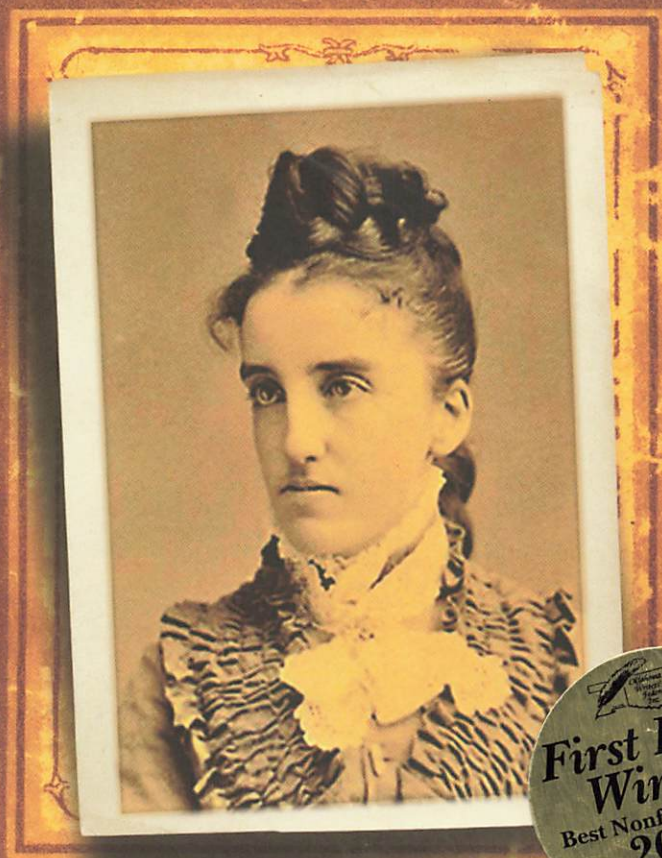
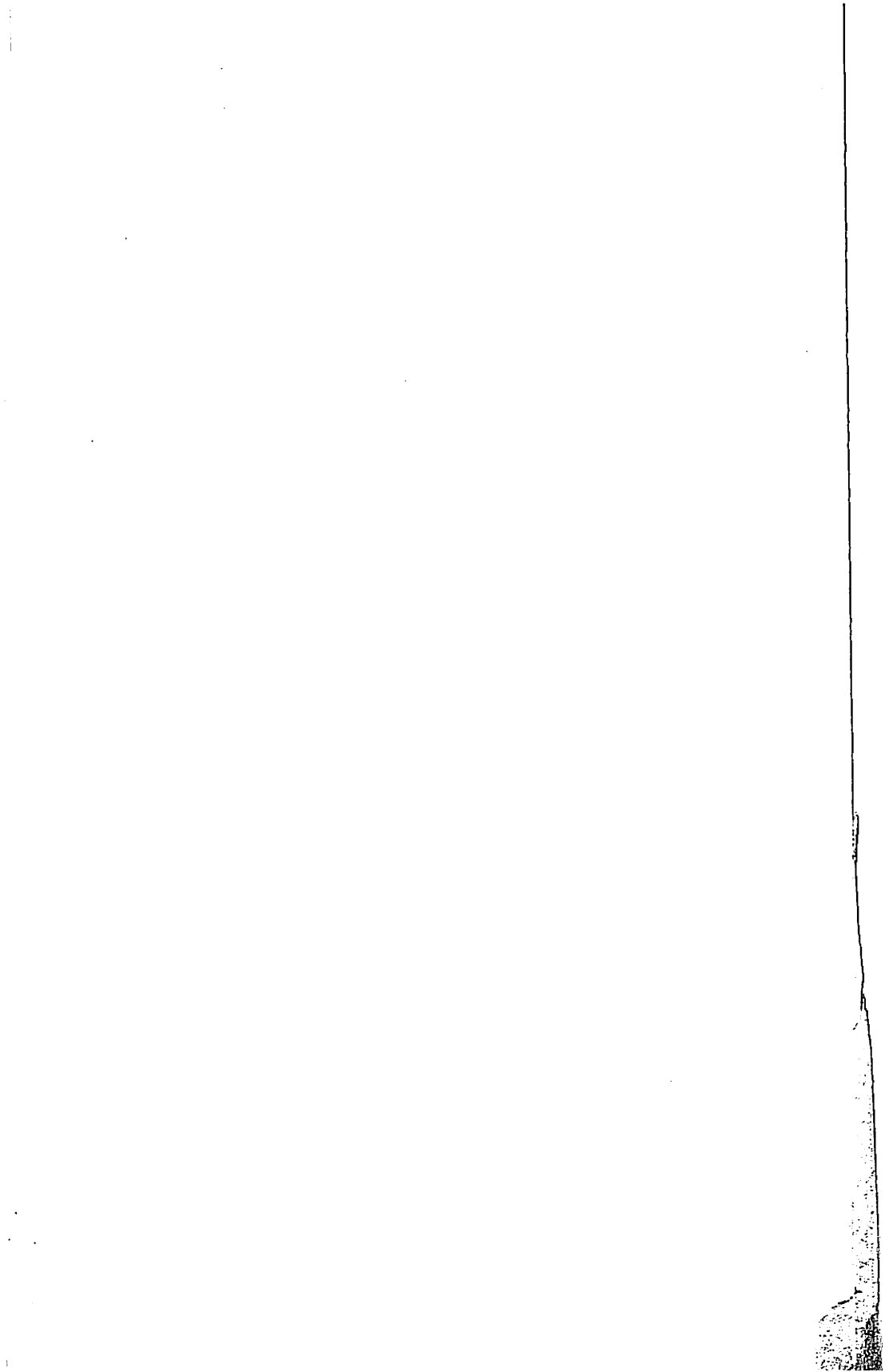


A Pioneer Love Story



The Letters of Minnie Hobart

PRISCILLA H. WILSON



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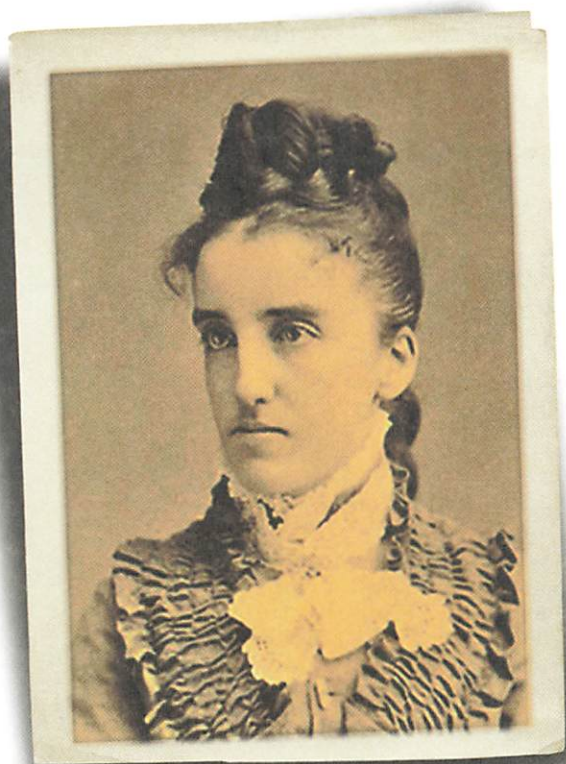
A special
colleague

A Pioneer Love Story

Jessie H. Wilson

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A Pioneer Love Story



The Letters of Minnie Hobart

PRISCILLA H. WILSON

A Pioneer Love Story
The Letters of Minnie Hobart

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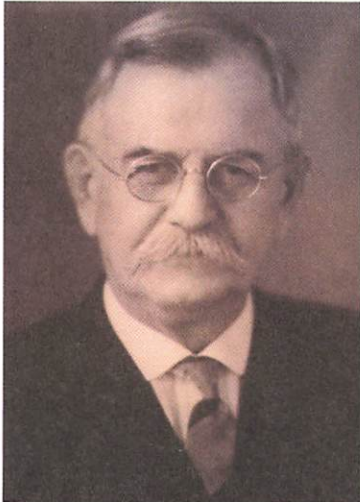
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DEDICATION

To grandparents who built our country and shaped our lives
Timothy Dwight Hobart and Minnie Wood Warren Hobart



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

There are many people to whom I owe a debt of gratitude. A special thanks to my sister, Pam Hanson, for her hours of cataloguing and typing my grandmother's letters. I'm indebted to my cousin, Mary Fatheree, for her inspiration for this book.

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Above all, I am deeply grateful for my husband Rodney's encouragement, support and patience.

Priscilla H. Wilson



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INTRODUCTION

A Pioneer Love Story, The Letters of Minnie Hobart is an expression of praise for the many pioneer families who created community in a harsh land. It provides an intimate look at the history of the Texas Panhandle personalized through the eyes of my grandmother. Detailed descriptions of life from 1888-1949 are revealed in her letters and reflections.

Shining with spirit and staying power, as a pioneer entering the Panhandle of Texas in 1888 Minnie Wood Warren Hobart was physically frailer than many pioneer women. Minnie's enduring love for my grandfather sustained her through dramatic change. She grew up in Vermont – green, hilly, tranquil, with flowing water in the rivers. In 1888, she married her childhood sweetheart and moved to the Panhandle of Texas – brown, flat, windy, with sand patterns in the rivers. What if she had surrendered to the strangeness that was the Texas Panhandle?

Minnie matured in a cultured environment and was well educated. At twenty-nine years of age she was older than most pioneer women who headed west. The environment of the northeastern United States where Minnie was born and reared was radically different from the Panhandle of Texas. There had to be a strong incentive for a woman like Minnie to leave Vermont. That incentive was the power of her love for Dwight.

Timothy Dwight Hobart was a giant among men. Yet, while developing the land, Dwight relied on Minnie as a source of spiritual strength. He had “grit,” but Minnie displayed resolve and a gracious gentleness.

Most women of the plains physically worked alongside their men to build homes, work the fields and raise the children; some thrived and some collapsed. Minnie was different. Minnie was continuously solicitous of Dwight throughout their forty-seven years of marriage.

Everything she did was done for him. She employed household help whenever possible because she worried that any health issues would be a hindrance to him. Ever faithful and dedicated, she stood by Dwight, vowing never to think back on what might have been.

In writing this story, I wanted to go beyond my grandmother's life as a footnote in history to discover the real story of this woman who lived in such changing and revolutionary times. A book describing her husband's life¹ and accomplishments barely mentions "Mrs. Hobart." In her time, the stories of men's deeds were told, but women's stories were often slighted.

When I was a little girl, our family visited the Texas Panhandle every summer. We drove the three hundred and sixty miles from our home in Arkansas City, Kansas, to Pampa, Texas. The drive across Oklahoma in the days before air conditioning was hot, hot, hot, despite 4:00 a.m. starts trying to beat the heat. Sometimes we carried a bucket of ice in the car in futile attempts to stay cool.

Periodic flat tires and/or mechanical breakdowns punctuate my memories of those drives. In a scorching Oklahoma town while waiting for a car to be fixed, my mom and dad tried to be patient. My sister, Pam Hutchinson, and I generated lots of "snip, snip, snip" and "bicker, bicker, bicker" as we argued over our toys and books. Then Daddy's frayed nerves entered the scene, "Girls, stop that." Mother's arbitration skills came into play, but patience was in short supply.

Reaching our grandmother's house was special. We relished our Nanaw's love as she welcomed us into her large, old, mysterious house. We anticipated fun play times with cousins, Hobart Fatheree six months older than I; Tiny Hobart six months younger; and David Fatheree, a year younger than Pam.

Our love and appreciation of Nanaw deepened as we grew older. Most of the family stories focused on the accomplishments of our grandfather. In 1950, after Nanaw's death, Dr. L. F. Sheffy shared T. D.

1 L. F. Sheffy, *Timothy Dwight Hobart, 1855-1935* (Canyon, TX: The Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, 1950).

Hobart's story with family and community in *Timothy Dwight Hobart, 1855-1935*.

Many years later I began to wonder about this woman – Mrs. T. D. Hobart – Minnie Wood Warren Hobart – and her life experiences.

After the deaths of our parents in Arkansas City, Kansas, in the early 1990s, my sister and I brought home to Kansas City a trunk full of letters, pictures, diaries and newspaper clippings. My sister undertook the task of sorting and cataloguing letters that covered the period from 1799 to 1949.

We knew we had discovered a living history when we examined the letters our grandmother had written to her mother back in Vermont about life in Texas. Spanning the years 1888 to 1908, the letters were filled with stories of life in the Texas Panhandle. This treasure-trove included a letter she had written to her future husband (our grandfather) when he ventured off to Texas in 1882. Gratitude and wonder filled us as we read through the contents of this precious find.

These letters, diaries and articles offered glimpses into real life in an exciting part of American history. Our grandmother lived through ninety years of incredible history, the last Pioneer Era; the beginning of the Industrial Revolution; the Modern Age with the Dust Bowl; the Great Depression; World War I; and finally World War II with its atomic bomb ending. Changes in her life burst forth with the telephone, automobile, and settling of new territory.

To fill the gaps in the story I searched genealogy records. Many times I found a name with birth and death dates. This was fine for a genealogy chart, but was unsatisfactory for telling the human stories. In the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum files, we discovered two interviews Dr. L. F. Sheffy, the author of *Timothy Dwight Hobart*, held with our grandmother. Dr. Sheffy asked questions about her husband, but new facets of her own story were also revealed. Letters my grandmother wrote to our mother in the 1930s and 1940s continued the story.

The tragic death of my grandmother's oldest son, the construction of her dream house and radical shifts in her husband's work life were key aspects of the story that I wanted to explore. Conversations with cousins, and disclosures in my mother's and aunt's diaries from their 1920s college years added richness and detail.

What was special about my grandmother's life? She shared the fate of many wives who marry important men. She raised her children largely alone. She shared life with a husband she deeply loved but who was not there much of the time. While most pioneer wives and their children worked alongside their men, Minnie and her brood waited while Dwight traveled, planned, served and fulfilled his many duties to the White Deer Land Co., the JA Ranch and the settlers.

My cousin's wife, Mary Fatheree in Pampa, Texas, first raised the idea of writing a book to capture this intimate look at the history of the Texas Panhandle personalized through the eyes of Minnie Hobart. I had just published my first book, *The Facilitative Way, Leadership That Makes the Difference*, and decided to take on this task. I knew I wanted to share the resources we had uncovered with future generations. Minnie's story of the history of the Texas Panhandle mustn't be lost.

Writing the story of my grandmother's life has been a gratifying adventure. I reaffirmed that my life has been shaped by the values and ethics of my grandparents and parents. Values handed down to our generation included endurance; trust; loyalty; looking for the uniqueness in each person; understanding that to whom much has been given, much is required; love of the church; and care for the family and community.

I salute the pioneer women who forged a life and raised a family in the great unknown. I recall that Emerson wrote, "Memory makes a record of every shining hour and plays it back like music through the years."²

2 *Beginning from the Middle, A Collection of Fiction, Poetry and Essays* by the Kansas City Writers' Group. "One Shining Summer" by Veronica North, p. 54.



The Beginning

THE VERMONT YEARS
1859-1881

1

VERMONT

A genteel and industrious atmosphere permeated the home of Minnie's father, Judge Abel Knapp Warren. A picture emerges of this family from a letter written in May 4, 1859, by Tip Turner, a twenty-one-year-old hired hand. Tip shared his impressions with his sister.³

"My Dear sister Addie

I have got my days work done & take my pen to write you a few lines. I dont know what to writ unless I prais Mrs Warren & the little girls I certainly think that they will bear praising if any boddy will. I do think this is the most interesting family I ever saw. The children are all so respectful. They dont seem think as Mrs Beebe & her hopefuls did that their hired man was fit for nothing but a football for first one to kick & then the other. Bell was thirteen yesterday. she is a mighty smart girl for one of that age but I guess she aint very proud. she went up to see her grandmother yesterday. she rode horseback on an old mare that the calvs have knawed her tail off so that she looks like a bob tailed cat. Farin is the best boy that I ever saw. he loves to work as well as other boys like to play.

Tip Turner"⁴

³ Tip Turner letter printed with his spellings.

⁴ Tip Turner was Vernon Turner's great-grandfather, William Harrison Turner. Vernon Turner is a member of the Berlin, VT, Historical Society.



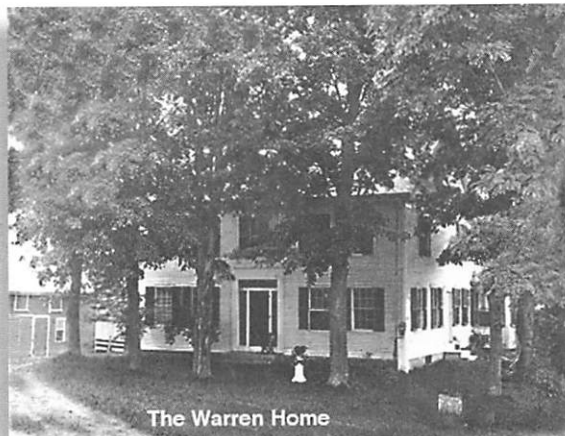
*Painting by Thomas Waterman Wood, with his home in the foreground.
Owned by Minnie's family.*

Born eight months later on December 28, 1859, Minnie Wood Warren joined the Warren household. She was the youngest of seven children of Judge Warren and Laura House Warren and named after her mother's dear friend, Minnie Robinson Wood.⁵ Minnie's siblings at the time of her birth were Belle, age thirteen; Ferrand, age twelve; Ella, age ten; Alice, age seven; Lizzie, age five; and Fred, age two. The Warren farm adjoined the Hobart farm, so friendships between the two families developed early for Minnie and her siblings.

Imagine the Vermont of Minnie's growing-up years. A lush rolling landscape of green trees and hills with abundant water was the setting.

Minnie's grandfather, Joel Warren, owned the farm where she grew up. He had cleared the land, once killing a bear near where the barn eventually stood. In 1799 he erected a log house, where he lived with his bride, Hannah Knapp. Joel served as a state representative in the Vermont legislature and as justice of the peace.

Barely fifty years later, in 1842, their son, Abel, built a large modern house on the same farm, to which he brought his bride, Laura Ann House. "The Warren home, a large two-story frame structure, set like a gem in the beautiful Green Mountain hills of Vermont, gave evidence of culture and refinement."⁶



5 Minnie Robinson Wood was the wife of Thomas Waterman Wood, who painted the portraits of Minnie's parents in 1864. See Chapter 3, "Life, The Northern High Plains."

6 L. F. Sheffy, *Timothy Dwight Hobart, 1855-1935* (The Panhandle-Plains Society, 1950), p. 9.

Like his father, Judge Warren was an influential citizen of his town, and served in the offices of justice of the peace and associate judge of Washington County. A farmer, Judge Warren made his home just north of the town's first church site.

This prominent family served the community and traveled a lot, so Minnie grew up knowing not only community service but life outside her immediate environment as well.

As in many other parts of the country, women in early Vermont were responsible for the spiritual and moral welfare of their families. Traditionally, they played crucial roles in church affairs. Minnie's mother, Laura, grew up in Berlin, Vermont, and prepared for these roles, attending Troy Conference Academy, a college preparatory school near West Poultry, Vermont, in her eighteenth year. Founded in 1836 by the Methodist Episcopal Church, Troy Conference Academy is one of the oldest and most respected secondary schools in Vermont.

GROWING UP IN VERMONT

Minnie lived with her parents and siblings on their prosperous 235-acre farm along the Green Mountains and the rock fences of Berlin, Vermont.⁷ The Warren farm produced corn, potatoes and oats, and raised cows and sheep. Transportation during Minnie's girlhood took place by wagon and sleigh. Winter ice-skating, summer boating and fishing at Berlin Pond plus raspberry picking excursions provided local entertainment.

Minnie lived in a religious atmosphere, as did Dwight. Dwight's grandfather, a strict disciplinarian of the old Puritan school, once invoked "the curse and wrath of God upon Dwight for playing on the Sabbath."⁸ In New England, playing and other physical activities on the Sabbath weren't acceptable. Dwight's family observed worship daily. His mother gave him a Bible when he left home, which he kept in his traveling bag for the rest of his life.

7 *ibid.*, p. 31.

8 *Ibid.*, p. 4.

Minnie's family regularly attended church, but Minnie and her mother didn't join the Congregational Church until Minnie was twenty-one. "As I think back on those childhood days," she later wrote, "I still picture our church with its two-day services. After a light lunch following the morning service and Sunday School, the congregation came together again for the second sermon. A flight of stairs from the vestry led up to the choir loft. This placed the choir at the back and greatly elevated. While the last hymn was being sung the entire congregation stood and turned about, facing the choir."⁹



As childhood playmates¹⁰ with homes a quarter mile apart, Minnie and Dwight became best friends. Minnie enjoyed watching Dwight climb up on the ridge pole at the top of the high barn her father had built. When Minnie climbed up on anything even slightly high, she called to Dwight to help her down. Just four years older than Minnie, Dwight showed his care early on by sharpening her slate pencils and washing her slate. All their lives she experienced him as courage personified. Minnie loved Dwight's optimistic nature and his keen sense of humor.

9 Address Mrs. T. D. Hobart to The Pioneer Club, Canadian, TX, 1940. In Hobart family records.

10 Insights into the early life of Minnie and Dwight come from an interview Minnie gave to Dr. L. F. Sheffy of West Texas State College and the Panhandle-Plains Museum in Canyon, TX, February 13, 1937.



Minnie and her siblings

Dwight Hobart hungered for an education, and applied himself diligently to his studies. When he was seven, his father kept him out of school for days at a time to work on the farm. The schools offered a summer session beginning in May and lasting until the first of August. Dwight always had to miss the summer term. The fall term began in September; the winter term began the first of December and lasted until the first of March.

Dwight graduated from the public school at Berlin, and then attended Montpelier Seminary and Barre Academy. Minnie was just eleven years old when Dwight left Berlin for Montpelier Seminary. He thought so much of Minnie that he asked her to cut a piece of fabric from a seam of her plaid dress to give him as a keepsake. She complied and managed to cut a piece from the inside of one of the seams without ruining the dress.

Dwight had dreamed of finishing at Dartmouth College, but the ailing health of his father prevented him from attaining this ambition. His father, David, was a pessimistic, severe and stern man. Not strong physically, he suffered from stomach troubles and bouts of nerves. Dwight was more like his mother, Caroline, who was cheerful and optimistic.

After Barre Academy, Dwight continued his education at home, reading every historical work he could find. He excelled in math and had a natural inclination toward law.¹¹ Dwight's home surrounded him with books on Bible study, theology, geography, grammar and spelling, morals, motherhood and David Livingstone's adventures in Africa.¹²

At twenty years old, Dwight became a teacher in Berlin (1875), their township twelve miles square east of Montpelier. At sixteen Minnie was one of his students. Dwight served as superintendent of the twelve schools in Berlin by the time he was twenty-one. He held that position for four years - until 1880.

After attending school in Berlin, a visit with her Aunt Hannah¹³ triggered Minnie's decision to go to school for a year in Mooers, New York. She completed her college education at the Vermont Methodist Seminary and Female College in Montpelier.

Minnie's mother, Laura, cared for her mother, Dinah, during her final illness in 1872. Minnie helped her mother through this suffering even though only a young girl of thirteen.

In 1879 Minnie's older sister, Lizzie, died at the age of twenty-five just as she had begun her life as a school teacher. Grief over her untimely death consumed Minnie and her mother for a long time. Minnie's sister Ella had married Garner Dustin and sister Alice was

11 L. F. Sheffy, *The Life and Times of Timothy Dwight Hobart, 1855-1935* (The Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, 1950), p. 7.

12 Many of these books belonged to Dwight's great-grandfather, James, and are now in the homes of Dwight's grandchildren.

13 Hannah Elizabeth Warren, the sister of Minnie's father, married Abel Knapp in 1875 and lived in Mooers, NY. Note from Berlin Historical Society, Berlin, VT.

teaching school in Moline, Illinois. Minnie always felt responsible for assisting her mother.

SEVEN YEARS OF ROMANCING

In the winter of 1881, visions of possibility filled Dwight Hobart's dreams. He returned home from Washington, D. C., profoundly impressed by President Garfield's inauguration address. Only men attended inaugurations in that day, and the speech on March 4, 1881 stirred Dwight's adventurous spirits to "go west" as he listened to the president state, "At the close of this first century of growth ... the nation is resolutely facing to the front, resolved to employ its best energies in developing the great possibilities of the future."¹⁴ But a surprise awaited Dwight when he rushed to the Warren house to share what he had heard.

"That winter Dwight came home from Washington D. C. and learned that I had gone with Gardner Bosworth once or twice while he was away and came right up to see me. He did this three times the same day and the 3rd time made his first proposal to me of marriage. I have told you a love story, but it is a true one."¹⁵

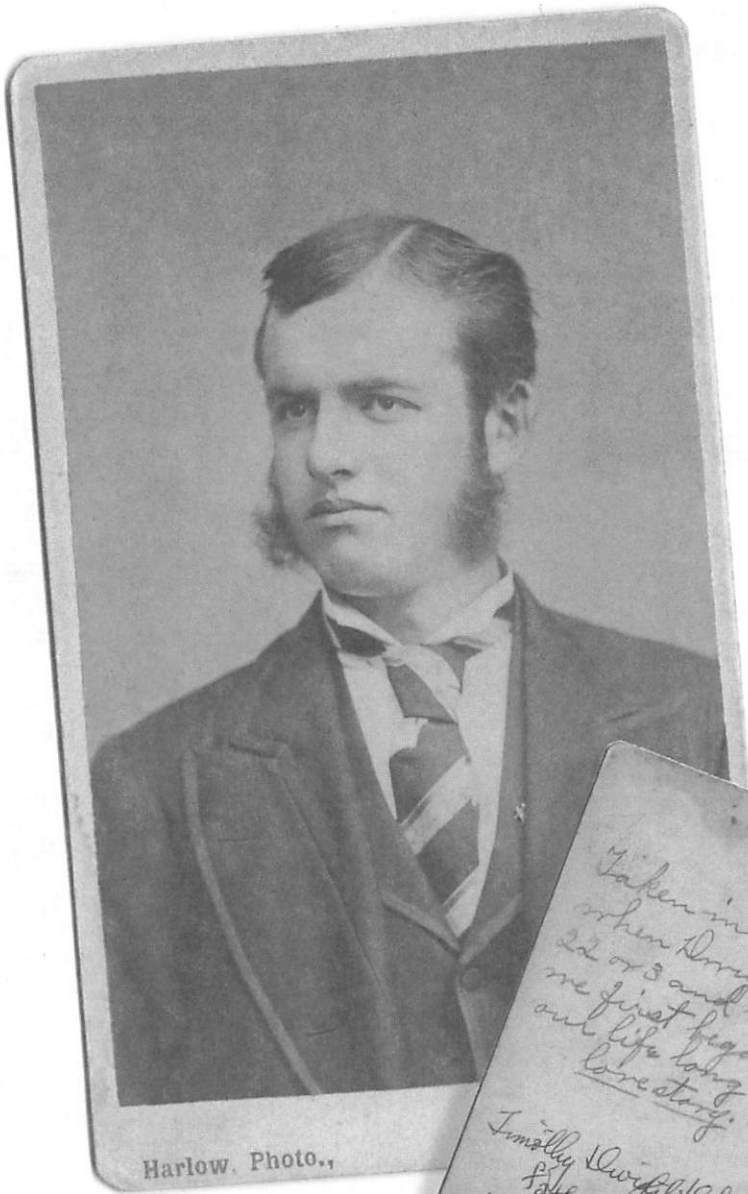
After Dwight decided to head west, Minnie Wood Warren waited for the boy-next-door for the next six years. "Dwight and Minnie's friendship ripened into a deeper attachment as the couple grew older, culminating finally in an enduring love that never dimmed as the years went by."¹⁶

It was a love story from the beginning.

14 James A. Garfield's Inaugural Address, Friday, March 4, 1881. www.bartleby.com/124/pres36.html

15 June 8, 1944, letter from Minnie to her daughters Laura and Mary, who were in Vermont.

16 L. F. Sheffy, *Timothy Dwight Hobart, 1855-1935* (Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, 1950), p. 6.



Taken in 1878
when Dwight was
22 or 3 and when
we first began
our life long
love story.
Dwight
Father of
Mary Hutchinson

"Taken in 1878 when Dwight was twenty-two or twenty-three and when we first began our life long love story."

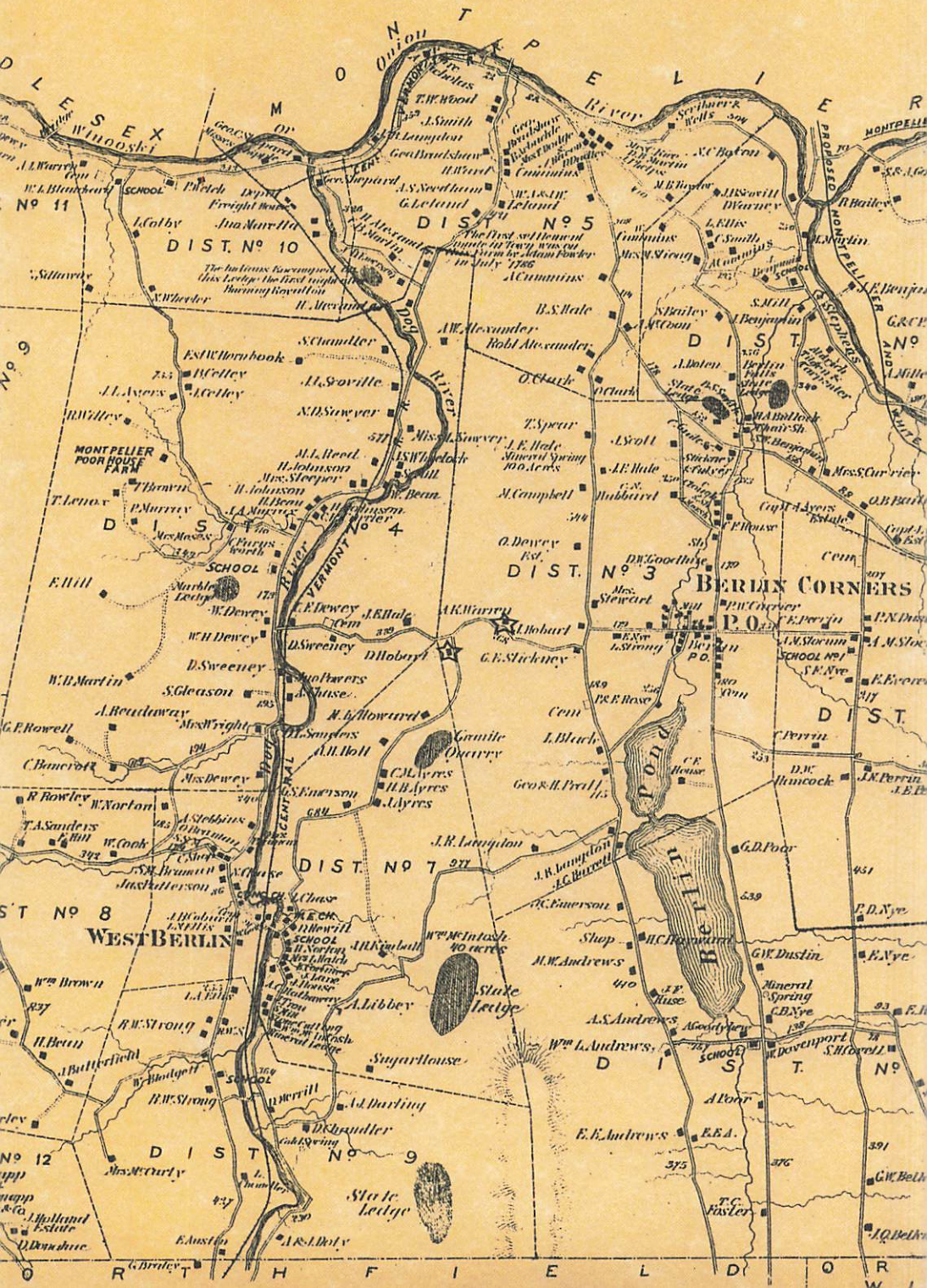
- Minnie Wood Warren

In antique family photograph book; quote is written in Minnie's handwriting on the back of this picture of Dwight.

1873 - Minnie Warren was 14 years old.

BERLIN

Scale 200 Rods to the inch.





Into the Unknown

ON TO TEXAS
1882-1888

2

PIONEERING INSTINCTS

Dwight felt the call. He accepted a job surveying and selling land as a town lot agent in Palestine, Texas. Major Evans, president of the New York and Texas Land Co., offered him thirty dollars a month. Dwight began work on October 31, 1882. Letters linked Minnie and Dwight for the next six years.

The first letter Minnie wrote from her home in Berlin, Dwight received a month after he had gone to Texas.

“November 29, 1882 Dear Dwight:

I can hardly realize that you are so far away. I found the towns you mentioned on one of the railroad guides and I believe I could almost see you. I am so interested in it all. I thought it nice of you to write as minutely as you did, even then if I could see you, I would tire you with questions. Last night we stopped at the office, as we were going to hear Mr. Schefield’s lecture, and brother Fred said, as he handed me a letter, ‘here is a letter from your dearly beloved.’

Shouldn’t it be so lonesome if we couldn’t write at all? I confess a feeling of loneliness steals over me so many times.

Last week “the moon was in its glory” and I couldn’t help wish-

ing that you were here. You said you hoped I couldn't help thinking of you. If I could whisper to you. I would tell you how often I do think of that great tall boy, my boy. I noticed in last week's Commercial in the "Weather" column that the cold wave had extended to Texas, with below freezing in the western part of the state and snowstorms. Did the snow extend as far east as you?

Shall I quote you some of my sister Belle's letter? She writes much I would rather not tell, though perhaps if you were here you could tease me into telling you. She says, "Marriage is too sacred for anyone to defer another from their own choice – all I want is for you to be sure he is your true ideal. But Minnie, whoever you think of in the way of marriage, be sure his nature responds to yours – as none other can – be sure it is not acquired but of a higher order. I would so much prefer you to marry one able to furnish you with a beautiful home and plenty. Without he has a loving, generous nature and you do not feel the slightest repugnance toward him better let your friendship be ended."

She closes her letter by saying, "I can get over all prejudice, but Minnie, you are worthy of one of the best and I want you to take up with no other." It shows you that it is her love for me. Mother has noticed my ring, said nothing, only "Why did he give you that?" I never look at it without thinking of what you said that last night – about the design.

I want to see you – why, if I only could, it seems as though I would even let you be a naughty boy.

Your Minnie"

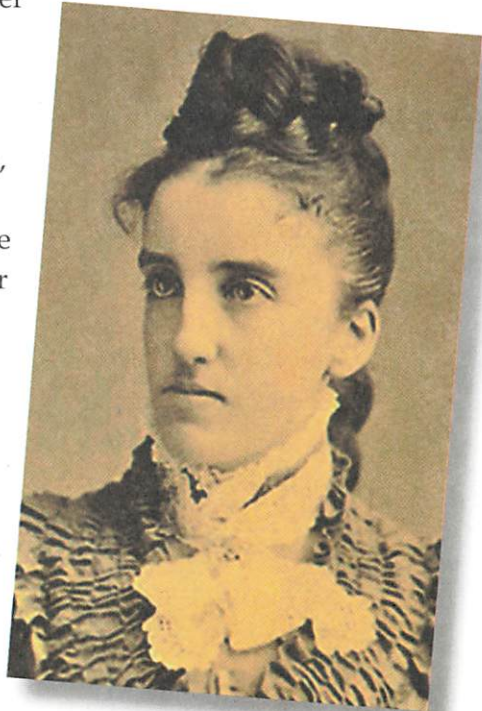
Minnie spent the summer of 1885 visiting her married sister, Belle, who lived in Michigan. Three years of separation created a longing in Minnie and Dwight to see each other, so Dwight made one trip to Michigan to see Minnie. The rest of the time letters connected the couple. Minnie loved to dream of Dwight and their future life together and to write to him in the long years he was away.¹⁷

17 No more letters survived from this period, but we can be sure she wrote them.

Dwight returned from West Texas in 1888 to claim Minnie. Years later, reflecting on her move to the frontier of Texas in 1888, Minnie affirmed that she could never have consented to come to the country of Texas if her husband had not been so strong and courageous. She considered him brave, enthusiastic and optimistic.¹⁸

The six years of waiting finally over, Minnie, at age twenty-nine, was a lovely young woman past her first youth. Her dark eyes, large and liquid, gazed out under thick eyebrows. She had a prominent forehead and chin; her nose was rather long and upturned at the tip. Her mouth was set and severe. Some of her dark hair was twisted on top of her head in an elaborate braided bun, the rest curled down the back of her neck. A few short tendrils escaped the bun and sprang forward softly on her brow. The ruffled jacket and white jabot with its frilled bow that she often wore could not disguise the slightness of her body. She seemed delicate but determined.

Minnie in 1888



MARRIAGE TO DWIGHT

The Reverend John Hall pronounced them husband and wife at the Warrens' home on September 20, 1888, at 2:30 p.m. Minnie and Dwight boarded the 4:00 p.m. train for Burlington to start their honeymoon trip.

18 Interviews, Mrs. Hobart to L. F. Sheffy, February 13 and 20, 1937.

Forty-nine years later, Minnie described her honeymoon.

“My wedding outfit became my traveling dress which was very nice. It was broadcloth of a dove color, not really tan. It was trimmed with large blue silk cord. In that time they didn’t get their fall styles until October but I wanted my fall hat. So my milliner sent in a special order for me to Boston. I described the hat I wanted. I thought I would like a dark navy blue hat trimmed to match the dress. The hat, when it came, was such a peculiar shape. She was getting the latest style for me.”

THE HONEYMOON¹⁹

“From Burlington we went down Lake Champlain and the Hudson River to New York City. In New York City we stayed at the St. Nicholas Hotel and toured the city for a number of days. My brother Fred’s wife’s people lived in Buffalo, New York, and had invited us to visit them on our way. We were going to Niagara Falls and Buffalo was close so we could stop to see them.

When we stopped at the Clark home in Buffalo, Mr. Clark laughed right out loud at my hat. He said it was a regular scoop shovel. The Clarks invited us to dinner, and we went to their home for a supper of ham and hot biscuits.

From Buffalo we went to Niagara Falls. We set out for Chicago by train and stayed at the Palmer House where we always stayed on later trips. A world famous singer, Adelina Patti, was scheduled to perform that night and we intended to go. I didn’t feel well so we didn’t. Adelina Patti is the most celebrated soprano in the world so we hated to miss her concert. We stayed in Chicago just one night.

19 The honeymoon story: Interviews, Mrs. Hobart to L. F. Sheffy, February 13 and 20, 1937.

The train took us on to Kansas City where my brother Fred was a cashier with the Barber-Asphalt Paving Co. He was living at 212 West 7th Street and we both stayed with him for a couple of days before Dwight went on to Texas. It was October and I stayed in Kansas City for ten days. I was afraid that I wouldn't like Texas and wouldn't be able to take it.

