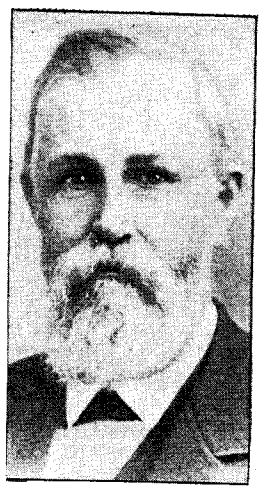
The TEXAS Cattle Kingdom

The series of features about Texas and the Texas centennial exposition would be incomplete without a story of the history of cattle ranching in the Lone Star state. The following story was written by a man in Fort Worth who has compiled 100,000 words of authentic cattle raising history for use during Fort Worth's frontier celebration. The final chapter in the Texas series will be presented next Sunday, a full page in colors showing some of the exposition buildings and telling of the Texas Empire on Parade, to open in Dallas June 6 and contnue through November 29.

By C. L. DOUGLAS



Shanghai Pierce

OTHER states, they say, were built or born, while Texas was made of hoof and horn. And that statement, rhymed though it may be, is more truth than mere poetry. Texas, with some of its ranches as large as some of the European kingdoms, today sends more beefsteaks to the platters of the world than any other state in the nation, its productivity in this respect equalled by only one other cattle country, the Argentine.

Circumstance and adventure, along with geography, were the large contributing factors in the formation of what has come to be the greatest cattle country in the world.

It was all started, originally, by the Spanish, by those Conquistadores who followed Hernando Cortez to the conquest of Montezuma's Aztec empire, and who stayed to settle the new land and import from the Castilian plains the hardy Moorish bred cattle that were destined to bring about a new type in the evolution of the cow brute.

Some of the first of the Spanish cattle were imported into Mexico in 1521 during the regime of Governor-General Vilalobos, and the increase was so rapid that it kept well ahead of the demand for beef.

Then, following the course of Spanish exploration and expansion, the over-growing herds trailed up the Valley of Mexico toward the plains of Texas-Coahuila on the north. Cattle plodded after Francisco Coronado when he trekked across southwestern America in 1541; they followed Onate when he crossed the Rio Grande in 1601; and St. Denis found them when he arrived in 1716 . . . wild Spanish longhorns left to their own resources when the Spaniards had abandoned their missions a few years before.

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THE turn of the nineteenth century brought to Texas the American settlers from the east, and with them came cattle of English breeds, to be infused with the blood of French stock brought in from Louisiana.

Texas, therefore, became something of a bovine melting pot, but with the hardy Spanish longhorn predominating, and it became the birthplace of one of the toughest breeds in all the history of the live-stock industry—the Texas longhorn.

He wasn't much to look at, with his lank, rangy body and a hammer head surmounted by a set of seven or eight-foot horns, but he was beefsteak; and since the country in the south of Texas was sparsely settled and no adequate outside markets available, the longhorns soon multiplied to such an extent that there came a time when a man's poverty was judged by the upward count on his herd.

But it was this same longhorn breed which made the greater "cattle kings of Texas" and helped establish the major ranches which became virtual kingdoms.

The first cattle kings of Texas were in the south, Spanish gentlemen like Don Martin de Leon, Don Jose Dominguez de la Garza and Don Felipe de Partilleas, who held land grants from the Spanish king, but they were but "small fry" compared with the Americans who were to follow—Shanghai Pierce, Richard King, John Chisum the Jingle-Bob Man, Col. Charles Goodnight, Mifflin Kennedy and a score of others.

And the ranchos of the Spaniards were but mere back-pasture milking lots compared with the latter-day King ranch of 1,250,000 acres, the present-day Matador with its 1,000,000 acres in the high panhandle, and the one-time greatest of them all—the XIT, with 3,000,000 acres spreading over ten west Texas counties.

These kingdoms and their rulers, however, did not come into full flower until the trail drives started north in the late sixties to the Union Pacific rail terminals in Kansas . . . Dodge City, Abilene, Wichita and Newton, etc.

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AMONG the so-called cattle kings, or barons, chance made some, luck made others, but on the roster of those who were truly great will be found none whose kingdoms came to them on a silver platter. Take, for instance, the story of Shanghai Pierce, once the greatest of them all in that section of the cattle country known as the Matagorda.

Abel Head Pierce was 19 years old when he arrived in the south of Texas. He had been a sailor on a Rhode Island store and, lured to Texas by tales he had heard about the country, he wasn't at all sure, when he walked down the gangplank at Port La Vaca, that his journey hadn't all been a mistake.

But since he had made the long voyage in a schooner he decided to make the best of it, and before many weeks he found employment on the ranch of W. B. Grimes . . . chopping wood. Grimes, however, saw possibilities in the young giant from the east, and before the year was out young Abel was helping with the brand busting.

"Put Pierce on the bad 'uns," the foreman used to say at horse-breaking time. "Don't risk the Nigger slaves . . . they cost $1,000 each."

Shanghai, who gained his colorful nickname because his ungainly appearance made him resemble so closely the Shanghai rooster, used to tell that joke on himself when in later years he recalled incidents of his initiation into the cow business.

He took to the business like a calf to a cow, and two years after his arrival on the coastal plains he was boss driver for Grimes at $22.50 a month.

It was after the Civil war, during which he served in the Texas cavalry, that he invested his meager savings and went into business for himself. He bought herds cheap, fattened them and sold high. He formed various partnerships; then, as increased finances permitted, he bought out the partners, until 1867—the year the trail drives started north—found him with more cattle than any other man in the Matagorda country.

He found himself known, too, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Kansas cattle terminals—for his great size and the volume of his voice, which was sometimes likened to the bellow of a bull, made him a figure of more than passing interest.

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THEY will still tell you, down in the Matagorda, that old Shang could stand on the second floor gallery of his ranch headquarters at Rancho Grande and give orders that could be heard a mile away.

The steers he sent up the trail, rangy big longhorns, were known all the way to Kansas as Shanghai Pierce's "sea lions."

"My sea lions," he liked to say, "came right out of the Gulf of Mexico, and they're so fast on their feet that it takes two men to see one . . . one man to say 'there he comes,' and another to say 'there he goes.'"

Many are the stories that have been told about the south coast king and his direct manner of speech and action, but one of the most humorous concerns an incident that occurred when the Southern Pacific was building through the Matagorda.

When a station was erected near his place Shanghai furnished the lumber, and as the building was nearing completion and a painter was blocking out the letters PIERCE on the station sign, the king of the coasters happened along. He studied the painter's handiwork for a few minutes and then bawled out an order.

"I bought the lumber for this station," he shouted, "and the building's mine. Put that other letter on there."

The painter complied and the station became PIERCE'S.

Shang had a brother down the line and when he, too, was favored with a station he was so pleased that he wanted to name the stop THANK GOD, but he finally compromised with the S. P. on Blessing, the name that's on the map today.

Shandhai, big as he was, seldom went armed. He preferred to fight with money rather than with fists and guns.

"Give me 30 minutes," he once remarked, "and I can talk any man out of any kind of an argument."

The south coast king died in December of 1900 and was buried in Hawley cemetery west of Bay City, under a monument which the cattle king built to himself—a life-sized statue of Shang Pierce. He stood in plaster of paris in New York to be modeled for that shaft, and when the sculpter had finished the work and shipped the statue to Texas Shang wouldn't accept it until an old Negro employe had passed judgment on the likeness.

* * *

IT was in this same country . . . the country of Pierce . . . that the Texas cattle industry, and that of the world, received one of its choicest terms. Here the "maverick" received its name.

All that came about when a San Antonio land speculator, Samuel Maverick, took in 400 head of cattle on a debt back in the early fifties. Mr. Maverick wasn't interested in the cow business, and so he left the herd more or less to its own resources on Matagorda peninsula, a finger of land that juts out into the Gulf of Mexico.

The branding iron was seldom used by Maverick's Negro employes, and the time came when the cattle, after swimming to the mainland, began roaming wild and free over the south coastal plains.

In due time when ranchmen saw an especially wild and unbranded cow or bull on the open range, they would remark: "That must be one of Maverick's." The saying, at length, was contracted into "that's a maverick."

