THE EAST TEXAS ECHO

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Restored wagon waiting for carriage shop opening

By Don Stevenson

One down and two to go. Thanks to Harvy Winegar and the Tyler County Heritage Society there will be three restored wagons on display at the Heritage Village in the near future.

Winegar, a resident of Cleveland who now restores wagons and buggies on a full time business, recently completed the first of three restorations scheduled by the Tyler County Heritage Society.

His first project took over five months to complete and will be housed in the soon to be completed Carriage Shop at the Village. The Carriage Shop will replace the Texas Dinner Bell facility, and is expected to be open by the end of the year.

Winegar's first restoration work is 90 year old John Deere wagon that was purchased by the Heritage Society when the village changed hands.

The new wagon was on display Saturday at the Old Time Hay Day in Jasper. Winegar brought the wagon to the exhibition from his shop in Cleveland.

The wagon, once a broken down piece of rotting equipment at the village, is now refurbished to a bright, John Deere green with yellow trim.

"You know back then," Winegar stated, "settlers would keep their buggies and wagons painted bright colors. Some of them had racing stripes."

No doubt Winegar, as well as many members of the Heritage Society, is proud of his work and are anticipating the day the wagon goes on display at the Village.

Winegar was discovered three years ago at the Hay Day in Jasper by Christine Sanders. After seeing his work, Sanders pulled him away from the exhibition and coaxed him to Woodville to see if indeed the village wagon could be restored.

"He does absolutely marvelous work," smiles Sanders. "He already has the Shivers family buggy three-quarters restored."

Sanders went on to add that when completed, the Shivers family would not have to worry about their family heirloom, noting that the new Carriage Shop will be "water tight."

Whenever the Carriage Shop is open historians can rest assured that the wagons and buggies will be restored to their original identity.

"Harvy does a lot of historic research," states Sanders. "He makes sure that the wagons and buggies are restored to their original colors."

Sanders and Winegar were joined at the Hay Day by two Junior Historians from Tyler County, Wendy Belt of Colmesneil and Paige Stevenson of Woodville. Both youngsters were treated to horse drawn wagon rides and demonstrations of hay cutting with turn of the century equipment. The equipment was pulled by a variety of draft horses, including Belgians, Percherons and Suffolks.

Draft horses from throughout Texas and Louisiana were on hand for the one day show. They Hay Day is put on by the Texas Draft Horse and Mule Association and was held at the Barber Ranch north of Jasper.

BLUEGRASS AT THE VILLAGE—Ray and Betty Meeks with Ray Burran on base entertain playgoers on the porch of the Collier Store prior to the third annual staging of the historical drama "Whispers in the Wind."

Historic Cauble House site of Heritage Society July 4 picnic

To see the Cauble house as it is today is to go back in history to Tyler County's earliest beginnings.

And it is here that the Tyler County Heritage Society will gather once again this Fourth of July to celebrate the 215th birthday of America's Independence. Members and all interested friends are invited to bring a food dish to share and come join the fun, beginning at 5 p.m. at the Cauble house property on FM 1745 north of Chester. Just watch for the signs.

In the 1988 issue of the *East Texas Echo*, the house was pictured as it stood prior to restoration, a project made possible by an original Grant issued by Temple Eastex to the Tyler County Heritage Society on behalf of Cauble family members.

The oldest known structure still standing in the county, the Cauble house, which was built of still visible hand hewn logs by Peter Cauble in 1835, now serves as a guest house for the Fellowship Baptist Church of Nederland, which owns and operates Camp Ta-Ku-La at nearby Peach Tree Village. Church volunteers put in many free hours to the restoration of the house and grounds, including the historic burial grounds of the Cauble and Burch families.

The original design of the house, which was covered with clapboard sometime before the Civil War, appears to have been three equal sized square rooms, the center portion left open as the dog-trot. The two outer portions were enclosed, of course, and were later made more comfortable with the addition of large brick fireplaces.

About this same time, the dog-trot

(Continued on 7)

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Texas Events calendar lists summer activities

Summer is bustin' out all over with fun activities and special events.

From the traditional to the unexpected, travelers will delight in the more than 1400 listings, all found in the latest *Texas Events Calendar*, released last month by the State Department of Highways and Public Transportation.

The popular calendar, spanning the summer months through August, proves something most of us have known all along. Texans love history and they love to celebrate. From major international events to down-home country fun to historical sites to see, there's something going on in Texas most all the time.

In summer, Texans take to the great outdoors. An astonishing variety of outdoor concerts, historical dramas and musical festivals are planned throughout the state and in southeast Texas in particular.

And two spots of particular historic interest can be found in Tyler County, home of Heritage Village Museum, a collection of century old structures and artifacts depicting a pioneer east Texas village, and the Allan Shivers Library and Museum, housing the history of the former governor, who called Woodville home.

This events calendar is free for the asking at any of the highways department's Texas Travel Information Centers. Or write *Texas Events Calendar, P. O. Box 5064, Austin, Texas 78763.*

Ragged Ol' Flag

Author Unknown

I walked through a country courthouse square.
On a park bench an old man was sitting there.
I said, "your old courthouse is kind of run down."
He said, "no, it's all right for our little town."
I said, "your old flag pole is leanin' a bi
And that's a ragged ol' flag you've got hangin' on it."
He said, "have a seat." And I sat down.

Is this the first time you've been to our little town?"
I said, "I think it is."
And he said, "I don't like to brag,
But we're mighty proud of that ragged ol' flag."

"You see, we got a hole in that flag,
When Washington took it across the Delaware.
And we got powder burns the night Francis Scott Key
Sat watching and writing *Oh Say Can You See.*"

"And it got a bad rip in New Orleans
With Packingham and Jackson tuggin' at its seams.
And it almost fell at the Alamo with the Texas flag.
But it waved on through.

