

Letters from Brazos County – 1906-1910

Compiled by Bill Page

Millican, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: Here I come again. It will soon be Christmas. Our page for the 26th was very interesting. I like the stories and club talk. My flowers all died; it was so dry. I hope Mrs. Foster had a nice time on her trip. I will give you Haps something to guess. Guess what day of November was my birthday? I will send a quarter to the helping fund for the first guess. I will close for this time with best wishes for Mrs. Foster and the Happyhammers. I will send an album verse. A true Hap, Edna Ward. **Houston Post**, 14 January 1906, page 39

From an adult:

[Endorsement for Dr. Thurmond's Blood Syrup]:

Bryan, Texas, April 15, 1895 – For several years I suffered with a large ulcer on my leg. I tried doctors and every blood medicine that anybody would recommend. I finally took six bottles of Dr. Thurmond's Blood Syrup and it made a permanent cure. Two years have passed since I took the medicine. Wylie Kelley.

Fort Worth Telegram, 1 February 1906, page 5

Millican, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: Will you admit another country boy into your happy band? I am 12 years old. Our school is going on yet, and I am going to it. Haps, how do you like pets? I do like my pets better than anything I have. I had a pet crow, a pet rabbit and a pet opossum. A true Hap, Walter Ward.

Houston Post, 8 April 1906, page 31

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: Will you admit another 14-year-old boy into your happy band? I have three pets, two calves and one dog. I live on a farm, but do not go to school. We have a big peach orchard. A new Hap, Charley Edward Page.

Houston Post, 8 June 1906, page 31

Edge, Texas – Dear Haps and Mrs. Foster: If you all will listen to me I will speak a few words to the Haps. I am a little boy just 9 years old. I have been going to school. Our school is out now. I like to go to school. I live five miles from the Navasota River. I go there fishing. I like to fish. I have two pets - a sheep and a duck - and I am going to pick my sheep and shear my duck. My duck eats grass and my sheep swims in the pond. I like my duck better than my sheep. Please hide the waste basket, for I am afraid he is ready to catch my letter. So by-bye to Mrs. Foster and the Happyhammers. Tom Skains.

[You have your duck and your sheep pretty well mixed up, haven't you? Did you think you could puzzle the Haps? –Ed.] **Houston Post**, 13 May 1906, page 31

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: Mamma has got a new washing machine and I do most of the washing and ironing. I cook supper and dinner. Mamma has a pretty garden. I have some pretty flowers in blossom now. I have some chickens and a shepherd dog and he is very playful. We went fishing yesterday and certainly had a nice time. I will close. A new Hap, Stella Ernie Page. **Houston Post**, 20 May 1906, page 31

Millican, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: I go to school and like go very much. I have two pet canary birds. They certainly sing sweetly. Mamma has twenty-four little ducks, and I like to feed them very much. I will close, for I hear the waste basket rapping. With love to Mrs. Foster and the Haps, a new Hap, Hazel McGinn.

Houston Post, 17 June 1906, page 33

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: Here I come again to chat with you a while. We have a plum orchard and we will have peaches ripe in June. I will be glad. We have lots of trees full of peaches. We will get through hoeing cotton tomorrow.

If you have a task to do,
Whether it be great or small,
Do it well, or not at all.

Charley E. Page

[I wish I could get under those peach trees for a while. All the peaches we get are grown in boxes at the fruit stands, and they don't taste like they had ever seen a tree. –Ed.]

Houston Post, 17 June 1906, page 33

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: Please open the door and admit a stranger. I have been reading *The Post* for about one year, and find many interesting letters from the Haps. I am a little girl, just learning what to do. I have no flowers at all. How many of you Haps' birthday was on Easter Sunday? Mine was. Mrs. Foster, please excuse bad writing, for my old pen is nearly worn out. How many of you Haps love to ride horseback? I do. Mrs. Foster, if you don't see fit to put this in, I will not be angry. Sister, hand me that old hat: it is papa, and let me go. So bye-bye! my sugar pie! Minne Pirl Free. **Houston Post**, 17 June 1906, page 33

Millican, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: As I am up to see my aunt I will write to the page. My aunt has some sweet little ducks and I christened one Teddy. Have you all had any peaches? We have. My aunt and another little girl and I are going fishing this evening. I certainly wish the Haps and Mrs. Foster could enjoy the fun with us. Don't you? We have our favorite dog. His name is Bruce. As the contest is, "Is it better for a girl to have beauty or brains": I will vote on brains, because if a girl has brains she is smart and usually attractive and can get a position in any kind of business. She is clever, and people had rather talk to a smart girl than one that is not. "Indian," you and "Dreamer" come again, and the rest of you Haps, please come again, too. Ruth Steele.

