



THE CYCLONE



WTHA Returns with March Conference in Lubbock

After two years without an annual conference due to the COVID-19 pandemic, the West Texas Historical Association will meet at the MCM Elegante in Lubbock on March 18-19, 2022. The 97th annual conference will offer over fifty papers and presentations in nineteen sessions on Friday and Saturday. It will provide an excellent opportunity for fellowship and scholarship between those who take an interest in West Texas history and culture that has been missing for several years.

On Friday evening there will be a reception honoring association president Kevin Sweeney followed by a banquet at the Lubbock Women's Club. Keynote speaker for the banquet is rare book dealer, Michael Vinson, presenting "A Rare Book Rogue in Texas: The Crimes and Misdemeanors of Rare Book Dealer Johnny Jenkins."



President Jean Stuntz at the meeting in Canyon.

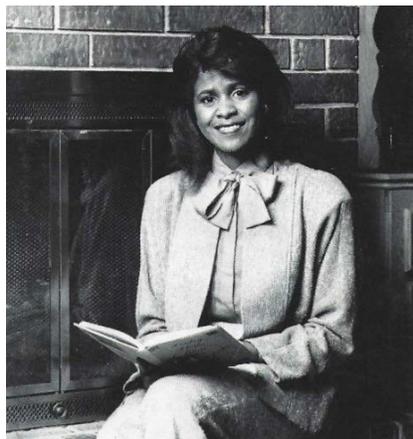
The WTHA annual business meeting and luncheon will be held on Saturday in the Petroleum room at the MCM Elegante. This will include presentation of awards and election of officers for the coming year. President Sweeney will give his address to the association on "Desegregating Wayland."

Living Out Loud: Claudia Dianne Stuart

by Marty Kuhlman

Living Out Loud is the title of one of Claudia Stuart's poetry books. The motto goes far in describing Stuart's life.

Claudia Dianne Stewart (she later married Harold Stuart) came to the Panhandle from Sierra Vista, Arizona in 1967 to attend West Texas State University (WTSU). She decided to attend WTSU because her brother had gone there. Stewart was born in San Antonio, Texas, but her father served in the military and the family lived at various military bases. Before coming to WTSU, she had lived for many years in Europe, lastly in West Germany, and attended the Frankfurt



American High School before transferring to Buena High School in Sierra Vista for the last three months of her senior year. Diversity and lack of segregation was common on military bases. Coming to Canyon

she noticed the lack of diversity and felt a bias. WTSU had only integrated a few years earlier in 1960, and Canyon still had the feeling of a 'sundown town.' Many citizens recall there being a sign on the edge of town which warned blacks not to be in the town after sundown. But Stewart became involved in the university, Canyon, and the Panhandle and saw an opportunity to advocate for change.

Coming to Canyon was a culture shock as she navigated the landscape and attempted to connect with her fellow students. Her outgoing nature made gathering friends easy. The small African American (cont. p. 2)

Claudia Stuart

(Cont. from p. 1) population on campus consisted of mainly football players. The mindset of many people on campus was that black co-eds would only attend WTSU because they were dating a player. Stewart assured people she was there for her education. She quickly became involved in activities at WTSU and blended into the student body. Her classmates remembered her as “cool, cute, and friendly.” Because of her popularity Stuart broke a race barrier as an elected member of the Student Senate.

Stewart broke another major color line at WTSU when she became the first African American elected to the Homecoming Queen’s Court in the fall of 1968. As an independent candidate (not backed by a sorority or fraternity) she received a large number of votes to become second runner up. Since there was not a very large African American student body, Stewart obviously received a number of votes from white students. She rode in the Homecoming parade as part of the queen’s court.

