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JUDGE RALPH ELLIOT
November 14, 1986

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Oral History Collection

Judge Ralph Elliot

Interviewer: Mrs. Donna Kumler

Date of Interview: November 14, 1986

Place of Interview: Sherman, Texas

Mrs. Kumler: This is Donna Kumler, and I am interviewing Judge Ralph Elliot in Sherman on November 14, 1986. Judge, would you describe for me some basic information about your birth, your family, your education, and so on?

Judge Elliot: I was born in Sherman on July 10, 1913, at my grandfather's house, because my father was a railroad man and was out on the road a great deal. I was raised entirely in Denison, Texas. I went to the Denison High School and graduated in 1931. I had a scholarship to Austin College, and I went to Austin College for one year and then for a year-and-a-half at Southeastern Teacher's College. Then I went to the University of Texas, where I attended the University of Texas law school.

I returned to Sherman, Texas, upon securing my license to practice law in May, 1936. I have practiced law here since that time--for more than fifty years. I received my diploma the other day for fifty years of practice (chuckle). During that time I have been in public office. I was assistant county attorney or criminal district attorney to R.C. Sleagle, Jr. for four years. I ran for the office and

was elected and served nearly two years. I was elected to a second term, and then I resigned to enter the service. I was a naval pilot for three years.

I returned to Sherman, Texas, and opened a law office in conjunction with Saunders Freels, whom I had met at Pearl Harbor on my way home. We had agreed on a partnership and that I would secure the offices since he understood that office space was difficult to find. On my return, I did find out it was difficult, but I did secure offices and office space, and upon his return we formed a partnership which continued until his death.

During the interim period of time, I left Saunders's practice temporarily. I was elected county attorney and served for two terms. Then we established a practice with Saunders Freels, and we continued to practice until his death. Then I continued to practice with our other partner, Mr. Rayburn Nall, until 1975, when I was appointed district judge of the 59th District Court. I continued in that capacity until I was compelled to retire by reasons that had to do with longevity and pension problems. Since that time I have sat as a district judge intermittently and have lived here in Sherman.

Kumler: And that's all (chuckle)? That's quite a lot.

Elliot: If there's anything important, you can pick it out.

Kumler: That's the kind of information I'm interested in. If you

remember, from a previous conversation, I told you that I was interested in establishing some definite information about the black community in Sherman prior to the 1930 incident, and then including that particular incident. I wonder if you remember anything about black businesses in Sherman prior to 1930.

Elliot: No, I do not. I lived in Denison then.

Kumler: Your recollection, then, would deal mainly with our incident-- the courthouse burning that you and I had discussed.

Elliot: That is correct.

Kumler: Do you recall in this area--Sherman or Denison--in the period of the twenties evidences of the Klan or men who were race-baiters?

Elliot: My only recollection is that as a very small lad I attended a march down Lane Street in Denison. It's just a casual recollection. I do remember it vividly, but nothing happened. The hooded people walked by, and that's all I remember.

Kumler: Let's see, then, if we can get some information about the courthouse burning that we've talked about. Would you just describe for me what you knew, if anything, about the woman who was allegedly attacked? Did you know her or her family?

Elliot: Yes, I knew her family. She was married to a man by the name of Drew Farlowe, who was a distant relative. I'm trying to think what the relationship is...maybe a second

or third cousin, something like that. I knew that he worked on my grandfather's farm, which was the farm at which this incident took place. My recollection of him is very, very ignorant; my recollection of his wife is non-existent. If I ever knew her or met her, I don't know it.

Kumler: Have they been in this area for a while?

Elliot: I believe so. Drew's father was named Willie Farlowe; he was the son of W.W. Farlowe, at whose farm this took place. Yes, I believe he had always lived here and had done labor-type work. He worked on the farm or something of that type is all I remember. I met him, and I recall him, but I don't remember her at all. I do not know any members of his family.

Kumler: Did you know anything of the black man who supposedly attacked her?

Elliot: No, I do not.

Kumler: He apparently was just an itinerant. I haven't been able to learn much about him at all.

Elliot: I do not know.

Kumler: Do you recall anything of the week prior to the courthouse burning? I understand that there were a lot of people who came into Sherman during that week. Do you recall anything of that?

Elliot: No, I do not. I was in Denton, and I was a student in the

high school there.

Kumler: How old were you, Judge Elliot?