Houston Post, 24 June 1906, no page number

Bryan, Texas – Dear Haps: It has been a long time since I wrote to the dear old Haps. Papa takes *The Post*. We get it every Sunday. I enjoy reading the Haps' page. Our school closed on the 1st of May. I was very sorry because I like to go to school. I got my arm broke the Monday before school was out, but I can use it now. Isn't it hot weather now? My brother has a graphophone and some pretty records. I must close. Love to Mrs. Foster and all the Haps. A new Hap, Anna Royall. **Houston Post**, 8 July 1906, page 43

Stone City, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: Here I come to chat a while with you. Mr. Waste Basket got my other letter, but I didn't get discouraged, for I knew it was not fit to put on the page. Haps, don't you know Mrs. Foster is a good woman to publish our letters? There aren't many women that would do it. Mrs. Foster, come down and we will go boating on the Brazos River, and see a time. Haps, I have no pets except a shepherd dog named Teddy. He is a pretty dog. I think it is better for a girl to have brains than beauty, for if she is ugly and has sense she can use her brain in the right way and be pretty and can have a good education, but not to have any sense she won't be much. Your old Hap, Nellie Lee Worthington.

[Do not use thin paper. – Ed.] **Houston Post**, 8 July 1906, page 43

Edge, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: Here comes a little country girl 10 years of age wanting to join your happy band. I have no pets. Haps, do you like to work in the field? I don't. I am going to the Fourth of July picnic next Wednesday if nothing happens. Some more of you Edge Haps write. Well, as it is about dinner time and I am getting hungry, I will ring off. Maudie Lucille Wallace. **Houston Post**, 22 July 1906, page 43

Cawthon, Texas – Dear Happyhammers: I would like to join your happy band of boys and girls. I have read your many interesting letters for a long time. I live in the country, close to a large lake, made by the International and Great Northern Railroad company, which is full of fine fish, and we have many nice picnics during the summer. Cawthon is the new station just built here. I spend a great deal of my time at the railroad office and have learned to write on the agent's typewriter. I will be 14 years old July 25, and think I shall soon be able to hold a telegraph job. My brother and myself have made \$10 on our watermelon crop and expect to make that much more. We were the only ones that made any melons in this part of the country, on account of the drouth. Yours truly, James Hogg Stephenson.

[You have been so successful that I should think you would be glad to help those less fortunate than yourself. – Ed.] **Houston Post**, 22 July 1906, page 43

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: Will you let a 12-year-old girl into your happy band? It is raining here today and everybody is glad to see it come. It has been so dry. We went to the river Thursday and spent the night and had a nice time. I am going to the mail box to take this letter. I went to Bryan yesterday to see my friend. We have lots of peaches and I will be glad when they get ripe. We have our crops laid by now. A true Happyhammer, Estella E. Page. **Houston Post**, 29 July 1906, page 39

Stone City, Texas – Dear Haps and Mrs. Foster: Here I come again. I am afraid I won't make it this time, for the waste basket is laughing at me. Mrs. Foster, I wish you and all the Haps could come and help me eat peaches. Nellie Weatherton, you live nearer than any of the Haps, come over and eat peaches with us. Mrs. Foster, I wish I could see you. You are so kind to us all, teaching us how to be good and kind to everybody and to be nice and make nice ladies of ourselves. Mrs. Foster, please put your picture in the paper. Haps, don't you all think we all ought to throw in next Christmas and get Mrs. Foster a nice present. She is so kind to us all. I will, for one. Who else will throw in? Well I guess I

had better ring off for this time. An old Hap, Charlotte Sanders.
Houston Post, 5 August 1906, page 39

Cawthon, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: Will you please let a country girl join your happy band? I am 14 years old; weight 100 pounds. What do you mean by the motto Texas? Please tell a country girl. Our school was out in April. We have no large schools down here. We never have over eighteen scholars. Mrs. Foster, send me your picture. I know you look sweet, because you are so good to the Haps.

Remember me when far away
And only half away.
Remember me on wedding day,
And a slice of cake.

Good-bye. A new Hap, Mary Rebecca Stephenson.

[A motto, Rebecca, is something like a saying to live up to. Chicago's motto is "I Will." The motto of the United States is "In God We Trust." Texas has no motto. – Snake Editor]

Houston Post, 5 August 1906, page 39

Stone City, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: Will you let another little girl join your happy band? I read the Haps' letters and like them so much. I thought I would try to write. I am a little country girl. I work in the field and help mamma in the house. I will be 12 years old in October. I go to school in the winter and am in the fourth grade. My cousin is with us now for the first time in two years. He and my brother went hunting yesterday and my brother found a little civit cat, which he is trying to pet. Haps, I think Mrs. Foster is doing good work for the little crippled children. I feel so sorry for them, for my papa is a cripple. If we were as beautiful as could be and had no brains we would be no benefit to the world or ourselves, but if we are as ugly as home-made sin and have good sense and use it we can be of use in the world and a pleasure to our parents. With love to Mrs. Foster and Haps, Matilda Williams. **Houston Post**, 26 August 1906, page 39

Wellborn, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: I will again write to the dear old page which affords me so much pleasure in reading. I expect the contest is over, but I do think that brains are of more benefit than beauty, for if you have brains you can command the respect and esteem of the best people on earth, while beauty is like a rose. It soon fades away. How many of you Haps have my birthday, October 11? With best wishes, Dora Flippen. **Houston Post**, 2 September 1906, page 37

Wellborn, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: I am a little girl 8 years old. I help mamma do all kinds of house work. I have eight dolls but only one brother. He is 19 years old. I have two cats: their names are Myrtle and Tom. Grandma and grandpa visited us this summer from West Texas. They live twenty-three miles west of Abilene. We took in the Farmers' Congress at the Agricultural and Mechanical College. Papa takes *The Houston Post*. A new Hap, Lola Eidson. **Houston Post**, 23 September 1906, page 43