The morning that *The Canyon News* with the Homecoming photos came out, Stewart awoke to phone calls reporting that she was not shown on the float. The photographer had taken the picture at such an angle that Stewart was blocked from view. Troy Martin, the editor of the newspaper, claimed the outcome was an accident. People confronted Martin accusing him of racial bias when making his decision. Others complained to the editor that they did not want their town to be seen as racist. Martin argued there had been no racial bias in choosing the photo, but in later years when Stuart and Martin became friends, he admitted that a decision had been made to use a photo of the queen’s court where Stewart was blocked. Martin did not believe Canyon would accept a front-page picture of an African American that

was not an athlete. Canyon proved him wrong.

Stewart also became involved in a controversy on the campus involving the Kappa Alpha fraternity. On a national level the Kappa Alpha Order fraternity had been established after the Civil War to honor “Robert E. Lee’s chivalry and gentlemanly conduct.” Preservation of the heritage of the Old South became an important aspect of the order. The Kappa Alphas bringing the trappings of the Old South onto campus led to a debate. The fraternity brought a large Confederate battle flag to the campus for sporting events and waved it enthusiastically. The majority of fraternity members undoubtedly viewed the flag as an expression of Southern pride. But many people viewed the flag as representing a one-time country based on slavery. The Ku Klux Klan also flew the banner. African Americans saw it as a representation of racism. Gary Puckrein, an African American student, stated, “The rebel flag is a symbol of slavery and is offensive to our race.”¹ At basketball games the flag hung near where the African American students sat and by the end of the game, often dangled over their heads. In an example of tragic irony fraternity members waved the flag when celebrating touchdowns by the black football star, Eugene ‘Mercury’ Morris. Flying of the flag led to heated debate both in and outside of class.

T. Paige Carruth, the dean of student life, saw that the situation needed to be calmed. He created the Committee to Reduce Interracial Tensions (CRIT) and appointed Stewart to one of the leading positions. African American students agreed that the members had the right to fly the flag in private but not at campus supported events. This gave the impression that a state supported institution approved of the flag and what it stood for. Stewart and the committee convinced the Kappa

Alphas not to bring the flag to events on campus.

Stewart also brought about change outside of WTSU. On one occasion she made the trip with her roommate to Amarillo, twenty miles north of Canyon, to shop for make-up at Woolworths. Make-up meant for white women was out on the counter, but Stewart was surprised to see that make-up for black women was locked up behind the counter. The management followed the stereotype that black women would be more likely to steal. When Stewart asked the clerk about the bias, the clerk studied Stewart and said, ‘you must not be from around here. It’s always been that way.’ Stewart kept rocking the boat and demanded to see the manager.

The manager blamed the make-up company for the situation and told Stewart to talk to the company representative who visited the store on occasion. The manager promised to notify Stewart the next time the representative was in Amarillo. But when she was not contacted for a number of months, Stewart knew she had to take matters into her own hands. Stewart went to the store and asked for “the telephone (cont. on p.6)

Looking Back . . .

75 years ago

The 1947 annual meeting took place in Baird where it was reported “there have been but few, if any, of the meetings where visiting members were received with such cordiality.” Luncheon was served in the basement of the First Methodist Church, hosted by the Callahan County Club and the Baird Junior Chamber of Commerce. A high school singing trio, “The Three Js,” provided entertainment. Among the presenters at the conference were Judge R. C. Crane, Dr. Ernest Wallace, J. Marvin Hunter, editor of the *Baird Star*, and Colonel M. L. Crimmons, identified as “one of those immortals who ‘fought up’ San Juan Hill” during the Spanish American War.

Driving Cattle into Old Mexico in 1864

By W. C. McGough

[Article condensed from the 1937 Year Book.

William Carson McGough was born near Macon, Georgia, December 11, 1836. He grew up in that community, spent several years in various other parts of Georgia, and came to Parker County, Texas, in November 1856. In 1860 he moved to Hog Creek (Desdemona), Eastland County, and in November 1863, settled at McGough Springs, near Eastland. There he remained, except for short sojourns elsewhere, until his death which occurred April 20, 1927.

