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## From the Editor

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Greetings!

After a little over a year of silence, we are excited to be back. As you have been dealing with the new "normal," so has the Austin Genealogical Society. Many unimaginable things, except perhaps to science fiction buffs, have occurred in the few short years since I put together my last *Quarterly* in 2014. I am excited to be back and look forward to working with you.

It is with great pleasure that I bring you this issue. I hope you enjoy it as much as I have enjoyed putting it together.

I am currently seeking submissions for the Spring *Quarterly*. In particular, I am looking for narrative articles, case studies, family group sheets, pedigree charts, transcriptions, abstracts, and/or indexes of source material. I would especially like to see articles about using unusual sources or new technologies to unlock your brick walls. Photos and other illustrated material are always welcome.

AGS Members and the public are encouraged to submit material for publication to:

Lisa Smith-Curtean

[AGSQuarterlyEditor@outlook.com](mailto:AGSQuarterlyEditor@outlook.com)

The Austin Genealogical Society *Quarterly* is published once per quarter in Winter, Spring, Summer, and Fall. The deadline for submissions is the 5<sup>th</sup> of the second month of the quarter. The AGS Editor reserves the right to edit all contributed materials for style, grammar, and length. Contributors are solely responsible for the accuracy and proper citation of consulted sources. In addition, contributors are responsible for adhering to all applicable copyright laws in their works. AGS assumes no responsibility for the content of submitted material.

# A Legislative Life; John Richard (J. R.) Elliott

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By: Paula Perkins, his great-granddaughter

In my research, I discovered a family member had a cut out of an obituary of my paternal great grandfather John Richard Elliott also known as Bud or J. R. There was no name of the newspaper on the obituary. I knew he was born in Texas and was surprised that the obituary said he died in Chicago, Illinois. To my knowledge, he did not have a connection to Chicago. When the family member gave me the obituary, it was at a time prior to the digitization of newspapers. I had to proceed with my physical research to learn more about the fact of his death.

**JOHN RICHARD ELLIOTT** was born on 05 Oct 1861, in the Whitemound Community, Grayson County, Texas. He was the son of George W. Elliott and Elizabeth Allsup. He died in Feb 1921 in San Francisco, California. He married (1) **DIXIE "ELEANOR" GLAZE**, daughter of Peyton Hawes Glaze and Mary Ann Elizabeth Storey, on 01 Jul 1883, in Sherman, Grayson Co., Texas. On 11 Mar 1867, she was born in Linden, Cass Co., Texas, and came to Grayson County with her mother in 1881 after her father's death.

Dixie Eleanor died on 08 Jul 1906, at her home on West Center Street, Sherman, Grayson County, Texas. Her obituary stated she had lung and other health issues and had been an invalid for a time. Her funeral service was led by Reverend James M. Binkley of the Travis Street Methodist Church. My grandmother Dixie Elliott who married John Perkins, was only eight years old when her mother died at age 39.

John Richard Elliott and Dixie Eleanor Glaze had the following children:

**JOHN BYRON ELLIOTT** was born on 28 May 1892, in Tom Bean, Grayson County, Texas. He died on 02 Apr 1939, in Stockton, San Francisco, California.



MARY ELIZABETH ELLIOTT was born in 1895 in Grayson, Texas. She died after 1982 in Santa Monica, California. She married Guy Edwin "Dick" Mounger.

DIXIE ELLIOTT, my paternal grandmother, was born on 18 May 1899, in Sherman, Grayson, Texas. On 27 Feb 1989, she died in McKinney, Collin County, Texas. She married John Perkins, son of Edwin Pierce Perkins and Virginia "Jennie" E. Wilson, on 30 Apr 1921, in Sherman, Grayson, Texas, St. Mary's Catholic Church (aka St. Joseph's). On 09 May 1898, he was born in Celina, Collin Co., Texas. On 21 Feb 1986, he died in McKinney, Collin Co., Texas.

HAZEL JANE ELLIOTT was born on 04 Dec 1902, in Tom Bean, Grayson, Texas. She died in Texas. She married WILLIAM E. BAKER.

In August 1893, J. R. was reported in attendance at the twelfth regular session and the fourth biennial session of the Grand Knights of Honor of Texas held in the city hall at Dallas, Texas. He was a Dictator or Representative of the Grand Lodge session. He is listed as being from Tom Bean, in Grayson County. The Galveston Daily News. (Galveston, Tex.), Vol. 52, No. 133, Ed. 1 Thursday, 03 Aug 1893., Page: 6 of 8.

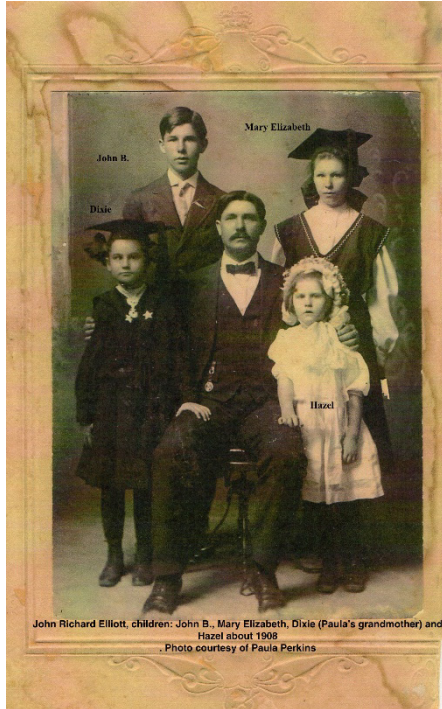
J. R. attended the Centennial Institute in the community of Cannon in Grayson county and later taught school at the Savoy Institute. J. R. Elliott, who was affectionately known as "Bud," began his life in politics as a suggestion from his friends in Grayson County. While serving in his first term as the Justice of the Peace for the Whitewright precinct, he announced he was a candidate for County Treasurer. He was a mere 33 years old at the time and the youngest Justice of the Peace in Grayson County. In addition to being a J. P., he was in charge of interests with the O. T. Lyon Lumber Company of Tom Bean.

He was first elected as the County Treasurer for Grayson in 1894. It was said he was a good accountant. He held this office from 1894 to 1896 and again from 1896 to 1898, serving a total of two terms after reelection in 1896. Candidates who wished to have their name on the democratic ticket were required to send \$5.00 for county offices to the county treasurer, which was J. R. Elliott. He won the primary by 5,609 votes and 8,140 votes in November. He replaced W. M. Scott, who had served two terms. After serving his two terms, he retired to private life, running his farm and agricultural pursuits. He didn't stay out of politics but for a short time. His friends described him as having an obliging disposition. As one newspaper put it, Bud was known to be a moral, upright, attentive to duty, being scrupulously honest. He was elected on the Democratic ticket. He was described as being worthy and well qualified to serve as the County Treasurer. In 1904 he ran for County Clerk of Grayson. In the primary, he was up against five candidates and received 515 votes. Needless to say, he didn't win that election.

By 1908 J. R. Elliott was a Class 1 candidate for the Legislature. He and J. L. Aston were listed as Ivey candidates and pronounced prohibitionists. This was in The Sunday Gazetteer. (Denison, Tex.), Vol. 27, No. 17, Ed. 1 Sunday, 02 Aug 1908., Page: 1 of 4. In the same newspaper, on page 2, it was noted J. R. was elected.

We find John R. Elliott in the 1910 Census for Grayson County as widowed and his son John B. living with him. His wife, Dixie Eleanor, had passed away in 1906. He placed his three minor daughters, Mary Elizabeth, Dixie (my grandmother), and Hazel, in the local convent of St. Mary's Academy, aka St. Joseph's in Sherman, to be boarded and educated. When entering the

convent, my grandmother was a Methodist but came out a Catholic. J. R. was soon to be remarried to a widow lady with a young adult daughter, and they will move to Austin to begin his life in the Legislature.