Wellborn, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: I am 12 years old. I live in the country three miles from Wellborn. I am not going to school now, but will start in about a month. I like to go to school very much. I haven't any pets except my little brother. As

this is my first letter I will close and will write more next time. With love to all the Haps, Era Flippen. **Houston Post**, 23 September 1906, page 43

Wellborn, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: I will take for my subject, “Music.” Oh, the rapturous charm of music! What power it has to soften, melt, enchain in its spirit chords of subduing harmony. Truly, there is power in music, and almost omnipotent power. It will tyrannize over the soul. It will force it to bow down in worship; it will wring adoration from it and compel the heart to yield its treasures of love. Every emotion from the most reverent devotion to the wildest gushes of frolicsome joy, it holds subject to its imperative will. It calls the religious devotee to worship, the patriot to his country’s altar, the philanthropist to his generous work, the freeman to the temple of liberty, the lover to the side of his beloved. It elevates, empowers and strengthens them all. The human soul is a might harp and all its strings vibrate to the gush of music. Who does not know the softening power of music, especially the music of the human voice? It is like the angel’s whisperings of kind words in the time of trouble. Who can be angry when the voice of love speaks in song? Music, while being powerful, universal, the voice of love and the type of the infinite, is venerable for its age. As it is the voice of God’s love, we know not but it is coexistent with his being. Every song soothes and uplifts. It is just possible that at times a song is as good as a prayer. Indeed a song of the pure kind recognized in Scripture is akin to a petition, which is also in the spirit of thanksgiving. Music is healthful. There is no better cure for bad humor, no medicine more pleasant to take. We can not join those who lament that the piano is heard where once the monotony of the spinning wheel and the click of the shuttle were the only instrumental performances. We know of nothing more genial and heart warming than to hear the whole family joining in a hymn or song. They will love each other and their home better for it. Songs learned in childhood are like birds nestling in the bosom. Their notes will be heard and loved in after years. The hymn sung by a mother to her little boy may in after years be a voice that will recall him from ruin. One morning the sweet voice of a woman heard singing a ballad in one of the tenement house districts of the Garden City. The effect of it was almost magical. Not only did children swarm out of their dingy homes and surround the singer, but the steps were crowded by adults and old heads leaned out of the windows for several blocks on either side. Faces brightened everywhere. The blacksmith ceased his din and stood with arms akimbo on the sidewalk. The poor, sick widow in a near tenement listened and forgot her sorrow and pain, the broadfaced wife, whose stolid countenance, hardened by want and contact with vice, paused from her employment, and as she listened, something touched her heart, her better nature was stirred and beating time to the simple melody wished she had a penny to give the songster. The hodcarrier halted; the well-dressed pedestrian, on whose face when he saw the crowd gathering, there was at first a look of disdain, as if he would say, “No hand organ music for me, if you please,” at last stood still and blushed as the beauty of the song stirred his inmost heart, and when the music ceased the listeners turned again to their employment, as if refreshed in spirit and quickened to contended thoughts of the work day world. With love to dear Mrs. Foster and all the Haps, Dora Flippen.

[Your letter is very well expressed, and has some beautiful thoughts, but I think you are rather too extravagant at times. There are some men and women of highest character who can not be touched by music and every song does not uplift. Be careful to avoid hyperbole. – Ed.] **Houston Post**, 7 October 1906, page 47

Bryan, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: Here I am again. I thought would come once more, as it looks like rain.

I am now off at school.
My teachers here I cannot rule.
I certainly hated to leave my home.
Around this lonely ground I roam.
Thinking of the passed vacation.
Also my home and my relations.
Once and while to a picnic we'll go,
And have such a nice time, you know.
The Nuns in Villa Maria
At times are very severe.
When you cut up and act very bad
They certainly will preach till they make you feel glad.
Say, can any of you Haps skate,
And cut the figure eight?
I can, and think its fun,
Especially when on them you can run.
Well, as my letter came in print –
I mean the last one that I sent –
Another letter I thought I would write;
If the other one you thought was light.
I was glad to see Grace's letter in.
I know she will be glad to see it
And another one she may send.
Well, dear Haps and Mrs. Foster, as it is growing dark,
And homeward flies the lark,
Far away you can see
The shadow of the "live oak" tree.
The bark of the "Scotch collie" coming near,
In the nest of the "marking" bird,
The sweetest sound I have heard.
If you look at the sunset over the field of hay,
A beautiful sight you will see, and also the "rose and the gray."
While walking in the woods, a "violet" you may see.
If you see one, pluck it, and some time think of me.

A true Hap, Agnes K. Price.

[Very bright indeed. We are glad to have you as often as you like to come – Ed.]

