

Letters from Brazos County – 1900-1905

Compiled by Bill Page

From an adult:

Please tell me what is the matter with my dogs. The hair is coming off them. I think it is mange. If so, give me a remedy. [signed] Subscriber, Bryan, Texas.

Ans. – Grease your dogs well once a week, for three or four weeks, with a mixture of sulphur and lard. **Texas Farm and Ranch**, 16 June 1900, page 5

From an adult:

[Endorsement for Peruna]

Miss Lou Ware writes from Bryan, Texas, the following letter: “For several years I have suffered with throat and lung trouble caused from taking cold when confined to my room with measles. Peruna cured my throat, and I believe by using as directed that my voice will be entirely restored, (as I had lost it almost completely.) This cure has been perfected by Peruna after repeated trials with many other articles without benefit. I believe it to be the best medicine in use for what it is recommended.

Fort Worth Register, 20 January 1901, page 5

I take the negative side of the debate. There have been many lives destroyed in battles, but many more have been destroyed and wrecked by intoxicating liquors. Every day we hear of men killing each other, mothers, wives, children, brothers and sisters while under the influence of liquor. Besides, it weakens the muscles and renders men’s lives worthless and by constant use will entirely destroy their lives. In battle, at the point of swords and by bullets, many thousands have been slain, but deaths at the point of liquor drinking are every day occurrences. Many a mother and father grow thinner and paler every day as they see their sons led astray by liquor. “Liquor is the root of all evil.” To secure liquor one must go to the vilest places, and they are therefore thrown into the worst society. When one is under the influence of liquor he does things he would not do if he were not. The best way is to follow the old proverb: “Beware of the first drink.” Pearl Drew, Edge, Tex. **Dallas Morning News**, 27 January 1901, page 18

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I want to join your happy band of girls and boys. I think it is so nice to help the little cripples get chairs. I am a little girl 8 years old and love to read the Haps letters. Grandpa takes *The Post*. I have a pet dog and I named him Jet, because he is so black. Inclosed find 10 cents for the helping fund. Ira Maude Camp. **Houston Post**, 17 February 1901, page 25

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: Good evening! I’m here again. My Collie has seven little puppies; her name is Bonnie. We have one Collie; Sister Ray says he is her dog; he is the same age of our baby brother and a great deal larger. Ray’s pet cat is named Benno; she has three little kittens. I like April best, because I can go barefooted then. Drew Kennard, my papa knows where your home is. My sister and I are going to make a violet bed so we will have the club dog and flower. A true Hap, Johnny Higginbotham Clary.

P.S. - Find inclosed 5 cents for helping fund.

Houston Post, 14 April 1901, page 33

Pearl Drew, Edge, Tex. – Mr. Big Hat: Cousin Florence Williams gave my views exactly on dancing. And hurrah for the young gent who learned to spell under Josh Billings. I expect to “grace” the page with my “countenance” before always. I am sure the cousins’ names which appeared on the Honor Roll did feel honored. Cousins, did any of you notice Miss Eva Glynne’s sweet little poem which appeared on the ladies’ page a short while back? It was certainly nice. Girls, did any of you ever go hunting? I went hunting one night with brother and a party of young friends of mine. We walked until about 12 o’clock and caught one old opossum and that was my first and last hunt, I expect. I wish Miss Mattie would hurry and write us another letter from Wash and Sallie White, as their sayings are real amusing. **Dallas Morning News**, 22 April 1901, page 7

Lizzie Covington, Tabor, Tex. – Mr. Big Hat: I will ask a riddle: My first makes company, my second shuns company, my third assembles company, my whole puzzles company. I agree with Ora Brandon on dancing. I don’t think you can gain anything in the world dancing. Ora’s and Flora’s pictures were cute. My age is 14. I read most of the debate and thought it very interesting.

Dallas Morning News, 20 May 1901, page 8

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: Here comes a little 14 year old girl who wants to join your happy band of boys and girls. I like to read the letters of the Haps. A true Hap, Caerttle Cartledge. **Houston Post**, 16 June 1901, page 29

Jolly Jingles.
For The News.

The Boll Weevil

What is it the bright day dream perplexes,
And e’en the quiet slumber vexes,
Of every farmer in South Texas?
The boll weevil.

When to the mountains they would go –
The ladies – in June to play with snow,
Why saith the men of wrath, no, no?
The boll weevil.

What calls savants from far and wide
In solemn conclave side by side,
To sit from morn ’til eventide?
The boll weevil.

And one through midnight hath south intent
The uses of poisons – “Malley-volent”
On death of what so surely bent?
The boll weevil.

And when they think they've struck a plan
To wipe this evil from our land,
Who laughs to scorn the mind of man?
The boll weevil.

And when we think they've flown away
What rises in swarms to calmly say
Nay, nay, Pauline – we've come to stay?
The boll weevil.

What is it shadows all our joys,
Our every hope of wealth destroys,
And every man in town annoys?
The boll weevil.

