

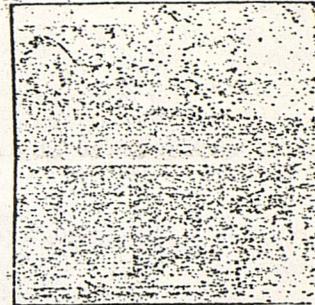
Borden Citizen.

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A Square Deal

Is What you get when you buy your
Dry Goods, Groceries and Hardware at
The Blue Front Store in Gail



We Lead, Others Follow

Our Spring and Summer Line of Men's Suits and Ladies Dress Goods are
now on Display. We invite your inspection of these Goods.

See us When in Need of Pure, Fresh Groceries or anything in Hardware.

The Blue Front Store,

J. W. Chandler, Prop.

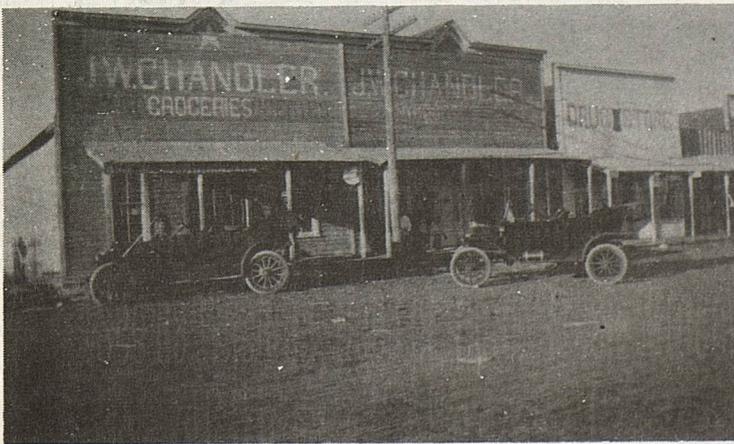
Gail, Texas.

In 1881 the Texas and Pacific Railway Company laid tracks westward to the Colorado River, and a tent city rapidly sprang up at rail's end. The town was called Colorado, and almost overnight, it became the supply point for a huge territory which was soon to fill with grass hungry cattle and land hungry people, eager for a chance to tame the frontier.

As the freight lines supplying the far flung ranches spread out to the north and west from Colorado, many of the freighters made camp at a big spring in the southeast part of Borden County. Soon a supply store was opened nearby and a postoffice was established in May, 1887. This was Durham, the first settlement in Borden County. In 1891, when Borden County was organized and Gail established as the county seat, many settlers came to the new town to trade. If supplies could be found here, a four day, or more, round trip to Colorado City might be saved. Gail rapidly developed into the most important trading center north and west of Colorado City.

Among the stores which sprang up to accomodate this trade was J. W. Chandler's BLUE FRONT STORE. Jim Chandler, like many another who succumbed to the "Gone to Texas" fever, left Jamestown, Virginia, as a young lad and wound up in Greenville, Texas. There he finished his schooling, and eventually came to Borden County where he, along with most other newcomers, "took-up" land. He filed his claim on land west of Gail on Tobacco creek on August 4, 1891. The ambi-

tious young man dealt extensively in real estate and at one time owned lands which are located in the rich oil fields of Borden County. He soon decided to go into the business of supplying the needs of the settlers and traded a horse for an interest in a store at Gail.



Winnie Chandler Miller writes of her father's store: "His first store was on the west side of the court house square. It was a small one room building with a side room on the south side. There were 3 or 4 steps going up to this side room, where he kept grain and hay to sell."

The young merchant entered into the social life of the community and on November 28, 1894, he was married to Sarah Ann Nancy Petty, who was called Sallie. The ceremony was performed by County Judge J. M. Searcy. Sallie was the beloved younger daughter of Rev. J. A. Petty, pioneer Baptist minister, who ministered faithfully to the religious life of Borden County settlers. In January, 1903, in what Will Johnson calls "Borden County's saddest year", Sallie Chandler died, leaving three small daughters for Jim to care for. "Grannie" Petty helped with the care of the young girls.