Houston Post, 28 October 1906, page 33

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: I am a little girl 13 years old. My papa takes *The Post* and I enjoy reading the Haps' page very much. I live in the country. We are nearly through picking cotton and I will be so glad, so I can start to school. Our school will start October 15. Well, I will close, hoping that my letter will be printed. Yours truly, Una May Walker. **Houston Post**, 4 November 1906, page 47

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: Please open the door for me and let me in. I am freezing here. Mrs. Foster, I made a visit last week and had a nice time. I did not see my last letter in print. All of the people are not through picking cotton yet. Mrs. Foster, I will take up a collection for the little crippled children in my next letter. I will write next week and send in the collection. My home is just full of orphans alone; there are eight orphans besides papa and my married sister, and I know just how an orphan child feels. Now listen. I was lost in the woods three days and nights – on the 18th of December – and was found on the 21st. Mr. Johnny Ogg of Fields Store found me, about fifteen miles from home. I send my love to Mrs. Foster and the Haps. I remain a true Haps, as ever, Minnie Free.

[I wish you would tell us all about your being lost. It would be very interesting. An orphan has neither father nor mother – Ed.] **Houston Post**, 25 November 1906, page 43

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: I was 12 years old yesterday. My sister, Willie Belle, and I are going to the public school in Bryan. We live close to it. We also live real close to the Texas Woman's Christian college. I, like many of the other Haps, am very fond of horseback riding. My papa has a good gentle pony. We Willie Belle and I go riding every day. We spent our vacation down near Houston. We stayed two months at Dayton with my papa's mother, and a week at Dickinson at my cousin, Georgia Anderson's home. Haps, I want you all to do your best for Cousin Georgia. I am so anxious for her to win the scholarship. I will close, hoping Mr. Waste Basket will not gobble this up. Sybil Vane Johnson. **Houston Post**, 16 December 1906, page 39

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: Here I come again. I will tell you about my being lost. It was on December 18. All of the men were at the spring killing hogs and I tried to go to the house for a knife to help with the hogs, but I missed the way to the spring. My brother's dog followed me the first day. There were over 500 men in the woods hunting for me. Every one had a biscuit in his pocket for me when they found me. I had my stockings full of hickory nuts to take home with me. I ate huckleberries and blackhaws all the time I was gone. There were wolves in the woods. There were two bloodhounds in after me and there were plenty of wild hogs there at that time. But I was not afraid. I was only 7 years old then. Many a child would have been frightened to death even when they saw those men. I have taken up a small collection for the helping fund and will try to do better next time. Names of senders, Mr. D.W. Hazard, 5 cents; Mr. A.M. Tillery, 5 cents; Mr. W.A. Free, 5 cents; Mr. W.C. Free, 5 cents; total 20 cents. I send my love to Mrs. Foster and the Haps. A true Hap, Minnie Free.

[Very interesting, but I wish you had told when and how you slept and where and how they found you. Certainly our Heavenly Father was caring for you all the time, and I hope you will repay His love. – Ed.] **Houston Post**, 6 January 1907, page 39

Stone City, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: Will you let me try to write again, as it has been a long time since I wrote to the Haps' page. Mrs. Foster, I am very happy now. I have a new stepmamma and love her very much. As it is getting very late I guess I had better quit. Sending 10 cents for the poor little cripples. Much love, Charlotte Sanders. **Houston Post**, 24 February 1907, page 35

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: I will take for my subject the settlement of Texas. It seems that the first settlement was made by the Frenchman, La Salle, who made a settlement on the Lavaca River and called it Fort St. Louis, in honor of the king of France. La Salle thought that the Lavaca was one of the mouths of the Mississippi River, upon whose banks he intended to build a city. This city he never built, because he was murdered; the colony he had started was destroyed by sickness and mismanagement of the people and attacks of the Indians, who killed all but five. This was the first European settlement in Texas. Because of this settlement, France claimed all land between Mexico and Louisiana, but the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, who claimed Texas as a part of Mexico cause the Spanish king, Philip II, to forbid any one save his own, on pain of death, to sail on the gulf, so Texas was first settled by the Spanish priests, who came as missionaries to the Indians. A great many expeditions were made into Texas by brave men before this era of colonization, which began in 1820. In 1820 Moses Austin attempted to get authority to establish a colony, but death prevented him and it was left to his son, Stephen F. Austin, to carry out his scheme. De Leon, De Witt, Edwards and many others worked on this colonization scheme until 1830. About 2000 Americans finally, after many hardships and oppressive laws of Mexico, arose in revolution, which resulted after much fighting in Texas freeing herself from the Mexican yoke. Of the many brave men of Texas who lost their lives I have no need to write, for the names of Fannin, Crockett, Bowie, Travis and many others, with that of the brave Sam Houston, is written on every Texan's heart who loves Texas. Of the wonderful growth of Texas after the annexation to the United States, by its large, populous cities, many magnificent monuments in honor of their noble sons who gave their lives for our country. Hoping to be enrolled as a new Hap, respectfully, Bettie McVey.

[A very good letter, but I don't think we can show many monuments in Texas. I hope we will, though, before very many years have passed – Ed.] **Houston Post**, 21 April 1907, page 47

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: This is my first letter to the Haps' page. I am a little girl 9 years old. I have two pet cats. My papa is a farmer and he takes *The Post*. I have two pet goats. I help mamma in the kitchen and help milk the cows. A true Hap, Minnie Robinson. **Houston Post**, 12 May 1907, page 33

Millican, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: Please let me join your happy band if you can read this. I am a little girl 5 years old. I will be 6 the 29th of next December. Haps, I can sweep up floors, wash dishes, keep off calves, make up beds and sweep the yard. Now, don't you all think I am smart? Bye-bye, Artie Lee Dixon.

