

# MOTLEY COUNTY TRIBUNE

VOICE OF THE FOOTHILL COUNTRY

Where History is Pride

Flomot Matador Northfield Roaring Springs



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## Matador City Council to Apply for Home Replacement Grant

By Linda Roy

Replacement homes for five low-income Matador residents will be built if the Texas Home Investment Partnership Program grant application for the city of Matador is accepted by the Texas Department of Housing and Community Affairs.

The Matador City Council unanimously approved a resolution during their evening meeting Thursday, August 12, to work with South Plains Community Action Association (SPCAA) to complete this grant application.

Henry Tarengo, SPCA Housing Director, said, "Matador will not be asked to pay any cash, but the city will be asked to provide in kind services such as demolition, tree removal, and site preparation, valued at \$3752.00 per home, based on Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) rates."

SPCA will complete all paper-

work required by the grant application.

Total value of the grant will be \$400,000. Each home replacement project will be budgeted \$80,000. SPCA will use \$6,500 of that amount for closing costs, title searches, environmental reviews, and the preparation of documents associated with new home ownership and \$1600 for administration cost.

The remaining \$74,000 will finance the building of an 1,100-square-foot brick home, which will become the sole property of the homeowners after having lived in it for five years. During that five-year period, the residents will have what is basically a five-year deferred loan—which is forgiven at the end of that time. If the homeowner dies before living in the house for five years, the loan is forgiven, and the home becomes part of the resident's estate.

Homeowners are allowed to sell the property before the five-

year period is over. However, upon closing, they must pay back a prorated amount of the deferred loan. For example, if the homeowner had lived in the house for only three years, he or she might have to pay back \$40,000 of the \$74,000 home value. If he or she had lived in the home for four years, the pay back might be only \$30,000 of the total sale price.

Homeowners will not be required to pay house payments. However, they must stay current on taxes and carry insurance on the home.

The city will announce when it can begin accepting applications from residents wanting to participate in this program, but it will not be before February or March 2011.

Residents are eligible to apply if they meet the following requirements:

Currently own their own home,

Have a clear title to their property,

Have lived in their home for at least a year prior to the application,

Be at least 62 years old or permanently disabled,

Qualify as low income,

Live within the city limits of Matador,

Be current on all taxes or have a payment agreement with the taxing entity.

Tarengo said that funding of the grant is almost assured, but the ultimate success of the application will not be known until the spring.

Roaring Springs and Motley County are also eligible for participation in the program. If their associated governing bodies choose to allow SPCA to make application for them, each entity will be granted five home replacements, resulting in a total of 15 new homes built in the county for low-income residents.

Tarengo then discussed a different program available to Matador in which SPGA would build affordable new homes in the city that would then be available to the public for purchase.

The city must first deed a lot to SPCAA, who will in turn construct on that lot a three-bedroom, two-bath home featuring an isolated master bedroom. Other features of the home, which will affect the final selling price, are negotiable so that the home prices align with what is deemed affordable in the Matador housing market. Homes built in the program in the cities of Sundown, Denver City, and Brownfield typically sold for \$79,000.

In other business, the City Council set the proposed tax rate for tax year 2010 at .46198 per \$100 of value. This will result in an expected income of \$63,620.21, still short of the 2010 budget requirement of \$64,500.00.

While this is a slight increase from last year's rate, the increase was put in perspective when it was explained that on a home valued at \$50,000, the increase will only be \$15 per year.

The Council discussed the

continued on page 5

## Second Annual Foothill Saturday Night

By Dianne Washington

The Motley County Chamber of Commerce will sponsor music, food, booths, and dancing in the street on August 21, 2010, from 5:30 to 10:00 p.m. Last years event was a great success and the chamber is planning a bigger, better event. The event will take place on the streets of downtown Matador.

At 6:00 p.m. entertainment will feature local artists participating in the open mike hour. If you can sing, tell jokes, perform magic, dance, twirl a rope or perform any type talent call and reserve your spot and show everyone this area has got talent.

Former Motley County resident Max Barton with his Flashback Band will be the featured performers. They specialize in 1970s music. Guests are invited to bring their lawn chairs to watch the festivities, dance in the street, or shop at the booths selling crafts, jewelry, or other wares.

This year the chamber is having a do it your way hamburger bar. Customers will make a hamburger the way they like it. If you need help putting your hamburger together a chamber member will be on hand to help. The cost of the hamburger meal deal consisting of hamburger, chips, drink and dessert is only \$5.00. Donations of brownies, rice crispy squares and other easy to eat goodies would be appreciated.

The chamber has planned the foothills fiesta as a family event. Young, old and in between are encouraged to attend this end of summer event. Any suggestions to help make this a fun night would also be appreciated. Please call 347-2636 or 347-2820 with sug-

gestions or for information on donating brownies.

Vendors of all kinds are encouraged to bring their wares and join the fun. Call 806-347-2939 to reserve 10 x 10-foot booth space. Booth fees are waived for Motley County Chamber of Commerce members. Member dues can be paid on August 21 and the booth fee will be waived. Call 806-347-2939 to reserve 10 x 10-foot booth space.

The Flashback Band has been performing together for eight years and has "wowed" crowds at many local festivals including Fort Worth's May-Fest, Main Street Arts Festival and several Cowtown Marathon Finish Line celebrations, Whitney's Pioneer Days Festival to many local venues including where it all started, The Stagecoach Ballroom in Fort Worth.

The group has appeared at venues such as Cristina's Mexican Restaurants, in Roanoke Trophy Club and Flower Mound, The Rig Steakhouse in Fort Worth and at many private functions throughout Texas.

Flashback prides themselves in delivering the same performance whether they are performing for hundreds at any local venue or for thousands such as the Ameriplan's Group's "A Musical Journey Through Time" with thousands packing Trinity Hall at the Anatole Hotel in downtown Dallas, Max Barton said.

Meet the members of Flashback:

Glenn "T" Urquhart has been involved with music since childhood. He participated in various choral groups over the years and was the Director of Events and Functions for a

large fraternal organization. His love for performing has continued to grow. Glenn's enthusiasm, organizational skills and leadership have helped to bring Flashback together.

Max Barton is a former resident and graduate of Matador High School. He began singing at the age of four with his older sisters. At age eight he won his first amateur contest. After performing in bands in high school and college, he began singing on a more professional level. He sang lead with "The Viscounts" who performed for various recording artists and opened for Bobby Vee and Glen Campbell. Max is a long time member of BMI and ASCAP and continues to write music in hopes of a publishing contract one day.

Tracey Howard began singing at the age of three. She soon began performing with her family in community stage musicals. Her experience includes years of "a cappella" training as well. In college Tracey traveled with "Baker's Dozen" and performed with the Waylon Jennings Bluegrass band. She continued her interest in performing over the years. Tracey's versatility and experience are a perfect complement to Flashback's vocal style.

Jay Hubbard is from a family of professional musicians. He began playing guitar at age 16 after seeing Chet Atkins live in concert. Other early influences were Jay's Dad, fiddler Carroll Hubbard of the Light Crust Doughboys and recording artist Ray Price. With a history of inspiration to entertain Jay he began singing, writing and recording three- and four-part harmonies in the early 1990s.

## RS City Council hears tax rate

By Zella Palmer

The Roaring springs City Council met in regular session on August 9, 2010. Those in attendance were; Mayor Corky Marshall; council members, Alex Crowder, PK Green, Perry Gullledge, James McCleskey, Timmy Brooks; water manager Robert Osborn; city secretary, Zella Palmer; and Motley County Tax Assessor, Elaine Hart.

Mayor Marshall called the meeting to order at 6:30 p.m. Elaine Hart presented the Property Tax Rate for 2010. This year's effective rate is .61810 per \$100. This year's rollback rate is .66754, per \$100. The difference in revenue between the 2 rates would be \$2,558.12. The Roaring springs city council will have a special council meeting August 16, 2010 to vote on the purposed tax rate. Council will adopt the tax rate, and pass an ordinance to make the rate effective during the September 13, 2010, regular city council meeting.

Council voted unanimously to approve the July 12, 2010, regular city council meeting minutes as written. The financial report was approved, and bills were approved to be paid.

The 2010 purposed budget

was reviewed. City secretary will look at adjusting the budget and present to the council for adoption at the next city council meeting, September 13, 2010, after the new tax rate is adopted.

Due to high energy and maintenance costs, council unanimously approved an increase in fees for renting the community center. A charge per day will be \$175.00, and after inspection of the building, if it is left clean, \$75.00 will be returned. The week end charge will be \$250.00. After inspection, if the building is clean, \$75.00 will be return. Cleaning guidelines must be met at all levels to receive the \$75.00.

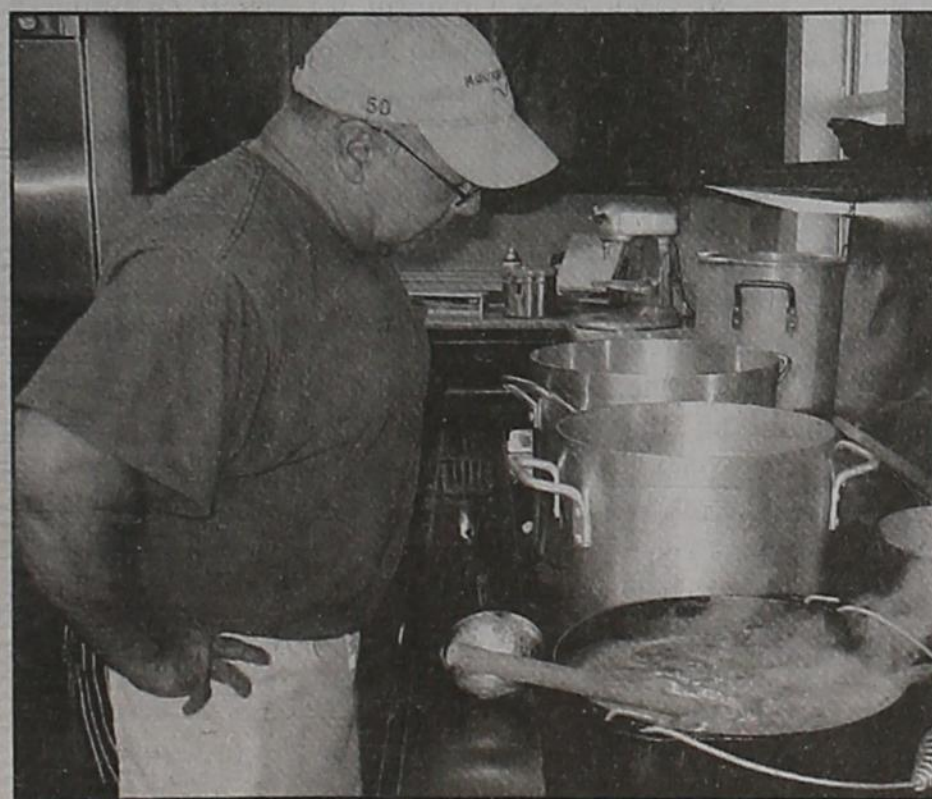
Water, sewer, and landfill rates were reviewed, with a unanimous vote to raise, residual water rates, basic \$21.00 for first 3,000 gallons, and \$2.50 per 1,000 gallons over the first 3,000 gallons, landfill, \$8.50 per month, and sewer \$12.50 per month. Minimum residual water bills will be increase by \$3.25 per month. Commercial basic water rate \$22.00 for the first 3,000 gallons, and \$2.50 per 1,000 gallons over first 3,000 gallons, landfill \$8.50, sewer \$13.75 per month. Minimum commercial water bills will increase by \$4.25 per month.

These rates will be effective on the october, 2010, billing. Water bills are due by the 10th of each month. The new reconection fee, for meter shut off, due to non payment will be \$20.00. Mowing rates will increase to \$60.00 for lots, and \$100.00 for Old Settlers property.

## Council meets in special session

The Roaring Springs City council met in special session August 16, 2010. Those in attendance were; Mayor Corky Marshall, Timmy Brooks, PK Green, Perry Gullledge, and city secretary, Zella Palmer Mayor Marshall called the meeting to order at 10 o'clock AM.

Council discussed the purposed tax rate for 2010. This year's effective rate is .61810 per \$100. This year's rollback tax rate is .66754, per \$100. Last year's tax rate was .64851 per \$100. Council voted unanimously to purpose the effective rate of .61810 per \$100. Council will adopt the tax rate and pass an ordinance to make the rate effective during the September 13, 2010, regular city council meeting.



**A WATCHED POT.** Chef Frank Cordero of Lubbock checks the beef stock which was eventually transformed into delicious steak soup last week during culinary training at the Matador Ranch Hunting Lodge.



## Foothill Country

### Connections

Community, Diversity, Art  
When you have history, you have pride.

By Laverne Zabielski

I spent last week in the mountains of North Carolina at my annual Alternate-ROOTS meeting. It is a sort of art camp. We make and perform lots of art and participate in workshops on the value of art in our every day lives, and in our community. We learn the importance of expressing ourselves and how important it is when everyone works together.

Of course I get the usual response when asked what I'm doing these days and I tell them besides dyeing silk and sewing, Larry and I publish a newspaper in West Texas.

"Don't you live in Kentucky?" They ask. "How can you do that?"

I tell them it's because the newspaper we publish is located in a very unique country. It's a place where the tenaciousness of the land has necessitated people to work together, even when they disagree.

agree.

I'm looking forward to the new school year. My feelings are the same when I was young and anticipated the first day of school in a new grade. It's a time for reviewing goals and setting new ones.

Regarding the newspaper, my goals are to publish a hyperlocal paper every week. That means every piece of news is from and about Motley County. And to have as many photos as possible. I hate it when I have no photo for the front page.

I encourage you to send the news and photos of the events you consider important. Even send photos of scenic views that represent this rich county. If I don't use them immediately, I will save them for other times.

And I always need photos when at the last minute the paper has to go from six pages to eight pages and I need to fill those pages fast!

## WRITING COMMUNITY

### The Long Road to San Jacinto

by Marisue Potts Powell

One delegate, caught up in the excitement and desire to rush to Travis' aid, moved that the convention "do immediately adjourn, arm and march to the relief of the Alamo."

A clamor went up. "Fight!" they demanded. Many prepared to leave for the fighting. But, Houston, in his booming voice, demanded their attention and insisted that the delegates finish the vitally important business of forming a government. He, the commander-in-chief, would leave immediately to rally a force against the advancing Mexicans. So convinced, they continued to work diligently until adjournment on the 17th, when many hastened to join the army.

Houston's job, despite the new republic's lack of funding, was to mold and shape a loosely organized group of strong-minded individuals into a fighting force. Not only must he overcome a scarcity of food for both men and horses, a shortage of ammunition, blankets, shoes, clothing, and medicine, but also, his army had to endure the most miserable weather. As the rains and floods continued, so did the dreary experiences of the troops in the Brazos bottoms.

The troops heard of the massacre of Fannin's force on March 27, and they were furious! They then badgered Houston to confront Santa Anna. But, knowing they were not yet ready to fight, Houston kept his own counsel and continued to retreat.