Again we quote from Winnie Chandler Miller: "After my mother died, papa built on the north side of the square, One long, wide building, white with a blue front, which was the name of his store, THE BLUE FRONT STORE - General Merchandise and General Merchandise was written on the west side of the store in big black letters." (Many who walked through town to school will certainly recall those words, the letters must have been six feet tall.) "Gail was an up and coming town. The railroad was a certainty! Or so the men all thought. Papa had customers from all over the country. If we had his ledgers, what a flood of memories those names would recall. A few years later Papa built on another long room, the size of the first. This was for dry goods, and believe me, he had all sorts! At this time he had to hire more clerks. (In the first store, just Papa ran it, with the help of my mother when she could find the time.) I can not remember who helped him at first, but I can remember 'Pat' Cathey. (William S. Cathey, later Postmaster at Gail.) He always teased us three little girls, and I am sure he wanted to tan our hides more times than a few - we were very spoiled!

"I can remember when "Bean" Cathey and Dick Winfrey, who was kin to the Catheys, worked for Papa. Then later Mr. Blankenship and at times his daughter, Ethel, helped on the dry goods side. Mr. Blankenship was bookkeeper and also helped on the grocery side of the store. (The office was in the back part of the dry goods side of the store.) Harris Chandler, Papa's nephew, came out from Caddo Mills, and helped in the store and drove Papa's freight wagon to Colorado City for supplies. Later they freighted supplies from Big Spring. Papa had his own wagons and big teams to freight with, and kept a man hired to do just the freighting. Several men in Gail made their living by hauling freight from the railroad.



Nell Hale, Winnie Chandler, Vera Kinney, Miss Hoskins, Esther Chandler and Lula Hubbard

"Nell Hale, (Mrs. Ross Simpson of Midland) clerked in the store for a good many years. We liked her so very much." (From an interview with Nell Hale Simpson: "I worked for Mr. Chandler until 1912. Mr. J. D. Brown had the abstract business and I started working for him. He sold it to Mr. Thornton and I continued working for Mr. Thornton.")

"In my Dad's store, not only did he have groceries, harness, saddles, ropes-big coils of it- and dry goods, but he still sold feed of all sorts. There was a room back of the store just for this purpose. He also had a big cotton yard back of the store with a big cotton scale. He bought bales of cotton from the farmers as they would have it ginned at the Gail gin, then freighted it to the railroad at Big Spring or Colorado City.

"In the winter, there was always a bunch gathered around the pot bellied stove in the back of the store, spinning yarns. In very cold weather, this stove was kept going, burning coal mostly, day and night, and sacks of onions, potatoes, etc., were placed nearby to keep them from freezing. The accustomed mode of travel for a person going any distance was by mail hack to the railroad and then by train to their destination. When anyone came in on the mail hack from Big Spring, they warmed awhile before going on out to their ranches. I especially remember Mrs. Elmer Long. She was an elegant person in my eyes, very beautiful, and always so sweet to us. So many things I remember about the store - the round cheese cutter, the big coffee mill, a big pickle barrel with great big sour pickles, how good they were! Crackers came in boxes about the size of orange and apple boxes and were sold by the pound. Very delicate, delicious cookies came in large boxes as did candy of many kinds. In retrospect, they must have been much more delicious than any modern candy bar. On the dry goods side, there were all sorts of calico, chambray, gingham, and woolens - lovely wool materials, china silk, laces of all kinds, jewelry, ribbons, hose - lisle were the sheerest, ribbed cotton hose for the school children and plain, smooth cotton for women for every day wear -ugh- the ugly things! Black, of course! There were all kinds of hairpins, pins, buttons, braids, even 'rats' for milady's hair, and 'prepared chalk', shaped like chocolate drops, which was rubbed on the face for powder. At the back of the store were shoes of all sizes. Remember the slick, wooden settee, where we tried them on - what a collector's item! There were boots and hats for men. I remember a big box of boots that came in and was opened up and left at the front of the store. Everyone came in and rummaged through them. There were some so big that someone said that nobody except Carrol Hollar could possibly wear them. Carrol Hollar was probably the biggest man who ever lived in Gail. Mrs. Moon, the leading milliner in Big Spring, sometimes brought a box of her gorgeous ladies hats to the Blue Front Store to sell. Oh, how beautiful they were! For instance, a small, pale blue chiffon sailor trimmed in tiny pink rosebuds, that could make even a spindly, freckled nose, straggley pig tailed, little girl believe she was a fairy princess. Miss Nell Hale and Miss Ethel Blankenship, who worked in the store, regularly ordered their hats from Mrs. Moon, as did other elegant ladies of the community."