Perhaps the greatest and most colorful of all Texas cattlemen was Capt. Richard King, a former steamboat pilot who came from the Alabama rivers to the Rio Grande to carry supplies for Gen. Zachary Taylor's army during the war with Mexico in 1846. He had a partner in the boating business, Mifflin Kenedy, and after the war they decided to augment the river enterprise with a cattle ranch.

They bought the Santa Gertrudis, part of an old Spanish grant lying south of the Nueces river and southwest of Corpus Christi. With a modest 75,000 acres or so as a starter, the partners increased their land holdings from year to year until finally—even after a property division—Captain King found himself in control of an empire which stretched over 1,000,000 acres between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, a kingdom which became in reality a buffer state between the United States and Mexico.

Even after the captain's death in 1885 his heirs increased the size of the King until, prior to a recent division among heirs, the ranch comprised some 1,250,000 acres and about 150,000 head of cattle.

* * *

ONLY one ranch in Texas ever surpassed the King in size, and it lasted only a few years as a great ranch, though its land remnant still are being sold off in small parcels up in the panhandle.

That was the famous XIT, commonly supposed to mean "Ten counties in Texas."

The enterprise came into being in the nineties when the Capitol Syndicate, a corporation made up of Chicago business men, agreed to build the present state capitol at Austin in exchange for a grant of 3,000,000 acres of public land near the Texas-New Mexico line.

"Barbecue" Campbell, so called because of his private brand, the BQ, became the first manager, and to him was entrusted the duty of stocking the great ranch with cattle. He bought herds and outfits from all over Texas . . . chuck wagons, horse remudas and all . . . and thousands of cattle were on hand near his Channing headquarters before he found time to think of a suitable brand.

The "Ten in Texas" story to the contrary, it was Ab Blocker, an old trail driver, who designed the XIT. Hearing Campbell say that he wanted a brand which would be hard for thieves to burn, and one which could, at the same time, be stamped on a hide with a single bar iron, Blocker traced the XIT in the sand with a bootheel and asked: "Why not this?"

The XIT bought a great many things in those early days of its existence, and old time riders for the outfit, if you come across them in Lubbock or Plainview, still like to tell about the day when an enterprising salesman sold Barbecue a carload of brown cigaret papers.

The XIT, under a procession of managers, kept its place in the panhandle sun for several years but finally, unwieldly and top-heavy, it sold off its cattle and began parceling out its land to settlers.

* * *

LAND was one thing that did not bother the earlier cattlemen of the Llano Estacado. There was Old John Chisum, for instance . . . the Jingle-Bob king who branded with the streak of the Long Fence Rail, which ran in a straight line from the animal's shoulder blade to hip.

Chisum was perhaps the greatest of the old open range kings, at one time owning nearly 150,000 critters and no more land than would make up a present day farm.

He resigned from a county clerk's post to start in a small way near Denton, his range extending over the country between that city and Fort Worth. In the late seventies he moved into the wilder Concho country to the west . . . because he wanted more elbow room . . . and soon he was driving to New Mexico to supply beef under contract to the government Indian agencies at Fort Sumner and the Mescalero Apache reservation.

A tall, angular man who resembled a seedy farmer more than a great cattle king, he finally moved into New Mexico to take up a range which extended for 200 miles along the Pecos river; and here it was that he became involved in the Lincoln county cattle war, which brought into renown that buscadero and prince of pistoleers known as Billy the Kid.

The Kid once worked for the Jingle-Bob King, so named because his ear mark was a crop that caused the animal's ear to bob in a peculiar fashion, and that story reveals something of the iron nerve that made Chisum one of the greatest in the profession.

They were standing in a Lincoln barroom and the Kid was in a killing mood.

"You owe me money, John, and you're going to pay," he said, drawing a revolver and pointing it at the cattleman's head.

Chisum, standing down the bar, viewed the business end of the .45 calmly, even as the Kid's nervous finger toyed with the trigger.

"Well," he said, at last, "I'm waitin' . . . why don't you go ahead. You haven't got the nerve, Kid."

Billy, who snuffed out 21 lives before Pat Garrett eventually filled him full of lead, met the cowman's gaze, then wavered, slipping the revolver back into its holster.

"Aw, heil," said he, "let's have a drink."

The wholesale thieving that attended the Lincoln county cattle war forced Chisum off the Fence Rail to quit business, and when he sold off it was at a great loss. He died a few months after.

* * *

TEXAS has produced scores of men whose names rightly can be placed on the roster of "cattle kings"—Colonel Charles Goodnight of the JA; Thomas Bugbee of the Quarter Circle T; Parson Slaughter and his son, Colonel C. C. Slaughter, who founded the Lazy S; George and W. D. Reynolds of the Long X, the Hall brothers of the Cross L and the Spur; Oliver Loving of the OL, and many, many others.

These, headed by Colonel Goodnight, were among the first on the plains.

Goodnight founded the great JA in Palo Duro canyon with the backing of John Adair, an Englishman in the late 70's. Remembering the canyon from observations taken while acting as an Indian scout in the panhandle several years before, the colonel drove a small herd in from Colorado, drove it into the fissure in the plains and started a ranching enterprise which until this day remains one of the greatest in west Texas, though the colonel himself rode to the final roundup several years ago.

Goodnight was one of the real pioneers of the industry. He made his start in the 1866s in Palo Pinto county, and with his neighbor, Oliver Loving, he was the first to break a trail to the markets furnished by the army posts in New Mexico. It was on one of these trails that death ended his partnership with Loving, the latter being mortally wounded by Indians while pushing ahead of the trail herd in order to drive an advance bargain with army officers at Fort Sumner.

After that he moved to Colorado, only to return later and start the JA for Adair, taking the initials of the Englishman for the ranch brand.

There are, generally speaking, four principal and greater divisions of the Texas cattle industry, each different as to cattle, men, range, and even horses. The first two are southerly, the Matagorda on the gulf coast and the Nueces, sloping down to the Mexican border. The third is the Big Bend, or Highland region; and the fourth is known as the Panhandle-Plains area.

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IN the beginning there was but one type of cattle, the Texas longhorn, but as the trails opened to the north in 1867 some of the more enterprising cattlemen were quick to realize the advantages to be gained through breeding off the horn and putting on the beef.

In the Nueces Captain King and Mifflin Kenedy took the lead by importing from the east pure-bred shorthorn bulls and cows that their blood might be infused with that of the native cattle. Thus the horn spread shortened and the beef went on. King ranch even developed a breed of its own, the Santa Gertrudis, a mixture of three distinct breeds, the shorthorn, the Brahma and the native.

The Matagorda is the Brahma country of Texas. Before his death in 1900 Shanghai Pierce was intensely interested in the sacred cattle of India because they seemed to be immune from the tick which causes the dreaded Texas fever, but it was not until after the passing of the great Shang that the coastal plains became the Texas habitat of the Brahmans.

A few had come in through Louisiana shortly after the Civil war, but it remained for Abel Borden, a nephew of Pierce, to bring the first large herd to the United States for breeding purposes. Borden went to India, stayed several months selecting choice humpbacked specimens, and finally he brought into the country 31 head, the foundation herd for the vast number of cross-bred Brahmans which now roam the ranges of the coastal plains.

These cattle, however, have never been popular with the buyers in the market at Fort Worth and farther north, but the breeders are inclined to credit this to a feeling on the part of buyers that the Brahman, a wild and unruly beast when excited, has presented himself to the public and packers, through the medium of rodeos, as a beast too tough to make good beefsteak.

Thus the Hereford, outstanding choice of the panhandle and plains cattleman, has become the king of beasts in Texas. The curly-haired white and red Hereford carries a short horn and packs a lot of beef and it is seldom that one of his breed fails to take the grand championship ribbon at the Fort Worth fat stock show. The Big Bend is also a strictly Hereford country, but down there, in the rugged hills near the Mexican border, they call them Highland Herefords.

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JUST as cattle types are different in the different sections of the Texas cow country, so are other things.

The Nueces, for instance, is likewise known as the Brasada, or brush country, a region of short, thorny underbrush.

A panhandle puncher, for example, being accustomed to the wide open spaces of west Texas, would be lost in the Brasada. He would think twice before spurring his mount into a thorny thicket in pursuit of a steer, whereas the business would be all in the day's work for the native "bushwhacker," more often than not Mexican vaqueros.

The great cattle kings of old have almost entirely disappeared, and with the exception of the King, the JA, the Matador, and a few others, most of the great ranch empires also have passed into oblivion, but when the Texas Frontier Exposition opens at Fort Worth on June 6 all the pageantry and color of the state's greatest industry will be presented to visitors.

