

Borden Citizen.

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Fourth Annual Lighting of the Star

You are invited to attend the Fourth Annual Lighting of the Star on Gail Mountain.

A lighting ceremony and program will be at 7:00 p.m. on November 28, 1997 at the Courthouse. The Museum and Courthouse will be open from 3:00 p.m. until after the program.

The program will consist of local music, a live nativity, Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus, hayrides and refreshments.

DONATION BY _____
Your name

To have your name in the program we must have your list by Friday November 21, 1997.

Bulbs @ \$5.00 per person per bulb
per night.

_____	x \$5.00
_____	x \$5.00
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Total bulbs \$ _____

Nights @ \$25.00 per person or couple per night
DATE

_____	@ \$25.00
_____	@ \$25.00
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Total nights \$ _____

To be fair to all please limit each bulb or night to one of the following examples:

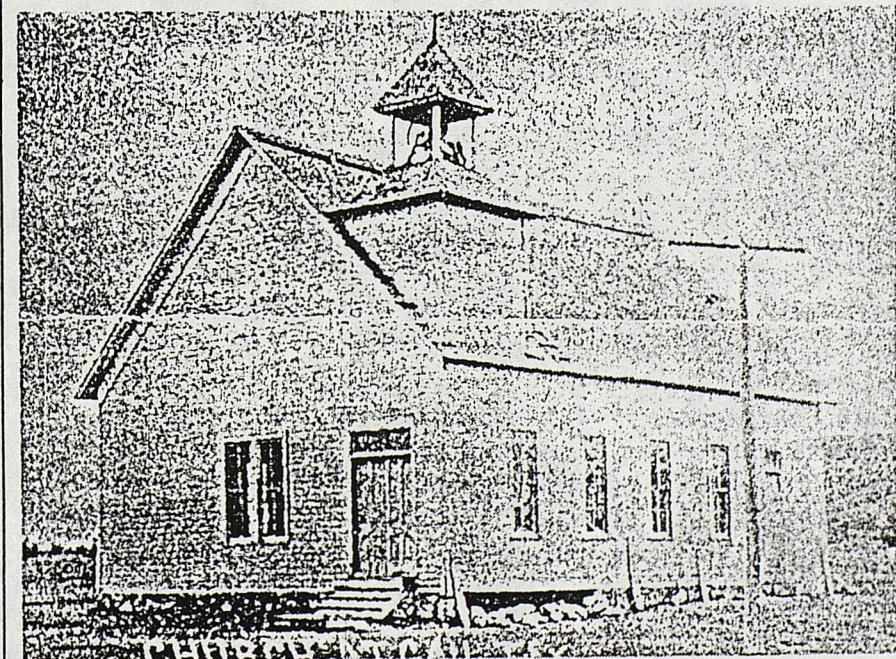
John Smith	If you want to list John, Jane, Joe & Julie Smith
Mr & Mrs John Smith	Please list them on seperate lines.
John Smith Family	

TOTAL INCLOSED \$ _____

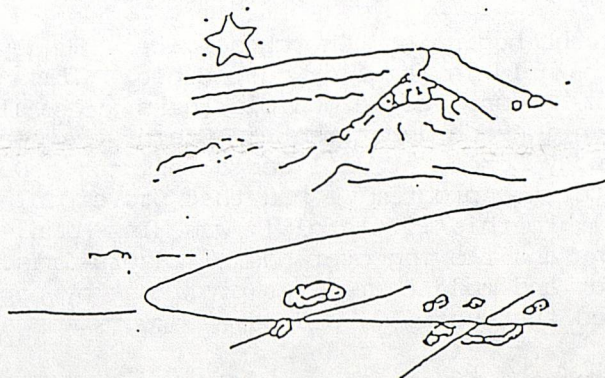
Your donation is greatly appreciated.

Please note below if you wish to have the name listed above "In Honor of..."
"In Memory of..."

For example if you listed Joe Jones for a night, Note here that it is in memory of.
or any special notation you wish.



Courtesy the Borden County Historical Survey Committee
The church at Gail, Texas was built in 1901. It was the scene of many a festive gathering at Christmastime.



