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Voice of the Foothill Country

50¢

Motley Co. Tribune

102 YEARS

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1993

ISSUE NO. 34

Welcome
to the



MOTLEY AND DICKENS COUNTIES REUNION, 1930

(Mary Keith collection)

70th Annual
Motley - Dickens
Old Settlers Reunion



Quanah Parker at the Matador Ranch, late 1800's or early 1900's.

Motley County Historical Collection



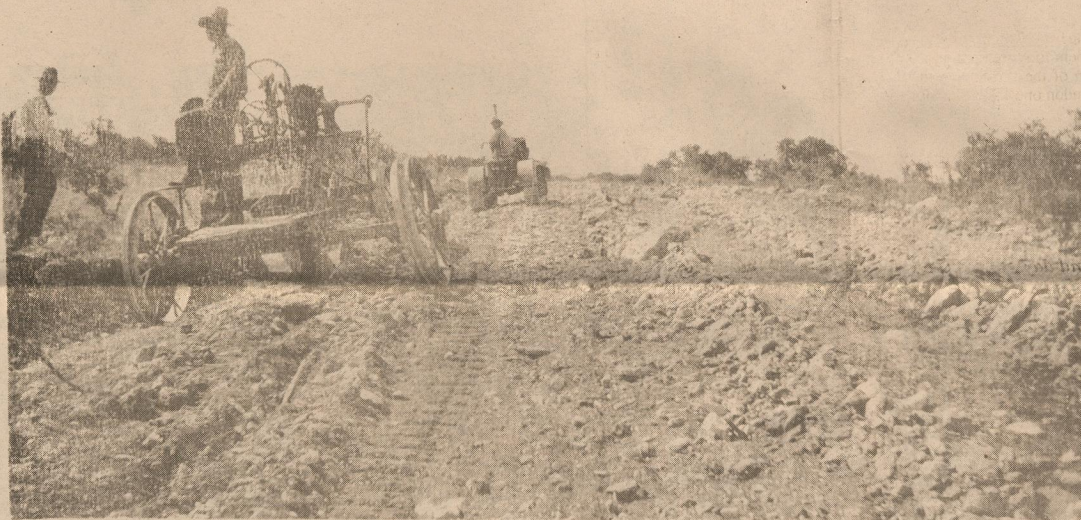
Bob Robertson with big catch.

Motley County Historical Collection

Aided Publicity On Reunion



Much credit for the success of the annual reunion of the Motley-Dickens Counties Old Settlers Association at Roaring Springs Thursday and Friday, is accorded to the publicity tours to the various communities in advance of the meeting. They are Ed D. Smith, Bud Alsop, Dude Mize, Riley Rigsby, Burl Alsop, Furman Vinson and the above group who aided in Joe Berry Meador.



Men at work building roads in 1933 or 1934, south of Roaring Springs

Irene Long collection



ENNIS MOSS, who, with a stringband, often entertained various groups, including Old Settlers, is shown at the piano. A longtime resident of Roaring Springs, Mr. Moss (deceased), invented the Moss lint cleaner for gins, which is in use throughout the U.S. and in several foreign countries.

(Photo from Tribune files)



JOE REED, Rudy and Guy Zinn, Paul Hotcho, Hugh Vinson, Mrs. Lon Gilmore, Mr. and Mrs. Doc Ellis. 1918 or 1919.

(Photo courtesy of Helen Arrington, Dickens)

Welcome to the Motley-Dickens Old Settlers Reunion



Condron Insurance

318 B Burlington, Spur, Texas

271-3373



Welcome Home!



Zabielski Company



Roaring Springs

Welcome to the Motley-Dickens Counties Old Settlers Reunion



Paymaster Gin

Welcome to the 70th Annual Motley-Dickens Counties Old Settlers Reunion



Red Ball Gin

Roaring Springs



Thank you for reading the Motley County Tribune

Motley County School News

Lindsey's Lines

by Lindsey Williams

Last Thursday was the first day of school. Summer went by so fast, but I think we were all glad to see each other. There are lots of new people this year and lots of people that are no longer here

that we will miss seeing. I hope this year will be a great one and that we will all have fun. I also hope that we will show improvement in everything we do and make everyone proud of our school.

School Pictures To Be Taken September 9

School pictures will be taken on Thursday, September 9, 1993. All packets will be pre-paid. You will need your money on picture day or only a picture will be taken for the yearbook.

There will be six packages to choose from. Students are asked to wear colorful clothing.

Senior pictures will be taken on Saturday, September 11. They will be receiving information in the mail.

Matadors Storm Over Bobcats In First Scrimmage of the Season

The Motley County football team traveled to Childress August 17, for their first of three scrimmages of the season. The Matadors rolled-up a total of 395 yards rushing, and reached paydirt five times. It didn't take the Matadors much time to figure out a way to score. On the fourth offensive play the Motley County line opened a wide hole for Brandon Blanch who ran for a 62 yard touchdown. Two plays later Quarterback Frankie Ortiz kept the ball around the end and raced 52 down the field for the Matadors second

score. The third score came when Shane Taylor busted through Childresses defense and scattered 55 yards for the touchdown. Jarrod Brooks also added to the long touchdown runs, when he broke through the line and raced 45 yards for the Matadors fourth score.

On the last play of scrimmage, Brandon Blanch scored on a 12 yard counterplay which ended Motley's scoring for the night.

"I felt offensively we did a great job, our line headed up by Seniors, Jeromy

Jameson, Dustin Davis, and Tight End, Cody Barclay; Juniors, Jeremy Jones, Chad Graves, and Don Martin; Sophomores, Bobby Barton, Will Duarte, and Joe Martin, did an outstanding job blocking," Coach Graves stated.

At the conclusion of the scrimmage the Motley County Matadors scored 5 times and Childress J.V. scored one time.

All three backs, Blanch, Ortiz, Taylor, rushed for over 100 yards each.

Motley County Puts Up Good Fight Against 2-AA Rated Clarendon

The Motley County Matadors traveled to Clarendon for their second of three scrimmages this season.

The Clarendon Broncos who are rated to win their District 2-AA Title this season found out that the Matadors of Motley County didn't pay any attention to their ratings. With Clarendon's speed and size the Matadors stood toe-to-toe with the 2-AA Powerhouse. Both teams exchanged hard hitting defenses.

Offensively the Matadors moved the ball quiet well. Frankie Ortiz directed the veer attack with Brandon Blanch and Shane Taylor carrying out the veer attack. Blanch ended the night with 48 yards, while Taylor carried the ball four times - 36 yards.

"We ran a total of 30 offensive plays. I thought Frankie did an excellent job of reading the veer. If we were in a real game, we would have ran the veer all night, they never did stop Blanch for less than the 6-to-8 yard carry," stated Coach Graves. The offensive line once again showed great signs of becoming an outstanding line. Jermony Jameson, Dustin Davis, Jeremy Jones, Chad Graves, Don Martin, did a great job blocking up front. One of the keys to our success offen-

sively was the blocking by our tight ends, Cody Barclay and Bobby Barton.

Defensively, the Matadors performed their best yet. We had a great team effort.

We held the Brocos most of the night, but allowed them to score on a pass. At the conclusion of the scrimmage the score was Clarendon one T.D., Matador none.

Just Remember

There are little eyes upon you
and they're watching night and day.
There are little ears that quickly
take in every word you say.
There are little hands all eager
to do the things you do.
And a little child who's dreaming
of the day they'll be like you.

God Bless You!

**IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE
IN THE
MOTLEY COUNTY
TRIBUNE**

For prices and information call 347-2400 or 2774

The cookbook everyone is talking about TEXAS COUNTRY REPORTER COOKBOOK

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ON SALE AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE

Welcome Home Old Settlers



Stockman's Supply Matador

Welcome Old Settlers



Chastain True Value Hardware

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NEWS

OF HEALTH

Allergies Are Enough To Make You Sick

(NAPS)—Every year for weeks, young Mary sniffles, sneezes, itches and is miserable. What Mary's mom doesn't know is that Mary may be suffering from allergic rhinitis, or hay fever, which plagues 20 percent of Americans.

"When your child seems to always have a runny nose, it may be more than a cold," says Harold S. Nelson, M.D., National Jewish Center for Immunology and Respiratory Medicine, Denver. "Hay fever usually strikes in the spring and fall, when grass, trees, ragweed and other plants pollinate."

Since children are more apt to have allergies than adults, parents should look for signs of recurrent sneezing and itching that tend to be seasonal or fairly regular in recurrence and last for a long period of time. Colds, on the other hand, are usually sporadic and limited in duration, and often associated with body aches, malaise and fever.

If you think you or your child may have allergies, it is important to see an allergist, since hay fever can sometimes lead to asthma or other serious conditions.

Allergies can also interfere with your child's quality of life.

says Gary Rachelefsky, M.D., clinical professor of pediatrics at the University of California at Los Angeles and a member of the executive committee of the American Academy of Allergy

emotional functioning," says Dr. Rachelefsky.

Allergists can properly diagnose your child's runny nose by taking a good medical history, and testing for sensitivity to specific allergens.