When the news of the Texas losses at the Alamo, San Patricio, and Goliad reached the settlements, panic gripped the women, children and old men, left as they were without protection by the fleeing army. Abandoning the bulk of their possessions, but grabbing whatever was handy, they scrambled toward the Sabine and the safety of U.S. territory. The fleeing Texans burned the settlement of San Felipe as the Mexican force came near. Upstream the days-old government at Washington-on-the-Brazos scurried toward Liberty and Harrisburg to the west, nearer to the coastline and possible escape by sea.

The cold rains continued, making even the simplest movement into a trying trek. Creeks filled their banks, making fording hazardous. Heavy wagons, sinking to their hubs, quickly created a quagmire of ruts in the crude roads.

Possessing only a few tents or coverings, the soldiers and refugees suffered from exposure and illness. According to eye-witness Rose Dilue Harris, measles, sore eyes, whooping cough, and "every other disease that man, woman, or child is heir to" broke out among the fleeing families. Later, historians would refer to this panic, the abandonment of homes, possessions, and livestock in the wake of the advancing Mexican soldiers, as the "Runaway Scrape."

Before Rusk opted to leave the fleeing in-

terim government at Harrisburg on April 1st, he made a rousing appeal for enlistment. Then, accompanied by his aide Motley and Vice President Zavala, Rusk joined Houston's army. His intent was to encourage the Commander to make a stand and quit retreating.

Rusk carried a message to Houston from President Burnet which read, "The Enemy is laughing you to scorn. You must fight them. You must retreat no further. The country expects you to fight. The salvation of the country depends on your doing so."

When Rusk revealed to the commander that he was authorized to relieve him, Houston, the old warrior, privately disclosed his secret plans to the Secretary of War, and they became allies. Houston's spies finally brought him the information for which he was waiting. With information concerning the enemy's divided positions and strength, Houston prepared to turn and fight.

On April 18, the Commander ordered Edward, Colonel Edward Burleson and Colonel Sidney Sherman to secure three days rations for their cavalry. Dumping both baggage and non-effectives that included a large number of soldiers sick with the measles, the troops prepared to cross Buffalo Bayou near Harrisburg. Rusk remained at the rear, where he and Motley helped raft supplies and swim horses across the swollen river.

Houston ordered a forced march of twelve miles; then after a short rest, seven miles more. Some of his boys encountered the enemy, but the Mexicans fled, abandoning provisions, mostly flour. Soon the precious commodity found its way to the campfires of hungry troops, where they formed crude dough cakes on a stick to roast with freshly butchered beef, foraged directly from Vince's pasture.

Later that afternoon, Colonel Sherman petitioned Houston to test the enemy's strength. Then, taking one step further and proceeding against orders, Sherman engaged the enemy. The skirmish resulted in one Texan dead and two wounded. Mirabeau Lamar distinguished himself under fire as he dismounted and rescued his wounded comrade, Walter Lane. Lamar earned a promotion, but Sherman, only a profane tongue lashing from his commander. Thereafter, Sherman remained a sworn and vocal enemy of Houston.

During the night the exhausted Texans could hear Santa Anna's men barricading their position over the rise. As the sun brightly dawned the next morning, small clumps of live oaks dotted the lush plain of tall waving grass. At the backs of the Texans were the banks of Buffalo Bayou, and on the left, the San Jacinto River, bordered

by treacherous marshes. Overhead in the moss-draped oaks, rasping locusts masked the sounds of camp chores. The sweet smell of crushed grass mingled with the acrid aroma of campfires as smoke spiraled off into the blue sky.

About 9 a.m. General Cos arrived with reinforcements, but his soldiers were weary from the forced march. As they rested in the lethargic Mexican camp, Houston, too, seemed relaxed, sleeping unusually late and eating a leisurely breakfast. When John Wharton and Mosely Baker dropped by, they taunted him about not fighting.

Around noon Houston came round the campfires asking the men if they were ready to fight. He received emphatic replies of "Yes, fight!" Then he called the officers together and asked them their preference, to attack or receive the attack. They generally voted for the less risky course of receiving. According to Rusk, Houston just laughed and dismissed them.

Anxious for the fight they had been waiting for, the Texas troops cleaned and primed their single-barrel, muzzle-loading flintlocks and sharpened their Bowie knives. But, around the campfires they killed only time. Unwashed and unshaven, they were a rough looking bunch with tangled, long hair, matted beards, and clothing tattered and mud-spattered.

Colonel Rusk quizzed Juan Sequin, a Texas patriot of Mexican descent, "Do you feel like fighting?"

The captain replied, "Ready and willing!" "Well, let us go!" exclaimed Rusk.

Rusk was to command Burleson's First Regiment, the left wing where Motley was assigned, and Sherman's Second Regiment, on the far left. In the center was Hockley's artillery, two 6-pound cannons known as the Twin Sisters, and the musicians armed only with three fifes and a drum. Next were four companies of infantry, flanked on the right by Lamar's cavalry unit, ready to cut off the only escape to the open southwest.

The line stretched two-deep across the front of the woods. Less than a mile away across the knee-high grass was the enemy. Look-outs reported no activity in the quiet camp; in fact, the Mexicans seemed to be taking a siesta.

Houston rode the line, reined-in his mount in front of his men, and commanded, "Trail arms! Forward!"

Back and forth he urged restraint, "Hold your fire, men, hold your fire!" The commander knew that if all the Texans fired at once, the Mexican cavalry would come down with sword and lance before a reload, and then the volunteers' only recourse would be to club with rifles.

*continued next week*

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### MOTLEY COUNTY TRIBUNE

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Award Winner

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## Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Since I came to Motley County, I have had the privilege of getting to know some really splendid people. I have gotten to know them as friendly (after all, they took me in and included me in various activities), community-oriented, honest and selfless people. They are the ones who donate their time and their money, who serve on committees and boards, who volunteer any time something needs doing, and they do so quietly, often behind the scenes, so that their involvement is not even public knowledge. They have brought jobs and dollars into the county. They don't do it for the recognition, but they sure deserve it. Without their dedication, we would have to close the county and all of us would have to move somewhere else.

Given that many people in Motley County are here in the 3rd generation, my brief residence here means that there are many ins and outs that I have not learned. That may be the reason that I am flabbergasted at what I observe going on in the county with regard to the Hackberry Creek Care Center. It seems so unfair.

Seab and Dianne Washing-

ton contribute much, and receive no monetary compensation for all they do. Marisue Potts Powell is always involved in county-supporting activities, for which she doesn't receive a dime. Larry Hoyle, Regina Sheffield, Jim Watson, and the other board members are well known in the county. Given all that they do, they are undoubtedly better known to others than to me, but I have never heard a word suggesting they are not exactly as I have come to know them.

Then someone I do not know, through accusation and insinuation, leads people to believe that he is leaving his employment for reasons other than the fact that he was offered a considerably higher compensation elsewhere.

And residents of Motley County, people who have known and respected the Care Center board members for years, do not even question what has been maintained, but begin giving the board members a hard time. Have they such short memories that they do not remember all that these people have done over the years? Do they trust what is said more than what they have experienced? Do they think they could do a better job, and

have they offered themselves as board members, ready to donate time and effort for years on end? People have told me that they were sure glad they were not on any boards, and would never consider serving on one after witnessing what has been done to the Care Center board. If people won't volunteer and serve in future, afraid their neighbors will turn on them, what do we have to look forward to?

I am floored that adults, aware of the challenges that faced the Care Center project since the idea was first raised many years ago, have not rallied round these overworked, under-appreciated treasures of our county. I, for one, would like to thank all the board members for their tireless work, above all, Seab Washington. Seab, I thank you!

I simply refuse to believe that everyone in the county lacks appreciation and does not support the board members. Why don't you let them know how you feel. They certainly deserve it. We better not take their efforts for granted. We can't pay them what they are worth, but we can let them know we appreciate all they do.

Sincerely,

Marie-Louise Liebe-Harkort

## End of Saturday mail would hurt rural areas most

If the U.S. Postal Service follows through on its plan to end Saturday mail delivery, rural Americans may be among those hurt the most by the decision. The end to Saturday mail could be particularly painful for "rural customers who live far from post offices and depend on letter carriers for government checks, prescription medicines and parts for farming equipment," Le-dyard King of Gannett Co.'s Washington, D.C., bureau reports. While post offices would remain open on Saturdays, for access to mailboxes, that may be "little solace to residents, especially the elderly, who live in remote areas underserved by the Internet," King writes.

"The very principle of the Postal Service is to give universal service to everybody. If they don't do it, the people will lose that benefit in the rural areas," Paul Katzer, a letter carrier from Montrose, S.D., who serves 276 customers on his 130-mile route, told King. "The New York

*continued on page 5*





The Matadors did a great job in the first scrimmage of the 2010 season. They scored touchdowns, made some great hits and learned a lot. They ended the day off great by scoring a touchdown against Valley! The next scrimmage is Thursday, August 19 in Lorenzo at 5 pm.  
photo by Charli Bigham

# TxDOT Debuts New Travel Information Line

AUSTIN – The Texas Department of Transportation wants to hear from Texans. Literally. Today, TxDOT launched its new interactive voice response (IVR) interface for the Texas Travel Information Line, which provides both road conditions and travel information at 1-800-452-9292.

For the first several weeks, the new IVR system will be "learning" to understand caller's voices. The first 10,000 calls to the new hotline will supplement months of beta testing by TxDOT employees to help the automated system understand different voice tones and accents.

"John Steinbeck wrote that Texas is 'a nation in every sense of the word,' and at times, we even seem to have our own language with accents from every corner of the state," said Steve Simmons, TxDOT Deputy Executive Director.

"Now we need callers with an East Texas twang and a Panhandle drawl," said Simmons.

"We want South Texans to help the system learn to understand 'Refugio' and Central Texans to teach the computer the number of times the letter 's' is in 'New Braunfels' or how to pronounce 'Mexia' or 'Bexar.'"

TxDOT's new IVR system will be available 24 hours a day. When the state's Travel Information Centers are open, callers will be able to speak to a TxDOT travel counselor with the push of a button.

Travel counselors are available 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., seven days a week.

## A Big System for a Big State

The new system was designed by TxDOT and AT&T\* and will contain near real-time information on traffic and weather impacting conditions for the Texas roads and highways. In just one phone call, drivers can learn everything about current road conditions - from hurricane evacuation routes to construction delays.

"AT&T worked collaboratively with TxDOT to bring this innovative traffic conditions application to travelers in Texas," said Christopher Roy, vice president, Government/Education - West, AT&T Operations Inc.

"As one of the first traffic conditions' applications, this solution was more complex than most, due to the road conditions components that make it easier for callers to understand directions."

TxDOT operates and maintains an 80,000 centerline-mile highway system that consists of interstates, U.S. highways, state highways, state loops, farm to market roads and other facilities. Texas is home to 254 counties stretching across two time zones.

The new Travel Information Line IVR system is programmed to recognize the names of more than 1,200 cities and towns. The system is also designed to recognize multiple names for the same highway, such as "MoPac" and "Loop 1" in Austin or "Central Expressway" and "U.S. 75" in Dallas.

In addition to accessing highway road conditions, callers are able to speak to travel counselors during business hours and can also request travel literature.

The new Texas Travel Information Line is available at 1-800-452-9292.



# HACKBERRYHAPPENINGS

BY CARLA MEADOR, MARKETING DIRECTOR

Most women understand the importance of a little retail therapy from time to time. Well, the ladies at Hackberry are no different. Our ladies dress with style and always look fashionable. This week they will be able to take care of some of that retail therapy as we will have our very own Hackberry Boutique. We have converted our dining/activity room into a boutique featuring all the latest colors and styles. Devonne Dillard of Petticoat Junction in Roaring Springs has been kind enough to let us display some of her beautiful store merchandise, including the latest styles, both casual and dressy, scarves and jewelry. We appreciate Mrs. Dillard's generosity in offering a 40% off discount on items purchased. We extend an invitation to all our Hackberry friends and family members to come by this week and browse through our Boutique styles. Our 'store' will be open all week.

Hackberry will also host a Premier Jewelry Show Thursday, August 26 at 3:00 p.m. Friends and family are invited to attend. If you are in town for Old Settlers and need something to occupy your time between the parade, memorial service and the evening Rodeo events, get out of the heat, stop by the Center and take advantage of our cool environment, catch up on some visiting with our residents and enjoy the jewelry party.

With Old Settlers right around the corner, we are reminded that the annual get-together is a time to celebrate history and renew old friendships. Hackberry Creek Care Center certainly has a lot of history. With over 700 years of combined age with our residents we're just bursting at the seams with history. Oh, the stories that could be told. Take Mrs. Bannister for instance. She grew up in TeePee Flat and Roaring Springs and surely remembers many Old Settlers reunions. Or, Mrs. Dan Barton; being born and raised in Whiteflat and Matador, she could tell some hair-raising stories, I would bet. And Mrs. Bonnie Edmondson, she could tell some stories of old. Mr. Edmondson owned and operated a service station in Matador for many, many years and I'm sure she could share some interesting tales from that time.

Mrs. Dorothy Nichols has experienced the county history in the Northfield area, being born and raised there and having pioneer grandparents. I'm sure she heard many tales of old while growing up. We could go on and on with the history stories that are in the minds of Hackberry residents. We have tentatively planned a float for the parade and are toying with ideas for our theme. I'm pretty sure it will have something to do with history.

## SENIOR HEALTH TIPS Cardiac Rehab Works

If you've had a heart attack or heart surgery, you and your doctor can take many steps to help you recover and improve your heart health. One of the most effective is cardiac rehabilitation - supervised exercise and other assistance in designing a heart-healthy lifestyle. The goal of cardiac rehab is to give you the tools to make a lasting lifestyle.

Cardiac rehab not only aids your short-term recovery from a heart attack, angioplasty, or bypass surgery but can also make a lasting difference by helping you revamp your diet, develop a regular exercise routine, reduce stress, and make other changes for the better. Yet recent studies reveal that cardiac rehab is used far less often than recommended.

Who's Missing Out? A study in Ciculation examined cardiac rehab use among more than 267,000 Medicare patients who had been hospitalized for a heart attack or bypass surgery. It found that just 14% of heart attack survivors and 31% of bypass patients received rehab after discharge.

Another study by researchers at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) reached similar conclusions: About two thirds of Americans who survive a heart attack do not undergo cardiac rehab after leaving the hospital. Why the shortfall? One prime reason may be that patients - and even some doctors - are not aware of the potential benefits of cardiac rehab.

How does it work? In general, cardiac rehab happens in "phases". If you're hospitalized for a heart attack or cardiac surgery, your rehab will ideally begin while you're still in the hospital - starting with such

activities as simple range-of-motion exercises and then progressing to walking and some stair climbing, for instance.

After discharge, you can enter an outpatient cardiac rehab program. This second phase of cardiac rehab generally begins three to six weeks after you leave the hospital. Outpatient cardiac rehab is often conducted in small groups that meet two or three times per week. The rehab team, which may include nurses, physical therapists, dieticians, exercise specialists and psychologists, will examine your particular heart condition and your risk factors for a future heart attack - such as diabetes, smoking, depression, high blood pressure, and high cholesterol levels - and then devise an individualized plan for you.

