Volume 27, Fourth Quarter Newsletter 2022

FRANKLIN COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

Visit us online at: www.FCHATX.com

OUR MISSION:
"To Preserve our Natural and Cultural Heritage"

FCHA MEETING

Date: October 22, 2022

Place: Freight Room, 1894 Railroad Depot **Program**: 10:30 a.m.

At 11:30 a.m. Sandwiches, Cookies and Lemonade will be provided by your FCHA Board

Program: Julie Mattox - "From Dairy to Prairie"

Hosts: FCHA Directors

MANAGER'S REPORT  BY GAIL REED

Hello Friends!

There is so much news to share that I hardly know where to begin. It has been a very busy end to the summer.

There are big doings going on at the Cotton Belt Depot property. You may have noticed that the log cabin has been moved from the Parchman Visitor's Center and relocated to the Depot grounds. FCHA felt the cabin would have more visibility at the new site. Walter Van De Laar and Cody West have been contracted to dismantle, move, and reassemble, making it more structurally sound. By CountryFest, the cabin will be fully restored and ready for viewing, inside and out.

Also happening at the Depot, Dan Hoke, Jerald Mowery, Billy Jack Rutledge, Joel Dihle, otherwise known as the "Syrup Mill Team" have been working diligently to get the furnace ready to boil sugar cane during CountryFest. It has been at least 20 years since the mill has been fired up for this event. Be sure to bring the kids and check out the syrup being made in the old-fashioned tradition of squeezing juice from ribbon cane stalks and boiled into the sweet, golden goodness. It's a process many of us have never seen before.

In addition to the syrup mill, we are proud to have Eugene Hauptmann joining us for CountryFest. Eugene is a train history aficionado and he will be inside the freight room of the Depot, talking about train travel in in the early days before automobiles became our main mode of transportation.

On, Friday evening, October 7th, from 5 until 7 p.m., FCHA will present the works of Beverly Brewer, showcasing the book she illustrated and written by Jean Pamplin, The Fox, the Raven & the Castle Cat, at the Fire Station Museum. Refreshments will be served and we invite all to come and view this beautiful collection.

As you can see, FCHA has many things lined up for CountryFest!

FCHA would like to thank Franklin County, specifically Bill Travis, and Alliance Bank for keeping our Cotton Belt Depot, Thruston House and Fire Station grounds mowed and looking great. Grounds maintenance is a huge part of our budget in the spring/summer months and we do appreciate Mr. Travis' dedication to helping us out.

Check out our newly painted windows and front door at the Fire Station Museum! Thank you Ken McDonald for sprucing up the building with a fresh coat of white paint. It definitely makes the building look brighter and more inviting. We were approved in the city budget for $20,000.00 to utilize in construction of a new facility to house our collections (an archival storage facility); we are in the planning stages for a facility and the board should have a report for the next newsletter. We were approved for $5,000.00 in funding to cover utilities in the year 2023 by the county government. We are fortunate to have ongoing vital support for our preservation efforts from our local governments. We constantly work to provide educational opportunities for our youth and to promote tourism and historic preservation through our operations and the ongoing maintenance of signs recognizing historic properties.

Last, but certainly not least, I would like to welcome Lauren Lewis to FCHA! Lauren will be taking the position of Office Manager when I retire at the end of the year. She is currently working at the Fire Station Museum Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 a.m. until 1 p.m. Lauren and her sister, Audrey Norman, have the museum open each Saturday from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. These girls are such exciting additions to our organization. If you happen to be in town, please stop by and say hello. They will be happy to see you!

Memorials & Honorariums

Donated By:	In Honor Of:
Kay Frazier	C. T. Penny
B. F. Hicks	Jay Thompson
B. F. Hicks	June Carr
Sid & Pat Hudson	Richard Howell
Len & Lynn Lowry	L. D. Lowry, Jr., Fayrine Lowry
Gail Reed	June Carr
Danielle Roberts	Thomas Ramsay
Judy Scott	June Carr
Larry & Yvonne Scott	Jay Thompson
Tom & Sandy Tower	Tom & Deloria Tower, June Carr
Donated By:	**In Honor Of:**
B. F. Hicks	Ted Burgdorf

LOOKING AHEAD - MARK YOUR CALENDARS!

Saturday, January 7, 2023 at 7 pm at the Mt. Vernon Music Hall with guest

Shellie O'Neal.

"God Bless America: A WWII Radio Hour"

FROM DAIRY TO PRAIRIE

Saturday, October 22, 2022

10:30 a.m. – The 1894 Railroad Depot

11:30 a.m. – Fellowship, sandwiches, cookies and lemonade provided by your directors.

This is a fascinating program. Please come and hear Julie Mattox tell of her work in natural history; taking a dairy farm and converting it to a botanical wonder – a prairie. Julie has great photographs; she explains the value of her work in our natural history and will inspire attendees to go out and plant wildflowers (and maybe some native grasses also).

Julie Mattox – Prairie Restoration Steward (at least giving it a heck of a try)

While operating her own surveying consulting firm, Julie had the opportunity to explore various ecosystems throughout the US. Working alongside professionals such as paleontologists, archaeologists, biologists and botanists, many of whom were grassland specialists, Julie developed a passion for the prairie ecosystem.

She and her husband relocated to Northeast Texas in 1996. Fourteen years later, she had the chance to purchase a dairy surrounding their original property, and the prairie restoration began. From dairy to prairie is no easy task. With many challenges along the way, she is open to sharing her full experience and passion for restoring the tallgrass prairie.

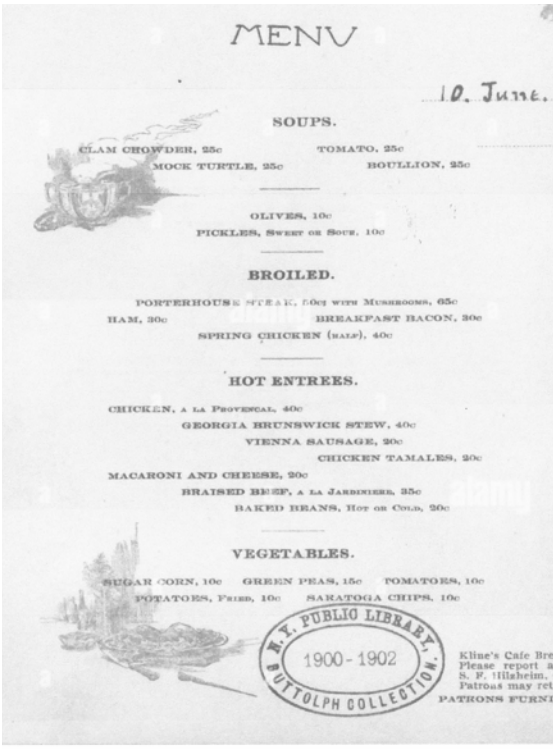
Julie currently resides in Yantis with her husband, Jack, and her dog, Zoey, in a little house on an almost tallgrass prairie.

Photos Above: Nature's wonder. From an overgrazed Bermuda dairy farm to a wildscape: tallgrass prarie with native flowers and beef cattle.

Left: Julie with her "prairie mowers."

Country Fest – Special Programming in the Depot:

Eugene Hauptmann of Wylie, Texas, presented a fascinating program, Saturday morning, July 23, in our restored 1894 Cottonbelt Railroad Depot. We had about 50 people present for the meeting and were lead on a tour through our building with an explanation of the development of the railroad system and its importance to the commercial life and development of this country. Eugene takes a special interest in the Cottonbelt line (St. Louis & Southwestern Railroad) and has sent us a menu from the dining cars which would have served passengers traveling from Mt. Vernon on the line about the year 1900.



MENU

10. June.

SOUPS.

CLAM CHOWDER, 25c TOMATO, 25c
MOCK TURTLE, 25c BOUILLON, 25c

OLIVES, 10c
PICKLES, Sweet or Sour, 10c

BROILED.

PORTERHOUSE STEAK, 50c; with Mushrooms, 65c
HAM, 30c BREAKFAST BACON, 30c
SPRING CHICKEN (half), 40c

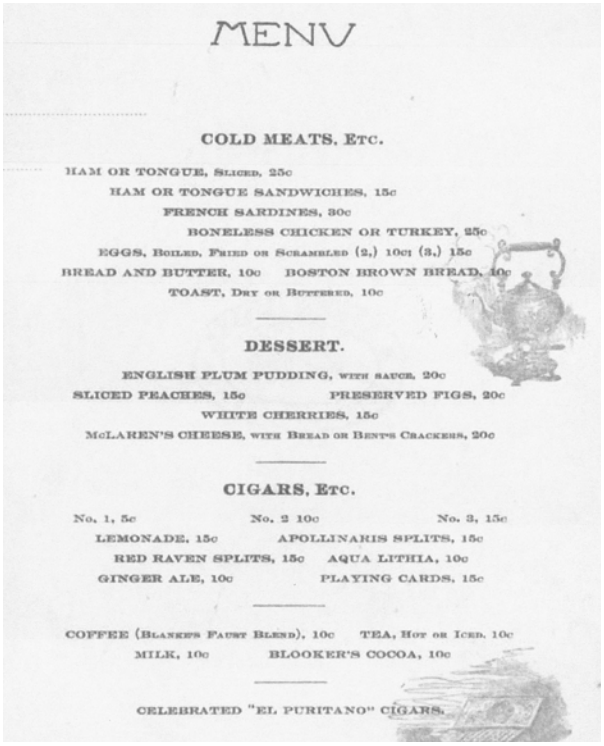
HOT ENTREES.