I had thought about going to Texas quite a good deal. I didn't want Dwight to stay in Vermont and be a farmer. I didn't intend to live on a farm always. However, when I knew we were coming west I was filled with anxiety. My sisters were either married or were teaching school. I didn't see how my parents could get along without me. I had a great sense of loyalty to them.

It finally came to the point that I had to make up my mind. I decided to come to Texas even though I was dreading it. Dwight hadn't told me about how bare this country was because he didn't want to run it down. I had been to Dakota to see my other brother Ferrand, a bachelor, and that had prepared me for the west. I never let my people know I was full of anxiety though. When I finally made up my mind I kept what I was thinking all to myself."

Minnie experienced trepidation as she headed toward the Panhandle, so different from Vermont. The few extra days in Kansas City supplied her with interior resources to move on into the unknown.

ARRIVING IN THE PANHANDLE

Minnie and Dwight had ridden "the handsomest train in the world,"²⁰ the Vestibule Express on the Santa Fe's Chicago-Kansas City route. Years later Minnie described the condition of the train that left Kansas City to take her to Texas.

20 *The Kansas City Times*, October 1, 1888.

"The old train was a mixed train with baggage cars and only one or two passenger cars. The seats were not very comfortable and the passengers were mostly rough looking men. It was bare, desolate land we were going through. It looked like a jumping off place. The railroad had gone all the way to Higgins, Texas and Dwight met me there. He had his buckboard²¹ in Miami with a team of spanking gray horses named Hunter and Silver. He rode up to meet me in Higgins, about 40 miles north of Miami. The buckboard had a top to it, which I thought sort of redeemed it. It was rather crude. This was my first glimpse of a buckboard.

When we got to Miami, Texas, that certainly seemed the limit. We were to spend the night at the Baldwin House, the only hotel there. When we went up the steps to stay for the night it didn't seem right at all. I said to Dwight, "Are you sure you are going in the right place?" There wasn't anything in the room but a box set up on end with a little tin wash pan on it and a broken chair. There was a little bedstead that was so old and poor. However, I was happy. I never allowed the luxuries of the home I had left creep in and make me unhappy. When we got to Texas and all that wind, I had to hold my hat on with both hands. I thought it would never be any good after that. The next day we started for Mobeetie."

21 By the mid-1800s, Americans had developed the versatile buckboard, a four-wheeled open carriage with the seat(s) attached to a flexible board running between the front and rear axles. Mounted by a board of flexible wood, its front seat could hold two people; it was drawn by one or two horses. From www.answers.com

SHARING WITH HER MOTHER

At the end of the honeymoon trip, Minnie describes the journey from Kansas City to Mobeetie more favorably in a letter to her mother.

"October 22, 1888

My darling Mother:

I left KC last Thursday night at ten o'clock and met Dwight at Higgins – which was about dusk the next day. The train was two hours late. This Southern Kansas road which I came over from Kansas City to Miami is a very lonely road – going for hundreds of miles through an entirely uninhabited region and it is a very rough road too with dirty cars. It passes through strange country in Indian Territory – different from anything I ever saw. There are mountains and ridges of sand of all sizes and shapes and the soil is white with salt in places. A great many of these peculiar shaped hills which are thrown up in many places several hundred feet to the side of the R.R., are of a bright red soil entirely devoid of all vegetation. I saw several large droves of cattle on the ranches with two or three cowboys with each drove. I saw a great many prairie dogs too who seem to group themselves together in villages and they sit up by their holes on their haunches as the train glides past. But I was not so interested in this new and very strange country, as I should have been had I felt less anxious about meeting my husband.

We had had so much trouble on account of the delay in telegrams. I was intending to go Wednesday night, but that morning I received a dispatch from Dwight saying he might possibly find private means of finance. I gave up going as he wanted me to get more furniture in Kansas City if he succeeded. That night about nine I received another dispatch, which should have reached me earlier saying he would meet me at Higgins that next day. Well Fred and I discussed things lively for a few minutes, but it was impossible for me to pack and make the train so I sent a telegram to Miami hoping to stop him from coming on, but that never reached him until the next day at noon – after he had

gone to Higgins. He says he thinks he was never as witched in his life as when he could find nothing of me.

The next day I packed and waited for another word fearing I should miss him if I went on without one. But in the evening another dispatch came saying "if I started that night" and then we rushed to the depot and I sent on my dispatch and fortunately found an empty berth for me and so it ended well at last.

Dwight thinks he could endure the lonely years he has had better than the two weeks I was in Kansas City. It seems wonderful to me sometimes that I can feel happy – or at all contented away from everyone, here in a wild country, but I am more contented and happier than I even expected.

I have got the best and gentlest and most loving husband that a person could possibly have. You have not the slightest idea how thankful you have reason to be. It would not be possible for any one to be nearer perfection in all ways than he is toward me.

Perhaps I realize more about it because I know how terrible it would be if our love were not so strong away in this country from everyone. Well I know you are anxious to know about his place. We stayed Friday night at Miami which is merely a few shanties near a station. I presume if we had not been some two hours late we should have driven to Mobeetie that night. We had wretched accommodations that night but our breakfast there was good with beefsteak, mashed potato, applesauce, warm biscuit and pancakes and syrup and coffee. And the "land lady" (for it is called a "hotel") is a very pretty intelligent appearing woman.

After breakfast Dwight had his span and buckboard buggy and we started for Mobeetie. The weather was cold and very windy making the ride of 18 miles rather disagreeable. The road is good but it would seem strange to you to ride so far without seeing a building or a fence, or tree, or any sign of life. The ride seems like a short one to Dwight – about the same he says as from Montpelier up home.

But if this weather wouldn't surprise you. It is cold like Vermont only much dryer. We keep a fire in our room from morning until night – so cold – I wait until the room is warmed in the morning before I dress. But they had been having warm weather and very pleasant for a long time – and they tell me we shall have warm and cold spells all the year.

Tuesday morning

I did not have time to finish my letter yesterday before the mail went. We have a daily mail except Sundays. This is a beautiful day – so perfectly clear and warm, like one of the prettiest September days at home. I shall have to write again soon and tell of this place. We came directly to this hotel – Huselby House²² – where we shall probably stay for a few weeks at least and then may have a chance to get private rooms. The fare here is very good indeed and our room cozy and pleasant.

The weather has been so unpleasant before today that I have not met any of the women in the place. The boarders here are all men – only six or eight.

Your loving children,

M and D (Minnie and Dwight Hobart”

²² The Huselby House, the hotel in Mobeetie, TX, was to be Minnie's and Dwight's home for most of their first year of marriage.



Life

THE NORTHERN HIGH PLAINS 1888-1900

3

THE TOWN OF MOBEETIE

Mobeetie, Texas, was an isolated village on the very fringes of civilization. Minnie described her experiences:

“An encampment of Indian Scouts furnished a novel sight with their squaws, papooses and numerous dogs. I felt as fearful of the squaws as the Indian men. Often when walking past the stores in Mobeetie I would feel someone pulling my shawl from behind and there would be the most cruel looking squaw with her blanket reaching to her feet, and insisting that I should give her my shawl, a part of my trousseau. As quickly as possible I would slip inside some store to get away.”

In the early days the Kiowas and the Comanches were the most powerful and most feared tribes in the Panhandle. The U.S. troops had taken an active part in quelling the Indian attacks on freight wagon trains and white buffalo hunters passing through that area.²³ After 1875 the Indians never again made a concerted effort to resist

²³ Timeline of Texas and the Western Frontier: www.texasbeyondhistory.net/forts/66-75.html

the power of the government in this territory.²⁴ However, Indians were still wandering around in Mobeetie when Minnie arrived.²⁵

Minnie was often scared to death of the Indians even though they were not fierce. One day she looked up and saw a big Indian in her room. Indian squaws often peered in the window because they were curious. They might even walk into their rooms in the Huselby House. Nobody locked doors then.

Established in 1874, Mobeetie earned an early reputation as a wild-west town. The commercial center of the Texas Panhandle during the 1880s, various businesses sprang up, including livery stables, wagon yards, a barbershop, a drugstore, a Chinese laundry, a blacksmith shop, two hotels and several boarding houses. Saloons indicated an open whiskey town with its share of gamblers, rustlers and prostitutes.

The town folk struggled to decide on a name in the early days. "Mobeetie" is supposed to mean "Sweetwater" in one Indian dialect or another. According to T. Lindsay Baker's *Ghost Town's of Texas*, when the application for a post office was rejected because the name, Sweetwater, was already taken, they got the idea to submit it as an Indian word. So a man was sent to the Fort (Elliott) to ask for a translation from an Indian Scout. He came back with the name Mobeetie, which might mean Sweetwater. The government approved the name.²⁶

Mobeetie boasted the first post office in the Panhandle.²⁷ Mail left the railroad at Woodward, Oklahoma, then went by stagecoach to Camp Supply, Oklahoma, and was handled several times before leaving Supply for Mobeetie, a distance of ninety miles. From Mobeetie

24 Mrs. T. D. Hobart, "Pioneer Days of the Plains and the Panhandle." *Historical Research Prize Contest, William H. Bush Memorial Collection of Books on the Southwest* (Second Prize, 1946), p. 48.

25 Fatheree, Kristi. An Interview with Laura Hobart Fatheree (West Texas State University Paper for History 412, April 14, 1989).

26 www.texasescapes.com/TOWNS/Mobeetie/Mobeetie.htm

27 www.Mobeetie.com/pages/post_office

to Canadian by stage, thirty miles distance, mail reached town three weeks after leaving Woodward.²⁸

Mobeetie was more “civilized” by the time Minnie arrived. In 1882 Captain George W. Arrington²⁹ had calmed the lawless element after he was elected county sheriff. In 1887, a year before Minnie arrived in the Panhandle, several other towns sprang up: Panhandle City, Clarendon, Miami and Canadian, but the metropolis of the entire Panhandle was Mobeetie.

THE COUPLE’S FIRST HOME

The original eight-room rock building of the Huselby House had a two-story frame addition of ten rooms and a wide porch across the front. The wonderful food, buffalo robes on all the beds and the owner’s hospitality made the hotel a popular stopping place for travelers through the Panhandle.³⁰ The lumber for the construction had been freighted in from Dodge City, Kansas. Frequently filled to capacity, the hotel often had guests sleeping on the dining room floor with their own blankets. The Huselby House provided Minnie and Dwight their first home. Minnie welcomed opportunities to sit on the porch and talk with a friend in the early evening.

Minnie described their home many years later.³¹

“There was an awful dust storm when we arrived in Mobeetie. I had to hold my hat on. I remember that it was way after the dinner hour when we got there. The dust was so thick that I couldn’t see. We went to the Huselby House where we roomed and boarded for nearly a year. We had two rooms. We used one for a storeroom for our trunks etc. The dust storms were bad. The Huselby House was where the

28 From *The Canadian Free Press*, August 31, 1889, Vol II.

29 Captain George Washington Arrington served as a Texas Ranger from 1875-1882. Arrington served as Wheeler County sheriff until 1893.
www.arringtonranch.com/community.html

30 www.Mobeetie.com/pages/huselby

31 Interview with Dr. L. F. Sheffy, February 13, 1937.

deepest dust was. It was just simply terrible. I tried my level best and I didn't let the dust get me down.

I made our rooms into a very cozy and home-like place. I felt better with the rooms after I got them fixed. When I would get it spotless a dust storm would come. We were on the second story. I got along fine through the winter. I was the only regular woman border there. Once in a while there would be a transient but not very often. They did extra little things for me.

There were thirteen saloons in Mobeetie and Mrs. Tom Riley was the wife of one of the saloon keepers. I saw her again in December, 1937 in Canadian, Texas. Mrs. Riley and I were glad to see each other. I recognized Mrs. Tom Riley and told her that I remembered very distinctly when her husband sent me a bottle of Champagne after my first baby was born. I liked it. It was the first I had ever tasted.

There was one funny thing happened when I got there. The men didn't know who Mr. Hobart had married and they were curious to see me. I had been looking out the window to see if there were any women. People walked right in the middle of the road. I asked Mr. Hobart why they didn't walk out to the side. He didn't know because he had never given it a thought. I couldn't exactly see why they didn't walk on the side of the road. I said, "I shan't do that when I go out." Remember the skirts were long in those days.

The town had a Sunday School in a school house. There wasn't a Church so we were going to Sunday School. I walked at the edge of the street and I hadn't gone far until my stockings and the bottom of my skirt were completely covered with cockleburs. I found out why they walked in the middle of the street.

I wouldn't let myself be lonely. I saw more women that were so unhappy and were always comparing it with where they came from. I remember saying, "What do you do that for?" I never compared our new home with where I came from."

Minnie's new home was so different from where she grew up. Texas rivers of sand were a rude awakening. No water ... and they called them rivers. She saw no trees, no rivers, no mountains. Everything in Vermont had been green, pretty and hilly. When asked many years later if she eventually liked living in the Panhandle, her answer was "Yes." "She would have liked living any place where Dwight was. She would have gone anywhere he was."³²

Fort Elliott, located a mile northwest of Mobeetie, provided a sense of security to this isolated frontier village. Flags fluttering over the fort were the only visible evidence in 1888-89 that the Texas Panhandle was in the confines of civilization. The encampment of Indian Scouts with their squaws, papooses and ever-present dogs intrigued Minnie. Looking across a landscape of waving grass, she understood why settlers talked of the plains as a sea of grass as high as their wagon beds.

Dwight purchased his first piece of land on the Washita River in Hemphill County about thirty miles northeast of Mobeetie. A year before he returned to Vermont to marry Minnie, William W. Quillin, an Indian trader, sold him the land in 1887. The Washita Ranch remained dear to their hearts for the rest of their lives. They added to their land through the years when possible and moved their family to the ranch by the turn of the century. Dwight first registered the ranch symbol MHW inspired by Minnie's name. Later this was changed to M with a bar underneath, thus becoming the M brand.

Minnie enjoyed traveling on camping trips with Dwight as he surveyed a large part of the Panhandle. These were exhilarating times for Minnie. She marveled at her husband's ability to arrive at an intended spot marked by no sign of tree, fence or trail. Occasionally, Dwight would get down and poke in the weeds to uncover an iron pipe driven into the ground to mark a section corner.

32 Interview with Laura Hobart Fatheree by Kristi Fatheree, April 14, 1989, Pampa, TX. West Texas State University.

One afternoon Dwight urged Minnie to go with him and his men to survey seven miles of land. She followed in the buckboard while Dwight did his work. With no trails to follow, the bouncing, jouncing and rattling of the carriage kept Minnie holding tight to the side of the buckboard. She was grateful when their route crossed grassland, as the billowing dust from the horses hoofs subsided. Late in the day when the buckboard could not follow the men because of worsening driving conditions, Dwight's faithful man, Old Ramon, stayed with Minnie. It was dark before Dwight returned to her. Ramon always rode ahead, keeping a sharp lookout when Dwight and Minnie were riding after dark and called warnings if the buckboard was heading for rocks or holes.

A camp cook, mess outfit and an extra saddle horse, in case one of their horses was injured, accompanied them on these trips. The land was still sparsely inhabited, but settlers were beginning to trickle in on the recently constructed Southern Kansas Railroad. With grassland as far as the eye could see, barbed wire was just being introduced on a large scale.³³ The sight of covered wagons, dugouts, vast herds of cattle, windmills and well drills intrigued Minnie.

When in town between trips, Dwight shared an office with Temple Houston. Temple was one of the eight children of Sam Houston, the former president of the Republic of Texas. Temple sought the office of Texas attorney general, but lost, and returned to the Panhandle to do legal work for the railroad.

When a preacher visited the area, families from miles around gathered at the revival meeting grounds. A tent was set up to house the camp meetings. Families would sing, listen to sermons and enjoy visiting with each other. Minnie especially enjoyed these opportunities as she missed weekly church services.

Six months after their marriage, Minnie discovered she was pregnant. They were pleased to move from their two rented rooms in

³³ "Vermont native T. D. Hobart serves as second manager of White Deer Lands," *The Pampa News*, Wednesday, October 2, 1991, p. 7.

Huselby House before the birth of this first baby. Their friends, Wiley Dickerson and his family, Mobeetie neighbors, went to North Carolina to visit his wife's people, and Minnie and Dwight moved into Dickerson's home on the south side of Mobeetie in the meantime. By the time the Dickersons returned in the spring, Minnie and Dwight had located another place to rent.

THE FIRST BABY

Minnie and Dwight lost their first baby four days after his birth in December. A common experience for pioneer women, nevertheless it was difficult for Minnie. She didn't share her deep disappointment with her mother when she wrote on January 2, 1890.

"My darling Mother:

I must tell you how nicely I am getting along. Mrs. Shaw says she never saw one get well faster and in a better condition in every way than I have done since first commencing to get up. I even put my room in order, and made my bed. After next Sunday Mrs. Shaw says I may do other things if I am careful. I am entirely free now from any weakness and have indications of being stronger than ever. I have grown fleshy recently and am beginning to look fat.

Mrs. Shaw returns to her home at the ranch today. I dread to have her go. I shall be so glad when I can safely do anything and get straightened again. Lizzie's work is improving. I think after I get settled and can manage things Lizzie will be more help. She is a very poor girl at work, but after I can cook and plan the work, I think she will be pleasant and more able to provide assistance. Lizzie brought me a very pretty little worsted sack for our little darling. She did not know until she reached here that he was in Heaven.³⁴ If our little boy had lived

34 Mrs. Shaw was a neighbor/friend who was helping Minnie after the birth/death of the baby. Lizzie was a young girl hired as a servant. Minnie's family in Vermont had a servant and during Minnie's life in Texas, when possible, she hired a woman to help with the household.

we were going to call him Warren Reed. Dwight named him months before he was born. I wish you could have seen him. There was a great resemblance to Dwight. He had very perfect features and we think would have been a very fine looking boy. He was perfectly formed in every way but only lived four days."

SUSTAINING LIFE IN THE EARLY DAYS

Neighbors were few and far between, so visiting was usually an all-night ... or perhaps an all-week affair. Transportation by wagon or buggy over long distances of ranch land made it impossible to go anywhere and come home the same night. Dropping in for an evening of bridge or a brief conversation over a cup of coffee wasn't feasible. So when visiting, these early pioneers prepared to spend the night.

When several families got together, food for midnight snacks was prepared by the ladies, and a team of area fiddlers furnished music. Parents rigged up the wagon with bedding material, loaded up the whole family and went to the dance. While the parents danced, the children slept.³⁵

Minnie's delightful friend, Mrs. Shaw, who helped at the birth and death of her first baby, lived in the country near Mobeetie. Minnie describes the home of her new friend to her mother on January 9, 1889.

"Last Thursday we went out to Mrs. Shaw's and came back Friday afternoon. We are very glad Mrs. Shaw is living in this country.

Her present house, a sod house with two rooms is plastered and has floors. It is better than the average house in the country here. Did you suppose the farmhouses here so bad as that? Most of the houses are under ground. They are just holes dug in the ground – "dug outs." Mrs. S. insisted upon giving Dwight and me her bed and room that night, and put up a cot in the other room for her self – the two hired men slept

³⁵ "Entertainment was Limited in Early Days," *The Pampa News*, October 12, 1952.

outdoors somewhere.³⁶ Sleeping out was what Dwight intended to do and had his blankets with him. That is his custom – to take his bedding. He often sleeps out with no person within miles.

Mrs. Shaw's sod house reminded me of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Her room has a huge fireplace and is comfortable. She is getting ready to build a large house on the hill. She has already had six trees set out, and three hedge plants. She drove us in her carriage over the road she is having made up on the hill where the big house is to be located. It will be a nice place sometime – if they persevere."

The rigors of frontier life became routine. Three years after the loss of their first child, Dwight and Minnie moved from Mobeetie to Memphis, Texas, when Dwight's employer, the New York & Texas Land Co., transferred its headquarters.³⁷ Soon after the move, Minnie gave birth to a second child, Warren Dwight. Born on May 2, 1891, Warren was the delight of their lives. In 1898 the family moved to Canadian, Texas, where they resided until 1900.

Even though far away in miles, Minnie and Dwight traveled annually to see the Vermont families. They forever remained close in spirit. A family gathering on January 25, 1892, celebrated the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Minnie's parents, Abel Knapp and Laura House Warren. On this occasion, Warren Dwight, nine months, was introduced to all four of his grandparents.

36 We assume Mr. Shaw was away on business, but have no information on him.

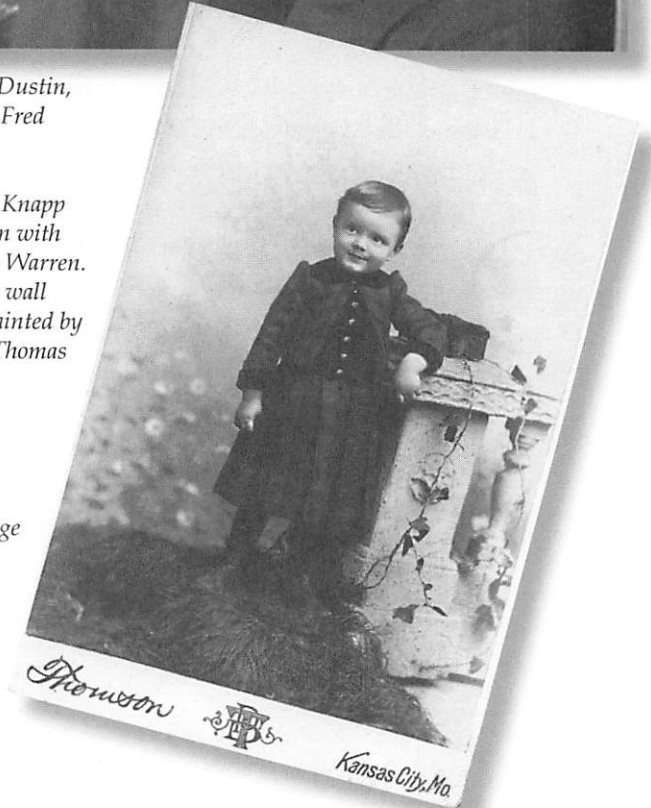
37 L. F. Sheffy interview with Minnie Hobart, February 13, 1937.



Standing: Ella, husband Gardner Dustin, Dwight Hobart, Ferrand Warren, Fred Warren, wife Arrie

Seated in front row: Minnie, Abel Knapp Warren, Laura Ann House Warren with baby Warren on her lap, and Alice Warren. Portraits of Abel and Laura on the wall behind the gathered family were painted by a distant cousin and close friend, Thomas Waterman Wood in 1864.

Warren at two years of age



During the years bridging the turn of the century, a steady flow of letters updated the Vermont family about the Texas family activities. Minnie's November 22, 1895, letter is a picture of life with a four-year-old in Memphis, Texas.

"District Court is in session here and Dwight is a Juror much to his disgust but to my delight for as a consequence he has been home all week. Warren went to Court with his Papa the first morning and stayed half the forenoon until he was tired and then came home by himself. I laughed until tears ran down my cheeks at his descriptions of what he saw. He said he was quite sure the man that sat beside him was drunk. The man he thought was drunk would not speak but he, Warren, answered every time any one spoke to him. Warren had heard me telling his Papa not long before of some man who I thought drunk.

Yesterday Warren & I went to call on a Northern lady, Mrs. Padner, who has recently moved here from Iowa. Her son, a young man, is station agent here. His mother is a widow and has come to make a home for them. I liked her so well. She seemed as old to me as you Mother, but I don't suppose she is. She has seven sons and three daughters all living. Her house looked very neat and cosy and I can not help liking Northern women better as a rule than Southern ladies."

Minnie's letter on December 9, 1895, to her mother-in-law, Caroline Hobart, sings her praises of Warren.

"Warrnie³⁸ is very busy playing with his cars, blocks and farming tools. He sometimes goes to the store for me. Yesterday he wiped quite a lot of dishes. He is a very careful boy and never breaks anything. He will write you a little letter and enclose in this. He speaks of all of you quite often. He has taken quite a notion to spell out words lately and knows his numbers. He has the clothespins just now making letters with them on the carpet and I see as I glance down at him, that he has

38 Warrnie was Minnie's pet name for Warren when he was young.

spelled out the words "the" and "cow." He can spell any word he looks at, for he knows the little letters perfectly as well as the big ones. Some little words like cow, dog, cat, rat, the – he can spell without looking at the word."

Minnie, Dwight and young Warren relished spending time at their ranch on the Washita River before they moved there in 1900. These visits were camping experiences. Ramon had built a half dugout with walls of cedar logs. At first the roof was ready to fall in, but Dwight asked Ramon to fix it. Dwight himself thoroughly cleaned out the inside of the shanty because of Minnie's fear of snakes and centipedes. The barn provided more gracious accommodations for the livestock than the dugout did for the family.

Their cook, Tom Grooms, often traveled with them and prepared breakfast of cantaloupe, oranges, milk, potatoes and fresh fish and bacon, biscuits and honey and coffee and cream. Dinner typically consisted of baked beans, corn (both canned goods), potatoes, bacon, also fresh fish, biscuits, canned peaches, strawberry jam, tea and milk. With two cows up in the barn being milked morning and night, milk was plentiful.

On one of these "camping trips" Minnie portrayed ranch life to her mother in her August 7, 1896, letter.

"This afternoon Dwight has taken the men with him and gone six or eight miles to work on surveying and getting ready to fence. They will be back tonight. Ramon is stationed outside to watch over us. It is amusing to see Ramon – he is just like a faithful watchdog. Just now a stranger on horseback has come to see Dwight. Ramon had been sitting up in the hack outside the fence, keeping watch over the surrounding country and he watched him closely. The stranger couldn't get any satisfaction in questioning Ramon because Ramon couldn't understand

him so he came to the house. I told him Dwight would be back tonight so he decided to wait for him as he had ridden twenty miles to see him. When Ramon saw I had gotten a chair for the man to sit outside in the shade, he at once got down from the hack and got a chair to sit close by to see the man does me no harm.

You should hear Warrnie try to talk to Ramon. He is quite disgusted to hear Papa and Ramon talk and says it makes him tired to hear Spanish."

Frequently Dwight, Warren and Minnie went fishing in the Washita River³⁹ catching fish as fast as they threw in the line. One day after dinner and naps, they all went to two adjoining ranches where Dwight had business. On their way home they fished again catching thirty-five fish in a short while.

Minnie was proud of Dwight's cattle at the Washita Ranch and described the one hundred thirteen calves and all the cattle (three-hundred eighty) as "pretty as pictures." Most exciting was a bunch of twenty-seven high-grade Herefords that were kept by themselves, with one thoroughbred registered animal, named Daniel.

Warren followed his mother's example and often wrote letters to his grandparents in Vermont. In Minnie's letter on January 28, 1897, he includes his "thanks" to his Grandmother Hobart (Caroline) for the presents she sent him for Christmas.

"Thank you Grandma for the very pretty bag of marbles. I am very much pleased with them. Thank you, Aunt Lizzie for the nice napkin ring. I am very glad of it.

Papa and I play ball and Papa builds houses with me. I have some new blocks and Mama builds houses too, but she is so busy all the time. I can say three of the Commandments – the first three."

39 The Washita "creek" rises near Miami, TX, runs through the Hobarts' ranch and crosses into Oklahoma.

MINNIE'S FATHER DIES

Even though living thousands of miles away, Minnie maintained a closeness like peas in a pod with both of her parents. Expressing her concern about her father's health on July 15, 1897, she wrote.

"My darling Father,

My heart and mind are with you continually and it seems as if I must be there. Today's letter tells us how you were last Monday and it gives me courage because you were better the doctor said. You can never begin to know how anxious I am for you to get well and this anxiety Dwight and Warren share with me.

I expect this to reach you for your birthday, Father. I have tried for weeks to think of something for your birthday to please you, but I cannot think of one thing. Warrnie is quite sure he knows what to give Grandpa and has gone down town now to buy you some gum.

He was feeling bad the other day to think Grandpa was so sick and said he believed he would send Grandma a nickel to buy Grandpa some gum. I am very thankful, dear Father, that you have such a good nurse and that he is agreeable to you. I pray so often that the Lord will let you remain with us if it is His will. That you may have many happy birthdays is my earnest heartfelt wish. It does not seem as if I could give up either of my parents for many years to come. I love you both more dearly than words can begin to tell."

Three weeks later on August 6, 1897, Abel died at home. After their father's death, Minnie's brother Ferrand raised a tough question, "Minnie, have you and Dwight thought of returning to Vermont and taking over our parents' property?"

Ferrand's question focused many of Minnie and Dwight's conversations over the next several weeks. They both loved the old

homestead and did not want to see it go out of the family. They were looking forward to a time when Dwight could retire from the land business and spend more time on their ranch. Then they could be free to devote time to family in Texas or Vermont as they might choose.

Nevertheless, Dwight replied to Ferrand, *"We don't see our way clear to take on the Warren property just now. There are many reasons and the cost is one reason. Don't you think that you and Mother Warren together can keep the farm? I've been away from Vermont so long that my judgment is probably not very good on the valuation of Vermont farms. But if the farm has to go out of the family, we both hope that you can get as much as possible out of it. That truly is not a contingency we want to contemplate."*

Fred, Minnie's other brother, suggested they all meet at the old home and try to arrange matters. Dwight and Minnie considered going to Vermont by the first of May if matters could be delayed until then. However, they realized it might be necessary to settle the estate before that time. Dwight offered to help in any way that he could if Ferrand would stay in the old home. Dwight sent money for support of the Warren home for the rest of his life.

A year after her father's death, her mother is still living in the old homestead and receives startling news from Minnie.

"Let me tell you a piece of news which all happened Saturday. We bought a house in Canadian, Texas. The man who owned it came into town Saturday and was very anxious to raise some money. He went to Dwight and offered the place so very cheap. Dwight thought we had better look at it, so he got a team and took me to see it. We concluded it would be a good plan to buy it. It is not a place we would think of buying for a permanent home, but would be a very comfortable place to live until we are ready in a year or two to build. Then we could rent it if we wished to. We got it so cheap (\$475.00) that there would be no danger of losing from it."

The house is a quite plain little house of five rooms located in a good part of town and with a fine large cistern. The rooms are quite pleasant and have closets and cupboards. The house is rented now for \$10.00 a month."

MORE BABIES

Another baby boy joined the family a month after they moved to Canadian. Minnie gave birth to Fred on September 23, 1898. Warren, now seven years old, loved to go to the ranch with his Papa. It was hard for Minnie to let him go away for several nights, but she knew it was a good experience for him.

Minnie gave birth to a baby girl on September 19, 1899, when Warren was eight years old and Freddie one. This little daughter seemed to Minnie to be much less trouble to care for than her first two babies. The baby girl had every appearance of being a healthy child, except for a club foot which they hoped would improve with exercise. In fact, it was later corrected with surgery in Kansas City.

In her November 23, 1899, letter to her mother, Minnie describes the children's activities.

"We are all very well. Freddie has his 10th tooth. Little baby [two months old and Laura is not named yet] is doing nicely and growing, but is more colicky lately. We weighed little baby last Sunday at two months old and she weighed just 12 lbs. There is talk of a baby show in town [Canadian] in connection with a Bazaar the Presbyterian ladies are getting up which will include babies under two. Just to think of our having two under two.

This babe has no little worsted things on hand as the others had. I had forgotten – if I ever heard – of outing cloth being inflammable. I wish I had one little dress for Freddie for best of something nicer than outing cloth. I wonder if they have little ready-made dresses for that age of cashmere or fine flannel.



*Minnie and baby girl
(Laura Prescott)*

Freddie walks more than he creeps although he does not quite dare go without taking hold of something. He talks some too and says several words. He surprised us the other day the first time he said "baby" by saying "baby, baby, babe" in a little song.

Warren came home last night full of plans for an entertainment the school is to get up. He says the teacher told him he must have green pants and red coat. Warren is so fond of reading. He just finished "Now or Never" by Oliver Optic.

I hear a lot of talk from Warren about Christmas. He is trying to earn several fifty cents from us by then.

We do not know what to do about names for baby girl."

A year later the family moved to their ranch on the Washita, always referred to as the Washita Ranch. The one big room on the

second floor of the red barn served as a temporary home. A ladder provided access in and out of this space.⁴⁰ Dwight hauled water from a concrete structure near the river that had been built for storage. Construction on the ranch house had begun, which included kitchen, dining room, parlor, bedroom, stairway and one bedroom upstairs. Still missing her native Vermont, Minnie loved the trees that grew along the Washita River. Through the years many more trees were planted. All the children learned to swim in the sandy creek which was usually a slow flowing creek with a few deep holes for swimming. Although Minnie loved to go with them, she never learned to swim. Once, none of them could swim when a four-day rain raised the Washita River to a wide angry stream.

40 Minnie or Dwight carried the two babies, Fred and Laura, up and down the ladder to the second floor.



The Twentieth Century

1900-1902

4

A NEW CENTURY

The turn of a century was a dramatic time. The early years of the twentieth century sprouted growth and development unparalleled in the history of the American frontier

By the beginning of the twentieth century most of the New York Company's lands that Dwight managed had been sold or were under fence. Barbed wire, windmills and court decisions had changed the face of West Texas. The pastoral period had ended, and thousands of acres of western lands were passing into the hands of small stock farmers. The Industrial Revolution was pushing its way into the Southwest with railroads, telephones and the telegraph.⁴¹ As the twentieth century began, travel was still by horse or train; long-distance communications by telegraph or letter. Agriculture and stock raising were transforming the region into one of the most productive in the nation.⁴² A new era was emerging in West Texas.

As the new century began, Minnie reflected on the good fortune of long life in their families. The average life span in the United States hovered near forty-seven years at the time. However, both Minnie and Dwight came from long-lived ancestors. Minnie's father had died in

41 L. F. Sheffy, *The Life and Times of Timothy Dwight Hobart, 1855-1935* (The Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, Canyon Texas, 1950), p. 117.

42 *Ibid.*, p. 100.

1897 at age eighty-four. Dwight's mother died two years before the turn of the century at seventy-seven years of age. In 1900 Minnie's beloved mother would live eight more years to eighty-seven.

On January 29, 1900, Minnie wrote to her mother who was visiting friends in Brooklyn, New York,

"Warren is immensely fond of reading and would like to read even more than we let him. He is just finishing "The Bonnie Boy" you sent him and tells me he likes it "so much." He liked "Ragged Dick" real well also. I promised him he should have "Richard Hunter" which tells of Dick's success. One of Warren's new books is "The Story of the Bible" by Charles Foster which he is reading with great enthusiasm."

FAMILY LIFE

By August 1900, the baby girl, almost one year old by now, had been named Laura Prescott. The children were recovering from the whooping cough. Lydia, the cook, amazed that twenty-three-month-old Freddie ate so much for breakfast, reported the morning bill of fare to Minnie, *"Freddie ate more than a whole biscuit with gravy and egg, some jam and biscuit, and a good half saucer of breakfast cereal."*

Mr. and Mrs. Clark,⁴³ who had met Dwight and Minnie during their honeymoon trip, had moved to Texas and bought a ranch from Dwight next to the Washita Ranch. Mrs. Clark forever remembered the Hobarts' thoughtfulness. One incident in particular she relished telling. Mr. Clark had engaged a ranch hand who was supposed to be a champion at breaking colts. They were all staying at the Hobarts' ranch on the Washita, and Dwight suggested that the Clarks' boy ride a beautiful unbroken colt of Dwight's. The men gathered around the corral and the young man, with a good deal of swagger, roped the horse, pulled viciously and broke the colt's neck. When word reached the women, Mrs. Clark expected to hear that Dwight blustered, swore

43 The Clarks were parents of Minnie's brother Fred's wife, Arrie.

and lost his temper. The calm, even dignified way he took this loss made an indelible impression on her.⁴⁴

In 1900, the Eastman Kodak Company introduced a low-priced, point-and-shoot, hand-held camera, called the Brownie. It sold for \$1 and used film that cost 15 cents a roll. For the first time, the hobby of photography was within the financial reach of virtually everyone.⁴⁵ Minnie and Dwight purchased one of the Brownies as soon as possible and spent the rest of their lives shooting pictures of their family. They used the camera to record picnics, groups of friends, cute baby moments, favorite horses and cattle. In addition, many formal pictures portray the events of graduations, weddings and anniversaries. Minnie shared her experiences in her October 28, 1902, letter to her mother.



Laura Hobart with kitten

44 "A Tribute to T. Dwight Hobart, Esq." by Mrs. Clark.

45 www.kodak.com/US/en/corp/kodakHistory/1878_1929.html

"We are so glad that we are going to succeed in getting some photos to send to all of you after a while. I am not satisfied yet with pictures of the children though we have one little photo of Laura that is very good. She is carrying some kittens in her arms. I did not allow the kittens at the house but kept them at the barn and one day Laura came to me and called out, "I bringed them up, Mamma."

Another baby girl joined the Hobart family on January 9, 1902. She had the honor of being born in the parlor of the newly finished ranch house. Minnie expected Dwight to name the children, but he had not found time to name the new girl. At six weeks old, weighing twelve pounds, she was still only "little baby girl." Before a trip through the Panhandle, Dwight had spoken of naming the baby Mary Ella, but left without a decision. Warren, now eleven years old and ever an able assistant and companion of his Papa, was with him.

Minnie portrayed life in her June 2, 1902, letter to her mother.

"We have had dreadful rains of late and great rises in the Washita river. It was a sight a few days ago. It roared like Niagara and the water over-flowed its banks until it made a wonderful rush of waters. There was lots of damage in tearing up fences. We thought we had lost our garden as it was flooded but Dwight says it only enriched it – like the Nile. We have an extra fine garden with quantities of all kinds of vegetables. Our peas are large enough to commence using and beets about large enough and a great abundance of lettuce, radishes, onions, different kinds of greens etc. etc. Dwight has such an abundance of every thing planted for our very large family of six.

The telephone makes us feel closer to the world then we used to feel at home in Vermont. We have a telephone connection with the telegraph and have a long and varied system of telephone in many directions.

Warren does a great deal of writing but does not like to write letters very often. I would like to send you a couple of his articles for I

thought they were very good. One was "The Principle Natives of the World" and the other was "The Great Wars of the U.S." If Warren is willing I will send one piece for you all to read. We think it strange he has such a liking for writing articles. He runs up to his room every chance he has and writes some things.

This writing and reading Warren is so passionately fond of is too much for him every now and then. We have to make a rule quite often that he is not to read or write for several days. I heard his Papa tell him a little while ago he must not read or write while he was gone – but must play more.

One of the worst things on the ranch is the distance from Church. That often causes us worried feelings. Dwight thinks it probable an automobile – suitable for rough roads and long distances will soon come on the market. With their speed an auto would make the distance easily from here to Canadian in an hour."

Minnie's concern about being such a distance from church reflected her Vermont family experiences. The Warren and Hobart families both had had long and deep connections with church life. Minnie and Dwight had experienced the love of God since they were children. Their religious values, stitched together like a quilt, covered their actions throughout their life.

Even with household help, motherhood with four young children, three of whom were under four years of age, often left Minnie exhausted. She promised Dwight she would "try her best to brace up and not get all broken down." So when fatigue overcame her, she shared it with her mother in her letters rather than troubling Dwight.