Maurice Dorward (Borden Citizen, Vol. III, No. 4, June, 1968) recalled for us the big revolving gun case that Mr. Chandler had in his store. (Guns were important and necessary property

in 1900. He also recalled the gin pole and windlass used for loading bales of cotton, which afforded much sport for the town boys. He tells of the first gasoline pump which was on a platform at the northwest corner of the Blue Front Store and pumped one gallon of gasoline at a time. This was before Mr. Chandler, when cars became more common, installed the "Red Sentry" out front, which became such a familiar sight to the people of Gail. There were many stories circulated about how the hose on this gas pump would freeze in cold weather and have to be thawed out. That early gasoline, which was hauled from the railroad in barrels by freight wagons and teams, was not very high octane.

Mrs. Fred Parks often spoke of the gold watch and the "left handed" scissors which she had purchased at Mr. Chandler's store, where you could buy anything from stick pins to wagons. Aunt Ludie Clark recalls a lovely wine colored piano runner (scarf) with leaves embroidered in beautiful colors, which was purchased at Mr. Chandler's store and given to her "when the 'Compass' (Square and Compass Ranch) boys came to town for Christmas". John Johnson says, "Uncle Jim Chandler had everything! At one time his stock was valued at \$80,000.00 to \$100,000.00. (Can you imagine what that would be worth at today's prices? And in Gail, too!) He brought the first fine Spaulding hacks to the country. He sold buggies and Peter Shutler wagons. He had seven or eight people working for him. Uncle Jimmy Kincaid (Vivian Clark's Grandfather) delivered groceries and other items all over town in a one horse rig." (Even a delivery service!)

Yes the BLUE FRONT STORE handled most anything to supply your needs, whether you were a blushing teen age girl, a housewife or a rancher outfitting a chuck wagon.

By 1918, when drought, blizzard and war had wrought havoc with the entire country, many other towns had built up in the former trade area of the BLUE FRONT STORE and Gail was no longer the important supply point of former years. The cotton gin had closed, the Bank had failed, the one remaining hotel was on its last legs, and the few business establishments left were struggling to stay open. Mr. Chandler moved to Irving, Texas, near Dallas. After a couple of years, he returned to West Texas to Sierra Blanco where Tom Love, first Sheriff of Borden County, helped him open up a store. Later he opened a store in O'Donnell, which he operated until his death in 1932. The buildings which housed the BLUE FRONT STORE were torn down and the lumber used to build a residence in O'Donnell.

In the Borden County Museum is a large bread box, painted blue, with the words, "BLUE FRONT STORE" on the front. This, together with pictures in the museum, are the only remaining physical evidences of this mercantile establishment which played such an important part in our local history and in the lives of so many people!

RECITAL

by the pupils of MISS VERA KINNERY
at the Church, Saturday Afternoon, February 28th, 1914, beginning at 2:30 o'clock

PROGRAMME



Welcome Song.....Class	(a)—Little Brothers Waltz.....R. Krentzlin
Zadee Mae Bills	(b)—Whistling Boy.....L. E. Orth
(a)—The Shepherd Boy.....Wilson	Fay Reeder
(b)—Narcissus.....Ethelbert Nevin	(a)—The Dancing Class.....Streabbog
Miriam Hannabass	(b)—The Sandman.....Adolph Schroeder
(a)—The Whip-poor-Will.....Adolph Schroeder	Ethel Jones
(b)—Little Boat Song.....R. Streabbog	Tit Tat.....(Pantomine) Song
Esther Chandler	Miss Winnie Chandler
(a)—Maiden Why Weepst Thou?.....Landon Method	(a)—Ring Around A Rosy.....Arnold Sartorio
Demah Brown	(b)—The Fairy Dance.....Arnold Sartorio
(a)—The Shepherds Song.....Franz Behr	Lena Schneider
(b)—The Day Lily.....Geo. Spaulding	(a)—A Dream of Home.....Browning
Minnie Dorward	(b)—Melody of Love.....H. Engelmann
The Irish Wash Woman.....Pauline Phelps	Dove Chandler
Miss Winnie Chandler	(a)—The Rabbit Hunt.....Arnold Sartorio
(a)—Playful Kittens.....Paul Lawson	Gustine Schneider
(b)—Cinderella.....H. Engelmann	The Garden of Roses.....Johann C. Schmid
Inez Weatherford	Esther Chandler
(a)—Song of the Dawn.....Landon Method	(a)—The Pretty Primrose.....E. M. Read
Blanche Mitchell	(b) Little Recruit March.....E. D. Forest
(a)—The Woodruff.....W. Smallwood	Kathrine Dorward
Louise Thornton	(a)—The Blue Birds Call.....LaValle
(a)—Good Morning Waltz.....Henri Klickman	(b) Little Fairy March.....Streabbog
(b)—The Husking Bee.....F. R. Kimball	Pearl Jones
Emily Biffle	Pro Patria.....
The Rosary.....Nevin	Miss Winnie Chandler
Esther Chandler	(a)—Curious Story.....S. Heller
(a)—White Carnation.....Landon Method	Zadee Mae Bills
Gladys Mitchell	(a)—Mirthful Whisperings.....H. Engelmann
	(b)—The Pixies Good Night Song.....A. Brown
	Ophelia Dorward

