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THE LONGS



FRANCIS MARION LONG (1856 - 1917)

This is the second of four segments of a history of the Andy and Frank Long families. Andy and Frank Long, The Beginning was published in Vol. XII, No. 1 and Two Circle Residents, Their Families and Friends and Louis Elmer Long will be published later.

FRANCIS MARION (FRANK) LONG

by Dorothy A. Dennis

Francis Marion (Frank) Long was born November 20, 1856 in Caldwell County, Texas. When his father, Samuel Long, died in 1867, Frank was only eleven years of age. With incessant and persevering labor, Frank succeeded in collecting a herd of cattle. At nineteen years of age, he started out from Medina County and eventually drove his herd to Taylor County, where the cattle ranged on the Brazos River.

By 1875 Frank had joined forces with his brother, Andy, and they were compelled to seek more pasturage for their fast growing herd. They moved their cattle into Nolan County where they kept them on Oak Creek for four years.

The Longs moved to Garza County in 1881 and became interested in the Lexington Cattle Company. The cattle they

had purchased from Overall and Street carried the "EO" brand and the Lexington cattle carried the "202" brand - - The Longs decided upon the "OS" brand for their partnership. By this time, the men were running some 10,000 head of cattle on approximately 150,000 acres.

In 1901, the Longs sold the "OS" to W. E. Connell, John Scharbauer and E. W. Clark. Frank and Andy now dissolved their partnership, even though they were destined to buy adjoining ranch properties in both Fisher and Borden Counties.

In 1882, Frank Long married Flora Temple Linn, daughter of Mary C. and J. Z. Linn (1936-1911), Captain, Confederate States of America under General Nathan Forrest during the Civil War. The Longs made their home in Sweetwater, where four children were born to them - namely; Louis Elmer; Alice; Temple (who died in infancy) and Marion L.

(The following family history was compiled by William T. Long of Abilene, grandson of Frank Long and son of Elmer Long.)

In 1897-1899 Frank Long purchased a 12,800 acre ranch in Fisher County, with headquarters near what is now the Longworth Community, approximately ten miles north of Sweetwater. This was the original ED ranch. Three cowboys were employed to look after this ranch - Bud Linn, Jay O'Keefe and Gaines Preston. Linn and O'Keefe were brother and brother-in-law, respectively, to Grandmother Long.

Frank kept his home in Sweetwater but commuted to and from his work at the ranch via horse and buggy. He stayed at the ranch headquarters with Bud, Jay and Gaines while working cattle.

In 1901, Frank decided to leave this ranch in the capable hands of the three cowboys and moved his family to Fort Worth to try city living. Frank purchased a home near Andy Long's resi-

dence and moved his family there. He also invested in some downtown real estate but after a few years in Fort Worth he began to miss the ranch life with which he had been so familiar - and also to realize the additional expense and folly of living too far from his work. It is my understanding that he moved back to Sweetwater in about 1904. He sold the Fisher County "ED" ranch to the Magenheimer Land & Cattle Company of Chicago in 1905 or 1906.

Beginning in 1901 Frank had purchased twenty-five sections of land from Bush & Tillar located near the headwaters of the Colorado River in southern Borden County. This property was known as the "Two Circle" Ranch, branding one "O" on the left shoulder and the other "O" on the left hip and marking "7 under bit" in the left ear. We often referred to this ranch as the Lower Ranch, not to be pretentious, as many of the good Borden County citizens chose to think, but to distinguish it during conversations from the "ED" Ranch near Gail. This ranch was joined on the west by the Beals and the OB; on the north by the OB and the 9R (Reynolds Cattle Company); on the east by the Sorrels, Murphys, von Roeders and the Davises and on the south by Francis Abney and Tom Hudson.

From 1903 to 1908 Frank purchased some 22,000 acres adjoining the OB from A. B. 'Sug' Robertson. The first people to run the ED ranch after Frank purchased it were Simon and Virgie O'Keefe. The O'Keefes were Flora Long's sister and brother-in-law. It was to this ranch, the "ED" (L) that Frank Long moved his family in about 1905. (The headquarters house on this place had been built in 1885.) About five years later, after establishing his son, Elmer, on the ED (containing 12,000 acres) and his younger son, Marion, on the adjoining 10,050 acres, to be known as the Marion Long Ranch (V/L), he built his final home on the Two Circle Ranch and moved into it in 1912.

