

*Main Street  
Overflowed  
With Water  
In 1902*



*Tomorrow Old  
Friendship  
Will Overflow  
At Parrish Park*



## *Business Men of Big Spring Pay Tribute To Men And Women Who Led The Way In Developing The City And Howard County*



Sheep-  
Assoc  
**T. H. JOHNSON**  
Vice-President  
Old Settlers Association

**I. B. CAUBLE**  
President  
Old Settlers Association

*The Landscape  
Has Changed In  
Twenty-Nine Years*



*The Herald Joins  
In Honoring  
Old Settlers*

# Martin County Seat Settled By Germans

## Original Name, Mariensfeld, Changed By Protestants Many Years Later

### Mariensfeld Wheat Won Gold Medal for American Product At New Orleans World Exposition In 1884

By ONA REAGAN PARSONS

The German community of Stanton, which took in the name of Mariensfeld, four cowboys from the C. C. Slaughter ranch one day were given an unforgettable lesson in the proper use of a shotgun. They were taught that whether a man is a spy or a weapon depends on which end of the gun you are firing.

The cowboys were returning to the ranch from Midland, probably with two much good liquor under their belts. Mariensfeld was a date little place and they rather enjoyed giving it an occasional dose of an old American custom called "painting the town red." Down the main street they faced their horses, shopping and hissing and displaying their squeamishness and firing their six shooters.

On this particular day which was in the spring of 1885, the sheriff A. D. Gerhardt was away on a fishing trip on the Concho river. The constable, Peter Glendon, decided the boys were going a little too far in their fun and that one of their stray bullets might hit where it was not intended to. He summoned a few citizens to his aid, assembling them in the shop of Joseph Proeder, a gunsmith.

The men were in the shop looking over Proeder's weapons and choosing their guns when the cowboys rode up and discovered the door was closed. They demanded that it be opened immediately, threatening to riddle it with bullets, if it was not opened.

Glendon, suddenly, threw the door open with his gun drawn. He happened to be facing John McMurfin, nicknamed John Dogie, because he was a large well-built fellow. John Dogie looked into the gun and behaved himself at once.

But his friends felt safer and cooler, "With taking orders from him?" He can't stop us, they shouted.

By that time the men inside had their guns loaded and, hearing the talk, hurried to help the constable before more trouble arose. One of them fired from the shop and the bullet spun over Glendon's head and sank into John Dogie's body.

The cowboys perceived then, for the first time, these German settlers were in the way. They were of them turned to the right to make a run for it. Peter Glendon had released John Dogie's body when he saw he was hit and the horse trotted after the others while the injured cowboy held on to the horn of the saddle and the reins fell to the ground. The settlers fired several shots after them, but hit only one of the riders. We were, in the arm, shattering one of the bones.

The fourth cowboy, Henry Mason, turned to the left of the gunshop. One of the men in the store, a Southerner known as Cal. Wray, because of the part he played in the Civil War, snatched up the first shot he saw, which happened to be empty as he found later. He ran out the back door and shot Mason. When Mason met the shot at the end of the gun he put up no further resistance. He declared that he would as well as a flour barrel and that he could actually see the bullet.

Cowboys Pursued

In the meantime the assistants of the constable had jumped on their pursues and were shooting the cowboys. Still shooting at them and hitting only one, Dogie, the horse was leaping up with the other three in the air and the other three were gone about 500 yards, John Dogie fell. The other two stopped and Steward perceived that he had been wounded. He shot a horse and rode away, but he was hit in the back when Goldsmith saw how things were and turned back. The shot in the shoulder, jumped on his horse and rode away.

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never necessary to waste ammunition on them. Whenever they wanted quail they opened the barn door and the birds went in for the grain and then they could pick them in their hands.

While the colonists worked, the roads were not idle. It planted a demonstration farm, a twenty-acre tract, south of the water tank (between the tracks and Mexican quarry's present location) in wheat, barley, rye and winter oats. The successful crops justified it in a widespread advertising plan.

There was a two-fold purpose in this advertising. The company wanted to dispose of the hundreds of section given to it by the state and it wanted also to settle the country into which it had just penetrated. Part of the advertising was done in Germany. It was supplemented by letters from Father Peters. The Rev. Boniface Peters even made a trip back to the old country. The Rev. P. A. Peters wrote glowing letter-pictures of West Texas and its promising future, a forerunner of the glowing letters from the West Texas Chambers of Commerce were to do fifty years later.

What Father Peters promised exactly, there is no way of knowing, but the letters encouraged extravagant fancies in the minds of discontented farmers elsewhere.

Mrs. Della Scholz Schwartzbach, of Big Spring, who lived in Mariensfeld, when she was a little girl, remembers a woman standing at their door, attracted by the sight of the ripening mulberries on the trees, which were in the pink stage. "Are those the strawberries that they say grow on trees in West Texas?" she asked.

Mrs. Schwartzbach's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Scholz, were among the Germans attracted from the fatherland by the bigger and better opportunities and the cheap land. Thirty families started from Germany at the same time and spent six weeks on the water. But as they crossed the United States, one by one they dropped off at different places they saw and liked, until only nine families reached Mariensfeld. They carried all their baggage in big wicker baskets. When the Scholz family came, Fred Knapp, from the old country.

