

Borden Citizen.

Published by the Borden County Historical Committee - Winter, 1986
VOL. XI, No. 1

OLD SETTLERS REUNION

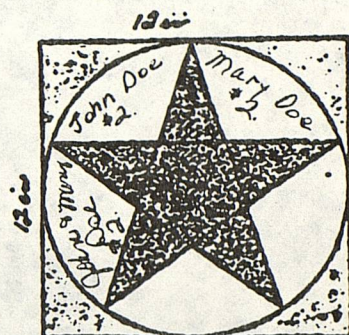
June 29th, 1986

CHURCH SERVICE RECOGNITION PROGRAM
PARK DEDICATION VISITING PLAY DAY ACTIVITIES
MUSEUM WILL BE OPEN

8:30 A. M.

BORDEN COUNTY SCHOOL

PLEASE COME



Texas

See Articles on Page Seven

SESQUICENTENNIAL
QUILT PATTERN

MAKING FIDDLES

by Vivian Clark

THIS ARTICLE WAS RECENTLY PUBLISHED IN THE VIOLIN MAKERS OF ARIZONA INTERNATIONAL.

The last newsletter was only six pages long because you ran out of letters. I haven't written before, but I might as well try to fill in a little space. Who knows - somebody might find it interesting enough to read it all the way through.

I really enjoy the "newsletters" and have been getting them about five years. They are very interesting and I get a lot of ideas from them. Some, I don't understand, some I use, and some I don't think would work for me. They may work fine, for the "Other Fellow." I have only made 8 fiddles, over a period of about 35 years. So you see, I haven't been very busy at it. But, I do find it very interesting - you might say fascinating - work. When I do get started on one, I can hardly lay it down and do something else. And there is always something else to do.

When I made my first fiddle, I was working in an "Aircraft Plant", in Fort Worth, Texas. This was in 1945. I had wanted to make a fiddle for a long time, but didn't have the time or money. And I didn't have much idea how to go about it. When I worked there, I had some spare time and money, so I ordered the book, "Violin Making Made Clear and Concise" from "Voit and Geiger". Now I have several other books on violin making, including two by Mr. Harry Wake.

I bought my first wood from Mr. J. H. Stamps in Fort Worth. I am sure some of you have heard of him and I expect some knew him, as he was a well known maker. I used to go out to his place often. He must have had 200 fiddles around his shop and house. I was welcome to play any of them.

Some of you makers say a fiddle sounds better, "In the White", than it does varnished. I agree with that. Mr. Stamps said the same thing. There is one thing he told me that I have never seen mentioned in the "Newsletter". That is to scrape the varnish out from under the feet of the bridge. I have tried that on several fiddles, and it does change the sound but I do not think it is always for the better.

Before you varnish a new fiddle you can stick little pieces of "Scotch Tape" where the feet of the bridge will be. Then varnish as usual. Then peel off the tape. I did that to the last fiddle I made.

I also put twice as many coats of varnish on the back as I did on the top. It sounded the same to me, as it did, "In the White". I have tried tuning the plates, using a guitar tuner. Didn't have very good luck. I tune my plates to the piano. I can match the tap tones to the notes on the piano.

Editor's Note: Another article about fiddles is on Page 6 of this Newsletter.



WEDDING DAY 1905

Left to Right Ed Ainsworth, Nellie Ainsworth (Ed's Sister), William (Billy) McCrary and Dolly Ainsworth McCrary

This picture was given to the Museum by Leslie McCrary. It shows the transportation of 1905 and the clothes of that time.

I suspect it may have been a little warm, out in the sun in June.

We thank Mr. McCrary very much for the picture and the chance to share it with our readers.

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MARRIAGE RECORD.

