In turn, they were forced onto reservations by the U.S. Army during 1874-75. Colonel Ranald Mackenzie's Fourth Cavalry operated in the vicinity of Double Lakes during the Red River War.

On July 26, 1877, Company A, Tenth Cavalry under Captain Nicholas Nolan camped at Double Lakes. In the heat of the afternoon they set out to follow an Indian trail sighted by buffalo hunters. The trail soon split and was lost. The soldiers, having carried no extra water, began to suffer from heat exhaustion. As Doctor Joseph King later reported, the men



had become so desperate that "the most loathsome fluid would now have been accepted to moisten their swollen tongues and supply their inward craving." Some began to drink their own urine. As the horses began to struggle and die, the troopers cut them open and drank their thickening blood. Finally, in the early morning hours of July 30, the first members of Nolan's expedition staggered back into the camp at Double Lakes. They had been eighty-six hours without water. Captain Nolan lost four troopers and twenty-three horses, more casualties than experienced in most Indian engagements.

Nolan's expedition proved to be the last cavalry encampment at Double Lakes. The buffalo hunters continued to camp there, pursuing the southern herds until the early 1880s. As the buffalo herds began to disappear, ranchers moved into the Lynn County area. John Potter established a ranch at Double Lakes around 1880. Cass Edwards bought the land and cattle from the Porter family in 1883 and began the T-Bar Ranch.

By the 1890s, the T-Bar covered 87,000 acres and was one of the largest ranches on the South Plains. Yet ten years later cattlemen had been forced to surrender grazing rights as their leases expired and more farmers moved into the county. By 1910 over 200 farms covered Lynn County. Cotton soon became the primary crop with 27,179 bales produced in 1930. The Edwards family continued to raise Hereford cattle on the land around Double Lakes, but on a smaller scale.

Today Double Lakes continues to be of interest for a study of its natural qualities and for its recreational possibilities.

From the Executive Director



Dear Fellow Members:

Many thanks to everyone who attended our annual meeting at Sul Ross State University in Alpine. We had an outstanding turnout and we were once more reminded of the raw beauty found in the Trans Pecos region.

Here is a brief list of some of the sites and events that impressed folks: The Marfa Lights; The McDonald Observatory; Fort Davis—“From Retreat to Tattoo,” Fort Davis (the town); the Indian Lodge; Chinati Foundation (Marfa); and El Paisano Hotel (Marfa). Though it did not make the A-list, the early-

risers commented fondly of the air horns blaring at 2am as the train rumbled through town.

For your convenience conference photographs have been posted on the Association Web site--WTHA.org. If you have any to contribute you can e-mail those to our offices at WTHAyb@tu.edu.

Please mark your calendars for next year’s meeting that will be held on March 31-April 1 in Lubbock. A call for papers has been issued and session or paper proposals can be sent to WTHAYB@tu.edu or to the Chair of the Program Committee (yet to be named). Preference will be given to those received before November 1, 2006. Presenters will be notified of acceptance by December 14, 2005.

Our 2007 meeting location is still undecided, but three cities have expressed preliminary interest in hosting the meeting. These include Abilene, Amarillo, and Graham. The board will probably make that decision at their Fall meeting.

Also, those of you who have been intending to buy a Life Membership at \$300 have until November 1 to do so. After that date the price goes up to \$400.

Have a great Fall.

Tai Kreidler
Executive Director



Our youngest presenter, Jake Sheffield of Burlleson, at the WTHA meeting in Alpine.



An officer and his lady re-enact “From Retreat to Tattoo” at Fort Davis.



Charles Rodenberger, Janet Neugebauer and Freedonia Paschall greet members at the WTHA Conference in Alpine.



Re-enactors enjoy an evening in the barracks at Fort Davis during “From Retreat to Tattoo.”



Ellen and Paul Carlson take in the beauty of the Trans Pecos region.

A Baptist Preacher on the Texas Frontier

by W. D. Powell as told to Rupert Richardson

[Editor's Note: This article was first printed in the 1933 Year Book. After his adventures in Texas, W. D. Powell served for many years as a Missionary to Mexico. In 1888, he established the Primera Iglesia Bautista Mexicana in San Antonio. He organized the Mexican Baptist Convention in 1910. When this article was written, he was employed by the Southern Baptist Convention.]

