

Borden

Citizen.

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TRAPPING IN WEST TEXAS

Trapping has been a part of the American Heritage. One reason people came over from Europe was to trap the fur bearing animals. They also came to trade for furs from the Indians, more especially the French. As history teaches, the French at one time owned Louisiana, which extended north as far as Canada is now.

Furs were in great demand as they were very fashionable among the fair ladies of Europe. Some furs were very expensive, such as sable, mink, ermine, marten and silver fox. There were other fur bearing animals, maybe not so expensive, but still a big part of the fur trade. Some of these were red fox, wolf, lynx, wolverine, raccoon, bear and muskrat, and also beaver. Beaver was often used to make mens hats.

These animals were mostly found in the cold parts of the United States. Few of them, except the raccoon, have been found in West Texas. Here we have had a big trade in coyote, skunk, etc.

I do not know when or where steel traps were first used but I do know they have been used a long time. I think dead-falls were used by the early day trappers more than steel traps. A dead-fall was a heavy log with one end propped up on a figure four trigger which was rigged to make the log fall on the animal. Animals killed by a dead-fall would quickly freeze so the fur would not ruin.

MY TRAPPING EXPERIENCES

by Vivian Clark

I did quite a bit of trapping in my younger days. Before my father married, he bought a section of land from the government, close to where Lake Thomas is now. That is where we lived when I was a small boy. There were lots of coyotes then. I liked to listen to them howl - and I still do. Papa did a little trapping. I think the skins brought about fifty cents each, but that would go a long way back then.

He had one trap set about fifty yards from the house. For awhile we would catch a coyote in it every night and one night he caught two in the same trap! It happened like this. He heard the trap chain rattling, went out and killed that one, reset the trap and caught another one before morning.

After awhile my papa and mama thought I should start to school. The first day they sent me, I jumped out the window and ran off! Guess I was just about as wild as those coyotes!! When they did get me started, we (my brother, Virgil and I) went to the Grape Creek School. We walked to school, a distance of about four miles. We had a line of traps that we would look at on our way to school. We would kill our catch with a stick, then skin them on our way home. Alvin Jackson, the Rogers boys and Tom Moore did the same, and skunks were plentiful!! Ah - I guess the poor teacher finally got immune.

During the Christmas holidays we would camp out and trap those two weeks. Usually on the Colorado River. We did not have a tent, would roll our bed in a tarp. If it rained or snowed, we would walk home. Some of the time, Jack Rogers would go with us and one time Roy and Sid Reeder camped about a mile from us.

In the mid thirties, Pauline (my wife) and I used to have a line of traps about six miles long that we would walk around. Another time we had a trap line about twenty miles long. We would go around it in an old Model T truck. It had both doors off, half of the wind-shield gone and most of the floor boards out but it would run. It was really air-conditioned!

One time as we were going up a steep hill, the engine conked out and it started rolling back and the brakes would not hold. Pauline jumped out and left me to my fate. Some of the time we would ride horseback. We would carry our dinner in a flour sack. One day we had a can of chili for dinner. When we opened it, we found a big fly had been canned in it. We only had cold home made biscuits for dinner that day.

The biggest catch we ever made was twelve skunks one night. They say there were many lobo (loafer) wolves in this country and quite a few panther, but that was before my time. I never saw a lobo or panther out of captivity. They had to be killed-



Vivian and Pauline Clark

out before much ranching could be done.

Most of the boys in this part of the country and some of the men did a little trapping. There was a good demand for furs, coyote, coon, bob-cat, skunk and badger. That was about the only way we had to make a little spending money. So Grape Creek was not the only place where trappers were going to school.

Russell (Humpty) Dorward was going to school at Gail. He caught a skunk, skinned him and came to school. The teacher sent him home to change clothes. He came back smelling about as bad as he did. Teacher sent him back, this time to take a bath and wash his hair. He came back to school and was still skunky. This time, by using a careful sniff test, the teacher found it was coming from his pocket knife! Well, knowing Humpty as I did, I bet he knew it all of the time!

My Uncle Jack Rogers used to tell us boys about his trapping experiences. He said one old coyote was ~~sure~~ hard to catch. He set a trap and laid a rabbit by it. A coyote scratched the trap up and ate the rabbit. So he set two traps with a rabbit between them. The coyote dug up both traps and ate the rabbit. He kept on until he had five traps set, then he caught him. He had a trap on all four feet and had set down in the fifth and it had him by the tail!!

Uncle Charlie Taylor was a great trapper. He and Martin went trapping over on Tobacco creek. They took their traps and equipment in a wagon. That night Martin listened to see which way the wolves were howling. He noticed they were mostly down the creek, so next morning, he set his line in that direction while Uncle Charlie set his by the creek. Martin found a dead cow the coyotes were feeding on. He caught three or four coyotes that night while Uncle Charlie did not catch any. They stayed about a week with Martin catching several coyotes every night and all Uncle Charlie caught was one small skunk, and he had fallen off a bluff into his trap. Martin never did tell Uncle Charlie about the dead cow!

