

Letter written by Mary Alnora "Nora" Cox Drennan to Bob Holloway Jr. Date of letter not known but written before 1968.

Aspermount, Tex 78502

Dear Cousin Bob,

I was glad to send you the Cox info. I sued to be doing that for years and always enjoying to help spread the Cox news to others. I made many unknown friends that way and always glad to hear from them. I was glad to get your picture and I believe you favor our Cox's, of course it was hard to tell with your mustache, beard and long hair and I am looking forward to seeing you without them. I am glad your son is going to A.C.U. Naturally, I think it is the best and as to some more information, he has two distant relatives in high positions there who are related to him and tell him to be sure and get acquainted with them and let them know they are related. One is my husband's nephew, Dr. Jerry Drennan whom he will find very friendly, he is just an old down-to-earth boy despite all his high degrees, raised on a farm during the depression and would probably have never made it through college without the help of the members of the Church of Christ of Seminole and others there who realized his potential and character. And he has never failed to let the people of Seminole know how he appreciates all they have done for him. The other one is Don Drennan who is Auditor of A.C.U. He is a son of Tom Drennan who used to work in a bank at Abilene and probably still does unless he is retired. Tom Drennan's father and my husband were cousins so they are distant cousins. I haven't seen Don since he was a young boy when we used to have our big Drennan Reunions at Abilene Lake years ago. Mrs. Elizabeth Cox Robinson lived at Chico in the late 1950-'s for I visited her there and she also visited me at Fort Worth and we would go to the Fort Worth Library and research all day. That was before the new library, and we had 4 flights of steps to climb. Well, I was in perfect health then and being tall and quick on my feet I could always be the first up the steps and to the Genealogical Section and get to one of the few microfilm readers they had. Otherwise you might not get one at all. Mrs. Robinson wasn't as agile as I so she could hardly make it, but I always helped her in her research. Her ancestor was Silas Cox, supposed to be a cousin to Cornelius Cox, therefore kin to us also. Her story went that Silas was a Methodist preacher Circuit Rider. She also visited me at my son's house and we borrowed his car and went all over Collin Co. and found Cox's cemetery, etc. The Coxes, Kings, Johnsons, etc. (some settled at Little Elm) and Enoch Johnson built the first ferry over Little Elm. It must have been quite a stream in those days with lots of water, considering the width of the "draw" at the present time. Her Coxes went on to Comanche Co. also and one Don Cox was killed by Indians in a fight near there or in Brown Co. You spoke of your Cox's having a little bit of violent streak in them. I can't believe they were necessarily violent, but they certainly stood up for their rights. I told you about the "one" outlaw I found in our family, but I found out later that he was in the right. My father and 2 brothers were all killed by the gun, but not without the other side being guilty. The first one was killed in the 1890's, he had been to Lampasas, and won a horse race. (The Cox's were noted for their fine horses and his dad raised fine horses.) He was on his way home and reached Lucy's creek (Lampasas County) near his home when he was shot and killed and robbed. This was Uncle Andy Cox. They never found the murderer, probably didn't try too hard. The second, Uncle Tom Cox, was a goat/sheep inspector in 1913 when it was a new law for people to dip their sheep if they were found with Scabies. Uncle Tom had warned this fellow several times but he paid no attention. He notified

him, one cold December day. Uncle Tom went out dressed in a dress suit with vest, coat, sweater, and overcoat and of course his six shooter which he was authorized to wear. He talked to the man, and they were squatted on the ground when Uncle Tom took a sheep and showed the man it had scabies. This made Etheridge mad and he jumped up and started shooting. Uncle Tom was shot several times, but never managed to get to his gun under all that clothing. He managed to get to his buggy and get the horses untied and they were so excited they ran away with him and some of Etheridge's own cowboys caught them and took Uncle Tom on to the doctor. He died just at sunrise the next day, just before we arrived from Menard. After driving in a hack in pouring rain it was so dark we just let the team find their way. We only had a lantern tied on the end of the tongue of the hack. Papa and Uncle Tom were very close and went together everywhere. They both were expert fiddlers and played for all the dances nearby. Papa had the six shooter Uncle Tom had on him as well as the fiddle which is still in the family. It is a Cremona (next thing to a Stradivarius) and made by the same people, dated 1732 or in Italy 1532. I have forgot. I passed it on to my oldest son. As to my dad we had moved to New Mexico in 1913, and was living near some of papa's kinsfolk, Van Winkles, Parkers, Potters, etc. Made crop in 1914 and Dad traded a team of good mules to a man who ran a sawmill, for some raw lumber and a couple of small houses to be torn down. A contract was drawn up to that effect and we had moved some lumber to our homestead on McDonald Flat. This man asked if he could go ahead and get the mules and papa let him have them. He would do anyone a good deed whenever he could. Well, when we went after lumber each time after that he would put us off. Winter was coming on and we needed a house to live in. On November 3 we, mother, Dad, my sister and husband and I took two wagons and took over to the sawmill to tear the houses down and move them. The man, Mr. Courtney, met us there and said we couldn't have the houses. After a few words, he demanded the contract, he thought papa didn't have it, but he did. He took a horse out of the harness, went six miles home, came back with the contract and his gun. When he dismounted and Courtney saw the gun, he hid behind some lumber and shot 3 times. The first shot missed, the second shot hit the handle of Uncle Tom's pistol papa had strapped on him. and the 3rd shot hit him just below his belt and went completely through him. He was only able to say get a doctor. We carried him in the house. I asked him if he wanted a drink and gave him a drink, placed a kiss on his forehead and he was gone. There were several men grouped around all of whom were incensed by the cowardly act and vowed they would find him. But Courtney had already escaped over the mountain and through thick timber to an old crooked rancher, Oliver Lee. You may have read about him western stories. He got rich buying off lawyers off in crooked deals. The trial was a mockery and Courtney went free, but Lee took everything he had. Courtneys' own mother, poor soul, was a good woman. The people had a hard time keeping papa's friends, and relatives calmed down, for they never would have found Courtney and it would probably have just caused more killings. Well, I must close. You are the second person I have told this story to, and I still can't bear to speak of it out loud. Papa was a sweet person, so good and kind and ready to help anyone. But if any one ever done him dirty he was through with them. He never caused any trouble. He just didn't have anymore to with them. Well, take care and I hope to see you this summer.

Love to all,
Your cousin Nora