I was born in Madison County, Mississippi, July 1, 1854, but was reared near Murfreesboro, Tennessee. I graduated from Union University, Murfreesboro, in 1871. I later received the Master of Arts degree from that institution and still later they conferred on me the degree of Doctor of Divinity. I was ordained a Baptist minister January 1, 1874, and came to Texas in 1875.

My coming to Texas may be accounted for in several ways. The doctors suspected that I had incipient tuberculosis and believed that the climate of Texas would be good for me; I saw a great future for Texas and was anxious to cast my lot with Texans; and my friend, Hugh McCulloch, told the church at Fort Worth that I could preach and they called me—"sight unseen," salary five hundred dollars per year.

But I did not go to Fort Worth at that time and was never pastor there. On the way out to Texas as we passed the town of Jefferson, a Sunday school convention had just adjourned and the delegates were going home. On the train I met several preachers, among them J. B. Link, R. C. Buckner, and S. J. Anderson, the last named being pastor of the church at Sulphur Springs. These men said it would be a shame for me, a graduate of Union University and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, to go to Fort Worth and give my services to that "dead, one-horse town." There was no railroad at Fort Worth and the only way to get there was to ride from Dallas in an old rickety stage. These men insisted that "there was nothing there, and never would be." I might add in this connection that Texas then had fourteen hundred miles of railroad; she now has seventeen thousand. In a few years Fort Worth had fourteen railroads.

Doctor Buckner and Brother Anderson got off at Mineola to go to Sulphur Springs to preach. At Mineola they saw Dr. Thomas L. Scruggs and told him about me, stating that they thought I would make a good pastor for the church at Mineola. I went on to Dallas where I got in touch with W. L. Williams, a prominent layman of that city. While in



Dallas, I met Rev. J. T. Miller of Missouri. "What are you out here for?" Miller asked. "Looking for a location," I replied. "There are no locations in this country," he said. "Then," I replied, "I will go down the railroad and make one."

I had no trouble in getting located, however. At the suggestion of Buckner and Anderson, Scruggs sent me a telegram inviting me to come to Mineola. The plan he had in mind was for me to teach the community school at Mineola for a living and give my services to the Baptists as a preacher. I went to Mineola at once, leaving my wife in Dallas temporarily, and was met by Dr. Scruggs at the depot.

This man Scruggs was one of the most interesting men I have ever known. The story of the "one man town" has often been told and with a wide variety of details. I claim to have the original "one man town" story and every word of it is true. It can best be told by giving an account of my relations with Scruggs during the first few days I was in Mineola.

When he met me at the depot he introduced himself to me as Dr. Thomas Scruggs, a practicing physician of that community. He added that he was acting pastor of the Baptist church, but he hoped that I would stay and accept the work. Then he said: "Come with me to my drug store and I will introduce you to Mr. Flinn, my partner in the jewelry business. Mr. Flinn is a fine fellow and will talk with you while I put up the mail; for, you see, I am postmaster here." After he had finished with the mail he said, "Now come with me to our boarding house—we run the boarding house of the town, also." When we arrived at the house, Scruggs introduced me to a Mr. Powell and a Mr. Henry. "Now, be seated and talk to these men for a while," he said. "I must go and kill a beef for my meat market." As we sat there talking a boy came out of the home and started on an errand. The men told me that this was Tommy, son of Dr. Scruggs, on his way to distribute milk for the small dairy his father ran.

After supper Dr. Scruggs explained to me that we must go on to the church early in order to sweep it out and prepare it for the services—he was sexton as well as pastor. At the meeting that evening he called attention to the fact that there was no brick flu and that the hot stovepipe, running through the shingle roof without any insulating material about it constituted a fire hazard. "Now," said he, "you folks make up a fund to purchase some brick, lime, and sand, and I will fix the flu; for I am a brick mason." We took up the collection and Scruggs repaired the flu. Also, that night he organized a singing class, offering to give ten lessons for two dollars per pupil. The singing school was held and the singing at the church was much improved by it.

