



THE CYCLONE



WTHA Names Fellows of the Association



Paul Carlson, Lou Rodenberger and Arnoldo DeLeon receive distinction as first Fellows of WTHA.

At its eighty-fifth annual conference in Canyon on April 4-5, 2008, the West Texas Historical Association named the first Fellows of the Association. Paul Carlson, Lou Rodenberger, and Arnoldo

DeLeon received the distinction of Fellow for significant contributions to the history of West Texas and distinguished service to the West Texas Historical Association. Other awards presented at the conference included the Rupert N. Richardson Award for the best book on West Texas history to Bill Neal for *Getting Away with Murder on the Texas Frontier*, the Mrs. Percy Jones Award for best article in the *Year Book* to Allan J. Kuethe and Jose Manuel Serrano Alvarez for "The San Saba Presidio and Spain's Frontier Policy in North America," and the Best Student Essay Award to Tracy Stewart for "Founding Mothers of Deaf Smith County."

Congratulations to Shirley Eoff of San Angelo, our WTHA president for 2008

and to vice-president, Tiffany Fink of Abilene. New board members for 2008 are Troy Ainsworth of El Paso, Clint Chambers of Lubbock, Glen Ely of Fort Worth and Bill Neal of Abilene. The 2009 meeting of the association will be in Lubbock, Texas on April 3-4.



WTHA Presidents Travis Roberts and Shirley Eoff.

Medicine Mound

By Jack Becker

Little remains of the once tightly-knit village of Medicine Mound, Texas, located in southeastern quadrant of Hardeman County in north central Texas. The town moved several times before settling, in 1908, along the tracks of the Kansas City, Mexico, & Orient Railroad on FM 1167 about 12 miles east of Quanah. At its zenith, in 1929, Medicine Mound had a population of about 500 people with 22 businesses, including several dry goods stores, a post office, barber shop, doctor's office, bank, restaurant, and a newspaper, *The Citizen*.

The surrounding countryside at one time was made up of many small farms that supported the businesses and the one school of Medicine Mound. Local farmers grew cotton, sorghum, and wheat for the national market as well as beef cattle. Most small farmers raised chickens and pigs for their own use. The land to the north and east of Medicine Mound is fairly level and the most productive farms



in the area are located there. To the south and west is fairly broken land, especially the cedar breaks along the Pease River, which is almost entirely ranch country.

One and one-half miles west of the city four mounds rise up out of the surrounding county side. The largest is about 350 feet above the surrounding plains, or about 1750 feet about sea level, and they line up in an almost perfect southwest to northeast alignment. It is from the Mounds that the thriving village got its name.

The drought, depression, and sandstorms of the 1930s did not spare Medicine Mound or the surrounding

country side. Because of "dust bowl thirties" and the depression, many Medicine Mound businesses and Hardeman County farmers went bankrupt. During the worst part of the depression the county "poor farm" was located between the village of Medicine Mound and the mounds themselves. At one time over twenty families lived and worked on the county poor farm.

In the summer of 1932, a devastating fire destroyed most of the business district of the village. Due to the poor economic conditions many of the businesses did not rebuild. By 1940 only 210 residences remained in Medicine Mound with only six businesses still open.

Today there are no permanent residences and only two buildings mark the site of this once small but prosperous farming and railroad community. The two buildings that remain were built immediately after the 1932 fire. In order to build a more "fire proof" building, both remaining buildings were constructed of round granite stone (continued on page 2)

From the Executive Director



Dear Friends and Members of the Association,

We hope you had a great spring and summer. For some of us it was hotter than usual, but that keeps the spiritual side strong.

As most of you know Robert Hall is in the process of moving to East Texas. We will forgive him his transgression because he is in hot pursuit of grandchildren who moved there earlier. But he still has business in Lubbock and is in and out of the office on a regular basis. So, he hasn't left completely and he promises to be at the spring meeting in Lubbock.

Meanwhile, Maggie Elmore has joined the staff as editorial assistant and will take up where Robert left off. She is a graduate student in the Texas Tech University Department of History and, as some of you know, is the granddaughter of one of our past presidents, - Mildred Sentell. We heartily welcome her arrival.

Stay tuned for the fall membership renewal and you early birds can get yours in as early as you wish.