Treatment may include allergy immunotherapy—the injection of allergenic extract in gradually increasing amounts over a period of months. Immunotherapy desensitizes the immune system to specific allergens and can help decrease symptoms and prevent further progression of the condition.

For a free brochure to help you determine if you or someone you care about may have allergies, write "Allergies Are Enough To Make You Sick," Miles Inc., Pharmaceutical Division, P.O. Box 3145, Spokane, WA 99220-3145.



and Immunology.

"There is an effect on growth and behavior. Untreated, an allergy can alter mental, physical and

Indiana Firm Discovers:

Special New cream for arthritis

CARMEL, IN. - There is now available a new medicated cream discovery that not only relieves Arthritis pain, but also soothes and conditions the skin. The company that discovered the cream, Continental Quest Corporation, has named the product "PAIN BUST-R II." According to company president, Bryan Auer, "PAIN BUST-R II" was researched and formulated to be absorbed directly into the joints and muscles, where the pain originates. It works to relieve Rheumatism and Bursitis pain as well. "But that is not all it does," "When the special formula is applied directly onto the skin, it goes to work immediately to con-



dition and rejuvenate the skin cells, leaving the skin feeling cool, smooth and refreshed after each application." "There is nothing quite like this product that equals its effectiveness!"

Available at:

Selected PHARMACIES

or Write to: PAIN BUST-R II, 220 W. Carmel Dr., Dept FM12, Carmel, IN 46032. Send \$7.95 for 1 Large tube or \$13.95 for 2 Large Tubes.

(Prices include Postage & Handling)

Welcome Home Old Settlers!



Cowboy Boot Shop

Dood Damron

1113 Main — Matador — 347-2218

WELCOME TO ROARING SPRINGS Old Settlers



Alexander Fuel

Roaring Springs



Picnic on a Sunday afternoon. A.T. Swebston.

Betty Campbell collection



H.H. Schweitzer, as a young cowboy for the Matadors, in the early 1900's. Mr. Schweitzer later became a well-known saddle maker.

Motley County Historical Collection



First Old Settlers Reunion, held in 1923.

Photo courtesy of Hazel Donovan



PARADE IN ROARING SPRINGS, AUGUST 1939

(Photo from Tribune files)



Flankers holding the calf as other cowboys look on.

Photo from Gus Bird collection

Roads To Reunion Are Crowded

Parade Will Start 2-Day Celebration

NOTE: The following article was taken from the August 24, 1939 issue of the *Matador Tribune*.

All roads leading into Roaring Springs were crowded early this morning as citizens of several counties began assembling for the 17th annual reunion of the Motley-Dickens County Old Settlers Association.

The 2-day celebration will officially start at 10 o'clock this morning with the Pioneer Parade through the streets of Roaring Springs and ending at the reunion grounds.

Through agreement all business houses in Matador will remain closed during the entire day, it was announced late yesterday.

C.C. Haile, association president, declared that all indications pointed to the largest and most successful meeting in the history of the group, starting with the parade this morning, which is a new feature and expected to attract new crowds.

Practically every business house in Matador and Roaring Springs will be represented in the Sponsor's Contest, comprised of ladies on horseback, bearing banners from the various business places.

Free Rodeo 2 Days
Free Rodeo attractions will be conducted, starting at 2 p.m. daily and other

features of the program will crowd both days of the celebration.

Memorial Service
Following the parade which is scheduled to be completed at 11 o'clock this morning, will be the memorial services for pioneers who have died during the

past year. Officials of the organization said yesterday that tribute will be paid to more than 50 deceased members.

Community contests comprised of local talent within communities of the two counties will also be a new feature and have a place on the program during both days of the celebration.



Enter his gates with thanksgiving, and unto his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless His name.

Psalm 100:4

ATTENTION:

Motley County Tribune Readers!

The *Motley County Tribune* is now in its 102nd year as a county newspaper. The oldest business in the County and one of the oldest in the State of Texas.

Like other business in the county, we, at the Tribune, know the importance of shopping at home, and supporting our hometown businesses. We know our hometown businesses understand the importance of supporting the newspaper with advertising, which not only keeps the newspaper in business, but is also beneficial to the business placing the advertisement. We very much appreciate our advertisers.

Without continued support of our hometown businesses, the newspaper stands in jeopardy.

We thank you for your support and ask for your continued support.

KEEP OUR HOMETOWN NEWSPAPER ALIVE!

Would you prefer your grocery circular in the mail or in the newspaper?

Please fill in the bottom part of this ad with your answer, name and address, and drop in the box inside PAY-N-SAVE Grocery.

Motley County Tribune Post Office

Name: _____

Address: _____

This ad is paid for by Pay-N-Save Grocery

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The MOTLEY COUNTY TRIBUNE has the book

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SALE - \$10.00

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Fleetwood Mac: Going Home



Glenn Frey: Strange Weather



Adventures in Wonderland

Thursday, August 26 - Monday, August 30.

Programs subject to change.

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Free gift for new subscribers! Receive a coupon to get a FREE Special Edition "Aladdin" lithograph in a custom mat when you call 1-800-847-9000 during this preview. You must install The Disney Channel between August 26 and September 30, 1993. New subscribers only. See coupon for details.

OPEN SUNDAY 10 am - 2 pm
Come On Out!!
Thursday Night: Barbecue Brisket with Beans, Coleslaw and Potato Salad
Friday Night: Fresh Farm Catfish, Coleslaw & Spicy Fries
\$5.95 ALL YOU CAN EAT!
Sunday Lunch: Baked Ham & Dressing or choice of Meats on the Lunch
Billie Dean's Restaurant

Welcome to the 70th Annual
Old Settlers Reunion

Long Insurance
Roaring Springs

Motley Co. Tribune

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Carla Meador, Associate Editor, Advertising Mgr., Typesetting
Mary Meason, Proofreading
Lindsay Williams, School Reporter, Proofreading, Composition
Jan Jones, Photo Developing

MEMBER 1993
TEXAS PRESS ASSOCIATION

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NOTICE: Any erroneous reflection upon the character, firm or corporation, which may appear in the columns of the Motley County Tribune, will gladly be corrected upon being brought to the attention of the publisher. Only signed letters to the editor will be considered for publication and should not exceed 250 words in length. Letters may be subject to editing.
PUBLICATION NO. 332700

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Motley County, \$15; Texas, \$17; Elsewhere, \$18;
9 Month Student, \$14; over 60, may deduct \$1.00.
P.O. Box 490
Matador, Texas

This notice and the information included is required in this format by the Texas Legislature.

Notice of Public Hearing on Tax Increase

The Motley County I.S.D. will hold a public hearing on a proposal to increase total tax revenues from properties on the tax roll in 1992 by 6.27 percent. Your individual taxes may increase at a greater or lesser rate, or even decrease, depending on the change in the taxable value of your property in relation to the change in taxable value of all other property.

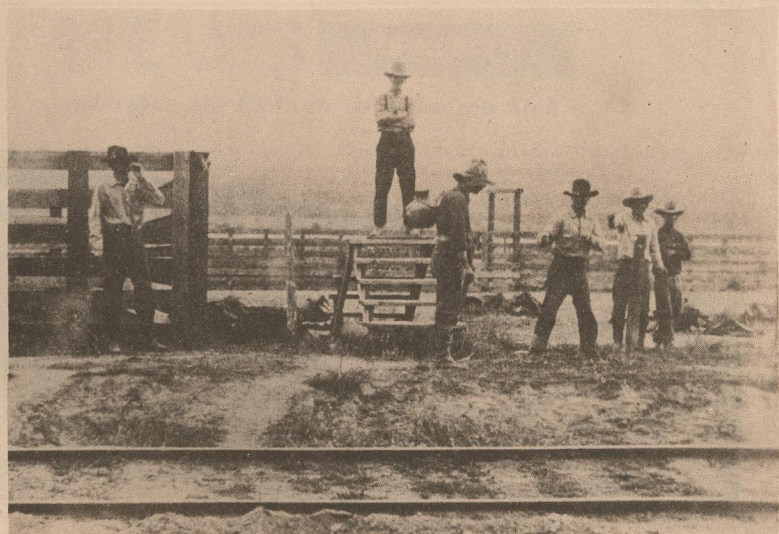
The public hearing will be held on Aug. 30th; 7:30 PM at Motley County I.S.D.
FOR the proposal: Varn Francis, Gale Stafford, Jeff Thacker, Leslie Jameson, Bill Lockett, Randy Barton
AGAINST the proposal: None
PRESENT and not voting: None
ABSENT: Marisue Potts

The statement above shows the percentage increase the proposed rate represents over the Effective tax rate that the unit published on August 4, 1993. The following table compares taxes on an average home in this taxing unit last year to taxes proposed on the average home this year. Again, your individual taxes may be higher or lower, depending on the taxable value of your property.