The magnitude of the Texas cattle industry is shown in the following figures, compiled by the department of commerce bureau of the census:

The state's cattle population as of Jan. 1, 1935, was 7,222,369 head.

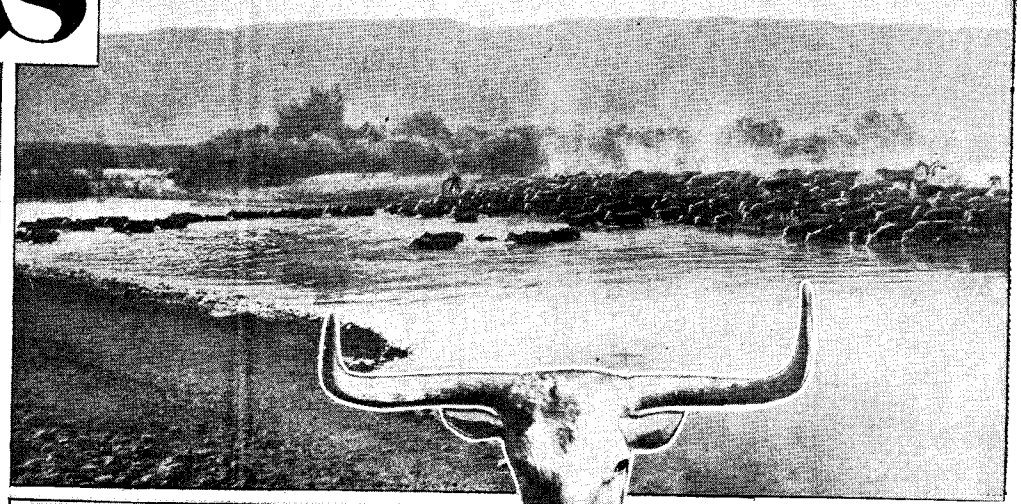
Value was set at $96,132,290.

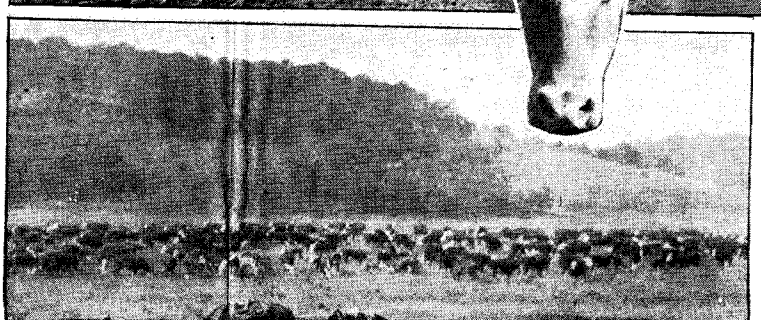
Texas ranks as first state in cattle production, Iowa being second with 4,569,590.

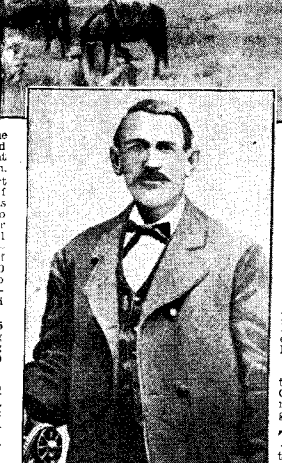
Oklahoma was rated in seventh place with 2,632,388 head.

These figures, the latest from the census bureau, excludes animals under three months of age.

Proving that the "gasoline trail" ranks ahead of the one named for Jesse Chisholm, trucks brought 465,068 head to Fort Worth market in 1935 out of total receipts of 749,227.



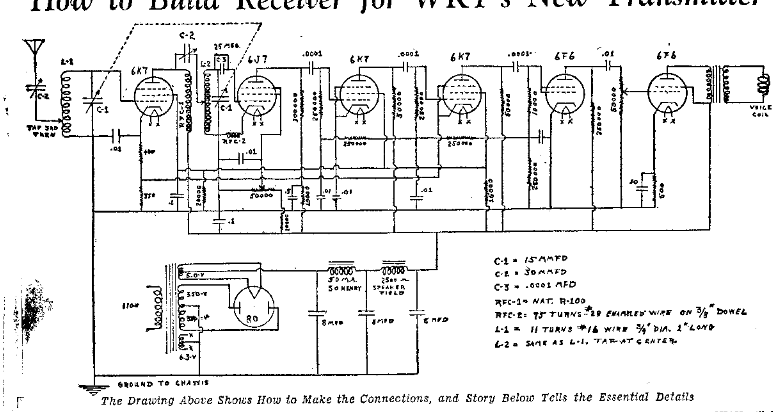




John Chisum

The above picture, and the one at the left, show typical herd scenes in big ranches in Texas.

How to Build Receiver for WKY's New Transmitter



The Drawing Above Shows How to Make the Connections, and Story Below Tells the Essential Details

By EARL C. HULL
(Chief Engineer of Station WKY)

TWO Sundays ago we carried a diagram and a story telling you how to construct a converter, which might be connected to your present radio receiving set, so that you may hear the programs to be broadcast by WKY's new ultra high frequency transmitter, W5XAU, which will operate on four channels from 31,000 to 41,000 kilocycles. W5XAU will be on the air soon.

Today we are giving you a diagram so that you may construct a complete receiver to get these ultra high frequency programs. Right here let it be understood that W5XAU, operating on the ultra high frequency band, will be separate and apart from the WKY on 900 kilocycles which has served you so long. WKY will continue on 900 kilocycles, but W5XAU will go on the air soon as an extra service. Very few of the receiving sets in the homes today are equipped to receive W5XAU. Within another year all of the manufactured sets likely will be built to receive programs broadcast in the ultra high frequency band. However, a lot of people in the meantime will get a great deal of satisfaction out of building their own receivers so they may enjoy the service about to be put on the air by W5XAU.

The diagram of the receiver shown above is a true high fidelity receiver. It will be worth the time and effort to construct it. It is a super-heterodyne receiver, using the new metal tubes, the super-heterodyne being the best to use where the transmitter is crystal controlled as W5XAU will be.

This diagram is for the experimenter who will understand all the markings and has sufficient knowledge of radio to put the set together after he buys the parts. It can be assembled on a base 9 by 12 inches which should be 3 inches deep so that connections can be made on the under side of the base. A metal shield should be used around the condenser C-1, otherwise no shielding is necessary as the metal tubes are self-shielding.

MANY BANDS TO TAKE PART IN CONVENTION

Ada Busy Preparing For Meeting of Lions.

ADA, April 4.—(Special.)—Not fewer than 27 bands are expected to take part in the district Lions convention to meet in Ada on June 7, 8 and 9, according to Dr. Sam A. McKeel, who is the chairman of the band committee.

"About one out of four clubs so far have signified their intention of bringing bands," Dr. McKeel said Saturday. "We have not heard from all the clubs, but we are reasonably certain that 27 will be here. The number may be increased later.

The local Lions are shaping up their end for the big convention. Every visiting club will have one or more local Lions designated as host, and he will see that the visitors are well taken care of.

Picher Man Owns Unusually Fine Mineral Collection

PICHER, April 4.—(Special.)—An unusual mineral collection, owned by Glenn McKee and displayed at the office of Art Kennedy and company in Picher, is reputed to be one of the finest privately-owned collections in the Tri-State lead and zinc field.

The collection includes specimens of varied formations.

Some specimens contain as many as four and five different minerals. Findings from practically every major mine in the Tri-State field, as well as from other fields, are among the displays.

One of the oddities is lead in cubic form with hollow center and an artistic design on the inside. A recent find in this district is that of balls of pure white lime formed on tiff. Another unusual specimen is a mineral "egg" on which ore has formed.

A fungus growth, resembling a hand and arm, was taken from a mine in the Picher field. Several pieces of hexagon-shaped tiff are also displayed.

A specimen of gold from the Cresson mine in the Cripple Creek field in Colorado is displayed beside Tri-State lead and zinc.

Minerals included in the collection are lead, zinc, gold, silver, copper and iron ore, as well as flint, tiff and lime.

Literary Contest Entries Named

HOLLIS, April 4.—(Special.)—Contestants from the Hollis highschool who will participate in the annual southwestern conference literary meet to be held at Elk City April 10 have been announced by Superintendent Lester Sherrill and include participants in every event with the exception of girls' solo.