"She got cut with swords at Chancelorsville,
She got it again at Shiloh Hill.
Robert E. Lee, Beauregard and Bragg;
Oh, the South wind blew hard on that ragged ol' flag.

"On Flanders Field in World War One
She got a big hole from a Bertha gun.
She turned blood red in World War Two,
Hanging limp and low a time or two.

"She was in Korea and Vietnam.
Wherever she was sent by Uncle Sam.
But until she waved over the Persian Gulf
We'd about quit waving her back here at home.

"In her own land she'd been abused and burned,
Dishonored, denied and refused.
And the government for which she stood
Was scandalized throughout the land.

"It's sad that it takes a war
To remind us what she's all about.
But it's good to see folks standing tall again
With their hats held over the heart.

"Sure she's getting threadbare and wearing thin,
But she's in pretty good shape for the shape she's in;
She's been through a lot of fire before,
And I figure she can take a whole lot more.

"So, we raise her up every morning.
And we take her down every night.
We don't let her touch the ground.
And we fold her up just right.

"So maybe I oughta take back what I just said.
I guess I do like to brag.
'Cause we are proud, you bet we are,
Proud as we can be of that ragged ol' flag."

The East Texas Echo

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Dottie Johnson—Heritage Village Editor
Diane Morey Sitton—Garden Editor

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Tyler County COMMUNITY CALENDAR

July 1991

July 4: TYLER COUNTY HERITAGE SOCIETY ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP PICNIC, 5 p.m. at the Cauble House, FM 1745 north of Chester. Bring a covered dish or two to share. Entertainment.
July 6: COUNTRY GOSPEL, WOOD FAIN OPERA HOUSE on the Square. Open stage 5-7 p.m. Guest group, The Branches, 7-9 p.m. Free admission.
July 13: EAST TEXAS BLACKSMITH ALLIANCE, 9 a.m. at Heritage Village Museum.
July 13: SACRED HARP SINGERS, 10 a.m. until noon, Heritage Village Museum.
JULY 19-21: NECHES VALLEY SINGING CONVENTION at the Wood Fain Opera House on the Square in Woodville.
July 20: SPAIGHT'S BATALLION, SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, 10 a.m., Heritage Village Museum.
July 26: ENCORE PERFORMANCE, COUNTRY HOSPITALITY DINNER THEATER, Wood Fain Opera House on the Square. Serving begins at 6:30 p.m. $6 advance tickets.
July 27: BLUE GRASS, Open stage from 7 p.m. at the Wood Fain Opera House. Free admission.
July 27: SACRED HARP SINGERS, 10 a.m. until noon, Heritage Village Museum.

Chamber News

TYLER COUNTY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The membership committee is making personal contract with businesses in the county in order to stimulate new membership applications.

I would like to remind the county businesses that there is strength in numbers. The more members we have, the more clout we will have when working on behalf of the local business community.

If you are a paid member, THANKS!, if you are not, please join and by all means encourage others to join. The membership committee has sucessfully contacted several businesses from your referrals, we appreciate these leads.

Sincerely,
Stephen C. Porcari, D.C.

All citizens interested in community development are eligible for membership in the Tyler County Chamber of Commerce. Call Jeanne Buck at 283-2632 or Dr. Stephen Porcari, membership chairman, at 283-8133.

Paid For By The City Of Woodville Tourism Fund

Daddy picked cotton

By Kenneth Morgan

"Gilbert said in his letter we can make good money picking cotton in Wharton County," Uncle Wallace Olds said to my Daddy, Mose Morgan.

"He told me a good cotton picker could make a dollar a day or more if he worked hard." Gilbert was his older brother and worked on a Wharton County Farm.

"That sounds good to me," replied Daddy, "but we don't have enough money to make the trip on. It's a long way down there."

"I got a little grubstake saved up," said Wallace, "and I've been thinking about tradin' my Model T for a good runnin' Dodge. I found with a flat bed. It's big enough to haul our gear, and maybe even take some more workers with us."

Within a few days Wallace traded his 1926 Model T Ford touring car with the cloth top for the bigger '28 Dodge. They gathered up blankets, pots, frying pan and eating utensils and their huge, homemade cotton sacks made of ducking. They rounded up four more workers and set off on their journey to Wharton in the Colorado River Valley, 50 miles southwest of Houston.

Jobs were scarce here in Jasper County, Texas, in August, 1930. Daddy lost his job with Kirby Lumber Company after the stock market crash in '29 and since had survived on the few odd jobs he could find. When these played out he hewed cross-ties with a broad axe to save the $35 doctor's fee for my birth and managed to make $20 to pay Ben Roher for a shack he moved here on Hurricane Branch for us to live in. He cleared land and planted a pea patch in the Spring of 1930 and bought us a few chickens.

My folks were not the only ones having a tough time. Approximately 13 million Americans or 25 per cent of the labor force was unemployed. President Herbert Hoover did not believe in government handouts. He believed that the Americn economy would right itself in a short time if left alone. He was wrong. It was not until Franklin D. Roosevelt was sworn in on March 4, 1933, that things started getting a little better.

Daddy and the others found work picking cotton when they arrived at Wharton. They worked in a stooped position all day, dragging the large 9 foot sack with a shoulder strap and stuffing the cotton inside. When it got too heavy to pull, they dragged it to where the overseer had his scales set up, the cotton's weight was recorded and the worker returned to the field. The overseer furnished them a shack to live in, but it was so hot they usually took their blankets out under the big pecan trees to sleep.

