# FROM TALLOW CANDLE TO TELEVISION: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR. J. M. FRAZIER

Edited by Mrs. Emily F. Muenster
and
Fred W. Edwards, Jr.

**NOTES ON THE DIGITAL VERSION:**

While this is a family memoir, it contains descriptions of frontier life in Bosque county, Texas, the local experience of a young boy during the Civil War, and the sociopolitical & economic events from then to the 1930's that I believe make it an interesting read as well as a valuable primary historical source. Jacob Moore Frazier's scope of experience was broad, his description astute.

This copy of the book belonged to my aunt, Emily Moore Frazier. It contains her underlinings, notes, & sticky tabs. Jacob Frazier was her uncle. She is buried in the Kopperl cemetary in Bosque county, along with other Frazier & Ansell relatives & members of the DeCordova family.

I scanned and formatted this digital version during October, 2023.
James Ansell Frazier Jr., Monterey County California, grandson of Jacob's brother Tom.

June 22, 1976

Today, I, Emily Frazier Muenster, gave to Dr. Bobby Parker for Mary Hardin-Baylor the manuscript of the biography of our father, Dr. J. M. Frazier, titled, *"From Tallow-Candle to Television"*. This is the story of his life covering the years between 1856 and 1941, with special attention given to sixty years of medical practice in Texas.

I give it with all the love and devotion of my father and mother and six brothers and sisters and their progeny, and with the love I bear for the college because of what it gave to me.

I give the labor of love, that was mine to give, in the memory of a great father, a great teacher, a noble Christian gentleman, a medical doctor of superior education and wisdom and compassion. A doctor of philosophy as well as medicine, who knew how to help minds as well as bodies.

As one humble one of his seven children, I dedicate my part in assembling the book to the name of the Christ he loved and served. I hope those who buy the book are blessed, and will show their love for the College where he invested more than forty of those sixty years, by giving generously to the ongoing of a great Christian college - Mary Hardin-Baylor.

When published, I expect copies for gifts to family members and certain close friends.

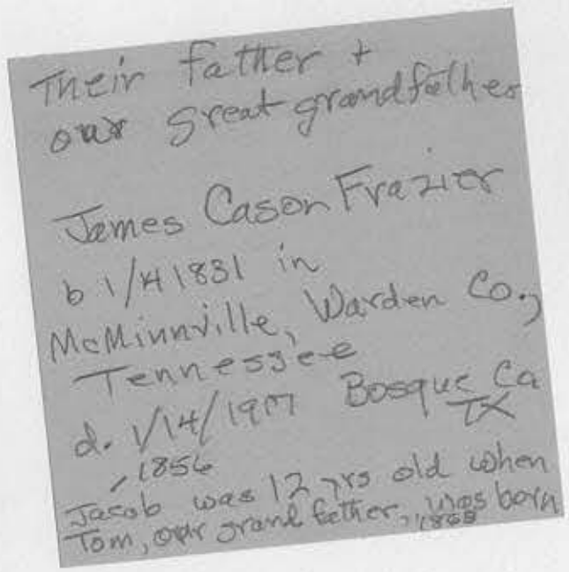
When the book is published, Mary Hardin-Baylor will have become the University of Mary Hardin-Baylor - thus opening her doors and arms to not only "Our Daughters True", but to our Loyal Sons as well. God bless and honor her widening vistas.

Emily Frazier Muenster

*This was taken from Mrs. Muenster's Bible.*

1981

For "Little Emily from beg Emily; to share with all the "Tom Fraziers, with all my love and precious memories of our happy Childhood, from
Cousin Emily



# FROM TALLOW CANDLE TO TELEVISION: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR. J. M. FRAZIER

Edited by Mrs. Emily F. Muenster
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Sponsored by University of Mary Hardin-Baylor

Thurs Feb. 7, 1985

Temple Daily Telegram, Temple, Texas

# Obituaries

## Emily F. Muenster

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BELTON — Emily Frazier Muenster, 93, of Belton died Wednesday in a Temple nursing home.

Services will be at 2 p.m. Saturday at Heartfield Funeral Home with the Rev. Leroy Kemp officiating. Burial will be in North Belton Cemetery.

Mrs. Muenster was born in Morgan in Bosque County. She lived in Eagle Rock, Calif., and Belton most of her life. She was the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Jacob Moore Frazier.

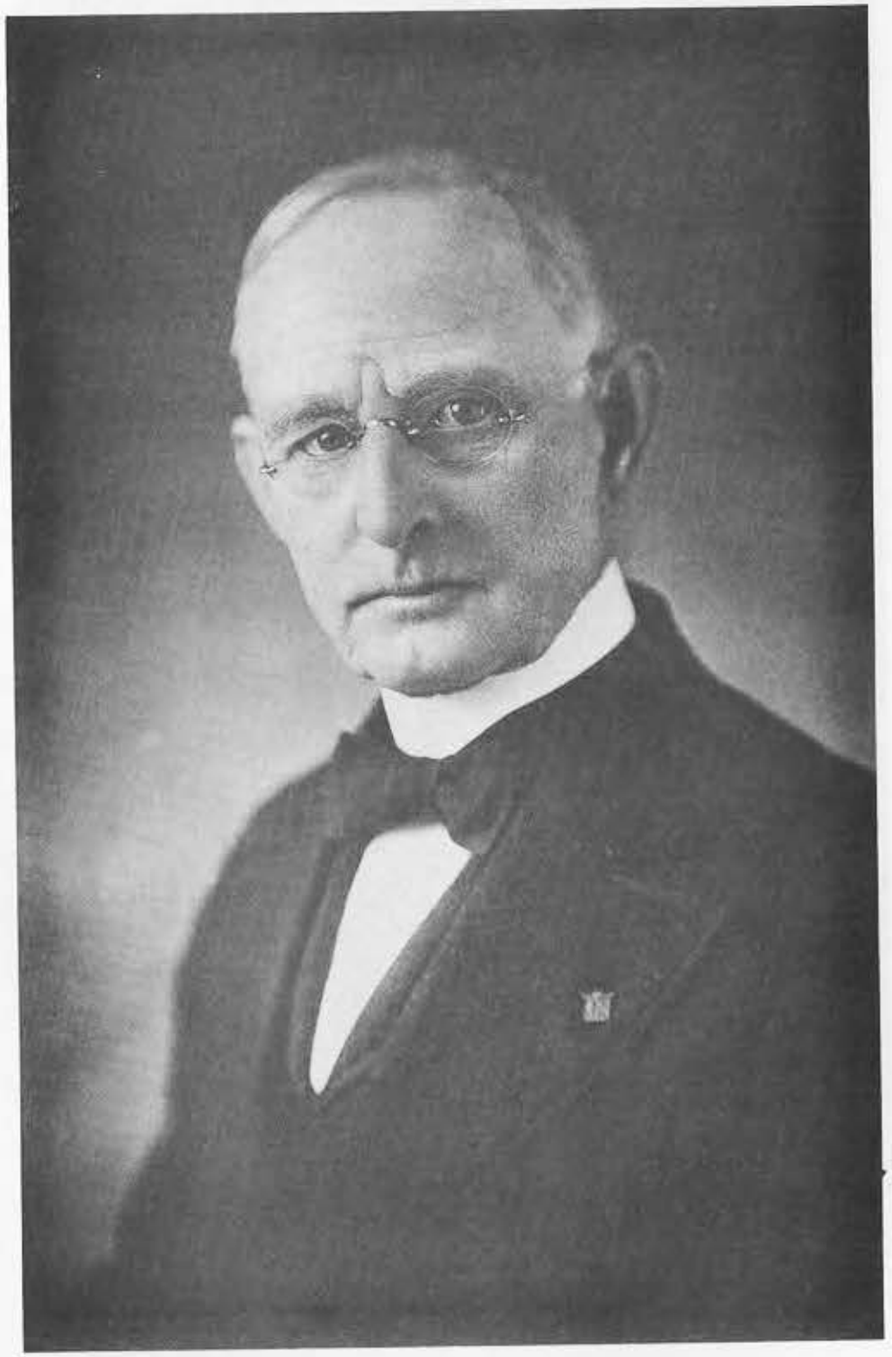
She attended the University of Texas at Austin, the University of California at Los Angeles and the University of Mary Hardin-Baylor in Belton. She was a member of the Mary Hardin-Baylor Alumni Association and helped raise money for the Frazier Memorial Infirmary at the university. She served as house mother at a dormitory during the 1950s.

She edited her father's biography, "Tallow Candle to Television," which UMHB published on her 90th birthday in 1981.

She was active in the Texas Poetry Society and was a member of the Agnes Woodson Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, serving as regent for several years. She was a member and Sunday School teacher at First Baptist Church of Belton.

Mrs. Muenster was preceded in death by her husband, Roland A. Muenster, in 1948.

Survivors are a son, Daniel B. Muenster of Wichita Falls.



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PREFACE

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FROM TALLOW CANDLE TO TELEVISION

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I.

Q. - What is it?

A. - This is the autobiography or personal experiences and observations of an Octogenarian.

II.

Q. - Why is it?

A. - Just an old man's fancy that future generations, more sophisticated, might evolve, on a dull and rainy day, an interest in a link connecting them with the real pioneer of a more or less hallowed past.

III.

Q. - When is it?

A. - The Biblical measure of the limit of life's span: four score years: 1856-1936.

IV.

Q. - Where is it?

A. - The scene is laid mostly in Texas and the U. S. A., with a few brief excursions into foreign lands.

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Note: Dr. Robert Burleson of Baylor University suggested this outline.





In my quiet den, in a comfortable,rambling,old house in Belton, Texas, which has been home for more than forty years, I sink into the cushions of my cream and blue leather chair which my baby girl sent me last Christmas. With my comforting old pipe and slippers to frame the mood, I find it easy to drift into visions and into dreams of my past life. I have been rereading a summary of my life written by a dear friend. Each line calls up a train of memories that I must attempt to set down, if the rich era of human attainment which I have been privileged to experience in my eighty years is to be kept for those coming after me who may care to see them through my eyes. If some of these visions are dim and hazy, I will be pardoned by the charitable reader, for chronological errors of arrangement of times and places as well as events.

The name of my book, From Tallow Candle to Television, was suggested by an early and vivid childhood memory, when during war time it was my job, under Mother's direction, to mold tallow candles for our only source of light during long winter nights. Then, the other end of the title from the suggestion of newspaper notices that television, science's latest addition to an era of progress is to be practically demonstrated to visitors of the 1936 Texas Centennial Expo-

sition.

Sources of information from which the story is compiled, are varied, brothers and sisters, older relatives, friends of a lifetime, together with letters and documents from many who have long since passed on, with happy or sad recollections assure their genuine accuracy.

Needless to assure the reader that I am tremendously overwhelmed and embarrassed when I contemplate this my maiden effort to add another book to this book-mad age. I make no claim as seer, Solon, philosopher, prophet, preacher or poet. My only claims are that of having lived the life of a man of the plain people and that of being a connecting link in the chain that binds the real pioneer man to the more sophisticated man of a later generation. In the telling of my story, my hope is that I may not be counted proud or prolific, but may "point a moral and adorn a tale," of a life lived in an age of accomplishments brought about through strain and stress, yet under the guidance of an All-Wise Providence.

Sincerely,
Jacob Moore Frazier
Belton, Texas
6/12/36





We had such fun, all of us helping Daddy assemble the book. The book began at my sister, Mary Scott's country home, "Cold Stream," in Pennsylvania. As Daddy talked, she jotted down an outline. During the winter, he wrote notes for a chapter and mailed them to me in Austin for typing. During visits to my home, we would edit the manuscript. He would slap his knees and would say, "That sounds great now," or "I declare, you've caught just what I wanted to say!"

Then that summer after Virginia's Barton died, we all went down to the gulf at Port Isabel; Daddy and our brother Paul lived at the hotel, and Virginia and her son Philip and my Danny-boy and I took an apartment. Daddy and Paul would come to dinner and all of us would edit the chapter Dad and I had worked on in the morning--and how he did love it!

So many had a part in gathering notes. I want to thank each one who shared a thought. I think the last four years of his life were as Browning said, "The last for which the first was made." He visited in Morgan, and I have the scribbled notes of conversations with Ed Nichols and other old-time friends. His brother Frank patiently typed the Sam Bass song from Ed's notes. His niece Lina kindly copied old family letters of value; family birth dates and reminiscence

of her trip with him to Yellowstone. From his sister Fannie Moss's fine article on "The Lost City of Kent" we took voluminous notes. His sons, Bruce and Jamie and Paul, brought early memories of life in Belton and Morgan when they could visit with him. His brother Frank told other parts of this story in an article written for the Centennial.

Much of this and other matter I have added since he went away, but all from notes written in his dear, horrible, undecipherable hand.

I thank God for letting me work with him, and for the anticipation I saw grow as it began to look like a book. I wish he could have seen it published, but it served its purpose as a tonic to inspire him till that day he grew so tired.

Much of the book is too personal for commercial value. Many sentences are too long and involved, but edit it out, and you have removed him from the book. That gracious old doctor, bowing to kiss a lady's hand, who could be so calm and sure and keen and understanding beside his sick! He loved good conversation! How he learned from every contact he made; high and low, black and white. What a good listener he was, and how I miss his parting slap on my back and his "Keep your faith in God and your sense of humor, honey, and you'll be all right!"

During the past forty years, many people have assisted in my attempts to publish this manuscript and I would wish



to thank them for their efforts on my behalf. Three people must be signalled out for a special acknowledgment: Dr. Bobby E. Parker, President of the University of Mary Hardin-Baylor, whose financial sponsorship made this project possible; Fred Edwards, Jr., whose editorial assistance placed the manuscript in its final form; and Mrs. Elba C. de Hernandez who typed the manuscript.

Mrs. E. F. Muenster
and
Fred W. Edwards, Jr.

James Cason Frazier
1831-1917
Emily Ann Moore "
1838-1929

# CHAPTER I

*Birth and Babyhood*

The first home of my pioneer father and mother stood in the shadow of a cliff overhanging the Brazos river, called because of its resemblance to the characteristic Hebrew feature, Solomon's Nose. A well-built double log cabin, the two rooms divided by an open hallway through which the valley breeze made a grateful passage during the hot summer days, was the home which welcomed my earthly advent on December 4, 1856.

This home site, sheltered from the north winds by the mountain, was located in Bosque County one mile from the village of Kimball Bend, so named for Richard B. Kimball of New York City. Mr. Kimball had acquired title to a large tract of land in a great bend of the river adjacent to the village. Kimball was a writer of note, a frequent contributor to the New York Ledger, a popular paper of those days.

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In 1849 Jacob de Cordava, a Jamaica Jew, brilliantly educated and possessed of a winning personality, became tremendously interested in the future of Texas, and took up the business of land agent and developer. He made a trip to England, traveled over the country and delivered lectures emphasizing the natural resources of Texas. Moreover, an accompanying exhibition of pictures of pioneer life by George

Catlin aroused the interest and curiosity of adventurous young Englishmen and women. de Cordova warned that while Texas was not an earthly paradise, it was a country where a poor man can obtain land easily, and when he got it could turn it to good account in support of his family. Jacob de Cordova returned to Texas and wrote a book which he distributed gratis over England. Texas: Her Resources And Her Public Men, containing an accurate description of Texas, all manner of statistics and a correct map of the state, was widely read.

In 1850, the Universal Immigration Company of London purchased from Richard Kimball, through his agent Jacob de Cordava, 27,000 acres of land, lying in what was then Milam County, afterward Bosque County. This land had a frontage of 30 miles of Brazos river and included Kimball Bend.

Under the leadership of Sir Edward Belcher, the company dispatched thirty families (125 individuals) to establish the colony of Kent in the Texas frontier. The colonists arrived in Galveston in the fall of 1850, after a fifty-four-day voyage from Liverpool. Sir Edward hurried ahead of the party and with the assistance of surveyors, George B. Erath and Neil McLennan, laid out the city of Kent near the elevation known as Solomon's Nose on the west bank of the Brazos at Kimball Bend.



The main street of Kent was a pass between the mountains along the river. Solomon's Nose was the north boundary and two cedar-covered hills called the Twin Sisters formed the south boundary. All cross streets and residence lots were marked by cedar stakes. The town embraced about forty acres, and adjacent land was divided into small farms. Excellent valley land lay both north and south of the town site.

Reminiscing, my father told me of reaching the City of Kent one dreary winter day after a long surveying trip. He was invited to be the guest of the Martin family. Their home was partly of logs, and partly a circular room of willow wattles with a thatched roof. The living room had a fireplace with a fragrant cedar-log fire roaring against the dreary day outside. Mrs. Martin brought in a handsome silver bowl filled with hot mulled wine, which she served from silver goblets. For dinner she served wild game, yam potatoes, and a pudding with spice. Such was the life of this English colony.

One calamity after another dogged these inexperienced pioneers. For instance, just as their first corn crop was at green-ear state, Captain Mackenzie, who had bought a number of horses, turned them loose on the range. They had not fenced the farms, and in a few hours the work of months was ruined.

Sir Belcher had returned to England, supposedly for supplies and other colonists, but had failed to return. It

was learned much later that the Immigration Company had disbanded. There were misunderstandings over the Texas laws and some men had to pay for their land twice, due to the company's confusion. One of the settlers wrote home bitterly, "What a man brings to Texas belongs to Texas. What he makes after he gets here is his own!"

Before the third winter came round, those colonists who were not sleeping in lonely graves on the mountainside had scattered to distant points. The government had seen fit to move the fort--only seven miles away, and the protection from Indian raids on which they had leaned--and it was no longer safe to stay on with the forlorn hope of more colonists coming out. Gradually, the colony became a vanished dream, and the few descendants of these pioneers speak sadly of the City of Kent.

My youngest brother Frank remembered a tale of Father's. On one of his visits to the colony, the men were all lined up to hear the orders of the day. They had attempted to run the colony on a military plan. Every morning the men lined up for orders. On this day the men were about to break ranks when one of the ladies, Mrs. Mackenzie, ran out and whispered excitedly in Captain Mackensie's ear. He called out sharply, "Halt!" and when the men fell in again he said, "Mrs. Mackenzie tells me that the speckled hen who is setting has left her nest and refuses to go back." Confusion reigned until it



was decided what to do about the colony's one-setting hen!

There was much sickness and many of the colonists died, and for many years those hillside graves covered by cedar rails were to be seen in the ghost town. The colonists were said to have buried much silver and gold after Indian alarms, and youngsters through the years have hunted treasure through those hills, but except for the mountain trail between Solomon's Nose and the Twin Sisters, there is nothing to say that a dead-dream city lies sleeping here!

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The title of this section of land came to my father through the trading and locating proclivities of his partner and best friend of this early Texas life, Jacob de Cordova, my godfather and namesake. This pioneer promoter is a colorful character in early Texas history.

My paternal grandmother, a midwife, traveled twenty miles on horseback to attend my birth. No doctor had yet invaded this sparsely settled pioneer community. Now, in the more than half century of practice in my profession, I have officiated at the birth of more than a thousand babies, with gloves and gown, and all modern methods of sterilization. Yet my mother so attended escaped puerperal infection, the bête-noire of then more modern obstetrician. I came into this world <u>via naturalae</u> and have survived for more than four score years. Was this due to the "survival of the fittest,"

à la Huxley and Darwin, or was it due to the scarcity of germs in those unclivilized days on the Texas frontier?

To illustrate this latter solution, when we or one of our neighbors killed a beef game, after supplying other neighbors with a quarter, the surplus was cut in strips and hung on a line to dry in the sun. Rarely did it putrify as it will in this day of culture and of refined civilization. Germs, then, were not dreaded because they were neither known nor considered. Has civilization brought with it this enemy of earth, air and water?

My mother's father, a country doctor with a large practice in Burnet County, was unable to come to my mother because of his own illness at this time. This protracted illness was the cause of his finally giving up the practice of medicine. He later studied law, received a license, and became a great lawyer in Texas courts. When I was three months old, he and my grandmother drove 150 miles to see their first red headed grandson. They are said to have approved me with characteristic optimism, trusting time to overcome my existing deficiencies.

When I was only two years of age, I had not long been evoluted from a quadruped to a biped and had begun to toddle well on two sturdy legs. One day, during the absence of my father and with my mother being busily engaged in household duties, I slipped out of the house and toddled up the lonely



highway, then a dim road through the gap between two lonely mountains. The road, thickly bordered by dogwood and weeds, was rarely used. My mother suddenly missed me, traced my barefoot tracks for half a mile and found me weeping and lost. She, too, was weeping and frightened; but with justice and fortitude she proceeded to administer a sound spanking, the memory, if not the marks, remains to this day. I was not tempted again to stray from my mother's gentle apron strings.

My own memory of the furnishings of this first home is rather dim. However, one piece of furniture, which was used at my birth and for my sisters and brothers, was my cedar cradle, hewed and fashioned by my father's hands. The cedar cradle was sweet-smelling and smooth. It was padded by the mattress and quilt that my mother's hands had spun and had woven from cotton and wool produced on the farm.

About the ample hearth of my home, I remember the equipment which would be rudimentary and inadequate to a modern housewife. The crane fixed to the chimney side with its hook to hold the iron pot and kettle, and the big iron skillet which sat on legs with a heavy lid which could be converted into an oven by covering the lid with live coals. All of this, like the modern kitchen, was within reach of the dining table, which was made from the side boards of the wagon in which the family traveled from Burnet where my mother had lived before her marriage. The table was made steady and permanent by

fastening it into a chink between the logs of the wall and by underpinning from cedar legs. A neighborhood cabinet maker fashioned strong hardwood frames for the chairs and for the simple beds with cowhide thongs weaved together to form the chair seats and support for the mattresses, which were straw-filled at first. Mother, like every bride, had received a fine feather bed and pillows from my grandmother. Our linens and blankets were homespun cotton; our many quilts were gay and varied in design. The native cabinetmaker had fashioned Mother's spinning wheel and a loom which stood beside the fireplace in one corner to become a part of the familiar picture of my early memories. China, glass and our cutlery of Sheffield steel were limited and simple; but their very simplicity seems elegant to me, dressed in the richness of a happy home life.

On long winter nights, the light from the chimney logs needed supplementing. All of the tallow that came from the slaughtered beeves was carefully kept, rendered and molded into candles, making the candle molds a necessary part of our early equipment. Hand wrought brass candleholders were treasured possessions and were brightly polished to prove the thriftiness and neatness of the pioneer housewife. My childhood experience with one of Mother's candleholders was a story that she never tired of telling and that left a permanent mark on my life.



Every housewife of those days knew that fine wood ashes made the best polishing and cleaning agent for brass. Mother learned that the acid of vinegar mixed with the ashes improved the cleaning mixture. While Mother sat before the fireplace polishing the candleholders, I toddled up, lifted one which had been finished and laid aside,and started outdoors with it. I got safely down the step of the back door, and started across the yard, when a strutting turkey gobbler spied me. I was a human being of whom he need have no fear; he started toward me gobbling resentfully. The noise caused Mother to look up at the scene of a big Tom turkey wrathfully pursuing her small and frightened baby boy, with the shining candleholder clutched in his hand, trying desperately to reach his mother. Of course, the unsteady short legs were my undoing, and I fell down with the brass holder under me. When mother picked up her screaming baby, a sorry sight greeted her anxious eyes. My upper lip was cut through and blood flowed all over my face, my clothes and my mother's hands. A modern mother would dash to the telephone, call a doctor, and hurry to a hospital with her child, but Mother knew this emergency was up to her. Using cold, clear water from the spring branch to stem the hemorrhaging, she quieted my screams, laid me on her bed and calmly prepared to do an emergency operation. With a fine cambric candle and a skein of silk thread, she managed to take several apt stitches and

drew my poor gaping lip together in as neat a suture as a modern doctor could have done. I am sure that she had seen her father do this many times. Her self-control, courage and skill speak for themselves in the scarcely noticeable scar which I bear. For sheer fortitude, I claimed that this story of my mother to be unparalleled as a screaming, hurt child will unnerve anyone. It seemed to me that the kind of love that can inflict pain on its object of affection, when the pain was for ultimate good, was comparable to the Creator's love.

## CHAPTER II

*Preparation for a Permanent Home*

In the selection of a site for a permanent home on the Texas Frontier in those days, there were two essentials: wood and water. From the shadow of Solomon's Nose, my pioneer father, with eyes visioning the future, looked out over this beautiful Brazos Valley and found it good. His clear young eyes saw abundant evidence of these two essentials and decided that this was an ideal home site. A bold spring of cold clear water bubbled forth at the foot of the mountain and later father installed a hydraulic pump in the swift-flowing spring stream which lifted a fine current of water fifty feet up to the house. The stream then flowed through a spring house of logs which it was customary in those days to build over the spring. Within this house were stone shelves so arranged that cold water flowed all around the crocks of milk, butter and cheese and furnished adequate refrigeration. No one, who has not lifted the clean cloths from the cold crocks of cream-coated sweet milk or quenched a summer thirst from a churn of butter milk, thick with golden lumps of butter in a dark cool spring house, is eligible to pass on this most delightful of liquid refreshment.

A mile of swift river, bordered by wide fertile bottom lands, supported abundant growth of heavy timber: Cottonwood, Sycamore, Elm, Pecan and Walnut, with an underbrush of Dogwood

and Elder. But none of this wood was suitable for fencing the land and fencing for the protection of crops was one of the first problems a homesteader had to meet. Cedar was the ideal wood for fencing because of its lasting qualities, and a ten rail, stock-proof, stake and rider fence enclosing a section, 640 acres of land, meant many thousand cedar rails. A fine cedar brake was located five miles from the home site and a temporary camp was established.

The primeval cedar brake was invaded, and the ring of the axe became the music of the land! The large cedars were cut in eight-foot lengths and were split furnishing twenty or more fence rails. Hauling these rails five miles on slow ox wagons and distributing them around a square mile of land were labors that would have taxed the patience of Job. As to the permanency of these cedar rails, when barbed-wire fences were evolved fifty years later, these same rails were used for eight-foot fence posts around a thousand acres of prairie land which my father bought a few miles from the river farm. These were set two feet in the ground, and are a sound support today, eighty years later, on the Frazier Ranch.

Labor was scarce; but a few of the neighbors were glad to have work when not busy farming and many adventurous transients coming to Texas in those days were not afraid to tackle a hard job and earn a few dollars. Much of the labor



was paid for in barter. A cow, a beef, a hog, an ox yoke, or a pony and saddle were current pay in those days.

Two years were devoted largely to this fence-building program, although much other work on and off the farm was accomplished. Jacob de Cordova, "Mr. Dee," as he was known familiarly, greatly encouraged and freely backed my Father, in his enterprise, for his example was to be used as a demonstration for other land seekers. Mr. de Cordova was a promoter of primary rank who, along with Stephen F. Austin and Sterling C. Robinson, wrote largely in this great epoch of early Texas history in empire building.

Mr. de Cordova was impressed with the potentialities of Father's enterprise. After a prolonged visit on the Brazos farm, he proposed that he and Father divide the section equally and establish for each of them a permanent homestead. He also decided to move his own family, who were living in Houston and Austin, to the farm and make the farm the central headquarters for the firm's increasing land business. My father, who admired and respected his partner's judgment, agreed and divided this choice section by an east and west line.

The North half, next to Solomon's Nose, with all improvements (including the house where I was born), became the home of Mr. Dee and remained such until his death. Father received the southern half of the section and the further problem of

building a permanent home. The new home site was on a gentle elevation overlooking the entire extent of Father's land. Nearby, a spring furnished abundant water for men and stock and for irrigation of an acre of fine garden land where vegetables were raised for the family and for sale to the neighbors. The borders and fence corners of the garden fence were set with seedling peach and plum trees that bore bountifully for the family and friends.

After the selection of a home site, Father faced the problem of building a substantial and permanent home. Abundance of rough mountain stone was available, near at hand, but as no stone mason was to be had, he decided on a structure of concrete and stone, which was quite rare in those days. His mortar was a mixture of river sand and lime, from a newly made kiln, and this was poured around crude unhewn field stone. A form made from 2 x 12 lumber was built, the stones thrown in and the mortar poured over them; then the section was left to set. Successive sections followed the first, producing a two-story structure, 30 feet by 40 feet. Downstairs in the rear, Father added a shed room ten feet wide across the house which was partitioned off to form a guest room. On each side of the big room, a perfect fireplace was fitted into the wall, upstairs and downstairs, and, as before, became the center of the home life in this concrete house.



The difficulty of obtaining lumber and of building fixtures caused the house to be designed with the fewest possible door and window openings. There were three doors for the main rooms, and one for the shed room, with four windows for the first floor and two windows for the upstairs. For the purchase of these building supplies, three large wagons, each pulled by three yoke of oxen, began the ardous trip to the saw mills of the East Texas pine belt. Three hundred mile journey over faint trails consumed six weeks. The early spring was the time chosen for the trip because the grass was good for the oxen which were hobbled and turned loose to graze on this prairie at night. The nights of rest on the Texas prairies brought some compensation in the swapping of yarns around the campfire and in the singing to the mouth organ accompaniment by one of the drivers; but the long weary miles of tramping, no doubt, grew monotonous and tiresome. Dreams and plans for the house that he was building kept Father's courage up, for this was to be an unusually fine house for that time and that location.

When completed, an old fashioned house warming christened the house. The large simple living room downstairs, furnished space for old-fashioned dancing: the quadrille. Neighborhood fiddlers, accompanied by Mother on her accordion, or Flutina, which she played divinely furnished the music.

Neighbors, for twenty miles or more, came to our party, and the dancing continued until the wee hours of the morning.

The babies were bedded upstairs or wherever space permitted a pallet, when sleep overcame them. You see, this was the day of families who played together and stayed together!

After the jamboree, the family moved in lock, stock and barrel. This was not the task in that simple day, that moving entails now. Some new furniture was added to the house: the loom and a new dining table, made by the same neighborhood cabinet maker, who had fitted Father's first home; but our furniture was essentially the same. With their, for that day, luxirious home, the Fraziers were accepted as loyal, law-abiding, substantial, citizens of Bosque County and began a life devoted to improving and to cultivating the land.

By this time my sister Ella was born, who was to be my companion through college days, and my pride through all my life. The concrete house also sheltered in infancy John, my doctor brother, Tom and Kitty. My younger postwar sisters and baby brother Frank were born in Waco.

As evidence of my father's wisdom and judgment in his building, that the house stands today, three quarters of a century later, and my father's eight children continue to hold the title as evidence of patience, perseverance, loyalty and love, with which my father built his home.

## CHAPTER III

*War Clouds*

As growing rumors circulated about the question of slavery, misgivings and unahppy forebodings tempered the joy, which was the rightful product and reward of my Father's labors and Mother's thrift in improving their farm. The North, which had tried slavery and had found it an economic failure as an institution, saw wealth and power accruing to the Southern planters, to whom they had sold the slaves gladly when it was discovered that they did not thrive in the cold climate. The rapid development of plantation power and the checking of the swing of the political pendulum to the South made a vital issue of the religious and moral questions of the right to own slaves. The North told the South that slavery as an institution must go. This brought immediate resentment from Southern men who believed in State's Rights to settle such questions and opposed the concept of the Federal Government deciding such vital questions for the South. Controversy grew; provocation increased. In the North slavery became a moral issue and a religious issue, fanned to white heat by all sorts of propaganda which was highly discolored.

Father and Mr. Dee, not only partners, but neighbors, held many long conferences as war clouds began to roll in.

What should be the policy of the land firm in the impending crisis? War would mean a paralysis of all their land business. At this time, they held large railroad contracts for locating land and for developing vacant land along the Railroad's right of way. All these contracts would become void in case of war and failure stared the partnership in the face. Mr. de Cordova, like Sam Houston, was flatly opposed to the War Between the States. He believed that more peaceful methods of settling the issue could be evolved and that the Union could be saved. Moreover, he honestly questioned the right of the States to secede. Father was a strong believer in State's Rights and earnestly favored secession in order to maintain them on the slavery question! Respecting each others' opinions, Mr. Dee and Father came to a peaceful agreement for the dissolution of the partnership which would permit each to follow the dictates of his own conscience in case of war.

Father had nothing, except what had been earned in this business consisting of speculative interests in land surveyed for the G. H. and H. Railway Company. With the dissolution of the partnership this property became a frozen asset. The firm owed large debts for services and supplies, furnished many surveying parties which they had financed on prospects of future sales of these lands. So, Mr. de Cordova generously offered to assume all indebtedness of the firm and



Father signed over his entire interest in all lands. Had the war never come, this interest would have made him among the largest land holders in Texas. In the heat of this patriotic passion, Father cheerfully signed away a potential fortune. With only the clear title to the three hundred and twenty acre homestead, he shouldered his rifle, mounted old Traveler with rolled blanket and well stocked saddle bags, and rode away to war. Crossing his own pasture and the Brazos River boundary into Hill County, he headed for Hillsboro, the county seat, and enrolled with his two brothers and numerous cousins, for the duration of the war. The war clouds were no longer threats but a stern reality.

Richard Monroe Stephen John Robt T.

Father's departure fashioned the strongest emotional pression of my child life: engraved forever on my boyish memory was my mother's tears! Long after Father had passed beyond her range of vision, strong paroxysms of grief shook her young body. While I did not understand what it was all about, I knew that something was terribly wrong, for my mother was not a weeping woman, being, on the contrary, extraordinarily stoic.

A few months later this emotional shock was reenforced in my mind, as I witnessed the heart-broken weeping of Aunt Patsy, Father's oldest sister, who afterwards came to be Mother's constant companion while Father was away. This was the result of the word that she had received of the death in

battle of her brother Richard Frazier. The terrible grief of two stoical pioneer women was my childhood conception of the war!

Before Father went away, he made what he considered adequate arrangement for the care of the farm. Some newcomers, who were good neighbors, were to cultivate the land on a rental contract. These were upstanding, industrious, adventurous settlers, who had not yet bought land for themselves. They were the McAdos, the Hunts, the Barrys and others, who bought farms of their own and who were our dearest neighbors and friends. With large families of growing children, their future farms were made possible by the produce raised on Father's good valley farm.