J. R. Elliott married (2) **ANNA V. HARDING**, daughter of Giles Harding and Susan Mathews, on 22 Jan 1911, in Grayson County, Texas. She was born about 1876 in Grayson Co., Texas. On 30 May 1966, she died in Austin, Travis Co., Texas. This was her second marriage after the death of her first husband. The "rumor" was his family was not happy he remarried and left his daughters in the convent. A cousin informed me that his family told him he must divorce Anna. Anna had an adult daughter named Wanda, who attended the University of Texas at Austin after their move. J. R. and Anna were still married in May 1917 when they came up from Austin to visit Sherman. I find him listed as divorced by searching the 1920 Census for Austin, Travis County, Texas. I knew there was much research to be done on J. R. Elliott, my great grandfather, to discover more about his life.

Per the R. L. Polk & Co Sherman City Directory's listing for 1910 and 1911, J. R. was in the real estate and insurance business, a partnership with Andrew W. Folsom. Their office was in the Interurban Depot in Sherman, Texas.

On 25 Dec 1910, Governor-Elect Colquitt named J. R. Elliott as Chief Clerk, Secretary of State Department. J. R. gives resignation as the Grayson County representative to assume the position in March 1911. He wished to carry out his term until the end of the legislative session. His responsibilities included handling the financial affairs of the office as Chief Clerk. On 20 Jun 1911, in addition to being the Chief Clerk, J. R. was the acting Secretary of State in the absence of Secretary McDonald.

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Austin Tex Oct 19th 11

K K Leggett,  
Abilene Texas

Charter of Hope Oil Company filed today.

J R Elliott, Acting Secy of State.

913am

In the 20 Mar 1912, Austin Daily Tribune announced Representative W. O. Stamps from Gilmer, Upshur County, was scheduled to be the new state Purchasing Agent. When Mr. McKay resigned, Governor Colquitt was said to have made his mind upon a successor but did not release the name. On 23 Mar 1912, John McKay resigned as State Purchasing Agent, and my great grandfather J. R. was then appointed in his place by the Governor. The Gilmer Echo on 28 Mar 1912, made a retraction by stating a later dispatch had named J. R. Elliott. I sure would like to know what was behind that! See the article at

[https://texashistory.unt.edu/ark:/67531/metaph1431277/m1/1/zoom/?q="J.R.elliott"&resolution=4&lat=3904&lon=2605](https://texashistory.unt.edu/ark:/67531/metaph1431277/m1/1/zoom/?q=)

J. R. was sworn in as the State Purchasing Agent in Austin on 01 Apr 1912, and Chief Justice Brown of the Supreme Court administered the oath of office. It was stated he would probably serve another two-year term after this term ended. He had now served in both the Thirty-first and Thirty-second legislatures. It was exciting to find his new appointment announced in local newspapers around the state because his photograph was included.

One interesting duty as a State Purchasing agent was to inspect state institutions such as the epileptic colonies from Abilene to Houston. He went by train to each location. Eleemosynary institutions. He also requested bids for supplies for a new tuberculosis sanitarium to be opened in the town of Carlsbad, located in Tom Green County, in 1912.

Bud Elliott came up from Austin and spent Sunday with his children, who are attending school at Mary's Academy. Mr. Elliott is now with the Department of Agriculture under Commissioner Fred Davis. He says Austin has suffered the greatest storm and flood damage in its history. Sherman Daily Democrat (Sherman, Tex.), Vol. THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR, Ed. 1 Monday, 26 Apr 1915., Page: 5 of 8

In the 1918 Austin City Directory J. R. Elliott is listed as a compiler with the Agricultural Department.

J. R. resigned from his political affiliations and left for San Francisco. He went to have an operation to save his life, but after surgery, a message was sent to Sherman that he was in serious condition and his only son John B. was at his bedside in the hospital. He died in Feb 1921 in San Francisco, California, at the young age of 59.

## Sources on the life of John R. Elliott Legislative Reference Library of Texas

<https://lrl.texas.gov/legeLeaders/members/memberDisplay.cfm?memberID=2898&searchparams=chamber=~city=~countyID=0~RcountyID=~district=~first=~gender=~last=elliott~leaderNote=~leg=~party=~roleDesc=~Committee=>

- Biographical sketch of John Richard Elliott's grandfather, John Richard Elliott, pp. 276-277. Birthdate 10/5/1861 (fifth child of George W. Elliott, p. 277). *Biographical Souvenir of the State of Texas, Containing Biographical Sketches of the Representative Public, and Many Early Settled Families*, 1889.
- John Richard Elliott, birth date 10/5/1861 in Sherman, Grayson County, Texas; marriage to Dixie Glaze Elliott 7/1/1883; death date 2/9/1921 in San Francisco, California. California, Death Index, 1905-1939; *Ancestry.com*.
- "Texas, County Marriage Index, 1837-1977," database with images, *FamilySearch* (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:FX9V-V9S> : 10 March 2021), J R Elliott and Dixie E Glaze, 01 Jul 1883; citing Sherman, Grayson, Texas, United States, county courthouses, Texas; FHL microfilm 1,290,413.
- Census of 1900 - John R. Elliott, Justice Precinct 1, Grayson County, age 38, born October 1861 in Texas, farmer, parents born in Alabama, spouse Dixie, son John R., daughters Mary E. and Dixie.
- Census of 1910 - J.R. Elliott, Sherman, Grayson County, age 48, born circa 1862 in Texas, real estate agent, parents born in Alabama, widowed, son John B. *FamilySearch. 1900 1910*
- Census of 1920 - J. R. Elliott, Austin, Travis County, age, 54, chief clerk, divorced, roomer in household. *Ancestry.com*
- Obituary, 2/11/1921, p. 5. Dateline 10 Feb, "died in Chicago [sic] last night." Served two terms as county treasurer and in Legislature from Grayson County, survived by son John Elliott and three daughters, Mary, Dixie, and Hazel Elliott. *Galveston Daily News*.
- 32nd Legislature (1911) - J.R. Elliott, post office Sherman, nativity Texas, age 49 (born circa 1862), farmer, Democrat. *Texas Legislative Manual*.
- J. R. Elliott Obituary listing death in Chicago. The Weekly Herald (Weatherford, Tex.), Vol. 21, No. 45, Ed. 1 Thursday, 10 Feb 1921, newspaper, 10 Feb, 1921; Weatherford, Texas.  
(<https://texashistory.unt.edu/ark:/67531/metaph586014/m1/1/?q=%22J+R+elliott%22>); University of North Texas Libraries, The Portal to Texas History, <https://texashistory.unt.edu>.

### Additional Photographs

- ☒ Photograph. [J.R. Elliott](#), 32nd Legislature, *State Preservation Board*
- ☒ Photograph. [J.R. Elliott](#), 31st Legislature, *State Preservation Board*

### Composite Photographs on Display in the Capitol

- ☒ [31st session composite photo of House members](#) ([House chamber gallery, north wall. 3W.2](#)). *State Preservation Board*.
- ☒ [32nd session composite photo of House members](#) ([House chamber gallery, west wall. 3W.2](#)). *State Preservation Board*.