My grandparents, Flora and Frank Long, completed their home on the Two Circle Ranch about 1912. Flora, Frank, Flora's mother, Mary C. Linn (1846-1923) and three cowboys, Walter Jolly, Ed Voss and Clarence Coleman were the original residents. I was only three years old at the time and my sister, Frances, five. We were living with our parents, Clair and Elmer Long on the ED Ranch near Gail. John Berroth and Jim Jolly were helping Dad at the ED's. My Uncle Marion and his wife, Margaret, were living on the Marion Long Ranch, which joined the ED place on the north. I believe they had one daughter, Flora, at that time. Two other daughters, Mary Margaret and Genieve, were born to them two and four years later.

I remember very little about my grandfather, Frank, since I was only eight years old when he died. From Dad's description and my own hazy recollection he was rather tall, slender and distinguished looking with brownish-graying hair and a drooping mustache. While on the ranch, he always wore boots with tops almost to the knee and very neat trousers tucked evenly all the way down into his boot tops. He rode very straight in the saddle, which was always an S. D. Myers-Sweetwater saddle, and he rode a great deal on very good horses. The horses were much different in those days both in looks and in action. They were longer bodied and more 'rangy', lacking the action of the modern day cutting and quarter horses, but their rider seemed to understand the 'cow brute' a bit better than his modern day counterpart. S. D. Myers, the famous Sweetwater (and later El Paso) saddlemaker, was a close and personal friend of both Frank and Uncle Andy.

From spending many hours with my father, Elmer Long, in his later years, I developed the following impression of my grandfather, Frank:

He was bred, born and reared a cattleman! Dad never ceased to marvel at Frank's excellence with a lariat rope, especially 'heeling' in an open closely held herd, and his almost uncanny ability to count correctly large numbers of cattle without having to funnel them down to a double or single file. In fact, I can never remember a single statement made by my dad regarding his father's ability as a cowman that failed to make absolute sense. Frank was rather quiet and reserved, even-tempered, loved and highly respected by his friends, almost worshipped by his two sons, comfortable capable, never obscene or profane, preferred solitude to even moderate social activity, required ranch life to city living. He persevered and eventually became very successful though accumulation of the 'almight dollar' was never his primary mission in life. His kind are few and far between and I would have, if given the chance, gladly shifted my life span forward ten years in order to have known grandfather Frank ten years longer.

In about 1914 or 15 my father, Elmer Long, with his father as a silent partner and an inactive one due to failing health, entered into a partnership with Mr. Rich Miller, father of Homer, Ed, Clyde, Charlie, Bill and Frank, to lease the OB Ranch from Uncle Andy. Sometime during this five or six year partnership, Bill Miller and his wife, the lovely, kind, sweet Miss Winnie, moved into the OB Ranch headquarters as foreman. Miss Winnie was the daughter of J. W. Chandler, owner of the Chandler Mercantile Company in Gail, which was located just west of Mr. Dave Dorward's Drug Store. Mr. Chandler, like his business neighbor, Dave Dorward, was one of the finest men ever to live in Borden County.

I remember Miss Winnie and Bill well because they seemed so very young to be grown-up married folks and also because they were so devoted to my sister, Frances, and me. We used to go over from the ED ranch and often times spend the night with Bill and Winnie after a swim in the small surface tank at the house - followed by a delightful picnic. They both truly loved and enjoyed people of any age and both had a way of making youngsters feel just as grownup and important as they were. I am sure they don't know it, but Frances and I loved them, too, and I have missed their friendship down through the years.

The partnership was short of both cattle and saddle horses to stock and operate the OB place. Dad made a trip to the King Ranch in Nueces and Kleberg Counties and, representing the partnership, bought around one thousand young hereford cows. The trip to the King Ranch was Dad's first and last trip. He had always been taught to handle cattle 'slow and easy' but soon learned that the

Mexican cowboys did things differently. They did all of their cow work in a 'dead run' and used the lariat without the slightest excuse or reason. (I assume they are a bit more careful today while working the \$1,000.00 Santa Gertrudis cows and the \$10,000.00 bulls that roam their hundreds of thousands of acres.)

Early in the partnership, Dad and Mr. Miller bought a carload of Mexican ponies from below the border. They were small and I am guessing they would load about 25 or 30 to the car. It seems to me that the cost was in the neighborhood of \$15 to \$20 per head. There were sorrels, duns, blues, grays, bays and most all colors - almost every pony, except the paints and roans, had a dark hair-line, about a half inch wide, down the backbone from mane to tail and a series of dark rings, about a quarter inch wide and a half inch apart extending from the ankle to the knee or hock joint on all four legs. I was soon to learn that this was a characteristic marking for most Spanish ponies.