One night as they lay sleeping, Wallace awaked to see a large group of dogs standing in a circle around the sleeping workers. He reached out and touched Daddy, saying "Mose, we're surrounded by some bad looking dogs." Daddy came up like a coiled spring, jumped into the midst of the startled animals, slapping his legs and yelling. The dogs left in a hurry.

They normally left the fields in the evenings while there was still enough daylight to cook their supper over an outdoor fire. One evening, on the way to camp, Daddy caught a stray gander. They dressed him and put him into a large pot to cook with rice. That tough old gander was cooked three more evenings before he was tender enough to eat, but the rice had a good flavor after that first cooking.

They found a bee tree on the property where they worked and asked permission of the landowner to cut it. Permission was denied. Daddy climbed the large blackberry tree, reached into the hollow where the bees had their hive, pulled out the honeycomb and dropped it into a clean, blue jean jumper held aloft by the others below. He never received a sting. That night and for several evenings thereafter, they feasted on the rich honey.

Here at home we managed to survive while Daddy was gone and ate a little better after the pea patch came in and the chickens started laying. Mama was a good hunter and would sometimes shoot a rabbit or squirrel. She managed to save a few eggs and send them to town by Uncle Obe Wigley, where he sold them and bought for us such staples as flour, salt and cornmeal.

Mr. Roosevelt set up the Civil Conservation Corps or C.C.C. a short time after taking office, putting 2.5 million people back to work. A little later, he started the Works Progress Administration or W.P.A., which employed 3.5 million Americans. Daddy didn't work on either of these projects. After the economy started picking up, he found work on his own and put in long hours at low pay to keep us clothed and fed.

From 1930 to 1940, in his spare time after his regular job, he cleared 12 acres of land with a cross-cut saw, axe and shovel; fenced it with hand-split rails and put it into cultivation each year with corn, peas, potatoes and peanuts. He built a barn and smoke house, dug two wells, built a road a half mile long with a bridge across Hurricane Branch, built the house my mother lives in today and roofed it with cypress boards rived out with a fro and wooden mallet. He also built a house for his invalid father and supported him and his mother through the depresseion years.

Through it all I never heard Daddy complain about anything. On a few occasions I heard him say he was tired, but I never heard him say he was bored.

The Native American version of Adam and Eve

As told by Sam Barnett of Livingston

Half Choctaw and half Black Dutch, Livingston's Sam Barnett was first introduced to Indian lore at the knee of his maternal grandparents, who told him stories on the southern Oklahoma resevation, where his mother was raised.

Later he did extensive research on these tribes, their artifacts, emblems, totems and legends, blending it with his knowledge of the stones he collects throughout Oklahoma and Texas.

Today he also combines these stories with the legends he has heard about these stones, bringing them to places like Heritage Village Museum.

The following story, learned from his grandfather, is the Indian's version of *Adam and Eve.*

WHITE BUFFALO WOMAN

The beginning came when the Great Spirit made the warrior. He was alone. Although the spirit came to him in voices, he was giving lessons of life.

At this time, man was pure in mind and body. He harmed no living creature, ate only what he could forage from the fields and the forests.

But it became apparent to the Great Spirit that the warrior desired a mate. So he created the Buffalo.

In the herd was a single white cow. The warrior awoke shortly before dawn to thunder in the valley below. He was awed by the buffalo size and speed and also by the beauty of the white buffalo.

When darkness had come to the land, the white buffalo was transformed into a beautiful maiden. She searched out the warrior and taught him to hunt for his own survival. This took many moons and each day the maiden would disappear before the warrior awoke. But each day he would see the white buffalo in the valley below.

Soon the maiden was blessed by the birth of two babes, one boy, one girl.

The warrior was very happy and wanted to show his appreciation to his new wife for the gift of his family. So, early one morning, after the children were safely tucked away, he left their camp to hunt. All day he stalked the buffalo tribe until he got very close, and then he speared the white buffalo cow just as the rays of the sun passed from the sky.

As the sun set in the distance, the white buffalo was transformed into the beautiful maiden. The warrior was heartbroken and began to wail and grieve and sing the death chant.

But that is still another story.

GARDENING:

Methods and materials of yesteryear

By Dianne Morey Sitton
Garden Editor

In the mid-1800s gardeners brewed up solutions of quassie wood to fight carnation twitters and chased mealy bugs with tobacco smoke and whale oil soap. They used decoctions of Peruvian guano to fertilize plants, and they heated hot beds with kerosene lamps.

A lot has changed over the years. Today, the ease of applying commercial fertilizers has lured gardeners away from guano water. Pesticides, in the form of liquids and powders, have replaced smoke for ridding gardens of insects. And carnation twitters, so colorfully named in the 1800s, are now called spider mites.

Although many of our gardening materials and methods are different than those of our ancestors, some of the old-fashioned techniques have practical application and deserve rediscovery.

One idea from the past that is popular today are seed exchange columns found in gardening publications. During the 1800s, in Park's Floral Magazine, Gardener's Monthly and Horticulturist, The Rural American and other magazines, it was not unusual to read offerings of "calico and satin suitable for patchwork" in exchange for plants, bulbs or seeds. Patterns for lace and recipes for perfume were common bargaining chips as well.

By the mid-1800s seed catalogs had become the gardener's helpmate, much as they are today. Not only did they offer seeds, they offered advice. The pages of the Germain Fruit Company's 1896 catalog told gardeners, "Do not attempt too much." In 1881, D. M. Ferry and Company advised readers to "Keep weeds down. The old addage, 'One year's seeding makes seven years' weeding' is correct."

The old catalogs frequently included hints for germinating seeds. Often, gardeners heated pans of soil in the ovens of their wood stoves to kill weed seeds and insect eggs. After sowing the seeds, gardeners covered the pans with thick cloth and placed them on the backs of stoves to keep them warm.