Best wishes for a great fall,

Tai Kreidler
Executive Director

Excellence in West Texas History Fellowship Program

By Suzanne Campbell

The West Texas Collection at Angelo State University announces important news for all scholars interested in West Texas history. In March 2009, The Excellence in West Texas History Fellowship Program at Angelo State University will award two post-doctoral fellowships valued at \$40,000 each. In addition, each fellowship has a \$5,000 publishing subvention to help defray publication expenses for academic presses. The goals of this program are to 1) jumpstart a resurgence of professional history scholarship in West Texas and 2) greatly increase the use of regional archives, providing new research and fresh studies for all time periods and topics concerning West Texas, including 21st century challenges as well as 3) significantly boost the number of West Texas history studies published by academic presses and journals. Starting in September 2008, application forms, additional information on this program, contact information, and a detailed resource page for applicants will be online at the West Texas Collection's home page at: <http://www.angelo.edu/services/library/wtcoll/>

Many in West Texas have long understood the acute need for research and scholarship incentives. Leon Metz, a noted El Paso historian laments, "Who will replace me when I'm gone?" At 76, Metz is one of the few remaining members of a dying breed. Since the 1970s, West Texas has witnessed a disturbing trend as its scholars are dying or retiring with no one to replace them. "If the history of West Texas is to be opened up in these areas, there will have to be some program of incentives for scholars," wrote Dr. Diana Hinton, chair in regional history and business at the University of Texas of the Permian Basin. "It will not happen by itself."

Many universities, historical societies, archives, and museums in West Texas report a decline in scholarly work and the underutilization of resources in their extensive archives and collections. The problem lies in a complete lack of fellowships or incentives to promote scholarship in the region. "History fellowships available to scholars west of Interstate 35 are almost non-existent," says Garland Richards of the Fort Chadbourne Foundation in Bronte, Texas. "We need to correct this!" Guy Vanderpool, director of Panhandle Plains Historical Museum in Canyon, agrees, "Without fellowship incentives and the scholars who will continue to provide thoughtful, well-researched publications, this region's history will become a thing of the past."

The Excellence in West Texas History Fellowship Program is made possible by funding from the CH Foundation in Lubbock and the Tucker Foundation in San Angelo. The monetary value of this fellowship will attract the finest post-doctoral candidates in the nation and is ample to cover living and travel costs in the region for a year. "There is no doubt that the number of graduate students focusing on West Texas history has declined in recent years," wrote Noel Parsons, director of Texas Tech University Press. "The post-doctoral fellowships will take a major step toward correcting that trend by stimulating young scholars to focus their research on West Texas. These fellowships will someday be looked on as a brilliant initiative for the preservation of West Texas history and culture."



Medicine Mound

(cont. from page 1) transported from just across the Red River in Oklahoma. The buildings are not only fire proof, but the round stones (about the size of an average man's two fists) give the buildings a very distinctive look. It is said the granite stones are of the same composition of the Wichita Mountains a short distance away.

The village of Medicine Mound died a slow death. After losing population all during the 1930s and 1940s, the Medicine Mound School closed in 1954. In 1964 the last business, Hicks and Cobb General Store, closed its doors, when long time owner I. L. Hicks died. Open for more than 30 years, the store offered everything the local population needed and some they didn't. In 1971 the one remaining church, First Baptist, held its last service.

The railroad that built the town continued to provide the village with rail service long after it was economically feasible to do so. In 1994 the doodlebug made its last trip between Sweetwater and Vernon. A year later the tracks were abandoned. In 1996 only twelve people remained in the once prosperous town.

Although the town has the "official" population of zero, one of the two remaining buildings is "open" and doing "business" albeit only one day a week. Every Saturday, Ms. Myna Potts opens the Medicine Mound Museum, housed in the old Hicks and Cobb General Store. She is quick to add that she will happily open other days "by appointment."

The museum is full of items depicting rural life in Texas during the twentieth century. It is an eclectic collection of items used by farmers, ranchers, and inhabitants of small towns of the past century. Other items in the museum are much older than a mere one hundred years. Several of the museum's display cases are filled with Native American artifacts found in the surrounding area. Since Native Americans came to the mounds on a regular basis, early Medicine Mound pioneers found many "Indian artifacts." Dozens of grinding stones, arrowheads, (one believed to be over 1,000 years old) drill points, and dozens of scrapers make up the collection.

One of the most interesting aspects of the museum is the extensive photograph collection. Photographs show the citizens of Medicine Mound and Hardeman County in every aspect of rural life between the 1910s and 1940s. For the most part, the people in the pictures look, healthy, happy, and satisfied with their "lot in life" and happy to be from Medicine Mound, Texas.

Christmas Dinner on the Upper Brazos in 1872

by Captain Jack Elgin

[Reprinted from the 1938 Year Book]

In the fall of 1872, I took a contract to locate 600 sections of land for the Houston and Central Railroad, on what showed in our geographies of that day, as *Llano Estacado* desert land, without wood or water.

The governor of the state, Edmund Davis, hearing of the expedition sent for me and asked if I would accept a commission as Captain of Minute Men and enlist my men as such. At that time the only frontier protection we had from the Indians was the Minute Men. Frontier organizations were composed of settlers who served without salary. The state furnished them with arms. The men pursued their usual occupation of ranching or farming during the dark of the moon. In the light of the moon, they were on alert for Indians, and at the first trace of a raid they assembled and started upon the trail.

