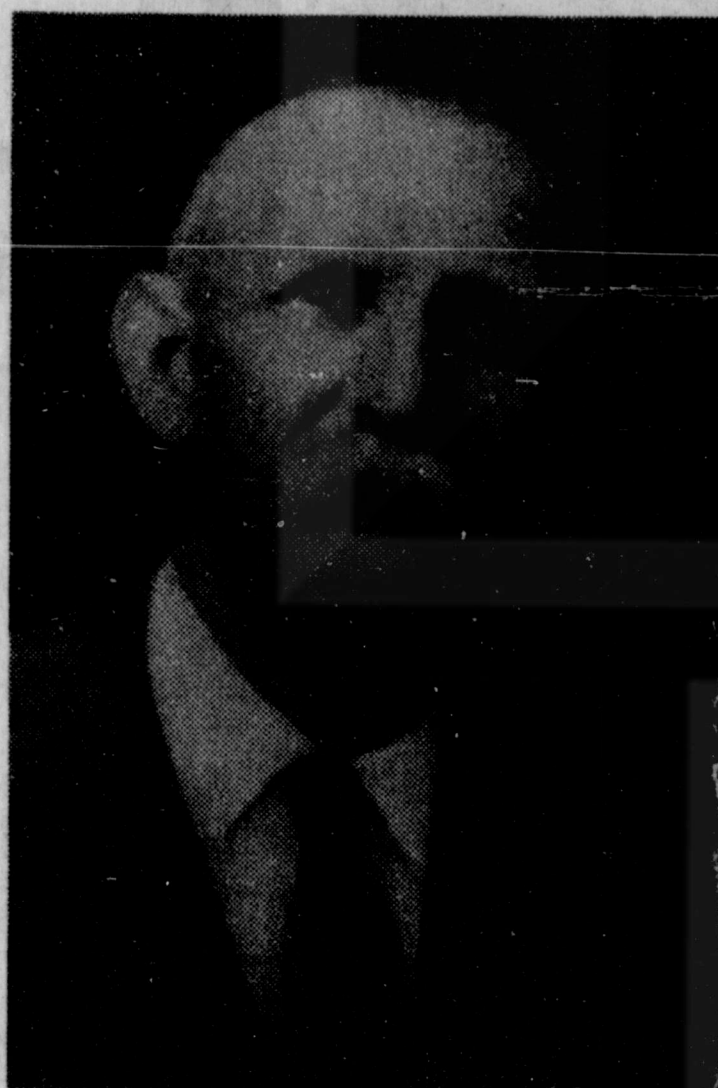


# The Story of Rule



## The Pioneers' Corner

(By E. J. CLOUD)



MR. AND MRS. W. W. KITTLEY

The above, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Kittley, was born September 4, 1867, in Tallapusa County, Alabama. In 1883 he came to Coryell County, Texas with his mother, step-father, and two brothers and they settled in what was called the Hay Valley community near Gatesville. He attended the small rural school in that community. On December 22, 1887 he married Miss Martha Helon Tanner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Tanner, at Gatesville. He and his bride lived in the community for the first two years of their married life and then decided to move to Haskell County along with Mrs. Kittley's parents. From some cause or other they returned to Coryell County for a while then moved back to Haskell County; again they returned to Coryell County and stayed a year or two; finally, they concluded that Haskell County offered the best opportunities to a young and ambitious couple and so they packed their "belongings" and returned to Haskell for the third time. Mr. Kittley said afterwards that the trip must have been the charm for they decided to make Haskell County their permanent home. Incidentally, people who knew Mr. Kittley in his young days said that he cut wood

for "six bits" a day and supported a wife and two or three children on that income. This is mentioned to show the stamina of the young couple.

By way of reminiscence to the older readers, and, as a means of instruction to the younger generation who has been reared under different conditions, it may not be amiss to relate some events of the third trip of the Kittley's in order that the intestinal fortitude of the pioneers may be more clearly illustrated. It was on December 10, 1898 that Mr. and Mrs. Kittley, with their five young children - Bertha, George, Ollie, Ida and Wayne, (Sully) took off on their final trip to Haskell County, and by the way, the ground was covered with snow. The Kittleys had two wagons of their own and in addition they hired a neighbor, George Huckleby, and Roy Johnson, Mrs. Kittley's cousin, and their wagons and teams to help them. Charlie Kittley, Mr. Kittley's brother, rode a horse and drove the twelve head of cattle and calves. One old cow, Mott, a black and white spotted Holstein that the Kittleys had owned since their marriage, had previously made two trips to Haskell County and back to Coryell County, was brought along on the final trip. They

brought with them three hound dogs (Boston, Spot, and Trailer) and a big yellow cat that one of Joe E. Cloud's aunts had given them. His name was Jake - named for Joe Cloud's uncle - Jake Yows. This cat lived to be seventeen years old.

As stated above the Kittleys had two wagons of their own which were loaded with household goods, one of which was driven by Mrs. Kittley. The furniture was so arranged that she and the children could sleep in the wagons at night. George Huckleby's wagon was loaded with farming equipment, and seed for the planting of corn, oats, and cotton. Roy Johnson's wagon was loaded with meat, lard, a ten gallon keg of syrup, ten gallons of honey, sacks of sweet potatoes and Irish potatoes, dried beans, peas, peanuts, pop-corn and jars and buckets filled with fruit, jellies and preserves. Mrs. Kittley's wagon had a chuck box attached to the back of it, and Mr. Kittley had a single row "walking" cultivator trailing behind his wagon on which was built a box of sufficient size to carry three small calves which were too small to walk all of the time. On the outside of the other wagons there were attached bedsteads, wash tubs, wash pots, and a "Coal" oil lantern.

As mentioned above, Charlie Kittley, on horseback, drove the cattle - except the calves that were crated. It snowed every day they were on the trip. On their second day out they had to stop at Hamilton for a day and a night as the snow was so thick and heavy that they could not see how to travel; however, by December 25, they had reached Comanche where they prepared their noon day meal. While there, the men gathered wood to be used on their trip as they knew that the wood along the road would be covered with snow. Preparatory to the camping out at night, they placed their wagons in a circle, placed ducking on the north side of the wagons, tied the horses on one side and the cattle on the other; and they kept the fires burning all night. The men slept under the wagons, but, before going to bed, they placed shovels near them so that they could clear up the surrounding snow when they got up.