Gardeners sometimes germinated tiny seeds, including fern spores, in hollowed-out bricks. Seedsmen advised growers to "Get a soft brick, hollow out one of its sides, place some sifted woods earth in the cavity, press it down smooth, and sow the seeds over the surface. Now set the brick in a pan of water in a shady place."

Seeding in eggshells, an early version of seeding in peat blocks, was popular in the 1800s when gardeners pricked holes in the bottom of the shells, filled them with sifted soil, then sunk them in moist sand. When the plant was ready for transplanting (also called "afterplanting"), gardeners cracked the eggshell, then plucked it off the matted roots.

Most seedsmen recommended setting out transplants at evening or before or during a rain. "The worst time to transplant," ran old advice, "is just after a rain, when the ground is wet. It is impossible to sufficiently press it about the plant without its baking hard."

In cases where there was no soil around the roots of transplants, seedsmen suggested making a 'puddle' of thick muddy water in a wash-tub and dipping the roots in it before planting.

It's likely that gardeners used dibbles, a stick sometimes tipped with metal, to make the holes to set the plants. Other digging tools used by New World gardeners included crowbars, called "crows"; mattocks; and spades. Many of the tools were made by the gardeners who used them.

Hoes were in constant use. Gardeners used narrow hoes for cultivating and digging out weeds; they used broad hoes for busting clods of earth. "Spuds," the hoe of gentlemen, had a 2-inch blade on the end. Gardeners carried them like walking sticks, cutting weeds as they strolled the garden grounds.

In their fight against weeds most growers used hoes. Occasionally, gardeners spread a thick layer of dry straw across the garden, sprinkled it with kerosene oil, and set it on fire. The intense heat, says an 1890 gardener"... will destroy the vitality of all weed seeds within an inch or two of the surface." After the fire had burned itself out, gardeners worked the scorched earth with a fine steel rake until the soil was level and free of debris.

The practice of burning straw in the garden had another benefit as well: the resulting ash acted as a fertilizer.

Although factory-made fertilizers (called artificial manures) were available more than a hundred years ago, natural fertilizers, including bones, fish, manure, hardwood ashes and hooves, were abundant and commonly used.

Household ammonia, still used today, was popular for houseplants in the proportion of one teaspoon to one tablespoon mixed into a gallon of water. The enriching element in ammonia is nitrogen.

Gardeners valued bones as a soil enricher because the rushed bones did not leach away. Today, bone is sold as bonemeal. In the 1800s bone was sold as ground bone or crushed bone. Gardeners of the era sometimes burned bones before crushing them, although burning was not recommended.

Park seed catalog advised alternating layers of bones with ashes in an old barrel in order to reduce them. For optimum results gardeners moistened the layers and stored the barrels in a dry area for several months. Other gardeners stacked bones in piles, then covered them with unslaked lime. The lime reduced the bones to powder.

Fish, first used as a fertilizer by the native American Indians, was buried in compost where the oil could dissolve. Gardeners scraped animal hair, another compost builder, from the hides of hogs. Periodicals and almanacs of the day recommended the hides as fertilizers as well.

"Leather, new or old, in small bits for dry soil," was the advice given by Samuel Dean in The New-England Farmer or Georgical Dictionary. This 300-page volumn was the first gardening book published in America (1790).

In 1870, a gardening publication endorsed clippings from horses hooves as "a good liquid fertilizer." Recommendations including dunking a bushel of clippings into a barrel of water and allowing the decoction to stand for a week. As gardeners used the solution they added more water. They replaced the clippings twice a year.

Dean also suggested rags as fertilizer. In his book he wrote, "Linen rags will be a manure worth having, but they take a long time to putrefy. Woolen rags, chopped to pieces are good for a hot soil."

JACKIE GARDNER of the Village's Cottage Rose shows Woodville 8th graders how to prepare and pot their own antique rose cuttings to take home. He instructs readers to cut the rags into one-inch squares and to apply them at the rate of twenty-four bushels an acre. Farmers of the day said the woolen rags "warmed the land."

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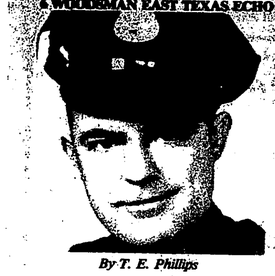


Keeping the smugglers at bay

By T. E. Phillips

Old habits are hard to break. I know. I have one that started in 1928, when I was accepted by examination into the U. S. Border Patrol.

There was so much I had to learn about immigration law, besides having to be able to speak Spanish in just six months, that I got in the habit of getting up at four a.m. to study. At seven I'd take a cup of coffee to my wife Bobbie to wake her up, so she would get up and fix my breakfast. I had to be at work at eight.

Regardless of what time I got to bed or, in fact, if I worked all night, I still got up and studied. It was a practice I was to continue the entire 24 years I was in the Border Patrol.

When I moved back to Woodville in 1955, I got into the Real Estate Business and that took lots of study too, so my habit of getting up early and studying served me well in getting my broker's license.

Next thing I knew, Rois Brockman had talked me into helping him start a Municipal Judge's office for Woodville. He thought my having studied law would be of help. It was supposed to be a temporary job, and it was. It only lasted another 24 years.

During those years, I still had to do a lot of studying, so that early morning habit of mine held me in good stead.

Now that my chief occupations are keeping our gardens in shape and writing stories for *The Echo*, I've changed my morning rising time by only an hour, getting up at five and reading the paper before taking Bobbie her first cup of coffee. It's also during those early morning hours that I think about the stories I want to write and try to remember events as they actually happened so long ago.