About fifteen of the load were good cow ponies. Five, including three little sorrels - Joker, Snip and Buger Red, were far above average, while at least half of the remainder had to be swapped off. These ponies were too small to carry men like Carroll Hollar, Lona 'Lowney' Smoot, Sid Reeder and Oliver Curtis for more than half a day, but in those days there always seemed to be more available.

When I was about fourteen years old at the ED's, we wrangled (we called it 'rustled') 20 to 25 horses before daylight each morning whether it was to be a big day, a small one or just average. We caught and saddled what we needed for the morning, trapped what we might need later in the day and turned the others back in the horse pasture.

Pickups and 'toll feed' have certainly played havoc with the 'common horse' population. In grandfather Frank's day the horseman was basically a cowboy, the horse was a means to an end and the 'end' was a cow. Today the cowboy is basically a horseman and, in most cases, the horse is the end. Many of today's cow herds can be handled by one man in a pickup with a half sack of 'toll' cake or cubes and a couple of men on foot, wearing tennis shoes and base ball caps, to open gates, holler and chunk rocks. The horses are for rodeos, Sheriff's Posses, cutting horse contests, quarterhorse races and Riding Academies.

The worst drouth in history had climaxed in the southwest by the middle of 1917. The range on the Two Circle, the OB, the ED, the Marion Long and the Rich Miller ranches looked like a massive prairie dog town with the dens smoothed over. There was little underground water in Borden County and surface tanks were few. Cowboys had been cleaning out seep boxes in the Colorado River, Bull Creek, Mesquite, Tobacco and any other beds of even slight promise for the entire summer. Water had receded to a depth that was impractical to reach for livestock. Plans had been in the making for sometime to move most of the cattle to better ranges. The time had come and Dad and Mr. Miller, after a trip or two to their chosen destinations, had decided on the Sim's Ranch on the Canadian River about 75 miles northeast of Amarillo and another range in fair condition near Magdalena, New Mexico, 95 miles south of Albuquerque and 185 miles northwest of Roswell and at an elevation of 6557 feet above sea level.

When the cattle arrived at the new ranges they were weak from the drouth in West Texas and the long rail haul, but got in fair shape on the new range by late fall. However, on January 10, 1918, there came a blizzard to North Texas, New Mexico and Kansas, the like of which had never been seen before. Dad and Clyde Miller went to Magdalena to check their losses and found them to be almost unbelievable. The weather had been too severe for men to get out and cut fences for cattle to drift with the wind. Numerous frozen cattle carcuses had to be dragged away from fence corner gates before a vehicle could be driven through.

My Dad had lost his Father, whom he dearly loved and respected, earlier in 1917 and these two tragedies occurring only a few months apart were almost more than he could bear. He returned the surviving cattle to Borden County in 1919 and swore that in the future he would sell every head of cattle he owned at the ranch before making another such drastic move, which placed him deeply in debt and almost broke him.

My Uncle Marion, who is now 84 years of age, wrote me the following: "Billy, I don't know if your Dad ever told you, but your Granddad Long (Frank) got hit and almost killed by an engine pulling a cattle train at Amarillo in 1895. I barely remember it since I was only three years old at the time, but have been told of it many times.

"Long Brothers were holding a large herd of cattle nearby and your Grandfather rode a 'scary' horse up to the depot to see about loading the cars. He laid his rope across the track and tied his reins to it so his horse wouldn't run off. As the oncoming train approached, the engineer blew the whistle and this spooked the horse. Dad got tangled up in the rope and dragged him in front of the engine which hit him and he was seriously injured. The old Denver or Burlington Railroad sent an engine and a private car to Sweetwater to pick up your Grandmother (Flora) and carry her to Amarillo.

"Your Grandmother and I took Dad to the Mercy Hospital in Chicago about twenty years later where he soon died at the age of 61 years. The doctors thought his early death was closely related to injuries received from the cattle train incident."

(Mr. Long died in 1917 in Chicago, his body returned for burial in the Long family plot in the Sweetwater Cemetery.)

As grandfather, Frank, was bred, born and reared a cattleman, grandmother, Flora, was bred, born and reared a ranchwoman! From a small girl, she spent most of her life on a ranch. According Dad's and my own childish observations, Flora and Frank were a happy, devoted and well adjusted couple. Grandmother Flora Long rode horseback frequently and was an acceptable hand with horses and cattle. She rode side-saddle during Frank's lifetime, but changed to the conventional method after his death. She continued her cow work at the Two Circle, with Dad, Uncle Marion, Walter Jolly and Ed Voss to do the hard work, until poor health overtook her in about 1919. Her favorite mount was a big bay pacer, named Cato, with three white legs and a white star on his forehead. He could pace faster than any horse I have ever seen. Most folks do not like pacers, but Flora loved everything about Cato. After Grandmother's death in 1920, Cato became my horse and I thought he was the finest horse in the world!