WINNIE CHANDLER MILLER vividly remembers her beautiful mother who died when Winnie was seven years old. A few months before her death, they attended the Dallas Fair of 1902, the big event of the year for all Texans. They went by train, of course. Winnie described her mother's costume: "She wore a cerise taffeta blouse with long puffed sleeves and a high neck. The front was thickly tucked. Her skirt was of black taffeta, tucked and quilted. The ends of the velvet tie belt hung below her knees and were tipped with gold spangles. Atop all this splendor, she wore a big black sailor hat of fine straw, adorned by a single red rose." Wouldn't it be refreshing to occasionally see such dignity and elegance in this age of braless women and sloppy slacks?

CONFEDERATE VETERANS

In 1907 a Resolution was passed calling for a Census of Confederate Soldiers and Sailors living in the State of Texas. The following year this list of names was recorded in Borden County. (The list may not be complete.)

NAME	AGE	POST OFFICE ADDRESS
1. N. Beavers	66	Fluvanna
2. F. M. Burnett	62	Julia
3. L. P. Cosby	66	Spensburg
4. Thomas Burrows	64	Gail
5. J. J. Curry	70	Tredway
6. T. D. Cathey	83	Gail
7. J. A. Callaway	66	Durham
8. W. P. Coates	70	Gail
9. W. D. Franks	66	Morris, Howard County
10. I. N. Gray	70	Durham
11. J. A. White	65	Fluvanna
12. W. A. Walker	74	Gail
13. W. M. Taylor	79	Fluvanna
14. J. L. Sellars	67	Durham
15. J. L. Snellings	61	Fluvanna
16. H. Simpson	79	Durham
17. J. M. Scott	80	Spensburg
18. C. B. Smith	74	Gail
19. J. E. Murphy	70	Knapp
20. H. D. Pruitt	59	Gail
21. J. D. Patterson	66	Fluvanna
22. J. H. Miller	68	Tredway
23. G. M. Scott	76	Spensburg
24. C. P. Smith	67	Gail
25. J. A. Scarlett	72	Gail
26. S. L. Millhollan	64	Knap
27. T. W. Hale	69	Gail
28. T. M. Jones	65	Gail
29. M. J. Jones	72	Gail
30. H. C. Jolly	65	Gail
31. J. M. Kincaid	65	Gail
32. M. H. Leake	74	Gail

The list is significant not only because of the pioneer names, but also because of the number of veterans and the addresses listing Post Offices no longer in existence. Below is one of the forms used to list these names of the veterans.

1194-1107-25m.

Census of Confederate Soldiers and Sailors and Widows of Confederate Soldiers and Sailors.

LIST

Of Surviving—SOLDIERS AND SAILORS—WIDOWS OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS—residents within Borden County, Texas, in accordance with House Concurrent Resolution No. 15, Page 425, Laws of 1907.

(In listing Soldiers and Sailors erase the words "Widows of Confederate Soldiers or Sailors," and in listing widows erase the words "Soldiers and Sailors.")

VON BOECKMANN-JONES CO., PRINTERS, AUSTIN

NAME	RESIDENCE	Age-Years	POSTOFFICE ADDRESS
<u>J. J. Curry</u>	<u>Borden</u>	<u>70</u>	<u>Tredway Tex</u>

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT BRINGS OLD MEMORIES

In late November of 1973 at 2:00 A. M. in the morning, a young Borden County resident of 77 years was restless, nervous and lying wide awake in bed. As these old memories started crowding through his mind, sleep was impossible so he got out of bed and began to write. Here is what was running through the mind of John Johnson as he began to relive his childhood days.