STATE OF TEXAS. Borden COUNTY, ss:
To any Judge of the County or District Court, Regularly Licensed or Ordained Minister of the Gospel, or Justice of the Peace, in and for said County of Borden, GREETING:
You are hereby Authorized to Solemnize the Rites of Matrimony between
Mr. *W. M. McCrary* and *Miss Dolly Ainsworth*
and make due return to the Clerk of the County Court of said County, within Sixty days thereafter, certifying your action under this License.
WITNESS my official signature and seal of office, at office in *Gail* this *15th* day of *June* A. D. *1905*
J. J. Brown
Clerk of the County Court Borden County.
By *J. J. Brown* Deputy.
I, *H. H. Hussy*, hereby certify that on the *15th* day of *June* A. D. *1905*, I united in Marriage *Mr. W. M. McCrary* and *Miss Dolly Ainsworth* the parties above named.
WITNESS my hand, this *27* day of *June* A. D. *1905*
H. H. Hussy Pastor M. E. C. S.
H. H. Hussy
Returned and filed for Record, this *1st* day of *Aug* A. D. *1905*
J. J. Brown County Clerk.
By *J. J. Brown* Deputy.

The above shows the marriage license, as taken from the records in the County Clerk's Office in Gail.

MEMORIES OF MARSHALL G. DAVIS

As he remembers the lives of his father, JOHN GILMER DAVIS and his mother, MAY MILDRED HILL.

In the year of 1894 my father, being 28 years old, married a Baptist preacher's daughter, Rosa Virginia Sykes of San Angelo. Bro. Sykes was then the pastor of a Baptist Church North of Sterling City. My father had already obtained a section of land in the south west corner of the Spade Ranch and had a house and well on it. After he married the girl they lived there one year, when the first little girl came to visit with them. (The little girl's name was Rosa Virginia Davis.) Her mother died the fifth day after she was born and my father, Jno. Gilmer Davis, lost that place and sold the house and mill and all his cows.

Then he went prospecting for a home where he could take up land at \$1.00 per acre and forty years to pay for it at 3 per cent interest. He traveled five years looking for a new home. All this time his little girl was being taken care of by his mother in Sterling County, Texas. He hadn't found what he was looking for until after the five years, he heard of some land in Borden County in a pasture of 200 sections owned by Bush and Tiller Cattle Company. Half of this land was railroad land and the other half was school land. Settlers could take up the school land but the ranch had the other land which was railroad land. Jno. Gilmer Davis came to this land in the fall of 1900 and built him a house 8 by 10 feet with a one way roof.

He settled there and filed on four sections of land. He grubbed out a farm and dug a cellar. The cellar was covered with logs, baregrass and dirt. I remember where that old cellar was. This cellar was to keep his sweet potatoes, pumpkins and kershaws for the winter. There was plenty rattle snakes in the country then and when you went in the cellar you had to be sure and look for the rattle snakes in the cellar and look over the door to see how many was over the door where you had just come under. Lots of the time the snake was over the door and Pa always took his target along for safe measures.

Pa always intended to make a living wherever he went, so he always planted a peapatch, a watermelon, pumpkin and kershaw patch, and then a big sweet potatoe patch. He planted his watermelon seed in cans, old buckets in the cellar and carried water to keep them moice until after frost so he could set the watermelon plants out in time so he could have a load of ripe watermelons by the 4th of July. He took the watermelons to the 4th of July picnic for sale to everbody.

Pa bought 100 head of cows and turned them loose in this 200 section pasture. At that time he had 2 mules, 1 saddle horse and 100 head of cows. He afterwards bought him a big ranch buggy. At this time there was a road from Durham, Texas, (And Durham came real close to being the County Seat of Borden County at one time.) straight south by the old Callaway place on by the old Coates place, then it crossed Red Mud Creek below where the McDowell ranch is now and then turned south scross a big bridge across the Colorado River. I do not know when this bridge and road was built but it was there. The road run by the Ainsworth place south by the Coates place, then by Shafers home, then on to Vincent. There was a good bridge in our pasture for years across wild cat creek. This was about 1901.