In this account he describes in detail operations incident to driving cattle into Mexico for sale during the Civil War, a subject that has received very little attention from historians, although it was a business of great importance. This paper is an extract from his memoirs which the editor of the 1937 Year Book secured from him and typed from a long hand copy in 1925. The memoirs had been written many years preceding this date, some events having been recorded shortly after they occurred.]

We had many hard things on us at this time [Eastland County, 1864]. There was no money—nothing to buy if we had had money. The war in its last stages was leading men away from the frontier. Men of high army office turned traitor and took stock from the range and drove them to Mexico. The country was overrun by bad characters of all kinds. In many cases men came to the door and shot people or ambushed them when they left their homes. There were mobs and all kinds of jayhawkers. Because of this confusion all of us who could bear arms, from 18 to 40 years old, were called out in the service. There had been some exemption of men for



the purpose of maintaining the country. Men who had five hundred head of cattle were exempt. But these exemptions were all cancelled and these men were put in the home service, and all old soldiers were sent east to serve in the armies there. Quite a number of these last named deserted as the service had got unpopular.

During these times of confusion every man had to take his place and scout one-fourth of his time. Nash Springs was our headquarters—right out in the brush at a spring, no shelter whatever. At this time my brother, J. B. McGough, became Captain of our company. Our first Captain, Sing Gilbert, had been killed in a fight with the Indians, August 9, 1864. We lost two killed and four wounded in that fight. We killed three Indians and wounded many. My brother had been elected first lieutenant, and by law became captain on the death of his superior officer.

I was heading a scout at this time [late summer or early autumn, 1864] and went to regimental headquarters at Gatesville, Coryell County, for ammunition and instructions from Major Erath for this company. Major Erath ordered me to go back to my command and arrest all deserters and to hang all of those who were robbing and stealing and bring the rest to him. "Now if you don't obey orders I

will court-martial you," he said, "and put you in the eastern service as sure as hell." I also got two or three hundred pounds of ammunition of Confederate make. The lead was too hard. It would ring when I struck it with a hammer. The powder was about as course as wheat, and the caps were lead-filled. I said, "well major I want a warrant from you to arrest." "All right," he said, "how many do you want?" "About twenty-five." "All right." He gave the order on my trip to Gatesville. I found that Texas as well as all other states was all overrun with robbers and law-violators. These people were killed and hanged all over the country. I sure thought over and studied over my orders all the way home. Before I got home I got my consent not to obey the orders literally all together. I delivered the orders to my captain. He ordered me to arrest all loose men and to make them account for themselves, as well as the deserters. I had only ten men in my regular scout. I started out with them, and while I had confidence in my boys, I was determined not to rush them into certain death, by attacking large parties of deserters who were well armed. I saw no good judgment in such procedure.

We started from headquarters with orders to go to a certain point, where I knew nineteen well armed men were located. These men had left the same company, and I knew several of them. I went to where I knew they had camped for some time. I found that they had left, and I felt relieved. But I knew the country well. The boys were not acquainted with the country, and did not know how to look for "the

band of deserters. I was riding along when I saw the party of deserters about a mile away. I was sure it was them, and I led my own party along in order to get out of their sight. I stopped and told my boys that this thing of taking those fellows petered me. "What will we do if we find them?" I asked. Some of the boys wanted us to slip up on them and stampede their horses, thinking that if we did this they would give up. There were many suggestions of different kinds, but I made objections to all their proposals. Then some of the boys said, "Well, what do you say?" "Well," I said, "I know some of these fellows, and I know that they will fight us before they will give up, and there is nineteen of them and ten of us. Besides they are well armed, better than we are armed, We could run in and cut off their horses alright, but if we should do that it would start a war at once. Ain't there some way we can avoid this blood shed?" Then some said that there was not, but they asked me what I proposed. "Well," I said, "I can find a way out if you boys will do as I say. If you will keep all I say, and never tell a soul what I have said or what we do, I assure you that we can avoid bloodshed." They agreed to this, and my plan was as follows: Two of my boys was to go to the camp and tell one of them to meet me "at that big live-oak tree yonder on that hill." They agreed to go, but they inquired "where are they?" (They had not seen the deserters yet.) I took them back a little piece and showed them the horses that belonged to the deserters. "Well," they said, "you appoint the men you want to send." "Well," I said, "Henry, I believe I will send you and Silas." So Henry Manning and Silas Shirley went. I saw the boys meet the deserters and talk with them a bit. I saw the

deserters start for their horses. Then the four men rode up in the direction of the tree. So I started and met the men at the tree.

