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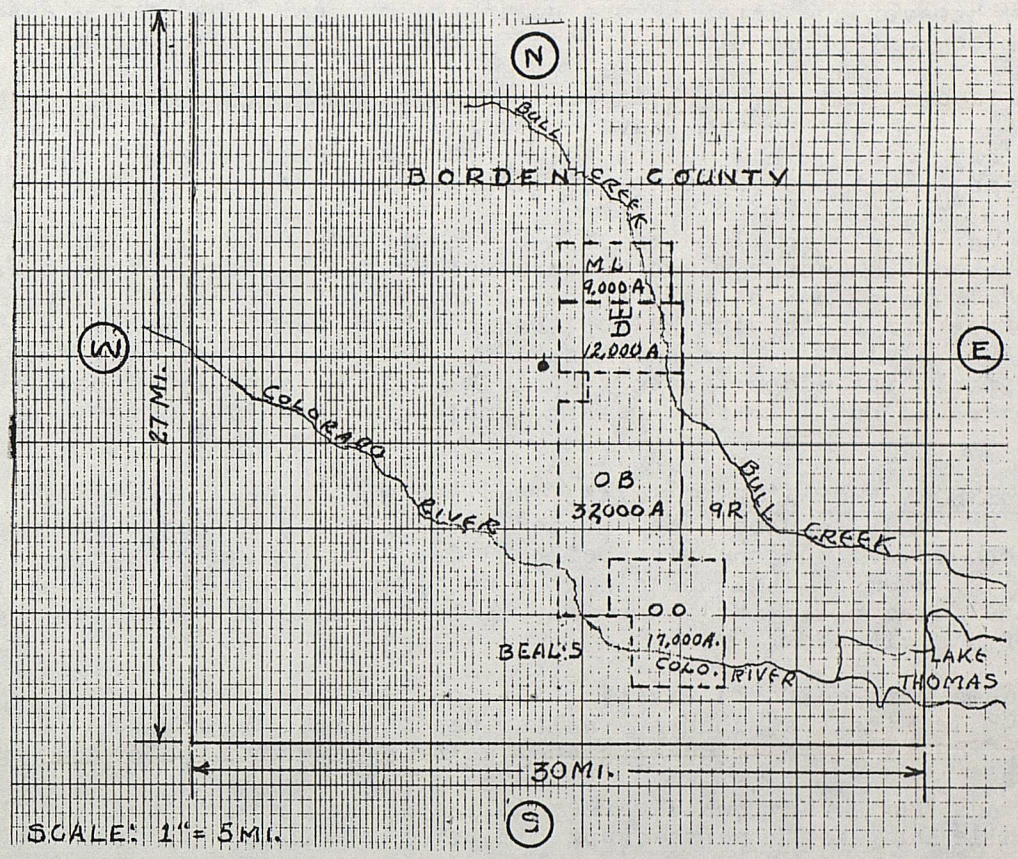
THE LONGS

TWO CIRLE RESIDENTS, THEIR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS

By William T. Long



This is the third of four segments of the Andy and Frank Long History compiled by DOROTHY A. DENNIS

JOHN H. BERROTH (1865-1950): John Berroth was a brother-in-law of my Grandmother Flora, having married her younger sister, Minnie Mae Linn (1868-1907) in about 1895. He was a most capable and personable Pennsylvania Dutchman and had many friends in Borden and Scurry Counties including the Dorwards, the Reeders, the Beals, the Claytons, the Grays, the Sealys, the Williams, the L. A. Pearces, the Yorks (Katie, Jim, Josie, Jess and Joe), the Reynolds (9R), the Rich Millers (Homer, Ed, Clyde, Charlie, Bill and Frank), the Keenes, the Taylors, the Moores, the Ropers, the Jacksons, the Murphys, the Davises, the von Roeders, the Catheys, the Sorrels, the Stinson Brothers of Snyder, the Winston Brothers, Snyder, the Hugh Taylors, the Everetts and Aub Stokes, all of Snyder - and many others in both Counties.

John worked for my Grandfather at the ED's from the time Frank first acquired the ranch until he built his new home on the Two Circle Ranch and moved into it (circa 1912). Prior to this move, Frank had deeded the ED's to his oldest son, Elmer. John's wife, Minnie Mae, had died in 1907 and was buried on the Frank M. Long plot in the old Sweetwater Cemetery.

When Grandmother Flora died in 1920, Dad leased Uncle Marion's interest in the Two Circle and moved John down to run it. Soon after his move to the Two Circle, John married Ada McMeans, widow of Texas Ranger McMeans, who was killed by another Texas Ranger, Frank Hamer, in a 'shoot out' in the old Buck and Henry Garage in Sweetwater (circa 1915). The animosity between these two Rangers was a result of their taking opposite sides in a feud between two prominent Snyder men, one of which was the brother of Ada McMeans, and had been killed in the feud.