It was on one of these mornings that I got to thinking about the different ways those early smugglers had of making our lives difficult.

The U. S. Border Patrol was just a few years old, when I went in. Most of us didn't know what to do or what to expect, except trouble.

Until then, most of the men in the Patrol were former Texas Rangers, who were helping train us to be officers. Meanwhile, they were the only officers trying to stop all the smuggling that was going on along the river. And, even though they were respected and admired by decent people and feared and hated by the smugglers, they were just too few to do much good. And there was no local law enforcement they could count on to back them up.

As the population of the Brownsville District at that time was 98 per cent Mexican, it was only natural that smuggling was the major work program in the valley. About Star County, the old officers used to say it had a ppopulation of 4000, and 4400 of them were smugglers.

The most dangerous places along the border were Donna and Mission. Just across the river a way was Camargo, where Pancho Villa had his headquarters. Even though he eventually sold out to the U. S., his men did not. They continued to smuggle. And I had more fights in that area than at any other station.

The smugglers controlled all the land south of the Military Highway, which ran more or less parallel to the river from Rio Grande City to Brownsville. They had their own crossing sites, where they didn't even bother to hide their boats. And since their numbers were so much greater than ours, they could forbid the Border Patrol to enter that territory. Any time an officer ventured south of the highway, he would be shot at, usually by a Mexican in a tall tree.

That was one of the Mexican's ways of patrolling the river that I could never quite understand. There was nearly always a slight wind off the Gulf, and the trees would be shaking and make it hard for anyone in it to take aim. Besides any one shooting at a down angle will almost always shoot low. I know. I have the ankle scars to prove it. They all used old one shot rifles wth black powder for ammunition. One shot from a tree, and there would be a big puff of smoke, so we could tell just where the lookout was. Usually our first shot would get him.

I'm still not sure whether the man in the tree was supposed to shoot to kill or just warn all the crossings of our presence. Whatever their thinking, we soon put a stop to the tree shootings.

Just above Brownsville was one of the most used trees, as a man in that tree could see across the railroad track that was built on the flood leevees surrounding Brownsville. There was a tree house in it. so the lookout would be more comfortable and be protected from the elements. It also kept us from knowing whether there was a man in the tree until he started shooting.

Finally I figured a way to put that tree house out of business. One morning I slipped through the underbrush until I could see the tree and the house in it. When I heard some wagons pull up to the crossing and people talking, I gave them time to send a man up into the tre before I started shooting. Now, I never actually saw theman go up to the tree house, but I do know I shot that house to pieces.

One of the worse smuggling places on the river was in Star County, between Ojo de Agua and Sam Fordyce. At this spot, the river made a big bend. On the southwest side of this jut of land were lots of trees and brush. On the southeast side there was a nice long sand bar. At the end of a road that ran down to the river was a small one room house. The man who lived there was probably one of the biggest cattle smugglers on the river. He had two cowboys who lived in the two jacals behind the house.

I had gotten word that three big truck loads of smuggled cattle had been brought over. I was tired of running from smugglers and letting them have their way, so I decided to go take a look. I had my old partner with me, and I knew what he could and would do. We drove as far as we could, got through the fence by shooting off the lock, found the trail the cattle had made and followed it to the river.

As we reached the river, we saw the man in front of his house. The two cowboys saw us and as they headed for their jacals, one of them fired his rifle. He didn't take aim, just fired to warn us. At the sound of the shot, the man ran toward his house, and just as he reached the front door, I put a 30.06 bullet about six inches above his head.

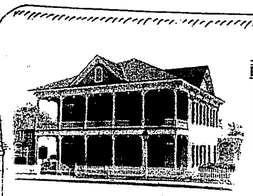
As the cowboys ran inside, my partner put a hole through one of the jacals. That brought the man back out of his house with his wife close behind, both running down the road away from us. As he was much faster than she, he soon left her far behind, but he did get a little help from me, as I put a couple of shots just behind him to encourage his speed.

Meanwhile my partner kept on shooting through the jacals, and we saw people running back into the woods.

Across the road from the house was a small pasture, where the man had obviously been feeding some cattle just before we arrived. Since we knew that the cattle would be smuggled on the next load, we eliminated them, then shot more holes through the buildings. As far as I know, we didn't hit any of the people, but then we weren't shooting at them. I was just tired of being pushed around by bandits and wanted to show them the time for law and order had come to the border.

That was the beginning of our program of shooting and sinking any boats that were left in the river, whether on our side or theirs. It didn't stop the smuggling, but it did slow it down a bit, and it did show them that we were of a mind to stop it.

VILLAGE VOLUNTEERS—James whittles, Mary Ann quilts, and together the Sheffields from Spurger can always be counted on whenever there is something special special going on at Heritage Village.



Allan Shivers Library & Museum NEWS

302 N. Charlton,
Woodville, TX

July 2—10:30 and 11:30 a.m. Reading Club programs by Mary Frances Hickman and Sue Shields
July 3—10 a.m. Day Care Center Film
2 p.m. Little Eagles Nest Film
July 9—Reading Club programs by Judy Kenesson and Terry Ferguson
July 10—10 a.m. Day Care Center Film
2 p.m. Little Eagles Nest Film
July 11—2 p.m. Books delivered to both nursing homes
2:30 - 4:30 p.m. U.S. Forest Service meeting
July 16—10:30 and 11:30 a.m. Reading Club programs by Leslie Dubey from the Big Thicket and Sandy Boettcher, Sharon Brown, and Iris Wiedenfield
July 17—10 a.m. Day Care Center Film
2 p.m. Little Eagles Nest Film
July 18—6 p.m. John Grey Institute
July 24—10 a.m. Day Care Center Film
July 25—2 p.m. Books delivered to both nursing homes
July 26—Last day to turn in Reading Club logs
July 30—10 a.m. Texas State Reading Club Awards Day
July 31—10 a.m. Day Care Center Film
2 p.m. Little Eagles Nest Film

Endangered paddlefish found in Big Thicket

By Ruth Kesserman
Park Ranger
Big Thicket National Preserve

The muddy water of the Neches River conceals its many inhabitants. Occasional sightings of alligators, beavers and otters remind visitors that the Neches is home to an abundance of wildlife.

