



RETROSPECT

A publication of the Denton County Historical Commission

Special Edition
Fall 2022

Mystery Mayhem & Mischief Ages ago in Denton County

Events

DENTON DIG IT!

October 1
Archaeology Fair
Historical Park
9 am – 1 pm



October 22
Park After Dark
Historical Park
5 pm – 8 pm

MAKING A SCENE

Denton Music
Making A Scene
New Exhibit!
Courthouse-On-The-Square
Museum

In this issue

- Vanished..... 1
- A criminal?..... 3
- Robber runs.... 5
- Kidnapped..... 6
- Bootlegging.. 8
- Milk-legging.. 10
- Melba Nope.. 12
- Desparados...13
- Depradations 17
- Hippy times...19
- Juror gender..23
- Sam Bayless.. 24

Find our county stories fascinating? Then we've done our job.

The Disappearance of Virginia Carpenter

By Denton County Junior Historians Stephy Chirayath and Hannah Williams

On June 1, 1948, 21-year-old Virginia Carpenter arrived in Denton to attend the Texas State College for Women (now known as Texas Woman's University) and would never be seen again. Her disappearance has become the oldest cold case in Texas history.

Virginia Carpenter hailed from the town of Texarkana. She was 5'4" and 120 pounds with brown hair and eyes. When she was young, her father took his own life after years of battling an illness. Virginia was an only child and her mother, Hazel Carpenter, claimed to have a close relationship with her. After graduating from junior college on May 29, 1948, Virginia planned to attend Texas State College for Women to take two advanced science classes over the summer before she could complete her medical technician training.

Days Leading Up To Her Disappearance

On May 22, Virginia attended a pool party in Daingerfield, Texas, where she met Kenneth "Kenny" Branum. At the party, Virginia suffered a second degree sunburn and heatstroke, a detail that would later be used to try to identify

her as a missing person. On June 1, Hazel saw her daughter off at the train station and Virginia seemed excited to go. She wore a brown, green, and white striped Chambray dress, white hat, red platform shoes, and a red purse. After arriving in Denton at 9 pm, Virginia and another girl hailed a cab to take them to campus. Virginia realized that she had forgotten to check to see if her luggage had arrived, so she asked the cab driver to return to the train station. The cab driver, Edgar "Jack" Ray Zachary brought her back to campus by 9:30pm, promising to drop her luggage off the next day. Zachary



Virginia Carpenter

claimed to see two boys standing next to a yellow or cream convertible, and described one boy as tall and the other as chubby. According to Zachary, Virginia walked towards the boys as if she knew them and asked, "What are y'all doing here?" After seeing that she was on campus, he left and went home between 9:30 pm and 10 pm. A normal day, except this was the last time Virginia was ever seen.

After Her Disappearance

On June 4 at 9:30pm, Hazel Carpenter received a call from Kenny in Dallas asking about Virginia and voicing concerns about her whereabouts. Hazel dialed up Brackenridge Hall, Virginia's dorm, to confirm that Virginia was in her room and most importantly, on campus. However, Virginia had never showed. According to Brackenridge, she never even picked up her bags from the lawn. In fact, she didn't register "at any of the Halls" that night. Soon, the police



Denton Train Depot

Continued on page 2

The Disappearance of Virginia Carpenter
Continued from page 1

were on the scene to find out what happened to Virginia. The first suspect Kenny, the boyfriend. Kenny’s 12-hour police interrogation with Glenn Langford, Jack Shepard and Lewis Rigler demonstrated law enforcement’s desperation to find out what happened, and exposed suspicions about Kenny’s lies regarding personal information and debts. It also revealed Kenny’s solid alibi of attending a swimming party on the day of the disappearance. Hazel Carpenter reported to the police that she felt “the boy is entirely innocent.”

The second person of interest was Edgar “Jack” Ray Zachary -- Virginia’s cab driver -- who was the last known person to see Virginia Carpenter. Despite originally being brought in to help establish a timeline of events, on July 8, 1948, the minutes turned to hours when discrepancies in Zachary’s lie detector test twisted him from person of interest to suspect. One suspicious detail was Zachary’s inability to identify the make, model or consistent color of the vehicle he saw Virginia approach on the night of her disappearance despite a history of working on cars. Zachary’s polygraph test results suggested his innocence, stumping detectives. Months later, Zachary’s estranged wife and alibi reported that he “didn’t get home until around midnight on June 1, 1948.” If this was true, he arrived home two hours later than he originally stated – did he have something to hide? More suspicious details bubbled up: his history of physically abusing his wife, a reputation as a violent man in his neighborhood, a charge of attempted rape on September 23, 1957 that later postponed trial because “neither side was ready to present its case.” However, there was never enough evidence to charge Zachary in Virginia’s case.

Other Theories

There are multiple theories regarding Virginia’s disappearance including the theory that she was kidnapped and killed by Zachary. Others believed that someone other than Zachary could have kidnapped her, or maybe she ran



Brackenridge Hall, College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Texas

away. Her case was known nationwide, during June and July of 1948, 23 states became involved in covering the investigation, and state bureaus and 14 leading cities were

sent descriptions of Virginia Carpenter.

There were reported sightings of her in Waco and Louisiana. On June 12, 1948, a ticket agent named Mrs. Earl James said that she saw a girl fitting Virginia’s description with a man at the DeQueen bus station in Arkansas. When officers showed Mrs. James photos of various girls, she pointed out Virginia. Unfortunately, this lead was also proven false after authorities searched DeQueen and found that no one else had seen her.

Another theory is that Virginia was a victim of the Texarkana Killer. The Texarkana Phantom Killer was active in 1946, two years before her disappearance. Virginia was friends with two of the victims, Betty Jo Booker and Paul Martin. However, the main suspect in that case, Youell Swinney, was arrested for auto theft in 1947, and the murders stopped after that. In January of 1960, skeletal remains were found on a farm in Jefferson, Texas that matched Virginia’s description. Virginia had a very specific skeleton because one of her legs was shorter than the other and she had spinal deformities from a childhood injury. The remains became a false lead after a father and son confessed they dug up an unmarked grave.

The Aftermath

Zachary later moved away from Denton after being harassed by others about the crime. Hazel Carpenter continued to write about her daughter, making sure that her case would not be forgotten. Kenny quit his job in Dallas after the disappearance. Although Virginia Carpenter’s case spread like wildfire across the country, her case still remains unsolved.

Denton County Junior Historians investigate The Carpenter Cold Case in a 3 part series on YouTube. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O78mm015kiE>

Contributors	
Denton County Junior Historians	Denton County Historical Commission
Stephy Chirayath, The Colony High School - TWU Hannah Williams, Ryan High School - Wellesley College	110 W. Hickory St. Denton TX 76201
Robin Cole-Jett, Melody Kohout, David Martin, Joe Spears and Sara Wilson	Commissioners Connie Baker Abbie Beck Jean Carter Gary Hayden Melody Kohout Sara Wilson Lynn Yeargain
Denton Public Library	
Mathew Davis, Laura Douglas, Fred Kamman and Chuck Voellinger	
Special Thanks	
Mike Savage Roslyn Shelton DJ Taylor Shelly Tucker	Editor Gary Hayden
	Layout & Design Mike Savage

Time Travel

DO YOU KNOW LOTS CLOSE TO C.I.A. ARE SCARCE?

Some twenty years after the College of Industrial Arts was built, now Texas Woman’s University, it was time to spiff up the neighborhood. Especially since the college drew professors and professionals who wanted to live near “the greatest girl’s college which is still rapidly growing.”

Continued on page 3

Time Travel*Continued from page 2*

The vacant farmland north of the college was sought out by investors who proposed a new development to be known as the College Heights Addition. It was to be upscale plus you'd have college people for neighbors. Bell Avenue, then and now its main street, also bisects the college campus just to the south.

As envisioned, building lots were sold to educated, solvent, citizens as Bell Avenue in College Heights evolved into a prestigious location to live.

Turtle races

One prominent Bell Avenue resident was Doctor Henry Ector Roberts. A successful osteopath, H.E. Roberts as he was known, built a prairie style house on the corner of Bell Avenue and Roberts Street; named after him. Even though he ran turtle races for charity, H.E. was a go-getter.

Bell Avenue in College Heights had become so attractive

that by August 1931 a burglar visited five of its homes in a single day. Among the stolen loot was H. E. Robert's prized pocket watch. When H.E. shared this news with his brother in Greenwood, Louisiana by coincidence a Roy Howard, which was just one of many aliases used by criminal Ben Chaney, had just been arrested there. He'd recently returned from Texas and had an expensive pocket watch in his possession.

Lo and behold

The brother asked H. E. for the serial number of the stolen watch. Lo and behold, it matched that on the watch in Howard's hands. So H. E.'s time machine mystery was dissolved. Yet there's the other mystery with those Bell Ave. burglaries. Seems the burglar had either an accomplice or at least a companion. Floor dust revealed another set of footprints. Small barefoot prints. From these it was determined there was a child in tow. Who could that be? Perhaps time will tell. *Gary Hayden*

Rex Cauble-Criminal Boss?

By Fred Kamman



Rex Cauble

Rex Cauble seemed both inscrutable and transparent. He was civic-minded but could be self-serving. At times his temper was measured, at times explosive. He was a careful businessman but could be unquestioningly loyal. Many people believe these traits led to a wrongful conviction of

running a criminal conspiracy.

Cauble grew up on a cotton farm, worked in oil and wanted to be a millionaire. Then he met Josephine Sterling, a widow who'd inherited a fortune. To match her wealth Rex inflated his "fortune," and they married their "fortunes" together. Rex launched Cauble Enterprises included banking, manufacturing, land holdings, retail, and horse-breeding. His champion horse, Cutter Bill, and his upscale western wear stores, "Cutter Bill's," made Cauble's name rich and famous. Campaign contributions brought him local and statewide political access John Connelly was a friend and he was an honorary Texas Ranger.

He became familiar to County residents when he constructed a large horse arena on several hundred acres north of Denton. He moved into the mansion on the ranch, and quickly became a pillar of the community,

and served on several boards. Cauble seemed a model citizen.

Cauble waded into trouble when he associated with Charles (Muscles) Foster, a mercurial character known for his uncanny horse-handling and trading skills. For Cauble, Muscles proved to be extremely loyal. Rex repaid this loyalty by tolerating his shortcomings, the greatest of which was unreliability. Muscles would often leave in the middle of a job and "disappear" for months. Occasionally, Muscles landed in mental hospitals.

During one "disappearance," Muscles ended up at the Georgia ranch of Ray Hawkins. Here he became entangled in the marijuana smuggling business. Two of Ray's business associates from Florida were at the ranch. The associates (and therefore the ranch) were under surveillance. Unfortunately, Muscles was driving a truck registered to one of Cauble's companies, and even more unfortunately that law enforcement took note of this.

The Florida smuggling business was becoming expensive and too conspicuous. Muscles, with his unfettered access to Rex's money and ranches, was just the ticket Hawkins and associates needed to stay in business.

Rex was overjoyed when Muscles announced he wanted to start a shrimp business. Muscles picked out a boat in Port Aransas and two of Hawkins's associates (now also Muscles's associates) purchased it. By this time, the "conspiracy" membership was growing. Did it include Rex Cauble?

