

Borden Citizen.

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PLAINS PIONEER WOMAN NAMED AT 'ROUND-UP



MRS. ADELLA SHAW DREW

Mrs. Adella Drew, of Plainview was named "Pioneer Woman of the Plains" by the Plainview Business and Professional Women's Club at the Pioneer Round-Up Saturday night.

A panel of judges, all non-BPW Club members, selected Mrs. Drew from eight nominees in the area.

Mrs. Drew was born in a dugout in Borden County near Gail on April 7, 1892.

Adella Shaw and her family moved to Hale County, settling in the middle of a section of land near the present town of Abernathy. They arrived just before the turn of the century, at least 10 years before the City of Abernathy was established.

Adella was the baby of the family of six, four of whom were calf roping, hard riding boys and thus she became the tomboy trying to outdo the brothers. (Copied from the Lubbock Avalanche Journal of May 21, 1972.)

Mrs. Drew has written for us some of her memories of her early life in Borden County. Since they reflect so vividly the experiences of early Borden County settlers, we felt that you would find them as delightful as did we and we hope that you too will be inspired to send us memories of your family.

THE MEMOIRS OF ADELLA SHAW DREW

A Resident of Borden County Through the Age of Seven Years

My parents moved from Brown County to Borden County in about 1891 with five children, sixteen head of cattle, an ox team and their belongings in two covered wagons. My father filed on two sections of land in the 49 Pasture about two miles from the Caprock twelve miles North of Gail. Davis, my half-brother, was about fourteen years of age. He and my father picked up buffalo bones and hauled them to Colorado City to get money to live. They trapped coyotes, scalped them, and collected bounty. The State, I believe, paid bounty for coyote scalps. I was born April 7, 1892 in our dugout in the 49's.

The cattle began to increase and my father would sell only the steer calves. Each child was given a heifer calf together with the heifer increase from that calf. The steer calves were sold, and the money went into the family budget. That procedure was carried out until each child was grown and had his own little bunch of cattle. Many times at night the family would be awakened by cows bawling and calves bleating. They would know the coyotes were killing calves. My daddy would say, "Belle, get the gun and cartridges while we get the horses." And they would be off at high speed to save the lives of calves.

My parents and Mr. Doyle, who also lived in the 49 pasture, built a dugout for school half-way between the two homes, making each family a distance of two and one-half miles from school. The half dugout was lined up to ground level with rock. One large flat rock formed a shelf in the corner. This was used for our bucket of drinking water with all of us using the same dipper. Also on the rock was a small clock which sometimes had to be placed on its face to make it run. Watches were unknown there, and the teacher needed this clock to time her classes. Miss Minnie Russell, who later married David Dorward, was my first teacher; I was only five. My brothers and sister had much trouble teaching me to talk in a whisper. Another trouble they had with me was keeping my stockings up, which to them was the pride of the day. Miss Minnie would let Annie Doyle, (Also born in the 49 pasture in 1892) and me out about 11:45 to play. On one occasion we went down to Salt Creek, about one block away. It had rained and I fell in the mud with my pretty clean dress. Annie ran to the school hurriedly to relay this catastrophe to my sister, Pearl, who came down and cleaned me up with the kindest of attitudes.

Most of the time we rode horseback to school with two or three on each horse. Miss Minnie would watch us until we went out of sight, passing mesquite trees. She feared for our lives, but decided we left home that way and there was no use for her to worry. Chess would sometimes ride a wild horse. On one occasion, he got tangled up in the rope with which the horse was staked. My sister ran to his rescue and cut the rope with a knife. One Monday morning after a big rain, we found water about three feet deep in our dugout school. Our books, papers, etc. were floating

around. Then we had the crying party, but were comforted by the older ones saying that the water could be dipped out. That was what the fathers and Dorwards did. Often on Friday afternoons we would have a program, which was pleasing for all of us. On special occasions at night Miss Minnie would hang bed sheets on the walls, fix a stage with boards, and have pretty lamps and lanterns, which would give a nice effect for the program. The parents were very proud of their youngster's accomplishments.

Miss Minnie lived with the Doyles, to whom she was related, but at certain times she would come spend the night with us. This was very pleasing to both our parents and us. I believe some of the Dorward boys went to school part-time.