OLD TRUNK YIELDS RELICS OF VALUE

Mangum Farmer Uncovers Interesting Documents.

MANGUM, April 4.—(Special)—A trunk which belonged to his great-grandfather is proving a treasure trove for C. L. Smallwood, farmer, who lives near Mangum. A month ago, Smallwood started to burn contents of the trunk when a visitor remarked that the relics might have some value.

A map of Texas, Indian Territory and Old Greer county, which was found in the trunk, has attracted interest of the state historical society. Although the map was engraved in 1881, it is well preserved.

A ledger kept by Franklin Sullivan, merchant of the New York colony from 1740 to 1750, was also found in the trunk.

Believe It or Not by Ripley

EXPLANATION OF LAST SUNDAY'S CARTOON

The Son of Benjamin Franklin—William Franklin (1731-1813), son of the great Benjamin, did not evince the rugged sense of democracy which distinguished his father. Having been appointed British royal governor of New Jersey in 1763, he espoused the British side at the outbreak of the revolution. It led to a complete estrangement from his father. He vowed to hang three colonists for every Tory killed.

In 1776 the provincial congress of New Jersey finally ordered his arrest as a spy and enemy of the country's liberty. For two years the last royal governor of New Jersey was confined in Connecticut. He was exchanged and liberated in 1778 and departed for England. The British government allowed him $9,000 for the loss of his property and granted him a pension of $4,000 a year.

Borah Has Western Training

Sullivan Gives Interesting Sketch of His Career.

BY MARK SULLIVAN
(Copyright, 1936, for The Daily Oklahoman)

THE periodicals have flowered lately with articles about Senator Borah. I have read them, and found them well done. Yet we all have missed some incidents which, were I writing an articles about Senator Borah—or a biography of him, or an American history including him—I should certainly have included. I have in mind not so much incidents that necessarily throw light on the senator's personality as some which evoke an America that now seems long ago and far away. I recite the incidents here as I heard them by word of mouth, without the research and verification that should attend incorporation of them in a formal history. Doubtless many folks of Senator Borah's age or thereabouts can recall the episodes and amend and amplify them.

Mr. Borah was born in Illinois, educated in Illinois and Kansas. By 1889 he had finished training in the law and spent a very brief time in incipient practice in the county seat town of Lyons, in central Kansas. Prospects of growth in that rural county seat were no brighter than the subsequent years proved them to have been—Lyons is today still a small town.

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YOUNG Borah became infected with a mood which at that time was very common in America, an ambition which expressed itself in the phrase, "Go west." For many generations in America, "Go west" was an injunction to ambition and adventure. In that meaning the phrase has been forgotten. During the great war the two words were a euphemism for death in battle, and it is in that sense mainly that modern America knows "Go west." In its earlier meaning probably no other two words had so much influence on the destinies of so many Americans.

To half the territory of the United States and more than half the population it may seem odd that a young man in central Kansas should think of "going west." But "west" was only partially a geographical term. Mainly "the west" meant the frontier, the place where new settlements were being made, where new railroads were extending long fingers of freshly turned sod across the prairie.

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YOUNG Borah in his trek westward and upward took a Union Pacific train at Omaha. The Pullman, the sleeping car, in those days was only for the financially comfortable, and not all of those would indulge in so potent a luxury. Decidedly the sleeping car was not for a young man setting out to seek his fortune. Many of the day coaches at that time contained on each side of the aisle two rows of individual chairs, side by side. By a lever the seat could be made to recline, as in some modern buses, and it was in one of those the young emigrant slept.

The first night out, the man who occupied the adjoining seat was a salesman for the International Harvester Co. The salesman, a friendly soul, drew out the story of his young neighbor's ambition, and interested himself—that, too, was a characteristic of that friendly time. He had a Harvester company map of the west, which he unfolded to point out what he thought would be the best path for ambition. At that time—how long ago it seems—there was uncertainty which of two new young cities on the Pacific coast would ultimately achieve the position which, in the hopes of both, was described as "the queen city of the Pacific coast," or "the metropolis of the northwest."

* * *

WHETHER it would be Tacoma or Seattle was argued in those days as vehemently as today people argue about the relative prospects of two baseball teams. Between Tacoma and Seattle, and their respective boomers and partisans, was pulsing rivalry. Which was best adapted to Pacific coast shipping? Which was likely to have the most important termini of transcontinental railroads? A few sage persons thought the true city of promise was neither of the new towns, but rather the comparatively long settled Portland, Ore. About all this the Harvester salesman talked most of the night. In the morning he dropped off the train, wishing the young emigrant good luck.

The second night out the young traveler's neighbor was a citizen of what was then the very young state of Idaho. He was, as I recall the story, a hotel-keeper in the then frontier settlement of Pocatello. He, like the Harvester salesman the night before, interested himself in the ambition of the young lawyer seeking a place to begin to practice. The Idahoan, conceding the fine prospects of the cities on the Pacific coast, nevertheless urged the young lawyer to break his journey long enough to take a look at a budding Idaho town called Boise. Parting, the Pocatello man gave young Borah his name; told him, if he should locate at Boise, to drop him a postal card: "I might be able to send you a case some time."

* * *

YOUNG Borah, dropping off the train at Boise, called at the offices of all the lawyers, but found no need for his services. By the time he had completed his unsuccessful quest for an opening his funds, spent for carefully economical meals, had fallen so low that he had not enough left to pay the railroad fare for the 400-mile trip to the Pacific coast. Perforce he stayed in Boise. He sent a postal card to his train acquaintance at Pocatello and the latter made good on his friendly promise. Through him young Borah got his first case. It was, as I recall the story, about a Chinaman, a cook in the hotel, who had become irritated over a midnight visit to the kitchen by a hungry guest of the hotel. In the ensuing encounter the Chinaman had lost his life. As I heard the story—it was by word of mouth and years ago, and I am not confident about the details — a legal theory had been improvised to the effect that, since a Chinaman could not be an American citizen, therefore he could not be regarded as a victim of man-laughter in the legal sense. Young Borah introduced into the case a more orthodox view of the law. (I tell this story from memory, and my memory rests on a word-of-mouth account told me many years after the event. Doubtless old Idaho records or memories could tell the incident authentically.)

* * *

IDAHO, in 1891, when young Borah settled in the capital, was, as a state, just one year old. Its total population was about 88,000, including Indians—a state geographically large but containing fewer people than many New England cities that would be called small.

Whether young Borah, when he reached Idaho, was a good lawyer, I do not know—his training had been slight. That he became a good lawyer everybody is aware. He had to become good. The late Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana, once told me with humor that took all egotism from his words, that the three best constitutional lawyers in the United States were himself, Justice George H. Sutherland, of the supreme court, and Senator Borah. He said the reason they were the best lay in the scenes of their early practice. All three began in little Rocky mountain towns. In those frontier villages law, as law, had little authority. It was not enough for a lawyer to quote a legal maxim or a Latin phrase, nor sonorously to belch the word "constitution." Not even was it enough to recite the statute. The fact that a law had been enacted by a legislature at the state capitol, or, during territorial days, by the congress at Washington, did not carry undisputed authority, unless the statute conformed to local common sense.

* * *

THOSE frontier settlements had very recently been parts of unincorporated territories. Not long before they had been "lawless" in the sense that they had no organized law. They had dealt out justice in their own way, sometimes by a spontaneous informality which the law might later sanctify as a "posse comitatus," but which the communities described as a "vigilance committee" or, more colloquially, as a "lynching bee." To such communities it was necessary that the lawyer should be able to make the frontiersmen see the reason for the law. The frontier lawyers, if they were to be good lawyers and successful, must pass through the prisms of their own minds the whole process of the evolution of law from the time it began. Granted a good mind to start with, the frontier training was one to produce a great lawyer.

* * *

WITHIN a few years, young Borah was the leading lawyer in Idaho. In 1906 he was prosecutor in one of the most famous murder trials America has ever known. An ex-governor of Idaho, Frank Steunenberg, about 6:30 one evening, left his office to go home for supper. As he opened the gate of his front yard, a bomb, exploding, almost tore the flesh from his bones. Steunenberg, while governor, had incurred the enmity of the Western Federation of Miners by calling out troops in a strike. The murder was confessed by Harry Orchard, and he claimed he had been incited to it by leaders of the Western Federation. In the trial, Borah, as prosecutor, was matched against Clarence Darrow for the defense. The trial attracted to Boise a number of eastern writers. These were so impressed by Borah that they gave him a national reputation. Their favorable opinion had something to do with Borah's election to the senate for a term which began March 4, 1907, and, with four re-elections, has lasted to this day, making Borah the senator who has had the longest continuous service.