Grandmother Flora was a much better cook and housekeeper than cow girl and sincerely enjoyed proving it. There was always plenty of beef and pork to enjoy during the winter and chicken, fried, baked and 'pot pided' during the summer. Cool, fresh milk, butter and eggs were always available per se, but they were even better mixed into cakes, pies, ice cream (when it was convenient to pick up a tarp wrapped 100# block of ice in town) and everything else that excellent cooks made from milk, butter and eggs.



FLORA LINN LONG (1865 - 1920)

Grandmother Flora always referred to Grandfather Frank as 'your grandfather'; while speaking to Dad or Uncle Marion, it was 'your father' and to others outside the family, it was 'Mr. Long'. I never heard her call him 'Frank' but was never startled by her show of respect for him - because, even at eleven years of age, I was aware that it was her way of showing genuine love and affection. I have no idea what the present day 'women's lib movement' would have tried to make of that particular case, but I do know that their opinion would not have amounted to a 'hill of beans' to Flora. She loved, admired and respected her 'Mr. Long' and it was her privilege to resort to her own ways of proving it. Her health began to fail about two years after Frank's death. She died in 1920 and was buried beside her beloved 'Mr. Long' in the old Sweetwater Cemetery.

Mary C. Linn (1846-1923), Grandmother Flora's mother, was the widow of J. Z. Linn (1836-1911), Captain, Confederate States of America, under General Nathan Forrest during the Civil War. Since Captain died in 1911, I am reasonably certain that Grandmother Linn moved into the

new Two Circle Ranch house with Flora and Frank in 1912. Grandmother Linn was always busy with her quilting and other sewing, her flock of Rhode Island Red chickens, her supervision of the milk cooler, washing, helping with the cooking and house cleaning. She boiled her clothes with home made lye soap in a very large cast iron, three legged pot and used a broom handle to 'poke and stir'. (In 1950 I converted this pot into quite a novel charcoal cooker, set on three legs, two with wheels, and with a large metal serving table device fastened around the top edge of the pot. The cooker had a conical lid which covered a quite ingenious rotating and adjustable grille. Barry Welton now uses it to barbeque for his family and friends in Midland, Texas. Barry is my nephew and Grandmother Linn's gr-gr-grandson.) Grandmother Linn died in 1923, three years after the death of her daughter Flora and was buried beside her husband, Captain J. Z. Linn, in the Frank M. Long plot in the old Sweetwater Cemetery, southwest of that city.

The Murphy Schoolhouse, where Opal von Roeder ruled with compassion, understanding and tender, loving care, was just across the fence on our east line. A 'brood' of Murphys, Davises, von Roeders, Sorrells, plus one Long, my brother Bob and a few whom I did not know, made up her class. Bob (L. E. Long, Jr.) attended her class for only a few months but developed a case of puppy love for Opal that he never outgrew.

The Two Circle Ranch house, built in 1912, was quite unusual for that era and for such an isolated location. It was a one-story structure with the floor level high above the ground, perhaps giving the appearance of two stories. Separated from the main house in the rear was a double garage with two bedrooms forming a second story. The main house faced east with a large front veranda joined by a screened porch forming an 'L' around the southeast corner of a very large living room. The house was divided almost equally by a hall, approximately eight feet wide, extending from a spacious, screened back porch on the west to the living room on the east. Adjacent to the living room and on the north side of the hall was a beautiful bedroom with an adjoining bath, built especially for my Aunt Alice, who was married and spent all of her time in Fort Worth. I particularly remember the full length, bevelled mirrored doors in the closets and

bathroom. I seriously doubt that Aunt Alice spent over a grand total of three nights in that room. Continuing toward the rear of the north side of the hall was a dining room, connected through a butler's pantry, with all kinds of built-ins, to an enormous kitchen. The kitchen was located on the northwest corner of the house with a door on the south leading onto the screened porch mentioned above.

I remember that we always ate our meals on this west porch and it was never uncomfortable in warm weather. The furnishings consisted of an eight foot table with cane bottom chairs (repaired with cow hide when the cane wore out) at each end and eight foot benches along the sides, a large wood-box filled every evening with dry kindling, chips and mesquite wood for the ravenous kitchen stove, a few 16 P nails in the wall to hang hats on, one or two 'boot jacks', an old rifle rack (containing an old but clean 30-30 lever-action Winchester and a twelve-gauge, double barrel shot gun), a wash basin with mirror above, soap in the dish and fresh towels on the rack - but usually with only slight promise of enough water to remove the dirt. Last, but not least, was the milk cooler, which always held the greatest fascination for me.