I told them of our discussion and of our orders. "Now," I said, "men I am trying to avoid bloodshed, and if you men will keep our contract and all agreements, and leave this county and give us no more trouble I will not try to arrest you." I told them to go to Old Mexico, and that some day we would not be sorry of what we had done for each other. They agreed to all I said and thanked me a hundred times. They all thanked me and called me and my boys "the man."



Major George Erath

Sometime before this, one of their bunch stole a horse from me. He fell out with me because I refused him a horse and a place to stay. I had been keeping his father's cattle for the last three years, and while I was keeping them he frequented my house. But the calls for men for the army caught him; he went to the army and then deserted and returned to his old hang out. But I had to refuse him lodging or incriminate myself. I told him he must leave my place and it offended him, and he stole my horse. I saw him lurking around after the horse and ran after him and fired on him; but I missed him and he got away with my horse. The horse was a steeldust colt, very fast. When the gang went to Mexico, that man went along with my horse. I

later learned the Mexicans stole the horse from him.

An interesting thing happened concerning another horse this gang stole and took to Mexico. He belonged to Dupree, one of my neighbors. Dupree's horse got away from them in Mexico, made his way back to this country, and lodged in about Fort Mason. Another neighbor saw the horse at Fort Mason and Dupree went there and recovered him.

After stealing our horses this bunch of deserters left the country. I took four men and went after them determined to recover my horse if possible. I learned that they went to San Saba River and San Saba Post. Here Captain Totten routed them and shot at them. West of the Colorado River, on Brady Creek, I met Newt Beasley, a man I knew, and he told me they had left for old Mexico.

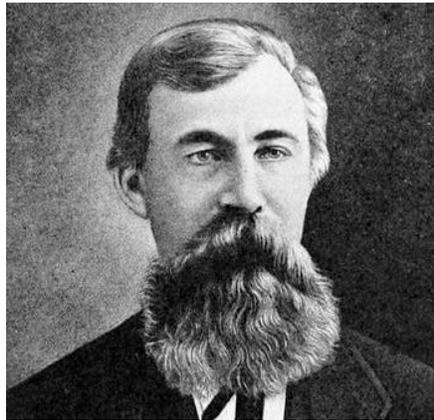
But I didn't propose to be beat out of my horse. In those days I cared not for distance or bad men, for I was after them. I always looked to the justice of the cause, then went ahead. I came back when I heard they had gone to Mexico and determined to take a herd of cattle along and go after my horse. I gathered up three hundred beef steers and hit the trail on the 4th day of October, 1864.

Orders had been issued that citizens could drive as many as fifteen or twenty head of cattle across the Rio Grande—beef steers. This was permitted in order that the people could get arms, medicine, and munitions, all of which we needed badly. I had a bad laborious time, plenty of exposure. Our herd stampeded several times and gave a lot of trouble. The first stampede was on Brady Creek, McCulloch County. We did not know the country. It was after dark and a drizzly night, as dark as you ever