Murphy School House was down by the mountain north of Grandpa Murphy's place. It come a big rain clear up the Colorado River and everbody was afraid the bridge would wash away, so Mr. Murphy and his family and a Baptist Preacher from Gail drove out on a hill north of the river to see if the bridge would wash away. Sure enough the big bridge squeaked and went down, but while the bridge was washing away, the river got around the hill Mr. Murphy was on and they could not get out of there. Pa lived about 2 miles east, down the river, and heard someone doing some hollering for help up near the old bridge, so he saddled his horse and loped up there. It was Mr. Murphy, trapped on a hill near where the bridge had washed away. Pa swam in there on his horse. The river kept rising until it came near to the wagon bed. Pa done everything in his power to keep Mr. Murphy from trying to get out of there until the river went down. The Murphys did get out of there with the help of Pa and a door taken from their house to float one person at a time out to dry land.

The Murphy School House was moved from north of the river near the big hill to north of Mr. Weathers house. I believe Rosa Virginia Davis went to school at both of these places. Then the school trustees decided to move the school house back to where Murphy School Teacherage is now.

There was a Baptist Church at Durham, Texas at this time. This is about 1901 and Pa always went to Church on Sundays and he was going to Durham. At this time there was a woman that always came to Durham Church that had lost her husband several years before. This particular woman owned a big ranch near Durham. Her family consisted of 7 boys and 7 girls. This woman's name was Mrs. George Hill and they owned the Borden Gray Ranch then. They got in bad shape in some of the drouths and sold all the Hill ranch to Bob Gray but 6½ sections. The Hills moved their headquarters to just north of the Gail and Snyder road. The old cistern top was still there several years ago. The Hills lived here for several years and then sold the last 6½ sections to Bob Gray and put the ranch intact as it used to be. Borden Gray stills owns this ranch near Gail.

The Hills were rich people in slavery times. When Grandpa Hill married Grandma Hill, both sides of the family had plenty of money and when the young folks married, both sides of the family gave them 50 slaves apiece. They had lots of land and about 10,000 sheep and plenty fine hounds and race horses. The Hills sold out near Waco, Texas, back when there was no fences and moved to Borden County and bought the Hill Ranch, (What is the Gray Ranch now.)

My mother was 7 years old when the Hills came to Borden County from Waco, Texas. Grandpa Hill died 5 days before he was fifty years old with high blood pressure right there on the ranch. He was the daddy of 16 children, 8 girls and 8 boys. Two of the little one, twins, died, but 14 lived to be grown. They left 2 boys living near Waco, Texas when they moved West. Now there was 7 grown girls on the ranch. None of them ever had a boy friend in their lives. Grandmother handled her children like she did her slaves, every one a job to do, and if it wasn't done, there was trouble. They even washed, starched and ironed all towels, dish rags and bed sheets every week. My mother, being 29 years old in the early part of 1902 had never had a boy friend in her life and was the ranch cook. I have my mother's kneading bowl and the salt jar she used.

Tom Mauldin taught school all over Borden County and was a Baptist preacher. He married Pa's first cousin and was the pastor of the Durham Baptist Church, naturally, Pa went to his church. There was the Hill woman with 7 grown girls setting all around her every Sunday. No boy friends allowed, period. Never had been and there were 5 big boys to back up her word.

Pa was 6 ft., 2 in., carried 220 lbs., had 4 sections of land and 100 head of cows, so he got the pastor to see if he could visit with the girls and the Hills thought he was somebody, maybe pretty fine. Well Grandma Hill gave Pa permission to visit at the ranch for dinner and in the evening, when it was time for Pa to return to his home, all the family lined up in the front room for him to say good evening. Grandma was at the head and all others according to age clear to the youngest. Down about the 4th or fifth was the cook, May Mildred Hill. Pa, in saying how nice it had been to spend the evening with them went down the line and when he came to the cook, he just skipped her and went on to the bottom of the row. My mother thought, now what have I done to make the young rancher not tell goodby to her. When Pa got to the bottom of the row, he came back to May Mildred and asked if she would show him where he could get a drink of water as he was real thirsty. May said, sure, and took him back to the kitchen and gave him a drink and while he was there he asked her if he could come back to see her next Sunday evening. She said he could come. I do not know how many times he visited in the home before he asked her to cook for him.