\* Exercise. Exercise is the cornerstone of any cardiac rehab plan. One of your goals is to increase your endurance; greater cardiovascular fitness is linked to a lower risk of heart attack and longer life. Exercising in a cardiac rehab setting has several advantages: It's safer than exercising on your own; you will learn proper exercise techniques (like warming up and cooling down) and the rehab team and fellow participants provide motivation.

- Lifestyle education. One of the most daunting tasks in managing your heart health is making dietary changes. Many cardiac rehab programs offer nutrition counseling to help you make heart-wise food choices, and if necessary, lose weight

\* Emotional support. Heart disease often takes an emotional toll, so you might benefit from the psychological services offered by many cardiac rehab programs. These can range from education on how to reduce stress to professional counseling for depression systems.

Notice: Information printed in these Health Tips should in no way take the place of your physician's advice.

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TO KNOW HIM

It is possible to know a number of things about God, the Bible, and the Christian faith without loving God. A person might know the commandments of God, yet if that person does not love Him, he or she will never obey those commands.

Our Lord put it like this in John 14:15, "If you love me, you will keep my commandments." That is being both very plain and simple. It is easily understandable.

When studied with an honest and sincere heart, it will never be possible to merely academically study the Bible. When studying the Bible, a person is forced to make a decision as to whether or not he or she will follow Jesus and do ask He commands.

To be sure, this is not a decision that one would make lightly. There is much involved. The cost is great. But so are the rewards. The reason one follows the Lord Jesus is love. It is from an undying love for the Lord that one lives for Him. Academics have a rightful place. More than that, they are necessary. But let us also remember to love Him and to love one another fervently.

Roaring Springs Church of Christ

Michael G. Crowley, Sr.

BIBLE STUDY 10:00 a.m. Worship 9:00 a.m.



# NEWS AROUND MOTLEY COUNTY

## Roaring Springs News

By Monta Marshall

### On a Personal Note...

Do you suppose there is some way to store up this heat and save it until January and February? Surely with all the technology available now that should be a possibility. I know I would really be happy to have it spread out over those two months; but, right now I am ready for cool! It seems we are never satisfied; I know that God has the seasons, heat, storms, winds, snows and everything in his plan in its own time.

Last year when we didn't have the good rains and we had so many days over a hundred degrees, I was thinking there would be at least 30 more hot days when it started raining shortly after. September is just two weeks away and October is just 45 days away! I believe I can make it!

### In the Community...

Bill Hand's daughter and family, Kim, Duane and Abbi Watson visited with Bill and Mozelle on Saturday. Kim and Duane played in the golf tournament. Hannah Alexander, Bill's granddaughter could not accompany them as she has a job as a trainer for Frenship's football team. They had a scrimmage in Snyder; Hannah also works part-time. She is a very busy young lady. Hannah will be a junior at Frenship High School this year.

Others visiting Bill Hand recently were Johnny Morris and Elmer Parks. Bill sure enjoys his friends stopping by for a chat.

A baby shower was held at the Traveler's Inn on Saturday afternoon honoring Anna Daniell Buckner. The baby is a boy and is due in mid October. They have already named him. His name is Tyler Lee Buckner. Fifteen or twenty ladies were present. The hostess were: Rhonda Long, Nona Long, Rebecca Moore, Robin Green, Brenda Ferguson, Tina Brooks, LeJeanna Faulks, Elizabeth Estrada, Tammy Simpson, Lisa Guerrero, Shonda Elliott and Lindy Ward. The hostess gift was a crib. She received many other useful baby gifts.

Fred 'Banty' Brandon has been in the Heart Hospital in Lubbock about a week. Sybol and Pepper have been stay-

ing with him. Pepper had to go back to Wichita Falls to work today. Another son, Pat Nichols of Mesquite, Texas has come to stay with them for awhile. Dan Brandon told me that he might be released to come home today or tomorrow if they can get his defibrillator working properly.

Three memorial bricks have been donated to the restoration of the QA&P Depot in Roaring Springs. One is in honor of Bertum P. Estes a fireman on the first run of the QA&P into Roaring Springs on June 13, 1913. Later he was an engineer on the QA&P, a passenger train that ran from Quanah to the Junction, to Roaring Springs to the top of the Cap Rock. He was engineer on the first train of the South Plains, Fort Worth and Denver, when it reached Dimmitt, in about 1930. He was the youngest railroad engineer certified in the State of Texas at 19 years of age. This brick was donated by Carol Campbell in memory of her grandfather.

Lucretia Estes Campbell donated a brick in memory of her mother, Winnie Scott Estes. She was the wife of Bertrum P. Estes.

Johnnie June Lowrance donated a brick in memory of Sallie Phipps, an early pioneer of Motley County.

Ken Young was in Houston last week on business and pleasure. He made a portrait of his friends, Johnny and Jane Mancusso and other pictures which will be made into a book to be presented to them at an appreciation dinner honoring them by the Sires Foundation in April. The Sires Foundation is a charitable which works with handicapped children using horse therapy.

He attended an Astro's baseball game on Friday evening at Minute Maid Park as a guest of Fred Arnold, the promotional director for Minute Maid. Minute Maid, Inc. is the company Ken and Dinah have worked for when they worked at the Olympics. After the game, he attended a Boots and Black Tie affair benefitting a children's charity. The affair was hosted by the wives of the Astro's players. He also attended a breakfast for the Astro's prepared by his friend, Fred Arnold. Ken returned home on Sunday evening.

## Hotel Matdor receives recommendation in September issue of Texas Highways

Hotel Matador received a surprise package containing several copies of the September issue of Texas Highways. On page four of the magazine is a half page reader recommendation for the Hotel complete with a picture of

the establishment. The recommendation was written by Jane Hedgepeth from Austin who was in town for the Democratic area convention in April. The coverage has already resulted in additional reservations.

## Flomot News

By Earlyne Jameson

### Overheard

Nothing is worse than that moment during an argument when you realize you are wrong!

### Lou Burleson Presents At Do Gooders' Club

Lou Burleson of Floydada, a history teller of different characters, will give a historical presentation of women in U.S. Air Force during World War II at the Do Gooders' Club at 5 p.m. on Tuesday, September 7 at the Community Center in Flomot. The public is extended a cordial invitation to attend. Refreshments will be served.

### Tanner Family Reunion

Descendants of Lillie Morris and Austin Tanner held their annual family reunion Saturday, August 14, at the Lumber Yard Lodge in Turkey. They enjoyed visiting and renewing memories beside playing games and working with arts and crafts. They had savory hamburgers and hot dogs cooked on a grill and all the trimmings.

Included in the 50 attending were the three survivors of the original five members of the family, Mrs. Carolyn Ewing of Matador, Mrs. Joy Barham of Hart and Mrs. Anna Beth Clay of Flomot who was the hostess. Families attended from Tulia, Hart, Matador, Flomot, Lubbock, Petersburg, Panhandle, Kiowa Lake, Wollforth, Claude and Sanger.

Members of the Church of Christ had a covered dish luncheon last Sunday at the Community Center in Flomot as a courtesy for the visiting minister, Ian Jones of Wheeler. Brenda and Darrell Cruse visited from Friday until Wednesday of last week in Hodgenville, Kentucky with son and family, Derrick and Christina Cruse and son, Cash. On Saturday Connie and

Coy Franks accompanied grandchildren, Madison and Hudson who visited here the past week, to home in Idalou and visited their family, Cory and Amy Franks and Heston. Other visitors were Cara and Clint Cowart of Big Spring and Cary and Mary Franks of Idalou.

Larry and Deidra Clifton of Elk City, Oklahoma visited last weekend with her mother, Mrs. Tommie Jo Cruse. They attended their Motley School reunion in Roaring Springs on Saturday. Also attending was Mrs. Darla Gwinn.

Mrs. Lucretia Dockery and daughter, Brittany and Mrs. Kayla Guest of Turkey visited last week with their parents, Carolyn and Arnold Johnson. Arnold has been having medical tests.

Mrs. Bessie Reid of Amarillo visited overnight Monday with her parents, Jack and Nada Starkey and accompanied Jack to Lubbock on Tuesday for a medical appointment. Bessie and husband, Clifton had just returned home from Washington after visiting son and family, Mr. and Mrs. T.C. Reid.

Mr. and Mrs. Cory Kendall, Connor and Chancey of Midland accompanied home Jere and Jacob Kendall, their guests this past week. They visited Friday and Saturday with their family, Mr. and Mrs. Tim Kendall and Mr. and Mrs. Travis Kendall. Connor and Chancey remained to visit this week.

Mrs. Christi Milam, Haley and Emily of Kiowa Lake visited from Friday until Sunday with her parents, Kathy and Clois Shorter. They attended the Tanner family reunion Saturday in Turkey. Haley and Emily remained to visit.

Visiting Mrs. Linda Perryman of Roaring Springs, a patient in the Covenant Rehabilitation Center in Lubbock, Thursday was her mother, Mrs. Beverly Vinson, brother and wife, Roger and Doris Vinson.

## Area women reminded of upcoming Beth Moore simulcast event

All area women are reminded to make plans to come to First Baptist Church, Matador, on Saturday, September 18, to join women around the world, as they worship and study together at the locally hosted "Living Proof" Live Simulcast event.

Beth Moore, well-known author and Bible teacher, will present the Bible study, and Travis Cottrell, a leading contemporary Christian singer, arranger, and worship leader,

will lead the music portion of the worship service.

Doors will open at 8:30 am, and the event begins at 9 am and ends at 4 pm. Tickets are \$15, and lunch will be provided. Some scholarships will be available locally.

Seating is limited, and tickets will cost \$20 after September 8. So call (806) 347-2893 today for ticket information. Or you may email fbemtdr@caprock-spur.com for more information.

## Matador News

By Marilyn Hicks

I am proud that our oldest son, Kevin, is headed home after a stay in Baghdad. He was on assignment with the FBI. One of the nicest things about communication in this time is that we can Skype and look at each other as we visit. His crew had a going away party last weekend so Randy sent some homemade salsa for the meal and a coyote call for the entertainment.

There seems to be an increasing interest in bike riding in our area. We have had bicycles in the lobby of the Hotel nearly every evening this week. Most of the riders are headed for Caprock Canyons. One group, however, were riding with a purpose. Dr. William Zanoland who is a researcher in Alzheimer research was the rider for the Amarillo to Abilene leg of a cross country ride. He had made right at 100 miles when he arrived for an evening's rest. He and his companions, Evan Knapp and Melanie Katz, were intrigued by the possibility of visiting a haunted jail and took a walk down and around that landmark.

Klela Waldie from San Saba was meeting a friend from Amarillo to ride a trail from South Plains into the canyons. She is a friend and neighbor of Mary Jane Hamilton Carter. She drove out to see the home where Jane grew up, the source of many of their conversations.

In town for the memorial service for Joe Martin who was buried this week in Flomot were his sister, Jeane Howle, and her husband Jerry. Staying at the Hotel and also attending the funeral were Tim and Tawanna Boyd, and Coby Hext. Joe was a firefighter by trade and a poet in his heart. Coby read one of Joe's poems during the ceremony. Jeane spent some time looking around Matador and especially enjoyed recalling the Saturday nights in downtown. She expressed an interest in attending the celebration on the 21<sup>st</sup>.

Teachers continue to have intensive professional development. This week three instructors in the field of online and technology integration in the classroom presented training and stayed at the Hotel. They were Gayle Clement of Monty,

Louisiana, Gayle Berthiaume from Big Lake, Minnesota, and Denise Phillips from Sacramento, California. They presented integration ideas and offered help in finding online resources for teachers in Guthrie, Valley and Motley County. Cathy Morton, an outside consultant for these school districts, arranged the training.

Amber George who is a cheerleading instructor for the National Cheerleader Association just completed a camp for the 2010-11 cheer squad at Patton Springs School. This is the third year Amber has held the camp. She reported that the camp was successful despite the heat.

In town to visit with Linda and Tom Roy were his brother Don and his wife Rhonda. They live in Mount Pleasant. In addition to catching up on a year's activities, the grills were fired up to cook meat and veggies of all kinds.

Billy Paul Simpson has been accepted into a phrase one research program at the START center at San Antonio. He was only the second human to receive this new trial drug. He will have weekly lab work with an infusion every two weeks.

Mrs. Charla Marricle of Snyder visited last weekend with her mother, Mrs. Marihelen Wason.

Mr. and Mrs. Gary B. Laughlin of Midland visited Saturday with his sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. H.R. "Skeet" Jameson.

Don't forget to contact Cathey Turner to get your name on this listing.

### Birthdays

August 19: Evelyn Garrison  
August 20: Steve Smith, Joey Thacker, Jenifer Brady, Bubba Joe Mangram  
August 21: Ronnie Cox  
August 23: Tammi Stafford  
August 24: Leah Cruse, Alma Shorter, Austin Taylor  
August 25: Judy Renfro, Kendra Luckett

### Anniversaries

August 19: Kevin and Kim Hicks  
August 20: Ronnie and Karen Davis  
August 21: Ted and Lara Davy, Steve and Renee Burns  
August 23: Scott and Heather Blount, Tim and Lyndee Ward

## Matador City Council to Apply for Home Replacement Grant continued from page one

completion of repairs and widening of Eubank and Campbell Streets. More street repairs are needed, but additional cold mix must be purchased before the work can be done.

A total of \$9,455 is currently in the Hotel and Motel Tax Fund.

It was reported that no new funds have been added to the Municipal Fines account since Sheriff Chris Spence took office.

Upon contacting Sheriff Spence, he stated that while he has written tickets and levied fines, they have either not yet progressed through the county legal system or have not yet been paid.

The new park playground equipment has arrived. Lee Jones and Brad Jameson volunteered to set it up.

The city's cost for employee health insurance has increased \$140 per person, and the Council will begin searching for more affordable insurance coverage.

Ron Bailey spoke during Open Forum and displayed a map showing the six block Matador Industrial Park located northeast of the city barn. The area is currently a hay field, whose northern boundary be-

gins 1 block south of Harrison Avenue.








Harry Hamilton has been instrumental in assembling the lots comprising the Industrial Park, but there are still some lots within the boundary that have not been donated.

Bailey said that members of Market Matador will contact the owners of these remaining lots to see if they are willing to trade for lots outside the Industrial Park so that the project can be completed.

The Industrial Park is bordered by city water lines along its western edge. Funds will eventually be needed to make the area more attractive to potential industries. When an opportunity presents itself, Bailey said that it will be extremely important to have the ability to respond quickly to the needs of the client. Therefore, completing the Industrial Park now is vital to future economic development.

Attending the meeting was Mayor Pat Smith, City Secretary Debra Scott, and Council Members Kay Bailey, Shane Jones, Alvin Alexander, and Chuck Ream. Councilman Nathan Shannon was absent. Also attending in addition to Tarengo

### This Week's Local Forecast

						
<b>Thursday</b> Mostly Sunny 100/71	<b>Friday</b> Sunny 98/72	<b>Saturday</b> Mostly Sunny 97/69	<b>Sunday</b> Mostly Sunny 97/71	<b>Monday</b> Sunny 98/72	<b>Tuesday</b> Sunny 99/75	<b>Wednesday</b> Sunny 98/74

#### Weather Trivia

To see a rainbow, where must the sun be?