Adjacent to the back porch and on the south side of the hall, was one of the largest bedrooms I have ever seen. Then another normal size bedroom to the east with complete bath connecting the two rooms. The bathrooms were the 'talk of the County' and had all the badgets, fixtures and necessary credentials that 'city' folks enjoyed - save and except that the Two Circle bathrooms had no underground (and very little up-ground) source of water supply, which, during drouthy times, spelled disaster for the 'city type' bathrooms. Conditions were always a bit drouthy and even during normal times the quality of the fancy fixtures greatly surpassed the quantity of usually 'clay tinted' water, that reached them from a six foot upground tank, supplied by a windmill with only an eight foot wheel, mounted on a twelve foot tower and drawing from a small, usually low, surface tank that often had to be abandoned by the milk stock and saddle horses. Just to be on the safe side, we built two 'three holers' with professionally carved crescents on each side and resembling a wet moon - both for light and for luck!

The main house, garage and bedrooms overhead were lighted by a carbide lighting system. Our fresh water for drinking purposes, milk cooler use and dish washing was provided by a cistern, conveniently located just outside the back porch door. The complete assembly consisted of four component units; the gutter unit, the filter unit, the water storage unit and the water lifting unit.

In the summer of 1929, or thereabouts, the Two Circle Ranch house caught fire from a clogged kitchen flue and burned to the ground. The fire started shortly after the noon hour while Clarence Cloeman was asleep in his room over the garage. Clarence was a heavy sleeper but deservedly so since he was an unusually hard worker and conceded to be the best branding pen calf flanker in Texas. Clarence notified everyone he could think of over the crank type telephone, and those living nearest arrived in time to salvage a great deal of belongings from the very slow-burning house. Salvaged from the home were several heavy, full length, beveled mirrored doors, bathroom fixtures, transparent glass doors, one or two complete bedroom suites, numerous family photographs and a multitude of odds and ends that a man wouldn't give a second thought, but about which a woman would talk about for the next two years.

Had there been enough water available at the time to justify installation of the fancy bathroom fixtures, it is probable that the fire could have been extinguished before too much damage had been done. None of the Longs were present at the time of the fire but we always have been very appreciative and sincerely grateful to our friends and neighbors who rushed to help when they were sorely needed.

A small, three room frame house was built over the garage foundation which served as headquarters until the ranch was sold to the McDowells in 1931. Frank Long had left the Two Circle Ranch to his sons, Elmer and Marion. In May, 1931 they sold it to Lorin S. McDowell and Son.

REUBEN T. ORSON, died June 29, 1977 in the Lamesa Hospital. She was preceded in death by her husband, W. C. Orson, in 1966. They came to western Borden County about 1919. She is survived by a son, Raymond, of Lamesa and a daughter, Bess Smith of the ranch in Borden County and five grandchildren. Two of the grandchildren are Jay Smith and Lineous Smith who grew up in Borden County.

LINEOUS McMEANS, of Swanson, Texas, died in August. He was the father of Mickey McMeans and grandfather of Steve, Ken and Bart McMeans of Borden County.

HARRY BRUNER, 75, of Lake J. B. Thomas, passed away August 23, 1977 in a Big Spring Hospital. He was buried in a Lamesa Cemetery. He is survived by his wife, Jewell, who lives at Lake Thomas.

GLENDON ALEX NEWTON, 72, of Snyder, passed away August 5, 1977. He is survived by his wife and one daughter, Mrs. Buck Lane of Snyder, four sons, Buford and Bob of Odessa, Mack of Snyder and Doyle Newton of Gail.

A. M. ANDERSON, of Gail Route, Big Spring, died September 23, 1977. He is survived by his wife, two daughters and one son, Sonny, who went to school in Gail.

KATHERINE DORWARD SANDERS, 76, of Big Spring, died September 11, 1977. She was the daughter of the late Bob Dorward, early day resident of Borden County. She is survived by a daughter and son and one sister, Mrs. H. L. Autry of Coahoma.

MRS S. R. SIMPSON, 89, of Midland, died in September, 1977 in Midland, The former Nellie Hale, Mrs. Simpson married Sullivan Ross Simpson in Gail in 1914. She was an early day clerk in Chandler's Store.

MRS. CLAUDIA JORDAN, 65, of Seagraves died September 27, 1977. Mrs. Jordan had served as District Clerk in Gaines County for 18 years. She was the daughter of the late Johnny Sartin, an early day resident of Borden County and a Texas Ranger.

