



THE CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Diocese of Amarillo



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VOLUME

FALL

2018

Program: Meet More Saints... See their Relics

Who are the Saints

Saints are the heroes of the Christian Church. They are Christians remembered for their great holiness and they show us what holiness really means. Some saints were actually revered as holy people during their lifetimes. The praise they received while living continues after their deaths. Stories of their lives were passed on to children, grandchildren and successive generations and have inspired the Church ever since their deaths.

The Church looks on the saints as people with a message for all Christians. They tell us that with the help of God we can all be saints, that the Spirit of Christ working in us can overcome weakness and sinfulness and lead us to holiness and a closer union with God.

Because the Saints show us what holiness means, the Church sees them as models for us to imitate. This does not mean we should pick a saint and live exactly like that saint. The Church presents them as examples of how our lives should be guided and inspired by the love of God. They serve as models for us because they were weak and sinners like us. They have shown us what ordinary human beings like us can achieve when we make God an important part of our lives, when we try with God's help to do what God asks of each of us. Each saint is unique. No two saints are exactly alike. This reminds us that we too are unique and that in trying to be holy we should be ourselves.

The presence of the saints in heaven reminds us that heaven is also our future home. We too can look forward to life of eternal happiness with God. Their victory over sin and all obstacles to their eternal salvation encourages us to continue our struggle against sin with the joyous hope of one day seeing God face to face. We praise, honor and learn from the saints and also look forward to joining them in our heavenly home.

From the earliest times of the Church, people have always prayed to the saints and asked the saints to intercede for them – to put in a word for them with God. Just as here on earth we pray for one another, so we can also ask the saints to pray for us. They are in God's presence, nearer to God than our friends and neighbors here on earth. It is only natural that we ask their help for anything important to us. Their prayers for us are more powerful than the prayers of anyone here on earth because they are already in the presence of God.



Meet More Saints and see their Relics on Display

**Program is October 28, 2018
3:00 pm to 5:00 pm**

**In the Museum
followed by refreshments**

SAINTS FOR PROGRAM

St. Veronica

St. Simon Stock

St. Louise de Marillac

St. Francis of Paola

St. Paul VI recently canonized

Inside: Magdalena Streber Probst - Girl of Adventure

Magdalena Streber Probst - Girl of Adventure

Magdalena didn't wait. If the neighbor boys weren't ready to go she'd cross the ocean by herself, and if she didn't want that friend-of-her-relatives going along, he wouldn't. She was twenty-two, and it was time she was getting settled in the world.

Magdalena was born near Munich. When her father died her mother had to be away working during the day, and it was pretty hard on little boys and girls. Especially so if a little girl liked to play pranks as Magdalena did. If mischief was in the air, Magdalena usually had a part in it. It seems to Magdalena now that she didn't get the religious training that she should have had. Mother had to be away so much. Religion didn't seem then to be so big a part of life, but the inner core of solid Christian virtue was there, given by the mother who couldn't be at home.

It was a Catholic land she lived in – Bavaria. Nearly everyone was good, in the Catholic way. Magdalena lived and breathed in Catholic life, and her faith was to strengthen through the years.

A stepfather's death, and her mother's death when Magdalena was seventeen, left the girl very much alone. The family was divided and scattered, and there was little to hold her there. Over in Texas she had two aunts. One of them lived in a little town north of Austin and she wrote to them.

In those days everyone talked of going to America. It didn't matter if they could not speak English. One could buy a ticket straight to the town where they knew someone and the officials of boat and train saw that they got there.

Magdalena bought her ticket to Round Rock. She was going to America to spend the rest of her life. She felt that this was to be her trip of destiny. At the end of it she knew she would find the man God meant her to marry, and make her home. Three of the neighbor boys were also going to the great land of opportunity across the sea. In America everybody got rich...there were jobs on the railroad and land to be had for all most nothing.