John's new wife, Miss Ada, was the most industrious and capable woman, by the standards of her time, that I have ever had the privilege of knowing. She believed her prime mission in life was to make those around her happy. She accomplished, with seemingly minimum effort, the many tasks of housekeeping, cooking, washing, ironing, milk, meat and butter care, wild plum and other fruit preserving, soap making, chick raising and all other chores that befell the lot of a rancher's wife. I never once detected the slightest indication of discontent from Miss Ada.

Miss Ada had a son, Walter McMeans, when she and John were married and of course, brought him with her to her new home on the Two Circle Ranch. Walter had inherited a bountiful portion of his mother's fine traits to make everyone who knew him fond of him. He was about seventeen years old when he arrived and I was about twelve. He had just graduated from Post High School in Garza County, where he had played the end position on the football team next to tackle, Wilson Connell. He told me that Wilson carried his plug of Brown's Mule Chewing tobacco under the elastic secured knee pad of his football pants and took a little 'sweetener' whenever the intensity of the game demanded it. Walter and I became fast friends and occasionally pulled off a few horse back mmonlight watermelon raids on the farms three or four miles to the east of the Two Circle headquarters. My family chose to make one of its intermittent moves to Abilene and Walter and I were separated, however, he later showed up in Abilene and I had the pleasure of introducing him to many of my oldest friends - and they all remember him to this day.

I believe it was in the late 20's that John and Miss Ada decided to trade for a ranch of their own and leave Frank and Elmer, whom John had been with for almost thirty years. They bought aranch near Benjamin, Texas, and to the best of my knowledge, spent the remainder of their lives there.

Dad, Earl Sealy and I attended a big steer roping at Levelland in about 1948 which featured Bob Crosby, Jake McClure and Cotton Lindsay. We met Walter at the roping and learned that he was, or had been, Sheriff of Fort Sumner, New Mexico. Shortly after our visit with Walter, Dad and Earl went to John's ranch near Benjamin to pay a visit to him and Miss Ada. They found John very feeble. He could recognize Earl, but did not seem to know Elmer. Personally, I believe that John did remember Dad but, for some reason, would not show it. "Once a man, twice a child!"

A GREENHORN FROM ABILENE TEXAS: The late W. D. "Dub" Girand, Jr., was a prominent attorney in Hobbs, New Mexico until his death only a few months ago. Dub was born in Abilene one year before I was born in Sweetwater. I don't suppose he was quite as smart as I was since he was a year older but just half a year ahead of me in school. Let's just say that he was always in about the top five percent of his class.

Dub came with me for a visit to the Two Circle ranch sometime in the early Twenties while Miss Ada, John and Walter were there. Of course, Walter charmed Dub within the first ten minutes just like he did everyone else.

Miss Ada had a very small garden only a short distance west of the house and one day while Dub was there she kept him to talk with her and sent Walter and me to the garden for some fresh vegetables. Just as we stepped through the garden gate, we saw a large bullsnake gliding just ahead of us. Walter suddenly sprang into action as if the snake had been a rattler and before I had time to protest against his killing a bullsnake, he had pulled a stay from the garden fence and was flailing the snake with the most serious intent and purpose. He had killed the snake before I had time to ask him why. He had a mischievous gleam in his eye and I guessed that something most interesting was brewing in his mind. His plan was to skin the snake by peeling the hide off intact just like one would remove a stocking. This was rather a difficult task but, since we both were aware that Dub was rather a long-winded talker and that Miss Ada, being lonely, was an equally good listener - thus we anticipated sufficient time to complete our wierd plan of turning the snake hide back right-side-out, stuffing it with cool, wet sand, tying a string around the top and another about two inches lower to represent the head, which had been removed. Then we were to take it upstairs over the garage to our room and coil it under the covers at the foot of Dub's bed. We all three slept in the same room with Walter and I sharing a double bed and Dub a single.

When we had finished the morbid job, we rushed around the garden pulling up a handfull of radishes and onions. Then we trotted back to the back yard gate, which was concealed from the house by the garage, where we split up - Walter, with the snake, to the room upstairs and I, with the vegetables, to the kitchen. Dub and Miss Ada were still going strong and hadn't even missed us enough to inquire about our delay. Walter came in, gave me a slight smile and positive nod that indicated "the trap was set" and we soon sat down to our evening meal.