One time I set four traps in a circle with a rabbit in the center. Next morning I had the flu, so my dad went to look at my traps. A coyote was caught by two feet. Papa started to kill him with a stick. The coyote lunged at him and jerked one foot loose. The coyote bit him on the arm but he had on a heavy coat and the bite was not too bad.



Another time I had a coyote tied with all four feet together and his jaws wired shut. I was keeping him to get some smell charm. I picked him up to move him, not knowing that he had gotten the wire off his mouth. He snapped me on the shin, did not get a good hold but his teeth sure did pop when they slipped off. Some of them were sure vicious, but some were not.

I caught a young coyote, about three-fourths grown. I kept him tied with a chain to a stake out in the yard. I could pick him up and carry him around and he would not bite me, but he would neither eat or drink. I had to kill him to keep him from starving. A coyote pup makes a good pet. Almost like a dog. But he will catch all the chickens on the place.

Furs are a good price now. Almost (but not quite) makes me want to hunt my traps and string them out. I sure would hate to catch and skin a skunk!!

TRAPPING IN BORDEN COUNTY

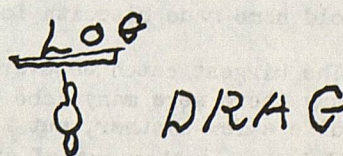
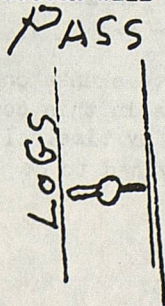
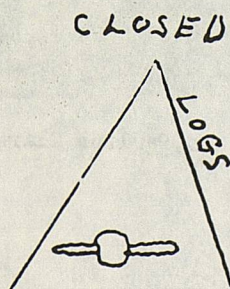
by Jack B. Rogers, Ft. Worth, Texas

My experience as a trapper in Borden County in the early days of my life may be interesting to some. I lived in the Grape Creek Community south west of Gail, the County seat of Borden Co. Most everyone in the Grape Creek Community did a little trapping in the late Tens and during the War (World War One). Furs were a good price with coyotes around \$20.00, skunks \$10.00, coons \$12.00, and you could get around \$3.00 for a badger.

Of the lot the coyote was the smartest and the hardest to catch and is still around today. The coyote, no matter how hard civilized men tries to wipe out this animal, he survives, in fact, despite bounties, trapping, poison and the sharp shooters, the coyote can be found from Alaska to Mexico and as far as New England.

An old coyote is really hard to catch. He will locate your trap by smell, then dig it up, eat your bait and be back the next night to get his food so you try all kinds of schemes to catch him. One way is to change the location of your traps and it is a good plan to set the trap in a different place around the old set.

The coon is an experimentilist and likes to explore. So you have to catch him at his own game. One way is to set your trap in water. Just place a pearl button on the trigger of your trap and place it in the water. The button will shine and the coon will reach for it and you



have him. Some set traps in trees for coons.

If a badger comes around you are sure to catch him for he is only in search of food. The way to tell when furs are good and ready to catch for market is the months that you have to use the letter R. Like September and so on.

In our trapping we used the victor trap most of the time, sizes no. 4 and no. 3 and used No. 2 for skunks, mostly. There were two ways to get your furs ready for market. One was the open stretch and the case. The open, you just tack the fur on the side of the barn or anything that would hold it. The case fur, you skin the head and legs and just pull the hide off leaving it whole. You can use a 1 by 12 in. board, turn the fur in and stretch the hide on this board. This makes a good fur for the market, the better shape the fur is in, the more it will bring.

In setting traps I used three ways. The closed set, the pass set and the drag set. (See illustrations on bottom of page 2.)

Back in my day, all you had to have to get in the trapping business was a 22 rifle, used to kill a rabbit, a trap and a little time. We had a ready market in Gail at the J. W. Chandler Store or you could ship them off to market. My Dad was quite a trapper and during the war his trap line was an all day job. Most of the time he made the trap line in an old buggy. His line went South from our home to the Colorado River, then up Rattlesnake creek and back East of the Muleshoe Ranch. It was nothing at all to see him bring in 15 or 20 furs. It was a long day getting them ready for market and I always got in on that.

As for myself, I had only 5 sets as I had to go to school and after taking care of my day work, my time was limited. My best catch was 4 coyotes in one night and I caught 2 at one setting and here is how I did it. We had a horse to die and I set a trap at the rear and at the front and next morning, I had two and was I glad.

As most of the boys that went to school were also doing a little trapping, you can guess about the smell at school. I guess like a Buffalo Camp. I do not see how the teacher put up with us, but they were a great lot and I thank them for what they mean to me today.

I sometimes wish I could recall the old days at the Grape Creek Community and see all my old pals. I know that a lot of things would be recalled. I am sure that I have let slip away a lot of things that would return; but them old days are far off now and only a memory.