What causes men to tear their hair,
And vile oaths mingle with the air,
And fix their eyes in vacant tare?
The boll weevil.

Riches oft take flight and leave man naught –
Save the promise of God – and who hath taught
This lesson to all, tho' dearly bought.
The boll weevil.

Rose Fountain Howell.
Bryan, Tex.

Dallas Morning News, 7 July 1901, page 14

Stone City, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I suppose you all have nearly forgotten me now. It has been nearly two years since I wrote to you all. Well, summer has come at last, and I am certainly glad. I suppose all of you are spending a happy vacation. We have a nice Sunday school here now; I like to go to it. It was organized by the young lady who taught school for us. I think Mrs. Foster must be a very smart woman. I never fail to read the club talk which is written by her, as it always contains something of interest. I will cast my vote for the affirmative side in the contest, as I think each member ought to sign his real name. I am glad that we have made another cripple happy. It makes me feel happy to think how many invalids the club has helped. I hope that the helping fund shall never cease. I think the boys and girls of our club could write something of more interest than dreams. There is a new railroad near my home. It is called the Calvert, Waco and Brazos Valley. I will send 10 cents to the helping fund. I will close, with good wishes for Mrs. Foster and the Haps. I am, your country Hap, Harl Martin. P.S. Write again, Woodbine, I enjoy reading your letters. E.M. **Houston Post**, 14 July 1901, page 27

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: After an absence of a year, I will come again to write to the dear old page. I expect you have all forgotten me. I have just returned from a hunt down on the Navasota. I had lots of fun, caught lots of fish and had a fine time swimming. How many of you Haps like to go to Sunday school? I do for one. We have a little Sunday school in our community now. We are having a long dry spell here; corn needs rain badly. Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close. Good-bye, John McGee.
Houston Post, 21 July 1901, page 27

Anna Burns (age 15), Bryan, Brazos Co., Tex. – Mr. Big Hat and Cousins: I am now visiting my cousin (Ella Powers) at Bryan, and both of us are writing. I think it will be real nice to have the old-timers' reunion in September, so we can once more read all the old cousins' letters. I didn't get to come to the Cousins' Fair last year, but I am sure coming this year and expect to see many of the cousins. I live at Riesel, McLennan County, and expect to start back Thursday. I like up there much better than down here. Cousins, I want you all to be sure and give me a letter party on my birthday, which is Aug. 13. I would be very proud to hear from quite a number of the cousins. Now I am going to see how many of you are going to comply with my request. I think Aunt Lucindy is very interesting, and find a great deal of pleasure in reading that page. Cousin Abbie McCarthy, come again. Don L. Dyer, come again. Correspondence solicited.
Dallas Morning News, 19 August 1901, page 8

Ella Powers (age 17), Bryan, Tex. – Mr. Big Hat and Cousins: Will you admit another little girl? I wrote once before when I was 7 years old. My cousin (Anna Burns) from Riesel is visiting me. I like the story and essay page and I also think it will be nice to have an old-time cousins' reunion in September. I have read a good many good books. I like Aunt Lucindy fine. Bryan is a good-sized town, and has good schools. I like to see a letter from the old-time cousins sometimes, so come again, cousins. I sure like your letters, Cousin Abbie, and also Cousins Tom and Patrick O'Brien. Also Wash White. I would like to have a letter party on my birthday, which comes the 23d day of August. Correspondence solicited. **Dallas Morning News**, 19 August 1901, page 8

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: Have you any room for another boy of 16 summers? I have been a silent reader of the dear old page for several years, and I think it is the best paper on earth. How many of you Haps like to go hunting and fishing? I do, for one. I have just got back from hunting, having killed several squirrels. I wish some of you Haps would come go hunting with me. I know we would have a jolly time. Well, I reckon you are as tired of reading my letter as I was catching fish. I will close, Will Davenport. **Houston Post**, 25 August 1901, page 25

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: Here comes a boy 13 years old who wants to join your happy band of boys and girls. I like to read the nice letters of William Naught so much. Come again, Wild Bill. You write such nice ones. I know Wild Bill you like to pick cotton. This is a dry old country down here. We haven't had rain since May. Corn is short. I see Arthur Dawson has come again. Give the girls another letter, Arthur: you write such nice ones on that subject. Bryan is a small town. It has a population of 5000. I don't see many Haps from old Bryan. I have seen but one in a long time and that was my brother. He tried his hand and succeeded. I hope I will come out all right and the big old hungry basket don't catch my letter. I will try to do better next time. Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close.

Goodbye, Oliver McGee. **Houston Post**, 25 August 1901, page 25

Smetana, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: Will you admit another 16-year-old girl into your happy band? I live in the country, close to the Brazos River, and I have a nice time. I read *The Post* and I love to read the Haps' letters very much. I am going to school and I like to study my books. I have no pets at all, but I wish I did. Well, I guess I had better bring my letter to an end, as the waste basket is laughing over my first letter. Best wishes to the Haps and Mrs. Foster. With love to all, a new Hap, Olivia Barnhill.