When the boat left the neighbor boys were not ready to go. This did not deter Magdalena one whit. Her relatives were worried to see her go off across the world alone. One of them knew a friend of his who would go with Magdalena. He brought this man down to the boat, but he was not to her liking, she preferred to go alone and so she did.

There were not many people on the boat who spoke German. It was a little lonely not knowing anyone. A group of Polish girls seemed to be having a good time, but Magdalena did not know Polish and they did not know German.

The steward needed someone to help with dishes, he approached the Polish girls but they did not want to interrupt their fun for work. He then approached Magdalena and she jumped at the chance for it would help to pass the time. This encounter produced a friend on board the ship. The steward saw that she got the best of everything at the table, so much so that the Polish girls regretted that they had refused his offer. One morning when Magdalena over slept the steward woke her up by bringing a delicious breakfast to her cabin.

When she arrived in New York, someone from the Leo House met her at the boat. The Leo House (1950), then and now, specializes in helping travelers. The city was new and big and she could not understand what people said. It was all so strange that it blunted her sense of impressions. But go back? NO! This was America, the land of promise. In Germany life had hardships, but that was behind her now. Here she would find her place and live her life.

On New Year's Day of 1891 Magdalena boarded the ship for Galveston. This trip was not so pleasant for hardly anyone spoke German except the cook. Magdalena felt so unhappy that she lost her appetite, but the steward insisted that she eat.

At Galveston the train and boat officials put her on the train for Round Rock. Everyone was registered and had a number, so everybody got to their destination.

A German Protestant minister, who was a friend of her aunt met her at the train at Round Rock,. She stayed at his home until her aunt, who lived far out in the country, arrived. The minister gave her a Protestant Bible which she later tried to exchange for a Catholic one.

It was two months till cotton-planting time at her aunt's. That was too long to wait...she was anxious to go to work and learn English. She decided to go to Wichita Falls where her aunt had some German friends.

On the train a woman who spoke German sat beside her. Her home was in Tyler, Texas, and she had a brother who would like to get married. Perhaps Magdalena would like to come to visit her and meet the brother. Magdalena was frightened...she did not trust this invitation to visit strangers. "Perhaps some other time:", she said "Not now."

Magdalena worked for a while at Wichita Falls, with her aunt's friends. There was a German man out in the country who wanted to get married. They took Magdalena out to visit, but she didn't like him and also always felt the urge to move on.

They told her about Louis Probst, a good German Catholic man who worked for the railroad near Amarillo and had a farm there. She wrote to Louis and he wrote back. They exchanged photographs, and he invited her to come to Amarillo.

When Magdalena stepped down from the Fort Worth - Denver train in Amarillo in 1891 she saw a little village four years old. Louis Probst met her and told her she could stay with some friends of his because they needed someone to help them. This was the Cornelius family who ran a store. She worked for them for only a short while. It was hardly two months before she had decided that she had met the man God wanted her to marry.

Priest came rarely to Amarillo at that time, so using the privilege accorded by the Church under such circumstances; Louis and Magdalena were married by the judge pending the arrival of a priest. Louis took her to Cliffside; about 12 miles northwest of Amarillo, where he was in charge of the water supply station for the Fort Worth-Denver railroad, and where he had a section of land that would be their home.

The Diocese had been established the year before. The town of Henrietta was given a pastor for the first time, Father J. J. O' Riordan, and the Texas Panhandle was made part of his mission territory. The first marriage entry in his record book is that of Magdalena Streber and Louis Probst, September 9, 1891. The baptisms of her children are among the earliest in the Amarillo register of baptisms.

Louis and Magdalena were married in the home of Mrs. Will Thompson, at 5th and Pierce, where Mass was often said before there was a church in Amarillo. Mrs. Will Thompson was Piedad Romero. Her father was Casimero Romero, the wealthy Spanish sheep man who founded Tascosa, and in whose home Mass was said for fifteen years before there was a church built in Tascosa.