One of the most mysterious creatures lurking below the surface is also one of the biggest: the paddlefish.

The paddlefish gets its name from its long, flattened snout that resembles a paddle. The fish has a large mouth like a shark, but unlike the shark it has no teeth. So how does this fish eat? The fish uses sensory pits located on the underside of the paddle to locate plankton. The paddlefish swims with its mouth open, allowing large amounts of water to enter the mouth and pass out the gills. Gillrakers inside the mouth act like a sieve to trap the small, floating animals. Large amounts of plankton must be consumed to meet the dietary needs of the fish. After all, these fish can grow to over eight feet and reach a weight of 200 pounds (although the average maximum weight is 90 pounds).

Paddlefish are sometimes called "boneless cats" because the skeleton is mostly cartilage, the same tissue that makes up the skeleton of sharks and rays. Fisherman used to cut the paddlefish into steaks which made excellent eating.

Finding a paddlefish is not easy. While they once inhabited the three major rivers in the Big Thicket (Sabine, Neches and Trinity), today they are thought to occur naturally only in the Trinity and Sabine. During heavy spring runoff these fish seek gravel beds or sand bars to spawn. The female scatters her eggs over the gravel, and the males fertilize them. The fertilized eggs have an adhesive coating, which causes them to sink and adhere to the gravel. The hatching larvae depend on this extra weight to help them wriggle free from the egg capsule.

Loss of suitable habitat caused the reduction of paddlefish in these rivers. Dams were constructed on all three rivers, restricting the natural river flow. The fish could not find enough suitable areaas for their eggs. Pollution in the rivers and increased fishing pressure removed valuable fish from the resource and contributed to the destruction of the fishery. As a result, the paddlefish was declared an endangered species on July 18, 1977.

Today, the fish is making a comeback due to efforts by the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department. Paddlefish are being raised at state hatcheries and stocked in the Angelina and Neches Rivers above and below Sam Rayburn Reservoir, in the Neches River above Lake Steinhagen, and in the Trinity River above Lake Livinston. The young paddlefish do not resemble the adults for two to three years until their paddles begin to grow. The young fish grow rapidly and soon are released in the rivers.

On rare occasions a paddlefish becomes snagged on a trotline in the Neches River below Dam B. These fish are believed to have accidentally traveled down the river through the outfall released of the dam. But remember, it is illegal to harvest the paddlefish or collect its eggs. This protection, along with the stock efforts of the state, will help ensure a future for this ancient fish.

★Cauble House (From Page One)

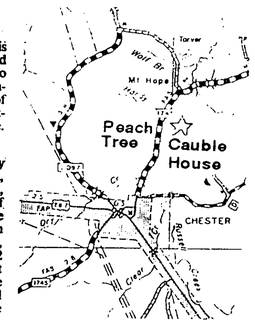
was enclosed and a long wing added to the back of the house, transforming the house from a rectangle to an "L" shape with porches built along the inside rooms.

This house was such a landmark in the early days of the region that it is mentioned in the legislative action that created Polk County in 1846. The survey line that denotes Polk County was to run "two miles west of the home of Peter Cauble."

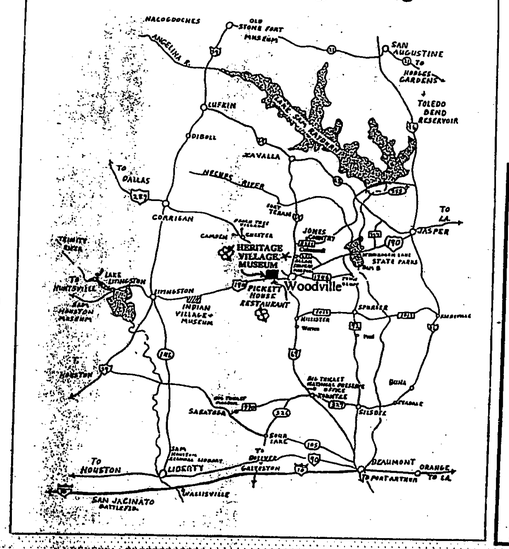
The son of Elizabeth Fogelman and Peter Cauble, whose forebearers immigrated to the New World from the Rhine Country in 1730, Peter Cauble was born in North Carolina in 1786. By 1812, he had moved to Tennessee, where he farmed and taught school and married Mary Rotan of South Carolina.

After the birth of their first two children, the Caubles moved to Alabama, where their daughter Helen Elmira was born in 1819. It was this daughter who later, in Texas, married Valentine Burch, the son-in-law, who helped Cauble oversee his large plantation. It is Burch, a hero of the Battle of San Jacinto, who is credited with the extensive remodeling of the original house.

