

Borden

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THE LONGS



LOUIS ELMER LONG

(1885 - 1955)

West Virginia. Charles L. S. Welton is married to Julia Jane Trach and they reside in Marion, Pennsylvania. Barry is married to Carolyn Thomas and they live in Midland, Texas.

William T. Long married Mary Elizabeth Bradley of Fort Worth in 1930. Bill, as his Borden County friends know him, entered World War II in the 1940s following his education in Washington and Lee University. He served in the European theater with distinction and obtained the rank of Major, Infantry. After his release from the Army, Bill and Betty invested in the cattle business, and ran their stock on the ED ranch. They lived on the ranch quite a few years and became an integral part of Borden County life.

After Bill developed a serious health problem, they sold the ED ranch to Roland, Wayne and Marvin Key in 1964. Roland and Karan Key now live in the remodeled original house built on this ranch in 1885. Bill and Betty Long now reside in Abilene.

Louis Elmer Long, Jr. (Bob) married Paula Rogan and are the parents of four children: William Louis (First Lieutenant, Infantry, killed in action in Vietnam in 1968); Robert Martin (m. Jeanne Dreckman); Francis St. Clair and Cynthia Ann. Bob entered World War II in 1942 and was assigned to the 415th Bomb Squadron of the 98th Bomb Group - serving in the North African Theater. After flying 38 combat missions, Bob returned to the United States with the rank of Major

This is the fourth 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, Francis Marion (Frank) Long was published in Vol. XIII No. 1, Two Circle Residents, Their Families and Friends was published in Vol. XIII No. 2.

LOUIS ELMER LONG (1885-1955)

Compiled and Edited by
Dorothy A. Dennis
Assisted by William T. Long,
Abilene and Marion Long, Azle

Elmer Long was born September 30, 1885 in Sweetwater, Texas. He was married to Aurelia St. Clair Berry, daughter of William T. Berry and Frances Bowyer. They became the parents of three children: Frances Marion, born in 1907; William Taylor, born in 1909 and Louis Elmer (Bob) Jr., born in 1916.

Mr. and Mrs. Long lived at the ED ranch near Gail but also had to maintain a home in town after the children became of school age. The children received their education in Snyder, Sweetwater and Abilene.

Frances Marion married Charles Sprigg Miller in 1930 and to them were born two sons: Charles L. S. and Barry St. Clair Miller. Frances died in 1936 and her husband soon thereafter. Both small sons were adopted by Charles Miller's sister and her husband, Dr. and Mrs. William Welton of Fairmont,

and was discharged in 1947. He has since been interested in the Life Insurance business in El Paso.

Elmer Long was one of the most respected gentlemen ever to live in Borden County. He possessed a gentle, kind nature and no one who ever had known him would have anything but the highest praise. He was the type of neighbor every ranchman dreams of having. He continued to live on the ranch after his wife's death in 1942 and during the war, he was chairman of the Rationing Board. He always responded to any call where he could be useful. Elmer died at the ED ranch May 13, 1955 and both he and his wife, Aurelia St. Clair Berry Long, who died in Snyder in 1942, are buried in Elmwood Memorial Park, Abilene, Texas.



CLAIR BERRY LONG
(1885 - 1942)

FRANCIS MARION LONG

Marion is the son of Francis Marion (Frank) and Flora Linn Long. He married Margaret Coleman and they moved to the ranch adjoining the ED on the north - a ranch consisting of 10,050 acres to be known as the Marion Long Ranch. Marion's brand was (VL) on the left side. Marion says that Jim Dorward always asked him to brand his calves as he said Marion marked shallow so it was always just right when the cattle were full grown.

Marion and Margaret Long had a home built for them in 1914 and it greatly resembled the ranch home on the Two Circle with the exception that it was smaller. It was beautifully furnished throughout, complete with bathroom and builtins of every nature.


