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# THE JEFFERSONIAN

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# Jay Gould Descendant Revokes Curse

Jefferson has a romantic link to history as nineteenth century steamboat port. During the golden era it was an exciting place where elegant steamboats would bring manufactured goods from the East, the latest news and pioneers who were starting a new life as they stepped off the steamboats onto Texas soil.

Jefferson enjoyed unmatched prosperity for an East Texas frontier town, and its lush setting on the banks of Big Cypress Bayou was an exciting place to live. When cruel fate removed the reasons for this prosperity, its citizens never forgot the glories of its golden era. Children grew up on stories of Jefferson's exciting past and the colorful people who made their contributions to its history. Legends were therefore inevitable, especially when questions were asked about the cause of its decline.

A scapegoat of sorts was found in the railroad tycoon, Jay Gould. His influence was so great that people believed, especially in Jefferson, that he could make or break a town, depending upon where he wished for his railroad tracts to be located.

The Excelsior Hotel's register had (and still does) a Gould signature with the curse "The End of Jefferson, Texas" below it and the people of Jefferson believed that this was the wish of Jay Gould. Further, the curse was expanded by legend to include: "Grass will grow in your streets and bats will fly in your houses."

Recent research of facts has revealed that Jay Gould did not place a curse on Jefferson, and that when he came here, he lauded its natural resources and its potential for growth. But legends die hard.



In the fall of 1983, by coincidence, Miss Laurel Akin, a Dallas resident and loan officer with The First National Bank of Chicago in Dallas, had a telephone conversation with Maughan Anthony Gould of Washington, D. C. They were working on a transaction between Miss Akin's Bank and a project for the Cadillac Fairview Urban Development Corporation in Washington, D.C. Miss Akin, who had been to Jefferson many times and was well acquainted with its history and legends, asked Mr. Gould if he was a descendant of Jay Gould. He responded that Jay Gould was his great-great grandfather.

When it was learned by Duke DeWare, the Chairman of The Marion County Historical Commission, of the whereabouts of a Jay Gould descendant, Mr. Gould was invited to Jefferson to address its citizens on the subject of Jay Gould's connection with the town.

On Saturday, December 3, 1983, Tony Gould, his wife, Nancy and daughter, Margaret arrived in Jefferson. They checked into the Excelsior House Hotel and were assigned to the Jay Gould room.

Tony Gould and his family toured the Atalanta, Jay Gould's former private railroad car, and later in the day he addressed several hundred people at the dedication of a Texas Historical Marker for the Sterne Memorial Fountain.

He stated that "I would like to believe that while the "legend" lives on, as it should, that my real great-great-grandfather was the man who visited Jefferson in April, 1890 and



JAY GOULD

gave the positive upbeat "iron city" speech, not the "jaybird" Gould of Excelsior House fame in 1881 or 1882. And while he obviously cannot join us and clear up any more of the mystery, one thing is for sure: If he was alive today, Jay Gould would be the last person to look around and state that a "prophecy" had come true, for it is clear to this observer and any other here today that 'no grass has grown in Jefferson's streets, nor are there any empty houses in which bats could dwell.' You all have done a wonderful job here and must be justly proud. Good luck, God bless and thank you for inviting the Gould family to return to Jefferson."

Before leaving Jefferson for Washington, D.C., Tony Gould made the following prophesy: "Jefferson is just beginning".

# Search for Mittie Stephens Continues on Caddo Lake

by Ruby Lang

On February 12, 1869, the sidewheel steamboat MITTIE STEPHENS burned and sank in Caddo Lake while enroute to Jefferson, Texas. Out of a total of one hundred and seven passengers and crew, sixty-one men, women and children perished within site of shore and safety.

The fate of the MITTIE STEPHENS hauntingly reflects that of Jefferson, a town made famous by its legends and living history. Steamboat technology and its dominance of freight and passenger transport transformed Jefferson into a rollicking riverport, second only to Galveston in commercial importance in early Texas history. The city's prominence waned in the late 1870's, as did that of the tall, palacial steamers that made Jefferson a center of westward expansion and southern culture. Today, 2,600 people reside in this charming historic city on the Big Cypress bayou. Beautiful Victorian homes and brick lined streets recall its 19th-century elegance and prosperity. The visitor to Jefferson steps back in time and memory to a hundred years ago. The MITTIE STEPHENS is a part of the memory.

The MITTIE STEPHENS was built in Madison, Indiana by the Madison Marine Ways in 1863. And what a boat she was! In a city famous for its shipyards, the MITTIE was described by a local reporter as "a splendid sidewheel steamer one of the best boats that has been built here for some time" . . . So fine she was that the Mittie Stephens March was composed and dedicated to one of her original owners, Captain A. C. Goodin. Captain Joseph L. Stephens, the other original owner, commissioned a painting of the boat with her namesake, the one year old Mittie Stephens, the Captain's beloved daughter.

The outbreak of war intervened and the MITTIE STEPHENS was drafted into the Union navy as a troop transport vessel. She was with Admiral Porter during his Red River Squadrons humiliating defeat at Alexandria. Because of her speed and light draft, the MITTIE was frequently in the midst of battle. She was fired upon and hit on at least two separate occasions.



After the war, the MITTIE'S home port was New Orleans. For the next three years, she plied the Mississippi and Red River, often transporting supplies to various Union posts during the bitter years of reconstruction. In March 1868, an advertisement in the "Jefferson Jimplecute" announced the MITTIE'S entry as a permanent New Orleans - Jefferson packet. Perhaps she was battlescarred and a bit worn, but her owners proudly bragged about her speed, her accommodations, and most of all, her fine cuisine.

The MITTIE STEPHENS left New Orleans on February 5, 1869, the start of one of her bi-weekly trips to Jefferson. She reached Shreveport on the 11th, where J. W. Lively and his family, perhaps guided by Providence, impulsively left the ill-fated boat. By 11:00 p.m. the MITTIE called at Mooringsport, where she picked up one passenger, the unlucky James Christian. She continued to navigate the hazardous waters of Caddo Lake at night, while

(See MITTIE... Page 5)

# Writer Suffers From 'Historicus Neuroticus'

by William Gleason

My wife and I bought an old house in Jefferson last summer. We paid cash for it. The bank was nice enough to lend us the cash. My wife fell in love with the house when she found faded scratches on a doorjamb that recorded the heights of children who had lived there generations prior to our fated visit. There were barely legible names by the faded scratches and barely legible dates also, which probably explains why my wife's eyes glazed over. She stared at the doorframe for a long time. I stared at the floors and tried to mentally calculate the number of bottles of Mr. Clean it would take to get the dirt up. I was up to twenty three when my wife sighed. I knew she was working up a profound statement. She continued to stare at the doorjamb. I started staring at the black bathtub, then the unfinished ceiling with the ominous black wires hanging out of it. I wondered how many other ominous black wires were lurking in the depths of the old house and how much I would have to pay an electrician to track them down. I was up to two thousand dollars when my wife elbowed me to get my attention. She narrowed her eyes and slowly lifted her flawless finger tip until it rested on the doorjamb just beneath the faded scratches. Something rumbled behind her eyes. She spoke. "That's real," she said.

That was an unusual statement for my wife to make,



"H-N" VICTIM GLEASON

something I hadn't heard her say for a long time. We had recently spent a year in California where the average price of a home was roughly equivalent to the national debt of Ethiopia. We looked at a lot of houses in Los Angeles too. All she said there was, "That's unreal!" But now we were back from a land that even its own residents call plastic, vapid, trendy and morally bankrupt (and you should hear the people that don't like it). We had come full circle and were ready to wiggle our collectives toes in the Big Cypress mud, re-plant our frazzled roots in East Texas soil, and buy a little piece of Americana in which to raise our younguns, build our homefires and sink our money. We had often talked about buying an old home and restoring it to its former glory. And talking about it is fun, like talking about camping is fun. Perhaps we should have heeded the timeless German saying, "Aus gefehlenzeit macht keine Robitussen gaflinggen," Or "In even the loftiest of camps the lowly mosquito flies inside your sleeping bag." We had been bitten by the bug all right, but the bug was not of the insect persuasion, though the itch was just as bad. No, the bug was the desire to march to the beat of a different drummer down the yellow brick road not taken. People bitten by this bug get the second most feared disorder known to man, HISTORICUS NEUROTICUS. My wife had it and was waiting for the symptoms to appear in me. The first symptom is an uncontrollable desire to spend money. She had had that for years.

The only thing that bothered me about restoring an old house is that it would take some work, probably a great deal of work. This didn't concern my wife in the least because her favorite word is "potential" and she can get out of doing virtually anything by claiming that it might tear her fingernail. My favorite word is "later," as in "When are you going to take out the garbage?, When are you going to help me plant our azaleas?, and When are you going to turn off that stupid football game?" Later is a very functional word. It sums up a way of life in two syllables and is easy to say when you're yawning. No, if we were to take on the restoration game, sacrifices would have to be made. I would have to buy tools and act like I knew how to use them, rise early, be diligent, trustworthy, conscientious and rugged; just like a Marlboro Man without the cigarettes. My wife, on the other hand, was willing to sacrifice too. She agreed to get out of bed on Saturdays and to scrape at least one window frame in her lifetime, unless it messed up her fingernails. The groundrules were set. Our bid on the house was in. Financing was available. The tension was palpable. The phone rang. Wrong number. We waited. The phone rang again. Bingo. The house was ours. Within only hours, I would learn the meaning of fear.

There was only one thing wrong with our dream house when the papers were signed, one little problem that my wife shrugged off as insignificant. "Every house has at least one thing wrong with it," she said. And she was right, as usual. Our house had something wrong with it too. It was unlivable. Okay, I'm exaggerating.

A person could live in it, but not the kind of person I would want to share a bus seat with. It's like the man they found who'd been lost in the sewer for a month. "You're alive,!" they said. And he replied, "You call this living?" So, you could live in it in that sense. It was habitable. There was work to be done, and not much time to do it in. We were living with my sister and our dogs were starting to get short with each other. I marshalled our forces: plumbers, electricians, carpenters, friends, foes, passersby. In one great cosmic burst of energy, we would get the house in livable shape and then my wife and I would have a lifetime to add the fine touches, like walls and ceilings. We were caught up in the throes of Historicus Neuroticus and there was no turning back. I vowed that nothing would stop us. I rose at the crack of dawn that first morning.