My grandfather, J. A. Petty settled on land east of Bull Creek, east of Gail in the late 1800's, near the Mike Jones section, then owned by a man named Popanaw. That is what Earl Sealey told me, so I know that old man Sealy was here at that time. J. A. Petty was a Civil War Veteran and a Baptist preacher. He preached the first sermon in Gail after it was established. He wore his boots and spurs even when he was preaching. He moved from the Bull Creek community over near Muchaway Peak on the west half of Section 44. There was quiet a little nest of people in that community. I believe my grandfather died around 1903 or 1904 and is buried in the Gail Cemetary. My parents came around 1900 and settled near the Colorado River. I found among my parents files a certificate out of Austin where they took up Section 65, Block 25 of Railroad land. It was dated February 12, 1900.

In 1902, when the Colorado River got on the biggest rise in history, (I refer you to Vol. VI, NO. 2, Borden Citizen) the old Watkins man was on the other side of the river. I believe it was about two days before he could get across the river. He came to our house all wet and muddy and spent the night and most of the next day. He came in an old buggy or hack. In those days they carried chicken coups along as there was not any money to buy with, so they traded for anything you might have on hand. They would take chickens, garden vegetables, roasting ears, old batteries or whatever for their merchandise. His merchandise consisted of very little. Some spices, flavorings and canned goods. The whole front end of his buggy was filled with cans of tomatoes and corn. I never saw such pretty pictures of corn and tomatoes before. As you know, we kids always had to wait till the older people ate first. While they were eating, my brother and I proceeded to cut the pretty pictures off the cans. Naturally the old fellow did not know what he had to sell. I can remember this so well because my mother had to whip the both of us for our misconduct.

Several old settlers were in that neighborhood later on. I named several in another article. The McCartys lived west of the Bull Creek Section that Dewey Everett owns today. Mr. McCarty built the old post office building for his daughter Julia. She was the first postmaster that I can recall. There was a report in our little paper (The Borden Citizen) that Mr. J. M. Hopkins kept the post office in the Hopkins Hotel but I don't remember that. I do recall that W. S. Cathey relieved Miss Julia McCarty and he and my sister Pearl were in the office about 26 years. Then Gene Skeen, she must have stayed in 30 years. Now Jessie Jackson. I can not recall the year the Post Office was built.

My father worked a few acres of ground with a one-horse walking planter, a mollarboard turning plow and a double shovel. That is about all the farm tools he had. We raised all we had to eat from the garden. Killed our hogs and cattle for meat and ground our corn for meal. There wasn't much to buy in the way of groceries. Flour, sugar and coffee. We had what they called a Kill in front of our house. It was about four feet deep with some kind of feed in the bottom and then dirt. Sweet potatoes, pie melons, pumpkins and coushaws were stored in these kills and would keep all winter. Our hogs were killed and cured in salt. The beef was hung on the north side of the house and kept most of the winter. When warm weather came, Mother would cut small strips of beef and hang it on barbed wire until it cured out good. It was called jerky and would last indefinitely. We did not have any cows until we traded a Mr. Berryhill some mule colts for some cows. We called our old milk cow "StrawberryRoan". We had plenty of milk and butter after that. My father built a tank just west of our house and we carried water in buckets for house use. He would also go to the creek bottoms and cut wood in ricks and cords. He would cut and peel mesquite wood for posts. As there was not much wood around Gail, he hauled the posts and cord wood there and sold the posts for five cents each. I do not recall what the cords of wood brought. I remember one time, my father and I loaded the wagon with pie melons, pumpkins and coushaws and sold them to Dr. Prince. He and his son, Arthur, helped us carry them and store them in an old dugout just west of their house. I now own that place and when I moved here from O'Donnell in 1942, I put my butane tank in this dilapidated dug out and covered it up.

Neighbors hauled lumber out of Colorado City and built a schoolhouse just off the south east corner of my grandfathers place. I believe it was on the O. B. Ranch. I remember a door in the east and the windows must have been wooden and made to slide to one side or up and down. This was my first year in school and my sisters, Pearl, Ellen and I had to walk two miles until our neighbor, up the road north, bought an old buggy and did not have a horse. My father let them have an old mare that had a mule colt still sucking. They would come by and pick up all the kids. The school was called Redmud. Some of the teachers boarded with my grandfather. Beulah Cole, Beulah Wilborn and Bertha Willis from Big Spring are some I remember.

It took me five hours to write all this. Do what you can with it. Sincerely, John Johnson. (This was edited for our publication in the Newsletter by Sibyl Gilmore who says, "Thank you once again John. Anytime that you can not sleep, just write.")