We visited awhile after supper but, for some strange reason, Walter and I both suddenly became very tired and sleepy about an hour after dark - not really! We had spent a fairly busy day and Dub, to our surprise tinged with a bit of suspicion, suggested that we go up and "hit the sack". I took a quick glance at Walter but he just shrugged a little and I felt that all was in order.

We climbed the steps, entered the room and Dub immediately lit the carbide light. I held by breath a moment for fear the outline of the snake would show through the covers, but Walter, as usual, had done an excellent job and our luck held. I undressed in about one longminute and jumped in the big bed, yelling at Dub to hurry up and get to bed since the next day would be a long and hard one.

He finally rolled back the cover, went over and turned off the light and began to slip down into the bed, completely at peace with the world - never suspecting any foul play from his loving friends. He shot from the bed like a trained gymnast springing upward from the trampolene with a scream loud enough to shatter the window panes and yelling at the very top of his lungs, "There's a snake in my bed!" over and over and over again! I tried to console him explaining that we were ten feet above ground, up a long flight of steps, behind doors and windows that were thoroughly, completely and carefully screened and that it would be impossible for a snake to get in his bed. For some unknown he doubted my logic and stood there in a state of panic and holding a match burning a tiny flame as I began to slip rather cautiously down into his bed. I suddenly let out a blood curdling yell, grabbed the dead snake by the tail, swung it around a couple of times in mock panic and lo, and behold, it took about two wraps around Dub's neck! The lighted match went out, Dub went "Ugh", out the door and down the steps.

Dub, bless his soul, broke a commandment or two in talking with me immediately following the hilarious and perfectly harmless incident, but I forgave him. I am not certain XXXX but I believe that was Dub's first, last and only visit to the Two Circle Ranch. He must have overheard something that hurt his feelings. All kidding aside, we have met and laughed over this incident many times since.

EARL SEALY (1888-1969): When I was eight or ten years old, the Sealy family, Mr. and Mrs. Sealy, two daughters, Alma (later Mrs. Jess York of Albuquerque) and Docia (later Mrs. Lee Wooten of Slaton) and three sons, Earl, Newell (Samp) and Herbert all lived together on the 'Old Sealy Place' which was located about three miles southeast of the ED Ranch headquarters. The first Sealy I knew was Herbert, the youngest, who came to work at the ED's in 1917 or 1918. I remember very little about Herbert except that Dad was very fond of him and that he was about 18 years old at the time.

I had started to school in Abilene and Dad came in from the ranch one day and told us that Mrs. Sealy and Herbert had died from influenza and that the oldest son and brother, Earl, was overseas in World War I and that the authorities were unable to locate him.

Earl started work at the ED's in about 1922. I was 13 years of age then and immediately became devoted to Earl, a feeling that never changed throughout our life-long association. I did not know at the time what made me love Earl but found out much later that it was a thing called CHARACTER, made up of such distinctive qualities as integrity, honesty, gentleness, reliability, a strong sense of responsibility and an abundance of perseverance and a quality called GUTS that enabled him to withstand the many hardships of life and to meet adversity head-on. I learned much from Earl but shall never see the day that I can be the man he was. He started out with nothing but an excellent family background and accomplished more than most do with their millions.

Earl 'batched' a couple of years at the ED's and, even though he never gave any indication of loneliness, he was forced to spend too much time alone. He seemed to be forcing and pushing himself and the men who worked for him. Aubrey Rogers, Vic Hollar and several others who worked for him were always talking about how early they were called out in the mornings. They claimed Earl would not leave them in bed long enough to get it warm on a moderately cool morning, and had no compunctions about working them after dark when he thought the occasion required it or whenever he considered it necessary.

Dad (Elmer Long) came in to the ranch from Abilene at one o'clock one morning, sneaked in noiselessly and very quietly went to bed. After about ten minutes in bed, he heard Earl's alarm go off. Earl got up, pulled on his old hard heeled boots, stomped around in the house for a few minutes and then went out, slamming the door behind him. This procedure went on every hour on the hour until 5:00 A.M. his regular getting up time. Dad came out about 5:30 and went to the kitchen where Earl was preparing the usual, indigestible, terrible, non-diary breakfast and was very surprised to see Dad. Dad asked 'why in the hell Earl had been getting up so often and making so damn much noise all night long!' Earl was a little tired, cross and frustrated when he gave Dad this answer, "Elmer, you've been in this business as long, maybe a little longer than I, and we both know that a two-year old heifer will not come up and MOO through your bedroom window when she needs help to have her first calf. There are three of them in the crowd pen right now that should have calved before dark yesterday. It's been thirty minutes since I have seen them. Now, if you will keep turning this sow-belly until I get back, I will go and see about them right now." - - - and he left. That was quite unusual, in fact, unheard of, for Earl to talk like that to Dad, but Dad never let it bother him for a minute. He seemed to know that Earl needed a little help and maybe a short change of scenery. He saw to it that he got it. However, he was a little surprised at the results of his short vacation.