To Margaret and Marion were born three daughters: Flora (m. A. Hampton Cottar); Mary Margaret (m. William Francis Lahey); and Genieve (m. Jamerson Terry.).

In 1922 Marion Long sold his ranch to Clayton & Johnson. Later owners were Burke and Daniels, Eden; Jack Canning and Dennis Brothers and at the present is owned by Bert and Dorothy Dennis. Their brand is the Flying D (). They live in the same house Marion Long built in 1914. The original floor plan is the same except that the large porches on the east and west have been enclosed.

Marion Long is now 84 years of age, is in good health and lives in Azle, Tex.

BRANDS OF A. J. LONG AND F. M. LONG

F. M. Long registered the following brands in Nolan County Feb. 21, 1895.

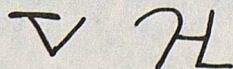
D on either side and  on either side.

Mabel Long registered ML on September 12, 1903. (Daughter of A. J. Long.)

A. J. Long register the OB brand for his cattle and horses on September 12, 1903. (Page 139 Marks and Brands Records, Borden County)

Lawrence I. Long registered the LL brand for cattle on September 13, 1903. He was son of A. J. Long. (Page 107 Marks and Brands Records, Borden County.)

A. J. and F. M. Long registered the following brands for some Sweetwater Steers:



A BALLAD TO OLD RED

By Bill Long

These old horns have an interesting tale;
 For fifty odd years they've hung on a nail;
 But once they belonged to a mighty red steer,
 Who roamed o'er the range with the antelope-deer.

There's little to write of his romantic life,
 Which was lost, as a calf, to a sharp-bladed knife;
 But his feats were terrific, so the old timers say,
 He could span all of Texas in half of a day.

Old Red was enormous as one might surmise,
 But his speed was far greater than even his size,
 He'd skim o'er the prairie with his 'mile-spanning' stride,
 And snap the sound barrier before he'd half tried.

Mountains nor rivers meant nothing to him --
 The former he'd leap; the latter he'd swim.
 No corral could contain him; all lariats he broke,
 No brand ever touched him - - not even the smoke.

Now nothing alive could match his endeavor,
 Save a certain 'Cow Poke' who was born to the leather.
 He sighted Old Red on the brow of a hill,
 And the great chase that followed is talked about still.

O'er mountains and rivers and across the state lines;
 Through valleys and canyons and down through the pines;
 They were hell-bent for leather and headed northwest,
 When across the Great Plains the race reached it's crest.

Old Red was not winded but seething with rage
 As he sped o'er the dunes and down through the sage.
 When suddenly ahead a sight he did see - -
 The brink of a canyon that might set him free!

He gathered his strength to clear the great span,
 For the canyon ahead was known as 'The Grand'.
 His courage was with him - - and confidence, too
 So he charged to the brink and sprang through the blue -

Old Red was ambitious - - that we can see,
 But, due to poor judgement, this ended his spree.
 The moral imparted is perfectly clear;
 Ambition's alright, but judgement is DEAR!

Now his horns hang high in an old ranch hall,
 And his bones lay bleached near the canyon wall.
 If the hide still existed that once held him together,
 The whole Southwest could be shod in his leather.

I gave the horns that inspired this epic ballad to Josephine Thompson, wife of Francis L. Thompson, Chairman of the Board of The Phillips National Bank of Helena, Arkansas. I had known Josephine and 'Tommie' quite well since World War II days when Betty and I met them at a Cotton Bowl game between Arkansas and Nebraska several years ago. Josephine remarked that the first item on her 'things from Texas' list was a set of Texas Longhorns. Betty had never learned to appreciate the beautiful set we owned, so I gave them to Josephine with the quite truthful remark that they had been in the Long family much longer than I had. When I returned to the ED I wrote "A BALLAD TO OLD RED" and sent it along to Arkansas with the horns.