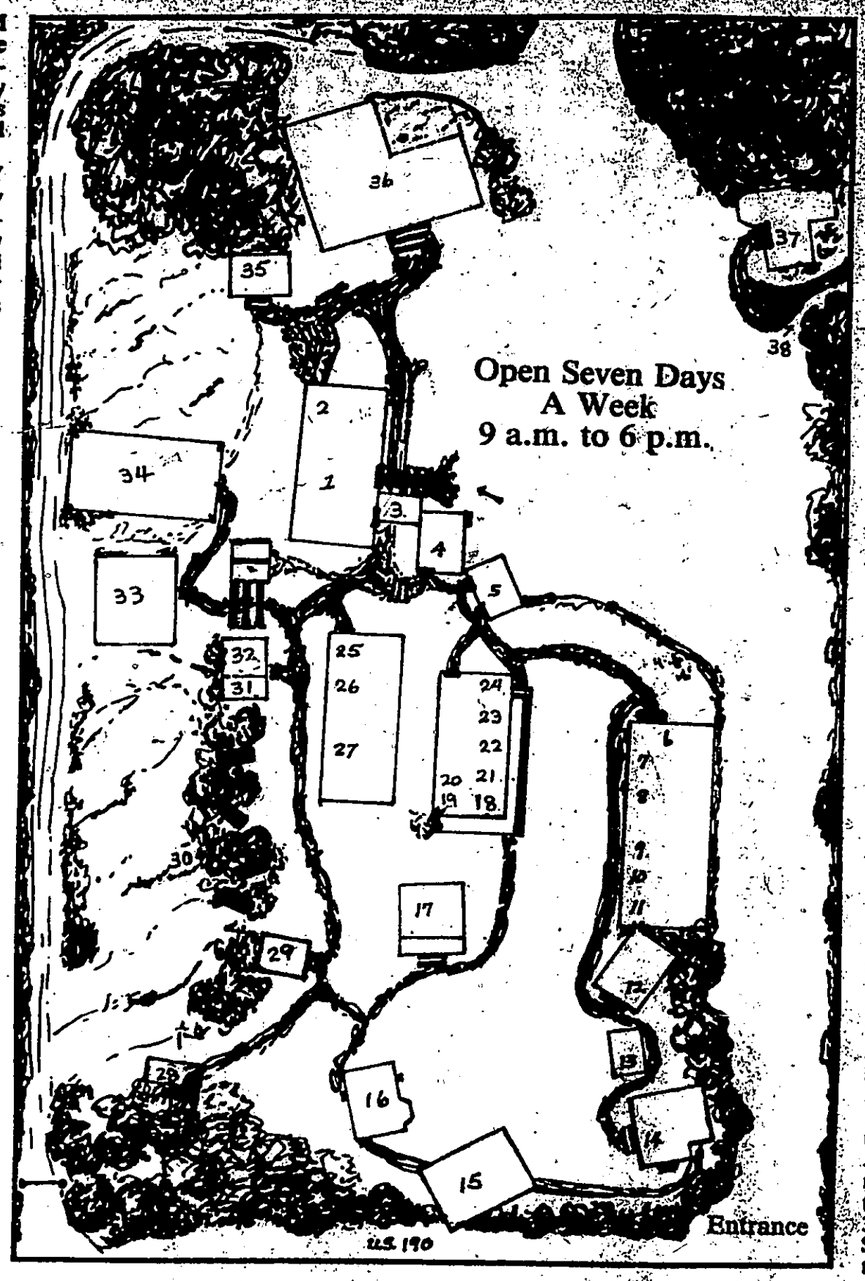
But Burch wasn't the only family hero. Peter Cauble, now 50 years old, also answered the call of Sam Houston, when he began rounding up his Army of the People of Texas in 1835. Among the first settlers of Peach Tree Village, an earlier post of the Alabama Indians, Cauble left his new log home, just 12 miles from the Mexican outpost of Fort Teran, and his children, and joined the forces to win independence for the land he and his family had called home since 1831.



How To Find Heritage Village



Heritage Village Museum: A Unique Collection Of Early Tyler County Artifacts



1.—ENTRANCE & MUSEUM STORE: Enter the Village through the Museum Store, where you'll find an intriguing collection of unique country crafts, an outstanding selection of books dealing with the history of the area, and many unusual gift items.

2.—WHITMEYER GENEALOGY LIBRARY: Research your Tyler County roots right here at the Village. Share information through our Genealogy Register, use our microfiche and microfilm readers, browse through our growing collection of family histories and books.

3.—EXHIBITION ROOM: Monthly exhibits are shown in this room to further explain the history of Tyler County that is being preserved in the Village.

4.—KILLAM JEWELRY SHOP: Talented jewelry designer John Killam demonstrates early methods of jewelry making for visitors, while operating his custom jewelry business. Many of his designs are found exclusively in the Museum Store.

5.—JUSTICE OF THE PEACE: The JP's duties once included assaying minerals, performing marriage ceremonies and handing out punishment to criminals. Former Woodville City Magistrate and Border Patrolman T.E. Phillips offers interesting evidence of his colorful careers for Village visitors.

6.—PAWN SHOP: Old time mechanical money banks in the window invite visitors inside, where a wide variety of treasures can be found that stir memories oT days gone by.

7.—WAGON SHOP: Plans are under way for reworking this area into a wagon shop and Tack Room.

8.—TEXAS DINNER BELL FACTORY. The traditional triangle, which rang across pioneer lands both as an alarm and a chow time "come and get it", is made here for sale at the Museum Store and in specialty shops coast to coast.

9.—POST OFFICE: There really was a Pluck Post Office, and Willie Reinhardt was the last Postmaster for the little mill town near Corrigan in Polk County. Inside fixtures of our reconstruction came from the original.

10.—BARBER SHOP: If you wanted a Saturday night bath, this century old barber shop could accommodate you in the back room. The 1836 copper tub once belonged to a Jefferson, Texas, blacksmith. The century old fixtures of the shop included two chairs, which could be laid back and revolved, but not raised or lowered.

11.—SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND JAIL: Every town had one, of course. The Village's offering is a replica of the type of facilities one might have found in early Tyler County days.