When Piedad went to School in Kansas she took her own maid with her. In Amarillo her diamonds and satins and her dark beauty added a bit of glamor to the little Catholic gatherings. Piedad's generous help to the infant Church in Amarillo followed the fine precedent set by her father. Mass was said most often in her home and her name is signed to some of the early baptisms, which were perhaps performed in her home. Church socials and card parties' were held there, a little later when there were enough Catholics for such things.

When Magdalena and Louis were married, the banns were proclaimed in the Thompson house before the wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Will Thompson acted as witnesses.

Magdalena was happy at Cliffside. She found her husband to be not a man interested primarily in accumulating wealth, but one who was an exceptionally good Christian, and she thanked God for guiding her to such a good husband.

Magdalena worked hard. Louis had other work to do besides farming, and she helped to make hay. They raised sorghum, milo maize and corn, and had cattle, a few pigs and several horses.

"To me, and to many country folks," she says, "there is something about the peacefulness and natural beauty of the countryside that cast a spell upon one, and they fall in love with that life..

“Cliffside was a rather beautiful country, peaceful, with many hills and trees, beautiful wild flowers, and a clear stream near our place. To go exploring was to discover new beauties of nature, sometimes a natural setting for a beautiful little park, sometimes a green spot enclosed by wild shrubbery, with many trees and flowers. If my husband had not died, I would have been content to live my whole life there.”

The closest neighbors were the John Arnot family, two miles away. The school was on Arnot’s land, and when the two oldest children were old enough to go to school, they stopped at Arnot’s on the way home and were given cookies. The Brinkmans lived three miles away.

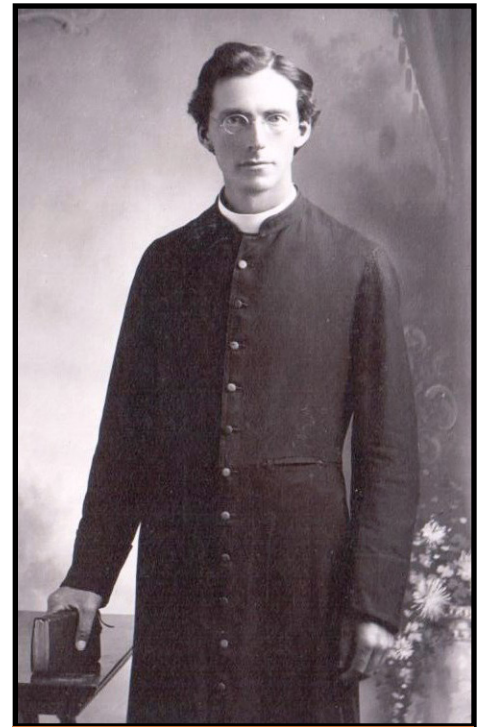
In the 1890’s there were hardly more than seven or eight Catholics in Amarillo. Mass was celebrated about once a month, usually in the home of Mrs. Will Thompson, sometimes in the home of Mrs. Nola Oliver whose husbands were not Catholics. Mass was sometimes said in the Carr home, until that family moved to Channing. Occasionally Mass was in the courthouse. Clarence Elder came about 1895, and lived on a farm about twelve miles southwest of Amarillo. The Christoph’s, a German family, were here. Mr. Christoph was a stone mason. Dr. and Mrs Fly were here three years out of the decade.

When Father Dunn came to Amarillo first in 1900 the attendance at Mass was still about seven or eight persons. When St. Anthony’s Sanitarium was opened, in early 1901, Mass was said there in a little room that held hardly more than twelve persons.



Every Sunday morning that there would be Mass, the Probsts got up early to start before daylight. They had twelve miles to drive with the wagon and horses, and in cold weather had to bundle up pretty well. They were always at Mass, father, mother and children.

There were four children in the family at this time. One day the father was out with the two oldest when a little rabbit ran under a bush. He reached in to get the rabbit for the children when something stung his hand which was just healing from a former infection. The doctor said later that it was a snake bite. Louis Probst lived just twelve days after that. He insisted at first that there was nothing much wrong. In those days people did not readily call a doctor. When the doctor was finally called there was little he



Rev. David Henry Dunn

A message was sent to Father Dunn, then in Amarillo. He started out in a buggy with Mother Cleophas and another Sister. The Sisters took along some supplies which they thought might prove useful.