SANDSTORM

In response to our article on the blizzard and drought of 1917-1918, we received this from MRS. MOZELLE JOHNSON, sister of Pauline Clark.

I wonder how many of you remember the first sandstorm you were in? I was not very old but

I sure remember it. The year was 1917. We had moved to Union community, five miles west of Snyder on the Gail hiway from Coleman, Texas, where we had never heard of, much less seen, a sandstorm. My father bought a farm, where he was sure he could raise anything in the sandy land with the help of a little rain. He plowed the land west of the house as soon as we moved in. After he finished, he decided he would go into Snyder. He left early and never noticed any difference in the western skies. My mother cleaned the house, cooked our dinner and enough for supper, then washed some white shirts and shorts of my fathers, put them on the line and decided she would hang a quilt. She told us, my brother and sister (Pauline Clark) and myself that we could go out on the back porch, on the west side of the house. She said that we could make sand pies but to not let Pauline get the mud all over herself. We found out that this was going to be impossible, so we just picked her up and put her in a big wash tub that was on the porch and gave her a rag doll to play with. She fussed but could not get out of the tub.

We were so young that we never noticed the wind getting up or how the sand had started to blow. Our mother called for us to come in. Of course, we kept playing, when all at once, here came a big tumbleweed and a whirl wind full of dirt. My brother and I jumped up, all excited, and ran in the house, telling our mother about the big weed. She looked out and realized that she had never seen sand in the air like that. She went to the phone, took the receiver down and heard two women talking on the phone, then she began to cry and said, "What is this, do you reckon it is the end of the world. I am here by myself with three small children." They asked where her husband was and she told them that he had gone to Snyder. One of them said, "My, my, he might not get back tonight, as this looks like it is going to be a granddaddy one." Of course that did not do much to calm my mother. Finally, they told her to close the house and she would probably have to light the lamp in a little while, which was true. She hung the receiver up and looked around at us. There were only two. She said, "Where is that baby?" We ran to the porch and mother followed. Pauline was still in the tub, but she was crying. Her eyes were full of sand and had plenty of it on her face as well as in her mouth. At least mother had something to take her mind off of her fear while she cleaned Pauline up and put her to bed.

My brother and I were watching from a back window. We could see the chickens half flying and half running to get in the hen house where they went to roost. (There probably are not many of us who remember how helpless and comical a chicken looks blown before a high wind.) Then old Jersey, the milk cow, came running up from the pasture and kept looking toward the house. She thought it was time to be milked from the darkness. We had brought a big dog with us from Coleman. We saw her pass the window several times trying to get herself straightened out to know how to get away from the dirt and tumbleweeds, finally, she went under the house. My father did not get home until it was nearly dusk, but looked later, it was so dark. Of course, we were not afraid anymore. He had not had his supper and neither had we. When mother set the food out of the safe, we could not eat it. We found out that sand really did get in the safe. She opened a jar of fried down pork sausage, scrambled some eggs and made some cream gravy. She had left the bread in the oven and it was all right. She had thought to add extra cover to her milk in the milk pan, so a crock of clabber milk made everything O. K.

I have often thought that after people began to see flying saucers, that if we really knew the truth, someone may have seen my father's shirts and shorts that were left on the line going over Fort Worth in the early morning hours and thought sure that they were something from outer space. We did not live on the farm very long as the crops were all blown out and rain did not come to help. My father was so glad to sell that he did not reserve any mineral rights. Years later, when the big oil boom came through, I bought a Life Magazine here in Fort Worth and there was a picture of the church that sat on the corner of our farm on the Gail hiway and in the background, what used to be our farmhouse. It had a long write up on the wealth of the small country church with an oil well in its back yard. There were several oil wells on the field that lay back of our house. That was the first sand storm that I ever saw. I lived in West Texas for nearly thirty years and I never saw another that would equal that first one.

BORDEN COUNTY HISTORICAL SURVEY COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Two members of the Borden County Historical Survey Committee, Mrs. Pauline Clark and Mrs. Sibyl Gilmore, presented the program at the April meeting of the Garza County Historical Survey Committee in the bank Community Room on April 2, 1974.

Mrs. Clark spoke on "The Establishment and Forward Progress of a Local Museum" and Mrs. Gilmore spoke on "Publishing a Historical Newsletter". She read excerpts from the prize winning Newsletter, THE BORDEN CITIZEN, published by the Borden County Historical Survey Committee.

A question and answer session followed the talks by the two Borden County historians. The group later were served a buffet luncheon at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Surman.