Continued on page 4

Rex Cauble

Continued from page 3

Muscles set up the Thompson Seafood Company as a smuggling front, and he managed logistics for transporting and dividing the shipments, which included using Cauble's ranches and vehicles.

In February 1977, the conspirators' boat returned with 30,000 pounds of marijuana from Colombia. After it was distributed, several associates visited Muscles at Cauble's Denton ranch. If Rex was curious of the associate's spending, it wasn't obvious. Later, testimony about this nonchalance bolstered the case against Cauble after Muscles borrowed his plane for a trip to Las Vegas

The big bust and beyond

Federal warrants demanding access to Cauble Enterprises indicated Muscles was considered a crime boss. By now, Rex must have known what was up, but he didn't act like an innocent man. Evidence continued to build against him even though, he was not charged.

The big bust came on November 29, 1978. Twelve people (not including Muscles) were arrested while unloading 20 tons of marijuana from Colombia. Charges included racketeering.

It was clear that the Feds were gunning for Cauble; they attempted to persuade defendants to cooperate and "give us the big man in Denton." Those who cooperated, however, identified Muscles Foster as the mastermind.

The defense attorneys focused on Rex (not yet charged) since most defendants were connected to Cauble. His property and money were used in the conspiracy. The juries needed reminding of this because the defendants hadn't testified against Cauble.

A fugitive in Bolivia

Meanwhile, Muscles was a fugitive in Bolivia but eventually he was repatriated. During Muscles's trial, Rex was called as a witness and took the 5th to each question. This didn't look so good.

Muscles had overseen a complex operation despite his depression, suicide attempts, hospitalizations, and shock treatments. The best defense was to show that Muscles, seemingly clever, was actually incompetent and didn't understand his crime after numerous shock treatments had damaged his brain. Somehow the jury bought this. Muscles was set free. Cauble was last man

standing. Although only one witness had testified that Cauble was complicit.

Rex was indicted August 7, 1981 on three counts of "conspiring to carry out racketeering activity affecting interstate and foreign trade." Embezzlement and bank fraud were also uncovered in his companies. The final indictment was ten counts and he was found guilty of each. He was sentenced five year terms on each count, to run concurrently. Cauble's holdings were also subject to forfeiture.

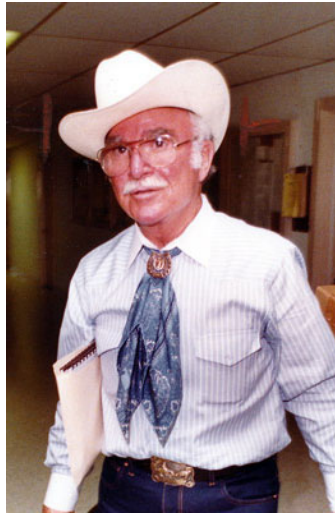
Cauble reported to the minimum-security federal prison in Big Spring on June 22, 1984, saying his conviction for drug smuggling was one of "...the silliest things in the world anyone could accuse me of." since he was famously intolerant of pot use among his employees and family. He was released from prison on September 11,

1987.

Upon his conviction, the government seized his share in Cauble Enterprises. A later settlement stipulated that the government split these assets with the Cauble family. Rex thought Josephine and her son Lewis had agreed to return his share after his released, but they refused. Suits and countersuits followed, complicated by divorce proceedings that Josephine had begun in 1962 but did not followed through on. Josephine argued that Rex was not entitled to a share of the Enterprise because he had not legally divorced his previous wife.

A 1990 article in "D Magazine" claims that the records building in Harris County was burglarized and the only file taken was of this earlier divorce, from Glendell Smith. Rex's detectives found this file and presented it to Judge Sue Lyke; who seemed flustered but ruled against Rex anyway. He was awarded a mere \$39,997 and a monthly stipend.

Much of what brought Rex Cauble down seems circumstantial and tenuous. He was a man who might be wounded, but never defeated; he accepted his situation (when found guilty he said "I am terribly disappointed and surprised") and moved forward. He continued to fight for his share of Cauble Enterprises and even remarried. Cauble died on June 23, 2003. Eulogizing him, Denton attorney Bill Trantham said, "I don't care if he was guilty or not...these outlaws that used and abused him so heavily—he was quite loyal to them."



Cauble at Trial

The Legend of the Fighting Farmers of Lewisville

By Matthew Davis, Lewisville High School Class of 1999

As the story goes, way back in 1946 a young man from Dallas-way came to town to case out the Lewisville State Bank and liked what he saw. He returned to Dallas to prepare, picking up a revolver at a pawn shop and a paper bag at a grocery store hankerin' to commit the perfect robbery. Inscribed on the paper bag was a devilish note to inspire fear and prove that he meant business.

Tools of terror readied, the young ne'er-do-well and his wheelwoman returned to Lewisville to pull off the heist and lighten the purses of the local citizenry. The marauder entered the bank through an unlocked side door after closing and set about his business. With bank employees forced into the vault the desperado swiped the cash from the register and made for the exit. However, he didn't count on the savvy bank manager having a phone installed in the vault.

Almost immediately the alarm rang out and the panicked wheelwoman left her partner in a lurch. Unable to make a quick getaway, the outlaw hightailed it on foot trying to commandeer a vehicle at the Lewisville Gin Co., but was rebuffed by resolute locals who spit in his face.

The telephone operator stuck her head out a window to point out the robber to anyone who would listen. Practicing nearby was the Farmers football team. Fresh off a weekend victory, the team was supposed to be taking it easy, but had plenty of fight left in 'em as they lit after the thief, none too happy about the pilfering of the bank.

It was all the crook could do to keep his modesty as the posse chased him through one barbed wire fence after another, shredding his clothes until at last the gridders tackled the scoundrel and armed townfolk took him into custody. His accomplice was later found at her mother's house cowering under the bed. From then on, the Farmers of Lewisville were known as the Fighting Farmers. And that's how it really happened... sort of.



S. A. Brueggemeyer
Dallas Morning News,
October 2 1946

Less Editorial, More Empirical

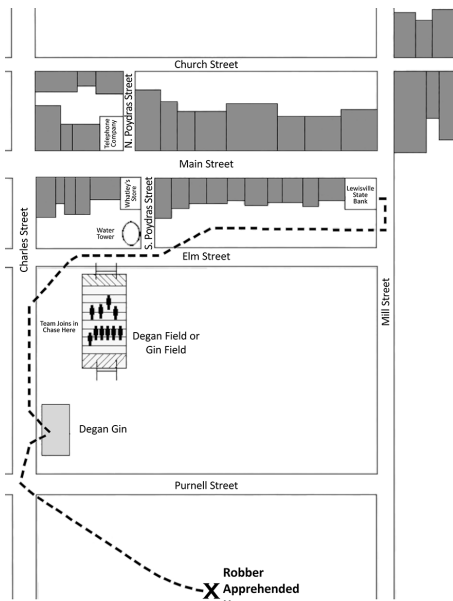
Several events that occurred during the apprehension of the bank robber differ based on the source, but Bill McNitzky's award winning article in the Denton Record-Chronicle provides the most detail.

Near as one can tell, on September 30, 1946, Dallas resident, Navy veteran and son of a Sherman police Sergeant, S. A. Brueggemeyer robbed the Lewisville State Bank. He entered the building through an unlocked side door as bank president G.C. Hedrick, cashier Arthur Hayes, assistant cashier B.F. Savage and bookkeeper B.L. Dungan Jr. were closing. He forced the bank employees into the vault, unaware there had been a phone installed inside which was then used to alert the town's sole telephone operator, Mrs. Sparks, who sounded the alarm. Brueggemeyer exited the bank and ran.

Mrs. Sparks called out from her window that the bank had been robbed and pointed to a man running away as the perpetrator. Whether Football Coach J.K. DeLay endorsed a chase or simply told his players to keep an eye on him is a point of contention, regardless the players gave pursuit. Brueggemeyer stopped at the Lewisville Gin Co. to commandeer a vehicle and driver for his getaway. He was thwarted in his attempt.

The widely circulated United Press account chronicles an unnamed man spitting tobacco on the ground while stating "I ain't going nowhere... Drive it yourself," while the Record-Chronicle quotes a Mr. McCombs telling Brueggemeyer he didn't have the keys and a Mr. Sherrill telling him he can't be bluffed and refused to go along.

Brueggemeyer ran about a half-mile before giving himself up. Accounts differ as to whether he surrendered to Bob Hilliard, who had witnessed the chase from Whatley's Store, or Roy Rogan and Heath O'Bryant who had been alerted by the shouting football players as they gave chase. Brueggemeyer was taken into custody by certain townspeople and held at City Hall until his



The robber's path
Gary Kerbow, Friday Night Farmers

Continued on page 6

The Legend of the Fighting Farmers of Lewisville
Continued from page 5

transfer to the Denton jail. The United Press version of the story states that the players did, in fact, tackle Breuggemeyer to end the chase, but no other newspaper article makes mention of such a feat; neither do the accounts from the players nor Coach DeLay.

Accomplice

A witness, J.W. Wolters, reported he had seen Breuggemeyer in a car with a young blonde woman prior to the robbery, however Breuggemeyer insisted he had no accomplice. He claimed to have hitched two separate rides from Dallas to Lewisville because he missed the bus. No accomplice was ever charged, and no newspaper ever identified one. Local legend, however, says the accomplice was a woman named Pierson who was found cowering under a bed at her mother's house.

The Fighting Farmer appellation didn't appear in print, as best as can be told, until 1961 in the Harvester school paper and then again in the 1967 Lewisville High School

yearbook, but legends are born of deeds, not words.

The deeds attributed to the Farmers of Lewisville are testimony to the enduring legend of the Fighting Farmers. From a foiled robbery to the 1968 season when the Fighting Farmers scored on their first offensive play of the first game of the first season to be played on the new Farmers Field, now the much beloved Max Goldsmith Stadium.

On to the tenure of Coach Bill Shipman who helped establish long-standing Fighting Farmer traditions (such as Big John's herculean efforts to defend any town in need from vicious creatures, bullies and marauders) and who helmed the football team through the "Cinderella Season" of 1972 which went 12-2 and to a State Championship game from the previous season's 2-7-1; and to the countless athletic, academic, elective and extra-curricular championships, awards and accolades amassed by the legion of Fighting Farmers throughout the years.

The Legend continues...

Kidnapped Off the Streets of Denton: Case of the Missing Flower Girl

By Sara Wilson

On July 1, 1996, Diana Deloise Goldston was last seen walking in the 1000 block of South Bernard Street in Denton, Texas. She made her living selling flowers and was simply known by many as "the flower girl." Witnesses claimed foul play that day and reported to police that Ms. Goldston (5'5", 110 lbs., age 36) was brutally abducted by a "burly biker" man and a woman in a black Chevy pickup truck.

All that was left behind near the scene of the crime were a pair of shoes, a set of keys and a cigarette lighter. Her body has never been recovered, despite the best efforts of the Denton Police, the Sheriff's Department, Texas DPS divers, blood hounds and psychics.

The story unfolded when James Robert "J.R." Griffin (6'2", 270 lbs. age 38) mistakenly believed Diana Goldston stole \$400 from him, and he vowed to get revenge. With the help of Jeannette "Jenny" Evon Cox, they confronted Diana and forced her into Griffin's truck where she was allegedly beaten and shot. They drove to a secluded area off Hwy 455 to hide the body where Griffin's truck got stuck in the sand. After retrieving his truck, later that night Griffin, and an accomplice, Jeffrey Cox, went back to the original site to dispose of Goldston's body.