CHICKEN, a la Provencal, 40c
GEORGIA BRUNSWICK STEW, 40c
VIENNA SAUSAGE, 20c
CHICKEN TAMALES, 20c
MACARONI AND CHEESE, 20c
BRAISED BEEF, a la Jardiniere, 35c
BAKED BEANS, Hot or Cold, 20c

VEGETABLES.

SUGAR CORN, 10c GREEN PEAS, 15c TOMATOES, 10c
POTATOES, Fried, 10c SARATOGA CHIPS, 10c

Kline's Cafe Bre
Please report a
S. F. Hilsheim.
Patrons may ret
PATRONS FURNI



MENU

COLD MEATS, Etc.

HAM OR TONGUE, Sliced, 25c
HAM OR TONGUE SANDWICHES, 15c
FRENCH SARDINES, 30c
BONELESS CHICKEN OR TURKEY, 25c
EGGS, Boiled, Fried or Scrambled (2,) 10c; (3,) 15c
BREAD AND BUTTER, 10c BOSTON BROWN BREAD, 10c
TOAST, Dry or Buttered, 10c

DESSERT.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING, with sauce, 20c
SLICED PEACHES, 15c PRESERVED FIGS, 20c
WHITE CHERRIES, 15c
McLAREN'S CHEESE, with Bread or Bent's Crackers, 20c

CIGARS, Etc.

No. 1, 5c No. 2 10c No. 3, 15c
LEMONADE, 15c APOLLINARIS SPLITS, 15c
RED RAVEN SPLITS, 15c AQUA LITHIA, 10c
GINGER ALE, 10c PLAYING CARDS, 15c

COFFEE (Blanke's Faust Blend), 10c TEA, Hot or Iced, 10c
MILK, 10c BLOOKER'S COCOA, 10c

CELEBRATED "EL PURITANO" CIGARS.

Mr. Hauptmann will return for CountryFest. He offers insight into our history and heritage in an entertaining and educational program. Please bring children and grandchildren by the Depot; he will speak on the hour at 10 a.m.; 11 a.m., 12 Noon; and at 1 p.m. The presentations will last about 15 minutes, and he will be glad to answer questions from the audience or to visit with guests after the hourly programs. Jerald and Mary Lou Mowery and their volunteer depot team will be running the model trains from 10 a.m. until 2 p.m. <u>All of this is free. Come by and visit and support your organization with your presence.</u>

REMEMBER TELEPHONES?

By Dan Hoke

As you enter the front door of the historical train depot in Mount Vernon, to your left, is a wall hung antique hand-crank telephone. It's a Bell technology model with a magneto and battery. As I understand it, that model was introduced in 1917. Maybe there are folks around here who can recall using one just like the depot model.

I remember a five year old boy using such a phone at his grandparent's home. Since the hand-cranked telephone was usually mounted on the wall head high to an adult; the boy found a stool on which to stand. Now he was able to lift the receiver off its cradle and hold it to his left ear. With his right hand he gave the hand crank a spin. What he heard in the receiver were some clicks, a ring tone and then a voice saying "Central." The boy would then say: "Give me grandpa's store." Central knew the caller and the one called and the connection was made.

"Central" was the phone operator. We've seen pictures of them, wearing head phones, sitting before a narrow desk against a large panel of wires. Operators connected incoming calls with homes or business. Every call had to come through "Central" in order to be connected. Central could listen to all conversations. Consequently, I'm betting, Central could know more than God about who was saying what about town.

In "olden times" kids had to invent their fun. One amusing endeavor was to attach a string or wire between two tin cans. When the string or wire was pulled tight enough, some semblance of sound or words could barely be detected. A buddy could disappear out of sight and if the string or wire was taut, they could still talk back and forth. Possibly that early day kid game was the motivation for mobile phones. At the very least it proved that talking to someone we couldn't see would be popular.

Phones changed our life. Every home would have one. The units were installed at no cost I might add. "Ma-bell" somehow covered the fee of install. The units came in four colors, white, black, gold or avocado green. At first, calls were important. You made a call for a specific purpose and hang-up. Long distance calls were reserved for holiday greetings and to inform about sickness in the family. Middle of the night calls meant someone died.

An extra long cord changed that. An extended cord could be connected between the phone base and the receiver. It was the first mobile phone. Calls could continue in the den or bath room. Cooks could hang a phone between their shoulder and ear and continue frying chicken. Teenage daughters especially liked that cord as they could talk in their room with the door closed. An annoying downside was, when not in use, the extra long cord always managed to tangles itself into a wad.

Now phones are our obsession. There are speaker phones, airline phones, pay phones, multi-lines, pagers, call waiting, call forwarding, call conferencing, speed dialing, redialing, butt dialing and zooming each other. Folks are constantly looking at phones. Some even wake up during the night in order to check for messages. It has brought us over the edge of good sense. Even when we don't have anything to say, we have got to talk to someone about it RIGHT NOW!! We don't give anyone a chance to miss us, even a little bit!

Recently we were visiting and dining at an exquisite restaurant. We were closing the evening with a sumptuous meal in a pleasant setting. One of our dinner group held up their cell phone and took a "selfie-picture" of the group, our nibbled over hors d'oeuvres and served meals. Used to be, when we had a good time of fine dining, our friends didn't require pictorial evidence. They would wait and take our word for it!

There is so much more to remember. Oh, hold-on. I've just got to take this call.

HISTORY OF RUGBY COMMUNITY NORTH OF THE COUNTY LINE

Anne Russell Evetts of Clarksville has contributed a series of historical summaries of some communities in Red River County which were established along the Southwestern Boundary of Red River County. We will run one of these community histories in our upcoming newsletters. In April and in June of this year, we printed the histories of Fulbright and then Halesboro.

For this issue we print the history of Rugby, a small community about 5 miles northwest of Bogata at the intersection of US Hwy 271 and FM 410 in Red River County.

Anne typeset a typed document for us in our digital system. The typewritten manuscript was compiled and typed by Mrs. Iva Lassiter Hooker during July, August and September 1963, and read to the Red River County Historical Society, at its meeting on September 7, 1963, at Clarksville, Texas.

Mrs. Hooker reports that the information on Rugby was furnished to her by Mr. W.B. Fuller and Mr. John Ford of Bogata, Texas. Mr. Ford was born in 1874 and was 89 years of age at the time of the 1963 report. Mr. Ford reported that he was the oldest native-born male citizen in Bogata at that time.

Editor's note: The impetus for Anne's interest is the Grant family connection. There are actually eleven Grant children; they will all come into Texas from Tennessee, commencing with Stephen Grant, arriving in 1841 and whose grave has the Citizen of the Republic of Texas marker. Stephen's brother James makes it to Gray Rock, in what is now Franklin County, marries a Reed. He will invite his niece, daughter of Susan Grant Oliver, to come to Gray Rock as a school teacher. She marries a Hughes; my ancestor, but I remind you – there are 11 children – a great host of cousins spreading across Northeast Texas. And the Grants of Deport end up marrying into the Luce family in New York City; and other Grant descendants take on roles as public servants in their communities. Stephen's marriage is to a Dickson; and thus the Dickson and Hare ties to Franklin County. Stephen brings his mother to Texas and she is buried at Halesboro. And these are not even the first wave of settlement; remember that John Humphries has made it into what is now our county by July 1818 and founded Gray Rock.

I recently read EMPIRE OF THE SUMMER MOON. I always thought that the ancestral reports that Comanches had slaughtered the Ripley Family in 1841 could just not be right but after reading of those very capable travelers and reflecting on how our own ancestors made it across the land, I am more open to accepting the Comance attribution for that raid (go 3 miles east of Mt. Vernon on US 67 and check out the state historical marker). For now, we visit Rugby whose citizens only had to ford the Sulphur and visit our own county and often did. Ah yes, the narrator of the Rugby history refers to Shamrock and that is where Anne's ancestor (John) and mine (Susan) – brother and sister now lie – side by side; well past a century since their deaths.

RUGBY COMMUNITY
THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION WAS FURNISHED BY MR. JOHN FORD AND MR. W.B. FULLER

One of the earliest settlers to come to what is now Rugby was Mr. George W. Grant. His father and three uncles had come to Texas in 1842 and settled in Red River County. Mr. Steve Grant and his wife, parents of G.W. Grant, were the first couple to marry in Red River County after Texas became a state. They settled at Shamrock, and Mr. G.W. Grant grew to manhood there.

G.W. Grant married Miss Fannie Scaff in 1879 or 80, and shortly after they moved to a tract of land which they purchased about one mile west of Rugby, known today as the Charlie Clifton place. In 1883, he acquired a large acreage of land about a mile east of this place and built a gin, and also a home nearby.

The community was first called "PRAIRIE VIEW." In 1870 the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church was organized on Blossom Prairie near Halesboro, on Mustang Creek, by the Rev. T.H. Skidmore and WM. Roach. The church joined the Presbytery at Shamrock in 1870, and had ten charter members. The Zion Congregation was organized at Maple Springs August 25, 1878, by William Roach, Charles Manton, and Ben Fuller. The Zion congregation changed its name to Maple Springs, and in 1888 Maple Springs became Bogata. June 26, 1892, under the leadership of the Rev. J.P. Walker, this church was moved to Prairie View, with 38 members, elders being G.W. Grant, J.R. Cheshire, G.E. Day, J.N. Wiley and J.A. Franklin. In 1902 this church became known as Rugby and the building was moved from Mustang Creek to Rugby. Later it became a U.S.A. Presbyterian Church. Pastors who served this church were W.R. Hendricks, F.L. Rogers, J.P. Walker, S.L. Robinson, T.S. Causey, W.H. McClerkan, J.M. Jeffrey, David Templeton, Rev. Johns, Rev. Fitzgerald, C.M. Wright and Rev. Carter.