Garza County members present were Ruby Kirkpatrick, Nita Burress, Vada McCampbell, Lottie Shelton, George Samson, Ed Bruton, Bill Shiver, J. E. Parker, Joy Parker, Evelyn Neff, Mrs. C. K. Pierce, Helen Welch, Joy Greer, Gwen Boren, and Winnie Tuffing. Visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Clark, Mrs. Sibyl Gilmore, Mrs. Lillian Nance, Mrs. Tilman L. Jones, Mrs. Helen Richards, and Tom Bouchier.

A note from Mrs. Walter Boren, President of the Garza County Historical Survey Committee: "We want to thank the two of you again, Vivian and Pauline, for being our guests at the Garza Historical Committee meeting, and also for bringing Mrs. Gilmore. We especially want to thank

you, Pauline, for the wonderful program you and Sibyl gave. Everyone is talking about how very much they enjoyed it. We are grateful to you. As we all said, we indentify with the Borden County people and you have treated us with royal hospitality when we have visited there.

MRS. WALTER BOREN

MRS. RUBY HUTCHERSON LEMONS, of Plainview, Texas died in December, 1973. The Hutchersons lived in Borden County at Julia, before 1910.

MRS. W. W. LEWIS, 74, died March 18, 1974 at Coahoma, Texas. Survivors include her husband, W. W. Lewis, two sons, one daughter, and a niece, Sibyl Gilmore of Gail.

A. D. ANDY BROWN, 83, of Ackerly, Texas, passed away in March. Burial was in Big Spring, Texas.

CHARLES STEWART, 65, of San Angelo, Texas, died March 12, 1974. Burial was in O'Donnell, Texas.

WILLIAM MARLEY, 54, died March, 1974 in Lovington, New Mexico. He was a brother of Lola Swinney of Borden County.

CLAUDE SCHOOLER, 65, O'Donnell, Texas, died March 9, 1974. Burial was in O'Donnell Cemetery.

MRS. ROSA (SCHOOLER) GIBBS, 80, O'Donnell, Texas, died March, 1974. She was a former school teacher.

MRS. NELLIE CRITTENDEN, 79, Big Spring, Texas, passed away February 22, 1974. Burial was in Big Spring, Texas.

MRS. GEORGE MARTIN, died in February, 1974 in Brownwood, Texas. She was a former resident of Gail. Survivors are a daughter and a step-daughter, Mrs. Tom Keen.

LARRY EVANS, 39, son of the late Earl Evans, died February 1, 1974. Earl Evans carried the mail to Gail for many years. Burial was in Big Spring, Texas.

R. H. (BOB) WHITAKER, 88, of Coleman passed away April 16, 1974. He was raised in Borden County and married Hetti Kincaid, daughter of the late Hugh Kincaids, who were Borden County Pioneers.

LOWELL (BOSE) MOORE, 45, son of Vie (Spears) Moore, passed away May 12, 1974 in Monahans. He was buried in the Gail Cemetery. Survivors are his mother, two brothers, Haywood and Watt, and two sisters, Virgie Sue and Ruth Ann.

GEORGE RICE, 57, of Big Spring died in May, 1974. He was a former teacher in the Borden County School. He is survived by his wife who also taught in the Gail School from 1956-1958.

MRS. O. B. HENLEY, of Temple, Texas, passed away April 28, 1974 in Temple. She was the sister of Mrs. J. W. (Sybil) Holmes of Gail.

The Borden County Historical Survey Committee has given a memorial to the Society in memory of Mrs. O. B. Henley.

The Borden County Museum has received a memorial in memory of Hugh Taylor and one in the memory of Herman Rudolph from Edna Miller.

The Courthouse Employees of Borden County have made a memorial gift to the Museum in memory of Mrs. Carl McKee's Father.

In memory of Mrs. J. I. McNeil a memorial gift has been received from Doris Rudd.

Doris Rudd, Frances Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jones, all of Gail and Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Clark of Big Spring, Texas have made gifts to the Museum in memory of Lowell (Bose) Moore.

The Homemaking Class of Borden High School recently spent two mornings in the Borden County Museum. While in the Museum, they studied the wood and workmanship of the antique furniture. Some of the furniture dates back to the 1790's.

ATTENDS MUSEUM MEETING

Vivian and Pauline Clark, Bonnie Sneed and Sibyl Gilmore attended a meeting on "Develop Permian Museum Treasures with Volunteers", at the University of Texas of the Permian Basin in Odessa on February 7th, 1974.