Houston Post, 24 November 1901, page 33

Tabor, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: Will you admit a new Hap into your happy circle? I have not any pets except a crow; his name is Steve, and he is very funny. I lived on the farm, and like it very much. I am going to school now. Emma Zimmerman.

Houston Post, 2 March 1902, page 31

Millican, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: Good morning. Here I come again to let you know that I am not dead yet. I have been reading the Haps' page every week. I enjoy reading them. I am going to school every day. My father works on the farm. The spring is coming. Wake up, Haps, and go to gathering flowers. Well, I must close, for the old waste basket is grinning at me. Lela Steele.

Houston Post, 6 April 1902, page 33

Tabor, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: My papa takes *The Houston Post* and I enjoy reading the Haps' page. I live four miles from Tabor and enjoy country life. As this is my first, I will close. With love to Mrs. Foster and the Haps, Bessie Stallings.

Houston Post, 27 April 1902, page 33

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I am 7 years old and I want to join your club. Will not write a nice long letter now. Olive J. Parks. **Houston Post**, 11 May 1902, page 35

College Station, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: It has been quite a while since I visited the band, so I won't stay long, as I will have to go to work. I am farming this year with my grandpapa near the college. My papa and mamma live at Millican, Texas. I see the Haps have started to make up money to fence the San Jacinto battleground, which will be a great thing. I don't know whether I can get many to sign the paper or not, as I am busy all the time. Georgie Anderson, Essie Colleps and Albert Wallace, all of you good writers come again. I enjoy looking at the cadets drill and shoot the cannons. Mrs. Foster, you had better come up during the commencement. Well, I had better ring off for this time. A true Hap, Sly Jim. **Houston Post**, 25 May 1902, page 35

College Station, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: Here I come to join your happy band of boys and girls. I am a little boy 12 years old and live eight miles from Bryan. We will soon start to school at Bryan and I will be glad. Abney Garrison.

Houston Post, 28 September 1902, page 33

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: As I have never seen any letters from this place, I will write to let the Haps know that there is another 13-year-old boy who wishes to join your club. As for the contest, I will vote for Washington, the lover of liberty, who fought for the freedom of his country. I live on a farm, five miles northwest of town. Would like to correspond with some of the boys and girls who are about my age. With love to Mrs. Foster and the Haps, I remain, a new Hap, Curtis M. Henry.

Houston Post, 5 October 1902, page 37

College Station, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I see some of you have had lots of rain, but it is dry here. I started to school today. My papa is a railroad man. He, with his force, worked all night Sunday night and Monday until noon at a wreck, clearing the track. I like railroad work. Love to all the Haps and Mrs. Foster. A true Hap, Abney Garrison. **Houston Post**, 23 November 1902, page 35

College Station, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I would like very much to join your happy band. I am a little girl 13 years old and live at College Station. I go to school every day and have a very sweet school teacher. I have three sisters, and we all like to read the Hap's page. My father takes the *Houston Post*. With love to Mrs. Foster and all of the Haps. By-bye. Ollie Smoot. **Houston Post**, 23 November 1902, page 35

College Station, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I have one little kitten. It is my pet. It sleeps with me sometimes at night. I helped my sister cook last Saturday. She is 11 years old. I will write better next time. This is plenty for this letter. Mary Royall.

Houston Post, 30 November 1902, page 39

College Station, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I have a cat, and a goat and I like them, too. I am going to school now. I am going to study all I can. I cooked dinner last Saturday. Mamma was sick that day. Martha Royall.

Houston Post, 30 November 1902, page 39

College Station, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I enjoyed Mrs. Foster's letter on birds. I like birds and there is nothing that makes one feel more happy and light-hearted than the songs of the little birds on a bright spring morning as they flit from tree to tree with their little throats bursting with song. They seem to be trying to make us as gay as they are. I for one will write for one of the pamphlets on birds. Charles R. Fuller, come again, I enjoyed your letter on education and your opinion. Education enables us to gain high position and high position makes us more of men and women.. With good wishes to Mrs. Foster and the Haps, Abney Garrison. **Houston Post**, 21 December 1902, page 43

Macy, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: My papa has been dead for ten years and my uncle is taking care of me. He takes *The Post* and I enjoy reading the page very much. I have two pet cats; their names are Tom and Tabby. How many of you Haps like to pick cotton? I do, for one. I go to Sunday school and enjoy going very much. With much love to all the Haps and Mrs. Foster, a New Hap, Rosa Elma Orr.