MRS. ETHEL MAUDE SMITH, 83, died October 2, 1977 in Lamesa. A native of Fort Stockton, Mrs. Smith moved to Gaines County from Borden County in 1937. She married John Smith in Gail Nov. 22, 1911. She is survived by two sons, Jack of Seminole and John L. of Pyote; seven daughters, Irene Creighton of Borden County, Lucille Turner of Arrey, N.M., Cora Bell Watkins, Vada Foster and Ada Holt of Lamesa, and Pat Hubble and Joey Ballew, both of Seminole; a sister, Lottie Winfrey of Clovis; a brother Bill Cranfill of Wicket, 24 grandchildren and 35 great-grandchildren.

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

MRS. D. DORWARD
by Mrs. B. D. (Ruth) Jolly
of Rush Springs, Oklahoma

MRS. BEULAH ORSON
by Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Williams,
Snyder, Texas
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Canon, Lamesa
Vivian & Pauline Clark, Gail

G. A. NEWTON
by Mrs. Charlie (Zada Mae) Miller,
Snyder, Texas
Vivian & Pauline Clark, Gail

MELVIN ANDERSON
by Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Porter, Vealmoor
Gail Friends

A very generous donation has been made to the Borden County Museum by The Jim Hundley's of Post, Texas. Thank you - Our Neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Zant of Vealmoor have given a very generous and welcome donation to the Borden County Museum. Thank you.

We say thank you to J. Lee and Nona C. Jories of Colorado City for the copy of their book recently given to The Borden County Museum. The book, "Lore and Legend", a compilation of documents depicting the history of Colorado City and Mitchell County was recently published. Thanks again.

THE OLD-TIME FREIGHTERS

by Arthur Prince

Been thinking of the old time freighters. When we left Gail in 1906 most of it's large ranch trade territory had been lost and perhaps a majority of it's people were gone. At that time J. H. Berry (and Frank) and B. N. Green were the freighters I have in mind. I think by that time Frank was by himself and making some of the trips to Big Spring to pick up freight for Gail. Their horses were not the ordinary cow horse. If he was strong and healthy and faithful to pull his share of the load and never balk, he was a good horse.

Now I am not trying to catalog every man who might have at some time been freighters to Gail. So we will drop back about 6 to 8 years to mention Kelly's freight line which was pulled by a little herd of borros. Don't think it lasted long.

Now back to the very first one - McWhirter's Freight Line. The motive power was supplied by four or five yokes of oxen. McWhirter didn't ride the wagon seat. Instead he rode a scrubby pony and controlled the oxen by gees, haws and whosa and enforced his orders with a long black-snake whip with a popper on the end that had a pretty good sting to it. He would stop at Gail and unload partly and then swing around the cemetery and up north to the 49 gate. Then on and on for several days and follow a wagon track up Yellowhouse Canyon to a little place which was smaller than a town and had the name of Lubbock.

One hot, dry midsummer day he had swung around the cemetery and started north toward the 49 gate when the oxen smelled water in Mesquite Creek. They turned to the right and headed straight for the creek and there was nothing McWhirter could do about it. So over the creek bank they went and McWhirter's Freight Line came to a sudden end.

The following is copied from the bulletin, "Roadrunner", a publication of The Prospectors Club in Big Spring, Texas.

"Harve and Letha Williams didn't get to attend the Gail Celebration but we did go to the Museum the week before. We were met at the door by a familiar looking gentlemen and a lovely lady who began showing us around, explaining some of the historic items and I found a little coin purse and straight razor contributed by one of our members. I then knew why the man looked so familiar' he's Virgil Clark's brother. Vivian and Pauline Clark are lovely people and we enjoyed one of our most delightful experiences chatting with them as we looked through the Museum which is fantastic. Although we were there about three hours, we did not get to see it all and hope to go back again soon.

"I have heard that the Gail Celebration surpassed all hopes for success. They are a marvelous people and hard-working, too. We Congratulate them!"

Letha is editor of the "Roadrunner".

This starts a new year for "The Borden Citizen". If you have not sent your subscription, now is a good time to do so. We plan to have four Citizens published in this 13th year. Send these to Mrs. Vivian Clark, Gail, Texas 79738.

