

SOUTHWEST COLLECTION
Texas Tech University
LUBBOCK, TEXAS 79401

Borden Citizen

Published by the Borden County Historical Committee

Spring, 1998 VOL. XXX, NO. 1



ANNUAL ROGERS ROUND UP

Thought you would like to print a picture of the ANNUAL ROGERS ROUND UP of six years back. The people shown are the children and grandchildren, great grandchildren and great greats of Jack (J.M. and Lucy Rogers who lived and were buried in Gail. This picture is sent by Joe Rogers, who lives in Spring, Texas and is the only one left of the "Rogers Pack". Joe turned 86 this past May. Telephone Number 281-367-2026. Joe also sent a check for The BORDEN CITIZEN subscription. Your Editor believes that it is Joe standing at the far left. Aubrey Rogers is the man in the white shirt behind the man wearing the white cap. Aubrey lived in Borden County all his life.

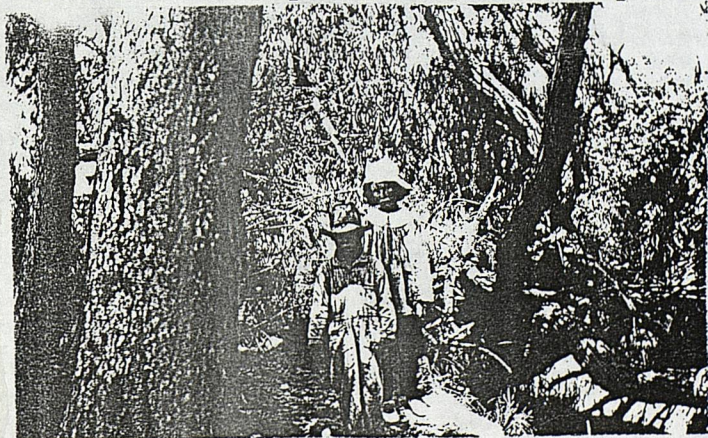


Frank, Cora, Grandma Berry, Ula-Wesley's Wife, Nora, Bertha & Edith. James & Wesley Berry and grandchildren of J. M. and Mary Berry.



The Berry Women
Maggie, Grandma, Edith, Cora, Mora, Maude and Bertha.

These four pictures were sent by the widow of George W. Smith, Jr. who's mother was Cora Berry Smith. Her parents, James Himam Berry and Mary E. Berry lived in Gail and are buried in the Gail Cemetery, George W. Smith, Jr. passed away at the age of 80 years on Sept. 4, 1997, his birthday.. He had planned to send these pictures for the Museum. We were thru Gail in 1982 and visited the Museum, the grave yard and also the Court House. These pictures are from a Berry Family Reunion-date unknown. Mary E. owned "Mrs. Berry's Millinery Shop in the 1890's. See Vol. 4, No. 3.



Jack Smith, son of Cora's sister and Mary Smith, daughter of Cora. Picture taken on Bull Creek at a family reunion. Must have been a good year! Mary lived in Seagraves where her parents owned a tailor shop. Mary was drum major when your editor played in the Seagraves High School Band.



JAMES HIRAM BERRY
Mr. James Hiram Berry and his
GRANDCHILDREN

LLANO ESTACADO or The Plains of West Texas

by S. R. Simpson

Published by Naylor

My father settled on what is known as Tobacco Creek about 25 miles southeast of the present city of Lamesa, Texas, in the month of June, 1893. This was some 12 years before Lamesa was organized. At the time I was six years of age. Our nearest post office and shopping center was the little village of Gail, the county seat of Borden County, which was named for Gail Borden, the man who invented condensed milk. The village of Gail was then some two years old, and was the only post office between Big Spring and Lubbock, Texas; and between Snyder, Texas on the east and Carlsbad, New Mexico, which was then known as Eddy and was about 160 miles to the West.