The next year Miss Essie Crossett, sister of Mrs. Jim Dorward, taught our school, and followed very much the same pattern. The next year Miss Ralph Atwood taught.

My mother had a Post Office in our home in the 49's named Belvey, Texas, being named for her. We kept the mules for the mail-hack, and she would often give the driver a meal when the weather was bad and the trip was difficult. At these times, he would often be running late. I have the letter stamp that she used to stamp letters.

When I was a very small baby my mother would put me to sleep on the bed. My little brother loved me so much and wanted to play with me. He would come up and bite my fingers. Naturally, I gave the alarm. When my mother got there and said, "What is wrong with the baby?" the reply would be, "I don't know, Mama, she just waked up crying."

Something exciting always happened when my father was away from home and my mother was left there with the small children. During one of these times she was awakened by a coyote howling nearby. The next morning she discovered that it had gone into the dugout under the house through a small window, and had scattered the fresh meat on the floor and had taken bites from several pieces.

Another thing of interest in my early life was the hauling of supplies from Colorado City to Lubbock merchants. The freighter, W. B. McWhorter, used several teams of oxen to pull his wagons. The road was about the distance of one and one-half blocks from our house. The little boys would see him coming from the North. We would rush down to the road to watch him pass, and would spend the next week diligently watching for his return. We would make another trip to the road to see him pass again with his load. Our family had been promoted to horse teams, so this was outstanding for us. A picture of that transportation hung in a Lubbock hotel for many years, but I have been unable to locate it.

Worship was very important in our family life. We would go in the wagon the twelve miles to Gail, take a basket lunch with nice white tablecloths, and spread the food on the ground North of the Courthouse. Of course, other families did the same thing. We all ate together. One time my mother had fried her chicken and put it in a gallon lard bucket. When we were getting in the wagon she sent one of the little boys in the house to get the chicken. By mistake he got the bucket of lard. You can imagine her humiliation when she opened it up. But always, there was plenty of food, and she was always very patient with any mistakes made.

We would often stay until after the evening services. Then she would bed us down with quilts in the back of the wagon, and we would trek the twelve miles back home. On Saturday she would get our starched clothes out, just ready to get in hurriedly. We had to be soaked and scraped before we went to bed Saturday night. I was not allowed to put my clean dress on until we were near Gail, so it would be fresh. I had long hair, and my sister took such pride in rolling it up to make it curly. So my hair had to be taken down during the twelve mile ride. They thought I was about half nice, and gave me much attention as I was the youngest one of the family. We also traveled in the same manner for other unusual entertainment in Gail.

My father and the boys made a sport of working with wild horses. On one occasion they were in the lot, which was made of posts placed perpendicular. Meanwhile, in the house my mother thought I needed some medicine. The regular procedure was to get me on the floor, hold both feet, both hands, and my nose. But this time I got away from her and went to the lot. The boys took me inside so my mother could not get me. Then in fear of my being hurt, she promised the boys that she would not give me the medicine if they would let me out. The promise was kept. That afternoon Davis rode to Gail to get me Syrup of Figs. Did I not need something other than medicine?

Another time my father and the boys were riding some steers. One went over the gate and left with the saddle. They followed it for hours, trying to get the saddle before it was ruined. I do not remember the results.

The lot was also used for the several milk cows. My little brother and I would take our cups and put them through the fence for someone to fill with that fresh, foamy milk. I wonder now how we could drink it. If we got inside the lot, the boys would squirt milk on our bare feet. This was not funny.

Our water wells were, of course, dug by hand and usually six or eight feet deep and located near or in a creek bed. We hauled water in barrels for all household purposes, washing, etc. Mother would put some in a five-gallon jar, wrap a wet cloth around it, and place it near an

open window to keep it cool for drinking. When that well dried up they would dig another one in another location. They usually had a hand made slide that was used especially for hauling water, two barrels at a time.

When we had a rain, our sport was to go out and drown out prairie dogs and squirrels. We would often keep some for pets. If we found a prairie dog hole near the water we would make a small ditch to drain the water into the hole; otherwise, we would carry the water in buckets. We would wade in the water with our clothes rolled as high as possible, but, of course, we would get them wet. Then we would have to stay out until they dried to save a spanking, even though we had the sweetest mother in the world.