On July 17, 1910, Rev. W.S. Hurley, Paris District Evangelist, organized the Methodist Episcopal church, South, at Rugby and received 25 members. Pastors serving this charge were E.G. Roberts, C.P. Morgan, W.J. Holder, W.E.Dale, W.A. Pritchett, F.C. Adams and others.

Missionary Baptist church, with seven charter members, was organized November 24, 1912, with the Rev. A.B. Veteto as moderator and Robert Forester as acting clerk. R.M. Bell was elected clerk and Rev. Veteto was called as pastor. Other pastors serving this church were: B.F. Allen, William Gray and J.E. Peaden.

All three denominations used this same church for their services, the Presbyterians having the 2nd Sunday, the Baptists the 3rd, and the Methodists the 4th. They had union Sunday School and alternated their literature.

Mr. John A. Franklin, a pioneer citizen, came to the Prairie in 1856. He acquired a large acreage of land, built a nice house, married Miss Frances Elizabeth Ferguson, and they raised a large family of children; both died at Rugby in the 90s. Capt. Franklin served in Co. C, Hood's Brigade, Confederate Army for four years. He was captured and held in a federal prison at Little Rock, Ark. for 18 months before the war closed. When released he walked from Little Rock to Rugby, eating acorns, berries, herbs, roots, or anything else he could glean off of the countryside.

A grocery store was built in the 1880s and was first run by Mr. Dick Barton. In 1900 a post office was established and it was run in connection with the grocery store. To name a few post masters, there were: W.R. Bartlett, W.S. Bryson, Charlie Franklin, G.D. Farris and T.J. Lemons who served from 1914 to 1929 when it was discontinued and the mail ordered out of Deport, Lamar County, by rural route, which route still serves the citizens of the area.

A school building was erected near the church and was in use until 1916 or 1917 when a new three teacher school building was completed, which was built several yards west of the old one on Highway 49. This building was used until 19__ when it was consolidated with the Bogata school system. The building was then sold and torn down. Some of the other early day settlers were: J.R. Clifton, Albert Hancock, John Hancock, Will Cotton, Daniel Cheshire, Sam Harrison, C.E. Day, and others.

Few people lived on the prairie in an early day because of the water situation, and they had nothing with which to fence the land. Stock ran wild all over the prairie at that time. But in 1884 they began to get barbwire and from 1884 to 1890 almost the entire prairie had been settled and farms fenced. The land was rich, tools were very crude, some of it was broken with oxen, nevertheless, with pioneer determination, the settlers conquered the soil and today it is considered one of the finest farming sections in Red River County.

Farmers prospered and in the 1890s many nice homes were built all over the prairie. But the face of the prairie has changed now, very few people live on farms, and there are not very many houses standing; most of them are vacant. Lots of land is in the soil bank and some is laying out because no one wants to work it. No one in our generation ever thought they would see the day nobody wanted to work the fine black land in the county. Farmers have been known in the past to pay a premium just to get a good piece of land to work. Now, you have no takers if you offer them a premium to work it. After the stock law was passed in 1928 fences around the farms were taken down, and today no land is fenced except that used for pasture.

A Telephone exchange was established at Rugby in 1903, which was run by Charlie Franklin, and others, as follows: G.D. Farris, Hershel Cheshire, and others, but today patrons are served from the Bogata exchange. The Paris and Mt. Pleasant Railroad was built through Rugby in 1910, but this did not cause a boom. However, a small depot was erected for the convenience of passengers getting off or on the train. The railroad was discontinued in 1956.

Highway 271 passes through the community and there is one grocery store/filling station combined, owned and operated by Mr. Lloyd Ford. The gin at Rugby was discontinued about five years ago. There is no school, no regular church building, but they have a community center which is used for that purpose on occasions. This is a small community that has "Gone with the Wind" like many more communities in our county that flourished in an early day.

New Fire Station Museum Hours

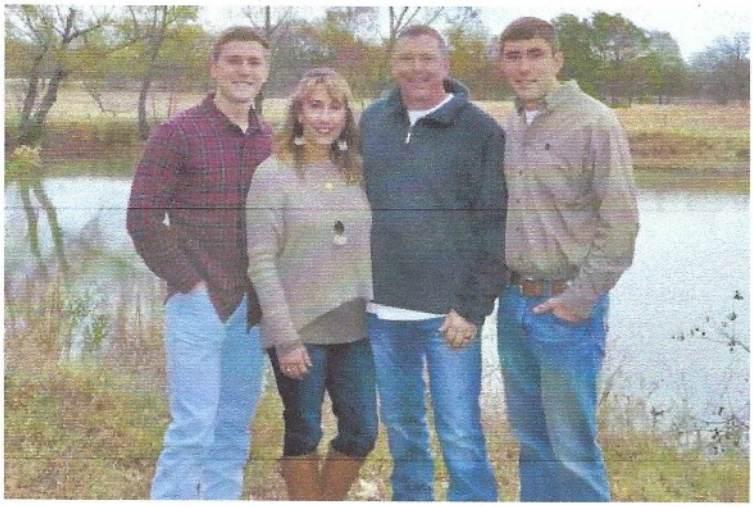
Tuesday through Friday 9:00 am to 1:00 pm
Saturday 10:00 am to 3:00 pm

Please stop in and say hello!

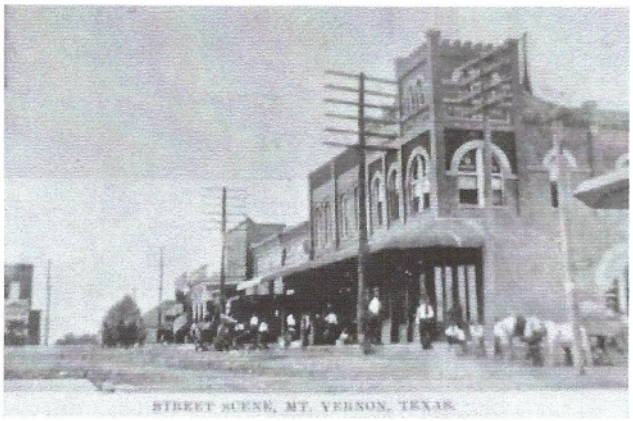
FCHA is currently seeking volunteer docents to provide tours and share our rich history and heritage with visitors. Email fchaoffice@gmail.com for more information
or call the Fire Station Museum at 903-537-9300.

HYMAN ENTERPRISES

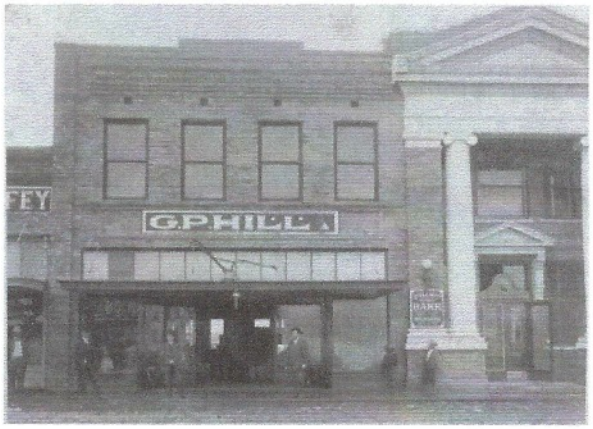
The owners of the Hill building and The Chophouse restaurant are Brad and Stephanie Hyman.



Brad Hyman grew up in Mount Vernon and graduated from Mount Vernon High School in 1987. Brad met his wife Stephanie while attending Texas A&M University where they both graduated from and then married in 1992. They moved back to Mount Vernon in 2010 with their 2 sons, Chase and Cade, who are both graduates of Mount Vernon I.S.D. and currently enrolled at Tarleton State University and Texas A&M University. Brad has worked in the crop protection industry for his entire professional career. Today he owns Hyman Ag Consulting where he represents international clients in North America. Brad also currently serves as the Mayor of Mount Vernon. Stephanie has worked in the pharmaceutical industry throughout her career and is a Senior Executive Rep with Organon (formerly Merck & Co.) where she has been working for 25 years. Upon moving back to Brad's hometown 12 years ago, Brad and Stephanie began investing in buildings in the historical district in downtown Mount Vernon. Their first investment was the G.P. Hill Building at 102 E. Main Street when it was home to "Parson's Parade" Antique Store in 2012. The Hyman's renovated it as a family project into what it is today .... home to The Chophouse!



STREET SCENE, MT. VERNON, TEXAS.