Gail at that time was larger than Lubbock, The U. S. Census of 1890 shows Lubbock County's Population as 33 and Borden County's as 222; at the present time Gail has less than 100 population, and the city of Lubbock has over one hundred thousand. There was, at that time, no post office west from Lubbock to the Pecos River in New Mexico, which left an area here of some 25,000 square miles without a post office. In the area of Andrews and Martin counties on the south, and Dallam and Sherman on the north, consisting of about 24,968 square miles, there was, according to the census of 1890, a total population of 3279, or about eight square miles of territory for each inhabitant. However, 15 of these counties, including most of the larger ones, had only 600 residents, or about one person to each 25 square miles of area.

When the town of Lamesa was started in 1905 my father moved here, and this has been my headquarters most of the time since. However, I have worked on ranches over most of the South Plains and spent a little over two years in Pecos and Terrell counties. I have helped drive herds to Hereford, Sanborn (which is near old Tascosa), many thousands to Bovina, Texas, and many thousands to Stanton, Texas. I helped drive several thousand to Sanderson, Texas, and was helping ship out a train of cattle from Pecos City the day that President Taft met President Diaz of Mexico on the international bridge at El Paso in 1909. During the years of 1902-3-4 I worked for a firm known as the Lake-Tomb Company that owned a ranch in the counties of Terry, Hockley, Lynn and Lubbock. They also had under lease from the U. S. Government what was known as the Standing Rock Indian Reservation in South Dakota, on which they grazed about 60,000 head of steers. It was their practice to keep them in South Dakota until they were four years old and then ship them to the Chicago market. The only persons still living, who worked for Lake-Tomb Company on the Texas Ranch are J. W. Battington of Lamesa; my brother, R. P. SIMPSON, of Seagraves, Texas, and Ben Clemmer of Meadow, Texas. Clemmer rode a mustang pony, which we caught while holding a herd of cattle near Bovina in 1903.

The Lake-Tomb Texas Ranch was under the management of the colorful Bird Rosa, whose mother ran a boarding house in Deadwood, South Dakota, in the days of Wild Bill Hickock, Calamity Jane and the Deadwood stagecoach. Rosa told me that when he was a young lad in Deadwood, "Wild Bill" would get him to throw up tin cans for his target practice. He said that on one occasion a bunch of Indians congregated on a high hill near the town and began shooting down into the town. There happened to be several cowboys in town to assist the officers. They mounted their horses and charged up on the mountain, and, after killing a few of the Indians, put the rest to flight. Rosa said that when the cowboys came back some of them had Indian heads tied to their saddles. When the Lake-Tomb Company closed their ranch in South Dakota, by reason of their lease expiring, Bird Rosa went into Canada and acquired a ranch near the little village of Hythe, in the most northern part of the Province of Alberta. He was killed in a car wreck about 20 years ago in South Texas while on his way to the Gulf Coast to spend the winter.

IN the year of 1905, I went to work on the T-Bar Ranch in Lynn County, Texas. It was then under management of the late Bill Petty, and belonged to Cass O. Edwards of Fort Worth, Texas. A large portion of this ranch is still intact and owned by the Edwards heirs. The only old-time cowboy still living besides myself who worked there is Tom B. Preston, my uncle, of Evant, Texas. IN the spring of 1906, while riding over the range there, I caught sight of a large grey wolf known as the lobo wolf, which was very destructive to both horses and cattle. After a chase of about eight or ten miles I managed to rope him; he was the last one caught in that area. IN the Spring of 1907, I went to work for Colonel C. C. Slaughter on his "Long S" ranch, located in the Counties of Howard, Martin, Borden and Dawson. At one time during the 1890's, this ranch had branded as many as 18,000 calves a year, but by the time I came on the scene, it was down to about half that number. In the late fall of 1908, I resigned from the "Long S" and migrated down to the Pecos and Terrell County area, where I filed on eight sections of land that lay in both these counties. While there I worked on the ranches of A. G. Anderson, F. G. Oxsheer and Big Canyon Ranch Company. I came back to Lamesa in the Spring of 1911 and again went to work for Slaughter.