The R. B. Shaw Family. From left to right, Bob; R. B. Shaw; Davis, standing; Lee; Mrs. Mary Belvey Clark Shaw; Adella, in Mother's Lap; Pearl; and Chester.

My mother always had a garden and fresh vegetables. In the fall they would "hill-up" turnips, sweet potatoes, and cabbage for winter use. She would never let any of the children get near them lest we leave an opening which would permit the vegetables to freeze. On one occasion she went to the garden and left her brother to take care of the smaller children. I found my father's Star Navy Tobacco which looked appetizing. I chewed. This brother said, "Swallow the juice, it is good." When Mother got to the house I was having spasms. Of course, this brother was in trouble, but his reply was, "I thought if she got all she wanted, she would never want it again." And it worked.

Horseback riding was our pastime. My father and the boys had to be out with the cattle so much, but to work with wild horses was fun. When I was very small I had to ride on a horse with a larger child. Chess would take me with him after cattle. He would sing along and hum. I would get lonesome and say, "Chess, had we better jump them?", meaning to lope. He would put his arm around me and we would take off. When I was large enough to stay on a horse alone I would ride around the house and sing or ride up to the door and say, "Hello", until my mother or sister came to ask me to come in. Of course, they had to help me off and on the horse. Another time somebody needed a spanking.

We would frequently go in the wagon near the Caprock to get wild plums. Then Mother would make preserves. She was a splendid provider with what she had to do with - could make so many different kinds of dishes out of the same kind of food. Sometimes it would be pickles, sometimes it would be preserves or jelly, and sometimes it would be the main dish for the meal. We always had plenty, and often people would come for a meal or to spend the night.

When we had the Post Office, Mrs. Nick Beal and Miss Stella Newman and her sister would come for the mail, They lived six miles East of us. Nook and Boots Beal were small, but we enjoyed having other children to play with. They would get mail for several cowboys who worked on the Jumbo Ranch.

The Doyles would come and spend the day, and we were so happy to have a family around. Occasionally the older children and the Dorward boys would all come late in the evening. Then Chess and Pearl would go with them coon hunting.

Often we would go to the creek and find arrowheads and Indian beads of bone about two and one-half inches long. These went in the sewing machine drawer where they remained for many years.

When I was seven years of age my father sold the two sections and we moved fourteen miles North of Lubbock, where he got four sections May 5, 1900. Naturally, Borden County being home to us, we did not want to move. I had a cat named Old Keet that was given to me when I was a baby. My mother said it was bad luck to move a cat so I would have to give it up. I went off in a vacant room where the furniture had been removed, and on the floor that cat and I went to sleep with it in my arms. Mr. Dorward had come over to help load. When he found us he said, "Those friends are not going to part." He took Old Keet and kept her until the boys went back down there for posts. He loaded her in her box on the load of posts. She lived to be about sixteen years of age, and was definitely a member of the family.



Jolly draw with water running
between banks of ice and debris.



Tank on West side of Bert Dennis Ranch
entirely filled with hail and trash.

With the story of the hail and rain storm Southwest of Gail on election day, May 6, 1972, which stuck Bo Creighton's tractor, and another bad one on the East side of the county this spring, we are wondering if some of you remember the storm which came across Dillahunty pasture and along Jolly Draw in (we think) May, 1924 or 1925. Russell Dorward, an old ranch hand called "Black Bud" Perry, and another young boy were repairing the fence along the old "49" lane, Mr. A. M. Clayton had brought them, with their lunch, to work that morning and was to come for them that afternoon. Charlie Miller, who was living at the "Long Place", where Bert Dennis now lives, came over to help in a wagon driving a span of little mules. We quote from Russell's story.

"It was very hot. About one P. M. small black spinning clouds formed over what youngsters like me still call the Dillahunty mountain. With very little warning, the bottom fell out of the clouds. Fortunately, hail was about the size of good size marbles. The water and hail fell so fast, we had to hold our hands over our noses to breathe. We three stuck our heads under a small mesquite, but the hail soon torn it apart. It seemed like it lasted a lifetime, but likely not over forty minutes. When it was over the water was about knee deep on the flat but was running about like cold molasses because it was mostly ice.