County Organized

Martin County was formally organized in 1884. It had been under the supervision of the land agent at Palo Pinto until 1876, when West Texas was cut up into counties. After the organization, the citizens still had to go to Big Spring for judicial purposes, but they had their own county officers. These were: Louis Lester, justice of the peace; Frank Lester, county judge; Daly Lester, county clerk; A. D. Gerhardt, sheriff; John T. Konz, assessor; Robert Rucker, surveyor.

The first county commissioners were Ferdinand Hawes, Frederick Summers, J. R. Warren and Jess S. Harris.

In the spring of 1884 the commissioners let the contract for a brick courthouse to a firm of Colorado City contractors, Martin, Byrnes and Johnson. The brick was made and burned in Mariensfeld in the corral field now behind the Catholic parsonage. The lime came from the cedar breaks three miles east of town and was burned by a Swiss, August Sent.

In that year the idea of the farmers also began to expand. Adam Konz and Father Peters were successful with their wheat crops that they decided to go in together and purchase a threshing machine. They threshed 700 bushels of wheat that summer. The high quality of it decided them to send a bushel to the World Exposition at New Orleans for exhibit.

They sent the wheat and it won a gold medal for American wheat. Such success was like heady wine. But the story of Mariensfeld is a story of pride that goes before a fall—a fall for which the town is responsible.

The year that saw more settlers coming in and more wheat being sown, it was also the year that marked the year in oldtimers' memories was that it became too late for the sheriff, A. D. Gerhardt, and he moved to California. They elected W. H. Rich in his place.

The next year, 1888, came the disastrous drought. This was the blow that was the death knell of the town of Mariensfeld.

Great Drought

People who lived through that drought have never forgotten it. It ruined both the fortunes and almost the morals of those who tried to stick it out. It gave those who left tales to tell that West Texas has not yet lived down. Those who first from Mariensfeld began slowly at first. The German colonists hated to leave what they had worked so hard to win. But when the fear of starvation began to stare them in the face, it drove them wherever they could find something to earn a living. Driven by the opportunities the railroad shops offered many of them came to Big Spring, among them the Fritz Peters, the Pagendorfer, the Knappes, the Scholzes. Others went on farther east. They scattered all over the state—that valiant and hard-working group whom Father Peters had enticed to the west with tales of a land that flowed with milk and honey.

Those who remained suffered from hunger and their children remember it to this day more vividly than any other part of their life there. Mrs. Susie Peters Wisner says that for months they had so little to eat and that any less would have meant stark starvation. Crops for two years failed them utterly.

The legislature of Texas appropriated \$300,000 to buy provisions for the drought-stricken area. To Mariensfeld went \$700 of this

building, which offers a strange contrast to the red brick walls. When the church was almost completed, in fact soon after mass was said, one of those sudden terrific sandstorms, for which the West is justly famous, came up and blew over the front of the church—blew it right into the building itself. There were a few injuries to the congregation but the worst part about the accident was that there was not enough brick left to build another facade. Weatherboarding was used and weatherboarding the front remains today.

Monastery

Shortly after the building of the church, a monastery was erected by Father Peters for the training of young priests to serve in his mission. The building was located just north of the church and when it was first built it was joined to the church walls. It forms the west wing of the convent today. It, too, was made of adobe and was weatherboarded. The parsonage to the south of the church is similarly constructed.

Father Peters was not driven out by the drought. He remained in Mariensfeld and directed the work of the priests, hoping for a change for the better in the town's fortunes. The church was beautified with hand-painted stenciling and Latin prayers. Trees were planted. He moved his monastery to Mariensfeld, La. where he lived the remainder of his life.

The building in Mariensfeld was turned over to the Sisters of Mercy for a school. The Rev. Simon Weig and Albert Wagner assisted Mother M. Berkman in getting the school started. For many years it was the only Catholic school between El Paso and Ft. Worth and drew on all territory for its pupils. It is still primarily a boarding school, but with the growth of the public school its numbers have dwindled until today, instead of 100 pupils a year, it barely averages 25.

Mother Berkman, after 64 years of continuous teaching has retired and is ending her days peacefully inside the cool adobe walls of the convent.

In 1889 the town of Mariensfeld became the town of Stanton. The change was made at the request of a strong Protestant element, who had moved in and outnumbered the German Catholics. There was a great deal of friction between the two but that has quieted now.

How Mr. Roberts' Bad Horse Finally Got His Lesson

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hilburn once worked for John Roberts (Mrs. Dora Roberts' husband) in the days when he was an active ranchman. He was good employer but a strict one, recalls Mr. Hilburn.

For instance Mr. Hilburn, said Mr. Roberts had two rules about his horses. They were not to be hit over the head nor to be spurred in the shoulders. Most of the cowboys remembered this because they knew they would get fired if they didn't.