In the month of February, 1913, I went to Dallas and obtained the first agency for the Ford automobile in the counties of Dawson, Borden and Gaines. I drove a Ford "Model T" touring car back to Lamesa. The Ford was equipped with carbide lights, 30 x 3 inch tires in front and 30 x 3 inch in rear and no spare wheel. There were no paved roads at that time between Dallas and Lamesa, and part of the route consisted of just winding roads through pastures. I think I was about three days making the trip, but that was the fastest I had ever traveled before, except on a train. After operating the Ford agencies at Lamesa and Seminole, for about 11 years, I sold them and went into the ranching business. For several years I had about 100 sections of land leased in the northeast part of Gaines County; the land lay on all sides of what is known as Cedar Lake. The State of Texas erected a monument at the north end of this lake as being the birthplace of Quannah Parker, and this monument is about 50 feet from where I had a line camp when I was ranching the area. During the time I was ranching around Cedar Lake, I handled several thousand head of cattle. Some made money and some did not, - but most of them did.

I want to mention a few more things that happened while I was down in the Pecos and Terrell area. When I first arrived there, I had to make a trip to Sanderson, Texas, which was the county seat of Terrell County, in order to get a surveyor to locate my lands and to procure the material to build a house on them. I found the surveyor to be a man by the name of Will Hunter who ran the Cottage Bar Saloon. The saloon was in an old adobe building, just across the street from the

Southern Pacific Railroad depot. The story was that this building was erected by a man named Charles Wilson, who owned the land on which the town was built. It seems that one Roy Bean, who had been following the working gangs that were building the railroad, and dispensing liquor to them, had about run out of customers when the railroad was finished. So he loaded a barrel of "firewater" into his wagon and moved up to Sanderson, or Strawbridge, as it was known at that time. He soon obtained a location and began to dispense his wares to the public. Charlie Wilson, not being inclined to have any competition, made a deal with a Mexican to pour a gallon of kerosene into Roy's barrel of whiskey while Roy was asleep. After Roy dispensed some of this to his customers the next day, he didn't get any more business, so he loaded his wagon and moved down the railroad where he started the town of Langtry, which eventually became quite famous.

I was told that when Charlie Wilson was running the Cottage Bar, one evening when the Southern Pacific train came in from the East, a fellow wearing a derby hat got off the train and came across the street to the bar. Charlie, on seeing him coming in, went around the bar to serve him. The newcomer, in trying to use some Western slang, asked Charlie to give him some "Tarantula Juice." Charlie set a couple of glasses on the bar, reached underneath and brought a jar filled with alcohol and containing some centipedes, vinegaroons and tarantulas, and said to the fellow: "My friend, you are the first man who has come around who would drink this stuff with me, so this is on the house." The fellow immediately began to tell Charlie that he didn't want any of the stuff but Charlie insisted that was what he SAID he wanted. On one side of the Cottage Bar there were pool tables and a domino table, and while I was talking to Hunter about surveying my land, I was also watching a domino game between a cowboy and a railroad man on one side, and a rancher from over on the Pecos River and a man from Castroville, which is a little German settlement near San Antonio, Texas, on the other. They were betting bottles of beer on each game. The cowboy and his partner were doing most of the winning, AND HE WAS FEELING PRETTY GAY. He would refer to his opponents as "Mr. Man from Pecos Creek" and "Mr. Man from Castroville." Finally, a man by the name of Berry Ketchum came in and started up a conversation. It seemed that some parties had filed on some school land that was situated in his pasture, and had built a four-wire fence across a canyon. A few days previously Ketchum had met up with them, and an argument started about some threats they heard Ketchum had made. He said he drew his gun and began shooting at them, but that they ran around to the point of a mountain and got away. Afterward, a friend of mine, who lived near them, told me Ketchum had a daughter by the name of Alice, who carried a Winchester on her saddle, and that a short time previously her horse had fallen and bent the barrel of her gun. So when Berry came home and was telling his family about the matter, Alice spoke up and said, "Oh Daddy, you should have had my gun; it would have shot right around the point of the mountain after them."