## CHAPTER IV

*Life in Burnet While Father Went to War*

With the war in full swing, grueling days, fraught with sacrifice and hardships, descended upon the Texas frontier. The Indians, quick to realize the depleted man power on the isolated frontier, harried with frequent raids those left behind. Deserters from the armies, Jayhawkers and horse thieves compounded the frontier's problems. Though our neighbors were good and dependable, they were somewhat scattered. My grandfather became uneasy about our remaining in our home. Soon after Father left for the war, grandfather sent a wagon from Burnet to bring Mother, my baby sister Elly and me to his home.

Some very vivid memories of our life in Burnet remain with me. My grandfather, Dr. Thomas Moore, was an important figure in the life of the community. He had a large family, with his oldest son already in the war, a few slaves and a growing herd of cattle and horses. These animals were occasionally rounded up, broken, marked and branded. On one occasion, Comanche Indians attacked old Gabe, a faithful slave, who was rounding up cattle. Wounded in the ear with an arrow, old Gable escaped the Indians and returned to Burnet. Dr. Moore removed the arrow, but the scar and the scare remained for many years to remind old Gable that Indians were bad medicine.

There is another vivid memory of those wild days that I often tell my children and grandchildren. The telling of it always stirs up my sense of chagrin and discomfort. This is the story of another Comanche raid and Indian fight!

The Comanches became bold with daring night raids. The Indians, in a whirlwind rush, descended upon the town and quickly gathered a herd of horses. Riding day and night and using devious trails, the Comanches easily escaped their pursuers.

During the second year of the war, Father was granted a furlough to look after his family's welfare. Old Traveler, Father's horse, which looked so much like General Lee's horse as to earn the same name, had gotten a sore back in a long and desperate flight before the Yankees. Father had changed horses with his brother, to let Traveler rest, and to have a fresh horse for the long trip to Burnet.

This horse, with many of grandather's horses, was staked at night on grass lands about half a mile from the Courthouse square, on the southeast corner of which stood Dr. Moore's house. During a bold night raid, the Comanches made a clean sweep of all of the stock. A gathering of excited men and boys (there were not many male citizens except old men and boys) determined that this latest raid was too much and formed a posse who followed the thieves into adjoining Llano County. They surprised the Indians in camp and in the confusion, stampeded the stolen stock. After a long running fight the



posse killed several indians and captured a ~~captured~~ a wounded indian who was brought into Burnet with the recaptured horses.

Grandfather Moore, the village doctor, was regarded somewhat as patriarch of the town, so his home was selected as headquarters for the returning victors. The captured brave was securely fastened between two pillars of the front veranda; and the entire population of the town came to see, many for the first time, a live captured Comanche!

He was big and strong, dark as a negro, with long straight black hair, braided in two plaits with feathers entwined. His long straight body was innocent of clothing save a coarse breech cloth; the women of the town, more modest and sensitive to nudity than our more sophisticated modern ladies, organized a sewing circle and with a few yards of calico fashioned a long-tailed shirt, which the men compelled him to don. Much disgruntled, the buck reluctantly obeyed. Then he became the exhibit of the town for the night show.

Earlier in the day the men had loosed his hands and requested him to exhibit his prowess in archery, with his captured bow and arrows. He pretended to be unskilled, failed to hit a hat tossed into the air and made a poor and sullen exhibition.

My good Christian grandmother prepared a large plate of food for the captive, which he ate ravenously. I especially remember how he seemed to relish the corn pone and sorghum

molasses which he lapped up with fingers to get the last drop. A smile, word or sound to indicate gratitude never passed his lips. In fact, the only sound he made at all, except an occasional grunt, was the whoop of mirth at my expense, the memory of which caused my chargrin.

The men gathered on the porch and swapped yarns of this and other Indian fights. Some tales drew out long into the night. Being about six years old, I was terribly sleepy with the commotion of the day; but I would have died of disappointment if anyone had suggested that I go to bed. There I sat like the most important listener, in the very midst of things on the top step, so that I could see and hear. Six-year old human flesh, no matter how stimulated, had its limitations; and I would nod and drift until some yarn being finished, the loud guffaws startled me into consciousness. Not one of the story tellers paid the slightest heed to me, sitting with my knees bunched in my arms, nodding; but one listener was watching me. When my red head jerked a little too hard, and I tumbled in a ball to the ground, the prisoner let out a whoop of pure amusement, that seared my brain to sudden consciousness. I fled angry and weeping to my mother!

The next problem was what disposition to make of this villainous, murderous horse thief! A town council made the decision to take him down to Austin, the State Capital, fifty miles from Burnet, literally to pass the buck to the Governor



and to abide by his decision on the prisoner.

This proved a charitable, but a mistaken act of mercy. With the Indian tied in the back of a wagon, the journey down the wild mountain began, but alas for the traveling garment of the prisoner! The story came back to us that as each overhanging bough of oak or cedar scraped over the wagon bed, another strip of bright calico was caught in their branches. Arriving in Austin the buck was once more clothed in his birthday garments and his dirty breech cloth. But a clear trail back to the starting place was marked.

The Governor promptly paroled the buck to a notorious horse racer, who agreed to make a slave of him. Being intelligent, the Indian became an expert stable boy. Some months later he mounted the finest of the racing stallions and driving a group of other fine horses down to the stream to be watered, the call of the wild came in just the right tones to his listening ears. Horses and all headed west and kept going.

My face still glows, as I wonder how many times he told the tale of the red-headed papoose falling off the step at the council meeting the night that he was captured.

## CHAPTER V

*Back to Our Brazos Valley Home*

Before we realized that Father's visit was not a dream, the furlough had expired and Father turned his face once more toward the war. This time he knew exactly what he was facing. He and Mother decided that for the best interest of all, we should return to our home on the Brazos. Father's sister Patsy came from Hillsboro and lived with Mother for the remainder of his absence. Grandmother and Grandfather Moore, feeling better satisfied that we would not be alone, courageously bade us good-bye in true spirit of faith and hope which characterized the brave pioneers of that day. Father accompanied our wagon on horseback and he and Mother talked on the long trip of plans for the immediate future.

Once at the farm again, after an absence of two years, confusion existed because of war time conditions. To leave the family as nearly independent as possible, Father developed a plan which he believed would provide a two-fold blessing. Among new immigrants into our neighborhood from Georgia was the Pollard family. They brought a number of slaves, but they owned no land. The Pollard family and father agreed that we would take over four of the negro slaves. Father was to house, to feed and to clothe the slaves in return for their work on the farm under Mother's directions. Father proposed to pay for the slaves out of the profits of working the parts





of the farm not yet leased to the neighbors. The transaction was covered by a mortgage on the farm. The plan satisfied Father's personal ambition and cherished dream of becoming a slave holder and allayed his anxiety for Mother's welfare in the struggle for sustenance. As history proved, his satisfaction was short lived. Long before the culmination of the Pollard contract, General Lee had surrendered to overwhelming Northern forces and Mr. Lincoln had issued his "Proclamation for the Emancipation of the Slaves." Thus, the contract for full ownership of the Pollard Negroes became null and void.

Meanwhile, to all intents and purposes, they were our property and Father's delight was Mother's embarrassment, for to her came the realization of added responsibility. In the trying days of the war, slaves often proved more of a liability than an asset. For a real Christian owner, who had principles, and the majority of the Southerners had, the responsibility for the moral and physical welfare of the slaves was a matter not taken lightly.

Our Negro group consisted of George and Minah, an elderly couple with their son and daughter, John, eighteen; and Melinda, twenty. They were healthy, hearty Negroes, generally obedient and easily managed. Uncle George and Aunt Minah were religious Baptists, as was the girl, Melinda; but John was wild and sinful. Strongest among his vices was kleptomania, not especially for profit, but just for the love of

adventure and the exercise of superior cunning. The only time that I ever saw a Negro lashed was when John stole a fine ox whip from a teamster who was our guest over night. Knowing John's natural proclivities, Father suspected him when the man reported the theft and so closely questioned the Negro that he confessed and dug the fine whip from beneath a pile of cedar rails. Father believed that "the hair of the dog is good for his bite" and using the whip on John's back, Father brought the lesson of the broken fourth commandment home to John that he vowed to steal no more!

Father's time at home was growing short, and he hastily constructed a double log cabin about twenty feet from the back of our house for the Negroes' shelter. A good stick and clay chimney was built on one room, and here Aunt Minah held forth with her skillets, pots and pans. All of the family's food was prepared in the new kitchen. She and Melinda did the family laundry, helped with the housekeeping, carding, spinning and weaving the cotton. Uncle George and John cultivated the land, milked the cows and fed the stock, including the hogs and oxen.

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I had reached the mature age of seven years, and while not by any means an ornament, I was becoming a useful member of the household. I helped with many of the homely tasks. It was about this time that my memory begins to function reliably, and most of the pictures I shall draw are my own



personal recollections, rather than stories told me by others. My favorite task was candle molding. The tallow, rendered from the fat of a slaughtered yearling, was poured into tin moulds of six- and twelve-candle capacity, which Mother had previously threaded with a wick of twisted cotton. I became quite adept in pouring the hot tallow in removing the candles from the molds by warming them a little and in packing them away in a box for use in the long winter nights.

In addition to this task, I fed the chickens and turkeys, and gathered the eggs. We were quite successful with the turkeys, always raising a fine flock. Many a day, I have followed the sly turkey hens through the pasture to locate their nests which were often hidden so well that they were not found until the hens came home with their young.

Holding off the suckling calves, while John milked six or eight cows at night, carrying the milk to our cold, rock-constructed spring house and churning the cream for the large supply of butter were my responsibilities. But the most man-sized job of all was helping at hog-killing time. The first freeze determined the date. With fingers numb and frosty breath, the whole family assisted the Negroes while they killed the hogs, ground the sausage, rendered lard and cured the hams in the ample smoke house for our winter's meat. I felt my importance and never thought of all this as labor, for it was all a part of self-preservation. Everyone worked

in season, that we might live well and put by a little for barter. The fruit season was always busy and even a small boy could learn to cut and peel fruit: peaches, pears, plums and grapes, for drying or preserving. In times of plenty we prepared enough for lean times.

Grinding sorghum and boiling the joice furnished barrels of molasses for our larder. In the bottom of those barrels, the sediment formed a dark sugar that produced abundance of sweets and that made fine candy forall of our festivities. The wild mustang grapes, growing in profusion on the banks of the river, provided a wine with a real kick.

Soap was another essential for our home life. Mother veritably believed that clealiness was next to Godliness. There was no commercial soap. We made our own! I packed buckets of spring water to keep the ash hopper, containing the winter's supply of wood ash, continuously damp. The water percolated through the oakwood ash and leached out a strong solution of potash-lye which was kept in an iron pot until a supply of meat grease was on hand. My mother placed the drippings in a large washpot and added the lye. My job was to keep an even fire burning under the pot for twenty-four to forty-eight hours. The negroes stirred the soap and skimmed the waste and watched for the signs of the finished product, when the lye and fat were properly blended. Our pot turned out forty or fifty pounds of good hard soap, guaranteed



to take out all dirt and grease from the worst soiled clothes. I should mention that this whole process was timed by the signs of the Zodiac to determine the proper phase of the moon for soapmaking.

Moreover, my father consulted the Zodiac for the proper planting of crops and garden. For woe to the potato crop planted in the light of the moon or the surface-bearing crop planted in the dark of the moon! Even the cutting, the weighing, the marking and the branding of the stock were done by the almanac!

Now, we laugh at such simplicity and call these customs primitive superstitions; but as I think what marvelous success that my good parents achieved in all these worthy efforts to survive, I wonder! With all the scientific knowledge that I have been able to absorb from schools and from experience, I wonder if there are not more things in heaven and earth than eye hath seen or man hath imagined and if all of our modern science and philosophy, whether molded candle or television, has most advanced man's importance in the eternal scheme of an All-wise Creator's mind!

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During these dark days the negroes became, or were regarded, more as a part of the family than slaves. Certainly in our case they were not the caricatures of Uncle Tom's Cabin. As I remember their characteristics, they were a happy and contented family. Uncle George, although in good health,

considered that his age of sixty-five, relieved him of real heavy farm work, and accepted, under Mother's direction, the job of keeping the home fires burning, (literally) and the premises clean of weeds and trash. Gardening also fell to him, and he raised a big crop of irrigated vegetables and even a patch of fine tobacco along the spring branch. This culture he had learned in Georgia, and he cared for and cured fine tobacco, mostly for his own use, chewing and smoking. In addition, the old man supervised and helped in the chopping and hauling of wood from the Brazos timber bottoms and the gathering of the ripened crops, mostly corn, for the cribs and potatoes "hilled" for winter use in a sheltered place and covered with corn stalks and earth. He was usually around, supervising the making of sorghum molasses, or the curing of the winter's meat supply.

Aunt Minah, his patient wife, did most of the cooking and serving of meals. With our limited facilities she accomplished miracles that can never fade from my mind: yellow yams roasted in the ashes, lye hominy, black-eyed peas, corn pone and Johnny cake, spoonbread, home cured ham, steaks, grits and gravy. For special treats hot biscuit and pound cake were cooked in a dutch oven with coals above and below. These were real tests of culinary art. Always, she managed to serve fresh or dried stewed fruit, wild honey or molasses. With Mother's planning, our meals were always ample, well



balanced, and well cooked! Aunt Minah also did the family laundry, and helped with the spinning and weaving, most of which was done by candlelight. So while the men's work was from "sun to sun", Aunt Minah's work was "never done, so she said.

John and Melinda, both young and strong, did the heavier field work, milked six or eight cows, fed the stock and cultivated the cotton. Usually, the work was cheerfully done. Mother and Uncle George planned their work and Uncle George supervised them.

Uncle George was my childhood "Uncle Remus." It is as natural as life itself that the belief and superstitions of the childish minds of these good negroes should have molded my own impressions, many of them remaining well up into my life and school days. A black cat crossing one's path required a quick expectoration over the left shoulder to avoid bad luck. Ghosts and goblins were realities, and a graveyard at night was always to be avoided religiously! A snake killed was promptly hung on the fence to bring rain. With all this, they were gentle, biddable, and usually well disciplined.

The only exception, that I have recalled, ended in near tragedy, which I will now endeavor to relate. It was a custom and an unwritten law that no slave be allowed to leave their quarters at night except with a specific written permit. This was presumably enforced by white neighborhood officers,

known as "Patrols." In the absence of the men in the war, it was not unusual for a woman to hold the office of Patrol, often in disguise like the "Ku Klux." The purpose of the Patrol, that of keeping the negroes in control after the sudden emancipation in Reconstruction days, was the origin of the Ku Klux Klan. I remember one of our neighbor women, of masculine propensities, a Mrs. Patterson, was a dreaded Patrol, carrying a black snake whip and a six shooter, too! The negroes composed a song in the South about these dreaded officers of "law and order" which is familiar to every man and woman of my southern generation. One chorus remains fresh in my mind:

"Run nigger run or the Patrol 'll catch you
Run nigger run it's almost day.
That nigger ran, that nigger flew
That nigger tore his shirt in two!"

Now, as I have previously related, the Pollard family from Georgia was living on Mr. Dee's place just north of ours. The Pollards had not only a very beautiful daughter but also a fine looking mulatto slave girl. Our John became deeply enamored of this slave girl, and a mutual understanding between the two was the excuse for occasional candlestine meetings at night, in an illicit love affair. They knew the danger of Patrol, but what law ever ruled over love?

So John, our dusky Leandro, went one time too many to his Hero's window! Alas, Hero had a roommate that night; the Pollards' daughter was sleeping in the room with the yellow



girl. She, not John's sweetheart, heard his tapping. Miss Pollard recognized John, and though he beat a frightened retreat, he was called to answer for his fatal A. W. O. L.

Next morning in the cowpen, during milking, two husky soldiers armed with six shooters rode up and told John to follow them. It so happened that they had spent the night in the Pollard home, (the reason the daughter of the house was sleeping in the yellow girl's room), and had heard of the nocturnal visitor and got a description of him.

Mother and I were completely in the dark, but, knowing John's wild nature, we feared he had committed some awful crime.

The soldiers had made no explanation of their act, so we waited in great anxiety some word of his fate. Mother was in tears, but Ellie and I climbed on top of the smoke house in curiosity to see what would happen. Taking the road from our farm to Pollard's, with John twenty feet ahead of them, they marched ahead silently but apparently with desperate purpose written on their faces. After about half a mile of this, they ordered John in a loud voice to run, and he obeyed literally! He fairly flew to the nearest Stake and Rider fence, and leaped it clear. With pistol shots kicking the dirt all around, he broke for the tall weeds and the corn fields and took to the timber of the Brazos bottom. I could plainly see and hear, as the frightened

buck, fleet as a deer, disappeared in the undergrowth, and that was the last I ever saw of our negro John. I learned later that he escaped without wounds, and finally found a safe harbor at the old Ford farm twenty miles down the Brazos. It is said Ford, a union man, was accustomed to harboring runaway slaves.

We never believed that John's intentions had been other than innocent in his desire to visit his mulatto sweetheart, but the Patrol had got him. Whether their intention was to expiate his apparent crime of window peeping, or just to frighten decency, discipline and morals into an incorrigible young slave, we never knew.

An unusual coincidence occurred in connection with this case. Forty years later in 1905, while paracticing my profession in Belton, Texas, I was called one day to treat a negro patient for a badly infected palm abscess. The case was septic and serious, requiring many incisions for drainage and dressings for a month. In getting the case history, I found the patient was thirty-five years old, and was raised in Fort Bend County. He had come to Belton five years before. He did not know much about his father but had been told that his name was John Pollard, who was said to have run away from his master before slavery was abolished. I have always felt sure he was the son of our lamented John Pollard of my boyhood days. Many times I had ridden him for a bucking horse on the sand bar of the swimming hole on the Brazos, where we swam together!

## CHAPTER VI

*War Inventions and Expediences*

The South, and especially our section of Texas, was rich in agriculture and natural resources but poor in manufactured products. An early war problem for the Confederate states was ammunition and gun powder. I can faintly remember the fact that our community was chosen by a commission of amateur chemists for a powder mill. The mill's location was the big spring on the de Cordova place. The Brazos River bottom produced an abundance of some of the crude materials necessary for making gun powder. Potash was secured from the ash of burned cottonwood trees and charcoal from cedar burned in kilns. From East Texas, wagon trains brought the sulphur in the form of crude brimstone. The mill for mixing the death dealing product was improvised from materials at hand. A large iron pot served as mortar after the materials were proportioned and weighed. For a pestle, a heavy hewn log, worked up and down by a trap and trigger arrangement, crushed and mixed the ingredients. A horse driven in an endless circle furnished the power to work the pestle. The horse was hitched to a lever, working on wooden cogs, which tripped the trap and trigger of the pestle causing it to rise and fall in the mortar. This was a slow process, but by working day and night this crude mill turned out about 2000 pounds a week. We believed that the mill was an element in the success or failure of the war.

On one occasion, my father was commissioned to deliver the supply of powder to the temporary divisional headquarters at Waco, fifty miles away. With a wagon and team loaded with kegs of powder, he set out on the journey accompanied by Mother and me. The trip was not especially dangerous as the northern troops had not invaded Texas, but the element of explosion was a possibility. We reached the banks of the Brazos River at Waco in safety after dark and found the stream on a small rise. The river was still fordable with careful driving. Father urged the horses into the stream; they became frightened and unruly, plunging and lunging from side to side, until they dragged the wagon from the road into the swift current. Father jumped out, grasped the bridle and guided the team into shallow water and onto the bank. When the wagon went into deep water, it began to float, but Mother grasped the standards of the wagon frame, keeping it from floating off the chassis. We reached the Waco side, climbed to safe ground, very bedraggled but thankful to escape with our lives.

We thought that the powder was ruined for explosive purposes, but next day it was emptied, dried and delivered. I still have doubt as to its ultimate usefulness.

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The problem of supplies for the army in the field and for the families at home is hard for those who lived in modern manufacturing centers to imagine. I believe that the



South became the most absolutely self-sustaining area in the world. Ingenuity and patience are taxed to capacity. My memories, of how our own family and neighbors solved these problems, should prove interesting to those whose every eve wish can be fulfilled with such a minimum of effort on the part of the wisher, if he has the money to pay the price.

Salt was bartered from teamsters from East Texas salt mines. Meat, pork or beef, was plentiful and was cured by smoking, pickling in brine or by drying the meat in strips. Our sugar came from the sediment in the bottom of the sorghum barrels.

Sorghum making was an art, requiring special equipment. Our farm had a sorghum mill, with a horse to furnish power. As a little chap, I enjoyed being driver, round and round the tread mill. A system of cogged wheels on a heavy block turned rollers, which crushed the sorghum. The juice flowed into big wooden buckets, was emptied into a big twenty-gallon kettle and boiled into syrup. Mother tested the syrup by dipping wooden paddles into the kettle. When the right consistency was reached, we cooled and poured the syrup into a wooden barrel equipped with a spiggot for drawing off the syrup into earthern jugs for household use or retail barter. After standing some months brown sugar formed in the bottom.

Coffee never was available during war times. Many substitutes were tried which more or less filled the bill.

Father, who was very fond of good coffee, became so satiated with "coffee substitutes" that he never could stand even the smell of them. Though they were considered great health measures in later years, he could never be persuaded to try them. Parched rye with sorghum seed became the nearest satisfactory concoction in the war years, and really was not so bad when boiled in water and diluted with sweet cream and sweetened with honey. Wild honey was plentiful in the river bottom, but we had our own hives in the garden.

Homemade clothes and shoes were the greatest evidence of our self sufficiency. Cotton and wool cloth, carded, spun and woven from our own raw cotton and wool, furnished our clothing and bedding. Our cowhides, tanned at a crude nearby tannery, produced the leather for our shoes.

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Except for the horrible news of war losses, death and destruction, we were a happy people. My age, or lack of age, made it hard for me to realize the tragedy of war. As everybody worked to help produce a living, I certainly had no self-pity complexes because of my tasks about the house and garden. Hunting, fishing, occasional candy pulls and dancing parties made my wartime memories of happy, normal, childhood days.

I do not think that I have mentioned my genius for inventing and constructing bird traps for quail and "dead falls" for small animals such as rabbit and squirrel. I furnished



fresh meat for the table this way.

I know that neither our board was bare, nor were those of any of our neighbors. While vitamins were unknown, we enjoyed good nutrition from an abundance of vegetables, fruit and fresh meat.

Serious illness was rare. I remember an epidemic of scabies, or itch, that a returning wounded Confederate soldier brought to our family. Everybody scratched vigorously until Mother's ingenuity concocted a salve of sulphur and lard, administered after a thorough scrubbing of each patient in a washtub with warm water and good lye soap. Another scrubbing followed the smearing of the "salve" and the family, bond and free, emerged cleaned of the "scourge."

The Anopheles mosquito was in our midst in abundance, though at that time "she" was recognized only as a nuisance. The result was the prevalence of chills and fever of malarial origin. This was rarely fatal, but enervating and miserable, recurring as it did every first, second, third, or seventh day.

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About this time one of the most interesting characters that the frontier produced came into our little community. His name was Ben F. Lane. His round face, with full beard and fat body astride a paint pony with saddle bags, became a familiar sight in our neighborhood. He was always followed by

a pack of fine grey hounds. He called himself "Doctor," but we later learned that his only medical knowledge and experience came from acting several years as overseer on a large Louisiana plantation. He had an attractive curly-haired wife whose two passions were playing her violin and worshipping her doctor husband.

"Dr. Lane" cursed like a sailor, argued like a lawyer and loved to recount crude and amusing anecdotes of his life and of his medical experiences. Riding under whip and spur, his hounds following at full speed, informed all that he was going night and day in pursuit of his duties. A neighbor twenty miles away had just died because he was called, too late, to save him; and he was on his way to see a woman who was going to have a baby as soon as he could get there. Then with his leg over the saddle horn, he would take thirty minutes to tell you a story funny enough to make the sphinx smile.

When the family came down with the chills, Mother called "Dr. Lane" who prescribed a popular advertised patent medicine called "Vinegar Bitters." The concoction was nauseating and emetic. From later knowledge of therapeutics, I believe that it was a saturated solution of sodium chloride, (table salt) and acetic acid, (vinegar). It was simply a horrible dose, but it evacuated our gall bladders as well as stomachs and evidently eradicated the malarial plasmodium. Most of us



thought the remedy much worse than the disease. Quinine was known as a specific for malaria but, on account of the war, was absolutely unobtainable. Later, we paid five dollars for a one ounce bottle of this precious "chincona alkaloid." This ounce of quinine and a bottle of calomel always adorned our mantle, by the side of the Seth Thomas clock. Then "Vinegar Bitters," the "Daddy" of all patent medicine, was relegated to the past as were tallow candles when kerosene came into use for lighting.

## CHAPTER VII

*Reconstruction Days in Texas*

With General Lee's surrender, the end of the war found a crushed and broken South, bewildered and stunned with the knowledge that their sacred cause was lost to them and that their pride and hopes were trampled in the dust of defeat. When the war ended my father was desperately ill from a serious complication of camp diarrhea, (known now as amoebic dysentery), measles and conjunctevitis (chronic sore eyes). He was nearly blind and was being cared for in the home of a loyal Louisiana planter miles from his company and regiment. Thus, he was never compelled to sign the "Oath of Allegiance," so bitterly accepted by the South at the time. Often in later life, he called himself, with a chuckle, "one unreconstructed rebel!" As a matter of fact, this country never boasted a more loyal or law-abiding citizen than father!

Returning soldiers, straggling through our neighborhood, brought news of father's serious condition and of Lee's surrender. Overcome with grief and anxiety, Mother hastily prepared to go to Father's bedside. A side saddle, with saddle bags filled with such comforts and necessities, was placed on one of our two remaining horses, and she departed alone to comfort her "Jim." Faithful Aunt Patsy, with the dependable help of the Negro slaves, cheerfully undertook the care of us children. Mother's first stop was Grandfather Frazier's home





near Hillsboro, where she found that one of Father's brothers had gone to Louisiana and had brought Father to Hillsboro to rest and to gain strength prior to returning home. She tenderly nursed him to a weak convalescence.

Her protracted absence, without news, filled Aunt Patsy with anxiety. She finally listened to my boyish plea and permitted me to saddle the remaining horse and to start alone to Grandfather's home for news. I was only nine years old, and with a pretty well assumed courage and confidence I began the long and lonesome ride. I knew that there was only one settlement and that the trail lay over a rough mountain, wide prairie and worst of all five miles of dark and dreary cross-timber! But I was proud of my commission. I rode bravely through our farm, forded the shallow Brazos ford into Hill County and climbed the mountail trail. As I descended the mountain's slope, I encountered a herd of twenty deer, headed by a large buck. They were making their way toward the river and timber after grazing on the prairie. They were less frightened of me than I was of them and calmly continued their dignified way down the mountain.

I begged Aunt Patsy to let me have the pistol which was our only weapon at home, but she had firmly refused. I never knew whether the refusal was due to her own need of protection or her fear to trust me with the gun. Under the direction of Aunt Patsy or Uncle George, I had fired the old-fashioned cap

and ball pistol many times, but it was not safe; for sometimes all six bullets would explode at one firing.

In the middle of the twelve-mile prairie, I saw two mounted people coming toward me. I was powerless to describe my feelings, when I recognized Old Traveler, led by a woman on the other horse! But what a pitiful picture of distress they made. Father, looking like a ghost of the Father who had ridden away to war, was clinging to his saddle horn, eyes bandaged and pain and weakness written in deep lines on his face. Mother held the reins of Traveler's bridle and led the homeward march that was far from triumphant! But it was a gloriously happy reunion. The war was ended. My mother was quite a different picture, as she came home, to the grief-bowed mother I remembered when she rode away! She was her calm sure self, ready for emergency.

Yes, the war was ended for some; but for other, the wounds, scars, exposures, deprivation and shock, would be long in healing! My poverty-stricken, deluded, disillusioned father was an invalid for many months. In time, the gentle, patient nursing of Mother and of Aunt Patsy, with good and regular food and rest, brought renewed strength and hope and returned ambition to him. Once more, the farm began to blossom like the rose and saved us from the abject poverty of thousands of southern homes.

Our Negroes, of course, soon learned of their freedom. But like many other slaves who had been well treated by their



masters, they voluntarily elected to stay with us until the harvest and especially until hog-killing time was over. I thought real loyalty prompted their decision, but it was not an altogether altruistic move, for self-preservation figured also. They were intelligent enough to realize that freedom involved the principle of "Root hog or die" and that failed to feed hungry mouths. They needed the white man as much as the master needed them. I have never ceased to love our Negroes for their loyalty and in those hard days of "starting over," I have had thousands of opportunities to demonstrate practically my affection, when "our kind" of Negro was in trouble, socially, financially or morally, in their new and dearly bought freedom.

In those first days, Negroes were occasionally impudent and bold. If a white man had to resort to a black snake whip or a knock down to put the black in his proper place, who can question the wisdom? The sudden freedom was not wisely administered in small doses but often went to their heads like too much new wine.

However, ours were glad to accept meal, meat, sorghum or other barter for washing by the women and for farm work by the men. Many Negroes erected cabins and farmed patches of land in Kimball's Bend on a large farm neaby in the bend of the Brazos. This land was owned by young Richard Kimball, a union man from New York City, a cultured and most estimable

gentleman. He was a son of Richard Kimball, previously referred to as a writer of note who "sold Texas" through his columns and made large land investments before the war. The negroes naturally gravitated to his land and were encouraged to become self-sustaining.

Our lot was not nearly so bad as many southern farmers. Father had been raised to farm work and was never afraid of hard labor. Our thrifty, honest renters still held leases and cultivated the farm for a third of the grain and corn. This continued until Father's strength and health returned.

Reconstruction of farm life was not our only problem, for the South, in general, and Texas, in particular, was in chaos in almost every phase of its life in the years following the war. Many embarrassing problems had to be solved. After President Lincoln's assassination by a southern "hot head," his successor, Andrew Johnson, named Andrew Jackson Hamilton as governor of Texas and later Edmond J. Davis. These two governors accepted the advice and guidance of the many adventurers who swarmed out of the North to invade a crushed and helpless South and fatten on the spoils of war. Opportunists, without conscience, operated several ventures; grafters and confidence men preyed on the weak. It is no wonder that these "fly-by-nights" earned themselves in history the names of "scalawags" and "carpetbaggers." They came with only a carpet bag and filled them with spoils!



A new Texas constitution aided and abated the designs of these felonious officials. In my opinion, Reconstruction in Texas contributed far more bitterness and hatred of the North by the South than the war ever did. Racial equality, Negro suffrage, and finally guns placed in the hands of Negroes to guard the polls at all elections were but a few of the insults that the North offered the South. Is it strange that from inflamed southern minds I came to think of all d---d Yankees as "blue-bellied" and "bloody buzzards?" The "blue" was the color of the uniform of the soldiers of occupation, who were extremely insolent and provocative and who everywhere supported the civilian appointees and "carpetbaggers."

Our family, along with thousands of others, was caught in the meshes of this utterly corrupt mismanagement.

Grandfather, Dr. Thomas Moore, and his oldest son, Uncle John Moore, were summarily arrested on trumped up charges of interfering with the government and of having killed loyal union men during the war. A low class of native spies, who had escaped the ravages of war and who earned a precarious existence, brought these charges. Most of them were horse or hog thieves and hoped to benefit from the confiscated property of their victims. They operated disguised as Indians, leaving arrows and other Indian signs at the scene of their activity. They were called "bushwhackers."

On learning of her father's and brother's plight, Mother borrowed an old buggy, took my sick father and headed for

Austin. This was a futile effort to post bond for their release and to recover some of the confiscated property. Their guns were urgently needed for protection against Indian raids, with general outlawry prevailing. The existing government failed entirely to provide protection to frontier settlements.

Father finally gained an audience with the governor who made vague promises for the release of the prisoners because of mutual friends. The governor sent Father to the officer who commanded the soldiers guarding the confiscated property. When Father identified their property and asked permission to return it to their rightful owners, the commandant roundly cursed him for his trouble, told him to get the h--- out of Austin and to quit interfering with military rule in Texas. He reminded Father that Texas was conquered by the sacrificial blood of his northers neighbors. So that was that!

Disappointed, mad and sick, Father drove to Burnet and with his trading genius, armed with power of attorney, disposed of all Grandpa Moore's real property. Moreover, he had Grandpa's four sons gather up all cattle and horses and with two large wagons he moved the entire household and all animals to his Brazos farm. Grass and feed were abundant and fewer Yankee officials were nearby. Shortly after the move, Grandfather and Uncle John were released, without a trial, from their humiliating incarceration in an underground dungeon.

These were Reconstruction days, which a proud and honorable prople found almost intolerable; a time of rule by



unintelligent, unfitted and self-seeking public officials. Time, the great adjuster, passed. Resourceful Texans bore the yoke, until once more with pride, they found their place in the common cause of nation building.

## CHAPTER VIII

*A School Lad on the Chisholm Trail and Other Boyhood Memories*

If I turn on my radio to one of the numerous Texas radio stations, I may hear a fair echo of the lilting cowboy crooning so familiar to the Chisholm trail three quarters of a century ago. It is almost as if the "Yippee i Yippee - ea, git along little doggies," had been lingering all of these years over the old dusty trail, now paved in asphalt. I close my eyes and the whole scene comes weaving back through memory's loom, filling in a tapestry more real and more colorful to me than any motion picture of this interesting era. I stand with the older group of boys, deaf to the ringing of the school bell, watching the cowpunchers as they coax their milling herd into the red waters of the Brăzos where the Chisholm trail crossed at Kimball Bend.

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On the farm, Father slowly continued rebuilding his broken health and mending his fortunes. He was phenomenally successful in hog raising and grew plenty of corn to fatten them. Later he added cotton to his crops, being the first farmer west of the Brazos to try it. As the farm prospered, Father's ambition for his children's future began to obsess his mind. Like Grandfather Moore, it became the first consideration of his life; only in Father's case his determination became almost a mania, because he felt so keenly his own





educational deprivation. His entire school attendance had consisted of two short terms of three months each in an inadequate country school in Arkansas. However, his natural capacity for culture and a keen aptitude for figures made his surveying accurate. However, his self-education was apparent as he worked with educated men, such as Mr. de Cordova and our neighbor Mr. Kimball.