[There is not enough room for both letters. You are mistaken – there have been other Haps in Millican. – Ed.] **Houston Post**, 26 May 1907, page 41

Wellborn, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: I enclose postoffice money order for \$1.15, which please place with the helping fund. I wish the amount had been larger, but I will thank the following ones for their generosity, and I know the unfortunate cripples will do the same: Howard Lee, 5 cents; Katie Royder, 5 cents; Lyle Royder, 5 cents; Vivian Royder, 5 cents; A.W. Royder, 5 cents; Mack Thomas, 5 cents; Mae Harding, 10 cents;

J.W. Harding, 5 cents; S.S. Harding, 5 cents; Mrs. A.H. Eaves, 10 cents; Helen Lee, 5 cents; J.H. Royder, 5 cents; T.E. Wade, 5 cents; A.W. Royder, Sr., 5 cents; Lorraine Royder, 5 cents; Edell Royder, 5 cents; J.P. Royder, Jr., 5 cents; Edwin Royder, 5 cents; Forrest Adir Royder, 5 cents; P.H. Dawson, 5 cents; Chris Harding, 5 cents. With much love to the Haps and your dear self, I remain, your friend, Lorraine Royder.

[I thank you and all those who helped you in your good work. I expect you began to wonder what became of your order, but the letters are coming in very fast and each one has to wait for its turn. – Ed.] **Houston Post**, 2 June 1907, page 47

Tabor, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: Will you admit me just this one time in your cozy corner? I will not ask the privilege again. I have such a high appreciation of the character of Washington that I feel constrained as the opportunity presents itself to say a few words in his behalf. The characters in the contest I consider the greatest benefactors of mankind the world has ever produced. Columbus for discovering the new world and Washington for securing our independence. In order to discuss the question intelligently it will be necessary to give a brief outline of the character of each individual and the motives that prompted them to action. It will be remembered that a short time prior to the discovery of America a spirit of maritime enterprise existed among the civilized nations to discover a near route to India, a country famous for its gold and silver and the precious metals. During this time the father of Columbus was considered the ablest navigator of his time. He made many futile attempts to discover a near route to India. In all his exploring expeditions Columbus accompanied him. This gave him a knowledge of the art of navigation. Being possessed of a high and noble ambition and an indomitable courage, being conversant with the object in view, and knowing that the one whose efforts would be crowned with success would acquire fortune and fame, he determined to hazard his life to accomplish the desired end. The master mind of Columbus conceived the idea that the earth was round like a ball and by sailing due west he would find what others had utterly failed to do – a near route to India. After numerous failure to obtain means to fit out an expedition, he applied to the enterprising queen of Spain, Isabella. She furnished him with three small vessels and ninety men. He was to retain one tenth of all the valuable he might discover. He launched his puny barks upon the unknown deep from the port of Palos, Spain. Guided by the mariner's compass he sailed west, and on the 12th day of October, 1492, discovered the island of Hispanolio. Believing it to be an island adjacent to India, he gave the name Indians to the natives, the name by which they are known to this day. On his second or third voyage to the new world he discovered the mainland of South America. For some trivial offense he was imprisoned and died in a dungeon and in chains, ignorant of the fact that he had discovered a new world. He is entitled to the respect, love and gratitude not only of the new world, but the old world as well. Had he not conceived that the earth was round and had he not the indomitable courage to put his views into execution by sailing west he would find a near route to India, the new world might have remained partially a wilderness to this good day. He was truly a great man, and deserves a monument among sages, heroes and philosophers. He was truly a benefactor of mankind. Many of the Haps are, or should be, posted in the history of the revolutionary war, and the causes that brought it about. The oppressions of the mother country, the appointment of foreign officials by the king of England, with oppressive instructions; the stamp act, which required all business or legal documents to be written on