At that time it was exceedingly unpopular to accept a commission from the so-called Scalawag Governor of Texas. But thirty stands of arms and the military authority which the commission gave me in a territory 200 miles from the nearest fort or legal authority was a great attraction, and I accepted the commission.

I outfitted my party in Waco. This branch consisted of sixteen men and three ox teams. I was joined by a similar party from San Antonio up near Camp Colorado or Fort Griffin. Most of my route was along an old Military Road which was laid out when the frontier of Texas was moved from Fort Graham on the Brazos, in Hill County, out to Camp Colorado, on the Jim Ned, about eight or ten miles northeast of the present Coleman. Afterwards it was extended on to Fort Chadbourne. This road is almost identical with the first survey made by the Texas Pacific Railroad, then known as the Memphis and El Paso.

When this road crosses Pecan Bayou, eight or ten miles above Brownwood, I left the road, took up the Bayou cutting out my



own trail which now constitutes one of the chief highways of Brown County.

There was a tremendous pecan crop and the ground was covered with pecans. It almost made me weep to hear the oxen and wagon driving over them and pushing them into the ground. The woods were alive with turkeys and they were as fat and oily as the pecans.

Every evening while pitching camp I would detail men to go and kill turkeys. I never believed in the wholesale slaughter of game, and I would try to limit them in the number they killed. This was hard to do as their guns would go off by accident, or the bullets killed two turkeys instead of the one at which they aimed.

The cook would spend the night cooking turkeys. He did not have ovens enough, so we adopted the method the Mexicans used in barbecuing their excellent cabritos; digging holes in the earth, building a fire in it and getting the wood burned down to coals, putting the turkey in, covering it with ashes and coals like a Georgia boy does his potatoes, building a fire on top—and the next morning we had the most delicious meat ever eaten. This method of cooking is not only excellent for turkeys but for most other kinds of meat as well.

The Colorado River was at that time stocked with very large catfish. I never liked catfish, but when we caught one of these, took out the entrails and replaced them with a piece of fat bacon, wrapped the fish in a sheet of wet paper, consigned it to the ashes and fire, then when done, took it out and peeled off the skin, we had a mess of the finest fish you ever ate.

But the most delicious meat, I think, cooked in this manner is buffalo heads. The head is thrown in the pit, hide, wool and all, fire built over it all night, and the next morning the skin could be easily peeled off and the meat next to the skull is most delicious. At the same time we cooked these heads we threw the legs into the pit with them. These were broken, and they furnished large quantities of the richest marrow, which was our substitute for butter.

We continued up the Buffalo Bayou to where the military road from Camp Colorado to Camp Griffin crossed—about where I met my party from San Antonio. We went north on this road to the northern part of Callahan County, then turned directly west to Fort Phantom Hill, where I saw and killed my first buffalo. We pitched camp in the old abandoned fort, and the Mexican scout and I went down to the river, to the Clear Fork of the Brazos, to seek a crossing.

Directly I heard a rustling in the brush and the gun of my scout firing. Of course, my first thought—the thought of a tenderfoot—was “Indians,” and I spurred up to the top of the bank to get a view, when I saw two old buffalo bulls climbing a mountain on the opposite side of the river with my Mexican scout in pursuit. I joined in the chase and in about a mile came up with my scout to where the bull stood at bay pawing the earth.

I had always heard that you could not kill a buffalo by shooting him in the head. I wanted to try the experiment and rode up to within about sixty yards and emptied my six shooter into his head. Only at one shot did he indicate that he felt anything. I then told the scout to kill him. He shot him through the shoulders and he dropped to the earth. We went up and cut his jugular vein. I was anxious to see what had become of my shot as I was a crack pistol shot and knew I had not missed. The Mexican scout began to cut the hair off his forehead to make bridles and ropes of, and

he found most of the bullets lodged in the matted hair and dirt on the bull's forehead. Two had entered the hide and one only has passed through the hide and flattened on the skull.

It was this thick hide upon the skull and neck of buffalo bulls the Indians used to make their shields. Sometimes they would cut it into a kind of vest or breastplate, which they hung over their necks, covering their chests.

I began my survey at the mouth of the Sweetwater Creek, where it falls into the Elm Fork of the Brazos, about the southwest corner of Jones and the southeast corner of Fisher counties. It was a cold, sleety day and we were hunting and surveying along the creek in search of a corner to make our starting connections.