In March, 1912, the last attempt at robbing a train by bandits on horseback occurred a few miles east of Sanderson. Ben Kelpatrick, known as "The Tall Texas" among the outlaw fraternity, and another man named Howard Benson from San Angelo, held up the Southern Pacific train. Kilpatrick evidently became careless; the plan was for Benson to guard the engineer while Kilpatrick blew open the safe in the express car, and while he was leaning over to place the dynamite under the safe, the express messenger hit him in the head with an ice mallet. He then took Kilpatrick's gun and waited for Benson to come back to see what the trouble was. When Benson stuck his head through the door, the messenger shot him. Kilpatrick and Benson were riding two of Berry Ketchum's horses, so of course Berry made some fuss about their stealing his horses that way. Ketchum raised a good many horses, and they were considered among the best in that part of the state. A friend of mine, who worked on the McKenzie ranch, which was near Ketchum's told me that when he arrived at Ketchum's ranch one fall to attend his fall roundups, his horses looked rather poor and scrawny by the side of Ketchum's, so Berry made him turn them in another pasture and furnished him with better ones to ride. He said that Berry liked to play poker so well that he would stop working his roundup any time he could match a game. Berry Ketchum had some brothers who were pretty bad outlaws. One of them, Tom, who was known as "Black Jack", was shot while attempting to rob a train alone near Folsom, New Mexico. I knew a man who was a passenger on the train at the time of the holdup, and he told me that had Ketchum not stopped the train on a curve where the engineer had trouble in uncoupling the express car, he would have succeeded in the robbery. Tom and his band had robbed trains in several Northwestern states, and had been associated with the Hole-in-the Wall gang in Wyoming. Ketchum's grave is quite an attraction for tourists.

During the year of 1899, I accompanied my father on a visit to see R. C. (Dick) Ware at his ranch in Borden County; during the conversation, my father brought up the subject of Ware's participation in the gunfight at Round Rock, Texas, when he killed Sam Bass. Ware went into his room and got his .45 Colt pistol with which he killed Bass, and showed it to us. Ware was a Texas Ranger for many years, and later was sheriff at Colorado City for some time; he died a bachelor. There is another man with whom I was well acquainted, who had a very colorful career as an outlaw during most of his lifetime; he was quite young when he killed his first man on the Waggoner ranch in North Texas. He joined a bunch of outlaws and was in a gunfight with some officers when some members of his gang were killed. He himself got away. His real name was Hill Loftus. He went up into the State of Colorado and changed his name to Tom Ross, and in a few years accumulated a nice herd of horses and cattle. He eventually moved to Gaines County, Texas, and in a few years was married to his childhood sweetheart. The marriage revealed his identity. Soon afterward, the sheriff from Stanton, Texas, and a captain of the Texas Rangers from Colorado City, Texas, came up to get him. Instead of arresting him, he disarmed them and sent them back home.

It was not long until a company of Rangers was sent into the area to establish a camp. In the spring of 1904, when the Lake-Tomb Company was shipping two herds—a procedure requiring trains—from Bovina, Texas, to their Dakota ranch, Tom, who had followed us along the trail, got a pass to go with the last train. I watched him sign in the depot; he wrote a good hand and signed the name Frank Hale to the pass. We brought his horses and equipment back and turned them over to his folks. He stayed in the northwest a few years and finally made a deal with the officers to split the reward if he came back and gave himself up. He then used the money to get the case thrown out of court. He managed to get along fairly well for several years; but in the Spring of 1924, while he was in a hospital for an operation, some inspectors for the Cattle Raisers' Association came to his ranch and found some calves that belonged to another rancher, which had been taken by a