	Last Year	This Year
Average home value	\$20,935.12	\$21,671.77
General exemptions available (amount available on the average home, not including senior citizen's or disabled person's exemptions)	\$5,000.00 +20%	\$5,000.00 +20%
Average taxable value	\$ 10,935.12	\$ 11,671.77
Tax rate	.1762 /\$100	1.08 /\$100 (proposed)
Tax	\$ 19.27	\$ 126.06 (proposed)

Under this proposal taxes on the average home would Increase by \$ 106.79 or 6.54 percent compared with last year's taxes. Comparing tax rates without adjusting for changes in property value, the tax rate would Increase by \$.9038 per \$100 of taxable value or 6.13 percent compared to last year's tax rate. These tax rate figures are not adjusted for changes in the taxable value of property.

*This percentage increase does not reflect 1992 taxes levied by the now-abolished county education district (CED). In 1992, the CED levied a portion of the taxes used for school purposes, and the school district levied the remainder of school taxes. In 1993, school districts will levy all school taxes. For an explanation of the increase, attend the public hearing scheduled above or call your school district.



Russellville Pens, Q.A.&P. Railway Matador Ranch.

Helen Keith Patton collection



Cowboys butchering out on the range

Motley County Historical Collection

THE ACCOMPANYING TAX NOTICE IS WRONG!

The Motley Co. Independent School District is *required by state law* to publish the accompanying tax notice in this form, *even though the notice is deceptive*. Because of an omission in the recently-enacted state law, Motley Co. I.S.D. may not include revenue collected by the county education district in the calculation of taxes for the 1992-93 school year. The effect of this is to understate last year's actual school tax rate and produce an inaccurate comparison of last year's tax rate to this year's tax rate.

The correct comparison of tax rates is as follows:

Last year's (1992-93) total school tax rate (including county education district taxes):	\$ 1.00
This year's (1993-94) proposed school tax rate:	\$ 1.08
Percentage change:	1.08%

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE:

A tax notice published in this newspaper and paid for by Motley Co. I.S.D. may leave some local taxpayers scratching their heads in confusion.

The notice incorrectly states that the school tax rate will grow by 6.13 percent. But in publishing the notice, local school officials are only complying with a state law.

"This is one of those situations where the law doesn't make any sense, but we must nevertheless comply with it or risk serious consequences," said Mr. George Blanch.

Motley Co. I.S.D. is required by the state's "truth-in-taxation" law to publish an official notice reporting last year's tax rate, the proposed tax rate for this year, and the percentage increase. However, due to a drafting oversight in the new school finance law, the notice significantly understates the tax rate for last year and produces a misleading comparison between last year's and this year's school taxes.

Under the previous school finance law, the county education district (CED) levied part of the taxes used for operating schools and the school district levied the rest. Under the new school finance law, CEDs are eliminated and all school taxes are levied by the school district.

Last year, the county education district imposed a tax rate of .8238 (per \$100 of value) and Motley Co. I.S.D. imposed a tax rate of .1762, for a combined school tax rate of \$1.00. This year, Motley Co. I.S.D. is proposing a tax rate of \$1.08.

Because of the mistake in the new school finance law, Motley Co. I.S.D. is required to report a 1992-93 tax rate of .1762, a 1993-94 tax rate of \$1.08, and an increase of 6.13 percent, when in reality the rate will increase by 1.08 percent.

In an effort to correct the misinformation, Motley Co. I.S.D. is publishing alongside the tax notice an advertisement indicating that the official tax notice is wrong. The supplemental advertisement, also paid for by the school district, provides the correct tax information.

The new school finance law, Senate Bill 7, was enacted on May 31, 1993.

CONTACT: Motley County I.S.D.
 Mr. George Blanch
 (806) 347-2677

The Way It Was

by Emmett Jenkins

NOTE: This article was printed in the "Reader's Column" of the August 25, 1988 edition of the *Motley County Tribune*.

In the early days, everyone used wood for cooking and heating. Where did we get it? From the Matadors. We hauled it from Russellville pasture. There was one restriction, "Don't cut any green wood."

Back in that day, there was very little mesquite brush. Most of it was larger trees. They wanted to keep the trees to shade the cattle.

I have known of the Camp man making the wood hauler unload the Wagon, and told not to come back, for abusing that privilege.

There would be wagon loads of people, from the plains. They would camp and pick plums. That was the only source, for jelly and jam. Also the plums were used for pies. All of this was a courtesy of the Matador.

If we went fishing, it was on the Matadors.

The Matador Cattle were wild, when we were fishing, sometimes the cattle would come to drink. When they saw us, they would run like deer.

Joe Jeffers was cooking for the wagon. He was a good friend of mine. Sometimes I would go with him to the wagon on Saturday night, share his bed roll and come home on Sunday afternoon.

If the town put on a big picnic, with free barbecue, the Matadors usually furnished the beef.

There were times they ran two wagons. Usually fifteen to twenty men to the wagon and a Remuda of around one hundred and fifty horses. Big John Southworth ran one of the wagons. He had a fog horn voice that could be heard a mile away. He was a big man, wide shoulders, and would stand out, in any crowd. The last time I saw him, about thirty years ago, at the Old Settlers Reunion, he was just a shell of his old self.

Claud Jeffers was wagon boss for a number of years. Everyone of the Jeffers' boys worked for the company at one time. Joe, George (Coon), Kenneth, Jim Ward and R.C. All of the boys have passed away. It makes me sad, when I think of it.

We were visiting the Robert Dafferns at the Ballard Camp, one Sunday afternoon. The wagon was camped in the number 47 pasture. After we left the Dafferns, we drove by the wagon. We were riding in a Hack, pulled by a good team of horses. It was supertime, so we were invited to "light" and eat. I will

never forget that meal. The good tender steak, sourdough biscuits and stewed fruit. The coffee was a little rich for a small boy, but I remember the good food and the hospitality shown by the cook and the cowhands.

One Sunday evening the Wagon was in the Bull pasture, a mile or so west of town. There were a lot of visitors, from town. I would say there were twenty or thirty who came for supper.

Simon Hall was the cook. He added more steak to the cooking pot and made more sourdough bread. Simon remained calm, and did not seem to mind having extra visitors for supper.

They killed a beef every two days, during the hot weather. It was hung on hooks, on the side of the wagon.

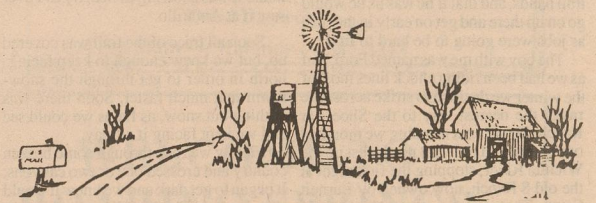
One day they rounded Cattle in the number one pasture, which adjoined us

on the west. They left a young calf. It came to our fence line, bawling.

My dad, called Mr. Jackson, the ranch manager. He gave us the calf, which we bottle fed and we kept it in the waterlot, segregated from the other cattle. It was a family pet. We taught it to lead. In fact, he led too well. I was a smallboy, and he was always stepping on my barefeet. We made harness for him and hitched him to the little wagon, which he pulled willingly and seemed to enjoy it.

If I had the time and space, I could write names of most of the wagon bosses and dozens of cowboys. They have played a major role in my life, as friends and customers to the barber shop.

Nearly all of the older people owe the Matadors a debt of gratitude, for the privileges extended to us, in the bygone days. That's the way it was.



Welcome to Roaring Springs



Thacker Supply

ROARING SPRINGS



Matador Turtle Hole Camp, Preston Drace family, late 1800's.

Motley County Historical Collection

Matador Yarns

NOTE: The following article was taken from the June 1952 issue of *The Cattleman*, and was written by Bob Beverly.

A few days ago I received a booklet gotten up by John Warren of the Dickens Title Company of Dickens, Texas. It was sent to me as a compliment of W.E. Robinson of Stamford, Texas, who is now a retired railroad man and an early day product of Johnson County, Texas. I wish to say thanks a million, for it brought back many early day thoughts to me.

Back in the days when boys left the cotton fields of East Texas to seek adventure in the West we would ride what was called the chuck lines until we found work of some kind.

There will never again be in our country as good people as were then on the ranches of western Texas. In those days when a boy rode up to a ranch or one of the ranch camps he dismounted from his tired pony, unsaddled, and if there was work going on he fell in and made a hand until the cook hollered "come and get it."

Then he rushed to the chuck wagon or grub house and grabbed himself a plate and cup and went to helping himself to the grub, just like he was a regular paid hand on the ranch. If he stayed there a week or one day he kept on working just like he was drawing pay.

Maybe he would finally get to speak to the man in charge, if it looked like he could stay there without anyone getting curious as to why he had come west. Maybe the boss would tell him that he was full up but that he thought so and so was short of hands and if he wanted work he had better ride on that way and look himself up work further west.

In the years of 1891 and 1892 there were a lot of boys riding the roads or trails hunting work, and in those days they really wished to work and not just hire out. It made no difference with most of them whether the boss had a watch or not, as work then was not by the hour but it extended from the time you got a job until the job was finished, if it took all day and the most of the night. The main thing with most of us was to try and hold our jobs.