"As you remember, Bud Perry stuttered very badly. When the hail was at its worst, the other boy commenced crying and said he could not stand it. Bud said, "You ____, there is not much you can do but stand it." Charlie Miller can tell you how long it would take Bud to say all that.. "

When Charlie saw the cloud coming, thinking that someone from the ranch would soon come for the others, he started toward home in the wagon. He said, "I ran the mules all the way, and outran the cloud until I got to the gate just West of the house where it started hailing. I threw the gate back, ran on to the house, and hurried inside, giving the mules their head. They ran around the house and into the fence corner toward the creek. In a very short time, water was four or five feet deep West of the house. A big head rise came down the creek and water got up several feet deep around the wagon and team. When it quit hailing, I had to wade in and get them out.

Humpty (Russell), Bud and the other boy tried to make it to an oil rig which was drilling up against Dillahunty Mountain but the water was too deep. Later they did get to the rig by swimming a draw, and spent the night there. Mr. Clayton was able to get to them the next morning and brought them on over to our house so we could see how black and blue they were. The hail killed rabbits and other wild life and some calves. The trees looked like you had beat them with a sledge hammer. The ground was packed like pavement and the tanks were about ruined. They were packed solid with ice and trash; you could drive a car out on them. The ice was piled up 12 to 15 feet deep along the channel of Jolly draw. On the 4th of July, some seven weeks later, we got ice out of the draw to freeze ice cream!

GLADYS ENGLE SHUMAKE, died in Tucson, Arizona on January 6, 1972. She was born in Borden County on June 1, 1903 to pioneer ranchers, the late Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Engle. She is survived by two daughters, four grandchildren and one brother, Dewey Engle of Big Spring and one sister Pearl Bailey of Midland.

MRS. DEAN WHATLEY REYNOLDS, passed away March 24, 1972, at her home in Dalhart. The Whatleys owned the Cross C Ranch in Borden County. Mrs. Reynolds was the widow of the late Nathan B. Reynolds of the Reynolds Cattle Company who owned the 9 R Ranch in Borden County.

MRS. MARY BELEW, 84, of Fluvanna, passed away March 27, 1972 in Snyder, Texas. She married J. J. Belew in 1915 and had been a resident of Scurry County for 75 years. She is survived by two sons, Burl of Fluvanna and Ross of La Junta, Colorado, a sister, Mrs. Eunice Nesbitt of Fluvanna, four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

MRS. WILLIE MINNICK, 76, died April 4, 1972 in Highland Hospital in Lubbock. She was a former resident of Borden County and had resided in Scurry County for 67 years.

MRS. McLEROY, of Greenville, Texas passed away April 24, 1972. Mrs. McLeroy was the mother of Mr. James McLeroy, Superintendent of Borden County Schools.

RAYMOND RUNYON, passed away in Big Spring, April 24, 1972. He is survived by his wife, daughter and three sisters. Mr. Runyon was a cousin of Doris Rudd.

EDWIN W. LOVE, 84, died in Big Spring, April 26, 1972. He moved to Gail in 1907 and worked in the Dorwood Drug Store. In 1913, he became a chuck wagon cook for the Slaughter Long S Ranch. He moved from Borden County to the Luther Community in 1924. Survivors include his wife, two daughters and two sons.

HENRY W. HENNIG, 85, father of Mrs. W. L. Wilson, Jr., died April 28, 1972 in Temple Hospital after a long illness. Mr. Hennig had been a stock farmer in the Rosebud area.

CARL GRAY, 79, of Snyder, passed away May 14, 1972. He was born in Borden County in 1893 and was a retired rancher. He lived for many years in the Fairview Community (March 1972 Borden Citizen)

MRS. CLYDA SWANN, 80, died May 15, 1972 in Big Spring. Survivors include two sons, Hunter Swann of Colorado City and Claude Swann, Jr. of Gail.

HUBERT NEVELS, 92, passed away May 21, 1972 in Lamesa. Survivors include three daughters, and two sons.

PAGE PALMER CLEAVENGER, JR., 48, of Forsan, passed away May 27, 1972 in Big Spring. Survivors include his wife, a son and six daughters. He lived in Borden County in the late 1950's and married the former Margie Lewis.