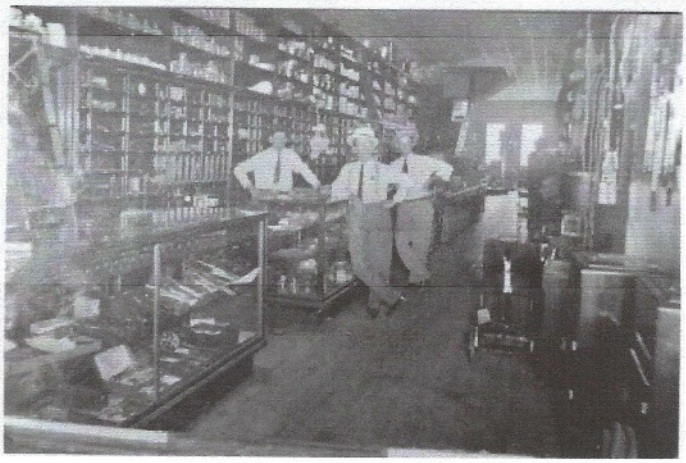


The land that now occupies The Chophouse and the buildings on each side used to be part of the Ruth Hotel built in 1861 and was considered a landmark for Franklin County before Mount Vernon became the county seat in 1875. The hotel was demolished in 1897. Another building was built and then damaged by the 1912 fire which destroyed the First National Bank building (today's Franklin Co. Library) next door. Thus, this building and the bank were rebuilt in 1912. A cotton trader name Guy P. Hill "G.P." built this building in 1912. G.P. Hill bought and sold cotton for a living. Shown below is G.P. Hill parked in front of the building with his Model T truck and cotton bales.

He also operated a hardware store in this building called "G.P. Hill". Shown below is a photo of the store front in 1912. He divided his store into furniture and hardware sales which had everything from hand plows to bamboo fishing poles.

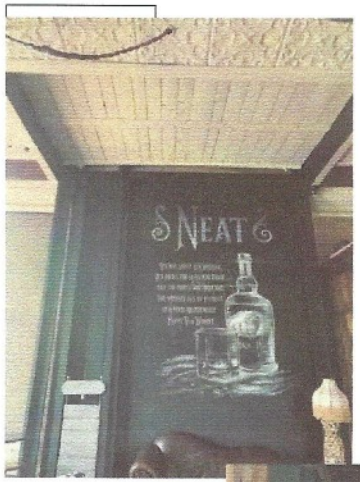
These photos are taken from the same angle:

In 1916 when it was the hardware store....

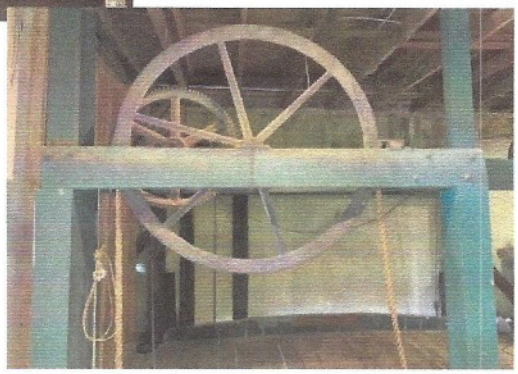


and then today as The Chophouse...

Notice the stairway and windows in the back as well as the original wood floors and tile ceiling that you can still see in the current Chophouse photo today. You will also find today one of the hardware store display cases from the 1912 photo in the front of The Chophouse when you walk in the front door to your right.



In the back of the building in the "NEAT" bar you will see a working elevator above. G.P. Hill had this installed when he built this building in 1912. Its purpose was to lift inventory including cotton bales, Model T's (Trucks) and Model A's (Automobiles) to the second floor. The elevator is still in great working condition and used to move bulky or heavy equipment up and down to and rom the second floor. It is operated by pulling on a rope that drops down into the bar area to operate the large pulley wheel system located upstairs...

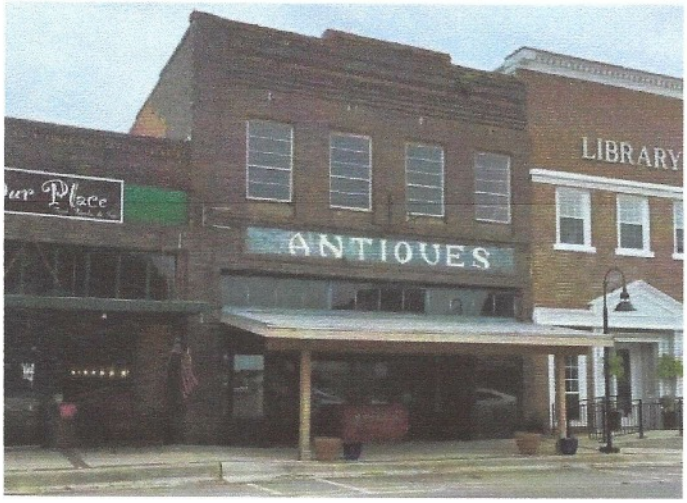


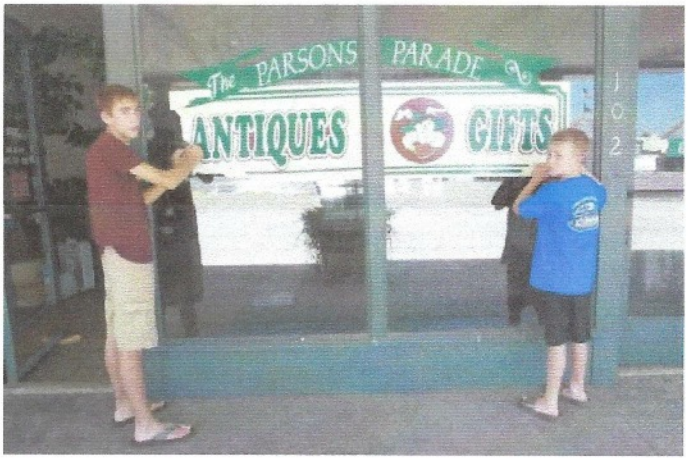
Also, in the front of this building, you can see the "G.P. Hill" mark on the building in white tile on the floor next to the hostess stand.

This was the G.P. Hill store for about 20 years then in the 1930's, it was owned by L.L. "Fate" Thomas who operated a hardware store here called "Mt. Vernon Hardware". As time passed, Mr. J. Frank Lewis had a dry goods store here in the 1940's and into the 1950's.

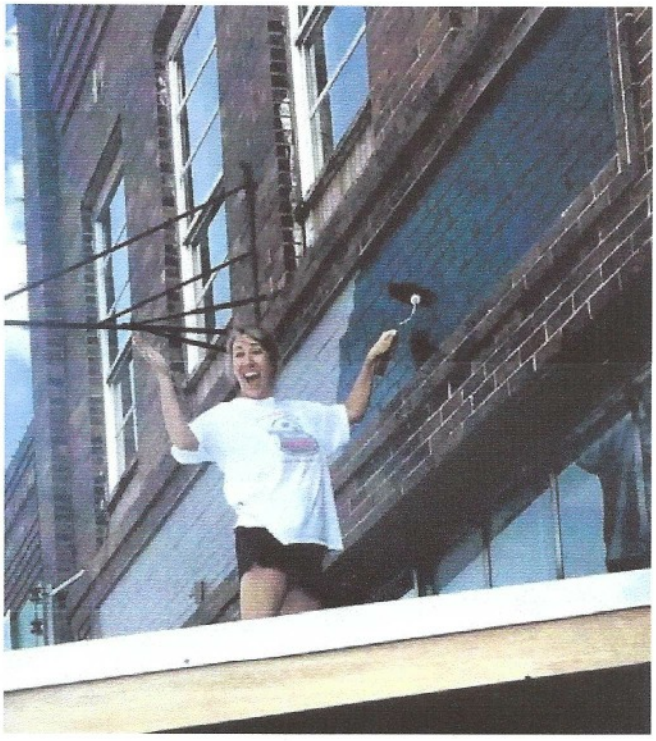
The Mount Vernon Optic Herald vintage newspaper articles on the walls throughout the restaurant are originals. See if you can find the advertisements for G.P. Hill's cotton business and his Mount Vernon Hardware Store. The original newspaper pages in the bar area are from 1933-34 and have several articles reporting news about Prohibition days that are quite interesting. You'll also see news of the first major oil discovery leading to the development of the Talco Oil Field in North Franklin County.

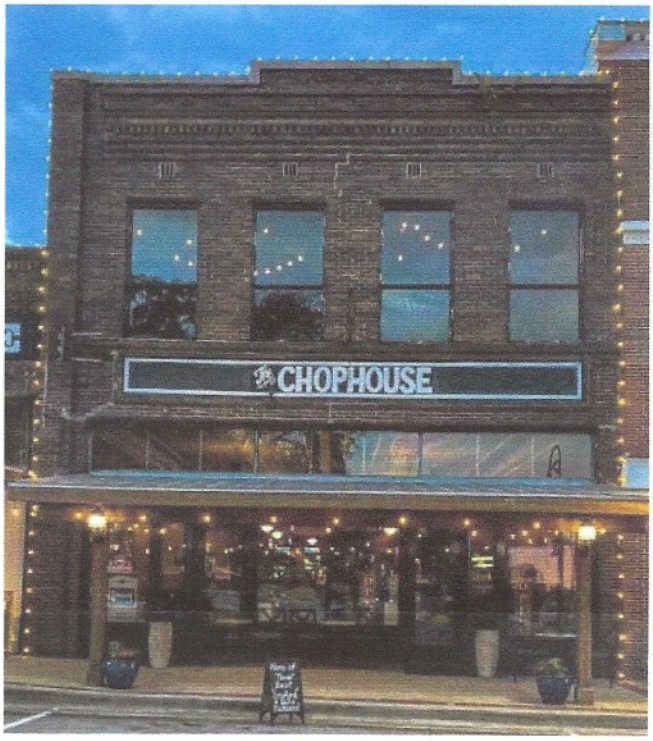
Before renovating the building front....