saw. I could not see my hand before me. We bedded the cattle. The wagon driver came two hundred yards east of where we rounded up. We built four fires so that we could see between fires and see whether any cattle were ours or not. The cattle were all bedded down when about eleven o'clock while I was off my horse sitting on the ground, everything still, the man on the northwest corner let the fire die down. Then he struck a lick with an axe against a tree trying to get some wood. At the first lick the cattle all jumped to their feet scared and ready to break. I was sitting on the ground, but the first lick that he struck I jumped on my horse. The next lick he struck, the cattle broke right toward me at full run. The camp fire, wagon and ox team were on the edge of the herd. I ran right by the campfire, the cattle after me. I was hollowing, trying to make all the fuss I could, and it was so dark I could hardly see my hand before me. But the hollowing and calling caused them to let up after running about a mile. I managed to check the leaders. There were scattered pretty well over the trail. The other three boys came up as soon as they could. My horse was scared about as badly as the cattle. I pulled at him all the time, and cringed for fear that a limb would drag me off. It was a strange country, dark as pitch.

But the next morning found us all around the herd of 300 large fine, fat beef steers. We did not lose any. We got off some time before breakfast, and drove about five miles, and stopped at a fine place to herd until our wagon came up with a good hot breakfast already cooked. We drove to the San Saba River that night, and penned in a good strong pen, hoping and believing we were perfectly safe that night. The pen was on a

knoll right over the river. We took shelter under the bluff on the river side and fed our horses and went to bed hoping and expecting a quiet night. We needed sleep since we had not slept any the night before, and but little during the past week. Next morning as soon as I awoke I heard the cattle bawling. I rushed up thinking something wrong. Sure enough I found some twenty panels of the southwest side of the pen knocked flat, and about a hundred and fifty cattle out. They were strung out toward home. It was a job, but we all got busy and rounded them up in about two hours. We lost fifteen head.



John Hittson

We struck the road again for Eagle Pass. At Fredericksburg we learned the order permitting people to drive cattle across the Rio Grande had been countermanded. We sent two men to San Antonio to see what terms we could cross at. We dodged San Antonio and struck the cotton road on Sabinal Creek. We expected to meet our two men. But the boys brought bad news—we would not be permitted to go west of San Antonio. To do so would make our cattle subject to confiscation. About this time I found another herd exactly in our fix. The owner's name was John Hittson, an old settler. I was well acquainted with him and his brands of stock. So we decided to throw our cattle together, take them off the cotton road, and run the blockade.

Together we had some six hundred head of fine cattle. We ran then north, right under the mountains, five miles. There was fine grass, mesquite brush and prickly pears, and plenty of water on the head of the Nueces River. About forty miles from Eagle Pass we learned of a man named Woods living on Turkey Creek who ran cattle across the Rio Grande. So, after we got our cattle pretty well hid, we went to see him. He was not there, having left the day before to take a herd across. When we reached Woods' place Mrs. Woods explained that her husband was away with the herd but that she would go after him if we were in a hurry. We urged her to go after her husband, and she set out at once for Eagle Pass.

Mr. Woods supplied us with a pilot, a neighbor of his, and later joined us himself. There were no houses or ranches on the way to the river, so we started about three o'clock in the afternoon and drove all night without water. We struck the river on a high mountain overhanging the river about six or seven miles above Eagle Pass. From the top of the mountain to the river was about half a mile. We stopped our herd and ran down there to see the crossing. There was a pen not large enough to hold our cattle, and there was a chute about fifty or sixty feet long dug down sloping to the water's edge. I saw that the banks were soft and that they would slide in, fence and all. I was afraid of it, for I knew that the cattle would come down on it in at fast trot once we let them go. However, we were anxious to cross them. We were dreading soldiers. When the cattle struck the pen I was on the lower side of the herd, and another good hand was on the upper side of the herd. When the cattle struck the chute 'the other fellow

and I charged on them, hollering and shouting, and we scared them all we could. They took that water in a trot. The water was ten feet deep. Both of us went right in with the cattle, out of sight. But our faithful horses took us over to the quick sand. There I got off my horse and let him go. He went out and stopped at the first bunch of grass he struck. All the boys crossed the same way. There was nothing lost. About seventy-five head of steers stuck in the quicksand, but soon got out.