# US Identification Cards of Prohibition Agents, 1920-1925

Obtained and transcribed by Lisa Smith-Curtean



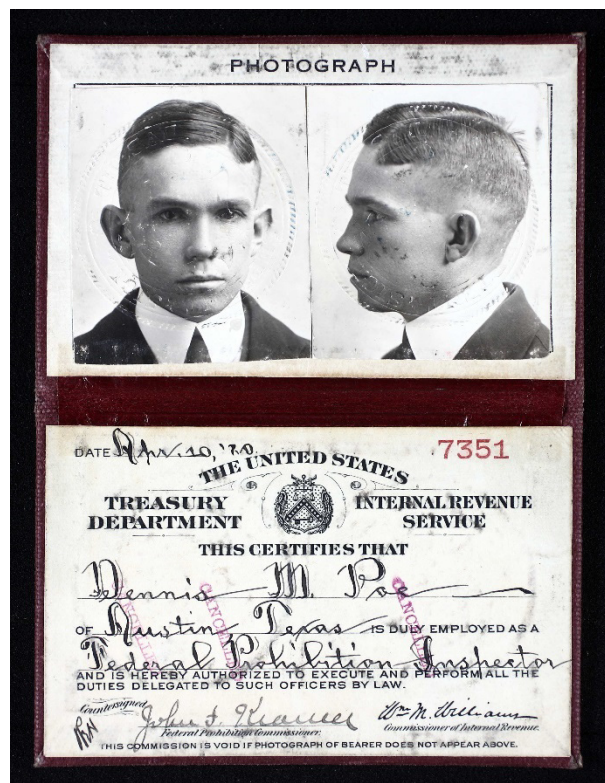
Name: Louis H Mayes

ID Number: 7349

Certificate Date: 1 Apr 1920

Residence Place: Austin, Texas

Occupation: Federal Prohibition Inspector



Name: Dennis M Poe

ID Number: 7351

Certificate Date: 10 Apr 1920

Residence Place: Austin, Texas

Occupation: Federal Prohibition Inspector



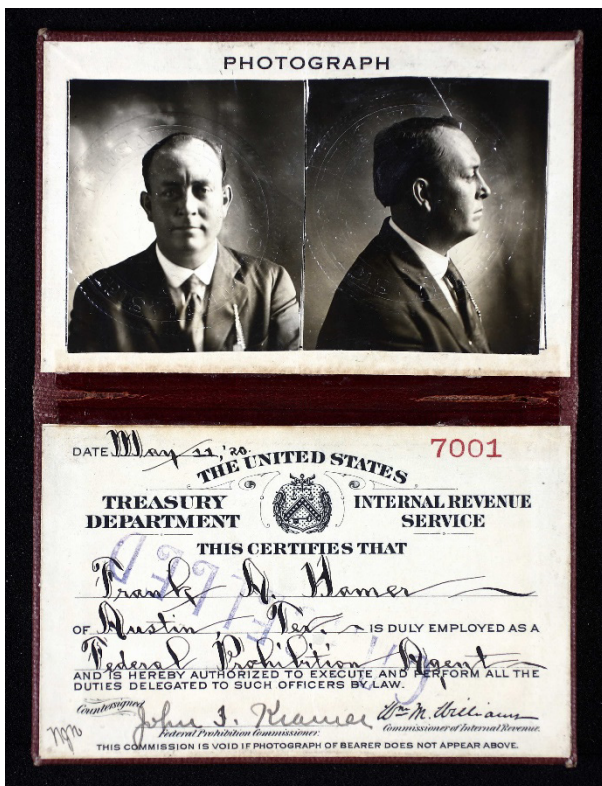
Name: Alexander M Lochwitzky

ID Number: 7055

Certificate Date: 13 Apr 1920

Residence Place: Austin, Texas

Occupation: Federal Prohibition Agent



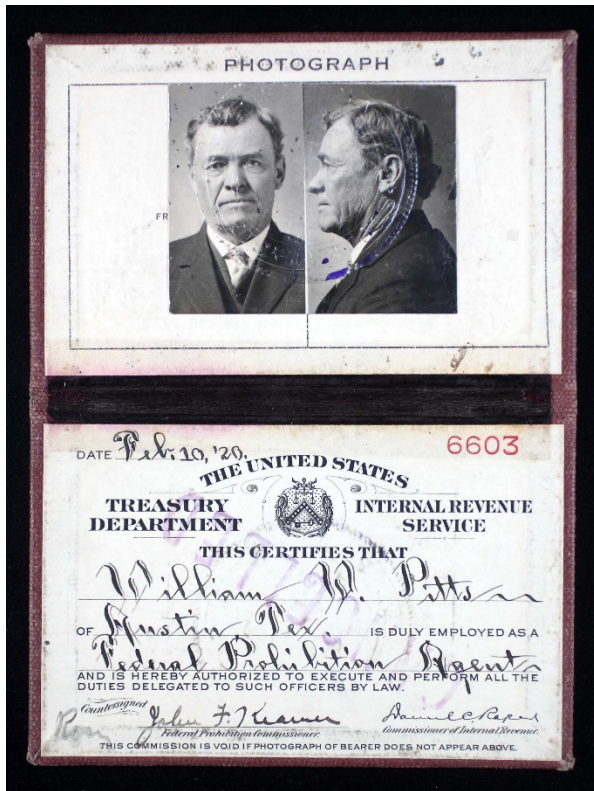
Name: Frank A Hamer

ID Number: 7001

Certificate Date: 11 May 1920

Residence Place: Austin, Texas, USA

Occupation: Federal Prohibition Agent



Name: William W Pitts

ID Number: 6603

Certificate Date: 10 Feb 1920

Residence Place: Austin, Texas

Occupation: Federal Prohibition Agent

# 1882 Smallpox Outbreak in Travis County

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By: Craig Peterson

The records of the Swedish Methodist Church say the churches in Austin and Decker were shut down for two months in 1882 when smallpox killed ten members at Decker, including the new minister who had only preached one service. The records say the minister was Peter Newberg, and it mentions two adults, August Cedarblad and Ida Peterson, the rest being unnamed children.

The Austin Weekly Statesman for 09 Feb 1882, lists a very full (and graphic) report of the outbreak by the doctor in charge. It appears all were moved to Austin and were housed in tents referred to as The Small Pox Hospital located "across the river."

Combing all written accounts, the following is believed to be the names and date of death:

08 Jan 1882 Lizzie Olson (all Olson's are the children of Peter & Emma Olson)

22 Dec 1881 Ivy (or Ira or Isa) Olson

22 Dec 1881 Clara Amelie Olson

Recovered Sally Olson

05 Jan 1882 John E. Olson

08 Jan 1882 August Cedarblad

Recovered Emma Lundell (wife of F.A. Lundell)

Recovered Anna Lundell

05 Jan 1882 Amanda Engquist

20 Jan 1882 Carl Witting (son of Rev. Victor Witting)

Recovered Peter Olson

10 Jan 1882 Rev. Peter Newberg

15 Jan 1882 Ida Peterson

Recovered Joe Cooly

Recovered John Engquist

15 Jan 1882 William Engquist

Recovered E. (G) Engquist

Recovered H. Engquist

Recovered J. Keenan

Ivy S. Olson is recorded as buried in Oakwood Cemetery. There is a \_\_\_\_ Olson buried in Oakwood on 23 Dec 1881, which could be Clara Ameillia Olson. No other burial records have been found, but it is believed they were buried at the site of the Small Pox Hospital on the south side of the Colorado River.

# 1878 Texas Military Institute Student List

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Obtained and Transcribed by Lisa Smith-Curtean

A A Porter	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
A B Campbell	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
A B Croswait	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
A E Rector	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
A G Seogin	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
A J Terrell	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
A R Coleman	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
A R Townes	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
A S Johnson	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
A Smith	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Arthur Crozie Giraud	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Arthur Rowe	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
B P Gaines	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Ben F Johnston	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Brooks Haynie	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
C A Rosengreen	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
C B Kirkpatrick	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
C B Shepard	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
C B Wheelock	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
C D Walsh	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
C E Anderson	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
C H Carrington	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
C M Bunton	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
C N Rutherford	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
Camillo Albert Kuechler	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Chas B Cook	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Chas E Henry	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
Chas H Earnest	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Chipley Burlage	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Claude Herbert Lauraine	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
D G Chalmers	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
D Melasky	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
D W Hamilton	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
David Galen Jones	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Duval West	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
E D Thomas	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
E L Rector	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
E T Cook	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
E T Denormandie	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
E W Budington	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
E W Shands	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin

Edgar Smith	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Edward McDannell	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Ernest Walcot Robbins	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Eugene B Haynie	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Eugene Robinson	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
F F Chote	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
F H Sanders	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
F T Turner	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Frank Duffan	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Frank E Campbell	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Fredreick Gustar Sutor	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Fritz Schenck	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
G L Walton	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
G T Stanley	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
George A Brush	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
George Longstreet Walton	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
George Southgate Browne	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
George Thomas Stanley	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
Guy Carlton	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
H B Barnhart	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
H B Wilson	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
H C Brown	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
H H Steiner	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
H M Haynes	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Harvey Harrell	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Henry Alexander Linn	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Henry Browne	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Horace Burnham	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Horace Rowe	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
J A Green	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
J A Milliken	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
J B McGill	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
J D Sheeks	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
J E Cummings	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
J E Linn	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
J H Coleman	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
J H Gillum	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
J H Phillips	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
J J Haynes	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
J K Haynes	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
J N Hoffar	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
J P Henricks	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
J P Randolph	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
J R Smyth	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
J S Stewart	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin

J T Nichols	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
J W Graham	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
J W Phillips	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
J W Shepard	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
J Wahrenberger	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Jacob Philip Henricks	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
James Allen Thompson	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
James Burdett	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
James Durst	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
James H Grant	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
James Lane	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
James Leftwich Shepherd	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Jeff D Brown	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
John Black	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
John R Blocker	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
John Reynolds Lawrence	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
John Thomas Bennett	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
John Thomas Duval	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Joseph Burlage	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Joseph Julius Brunet	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Joseph Lee	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Joseph S Earnest	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
L D Carrington	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
L M Odom	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
L W Rector	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
Leroy B Henry	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
Lewis Hancock	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Louis Henry Kreisle	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Louis Horst	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
M E Groos	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
M H Howard	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Major Charles S West	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Martin Ernest Croos	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
N A Rector	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
Orceaneth Fisher	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Oscar Emil Louis Paul Goldmann	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
P H Stein	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
P Weir	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
R A Rutherford	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
R G West	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
R H Kirby	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
R J Grant	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
R P Smyth	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
R T Stringer	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Ralph Jacob Kuechler	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin

Reuben Anderson	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Richard Manning Tarlton	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Richard Swearingen Kirby	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Robert Green West	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Robert Harper Kirby	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
S M Lee	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
S M Platt	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
S Washington	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Samuel Delgado Decordova	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Samuel Hopkins	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
T G Chalmers	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
T N Blake	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
T W Tullis	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Thomas A Doxey	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
Thomas C Anderson	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Thomas Green	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Thomas Jefferson Neavitt	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
W D Carrington	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
W D Hill	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
W D Hopkins	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
W D Shelley	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
W E Rector	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
W G Hamilton	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
W H Hotchkiss	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
W Miller	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
W O Shands	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
W Redd	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
W Robertson	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
W S Walker	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
W Vonrosenberg	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
W W Driskill	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
Wade A Henry	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
Walter Bremond	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Walter Franklin Bennett	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Washington Anderson Taliaferro	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Waters Davis	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Wilbur Gage	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
Will H Carr	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
William Alley	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
William Cashier Lauraine	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
William Metz	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin
William Smith Wilson	1878	Texas Military Institute	Travis
William Ziller	1878	Texas Military Institute	Austin



# Notes by Joseph Christopher Carrington Sr.

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Submitted by Joe C Carrington III

I was born at Tunis, Texas, on May 13, 1895, as the first of 6 children of a very loving family. My parents, E. E. and Jo Ella Carrington moved to the City of Caldwell when I was three, so there are not too many things I remember about my life in Tunis.

This was a small farming community in Central Texas near the Brazos River that had been founded in earlier antebellum plantation days and served as a trading center for them. In the early days, this was a part of the Republic of Texas.

It had been a rather flourishing little community and at one time had a post office, restaurant, gin mill, general store, blacksmith shop, an undertaker, a school, and an interdenominational church. Also, at one time, it had had four doctors, but I remember only the store owned by Dr. Little, who also "doctored" the community. The only other commercial enterprise I remember was the saloon which, as indicated below, was a rather prominent part of the community.

Tunis was frequently referred to as "Dog Town," and understand there were two versions of that. One was there were more dogs than people. The other was that very frequently, dog races were held here with a large attendance which involved considerable betting that was principally carried on at the saloon. The street in front of the saloon was known as "Rat Row," and that designation is probably what made me remember it. That street was carefully avoided by the ladies of the town.

I remember hearing my Dad almost lost his life with pneumonia about the time I was born and was sick for some two months. This not only put a terrible strain on him but on my Mother as I was a very small baby at the time. He lost his job as he was out so long.

As Tunis was so small and jobs scarce, he had to turn to another available way of making a living, and that was farming. He got a team and plow; relatives gave them a cow, and a farm was rented for \$100 a year. Prices got so low and crop so bad it took everything they had - including the cow - to pay the rent.

In other words, we had enough food to eat and something to wear, but by today's standards, we would have been classified as poor insofar as material things are concerned. My Dad often said, "we were accustomed to having nothing, and it was not too hard." He was one of the finest men God ever put on earth, and my Mother was one of the finest women. They had love and concern, and that was the most important asset.

In those days, of course, there were no welfare programs and other giveaways that usually take more from recipients than they give. Folks then had concern for their fellowman - a program for which I am very thankful as my Dad was left motherless when only a few hours old, and my Mother was left an orphan at the age of 4. Had there not been caring friends and relatives, there would have been none of us.

One thing I do remember vividly, however, was a large dog named Jack. He was very gentle and would let me pull upon him, whereby I learned to stand, and later as he seemed to recognize my advancement in mobility, he would walk very slowly. Therefore, I learned to walk by holding onto Jack.

About two years later, on November 13, 1897, my little sister Phronia (Sapphronia Elizabeth) was born, and I was mighty proud to have a little sister, even if she did take much of the attention, but there was enough to go around. We moved to another place in the community, but in October of 1898, my parents loaded up our sparse material assets and moved to the Big City of Caldwell - with an unbelievable population of some 1500.

My Dad hoped he would find a job and did - first in the Tax Assessor's office then in the County Clerk's office, later in a cotton yard, and started working in a store owned by a Mr. Gilley in 1899.

Gilley's Store was quite a general store in those days and usually had some 5 or 6 employees. It served a large area and usually bought commodities by the barrel. There was another general store in town, J. F. Cobb, and it was there that my folks bought the material to make my layette.

The Jenkins Hardware Store also carried heavy equipment of the type then used - certainly not the tractors and large farm equipment of today but plows and other articles that could be pulled by horses or oxen. The son, Joe Jenkins, a good friend of mine (even to this day), went on to become Mayor of Amarillo and is known as one of the leading citizens of the state.

Farmers would come into Caldwell to do their shopping from a large area around the town. While soil varied in different parts of the county, much of it lay in the deep "bottom" land of the Brazos and the Yegua Creek, as well as several other creeks in the vicinity. In much of the area, this deep soil had sufficient sand to bog down a vehicle in dry weather and made it difficult in wet as mud would be deep and slick.

Consequently, most customers came in covered, ox-drawn wagons, and often there would be 3 or 4 teams of oxen hooked together. Usually, the driver would walk alongside the leading pair and guide them along the road by means of rings in their nose.

If they had to come any distance (and a short distance was long in those days), many would come to town one day, camp out at night, and return home the next. Some would spend the day shopping and return even the day later. Women and small children seldom made the trip to town, and men would do the purchasing of not only the necessities for the farm - but the clothes for the family. Often this consisted of buying a bolt of material for the women to make into dresses as well as shirts for the men and boys. Some food had to be bought, but this was usually not too extensive as most folks raised the most of what they ate.

Dad was the bookkeeper for Gilleys. Things were usually sold on credit, and not much was collectible until crops came in for the farmers. Sending out bills was, therefore, pretty much of a job, and Phronia (7) and I helped make those out. Phronia was of particular value as she had such beautiful handwriting (and still does).

One person to whom bills had to be sent was a chinaman who ran a laundry. We did not know how to spell his Chinese name; therefore, bills were always sent to the name that everybody in town knew him by - John Chinaman.

I also remember another fellow who bought a dog at Gilley's. He was an extremely large German who was so big he took up the whole seat of his wagon. He would come into town to buy barrels of beer for his saloon at the edge of the city.

As indicated earlier, my Mother was orphaned when about 4. Some relatives, Mr. & Mrs. Asa Nix, took her to raise as their own daughter. In fact, she "Was" their daughter as they ended up having a family of 6 sons. She called them Pa and Ma, and the boys really were her "brothers."

The Nix family moved from Tunis early in her life and settled in what was then the Indian Territory with their home near the Arbuckle Mountains. Mama thought so much of them and wanted to visit them.

As Dad began to get better jobs, we were able to do so. Mother took Phronia (then about 2) and me (about 4) on this long train ride to Oklahoma - giving me my first chance to ride behind those snorting engines with the soot settling all over the passengers. Dad admonished us to be careful as those trains sometimes went mighty fast - often up to 30 miles per hour.