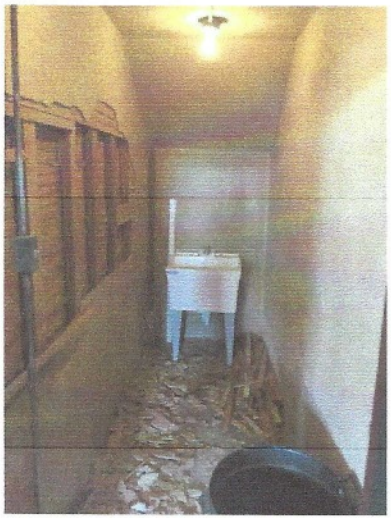


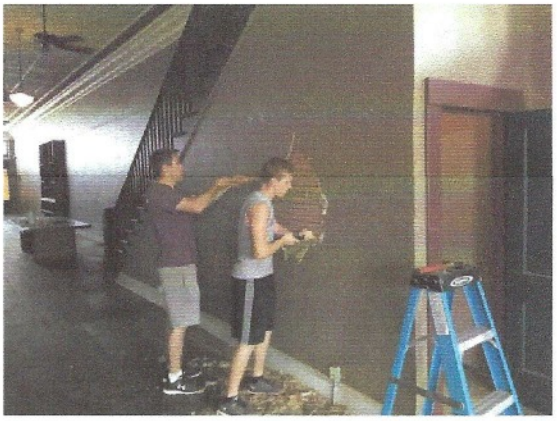
And After.....



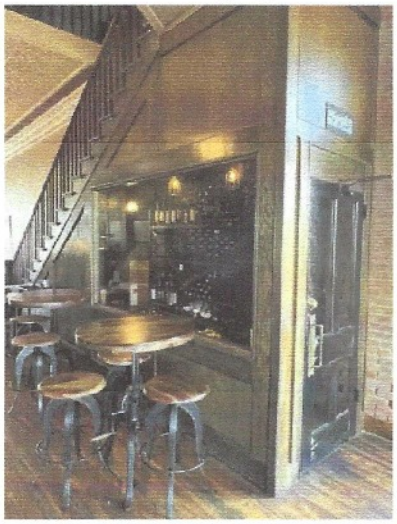


Renovating the back of the building and storage room into a wine room....

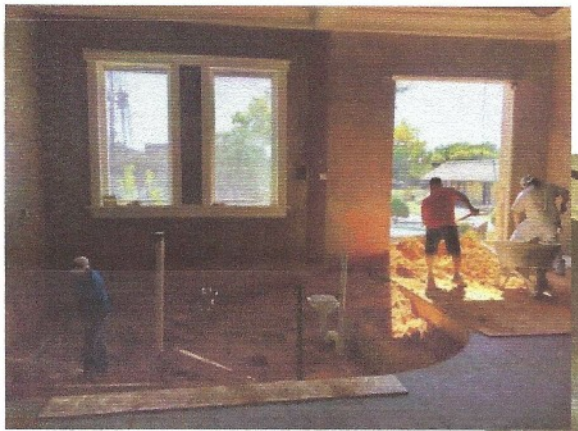


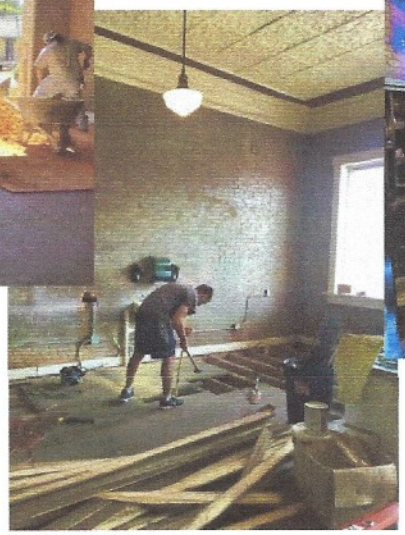


The finished project....

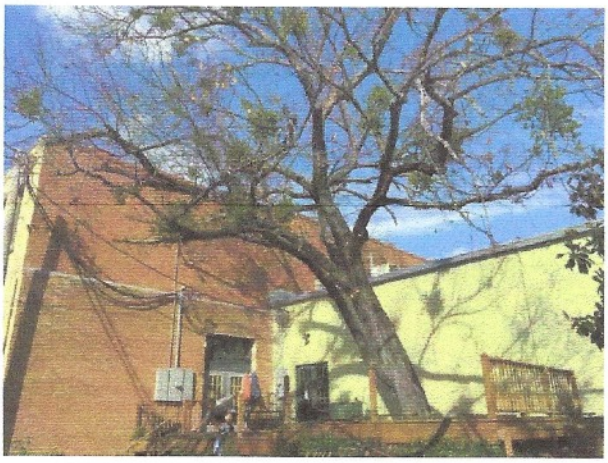


Shaping and pouring the concrete floors in the bar...

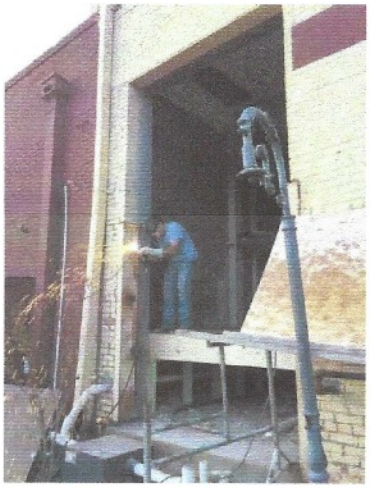
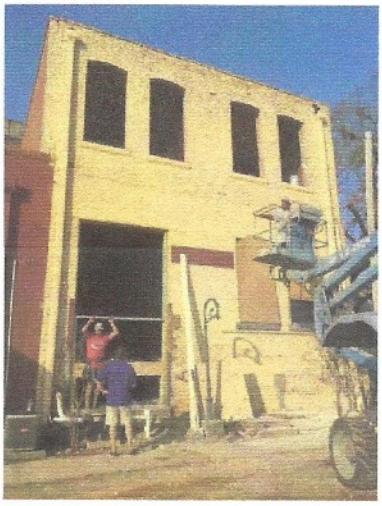




Renovating the back of the building outside and back patio.....

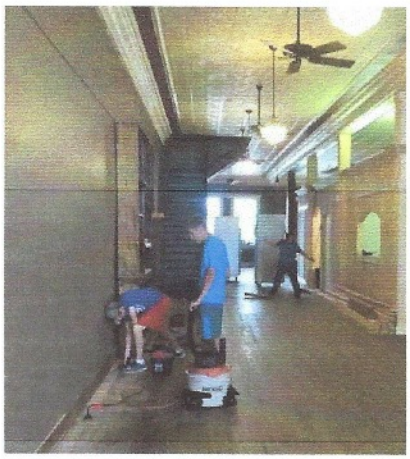
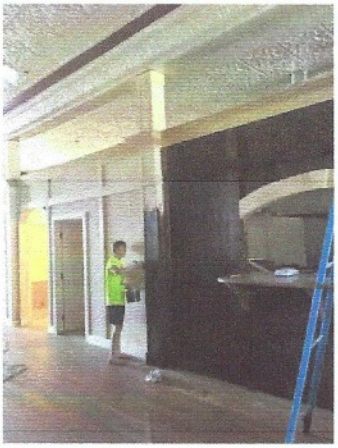




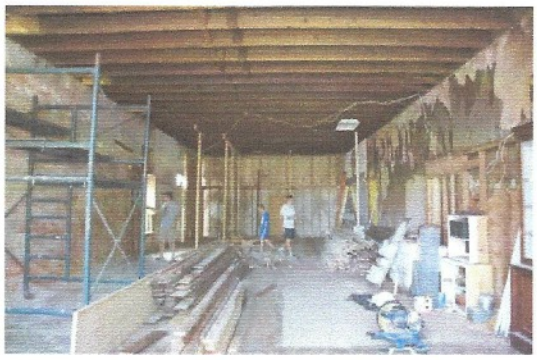

And
after....

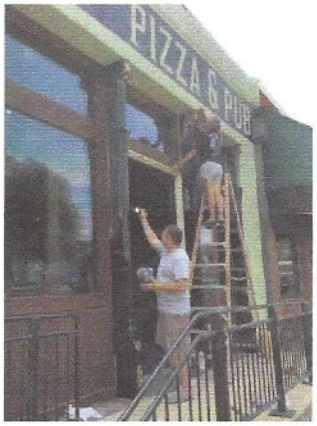

Building out the kitchen and restroom areas...

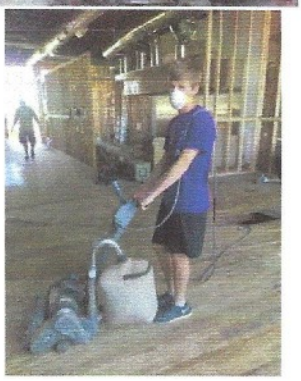




Brad & Stephanie's next investment included the two "Pirtle" buildings next to the Hill Building when they were home to the Our Place café and a lady's dress shop at the time. Both of these buildings are currently under major renovations to expand The Chophouse.

Their next investment was the Fleming Building on the southeast corner of the square in 2014. The back wall needed immediate repair due to instability so they re-built the back wall to match the front and added the back patio. This has become home to 5B Burger today.





In 2016, they purchased the building on the North side of the square that housed the Samaritan Shop and was office space for many years. These buildings also needed major renovations so the Hyman family spent weekends on the demolition then sold the buildings to Lyndsay Bliss Boyd in 2020 who has done a remarkable job with its renovation.

Their most recent investment and current renovation project is The Century Room at 102 S. Kaufman St. which will be now called "The Century Building". More to come on the future business that will call The Century Building home base.