"Nothing will stop us," I said. "Nothing." My wife smiled like she was a kid again, caught up in the joy of challenge and discovery. "If I'm not awake by the time General Hospital starts, will you promise to wake me up. I'm determined to start scraping on that window this week." She blew me a kiss. I kicked open the door. "Nothing will stop us," I said. And nothing did, until that morning. Have you ever tried to talk to an electrician? If you haven't you should. Call one up and say, "Let's talk." I wasted four years in college and high school learning all the wrong languages. The only one that matters is Electrician. This is how it sounded . . .

ME: What!

HIM: Ain't no way you can shoot a two-twenty throw-out combo on that override without cuttin' the bejabbers outa' that voltage tamer. (he elbows his assistant and they giggle knowingly)

ME: Are you trying to tell me that I will have to live without a refrigerator?

HIM: No, sir. I'm just sayin' that if you do want to live with one it's gonna cost you more than the national debt of Ethiopia. Now, where do you want me to run the splantoons?

---

And plumbers have a little language all their own.

HIM: I'm sayin' we can hang it, loop it, float it or bob it with the copper jimmies or the brass bobtails. It's all up to you.

ME: I don't care what you do with it, as long as it flushes.

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And carpenters? (they can be very condescending when they review the work done by an amateur)

ME: Tell the truth. (swelling with pride) Have you ever seen a better job of door hanging?

HIM: Doors 'r not supposed to open into the closets. An if your doorknob is only two feet off the ground, that usually means you hung it upside down. But, you hung it pretty good. Almost as good as my grandmother hangs 'em. And she's only got one arm.

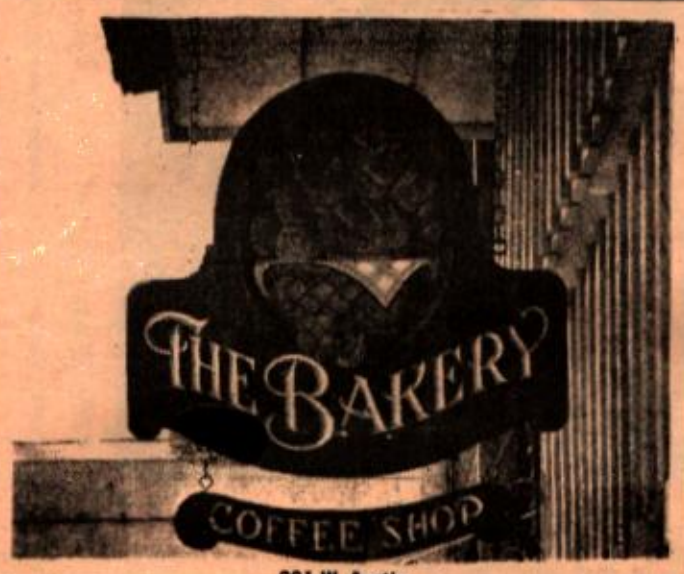
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We persisted in our wild delusion, hung in there and got going when the going got tough. We live in our dream house now and we still have a long way to go, but each little step is victory in its own right. My wife has grown into a dependable assistant or foreman, depending on the job, and we take pride in the fact that we are doing our part to restore a piece of America that has gone the way of the horse and buggy and balanced budgets. But just a word of advice to those husbands who value the endless serenity of a Saturday afternoon or who loathe the thought of doing anything more physical than pulling up the lever on your recliner chair. If you ever happen to visit an old house and your wife stops by a doorjamb . . . break her fingernail.

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# Junior Historians Win Top Award

The Jefferson Junior Historians were named the outstanding Junior Historian chapter in Texas for 1984 at the 45th Annual Junior Historians of Texas convention in Dallas last weekend.

The honor marks the ninth time in the past ten years that the local Junior Historians have won the top state chapter award.

The chapter also claimed two first place essay contest awards from the five competition divisions. Winning first place in the Texas Economic History category was Craig Horton with his "A Proven Institution: Jefferson's Banking Community," concerning nine past and present bank buildings in historic Jefferson.

Sammy D. Ferrill, Jr. won first place in the "Jewish Texas Historical Awards" with his essay entitled, "Beth-Barah: The House of the Crossing." The essay concerned the Stern, Goldberg and Kahn Jewish families in Jefferson, all of whom once lived at the crossing of Houston and Camp Streets.

Thirty local youth and twelve sponsors attended the two-day annual meeting held this year at the Sheraton-Dallas Hotel. During the Second General Session held on Saturday morning, the Jefferson chapter presented excerpts from its upcoming Pilgrimage production, "Riverboat '84: Traveling On! (One Mo' Time)."

The local youth enjoyed a convention-sponsored dance at the Sheraton on Friday night, ice skating at the Plaza of the Americas and shopping at the Galleria.

Attending the state convention from Jefferson were Melinda Glover, Anna Moore, Midge Hileman, Brandon Wood, Gary Dinsmore, Stephen Parker, Kevin Furlow, Cathy Stephens, Craig Horton, Duane Waldrop, Terry Wells, John Roe, Stephen Joseph, Paul Cheatham, Jimmy Brooks, Barbra Edwards, and Leanne Brown.

Also, Sammy Ferrill, Sean Fuquay, Jason Joseph, Darrell Youngblood, Sonya Steelman, Kim McGregor, Maria Fortune, Monique Summers, Angie Whelan, Liz McDonel, Devin McLaughlin and Steven Whatley.

An outstanding group of adult sponsors accompanied the group to Dallas, including Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Fortune, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Waldrop, Mrs. Jerry Steelman, Mrs. James Summers, Mrs. Sammy Ferrill, Mrs. John Bradford, Mrs. Gilbert Whatley, Mrs. Bruce Bradley, David Robertson, and Mrs. Nancy McNeal.

Mrs. McNeal is the first school administrator from Jefferson to participate in the state convention activities, serving as Friday night supervisor and attending Saturday convention sessions at the Sheraton.

# *Newcomers List Reasons For Moving To Jefferson*

by Cheri Smith

Several new residents were asked to give their first impressions of life in Jefferson. Read on to find out what they said.

Joe and Lois Muller had lived in many large cities all over the U. S. before moving to Jefferson. They said that they were impressed with the many talented and dedicated citizens who give their time and efforts to causes such as the preservation of local landmarks.

They also like living in a town where they can walk to work, the bank, or the post office, stopping along the way to chat with the warm, friendly townspeople. They say that it is interesting to live where they can get to know their postman, police chief, mayor, etc.

They enjoy strolling by the historic homes and admiring the beautiful blossoming trees and wildflowers.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bradley moved to Jefferson from Denton, Texas, in 1982 after Mr. Bradley retired from Monsanto Co. The Bradleys were first impressed with the friendliness of the people here.

After visiting Jefferson once, they returned to purchase their present home, the Captain's Castle. Many of their neighbors and new friends helped them make the transition to small town life and also offered encouragement while they relocated.

The new country club with its fine golf course also appealed to them.

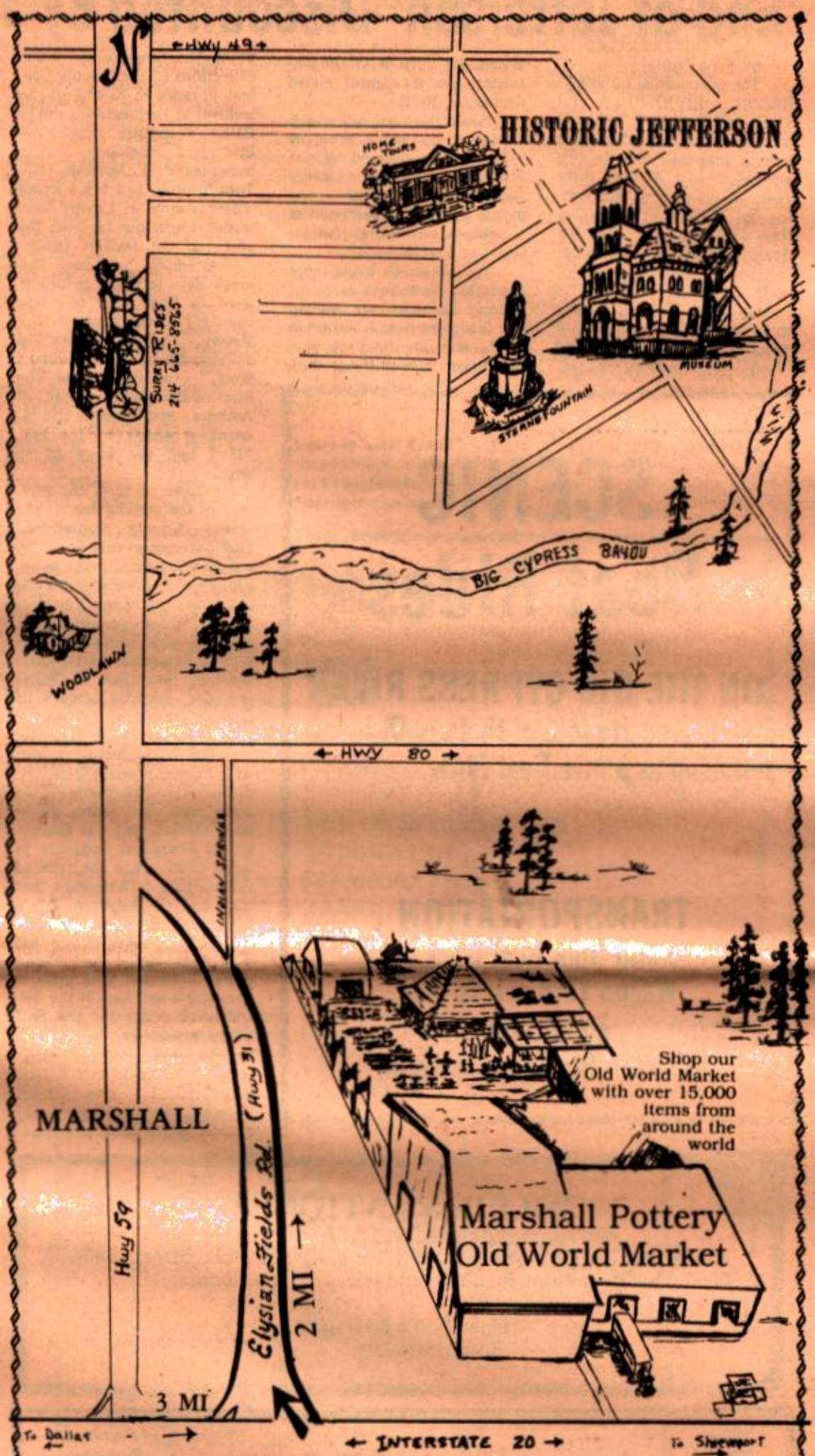
In 1981 Johnny Nance moved to Jefferson from the Dallas area. He had lived in some other small towns but was very impressed with the beauty of Jefferson, particularly the river area. He likes living in a town that is surrounded with woods and has a river running by it. He says that he is continually entertained just by watching the seasons change along the river and also by watching the wildlife that lives by the water. He adds that living in a small town has a very calming influence on his life.