During World War II, a German rifle bullet entered Captain Francis L. Thompson's side, ricocheting along his spinal column and leaving his body at the shoulder. He was a combat Infantry Rifle Company Commander. When he fell from the wound, he landed face up in an artillery shell cavity and was completely paralyzed except for eye movement and sight. He watched the German soldier stalk him, moving in slowly and cautiously for the kill. Just as he raised his rifle to end Tommie's life, an American soldier, who had jumped into the cavity ahead of Tommie, suddenly rose up and shot the German to death. Tommie, due to his almost complete paralysis, had not been aware of the American soldier's presence. I am assuming, but would give long odds on the correctness of my assumption, that Captain Thompson and the young soldier who saved his life became very close friends.

When one begins to reminisce, his thoughts tend to lose their chronological order and to appear at random. However, I hope that you will bear with me for a few moments while I attempt to collect and coordinate my wits in order to relate what I consider to be a very interesting series of experiences with my dear friend, 'the one and only' Captain Thompson.

I attended two Infantry schools at Fort Benning, Georgia in the early forties. One was an Infantry Officers' Candidate School from which I received my gold, Second Lieutenant's bars; the other, at a later date, was a Battalion Commander's School, which Tommie and I attended together. After completing the latter, we were both assigned to the 70th Infantry "Trailblazers" Division and reported to Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, where I was given command of Company I, Third Battalion, 275th Infantry and Tommie was given command of Company I, Third Battalion, 276th Infantry. (No, this is not a misprint, but a rare coincidence).

After about four months training with "The Seventieth", we were sent to the Port of Embarkation (P.O.E.). Tommie's 276th Regiment cleared the area about three days ahead of mine and I had a sinking feeling that I had seen the last of Captain Thompson. Our Regiment, the 275th Infantry, embarked from Port Myles Standish, just out of Boston, and we had an idea that we were headed for the European Theatre of Operations since the Port was on the East coast and because we were issued such heavy clothing.

We embarked from Myles Standish Port on December 7, 1944 and disembarked on to flat barges, one company of about 170 men to the barge, outside the Port of Marseille, France on December 16, 1944, the day the German Bulge began to break out. We had to move the entire 275th Regiment of sixteen companies on the large, flat barges because the harbour of Marseille was dangerously cluttered with sunken ships from the German invasion of France and the much more recent Allied Invasion of German held France. We began unloading the incoming barges on the docks at around 9:00 P. M. It was raining "cats and dogs". There were about sixteen barges and we finished unloading and shaping up at about 12:00 midnight. It was still pouring rain as we placed our companies in regimental march order, with attached and trained guides ahead to lead us to our bivouac area about ten miles out of Marseille. An Infantry unit moves at the rate of three miles in fifty minutes, under normal conditions, with a ten minute break between marches; however, the continuous downpour of rain was a definite handicap to our progress.

At around 4:00 A. M., after we had moved about ten miles, a soldier approached our Company, slowly moving in the opposite direction and I thought I heard him call out softly - "Captain Long - Captain Long". The only other sound was that of heavy rainfall and sloppy, slushy, soggy marching feet. I heard the third, "Captain Long?" very plainly and stepped from the head of my Company and grabbed the caller by the arm. I felt an emotion somewhere between joy and shock when the soldier told me that he was a messenger from Company I, 276th Infantry and had been sent by Captain Francis L. Thompson to locate my company and guide us to our bivouac area. I shall never forget the feeling of comradeship and surge of pleasure that came over me as Tommie's guide led us into our bivouac area. It was still rain and Captain Thompson had men waiting at 4:00 A. M. to escort each squad of my Company into bivouac and they had lined and driven a stake for the front pole of each soldier's shelter. These soldiers stayed with us until all shelters were up and in place, then led the entire Company of 170 men and six officers across the road to have hot coffee and doughnuts! How can one ever repay such a gesture of friendship and feeling for his fellowmen?