Houston Post, 28 December 1902, page 29

College Station – Dear Happyhammers: Here I come, bidding you all a Merry Christmas. Christmas is almost here. All we little Haps are expecting Santa Claus and a merry time. I sincerely hope we will all get lots of nice presents. I went to Wellborn yesterday and bought some firecrackers and candies. The contest now is, “Which do the most work, boys or girls?” I take the part of the girls, because they do the most work. We will start with domestic duties in the morning. A boy will be called a dozen or more times before he gets up, to start a fire. At last he puts in a big stick of wood, throws in some oil and drags back to bed. I am a little boy 13 years old, and I have two little sisters. They are very intelligent. If the boy cuts any wood, sister has to carry it in. Some will say the boy has the field work, but the girls do a great portion of it, too. A true Hap, Abney Garrison. **Houston Post**, 18 January 1903, page 39

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: Hello, Haps. May I join your happy band? I am 13 years of age. The contest Mrs. Foster has selected is simply a fine one. I hardly know how to decide. The girls have to wash dishes, sew, churn, scour the floors, wash and iron, and a great many have to work in the fields and milk cows. The country boys all work in the field, cut wood, milk cows and do anything that comes to hand. Taking everything in consideration I will vote for the girls. The country out here is best adapted to the raising of truck, corn, cane and other food stuff. With three great big cheers for the boys, as ever Joney J. Taylor. **Houston Post**, 1 March 1903, page 39

College Station, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: It is wet here now. My brother plays the guitar. I think music is nice. Mamma went to Navasota Monday. It is very cold today. I remain, Claudie Garrison. **Houston Post**, 1 March 1903, page 39

College Station, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: Here I come to chat a while with you all. It is wet here now. A mad dog came into the yard last week and papa went out to kill him, but the gun snapped. There was not a load in it, so the dog got away. I got my seed on January 19 and was glad to get them. A true Hap, Abney Garrison. **Houston Post**, 1 March 1903, page 39

Harvey, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I live two miles from the little town of Harvey. It got its name from an old man named Harvey who was the first settler in this county. He first put up a store and it was afterward named Harvey. Mrs. Foster's club talk was very interesting last week. As ever, a true Hap, Alice Jones. **Houston Post**, 1 March 1903, page 39

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I come again, with partly an artificial face to hide my savage appearance, after so long a time, still to let it be known that I am in the land of the living. The contest is a very good one, I think; but which to cast my worthless vote for is a very hard problem for me to solve. I am acquainted with both boy's and girl's work, and think that boy's work is the harder, but whether they do more than the girls or not is the question. After thinking it a while, I have decided to vote for the girls to help them onward to victory, and when they win, and as Roy Lee says, “mounts the throne of victory,” I may become one of the queen's servants; therefore, you see, I am voting for my own interest. But, lo! ho! should the boys win, the jealous king would probably condemn me to be one of the “cast-off goats of Israel.” This is a hilly country, partly prairie and partly timber, and is as good a country to rain in and to raise boll weevils, and for every other evil omen as any one ever saw. Well, as the waste basket sits up in the corner with a solemn smile, from ear

to ear, with eyes big as teacups, looking for my letter, I will close. As ever, a true Hap, Curtis Henry. **Houston Post**, 22 March 1903, page 43

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: It has been so long since I have written to the dear old page, I thought I would write again and try to tell the Haps as much as I can about white rabbits. When the rabbits are only two or three days old they look just like mice, only they are not so small. When they are about a week old they are snow white, and start to running around in the cage. In a few days they learn to eat as well as the older ones. They make their nests in the ground. Sometimes the nests are so deep I have to dig them out. I just let the old rabbits run around, as the cats do not bother them. Sometimes the dogs around here try to catch them, but I never had them to catch more than one. The dog come near killing it, but it soon got well. My pets are eight or nine white rabbits, six ducks, three chickens and one cat. I wonder what on earth has become of Woodbine, Peter Snipe, Jonathan's Sal and oh, ever so many more good writers. As ever, a true Hap, Stella Stuart. **Houston Post**, 29 March 1903, page 39

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: It has been a long time since I wrote to you. I am 12 years old. The boys have to work hard here fighting the independent boll weevil. It is treating us mean down here trying to make a home. I live on a farm one mile north of Bryan. My father is a section foreman on the Southern Pacific railroad, and mamma, my brothers and sisters and I work on the farm. If any of you know the song, "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean," I will send you the boll weevil song in exchange. A true Hap, John Conroy. **Houston Post**, 19 April 1903, page 31

Millican, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I have not written to the Haps' page, but I will this morning. We are having good weather ever since last week, and I am glad. I received the flower seed and I thank Mrs. Foster for them. I have planted all of them, and I hope they will not die. The woods are full of wild flowers. I love the wild flowers so much. I think we can get a better education from the school than from the press. We can not learn geography, arithmetic, bookkeeping, and so many other things from newspapers. With love to Mrs. Foster and Haps, a True Hap. Valley H. Caffery. **Houston Post**, 7 June 1903, page 39