LETTERS FROM THE PENS OF OUR READERS

.. It is always a joy to get the "Citizen", and I try to read it from cover to cover as soon as it is received. You all do a wonderful job in putting out this wonderful paper of news. Again I want to thank all of you at Gail who showed love and tenderness for Lillie (Harris). You made her years in Gail such happy years. Love to all of you. Pauline Cantrell Brigham, Luguna Hills, Ca

Enclosed find \$3.00 for my subscription to the Borden Citizen... I enjoy it very much and hate to miss any of the,. Good luck to you. Homer Skeen, Portales, New Mexico

I have read a few of your editions dating back to 1969 and find them a real delight!.. My father, Henry Frost Hollar, was born in 1908 three miles south of Gail on the old home place. His parents, Albert Henry Hollar and Parthena Carolina Frost, are both buried in the Gail Cemetery. It is particularly interesting to learn what life was like in the community they lived in. I am very impressed with the work your society is doing. Marilyn Daily, Broomfield, Co.

We received your letter about Borden County Museum and your big reunion with much enthusiasm. My husband, Harmon, lived in Borden County for several years. When a young boy his family lived southwest of Fluvanna where he started school. The school was a one room building named "Hackberry" and Mrs. Cole was the teacher. Her husband worked on a nearby ranch. Mr. T. V. Hood, who ranched north of Gail, was his grandfather. This ranch was about 15 miles out of Gail. Dollie Dee Hood married Harmon's father, J. D. Higgins at Gail in January, 1913. During his teens my husband worked on a number of ranches in Borden County. I have heard him mention the Slaughters and Dorwards. He is related to the Higgins in Snyder. Leila Page Higgins who married H. M. Higgins is his aunt, also Dalton Higgins and Mrs. Mary Simpson Garrison. Uncle Billy Askins has passed away. (Aunt Alice has passed away since this letter was written.)

I visited your Museum several years ago and enjoyed the pictures of my family and the interesting artifacts there. My father, Eugene Selwin (Seb) Jones, son of Sam and Mary Sue Jones, pioneers of Gail and vicinity, kept us spellbound with tales of Mr. Williams, Indian Fighter; lobos; riding his dad's 8 mule freight wagon from Colorado City; gathering wild plums at the campground; making said plums into preserves; living in a dug-out the first winter, with the only light a flame from a cloth, in a tin pan of coal oil; molasses and corn bread; singing conventions and baseball games with teams from nearby communities; dinner on the ground; the Community Christmas Tree; and helping his dad build 10 miles of barbed wire fence, straight to the horizon, for the Ten Mile Ranch. Those were among the happiest days of his life! I would like to bring my family back for a real exploring vacation some day. I enjoy reading about Borden County. Thanks for helping me relive those tales of long ago through your paper. I recognize many of the names and places.

Mrs. Evelyn E. Jones Shipp, Sweet Home, Oregon

I am the wife of one of the Morris brothers that owned the ranch seven miles north of Vincent, where the big tank was and so many people came to fish. The oil well that burned so long was about 4 hundred yards from the Old Morris Ranch House. There used to be a Morris Postoffice named after my husband's uncle.

Mrs. Wesley Morris, Big Spring, Texas

..Gail was a place of importance in the building of West Texas. I was born in Gail, September 16, 1902, so that makes me an old timer, in a way. Gail was quite a City in my early days. There were buildings all around the Court House, even two hotels. There was one big department store and there you could get anything from a Colts 45 to a wagon and team. Just think how the years have changed the looks, but I guess we have all changed, too. Jack B. Rogers, Ft. Worth, Texas.

I was born about the distance of two blocks east of the Gail Courthouse, assisted by Dr. Prince and Mrs. Susie Jones, wife of Sam Jones, who were pioneers of Borden County. Dad's ranch was eight miles east of Gail. He was elected County Tax Assessor the fall of 1899 and served six consecutive years - 1900 through 1906, HORSE BACK, with large saddle bags, holding assessing papers, from one ranch to another, behind his saddle. Times have changed so much since then, it is almost like living in a different world. There are only four of dad and mother's children left out of eight. Hettie, wife of Bob Whitaker; Thelma, wife of Tom Stewardson, Santa Ana, Tex.; Paul, the youngest, lives in La Junta, Calif; and me, Alvin, Route 3, Cisco. We attended the Pioneer Celebration last May at Gail and sure enjoyed it. The crowd was so large on Saturday that I could hardly find any old friends. We also enjoyed the Museum and visiting with the Clarks and Edna Miller. Want you to know we sure enjoy the quarterly news and reports.

Alvin Kincaid, Cisco, Texas.

A, sorry I was never in Gail, only twice while enroute to Phoenix. But my Aunt Minnie and Uncle David Dorward were the greatest in my life. They came to Dallas, where Auntie was born and all the Russell relatives were born. I get a Christmas card from Maurice Dorward every year. I'm the oldest of the Russell Grandchildren. I'll be 80 years, October 2, and last of my family.

Ruth Evans Russell Jolley, Rush Springs, Okla.