When they got to Albany, they found that the road was so steep that the teams could hardly pull the wagons up the hill. Mrs. Kittley was a little reluctant in the attempt to drive up this incline so she got out

of the wagon and with the help of the two older children, drove the cattle while Charlie did the perilous driving. In order to make it easier on the teams and give them a "blowing" period, the men put "skotches" behind the wagon wheels in order for the teams to have a breathing spell. The wolves were so troublesome, especially at night, that the immigrants had to take sticks to fight them away. It is said that the wolves came in such droves that they even drove the dogs to the wagons where they sought protection. The author, knowing Mr. Kittley as he did and being aware of his good marksmanship, wonders if he did not also use a gun in scaring the wolves away. After having ascended the Albany Hill, Mr. Kittley decided not to make camp for the night, but to drive on to Haskell County. They arrived at Mrs. Kittley's parents - the G. W. Tanners, two miles south of Haskell on December 28; on December 29, they went to the Wild Horse Prairie, northwest of the present town of Rule where they rented a farm from Mrs. Jim Davis. The place was located one and a half miles east of the above mentioned town. The house into which they moved consisted of two large rooms, a shed room, and a porch and a crib. This was made of cottonwood poles and it made a good wind brake. They had a good well

Of course, they had to build a new house, dig wells, fence the land and break-out the land in order that it might be placed into a state of cultivation. They made purchases of other land that was adjacent to the original tract which increased their farm acreage to about six hundred acres of rich, black land. They lived on this place until the early 1920's. They were busy years--years in which all of the family worked, except during the winter and spring when the children were in school. As stated above, during the early 1920's they bought a block of land adjacent to the town of Rule on the northwest. They made this place their home for the remainder of their lives.

As stated elsewhere in this series of articles, Mr. Kittley, while yet a young man, purchased stock in the old First National Bank and he became one of the first directors and remained as such for eight or ten years when he disposed of his bank stock; but, during the early 1920's, he again purchased stock, and for the second time he became a director of the bank. During the meantime, he



State Bank during March, 1933.

While the Kittleys were living south of Rule, Mr. Kittley served as a trustee of the old Willow Paint and the Tanner (or Fairview) School Districts and he served for several years as a trustee of the new district. As mentioned elsewhere, he also served for many years as a peace officer in the community--not that he needed the money, but he liked the work and because of his friendship for Henry Townsend, a long time city marshal of Rule. By hard work, attention to business, frugality, good management, and faith in the country, the Kittleys made some wise investments which brought them good returns. By the time they became elderly they had accumulated about eighteen hundred acres of the best farming land in the Rule vicinity. Also, they had erected some brick business houses in Rule. From farm rents and other investments, they had a considerable annual income.

While yet a young man, Mr. Kittley became a member of the Masonic Lodge. Mrs. Kittley early in life became affiliated with the First Christian Church. Mr. Kittley made generous contributions to the church of his wife's choice and to the other churches of the town. He was a friend to all of the ministers and frequently gave them special offerings--not listed in the budget of the churches. He gave freely of his funds to the needy. No one was turned down by him who really deserved aid and assistance; but he had very little use for anyone who just trifled his life away in idleness and in non-constructive employment. He was absolutely honest in his business dealings. Truly, Mr. and Mrs. Kittley had a large development of this community.

They were two of the most hospitable people who ever lived among us. Generally, when other people came here from Coreyell County their first stop was at the Kittley home. As they were good gardeners as well as horticulturists, they would fill baskets of fruit, vegetables and pecans and give them to the visitors and when in the season would give them big, juicy watermelons.

This couple had a large family and all but one infant son

had also purchased stock in the Continental State Bank at Sager-ton and he became a director of that institution also. He remained as a director of the First National Bank until it merged with the Farmers lived to maturity. They who lived to maturity include: Bertha, who married Alex Green; George, who married Maggie Estes; Ollie, who married Maude Jones; Ida, who first married Lomax Hunt and after his death, married Ben Beachump; Winifred W. (Sully) who first married Anna Rector and later married Andra Maetas; Ila, (Dollie) married Raymond K. Denson; Ewell, who married Elsie McCain; Ben, who first married Lela May Young, and later married Peggy Goodloe.

One son (Sully) served in World War I as did a son-in-law, Raymond Denson; and other grandsons served in World War II, or in the Korean Conflict; and at least one grandson has served a hitch in the Viet Nam War and he is now in active services in this area.

After a lingering illness, Mr. Kittley, in his 79th year, died in his home on April 4, 1946. Mrs. Kittley continued to live at the home until her passing on November 19, 1957. Both of them were interred in the Rule Cemetery. All of their surviving children, except Mrs. Beachump, live in the Rule vicinity. George and "Sully" were the children who died after they reached maturity. George was in his early seventies when he died and "Sully" was in his late sixties.

In addition to the surviving children, there are today (1967) twenty eight grand-children, fifty-seven great-grandchildren and twenty-six great-great-grandchildren, making a grand total of one hundred and eighteen direct descendents.

of water, and there was the lone Hackberry tree -- an old landmark for many years in the community. The prairie was covered with tall grass on which many "broom tailed ponies" and antelopes grazed. In addition there were many wolves, prairie dogs, and rattle snakes.

(Correction of June 22 on W. W. Kittley's sketch) --

Ewell Kittley married Mildred Gwinn; William O. (Little Bill) married Elsie McCain.

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They moved to the above place on December 30, 1898. Their first job, after moving, was the gathering of firewood for the winter. Mr. Kittley, his brother, Charlie, and some of the neighbors went to the Brazos River, a few miles west, where they gathered a lot of drift-wood which made good fires.

Less than a month later, on January 17, 1899, Charlie Kittley died of pneumonia and he was buried the following day at Haskell while the snow was still on the ground. After working the above mentioned farm for one year, they moved to the Old Tanner Place about five miles southwest of the present town of Rule. This was in December 1899, and they stayed on the place for three years. During 1902 the Kittleys purchased a part of what is now the Old Kittley home place, four miles south of town, however, they did not move to it until 1904.

#### GEORGE B. TANNER

The above, son of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Tanner, came to Haskell County along with his parents when he was a youth of fifteen or sixteen years of age. The Tanner family came to Haskell County during 1889 and some of the descendants have lived here continuously since then. Presumably Mr. Tanner was born in 1877 in Coreyell County, Texas and as above stated, grew up in an undeveloped area where there was an abundance of antelopes, wild turkeys, many rattlesnakes and hundreds of square miles of prairie dog towns. Very little farming was done here at the time of the Tanner's arrival. The chief occupation was that of cattle and sheep raising with a minimum of farming operations.

George became a cowboy for several years in which he did the regular routine of branding, doctoring and the driving of cattle. As is generally known, the country at that time was an open range with very few fences. During the branding season, calves were usually branded as were the mother cows, and if there were no brands on the mother cows, it was customary to brand the calf so that the finder could identify it as his own.

Upon the declaration of war against Spain during the latter part of the nineteenth century, young George enlisted in the Field Artillery in order that he might be of services to his coun-

try and, incidentally, that he might see a part of the world. After what we today call "boot-training", he was sent to the Phillipines and to China where he took part in the Boxer Rebellion.

After his term of enlistment terminated he returned home during the early 1900's and soon afterwards he purchased a tract of land across the river. The place consisted of several hundred acres. He put some of it into a state of cultivation and he left part of it as a pasture.

He thus became a stock-farmer. But the young man considered it as being too lonesome a life to live alone on his stock-farm and during 1908 he married Miss Winnie Davis Greenwade. They had a comfortable home on the place where they lived until 1919 when they moved to Anson where they lived one year before returning to Rule. Upon their moving back to Rule, they constructed a beautiful grey brick house in the west central part of town where they lived until Mr. Tanner's demise.