The nearest school was in Kimball Bend, two miles away, and sister Elly and I rode double along the country road each morning, on a long-maned black pony named Lil! My memories of what I learned, and how, are short as was my term of residence in this school. But the location on the banks of the Brazos, where the Chisholm cattle trail crossed, remained as a permanent boyhood memory. The schoolhouse was a rock structure of two rooms, with two teachers presiding. Our equipment consisted of slates, pencils, blue-back spellers and most wonderful of all, geographies, with pink, green, and yellow maps of a great world, far beyond our ken! A picture of Atlas supporting the world on his stooped shoulders was on the back cover of the geography book. All through my school life, Atlas kept bobbing up like an old friend, bringing by association of ideas, the scenes of my school days in Kimball Bend. Later, in mythology I learned the significance of the picture; still later, in the study of anatomy, that the first spinal vertebrae, upon which the head of man rests, was named for

this mythological character.

A general atmosphere of sternness and rigid discipline characterized the school. Eternal warfare, between our natural bent to wander out of doors and our school master's routine, was not altogether a school boy's imagination.

The swimming hole was the rendezvous of the boys at noon. From its shady banks, some were loathe to return to the less friendly atmosphere of the schoolroom and entered a state of rebellion, failing to hear the bell which called to duty. On several breaches of discipline, I was among those present, but I defended my action by asking a question: What boy, school age to manhood, could resist the sight of a herd of thousands of cattle being driven, coaxed or prodded along the trail and across a great river on their way from Texas ranges to the great markets in Kansas and Illinois? This was history, geography, natural history, and arithmetic right in the making, and we proceeded to study it.

The Brazos, a gentle, shallow stream at Kimball Bend; but in the spring the river, going on a "red rise" caused by heavy rains in West Texas, became a raging, turbulent and ugly torrent. Spring, with good grass along the trail, was the time for marketing cattle. Speed was of utmost importance: the earliest herd had the best grazing, and the owners received the best prices. Thus, waiting for the torrent to subside was out of the question. So the problem of the owner or



trail-boss and his cowpunchers was to push the wild western steers into this tumbling, raging stream, often choked with driftwood , even against a strong current, swim them to the other bank a quarter to a half mile away. This dramatic and often tragic performance was a great temptation to young boys, who were thirsting for more from life than book learning.

The trail drivers used a standard method for making the cattle cross the river. One of the experienced cowpunchers led a gentle steer, roped to the horn of his saddle, into the stream. Usually, if the herd was tired and thirsty, blindly like sheep, they followed the leader to as straight a crossing as the strong current permitted. In the rear of the herd, the eight or ten riders, with the crack of the long-plaited whips, urged the lagging herd to follow their leaders. Each puncher plunged into the river alongside the herd, above or below as they were needed. It required courage, supreme confidence and trained cow-ponies, and when fortune favored, the whole herd crossed without the loss of a single brute.

Quite often one animal obstinately refused to swim the river. Then the herd began to "mill" around the drowning beast like a hive of swarming bees. To break up the "mill," --it required courage and experience in handling panic-stricken cattle--a cowboy, leaving his horse, would ride steer after steer out of the tangle.

Another trail menace, which not infrequently occurred even to herds driven many weary miles and which added to the

hazards of the cattle game, was the stampede. I had occasion to observe this spectacle on a schol day; the memory will never leave me.

An unusual sound or sight, especially in the early morning hours or in the night when satisfied from grazing, the herd has bedded down, was enough to start the trouble. A sudden flash of lightning or a clap of thunder caused a few nervous brutes to snort, to rise and to run. Fear and blind terror passed through the herd like an electric current; with nostrils distended and with tails up, the whole herd plunged madly away from the source of their terror. Woe to the night rider not prepared to meet this emergency! Many a brave boy, misjudging his movement, has had his life crushed out and his mangled body buried beneath the "Lone Prairie," as the song goes.

The stampede that I witnessed ended without a single fatality, but the boys worked for a week gathering up the scattered herd. Many were never rounded up and remained as strays in our neighborhood for months.

The call of the river to a growing boy on a warm spring day, coupled with other indiscretions and obstreperous conduct, constituted a chronic state of rebellion in the school. An orgy of corporal punishment with dogwood switches quelled the rebellion and produced a flood of parental resentment, causing the teacher summarily dismissal. While school was



closed, the atmosphere cooled down.

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This had been the history of most of the rural schools of that unstable time. Father, so earnest in his purpose for his children to be properly educated, became impatient with such a program. Thus, with the cooperation and aid of his near neighbors, he determined to build a school on his own farm, whose program he could regulate in the interest of better education. He had the assurance from the neighborhood of at least twenty-five subscribed students; so with volunteer aid, he built a log schoolhouse on the river bank. The logs were hewn and hauled from the cross timber belt twelve miles away and were fashioned into a large room with a stick and clay chimney at one end. One full-length window and one door admitted some light and air. Across the room ran a desk for writing, formed from a two by twelve plank on slanting legs; split logs with legs formed the benches or seast; and another log cabin was built nearby for the teacher's residence.

Father selected Mr. Houston, a Confederate soldier who had been a successful teacher before the war, to head the school. He had left a leg but none of his courage at Appomattox. He was a brave and fearless man, with a cultured wife, but no children of his own. He was of superior character and proved a source of inspiration to the children who were fortunate enough to study under him.

With this environment my sister and I received our first real foundation for an education with a large measure of incentive for further study. Reading, writing and arithmetic were the essentials in this rural school. The students used many different means of transportation: the Phelps children came by boat across the river, others rode horseback and staked their horses near the school; and Sister and I walked one mile. All of us took lunches in buckets and had lots of fun. Games of town-ball, a forerunner of today's baseball, bull-pen, and mumblety peg and, of course, marbles filled our recess hours. After lunch on warm days, we swam in the river.

One day school was dismissed on account of the invasion of Indians in a moonlight raid. This was the last Indian raid in Bosque County. Our teacher led the neighborhood pursuit party. The Indians left many arrows and wounded horses, but neither were they caught nor were our horses recaptured. After a few days, school was resumed.

This school, built and maintained by Father, lasted only two years. But it left an indelible impression on my mind, not only of the fine character of our teacher who inspired in me a desire for book knowledge, never satiated, but also of Father's earnestness of purpose.

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From a small herd of cows and their numerous progeny, Father now had raised quite a herd. Some of them, three- or four-year-old steers, were staple articles of barter worth about $15.00 each. I remember the day that he traded one of them to a traveling peddler for a fine "eight-day" Seth Thomas clock, with weights, which for fifty or more years ticked away on the mantels of our various homes. It kept time with no need of care except for Father's weekly winding and for an occasional kerosene cleaning and oiling. When the weight cord wore out, a good stout finishing cord repaired this problem, and the Seth Thomas clock chimed the hours with a musical note, rhythmically marking the happy life of a family.

Noting my love and interest in the growing cattle and to encourage me in profitable industry, Father gave me a matched pair of steer yearlings to be broken and to be trained as work exen. When broken and grown to three years of age, they would be worth fifty dollars. Also, he gave me a fine young heifer with all her future progeny, and at the same time, my own branding iron which was duly recorded in the county court's record of brands. My brand was J. F., as was Father's, but my cattle were further marked by cropping the left ear and by cutting a shallow fork in the right ear.

Tales of the Mavericks, Kings, Goodnights, Chisholms, and other cattle kings were fireside talk and inspired me with dreams of future wealth. I broke my steers carefully until they were gentle and biddable. They led quietly and learned "Gee" for right turns and "Haw" for left turn. When

they were three years old, I was permitted to "brush in" the wheat that my father had sowed by hand. Placing my young yoke mates in the swing between two yoke of older oxen and hitching the three pair to the ten-foot-wide-heavy brush, made of a young sapling tree, we "brushed" ten acres of wheat into the rich broken soil. The crop that year (our first for wheat) was tremendous and brought a profit of one dollar per bushel. I felt justly proud of my part in this.

For pastime, my boyhood companions and friends made many a Sunday afternoon interesting, as well as profitable, by gathering in the corral fat yearlings and cows, roping, riding and training the ones selected for work animals to wear the yoke, to lead and to drive. Oxen were valuable for hauling freight in those days; railroads were far from these frontier farms.

Among my boy chums I remember our neighbors, the Hunt boys: Joe and Zwain and Hue. Zwain became a colorful character in some of Zane Grey's partly true stories.

Hunting was our favorite pastime. With my best friend, Will Hendrix, who lived across the river, I spent many happy hours in the wood and in the fields. Will was two years my senior and an expert in hunting small game such as fox, coon, and possum. He had a pack of fine hounds, and I had two fine coon dogs, "Watch" and "Tray." Every moonlight Saturday night I was permitted to spend the night with Will. We, with the



neighboring Poage boys, forebears of Congressman Poage of Waco, spent the night in the hills and in the brakes of the Brazos and Nolan Rivers. Sunday found us dividing spoils of coon skins and fox hides. Uncle George and other ex-slaves were experts in tanning and preparing hides for market. They taught us the art of making our trophies useful or ornamental for our homes.

The happy and carefree hours that I spent with Will Hendrix held little prediction of his later life. He learned to play poker and became wildly enamored by games of chance. Three Card Monte was his favorite gambling game. Being the son of a rich planter, well used to all sports, he followed that bent, finally opening a saloon and a gambling hall at Kimball. His end came early from tuberculosis. I often think about the fate of this man's wasted life when I quote to my sons and grandsons: "The man who can afford to lose does not need to gamble!"

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From this time, a vivid memory of Indian trouble enhanced my evaluation of my mother's courage and character. Mother and Aunt Patsy were quietly carding and spinning one bright autumn day, while Father was away on land-locating business.[1]

1 He, armed with power of attorney from the de Cordova heirs, was attempting to consolidate the remnants of their father's great pre-war land business.

Working and singing, the two women were startled from their task when eight or ten Tonkawa Indians came charging on horses up to the front gate. Leaving their ponies to graze, the braves stalked impudently into the house, and squatting with their squaws on the floor, began to beg first for corn shucks to smoke, then for food. The party had strayed from their camp two miles away, where two hundred of their tribe were in temporary camp, en route to the capital in Austin from their reservation. They were wards of the state and federal governments and made annual pilgrimage across the state.

Two of the bucks, scouting round the place, found the springhouse with milk and butter. Next, they discovered the pot of dye that Mother had prepared for the cloth that she was weaving. With the curiosity of the eternal child, one dipped an inquisitive finger into the bright blue paint and showed his delight by bringing out prized bits of mirror and streaking his face, as if with war paint.

Not satisfied with this stunt, the Indians next came boldly into the house and demanded milk, or "lache!" Mother sternly denied having any milk for them. Whereupon the spokesman of the two scouts marched up to her and said: "White squaw tell lie! Milk in springhouse!" With a gasp of rage, she snatched the old rifle from its rack over the chimeny place, cocked it, turned it upon the group and shouted: "Vamoos,



skeedadle you lousy, lazy beggars!" Grunting their disgust, they decided that discretion was the better part of valor and rode away to join the rest of the caravan who were just beginning to pass. Pale with anger and fear, Mother shook with a nervous chill. The Tonkawas were not war-like, but they were known to be thieves and beggars and could easily have robbed us if the bluff hadn't worked.

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The most vivid recollection of these adolescent years was when Father commissioned me to find two valuable fat, dry cows which had failed to show up with the regular milk cows for several nights. No doubt they had strayed to another range. I was twelve or thirteen years old now, and I set out, riding old Traveler, Father's war horse, on which was a bright brass-studded Yankee cavalry saddle. Father had captured the saddle on one of his foraging expeditions in Louisiana. Through all his sickness and war trouble, he brought it home to his red-headed freckle-faced first born son and heir.

I hated this saddle as the former property of a "d----d Yankee," yet prized it as a gift from my brave Confederate father. Armed with the old cap-and-ball six shooter and followed by old Watch and Tray, my hunting dogs, I struck out across mountain and prairie. Occasional groves of young oak trees and thickets of mesquite and of chaparral dotted the range, with heavier timber along the small creeks.

About nine miles from home, with no sign of the strays, I rested a little under the shade of a tree. The two dogs scouted ahead and, as I rested, I suddenly heard them barking from the middle of a dense thicket to my right. This thicket covered a hundred acres along Hill creek.

As the cries became more excited and more insistent, I knew by the tone that they had treed some animal. I hastily tied Traveler to a dogwood sprout by his stake rope and left him to graze; I crawled farther and farther into the interminable thicket. Occasionally I struck a path that some animal had made like a tunnel and painfully made my way to the center of the thicket. In a little clearing about a large oak tree, I found the dogs trying to reach a wildcat, which they had treed. With the confidence of youth, which I am afraid would fail me now in a similar situation, I pulled my six shooter, stood ten feet from the snarling cat and fired. Fortunately for me, the shot broke his back and he tumbled to the ground. The two brave dogs pounced on him and a fight followed. There was a kill, but the poor dogs' ears and hides were slashed and bleeding. I was excited and frightened by this time. With shadows lengthening in that big lonesome thicket, I cut off a forepaw, pocketed it, and, calling the dogs, crawled back to Traveler, reaching home about dusk. Since I had not found the cows, my only trophy of the day was my cat's paw. But I had a hunger like a wolf and a tale to tell my daddy.

## CHAPTER IX

### *The Turn in the Lane and Moving to Waco*

"It's a long lane that has no turning," but the year 1870 brought the vista of peace and of prosperity on our valley farm. Father's health was now fully restored; crops were exceptional. Wheat produced twenty bushels and corn production was forty bushels to the acre, necessitating the building of double-log cribs and granaries. The growing herd of cattle and the four fine brood sows, which produced forty fine pigs in two years, rapidly added to our sense of well-being.

New immigration to Texas increased demand and prices for all farm products. Wheat sold for a dollar a bushel; corn sold for fifty cents a bushel and pork brought fifteen cents a pound. Father used most of his corn for fattening his hogs, bringing them to an average of four hundred pounds. With these good farm prices and with the influx of settlers, farms to buy and land to rent began to be in demand. Father revived the broken threads of the former large land business of de Cordova and Frazier.

Mr. Dee had quietly and peacefully died at his home in the shadow of Solomon's Nose. I attended the funeral at the Kimball cemetery, the first that I ever witnessed. In 1936, I attended the disinterment and the reburial in the State

cemetery, of this great old man and his wife; this was on authority of the Texas Legislature in recognition of services rendered Texas in her pioneer days. The service was a beautiful, formal ceremony conducted by the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, the State's official representative and by the bigh officers of the order of Odd Fellows of Texas, which Mr. de Cordova founded in Texas. Many friends and a few descendants attended this ceremony. Only Mrs. Annie de Cordova Kingsbury, a granddaughter, and I were there to represent the family and friends who had attended that first burial at Kimball.

After Mr. Dee's death, Father became legal representative for the estate and began locating certificates and titles on vacant land that the partnership had once held all over the state. Most of this he had surveyed and located for railroads or private parties. The bulk of our farm was now carefully cultivated by thrifty renters and no longer required his personal attention. The commissions that he made on surveys and land deals were far more profitable than farming.

The turn in the lane had come and along this more pleasant thoroughfare, one autumn afternoon a wonderful equipage paused at our front gate. Ostensibly the driver of the impressive carriage was a negro coachman, but looking down life's long vista, he was Fate. An authoritative "Hello!" "Hello!" brought Father and Mother, with me trailing, out the front door and down the rose-bordered walk to gaze wonderingly upon a grand new, red-trimmed, covered carriage, drawn by



matched bay horses wearing handsome brass-studded harness!

A bright-eyed, well-dressed gentleman alighted, and a hearty hail of recognition passed between him and Father. I met for the first time Judge S. H. Rennick, a prosperous Waco lawyer, who was to play a large part in our future family life. He was accompanied by his wife and by two fine sons, Hal and George, about my age, dressed in fine new store-bought clothes. They made me keenly aware of my rough homespun jeans so I was shy and unfriendly at first!

In the royal welcome to our home, I recognized them as special friends of Mother and Father. As we sat round the evening autumn fire, we children listened, as all well bred children did, and realized the why of the warm friendship between our parents. The scenes of their happy young manhood and the courtship of the two sweethearts, now our mothers, were recalled for the benefit of three interested boys.

They had met in Burnet, where Mr. Rennick, a bright young lawyer with a brand new license, was looking for a place to practice in Texas and where Father, already a surveyor and general agent for Jacob de Cordova, was a booster for immigration to the Lone Star State. More than one common interest drew the two young men together, not least of which was their budding admiration for two lovely girls, who were strong friends. This admiration bloomed and ripened; the two young men eventually won and married their sweethearts.

They recalled the wedding: how Dr. Moore, my grandfather, had engaged the only hotel, the "Calvert House" for his daughter's wedding and what an elegant affair the ceremony had been, followed by a ball and reception. In striking contrast, the Rennicks' wedding was extremely quiet, for Mr. Rennick had recently suffered a violent pulmonary hemorrhage from tuberculosis, and the ceremony was performed with the young lawyer lying in bed.

In the tales of the courtship Father laughingly recalled the incident which he claimed sealed his fate, which I treasured as a precious memory of their own love tale and which I heard for the first time that night. Grandfather Moore had taken his family and my father, whom he deeply admired, on an all-day picnic from Burnet to the old Mormon mill on the Colorado, where Marble Falls now stands. While "Emily and Jim" were wandering along gathering flowers and murmuring sweet nothings, Grandfather, in a spirit of fun, drove the family carriage across the ford to the other side and left the lovers stranded, with no way to cross except to wade. Mother, discovering the situation, broke into embarrassed tears at the thought of taking off her shoes and stockings before her sweetheart. In the light of our present customs, such as bathing beauty parades, I had to smile at those tears, but I'm glad my mother was "that kind of a girl." This situation offered to Father an opportunity that he had previously sought in vain; he gathered her slim young body hastily



in his strong arms and plunged into the water. Forgotten were the new shoes and store bought clothes, as he bore her safely across and set her down blushing furiously in the presence of her father's hearty laughter. Then she, too, had [illegible] as her Scotch lover lightly sang, "Gin a body meet [illegible], comin' through the Rye, if a body kiss a body, need a body cry?"

The faith, loyalty and love that was pledged in the wedding vows of these two young couples in those two frontier ceremonies was prophetic of permanent allegiance: for divorce was rarely dreamed and was seldom practiced. To my knowledge they were bound together in love and loyalty to the end of life. "Heaven alone was their divorce."

So Emily, Mitty, Jim and Sam had a happy reunion in our farm home and offered a week of fun for us children. It developed, however, that this was not altogether a pleasure trip. During the night that they arrived, Mr. Rennick said, "Jim, I've come especially to persuade you to leave this fine farm and come to Waco with me. You can give your children, with mine, the opportunity to get an education, while you make your fortune. I propose we form an equal partnership in Land and Law. I'll do the lawyering, and you do the landing. You have the de Cordova land as a nucleus and I have the best law business in Land and Law, in Central Texas. We are bound to succeed!" He would have needed but the first argument to

win: because Father loved his four children and his first desire was for their educational chances.

Mr. Rennick was convalescing from a second hemorrhage from his lungs and enjoyed a week's rest. The only drawback to the partnership was Mr. Rennick's almost profligate extravagance and his ill health, but Father's rigid economy and newly regained strength of body balanced these deficits.

Leaving the management of the farm to Aunt Patsy and her new husband, Mr. Cox, a gentleman from Georgia, whose only fault in Father's eyes was his habit of playing his fiddle, we got ready to go to Waco. The fat hogs and four bales of cotton were sold, bringing us our first shining gold money. New store clothes and accessories, as well as a few of our first "boughten" toys and books were purchased for our move. Father made arrangements for buying a modest five-room cottage in Waco. Wagons were secured and our meagre household belongings were hauled in two days to our new home. Our coming to Waco was synonymous with the opening of the new suspension bridge over the Brazos, and the completion of a branch of the Texas Central Railroad into the town A new vista opened to my eager young eyes and brought new opportunities of leaning.

## CHAPTER X

*A Widening Vista*

Next door, touching hands in a neighborly gesture with the Bank of Chamberlain & Flint, a new sign resplendent in new paint read: "Rennick and Frazier, Law and Land Office," pointing the way to the large well-equipped office of th new firm. As such things should be, the ones nearest, who knew them best, became strong friends and backers of the new business. Whenever financial backing was needed in a land deal, Flint and Chamberlain were always there. The same cordial relation existed between the four families through a lifetime friendship. In fact my younger brother, John, years later, married Colonel Flint's lovely dark-eyed daughter, Hallie.

Side by side, these two firms worked untiringly for the civic welfare of the rapidly growing home city, being largely responsible for the completion of the suspension bridge across the Brazos, for the development of East Waco, and for the building of the "Waco Tap" of the H. & T. C. Railroad from the main line at Bremond. In fact, the great effort in promoting this part of Waco was a contributing cause of their tragic failure in later years.

Each member of the partnership contributed his special talents to its success. Judge Rennick, a brilliant lawyer, was an extravagent optimist. He became a "Colonel Mulberry

Sellers" in promoting schemes for Waco and Texas development. Specializing in civil practice and land titles, he was a slave to his office books and numerous clients. Father was rarely found in his office, his time being largely devoted to field work, surveying and locating. He attended land sales over the whole state but especially in West Texas. In almost every county, records of land titles with his name associated with either de Cordova or Rennick may be found to this day. He was often away from home weeks or months on end, returning with his gun on his side and saddle bags filled with gold, partial payment for land sales he had made. This was deposited to the firm's credit in Flint and Chamberlain's bank.

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Father's business activities were recorded in my subconscious mind, however, for my conscious mind was quite occupied with my new opportunities and widening vistas. Elly and I were enrolled in the academy department of a school known as Waco University. It was directed by two brothers, Drs. Rufus C. and Richard B. Burleson. These two, with a corps of fine teachers, were the faculty under whom I began my serious studies. Later, when Baylor University was removed from old Independence, Waco University was merged with Baylor. From her halls many names with brilliant records have come to embellish the pages of Texas history. Governors, legislators, lawyers, doctors, and preachers, and perhaps more important, throngs of ordinary citizens, better equipped



by Baylor to carry on the development of state and nation. Waco University was chartered and authorized to confer the usual university degrees, but in uniting with Baylor, she came under the auspices and direction of a Board of Trustees annually elected by the Baptist State Convention. The State's Department of Education recognized the degrees.

With no endowment survival was precarious and depended almost entirely on the fees paid by patrons of the school. Competing with similar colleges, which were springing up all over the state, made administration extremely unstable and hazardous.

In those days, the name of Burleson was linked with that of Sam Houston in whose army General Edward Burleson had played a conspicuous role. Rufus and Richard Burleson, pioneer educators and preachers, were honored and respected over the entire state. They were honest, conscientious, ambitious builders of an educated religious citizenship.

Their faculty included fine and honorable teachers such as Professors Long, Boggess, Halburt and others. Both the Burlesons were teachers. I had history and ancient languages under them. At that time Latin and Greek were essential to a Bachelor of Arts degree.

Their personal contacts, classroom lectures and chapel talks inspired all students, and I believe that they changed my destiny, for my desire to be a Texas cattle king was replaced by a great hunger for book knowledge. My eyes were

opening to an ever widening world vista. The first year was crowded to the limit with academic work preparatory to four long years of college work, for our foundation was none too adequate.

Elly and I took work in the same classes, for though two years my junior, she always seemed to grasp facts more quickly than I, a natural talent. This saved buying an extra set of books, an important item in those days. My newly acquired appetite for learning which was to assist my becoming omniscent, ubiquitous and omnipotent, caused me to elect many subjects, not essential, which sister Elly did not elect! Those included German, French, Spanish and a two-year course in Art, in pencil and crayon drawing. Father approved this last, thinking it would prove useful in case I adopted his vocation of surveying, or mechanical engineering.

On the walls of my home hang two pictures which speak for themselves of the worthiness of this ambition! Both won blue ribbons in exhibition and to me were souvenirs of my excursion into the realm of art, and also of my first love affair. I became deeply enamoured with my art teacher (twice my age). I suspected that my passion for art was inflamed by my admiration for her, as she inspired and aided me.

Outside our regular curricular work, we carried on lively social activities. The three Literary Societies: "Philomathesian," "Erisophian" and "Calliopean," were the



center point for extracurricular activity. Calliopean was the young ladies' society; the Erisophians were mostly young preachers; and the Philomathesians were composed of the average college boys, full of fun and frolic, but enthusiastic supporters of the weekly inter-society debates. This was our major activity, while the others went in more for essays, poetry and lectures. There was keen rivalry, expressed in chapel contests in debate or in demonstration programs. Occasionally we had social get-togethers, evening parties elegantly called "soirées."

There was great political activity within the ranks of each group, with the presidency the goal of each ambitious student. Parliamentary rules were studied assiduously. My closest college friend, my classmate and desk-mate for four years was Isaac Goldstein, son of a retired merchant of Waco, and an Orthodox Jew. In our senior year of college, Isaac and I were alternately made President and Vice-President of the Philomathesian society and governed all its debates, seriously adhering to the strictest parliamentary rules.

A joint banner had long been in use by the two men's societies for use in parades and on public occasions. For some reason unknown to me, it was permanently awarded to the Erisophians, leaving the Philos without a flag or a special insignia. I was president at the time and opened a red hot campaign to purchase a new flag. We solicited contributions promiscuously, and I was elated to receive, on my personal

solicitation, a check for ten dollars from Governor Richard Coke, later U. S. Senator. The silk flag cost fifty dollars, but it was a beauty, and my pride and joy. It was adorned with the large greek letter, silken cord and tassel set, and a handsome staff. May this, or another emblem come to take its place, long wave over boys of another day as brave and fine as my fellow Philomathesians.

My college experiences of sixty years ago were not so essentially different from those of present day students. Custom and environment have changed, but human beings are possessed with the same zest for life and with curiosity motivating most of the scrapes we get into. All people, before time and experience have taught them self-control, have allowed passions and enthusiasms run away with them. All character elements have been over-emphasized or exaggerated. In my case, my enlarged sense of loyalty to a friend came near to being my undoing. In my junior year I almost was a party to a duel with deadly weapons, a federal statutory offense, that I am compelled to cross my fingers when I am required to take the oath of public office.

I had a close friend and associate, Russell Kingsbury, who was the son of my father's friend and later, partner in business. Russell was a brilliant young law student, but he was rather wild and given to dissipation. He was an ardent admirer of a beautiful young lady, (Virginia Ewell) daughter



of a wealthy Louisiana planter. She was my sister's closest friend and a frequent visitor in our home. His rival was my classmate, John, a most handsome young man of more mature years, whose father was also a wealthy land holder.

After the rival courtship had continued on for some time, Russell came to me and said that Freeman had grossly insulted him, by misrepresenting his condition following a night's entertainment, to their mutual object of affection. He claimed that nothing short of a duel would wipe out the insult. He certainly was perfectly sober at the time, and in deadly earnest insisted that I convey the written challenge to his hated rival. In vain, I tried to dissuade him from his purpose, but he claimed that our long friendship would compell me, in honor, to convey his message and to act as his second.

I invited Freeman to take a long walk along the river. As we walked, I disclosed to him the purpose of the interview. Freeman was not only a handsome, cultured aristocrat but was both courageous and diplomatic. He allowed me to explain how I felt about Russell's impulsiveness. Then he replied, "Now Jacob, you are my friend as well as Russell's. You know I would not lie to you. I have never told Miss Ewell he was drunk on this or any other occassion, so you go back to him and tell him I will go with him and face her, and

confirm the truth of my statement. If he is satisfied, you destroy without delivery, his pugnacious message now in your pocket. If he persists in his attitude, you return and deliver the message, and I will select a second and send him an official notice of acceptance. But I will want to tell you Jacob, that this whole matter is a serious infraction of the United States law, and will get you, as well as all of us into great future difficulty."

I was thoroughly convinced already, and with much difficulty succeeded in convincing Russell that some "trouble-maker" had lied to him. Therefore, he had received no insult, and received his permission to destroy the challenge. I breathed freely once more.

Another escapade of excess youthful energy came from my love of physical contests, particularly ball playing, boxing and wrestling. One night Dick Springfield and I were in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match. When both of us were almost exhausted, I finally succeeded in throwing Dick, but as he fell he caught my left arm under his body and fractured the elbow joint. This is always a difficult fracture to treat. I was unfortunate enough to get an inexperienced surgeon, who failed to adjust the broken bones properly. This handicap later sealed my fate in a competitive physical examination for entrance to Annapolis Naval Academy, as a Cadet Engineer. I had received appointment through Senator Richard Coke, life long friend of Father and Grandfather. My



disappointment for a while was bitter.

My elbow was set, however, and a piece of tin rain gutter served as a splint more or less conveniently. While I was thus disabled, I came into Latin class, after noon recess one day, to find the air laden with the odor, readily recognized, of bats! The boys had spent the noon hour punching bats from crevices of the old brick building. Professor Holbert, our dignified, bald headed, fiery-tempered teacher of classics, came in sniffing disgustedly as he entered.

"There seems to be a bad odor in this room, gentlemen," he said.

"I had not noticed it until you came in, Professor," I loudly responded, bound I suppose, by the devilment bottled in me to have a part in the bat party.

Like lightning, the book that he held in his hand came flying in my direction, and I caught it squarely with my "splinted" elbow. Instantly, I had the sympathy of the entire class, and the sincere regret of the quick-tempered teacher. I was excused to revisit my doctor for a bone connection , probably worse than the first.

When we had wrought for four faithful years and had mastered history, ancient and modern; mathematics from algebra through geometry, trigonometry and calculus; English literature with composition and grammar and the classics; read Virgil and Homer; Greek and Norse Mythology; and drunk to the

dregs the mysteries of mental science or philosophy, we came to the great graduation day and received the diploma which entitled us to a Bachelor of Arts degree.

My own graduation thesis, was in honor of my love for the classics, entitled "Ubique Gentium," being interpreted, "Where Among Nations?" In view of sixty odd years of observation of national trends, it was in a way a sound prophecy as to our place among the nations. Unfortunately, in speaking of religious activities, I made some slighting reference to a "Circuit Rider" preacher's religious propaganda. This brought down upon my head the severe criticism of a certain controversial Circuit Rider of the Methodist Church, and a newspaper controversy (my first and last) ensued. It ended by a frank explanation and apology on my part.

In June of 1896 my class of thirteen was graduated. The roster of this class of sixty years ago was:

| Boys | Girls |
|---|---|
| John Freeman | Sue Wallace |
| K. B. Seal | Miss Rischer |
| Reverend Robertson | Emma Morrell |
| Isaac Goldstein | Virgie Ewell |
| Jacob Moore Frazier | Ella Frazier |
| James Austin Bell | Emma Morrill |
| James R. Horn | |

* Of the thirteen, four are living today. I have little knowledge of their lives, except that they lived average lives

* All dead now (1959)



in an interesting era and were good and useful citizens of Texas. None attained notoriety or exalted position, but they served their day to the best of their ability and as opportunity gave place. I know that their opportunities were enlarged by contacts with fine men and women in our Alma Mater's faculty and student body. Moreover, I believe that the Burlesons in their place of reward will never have to register regret for their effort to direct our destiney under God's providence.

## CHAPTER XI

*Innocence Abroad*

The Philadelphia Centennial Exposition--Nostalgia!

Having absorbed a certain amount of book knowledge of geography, history, mathematics, Latin and Greek classics, with their philosophy, and Greek and Norse mythology, I now turned to other fields of conquest. I was fairly well grounded in these subjects and in the religious beliefs of the Baptist denomination, but my personal knowledge of the world was limited to the farm, to the Texas frontier and to the village of Waco with its university environment. I was eager to see new vistas, and my parents knowing that travel is an important part of education, agreed with my ambition. At nineteen, I fared forth for my first ride on the railroad to Philadelphia, the "City of Brotherly Love," to seek graduate work and to see the centennial exposition.

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Looking back, I can not identify what special factors and forces determined my fate as to my vocation. I believe two things. First, I did not have a call to practice medicine, and second, I have never felt that I was a "born doctor."

Two people of my limited circle of friends contributed to my decision. They were Dr. R. W. Park of Waco and Isaac Goldstein. Dr. Park, a physician of note and a philosopher





on no mean plane, was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and had served his internship at Bellevue Hospital in New York City.

In those days, a young disciple of Aesculapius was expected to read medicine under a preceptor. Dr. Park was kind and patient enough to direct me in studies in anatomy, physiology, chemistry and physics. In his quiet office, while he smoked his Meershaum pipe, I imbibed my first conception and my first ideas of the structure and of the functions of the human body. Along with this, I listened to his marvelous store of philosophy and theology, for he was a follower of Swedenborg. Through my preceptor's eyes, I first looked upon his Alma Mater, the University of Pennsylvania. This great school was the oldest,and at that time, the best in America. I was advised to choose U. of P. for my further medical studies, and as the Centennial Exposition was then in progress, I decided to investigate it thoroughly when I visited Philadelphia.

Isaac Goldstein was an Orthodox Jew and was the son of a retired merchant of Waco. He was my close friend and confidant. By some means he had come into possession of an ancient library of leather covered medical books. Into these we both loved to delve, when we had completed our Latin and Greek translations at Waco University. Many a Sunday ramble along the shady banks of the Brazos was marked by our resting

and reading from these musty volumes. Circumstances changed the course of Isaac's destiny: he became a merchant prince of Waco. In those days, our paths lay very close, our interests paralleled, and Jacob and Isaac were called "birds of one feather." We stood side by side until finally we received our Bachelor's degrees in the Centennial year of 1876, then our paths diverged. With a taste for the science of medicine already developed and a decided interest in the University of Pennsylvania established by Dr. Park, I set out, a month before school opened, for Philadelphia and for the exposition, with a partly fixed purpose to enter the university.