stamped paper; exorbitant taxation without representation and remonstrance for grievances imposed, answered only by repeated wrongs, aroused the spirit of resistance by the eloquence of those grand patriots, Patrick Henry, Adams and others, the colonies were ripe for revolution. A convention was called to meet at the State house at Philadelphia to devise means and ways to throw off the yoke of bondage so long imposed. The conclusion arrived at was that war was inevitable and "let it come." It was moved by John Adams that George Washington be appointed commander in chief of the colonial army to be raised, and that he be paid \$500 per month for his services. When the appointment was tendered him he replied in substance that he felt incompetent to discharge the duties involved, but he would accept the appointment; that to his country he owed his time, his service and if necessary his life, but he would accept no pay for his services. The yeomanry of the country flocked to his standard, and what they lacked in experience he supplied by discipline. It is unnecessary to trace him through his long and stormy career as commander in chief; his many victories and defeats, his indomitable will, patience and perseverance. Taking into the consideration the many disadvantages with which he had to contend, entitles him to the distinction of the greatest general of modern times. The capture of Lord Cornwallis and his entire army at the memorable battle of Yorktown brought the war to a close. The heroes of many battles were honorably mustered out of service. Anarchy reigned to a considerable extent. There was no lawful restraint; no stable government. A meeting was again called to assemble at Philadelphia to determine what kind of a government should be adopted. After mature deliberation of the wise men of the land the conclusion arrived at was that the people were not capable of self-government. A move was made and seconded to create George Washington dictator for life. Did he accept? No! No! He said he had endured the hardships, privations and dangers of a long and tedious war to free the country from British oppression and British rule. His living love of liberty, his abiding faith in the patriotism of his countrymen, forbade him accepting the proffered crown. Had he accepted it we might to this good day have been under a monarchial government. His nonacceptance proves beyond the cavil of doubt that the temptations of earth could not seduce his patriotism. He was on the refusal of the dictatorship elected first President of the United States by acclamation. He served two terms with honor and credit to himself and the universal approval of his countrymen. His administrations have been held up as models to all succeeding administrations. Subsequent to his retirement from the presidential chair war with France was thought to be inevitable. All eyes were turned on Washington. He nobly responded to the call of his country. The trouble was amicably settled and he retired (from whence he had been called) once again to the peaceful shades of Mount Vernon. He soon fell asleep in the arms of death. There his ashes repose; his spirit has taken its flight and sits at the right of the throne of the Deity. He ascended the ladder of fame until he reached its topmost round and stepped from thence to heaven. The monument erected to his memory attests the high appreciation in which he is held by his countrymen, and there it will stand ages yet to come, to commemorate his goodness as a citizen, a friend, a husband, a soldier, a statesman, a general and a hero. The great father of his country. When kind heaven saw fit to give him birth the world rejoiced; when his career on earth was ended and death claimed its victim, every head was bowed in grief, every eye was filled with tears. Drawing a comparison between the two great benefactors of mankind, Columbus and Washington, and taking into consideration the motives that prompted them to action and the services rendered to our country, I shall unhesitatingly

case my vote for Washington. "S.M.H." **Houston Post**, 1 September 1907, no page number

Tabor, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: It has been two years since I wrote. I lived at Hyatt then. I am visiting my grandfather at Tabor. My home is at Call, Texas. I moved to Call from Hyatt. I live in the country and work in the field. I help my aunt milk six cows at night. I ride horseback after the cows sometimes. It is raining here now. Best wishes to Mrs. Foster and the Haps, Maggie May McCallum.

Houston Post, 15 September 1907, no page number

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: Mrs. Foster, you dreamed a long dream, or did you make it up? Haps, we have a pet pig that comes around where we are and wants milk. It went in the dairy and turned a bucket of milk over. How many of you like flowers? I do, for one. Mrs. Foster, mamma has lots of little chickens. Bye-bye. A Hap, Minnie Robinson. **Houston Post**, 13 October 1907, no page number

From an adult:

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: The boys received the chair yesterday and are very proud of it. It is nice and they thank you and the little Haps for sending it. They will always remember you all. They like to hear me read the letters. We also thank Brother Betts for his kindness and may God bless every one of the little Haps. I hope they will never be afflicted like the boys. They are deprived of the pleasure of life, but we do all we can to make them happy and enjoy life. Mrs. Foster, you are so kind to us that we never will thank you enough for the chair. May God bless all of you. Arthur & Wesley Darwin's mother. **Houston Post**, 20 October 1907, no page number

Cawthon, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Haps: Will you let me chat with you just for a while? It has been some time since I have written to the dear page. When I wrote last Mrs. Foster was not in Houston. I live eighty-two miles from Houston, in the country, and like it fine. The International and Great Northern railroad runs about 200 yards from my home. We live three miles from Millican, which has three stores, one gin, postoffice and drug store. Haps, Christmas is nearly here. Let us all give Mrs. Foster a present. To Carrye Lindley of Keith, Texas, be sure to write to the Haps' page soon, and also write to me. Well, Haps, I'll give my place to a better writer. With love to all, a Hap, Rebecca Stephenson.

[The best present you could give to me is a collection for the helping fund, but it was sweet of you to think of me. – Ed.] **Houston Post**, 3 November 1907, no page number

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: This is my first attempt to write to this dear old page. My uncle takes *The Post*, and I certainly do enjoy reading the Haps' page. I am going to tell you about my visit to Fort Worth and Weatherford, where we did have a good time. We stayed in Fort Worth two weeks. We went to the city park dam and rode in the ships. The ships would go up to the brick and come down in the water. It certainly did scare us. I am 13 years old. Mrs. Foster, please put your picture on the Haps' page. A new Hap, Jolly Brooks. **Houston Post**, 2 February 1908, no page number