The timelines that follow were obtained from the Denton

Police Department and the Denton County Sheriff's Office through the Texas Public Information Act Request Center.

In the year of 1996

July 1: Witnesses reported the forced abduction of Diana Goldston including the vehicle's description and license plate. An investigator from the Denton Police Department was assigned to the case.



*Diana Goldston, circa 1996
The Charley Project*

July 2: Detectives identified James Robert Griffin, with a Sanger address, as the truck's owner. His ex-wife, Carrie Griffin, was at her home on July 1 when Griffin and a female came to her door seeking help removing his truck stuck in sand. A neighbor, Ronald Henry, helped Griffin get his truck.

Meanwhile, detectives went to Goldston's residence and talked with her boyfriend's roommate who had not seen "the Flower Girl" since July 1. Then dispatch put out a welfare concern on Goldston.

Continued on page 7

Kidnapped Off the Streets of Denton: Case of the Missing Flower Girl
Continued from page 6

July 8: An officer received a call from Rita Goldston (Diana’s mother) who hadn’t had contact with her daughter since the incident. On Bernard Street, Diana’s boyfriend and neighbors confirmed she was missing. A witness recognized a photo of Diana as the girl who sold flowers at the Red Derby.

July 10: Ronald Henry showed a detective where Griffin’s truck got stuck off of Highway FM 455 in a field north of the Lake Ray Roberts dam. A search revealed tire tracks from Griffin’s truck and, along a path, a yellow shirt with possible blood stains was shoved into the underbrush. Henry was taken home and the search for a body began. The Denton County Sheriff’s Office was called in and found a possible temporary gravesite. Search One Rescue brought cadaver dogs but no body was found.



On parole

July 12: Now a suspect, Griffin’s vehicle was seized as evidence. A warrant for the arrest of Griffin on charges of aggravated kidnapping was issued and he was arrested in Lake Dallas. As a felon then on parole from California, Griffin, denied any knowledge of the July 1 incident and requested a lawyer. His bail was set at \$1,000,000.

July 15: After an Interview with Sherry Watson, Griffin’s former girlfriend, authorities obtained photographs of Griffin and Jenny Cox.

July 16: Two criminalists from the Department of Public Safety, Lorna Beasley and Angela Kemberlin, processed Griffin’s truck for evidence. Also on this date, using pictures obtained from Sherry Watson, witnesses identified Jenny Cox as the woman with Griffin during the kidnapping.

July 17: Jenny Cox was arrested for aggravated kidnapping and transported by Detectives Kirkland, Parkey and Taylor to the Denton Police Department. Ms. Cox admitted she and Griffin kidnapped “the flower girl” and recalled her violent abduction and death. Ms. Cox also explained were she and Griffin initially disposed of the body.

Visions and hypnosis

July 18: Authorities asked Jeffrey R. Cox (no known relation to Jenny Cox) to take a polygraph test about his involvement in the kidnapping. He failed. Yet he claimed to have psychic abilities and visions told him where the body was located. Despite Jeff Cox’s supposed sixth sense, no body was found. Cox was also

put under hypnosis at his request to see if his subconscious knew anything. It did not.

July 19: Two dogs joined the land search along with a DPS helicopter for an aerial search. All in vain.

July 28: In an interview, Jeffrey Cox stated Griffin put a gun to his head and he was forced to help Griffin move the woman’s body. From his own garage, he claimed Griffin took a tarp, bricks, cinder blocks and construction wire. After retrieving Goldston’s body from the original site, it was taken to a cement walkway on the east side of the Lake Ray Roberts dam. There the body was submerged at a drop off in the Lake. Goldston’s corps was not wearing shoes, said Cox.

July 29: Divers go into lake. Unable to locate a body.

July 30/31: Using a sonar graph, the Denton County Sheriff Lake Patrol and the Department of Public Safety Dive Recovery team out of Austin were unable to locate any evidence.

August 1: The DPS dive team searched again, unsuccessfully.

August 5: Jeff Cox was arrested for evidence tampering.

Dead end

August 6/7: Shaun Hopkins, a K9 dog handler from Coppell with a bloodhound named Ashley, searched the original site but Ashley lost scent near a culvert.

August 11/12: Two bloodhounds, Colombo and Samantha, came from Houston to locate the body. That search also ended when the dogs lost scent.

August 15: Another physic said she knew where the body was, yet that lead was also a dead end.

August 16: Investigators return to the crime scene, again unable to locate anything.

December 13: James Robert Griffin was indicted on 1st degree felony charges for the aggravated kidnapping of Diana Deloise Goldston. Afterwards a jury found him guilty and he was sentenced to prison.

Still out there

Goldston’s body has never been found. Her case was highlighted in a 2008, Season 3, episode of *Psychic Investigators*. She is still listed as a missing person in the National Missing Person Directory. Perhaps her spirit is now “The Flower Girl of the Lake.”



The Charley Project

Prohibition in Denton County

By Melody Kohout



From the November 1, 1894, Denton County precinct #22 election regarding prohibition, which held 51 votes in favor to 23 against; to the 1970's Lincoln Park vote of 24 to 4 to legalize the sale of alcohol; Prohibition has been an ongoing issue to be addressed by voters, law enforcements, churches, and mothers.

1910 saw the issue of prohibition at the front of many state elections. The Texas gubernatorial race was heating up and prohibition was one of the decisive factors. Many counties felt to "drink or not to drink" was something to be decided locally. The Waco Times Herald in June of 1910 stated, "If prohibition be right for the precinct or for the county, then prohibition is right for the whole state". However, as the election grew closer, voters were pushed to vote for statewide prohibition as a more permanent solution.

8,000 in Denton listen to booze debate

Cone Johnson, Democrat, lawyer, and Texas House Representative, had been an opponent of prohibition in his youth, he drew a crowd of 8,000 in Denton in 1887, when he debated against the alcohol ban with prohibition supporter Joseph W. Bailey. By 1911, he changed his tune, and stated, "The law (prohibition) may not make men good, but it undertakes to make men 'be good.'" Now it seemed Cone Johnson was the man to deliver a win in the fight to ban alcohol in Texas. Johnson was seen as a humble supporter of the alcohol ban, unlike his opponent, Mr. William Poindexter, Democrat, lawyer, and prohibition candidate for governor, who "went around bragging about his \$24.00 donation to the Texas Anti-Saloon League".

Like today's hot button issues, in the 1920's, prohibition drew strong opinions on each side. It was widely believed that alcohol was the cause of virtually all crimes, bad behavior by men, the widespread suffering of women and children and banning the sale of alcohol and closing saloons was the answer. Mud was slung, fingers were pointed, punches thrown, guilt was placed on all sides until finally in 1919 the National Prohibition (Volstead) Act was passed, leading to the implementation of the 18th Amendment. On January 16, 1920, Prohibition went into effect in America. It was one thing to pass this law, it would be quite another to enforce it.

Consumption was legal. Sales were not.

Many would be surprised to learn that Prohibition didn't outlaw the consumption of alcohol, just the sale, transportation, and distribution. These "new rules" were a lot for people, for or against, their implementation, to take in overnight. Law enforcement was lax at best, politicians fell on both sides adamantly supporting or working against enforcement, families were split, communities were divided. This ban on the sale of alcohol and closing of saloons created many unwanted and unintended consequences. What had just happened? What had they done?

Paschall's Speakeasy

Prohibition, meant to close doors on the vices of alcohol use, opened avenues of opportunity and money streams to more people than in the days prior to the ban. The 1920s were a time when many a lawful man began considering u n l a w f u l



Young ladies of today reenact Speakeasy times in Paschall's Bar. Without bobbed hair styling. Andysdenton.com

activity for the first time in his life. Like the rest of the nation, Texans violated prohibition laws, even in Denton County, there were instances of shenanigans and "creative sales tactics" used to get a drink. Aubrey was reported to have one of the best "moonshine" businesses around, Paschall's Bar became a "speakeasy". Today Paschall's Bar is the upper floor of Andy's Bar, at the corner of Locust and Oak Streets, facing the Denton Courthouse Square.

Along with the new laws concerning alcohols' ban and consumption, came a brand-new counterculture devoted entirely to dodging these laws and enjoying every minute of it.

The 20s Roared

The decade was nicknamed "The Roaring Twenties", and indeed, 1920 set a course of change in social norms that resonated throughout all the modern world. Pre-Prohibition, men visited the local saloon the only women present were the occasional Bar Mistress or prostitutes. Prohibition drove the use of alcohol underground; with this action, women began to frequent the privacy and security of this

Continued on page 9

Prohibition in Denton County*Continued from page 8*

closed-door environment. The Speakeasy was born, usually housed in a basement or upper story of a building, entry was gained VIA password or by personal invitation. Once inside, people could not only drink, wine, beer, and alcohol, but dance and listen to Jazz, the latest music craze, wager on card and dice games. Mothers all over the country worried their daughters would get caught up in this “immoral fad”, wearing short, sheer dresses covered in fringe and cutting their long hair into stylish “bobs”, women were becoming more and more comfortable with this newfound entertainment avenue. A vernacular began to emerge referring to Speakeasy life, these words and phrases caught on and some are still in use today.

For instance:

Ritzzy = Something elegant
 Blind Tiger or Pig = Speakeasy
 Flapper = a stylish young woman having fun and defying social conventions
 Jalopy = Car
 Tomato = Pretty Woman
 Cabbage or Lettuce = Cash Money
 Wet Your Whistle or Tip a Few = Have a few drinks
 Bee’s Knees = The Best
 Duck Soup = Easy
 See A Man About A Dog = to go a restroom
 Pinched = arrested
 Bootlegger = one selling small bottles liquor out of pockets sewn into insides of pant legs

Alcohol for Faith and Healing

Alcohol could legally be used for sacramental and medicinal purposes, as a result many doctors and druggists applied for license to prescribe and distribute alcohol as such. The doctor would prescribe 2 tablespoons 3 times a day to “stimulate energy” in the body. Druggists could sell 1 pint a month by prescription. Ministers and priests could freely use alcohol in religious services, this led to many men suddenly being “called into ministry.”

Legally made liquor made its way into the USA from both the northern and southern borders. “Rumrunners” in Canada delivered over water, “tequileros”, sold legally made Mexican alcohol to Texas. However, if you couldn’t find any legally made alcohol, crop farmers could conveniently convert some of their corn crop into home made “moonshine”. Moonshine was a high-proof liquor that was produced illegally. The name was derived from a tradition of making the liquor at night to avoid detection. Moonshine was sold after dark to locals to

supplement the farming income.

As the decade wore on, enforcement of Prohibition became more and more lax, the experiment of the prohibition of alcohol was found to be a failure, many of the staunch supporters of the movement were now crying for the 18th Amendment to be repealed. In a strange turn of events, it was the Ku Klux

Klan who became the main enforcers of the Volstead Act. It was this violence, in addition to tainted liquor killing or maiming thousands, the downturn in agricultural economy and ultimately the Great Depression, that led to the 1933 repeal of Prohibition. The act of legalizing the liquor industry added thousands of jobs and much needed revenue into the larger economy. Drinking establishments soon opened legally. Men and women alike, could jump into their jalopy, go to the ritzy, new Paschall’s bar to wet their whistle, without getting pinched. It was the “Bees Knees.”