Part of Bill and Sharon Stewart's anticipation about moving to Jefferson was that they would enjoy a comfortable lifestyle without the irritating inconveniences of life in a larger city.

But most of all, that no one in Jefferson is anonymous. The art of conversation is still enjoyed by people whose nature it is to visit, and who have the knack for telling a good story.

Also, that social gatherings involve individuals, as well as couples of varying ages. They say it is refreshing not to be locked into peer groups.

It seems that most new residents are happy and proud to live in Jefferson, Texas.






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# 'End of Jefferson' Discounted By Tarpley's Recent Book

by Fred Tarpley

The conclusion of JEFFERSON: RIVERPORT TO THE SOUTHWEST, released on November 18, 1983, has been a prophetic one for this researcher who devoted three years to uncovering and writing the history of the town that would not die. After the final paragraph of the book, the words "Not the end of Jefferson, Texas" were copied by local artist Mickie Sue Jones in imitation of the nineteenth century hand that scrawled "End of Jefferson, Texas" across the bottom of the Excelsior House register dated January 2, 1882.

Completion of the book published by Eakin Press of Austin and sponsored by the Jefferson Carnegie Library Board has certainly not meant the end of Jefferson as a provocative subject for research and writing.

The desire to learn more about the New York career of Vernon Dalhart, born Marion Try Slaughter near Jefferson in 1881, and his final days in Bridgeport, Connecticut, took me in December to the music collections of the Lincoln Center libraries in New York, to archives in Connecticut, and to Dalhart's modest grave in a Bridgeport cemetery, where showman P. T. Barnum, Gen. Tom Thumb, and blind hymn writer Fanny J. Crosby have resting places not far from the plot of the Dalhart family.

Attempts to trace Dalhart's days in Dallas before he went to New York to study voice led to the grave of Guy Massey, Dalhart's cousin and collaborator on "The Prisoner's Song," which became the first million-selling record in America and which is still recognized widely by the line, "If I had the wings of an angel."

Efforts to solve the mystery of the missing line on the Marion County Confederate monument, a seventy-five-year-old secret revealed in the book, produced an interest in the life and work of Frank Teich of Llano, whose granite works supplied the monument, as well as two-thirds of the Confederate memorials in Texas and the splendid statues of Carrara marble at the Scottsville Cemetery near Marshall.

The most infectious aspect of Jefferson research, however, has been the association of the town with Jay Gould, whose only verified visit was described in newspaper accounts in April 1890, when the railroad tycoon told Jeffersonians that they had the brightest future of any inland city in the state. No hint was made during that visit that Gould had earlier cursed Jefferson with grass in the streets and bats in the belfries and doom for the East Texas metropolis.

Reviewers of JEFFERSON: RIVERPORT TO THE SOUTHWEST have been attracted to the Jay Gould chapter as the most sensational aspect of the book, which attempted through documented research to sort out what was known to have happened and what by tradition was believed to have happened. My portrayal as a Jefferson "muckraker" was particularly painful since the research was done under the sponsorship of the Jefferson Carnegie Library Board and the guidance of a competent editorial committee. At the same time I was maintaining scholarly objectivity in writing the book, I was hoping that someone might answer the appeals of the library board and step forward with evidence that Jay Gould did indeed deliver his famous curse on the town.

As some perceptive reviewers have pointed out, the book gives credit to the legendary curse as a more powerful force in the community than any fully documented event. For Jefferson, Jay Gould has been the antithesis of Santa Claus, but just as influential in keeping citizens committed to assuring that bat-filled belfries and grassy streets did not develop through their complacency.

The impact of the book on Jefferson's re-evaluation of its association with Jay Gould had some influence on the decision of the Marion County Historical Association to invite Maughan Anthony Gould, Jay's great great grandson, to come from Washington, D. C., to the accursed Texas town in December 1983 to participate in the dedication of a Texas historical marker for the restored Sterne Fountain. In his remarks, Mr. Gould gave my research public thanks for "in some ways issuing me a passport to Jefferson by clarifying aspects of the Jay Gould curse." Contact with the Gould family is expected to cast more light on Jay Gould's ties to Jefferson.

Some haunting questions remaining about Gould led me to his mausoleum at Evergreen Cemetery in the Bronx New York in December. The family crypts are inside a miniature Parthenon on the highest point and in the largest plot of the cemetery. Nearby are the mausoleums of the Woolworth family, J. C. Penney, and George M. Cohan. The Gould mausoleum is the one in the cemetery unmarked by a family name, an indication of the privacy Jay Gould sought in death as his biographies report he did in life.

On the east bank of the Hudson River near Tarrytown, a visit to "Lyndhurst," the country estate of Gould, now operated by the National Trust, confirmed the same sense of privacy. As Kathy Galloway of Jefferson had discovered a few months before my December visit, only one item among the furnishings kept intact in the home by the Gould heirs betrayed it was once the residence of "the wizard of Wall Street." That object was a solid silver miniature replica of "Atalanta", the palatial railroad car now owned by the Jessie Allen Wise Garden Club of Jefferson. The miniature "Atalanta" sits atop Gould's desk at "Lyndhurst."

Another piece of unfinished research involves the outcome of the search for the wreckage of the "Mittie Stephens" steamboat, which burned and sank in Caddo Lake on February 12, 1869. The publication deadline came just as divers had begun searching for objects identified by sophisticated electronic equipment. The rest of the story will unfold soon as diving operations continue and the "Mittie Stephens" Foundation proceeds with plans for a steamboat museum.

The concluding chapter of the book, "Ready for the Twenty-First Century", depicts Jefferson as a modern town in many respects and reproduces a map from the U. S. Corps of Engineers showing the plan for a system of dams and locks that would bring barges from the Mississippi to Jefferson and beyond to Daingerfield. Only federation appropriations stand in the way of putting this plan into operation.

Research for the book on Jefferson led to friendships with a major portion of Jefferson's population (2,643) who made significant contributions to the book, whether it be authenticating a fact, establishing a date, reading an old tombstone, or arranging an oral history interview. And just as the citizens of Marion County have been able to share knowledge with me, so I have been able to pass on information to other researchers -- a former resident now living in New York who wants to write an opera that would put Jay Gould and Diamond Bessie on the same stage, a master's student considering the Jewish community in Jefferson, a doctoral student writing a dissertation on education in Marion County, a Texas Monthly reporter trying to fix the date of the first commercial ice manufactured in Jefferson, and James A. Michener, who chose Jefferson as one of the settings of his forthcoming epic novel being written in honor of the state's sesquicentennial.

JEFFERSON: RIVERPORT TO THE SOUTHWEST, a book now in its second printing, was planned as a project coordinated by Gladys Meisenheimer to benefit the Jefferson Carnegie Library. Fortunately, my involvement has not ended with the publication of the book, and I continue to pursue many unanswered questions and unexplored areas of Jefferson history.

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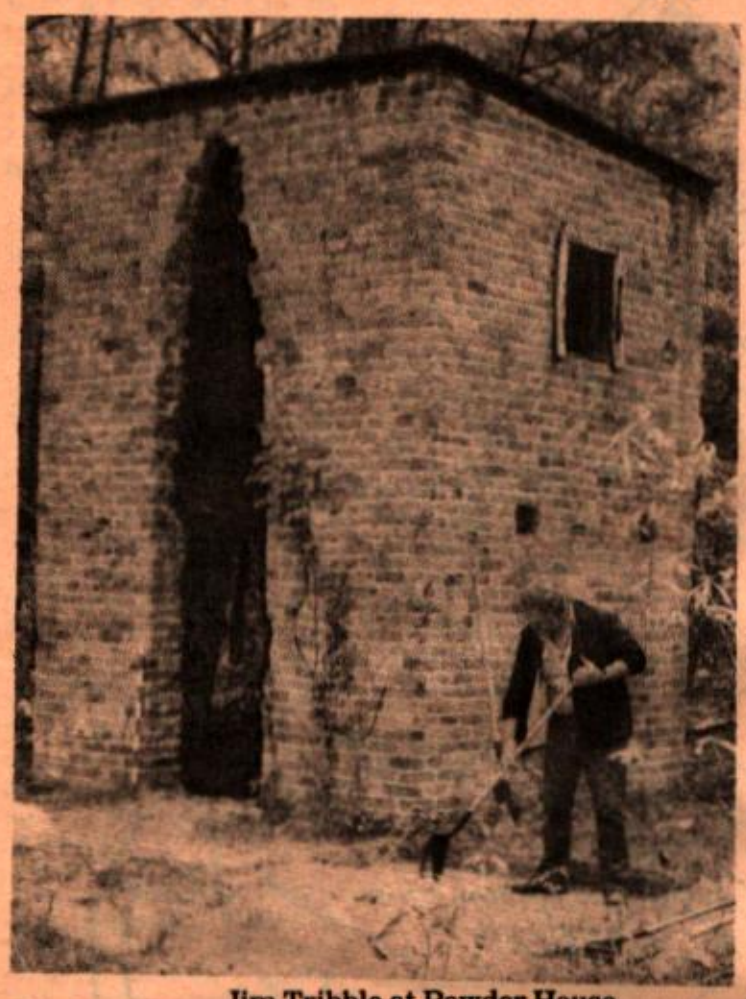
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# Powder Magazine Reminds of Civil War



Jim Tribble at Powder House

By V. H. Hackney

At some time after June 16, 1863, Thomas C. Rhett, Chief of Ordnance under Lt. Gen. E. Kirby Smith, wrote, "I am putting up in Marshall, Texas, powder mills and cap machines." Once established, this operation was the main source of gun powder for the Texas-Mississippi Department of the Confederate States of America. At the same point in time the Ordnance Works, C. S. A., was being established in Tyler, Texas, by Lt. Col. Gabriel H. Hill.

There is sufficient documentation in the book, "Tyler, Texas, C. S. A." by Aphaugh, to prove that Jefferson was the shipping point for thousands of pounds of gunpowder, ammunition and arms as well as for other needs of the Confederacy. These items, sent to Jefferson by ox train wagons, came principally from the Marshall Powder Mills and the Ordnance Works at Tyler.