**?**





ANSWER: Your back must be toward the sun.

#### Weather History

**Aug. 19, 1788** - A small but powerful hurricane inflicted great havoc upon forests along a narrow track from New Jersey to Maine. A similar storm track today would cause extreme disaster in the now populated area.

#### Moon Phases

Full	Last	New	First
8/24	9/1	9/8	9/15



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## Notes from the Library

By Mary Ann Potts

Reading is relaxing, enjoyable, and a great escape! And isn't it wonderful when you read a story that describes an experience you've encountered or been told about and can immediately relate to it! Or one that you just thank your lucky stars it didn't happen to you! Well, I felt a wide spectrum of emotions when I read **Half Broke Horses** by Jeannette Walls and can't wait to join the Brown Bag Book Discussion set for Thurs., Oct. 7 at 12 noon at the library. If you haven't read the book yet, stop by and pick up a copy. The library ordered additional copies so everyone interested could have the opportunity to get a dose of Walls' no-nonsense and resourceful grandmother, Lily Casey Smith. You won't be sorry you read it.

And since we're on the subject of books, the library's 2 newest releases are **Tough Customer** by Sandra Brown,

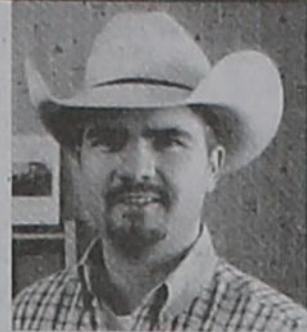
which is a heart-pounding tale about murder, obsession, the delicate balance of relationships, and possibly second chances. The other is **Veil of Night** by Linda Howard. This novel revolves around one major bridezilla, a wedding planner and a handsome detective. You put the clues together! We've also added a new DVD to our collection, **Julie and Julia** starring Meryl Streep and Amy Adams. If you like food and cooking, you'll love this movie.

Thank you once again to our wonderful patrons who keep us in stock with books for our Annual Late Nite Shopping Book Sale and the library. We appreciate your contributions and support.

Just a reminder, the Rootin' Tootin' Beans and Cornbread Lunch will be on Friday, Aug. 27, 11:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. in the Library Annex. The library will be closed on this day.

## County Agent's News

by Ryan Martin, Agri LIFE EXTENSION Agent



### Pasture, Rangeland and Forage Insurance Program set for August 24<sup>th</sup>

A "PRF Insurance Program" has been scheduled for August 24<sup>th</sup> starting at 6:00pm in the Motley County Library Annex Building. Stan Bevers, Professor and Extension Economist, will be on hand to discuss the PRF Insurance program and how it will work for our area. Cary Franks, local ArmTek Insurance representative, will also be on hand to explain their program and the benefits it has for local producers.

The PRF Insurance program has also been called "rainfall insurance" and has been offered to producers in East Texas and Oklahoma. This program is subsidized by the government and just recently it was opened to our area. If you have pasture, rangeland or forage, come to the meeting to learn how this program works and can benefit you. A catered supper will be served free of charge and door prizes will be given away. Please RSVP by August 23, 2010.

### State Goat and Lamb Validation

4-H and FFA members planning on showing a goat or lamb at a major stock show in Texas need to place their orders for state goat and lamb validation tags by August 30 in the Extension Office. Tags are \$7 each. All goats or lambs that will be shown in a major stock show in Texas must be validated in the Texas 4-H/FFA Validation Program. Official validation and tagging will occur during the month of October.

### Motley 4-H "Sign Up Night"

The Motley 4-H Club will have their annual sign up night on August 19 starting at 5:00 pm in the Tabernacle at the Old Settlers Grounds in Roaring Springs. Come learn what 4-H has to offer for you. Enrollment is free and is open to youth ages 8 and in the third grade or 9 years of age by August 31, 2010 and have not reached their 19<sup>th</sup> birthday on or before August 31, 2010. For more information

contact the Extension office at 806-347-2733.

### New rainwater harvesting manual for pro and novice alike

COLLEGE STATION – Everything you ever wanted to know about rainwater harvesting but didn't know to ask could well describe a new publication just released by the Texas AgriLife Extension Service.

The publication, "Rainwater Harvesting: System Planning" (publication number: B-6240), is 206 pages chock full of the how-to's, whys and best management practices associated with planning and installing rainwater catchment systems of all sizes, said Billy Kniffen, AgriLife Extension's state rainwater harvesting specialist at Menard.

"The manual is designed to assist designers and installers of rainwater collection systems in properly planning, sizing, installing and using rainwater for inside and outside use," Kniffen said. "The rainwater harvesting business could easily become a sideline or new career for such people as engineers, contractors, roofers and plumbers seeking added income or a complete change of work."

Kniffen said the manual is the first of its kind. It offers the technical information needed by the professional, but is also useful for the do-it-yourselfer needing guidance to install a small system. He said the manual is also designed and written to be a complete educational guide and textbook curriculum for instructors in college or industry.

"It will help those in the business consider all aspects of the construction of a system from bids and contracts to properly installing and maintaining systems," Kniffen said.

The 17-chapter spiral-bound manual has a table of contents, color photos, diagrams and extensive appendices including tables and figures, uniform plumbing code, references and answers to study exercises found in several of the book's chapters.

The manual retails for \$48.50 per copy with a wholesale price for orders of 20 or more of \$35 each. Order by visiting the Texas AgriLife Bookstore at: <https://agrilifebookstore.org/>.

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By Ace Reid



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## TxDOT Debuts New Travel Information Line

continued from page 3

mation Line can handle as many as 900 calls for automated information at any time. In the event of a large-scale event like a winter blizzard or a hurricane,

TxDOT and AT&T will have the ability to expand the IVR system to handle higher call volumes.

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Automated information on highway conditions is updated every five minutes each

hour of every day. When TxDOT employees across the state update the state's on-line Highway Conditions Reporting System, the new IVR phone system will have access to the new information almost instantly.

The previous TxDOT Travel Information Line included pre-recorded information that was potentially irrelevant for a traveler with a specific question about a road in one part of the state.

## End of Saturday mail would hurt rural areas

continued from page 2

Cities, the Chicagos, if there's a need for delivery service, there's a company that will do it in those areas, but not out here. Rural America will be hurt by this." Groups that rely heavily on six-day service, including weekly newspapers and prescription mail-order companies, are protesting the proposal, but officials say the other "alternative is a significant across-the-board increase in postal rates and that would anger other users," King writes.

"Some people haven't quite come to terms with that. Just because you go to five-day (delivery), it doesn't mean the whole world collapses for them," Samuel Pulcrano, vice president of sustainability for the Postal Service, told King. "It's simply a matter of adjusting." Chip Sawyer, pro-

gram manager for the Center for Rural Studies at the University of Vermont, told King while the proposal will hurt rural communities they should focus their energy on pushing for greater electronic access, such as expansion of broadband services. "It would be worse for rural areas if they were not provided with universal high-speed Internet access in the near future," he told King. "If one is to assume that rural residents are using the mail primarily for paying bills and corresponding socially, then it would seem that those who would lose out the most with the removal of Saturday delivery are those who have the hardest time connecting to and using current Internet options."

Reprinted from the Rural Blog

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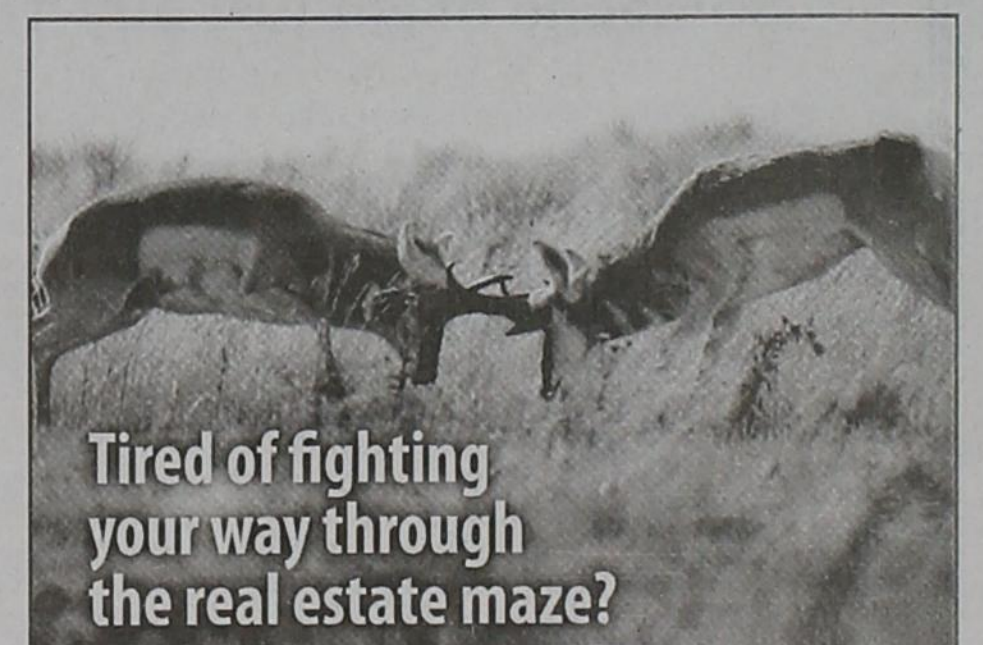
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As the meat industry tries to delay new U.S. Department of Agriculture rules designed to curb anti-competitive practices that hurt producers, hoping a more Republican Congress will be elected Nov. 2, its allies in Congress are raising a bipartisan cacophony of objections. "The fight over these regulations is an earthquake in agriculture and in much of rural America. The fight is over who will have the power to shape the relationship between farmers and ranchers and meat producers — and this will shape the economic and social future of many communities in rural America," Bill Bishop writes for the Daily Yonder.

"The scene at the House Agriculture Subcommittee on Livestock, Dairy and Poultry hearing Tuesday was brutal, as one member of Congress after another labeled the regulations as 'silly,' a 'serious mistake,' 'offensive' and a 'clear violation' of what legislators intended" when they directed USDA to write such rules, Bishop reports. "After this week's lambasting, it seems likely that USDA will

grant additional time for comments" on the rules, as the meatpacking lobbies have requested. Bishop's story has good background and links on the issue; read it here.

The National Pork Producers Council and National Cattlemen's Beef Association have filed formal requests for the Grain Inspection, Packers and Stockyards Administration to triple the usual 60-day comment period. The requests from "Big Pork and Big Beef" for delays show how little the groups carry about producers, agricultural journalist Alan Guebert opines in his syndicated Food and Farm File column.

"If new rules are not forthcoming to limit the massive market-moving capabilities of massive meatpackers, open and transparent markets will vanish, as they have in poultry markets, and production, like in poultry, will be by invitation -- contract -- only," Guebert predicts. "That's what NPPC and NCBA advocate when each parrots the packers' call to delay the GIPSA rule comment period in hopes of killing it." Guebert argues

that the extended comment period, called for by the industry groups, only serves to give them more time to undermine GIPSA's new administrator and elect "a more packer-friendly Congress" on Nov. 2.

NPPC claimed the new rules "could limit pork producers' options in selling pigs to processors," and NCBA said it believed "this rule ... could have a huge impact on the marketing of cattle in the United States." Guebert agrees, and argues it would be for the good. He quotes DTN livestock analyst John Harrington's commentary about meatpacking giant JBS's recent purchase of the 130,000-head McElhaney Feedyard in Arizona, giving the company ownership of 47 percent of all cattle it slaughters: "While there is significant disagreement over exactly how much such captive sourcing hurts negotiated cash (prices), most would agree that the category of packer-owned cattle tends to be the most toxic in poisoning cash market demand."

## Tips for Bicycle Commuting Safety from Security Guru

"Sharing the road with bicyclists is very important, especially when commuting on busy city streets," writes security guru Ken Bower, Vice President and General Manager for AlliedBarton Security Services, the industry's premier provider of highly trained security personnel. "Today, bicycling has become popular as an environmentally friendly and cost effective transportation alternative as well as a fun and healthy recreational activity. Novice and experienced cyclists need to make safety a top priority. Ken Bower offers Motley County Tribune the following tips on Bicycle Safety:

1. Cyclists must obey traffic laws - Do you think that riding on the sidewalk is safer than riding in the street? Cycling on the sidewalk means having to dodge pedestrians, pets, garbage cans, parking meters and signs. Bicycles are considered vehicles and cyclists should obey the same traffic laws as motorists. Travel on the right side of the road with traffic, and do not ride on the sidewalk. Obey all stop signs, traffic lights and lane markings. Use proper hand signals before making any lane changes or turns.
2. Choose a route that is safe for cyclists - When considering your route, don't think like a motorist. Think like a cyclist. Pick the most pleasant route. Consult Google Earth

or Bikely.com to research your trip. Ask your local department of transportation if they have a bike route map. Talk to a professional at your local bike shop or bike club to find out what routes are the safest. Additionally, many cities have implemented bike lanes specific for bicycle commuters. Be aware of other users on bike paths, such as folks with strollers or dogs. Announce that you are passing on the left when overtaking someone on the bike path.

3. Maintenance and repair make for a safer commute - Make sure all parts are in good repair, and check your brakes, tires and gears often. Have a bike expert teach you the basics so that you can continue routine maintenance. Your bicycle should be equipped with reflectors and lights. The most common repair you will encounter as a bike commuter will be a flat tire. You should also monitor brake wear. Many bicycle shops, community colleges, adult education programs or bicycle organizations offer workshops or classes in bike repair. Check for classes in your area. Replace your chain every 2,000 miles or so. Clean and oil your chain frequently, especially after riding in the rain, and replace it regularly.
4. Parking your bike securely - Where do you leave your bike once you get to where you are going? More than half of the one million

bikes stolen every year weren't locked. Find a solid object, a street sign or post and secure your bike onto it with a good lock (or more than one, to further discourage theft). Make sure that the pole has something on top that will prevent your bike from being slid over it. The safest object to lock your bike onto is a bike rack. You could also ask your manager or supervisor for a storage area where they'll let you leave your bike for the day if you are commuting to work.

5. Safety equipment - Safety equipment begins with the helmet. Wearing an approved helmet can reduce the risk of a head injury by up to 85-percent in the event of an accident. Modern helmets protect better and are well ventilated.

6. Try to avoid riding your bike at night - However, if you must commute in the dark, you will need effective lighting and reflective equipment. Most states require some kind of front illumination, and it is safer to have a headlight and rear flashers. There are a variety of inexpensive flashers available. Additionally, your clothing should be bright and have reflective strips.

It is also important to carry small repair and first aid kits with you. For the minor repairs you might expect with everyday bike commuting carry a patch kit, a spare inner tube, an air pump and a multitool.