All the evening long we saw great droves of turkeys, all going apparently to the same point. These droves would have from twenty or thirty turkeys to several hundred. As we quit work and started to camp, I heard an immense number of turkeys gobbling and strutting, and the dog I had rushed into their midst, but in a few moments came rushing back with his tail stuck between his legs. Just then I rode upon the mass of turkeys. There was an opening of ten or twelve acres in the shinnery and it was covered with turkeys as thick as they could stand. I was riding a gun-shy horse and just then the boys in the party spied the turkeys and turned loose a volley of shots into them. My horse dashed into the middle of them and the turkeys closed in around us. I began to yell, trying to get out of the way, and as badly scared as my dog had been—not of the turkeys but at the bullets singing around me from the guns of my men. How many thousands of turkeys there may have been I would not say. This, the first real cold day of the winter, was driving them into the shinnery for protection.

My locations began at this point and covered nearly all of Fisher County except for a few old surveys about the middle of the county along the river, which had been made prior to the war. My survey extended up to the foot of the Double Mountains.

December 23 was one of those teeming hot summer days which we sometimes have in Texas in the middle of winter. I ascended and went on top of the Double Mountain, probably the first white man that

had ever stood there. That night we camped upon the summit of the high divide, about two miles west of the mountain. I knew that the hot afternoon would bring a norther, so I took extra precautions in seeing that the tents were well staked down, and all the wood that we could gather, which was very scarce at that spot, was collected.

At midnight the norther struck. Every tent was swept down at the first blast. The chuck wagon, which had been unloaded of all camp equipment, was quite light, containing only the negro cook and his assistant, was turned over. Some of the wagons were blown a hundred or two hundred yards by the force of the wind.



The next morning when we got up not a horse, mule or ox was in sight. I knew that they had made for the Double Mountain Canyon about six miles south, and started off most of the men to try to get them back. We found them very readily in the canyon but had great difficulty driving them in the face of the norther back to camp. Finally a span of mules arrived. We hitched them to a wagon and hung the other five or six wagons on behind, and as it was down hill and the norther was behind us, the mules had little trouble in pulling the whole train. Then, about the time we were well started, a yoke of oxen arrived and we divided the train. But while it was easy for them all to pull the train, I knew they could not hold it when we started down into the canyon. Luckily when we reached the head of the canyon, where the men who had brought in the teams had found an easy descent into the main canyon, we found the men with all the oxen and mules waiting for us.

The evening turned off bright and sunshiny. We found a beautiful spot under the bluff of the canyon for our camp that was well protected from the wind. Now while the snow and sleet were from a foot to eighteen inches deep over all the plains, and the river was frozen hard, we pitched our tents. We then cleared away the snow

and covered the ground within with buffalo hides, of which we had an abundance. We banked the snow up around our tents, and being thoroughly protected from the blasts of the winds, we found ourselves most comfortably situated.

It was that evening that I met the most nerve racking incident of my life. I have looked down the barrel of a pistol and have been shot three times; three times I have been restored to life after sinking the three times in water; and in modern days I have been hit three times by automobiles; but nothing ever gave me the shock or so completely unnerved me as the incident that afternoon.

I had heard the cook say, "Boys I ain't got no deer meat for dinner tomorrow," so I took my gun and started up a narrow canyon that led down to the main canyon to see if I could find a deer. After going up probably a quarter mile, I heard a thundering noise above me, and here came a herd of buffalo tumbling down the canyon. To outrun them was impossible, but the canyon walls had breaks or crevices which had been cut by the water, so I picked out the deepest one of these and rushed into it just in time for the buffalo to pass me. Then came a solid mass of the buffalo. I could have put my hands on any of them. I soon discovered that they were wearing the walls of my crevice away and I would then be exposed to their pressure, but as the dirt wore away, the crumbling earth from the walls of the canyon fell down around my feet. This I stamped down and kept getting higher and higher until I stood upon an earthen platform nearly level with the backs of the buffaloes. I don't know how long this continued. It may not have been more than forty-five minutes or an hour, but it seemed like days. Had one of these buffaloes stumbled and fallen, there was no chance for them to stop—it would have been thrown in upon me and I would have been crushed. I could have put my hands upon these animals or could have punched them with my gun, but I dared not do anything that might cause one to attempt to stop or stumble. They were packed so tight that it was impossible for one to turn upon me, and the only danger was one falling and the whole herd piling up on top of me.

I wasn't so scared during the crisis and my mind worked freely. I often laughed at amusing antics or capers of the animals,

and I recalled the story that General Sul Ross once told me of his company being in pursuit of Indians and being stopped by the buffalo, and they had to wait three days for the buffalo to pass. I wondered if I was consigned to that niche for three days or just how long this trail would last.

The canyon came into the main canyon right at my camp and when the boys saw the buffalo come pouring out, they could not imagine how I could possibly escape being run over. They began to shoot, hoping they would get some response from me. I heard the shots but failed to respond, lest I might alarm the buffalo. I sometimes thought of throwing myself upon the back of one of these animals, holding on by clutching its hair, and getting carried out. The mounting of a buffalo could have been easily done, as they were so thickly packed, and for the same reason he could not have bucked or pitched, but the trouble would be in getting off his back when I got out of the canyon, for I knew it was customary with buffaloes when they are alarmed to run into the center of the herd, where this one would be sure to take me.