In the months after the birth of the baby girl, Minnie was often completely worn out from continued lack of sleep. Relief came when she started having Warren take the baby upstairs and take care of her in the afternoon. Minnie could then lie down and take a nap while the other children had their naps.

Dwight's land and ranch business kept him busy and on the road much of the time. He was truly an early commuter. Warren was a constant source of support for both Minnie and Dwight. At eleven years old he frequently helped Minnie with the baby, and also rode the fence line to look after the cattle for Dwight. His younger brother, Freddie, puzzled by Warren's responsibilities on the ranch when he said he "rode the fence," inquired, "Does Warren have to get on the fence with his legs to ride it?"

Minnie expressed disappointment about Dwight's absence on the 4th of July in 1902 in her July 14 letter to her mother.

"We were so disgusted on the 3rd when Dwight received a message that required his leaving at once for Pecos. He got up at 1 o'clock in the night and had a man take him in to town to take the 4 o'clock train the morning of the 4th. He had planned to spend the Fourth at home and we were all going to a picnic and fish fry, but this upset everything and we stayed at home.

Everyone was disappointed but I did play with the children most of the day. We have a lawn swing that the children all enjoy immensely, even the baby."

Seven months after her birth, her Papa finally named the baby girl Mary Reed. The naming delay was in marked contrast to the naming of the boys. Their first baby, born in 1889, who only lived four days, had the name Warren Reed months before he was born. Similarly, Dwight had named the second child, Warren Dwight, before he was born in May 1891. Fred Abel received his name at birth in September 1898. Both the baby girls, on the other hand, were several months old before named. Laura Prescott, born in September 1899, was nameless for about five months. Mary Reed was still "sweet baby girl" until she was seven months old.

Minnie shared the life of her children with her mother in a letter on August 18, 1902.

"Little Mary is real well, so sweet and good natured. The children all speak often of wanting to see Grandma, even though Freddie and Laura have never seen you. And Warren would love to see you so very much.

Dwight recently bought a very large Bible Scroll for the children, bound in morocco and illustrating the entire Bible in colors. It turns with a crank and brings the pictures into view one at a time. It is very nice for Sunday.

If Warren was here I feel sure he would tell me things to say to you for him. Warren has been away with his Papa an entire week. They had an enjoyable time going to Oklahoma, Amarillo etc. Their trip was wholly by rail. Now he is off riding where his Papa directed him to go to see about some cattle. Warren is changing very rapidly."

One evening Dwight suggested to Minnie, "I think we could go north to Vermont by spring." Minnie responded, "The job of traveling with the children seems difficult. Also it is expensive now with so many of us. We would need to go to your family's place and take a girl to do the main work (for she planned to take a girl). There are too many in the family now to go in upon anyone."⁴⁶

Minnie sent news in a brief letter to her mother on September 16, 1902, bragging about her children's learning and Dwight's success in his farming efforts.

"Warren began school today with Mrs. Du Toit. Papa tried taking his picture just as he was about to start to school. Hope it will be good. Lydia does all the cooking and general housework no matter how many are in the family. Freddie and Laura know all their letters. They have been quick to learn.

For crops Dwight has 45 acres Indian corn, 30 acres sorghum, 55 acres Kaffir corn, 20 acres millet and 25 acres wheat, rye and alfalfa. Also considerable hay has been cut this year."

⁴⁶ Minnie reported this conversation to her mother in her September 9, 1902, letter.

Her September 30, 1902, letter to her mother sent thanks for presents on Fred and Laura's birthdays.

"Thank you dear Mother for remembering the children. Brother Fred sent Freddie a beautiful solid silver spoon with "Freddie" marked on it and "1902" on one side. It is so nice and something to last always from Uncle Fred. Aunt Arrie was so nice to remember Laura with a cunning little pocketbook and a bright new nickel and both Fred and Arrie wrote Freddie and Laura each a very nice letter. Laura keeps the handkerchiefs you sent her in the box and enjoys them by looking at them every day. Freddie too looks at his handkerchiefs with a great deal of pride and pleasure. Mrs. Du Toit gave them three wax candles and we had a nice birthday cake with candles halfway between their birthdays."

Letters sometimes took a long time to come from Vermont, but at other times they arrived quickly. If Dwight went into Canadian on Monday and received a letter the first of the week, he might not bring it home until the last of the week. Other times a letter arrived at the post office just when Dwight was leaving for the ranch, so he was able to deliver it right away.

RESHAPING THE PANHANDLE

By the fall of 1902, railroads were bringing in more people interested in purchasing land. The Panhandle was undergoing wonderful changes. Dwight was away continually as people approached him from all directions wanting to buy land. One man who came to the ranch said, "He is the hardest man to find I ever saw. I have been chasing him for two weeks." One night seven men came, all wanting to buy ranches. That time they happened to find Dwight at home. However, with the exception of Sunday he was not at the ranch more than a day or two and sometimes not at all in a week. On their ranch that fall Dwight had fifteen or twenty men in a big roundup with

more than eight hundred cattle to bring in. He sold steers every year and his cattle were all now very high grade and fine.

One week Dwight set out for Kansas City on the railroad with cattle to sell. Warren, who loved all aspects of the ranch work, planned to go with him. They went to Canadian to take the train but discovered that it was against the rules for a boy to go on the stock train. Warren returned to the ranch very disappointed, as he had been looking forward to learning about cattle sales.

In the summer of 1902, "Jude" Evans visited the Washita Ranch for a week. Jude was the middle son of Major Evans, who had first hired Dwight to come to Texas in 1882. Major Evans had recently bought land and Jude planned to come back to the Panhandle and go into the ranch business. Dwight described to Minnie, "The amount of ranch land Major Evans purchased, thirty-eight sections, is larger than the entire township of Berlin, Vermont."



Prairie Visions

1902-1905

5

WHITE DEER LANDS

Minnie never complained about Dwight's life of commuting. She continued to be grateful that she had chosen life with a man who had a vision. She shared the fate of many wives of busy and important men. She was often on her own and practically raised the children single-handedly. With a span of eleven years between her oldest, Warren, and her youngest, Mary, Minnie often felt pulled in many directions as she helped them learn.

Dwight's job with the New York and Texas Land Company kept him on the move surveying land across the Panhandle. In addition, their ranch always needed his attention, even though they had five men working plus another man who hauled the cotton oil cake for the cattle from town.

Dwight's outstanding record with the New York and Texas Land Company for twenty-one years had earned him a stellar reputation. So when George Tyng, the manager of the White Deer Lands,⁴⁷ was ready to retire, he recommended Dwight as his replacement.

47 On November 8, 1882, the Francklyn Land and Cattle Company bought from the New York and Texas Land Company 637,440 acres of land for \$887,654.40. The Francklyn Land and Cattle Company became insolvent in 1886. The bondholders foreclosed and organized a new company known as White Deer Lands (later White Deer Land Company). www.pan-tex.net/usr/p/pampa-hist/pa01004.htm - 14k

On March 12, 1902, George Tyng wrote to the White Deer Lands trustee Frederic Foster:

"Men are not made more trustworthy and conscientious than Hobart. Everyone who knows him would tell you the same. He has been selling land all over the Panhandle sixteen years or longer and knows the land and land buyers. The lands in his charge are nearly sold out. He would be moderate as to wages and would be well worth what he would ask. There is your man."

In the fall of that year Andrew Kingsmill, a representative of the White Deer proprietors in England, visited Pampa and met with T. D. (as Dwight was known in business circles). Kingsmill agreed to T. D.'s employment. A month later, T. D. tendered his resignation to the president of the New York and Texas Land Company, and on February 6, 1903, he began his employment as manager of the White Deer Lands.⁴⁸

At that time, George Tyng introduced T. D. through the columns of the local newspapers:

*"When you see his advertisement just steer home seekers toward him, if you want to see this country settled up with good neighbors whose presence here will add value to your own property and business. Mr. Hobart believes that it is better for the owners and better for the country to sell this land to farmers rather than in large tracts for speculation."*⁴⁹

In 1903, Andrew Kingsmill influenced his London nephew, M. K. Brown, to seek adventure in the Texas Panhandle. M. K. arrived from England with only a few dollars in his pocket, and Dwight employed him to assist in the development of the White Deer Lands. Pampa

48 L. F. Sheffy, *The Life and Times of Timothy Dwight Hobart, 1855-1935* (The Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, 1950), pp. 177-180.

49 Ibid., p. 177.

became M. K.'s life-long home as he served for many years as Dwight's assistant, and Minnie, Dwight and their children developed into life-long friends.

Reflecting on his first trip to the Hobarts' Washita Ranch, M. K. reminisced,

"Mr. Hobart invited me to go to his ranch on the Washita, south of Canadian, Texas to celebrate my first Fourth of July in the United States. We had a wonderful fish-fry and I met all the adjoining ranchers and their wives. I first met Captain Arrington, who was formerly in command of the Texas Rangers in this area. Also Will Lewis and family, Oscar McMordie and Doctor du Toit, who had moved here from South Africa.

When I first arrived in Pampa, we had quite a little sandstorm, which mostly came from the bed of the Canadian River as there weren't any farms in cultivation at that time. Mr. Hobart said then, 'Mr. Brown, I don't imagine you are used to this kind of storm are you?' and I said, 'Yes sir, I have been through this kind of dust storm in South Africa and I believe the wind blows stronger out there than it does here.' Evidently, he thought I was bragging and he said, 'Well, we will decide that argument when I take you to the Washita and you meet Dr. du Toit.' So while eating our dinner, I prodded Mr. Hobart and said, 'Now is the time to settle our argument about dust storms.' Mr. Hobart interrogated Dr. du Toit on the subject and he replied, 'Dwight, the wind blows in South Africa twice as hard as it does in the Panhandle.' So after that Mr. Hobart didn't doubt my word on that subject any more. After dark, we set off fireworks on the hill back of the ranch house."⁵⁰

50 "My First Fourth of July and Other Memories," M. K. Brown and His Legacy to the People of the Texas Panhandle. Mr. Brown's stories compiled by Clotille Thompson, Mary Ann McCloskey and Iris Ragsdale (Austin, TX: Nortex, Division of Sun Belt Media Inc., 2001), p. 25.

FAMILY EXPERIENCES

To bridge the long times of separation from the family in Vermont, the ability to have "snapshots" of the children continued to be a wonder. Minnie shared her experiences with the camera with her mother on March 20, 1903.

"I am so glad you enjoy the pictures. I studied how to use the little camera myself and taught it to Lydia.⁵¹ I paid Lydia for every bit of expense she had in making the pictures, and I mounted them all myself."

The children grew increasingly excited as Christmas of 1903 neared. They were counting the days. Dwight, Warren and one of the ranch hands cut a tall Christmas tree from the cedar grove on the ranch, and Dr. du Toit and his family⁵² joined the Hobarts for Christmas dinner and the tree.

Minnie shared her remembrances of the Christmas hubbub and excitement with her mother in her January 4, 1904, letter.

"The night before Christmas Dwight and I trimmed the tree with some lovely ornaments and a lot of tinsel until the tree was a perfect beauty. Mrs. du Toit said it was the handsomest tree she ever saw. When we had the presents all on the tree it was very pretty indeed, I wished you could see it. I had not opened the package you gave me marked for Minnie and Dwight until that day and we thank you very much. We both thought it was wonderful that you could put so much thought and work in to it as you had. I appreciate it so much, dear Mother, and value it immensely. It is such a nice birthday book and the family birthdays in your own writing doubles its value for us. The cards you sent the children were very pretty and they were happy to get them. The "Pilgrim's Progress" you ordered for Warren is a beautiful

51 The cook.

52 Dr. du Toit and his family were friends of the Hobarts from South Africa living on a nearby ranch. Mrs. du Toit was Warren's first school teacher.

volume and he was reading it yesterday (Sunday) a good share of the day and the "Christian Herald" is a nice present for him. I am glad you sent it to him. He is very much pleased with them and I hope he will write you. The handsome calendar he also got.

We had a big turkey dinner with all the accompaniments of pickles, sauces and pies – puddings, cakes etc. and after dinner we all went into the room with the tree. This was the first time the room had been opened to the children – or anyone except Dwight and I and Mrs. du Toit. She brought over some gifts and hung them on the tree. Warren took off the presents and read the names and Freddie handed them around. The tree was loaded. Dwight had taken such pains to make everyone happy. We gave the Dr. and family all nice presents and we had our men and Lydia come in also. The children all had a great many gifts and were all very happy. Dwight gave me a very handsome hanging lamp –the handsomest one I ever saw. He also gave me a plate that is a beauty and a lovely jewel case. Warren gave Mamma a book and Mrs. du Toit gave me a needle-case and Ethel gave me a match scratcher and my present from Lydia was a very handsome pair of mantel ornaments. We all enjoyed the du Toits being with us so much."

Minnie's mother had recorded all of the family's birthdays, except one, in the birthday book before she sent it to Minnie. She had neglected to record Mary's birthday, even though Mary was two years old by then. As Minnie added Mary's name and birth date to the book, she paused and reflected on Mary's antics. Like many two-year-olds, at times it took a long time for Mary to go to sleep. One night when she was sitting up in bed playing Minnie finally said, "Mary you must lie down now and go to sleep." She lay down replying, "All right Mamma, I won't lose my temper." She had heard Minnie tell the children how naughty it is to lose your temper.

Minnie's mother always sent something for her birthday (December 28), but for some reason Minnie commented on being surprised to

receive a gift so soon after Christmas.⁵³ The mail included a letter from her mother and two dollars to buy something special for a birthday present. Also the mail brought a pretty shoe-string belt from Aunt Arrie and a box of spruce gum from brother Ferrand. She and the children loved the gum, as did Dwight.

THE TOWN OF PAMPA

Pampa dates from the building of the Santa Fe Railway in 1888, the year that Dwight and Minnie arrived in Mobeetie. Most of the territory around Pampa, located in the White Deer Lands, belonged to an English syndicate and was controlled by Frederick de P. Foster and Cornelius C. Cuyler in New York.

Mr. George Tyng, the first manager of the White Deer Lands, laid out the Pampa townsite after the building of the railway. Mr. Tyng had traveled in South America where he noted the similarity of the grass on the Argentine "pampas" to that in his own region. He wrote the railway company suggesting Pampa as the name, from the Spanish word "Pampas" meaning plains. It was accepted in February 1892. The first wheat crop was planted in the Panhandle of Texas in the fall of 1891. The crop failed, and it was another twenty years before farming prospered on the plains.

When Dwight took over management of the White Deer Land Company in 1902, one hundred and fifty-two qualified voters living in the area filed a petition for an election to organize Gray County. The petition was granted, and on June 30, 1902, the first Commissioners Court of Gray County convened at Lefors, the first county seat of Gray County. Looking back to 1902, we see a small village with practically no houses on what is now Cuyler Street, with many homes still dugouts and only a few frame houses beginning to spring up.

⁵³ Minnie expressed surprise at being remembered on her birthday in her January 4, 1904, letter to her mother.

A one-room dugout in the middle of Cuyler Street housed the first post office from 1892 to 1902.⁵⁴ Among its early citizens were Dr. V. E. von Brunow, the first doctor; Mr. Charles Cook, the first lawyer; and Mr. J. N. Duncan, the first mayor. The first schoolhouse was located at 513 East Francis in 1903.

THE MOVE TO FOSTER STREET

When Dwight began working for the White Deer Land office in Pampa, the family continued to live at the ranch about fifty miles east of Pampa. Minnie envisioned easing the burden on Dwight by lessening his travel time. So the scanty population of Pampa increased by six in 1904 when Minnie and Dwight moved their family from the ranch on the Washita River in Hemphill County to a small three-room frame house on West Foster Street. Even though the Washita Ranch continued to be important in their lives, Pampa was the Hobarts' hometown for the rest of their lives.



*The Hobart home, residence of White Deer Land's manager –
318 W. Foster with horse barn and corral of the White Deer Lands⁵⁵*

54 History of Pampa. www.pan-tex.net/usr/p/pampa-hist/pa00002.htm

55 Photo in White Deer Land Museum, Pampa, TX.

The house on Foster Street served as home for the next ten years. Even though Dwight built two more rooms on the back of the house, it was still small for six people. The living room served as a bedroom. They had no indoor plumbing, but they did have a cistern in the corner of the yard that caught rain water. Pampa was still a very country-looking town, and a grassy undeveloped lot across the street that the children called "That Little Place" became their favorite place to play. The children were thirteen (Warren), six (Fred), five (Laura) and two (Mary) when the family moved into the Foster Street house.

Laura couldn't stand to think that Freddie would get ahead of her when he started school. Years later she commented, "He would come home and know the letters and could read a little. I taught myself the letters and to read before I was old enough to go to school. But I couldn't spell."⁵⁶

The original schoolhouse was a dilapidated, wooden, 30 x 20 ft. box-type building with hand-made seats. High winds were often a problem in this flimsy structure, threatening to blow it over. The first male teacher in Pampa, John V. Thomas, recalled playing indoor games with the children all on one side of the room to hold the schoolhouse down. Settlers were moving into the Panhandle area in such numbers that by the time the eight-month school session ended, there were so many pupils that John Thomas's wife was called in to help. In the fall of 1905 eight-year-old Freddie Hobart's geography class assignment was to count the Pampa population. The total population was fifty-two.

In the summer of 1906 Minnie and Dwight rallied the town folks to build a new school. By the following September there was a new three-room school building with three teachers and one hundred and forty pupils. One of the teachers doubled as chief fire builder, floor-sweeper and janitor. Learning included reading, writing, spelling,

56 Kristi Fatheree interview with Laura Hobart Fatheree, April 14, 1989, Pampa, TX.

arithmetic, geography, history and algebra. On Friday, the school held programs of recitations, debates and spelling bees.⁵⁷

Dwight and Minnie never lost interest in improving their ranch on the Washita. For years, whenever they could, they added to the land and made payments on the debt. Minnie continued to marvel at Dwight's ability to navigate across the land. She missed the days of traveling across the open plains with Dwight when he was surveying

Thirty years later, in 1935, Minnie wrote about early life in Pampa in her article, "Pioneer Days in the Panhandle Plains."

*"There was not much social life in Pampa at that time. No religious service of any kind, not even a Sunday School, at the beginning of 1904. However it was not long before this was changed. The first social gathering consisted of a town Christmas Tree in 1905, when a mere handful of people had a general good time in the first store building in Pampa, the Johnson Mercantile Company."*⁵⁸

CHANGING THE LAND

The year before the Hobarts moved to Pampa, the nation was hit with the Panic of 1903. Stocks of industrial companies fell to single-digit prices; the fiscal crisis dragged on for the rest of the year, taking a severe toll on banks, steel and iron producers. This crisis, as reflected in the Southwest, dropped cattle prices, slowed land sales, and reduced immigration to a low ebb. Dwight remembered the winter of 1903-1904 as one of the driest he had experienced in the Panhandle. Business was practically at a standstill as spring approached. However, when the spring rains returned, prospects began to look better.

Minnie frequently worried about Dwight as the challenges of managing the White Deer Lands intensified. Dwight had visions of these lands providing an excellent field in which to experiment with

57 "One-room Highwindy, built in 1888, Was Beginning of Gray School System," *Pampa News*, October 12, 1952, p. 20.

58 "Pioneer Days in the Panhandle Plains." *Panhandle-Plains Historical Review*, 1935, Volume VIII, p. 77.

the colonization schemes he had cherished for years. He was constantly busy organizing tasks such as clearing land titles, building hundreds of miles of fence, establishing section lines and corners, drilling wells, erecting windmills, marking out roads, establishing farms and building homes.

The Panhandle had long been cattle country. However, Dwight's vision included merging ranching and farming on the White Deer Lands. Dwight and Minnie believed that the 631,000 acres were destined for actual settlers - neighbors, not speculators. The owners of the White Deer Lands and local business people did not believe that he could make a success selling the lands for small farms.

The nature of the White Deer Land properties, equal in area to the state of Rhode Island, ranged from slopes and rough lands suitable for raising stock, to the level prairie lands ideal for farming. The rich, fertile soil ranged in texture from a dark chocolate loam on the uplands to the sandy soil in the Canadian River Valley. The climate was well suited for both farming and stock raising.

His vision shaped Dwight's management style for the White Deer Lands. When he resigned as agent from the New York and Texas Land Company in January, 1903, his intentions were twofold: (1) to enable his new employers to realize a profit on their investments and (2) to develop the property in a manner to benefit the community. In the following years he would sell land only to settlers. Most sales comprised 160 to 640 acres. Dwight required no payment for the first year after the sales so that purchasers could make the necessary improvements on the land. Without these credit arrangements, many of the early Panhandle stock farmers could not have remained. Dwight created every possible inducement so buyers would improve the property and build permanent homes.⁵⁹

Information, pictures and testimonials appeared in newspapers and booklets as Dwight advertised the White Deer Lands. Dwight

59 L. F. Sheffy, *The Life and Times of Timothy Dwight Hobart 1855-1935* (The Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, 1950), pp. 183-184.

collected scores of written testimonials from early settlers and ranchmen who had been experimenting with Panhandle soils as farming land. He formed a plan of advertising beyond the newspapers as soon as conditions were favorable. During the summers of 1906, '07 and '08, Dwight and M. K. Brown put up exhibits near the railway to display produce such as potatoes, beans, peaches, apricots and wild plums grown on the White Deer Lands. They had a little demonstration house built on the railroad right-of-way where the trains stopped for water so farmers could display their products. The booklets printed in 1907 gave information on the kinds of crops grown and the possibility of future development. This attracted a large number of farmers who told their friends back east. In this way farmers began to settle the land.⁶⁰



White Deer Land Company exhibit⁶¹

60 "Pampa Came Into Being With Coming of Railroad, *Pampa News*, October 12, 1952, p. 10.

61 Photo from "White Deer Lands Panhandle of Texas" brochure.

He built a large clientele in the midwestern and eastern states, who kept him busy answering inquiries about the purchase and sale of both land and cattle. He wanted prospective customers who were willing to endure the hardships of life on a semi-arid plain. He and Minnie envisioned community relationships growing across the land.

Minnie often brooded about the way her husband worked so well with the local settlers.

Minnie's Reflection: I am so proud of Dwight. He is a favorite with the early settlers because he knows how to offer them encouragement. He offers long-time payments at low interest rates. His policies are helping to build up the country and attract citizens who we'll be proud to call friends and neighbors. I have heard him say that his colonization policies arouse disgust and even hatred among some of the land speculators. They want to make money by selling tracts off quickly at fancy prices. I try to be as much help as I can by offering him encouragement.

Thinking of pioneer women many years later, Kerry Haglund wrote in the *Amarillo Globe News*, "Men received most of the credit for taming the American West, but women were right by their side."⁶²

62 "On the Frontier, Pioneer Women Set the Example at the Turn of the Century," by Kerry Haglund. *Globe News*, Amarillo, TX, January 29, 1994.



A Dream of Colonization

1904-1908

6

A TRIP TO ENGLAND

Accruing profit from land sales occupied the minds of the English syndicate owners of the White Deer Lands. But Dwight recognized that these English creditors understood nothing about conditions in Texas. They expected to transfer the White Deer Lands into cash rapidly in order to satisfy the first lien on the property. Dwight recognized that his dreams of colonization meant delays in securing cash. The holders of the lien would have to understand and approve of his program if he were to succeed. A trip to London beckoned to explain his plan in detail to the English lien holders.

Dwight made detailed preparations for his journey. Together with Minnie, he decided that thirteen-year-old Warren could accompany his Papa. Such a trip offered great learning opportunities for their young son. Minnie was pained at the thought of being separated from them both, but she recognized the advantages for Warren.

Before setting sail, Dwight secured letters of introduction from United States congressmen and other influential leaders and contacted the American ambassador and other high officials in London. He also wrote to his kinsman and former employer, Major Ira H. Evans, for advice. Major Evans supported the trip, for he believed it would



Warren and Dwight in Fred Warren's (Minnie's brother) garden with Laura, Mary, Minnie and Fred

clear up potential misunderstandings between Dwight and his new employers.

Major Evans advised, "*Dress is very important in London. You will need a Prince Albert suit and silk hat. Foster⁶³ is strong socially and you will have to be ready to hold your own with him. Take along full data, such as deeds and copies of Tyng's letters, to support your statements.*"

The family accompanied Dwight and Warren east with a stop at Minnie's brother Fred's house on the outskirts of Philadelphia.

Dwight and Warren sailed on the *Teutonic* of the White Star Line for England on June 8, 1904. This trip deepened the bond of companionship between father and son.⁶⁴ Their conversations during the long voyages across the Atlantic Ocean sparked dreams for the land and their ranch as they indulged in long "man-to-man" talks.

63 Frederick de P. Foster and Cornelius C. Cuyler, New York capitalists, possessed the land, and Elgood and Godden of London held the first lien notes. Foster and Cuyler had agreed to release title to the lands as fast as they could be sold. L. F. Sheffy, *The Life and Times of Timothy Dwight Hobart, 1855-1935* (Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, 1950), p. 175.

64 Ibid, pp. 177-180.

Well accepted in London by his employers, lien holders and bondholders, Dwight received hearty approval of his program for the disposition of the White Deer Lands. Consequently, the England trip was a success from all viewpoints.

RANCH LIFE

In 1906 a fierce forty-day blizzard swept across the Panhandle plains. Many days you couldn't even see down the street. The railroad became a lifeline for area citizens as the only access to food and goods. All through the winter Dwight suffered with what seemed like a cold. Even after recovering, he seemed to catch a cold easily. Minnie informed her mother how watchful she was for signs of ill health after his lungs "*were roughly invaded that winter.*" Minnie did everything she could to strengthen him before another winter. She fed him a good many milk and egg mixtures – the eggs beaten up raw, sweetened and milk added. She felt he looked quite well, but worried because he got tired so much easier than before.

The Hobarts continued to enjoy their frequent travels back and forth to their ranch. Minnie described journeying to the ranch in a June 1906 letter to her mother.

"To go to our ranch we go by rail to Canadian (only two hours ride by rail) which is quite inconvenient with the train schedule now. It upsets one's sleep both ways and then we drive sixteen miles from Canadian. We usually phone from Canadian to one of the men on the ranch to meet us with a team. Then we have a livery team take us from Canadian until we meet our own team. That way we save time.

Warren [who is now fifteen years old] had been expecting to take two of his boy friends to go horseback at the ranch next Monday. The boys were to stay a couple of weeks and Warren thinks he wants to stay there all vacation. But, this morning Dwight had a letter from his fore

man that he is going to 'quit' so Warren is greatly disappointed in having to postpone his plans until Dwight has everything straight again.

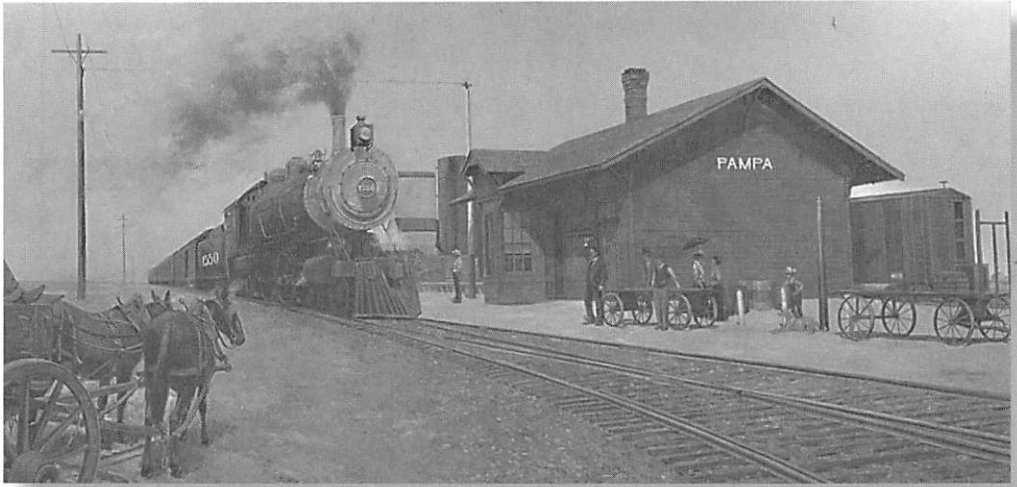
We hope to build a house here in Pampa this summer. We will be so glad when we are situated so that I can keep a servant again. Dwight expects a new office to be begun for him next week. A bank is about to be opened here."

CREATING COMMUNITY

Dwight and Minnie were active participants in the rapid change that was engulfing the Panhandle in the early 1900s. Indeed, many residents referred to Dwight as the "Father of Pampa." Men played the role of designated leadership in their communities whereas women were rarely recognized. The common belief of the day was that men were smarter and more capable than women. Women provided behind-the-scenes leadership. Minnie remained forever a partner and helpmate in all of Dwight's endeavors with the family and the community. Their continuous involvement in the growth of Pampa revealed their passion for community building.

In 1907 Minnie helped organize Pampa's first woman's club, The Ladies' Library Club. Fellowship and study occupied the women two evenings a week as they met in a room over the First National Bank. Eventually, their activities sparked the creation of the first library. Two afternoons a week the library loaned out the few books they stocked.

Later that year, the community celebrated 131 years of the United States on July 4th. The Santa Fe Railroad brought a band from Woodward, Oklahoma, with the train picking up passengers along the way and the crowd getting off in Pampa. A large marquee tent with a dance floor was set up in the east part of Pampa and ranchers donated beef for a big barbeque.



*Train coming to Pampa railway station*⁶⁵

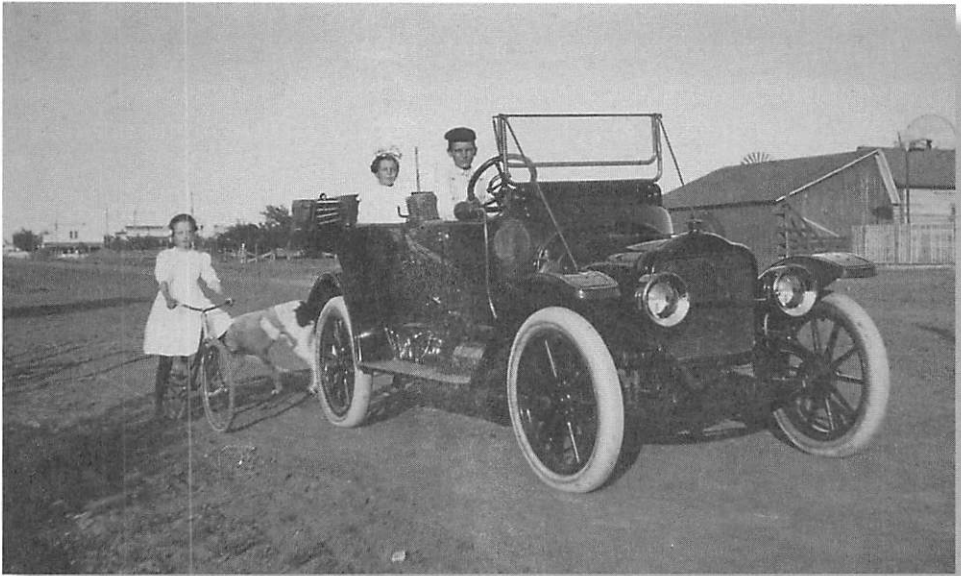
Every soul in town met the train at the depot and participated in the festivities. Entertainment consisted of horse racing, foot racing, a show in the marquee tent and dancing in the evening.⁶⁶

THE ADVENT OF THE AUTOMOBILE

Dwight was one of the first to own an automobile in the Texas Panhandle. As he explained to Minnie, "That Model T is prized across the country for its low cost, durability, versatility, and ease of maintenance." Pampa's first automobile, owned by Dr. V. E. von Brunow and made by the Knox Company, was a one-cylinder job guided with a steering bar rather than a wheel. All the early automobiles were started with a hand crank (and a few well-chosen words). This new mode of transportation filled the family with excitement as they drove through town. The sound of the horn honking at the other children to signal "hello" filled the Hobart children with pride and delight.

65 Picture from history mural at the White Deer Land Museum, Pampa, TX.

66 "Fourth of July celebrations in Pampa began in 1907," Museum Mementos by Eloise Lane, *The Pampa News*, July 1, 2001, p. 6.



The Hobarts' first car with Laura, Mary and Fred

Minnie communicated the family's exciting automobile news to her mother on March 30, 1908.

"The automobile came and it is fine. It is a large, roomy one, very handsome and so nice to ride in. It is a new one, instead of a second hand one. The nicest thing about it is that Dwight runs it, for I had thought it would be a long time before he would ever take time to learn anything much about it himself. I was so agreeably surprised when the second day he came driving it himself for me to ride. We took various friends for the loveliest ride. Dwight says he does not understand nearly as much about autos as he intends to learn, yet he runs it just splendidly.

Of course, the children are delighted with it. I have been so glad that Dwight is the generous fellow he always is. Instead of being annoyed with crowds of children looking longingly and wanting to ride, he takes them for a ride. He had taken a dozen children I noticed one

day. This is only the fourth auto in Pampa. I had thought quite likely I would not have any more chances to ride than before we had the automobile. Dwight has several teams (of horses) here but it is not very often I take a ride. The buggies, both single and double, are usually filled with men and Dwight is always so busy. It is so easy to step into the auto and go. I believe I am going to get lots of rides in it.

This letter is nothing but an automobile letter, Mother dear. I wish I could take you for a ride.

With greatest love from Minnie."

The automobile provided faster travel than the early buckboards, but bumps, dust and wind still kept comfort at a minimum. Minnie veiled herself against the dust when riding in their topless vehicle.



Minnie at middle age



Something Died Inside

1908-1910

7

MINNIE'S MOTHER'S DEATH

On the date of her father's birthday, melancholy crept over Minnie. She brooded about Laura's life in Vermont and worried about her mother's loneliness in the eleven years since his death.

Dwight and Minnie both longed for the day when he could stop working for others - for a the time that he could just manage the Washita Ranch and have free time to do other things in the community - and in Vermont. While they agreed that it was not wise to drop Dwight's business while it was still so lucrative, they foresaw a change in a few years.

On July 16, 1908, Minnie sent a newsy note to her mother.

"Dwight is looking so well and I just wish you could see him. He has had his mustache shaved off and it changes his looks so much. I don't believe you would know him. The children did not recognize him and were frightened when they first saw him.

Laura has learned to ride Freddie's bicycle so now, of course, she is very anxious for a bicycle. I presume we will get her a girl's bicycle after a little while.

Warren is at the ranch all the time now and anxious we should



Laura Ann House Warren, reading The New York Times, shortly before her death

come. Dwight does not like for me to go to stay at all unless I have a girl. It is quite a trouble to send my washings to Canadian when at the ranch and if I am feeling real poorly here we go out and get our meals, but there, of course, it is different.

*Our Aid Society gives an ice cream social Saturday evening but if I feel as poorly as now I do not see how I can help. With love to all and especially to my Mother
Lovingly, Minnie"*

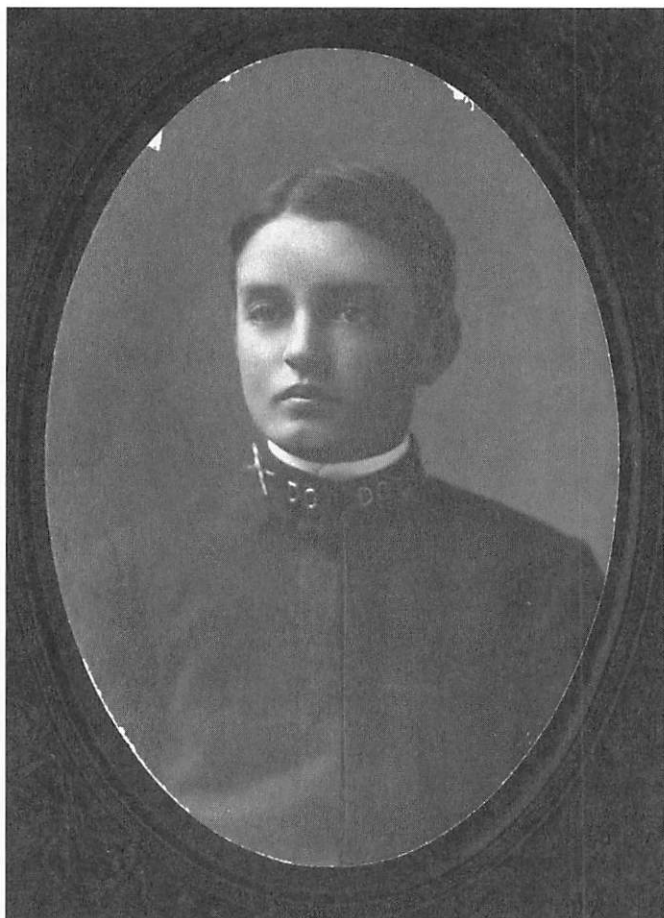
Death claimed Laura Ann House Warren a month later. On August 10, 1908, the Montpelier, Vermont, newspaper ran a short item with the headline: AGED WOMAN DEAD. "Laura A. House, aged 87 years and six months, widow of the late Abel K. Warren, of Berlin, died on Sunday evening. Mrs. Warren is survived by two sons and two daughters, F. H. Warren and Mrs. G. W. Dustin, of Berlin, F. A. Warren of Philadelphia and Mrs. T. D. Hobart of Pampa, Texas. The funeral services will be held at her late home in Berlin, on Tuesday, August 11th at 3 o'clock in the afternoon."

Minnie's Reflections: I feel such a desolate, sickening sense of loss. My beloved Mother has always been my confidant and dearest friend. I felt so awful when both my sisters died [Alice in October, 1879 and Belle in August, 1890] and when my father died. But losing my Mother is the hardest blow yet. I am 49 years old and I have lost my own dear, most loved Mother. Death is so final. How can I understand that our wonderful relationship is no more? The wonderful sharing of our lives is over.

WARREN DWIGHT HOBART

Minnie often reflected on how frightened she had been when Warren at age ten, damaged his left eye. A knife had slipped as he tugged to cut the twine around a box he was opening.

Two years after her mother's death, the absence of their oldest son, Warren, was tearing at Minnie's heart from another direction.



Warren at fifteen years old

He was attending Drury Academy, a prep school run by Drury College in Springfield, Missouri.⁶⁷ Minnie experienced a dull ache in her chest that threatened to overwhelm her at times. Having him away at school left an aching void in the hearts of both Minnie and Dwight.

A letter Warren wrote from school to his Aunt Lizzie (Dwight's sister) in Vermont on February 13, 1910, provided a glimpse of his school life.

⁶⁷ Founded in 1873, Drury operated the Academy because most local public schools at the time did not adequately prepare students for college-level studies. In 1914, when the college felt that most local schools had improved, the Academy was shut down.

"Drury College – Fairbanks Hall, Springfield, Missouri

February 13, 1910

Dear Aunt Lizzie:

How are you feeling now-a-days? I hope you will over look my not writing before. I never could get over hating to write letters, as you probably know.

I received a nice letter from Aunt Ella a week or so ago. She spoke of Uncle Ferrand's just having returned to Berlin from a trip to Boston and Connecticut. Did he have a nice trip? Was he gone on business? Are you all well?