In order to have the goods available when the boats arrived it was necessary for the Trans-Mississippi Department to have storage facilities available at Jefferson. Most of the items could be placed in warehouses along Cypress Bayou in Jefferson. Gunpowder, however, was too dangerous to be placed in the city. It is therefore obvious that just as the Ordnance Department built brick powder mills in Marshall, it also built brick powder magazines in Jefferson.

One powder magazine of that Civil War period still stands near Jefferson. It is facing the bayou but is in a rapidly deteriorating condition. Dr. Ervin Garrison, archaeologist with Texas A & M, examined the building in 1983. In his opinion, the structure follows the design of other powder mills such as "Harper's Ferry and New Orleans." He added that "In his opinion it was a one-purpose building–that of storing gunpowder."

In interviews with Dr. W. S. Terry and Jack Stanley, natives of Jefferson, they revealed that there were multiple buildings of like design once standing in that area. Legend has it they were torn down for the brick–all but the presently standing structure. Dr. Garrison stated that multiple powder magazines spaced some distances apart would be the pattern for the housing of large quantities of explosives.

Jim Tribble, resident archaeologist, confirmed the multiple powder magazine idea and in a dig uncovered the foundation of a second building and perhaps a third. All are spaced about 50 feet apart.

The standing powder magazine is ten feet square and about fifteen feet high. It originally had one door fronting the bayou. There were two floors. The ground floor with walls one foot thick is without windows. The second floor with walls six inches thick has a small window on the Jefferson side and a framed opening in the downstream side large enough to admit a rifle. It appears that the second floor was reached by ladder through an opening in the floor. Being a powder magazine site, there must have been a body of soldiers stationed there day and night.

Legend has it that two cannons were in place till the conclusion of the Civil War.

In a telegram sent by Col. Gabriel Hill to Gen Joe Shelby on Wednesday, May 24, 1865, he stated, "The stores you have at Marshall and Jefferson, I do not think you will get...Captain Watkins has just arrived from Marshall. He reports that on Monday night the Federals were in Shreveport, that the army below has broken up..."

Legend has it that before the Yankees arrived in Jefferson the cannons were buried and that the powder in the magazines was buried in the graveyard.

## MITTIE STEPHENS SEARCH

(Continued From Page 1)

other, more cautious captains waited until daylight.

Around midnight, during the change of the watch, steersman Joe Lodwick saw smoke rising from the cargo of hay. An alarm was given and the boat made for shore where she grounded in four feet of water, 2½ miles from Swansons Landing, near Jeters Place. Within minutes, the bow of the boat was engulfed in flames. The passengers, many barely awake, raced to the stern, where the water was 10 feet deep. The horrors of that terrible inferno would be remembered by the survivors for the rest of their lives. "A hundred human beings, men, women, and children, frantic with terror, a fiery death behind and a watery grave before them!" recalled Lodwick. "Husbands and wives, parents and children were madly calling to each other, and poor, helpless women shrieking for help where no help could come."

"As the flames advanced the men leaped overboard and there was for a time a sea of heads above the water . . . men fighting madly for something to cling to and sinking in this death struggle to rise no more . . . many swimmers were drawn under by others clinging to them with the grasps of despair, and, too, the waves caused by the wheels of the boat materially impeded escape." The only survivors were those who swam to shore, or clung to floating debris until the crew of the DIXIE came to their rescue.

Within half an hour after the fire was discovered the MITTIE STEPHENS was a total wreck and more than sixty persons perished. James Christian's body was never recovered but a marker in his memory was placed in the Mooring family cemetery and about two miles south of Mooringsport, Louisiana.

In February, 1983 the Mittie Stephens Foundation was established by Texas Historical Commission member Richard H. Collins, owner of the House of the Seasons and Chairman of the Board of the First National Bank of Jefferson, to fund the research, search, excavation and display of the MITTIE STEPHENS. The Foundation contacted Texas A&M University to conduct search surveys in March, May and July. In spite of the sophisticated equipment, the remains of the MITTIE STEPHENS eluded the crew.

But the "town that wouldn't die" wouldn't give up on the project. A new crew conducted another search in October 1983, and believes they have located her remains – on the Louisiana side of Caddo Lake. However, the potential site lies beneath the mud and before dredging could begin, winter and duck hunting season came to East Texas. When warm weather returns, perhaps the final resting place of the MITTIE STEPHENS will be revealed.

# Oral History Program Needs Volunteers

by Mildred Warren

The Marion County Historical Commission adopted, as one of its projects, the job of securing as many oral history tapes relating to Jefferson and Marion County as possible this year. The tapes help researchers, history buffs, and interested parties to learn more of Jefferson's role in its historical past. Volunteers have promised to gather data regarding early-day life and lore, music, genealogy, industry, and interesting events. A list of prospects is available along with the reason why this person has something to offer. These tapes are to be collected and filed with other historical material.

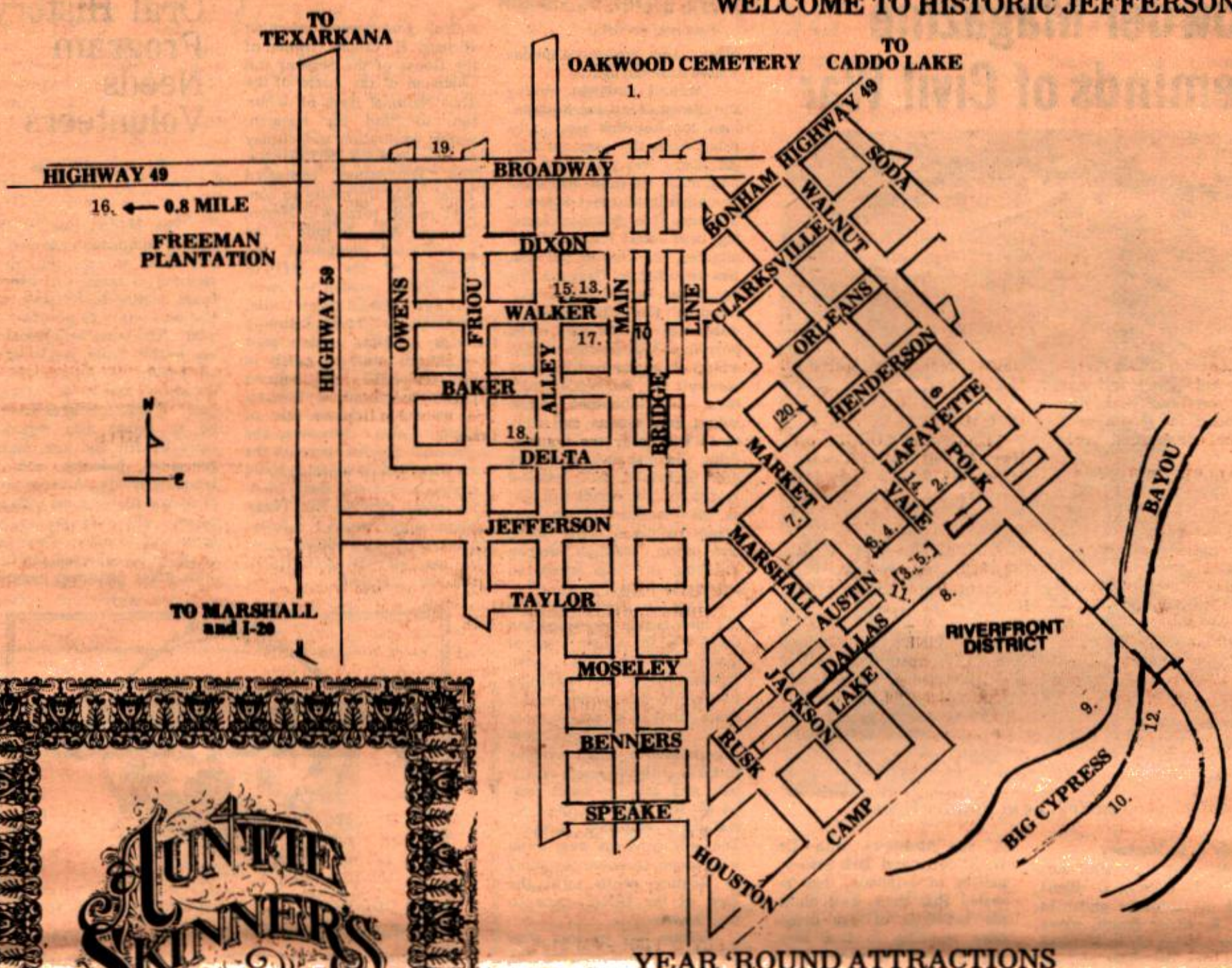
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# WELCOME TO HISTORIC JEFFERSON









## YEAR 'ROUND ATTRACTIONS

1. OAKWOOD CEMETERY
Very old and famous burial place of prominent Texas pioneers. Closes at dark. Take Alley Street north, turn right other side of RR.

2. AUNTIE SKINNER'S RIVERBOAT CLUB
107 Austin Street. Jefferson's favorite gathering place for before and after dinner fun featuring live sing-a-long music on Friday and Saturday. Open Thursday, Friday and Saturday from 4 p.m. Happy. hour on Thursday.

3. HORSE-DRAWN TOURS
Whenever carriages are parked across from the Museum. About one hour long. $3.00 Adults. $1.50 Children. Narrated tour of Jefferson. Available for groups - maximum of 20 to carriage. Call Jack Stanley, 665-8565.

4. THE EXCELSIOR HOUSE HOTEL
Austin Street, 665-2513. Tours every day 1-4. $1.00 adults, 50c children.

5. THE ATALANTA
Jay Gould's private railroad car. Tours from the Excelsior House 9-4. 50c per person.

6. JEFFERSON HISTORICAL MUSEUM
Austin Street, 665-2775. 9:30 - 5:30 except 12-1 for lunch weekdays. 9:30 to 5:30 Saturday and Sunday. $1.00 adults, 50c children through 18.

7. CARNEGIE LIBRARY
Built 1907. Open Tuesday - Friday 1-5 and Saturday 9-1. After school closes, open Tuesday - Friday 9-1 and Saturday 9-12. Closed Mondays.

8. NO. 61 DALLAS STREET
Old McGarity Saloon, award-winning project of Junior Historians. Open for group tours by appointment. Call 665-2672.

9. BIG CYPRESS CANOE RENTAL AND SHUTTLE SERVICE
Behind Junior Historian bldg. on Dallas Street. (Follow Signs) $4 per hour. $5 shuttle fee. 665-7288.

10. TURNING BASIN BOAT RIDE
Jefferson Landing across Polk Street bridge. Caddo tours by reservation. Bayou tours hourly. $3. Chuck Nance, 665-2222.