Stone City, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I want to become a member of the Happy hammer Club. I will be 10 years old the 19th of August. My papa takes *The Post*. I read the letters. My dear mamma was called to heaven on the 8th of this month. Oh, how I miss my dear, sweet mamma! I look up to heaven and know that she is there. I have one little brother, 7 years old, and one little sister 2 years old and another 6 months old. She calls mamma every day. I take care of her and wash dishes, feed the chickens, sweep the house and help papa cook. I have a dear grandmother living with me. She is 73 years old. She has asthma and can not do much. I hope the good Lord will spare her to me. I have two aunts, whom I love. They make me nice dresses. I hope you children will pray for me and dear papa. I want to see my dear mamma and live with her after I am called away. Good-bye. Love to all the Haps and Mrs. Foster. A new Hap, Nellie Worthington. **Houston Post**, 5 July 1903, page 39

Stone City, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I come again to greet you with love and best wishes. I am now one of your number. I read my letter that the good Mrs. Foster had put on the page. I love her, because she loves us little folks. I live on the banks of the Brazos River. My papa keeps the ferry, but it sank to the bottom of the river and we will have to build a new one. I miss my mamma. I have her picture hanging on the wall. I sit in her chair and rock my little sister to sleep and look into my mamma's face. It seems like it was her own dear face. All seems lost without my mamma. Won't all of you pray for me and ask your mammas to pray for us, dear papa, little sister and brother. Pray that we all may be led by the hand that rules the world. With love to Mrs. Foster and all the little Happyhammers, I send you a poem written by a dear friend, hoping it will be published. Nellie Worthington.

Why Did They Dig Mother's Grave So Deep
(Written for Nellie Worthington)

Poor little Nellie is weeping tonight
Thinking of days that were full of delight,
Lonely she sits in her mother's armchair,
Sighing for mother that's gone where,
Under the daisies, now covered with snow,
Rests the fond mother away from life's woe.
Nellie is left here to mourn and to weep.
Why did they dig mother's grave so deep?
Down in the clay so deep?
Why did they leave me here to weep?
Why did they dig mother's grave so deep?

Only sweet memories of gladness and love
Come to the child of the dear one above;
Shadows are creeping around the lone room,
Early and late there's a feeling of gloom;
Out in the churchyard the wild breezes blow,
Seeming to echo her heart's grief and woe.
Softly she murmurs, while chills o'er her creep,
"Why did they dig mother's grave so deep?"

Poor little Nellie, in slumber's sweet nest,
Dreams all night of the mother's sweet rest,
Dreams all night of the mother so blest,
Sees her again in a vision of light,
Praying, "God bless little Nellie tonight,"
Smiling upon her with glorified face,
Calling her home to that bright resting place.
Poor little Nellie oft sighs in her sleep,
"Why did they dig mother's grave so deep?"

Houston Post, 9 August 1903, page 35

Stone City, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I come to see you again. Little Haps, just keep chattering like so many happy birds. I live on the east side of the Brazos River. It gets very high sometimes, but the waters have never reached our house. We have two trains a day. We had a fish fry, or rather a picnic, as we had but few fish to fry, and had a nice time. I met some many of my little friends. We played and were so tired when night came, yet the day seemed short. I wish you could all have been here. Our school will start in October. I love to go to school. I love music and have an accordion that mama gave me. I can play some pieces on it. Love to you all. I think Mrs. Foster is so kind to all the little Haps. I love here. Must say goodbye. Nellie Worthington. **Houston Post**, 20 September 1903, page 42, col. 5

Stone City, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I have been silent a long time, but busy reading the Hap's letters. I am now going to school. My little brother, Vivian, goes with me. He likes to go to school. My little sister is too small to go, but she wants to go. She stays at home with grandmamma. Haps, I am the little girl that lost my mamma in June. She is gone from home on earth to a home in heaven. Oh, how I miss her! Haps, help me in prayer to God. Christmas will soon be here. I hope you may have a nice time. Nellie Worthington. **Houston Post**, 13 December 1903, page 43

Tabor, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: We wish to become members of the Happyhammers' club, and send our names so that we can get some of the seed, for I do so love to have the flowers in our yard. They make home look so nice. And we like to have little chickens to look after. We raised a fine lot of popcorn this year and some nice flowers, but we could not do much on account of the yard having so much Bermuda grass in it. I hope that all the Happyhammers will have a merry Christmas. With best wishes to all the members of the club, Dolly and Nugent Claydon.
Houston Post, 20 December 1903, page 39

Stone City, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I come to you this morning to wish you all a happy new year and you, Mrs. Foster, I hope you may find happiness all along and flowers may grow by the path you tread daily in life. I hope you all had a merry Christmas. I had a nice time. I spent Christmas visiting my cousin, and got several presents. I am now going to school. My cousin, Sallie Pollock, came home Christmas and spent a week. I did not get to see her and I did hate it. I dearly love her. She teaches me my lessons. Well, Haps, let us try to improve ourselves all we can; let us be truthful and kind and love everybody. Let us try and speak well of people. It looks like a bad heart to speak badly of one, and let us have sunshine in our hearts instead of shadow. Irwin, my little brother, is sick this week, so I have to go alone. I miss him so much and hope he will soon be well. Our school is getting on well. We have a good teacher. I will close, thanking the kind editress for publishing my letters. Hoping one and all may be of use to some one and lend a helping hand to our fellow men as we journey on to the better land to join the Happyhammer band, I bid you adieu, Nellie Worthington. **Houston Post**, 28 February 1904, no page number