Somehow they lost their way on the prairie, and it was nightfall before they reached Cliffside.

In the Probst home they were met by a sorrowful sight. The father lay dying and the mother was in bed with their baby three days old. The Arnots, always good neighbors, had sent someone over to help with the chores and stay up at night. Father Dunn administered the Last Sacraments, and Louis Probst was buried on the farm at Cliffside.

Magdalena was stunned. Her happy life with her husband was ended. She could not give way to grief too much, however for she had five young children to provide for. She found herself in the same position her mother had been in.

It was Mother Cleophas and Father Dunn who persuaded her to sell

the land at Cliffside and move to Amarillo. Frank Shaughnesay, who came to Amarillo that year, helped her with the business transactions necessary in buying her home at third and Lincoln.

The Sisters came down on the day she moved in and helped her to arrange her furniture. Father Dunn dropped in often in the following years to see that everything was going well, cheering everyone up with his humor and his kindnesses. All through the years the Sisters, Father Dunn, and the Shaughnesays were faithful, helpful friends.

Magdalena's working day began early in the morning and ended late at night. Her labor must support the children. For fourteen years she took in washing. This was work she could do at home, and she was home with the children. She set herself two goals. The first was to live a good, Christian life herself. The second was for her children: to train them as Christians and give them a Catholic education.

At every Mass and evening service Magdalena was present. She walked to the hospital, and later to the little church, with baby Elisabeth on her arm and the others beside her. To the building of the little Sacred Heart Church on North Polk Street, erected in 1903, she gave eighteen dollars. Who knows how big that was in God's sight? When the second church was built she could give more.

As the children grew older they began to work a little. "A farm is a good place for children", Magdalena often said. She wanted her boys to work on farm when they could. In the fall of 1911 Joe and John Probst were working on a farm near Nazareth. Their mother was happy to have them there with good Catholic people, off the streets, and they were attending school. The brothers felt a little homesick and toward the end of November they set out for Amarillo to visit their mother. They started walking to Happy to catch the train for Amarillo. A blizzard overtook them and they spent the night in the shelter of a hay stack. In the morning the conductor of a work train found them lying stiff and unconscious along the tracks. They were taken to Tulia, cared for by the people there, and their mother was notified. They had been identified by the prayer books in their pockets. Father Bier accompanied their mother down to get them. John was in better shape, but Father Bier had to carry Joe to and from the railroad coach. They were taken to St. Anthony's where the Sisters gave them good care.

Magdalena knew the value of a Catholic education...to the best of her ability she would provide it for her children.

She wanted Joe and John to go to the technological school conducted by the Divine Word Fathers in Techny, Ill., to learn a trade and be under Catholic influence.



Sacred Heart Parish Picnic in Palo Duro Canyon with Fr. Dunn, Fr. Bier and, most probably, Magdalena and her children.

On a trip to the north Father Bier took the boys with him to Techny where John studied lino-typing, and Joe farming. Louis was restless, and like many boys when the tradition of the West was still strong, went off to see the world and find his fortune.

He came home in later years.

Who can measure the good that was done by the frail priest, Father Dunn? He was pastor of the entire Panhandle. Many a soul and many a family would have lost touch with the Church entirely if he had not given his life to the church and carried on in spite of his ill health.

He brought St. Mary's Academy to Clarendon, and later to Amarillo. Working with Dr. David Fly, he brought St. Anthony's Hospital to Amarillo. This work of his was a wall of strength behind Magdalena Probst in her effort to give her children Catholic training. Theresa, the older daughter, was sent first to a convent school in Carroll, Iowa, and later to St. Mary's Academy, and then took nurses' training at St. Anthony's Hospital. Elizabeth attended the public schools until St. Mary's Academy was opened in Amarillo across from Elwood Park. When she transferred to St. Mary's she went to school at first in the Chancery building at 1110 Washington. Her teacher, Sister Pierre, whom everyone loved, presided over the southeast room there. Elisabeth finished up at Draughen's Business College.