A boy and I rode into the Sixty Nine camp in Knox County, Texas, the first of March, 1892. John Holman was there and told us the Shoe Bar outfit in Donley County was going to need a lot of trail hands, and that if he was us he would go on up there and get on early in the rush as jobs were going to be hard to find.

The boy with me was named Ford, and as we had been riding chuck lines most of the winter we decided to strike across the range the nearest way to the Shoe Bar Ranch. So the next morning we mounted our ponies and rode out northwest up the Wichita River, stopping the first night at the old 8 Ranch, now owned by Burnett Estate. The ranch house was then east of

where Guthrie is now and Mr. Lee was in charge. Two or three of the Davidson boys were there and I think Billy McClarin was wagon boss. A lot of sweaters like us were there also but they all told us the eight outfit did not need any hands.

So the next morning we ate all we could hold at breakfast and when the horse wrangler brought in the saddle horses we caught ours and mounted. We only had what clothes we had tied up in our slickers behind our saddles, and our slicker and saddle blankets was all the bedding we had. If we had to make what was called a dry camp.

The second night we made it late at night into the Scab Eight Ranch on Pease River. I think Con McMurray was there, maybe as wagon boss or camp man that winter; also a lot of other hands I have forgotten the names of now. An old sourdough fellow there told us he had come from the railroad at Clarendon and had stopped overnight the night before at the Shoe Bar Camp and that it was no ride from the Scab Eight Camp to the Shoe Bar Camp in Donley County.

Of course, it being early in the year and very little green grass, our ponies were getting leg weary and we had to take the trip rather easy. We had learned of a camp of the Matador outfit near old Tee Pee City and from what we had learned we were sure we could make it to this camp that day and give our ponies plenty of time.

So the next morning when the wrangler brought in the saddle horses, it was a question of where we had better lay over that day or not as it had turned cold during the night and was very cloudy.

But as no one around there seemed inclined to give us much information we ate all we were able to eat and decided to make a ride for the Matador camp.

The old Mobeetic trail went out through that country, on north to Clarendon and on to Mobeetic and Dodge City, Kansas. The old sourdough had told us the night before to stay right on the old trail and we would wind up at the Shoe Bars.

So we started out and found the old trail that led north. It became colder and colder and the clouds began to turn loose a few scattering flakes of snow. We had to ride directly north or nearly that way and had to face the snow. In about two hours it was snowing as heavily as I ever saw it at Amarillo.

Soon all trace of the trail was covered up, but we knew enough to keep facing north in order to get through the snow-storm that much faster. Soon there was nothing but snow, as far as we could see and we kept facing it all day.

Finally we rode through some broken country and crossed one or two canyons. It began to get dark and we knew it would soon be dark. Finally riding up to a steep

red bluff and as our horses were about all in we came to the conclusion that we were lost.

So we unsaddled and hobbled our horses, and decided we would stay down under the bluff that night. We spread our saddle blankets on the ground, and put our slickers where we could stick our heads under them and pulled our slickers over us. In about an hour we were covered up by the snow but we were warm and went to sleep, but every time one of us turned over snow would fall down into our warm bed and down our necks.

When it became daylight I peeped out from under the snow and it was as clear a day as I had ever seen, and the poor man's overcoat was beginning to rise in the east. I woke Ford and as he became awake he said: "If I live to be one hundred years old I will never forget last night."

I crawled out and looked for our ponies and went up on top of the bluff to have a look around. I looked west about one half mile and saw smoke coming out of the ground near a bluff and I hollered to Ford that is a camp up a mile down the canyon. They were sunning themselves, as the sun was up and felt good and warm to them as well as to us.

So we saddled up our ponies and headed up the creek towards the smoke coming out of a dugout in the bluff. It was a Matador camp at the Turtle Hole water hole on the head of Turtle Hole Creek that ran into the North Pease River not far from there.

Two cowboys were staying there holding down this camp for the Matador outfit. The night we laid out there under that bluff was the night of March 15, 1892, and I have always remembered the 15th of March since then.

We were bade welcome by the boys in camp there as they had been there all winter and were anxious to hear news from outside of the range and we had plenty of it. We found they had some feed there and we hung some bags on our ponies filled with chops and oats belonging to the Matador owners in Scotland. They never knew anything about the feed or grub of theirs we consumed and it would have been OK anyway with them for they were good folks and we tried to be their kind of folks for the time being.

I have forgotten the names of those two boys but they had been on the range a long time, and knew a lot about the early days of Matador Ranch. Neither of them ever asked us our names. It was not good manners in those days to ask such questions.

They told us of being at the round-up one spring and there were a lot of steers with what they called Panhandle W brand on the steers where the Matador V was

supposed to be. They said an old boy that had worked for the Spur outfit and one that had worked for the Matador at one time, had been laid off, and had started a camp by themselves, had put in the winter before burning V steers.

They told us the yarn and said in the spring round-up old Paint Campbell rode into the round-up and cut every steer he found burned, and offered any cowboy \$500 that would claim the brand, but no one ever claimed it.

After staying over with the boys at the Turtle Hole camp a couple of days, Ford and I rode north to the Shoe Bar camp in Donley County. When we reached the Shoe Bar Ranch we found more cowboys there waiting for work than at any place I ever saw. We headed back trying to find the Matador Ranch.

The first day we turned back we rode up to old Doctor Moon's little place late at night and he and his good wife bade us welcome. We stopped one night with them and he told us there was no use going to the Matador Ranch hunting work for there were more cowboys there hunting work than he had ever seen in the country.

While there Dr. Moon told us of the shooting of Mr. Boone by Joe Beckham and that he had operated on Boone and

repaired the damage caused by the bullet. The doctor told Boone not to eat anything but light food for some time and Boone got to feeling good and ordered himself a beefsteak and fried potatoes and had died from the effects of it.

In a day or so we headed east through Cottle County to one of the Triangle camps. Ford quit me and headed south and I headed for the JF Ranch and Ike Pryor. He had shipped some ponies to Vernon and Mose Martin, the ranch foreman, wanted them made ready for the spring works. I got the job of riding at them by the help of old Tom Horn and others.

I rode at these horses until we gathered two herds there and took them all to Quannah. I cut out part of them and shipped them to the Osage country for Jess Evans from off the Colorado River. I drove the JF steers to Panhandle City and there I got a job going to Dakota with Day and Criswell. Last year, or maybe it was two years ago, I went to Tulia, Texas, and visited Carl Young, who was with the second herd of Day and Criswell. It had been 58 years since we had met.

The last Matador steer I ever cut as an inspector for the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers Association was at Texline in 1920. A two-year-old steer had jumped

out of the loading pens at Texline and went across the line into Union County, New Mexico, and disappeared on a small ranch.

Several years later I went into Texline one day and borrowed a pony from my nephew who still lives at Texline, and rode over into New Mexico early in the morning and found the Matador steer. I drove him back to Texline and put him into the pens there. Bunk Harvey came in that day with a herd of two-year-old steers to ship north, so I wrangled around the most of the day trying to sell Mr. Harvey the Matador steer. He finally gave me the

\$70 for the steer and I sent the check to the Association at Fort Worth and they sent money to the owners. That was the last animal I ever cut for the Matadors. The steer belonged to the railroad but I thought I would do that much for the Matador for feeding me and the old boy at Turtle camp many years before.

Well, I could tell many yarns of old boys who worked for the Matador. Many of them went on West and made stakes of their own, and a few of my oldtime friends went on west from the Matador and wound up dead in New Mexico and Arizona, but it would do no good now to dig up a lot of old dead horses.



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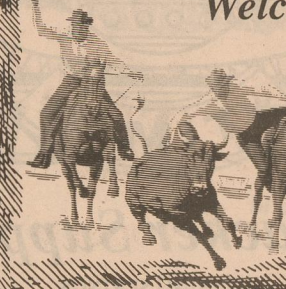
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Old Settlers

Dickens
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SPUR, TEXAS





Waterhole Horse rider for the Matador Ranch

Motley County Historical Collection

Flomot Rodeo Gives Crowd Many Thrills

Much Interest Is Shown as 500 Meet To Enjoy Program

NOTE: The following article was taken from the September 14, 1939 issue of the Matador Tribune.

An enthusiastic crowd of 500 rodeo fans enjoyed an afternoon filled with exciting entertainment Saturday, when Flomot presented the program of its first annual rodeo. Ropers and riders from the entire section, and rodeo fans from several counties praised the well-planned program and the manner in which the entertainment was conducted.

The organization, consisting of C.C. Jones, president, W.E. Bursleson, Secretary, John Bourland and Norman Martin, directors, have made plans for the rodeo to be an annual event, it was announced Monday.

Blassingame Wins First

Nash Blassingame, with time of 18 seconds, won first place in the open-to-all calf roping. He received \$15. Second place went to Leland Timmons and a prize of \$9. Third place was awarded Pete Keller and \$6 cash.

Five bronc riders took part in the riding. They included Elmo Nall, Odell Kirkland, Jimmie Blackwell, Otho Denham and O Blackwell.