A STORY - GOOD TIMES AT THE DIRTY FORTY DANCE HALL
By Ralph Banks

The small and cramped Mt. Vernon high school football locker room was warm and steamy late during a cool November night of 1956. The last football game of the season had been played earlier that evening with the Mt Vernon Tigers coming out with a win for a change. The season had been a tough one, ending at 3 wins, 7 losses. But, in spite of this record the team did manage to be rated number 3 in the final overall district standings after all. The team had been left severely undermanned after a large graduation class the year before, there being only about 3 starting players returning from the 1955 squad. The Tigers had gone 9-1 in 1953 as District Tri-Champs, and were 8-1-1 in 1954 as the District runner-up. And, they were well on the way to very possibly winning the district title in 1955, but due to injuries to key players in the 7th game of the season, the season finally ended at 6-4, placing them far down in the final district standings.

This last 1956 game had been out of town but the game site had been close enough to allow the team to dress in our home field house and have not too long a bus ride to and from this last game. On arrival of the jubilant busload of us players back to our little locker room building at dark, quiet old Tiger Field in west Mt. Vernon near Highway 67 we promptly tugged off our dirty, sweaty uniforms, showered, changed back in to street clothes, and said our goodbyes to and exchanged handshakes with our Coaches. But, before we left the building and per longstanding custom, we few seniors carefully lettered in pen or pencil on the wood plank wall above our dressing station (nails driven into the wall) our name, position played and year of graduation. As I was penciling my name on the wall one of my best buddies casually whispered "there's a dance tonight at Dirty 40."

Keeping the message about the dance to myself, we then headed outside into the dark to meet our rides clustered around under the large, autumn leaved Post Oak trees, which in my case were my parents and little brother waiting in our new sleek, white 1956 Plymouth. As I drove my parents and little brother home, my brother was full of joy over our win that evening and my having scored one of our winning touchdowns. Little Brother was always my biggest fan and was a member of the "Fight'n Tiger Band.

On leaving my parents and brother at home and with assurances to my parents that I would not be "too late" coming home, I drove back in to town to pick up my date for the evening. My date was a short, perky blond and longtime classmate with which I could always depend on having lots of laughs and long, interesting conversation. Her parents were publishers of the local newspaper.

Our first stop was "The Cafe", which was located on West Main Street. The café was loud and literally rocking with juke-box music, and stuffed with a usual post-game high school crowd with not a seat to be had. I even recognized several kids from Winnsboro. Anyway, my date and I simply made some rounds of the crowded booths to laugh and briefly speak with kids we knew. Then, with familiar winks and shakes of our heads we said our goodbyes and headed for what we knew as the "Dirty-40 Dancehall".

"Dirty 40" was a County Road west of the downtown business district, that extended west from US Highway 67 as US 67 curved to the south and passed under the railroad underpass. It is not known just how Dirty 40 road came by its name. And, there actually was no dancehall building located on this road at all. Instead, what some of us called the dancehall was merely a straight flat stretch of the road that seemed wider and smoother than the rest of the road with the all around terrain mostly consisting of flat prairieland and by that time of year, harvested cotton fields. The cars would be parked along the sides of the roadway with one or two with good receiving radios having volumes turned up with the windows rolled down, enabling couples to dance to the radio music on the roadway pavement.

As usual there was little traffic on this road, with the headlights of the few cars that did come our way being visible in plenty of time for the couples to clear the roadway for those cars to pass. On this evening though, one of the cars was that of the City Marshal/Deputy Sheriff who cruised up and rolled his window down to check on what was going on. But, on seeing that there was no real foolishness or shenanigans apparent, merely smiled broadly, waved and drove on about his patrolling.

And, so it went on this cool November night with the radios playing our favorite music tunes of the time and the few couples enjoying dancing on the old county road under a star-filled sky and full autumn moon. From the Sulphur Springs and Paris radio stations we enjoyed hearing and dancing to such tunes as Elvis Presley's "Hound Dog", Fats Domino's "On Blueberry Hill"; the Platters' "My Prayer", "Its Twilight Time" and "Only You", and perhaps the one that was most prophetic as our curfews got close, "It's Almost Tomorrow".

After leaving the "dancehall", I then drove my Date to her family's home on South Holbrook Street. On entering the driveway, however, I noticed that the house was still brightly lit for that time of night, and I wondered aloud why her parents were still up so late. My date then mentioned that her Dad, as the local newspaper publisher, was

still up making his usual post-game reports to the daily newspapers for the larger cities of the region, like Texarkana, Longview, Tyler and Dallas. And, in an instant it occurred to me why I was so often able to read in any one of those large newspapers the next day full results of our game the night before. As my date and I approached her front door, the door opened and there stood her Dad and newspaper publisher. The Dad, a short, bespeckled, very knowledgeable and cheerful man from East Texas, who on seeing that his daughter was safe and being brought home "pretty much on time", then offered a hearty handshake and profuse compliments and congratulations on our win earlier in the evening. Thus, that wonderful evening of my Mt. Vernon high school days, was complete.

EPILOGUE**:** "Dirty 40" had been the original location of US Highway 67 just west of Mt Vernon, but had reverted to a county-maintained road when US 67 was built on new location to the south in about 1940. Dirty 40 is now known as Franklin County Road 1010 NW, and the cotton fields that used to exist alongside the road have now been greatly covered over with new housing developments.

The football coaches were Jack Gray, head, and John Torbett, assistant. Jack and John were from Arkansas, and initiated a formal track and field program for Mt. Vernon the next spring, which had existed mostly informally in previous years.

Little Brother is my younger brother, Zack. The teammate who clued me in about the gathering on Dirty 40 was Kenneth Raley who in those days we called "Skin." My date for this evening was Jane Bass, the middle daughter of the local newspaper publisher, Jim Bass.

The kindly City Marshal/Deputy Sheriff was Vester McGill.

The opponent played in this last game of the season was the Pittsburg Pirates; Mt. Vernon won 33-30. "The Café" was Millers Café, which was located on West Main Street, tucked in between B&B Motors and Hasty Courts, near the now closed Lowry's store.

Ralph K. Banks, MVHS Class of 1957 Austin, Texas
(First Published 14 Nov 2010, by The Mount Pleasant (Texas) Daily Tribune)

WELCOME TO MT. VERNON MAIN STREET

Annetta Hamilton
Main Street Director, City of Mt. Vernon

We have a lot of activities coming up for October through December on Main Street.

On October 8, the Main Street area will be filled with lots of fun, crafts, food, entertainment, etc. The Key Club is sponsoring the 47th annual CountryFest. Also, on that day, the Franklin County Lions Club will be doing vision screenings inside City Hall. That evening, the Loading Dock will be hosting “Dueling Piano Night”. Be sure to get reservations for that event. October 20-November 3, the Franklin County Library will have a story stroll around the plaza. Trick or treat will be held on October 31 this year. The location is to be determined but I anticipate it will be in the downtown area.

In November, a Ladies Night Out event is being planned but no set date yet. On November 26, Pinkalicious Horse Flea “Best Christmas Pageant Ever” will be in the Glove Factory starting at 11:00 a.m. This will be a huge event for our downtown area with a lot of visitors. Main Street Alliance is kicking off its promotion for a Mitten Tree. We will be gathering mittens, gloves, and toboggans throughout the month of November. The items will be donated to the Community in Schools Christmas for All program.

December starts with the annual nighttime Christmas parade. This year’s theme is the Grinch and Whoville. Main Street Alliance is sponsoring a Christmas window decorating contest for the Main Street district and will award the winner a trophy.

To keep up with activities on Main Street, follow us on Facebook at Mount Vernon Main Street Alliance or www.cityofmountvernontexas@comvtx.com.

COLLEGE ROOM AND BOARD, 1930
By John Hicks

After Christmas break not all students could afford to return to East Texas State Teachers College for the spring semester of 1930. Ivey Hicks and her sister Fay John, along with others who had returned, took their seats in half-filled classrooms, sat still, and whispered with grief the names of friends no longer called from rolls. The soul-crushing financial ravages of the Great Depression had begun.

The two girls resided in a boarding house, in one of the upstairs rooms assigned to female students. One evening, her ginger ringlets bouncing, Ivey swept down the stairs and skipped to the kitchen door, where she surprised four boys at their evening meal.

The skinny male students lived in a backyard smoke house, converted into nominal quarters for boys, with as many cots as would fit in the windowless room. And they ate when no girls were allowed in the house's kitchen. (A college dean had given reluctant approval to this unusually close proximity of male and female students.)

To beg a favor of her landlady, Ivey had come downstairs during time ordinarily reserved for study in her room. The young men reddened as if caught at a crime. Ivey told me, decades later, “They were terribly embarrassed.”

Of course, they might have blushed at her unexpected appearance, if they’d been half-dressed or caught in the house at a time not allowed. But a look at the table told Ivey the real reason why. There sat stoneware bowls of cornflakes dowsed in cherry Kool-Aid. Their poverty, clearly exposed.

They stood, as young men did in those days, in the presence of a young woman. The eyes of all but one dropped to the floor. A tall, sandy-haired boy looked straight on at Ivey. He spoke with the comfortable resonance of an East Texas drawl but, at the same time, the urgency of a school bell: "I bet you never saw this combination before. We don't have any milk."

Then, like the others, he looked down; but through his blush he smiled. He'd boldly tried both to "break the ice" with Ivey and to lift the pall that had fallen over his friends.

Ivey blushed, too, but spoke without a hint of condescension: "No, I've never seen that. But I guess Kool-Aid beats nothing!" She laughed and then apologized: "I'm sorry. I live mostly on soda bread and water myself. It makes me feel, at least, like I've had enough to eat."