Week before last was examination week and you can guess that I am very glad that it's over. As I am a senior [in the Academy] I won't have to take any final exams except in Algebra (and later on, Trigonometry) which I am taking in the college. You probably remember that I was a senior last year also, but as I was back in some work, I decided to stay in the Academy this year and graduate.

Much to my sorrow, I guess that I will have to speak at the Academy Commencement this year. It comes in June. Hope I won't be scared to death.

I guess that next year I will either go to Dartmouth or Texas University at Austin, Texas. I am somewhat undecided as yet as to which.

Thank you very much for the suspenders you gave me for Christmas. They certainly did me good service when I was at home, and especially when I went to the ranch hunting. Freddie went with me and we had a great time.

While there I helped to catch three 'coons. We also chased a coyote out of the country, but didn't catch him. He was too shrewd and fast a runner.

I must close for now. Love to yourself and Clara from Warren."

Disaster struck a month later when Warren was tutoring a fellow student. Even though a head cold had kept him pretty miserable all day, Warren went to his scheduled tutoring task. A break in a cold rain early in the evening enabled Warren to make it to his friend's house with no problem. However, while the boys were studying, the weather shifted and the campus became deluged in a downpour. Soaked by the time he got home, Warren's slight cold developed into pneumonia. Within a week, on March 22, death claimed Minnie and Dwight's oldest son.

The news stunned Minnie and Dwight. It was impossible to believe. Warren held a special place in the hearts of the whole family. Minnie and Dwight could not imagine life without this much-loved young man. Dwight particularly was devastated as he tried to imagine their beloved Washita Ranch without Warren to carry it on.

Minnie and Dwight made the tragic trip to Springfield to close out the details of Warren's nineteen-year-old life. When they read the tribute Warren's classmates wrote in the *Drury Mirror*, their hearts were overwhelmed with pride and burdensome grief.

"The announcement of Senior Academy honors gives the place of valedictory to Warren Hobart."⁶⁸

"Warren Dwight Hobart, An Appreciation"⁶⁹

Friends, it is not often that we are called upon to perform a task in which pain and sorrow are equally mingled. Today we have assembled here in memorial for one whose memory will always be dear to us. We had learned to love and admire his manliness, for he was a young man of singular good habits of mind and heart, cheerful, hopeful and noble-minded. A student of exceptional ability, whose work in the classroom ranked higher than that of any other student in our school, whose future was bright and full of promise.

68 *Drury Mirror*, March 18, 1910.

69 *Drury Mirror*, April 1, 1910.

There was no one in the College or Academy who did not like him. A fine thoughtfulness and regard for the rights and feelings of others, not always characteristic of students, marked all his speech and actions. He was never aggressively self-assertive, never self-seeking, never boasting, but modest, non-assuming in all his ways. He had traveled considerably. He had been over most of the United States and had visited Europe. He only mentioned it to one or two and then unintentionally. When complimented he would turn it aside as a joke. When his father mentioned several commendations passed on his work and on his conduct and scholarship by his instructors he replied: "That was because they knew you were my father."

In the cadet corps he was ranked as the best corporal. At one of the officer's meetings when the task of selecting a sergeant that was capable of filling the position was presented, his name was the first suggested. One of the boys remarked at the table: "We will miss him at drill, for he was the only corporal we ever had that could execute all the maneuvers without a mistake."

During the last semester examinations when many were having trouble over their mathematics he loaned his notebook willingly and coached those who were unable to understand the knotty subject. Just before the "exams" on Friday he went to several and asked them to come to his room and let him help them. To one boy he said, calling him by name: "I'll stay up all night and coach you so you can't flunk." These are only some of the examples of his unselfishness.

His ideals and aims were high. He was honest and sincere with all whom he met. His scholarship was of the highest. He was a hard, conscientious worker, never shirking any task that he undertook to perform. He was thoughtful, kind and considerate in all his dealings. He scorned coarse and base thoughts or anything that was of doubtful character. His life was spotless.

We do not know why such a noble, high-minded character should be taken from among us. Yet we are thankful for the years that he was

permitted to spend with us. Our lives will be blessed by having known him. His memory will live on in our lives, keeping alive the higher and nobler things of life. May the life that Warren Hobart lived exhort us to live a pure and spotless life."

*"The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mourning for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.
Let us be patient. These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
But sometimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.
In that great cloister's pure and holy stillness,
By guardian angels led;
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
He lives whom we call dead."
G. D. K., '12"⁷⁰*

70 *Drury Mirror*, Springfield, Missouri, Vol. 24, No. 12 and No. 13, March 18, 1910, and April 1, 1910, respectively.



In Memoriam.

Warren Dwight Hobart.

BORN MAY 2, 1891.
DIED MARCH 22, 1910.

Minnie's Reflections: I know all the casseroles, flowers, well-intentioned hugs and condolences have been offered with great love and concern. I just couldn't talk to one more person. But now that the official mourning is over, a terrible emptiness has filled the house which is worse. We are all heartbroken and devastated, but I worry the most about Dwight. I feel I can't live without Warren, but Dwight really may not be able to go on. I don't think life will ever be the same again for either of us.

On November 13, 1910, a letter of condolence reached Minnie from Helen du Toit in Cape Colony, South Africa. Helen and her husband were good friends of the Hobarts, and she had been Warren's first teacher in 1902. They had returned to their home in South Africa in 1906.

"My dearest Minnie,

My heart is so full of sympathy for you both, for I just know how the holiday season will remind you so much of dear Warren. I have his photo hanging where I look at it every day. I do hope Freddie will be as much comfort to you as Warren was.

Your affectionate friend, Helen du Toit"

In December, Minnie received another letter expressing sympathy at facing Christmas without Warren from Leeta Rulf Koeths in Springfield, Missouri. Ms. Koeths, who wrote on December 19, 1910, was the civic affairs officer for Drury College.

"So many times during the summer I thought of you, and because I knew and admired your boy and because I knew after one short meeting you and I might, given the opportunity, become friends, I am writing this greeting.

I am sure you still are brave, and because there are others you are preparing to keep Christmas cheer, although our older grown hearts can never keep the feast of joy they did before the 'bitter sweet' came to them."

Dwight suffered the greatest disappointment of his life at the loss of his son. For months his spirit was crushed, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could carry on. *"We have been so completely upset by the loss of Warren,"* he wrote, *"that I have hardly felt like taking up any business matters: in fact it seems like we could hardly go ahead with any of our plans, but I suppose that is not the right view to take of matters. We had kept the ranch more on Warren's account than anything else as he loved it more than any other spot on earth. What we shall do about it now I do not know."*⁷¹

71 L. F. Sheffy, *The Life and Times of Timothy Dwight Hobart, 1855-1935* (The Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, 1950), p. 304.



Dreams of Community

**PIONEERING STRENGTH
ON THE PRAIRIE
1912-1914**

8

A HOME IS BUILT

In spite of the loss of their beloved son, Minnie's dream of building a home was coming true at long last. Construction began in 1912 using a set of house plans purchased at a fair in St. Louis. Local carpenters began the construction on the Hobart family's house on five bare acres of land just west of Pampa and north of the Santa Fe railroad tracks. Alfalfa covered the other fifteen acres of their land. The carpenters followed the plans exactly, but progress was slow. First, wooden forms were built above ground for a poured concrete structure that subsequently supported a large cypress-stave barrel tank fed by a windmill-powered water well.

The workmen hacked a deep house-size hole out of the tight soil with picks, shovels and horse-drawn scrapers known as fresnos.⁷²

⁷² The Fresno Scraper established the basis for the modern earthmoving scraper in 1883, being able to scrape and move a load of soil, then discharge it at a controlled depth. James Porteous, inventor-entrepreneur, founded the Fresno Agricultural Works. The Fresno Scraper evolved from his patents and those he acquired from W. Deidrick, F. Dusy, and A. McCall.

Between 1884 and the advent of tractor-drawn scrapers in the 1910s, thousands of "Fresnos" were used in agriculture for canals, ditches, and land leveling; in road and railroad grading; and in general construction not only in California, but throughout the U.S., <http://files.asme.org/ASMEORG/Communities/History/Landmarks/5550.pdf>

Great quantities of concrete were mixed by hand to pour the foundation. The carpenters erected the two-story wooden frame house with a full third-story attic, a small kitchen porch and a large veranda front and side porch. The interior walls were covered with wood lath and plaster. When the carpenters ran out of wood, they waited until the next shipment of lumber arrived by train from Kansas City. Since no one had any idea how long this would take, the carpenters simply kept track of their working hours. It took two years to build the house at a cost of \$10,000 for time and materials.⁷³

Once the main house was finished, the workmen erected a barn to the south and a stucco garage to the west. A coal-fired furnace installed in the cellar heated every room except the attic through hot water radiators. A concrete tank house near the garage housed the acetylene bottles, which supplied gas for the light fixtures, as there was no electricity.⁷⁴

A large flat chimney and a smaller square one towered above the three-story building like sentries overlooking the happenings across the plains. Four gabled roofed windows illuminated a wood-floored attic that later became the scene of joyous Christmas dances.

When the house was completed, the spacious rooms delighted Minnie. She loved to stroll through the house and marvel at the sheer luxury of all this space. Climbing the enclosed back stairs from the kitchen, she peered first into a small bedroom that was the maid's room. Across the hall, a door opened to the attic. The roomy bathroom with indoor plumbing and a large claw-foot bathtub excited her the most. On down the hall, she stepped first into Laura and Mary's room. She smiled at the girls' clothes, books, papers and dolls strewn about the room. Across the hall, Minnie and Dwight's bedroom with its alcove window across the south side of the room filled her with joy. She loved to sit in the big rocking chair by the window and soak

73 \$10,000 in 1914 is approximately \$207,324.88 in 2008 dollars.

74 Dwight Hobart, "2001 Christmas Home Tour," *The Pampa News*, Dec. 9, 2001.

up the sun. Minnie and Dwight relished this quiet nook of their own. In the front bedroom the sun streamed through the alcove windows across the east side of the room. She envisioned elegant furnishings accommodating many guests in the future. Finally, at the top of the front stairs Minnie checked out Fred's room. Evidence of Fred's ranching interests filled his room. Adorning the walls were pictures of cattle and horses while boots and hats cluttered the floor.

Descending the front stairs, Minnie lovingly ran her hand down the smooth surface of the gleaming oak railing. She paused at the bottom of the second landing to gaze into the yellow eyes of the stuffed great-horned owl on the newel post that had been stuffed after son Fred shot it.

Minnie rejoiced in the abundant living space as she continued her walk through the house. A room-size entry hall led to the spacious parlor. The oak pillars on either side of the large square archway added a touch of formality. Through a second archway the library beckoned.

When Dwight was home, he loved to spend time in this library. Magazines and newspapers, *The New York Times* and *Christian Herald* among others, found a home on the large walnut table in the middle of the room. The bookcases lining the walls revealed an eclectic collection of books. The fireplace promised many cozy reading sessions.

The dining room, complete with a large glass-front cupboard, predicted congenial dinner settings with family and friends. With just a touch of her foot, Minnie could press the buzzer under the dining room table to call the maid from the kitchen. She entered the spacious kitchen and pantry, she savored the thought of the many tasty meals prepared there. She loved being known for her delicious homemade donuts that Dwight so enjoyed when he returned to town.

The finished look of the wooden floors and plaster walls throughout the house accented the setting for their furniture. A full basement and attic, coal chute and radiator heat completed the house. Rainwater

collected in a cistern through a system of pipes from a well and a windmill delivered fresh water.

Eight white pillars standing like sentries supported the large porch across the front and south side of the house. A small-screened porch in the back led from the kitchen to the out-buildings. As Minnie walked out of the house she envisioned the future driveway encircling the house which would be lined on both sides with red cedars.

Laura and Mary were, respectively, fourteen and twelve years old when the family moved into the house in 1914. In the early morning hours of the first night in their new home, a window shade ratchet slipped causing the shade to shoot to the top of the window. The loud racket sent both girls screaming and weeping into one another's arms. When Minnie came to comfort them, they plaintively begged to return to the little house on Foster Street. After being comforted, they reluctantly conceded they might stay.⁷⁵ They soon dearly loved this home.

Many years later, Dr. J. A. Hill, president of the Panhandle-Plains College, wrote, "*When I walked into their living room and library what I saw was so unexpected I have never quite gotten over it – a large room full of the best literature of the ages, and in the center a large handsome table covered with a dozen or so of the most high-brow magazines in the country.*

Here was a family who at an early age had left their parental firesides in Vermont and wandered, with the spirit of adventure, to the far-flung frontier of Texas – a land scarcely out of the age of buffalo hunting, Indian raids and pioneer suffering. They found here no footprints of science, no evidence of modern invention and industrial revolution, no symbols of education and culture, to say nothing of Homer and Shakespeare. The music of the masters was best imitated by the howling of the coyote and later by the melancholy composition of the lonesome cowboy.

75 Dwight Hobart, "2001 Christmas Home Tour," *The Pampa News*, Dec. 9, 2001.

Yet, in a few decades this adventuresome youth and his equally worthy companion built here on the high plains of Texas – here where civilization took forward steps with caution – a veritable storehouse of knowledge and center of culture.

The Hobart home became a symbol of the best in American life. Under the influence of the spirit of adventure, the desire for greater freedom, and the natural impulse for a home of their own the Hobarts transplanted a wee bit of the civilization of rugged New England to the smooth and wind-swept plains of the Texas frontier. They were but perpetuating the forces that brought this western world into existence – the same forces, that operating through the centuries have carried the flag of democracy across the continent and made it the symbol of liberty around the world. The Hobarts kept faith with the heritage of the centuries.”⁷⁶

After so many years of living in rented and makeshift housing, these pioneer settlers finally had a house they called home. The



Hobart house during construction in 1913

76 Dr. J. A. Hill, “Hill Top Views, *The Amarillo Times*, 1949.

imposing structure rose from the flat, barren plains like a tower of strength. It had become a symbol of the indomitable pioneering spirit of the couple who built it. Thus, Minnie's dream of "we're going to build a house soon" came true, and it was Minnie's home until her death in 1949. Warren was still dreadfully missed four years after his death, but life went on for the Hobart family.



The Hobart house with outbuildings; Mary and Laura on bicycles⁷⁷

COMMUNITY LEADERSHIP

Actively taking part in community activities continued to be a way of life for both Minnie and Dwight. Early in 1923, Minnie and a small group of her friends met in the home of Mrs. W. R. Silvey to organize a study club. This club, El Progreso, flourished and became Pampa's oldest study club organized to discuss books and

⁷⁷ Cover photo on "Romance of the Pampas," brochure of the White Deer Land Museum.

issues of the day. Sixteen of Pampa's pioneer women elected officers at that first meeting and applied to the Texas State Federation for membership.

By the mid-20s the Ku Klux Klan (KKK) had become a national movement against Catholics, Jews, alcohol, immigration, and communism as well as negroes. When local elections favored the KKK, Minnie and Dwight participated actively in the Panhandle's Anti-KKK meetings.⁷⁸ The KKK's mission ran counter to both Minnie and Dwight's beliefs and values.

In the same year that Charles Lindbergh became the first pilot to fly solo across the Atlantic and *The Jazz Singer* became the first "talkie" (1927), Dwight ran unopposed for mayor of the thriving, overpopulated city-town of Pampa, becoming the first mayor elected under the City manager/commissioner form of government. He had joined the Masonic Orders in Montpelier, Vermont, in 1877, and continued to be active in Pampa Lodge No. 966 from the time of its organization. One of the organizers of the First State Bank of Pampa, Dwight became president of the organization when it merged with the First National Bank.

Both Minnie and Dwight labored to preserve the historical and spiritual values and traditions of the Old West. For years, Dwight took an active part in the Sons of the American Revolution as well as the State Historical Society of Vermont even while living in Texas. He also helped organize the Panhandle Old Settlers Association. In addition to her church work, Minnie was active in various Pampa civic organizations and the Pioneer Club of Canadian. The ladies of the Pioneer Club, which included Mrs. Arrington⁷⁹, had asked Minnie to be an honorary member and to attend when she could. She wrote and presented a paper on pioneer days to this club at Christmas time, 1934.⁸⁰

78 1923 Diaries of Laura Hobart and Mary Hobart.

79 The wife of Captain Arrington and friends of the Hobarts since their days in Mobeetie.

80 Minnie interview with L. F. Sheffy on February 20, 1937.

Minnie and Dwight believed that the engagement of both money and influence in worthy civic and community enterprises was crucial for the wellbeing of the future.



The JA Ranch Era

1915-1921

9

SURPRISE EMPLOYMENT

An unexpected shift took place in the Hobarts' lives in 1914. Dwight and Minnie accepted an invitation from Mrs. Cornelia Wadsworth Adair, the widow of John G. Adair, to visit the JA Ranch for dinner. Hidden in this invitation was Cornelia Adair's scheme to employ Dwight as the general agent of the JA Ranch properties in the Panhandle.

Cornelia Wadsworth, from a family long prominent in America, married Montgomery Ritchie of Boston in 1858. Ritchie died in 1864 at his home in Geneseo, New York. A few years later, while dancing at a ball in New York City in 1867 honoring J. C. Hughes, a member of Congress and a close friend of the Wadsworth family, Cornelia met John Adair, a distinguished young Irish financier. They became good friends and in 1869 were married.

John George Adair of Rathdair, Ireland, met Colonel Charles Goodnight in Denver in 1877. Colonel Charles Goodnight had spent nine hazardous years on the trail and had seen the cattle business evolve from nothing to prosperity. Adair and Goodnight entered a partnership agreement and built their ranch in the Palo Duro Canyon in the Texas Panhandle.

Minnie and Dwight's 1914 visit to the ranch introduced them

to Mrs. Adair and the ranch. Entering the beautiful house at the JA Ranch headquarters, Minnie was struck by the exquisiteness of the two-story structure. All nineteen rooms boasted the modern conveniences of the city, including electric lights, electric fans, and hot and cold running water. Minnie was surprised to discover that the heat of the eight fireplaces throughout the house augmented a hot water heating system.

The guests strolled around the living room to view the paintings of ranch scenes and the mounted heads of deer, buffalo and lobo.⁸¹ Several of the guests chatted about the shelf extending around the room with its large collection of mastodon bones and rocks. Most had been found four miles south of the ranch headquarters.⁸² Dwight's interest peaked as he perused the large bookcases filled with costly books, most printed by English publishers. A number of fine rugs, two of which were made of lobo hides, added to the splendor of the room.



The JA Ranch headquarters house⁸³

81 *Lobo*; the Spanish name for wolf.

82 TD Hobart, "The JA Ranch," *The National Live Stock Monthly*, 1922.

83 Photo in JA Ranch exhibit at Panhandle Plains Historical Museum.

Mrs. Adair explained to her guests,

“Four of the rooms in this house were built of the cedar logs cut in the canyon by Col. Goodnight when the ranch headquarters was first established in 1879. Molly (Mary Ann) and Charles Goodnight and John and I set out from Denver with four loads of freight – provisions for six months – and 100 Durham bulls. I considered myself a splendid horsewoman in those days and rode the entire distance of 400 miles on horseback. Molly drove one of the wagons. The trip took us two months. Molly and I were the only women in the party and friendship blossomed between Mollie and I. I remember Mollie’s comment, “I’ll go to my grave hearing the wind blow.” Much later people called me the “Queen of the JA.”⁸⁴

Recalling Mrs. Adair’s stories as they drove home, Minnie and Dwight talked of Charles Goodnight’s cattle drive single-file down an old Indian trail into the Palo Duro Canyon when he arrived in 1875 – the first Euro-American adventure in the Canyon.⁸⁵ Minnie’s intuitions prophesied that the dinner party was more than a social visit. Dwight was to comment later “ladies see farther than men do often times. When we left the ranch, Mrs. Hobart suggested that Mrs. Adair had something on her mind.”⁸⁶

84 *Amarillo Globe*, Amarillo, TX. Golden Anniversary Edition, 1938, Section E, p. 16.

85 The Handbook of Texas Online – Palo Duro Canyon. The canyon remained the domain of the cattlemen for the next half century. The second largest canyon in the United States, it is called the Grand Canyon of Texas. The canyon extends sixty miles southeast and reaches depths of eight hundred feet from rim to floor (approximately 3,500 feet to 2,400 feet above sea level) and has average widths of more than six miles. Its size and dramatic geological features, including the multicolored layers of rock and steep masa walls, are similar to those in the Grand Canyon. Over time it became a popular picnicking and camping place for residents in the surrounding area. The state of Texas established the Palo Duro Canyon State Scenic Park in 1933 when land was purchased from the JAs in the upper canyon. Initial improvements, including construction of a road to the floor of the canyon, were made by the Civilian Conservation Corps under the direction of the National Park Service.

86 T. D. Hobart in a letter to Sibley A. Pierce, Hartford, Conn., February 24, 1924.

John Adair's death in St. Louis, May 14, 1885, had left Cornelia owner of all his properties. She and Colonel Goodnight continued their partnership for two years after Adair's death. When the Goodnight-Adair partnership dissolved in 1887, Goodnight took the 140,000-acre Quitaque ranch and 20,000 cattle for his interest.⁸⁷ Cornelia had since employed a succession of managers for the JA Ranch.⁸⁸

A few days after the dinner, Dwight received an appeal that came as a surprise to him. Republican Senator-Elect James Wolcott Wadsworth, Jr. of New York,⁸⁹ Mrs. Adair's nephew, had been serving as manager of the JA Ranch, but on election to the U.S. Senate was stepping down from that post. Senator Wadsworth wrote Dwight that both he and Mrs. Adair requested Dwight assume management of the JA Ranch and its properties.⁹⁰

Mrs. Adair had heard of Dwight's successful business reputation with the White Deer Lands, and several people, including Vere Finch whose land adjoined the JA⁹¹, had recommended Dwight as the manager for her ranch. Not long after, Dwight received a letter from Mrs. Adair declaring it was her wish that he take the offer to manage her properties. Dwight responded to her:

"Within the last two years I have erected quite a comfortable residence at this place [Pampa], which my family and I would dislike very much to give up. Again I am engaged in a very interesting proposition – that of disposing of the lands of my Employer to actual settlers as far as possible, and taking everything into consideration I do not believe that it would be best for me to sever my present relations here."

87 www.ranches.org/Aranch.htm

88 *Amarillo Globe*, Amarillo, TX. Golden Anniversary Edition, 1938.

89 Served in the U.S. Senate (1915-1927). He was on the cover of *Time* magazine as one of a handful of congressmen who spoke out forcefully and frequently against Prohibition. December 28, 1925.

90 L. F. Sheffy, *Timothy Dwight Hobart, 1855-1935* (The Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, 1950), p. 196.

91 Montagu K. Brown, *Introduction to My Diary by Cornelia Adair* (Austin & London, University of Texas Press, 1965), p. xi.

Mrs. Cornelia Adair



Mrs. Adair requested a meeting with Dwight in Clarendon. In this conversation, the terms of an agreement were negotiated, and Dwight became her manager. The White Deer Land owners offered their approval of the arrangement, and in 1915 Dwight assumed the task of managing the JA Ranch, continuing with White Deer Lands as well as working his own Washita Ranch. Thus began an exciting and frustrating twenty-year adventure with the Panhandle's largest ranch.

Minnie's Reflections: I suspected a new venture for Dwight was opening up after we met Mrs. Adair at that lovely dinner party. What an honor to manage this prestigious ranch and work for her. I know how diligent he is in all his tasks so it worries me a little. I'm not sure how he'll manage it all, the White Deer Lands, our ranch and now the JA Ranch. I will have to keep a sharp eye on his health. It does seem like an exciting adventure. I know I'll enjoy traveling to the JA Ranch with him, it is such a charming place.

CANYON TOPOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Intrigued by the way the canyon provided a natural shelter for cattle, Colonel Charles Goodnight had convinced John Adair that the canyon was the ideal location for the JA Ranch. This canyon is the most spectacular and scenic landscape in the Panhandle of Texas. The headwaters of the Prairie Dog Town Fork of the Red River slice into the eastern Caprock escarpment of the high plains to form the canyon. Coronado's expedition had brought the first Europeans to the Palo Duro Canyon. They may have camped and rested there in the late

spring of 1541 while searching for Quivira, one of the Seven Cities of Gold, and the treasures it reputedly contained. Captain Randolph B. Marcy led the first United States expedition into the Canyon in 1852 in search of the source of the Red River.

MANAGING THE JA RANCH

Constant travel back and forth from the JA ranch and Pampa consumed the next twenty years of Dwight's life. When the Adair-Goodnight contract expired in 1882, the ranch had 93,000 acres. By the time Dwight began management of the ranch, there were 397,800 acres – 1,000 acres in cultivation, 200 acres cotton and 800 acres row crops. It had more than 400 miles of fence. The livestock count was 23,000 head of cattle (after fall deliveries) valued at approximately \$800,000 and 400 head of horses.

Fifteen camps spread across the ranch with three- or four-room houses and corrals. Each camp had a resident family. The bunkhouse included sleeping quarters for the cowboys. In the largest room, the eight single beds could be pushed aside to make room for all who came for the annual dance, which was held for all employees and their families. The dining room table accommodated up to forty people for dinner. The up-to-date kitchen included a Frigidaire system for manufacturing the ice used by the ranch for keeping the fresh beef cool.

In the headquarters office the southwest corner was partitioned off to allow space for the Palo Duro post office.⁹² Another five-room and a two-room house were also at the Headquarters. A modern garage housed two cars: a sport model touring Buick and a master six Buick sedan, plus two large trucks and a Dodge truck.

92 H. T. Burton, *A History of the J A Ranch*. A Thesis, Presented to the Faculty of the Graduate School of the University of Texas in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree of Master of Arts, June, 1927 (Austin, TX: Von Boeckman-Jones Co., 1928).

The center of managing this vast domain included storage sheds, a blacksmith shed, granaries, an electric light plant, a water plant and an office building. Fifty-six windmills and thirty supply tanks furnished the livestock with water.⁹³ All the buildings at headquarters had a telephone, and the system included 140 miles of wire.

Minnie's Reflections: This seems like a massive task. I try not to worry, but the strain of over-work on Dwight is a constant source of anxiety for me. His integrity and professionalism make him who he is, but he pushes himself so much. He drives himself to give one hundred percent to every task. I do hope his health holds out. Every time he has a cold or any sign of weakness in his lungs, I get all bothered and upset.

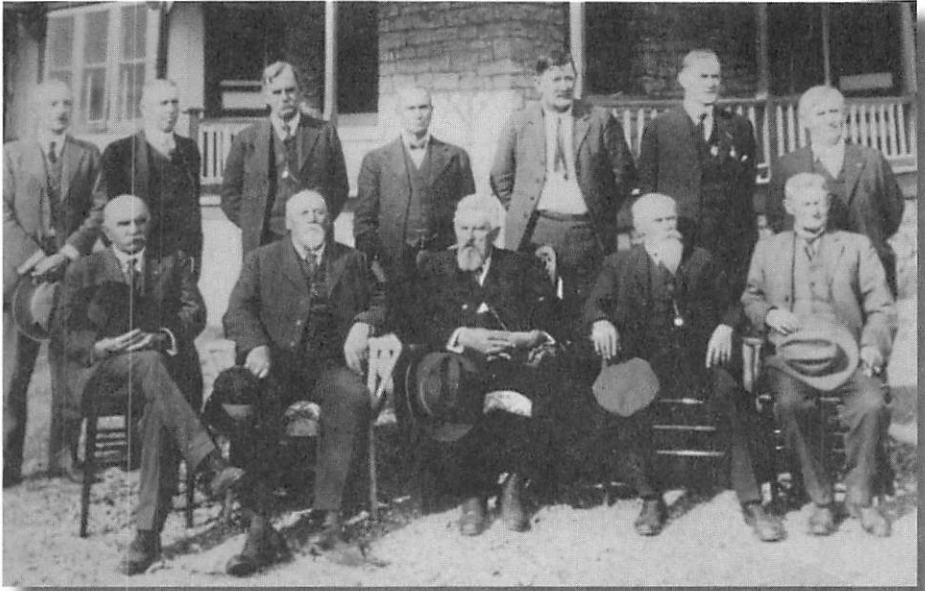
Managing the JA ranch was an intriguing challenge for Dwight. At Mrs. Adair's request, accurately determining the boundaries and securing the land titles used much of his energy. He also supervised all aspects of the cattle herd and ranch life.

Mrs. Adair had grown up in an aristocratic atmosphere far removed from the Panhandle cattle country. After her husband's death, she moved to England, but returned to Texas each fall to visit the ranch. Servants always accompanied her – her private secretary, Miss Joan Royce, one cook, and one housemaid – all from England. Dwight maintained an active partnership with Mrs. Adair as she continued to take an interest in the audits and reports. Dwight frequently sought her advice whether she was at the ranch or her home in England.⁹⁴

Minnie's Reflections: This is all so much bigger than I had imagined. I do love coming down here with Dwight. I can't come as often as he does, but it's a treat when I do. The Big House is so quiet and comfortable that I enjoy spending as much time here as possible. The colors of the canyon and plains always fill me with a sense of serenity. The canyon is a source of wonder for

93 Notes in the files at the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum.

94 *Amarillo Globe*, Amarillo, TX. Golden Anniversary Edition, 1938.



Circa early 1900s on the JA Ranch:

Left to right, sitting: Vas Stickley, T. E. Bugby, Col (Uncle Charlie) Goodnight, Capt. Arrington, Judge O. H. Nelson.

Standing: M. K. Brown, Whit Carhart, T. D. Hobart, Henry Taylor, J. W. Kent (Mgr. of JA Ranch), W. H. Patrick, John Dunn

us both when we are here, although Dwight has little time to enjoy it. When the family gathers in the music room after dinner I love to listen to the girls play the piano. My only worry in the house is the two steps down into the large bedroom upstairs. I fear falling.

“The Big Day,” a yearly festive tradition⁹⁵ at the JA Ranch drew together all the employees the night before the wagon⁹⁶ started out each summer. All the cowboys, their lady friends, farmers and families were invited to a big dinner and dancing that lasted all night. Following this event, the cowboys and the wagon were sent out to the pastures for the summer. It became a yearly tradition for the Hobart

95 The Big Day, another yearly event, not unlike the annual dance.

96 To feed the cowboys, Charles Goodnight needed a mobile kitchen. He turned an Army escort wagon into a chuck wagon and built a box on the back to carry his cook gear, pots and pans and groceries. This was the invention of the “wagon.”

family as well. Laura and Mary and their friend, Fannie Fern, often recalled wonderful times at these parties.⁹⁷

A DECADE OF TURMOIL

In 1914, the year before Dwight accepted the JA management job, Europe descended into the chaos that soon became known as “the war to end all wars.” Son Fred went to officer’s training camp and attained his commission, but when it was discovered he was only sixteen, too young to serve, he returned to work for Dwight.

Along with his two sisters, Fred received his early education under the tutelage of Mrs. B. E. Finley. He graduated from Pampa High School in 1913 at the age of fourteen and attended New Mexico Military Institute for two years before going to Fairmount College in Wichita.

In 1918 Fred rejoined the Marines. Pride filled Minnie and Dwight because they believed Fred was in a righteous struggle for the cause of humanity. Dwight wrote Fred,

“I wanted to serve my country if a crisis ever arose, but I guess I will have to pass the active part up to you. Remember you are to be privileged to have a part in the most Righteous war that any nation ever waged in the name of humanity and we hope and pray that it will be carried on until Prussian Autocracy is swept from the face of the earth. Remember also that you are working for the general good of our glorious country as well as for humanity everywhere.”⁹⁸

Luck shone on his years of service. When his regiment, the 13th Regiment, under the command of Col. Smedley Butler, shipped overseas, it was headed for the battlefield. However, as the regiment

97 Priscilla Wilson in conversation with her mother, Mary Hobart Hutchinson, daughter of Minnie and Dwight.

98 L. F. Sheffy, *The Life and Times of Timothy Dwight Hobart, 1855-1935* (Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, 1950), pp. 297-298.

crossed the ocean, the signed Armistice saved them from seeing battle action. Fred spent nine months in France and became widely known for his ability with rifle and pistol.

Minnie's Reflections: What a mix of pride and anxiety for Fred. When his ship left for France my heart nearly stopped beating. I don't think we could live through losing another son. We all rejoiced when we received word of the Armistice signing. We realized how much this would change Fred's time in France. We are so thankful to have him and so many other young men safe from fighting.

That same year influenza swept the globe in a worldwide pandemic. In the two years of its duration, a fifth of the world's population was infected. "World War I had claimed over twenty-one million lives in four years of grueling battle, yet the influenza epidemic had taken approximately the same toll in a matter of months."⁹⁹ During September and October of 1918, the pandemic attacked the Panhandle of Texas. The Hobart family lived under another lucky star, escaping the disease that afflicted many of their neighbors.

FAMILY TIMES

Minnie accompanied Dwight as often as she could as he commuted between the JA Ranch, the Washita Ranch and Pampa. A typical family trip to the JA Ranch early in the summer of 1920 began first thing in the morning by automobile. Three miles out of town, the car carrying Dwight, Minnie, Laura and Mary broke down and had to be hauled back into town for repairs. Dwight, anxious to get to the ranch, took the Fort Worth & Denver City RR noon train to Ashtola.¹⁰⁰

⁹⁹ J. A. Blithe, "The Great Flu Epidemic of 1928," *Panhandle-Plains Historical Review*, 63, p. 1.

¹⁰⁰ The Fort Worth & Denver City Railway stopped at Ashtola when Dwight became manager of the JA Ranch. The ranch extended to Ashtola, which is nineteen miles from Headquarters. We assume he took the Fort Worth & Denver City from Pampa through Amarillo to Ashtola.

As soon as the car was fixed, the women continued their trip with Mary at the steering wheel. They beat Dwight to the ranch. When he arrived, he expressed surprise to find them already watching the cowboys brand. Soon Laura and Mary were off to swim in one of the creeks, Minnie going along to watch.

Minnie's Reflection: I love going with the girls and watching them splash and swim. Too bad I never learned to swim. The girls say this is a really good water hole, clear and fairly deep. Our trips to the JA are such great family occasions. The girls take off to ride for hours. They are good riders. Riding along the river through the canyon is their favorite occupation. Laura usually rides Johnnie and Mary prefers Wagon. Fannie Fern, their best friend, who is really like another sister, loves to ride Frosty. They each claim their own horse has the smoothest and fastest gait.

They told me the wildest story the other day. One afternoon they were riding bareback to Battle Creek and discovered it in almost flood stage. They wanted to ride across, but not wanting to get their clothes wet they removed them and holding them high above their heads rode carefully across the swollen creek. Only when they reached the other side did they look up and see a lone cowboy watching them from the top of the cliff. Here they were – no clothes on – I couldn't believe it.

After the girls' early swim the next morning, Minnie, Mary and Laura drove over to the Arrington Ranch near Canadian to see their friends, Captain and Mrs. Arrington.¹⁰¹ Minnie and Dwight had first met the Arringtons in Mobeetie and had remained friends ever since. When the car got stuck in a mud hole on the way into the ranch, one of the men came by and pushed them out. A noon dinner at the Arringtons and an afternoon visit refreshed them all. The drive home got started about 6:30 p.m. with a supper stop at a café in Miami.

¹⁰¹ Texas Ranger Captain George Washington Arrington built the Arrington Lodge in 1919. The house was ordered from the Gordon-Van Tine Co. mail order catalog. They received blueprints and materials delivered by railroad, moved in pieces by wagon the last ten miles, and set up on the prairie in 1919. Today the house welcomes visitors to the remote ranch, which starred in the Tom Hanks movie *Cast Away*. www.arringtonranch.com/

By 1918, Laura and Mary were grown and leaving home. After graduating from Pampa High School, Mary spent a year at the College of Industrial Arts (C.I.A.) in Denton, Texas.¹⁰² The next year she joined Laura at Fairmount College in Wichita, Kansas. Forever full of fun, both girls were crowned the school's Miss Popularity, Laura in 1921 and Mary in 1922.¹⁰³

One day in April 1920, Dwight boarded the train for Chicago to handle his cattle business. Minnie joined him and telegraphed the girls in Wichita to expect her for a visit the next day. The girls were delighted and spent two days with their mother shopping, lunching at Innes Tea Room, seeing a movie and watching a stage show at the Wichita Theater.

*Minnie's Reflections: Being with the girls is such fun. Both Dwight and I are proud of their popularity and achievements in school. Staying with them at Branch Inn was like being a college age girl again. This is a great rooming house where they and their friends live. We sat up way too late in the night talking and talking. It was a real gift to get to know the "Branch Inn Girls."*¹⁰⁴

Both girls returned home to a Christmas Eve Day that was wonderfully warm. That evening Minnie, the girls and their friends, Ama Barnard and Fannie Fern Pope attended Pampa's annual celebration, the Christmas Tree Event. When they got back home they proceeded to open presents. Laura exclaimed over the lovely things she received - books, candy, flowers, blouse and dress from mother, stationery from dad, scarf and hat from Mary¹⁰⁵, candy from Fred, a

102 College of Industrial Arts (CIA) is now the Texas Women's University in Denton.

103 Fairmount College became Wichita State University in 1926, the year after Mary graduated.

104 The Branch Inn Girls continued regular correspondence with a Round Robin Letter until about 1984.

105 December 24, 1921, Laura's diary lists presents separately from her mother and her dad.

diary and gown from mother. And from friends: handkerchief from Margaret & Emily, embroidery bag from Fannie Fern, panties from Ama.

Another wonderful day dawned on the 25th as they celebrated Christmas. Turkey and dressing with all the fixings filled the table at the evening Christmas dinner.

Fannie Fern, Laura and Mary resolved to host a dance in the attic the following Monday. Minnie agreed with their plan but insisted they call it a party, not a dance as she didn't really approve of dances. Laura had decided when she went to college, "I'm learning to dance, whether you all say so or not." Before coming home for Christmas, Laura had heard there was a new boy in town. She asked her sister, "Mary will you get me a date with the new boy in town?"

The day before the dance, Laura and Mary cleaned house all morning. Furniture moving, sweeping, washing and decorating consumed the day. They were delighted with the results. A victrola and records borrowed from the drug store furnished the music.

Twenty young people danced away the evening. When the new boy in town (Clyde Fatheree) came to the door, he said, "You'll have to tell me which one is Laura Hobart." Laura discovered that Clyde (who became her husband five years later) was a "peach of a dancer." As the evening progressed, moving feet made the floor smoother and smoother so the dancing didn't stop until 11:30 p.m. A buffet supper served downstairs in the dining room capped the event. The next morning the girls complained about being dead tired with feet killing them.¹⁰⁶ But oh! The fun was worth it.

106 Laura and Mary Hobart 1920 diaries.



Vermont Connections

1920

10

A 1920S ROAD TRIP¹⁰⁷

At midnight on July 6, Laura and Mary boarded a rail car at the Wichita station. Their car was to be coupled during the night onto Minnie's and Dwight's train coming through from Texas. The girls lay awake half the night fearing that their parents were not on the train. Relief filled them in the morning, however, as they joined Minnie and Dwight for the all-day train ride to Chicago.