**Spirits selling spirits?**

The legal drinking age in Texas in the past century fluctuated almost as much as the number of wet and dry counties. From 1933 until 1973, you had to be 21 to drink. Then it dipped to 18, and then escalated back to 21 in 1986 which is still the age of legal consumption today.

In the days before North Texas State University became, UNT, and for decades afterwards, Denton County was dry.

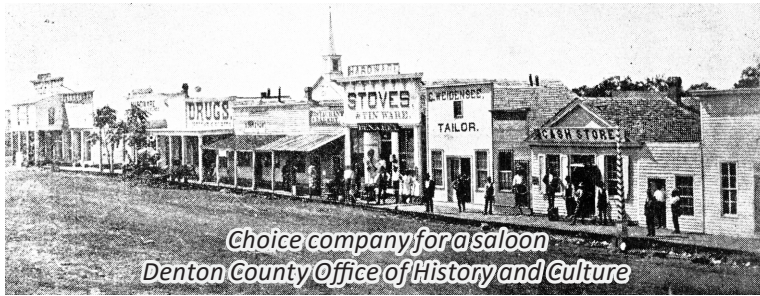
From those days of imbibing drought, there’s a tale that NTSU/UNT students had a way of obtaining spirits that was nearly out of this world. Not far from the university campus is a cemetery.

Students wishing to procure alcoholic spirits would leave an envelope with a beverage order list and the appropriate cash, at a certain headstone. A day later, or so, the buyer would return to the tombstone and find the envelope had disappeared. Magically, in its place were the requested libations. Booze among the buried.

No one was ever seen conducting these transactions. So was there an ethereal element satisfying the students’ thirst? A case of spirits selling spirits? *Gary Hayden*

Alcoholic peanuts

In the 1870s, a menace was seeping into Denton; alcohol. The town had just one saloon where it was business as usual until the city authorities required a liquor license to sell booze. Aware that selling whiskey was forbidden Angeline Smith, the saloon's owner, found a way to satisfy both her patrons



and observe the letter of the law. She sold peanuts for 10 cents each and which came with a bonus shot of free whiskey. This scheme worked until the city crafted an ordinance to send Smith's practice down the drain. Gary Hayden

The Udderly Convoluted Story Behind Edward Stewart's Arrest for "Milk-Legging"

By Laura Douglas

On Friday, March 24, 1950, Edward Stewart was arrested for selling milk without a permit in the City of Denton. The Denton Record-Chronicle called the arrest "Milk-Legging" which, skimming the surface, seems like an inconsequential story, but it whipped up quite a froth in the community.

In 1950 Dairy production was a 3-million-dollar business in Denton County. Borden's and Brook's Dairies had processing plants and maintained commercial routes, serving groceries stores, and door-to-door home service. The City of Denton had a Milk Ordinance which provided rules for the production, sale, and distribution of milk within the city. One of the requirements, which is important to this story, prohibited the sale of milk which had been processed at a plant more than 25 miles from the city limits.

Trouble began to churn in late 1949 when the Borden's plant failed the State of Texas Health Department inspection and was not allowed to process Grade A products in Denton. The state then rejected Borden's plans to build a second plant to process Grade A milk because it was to be built to close to their existing plant. Borden's had a plant in Dallas that was producing Grade A products. The dairy requested an exemption to the 25-mile rule so it could truck in Grade A milk from their Dallas plant to serve their Denton customers. The city granted the extension as a temporary measure until the new plant could be constructed. But as of March, a second set of plans had not been submitted and the extension was set to expire at midnight on March 28, 1950.



MILK-LEGGING' PRINCIPALS-Earle Cabell, right, is shown in the office of the city attorney after he made \$100 bond Friday for Edward Stewart, center. Cabell's salesman, arrested and charged with unlawfully selling milk. Police Chief Jack Harrison looks on. The "evidence"-a quart of milk-is on the table. Monday the milk fight goes to district court where Cabell has filed an injunction against the city. Denton Record-Chronicle Front Page, March 25 1950

Milk war

Now add to the mix the dairies in Dallas and Fort Worth were in the middle of a "milk-war" as they dropped their retail prices to deal with a surplus of milk. Some of the Dallas dairies were looking at Denton as prime territory to expand their services and decided to milk the Borden situation for all it was worth. On March 12, 1950, the Tennessee Dairy was the first to request a permit to sell their products to grocery stores within the Denton city limits.

The local dairymen were not happy about out-of-town dairies doing business in Denton. They had at least one

Continued on page 11

The Udderly Convoluted ...
Continued from page 10

meeting to discuss the fly in the milk. In addition to the surplus in the milk supply and the on-going price war, locally produced milk was required to meet higher standards than the out of state product. Milk that was trucked into North Texas could have bacteria count of up to 200,000. Local processor's milk could have no more than 50,000. While some of the Dallas dairies purchased milk from local producers there were others that trucked milk in from Wisconsin to mix with milk produced in Texas.



Loaded but unloaded

By March 22, Dr. M.L. Hutcheson, the City's health officer, had not responded to the Tennessee Dairy request for a permit. Tennessee resubmitted and two other dairies, Cabell's and Oak Farms, filed applications for permits to establish commercial routes in Denton. Oak Farms dairy even brought a truck loaded with milk, but it was not unloaded. No permits were issued that day either. Dr. Hutcheson explained that he needed a report about Dallas dairies from the state health department. The applicants would also have to pay the city solicitor's fee before they would be issued a permit. At that time, it was \$15 per vehicle, and there had been some discussion that it was time to raise that fee.

The Milk Ordinance, the fee, and Dallas dairy applications all needed to be considered by the Commission, but the municipal elections were due to be held during the first week of April and the new members of the City Commission would not be seated for the April 7th meeting. This provided a convenient delay to the permits.

Cabell's gets creamed

On March 24 Cabell's Dairy brought two truckloads of milk into Denton. Cabell again tried to get a permit issued with no results. Instead of returning to Dallas the trucks cruised Denton and stopped at grocery stores to offer their milk to the Grocer. It is unknown how many stores purchased milk for resale, but at least one did because it was from this sale that the driver, Edward Stewart was arrested for "Milk-Legging." Earle Cabell, vice president

of Cabell's Dairy, posted the \$100 bond for the driver and filed an injunction proceeding against the City of Denton to restrain it from interfering with the reselling of milk in the city limits.

**Denton's Milk Ordinance
was unconstitutional**

On March 27 the case went to court. Earle Cabell argued that the 25-mile restriction clause in the Denton's Milk Ordinance was unconstitutional. When similar clauses were challenged in milk ordinances in other Texas cities they had been voided because trade territory could not be restricted by a city. He also argued that Denton had to let other dairies bring their milk into the city or tell Borden's to halt the import of grade A products. If Borden's was banned, then Brooks Dairy would be the only Denton County Grade A milk distributor. Cabell said, "We are asking the grocery for the opportunity to let the housewife make her choice of which milk she wish to use. We do not ask any grocer to discontinue any brand, The acceptance of our milk is solely up to the customer."

Cry over spilt milk?

Cabell's injunction was denied by District Judge Ben W. Boyd and Cabell's attorney immediately started appeal proceedings. But by March 29 it looked like the issue would be resolved. Dr. Hutcheson wasn't one to cry over spilt milk and said he would issue all dairies permits as soon as he had authority from the City Attorney or the City Commission. On Wednesday morning permits to sell milk were issued to Oak Farms Dairy, who applied for a wholesale permit, and Borden's, Cabell's and Tennessee received permits for door-to-door routes as well as wholesale routes.

Now I am not sure what happened to Edward Stewart, but I can imagine the story he had to tell if he was ever asked "Have you ever been arrested?" You might be familiar with the name Earle Cabell. He became Mayor of Dallas from 1961-1964. He then served four terms in the House of Representatives from 1964-1972. You could say he was legend-dairy...



A Bonnie and Clyde Encounter

By DJ Taylor

Over the years, the lives and criminal escapades of Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow have taken on mythical qualities that elevate the pair to folk heroes akin to Robin Hood. Blame it on bank failures that led to people losing most, if not all, of their hard-earned money.

In the family of Edgar and Della Warnack, living on a small farm east of Lewisville, the pair were never spoken of as heroes. Maybe it was because Edgar's two younger brothers were Dallas policemen who often spoke of the pain and death the outlaws spread. The five Warnack children of Edgar and Della born before the Bonnie and Clyde era listened intently as the lawmen kin related stories on their visits to the family farm, bringing copies of the Dallas papers, complete with photos of the crime wave duo.

The youngest of the Warnack brothers was Colin, a motorcycle cop in Dallas. He already had one encounter with Clyde Barrow. He spotted Barrow leaving his family home in west Dallas and, from a distance, followed him. Barrow turned down a road leading to a creek, a known dead end. Not having a police radio, Colin peeled away and sought a phone to call for reinforcements. However, when the other police arrived and drove down the road, no one was there. Either Clyde Barrow had reversed his course and exited while Colin was away, or he crossed the dry creek bed and continued on his way.

The middle Warnack brother was Ernest, a Dallas detective assigned to a task force looking for Bonnie and Clyde. Although he had no personal encounter with the pair, he was a frequent visitor at the Lewisville farm as he chased leads and conducted stakeouts in the area.



Eight-year-old Melba Warnack

In early 1934, the third oldest of the Warnack children was eight-year-old Melba. Among her chores was the daily trip to the mailbox, about a quarter of a mile east of their house on what is today's Midway Road in Lewisville.

Now 96, Melba recalls that it was an early spring day in 1934 when she set out on a Saturday to get the family's mail. She was on her way back home when a car that she described as "very new" came to a stop next to her. Her eyes widened as she recognized the passenger who called to her, Bonnie Parker, then recognized the driver, Clyde Barrow. "They looked just like the picture that I'd seen of them," she said.

Melba declined their offer, but the woman persisted in telling her to get into the car, Melba adamantly refused. As she walked, Melba inched closer to the barbed wire fence adjacent to the road. "They were wearing nice-looking clothes, I figured that if they tried to grab me, I'd roll under the fence and run. I didn't think that they would risk tearing those nice clothes on the fence trying to catch me."

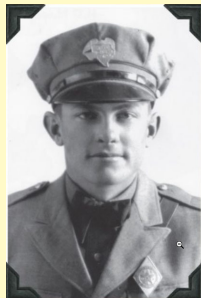
Finally, the car drove on.

Hollywood and the media may have recast the outlaw couple as misunderstood who came to an end that was uncalled for; a feeling not shared in the Warnack family.

"A lot of folks talked about them like they were some kind of heroes," said Melba. "But to us, they were crooks who murdered policeman. We were happy when they met their maker."



Trooper Edward Wheeler
southlakehistory.org



Trooper H.D. Murphy
southlakehistory.org

Officers Down

Near Grapevine, these motorcycle patrolmen Murphy and Wheeler approached a car intending to lend assistance unaware Barrow and Parker sat inside.

Shots were fired. Both officers were murdered. Their pistols still in their holsters. April 1, 1934 Easter Sunday.

Bonnie and Clyde in Denton County

By Robin Cole-Jett

On May 23, 1934, six lawmen stood in the brush along a northern Louisiana dirt road, swatting at mosquitos that had already begun to swarm in this hot, muggy place. Although only nine in the morning, they already felt weary and anxious. They were hunters who'd been prowling for their prey for several weeks, but their intended targets, two of the most famous outlaws in U.S. history, proved to be elusive.