TRAPPING ANIMALS FOR THE FUR

by Leta (Gray) Lloyd

When I was about five years old, my parents, (Carl and Nell Gray) had a trap line. It was a routine thing for them to check the traps each morning. No matter how cold, if Daddy was busy, Mother would check the traps to see what might have been caught during the night. They owned an old dun colored pony named "Dodge" which was very gentle, and would let me, and my rat-terrier "Mitz" ride behind the saddle, and go along to check the traps. It was with money from furs that Daddy and Mother bought their first nice dining table, a solid oak, pillar extension, round table. The legs have deep, hand carved claw feet. Mother still possesses this table in good condition.

If I remember correctly, a double spring no. 3 trap was used for coyotes. After the trap was set, and staked, it was camouflaged with dead leaves, and trash, and bait (scraps of meat, rabbit or chicken, scattered about near by. Coyotes have a very keen sense of smell. They often times travel in packs, and late evenings were heard uttering barks and howls. They live on rodents, birds and large insects. Chickens seem to be their favorite food. Uncle Woodson Smoot, raised a coyote pup to be almost grown, and was kept chained to prevent it chasing and killing chickens. The female often gives birth to young in prairie dog holes, or digs holes called dens. It was quite exciting to dig out a den of pups. Their eyes would really shine.



Badgers were heavily furred. They were said to be very courageous animals. They too inhabit dens, or holes, having very powerful forelegs for digging. (Many a cowboy has sustained broken legs as a result of their saddle horse stepping in a badger, or prairie dog hole and falling. My pony, Kogie, fell with me once as a result of such.) Badgers are also night life hunters, living on insects, young birds, mice and frogs. Their hair (fur) was valued for use in making shaving brushes.

Skunks have a small head, arched body, the tail is long and thickly covered with long, fine hair. They have glossy black fur, on the forehead is a patch of white diverging into two lines which extend the whole length of the back, and meets again in the bushy tail. All are noted for acrid, fetid discharge which can be projected a considerable distance and which is their chief defense against enemies. They were also trapped for fur using No. 1 trap with single spring. Daddy and a bunch of neighborhood boys (Skeens, Buchanan and Smoots) used to go skunk hunting at night, killing the skunks with clubs and sticks. Needless to say, they could be smelled a mile away coming home. Daddy would shed most of his clothes on the back porch and Mother would have the ol' No. 3 wash tub ready, with plenty of water heating on the stove and a generous bar of lye soap waiting.



Raccoons have long haired coats for fur, and a somewhat bushy tail, marked with 6 or 7 brownish black rings. Each foot has 5 toes and the soles are smooth, making their tracks look similar to a small child's foot print. Like the badger, they like night life, eating poultry, mice, bird eggs, fish, frogs and hackberries. The fur of the coon was highly valued. A few years ago, coon skin caps were very popular. Coons are generally hunted at night with dogs. When domesticated at an early age, they make gentle pets. My sister, (Lorena Brown) had one for several years.

Opossums, (night raiders of the chicken house) have long, naked, scaly tails. The females have a pouch for carrying their young, carrying a half a dozen to a dozen. Opossums feign death when frightened, thus the popular expression used by my man, "playing 'Possum". Opossums are said to be edible, (but who wants to eat 'possum after seeing one?) and are valued for their furs. They are said to be Southern Culinary Delicacy. (Southerners must have a different species to any I've seen.)

Occasionally, animals would free themselves from the traps by gnawing their legs off just below the trap jaws where the flesh was numb from pressure. When caught in jaws of traps, the flesh would swell, making it impossible to draw the leg out of the trap. The animal skins were stretched on A shaped frames, hung on the side of the barn to dry, then shipped to F. C. Taylor Furr Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Occasionally a cotton-tailed rabbit would be caught. The cry (or sound) they made was heart breaking to a mere 5 year old child.

TRAPPING INCIDENTS

by Joe Gilmore

My trapping career started off as most boys did in that day and time, with a trap line I could run on the way to school. Some of the teachers were quite shocked at first but soon grew accustomed to the smell of skunk. I trapped and skinned the animals for their hides. They did not bring much money but every penny counted and you could buy a piece of candy or even a pencil with one back then.

I have kept dogs around most of my life to help find the small animals and lost traps. I have had all kinds, big, little, old and young. Some good, some bad. When I married and moved down southwest of Coahoma, on the edge of the canyon I had three or four dogs and my wife (Sibyl) and I would go hunting nearly every night. The dogs would tree something and I would strike out in a dead run to see the fight. Sibyl would not see in the dark so she would stumble and fight her way over cactus, mesquite and catclaw bushes only to arrive about the time the fight was over. I ordered me a fine coon dog from Kentucky. About all that dog would do was bark. One night, my brother-in-law, Everett Wilkins and I took turns trying to persuade that dog to stop barking. He did. Later on a skunk came prowling around and got hung in the fence about ten feet from that dog but he did not say a word. I took this same dog with me on the trap line and found a trap gone. I turned the dog loose and started walking. The dog trailed around and took off over the hill and treed. I ran and walked about a mile over to where he was. He had a chapparel treed. That was one of my better dogs!