Along towards the end of the war, from about February to May, 1945, Captain Thompson and I spent about three months together in a rehabilitation hospital in Bromesgrove, England. If I am ever reincarnated, I hope that I shall be re-born into a world made up of people like Francis L. Thompson of Helena, Arkansas. May God bless him.

M. E. Boren of Lamesa, Texas in a letter to Mrs. John Wade related this story - "Uncle Andy had bought his horse a new bridle and possibly a new saddle and went to church one Sunday, tying his horse just outside the brush arbor. While the preacher was appealing to the lost in his congregation, the horse became frightened and began to 'set back' on that new bridle. Uncle Andy saw this and before he could think where he was, hollered out 'Whoa there, you're goin' to break my new bridle!' I never did learn just what effect this had on the meeting."

CREDITS AND REFERENCES: COMPILED AND EDITED by Dorothy Austin Dennis

Historical and Biographical Record of the Cattle Industry and the Cattlemen of Texas and Adjacent Territory - published by Woodward & Tæerman Printing Co., St. Louis, Mo. 1895, Pages 399 and 465.

Interview - Fort Worth Star Telegram with Mr. Andrew J. Long, March 28, 1920 by Mae Biddison Benson.

A History of Garza County, "The 'O S' Ranch, Pg 227 - published by Pioneer Book Publishers, Inc., Box 426, Seagraves, Tex, 1973.

Mrs. Olcott Phillips, Fort Worth, Texas; William T. Long, Abilene, Texas; Walter Boren, Post; Borden County Records and Ernest Chilton, Fort Worth, Texas.

We, the Editors of THE BORDEN CITIZEN, wish to thank Dorothy A. Dennis for compiling and editing the four part story of THE LONGS. We appreciate it very much. We would also thank Mrs. Olcott Phillips, Fort Worth, Marion Long of Azle, Bob Long of El Paso, Walter Boren of Post, Mrs. John Wade of Uvalde and William T. Long of Abilene for their help with this story.

MORRIS W. SANDERSON, 80, died March 9, 1978 in Seagraves, Texas. Sanderson moved to Borden County in 1902, to the Cedar Lake area in 1927 and to Seagraves in 1945. He married Byrdie Doak, May 23, 1923 in O'Donnell. He was the brother of the late Clara E. Good, and the uncle of Skeet Porter and Modesta Good Stokes.

MRS. ALMA-CATHEY, , passed away April 8, 1978 in Waco, Texas. She was County Treasurer of Borden County for many years and a long time resident. She is survived by two sons and a daughter. Burial was in the Gail Cemetery.

OSCAR KILLIAN, Sr., 81, father of Coach Bill Killian of Borden County died in Denver City April 16, 1988. He is survived by three sons, two sisters, a brother and nine grandchildren.

M. O. HAMBY, 75, died in April, 1978 in Big Spring, Texas. He moved to Howard County in 1923. Mo. O. (Mel) carried the mail from Big Spring to Gail for several years during the 1930's, over dirt roads, regardless of the weather, the mail went through. Survivors include his wife and daughter.

BRUCE PLUMMER, 83, passed away March 19, 1978 in South Plains Hospital in Amarillo. He was married to Margaret Gray in Gail, Texas, February 14, 1915. He is survived by his wife, of Hereford, and five sons and three daughters.

ERNEST HINSHAW, 83, of Albuquerque, New Mexico died March 26, 1978. He is survived by his wife and four sons, Ross, Newton, Clayton and Jerry. The Hinshaw family lived in Borden County in the 1930's. He was employed on the Clayton Ranch.

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

JOHN STEPHENS

by Mr. and Mrs. Homer Hardberger
O'Donnell, Texas
Vivian and Pauline Clark, Gail

ERNEST HINSHAW

by Vivian and Pauline Clark, Gail

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Ludecke (She was Sadie Smith) of Route 1, O'Donnell have made a very generous donation to the Museum.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. McCampbell of Amarillo have made a much appreciated donation to the Museum.

We, of The Borden County Museum Staff do appreciate your gifts. Thanks.