THE SHINING STAR

The SHINING STAR will shine on Gail for more than a month, while everyone is getting ready for Christmas. A good way to start your preparations for Christmas and to get you in the true Christmas Spirit, is to come join in the fun and visiting on Friday, Nov. 28th. Some new exhibits are in the Museum, The Courthouse will be open, good music will be heard and Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus will be here. Hayrides are always fun.

Come to the Lighting of the STAR.
...for we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship him.
Mathew 2:2

As you join us here in Gail, remember that the Committee is again sponsoring a place for you to donate a toy or clothing for the children who live in BUCKNER'S HOME. They provide homes for children from babies to age 17. The donation place will be in The Borden County Courthouse.

As we are preparing for Nov. 28th and the lighting of THE STAR, we remember last year. The weather was cold, so the visiting was inside the Courthouse and the Museum. Each person enjoyed the live nativity, as it helps express the meaning of Christmas. There is something for everyone, so come if you can.

As we think of the Christmas season, we remember the first Church in Gail. The Church was built in 1901 and burned in 1936. Recently we received the article that follows. It was written quite a few years ago by Ethel Morrow Everett. It tells about the first Preachers and services in Gail, and in the old Church. We are also reprinting an article by the same author and three other stories about Christmas in Gail. These were published in THE OLD WEST MAGAZINE after appearing in THE BORDEN CITIZEN.

Perhaps the Rocky Mountains of the Western coast or the Alleghanies of the East and maybe the Alps of Europe are taller now, but in the year 1895 the tallest range in the World incircled the little town of Gail, Borden County, Texas. This was as seen by a certain little girl who attended Sunday School for the first time at Gail, nestled against this "range of mountains, in the early Spring of 1901, was the little Community Church. This Church was the fulfillment of dreams, efforts and sacrifices over a period of years by such noble folks as: The Dorwards, Dows, Doyles, Clarks, Chandlers, Hales, Hopkins, Kincaids, Berrys, Smoots, Smiths, Johnsons, Jollys, Morrrows, Simpsons, Princes, Wilbourns, Howes, Bedells, Wassons, Woods, etc.

These were among the first families, the earliest settlers of the County. Any names omitted is not an over-sight or a sleight, but due to time and lapsing memory.

In the beginning, Church services, Sunday School, funeral services and some wedding ceremonies were held in the Old Court House. Class rooms were no problem, as only three were needed: Childrens, Young People and Old Folks. I would love to go back over more, for then I could say, "I had been in each department." One of the sweetest memories I have of the earlier activities of the Sunday School at Gail was a Children's Day Program. This was held on the Court House lawn and after the program we had that proverbial feast, "Dinner on the Ground." The prettiest sight of all, to this little girl, was Miss Minnie and Miss Mattie and Daisy Culp who wore organdy dresses, long and flowing over pastel underskirts. The grass hoppers were quite plentiful, as usual, that year and made themselves prominent by hopping about on the girls underskirts. Miss Minnie had married that year (?) and Dave Dorward was among the crowd that hovered over and around her.

Neighbors of ones parents during childhood leave lasting impressions. Our closest neighbors were the Dows and during the first days I remember of Sunday School were those fine and wonderful Scots people, Mr. and Mrs. Dow, Lorenzo (James L. now in Seminole) Miss Maggie and Arthur. I loved walking to Sunday School hanging onto Mr. Dow's hand and listening to his droll stories as we walked along. After we moved back from the river our neighbors, nearest and dearest, were Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Jim Kincaid and Miss Belle and Miss Lucy. The girls had a double wedding on a Sunday afternoon. Miss Lucy married Jack Rogers and Miss Bell married John Clark. I remember Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Chandler had some part in the wedding. All these were among the early attendants at the little Gail Church.