Travel then was vastly different from travel now. I would now embark for Europe with far less concern than I had for my trip to the East. Railroad employees who were cross and crabby autocrats of that day, as if they owned the world as well as the road we were using have been replaced by kind, considerate and courteous porters and conductors. "The customer is always right" has become their crede as far as possible. An incident in the beginning of my trip illustrated the manner of railroad employees. We crossed the border between Texas and the Indian Territory, now the state of Oklahoma. Thrilled and excited at actually leaving Texas, I stuck my head out the car window, and the wind promptly blew off my hat, in the band of which I had carefully placed the conductor's check for my ticket. Innocently thinking that



this was my only guarantee that his "Royal Highness" would permit me to continue my journey, I panicked. A passenger suggested that I pull the bell cord and stop the train. I did so, vigorously! The train stopped all right, and the conductor, mad as a wet hen, rushed into the coach with a big double fisted brakeman at his heels. After being told of the loss of my had and my train check, he boiled over, wrath and blasphemy threatening to choke him. After the eruption, he finally gave me another check and went out mumbling that he ought to dump me in the Territory, where I belonged!

I arrived in St. Louis, tired, dusty and sleepy. Stopover privileges had been granted on all Centennial tickets, so I hurried to a hotel where a bellboy was assigned to show me my room. He lighted the gas jet; but, failing to receive a tip, he left me cold. I locked the door, opened the inside wooden blinds, raised the window, and fell on the bed, lonesome, blue and sleepy. My Scotch tendency had not permitted me to buy a berth on the sleeper for two nights, and my rest had not been very satisfactory. I was soon fast asleep. An hour later, the smell of smoke drifted into my consciousness; I awakened to find the wind had blown the wooden blind against the gast jet, and one whole panel was ablaze. I was shocked and frightened, but I did not panic and smothered the blaze without raising an alarm. I covered the damaged blind by hanging my coat over it, and after locking my door, I explored

the wonders of my first great city.

How tremendously impressed I was by the long St. Louis streets with their buildings and the suspension bridge so much greater than ours at home across the Brazos! The wharves and steamboats along the Mississippi River and the amazing parks and the zoo fascinated me. I am not likely to forget my first visit to a big city. I made one purchase in St. Louis, a new hat!

Returning to my hotel, which I had so nearly destroyed, I packed my grip, paid my bill and caught the next daily train for further adventure. During the day I made my first train acquaintance, a young fellow about my own age with the bearing of an honest clean boy. He was on his way to visit Niagara Fallas, and I decided to join him. Being more traveled than I, he persuaded me to take a sleeper berth that night, and I fell asleep in comfort.

The absence of motion of the train awakened me, and raising my window blind, I looked out on a sea of water. Amazed, and heavy with sleep, I wondered how in the world I had gone to sea. Dressing awkwardly, I hurried into the vestibule, where the negro porter informed me that the train was crossing the St. Clair River on a ferry. We were crossing into Canada to connect with the Canada Southern for Niagara. This being an international border line, I clutched my new hat and held on firmly.



A customs officer came through the train and tore ruthlessly through my baggage in search of smuggled merchandise. I submitted reluctantly, seeing that all passengers were treated to the same tactics. I was now under the flag of the nation "on whose shores the sun never ceases to shine." I had left the United States for the Dominion of Canada! The first large town was announced loudly by the conductor as New London. I had never heard of it, but with pride and humor, I wrote my father a postcard saying, "Your lonesome, wayward son is now in a far and foreign country, mailing this in the city of London!"

After arriving in Niagara, my new acquaintance and I set out to see the wonders of Nature's great power plant, for centuries going to waste except to provide a great resort for sightseers and honeymooners. I had been warned by my friend of the exhorbitant prices to be expected here. My first confirmation of the fact came when I paid for a badly needed shave after breakfast with a "four-bit" piece. I should have been prepared for the shock when we asked the price of a cab fare to the Falls and were told it would cost five dollars. We politely declined to be robbed and decided to use our own legs for transportation.

I thought that we walked twenty miles that day and saw Niagara Falls in all its glory from the Canadian side. After inscribing our names in the visitor's book in the tower at the

Canadian end of the great bridge, we climbed the steps of the tower and carved our names on the stones at the top of the tower to assure future generations that we had been there. I wonder if after sixty years they have weathered away as we, too, have degenerated with time?

Since that day, I have visited Niagara Falls twice, with more mature mind and sophisticated philosophy but have never yet been able to describe my reactions and do justice to the grandeur of the spectacle. Others, too, have failed . Having seen Niagara Falls' grandeur and mighty majesty enabled one to understand how God, moving in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform, created this wonderful world in the Beginning!

Leaving Niagara and crossing again into the United States, our baggage was reinspected with more rudeness and rough handling to my simple but sacred belongings. Our assurances,that we were not smugglers but sightseers on our way down to New York, failed to impress the inspectors. I looked forward eagerly to reaching the great city, the financial center of our American Empire.

Arriving in New York in the midst of great confusion at the station, I negotiated with a kindly Irish cab driver to transport me to a hotel near the Debrosses Street Ferry. The hotel had been recommended to me for its convenience to the pier from which I expected to embark for my boat trip to Philadelphia. The cabby, noting my confusion and evident



"greenness," calmed me and delivered me "right side up with care" at my hotel, where I rested mind and body before venturing forth to see the sights.

The next day, feeling very small and awed, I started out, as at Niagara, on my own two sturdy legs. I walked to the Battery, visited the aquarium, saw the Statue of Liberty! Then I went to Wall Street, Central Park, the zoo, and wound up on Fifth Avenue, where I took a horse drawn streetcar back to my hotel on Debrosses Street. What a wonderful day! My mind and soul were full and overwhelmed with the bigness of the whole thing! Somewhat dazed by my experiences, I concluded that I had better head for the Centennial in Philadelphia before the bigness of the city got me down. I experienced some definite symptoms of nostalgia.

Homesickness was bad, being comparable to seasickness. Both were terrible,because one feels so unutterably low spirited. Perhaps both were largely mental, but to me, they were real. In the midst of a million or more people, I felt lonesome, oh, so lonesome! I have handled in my college hospital cases of nostalgia and have treated girls as for physical sickness. In many cases, there was no cure except to send them home. To a combination of these two mental ailments, I lay the utter lack of memories of my boat trip to Philadelphia.

I only know that when I arrived, I secured a boarding place near the fair grounds, to enable me to visit it daily

on foot. Gradually, I became oriented to the grounds and buildings and later to the city itself, which was to be my home for three wonderful years of my life. Rightly, it deserved the name of the "City of Brotherly Love."

On the first day, I nearly walked my legs off trying to see the whole thing at once, and like an animal too hungry, I had a bad case of mental and physical indigestion. With sore feet, tired eyes and aching muscles, my interest in the Centennial and in the world was far below par that evening.

Of the Centennial itself, that if my early impressions were to be trusted, it was the greatest and most successful World Exposition in the advancement of civilization ever held. I have attended St. Louis, Chicago, San Francisco, Texas and San Diego expositions, but Philadelphia, in my mind, heads the list, considering its time in world history.

Six decades have passed since that exposition. In man's progress toward wresting Nature's secrets from her and applying them to his daily needs, these six decades have been unsurpassed. Laboratories, workshops, industries and schools have produced discoveries and inventions which have profoundly affected man's habits. Each of the first five of these decades brought forth an achievement in some field of scientific research so far-reaching as to mark an epoch. The last decade has excelled them all in the full fruition of accomplishment. More and more man has become master of the physical



world in which he lives.

A striking example, which I remember with a thrill, was seeing and talking with Thomas Edison, who had an exhibition of his talking machine. Considered a failure at first, this primitive machine, looking like an old fashioned sausage-stuffing machine, produced sound with a needle moving over the grooves of a revolving celluloid cylindrical record. Since that day, the wizard mind has perfected talking machine or phonograph, marvelous in its faithful reproduction of sound. Moreover, he invented the incandescent light, perfected the telephone, radio and electrical devices for communication and transportation that have revolutionized man's relation with the world around. Edison and other great minds of these past six decades have conquered space, time and darkness.

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The official opening of the 1936 Texas Centennial Exposition was a great open house for the world. It was the most successful and perhaps the largest attended exposition ever held in America. Dallas, the host city, was ideally equipped to handle the vast throngs who joined the celebration. Every part of the state had its own special contribution to the year-long fiesta, but the main attractions on the fairgrounds in Dallas drew countless thousands.

There were scientific displays of all the progress of the century, as well as every phase and fashion of life as I have known it in Texas. I was amazed at the great variety of

occupation and industry represented.

From the first day, when the grounds were opened by radio beam which had circled the earth cutting a silk ribbon across the gate, great throngs of people from every quarter of the globe filed in.

I, too, went through those gates, and above every other wonder, I thrilled over the display of the principle of Television. A young student from Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College explained and demonstrated the working of this marvel of visual science. I realized as never before what my eighty-year span of life had witnessed in the progress from "Tallow Candle to Television."

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Returning pangs of nostalgia marked my second day in Philadelphia. I was draping my aching body over a bench, feeling dispirited and resolving to go slow that day, when like a bolt of lightning,I saw in the great holiday crowd two familiar faces, Texas people; actually home town people, my father's friends and land partner: Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Rennick! Why it was next to having Father and Mother walk up to lonesome me!

Seeming to sense my mental, physical and spiritual state, they took me in their arms as though I were their own son. Only youth's shame of tears kept me from weeping then and there. They took me with them for an expensive lunch, and



for two glorious days I enjoyed their companionship, talking of home and of seeing the Centennial. This friendly contact, more than the grandeur of what we saw, brought me through the crisis, and I felt like a convalescent pneumonia patient in my returning desire to live.

I confided to Mr. Rennick that the loneliness, coupled with an inferiority complex and fear, had nearly ended my adventure for further education before it was well begun. I had been all but licked when he walked through those Centennial gates. Moreover, I told him of my ambitions and of my aspirations which had brought me so far from home and asked him if I should not go back home to the ranch. With a twinkle and with a spark of fire in his eye, so typical of his fight in life, he said, "No, never. You are just as smart and good as any of these D----d Yankees. Go to it----fight it out. Go to the University, register as a student and come home with honor and credit, a man, a doctor, and a Southern gentleman!" I believed that these words coming from a man,whom I knew and trusted, marked the turning point in my life.

I followed this sage advice. I secured a modest boarding place near the university and became acquainted with the great city of Philadelphia. At once, I felt a deep affection for the city that has remained constant to this day. In my three years of residence, subsequent excursions for post graduate work or attendance at conventions, I have visited nearly all the major

cities of this country. I have found New York, cold-blooded; Washington, formal and sophisticated; Chicago, hard-boiled; but Philadelphia, friendly and sympathetic. Slow yes, but safe, dependable, friendly.

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After a month of orientation with the city, with the university and its environments, I filed my Bachelor's degree and my certificate from my preceptor and was accepted and registered as a full fledged medical student at the University of Pennsylvania. At this time my registration fees consisted of seven tickets signed by my seven regular professors, costing twenty dollars each and entitling me to the full year's course of lectures. I have preserved as valued souvenirs many of these autographed tickets, bearing such famous names: Alfred Stille, D. Hayes Agnew, Horatio C. Wood, Joseph Leidy, William Repper, William Goodell, James Tyson, Wormly Ashurst and Harrison Allen. All were giants of another day who have left a legacy of students who have embellished the pages of medical history of America.

My first year was under the old plan of a two-year course for graduation, but the next year the university adopted a three-year required course for graduation. Recognizing the wisdom of this change, I decided to remain the next two years, though many students transferred to other short-course colleges. As a result, my class was the smallest graduating



class for many years. The University of Pennsylvania was one of the first to offer the three-year medical course. The third year saw the addition of laboratory courses in histology and pathology among others.

A system of quizzes added considerably to the expenses of the student. Twenty-five dollars was the quiz fee; so some of the students organized and we did our own quizzes. One member presided and selected a subject that he had prepared by taking extra notes in the didactic lectures. Previously didactic lectures were the principal method of instruction. I conducted a quiz section in physiology and, of course, my notes being voluminous, I made the group sweat blood.

We spent fourteen hours each week in the dissecting room, and in the beginning material for dissecting was very scarce. However, the city laws were amended and "Blockley," the Philadelphia City Hospital, furnished abundant material. Before this change, we went to the dissecting room one day and found a pile of bodies, which judging from their tattoo markings, were those of a shipwrecked crew. The news leaked that we had the bodies, and an investigation was threatened. The following day our shocked class found that all of the bodies had been decapitated. Nothing actually came of the investigation, but we went about our dissecting sans many heads. Old Salvador, our janitor and John, the negro porter, who often

got drunk by siphoning alcohol from preserved museum specimens, were questioned closely but kept closed mouths, answering inquisitive students with, "Why worry? It's our job to supply material for you bloody buzzards to work on!"

Many an interesting conversation accompanied the work at the dissecting table, and one of these was vivid in my memory. Feeling between the North and South still ran high. Southerners felt pretty raw. Hayes and Wheeler, and Tilden and Hendricks were the rival candidates for President and Vice-President in 1876. The Electoral Committee was induced to count out the Democratic candidates, and I, with my Texas Democratic Majority in my pocket, discussed it across the table with a Western Yankee from Ohio. Intervention of mutual friends barely prevented a repetition of the war between the States, using our poor headless viscera for a battle ground and our scalpels for weapons. No material damage occurred either to the "silent subject" or to ourselves, but it was not our fault that this was so.

One day I noticed that the muscles of the cadaver on which I was working had a peculiar appearance, as though sand were ground into the fibres. Taking a specimen to the histology laboratory, I found distinct evidence of millions of Trachina Spiralis throughout the tissues of the whole body. Evidently the man had died of Trichinosis, but tracing the body source to Blockly Hospital, I found that the records



showed a certificate of death from Typhoid. Of course the intern got a good roasting from the staff, because a green second-year medical student had accidentally made a discovery in the dissecting room.

Histology, and Morbid Anatomy (malignant growths), were emphasized in my course of study along with Chemistry and Pharmacy. The laboratory equipment and efficiency were limited and inferior, but I believed that we made up in hard work and in earnest study for some of our lack. We were far ahead of the average medical school of that day.

However, my school days at U.P. were not all work and no play, or one long grind, for even then "youth sought expression," and our pent up fun and energy had various outlets. One great gathering place was "Schulenbergs" for Dutch lunches and song fests. During our class party when I was toastmaster, we drank many gay toasts to "Texas and the Ladies, God bless them." Quite late that night, Gaston and I were making our rather erratic way toward home, seventeen blocks away. When we came to "Twelfth," a street of doubtful color and reputation, suddenly two thugs, feigning drunkenness, bumped into us. One grabbed my watch chain, made of Mother's hair, which fortunately broke in two, and at the same time wrenched my stout hickory cane from me. Gaston ran yelling "Police" with such success that two officers rounded the corner on the run, grabbed us and we had great difficulty in persuading them

that we were not the thugs!

Finding an old letter written home after the celebration of my twenty-first birthday, reminds me of another party of my school days:

Philadelphia
Dec. 5th, 1877

Dear Mother:

According to our dear old family Bible record, (by the way, take good care of that Bible, please), yesterday was my 21st birthday. My looking glass and my own feelings tell a different tale. My glass reflects an extremely boyish face.

I used to have some strange fancies concerning manhood. I dreamed of the glorious independence and self assurance that would accompany my advent into the magic sphere of manhood. Alas, for human hopes and boyish ambitions, a pretty good shake of my deplored timidity still clings to me.

You flatter me by "hoping that I may be as good a man as I have been a boy." With a truly grateful heart I can only say that if there has been anything of good or anything to commend in my boyhood , I owe it all to the good example and precious and practical lessons received from loving parents, and I thank God for this blessing!

We thought that our lot was pretty strenuous in my day, but compared with the medical student of today, our curricula seemed simple. Bacteriology, immunology, serology, psychology, and endocrinology and other complicated "ologies" have enlarged the program of today's medical student.



Louis Pasteur, Koch, Lister and other pioneers were beginning to send out gleams of light along our medical horizon in 1879. Asepsis and antisepsis, with germs present everywhere, were new and revolutionary thoughts in my student days. I may have witnessed the first attempted abdominal operation in America under aseptic conditions: Dr. William Goodell removed a large ovarian cyst in the university hospital. The operating room was so filled with carbolized steam vapor that it was difficult to see the technique.

Later, Lawson Tait advocated asepsis so strenuously that Willisam Osler made us forget all that we had learned in therapeutics under H. C. Wood's teaching, so that some of us were inclined to become "therapeutics nihilists," and almost lost faith in everything except "vis medicatrix naturae."

Having completed a full three year's course and successfully passed all examination, I came to the memorable day, March 4, 1879, when I was honored by receiving the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

Moreover, I received along with six other students, "distinguished mention," which was the first such honor accorded a student from south of the Mason and Dixon Line, for my work on my graduation thesis: Has the Muscle Fiber of the Human Heart a Sarcolema? Subsequently the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred upon me for extra work that I had successfully undertaken in botany, geology, mineralogy and medical jurisprudence during three summers when I remained at

the university, rather than making the long trip home.

After graduation, I did my intership under the direction of Dr. A. F. Chase, a rising Philadelphia physician with a large and growing practice. I acted as assistant physician to the poor of a West Philadelphia city ward during a virulent epidemic of scarlet fever. One of my young doctor friends in an adjacent city ward died in this epidemic. I had abundant experience in working among the poor and witnessed misery and suffering caused by disease and by hunger for the first time in my life. It was a dark contrast to the comparative comforts and blessings of my boyhood background of simple plenty. I was eager to help their ills. I had a few obstetric cases, much malaria, and intestinal parasitic cases in my practice. Philadelphia was liberal in paying for drugs and dressings, but the doctor's work was volunteer, without remuneration. It was considered fine training for a better clientele that the young doctor expected in the future.

My first obstetric case was in a tenement house occupied by five or six families in abject poverty. A drunken husband and an ignorant neighbor-woman for nurse were my only assistants. Labor was slow, and the patient, screaming with pain and fear, convinced the nurse that she would surely die. The nurse posted a child for the neighborhood priest, for a final confession. The priest arrived, through sleet and snow at two a.m., mad as a wet hen, because it turned out to be a false alarm, but the young M.D. sighed with relief and happiness to see a live mother and a squalling baby.

With limited experiences such as these, and a diploma in a tin case, a thermometer, and a stethoscope, I set my face for home, Texas, and a large and lucrative practice, I hoped! My career was launched.

## CHAPTER XII

*The Young M. D.*

In the fall of 1879, I turned homeward: to Waco, a fast-growing country town, full of pride in its central location and buzzing with talk of railroad building and of its future destiny. A warm welcome from my family and close friends, and my pride in my hard-earned Doctor's degree, gave me the courage to decide to practice my profession there.

A board consisting of six doctors, one from each county in the district, constituted the Judicial District Medical Board, and before this body I went, paid their regular fee, answered their questions satisfactorily and was granted a legal license to practice medicine in Texas. The only question, that they asked which I can recall, was "What length umbilical cord would you leave attached to a new born baby?"

Meanwhile, the Texas State Medical Association held their regular annual meeting in Waco. Dr. D. F. Stuart of Houston was president. He was also Chief Surgeon for the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, and I well remember him as a dignified and cultured gentleman and a fine surgeon. I applied for membership and was accepted. I have held that membership through the years of the trying ordeal of reorganizing the Association into the splendid body of ethical gentlemen that make up its membership today.





At that first meeting which I attended, the organization refused several applicants. One had purchased his diploma from a notorious Buchanan School of Philadelphia. This gentleman later abandoned the practice of medicine, became a minister of note, and later still an outstanding advertising medical free-lance. He gained considerable notoriety and wealth.

Meager, indeed, was my external equipment, but my zeal and determination sufficed and I opened a modest office over a prominent drugstore. With a good horse and saddlebags and with a rudimentary collection of instruments, I began to worry about my ability to capitalize on my professional knowledge.

It was a "slow go." My university had not been extravagant in teaching the practical facets of operating a medical practice. Moreover, I faced a local medical code of ethics so "straight-laced" that it bent backward. My modest card printed in the "Examiner," the local newspaper, brought me before the county medical society for "advertising!" This array of bewhiskered, wiser and older competitors was rather awe inspiring for the clean-shaven red-faced youth who was now a doctor.

My safety lay in my proficiency in debate, and soon I had them tangled in their charges and counter-charges against each other, so that my own case dropped of its own insignificance into oblivion. I knew that this august body was

distinctly at loggerheads in its own inner circle, since some or all of them were secretly and insidiously guilty of more serious breaches of ethics in their methods of securing practice than my charge!

I was never a good mixer or promoter, lacking sophistication or policy, so calls for my services were few. Most of those calls, that I did receive, were from poor people, unable to pay a fee, and well known, and often refuse by my older and established competitors. Even though I lived at home with free board at my father's table, I found it difficult to keep enough "pocket change" for social necessities.

I perceived that I must cultivate that side which I had least developed, if I was to become known to Waco people as a professional man. I began to enter more sophisticated social activities and to observe closely local political and municipal movements. The big country town was just then playing a city role, and I determined to have an active role. Occasionally, I hired a livery stable rig and drove some member of the fair sex to a picnic or dance. Attired in an extra long Prince Albert, as befitted a full fledged Philadelphia doctor, I circulated freely as I could afford among Waco's elect. My garb which had been my climax of graduating glory, worn with cap and gown for the graduation show in Philadelphia, was unusual and conspicuous in Waco.

My Prince Albert's first public appearance was to the local production, Gilbert's and Sullivan's "Pinafore."



I enthusiastically bought front seats for my lady-fair and me, though it left my pocketbook like "Mother Hubbard's cupboard," after the added indulgence of the midnight supper and ice cream and cake! Now while my musical education had been sadly neglected, I really loved "Pinafore." I had seen it first in the Grand Opera House, amid beautiful settings in Philadelphia and later on my trip home, in New Orleans, again by talented artists and was totally unprepared for the letdown when amateurs attempted it at home: crudely sung amid crude scenery. I felt sold out, undone! The ocean of green and white painted canvas, with windlass under the canvas making the waves, might have sufficed, had not an arm of the windlass punched through the canvas revealing the internal workings! I could have cried! However, next day, my girl and everybody on the street from banker to bootlack whistled or sang the airs, proving my taste in music was at least universal!

Such social sallies required that which I did not have: money. After a while, I began to shy off all social activities and to take more interest in public affairs and municipal politics. Public debates were frequent and free, and these I patronized liberally.

Waco had just completed a suspension bridge across the Brazos River, connecting the town with surrounding communities by road. We had, however, only one railroad, a branch line of the H&TC and were ambitious to secure some of the lines

which were spanning the state, like magic during the era of expansion. Especially desirable was the Gulf Colorado and Santa Fe's planned expansion from Galveston,and the community leaders invited a group of promoters to visit Waco with the view of including the city on a proposed line. The promoters and financiers approached the Mayor with a reasonable request for bonus and right of way for tracks, depot grounds, et cetera. Waco held the usual banquet, accompanied by flow of champagne and hot air about the tremendous natural advantages of Waco to the proposed line. The central location in the rich Brazos Valley was so emphasized, that our Mayor, full of personal and municipal pride and much champagne, opposed the promoters' bonus requests. After a drive through the city, following the banquet, the promoters silently stole away.

The Santa Fe Railroad selected Temple, a new town thirty miles southwest of Waco, for its shops. Before finally fixing the route, the officials decided to build a transcontinental main line to California and flirted with Belton, eight miles west of Temple, for the division location. But Belton, self-centered and short-sighted like Waco, was given the "go-by" because of her frigid reception of the bonus proposal. Both towns suffered a period of retarded growth and prosperity for their attitude. This has been the fate of many Texas towns which possessed representative leaders with a lack of vision. Fortunately, opportunity knocked at most of their doors again



and many other roads were constructed, with these towns only too eager to grasp opportunity's coattails.

I took a real interest in all of the municipal problems of Waco and kept a light hold on the social pulse of the city. But I was growing impatient and discouraged with my trial and failure experience! Finally, I concluded that I did not fit in with my home environment. A bad inferiority complex developed, and I decided that a frontier rural location would provide opportunity either for the evolution of my talents or for complete oblivion.

So I began to explore possible locations more suitable to my needs. Naturally, my mind turned first to Kimball, the small village on the banks of the Brazos River in Bosque County, and adjacent to my father's farm, where I was born.

Kimball had a population of about five hundred souls. Two blacksmith shops, a country hotel, a shoemaker, a barber shop, a small church, a school, two drugstores, and a couple of general merchandise and grocery stores made up the town. Four doctors offered their services to this community, which consisted of a group of characters as overflowing with human interest as any which ever graced the pages of fiction. This little village, served by a ferry connecting the community to both sides of the Brazos River, was strictly a frontier town.

My advent in Kimball introduced into my life an unforgettable person: my friend and first partner, Dr. E. Jules Trader.

Six feet tall, lantern-jawed, with large grey eyes, mostly whites, he possessed feline activity with wiry strength and a certain suavity that made you think of an eel. He wore long hair; and his physical appearance coupled with his intelligent manner and with an intensely emotional nature, marked him for a born actor. His world was a stage with his patients the audience. He had occupied this professional field about two years before my arrival. When he learned that I considered becoming a competitor, he met me in a friendly social way and told me with great glee and confidence that he had more than half the patronage of the other three "Saw-Bones" and really had more practice than he could care for. He generously offered me full partnership. He maintained an office in a building that he had constructed just across the highway from the big country hotel. His meager books and equipment and an adjoining bedroom (for he was a bachelor and lived in his office) were showed me with the assurance that there was plenty of room for both of us and plenty of practice to divide.

Hungry, yes, starving for a chance to practice at my profession, I was thrilled with the proposition. I had reassured myself on seeing his genuine diploma from a Baltimore College of regular medicine, and without consulting anyone, I eagerly accepted. We celebrated the occasion with a good old-fashioned fried chicken supper at the hotel across the street, and



spent half the night exchanging experiences.

My partner had only recently passed through a tragic experience. He had fallen in love and courted a lovely young girl, the daughter of a wealthy landowner, one of the finest families of Kimball. This young lady had been engaged previously to a fine ranchman, but becoming interested in the brilliant, poetic, intelligent young doctor, she had jilted the young ranchman and accepted the suit of my temperamental new friend. One beautiful Sunday afternoon she promised to be his wife, and they were in the parlor of her home discussing plans for their wedding, when a wild and dishevelled rider dashed up to her father's door. Rapidly dismounting, he rushed into the parlor of that country home, and before they could realize or recognize the former lover of the girl, he drew a six gun and without a word, fired a shot through her heart. Then he turned, walked through the front door and fired another through his own heart--a double tragedy.

He calmly related this whole tragic story to me, telling his own reaction, which was to go on a whole week's drunken spree. This should have warned me of his lack of balance and should have marked him for the potential maniac that he afterward proved to be. Later I found that he was not only temperamental, but extremely dissipated, going on a spree any time things went wrong in his practice. But in those days a "gentlemanly spree" was not regarded so seriously and was

even considered by some quite an accomplishment. Many patrons told me afterward, they would rather have Trader drunk than any other doctor sober. At any rate, he certainly performed an artistic drunk!

I moved my bed and office equipment into our office, built a stable for my horse, and for a few months we worked well together. I visited some of his patients with him, driving a brand new buggy and a flashing fine team of fast horses. During this time I found Trader fairly competent and regular in his handling of malaria, typhoid, peneumonia, flux (or dysentery) which were the common types of cases that we handled, along with occasional bone survery, cuts and bullet wounds.

Late one summer evening, Trader and I were returning from a long day's work, in which we had done a serious operation for cancer in the patient's home. We were hot and tired and stopped near the town of Morgan to eat a watermelon. I set my saddlebags, containing my surgical instruments, beside me on the ground as we ate and then went on without them in the growing darkness. I missed them when I reached my room, but it was too dark to search for them. I decided to go to bed and to rise early next morning to search for them.

At daybreak, I saddled my horse without waiting for breakfast and I galloped to the place where we had eaten the melon. Since there was no sign of the bags, I thought that



someone from Morgan had picked them up, so I hurried to the main saloon in the town. A young fellow had been in the night before with some surgical instruments which he wanted to sell. They had offered him ten dollars, but he wanted more and went away. I went to the county seat at Meridian, again found his trail and received a good description of the young man. The sheriff gave me a warrant and deputized me to apprehend the fellow and to bring him back. I was not armed, but after getting some breakfast under my belt, I set out for the next county where I was told that his daddy lived.

Late that evening, I came to the little town near his father's home and found a big camp meeting in progress. Everybody from the surrounding farms was in town, but I found a house where I could have a pallet on the porch. The town officer gave me the directions to the father's farm. I was tired and mad at having to waste two days trailing my property. When the officer told me that the boy's father was a kind of a preacher and that the family had a pretty good name, I confessed that I had little sympathy. He thought that I had better let him go get the boy, so I gave him the warrant and went to bed.

Early next morning he came in with the boy, followed by the father. The old man stated that his boy was not a bad boy and begged me not to take him to jail. I was tired and sore in body and mind and turned a deaf ear to their pleas.

Just then the town doctor, who I knew to be a graduate of a famous "Diploma Mill," came up and said:

"Now doctor, I know these people better than you do. They are not bad, but they stand together, and they won't let you take that boy to jail. You had better take your instruments and let him go, for they will sure follow you and take him away from you."

That settled the question for me, and I told him and the others that I planned to make them just as sore and as tired as the boy had made me. The dad insisted on coming and rode by the boy. Before long,I discovered that we were being followed, and every now and then,I caught sight of a small group of men paralleling the road, keeping up with us. I was not armed and I was somewhat nervous, for those were wild days. I ha-f expected to lose my prisoner, at least. They were evidently trying to bluff me, however, for we rode safely up to the jail in Meridian. Having cooled off and having given my prisoner a good "sweating," I told the father that if he thought his boy had learned what to do with other people's property, he could take him back home!

I began to get a few patients for myself. While Trader was on a bad drunk, some of his patients switched over to me. This caused his temperamental streak of jealousy to overwhelm him; he became wild with rage and swore that I was trying to supplant him. We parted--permanently!



I have never forgotten the climax of our connection. The community was having an elaborate Christmas entertainment, which I had planned with the aid of the village belle. This girl was gifted with musical ability, and together we had planned a village fair, formulated on some "Centennial" experience which I had brought from my city days. In the midst of our performance, Dr. Trader, wild, jealous and crazy drunk, crashed the door and rushed across the dance floor, yelling like a Comanche Indian! My brother, who happened to be present, and I disarmed him, tied him with ropes and carried him to his office. We threw him into a large empty trunk and left him in it, until he was sober enough to yell for mercy. Following this experience, I moved my belongings, secured an office for myself, and thought that I was through with my ex-partner forever.

Two years later, I met him in another encounter that was near tragic. Dr. Trader married a fine young woman of our county and moved to the Indian Territory. After a few months together, they separated and she returned to our county. He also returned to Texas and resumed an erratic practice on the Texas coast. In a drunken rage he shot and killed a patient who had come into his office to consult him professionally. A jury acquitted him on a plea of insanity, and he regained his freedom. Immediately he went on a big drunk, boarded a train for Morgan, where I had moved, and came directly to my

office! Looking up from my desk, I faced a "six-gun" behind which were the blazing white eyes of Dr. Trader. He was laboring under the delusion that I had performed an illegal operation on his ex-wife, whom I had never seen, and murder was in his heart. I never knew what inspired me to act as I did. I certainly had no time to reason. Laughing in his face I said:

"You damned drunken fool, sit down and tell me all about it! You know that I'm the best friend you ever had and that I saved you from the penitentiary!"

He fell into a chair and cried like a baby! Gently, I secured his gun and promptly marched him to a nearby bar for a drink, where my good Irish friend, John Carson, the barkeeper, helped me to take him to the train and to ship him to other fields!

This was the nearest that I ever came to sudden and violent death. After more than fifty years I shuddered when I recalled the incident.

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My field of practice was ten or fifteen miles in extent, mostly along the Brazos Valley bottom, where malaria was prevalent in its worst form. It was often pernicious with hemeturia or Black Jaundice and was frequently fatal. Quinine and calomel were kept in every household and were usually self-administered in heroic doses before the doctor was called.



When he arrived, he often met partial deafness, hemeturia, or other serious complications. A congestive chill from malaria was a genuine occasion for a call.

Moreover, typhoid fever, commonly called "slow fever," or Typho-Malaria, was prevalent. I was permitted in two deaths from fever to make an autopsy and found in both cases ulceration, or Pyer's Patches, proving it was genuine typhoid. My longtime friend, Allen J. Smith, who was doing notable autopsy work in the Department of Pathology at Medical School of the University of Texas, proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that so-called Slow Fever or Typho-Malaria Fever of Texas was genuine Typhoid.

Occasionally my new patrons demanded a consultation with a more experienced doctor. At first I welcomed these consultations but later from sad experience, I dreaded such contacts with fear and trembling because of the jealousy and rivalry existing in the profession. Often, the consultant changed my diagnosis and treatment, greatly to my disadvantage, and often to the patient's hurt. He charitably told the family that my "youth and inexperience accounted for my error." I almost lost faith in mankind at first. It has taken a heap of living and faith in God, plus my own sense of humor, to help me to forget such experiences. What a marked contrast to the courteous professional consultation of today!

An example of consultation experience which turned out well must be told. One of my competitors was having trouble

with a case of puerperal convulsions. In the middle of the night he sent a runner for medical help. Unable to secure an older man, he called for me. I found a buxom country woman in violent convulsions. After free bleeding, I asked the doctor to continue chloroform to full anaesthesia and had my first opportunity to use my new obstetric forceps, succeeding in delivering a live baby. Suffering from a severe headache, the doctor had me give him a shot of morphine and retired, leaving me to sit up with the unconscious woman and an ignorant but kindly neighbor. The doctor thought that she would die. Next morning we left, neither of us expecting to see her alive again. Three weeks later, having occasion to visit the neighborhood, I met the woman in the bridle path, carrying two buckets of water from the spring to her cabin two hundred yards away. She asked me if I were not the doctor who had helped the older doctor in her recent labor and thanked me for saving her life. Though that was all I got out of the case, except the experience, I felt well paid, for the "buck-passing" turned out in my favor.

During my first year at Kimball I saw a German man, a shoemaker's apprentice, who had attempted suicide. He had taken laudanum. I gave artificial respiration, whipped him with a wet towel and walked him until consciousness returned. Then I got a confession of intended suicide. I left him fully conscious, but made the mistake of leaving him alone. He



soon fell asleep, lapsed into unconsciousness, and died in his sleep. I have treated many subsequent suicide cases. While few were mentally deranged, it is my opinion that most suicides were not insane.