Then followed easier years. The children were able to take care of themselves and her. Life was quiet in the little home.

Magdalena Probst had been a resident of Sacred Heart Parish since its mission days, since 1891. All the others who came that early are gone. She is 81 at this writing, 1950.

Kind friends take her to Mass

Cliffside, five miles northwest of Amarillo in southern Potter County, became a station on the Fort Worth and Denver City Railway in 1888. No community developed until 1905, when a rural school was established



Magdalena Probst at the age of 81 in front of her home circa 1950.

every Sunday. All but one of her children are with her, in the home that Father Dunn and Frank Shaughnesay helped her buy in 1902. It was in an excellent residential district then: now business places have moved in all around.

As a girl she traveled across the world to find her home. In these later years, when her children ask her if she would like to take a trip, her answer as always been, "No, I'm waiting now for the last journey home." Sr. Nellie Rooney 1950

Two Murders in One Night!

The sounds of hammers driving nails and saws slicing into planks rang out across the hills north of Clarendon in the early morning of May 31, 1910. The field is vacant except for a tall platform taking shape from the labor of many workmen busily doing their job of building a gallows over fifteen feet high under the supervision of J.T. Patman, Sheriff of Donley County. When completed, the gallows will await the execution of G.R. Miller, the man convicted of murder on a train traveling through Donley County.

In 1906, Miller was a tall, dark, good-looking, thirty-year-old man who had become a small time thief searching for wealth without work. When money was scarce, he worked as a farm laborer in Quannah and a miner in the gypsum bed in Acme. He decided it would be easy to expand his road to riches by changing the amount of a check given to him by a Mrs. Waldrop for picking cotton. He was arrested and charged with forgery however there was some concern about his mental state. The doctors who examined Miller while he was in jail were convinced that he was "... of unsound mind," and after his trial the jury felt "There is little doubt of the man being crazy..." A petition for his pardon was signed by all the members of the jury that convicted him. The pardon was denied and Miller arrived at the State Prison in Huntsville January 16, 1907, to serve his two-year sentence. The state prison system at that time operated under the belief that hard work and severe discipline bring about reform but



G.R. Miller the Murderer.

he refused to accept authority and according to prison records was labeled by the prison physicians as being, "...excessively out of control," and given twenty licks for punishment.

Miller arrived back in Quanah, a convict with a criminal record and the victim of a harsh prison system. Four months later he began a violent crime spree by committing almost identical crimes as he traveled in freight train boxcars through Hall and Donley Counties. In the late afternoon of March 19, 1909 Miller stole dynamite from the gypsum plant in Acme and blew up the dugout home of Nick Althizer as a decoy for robbing the paymaster's office. He was not successful in his robbery attempt and left Acme after he stole a .38 caliber revolver from a relative.

In Childress Miller found a north bound freight train with a boxcar occupied by two men. Believing they had money, he pulled his gun and started shooting before they reached Estelline. He killed one of

the men, but the other one jumped off the train and escaped with a wound to one of his ears. The man began his way back to Childress in the dark to notify authorities while Miller searched the dead man for money. He found fifty cents and then callously pushed the body out of the car as it crossed over Red River. When the train stopped in Memphis, Miller found a different boxcar with two young men inside. One was playing a harmonica and the other was rolling a cigarette. They told Miller they were Floyd Autrey and Fred Garrett, cousins from Fort Worth and on their way to Amarillo. Autrey told Miller he had enough money to pay their way if caught stealing a ride and the conversation continued as all three of them lit cigarettes by the same match.