Everett and I decided to go hunting one night and we ran into one skunk right after another and they would all run up the hill and go into a hole. Everett figured he would stop all that nonsense so he goes up and plants himself in front of the hole. I got after the skunk and it headed for the hole. Everett aimed his 22. It snapped on empty. He turned the gun around and holding it by the barrel, proceeded to knock Mr. Skunk in the head. He hit the skunk alright, just enough to turn him around and got the full dose of spray all over him and his gun.

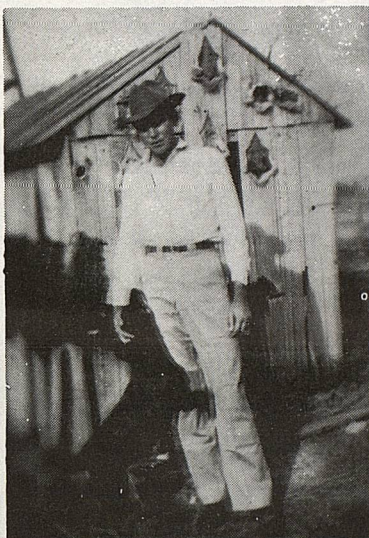
One night I happened to be on a coon hunt here in Borden County with several old time county residents. Earl Seely, Martin Taylor, Howard Eason and Hubert Walker. There might have been others that I can not recall right now. We were south of Gail on the river when the dogs began to bark. One dog was doing a lot of barking but no one seemed to reckonize the voice. Pretty soon the dogs all gathered in one spot and started baying. We found the dog with the strange voice belonged to Martin Taylor. He had owned the dog about a year and had never heard him bark. But he was making up for lost time that night. He had good reason as we shook 7 coons out of that tree. Martin named his dog old "7 Up" and said he would only bark when he found 7 coons up one tree.

I started trapping for the Government in 1944 and have trapped over a big portion of West Texas. Space does not permit me to tell all the wild and gruesome incidents that have happened to me over the years. I will mention only a few. It had come a rain and I was having a pretty hard time getting around and was having to break the crust on all my traps. I did this with my pocket knife, lightly dragging the blade through the dirt covering my trap when "bang" it snapped and caught my finger. That did not hurt so bad but when I hit the end of that chain, man it smarted.

Hunting coyote dens in the sand hills northwest of Goldsmith almost proved to be the end of this old hunter. Sand was so deep I had to let a lot of air out of my tires and had my wife riding on the back bumper of the car, jumping up and down to get traction to keep moving. When we finally found the den I started digging. Had dug down about waist deep and then back under some brush as far as I could reach with the shovel. I had brought out 3 pups and had just raised up to give the last one to Sibyl when "swoosh" the whole thing caved in burying me to my waist. Had it been a minute sooner, I would have been buried about 4 feet deep with the shovel beside me and Sibyl above with nothing to dig with but her bare hands and 40 miles back in the boon docks. Those were the days -----.

We were hunting coyote dens on the C Bar Ranch south of Penwells. My wife went one way and I went the other. I found a den and tied my shirt on a tree so I could go back to it and started back to the pickup. I heard Sibyl yelling and waving for me to come on, she had found a den. I hurried across the pasture about a mile to find she had been trailing badgers all the time. She does not believe until this day that the tracks were made by badgers and she was plenty sore when I would not dig out the den. I almost lost my shirt that day too, as it was light blue and blended in with the sky but I found it and dug out the den of pups.

Last but not least, was a Borden County incident. I was living on the 9 R Ranch and was trapping there and on the McDowell Ranch. I had only been trapping a short time and Sibyl went with me nearly every day. We got over in McDowell's and I spied this coyote in one of my traps and he had tangled in some brush on top of the tank dam. I walked up and thinking he was tangled pretty good, I decided I would take him home alive to get bait from. I reached down and grabbed him by the hind leg, intending to stretch him out so I could tie him up. The coyote had other ideas. Not being tangled so good, he immediately flipped back and bit me on the leg. I turned loose and me and the coyote went rolling down the tank dam end over end. And what does Sibyl do but yell, "Did he bite you?" Well, needless to say, but you can imagine my answer to that, and you can also bet that I double check to see if a coyote is tangled before I decide to take one home alive.



JOE GILMORE WITH SCALPS

small stones rolling down the steep slope behind them and I watched them until they disappeared over the rim of the mountain.

Now, a highway, paved from coast to coast, runs in easy sight of that cove. Every few years as I pass that way, I love to stop at that wonderful place and gaze into that cove and look up and up the steep slope; on and up to the rim of the mountain and to the very ledge over which the four little wildcats disappeared 75 years ago.