One of the strangest cases that my Kimball practice brought me was a ranch hand, a habitual drunkard whose wife was so opposed to his drinking that he kept his liquor hid in various places about the house. About to take a surreptitious drink when he heard her coming, he grabbed the jug and turned it up and took a big swig. Alas, in the same closet she had a stone jug containing concentrated lye to make soap, and he grabbed the wrong jug. He suffered horribly, and after I had treated him by rinsing his mouth and throat with vinegar, I sent him to Galveston to see if they could relieve by opening the stricture which almost closed his throat. Failing to open the throat, the Galveston doctors made a direct opening through the stomach wall and inserted a funnel to feed him. He made a complete recovery and lived many years. He never lost his appetite for liquor, and saloon-keepers capitalized on his misfortune by pouring free liquor into his funnel to amuse the crowd. He got roaring drunk and often asked me to "purge him out of town!"

Another strange drunk case was a druggist whom I found unconscious in Meridian, a nearby town. Thinking that he was a suicide, we searched his belongings to find the poison

that he had taken. On opening his trunk we found twenty bottoles of "Peruna," a patent medicine with a large alcoholic content. As there was no available liquor in the county just then, he had stolen them from the drugstore and gone on his last "spree."

I made most of my country calls on horseback. One day day while riding along, I saw a huge centipede crawling in the road. Thinking what a good pereserved specimen that he would make for my new office, I quickly emptied my wide-mouthed quinine bottle into something in my saddlebag, captured the varmit alive, corked it and put the bottle into my hit pocket. Jogging along the rough road, I felt something crawling down my leg. I jerked up my horse, slid to the road, jerked off my pants, believing that the bottle had jarred open freeing the centipede to meander down my leg. I found to my chagrin that my keys had slipped through a hole in my pocket and slid coldly down my leg. I could safely laugh at myself then!

Many years later, I was called to the home of a man who had ridden horseback to his home, a mile and a half from town and had fallen unconscious at his gate. The strong smell of carbolic acid made us think of suicide. In undressing him we found that he was burned from his hips down , and after bathing him freely with alcohol, consciousness returned. He explained that he had started home with a corked bottle



in his hip pocket; it had jogged open and unconsciousness had ensued from external absorption of the poison.

After a year's gruelling practice in Kimball, the Texas Central Railroad built a branch into the country. The town of Morgan was established as a terminus, about ten miles west of Kimball. Practically the entire village migrated to the railroad town, and I went with them. I had found myself, professionally, in 1881. My courage, optimism, and ambition were restored. I had collected enough cash to pay my debts and to finance the move.

The town of Morgan, located on the newly constructed Texas Central Railroad, lay in the rich blackland valley of Steele's Creek, and was named for a famous Texas financier-promotoer of Galveston. (This Morgan was later famous for the Morgan Line, and these ships are still well known today.) The townsite was sold to the railroad by S. S. Nichols, another Galveston pioneer, and an old friend of my father. Later he became a close friend and patron of mine.

Twelve of the happiest years of my young life were spent in Morgan. Here I met, won and wed the sweetest woman God ever made, Minnie Chamberlain. I began my life with her, who, faithful, loyal and beautiful, as wife and mother, was my partner and helper for more than fifty swift rolling years, 1882-1934.

However, before I married, as a young bachelor doctor I was full of enthusiasm, ambition and zeal to make my new

town and my own life in it renowned. I rapidly made friends with the citizenship, entering heartily into plans for progress and making frequent suggestions. The town had potentialities, and I recognized them with enthusiasm. When I arrived, it was a wide open town with five fully equipped, gilded liquor saloons; pool halls and billiard parlors flourished, and there was open gambling. Morgan was a typical frontier town. The citizenship was largely transient and vacillating. Railroad men and construction crews resided with their families in camps, boarding houses and hotels. Houses were being built also, and I aligned myself with the meager moral element to assist these homemakers in the promotion of schools and churches.

Our efforts at first were feeble, timid and modest, but they gradually grew. The better element recognized their significance and gave us support. A church and school appeared on the horizon, and a newspaper blossomed forth.

A unique character, Mr. George W. Leaverton, who was a printer, moved to Morgan with a large family of children and with an old-fashioned hand press. He had plenty of courage and a goodly supply of type. Thus, the Morgan Sentinel was born. With the support of a group who wanted peace and permanent prosperity, the paper flourished. By liberal advertising and boosting the new town, it prospered and became a real asset.



Unfortunately, the owner of the plant experienced occasional lapses into intemperance, though a fine man otherwise. The saloon wooed and won him and, ever so often, a weekly number of the paper would fail to make an appearance. "G.W." was on a spree!

This circumstance caused a number of citizens to organize a company, taking advantage of my "youth and inexperience," drafted me to edit and to manage the Sentinel. This was a novel experience for me. Often in that first year, I literally sweated blood to do justice to my rapidly increasing practice and at the same time write enough to keep the printer busy. The weekly editions were out on time, and I was both busy and happy! As a financial venture, there was no reward for my labors, and all that I ever received was the experience and pleasure and a membership in the Texas Press Association. This later gave me a wonderful free trip to California with seventy-five other Texas Press members.

## CHAPTER XIII

*An Editor at Home and Abroad*

My Morgan Sentinel had a large and generous "exchange" list, even before I was drafted to direct its destiny. I received and reviewed most of the Texas newspapers, and to me it was a thrilling experience. I developed an enthusiastic interest in the personalities of the differerent editors, their characteristic conduct and their various community interests.

With laudable ambition to boost my own town and, to a modest extent, to mold public opinion in my county, I applied for membership in the Texas Press Association and was accepted. When notices of the annual convention of the association in Houston,in 1882,arrived, I decided to attend. The occasion provided me with unusual entertainment and with stimulating contacts in social, political and commercial worlds. There were Hal Goslin, president; "Methodist" Jim Davis, George and Fred Robinson, E. G. Senter and Frank Gaston. These men remained my friends long after I had abandoned the newspaper field.

The highlight of the convention was an invitation from the Association of California Railroad Companies to the Texas Press Association to visit the state of California as their guests. Their offer included free transportation to California on a special pullman and a month of free traveling in the





state. I eagerly accepted the invitation and had one of the greatest trips of my life. The inspiration for this trip grew out of the desire of the railroads to give the public what they thought was the proper slant on the embarrassing labor situation in that state, especially as it dealt with the "Chinese Immigration to America" question.

In late April, 1882, about fifty Texas editors left Houston in a fine pullman car,on a Texas Pacific train bound for San Francisco, with stopover privileges en route. The liquor interests, ever alert, were generous in their complimentary supply of liquid refreshment for the trip. I remember two baskets of champagne, which were carefully conserved until our arrival at the Palace Hotel of San Francisco, for the entertainment of our "Welcome Committee." This committee included Charles Crocker, ex-governor Leland Stanford, "Lucky" Baldwin, Henry Huntington and other railroad magnates and "Big Men" of the Golden West. These men, like their descendants, knew how to do things in a big way, and their welcome can only be described as royal. We were assured of free transportation by rail or water, anywhere in the state, and told that if we found thirty days not long enough, an extension of transportation would be arranged easily. California opened her arms to us: the Press!

After leaving Houston, the first twenty-four hours were devoted to getting acquainted with each other. A pullman car

loaded with birds of a feather was quite conducive to such a task. Many quickly formed friendships that were destined to endure a lifetime. A day layover in El Paso was our first stop. The great expanse between Houston and El Paso enabled us to realize fully the vastness of Tedas.

Our crossing the Rio Grande into Mexico at Juarez was among my greatest thrills! A few years before, I had experienced the crossing into Canada at our northern national boundary, but this was stepping into another world to me. The Spanish language, customs and the romantic atmosphere of the old mission cathedral cast a distinct spell over the whole experience. A bullfight, the penitentiary, a fadango and the cathedral were all visited that day.

In the cathedral a funeral was in progress. A dozen mourners were seated on the cement floor about the open coffin of a Mexican child. My friend Maddox, of the "Navasota Tablet," and I walked up close enough to see the corpse, and I recognized the ravages of smallpox, which had caused the child's death. Maddox had never been vaccinated, and I warned him of the danger. I learned later, that on his return to Texas he had contracted the loathsome disease, though he recovered.

The mission, one of the oldest in America, with its crude, life-sized images of the saints and the Savior , was most interesting to me. Its time-worn floor, with wooden



steps worn thin by the ceaseless passage of worshipping feet, the ancient belfry, and the humble half-clad peon supplicants on their knees before the alter, are indelible pictures in my mind. I felt as though I had stepped into another sphere.

My family and friends believed that I have squeezed more thrills out of a trip than anyone else, and I have attributed this capacity to my insatiable desire for knowledge, which has dominated my entire life. Perhaps this was the inheritance from my father whose chief aim in life was to give his children more advantages than he had had. I have never missed a chance to travel, to investigate and to try all of the sights and experiences that a trip offered. This trip was no exception, for before arriving in El Paso I had a novel experience offered me and eagerly accepted it.

An accident to the engine of our excursion train at Sierra Blanca, the highest railroad point in Texas, entailed a two-hour delay for repairs. At the station stood a freight train, and in walking up and down to stretch my legs, I discovered that the engineer of the freight train was a friend of mine from Central Texas. He was heading west and invited me to join him in his engine cab for the ride down the mountain and for a Mexican dinner in a valley station, where I would rejoin my own train as it came through later. The wild ride in the swaying engine cab, dropping from near 5000 feet to sea level, coupled with the internal commotion over a

dinner of chile con carne, tamales, enchiladas and cocoa, was quite an experience. It produced an effect equalled only by my first airplane ride which occurred last year (1935) when I flew from Miami, Florida to Havana, Cuba.

After leaving El Paso, "the gateway," we made one brief stop in the desert at a famous mud volcano and then ran straight through to Los Angeles, then a typical boom town of twenty thousand souls.

Dr. Arms, a former Georgian, met me at the train, and I presented a letter of introduction from a mutual friend in Texas. He drove a fine team of horses and taking me in his buggy, he drove me all over the city, including through the famous Wolfshill orange grove. This was the first orange grove that I had ever seen. The beauty and novelty of those glossy dark green trees, fragrant with lovely white blossoms and loaded with golden fruit, convinced me that the "City of the Angels" was well named. It looked and smelled heavenly. Two days stay in this delightful environment made enthusiastic boosters of our press group. In recent years, the growth in area and population has been astounding, and recent visits have found regimented rows of skyscrapers where once the beautiful Wolfskill orange orchards grew. Motion picture gold has replaced the oranges as the golden crop. Except for the old plaza and cathedral, I found little of the old Los Angeles of 1882.



Stately San Francisco, rich in tradition and natural beauty, unfolded to our eager vision. As we entered by ferry from Oakland, the Golden Gate, with its mountainous arms outstretched to receive and to keep safe the "ships of the seven seas," lay bathed in the western sun. This year, 1936, has given the world its greatest bridge spanning this bay.

Landing at the foot of Market Street, we made a tired procession up to the famous Palace Hotel and registered from Texas. Along the streets by the hotel, streetcars ran each way with absolutely no evidence of motive power. My mind, familiar with horse-drawn cars, became inflamed with curiosity: "What made the wheels go round?" I would not have thought of asking and of exposing my ignorance; so as soon as I had registered at the Palace, I slipped away from the bunch, hailed a streetcar and sat down to decipher the mystery. My car climbed hills so steep that a horse climbed only with difficulty. Once in a while, a car would pass going down hill, and though I looked my eyes out, I discovered no motivation. We reached the end of the line at Cliff Rocks, and finding myself alone with the conductor, I summoned enough courage to ask him to explain. Laughingly, he told me about the endless cable which connected all the cars so that the cars going down, really pull those going up.

I returned to the hotel in time to attend the meeting of the business nabobs and railroad magnates, who constituted

the California Welcome Committee for the Texas Press. You may be assured that it was a glorious welcome that we received. Newspapermen, with their customary quota of hot air, and our sophisticated hosts, with our two baskets of champagne under their belts, would have constituted a warm scene in any man's country. All transportation, rail and water, was handed to us on a silver platter, along with the key to the City of San Francisco.

The following day, the railroads provided the press group with transportation to Monterrey, California, where they owned a resort. A special deluxe train, with the magnates themselves as our chaperones, bore us down the coast to Palo Alto, where we visited ex-governor Stanford's fine racing stables and stock. These stables were near the present site of Leland Stanford University, built in memory of his son. With pardonable pride Mr. Stanford had his fine race horses put through their paces on a private track for our diversion. Then we proceeded to the Monterrey Hotel for an elegant dinner, breakfast and luncheon next day. Blue Monterrey Bay with its rugged rock strewn coastline and the tortured cypress trees shrinking back from Pacific trade winds made an unforgettably beautiful picture with majestic pines in the background. In later years, the elite of California have chosen this setting to build palatial homes, where the famous Pebble Beach curves caressingly around Monterrey Bay. As I



looked out on its enticing beauty, I little wondered that ancient Spanish galleons had furled their sails in this protecting harbor and that the Spanish leaders had chosen this spot to build the Capitol of early Spanish California. The old custom house still stood where Spain took toll of the Oriental and Pacific trade.

I was indelibly impressed by an immense glass-covered bathhouse where the cold Pacific waters were actually warmed by the sun's rays, to make bathing a pleasure. Also, for the first time I saw whales which were returned by the whaling fleets to be reduced in great vats to whale oil. Another memory was my solitary tramp far down the bay, drinking in the beauty and wishing I could share it with my friends back home.

I rejoined my party at the train and we returned to San Francisco, where we spent one royal week of sightseeing. We visited the great Golden Gate Park and Museum, the Cliff House Hotel and the Seal Rocks. At Seal Rocks I witnessed the amusing picture of "Methodist Jim Davis," caught by the coming tide, far out on the rocks where he had climbed. He was really baptized, or immersed, by overwhelming waves. With much difficulty he managed to climb out, half drowned, with his linen duster clinging closely to his lanky legs. When Jim Davis later became noted for his third party politics in Texas and a candidate for high office in the nation, I remembered him on Seal Rocks!

San Francisco's business district intrigued and amazed me. The Crystal Palace, which was a jewelry store, much like New York's Tiffany,especially attracted me. With my limited purse, I made my only two purchases in this nationally known establishment. Both were important and of great moment to me, so that I have never forgotten the Crystal Palace. The first was a small diamond engagement ring for my sweetheart and fiancée. The other was a brass collar for my Irish setter, Sam. I had the name plate on the collar engraved with this inscription: "This is my dog, Sam. Whose dog are you?" I thought this was clever. It brought many surprised grins from those who read it on Sam's neck.

These were the only souvenirs that I bought, but they brought me and the recipients years of pleasant memories. Both dear recipients have gone with the joys of yesteryear, yet live again in their respective Heavens, I know.

Our final assembly as a body was for the purpose of making a group picture, which was later published in the Texas Pacific Railway Magazine. The Texas editors then separated and saw alone, the city more thoroughly.

One memorable night, five of us went with a detail of city detectives on a tour of old Chinatown, including the red light district. We also attended a Chinese play in a Chinese theater. The shock to my sensibilities of those scenes of sin, shame and perverts of venery will never be



erased. I had never read, heard or conceived that human beings could sink so low or be so guilty of such degredation. I was reliably informed that there was more syphilis and veneral disease because of the cheap prostitution in China-town than in any other city in the civilized world.

In the theater we found a crowd of Chinese, evidently under great excitement. Our guide and interpreter told us that a rumor was prevalent that if the President of the United States failed to sign the famous "Anti-Chinese" bill that day, the Chinese quarter was to be blown up with dynamite before midnight. The rumors were groundless, but they were very excited; it was a relief to everyone to hear before midnight: "Extra! Extra! indicating that the bill had been signed.

The following day, I witnessed the docking of and the unloading of the last shipload of Chinese immigrants to enter this country. Herded like sheep, they came crawling down the gangplank, eager to put feet on the soil of the "Land of free and the home of the brave."

During this trip, I met Dennis Kearney, the Irish labor leader of the "Sand Lots" of San Francisco, which were waste land along the Pacific shores.[1] About forty years old and having the physique of a prize fighter, he was full of fire and enthusiasm for his cause. His oratory swayed the mobs with his articulate command of both slang and English.

[1] Later, in the World Exposition of 1915, this area was converted into a tropical garden as a setting for the exposition grounds and buildings.

I had heard him address an audience of 10,000 laborers in Philadelphia in 1879, under dramatic circumstances. I well remember a sample of his vocabulary as he spoke from the porch of a vacant old hotel in the suburbs of the city. He was surrounded by reporters from all of the Philadelphia papers. So great was the crowd that the second floor balcony was threatened with collapse. His eloquence was waxing high, when he saw the danger in the overloaded balcony and he said, "Get off that roost! I'm not afraid myself, but these ink-slinging imps of Hell might lose their guts!"

I was proud to have shaken the hand of this great labor leader of his day, who did much in fighting the importation of cheap labor, especially the Chinese. He won his fight, but so fickle is fame that he is scarcely remembered and seldom mentioned in Kearney Street, "Sic transit gloria mundi?"

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Later, I secured a pass on a California railroad to visit Sacramento, the state Capitol, so rich in historic lore of the "Forty-Niners." From Sacramento I went on the Union Pacific to Summit, the highest point or station on their line. I had permission to stop off at Summit overnight and catch the daylight freight train down the mountain in order to see the twenty-seven miles of snowsheds along their right of way. This was another thrilling experience in more ways than one,



for I ascended the incline clad in a summer weight linen duster and nearly froze to death waiting at a pump station surrounded by two feet of snow. My warmest recollection of Sacramento was of the grand hot meal that I got under my belt, as soon as, I could after dropping down from the snowy height of Summit.

Hurrying back to San Francisco at the very end of my time limit, I loaded up with wine and fruit to take the home folks and faced eastward with a great sense of satisfaction over my experience. I arrived safely the last of May to resume my medical practice and my editorial duties on my Morgan Sentinel, long since deceased.

## CHAPTER XIV

*Morgan, "Main Street"*

When Sinclair Lewis looked down all the self-important little Main streets and drew his composite picture, I wonder if he had psychic knowledge of Morgan, Texas.

"Where a man's treasure is, there will his heart be," and it was so for me, for in Morgan, not long before my California trip, I had met a tall and stately girl, lately arrived from Georgia, Miss Minnie Tacoa Chamberlain, named for the famous Indian waterfall of Georgia. In my opinion and judgment, she was the quintessence of charm and beauty when I met her at sixteen, with all the promise of fuller beauty to come with womanhood. This tall graceful girl, about five feet, ten inches, as erect as any Indian, with her lovely "Georgia peach" skin, her laughing brown eyes, white teeth and long brown hair, completely captured my heart. And my heart still holds the picture as I met her then, though she has left me, after more than fifty faithful years by my side, as sweetheart, wife and mother.

Because she is gone, the time of courtship is too sacred to discuss, but it was ardous and continuous until she said, "Yes." We were married in the home of her sister, Mrs. Virginia Montgomery, in Belton, Texas on December 24, 1882 with Reverend B. H. Caroll of Waco, who had baptized me into his





church in my early student days, performing the ceremony. A short trip to Waco for a wonderful week of entertainment in my father's and mother's home,with friends vying to honor us, passed very soon. Then, we eagerly turned our faces to Morgan, our new home and our "Main Street." After a week at the hotel, we rented a modest little house and bought furniture. With an old man and his wife and little girl to assist, (for their keep), we set up housekeeping. I count my life really to have begun from this point, for poor but happy, our hopes for the future were high. We soon won a welcome place in family and friendly circles.

Morgan boasted two religious denominations (Methodist and Baptist) and supported part-time pastors and adequate church buildings, with regular Sunday schools. I was elected superintendent of the Baptist Sunday school, though I felt that I was not living a consistent Christian life and was quite reluctant to take the office. I believed that it was a great incentive for better living to me. The attendance gradually increased, and I stimulated interest in Bible reading and memory work in scripture verses. I offered prizes for the best memory work and especially emphasized the Ten Commandments, the fifth chapter of Matthew, the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah and twenty-third and nineteenth Psalms. Our conglomerate, cosmopolitan railroad and ranch community grew more Bible-minded and interested in church activities.

The prizes helped!

The social activities of the community-minded families included picnics, spelling bees, and home parties. These entertainments competed with the four or five wide-open saloons, with pool halls and billiard parlors, where poker games flourished. This was Morgan, a Duke's mixture, and the dividing line not too closely drawn. Home dances, amateur theatricals, singing schools and concerts helped liven the community. Our dancing was mostly square dancing or Cotillion style, with an occasional sophisticated and stately waltz. The dances were held, frequently, miles out in a country farm, often the celebration of a recent wedding at the bride's home. When given at the groom's home, the occasion was called an "Infair." I attended an "Infair," where an old-fashioned "Shivaree" was staged by the groom's rival and his friends. The shivaree was a noisy bedlam or tin serenade indicating a dissatisfaction with the outcome of the courting!

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I was making myself a part of the community life in that, beside my services as country doctor, I was editor of the Morgan Sentinel for a time, general merchant and druggist, and had quite a growing herd of cattle and sheep of my own. My contacts were many and varied, and I tried to build a worthy part in the rapidly developing frontier town and country.



During my years in Morgan, one of the most important civic services was to participate in the installation of, probably, the first automatic water service system in Texas. Receiving a charter from the state, we bored an artesian well, which at 900 feet furnished an abundance of pure water, with sufficient natural pressure to carry water into almost every home. Our accomplishment came during a period of prolonged drought: all surface wells were dry and even beautiful Steele Creek near Morgan had ceased to flow and stood in stagnant pools. Both people and stock were suffering, and both seemed deeply grateful for this altruistic effort on our part. It was entirely altruistic, for not wishing to be bothered with details of construction and management, we donated the system and franchise to a smart Yankee plumber who agreed to complete and maintain the service. It remains to this day (1936) a revenue-paying and useful asset, although it is no longer automatic.

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Merchandising in this railroad and ranching section was lively. Had it all been on a cash basis instead of dependent on rainfall and good range for the cattle market, I might have been a rich man today. But alas, Texas was gripped in frequent drought. Merchant and ranchman alike suffered the consequences. However, I had experiences as a merchant-doctor which were interesting in retrospection, viewed as part of

the pattern of early Texas development.

In those days, coal oil or kerosene had succeeded tallow candles as a means of illumination. Mr. Edison's incandescent electric lights were just coming into use in New York City in 1882, but in Texas kerosene lighted our path for some years to come. In our grocery business, retailing coal oil was an important item. Waters Pierce, representing John D. Rockefeller's oil monopoly in Texas, used an iron barrel to facilitate the retailing coal oil. I bought four barrels of kerosene from an independent oil company at half of the price of Waters Pierce product, but it came in blue wooden barrels, without the retailing conveniences. I ordered from Dallas an iron barrel to facilitate retailing oil in small quantities, enclosing our check to cover cost. To my surprise, chagrin and humiliation, the company wrote me a curt letter refusing to fill my order unless I signed an agreement not to buy any more "Protection" (Independent) oil.

I was furious and wrote the Dallas News a hot protest, enclosing the Waters Pierce communication and asked them to make public this unfair effort at trade monopoly by a "souless" corporation. The Dallas News replied that because of Texas' libel laws, they regretted that they could not publish my letter. Later, through the efforts of James Stephen Hogg, Texas courts fined this oil company a million dollars and drove them out of Texas. I felt vindicated.



For a few years then, business was booming. My partner, Mr. Huddleston, and I had expanded our business until we were buying sulphur by the carload; flour, bacon, sugar and other staples in large quantities; all on credit basis. It had to be that way: for we received payment when cotton, wool and cattle were sold. We took mortgages on stock or crops as security for supplies.

In the midst of this orgy of extended credit, the Depression of 1886-1887 descended and was followed by two years of devastating drought with crop failure. Moreover, Congress took the tariff off wool and hides. Our country's assets: cattle, sheep, horses, hides and wool values were cut in half and we, the merchants, were left "holding the bag."

A wave of crime swept Texas: cattle theft, free grass and fence cutting became rampant. My father had returned to Bosque County from Waco, and like many others, had fenced vast grasslands, bought cheap in previous years. One of these pasture tracts I had leased for my growing herd of stock. I had about a hundred and forty head of cattle, twenty mares, and half interest in a thousand head of sheep. A one-mile string of my fence was the first to be cut in our community. The law moved slowly to protect property rights, for the free grass party was numerous and popular with strong support from the ranchers who had lived by free grass previously. The general depression fostered communistic ideas

which easily degenerate into crime. Voters were voters so the investigation was slow and cautious.

Always hot-tempered, I felt personally outraged and, for the first time in my life, understood and almost favored mob law, pleading self-defense of property rights. My older neighbors, however, advised me to "keep my shirt on," that this was done by transient western invaders and that it would soon blow over. I had positive evidence that it was local talent but could not personally identify the individuals. I took the neighbors' advice, sourly rebuilt my fences and waited patiently to note their reaction when their own fences were cut, as I believed that they would be.

I did not wait long, for in less than a month these friends received a visit from the fence-cutters, and many miles of wire were slashed, and grass was free. A secret night meeting of surrounding ranchmen decided "hanging now" and not by law. I asked them to "kindly count me out." I placed a night rider on my own fences. The flurry, finally, did blow over. The next legislature made fence-cutting a penitentiary offense. After several convictions, the practice became extremely unpopular. In addition, I had been chosen chairman of the County Democratic Committee. In a red-hot campaign, law officers "were encouraged" to enforce the new law.

In 1884, Grover Cleveland was elected President of the United States. Along with hundreds of other loyal Texas



Democrats, I went to Washington to participate in the inauguration.

This was to me, at an enthusiastic age, a most wonderful trip. The elapsed time has in no way faded the glittering pageantry from my mind in its general effect, but details escape me. The actual inaugural day was cold, and snow covered the streets. The radio description of Franklin Roosevelt's second inauguration setting this year, 1937, made me remember the similarity to that other one, more than half a century ago.

My first peak behind political scenes came with this trip and my initiation into the how of political appointments worked. On my arrival in Washington, I, naturally, first paid my respects to the Congressman from our own congressional district, Judge Joe Abbot of Hillsboro. He was a life-long friend of Father, a comrade during four years service in C. S. A. He received me courteously and cordially hin his modest apartment. After a generous old-fashioned southern toddy, recognizing my official position of chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee from one of his district counties, his first question was "Doc, what in the H--- can I do for you?"

I replied at once, "I want you to recommend to Mr. Cleveland the appointment of my old friend and former partner, T. W. Huddleston, as postmaster at Morgan."

"Where's your petition, Doc?" he asked.

"Judge, there ain't no such animal. He is an honest, competent man, has been a life-long Democrat, fought four years for the Confederacy with you and my father, and with me has recently lost his socks in business failure for which he is in no way responsible. He needs the job, and I am asking you for his appointment."

"Doc, go ahead and have a bully good time in Washington; call on me if you run out of "kale seed." Wire your friend to rest easy, and in due time, he will be postmaster at Morgan."

Just like that I did and he did, and my, what an inauguration experience!

The Texas party had originated in Waco and consisted of Central Texas Democrats, most of whom, like myself had come armed with personal requests for political opportunities under the new administration. We had chartered a pullman car, in which we lived during the entire trip.

After witnessing the brilliant inauguration procession and military parade, we attended the evening reception at the White House, met Mr. Cleveland and other dignitaries and were dazzled by the splendor and beauty of Washington society on parade. Next day, we met two Senators, one of whom was suffering from a carbuncle on his neck and was, of course, quite stiff-necked, although really cordial and courteous.



Two sessions of congress showed to us the dignity and deliberation with which our national laws are made.

"Tariff" was the big question under discussion and the Democrats insisted that it should be for revenue only, which finally resulted in admitting raw materials like wool and hides free, while retaining the tariff on manufactured goods. Eastern Democrats were elated, but Southern and Western Democrats, of which I was one, were ruined. Subsequently, we of the latter denomination lost some of our wild enthusiasm and urge to fight, to bleed and to die for democracy, at least that of the Cleveland brand. We returned to fight our battles with drought, depression and crop failure in the South in general and Texas in particular. We had lived and learned. If to the victor belong the spoils, then the office-holder wins the prize persimmon.

My political alignment has always been marked by loyal faith in the Democratic party, althouth usually I have been tolerant enough to see its errors in practice and to note the good points in all parties. During this active participation in politics, I saw two efforts to split the party in Texas: first, a Greenback party and later a Populist party. With all "dyed in the wool" Democrats, I fought to keep Democrats democratic in Texas. Later, the party divided over the question of free and unlimited coinage of silver, at a ratio of "16 to "1 under the leadership of William Jennings Bryan,

whose banner I followed with enthusiasm and zeal to defeat! Many years after I had retired from fervid activity in politics, I met Mr. Bryan, personally. I arrived in Washington from New York to attend an International Educational Association meeting late at night and tired. I walked over to the Park Hotel, near the station and asked for a room. The clerk told me that there were no rooms and that all hotels were filled to capacity. However, he could give me a bed in the "dormitory." Sleepy and weary, I accepted it. He assured me that the dormitory was safe and used only by military officers. I supposed that it would be a roof-garden annex and was quite surprised when we entered the elevator and went down to the subbasement. After walking along a lengthy hall, we entered a large room where I saw a row of clean single beds only one of which was occupied. Dismissing the boy with a tip, I undressed but first investigated the room. I found that it was one of the finest and most elegantly equipped barrooms from pre-prohibition days.

I slept safely and also late. In the almost empty dining room, I chose a table and had ordered ham and eggs, when I looked up to see a familiar face, instantly recognizing William Jennings Bryan, the Great Commoner. I had worshipped Bryan from a distance since his great "Cross of Gold and Crown of Thorns" speech and his subsequent nomination at



Chicago. I arose involuntarily, greeted him and introduced myself as a Texan. He smiled, seated himself at my table and we had breakfast fogether. He bombarded me with questions and declared that I was just the person whom he wished to talk with about "Prohibition and affairs in Texas." He expressed pleasure at our unusual meeting. After we had parted, I wired my wife: "Arrived in Washington last night, stop. Slept in a barroom and had breakfast with W. J. Bryan."

My recollections of my practice of medicine in Morgan were rather vague. At first my time and attention was devoted to my other business ventures, but I gave more and more of myself to my chosen work as my medical practice grew. Opportunities to do several post-mortem examinations which shed some light on the validity of ante-mortem diagnosis stimulated my interest. These furnished valuable post graduate instruction, rarely available to a country practitioner.

Surgery in those days, before the general use and understanding of antisepsis and asepsis, was rather crude and consisted mostly of amputations, in which the surgeon took great pride in leaving beautiful and useful stumps. I vividly recall an occasion of my doing three amputations in one afternoon. In those days, the state leased convict labor to the railroads. Our Texas Central road at Morgan had about a hundred and fifty convicts opening a gravel pit, three miles from town. A cave-in of loose gravel resulted in injuries

which called for the removal of an arm at the shoulder joint, one leg and one foot at the instep. I asked for a consultant or surgical assistance, and the chief guard bluntly told me that neither the state nor the railroad authorized the employment of more than one surgeon and that I could take it or leave it. I did not have the courage to refuse the emergency. Locked in a prison car, I proceeded with the assistance of two trusties to ligate or to clamp off the larger bleeding blood vessels. Hastily, I removed, seriatim, the badly crushed members. One trusty administered the chloroform and the other helped me in my arduous task to steady the limbs for sawing the bones, for manipulating suitable flaps and for suturing irregular surfaces. "Mirable dictu!" All these convicts recovered and used their supposed misfortune to secure pardons. They required much post-operative attention. Rendering this was the cause of nearly losing my own life.

The shoulder amputation on the most vicious convict became infected. In giving him a hyperdermic to quiet him, he struck my hand holding the syringe and the used needle pierced my right palm. An infection with palmar abscess resulted and a general infection of blood poison followed. For many weeks I was laid up and my life hung in the balance. Many years after this orgy of amputations, I did a second shoulder-joint amputation with no bad results, and the patient I saw daily, plying a thrifty trade as a one-armed



paper hanger and painter. I have many amputations to my credit without loss of life, doubtless many of which modern surgical technique could have avoided.

Abdominal and pelvic surgery was rare and in its infancy. The Peritoneum was thought to be labeled, "Noli me tangere" (don't touch me), and death from appendicitis was certified as "locked bowels." I was called to assist in two appendix operations in my Morgan practice: both were late puss cases and both died. In fact, the appendix operation was considered a "last resort" and death was due to delay, not to the operation. Newspapers, however, reported deaths from operation and people were further prejudiced against this life-saving measure. Later, I did many successful appendix operations, but concluded it was wiser to refer these cases to surgical specialists and sleep better.

Brain injuries and diseases were also taboo to the surgeon of that day. I had the usual trephine for skull injuries and did two of these emergencies, one for the kick of a horse, the other for gunshot wound. Both cases died. I will never know until Judgment Day,whether they died from the injury or the operation.

From my general practice, I received an urgent call to come at once to the ranch home of my friend,Yarborough,to see his little girl with croup. Accompanied by my brother, Dr. John Frazier, who had joined me in practice in Morgan, we

drove the distance of twelve miles in less than an hour and found the child in the last stages of croup, or diptheretic laryngitis. Gasping for breath, cyanosed (blue), she was almost gone. She was attended by her grandfather, Dr. Russell, a country doctor. He was a good man but was practically exhausted with grief and had given up. I suggested and was permitted to do an emergency tracheotomy by the light of a kerosene lamp, and without an anesthetic. I made a quick incision along the trachea, cut through the cartilage, and bulging through the incision came the membrane "cast." Grasping this with the forceps and removing it, I quickly inserted a silver catheter that my brother had prepared, and air began to enter the lungs at once. The child breathed again, color returned and she opened her eyes. Fastening the tube with adhesive tape and cautioning the doctor to have someone in constant attendance, we left believing that we had saved a life and made a reputation in that community. The sad sequel was, however, that the old doctor, not trusting anyone else, tried to do the nursing himself. Worn and weary, he went to sleep. The child struggled with a cough, forced the tube out and died from asphyxia.