MRS. CALLIE SARAH HARRIS, 86, died May 30, 1972 at her residence at Vealmoor. She had lived in Vealmoor since 1930. Survivors include her husband, two sons and three daughters.

JAMES H. (Jim) PARKER, 86, passed away May 30, 1972 in Amarillo. An Article "From the Pen of Jim Parker", March 1971 in the Borden Citizen, tells that he came to Borden County in 1905. In 1909 he drove the hackline for Horace Hale. He married Eula E. Hollar on September 14, 1910 and lived in Borden County until 1947 when he moved near Amarillo.

MUSEUM HAPPENINGS

A few Sundays ago Tom N. Hale, son of Horace Hale, who was at one time County Clerk of Borden County, visited our museum. While there, he told several amusing incidents which happened around Gail when he was a boy.

Such as the time he and Fred Johnson roped Aunt Lizzie Kincaid's stove pipe and pulled it off. Aunt Lizzie lived in a half dugout about where the Church of Christ is now. Samp Morrow was close by (they hadn't noticed him) and was watching. Well, here he came with a rope. Tom said he got away but Samp caught Fred and dusted the seat of his britches good with the rope. The next morning Mr. Hale said, "Tom, did you have anything to do with roping Aunt Lizzie's stove pipe?" "No, Sir." "Well, you boys get over there and put her stove pipe back up."

Then there was the time he, Fred Johnson and Max Dillahunty roped the antelope. Seems like the three of them were in everything together. Fred was going to flank him like you do a calf. Instead of him getting the antelope down - the antelope got him down and skinned him up considerably. Tom said, "Max, ain't you going to help him?" "No, maybe this will teach him a lesson." Another time they were chasing an antelope and Max's horse fell with him, breaking his collar bone.

And still another time they roped a bob-cat. (They sure must have been salty with those ropes.) They put him in the Dillahunty barn. The next morning, when Mr. Dillahunty opened the barn door, I expect he was rather surprised to find that cat in there.

He said he was at the double wedding when Bell and Lucy Kincaid were married to John Clark and Jack Rogers. Said his Dad carried him on his shoulders.

These incidents in the memories of Tom Hale were written by Vivian Clark. Our thanks to Tom Hale and Vivian.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Hurley of Wilson, Oklahoma, were recent visitors at the Borden County Museum. Mr. Hurley's father, R. B. (Bob) Hurley, participated in the Land Rushes at Gail and had land adjoining the "49" pasture. He told us this story of his school days at Mesquite.

"Luther Hurley and Miss Eddie Smith - at Mesquite School - There was a stile going over the fence to the school. It seems Professor Nunnally was standing with one foot on the second step and one on the ground talking to someone. 'Wouldn't that be a beautiful shot?' said Luther, who had a rubber band in his hand. Well, Eddie handed him a straight pin. When that pin hit Professor Nunnally, he jumped clear up to the top step. There were no more students around, so Luther and Miss Eddie couldn't run. Mr. Nunnally just laughed, but the suspense hurt them worse than if he had whipped them."

Once again the Visitors Register at the Borden County Museum is looking like a roll of Borden County Pioneers. The Luther Hurleys and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hale gave us some of their memories. Tom is the grandson of Tom William Hale who operated the Hale Hotel in Gail in the early 1900's. His wife, Eula, is the daughter of R. A. Yates, Slaughter cowboy, who ran against Tom Love for Sheriff in 1891, and listed in our last newsletter as a contributor to the Fairview school building. Mr. and Mrs. Hale were accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. George C. Wells of Tahoka and by Francis and Margaret Hale Daily of Grass Valley, California. Margaret is the daughter of Horace Hale, early Borden County official. She recalled having tea with Mrs. Josie Glasscock Dillahunty about 1909. Francis said our museum was one of the most interesting places he had visited.