Elliot: Well, sixteen or seventeen. This happened in what year?

Kumler: May, 1930.

Elliot: I was nearly seventeen years old.

Kumler: You said that you came from Denison to Sherman. Would you just describe for me what you recall of that night?

Elliot: We came over in the daytime. One of my inseparable boyhood companions at that time was a young man by the name of Hulen Jackson, who later went on to become and for his lifetime was a minister of the Church of Christ. He now resides in Duncanville, Texas, where he's a pastor emeritus or holds some type of position. He's retired, really. But he lived in Duncanville, and I hear from him occasionally. He's associated with that Church of Christ. I have his address, but I do not have it with me.

Hulen and I...it was at that time of the year when school was out, and we were getting a little vacation period before coming back to learn the results of our final exams or matters of that kind. We had some four or five days of vacation where we did not go to school. Hulen and I were on the high school grounds, which is now the D. McDaniel High on Main Street in Denison. We could look over to Sherman and see this enormous cloud of smoke--quite visible from Denison. It was an enormous cloud of smoke. We had

heard that there was a large crowd in Sherman and much excitement, so we decided that we would go over just for a short period of time. At that time it was quite easy to obtain rides by simply standing on the highway. Many people from Denison went to Sherman. We were well known, so we had no difficulty. We secured a ride, but with whom I have forgotten.

Kumler: Let me interrupt you and ask you a question here. I'm curious to know...did you have any knowledge of what the cause of the excitement was? You said you heard there was excitement there.

Elliot: I can't answer that question. I'm sure we must have heard.

Kumler: You don't recall anything in particular?

Elliot: I don't recall. When we got to Sherman, we got a ride up to the central part of town. There we saw an enormous crowd that extended throughout all of the square area--standing room only--and it extended up some of the streets. Even the streets adjacent to the courthouse there were heavily peopled on up the street. But in the street area immediately surrounding the courthouse, it was standing room only. As I recall, we got to Sherman around three o'clock in the afternoon of the day in question. What was the day this man was supposed to have been killed?

Kumler: This incident happened on Friday.

Elliot: It ran over...

Kumler: ...into Saturday.

Elliot: Okay, it was about three o'clock on Saturday...what day?

Kumler: May 10.

Elliot: May 10? We simply wandered through the crowd. He and I just wandered around throughout all sides of the square, all the way around, mingling in and out of the crowd. We didn't see anyone that we knew, that I recall.

Kumler: How would you describe the general age of the crowd? Were they young, or were there many old people or middle-aged?

Elliot: I would say it was just a general mixture. That would be my recollection of it. I recall that the electric interurbans at that time were still running, and they were having great trouble getting through the crowd. The crowd did not give way very easily, and they had great trouble getting through the crowds, coming and going. During the next few hours...I remember that the Sherman Democrat at that time was located at the southwest corner of the square at Lamar and Travis streets. I recall they were putting out extras, it seemed like, about every ten minutes. There'd come a new "extra." At every short period of time, there'd be a new "extra," and newsboys would hawk those papers through the crowd.

I remember that the fire was in the courthouse there, and the fire department endeavored to put out the fire and would string their hoses through the crowd up to the courthouse

to play the water on the fire. It seemed like they would no sooner get the hose there than someone back in the crowd would chop the hose in two, and it would go writhing through the air like some giant serpent. I do not know if that hurt anyone back there or not because this, as I recall, was mostly at the northwest corner of the square, and we spent most of our time over on the east side of the courthouse. We were on the courthouse property most of the time.

I just remember that there was a great deal of speculation...I'd hear people talking about whether the black man was still alive or whether he was dead from the heat of the fire. The temper of the crowd seemed to me to be as such that they wanted to make sure he was dead.

I recall that the Texas National Guard came to Sherman and appeared on the courthouse square, and it put up a cordon or circle between the courthouse and the crowd and endeavored first to establish themselves by planting their feet some distance each from the other in a stance position. Later, upon orders from their commanding officer, they commenced to push the crowd back. This was in the very late afternoon. Dusk had fallen at that time while they were there, and they commenced to push the crowd back by taking their rifles and turning them sideways and grabbing one end of the butt and the other end of the rifle and putting it across their breast and shoving it forward and shoving the crowd back.