That evening all four Hobarts boarded the Wabash Rail Road at Chicago's 12th Street station about 10:30 p.m. They got to Detroit the next morning after a night of riding on some rough rails.

When they arrived in Detroit, the train travel portion of the family's two-month summer adventure was over. Arrangements had been made before leaving Texas for a new automobile to be picked up when they reached Detroit, and they looked forward to more traveling comfort for the next two months.

Fred had come earlier and planned to meet the family at Detroit's Tuller Hotel with the new car. Frustration filled them when Fred did not appear for several hours. Eventually he showed up and shared his news, "Ferry reservations to Canada are not available until tomorrow. We almost didn't get our car. I started to drive it out of the factory

107 The Vermont Road Trip comes from Mary and Laura Hobart diaries, 1920.

and they stopped me. One side of the car hadn't been painted yet, so I waited until they finished it."

Later while riding around the city, Mary agreed with Laura, "Fred doesn't know anything about driving in a city." That evening, Minnie, Laura and Mary went to see the silent movie *Sick Abed* starring Wallace Reid, one of the first male heart throbs of the silver screen.

The next morning the crowded ferry crossing the Detroit River to Windsor, Canada, seemed to take forever, especially in the oppressive heat. After crossing, they enjoyed lunch at the Essex House, then drove one hundred and fifty miles to London, Ontario. In those days, new cars had to be driven slowly to break them in. Laura and Mary did most of the driving and were delighted to discover the road was paved all the way from Hamilton, the biggest town on the way to Niagara.

They reached Niagara, Ontario, about 9:00 p.m. and, after a stop to show passports, drove to the American side on the Upper Steel Arch Bridge. The sheer size and height of the bridge was like nothing they had ever seen before.

After settling in the hotel, Fred and Mary walked down to take in the spectacular sight of the falls lit up at night. The frothing and roaring of the water shot spray and mist high into the air. The next morning, the family drove over to Goat Island in the middle of Niagara Falls between Bridal Veil Falls and Horseshoe Falls to view the Canadian Horseshoe Falls.

The drive the next day included a stop in Rochester to pick up a Marine friend of Fred's - Richard Tulle. Richard kept them company as far as Genesco, New York. Here they tried to call on Senator Wadsworth,¹⁰⁸ but no one was home. Laura and Mary expressed gratitude that more time didn't need to be consumed visiting people.

When Fred picked up the car at the automaker he had been told that after 500 miles and an oil change the car would be broken in and they could drive at a faster speed without damaging the car. So dur-

108 It was Senator Wadsworth who first wrote Dwight requesting him to manage the JA Ranch.

ing the first part of the trip, they were averaging less than 100 miles a day. Plus an hour's time had been burned up for repairs after the clutch went out. They nearly hit a passenger train coming on the other side of a freight train on the way to Oneata. A brakeman saved them by yelling to warn them.

Arriving in Lake George by late afternoon, they made a decision to spend the night and go up the lake by boat the next day. The girls labeled the Worden Hotel "a bum place" since it was about as comfortable as roughing it on a camping trip.

The two and a half hour boat trip north on Lake George, located in the foothills of the Adirondacks, was stunning. Dwight remembered what Thomas Jefferson had written about Lake George in 1791. "Lake George is without comparison, the most beautiful water I ever saw; formed by a contour of mountains into a basin ... finely interspersed with islands, its water limpid as crystal, and the mountain sides covered with rich groves ... down to the water-edge: here and there precipices of rock checker the scene and save it from monotony."

After the boat had landed at Rogers, they drove to Ticonderoga to see the fort that Ethan Allan captured during the Revolutionary War. Fort Ticonderoga, which means land between two waters, was built in a star shaped with wooden walls that were filled with dried mud. Covered with stone quarried from a nearby valley, it stands on the hill overlooking the lake. Inside the fort were several buildings, including barracks, which could hold up to 400 men, and a large powder magazine. After they had explored the fort, the ferry at Port Henry took them across the southern end of Lake Champlain to Vermont.

The New Sherwood Hotel in Burlington was their last stop before Minnie and Dwight's hometown of Berlin. Minnie telephoned her brother Ferrand to expect them for lunch in Berlin the next day. That night Fred suggested a dance. The young folks danced away the evening at south Burlington's Queen City Park Common Dance Hall near Shelburne Bay.

Minnie's Reflections: It will be good to get to Berlin after this long ten day trip. How amazing and relaxing it has been to experience riding on such good roads and catching sight of such beautiful scenery. It has all been so different from the browns of the Panhandle in July. One of us has commented on the smooth as glass roads nearly every mile of the journey. After our roads at home of dust and bumps it has surprised us all to be on "good" paved roads. The girl's excellent driving skills and Fred's navigation has allowed Dwight and I to relax and just enjoy the scenery. What a pleasure for Dwight and I to sit back and be in the capable hands of our children. We have enjoyed each other's company so much. The girl's impatience with stopping to see people along the way was somewhat surprising. I was glad though that we could stop in Buffalo to visit Aunt Arrie's sister. Brother Fred's wife, Arrie [Arrietta Clark Warren] is a delight and her sister is equally delightful.

FRIENDS AND FAMILY IN VERMONT¹⁰⁹

A late start from Burlington on July 16 meant a 1:30 p.m. arrival in Berlin. The family stayed at Ella's empty house. Ella, Minnie's sister, had died in November, 1919.

Minnie's Reflections: It is still difficult to realize my parents and sisters are no more. I wish they had lived to see the Nineteenth Amendment pass this year. Mother particularly would have enjoyed giving women the right to vote. It is hard to believe that my sister Lizzie has been gone forty-one years; Mother died twelve years ago, and Ella last year. Maybe I won't ever get over missing them. Ella hasn't been dead even a year yet, and this is the first time at her home since her death. The girls commented about how it surely seems queer without Ella here.

A mix of work and play occupied each member of the family for the next six weeks. Minnie and Dwight had a variety of practical reasons for returning to Vermont. Dwight still owned his family's

109 Ibid. Diaries, 1920.

home. He had provided financial care for his mother, Caroline, until her death in 1898, and for his two sisters, Elizabeth (Lizzie) and Clara, for the rest of their lives. He had for his also purchased Minnie's homestead from the Warren estate.

Lizzie and Clara were still living in the Hobart family home. After seeing them, Laura commented to Mary, "Aunt Clara is terrible, can hardly walk and Aunt Lizzie seems full of trouble. Riding in the automobile seemed to jolt and displease Aunt Lizzie but Clara had fun."

The pine grove drew much of Dwight's attention. His love of trees had developed during his boyhood as he watched the growth of pines on his old home place. A small white pine that Dwight's father had discovered when he was a boy had grown into a large tree by the time Dwight reached manhood. A thicket of small pines had sprung up as a result of the scattering of burrs from this one tree.

Dwight's life-long hobby of planting trees developed from these early experiences. Through the years this hobby resulted in over 100,000 trees being planted on the two Vermont properties. His love of trees also produced over 50,000 trees on their Washita Ranch in Texas.¹¹⁰ Dwight pioneered in getting forestry work started in Texas and led in this work in Vermont.¹¹¹ He savored his membership in the American Forestry Association and studied all the literature he could find on the subject.

In mid-August, Laura drove Fred to Montpelier to ask the state forester to come out to the farms to examine the woods. Checking out the trees, the forester declared, "The elms on your property are two of the largest trees in Vermont. One is seventy feet high before there are any limbs and is over ten feet where it comes out of the ground."

Each Sunday the family attended the Congregational Church at "the Corner," as Berlin Corners was known. Minnie and Dwight loved attending the church of their childhood again. They had continued

110 L. F. Sheffy, *The Life and Times of Timothy Dwight Hobart, 1855-1935* (Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, 1950), p. 300.

111 *Ibid.* p. 299.

financial support through the years and still considered the pew where they sat "their pew." They often saw their old friends, Henry Perrin and Charles Crandall, at church and were pleased to meet Charles' wife.

The minister, Rev. Blomfield's son, preached the sermon one Sunday and came to the Warren house for dinner afterward. Minnie's brother Ferrand (who never married) lived at the Warren house with his housekeeper, Mrs. Frishy. Following dinner, the parlor, which usually remained closed, was opened, and Mary played the piano for them all. Darkness had fallen by the time they returned home to Ella's house that evening.

DWIGHT'S WORK

Laura and Mary chauffeured Dwight as he attended to his business affairs in Montpelier or Barre. They usually stayed in town for lunch, returning to the house about 4:30 or 5:00. They spent their time waiting for their papa by riding around, sitting in the park and reading or shopping for fabric to sew clothes. Some days they muttered, "We are tired of waiting for Papa."

One day after driving Dwight into Montpelier, they tried to buy riding habits but didn't find any. While signing in at the ladies room in the store, which was the style in the nicer stores at the time, they were surprised to hear a woman exclaim, "I know the Hobarts." They discovered the woman was a cousin of Uncle Gardners.¹¹²

The family kept the cars busy most of the time ... the Buick they purchased in Detroit and a Ford that Ella's husband, Garner Dustin, had purchased shortly before his death in 1913. Laura and Mary chauffeured Dwight in the Buick and Fred used the Ford to go to Aunt Lizzie's to help with the haying.

One day they all decided to go to Worcester, about twelve miles north of Berlin, as Dwight had to see Mr. Chase on business. It was a lovely drive past rivers and brooks, but it rained a lot and the road

112 Gardner Dustin, husband of Minnie's sister, Ella.

became slick. On the return to Berlin their frustration bubbled up as the car slid and refused to climb the muddy hill. A different route home was necessary, which delayed the time of their arrival home.

FAMILY PLAY

The large stand of pines behind Dwight's family house that he protected over the years became the family's favorite place to hike. Exploring the hills and pinewoods was like entering another world of dappled sunlight and soft whooshing music as the wind gently blew the pine boughs overhead. Laura and Mary often went raspberrying there. They also went up in the woods to look for the forget-me-nots Mary had planted four years earlier.¹¹³ They found several plants scattered along the brook. They loved these walks through the woods and often saw partridge and fox.

Swimming was one of Fred, Laura and Mary's favorite occupations, and the North Shore Beach in Burlington became a popular destination. The Mill, closer to home, was another favorite swimming hole. The rapids were so swift it was often hard to stand. Taking pictures of each other trying to stand in the water was "lots of fun and dandy with the current awfully strong."

Minnie, Laura and Mary also called on friends frequently: Mrs. Lowe and her sister; Warren Lowe; Mrs. Peter and Carmen; Mary Perrins; Mrs. Harry Lorne and her sister Ella.

As often as they could, Laura and Mary drove into Montpelier to see a movie. One outstanding movie in their opinion was *Happiness a la Mode* with Constance Talmadge, a frothy comedy-drama.¹¹⁴

Both fun and frustration erupted when Fred, Laura and Mary went fishing. One morning they got up at 4:00 and fished until after 7:00 without catching a thing. However, three trout that their neighbor, Mr. Bean, gave them furnished breakfast.

113 During a 1977 visit to Vermont, fifty-seven years later, Mary persuaded her daughter, Priscilla, to join her in hunting for those same forget-me-nots. They were not found.

114 Before television, movies were frequently an entertainment of choice.

One evening they went fishing about 7:30 and again had caught nothing by 9:00. They tried another night of fishing, and Fred finally caught a trout weighing one and a half pounds. Though excited at such a beauty, disappointment set in, as that was the only catch of the night. They finally broke the losing streak when they fished Bontwell Pond where they had keen luck. Mary caught six fairly good-sized fish, Laura caught five and Fred caught twelve. Finally, some good fishing.

SORTING CLOTHES AND STUFF

Minnie's summer plan was to reduce staff at both the Warren and Hobart houses as well as sort through clothes and furniture. Early in August, Minnie, Laura and Mary invited their friends Mrs. Peter and Carmen to ride to Burlington with them to consult with a furrier about some fur coats and collars they had found in the Warren house.

A week later they drove back to Burlington, and Minnie asked Warren Lowe's mother, Clara, to go. They took the fur coats to the furrier to be cleaned, repaired and styled. He restored a brown seal coat for Laura, two grey squirrel muffs, a collar, a seal muff and a red squirrel cape for Minnie and for Mary a muff and collar.

BOSTON PREP

Near the end of August, a family planning pow-wow sparked Minnie and Laura to go on the train the next day to Boston. Laura planned to attend Simmons College in Boston that fall, and they wanted to find a suitable room for her. Having graduated from Fairmount College in Wichita that spring, she wanted to further her education with a year's business course.

The trip started with a bump. Minnie and Laura nearly missed the train, and when they got to Boston they discovered a national dentist convention had filled every hotel. Finally they located a dinky room at the Bellevue Hotel. After walking all over, they went to a movie. Boston's curving and angling streets were like none of the straight streets they knew in other places.

The next morning Minnie and Laura finally found Simmons College¹¹⁵ on the Fenway in the heart of Boston. In the meeting with the assistant dean, they received a list of references for rooms. After walking the college neighborhood and checking several rooming houses, they rented a comfortable room with a large closet and fireplace for Laura's school year. That business taken care of, they went to the art museum, lunch and a musical comedy, *Little Whopper*. After the show, Minnie and Laura took the streetcar back downtown for some shopping.

By the time they left Boston, their feet were sore, their legs were tired and their energy had sunk to a low ebb. But although they were tired and hungry, they could not eat much on the train as they had run out of money. Even though they had seats in the parlor car, it seemed like a long and dirty ride to Montpelier where Fred met them to drive them home.

While Minnie and Laura were gone, the rest of the family had moved all the upstairs furniture downstairs in Ella's house. They spent their last night at the Warren house with Uncle Ferrand.

THE TRIP TOWARD HOME

More summer adventures still lay ahead. The next morning the Hobarts started on the road to Philadelphia to see Minnie's brother, Fred, and his wife, Arrie. The first day they drove over two hundred miles with lunch at Windsor and an overnight stay in Hartford, Connecticut. The second day, Minnie and Dwight hoped lunch at a nice little tea room eighteen miles from Bridgeport would be cheap, but were flabbergasted at the price of \$2.50 per person.

They avoided driving in the main part of New York City by crossing the Hudson River on the Dyckman Street Ferry, which crossed between Dyckman Street and Englewood, New Jersey. When this

115 By 1899, Simmons College offered women a pioneering liberal arts education integrated with professional work experience. www.simmons.edu/overview/history/index.html

ferry had commenced operating in 1915, the fare was three cents, but it had been increased to five cents by 1920.

A New Jersey couple they met in Hartford was also on the ferry and guided them toward the road to Trenton. After a big detour, they spent the night in Princeton. A walk around the green and luscious campus of Princeton University refreshed them all. The beauty of the towering trees and stately colonial buildings filled them with a sense of gratification for life.

Nasty weather with drizzly rain confronted them the next morning and caused confusion as they left Princeton. After getting lost several times, they entered the Philadelphia slums in the thickest traffic. At one point their car got stuck in the streetcar track. Frustration overcame them all. Finally, Uncle Fred met and guided them to his little bungalow sixteen miles north of the city in Oreland. Their spirits were revived as they walked in his gardens of beautiful flowers. However, Minnie expressed concern for Aunt Arrie, who looked very weak and frail.

The next day, with sixteen hundred miles stretching out before them, Minnie, Dwight, Fred and Mary began the long drive back to Texas. Laura stayed with Uncle Fred and Aunt Arrie until the beginning of her classes at Simmons in September.

Minnie's Reflections: It is painful to leave Laura so far from home. Even though they have all been away to college, it hasn't seemed far with our easy train connections. What a treat it has been to be together for the summer. I will miss this close companionship. Since our children are grown adults now, I appreciate that this has been a rare treat.



Celebrations at Home

1921

11

84TH BIRTHDAY DINNER AT JA RANCH

The following spring the celebration of Mrs. Cornelia Adair's eighty-fourth birthday was a festive event. All her employees and their families gathered at the JA headquarters for a bounteous dinner served at 2:30 p.m. in the ranch mess. The meal, prepared by the mess hall chief, Mr. Carlson, assisted by Mrs. Carlson and Mr. Tucker, consisted of all the things the ranch was noted for: beef roast, turkey and dressing, boiled ham, creamed potatoes, sweet potatoes smothered in marshmallows, fresh beans, celery, several kinds of pickles, stuffed and unstuffed olives, fruit salad, iced tea, milk, coffee, several kinds of pies, and cake and ice cream.

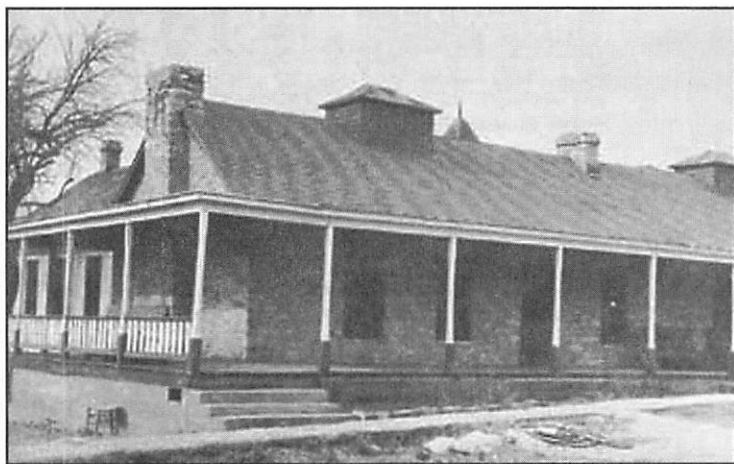
Mrs. Adair presided, much to the pleasure of these faithful friends, who had been so closely identified with her interests for many years. The table groaned under great quantities of roses, lilies and carnations, which were a gift to Mrs. Adair from her employees. Dwight expressed a tribute of high esteem, which conveyed the feelings of all present.

After the dinner a special photograph was taken of Mrs. Adair surrounded by all the men in her employ. Later another photo was taken of the ladies of the ranch, also with Mrs. Adair.



Mrs. Adair and employees on her 84th birthday¹¹⁶

As the evening drew on, the large bunk-room was cleared, and soon dancing commenced. The festivities extended so far into the small hours that day was breaking when the final set was finished.¹¹⁷



The JA bunk house¹¹⁸

116 Photo in JA Ranch display at the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum, 2007.

117 "Dinner at the JA Ranch." Clarendon newspaper, April, 1921.

118 Photo in JA Ranch display at the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum, 2007.

CHAUTAUQUA

A different kind of celebration took place when the Chatauqua¹¹⁹ came to Pampa the first of August that year. Minnie expressed interest in the show, but Laura, Mary and Fannie Fern were more interested in the cast. While horse-back riding with the male quartet the first afternoon the show was in town, Laura made friends with the manager, Mr. White. The show planned to be in Pampa all week.

Chatauqua singers, a man and two women, plus a lecture were on the program for Pampa's second night. Dr. Armitage, a ventriloquist, performed some crazy stunts the next evening. Laura watched Mr. White, the manager, each day and adored his smile, all the while ignoring her dad's displeasure at her seeing him.

The third morning Laura rode her horse, Eagle, by the tent. Mr. White and she chatted a while, and he made a date with her for ice cream after the show. Laura convinced Fannie Fern and Mary to come along on the date. When Dwight discovered what was going on, he became furious and set off for the drug store to bring Laura home.

Minnie's Reflections: What a relief when we got Laura home this evening without any unpleasantness. Laura going to the drugstore with that stranger didn't bother me, but Dwight was so upset. When I saw him turn to go back to the drugstore after putting a pistol in his pocket I at once ran out and cried, "let me go too."

He didn't object at all. I tried not to look surprised when he said yes to my plan for me to go into the drugstore while he sat quietly in the car. I

119 The Chatauqua experience began in a small town in New York in 1874 when a Methodist minister and a local manufacturer decided to provide a group of Sunday School teachers with education and inspiration. Chatauqua is the Indian name for "lake tied in the middle," which described the lake near the village of Chatauqua, NY. The idea spread, and the Chatauqua became a time of cultural tent shows in communities across the United States. By the early 1900s, touring tent shows featured lectures, music and drama on the Chatauqua circuit. The hymn tune "Chatauqua" grew out of the music and became known over the years as the hymn "Day Is Dying in the West."

*sauntered nonchalantly in the door and over to their table. They asked me to sit down with them, which I did. We visited and after a time I said, "Well, isn't it time to go?" They at once replied, "Yes" and I said "our car is out there." The boy disappeared and it was all very pleasant. It all seems so funny. Laura was annoyed because Dwight was afraid people would talk. She was so disgusted she was practically pouting ... which she never does.*¹²⁰

120 . Story told in a letter from Minnie to Mary, Mary 4, 1948.



New Responsibilities

1921-1923

12

DEATH ACCELERATES CHANGE

Life turned a corner when Mrs. Adair died in England on September 22, 1921. Minnie and Dwight, who were in Vermont at the time, rushed home immediately upon receiving the news, arriving by train in Pampa the morning of September 26. By noon that day, they were driving to Clarendon for her memorial service.

Mrs. Adair had appointed Dwight and her lawyer, Henry C. Coke of Dallas, to serve as her executors without bond upon her death. Henry Coke had been the ranch's Texas legal counsel since the early 1890s.¹²¹ She granted the two men absolute authority to handle the property and dispose of it. The will stipulated that the property be sold as soon after her death as possible and that the proceeds go to the persons and institutions enumerated in her will. It especially stated that it not be sold until "The Executors think they are getting a satisfactory price for it." Cornelia wasn't interested in leaving the ranch to her son. For the rest of his life, Dwight tried to find buyers for the JA Ranch, but was unsuccessful.¹²²

121 B. Bryon Price, "Surviving Drought and Depression: The JA Ranch in the 1930s," *Panhandle-Plains Historical Review*, LXXV, 2002, p. 1.

122 Dwight's decision not to split up the ranch for speculators or to sell it at a reduced price saved the ranch for the family owners, Cornelia Adair's grandson, Montgomery H. Wadsworth Ritchie and his daughter, Nina.

Mrs. Adair's estate included properties on both sides of the Atlantic. Complications related to the number of beneficiaries, undivided properties and the tax demands in England, Ireland and the United States added mountains of responsibilities to Dwight's already overflowing plate.¹²³

This tedious, at times nerve-racking work dragged on for the next fourteen years. Dwight focused on achieving a settlement of the estate that would be satisfactory to all from the largest to the smallest inheritor. At the same time he struggled to carry out a trust imposed upon him by his loyal friend, Mrs. Adair.¹²⁴ As these great concerns plagued Dwight, he wrote Mr. Coke, "I wish very much we had it off our hands."

Minnie's Reflections: What a tragic circumstance, Dwight loved working with Mrs. Adair. He will sorely miss her counsel. In the need to sell the JA Ranch I shiver to think of him finding buyers and handling all the tax implications. How he will manage to convert her properties to cash to pay all the inheritors I can't imagine. I fear they will be after him like a pack of hounds. I continually worry about his health when he is working so hard.

JA RANCH HOUSE PARTY¹²⁵

During the time Dwight managed the JA Ranch, house parties several times a year became a tradition for the young Hobarts. Laura and Mary treasured these house parties, and the memories remained some of the most enjoyable in their lives. For the 1921 three-day after-Christmas house party the gang, friends from Pampa, started

123 H. T. Burton, *A History of the J A Ranch*. A Thesis, Presented to the Faculty of the Graduate School of the University of Texas in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree of Master of Arts, June, 1927 (Austin, TX: Von Boeckman-Jones Co., 1928).

124 *The Cattleman*, Fort Worth, TX, October, 1952, Volume XXXIX - No. 5, p. 56.

125 1922 diaries of Laura Hobart and Mary Hobart.



Mr. J. W. Kent (JA Superintendent) and dogs on the range

for the ranch about 10:30 a.m. Clinton Henry¹²⁶, Clyde Fatheree, Jeff McMurtry,¹²⁷ Fannie Fern Pope, and Laura drove down in Clinton's car. Minnie rode in the sedan with Mary, Ama, Fred, Frank McMordie and Clyde Meade. After lunch in Clarendon, they picked up another friend from Pampa who had moved to Clarendon, Beulah Baird.

As they drove onto the ranch, peaks, red canyons and clumps of green cedars broke up the horizontal lines of the brown landscape. Arrival at the JA Ranch coincided with dinner. After dinner, the holiday mood filled the air as the young people danced and played cards until midnight.

Following breakfast the next morning, Minnie and the gang of young people drove over to Clinton Henry's ranch, seeing ducks, geese and two eagles on the way. Clinton cooked a great dinner, and they all danced and played cards before returning to JA headquarters. Talking and singing filled the time before supper. Afterward more dancing, playing cards and playing a funny game went on until 10:00 p.m.

¹²⁶ Clinton Henry served as bookkeeper at the ranch and also managed some of the ranch land. As mentioned, he built one of the first chuck wagons used by the cowboys.

¹²⁷ Jeff McMurtry, a friend who lived in Pampa at the time, later became the father of author Larry McMurtry.

*Mary Hobart, Fannie Fern Pope,
Laura Hobart*



Mary and Fannie Fern by JA's Palo Duro Post Office

Dwight, busy with ranching chores, stayed behind, but the rest of the crowd started early the next morning for a picnic at Hard Scrabble Rock. Fannie Fern, Ama, Clyde and Laura had a keen ride over on horseback – about six miles. Minnie and the others went with Mr. J. W. Kent, the JA superintendent, in the Hobarts' car. After a grand picnic lunch, they hiked and climbed hills.

Minnie's Reflections: These house parties are enchanting times. Laura, Mary and I had time to talk awhile after dinner. They all have so much pep and fun. Clinton was pure crazy with his jokes and laughter. This group acts so silly when they are engaged in fun. They danced and played cards until late again tonight. Mary confessed to me that Jeff actually got wild and kissed her. She said this made her sore, but she was more surprised than mad, I think.

Everyone slept late the last morning of the house party. After breakfast Jeff, Mary, Fred, Beulah, Clyde and Laura rode horseback to Mitchell Peak and down to the cave. Coming back Mary, Jeff and Laura raced their horses. Laura won, but she was sure that Jeff was holding his horse back.

Minnie's Reflections: We all hated to leave – even I could have stayed a few more days. I can tell by all the chatter and exuberance that these were wonderful days and they say they had “keen” rides. Mary told me she had a peach of a horseback ride this last morning. Dwight is so generous in allowing Fred, Laura and Mary to come here with their friends. I worry about his working so hard, but I’m glad the young people have a place like this to come to...they do enjoy it so much. Dwight is wonderful to provide such fun for the young people. These are really awful roads and the driving is hard. We were all ready for bed tonight when we returned home – awfully lame and tired.

SIGNS OF CHANGE

The first aeroplane landed in Pampa early in August 1922. For \$5.00 a person the pilot offered to give anyone a ride. The Hobarts had heard about aeroplanes for several years, but never seen one. Laura’s friend, Annie, bragged, “Eunice and I met the pilot last night and he offered to take us up for a ride.” With mounting inquisitiveness, Laura and Mary rode their horses out to the field to catch a glimpse of the aeroplane. Eunice and Annie Laurie had just arrived with the pilot in Annie’s car, and he took them up free. Laura exclaimed,

“What fun! Let’s ride back to town and ask Dad if we can go up in the plane.”

Much to their surprise Dwight consented, so all four of them, Dwight, Minnie, Laura and Mary, rushed back out to the field. After the girls’ scenic ride, Minnie and Dwight also went up in the aeroplane.

Minnie’s Reflections: My, even at age sixty-four I can say that was keen. We all agreed we’d love to fly a lot. I don’t know when or if we will have the chance, but it sure was a great experience. I suspect people will fly a lot in the future. Pampa looked so pretty, all laid out in little blocks, it was like looking at one of Dwight’s large maps. I was surprised how our house looked like a sentinel standing guard beyond the west edge of town. The flat land of many shades of brown, seemed to stretch forever into the distance.

1923 EVENTS

1923, a year of varied events, moved through Minnie’s sixty-fourth year, leaving many pegs full of memories.

In mid-March 1923, Minnie and Laura relished their time together as they drove to Amarillo in Fred’s roadster for some shopping, lunch and a show. But the otherwise lovely day turned dark and gloomy as they drove home in the late afternoon. Looking to the northwest of the Panhandle, they watched as an appalling cloud billowed higher and darker. Laura convinced Minnie, “We can beat it home if we hurry,” but fourteen miles later, the cloud broke like a savage beast in a terrible dust storm.

They had no visibility as they entered the town of White Deer, so they turned into a garage for shelter. The owner, Bob McCoy, insisted they stay all night. The air had turned dreadfully cold with the storm, and Minnie and Laura thought they might freeze during the night in McCoy’s little house. By morning the storm had blown away, the sky was as blue as a robin’s egg, and the sun was brilliant. After expressing a heartfelt thank-you to Bob McCoy, they drove the remaining fifteen miles home.

A couple of weeks later, Minnie responded to her friend Sallie Arrington's call when she needed help.¹²⁸ Captain Arrington, who suffered from arthritis, made frequent train trips to Mineral Wells, Texas, and its healing hot baths from a local spring that had medicinal waters. On March 30 he suffered a heart attack while enjoying a hot bath. After they rushed him home, Sallie telephoned Minnie for assistance in caring for the Captain. However, he died on March 31 before Minnie reached the Arrington ranch. On April 1, Easter Sunday, Fred and Dwight drove down to the Arringtons' for the afternoon to help with the arrangements and returning April 3rd for the funeral. Captain Arrington was buried in the cemetery at Mobeetie.¹²⁹ Later Dwight arranged for a monument of Vermont granite at the gravesite to honor the Captain.¹³⁰

Minnie's Reflections: I'm so glad to be back home ... a day later than Dwight and Fred. I am exhausted, but pleased that I could help Sallie and the children. I think my being there was a support for them. I responded as fast as possible when Sallie called. Left about noon from Pampa and arrived at their ranch only to find out the Captain had died at 3:15 p.m. Captain Arrington's arthritis has been so painful and I know he has thought the mineral baths were a healing relief. Since Captain and Sallie were active in civic affairs in Canadian so many years plus his service as sheriff of Wheeler County – it is no wonder that so many people came to pay their respects. I was about all in, but glad I could be there to help. Sally seemed most grateful for our

128 The Arrington ranch house was built in 1918 by Texas Ranger Captain George Washington Arrington on 643 acres of ranchland in Hemphill County, which included the headwaters of the Washita River. Arrington was sheriff of Wheeler County, TX, from January 1, 1883, to December 31, 1889, with headquarters in Mobeetie. It was here that the Hobarts and Arringtons became friends.

129 www.arringtonranch.com/history.htm

130 Interview, Mrs. T. D. Hobart to L. F. Sheffy, in Pampa, TX, February 20, 1937, Interview Files, Research Center, Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum, Canyon, TX.

friendship in a time like this. I was thankful that Captain Arrington reached home before he died.

In April, Minnie faithfully attended an eight-day revival meeting in Pampa ... with meetings both morning and night. A tabernacle-type building was erected near the school for the revival. After the meeting one evening, all the men with cars took off to hunt for three lost little girls. Minnie was pleased when she learned that a couple of the men found the girls four miles from town. It turned out that the girls, just kids – ten and twelve years old – were running away, not lost.

An August event that year changed the government of the country and caused everyone to pause in their everyday routines.

Minnie's Reflections: I was so surprised when I saw the flags at half-mast down town today (August 3). One of the men in the store told me that President Harding died last night about 7:30 in San Francisco. He has been ill with pneumonia but was improving and died suddenly of a heart attack. I felt very sad for his family and for the country.

On August 8th Minnie and Mary hosted an engagement announcement party for Laura and Clyde Fatheree at the Hobart house. They created little individual corsages with Laura's and Clyde's names on a heart-shaped card tucked in the flowers and brought them in to the guests with the dessert. Afterwards the eight young women gathered on the lawn looking like colorful flowers in front of the trees. Minnie captured the moment on film.

Correction: In the story on page 125, Arthur Rankin is the student who lived in the Hobart attic while attending high school in Pampa. The name printed in the story on page 125 is incorrect. It was not Otto Mangold. Carol Lawley, Arthur Rankin's daughter, confirmed this story.



Laura's engagement party:

The woman in the center standing is Ama Barnard, the two on the right are Mary Hobart and Fannie Fern Pope. The others we believe are Cassie Ledrick, Berenice, Nina, and Jeta

Minnie's Reflections: Where have the years gone? The days spin by faster and faster. It doesn't seem possible that Laura and Clyde are engaged. She is twenty-four years old. She is grown, but the girls still seem like my "little girls." She did look lovely today and seems so happy. All her girl friends expressed surprise by the announcement. I do think Clyde will be a very good husband.

Minnie and Dwight always kept an eye out for ways to be of help to those in need. That year, they gave assistance to a young student, Otto Mangold, by offering him housing during the school year. Otto lived north of Pampa on his parents' farm, too far to make it into town for high school every day. He couldn't afford to rent a room in town, so Minnie suggested that Otto live in their attic and earn his keep by milking their cow. The first night Otto stayed at the Hobarts a dreadful thunder and lightning storm swept through the area. Lightning struck the barn, burned it down and killed the cow. Otto stayed on anyway, and after finishing his schooling became a teacher.



*Canadian River Breaks Railroad Bridge*¹³¹

THE CANADIAN RIVER FLOOD

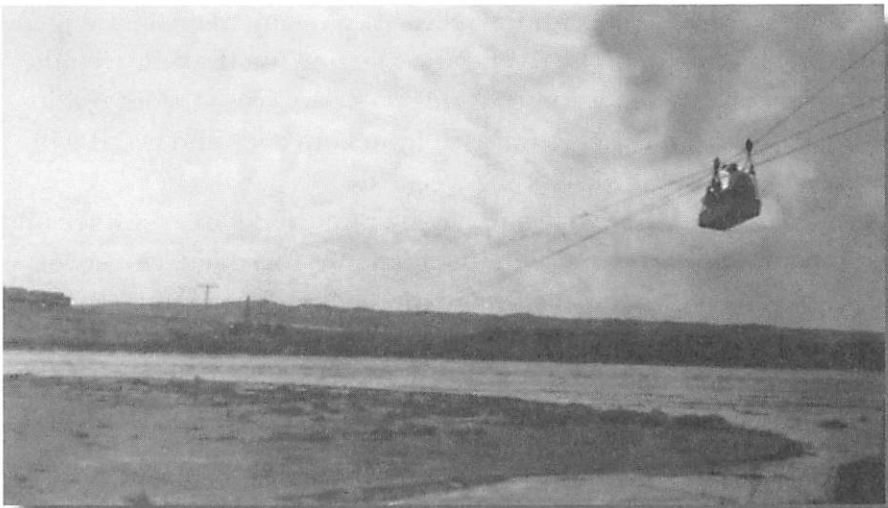
Usually scheduling train travel across the country proceeded routinely, but while arranging their annual trip to Vermont in the fall of 1923, Minnie and Dwight ran into a snag. Fred had decided to go to Vermont with them, but left a couple of days early to take care of cattle business in Nebraska. The three planned to meet in Chicago and continue on to Vermont together.

In spite of unusual and continuing heavy rains, Fred caught the train in Pampa on Friday, October 5. The day before he left, the Canadian newspaper had reported that high water from the rains was backed up on the meadow between the railroad and the highway. The water was threatening to carry away the approach on the north end of the bridge. Indeed, a section of the railroad bridge did sweep downstream in the swollen Canadian River the day Fred left. This is a river that "only two or three times has had enough water to even cover the bed of the river, and then only a few hours at a time. But the new current dug a channel on the north side and turned the river into a raging torrent. By Saturday night there were several hundred feet of piling on the Santa Fe Railroad Bridge gone."¹³²

131 Canadian River flood photos from River Valley Pioneer Museum, Canadian, TX.

132 The Canadian Record, Canadian, Hemphill County, TX, October 11, 1923.

The county officials enlisted the services of Henry Phillips, a local engineer, to string a metal cable across the river to the north bank, and put a traveling basket on it. By afternoon Phillips transported people, a few at a time, over the new one-hundred-and-fifty-foot wide river via cable. Fred was one of the first to go across in this basket transport. The newspaper editor rode over the river in the basket that evening in order to report the experience in his newspaper. By then, Mr. Phillips had already transported some two hundred passengers across the gap.



Basket transport over the Canadian River

Minnie and Dwight, delayed by the flood, were trying to determine when they could leave. Frustrated with the holdup, Minnie struggled deciding whether to leave her suitcase packed. She finally chose to hang up her two best dresses and leave the rest of her clothes in the suitcase. Four days later, they traveled to Canadian anticipating they too could take this unusual means of basket transport across the river. However, when they got to Canadian they discovered that the

cable-drawn basket had been shut down. The river waters were too high to ensure its safety.

Meanwhile, at home in Pampa, Laura and Mary assumed their folks had arrived in Canadian, had crossed the river on the cable and were safely on their way to Vermont. However, Minnie telephoned Mary after their arrival in Canadian. Mary shared the report with her sister, "The folks were supposed to cable across the river today, but they couldn't because the water was so high."¹³³

Minnie and Dwight checked into the hotel in Canadian and tried to keep a lid on their exasperation. Earlier in the week the newspaper stated, "It was impossible for the railroad company to do anything toward rebuilding until the river ceased tearing out the dump on the north of the river. But by Tuesday the pile driver was at work putting the track back in. Work goes forward from both ends and trains will be running again at the last of the week."¹³⁴

Two days later they were still having rainy and nasty weather, and Dwight and Minnie were still in Canadian. By Tuesday, October 16, the train crossed the Santa Fe Bridge for the first time in more than a week, and Dwight's and Minnie's journey finally continued - eight days later than planned. An uneventful train ride on to Vermont completed their journey to New England.

Minnie's Reflections: I am so relieved I didn't know Fred took that basket transport until after he was safely across the river. My mind would have been filled with worry even though Fred is twenty-five years old. At the thought of us going across in the basket, I had a lot more courage even thinking about it because Fred had already done it and was safe and sound. When we considered the prospect of crossing the river in that basket I decided to just pray and think of it as an adventure.

133 Diary, Mary Hobart, October 12, 1923.

134 *The Canadian Record*, October 13, 1923.

For three weeks Minnie and Dwight enjoyed their stay in the home place in Berlin, visiting friends and relatives and handling business matters. Other highlights of their time in Vermont included hikes in the pine woods, worship at the First Congregational Church at Berlin Corners, a visit to the Berlin Corners Cemetery where many of their ancestors were buried and simply enjoying the peaceful vistas of the Green Mountains.

Dwight returned to Texas alone by train on Tuesday, November 6. Minnie journeyed to Philadelphia and stayed another three weeks to keep house for her widowed brother, Fred.¹³⁵ Two days before Thanksgiving, Minnie returned home again to Pampa.

Minnie's Reflections: As always, it is such a relief to be home. I have true thanksgiving in my heart every time I am safely home. I was glad I could spend those three weeks with Fred. He has only had a couple of years living without Arri, but he still misses her very much. Being a widower is hard for him.

¹³⁵ Fred was secretary treasurer for Barbour Asphalt Paving Co. in Kansas City. He had retired in Philadelphia. His wife, Arrietta H. Clark, died in 1921 at the age of seventy-one.