After I was about four years old, we moved down on the Colorado River but never missed Sunday School as my Mama held services regularly in the kitchen of our home with just our family. But the last year there we had enrolled seven of her own children, four of Tom Love's and our school teacher, Miss Cora Doyle. We had a routine worship period and classes just like real Sunday School. These continued until we moved back to Gail. This was the beginning of a new day! Unfolding like a great panorama. Was going to a really real Church, God's own house, with other children. We studied and learned more about the Lord's work and His plan for us. God really blessed Gail and the Sunday School and Church with many loyal workers. Outstanding in all of our lives is the life of our beloved Miss Minnie. She began her work with us in 1900 and today her influence is felt around the globe, at least where ever one of her former pupils live. Today, when I meet girls and boys from Gail, after we have exchanged the usual greetings, most often they will exclaim, "Miss Minnie was my Teacher."

Reminiscing about those earlier and happy childhood days brings to the foreground the most eventful moment of my life which occurred in 1902. This also happened in the little Gail Church and best of all, at the altar. There were no barriers in those days to getting on our knees in public, instead when to seek God was not a dishonorable act but rather a display of wisdom and sincerity. Leaders of the religious activities of the town, community, and County worked together persistently for a long time. The final outcome of plans for community worship in fellowship and harmony resulted in the several denominations choosing a pastor. Each to alternate Sunday after Sunday filling the pulpit of the little Church. There was no question about just attending services when your own preacher's time came. I guess you would have just been classed as an outright infidel had you gone one Sunday and missed the next. Not even a sandstorm, blizzard, or sleet, hail or snow could keel us from just plain "Wanting to go to Sunday School and Church."

So with a plan outlined to everyone's agreement, the new preachers began to come along. Whether these I'll name were first will likely be questioned but it is as I recall them. Brother Werner, a little short bald headed man from Snyder represented the Presbyterians; Brother Trice, I think he too was from Snyder was Methodist; a Brother Robinson, Baptist and Brother Pruitt, Church of Christ. I do know this much, three of the above mentioned men were present for the special occasion I want to relate.

Come Summer and Revival Time! I, but those were the days of preparedness. We might have our Children's Day Programs; May Day was always outstanding; we observed Decoration Day religiously; graveyard workings with dinner on the ground never failed to get a crowd; Fourth of July barbecues were planned a year in advance; political rallies with candidates standing on platforms under brush arbors were exciting, too. But, nothing, not anything called for "the all out, get ready and go" as did those Church Revivals of the 1900's.

With all denominations seeing eye-to-eye and all souls seeking the same goal, various Ministers agreed on a "Union Revival". This was in 1902. The date for beginning was chosen but no end was named. The meeting would continue so long as there was any one kneeling at the altar. Services were held three times each day except Saturday morning. Time out to wash and iron and bake and "get ready" for the next week. The presiding pastors took "turn about" preaching. There was no clock in sight to remind us "the hour is up". One didn't see anybody looking at their watch and I don't know that any one else in that packed house had a watch except my Grand Pa Morrow, better

known as Uncle Hugh, and if he had even made a motion toward the pocket in which he carried that big old time piece, Grandma would have fainted - provided she wasn't a shoutin' about that time, getting on towards One P. M.

I've wandered on for several paragraphs and about fifty five years from that special event of my life I wanted to tell you about! But if this was not given in my memoirs of the little Gail Church I would surely have failed in my purpose. The organ was pealing forth, the congregation lustily sang "Happy Day". I was kneeling at the crowded altar when "Suddenly my heart was strongly warmed", and truly I felt a burden like unto that described in Pilgrim's Progress, fall from my shoulder and as I rose to my feet I knew I had truly found God.

Grand Ma Morrow with her stiffly starched white bonnet, as staunch a Methodist as Susannah Wesley, shouted extra good when she saw me profess Christ, but I was terribly disappointed because Mrs. Doyle, who was a most dependable one, didn't shout at all. Dear Grandpa Dorward really walked the aisles clapping his hands and slapping everyone on the back when his second son, Mr. Rob, was converted at this same revival. Little Aunt Lizzie Kincaid was another saintly person who often expressed her heart most feelings by shouting when a friend or loved one was converted. Best time of the revival came the last Sunday when those great men of God stood in a row at the altar and "the doors of the Church were opened". It was just as simple as this. You just walked down the aisle and shook hands with the preacher representing the Church of your choice.