Soon after this incident, Earl went to 'cotton seed county' - a term he used for any county that was away from home. This time it was Bell County and on

September 25, 1924, he married and brought home to the ED a lovely young school teacher from Bell County named Gay Livingston and she was truly a 'belle' in every sense of the word. It always amazed me that a dark, heavy-bearded, partially bald, bow-legged old geezer like Earl could ever have courted and won such an attractive young lady but, in the final analysis, traits of character in a man seem to charm an intelligent lady more than good looks and we have already established the fact that Earl Sealy was well endowed in the character department. My mother always aaid that Earl Sealy was one of the finest gentlemen she had ever known. The new Mrs. Sealy, and as the years pass, the older Mrs. Sealy, even though slightly my senior, has always been and always shall be one of my very best, extra-special sweethearts. She was always so sweet, calm and kind to me and never once even intimated that I was extra work, trouble or a bother to her.

Earl and Gay staged at the ED's for a year or so after their marriage and in about 1925 they moved to a farm they had leased near Rotan in Fisher County. On October 8, 1926, their first son, Billy Frank, was born and on December 19, 1927, another son, Earl Joe Earl was born to them. As it turned out their Fisher County venture was not as successful as they had anticipated and they returned to Borden County in 1929, very soon after the Two Circle ranch house burned. Dad hired Earl almost as soon as he crossed the Borden County line and he and Gay and their two sons moved into the recently constructed small frame house on the Two Circle. We were all very happy to have the Sealys back with us because we loved them all and because Earl was a conscientious, hard-working and excellent hand with horses and cattle.

In the next year or so Dad lost his help at the ED's near Gail and moved Earl and his young family up there. They were well pleased with the move because the ED house was much larger and there was a good school at Gail which the boys would be ready to attend in a few years. They remained at the ED's for ten years until 1940 when Joe and Billy were 13 and 14 years of age, respectively. During these ten years, in the Fall of '38 and Spring pf '39, Joe and Billy, made a daily twelve mile round-trip to the school in Gail, riding double on an old gentle pony. For sometime after they started to school in Gail, they prepared their daily lesson assignments under an old kerosene lamp - however, in a few years the Coleman and Aladdin lamps were a great improvement.

Earl, like the good husband and father he was, always planned ahead for his family. In 1940, he moved his family, temporarily to the Old Sealy house on the Sealy section, which he now owned. He re-broke his farm land and bought a few head of cattle. Soon afterwards, he traded for the Petty Place near Gail, which had some good, sandy farm land and additional grazing land for more livestock. Also a very important consideration was that the Petty Place house was within walking distance of the Gail School.

World War II was in the making at this time and ecomomic conditions were beginning a drastic improvement from the severe depression of the thirties. Earl soon moved his family to the house on the Petty Place. The boys were now riding the school bus to Lamesa, from which they both graduated a few years later. Billy graduated from Hardin Simmons University in Abilene in 1950. He is now Maintenance and Transportation Director for the Snyder Public School System. He and Gene have two sons, Rusty, the older son received his degree from Trinity University in San Antonio and is now attending law school at Texas Tech University. I hope their other son will follow Rusty's enviable pattern.

Joe Earl, the lovable one, who used to come down to the ranch and visit with me quite often, helping in any way he could, is employed by the County and lives in Andrews, Texas. I have sincerely missed Joe over the years and look forward to our next visit.

I have sincerely enjoyed writing about this wonderful family and repeat, in all sincerity, that Earl was one of the most deserving men I have ever known. He died in Veteran's Hospital, Big Spring, on June 25, 1969.

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SID REEDER (1906 - 1963): Since the curiosity of a few people may be sufficiently aroused to read, at least, a few lines of these pages, it would be most inappropriate to write anything about Borden County and its people without mentioning the beloved Sheriff of Thirties, Forties and Fifties - Sid Reeder. There were many fine things about Sid that I shall never forget, but the characteristic that impressed me most was his genuine and perpetual love for and attention to all the people of Borden County.

I ran for sheriff against Sid in the late forties. I had only two inadequate planks in my platform: (1) I was a son of Elmer Long, the finest, most friendly and sweetest natured man I have ever known; (2) I was a self-styled World War II hero. I had volunteered, as many hundreds of thousands of other young men had done joined the Infantry, went over-seas, did what I had to do and came home. It was just as simple as that, but I tried to make a 'big thing' out of it. I have always

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felt that I owed Sid an apology for the false inference and impression that I tried to give the people of Borden County under the guise that "all is fair in love, war and politics"!