Attorney Is Cowboy

In the calf roping event, restricted to Motley County residents, George Mangrim, with a time of 24 seconds, received first place and \$26 cash. District Attorney John Hamilton rode in for second place

and \$12.60 cash. Third place was awarded Melvin Warren who received \$8.40 cash.

In the boys calf roping, restricted to youths under 14, Marvin Stephens won first money (\$2.70), with a time of 54 1/2 seconds (second throw). Sonny Russell received second place and \$1.80 reward.

21 Try Wild Cow Milking

Bob Martin received first place with a time of 25.5 seconds over 20 contestants in the wild cow milking. He received \$22.50 cash. W.E. Bursleson carried away the second honors and \$13.50 cash. Nash Blassingame received third place and \$9.00 cash and the fourth place went to

Tutt Garnett, who received \$6 in award. The wild mule race was called off, although some of the mules were used in bronc events.

The record time in the rodeo was made by Nig Reed in the oldtimers (35 years and over) who roped and tied his calf in 3.9 seconds. Bob Martin took second place in this event with a time of 5 seconds while Bill Meyer was awarded 3rd place for time of 15 seconds.

The rodeo judges were John Russell, Bill Meyer and Oliver Ware.

The timekeepers included Johnnie Barton, Leon Nall and F.C. King.



Men working horses on the Matadors.

Photo from the Gus Bird collection



Matador Cowboys on the Caboose, 1910-1920 era.

Motley County Historical Collection

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WORD of GOD

Seek the Lord!

Evil men understand not judgment: but they that seek the Lord understand all things.

Proverbs 28:5

Pioneers,

We salute you for the courage of your great hearts which led to the conquest of this mighty empire.....

We pay tribute to your vision; may we live to serve you and your principle.

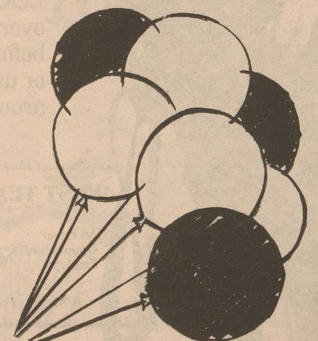
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MOTLEY COUNTY TRIBUNE

Matador, Texas

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Mr. Sam Ross
Mr. Ross was president of the Old Settlers Association for many years, 1963 - 1976.
He is a long-time resident of Flomot.



Churckwagon of Early Cowboy Is In Tech Museum

Copied from an August 22, 1940 article

Relics of the chuck wagon era in South Plains history, a rusty Dutch oven, a five-gallon coffee pot, and a broken down coffee mill, are on exhibition in West Texas Museum on Texas Tech campus.

"The range cook was a camp aristocrat," Dr. W.C. Holden, curator of the museum, said. "A good humored cook who did his work well always improved the morale of a cow camp - a surly one would ruin it."

Meals usually consisted of sour dough biscuits baked in Dutch ovens, beef, potatoes, beans and often some dish from canned tomatoes or corn. The story is told of one cowboy who was 30 years old before he knew they put other things in cans besides these two vegetables.

"Lick" or syrup, stewed dried fruit, peaches, apples or prunes, were the only desserts, unless the cook was particularly amiable and cooked a fruit cobbler. "immigrant butter," made of flour and water, was sometimes used to vary the taste of sourdough biscuit.

"Son-of-a-gun," historic cowboy dish, was a stewed concoction of tongue, liver, hearts, lights, kidneys, sweetbreads and brains of any beef killed. Finely chopped and cooked in an iron kettle, this western dish sometimes had vegetables added, if there were any vegetables, Holden said.

"No one ever asked a range cook, 'When do we eat?' When he hollered 'Chuck!', 'Chuckaway' or 'Come and get it' then and not until then did the self-respecting cowboy 'grab and get it'. No one dared take anything out of the chuck wagon without permission except 'hobbles', which was usually left over biscuits, reserved for the night guard to eat with strong coffee."

Matador Cowboys Will Appear On National Poster

NOTE: The following article was printed in the August 28, 1941 issue of the *Matador Tribune*.

A picture of Matador Ranch cowboys, entitled "Chuck Wagon Sport", will appear on an advertising poster throughout the nation. The photo, made by Miss Polly Smith of Dallas for the Falstaff Brewing Company, includes G.S. (Red) Payne, Clay Hart, and Ray Sims in a chuckwagon scene.

With a border of famous Texas cattle brands, the large poster, approximately two and one-half by four feet, is in full color. The picture, made here several months ago, has just been released for advertising purposes.

Complimentary posters were given to John Mackenzie of Denver, general manager of the Matador Land and Cattle Company, M.J. Reilly, superintendent of the Matador headquarters here, Henry Pipkin, and the three cowboys who posed in the picture.

One of the nation's largest breweries, the Falstaff company, has offices in St. Louis, Omaha, and New Orleans.



Chuckwagon pulling sand

Motley County Historical Collection

A Little Rust Won't Kill You

NOTE: The following article was submitted by Marisue Potts. It was taken from the November 1990 issue of *Esquire* magazine.

Once, it was the scoutmaster — that great lost role model of American male socialization — who taught you how to cook, and what he cooked in was iron. With a skillet or Dutch oven he could make almost anything.

My scoutmaster did something with a Dutch oven fully as astonishing to me as origami or laser printing: He baked an apple pie. While we tenderfeet were still gagging on our half-warmed Spam, he waited with perfect care, now and then lifting the oven's lipped roof, until the wavy crimp of the crust turned a brown identical to the khaki of our uniforms.

Cooking with iron fairly forces you to cook hearty, and the reappraisal of basic American cooking has brought with it the reappraisal of basic American cookware — of the pans that won the West.

We're going back to the Iron Age — sales are growing at 7 to 10 percent a year, and just in time. The vital juices of American cuisine have for too long been sizzling away on thin cookware. Get this straight: You can no more fry in something made of aluminum than you can fly in something made of iron. Oh, sure, steam your zucchini, boil your rutabagas in aluminum or steel or copper. But to really cook up a T-bone, make cornbread, do stew, you want iron.

Iron heats evenly and quickly — saving energy — and it lasts just exactly forever. It comes in any color you want as long as it is black. Enameling it is like painting the chestnut mantle to match the couch. It's like saying saute' instead of fry; polenta instead of grits. Enamel stains, enamel chips, enamel removes the functionality

of cured-iron surface, which is the only nonstick coating that will last.

Iron rusts? So does an AK-47, if you leave it out in the rain. Worried about that rust somehow floating off into your burgo? Don't. That's what the industry calls a built-in nutritional supplement, and they have a study by Dr. Helen Brittin, Ph.D. R.D., of the Department of Food and Nutrition, Texas Tech University, Lubbock to back them up.

A skillet or Dutch oven is not just a conductor, a passive instrument, it is a device — a crucible. Its sides are porous, like a good wooden salad bowl, and like such a bowl, it should never see soap. Nor will it function without proper lubrication, any more than the old John Deere will. So to start off, you cure your iron.

Bill Neal, the North Carolina cook, author, and culinary scholar, advises curing a skillet by steadily heating a half inch of oil in it for forty minutes. His instructions on what to do next are categorical: "Never wash this pan again."

Instead, heat and wipe it clean, or swirl it out with rough salt (in camp, you use sand, the very substance from which the thing was born).

To lay your hands on a ten buck skillet you don't have to ransack the back shelves

of some place called LeCookerie: It waits on the shelf at Luther's Hardware, somewhere south of the grommets and north of the mollybolts. It will be made by one of the trio of major makers of cooking "arms" left: Lodge, in Tennessee; Wagner, in Ohio; and ASW, in Alabama, all of which have been upholding the iron standard since William Jennings Bryan was decrying the gold one. These iron men are survivors. They have repelled foreign competitors, recaptured share from Korean and Taiwanese outfits, one of which shifted into auto parts, which suggest that it is easier to produce an acceptable throttle body than a good skillet.

In fact, what could be more American than iron, made of ore dug from the ranges of Marquette or Mesabi, then cast literally in the American grain, or at least sand? The Lodge company, the largest maker of iron cookware, warms the iron to a freeflowing orange-yellow 2,800 degrees, and pours it into sand from northern Mississippi. From the sand

emerges the classic skillet shape; a pure circle, pinched with a little pucker for pouring, and a straight handle, punched with one lonely teardrop for hanging.

TOO MUCH BEAUTY

It has justly been said that this section of western Texas has the most beautiful sunsets of any place on earth, yet, how often do you even so much as hear a casual remark about a sunset? Is beauty truly in the eye of the beholder? I have seen a cowboy stand up in his stirrups and lean forward into the sunset, as if to get a little nearer the thing that fascinates him. I have seen a lone wolf stand on a high and distant hill and look in the sunset. The trouble with Texans is that we have too much beauty. We have ceased to look for it.