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: Will you admit another 11-year-old boy into your happy band? I go to school and study six lessons. The contest is, "Which is the greater, Washington or Napoleon Bonaparte." I will cast my vote for Washington, because he was the "Father of Our Country." He has done more for his country than Napoleon did for his, therefore, he is the greater man. Some of you good dreamers write again. Goodbye, Haps, Jim Hogg Beard. **Houston Post**, 6 March 1904, no page number

Tabor, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: Will you let another Texas girl join your happy band? I live in the country. I will be 11 years old February 6. I wish you all would give me a letter party. I have a pony; its name is Ladybird. I can ride it. It is 3 years old and it is a beauty. I have a piano and can play a good many pieces. I am not taking music lessons now. Best wishes to Mrs. Foster and the Haps. A new Hap, Ray Wiley.

Houston Post, 6 March 1904, no page number

Millican, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: Here I come to join your happy band of boys and girls. I am 15 years old and read the Haps' page and club talk is the nicest of all. I have two sisters and two brothers. My pets are chicken and a calf. I will close as I see the waste basket with his mouth open. A true Hap, Edna Ward. **Houston Post**, 20 March 1904, no page number

Tabor, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: Here comes another little girl 8 years old, to join your happy band. My mamma takes *The Post* and I like to read the Haps' page. I have one brother and one sister. Santa Claus brought me a doll Christmas. I named her Bessie. I go to school when I am well, but I have been sick this week. Our school will be out May 17. My mamma is going to Houston tomorrow on a visit. Love to all the Haps, Erlene Moore.

Houston Post, 3 April 1904, no page number

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: What is the matter with you and the contest: I hope Washington will win. I think you are all asleep. Washington was greater in many ways than Napoleon Bonaparte; he did more good than Napoleon and he fought for his country and not for money, as Napoleon did. I would have thought everybody would have voted in this contest. I do believe that most of the good writers are all asleep. I hope they will all have a good dream to tell when they wake up. I agree with the boy from New York on chewing gum. I hope Mrs. Foster had a nice time in Washington. Our school will be out in April. I will be so sorry when it is out. Well, if some one will please hand me my old red bonnet I will go, for they are all frowning at me. Au revoir, Nellie Clary.

[The contest has been over for some time. Wake up, Nellie. Read the club talk and keep up with the page. – Ed.] **Houston Post**, 17 April 1904, no page number

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I have two or three pets. One is a cat; she has two little babies. The other pet is a rabbit. My mother has a great many flowers. We have violets and roses principally. We have a nice garden, too. I drew the fish last year and it is original. I did not go to school today because I was sick. Well, I see the waste basket waiting for this one, so I will close. With love to Mrs. Foster and the Haps, Robert Ford.

[Don't worry about the waste basket. It has never complained yet. – Ed.]

Houston Post, 22 May 1904, page 33

From an adult:

To The News: College Station, Tex., Oct. 17 – Please accept my thanks and most grateful acknowledgement for your editorial in Sunday's issue of October 16. I also thank you for the clean and honorable course you accepted in not publishing the sensational reports concerning Agricultural and Mechanical College affairs that were published by newspapers on Aug. 21, Sept. 1 and Sept. 2 – papers which seemed to be starving for some sensational news item. I have been a subscriber to *The News* since 1886, and I am willing to state that if all of the newspapers of the State would adopt the same rule of action toward all people

and all matters of news that you do, the honest and honorable man would have nothing to fear and no cause for complaint. Very truly yours, J.G. Harrison, Treasurer A.& M. College. **Dallas Morning News**, 20 October 1904, page 6

College Station – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: I am glad that we take *The Houston Post* and I love to read the Happyhammers page. I am only 11 years old. I have wanted a long time to write to you. I am going to write to you now all the time. I have only two pets – a dog and a cat. I love them both. I can't spell my words just right. Next time I will do better. Mary Royall. **Houston Post**, 15 January 1905, page 43

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I have a horse, some bantams and a pair of gold fish for pets. I go to school and like to go to school. There are 500 children in the school that I go to. My papa is a subscriber for *The Houston Post* and I like to read the Haps' page. We all were in Houston at the carnival and had a nice time. We went to *The Houston Post* building to see them print but they were not at work. I went to the Brazos bottom this summer. We went donkey riding while I was there and had a nice time. Yours truly, Pearl Moseley. **Houston Post**, 22 January 1905, page 43

College Station, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: Will you let an 11-year-old girl into your club? I have two little cats. One stayed out of doors last night and I have not seen him since. One of them sleeps with us near by all the time. I have a little black dog, too. I go to school and play "Fox in the Morning" and have a nice time. I wish you all a Happy New Year. Mary Royall. **Houston Post**, 29 January 1905, no page number