Pa married my mother in the early part of 1902. On December 28, 1903, I came to visit with the family. They thought I was mighty fine, the first baby and a boy. When my mother came home with Pa, there was that 8 by 10 Ft. one way shack, one bed, one table, 1 stove and one chair. This was their home. My mother lived there while they built a nice house for that day. Things went real well for the Davis family for seven years, then my Mother took blood poisoning in one foot and she passed away. She is buried in the Durham Cemetery. This leaves me a orphan little boy in the world, with three little sisters.

Pa married another woman in about a year. A boy in a home with a stepmother is a hard life, feeling no love. That little old boy, Marshall G. Davis, lived there in that home until he was 22 years old. He learned to ride a horse before he could walk by himself. I was always with Pa when I was small, on the front of the saddle until I could ride behind and it wasn't long until I had a horse and saddle of my own and from that time on I was supposed to make a hand. When I was 12 years old I broke my first horse by myself. I broke my last horse when I was 77.

When I was 11 years old I joined the Church under deep conviction but was always afraid if I died I wouldn't to to be with my mother. When I was 16 years old I was a full fledged cow hand and went up trail from Borden County to Mill In The Sand, (Now Milnesand) New Mexico. My mother was a good singer but I was too backward to sing out loud at Church but would sing when I was riding by myself in the pasture. One of my friends heard me singing, off my myself riding. He said, "You know, that old boy might amount to something some day." He told this to his wife. I never had a bathing suit on in my life, never went in mixed bathing in my life, never cussed an oath in my life, never tasted tobacco or had a cogarette in my mouth, don't know the taste of coffee or coke, never touched a woman in my life until I married. I was in Believe it or Not one time, where, Believe it or Not, after four single births, my last children were twin boys.

I counted myself a decent boy, but while I was with the herd in New Mexico, I was just riding out after dinner and heard an old man that had come to the herd talking to the cook. He said he had never seen one of those old good boys that was worth a dime. He said, when you find a boy that cussed, drank, danced and everything, he would make you a hand. I never said a word but thought, old man, if you have such a boy, I can ride, rope or do anything that your boy can do, and I may have never done any of them. We took the herd on the Milnesand where we had leased some land. While I was there, I heard a good man tell his conversion experience. He had come the same road that I had, joined the Church at eleven but had always been afraid to die and then about 16 had repented, sought the Lord with all his heart and found the Savior. He never had doubted his conversion since. When we come home from New Mexico, I was all torn up about my life so I sought the Lord with all my heart and found him. I have never had a doubt since.

While riding one day I told the Lord I would do anything he asked me to do, and leave the results to him. I never told anyone else but the Lord. We had a revival at Murphy and started a New Baptist Church and called a pastor. It wasn't but a few Sundays until the Church said, Marshall, we need a Sunday School Teacher for the Adult Class. I said if the Lord wants me there, I'll do my best. I was so backward that if I opened my mouth on the rostrum, I would have fallen off. There I was married, with one baby, and asked to teach a Sunday School Class with teachers, preachers, college students and old Bible students sitting in the Class. I

had not been to College at all. I always did my best with the Lord's help. The Lord kept me teaching 54 years before I got sick. It wasn't long after I told them that I would do my best that they came to me and said, we need a song leader. I said I would do my best if that was where the Lord wanted me. Then in a few Sundays the Church asked me to be a Deacon for the Church. I led the singing for 53 years before my eyes went back on me.

After we came back from New Mexico, it bothered me that people thought that because you was a Christian, you couldn't do anything, so I began to ride anything that other people thought could not be rode. I rode and handled 13 outlawed horses and mules. Some of them gave up and made good horses, but we had to make work horses out of them.

I am now 81 years old. I married the nicest woman there was since my mother died. We lived in Borden County for many years but now live near Hamilton, Texas. March 28, 1985, we were married 59 years. If I had it to live over, I would marry the same girl I married 59 years ago.

I know I have made some mistakes, but I am not as young as I used to be.