fellow who was working for Tom. Later these inspectors came to Seminole to go before the Grand Jury, presumably to get an indictment against Tom. They, with others, were in the lobby of the Gaines Hotel. Tom stepped in and killed the inspectors in roughly two seconds. The wife of one of the inspectors had accompanied him there and was in her room at the time. She had a pistol of her own, so she stepped in and took a shot at Tom, hitting the large buckle on his pistol belt near the incision of his recent operation. He left town, returning later to see a doctor and to give himself up. He was sent to the penitentiary for this but soon escaped and went back to Montana, where he went to work on a ranch and was soon made foreman. Eventually he had trouble there; he killed a fellow and then killed himself. I attended his funeral in Lovington, New Mex.

...My father was raised in Borleson County, Texas, where the present city of Caldwell is located. His father owned a farm that included the land where Caldwell now stands. When the Civil War began, my father was 16 years of age and joined the Second Texas Regiment-as the groups were then called. A son of Sam Houston was in this same regiment, and they received about two weeks of training before being sent to the front. They were trained near Sam Houston's home, and as Sam was an old military man, he was allowed to drill them on some occasions. He would stand on the running board of his surry and do the drilling. They were then rushed off to the front, and their first engagement was at the battle of Shiloh, where they fought around among the peach orchards for two or three days; Sam Houston's son was left wounded on the battlefield. It seems that his mother had given him a little Bible with his name on it, which was in one of his pockets. When the Union troops found him they gave him excellent care. After Shiloh, my father was in battles at Corinth, Iula and another place in northern Mississippi; then they were sent to Vicksburg, where they remained until Grant finally surrounded that place. After a siege of some two or three weeks when they had killed and eaten all their army mules and Grant was undermining and blowing up their breastworks, they finally surrendered, and, in some kind of deal where an exchange of prisoners was made, my father was released. He started on foot back toward Texas, and having reached some place in southwestern Louisiana where he had an old uncle and two spinster aunts living, he stopped over to get something to eat and rest a little. While at Simpson's Hill, as it was then known, his aunts and uncle were interrogating him about the war. They asked him if he had seen General Grant. He replied that he guessed he did-he surrendered to him. They then began to tell him that they were related to Grant, that his name was Ulysses Simpson Grant and his mother was Hannah Simpson. He told them that if he was related to Grant, he didn't want to know anything about it. After remaining at his home in Burleson County for a while, he rejoined the army and was sent down on the Rio Grande to help guard the route of the freight haulers who were hauling to Old Mexico cotton and supplies that were not otherwise obtainable back home. While there, he was engaged in the last battle of the War, which was fought some two weeks after the conflict had ended in the East, but of which they had not been informed.

Columbus Lee Wasson, who joined the Second Texas Regiment along with my father, and his father-in-law, J. H. Dyer, refused to be reconstructed when the war was over and moved to the State of Brazil, South America. They located on the Iguape River, which was on the frontier, as we call it in this country. He told me that he walked about ten miles from their first camp and purchased a yoke of oxen with which they started their farming. Wasson's two oldest sons, Arthur and Claude, were born in Brazil. In the year 1878, he returned to the U.S.A. and was, in 1891, one of the organizers and the first county judge of Borden County, Texas. When my father moved to Borden County in 1893, they were soon visiting each other. I have known the family since that time, and Arthur and Ira are now living at Big Spring, Texas, and another brother, Jim, is living in one of the northwestern states.