At that time Hulen and I were over on the east side of the courthouse, about where the east entrance is--just to the right of the east entrance--and about where the sidewalk is that goes around the courthouse now at this time. I remember distinctly there was a nice looking gentleman--short, stocky man--in a blue serge suit and a white sailor's straw hat. The young soldier or guardsman kept pushing him back and kept hitting this man in the breast with the gun as he twisted it sideways. All of the others were doing that in order to push the crowd back. They were able to push the crowd back so far, but by sheer force of numbers, they couldn't back up anymore. The young soldier was attempting to push the crowd back and kept hitting this man in the breast with the gun, and he warned him two or three times not to do that anymore. About that time the man turned to me and said, "Hold my hat."

Kumler: Did you know the man?

Elliot: I never saw him before or since (chuckle). He was just a short, well-dressed, nice-looking fellow--bald-headed. When he took his hat off, he was bald-headed. I'd say he was middle-aged.

He tore into the soldier and put him on the ground; he was a pretty strong fellow. He put him on the ground, and if that were a sort of a signal, everyone else started assaulting the soldiers, too. It became an impossible

situation because the crowd was overpowering them.

When this man that I was referring to took this gun away from the soldier, he turned to me and picked his hat up and put it back on, and I never saw him anymore. About this time, all the other rest of the crowd began assaulting the soldiers, and they could not maintain their position. Their commanding officer ordered them to reform over on the northwest corner of the square, which they did. They formed, as best they could, into a cadre over there, and then they began a retreat.

The crowd was just menacing them all of the time, and they were pointing their guns at the crowd. Their commanding officer had a pistol, and he was ordering everyone to stand back. The National Guard began a retreat, backwards; they formed again out in the center of the intersection of Crockett and Houston streets and then began a gradual retreat backwards, down toward where the old county jail was some block-and-a-half or two blocks westward.

When this was taking place, Hulen and I had made our way around to the corner--the southwest corner--of Crockett and Houston streets. I remember we were about where the Troy Jaco Clothing Company was for many years, and I think they have a restaurant there now. So we were standing there on that corner watching from the side on all that was taking place to the north of us.

The soldiers began their retreat down the...and, of course, cars were double-parked everywhere, and they were double-parked on Houston street all as far as I could see. It was dusk at that time, and as the soldiers would retreat to the west, Hulen and I would duck behind the automobiles that were parked on the curb and follow them down the street as they retreated.

The crowd was following them at a distance of fifty feet or so--pretty close--and occasionally somebody in the crowd would dart out. The commanding officer was some fifty feet east of his retreating group...maybe twenty-five feet. He had a pistol. He was brandishing a pistol and ordering the crowd not to come any closer and to disband. The crowd--it was always a mystery to me that when you wanted something, somebody in that crowd had it--was throwing rocks and bricks and clubs and wood--anything movable that they could get was coming out of the crowd, which was on our right hand side--through the air and falling...and bricks...lots of bricks...and falling on the soldiers as they retreated. Many of them were knocked out or unconscious or disabled, and their companions-in-arms would help them in retreat. They gradually retreated.

I did not hear any bullets per se from the captain, whom, I later was told, was Captain Albert Sydney Johnston. It was a feat of almost unbelievable bravery that he did. He stood

out there single-handed in the face of that crowd with only his pistol and the soldiers behind him. Their guns were drawn and pointed, but he was the one that kept the crowd at bay. I never did see any injury occur to him. He showed unbelievable bravery.

Hulen and I were following along. We got down to about, oh, maybe fifty feet to a hundred feet from the corner of Travis and Crockett, and we were dodging in behind the automobiles and watching this from the side. We were about at the same point on the sidewalk as their commanding officer was, and between the crowd and the retreating soldiers.

About that time, Hulen and I thought we detected a shot that had hit the automobile that we were behind, and we had decided that we had better not go any farther, so we just stopped right there and stooped down and didn't go any farther. The National Guard retreated on down the street. The crowd was unruly and throwing everything that you could think of. It was very reminiscent of a movie on the French Revolution that I saw. All sorts of articles and objects were being thrown into the air and letting them fall on the National Guard. That's as far as we went on that occasion there, and we left there.

We went around on the west side of the square. There used to be a bakery down about where Hestand and Swindell Drug is now. Maybe it was a little further south, but it

was right in there...or maybe where the Grayson Limb Company is. Right in that area there was a bakery run by Mr. Otto Vehle, whom I did not know at that time. He was baking bread there that morning, and, of course, the smell of baking bread is almost sure to excite the appetite of anyone, I think. So we stopped and bought us a loaf of bread and ate it.