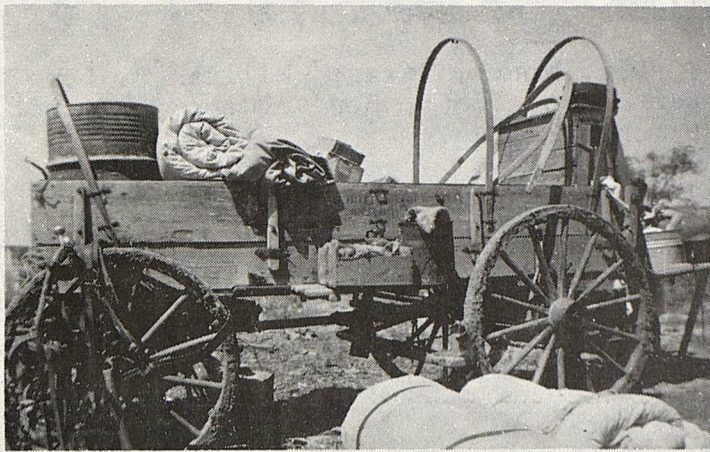
THE BIG HERDS

THE 5,000 HEAD HERDS

by Arthur Prince

We may not know who took the first big herd up trail to the Northern lands, but we sure know who took the very last one and their names ought to be carved on some granite monument or honored in some hall of fame somewhere and remembered forever, for they wrote the very last page of the romantic, exciting big-herd era of Texas History and put that era into history for eternity.

Did you ever see some of the big 5,000 head herds of cattle go marching silently by? Well, not exactly silently, either. 5,000 head, 20,000 feet, 40,000 hooves. Some of these feet would step on dead sticks and produce the sound of the breaking stick. Some feet would click on stones. Sometimes a cow would come by with creaking feet or hooves, and once in awhile a wheezer. So it was not exactly silent.



CHUCK WAGON

At Old 49 Clayton Ranch

Picture Courtesy Doris Bennett

but the cattle had to graze their way through the country.

Apart somewhere a boss wrangler would be coming along with a bunch of extra horses so that the cowboys could have a change of mounts each day. The chuck wagon boss was also the cook and he had to provide three hot meals a day of frijoles, sow belly, sour-dough biscuits and gallons of good ol' Arbuckles coffee. Woe to the ears of any one who got indigestion and made the mistake of saying anything about it.

These herds were not going to Kansas to market. They were going to Montana, Wyoming, Dakota and Colorado. Many big ranches in Texas were breaking up and some of these were their cattle going North.

Now, as to the trail itself. There was not any trail as we know the word. A herd harvested the grass where it went. Any following herds in the same year had to travel on different terrain. The route of a herd was determined by grazing conditions and water holes. A scout went ahead and reported water and grazing conditions and the herd was guided accordingly. When they went up some canyon and over the cap-rock and onto the "ballies" the herd and horses had to water at the surface lakes that existed up there after rains. In droughty times a lot of these were dry and the scout had to find the ones with water in them which took a lot of riding.

Now through the mists of 86 years, I sometimes see these herds again. In the half-light of semi-dreamland they march across the sky. Silently? Yes, silently.

In my booklet in the wild burro hide binding in the Museum, I write about the last BIG herd that ever went up trail. The following is a copy of it.

While on the subject of big herds, we left Borden County the same year that the very last big herd left there. It was 1906. Charlie Brown gave the Fort Worth Star-Telegram a write-up about this herd. According to it, they gathered it on the A. J. Long Ranch, the O B, and drove it to the Big Tower Camp near Bovina, from which place the cattle later went on to Montana. According to this write-up, the herd consisted of:

3,800	Steers
200	2 year olds
1,800	Yearlings
<u>5,800</u>	

From a distance it looked like a giant caterpillar crawling across the country. Up close it looked like acres and acres of cattle backs just flowing slowly along.