The church called me as pastor unanimously. There were thirteen members, only three of whom were men, and two of these preachers. I agreed to accept on the condition that I should be able to trade with the trustees. On the following morning as I was standing on Dr. Scruggs's porch taking a drink out of the common dipper, I looked out and saw a farm almost or quite adjoining his place in the village. I made some remark about this and Scruggs volunteered the information that he was also a farmer, that he didn't do much at it but had about fifty acres planted in corn and cotton "back there." Then after breakfast he called my attention to a large open space in another direction. "You see all that territory out there," he said pointing to the large vacant space in front of the house. I agreed that I saw it, but it occurred to me at the time that there were few objects on it to see. "Well," he added, "that belongs to the International Land Company of Palestine, Texas, and they have had this land surveyed and platted in streets and town lots." He informed me that he was their agent and he was going to "make" them sell me two corner lots at one-half price. "I am also in the lumber business," he said, "and I will 'make' my firm in Gladewater give you a car load of lumber with which to build your house." In both matters he kept his promise.

Dr. Scruggs then took me to the office of the Mineola Reporter, in which he owned one-half interest and introduced me to Mr. Ragsdale, the editor, who owned the other half. I found that Ragsdale and I belonged to the same Greek letter fraternity; and you may be sure that with such fraternal bonds between me and the editor and backed in addition by Scruggs's introduction I was given a good write-up.

We had a conference with the trustees of the school and they elected me principal at a salary of \$135.00 per month—extraordinary pay for a teacher of that day. Their liberality was made possible by the fact that they had not had more than one month of school during each of the two preceding years. The bad boys of the community had each year broken up the school. They had almost gouged out the eye of the last teacher. The trustees seemed to doubt my ability to become master of the situation but they were willing to give me a trial.

After I took up the work of the church Dr. Scruggs explained to me that he would have to be away on most of the Sundays and consequently could not attend our services. He was preaching as pastor at Lindale in Smith County, and was giving one-half of his time as missionary in the Harmony Association. A man named Gilette built my house for fifty-four dollars and Scruggs, who was agent for a lightning rod company, covered it with lightning rods, at a cost to me of four dollars and fifty cents. And the favors the good doctor showed me were still not at an end. My health was poor and I could not get insurance in an old line company. He was the agent of a wild cat company at Dallas and sold me a policy for sixteen hundred dollars without charging me any agent's fee. In addition to his other activities, Dr. Scruggs was a cotton buyer, a book agent selling Graves and Ditzler's *Debate on Baptism* (a book as large as a family Bible), and was trying to sell a process he had bought for preserving fresh fruit. His concoction preserved the fruit perfectly, but nobody could eat the fruit after it had been preserved. I think he used a formaldehyde solution! Scruggs was doing, all told, twenty-three things. In keeping with the old maxim about the jack of all trades, he was master of none and was never successful. He lived to be more than ninety years old and died by accident.

I stayed two years in Mineola. As a teacher I went through some trying experiences in disciplining refractory boys, but I always controlled the school and was master of the situation. There I preached to some noted people or, rather, people who later gained distinction. Jim Hogg, later governor of Texas, was an obscure lawyer in that town, glad enough to take a case in a court of a justice of the peace for a two dollar fee. Bill MacDonald, later noted as a Texas ranger and as a personal bodyguard for Roosevelt and Wilson, owned the dance hall. I baptized him along with exactly ninety-nine others during my two year ministry. I was next called as pastor by the church at San Marcos, which was then a frontier community. I never did serve that community, however. On my way to San Marcos, I attended the Baptist State

Convention at Bryan and was elected as Sunday school evangelist for that organization. During all of the next five years (1877 to 1882), I was engaged in the work of holding revival meetings, organizing Sunday schools, and holding Sunday school institutes. I traveled over Texas from Runnels City in Runnels County (on the road between the present Winters and Ballinger) on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south and from the Sabine River on the east to Corpus Christi, Laredo, and San Patricio on the west and southwest.