One of the uncles met us at Purcell and took us to their home in his covered wagon. It was far enough by such means of transportation that we had to spend one night camping out. Mama and Phronia (women folks) slept up in the wagon while "us men folks" (Uncle and I) slept under it. They had a nice little house with a storm cellar at the side, which not only acted as a storm cellar but as a storage for the preserves, etc. It was stocked with bottles of water, salt pork, etc., for an emergency.

We visited in the fall of the year, so the corn was harvested, and my uncle took me out in his wagon to feed the native hogs - but made me stay on the wagon while the hogs were being fed as they had long, sharp tusks which he said would tear me to pieces. Hogs normally lived on the abundant acorns, but "feeding them out" on corn helped meat taste better and the fat more solid and white. Hog fat was a vital necessity in those days as it provided fat used for cooking (this prior to the days when cholesterol was unknown).

When hogs were killed for the winter, fat was rendered out by heat to make this hog lard used for cooking and for the making of soap as well as for other purposes. Every part of the animal was utilized. Skins made the cracklings that were a part of the famous crackling bread.

There were all sorts of interesting things for a 4-year-old to do and see, and I particularly remember seeing, as well as hearing, the numerous coyotes on the hills during the bright moonlight.

The top memory, however, was when one of my uncles took me over to stay with him for a few days, and we rode horseback with blankets instead of the saddle for some half a day ride. He worked for the government in charge of the Indians on the reservation. One of the Chiefs was having a birthday party for his son. They had about a half-mile track cleared for their Indian pony races (3 at a time). They also had a small merry-go-round pulled by a horse. Where they got that is a mystery, but they had it.

Several tribes had been invited, and there was quite a crowd present. The squaws, with their papooses on their backs, did all the manual labor - as they usually did. My uncle would not let me stay for all the party as he was afraid it might be a little boisterous should they get ahold of some firewater. Later, however, some of the Indians brought us some of their barbecue, carrying it on a board.

My uncle spoke their language very fluently; however, much was in sign language. I had a chance to play with some of the Indian children and had a lot of fun even with the language barrier, but this sign language was sufficient, even if they did laugh a lot at my endeavors. I almost hated to go back to where we were visiting with Mama.

We stayed in Oklahoma for about ten days on that visit - riding back to Caldwell as we had gone - on the P & S F (Panhandle and Santa Fe Railroad).

I did not go back to Oklahoma until I was about 12 or so. I again visited this Uncle who had been in charge of the Indians. He was then sheriff of Lawton, and the votes of the Indians had played a very prominent part in his election as they admired and trusted him. By this time, he had two very lovely daughters.

In the meantime, the Indian Territory had been made part of the State of Oklahoma. It was quite a coincidence that my Dad's father also had moved to Oklahoma from Burleson County and had become a member of the Legislature. He had presented the bill that brought about this consolidation of the territory and the state.

Our home in Caldwell was a very comfortable house with a big front and back porch that provided a good place to sit as in those days; there was no air conditioning. It had a smokehouse out back as in those days; there was no saran-wrapped cut-up meat in air-conditioned meat counters in stores. Folks raised and killed their own beef and pork. Often, particularly in rural areas, they would take turns in killing animals, and it would be a cooperative affair. There was no efficient means of keeping meat fresh; therefore, most was smoked, which preserved it, and stored in the smokehouses.

The smells that emerged from those smokehouses still remains one of the most tantalizing that could ever be imagined. There were, of course, none of the artificially cured meats that have less smell and less taste of today.

Our house was on Broadway, and the only thing between our street and the railroad tracks was a very wide "buffer" space on which some of the warehouses, etc., were built in other areas of the town. We, of course, had the traditional "chick sales," but we were "uptown" as ours was a three-holer and naturally had the traditional dual-purpose Sears Roebuck catalog.

There were a lot of trains those days - passenger, freight, and combination. Most were very long, which meant a lot of "fire and brimstone" as the flames flashed out of the engines, and there was a lot of racket. Railroading was the prime means of transportation as there were very few highways and no busses or trucks or cars, but cars were beginning to come into the picture!

We had to cross the railroad tracks (double tracks) to get to school, and again Dad was always admonishing us of the sometimes 30 mph speed of the trains.

Dad had quite an experience with the Santa Fe one night. As I remember it, he saw an open switch and was able to stop an approaching train by use of his little kerosene lantern. For this, he got a thank you letter from the President of the Santa Fe and a free round trip to any point served. He went to California.

Not only was I proud of my "hero" Dad, but when he returned, he brought a baby swing. My little sister, Clarible, had been born by that time, and one of my jobs was to rock her. With this swing, babysitting became a unique pleasure - particularly as it was the only swing in town, and I got to show it off to so many.

I will never forget my first gun, nor did Dad. He gave me a long barrel single shot shotgun and a box of shells. Doubting my aim, he offered me a nickel for each bird killed. I first went in back of the house, aimed, and missed a skylark sitting on a cenebean bush. I had a bright idea and went out toward Barnett's place where he was plowing, and the blackbirds were swarming for the worms turned over. No accuracy needed here as they fell in quantities. I got a towsack and hauled home some 100 or so.

Dad said birds had to be prepared for eating before the money was forthcoming. Mama helped me and suggested getting the water boiling in the big pot in the backyard and put the birds in there. Fished them out, skinned them, and fixed for dinner. We ate birds for a long time, even after giving some to neighbors. We had put them in the "icebox" for keeping.

The "icebox" then really was an "ice" box as one section held a block of ice with food in the balance, with the circulation supposed to keep food cold, unless the ice got too low, too much food for circulation or the kids opened doors too often.

The pot in the back yard into which I put my birds was the wash pot in which dirty clothes were boiled along with lye soap (made by hand from hog lard and cans of lye). There were no electric washing machines but a lot of hard manual work with the clothes being stirred by a long stick; later ironed by "sad irons" (well named) heated over a charcoal brazier wherein these solid irons would get hot enough to press the clothes.

Monday was the traditional wash day, presumably where the term "Blue Monday" originated.

I was hired by Mr. Teague, who was in charge of the waterworks as the fireman (with lignite used to fire the boiler) and the pumper. Meters were read by a black man. A large upright water tank some 100 feet high needed painting, and the man hired for the job got too much to drink, quit, and didn't collect his wages of \$14. Mr. Teague offered to give me the \$14 if I would paint it. So, I rigged up a kind of saddle on a pulley, used a heavy black paint that was supposed to prevent rust, and in 3 days had it painted from top to bottom. I not only got the \$14 but a licking from Dad, who said it was too hazardous a job for a kid.

My only other job as a kid was helping a traveling photographer deliver pictures he had earlier taken. He hired a buggy from the Harris Livery Stable, got me to direct him to the proper places. Sometimes pictures were pleasing and sometimes had to be taken back to the hotel for retouching. As I remember, I got some \$4 for a week's work.

Dad had gotten a job as a cashier at the Caldwell State Bank, was making some additional money, and bought his first automobile, a Chandler, a make long gone out of business. He decided to drive the new car down to Bay City to visit his Dad.

Grandpa John Carrington was a very colorful character. His first wife, my Dad's mother, had died in childbirth. He later remarried, and they had a good size family. He had lived in Tunis at my Dad's birth, later moved to Oklahoma, and became a member of the 1st Legislature assembled in Oklahoma in 1890 and, as indicated earlier, introduced the bill that consolidated the Indian Territory and Oklahoma. He had moved back to Texas and settled in Bay City, where he gained much recognition as a surveyor. He surveyed fields, canals, etc., all thru South Texas and even down the coast to Florida.

Several of his sons (half brothers to my Dad) worked with him as surveyors. One, Walter, became internationally famous as such. Early in his career, he went to Mexico and, while there, married one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen, a Castellan from a very high ranking family. He surveyed in Buenos Aires and other South American points as well as Arabia and all over the world. In my later travels, I ran across folks who knew and admired him and his work.

Back to the duck hunt, we went on while visiting in Bay City. Thru their work, they knew all the area and where hunting best. We rode in their surveyor's hack, something like buggy but topless and could carry nine or so on seats placed across the vehicle. It was pulled by the fastest horses I have ever seen; they didn't trot but lopped all the way at a fast pace.

When we came to the hunting spot, ducks were so thick they almost clouded the sky. With their 12 gauge shotguns, they soon had plenty of ducks. As I was the youngest, I was the "retriever".