Mr. John Ben Sheppard, President of the Permian Basin Museum Institute, presided over the meeting and Dr. B. H. Amstead, President of the University of Texas of the Permian Basin gave the welcome. Talks were heard on the subjects of Funds and Memberships, Volunteers, Publicity and Community Relations. Some of the speakers were: Mrs. Ralph Randel, founder of the Pan-handle Museum; Julian Read, with Read-Pollard Advertising in Dallas; Mrs. J. E. Blakely (She was Estine Dorward of Borden County), Chairman of Publicity at Ranch Headquarters in Lubbock; Mr. Truett Lattimer, Executive Director of Texas Historical Commission, Austin, Texas and Dr. Roger Allen, Executive Director of the Permian Basin Museum Institute.

Several museums were represented at the meeting. The speeches were very interesting. The lunch was delicious and everyone had a lovely time.

CUB SCOUTS VISIT MUSEUM

The Cub Scout boys from Den 5, Pack 37 in Snyder, along with their Den Mother, Jo Shaw and Bill and Jean Sealy made a trip to Gail, Saturday, February 9th, 1974, where they enjoyed all the old relics in the Borden County Museum and were served refreshments of coffee, lemonade and cookies.

They listened and watched as Joe Gilmore gave a lecture and demonstration on Trapping and answered their questions on How, When, Where and What to trap. Sheriff Slick Sneed escorted them on a tour of the Jail. Some of the boys were a little leary of stepping behind those great steel bars, fearful that they might remain there permanently. The boys who were able to make the trip were: Trey Harline, Kevin Harlan, Andy Sealy, Eric Morgan, Arthur A. Hartley, Paul Schaufele and Larry B. Hartley.

CHUCK WAGON BREAKFAST

Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Clark of Gail were guests of the Tom Bouchiers of Post, Texas at the annual Garza County Historical Survey Committee (Pioneer Day and Chuck Wagon Breakfast) Celebration at the home of Aid and Estelle Jones in Justiceburg, Texas on Friday morning February 9th, 1974. The Sourdough biscuits and all the trimmings were cooked on a campfire. This was also Mrs. George (Elvie Knox) Duckworth's 86th birthday. Elvie was born in Colorado City and lived in Borden County as a small child. Her father, S. P. Knox worked on the Long Ranch. They also lived on Grape Creek for awhile. There were about sixty people who enjoyed the Chuck Wagon Breakfast.

FROM THE PENS OF OUR READERS

KATIE BELL CRUMP, Lubbock, Texas writes, "I am so proud of your record in keeping up with all the older settlers. You put Lubbock to shame. I like your paper and want it again as now I am home again and not in hospital and rest homes. I am the only living person who has lived in Lubbock County since before it was organized. We passed through Borden County many times getting supplies from Colorado City."

ROBT. A. NISBETT, writes "I keep up with most of the Gail and Fluvanna people through your paper, and do hear from quite a few of the people I knew as a boy. I moved to Gail in 1905 and went to the first grade school there with Frank Miller, Jim Hopkins, Dewey Everett, etc. and later the Miller boys and I went to school at 'Possum Trot'. I have often wondered what became of Johnnie Bills, and through your paper learned that she married Charlie Proffit, and was sorry to learn that he passed away. Am also sorry to learn that Francis "Jenkins" Stockton's Husband passed away. Mr. and Mrs. Will Clark and their three daughters used to visit in our home when we lived next door to the Jenkins. Edna, the youngest daughter, probably does not remember me as she was quite young."

MRS. HATTIE F. HEATHINGTON, Muleshoe, writes, "Have enjoyed reading several of these papers that belong to Mr. and Mrs. James Hodge. I moved to O'Donnell in 1922 with my parents, The W. L. Gardenhires. Have been through Gail many times in the early days. Many of the names are familiar to me."

WILLIE McCULLOUGH, Athens, Texas, "My father, the late W. H. McCullough, wife and two children moved from Milam County to that area when I was near a month old in late 1889, helped organize the County, and was the first Commissioner of the Gail District. He was a stock-farmer and operated a section about three miles SW of Gail. He moved to Henderson County in early 1896."

Send your letters and stories to Mrs. Edna Miller so that we will have them for a future Newsletter. Mrs. Pauline Clark is Memorial Chairman. Send your subscriptions, \$3.00 per year to Mrs. Sybil Holmes, Box 137, Gail, Texas, 79738.

Borden Citizen.

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