As the last buffalo passed I fired my gun, and in a few minutes several of my party were with me, which was well enough as then for the first time, I discovered my complete exhaustion. I was almost unable to stand on my feet, and was glad to accept the arm and assistance of my friends as they helped me back to camp.

Fifteen or twenty buffaloes had been killed right around the camp and choice pieces of meat taken from the choice buffaloes. I would say at this point that the choice buffalo meat is young cow from two to three years of age. The bull meat usually becomes very strong at an early age, and at three or four years of age is almost unfit for food.

During the Christmas Eve we had done no work, and the men had amused themselves hunting and killing different kinds of game, so that by night I suppose we had the meat of every kind of game that inhabited the plains at that time. That night for the first time on my expedition I placed out no guards, for I felt that if there were any Indians in the country, they were not out seeking enemies, but like myself, taking refuge from the terrible blizzard.

I had about a dozen Mexicans in my San Antonio company. We went to sleep early, leaving the Mexicans sitting around the fire where they were cooking all kinds of meat. The guns which the state furnished us were

old fashioned muzzle loading muskets which had been converted into breach loaders, but the iron ramrods were still in the guns. A couple of these ramrods run through a side of buffalo or antelope ribs, or through a turkey or goose, and stuck in the ground over a roaring mesquite fire is an excellent method of barbecuing meat.

Exactly at twelve o'clock these Mexicans, still sitting around the fire, brought in the Christmas day by firing their guns. "Indians" was the first thought, so we who were asleep rushed out into the snow barefooted and in night clothes, and with guns in hand looked for the Indians, only to find the Mexicans firing their guns and roasting their meat before the fires.

The next day, Christmas, we knocked off work and had a Christmas banquet. No prince, potentate, or magnate ever sat down to such a feast. I think we had fourteen varieties of meat. We could have had sixteen, as one of our hunters offered to furnish us with a mess of rattlesnakes and polecats, which he assured us were a most excellent delicacy, but our cook drew the line at these. The variety in which the meat was cooked was almost as great as the variety of the meat. We had buffalo, antelope, deer, bear, rabbit, prairie dog, possum, and possibly other animals that I do not recall; turkey, goose, brant, ducks, prairie chickens, curlew, quail, and other birds. The most expensive meat which we had upon the table was bacon, which we had had to haul five hundred miles. Of course I had a small supply of bacon to use in a contingency and we took a little of it to fill up the menu.

Buffalo and antelope were abundant and deer could generally be found when we went to hunt them, but they were not in abundance. Bear was scarce. I only recall that we ever killed but two during my life upon the plains. Both of these were killed in the Double Mountain Fork Canyon.

Two of my men had killed a young bear on Christmas Eve. The bear had climbed a tree and after the man killed him, he discovered it was a bee tree, so for our Christmas feast we also had honey. I think this is the only bee tree I ever found west of Brown or Callahan counties.

I had an excellent negro cook who was reputed to be the best camp cook in the state, and my San Antonio party had a splendid Mexican cook, too. There was great rivalry between them and each one of them had exhausted all of his skill in getting up this magnificent banquet. Nor did we do entirely

without the delicacies of civilization. I had carried along a very good supply of Borden's condensed milk, which a few older people will remember was a kind of paste. The can was opened and with warm water added to it, a large amount of excellent milk was made.

In my medicine chest I found a large amount of essential oils, but what these were put in there for I don't know, unless it was to make it look like a big stock of drugs. Among the contents were several vials of vanilla oil, which is much stronger than the vanilla extract we get for flavoring purposes. My cook made several gallons of milk, flavored it with this extract, set it out in the ice and snow for the night, and the next day had a large pan of excellent ice cream.

Speaking of this essential oil reminds me of one incident. An old Mexican hunter I had, one night was suffering from the toothache. He came to me praying for relief. I looked in his mouth and saw the biggest teeth with the biggest cavities I had ever seen. I knew that many of these oils would kill the nerves of the teeth, so I got a wad of cotton, saturated it with some of the oils—cloves, cinnamon, or probably all of them, and stuffed it into the tooth. In a few moments he began to scream and yell; he wallowed all over the prairie, and tore up all the grass on an acre of land. Finally he began to quiet down and went to sleep, and by morning was entirely cured. This was not all, I learned afterwards that he had been subject from early life to epileptic fits and this cured his fits. He never had one afterwards.

My friend, Frank Geraud, long the city engineer of San Antonio whenever he met me told me that the old Mexican, as long as he lived, always inquired about me when he met him, calling me the great doctor. Every once in a while I would get a pair of moccasins, antelope horns or some other Indian or Mexican trophy from him.