They sought Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker, twenty-something murderers, bank robbers, and lovers.

1933 was a banner year for crooks. John Dillinger, "Pretty Boy" Floyd, "Baby Face" Nelson, and "Machine Gun" Kelly continuously made newspaper headlines with their wanton crimes. Amid the Great Depression, when the economy had not shaken its blues for almost four years, these dangerous men sparked repulsion and fascination. Included in this immoral pantheon were "Bonnie and Clyde," a criminal duo unlike any of the others who roamed the roads of the Dust Bowl. Not only did their crimes shock, but the inclusion of a full-fledged female gangster brought intense interest that continues to captivate.

West Dallas, Barrows and Parkers

The Barrow family left Ellis County to escape sharecropping in the mid-1920s and, by 1932, resided in a shotgun house in West Dallas, to which they had attached a gas station. Bonnie Parker's widowed mother moved in 1914 from Runnels County to Cement City, on the western edge of West Dallas, for her family to watch over her three children while she worked in sweatshops for minimal pay.

Both halves of the couple hoped for better lives than their respective parents, but they weren't exactly in the shape to make that happen. Clyde, an elementary school drop-out, reveled in reading dime-store novels about Jesse James and looked up to his criminally-inclined brother, Marvin Ivan "Buck." Bonnie, effervescent but restless, had completed the eighth grade and was already a married woman at sixteen — her husband had

abandoned her — when she fell for Clyde in 1929.

Denton Connections

Clyde learned his "trade," so to speak, from his brother Buck. In November of 1929, the brothers and a friend named Sidney drove to Denton in a stolen car to rob the Smyth Garage at 106 W. McKinney Street just north of the downtown square. They tried to crack the safe but were unsuccessful.

Policemen noticed their erratic driving and gave chase, shooting Sidney in the legs and arresting Buck, who they remanded to the Denton County jail. Clyde evaded detection when he hid in the crawlspace beneath a house. Today, the site of Clyde's early foray into crime is the western side of the blue building between Denton Skate Supply and Walt's Garage.

Clyde returned to Denton in 1930, but not by choice. While visiting with Bonnie at her

mother's house, he was arrested for the Smyth Garage burglary and sent to the Denton County Jail at 408 N. Elm Street. The impressive, stone-built jail had sat at this location since its erection in 1896 but was demolished in the 1980s to make way for a parking lot just to the south of today's Sleeping Lizards Gift Shop.

Bonnie took the interurban to visit Clyde at the Denton County jail. When a week later, Clyde was transferred to the McLennan County jail to answer for further crimes, she proved how smitten she had become when she smuggled a gun in her underwear to aid Clyde in escaping. This escape ultimately led to Clyde's stint in the notorious Eastham Prison Farm from 1930 to 1932.

After Clyde's mother successfully convinced authorities to grant him a pardon, he and a fellow ex-con, Ralph Fults, organized a transient gang of four Denton "toughs." Inside a small house on Railroad Avenue in Denton (no longer extant; today, City Hall East), the "Barrow Gang" plotted to rob the banks that ringed the northeast and southeast corners of E. Hickory and S. Locust streets. They abandoned their plan when they discovered that two Texas Rangers were sitting in an armor-plated car in front of the Scripture Building on N. Elm Street.



Old Denton County Jail
texashistory.unt.edu

Continued on page 14

Bonnie and Clyde in Denton County
Continued from page 13

Apparently, they had decided to rob the banks on a day when the county was holding criminal court.

This early form of the Barrow Gang liked to meet inside an abandoned fishing shack along the shores of Lake Dallas (now underwater), where they practiced their shooting. According to local Lewisville lore, a doctor who lived in the Queen Anne style house at the corner of Main and Kealy streets (now Tierney’s Cafe) was kidnapped by the gang to tend to their wounds after a robbery.

In January 1933, Clyde shot and killed Tarrant County Deputy Sheriff Malcolm Davis at a house just a block from his family’s gas station in West Dallas. Clyde’s presence in Denton County diminished completely as he and Bonnie Parker, who had driven the get-a-way car after the murder, began to live a life on the run to evade capture. They literally could never go home again. Finally, they were gunned down in a metaphor of their brief lives: in the car, on the run, and together.

Driving through Denton County

Their routes in and out of Denton County are still visible in some places. Today’s Business State Highway 121 in southern Lewisville once linked Dallas to Denton. At the north end of Mill Street in Lewisville is a portion of this old highway — U.S. 77, aka the “Hobby Highway”— that

can be walked as it disappears under Lewisville Lake. North of the lake, U.S. 77 continues along the rutted road behind McClain’s RV Supercenter. When the gang headed into Oklahoma out of Denton, they took the Sherman Highway. Along the Lake Ray Roberts hiking/biking trail between Denton and Aubrey (FM 428), the remains of a ruined truss bridge on the road’s original alignment can be seen in the brush.

In 1966, filming of the movie “Bonnie and Clyde” began. This pioneering film, which forced the viewer to sympathize with criminals while depicting detailed violence, established a new era in American cinema. The director, writer, and producers, Arthur Penn and Warren Beatty, chose to film in and around Dallas to provide an aura of authenticity. Denton County became the location for several scenes: the Farmer’s and Merchant Bank in downtown Pilot Point, and the Ponder State Bank along State Highway 156. In 1932, E.W. Bentz robbed \$3,200 from the Ponder State Bank, a crime often pinned on Clyde Barrow and his gang.

In 1967, stars Warren Beatty, Michael Pollard, and Estelle Parsons came to Denton to attend the world premiere of their movie at the Campus Theater on W. Hickory Street in downtown Denton. The notorious outlaws were resurrected by pop culture, where they remain in our collective imaginations today.

Learn more about author Robin Cole-Jett at redriverhistorian.com

The 99 year withdrawal

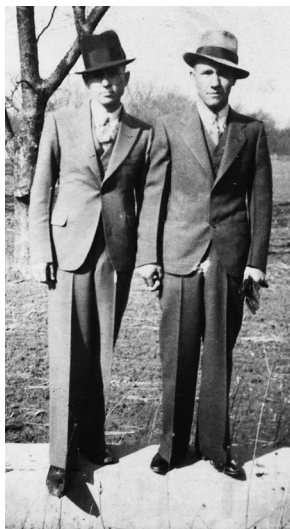
By Gary Hayden

“It’s just a robbery,” he announced.

Just 5’3” and just 21 years old, meet Raymond Hamilton. Already a well-known outlaw he sometimes was referred to as a dapper bandit for the cut of his clothes. On this occasion he wore a gabardine jacket and slacks with a wrinkled white shirt. Recently he’d been riding in box cars.

On this April spring day in 1934 he entered the First National Bank of rural Lewisville. This was during the Depression and the small town was not exactly a dynamic financial hub. Hamilton brandished his pistol and instructed the cashier and bank president to get down on the floor.

“Don’t try to start anything when we leave,” he instructed, “we don’t want to have to kill anybody, and won’t, if you do like we



Clyde Barrow (L) and Raymond Hamilton. Dallas Municipal Archives

say.” Hamilton liked to work alone. So “we” was the wrong pronoun possibly to intimidate victims with the suggestion of additional bandits.

After Hamilton emptied the cash drawers of a scant \$500, compared to the \$50,000 haul he recently absconded from a Cedar Hill bank, he learned the vault was on a timer. “That’s the trouble with Texas banks,” he complained. “They’re all on timers.”

Now eager to exit the scene of the crime, Hamilton encountered and pushed aside State Representative Tom Hyder as he entered the bank.

Waiting in the stolen get-away car, purloined in the town of Henrietta, was driver Ted E. Brooks who’d recently met Hamilton in a box car. There he was attracted by the criminal’s offer of easy money and joined the heist. Hamilton jumped in the auto and they dashed off. Hyder hopped in his car, picked up Constable D.H. Street, and the chase was on.

Heading Northeast, the fugitives ripped along farm roads and blew through Little Elm. Their sedan had a short-wave radio so they eavesdropped on the police calls. At the Collin

Continued on page 15

The 99 year withdrawal
Continued from page 14

County line, they were 15 minutes ahead of Hyder. It appeared as though they were escaping toward Oklahoma and beyond Texas' jurisdiction.

Further on in Grayson County two officers saw the suspects' car approaching and in moments, both autos pulled dramatic U-turns and collided near Howe. The lawmen aimed their rifles and the fugitives came out. Hands up.

Don't shoot boys

"Don't shoot boys. I'm Raymond Hamilton but I don't want to give you any trouble. I'm fresh out of guns, ammo, whiskey, and women," he proclaimed and pleaded. And at that, they gave up without incident, admitted to the crime and were taken into custody. The lawmen beamed as though they'd caught a 10-pound bass. Hamilton was definitely a big fish because, until recently, he ran with the Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow gang. Brooks was small fry who stated he'd never been involved in a crime.

Hamilton, Bonnie and Clyde met in West Dallas also known as the Devil's Back Porch. As teens, the boys belonged to the mathematically dyslexic Root Square Gang and engaged in petty crime. At one point, the enterprising Hamilton was selling cars he'd stolen in Texas in Oklahoma. Together the trio pursued abundant criminal havoc and the horror of murder. Just three months prior to Hamilton's illegal withdrawal from the First National Bank, in a hail of bullets Bonnie and Clyde had sprung Hamilton from an Eastham prison work gang.

Within weeks of the Lewisville robbery Hamilton came before 16th District Judge Ben W. Boyd at the Denton Courthouse. Despite his age, Hamilton had already accumulated a rather impressive 263 years of sentenced incarceration for prior



Seated - Ted Brooks (L) and Raymond Hamilton in custody after robbing the First National Bank in Lewisville.
Denton County Office of History & Culture

crimes. In those days, the State could prosecute an individual for habitual criminal behavior. He was such a headache to the State it contended Hamilton qualified. Thus, it sought the

death penalty for yet another infraction.

Already a public enemy, reporting for Hamilton's forthcoming trial attracted news headlines throughout Texas.

No shots. No injuries. No deaths.

Only one of the 109 veniremen, prospective male jurors, was willing to impose the death penalty. Why? Yes, it was theft with a firearm. Yes, they evaded the police. But no shots. No injuries. No deaths. At least in Denton County. Elsewhere they gave up peacefully. Not pertinent to this trial, the stolen car came from Clay County. But there was a fatal misfortune in Grayson County where an officer was killed in a traffic accident while towing off the wrecked stolen car.

The night before the trial Mary Pitts O'Dare, Hamilton's honey, visited the "desperado" in the Denton County jail for a half hour. She was already indicted with Hamilton for a separate bank robbery. Although married, O'Dare sought a divorce so she could marry bachelor Hamilton." Perhaps she thought Hamilton would be found innocent for this offence and the other 263 years of his sentence would be dropped for good behavior.

Previous escapes

Twice the prisoner had previously escaped confinement so added to the heavy guard a machine gun was carried from the jail to the courthouse and into the packed courtroom. Besides, rumor had it that Bonnie and Clyde had bought groceries locally. What if the deadly darlings decided to attend the trial?