Now my Moma was an Old School Presbyterian, and naturally, I was supposed to join her Church, but as I passed along I looked over in the Amen Corner and saw Grand Ma. Since she had done such a good job a shoutin' I decided right then and there that the Methodist was my choice. I, with a large group was sprinkled that day but a few years later, I, with Ella Russell Dodson, Alma Taylor Cathey, Grace Hopkins Robinson, and Ora Smoot, was immersed by Brother J. M. Shuford in the tank down by the old school house.

Everyone takes pride in the historical background of their community and pride in the achievements of the earlier settlers. Those who have striven so worthily to build a background and a place where people can live better lives and serve God as they please.

But better still is the fact that today these, the younger generation is striving to keep alive those traditions and to perpetuate the happenings of the earlier days. The Children and Grand Children of the first comers to Gail are the ones working together today, just as their forefathers did in the early 1900's.

So it is, we rejoice in the proven scriptures: "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God". Dan. 3:25 "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Pro. 22:6 "I was glad when they said let us go into the house of the Lord." Jas. 24:16 and I am glad that my first membership with God's people was in the First Methodist Church at Gail.

CHRISTMAS IN GAIL - Ethel Morrow Everett

Our memories of Christmas in Gail - like, I suppose, those of all Christmases - are of two kinds, the public and the private, for Christmas in West Texas was a very public thing with all the community joining in to celebrate together. I remember the year 1907 was the last Christmas I spent in Gail, and it was one of the happiest. On Christmas Eve, school was let out a little early, and all the pupils would hurry down that one long street to the "business district" to gaze longingly in the store windows at all the tempting displays: the lamps and vases, picture albums and dressing cases, jewelry and clothes, and of course the toys and "Gee-gaws." Since early in the afternoon, the cowboys had been coming into town from outlying ranches. We loved to watch as they flooded into Mr. Dodson's and Mr. Chandler's, Mr. Dorwood's and millinery shop, their pockets fairly smoking with the money that was burning to be spent. We watched as they tied up at the court house and then hurried about, buying lovely gifts, and we wondered which local belle or faraway sweetheart would be the lucky recipient. Early in the week the men would have brought down a huge cedar from off the mountain and installed it in the church. All fall, every scrap of tinfoil, every bright bit of paper would have been saved, and everyone made decoration for the tree or contributed some treasured ornament. The paper streamers made by schoolchildren, popcorn and cranberry strings - every ingenious creation we could think of, and the tiny candles - all were festooned on the big tree which seemed to us to reach the heavens like the Star of Bethlehem. A committee was appointed each year to do the actual decorating, but there were always plenty around to offer advice. They also arranged beneath the tree and through its branches the huge array of presents, for every one brought their gifts to "The Tree" to be distributed. The committee also had sacked popcorn, peanuts, fruit and candy donated by Mr. Chandler, so each person would be sure to receive something.

On Christmas Eve night, everyone gathered in the church, and Mr. Dorwood took charge of the proceedings. A program of music and poetry by the various grades had to be presented before we could get down to what we kids considered the real business of the evening: the arrival of Santa. Mr. Hale, in his big suit stuffed with pillows, didn't really fool any of us, but we went along with fun. Santa would call out the name on the tag, "Ethel Morrow" and the receiver would call, embarrassed and delighted, "here!" and one of the little girls selected for the honor would deliver the gift from Santa's own hand. There was a place called Lynn Bros. in New York where you could get all sorts of gimcracks for 5¢; this was very popular since getting your name called out a number of times was part of the fun. That year

I remember that the Wristen clan had sent off for a great number of these and the committee went them one better by tying them all together in one long string on the tree. Every one roared with laughter as Santa called out, "Dan Wristen, Rillie Wristen, Will Wristen, Dan Wristen, Rillie Wristen" and on and on. On the committee that year were Nell Hale and Harvey Everett and part of their duty was to hand down the gifts to Santa. Nell was wearing a beautiful white hat covered with feathers. As she reached out to take down a gift, she leaned too close to the tree, and the candle on one of the low boughs ignited the beautiful feathers. Everyone screamed in horror but Harvey was quick to act. He reached out and took Nell's head in his arms (something he had probably been wanting to do a long time!) and smothered the flames against his jacket. Nell calmly removed the charred hat, smoothed her hair, and went right on handing out gifts! I guess I forgave Harvey for putting his arms around Nell, because we married the next year and moved away from Gail forever...