The train pulled out of Memphis, but before they reached Giles, Miller decided he would take what money they had and began shooting. Using the glow of his cigarette, Miller shot Autrey in the head. Garrett jumped from the car as a bullet grazed his cheek. Miller searched the severely wounded Autrey, but found no money. Fearing more gunfire from the car, Garrett ran alongside the slow-moving train and got the attention of the engineer who stopped at Giles. Garrett told him about the gunman who shot Autrey, and they both hurried back to the car and found the young man alone and unconscious with part of his head blown away. Deputy Gammon in Hedley was notified and given a description of the suspected killer. By that time, the body of the man Miller pushed from the train had been found by two cowboys and reported to officials in Estelline. In a frenzy of phone calls lawmen from Childress to Clarendon were alerted of the shootings and given a

description of the suspect. Miller had jumped off the train when it stopped in Giles and found a place to hide for the rest of the night. On Saturday morning, he walked to Rowe and begged breakfast from a cook's car that fed the railroad work crew. The cook was suspicious that he was the killer on the loose and summoned Deputy Gammon from Hedley who arrived and took Miller into custody relieving him of his gun which had one bullet left.

Autrey and Garret were taken to Clarendon and they were met at the depot by the railroad physician who took Autrey to a nearby hotel where he died a short time later. He was wearing two pairs of pants and seven dollars was found in the inside pockets. Miller was escorted to Clarendon by Donley County Sheriff Patman and Deputy Gammon. News of the double murders had spread like a prairie wildfire. A large dangerous crowd met them at the depot and whispers of the lynching prompted the sheriff to quickly take Miller to the jail. At the inquest, Garrett identified Miller as the assassin and testified that, "Autrey came to his death by a pistol shot wound inflicted by G.R. Miller." Sheriff Patman arrested Miller and found in his pocket a letter ordering a wig, mustache, goatee and whiskers from a place in Boston. The sheriff locked him in the county jail but later that night he and his deputy secretly moved Miller to the jail in Claude to calm the lynching crowd.

The next day, the Childress sheriff brought the first man who had escaped from Miller's bullets to Claude. He identified Miller as the man who had killed his companion.

Thank you for your
Generosity!



The crowd closes in as the noose is prepared for the neck of G. R. Miller on the morning of June 3, 1910. On the gallows is Rev. J. H. Stanton, Father Erasmus, Miller, and Sheriff J.T. Patman.

After intense questioning, Miller signed a confession, admitting both shootings on the train. Referring to the first murder he said, "I did not intend to kill the men 'plum' dead. I only wanted to wound them so I could get their money." Of Autrey's murder Miller stated, "... I only wanted to wound him so I shot him and then went through his pockets but did not find anything." On April 16th, Miller was taken to Burson and Deputy King to await trial for the murder committed on the train as it passed through Hall County. The grand jury indicted Miller on May 24th. A week later the district court met and out of the sixty-five summoned, chose a jury. The case was ready for trial shortly after noon and began with Miller's relatives, his mother Jane Miller, his sister and brother-in-law Dora and Tom Everson, all testifying that Miller's actions and mental condition were not unusual prior to the killings. He showed no emotion until he was moved to tears when his elderly mother took the stand and became so nervous she had to go to the witness room. The Sheriff testified that while he was in jail, Miller had tried to smuggle out a letter to a woman in Dalhart. He was asking her to get a diamond point drill and steel saw and get them to him some way as he would hang if he did not get out. The trial continued the next day, June 1st. At 3 o'clock the jury announced their verdict. G.R. Miller was found guilty of murder in the first degree and given ninety-nine years of life in prison. The defendant was taken to Huntsville the next day to await trial for the murder of Floyd Autrey. The District Court met in Clarendon to impanel a jury on October 18, 1909 with District Judge J.N. Browning presiding. Only nine men appeared from the ones who were summoned. The judge ordered three of the recently chosen petite jurors to appear and qualify. R.H. Jones, F.A. Killian and Levi Angel were empaneled by Sheriff Patman with nine other jurors. After a short deliberation, the Grand Jury indicted G.R. Miller for the capital murder of Floyd Autrey.