In court, O'Dare sat directly behind the defendant and kept her hand on her beau's shoulder throughout the trial. "Hamilton followed the proceedings closely, at times turning to survey the crowd and glance at the guarding officers. Every precaution was being taken to prevent the slippery bank robber from making a break for liberty." Reported the *San Antonio Express*.

Now just 362 years

Near the end of May, 1934, Hamilton pleaded guilty to the Lewisville bank robbery. While the State was unable to glean capital punishment from the all-male jury, the convict received another 99-years upon his existing 263-year obligations.

Although apprehensive before trial, both O'Dare and Hamilton were pleased with the outcome. Although none of their wedding plans were divulged it was as though sparks of love prevailed in a Denton courtroom rather than electrical sparks in a Huntsville chair. But not for long. He'd already been sentenced to death for a previous murder. So, one year later in May, 1935, Huntsville death row inmate, "It's just a robbery," Raymond Hamilton was executed by electrocution. He just turned 22.

The Cat Herbert Noble – Lucky Man?

By Fred Kamman

Herbert Noble was a notorious Dallas gangster; however, much of his notoriety had a Denton County connection. He was known as “The Cat,” but he survived so many attempts on his life as to make a cat jealous – at least eleven. I guess this is a type of luck, but there could be only one winner of the Dallas gambling wars, and, alas, it wasn’t Noble.

Many of these attacks occurred at or near his home in Denton County, about 10 miles west and south of Lewisville. A luxury community overlooking Lake Grapevine now occupies the area where Herbert Noble’s ranch was. There is even a road called Noble Way in this neighborhood. Noble purchased 800 acres there in 1941. On this ranch he built a house, several stone cabins, and a dirt airstrip. He owned five planes, and it was rumored that he flew big-time gamblers to the ranch and ran high-stakes craps games in the cabins. To add a patina of legitimacy to the place, he kept junk aircraft to make it look like an airplane maintenance business.

The first attempt on his life was January 12, 1946. He had just closed up his Dallas Airman’s Club for the day and he spied a Cadillac, which began to follow him. He doubled back, still followed, and then sped towards Denton County and his ranch. Along the way he and his assailants exchanged gunfire. At the Denton County line his car ran into a ditch, and he continued on foot. A bullet hit him in the back, and he ran towards a farmhouse and crawled under the porch. He was fortunate that the commotion aroused the neighbors (it was still early in the morning) and the gunmen did not pursue him further. This was the first of many times Noble would end up in a hospital.

That August, in Dallas, three men forced Noble, at gunpoint, into an office and attempted to provoke him into shooting, so they could kill him and claim self-defense. Instead, Noble convinced them to let him go. Noble took his revenge later that year.

Buckshot from a pistol?

Almost two years passed before a third attempt on Noble’s life. On May 19, 1948, Noble was ambushed while driving along the road leading to his ranch. The assailant peppered his car with a shotgun, and Noble was struck in the arm by buckshot. He ended up at Methodist hospital in Dallas again, and told the doctor he had dropped his .38 automatic pistol, which went off accidentally. The doctor saw that there were five or six buckshot lodged in Noble’s arm; Noble explained that the gun had accidentally fired five times. Upon inspecting

Noble’s car, the sheriff found more buckshot and the passenger seat soaked in blood.

Over the next three years, assassins tried bullets, shotguns, and bombs. They even tried to shoot him while he was in the hospital recovering from the previous attempt to kill him. Some of these attacks may have seemed like scare tactics, but others were deadly.

The morning of November 29, 1949 Noble had to get to Fort Worth. For some reason (one can only speculate,) he decided to take his wife’s car. Mildred Noble was left with Herbert’s car, and around 8 a.m. she got in, mashed the starter, and was killed in the ensuing explosion; a bomb had been wired to the ignition. The Associated Press story went into some



*Driving with a friend
texashistory.unt.edu*

graphic detail about the condition of her body after the explosion. According to this story, the police contacted Noble in Fort Worth, who simply asked “is she dead?”

The tenth attempt on his life involved a bomb that destroyed his private airplane. His enemies must have decided that explosives were the way to go, but he walked away, virtually uninjured.

The final attempt was made on August 7, 1951. This time, the assassins left nothing to chance. They were present to make sure they had Noble, manually set off the explosion, and witness the blast. They had buried a box containing a dozen jars of nitroglycerine gel and several sticks of dynamite a few inches under the dirt road that ran through Noble’s ranch and by his mailbox, and had rigged the box up to blasting caps and a car battery. They were hidden on a bluff about sixty yards from where the explosion would occur.

Four down and five across

About eleven-thirty they saw a car coming from the direction of the ranch. It stopped at the mailbox and the

Continued on page 17

The Cat Herbert Noble – Lucky Man?
Continued from page 16



Noble, and his ear, survived this time
Texasmonthly.com

driver reached out – the driver was Noble and they were sure of it. The explosion blew the mailbox seventy-five feet away, and where it had been, there was a crater four feet deep and five feet across. County Chief Deputy Sheriff Ed Davis and

Deputy Roy C. Turner arrived on the scene soon after 1:15. They found Noble’s twisted Ford sedan upside down next to the crater, and the hood of the car was 40 yards away. County Commissioner Ernest Hilliard helped gather up Noble’s body over a fifty-yard area. Five hundred fifty dollars, a deck of cards, and part of a gun were found in the wreckage. He was a gambler to the end.

Authorities found the battery and bits of the wire, but they were too generic to be useful clues. Time magazine reported an unidentified ex-convict telling a “Dallas cop” that “a certain party was offering \$50,000 for Noble.” Within a year, forty suspects had been identified with two arrests. One of the men arrested did admit to carrying out bombings for Noble, and the suspects collectively admitted to 150 burglaries, but the case is still unsolved.

Law enforcement suspected that Benny Binion was behind this and most of the other attempts on Noble’s life. During the early 1940s, when Noble was rising in the Dallas underworld, Binion was already the established gambling king. The two seemed to work well together, while the ambitious Noble stayed in his place. This couldn’t last, and they had a falling out. Eventually, rural southwestern Denton County, near today’s Flower Mound, became the final battleground in a nasty underworld struggle.

By the Light of the Silvery Moon

By Fred Kamman

There are many stories about confrontation between settlers and Native Americans in Denton County. Most have a factual basis from letters and newspaper reports. Memories of informants often vary in detail because they were related in the early 20th Century. Also, emotions ran high during the encounters, affecting memories.

Certainly these were one-sided accounts since Native Americans relied on oral traditions, and the settlers wrote the history without regard for this. Also during this turbulent period Native people suffered atrocities at the hands of settlers.

Pioneers especially feared full moon nights - an opportune time for tribal incursions. Whites on the frontier pleaded for help against “depredations” and lambasted the Federal government for its lack of response and actual interference with local efforts.

Perhaps the first conflict between Native Americans and white Texans in the soon-to-be-organized Denton County occurred in fall 1846. At Britten (or Brittain) Springs a group of Native Americans entered a camp of Texas Rangers and took provisions and equipment. The ease of their intrusion alarmed the residents of the area, who lost confidence in the Rangers’ ability to protect them. Hastily the settlers formed small groups to track the Native Americans, and one of these groups engaged their quarry, killing three. Such impromptu posse were

assembled for decades in North Texas to protect the frontier and retrieve stolen livestock.

In an 1859 letter to the “Dallas Herald,” a Jacksboro resident lamented that government agents were not doing enough to keep Native Americans from leaving the Brazos reservations. The writer also stated that 100 men from Denton County had joined the civilian force intent on “relocating” the Native Americans from these reservations.

Buffalo hunting

A typical incident involved the well-known Christal family which ran a mill in the west of Denton County. Four of Silas Christal’s sons were buffalo hunting out in Wichita County when one evening John and Richard left camp after sighting a herd. They did not return. The brothers who stayed in camp, James and Isom, searched four days. About 50 Denton County residents also joined the search but to no avail. All that was found was a partially skinned dead buffalo and a handkerchief nearby. The two had likely encountered Comanches.

By 1866, the situation between Native Americans and settlers was so tense that many families living in northern and western Denton County contemplated abandoning their farms and moving to Denton or east of the town.

At the same time, most southern plains tribes had been

Continued on page 18

By the Light of the Silvery Moon
Continued from page 17

forced to live at the reservation around Fort Sill in southern Oklahoma territory. Even so, livestock raids into North Texas were common.

There were two main routes the American Indians followed into Denton County. Raiding parties entering from Wise County followed Denton Creek or Black Creek to strike near Stony. If they entered through Montague County, they would arrive near Slidell, just across the county line, and assemble in the Bolivar area of Denton County. Tribal forays even roamed into the vicinity of Pilot Point.

The best-known and most documented incursion of Comanche and Kiowa into Denton County occurred on October 29, 1868. There are many aspects to the story and it is unclear if they all occurred during the same raid. It seems also that some memories conflate this raid with the one earlier in the month, or place it on a different date. Regardless, it is certain that the late 1860s and early 1870s was a time of violence.

The battle took place in northwest Denton County and Northeast Wise County. The Comanche and Kiowa were seen around Stony that morning by Dempsey Jackson. There seemed to be about 350 warriors, in addition to others who were driving the horses that they had acquired during their journey.

1,000 horses

Jackson alerted his neighbor William McCormick, and news quickly spread among the families in the area. A posse of about 32 men formed to pursue the Native Americans. William Crow Wright was chosen to lead. At about 11 am they spotted the raiders on White's Creek in the Northwest corner of the County. Against advice, William Wright ordered the posse across the creek to engage the Comanche and Kiowa band. The posse was

driven back, and during the retreat Sevier Fortenberry was killed. Losing at least one warrior, the raiders escaped with their herd. It is unclear how many horses they took on this raid, but about a 1,000 were taken in that month of October.

Several days after this raid, commanders at Fort Richardson allowed the residents of Wise and Denton Counties to form citizen militias to defend themselves against these "depredations." A militia of Denton County citizens was formed, commanded by R.H. Hopkins.

The last incursion was in 1874

The Comanche and Kiowa from the Fort Sill reservation continued to make small-scale raids throughout the early 1870s. The last hostile incursion of Native Americans into Denton County was in 1874, nearly three decades since the first clash. The reminiscence of J.T. Finney of Justin (who was among the pursuing Denton County residents) places the raid on the night of August 18th.

A group of 35 Native Americans camped near Clear Creek south of Drop. There they rounded up horses, adding to those they had acquired in Tarrant County. In the morning they drove the 350 or so horses into Wise County and committed the great atrocity of this raid - killing the three women of the Huff family at their home. Native American families also experienced family fatalities at the hands of whites.

As for livestock, William Crow Wright and William McCormick filed with the United States Court of Claims seeking compensation for the horses they had lost during these years of tribal raids. Interestingly, the claims for the losses were denied because the Native Americans at that time were hostile, and therefore beyond the control of the U.S. Government. This was still being contested in the 1930s. Federal indifference was the last depredation beneath the light of the silvery moon.



pixabay.com

High in Denton

By David Martin

Rumor has it, that J. Edgar Hoover mentioned Denton on a talk show in the early 1970s. He reportedly said the town was a hotbed of marijuana use. Could that be true? This writer attended NTSU from 1969 to 1975.

During that time, yes, it seemed many, many people were smoking “weed.” Or “the evil weed” as some playfully called it. These days, if you visit a friend at their home, you get offered something to drink. Back then, you were offered a “joint.” Frequently, there was a joint already lit up and nothing was said—it was just handed to the guest.