11. SCENIC BOAT RIDE
Transportation to and from Boat Dock at wagon yard across the street from Jefferson Museum. $3.

12. PADDLE WHEEL CANOE RENTAL
South corner of River and Old 59 bridge. Transportation provided. Inquire at wagon yard across from Jefferson Museum. $5 per hour. $30 per day.

### JEFFERSON'S HISTORICAL HOME TOURS

13. ATKINS-LEMMON HOUSE
407 East Walker, 665-3679, tours daily 9-5, $2.

14. THE BROWNHOUSE
112 Vale Street, 665-2310, tours daily from 11 a.m. by chance or appointment. $2.

15. THE CAPTAINS CASTLE
Corner of Alley & Walker, 665-7317, daily 10-4, Sunday 1-5, $3; $2 for groups over 10; $1 students through high school.

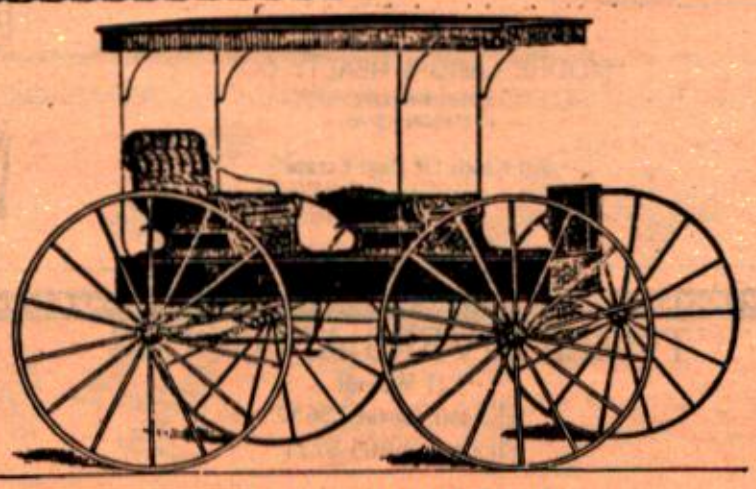
16. FREEMAN PLANTATION
Hwy. 49 West, 665-2320, tours 1:30 - 5:00 except Wednesday, others by appointment, $3.

17. FRENCH TOWNHOUSE
502 East Walker, 665-2760, tours 9 - 1 Monday - Saturday, others by appointment, $2.

18. HOUSE OF THE SEASONS
409 South Alley, 665-8880 or 665-3141, tours daily 10:30 & 1:30, Sunday 1:30; others by appointment, $4. Sr. Citizens & student group discounts.

19. THE MAGNOLIAS
209 East Broadway, 665-2754, weekend tours, 9:30 & 2:30, $3.

20. A. H. ROWELL HOME
307 N. Vale, 665-2278, tours by appointment, $2.

HORSE-DRAWN TOURS
Narrated tour of historic Jefferson
Adults $3.00
Children $1.50
Located across from Museum on Austin St.
Call Jack Stanley
214-665-8565

# ★ DIRECTORY ★

## Places To Eat

CAFE JEFFERSON – 109 N. Polk. 665-2881. Specializing in Southern Home Style cooking. Great hamburgers and chicken fried steaks. 6:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m., Sunday 6:00 a.m. to 2 p.m. Noon buffet.

DAIRY DELIGHT – 106 North Walcott. 665-8941. Hamburgers and shakes...

—

EXCELSIOR HOUSE – 211 West Austin, 665-2513. Plantation breakfasts served only to hotel guests and those with reservations. Luncheons and dinners for groups of 16 or more. Reservations only.

—

GALLEY PUB – 121 Austin Street. 665-3641. Noon buffet, dinner 5:00 - 10:00 p.m. Closed Sunday and Monday. Reservations advised.

—

JIMMY'S FLAVOR CRISP FRIED CHICKEN – Hwy. 59 South 665-8412. Open 10:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m. Sunday - Thursday; 10:00 a.m. - 10:00 p.m. Friday and Saturday.

—

J & J HICKORY INN – 610 Broadway. 665-7481. Featuring special dinners each evening; seafood, bar-b-q, fresh catfish. 5:00 a.m. - 8:00 p.m. daily. Closed Sunday.

—

JEFFERSON'S OLD FASHION HAMBURGER SHOP – 101 Market Street. 665-3251. Open daily 10:00 - 6:00. "Best little hamburgers in East Texas." Homemade pies.

—

THE BAKERY – 210 West Austin. 665-BAKE. Old fashion family owned bakery and deli featuring specials such as Bakalava, Old World Cheese Cake, Earth Breads of all kinds, croissant and traditional cookies. Luncheon time features gourmet stuffed potatoes, quiche, and bread bowl stew. Mike and Sue Collins, prop.

—

MINT TULIP COFFEE SALOON AND ICE CREAM EMPORIUM – 123 West Austin Street. Featuring light lunches; homemade soups, sandwiches, Chef Salad, and complete ice cream menu, plus much more. Open at 11 a.m.

—

NEW JEFFERSON INN – 124 West Austin Street. 665-2631. Breakfast and lunch Tuesday through Sunday. Friday and Saturday dinner with steak and seafood. House specialty, shrimp gumbo.

—

RUTHMARY'S RESTAURANT AND SPEAKEASY – 210 West Austin. 665-8922. Lunch daily, 11:30 - 2:00 except Tuesday and Wednesday; dinner Friday, Saturday, and Monday. "This is the one you've been hearing about. Extraordinary food and spirits." R.S.V.P. best for evening meals. Closed Tuesday and Wednesday.

—

SHERRY INN – Marshall Highway, 1 mile South on Highway 59. 665-8751. 8:30 - 5:30 Monday - Friday; 8:30 - 12:00 Saturday.

—

DAIRY QUEEN – 412 E. Broadway, Open Daily.

STILLWATER INN – 203 East Broadway, 665-8415. Fine food prepared in chef-owned restaurant and private club. A complete dining experience in a charming old home. Bill and Sharon Stewart, prop. Lunch, Thurs. - Sat. 11:30 - 2:00; Dinner, Wed. - Sun. 6 - 10; Brunch, Sunday 11 - 2.

—

ON LAKE O' THE PINES:

ONEY'S LAKESIDE INN – North Shore, FM 729, 755-2496, closed Monday.

—

UNIQUE CAFE – North Shore, FM 729, 755-8092, closed Wednesday, specialty Mexican food.

—

ON CADDO LAKE:

LAKEVIEW LODGE – off Hwy. 49 East, FM 727, closed Monday, 672-3332, Tuesday - Saturday at 4:30; Sunday 11:30 - 9.

—

CURLEY'S – FM 2198, 789-3223, open weekdays 10 - 10; Saturday and Sunday, 6 - 10.

—

BIG PINES LODGE – Hwy. 134, cross Hwy. 43 to FM 2198, Wed. & Thurs. 4 - 9; Fri. 4 - 10; Sat. 11 10; Sun. 11 - 9, 679-3466.

## Lodging

EXCELSIOR HOUSE – 211 West Austin Street. 665-2513. Fourteen rooms: single, one person $23.00; two people, $25.00; two double beds, $40.00; Presidential Suite, and Diamond Bessie Suite, $50.00. For each additional person, $5.00.

—

NEW JEFFERSON INN – 124 West Austin Street. 665-2631. Twenty-two rooms. Single $25.00, Double, $30.00.

—

SHERRY INN MOTEL – Highway 59 South. 665-2581. 33 rooms; single $22.00; double $24.00; color TV, direct dial, private club, restaurant, air conditioned. Accept all major credit cards. Parking for trailers, buses and trucks.

—

HISTORIC INNS
BED & BREAKFAST

PRIDE HOUSE – Bed and breakfast, 409 Broadway. 665-2675. Restored 1888 Victorian home, each accommodation offers a private bath, dial telephone, and stained glass windows. "An experience of traditional Southern hospitality and romantic charm of the Victorian age." Ruthmary Jordan, hostess and owner.

—

WISE MANOR – Medallion home, furnished with beautiful antiques. Two rooms with double bed; one room with single bed. 312 Houston Street. 665-2386 or 665-7161.

—

HALE HOUSE – 702 S. Line Street, five rooms available overlooking city park in Historic District. Mark and Linda Leonard, prop. 665-8877.

—

THE COTTAGE – 307 Soda, 665-8572 or 665-2753. Restored in October, 1983, The Cottage features hot apricot strudel daily for breakfast. This Victorian cottage offers a selection of fine bedrooms with sitting area available for guests.

COLLINS HOUSE – 409 S. Alley, 665-2483. Antique and country furnishings in rooms with 12-foot ceilings. One suite with sitting room and kitchenette. Private porch. Additional separate bedroom.

—

Wm. CLARK HOUSE – Texas Medallion home listed in National Register of Historic Places. 201 W. Henderson. 214-665-8880. Suzanne G. Benefield.

—

THE MAGNOLIAS – 209 E. Broadway, 665-8955. An 1867 Greek Revival home, The Magnolias rises high above Broadway and serves Jefferson's tourists as a Bed and Breakfast Inn. Guests are invited to wile away the hours on the wide, shady porches or sit back and enjoy the ambiance of its double parlours. A continental breakfast is served daily from an antique buffet.

ON CADDO LAKE:

CADDO STATE PARK – Route 2, Box 15 (FM 2198), Karnack, Tx. 75661, 214-679-3351.

—

CURLEY'S LODGE & MARINA – 214-789-3223.

—

JOHNSON'S CAMP – Uncertain, Tx., 214-789-3213.

—

PINE NEEDLE LODGE – Rt. 3, Box 447, 214-665-2911.

—

CRIP'S CAMP – Uncertain, Tx. 75661, 214-789-3233.

—

FLY & FISH – FM 2198, 214-789-3300.

ON LAKE O' THE PINES:

LAKESIDE HOTEL & MARINA – Rt. 1, Box 312 (FM 729), Avinger, Tx. 75630, 214-755-2749.

—

CHAR-MAR MARINA – Rt. 4, Box 1100 (FM 729), Jefferson, Texas 75657, 214-755-2530.

—

CRESTWOOD LODGE – Rt. 2, Box 500 (FM 729), Avinger, Tx. 75630, 214-755-2205.

—

BIG CYPRESS MARINA –Rt. 1, Box 250E (FM 729), Jefferson, Tx. 75657, 214-665-8582.

—

LAKEVIEW MARINA – Lakeview Box 520 (FM 729), Jefferson, Tx. 75657, 214-755-2712.