## Come Perform During The Foothills Saturday Night

Open Mic  
6-7 pm  
August 21, 2001



## Cotton prices heating up

By Elton Robinson,  
Farm Press Editorial Staff

The running of the bulls in Pamplona, Spain is not for the faint of heart. Then again, neither is the U.S. cotton market, which has been heating up recently on news of world production shortages and very strong demand.

For example, a rally on Tuesday, Aug. 10, was credited to increasingly widespread publicity over flooding problems in Pakistan. On Thursday, Aug. 12, USDA's World Agricultural Supply and Demand Estimates conservatively pegged the losses in Pakistan at 700,000 bales. This contributed to a sharp reduction in world carryout and also gave strength to the market.

In the United States, prices are high, yield potential is respectable, export prospects could top 15 million bales and demand is strong. It's almost enough to induce a thin smile from producers.

But it's been a while since the day when forecasting prices consisted of determining how much cotton there was in the world, figuring out how many folks wanted to buy it, subtracting the difference and extrapolating price.

Today, cotton runs down a frenetic path, shoulder to shoulder with unfamiliar friends — big oil, commodity funds, the global economy and policies that can change the scene in a blink.

As exciting as the prospects for prices may seem — some cotton analysts don't have a problem predicting that cotton could push upwards of 89 cents — there is a downside

risk to this market.

Mike Stevens, with Swiss Financial Services, has a hunch that the market may be entering a dangerous period "that could possibly inflict pain similar to March 2008," when a significant price correction caught many completely off guard.

"As of last night (Aug. 12), December cotton was up over a dime in just the last two and a half weeks," Stevens said. "During this time, open interest has grown by over 36,000 contracts as speculators flipped from net short to net long and the commercial industry hedged a very large crop."

"Any way you look at it, for the investing and speculating public, there is an agricultural bull market going on, and it is attracting significant amounts of money with no end in sight yet."

Everyone loves a bull market, notes Stevens. "But history tells us that more often times than not, if an early season rally gets out of hand, we wind up having to deal with much sharper corrections that are considerably more difficult to deal with. At some time in the next few months the pipeline will begin to refill, and prices will level off."

High cotton prices will also attract more acres worldwide. To support prices above 80 cents, Stevens says the economy has to remain stable. "Any major falter in the global economies, and we could conceivably have to deal with falling price in the first quarter of 2011."

When you're running with bulls, it pays to keep your eyes open.

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August 21, 2010

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# Speak Your Piece: Two Cents

By Bill Bishop

What would it cost to give slaughterhouse workers a living wage and ranchers a break-even price for their cattle? Two cents a pound at the meat counter. That's all.

The U.S. has lost 1,000 ranches a month for the past 30 years, R-CALF's Bill Bullard said at a meeting of the Organization for Competitive Markets last week in Omaha.

Editor's Note: We'd like to remind Yonder readers that the Departments of Justice and Agriculture will hold a hearing on competition in the livestock industry on August 27th in Fort Collins, Colorado. R-CALF and other rural groups are encouraging a large turnout for this hearing.

Two cents.

Those two words stuck with me from a meeting of farmers and ranchers in Nebraska last week. It turns out the cost of providing livestock raisers a fair price for their cattle and slaughterhouse workers a living wage for their work preparing the meat for sale was a lousy two pennies on a pound of ground chuck.

Adding two cents on every pound in the meat counter would keep ranchers from losing money and turn slaughterhouse jobs from work into a living. Two cents a pound at the grocery would fundamentally change the economies of thousands of rural communities.

Bill Bullard explained the first cent. Bullard is with R-CALF, the cattle raisers organization. He talked at last week's meeting of the Organization for Competitive Markets in Omaha about the dramatic drop in the share of each food dollar that goes to the rancher.

In 1980, ranchers and farmers got 63 cents out of every dollar consumers spent on beef. That dropped to 60 cents in 1990, to 49 cents in 2000 to 43 cents in 2009.

With ranchers taking a smaller share of each dollar spent on beef, cattle-raising has become ever less profitable. As a result, ranchers have

been going out of business.

Since 1980, Bullard said, the nation has been losing 1,000 ranches a month.

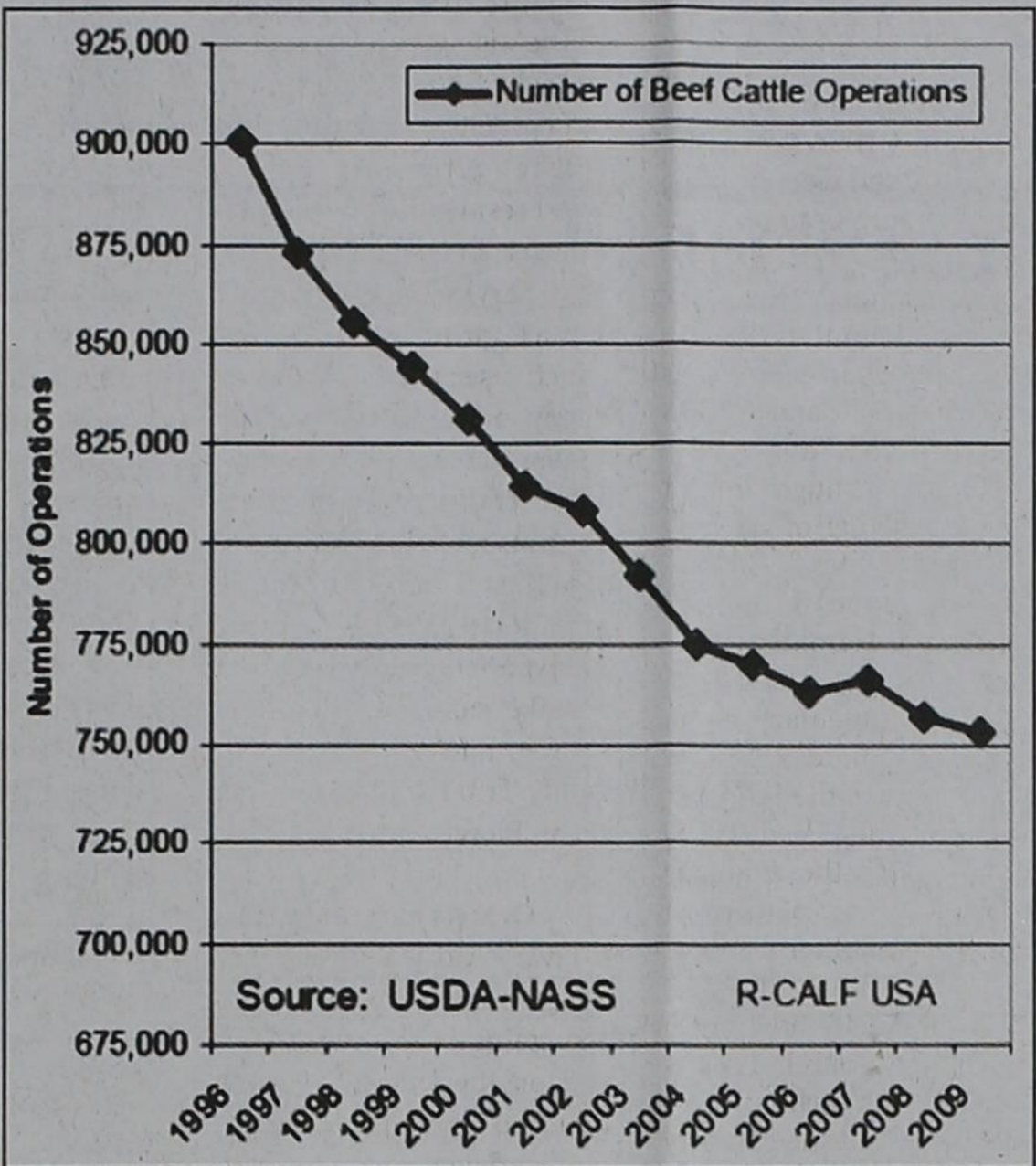
What would it take to return ranchers to at least operating profitability? One cent a pound at retail, we were told. That was it. One cent would change a money-losing business into one that breaks even.

That's the first cent. Mark Lauritsen told us about the second cent. Lauritsen comes from Cherokee, Iowa, where meat production was the way people lived. "Where I grew up, you either raised it or you killed it," Lauritsen said.

Lauritsen is a third generation slaughterhouse worker who is now International Vice President for the United Food and Commercial Workers Union. The UFCW represents 36% of the workers in the country's meatpacking plants, which likely makes it one of the largest unions in rural America.

Lauritsen explained that his members were worried about the failure of so many ranch operations and the stagnant size of the country's beef herd. Without more beef, there won't be a call for more meatpacking workers. "We're joined at the hip," Lauritsen said to the OCM crowd, which is made up of older ranchers and farmers. Lauritsen said the decline in independent ranchers is matched by a decline in independent feedlots.

"Until the mid-1960s, most feedlots were small, family owned operations that handled fewer than 1,000 head but marketed most of the beef cattle," according to a report issued by Food and Water Watch. "Now, the largest beef feedlots finish the vast majority of beef cattle. In 2008, the



R-CALF

This chart shows the change in the number of cattle producers since the early 1990s.

largest 12.1 percent of feedlots finished more than 16,000 cattle and marketed nearly three-quarters (70.2 percent) of beef cattle."

The increasing concentration of the meat industry has changed life in rural communities. With fewer ranchers, fewer independent feedlot owners and fewer meat packing jobs, "these just aren't the same cities," Lauritsen said. "That's the downside of consolidation."

Ranchers lose their land, feedlot owners lose their businesses and workers lose their jobs. More beef is imported and while the size of the U.S. cattle herd has stagnated, herds in the rest of the world have grown larger.

"That's the connection" between ranching and labor, Lauritsen said. "When people lose their jobs, everybody loses. This is where we intersect, with schools and our communities."

"The sad part is that there are so few of us left to fight," Lauritsen continued. "There are fewer ranchers, fewer slaughterhouse workers, fewer union members. They have

just kicked our teeth in."

Despite rising food prices, Lauritsen said there is pressure on food employees to reduce their hourly wages. Workers at a Mott's juice plant in New York State, for example, were asked to accept a \$1.50 an hour wage cut. They went on strike and have been on the picket line since May 23.

Then he talked about the second cent.

"Look at what would happen if they added a penny a pound to the retail price of red meat," Lauritsen said. If that penny went to workers in the slaughterhouse, the average wage of \$13 an hour for a meatpacker would rise to nearly \$16 an hour.

"I will tell you, brothers and sisters, that that would make a dramatic change in a person's lifestyle," he said. "It would change the main street Cherokee, Iowa. It's life changing money and it's only a penny."

Two cents, really. One cent for the people who raise the beef and one for those who carve it for the stores. You need both.

## Books that help 'grow good kids' recognized by national groups

COLLEGE STATION —

The "Growing Good Kids — Excellence in Children's Literature Award" has been bestowed on four books by the American Horticultural Society and the Texas AgriLife Extension Service's National Junior Master Gardener program.

The award recognizes children's books that effectively promote an appreciation for gardening, plants and the environment, according to Randy Seagraves, Junior Master Gardener national curriculum coordinator.

The four winning books published in 2009 are: "Bring Me Some Apples and I'll Make You a Pie" by Robbin Gourley, "The Busy Tree" by Jennifer Ward with illustrations by Lisa Falkenstern, "The Curious Garden" by Peter Brown and "Our

Shadow Garden" by Cherie Foster Colburn.

"Literature is a powerful way to engage children, and these four titles were selected as the industry's newest and best story books for kids," says Seagraves. "Children will love these books, and they would be a welcome and worthwhile edition to any school or home library."

Seagraves noted that AgriLife Extension's national youth gardening program jointly administers the awards with the American Horticultural Society.

Award nominations for books published in 2010 will be accepted Aug. 6 through April 22. For more information about the Growing Good Kids book award program and for images of the winning book covers, visit <http://www.jmgkids.us>; or contact Seagraves at 979-845-8565 or [seagraves@tamu.edu](mailto:seagraves@tamu.edu)

## Sales Tax Holiday Starts Friday

(AUSTIN) — Texas' annual Sales Tax Holiday arrives this weekend, just in time for families to save money on clothes and supplies for the new school year.

"This is the 12th straight year in which families will take advantage of sales tax savings," Texas Comptroller Susan Combs said. "This Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 20–22, shoppers can stock up on tax-free school supplies,

school backpacks and most children's and adults' clothing and shoes priced at less than \$100."

To help families plan to make the most of the Sales Tax Holiday, lists of tax-free apparel and school supplies can be found on the Comptroller's website at [http://www.window.state.tx.us/taxinfo/taxpubs/tx98\\_490/tx98\\_490.html](http://www.window.state.tx.us/taxinfo/taxpubs/tx98_490/tx98_490.html).

**Spirit Rally**  
**August 24**  
**7 pm**  
**Football Field**

### Comparison of Proposed Rates with Last Year's Rates

	Maintenance & Operations	Interest & Sinking Fund*	Total	Local Revenue Per Student	State Revenue Per Student
Last Year's Rate	\$ 1.17000	\$ 0.00000 *	\$ 1.17000	\$ 4,989.00	\$ 6,591.00
Rate to Maintain Same Level of Maintenance & Operations Revenue & Pay Debt Service	\$ 1.11131	\$ 0.00000 *	\$ 1.11131	\$ 5,570.00	\$ 5,729.00
Proposed Rate	\$ 1.15130	\$ 0.00000 *	\$ 1.15130	\$ 5,765.00	\$ 6,453.00

\* The Interest & Sinking Fund tax revenue is used to pay for bonded indebtedness on construction, equipment, or both. The bonds, and the tax rate necessary to pay those bonds, were approved by the voters of this district.

### Comparison of Proposed Levy with Last Year's Levy on Average Residence

	Last Year	This Year
Average Market Value of Residences	\$ 21,992.48	\$ 23,756.73
Average Taxable Value of Residences	\$ 6,992.48	\$ 8,756.73
Last Year's Rate Versus Proposed Rate per \$100 Value	\$ 1.17	\$ 1.1513
Taxes Due on Average Residence	\$ 81.81	\$ 100.82
Increase (Decrease) in Taxes		\$ 19.01

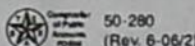
Under state law, the dollar amount of school taxes imposed on the residence homestead of a person 65 years of age or older or of the surviving spouse of such a person, if the surviving spouse was 55 years of age or older when the person died, may not be increased above the amount paid in the first year after the person turned 65, regardless of changes in tax rate or property value.

Notice of Rollback Rate: The highest tax rate the district can adopt before requiring voter approval at an election is 1.1513. This election will be automatically held if the district adopts a rate in excess of the rollback rate of 1.1513.

### Fund Balances

The following estimated balances will remain at the end of the current fiscal year and are not encumbered with or by a corresponding debt obligation, less estimated funds necessary for operating the district before receipt of the first state aid payment:

Maintenance and Operations Fund Balance(s)	\$ 1,211,928.00
Interest & Sinking Fund Balance(s)	\$



### NOTICE OF PUBLIC MEETING TO DISCUSS BUDGET AND PROPOSED TAX RATE

The MOTLEY COUNTY ISD will hold a public meeting at 7:00PM, AUGUST 30, 2010 in MOTLEY COUNTY ISD BOARD ROOM

MATADOR TEXAS. The purpose of this meeting is to discuss the school district's budget that will determine the tax rate that will be adopted. Public participation in the discussion is invited.