College Station, Texas – Dear Haps and Mrs. Foster. I think the present contest is a good one and I vote for Texas. I think it has the most interesting history of any of the United States. My sister and myself live with our aunt and uncle. They have two children – a boy and a girl. The boy is the oldest. He is 2 years old, and she is a little over 6 months. His name is Arthur and her's Rosa Dell. She is named Rosa for my mama, who has been dead 9 years. I am 11 years old and sister 13. With love to all the Haps and Mrs. Foster, too, I remain yours truly, Lizzie Simmons. **Houston Post**, 12 February 1905, page 43

College Station, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: How are you all this cool weather? I am an old Hap. Who has my birthday, August 25? I will be 13 years old. Mary Royall, I know you; you and I are schoolmates. I will try to describe the Agricultural and Mechanical College. It has a main building, agricultural and horticultural buildings, chemical building, textile building, electric light plant and shops, fine halls, with sleeping rooms for the cadets, a large mess hall (the dining room) in which is sufficient room for 500 boys; two railroads and one store. I live in the country, and like country life very well. Please hand me my cap and I will give somebody my seat. With love to Mrs. Foster and the Haps, bye-bye. Old Booster. **Houston Post**, 26 February 1905, page 43

College Station, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I thought I would write and let the little band of happy warriors know that I am proud of our page in *The Post*. It is sleeting here now. Oh, my little pets are just as cute as they can be. My big, ugly, but good, brother, hit my cat yesterday and I could have scratched his eyes out right there, but we made up and I love him now just like I always did. Love to all the Haps, a great big kiss to Mrs. Foster. Mary Royall. **Houston Post**, 5 March 1905, page 43

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: Will you admit another little boy into your happy band? When I get to be a big boy I want to come to Houston and work in the machine shops, so I can be a trainman. I will be 7 years old next Friday. I have never been to school, but my mamma taught me. Wishing *The Post* success, a new Hap, Farrar B. Johnson. **Houston Post**, 5 March 1905, page 43

College Station, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and the Happyhammers: Here comes another boy to join your band of Happyhammers. I read the Haps' page; I like it fine. I go to school and am in the fourth class. I have three brothers and two sisters. I am the youngest boy. My mamma has a whole lot of chickens and geese and I like to feed them, only the gander runs me sometimes. With love to all the Haps, a true Hap, Nestor McGinnis. **Houston Post**, 5 March 1905, page 43

College Station, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: As I did not get to go to school, I decided to write you all a few lines on this cold day, Sunday was a terribly cold day and it will be long remembered by the people of Texas. It snowed and sleeted all day. I live about 200 yards from my school and walk every morning. I belong to the basketball team up here on the college campus. We play twice a week on Tuesday and Thursdays. Our colors are red and blue. I am 11 years old and I live at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, which is a very pretty place and has five different barracks for the boys. There are from 400 to 500 boys every year to go to school. The barracks are Foster hall, Ross hall, Austin hall, Pfeuffer Hall and Gathright hall. They are all named after the different presidents that we have had here. Besides those buildings there are the main building, agricultural building, chemical building, mechanical building, natatorium, infirmary, assembly hall, mess hall and the textile building. Our president now is David F. Houston. He is liked very much. There are thirty-six cottages for the professors. Besides, there are others who board at the mess hall; and there is a building for the bachelors. Then there is the president's mansion. There are two depots here, the International and Great Northern, and the Houston and Texas Central. Love to Mrs. Foster, and all the Happyhammers. Ima Boyett. **Houston Post**, 23 April 1905, no page number

College Station, Texas – Dear Happyhammers, I can not keep away from the Haps. Mrs. Foster, I know you are a good and kind woman. I have been going to school regularly but have stopped now. I know the waste basket does its duty, and nobody needs to fuss. Are all the good dreamers still asleep? I will be glad when they wake up. What has become of Flora Garnes of Jacksonville? I knew her. The wind is blowing very hard now. I wish it would stop. Oh, in the morning is April fool's day! How much fun I expect to have. The cadets will tear things up tonight. I will go and you some better writer my place. Good-bye, the Hap, Johnnie. **Houston Post**, 30 April 1905, no page number