Questions and Answers

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The Daily Oklahoman Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Please enclose 3 cents for reply.

Q—How many Sunday schools are there in the United States?

A—The figures are gathered quadrennially. In 1932, there were 173,714 Sunday schools, with 2,084,698 officers and teachers and 19,523,064 students.

Q—How is the personnel of the Mount Vernon Ladies' association chosen? J. L.

A—Vice-regents are elected by the council of the Mount Vernon Ladies' association. Their names are presented to council by the regent whose responsibility it is to select a nominee from the state in which a vacancy is to be filled. The regent follows no fixed procedure in selecting a nominee, nor is there any categorical list of qualifications. In each instance the nominee is a lady whose character and record for patriotic service have attracted attention.

* * *

Q—What are Tanagra figurines? E. L.

A—They are small terra cotta figures made in classical antiquity, the most beautiful specimens having been found at Tanagra in Boeotia. Figurines from this place, either painted or gilded, are highly prized by collectors for delicacy of execution. They represent divinities, ladies of fashion and animals.

Q—How high is Yellowstone lake? J. G.

A—It is 7,740 feet above sea level.

Q—Is there a memorial to the war correspondents of the Civil war? W. T. P.

A—The war correspondents' arch was erected by George Alfred Townsend in his mountain estate, Gapland, Md., in 1896. The inscription reads: "To the Army Correspondents and Artists, 1861-65, whose toils cheered the camps, thrilled the fireside, educated the provinces of rustics into a bright nation of readers, and gave incentive to narrate distant wars and explore dark lands. Erected by subscription 1896."

Q—What is meant by an I. O. in the bureau of investigation? M. P.

A—The initials stand for identification order. It is a card which bears all facts known about the criminal, together with pictures and fingerprints.

Q—Is it correct to assist a man with his coat? E. R.

A—A woman never assists a man in putting on his coat, no matter what his rank or position.

Old Coins In Every House

IN practically every home there is an old box of coins, stamps, trinkets and souvenirs. Many people carry around in their pocket or their purse some old lucky piece that may have a market value.

Use This Coupon

The Daily Oklahoman,
Information Bureau,
Frederic J. Haskin, Director,
Washington, D. C.

I enclose herewith 10 cents in coin (carefully wrapped) for a copy of EVERYBODY'S COIN BOOK.

Name ....

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State Nurse Will Go to Palestine

Holdenville Woman Takes Position in Jerusalem.

HOLDENVILLE, April 4.—(Special.)—Miss Harriatte Klynotsky, Holdenville nurse, has accepted a position in the New Jerusalem hospital in Palestine and will leave for New York April 15. From there she will sail on the S. S. Normandie May 25.

Miss Klynotsky came to America from Poland in 1910 and is of French and Jewish descent.

She is not only an accomplished nurse, but has taught school and done stenographic work. She speaks seven different languages, French, German, Russian, Jewish, English, Polish and Spanish.

Having lost her parents and husband, Miss Klynotsky has no immediate family in America other than her foster parents in Tulsa.

Her father was, before his marriage, a Jewish rabbi, but began the study of medicine after his arrival in the states.

Miss Klynotsky said she feels honored to have such a position offered her and is sure she will enjoy the work as it is a hospital of her own faith.

HARMON FARMERS HEAR NEW PROGRAM

County Agent Holds Series Of Meetings.

HOLLIS, April 4.—(Special.)—Harmon county farmers this week are attending a series of meetings for the purpose of learning more about the new farm program.

County agent Clarence Burch, Lee Roy Shulk, assistant, and Claude Ingram, county cotton chairman who attended the state meeting in Oklahoma City Saturday are endeavoring to explain the program to local farmers in these community meetings.

The "work sheets" on which farmers who wish to participate in benefits of the new federal soil conservation and domestic allotment program will list their planting plans for 1936, will be explained so that farmers may have all the information available about the new program so that they may proceed with spring work without hesitancy.

Adventists to Hold Meeting in August

GUTHRIE, April 4.—(Special.)—Oklahoma Seventh Day Adventists will hold their annual summer encampment in Highland park here August 13 to 22, it was decided at a conference between Guthrie Chamber of Commerce representatives and J. J. Reiswig and Wesley Amundsen, Oklahoma City, officials of the church organization. More than 1,000 people annually attend these summer sessions which have been held in Guthrie for the last 11 years.

Hatchery Installs Large Incubator

GUTHRIE, April 4.—(Special.)—It takes approximately three and one-half tons of eggs to fill a new electric incubator just installed by a hatchery here. The 67,000-egg capacity machine is said to be one of the largest of its type, weighing 14,200 pounds. It brings the capacity of the hatchery to 118,000 eggs. One incubator of 18,000 capacity installed last autumn is for turkey eggs. This is one of several large hatcheries here.

Land of the Novillo Grande

Wherein Indian Chief Takes His Toll of Beeves From Herdsmen.

By C. L. DOUGLAS

IN THE BRASADA, May 6.—It is a story they like to tell down here . . . an incident concerning one of the trail drives that Colonel Ike Pryor made to Kansas in the '80s.

It seems that the Colonel's herd, many weeks out of South Texas and plodding along through the Indian Territory, was stopped by an Osage chief who had several braves at his back.

This half-clothed gentleman demanded beef; in fact, wanted two or three beeves, but the Colonel was obstinate. One, he argued, should be quite enough, and at length the Osage agreed . . . after Mr. Pryor had volunteered to write a note of recommendation to the boss of a trail herd that was following behind.

"This is a good Indian," wrote the Colonel, with a grin. "Give him a beef, a good fat one."

* * *

Chief Stops Second Herd of Big Steers

THE Pryor outfit moved on, glad to escape so cheaply, and in due time the second herd was stopped by the chief, who presented his note. The boss read it, said he would be glad to favor the chief . . . and the Colonel.

"And what do you think he did?" laughed Dwight Chapin, for many years manager of the famous Pryor "77." "Well, he cut out a couple of the Colonel's own steers, strays picked up along the way, and gave them to the Indian."

Dwight Chapin has been in the Brasada a long time, long enough to have seen the last overland trail herds string north from Uvalde in the late '80s, but he has followed the cow business far afield.

He never trailed to Kansas himself, but he made 500-mile drives in Brazil in 1914 and 1915 when he was connected with Murdo Mackenzie, present manager of the Matador in West Texas, when that energetic Scot was establishing the 10,000,000-acre Brazil Land, Cattle and Packing Co. But that is another story . . .

* * *

Legendary Cave Adds Color to Ranch House

THIS ONE has to do, first, with the 77, which Mr. Chapin has bossed for several decades . . . because the owner, being 85 years old and failing in sight, must remain at his home and office in San Antonio.

The old 77 ranch house, headquarters for 100,000 acres of dense brush cut through by the Nueces River, is interesting even without such touches as the cave under the front yard which, according to local legend, once served as hiding place for King Fisher, the desperado.

More interesting is the story of the man who founded the ranch and set up the rambling two-story house—a kindly-faced old gentleman who wears, even in his San Antonio office, a black skull cap upon his head, and who has his secretary read to him all the latest works on phrenology, that science of determining character by a reading of the bumps on the head.

Colonel Ike T. Pryor, whose biography could easily be stretched to book length, never saw a herd of cows before his 18th birthday.

Born in 1852, left an orphan in Tennessee at the age of five, he ran away from relatives at the age of nine, got lost in Nashville, and for more than two years during the Civil War roamed with the Union army selling newspapers published by a regimental canteen owner.

* * *

Came to Texas With Bible, Little Else

LOCATING relatives after the war, he went to farming and then, in 1870, came to Texas with little more than the clothes on his back and a Bible presented to him by a cousin.

He found a job near Austin, plowing . . . and from the fields he could see the trail herds going north, and could talk with the cowboys. He spent $10 (half a month's salary) having an Austin phrenologist read his head bumps, learned he should change professions, and became a cowboy.