The tax rate that is ultimately adopted at this meeting or at a separate meeting at a later date may not exceed the proposed rate shown below unless the district publishes a revised notice containing the same information and comparisons set out below and holds another public meeting to discuss the revised notice.

Maintenance Tax	\$ 1.15130 / \$100 (Proposed rate for maintenance and operations)
School Debt Service Tax	\$ 0.00000 / \$100 (proposed rate to pay bonded indebtedness)
Approved by Local Voters	

### Comparison of Proposed Budget with Last Year's Budget

The applicable percentage increase or decrease (or difference) in the amount budgeted in the preceding fiscal year and the amount budgeted for the fiscal year that begins during the current tax year is indicated for each of the following expenditure categories:

Maintenance and operations	0.97000 % increase	or	% (decrease)
Debt service	0.00000 % increase	or	% (decrease)
Total expenditures	% increase	or	% (decrease)

### Total Appraised Value and Total Taxable Value (as calculated under Section 26.04, Tax Code)

	Preceding Tax Year	Current Tax Year
Total appraised value* of all property	\$ 284,167,206.00	\$ 293,951,613.00
Total appraised value** of new property**	\$ 742,780.00	\$ 468,161.00
Total taxable value*** of all property	\$ 71,528,543.00	\$ 83,063,385.00
Total taxable value*** of new property**	\$ 742,780.00	\$ 468,161.00

\* "Appraised value" is the amount shown on the appraisal roll and defined by Section 1.04(8), Tax Code.  
\*\* "New property" is defined by Section 26.012(17), Tax Code.  
\*\*\* "Taxable value" is defined by Section 1.04(10), Tax Code.

### Bonded Indebtedness

Total amount of outstanding and unpaid bonded indebtedness\* \$ 0.00

\* Outstanding principal.



# CLASSIFIED

email: [mctribune@gmail.com](mailto:mctribune@gmail.com) 806-347-2400

## EVENTS CALENDAR

### August

- 19 Matador Masonic Lodge, 6:30 pm
- 19 Motley 4-H Club sign-up day - 5pm
- 21 Foothills Saturday Night in Downtown Matador
- 24 Spirit Rally 7 pm at the Football Field
- 26-28 Old Settler, Roaring Springs
- 27 Rootin' Tootin' Beans & Cornbread Lunch, 11:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m. In the Library Annex
- 28 Hico Classic, Motley County Vs. Ira 4 pm, Hico, TX

### September

- 2 RS Lions
- 7 Matador Lions
- 8 Hospital Bd meets in the back of the ambulance barn, 7 am
- 9 M City Council
- 9 Matador Chapter of the Eastern Star in Floydada, Meal at 6:30pm meeting at 7:30
- 13 HCCC Board Meeting
- 13 Commissioners' Court
- 13 RS City Council
- 16 Matador Masonic Lodge, 6:30 pm
- 17-18 Matador/Motley County Ex-Student's Association celebrates biennial Homecoming.
- 18 First Baptist Church, Matador, Beth Moore Living Proof Live simulcast event
- 20 MCISD School Board, 7:30 pm
- 21 Matador Lions

## HOUSE FOR SALE

House for sale in Matador on approx. 1 acre across from the football field. 3 BR 2 Baths. Central Heating/AC less than 2 yrs old. Needs work. \$35,000.00 or best offer. No money for a down payment? We will consider Lease/Purchase terms. Call for more details! 817-319-9329 or 817-980-8734.

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2x6 porch flooring, treated, various sizes. call 806-348-7218. ctf

Grundy Goat Sale, Saturday August 21st, View at 9 am, Sale at 10 am. ct33

### Small Taxing Unit Notice

The Gateway Groundwater Conservation District will hold a meeting at 8:00 a.m. on September 7, 2010 at 109 West 11th st., Quanah, Texas to consider adopting a proposed tax rate for tax year 2010. The proposed tax rate is 0.010000 per \$100 of value. ct33

### Notice

The Gateway Groundwater Conservation District will hold a public hearing on the 2011 budget for the district on September 7, 2010 at the district office at 109 West 11th st., Quanah, Texas. The hearing will begin at 8:00 a.m. The hearing is open to the public and will conclude following adoption of the budget. ct33

### Teacher's Aid

Motley County ISD is seeking applicants for a Teacher's Aide opening at the school. Anyone interested in the position should see Carolyn Johnson for an application. Must be certified to drive a bus or willing to become certified. ct33

### NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS AGAINST THE ESTATE OF EUAL DEAN TURNER

Administration of the Estate of EUAL DEAN TURNER, Deceased, has been commenced by the issuance of original Letters Testamentary to Monty Craig Turner, on the 2nd day of August, 2010, in the County Court of Motley County, Texas, acting in Cause No. 2598 styled the Estate of EUAL DEAN TURNER, Deceased in which court the case is pending.

All persons having claims against the Estate are hereby notified to present them within the time prescribed by law. The address to which claims may be presented is:

Lex S. Herrington  
Attorney at Law  
P.O. Box 445  
Floydada, Texas 79235  
Attorney for Independent Executor

DATED the 5th day of August, 2010.

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Blake Barton  
Thanie Smallwood  
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Elwanda Simmons  
Lewis Fair  
June Levell  
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Albert Ozborn, NM  
Geney Stan, NM  
Jon Dewbre, LA  
Phil Maloley, NE  
Gloria Schmidt, SD  
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**Texas**  
Wanda Davis, Ackerly  
Paige Barnes, Lubbock  
Robert Wiley, Lubbock  
Kelli Stanford, Lubbock  
Carolyn Lucas, Ransom Canyon  
Orabeth White, Post  
Palma Smiley, Crosbyton  
Jarret Pigg, Turkey  
James Cage, Floydada  
First National Bank, Floydada  
Lex Herrington, Floydada  
Paula Wellington, Amarillo  
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Billie Clifton, Amarillo  
Bob Stafford, Amarillo  
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Ramona Roberts, Plainview  
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Bob Queen, Kendallia  
Laylon Peacock, Woodson  
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Dink Wilson, Quanah  
Elsewhere  
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## August 26-28 Old Settlers' Reunion

### Roaring Springs

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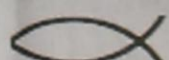
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Denise Payne, R.Ph.

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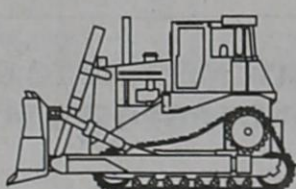
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# Writing West



TRAIL DUST ANTHOLOGY





# WRITING WEST

## 1ST ANNUAL OLD SETTLERS' TRAIL DUST ANTHOLOGY

After publishing the Motley County Tribune for almost three years Larry and I have truly become fans of its earlier publisher and editor, Douglas Meador. We appreciate his creative writing and the contributions he made to small town newspapers. We believe he was a forerunner in bringing a literary component to the newspaper, especially small, rural, weeklies. While he was well known in his day and received many awards, as we attend newspaper conferences across the state today, few know about his work. The intent of the 1st Annual Douglas Meador Writing Contest is to honor Douglas Meador as a writer and former publisher and editor of the **MATADOR TRIBUNE** and to bring memory to his name. As a great-granddaughter of one of the founders of Motley County, I have always valued its history and have fond memories reading the **MATADOR TRIBUNE** when I came to visit my grandparents, Tom and Stella Tilson.

We see this contest as a way to heighten awareness of his contributions to journalism and writing and we want to encourage others to write. Looking for stories with authenticity, lively details, and a sense of place that capture the spirit of the land as Douglas Meador was so wonderfully able to do, we put out a call for submission of stories about those who came to the American West after 1850 and those who were here when the pioneers arrived. We wanted stories that highlight and celebrate rich traditions, struggles and accomplishments.

During these past few years since we have been the publishers we have learned that our readers are interested in historical stories about Motley County and the West. Our intention is to attract more writers of these kinds of stories. We wish we could have published all the submissions we received. Our hope is that you will enjoy these stories and will consider submitting your own stories in the future.

*Laverne Zabielski and Larry Vogt, Editors and Publishers*

## Judges

**George Getschow**, a member of the Texas Institute of Letters, has taught at UNT since 2002. He created and is the editor of "Spurs of Inspiration," an anthology of the 10 "best of the best" submissions to the Mayborn Conference, and created and helps to produce "Mayborn" magazine, which showcases the work of the Mayborn School's graduate students and the writers who are the guest speakers at each year's conference. He received his bachelor's degree in journalism from Iowa State University and master of fine arts degree from Spalding University in Louisville, Ky.

In addition, each year, Getschow assembles a group of students for immersion writing workshop in Archer City, the hometown of novelist and UNT alumnus Larry McMurtry. During the workshop, McMurtry usually meets with students in his home to discuss writing and the writing life.

**Leatha Kendrick** is the author of three volumes of poetry, the most recent one, *Second Opinion* (2008). She currently leads workshops in poetry and life writing at the Carnegie Center for Literacy and Learning in Lexington, Kentucky. She is a frequent presenter at the Appalachian Writers Workshop and other regional writing conferences.

Kendrick also leads workshops in writing and healing at regional and national conferences and has been a presenter at several Associated Writers and Writing Programs' annual meetings. Her poems and essays appear widely in journals and anthologies.

The recipient of grants in both poetry and fiction from the Kentucky Arts Council and the Kentucky Foundation of Women, she is at work on a novel, entitled *Leavings*.







# MATADOR TRIBUNE

## Trail Dust

By Douglas Meador

April 1, 1937

Scrubby cedars cling to the bluffs as green beads to a crimson gown and the wind is never still on the crest. Beyond the river is a wild, troubled mass of land, cut by deep canyons and made rugged by the stubborn rock, as clay hardened on the bench of a giant artisan while he waited for an inspiration. It was in this wreckage of rock and soil that my old friend had once killed a bear when meat was needed for his pioneer family. He could not convey the heavy animal to the dugout miles away and returned home to secure the aid of his wife to bring back the food for themselves and two small children. Upon the insistence of his wife they carried a lantern back to the location and prepared the meat for transportation across the hills. As darkness approached the pioneer woman lit the lantern and the trek was started which soon developed the realization that they were lost. They struggled, walking weary, uncertain miles, then the old man extinguished the lantern's flame and began studying the skylight of the moonless night. After a time he was able to see the river and trace its course to a point where it hid behind the familiar bluffs. The return was completed without further difficulty. He used to say: "A lot of people get lost following lights."

April 8, 1937

Thundering hoofs at sunrise and golden dust rising from a sloping trail like enchanted vapor through a narrow vent from an old dew-jeweled urn, were certain harbingers of a change in the weather. The work horses would push their noses into the heavy, sweet air and race from the pasture to the corrals, manes and tails matted in the sky as they reached the broad, sandy creek-bed. Their tempestuous feet are quieted now and grass grows in the old trail; only the hills and the sunrise packed in a tight caisson of silence, remain unchanged. The barefoot youth who loved the frolicking horses has wandered away with a trace of the echo in his heart, as one who presses a flower between the pages of a book to keep as a talisman of happiness. Cowboys say the hotter the branding iron the less pain to the bawling calf, but the danger of burning through requires skill in handling. The irons of love that brand the hearts of men are heated over slow, cruel fires and the work is often done with blundering hands.

May 27, 1937

Riding a pot-bellied mare, I drove the milk cow ahead of our emigrant wagon, into the pungent cedar brakes toward the river. My bare feet were pinched between the stirrup leathers of a dried, narrow-forked saddle, but I did not mind the hurt for ahead lay broken country and emancipation from the thralldom of the plains. We made camp on a sand bar where willowy bulrushes grew and my father kindled a cheerful fire from abundant driftwood. My mother sliced some cold mush to fry after a few strips of bacon and made coffee in a lard bucket. My brother and I had only bonny-clabber but it was a glorious meal for in a short time the moon climbed above high, rock-girded bluffs, and coyotes hidden in the gray shadows, bayed the stars. There is not taint of indigence in moldy bread broken across the board of adventure.

May 27, 1937

Death was hiding in an old prairie-dog hole on a mesquite flat and the cowboy's companions shot his crippled horse after they had carried the silent rider to the chuck-wagon and pillowed his head on a bed roll beneath the fly. They turned the herd loose the next day and followed a buckboard across the hills to town.

The cowboy's bed-roll and saddle were left with the wagon until one afternoon a saffron-haired girl rode into camp and asked for the things that had belonged to him. There were no tears in her eyes as she unrolled the bed and took a bundle of letters tied with a piece of hobble rope. Her voice was soft and even as she asked to meet his friends, shaking the hand of every man, then she wrote an address on a wrapper from a coffee package with the request that the bed and saddle be forwarded. Stepping easily into the side-saddle, she rode out across the flat beyond the herd to a secluded spot and burned the letters; a small flame in the cooling furnace of day. When the last ribbon of smoke had vanished, the golden girl stood motionless above the small heap of ashes and looked into the red sunset as dust from the milling cattle drifted above the mesquites. Presently she was gone.







# West Texas Where the Heart Is by Janelle Jackson Shirley

## First Place

The haunting sounds from the organ filled the room as Byrd played her favorite song, "When the Roll Is Called up Yonder," for the last time in her Erath County home. As she pumped the organ to create the sound she so loved, her mind went back to the very first time she had played that tune in this house. What a happy memory that was! All was right with the world as she sat down to play for her family on her newly acquired organ.

On that occasion, the sounds from the organ were lively and happy sounds. Her children's excited voices mingled with the tones of the organ as they urged her to keep playing. "Play another one, Mama!" they called out as she finished each one. To the delight of the children, their father joined in with his harmonica on some of the songs.

As she recalled that scene, a smile appeared on her face, and for a moment, she could forget this was the last time she would be playing her organ in this house. She thought to herself, "Maybe, if I just keep playing, everything will be as it once was." She pumped the organ harder and faster, as if that would keep the future at bay and she wouldn't have to think of what was to come. But the same sounds from the organ that were such happy sounds now evoked a sadness that was overwhelming.

A knock on the door brought her back to reality. It was time to say good-bye to her beloved organ. She ended her playing, and slowly ran her fingers over the smooth, ivory keys in one last loving caress. As she warmly greeted her visitor, a dear friend she had shared so much with over so many years, Byrd realized the organ was only a symbol of what she would soon be leaving behind. Her organ would be in good hands, for she was leaving it with her friend. But how would she manage without her friend who had always been there for her in good times

and bad?

As if this were just another of the many times they had spent together, Byrd calmly said, "I'll put the kettle on." The two friends sat, sipping tea and making small talk, as if nothing would ever change. Not a word was said about the future, but they both knew this would be the last time they would enjoy a cup of tea with each other. Byrd's husband Jim had given in to the urging of those who advised, "Go West."