Millican, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: Good morning to you all. This fine spring morning I have just finished reading the Haps' page for April 3, and find it very interesting. I like E.M.J.'s poem, but I don't agree with Dora Cade about the novel reading to while away lonesome hours. I like to read good, interesting books, but a foolish love story I do not like. I will tell you Haps something about the guttapercha tree. This ... (illegible) guttapercha in many respects is similar to caoutchoue, or india rubber. It is the dried, milky juice of a tree which is found in the peninsular of Mallac and the Malayan archipelago. It is a very large tree, the trunk being sometimes three feet in diameter, although it is of little use as a timber tree, the wood being spongy. The leaves are

alternate, on long stalks, somewhat leathery, green above and of a golden color beneath. The flowers are in little tufts in the axils of the leaves, small, each on a distinct stalk. The present mode of obtaining the guttapercha is a most destructive one. The finest trees are selected, and cut down, and the bark stripped off; between the wood and bark a milky juice is found, which is scraped up into little troughs made of plantain leaves. This is the guttapercha, which, as it hardens, is kneaded into cakes, and exported. It has a very light reddish-brown or almost a flesh color, is full of irregular pores elongated in the direction in which the mass has been kneaded. It has a cork-like appearance when cut, and a peculiar cheese like odor. Before it can be used it has to undergo some preparation. This consists in slicing the lumps into thin shavings, which are place in a deviling or tearing machine, revolving in a trough of hot water. This reduces the shavings to exceedingly small pieces, which, by the agitation of the tearing teeth, are washing free from any impurities, especially fragments of the bark of the tree, which, if not separated, would interfere with the compactness of its texture, which is one of its most important qualities. The small fragments when sufficiently cleansed are kneaded into masses which are rolled several times between heated cylinders, which press out any air or water and renders the mass uniform in texture. It is then rolled between heated steel rollers in sheets of various thickness for use or is formed into rods, pipes for water, or speaking tubes, and an endless number of other articles. Guttapercha differs very materially from caoutchoue or india rubber in being non-elastic, or elastic only in a very small degree. Mrs. Foster, I receive my flower seeds all right and will write and ell you how they grow. Love me little, love me long, is the burden of my song. A true Hap, Edna Ward.

Houston Post, 28 May 1905, page 39

College Station, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I read the club talk and saw that a little girl said that she was ugly because she had freckles. I think that anybody that has freckles is pretty. I feel awfully sorry for that little crippled girl. I go to school at Union Hill, and like to go to school and play townball. I surely like to read about Buster Brown and Hans and Fritz. They are so funny. I had better quit. “Mayblossom.” **Houston Post**, 4 June 1905, page 35

College Station, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I didn’t see my little letter in *The Post*, so I guess the waste basket got it. I am sitting here all alone thinking of something to write to the little happy band of the Haps. I hope all the Haps are well. How are you getting along this rainy weather? It certainly did rain here. We went fishing today and caught some catfish. I had better cut it out. A new Hap. Mary Royall.

Houston Post, 6 August 1905, page 31

Stone City, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: Will you let another girl 14 years old join your band? I have four pets – two guinea pigs, a kitten and a pony. How many of you have my birthday – July 2? I will send 10 cents for the helping fund. I hope to see my letter in print. By-bye. A Hap, Charlotte L. Sanders.

Houston Post, 20 August 1905, page 31

Stone City, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: Hello! How are you all getting along this hot weather? It is the hottest weather I ever saw. I am up at my aunt’s now. I have just got here and thought I would write today. I have been keeping house for my papa while grandma was up at Aunt Hat’s. I think the soldiers have done more for our country than the statesmen. Just think of the brave soldiers that bled and died for our country! But,

of course, the statesmen make laws and rule the world. Haps, yesterday was my birthday. I wish you all could have been here to help me eat cake. Haps, let us all try to improve the page, for it certainly is a good thing to read. Oh, me! Look at old Mr. Waste Basket! An old Hap, Nellie Lee Worthington.

[Read your letter over carefully, and notice the corrections. That is the way to improve. – Ed.] **Houston Post**, 17 September 1905, page 35

Wellborn, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: This is my first letter to *The Post*. My father takes *The Post*. I like to read the Haps' letters. I am a little girl 9 years old. I have three little brothers. We have a nice little donkey and we have great fun riding him. We have several pets, but our sweetest pet is my little baby brother. He is 2 years old. Our school will begin October 2. I have been taking music lessons all summer, and have learned to play two little pieces. I played them for grandma, who is here on a visit. She thought they were so nice. With love to Mrs. Foster and all the Haps. Your friend, Lorraine Royder. **Houston Post**, 8 October 1905, page 39

Wellborn, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: Will you let another girl into your happy band? My papa takes *The Post*, and I enjoy reading the Haps' letters very much. I like to read, and am a regular "bookworm." Who has my birthday, December 27? I will be 15 years old. Our school began October 9. I was glad, for I like to go to school very much. My sister is my teacher. I will close with love to Mrs. Foster and the Happyhammers. A new Hap, Bessie Gandy. **Houston Post**, 19 November 1905, page 39

Rock Prairie, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: Will you let another little Texas girl into your happy band? I am 13 years old. I live in the country. My papa takes *The Post*, and I like to read the Haps' letters. Our school started October 9, and I was very glad, for I like to go. I have three sisters and two brothers. With love to Mrs. Foster and the Haps, a would-be Hap, Gladys Barron.

[Will you tell us why your town is called "Rock Prairie"? – Ed.]
Houston Post, 19 November 1905, page 39