En route, they bought a lot of suet (cattle fat). After the hunt was over, ducks were skinned, chopped open by a big cleaver, and cleaned; they were plunged into the hot fat that had been rendered from the suet. They were so delicious that I get hungry even now thinking about them.

Grand Dad's house, at the edge of the city, was of particular interest as he set up his surveying instruments and let us kids look thru them. To our amazement, it made things far off look close by; opera glasses were not common commodities in small towns in those days.

Unfortunately, I did not realize all advantages obtainable from school and did not get as much from it as I could have. I soon learned to regret not having done so and not continuing my education. By that time, I was determined to learn as much as possible. I have consistently studied throughout my life, taking night and correspondence courses, intensely reading such material as would be of benefit, working with leaders in various fields to learn from them, and to apply myself in every way possible.

But back in school, we had double seats, and my partner was Rhett Smith. I had a natural knack for mathematics, and he had for such things as history, etc. Therefore, we became not only good friends but a good cooperative couple. Rhett was a pitcher on our baseball team and one of the best, with a curve no one could hit. I was way out in the field but had little to do as nobody hit the ball anyway. Rhett has been dead for many years, and he had a lot of problems.

I stayed in school thru the 7th grade, and Dad wanted me to go on and go to Baylor. I was not only so inclined but told him he hadn't had much "learning," and he had certainly done alright as he had good jobs and was a City Alderman (1905-1916). And, besides, some of those boys going to college were holding down vacation jobs at such places as Cal Whittington's restaurant back of the meat market. So, they didn't seem to be doing so well. I felt I could do better if I went out and got a job.

While he had had some good jobs, there was also a good family of girls coming on, as there were 5 of them, and they would have to have an education. Besides Phronia and Claribel, Mary Ella was born in 1909, Martha in 1914, and the youngest, John, in 1919. And Dad later gave up his job in the bank for full-time preaching.

As a cocky young kid, I felt I had all the education needed and, besides, had gotten a taste for wanderlust. I hung around the rail depot a lot to talk to employees who had been around and visited old Jack Henerson, who told interesting stories of the Spanish-American war and of far-off places. It seems I usually preferred older friends and particularly those who had traveled and had seen interesting things.

My ambition was to work on the railroad, but when about 16 went to Galveston and watched a banana boat come in, whereupon I thought it would be great to be a seaman. I checked with the Captain of the Mallory Line, and he asked me questions to which I had no answers, thru inexperience, so I made up what I felt were good answers. He told me something that impressed me, so I remember it to this day as he said, "Son, I don't want a lair on board my boat."

So, my desire to go to sea came to an abrupt halt, and I went on back to Caldwell - to my first love, railroading. Got a job with the Santa Fe.

I had become very interested in this young nurse, Ethel Lankford, and tried every opportunity to be with her. When you are a patient with the disabilities I had, there can be very little in the way of "courting"... couldn't even hug her. After the operation and my arm put into a sling, I often walked the seven blocks with her from the Santa Fe Hospital to Scott and White and several times tried to propose - but she seemed rather uninterested.

I was released from the hospital about a month after the operation and went back to Galveston. Mr. Douglas, Santa Fe Claim Agent, in making a settlement, assured me of a lifetime job with the railroad. I was afraid this might be something like a grade crossing watchman, but he took me to the Galveston office.

Soon as I got settled, I called Ethel to again propose, and she finally agreed to talk the matter over with her supervisor. She lacked only three weeks of graduating, but I sold her on the idea of skipping that as "I needed her to rub my arm," and she didn't need to graduate to do that. I assured her I would take care of her, and she could take care of me.

She finally agreed, and we planned for me to catch the train to Temple, she would meet me, and we could catch the Katy to Lorena (some 50 miles away), go to the home of her half-sister, Cora, and get married. We were married on January 20, 1915 by a Methodist minister as the Baptist minister lived in Waco and only came out on Sundays.

Her Dad (who with his family lived on a farm near Lorena) was opposed to the marriage and told her she shouldn't marry a kid so disabled and who would never amount to anything. He wouldn't attend the wedding but brought in a horse and buggy for us to use. Incidentally, we later became great friends, and he seemed to like me more than anyone.

The next morning we went on to Galveston, got an apartment, and I continued in the Santa Fe office handling over-claims in the Auditor's office. There were a number of employees there, and many had been employed for 15-20 years. We had some of the earliest models of dictating equipment - a cylinder type that was easily broken. This was a very interesting and somewhat challenging job, so it was easy for me--to the point that I was made head of the department - even over those who had worked there for so long.

We were caught in the 1915 Galveston storm, which was not as severe as the 1900 storm but was pretty bad. Some Jewish friends who had weathered several storms took us to their home, which they felt was safer, and had us draw up as much water as we could before we left, as it could be days before water could be brought from inland.

Ethel was several months pregnant with Joe Jr., so we were happy to be someplace considered safer. The storm came in from the gulf and washed into the bay, and we could see people being washed down the current. I tried to lean out of the 2nd story windows to pick them up but could not do so. It was gruesome to hear their cries for help and being crushed as they hit objects such as telephone poles, etc. and there was nothing we could do. We were able to go back home after a day or so and found everything in good shape. It probably would have been as safe there.

Both Joe Jr. and Luella were born in Galveston (Joe Jr. on July 20, 1916, and Luella on 2-18-18). After Joe was born, we heard the milk sold not too sanitary and wanted the best - so we moved out on 25th street, got a cow that was a fairly high producer, and some Cornish chickens - rooster and hens. These fighting chickens that lay dark eggs and produce dark meat (my favorite) soon became bosses of the neighborhood.

I had an opportunity for a good job with the short line Sugarland Railroad where I could have "more action." It primarily served the Sugarland plant, which shipped some 20 carloads of sugar a day from the plant to Galveston to be hauled all over the country by other carriers.

I had become very friendly with Mr. Eldridge, and he had me go to Chicago to bring back to him a private parlor rail car he had purchased (to first be used for his honeymoon as he was getting married again). It was very special, very plush, and very fancy in every respect. He had a full-time porter, even when the car was not being used, as it had to be ready at a moment's notice.

With the experience gained thru claim jobs, I decided to go into business for myself. I moved to Houston and started the San Jacinto Shippers Service Bureau. I was proposed to handle overcharge claims on the basis of 50% of the recovery-no recovery-no charge. Discrepancies were very common due to complicated tariffs.

To become more efficient in handling these, I attended a night law school - Campbells and Overstreet Law Court Room. This was highly interesting, and much learned that helped me throughout the rest of my life.



My real interest was in public relations, and when there was an opening as Secretary- Manager of the Cuero Chamber of Commerce, I took on that job. While this was a small town, it represented a large and prosperous rural community.

My two closest associates - the President of the organization, Victor Grundy, and Metz Heald, the Country Agricultural Agent were of tremendous value. We became such friends that when our youngest son was born, we named him for the two - Victor Metz Carrington.

Vic, Metz, and I made many trips throughout Central and other points to "sell" our community, and one of our prime projects was the revitalization and expansion of our "Turkey Trot" - an annual parade of turkeys. It is of interest that not only is this Turkey Trot continued to this day, but it is one of the most outstanding of such type agricultural projects in the country. Cuero is famous for its turkeys - being one of the leading turkey-raising areas in the country.

Pecans were another prime crop of the area as they grew in profusion along the Guadalupe River. These were unusual native pecans as while they were small and round; the shell was so thin that they would often break when falling off the trees. And they were extremely rich in fat content.

I made a trip to the East (Washington, Philadelphia, and New York) to encourage more sales of turkeys, pecans, and other items raised in the area. I stopped off in Washington and was presumptuous enough to call on President Calvin Coolidge to invite him to our Turkey Trot.

His secretary gave me 5 minutes, and when I went into his office, I realized how appropriate the name "Silent Cal" was for him as he said nothing, and I had to carry on the entire conversation. I gave him one of our special invitations, and as I was leaving, he bowed and carried on his total end of the conversation: "It's a pleasure, I assure you." This could be construed in any way.

On this trip, I found that the values we now place on pecans were not so important in those days as was told our thin-skinned pecans broke too easily, and the high-fat content caused them to spoil quicker. I did what I considered a good selling job.