Mr. Tanner became identified with Farmers State Bank of Rule during the latter 1920's as a director and he continued his affiliation with the bank and its successor -- The Farmers Na-

tional Bank as long as he lived. Mr. Tanner served for four years as a commissioner for his precinct. He was interested in the civic and educational welfare of the community. He became a member of the Church of Christ.

During his years of activity, he accumulated other real estate, and he thus became a substantial land-holder in the community.

Mr. and Mrs. Tanner became the parents of three daughters and one son: Dalia Tanner Pounds of Lubbock; Miss Mable George Tanner, who has worked for The United States Weather Bureau at Albuquerque, N. M. since 1943; Martha Tanner Pratt of Lubbock; and R. D. Tanner of Rule. There is today one grandson, R. D. Tanner, Jr.

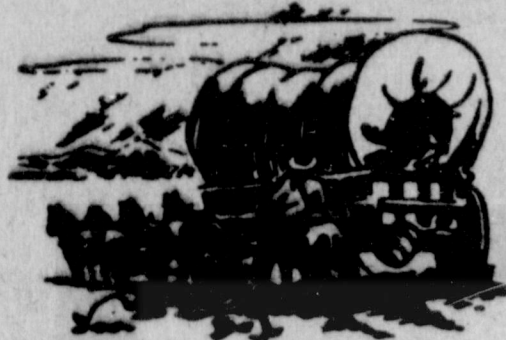
After Mr. Tanner's passing away during 1952, Mrs. Tanner continued to make Rule her home for a while. Upon her selling the home in Rule, she moved to Lubbock where she still resides.

The Tanners played an important role in the growth and development of this area.

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# The Story of Rule



## The Pioneers' Corner

(By E. J. CLOUD)



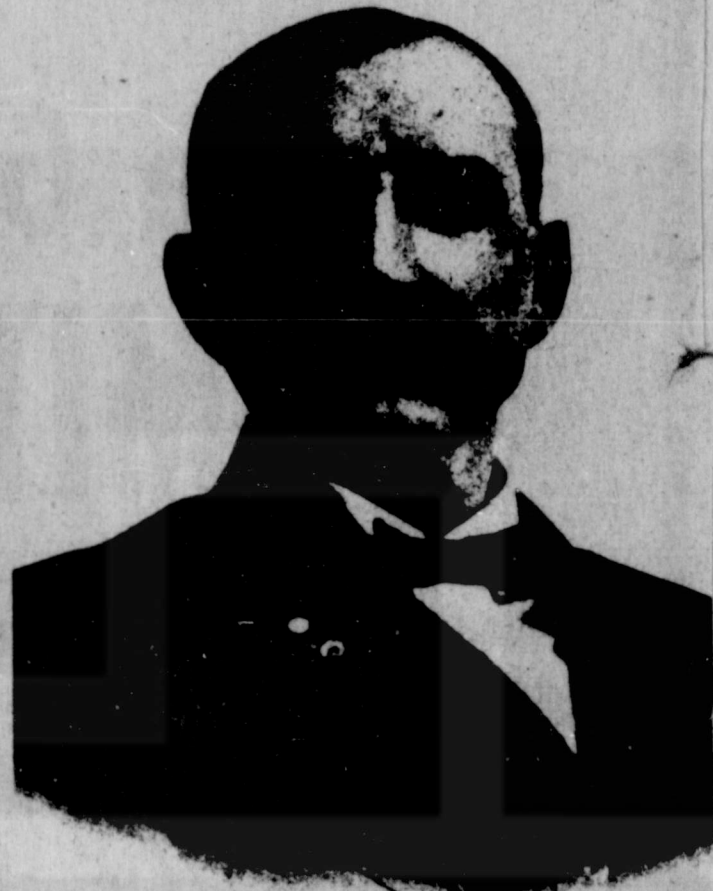
MRS. J. L. JONES

The story of Rule would be incomplete without mentioning it's founder, Mr. Jesse L. Jones. Mr. Jones, the eldest of ten children, was born in Mississippi. His father, William Jones, fought and lost an arm in the Civil War while his mother was learning well the lessons of thrift taught by the war. At the close of this bitter conflict, the family came to Texas to make a new home while Jesse L. Jones was a young boy.

As a young man Jesse L. Jones came to what is now Haskell County. There he met and married Miss Hallie Mildred Martin. To this couple were born seven children. The first child died in infancy. The next child was Lennis W. Jones who lives in Rule. The other children are Chester L. Jones of Fayetteville, Arkansas, Mrs. J. A. (Nell) Anderberg of Abilene, Mrs. W. L. (Frances) Hills of Denton, Texas, Mrs. W. S. (Thelma) Cole of Rule, and Foster L. Jones of Kerrville, Texas.

In the early 1880's, young Jesse grazed large herds of cattle and sheep on the lush prairies as far west as Spur, Texas. During these years buffalo were plentiful in the area and provided meat for the cowboys, and hides for their use.

When Haskell county was organized, Mr. Jones was made first county clerk. He brought his boyhood friend, Mr. A. C. Foster Sr. to Haskell from



J. L. JONES

Throckmorton, where he was practicing law, to help set up county records, and etc. As the county grew, need arose for a real estate office in Haskell. Mr. Jones and Mr. Foster formed a partnership known as Foster and Jones Land Office. Most of the early land transactions of the county were handled by this firm.

Around 1904, Mr. Jones was cashier of the Haskell Natl. Bank. At that time the Orient Railway Company of Kansas City, Mo., made a survey through the western part of the county. This crossed two hundred acres of land Mr. Jones had bought from Mr. J. E. Cloud. The Orient Townside Co. then purchased this land, and it was surveyed into lots for a town on the new railroad. Mr. Jones had made this transaction through his friend, Mr. W. A. Rule, Vice President of Commercial National Bank of Kansas City, Mo. So he named the town Rule in honor of this man. A portrait of Mr. Rule hangs in the Philadelphian Club house donated to the city of Rule by Mr. Rule's children.

Haskell County held great promise as a fertile farming area. Many families were already settled in and around Rule. Business firms sprang up along the two sides of main street. A wind mill and watering troughs for stock were located about where the traffic light hangs today. The Harness

Shop, Livery Stable, and the Wagon Yard did a thriving business then. Since a hotel was needed, Mr. Jones and Mr. Foster built and furnished the two story stone building. This housed the Rock Hotel, J. L. Jones & Co., a Dry Goods and Grocery Store, and the Bank.

The first bank in Rule was a private bank, and it was opened by Mr. Jones. Later it was sold to a group of stockholders and became the first Natl. Bank.

In 1908, the Rule Cotton Oil Mill, and a gin were built by Mr. Jones and his partners to handle the increasing cotton production in the area. These were busy times for this dynamic man, and he worked early and late at banking, ranching, farming and befriending mankind.