At first I traveled horseback, riding a faithful dapple gray pony; later I used an open-top buggy; and finally I traveled in a hack—that is a four-wheel conveyance large enough to hold a considerable quantity of supplies, books, and bedding. This was necessary, particularly during the last years of my work when frequently I would be obliged to camp far away from any human habitation. I always carried a rifle both for protection and for hunting. Fortunately I never had to use it except to secure wild game for my own sustenance. During this five years of pioneer work I organized four hundred Sunday Schools, representing a membership of twenty thousand souls. I think it was the most effective work I have ever done during the sixty years I have been an active Christian worker. My experiences were varied and can best be described by recounting a few incidents that are typical of the many I do not have time and space to relate.



In 1877 I organized a Sunday school west of San Antonio about forty miles. It was in the vicinity of the present Medina Lake. Our shelter was a liveoak tree. C. D. Hukill, from St. Louis, visiting that country for his health, was elected superintendent. A certain man in the community was well informed and a worthy Christian, and I suggested that he would make a good teacher for the Bible Class. The brethren stated, however, that he would not suit them, that he was "too worldly minded." The foundation for this charge was that he had gone to San Antonio and brought out lumber with which he built a pine floor in his grass house. His neighbors, who either

lived in dugouts or cabins with dirt floors, insisted that he was not the right kind of a man to teach a Sunday School class; and I was never able to change them. They did not believe that a man spending so much money on luxuries could be a sincere Christian. On the next Sunday after we organized this school the Indians attacked the gathering and drove away the horses. A posse was soon formed and the savages were followed to the vicinity of Del Rio where a fight occurred. Most of the horses were recovered, and one Indian was killed. When I came to Texas the main pursuit of the people was Indians, Mexicans, and horse thieves.

I organized the first Sunday school in Frio County. It was there that Big Foot Wallace heard me speak. Along with some worthy people there was at that time a large criminal element in the country, especially many horse thieves. It was in this county that I was speaking one night when I determined to be plain-spoken and to reprimand certain bad characters in my audience. I started to relate how in a certain community where I had lived the wild hogs became numerous and the farmers had to kill them and drive them out in order to prevent their tolling away the tame hogs. I proposed to make the application on this particular occasion to the questionable characters who were in the audience and behaving themselves none too well. As I was developing the story Rev. W. D. Johnson, who was helping with the meeting, pulled at my coat. This caused me to sense danger and to leave the story and its application unfinished. Later my brother preacher explained to me that a certain desperate gun man and killer was in the audience armed to the teeth, that his attitude was insolent and defiant, and that he was fingering his pistol evidently intending to kill me if the story which I was relating proved to be offensive to him.

Dangerous criminals sometimes imperiled me in other ways besides entering my audiences. Shortly after I had preached the first sermon ever preached by a Baptist at Cotulla I was encamped on the Nueces near the Mexican settlement of Fort Ewell. It was a "tough" community and I was glad indeed to have the fellowship and protection offered by the presence of three other men who camped there that night. We took turn about at standing guard, one watching while the other three slept. During the night a group of Mexicans passed our camp. Our man on guard observed that they hesitated as they passed the camp and acted in a very suspicious manner. He was alarmed, stirred up the fire, and let them know that he was looking for trouble. They did not molest us but they went on and robbed a party of four other Americans camped a half mile from us, killing three out of the four.

Once at Menard I was attending an association where everybody was camped. The coyotes were bad in spite of the crowd of people. One night in order to prevent their stealing some bacon I put it under my saddle and used the saddle for a pillow. But they got the bacon just the same!

In 1878 or 1879 I preached to an interesting group of fourteen men in the vicinity of Del Rio, under a live oak tree. They kept on their hats and smoked as I preached but they were courteous and respectful. Thirteen of them were college graduates. They had come to that country for health, adventure, or to make money in the cattle or sheep business. It took a great deal of riding to collect that large a crowd in such a country. When I left that community one man rode twenty miles in order to direct me to the next settlement. These men were all "batching" and lived in dugouts or one room box cabins. Their system of keeping house was similar in all cases. They would cook corn bread in a skillet. Their loaves or ponies were large, thick, and soggy and would generally sour before all had been eaten; but soured or otherwise we ate it and thrived on it. This bread with bacon and coffee and occasionally beans constituted the standard fare of pioneer stockmen. More than once I have had the master of the shanty say to me as he started out with the herds at morning: "Preacher, make yourself at home; and if you leave please don't forget to close the door, else the coyotes will steal all our bacon."