—

LAKE OF PINES LODGE – FM 729, 214-755-2725.

IN MARSHALL:

Call Marshall Chamber of Commerce for reservations in Marshall, 935-7868.

## Antiques

CADDO MERCANTILE – Corner Dallas and Market Streets. Ricky W. Davis, 214-665-7382. Advertising-Juke-boxes- Furniture - Glassware - Rare Coca-Cola items. Open Tuesday-Sunday.

—

THE GLASS WORKS – Custom etched glass, designed to your specifications. David Sinclair, 111 Austin Street, 665-8270.

GUN & KNIFE EMPORIUM –Located in the Western Store, 207 N. Polk Street. 665-8460. Guns, knives, and antiques.

—

HALEY'S ANTIQUES – 409 Polk Street, 665-8563. Antique clocks our specialty. Large collection of primitives. Open daily except Saturday. Open Sunday.

—

JEFFERSON ARTS – 206 Market. 665-3174. Custom framings, featuring special finishes, antique prints and gallery items. Collectibles, antiques, gifts and small furniture pieces. Open daily. Jim Hops and John Craig.

—

LEO'S – 119 Polk Street. Leo's offers crystal as a specialty. Cambridge, Rosepoint, Caprice, Heisey's Orchid, Fostoria, American Patterns, Lamps, Porcelain, Brass, Orientals, Jewelry and Primitives. Leo Bush and Mrs. Emory Bush.

—

LIZ-BETH'S – 216 Austin Street. 665-8781. Liz and Greg Prater. Select group of fine pieces. Brilliant period cutglass, American and European art glass. Antique furniture and primitives. Open 10:00 - 5:00 daily.

—

MILLIE'S ANTIQUES – Millie and Earl Mouton, U. S. N. Retired, 123 Polk Street. 665-8202. Quality antique furniture and jewelry. Gemologists. Open 9:00 - 5:00 daily.

—

MOORE'S ANTIQUES – Henry and Frances Moore, 120 Polk Street, 665-8252. A little of everything. Specializing in Sabino, antique jewelry and general antiques. Open 9:00 - 5:00 every day except Thursday.

—

NELJA'S ANTIQUES – Fannie Myers, 108 East Lafayette. Open Monday - Sunday. Later hours on weekend. The old and the unusual. Glassware and gifts, quality handmade articles, small and unusual pieces. Mementoes of East Texas Heritage.

—

OLD MILL ANTIQUES – 211 East Austin, Jefferson, Texas 75657. Open 9:00 - 6:00. 7 days. Phone 665-8601.

—

THE OLD STORE – 123 Walnut, 665-3562. Advertising memorabilia, antiques of all kinds, unique, one-of-a-kind collectibles. Open every day, 9:00 - 5:00.

— 226 Polk St., 665-2422. Walnut and mahogany Victorian furniture. Nice selection of primitives, porcelain, china and cutglass. 9:30 - 5:00 except Sunday.

—

RIVER CITY MERCANTILE – 665-8270. This large shop emphasizes accessories from elegant to primitive. Early Staffordshire wares, Majalica, copper and glassware are featured. Bob Haynes, owner.

—

STEAMBOAT WAREHOUSE – Cliff and CeCe Bodie, 113 E. Austin. 665-8481. Authentic atmosphere of the oldest hardware store in Jefferson. Primitive and American antiques, clocks, hand-turned, hand painted pottery. Special orders.

THREE RIVERS ANTIQUES – 121 Walnut, 665-8721. Old bottles, Glassware, Lamps, Crockery, Ironware, Furniture & Primitives. Carolyn Solomon, 214-938-7800, Mary Fyffe, 214-665-8923.

—

TURNER'S PLACE – Highway 59 North, 665-2282. Furniture, Primitives, Clocks, and Glassware. 10:00 - 5:00 except Sunday.

—

UNIQUES, ETC. – Dee presents Uniques, Etc. 116 W. Lafayette, 665-7361. Specializing in Art-Deco and Nostalgia from the Flirty-Thirties, Glory-Forties and Nifty-Fifties. Open daily and on weekends.

## Gifts

CLARKE'S WATERFORD ROOM – 216 Austin Street. 665-8781. Betty and Gene Clarke. Waterford and Baccarat crystal. Wedgewood and Irish Belleek china. Gift items. Open daily.

—

CORTE' FRAMES – 115-B E. Austin St. We stock a large assortment of ready made frames in standard sizes. No charge for framing when you buy your frames at Corte' Frame Shop. Fri., Sat., Sun. 1 p.m. - 5 p.m.

—

COUNTRY POTTERY – 113 E. Austin St. Choose from a wide range of hand-thrown, hand-painted pottery. This traditional method gives you a warm country look and feel in each piece. A tribute to a bygone era. Open 9-5, Mon.-Sat.

—

DOWNHOME DRY GOODS – One Bateman Square, 665-8221, Linda Robinson, Handcrafted gifts, Country collectibles, antique furniture, Christmas decor. Mon. - Fri., 9:30 - 4:30, Sat. 10-5; Sun. 10-3.

—

JEFFERSON LANDING – Porthole to the Past. Authentic home furnishings. Located just across the Polk Street bridge from downtown. 665-2222, Rt. 1, Box 1, Jefferson.

—

YESTERYEAR NICK NACKS – Country Gift Store. Antiques, wood toys, handmade wall hangings, stuffed animals and kitchen items. 115-A East Austin. Tue. - Sat. 10-5; Sunday 12-5.

—

CAP 'N THOMAS LYON'S TREASURES – Bateman Square. Candles, glassware, cutglass, Blackburn Jelly Baskets. Numerous gifts and collectibles. Mon. - Sat. 10-5.

—

GIFTS BY SUE ELLEN – 101 Polk Street. Wide range of Christmas decorations. Miniatures and accessories. Nutcrackers, stuffed toys and doll houses. Open 8 a.m. daily.

—

J & J SHOES AND GIFTS – 116 Polk Street. Brass items both old and new, jewelry and numerous gift items.

—

HELEN'S LIT'L THINGS – 111 Vale St. Over 5,000 collectible items. Yesterday - Today and Tomorrow. Baseball and Football cards, comics and coins. Open daily 9-5.

—

JEWELRY BY NAN – 204 Walnut. Handcrafted jewelry, antiques, old and new guns.

# This Is How Lowly Crawdad Saved Texas

FOR OUR YOUNG HISTORIANS

(An Indian folk tale adapted by O. Bailey from F. E. Abernathy's How the Critters Created Texas)

"This is the wettest weather I ever saw," six-year - old Miriam scowled as she spoke and edged a little closer to watch her grandfather whittle another hickory whistle. "Here it is Saturday and I can't even go out to swing in the backyard."

Old Dompay Day pushed back his rocker, set his old Stetson on the back of his grey head, and said, "Did you ever hear the story about how it rained so much one time that all the earth was covered?"

"Yeah, I know about Noah. I learned that in Sunday School and about the rainbow, too."

"I reckon the Indians hadn't heard about Noah and they told a story of their own."

"Tell it to me, Dompay. Please do. You can keep on makin' my whistle while you talk."

And he did.

Well, once in the long, long, long ago the month of April was so rainy that it presented a real problem for Texas when May rolled around. It rained so much, in fact, that all the land got covered in water. The creeks overflowed the meadows; the rivers swelled into muddy swirls, and the lakes turned into seas. Texas was completely covered with water, and still it rained. Most of the animals and the birds clung to treetops until finally even the green tops were about to go under. But still it rained.



Just as the critters were about to give up all hope, some cypress logs came floating by. Quicker than a wink the critters bunched the logs into a flat boat and climbed aboard.

Everything went just fine for the first few days as they floated around and let the water stream down their faces and across their feet. Then it stopped raining! And they began to get bored. They griped and groaned and wished for Texas – some place where they could run and play in the sand, could climb trees, or bury bones. In a few days they decided they would try to find Texas.

The beaver volunteered his services first. "I think maybe I'm the best swimmer here, so I'll circle our flatboat and see if I can find Texas, our playground and our native soil."

In a few hours he was back saying, "I've circled our flatboat several times, but there's no land in sight. Not even a smell of Texas."

The next morning the eagle spoke up, "My wings are still strong from the good exercise I took flying over the mountains. So let me be the one who looks far up in the sky to find land. I long to see Texas once more."

Then the eagle took off, high, and higher, and higher. So high did he go that the critters all lost sight of him among the little white clouds playing hide-and-seek with the wind. "Surely, surely" they said to each other, "Eagle will find our Texas." But two days later he too returned with feathers and tired eyes.

"You saw me fly high, wide, and handsome," he told them. "There simply is no land. Water, water, water everywhere. Water covers everything that we once loved. Now it's gone. No land, no soil, no dirt, no Texas!"

Then all the critters sat silent, too sad and too fearful to move. Only the dove remembered to say softly, "Thank you, Eagle, for trying to save us."

Then the lowly crawdad made his way to the highest knot on the cypress logs. Only a few of the critters noticed that the measly little crawdad had moved, but in a high, squeaky voice he began. "Friends, it's quite evident that we have small chance of ever seeing our beloved land again — unless we keep trying. Beaver went round and round this place and couldn't find it. Eagle flew high into the sky searching for land with no success. As I see it, there's only one way to go - - - down! Now I'm little and not so handsome or brave as others, but I can go down. So this morning I'm going down, down as far as ever a critter can go. I'm not willing to give up until I've tried - - - hard! I'm going to try to find Texas."

Not a critter moved. But Crow cawed a caw that resembled a horse - laugh. Contrary old Badger murmured, "Crazy crustacean!"

And Purple Martin whispered to her neighbor, "It's no use, not really."

Two whole days went by, then three, then four. No Crawdad. No land.

On the fifth morning the critters woke to find a large, muddy circle surrounding the flat-boat, and Catfish dived to investigate. In minutes he returned, bubbling with excitement, "He's found it! He's found it! He's bringing up Texas."

The critters rushed pell-mell to the edge of the boat. What did they see? There near the top of the water was a huge crawdad chimney. Fascinated they watched. Crawdad was busy bringing up mud balls: some of red clay with gravel; some in fine, black, sticky dauds; others of white, coarse sand; and a few of grey, rocky lava.

"Texas!" they yelled. "That's our Texas all right." And they hugged each other and danced and frolicked round and round the flat-boat, making so much jubilee they almost capsized themselves.

"Crawdad, Chief of the Critters! His Honor, the Crawdad!" they cried. A few of the politically -minded made little megaphones of their fists and yelled, "Master Builder! President Crawdad!" Little Wren quickly fashioned two spider-web crowns and placed them on his front feelers. And all the Critters celebrated.