Trail Dust — Doug Meador



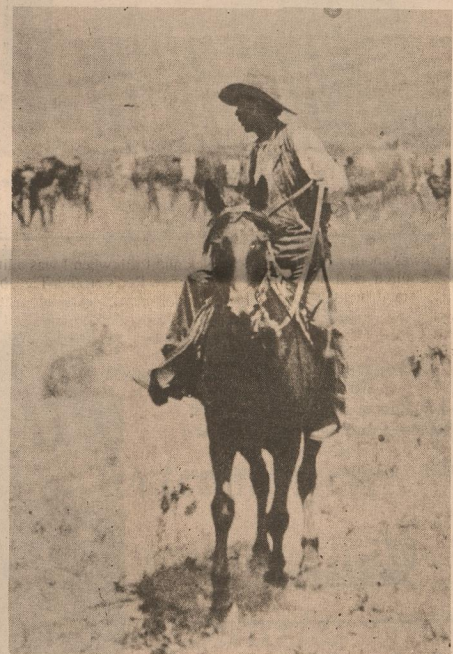
Visiting Matador Ranch Wagon

Helen Keith Patton collection



Cowboys at the Chuckwagon

Motley County Historical Collection



Matador Cowboy, Doug Meador, at work rounding up cattle.

Motley County Historical Collection

Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

Psalm 40:5

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Old Settlers Days

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Memories Of Oldtime Cowboys

by Mary Meason

When people get to the age in life when everyone under forty-five felt it necessary to give the name, "The Golden Years" to the years that people live beyond those forty-five years and Senior Citizens is a bit unsettling. People are thrilled when they can reach the 80's or 90's especially if they have been fortunate enough to arrive at that age and still be in possession of their mind or most of it.

At that age we call to mind many incidents and events that happened years before and we wonder why in the world we still remember those things but can't remember where we put our glasses ten minutes before!

This year I've tried to think of something new and different for the Old Settlers edition of the Tribune. It seems I've just about used up all my memories of anything that might be interesting to old timers. But I woke up in the middle of the night last week and the light came on. Why not write about the old cowboys I have known through the years.

Some of them I never knew as Matador Ranch hands, but knew them in later years. Some of these men worked for the Matador Land and Cattle Company, some for Swensons, 6666, or other surrounding ranches. Some of these people got their start working as cowboys for the old Matadors and some of them who were early day cowboys, later obtained ranches of their own or went into business for themselves. I remembered them as merchants, ranchers and farmers and other occupations.

Rosie Deaton worked for the Matadors a long time. He always bought groceries from us, charged them and was always the first person who came to pay his grocery bill, but I surely couldn't say that for everyone. Rosie and his wife, Valta, have been friends of mine for many years. It seemed that Rosie was always in a good humor with everybody.

Mr. J.R. Moore was one of these former cowboys who obtained his own ranch. I don't remember who I heard call Mr. Moore "Jugus" one day. I had never heard anything but Rufe. Whoever I asked said that Mr. Moore used to bring a jug of buttermilk tied to his saddle to town to sell. After that I heard that nickname several times.

Mr. Jack Luckett was another ex-Matador cowboy who later owned a dry goods store and extensive farm lands.

Mr. Keith was another Matador cowhand who acquired land and ranching interests. His granddaughter and I went all through elementary and high school together and I was often her guest in the Keith home.

Jimmy Townsend is another cowboy that I suppose I remember for one reason. I remember even during World War I that Jimmy always was on crutches with one leg or the other in a cast. But I don't ever remember seeing him without crutches.

Mr. John Jackson was the first manager of the Matador Ranch that I remember. He and Mrs. Jackson had so many children that there were several young enough to play with my brother John and me when we went to the ranch to play with them. We had many hours of fun at the ranch. We played Robin Hood, outlaws and lawman and fully enjoyed Baptist baptisms at the tank south and a little east of the white house. After the ceremonies were over we often played baptising then we'd get duck eggs out of the nests around the tank and have an egg fight. Seldom did anyone get hit, but when they did it was really messy!

D.I.W. Birnie came from Scotland and worked for the Matadors as a bookkeeper for a number of years. He

never lost his Scottish burr when speaking. I loved to hear him say 'butter milk, brown beans, tartans' or any word with a n r in it. Scottish soldiers were fearless fierce fighters, and because they wore their kilts in battle they were called the ladies from Hell. Birnie said that kilts had from 9 to 10 yards of fabric in them and if it rained and those kilts froze they would cut and slash the soldiers legs. Later, he said, the soldiers were given trousers made from material with their clan tartan. Someone asked Birnie one time what they wore under those kilts. His reply was, "Not a thing but our shir-tail."

While Birnie was in Aberdeen College he joined the British Army and became an officer in the Royal Black Watch Royal Highlanders Regiment, the oldest of the Highland Regiments. One time Birnie and his wife, the former Ollie Echols, made a trip to Scotland to visit his sister and whatever members of his family were still alive. When he came back I asked him if he would like to go back to Scotland to live. He gave a very positive, "Lord, no". Would it surprise you to know that Birnie took pipe organ lessons for thirteen years.

When we were visiting the Jacksons if we wanted to go horseback riding it was always Paul Hotchco who saddled our horses for us. He always saddled a horse called Bush Jumper for me to ride. I always wondered if he could really jump over bushes - he never did when I was riding him, but it could have because I was going around all the bushes.

I had heard of Rang Thornton before I ever knew him. I remember very well the day that I learned to put his face and name together.

Our uncle, A.B. Echols, was working cattle one day at his ranch near Whiteflat and my brother John and I were there as spectators. I don't ever remember how we got there, but Ollie often would take one or both of us home with her. We were put where we would be out of the way but could see everything that was going on.

Rang was there helping and suddenly his horse spooked, threw Rang and he landed right on his head. He was on the ground just a minute but I thought he had broken his neck and must surely be dead! I never forgot Rang after that and we were always friends.

Red Payne - I can't ever remember when I first knew him. My mother and his mother were good friends, and visited back and forth when I was a little girl. I also knew Red's brother Tigé, but he left Matador many years ago, so I didn't know him as well as I did Red.

Red used to make Chow Chow and other canned goods and he would bring it to our store for us to sell for him and we sold his products down to the last jar.

Claud Jeffers was riding broncs by the time he was nine years old and by the time he was 16 he was breaking horses for a living and worked for Pitchfork Ranch, Swensons, and other ranches. In 1900 he started breaking horses for the Matadors. Mrs. Jeffers and my mother became very close friends. I remember one time that Mrs. Jeffers' baby boy, Clark, was critically ill, and my mother took me with her to sit up with the sick baby. That is my first recollection of Mrs. Jeffers. That baby died a short time later.

The Jeffers had five other sons besides baby Clark. Elmo (Joe) was the oldest boy and was also the school clown. One day on Texas Independence Day the entire High School was in the study hall. A teacher asked if any of us knew what day it was. Joe raised his hand, the teacher looked pleased and said, "Joe, what day is this?" Joe replied, "It's my birthday."

Mr. Jeffers became Wagon Boss and

Mr. Sparks was Wagon cook and he could make the best sourdough biscuits I have ever tasted! The teenagers loved to go to the Chuck wagon. Mr. Jeffers held the job as wagon boss for ten years.

As each of the Jeffers boys, Joe, Coon (George), Jim, Kenneth and R.C. got old enough to do ranch work, they would leave school before the school year was over and work on the ranch.

Coon was the only one of the boys who stayed with the ranching business. After leaving the Matadors, he became manager of the 6666 Ranch in Panhandle where he remained until his health failed and had to retire.

Elmo and Jim went into the Cafe business. Kenneth owned a drug store here then accepted employment with the West Texas Utilities. R.C. lived in Landers, Wyoming where he died a number of years ago. All the boys are deceased now.

Melvin Dirickson and I hardly ever spoke to each other years ago but as we got older we started speaking. When we still had our grocery store, Melvin started coming in to buy groceries then he would come by just to visit with us. Every Christmas he would send us the most beautiful Christmas card. How many years we missed that friendship.

We always enjoyed our friendship with Ed D. Smith. He would entertain people and not even know how funny he was. One of the main reasons I used to go to the Old Settlers Reunion was to watch Ed D. square dance and it always amused me how he could dance and pop those suspenders. "Little Ed D." certainly has his father's sense of humor!

Melvin "Wild Horse" Warren is another good friend of ours. When he lived at Russellville Line Camp we had many visits and also many good quail hunts with him. He was a good dancer, too! After he moved from Matador, I've seen Wild Horse a few times.

Hugh Vinson was the last chuck wagon cook. One morning he came in early to get eggs and our produce had not come in so we told him that after we closed we would take eggs to Teepee city where they were camped. Our son had never been to the chuck wagon and was anxious to go with us. When we got to Teepee City, the cowboys had eaten their supper and Hugh had just finished cleaning up his "kitchen", but true to western hospitality he insisted on fixing us something to eat, but of course we would not allow him to do that. That was the last year that the chuck wagon went out.

Everyone knew Snow Crenshaw. I don't know what ranches he worked for but I do know he worked for the Birnie Ranch for a number of years and when he retired from ranch life he became night-watchman in Matador.

Not too many, if any, of the younger people will remember Chris Damron, father of Dude and Mose Damron, but it seems to me that Chris was as much a part of Matador as the courthouse. He surely must have worked on every ranch in this part of the state.