Clara Pearce Johnson; Rita Dowdy; Jerry Clayton of Lovington, New Mexico; Mark and Ina Elkins of Grants, New Mexico; Harold Davidson of Houston; Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Wasson of Big Spring; Lucille Good Meyers (daughter of Joseph Good) and husband of Keokuk, Iowa; Modesta Good Stokes (daughter of Tom Good); and Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Bearden of Stephenville, have been other visitors to the Museum. Vera Angel Walls of Fort Worth, whose family lived in Gail, 1913-1917 was another, as was Claudia Covey Chambers of Houston and Mrs. Alice Hood Askins and daughter, Nettie Kelly of Snyder. Mr. and Mrs. Larkin Skinner of Silsbee, Texas (Mr. Skinner was born in Gail in 1893 while his father was teaching school here.) and two members of the Searcy family, Mrs. Julius Harder of Houston and Mrs. James V. Short of Hobbs, (J. M. Searcy was County Judge of Borden County, 1893-1904) were among those whom we were sorry not to have an opportunity to interview. A. W. Weathers of Amarillo and Mr. and Mrs. John Ragan of O'Donnell were other visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Zant have made a generous donation to the Museum.

The brothers and sisters of Edwin W. Love, who passed away in Big Spring on April 26th, want to send the enclosed checks to the Borden County Museum for your use as a Memorial to our Brother. We do not know what the policies are, or what the needs may be, so we leave the use of the money up to you. We should like, if possible, for it to be used for some item which you need; and it would please us if his name might be placed on it. Mrs. La Nelle L. Donaldson, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Love, Mrs. Frona Love McLeod and Miss Marie Love, Houston, Texas, Dr. and Mrs. Joe Brown Love, Boston, Mass. and Dr. and Mrs. Robert A. Love, New York, N. Y.

The following Memorials have been made in memory of Carl Gray. Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Buchanan, Luther, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Williams and Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Noble, Snyder, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Reeder and Edna Miller, Fluvanna, Texas; The Aubrey Rogers, Vivian Clarks, Joe Gilmores, Mrs. Earl Sealy and Mrs. Lillie Harris, Gail, Texas and The M. J. Taylors, Hico, Texas. Also the Wright Huddlestons and Borden Gray, Sr. of Snyder; The Doyle Newtons of Fluvanna; Mr. and Mrs. Bliss Stallcup and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Resch of Marshall. The Memorials that have been sent in Memory of Carl Gray will be used to purchase a marker for the Fairview School.

A Memorial in memory of Mrs. N. W. (Willie) Minnick has been made by Vivian and Pauline Clark of Gail, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stegall of Holliday, Texas have sent a Memorial in memory of J. H. Parker.

Mrs. Pauline Clark of Gail is Memorial Chairman for Borden County Museum.

CLASS '11

Gail High School
invites you to be present at the
Commencement Exercises
Friday, May 19, 1911
at 8:30 p. m.

UNION CHURCH, GAIL, TEXAS.

Essay Catholicity

MYRTLE MATTIE SMOOT

MYRTLE MATTIE SMOOT

OSCAR PAUL SPEARS

Declamation Farewell

OSCAR PAUL SPEARS

LOUIS M. FIELDS

Oration American Ideals

LOUIS M. FIELDS

FLOWER:
WHITE ROSE

COLORS:
LAVENDER AND GOLD

Awarding Diplomas

DR. J. H. HANNABASS

MOTTO:

"NOT FOR SCHOOL, BUT FOR
LIFE WE LEARN"

Do you have mementos like this hidden away where no one ever sees them to enjoy? This was presented to the Borden County Museum by Mrs. C. C. (Zadie Mae Bills) Miller. The folder is tied with lavender and gold ribbons in the class colors. Wouldn't you like to hear the ideas these young people came up with in 1911? We might be surprised. The envelope, addressed to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark, bears a ONE CENT STAMP!!

FROM THE PENS OF OUR READERS

My parents, A. L. and Minnie (Weems) Jones and we seven children moved to Borden County in 1903. I attended school in Gail in 1909-1910. I well remember the little printing office near the Northwest corner of the square, from which the original "Borden Citizen" was intermittently published. I always look forward to receiving the "Borden Citizen" and hope to be a participating member of the Borden County Historical Committee.

Pearl R. Medcalfe (nee Jones), Lubbock.

Mrs. Emley Daughterty Mitchell, Route 1, Emory, Texas, wants information on Lump wood.

Borden Citizen, I enjoy your Borden News. My late husband and I lived on the Bill Miller Ranch five years and have many friends there. I pass the "Citizen" to the Jess Bleys, who are former Fluvanna residents.

Gladys Stimpson, Cassville, Mo.