Today was the day, the year 1922. All good-byes had been said and now it was time to walk out the door of their Erath County home for the last time. Ever since the decision was made to move to West Texas, Byrd had tried to reassure her children about leaving their childhood home for a new home in the west. At the same time, she thought, "How can I prepare my children for what's to come, when I don't know myself?" Hiding her feelings, she had kept busy doing what needed to be done to make the trip. Jim and their oldest son had gone ahead by wagon to take the farm equipment and livestock. Their second-born son would make the trip later on horseback. Byrd and the younger children would be traveling by train.

Byrd had made new clothes for the children to wear on the train. For the two teenage girls, she made polka dot dresses with contrasting collars and cuffs. For the two younger girls, she made matching dresses with wide sashes, and for the two little boys, she made new shirts. The children were sad to be leaving their home and friends, but were getting excited about the train trip. Every time the little boys heard a train whistle, they excitedly asked, "Is that the one? Is that the train we're going to ride?"

Once aboard the train, the children watched from

the windows as the only home they had ever known disappeared from view. Their mother knew they would miss the large trees that made their play areas so shady and cool in the summertime and the creek where they spent hours wading in the clear water. The change began immediately on their arrival. When they left Erath County, the weather was sunny and warm. When they stepped off the train in Lubbock County, they learned firsthand what a West Texas "norther" felt like. The cold wind whipped across the open expanse of flat, treeless plain, as they continued their journey to their new home. One question on all their minds was, "Is it always this cold?"

The train trip from Erath County, with an unexpected layover along the way, had been difficult for Byrd and the children. Jim and their son, making the trip by wagon, had encountered many hardships, including both rain and dust storms, as they spent days traveling and nights camping by the wayside. Now, as the family neared their new home, Byrd hoped the worst of their move west was behind them.

The farmland Jim had acquired was in Estacado, noted for being the first white agricultural settlement on the South Plains. The house, located on a sheep ranch, was badly in need of repairs. Byrd, always the optimist, was hard pressed to find words to uphold her reputation of seeing something good in every situation. She took one look at her new home and all she could say was, "We're here."

Realizing the children were watching and waiting for her reaction, Byrd hid her disappointment and added, "This will do just fine." To emphasize this was now home, she immediately hung the sampler she had so lovingly made when they first moved into their new



home in Erath County. She hoped when the children saw the sampler on the wall, they would be reminded that "Home is Where the Heart Is." She hoped somehow she could convince herself that her heart was now in West Texas.

As Byrd worked to turn the old farmhouse into a home for her family, she didn't allow herself to dwell on the home they left behind. Bertha Frances Mae, affectionately called Byrd, was born in Stephenville and had spent very little time outside Erath County. In 1900, Byrd and Jim began married life in a log house on farmland near Stephenville. After the birth of their second child, Jim built a white clapboard house for the family, but kept the log house for storage and a playhouse for the children. Over the years, the new house became home to six more children. Byrd thought that house, which held so many happy memories, would always be their home. Now, she told herself and her children, "We'll make new memories."

Years later, when anyone asked why the folks left their home in Erath County to come west, the answer was always the same.

Brother Will was the first to come out,  
And West Texas he began to tout.  
Brother Will kept writing to Brother Jim,  
And Brother Jim began to listen to him.

The message was: "Come out to West Texas, where the living is good,

Where the wind pumps your water and the cows  
chop your wood."

Humorous response aside, there were reasons other than "windmills for water and cow chips for fuel" that influenced Jim in making his decision to go west. Jim and his brother, both farmers, had big plans for improving their lot in life. Those plans were cut short with the sudden death of Jim's brother soon after Jim's arrival. Jim now took on the responsibility of two farms and two families. Byrd and the children did what they could to

help the bereaved family adjust to life without a husband and father.

In their first year on the plains, Jim's hard work produced a crop sufficient to give him hope that their future would be better. The year had been hard on all the family, but no one complained. Wanting to do their part, the girls went to the fields to pick cotton. When they received their wages, they handed them to their father and said, "Pappy, this is to help buy a new car." Their father, touched by their generous gesture, accepted their offer gratefully and bought a new touring car for the family.

In spite of the hardships the family endured, there were also good times. The family became acquainted with other families in the area, and benefited from a support system that only those of like circumstance can provide. The older boys made new friends, and the little boys, who now numbered three after Byrd gave birth to another son, were free to explore the countryside. The girls enjoyed the social life of a close-knit farm community. There were parties for the young folks, and school and church activities for all to attend.

The South Plains Fair was the big event, and as opening day drew near, the girls talked of nothing else. At every opportunity they would say, "Wouldn't it be fun if we could go to Lubbock to the fair in our new car?" Their father seemingly turned a deaf ear to their chatter. After a time, he decided he had kept them waiting long enough. With a twinkle in his eye, he announced what had been his plan all along, "We're going to the fair!" On opening day, the family piled into their new car and was off for a fun-filled day at the fair.

In 1923, the exciting news on the South Plains was that Lubbock had been selected as the site for a new college, later known as Texas Tech University. A city-wide celebration was planned for August 28, which included barbecue with all the trimmings. Jim wanted his children to be present for this historic event and wasted no time in telling them, "This is one celebration we're not going

to miss." When the day arrived, the family traveled over miles of dusty roads to the city that was making history in West Texas. That occasion became one the family would always remember. Later, they would learn they were among 30,000 in attendance that day.

During their third year on the plains, the family had a most welcome visitor. Byrd's father had ridden his horse to Estacado with a purpose. Earlier, he had come west from Erath County in a nine-wagon caravan, which included his son, and his two married daughters and their families. All had settled in Matador in Motley County, the foothills of the Caprock. Their mother had passed away before the family left Erath County, and most of Byrd's siblings were now living in Matador. Nothing would please her father more than to have his youngest daughter join them there. Just how that would come about can best be summed up in one word—"SISTERS!" Byrd and her oldest sister set about to make it happen.

Byrd's sister enlisted the help of her husband in finding a "place" for Jim to farm. Byrd did her part by reminding Jim of all the advantages they would have in Matador. "You'll have good land to farm and we'll have a nice house for the children." She also reminded him that besides her family, many of their friends from Erath County had already moved to Motley County. Finally, Jim was persuaded, and this time Byrd had no misgivings about moving. Once again, she hung her "Home is Where the Heart Is" sampler on the wall of a new home, and it wasn't long until Byrd knew, without a doubt, her heart was at home in West Texas.

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The family arrived in Motley County, December 1924. In February 1925, a baby girl arrived. This is her version, based on stories told over the years, of the family's move to West Texas, and eventually to Matador, a place they all call "home."





# Feral Children by Jennie L. Brown

## Second Place

When Grover's children, aged six and eight, turned feral and moved out of the house and into the woods, he barely noticed. Later, when they rummaged through the kitchen shelves and raided the icebox, he perceived they spoke in a strange language - a melodic cadence he found rather soothing. One Sunday afternoon he observed their hair was matted and imbedded with leaves, but he wasn't unduly concerned. What was foremost in his mind was firing off another letter to the President of the United States, protesting the Great Depression.

The Depression was only one of the trials visited on him. His two children were mere babies when his wife, Mabel, was injured in a car accident. Before the accident, he told people, she was a pretty little woman. Her black hair and short, plump body satisfied him. He was pleased with her round, childish face and thought her lips looked good enough to nibble. She reminded him of a piglet. Grover had been a happy man.

The day of the accident, Grover was driving, Mabel next to him. The children were in the back seat. Grover's daughter was busy licking her fingers and drawing small figures on the window with spit. Her baby brother was tucked firmly on the seat behind a snow bank of soiled pillows. Mabel bent forward to retie her shoe at the moment of impact. Grover's Model-A slammed into a farm truck that pulled out in front of him. Grover's huge size saved him. He sustained bruises from the steering wheel and minor broken bones in his right hand. Mabel's head went through the gas tank and it took two and a half hours to cut her free.

When she came out of the coma, she was as empty as a caterpillar's cocoon, the butterfly of intellect long flown

away. Her hair was streaked with gray, her face slack, her once ripe lips flaccid. She spoke seldom, but when she did the words came out in breathy, earnest bursts. She shuffled around the house in faded cotton house dresses and stretched-out cardigans. Housekeeping ceased. Dirty clothes and crusty bed linen formed piles under the bed and in corners; floors went unswept until eventually the dirt formed hard ridges around the cook stove and cupboards. Mice moved into the kitchen drawers, making nests from the newspaper liner. House plants dried up; spiders and ants had their way. Grover gave his wife the nickname "Hunk" because, he said, "she just hunkered down after the accident." He didn't suffer greatly from the change in Mabel; she still cooked three times a day. Grover haphazardly managed the children until they became self-sufficient.

The boy and girl created a haven in the trees behind the house, and wandered the surrounding hills. They found the house a handy place to snatch handfuls of food, but were bored with their dim mother and a father who spent hours hunched over a writing tablet. They took quilts from a pile under their parent's bed and curled up in their nest at night until it turned cold, then reluctantly slept on the porch, twisted into each other like vines.

The local newspaper had printed Grover's letter to the editor; he was reading it when his brother Jesse, his wife Helen, and their baby daughter showed up just before noon on a mild October day. Jesse, unable to find work, had accepted Grover's offer of a house in exchange for labor on Grover's farm.

"Hunk! Clear off the sofa there so they can sit down,

then get us some dinner."

He waved the paper at Jesse. "Damn, Jesse, listen to this. I'm gonna send a copy to the President. He needs to know what's going on."

While Jesse listened dutifully to his brother, Helen searched for a place to sit on the sofa among books, newspapers, rank smelling odds and ends of clothing, and an orange cat that was so fat its puffy face bore a striking resemblance to Grover. She clenched her teeth and prayed the food coming out of the filthy kitchen wouldn't kill them. After a surprisingly tasty meal, she asked to see the house they were going to occupy. Grover led them through a tunnel-like path on a back porch stacked with old newspapers, magazines, and ancient jars of canned vegetables.

She stopped in amazement when Grover gestured toward a small shack, its sides covered in peeling, green tar paper. An ancient sofa, propped up on the small, tacked-on porch, erupted in puffs of cotton stuffing. Tatters of the rotten horsehair covering hung down like fringe. A child's headless doll was propped in one corner. Grover gestured grandly, "There it is. Just make yourself at home."

Jesse pushed open the door, "Grover! Hey! Wait a minute," he called, but Grover had disappeared.

"Jesus Christ, Helen," Jesse exclaimed, "he's been using it as a chicken house. It's full of chicken shit."

Helen pushed in ahead of him. One large room held a cook stove, table and chairs. A flimsy wall split another room into two, forming two small bedrooms with half a window each. In the main room, Grover had spread straw on the floor and nailed crude boxes along the wall.



A pitted porcelain sink hung from the wall under the window; its one faucet supplied cold water. Other than the rickety, mismatched table and chairs, and an iron bedstead in each of the small back rooms, the house was unfurnished. Jesse found two mattresses stored in a closet. Helen was thankful the October sun was bright, and the wind brisk, so she could air the mattresses. She beat them with a broom to get out as much dirt as possible, but feared they might contain lice or chicken mites. She would discover they were infested with bedbugs instead.

On their first morning in the house, Jesse rose early and started the fire in the cook stove. Grover had provided them with a basket of eggs, bread, and a sack of onions and potatoes the night before. Helen found her coffee pot and put it to boil on the stove.

She was breaking eggs into a bowl when she glimpsed something move past the window. Startled, she dropped a whole egg. A squirrel, running across the back of the old sofa? She fished the egg out of the bowl and carried it to the sink to rinse. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a set of eyes peering at her through ratted, dark curls. Truly unnerved, she dropped the egg in the sink and flung open the door. Nothing.

"Jess," she said when he sat down for breakfast, "Something strange was looking in the window this morning. It moved so fast I didn't get a good look."

Jesse chewed his bread. "It was probably the boy or the girl. Told you Grover had children."

Helen was stunned. "You mean they live here? I never thought they lived here. I mean with Mabel's condition and all?"

"I guess her sister got tired of taking care of them."

After Jesse went back to his chores, Helen examined the porch sofa. Nothing seemed changed except the doll was gone. The hide-and-seek game went on all week. Helen would catch a glimpse of eyes peering in the

window, or a small figure swiftly disappearing around the corner of the house. She was hesitant to ask Grover about his family. He was congenial, but often appeared annoyed when interrupted in his ruminations. She'd asked Mabel where the children slept, but Mabel just grimaced and pointed to the pumpkins Grover brought in from the garden; Mabel wasn't sure what to do with them. Helen offered to make pies.

It was pie that brought the children out into the open. Miraculously, the oven in the old cook stove heated evenly. Helen produced six pies in one afternoon. The spicy odor drifted from the open door, was caught on the light October breeze, and wound its way through the farm yard, enticing the children. The boy, less cautious than his sister, stepped into the kitchen, protecting the girl crouched in back of him.

Helen was stunned by their appearance: ragged clothing, bare feet, layers of dirt on their face and arms and legs, wild matted hair. They stared at her, their eyes wide and frightened. She gestured toward the pie. The boy turned around to the girl and spoke to her in a jumble of rolling, tumbling syllables. She nodded. Giving Helen an apprehensive glance, he edged toward the table.

"Lord, Jess," she said that evening to Jesse, "he took a whole pie and ran out the door with that poor little girl running right after him. They took my pie plate and all."

"Well, damn little wild Indians, they never get anything like that. I don't think Mable can make a pie. Grover buys himself sweets at the grocer's."

"But what about those children?" Helen protested. "They were barefoot. It's not summer anymore!"

"I'll ask Grover about getting them some shoes."

Three days later, Helen went to the main house to tell Grover she would make green tomato relish if he would find her some canning jars. The children were lined up next to the table. They were standing on brown wrapping

paper, while Grover carefully drew an outline of their feet. That afternoon he produced canning jars, vinegar, and two new pair of black, high-top, lace-up work shoes for the children. The next day she saw them clunking through the yard, stepping high and wary in their new shoes.

Language was the largest obstacle. Helen realized the children were totally unschooled. The boy could speak a halting, standard English and, although his sentences were disjointed, his vocabulary was surprisingly sufficient. His sister seemed intelligent, but suffered from extreme shyness. She only became animated when conversing in a strange patois with her brother. She never responded to Helen with more than a yes and no. Helen's heart went out to both of them, but there was little she could do. Aware that she and Jesse were dependent on Grover's largesse, she was reluctant to interfere.

Helen became preoccupied with keeping the uninsulated shack warm. She kept the wood stove roaring to compensate for the cold drafts, terrified that her daughter might catch pneumonia playing on the plank floor. In November, the sky turned metallic and Jesse said he could smell snow coming; he stuffed rags in the cracks around the windows and door, chopped wood until well after dark, filled the wood box to brimming, and promised Helen that she would only have to live there until spring, when he was sure he'd find work.

Grover's children now slept inside their parent's house, but Helen worried about them for the rest of the winter. If she saw them outside, ill clad and shivering, she invited them inside for a cup of hot cocoa. They came in shyly, gulped the cocoa, but never stayed long.

The next spring, Jesse found work. He agreed to manage the Blake spread, a sheep ranch a few miles from town. Later that year, Grover agreed to let his children live with Helen and Jesse; he was, after all, busy writing to the President.