It was this old Mexican who was responsible for the name by which I was known among the Mexicans and Indians, "Capitan Cachuca." Early on this trip I killed the most beautiful white lobo wolf I ever saw. This old Mexican tanned its hide and, taking the cap which I wore as a pattern, made me a most beautiful cap with the tail hanging down the back. After this the Mexican, finding it difficult to remember my name, called me "Capitan Cachuca" (Captain Cap) and afterwards I found that this name had spread to the Comanche Indians at Fort Sill and that I was known there as "Capitan Cachuca."

NEWS FROM AROUND WEST TEXAS

Ralph H. Brock has published "The Ultimate Gerrymander: Dividing Texas Into Four New States," in volume six of *Cardozo Public Law, Policy, and Ethics Journal*. (He will send an electronic copy of the article to anyone interested; contact him at <brock@rhbrock.com>.) He received the Judge Sam Williams Award on June 27 at the State Bar of Texas Annual Meeting. The award is given to a local bar leader "who contributed significantly in maintaining the local bar's relationship with the State Bar of Texas."

Bill O'Neal had two books published this year. In the spring Eakin Press released *Reel Rangers: Texas Rangers in Movies, TV, Radio & Other Forms of Popular Culture*. There are lots of photos and the book covers everything from the Lone Ranger to Lonesome Dove to Walker, Texas Ranger. Recently, Eakin Press also released *Border Queen Caldwell, Toughest Town on the Chisholm Trail*, the story of Caldwell's first two decades as a Wild West town.

Roger T. Moore's 2009 version of the Real Texas Calendar is out. See <texascalendars.com>.

The **Rotary Club of Vernon** dedicated a Western Trail marker in Regina, Saskatchewan, on July 28, with a six-member Regina Rotary Club Planning Committee spearheading the dedication. Vernon Rotary Co-Chairman **Sylvia Mahoney** addressed the group, explaining the history of the "Marking the Trail Project" and inviting the Planning Committee and others to dedicate the marker with Red River water in a Mason Jar. Three members of the famous Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP), one wearing an original uniform of the North West Mounted Police, helped Regina Rotary President Rick Mitchell unveil the plaque explaining the history of the trail.

The **Way Out West Texas Book Festival** was held in Alpine on August 8-9, showcasing books about West Texas. **Mike Cox, Joaquin Jackson, and Sharon Spinks** made up a panel discussion about the Texas Rangers.

The **Clay County Jail Museum** won the annual award of the Wichita Falls RSVP (Retired Senior Volunteers Program) for having the most volunteer hours recorded for 2007. **Lucille Glasgow** received the Lifetime President's Service Award.

Myna Potts, director of the Medicine Mound archive, has deeded ownership of the old store and other property in Medicine Mound to the Downtown Medicine Mound Preservation Group.

The **Southwest Collection/Special Collections Library at Texas Tech University** has been awarded grants by the CH and Helen Jones foundations. The CH Foundation grant provides \$32,500 to commission top natural history writers and experts in the field to write essays in response to photographs gathered by its Millennial Centennial Collection under a previous CH grant, as well as to upgrade photographic reproduction and bindings in a book to be published by Texas Tech University Press. The book, entitled *Llano Estacado: An Island in the Sky*, is slated for publication in late 2009. In addition, the Helen Jones Foundation awarded two grants. The first provides \$15,000 to support the "History of the Book" project developed by Associate Librarian for Special Collections **Bruce Cammack**.

The second Helen Jones grant provides \$25,000 toward the purchase of a grayscale digital scanner that makes high-resolution copies of manuscripts, maps, newspapers, and other two-dimensional holdings up to 17x24 inches in size. This project will be under the direction of Associate Archivist **David Marshall**.

The **Clay County Historical Society, Inc.**, is conducting a capital funds campaign to raise funds to do a major restoration project on the Clay Co. 1890 Jail Museum-Heritage Center. The museum has been open for 11 years and the building has suffered serious structural deterioration to the point of becoming unsafe. The \$500,000 goal is close enough to being met that work is ready to begin. The museum should be back in operation by the end of the year.

EXHIBITS:

September 27, 2008 - February 2009
Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum 75th birthday, Canyon, Texas. A special exhibit features components of PPHM's history and examines how artifacts connect people to the environment around them. The museum first opened its doors on April 14, 1933. It now has 22 galleries and more than 2 million artifacts. Contact: Andrea Porter 806-651-2235 aporter@pphm.wtamu.edu

UPCOMING EVENTS:

October 18, 2008. **Permian Historical Society**, Ozona, Texas. For information, please contact PHS President Peggy Kelton, <peggy_kelton@gmail.com>.