Arthur Prince wrote us of another side of Christmas. Here are some of his memories: CHRISTMAS AT GAIL - This was way back in the early 1890's. They had a Christmas tree on Christmas eve. I don't remember whether it was at the school house or at the Court House. Anyway I dimly remember the Cedar Christmas tree was covered all over with shiny things. I well remember that I was told that when it was over to get my presents (apple, orange, popcorn ball and firecrackers) and come straight home and not stop in town; that I couldn't go to town that night, for things are getting rowdy down there and going to get rowdier and before midnight was past there would be two armies of equal size armed with Roman Candles who would meet and battle it out to the last shot. It's a wonder some eyes were not lost. Pretty rough it was in town and I was forbidden to be there... In later years I remember some dances on Christmas Eve at the court room upstairs in the court house. Will Clark was doin' the callin'. I sure did love to listen to the shuffle of the feet and the callin' of Will Clark... One Christmas Eve, along in the evening, one of the drunk cowboys, whose name I won't mention here, got on his horse and was racing around the square. He came racing west past Chandler's store then turned south and was racing his horse past the buildings on the west side of the square. He was losing balance as he raced along and was leaning to the right more and more all the time so that one of the gallery posts of the Kincaid Hotel drug him off his horse, but he didn't seem to be hurt very much...

Winnie Chandler Miller, whose father contributed fruit, candy and nuts for the early trees, according to Ethel Everett, also recalls the use of fireworks and how the children went home from "the Tree" with excited anticipation to shoot their skyrockets and roman candles. She also reminds us that people walked to church in those days. Here are excerpts from her letter: Our Christmases were really something. I don't suppose anybody ever had a tree in their home - or I can't remember ever having one at home - always at the Church. Everyone came from far and near. The Church was always full and the tree loaded. We would always take our little red wagon to bring our gifts home in. Of course Dove was a baby and rode in the wagon, too... When I think back to our Christmases in Gail, Miss Minnie and Mr. David (Dorward) stand out clearer than the others. They were always helping in every way with our programs, the arranging of tree decorating, and who should take gifts from Santa and give to the one whose name Santa called out - now that was such an honor to be chosen for this. Just thinking back, so many, many old timers come to life. Mr. Jack Rogers for one was always so jolly (children always remember the happy faces)...

Sammie Morrow Dent was in the hospital recovering from a heart attack when she received our request. Her daughter writes for her: ...She has been laying here remembering Christmases of her childhood in Gail. The Christmas parties in the Union Church, the tree lit with many candles with presents all around. Brother Dave always said a prayer. And all the children sang Christmas songs and Santa Claus was there to hand out the gifts, candy and nuts. She remembers Brother Warner at some of those parties. Frank Berry was there to shell nuts for the girls and to share chocolate drops from the sack he carried. The boys usually gave the girls pretty vases and jewelry boxes decorated with shells. One Christmas an old beau gave her a ring... She remembers, too, after Christmas was over they made another party of burning the Christmas tree - what fun they had!... Some of the young people she remembers at those parties were: Grace & Myrtle Hopkins; Eula & Ray Lyons; Edith, Nora & Cora Berry and Wes & Frank Berry; Pearl & Bula Mullins; Guy & Sid Clark; Miss Lucy & Miss Bell Kincaid and Hatty & Ola Kincaid; Ella & Tennie Kincaid; Fred & Will Johnson; Jess Smith; Will, Luther & Maud Nevills; Maggie & Lorenzo Dow; Alma & Montie Taylor; George Cathy; Pearl & Eula Johnson and Nell Hale... There are others whose names have slipped her mind...

RUBY P. MILLER, born August 14, 1921 passed away July 8, 1997. Ruby married Vernon L. Miller on May 4, 1940 and they lived many years in Borden County. She was buried in the Gail Cemetery. She is survived by her husband, who lives in Dawson County and two grandchildren.