Marshall G. Davis

EDITOR'S NOTE: We have been writing in our newsletter asking you to send us your pictures memories or stories. We have told you that we would publish them. This newsletter shows how very much your efforts help in the publication of our paper. We have an article by Vivian Clark, a picture given us by Leslie McClary and the Memories of Marshall G. Davis. Please send us what you have. We will be glad to publish them. If you have sent something and it is not included this time, we will publish it at a later date.

MACKREL BYRD WILSON, 78, of McKinney passed away October 4, 1985. Byrd was a former resident of Borden County and a former deputy of Collin County Sheriff's Department. Survivors include one son and three daughters.

ROY W. SHAFFER, 50, of Lake Thomas, was buried in Gail Cemetery on July 27, 1985. Among his survivors is his wife, May Skelton Shaffer. At the time of his death, Mr. Shaffer was an employee of Borden County.

LEONARD ISAACS, 76, a long time resident of the Plains Community in Borden County died August 28, 1985. He is survived by two sons, Doug of the Plains Community and Tony of the Fluvanna Area.

H. H. (Hoyle) CARY, 73, of Snyder, died in December. He married Mary Bell Trevey in Knapp on December 30, 1932 was was a longtime resident of that community. He is survived by his wife and children.

BERNICE WHITMIRE, 79, of Big Spring passed away January 8, 1986 in Big Spring, Texas. She and her husband, were ranchers in Borden County for years. John preceded her in death, passing away in 1975. Among her survivors is a son, John "Tooter" Whitmire of Big Spring.

CATES ZANT, passed away in October, 1985. He was a resident of Meadow and the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Zant of Borden County.

MRS. W. E. (Carrie) STEGALL, of Holliday, Texas passed away July 16, 1985. Carrie Coffee Stegall was an English Teacher for many years. She left this message, "Loving the lovely and lovable is less rewarding than genuinely loving the onlovely and the unloved. The second only approached Christ's love for us..."

In Memory of Mr. and Mrs. James Pratt & Jim

MEMORIALS TO THE BORDEN COUNTY MUSEUM:

by Ruth Calcote of Abilene, Texas.

In Memory of Gaynell Sealey

In Memory of Dorothy Flo Roberts

by Slick and Bonnie Sneed
Gail, Texas

by Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Covey
Seagoville, Texas

Dorothy Browne
Gail, Texas

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Selman
Corpus Christi, Texas

In Memory of Eugene Smoot

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Biangardi
Grandbury, Texas

A special donation was made to the Museum
by the heirs of Mr. Smoot.

We have a request to see that Mrs. Ora Allen Miles received THE BORDEN CITIZEN. She is now 94 years young, lives in Lubbock, and was married in Borden County in 1912. We hope she enjoys the newsletter.

Also a request for the newsletter for Mrs. H. E. (Dot) White of Dallas. J. N. and Grace Hopkins were the parents of Mrs. White.

FIDDLES

by Vivian Clark

Mr. Vivian Clark recently spoke to the Gail 4-H Club. Some of what he told them is found in the following article.

Mr. Clark also played several tunes for the Club. Mr. Clark and his wife, Pauline are long time members and workers with the BORDEN COUNTY HISTORICAL COMMITTEE.

I guess I just naturally love music. When I was very small, my Papa and Mama would play the "French Harp" - harmonica and guitar. I would stay up, and listen just as long as they would play, as wide awake as a "tree full of owls".

I didn't get a chance to learn to play the fiddle, till I was 18. My Mama did not want me to play a fiddle - she was afraid I would play for dances - and dancing was a sin!!! Ah, how right she was. Soon I was fiddling for a lot of country dances. These country dances were really something. Seems like there would be about 400 boys there and six girls. That was during the "Depression". Somebody would pass the hat around and make up a pot to pay the fiddler and guitar player. Sometimes we would get as much as five dollars. I think we got about all the money there was in the crowd.

It was also the time of prohibition, but enough said - there must have been several stills, somewhere "out in the hills".