Miller was brought back to Clarendon from Huntsville and the trial began on November 1st in a courthouse packed with people. When the indictment was read, Miller pleaded guilty without emotion or hesitation.



District Judge J.N. Browning --Sentences Miler to hang by the neck until dead.

After all the evidence was heard and the court determined that G.R. Miller was sane, the case was sent to the jury. Within an hour, the verdict was given, "... guilty of murder in the first degree... and punishment by death."

Miller's lawyer proceeded to file a motion to the State Court of Criminal Appeals for the jury's judgment to be revised. The motion was denied because of Miller's guilty plea. On April 25, 1910, Miller appeared in the crowded courtroom where judge Browning pronounced sentence, "The defendant shall be hanged by the neck until dead... on Friday, June 3, 1910 at any time after eleven o'clock A.M. and before sunset." He was returned to the jail to await execution. In the weeks that followed, Miller became a contributor to the local newspaper from his cell. First he sent an invitation asking everyone to meet him at the gallows so he could tell them he forgave them. Then he began to write poetry and sent a long ballad to the editor about his life of crime. Another poem, written about prison life, was especially poignant and captured the sympathy of his read-

ers, "...What is life without liberty/ I oft times have said/ with a poor troubled mind/ It is always in dread."

As the time drew near for the execution, the town began to prepare itself for an onslaught of curiosity as the mood became boisterous and rowdy. On the night before the hanging, campfires dotted the landscape as hundreds of people camped out near the scaffold. At the jail, Father Erasmus, priest of the Catholic Church, and Rev. J. H. Stanton of the Methodist Church, were ministering to the condemned man one last time in his cell. Three days before the priest had baptized Miller into the Catholic Church. Mrs. Patman, the sheriff's wife, was making the black hood that would cover the head of the prisoner, a job she had been putting off for days. Extra lawmen were called in and spent the night nervously watching over the town. At promptly 11 o'clock the next morning, June 3rd, 1910, Miller was brought through the crowd to the waiting gallows in a covered buggy escorted by lawmen, ministers and physicians. Sheriff Patman ascended the stairs to the scaffold followed by Miller, deputies Bugbee and Grammon, V.R. Lane, Father Erasmus dressed in his official robes and Rev. Stanton, who held a small cross in his hands. Miller faced the huge crowd and read a statement thanking those who had helped him and forgiving those who were punishing him. He ended his statement by saying, "I humbly and severely ask forgiveness for the scandal and bad example I have given by my past wicked life and I hope that none will follow my example." He looked around at the vast crowd and his voice wavered slightly as he said, "Goodbye children and be good children." Miller then



Donley County Sheriff J.T. Patman -- Executed the verdict of 12 jurors and the decree of the District Judge "by pulling the lever that sprung the trap which sent the soul of G.R. Miller before the bar of a just and merciful God. "

turned to Sheriff Patman and heartily shook his hand, thanked him and said he was ready. The article that later appeared in *The Clarendon News* gave a detailed account of the hanging: Father Erasmus placed the black cap over Miller's face while the Sheriff and deputies pinioned his hands and feet. "At a given signal curtains were drawn and the crowd saw no more. ...all then stepped back to the edge of the platform and Sheriff Patman at 11:06 pulled the lever. The trap worked perfectly and the body shot straight downward six feet and the physicians and witnesses below say that death came without a struggle, the physicians pronounced him dead 13 minutes later and 16 minutes later the body was cut down and turned over to the undertaker." Miller's body was wrapped in a robe and taken away in the horse-drawn hearse, his feet hanging out of the wagon. The gallows were torn down as soon as possible but not before the crowd had torn out pieces of rope and wood

Father Erasmus



for souvenirs. Services were held the next day in the Catholic Church and Miller was buried in an unmarked grave in the small Catholic Cemetery south of Clarendon. Most of the town took no pleasure in dealing with criminal events that had been thrust upon them and feared notoriety would harm their growth as a town that promoted religion and education.