Diptheria (membraneous croup) was rare in those days in the country. It came in sporadic cases and was nearly always fatal. Antitoxin was unknown. I dreaded these cases more than rattlesnake bite. Later, when I moved to Belton in 1894,



I was called to a child in a home where,another child had died the day before from a putrid sore throat, according to the attending physician. My patient showed a swollen sore throat with a distinctive leathery, yellowish membrane. I made a snap diagnosis of diptheria, gave a big shot of antitoxin, repeated it the next day and saved the life of my first diptheria patient. This story contrasted my early Morgan experience, showing the gradual yet phenomenal evolution in medical practice in one brief decade.

I was called often to treat snake bite in those days. Some were serious. One incident, as I recall it, was ludicrous. A Santa Fe Railway pump-station man, who lived at a water station near Morgan, was bitten by a snake which later proved to be non-venemous. Frightened, he rushed into town for a doctor. On his way to my office he passed three saloons. At each one, some acquaintance noting his pale face and frightened condition, inquired what was wrong. "Snakebite," he grasped and promptly downed each proffered drink of "snake medicine." When he finally reached my office, he was hysterical and very drunk. With the assistance of two friends, I cauterized the fang marks on his foot. He returned to his shack where he soon began to have convulsions. Subconsciously recalling the symptoms of hydrophobia, he began to snap, to bark and to bite at everything and at everybody and was restrained with difficulty. Hypodermics of apomorphine, emptied

his stomach and relaxed him. He recovered, but for years afterward, I was told that on spring anniversaries he suffered a recurrence of all the symptoms with convulsions. He was a male neuraesthenic.

Hysteria caused part of the problems in the general medical practice. A hurried emergency call one bitterly cold night brought me to a one-room Negro cabin, where around a red-hot stove, I found some half dozen Negro women surrounding a bed on which a sixteen-year-old Negro girl was having violent convulsions. Her friends thought that she was dying and were wailing, weeping and praying. A hurried hypodermic of apomorphine evacuated her stomach of balls of her own hair, fingernails, thread, buttons and a heavy supper meal. There came a prompt relaxation and recovery. The wailers chanted the praise of the miracle that the doctor had wrought.

Competition in the practice of medicine in the 1880's in Texas was not only keen between regular (though often unethical) members of the profession, but we often had to deal with quacks and cultists who invaded the field. (We still have them today, camouflaged by other names, but they were cruder and often criminal in their methods then. They are afraid of our laws now, but in that day many of our protective laws were unwritten.) I remember one, a Dr. Patterson, a woman who hailed from California and settled at Meridian, the county seat. She advertized widely that she specialized in



in diseases of women. Specialists were quite rare in those days; she did a thriving business. Most of her cases suffered from abdominal tumors, and she advised surgical removal by her special secret method. Operations became numerous. After three or four of her mistakes were buried, the public became aroused, and an investigation followed. Evidence was produced proving that the operations were abortions followed by infection and death. The grand jury brought an indictment of "Criminal Abortion." She was promptly jailed, relieved of much of her ill-gotten gains by a shyster lawyer, who got a "straw" bond releasing her from jail. She mysteriously disappeared on the day of the trial to the relief of many embarrassed witnesses. The county records revealed that she had recorded a certificate from a California organization stating: "Mrs. Dr. Patterson is qualified to preach, to practice medicine, to preside at funerals, and to hold communion with the dead." A versatile lady! Fortunately for the victims, the state soon passed a more stringent Medical Practice Act for Texas.

A red-hot local campaign arose when Morgan, realizing the advantages which came to a town by being the county seat, began casting ambitious if not envious eyes at Meridian. A campaign was organized and I, with other young businessmen, was drafted to use the local newspaper to make speeches at picnics and county gatherings and to use other propaganda to

boost our town and its advantages over the present county seat. A two-thirds majority was necessary to change the site; votes were fought for by all sorts of means and a great hard feeling was engendered by the campaign. Local pride and community loyalty grew as the campaign advanced and any meeting for the cause was likely to end up in personal conflict. An unusual character named Bill Stretch had drifted into Morgan. He was about thirty years old, handsome, and although small of stature, was agile and active as a wildcat. His black eyes and long black hair were accented by an immaculate cowboy costume of chaps, spurs, high-heeled boots and a big Stetson hat. He was deputized and conspicuously carried a big pearl-handled revolver. A typical modern drugstore cowboy, he was a man of mystery, a stranger with no known past. I often thought he might have dropped out of a trail drive. For some reason, he attached himself to me. During this rabid campaign for the county seat, he became a self-appointed bodyguard during my speaking tours. He probably saved me from many personal difficulties. We spent lots of money and energy, and in the end, we lost our cause and reconciled ourselves to slower modes of development

Another colorful character in the eventful life of Morgan's Main Street was Colonel S. S. Nichols, a fine old gentleman, originally from New York. He had come to Galveston as agent for a large book publishing company. Later, he



owned and sold to the Texas Central Railway Company the land on which Morgan was built. Recognizing the healthful zone and fine climate of this location, he built a fine home and spent his declining years in Morgan. Handsome, intelligent and honest, he won my sincere admiration. Colonel Nichols was one of the most earnest and zealous believers in Spiritualism that I ever met. As his personal physician, I discovered that he was suffering from an organic heart lesion and felt in honor bound to tell him he could not live long. He took this knowledge so stoically and philosophically, that it became an interesting and novel experience to discuss death and the hereafter with him. Many times, after I gave him relief and ministered to his needs, did we discuss life after death, and there was something sublime in the faith which he had as to conditions which he expected to meet after this adventure, known as life, was concluded. He read me many communications that he had received through various mediums from friends and relatives long since dead. He claimed positive assurance of facts no one else other than the person represented in the communication could have known. Among the things that he had received were an accurate description of the conditions of the soul after death. He claimed that there were transitions with evolutionary progress and with ever increasing development toward perfection. His was one of the happiest conscious deaths I ever witnessed, conscious

to his last breath.

Colonel Nichols had two sons, George and Ed. George was a Baptist deacon, Baptist all through. One day I introduced a traveling evangelist, who was my guest, to George. As was his habit, the preacher fired a question at George at once.

"My brother, are you a Christian?"

"No Sir! I'm a Baptist," said George, and then turned fiery red as he caught the significance.

One day when Ed was a boy of sixteen, he got grapevine news that Sam Bass and a group of his men were camped down on Steele Creek. What adventurous red-blooded boy could resist giving that notorious group the once over? With no thought of danger, Ed took a basket of eggs and some fresh butter and went down to the camp. He was welcomed, his sale soon made, and Mr. Bass invited him to remain for dinner, which he did. Bass and seven other men gave him a dollar each for his eggs and butter, but they gave him something more valuable and lasting than money. It was advice. Ed probably did not realize that the transaction was a part of a little footnote being written in Texas history, but he values the story today far above the price of the butter and eggs. As he was leaving, Sam Bass shook his hand and said, "Boy, don't ever do anything without asking your mother's advice. Be guided by her judgment, and then you won't be like me. I'll die with my boots on!" This prophecy was fulfilled a few days later at Round



Rock, Texas, in 1878.

I spent twelve fruitful years in Morgan. Here I had met my sweetheart,and here I bought my first home with money that I had found as I rode to a hurried country call. Bills were fluttering in the prairie breeze from a mesquite bush. I got down and gathered two bills as I went out; and coming back leisurely, I decided to look closely and found others nearby, evidently lost by some drunken rider or perhaps by some holdup man making a hurried escape. It was never claimed, although I advertized it. Here my first children were born: Paul, Virginia, Bruce, Emily and Jamie. I had wrought with life and death in the lives of my friends and neighbors, and I loved Morgan, but I had grown discouraged.

By 1894, things were bad: two years of drought followed by crop failures and by slumping prices for cattle, sheep, and hides due to the radical tariff revision. Worst of all, my successors in the general store went bankrupt, catching me as security on some of their notes for $15,000. I was forced to take over as administrator of the old business in order to save what I could for my creditors and myself. I put in a strenous six months of work, taking inventory and selling at sacrifice everything, including my own herds and personal property. Threatened by a nervous breakdown and by feeling the pangs of failure, I believed that I ought to seek new pastures for my growing family.

I took one of my own favorite prescriptions. With my family and with a dear friend of my wife and her two children, I packed the camp equipment into a wagon and a hack, and we hied away to Lampasas and to the wild canyons of the Colorado River. We rested, fished and explored to our hearts content. A big Baptist encampment at Hancock Park in Lampasas renewed our spiritual strength and furnished social entertainment. On the Colorado, we explored a huge subterranean cavern and, thanks to youth, I staged a complete comeback and returned to Morgan with plans to move my family to Belton, the county seat of Bell County. This town had fine home possibilities, for it had two railroads and Baylor College for Women. I bought a new home in a good residence section. With new people, with new environments and with new friends, I was inspired with new hopes of building a clientele in exclusive general practice of my profession and of educating my increasing family of boys and girls. Forty-three years have flown peacefully and I am in my first Belton home, sad but satisfied.

## CHAPTER XV

*Belton and Baylor*

Of all the changes brought by time, perhaps the move to Belton in 1894 marked the turning point of my life. Any move to a new field was a serious step for a Doctor of Medicine, for friendships and confidence were built of life and of death. Leaving an old friendly clientele and building a new one was no sinecure. Such a changes deserved mature consideration. I credited my wife, more than any other influence, with making up my mind about our change. Her deep affection and loyalty to her small family group, which lived in Belton, first turned her thoughts to locating there. Her older sister, who had been mother to her and to her orphaned sister and brothers for some years, was teaching in the town. I decided that the town was old enough to be stable and permanent, yet still had a frontier nature with everyday plain citizenry, it was a good field for an adventurous young doctor. It was neither too large nor too small, having at this time about 5,000 people. In retrospect, I have wondered if I should have cast my lot in some great city, but knowing fortune for the fickle mistress of offering illusions for success, I decided that I had no cause for regret.

With little "fuss and feathers," we settled in our new location, bought a modest home and were graciously accepted.

I quickly found a field of practice and resolved to devote my time entirely to one line of endeavor. We were soon affiliated with our church, the Masonic Loge and Commandery Knights Templar. We found in these a field for social pleasure and service.

To my dissapointment, I found that the ethics of my professional colleagues were on the same plane as those I had encountered in my other location. Competition, jealousy and rivalry prevailed; cooperation was rare and the motto of "Every fellow for himself and the Devil take the hindmost" dominated Belton's medical practice. Noneof the city's seven were cordial or cooperative with one another; one who was accused of cutting regular fees, often called me for consultation and assistance. A new doctor in an old and settled community, I found myself in a unique position. The established old physicians had their loyal, loving and faithful clientele, but there were some who were always ready and willing to try out the new. At first, I fell heir to the changelings and most of the deadbeats, who welcomed a new victim; but the doctor, who had been ostracized by the other group, proved a means to a good end for me. He called me into assist in several important operations, the first, a cancer of the breast and later an "extra-uterine" pregnancy. Publicity attended these cases, for surgery was still not common. I soon had calls of my own. Being



fortunate enough to receive the appointment as local surgeon for both railroads gave me a certain surgical standing. Major surgery was in its incipiency. I knew my limitations, but the publicity that attended my success decidedly enlarged my general practice. My self-confidence grew with experience; an enlarged practice and good fortune from "Vis Medicatrix Natura" went far toward establishing me as a successful general practitioner. My really fine colleagues accepted me as a "foeman worthy of his steel," and I, cheerfully, with real satisfaction and zest, crossed swords for honors on the field. As the years passed, a reorganization of the profession and a revival of ethics brought peace and prosperity.

The social lines in Belton, as in practically all towns in Texas of that time, were sharply drawn between two general classes: those who lined up with some church organization and those who claimed to be moral and law abiding, yet more broadminded and independent in thought and action. The former's social outlets included religious revivals, Church and Sunday School activities, debates, lectures, musicals, and teas. The broad thinkers enjoyed dancing, card parties, horse racing and fairs, with the men quite partial to the liquor saloons and to pool parlors. Occasionally a party of men and women visited some nearby city to see a circus or the theatre. Belton even boasted quite a pretentious Opera House. Adopting a policy of tolerance and independence,

I was fortunate enough to make friends in both groups, with my larger practice from the broad-minded class. Possibly this was because of dissipation, which brought a more frequent need for my kind of services, but to me, as a doctor, they honestly all looked alike. Black or white, charity or pay, I gave them the best that I had.

All business of that day was on a credit basis. Payday came when crops were gathered in the fall. Cotton was Bell County's chief crop. Drought and boll weevil often destroyed the crop which meant no pay. Then we tightened our belts and extended the notes or, in some cases creditors foreclosed the stock or the farm. Sometimes, late seasonal rains would bring a "top crop" in late November or December and the doctor would get his part of the farmers' belated luck. Often bills were paid outright with cattle or sheep, with grain or corn, vegetables or fruit. Hams, chickens, eggs, or lard, from my country patrons, paid for many a new baby or the care of a broken leg. Even today, my four big fireplaces have been fed in winter by my country patrons who have been honest enough to pay old bills, even though I seldom have taken country calls in late years. Some of my old friends have not found another doctor to prescribe their quinine and tonics so long as I can do it, and although my pace has slowed, I have wanted to die in the harness.

My transportation was on horseback or in my buggy, drawn



by a pair of fine horses, which meant the upkeep of at least three horses all the time, as well as our milk cows, usually two of them at a time. The seven boys and girls, who eventually came to our home, required gallons and gallons of good milk. The animals required feed and the four big fireplaces and cook stove took cords of wood. My services went in exchange for these necessities, with little cash ever changing hands.

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When I had been in Belton about two years, Baylor College for Women concluded that they needed the regular attendance of a physician to care for their six hundred girls. I was drafted for that purpose at a moderate salary. Later, conforming to the accepted evolution in the curriculum, the college added the department of Biology and asked me to teach in it. At first, I presented only Biology, but later the department was broadened to include Botany and Zoology and other teachers were employed. I then confined my teaching to Human Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene. At last, I could pursue my hobby of preventative medicine.

Baylor College for Women was chartered under the Republic of Texas in 1845 and was located at Old Independence. In 1886, the College for Women was moved to Belton while the university went to Waco, absorbing Waco University where I received my B.A. degree. Both are controlled by the

Baptist General Convention of Texas. They have molded the character and destiny of a large percentage of Texas citizens during their century of history. Indeed, the influence of these institutions has reached to every state in the union, especially in the south, and even to China, Mexico, Turkey and many South American countries. European countries also have sent their daughters to the halls. Because of these wide reaching opportunities for contacts, service and even the preaching of the "Gospel of Health," I have always been proud of my association with Baylor at Belton.

Rufus Burleson, Sammuel Brooks and Pat Neff have guided the destiny of Baylor University while Luther, Wilson, Wells, Townsend and Hardy have managed Baylor College. Enrollment has vacillated between 500 and 1,000 since I first taught at Baylor College. The peak of enrollment, counting college and academy levels, was once over 2,000. At Waco, there was a larger enrollment, perhaps because it has been co-educational. There has never been the slightest rivalry, however, for there was need and room for both. They have offered a Christian education designed to meet the needs of the day, with cultural courses in all arts and sciences used to meet these aims. These schools, being animated by altruism and not ambition for profit, have endeavored to make the world better by producing fine material for homemakers in their students.

My duties as college physician were onerous, arduous



and responsible. They covered inspection of sanitation, hygiene, food supplies and their sources; the planning of dietetically sound menus and balanced programs of study, work and recreation. Eternal vigilance and prompt isolation of suspects gave me the upperhand in checking or preventing epidemics. I had a long held theory that, if a competent physician had complete control of a family, from a preventative medicine standpoint, many of its illnesses could be avoided. I believed that regular visits of inspection, advice on health hygiene and pro-re-nata, and not exclusively for the present illness, was worth the "pound of cure." Now I had this privilege, plus that of visiting the patient as often as I deemed necessary, without any question of further charge, to study symptoms and results at my discretion. The Chinese were said to have paid that doctor to keep them well and their theory might be wiser than our own.

There were only four epidemics in my forty years of health supervision at Baylor College. One of these was typhoid fever which occurred soon after I came to Belton. We set aside three rooms on the third floor of Luther Hall for sick girls with the dormitory mother to act as nurse. A girl returned from vacation with typhoid contracted at home; I diagnosed her easily and confined her to bed, with a companion assigned to stay with her as nurse. During the convalescence which came in the third or fourth week, two or three other cases developed. Every few days more cases followed. I

realized and reported to the faculty the existence of this serious situation. A thorough and repeated investigation of every corner of the campus was made, trying to trace the source of infection. The dairy's food and water sources and all handlers of food, water and milk were rigidly inspected. The first case had arrived in October and by December, I had handled thirty-seven cases. Some were mild, but others were serious, with intestinal hemorrhage and other complications.

Time and again, I went over the sewerage system and finally traced the pipes, foot by foot, from the sick room toilet to the ground. Just above the entry to the main sewer pipe, I discovered that the original cast iron section had been replaced by galvanized tin pipe, which had rusted allowing sewerage to escape from the sick toilet. It happened that this pipe passed a window on the first floor where milk crocks were sunned and aired. The vessels became contaminated and, as milk offers the best possible culture media for typhoid germs, all who drank milk were exposed to the disease and were being gradually infected. The discovery came late in December,so we sent all the girls who were well home for the Christmas holidys. The college mailed a full report to each parent, replaced the sewerage pipes and disinfected the damp ground. When the girls returned in January, not another case developed. Nor did we ever have



another originate at Baylor. Only one girl, employed as a dairy maid by the college, died, a sad page in the early history of my Baylor work.

A second sudden and almost tragic epidemic of scarlet fever occurred a few years later. A student from Hillsboro came back to school from a home where her family had had a mild attack of scarlet fever. She, herself, had not been seriously sick and returned to Belton before the convalescent period was ended. She failed to report the fact to the college. A week later, I saw seven of her close associates with sudden severe illness, including nausea, vomiting and sore throats. In getting their histories, I obtained a late confession from the convalescent. I made a quick diagnosis and had a residence vacated. By working all night, I succeeded in isolating the seven patients by morning. The dormitory was disinfected, and another epidemic was averted. Some of these were very sick girls, but all recovered and no new cases developed.

By far my most serious experience came in the third epidemic, when Spanish influenza swept the country in 1918. The disease made its appearance in Rio de Janeiro from ships coming directly from Spain, hence its name. This disease, virulent in the extreme, was universal almost at once with little or no acquired racial immunity. Two students, entering school from different sections of the state on September 26, 1918, brought the disease to Baylor. The girls lived

in separate dormitories. Before December 4, 1918, four hundred and fifty students and teachers had had the influenza. I presented a paper, which recorded my experiences with this frightful death-dealing epidemic to the section on Medicine and Diseases of Children at the State Medical Convention of Texas at Waco, May 15, 1919, and the State Journal of Medicine of January 1920 printed the article. A sequel to this paper, a comparison of the 1918-1919 epidemic with that of 1928-1929 was read at the State Medical Association meeting in Mineral Wells, May 17, 1930. This later epidemic was a much milder one and this second paper was on racial immunity, purporting to show that we had built up some sort of defense against the germ since 1918.

I counted it as a blessing to report that I had not a single fatality from these 450 cases, although nineteen of them had pneumonia and one or two, pleurisy. I again claimed that my success under Providence lay in the fact that I had absolute control of the situation. We removed every girl from the dormitory on a stretcher and rigidly enforced a recumbent position until the temperature was normal for forty-eight hours. Liquid nourishment, lots of fluids, lemonade, water and buttermilk, after the preliminary mild purgative, usually castor oil, composed each patient's diet. The medical treatment was negative, usually two-grain doses of calomel combined with ipecac and sodium bicarbonate and



and this was followed by oil. As a routine, each received a one grain capsule of quinine salol and of anodyne powder every hour. If they suffered from pain or high temperature in the beginning, aspirin or compound anodyné in five-grain doses was given.

Pneumonia cases were treated symptomatically, kept in a well ventilated room with even temperature, were well-fed and kept under rigid care for a week after the crisis. I discharged no patient until they had normal pulse, temperature and respiration.

The worst feature of this disease was its extreme infectiousness. Every nurse (sixteen of them), every nurse's aid (student volunteers) and every patient or friend who hovered over a sick bed came down with the 'flu' as it soon came to be called. After two months of overwork in the College and town practice, I found my resistance lowered by fatigue, loss of sleep and a coincident carbuncle, and, feeling like Job, was laid low.

This personal experience with the Influenza Plague and the results of my college epidemic were unique and worthy of recording in my auto-biography. This was the first and only time in my forty years with the college, that my hospital records showed more than half of one percent inefficiency or detention from class in the college due to illness or injury. It was my best illustration of the value of the practice of preventative medicine. As the enrollment was

between seven and nine hundred (including faculty) I believed that it was an impressive claim and not bettered by any college or military camp to my knowledge.

One more epidemic, which I had to record, was both unique and dramatic. This was Vincent's Angina, or Trench Mouth as it was called during World War I. From June 1 to 10, 1921, we treated and isolated sixty-seven cases of "Trench Mouth" among the students. I read a paper on my experiences with this disease before the Texas Medical Association at El Paso that same year. A newspaper reporter present at the convention caught my statement that kissing was probably the means for the rapid transmission of the infection and spread my statement through the United Press. In consequence, a flood of comments, clippings and questions poured in on me from every corner of the country. I regretted the unsought notoriety that I brought on our student body.

The average stay in the sanatarium was ten days and, as this was my first experience with the disease, I determined to leave no possible avenue of communication unchecked. Dairy, market, milk refrigeration, water supply, dishes, and all foods were suspected but proved negative. As the disease appeared just at the close of one term and at the beginning of the next, I finally determined that much kissing in farewells and greetings was the mode of transmission. There were no fatalities and no bad effects. Some cases were pretty sick, but after laboratory tests had been made



at the Temple Sanatarium of six typical cases. I decided not to use serum. Rather, I followed a simple treatment on general principles for severe acute infectious diseases. Locally, we sponged the throat and mouth with antiseptic solutions and swabbed the tonsils and pharynx with carbolic acid and iodine, one part of each to eight of glycerine. Each patient used frequent mouth washes of peroxide of hydrogen alternating with solutions of perborate of soda, potassium chlorate and carbolic acid. Usually, in from five to eight days, the fever and the typical membrane disappeared and after ten days, I dismissed the patient.

These epidemics were the highlight and I had about every form of human ill on the calendar in between, but fortunately nothing that common sense and science was not able to handle. Where major surgery was required, I usually took them to the Temple Sanatorium unless the parents directed otherwise. There I had kindly and thorough cooperation and friendship through all the years. Sometimes it was psychology and not medicine which was the indicated treatment. One of the commonest forms of female hysteria was nostalgia, which I always treated as a serious matter. Special types of recreation and exercise for each girl and learning to distinguish between bonafide and trumped-up excuses for avoiding the prescribed physical education was an enlightening experience. With Kipling, I can say that I "learned about women" from

them.

Under Dean William W. Splawn, I headed the newly created Department of Biology in which I taught anatomy, physiology, higiene and general biology to junior and senior students through a combined system of lectures, quizzes and laboratory courses. A few microscopes, test tubes and charts were the limited equipment, supplemented with such living specimens as frogs, tadpoles, rabbits, cats and any specimens that could be gathered by students. To this equipment I added skeletons, manikins and microscopic slides together with many more microscopes and lenses.

The course became popular and had to be limited, because of lack of space and laboratory equipment. I enjoyed this work immensely and believed that it was worthwhile. These young women were the potential mothers of our next generation and they needed a general knowledge of the structure and functions of their own organs and their bodies. They needed to know proper hygiene care of their bodies for the sake of happiness and efficiency. More than a thousand of these fine young women completed these courses under me and later assured me that the application of this knowledge was of untold value as they became mothers, teachers or clubwomen.

Teaching biology, especially anatomy and hygiene, has emphasized the fact which I discovered in general practice,



also, that the general mass of humanity is grossly ignorant of the structure, function and care of the body. I often used to quote from the Greek philosopher, "Nothi se Auton" (know thyself) as the most important education my students could acquire.

These were my Baylor experiences, but my college work did not divorce me from quite an extensive general practice, in pursuit of which I had contact with a serious epidemic of Cerebro-spinal Meningitis. This the college escaped, but it swept the community, the state and the nation.

In December 1911, cases of this dread disease were reported in North Texas, especially in the Dallas area. The high mortality and otherwise disabling sequel spurred the city officials of Dallas, on advice of the medical authorities to apply to the Rockefeller Institute's Research Department for the new serum which it had just developed. This serum, when used early and "secundam Artam" would save the patient from subsequent death or disability. In past years I had seen two sporadic cases of this type of meningitis, both of which had died, and I knew practically nothing about handling it. Moreover, I had a hunch that our community would not escape. After reading all late authorities in my own and other libraries, I was happy to note in the Dallas News of January 6, that the Rockefeller Institute was sending its own Dr. Sophian to be in Dallas on the

seventh and inviting the medical profession of Texas to meet him there. I caught a midnight train and arrived in Dallas the same morning as Dr. Sophian. My friend and former partner, Dr. June Embree, met me and, after breakfast, showed me two of his patients and his treatment. During the day, I met Dr. Sophian and saw in the hospitals more than twenty cases and noted Dr. Sophian's method of treatment, which consisted of a spinal puncture to relieve the pressure and of the injection of the newly-developed serum.

There was no way to estimate the value of the prompt, altruistic service which the pioneer expert gave to Dallas and to our state in sharing his saving knowledge. More than 150 doctors, like myself, eagerly came to Dallas to absorb instruction and to relay it to others at home.

I had just returned and was in my lecture room at Baylor, when I received an urgent call to Belton's first case. Sam Welhausen, of the Dangerfield district, was the victim. I found him unconscious, with stertorous breathing, and impossible to arouse. The family feared he had taken poison. He had been perfectly well the day before, but complained of headache before retiring. An hour before I saw him he had been found unconscious. I recognized without difficulty the symptoms (thanks to my Dallas experience) and explained to the family the seriousness of his condition. I returned to town, secured the serum and invited three or



four of my colleagues to return with me to see the case. I made a successful puncture, took a specimen of the fluid in a sterile bottle and administered a full "shot" of the anti-CSM serum. The laboratory confirmed my diagnosis and I repeated the treatment in twelve hours. Consciousness returned soon after, and in ten days, the patient was safely convalescent with no sequel.

In the early years of the twentieth century, hospitals were springing up all over Texas. Realizing the great advantage of hospital over private home practice, I indulged my growing ambition to own one. I formed a partnership with a bright young doctor, June Embree. As other doctors of our town had declined to join us in our venture, we, two, founded and opened a hospital of our own which we called the Belton Sanatorium. We bought a great bargain an excellent X-Ray machine and other more simple but essential equipment and rented a large old family estate, beautifully situated in a grove of oak trees in the center of town. This had been the gracious home of the H. C. Denny family, long time bankers and social leaders in Belton's early history. It occupied the entire block on Main between 8th and 7th Streets halfway to Penelope. Each of us invested a couple of thousand dollars in equipment and, with the selection of a fine head nurse and dietician, we launched the promising project.

Two years of administration, marked by a very real pro-

fessional satisfaction, but decided financial losses, satisfied our ambition and we both decided that we had had enough. Lack of cooperation, even active opposition by others of our profession, finished our venture. We were fortunate enough to sell our equipment and my partner, Dr. June Embree, went to Dallas where he became a prominent and wealthy city doctor.

A better financed and equipped hospital opened about this time in Temple, eight miles east of Belton. Founded by two great men whose names were synonymous with all that was fine in medicine and in surgery. Dr. A. C. Scott and Dr. Raleigh White. Both have gone to their reward, but both men were my great friends. I was proud that through the years of my close association and cooperation with them; I was given the privilege of intimate knowledge of these two great souls and their noble staff of assistants. Their great institution has and will serve the entire south-west and to intern at the Temple Sanitorium was a privilege much sought by northern and eastern men as well as southerners.

I loved them both and the loss of Dr. White drew me closer still to Dr. Scott. We had named one of my daughters Mary Scott and I felt as close as a brother to A. C. Scott. We always called on one another in cases of difficult diagnosis and I had long turned all my surgery practice called for into his skilled and wonderful hands.



My daughter wrote about those hands when she knew that they were stilled in death and recently sent me this verse dedicated to his wife.

On Dr. Scott's Death

A portion of the pain you bear
Is ours to wear.
It's texture harsh, its weight confining
But Ah! the lining!
The warp, a thread of human love
Gift from above
And oh the deeds of tender care
Found woven there!

The Rich, the Poor, the Black, the White
Thru Pain's dark night
Have felt that sure and healing touch;
Hands loved so much!
Grief's garment so is softly lined
With love, divine
Shot through with service bright to shining
A wondrous lining!

E. F. M.

## CHAPTER XVI

*A Hand on the Wheel*

Many a man has had the privilege to have his turn at the wheel of the destiny of the community in which he has lived. While his influence on the path of that destiny may be of short duration and while nothing of note may be accomplished in his watch, he has lent his influence to the forward movement and need not be ashamed if he was faithful to his task. Another may be called to steer through troubled waters, past dangerous reefs and in the face of adverse winds. If that one also did his honorable best and made progress; he too, has done his duty. When circumstances have offered me an opportunity to serve my community, I have done what I could gladly. I have been motivated solely by my desire to make conditions better for those I love and for my fellowman.

In the first years of the twentieth century, the interested citizens of Belton realized that the condition of their public schools was deplorable. Especially the parents of school-age children recognized the signs of inefficiency and of mismanagement which were expressed so clearly in the antiquated school methods. They managed diplomatically but forcefully to get the entire school board to resign and chose a new board composed by George W. Tyler, Thomas Yarrell, Sr., Peter Hammersmith, Mc. B. Smith, E. R. Everett and myself.





All were free from politics and from municipal control or influence and all had the best interests of Belton at heart. The teachers under the old board were practically all political pensioners. Moreover, the financial mismanagement was disgraceful, grossly illegal and left the system deeply in debt. Teachers' salaries were unpaid; vouchers were discounted at high rates by a private bank. Such was the state of the system's financial affairs, that wealthy citizens were given large discounts to pay their taxes in advance in order to meet emergencies. School revenues were seriously limited and handicapped.

The new board held an all night session and squarely faced this embarrassing problem. The welfare of a new generation was at stake. We enjoyed the confidence and cooperation of the public, secured financial backing at the Belton National Bank and enjoyed the fine legal guidance of Mr. Tyler, the chairman of the board. After careful investigation, we forced the payment of $5000 of the misappropriated City School Fund and with the money we began to pay off the debts of the old board.

Next, we elected a splendid University of Texas man, Mr. J. B. Hubbard, as School Superintendent and, under his guidance,chose almost a new staff of up-to-date educators. Perhaps the most outstanding of these new teachers was Louis H. (Jack) Hubbard, chosen as principal of the high school and

teacher of English and Spanish. Later, after Mr. J. B. Hubbard resigned to practice law, Mr. Jack Hubbard took his place as superintendent and guided the destiny of Belton schools. He later became President of the College of Industrial Arts at Denton, but he influenced the boys and the girls of Belton, who assumed active leadership of the community in recent years.

The astounding success, which crowned our efforts in the regeneration of the public schools (ending in the fully affiliated standing with the University of Texas), was largely due to the wisdom of the new board in selecting fine superintendents and accepting their guidance in choosing the staff of teachers. The biggest problem was financial. To get qualified teachers, salaries had to be increased. Respectable buildings, suitable to provide an environment to inspire our youth with high ideals and with a desire for education, were a necessity. Belton had only wooden shacks, with the exception of a brick ward school on South Main Street, when we took over. At this time, bond issues were unpopular and difficult to pass. Another way to finance our needs had to be evolved.

The board selected me to deliver an address to the graduates at the close of the school year, and I had the temerity to use the opportunity for our cause. To a large assembly of parents and interested citizens, I proposed that



the City of Belton lease the city waterworks system to the school board as a method of solving the school's system financial plight. I gave my personal guarantee that the school board could manage the system and use revenues to erect all necessary buildings and to purchase all equipment to fill the obvious need of the system. This was a novel, as well as a radical suggestion, but it seemed the only workable solution.

After mature consideration, a public meeting petitioned the city council to cancel the old lease from which the city had never received a dollar of revenue and to release it to the school board for the purpose of securing the improvements in the school system. So great was public pressure, that the council agreed and the board undertook the management of the city's water system.

As chairman of the new Water Board, with two associate members, Ernest Townsend and Charles B. Smith, I tackled the job. Like the school system, the waterworks system was antiquated, run-down and inefficient. New pumps and other equipment were needed. Bank loans and backing of prominent citizens enabled us to buy new pumps and to revise the system. At the end of our first year of operation, we showed a surplus of fifteen hundred dollars to be placed in our building fund, and we had also improved the efficiency of the water system. The second year's surplus revenue greatly

increased and the school board felt fully justified in letting a contract for the building of a seventeen-thousand-five-hundred-dollar high school building on North Main Street. The school ground was a large block which had been secured and partly paid for by the old board. The board's good friend, Jo Zack Miller, who was President of the Belton National Bank, extended the system enough credit to complete the project, easily. The revenue from the water system entirely repaid the loan in three years, without a dollar of additional taxation on the citizens. In addition, we paid all the teachers' salary vouchers which were cashed without discount each month. Also, we added to the curriculum a first class manual training department for which the state gave us a bonus of five hundred dollars for encouragement, because we were the first school of our size to step forward. Heartened by this, we added a department of public school music and a domestic science department. Fine teachers for each new department were secured and Belton public schools were "on the map."

After I had served on the board for seven and a half years, the Texas Legislature passed a law forbidding anyone from serving in an elective office who had a railroad position. Therefore Mr. Tyler, an attorney, and I, as a surgeon for the M. K. & T. railway, resigned from the board. We were both justly proud of having served our community in



educational improvement and in establishing an unique precedent in operating and improving a municipally-owned water system.

By 1910, Belton's increasing civic consciousness, encouraged by better schools and by the successful management of the waterworks, sought further expression of service. We were having growing pains,and the direct effect was a banquet held at the Old Central Hotel, largely attended by representative men of the town. A round-table discussion of the most pressing needs of the city was the order of business and the real purpose of the meeting.