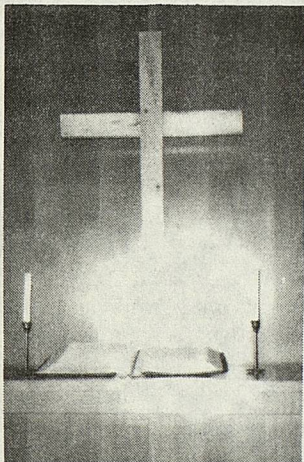
The way I got my first fiddle was like this. I had a wandering uncle, who left his fiddle at our house. He would come by now and then, and give me a lesson. I finally bought the fiddle. I knew other old cowboy fiddlers about like him. About all they had was a horse and saddle, a pair of boots, and the clothes on their backs. They would ride from one ranch house to another and stay a few days, and move on. If there was too much work going on, they would move sooner. This was known as "riding the chuck line".

Mr. V. L. Clark is now over the other side of 80 but still operates his ranch and finds time to write and fiddle.

The above article is one Mr. Clark recently had published in the VIOLIN MAKERS OF ARIZONA INTERNATIONAL.

ALTAR

The simple cross pictured above graces the altar at Dorward Methodist Church in Gail. It is all that remains of an historic pecan tree that grew on Bull Creek. Mrs. Edna Miller, our favorite historian, gives this account.



"When we were children, there were only two native pecan trees growing in Borden County. One was at a recreation area on Bull Creek on the road toward Snyder. It was so large it took three grown men, clasping hands, to reach around it. It was thought it dated back 400-500 years to the time of Coronado.

About 20 years ago the area was sprayed to kill the brush and the tree was killed. Newt Field cut a limb off the tree and Bruce Cox, our agricultural teacher, worked it up into a cross. Newt finished it up with staining and polishing and gave it to the church.

The other tree was farther north on Bull Creek, on the Bert Dennis ranch and is still living and bearing nuts but it is not as large. It is believed that Indians traveling through the country probably dropped the seeds. It is tragic that this historic tree was destroyed."

LADIES, DID YOU EVER TRY THIS ONE?

Charlie Nobles of Snyder, whose wife Emily is a niece of Mrs. Hannabass, tells this story of Dr. Hannabass who first registered to practice medicine in Gail in 1903. Dr. Hannabass came to Borden County as a young and rather inexperienced doctor. Not long afterward, a young lad came one night to say that his services were needed. Dr. Hannabass hitched his horse to the buggy and took along his medical book, but the night was too dark to read as he went along.

When they reached the home, neighbor women were attending the expectant mother, so Dr. Hannabass made the excuse of drinking a cup of coffee to give himself an opportunity to read from the trusty book. He had learned very little before one of the women came in to inquire if he thought it was time to give the patient "the quill". The puzzled doctor made an excuse and continued his coffee sipping and perusal of the medical book. As the second cup of coffee was poured, the woman came again to remark that she did not think they could wait

much longer "to give her the quill". Dr. Hannabass assured her that there was no hurry and continued his reading. Before the coffee was half finished, the attendant came again insisting that they could wait no longer. Dr. Hannabass, thinking quickly, said, "You know how to give it, don't you? Why don't you do it? He watched in amazement as the woman prepared a turkey feather, dusted liberally with snuff, and inserted it into the patient's nose. A violent sneeze resulted and the new baby was delivered.

Dr. J. H. Hannabass and his beloved wife, Miss Kate, came west to Borden County from Cooper, Texas, for Miss Kate's health. They settled in Gail and Dr. Hannabass delivered the babies and doctored the ailing including his wife, until his own health failed. They moved to Snyder in the late 1920's. Dr. Hannabass died there in Hanuary, 1929. It is ironic that this frail woman outlived her husband who brought her west "to die" by twelve years and also outlived her only child, their daughter, Miriam.