Often in later years I have been reminded that my ministry on the Texas frontier was not in vain. Once I went one hundred and fifty miles to hold a meeting in Refugio County. I had two converts and organized a Sunday school. Many years later when the Southern Baptist Convention met at Houston a man introduced himself to me and stated that he was one of the boys converted at the meeting I held in Refugio County in the seventies. On inquiry I learned that he was a wealthy and influential layman who gave liberally of his wealth. He once shipped a car load of rice to Buckner Orphan's Home. He told me that the other boy converted there was likewise wealthy and a great giver. Once I made a long hard journey to Runnels City. There I met a young man Z. C. Taylor, who was county surveyor of Runnels County, which had just been organized. He and I slept one night in a dugout which served as the courthouse. The only other house in the "town" belonged to Joe Cotton, who I understand, still lives in that community. I preached there, made arrangement for the organization of a Sunday school, and urged Taylor to enter active Christian work. A little later I arranged to have him employed as colporteur in East Texas. Finally, in 1882 he went to the mission field and proved to be one of the most useful missionaries ever sent by Baptists to Brazil.

My work often took me into danger, danger in various forms. One of the most terrifying experiences I ever had was on a journey from Corpus Christi to Rockport where for twenty miles I traveled a road along a narrow strip of land washed on both sides by the waters of the bay. If I had got off of the road for only a few feet I probably should have sunk in the quagmire or drowned. Incidentally, I could not swim a stroke. During two or three years of the period when I was missionary I lived in Burnet County on some land I owned near the home of Norton Moses. One-half mile from our house a cemetery contained sixteen graves, fifteen of whom had been killed by Indians.

Once I made a journey to Runnels and Tom Green counties, going by way of San Saba, Brownwood, and Coleman—all small villages at that time. On this journey Brother Edwin Mayes of Round Rock accompanied me. One night we camped on the Concho in a fine pecan grove. There were still a few buffalo—in fact hunters were killing them near our trail—but the country was being taken over by cowmen and a few large herds of cattle were to be found. We found where some rascal had cut down a fine tree three feet in diameter in order to secure the pecans more easily; and by this tree we made out camp. That night there came what would now be called a blizzard but at that time we described it as a blue norther. To the north of us were large herds of cattle, probably being driven to new ranges by the cowboys. The roaring wind frightened one or more of these herds and they stampeded. As we sat by our camp fire we could hear the clatter of thousands of hoofs and horns as the terrified animals approached in a run, and it seemed for a while that they were going to run through our grove. We were prepared to take shelter by lying down on the south side of the huge pecan log. The animals did not disturb our camp, however, but all night long we could hear them passing on their southward run. Some of them, like the great herd that so alarmed us, were stampeding, while others were simply drifting southward away from the biting wind, seeking the protection of groves and canyons. When the frightened cattle came to a ravine the leaders were pushed in and trampled to death by the great herds behind them.

The problem of protecting ourselves against the cold wind that night proved to be more serious than that of avoiding the frightened cattle. We had a fire, but it was impossible to keep warm by it. Finally we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and took shelter in the hack. Here we were by no means comfortable and we dared not go to sleep lest we freeze to death, but we went through that trying night without serious injury.

As we made our way on to San Angelo on the following day we saw something of the havoc the blizzard had wrought among the

livestock. At one place we saw at least two hundred and fifty sheep frozen to death in a huddle.

At San Angelo I preached the first sermon ever preached in the community by a Baptist. Later I carried Edwin Mayes there and organized a church and preached there on several other occasions. There were very few white people in the community at the time and most of these had little interest in religion. The population was made up principally of Negro soldiers and their camp followers, a number of Mexicans, a few traders and merchants and their families, and some cattle and sheep ranchmen. Conditions were such that we did not dare to have services at night. A famous Methodist preacher named A. J. Potter preached occasionally at San Angelo during these years. He always had a gun with him when he went into the pulpit. I always left my gun outside, however.