L. D. "Bud" SMITH, 83 of Lubbock died July 13, 1997. Among his survivors is Barbara York, wife of Van York of Borden County. He was an avid fisherman and frequented the York ranks East of Gail as often as possible.

MAMIE D. JONES, 88, passed away July 20, 1997 in Hobbs. Born in Ballinger in 1908 she lived many years in Lynn County. Among her survivors are Nolan Jones, her son and two grandchildren she raised

Ben Andrew Thompson and Penny Thomson, who attended school in Gail.

ROBERT E. GRAY, 67, of Fairfax, VA. died Aug. 23, 1997. He was a Snyder native. He taught Vo-AG at Borden County High School from 1954-58. Mr. Gray worked for the U. S. Dept. of Ag. for 35 years and taught in Equador, Paraguay and Kenya. Among his survivors are a sister, Margaret Birdwell of Snyder, and Borden Gray, Jr. a nephew.

DEBBIE DENNIS AWTRY, 45, of Bedford, died Oct. 13, 1997. She was born in San Angelo and was a 1970 graduate of Borden County High School. She attended Sul Ross University. She was a flight attendant for American Airlines. Survivors include her parents, Mr. & Mrs. John Dennis of Gail; a daughter, Marissa Awtry of South Lake; two sisters, Jacquie Whalen of Big Spring and Mary Ann Awtry of Orange City, Iowa; and a brother, David W. Dennis of Houston.



SUMMER OF 1898. BRUSH ARBOR CAMP MEETING at old BISON. Near Knapp Post Office in Scurry County, but in Borden County. Among those in the picture: Man at back, holding baby, Rosa (Dorothy Browne's Mother) Man sitting at right, J. B. Cotten, holding son, Otto. J. B. Cotten was Dorothy's Grandfather. Marshall and Mary Jane Davis, Gilmer Davis' parents. Tom and Nettie Mauldin, early day school teachers and preacher in Borden County, Jenny Cotten, Mattie Cotten, Callie Davis, Ben and Annie Tolison and children of J. B. and Mattie Cotten. Note the brush arbor at the right and the saddled horse on the left. Also the white wagon sheet in the back. I hope this picture comes out enough for you to see as I wanted to share it with all of you. DOROTHY BROWNE'S PICTURE.

It seems that some of our dear ones in Borden County are getting a little older. ALDA STAGGS, of the Plains Community had her 91st birthday sometime in October. She celebrated at the home of her son, Kenneth and Mary Lynn Williams.

Sunday, October 12, 1997 Mrs. LELA PORTER, celebrated her 94 years by being surprised at The First Baptist Church in Gail with most of her family there to help her celebrate.

The children and Grandchildren of Waldine Martin helped her celebrate her 80th birthday on June 6, 1997 by having a reception in Waldine's home for her friends and relatives. CONGRATULATIONS!!

Dan and Ouida Turner celebrated their 50 years of married life Sept. 6, 1997 with a dinner in Lubbock. Their children and grandchildren as well as his mother, Mrs. Jackie Turner attended. Dan and Ouida and his mother, Jackie, all live in the Plains Community.

The Borden County Museum received the following letter on March 3, 1997: Please accept this gift to honor and show our appreciation to Dorothy Browne for having shared some highlights from Borden County history at our February Club Meeting. The 1953 Hyperion Club, Big Spring, Texas.

The Borden County Historical Committee met Oct. 8, 1997 in the Borden County Courthouse. Marge Toombs, Larry Smith, Jean and Buster Taylor, Barbara Farmer, Sue Smith and Joel Dennis attended the meeting. Plans were made to proceed with some cleaning and work at the Museum. Several of these joined Dorothy Browne in cleaning the Museum a week later.

FROM THE PENS OF OUR READERS:

Thank you for forwarding the Summer Issue of the Citizen. You will see that my address has changed. As I told one of your previous editors, I do hope that you are retaining in a very safe place all of the priceless information you have printed in the pages of "The Citizen". Like all historical societies, we too are always short of money, but we have some wonderful talent, resulting in publishing our magazine, CRONICLES OF SMITH COUNTY, twice yearly. Our Museum and Archives are housed in the old Carnegie Library, which is better than before but surely not safe or large enough for our acquisitions. Thank you and keep up the good work. If any of your citizens are this way, do come by and see what we have here in Tyler. Mrs. Loy J. Gilbert, Tyler, Texas.