October 24-25, 2008. **Texas Archeological Society Lectures**, Lubbock, Texas. On Friday evening, Brett Cruse will present a free lecture on "The Red River War of 1874 and the Archeology of the Battle of Round Timber Creek," at 7:00 p.m. at the Holiday Inn Park Plaza, 3201 South Loop 289. Saturday evening, Dr. Jane Holden Kelley from the University of Calgary will speak about the life and times of her father, Dr. William Curry Holden, a pioneer in Texas archeology and longtime Texas Tech professor. The lectures are held in conjunction with the Texas Archeological Society Meeting. For more information on TAS, see www.txarch.org or call 806-742-2401 x234.

October 31, 2008. **National Ranching Heritage Center Heritage Halloween**, Lubbock, Texas, 4-7 p.m. Kids may go trick-or-treating at the historic homes. Old-fashioned candy matching the years of the historic homes will be given out by costumed volunteers in each house. In addition, kids can enjoy a pumpkin rodeo, fall crafts and a hayride.

November 7-8. **Center for Big Bend Studies Conference**, Sul Ross State University, Alpine. The WTHA joint panel will be "Beyond the Alamo: How Do Other Artists, Architects and Artworks Exemplify the Iconic Texan West?" with Lynn Whitfield, Lubbock, presiding. Panelists include Robert Reitz, Oak Cliff, "Frank Reaugh: Pastel Artist of West Texas"; Troy Ainsworth, El Paso, "Henry Trost: Architect of El Paso"; and Holle Humphries, Lubbock, "Luis Jimenez: Texan Sculptor." For information email <cbbs@sulross.edu> or call 432-837-8179.

December 5-6, 2008, **Panhandle-Plains Museum Christmas Open House**, Canyon, Texas. Open House Friday, 6:00 to 9:00 pm and Saturday 2:00 to 6:00 pm. Admission to the museum and events are free.

December 11-13, 2008. **National Ranching Heritage Center Candlelight at the Ranch**, Lubbock, Texas, 6:30 p.m. Volunteers in period clothing portray Christmas preparations of pioneers and cowboys on the Frontier. More than 1800 feet of electric luminarias light the paths through the park. Music, dancing, refreshments available.

In Memory:

Paul Patterson died March 14, 2008, just a few weeks shy of his 99th birthday. He was born March 28, 1909 near Seminole but later moved to Upton County, where he graduated from Rankin High School in 1929. Paul received his B.A. From Sul Ross State University in 1935. Ross McSwain reports that Paul "worked his way through college by cooking in a boarding house, cleaning up a pool hall, tending to plants in the Sul Ross greenhouse and working as a cowboy during the summertime." Paul went on to complete graduate work at the University of Texas, Utah State University, National University of Mexico, the University of Madrid, the University of Buffalo-New York, and in Geneva, Switzerland. In 1941, he married Marjorie Mixon, and the two shared their lives until her death in 2005. He served as an Air Force cryptographer in Italy and North Africa during World War II, then returned to his teaching job in Crane. Paul taught Spanish, history, and journalism for over 40 years and is said to have inspired and encouraged greatness in his students. Elmer Kelton was one of those students.

Paul's early experiences as a cowboy contributed to his lifelong love of folklore and storytelling. His humor and wit were evident in his speeches as well as his published works. His first book was *Sam McGoo and Texas Too*, which had illustrations by Kelton. Other publications include *A Pecos River Pilgrim's Poems*, *Crazy Women in the Rafters: Memories of a Texas Boyhood*, and *Pecos Tales*, published in 1967 by the Texas Folklore Society. He was past president of the Texas Folklore Society and remained active in the organization until his death.

Rosalind "Ros" Kress Haley died April 23, 2008 in Midland after suffering a series of strokes. She was 97. Among her attributes was her intense devotion to her late husband, cowman-historian J. Evetts Haley (1901-1995). The two were married in 1970 in Savannah, Georgia. She was also dedicated to accomplishing conservative political goals, including the election of Ronald Reagan as president of the United States.

Rosalind was born in New York City in 1910, but she was raised on the Kress plantation in South Carolina. She was the daughter of Claude W. Kress, who was one of three brothers who operated the nationwide S.H. Kress & Company, a five-and-dime variety store chain that operated from 1896 to 1981. She owned her own business in Savannah, Georgia, Hitching Post Fine Foods, and later established Doorstep Savannah. In more recent years, she had dedicated herself to preserving her late husband's legacy and to the Haley Library in Midland.

Ralph O. Harvey Jr. of Wichita Falls died on July 8, 2008 at the age of 96. Ralph was born in October 17, 1911 in Seymour, Texas, but moved to Wichita Falls in 1913. He attended Washington and Lee University and graduated from the University of Texas in 1933. He returned to Wichita Falls in 1939 to establish the Harvey Drilling Company with his brothers. In 1937, he married Juanita Legge, a marriage to last 68 years before Juanita's death in 2005. He served as an Army Air Corps Lieutenant and Bombing Range Officer during World War II, then returned to his career in the oil industry.