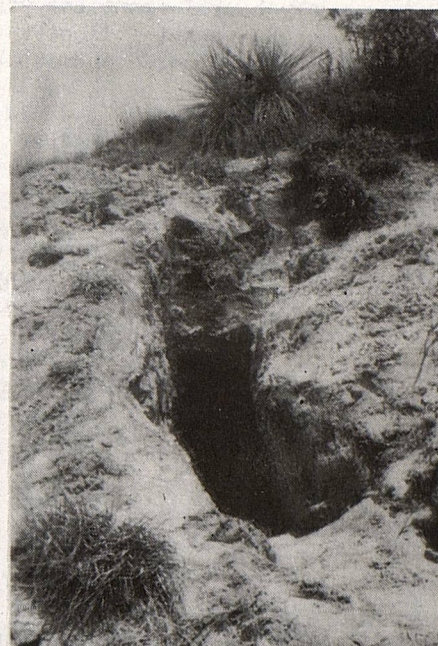
PRAIRIE DOGS

by Vivian Clark

There must have been millions of prairie dogs. Their towns stretched for miles. One town up on the baldies was fifty miles long. Their holes or burrows were from a few feet to several yards apart. They ate grass and grass roots so there was very little grass for cattle around their towns. Rattlesnakes, dog owls, skunks and other animals lived in their burrows.

Many a cowboy was killed or injured by his horse stepping in a dog hole. Often the horse's leg would be broken. It was about 1914, I think, that the Texas Legislature passed a bill requiring the land owners to kill out the prairie dogs. They did not help us financially. We had to do it at our own expense. But it did not cost much. Mostly just a lot of hard work. Some counties paid a bounty for prairie dog scalps. Gaines County for one but according to records, Borden County never did.

First we tried poisoning them. We mixed molasses and strychnine with grain. We scattered this poisoned grain, usually maize, around their holes. This killed lots of dogs



COYOTE DEN

THE FOUR LITTLE WILDCATS

by Arthur Prince

One morning when I was a little boy, about five years old, I was riding an old plug horse named Sam. We had gotten out of sight of the house (lived where John Johnson now lives) had skirted some foot-hills and were entering a cove in the bend of the mountain.

Here we interrupted the play of four little half-grown wildcats. Panic seized them and they took off at their best speed toward the mountain, a few hundred feet away. Our yells had no calming effect on them whatsoever but only seemed to speed them on. Up and up the mountainside they scrambled with little cascades of gravel and



but not all of them. Then we used carbon disulfide. We would pour about a teaspoon full of carbon (as we called it) in a suitable container and roll it down their holes. Then stop the hole up with dirt and pack it down. Some people lit the carbon with a match and some did not. Either way, it killed the dogs.

Many a weary hour I spent carrying a grubbing hoe, a bottle of carbon, a satchel of suitable containers and a pocket full of matches. Oh yes, if you wonder what these suitable containers were - well - we gathered them up around the horse lot!

We, my Dad, Brother and I, would carry our lunch consisting of home made light bread, beans, and dry salt. We would stop just long enough to eat, then right on with our dog killing. We finally killed nearly all of them, but there are a few still left around in the country. Some times the dogs would stop up their hole when there was a rattlesnake in it. They would scratch in dirt and pack it down with their nose. I have put dirt in dog holes where there was a rattlesnake. Usually, that snake came out before I got him covered up and he was plenty mad! Sam Keen said the biggest rattlesnake he ever saw was trying to crawl down a dog hole, but was so big he could not. He got off his horse to kill him but when he saw what a snake he was, he got back on his horse and left him. Just too much rattlesnake for him to tackle.

The dog owl was a funny little bird. He will sit still and only turn his head to look at you. Somebody told me if I would just keep walking around one, he would finally twist his head off. I tried that several times, but it never did work.

When we killed out the prairie dogs, the mesquite brush took over. Now we spend thousands of dollars and much labor trying to kill the mesquite.

MRS. EULA E. PARKER, 82, daughter of the late Henry Hollars, early day Borden County Pioneers, and wife of the late Jim Parker, died December 5, 1975 in Amarillo, Texas. Survivors include three daughters, Juanita Gruner, Thelma Marsh and Eula Mae Jones, also a brother, T. A. (Bud) Hollar and a sister, Mrs. E. H. (Attir) Jowers and several grandchildren.

MRS. EDD MILLER, 88, wife of the late J. E. (Edd) Miller, the son of the late Ritch Miller of Borden County, died December 27, 1975 in Snyder, Texas. A daughter, Margaret Miller survives.

BILL MILLER, 81, a former rancher of Borden County, passed away January 7, 1976 in Rapid City, South Dakota. Survivors include his wife, Winnie (Chandler), two sons, William and Jim of Rapid City, a brother Charlie Miller of Snyder. He was the son of Ritch Miller, early Borden County Ranchman. Burial was in Snyder, Texas.

MRS. ELLA (von Roeder) Richter, 91, died January 14, 1976 in Snyder, Texas. Survivors include a daughter, Mrs. Melba Ohlendorf of Lockhart; a son, Gilbert of Snyder; two sisters, Mrs. E. Edd Murphy and Mrs. Jim Sorrells and a brother, Herbert S. von Roeder, all of Knapp, Texas; six grandchildren and seven great grandchildren.

MRS. ARNOLD STREY, wife of Arnold Strey, a long time Borden County Trapper, died January 12, 1976 in Sweetwater, Texas. Survivors include her husband and a son, Eugene.

RICHARD CORNETT, brother of J. A. (Bud) Cornett of Borden County, died December 10, 1975 in Lubbock Hospital after a lengthy illness. Other survivors are his wife, a brother, Bill, two sisters and his mother, Mrs. Ruby Woodward of Justiceburg, Texas.