There were, also two "burdens of conscience" that I carried with almost from almost the beginning of the campaign: (1) the continuous and perpetual presence of Sid at the home of anyone in the County who was ill, otherwise incapacited or had need for him in any way. He had known most of the Borden County people all his life and had a natural instinct and strong desire to be a true friend to all. (2) O ne day while I was electioneering on the plains, I stopped in to talk with a lady whose name I do not remember. I recited my little memorized speech about what a fine man my opponent was, etc. etc., and then began to extol my many virtues and qualifications for the office of Sheriff of Borden County. The lady listened quietly and most courteously but, as I was leaving she remarked, "Mr. Long, this is the strangest political race I have ever seen. Sid was here about two hours ago. We have always known and respected his qualifications for the office even though he has never mentioned them. He spent every moment of his time with us this morning in sincere prause for you and your father." It wasn't necessary to open the door as I departed; I just walked under it. I was very happy to lose that race and immediately resolved that I would never try it again as long as Sid Reeder was around and eligible to run.

My grandmother Berry often used the expression, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating". Sid used the proper ingredients in his life's work as Sheriff of Borden County and the attendance at his funeral was more than sufficient proof of his dedicated service and accomplishments as Sheriff and NUMBER ONE FRIEND of Borden County.

I send my very best wishes to his widow, Iva, his daughter, Sidney and his two fine sons, Borden and Larry.

MRS. ANNIE L. LUDECKE, 84, former resident of O'Donnell, passed away Oct. 20, 1977 in Anson. Survivors include three sons, Bob, Garland and Bill, all of Borden Co.

MRS. DICK (LEE GREEN) JONES, 69, died October 24, 1977 at Lamesa. She and her husand had been ranching in Borden County for 35 years. Her husband and daughter, Fannie Lee Perryman and grandchildren survive.

MELTON HANCOCK, died May 20, 1977. He was 88 years old. Burial was in Slaton.

D. BURNS, 82, died October 9, 1977 in Lubbpck. D. Burns owned the Cross C Ranch in Borden County in the early days. Joe Canon owns this ranch now. Survivors include his wife, a sister, Mrs. Annabelle Haawk and a granddaughter, Anne Fabian.

JAMES BRUNS, teenage son of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bruns of Snyder, and former residents of Gail, was killed in an automobile accident October 25, 1977. Burial was in Snyder.

CARSON ANCEL (TOT) BEARDEN, passed away after a lengthy illness, on June 24, 1977. He was preceded in death by his wife, Zuma, in 1968 and is survived by his children

MAX ZANT, 49, died November 24, 1977 in a Lubbock hospital. He had farmed in the Vealmoor area all of his life. Survivors include his wife, two daughters, three sons, his parents and brothers.

FRANCES MARIGNETTE BAZE, 58, of Ira died January 29, 1978 in a Lubbock hospital. She was a sister of J. D. Patterson of Fluvanna.

JOHN SPRINGER STEPHENS, 61, Borden County farmer, passed away January 24, 1978. He had been a resident of Borden County for 54 years. He is survived by his wife, one son and one daughter, four grandchildren, all of Borden County, and two sisters and five brothers including Bill of Borden County.

WILMA JUNE ROTEN, the former June Killough of Gail, died February 12, 1978 in Crescent, Oklahoma. She is survived by her husband, 2 daughters and two sons.

MRS. ANNA LANDRUM, 88, died February 11, 1978 in Key West, Florida. Survivors include Joe Landrum of Fluvanna. She had lived 44 years in Fluvanna.

JOE BROWNING, of Lubbock, passed away in March, 1978. Burial was in Fluvanna. Survivors include a sister, Virginia Belew of Fluvanna and a brother, Pete of Snyder

RAYMOND COOLEY, 67, of Big Spring died in March, 1978. Survivors include his brothers, Rev. Alvis Cooley of Lamesa and Weldon Cooley of Borden County.

FRANK GREATHOUSE, JR., died March 7, 1978 in Phoenix, Arizona. He and his wife, Lois, were spending the winter with a daughter. He was a resident of Tahoka.

Memorial gifts to the Borden County Museum have been made in memory of the following:

MRS. ETHEL MAUDE SMITH
by Sterling and Gladys Williams, Snyder, Texas
Vivian and Pauline Clark, Gail

MRS. DICK (Lee) JONES
by Mr. and Mrs. Joe Canon
Star Rt. 2, Lamesa
Vivian and Pauline Clark, Gail

JOHN AND ETHEL SMITH
by Mrs. E. Vernon Creighton, in Memory of her Parents.

A generous donation has been made to The Borden County Museum by Mr. and Mrs. Jim Sorrells. Thank you.