In seeking a higher religious and cultural life for the community, Mr. Jones contributed to the building of church houses in Rule. Also, his keen interest in education led him into school affairs. He was president of the school board when the first brick school building was erected. It is interesting to note that his son, L. W. Jones, Sr. was secretary of the board which built the second brick school building, and that his grandson L. W. Jones, Jr., served on the board that built the latest high school building. Another grandson, Ford Cole, is presently teaching in Junior High School in Rule.

An early day school teacher, now living in Abilene, recalls that once when funds were low, Mr. Jones, himself, paid her salary for the full year. His generosity reached other young people, as well, providing tuition to several ministerial students in this area. At various times other young men lived in his home as members of the family while they attended the local school.

Some of the achievements of J. L. Jones, are recorded in two different histories written about northern and western Texas. Also a short history of his life was requested by the library of Texas Technological College, and it is on file there.

Mr. Jones was ordained a deacon in the First Baptist Church of Abilene in 1919. He served for a number of years

on the Board of Trustees of Simmons College, now Hardin-Simmons University.

Honesty, justice to all, and humility were the guiding factors in the life of this great pioneer of the West.

(Contributed by a member of the family.)

For further information as to Mr. Jones' banking activities, see an earlier article of this series on Banks of Rule.

By way of elaboration on the last sentence as contributed by one of the family, the author wishes to state that few men in West Texas gave more of his strength, energy, interest, talents and intellect to the development of his area than did Mr. Jones. Many old timers who were closely associated with him both in social and business activities, lauded him not only as a builder, developer, banker and as a general successful man, but as a christian gentleman of the highest type. Had it not been for his unswerving sense of duty and his ability, our town and community's development would have not been completed.

So far as I know this is the last of the columns that have been running for almost two years. If you have received something worthwhile from them concerning the Story of Rule, I shall then feel that I have been amply paid.

Thank you for your aid and cooperation - "A Merry Christmas to All"

Sincerely yours,  
E. J. Cloud

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## FRIENDS ON BENCH

Feb 11 1954

# 2 Rule Oldtimers Match Tales Of Earlyday West Texas Life

By DAVE BRUMBEAU

RULE, Feb. 11. — It was twilight in Rule. Smoke from burning cotton burs blended with the shadows and disappeared into the coming darkness.

Skylighted against the darkening cloud line were the figures of two men sitting on a bench. It was a setting ideal for meditation, friendship and stories of yesterday. It was a scene typical for two Rule men who have been friends for a long time.

Folks who come up to the bench in the twilight may be "spoofed" a little, but the greeting will be friendly.

For instance one of the men, L. B. Wyatt, may tell visitors that W. F. Neely doesn't live in Rule anymore — that "Neely was traded off for two younger men."

And Neely, the other man on the bench, will say that isn't so because there wasn't enough "boot" offered and Rule folks decided to keep Neely.

It's a good time of the day, this period just before dark. It's a good time for listening to the story of pioneer days when the west was young.

Neely is the senior partner of the two philosophers on the bench.

"Fall of '69 my dad came to Texas with one span of mules," relates Neely. "Well, sir, my dad freighted the first few years. I was a little more than 5 or 6 years old when my folks came to Texas."

Just to show that they had been friends for a number of years, Wyatt may explain that he "followed" the Neelys to Texas — 20 years later.

But for approximately 30 years, the men have been friends in Haskell County.

Neely says he was raised mostly in Bosque County and then took to "cowboying."

"I went to work for Bill Badd when he had a spread in Callahan and Coleman Counties," said Neely. "We used to ask new hands if they could ride a bronc and if they said yes we'd put them on a cuttin' horse for a few days and then put them on an outlaw. When the outlaw threw them, they'd say: 'Can't anybody ride him.' I'd catch the outlaw in the flanks and by the tail and ride him."

When Wyatt moved to this part of Texas he took up farming. Wyatt jokes that he made a fortune in farming — just spent it all. For about nine years he was a special officer in Rule.

Highlight in his career as a peace officer was he said, the time two outlaws jumped on him.

"Never did whip me, those two men," said Wyatt.

But he went before a grand jury and saved the two men from prison sentences.

Probably, at this portion of the story of the two philosophers on the bench, it will be almost dark.

And the history of the two neighbors — Neely, who was born in Jasper, Miss., in 1864, and Wyatt,



W. F. NEELY  
... could ride broncs



L. B. WYATT  
... couldn't make trade

who was born in White County, Ark., in 1875 will be almost finished for the day. And it'll be dark.



## A little tug helps

With her petite form tugging at the cable releasing cotton burrs into her truck, Jean Baugh daily goes about what she calls the hardest physical labor involved in her burr hauling job. After loading the truck, she only has to drive it in fields while it unloads itself with augers in the rear. (Staff Photo by Danny Lammert)



# The Lady Hauls Cotton Burrs, Sir

By DANNY LAMMERT

Reporter-News Farm Writer

**RULE** — "My wife is goin' be the richest, strongest woman in the nut house someday. She'll be able to show her muscles and will have a bag of coins to count," the slightly-past middle - age farmer said.

The wife he talks of is a petite, pretty, brown-eyed woman who drives a truck as her main job.

Jean Baugh, 34-year-old wife of Doyle Baugh, calls her job of hauling cotton burrs away from Rule Co-Op Gin and onto nearby farmland "the filthiest job I've ever had . . . but I like it."

**WHY SHE** likes the job would puzzle most men, much less housewives who would rather mend socks or cook. But Jean Baugh is far from the average housewife.

"If a person can do a job, I think they ought to have that job," she said, hinting undertones of women's liberation.

"You know, I grew up near a gin in Cleburne and used to play in the cotton seed piles. I remember thinking, 'How neat it would be to work at a gin,' " she recalled.



## Set to go

With spilled burrs still on top of her truck's cab after loading, Jean Baugh prepares to make another run from Rule Co-Op Gin to area farms, a job she has done in cotton-harvesting season since last January. She and her husband, Doyle, live on a farm in Stonewall County between Rule and Old Glory. (Staff Photo by Danny Lammert)

The New York City-born Mrs. Baugh has achieved one of her childhood ambitions — because she does work.

Her burr hauling job begins at midnight and continues until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, making a 14-hours-a-day, seven-days-a-week chore out of loading her truck at the gin and then depositing its cargo on farmland where it acts as a fertilizer, moisture retainer and erosion deterrent.

She hires a driver to work during the other 10 hours of the day while she goes home, takes care of her household chores and occasionally plows or does other work on their farms.

**The Abilene Reporter-News**

PAGE ONE

SECTION E

ABILENE, TEX., THURS. MORNING, DEC. 21, 1972

Over



"THE JOB is dirty," she admitted, "but not physically demanding." Thus, she explains that she is able to get enough sleep during off-hours and short naps on the job while waiting for the gin's burr collection bins to fill.

Mrs. Baugh is paid by the gin to take the burrs off their hands and farmers buy the burrs to be spread on their land, making the job a double source of revenue.