MEMORIALS TO MUSEUM

Mr. and Mrs. Billy Sealy and Mrs. Earl Sealy of Snyder, Texas have made a generous donation in memory of Allen Stephens.

In memory of Mrs. Eula (Hollar) Parker, memorial gifts have been received from Ruth H. (Elmer Ruth Hollar) Richaway of Houston; The Elmer Hollars; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stegal; Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Williams; Mrs. Dick Coffee; Doris Rudd; The Martin Taylors; and The Vivian Clarks.

In memory of Bill Miller, the Borden County Museum has received gifts from Earl and Blanche (Mitchell) Wilson of Snyder; The Tom Bouchiers, Post; Vivian and Pauline Clark of Gail; Doris Rudd of Gail; and The Martin Taylors of Hico, Texas.

A memorial has been given to the Museum in memory of Mrs. Ella (von Roeder) Richter by Mrs. Carl Gray of Snyder, Texas.

Mrs. Carl Gray of Snyder has made a generous donation to the Museum in memory of Carrie Taylor.

MUSEUM NEWS

A most enjoyable time was had by all who attended The quarterly meeting of the Permian Basin Museum Institute Association in Colorado City, Texas on January 17, 1976. There are twenty-six Museums in this association. The dutch-treat luncheon, arranged by Mrs. Margaret Oyles, was very delicious.

On the program were Welma Dyche; Dr. Fran Samponaro, Professor of History at the U. T. B.A. College in Odessa, Texas; John Wilson, Museum Consultant of the Museums in the Basin; Mrs.

Charles C. Thompson and Mr. Lee Jones, Jr. President of the Colorado City Museum and also President of The Museum Association.

In the afternoon, a bus tour of Colorado City Landmarks was made by the group. This was most interesting, seeing the places that we knew many early day Borden County pioneers had traded, as Colorado City was the first town of any size in this new found land, and the trading post for all surrounding settlements. Visited were: The W. H. (Uncle Pete) Snyder building, 1884; The Restaurant and Saloon, owned by Jake Maurer and his wife, Rowdy Kate, 1880's; Masonic Lodge Building, 1884; All Saints Episcopal Church, 1883; The D. N. Arnett home, 1899, Arnett was one of the earliest ranchers in Mitchell County; The First School House, 1884; The Winfield Scott Home, 1888; Scott was one of the wealthiest bankers and ranchers in West Texas; F. M. Burns House, his ancestors were largely responsible for founding the first Historical Museum in Colorado City, which is now The Colorado City Historical Museum; The First Methodist Church, 1884; The Colorado City Playhouse (Was Colorado City Opera House), it has been restored. This was quite interesting as characters in the plays had to dress out back in a small building and there was no shelter between; Our last stop was The Colorado City Historical Museum which was very interesting depicting a lot of history of by gone days.

Museum representatives attended the meeting from McCamey, Pecos, Snyder, Alpine, Seagraves, Midland, Ozona, Odessa, Colorado City and Gail. Those attending from Borden County were Mrs. Edna Miller and Vivian and Pauline Clark. Thank you, our Colorado City Friends, for such a lovely day!

The Borden County Museum Association will host The Permian Basin Museum Association in early fall. Will see you then.

A very generous donation was been made to The Borden County Museum by Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sorrells, Star Route, Ira, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Miller, Rapid City, South Dakota have made a very generous donation to The Borden County Historical Society. Jim is the son of the late Bill Miller.



FINAL SCHEDULE SET FOR BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN BORDEN COUNTY MAY 29th and 30th

Borden County's Bi-Centennial Committees are beginning to work overtime toward the largest undertaking of festivities to ever be held in Borden County celebrating this Country's Birthday on May 29th and 30th.

SATURDAY, MAY 29th

Parade ----- 10:00 A. M. (Down Town)
 Lunch ----- 11:30 A. M. (Posse Building)
 Musical entertainment, games for children, and
 Country Store will be open with Arts and Crafts.

Program ----- 1:30 P. M. (Auditorium)
 Wild West Show ----- 3:30 P. M. (Arena)



To say this celebration is the largest ever planned for Borden County is saying a lot, for there have been many successful celebrations in Gail, Texas. Although the number of residents in our County is few, compared to most counties in the state of Texas, the people join together and give it all they've got when there are activities planned to draw our Pioneer Brothers and Sisters back to Borden County. The pioneer atmosphere which still lingers here in their descendants must be the drawing power.

To name one of the very successful celebrations held in Gail, Texas, was the one in 1942. The headlines of one of our area papers read, "Nearly 4,000 People See Club Stock Show at Gail Monday". This celebration included a parade, (The last parade held in Gail.) 4-H stock show, Rodeo and Homecoming. There have been several large homecoming occasions held since this 1942 celebration and as always, everyone comes from far and near to re-unite with friends and loved ones from the pioneer heritage they have once known or been close to.