When called on for my views, I unhesitatingly emphasized the importance of sanitary sewerage for a town the size of ours. Stressing the prevalence of typhoid fever in Belton, I told them that this was largely due to lack of sewerage. Flies and odours from outdoor toilets were present in town and flies were recognized carriers of typhoid. While my talk was not a pleasing table topic, it impressed the more serious-minded citizens; and by a large vote, a committee was appointed to call a general meeting to devise ways and means to satisfy this altruistic, ambitious but expensive need.

At the first meeting, the conservatives pointed out that the city was already over-bonded and that no matter how desirable it might be, a new issue was impossible. By this time, I was really enthusiastic over my idea, for I as a

doctor, knew the cost of typhoid to the people; I believed that anything, as much needed as a sewerage system, was possible for an intelligent community. I suggested the formation of a private corporation with a subscription for stock and for a charter with a gentleman's agreement with the City of Belton that it should manage the system when completed and should issue city notes to the stockholders in exchange for their subscribed stock. This plan met with undivided approval when presented to a general meeting, and the Mayor, Mr. J. H. Head, and City Secretary, M. E. W. Ferguson, and several members of the city council unofficially agreed to cooperate in the undertaking.

The Belton Sanitary Sewer Company was formed, and I was drafted as chairman and later made president of the corporation. An executive committee was named and, on October 7, 1910, the charter was granted and the committee authorized to solicit voluntary subscriptions. A civil engineer was engaged to make a preliminary survey of the proposed system. We felt fortunate in securing one Mr. Thomas L. Fountain, a young man well known to Belton people and a graduate of Texas A. & M. College and of Cornell University. To the honesty, integrity and technical knowledge of Mr. Fountain was largely due the successful accomplishment of our enterprise. Conspicuous service was also rendered by George W. Tyler with his legal advice and Jo Zach Miller in financial matters.



For some details of the forming of these civic plans, I am taking the liberty of using a personal letter which I recently received from my long-time friend, Mr. C. B. Smith, who was secretary of the executive committee of which I was chairman. He later served in the same capacity on the Water and Sewer Commission with me. This letter was written in reply to my request for his reminiscences of the building of Belton's Sanitary System, to be used to bolster my own imperfect memories.

Belton, Texas

"My dear friend,

Now, answering your request for my recollections regarding the Belton Sanitary Sewer Co., I recall that when you nursed my beloved father-in-law through a long siege of Typhoid, you told me that his illness as well as many other cases in Belton were caused from a lack of a good sanitation. I remember that you sold me completely on the idea of the urgent need for a City Sewer System. The obstacle was the ever present one, lack of financing facilities. Your persistent efforts to create a public sentiment in its favour soon took hold of the leaders and I well remember our long conferences with our mutual friend, J. Z. Miller, Jr. as to ways and means of building it. Finally, it was agreed, that inasmuch as the City was bonded to its limit, a private corporation must be formed and that, if the citizens would take $15,000 worth of stock in the company, Mr. Miller would take its bonds, secured by the plant, for $15,000, to complete the $30,000 which it would cost. I think the directors were Dr. J. M. Frazier, President; Chas. B. Smith, Secretary; Geo. W. Tyler, Attorney; C. F. Denny, Treasurer; and J. Z. Miller, Jr. The agreement was, that, when the System was completed, the City would buy it from the stockholder from the amount he had invested, to be paid out of the City Water Works and Sewer System combined.

In order to induce the stockholders and Mr. Miller to furnish the necessary funds, the City agreed to turn over the

Water Works, which it already owned, and the Sewer System, to be managed by a Water and Sewer Commission for the benefit of the stockholders and note-holders till the earnings would liquidate the indebtedness. You and I were selected as that commission (There must have been one other member, but I cannot recall who it was because he was inactive)[1] and I well remember some of the obstacles we met in its administration. This additional "Labour of Love" which we undertook for the good of the community brought us plenty of trouble. The question of inducing the people to give up their dry closets and the discharge of bath water in the back yards was not easily solved. Some were not able to bear the expense of installing new fixtures and connecting with the mains and, unfortunately, through ignorance and stubborness, many would not connect because they thought it all "Tomfoolery any way."

To meet this situation, the City passed an Ordinance making it a fineable offence to maintain a dry closet in the district served by the Water and Sewer System and placed the enforcement of the law in the hands of our Commission. Although I know that we tried to be fair and just, still I well remember that you lost some patients, I, some customers and we both some friends in our efforts to do what was right and for the public good. But in the after years, when the town became adjusted to the new order and began to realise the new health conditions which prevailed, how happy I have been to hear them praise you, good friend of mine, for your unselfish courage in pioneering and fostering what you believed to be good for the social order even at a loss of business and prestige for the time being.

Having no data at hand with which to refresh my memory and being so situated that I have to rely solely on my memory, the above picture of the happenings of twenty-seven years ago may be faulty but, in the main, I believe are fairly accurate. Any further information which I may possess will be cheerfully given.

Your friend,

Chas. B. Smith[2]

[1]Ernest C. Townsend was the other member.

[2]In family papers of Dr. J. M. Frazier held by E. F. Muenster.



The executive committee met with many difficulties and delays in soliciting subscriptions, for many were skeptical of the workability of our plan for the enterprise. Others, ignorant of its real health value to the town, just couldn't see the necessity. These I had the temerity to assure personally that they would get their investment back with interest and the City would save more money in one year in doctors' bills, undertakers' bills and loss of time from illness than the entire proposed cost. A month's hard work netted us a bona-fide voluntary subscription of fifteen thousand dollars, which came from individuals and from firms in amounts from twenty-five to five hundred dollars. This was supplemented by the issue of fifteen thousand in bonds, handled and cashed by our legal and financial advisors.

Our engineer had by this time completed the preliminary survey and submitted an estimate of thirty five thousand dollars, leaving us just five thousand dollars short of our goal. After some intensive head-scratching and pencil-chewing, we evolved a unique solution.

I wrote the State Health Officer, Dr. William Brumby, telling him of the unsanitary condition of Belton and of the prevalence to typhoid. In a few days, he visited Belton and I showed him the sewerage outlet from the County Court House and jail right in the center of town running into the creek which winds through Belton; also, the many unsanitary outdoor

toilets, both in the business and in the residential districts, with the accompanying nuisances of odours and flies. Dr. Brumby ordered Bell County to cease this means of insanitary disposal as a menace to health of citizens. The State Courts had recently made a test case of a similar condition in Brownsville and the health department was sure of its position in the matter.

After a month, the County Commissioners contacted our sewerage company and, together, we worked out a fifty-year contract to take care of the county offices' sewerage disposal for a cash consideration of five thousand dollars. Our financial problem was solved!

Bids for construction were now advertised in three state papers and several were received on the engineer's plans and specifications. In Mr. Fountain's opinion, all these were too high. The committee therefore decided to construct the system with home labor under the advice of the engineer, allowing him five percent for personal supervision, handling the payroll and other details.

This economy enabled our company to build one and a half miles more sewer lines than the original plans had specified and provided profitable labor for 150 Belton citizens. I thought this accomplishment was an inspiration for the other municipalities to emulate our example.

The system, with two units of an Imhoff Bacteria disposal plant, was completed and formally turned over to the



city on June 11, 1911. The mayor issued ity plain notes bearing six percent interest until paid and secured them by pledging the revenue from the sewer and waterworks system. He also appointed a water and sewer commission to handle both systems outside the city council. This commission consisted of E. G. Townsend, C. B. Smith and myself. Mr. Townsend, being unable to accept the chairmanship, I was appointed to act as chairman. This commission was responsible for producing the funds to retire the notes and bonds held by the citizens who had made the sewer system possible. A sewer ordinance patterned after Brownsville, San Angelo and other Texas towns was adopted, specifying sewerage costs for all sorts of connections which were made compulsory. In less than two years, every note, with accumulated interest was paid and the still more significant fact was that I do not know of a single case of typhoid fever originating in the sewer-connected district in Belton since 1912.

I considered this to be remarkable sanitation history. Naturally, I felt a pride in having fulfilled my rather rash promises to the original subscribers and still further pride in what the completed system has meant to Belton. I claimed no personal credit. The cooperation of fine fellow-committeemen, loyal citizens and subscribers and our wise choice of an engineer put it over.

Under the succeeding administration, the water and sewer commission having completed its task was abolished and under

city management, the revenue from this source continues to help materially to pay the expenses of a sound municipal government.

Belton has been able to maintain a healthy, happy environment. Abundant artesian water, free from organic matter, and sanitary sewer disposal have relegated to antiquity Chic Sale's favorite architectural efforts, along with the odors and flies and typhoid fever.

This story, told to "point a moral and adorn a tale," was just a chapter of my life in my home-town history and not an effort at personal aggrandizement.

## CHAPTER XVII

*Through Three Wars in Mufti*

My life's memories are saddened that Fate decreed that I should never wear my country's uniform, although I have lived through three of her wars. Born as the conflict between the North and South was brewing, I was too young to bear arms in the Civil War. In the Spanish-American and the World Wars, I was too old. I am glad to record, however, that I was permitted to render some little civil service, without renumeration or "hope of fee or reward."

While my father was away serving at the front for the four years of Civil War, I was the oldest white male on our frontier farm. I felt important to be allowed to ride and guide the horse, while older and stronger hands held the handles of the plough. Sometimes this was with mother, over our acre green patch, for we were totally dependent on the food we raised with the help of the three negroes on the place.

When I was eight years old it became my duty to ride on horseback from Kimball's Bend to Meridian to get the mail and to bring it to the Bend for distribution. It was a position of trust and of no little danger, and I felt very proud of my task. One day, as I was riding along with the mail in the saddle bags and my short legs stretched to reach the shortened stirrup straps, I noticed an unusually large eagle circling about in the cloudless sky and swooping

occasionally nearer to the road or trail I was leisurely travelling. I was a very small boy, yet I had heard authentic tales of such an eagle taking a lamb, or a new born calf even, in its talons and flying to its mountain nest to feed its young. I tried to think that I was imagining things, but its circling was coming nearer and each time it swooped I became more convinced it meant to attack me or the horse. I was thoroughly frightened now, and laying myself down along the horse's neck, I clung with all my might to the reins and kicked him in the ribs, calling and urging him into a fast trot and then a gallop. Now, it was plain that the huge bird was pursuing us and I was nearly paralyzed with fear before the road of the upland prairie melted away and a stretch of deep cedar woods opened up its arms to receive my horse and it scared little rider and there our baffled pursuer was compelled to leave us.

Years later, during Reconstruction days, I was permitted to join a state militia company while I was attending college in Waco. They were called the "Waco Greys." Captain Bob Ross, brother of Governor Sul Ross, was commander and George Gurley was first lieutenant. This gave me a grey uniform, of which I was inordinately proud, and a grounding in military tactics. With the "Greys" I got some limited state service. It was the policy of Governor Ross to call the Waco Greys to settle any uprisings which got beyond the control of county officers in Central Texas. Horse and



and cow thieves were sometimes so bold that local officers could not cope with them.

Coryell County, which adjoined McLennan County, sent to Austin for help in handling an organized band of horse thieves who were defying the law. The Waco Greys, converted into a cavalry troop by every member furnishing his own horse and equipment (excepting arms and ammunition), were ordered to proceed to Coryell County in haste. We were to break up the band and to restore local authority. After an all-day ride in a rain which drenched us to the skin and made going slow, we arrived at a large ranch near Comanche Spring, now the town of McGregor. We found the outlaws had received warning and escaped toward Indian Territory. One lone scout, a rearguard, was left to watch for the return of the outlaws, and we were lucky enough to capture them and take them to Waco for safekeeping. This required an all-night ride with continued care to avoid ambush by the prisoners' friends. I understood a little of what the boys of the late war endured when they made forced march through rain and slush without sleep; however, there was an end to my experience, whereas theirs often went on days on end. This twenty-four hours in the saddle, through rain and storm, marked the greatest hardship of all my state service.

The sad part about our Coryell experience was that, after all our weary journey, the prisoners made bond, went free and returned to their ranch where they were joined

by other members of the band. Local citizens, aroused by the Governor's efforts to restore order, organized a mob, took the law into their own hands and surrounded the ranch house. They burned it down and shot it out with the men as they attempted to escape. So ended one reign of terror in those troublesome horse-stealing times. This constituted my only active service and, of course, it was not in federal uniform.

In the middle years of my life, as I was struggling to secure a professional foot-hold in a new home and to educate my rapidly growing family, the incident of the "Blowing up of the Maine" occurred, culminating in the Spanish-American War. Once more, the desire for a uniform and military service was strong in me. I made an early earnest investigation only to find I had not a chance in the world of being accepted for medical service because of age and the fact that there were ten young doctors for every staff place. Anyway, political pull was the power that got an appointment. While I was absorbed in the monotonous routine of daily practice, I followed the news reports of the fatal management of our brave volunteer forces. Lack of preparation, even to primitive common sense knowledge of sanitation, caused the loss of more lives than from all the enemy bullets. It was true we won the war, but at least the medical record was not one of which to be proud. Glory and patriotism could



never compensate for egregious error and mismanagement.

One bright ray does shine from the dark picture of that experience for with it, together with the acquiring of the new territories of Puerto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines, came the discovery that the female Anopheles and the Stegomyia mosquitoes are the only carrying agents of malaria and yellow fever, respectively, from one human being to another. The saving to the South and to the world at large from these two plagues was a thousand lives for every one lost in the war.

Then came Word War I, to make the world safe for Democracy, and I again found myself denied a uniform and active military service, though it was not long before I found my place, as did every citizen who really wished to serve.

Contributing three sons and two sons-in-law to the Army and the Navy, with two daughters active in Red Cross work in New York City and my wife and two daughters working with the local chapter at home was an inspiration. Personally, I was drafted early in 1917 and appointed by President Wilson as a medical member of the Local Draft Board. Accepting this appointment gladly, although still without benefit of uniform, I found myself in the responsible position of acting as both judge and jury for every citizen within draft age. Their acceptance or rejection for military service lay within my hand. I regarded those next two

years as the most active and most seriously responsible of my whole life. Conscious and sensitive, after taking my oath of office, I found myself up against "nature in the raw." More than a thousand young fellow citizens, nude and natural, came before me for medical judgment as to their fitness for service. It was not their bodies alone that I saw naked in those days, but their souls as well and some were not pretty. Many were eager to pass muster, while others were yellow malingerers.

Patriotism and fear were inextricably intermixed in this cross section of American youth of the time. Daily personal contact often disclosed the reasoning process of these varied emotions. Many really believed that Our Country and Democracy were threatened; others doubted the wisdom of joining the Allied Force but would be willing to defend our own country at home; some had conscientious scruples; some were eager for adventure; and a few were just plain yellow. But the Draft Act was legal; my duty was to help win the war and I performed my daily tasks with enthusiasm and zeal. I felt as though every boy was my boy and as my boys were fit volunteers and already in for good or bad, I tried to act with justice.

During those two busy years, when, in addition to my Draft Board work, my own practice had more than doubled because some of the younger doctors were in active service, I also received an appointment from the National Red Cross



as an instructor in First Aid. This training was offered the public as a means of service in the homes of the community.

Using the Red Cross Manual as a textbook, I conducted seven classes in the first year averaging about ten individuals to a class. All these students were women. Five classes were of Baylor College girls and two were of married women and young women of the town. The work was along practical lines for wartime, mostly ways to meet emergencies in homes in case of accident or illness when doctors were not available. I also injected plenty of emphasis on prevention, which is my life's hobby in college and private practice of medicine.

It was over at last and no one was more gladly and deeply thankful than I, especially since, in all my family connection, sons, sons-in-law, nephews and cousins, no casualty occurred. We rejoiced that they all came home to us again. No! They were not the same boys as those who went away. They never will be, but, whatever history may say eventually about the justification of our going into the world war, I was glad that with one voice my family said, "My Country may she be right, but right or wrong, My Country!"

## CHAPTER XVIII

*Gad About*

I loved to travel. As a means of recreation and education, I had always advocated personal and geographic contacts with the "other half." To know how and where they lived broadened and beautified life. Preaching and practicing this philosophy took me to some interesting places and introduced me to some people, which I certainly feel inclined to record in this autobiography.

After my Press Association trip to the Pacific coast in 1882, my next long journey was to Mexico for recreation. In the spring of 1894, I set out to visit my brother, Dr. John Frazier, then living in Topochico, Mexico, near Monterrey. This little Mexican and Indian village was noted for the healing virtues of its hot mineral waters. There was a fine two-story stone structure, an American-managed hotel, where my brother resided for the practice of his profession. He specialized in venereal diseases, rheumatism, and other chronic ailments. The operation was similar to Hot Springs in Arkansas.

This village adjacent to Monterrey had a scenic setting that was beautiful. The queer primitive customs of its people intrigued me, especially interesting was their mode of barter in produce and food. For example, the farmers from the surrounding areas brought to the market, eggs,





each wrapped separately in a corn husk and carried in bags across the backs of burros. Each day they were priced the same, "dos reales," or twenty-five cents a dozen, but the dozen varied from eight to ten and rarely twelve, according to the availability of the commodity. The spoken language was difficult for me although I had studied Spanish in college and also read Texas and Mexican history. The people, however, were courteous and polite, never laughing at my fumbling efforts to speak their language. The universal respect between sexes was in marked contrast to our own country. This was especially noticeable during the evening band concerts in the Plaza Grande. Here, the populace promenaded in its best clothes, the men walking in one direction and the women in another. The young girls had lively chaperones and all were apparently happy and carefree, with no boisterous and vulgar flirtations.

This was a restful environment in itself, but I had come primarily to hunt and to fish in Mexico and my brother had planned a fine trip. With his friend Mr. Stukes, an assayer for Mais Brothers Smelter Company and his Aztec Indian guide and cook, John and I went by train to La Cruz station, halfway between Tampico and Monterrey. This was a virgin paradise for sportsmen. Arriving at the station, a mere conglomeration of primitive huts of adobe construction housing a few poor peons, we secured horses and set

out for the camp site. We rode fifteen or twenty miles into the heart of the wilderness and struck camp on the banks of the La Cruz River. This was a beautiful bold river, cold and swift, coming from adjacent high mountains.

The stream was alive with a variety of fish, mostly bass and a large sporty type of "goggle-eyed" perch. We had plenty of tackle of all kinds, but alas, no bait. Grasshoppers were captured with much difficulty and we soon had a fine mess of fresh fish. The fish were ravenous and plentiful; only the bait was hard to catch. On a subsequent visit to Mexico, I took a five pound bucket full of earth worms, which my children had dug for me and planted the surplus bait in favorable soil for some future fisherman's convenience.

We had a delightful camp with eight days of fishing, hunting and exploring a virgin wilderness. Game in this section of Mexico was then plentiful and we were successful in securing turkey, deer and quail. A large turkey gobbler, bagged the first day, was prepared the next morning for camp use in a novel way by Stukes' Indian cook. As his ancestors in prehistoric times had cooked their game, he encased the bird in green leaves and twigs and placed it over a bed of live coals where it was covered with earth and left all day to roast slowly in its own juices. With all the flavor retained, it was simply delicious and never to be forgotten by the tired hungry hunters who returned



to camp that night.

The walls of my home are still adorned with the skin of a Mexican leopard cat which we killed but, while signs of much larger game were abundant, they eluded us. I returned to Monterrey for a short stay and then back to the USA, thankful for mental and physical recreation, spiritual rehabilitation and civilization.

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No attempt shall be made on my part to record all of the trips that I have made for too much space would be required and some would not be as interesting to a reader, since their objective was often a family visit. I believed however, that some were worth recording for their educational value to me. Most of my gadding have had a specific objective, usually a convention or associational meeting, of some organization in which I was vitally interested. I usually went as an official delegate.

In 1926, I represented my own club at the Rotary International Convention in Denver, Colorado. I was honored by being placed on the official program with an address on "Knowing and Growing in Rotary." This was a great meeting with thirty thousand Rotarians from thirty-five nations in attendance. The hospitality of Denver, the high clean city, set in the midst of Colorado's rugged grandeur, made a most pleasant and memorable occasion of this great experience.

I have attended two other Rotary International Conventions, one in Cleveland, Ohio, and one in Toronto, Canada. Intimate social contacts at these meetings with distinguished representatives of all the civilized governments, including China and Japan, have both broadened and brightened my view of life. They have inspired and strengthened my belief in the "brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God." Indeed, my enthusiasm and allegiance to Rotary's creed became so noticeable that my wife and my pastor feared for the welfare of my church loyalty. However, the appeal to me was only the very practival way it offered of applying the Golden Rule. Attendance at these assemblies also afforded me opportunity of seeing places and pageants worthy of an international education.

After enjoying the beauties of Denver, I was joined by my niece, Lina Frazier from Fort Worth, on a further "Gad-Fest," which took in Salt Lake City. I had visited there before on a trip in 1915 with my wife en route to the San Francisco and San Diego Expositions. I showed Lina the great Mormon Temple and Tabernacle, with its world-famous organ and heard the recital of the supporting chorus. Afterward, we had a swim in Salt Lake and enjoyed a tour of the city and a recital of its interesting history. This story of a religious body and its successful management of church finance interested me tremendously, for it not only preached





but practiced tithing.

Next, we had three wonderful days in Yellowstone National Park, where I had the unusual experience of treating two patients, one for "bear fright" and the other for "bear bite." Being so well protected, bears were especially plentiful; all sorts of sizes being seen on every hand. Signs were frequent, warning tourists of the danger of being familiar with seemingly tame bears for "There ain't no such animal." In spite of this, some people have tempted Providence.

One young lady, hiking along a regular path, sat down alone to rest and to eat a lunch. She was horrified to see a large black bear approaching, and she ran, with the bear pursuing in the vain hope of being fed. Over the boulder-strewed path she fled until she fell in a dead faint. Park guards found and carried her, unconscious, into the hotel lobby where I was resting and writing. I have never treated a more obstinate or persistent faint. She was unconscious for thirty minutes after I saw her. But the next day, after treatment for a shock, she continued her journey.

That same day, two park guards brought a man with a badly crushed and bleeding hand, which resulted from trying to tease a large and apparently tame black bear. He amused himself by extending and withdrawing a bun from under the bear's nose. However, with a quick lunge, the bear got both bun and hand. The result was disastrous. I dressed the

hand and heard the tourist declare that he had learned that signs mean what they say.

The fine park guides and attendants, public conveniences and good roads make a trip through this wonder spot of nature a splendid educational feature, worthy of the great governmental department which sponsors its care. This aftermath of my Rotary trip to Denver was one of my greatest thrills.

At Toronto, Canada, I enjoyed another international program. I found an opportunity to study the social and industrial life of our English cousins in Canada and enjoyed hospitality here equal, if not superior, to that which we claim in our far-famed Southland, At night on the lake shores under a full moon, the city presented a pageant depicting the discovery and settlement of North America. This was the city's chief feature of entertainment, and I am inclined to believe that it was the most extravagant, spectacular and artistic,historic pageant ever attempted in America. It has ever remained a delightful experience in my memory. I also took an opportunity to visit the University of Toronto. Made up, as the universities in England are, of many colleges fostered by various denominational churches and factions, it has achieved a strong reputation of excellence. I was especially glad to visit the laboratory of Dr. Banting, the recent discoverer of insulin. This discovery has assured happiness and comfort to some of our patients, even the



diabetic. Dr. Banting was not present at that time as he was away on his honeymoon.

At Cleveland, Ohio, the Rotary International Convention was made especially memorable by the companionship of my son Bruce Frazier, of Big Spring, and my good Rotary friend, Fred Stroop, of Temple, Texas. Here the great world pageant and musical fantasy was held in Cleveland's marvelous Municipal Auditorium. It was a close rival of the ones at Toronto and Denver.

At the close of the convention, the three of us visited Niagara Falls and my daughter Virginia Parry at East Aurora, New York, where we saw the home and literary workshop of Elbert Hubbard and had an opportunity leisurely to observe this experiment in practical socialism.

Convention trips have several times been fortunate excuses for visits to my scattered children, friends and relatives. I have personal attendance records at the annual meetings of the American Medical Association at Atlantic City, New Orleans, Chicago, Dallas, San Francisco and Portland as further evidence of my "gad about" proclivities. At these meetings, everything new in the evolution of my chosen profession was proclaimed in dramatic demonstrations, or in the papers read, or by personal contacts with the living leaders and masters in medicine. From these great experiences, I returned each time to my modest home town revived, rejuvenated and eager to resume my professional labors and my more

ambitious community efforts for a more healthful environment.

From 1928 until 1936, I served for eight years on the State Board of Health and while on the other board, I attended the American Public Health Association meeting in Dallas in 1935. At this time, our neighbor, Republic of Mexico, was invited to participate in our program by sending delegates from its own health department. A special train brought a large delegation of brilliant representatives headed by Dr. Rafael Silva. Our cordial and friendly hospitality to our Mexican fraters struck a responsive chord and they extended an official invitation to the American group to visit Mexico City and to inspect its health programs and projects.

About two hundred and fifty delegates accepted, a special train was secured and another "Gad Fest" was on. This trip served two purposes: a goodwill effort and a bridge for coordination and cooperation in solving health problems common to both countries. San Antonio was our first stop, and out-of-state visitors heard the thrilling outline of early Texas history and made the round of the famous missions of the city. Another fine day was spent in Monterrey and the give succeeding ones in Mexico City.

The first joint session and business meeting of the two Republics' health delegates was held at Salubridad, the



Department of Health, a two-million-dollar complex, only two years old. At a welcome luncheon the first day, I responded (as our State Health Officer, Dr. Anderson, was sick at his hotel) to the welcome address of Dr. Rafael Silva, the Mexican Minister of Health. I pleased him very much by denominating him the William Jennings Bryan of Mexico. The most interesting reception given in our honor was held at the home of the President of Mexico at Chapultepec Castle. The Texas delegation was especially noticed because of the proximity of the state and the similarity of our health problems. We were taken all through the Castle and shown the magnificent furnishings some of which had been sent to Maximilian and Charlotte by the Empress of China. The President and his beautiful wife were present and participated in a very democratic way in the reception.

After our scientific sessions, three days were given to a special excursion into the interior of Mexico. Traveling in buses escorted by the Mexican National Police, we made a pilgrimage to the ancient shrines of the Sun and Moon. This construction dated to the year 1000 B.C. making it of equal interest with the Pyramids of Egypt. Excavation had disclosed the wonderful culture among races living spendidly long before the Cortez invasion of Mexico. For hundreds of years, their life has lain stilled in death, hidden by volcanic ash of some ancient eruption. The Mexican government

was spending much money each year on excavation to study these noble ruins. Cuernovaca, the capital of Moreles, and the former capital of Mexico, where many old cathedrals and places were built on the ruins of ancient pagan temples, was the home of Cortez and Maximilian. Museums and temples were filled with very old paintings and figures of Christ.

The floating gardens and the canals of Mexico were the objective of the last excursion and were the most interesting of the three days' sightseeing. The canals were comparable to those of Venice, Italy. Our medical delegation took gondolas, traveled through the canals and were shown the floating islands. The lives of the natives of these islands were similar to that of their ancestors of one thousand years ago. Near this spot was an interesting old cathedral built in the days of Cortez.

I found Mexico City ahead of the United States in social welfare and in the health administration of venereal diseases, especially. Moreles possessed two large well-equipped isolation hospitals for venereal diseases, where the patients were not only medically treated but also fed, clothed, and educated. In addition to book-learning, they were taught to sing, to do artistic handwork and to become better citizens, rather than being allowed to remain a menace of loathsome contagion to others. These hospitals cared for thousands all the time.



I believed that our own enlightened and sometimes self-righteous country could well learn from the results that Mexico has achieved. Even as I write these personal reminiscences, the United States Health Department has opened a great public campaign against venereal disease, conducted along the lines of our fight against T.B. In my humble opinion, education rather than prohibition has to be the one solution of this great health problem, just as I believed it to be true in the cases of narcotic and alcoholic addiction.

Outside the cities of Mexico, with their modern social welfare work, resided the masses of peons, living under conditions of poor or no sanitation, as they have lived for thousands of years. Mexico's big problem has been the education of these masses. Great efforts have been and will be made to teach these various peoples more modern methods of living. Coordination of the education and health problems has been recognized by the Mexican Republic as the most important factor in advancement.

To recall the evolution in modes of travel as I reminisce about my gadding has been interesting. "My Tallow Candle to Television" span has brought experience in all of the commonly used methods. From ox-drawn wagon and horse-back days to my first steam train and electric cars, each improvement has interested me. The cable cars of San Francisco thrilled me and when gasoline motorcars

became available, I had an early friction transmission model. I rattled noisily and gratefully around my route without having to stop at every hitching post on my rounds when I used the horse and buggy. Someone made a slighting remark about the noise made by my ancient Metz car one time in the presence of a good patron of mine. The lady turned fiercely on the 'slurring' one and said, "Were you ever really sick and heard the sound of Dr. Frazier's Metz coming up the hill? Well! Until you have that experience, you do not know the sound of sweet music." The Metz went with the wind, as did the long succession of evermore modern cars, and I have enjoyed the evolution of transportation and kept well abreast of the times.

On one of my steamer trips to New York during a lay-over in Miami, I had an opportunity to fly to Cuba, allowing me to try this mode of travel before I rounded out my four score years. I must be the oldest living patron of the Clyde Mallory Line, having made my first trip on their boats from New York to Galveston in 1877. Since then, I have made ten or twelve round trips, either alone or accompanied by my dear wife or members of my family. Two years ago, following the death of my wife, I made the trip for recreation only and stopped off in Miami at the invitation of Mrs. Norman Peters, a niece, for a visit in her beautiful new home. During my stay, I secured passage on a clipper



airship for Havana, Cuba. I thought that I was through with thrills, but my first experience in air travel certainly gave me something new.

Long before the novelty of looking down into the blue depts of the Atlantic had passed, I found myself set down in a few hours time in a new world to me. In Havana, I was among a people whose customs, language and manners that I knew only through cursory reading; however through the kindness of my good friend, Mrs. Mercedes Rhinehart of New York, arrangements had been made with her brother, a native of Cuba, to meet me and to show to me Havana and the island. Estaban Escue was there and, for three wonderful days, I really saw Cuba. The beauty of the rich tropical verdure of fruit and flowers and of the sugar cane plantations simply entranced me. My friend was a courteous gentleman who, although a native Cuban, spoke fluent English, and I plied him with questions till he could not doubt my interest in all we saw.

One afternoon was spent at the races for this is Cuba's favorite amusement and Havana boasts one of the world's most famous tracks. I watched the emotional reaction of the five thousand Cuban spectators and visitors. Men, women and children were wildly excited and to them the fate of the world might well have been involved in the results of their special race. There was an air of general happiness and

holiday carefreeness that took the vice out of the betting and, best of all, I saw not one drunk in a thousand spectators.

Large sugar and fruit crops with good markets and prices had brought peace and prosperity; general goodwill prevailed at that time. That night, however, as my young Cuban friend and I sat in the moonlit garden or park opposite the Governor's Palace, he told me of a different scene. It was his personal experience in a recent revolution which had torn that fair city. He showed me spots where blood had flowed freely as hundreds of innocent citizens lost life and property in ruthless destruction. This was Cuba in another aspect. Like our neighbor republic, Mexico, she has had her political equilibrium so often disturbed that she has suffered. I, however, loved to think of Cuba as the great laboratory, where Doctors Gorgas and Reed, Caral and Agremonte demonstrated the mosquito theory of yellow fever and malaria.

On Sunday morning, I attended church in an old Spanish theatre, owned now by the Baptist Mission Board. I was cordially greeted by the young missionary minister who turned out to be a Texan. When he learned that I was from Belton and was connected with Baylor College, he hurriedly summoned his wife who was a Baylor girl and the daughter of a former Baylor professor, Dr. Jacobs. I had known and



attended the family professionally. I enjoyed the morning service and this unexpected friendly contact. I was especially glad to see and to hear, first hand, the splendid missionary and educational work being done by my church in this field. My zeal for missionary giving was stimulated and my future gifts will be more cheefully made because of this practical demonstration of its good.

While the next day dawned rainy and cheerless, I returned to Miami through rain and storm with the visibility too low to enjoy much of the plane trip. One of my fellow passengers lent interest to the trip. He was the son of the ex-King of Spain. This young nobleman, who had married a beautiful young Cuban heiress, was visiting the United States in hopes of benefitting his health, being a victim of the curse of Bourbon's "Hoemophilia." After crossing the water, we flew over the Everglades and flying so low, because of poor visibility, I could almost count telephone poles and railroad ties.

On reaching Miami, my niece's son, Milton Klugh, met me and arranged a fine deep sea fishing trip. In a small, beautifully equipped, well-manned and seaworthy powerboat, we set out after big fish. This was deluxe fishing for me, with the inviting deck chairs and other comforts providing every chance for success. After tossing about a whole day, we were fortunate to land two sail fish and one large bonito.

The bonito was my catch; the most beautifully colored fish that I ever saw. The three fish weighed 330 pounds and the energy expended in landing these sea-fighters left us tired, but happy and mentally refreshed.

I caught a boat for New York which stopped at Jacksonville, Florida, for a side trip to San Augustine, the oldest town in America. Here, Ponce de Leon, who just twenty years after the arrival of Columbus, claimed to have found the fountain of youth. The fountain was still flowing cheerfully on through the ages and I drank from it, at the risk of typhoid, hoping for youth again. I enjoyed a full day of feasting on Florida fruits and of poking about the dungeons of the old fort. I saw the mummified bodies of twenty or more prehistoric humans, perfectly preserved by the peculiar nature of the soil in which they had lain for centuries. I have urged anyone taking this sea voyage to New York to stop for a day in this city, as rich in ancient history as Egypt, with all its paleontology and anthropology. The beauty of San Augustine was excuse enough for the stop.

One of the saddest and yet happiest trips of my life was a visit to Boston in 1932. My youngest daughter, Frances, living in New York City, threatened with blindness from a brain tumor, was sent by specialists to Dr. Harvey Cushing in Boston, an internationally known brain surgeon. He



confirmed a diagnosis of frontal brain tumor and recommended an immediate operation to save her sight and her life. I was notified and reached Boston by rail and by plane as quickly as possible. The operation was skillfully performed under local anesthetic and a tumor removed from my daughter's brain which would have doomed her to blindness and certain death eventually. Today (1939), she lives a happy, healthy, independent and useful life. My everlasting gratitude and thanks went to Dr. Harvey Cushing.