Was it just the “hippies” who smoked the “wacky tobacco?” Hard to say. Because, what is a hippie? Most of the men at NTSU then wore their hair long. And the definition of “long” varied a bit. Prior to college, most men had their hair cut “high and tight.” So, any other variation was “long” according to the “older generation” (e.g., parents). So long hair then was a pretty sure sign you were a “hippie.” Another tell-tale sign to identify a hippie was playing loud music by groups and artists with weird names such as Led Zeppelin, Beatles, Frank Zappa, Pink Floyd, Jimi Hendrix and Blue Oyster Cult. Hippies longed to hear an older adult say “Turn that dang music down.” Other indications: throwing Frisbees, going barefoot, flashing the peace sign, wearing bell bottom pants, blowing bubbles, and saying things like “man,” “groovy,” “far out,” and “power to the people.”

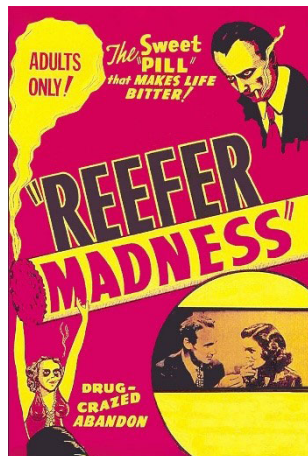
Want to buy some “grass?” One ounce was a “lid.” A baggie of weed cost about \$20. But more likely than not, people just gave you some “pot,” since they had so much of it. Was your “stash” of “Mary Jane” getting a little low? Go to almost any friend’s house and they would probably give you some of theirs. That is, after you share a few “tokes” with him. If he wasn’t already smoking some “ganja” at the time, he might ask “You want to burn one?” You hoped it was some of the “good

stuff,” such as “Acapulco Gold,” or “Maui Wowie.” Since you didn’t want to waste any, when the “roach” got very small, you attached a “roach clip,” which allowed you to smoke it to the very end.

I was skeptical about the harmlessness. After all, I was a “scientist” studying psychology. My plan was to research this “drug” and to observe others as they got “stoned.” Before I tried it, I wanted to make sure it was not going to scramble my brain, give me flashbacks, commit suicide, or some other side effect that the authorities (“the man”) said might happen to me. Many had seen the 1936 movie “*Reefer Madness*,” in which very “straight,” well-dressed adults had inhaled the “dope” and immediately began laughing maniacally and losing all inhibitions.

I amassed scores of articles in a giant file regarding marijuana. About 95% of the articles and books I read said it was not dangerous and the effects were temporary. College students didn’t care about the research; they just knew it felt good and was the “cool” thing to do. Downplayed was the fact that if convicted of possession, a person could go to prison in Texas. This kept users a little anxious, which was compounded by a common side effect of MJ- “paranoia.” My research continued for about a year. Conclusion: smoking cannabis causes dangerous side effects such as not wanting to go to class and eating an entire bag of Oreo cookies.

Many were of the opinion that marijuana would be completely legal within 20 years. This conclusion was based on the theory that of the many people who smoked it soon would become lawyers, judges and legislators, and they would facilitate legalization. That theory was obviously unrealistically optimistic. Now, FIFTY years later, hippies and former hippies are still waiting. In Texas, that is.



Longhaired hippie people, oh my!

By David Martin

The year was about 1972. A friend of mine said “Let’s splurge and go out to eat for lunch today.” For some reason, we decided to go to the big restaurant near I-35, which was part of a truck stop. We were enjoying our meal when we noticed two gentlemen staring at us guys. We made sure they noticed that we knew they were staring. “But why?” we asked ourselves. Could it be our handsome good looks? Or could it be our long hair? Our hair just over the collar. And we had, gasp, facial hair. To them, we were obviously longhaired hippy freaks. They, on the other hand, were obviously fine upstanding young men with crew cuts.

They left after a while and stopped outside one of the windows

of the establishment. One of them tapped on the window. When we looked up, they both gave us “the finger.” “How mature,” we thought.

Obviously unnoticed by the men were the two ladies sitting in the window booth just inches from them. Trying to enjoy their meal, too, were two nuns. I’m sure they were not in the habit of seeing such vulgar gestures.

We returned a different finger gesture, the peace sign.



A Happening

Folks in the 1960s gathered for experiential entertainments that were not your standard variety show. They were off half-a-bubble with avant guard tinges so these events were simply called "Happenings."

These Happenings went hand in hand with hippy culture and may have instigated intellectual creative challenges, or veered off into the world of "twirly twirly," or both.

It was two years after The Supremes cut their hit song "The Happening" in 1966. We land in Denton. In October. At the Weathers residence where Paul Weathers, M.D., had launched the local Mensa "brain club."

There the North Texas Tri-County Mensa Club (Cooke, Denton, and of course, Wise Counties) held a Happening which, according to the *Denton Record-Chronicle*, "...included numerous sets and activities in the Weathers' home and backyard, including mural painting on the (interior) walls, and satiric skits."

The skit performed was billed as "Shakespeare's 12th" leaving out the "Night" in the original title. Dr. Weathers was the producer, and his red head artist wife "Torchie" Weathers was on the property committee along with son Phillip Weathers. Others handled sets, sound and lighting and music direction.

Nothing else was reported about the performance of the "12th" or the other activities however Phillip Weathers shared his insider's view. When asked about the outrageous notion of strangers painting murals on the walls in his house, he said his mother had pinned gesso coated canvases on the walls. They were easily removed.

As far as his overall reaction to the Happening adolescent Phillip said of he, and his two younger siblings, "we were embarrassed for the behavior of the adults."

Definitely not your standard variety show.

Gary Hayden

Charles "Tex" Watson in North Texas and Denton

By Chuck Voellinger

One of the more notorious killers and crimes of the past sixty years had a background in Denton and NTSU: Charles Denton "Tex" Watson of the Charles Manson Family. His participation in the Family and the Tate-LaBianca Murders in California in 1969 is well documented. Therefore, this article will focus on his early life in North Texas and how the crimes were reported in the *Denton Record-Chronicle* and *The Campus Chat* newspaper of NTSU.

Born in Dallas on December 2, 1945 his parents were Denton and Elizabeth Watson. He was raised in the tiny town of Copeville in Collin County. The town had a population of about 150 when Charles was growing up and his parents owned the one filling station there. Like many young people, he longed to leave a very small town and see the world.

So, after graduation from Farmersville High School in 1964, where he had been a star student, on the newspaper staff, and played various sports, he moved to Denton to attend North Texas and is pictured in the 1965 Yucca yearbook.

He was an indifferent student at college, however, and by his own account, was more interested in partying, chasing women, and driving to Dallas in his Dodge Coronet on the weekends. Not surprisingly, he is nowhere to be found in both the 1966 and '67 Yucca yearbooks.

He was more interested in partying and driving around in his Dodge Coronet

One particular incident that may be seen as portent of things to come, was his robbing of typewriters from his former high

school as a prank while pledging the Phi Kappa Alpha Fraternity at North Texas. The District Attorney for Collin County was a family friend and he was "let off" the charges with a slap on the wrist. While in the fraternity, he participated in track and field, getting a mention in *The Campus Chat* in 1965. One rumored location where he lived during his time in Denton was in the boarding house at 107 Fry Street which is still standing.



1965 NTSU Yucca Yearbook

By January of 1967 he had gotten a job as a baggage handler at Love Field for Braniff Airlines and used his flight allowance to go to California where he decided he needed to be and where he would meet one of the Beach Boys, Charlie Manson, and his fate.

Shortly after participating in the Tate-LaBianca murders, Watson returned to Texas where he was arrested and held in the Collin County Jail in McKinney for a year.

Then-Texas Governor Preston Smith honored California Governor Ronald Reagan's extradition request but this was appealed by his attorney on the grounds that he wouldn't receive a fair trial after all the publicity in California. This appeal was eventually denied and he was sent to California. His defense at trial was "not guilty by reason of insanity", but he was found guilty and sentenced to death. California, however, eliminated the death penalty in 1973. Once there, he never set foot in North Texas again and has been serving a life sentence ever since.

Spaced Out

By David Martin

The movie *2001: A Space Odyssey* was released in 1968, but when it came to Denton in the Fall of 1970, several of my buddies wanted to see it together. Their plan was to “drop some acid” (LSD), sit in the front row of the theatre, and see if it would “freak them out” or not. As usual, I was the designated driver, so no hallucinogens for me. The six of us piled into my car and off we went.

By the time we got to the theatre, my friends were feeling no pain. They were moving slowly and carefully from the parking lot to the ticket booth. I tried to watch the movie and my friends at the same time. Their eyes were all glued to the screen for the entire 2 1/2 hours. We even watched the credits. They were completely absorbed by what they saw and maybe by what they were experiencing.

During the drive home, not much was said by any of us. Director Stanley Kubrick’s work was baffling, scary, overwhelming, powerful, and brilliant. And that was for me. Just think how they were affected?

One memorable scene was when HAL, the onboard computer killed all the humans on board. Dave, one of the astronauts was outside the spaceship and tried to get back in. He would address the computer, “HAL, open the pod bay door.” To which HAL answered, “I’m sorry Dave. I’m afraid I can’t do that.”

My friends were fine the next day, and that’s all we could talk about, of course, was the experience we had together the night before. And for the next six months, they took every opportunity to say to me, “I’m sorry, Dave. I’m afraid I can’t do that.”

Now some 50 years after the days of the “drop out, tune in, turn on” culture, former Texas Governor Rick Perry has become an advocate for psychedelics. As we used to say, “far out man.”



They came to see this...



...but they saw it like this!

Slantmagazine.com

The Ghosts and the Fire at KNTU Radio

By David Martin

During grad school I volunteered to read the news at the NTSU radio station, KNTU. But before I could start, I had to drive to Ft. Worth and take an FCC test to get my “broadcast license.” It came on a very nice blue paper that read “Radio



Telephone Third Class Operator’s Permit.” It was dated November 2, 1972 and was good for five years.

When I got to the station, on the second floor of the speech and drama building, I was led to the small newsroom. It had a large window looking into the main control room, where the “DJ” spun the records. After a few minutes of orientation, I was told “good luck.”

The teletype was almost always clattering. I would read what came through, then tear off about 3-4 feet of tape, and hung it on the wall. There were several hooks, labeled “Sports,”

After a few minutes
of orientation
I was told “good luck.”

“National,” “Politics,” “Weather,” and so on.” Then I had to choose a variety of 5 or 6 stories, each one about a minute long, to fill my allotted “news” time.

Once an hour I would read the news on the air, then repeat the process of reading what came over the teletype, etc. for the next broadcast. My shift was about four hours long, in the evening. And I was there 2 or 3 nights per week.

My second night, I was more relaxed but I kept hearing unsettling sounds in the attic of the studio. This went on for a couple of hours until finally there was an out of this world voice calling “David, David.” I realized my DJ was the guilty party- climbing up so his head was above the drop ceiling and trying to frighten me. It did scare me a little at first, and we both got a good laugh.

The third night I was ready for anything, I thought. As I began reading my second news story on air, the DJ silently crept into the newsroom. He then proceeded to put a match to the script in my hand as I was reading it. I had to read the copy faster and faster before it completely burned up, I didn’t want to abruptly end the news story before it was finished.