He made several trips up the trail, became a boss, then a ranch manager. He started collecting cattle of his own, until he had enough to make up a trail herd of his own. He made good profits, bought a 20,000-acre ranch, and soon was sending herd after herd to Kansas rail centers.

Thus, briefly, the evolution of a cattleman, one of the greatest in the Brasada today. He sold to Cuba after the Spanish-American War, getting $85 a head for steers bought in Texas at $15, and at the turn of the century he bought the 100,000-acre 77 in Zavalla County, at $1.40 an acre.

Ranchers in the Brasada. Upper left: Mrs. T. R. Price on her cutting horse, Champion, one of the best in the brush country. Right: Dwight Chapin, for many years manager of the Ike Pryor ranch, headquarters of which are shown in the background. Lower: Mrs. Kate Ottenhouse, a veteran of more than half a century in the brush country. She used to rope big steers from a side-saddle.

The '77' Remains His Greatest Interest

HE DOESN'T go in for high-bred stock; he prefers to buy yearlings and keep them until they are threes and fours. The Colonel never gets down to the ranch these days, nor to La Pryor, the town named for him, but he talks often by telephone with Mr. Chapin, the active boss of the 77.

But the 77 remains Mr. Pryor's greatest interest—that and phrenology.

"One of the greatest sciences," he told me recently in San Antonio. "The bumps on the head tell what's in that head, and I've been trying to preach that to Dean Kyle down at A. & M. He ought to call in a phrenologist and have the heads read before he gives the boys their diplomas . . ."

* * *

Rattlesnake Register Hangs On Kitchen Wall

IN this land of dense foliage ranchers and vaqueros pay little heed to numerous deer and seldom give wild turkey flocks a second glance, but, when they're afoot, they walk wary of one thing—the "rattlebug."

In the kitchen of the Eugene Kincaid ranch house near Uvalde a chart streaked with short pencil marks hangs on the wall, and when I asked Eugene Kincaid Jr. about it he said:

"That's the rattlesnake register."

He had been keeping it at that time only 14 days, to record snakes killed near the house, and already the register had 18 marks.

"Killed 382 last summer," added Eugene, who is 21 and prefers the comparatively lonely ranch to the lights of New York and Paris.

Eugene, who attended John Tarleton College and Baylor, is an artist . . . does fine westerns. When he left Baylor, where an exhibition of his work still hangs, his father offered to send him to New York and Europe to further his studies, but Gene sort of had a hankering for the brush . . . and fixing fence, riding range, etc.

Born in the blood, maybe. Gene's great grandfather, Ed Taylor, once had a big horse ranch down here and he was one of the first to drive a herd of cattle to California.

Near Uvalde the Kincaid brand is prominent on many hides—the Lazy II and the 10 Bar of Gene Kincaid, and the Bar 10 of his brother, Frank.

'That's Wat I Call a Hell of a Pretty Gal'

THERE have been vaqueros in this Border country whose names will be remembered as long as the brush grows—Gregoria Rubio, Pasqual Padia, Jose Martinez, Sabino Salinas, and many others—but there is one among the really old-timers who worked the ranges when these brush-busters were putting on their first chaps.

The name is Ottenhouse, and the late King Fisher (who used to ride these parts before he was slain with Ben Thompson in San Antonio) once said of this particular "vaquero:"

"Now that's what I call a hell of a pretty gal."

And for that remark Aunt Kate Ottenhouse, who lives down near Batesville, always has remembered the noted desperado a little kindly.

Aunt Kate is 81 now, but she remembers this country when it was open. It was 56 years ago, as a young bride, that she came from San Antonio with her husband to establish a small ranch on the banks of the Leona River, which runs now before her door.

* * *

Aunt Kate Did Share Of Work on Range

SHE helped dig the wells, she cooked the meals, she drove to Pearsall in a wagon every few months to get supplies, and she helped rope and brand (for 35 years) the big steers that her husband brought up from Mexico to fatten on the grass.

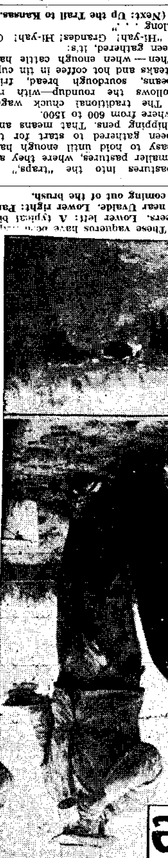
And during all those 35 years she did her roping from a side-saddle.

"Wouldn't have caught me on a stride saddle," says she. "That would have been disgraceful. Sure . . . I've been thrown many time, but here's a secret . . . if you think a horse is going to act up grab him by the forelock and he'll quiet down."

The pioneer ranch woman had more to do than merely handling cattle. Aunt Kate remembers that they had a "wash day" every 13 weeks, making a sort of picnic of it on the river bank; and that they had to haul the drinking water many miles at one time.

"That was also my job and I had a balky horse," she said, "but I learned how to cure him. It was simple . . . I just tied his tail to the double tree and he'd pull alright."

(Next: Outlaws of the Brasada.)



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Say "Charge It"

The Fort Worth Press

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Land of the Novillo Grande




Roundup in the land of the "novillo grande"—big steer. Upper left: Mac Burleson, manager of the Chapman and Barnard "Hat" brand, pauses for a cup of coffee. Upper right: A vaquero from Dolph Brisco's Catarina Ranch helps himself to a tin plate of frijoles at Albert Finley's V7 wagon. These vaqueros have been ...ing bring in Finley and Brisco steers. Lower left: A typical big steer on the Eugene Kincaid Ranch near Uvalde. Lower right: Part of a herd gathered on the roundup, coming out of the brush.

Roundup Down In Big Steer Country—Chuck Wagons on Move.

By C. L. DOUGLAS

BELOW THE NUECES, May 3. Down in this country of thick mesquite and guijilla bush—a land which the Mexicans of the Border call the Brasada—the dust of trail herds again floats toward the cloud-tumbled sky.

The chuck wagons, piled with bed rolls and clattering with pots and pans, are jolting through the chaparral.

Bronzed vaqueros, their big roweled Chihuahua spurs jangling musically as they ride, are combing out the ranges . . . their quirts splatting against wide-winged leather leggins; their shouts, in the mother tongue of Spain, rising staccato-like over the bawling voices of the cattle they are routing from the brush.

* * *

"Hi-yah! Grande! Hi-yah!"

The spring roundup is in full swing through the land of the "novillo grande"—that land of the big steer which, in ancient times, really cradled the Texas cattle industry.

And before many days more than 50,000 steers will have moved up the trail to Kansas . . . most of them to fatten on the grass of the north for another year before becoming beefsteaks on the platters of the world.

Half a century ago the big steers of this area (the "novillo grandes") went up the Kansas trail on the hoof, about 3000 in a herd, and with eight or nine men riding with them. And they reached Dodge or Abilene, if they were lucky, in a couple of months.

* * *

Beasts Now Reach New Pastures in 36 Hours

NOW, on the long strings of railroad cattle cars which daily snake away from loading pens on the Nueces and the Frio, the cow brutes . . . far less rangy now than in the old days . . . reach their new pastures in about 36 hours.

They're going out by the thousands every day from La Pryor, Palm, Crystal City, Carrizo Springs and Catarina . . . these cattle which still carry in their veins traces of the blood first brought across the Rio Grande in the early expeditions of the Spanish conquistadores.

In one week of April, more than 25,000 went up the iron trail to the finishing grass of Kansas and the Oklahoma Osage—a livestock movement significant and unique even in Texas, though the state rates as the greatest cattle producing area in the world.

* * *

For this country, down here between the winding Nueces and that stream which the Mexicanos persist in labeling the Rio Bravo del Norte, is the "last frontier of the big steer."

A wedge embracing the counties of Uvalde, Maverick, Kinney, Zavalla, Dimmit, Webb, Frio and LaSalle, it pushes against the Border on the south. Then, to the northward, the one-time rolling prairies are lost in a maze of mesquite, guijilla, cacti and thorns. The area is streaked through with the waters of the Leona, Sabinal, Frio and Nueces Rivers.

* * *

Fifty Years Ago This Land Clear of Brush

OLD vaqueros will tell you that about 50 years ago, this country was almost free of brush, which since has been growing thicker and thicker with each passing year, but that it always has been "big steer." There is something in the climate and the grasses and the forage that builds big bone and heavy beef.