Then we walked on around the south side of the square over to the east side of the square. We really positioned ourselves about where we were before, about or a little bit north of where the sidewalk runs out the east entrance of the courthouse and there intersects the sidewalk that goes around the courthouse. That was about where we were before.

At this time there was a great deal of smoke, but I did not see any fire particularly as such. You could see standing upright...a portion of the courthouse was still upright. The rest of it had all disintegrated into rubble and brick. But you could see the door on the south that went into the clerk's vault. On the east side was part of the courthouse; the masonry part was still standing. The windows were all burnt out, but the shell was still standing. On the south side you could see the vault.

During the next few hours, the crowd was anxious to know whether or not the man was still alive or dead, and

they wanted to make sure he was dead. So there were some ringleaders who would...and great lights came from somewhere. I do not know how in a crowd of this nature...the ringleaders will want something, and it will appear almost miraculously. I don't know how these thing appeared.

Kumler: Let me interrupt you here. So there were certain men that you were easily able to pick out as ringleaders?

Elliot: No. I didn't know anybody in Sherman.

Kumler: You made reference to ringleaders, and I...

Elliot: Oh, they obviously were...I said they were ringleaders. It appeared to me they were ringleaders. They were going up on the side of the courthouse and yelling instructions and what they wanted. Some half a dozen or so men would go up the side of the courthouse and inspect the door of the vault and say, "We need some crowbars." Next thing I knew, crowbars would show up. The lights were very large lights--very large illuminating lights--that shined. It was fully illuminated, so you could see everything they were doing--just like a movie.

They wanted bars, and bars came; and they could not pry it open. Then they wanted dynamite. Someone in there must have known how to use dynamite because they then set dynamite off on the vault, trying to blow the door...they were endeavoring to blow the door off of the vault--the swinging door on the south side of the vault. This door was clearly outlined,

and all the brick had fallen away. They set off numerous, numerous blasts. When they would get dynamite in place and light it, they would then come down from their perch. They had ladders and everything up. They would come down, and the crowd would all fall back as far as they could go. Then the blast would go off, and they would climb up again. They could not get the door open. This went on for some period of time.

Then--and I use the term ringleaders because it looked to me as though they were making the decisions--the next thing I knew, they decided they would move around to the east side of the courthouse. They got ladders and moved around to the east side of the courthouse. One of the windows in the courthouse...the facade was still standing on the outside, but you could see through the window, which had been knocked out. They climbed up, and they needed an acetylene torch. Right away, in just a short period of time, here they show up with a torch. They used an acetylene torch and cut through the vault to the extent of the outline of the window, or nearly so. At least it was large enough for someone to get through. When they had completed burning through--what they thought was burning through--the window and the vault at that place, they took hammers and bars and tried to beat on it but could never do any good.

Then they finally said they would blow it in; they would

dynamite off, and, of course, we were still standing there. We had a perfect view right in front of us--Hulen and I. They set off the dynamite. The crowd fell back, and the dynamite went off, and it blew the cut-out piece into the vault and left a hole. I remember a great deal of smoke came out of the vault.

Then they wanted flashlights, and flashlights appeared, and they looked inside. Finally, one or maybe two--I can't recall--crawled through the opening. Of course, the crowd just held baited breath while this was going on.

Presently, they threw the body of this black man out the window--out the hole--and he hit the ground in front of Hulén and I. We could see him there. His body appeared to be limp to me, and that's all that I could tell. When he came out the window, the crowd let out a great roar and cried, "Hoorah! Hooray!"

Just almost instantly...I can't recall who...I keep using the term "ringleaders" because there were people who were active and there were people who were watching. The people who were active ran up and apparently examined him. I could not tell whether they thought he was dead or not; I never was able to tell.

Anyway, almost instantly, someone came with a chain and tied this chain around him and pulled him right by where we were--three feet right in front of us--but I could not tell

anything about his condition. I presume he was dead, but I don't know. They carried him out to the curb, which was about four or five feet from where we were. Someone had gotten a Model T--it looked like to me what I recalled or believed to be a Model T Ford--that had been backed into the curb.