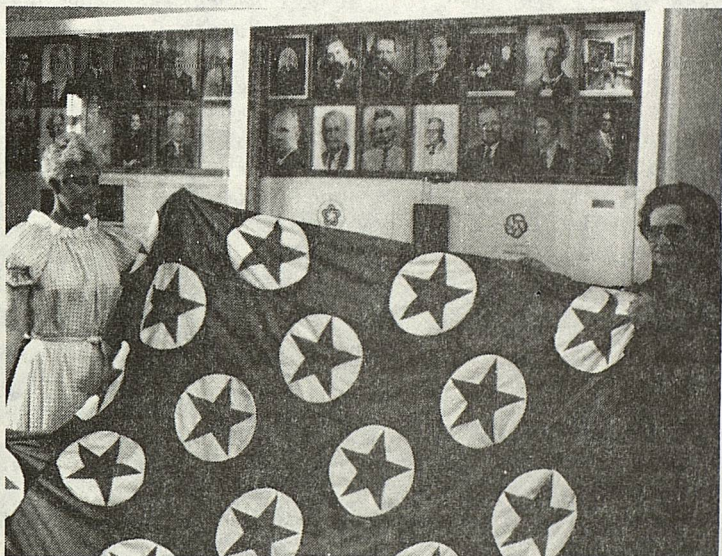
BORDEN COUNTY OLD SETTLERS REUNION JUNE 29TH, 1986

The Borden County Old Settlers Reunion Committee met January 16th in the County Commissioners' Courtroom to discuss plans for the Reunion.

The day will begin at 8:30 A. M. The Borden County Museum will be open and registration will begin in the Foyer of the School Auditorium. At 10:00 A. M. there will be a non-denominational Church Service in the School Auditorium. Following a short break, a Welcome and Recognition Service will be held.

At 12:00 Noon, lunch will be served in the School Cafeteria. Later in the afternoon music will be played by our local musicians. The drawing for the Sesquicentennial Quilt will be about 3:00 P. M. There will be visiting all day, a Park Dedication Service at 2:00 P. M., Play Day Festivities in the Area, and the Museum will be open.

We hope you will plan to be with us that day. REMEMBER -- JUNE 29th, 1986.



BETTY Beaver and Margaret Sharp holding the

BORDEN COUNTY SESQUICENTENNIAL QUILT

Box 5, Gail, Texas 79738. The quilt will be given away at the Cafeteria the afternoon of the Reunion. You will not have to be present to win. A donation to The Old Settlers Reunion of \$1.00 will cause your name to be placed in the drawing. All receipts from the quilt will be used to defray the expenses of the Reunion. Also send money for tickets to Betty Beaver.

BORDEN COUNTY

SESQUICENTENNIAL QUILT

The Old Settlers Reunion Committee is giving away a hand pieced quilt at the June 29th, 1986 Reunion.

Because this is our Sesquicentennial year and the year of our Reunion, the quilt is pieced with red, white and blue in an original design that represents the seal of the "Lone Star State". Name of Borden County families, past and present, will be embroidered in contrasting colors.

Names will be embroidered on a first come, first served, basis. If you have a name you want on the quilt, please send \$2.00 for each name, and the names as you want them on the quilt to Betty Beaver,

PLAN NOW

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REUNION

JUNE 29TH, 1986

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PLEASE COME

LETTERS FROM THE PENS OF OUR READERS:

I am sending renewal for BORDEN CITIZEN. I enjoy it very much. Jesse and I lived part of 1933 and 1934 in Borden County and worked for Bill Miller. I lost Jesse February 15, 1983. Jesse worked for Uncle Dick Miller. Jesse worked with Clem Smoots too. I don't remember if Clem worked for Uncle Dick or had his own ranch. Jesse worked with them before I met him so don't remember the dates..... I hope to get up and see the Cowboy Chapel.

Nellie Bunch, Colorado City, Texas

Really enjoy reading THE CITIZEN but am sometimes negligent about renewing my subscription. Expecially enjoyed your article this time, "Little Church on the Prairie". Think Old Settlers Reunion is a fine idea.

Eva Murphy, Grady. New Mexico

Enclosed please find check for my subscription to THE BORDEN CITIZEN, which I like very much.