In writing about books, Arthur Schopenhauer had this to say, "Authors may be divided into falling stars, planets and fixed stars; the first have a momentary effect, the second have a much longer duration, but the third are unchangeable, possess their own light and work for all time." While Francis Bacon said that, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." And Douglas Gerald, in speaking of books, noted that a book was a blessed companion, and, fitly chosen, was a life-long friend. In one of Theodore Roosevelt's comments on books he stated, "It is not the critic who counts, not the man who points out how a strong man stumbled or the doer of a deed could have been done better. The credit belongs to the man who is in the arena, who actually tries to do the deed, whose face is marked by blood, sweat and tears . . . who errs and falls short again and again, for there is no effort without shortcoming and no success without failure. Who, if he succeeds, knows in the end the triumph of high achievement; but if he fails, fails while daring bravely so that his name shall never be with those cold and timid souls who knew neither victory nor defeat." It has been my desire to leave some kind of written record of some of the things that have occurred during the 63 years that I have spent in this area, as otherwise some of it might become lost history. I believe that my memory can be depended on as to all facts which came within my personal knowledge, but I cannot guarantee those facts which came from the lips of others. And that is the end of the story of the LLANO ESTACADO.



Ford Agency, Lamesa, 1916

EDITOR'S NOTE: Your editor, Dorothy Browne grew up in Seagraves, the daughter of J. B. Cotten. My father and Mr. R. P. Simpson spent many hours, sitting and visiting, about many of the early day happenings in West Texas in the lobby of the SIMPSON HOTEL IN Seagraves. This Hotel, now with a Historical Medallion, is still there and is owned by Kathren Mendolla, the daughter of R. P. Simpson. If you are near Seagraves, go by for a visit.

Mr. C. W. Simpson signed the Articles of Agreement to provide water in Gail, dated January 12, 1894. See Vol. XXIII, No. 1, Summer Issue, 1997.

The Simpsons were prominent in Borden County, in Lamesa and in Seagraves.

Dorothy Dennis started her book as a journal of life on a ranch. Dorothy tells ranch life as she lived it. Dorothy and her late husband, Bert, lived for many years on their ranch in Borden County. Her son Joel, his wife and son now live on the ranch a few miles North of the town of Gail.

Her book, the Pursuit of Happiness" was reviewed by Mr. Rick Smith of the San Angelo Standard Times. The following is taken from that review.

West Texas ranch woman, Dorothy Dennis worried that her life story might be "too boring" to read. She shouldn't have worried. Between floods and droughts and tragic deaths and burning barn and hunts for coyotes from airplanes, there's enough material for a movie in Dorothy's book. There are stories about the time she was knocked down by a dust storm, about the time she got stuck on an unpaved road and had to walk for miles through the mud in heels carrying a baby, about the time she was thrown from a horse.. There are her pithy philosophies: "I always felt if the Lord really wanted to punish a rancher He'd let him die in the middle of a drought". There's advice she received from other ranch women: don't ever learn how to milk a cow. If you do, you'll have a permanent job. I mean for life.

And there's the story about the first time the young ranch wife had to kill and cut up a chicken. "I tried to do the dirty deed by wringing her neck, and I kept wringing and wringing but nothing happened," she said. in her book. "I was so nervous and I was feeling faint and sort of sick, so I dropped the chicken and I saw that all I'd done was break her neck. She started flopping around the pen and I got out of the pen and ran to the house crying. Bert rode up shortly and saw the chicken, finished it off and brought it to the house." "Honey, Bert asked her, "were you trying to kill this chicken?" I came out of the bedroom crying and thought he'd die laughing" Dorothy wrote. The trials she had of cutting up that chicken are in her book.

Dorothy grew up in San Angelo, graduated from San Angelo High in 1932, worked for several years as a secretary to Bar S Ranch manager, Louis Farr, Jr., then married Bert Bennis in 1938 and left the city for ranch life. They ranched in Pecos County near Fort Stockton before moving to Borden County and the 9R Ranch near Gail. She has worked in Gail in the County and District Clerk's office and in Borden County Abstract Company.



Dorothy write about the loneliness of living out on an isolated West Texas ranch, raising a family with no phone, no electricity. "It made me want to move back to San Angelo more all the time, but I'd waited too long. The boys loved the ranch, had chores to do, and were too connected with the school. They would hate me if I moved them. BUT throughout the bad times, her West Texas humor always shines thru.