We sold some cattle, and paid our pass, which was \$13.85. Then we took an interpreter with us and went sixty miles west to a town called San Fernando. We sold out there, and in another town south of that. We got ten to eighteen dollars per head. Then we set out for home. We found the San Fernando country to be a fine farming country—plenty of water from the San Fernando River, which is a fine, clear, sparkling stream from a rough looking high mountain country.

In San Fernando we found three of the men we had covenanted with back at the live oak tree, who told me the man I was after, along with two others, had been killed the day before I crossed over with my herd, close to where I crossed the river. The Mexican government refused to let renegades control any property of any kind, but would confiscate all they had. So these fellows prepared themselves for horse raising after they got there. So they crossed the river as soon as they got to it, taking their property with them, and not knowing the Mexican laws. So in order to save part of their stock and arms they had to make confidant of the Mexicans. They found one rancher up in the mountains opposite to the point where they crossed the river and

sold him all the horses and guns they had. But when these three boys started down the river they needed their horses and guns. So they went to this old Mexican Confidant and stole their guns and horses back, and crossed over to the Texas side just at sundown. Being lank and dry, they stopped to get supper, which gave the Mexicans time to overtake them, for the Mexicans were on the trail. While the boys were eating, the Mexicans came up and fired on them, killing them. So the Mexicans held their camp and ate their supper. So that was the end of three bad boys.

I got home from Mexico December 25, 1864.



McGough Marker, Providence Cemetery, Eastland, Texas.

Claudia Stuart

(cont. from p.2) called him. The representative denied that the company wanted the make-up locked up and because of Stewart's involvement, ordered it be put openly on the counter.

Stewart married Harold Stuart in June of 1969 and graduated from WTSU with a bachelor of science in sociology. After graduation she joined the Women's Political Caucus and became involved in establishing a rape crisis center in Amarillo. She struggled to have the crime of rape treated seriously by the male establishment. She helped by bringing information to the female dormitories at WTSU. She took her first paying position with Planned Parenthood. Other aspects of her career included being the regional coordinator of the Alcohol and Drug Abuse Program for the Panhandle Regional Planning Commission, regional director for Texans War on Drugs as well as a probation officer in Potter, Randall, and Armstrong counties.

In 1985, she received a Master of Arts degree in social science and a Master certification in criminal justice administration from WTSU. Stuart served on the WTSU committee which decided to seek admittance into the Texas A&M System and returned to teach at the college, now known as West Texas A & M University in 1996. She broke another racial barrier at WTAMU as she became the first full-time African American female instructor at the university. Stuart taught sociology, criminal justice, and sports exercise science until her retirement in 2015. Stuart served as the first African American president of the WTAMU Faculty Senate. She later became the president of the Texas Council of Faculty Senates and vice-president of Humanities Texas.

Stuart has authored a number of books including a sociology textbook and a book on African Americans in Amarillo. Much of her literary expression can be found in her many poetry books. She is still an advocate through her pen such as in the poem, "Black Lives Matter: A Masterpiece." One of her books, *Poetry, Prose and Penguins* was selected for the Humanities Texas Summer Readership Program. She has received recognition not only for her writing but for her involvement in the community such as the 1999 President's Community Service Award and the 2003 Women of Distinction Award given by the Girl Scouts Texas Plains Council. In 2013, she received the Social Justice Leadership Award from WTAMU for her commitment to social justice.

She played an important role in maintaining the legacy of the civil rights movement. In 1996, Stuart chaired the Rosa Parks Freedom Tour committee for Amarillo and helped bring the famed activist to the campus of WTAMU.

Claudia Dianne Stuart came to the Texas Panhandle in 1967 ready to bring about change. She struggled for civil rights and broke down racial barriers. She continued to advocate to better the community. Stuart has truly lived life 'out loud.'

NEWS AROUND WEST TEXAS

The **National Museum of the Pacific War** in Fredericksburg has announced its status as a Smithsonian Affiliate. Fewer than 1 percent of museums nationwide share the distinction. Museum director **Rorie Cartier** says that NMPW is one of only five museums to receive the status in 2021.