I don't know where all C. C. Jones worked, but I learned to know him when he was dating and later married one of my dearest friends, Eliza Barton. She was going to high school in Flomot and I was going to high school in Lubbock. I had a letter from her one day and she said, "Guess what! I have a date with Crab Apple Jones tonight. Love was in bloom!"

There are many other people who helped forge the west into towns and counties. These traveling people were the circuit riders and their wives. I was fortunate to have known three of these men.

Rev. Butterfield was one of those highly respected men whom we have written about in a former issue of the tribune.

Rev. Marvin Brotherton was a circuit rider before I knew him. He served the Matador Methodist Church and when he moved from here he later returned to Matador to make his home. He and his wife, Mattie, made their home here until their death.



The Jeffers men working at breaking a bronc.

Motley County Historical collection



Rosie Deaton and Wishy Dirickson at Dickens Camp just after Christmas, 1952.

Photo courtesy of Fred E. Brandon

The former circuit rider that I remember best of all was R.F. Dunn. He was the first preacher that I can remember who served the Methodist Church. Maybe I remember him best because when the young people made a disturbance he stopped his sermon and called the young offenders down in a very stern tone of voice!

When the Dunns first came to town they ate their first meal at our house. It seemed to me there was always a preacher either eating or staying with us for one reason or another, especially when a two weeks revival was being held.

Those occasions could be mighty stressful for John and me, as were always forewarned about how we were to behave.

Rev. and Mrs. Dunn had nine children. I remember some of them by name only, but two I knew very well. Sam Dunn married Kara Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J.R. Moore. Sam became a doctor and he was my family doctor until his death.

He told me one time that he never liked turnips but Mom had turnips at that first meal at our house and he had liked turnips ever since. I think anybody would like turnips the way Mom cooked them!

Miss Mary Dunn was a widely known musician and I was very fortunate to have had her for my piano teacher. Rev. Dunn's circuit was a rough one and covered many miles from Colorado City north to San Angelo, Abilene and west to El Paso. He said he preached his first sermon in a saloon in Colorado City.

Humpy Briggs was another oldtimer cowboy that I knew well. He worked on the Echols Ranch for years, and I taught three of his children, Virginia, Pete and Mary Frances. Pete was a candidate for a

whipping at least once a week while he was in elementary school. But he was a lot of fun to have around!

Dude (Mary Ellen Barton) didn't work for the Matadors, but she could make a top hand on anyone's Ranch. She has been inducted into the Cowgirl's Hall of Fame in Hereford. She was named one of the ten champions at the Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show and won the first prize in Ribbon roping one time at

the Motley - Dickens Counties Old Settlers Reunion against a field of 56 men. Her time was 9 seconds flat! Dude has won many other rodeo prizes from over the state.

There are many other cowboys I remember such as Don Dobie, Shorty Smauley, Shorty Cogburn, Sam Whitley Ward Rattan, Charlie Morris, and others who helped and had a hand in taking the word "Wild" out of the "The Wild West."

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Motley County Cafe

Matador, Texas

TRAIL DUST

By DOUGLAS MEADOR



by Douglas Meador

Our homage is but the echo of blighted lives, far from the watered furrows of adventure; we can pay no tribute to those who have known the glory of dreams. Yet each dawn of silver and beaten gold enhances the legacy from their splendid courage, spent freely when its value was tenfold. And in our fragile lives, plundered of their fortitude since smeltered in the crucible of time, we pause in awe of the completed destinies.

With bleeding fingers they tore away the horizon fences that hampered their souls' freedom and hobbled their hopes close to lonely little fires.

Pioneers, your escutcheon is the prairie, the rolling hills and rivers between, a glittering shield left above the gates of tenacity. (8-31-39)

World of the pioneer was shut off with many unusual incidents which could have enhanced the interest of history. Soon after the settlers began to dig holes in the sides of hills and cover them for homes; plow the prairie sod and move the boundaries of civilization westward, they accepted each disaster as a challenge. One afternoon a pioneer housewife went to the half dugout chicken house and found a turkey hen off her nest on the early ledge. In the nest was a giant bullsnake swallowing the eggs. Each egg was still unbroken in the serpent's body. She called her husband, who brought an axe. He began chopping the snake between the eggs. In a short time the eggs were recovered, washed and restored to the turkey hen. (3-29-56)

Little satisfaction is attained in the realization that the same element of gentry driving foreign automobiles today was driving rubber-tired buggies in my generation. Despite my secret aspirations, my status has remained dormant and it remains a continual struggle to qualify in the conventional class. (12-2-51)

Considering the time we spend in the culture of our souls, it is little wonder that the character of human beings has remained unchanged for more than two thousand years.

It is impossible to establish any correlation between two facts of current history without implicating some of mankind's baser instincts. It is significant however, that more men began wearing glasses when women began wearing shorts on the streets. (8-29-74)

Shoes worn by great men remind us that they were designed for sturdiness rather than comfort. History is replete with evidence that the roads to destiny are neither short nor easy. (10-1-59)

I never open a carton of milk without remembering some of the years of my life before the conveniences of a modern age abolished most of the irksome tasks. I have experienced the stinging weight of a cow's tail matted with cockle burrs squarely across my face and I have had a bucket half filled with warm milk kicked across the aisle in the cow barn. I have watched the vapor from the warmth of milk cows rise against the lantern light and blown my breath against numb fingers while distributing each cow's ration of bundled feed. The price of packaged milk has never seemed excessive.

Flying is one of the greatest experiences that can happen to mortal man. It is a miracle that has become common because of its popularity. I especially enjoy flying above the clouds in the ethereal climate of unreality. The great modern planes now regularly fly so high that it is impossible to see motor vehicles on the roads and large communities appear deserted. Rivers and mountain ranges seem motionless and the plane appears to be caught in a web of time from which it is unable to move. (7-15-76)

Slivers from shattered youthful dreams grind beneath my worn sandals and weariness has come to the heart that once rejoiced at the adventure of life. The termites of necessity have eaten away the ladder from which I planned to touch the stars. (9-5-74)



The Matadors As I Remember It

by Bill Hemphill
as told to Buster McLaury

NOTE: The following was taken in part from the November and December, 1988 issues of *Western Horseman*. Mr. Hemphill and his wife are now residents of Roaring Springs, where he is still involved in ranching.

I went to work as a line rider for Joe Thornton at Red Lake Camp in 1942. I was 15 years old. I stayed in an ol' half-dugout. That was the bunkhouse. M.J. Reilly was manager, or they called him a superintendent then, Red Payne was range boss, an' Don Dobie was runnin' the wagon.

Red Lake Camp had 120 sections in it, and me and Joe done every damn thing there was to do to take care of it. We was always busy. We rode fence, oiled and fixed windmills—done that with a team - put out salt, rode big, doctored screwworms, and, of course, helped at the wagon when it was workin' in Red Lake.

I lived at Red Lake about a year. In the spring of '43, Don Dobie was runnin' the wagon. They worked through Red Lake, and when they left there headed for Russellville, I hit ol' Don up to go with them. He said, "Allright, if you think you can make a hand." Well, I was 16 years old, and I wasn't long a-throwin' my bed in the wagon!

Red Payne was range boss, and he was at the wagon a lot. He expected a day's work from everyone. One day he was draggin' calves, and he caught a big ol' calf by the neck and come a leading him out to me. When he got nearly to me, I says, "Mr. Payne, I don't think I can flank that big ol' calf."

He never quit trottin', just looked down and said, "Young feller, you'd better. There's men in town livin' on a cracker a day that'd damn sure take your place."

I was livin at the wagon then, 364 days a year. They let us have off Christmas day. We were livin' outside, on nearly 800 sections of the best ranch country in the world.

I don't know if I could jus sit here and name all the pastures they had. To start with, there was East Pasture; it's the biggest one—had 200 sections in it. Then Turtle Hole, it was only 190 sections. Over at Ballard Camp there was some little pastures; number 2, 3, 47, 25, 53, Little Turtle Hole, and Harnica. There was Dugout, the Cow Pasture, North O' Town Strip, Salt Creek, the Mott, and South Mott.

I think it was the spring of '46 when ol' Payne got sick and a feller name of Virgil Leonard went to runnin' the wagon. He'd worked for the Matador before, and they got ahold of him out in Arizona somewhere, and got him to come back.

They'd fixed up the fence around Salt Creek Trap, over in the East Pasture, and we was camped over there. We'd worked about two weeks, and had a pretty good bunch of ol' rannhans in there that we was gonna move and ship.

Virgil and Slim Felts made a little medicine and decided that we was takin' too big a chance by leavin' them out in that trap another night. Like I said, they was some snakey. So the evening before we were gonna move, we put them in them ol' pens with our saddle horses.

The next morning, we'd just got saddled up and was fixin' to turn them out when they run over the fence and headed for Salt Creek. It wasn't far to the creek, and it was a brushy sonuvabun. 'Course, they was runnin' downhill, too.