Dramatic Changes

1924-1928

13

TRAVELING TO ENGLAND¹³⁶

Dwight scheduled a trip to England in the summer of 1924 to try to resolve the many issues with Mrs. Adair's inheritors. This time he invited Minnie to accompany him, and she looked forward to the trip. A letter from Uncle Ferrand urged Laura and Mary to come east to New England for the summer. They were both wild to go, so Dwight and Minnie finalized plans for everyone.

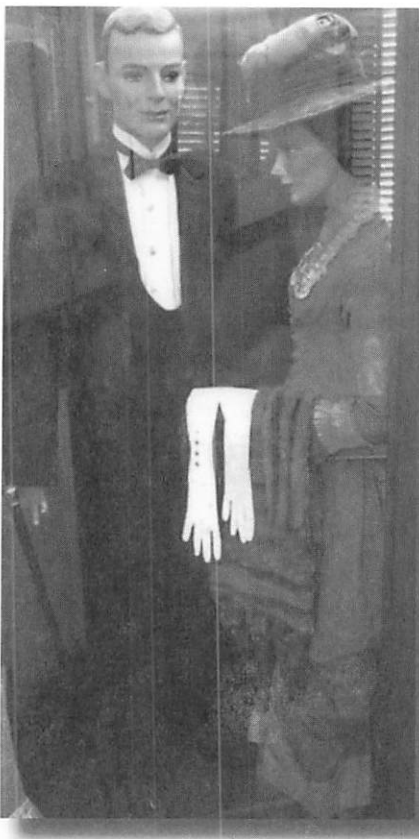
Laura and Mary caught the train to Massachusetts in late June. During a layover in Chicago, they both indulged in a marcel hair-do.¹³⁷ Uncle Ferrand and chauffeur later met them in Boston, and as they drove out to Ballardvale Mary remarked, "the land sure looks New Englandy." Uncle Ferrand owned a camp northwest of Boston, just outside Lowell, Massachusetts, which overlooked a branch of the Shawsheen River. The girls spent the summer canoeing, swimming, seeing old friends, exploring Boston and revisiting Simmons College.

In the meantime, Minnie and Dwight sailed for England on July 4 after a brief stop in Boston to see the girls.

136 1924 Diaries of Laura Hobart and Mary Hobart.

137 A short-cut hairstyle characterized by deep regular waves made by a heated curling iron, popular in the 1920s and associated with the flappers.

Minnie's Reflections: It was so good to see the girls before we sailed. Their marcelled hair surprised me ... though it does make them look quite stylish. I'm pleased they can stay in the East with Ferrand while we are away. I am excited to be making this trip with Dwight. I love time with him and he is usually so busy. Hopefully my companionship will be a support for him.



A letter to the girls from Minnie written on board ship reported a fine voyage though very cool, with lots of icebergs spotted. It reminded Minnie of the Panhandle plain's sea of grass when she came to Texas as a bride thirty-six years earlier. She marveled how strange, and yet reminiscent, it seemed to see nothing but water and an occasional iceberg for days on end.

By the end of July, Uncle Ferrand received a letter from Minnie also. Another long letter arrived for Laura and Mary from their mother on August 1. Minnie described wonderful events, including dining with Lady Dartry¹³⁸ and other Ladies, Lords and Sirs. Minnie painted a picture of gay times with much entertainment. She noted that she and Dwight hoped to go to Scotland and Paris before sailing home.

*Dwight's and Minnie's dress clothes for England*¹³⁹

138 The Countess of Dartry was a dear friend of Cornelia Adair. M. K. Brown, Introduction, *My Diary by Cornelia Adair* (Austin & London: University of Texas Press, 1965), p. xx.

139 Exhibit in the White Deer Land Museum in Pampa, TX.

Minnie's Reflections: The ocean was simply amazing. I am so pleased I came with Dwight. I'm sure his memories of crossing with Warren in 1904 remain upper-most in his mind. We both still ache from that loss. I know Dwight has never gotten over the fact that his oldest son is gone. I hope meeting with so many people and my being here relieves some of his pain and gives him comfort. Meeting with the Countess of Darby brought back many memories of Cornelia Adair.

Minnie and Dwight continued to report having a keen time. They rescheduled to sail from England on August 9 on the *Celtic*, the first ship in the White Star Line's big four quarter of ships. They planned to land at Boston August 18 having canceled the Scotland and Paris plan.

Minnie and Dwight's August 7 letter to the girls related astonishing news. Fred had gone to San Antonio to propose to Minerva Jones, and they were now engaged. Laura and Mary were delighted because they liked Minerva, but they were upset with Fred for not writing them directly.

August 10 (Sunday) - Laura and Mary drove to Boston and spent the afternoon exploring Bunker Hill, the site of the first major battle of the American Revolution on June 17, 1775. The British and Revolutionary forces had both fought for control of the high ground near Boston's harbor. Laura and Mary enjoyed the view from the hill. They climbed the two-hundred-and-twenty-one-foot tall monument and huffed and puffed at the top as it was a tough climb. But the view over the harbor with its many fishing boats like toys in a row made the climb worth it.

Locating the pier in South Boston where ocean liners docked seemed fairly easy. They felt more confident to meet Minnie's and Dwight's ship the following week after getting the lay of the land (docks) before heading back to Ballardvale.

Aug 13 (Wednesday) - A radio message informed the girls their



Mary and Minnie Hobart in 1924

folk's ship was landing Sunday instead of Monday. This precipitated a scramble of changing plans for Laura, Mary and Uncle Ferrand.

Aug 17 (Sunday) - Laura, Mary and Uncle Ferrand got up early in order to drive the twenty-five miles to the pier in

Boston to meet Minnie's and Dwight's ship. Arriving at the Commonwealth Pier¹⁴⁰ before 10:00 a.m., they discovered they needed permits to go out on the dock. Laura persuaded an official to give them permits. Mary tried to get one for Uncle also, but failed. Uncle was furious and threatened to go home before the ship docked. He finally calmed down.

By 10:00 a.m., the ship came in from quarantine, during which all passengers had been examined for their state of health. Scanning the ship dock, Laura and Mary finally located Minnie and Dwight. Four sets of waving arms expressed the relief and pleasure of seeing each other again. The endless lines and wait for customs stamps stretched on like slithering serpents. They all agreed they had never had such a strenuous day. A marvelous celebration dinner at South Station perked up everyone's spirits and energy before they drove out to Uncle Ferrand's camp. After a good night's rest, the Hobart family drove the one hundred sixty-five miles north to Berlin. Ten days of

140 The Seaport World Trade Center stands on this pier now.

resting from the overseas voyage gave the women enough energy to plunge into the preparations for Laura's wedding anticipated in October.

THE FIRST WEDDING¹⁴¹

Before leaving Vermont, Laura and Mary tramped with their dad through the woods to see the big elms. After "goodbyes" to the aunts, Minnie, Dwight, Laura and Mary boarded the train to New York City for business and shopping. Their early morning arrival in New York granted Dwight enough time to attend to business and the women to proceed to Gimbel Bros. A flurry of purchasing for Laura included procuring a bedspread, blanket, sheets, goods for wool dress and skirt, and a tan felt hat. The family reconvened at the train station and caught the early afternoon train for Philadelphia.

Uncle Fred met their train at 4:00, and they all enjoyed dinner in town. Then Dwight boarded a train out of the 30th Street Station for the twenty-plus hour trip to Chicago and then on to Pampa.

The women accompanied Uncle Fred to his home northwest of Philadelphia, in Oreland. After enjoying a day of rest and exploration in Uncle Fred's gardens, they were ready for more shopping.

The next day they drove into Philadelphia in spite of a heat wave. Laura purchased a brown silk dress, a good-looking brown coat, and white silver brocade material for her wedding dress, a veil, blue dress goods, blankets, and comforters. She declared that all her purchases were essential for a bride.

Minnie's Reflections: I'm glad we aren't shopping for a wedding every-day. Laura really pushed for all of the things she felt she wanted and needed. Fortunately all the clerks were extra nice when they discovered she was to be married. So late returning home we are dead tired.

141 From Laura and Mary Hobart's diaries, 1924.

Uncle Fred, Minnie, Mary and Laura returned to the city for one more day of shopping. The purchase of a "dandy brown suit," a sweater and black patent leather shoes pleased Laura. Uncle Fred met the women at Wanamaker's Department Store for lunch, then he and Minnie went to a show while the girls continued to check out the stores.

Finally, after their summer excursions were over, they all returned to Pampa. Two months later the day arrived - October 11, 1924!

During the rehearsal the afternoon before the wedding, the girls got tickled because Dwight was so solemn about wanting to do everything just right. Friends arrived, the cake came, and they met the train, which brought the flowers and the groom, Clyde Fatheree, from Canadian. Clyde presented Laura with a string of pearls as her bridal gift.

The afternoon of the wedding, guests arrived at the Hobart house at 3:45. Precisely at 4:00, Guy Hutchinson sang, "O Promise Me," accompanied by Fannie Fern Pope. (Guy would be Mary's finance by the end of the year.) Then Mary, the maid of honor, in peach brocaded crepe, led off the procession. Laura's beautiful gown of white brocaded silk and chantilly lace with a tulle veil and a wreath of orange blossoms was too full for her to descend the stairway with Dwight, so he met her on the lower landing. Jeff McMurtry, as the best man, helped calm Clyde's nerves. Laura always remembered, "Mary was annoyed because I invited so many people to the wedding."¹⁴²

Ama¹⁴³ caught the bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley. Laura and Clyde left in a cascade of confetti and rice. Mary, Guy, Bob¹⁴⁴ and Jeff drove the bridal couple to Amarillo to begin their honeymoon on the train to Denver.

142 Kristi Fatheree interview with Laura Hobart Fatheree, April 24, 1989. Pampa, TX.

143 Ama Barnard, a friend from childhood, was a friend of Laura's in Pampa her whole life.

144 Bob Christopher, one of the Branch Inn girls from Fairmount College. All the Branch Inn girls maintained correspondence and occasional visits with each other as long as they were able.

Minnie's Reflections: Laura said her heart beat awfully. I know mine did. After the ceremony it seemed like everyone kissed everyone. Laura looked simply lovely. It is so hard to imagine her married. Everyone ate cake and ice cream after she and Clyde cut the cake, then they went upstairs and changed their clothes. Mary said she was awfully nervous and weepy. I tried not to weep. It was a lovely event and I pray that Laura and Clyde will have as good a life together as Dwight and I have had.

THE NEXT FAMILY WEDDING

Fred and Minerva were married June 24, 1925, at 8:30 p.m. in San Antonio. Minerva had decided to have a formal church wedding, so Minnie bought an orchid georgette dress and a white hat for the occasion. Fred was to wear a tuxedo.

The girls did not go to the wedding, but stayed behind and, with Clyde's help, tackled the ranch house, sorting and disposing of a lot of old junk. Minerva and Fred planned to live in the Washita ranch house after the wedding. Mary complained, "The carpenter is so slow the house repairs will never be finished."

When Minnie and Dwight returned from the wedding, Minnie informed the girls, "Fred forgot to take his tux so your Dad and I took it to him. The wedding was lovely with a reception at Minerva's sister's afterward. Fred and Minerva left at 11 p.m. after the reception for their honeymoon to New York and Vermont."

THE DISCOVERY OF OIL

In 1926, the discovery of oil west of Pampa transformed the town. Before the word got out about the oil discovery, Pampa had a population of 928. The word about oil spread, and people came from all over the world. In less than seven years the population had zoomed to 10,000. People were staying in tents, prairie dugouts and shot-gun houses. There wasn't enough room for everyone. Since its beginning, Pampa's life had been rooted in cattle and farming. With the discov-

ery of oil in the Panhandle, what had once been an ordinary “cow town” suddenly became a “boom town.” Oil field workers, promoters, speculators and people in search of work and opportunity all began to pour into Pampa, and the town exploded.¹⁴⁵

Pampans built a road to the first well with a cultivator that made two furrows, just wide enough for car wheels. The first oil well became a “site to visit.” The town leaders wanted Pampans to become acquainted with the oil officials and to interest them in continuing to drill around their town. In August, 1926 Dwight wrote, “The town is growing by leaps and bounds. Just a short distance from Pampa oil derricks loom up like the masts in New York Harbor in the old sailor days. Everything is in a whirl!”¹⁴⁶

Minnie's Reflections: It is so amazing to go out to see the oil well. That funny two-track road they built ... so many folks driving out there. It is quite a sight to see all the activity. I am amazed at how many people are coming to town now. We are beginning to feel like a big city. And the cars, oh my. When we try to go to the store we can hardly find a place to drive or park.

145 The discovery of the Panhandle oil and gas field was somewhat accidental – the result of a search for water sources of the Canadian River drainage area. A commission from President Theodore Roosevelt sent Mr. C. M. Gould, then professor of geology at the University of Oklahoma, to trace the water sources of the Canadian River drainage area. While engaged in this work in Potter and Hutchinson counties during the years 1903, 1904, and 1905, Gould noted and mapped the structure that later was to produce valuable quantities of oil and gas. www.Pampa,Texas, “A History of Pampa.”

146 Pamphlet, “Timothy Dwight Hobart,” White Deer Land Museum, Pampa, TX.



Pampa after the oil boom, the main street in 1926¹⁴⁷

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Out of this atmosphere of growth and change, the First Presbyterian Church in Pampa had its beginning. Since their move to Pampa, Minnie and Dwight had been active in the Community Church. However, at the request of Minnie, Dwight and several of their friends, the National Mission Committee of the Presbytery of Amarillo sent a Sunday School missionary, the Rev. W. M. Baker, to Pampa to organize a Presbyterian congregation.

The first worship service led by Rev. Baker took place on the third Sunday in October 1926 in the Pampa High School auditorium. There were fewer than twenty people present, including the Hobart family.

Since the auditorium could not be heated properly, the Rev. Baker moved his small flock to the American Legion Hall early in December. A little later the congregation moved again, this time to the old Rex movie theatre which served as their worship center until they found a suitable building the following summer.

By December 5, 1926, a charter membership of seventy-five people was organized as the First Presbyterian Church of Pampa. Charter members of the church included Minnie and Dwight Hobart, Laura

¹⁴⁷ Photo on display, White Deed Land Museum, Pampa, TX.

(Hobart) and Clyde Fatheree, Mary Hobart and Fannie Fern Pope.¹⁴⁸ Mary Hobart was elected secretary-treasurer of the Sunday School of four classes.¹⁴⁹ On the following Sunday, the congregation ordained and installed nine charter Elders, one of whom was Dwight Hobart.

The Session, the church's governing body, met for the first time on January 9 of the new year. The Rev. W. M. Baker opened the meeting with a simple prayer, including thanks to God for the recent much-needed rain. After almost ten months of preparation, the new church began its spiritual life.

During the late winter and spring, the Building Committee purchased a lot and built a thirty-six by forty-eight foot brick veneer building at the corner of West Browning and Frost Streets. The Church Women's organization raised \$400 for the building by holding bake sales, dinners, and quilt and flower shows.

Twenty-five years later, at the anniversary of the founding of the church, Rev. Baker paid special tribute to the members of the women's missionary society for carrying the congregation's financial responsibilities for many years.

FAMILY CHANGES

In the summer of 1927, Mary struggled to overcome rising annoyance as she planned her fall wedding. The center of attention kept focusing on the baby bustle upstairs. Minnie's first grandchild, Clyde Warren Fatheree, was born to Laura and Clyde Fatheree on July 23, 1927. By the time of Warren's birth, Laura and Clyde had moved from Canadian to a house they had built on Christine Street in Pampa. Even though Pampa's new hospital had opened, the family was not sure they trusted it yet, so Warren's birth took place at the Hobart home. Three weeks later, the second grandchild, Marilyn Hobart, ar-

148 Mary Beth Fatheree, "A Brief History of the Church," on file at the First Presbyterian Church, Pampa, TX.

149 "A Brief History of the First Presbyterian Church Pampa, Texas," church archives.

rived — on August 12. Parents Minerva and Fred Hobart also chose the Hobart house for the birthing. With two babies demanding care, much flurry and fuss of baby activity filled the atmosphere. In the midst of this commotion, planning her wedding kept Mary busy.

Minnie's and Dwight's youngest daughter married Guy Hutchinson on September 19, 1927, at the bride's home. A few long-time friends and immediate relatives of the bride and groom were the guests. Mary entered the parlor on the arm of her father wearing a gown of duchess satin with chantilly lace and pearls. Her wedding veil of tulle was caught up with a band of pearls and clusters of lilies of the valley. Attendants included Mary's sister, Laura, and Guy's brother, Sam.

After the reception in the dining room, the young couple traveled by train to Chicago for their honeymoon. Home became Arkansas City, Kansas, where Guy worked for the Ranney Davis Mercantile Company, a food wholesaler, until his retirement.

Minnie's Reflection: I couldn't keep the tears back as I watched the youngest of our children say "I do." Hard to believe she is leaving to create a home of her own - and going so far away. Mary looked lovely and I am so happy for her. It touched my heart to see her wearing my Mother's brooch of onyx, gold and pearls. I'm glad that she is the one to have it. It looked lovely on her.



End of an Era

1929-1935

14

DEPRESSION

The October 1929 Wall Street crash created a state of chaos across the world. Everything Dwight was doing on the JA Ranch and his Washita ranch became more difficult. The economic panic caused by the crash developed rapidly into a depression the likes of which Americans had never experienced. A drastic drop in agricultural prices deepened the crisis across the Great Plains. Farmers, especially in Colorado, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Kansas, and the Texas Panhandle, were hit hardest. Years of farming wheat without alternating crops had turned many fields into thick layers of barren dust. At the height of the Depression in 1935, Dwight wrote Senator James W. Wadsworth in Washington, D.C.: *"I have been in Texas going on fifty-three years, and in the Panhandle going on forty-nine years and I have never witnessed anything that would compare with the present conditions here. It has simply been one series of terrible dust storms after another. The little grass that is left is completely saturated with dust and some of the cattle are dying as a result of it."*¹⁵⁰

150 Timothy Dwight Hobart, L. F. Sheffy, Letter from T. D. Hobart to Senator James Wadsworth.

Minnie's Reflections: Dwight says very little to me about the conditions at the ranches. I know he is trying to keep me from worrying so much, but I am over-wrought by the strain on him. This dust gives me fatigue of the heart ... my spirit is tired. However, I try not to let that show and continue to do all I know how to support him. I know this depression is making everything so much harder for him. I can't help but worry about his health.

DROUGHT

Dwight struggled to keep the JA Ranch going. Depressed prices, dust storms, financial difficulties, dissatisfied beneficiaries and increased taxes on both sides of the Atlantic added to his anxiety. Dwight fought hard to faithfully fulfill the trust that had been placed in him, trying to protect the best interests of all the beneficiaries as drought covered virtually the entire plains. Years later, scientists at NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center stated, "The 1930s drought was the major climatic event in the nation's history."¹⁵¹

Minnie's Reflections: I heard Dwight tell someone the other day he feels sometimes like giving up in despair, but, as he said, "I do not recall that I have ever run from it, hence, I reckon I am too old to begin now." I pray that his health holds and that the long awaited rains come. I worry so and try hard to encourage him and give all the love that he needs.

DUST

The wind took the topsoil and swirled it away as the dust storms continued to be frequent and damaging. A diary entry of a young girl living in the Panhandle during this period captured the feelings these dust storms created.¹⁵²

151 www.nasa.gov/centers/goddard/news/topstory/2004/0319dustbowl.html

152 Written by Mary Beth Fatheree for the Pampa White Deer Land Museum "Romance of the Plains" brochure.

"Sometimes I think that if I didn't have Mattie to talk to I'd go mad, like our old dog Brownie did when he got bit by that rabid skunk. I dusted all morning as hard and fast as I could make that rag go, but by nightfall there was another coat of dirt on everything! I got so mad my glasses fogged up and when I stamped my foot and cursed, more dust puffed up around the hem of my skirt. I hate for Mama to see me lose my temper like that, because I know she's about to despair of me ever becoming a lady. But this time, she just picked up the broom and said, "Never mind. This dry spell will be over soon." Mama – without her kind, this country would be barren still.

Dirt and wind, starving cattle and withered crops – Papa's coming in looking gray and worn out before his time. Sometimes I wonder if I want to spend the rest of my life in a country where umbrellas stand useless in a corner and slickers just hang on their pegs, cracking and peeling.

I had to get out of the house, so I shinnied up on the roof when Mama wasn't looking. There just had to be a rain cloud somewhere! Mattie tells me to come down from there before I break my fool neck. If I didn't have my best friend, I don't know if I could stand it ..."

Minnie's Reflections: I'm weary and tired of the continuous dirt storms that have blown for weeks. Dwight says the precious topsoil from Texas fields has blown in the wind and disappeared across the land. I feel like all I do is try to keep after the dust that sifts through our home. Both Dwight and I are bone weary from the depression, drought and dirt. Now, the cattle prices hitting bottom – it is taking all our faith just to survive from day to day.

Then for the first time in ages, on Palm Sunday, April 14, 1935, the day dawned bright and sunny. And calm. No dirt-filled winds swept the land. For many families, outdoor activities became the order of the day as they planned picnics, hikes, horseback rides or visits to neighbors. Some families took advantage of the calm weather to dig dirt out of their homes.



*The black duster*¹⁵³

By late afternoon on that extraordinary day a rolling cloud rose in the distance like a black wall of muddy water. At first it seemed the prayers of the people on the drought-parched land were being answered, but then it became apparent that this black cloud was dirt and dust, not rain.

Minnie and Dwight received a call from a friend in Canadian that a Black Duster was coming toward them. They hastily phoned Laura to warn her to bring in her sons, Warren and Hobart, who were outside playing.

153 Photo on display in White Deer Land Museum, Pampa, TX.

When the black cloud hit in Pampa, residents couldn't see across their porches. Day was turned into night. They watched the dirt come in at the windowsills and under the doors. A complete blackout lasted for hours.¹⁵⁴ When that fateful April day struck, even those of good health were slowed with lungs full of dust. Some talked of "dust pneumonia."

Minnie's Reflections: I don't know how we go on after this Black Duster. It seemed like the end of the world. I have never seen anything like it. It was so much crueller than anything we've had before. Even though Dwight has always been a strong and hardy man I fear that these cares and the dust will cave him in.

DEATH

On Tuesday, May 15, Minnie led the devotional for the Women's Auxiliary at the Presbyterian Church. Thirty-one women enjoyed the respite as they all continued to struggle with dust and dirt. Later that day, thirty-one days after the Black Duster, Dwight developed a hard chill, fever and vomiting. Minnie and Dwight both thought he was having a bilious spell like others he had had when his lungs bothered him. Dr. Purviance checked on him and diagnosed the flu.

Two days later Dr. Purviance examined Dwight again and discovered that the lower half of his right lung was congested with lobar pneumonia. He immediately called in a second doctor, Dr. Goldston.

¹⁵⁴ "Inside a blackened room in Pampa, TX, a twenty-two-year-old itinerate folk singer thought up the first line of a song about the world coming to an end. Woody Guthrie was with several people clustered around a single light bulb; the glow was so weak it looked like the end of a cigarette ... Guthrie started humming. He had the first line of a song, "So Long, It's Been Good to Know Ya." T. Egan, *The Worst Hard Time* (First Mariner Books, 2006), pp. 220-221.

Minnie's Reflection: I felt encouraged yesterday, but felt like I was trudging through a sea of panic as the two doctors examined Dwight today. A wave of relief swept over me when they both decided that the lung has filled in and is solid now. They agreed that his pneumonia is type number two and can be treated with a new successful pneumonia serum. They explained to me that had it been type three or four this new serum wouldn't work. I shall continue to pray for the healing of this dear man.

The family was alarmed nevertheless and gathered round to give support. In addition, Minnie hired a nurse. The serum was started, Dwight's breathing improved, and the doctors and Minnie were greatly encouraged. Knowing that pneumonia can change quickly, they kept a close watch on him, however. There was even talk of moving him to the hospital, but Minnie was sure that he would be much more comfortable at home. Two competent nurses were with Dwight day and night and did all they could to help him rest quietly. His breathing no longer hurt him. The family felt that he was responding to treatment. The doctors were encouraged.¹⁵⁵

Dwight's optimism through Saturday had enabled him to put on a cheerful face for family, friends and physicians. *The Pampa News* even stated on Sunday that by Saturday night his condition did not appear serious. By the early hours of Sunday his strength ebbed, however.

Just before Dwight slipped into unconsciousness on Sunday, the rains began to fall. Dwight murmured, "Well, for God's sake, don't stop it." As the rains began, Laura wrote Mary, "Yes, hard to believe, but it is raining, a steady downpour. The JA and both Dad's ranches are getting good rains.¹⁵⁶ I call it irony to think that Dad should get sick just as the long deferred rains have come."¹⁵⁷

Quietly without noticeable suffering, at the age of eighty Dwight died. Minnie's childhood sweetheart and life long love was gone.

155 Minerva Hobart's letter to Mary, May 18, 1935.

156 The Washita ranch near Canadian and a ranch he owned at Hoover.

157 Laura Fatheree's letter to Mary, May 17, 1935.

Minnie's Reflection: Panic fills my heart. Cold dread and ice are gripping my mind. My pounding thoughts scream, how am I to live with the love of my life gone? I am not sure I can put one foot in front of the other and continue to exist.

Timothy Dwight Hobart, whom town citizens often called the Father of Pampa, was dead.

The shock of Dwight's death proved fatal to his friend, J. T. Crawford, a ninety-year-old veteran of the Civil War. Mr. Crawford had remained active and in good health, but when he heard the news of his friend's death he collapsed and died.

After lying in state in the home, Dwight's body was moved to the First Baptist Church an hour before the funeral service. Rev. Burney Shell, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, conducted the rites at the Baptist Church as the Presbyterian Church was much too small. Dr. R. Thomsen, of Central Presbyterian Church, Amarillo, and Rev. C. E. Lancaster of the Pampa Baptist Church, assisted in the service.

The five grandchildren spent the day down the street at Dr. Purviance's house with a woman to care for them. They gazed through the fence as the long procession from the Hobart house proceeded to the Baptist Church. Washouts and impassable roads made arrival of friends from across the state uncertain.

Minnie's Reflections: I have moments of drowning in sadness. Waves of grief roll over me and I can scarcely take a breath. The hundreds of messages of sympathy from across the nation give me little comfort. I could only talk through a fog with the many people who have come to the house. I'm glad they recognize his greatness, how he served with distinction as colonizer, banker, mayor, churchman and civic leader. It is good to hear the praise, but they all said things I already know. How he moved with ease and vigor with a straight figure through an arduous routine almost every day. How he was tall, slender, well built, neatly dressed, distinguished by his old-fashioned

mustache and heavy brows. Others spoke of his kindly eyes, which with a twinkle often recalled a humorous happening. He was such a storyteller with an inexhaustible memory. I appreciated hearing about his firm convictions, slowness to anger, how he was such a valuable asset to any endeavor, and his keen sense of loyalty to duty always. But it all took his strength – more than he could spare – for the guidance of the JA Ranch and negotiations for its sale. My heart is breaking – and is filled with memories of our early childhood and youth in Vermont. I experience nothing but pain. I pray that time will heal this heartbreak.

Many times during the following weeks of grief, Minnie reflected back over her long life with this man she loved so much. Images from Vermont to Texas drifted through her thoughts.

Minnie's Reflections: I struggle to keep my mind a blank. The memories that flood in are too painful, but in a strange way comforting also. I keep remembering when we were childhood playmates on adjacent farms in Berlin, Vermont. I remember winter ice-skating on Berlin Pond. I have such fond memories of summer raspberry picking excursions. When Dwight left for school, I cut a piece of fabric from a seam of his favorite dress – without ruining the dress. He wanted a keepsake. Then those long years of distant love, he in Texas, I in Vermont. Our many letters and only a couple of visits to keep our love-light burning. Forty-seven years as married soul-mates. We lost a baby. We birthed four more children. We raised a family of three, but lost a precious one to pneumonia. We were both active in the creation of our church and community. The hardy stock of both our Warren and Hobart ancestors gave us the strength and courage to face joy and pain, advantage and adversity. I pray that I will be strong enough to face the future without Dwight.

Minnie would face another fourteen years without Dwight's strength and love to shield and comfort her.

Historians have regretted that Dwight Hobart did not put his rec-

ollections in writing. Although he possessed an easy flow of colorful language, he always parried requests for articles and an autobiography. He talked inexhaustibly about other old timers and incidents but firmly declined to discuss his own life seriously.

"That reminds me," he said frequently, and a story well worth hearing followed.¹⁵⁸

Fred Hobart wrote the epitaph for the headstone of his father's grave in Fairview Cemetery in Pampa, Texas:

T. D. Hobart

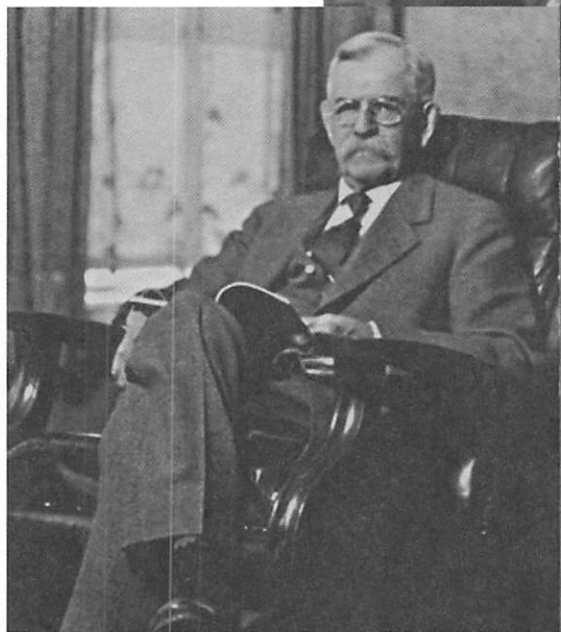
*A pioneer, loved and respected
By all who knew him, with a
Character strong and rugged
As the hills of Vermont from
Whence he came and a vision
As broad as the Texas prairies.*¹⁵⁹

158 L. F. Sheffy, *The Life and Times of Timothy Dwight Hobart 1855-1935* (Panhandle Plains Historical Society, 1950), p. 291.

159 Timothy Dwight Hobart pamphlet, White Deer Land Museum, Pampa, TX.



Minnie and Dwight at home



Timothy Dwight Hobart



Living On

WITHOUT LIFE'S LOVE
1936-1944

15

MONUMENT FOR DWIGHT

Still struggling with the reality of Dwight's death a year later, Minnie wrote Mary,

"I have had so many spells of panic. Mary, I fear that the rest of my life I will be subject to these times when grief has the upper-hand, past my control and simply gets me down. Prayer and exerting my willpower have helped me more than I thought possible. It comes over me with such force, what I have to face. Different things suddenly strike me, and all I can think of is life without Dwight."

Minnie's pain is revealed again in a letter to Mary on May 27, 1936:

"Long ago I learned that two of the greatest things to possess are Faith and Courage, God-given qualities ... Since receiving some funds, my mind has been on one subject very much lately. I wish now to purchase a monument for Papa. Of course it will be for me too. I don't feel that I can even consider erecting this in Vermont because it would mean moving Papa's remains there.

We said to each other during the last year of his life that while we used to think we wanted to be buried in Vermont ... now we felt differently about it. We both felt that Pampa was the place for us to be buried,

having lived here longer than anywhere else in our lives. Papa has been highly thought of and honored in Texas and really more widely known than in Vermont, I believe."

PAMPA CENTENNIAL WEEK

Pampa honored Dwight two years after his death as Pampa celebrated its centennial in June 1937. Minnie experienced both joy and pain as she reported to Mary in a letter on June 11, 1937:

"Last week was "Centennial Week" here and although I had dreaded to attend it at all, I felt that I must go. So by Thursday I went with Laura in the morning. In the afternoon I also devoted myself to it, as I received a special invitation to a Tea and programme. It was too full a day – especially the kind of a day it was. I enjoyed and appreciated it so very much, but it is impossible to explain how I felt. There were crowds and throngs of people everywhere. The Gym was the meeting place. I stood it very well for two hours in the morning, meeting the dozens of old timers from different parts of the Panhandle that Papa and I had known. Then came the Parade and unexpectedly there was a beautiful tribute paid to Papa. A large, beautiful gold and white float with a sizeable diagram of the State of Texas and underneath it in large letters the name, "T. D. Hobart." It seemed very impressive and it was empty of course. The afternoon at the City Club rooms was also very hard, although every thing was especially nice. They gave me one of three large easy chairs up in front, the other two were Mrs. Temple Houston of Woodward, Oklahoma and Mrs. Olive Dixon. You remember, Mrs. Houston is the widow of the youngest son of Sam Houston and Olive Dixon is Billy Dixon's widow. It surely touched me. That afternoon there were so many ladies from Clyde, McLain and other towns who introduced themselves to me and had known Dwight. Many telling me of some kind thing he had done. That night for dinner, I had invited Mrs. Houston and Laura and Clyde and some people from Guymon,

Oklahoma who I had been asked to keep all night. Have you been conscious of crying inside ... well that was the way I felt ... an awful strain. So, the next day, when I found I could not go on, I had Laura bring me home in the morning and I went to bed. The one thing I had wanted was to attend the great Pageant, "Texas under Six Flags," closing with a wonderful display of fireworks of set pieces, but I was unable Friday night, and the first night it was rained out.

Laura and Clyde said it was all very splendid and there was a very fine tribute paid to Papa over the microphone.

After a few days rest, I was feeling as well as usual again. Yesterday, Fred and I went to Amarillo, trying to arrive at some satisfactory conclusion about the monument, but it is not yet ordered.

Love so much to each of you, Mother"

VERMONT DECISIONS

Soon after Dwight's death, the family talked of Fred going to Vermont to sell the mountain pastures, but not the home places. As Minnie considered going with Fred and Minerva to deal with insurance and taxes, she wrote to Mary,

"Sometimes I think I could never go through the ordeal of going home (I mean my old home in Vermont.) You know that place has been our home all the years and now everything there speaks so loudly to me of my precious Dwight, even the roads and all in Vermont."

However, Minnie's desire to visit Vermont remained strong. She began hoping to make a trip with Laura and Mary. A flurry of letters planning such a trip traveled back and forth. For example, in a letter to Mary in September 1937, Minnie explained some of the prices she had discovered and plans she was making. The tickets from New York City to Montpelier were \$10 one way. The roundtrip train ticket from Pampa to Montpelier via Boston was \$92.26; roundtrip from Mary's home in

Arkansas City, \$80.20. The agent in Pampa could wire the agent in Arkansas City to make arrangements, with Mary picking up her ticket in Arkansas City, and Minnie paying for it in Pampa. They talked about a thirty-day trip. The Scout, the Santa Fe's morning train to Chicago with its streamlined chair cars, interested Minnie. "They claim great comfort," she wrote. Three meals in the Fred Harvey diner cost ninety cents, and dinner dress was not required.

Minnie gave each of the girls \$50.00 in cash for their food and hotel on the trip, trying to see how far this would go. The plan was to send a wire for a room at the Taft Hotel in New York. "That hotel is very reasonable and nice enough we have found." Minnie worried that the World Series in New York City at the same time could cause a problem. Minnie contemplated taking a trunk rather than so many bags. Guy's mother, Mrs. Euphemia Hutchinson, planned to come to Arkansas City from Anthony, Kansas, to take care of Mary's two daughters.

An October 23, 1937, letter from Laura in Vermont to their friend Fannie Fern described their fun time in the East.

"We have been having a marvelous trip. Mary and I feel like young girls again with all responsibility left behind. Mother hasn't felt grand but then she never does on a trip. We nearly got her down in New York but she recovered. We had a swell time. Ran into Charles Thomas at "The Little Church Around the Corner." Too funny to see almost the only person we knew in New York on the streets. He was lovely to us and acted as though he really enjoyed being with us. Took us to dinner one night at a Russian place. We saw two good plays and one musical show in New York. Ate at Jack Dempsey's once and went to the French Casino one night. They had a grand floorshow. Since we arrived in Vermont, we have had some lovely car trips, over most of Vermont and part of New Hampshire, around Mt. Washington in the White Moun-

tains. We have also been busy doing a lot of things here at the farm. Hate to have our trip come to a close, but am really getting anxious to see my family and friends.

Lots of love to all, Laura."

On February 4, 1942, five years later, Minnie wrote Mary asking questions about items from her past.

"Mary, do you have my silver cup – given me when a baby – engraved with my name and date of birth and from Mrs. Wood¹⁶⁰ – with her name engraved too upon it. A beautiful sterling cup. I cannot remember giving it away, but as I could not find it where I always kept it and Laura says she does not have it – think I must have given it to you.

Mary do not think it too utterly utter what I am going to say. I know when you made your flying visit here in November I gave you not only the valuable shawl from India – real camels hair and paisley border which had been Mrs. Woods and was given to me by T. W. Wood after his wife died. He had come on from New York at the same time I was home for a few months from Texas staying with Mother and he brought this wonderful shawl to me (which had been his Minnie's) He always called her Minnie and never Minerva which really was her name. I told Mother to wear the shawl and she did to church and it looked so nice on her. This was all about 1893 or 1894.

Now this is the "utter" part ... I also gave you the good looking shawl of Mothers – bright stripes which she wore for best summer wrap at least in 1880 or before and later and the nice black lace mantilla of Aunt Hannah's which I remember her wearing when I was a girl of 14 years or under [Aunt Hannah was the sister of Minnie's father]. Mary dear, I want you to send me two of the three. You take your choice of the three and let Laura take her pick of the two. As I think of

160 Minnie Wood – the wife of Thomas Waterman Wood, the artist who painted the portraits of Minnie's parents.

it – I know I did not do right. Laura does not know about it, has never thought of the shawls once. I do not want her to know that I gave them all to you. She would have reason to feel hurt. I believe who ever has the expensive shawl which I suppose dates back probably to the 1850s as Mrs. Wood was an invalid years and years.¹⁶¹ The other should have the two probably. You keep which ever you wish – the one, or the two, and do not mention it to Laura. Send to me please.

I mean to address a letter to you girls saying what I wish to have done by you and Laura in Vermont about contents of home. I mean to have first choice of everything now there.

Lots of love, Mother”

By the fall of 1943 Fred negotiated the sale of the Vermont properties. Minnie struggled over the thought of her Vermont home being owned by others. This continued to weigh on her mind, as she wrote to Mary,

“It is hard to imagine the dear home place in Vermont now being owned by others. I have the feeling you expressed of refusing to dwell and grieve over it. To tell the truth. I have tried to cultivate a good feeling about it.

For I think it would be a mistake for me to feel too dreadfully over it – so long as it seemed the best thing to do. At first it was hard to swallow, to think of selling it to a German woman – but I am not allowing myself that narrow, un-Christian like attitude.

Isn't it an odd set up – these three nationalities? [German, Hungarian and Russian] Did Fred tell you it was their plan for Fred to deal with each separately and I give a deed to each – for the part they bought. He told them however to let him deal with one person and they settle the division among themselves. So this Miss Reuschel, Fred said, was most eager to hand the cash to him then and there, but of course,

161 Minnie Wood died in 1889.

Fred would not do it that way. She was so afraid, that I would not go through with it. Fred had her put the money (in escrow) in a Montpelier Bank until we send the Deed.