For decades, the **Texas Panhandle Heritage Foundation** — producers of "Texas Outdoor Musical" in Palo Duro Canyon — and the **Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum** have provided opportunities based out of Canyon for individuals throughout the Texas Panhandle and the United States to learn more about this region's history. Through the new **Cultural Foundation of the Texas Panhandle**, both entities are coming together under the same advisory body, consisting of a board made up of individuals from throughout the state of Texas, wanting to help preserve the culture of the Texas Panhandle.

Angelo State University celebrated an agreement Tuesday with U.S. Congressman **Mike Conaway** for the development of a new archive and exhibit in his name in the ASU Mayer Museum. The project includes a \$250,000 gift from the congressman to create the K. Michael Conaway Fellowship Endowment at ASU.

Neal Odom, owner of PBD Production (Pioneer Business Development, LLC), produced The Hamblen Drive documentary that highlights the origins, construction and historical legacy of one of the first roads into Palo Duro Canyon. **William H. Hamblen** was eventually successful in completing a road that transited the vast and rugged expanse of the Palo Duro Canyon. **Vicki Hamblen**, great-granddaughter of the road builder, published a history on the engineering feat entitled *The Rim to Rim Road: Will Hamblen and the Crossing of Texas' Palo Duro Canyon*. Both Neal and Vicki grew up in Happy, Texas, and their great-grandfathers, who were also friends, were early pioneer settlers in the Texas Panhandle.

The Horse Head Crossing Celebration of History, A Living History Event, sponsored by the Pecos County Historical Commission featured numerous historical presenters including --**Tom Ashmore**, local avocational archaeologist who pinpointed the sites and trails in and around Horse Head Crossing via trail tracking, satellite, and drone imagery; **Jefferson Stillman** and **Christian Flanders** of Fort Lancaster Historic Site; and **Victoria Scism** of the Chihuahua Trails group.

James Coryell's grave has been confirmed by archeologists for the Texas Historical Commission in the Bull Hill Cemetery near Marlin, Texas. Coryell was an early pioneer and Texas Ranger who was killed in a skirmish with Caddo Indians near Fort Milam in 1837.

UPCOMING:

April 14-15, 2022. **The Texas Folklore Society** will hold their 104th annual meeting in Granbury, TX. For further information look at www.texasfolkloresociety.org.

November 11-12, 2022 – **The Center for Big Bend Studies** will host a two-day conference in the Morgan University Center on the campus of Sul Ross State University. This 28th annual conference brings together historians, archaeologists, folklorists and other researchers studying the past and present of the Big Bend region and northern Mexico. For information visit <https://cbbs.sulross.edu/conference/>.

CALL FOR PAPERS:

The East Texas Historical Association invites proposals for papers and sessions for its 2022 fall meeting to be held in Nacogdoches at the Fredonia Hotel from October 13-15, 2022. Topics that cover all aspects of East Texas' regional heritage and history receive some preference, but any proposal that deals with Texas history is welcome. The Association prefers the submission of

complete sessions (presider and three presenters or presider/commentator and two presenters), but individual submissions are also encouraged. Deadline is **May 1, 2022**.

The Center for Big Bend Studies is now accepting papers to be given at the its conference, November 11 and 12, 2022, in Alpine.. Presentations are 30 minutes long. Please submit your paper by **October 3, 2022**. Please include contact information for the primary author as well as any audio-visual equipment required for the presentation. <https://cbbs.sulross.edu/conference/conference-paper-proposal/>.

In Memory . . .