Then Wise Old Owl spoke for the first time since the rains began, "Friend Crawdad, you acted the wisest of all the critters, for you kept on trying when the rest of us had given up. I salute you. But there is just one question I'd like to ask: Did you leave any water in Texas when you brought her back to us?"

"Yes, I did," came the reply. "I left a big, beautiful lake on the east side for the Caddo Indians."

## City First With Gas Lights

Beginning in 1870, a unique energy system was instituted in the city of Jefferson with the organization of the Jefferson Gas Light Company whose purpose it was "to light the city with gas."

But city regulations ordained that the artificial illumination would be used only when necessary. The company's charter stipulated that the "lights will burn from twilight to dawn, except on clear nights." Moonlight was enough on clear nights, apparently.

At a given spot on the eastern side of the city, a large round metal drum, enclosed by a brick wall was filled with pine knots, which were burned causing the drum to fill with gas. When full, the drum would force the gas into the city lines where it entered a cylinder within the iron retorts. The gas was forced into the lines which would then fill the gas lights. These would burn during the night until all gas was used from the lines.

This gas works produced the first artificial gas in Texas by burning rich pine and pine knots. Gas produced from the pine was transmitted through iron pipes to residences, businesses, and street lights.

The lamps were lighted by a man who made his rounds with a ladder. The lines laid were subject to accumulation of water, so a daily chore was to remove water with a hand pump to prepare for the coming night's service.

## BANK OFFERS 2% HISTORIC LOANS

The downtown historic district of Jefferson is getting a "facelift" with the help of The First National Bank. The Bank has made funds available to the merchants and building owners at a 2% interest rate for the restoration, renovation, and preservation of these beautiful historic sites. Each loan is tailored to the needs of that particular building and its function.

The distinguishing original qualities of character of the building are carefully preserved and any alteration is closely monitored. Some of the buildings that have been restored through this program are the Mint Tulip Ice Cream Parlour, Westbrook's, The Cornelius Law Firm, and Callison Antiques.

## POINTS OF INTEREST

THE TURNING BASIN AND OLD DOCKING SITE. Boat ramp maintined by State of Texas; on Big Cypress Bayou by bridge, 1 block from Courthouse.

NATURE TRAIL — YELLOW POPLAR TRAIL— Northern Marion County. 8.5 miles north of Jefferson on U.S. 59, opposite roadside park. Winds through only stand of yellow poplar trees in Texas and includes state champion tree. Nearby historical marker commemorates the life of pioneer physician-legislator M.D. Taylor, maintained by International Paper. Length: 1 mile.




Hale House
Bed & Breakfast

Overnight accommodiations in a charming Victorian home in the center of the historic district. Five Rooms Available. Reservations are Requested.

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# This Is Honey of a Story: Brantley's Bees Are Buzzin'

By H. R. Brantley

This is the story of the honey bee, and her contribution to our life in the United States.

Bees live in colonies, or hives. From the early straw skep and the hollow log or bee tree, to today's scientifically constructed and standardized movable frame beehive, the bee contributes to the livelihood of man.

Commercial beekeepers, as well as hobbyists, enjoy the art of beekeeping from penthouse balconies, to huge apiaries, and migrating movement of hives to aid in crop production in various parts of the country.

The hive or colony is made up of one queen, a few hundred drones or male bees, and thousands of undeveloped female, or worker bees.

The bees have assigned duties from birth, such as cleaning the hive, feeding the larvae and pupa, guarding the hive from intruders, and going into the field to gather nectar and pollen.

The function of the male bee is to fertilize the queen, and no male bee is allowed to live over the winter, or dormant, season.

The queen bee is formed by feeding a newly hatched larvae with royal jelly, so that she develops into a larger bee, is fertilized one time, and produces eggs for the remainder of her life. She lays up to 2,000 eggs per day during the height of the honey flow season.

In addition to making honey from nectar gathered from the blossoms of certain plants, pollen is also gathered and stored. As the bee visits from one blossom to the next, she incidentally cross-pollinates these plants. This is an important function, and necessary in some instances for such plants to produce the intended fruit or vegetable.

Many plants benefit from cross-pollination, but many plants MUST be cross-pollinated in order to produce fruit.

The value of bee pollination to the U. S. crops is 4.5 to 5 billion dollars. This represents a $100 increased crop yield and/or quality for each one dollar of honey and wax the beekeeper might realize.

Those crops requiring pollination are increased by one billion dollars annually. Those benefitting by pollination increase 3.5 to 4 billion.

Sixty million acres of crops which benefit from pollination are produced annually. Thirty million acres benefit extensively, while six million acres are devoted to crops which REQUIRE pollination. One third of the diet of the average U. S. citizen depends on pollination.

Honey has been used for thousands of years in the medical world...by the Egyptians, Chinese, Greeks and Romans.

Recent studies indicate the use of honey for certain intestinal diseases. Bee venom is used to desensitize persons allergic to bee stings. Bee venom has been used to treat arthritis, rheumatism, and gout. Pollen, another by-product, is used to increase the antibodies in the human system in the treatment of hay fever. Beeswax is used extensively in industry, in preparation of salves, ointments, pomades and cosmetics. Propolis, another by-product of the bee industry, has been used extensively in European countries in the medical sector. Many home remedies employ the use of honey.

Honey is used by athletes for instant energy and is used as a food supplement in many instances, specifically allergies.

# First Artificial Ice Made In Jefferson

The first ice making machine in Texas was installed in Jefferson in 1875. This was the third such machine in the United States. Ice was sold in slabs for ten cents a pound. David Boyle arrived in Jefferson in 1871 with the idea of an ice machine. The patterns were made in the old Charles McKeon shop and the first plant set up at the W. J. Williams sawmill on Big Cypress bayou. This site proved unsuitable, so the ice machine was moved to the Scott place here there was a cool spring. The first plant was operated by Scott and Boyle. Mr. Boyle's ice plant made 31.2 tons of pure ice in the hot summertime.

# *Pilgrimage to Oklahoma Made by 'Caddo' Author*

By Mildred Gleason

For someone who had spent many hours reading historical records of ancient Caddoes, it was like a breath of fresh air to be invited to a festival to be held by living Caddoes – descendants of those historical figures. So, with great anticipation, two companions and I set out for Caddo County, the home of today's Tribe in April of 1983. The occasion we were invited to attend was one of the succession of dances held each spring to celebrate the selection of a new Tribal Princess who reigns for one year.

When we arrived in the interesting town of Anadarko, Oklahoma, 15 miles from Caddo Headquarters, we knew, indeed, that we were in Indian country. Indian inhabitants were visible everywhere, as were museums and other exhibits highlighting the various Indian cultures of the State. From our Anadarko motel it was an easy drive to the Tribe's Headquarters near the town of Binger in Caddo County. This County, in general, is comprised of the allotments of land made to each man, woman, and child of the Caddo Tribe by the U. S. Government in 1878. Although some acreage had been sold, much still is owned by the Caddoes.

Their cultural center is located in a rural setting of rolling forested hills reached by a narrow state highway. The main building is of brick and has a modern design. It is new and large. Outlying buildings consist of a large rectangular dining hall with kitchen, and a refreshment stand. Dotted among the trees are various other cottages built by individual families for use during Tribal gatherings since many members live and work in distant Oklahoma towns and cities.

We reached the area in mid-afternoon, and while Tribal members participated in a formal meeting inside, we strolled outside visiting with Caddo friends I had made previously, and meeting new ones. Dinner was served later – a beautiful catered meal – and we, as honored guests, were served first, following our symbolic drink from a communal vessel, as is the Caddo custom.

The sun was setting as we left the dining hall for the dance ground. The only outsiders present, we were given seats at ringside where we watched as the leisurely, pleasant groups of spectators took their places at various sites around the circle. The very pretty young Princess came to meet us, and we were able to visit briefly with the new Tribal Leader, an attractive and well-educated young woman, Mary Pat Frances.

The M. C. for the evening was gracious, affable Hank Shemayme, a former visitor to Jefferson. who formally welcomed us to the dance and introduced us, individually, to the assembly. He acknowledged my presentation to the Center of a framed copy of the CADDO award made by the State Historical Commission.

It was light when the dances began but night fell quickly. We listened to the drums and the chanting and watched the graceful movements of the dancers as they circled the floor. Between dances, we sat comfortably in the quietness that accompanies the end of day in rural areas. Encircled by shadowy trees, and surrounded by calm reflective Indian faces, somehow Time seemed to move backward. It was a unique experience.

The following morning we were entertained at a farewell breakfast by a group from the Tribe. Our good-byes, afterwards, were genuinely affectionate. As. for me, I knew that for one small fleeting moment I had glimpsed another era – another time – and another way of life, and I was grateful.

(Editor's Note: The Texas Historical Commission, Austin, Texas, selected Mildred Gleason's book, CADDO, as the Best Historical Publication of 1982 in the Specialty Book category.)


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# Old Oakwood Cemetery Site Of Extensive Facelift, Restoration

by Perry Chastain

It's been said that a community is judged by the condition of its cemetery. Certainly Jefferson in 1984 can be proud of Oakwood, though as late as 1980 the cemetery had all the earmarks of a shameful graveyard.

Concern for the condition of this venerable public burial ground prompted a group of local citizens in the Spring of 1980 to restore the grounds and monuments to their original beauty. As the accompanying before - and - after photos will show, great strides have been taken to make Oakwood a showplace among Southern cemeteries.

Armed with machetes and mowers, volunteers mounted the task of clearing the jungle of weeds, vines and dead trees. Thanks to grants from people of pride, monuments were restored, repaired and cleaned.

Gradually, under the able direction of George Ramsay, custodian of Oakwood, the cemetery has become a showplace and mecca for the many tourists visiting Jefferson. Now, with the grounds under control and a landscape program in place, George and his crew are able to devote more time to the restoration of the more than 450 monuments that comprise the Old Oakwood section. To date, more than 100 monuments have been repaired and cleaned. It is the hope of the Marion County Historical Commission that most of this work will be finished by the Sesquicentennial year, 1986.

In 1846 Allen Urquhart donated the land which is now the site of Oakwood Cemetery. Prior burials at another location were moved. Earliest marked grave is that of settler Benjamin Foscue (1789-1850) who died of cholera.

The Hebrew Benevolent Association of Jefferson in 1862 bought "Mt. Sinai" (1.5 acres to the North). By an ordinance in 1880, the city added Catholic Burial Ground in use on the South.