Those were four good years spent in Cuero - 1925-1928. Our family increased by two as our two youngest sons, Edward and Victor Metz, were born there. I made some tremendous friends and contacts - not only locally but throughout the state and country. I joined the Rotary Club there, joined the South Texas Chamber of Commerce Executives Association, and several others.

Henry Burt, a friend of mine who was a member of the Cuero Chamber of Commerce and a bus operator, felt the bus industry was the business of the future. He felt it would be a good move for me to work with it.

So, in 1928, I became Secretary-Manager of the Texas Bus Owners Association (TBOA) with an office in Austin. In reality, this was almost taking a chance as the industry was in a rather chaotic condition in getting started. There were many problems - such as high conditions where even paved arterial highways were primarily "crown top," narrow and crooked as well as not being too well maintained. Less traveled highways were not that good and really presented problems. The tires were poor—gas stations and garages few and far apart.

Busses "per se" had not yet been "invented," and those wanting larger than the big seven-passenger cars then available (2 jump seats between front and back) cut these larger cars in two, added extra regular seats, and then welded them back together. All in all, operators had to be rugged individualists, hearty souls, and real pioneers.

I had to be out of town a great deal, and limited resources made it sometimes necessary for me to cut such corners as sleeping in my car. This often meant neglecting my family, but I knew our four children - 3 boys and 1 girl were under the close supervision of a very devoted Mother. In 1934, however, the greatest tragedy of my life up to that time occurred - my daughter, Luella, developed a serious kidney problem and died at the age of 16. I had never been hit so hard as losing this lovely little daughter who showed such great promise.

I was elected to two terms in the Texas Legislature - the 47th in 1941 and the 48th in 1943. This was quite an experience for a country boy. I made a tremendous amount of valuable friends and, probably, some became enemies - such as some attorneys who were presenting a very complicated legal-wise bill to which I protested. I felt that if we removed half the laws on our books, rewrote the balance in such simple language that anyone could understand, and then enforce them - we would be much better off. This experience in the Legislature enabled me to help motor carriers thru being able to present their case as well as to bring my experience with community matters to incorporate into bills.



47th House of Representatives 1941



48th House of Representatives 1943

My friends encouraged me to run for the Senate, which I did, but I had an unfortunate experience with a competitor who sometimes rather "confused" the issues. The war was then on, and one example was increasing innuendos concerning my participation in actual service, such as "why doesn't someone ask Joe why he's not in service in the army..etc." this at the last minute and not mentioning my age (with three sons in service) and not mentioning the fact known to them that my arm was principally metal. But, these facts were not known to many voters and no chance for a rebuttal at the last minute. It's not sour grapes, but I am glad I did lose that election through tactics like that, as I feel I have been better able to serve more by not being retained in a political atmosphere.

I decided to again get into the middle of the problem, and the Motor Carrier Insurance Agency was formed. Cooperation from insurance companies continued to present a problem. While some few cooperated to some degree, most would not. Many were uninterested in getting rates lower.

While I had always been interested in farming, the work with the Cuero Chamber of Commerce in encouraging more productivity in agriculture increased such interest. On coming to Austin, I immediately joined the Chamber of Commerce, headed by Walter Long, one of the finest in the field, and he put me on the Agriculture Committee.

In 1937, I had the chance of buying some 117 acres of land on the San Antonio Highway and Slaughter Creek from the Gaults and, shortly thereafter, some ten adjoining acres along the highway from Mr. Wroe.

This was also to be an experimental farm to demonstrate the value of better animal breeding, better crops, etc., and particularly aimed at encouraging more youth to remain on farms. Budded the many pecan trees along the creek, set out many more pecan, fruit trees, etc. I bought the best chickens that could be found (eggs then 13 cents to 25 cents per dozen)...goats (\$12 for 6)...lambs (\$50 for 18)...beef cattle...turkeys (at a show sometime later in Ft. Worth saw the 1st broad-breasted turkeys to come into this area, so bought a number to introduce locally. Developed a large flock and later sold to a neighbor who became famous for them).

I bought some hogs. The value of hogs had earlier been determined by how fat there were. As indicated earlier, hog fat was very important earlier in cooking, making soap, etc., but the trend had started toward leaner hogs. Hampshire's seemed to best fill this need, so I went up into the midwest and bought the best bred Hampshire boar that could be found- Roller Score. He did a great job, and we raised some excellent animals. I made quite a number of young pigs available to many farm youths and sold many to hog raisers.

Dairy cattle was another early project - and which was to become the paramount project throughout the following years. Even though cream was sold at 18-29 cents per pound, the idea was to get better cattle to have higher production. I started out with six high-bred, registered Jerseys and continued buying as well as growing out my own. As the herd grew, again, the best possible bulls of the breed were purchased...5 and 6-star bulls to increase the production and type of each succeeding generation. Hulburt Victor, Brigham Victor, Masterman Golden Knolle, and others were purchased and combined were the best of bloodlines.

Early, Jerseys were about the only breed in the state but gradually, some of the large black and white Holsteins were coming in. Their milk production was much higher than Jerseys even though the fat percentage lower. Again the trend was against fat, so I wanted to experiment with those. I was a member of the Legislature at that time and, as such, wrote the famed Carnation Farms of Carnation, Washington, as to my desire to help introduce these into the state. That farm usually did not sell top females, but I was lucky that they sold me one young heifer, Carnation Heilo Laura May. While she was sired by one of their young bulls, she had a tremendous pedigree, and her sire later became quite famous. When she came into production, I became sold on Holsteins. She later had one of the highest records in the state. I began getting more Holsteins and sold all my Jerseys to a breeder in Venezuela. We delivered them to Houston, and they had two boatloads.

I was also very fortunate in getting a really top farm manager, Jack Kay, who had goals of excellence in production, classification, and show animals. Our first herd sire was raised on the farm and was out of a daughter of the Governor of Carnation that I had purchased. We called him "Big Shot," but officially, he was Inglecroft Governor Burke Victor, and from him, we got some tremendous animals.

Jack was particularly selective in his show herds and won many, many championships and blue ribbons at top shows. The herd became nationally known through its production, classification, and these shows. Holsteins also have "All Americans" (best of breed for that age for that year), and we had quite a number of All Americans in the herd. Considerable advertising was also done and had professional cattle photographers brought in several times to take "portraits" of the cattle. Honest, that is quite a science, and those folks were professionals.

Finally, my health started declining and my age inclining, so I felt it best to disperse my registered Holstein herd in 1958. The type of cattle we had, the records made (quality combined with quantity, some 200) brought breeders from all over the country to the sale. It was with great reluctance that this fine herd was sold, but glad they could go into so many outstanding farms, and we continue to hear from the results.

During all this time, many more things were happening. The sale of milk began to have problems due to bureaucratic regulations, etc., so I built a creamery on my property, Milky Way Dairies, to handle my farm and that of some of my neighbors. I ran this until it was later leased to Carnation Co. Many experiments were carried out concerning cattle feed - new methods of silage, raising of grass by herbage method, etc. Artificial insemination started to take advantage of more top bloodlines, etc.

Also, I had to expand the acreage of my farms. In 1943 I bought 365 acres from the Dittmars that was close to Onion Creek and later bought adjoining acreage that gave me about a section of land. This helped raise more feed, provide more pasture, and extend operations. All this subsequently sold except the original farm on the San Antonio Highway - which by that time had become I.H. 35 (and had taken considerable acreage as the farm had extended along the highway). A number of acres had been divided among the family members, and the balance was leased out.

These farm activities furnish many happy memories and helped develop some mighty good friends from throughout the entire country.

I have been a member of a Baptist church in each town in which I have lived—deacon and trustee in the First Baptist Church of Austin, Texas. Membership moved to the Hyde Park Baptist Church in Austin during July, 1982. On a national scope, I have attended Baptist World Congresses, as held by the Baptist World Alliance, in Rio de Janeiro in 1960, in Miami in 1965. In Tokyo in 1970 and Stockholm in 1975. At each meeting, with the exception of Stockholm, we have held meetings concerning the program of Scouting in Baptist Churches. An excellent resolution passed in Tokyo. I have made some very close friends in not only the officers and staff of the Baptist World Alliance, but throughout the world as I met these folks at the Congresses.