She said she prefers most of her customers to have land from three to four miles from the gin and a maximum of seven miles under ideal conditions — paved roads and land near the pavement.

It takes about 1½ hours for each load, she said, despite the short runs from the gin. Including driving about the fields distributing the burrs, Mrs. Baugh travels from 100 to 200 miles daily.

The enterprise began last January when Mrs. Baugh decided she wanted burrs on her own land but couldn't get any because the farms were too far from the gin. About the same time, a man with a burr hauling truck became disillusioned and offered his truck for sale.

**THE ENERGETIC** Mrs. Baugh bought the truck and has been in burr hauling business during cotton-harvesting season since that time.

The idea was entirely her own and she is quick to say she'd rather not have her husband in the truck. "I can go a week without any trouble, but he can ride with me one night and I have almost more than I can handle," she explained.

It's hard to imagine anything that Mrs. Baugh can't handle. One night, with a cold wind blowing and the temperature below 20 degrees, she had to replace a chain on her truck. She called the task the "toughest job so far."

But then Mrs. Baugh said she prefers outside work to being a housewife anyway. And the only real problems that can complicate matters are rain which makes fields inaccessible, or a lack of customers.

So far, she has not had any serious problems with customer shortages. When there is no other place to take the burrs, she merely hauls them onto her own property.

**WHEN MUDDY** fields makes burr spreading impossible, there is no solution, she said. The gin can continue to gin bales that were stockpiled on trailers before the rain and burr output continues.

She considers herself lucky this year, having enough requests on sandy land which supports her truck more easily than black land.

STAMFORD AMERICAN  
Stamford, Texas, Thursday, July 16, 1964

Page

## Success Story of This Nation Traced to Its Farm Industry

The story of agriculture is the success story of America. In no other society have the people succeeded in producing food and other agricultural needs for its population, as in America.

In 1850, our population was 80 per cent rural. One farmer produced enough food to meet the needs of about four people. By 1964, our population was less than 10 per cent rural and yet output of food and fiber from our farms continued to expand, breaking all previous records of production.

Before 1920, increases in agricultural output were attained largely by increasing the amount of land in agricultural production. The Homestead Act of 1862, which offered 160 acres of land free to settlers if they would live on that land for 5 years, initiated the settlement of vast areas on the "western frontier." This settlement program of agricultural lands extended roughly until 1920.

From 1850 to 1920, the amount of land in agricultural production more than tripled. During this same period, agricultural output almost doubled. However, from 1920 to the present agricultural output has tripled but the amount of land used in production of agricultural products increased only 17 per cent. In fact, a new trend has been observed in recent years in which the amount of land in agricultural production has begun to decline.

The declining role of land in agricultural production is indicative of the technological revolution in farming that is taking place today. The tractor and hybrid seed are symbolic of that technological revolution. Were it not for the technological and scientific advancements in farming methods, many in our numbers would be down on the farm today. We would not be witnessing a decline in farm

population which leads many to the conclusion that the importance of agriculture is diminishing. But neither would we be enjoying the standard of living that we enjoy today, both on and off the farm.

The achievements of agriculture mean much to us as a nation. We have tapped a reservoir of manpower to the extent that 92 per cent of our labor force is employed in off-farm segments of the economy. This has enabled us to enjoy a wider variety and more abundant supply of goods and services than any other peoples. Our average per family income level of more than \$7,000 is the highest in the world. And food continues to be one of our best buys. Even in the arena of international politics, the implications of an efficient agricultural economy should not be overlooked.

The central problem in agriculture today seems to be that it has so greatly increased its capacity to produce that prices for agricultural products tend to decline on free markets while costs of production in this technology-minded era in which over 60 per cent of the inputs in agriculture are purchased continue to mount. The result has been farm legislation wherein the public is informed they are paying out substantial sums of money to maintain farm incomes. What the public sometimes fails to see and hear are the benefits which accrue to industry, business, and professional groups as a result of favorable legislation, government contracts, patent rights and other indirect benefits.

Few people stop to acknowledge their dependence upon agriculture. Not only does agriculture provide food to supply the needs of our population, but

countless off-farm jobs are directly dependent upon agriculture. The manufacture of farm machinery and agricultural chemicals provides jobs for over 150,000 people. Another 1,700,000 persons are engaged in the manufacture of food and kindred products.

Our agriculture today is far more than just the 8 per cent of our labor force employed on the farm. It includes a whole army of professional scientists, engineers and assistants without which the farmer could not begin to produce enough food for himself and some 27 other people. It is an industry that employs millions of people to assure that farm products are available at the right place at the right time, and in the form which they are desired.





GEORGE AND MOREG ORR

From Peat Bog to Wild Horse Prairie

## ORRS IN HEATHER POUNDIN' LEATHER AS RULE'S VERY OWN

From Edinburgh, Scotland, to Rule, an inner citadel of West Texas, the mileposts all along the way are marked with contrasts, but a young Scotch doctor and his bride, who have come to live among them, have been made to feel right at home by hospitable Haskell Countians, the new arrivals concurred Thursday.

It was an ad in the British Medical Journal inserted by Mordant McKinney, Rule pharmacist, that put young Doctor George Orr in touch with citizens of the Haskell County community of 1400 half a hemisphere away. Rule residents had been without the services of a doctor for some time. A clinic was there, and the need was urgent to staff it.

Unable to kindle the interest of physicians closer at hand, the Rule group, led by McKinney, hit upon the idea of the advertisement in the medical journal overseas. There began a brisk correspondence, and Dr. Orr's marriage in the interim, with the net result being the arrival by jet Friday, July 10, of Dr. and Mrs. Orr in Dallas, where they were met by Mr. and Mrs. McKinney.

Whisked to Rule immediately the British newlyweds have begun housekeeping, and homemaking, at an apartment owned by Charlie Davis, and already have added an American automobile to their new possessions in new surroundings.

These possessions were destined to take a decided upsurge the next Tuesday, July 21, when the whole town of Rule staged a miscellaneous shower for the couple at the Philadelphian (See Orrs in Heather, Page 10)

Citizens of Rule put the big pot in the little one, then gave them both to their new Scottish doctor and his bride, just arrived from Edinburgh, in what amounted to a combination old-fashioned "pounding" and the social event of the season in the west Haskell County community Tuesday afternoon.

Dr. and Mrs. George Orr were honored with a townwide miscellaneous shower at the Philadelphian Club Building in Rule from 5 to 7 p. m. Tuesday.

The fair-haired Scot doctor, 29, and his diminutive and demure bride of April 4, were deluged with staples, bed linens, pots and pans, everything but the proverbial "kitchen sink," which probably will come later.

All the gifts were tokens from a grateful Rule citizenship for Dr. Orr's having made a choice half-a-hemisphere away in his native Scotland to come to this area in response to an ad inserted in a British medical journal by Mordant McKinney, Rule pharmacist, and Mrs. McKinney.

Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. McKinney, justifiably proudest of all, stood in the receiving line to greet hundreds of well-wishers, whose automobiles caused a traffic jam on one of Rule's two main, and normally trafficless thoroughfares, and introduced them to Moreg and George Orr, Rule's newest citizens.

The Orrs, laden with gifts, were speechlessly, understandably, overwhelmed.

And for Rule citizens, obviously, also understandably, pleased with their new doctor and his wife, "it was the biggest social function here in a spell."

## DR- AND MRS- ORR GETS NICE SHOWER AND CORDIAL WELCOME BY RULE PEOPLE

(By Joyce Turner)

Mrs. Wallace Allison and Dr. and Mrs. George Orr, Mrs. Ed Fouts made cookies, originally from Scotland. Mrs. Charlie Davis was co-were honored with a community-wide gift tea, Tuesday all committees eager to show July 21, 5 to 7:00 P.M. at the heir gratitude for Rule's late Rule Philadelphian Club Bldg. est young couple.

Greeting guests was Mrs. Hostesses for the tea were: Weldon Norman. Mr. and Mrs. Mmes. O. G. Lewis, C. O. Dav Mordant McKinney introduced is, Sonny Denson, John Mc-the Ruleites to Dr. and Mrs. Quinn, T. E. Simpson, L. W. Orr.

Mrs. Tom Ed Simpson reg-Eaton, Weldon Norman, Mordant McKinney, Jack Wilcox, and original book of white. Sam Turner, Mary Place and Mmes. Sonny Denson, L. W. Lois Martin.

Jones, Jr. and Sam Turner alternated at the table that made this tea possible, but was decorated with white gladioluses and white streamers with the word "Welcome" in green letters.

Mrs. Frank Campbell and Mrs. Novis Ousley played during the tea, with J. M. Williams, pharmacist, singing, "Always" and Novis Ousley, local merchant adding a touch of home, by singing, "A Little Bit of Heaven," and when Irish Eyes are Smiling".

Mmes. Morris Neal, Garland Lewis, Jack Wilcox and John MrQuinn showed the gifts.

one hundred and seventeen led during the two hours and many other well-wishers sent gifts..

Some of the gifts displayed were towels, a quilt given by Mrs. David Hunt, cut-work explained that although she pillow lases made by Mrs. had never seen a watermelon Mrs. Herbert Rinn, a Sun nor tasted blackeyed peas, the beam mixer and some of food is much the same, on-Mrs. H. A. Hines pickled pep-ly the method of cooking is pers. different.

Not only the hostesses made this tea possible, but others helped by baking cookies. Mrs. Orr was pleased with the friendliness of people in this country, a warmth she had not anticipated.

one unexpected guest dropped in to meet the Orr's, Mr. Bob Tiffany, an insurance salesman from Abilene. He had learned the Orr's had arrived through the Reporter News and since his father was born 50 miles from Mrs. Orr's home in Scotland, it seemed a good time to get acquainted. Mr. Tiffany invited the couple to his home for further discussion of Scotland.

Mrs. Orr was asked about the food difference and she explained that although she had never seen a watermelon nor tasted blackeyed peas, the method of cooking is different.

### Mrs. Orr Tells A "Wee Bit" About Scotland To Club

"Enlightment from Another Land" was the theme of the program when the Philadelphian Club met Thursday at the Club House.

Mrs. George Orr, native of Scotland, and a new resident

of Rule, gave "A Wee Bit of Scotland."

Mrs. Mordant McKinney was director of the program. Mrs. O. G. Lewis, president gave Federation News.

Mrs. Clyde Grice gave a report of the work shop at Moram.

Hostesses were, Mrs. Clyde Grice, Mrs. O. Baker and Mrs. S. M. Davis.





SECOND ANNUAL JUD HOMECOMING — Waiting patiently for the barbecue dinner, is a large group of visitors and friends at the affair.

## Large Crowd Attends Jud's Second Homecoming Sun.

The Jud Community held its second Reunion, Saturday, May 23, 1963, at the Jud Community Center.

There were some 450 to 500 people, from all over the state of Texas and from Missouri, Colorado, New Mexico and California, that registered and many visitors failed to register.

The persons coming the greatest distance were Ester Cason, Modesto, California, and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Blair of St. Louis, Missouri.

A big barbecue dinner with

all the trimmings, was served at the noon hour. Local residents furnished the trimmings. There was a bountiful supply of food.

The barbecue was cooked by Ocie McGuire, Pat Martin, Bill Holcomb, Ira Short and Pete Tanner.

Before the meal was served, Rev. Randolph Wilson, pastor of the Jud Baptist Church, gave the invocation, and Cooter Boyles of Old Glory, led the group in singing an old favorite, "When The Roll is Called Up Yonder."

The group enjoyed many hours of visiting and getting reacquainted, during the day.

—★★★—

The younger generation perhaps knows very little about "Rabbit Drive" ... but years ago it was a popular custom in the Jud community.

I remember when I was a child, we would go down on the farm in Ottawa County, the day after a big rabbit drive was held. Forward to with much anticipation. In fact it was almost as important as the "Rabbit Drive" and the day the drive was moved in.

Children would far and near would gather at a designated place in the morning at the start of the big rabbit drive, and the women would go along in preparing a numerous amount of food for those on the drive.

One of the most popular and exciting practices during the "Rabbit Drive" was the making of "rabbit drives" in which large numbers of men

took part ... and a few boys. If you had a big brother, or your dad was on the big hunt.

Early in the spring, a date would be set for a community drive. In organizing for the day's hunt, the men would assemble at a set point, then elect captains, or leaders, and divide into two teams. One team, or group of men, would be stationed on a "stand" or line extending across a given area. The other would then advance toward the stand of hunters literally driving hundreds of rabbits into range of the waiting men.

Teams would alternate in the procedure until a given community had been covered, killing thousands of rabbits by this method.

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A few years before the "Roaring Twenties" an effort was made to popularize the jackrabbit as an edible meat

animal, and large numbers were shipped to markets in the north and east. Transportation costs were excessive compared to prices received by shippers, and this venture never proved profitable.

In the spring of 1916, a highly publicized dinner of jack rabbit meat was served at the Driskill Hotel in Austin, when jack rabbit was highly praised for its good food value.

In order to encourage control of the jack rabbits as a predator of farm crops, many counties even paid a bounty on rabbit ears.

Rabbit meat ain't bad eatin' ... if you'll pardon the expression ... and if it is fried, crispy brown ... it ain't bad a 'tall. However, I remember the time many moons ago, most every member of the Hinds clan came down with illness, and brother Matt cooked up a big hunk of rabbit meat and brought it into my room for lunch. I was just too dern sick to eat even a bowl of soup ... and the sight of that blasted half-cooked rabbit staring me in the face made me even sicker.

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I remember too, that our sister, Ethel, now deceased, made a statement one day that she wouldn't touch a piece of rabbit meat with a ten-foot pole ... but later she had to eat that statement, and rabbit meat, too. You see it happened like this. A Mr. Gardner, friend of the family, killed two or three nice size, juicy jack rabbits, took them to a market in town and had the bones removed, then brought the rabbit meat to our house for mother to cook. He told Ethel it was steak and she ate it, smacked her lips and thought it was the best steak she had ever eaten.