The Hungarian woman (Mrs. Illes) who owns the Dresser place, plans to take the Howard part and hopes to buy Papa's old home place from the Powers couple. He (Mr. Powers) is in the army. One simply has to adapt themselves to such tremendous changes as continually occur. I had much rather do this than see some shiftless people have possession and completely ruin everything.

I do hope you and Laura can manage to go by spring or summer. To vacate those houses is going to be an awful job but we will have all this time to study how and what.

Did Fred tell you that Miss Reuschel is an instructor in Cornell University as well as at the Juilliard Place? She wears a skullcap all the time. She promised to have her photo to send me. She was all elated about buying my home place and said one of the first things she will do will be to have the barns torn down. She was never married and is in her sixties. The other women are young. The part Miss Adler (Russian) wants is over-looking the pond I believe, but as you now know – Fred sold the entire property including mountain pastures to Miss Reuschel as he told you and not anything inside the house. He put on good locks but I sort of wonder even then. Miss Reuschel told Fred she hoped to buy the stuff in the house we didn't wish to keep and asked that we give her first choice. Fred went to Mrs. Illes home twice for a meal. One thing seemed funny to me, Fred took all three women to Church and told them his Mother always went to that Church. Fred said the two young women were dressed up fine, while the German musician went just the same with her skullcap and no hat. Imagine Fred escorting the three into our original pew.

All of you must know it is a hard thing for me to think of disposing of my dear old home, but even so, I can endure it better, than to know it is simply being wrecked. What Fred found there at the time he flew up

to Vermont from handling brother Fred's business, he would not tell me until I dug it out of him. He finally said it was bad and he did not want me to see it. Said he was disgusted. Sam (the man there) would not keep the house above freezing – too lazy to get out wood. One thing, which happened, the water works froze up and the water reservoir in the attic burst – water came down through to the ground floor. Fred has been trying to contact responsible people who will build up the property and improve it instead of ruining it. Fred has been working on this all summer by correspondence since I told him I was forced to believe it must be sold. Really, it may seem strange, but I feel more deeply anxious about the type of people buying it than the money part. However, Fred is a splendid businessman and has excellent business judgment. I have absolute confidence in his judgment, to get all he can.

Too bad this had to come when every thing is in such a whirl. Fred has to be back by October 1st on his own affairs but for the buyers in Vermont it had to be now or never. It was imperative to get the present occupant out. If the house is to be vacant awhile all the water system has to be drained from the house – electricity shut off, see to a lot of things about the contents. Fred is not overlooking any of it.

We have one staunch helper there – Reverend Gregg – the minister of our home church. I have never seen him, but I have always sent money to that Church as Papa did. Since we accepted Reverend Gregg's offers to help us, we find it a very great help. Of course we pay him too.

I suppose the War conditions make everything worse with no men to help.

The people "Powers" who bought the Hobart house had some land and improved it decidedly. Now, he is in the War, the house vacant and up for sale. Laura tells me Papa would not do what I am doing and that makes me feel badly, but I know Papa would reason this out, as I am trying to do.

I finished my 'masterpiece essay' Mary, and presented it to our Club a week ago ... The Church and America's People. It was well received – and a little good perhaps."

Even though the war still made transportation difficult, Mary and Laura intended to make the trip to Vermont to sort, sell and ship furnishings from both houses. In January 1944 Minnie wrote Mary,

"I wonder, Mary, about you and Laura going on to Vermont before Miss Reuschel arrives. She has written me she expects to be there June 1st and stay there the rest of the summer on her property (my old home). It seems to me it would be a fright being there with Miss Reuschel and whomever else she has with her. I believe that Reverend Gregg would be willing to do things to wait on you. A man I am sure would be continually needed. I wish you were here and we could talk things over. Can you be?"

By March 3, 1944, the conversation was still continuing about the girls' trip to Vermont to empty both the Warren and Hobart houses.

"Mary, I am enclosing a recent letter from Miss Reuschel. I quite enjoyed it, worded so funny. She had written Fred wishing we could get the house emptied as soon as possible and this letter was in response to one from me. I like her by letter, but when I said to Laura, "I would like to accommodate her all we could, but of course you girls must do the best you can for yourselves." Laura did not feel that way at all. Almost felt an antagonistic feeling toward Miss Reuschel because she has bought the property. I do not have any such feeling, and under all circumstances I think the best was done, and Fred handled it fine.

Fred and Minerva reached here Monday and just as they were leaving to go on home Fred said to me, "We need to all get together to decide how to divide the Vermont stuff between us." I have been trying my best not to get sick over that sort of thing for it spoils my sleep. That showed me definitely that they had been discussing that subject on their trip just before Fred brought it up. I cannot really bear any 'stewing' about things like that. I have not told Laura this because she

gets so wrought up. I think I shall get Laura to agree that I may say definitely that you may have the nice cherry bedstead and you and she select the tables and other things of your choice. Laura can have the spool-bedstead that was Papa's in our room and let Minerva have the canopy top and all of you decide on the other bedsteads. I want you to express yourself to me privately. I will have to then have a chance to get Laura by herself quietly at least a few moments when she is not rushing and then I tell Fred what I have decided. Not they tell me how it should be. The way it is, Minerva tells Fred how it should be and then he declares to me the 'must.'

Fred has been very good and considerate of me and I think surely if I were to say to him decidedly that I was giving you thus and so and Laura could have a certain bed and he so and so, I may have to listen to a few decided opinions but after that they would be satisfied, I hope. One trouble seems to be Fred has a very strong feeling that both of you girls have misunderstood and unappreciated him, in every thing which has been done connected with me and my property. Everything has been done by Fred and he has used the very best of judgment I think. I tried to tell him he was mistaken, but he knew it was so, he said ... and it hurts."

In May, Minnie repeated her ideas for Laura and Mary's trip to Vermont.

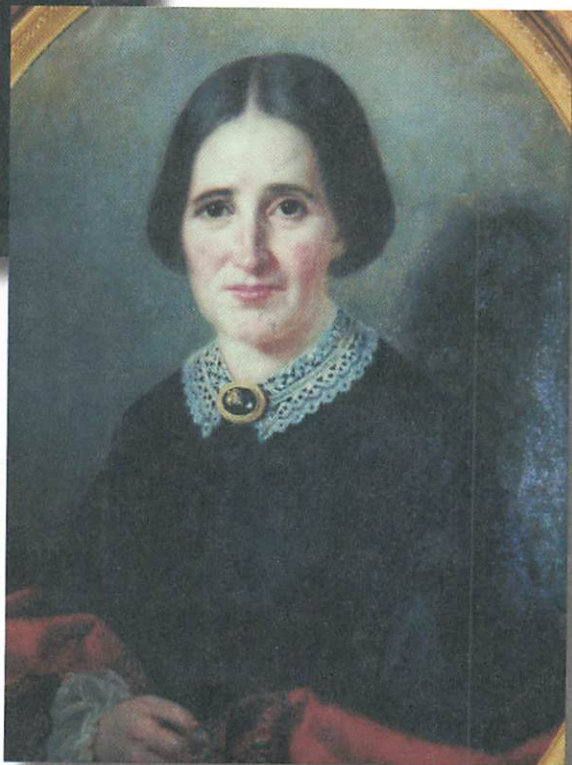
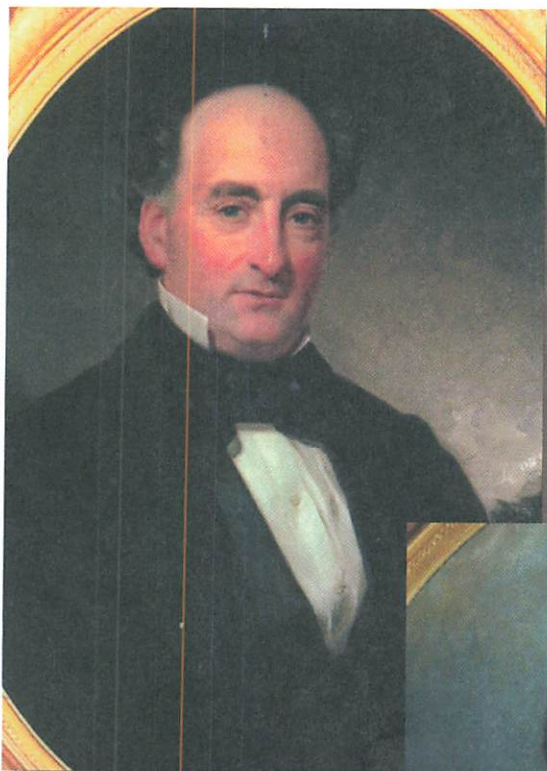
"Did you get reservations to New York or Montpelier and not return as impossible to tell how long it will take for the job. Laura does not care which way you go but she wishes to come back near Boston to see Margaret. Are you getting also reservations in the 'Tavern in Montpelier. I believe this is necessary. The hotel 'Tavern' is the best place to stay and you will need reservations. You need reservations for a hotel in New York City - Laura says a "ritzy" one.

I believe one thing will help a lot. If after selecting all the furniture to be brought west and grouped together and then all of varied things and everything you know must be saved. You could then sell in a lump sum all odds and ends to Miss Reuschell if she would do it. She asked me for first choice ... or if not, there are those who do things like that. Of course, I can imagine there is lots of trash by now, but that some would sell for something. That would be easier and shorter than an auction.

Be sure and go to the home church and be cordial even if you know no one. I do hope you girls remember to look in every place, closets, cupboards, drawers, pantries, attic, and cellar. The better feather beds and pillows – mattress in front bedroom on lower floor is new spring mattress Papa bought. In 1939 the last time I was there (no 1938) I left packed away in dresser drawers two front chambers (upstairs) bed and table linens.”

Finally in June, even though it was wartime and all trains and stations were crowded with soldiers, Laura and Mary were in Vermont tackling the division of furniture. They sorted, organized, discarded and divided up what to send west and what to sell. The girls managed to ship a large amount of furniture and personal items to Kansas for Mary and to Texas for Fred and Laura. Miss Reushel purchased the items she wanted, and the remainder of the furniture and personal goods were sold at auction.¹⁶² The connection with Vermont was severed.

¹⁶² Article in the Montpelier newspaper: “Antique and Modern Furniture, An Accumulation of Several Generations. At the Hobart Homestead in Berlin, VT.” A long list of items and furniture included in the Tuesday, September 24, 1944, article.



*Abel Knapp Warren and Laura Ann House Warren*¹⁶³

163 Thomas Waterman Wood, 1864, Portraits.



The Final Years

ENJOYING FAMILY
1945-1948

16

PORTRAITS OF LAURA AND ABEL

Family sustained Minnie as the portraits of her beloved parents beamed down on her from her library wall. All the family treasured the portraits of Laura Ann and Abel Knapp Warren painted by Thomas Waterman Wood in 1864. Minnie often pondered the destination of the portraits after her death.

Minnie wrote to Mary in early September 1945.

"Dearest Mary,

Father and Mother were married in 1842 I remember their saying. My home built for them then. I think Father's parents and sister Hannah moved right in - for the house was planned for them too (two families). So a few pieces of furniture I knew to be Aunt Hannah's were probably new then [1842]. I remember the old log house, but the Grandparents all, except Mother's Mother had died before I was born.

I was so awfully glad to get your letter. It came Sat. night and Laura's and Fred's families were gone, and I did feel so lonely. Laura's to the Lake and Fred's to the Ranch.

Everyone was gone except Warren [eighteen-year-old grandson]. Laura had told him to watch for me on Sunday and come down to the car and help me into the church. He did so nicely and afterwards again

gave me his arm. It certainly was good for me. I was so glad to feel well enough to go to Church.

On September 18, 1945, Minnie articulated her concern about the future of her parents' portraits.

"My Dearest Mary,

Fred came in and spent quite a little time. We were alone and I thought, 'now is my time.' It was the first chance I have had. I began by asking Fred if he would be willing I should decide about the portraits as I thought best. They are mine and none of my sisters and brothers had ever uttered one word of objection. Why should I not say about their future, why? I told him the idea of separating them had been mentioned. That was something I had never thought of, nor do I at all like it and I hope it is never done.

Then I spoke of your having them. This is what he said – that he would like them terribly much, but what I had said in the past was the only fair way. That to ever separate the pictures he did not favor at all. But for each of you three children to take turns in having both portraits say for one year at a time was the only fair way. I told him Laura had exploded at the thought of my giving them to you, which hurt me terribly.

And so, Mary, I will have to change again and now I am sure the only way harmony will ever exist will be in taking turns of having these dear portraits in your own homes. I do wish for them to always be together, Mary ... a couple who had lived such a long, harmonious life together. Fifty-five years they had been married and then in 1897 Father died and Mother in 1908.

I would have been satisfied, Mary, for them to have been in your home but I can see now it would only cause unpleasantness for any one of you to altogether own them.

With a heart full of love from Mother."¹⁶⁴

164 The portraits of Minnie's parents were separated after her death. The portrait of Laura Ann House Warren went to daughter Mary in Arkansas City, and Able Knapp Warren went to daughter Laura in Pampa.



*Minnie, Dwight, Marilyn, Warren, Hobart, Tiny and Priscilla
at the Washita ranch in the summer of 1934*

GRANDCHILDREN

Grandchildren were a joy in Minnie's life from the time of Warren's and Marilyn's births in 1927 until Minnie's death in 1949. Living at the Washita ranch were son, Frederick Abel, and his wife, Minerva Eunice Jones, with two daughters, Marilyn Wood Hobart (August 12, 1927)¹⁶⁵ and Minerva Hobart, always called Tiny (August 21, 1931), and son, Timothy Dwight Hobart II (December 7, 1942). Living in Pampa, were Laura Prescott Hobart and her husband, Clyde Fatheree, with three sons, Clyde Warren Fatheree (July 23, 1927), Eugene Hobart Fatheree (September 2, 1930), and Joel David Fatheree (October 31, 1936). Living in Arkansas City, Kansas, were Mary Reed Hobart and her husband, Wilber Guy Hutchinson, with two daughters, Priscilla Anne Hutchinson (March 22, 1931) and Pamela Hobart Hutchinson (March 25, 1935). The grandchildren called Minnie, Nanaw. Before his death, Dwight had known all of these grandchildren except Pamela, David and Dwight.

165 The grandchildren dates are their birth-dates.

Continuing her lifelong tradition of writing letters, Minnie often wrote to the granddaughters who lived in Kansas. Her January 25, 1938, letter to Priscilla and Pam expressed how much she enjoyed having them at her house for Christmas. She noted that she had been to the Pioneer Club in Canadian. Knowing how much the cousins enjoyed each other, she described Tiny's new English bulldog, Sarah L. Brown.

Christmas celebrations at Nanaw's house followed a predictable pattern. The Christmas tree sparkled behind closed parlor doors until after Christmas dinner. The children's dinner in the kitchen allowed the adults to enjoy adult conversation in the dining room. After dinner the parlor doors opened to awestruck excitement as all gazed at the tree and the pile of presents underneath. Each opened gift brought forth laughter, thank-yous and hugs.

By summer Minnie painted a word picture of her fun with the Texas grandchildren for Priscilla in her July 25, 1938, letter.

"This year, Priscilla, I made some additions to my playground. I have a croquet-ground and a nice new croquet set and I also had a new swing put up. Priscilla, these beside the see-saw make a nice playground for all my grandchildren. Warren and Marilyn stayed with me through most of a week and they played croquet a lot. I played a few games with them and twice I beat them. Last week Warren and Marilyn went to the Intermediate Conference at Ceta Canyon. They will now be in the 6th grade in school so they could go and enjoy the camp. The camp was a Sunday School conference of our Presbyterian Church. Hobart stayed with Tiny at the ranch. Little David was taken to church yesterday and it was the fourth time he has gone and always is very good and quiet. With much love to Pamela and yourself, my dears, I love you both very much. Nanaw."



Priscilla and Pamela Hutchinson with Nanaw - 1938

One time when Hobart was in seventh grade, his friend G. W. Gammon invited him to spend the night. "We'll wait until dark and then go see a haunted house," G. W. said. After dark the boys crawled through the grass up to a house and looked in the basement windows. "But this is my grandmother's house," exclaimed Hobart. Surprised, G.W. described how nearly everyone in town thought that house was haunted. The size of the house ... so big ... on the edge of town and surrounded by trees made it seem most mysterious, especially to children.

During World War II Hobart cultivated a victory garden on the Hobart land behind Minnie's house. He rode his bike over there nearly every day after school to care for his garden - weeding, watering and picking vegetables. Most days he stopped by the house to see Nanaw before riding home. She often talked to him about God, "Do you read your Bible, Hobart?" was one of her usual questions.

In October 1948 preparations for Marilyn's wedding to Robert Campbell were in full swing. Since Marilyn lived at the ranch, they

decided that was too far away for wedding gifts to be on display. Minnie had hurt herself in a fall, so the gift display was at Aunt Laura's. By mid-November, five weeks after the fall, Minnie, still hurting, decided she was not well enough to attend Marilyn's wedding. Friends brought a wheelchair to her house, suggesting she could use it to attend the wedding, but the idea didn't appeal to her. She confessed, "I would want to go early enough so no one would see me enter the church."

Before the wedding Marilyn received grandmotherly advice as Minnie asked her about Bob and suggested she not hurry into marriage. "You know you can be engaged five years as your grandfather and I were." The wedding proceeded as planned, however, and after the service at the church, the foreman at the ranch drove Marilyn and Robert to the Hobart house so Nanaw could admire the wedding dress and offer her best wishes to the young couple.

COMMUNITY ACTIVITIES

Minnie remained active in her church as long as her health allowed and participated in the Pioneer Club of Canadian whenever she could. She also served various Pampa civic organizations. Minnie was a life member of the Panhandle-Plains Historical Society in Canyon, Texas. Dwight had served as president of the Historical Society during its formative years and resigned the day the new museum opened its doors, April 14, 1933. Dwight stood at the entrance and welcomed the first thousands of visitors when the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum opened. His untiring cooperation and energy had made the building possible.

Minnie loved to write, and her essay, "Pioneer Days in the Panhandle Plains," won second prize (\$50) for the 1946 historical research prize contest, sponsored by the William H. Bush Memorial Collection of Books on the Southwest, Amarillo.¹⁶⁶

166 Excerpts from Minnie's essay "Pioneer Days in the Panhandle Plains" appear Appendix B.



The Journey

ILLNESS AND DEATH
1939-1949

17

TEN YEARS OF DISCOMFORT

Pain and discomfort filled much of the last ten years of Minnie's life. The center of her discomfort was diagnosed as gall bladder so Fred drove her to the Scott & White hospital in Temple, Texas. In those days, anyone in Texas who needed serious medical treatment went to Temple, if possible.

On March 22, 1939, the twenty-ninth anniversary of son Warren's death, Minnie was being treated following a gall bladder operation. Mary had been with her in the hospital, but had returned home as Minnie's health seemed to be improving. Minnie was excited that by 8:15 a.m. she felt well enough to have had breakfast, a bath, been dressed and gone out on the porch in a wheelchair to enjoy the morning.

By April 10, Minnie had moved to the Kyle Hotel in Temple for recuperation. Dr. Winston, who was trained at Scott & White and became Dr. Brindley's assistant, treated her.¹⁶⁷ Recovery was progressing, but Minnie tired easily. She wrote Mary,

"I am terribly particular about diet because I am so afraid of the suffering. There is one thing gave me anxiety at first until Dr. Winston assures me it is not unusual. My wound that was all but healed sud-

¹⁶⁷ Dr. Brindley was Minnie's chief surgeon.

denly began to drain like everything with a bright yellow liquid. The doctor said it was bile and says outside of it being such an annoyance is a negligible matter that sometimes happens after it is supposed to be through. If one has had a bad case of gall bladder trouble for a long time it is more likely to do this, I think. I wanted dreadfully to be at church at home this Easter."

A month after surgery the drainage was still a bother, and Minnie described to Laura the dressing she must wear.

"I am doing well, Laura, and am beginning to wonder if the dust storms are about to stop. I have to wear a quantity of thick padding under the inner part of my corset. A good thing I wear a Stephens corset both for the support and to hold all this padding, two Kotex sewed together and another thick one on top of those besides a thick pad of medicated gauze next to the wound. It is an awful lot of bother. I hardly see how we would manage (I have Leona's help) In spite of all this padding I have told you about, twice it has gone through all of my thick corset both the inner support and the outside corset and many times the inner part of corset. It is awfully disgusting; this yellow green liquid soaks through and through, yet Laura, no more pains have I had for three weeks tomorrow. I mean of those terrible pains. I know some things will hurt, located where my wound is, but that is simply nothing compared to those other pains, I cannot mourn too much and I feel so thankful to be rid of the suffering."

In 1942, she experienced extreme agony in her stomach again and wrote Mary on January 30,

"This is the first time I've been sick like this since in the hospital three years ago. The violent pain Thursday evening wouldn't subside ... even after vomiting nine times between 7 and 10. No doctors in

town that night. About 1:00 a.m. I remembered a doctor had given me a sleeping sedative sometime before. Thelma (the maid) found the capsules ... and they put me to sleep for the rest of the night. Still in the morning I felt a heavy dull ache even though the extreme agony had left. When Dr. Goldston got back he insisted on a Cardograph. They brought the electric machine to the house by my bed. The pictures showed nothing wrong with the heart. Doctors are puzzled about the cause."

Minnie stayed in bed for the next ten days.

A year later, 1943 began with Minnie expressing optimism as she felt better. When she realized she was snowed in, she was upset not to be able to attend church. Seven weeks had elapsed since she had worshipped at her church. Church attendance was central in her life, and she often said, "I am a strong believer that one's Christianity should be a working one so life doesn't stay cloudy long."

Nearly a year later, in November, another bad sick spell put Minnie in bed for a week. An obstruction in the bile duct caused by the drainage where her gall bladder incision had been seemed to be the cause. Dr. Purviance wanted to locate the obstruction using dyes and x-rays.

Minnie's December 14, 1943, note is the first of several explaining her situation to Mary.

"A flu epidemic has hit Pampa and my nurse had to go to her mother's to care for her father with double pneumonia. I tried to phone the ranch. We've had a bad storm ... snow and sleet making roads impassable in places and telephone lines out for several days. So glad now Fred has come and he is trying to find another nurse to care for me. Also I'm having him phone that woman in Dalhart. Never have heard from her, in response to my two letters. I have liked this nurse so awfully much and she said she had never liked another place as well as here with me.

Fred has finally engaged a nurse from Shattuck. She came on the night train. Clinton Henry met her train last night due at 11:30. It arrived at 1:15 am. I suggested Clinton have my key and bring her in and upstairs to her room. I left a light in her room and all other upstairs rooms closed. It worked beautifully. She is a very nice person and I like her fine. Single, probably 50 or maybe not, a very experienced nurse, registered in four states – Texas, Kansas, Oklahoma and California. The last twelve years she has been in Los Angeles nursing. She is just home a few weeks to visit her Mother in Gage, Oklahoma. It really seems prohibitive, this paying out such an enormous sum for me, yet, I know it seems as if I am getting better, definitely depended on some one helping me. Wonderful wasn't it, Fred ever found her, for simply not one practical nurse could be found in Pampa or Amarillo or Miami and Canadian. Mary, you and your family must not come for Christmas this year."

January 1944 began with a blizzard. Minnie remembered Mary's birthday and let her know that she now had a nurse and maid full time. She payed the maid \$17.50 per week and the nurse \$20.00 a week. Minnie felt she was getting better all the time, but by July 14, 1945, the pain hit again.

"My dearest Mary, I started in with a dreadful painful condition all through my body the first of the week – so that I could hardly move at all and I do not mean just a little Mary. It was beyond expressing. Never had anything like it and every slight move brought it on. Laura called the doctor. The first time I ever saw Dr. Purviance act alarmed . He came back and brought another doctor with him. This was Wednesday and he said I had to have a nurse that day. I had been thinking about Mrs. Reid also until I was well but he said I had to have her that day to put through a series of treatment he wanted done at once. Well, Fred and Minerva happened to be at the ranch, and after Laura suc-

ceeded in making numerous long distance calls they did get Mrs. Reid right then and brought her up here.

As Mrs. Reid was familiar with the set up at my home, she thought it would be much better to come here and she get along alone, for by now I had word that Jewel planned to come back. The doctor was willing and they brought me home from the hospital in my nightgown for every move was killing. Fred got me upstairs. Now it is Saturday and there is much improvement. Not all gone, but better. Was on the verge of Peritonitis they said and I had inflammation of bowels. Very fortunate to get a nurse, wasn't I? I still hope you folks can come this summer, but I have great fears that rules about trains will spoil things."

April 1946 found Minnie spending most of her time in bed, only going downstairs briefly.

Some time during 1947, when grandson Hobart was a senior in high school, he picked Minnie up to carry her upstairs and accidentally broke one of her ribs in the process. It wasn't known for a while that it was broken, and no one told Hobart for ages because they knew how upset he would be. He dearly loved his Nanaw.

In October 1948 Minnie was recovering from a fall that caused dreadful hurt with almost every move. "*When I fell it was fearfully hard as if I was sitting down.*"

Writing later that month, on October 23, 1948, Minnie mentioned Lois, a practical nurse, who came every day at 5 o'clock and put her in a hot bath with Epsom salts. Then Lois rubbed and massaged the place where her back pained so badly. Dr. Purviance had said the rubbing and massaging would help after her fall. Although she was in and out of bed a great deal the last ten years of her life, Minnie was only totally confined to bed during her last year.

Minnie's January 4, 1949, letter to Mary again explained that she had put out ads for a housekeeper.

"I am feeling so-so but cannot take a step. It seems strange doesn't it but perhaps not when we think of my age. [Minnie's eighty-ninth birthday was December 28, 1948] I realize I have many blessings, Mary, for I can read and have my mind and ears and home and my dear children three and am not penniless. Sometimes I get pretty lonely, but as you know my room is a pleasant one and of course I am all right. Laura does not often miss a day coming over if only for a very short time and Fred is very good in attending to all my business matters and on the whole I do usually feel fairly well without much hurting."

January 7, 1949, Minnie's letter to Mary described her helplessness.

"My dearest Mary, I have a new housekeeper I have hired. She began yesterday and I like her real well and so does Mrs. Ferguson (nurse). It seems as if we were very fortunate. Have had lots and lots of applications. The phone has rung continually to see if they might come. I am feeling fairly well, am very helpless but do not suffer and that is much to be thankful about. I have even gotten to the bathroom once today on Mrs. Ferguson's arm. I use my toilet chair you know usually. It does hurt dreadfully to try to walk. Now good by with love to all from Mother."

On March 3, 1949, at 4:30 in the morning Minnie Wood Warren Hobart, at the age of eighty-nine, died quietly in her home.

REMEMBERING MINNIE

Forty years later, Laura Fatheree told a granddaughter-in-law, "Mother would have liked any place where Dad was. She would have gone anywhere he was. She eventually came to like the Panhandle. And of course, she loved the ranch on the Washita Creek."¹⁶⁸

168 Kristi Fatheree interview with Laura Hobart Fatheree, April 14, 1989, Pampa, TX.

In describing this pioneer woman, the words “strong” and “tough as iron” come to mind. As one of the prominent pioneers in the Texas Panhandle, Dwight had a great deal of fortitude. However, Minnie displayed strength and fortitude as well as his partner and helpmate in all his endeavors.

Continuously solicitous of Dwight, everything Minnie did was done for him. Worried she would be a hindrance to him if her health failed, she always tried to have household help because she wasn't strong enough to do all that was necessary. Very faithful and dedicated, she stood by Dwight always. The last ten years of Dwight's life were not easy, and she gave as much of herself as she could.

Minnie was a great reader and continually shared a keen interest in the outside world. She passed her love of reading down to her children. People who knew her experienced easy communication with a good listener. Never critical of people, she was always there for others – a quiet presence, not vocal. She enjoyed events and had nothing but praise for others.

Minnie loved her Pampa house. As a devoted Christian who loved the church, she often urged her grandson, “Always give assistance to your church, Hobart.”



The Hobart house in 1915



Epilogue

The Hobart house remains a mystery to many people in Pampa to this day. Rising from the barren plains of the Panhandle in 1912-1914, the house has stood as a symbol of pioneering fortitude and courage. In many ways, this house is one more “character” in the ongoing saga of the Hobart family. A Christmas Home Tour in 2001 opened the historic house for local residents to view, and many Pampa residents took advantage of this rare opportunity. The Hobart house, embracing so much history, began its existence on five barren acres west of the town of Pampa. Now, many years later, located on Hobart Street and Highway 152, it is surrounded primarily by commercial property.

Four times throughout the years, the Hobart home became a center of family wedding festivities. Minnie and Dwight celebrated with daughter Laura the first wedding event in their home on October 11, 1924. Laura Prescott Hobart married Clyde Fatheree in a beautiful setting in the parlor. Laura descended the striking oak stairway and met her father on the bottom landing downstairs.

The second wedding event took place in the Hobart house when Minnie and Dwight’s youngest, Mary, married Guy Hutchinson on September 19, 1927. Only a few long-time friends and immediate relatives of the bride and groom were guests. The parlor was again the scene for this event, as Mary entered on the arm of her father wearing



Clyde and Laura Fatheree



Mary Hobart



Fred and Minerva Hobart, Guy and Mary Hutchinson, Clyde and Laura Fatheree, Minnie and Dwight Hobart

a gown of duchess satin with chantilly lace and pearls.¹⁶⁹ The home was beautiful with its decorations of orchid chrysanthemums, ferns and similax.

In December 1948, when Marilyn Hobart's wedding to Robert Campbell took place, the Hobart house still played a role even though the Presbyterian Church was the scene of the marriage ceremony. In spite of a violent wind, sheets of lightening and crashing thunder, Marilyn and Bob stopped at the Hobart house after the ceremony to visit Minnie before going on to the reception at the Pampa Country Club. Marilyn wanted to honor her grandmother and share with Nanaw the glory of the moment.

¹⁶⁹ Mary's wedding dress is on display at the White Deer Land Museum in Pampa, TX.



Robert Campbell at age one, Mrs. Fred A. Hobart holding Robert, Minerva and Lt. Batts

In December 1952 another granddaughter of T. D. and Minnie, Minerva (Tiny) Hobart, married Lt. Robert Edward Lee Batts, Jr. on a Saturday afternoon at the First Presbyterian Church with the reception following at the Hobart house.¹⁷⁰

Over fifty years later, the wedding reception of Jennifer Lynn Fatheree¹⁷¹ and Taylor Hill Shepard was the latest such event after their wedding ceremony in the First Presbyterian Church on June 12, 2004. Jenny remembered visiting Minerva Hobart, who lived in the Hobart house, every Christmas when she was a little girl. Fascination filled her when told that her dad's grandmother (Laura) grew up in that house.

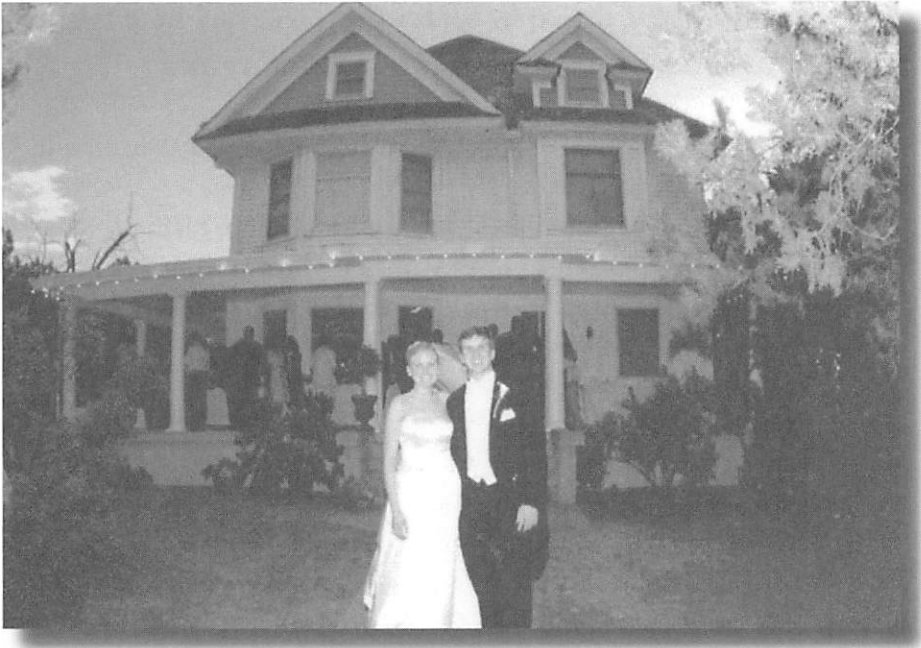
The importance of family and history for Jenny placed the Hobart house in a special place in her heart. It was her dream to have her wedding reception in this historic setting. While the three hundred reception guests enjoyed a spread of refreshments on the veranda and danced to band music on the lawn, the family watched Jenny cut the bride's cake in the Hobart dining room and Taylor cut the groom's

170 *Focus*, Vol. 22, No. 4, Autumn 2004, "Wedding Bells at Hobart House Once Again!" p. 15.

171 Jennifer is the great-great granddaughter of Minnie and Dwight Hobart, the great-granddaughter of Laura Hobart Fatheree, the granddaughter of Hobart and Ann Fatheree and the daughter of Timothy and Sue Fatheree.

cake in the parlor. Lights sparkling in the trees around the drive added to the magic of the moment. For one lovely evening, it was like being in another time and place. A 1920s Rolls Royce capped the historical theme as Jenny and Taylor were driven to Amarillo to begin their honeymoon.

Changes through the years to windows and the heating system and a reconstructed kitchen have helped keep the dust out and the heat in, and made life easier in the Hobart house. But for the most part, the old house continues as it has since 1914 – sometimes referred to as haunted, but always a historical reference point in Pampa and a home for the Hobarts.¹⁷²



Jennifer Lynn Fatheree and Taylor Hill Shepard¹⁷³

172 The Hobart house is currently (2008) owned by Dwight and Minnie's grandchildren, Marilyn Hobart Campbell and Timothy Dwight Hobart II.

173 Bridal couple in front of the Hobart House; photo by Carol Fruge' Photography.



Appendix A

NEW ENGLAND HERITAGE A PIONEER ANCESTRY

MINNIE WOOD WARREN HOBART'S ANCESTORS

Pioneer stock shaped the lives of both Minnie Wood Warren and Timothy Dwight Hobart.

Three of Minnie's family lines can be traced to the birth of this nation and before. These three family lines that form Minnie's life and the Hobart generations are included:

- The House Lineage
- The Warren Ancestors
- The Cobleigh Family
- The Generations of Hobarts

The appendix also consists of references for Minnie and a bibliography for the generations of Hobarts.

THE HOUSE LINEAGE

William House – born about 1642 in Somerset, England. He came to America in 1670 and died about 1703/04 in Glastonbury, CT. William married Sarah Bidwell – born in 1653, in Hartford, CT. Married about 1670 in CT.

William and Sarah's children were:

William b. 1671, died young

John b. 1673

Sarah

Mary b. 1677

Ann b. 1679

Hannah b. 1680

William b. 1684 in Glastonbury, CT

Joseph b. 1687

William House b. 1684 in Glastonbury, CT, d. 1742 in Glastonbury, CT.

First Marriage: Hannah Loveland b.1686 (about) in Glastonbury, CT, December 1, 1709.

William and Hannah's children were:

William b. September 9, 1713 in Glastonbury

Hannah b. 1711

Benoni b. 1715

Second Marriage: Abigail Porter b. Aug 27, 1693, in Hadley, MA

Married: January 9, 1717, in Glastonbury, CT

Third Marriage: Abigail Cowles b. 1735

Married: June 5, 1735, in East Hartford, CT

William House b. September 9, 1713, in Glastonbury, CT, and died March 20, 1788 in Eastbury, CT. He married Hannah Hollister January 13, 1741. Hannah Hollister's parents were Lt. Thomas

Hollister b. 1712 and Dorothy Hills d. 1790. William became an ensign of the 12th Company, 6th Regiment. He lived for a while in Chatham, CT, and returned to Glastonbury in 1782.

William and Hannah's children were:

William b. 1744

Lazarus b. Apr 14, 1748 in Glastonbury

Dorothy b. 1753

Abigail b. 1755

Israel b. 1758

Abner b. 1759

Joel b. 1759

Matthew b. 1763
Hannah b. 1763

Israel House b. 1758 in Glastonbury, CT, and d. Berlin, VT, January 21, 1831. He married Abigail Hubbard April 23, 1780, in Glastonbury, CT. Abigail died in Berlin, VT, April 18, 1811, at the age of 53. Abigail was the daughter of Eleazar and Abigail (Hollister) Hubbard.

Israel served in the Connecticut Militia during the American Revolution under Lt. Stephen Andrus, 6th Regiment, in August and September 1776. Israel House and his wife Abigail were members of the Eastbury or Buckingham Congregational Church. In the Congregational Church from time to time a person or couple were scheduled to stand up during a service and they would "recite the Covenant of the Church" It was known as owning the covenant.¹ Israel House and his wife owned the covenants at Eastbury, June 18, 1780. He was listed in the 1790 census in the Eastbury section of Glastonbury. The last deed [dated November 7, 1794] relates to his homestead, and marks the time of his removal to Berlin, VT.

1 Glastonbury Historical Society Covenant. State Library, Hartford, CT.

Israel and Abigail's children were;

Jesse House 1783-1863 married Polly Culver 1792-1863

Israel House, Jr. October 13, 1787-July 23, 1856

Israel married Hannah Work in his second marriage about February 1812. She was born at Ashford, CT July 23, 1774, and was the daughter of Lt. Joseph and Betty (Hayward) Woirk.

Israel House, Jr. b. October 13, 1787, baptized August 12, 1786.

Served in the War of 1812. Married Dinah Harris Cobleigh April 28 (23), 1818. Dinah was born October 13, 1794, in Glastonbury, CT. Israel died July 23, 1856. Dinah and Israel were Minnie's maternal grandparents. Both Dinah and Israel are buried in the cemetery at Berlin Corners.



Dinah Colbeigh House
1794 - 1872
Dinah C
Wife of
Israel House
June 20, 1872
AE. 77 y's 8 m's
"There is rest in Heaven"



Israel House
1787 - 1856
Israel House
Died
July 23, 1856
AE 69
"From dust thou art and dust shalt thou return"

THE COBLEIGH FAMILY

John Cobleigh - wife Mary Basworth

John, Jr.

Jonathan, wife Elizabeth (?)

Oliver Cobleigh b. 1732 - England

Jonathan b. 1746 - Hardwick, MA

Elizabeth b. 1737

Abigail b. 1740

Rueben b. 1743

John b. 1753

Captain Oliver Cobleigh b. 1732 - England, d. 1807. He came to Northfield from Westminster, VT, in 1796, when but few inhabitants had moved into it. He married Abiah Doubleday, one of the four sisters who came from that town and were the foremost women to take up their residence in the wilderness country. The sisters were Dinah, Ezekiel Robinson's wife, Anna, Stanton Richardson's wife, and Sally, Eliphus Shipman's wife, all extraordinary, courageous women. Abiah Doubleday b-1770, Westminster, VT. Abiah's father served as a lieutenant and was killed in the American Revolution. In 1792 Oliver served as lieutenant and captain in the 11th Company that marched from Chesterfield, NH, for the relief of Fort Ticonderoga. Oliver was appointed selectman in 1779 for Chesterfield and subsequently moved to VT where he died in Northfield.