Ivey's words, for a brief and fragile moment, broke the ageless curse of misplaced shame, of disgrace in not having "more." One by one the boys shook loose of the spell, looked up, and examined that magical freckled face. In violation of house rules, they talked of families, hometowns, favorite teachers, and what their mothers would feed them if they were back home.

Did their landlady, I wonder, listen from the hall and quietly let this one infraction slide?

<u>More on Ivey Hicks Smith (1907-1995) and Food for College Girls</u>*:*

My Aunt Ivey cried when sick and kept home from school as a child. The Mt. Vernon High School Valedictorian for the 1924-1925 school year, she received a one-year scholarship to attend Mary Hardin Baylor in Belton. Then she taught rural schools for two years.

When her sister Fay John finished high school, they roomed together at East Texas State Teachers College. The school went by this name from 1923 to 1957 and became a four-year institution with membership in the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools in 1925. Today we know it as Texas A&M University Commerce.

In her talks with me late in her life, she told of a visit with twin girls she'd met in her college history class. They had boxes of potatoes in the corner of their room. The girls apologized: "We had to bring them from home. We just couldn't survive here any other way."

"Don't apologize to me," Ivey said. "I have canned sausages in jars in my room, in the highboy. My sister Fay John and I eat them with soda-bread and not much else besides."

(Soda bread, an old Irish staple, consists of flour, salt, baking soda, and buttermilk. Cornmeal mush, a mix of locally ground cornmeal, water, and salt, also made a meal for many a penniless student at the time. And many Depression Era students hardly had a spare cent to spend.)

When I brought up this story some time back in a Facebook post, my younger brother Sid commented, "The canned sausage Aunt Ivey referred to was not a commercial product. In collecting oral histories from her and others for a Master’s degree, I learned one way the home-butchered hogs’ meat was preserved was to cook sausage patties, put them in a jar, and pour hot liquified lard over them. The lard hardened and sealed the sausage patties that would be dug out later."

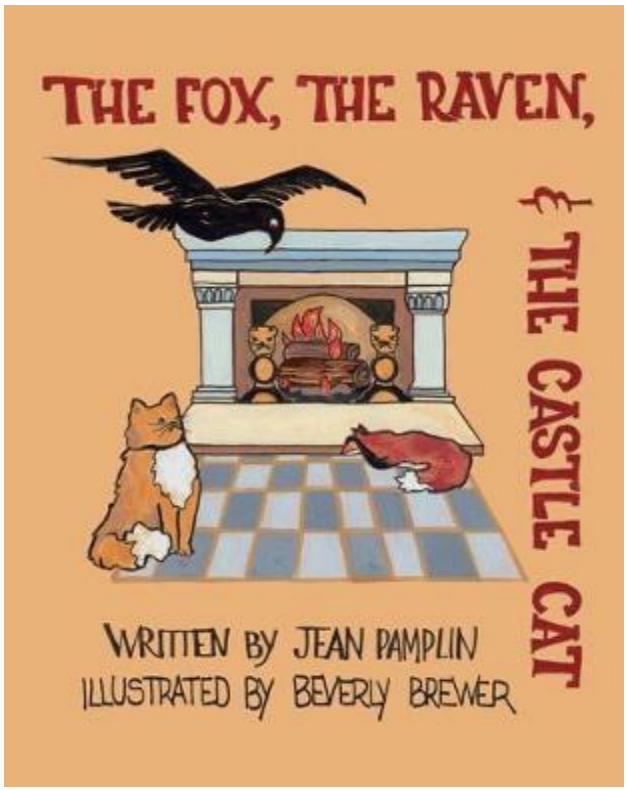
One of his Mt. Vernon classmates expressed disgust, calling the canned sausage “gross.” Sid replied, "Yes, at first glance, but how many of our ancestors died from the meat they processed at home versus how many were dying from factory-processed meat as described in Upton Sinclair's, *The Jungle*, the book that led to passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906?"

PHOTOS FROM OUR ARCHIVES

Top Photo: Football physical exams fall of 1964.

Featured: Butch Raley, Dwight Bolin, Randy Newsome, Max Countryman, Jackie Barker, Phillip Forgy, Harry Cason, Clifton Martin, Ronnie Coe, and Olen Joyner, and Dr.Tom.

Left Photo: The town’s two doctors – Dr. Otto Walling, Jr. and Dr. Calvin Tom – standing on East Main, Mt. Vernon, Texas, ca. 1959



A Reception honoring the late Beverly Brewer will be held Friday, October 7, 2022

from 5:00 – 7:00 p.m.

at the Fire Station Museum.

Author Jean Pamplin will be present to autograph books.

Ken McDonald painting exterior trim at the fire station. We have spiffed up our faded white paint and made the annual effort to clean out the drain gutters. We should be ready for winter and we should be ready to receive visitors during CountryFest. We have the truly marvelous display of the work of Beverly Brewer taking up almost all of the upstairs.

Beverly donated countless hours in illustrating our historic publications. She was a marvelous friend of the association; come and pay tribute to her life of service.

MT. VERNON ARTISTS - 1886

Cassandra Black restored photo: Art Class in Mt. Vernon, Texas, about 1886.

Miss Annie Ellis Williams of Knoxville, Tennessee is the instructor. Cassandra Black of Photographique Dallas restored the faded and dim original. We see details which are fantastic. We have works dated from 1869 for the summer art institutes held each summer in Mt. Vernon. The town formed male and female academies about 1849; when the Civil War commenced, the classes were combined into a coed program. The summer institute commenced in 1869 and continued through 1940, by which time, local interest in the arts was sufficient to see several local art teachers providing classes, a tradition which continued through the 1960's.

We know that Molly Petty Stringer was a student in the initial 1869 institute. Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Claude Stringer (Lottie Malone Stringer) painted the subject which is shown hanging in the upper right area of the picture near the south facing sunlit window. And we have oil paintings from about 1905 painted by Tula Broach Stringer, another of Molly's daughters-in-law.

The late Robert Sterling Long solicited donations of artwork by early Franklin County families and we have a wealth of historical paintings in our archives. Mt. Vernon supported the arts and education and the surviving works of art confirm that interest and support.

This photograph was donated by a granddaughter of Annie Ward Nance of Mt. Vernon. Mrs. Nance and her daughters were all involved in the arts; most often paintings are the remaining work. But our association's collection of quilts and decorative handwork also provides insight into the interest in the arts, particularly in some of the highly decorative quilts and loomed coverlets taking from the 1860's to the 1920's.

Annie Ward Nance is born in 1866 in Tucson, Arizona, to G.M. and Nancy Marshall Ward. She marries W.P. Nance in 1882; dies in Lufkin, Texas in 1936 and is brought back to the Mt. Vernon Cemetery for burial. Her family names relate to early settlers along the Cherokee Trace which runs along the eastern border of Franklin County. This sort of travel is not uncommon; people would venture out (that travel required crossing through Comanche Country); we have many stories of such cross-country travel as indicated in the meanderings of the Fanning family across the American South before settling in Mt. Vernon in the 1880's. (see article, May/June 2020 newsletter).

Mrs. Nance and her daughters were involved in classes in Mt. Vernon under the Brooks family of painters from about 1885 through 1925. A Nance child may be among the students in this photograph but the family were only certain of the teacher and locale because Mrs. Nance had written that information on the photo.

The studio was on the town square; the light would indicate that this may be an upstairs corner room in the two-story Rutherford Drug Building which stood at the corner of Houston and Main Streets (second floor removed about 1940).

Editor's note: B.F. Hicks was visiting with Suzanne Kelley Clark and her students who had come to paint on the Daphne Prairie. We started talking about the long interest in culture in Mt. Vernon and I pulled out the original photograph. Cassandra Black, one of the visiting artists, offered to restore the photo. We have the result in the beautiful work shown above. See the unrestored version at #176 in our historical photo gallery on the web.

THE FORGOTTEN TEXAS CENSUS OF 1887 IN FRANKLIN COUNTY
History Matters—Matt White

In 1887 the United States was undergoing a phenomenal transformation as urbanization and industrialization modernized what had been, only twenty years earlier, a nation of small farmers and shopkeepers. Reconstruction had ended only a decade before and the eastern factories were belching out consumer goods as readily as they were dark clouds of smoke. Electricity was promising to turn night into day and making it possible for many to never again wring their bread from the sweat of their brow.

The new technology—cameras, light bulbs, phonographs and a universe of new-fangled inventions—would insure that in just a few years the United States would possess the world's number one industrial economy.

But much of the South was still reeling from the war and a plantation economy. Leaders there were trying to reinvent the region with endless speeches and newspaper editorials about a prosperous New South that would embrace business and industry. Key to the effort were the railroads.

By the 1880s thousands of miles of steel rails had been built for the iron horses that were eager to tie the South into the national economy. Developers had their eye on southern resources including the immense bottomland hardwood forests that girded the southern rivers. Soon these massive old growth forests were being felled and floated to lumber mills and then hauled by rail to build the giant cities taking shape up North. They also had their eye on the rich fertile prairies of Texas. And with the invention of the steel plow these ancient grasslands would disappear into a sea of cotton and corn.

When the decade began much of Texas was still unaffected by the rapid changes sweeping the rest of the nation. The virgin forests were still intact and in a band of black land that started near San Antonio and swooshed up to the Red River the ancient grassy savannahs known as prairies still covered thousands and thousands of acres with big and little bluestem, Indian grass and a host of beautiful wildflowers.