Rails have supplanted the trails, the longhorns have given way to better blood, and the topography has been undergoing rapid change, but in this part of the Brasada the spring roundups are little different than in the days when the dons came from across the Rio Grande to establish their fortified ranchos and haciendas.

* * *

Some of these loop-holed, thick-walled strongholds of pioneer cattle days still may be found on far, outlying ranges of the Brasada . . . stone ruins crumbling in the sun, the ever-thickening brush closing in about them . . . places surrounded by legends which old vaqueros like to recount in the shade of the corral or in the light of the night fires about the wagons . . .

But let that pass for the time; we were speaking of the roundups—

Of course, the ranches nowadays are owned principally by Americans, with American foremen and wagon bosses, but as for the hands, the cowboy brush-busters who go after the steers, the Mexican still predominates in this land of the "novillo grande."

* * *

Equipment Fit in With Time of Early Riders

THE vaquero, the "caballo" that he strides, the equipment he uses and methods he employs are things that fit in with the time of Refugio San Miguel, Domingo de la Garza, Sabino Salinas and other early riders of the Border.

That's why the language of the range, the shipping pens and the chuck wagons has become what it is — half Spanish, half English.

But let's ride over from Uvalde to the 150,000-acre Chapman and Barnard outfit in Maverick County, where Manager Mac Burleson is using three outfits in the brush to roundup the big steers—three- and four-year-olds—which carry the brand of "the Hat."

* * *

There are many large ranchos in this section — the Chaparosa, the Kincaids and Col. Ike Pryor's famous 77—but the scene on "the Hat" is typical of the unique movement now in progress.

Leaving Uvalde (and the collection of John Garner gavels in the hotel lobby), Sam McAulay and I drove westward in his car. We crossed the Nueces, passed Turkey Creek, then, after 25 miles of fine road, Mr. McAulay—a brand inspector for the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers Assn.—indicated the Chapman and Barnard properties on the right.

Here he turned off into the brush, on what a city dweller would term little more than a cow trail, but I didn't see any ranch house.

* * *

Deer, Wild Turkeys Dodge Here and There

SAM, who has inspected brands in this country for 10 years, explained that headquarters of "the Hat" were about 20 miles away through the brush.

Into the Brasada! Sometimes a buck or doe jumped across the so-called road, and sometimes we would see three or four rusty-feathered wild turkeys skittering away in the brush. The jackrabbits, big black-eared fellows, didn't count . . .

We jolted along, dodged cacti and chaparral, went through many pasture gates, passed a lonely line camp where one cowboy has lived for a year with no companions other than four cats and a Winchester rifle, and came at last to "the Hat" in the evening.

* * *

Mac Burleson was on the porch, and the foreman, before we walked through the gate, shouted for the Mexican cook to "fix places for two;" changing the order to "better make it four" as two more guests arrived. The hospitality of the cattle country . . . a tradition that still lives.

A hearty supper in the ranch house, then talk on the porch . . . about the cattle to be shipped tomorrow, the condition of the range, the progress of the roundup.

* * *

Seminoles "Good Cow Hands," Veteran Says

NIGHT creeps in, the moon comes out, and a light wind sweeps in across the Nueces and murmurs through the Brasada. The old windmill in the headquarters yard creaks at its labors. The embers of the fire at the chuck wagon, where the cowboys eat, are glowing low, and over in the Seminole camp — a few hundred yards from the ranch house —some vaquero has brought out his guitar . . .

"Good cow hands, these Seminoles," says Mr. Burleson, a veteran of the Arizona and New Mexico ranges. "That is, good according to modern standards. They originated down on the Seminole Indian reservation in Mexico."

* * *

They are just black fellows, negroid, but holding themselves aloof from the states' negro . . . descendants of a slave race which left the Indian Territory years ago and bargained for a reservation in Old Mexico.

That leads Mac to discourse on a comparison of the old cow hand with the new. He has, he says, 130 horses in his remuda, but not exactly the kind of horses he would really like. He can remember, out in Arizona, lots of mornings when he was thrown once or twice before getting his mount under way.

"That's the kind of horse I like," says he, "one with a hump in his back in the morning."

* * *

"High, Low, Jick, Jack And Game" Is Favorite

THEN someone suggests that he has a nickel or two to risk at that time-favored night-time diversion of the cow man—pitch. Inside the ranch house living room a coal-oil lamp is lighted, and it's "high, low, jick, jack and the game" until someone yawns and suggests that it must be gittin' late. And it is.

I look at my watch.

Nine p. m.!

We turn in. There is silence now from the Seminole camp, and from the horse corrals, where the vaqueros have bedded down for the night. The breeze from the Nueces has strengthened. Somewhere out in the brush a coyote barks. Then dead silence . . . to be broken by the jangling of a cow bell.

* * *

It's still black outside—black as the pit, but that jangling cowbell meant something. Outside there is a spattering of Spanish, the creak of leather. A horse stomps and neighs.

The bell was the cook's warning to "come and get it." In a few minutes the outfit will be riding—to comb the big steers out of the brush.

A Panhandle man or a far West Texan would be at a loss in this country. He just wouldn't "sabe" the layout—the heavy leather "chapaderos" the men wear on their legs; their heavy jackets and gloves; the pointed, leather "tapaderos" which protect the stirrups, all necessary to protect the rider against the thorns of this thick brush country.

* * *

Cattle Out on Ranges Not Easily Located

AND then the outfit trails out, under the leadership of Bill Vivian, wagon boss for "The Hat."

There's a pasture—seven or eight thousand acres or so—to be worked out; and, unlike the ranges of the Panhandle, the cattle can't be easily located (not with the visibility a few dozen feet in some places). The cattle must be hunted out in ones and twos and threes.

A bellowing brute—1100 pounds of beef on the hoof, and with four years of range freedom to remember—breaks through the brush.

* * *

A vaquero digs in his spurs, twists his wiry cow-wise pony. There is a commotion in the mesquite, with flashes of steer and man and horse, and the big fellow is turned into a small herd that other cowboys are holding in a spot where the mesquite and guijilla thins.

Then, in small groups, the animals are driven from the large pastures into the "traps," or smaller pastures, where they are easy to hold until enough have been gathered to start for the shipping pens. That means anywhere from 600 to 1500.

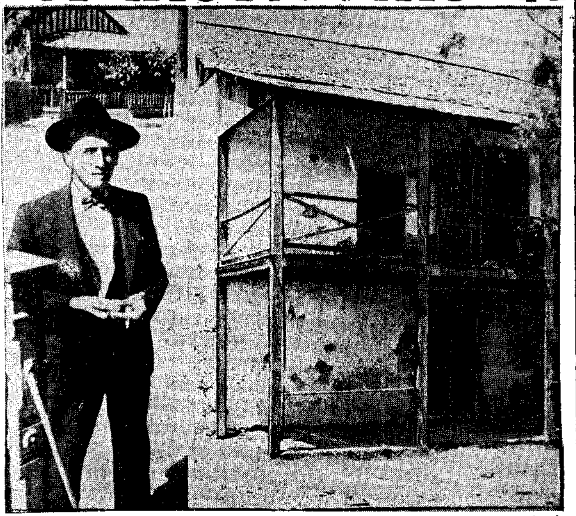
The traditional chuck wagon follows the roundup—with red beans, sourdough bread, fried steaks and hot coffee in tin cups. Then — when enough cattle have been gathered, it's:

"Hi-yah! Grandes! Hi-yah! Git along . . ."

(Next: Up the Trail to Kansas.)

Land of the Novillo Gr

Headless Woman Of El Sauz—Just A Legend of Old Frontier Times.



El Sauz, typical of the loop-holed ranchos left by the early Mexican ranchers in the Brasada. At the left: Trinidad San Miguel, a photo snapped on an Eagle Pass street. When a boy he lived at El Sauz, which was built by his father, Don Refugio San Miguel.

By C. L. DOUGLAS

ABOVE EAGLE PASS, May 5.—When the moon hangs low and the hoot of the owl answers the midnight yammering of the coyotes as they prowl the brush—then it is, according to some among the more superstitious Mexicans, that the Headless Woman of El Sauz rides abroad on her great black horse.

Pure legend, of course . . . a fanciful story born in the brain of some imaginative vaquero . . . but the fact remains that in this section of the Brasada there are Mexicans who shun the Rancho El Sauz as a place accursed, and who never venture that way after the sun has dipped down into the mesquite.