T. L. and Gloria Griffin have given a very generous donation to the Museum. Thank you very much.

SEVENTH GRADE VISITS MUSEUM

On Tuesday January 17, the seventh grade class visited the Borden County Museum at Gail, Texas. Christine Cunningham showed us around. She showed us many tools and different kinds of furniture. She also showed us the kinds of clothes they wore. Then we saw the back room which had many old saddles, signs, a bubble gum machine, several washers and a stove. We would like to thank the Museum for letting us come.
/s/ Doug Love, Reporter
(copied from THE BORDEN STAR)

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We need your letters, histories and memories. Send these to either Mrs. Pauline Clark, Gail, Texas 79738 or Mrs. Edna Miller, Fluvanna, Texas 79517

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The fall meeting of the Permian Historical Society was held December 3, 1977 at Furr's Cafeteria in Odessa. Vivian and Pauline Clark and Dorothy Browne attended the meeting as representatives of the Borden County Historical Committee and The Borden Citizen.

After the call to order by the President, Clayton Williams, activity reports were given by the representatives of each County's Historical Committee. Very interesting papers were given: The Diary of Lt. El Robb, C. S. A. from Santa Fe to Ft. Lancaster - 1962, by Mr. John A. Hord; The C. C. Slaughter Ranch by Dr. David Murrah; Murder and Suicide in Ector County, 1921-1950 by Glenda G. Morgan; The Search for Permanence, Progress and Stability, Midland, 1906-1975 by Edna Brown Hibbits; and Victory Village by Rev. Michael Miller. A good time was had by all who attended.

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LETTERS FROM THE PENS OF OUR READERS

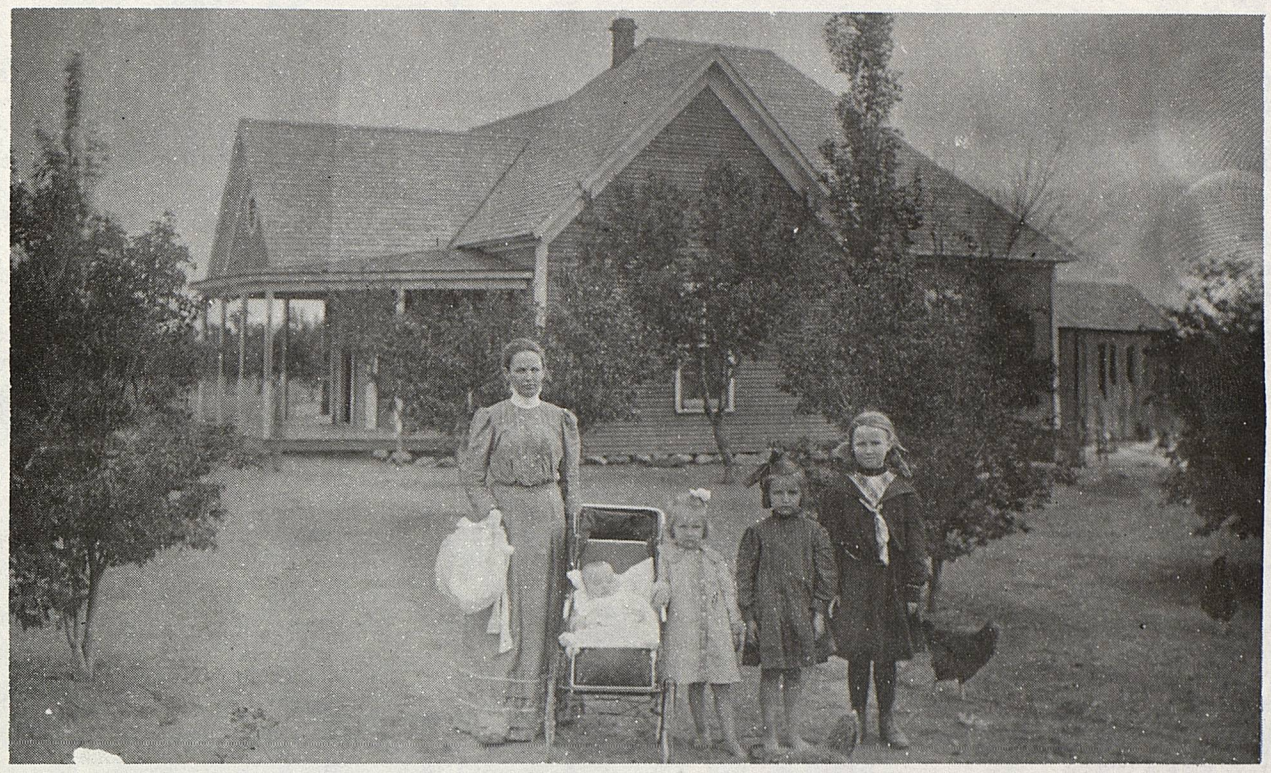
Here I am late with my subscription again. I hate to miss any of the papers..
Homer Skeen, Portales, N. Mex.