They attached the chain to the back end of this automobile and took off. They went north...of course, the street was filled with the crowd, but as the car would drag his body--it took off at a fairly good speed--the crowd fell back. I remember his body bouncing behind that car. Bouncing really is the word for it. It wasn't sliding; it was more bouncing than it was sliding. Of course, as he went by, the crowd would spit and attempt to kick him and all this sort of thing. They turned east on Houston Street.

Kumler: So you followed?

Elliot: Well, we didn't have any way. We were on foot. We did not know where they went. So our next thought was to get a ride home. So we started looking around the crowd to see if we could see who all we knew, and we found a chemistry professor of ours named G.P. Brous, a middle-aged to elderly gentleman.

Kumler: Where did he teach?

Elliot: He taught in the high school; he was our teacher. I believe he had his wife...my vague recollection--I may be in error--is that he had a member of his family with him. But, anyway,

we got in his car, and he wanted to go see where they had taken the colored man. So he drove down Sherman...I'll have to retract on that. Yes, he parked his car. We went on down to the area, and I don't know exactly where this area is, even now. It was in the general vicinity of the Eastern Iron and Metal Company or Sherman Metal Company--in that general area.

Kumler: Actually, it's right directly behind us. It's right behind the library here.

Elliot: Yes, on down east. When we got there, there was a large crowd there all the way around. The black man was hanging from the limb of a tree, and there was an enormous fire under him. He was hanging by the chain from the limb of the tree, and this very hot fire was going beneath him. I remember his feet and his wrists were turned up as though he was trying to reach his elbow or something in that twisted position. I couldn't make out anything else other than that he was very small. At that time, his torso was quite small; the hands and feet were turned up.

I would remember that every once in a while somebody from the crowd would run in to try to...I don't know what they were trying to do--get a piece of flesh, skin, or what. Anyway, I saw a little bit of that.

Then Professor Brous wanted to go on. We all went back and got into his automobile and came on home. I remember

that as we were coming up either Brockett or one of those streets, there was the colored area. I saw an old black gentleman sitting on his porch with a shotgun across his lap. Nobody bothered him.

That's about all I remember about that incident. I really haven't ever read up on it since that day. I have not read accounts or anything. Judge Vaughn, whom I had gone to school with and had known always...about some eight or nine years ago, we were talking about this. I think he had mentioned Professor Phillips out at the college was interested in doing some article on this, and we were talking about it. He told me for the first time that he was here and saw this incident. I said, "Where were you?" He pointed out on the ground where he was, and it could not have been over eight or nine feet from where we knew we were. But I never did see him. Obviously, he was right close to where we were. That's about all that I know.

Kumler: That's interesting, to wait all that time and just discover you were right there.

Elliot: Yes, he was right close by.

Kumler: Let me just ask you a couple of things. Do you recall anything when you observed the man hanging?

Elliot: In the tree?

Kumler: Yes. Do you recall anything about the make-up of the crowd there?

Elliot: No, I don't. I just knew there was a crowd there.

Kumler: Do you recall children being in the crowd?

Elliot: I don't believe I could say I did.

Kumler: Let me just ask you this. You and I were at the historical society meeting the night that you introduced Mr. Rogers, and he gave the history of the law office. He said that night that he felt that the 1930 incident had had a definite impact on the legal community here in Sherman. He mentioned that it appeared to him in the years after that incident that when a black plaintiff came into the courtroom and the plaintiff had been injured on the job and he was a good employee--I think the term that Mr. Rogers used was "a white man's nigger"--he felt that there was some evidence that juries would award damages or would make awards out of some sort of compensation. Do you agree with that, or do you recall anything about that?

Elliot: I don't think I could say I observed or felt that that was true. There's another story that I don't know if I should relate to you or not (chuckle). Neilson always took this position in representing a black man, that "this is a darkie, but he's a good darkie; he's a nigger, but he's a white man's nigger," and so forth. I saw Neilson use that one day, and some jurors got up and came forward, including Carl Ellis, who was a black man, who said that they had to be excused because they could not give Mr. Rogers's client a fair trial because of his approach to this man. So they resented that

approach. There was some feeling against that approach.

Kumler: The feelings against that were from the black jurors?

Elliot: The ones that I saw were the black jurors. But the one in particular that I remember was Carl Ellis. He was a light-colored man; he worked in the hospital.