Oliver and Abiah's children were:

Dinah Harris b. 1794

George K. b. 1796 - Northfield

Harriet b. 1804 - Northfield, d. 1849 - Northfield

Dinah Harris Cobleigh b. August 13, 1794 d. June 20, 1872. Dinah was the daughter of Captain Oliver Cobleigh and Abiah Doubleday. They were Vermonters in and around Berlin, VT. Dinah married Israel House, Jr. in 1818. Dinah is buried in the East Hill Cemetery, Berlin, VT. Dinah married a second time, Asa Andrews after Israel's death - July 12, 1858. Dinah, in a letter to her son Cornelius, March 7, 1870, stated that she wished she had never remarried.

Dinah and Israel's children were:

Marilla D. b. March 31, 1819 was born and lived in VT for some time, but went to Lawrence, KS, later in life. Was married to Mr. Wellington. Raised both her brother Corneliu's daughters, Allice, Ada Belle and Mattie, and Clinton's daughters - six girls in all. Ada Belle married a Henderson and lived nearly her whole life in Lawrence, KS. Marilla was a spiritualist.

Laura Ann b. February 4, 1821-d. August 9, 1908 visited Cornelius in St. Louis and Clinton in Peoria in 1856. Laura Ann is the mother of Minnie Wood Warren.

Oliver C. House b. January 14, 1823 (1822)-d. September 25, 1880

Cornelius Van Ness b. June 20, 1825-d. January 10, 1911 (January 14, 1825) Lived with niece Ella C. Long, Spring Hill, KS when he died.

DeWitt Clinton b. January 20, 1828 - served in Civil War from Minnesota - lost his wife and remarried.

Rosina Emeline b. July 11, 1830 - married Mr. Rome

Thomas Jefferson b. October 18, 1832 (1833) - d. February 10, 1869 - Jeff - went West in the Gold Rush.

All of the children were born in Glastonbury and moved at some point to Berlin, VT.

THE WARREN ANCESTORS

Eliphalet Warren Born to Thomas and Lydia Warrin on March 21, 1726, in Northborough, MA, d. July 16, 1815. He served at Halifax and Fort Ticonderoga during the French and Indian Wars. He occupied several public offices in town, including selectman. Eliphalet is buried in the cemetery behind Northborough's First Church. His wife was Meriam Warren, d. November 16, 1813 at age seventy-two years.

Eliphalet and Meriam's children were:

Abel Warren

John Warren

Luke Warren

Joel Warren 1773-1849

Luther Warren

Calvin Warren

Lydia Alton

Olive Davis

Matney Ball

Shaty Grant

Polly Warren

Joel Warren b. in Northboro, MA, November 28, 1772, went to Weathersfield, VT, and worked for his brother John about six months. February 14, 1799, Joel married Rebecca P. Tolles, of Weathersfield, VT, who was born in New Haven, CT, May 4, 1776. Joel and his bride moved to Berlin, VT to his "lodge in the wilderness" where he made a good home, and where he lived the remainder of his life. Mrs. Warren died May 24, 1800, and was the mother of his son Tolles. March 29, 1801, Joel married his second wife, Hannah Marie Knapp (1773-1851) of Willington, CT, who died November 21, 1851, aged 78. Joel was in the legislature in 1819. He located a farm where his youngest son, Judge Abel

Knapp Warren, later lived, and where he commenced to make a home by cutting the first tree, clearing a plot of ground, and building a log cabin.

Joel and Hannah's children were:

Rebecca b. 1802

Betsey b. 1803

Joel, Jr. b. 1805

Hannah Elizabeth b. 1808 – the second wife of Abel Knapp, Jr., married in 1875 and lived in Mooers, NY

Abel Knapp. Esq 1813

Joel Warren was an intelligent, well-informed man and was prominent in the affairs of his town. He served in the official positions of justice of the peace, representative in the state legislature in 1819, and other important town offices. He was a prosperous farmer, raised a moderately large family of children and accumulated a handsome fortune. He died in Berlin, VT. in April, 1849, age seventy-seven years.

Able Knapp Warren, son of Joel Warren and Hannah Knapp, was born July 15, 1813, on the Warren homestead. He remained a farmer all his life. Like his father, Judge Warren was a prominent and influential citizen of his town, and served in the offices of justice of the peace and associate judge of Washington County. He married Laura Ann House January 25, 1842. Able died August 6, 1897, and is buried in Berlin Corners Cemetery.

Able and Laura Ann's children were:

Isabel – Belle – (Mrs. H. N. Dustin, Michigan) b. May 2, 1846 , d. August 17, 1890. Buried in Berlin Corners Cemetery.

Ferrand Herbert, Fargo, Dakota b. December 18, 1847, d. 1931 Buried in Pampa, TX

Ella Estelle, (Mrs. G. Dustin) Berlin b. December 31, 1849, d. November 13, 1919. Buried in Berlin Corners Cemetery.

Alice Marilla b. February 1, 1852, d. October 20, 1894 Alice attended the Vermont Methodist Seminary and Female College located in Montpelier, VT. A teacher, spent time as a missionary teacher in Utah. Buried in Berlin Corners Cemetery

Elizabeth (Lizzie) Hannah b. April 15, 1854, d. September 5, 1879. Buried in Berlin Corners Cemetery.

Frederick Abel b. January 8, 1857, d. 1943. Was a cashier for Barber Asphalt Paving Co. in Kansas City and retired near Philadelphia.

Minnie Wood b. Dec. 28, 1859, d. March 3, 1949

Laura Ann House b. February 4, 1821, d. August 9, 1908. Spent her whole life in Berlin. Laura cared for her mother in her final illness. Her education included Troy Conference Academy, Poultny, VT. She is buried in Berlin Corners Cemetery.



In Memory of
Mr. Eliphalet Warren,
who died
July 16, 1815
A 89



In Memory of
Mrs. Meriam Warren,
wife of
Mr. Eliphalet Warren,
who died Nov. 16, 1813,
in the 72 year
of her age.

THE GENERATIONS OF HOBARTS

Thomas Hobart was probably the first of the dissenting Puritans in the Hobart line. St. Andrews Church records show that Thomas, who was lord of the manor in Hingham, was married to **Helen Winsofer** on July 30, 1569, at Snoring Magna, Essex. He died on May 30, 1603.

Edmund Hobart, Thomas's son, succeeded Thomas as lord of the manor of Hingham. He was born in Hingham, Norfolk County, England on January 1, 1573, baptized at St. Andrews and married **Margaret Dewey**, who also had been baptized at St. Andrews on September 7, 1600.

Edmund sailed for the New World on the ship, *Elizabeth Bonaventure*, leaving Yarmouth, Norfolk, the first week of May 1633. John Graves was the master of the ship. They arrived in Boston, June 15, carrying ninety-five passengers. Edmund settled at Charlestown, MA, with his first wife, Margaret, and their children, Rebecca, Sarah, Joshua, Nazareth, Edmond and Thomas and servant, Henry Gibbs. On March 4, 1634, Edmund Hobart took the freeman's oath and was appointed a constable for Charlestown. The family moved in September 1635 to Bear Cove, a new place twelve miles south of Boston. The name was changed to Hingham. In Hingham, Edmund became commissioner of the general court, a member of the court, a member of the committee to levy taxes and was chosen the representative of his town in the general court.

By his first wife, Margaret, Edmund was the father in England of:

1. Nazareth, 1601-1658
2. Edmund, 1604-1685 *Edmund & Peter were twins.*
3. **Peter**, 1604-1678
4. Thomas, 1606-1675
5. Mary, 1608 in England, never came to America
6. Mehetabel, 1610, in England
7. Elizabeth, 1612 in England
8. Joshua, 1614

9. Rebecca, born in England
10. Sarah, 1617, in England

After Margaret Dewey Hobart died, Edmund married the Widow Sarah Ann, the widow of Reverend John Lyford, of Plymouth, MA. 1634. He died twelve years later without further issue.

Rev. Peter, 1604-1679

Born October 13, 1604, in Hingham, England. Baptized in October 1604. Peter attended grammar school, a Free School at Lynn, and from this entered Magdalen College at the University at Cambridge, England. In 1626 he graduated from Cambridge (B.A. degree) and M.A. in 1629, Holy Orders. He then taught grammar school. While thus employed, he lived in the home of a clergyman of the Established Church, who, though not friendly to Peter's Puritan ideas, sometimes engaged young Hobart to preach for him. He was ordained a Minister of the Gospel in 1627. He identified himself with the Puritans and, after considerable persecution, came to America in 1635, where he helped found Hingham, MA. Seven ships came together to America in June 1635.

Peter arrived in Charlestown from England with his wife and four children, June 8, 1635. At that time they drew lots for land on which to build their homes. Peter set up the twelfth house of worship in Massachusetts, in 1635. In this church, he and his congregation were able to worship God as they wished, without elaborate rituals. He was the spiritual head of Hingham and never hesitated to speak his mind, embroiling his flock with Gov. Winthrop on occasion.

The Old Ship Church, the one he established, is still standing. It is an old wooden church, and its name comes from the curved rafters that resemble the hull of a ship. It is the oldest church in continuous use in the United States. The cemetery behind the church has a monument to Peter. It is separate from the old grave sites. The Hobart coat of arms is in the choir room as is a list of early preachers.

Peter was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Richard & Margaret Ibrook, in 1627. She died in December 1645. His second wife was Rebecca Peck, daughter of Joseph and Rebecca Clark Peck, whom he married in 1646. She died on September 9, 1692.

Children by Peter's first wife, Elizabeth:

1. Joshua, 1628-1716, Harvard graduate, minister in Rhode Island
2. Jeremiah, 1630-1715, Harvard graduate, minister in Connecticut
3. Josiah, 1632-1711, selectman in Hingham
4. Elizabeth, 1633-1692
5. Ichabod, 1635-1636, born in Charlestown, MA
6. Hannah, 1637, died at 1 month, Hingham, MA
7. Hannah, 1638-1691
8. Bathsheba, 1640-1724
9. Israel, 1642-1731, shipbuilder in Scituate, burned out of his home by Indians in 1676
10. Jael, 1643-1730, married Gov. William Bradford's son.
11. Gershom December, 1645- December 19, 1707

* went to America in 1635

Children by his second wife, Rebecca:

12. Japhet, 1647, Harvard graduate, set out to make his fortune as a surgeon in England, was never heard from again. Assumed he was lost at sea.
13. Nehemiah, 1648-1712, Harvard graduate, minister at Newton
14. David, 1651-1717, tanner in Hingham, elected constable, selectman and deacon
15. Rebecca, 1654
16. Abigail, 1656-1683
17. Lydia, 1659-1732, married Thomas Lincoln, an ancestor of Abraham Lincoln
18. Hezekiah, 1661-1662

Rev. Gershom, 1645-1707.

Educated at Harvard, received his degree in 1679. In that same year he was ordained as a minister at Groton, MA. His home was burned by Indians in 1694 and his son, Gershom, was taken captive. The boy was returned a year later, after living as a slave for a year. Rev. Gershom Hobart died December 19, 1707. Rev. Gershom and his wife, Sarah, were parents of:

1. Gershom, Jr.
2. Shebuel, 1682-1764
3. Nehemiah, 1687
4. Peter, 1694
5. four daughters

Peter, 1694-1759

Lived in Groton, MA, where his six or more children were born between 1718-1741.

1. Col. David
2. Col. Samuel, 1734-1798
3. Captain James, 1738-1834

Captain James, 1738- 1834

James was born in Groton, MA, and died in Berlin, VT. Married Hannah Cummings in 1792. He and his wife were among the earliest settlers of Plymouth, NH. Captain James served with distinction in the Revolutionary War. He assisted in establishing American Independence while acting in capacity of soldier. He was a member of Capt. John Willowby's Co. of Volunteers in Col. Chase's regiment, commanded by Brigadier Gen. Whipple. This company marched from Plymouth NH in September 1777 to assist our northern army under command of Maj. Gen. Gates. In records of Plymouth, NH he is styled Capt. James Hobart. In the summer of 1785, Captain Hobart went from New Hampshire to the territory of Vermont where he purchased a tract of wilderness land

located at the mouth of Jones Brook in the township of Berlin, VT.

1. Rev. James, 1766-1862
2. Sally, 1773-1811
3. Peter House Hobart, 1777-1828
4. Betsy, -1791

Rev. James, 1766-1862

The first child born in Plymouth, NH, August 2, 1766. During the summer when James was 19, he and his a brother cleared the land at Berlin and built a log house for their father. Always studious and serious-minded, he had a strong desire for a higher education. By the time his summer's work was finished, he had decided to get a college education and, after that, to study for the ministry. He began his preparation for the ministry by studying "divinity" with the Reverend Dr. Asa Burton, a Congregational minister at Thetford, VT, in 1777.

Hobart possessed musical talent. In the autumn of 1785 he attended a music school at Newbury, VT, and became proficient in the subject. He later taught music as a means of defraying his expenses in securing an education. For two years Hobart pursued the study of theology under the direction of two eminent divines, the Reverends Jacob Wood and John Sawyer of Orford, NH.

In 1791, Hobart entered Dartmouth College where he received the A.B. degree in 1794. He united with the Congregational Church and was licensed to preach by the Grafton (NH) Association in April 1795. He preached his first sermon at Chelsea in the same month.

This was the beginning of a long and useful career in pioneering in the ministry, and the influence of this young clergyman was long felt in many parts of the New England section. He organized a number of churches in NH and VT.

On November 7, 1798, he was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church at Berlin, VT, where his parents had settled permanently. He served as pastor of the Berlin Church until April 1829. He was the first settled minister in Berlin and built the first house of worship there. This church was used until 1803. After retirement from the church at Berlin Rev. James became an itinerant minister for various local churches. Rev. James preached right up until his death, sometimes walking 20 miles to preach at 3 churches a day.

In 1804 he married Betsy Perrin, the daughter of one of the pioneer families in Berlin. Her sister, Mary Perrin Dewey, was the mother of Admiral George Dewey, who claimed the Philippine Islands for the United States in 1898. (The war that W. L. Hutchinson – Guy Hutchinson’s father fought in the Philippines)

“He fitted for college with Rev. John Sawyer, now living in Maine at the advanced age of 102 years, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1794, was licensed to preach the Gospel in March, 1795, settled in Berlin Nov. 7th, 1798, where he remained as pastor a little more than thirty years. Since his dismissal he has continued his residence in Berlin, supplying destitute churches in the region, and sometimes in neighboring States. Nor has he yet laid aside his armor, but continues to preach twice, and often three times, almost as frequently as the Sabbath returns, with little apparent fatigue or weariness.”

From the *Vermont Chronicle*, August, 1857.

On the occasion of Rev. Hobart’s ninety-first birthday, assembled at the old family residence for the birthday were his wife (seventy-four years old), all the living children of Mr. Hobart, seven in number (six with their companions) and all twelve grandchildren. Five children had died, three sons and two daughters, all in early

youth or middle age; one only was married, one son-in-law had died. Rev. James Hobart died on July 16, 1862, at the age of ninety-five.

Rev. James and Betsy's children were:

1. Betsy, 1805-1843
2. James, 1807
3. Samuel, 1809
4. Emeline, 1811- married Dr. Ira Evans, 4 children: Mary, married Thomas Yale;
Edward Payson, Ira Hobart & a son who died young
5. Mary, 1813
6. Pamela, 1814, married a minister, Rufus Childs- their child was James Hobart
Childs - T. D. Hobart's 1st cousin
7. Harriet Newell, 1816-1834
8. Julia, 1819, married a minister
9. David, 1821
10. Hannah, 1824, married a minister was mother of Mattie Early
11. Timothy Dwight, 1827-1853, graduate of Dartmouth
12. Isaac Watts, 1829-1850

David Hobart, 1821-1901

Married Caroline Prescott Reed of Gardiner, Maine. Before her marriage, Caroline taught for a number of years in the Gardiner schools. Caroline Reed's mother was a Prescott, and was related to the historian William Hickling Prescott. She was also a relative of John Greenleaf Whittier. David and Caroline lived on a farm at Berlin, Vermont.

David and Caroline had 3 children:

1. Timothy Dwight, 1855-1935
2. Elizabeth
3. Clara

Timothy Dwight, 1855-1935

Born on October 6, 1855 in Berlin, VT. One of the greatest influences in his early life was his grandfather, Rev. James Hobart. Even stricter than his father, his grandfather made sure that T. D. stuck to the straight and narrow. He became thoroughly imbued with a strict religious way of life, which was supplemented with an experienced understanding of thrift and hard work. The grandfather, a strict disciplinarian of the old Puritan school, saw to it that Dwight as a child walked circumspectly at all times. On one occasion when the lad departed slightly from the straight and narrow way, the grandfather invoked "the curse and wrath of God upon Dwight for playing on the Sabbath."

T. D. attended Dartmouth College where he excelled in history and math, and gained an understanding of law, which would help him in later years. He was forced to quit school because of his father's poor health, but finished his education at home. At age 21 he became superintendent of the Berlin schools. In 1882, T. D. broke family tradition and moved westward, in the employ of the New York and Texas Land Company. By 1886, he was in charge of surveying and leasing over one million acres of their land.

Timothy Dwight married his childhood sweetheart, Minnie Wood Warren, in 1888 in Berlin, VT. On their honeymoon they visited Kansas City, in the bride's words, ".....a bare, desolate place." Their final destination was Mobeetie, TX, where T. D.'s headquarters were located. They were greeted as they rode into town by a "most fearful, genuine dust storm" and T. D. "felt strange misgivings as to what her reactions would be to this Panhandle country."

T. D. did much to help change the Texas Panhandle from vast, uncharted grasslands to the prosperous region it has become. He

surveyed thousands of miles of land and was very knowledgeable about the area. He became widely known for his diplomatic and honest deals.

In later years, T. D. began to manage the White Deer Lands, a large area in the Texas Panhandle. At first he ran the surveying and leasing but natural gas and oil were discovered there. The White Deer Lands and the land around them became the largest gas field in the world. In 1915 he became the manager of the JA Ranch, one of the largest and best known in the area.

Besides land management, T. D. also served as president of the Panhandle-Plains Historical Society and helped to establish the Panhandle-Plains Museum. He worked with the state government on forestry projects, planting some 50,000 trees on his own ranch, the Washita (near Canadian, TX) and nearly 100,000 on the old Hobart and Warren homesteads in VT. He established the first bank in Pampa, TX where he later made his home. Pampa elected him as mayor, and he is known as the first citizen of Pampa.

Timothy Dwight and Minnie Wood Warren Hobart were parents of:

1. Warren Reed, died in infancy
2. Warren Dwight, 1891-1910, died of pneumonia at age nineteen.
3. Fredrick Abel, 1898-1973

Married Minerva Jones. Managed the Washita ranch until his death. His son, Timothy Dwight, now manages the Washita. He also had two daughters, Marilyn Wood and Minerva. Timothy Dwight Hobart, son of Fred, is the last of the Hobart line.

4. Laura Prescott, 1899-1991

Married Clyde Fatheree and lived until her death in Pampa, Texas. They were parents of three sons: Clyde Warren, Eugene Hobart and Joel David.

Picture below:

Caroline and David Hobart

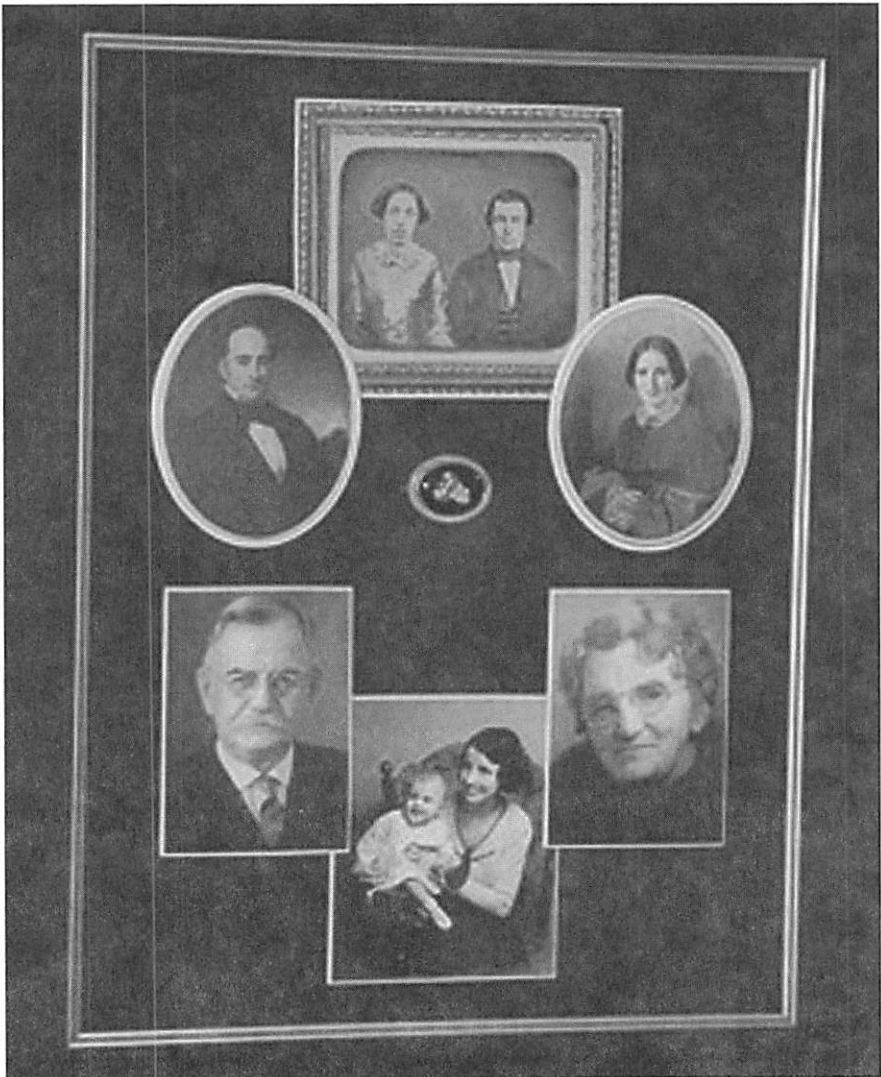
Able and Laura Ann Warren

Timothy Dwight and Minnie Hobart

Priscilla and Mary Hobart Hutchinson

5. Mary Reed, 1902 -1994

Married Wilber Guy Hutchinson and lived in Arkansas City, Kansas. There are two daughters: Priscilla Anne Hutchinson Wilson and Pamela Hobart Hutchinson Hanson.



Family Gathering



On the 2d of August, 1857, Rev. JAMES HOBART, of Berlin, completed his ninety-first year. This aged servant of God is still enjoying good health and a degree of bodily and mental strength and vigor which is truly remarkable.

On the afternoon of his last birth-day, which was the Sabbath, he preached at Berlin, from the text in Eccl. xii 13. After a very brief allusion to his age, expressing his gratitude and wonder that God had spared him so long, he proceeded with much feeling and plainness to urge upon his hearers obedience to the command of the text.

On Tuesday following, there were assembled at the old family residence all the children of Mr. HOBART now living, seven in number, six with their companions, and all the grandchildren, twelve in number, with a few other friends. A kind Providence favored the gathering, and all the members of the family were present. Though but recently scattered in four different States, all but one daughter and her companion now reside in Vermont. After a bountiful repast, most kindly prepared, all were assembled to listen once more to the word of counsel and prayer from the lips of a revered parent and friend. It was a pleasant and rare privilege to see the aged patriarch, with his worthy companion, now seventy-four years of age, surrounded by their children and their children's children, varying in age from sixty-five to two years, and to hear him speak of God's dealings with him and his, and recommend that Gospel which he had preached for more than sixty years, as the only true support in the changes and trials of this life, and as alone affording good hope for the future.

Five of the children of this family have died, three sons and two daughters, all in early youth or middle age; one only was married; one son-in-law has also died. Two of the sons were pursuing their studies with reference to the ministry - one had graduated at college and was about to enter the seminary, and the other was about entering college when the messenger of death came. Thus were the fond hopes of the father, that he might have sons to preach the Gospel, blasted. All but one of the children have made a public profession of religion, and that one would probably have done so had he lived a few weeks longer. Three of the daughters have married clergymen, one a physician, and one a lawyer; and all the children, it is believed, are occupying useful and honorable positions in the church and society. Nine grandchildren died, most of them in infancy.

After remarks, accompanied by reading of Scripture and singing, we were led to the Throne of Grace in a most earnest and feeling prayer by the venerable father, and having united in singing the Doxology, and lingered for awhile amid dear and familiar scenes, reviving the memories of past days, and speaking to kind friends some last words, the company separated, probably never to meet together here again. But from many hearts went up the prayer that we might all meet in heaven. May that prayer be answered.



It may interest some to state here a few facts in the personal history of Rev. Mr. Hobart. He fitted for college with Rev. John Sawyer, now living in Maine at the advanced age of 102 years, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1794, where he remained as pastor a little more than thirty years. Since his dismissal he has continued his residence in Berlin, supplying destitute churches in the region, and sometimes in neighboring States. Nor has he yet laid aside his armor, but continues to preach twice, and often three times, almost as frequently as the Sabbath returns, with little apparent fatigue or weariness.

— *Vermont Chronicle*, August, 1857.

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Appendix B

HISTORICAL RESEARCH PRIZE CONTEST

**WILLIAM H. BUSH MEMORIAL COLLECTION
OF BOOKS ON THE SOUTHWEST**

1946

SECOND PRIZE

**“PIONEER DAYS OF THE PLAINS AND THE
PANHANDLE”**

BY

MRS. T. D. HOBART – PAMPA, TEXAS

PIONEER DAYS OF THE PLAINS AND THE PANHANDLE

Do we stop to think that we are the Handle and the rest of the State the Pan and that the Handle was the last part of the State of Texas to be settled? And then to realize that our Pan-handle is a part of the great American desert, — the “Staked Plains,” or the Llano Estacado of our childhood days is almost breathtaking:

We find in the early half of the Sixteenth Century, just 20 years from the time Cortez captured the City of Mexico, that the fabled wealth of the Indian tribes of the Southwest excited the imaginations of the Spaniards, who a few years before had found great riches in the cities of the Aztecs, and believing that these Indian tribes were also rich in silver and gold, and excited by the reports, Coronado set out in search of the cities of gold — “The Seven Cities of Cibola.”

With a well-provisioned train, several hundred friendly Indians and 250 Spanish horsemen, he advanced into Texas. Coronado was the first white man, undoubtedly, to enter the Panhandle, and he wandered back and forth across the plains country several times. It is recorded that he endured hardships, perhaps never surpassed in history. It was a trail blazed with suffering and disappointment, accompanied by constant conflict with the Indians, and ending with starvation and disillusionment.

Although this was in 1541, the first people to really inhabit the Panhandle were the wild Indians, and back of the buffalo and Indians, this country was the home of the mastodon, the saber-tooth tiger, etc.

Following Coronado, the Panhandle was practically undisturbed by white men for 300 years, and then came the early explorers, who in 1820, 1831 and 1852, pictured this country as unfit for civilization. Major Long, Josiah Gregg and Captain R. B. Marcy, who wrote that the Plains country and the northern Panhandle were waste lands and uninhabitable desert, too dry for agriculture and seemed only fitted

for the haunts of the mustang, the buffalo, the antelope, and their migratory lord, the prairie Indian. However, Marcy was impressed with the healthfulness of the country and Gregg said that the great prairies were vast enough to afford pasturage for all the cattle of the United States.

The life of the Panhandle may be conveniently divided into four main periods: the Indian, the Buffalo hunters, establishment of large ranches, and the agriculturists or settlers.

The first period, the Indian stage, occupied a long stretch of time. They were positive this land in the Panhandle was theirs, the undisputed and uncoveted home of the Plains Indians – happy people in their nomadic life and tribal wars, free as the boundless plains over which they roamed. They neither knew, nor wanted any luxuries beyond those they found in the buffalo and deer around them. In such ways they were provided with food and clothing and the covering for their lodge. United States government insisted that peace must be maintained, and that all Indian offenders must be given to the government Agent for trial in the Federal Courts. One feature of the treaty was that the Indians should not go north of the Arkansas River.

Some of the Spanish horses had been lost or abandoned in Coronado's day and with later events had been transplanted to the desert lands of this new world. They flourished and increased rapidly. The Plains Indians soon imitated the Spaniards and caught these wild horses or mustangs and learned to ride them.

The inauguration of the Spanish horse among the Plains Indians completely changed their manner of living. When the Indian was once mounted he came to be an expert horseman. Every warrior had four ponies. His war pony was his treasure above every earthly thing. Then his buffalo pony, his distance pony and his pack horse. The mounted Indian was master of the Plains for three centuries and more, and for most of this period he kept, first, the Spaniard, and later the Anglo-American from invading and occupying the Plains.

These Indians became great horse thieves and this was regarded as an honor. Now the Indians might have been permitted to run at large for a few more years, but for the fact that some of them persisted in their old habits of raiding the frontier settlements. These visits were ordinarily made to steal horses, but the savages did not hesitate to kill white people and almost every raid they took away with them captive women and children, and left behind the mangled bodies of frontier citizens and the smoking ruins of ranch houses.

There were many tribes here in the Panhandle, but the Kiowas and the Comanches were the most powerful and the most feared. The United States government made its first peace treaty with the Plains tribes in 1853. Each side pledged certain things. This treaty was not kept by either of the two contracting parties.

Following the Civil War in 1863 these same tribes were again called together for a second treaty. For the first time a definite territory was given to them as a Reservation. They were on this Reservation a part of the time following the making of the treaty, but the number on the Reservation at all times was probably less than those off.

The third and most important treaty between the United States and the Plains Indians was at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, in 1867 and the white people south of that river.

This included the Panhandle and a large area connected with it, the buffalo, of course, being the bone of contention. The Indians contended that they could not live on their restricted territory unless the government deal out rations to them, which the government did. But, again, on both sides the treaty was broken.

In countless thousands the buffalo roamed the plains, but during the hot summer months they migrated north to Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and as far north as the Dakotas.

About 1870 the commercial hide buyers came from the East to Dodge City and Hays City, Kansas, and Ft. Griffin, Texas. Buffalo hides had greatly increased in demand eventually becoming a lucra-

tive business. It was not an unusual sight to see long caravans of hides pulling into Ft. Worth, Texas, or Dodge City, Kansas.

The earlier prices of one dollar and two dollars a hide had materially increased. Of the other means of livelihood, buffalo hunting seemed to pay the highest dividends for money invested and time spent, for it had been discovered that buffalo hides could be profitably utilized by the manufacturers of leather goods.

This last treaty made with the Indians at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, in 1867, had limited the activities of the hunters to the territory north of the Arkansas and had seriously handicapped business. For white hunters to go south of the Arkansas was considered almost suicidal. Rich in furs and pelts, game everywhere, it was considered sacred to the Indians and watched over with such jealous care, no one ventured across the Arkansas unless some of the old traders with an escort of soldiers. So strong was the urge to risk everything that during the spring of the year 1874, forty-eight men from Dodge City, Kansas, decided that they would establish a Post in the Panhandle and there they would make their headquarters for hunting buffalo, buying and selling hides.

The supply base was established – Adobe Walls on the Canadian River in Hutchinson County, built very strong of logs and adobe. News had reached these men of the massacre of some hunters at a distance from them, so a number of these forty-eight men had come into camp for safety. This was in June, 1874. This company of traders and buffalo hunters had no way of knowing that conditions had already become alarming at the Agency in Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. The Comanche's were getting ready for war, holding their war dances and "making medicine", which they had not engaged in, until recently, and the more peaceful Chiefs looked askance at the preparations for war. The Cheyennes and Kiowas had come to join them, and they had all been provided with arms and ammunition, which was in violation of the law. Except for a fortunate circumstance these men at Adobe Walls would have been surprised and slaughtered as they lay asleep. The

creaking of a ridgepole caused a couple of men to get up to straighten it.

Once on top of the building they saw over a thousand warriors of the Kiowas, Comanches and Cheyennes, rushing toward the Trading Post. The battle lasted from early morning until late afternoon, when the Indians finally withdrew. Only three of the white men were killed. This was one of the great and outstanding battles of the Panhandle. Quanah Parker was the Chief in charge of the Comanches. You remember he was the son of Cynthia Ann Parker, a white woman, taken captive when a child, spending her life with the Indians, and the Chief at that time took her as wife in true Indian custom. The town of Quanah was named for Quanah Parker.

From this time United States troops took a very active part and although the Indians seemed imbued with the war spirit and plundered and killed, after 1875 the Indians never again made a concerted effort to resist the power of the government in this territory. A monument bearing the names of the participants in this battle was erected in recent years by the Panhandle Plains Historical Association and now stands on the site of the battle. This battle happened in June and in September of the same year occurred two more battles, southeast of the present town of Canadian. One, known as the "Battle of Buffalo Wallow." Six men who were carrying Government dispatches for General Miles were over-taken and surrounded by 125 hostile Indians. They were in open country where there was no protection from the guns of the savages. Only a little depression made by buffaloes which we call a "buffalo wallow." At the first volley nearly all of the white men were wounded more or less seriously. As they fought through the long hot day without one drop of water, they were tormented as much by thirst as they were by the Indians, their need growing more and more vitally urgent.

It seemed but a matter of a short time when the men must fall victims to a wholesale massacre, when wonderful deliverance came in the form of a rain storm, filling the Wallow with water and that mingled with their own blood, saved them. The Indians, disheartened

by the storm, withdrew out of rifle shot, and eventually in the night, went away. One white man, Smith by name, died and was buried there. A monument was also erected there by the Historical Association, commemorating the battle.

At the same time another battle took place, when General Miles' supply train with a small escort of soldiers was suddenly surrounded by several hundred Indians, north of the Washita River, and a few miles north of the Buffalo Wallow battle ground. At least one white man was killed. The men of the Supply Train were cut off from water and suffered terrible privations until relieved.

That summer of 1874, the Indian policy of the Federal Government took a new turn. On hearing of the hostilities of the Indians the War Department gave orders, July 21st, to make war on the Plains tribes, round them up and force them into the Reservation.

Four expeditions were sent to the Plains Region; Lt. Col. Davidson was ordered from Ft. Sill, with a considerable force; Colonel Nelson A. Miles was to operate south from Ft. Dodge with 900 men; Major Price was to proceed east from Ft. Bascom, New Mexico, down the Canadian River, with 250 men; General McKenzie with eight companies of cavalry was to advance to the northwest with Ft. Griffin as a base. All the expeditions had a common objective - the Panhandle of Texas. The Indians were given no rest. They were hunted out of their secret haunts and sent scurrying across the plains, only to find themselves blocked by another force. Twenty-five engagements occurred during the winter of 1874-75. The operations went relentlessly on, during the zero weather of winter. This was something new to the Indians. They had not thought before this that the white man could fight in the cold. One decisive engagement took place in the Palo Duro Canyon, which is on the present JA Ranch. General McKenzie trapped several hundred in the Canyon, captured their herds of horses, more than 1700, most of which he killed and put the Indians largely on foot.

The overcoming of the Indian menace caused the Panhandle to advance by leaps and bounds. From 1876 the Panhandle was practically kept clear of Indians. By 1880 the buffalo had nearly been exterminated from the Plains of Texas.

Ranches were organized after the buffalo were gone, and the Plains country was soon occupied by cattlemen. Often spoken of as the Father of the Panhandle, was Colonel Charles Goodnight, who established the first ranch in the Panhandle. Mr. Goodnight had been a prominent pioneer and businessman in Southern Colorado. He helped organize the first bank in Pueblo and became one of the most extensive stockmen in that territory. Then the panic of the early '70's took the last of his money and in 1876 he gathered what was left of his herds, some 1600 head, and started for the Texas Panhandle, which more than twelve years before he had partially explored as Scout and Guide for the Texas Rangers.

None of his achievements equaled for sheer boldness this last location of a range, 250 miles from the nearest railroad, and nearly 200 miles from the nearest settled region. A wild and isolated place, located in the heart of the scenic Palo Duro Canyon, and subject, still at that time, to marauding Indians, and transient bands of outlaws. And so was established the beginning of the first ranch in the Panhandle - the JA Ranch. The bounds of the ranch were extended until at one time, the JA Ranch contained over a million acres.

Just as soon as Colonel Goodnight got his men established for the winter he took a Mexican guide and returned to Colorado for his wife. It was then that he first met John Adair, who was of Scotch-Irish descent, having large holdings in Ireland. Some years before this he (Adair) had established a broker business in New York City, later had married Cornelia Wadsworth Ritchie, of New York. It was considered a very popular thing for well-to-do people in the East to take hunting trips to the western plains country of the United States, and so in

1874, Mr. and Mrs. Adair went on a buffalo hunt on the Platte River in Nebraska, being warned by General Sheridan not to go south of the Arkansas, on account of the Indians.

The Adairs became so interested in the West that they had a great desire to engage in the cattle business, consequently coming west on a second trip they met Mr. Goodnight at Denver, who had returned for his wife. A partnership was entered into between Adair and Goodnight at that time, and it was decided that Mr. Adair would furnish the money and Mr. Goodnight the management of the ranch. Just one year from the time that Goodnight started with his first herd of cattle he was ready to make his second trip. This time he was accompanied by his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Adair, and a number of cowboy recruits.

Mrs. Goodnight drove one of the wagons all the way, and Mrs. Adair rode the entire distance of approximately 300 miles, on horseback, from Trinidad, Colorado, to the Palo Duro Canyon. The freight included building material and four loads of supplies, sufficient to last six months, and also 100 head of high grade Durham bulls. This freight was taken over 300 miles of wild country without roads. The cowboys, on arrival, drove 10,000 buffalo from the range, and it was necessary daily, to turn from 1000 to 1500 buffalo back, to save the grass for their stock. Beef herds were marketed 250 miles away at Dodge City, Kansas. Mr. Goodnight chose the initials "JA" for the brand and the name of the ranch, which were the initials of John Adair. Dissolution of the Goodnight-Adair partnership began in 1887. Colonel Goodnight was buried at Goodnight in 1929, at the age of 93 years, a man loyal to truth and hating hypocrisy.

FINIS

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Many years later, Dr. J. A. Hill, president of the
Panhandle-Plains College, wrote



Here was a family who at an early age had left their parental firesides in Vermont and wandered, with the spirit of adventure, to the far-flung frontier of Texas, a land scarcely out of the age of buffalo hunting, Indian raids and pioneer suffering. They found here no footprints of science, no evidence of modern invention and industrial revolution, no symbols of education and culture, to say nothing of Homer and Shakespeare. Yet, in a few decades this adventuresome youth and his equally worthy companion built here on the high plains of Texas here where civilization took forward steps with caution a veritable storehouse of knowledge and center of culture.

"Hill Top Views," The Amarillo Times, 1949.

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