Here lie national and state officials, among them Sen. David B. Culberson (1830-1900), and William B. Ochiltree (1811-1867), Grand Master of Texas Masons in 1851. The nearly 15,000 interments include antagonists Robertson and Rose (first names unknown) whose love for the same woman joined them in death, their gravesites unmarked other than two iron posts chained together. Rose, who was a blacksmith, and Robinson, a gambler, shot it out on Polk Street.

Interments also include sensational murder victim "Diamond Bessie" Moore, whose husband, Abe Rothschild was twice sentenced to hang for the "gruesome crime," but escaped through a technicality of the law after a seven-year court battle. The trial is re-enacted by local citizens at the annual Spring Pilgrimage.

Buried here is Cullen M. Baker (1835-1869). Baker killed Wesley Bailey for appearing as a witness against Cullen over a severe whipping. He stabbed a Mr. Wartham in Arkansas because Mr. Wartham took a dim view of Cullen's attempt to thrash Mrs. Wartham. He served in the Confederate Army but was later declared a deserter. Allegedly, for a man who lived only 35 years, he killed 28 men, and a great portion of his life was spent running from the law. Two schools of thought exist as to how he met his demise. One was that he was gunned down by a posse; another that he imbibed in some strychnine - laced whiskey tendered by a so-called friend.

Oakwood Oddities: There are three gravesites and monuments facing South, as opposed to the traditional East.



Top: Before restoration. Bottom: After restoration

Due to vibration from trains on the MoPac tracks, monuments have a tendency to rotate clockwise on their foundations.

Gophers digging tunnels under markers have been a source of concern to custodians, but traps and poison have reduced their number the past year.

Oakwood, as other cemeteries, has its share of interesting epitaphs. Among them: "Budded in Earth, Blooming in Heaven"; "She Has Crossed the Rocks to Rest in the Shade"; "An Honest Man Is the Noblest Work of God." Then there's one epitaph that seems to sum it all: "It Is Good to Have Lived, to Have Loved, to Have Thought."

Oakwood Cemetery is approximately five blocks north of Broadway on Alley Street. Both local residents and visitors would find it an interesting place to visit. Gates are open during daylight hours but are closed at sundown.

# *Art of Making Pottery Demonstrated by CeCe*

by Cheri Smith

Have you ever wondered how hand-thrown pottery is made? It all begins with the good earth. Clay is dug from the ground then run through a pug-mill to remove the impurities and air bubbles trapped in the clay. Next the potter weighs out the proper amount of clay, literally throws it on the wheel and begins to create. In no time the potter has magically transformed a ball of clay into a beautiful pitcher, churn, or a complete place setting. It is then left to dry, usually taking a few days to a week, depending on the weather.

The artist takes the pottery through its next stage. The artist paints the pottery with cobalt blue, a mineral also dug from the ground.

Each piece of wheel-thrown stoneware is hand painted, signed, and dated by the artists.

After the art work is completed, the piece is then hand-dipped in a lead-free glaze. The glaze gives the pottery its glass-like appearance and makes it dishwasher safe.

After glazing, the pottery goes into a kiln and is fired at a little over 2100 degrees F. It usually takes eight to ten hours to reach that temperature and another eight to ten hours to cool down. Firing is a very delicate time for the pottery. If there are any impurities left in the clay, or any air bubbles or moisture, the pottery will explode usually ruining all else around it.

If all goes well, the result is a durable, useful piece of art with a warm country look and feel to it.

Fortunately Jefferson has its own pottery shop where you can see the process for yourself. In 1978 Cliff and CeCe Bode opened their antique store, Steamboat Warehouse, and contained within their store is CeCe's country pottery.

CeCe was previously manager of Marshall Pottery's art department. Her cobalt blue spongeware is a tribute to a bygone era. CeCe's pottery is pictured in Country Living magazine and also in Mary Emerling's book, Collecting American Country.

It is also sold in retail shops from Houston to New York as well, of course, as right here in Jefferson.

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# Third Annual Candlelight Tour Lists Four Homes for Dec. 6-8

by Cindy Edwards

Four historic homes, two of which are bed and breakfast inns, will be on the third annual Jefferson Christmas Candlelight Tour this year.

Scheduled to be held Dec. 6-8, the tour, sponsored by the Marion County Historical Commission, will feature the Bode residence, The Cottage, the Magnolias, and the Sain house.

The tour was sparked when a representative from SOUTHERN LIVING MAGAZINE contacted commission chairman Duke DeWare "to see what Jefferson had planned for the Christmas season."

During a called meeting, the commission voted to host a two-day event. The 1982 tour was so successful, last year's event was extended a third night.




The purpose of the tour is three-fold. First, the historical commission wanted to share the historical nature of Jefferson with as many people as possible.

Secondly, the tour would offer the opportunity for people to tour four homes which are not normally open for tours. And finally, people could become more aware of true traditional Victorian Christmas decorations.

The Bode house, located at 408 W. Lafayette, was built in the 1920's.

Owned by Cliff and CeCe Bode, their residence was recently restored and furnished with primitives and early country furniture, some of which were passed down through several generations of CeCe's family.

The owners of the Steamboat Warehouse Antiques started collecting antiques and "couldn't stop."

Located at 307 Soda Street, the Cottage bed and breakfast inn is a Victorian gingerbread home.

Owned by Nelda Milam and Peggy Boylin, the house was probably built in the 1870's with the second story being added by Murph McBride in the 1940's.

Prior to the McBride family owning the residence, the house had belonged to members of the B. J. Terry family, who acquired a warranty deed to the property the house in situated on in 1865.

The house was used as rental property from 1945 to 1977 and has been turned into a "weight loss" lock in as well as a bed and breakfast operation.

The Magnolias, an 1867 Greek Revival home situated on 209 E. Broadway, was built by Dan Nelson Alley (co-founder of Jefferson) for his daughter's dowry house.

In its 116-year history, the house has had 36 owners, including present owners Ken and Cheryl Kuesel of Dallas.

The house features unique architectural details and historical appointments. It bears a state marker as well as a national historical medallion.

Upstairs, a bed and breakfast operation continues while the downstairs will open up for daily tours after Pilgrimage.

Located at 404 Market Street, King and Dorothy Sain's house was probably built in the late 1870's.

Originally, the property contained two homes, one owned by the Castleberry family and the other by the Slaughter family.

In July, 1904, the property was sold by both families to Judge G. W. L. Dawson. The Castleberry house was torn down sometime during the 1920's and then sold to Joseph Grimes and wife Ethel and Miss Annie Grimes. They sold the property to Rudolph Goetzman in July, 1916.

Colonel King Sain purchased the property from the Goetzman family in 1970 and began restoration.

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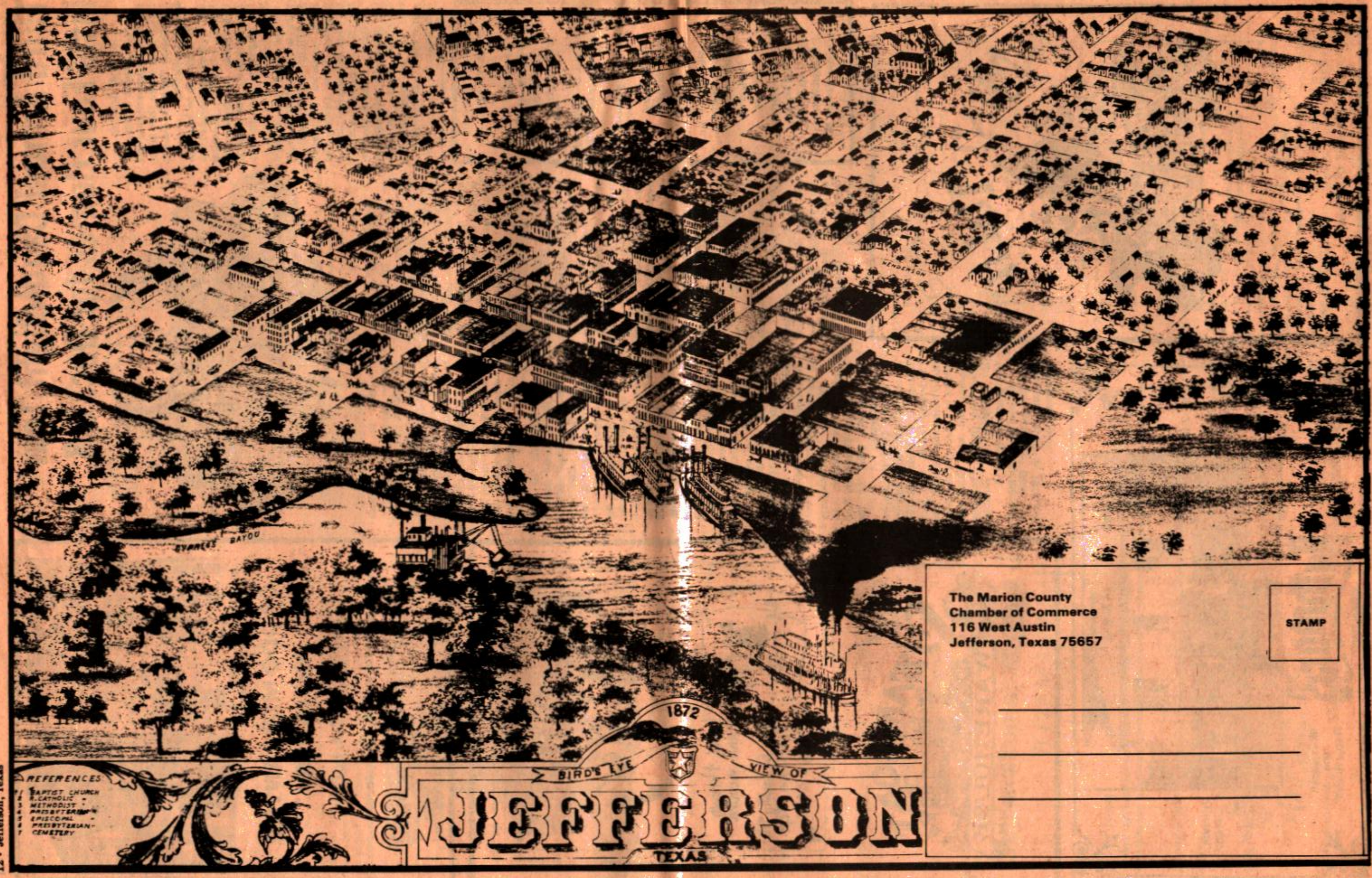
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