# From a Dugout to a West Texas Mansion:

## How the Crowell Family of Calhoun, Georgia Became the Founders of Crowell, Texas

by Elaine Crowell Allen

Hot. It is sweltering hot in the middle of a July afternoon. My children and I are half dozing in the dugout, taking refuge inside the cool dirt walls of our home, when out of the corner of my eye, I see movement. Something slithering down the dirt steps, something else trying to find a cool, safe spot away from the scorch of the sun. I try to convince myself that I'm dreaming, but I am instantly alert, wide awake. My mind reconciles with my eyes and I focus on a rattler winding its way towards the baby's bed! Screaming, grabbing three big kids and a wet baby, I barely manage to get us all out of there. A hired girl comes running to see what all the commotion is about and all I could figure to do was pour some boiling water on it, so she runs inside, yelping and jumping, grabs the kettle off the stove and pours the contents on the ugly thing. The scalding slowed him down long enough for my oldest son, Jesse Mark Hill, who was twelve years old at the time, to kill it with a hoe.

My name is Nancy Adelia Fite Hill Crowell. I grew up in Calhoun, Georgia in a big nice house with a wrap around porch and a few servants. I married a man named George Thomas Crowell after my first husband, Horace Hill, died of typhoid fever on a scouting trip to Texas. As fate would have it, my second husband had also heard the glowing reports of the cheap and plentiful land in Texas, and since I'd always had an adventuresome streak, I agreed to leave Georgia and seek our fortune in Texas.

I was twenty-five years old and my three sons, Grover

and Fite Crowell and Mark Hill were two, three and ten years old when we boarded the train in November of 1886 at Rasaca, Georgia and headed west for Texas. We arrived in Dallas where we bought a covered wagon and a team of mules. We loaded up a few sticks of furniture and set out for the plains of West Texas. It took over two weeks to get here. The land was flat as a table and there was grass as far as the eye could see. The blue skies were bigger and more vivid than any sky I'd ever seen and the clouds were dazzling white with shades of gray underneath. Some of the clouds looked flat on the bottom as if they were sitting on a pane of glass. There were all kinds of birds that were new to me, as well as rabbits, coyotes, snakes, skunks and lizards the further west we traveled. Wild game was plentiful and we always had enough to eat. I was never so scared in my life, nor so excited all at the same time. I'd heard stories about all the rough people in Texas, how there were Indian raids and shootings over the least little disagreements, and how everybody in Texas carried a gun.

I remember hearing the stories about a white child named Cynthia Ann Parker who was stolen from her family by Comanche Indians, then was recaptured by Texas Rangers a quarter of a century later in a battle on the Pease River, not twenty miles from where we would build our dugout home. My dear husband assured me that for six years the Indians had been safely locked away on reservations and the wild men who hunted buffalo were also gone. Why, the West was nearly civilized by


now! There were steel windmills pumping free water and fences enclosed the open range. Towns were springing up everywhere with fine homes, churches and schools. It sounded very promising, but whenever I really thought about it, six years isn't a long time for the wild men and Indians to be gone, and in the back of my mind there were all manner of savages lurking in the shadows wanting to cause some dire mischief.

When we finally reached our destination, I'd expected to see a real town, at least a few buildings, maybe a church, but all I saw was flat, grass-covered land with a sprinkling of lacy mesquite trees. No big hardwood trees meant no lumber to build the towns that had been so glowingly described by my optimistic husband. So we did what everyone else on the prairie had to do, we dug a hole in the ground for our shelter, our home. Rough lumber was hauled forty-eight miles from Harrold, Texas to build the walls of the dugout. Branches were laid side by side for the roof, then the whole thing was covered with dirt. It wasn't much to look at, but it did protect us from the incessant wind and cold in winter, and the incessant wind and heat in summer. We had to really bundle up and hunker down inside the dugout, especially when the wind blew.

We lived in the dugout for a total of four years. In that time I had two more babies we named Cliff and Mabel. And never a day went by that my women friends and I weren't planning and dreaming of a house "on top".

What stopped us from building a real house was





the lack of a railroad close enough to bring us lumber. Ever since we arrived in Texas in 1886, there had been rumors of the Fort Worth and Denver Railway coming. It stopped as close as Harrold, then got as close as Quanah, and in 1890, the railroad came all the way here bringing the milled lumber from sawmills in Arkansas! My husband built our family of six a two-room frame house near the train depot. A mansion in paradise would not have looked any better to me: It had a floor made of real wood instead of beaten earth and a roof covered with shingles instead of sod which had constantly flaked dirt into our food on the table and our beds as we slept. It had real windows and real doors, both covered with screens, so I never again had to worry about snakes getting in. Our last child, Ben Crowell was born in that frame house.

My husband was very busy in those years building and operating a business. He was co-owner of the cotton gin and was very involved in helping build the community. He even donated some land for a courthouse and due to that donation, the men voted to call the town Crowell. In 1891, they created Foard County, naming it for the Confederate officer, Major Robert Levi Foard.

Although he was busy developing the county, my husband never forgot his promise

to build us a house like my old home in Georgia. He never forgot that my childhood home had been burned to the ground, destroyed by Sherman's march to the sea in the War Between the States. He hired an architect, Mr. R. H. Stuckey, to build our new home similar to the Georgia home of my childhood. I was overjoyed at the prospect, especially when he said our new home would have tall white columns supporting a wrap around porch on three sides. It would have a balcony upstairs facing east so a person could enjoy the evening breezes, and the children could sleep out there to escape the heat in the summer. Our lovely home was completed in 1908. But my dear husband, who had worked so hard for this dream, only lived to enjoy the fruit of his labors for one year. He died in 1909, two days after Christmas at the age of fifty-four.

I was forty-seven when my husband died and by then my children were all grown with families of their own. It was my sons' great misfortune to have wives who died young, so at various times, there were as many as twelve little motherless children being raised in the big house, the house that became my refuge. If the Crowell House could talk, oh the stories it could tell!



## MATADOR TRIBUNE

### Trail Dust


by Douglas Meador

May 17, 1934

There is something a little pitiful in watching old friends meet who have long been separated. Especially is this true if they are old and twenty or more years have passed since they parted. The picture held in each heart is blurred and the voice is not the voice that has echoed across the silent hall of many memories. The man remembered does not fit the jagged pattern shaped by time. There is the awkward pause that words will not fill because the thread of life cannot be resumed where it was left years ago. Two lives that they are strangers and that their worlds have drifted farther apart than they knew. The cold grey of a thousand dawns looms as a spectre between the memory of a laughing carefree man and the form standing twisted and battered by the capricious fancy of fate. The song that once rang clear and true may have become the whimper of an old man in a world of glory less destiny.







# January, 1850

## Mustanging Among the Wichita, near the Pease River

### by Stephen L. Turner

Hard money was in short supply in Texas. We needed salt and coffee.

"We've caught all the wild horses around here. But there's lots of 'em to the west between the Red River and the upper Brazos, especially along the Pease River. Let's catch some wild horses. Once they're green broke, we can sell or trade 'em."

"Well, the Comanche ought to be snuggled down in the canyons for the winter. Maybe if we don't get too close to 'em we won't stir up a fight. There's still some Wichita up there."

"I thought about that. We could find their winter camp and trade 'em some things to let us hunt there."

We loaded a sturdy wagon with food, supplies and trade goods. We also brought arm loads of heavy leather halters with long heavyweight lead ropes. I chose my four best mules to pull the wagon which I drove. Besides a heavy wool coat, I had a buffalo robe wrapped around me. The wagon tarp was up on the bows and provided some shelter from the wind. The riders strung out behind the wagon. Chance took his customary position scouting ahead of the wagon a hundred yards or so.

In the morning we rode out to talk with the Wichita about capturing horses. The horses were loaded with gifts to make our request a little more likely to succeed.

We approached within sight of the village and stopped with our rifles extended above our heads. A dozen Wichita grabbed their weapons and sprang onto their horses staked by their lodges. In less than a minute they had us surrounded.

My throat tightened as my pulse quickened. I only spoke a little of any of the Wichita languages, but

Chance was fluent. He was our spokesman.

"We come in peace. We want to smoke with you, to talk, to bring you gifts."

A powerful brave in his mid-twenties spoke. "I am Many Coups. On my scalp pole hang the hair of many white men, Mexicans, Tonkawa, and Comanche. I will take you to Finds the Buffalo. If you do not come in peace, I will add your scalps to the others. Do you understand?"

We all nodded understanding. We were escorted to the lodge of Finds the Buffalo. A warrior of heavy build stood with his arms crossed in front of his lodge.

He turned to address me in good English. "I am Finds the Buffalo."

"Your English is good. I speak only a little Wichita. My scout speaks your tongue well."

"Leave your horse here with the two boys to make sure we do not steal from you." He turned and smiled. "We are good at stealing from white men."

Chance and I stooped to enter the winter lodge. It was not a towering teepee of the Comanche. It was shorter and less decorated. The covering was of buffalo skins with several cow hides; some of which had brands. It was cramped and smoky.

"Who are you and why do you disturb my winter camp? The Wichita have suffered much at the hands of your people."

"I am Aaron Turner. We have come to catch wild horses to trade for food and things we need for our people."

"Why should I let you do this?"

"There are many wild horses on your hunting grounds. We will only take a few of them. We have brought you gifts if you will let us catch horses and

keep the peace with us while we are here."

"I will think on it. What gifts have you brought?"

Aaron brought in three bolts of good sturdy wool cloth, five cloth bags of salt, five of tobacco, and a dozen good wool blankets.

"We will smoke while I think." He reached for one of the tobacco pouches and thoughtfully filled his pipe. He lit it with a burning taper from the fire. He blew smoke to the earth, the sky, and to the four sacred winds.

I was glad he had used our good tobacco. It was rich and well cured. I repeated the symbolic ritual and passed the pipe to Chance.

As Chance took the pipe, he spoke in Wichita.

Finds the Buffalo sat in quiet reflection. "How is it you speak the words of gratitude to the Spirits? Are you Wichita? Your blue eyes say that you are not."

"I am a man of many peoples."

"I will call you Many Peoples. You can catch horses on our lands. You will bring me one of every eight horses you capture. You will not keep any mares with foals, and you will release the old ones to remain in peace. I will send Many Coups to help you and to make sure you keep our agreement. I ask for your word, Many Peoples."

"Many Coups, you will go with them to help them find and capture horses. No Wichita is to interfere with them or steal from them. You will be there to make sure they keep their agreement."

Many Coups showed us a box canyon near the Pease River, northwest of their camp. They used it to capture horses. The canyon walls were steep clay and rock layered in broad bands of rusty red and pale



yellow. Horses would not be able to climb out here. The canyon mouth opened to the west. A crude fence of brush angled in toward the center of the canyon from both sides. In the center was a pole gate of cottonwood trunks. The enclosed upper end of the canyon had a small spring that trickled down from the layered rocks into a small pool of clear, sweet water on the north side of the canyon walls. The brush fence and steep banks formed an enclosed area of eight to ten acres.

Many Coups and Chance rode out together in the late afternoon. They found a band of about one hundred and twenty adult horses a few miles to the west in a large flat south of the Pease. They were grazing undisturbed on a thick blanket of winter cured grass.

The next morning, all of us rode out to drive the horses into the box canyon. The curly tan buffalo grass was mixed with thick stands of blue grama grass, interspersed with much taller sideoats grama. The seed heads on the sideoats reached our stirrups. This was ideal country for horses and buffalo. One day it would be populated by cattle, but for now it was wild and free.

The frost sparkled on the dry grass. The air was sharp and crisp. Fortunately, there was no wind that morning, or it would have been much colder. Turkeys gobbled in the cottonwoods along the river and sand hill cranes flew high above us in the clear blue sky. A few deer skipped away into deeper cover as we rode past them. This was the kind of morning that made a man glad to be alive.

Many Coups led us in a wide circle around the grazing horse herd so that we would approach them from the west. He positioned us in a wide semi-circle, posting himself on the most southern end of the curving line. He had placed Chance at the northern end, with the rest of us spaced about evenly between them.

Many Coups gave the signal and our curving line moved slowly forward. A few of the wild horses looked up in alarm and began trotting away from

us toward the east. The rest of the band followed the leaders. We were not to push them any faster than necessary. An older sorrel mare pushed her way, biting and kicking, to the front.

The herd formed into a rough oval shape with the lead mare up front and the older horses and foals toward the back. There appeared to be five or six dominant stallions that were scattered protectively along both sides.

The herd began to veer to the south. Many Coups beat his left hand against his deer skin leggings and clucked to the wild horses. The boss mare turned away, resuming an easterly direction. She tried to turn the band to the north, but Chance and the men on his end of the line imitated Many Coups behavior and managed to turn them back to the east again. Soon they were settled into a long trot heading straight into the wide mouth of the canyon. Once the herd had entered the canyon mouth, our line of riders collapsed into a straight line behind them. We were careful not to crowd them. The brush fence loomed gray on the horizon as it rapidly drew closer.

As the canyon narrowed, we tightened up our line to prevent them from turning back. The sorrel mare swung left, then right, but finally spotted the opening in the fence and set off for the gate at a lope. She bucked, passed gas, and gave a loud nicker as she ran through the gate, with the other horses following close behind her. They thundered through the opening into the other side. Many Coups and Chance jumped off their horses and ran to replace the cottonwood poles, closing the gate.

The horses circled inside the box canyon. Making a full circle, they found the gate they had entered closed behind them. The lead mare snorted at the gate and slowed to a trot and then a walk. They continued to slowly circle the canyon floor until they were convinced there was no way out. After an hour and a half, they settled and watered at the small spring. It didn't take them long to start grazing the thick tall grass.

"The sorrel mare has been caught many times.

We always let her go."

Over the next few days we rode through the horses. There were half a dozen that were too old to be of much use. They would be sorted off and released. There were eight mares with late born foals at their sides that we would also turn out. We decided which of the stallions was the best and decided to release him along with the older horses and mares with foals. Of course, the sorrel mare was released first.

We began the process of preparing the horses for the long trail home. Chance approached Many Coups. "There are one hundred and four horses here. Pick the first thirteen horses for Finds the Buffalo."

Many Coups picked the five remaining stallions and eight good mares. He was pleased he had been given first pick. I don't think he knew that we didn't want the stallions.

Cody and Nick roped the horses by the head. As the loop snugged down over the horse's neck, they dallied to the saddle horn. The horse was roped by a second man by the back feet and tripped. Both ropers moved their horses to keep the wild horse down. The men on the ground ran in and put on a halter and lead rope.

After two long, hard days all the horses were dragging lead ropes. Each time they stepped on the rope, it jerked their head down and pulled against the nose band of their halters. They were on their way to learning how to be useful.

Ninety-two horses trailing ropes were put on the trail home. They followed the wagon, while the men kept them in place from both flanks and the drag.

We pushed the captured horses enough to keep them a little tired each day, just where they wouldn't think about running away. They continued to learn about the lead ropes and learned to turn their heads slightly to avoid stepping on the rope.

Finally, we reached the northernmost of my rail fenced pastures. There was plenty of winter cured grass and enough trees to provide wind breaks for the horses. The extra income from the horses got us through a hard time.





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