Seems like as the years go by, faster and faster, one gets less and less done. At least, I can't get around like I used to. My wife is still teaching so I take care of the house and the dog, and a lot of other things in the community that 'retired' people can do, because "they don't have anything else to do". In fact I'm busier now with such things than I was while teaching. But this is Alma's last year (I hope) and we'll be able to start on some of the things we have planned for years. I'm sure I'll make it down there to the Borden area once again soon, but can not promise when. Meanwhile, I'm sending a check to keep in touch, for "The Borden County Citizen".

Martin J. Reinecke, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

SOUTHWEST COLLECTION
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FOR WASHING CLOTHES

build fire in backyard to heat kettle of rain water.

2. set tubs so smoke won't blow in eyes if wind is pert.
 3. shave one hole cake lie sope in bilin water.
 - 4 sort things. make 3 piles. 1 pile white, 1 pile cullord, 1 pile werk britches and rags
 5. stup flour in cold water to smooth. then thin down with bilin water.
 - 6 rub dirty spots on board, scrub hard. then bile. rub cullord but don't bile — just rench and starch.
 7. take white things out of kettle with broomstick handel. then rench, blew and starch.
 8. spred tee towels on grass.
 - 9 hang old rags on fence.
 10. pore rench water in flower bed.
 11. scrub porch with hot, sopy water.
 12. turn tubs upside down.
- put on cleen dress — smooth hair with side combs.
brew cup of tee — set and rest and rock
a spell and **COUNT BLESSINGS**

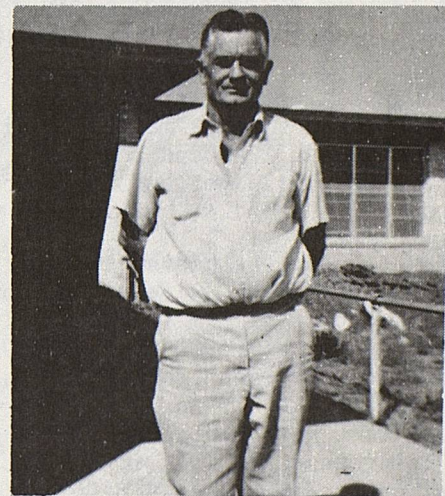
Enclosed you will find \$3.00 for a year's subscription to The Borden Citizen. Also I am enclosing an article entitled "For Wasing Clothes" which I thought you might get a chuckle out of and might like to print in The Borden Citizen. I get such a joy out of this little paper and I pass it on to others who enjoy it also. The person who wrote this article has surely been there on wash day. But few people in Borden County had any grass to lay clothes on. Ruth (Pratt) Calcote, Abilene.

Received your most welcome letter. So nice of you. Sorry we weren't at home when you came by. You're welcome anytime, sure we could find a lot to talk about. (He is writing to Vivian and Pauline Clark.) I have always been interested in Borden County. Just me and my wife here. We have no children... Please send me the Centennial Book and the Cook Book... I always look forward to the next newsletter... Yes, my family lived in Borden 1907-1916. I was born on the Bouchier place in 1908 and we lived on the Doc Reeder place most of the time. Doc Browning of Fluvanna was in attendance when I was born. My closest friends were: Sid, Roy and Don Reeder; Tom Bouchier Edgar Hicks; Mays Jenkins; and Clay Reeder. Edgar Hicks was my closest neighbor. I remember these families: Reeder, Miller, Hicks, Hood, McNight, Jenkins, Hucherson, Yorks, Long, Cox, Watson, Blacks, Bouchiers, Sturdivant Stavely, Spivey, Scribener, Dad Burnett and Jones... I have been back to Borden a few times over the years. Mr. & Mrs. Lee Stewart, Morton, Texas

I'm glad there are still some of the cookbooks left. I have collected cookbooks for years — and most of all I love the regional ones. You asked if I had ever lived in Gail. No — I have lived here in Lubbock for 48 years. I was raised in western Nebraska, and came here in 1929. My husband is a native Texas. Born and raised on a ranch near Llano, his family was interesting, and I just wish the stories of their lives could have been written into a book. I have helped you Texans love this wonderful state all these years. Mrs. H. L. Cain, Lubbock, Texas.

We need your letters, histories and memories of your families and Borden County. Please send these to either Mrs. Pauline Clark, Gail, Texas 79738 or Mrs. Edna Miller, Fluvanna, Texas 79517. We will use all the information that you will send. Thanks.

The picture to the right is Mr. Lee Stewart taken at Morton School and sent to Mrs. Vivian Clark.



Borden Citizen.

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