The Bi-Centennial Committees have plans toward making the parade for our May celebration one of history in Borden County. Not only the largest ever held here but perhaps one of the most unique in our state. The actual history of our State and County, down through all the eras will be depicted with a herd of buffalo, Indians, longhorn cattle, Spaniards, covered wagons, early settlers, the Gay 20's, and on through the modern eras. The imagination will not have to linger far. Every era will be presented as realistically as humanly possible. The parade will begin at.

10:00 A. M. on May 29th, 1976. Floats will be judged and prizes awarded to the top three.

On to the school grounds for a Bar-B-Q dinner. You guess it — Buffalo Bar-B-Q. Maybe it will be another "first" for you but a real treat if you have never tried it. Other meat will be served also.

Musical entertainment will be furnished during the lunch hour and old fashioned games for the children. During this lunch break will be a good time to visit our COUNTRY STORE in the new show barn. Arts and Crafts made by local women will be on sale and the beautiful Bi-Centennial quilt, handmade by local women, will be on display. Chances are being sold for this quilt and the drawing will be on Sunday. There will also be food booths and concessions set up throughout the day in the Country Store.

The fun has just begun. At 1:30 a program will be presented in the High School Auditorium. A musical production of our State and County History, down through the eras, portrayed by local people.

How long has it been since you have seen or heard others tell of the WILD WEST SHOW? Beginning at 3:30 P. M., you will have the opportunity to see one yourself. Wild bronc riding, Indian dancing, trick roping, and many other events and surprises. The Saturday activities should be over by 5:00 P. M. and you can go rest up for the glorious day planned on Sunday, May 30, 1976.

SUNDAY, MAY 30th, 1976

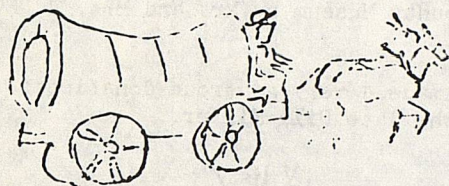
HOMEcoming DAY

Church Service - - - 10:30 A.M., Grant Teaff, Speaker

Lunch - - - - - 12:00

Afternoon - - - - - Singing, visitation and games
for the children. Museum will
be open.

The church service will be held in the Football Stadium if weather permitting. Otherwise, it will be held in the High School Auditorium.



We are so deeply honored to have Grant Teaff as our speaker for this service. Grant is football coach of Baylor University and has traveled extensively speaking throughout the United States in behalf of the Christian Athletes. Grant was born and raised in Snyder, Texas and is so loved by one and all, far and near. Mr. Bill White of Venezuela will be our special singer. Bill is the son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Miller of Snyder. Grant and Bill are the dearest of friends, so they will be bringing a glorious day to Borden County.

Lunch will be served Free following the Church Service. We do ask the women to bring salads and desserts.

After lunch, we just plan a good afternoon of singing, visitation, games for the children. The museum will be open for those who would love to browse through recalling the "Good Ole Days" and reminiscing over the memories they will recall in the Museum.

SUNDAY IS HOMEcoming DAY

WELCOME HOME

WE ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO HAVING YOU

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS COMMITTEE for the Borden County Bi-Centennial Celebration May 29-30 reports the following activities: The historical quilt is now in the process of being put together. In October, 76 quilt blocks were issued to interested women to embroider or applique. Each block represents an historical event or something memorable to Borden County's History. The blocks were designed by Mrs. Jack McPhaul and the quilting is under the supervision of Mrs. Herman Ledbetter. The quilt is queen-size and is made of natural muslin blocks put together with a red calico print. This quilt will be given away to some lucky person on May 29th. You do not have to be present to win. Tickets - 1500 of them - are now available and can be ordered from Mrs. Roland Key, Box 135, Gail, Texas 79738. Just send \$1.00 donation for each ticket and Mrs. Key will sign you up as a prospective winner.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS COMMITTEE will sponsor a Country store on May 29th. This will be opened in our County Barn and we want each woman in our area to participate. We ask each of you to donate something for the store: needlework of any nature; baked or canned goods; candies; art work, etc. Please plan now what you will donate and let us hear from you. We need your cooperation.

The money derived from the quilt and from the Country Store sales will go to a Bi-Centennial project for Borden County.

The HISTORICAL COMMITTEE is still interested in compiling a book of facts and families for our Bi-Centennial year. The following is a list of facts you can use as a guideline for your story.

When the first of your family came to Borden County.

Where they came from.

Names of all who came.

Why they came.

Where they settled.

Conditions of land where they settled.

Their occupation before they came.

Occupation after coming to Borden County.

Your occupation.

Where and when and who you married.

Where you live at this time.

Names of your children.

A short story of the family's life here.

Any unusual or interesting facts you can add.

Any offices or civic organizations you or your forefathers participated in.

Any early day wedding or family pictures you would like to share with us.



Mail these to Box 56, Gail, Texas 79738 by March 15, 1976.