Some have remained friends to this date - such as the Hon. J. C. N. Howard of Liberia, Mayor, Legislator, attorney, and highly educated, he has attended as a part of the group of Dr. William Tolbert, former President of the Baptist World Alliance and President of Liberia. Mr. Howard and several members of his family have visited in my home from time to time, and we have maintained close correspondence. In a recent coup in Liberia, Dr. Tolbert was overthrown and slain, while Mr. Howard was jailed for a number of months as a national leader.

It was quite an honor to be named the Layman of the Month in the "Baptist World," magazine of the Baptist World Alliance, in March 1961.

A mission trip was made to South America in 1951, accompanied by my pastor, Dr. Carlyle Marney. This was not only a delight in being able to be with him, as I consider him as one of the world's finest (now deceased), but we visited several missionaries throughout the country, and many of whom are still in contact with me. Rev. Alfonso Olmedo and his wife, Nita, from Argentina (now retired but preaching in Chicago). The Bratcher family, including Dr. Bratcher and his wife, as well as sons, Ed and Robert (who later translated the Good News Bible for the American Bible Society). Dr. & Mr. Bratcher now deceased.

Dr. and Mrs. Marney, my wife, and I also made a mission trip to Alaska. Dr. Marney did a series of T.V. programs with our Motor Carrier Insurance Agency being a cosponsor. In 1964, Rev. and Mrs. Pete Moreno, Vic, and I went on a Mission-Scout tour thru Central America.

Scouting has been - and still is - one of the prime motivating factors of my adult life, as I felt this was one of the best methods of reaching and teaching more youths more about Christian Citizenship. The Scout Oath of "on my honor, I will do my best, To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law; To help other people at all times; To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight" is a great foundation on which to build.

I started working more intensively with Scouting after moving to Austin. Herbert Gaskin was Scout Executive of the Capitol Area Council and was a very inspiring individual. He put me to work. It was my privilege to be given the Silver Beaver (Council award) in 1943 and to be President of the Council in 1945.

I was made a member of the Executive Board of Region IX of BSA (Texas, Oklahoma & New Mexico) and continued as such when this was reorganized into the South Central Region, but I now serve on the Advisory Board. It was my privilege to be given the Silver Antelope in 1948 (Regional Award) and the Silver Buffalo (National Award) in 1960 by the National Scout Council at their 50th-anniversary meeting.

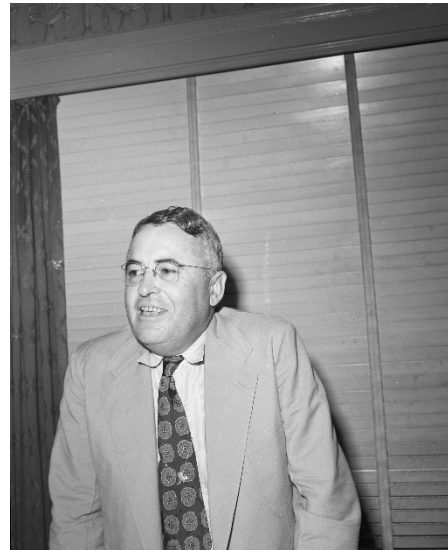
My age and health became such as was necessary to get others to assume this organization. Fortunately, a very outstanding layman, Owen Cooper of Mississippi (President of both the SBC and the BWA), and an excellent Scout Executive, H. M. (Smoky) Eggers, took this over and broadened it extensively as the Association of Baptists for Scouting. It now has offices with the National Scout Council, and the cooperation of the National, Regional and Local Councils has materially increased its effectiveness. Many other Baptist Conventions have been brought into the picture, and it is rendering a very outstanding service to youths and to churches. They have been very kind to me and presented me with the first good Shepherd Award.

While I have mentioned several awards received - the greatest award that could possibly be had is that of helping any youth acquire added incentives in Christian Citizenship. Scouting has reached out to many who would not otherwise have had this opportunity, and it is a program that I most heartily recommend to anyone and everyone. It is impossible to even begin to set out all the tremendous values receivable.

Through my work as President of the Austin Community Chest (predecessor of the current United Way), of the Austin Red Cross, of the Austin Chamber of Commerce, and with several other organizations, I found that one of the greatest problems that affected not only individuals, but entire families, was that of alcoholism.

The program of Alcoholics Anonymous came into being, and this seemed to be an excellent means of helping work out some of these problems. I had a couple of members of my staff who were members of A.A., and thru them, I became more interested.

Some publicity concerning alcoholism was being started and what was probably one of the first articles concerning alcoholism in a national magazine was in "Salute," entitled "13 Steps to Alcoholism." Permission was secured to reproduce this to include with our monthly bulletins of MCI to truck and bus operators as this problem was affecting some of the drivers. We sent it as a safety article.



State President of the American War Dads, Joe C. Carrington of Austin.

While we always received a good response from every bulletin, we sent out - no one dreamed what we would receive from the "13 Steps" enclosure. Requests for reprints and further information began to pile in from not only motor carriers, but they had apparently given this to others. We had inquiries from every state in the union, from Canada, Mexico, etc., and even from Turkey. They came from not only motor carriers but from police officers, judges, schools, individual alcoholics and their families, from A.A. Chapters, etc. - from almost all walks of life. Orders started coming in for hundreds of copies at a time, and while we continued to reorder reprints and send out individual or small quantities, we finally had to turn this over to the printer for him to sell quantity lots. It was estimated that probably a hundred thousand copies in all were reproduced.

This naturally encouraged more interest, and it was passed on with hopes of getting more involvement. In 1950, Governor Shivers appointed a Statewide Committee on Alcoholism and named me as the head. This later became the Texas Commission on Alcoholism Inc. with the view of making a survey of this as a health problem.

It was found that a number of states already had some sort of program, and in 1952, I attended the National States Conference on Alcoholism in Richmond, VA (and also in 1958, the National American Association of Alcoholic Programs in Detroit after more interest had been built).

The results of these studies were presented to the Texas Legislature, and in 1953 the Texas Commission on Alcoholism was created by a statute that outlined a broad program but gave no funds. This operated for 18 months in a limited way on gifts and donations. It was made up of

some "recovered" alcoholics and some non-alcoholics. Governor Shivers appointed me as one of the latter, and I was named Chairman. We had some very dedicated people, and considerable groundwork was done. I served on this Commission for some ten years, being reappointed by subsequent governors.

This Commission is still in existence, its scope broadened, and its effectiveness increased through added financing. It's doing a good job, and it was a real privilege to have been a part of its origin.

As I look back on these 87 years, I feel the Lord has been more than good to me in every area. There have been high points, low points, and very low points, but He has guided me and has helped me to learn and to grow from them. This, in turn, has helped me to assist others. As I have often said - "from my own experience, I can advise as to what not to do."

I am very grateful for the many, many good friends from all walks of life that I have made along the way and for the opportunity to participate in many endeavors. I only wish I could have done more. Therefore - as this was started - I have had a good life, and I'm mighty proud to be a Carrington. I hope that this name will continue to mean as much to those of the present and coming generations as it has to me.



Carrington family 1952.

Joseph Christopher	13 May 1895	14 May 1983
Saphronia Elizabeth "Phronia" Clarble	13 Nov 1897	08 Jan 1993
Edward Ebenezer	15 Jun 1903	06 Mar 2002
Mary Ella	24 Jan 1872	22 Jun 1954
Martha Ebbe	13 Jan 1908	14 Apr 1985
Mamie Ruth "John"	23 Sep 1914	12 Oct 2003
	12 Feb 1917	04 Sep 1997



Christmas 1964. Joe Sr., Joe Jr., Joe III, & Joe IV

## Upcoming Events

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**April 26, 2022:** Melissa Barker, The Archive Lady, will present *"That's in the Archives! Digging Deeper in the Archived Records."*

**May 24, 2022:** Gina Philibert-Ortega will be sharing *25 Tips for Researching Your Female Ancestors.*

**June 28, 2022:** Maureen Taylor, The Photo Detective, will be sharing her presentation on *"Who's Little Joe: Photo Detecting 101."*



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