Enclosed my check for the "Borden Citizen", which I find very interesting. The latest copy I received is especially interesting to me, as I am the daughter of Professor Gene Yates and Miss Della. I also noticed that my grandmother, R. A. Yates, was one of the donors to the Fairview School House. I grew up on stories of Professor Wallace, and many other names that I recognize. My father-in-law and mother-in-law were Harris Cope and G. H. McNew, whose names were in the "Early Marriage Records". Sincerely,

Nannie Yates Cope, Lamesa.

We have so many near Portales, Elida and Kenna that we could almost have a Borden and Dawson County Club of our own. There's The Jenkins, Fred and Bud Taylors, Petersons, Morris, Bill Johnson that drove the hack that my grandmother was carried to the cemetery in. She was Ada Bedell, the mother of Bill Bedell. Their place was 12 miles West of Gail. I save my papers for him. Please give this check to the Cemetery Committee.

Josie (Good) Howell, Kenna, New Mexico

If you have not already done so, please send your dues in the amount of \$3.00 made payable to The Borden Citizen in care of Sybil Holmes, Box 137, Gail, Texas 79738.

While in Uvalde recently, we had a nice visit with Mrs. Josie (Glasscock) Dillahunty. She told us about quite a few things that happened in Borden County in the early days. They (The Glasscocks) lived on Carmine Creek in the Fairview Community. There were so many wild-cats in the rocks bluffs along the creek that they changed the name to Wild-Cat Creek. She remembers three water holes where they had baptisings. One was on the Gray place, one on Wild-Cat Creek and one was known as the "Blue Hole" on her Daddy's place. She also remembers seeing Bill Cook, the noted outlaw. She and her sister were riding stick horses, made of sugar cane sticks, through the field. He and another cowboy came along. He said, "Are you little girls as sweet as that cane you are riding?" She was seven years old at the time. While they were there, Mrs. Dillahunty gave two poems to Vivian and Pauline Clark. Old Mush a Way Peak has been written recently and A Borden County Breeze was written years ago when Mr. Dillahunty was a cattle inspector in East Texas.

OLD MUSH A WAY PEAK

by Josie Dillahunty

Old Mush a Way Peak in the distance, Why so stately there?
Like a human sentinel guarding, The wild flowers everywhere,
The Colorado River winding in the distance, Its story we well know,
As it winds its way gently to the Gulf of Mexico.
Blue haze is on you this evening, Indian Summer is there,
But all your secrets you keep them, None with us do you share.
Did wild Comanches and Apaches once climb your steep blue sides?
Yes, signal to your brethrem, The Pale Face was in sight,
At your foothills roamed the bison, It was the antelopes home,
You stood and watched them slaughtered, But never the story you told,
Old Mush a Way, we all love you, Though memories you won't tell,
God placed you there awonder, Your mysteries He knows well.

A BORDEN COUNTY BREEZE

Away back in East Texas, A heart is lonesome and sad,
I don't like these gulches and post oaks, And a chill makes a fellow feel bad.
Yes, I am tired of chills and seed ticks, Just as tired as I can be,
And I hope again once more to feel, a Borden County breeze.
I've heard about the Conchos, And how they wind their ways,
But give me back the Colorado, Where in childhood days I played,
For it was there I chased the butter flies, And was happy as could be,
Oh! Give be back my childhood days and a Borden County breeze.
The birds don't seem very happy here, Their carols seem untuned,
The mocking bird no longer sings, "Lo the dying of the moon."
I think he too is unhappy, Just as unhappy-as he can be.
Because he has missed a lot in life, A Borden County breeze.
These Easterners try to discuss friendship, They don't know what it means,
It's five cents for a radish, A gift is a thing unseen.
Yes it would frighten them to death, If your hospitality they could see,
Just give me once more, I pray, A free breath and a Borden County breeze.
Oh! I seem to see the roundup, I hear the cowboys yell,
I wish it was possible, To make this picture real.
Yes, I am lonesome, lonesome, Just as sad as I can be,
For I wish I could once more feel, A dear Borden County breeze.

We send our thanks to Mrs. Dillahunty for sharing these beautiful word pictures with us. We would be glad to have your thoughts or memories of Borden County to share with everyone.

Borden Citizen.

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