During my six weeks stay in Boston, I learned many things. My first and most enduring lesson was that Boston Yankees were the most courteous, friendly, hospitable and helpful people it has been my good fortune to contact. This opinion, you must understand, was a complete reversal of my ante-bellum conception that "damn" was the necessary prefix to the word Yankee. As a rank stranger and Southerner at that, I never met more sympathetic and understanding people in all my life. Through the kindness of Dr. Cushing, I was given free access, not only to Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, where Frances was hospitalized, but also to Massachusetts General Hospital, one of the oldest and most historic in the U.S. Moreover, I had access to all lectures in Harvard Medical College. Through my entire stay, I enjoyed Dr. Cushing's personal hospitality in his home and in the hospital in the form of lunches, teas and dinners,

meeting his family, friends and co-workers.

Most of all, I enjoyed the wonderful conversational ability of this great surgeon, as he related many of his world renowned experiences. I have since read his Pulitzer Prize, Biography of Sir William Osler, who contributed more to the world's advancement in general medicine than any other man of the century, and his classic later work the Medical History of the World War. Aside from being acknowledged as one of the great brain surgeons of the world, I considered Dr. Cushing the greatest literary medical man since Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. My personal regard for the man, the surgeon, and for the author was of the highest plane.

One day, while Frances was resting quietly, I stole away from the hospital to visit Harvard University in Cambridge, just across the St. Charles River from Boston. It happened to be on Monday, the only day when the great museum is closed to the public. Since I was leaving for Texas the next day, I wanted very much to see the museum, and although the signs said 'Closed' in any man's English, I crashed the gate and found myself facing a most pleasant young lady, secretary to the curator of the museum. When I explained my urgent desire to go into the museum that day, because I was leaving the next, she showed me an unlocked door and told me that it was unlocked and that she was



looking in the opposite direction! For two hours, alone, I saw in quiet ecstasy, the marvels of this truly great museum. I thought that the Agassi Museum and the Ware Collection of glass flowers and fruits were the most remarkable exhibit of the kind in America.

During my entire stay I had a car at my disposal and every moment that I was not allowed to be with my child, I spent studying Boston and its environs, so rich in the history of the birth of our nation. Memorials to and tombs of many of the greatest men, who have directed the destiny of our great republic, were visited. Such interesting places an Faneuil Hall, the Boston Common, Tremont Temple, where I heard the famous Dr. James Witcomb Brougher deliver a grand sermon, and Boston Symphony Orchestra, were outstanding memories. From Copley Plaza Hotel, where I stayed, I went to the City Library and enjoyed an hour's quiet reading.

I really felt at home in Boston of all places, where I had expected to find people cold and indifferent. It has been a long habit of mine, when away from home, to keep up my attendance record at Rotary Luncheons. I almost believed that I could claim a national record in this respect. So, in Boston, I went to Rotary as usual. On being introduced along with other guests as Rotarian Jake Frazier from Texas, some member yelled, "Hurrah for Jack Garner," whereupon

my immediate neighbors remarked on my resemblance to Mr. Garner. I have attended Rotary Luncheons in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Denver, Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington D.C., Toronto, Mexico City, New York, Buffalo, New Orleans, Atlanta, Miami and many Texas cities, but I have never felt more at home than in Boston.

I have visited all the World's Fairs held in America: Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, San Diego, St. Louis, and never to be forgotten, my own Texas Centennial Exposition in 1936 in Dallas. There through the courtesy of Texas A&M College, the student engineers showed and patiently explained to me the very latest demonstration of Television. Both seeing and hearing the speaker at long distance, I was convinced that the 'world do move.'

1939 to Bermuda

See PS 142

## CHAPTER XIX

*A Man Thinketh*

All my professional life I have had a deep conviction that the health of the citizen should be a major consideration of government and that a healthy citizen is an asset to a government while sickness is a liability. I think that taxes assessed for the general welfare of the public need to be expended for health as for protection from fire or crime or security of person or property. I believe that even most of our cold-blooded, hard-boiled financial corporations, especially our railroads, feel the same way and insure their faithful employees against illness or injury. Further, I have been deeply convinced by my study and practice of medicine that a large percentage of all the illness and injuries of people is preventable and not providential. I have in my feeble way attempted to teach, to preach and to practice preventive medicine. At the same time, I have done my dead level best to cure my patients, who insisted on being sick on account of gross ignorance or violation of the Ten Commandments and all of the laws of nature. I regard sin and sickness as more or less synonymous.

Education in hygiene and sanitation could and does accomplish a great deal; as witness the statistics of increase in longevity in this century. No one believes that sickness

can be eliminated, but everyone knows that it can often be prevented. How? The answer to that question is my modest thesis. In my humble opinion, it would require scientific coordination and loyal cooperation and compulsion by a government honestly interested in the welfare of every citizen; a government of the peoole, for the people, by the people: democratic!

Now to prove that this is not idealistic or altruistic, a vision or a dream, I recall my initiatory truism "A healthy citizen is an asset, a sick citizen is a liability!" So, a healthy people would increase the wealth of the whole nation, for the health of the people is the greatest assurance of the national happiness, contentment and success. I shall not attempt to go into details as to methods of such governmental cooperation, coordination and compulsion. But I have confidence that the intelligence of our free-born American people will devise methods whereby the devoutly hoped for consummation may be accomplished. Not by a dictator, but by wisely enacted and rigidly enforced laws, made by a naturally law-abiding people for the greatest good to the greatest number.

A fortunate combination of circumstances in my own life has enabled me to make a practical application of the benefits of state medicine or of governmental control of health regulation on insurance.



A virulent and widespread epidemic of measles once visited Belton. At first, little or no attention was aroused but, with complications, many fatalities finally forced the city authorities to take notice. I was appointed City Health Officer with the request to use every effort to clean up the situation. I was to render every aid, without regard to cost, especially in the cotton mill and poorer districts, where the death toll was heaviest. With rigid quarantine of the sick and detention of the convalescents, and with enforcement of the statutory laws against contagious diseases and medical supervision of the indigent, the ugly invasion ceased in four or five weeks. I never did know how much the city's treasury suffered,but much of the expenditure could have been saved by an early recognition of the seriousness of the epidemic. I was paid for my services as were my helpers and nurses. Food and medicine were provided for the ill. It was a profitable and interesting experience for me. I took advantage of my position as City Health Officer to begin a campaign of propaganda urging the installation of a sewerage system for Belton.

I can also point with pride to my work for over forty years as Supervisor of Health in Baylor College as another practical application of preventive medicine, under wise governmental supervision, cooperation and compulsion.

I have referred to this in more detail in a previous chapter and only mention it now in connection with health

insurance. My services as college physician were paid for by a monthly fee of 25 cents to 50 cents from each of the 900 students. This furnished hospital care, nurse, medicine and physician. A wise, conscientious college president and a cooperative board of trustees backed my authority to enforce health regulations. As a result, the hospital records will show, from year to year, one half of one percent inefficiency from illness or injury, that is, inability to attend class. The only exception before referred to, being the year 1918 during the epidemic of Spanish influenza and even that exception proves the rule that government, or contract control, outranks private practice in curative results. My hospital reports showed that 457 girls out of an enrollment of 900 students contracted influenza, many with complications of serious nature: 19 with pneumonia, several with emphysema, mastoid and sinus troubles, but this resulted in not a single fatality. Like many other doctors, I lost many cases in private practice. The reason for my success in the college was seeing the patients early and often (without embarrassment of sending bills for so many daily visits), detention and supervision during convalescence. The results spoke for themselves. Common sense, conservative cooperation of governing authority, nurses and patients, (not my personal medical ability), contributed to the favorable results. Now, it was true that this was college authority, but this college



was government. I can see no reason why a national, state, or county government, under wise and honest selection of medical servants could not do the same.

Now, the chief objections, bitter controversy and propaganda against this so-called 'New Deal' movement is from the organized medical profession itself and is expressed in varied forms. First, the patient would be deprived of the privilege of selecting his own doctor. This appeals to the old-fashioned family doctor or general practitioner, who is a "rare bird" in these late years. (A high degree in specialization, with hospitals and clinics, has practically converted the family physician into a dinosaur.)

I appreciate, love and admire the fully-equipped hospital of the present day,with its laboratory and high-powered and varied specialists, as much as any member of my profession and give them full credit for the wonderful, almost miraculous evolution and advancement of scientific medicine and surgery of this new century. But, I feel some of them have gone "hay-wire" into commercialism. When I consider the people of moderate means, who must meet the tragedy of illness or injury, and see them fall into the nets of these brilliant commercialized institutions of scientific medicine, I see their side of the question. Only the very poor, or the very rich,can avail themselves of the brilliant fine-haired diagnosis or their expensive methos of treatment. The man of

moderate means, (which includes the vast majority of the government's sane and stable bulwarks) passed by the internists from specialist to specialist, with a rapid rise of special fees, stares into a wall of financial bankruptcy. I wonder what can be done about it!

The "New Deal" of health insurance seems, to my simple mind, the best and only solution. "Graft and Politics," cries the propagandist of the American Medical Association, "will nullify all health legislation designed for the man of moderate means!" Personally, I have too much confidence in the American free-born, honest, conscientious voter to believe this true. Education and the election to office of men who will want to do the greatest good for the greatest number is the answer; men who will seek, as servants in medical and health supervision, the wisest and most altruistic members of our own honorable and venerated profession, who will bring about the good health of the average citizen.

As to the effect of this new medical deal on the average doctor who is honest, capable and competent, I have no fear. There is glory and service enough for all, and as long as this world lasts, there will be illness and suffering enough, in spite of scientific advancement in curative and preventive medicine, to require his services. Moreover, he will find compensation enough to feed, to clothe and to administer the wants of his numerous (in spite of birth control) progeny. So the



saying,"He who serves best will profit most," will still hold true.

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I have written a lot about my mother and father in this book, and it could not be otherwise. From earliest memory, I have loved and admired them and with no conscious effort wanted to be like them. They had definite traits of character; honesty that was rugged and uncompromising; bravery and courage that faced adversity; and a self-respect that was deeply inherent and bespoke of an unassuring natural nobility. Loyalty, refinement of taste and respect for the rights of others were elements of the moral environment in which I was reared. The most outstanding of their traits was their tolerance of the opinions of others. Certainly very decided in their own beliefs, neither parent believed in coercing the beliefs of others. As to their religious convictions, they lived the life based by Christ himself on the Golden Rule, and without ostentation or definite affiliation with church, spent most of their life in service for others and their own children's welfare. They did not seek to influence my religious views by word of mouth, but they lived Christian lives before me. However, the neighborhood, in an occasional spirit of religious fervor, after the visit of a traveling preacher, organized a Sunday school, where I was categorically taught the Ten Commandments and the main highlights of the

Biblical account of the Creation.

After moving to Waco, with permanent churches, I came under the religious and secular influence of those two great pioneer teachers, Drs. Rufus and Richard Burleson. I became a regular Sunday school attendant and a member of the class taught by Miss Hattie Glosson, a saintly woman whom I came to love and to admire. Our class consisted of three boys, Jack Coke (son of Governor Coke), Hadley Roberts and myself. Each of us became interested in Bible study, especially the orthodox belief in the miraculous birth, sacrificial death and resurrection and ascension of our Savior, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our Creator. We attended church under the greatest Texas preacher of the day, Dr. B. H. Carrol, and under his, and further influence of a great revival under the evangelist Major Penn, we three boys professed faith and conversion. I was baptized by immersion in the Brazos River with numerous converts of the Penn revival. Then I was received into full membership of the Baptist church, and with the exception of three years of medical study in Pennsylvania, I have maintained my membership. In later years, I have been honored with such positions as deacon and trustee of the church.

My three years as a medical student marked but a phase of my religious growth. Up to this point, my beliefs were



the result of the teachings and example of people whom I loved and admired. I now came under the instruction and influence of the world's greatest teacher of general biology, and human and comparative anatomy, Dr. Joseph Leidy. Next to Huxley and Darwin, Dr. Leidy was perhaps the greatest advocate of the Theory of Evolution in the world.

At this time there was a story prevalent in the student body that years before, the trustees of the university were opposed to the teaching of evolution in the institution and requested Dr. Leidy's resignation solely because of his evolutionary teaching. He was called before the board and questioned as to his activity along the line. It was said that his only reaction was to reply, "Gentlemen, my name is Joseph Leidy." The subject was dropped and no further action was ever taken

In my classes, he rarely ever used the word evolution in his lectures, and then only referring to it as a theory. He had no desire to upset the religious conviction of anyone, but he wished, honestly and conscientiously, to teach the facts of life as he saw them from his study of form and structure of living things and in similarity and variation of species.

For example, in the study of the form and structure of human teeth, he compared the teeth of gramnivorous with the carnivorous and observed that man, being omnivorous, had both

kinds of teeth, fitting him for our varied sphere of life and for the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence. In a thousand ways and occasions, he brought out facts that seemed to substantiate the theory of an orderly and natural law of "Progression" of animal and plant life in the world. His was not a cold-blooded, hard-boiled, intolerant manner of presentation, but the refined manner of a thoroughly scientific mind. Dr. Leidy knew what he knew and presented facts as he found them.

I was profoundly impressed. In my immaturity, I thought then that science was at war with my religious beliefs as to creation of man and his world, and in the face of such convincing and compelling theories, my faith began crumbling. My association with medical students, who were inclined to be wild and rather free, brought to my young mind ideas of life quite different from those fostered by the environment of my denominational school. I vacillated from frank agnosticism, because of my evolutionary ideas, to atheism.

Now this experience was neither novel nor unique, but most important of all, it was not permanent. Out of this experience came the conviction that our college students either have been too little or too much presented with not enough time to sort and assimilate ideas. Coming from a sheltered and hand-fed existence, I suddenly had the whole menu of adult life spread before him, and mental indigestion was the



natural result. I had simply attempted to fill up, (because of a great hunger for knowledge) on food which never before had been presented to my mental digestion, and the digestive fluids of analysis and judgment failed to function. With a strange combination of faith and facts, I became sickened and threw off the whole mixture.

Added to the conflicting emotions,resulting from my new mental diet, were the influences of great preachers and orators of whom I heard at this time. I distinctly remember Henry Ward Beecher, then at his zenith, lecturing on the subject "Every Man Has His Price." Also, to add to my confusion of mind, I heard Robert G. Ingersol capture his audience with his matchless oratory as an agnostic and read his writings. Ministers of different denominations were fighting bitterly in pulpit and lecture halls over their interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. In my own Southern Baptist denomination, Hayden and Cranfill had a bitter fight, almost resulting in the disintegration of the great denomination and formulation of a schism over the fundamental and modern interpretation of the Bible.

My mind was that of a student, and I have held little wonder at its confusion through these years. I was shaken clear off my foundation of Christian faith for the time. If I had been told that these theories, based on certain self-evident facts, were but evidence of "change" and that the

history of man's relation with God, as revealed in His Word, was the epitome of change, evolution and revelation, there would not have been any conflicts for me. It would not have dethroned God and the great creative plan but would have more richly enthroned Him,by the wonder of His workings through the ages. Whether God's "day" of creation was twenty-four hours or twenty-four million years, I found the fact of a Mighty Creator enough to occupy my mind fully.

Later in life, after I had won and wed one of the sweetest and purest Christian women in the world and had begun to rear a family who would follow in their Daddy's steps, my faith in my religion, as a personal experience and not a theory, returned fully and finally. My supreme ambition and greatest hope has been to live through the grace of Jesus Christ, Son of God, so that I may be able to join my sainted wife in that heavenly home.

I have never fully understood the Bible, although I read it freely and often. I regarded it as God's inspired word and reserved the right to interpret its meaning in my own way.

Long years after my own reconciliation between science and religion, I was called before a committee of investigation concerning the alleged fact that evolution was being taught in our denominational college,where I occupied the chair of biology. This investigation was instituted by a rabid Fundamentalist element, and the committee consisted of



several distinguished theologians, having the confidence of the denomination. All of the faculty was interrogated.

When I was called individually and privately before these great men, I succeeded in forestalling a lengthy and embarrassing category by saing:

"Gentlemen, I do teach biology in Baylor College, and if you ask me any questions involving Theology, about which I am densely ignorant, I will prove the commonly and erroneously accepted Theory of Evolution by reverting to type. In other words, you'll make a monkey out of me."

That raised a laugh from the dignified body and my investigation was ended.

One of the finest professors and instructors the college had was lost to us at this time, however, because of the lengthy,rigid and technical questionnaire each teacher was required to sign, or else "resign."

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Although the formation of my political views belongs chronologically to a later date, its development was similar to my vacillating religious experience, especially my changing views on prohibition. At various times of my life, I have been on both sides of the fence and at one time astride or straddling. This question has agitated the public mind almost all of my adult lifetime, certainly through my whole practice of medicine.

As a young doctor in Morgan, Texas, in 1882, my new friends induced me to accept the editorship of the Morgan Sentinel, a weekly paper owned by George W. Leaverton, a lovable old character, who was himself an example of the evil effects of intemperance. I advocated the Local Option, the form at that time popular for the control of the sale of alcoholic liquors. For one year I worked faithfully for the cause. At the end of that time, an election was called and Local Option carried the county. Morgan had five saloons to serve about one thousand inhabitants. Moreover, Morgan was a railroad terminal. Construction of the road was moving westward and large crews of laborers lived in construction camps. Between the ranchers and the laborers, drinking and gambling had become the biggest end of the town's business.

After the election, the saloons were nominally closed, and I held my breath while awaiting results. In that next year, there was more liquor sold (without license) and more drunkenness recorded than ever! Conviction for violation of Local Option law before juries was rare and difficult to obtain.

I was so disgusted and disappointed with the Local Option, that I jumped to the other side of the fence and vigorously advocated abolition of the county's Local Option statute. The saloon forces were again my opponents; they had been delighted with the operation of Local Option, which



saved them large license fees and increased profits. The new election carried,and the county returned to the licensed, open saloon. Of course, I do not claim that my paper influenced the result of these two elections. It was merely the mouthpiece of the honest but deluded voters who won and lost their cause.

Next, State-wide Prohibition was acclaimed as the only solution to the liquor question, and I became an advocate of that Utopia. This election was lost by my side, but in 1919 the proposition carried. And then, the nation in 1919 adopted a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor as a beverage. This was supposedly to protect our soldiers' welfare during World War I, but many men of voting age in the army bitterly resented this being "put over on them" while they were overseas. The sad, disgraceful story of half-hearted enforcement, of flagrant lawbreaking, of bootlegging, hi-jacking and the popularizing of the drinking habit in circles where liquor would have been scorned before was shameful. The natural result was the abolition of the Prohibition Amendment.

I am older now, but sometimes I doubt if I am much wiser! I am sure that "wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging" but personally, I believe that occasionally a "little wine for the stomach's sake" is good. And as for solving the problem, while I may be afflicted with "Senile Dementia" and

"Paralysis Agitans," I still have sense enough to know that I do not know whether it be best to control the appetite of "Homo Sapiens" by statutory amendment or to let nature take her course and the conscience be our guide. Seriously, the only solution lies in education by competent conscientious instructors with an open mind and universal temperance propaganda. This position would again place me astride the fence, a genuine agnostic as to Prohibition!

I was born and bred a Democrat and have fought, bled and lived a Democrat. Early in my voting career, I served as county chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Bosque County for four years. During this time, I attended the second inauguration of Grover Cleveland as President of the United States. The practical application of the Democratic doctrine of "Free Trade" brought the abolishment of the tariff on wool, and that commodity dropped from twenty-four cents to twelve cents a pound. Cattle and hide prices dropped out of sight. Because most of my patrons were cattle and sheep men, my hopes and visions of great wealth turned to ashes, as did those of my friends, who, in addition, were suffering from two years burning drought. With my vanishing financial prospects went my abiding faith in the infallibility of Democracy! I barely escaped bankruptcy, and although I still voete the Democratic ticket as the possible lesser of two evils, I do so with mental reservations!



The New Deal honestly impresses me as bordering on a thinly disguised tendency to Socialism, or even Communism, and I feel the old familiar motion of vacillation and uncertainty! Again, I am agnostic, unable to "point a moral" if I were asked to!

I remember that I was once asked by a young medical student friend if he should enter a poker game while in school. I believe that the man who can afford to gamble doesn't need to, so I said,

"No! But if you do play, keep the limit low."

Though not original, I think that is at least wise advice for politicians as well as gamesters.

In our national uncertainly, I find that I am not alone in my political dilemma. I believe that a nation as well as an individual would do well to seek Divine Guidance, since men blunder so in seeking a way out!

## CHAPTER XX

*Friendly Handclasps*

In April, 1936, as the end of the regular session of Mary Hardin-Baylor College drew near, I wrote the following letter to Dr. Hardy, the College President:

Dear Dr. Hardy,

On December fourth next, I will have reached the age of eighty years, and while I enjoy physical and mental health, I feel like the ethical, honest thing to do is to tender my resignation as Supervisor of Health and Professor of Biology in Mary Hardin-Baylor College. I am hereby officially tendering to you as President, my resignation.

I am doing this solely because of my age and for the best interest of the college. I am leaving the time to your discretion and to that of the Board of Trustees.

I am giving notice at this time so you may have opportunity to select a suitable successor to take up my work as physician and teacher. My personal experience during the summer of 1935 was such that I fear to undertake it again this year. So, if you do not desire to accept at the end of this term, with payment of my present meagre salary for maintenance, I am hoping that a whole summer of rest would better fit me for work in the fall, in case you desire my services to continue to the age limit mentioned.

My association with the college as patron or official has been continuous for more than forty years and has been most agreeable and satisfactory experience of my life. I have loved my work and associations. The college has been an important part of life itself; to sever my connection is like the severing of soul and body, as at last must come to all.

I have ever had in mind the best interests of the college, and I feel in heart and mind that the time has come for me to stop.





Permit me to assure you and all those associated with you in the responsible administration of the college, that I have and will always have the warmest appreciation of your courtesy, respect and confidence expressed in cooperation through our long association.

Regretting the absolute necessity of this official communication and awaiting your decision as to time, I am, with sentiments of genuine love and esteem,

Yours affectionally and fraternally,

J. M. Frazier, M.D.
College Physician and Professor of Biology

This letter was hard to write. It meant the actual recognition of what I had been sensing for several years, the approach of the end of active service in my beloved profession. Life was still so interesting: my own sphere was becoming more and more useful to humanity,and science was making such enormous strides, that I honestly wished that I were starting anew on my great adventure. I realized that my endurance was not what it once was; my sight was not so clear; my step slowed. However, my zest for knowledge was no less keen, and my interest in life was just as intense. I felt no general regrets in my net experience. I naturally wished that I had lived better, had been kinder, had served more, but I can honestly say that my work has been a joy and that I have done my best according to my light at the time.

I appreciated deeply the sentiment that was expressed by the hosts of friends whose kindness has lessened the

sting of the severance from my active life. These letters and personal tributes have helped definitely in my difficult readjustment. But, I kept on keeping on! I found the compensation in more time to enjoy my children, my grandchildren and my friends. I have visited the sick still, but in the sole capacity of a friend. I have become expert domino partner for some of the grand, old octogenarians who were finding time heavy on their hands and I have learned from their rich lives and experiences, things that before, I haven't had time to learn. But it was the written expressions of their appreciations that I kept reading over--neither for personal agrandizement nor small vanity--for the reassurance of their love, friendship and confidence.

Belton, Texas
April 19th, 1936

Dr. J. M. Frazier,
Physician and Teacher
Mary Hardin-Baylor College

My Dear Dr. Frazier,

I hardly know how to reply to your fine letter which has just reached me. I rejoice with you and with the college that your connection here has been so long, so successful and so eminently satisfactory; and yet it breaks my heart that the time has come when you feel it the wise thing to tender your resignation as College Physician and teacher. I fully appreciate your motives in the matter, and as I love you, I feel that you have taken the right course.



It has fallen to few men and to few institutions to have such a relation as you had here. In my judgment the wonderful health record here in this institution is due more largely to you, to your faithfulness, and to your splendid medical ability than to any other factor. Speaking for the Board of Trustees, under whom you have served these forty odd years, for myself as President of the college, with whom you have served nearly twenty-five years, for other members of the faculty and administrative force, who have worked with you from ten to thirty years, and for the hundreds of alumni and students you served during all this long period, I want to say you have given entire satisfaction, and that you richly deserve a rest which all of us want you to enjoy for many years to come.

As President of the college, I shall recommend to the Board of Trustees that you be given a leave of absence during the summer with the same salary you are now receiving, and that your final resignation be accepted to take effect the fourth of next December.

Praying God's richest blessing on you and yours, and assuring you of my love and appreciation, I am

Sincerely yours,

J. C. Hardy

---

Tribute to Dr. J. M. Frazier

by

Dr. J. C. Hardy, May 25th, 1936

After forty years of most efficient service as College Physician and teacher, Dr. J. M. Frazier is retiring of his own accord. Because of his wise management and skill the health record of the College has surpassed all expectations. Only one student has died here for twenty-five years until this year. Last winter there were two students who died--one who returned from her home after the Christmas Holidays, with a severe cold and from which, resulted in pneumonia. The other death was from blood poisoning

which was caused from the student's trimming a hard place on her finger with a rusty razor.

> We esteem Dr. Frazier most highly not only for his professional qualifications, but for his broad culture and congenial cooperative spirit as an unfailing friend, and for his optimistic steadfastness through all these years of our association with him.

In my den I turned the pages of the Golden Wedding Guest Book, the last pages of which, Virginia, my daughter has made into a scrap book for letters, from fellow faculty members, expressing their love and appreciation of my work with them in the college.

These were especially dear to me, for the faculty represented a large family, and we enjoyed the relation through the prosperity and adversity which makes up any college history. This group of loyal friends, on learning that I expected to spend a part of my remaining days traveling, bestowed upon me a complete and beautiful set of luggage, including two leather bags, a large valet pack and a fitted pullman bag with a zipper closing, which also contained a fine pair of pullman slippers in a case. This gift,with a packet of boat letters, came just before I left for New York on my last trip.

An especially fine letter came from Mr. William Vann, head of the English Department, who consoled me in my retirement from active duties by quoting Milton's conception of "Retired Leisure" as being very desirable. Moreover, he



reminded me that after Charles Lamb stopped work, he felt lost; but he quickly made the most of his leisure and used it for some of his best writing, sharing his new privilege with friends.

The Belton Journal of the week of my resignation noted the fact in a kind manner!

> Dr. J. M. Frazier veteran physician and community builder has tendered his resignation to Mary Hardin-Baylor, and at the end of the spring term will retire from active service. Dr. Frazier has been associated with the college as patron, and professor for more than forty years. At the time of his resignation he was director of the Department of Biology and College Physician.
>
> Few men have given greater service to their community and their state than has Dr. Frazier. He is nearing his eightieth birthday, and wishes to have time for writing and traveling.

These kindly comments came from many state papers, with flattering editorials in the Temple and Waco papers.

Another page of my scrapbook held a Belton Rota Letter Weekly, adorned with Baylor colors in purple and gold ribbon, bearing the legend of my history as a citizen, a physician, a Rotarian, and a teacher, under the title "Jake." The luncheon on this day, May 18, 1936, was in my honor, and after various complimentary toasts, the "weekly"closed with the following statement:

> This little love feast today, Jake, is an expression in our humble way, of our love and esteem that we all hold for you. Our farewell to you is God bless you.

I wear on my watch chain a beautiful jewelled emblem which my fellow Rotarians presented me that day. It symbolized the love and the affection of my fellow townsmen to me.

I could not account for all the personal letters and telegrams and newspaper accounts without seeming boastful, but it made me glow with the warmth of friendly emanations, each time I read again through the Golden Wedding Scrapbook. Any man who has been human and honest warms his heart at the fires of friendly appreciation, and the light of such friendly fires illuminated my long trail as I retrace my steps along life's path From Tallow Candle to Television.

CHAPTER XXI

*Post Script* He died July 8, 1941

Before the last notes ("More Gadabout") of another chapter came to me to be transcribed into a final chapter of his autobiography, the Doctor grew very tired. He had gone to Waco with his cousin Juliette Yarrell to have lunch with his 'venerable aunt," his mother's younger sister. This thoughtful gesture, including him in a congenial family group for the day, made a bright spot in a lonely weekend for him. His daughter with whom he lived had been called away to Austin.

The happy family group lunched at the Raleigh Hotel, lingered long over family news and funny stories, and in mid-afternoon of a hot July day, the Belton kin drove home. As he left the group he kissed his cousin's hand, for he was ever courtly and gracious, and thanked her for a "lovely day." He said that he was tired and had only taken a tall glass of iced tea at lunch. Virginia, his daughter, was not due home for several hours, so he took off his coat, donned his slippers, turned on his fan and dropped into the cream and blue leather chair to rest.

She found him there, too tired to try very hard to come back from the "Long Rest," and that's how it all ended; that wonderful life that had been a blessing to so many in his day.

APPENDIX I

In the New York Sun, an editorial appeared that week. It was written by Burton Davis, husband of the red-headed Clare Ogden Davis who the Doctor had brought into the world up Kimball Bend way. They loved him very much and had been with him in late years in New York and Bermuda, and Burton wrote for his paper next day:

> The wise and gentle Lin Yutang in "The Importance of Living" has pointed out that all the wisdom the human race has been able to glean through the ages is summed up in perhaps a hundred pithy sayings: "Honesty is the best policy"..."Look before you leap"..."A stitch in time saves nine"...
>
> These "old saws" are so worn with repetition that we are likely to consider them dull and be tempted to trade them for tools made of some bright newfangled alloy.
>
> There are no new truths and wise men know it. Of all the wise men I have come to know in a quarter century as a reporter and writer, I believe that Dr. Jacob Moore Frazier of Belton knew that best--and I have been privileged to talk to many men and women considered wise.
>
> In the spring of 1939 I spent 10 weeks in Bermuda, writing, living next door to Dr. Frazier, so that I had only to walk through a tropical garden and a gap in a hedge of flowering hibiscus to come upon him, sitting in the sun in the morning, or reading in the shade of a tree like himself, grown old and broad and strong, so that it could shelter and protect lesser beings. Now that he has picked up his staff and walked on, I like to remember him as he sat under that tree, thinking back over a long and rich life, and finding his fellow man, all things considered, good.





That was in March, April and May of 1939, and the old Royal Gazette and Colonist Daily of Bermuda was reporting the disillusioning events that followed the breaking of a solemn pact which was to insure peace in our time. German troops had marched into Prague and seized Czechoslovakia while Dr. Frazier tried to understand how such things could be.

He did not curse the cynical makers and breakers of the Munich pact. It was a key to Dr. Frazier's character that he said, not once, but many times:

"I cannot understand this. I have known so many fine German folk in Texas. We owe so much to the German genius in medicine, in chemistry, in science, in music, in the ideas that lift up the human spirit and the things that make life safer and easier. This means war, and all its aftermath of sorrow and suffering to the innocent. How can good men and women let themselves be so misled?"

But he did not say "It shakes my faith in humanity." He only said, "You must remember that we have not been long on this earth; the human race is still a child, not old enough to have learned wisdom and self-control. I am glad that my faith in the hereafter has never been shaken; I want to watch the human race grow up and learn to live in peace."

He was a doctor of philosophy in the fellowship of the great university in the state founded by William Penn, another man who loved his fellow men and believed in their brotherhood. I have known many doctors of philosophy who were not philosophers. Dr. Frazier gave meaning to the word: lover of wisdom.

It was my privilege to know him only in the last seven of his more than eighty-four years. He was the oldest friend of my wife, Clare Ogden, for he brought her into the world and there is little doubt that, but for his skill, she would not have lived to enjoy a life which she has savored so much. Many times I have heard her say in his presence that she owed

her life to him; it was characteristic of Dr. Frazier that he always turned this off by saying: "There were two or three pretty good doctors on hand, you know; I was only reinforcements."

When she went to school at Baylor in Belton, Dr. Frazier was by then on its faculty. He always regarded her as one of his children--a wayward and headstrong redheaded one. He followed her career as a newspaperwomen and writer in Texas and New York, with a mixture of astonishment and pride. Her work brought her into contact with the great and near-great of this generation, hundreds of them. Many times I have heard her say, "Of all the men I have watched and studied, none was simpler or finer than Dr. Jake. He could have sat down at the table with Socrates and Shakespeare and Abraham Lincoln and Moses and found that they spoke his language."

Though it did not fall out that I met Dr. Frazier until he visited his daughters in New York in 1934, I feel I knew him all his life, for it was my privilege to read in manuscript, while in Bermuda, his memoirs of eighty years, more than fifty of them spent as a physician in Texas. ("Spent" is not the word; they were invested in the lives of Texans.) His children and friends thought the book should be published, but publishers found it "very fine, but not dramatic enough."

That was a tribute to Dr. Frazier. The record of day-by-day doing of duty, without fanfare, controversy or caustic wit, does not make a best seller. Dr. Frazier's life had the substantial, homely quality of homemade bread, or perhaps, of a pound cake, for it was sweetened by the love of all who knew him well, and there were many plums of honor in it from his fellow physicians and fellow Texans.

When the news came this morning that he had walked into the sunset, I thought of William Cory's lines from the Latin:

"They told me, my Heraclitus,
they told me you were dead.



They brought me bitter news to
hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how
often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking
and sent him down the sky."

It was good talk always. The second line does not apply. It is not bitter news to hear nor are there bitter tears to shed when a fine and full life ends thus peacefully, living right to the end. It is, rather, like the soft closing of a great and gentle book.

His book was never melodramatic. It was the simple annals of a man who wished no man ill, who envied no man, who judged no man harshly, who served and advised and healed as his Master did, humbly, and who praised his God and kept His commandments.

In these ravaged times it is well to remember that in the end such men prevail over rogues.

Dr. Frazier once said to me in Bermuda: "All this will pass and most of it will be forgotten. The world will never forget such things as Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and the Declaration of Independence. Yet there was a world conqueror named Alexander. Can you quote anything he ever said except a whine that there are no more worlds to conquer? Neither can I. Such men are diseases; when health returns the human race forgets the pain and suffering they cause and goes on living and growing. Give us time, boy, give us time!"

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