I am sending a little writeup for your paper. Willie Walter (Wat) Weathers was born February 5, 1903 in Coke County to Jim and Cora Weathers, moving to Borden County when Wat was three months old. Wat got most of his schooling at Bug Tussle, later Murphy Community. Wat did ranch work for $30.00 per month. He was a good cowman as well as horseman. Walter married Leila Birdwell in Snyder, Texas, May 25, 1923, Rev. C. E. Jameson, officiating. In 1932 James Edward was born to Wat and Leila at Mrs. Birdwells home in Snyder. We lived in Snyder until 1952 when we moved to Hamilton County. Jamie married Paula Christensen in 1953. To this union two daughters were born: Shery Lynn Weathers on Jan. 23, 1955. Sherry was a real cowgirl winning many trophys in barrel and flag racing. Kerrie Lee was born on September 13, 1965 in a Clifton Hospital. All are now living in Hamilton County. Walter passed away in Hico after 18 days in the hospital following a heart attack, and was buried in Snyder. Leila Weathers, Hamilton, Texas

We sure enjoyed the Pioneer re-union there... I was sorry to learn of Charlie Miller's death. He and I sat together when we were teen-agers at Possom Trot School Best regards to all. Alvin Kincaid, Cisco, Texas

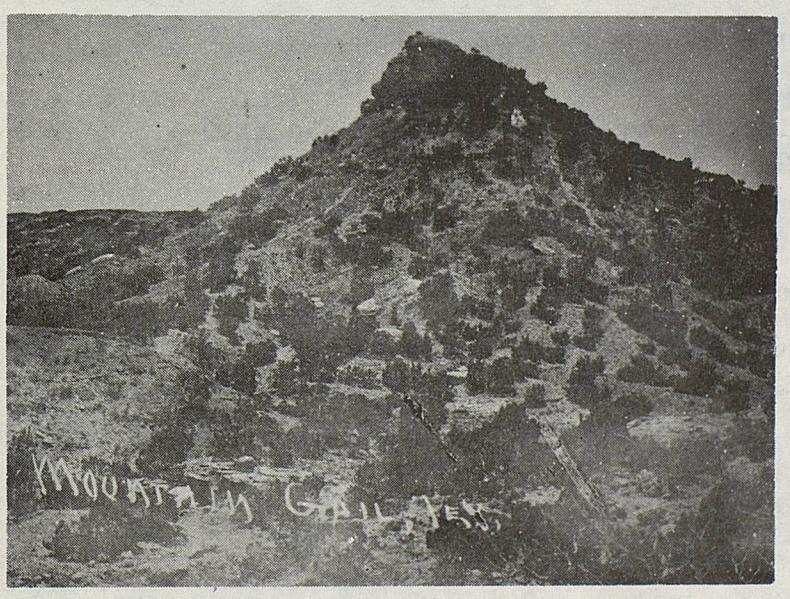
I was delighted to hear from you and want to thank you for sending the "First Hundred Years". It is a really fine account of the old timers and I am glad to have it.... I correspond with Elmer Ruth (Hollar) Richaway in Houston and we have discussed how to go about compiling a HOLLAR story. You probably know Mrs. Bill Coffey. Ruth believes she is a good one to write something. Do you have any idea when the next book will be published? The specific reason I ask is that we will be having our family reunion in July of '78 and could perhaps get a lot together at that time. I have a picture of the old Hollar place south of Gail .... I understand that the land where the farm was located is now a lake..... The newsletters I have are so very interesting and I have used them several times at my school. I teach 5th graders their first bit of American History. These personal accounts are terrific for this purpose. There's one about a Christmas celebration with a 'town' tree that they particularly enjoy. Marilyn Daily, Broomfield, Colo.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN?