Mary Jane Moore, Torrance, California

I was so glad to receive the Summer Edition of THE BORDEN CITIZEN. I always enjoy reading it and when it arrives, I don't stop until I have read it all. I am pleased to read in it that the 1986 Old Settlers Reunion and Park Dedication had been set for June 29, 1986. I am writing that down on my 1986 calendar right now, and I surely hope nothing prevents me from coming. You put out such a good paper. I know it takes a lot of your time, but surely all Ex-Borden County People appreciate your efforts. Pauline Brigham, Laguna Hills, Ca.

Enclosed please find check for subscription. I have just received the last issue about the Cowboy Chapel and I enjoyed it so much. I had not heard of it but we live and learn. Now I am looking forward to the picnic in 1986. Also I am sending a check in memory of my parents and Brother Jim. All have been deceased a number of years. My eyesight has gotten so bad I can't write anymore. Keep the paper coming, I enjoy it. Ruth Calcote, Abilene, Texas

I am sending you a check for the paper. I have an old one that I like to read. I was born in Borden County in 1902. My daddy was named Dave Shaw or W. D. Shaw. I know a man here named Mays Jenkins. I have been told that he and I were born the same day in Gail. Mike Shaw, Mountainair, New Mex.

I'm always glad to get the "Gail News". I don't know when I sent in my subscription last but am enclosing for another year. I was at Gail of late when Gaynelle Sealy was buried. but was at Cemetery only and visited the Sealy graves. It looked as if someone is taking care of the Cemetery. It looked well cared for. I'm the only one of the W. A. Sealy family left - in fact, Gay was the last of the in-laws living, since Nora's husband, Elbert Hicks passed away in January of this year. Will be looking forward to the next issue of THE BORDEN CITIZEN. Cora Sealy, Slaton, Texas

I always enjoy the little BORDEN CITIZEN so much. And this last one I have really enjoyed. Loved every bit of it. The Miller families are all very dear to me, and have been for many years. So thankful I have lived to see all the children grow up and each one has a special place in my heart. I remember when Riley's and Ralph's Mother and Dad married. I am so pleased about the little Church Riley has built. Hope to be able to go to Church there some day. Frank and Edna and their family are very dear to me, and I am sure that Edna is the one that sends me THE BORDEN CITIZEN. Thanks again for the paper and Gail and Borden County are part of my life. Thanks again, Edna and all for remembering me. Clairibel Harrington, Pecos, Texas

I am writing on behalf of my grandfather, Frank C. Hart. He lived in Gail from about 1910 to 1918. His father was W. C. Hart, a Methodist Preacher, and my grandmother was Esther Chandler. Her father had the Blue Front Store. He would like to renew his subscription to the BORDEN CITIZEN. We all enjoy it. He tells me so many interesting stories about Gail, when I come to visit him and we start to reminising about my grandmother. Ann Wagner, Artesia, New Mex.

Hi there. I am enclosing my check for my 1986 dues. Sorry about the oversight and delay. It was due in September. I don't want to miss any issues. Mrs. Eddie (Smith) Jenkins, Athens, Texas

(EDITOR'S NOTE) THE BORDEN STAR has been publishing articles about the early history of Gail and Borden County. The article ALTAR and LADIES, DID YOU EVER TRY THIS ONE? are some of the articles. We appreciate getting to publish these articles in THE BORDEN CITIZEN.

Send your letters, articles, subscriptions, memorials or other correspondence to Dorothy Browne, Box 23, Gail, Texas 79738.

The OLD SETTLERS REUNION COMMITTEE would appreciate a note, which can be sent to Dorothy Browne, telling us of your plans to attend the Reunion next June 29th. We know some of you do not know if you will be able to attend or not, but if you are making plans to come, please let us know. This will help us know the number of people to plan for at our Reunion.

Borden Citizen.

Published 4 times a year, September, December, March and June. Subscription rate \$3.00 yearly payable to the BORDEN CITIZEN; and mailed to the Borden County Historical Survey Committee, Gail, Texas, 79738.

From: The Borden Historical Society
Gail, Texas 79738

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