I was left with the ashes and the smoke to remind me how much I was appreciated.

Texas Woodstock

By David Martin



kind of a new concept.) I parked in a field just off Interstate 35 at what is now Hebron Parkway. Many years later, that site became a Toys “R” Us store. In 1969, there wasn’t anything at that intersection except for the Dallas International Motor Speedway (DIMS), a “dragstrip.” This was the venue for the festival.

Grand Funk Railroad (announced as "Grand Funk Railway") opened all three days and played through the afternoon heat till the official starting time of 4:00 p.m. and the opening band. BB King played all three nights and told the same jokes and stories, perhaps thinking he had a different crowd for each show. I could not afford a ticket for all three days (about \$20), so I chose my day carefully. Sunday, the day before Labor Day, would feature Led Zeppelin. So that is the one day I attended. It was my first such festival and my first time to see and smell marijuana. (No, I did not partake.) The guy on my right would nudge me and hand me a “joint.” I dutifully passed it to the guy on my left. After a few minutes, another nudge, and so on.



*Texas International Pop Festival
Denton County Office of History and Culture. Wordpress.com*

Bands that day were Chicago Transit Authority, James Cotton Blues Band, Delaney & Bonnie & Friends, The Incredible String Band, B.B. King, Led Zeppelin (announced as "The Led Zeppelin"), Herbie Mann, Sam & Dave, and Santana.

Some of the locals were outraged when they heard of the skinny dipping in Lake Lewisville. Some were so outraged, they guided their boats to the swimming locations for a closer look.

In August 1969, New York state had a music event we now call “Woodstock.” Two weeks later, in Lewisville Texas, we had a music event called “Texas International Pop Festival.” It occurred on Labor Day weekend, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. These days when I mention TIPF, many people say they have never heard of it, but for those of us who attended, it was a lot of fun and music and to some it was a life-changing event.

I had just turned 20 and was living in Mesquite. I was about to enroll at NTSU in Denton as a sophomore when I decided I wanted to experience a festival such as Woodstock, which had been in the news every day for the past two weeks. And I wanted to see one of my favorite bands, Led Zeppelin, for the third time.

I drove my 1967 candy apple red Mustang all the way to Lewisville. (Interstate 35 was about 10 years old, and it was

The Movie Featured a Revealing Preview

By David Martin

A popular pastime with NTSU students in the early 70’s was catching a movie at the auditorium building. There were quite a few people there this particular night- maybe a couple of hundred. The opening credits began and at the same time there was a commotion from down front. Several students began running up the stairs to the stage. Even in the dim light, it didn’t take the audience long to realize the runners were naked. About 5 or 6 men and one woman had undressed in the front of the auditorium, tucked their clothes under their arms, and “streaked” their way across



Image: Marvel / Wikia

the stage and exited on the other side behind the curtain. To be expected, it took us a while to stop laughing and cheering so we could get back to watching the movie.

We found out later that one of the men had dropped his wallet on the stage, which was retrieved by NTSU staff. I would hate to be in his shoes (or clothes) the next day, when he was called to the Dean’s office to retrieve his wallet.

The name of the movie eludes me. Perhaps it was “the Full Monty,” or “Naked Gun?”

The prospective juror was both male and female, sort of

By Gary Hayden

It was nearly Halloween, 1949, when a Denton married couple attended a lecture titled “Why Women Should Serve on Juries.” Throughout Texas history women were prohibited from jury service.

The venue was North Texas State University and the couple was Ben W. Boyd and Mrs. Boyd nee. Ila Mae Wadley. The topic drew the couple like a magnet since Ben Boyd was Judge of the 16th District Court serving Denton and Cooke Counties and was professionally awash in juries.

Fervently advocating advancement for women at every level, Mrs. Boyd was a virtual alumna cheerleader for the Texas State Woman’s College, now TWU. Eventually she was also president of the statewide Texas Federation of Women’s Clubs.

Presenting the case for women jurors was District Court Judge Sarah T. Hughes. In 1930, at the tender age of 34, she was the youngest woman ever elected to the Texas House of Representatives. In the House she fervently championed the legalization of women jurors, a right and privilege they were denied.



In Denton an innocent comment would foster a hiccup in local jurisprudence years in the future. Jack Christal confided his longing to have a namesake to his friend George H. McMakin, whose wife Cora Litsey was conveniently pregnant. McMakin promised Christal the imminent child would be named Jack Christal McMakin upon debut. But the stork dropped off a girl, not a boy. Undeterred, George McMakin was true to his word and so Jack, not Jackie, it was.



In 1935, while serving her third term in the House, and continually stumping to seat women jurors, Hughes was appointed Judge of the 14th District Court in Dallas by Governor James Allred. Thus, Hughes became the first female District Judge in Texas history. However, women were still barred from serving on her juries, and she couldn’t sit on a jury herself.



A 1945 item in the Denton Record Chronicle, on March 22, announced the wedding of Miss Jack Christal McMakin to PFC Roy Brooks.



One spring day in 1946 Judge Boyd entered his courtroom. Sixty petit jurors, also known as veniremen since only guys could serve, had been summoned for duty including Jack McMakin of Argyle. It must have seemed an apparition at first glance but clearly a lady sat among the men.

The names on the juror list were reviewed and no woman’s

name appeared. Nor was there a typographical error. By the roll it was ascertained that the legal Jack Christal McMakin was physically present.

Her first name on the list appeared as just Jack. Not Jackie, the name she commonly used.

Another clerical error concerned Jack McMakin, whose name was listed on the county tax roll as such, for the word “Miss” had not superseded her name. Since prospective jurors were drawn from the county tax roll, this omission also led to the court’s perplexity.

By statute, Jack was unqualified. Her mandated banishment was not open for debate. So Judge Boyd did his duty and politely dismissed her from the panel while complimenting her for her citizenship. After he thanked Jack for her service he instructed the court clerk to pay her the \$4 juror allowance. Before Jack departed, Boyd assured her she’d never receive a jury summons again.



Eight years after Jack was released from her ineligible jury duty, a 1954 amendment to the Texas Constitution empowered women as jurors. Finally, Judge Sarah Hughes could now sit on a jury herself. So could Jack.



On November 21, 1963, now a Federal jurist, U.S. District Court Judge Sarah T. Hughes was summoned to Air Force One at Love Field in Dallas. Vice President Lyndon Baines Johnson specifically requested her by name to administer the presidential oath of office. In the famous photo taken aboard the aircraft, Johnson is flanked by Ladybird Johnson and Jaqueline Kennedy. His right hand is raised for the solemn oath as his left hand rests on the Roman Catholic missal held by Judge Hughes, the shortest of the quartet.

The familiar photo of the ceremony mostly captured the back of Judge Hughes’ head. However, in a subsequent unheralded photo, Judge Hughes’ face appears in profile as Jacqueline Kennedy leans forward to speak to her.



At home in Denton, no doubt Judge and Mrs. Boyd followed the events of the Kennedy assassination including Judge Sarah T. Hughes’ pivotal role in the transfer of power. Perhaps the couple’s thoughts returned to her lecture they had attended, “Why Women Should Serve on Juries,” and wondered if Mrs. Roy Brooks had finally served in a court of law with her peers since she couldn’t sit on a jury as Jack Christal McMakin.

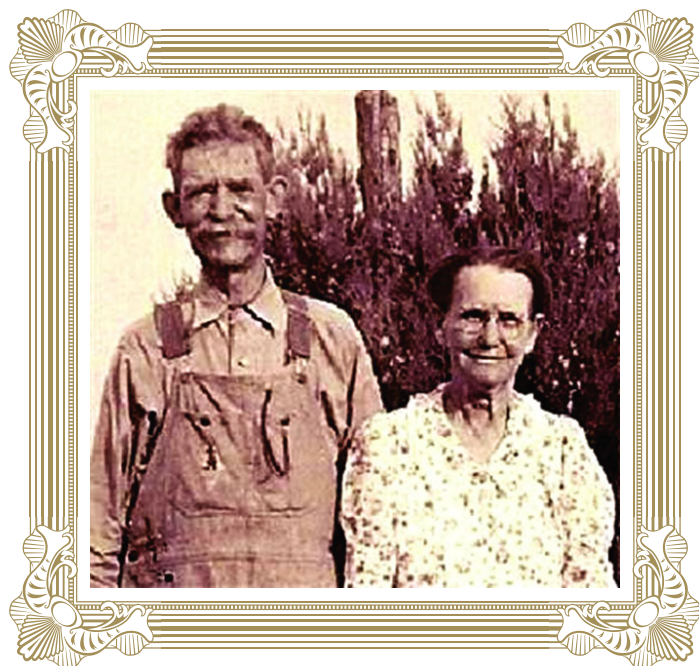


The Bayless-Selby House story and the demise of Sam Bayless

In the early 1900's Sam Bayless was a well-known nurseryman and farmer in Denton. Sam A. Bayless lived in Denton County nearly 40 years. He had a wife, Mary, and five children. He and his family lived in a fine home on Myrtle Street. He had cotton fields, tenant houses, and share croppers to help with the farming. This is the story of how he died on November 22, 1919.

Sam Bayless apparently had a bit of a temper, having pled guilty to aggravated assault in County Court in 1900. (The \$25 fine he paid would have been equivalent to \$860 today.) Earlier in 1919 Sam Bayless had filed suit in Justice Court to evict a share cropper from his tenant house. The contract Bayless had with the share cropper including housing until the crop was sold. Bayless lost in Court, and he didn't like that.

On Saturday evening, November 22, Sam got into an argument (not their first disagreement) with the sharecropper when the man returned Sam's team of horses and paid Sam his share of the cotton's sale proceeds. After Sam hit the man with his fist, he then allegedly picked up a 2x4 and swung it at the man. The man pulled his knife and jabbed at Sam, striking him between the ribs and nicking his heart. Sam bled to death within an hour. The share cropper was arrested and charged with murder.



Joseph Owen Spears and wife, Mary Lawrence Spears, circa 1943 (family photo)



*Bayless-Selby House
Jessica Woods*

Funeral services for Sam Bayless were held Monday afternoon at the family residence and afterwards he was interred in the International Order of Odd Fellows (IOOF) Cemetery. Mrs. Bayless and some of the children continued to live in the residence with her grief and memories of what had occurred in the yard.

After a week in jail, the share cropper was bonded out by a brother, a brother-in-law, his father-in-law and his family physician. A jury trial was held Friday, April 2 and all day Saturday, the 3rd, 1920, in the Denton County Courthouse, Judge C. R. Pearman, Presiding. Dr. J.H. Ray, the County Health Officer, testified there was one wound on the body. Mrs. Bayless told a significantly different story, claiming her late husband had been stabbed three times. Miss Star Bayless told a slightly different version. A jury of 12 men deliberated for two hours late Saturday night before acquitting the defendant of the charge. The defendant had claimed self-defense.

Mrs. Bayless and the children no longer wanted to live in the house with 10 acres of farm land. Over time she convinced her neighbors, the Selbys, to trade houses. The Selbys had to borrow money to complete the deal and moved in to the former Bayless house on Thanksgiving Day 1920. Almost a year to the day after Mr. Bayless' death.

The sharecropper was Joseph Owen Spears, my grandfather, who died on January 16, 1944, before I was born. The story in our family is that he carried the regret for Sam Bayless' death for the rest of his life. *Joe Spears, Argyle, TX*