"I had worked on genealogy for 25 years, and it always made me mad that our grandmothers never wrote about their lives, all they wrote in their Bibles were names and dates. Then it struck me that the reason that they hadn't was because each one thought her life was boring and no one would care about her life. My life has seemed pretty boring to me, but a generation's stories are never repeated. They become treasures!" She says she wrote the book especially for her four grandchildren but we are glad she is willing to share it with us.

Barnes and Noble in Lubbock will present the book and have a signing sometime in June. Watch the Borden Star for the date or, if you wish, you may order the paperback book for \$24.95 (postpaid) from The Mail Center, 3012 Varsity Center, Snyder, TX 79549.

PIONEER PROFILES

by Jean Littlepage Everett

ART WORK by Jess Everett

The Everetts have a long History associated with Borden County. Jean and Jess are part of the family of DEWEY EVERETT that lived and worked in Borden County for many years. The Everett name shows up very often in THE BORDEN CITIZEN, therefore, we want to tell you about the book, PIONEER PROFILES, written by Jean of the Everett Clan.

Pioneer Profiles is about ordinary men and women who exemplified extra-ordinary qualities and courage. In the spirit of adventure, they made decisions that not only changed their lives, but also laid the foundation for the settling and development of the vast territory just below the Cap-rock Country in the rolling plains of Texas. The era depicted here covers the last decade of the 1800s and the first two decades of the 1900s. In that time frame, life was full and rich for those living in the eastern and southern United States. While people there were enjoying fine homes, well established businesses and educational institutions, life in the west, northwest section of Texas was primitive. The barest of necessities were often hard to come by. The accounts presented in PIONEER PROFILES reveals the attitudes and attributes of some of the people who faced those austere conditions.

There are nineteen chapters in PIONEER PROFILES, each chapter being about a different person or family, Florence Middleton Leftwich, Jim Ikard, Porter King, Judge Davidson, Ina and Warren Fargason, Agnes von Roeder Sorrells, Jim and Ellie Joyce, Melvin Newton, J. Nelson Dunn, Ruth Davis, N. M. Harpole, Harrie and Wade Winston, Nancy Patterson Caton, Earl Fish, A. P. Morris, Fannie White Hays, Roy and Corilla Elkins, George W. Smith and Ruth Smith Johnson Keenan, and The Trevey's of Trevey's Crossing are all in PIONEER PROFILES.

Charles Anderson, historical writer says that Jean knew many of the Old Timers and she got her stories first hand. She has woven them into readable, interesting and accurate information which will be treasured by all who love history. Dudley Cramer of Calif. says the book is a major contribution to the history of this area. Zoe Kirkpatrick says history buffs will enjoy the history tucked in the everyday lives of people. To get a book: Send \$24.00, includes postage, to Jean Everett, 6196 Round Top Road, Snyder, TX 79549.

Since your Editor qualifies as a history buff, I am anxious to know more about Agnes Sorrells, whom I have known all my life, along with the Trevey's that I have known about all these years, the Winstons, etc.



RUBY MILLER, 75, of Lamesa, passed away July 8, 1997. She was born in Sparenberg and married Vernon Miller in 1940. She moved to Borden County in 1944 and returned to Dawson County in 1984. Two sons, Tommy and Terry preceded her in death. Survivors include her husband and a sister, Katherine Quest of Lubbock and two Grandchildren.

S. C. "BUDDY" SHARP, 83 died December 1, 1997. He had resided in Borden County and Gail since 1943. He was a retired farmer and construction worker, having worked for Dewey Everett for 34 years. He was preceded in death by Barbara LaNell in 1957. Survivors include his wife, Margaret three daughters; three sons; one sister; 12 grandchildren; and 11 great great grandchildren.