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## Letter To Our Friends

This issue of the Rule Review is being published under the management of Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Herring, and closes our connection with the Rule Review.

It is with mixed emotions that we relinquish the Rule Review. We came to Rule in February of 1946 and during this time we have published 1,073 issues of the paper. During the twenty-one years we have been here, you, our subscribers and friends, have been more than good to the Richards family. You have enjoyed our gladness with us and have expressed your sympathy for us in our sadness, and your friendship will always be cherished, and never forgotten.

Our plans are not definite exactly what we will do in the future, but we will continue to live in Rule for the next few months, and will continue to do commercial printing in the Review Building.

We hope that you will give Mr. and Mrs. Herring the same good support that you have us in the past. Mr. and Mrs. Herring are experienced newspaper people and will give the people the kind of paper that the town deserves.

May we say thank you for everything, and may God bless each of you.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Richards and family



## Unique Communication System

### 15 BROTHERS, SISTERS STAGE NORMAN CONQUEST OF MAILS

A rural mail carrier of Rule apparently believed in the dependability and dispatch of the U. S. mails as a means of satisfactory communication when he started a unique family "progressive" letter five years ago. The same letter, major parts of it, has been traveling all that time.

Claude Norman, who retired and was honored upon retirement for his faithful service as a rural postman, early this year, told this week about the communication system in which he and his 14 brothers and sisters, all of whom are still living, participate.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Norman, pioneer citizens of Haskell County, were the parents of the 15 children. And even though the passing years spread the fifteen from coast to coast and through the hinterland, they remain a closely knit family

group. Before they married, the Frank Normans grew up ten miles apart in the Corinth Mississippi, area, and never knew each other. They didn't meet until the families of both had moved to Falls County, Texas, where Minnie Byrd married Frank Norman and they moved to Haskell County.

"Mr. Frank" died a number of years ago, but Mother Norman lived to be 83 and was still a Sunday School teacher at that age when she died in September, 1958. The 15 children all had depended on her as the "pivot" for keeping track of each other, Claude Norman explained.

When she died, the mail carrier devised the method of starting out his progressive letter, sending it first to a bro-

ther. By the most expeditious geographic route, the letter is "added to," then sent on to the next brother or sister, who, in turn, "takes pen in hand," and in that manner it is threaded through the entire round robin of 15 Norman brothers and sisters. When the letter gets back to the writer, Claude, say, he removes his old epistle, pens a "fresh one," and sends it on its way with the rest.

In addition to his original, Claude Norman has removed 30 other "addendas" to the ever-growing letter in the past five years, meaning that this single missive has made the circuit of the 15 Normans 31 times, or an average of six times a year, 90 stops and starts per year for five years.

"It costs 20 or 25 cents postage to get it on its way again, but it's worth it," Claude declared.

And the Norman conquest of the mails is still going on. Passed through Rule again just the other day.

## Age Not Judged By Years:

"Nobody grows old merely by living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideas. Years may wrinkle the skin, but to give up interest wrinkles the soul.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as you fear; as young as your hope, as old as you despair.

In the central places of your heart, there is a recording chamber; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer and courage you are young. When the wires are all down, and your heart is covered with the snow of pessimism and the ice of cynicism then, and only then — are you grown old.

May the years ahead be happy years, fruitful years, and years during which you can look with satisfaction to the past, knowing that you have done your duty fully and well."

## Correspondents

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NELDA JETTON  
HASKELL HAPPENINGS



JOYCE TURNER  
NEWS AROUND RULE



RULE GETS NEW CHAMBER PRESIDENT — Awbrey Simpkins, left, was named president of the Rule Chamber of Commerce Thursday, succeeding Bill Yarbrough, standing. Nearly 200 persons attended the chamber's eighth annual banquet in Rule High School Auditorium. (Staff Photo by Jimmy Parsons)



# Keeps Head of DAs Busy

BY E. D. ALEXANDER  
Star-Telegram Writer

Haskell, Nov. 11—The wheels of justice turn fast in West Texas.

Not long ago District Attorney Royce Adkins of Haskell tried and convicted one defendant three times in one morning in three different counties.

Before the end of the day the convict arrived in Huntsville to begin "paying his debt to society," as they say when a prisoner goes behind the walls of the state penitentiary. Escort for the journey was Sheriff G. T. Garrett of Haskell County.

It would have been more impressive if the district attorney didn't run out of crimes to prosecute against the defendant. It is reported that the defendant didn't committed any crimes in Throckmorton, the fourth county in the judicial district.

The speed was made possible by the fact that the defendant pleaded guilty to receiving and concealing stolen property.

The speedy trial story is one little sidebar in the career of Adkins, 34, who now is the symbol of "Mr. District Attorney" for all Texas. On Sept. 30 he was elected president of the District and County Attorneys Association of Texas. He succeeds Truman E. Roberts of Hamilton, who resigned as president to take the judgeship of the 32nd Judicial District.

**THIS YOUNG MAN**, Adkins, carries a lot of weight when he enters District Judge Ben Charles Chapman's courtrooms in Haskell, Stonewall, Kent and Throckmorton Counties as a prosecutor and defender of society. A few years ago he tipped the scales at 150 pounds when he played center and tackle on the Haskell Indians (football) team. Now he weighs 230 pounds, but the weight is no impediment. He moves fast.