I think the worst scare I ever got was experienced on the trail from Coleman to Runnels City, a long hard ride. As I rode along over the prairie I saw at some distance ahead of me what appeared to be the body of a woman from the waist up, presenting the appearance of someone standing with the lower part of the body buried. I gazed at the object a moment and then smiled at my own alarm, for I concluded that it was a cactus which my fancy had given the shape of a woman. But a moment later I was again disturbed; for the object moved slightly, and I knew that cacti did not move even in the wind. I was tempted to leave the trail but managed to muster enough courage to go on and investigate the apparition. I found that it really was a woman, a woman hale and hearty and friendly. She was not half buried but was standing in the entrance of a dugout, the roof of which was so flat that I had not observed it at a distance. There was nothing else in the neighborhood to indicate that people lived there.

In connection to that trip to Runnels City I might tell of another man I met in the community. He had undergone tragic experiences which had left him somewhat embittered. One day while he had gone for a load of wood the Indians had killed and scalped his wife and baby and taken away his little girl four or five years old. A posse followed the savages on their return to Indian

Territory and found the mangled body of the little girl hanging in a tree beside the trail. The pursuers did not overtake this particular band of Indians, but this man vowed that he would have vengeance for the loss of his loved ones and he set out to kill Indians. Altogether he had killed eleven. He gave me six scalps.

I had fun on those trips and the pleasures generally more than offset the hardships. I remember how on one occasion when Brother Mayes was with me I killed a duck for supper. It occurred to me, however, that there might be fish in the stream and I took a hook and line from the bundle of tackle I generally carried, used the duck's tongue for bait, and we soon had more fish than we could eat. On many occasions I killed game and the delights of those campfire meals are pleasant to recall.

Furthermore, the outdoor life improved my health appreciably. If I had stayed in eastern Texas I probably should not have lived to be forty. The balmy air of the frontier country gave me some relief and shortly after I went to Mexico in 1882 the tuberculosis left me as completely as a snake's old skin leaves its body in spring.

I always stressed evangelism, Bible study, and missions. Of the thousand people I baptized during those five years in Texas many became preachers and others missionaries to foreign fields. In addition to the evangelical and Sunday school work I sold many books and took subscriptions to several religious magazines. Because I had sold more of their books and literature than any other representative the Baptist Publication Society

invited me to address the Northern Baptist Societies in New York, in 1881. The sun and wind of Texas had so tanned and burned my face that the Associated Press reporter, after complimenting my address, referred to me as "Wm. D. Powell, a distinguished colored minister from Texas." I enjoyed the joke.

In 1880 the Texas and St. Louis Railroad issued me a complimentary pass for 1881. They sent it to Dr. W. C. Crane, President of Baylor University, to be delivered to me. The pass was delivered in May, 1933. Hon. R. C. Crane, President of the West Texas Historical Association found it among his father's papers and gave it to me—it was fifty-three years on the way!

In memory . . .

Sonja Irwin Clayton died on June 9, 2005, after a courageous battle with brain cancer. Sonja was born on June 25, 1938 in Abilene, Texas, the daughter of J. C. and Lee Ita Irwin. She grew up in Shackelford and Throckmorton Counties and graduated from Albany High School in 1956. She completed an Associate's degree from Ranger College, a Bachelor of Science degree from Stephen F. Austin University in Nacogdoches, Texas, and a Master of Education from Texas Tech University. Sonja worked as a secretary, teacher, principal, and education consultant for the Region XIV Education Service Center in Abilene.



Sonja married Lawrence Ray Clayton on January 11, 1958, and the two were both active members of the West Texas Historical Association and Texas Folklore Society. Sonja was also a member of the Ft. Griffin Fandangle Association, the Old Jail Art Center, and the Shackelford County Historical Society. As a fourth generation land owner and rancher, she was especially proud of her ranching heritage, as was evidenced by much of her academic work. She provided photographs for her husband Lawrence Clayton's book, *Cowboys: Ranch Life Along the Clear Fork of the Brazos River*. Some of the papers she read at WTHA meetings included "Bill Tige Avery: A Fine Black Cowboy" read in Abilene in 1998 and an essay about her father titled "John Chadbourne Irwin: Clear Fork of the Brazos Pioneer" read in Midland in 2000.