BESSIE ORSON SMITH, 71, passed away Dec. 4, 1997. She was born in Lamesa. She taught school two years in Junction and married Bun Smith in 1948. He died in 1975. She was a rancher in Borden County. She is survived by two sons, James E. of Dallas and Lin of Borden County. A brother, Raymond Orson of Lamesa and four grandchildren.

Lester Parker, 93, died Feb. 16, 1998. He married Lora D. Stuart in 1922 at Berry Flat. She died in 1975. He moved to Borden County in 1907 and moved to O'Donnell in 1946. Survivors include three sons, two daughters, 16 grandchildren, 26 great-grandchildren and 5 great-greats. He was a long time supporter of THE BORDEN CITIZEN. See earlier editions for his articles.

MADGE HENDRICKS, 84, died March 3, 1998. She and her husband, Jym, owned and operated Jym's Cafe in Gail for many years. Survivors include, 4 daughters, one bring Melba Cannon of Borden County, 17 grandchildren, 36 great grandchildren and 18 great-greats.

BONNIE SNEED, 68, died March 8, 1998. She had lived in Borden County for many years and was reti from SW Bell. Her husband, Norman "Slick" Sneed, She is survived by three children, Bill, Saundr and Kay, 3 sisters, 8 grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren.

EDNA BUCHANAN, 94, passed away March 19, 1998. She was an early day school teacher in the South part of Borden County. She is survived by 4 sons. Bill and Bob live in Borden County. Also one brother, 14 grandchildren and 22 great-greats.

JOE BRADSHAW, 88, of Lamesa died March 22, 2998. He moved to Borden County in 1938 and was a farmer. Among his survivors are a son, two daughters, a sister, 8 grandchildren and 15 G Greats.

ROLAND HAMILTON, 86, of Lamesa, died April 25, 1998. He was buried in Gail. He farmed and ranched in Borden County for many years. Survivors include a son, Elwood, a daughter, Linda Morris, two brothers, Jess and Donnie Everett, a sister Dewey Faye Miller, grandchildren & 6 G Gs

EDNA MILLER, 92, of Borden County, passed away May 1, 1998. She was one of the workers that started THE BORDEN COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, this paper and The BORDEN COUNTY MUSEUM. She will be missed. She was born in Gail. She was preceded in death by two daughters Joyce Cox and Faith Weston and 2 grandsons. Survivors include her son, Frank; two daughters, Shirly Newton and Barba ra Farmer, both of Borden County; a sister, Willie Russell; 11 grandchildren & 19 great-greats.

Thank you so much for keeping the news ~~new~~ coming. We are behind in paying, so I an sending a donation. Aunt May Stephens is in the hospital in Lamesa with broken ribs. Ester Jones, Lamesa.

A friend gave me a copy of the Borden Citizen. I enjoyed it very much. Enclosed is my check for a years subscription. Alda Staggs, O'Donnell, Texas.

In the event you have not been notified--Ola Pearl Smoot Stovall Kellum, daughter Lona Smoot and Marnie Moore, died in Tenn. August 9, 1997. Enclosed is a donation, please send an acknowledgmen to her two sons.

The GAIL CEMETERY has acquired two more acres of land and would appreciate donations to help pay for fencing, roads and upkeep on the Cemetery. The address is: Cemetery Fund, % Dan Turner, Route 1, O'Donnell, TX. 79351

Mrs. S. B. Porterfield of New York City, N Y send in her renewal subscription for THE BORDEN CITIZEN.

If you have not sent your \$3.00 a year (still the price as in the 1960's) please do so. Please also send your stories. I ^{have} two short ones that I have no room for, but we need yours. Please send your memories, stories and subscriptions to THE BORDEN CITIZEN, GAIL, TEXAS 79738. Thanks.

The Borden Historical Society
Gail, Texas 79738
Address Correction Requested

Nonprofit Organization
U. S. Postage
PAID
Permit # 2
Gail, Texas

Southwest Collection
Box 4090 Tech Station
Lubbock, Texas 79409