Well, I had the good luck to live at a time and place to see some of these big herds going up trail. My father took me a good many times to see them. I rode double behind him. We would hear of a big herd coming through the country and would go and see it.

Each herd would be in control of singing, cursing, swaggering cowboys. A chuck wagon would make the trip too. It would also carry the bed rolls of the cowboys. The bed roll usually consisted of a tarp and a sogan. The chuck wagon carried some grain for the horses



Old 49 Half Dug Out

Shaws, Doyles and others lived there in the early days.

Charlie Brown, Jim Jolly, Walter Jolly, Tom Benton, Lee Wooten, Bud Boren, Homer Miller, Will Ware and John Smith were the attendants of this herd. I knew nearly all of these boys. Most of them were particular friends.

They stopped at Tahoka on the way back and had a picture taken mounted on their horses. This picture is on display in the museum at Gail, I think.

This was the last BIG HERD. There wasn't any more. I mean that this was the last BIG HERD that ever went UP TRAIL.

LLOYDS 50th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Lloyd of Hemleigh observed their 50th Wedding Anniversary with a reception from 2:00 to 5:00 P. M. Sunday, April 2nd, at the Hemleigh Community Center. Hosting the event was the couple's nine children and their families: Carl Ray Lloyd, Wendell, Idaho; Eltine Davis, Midland; Pat Cornett, Snyder; Jerry Bob Lloyd, Gooding, Idaho; Billy Joe Lloyd, Dalhart; Keith Lloyd, Lockhart; Weldon Lloyd, Fluvanna; Jimmy Don Lloyd, Snyder; Dorothy Patrick, Snyder. Friends and relatives of the family attended the celebration.

The couple met at a "snap" party in the Luther Harris home in the Luther community. They were married March 30, 1928 in Colorado City at the First Christian Parsonage by Rev. A. E. Ewell. Their witnesses were Mr. and Mrs. J. Hollis Lloyd.

Mrs. Lloyd is the former Leta Gray, daughter of Mrs. Carl Gray and the late Carl Gray. Born in Big Spring, she was reared on a ranch in Borden County, South of Gail. She received most of her education at Fairview, a one-room, one-teacher school where her father and his brothers and sisters also attended.

Mr. Lloyd, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Lloyd, was born in Fort Worth, and spent his childhood in Wood County before moving to West Texas in 1922. He attended school in Lamesa and played football for the Golden Tornados.

The couple lived in Borden County where Mr. Lloyd was engaged in farming and ranch work before moving to Scurry County in 1936. He engaged in farming, later going into trucking business, driving 12 years for Mayflower Transit. All nine of their children graduated from Snyder High School.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd are both Baptists. Mr. Lloyd, retired, enjoys raising chickens and Mrs. Lloyd likes to piece and make quilts. They are happiest when entertaining their twenty-seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

LETTERS FROM THE PENS OF OUR READERS

My niece, Joda Lewis, of Marble Falls, Texas was here recently and told me that she got one of the books, *Pioneers of Borden County*, from you. I am not sure that is the correct title. I'm sending a check to cover the cost, and if there is any left from the price put it on *THE BORDEN CITIZEN*. I do enjoy the paper so very, very much. I read every word. As long as my Cousin Minnie Dorward lived there she would write and keep me in touch. I was through Gail December 29, 1974. It was Sunday, and I thought I'd get to go through the museum, but it was closed. I was disappointed but I knew it was the holiday season, and people were away.



Kelvin Dorward and Ray Doyle rabbit hunting on the Doyle Ranch 14 miles north of Gail about 1911. Picture courtesy Ray Doyle Chappell.

I am anxious to get the *Pioneer Book*. There are four of the Doyle Family still living. My brother Gibbs Doyle of Corpus Christi, Texas. He will be 92 in April. I was 90 on the 11th of December, 1977 and my sister, Viola Doyle Maguire and Hazel Doyle Hinds both live in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

You girls do a wonderful job of getting out *THE BORDEN CITIZEN*, and I think it wonderful that you have a the Museum there.