But as the railroads, the steel plow and the barbed wire arrived in Texas the landscape began to change. Leaders hoped that bringing immigrants to the Lone Star State would help redeem the virgin sod from the wilderness.

Perhaps they were taking their cue from the Homestead Act, which was signed into law by President Abraham Lincoln in May 1862. The greatest land give away in history, it laid out a welcome mat to the world and gave those "huddled masses yearning to breathe free"—to quote Emma Lazarus's poem the New Colossus—160 acres of land (a quarter section) in exchange for a small filing fee and five years of labor to improve it.

This land giveaway had largely missed Texas though… To be sure that stroke of Lincoln's pen transformed the northern Great Plain into the breadbasket of the world and provided a surplus of food for the burgeoning cities back East. This of course would be the end of the Plains Indians—in 1887 the Congress passed the Dawes Act to further divide the native lands and distribute it to individual Native American families who they were certain were eager to become yeoman farmers and plow up the sod where the deer and the antelope had played and the buffalo had roamed.

But Texas was ideally suited to capitalize on this market, and many were convinced the way to do that was to entice immigrants to the rich prairies where they would fulfil Jefferson's vision.

So as part of an effort to show off the state to would-be immigrants around the world the commissioner of the Texas Department of Agriculture, Insurance, Statistics and History—L.L. Foster—undertook a remarkable, if at the time controversial, agricultural survey. All farmers across the state were required by law to complete a detailed questionnaire about their farms which was then sent to their county tax assessors to administer. Although they were under oath, naturally many must have been hesitant to provide correct answers out of fear their responses would be used to levy additional taxes on them.

Published in 1889 the First Annual Report of the Agricultural Bureau, published collected data on each county in Texas. The survey's usefulness to immigrants was questionable… today however it is a remarkable view of the nature of Texas—its lands, water, soils, and crops, people, schools, churches…

The name suggested that additional annual reports would be forthcoming but none were. Already a severe drought was taking its toll and the beginnings of the panic of 1893 would drive many farmers from their land as the economy spiraled downward due to debt and foreclosure and silver-tonged orators preached populist rhetoric condemning immigration.

Although not especially successful, the survey is a priceless window into 1880s rural Texas. In 2001 it was reprinted by the Texas State Historical Association.

Consider what can be learned from Franklin County, which had only recently been separated from nearby Titus County 1n 1875. One of the smallest counties it lies south of the Sulphur River it is in the "second tier of counties from the Red River" in "the northeastern portion of the state."

"The general surface of the county is generally undulating; the soil a gray loam, easily cultivated" and "finely adapted to a diversity of crops." Not surprising—"the people are engaged in farming and stockraising."

Mount Vernon, the county seat of local government had a population of 700. The only other towns listed were Gray Rock and Purley—each reportedly inhabited by 100 folks. Taxes were thirty cents on the dollar of appraised value; and the combined value of all taxed risen from $532,695 in 1877 to $780,777 in 1887, and the county had a surplus of nearly $650.

Domestically there were 51 marriages, and 4 divorces that year as well as 261 births and 101 deaths. Twenty three merchants were in business; there was just one bank and one newspaper, as well as nine lawyers and a whopping 14 doctors. There were 22 school houses serving 1,436 students. There were 39 teachers—males earned $50 a year and females made $40.

The population of Franklin County was 6,039 in 1887. So-called "Americans" out-numbered African Americans—who were called "colored" by ten to one. There were six individuals listed simply as Irish. There were 116 farm workers who were employed on average four and a half months a year earning an average wage of 11.91 cents a month or $53.55 a year! There were 881 "white" families and 97 "colored" families. Fifty four farmers had mortgaged their coming crop in order to survive that year in order to buy food (bacon, lard, corn, and molasses were listed as the four staples). Called chattel mortgage—or more commonly sharecropping—the high interest rates and low wages crushed farmers beneath a load of debt and kept many from getting ahead.

Two railroads—the St. Louis, Arkansas and Texas as well as the East Line and Red River—were serving the county. Improved land ranged from 8 to 20 dollars an acre, while unimproved land was even cheaper—from 3 to 10 dollars an acre. And what an abundance of unimproved land there was! According to the survey 15, 287 acres were still in prairie—just waiting to be improved. A mere 4, 281 acres were already in pasture, while a whopping 29,281 were in cultivation.

The soil in Franklin County, a gray loam, the report assured readers, was "easily cultivated" and "finely adapted to a diversity of crops."

Some superlatives:

"Sugar cane grows as luxuriantly here as in any section of the south, and produces a heavy yield."

"All kinds of fruit are grown."

"Peaches, apples, plums, pears, etc, do specially well."

"Vegetables of all kinds are produced in abundance."

But the fine print contains a different picture. According to the survey Franklin County farmers were devoting the vast majority of their cultivated land to just two crops—corn and cotton. Unlike Thomas Jefferson's ideal yeoman farmer, who would be self-sufficient, most were growing staples for the distant market. That year 10, 658 acres were of corn were cultivated and 218,404 bushels were harvested with a reported value of $109, 202. Cotton consumed 10, 294 acres which yielded 3,896 bales for a value of $175,038. Even cotton seed was being promoted as a way to squeeze (quite literally) a little more profit. Cotton seed mills were being built and promoted throughout the south as a way to diversify the local economy. In 1887 11,793 tons of cotton seed, worth $11,915, were harvested in Franklin County.

Something over 2,300 acres were planted in oats and less than 200 acres were given over to wheat. Barely more than 200 acres of sweet potatoes were grown and only 50 acres dedicated to Irish potatoes… Sugar cane came in at 130 acres; and most surprising—a mere 81 acres were devoted to hay!

Franklin County farmers claimed 256 stands of bees, 432 and a half acres of peaches, 284 acres of apple trees, three and half acres of plums, twenty acres of pears and eight acres of melons. They reported a total of 174 grapevines that produced a mere eight gallons of wine valued at a mere 23 dollars… this was, after all, a Protestant County—the "Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist and Christian churches are each represented by church organization in the county."

There were 58,333 chickens on the books that year (these produced 79,316 dozens of eggs which were valued at nearly 8,000 dollars), 182 ducks, 1,239 turkeys and 3,800 geese.

The green pastures held 2,042 milk cows (these produced 269,645 gallons of milk valued at $26,964 dollars and 105,418 pounds of butter valued at $10,541 dollars) and 2,840 horses and mules, 8,330 head of cattle, 6440 sheep (5,295 of them were sheared producing 22,964 pounds of wool valued at $4,714), 148 goats and 6,141 hogs.

In his classic text, The Search for Order, Robert Wiebe writes that after the Civil War agricultural machinery increasingly dominated agriculture on the northern Great Plains while in the South the value of farm implements declined by 1900 to less than half what it had been in 1860. Rather than modernize the South turned to a dependence on cheap part-time labor. Chattel mortgage was on the rise and so were interest rates due to a lack of banks. Rather than address the real issues, one of which was the growing disparity between those at the top and those at the bottom as well as lack of a middle class, the people fell for populist rhetoric that opposed immigration and education. The very

small middle class consisted of doctors, teachers and lawyers… but as Wiebe writes, "anyone with a bottle of pills and a bottle of syrup could pass for a doctor, a few books and a corrupt judge made a lawyer and an unemployed literate qualified as a teacher."

As the turn of the century approached the Progressives would have their work cut out for them.

Editor's note: Matt White is a naturalist and historian, and a frequent visitor to Franklin County prairies. He teaches American History at Paris Junior College in Greenville and lives in an old farmhouse—built in 1916—that was dragged by horses over giant post oak trunks a few years later so it would be on the newly-constructed Bankhead Highway, the first paved transcontinental route through the South. He is the author of Birds of Northeast Texas and Prairie Time and an occasional blogger on moreprairietime.wordpress.com. He can be reached at: vernonia628@gmail.com

SYRUP MILL and PRODUCTION REPORT

Photo Top Left: Dan Hoke and Jack Rutledge study the mechanics for the Cook's Cane Mill – a crusher device delivered to the Depot in 1920; delivered to the Hicks Farm; and returned to the Depot grounds in 1994; Dan and his team of volunteers have repaired and cleaned the evaporator pan.

Photo Top Right: Josh Seelbach reworked our masonry and Byron Maxton welded back iron rails.

Photo Bottom Right: Jack Rutledge engaged more volunteers to repair the furnace.

All is set to run during CountryFest.

2023

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION
Franklin County Historical Association
P. O. Box 289
Mount Vernon, TX 75457
903-537-4760

Memberships are based on the calendar year.
Members joining mid-year will receive all publications for that year.

Name_____ Class of Membership & Dues:

Address_____ Individual—$15.00

City, State, Zip_____ Family—$25.00

Phone:_____ Patron—$50.00

Email: _____ Sponsor—$100.00

I would like to receive my newsletter via email. Check here. _____

Indicate your membership class and mail your dues check to:
FCHA, P.O. Box 289, Mt. Vernon, TX 75457

2023 DUES

Please fill in the above contact information. Circle membership class.

Dues for 2023 (Includes subscription to newsletter) $_____

Special tax-deductible contribution for operations and maintenance: $_____

Special contributions may be designated as memorials or honorariums. Please list the name of the person memorialized or honored, and the name and address of the receipt for notice of your donation:

In Memory/In Honor of: _____

Notice to: _____

_____

Total Enclosed: $_____

We need volunteers! Could you work an occasional four-hour shift at one of our museums or a few hours in the office? _____If Yes, call 903-537-4760 to schedule a day and time.