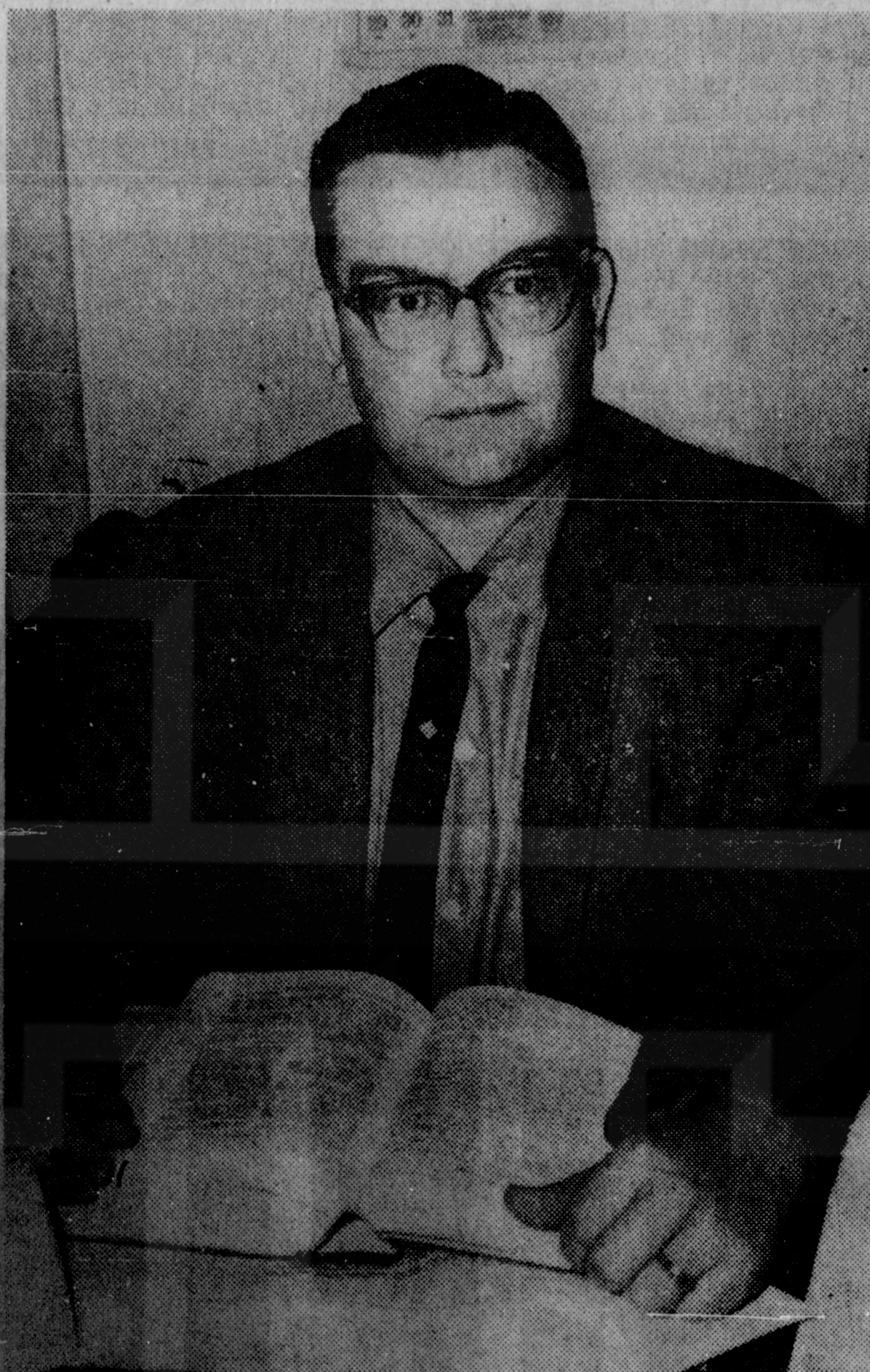
What sort of man is Adkins? Let's take a look at his profile. The task should be easy for an erstwhile veteran courthouse reporter, who has rubbed shoulders with six former "DAs" in Haskell County. On this type of story one just doesn't barge in and say "tell me all about your life." Any more than one would approach a comedian with the question "say something funny."

**DISTRICT ATTORNEYS** respond to leading questions and answering just like the witness on the stand.

The trip to Haskell afforded an opportunity to preview Adkins before an interview.

Let's go to the Lions Club luncheon, suggested Jody V. Jones, publisher of the Haskell Free Press. "Your man will be there."

Arriving late but in time for the song fest, Adkins paid his 10-cent line without a whimper.



ROYCE ADKINS Mr. District Attorney.

—Star-Telegram Photo

Picking out the district attorney among 50 other Lions is easy. The song leader and boisterous pranksters were eliminated in a hurry. Diagonally across the table sat a quiet, dignified young man who appeared to be aloof. He did stand out from the crowd. "That's your man" Clare whispered.

Later in his office Adkins revealed himself as one who is cautious, courteous and friendly with a serious demeanor that overshadows his sly humor.

Adkins has an office in the courthouse but spends much of his time in his private law office across the street, where he carries on his civil practice when he isn't busy as a prosecutor.

"HAVE YOU MADE your will?" is the inscription on a desk sign in Adkins' outer office. Such a pointed question meets the eye of visitors in law offices all over Texas. As the story goes, one man read some connotations into the sign. He halted, assumed a guilty look and backed out of the law office, deciding to go get his will made before he approached the lawyer.

"I guess that sign is the near-

est lawyers come to advertising," said Adkins as an ice-breaker.

The interview, expected to run for an hour, was extended into a two-hour session as the old courthouse reporter reminisced with the young district attorney—about great lawyers, great judges and the problems of law enforcement.

"I tried a case once before District Judge Fisher Denny in Fort Worth", Adkins volunteered. There, in my opinion is a great judge."

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**ADKINS GREW** up as an average boy in Haskell. He was born April 18, 1927, finished high school in 1944, went to Texas A&M College for one year before he joined the Coast Guard as a radio technician and served in the South Pacific. Out of service, he returned to A&M in 1946 to continue his pre-law studies for one semester before he entered University of Texas.

He tacked up his shingle as a lawyer on Sept. 16, 1949, after passing the state bar examinations, although he didn't get his law degree until Jan. 31, 1950.

Adkins' sly humor cropped out when he talked about his first lawsuit. Two months after he

started practice, Adkins was named by the court to defend a man charged with murder. The defendant was given a two-year sentence.

"I guess the jury felt sorry for the defendant because he didn't have a lawyer," Adkins explained.

Adkins was appointed city attorney in 1949 and was elected in 1950, without an opponent, to the office of county attorney. Two years later he ran for district attorney and won over one opponent. Since then he has been re-elected twice to two-year terms and twice to four-year terms. He was 25 when he was first elected as district attorney—one of the youngest in Texas.

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**IF ADKINS DID** quite well defending the man charged with murder, he has done better as a prosecutor. He has tried six or seven murder cases. Several 99-year sentences were obtained.

"You never can tell what a jury will do," Adkins said as he explained one of his cases. "The defendant offered to plead guilty and accept a 10-year sentence. 'We tried the case before a jury that meted out a five-year sentence.'"

Oddly enough, Adkins doesn't come from a long line of lawyers in his family. He is the first, and it looks like he will have to enroll one of his two daughters in law school to start the lineal business.

The district attorney is a member of First Baptist Church, where he has taught the business men's Bible class for four years. He is the only son of Mrs. Opal Dotson and he is a nephew of Mrs. Nasby Ballard of Fort Worth.

He married the former Jimmie Lou Free, the girl he met in high school. The two daughters are Bonnie Lou, 6, and Jill Ann, 16 months.

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**ADKINS IS A** member of the Lions Club, American Legion, Masonic Lodge, the Odd Fellows and was a member of Phi Delta Phi, international legal fraternity, in university. Also, he is a member of the State Bar of Texas and the West Texas Legal Society, composed of lawyers of Jones, Haskell, Stonewall, Kent and Throckmorton counties.

Adkins says that many people can't understand how a little city like Haskell (population 4,000) can have a crime problem. They forget, he explained, that criminals drive high-powered cars on superhighways.

"A robber can stage a holdup in Haskell late at night and be back in Fort Worth or a hideout in some other large city before daybreak.

Despite his constant war on crime, Adkins is a trusting soul. Often he leaves his car parked on the street with the keys in it. (Here's hoping car thieves don't read this far into the s'