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: I have just finished reading the Haps' page and was so interested that I thought I would try to write also. Tonight is the last in 1907; soon it will be no more, and a new year will be with us. Papa takes The Houston Post and I enjoy reading the Haps' letters and the Club Talks. I have a few pets; they are three calves, one pig and six little chickens. The calves' names are Midget, Muley and Dan, and the pig's Son. Our school started October 21. We live three and one-half miles from school. My sister (age 10) and I go by ourselves. It has been raining so much we couldn't go regularly. Our teacher's name is Mrs. Minnie Foster. She has between twenty-five and thirty-five pupils enrolled. My oldest sister goes to school at the Texas Woman's college of Bryan, Texas. She wasn't here for Christmas, but came Sunday and will stay with us till after New Year's. One brother is in San Antonio working as a tinner, the other two are at home. I have a few flowers and am going to get some more, although it seems useless. The chickens are so bad and I have to keep them in the house all the time. I went hunting with my youngest brother and sister last winter and we caught a catamount. My brother shot it, for we had but one dog, so couldn't risk a fight. We have several kinds of birds here, but I like the mockingbird better than any. Well, Haps, dear old winter has come at last, the coldest of all the seasons. I like spring and summer better than the other seasons because the birds are singing, the flowers blooming, fruit is ripe and we can go bathing and fishing. Well, it is bedtime and I must tell you good-night. Many kindly wishes to Mrs. Foster and all the Haps for a pleasant and prosperous new year. "Lillian."
[We have no club buttons. Make a rosette of gray and blue ribbon. They are our colors. – Ed.] **Houston Post**, 9 February 1908, no page number

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Haps: I wrote once before but my letter was not printed. I suppose on account of so many mistakes. I haven't any pets. I had a pair of squirrels and kept them for a year and they got out. I was not sorry, for it seems cruel to keep them when they want to be free. My brother sent them from South Texas. I think geography will be of more benefit to me because it teaches about the earth, plants, animals, people, their occupation and government. Love to Mrs. Foster and Haps, Allie Gandy.
[Not enough room for both letters. Tell Grace to write again. – Ed.]
Houston Post 15 March 1908, no page number

Wellborn, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster: This is my first letter, so please print it to please a little boy. I am now visiting my grandma, uncles and aunts at Hockley, Texas. I have two horses, named Nellie and Doe. We are all going out on the creek fishing in a few days. I send 10 cents for the poor little cripples. If I was a man I would send more, but I'll be a man some day and work and give lots of it to the poor. Grandma says I am a smart little boy and will make a smart man. I help papa feed the horse and cow when we have no servant. I went with my uncle out in the country a few days ago and killed seven birds and one squirrel. I can shoot better than papa. I have a pet goat. He is a beauty; has long curly hair. We can ride him. I had a donkey, but he would lie down with us when he got tired and mother was afraid he would hurt us, so we sold him. Good-bye, Jeff P. Royder.
[Now, I shall have this printed to please you, and I want you to please me in two ways – write your own letters and do not use this paper. – Ed.]
Houston Post, 10 May 1908, no page number

Stone City, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: I have just finished reading the dear old page. It has been two years since I last wrote. I still live on the banks of the old Brazos. We have fine crops where the water did not destroy them. I have been chopping cotton, but am through now and we have a good time fishing and playing ball. Haps, I think Mrs. Foster is doing a great work for the crippled children. Now, let us get a move on us and do something in the way of helping to make our page more interesting and see how soon we can pay for another chair. Come on, girls, don't let the boys send a cent more than we do. Let us see which sends the most money from this on. Haps, I love to live in the country. I think we country children can have much better times than city children. I haven't any pets except a two-year-old brother. I will be 14 years old October 5. Mrs. Foster, I wish you and all the Haps could join me on the old Brazos and go fishing with me. I would show you all how I can row a boat and catch fish. I have two brothers, one 16 and one 11, and I can shoot a gun as well as they can and can beat them picking cotton. I don't like housework much, but as I have a sister older than myself, I don't have much of it to do. I had much rather get out and play ball than wash dishes any old time. I like to go to school and my favorite studies are spelling and geography. I guess I had better ring off. I will enclose 25 cents to help pay for the next chair. With much love to Mrs. Foster and the Haps, a true Hap, Matilda Williams.

[We can't all be good houseworkers, and if you catch fish it is only fair for some one else to cook them. But when a man marries he prefers the girl who does the cooking. – Ed.]

Houston Post, 16 August 1908, no page number

Millican, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: I saw my name in the Happyhammers' page and it pleased me so much that I thought I would write again and send 10 cents to help the cripples. My father has a large farm and a watermelon patch. The vines have lots of water melons on them. I will ask you to come and eat watermelons with me. My brother has a pet goat. I have a parrot, a cat and one canary bird. As ever, a true Hap, Carro Mae Edwards.

[You have quite a family of pets. Which do you like the best? – Ed.]

Houston Post, 16 August 1908, no page number

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Haps: Will you let a little girl of 12 years join your happy band? My papa gave me a horse and buggy for my birthday and I go riding every Sunday. Sometimes I go horseback riding. I wish Mrs. Foster and the Haps were here so we could all go riding together. My papa owns an ice factory and I eat more ice than anybody. My papa has been taking *The Post* for thirteen years and I always call for the Haps' page. I have a friend named Miss Lizzie Johnson, who is an old Hap. Mrs. Foster, did you and the Haps ever hunt turtle nests? It is more fun! I hope Mr. W.B. won't get this letter. We used to live in Houston, but moved to Bryan about three years ago. A new Hap, Inez Elizabeth Stephen.

[No, I never hunted for turtle nests. You ought to tell us all about it. – Ed.]