I don't think the jurors were trying to compensate the black litigants because of the rioting or the lynching. I don't believe so. I've always thought that, certainly in civil cases, black litigants always got a fair trial because of an inherent feeling of justice on the part of the white jurors. I don't think there was any attempt to say now that "blacks have been lynched, so let's give this nigger something he doesn't deserve or a little bit more to compensate." I never observed that.

Kumler: I was just interested in your reaction to that. Did you ever have an occasion to know or to be in a courtroom with W.J. Durham, the black attorney?

Elliot: Oh, yes. Oh, yes.

Kumler: Could you tell me some of your opinion of Mr. Durham or experiences? I'm very interested in him.

Elliot: Well, he was a very competent lawyer. W.J. was a little bit on the heavy side. He moved with great alacrity. He had his office down at the corner of East and Brockett. Yes, I had much experience with W.J. He studied real hard. He was a very, very polite, accommodating person. He was a

fast talker. He was very successful in his appeals. He never brought race into his trials. He was very successful. He represented mostly...nearly altogether he represented blacks, and he had a heavy personal injury practice and a heavy criminal practice. I tried many cases with W.J. He was very energetic and fairly studious, too. He was more studious than...in other words, he would brief his cases--find the law and support his cases--more than I thought the average white lawyer did. He was a very successful pleader and made an excellent argument to the jury. Juries liked him. One thing he did was that he always stood back; he never did get up close to the jury rail. He always stood back from the rail. I never will forget--most lawyers get up and hit on the jury rail, but he never did. He always stood back ten or twelve feet and argued his case from that position.

Kumler: Do you recall where he studied law?

Elliot: I've heard him say that many times, but I...it was one of the better known black schools. It wasn't Tuskegee. He's told me, but I've forgotten. He was a very able lawyer, though, and he later moved to Dallas, and I think he made substantial sums of money. He had in Dallas more litigants who were financially well-off and who were in some instances institutionalized. There were institutions of blacks, and he would represent them. He was a very able lawyer.

Kumler: I always ask people I interview this. Do you happen to have or know of letters or documents or pictures--anything like that--that anyone would have about this incident?

Elliot: Somewhere I kept a little tiny notebook that has a picture of this from Literary Digest--just a clip-out picture showing the courthouse. That part was still standing when we came over here. It's not a very good one; it came out of Literary Digest. It's not a very good picture, but it is a picture. I would suppose there would be many, many pictures, but I don't know.

Kumler: I feel like there must be some around Sherman in someone's trunk or attic or something, and I'm desperate to locate some of those if I could. I just thought you might know.

Elliot: Other than this little picture, snapshot-type inset of the Literary Digest, that's the only one I'm personally familiar.

Kumler: Sheriff Driscoll had a picture that was taken of Mr. Hughes, the black man, as he was arrested.

Elliot: Oh, I didn't know that.

Kumler: He cannot locate the picture; he's very upset. He said, "I'm going to keep looking for you." Apparently, he found it in some files when he was elected sheriff. He doesn't even know who took it.

Elliot: Well, I've seen that picture somewhere.

Kumler: Well, you know they have recently moved, I think, within the past year or two. I think he said, "I just don't have anything

organized yet." He's hoping he'll find it. I just wanted you to know that if you should run across anything like that, I would really appreciate the information. We might could get a copy or something.

Elliot: Well, you'll have to look at this little picture that I have.

Kumler: Okay. I would like to see that. Do you recall the names of anyone else that witnessed this or had any participation in any of these activities? People that I might contact for interviews? You mentioned Judge Vaughn, and you mentioned your friend Hulen, and I certainly will try to contact them.

Elliot: I believe that G.P. Braus is dead. I feel sure that some members of that National Guard unit are still alive.

Kumler: I'm working on that.

Elliot: I've met a boy from Dallas--I've forgotten his name--many years ago who said he was in that group that came up, but I couldn't remember his name.

Kumler: I'm trying to work through Austin and establish what units were here because I think they were mainly from Dallas and Fort Worth.

Elliot: They were from Dallas.

Kumler: So I'm hoping I can trace the records down. It's not an easy thing to do, but I do intend to do that. That would be an interesting approach.

Elliot: I don't believe I know of anybody on the record that I could say.

Kumler: If you think of anyone or whatever, I would appreciate it.
 I appreciate the time you've taken. It's a good interview.