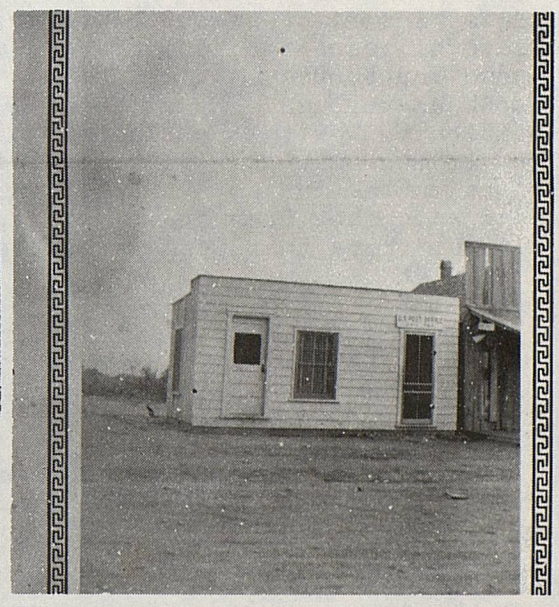


ESTHER, LORENE, CLARA, JUANITA, LIZZIE PEARCE AT THE OLD PEARCE HOME PLACE
Picture Courtesy of Doris Bennett

OLD GAIL HIGH SCHOOL - Courtesy Ruby Jean Moore



Picture Postcard sent from Aunt Minnie Dorward to her niece, Ruby Jean Bullard, mailed August 23, 1915 from the Gail Postoffice. Courtesy of Ruby Jean Moore.



OLD GAIL POSTOFFICE

Do you remember when you lived in a house in Borden County much like this one, or maybe it was a dug-out? Maybe you remember a good story about going to school at The Old Gail High School or maybe it was the time Dick dipped Jane's pigtail in the ink well at Bug Tussel School. Who was with you the first time you climbed Gail Mountain or Mushaway Peak? Did you fall down or fail to make it to the top? I am sure you remember getting mail in Borden County. Did you get your mail at this Postoffice and visit with your neighbors or did you ride 20 miles horseback to get it. Write your memories down on paper, short stories or long and send them to us so we can complete the Borden County Story for History.

LETTERS FROM THE PENS OF OUR READERS

My wife and I, the former Marjorie Munger, have always read with interest your historical paper, The Borden Citizen, which was mailed to us... Mr. L. S. Munger lived in this area for many years and we are very interested in the contents of your papers. I hope that I may hear from you at your very earliest convenience.
Edwin E. Middleton, MD, Abilene, Texas 79603

Enclosed please find check for $3.00 to renew the Borden Citizen. I enjoy it so much... My Mother (Inez Bess Satterwhite) went to school in Gail and her picture is in some of the early school pictures. They lived out near Gail Peak and I believe that was her first school. She was the daughter of J. T. and Georgia Bess. Georgia Bess was a sister to Mrs. Mary Sue (Sam) Jones. All this was before my day but I did know Uncle Sam and Aunt Sue Jones after they moved to Lamesa where we visited them. I have visited your museum there and think it is wonderful... It is so good to remember when.... Vada McCampbell, Post, Texas

Am enclosing $3.00 for subscription to Borden Citizen. Would hate to miss any of it. Mrs. John H. Williams (Juanita Pearce), Abilene, Texas

Am enclosing a check..... It is certainly a newsy little publication and a pleasure for the "old Timers" especially. Mrs. Edward Simpson, Big Spring, Texas

Enclosed is a check... I appreciate being a beneficiary of the great work you all are doing there. Don't see how you do it. My sister has been quoted as Mollie, but her name is Mallie, named for Mallie Love (Mrs. T. D. Love). Arthur Prince, Abilene, Texas.

I surely did enjoy the Summer letter, especially the article on the Long family by Mrs. Dennis. It is so interesting I would like to be able to read it all at once. Katherine Redwine, Snyder, Texas

To my favorite Newspaper Writer: I was to visit Carlsbad Caverns on my way out, several years ago, and headed west from somewhere east of Gail where I drove up to your Courthouse. It was noon time and the Museum was closed, but you most kindly took us through. My wife and I doted on that museum, for years. It has competition only with that Indian Museum outside of Flagstaff, Arizona as tops for small museums. A real delight is had everytime your Borden Citizen arrives. I dote on the insights of what the life was like, but I also sorrow for the Indians who were shot down to take the land. God only knows his plans for the future but I would hope that peace prevails in West Texas, where one can even yet see the stars at night. Ed Oldendorph

My mother was Cora Josephine Berry, who moved with her parents and numerous brothers and sisters to Borden County between 1895 and 1899... Please tell me about anything and everything which might describe the people and their life in Borden County between 1890 and 1940... George W. Smith, Jr. La Palma, California

Hello, I am Ruby Jean Moore, daughter of Bessie Russell Bullard and Jim Bullard, niece of Mrs. Minnie Doward and Mrs. Ella Russell Dodson. So many of my relatives were pioneer citizens of Gail and I have visited in Gail since I was very young.
Ruby Jean Moore, Houston, Texas

(Editor's note toRuby Jean: We will use more of your letter and your pictures in the next issue of The Borden Citizen. Please send us some more.)

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