Houston Post, 30 August 1908, no page number

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: Here I am again after an absence of six months. The last letter I wrote was not printed, but I was not discouraged the least bit. My uncle takes *The Post* and I enjoy reading the Haps' page so much. Haps, don't you

think that Mrs. Foster is doing noble work? I do. I do not know what the cripples would do. I have just returned from Simonton and I had a good time while I was down there. I went through Houston on my route and while I was waiting for the train I went all over Houston Heights and the main part of town. I want to go to Galveston next summer if nothing prevents. When I was down in Simonton we went riding nearly every afternoon, and you should have been there to help us eat sugar cane. We have lots of it at home, but it wasn't as sweet as that in Simonton. Today is my birthday. I am 14. Well, I guess I had better skiddo as my letter is growing rather long. As ever, a true Hap, N.G.
[It is the Haps who are doing the good work, and I hope you will try to do your share. – Ed.] **Houston Post**, 11 October 1908, no page number

Stone City, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers:

I am picking cotton,
And that keeps me trotting.
I must say
I haven't long to stay,
So I will let my 5 cents,
Run down the back street
As fast as I can go on my two feet;
Get right to bed
And sleep as sound as if I was dead.

With love to Mrs. Foster and all the Haps,

I must go, for now I have the gaps.

A true Hap, Matilda Williams.

Houston Post, 18 October 1908, no page number

Stone City, Texas – Dear Happyhammers and Mrs. Foster: Here comes an old Hap after an absence of about three years. I was 13 years old when I wrote the first time; I am 16 now; my birthday was in July. Haps, I have just returned home from a visit to Beaumont to see my aunt. I certainly had a fine time while there and wish some of the Haps could have been with me. Mrs. Foster I wonder how many of the Haps can sew; I can't for one; I can do anything else in the house, but can't sew much. I am going to learn, though. I think it is so nice for a girl to know how to sew, but I never had a mother to teach me, but now I have stepmother and I will get her to show me how. I will say by-bye, with much love to Mrs. Foster and all the Haps. An old and true Hap, Charlotte Sanders.

[I think sewing is one of the accomplishments of a lady and there is no other, except perhaps cooking, that gives a girl or woman so much comfort and that helps her so much in her daily life. Cooking helps and keeps peace in the family, and a girl who can cook is a treasure – Ed.] **Houston Post**, 25 October 1908, no page number

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: I wish to join your Happyhammer band. I send 5 cents for the crippled boys and girls. I go to school and am in the third grade. I have a nice kitty. I love him very much and he loves me. There is a little boy in my room that can not use his right hand. My papa sells paint and is not home very much. We have some ducks and they make a lot of noise. Goodbye, Mrs. Foster and Haps, Charlie Carr, Jr.

[You see the ducks have no idea they are troubling anybody. They just love to talk to each other. – Ed.] **Houston Post**, 13 December 1908, no page number

Wellborn, Texas – My Dear Santa Claus: Please bring me a doll dressed in red, and a doll buggy, doll trunk, mandolin, piano, chair, table, postcard album and some fireworks. T.H. says he wants a doll and a wagon. Goda says that he wants a doll dressed in pink. T.H. is 4 and Goda is 6 and I am 9 and brother is 11. I am going to school at Wellborn and I am sitting with Ruth. So bye-bye, your best little girl, Annie Maude Royder.

[I hope Santa Claus will see this in time, but it seems to me you are asking too much, for there are so many little girls, I am afraid old Santa Claus' treasures won't go around at that rate.- Ed.] **Houston Post**, 20 December 1908, no page number

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: Will you let another boy from College peep into your happy band? It is certainly cold now. We can't go to school. My little brother and I have about three miles to walk. We go to the Shilo school. My teacher's name is Mr. John Stasny, and I certainly do love him. My home is a half mile north of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, and I think it is a beautiful place. I am 9 years old and have two little brothers. My father is dead. With love to Mrs. Foster and the Haps. A new Hap, Willie Schill.

[Can't you describe the grounds of the college and tell us about how the cadets drill? Try it. – Ed.] **Houston Post**, 7 February 1909, no page number

Bryan, Texas – Dear Mrs. Foster and Happyhammers: I will try to write again, although Mr. W.B. got my first letter. I am going to school. I think we will attend school six more weeks. Several children had to quit school and chop cotton. Mamma will try to send us if possible, and then we will help her in the field, for there is no one else to help her but my aunt. Papa is dead, going on three years, and we are small. I am the oldest, nine years, and my two other brothers are seven and five years old. I will try to study hard so some day my mamma will not work so hard. I remain as ever, a true Happyhammer, Willie Schill.

[Bless your heart for a brave little man! I do hope you will do well in your work. Your mother will be rich some day, when her three boys are grown. – Ed.]

Houston Post, 25 April 1909, no page number

Dear Mr. Converse – My mamma takes the “Christian Observer.” I like for her to read me the nice letters from the children. She read them to me last night. I can read them myself, but I am sick in bed. When mamma read to us the nice little letter of Ruby Myrtle McLain's, my little sister (aged four and a half) 'most cried. She said she felt so sorry for her, and we hope she will soon be well and able to go back home. There has just been a fine revival here for two weeks and a half. The preacher is Rev. Lockett Adaire. He has done so much good. There have been four hundred and seventy-one converts. I recited the Children's Catechism to my teacher over a year ago. I wish you would please send me a certificate and put my name on the Roll of Honor. Your little friend, Ollie I. Anthony, Bryan, Texas.

Christian Observer, 27 April 1910, page 17