Well, they was runnin' over us to beat hell, and right in the middle of it, an old kid named Red Whatley just cut down on a six-year-old wheezin' steer. Let me tell you they was runnin' going off the side of that hill, and when ol' Red caught the steer, he just stepped off. He didn't hang around to watch the wreck.

That was the only one we had left when the dust settled. We hadn't helt up ary sonuvabun. And ol' Red couldn't get back to his horse. Everytime he'd try,



Wagon camped at Teepee City, 1946. From left, hoodlum, Robert Thornton, Bill Hemphill, Wildhoss Warren, Rosie Deaton, Wishy Dirickson, Alfred Irving, Ralph Dease, Cliff Stevens, Hugh Vinson (cook), a man remembered only as Frog, and Ellis Key.

Bill Hemphill collection

that steer would charge him.

Well, somebody finally heeled the steer and turned him loose. Ol' Virgil was a little bit on the warpath and he rode up to Red and said, "Red, there was cattle runnin' off everywhere all around you. Why in the hell did you rope that steer?"

Red looked up real innocent-like and says, "Well, it looked to me like they was all gonna get away and we was gonna be here a while longer, so I just caught us a beef!"

In '48 when we was cleanin' out East pasture, I caught the same ole steer at the mouth of the river. He was eight years old, line-backed, and sure had a pretty set of horns.

Ol' Payne retired the last day of 1949. I went to runnin' the wagon the first day of 1950. We was camped at Russellville Pens. The first drive we made was the north side of Red Lake - that drive went right down the Tongue River, and it was a brushy sonuvabun.

I'll tell you how we generally worked through. Sometimes it was a little different, but not often. I'll name all the drives I can remember.

We'd start up in Turtle Hole - it had 200 sections in it. First we'd camp at Harnica pens and make (drive) Bear Creek, Long Canyon, Lucky Knob, and the head of Turtle Hole. Then we moved the wagon to Turtle Hole Camp. Ol' Puss "Frank" Cox lived there. From there we made Seigler Corner, Bain Flat, Richland Corner - that laid in there west of the Cee Vee community - and the mouth of Turtle Hole. Then we moved on east to Cooper Pens and made Sis Pens and Cow Holler. We took Cow Holler Corner cattle to Teepee City.

From Teepee City we made the Ditch, the west end of the Cow Pasture, and Schweitzer Corner. If we wasn't gonna move camp, we'd take a change of horses and work the east side of the Cow Pasture and they'd bring dinner to us. When we made Schweitzer Corner, that drive went plumb to the mouth of Bear Creek, where we'd started.

Then we'd move out west of Matador and work the Mott. From there we moved to Wolf Creek and generally camped first at McBain Railroad Pens.

After that we'd move over to Russellville. From there we'd work Salt Creek and Hackberry. From there we started toward Croton. We usually made it to Two Section or the Wichita Section the first night. That's there on the Guthrie-Dickens highway.

We generally went to brandin' along in March. We usually branded between

12,000 and 15,000 calves a year while I was there. Them older fellers said that before the brush got bad, it wasn't unusual to brand 18 to 20,000 head.

We stamped the Matador brand on their right ribs and cropped the right ear. Everything got a year brand on the right shoulder, and everything was dehorned. Aw, there was some horned cattle; some that we'd branded out in the pasture. They'd never seen the inside of a pen.

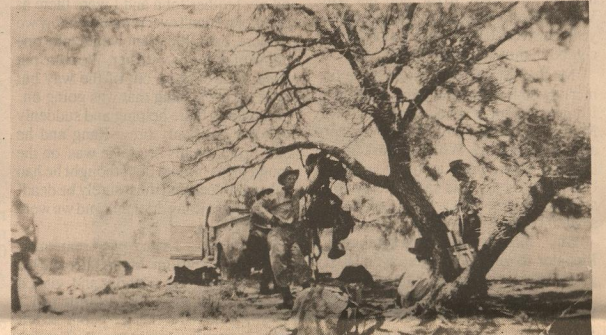
We usually had around 150 horses at the wagon - seldom less than that, but sometimes a few more. That's when we was ridin' grass horses - about April through December.

All the Matador horses were raised up at the Alamositas Ranch, in them Canadian River breaks. They shipped 'em down here when they got old enough to ride - 3 or 4 years old.

All the top horses wound up at headquarters when they got too old to make them hard rides anymore. There was always an older feller who took care of the purebred cow herd, and he didn't take no young horses, so he used them a couple of times a week, maybe.

Funny how horses reflect the man that rode 'em. Ol' John Stotts was gone by the

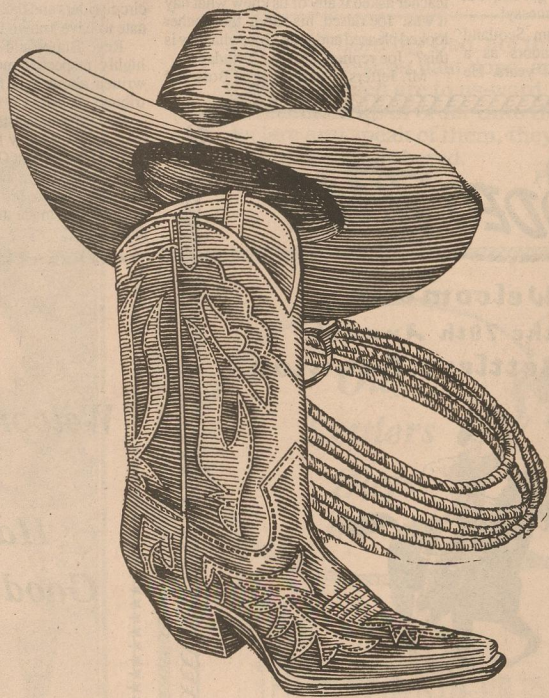
time I went to work, but some of his horses was still there. You had to be wild to ride them. They was used to bein' out in front! Whenever the brush rattled out in front of them, you'd better have a deep seat and a faraway look in yer eye, 'cause you was fixin' to go to stock!



Camped in Wolf Creek, 1946 - Wishy Dirickson, Robert Thornton, Rosie Deaton, Walker Williams, and Bill Hamphill.

Bill Hemphill collection

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Flomot Gin

Life In The Rodeo



Sam Kennedy with his winning buckles

Staff photo

by Amy Thacker

In the 1930s, a boy joined an old cowboy on a cattle drive from Ft. Sumner, New Mexico to the Capitan Mountains. They drove 480 cows on a 25-day trip. Sam Kennedy was nine years old when he set out on his first cattle drive. From that day on he was hooked to the life of the American cowboy.

Kennedy was born in Dickens, but he spent his life in many parts of the West. He worked in the Jacirro Mountains for 18 years and in Arizona for ten. Kennedy spent his winters in Arizona and then travelled North for the summer.

Yet, he found his calling deep in the favorite Western pastime...the rodeo. While working on the ranches, he attended the rodeo on a part-time basis. Kennedy roped when he could and acquired many trophies from his victories.

Kennedy finally quit working on the ranches because of the changes that inevitably occurred. Instead of the driving method he had learned from the old cowboys, trailers and pickups now move the cattle. So Kennedy made the rodeo and roping a full time job.

Kennedy has competed in rodeos all over the United States. From the rodeos at Jackson Hole and Cody, Wyoming, to the Ironman Contest in Guthrie, Oklahoma, Kennedy has performed in some of the best competitions around.

I've been roping since the sun was little, and there was no moon at all! said Kennedy.

At 71, he is still roping in the rodeo today. With the buckles to prove it, this is one cowboy who is quite a champion!

The Lost Service Station

by Amy Thacker

There once was a time when gas could be bought for twenty cents, and a flat would cost you only thirty more. The full service station of the past greeted customers with a smile and a helping hand.

Pete Williams and his father started the old Mission Station in 1949. They operated this station for two years, then a Mobil station, and finally, the Texaco station that Williams would run for 25 years.

Williams was born in Paris, Texas, but he lived most of his life here in Motley County. At age 17, he joined the Volunteer Fire Department and continued to serve them for 45 years. Williams served in the Korean War for a short time with the U.S. Army, and even worked as a deputy sheriff before opening the service

station.

Williams worked with his father until 1963. Their Texaco station was open seven days a week, from dawn 'til dusk. Pete saw thousands of travelers and plenty of changes. Not only have the prices greatly increased, but yesterday's full service station seems to have vanished.

When the period of gas rationing arrived, Pete remembers the allocations placed on service stations.

"These allocations did away with the 'mom and pop' stations...thousands had to close up," said Williams.

After Pete closed his own station, he opened the Williams Tire and Battery business in Matador. Along with this new endeavor, he continued to service many of the cars in the area. Pete now has a full time job with his garden and orchard and says he enjoys working outside.



Pete and Buford Williams at their Texaco Station in 1964.

Photo courtesy of Bessie Jean Williams



Old Dutchman Camp — Left to right, Annie Randolph, baby Christine, baby Wynona Ford, Jewell Ford, Mrs. A.W. Ford, sister-in-law of Mrs. Ford.

Motley County Historical Collection



Mrs. Charles (C.J.) Long and friends at Springs in 1923

Irene Long collection

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