Ralph dedicated many years to preserving his region's history. He volunteered to lead the effort to save and computerize the county's historical documents. In 1982, he chaired the committee that published *Wichita County Beginnings*. He was a member of the West Texas Historical Society and the Texas State Historical Commission, was Chairman of the Wichita County Heritage Society in 1987-89 and helped establish the Museum of North Texas History. For many years he served as chairman of the Fort Belknap Archives where he was instrumental in raising funds to build the archives.



Texas Buffalo Soldiers from the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department at the cemetery in Morton, Texas to commemorate the 1877 Nolan Expedition tragedy that cost the lives of four troopers of Company A, 10th U.S. Cavalry.

Blanco Canon Site Holds the Key to New Coronado Discoveries

By Marisue Potts Powell

The metal artifacts uncovered in twelve years of excavation in Blanco Canon by a team of archeologists from Wichita State University in Kansas have taken on a dramatic new significance. Cutting edge technology is being utilized to recreate the trail of the 1541 expedition led by Francisco Vazquez de Coronado and linking battle sites near Albuquerque, N.M., with a campsite in Floyd County. Crossbow "bolts" or tips, carrot-headed nails, horseshoe nails, and a few lead balls serve as definitive clues to Coronado's presence in this area, since that Spanish expedition was the only one outfitted with the type of crossbow using these specific points.

According to Charles Haecker, one of three experts presenting their research at the Floyd County Museum in Floydada on March 29, the Jimmie Owens site in Blanco Canon is the basis for comparison of other possible Coronado sites. In his capacity as archeologist for the National Park Service he has excavated crossbow bolts, carrot-headed nails and lead ball artifacts at different besieged Puebloan villages not previously known to have a Coronado connection.

Clay Mathers described his work with electrical resistance analysis, a non-invasive technique he has used to define long lost pueblo walls and find concentrations of lead balls and crossbow bolts at battle stations. By comparing a minute amount from Floyd County bolts and New Mexican bolts using metallurgical analysis, his scientists believe that the metals came from the same mine and likely the same expedition. Lead isotope analysis points to the conclusion that the lead balls were made with shot that could only come from Spain, confirming the extent of a network of world trade in the 16th Century.

Historian and author Richard Flint, who has worked on the Jimmie Owens site since 1995 was the third presenter. He has written several books relating to the route across the southwest by the expedition.

"How significant the metal artifacts are!" Flint said. "The copper from Blanco Canon and the Rio Grande came from exactly the same place and happened in the same event. "We have sampled two crossbow bolts and now two carrot-headed nails. Is there a link to Coronado? Floyd County is the key."

Flint and his wife Shirley Cushing Flint spent three months in Spain researching documents among the 40 million housed in the General Archives of the Indies. Their quest was to find information about the 400 men with Coronado's expedition. A computer word search among one or two line descriptions from each document was narrowed down by location and time, resulting in 100 possibilities.

As they began wading through the Spanish documents, in a "Eureka" moment, they found a link to the men through a Genoese merchant who had loaned money to Coronado, bought goods, loaned them to the expedition members, and even sent a man on his behalf. Among the goods listed was 4,000 Pesos for silk banners, saddles and equipment. "A field in Blanco Canon has implications world-wide," Flint stated. He summarized it well when he said that the coming together of people and interest at a moment in time has yielded and continues to yield information about the Coronado Expedition.

THC BEGINS STATEWIDE SURVEY OF WORLD WAR II MILITARY AND HOME FRONT SITES

The Texas Historical Commission and Ecological Communications Corporation are working together to develop the state's first comprehensive historic sites survey related to the role Texas and Texans played in World War II. The THC calls for information on West Texas sites. The Texas Historical Commission is the state agency for historic preservation.

If you have any information about WWII sites in your communities please contact William McWhorter, Military Historian at 512/463-5833 or <william.mcwhorter@thc.state.tx.us>. This information will assist the comprehensive statewide survey to:

1. Identify and record information on military and home front sites.
2. Develop a comprehensive bibliography of historical resources on Texas sites.
3. Promote Texas in World War II scholarship, preservation, interpretation and heritage tourism.
4. Provide universal internet access to the survey results.

BACKGROUND: The THC's Texas in World War II initiative is a program to honor and preserve the memories of Texans who served in the armed forces during World War II and the great contribution Texans made to the war effort. Historical markers, a special commemorative brochure and oral history training workshops join the statewide survey. Generous donations from the following donors: Hillcrest Foundation, Abell-Hanger Foundation, Ed Rachal Foundation, Trull Foundation, Joe Barnhart Foundation, O'Connor & Hewitt Foundation, Strake Foundation, Hobby Family Foundation and Meadows Foundation have made the statewide survey a reality.

THE CYCLONE

*A Newsletter for members of the West
Texas Historical Association*

Editors: Jim & Becky Matthews

Published twice a year 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.

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

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