12.—BLACKSMITH SHOP: In use in Colmesneil in the late 1800's, this shop is now the home of the East Texas Blacksmith Alliance. Village Blacksmiths fire up the forge whenever a touring group is expected, inviting them to share in what was once one of the most important businesses in any town.

13.—CANE GRINDER AND SYRUP MILL: Horses or mules were used to turn the grinders through which sugar cane was squeezed before the slow process of cooking the juice into a delectable syrup. In the shed beyond is an old wagon donated by the late Gov. Allan Shivers, a famous Woodville son.

14.—TOLAR CABIN: Built by Robert Tolar for his bride in 1866 and donated by his ancestors, the cabin, where family members cooked their meals over the open fire well into the 1950's, was moved intact from near Hillister, It was awarded the medallion of the Texas Historical Commission in 1964.

15.—CHEROKEE CHURCH: Established in 1860 and rebuilt in 1912, Cherokee Church served the entire community northwest of Woodville for many years. The church building, which served a Baptist congregation from 1936-1986, was dismantled and rebuilt at the Village in 1990.

16.—RAILROAD DEPOT: Materials for this depot came from the 1890 station in Hillister. The loop hanging on the outside wall held the Order Stick, which the Station Master would hold out to a passing train so orders; information and outgoing mail could be picked up without the train having to slow down.

17.—COLLIER STORE: Much of the original material and furnishings are included in the reconstruction of this general store, built in Town Bluff in 1863 by Zacharia Cowart Collier.

18.—TURKEY CREEK INN: A replica of what an early hostelry looked like in Tyler County. Furnishings are being assembled to accompany the handsome upright piano donated by Phebe Armstrong and her sister, Margaret Parker.

19.—LAWYERS OFFICE: Every so often, every one in town needed a lawyer, and it wasn't unusual to find him officing off the lobby of the local hotel.

20.—SALOON: Even a little town like Woodville once had a saloon. In fact at one time, it had several. But our Village will have only one, off the hotel lobby and behind the Apothecary.

21.—APOTHECARY SHOP: In an old time drug store, only prescriptions and home remedies were sold. The prescription counter here is from a drug store in Rockland, which was once a thriving mill town and the terminus of the railroad from Beaumont.

22.—PHYSICIAN'S OFFICE: Dr. and Mrs. Gayle Burton of Woodville are currently researching early Tyler County physicians to authenticate the refurbishing of this office.

23.—SEAMSTRESS SHOP: Recreation of an 1875-85 Shop, which in its day was a genteel way for a lady to earn a living. Joseph Gerrietts and his mother, Martha Stark, of Houston are responsible for the research and furnishings of this shop, which offers a delightful look into the world of fashion, a century ago.

24.—OPEN DEMONSTRATION AREA: Opening up the entrance to the Village, this area is used for a variety of demonstrations throughout the year, such as our white oak basket makers.

25.—MUSIC SHOP: Musical history memorabilia from the collection of Bubba Voss of Orange, who spent many years in a circus band, has been increased to include old sheet music donated by Fred Bennett of Woodville.

26.—CHAIR FACTORY. Dallas Miller operated this chair factory in Burkeville until 1964, when it was donated to the Village by his family. Besides being the best chair maker in this part of the country, Miller was also a genius in fabricating the machinery he needed to make those chairs.

27.—INDUSTRIAL AREA. Soon to be the home of the Mattress Factory, Seed Separator and other early machinery needed to keep an early Village operating.

28.—VILLAGE STILL: Once shamefully located right outside the school house, the Whiskey Still is now back in the woods where it can turn out its moonshine without corrupting young souls at recess.

29.—LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE: Typical of the one-room school houses where all grades were taught by one teacher and older students were pressed into service to help the younger ones with their lessons.

30.—PICNIC AREA: Nested in the woods is a deliglitful picnic area where visitors who wish to "brown bag" it can relax and enjoy.

31.—SHINGLE SPLITTING: Under the overhang of the log utility shed you'll often find Ewell Woods, one of the Village's most faithful volunteers, who splits shingles to the entertainment of Village visitors.

32.—LOG UTILITY SHED. The Junior Historians, a group of middle and high school students sponsored by the Tyler County Heritage Society at the Village, dismantled and reassembled this sturdy log structure, which came from the Pleasant Hill Community near Spurger, southeast of Woodville.

33.—CANTILEVER LOG BARN: This 140-year old log barn once belonged to the family of famed timber and oilman, John Henry Kirby, at Peach Tree Village near Chester. It was moved log by log to the Village by a team of volunteers.

34.—DEMONSTRATION BARN: Since old time craft demonstrations are the life line of the Village, this open sided pole barn offers a perfect spot for large demonstrations, outdoor gatherings and workshops.

35.—THE COTTAGE ROSE: Antique and miniature roses surround this delightful little shop, which is located outside the Village proper, up the hill from the Pickett House. In addition to beautiful containerized plants outside and an aromatic profusion of dried floral items inside, the mother-daughter owners offer demonstrations and help with making the Village more authentically flowerful to its depicted period.

36.—PICKETT HOUSE: Country cooking abounds in this world famous restaurant housed in a turn of the century school house. Open daily with an all-you-can-eat menu that includes chicken and dumplings, fresh vegetables and fruit cobblers, the bright cheerful interior is decorated with colorful circus posters from the collection of Bubba Voss from Orange.

37.—HAMM HOUSE: Donated by the Hamm Family of Town Bluff, this century old home is currently being restored as a Nature Center at the head of the Big Woods Hiking Trails.

38.—BIG WOODS HIKING TRAILS: This 11.5 acres of well-marked hiking trails offer most of the treasures that can be found in the Big Thicket.