She is survived by two daughters, DeLys Mitchell and husband Matt and Lea Clayton, all of Abilene. Other survivors include two granddaughters, two great grandchildren and a sister. The family suggests that those who wish to honor Sonja's memory may do so by making a contribution to the Lawrence Clayton/Watt Matthews Memorial Scholarship, Hardin-Simmons University, Box 16100, Abilene, Texas 79698.

Did You Know? West Texas Facts and Trivia

COMPILED BY VICKIE GINTHER

---The town of Burkburnett (Wichita County) has produced one Texas Poet Laureate and two alternates. Mrs. Clark Gresham was Texas Poet Laureate, 1972-1973, and the alternates were Florice Stripling Jeffers (1976-1977) and Joy Gresham Hagstrom (1977-1978).

----In December 1861, the Frontier Regiment was established by the Texas State Legislature. Its assignment was to guard the Texas settlements from the Red River to the Rio Grande. The regiment had to deal with Indian raids as well as Army deserters and enforcing Confederate conscription laws.

-----Two-Buckle ranch was organized in 1882 by the Kentucky Cattle Company of Louisville, Kentucky. The company bought 200 sections of land in Crosby County,

Texas to raise beef cattle. After a beef price slump in 1890, and due to other factors, the ranch was eventually divided up and sold. Part of it went to the C.B. Livestock Company.

-----Potosi, Texas (Taylor County) was named in 1893. The word "Potosi" is a South American Indian word meaning "place of much noise." There is also a Potosi, Missouri and a Potosi, Wisconsin!

-----Seminole Draw begins in western Gaines County and runs for 60 miles, when it merges with Monument Draw (in Andrews County) to form Mustang Draw.

-----Gold was once mined at the Presidio and Hazel mines, located in Presidio and Culberson Counties, respectively.

NEWS FROM AROUND WEST TEXAS

Earl Elam is the new historian at the **Harold B. Simpson History Complex** which includes the Texas Heritage Museum and Genealogy Center at Hill College in Hillsboro. The complex is under the new direction of Dr. William R. Auvenshine, who for twenty years, until retirement last year, was President of Hill College. Elam occupies the office that Odie Faulk used before his retirement a few years ago. He is responsible for publications, a book a year initially, with full editorial and managerial responsibility.

Lou Rodenberger has been elected to a two-year term as a Director on the Western Writers of America board and has been appointed a Regent of Texas Woman's University by the governor. She also has a new book out of Texas Tech University Press: *Writing on the Wind: An Anthology of West Texas Women Writers*, which is a collection of essays and short stories. Co-editors are Laura Payne Butler, newly elected director of the Creative Writing Program at Sul Ross, and Jackie Kolosov, a professor at Texas Tech.

J'Nell Pate has a new book out from Texas Christian University Press entitled *America's Historic Stockyards: Livestock Hotels* which takes the two dozen largest stockyards in their heyday and relates their history. The book also places them in the context of livestock marketing in America from colonial days to the present to explain the earliest methods of marketing, how the stockyards system arose, what caused its decline, and what has replaced it.

Jim Matthews' book, *Fort Concho: A History and a Guide*, published by the Texas State Historical Association is due for release in September. A part of the association's series on Texas historic sites, the book presents a brief overview of the history of the fort, including its construction, major Indian campaigns, everyday life on post, and its influence on the settlement of West Texas.

San Antonio-based grocery store chain **H-E-B** celebrated its 100th birthday in the spring of 2005.

Dr. Grover Murray will have a "cenotaph" at the Texas State Cemetery. He will be located at Monument Hill, Section 2; Row--E; Number—26. A dedication ceremony will be held at 3 pm Friday, October 21.

The **Route 66 Corridor Preservation Program** recently funded two more renovations along the historic highway. A 65-year-old Chevron service station in Amarillo has a restored awning under which drivers can park. Further refurbishments will include two old-fashioned gas pumps. In Vega the Magnolia service station was restored to its 1920s era appearance.

After the completion of its two year restoration, the **Archer County Courthouse** was rededicated in May 2005.

Callahan County is having an eventful year. In June 2005 the **Cross Plains Cemetery** received a Historical Designation from the Texas State Historical Commission. In July a historical marker commemorating the path of the **Western Cattle Trail** was dedicated in Baird.