Enclosed please find my check. I do so enjoy getting the Borden Citizen! It makes me feel closer to all the citizens of Borden County and to those who have passed on. Josephine Lewis, Age 72, Garden City, Texas.

Please Renew: The Borden Citizen for R. W. Keen, Odessa, TX and for Opal Keen, Colorado City, TX. Enclosed is a check for same. Thank you. Betty Keen,

Winds Do Major Damage to Courthouse Tree



The stormy weather last Sunday brought welcome rainfall to Gail and other areas of the county.

But the strong winds that accompanied the rain and blew through town did some devastating damage to the large Mesquite tree that has grown on the corner of the Courthouse lawn for over fifty years.

For the last three years it has been a focal point of the Holiday Celebration in Gail with its numerous strings of tiny white lights.

Monday morning when downtown began to open for business, the damage was assessed. Van York, county judge, said that five of the large major branches had broken and smaller ones were scattered on the ground. A chain saw was used to saw the broken branches into manageable lengths to be hauled away. There was nothing that could be done to save them. Hopefully the old tree will sustain the damage and continue to grow for many more years.

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Hester and related family histories. Would love to share information with anyone interested in these two families. I have info on the Elijah Bishop Nichols family, father of Phoebe Jane Nichols Smoot. Looking forward to receiving the next issue. (Contact The Citizen for address of Paula Ruder if you are interested.)

Send your family stories to us! If you have not paid lately, please send \$3.00 a year to Borden County Historical Assn., Dorothy Browne, P. O. Box 23, Gail, TX. 79738.

from: The Borden Historical Society
Gail, Texas 79738

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

To:

Southwest Collection
Box 4090 Tech Station
Lubbock Texas 79409

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I am so happy that you are willing to put in your time and work to get The Borden Citizen out to us. Here is a check. Verna Fay Ogden, O'Donnell, TX

Enclosed find check for one year subscription to The Borden Citizen. Also my new address. Thanks, Mrs. Nolan Duncan, Trent, TX.

Dear Friends, Thanks for the good work you do on the Borden Citizen, and for sending it to me. It is much appreciated. My wife is in the care center here. George W. Clark, Glendale, AZ

Don't know when we last paid. Always find something of interest, even though we have never lived in the area. Thanks, Jean Caddel, Waxahachie, TX

BORDEN COUNTY CITIZEN. Cjeck in memory of my husband, James W. Petty. Sincerely, Mrs. James Petty Abilene, TX

The paper is very well done, very newsy and interesting. Sincerely, Arlene Clark Rudolph, Tahlequah, OK

My mother enjoyed receiving The Borden Citizen for several years. While a young girl, she lived on a ranch where her father, O. K. Yantis, was foreman, near Gail. This was in the early 1900's. She has now passed on. Thank you. A.L.Wright, Jr.

I have no idea when I last paid my dues for the Borden Citizen. Enclosed is a check. Mary Ruth Gray, Vincent, TX

Was sorry to have missed you today when I called, but did talk to Judge York about the missing markers of my grandfather, William J. Hester 9-18-87 - 2-7-1939 and his son, Clarence Hester 1920-1928, who were buried next to my great grandmother, Dora Lucinda Wilkins Hester, who was the wife of William Reed Hester. I also could not locate the graves of my great Uncle Lona Smoot 9-8-1896 - 11-22-1954 and his wife, Mamie Moore Smoot and their son, George "Buddy" Paul Smoot 1-21-1921 - 5-30-1947. Mamie and George burned to death when their house, located where or next to what is now the Borden Countymaintenance barn, burned on May 30, 1947. They were buried in a common casket/grave. The Judge had no record of any of the above, so would it be possible to ask for help on this in the Citizen? Maybe some one has some old pictures that might show something. Mother passed on her great love for Gail. I am working on the Smoot &

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