There are some who swear that they have seen her . . . a small woman in robes, senor, riding a silent horse, and seeking at night the head that she has lost.

But how did the poor senora chance to lose her head?

Quien sabe, senor?" who knows?

The atmosphere of the place does provide a magnificent setting for such a story. El Sauz, wh'h means "the willows," is one of those old fortified ranch houses of Spanish origin which may be found in some of the remote, out-lying ranges of this country.

It stands on a knoll in the brush 20 miles (as the big gray hawks fly) from the border city of Eagle Pass. The walls, more than a foot thick, are crumbling, but the visitor still can climb the rickety steps from the one room below to the one room above and look out the portholes through which rifles once popped as the ranchers stood off raiding Indians.

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Old Home Monument Of Early Frontier Days

A WATCH tower on the west side has all but fallen down. Once there was a lookout platform on its top, but loopholes still can be seen in the portion that remains standing . . . proof enough that the early Mexican ranchers had additional troubles over those which afflict the stockman of today.

But over in Piedras Negras, Mexico, when I told Trinidad San Miguel what I had heard concerning the headless woman legend, he merely laughed.

"She must be an intruder," he scoffed. "I'm sure I never heard anything about her when I was a boy."

Trinidad San Miguel, 78-year-old resident of Eagle Pass, one of the most prominent and respected citizens along this strip of the Border, spent his childhood at El Sauz.

The old stone house, he said, was built in 1860 by his father and mother, Refugio and Rita San Miguel, and Trinidad himself was but one year old when the family moved there to run 2000 head of cattle and 6000 head of sheep on the range.

And this is the story, typical of many another early Mexican rancho in the Brasada, that Trine —as he is affectionately called on both sides of the Rio Grande—told me of El Sauz:—

When General Hugh Duncan of the U. S. Army came down to the Border in June of 1849 to establish a military post, he needed freighters to haul supplies from San Antonio to the site where the city of Eagle Pass now stands.

* * *

Wagon Train Route Was 23-Day Journey

THE contract for this business (recounted Senor San Miguel) was secured by Don Fredrico Groos, a banker of the former city. He mustered 75 Mexican families, furnished each with four yoke of oxen and two heavy carts, and set the freight line going.

The route was more than 150 miles, but the trains, if they had no trouble with hostile Kickapoos and Lipans, could make the journey in about 23 days. Thus it was that the city of Eagle Pass was founded, by the 75 families of the freight line.

Among those engaged in the business was a young man from Matamoras, a member of an old Tamaulipas family. Refugio San Miguel was industrious and ambitious and before many years he built up a freight line of his own, his train growing eventually to 20 carts and 40 spans of oxen.

Meanwhile, among the new families arriving in the little town of 'dobe walls and grass roofs, came the Aldaretes from Santa Rosa, Coahuila; and Refugio very promptly fell in love with one of the daughters, Rita.

The year was 1854 and, after a 150-mile journey to San Antonio, where lived the nearest priest, Refugio San Miguel and Rita Aldarete took the vows. They returned to Eagle Pass, settled in a small, square house which still stands on W. Third St., and here, in 1859, Trinidad was born. He was the first child baptized in Eagle Pass.

At that time there were no ranches in what is now Maverick county and Don Refugio, who had prospered, looked at the rolling grass north of the river—the country was free of brush then—and decided to invest in cattle and sheep.

He collected his herds and built his home, and thus the first rancho in Maverick was founded, the old stone house now crumbling in the sun.

* * *

Rifles at Portholes Kept Indians at Distance

HERE Trinidad spent his boyhood, and he can recall some exciting times at the old loop-holed house, now a landmark on the Chapman and Barnard properties.

Miguel set out for his ranch by horseback from Eagle Pass, where he had been on business.

Riding across a deep arroyo a few miles from El Sauz a man suddenly appeared in the trail before him. The man was Melquires Cadena, and he was raising a rifle to his shoulder!

Don Refugio took in the situation at a glance, but before he could clear his rifle from the saddle scabbard Cadena fired—twice. The first bullet wounded San Miguel's horse, the second cut through the rider's right leg.

Cadena turned to run, but San Miguel got in one shot, which tore off a part of his assailant's left ear. Cadena, who evidently had a horse waiting nearby, made his escape.

Don Refugio, bleeding profusely, turned his wounded horse back toward the town, but he soon realized that he was growing too weak to remain mounted. Cadena's bullet had cut an artery.

The rancher slipped from his saddle and sat down in the shade of a small tree. There, hours later, a passing ox team driver found him—dead, still leaning against the tree, his faithful horse standing beside him.

The murder of San Miguel caused a furore on the Border, for Don Refugio was well-beloved. The hue and cry went up for Cadena, but the sheepherder had fled across the Rio Grande and had found refuge in Mexico.

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Family Carries On With Work at Ranch

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"In every light of the moon the Indians would prowl around the place," he said, "but the rifles of my father and his vaqueros, popping through the portholes, taught them to keep a distance."

And once, when Trinidad was a small boy, he was chased by Indians who tried to snare him with lassos, but he was riding a fast pony and he made the ranch house, with a remembrance of swishing lassos that would remain with him always.

1868—the San Miguel herds had grown. Some seasons as many as 2200 calves were stamped with the brand Don Refugio had adopted from his family in Mexico, a script "A" superimposed with a lazy "S," one of those artistic Spanish coats-of-arms which modern ranchers still refer to as "a bucket of snakes" or "the map of Mexico."

Then tragedy. Don Refugio had fire da sheepherder named Melquires Cadena and Cadena had gone to work tending the flock of a neighbor. Shortly afterward San Miguel had occasion to see some of the sheep under this man's care and he noticed that some of the earmarks had been newly altered.

Don Refugio went to the army post and asked that Cadena be arrested. An investigation disclosed that the animals had been stolen and Cadena was arrested, to be put under bail pending trial in Uvalde County, to which Maverick then was attached for judicial purposes.

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Death Waits Ambushed On a Lonely Trail

A FEW weeks after the incident, on Dec. 8, 1868, the elder San

JORGE SAN MIGUEL, a cousin of the slain man, muttered beneath his breath. He had been in a camp near Quemada, a few miles from the scene of the tragedy, when Cadena came to tell his employer that he must leave quickly and go to Mexico.

Cadena had said nothing of the killing, but those in the camp noticed that his left ear had been shot away, and had Jorge San Miguel known of the murder he could have killed or captured the man then and there. But that was before his cousin had been found.

Rita San Miguel and her son Trinidad carried on at the ranch, defied Indians, and branded many steers before they finally sold out late in the century and moved back to Eagle Pass. Maverick County was organized in 1871 and in later years Trinidad served it in many ways.

He was county assessor for 16 years, treasurer for eight, deputy U. S. marshal for two years, and was a customs inspector during the administration of President Benjamin Harrison.

In Eagle Pass, 25 years after the event, came an aftermath to the killing of Refugio San Miguel. Cadena ventured back to Texas, was recognized and arrested in Sabinal, and taken to Eagle Pass.

Trinidad went to the jail to see him. He observed the ear that his father had shot away, but he was so filled with pity at the sight of the trembling old man that he asked the district attorney not to prosecute.

* * *

Banishment Accepted As Price of Clemency

"BUT you must leave the country . . . go to Mexico," San Miguel told Cadena. "I must never see your face on the streets of Eagle Pass or Piedras Negras. If so . . ."

But Cadena went and did not return. He died a few years ago in Musquiz.

Trinidad, who now boasts ownership of the best bar in the best of the border towns, Piedras Negras, also was well acquainted with King Fisher, noted South Texas gunman.

Once some of Fisher's men stole a San Miguel horse, and when Trinidad next saw King he complained.

"Get a rope," said King Fisher, "and we'll get him."

And get him they did, the gunman reading the riot act to the fellow who stole him. The man's excuse was that he hadn't recognized the San Miguel brand.

That story merely serves to show the respect that men of the Border, on both sides of the river (and the social register) have for old Trinidad San Miguel, who once had a man arrested for cattle theft and then paid an attorney to defend him when he discovered that the thief had several motherless children.

They know that Trinidad and his parents before him, Don Refugio and the Donna Rita, played no small part in establishing the cattle industry—and Civilization—on the Border.

(NEXT: Ranches and Ranchers of the Brasada.)