In April 2005 a stone monument naming the **Post High School baseball field** after the town's most famous athlete, "**Stormin'** "**Norman Cash**, was unveiled. Cash is known for playing with the Chicago White Sox and the Detroit Tigers, making 377 home runs, and twice winning the American League batting title.

Covering six counties of far West Texas, the **Texas Mountain Trail** was designated the 7th region in the Texas Historical Commission's Texas Heritage Trails program in 2005.

On August 18, 2005, a Texas State Historical Marker commemorating the **Battle of Medina** in 1813 was dedicated near Pleasanton in Atascosa County .

UPCOMING EVENTS:

August 26-27, 2005. The **Llano Estacado Audubon Society** will sponsor the second annual Prairie Festival in Lubbock.

September 24, 2005, Levelland, TX. **Texas' Last Frontier Ranch Heritage Tour**, a bus tour of historic ranches—planned to include the historic Spade, Mallet and Yellow House ranches in Hockley County and the Slaughter, Surratt, and Duggan ranches in Cochran County. The buses will depart from Levelland, at 9:00 a.m. Lunch under the trees at the Yellowhouse Ranch headquarters. The tour will culminate with a visit to the historic Mallet Ranch headquarters in southwestern Hockley County. Tour participants will be treated to brief talks by historians **Paul Carlson** and **David Murrah**; a catered barbecue dinner; and country and western music by students from South Plains College in Levelland. Buses will return to Levelland around 9:00 to 10:00 p.m. The price is \$55 per person. The **deadline** for tickets is *September 1, 2005*. For more information and to purchase tickets, contact Jim Hogue, jhogue2848@aol.com, (806) 229-2741 or John Hope, jdhope@llano.net, (806) 894-4062.

October 15, 2005. The **Permian Historical Society** will hold its fall meeting in Crane. The meeting will begin at 9:30 a.m. with registration and presentation of papers will follow. Program includes a special tribute to West Texas historian **Paul Patterson**, presented by his longtime friend and former student, **Elmer Kelton Gordon Cooper**, a longtime resident of Crane, will discuss ranching in Crane County, and **Joe Allen** will present a program on the Butterfield Stage line. Lunch entertainment will be the Cowboy Singers from Odessa. At the conclusion of the business meeting, Joe Allen will conduct a trip to Castle Gap.

October 28-30, 2005. Austin, Texas, will host the tenth annual **Texas Book Festival**.

December 2-3, 2005. Holiday Open House at the **Panhandle Plains Historical Museum**, Canyon, Texas. Event features costumed interpreters and a variety of children's activities. Fun for the entire family.

Join the West Texas Historical Association

Throughout its distinguished eighty-two year history, the West Texas Historical Association has encompassed a wide range of both professional and non-professional historians, from lawyers to ranchers to teachers. Although their interests vary, members share a common desire to preserve the rich history of West Texas. All members receive the *Year Book* and a subscription to the *Cyclone*.

Membership Levels

Student	\$ 10
Regular	\$ 20
Institutional	\$ 20
Family	\$ 25
Sustaining	\$ 35
Life	\$ 300
Sponsoring	\$1000

To join mail your check to: West Texas Historical Association, Southwest Collection, Texas Tech University, Box 41041, Lubbock, TX 79409-1041.

~ The editors apologize for the delay in printing and mailing this issue of the *Cyclone*. Concerns involved in changing printers caused us to run well behind schedule. We hope you will still find many items of use and interest in this newsletter. ~

NEW ADDRESS?

Remember to send your change of address to the WTHA office: Southwest Collection, Box 41041, Texas Tech University, Lubbock, TX 79409-1041.

THE CYCLONE

A Newsletter for members of the West Texas Historical Association

Editors: Jim & Becky Matthews

Published twice a year (February and August) by the West Texas Historical Association, Lubbock, Texas. Members also receive the *Year Book*, published each fall, containing articles, news notes, and book reviews about West Texas history. Annual membership fees are \$10 for students, \$20 regular, \$25 family, \$35 sustaining, \$20 institutional/library. All back issues of the *Year Book*, published since 1925, are available for \$15 each.

Check out back issues of the *Cyclone* at our website <www.wtha.org> maintained by webmaster Lynn Whitfield.

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