GAIL F. H. A. PUBLISHES BI-CENTENNIAL BOOK

The Borden County Future Homemakers of America are sponsoring a Bi-Centennial book. This special book will feature such chapters as historical brands, old and modern recipes, farming and ranching hints, household hints, etc. The recipes and articles were given by interested citizens of the community and surrounding areas. Plans have been made to sell this historical book at the special Bi-Centennial celebration to be held in May.

The F. H. A. sponsored a contest for the naming of the celebration and book. The winning name, "1976 - THE GREATEST THING SINCE 1776" was submitted by Lisa McLeroy, a student at Borden County High School. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McLeroy of Gail.
by Donelle Jones

THE BORDEN COUNTY BI-CENTENNIAL PLANNING COMMITTEE will have available in April or early May attractive coin medals symbolizing characteristics of life in Borden County, with the familiar Musaway Peak in the background. The opposite side will present the Liberty Bell as a fitting memorial to the American Bi-Centennial.

Prices and more complete description will be available at a later date. Inquiries may be sent to: Medallions, Box 156, Gail, Texas 79738.

LETTERS FROM THE PENS OF OUR READERS

I enjoy the Borden Citizen very much. Enclosed find check for \$3.00. I used to come to Homecoming with my late husband, Milton Dillahunty and my father-in-law, Max Dillahunty, "The Fiddler" and enjoyed it very much.
MRS. MILTON A. DILLAHUNTY, Lubbock, Texas

(Editor's Note: Maybe you can come back to the next Homecoming on May 29-30, 1976.)

Enclosed please find check for two years subscription to the Borden Citizen and I would appreciate a copy of Vol. X, No. 3, on Texas Cattle Brands, if you happen to have an extra copy. My father, John S. Fritz, at one time had his brand registered in Borden County. It was called the J. J., with a J on the left shoulder and a J on the left hip. CALVIN FRITZ, Denver, Colo.

I am writing to renew my subscription to The Borden Citizen. I do enjoy it so very much. So many names and people I remember. Also many relatives and places. I think you folks are doing a wonderful job and how I would love to see the Museum. WILLIE MAY (TURNER) THOMAS.

We enjoy the Borden Citizen and are proud of the Museum. We so much appreciate all yours and Mrs. Clark's and the others labor on those things. I do not see how you do it.
AGNES SORRELLS, Ira, Texas.

December 30, 1975. The last issue of the Borden Citizen was the most interesting one I can think of. They are all very interesting and I would not miss a copy for anything. I admire the efforts of all persons which go into it's production and am thankful for same.

ARTHUR PRINCE, Abilene, Texas.

As you know, my parents moved from McClennan County, Texas in 1908 to what was then Durham, Borden County, Texas. The first time I was ever in Gail, was in 1910. I have what I believe to be vivid memory of the "down-town" section, the Courthouse being surrounded by shops on east side, stores, Bank, Barber Shop on North, Dorward Drug Store and on the west side by a newspaper print shop and something else, which I do not remember. I believe it was the "Der-rick Hotel" on south side of the square.
J. L. CANTRELL, Lubbock, Texas

Enclosed find \$3.00 for my subscription to the Borden Citizen. I enjoy it very much. My father, Calvin Warren Grissom, lived and worked in Borden County sometime in the latter part of 1895 to 1900, as near as I can find out. He worked on 1 or 2 ranches and also worked on the rail road around Snyder. In 1928, I visited Gail with him. We spent the night with the son of one of the men he used to work for. He lived on the old road from Big Spring. It came out East of town, his name was either Williams or Wilson and I have forgotten which.

My father was born in Hickman County Kentucky, November 2, 1877. His father was killed in an accident, his mother then moved to Huntingdon, Tennessee, where he was adopted by W. C. Groom who brought him to Brownwood, Texas, where he owned a wagon yard. My father was raised in Brownwood before coming to Gail. He came to Houston around 1900 where he learned to be a telegraph operator.

I am sending you a copy of his adoption which you may use as you may see fit. I have an extra copy. He died September 14, 1944. If you run across any information about him, I would like to know of it.

E. F. GRISSOM, Houston, Texas

May 30, 1895

The court this day put and bound unto W. C. GROOM one orphan boy named
E. F. GRISSOM to live after the manner of an apprentice until he shall arrive
to the age of twenty years, said W. C. GROOM obliging himself in the
first place to provide for his said apprentice in a manner suitable
to his condition of life, to support him to school, with his cipher, to learn him
the foreman of his trade and give him at the termination of his apprenticeship
a sum of money, to-wit: one hundred and twenty-five dollars (\$125) and
the value of clothes.

W. C. GROOM

COUNTY JUDGE

THE HON. COURT OF THE COUNTY OF BORDEN, TEXAS, MAY 30, 1895, IN COUNTY COURT CLERKS
OFFICE AT HUNTINGDON, TEXAS.



THE COURT, OF BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS
Marshall H. Darnell (Clerk)
COUNTY CLERK
BORDEN COUNTY,
HUNTINGDON, TEXAS.

Please write in your Memoirs of "The Old Time Freighters of Borden County" and send them to Pauline Clark, Gail Texas, 79738 or to Edna Miller, Fluvanna, Texas 79517.

Borden Citizen.

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