But the unlikely happening became an important part of Clarendon's history as the first and last public execution in Donley County and the last legal hanging in the Panhandle. Executions by hanging were terminated in 1923 when the State of Texas ordered all executions to be carried out by the state, in Huntsville, by means of the electric chair. Donley County Historical Commission Chair



Did you know Fr. Ken Keller collected turtles? Pictured is his certificate to the National Turtle Hall of Fame donated to the museum by his niece Angela Keller.

May 2018 to September 7, 2018

CONTRIBUTIONS

M/M Robert Bauman	5
Carolyn Blum	50
Jim and Linda Brandt	30
Marlene Casasanta	20
DCCW	200
Joan Gulde	25
Mike Harter	10
Jeanette Herring	50
Viola Keller	35
Alice Kuehler	50
Msgr. Norbert Kuehler	300
Irene Lewis	100
Gadys Looten	100
Jim Lummus	50
DNC David and Mary Rausch	25
Katherine Moncegallez	25
Dee Ramirez	50
Roxann Schwertner	25
Mary Helen Smith	25
Patricia Stich	75
Sara & John Walsh	25
Don White	100
Audrey Hargrove Wink	250
	1625

MEMBERSHIP

Joanne Adams	25
Msgr. Orville R. Blum	125
Marlene Casasanta	20
Mike Harter	20
DNC Dave & Mary Rausch	25
Patricia Stich	25
Mary Helen Smith	25
	265

MEMORIAL

In Memory of Jan McCoy-Lis by Johnny and Carol Buse	50
In Memory of Michell Quinto by Ann Weld	200
	250



New Addition to the museum is the Equestrian Knights of the Holy Sepulture apparel worn by Ronnie Gill and donated to the museum by his wife, Dee.



Randy Friemel, creator of the Painting *Fray Juan Padilla*, signs and numbers the prints that are on sale to benefit the Diocesan Museum

Visit Our Website <https://www.am-arillodiocese.org/museum-archives>
See current and upcoming events and access back copies of the newsletter.

Bishop Laurence Michael DeFalco to become Saint??

Dr. John Alpar has proposed to Bishop Zurek that he would like to begin the process of sainthood for Bishop Lawrence Michael DeFalco, fifth bishop of the Diocese of Amarillo. There are 5 steps to this process. Dr. Alpar needs your assistance with the first step:

First, the person's local bishop investigates their life by gathering information from witnesses of their life and any writings they may have written. If the bishop finds them to be worthy of being a saint, then he submits the information that he gathered to the Vatican's Congregation for the Causes of Saints.

If you knew Bishop DeFalco please send written documentation of his life as you knew him to Susan Garner at the Pastoral Center and I will forward these to Dr. Alpar. sgarner@dioama.org



Prints of the Fray Juan Padilla Mural by Randy Friemel are now on sale.

You may purchase a print by coming by the museum or attaching the coupon below with your check and mailing it to the Diocesan Museum at 4512 N. E. 24th Ave., Amarillo, Texas 79107

Fray Juan Padilla Print

Please send me _____ copies of the print of Fray Juan Padilla. I have enclosed my check made out to the CHS (Catholic Historical Society) in the amount of \$80.00 dollars per print with \$5.00 for shipping for a total of _____. My name and mailing address is _____

Limited edition... 25 Prints... Signed and numbered by the Artist

The Youth Group, Faith Formation Director Adrian Johnson and parents from St. Ann's Church in Canyon, Texas, toured the museum on Wednesday, August 25th at 7:30 P.M. They especially enjoyed the Bishop's Room and the Relic Display area. Groups are invited to do an evening visit to the museum. Please call Susan Garner, Archivist, 806-383-2243 extension 120 or email sgarner@dioama.org to schedule your visit.



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You may stop by daily (Monday through Friday) to view the museum, for a guided tour it is recommended that you make an appointment.. The museum is open by appointment for church and school groups. This includes evenings and weekends. Susan: 383-2243 Ext. 120 or even better: sgarner@