Hardman County native son **Bill Neal**, a rancher, retired country lawyer, historian, journalist, award winning author, and past president of the West Texas Historical Association, age 85, passed away December 23, 2021 in Abilene. Bill wrote many books on West Texas history and was active in county and regional historical organizations. He was born in Quanah, Texas on January 31, 1936 and graduated from Hardin-Simmons University in 1958. After serving as an Infantry Officer in the U.S. Army, he worked as a reporter, first for the *Abilene Reporter-News* and then for the *Amarillo Globe-News*. He enrolled in the University of Texas Law School where he proudly graduated first in his class in 1964. In 1968 he was elected District Attorney for the 46th Judicial District of Texas. Retiring from that office in 1976, he opened a private law office with an emphasis on criminal defense work. In 1992, he was elected District Attorney again, this time for the 50th Judicial District, where he served three terms. The forever storyteller wrote several books covering colorful stories of the history of law and lawlessness of the West Texas frontier, many of which grew from his time spent researching old records in the basements of courthouses.



In Memory . . .

James Travis Roberts, Jr., past president and board member of the WTHA, passed away on June 3, 2021 in Marathon after a brief illness. Travis was born in Alpine, Texas on May 11, 1937 and grew up working alongside his brothers on the family ranch. He attended Texas A&M where he graduated with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Civil Engineering. After college, he served as a Lieutenant in the US Army Corps of Engineers. After a short stint with the Texas Highway Department, he began his lifelong career with Hunter Associates as a Professional Engineer and Registered Surveyor. He designed and helped develop many of the cities in the North Texas area. Following retirement, he returned full time to the Maravillas Creek Ranch, just south of Marathon where he continued to serve the area doing engineering and surveying work and enjoying ranch life. His lifelong passion was the history of Texas, specifically the Southwest and Brewster County. He served as chairman on the Brewster County Historical Commission and Center for Big Bend Studies Advisory Board. He was President of the West Texas Historical Association and on the board of Preservation Texas. He was awarded the George Christian Award for Outstanding Volunteer of the Year from the Texas Historical Commission, the Sammy Baugh Award for Outstanding Service from Sul Ross University and received a letter of commendation from the Governor for 50 years of Outstanding Service to the State of Texas as a Professional Engineer.



Thomas E. Alexander passed away on September 7, 2021. He served in the U. S. Air Force and the Illinois Air National Guard, retiring as a major. Tom's creative brilliance took him to advertising and marketing positions with Marshall Field and Company, Joske's, the Bon Marché, and ultimately Neiman Marcus, where he retired as executive vice-president and chief marketing officer. He then became a cattle rancher near Stephenville. After being a full-time rancher for several years, he moved to the Hill Country area. He earned a master's degree from the American Military University in 1996. He served on the Texas Historical Commission for 12 years and spearheaded the agency's successful World War II Initiative. He wrote several books on world and Texas military history, including four with friend and fellow author, Dan Utley. He also authored a biography of Stanley Marcus and several novels.

Frederica Charlotte Burt Wyatt, of Junction, passed away on October 31, 2021. Frederica was born July 2, 1930 on a ranch near Telegraph in Kimble County. She married Chevis R. Wyatt on January 29, 1955 in Junction; they had one daughter, Charlotte. Frederica was first employed by the city of Junction as secretary-bookkeeper, and became city secretary in 1967. She was Junction's first female mayor, and held that office for three years. She returned to the City Secretary post, retiring after 39 years of public service. Frederica was a talented writer and poet.. She co-authored the book, *Coke R. Stevenson, A Texas Legend*; served as editor and chairman for *Families of Kimble County*; compiled, *Peace in the Valley* – a chronicle of the cemeteries in Kimble County, and contributed regularly to *The Junction Eagle* particularly with her weekly column "Meanderings". The city named July 16, 1994 "Frederica Wyatt Day" and celebrations were held in her honor. Frederica loved history and genealogy, and spent her retirement researching and using her knowledge to better her community.



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Throughout its distinguished history, the West Texas Historical Association has encompassed a wide range of both professional and non-professional historians, from lawyers to ranchers to teachers. Although their interests vary, members share a common desire to preserve the rich history of West Texas. All members receive the *West Texas Historical Review* and the *Cyclone*.

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