Mrs. Ray Doyle Chappell

The Doyle Family lived in a half-brook out on the 49 Ranch. We later had another letter from her:

Thank you for sending the Book, "The First 100 years of Borden County, Texas." I have read and re-read it and enjoyed it so much.

I have read the Borden Citizen for years and did not know until I got the book, and your letter that Vivian was Belle Kincaid and John Clark's son. I knew them both before they were married, and I knew both families. It seems to me that W. K. Clark was always sheriff of Borden County. I remember Guy Clark. Every one was so shocked and saddened over his untimely death. Guy loved to give play parties and he would sing "Old Joe Clark is Dead and Gone, I hope he's doing well, He made me wear the ball and chain, and made my ankle swell, Fare the well, etc." He could sing that and other songs as long as the party lasted.

My sister Cora and I used to stay with Miss Lucy and Belle sometimes when we would come to Gail to go to Church. Aunt Lizzie had day time pillow cases, white pillow cases, with nice ruffles all around them and they were embroidered with this verse on one, "I slept and dreamed that life was beauty" and on one, "I awoke and found that life was duty". Aunt Lizzie said to my mother that the quotations described Belle's life exactly. Uncle Jimmy had the first Jews Harp I ever saw and he could make music with it. I taught the West Point school 2 terms and boarded with the Pratt family the first term and with the Orson family the other.

Mrs. Ray Doyle Chappell, Truth or Consequences, New Mex.

I thoroughly enjoyed "For Washing Clothes". That's the way we washed when I was a little girl! Mrs. R. L. (Mary) Vickers, Daughter of Dr. Prince, Pittsburg, TX

We love this paper and all the good work you all are doing. We do not want to miss a copy. James W. Petty, Abilene, Texas

Maude Hull told me she thought you might still have a book on some history of or about people in Borden County. I would so appreciate having one. I am interested in information on Coates family. Mrs. J. F. Coates, Jr., Greeley, Colo.

(EDITOR'S NOTE) We have no more books. Sorry.

It has just dawned on me that I have not sent in my subscription renewal ... I do not want to miss a single issue. I think I told you a couple of years ago that I have every issue except about three since the beginning of the publication. I hate to have a single gap in this very exciting and worthwhile History....I hope to be down at Gail sometime this summer if I am able to make the trip... I fell and broke my hip.. and I am still recuperating. My best wishes to all of you who work so hard with the Museum and with THE BORDEN CITIZEN, making them so successful. Pauline Cantrell Brigham, Laguna Hills, Calif.

Have you forgotten me or have I forgotten you? Enclosed is a check. I have been sick for nearly two years... I am back on my job now. Lenorah Briggs Epley, Stanton, Texas.

Borden Citizen.

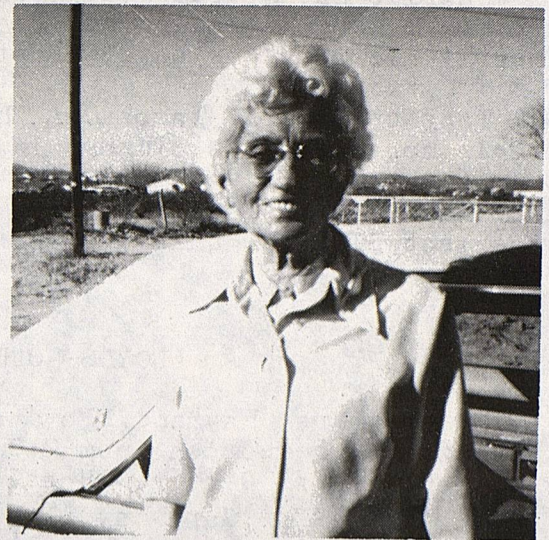
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Ray Doyle Chappell on her 90th birthday, December 11, 1977, in New Mexico.