Mr. Roberts then a young fellow just married (that was about 1880) rode one of Mr. Roberts' horses, called Googen Imper. He was a mean horse and hard to handle and Mr. Hilburn, who knew a good deal about horses, came to the conclusion that he was impossible to break so asked Mr. Roberts to get him another. He promised but time went on and several times Googen Imper had to be ridden in an emergency.

The last emergency came one day when Mr. Roberts told Mr. Hilburn to ride the fence and take Googen Imper. He did, with vengeance in his heart. He gave Googen Imper the lesson of his life by whipping him over the head and he spurred him in the shoulder and he came back with the horse tame and bloodied all over, and he was ready to quit.

When he offered his resignation Mr. Roberts told him to forget it and the next time he had a chance he brought out another horse to take Googen Imper's place.

INDIAN PAINTINGS

Indian paintings were frequent sights in the neighborhood of Stanton, Mount and Moss Springs in 1880. So were beads and flint and obsidian tracks.

### Beans Saved 'Em

Mesquite beans, John Wolcott said, was all that saved the ranchmen of Howard county from the drouth of 1888.

Never, for some mysterious reason, were the mesquite beans as big and thick and juicy as they were that year.

They took the place of grass which was decidedly conspicuous by its absence. Their juiciness actually served as a substitute for water, although of course the big spring was really what saved the water situation.

and it was all that saved the little remnant that was still hanging on. About six of the first families were left when the drouth was broken. Among them were Joseph Sieger, John Wolfe, Mike Wasiofski and John Shaffer, besides the Konz boys and their families.

When the drouth was over, another menace to farming arose that no one had foreseen, the opposition of the ranchmen.

Cattle-raising and sheepherding were industries that had been getting a small start in the years preceding the drouth. Among the cattlemen who came to the country were A. L. Houston, F. W. Flanagan, Geo. Beasley and George Dewey of San Saba. The sheepmen were John N. McGill, T. J. Moileniz, and Cutler and Barrett brothers.

So thoroughly had the spirit of the farmers been broken by the drouth that no farming, to speak of, was done for about six years. By that time the ranchmen virtually owned the country and were in a position to fence around the farmer.

The ranchmen themselves did farming on a small scale, raising forage crops for their cattle and red-top sorghum. Adam Konz planted the first crop of maize in the country. He obtained the seed from Yellowhouse Canyon. It was called Egyptian wheat and was a white goose-neck maize that did not hold up its head. The variations the farmer has today were unknown then.

The one thing left untouched in the community of Mariensfeld, by the drouth, was the church. No history of the town is complete without an account of the red brick church and the convent.

They were the work of Father Peters, a testimony of his tireless energy in that vast, unchurched land that lay between the Colorado and the Pecos Rivers. Not considering that his work was done when he started Mariensfeld off spiritually, he established a mission in Pecos and built the first Catholic churches in Midland and Big Spring.

The Stanton church is an adobe structure veneered with brick. This brick was left over from the court house and the contractors donated it to the church. Probably the fact that there was not enough of it to build the whole building from brick is responsible for the use of adobe. At any rate, the church, the parsonage, and the convent are the only adobe buildings of their size that have been constructed in this section of West Texas and they are in as good condition today as when they were erected half a century ago.

Adobe Used

There was a Mexican in Mariensfeld—his name was Jesus Chavez—who knew how to make adobe brick. He taught the Germans. They used the soil lying at the doorstep of the wooden church building which Father Peters had first put up. It was a good soil for adobe although it would not stand weathering and had to be protected by something else.

The first church, a simple wooden building about 18 by 24 feet, was not torn down when the present church was erected in 1885. They built around it as a sort of hinder worship. When it was completely covered they removed the wooden walls and ceiling. One may see of the present building the lines of the floor which marked the size of the original church. The seating capacity of the present structure is not much larger.

There is an explanation for the unique gray frame facade of the

### Lack of Capital Determined Route Of Texas & Pacific Along Draw, Where City of Big Spring Was Built

The Texas and Pacific Construction company went broke in the building of the railroad, a few remember today.

Since the company had no money, it paid off the men in land. It had been given alternate sections eighteen miles north and eighteen miles south of the base line of the railroad across the state. The other sections were reserved for school land.

Mrs. B. F. Willis was land agent for Gen. Grenville Dodge, president of the company, in Westbrook and Toyah for fourteen years. This land, which was actually valued by Mariensfeld and directed the work of the priests, hoping for a change for the better in the town's fortunes. The church was beautified with hand-painted stenciling and Latin prayers. Trees were planted. He moved his monastery to Mariensfeld, La. where he lived the remainder of his life.

Through these sales Mrs. Willis and Gen. Dodge became good friends and she visited him in his Council Bluffs home and he gave her an autographed photograph. When Bennie was born he wanted Bennie to be named for him and told her to select any lot son.

Jim Simpson, Pioneer Resident, Is Interred

Jim Simpson, formerly a resident of Big Spring, died at Artesia, N. M., recently. He was aged 74. He is survived by his widow and a step-

in Toyah for him. Since Bennie was the only son, his father's name was selected instead.

Gen. Dodge once told Mrs. Willis that the reason for his building the railroad through the Big Spring Draw instead of up on the plateau south of the High School was because of the grade. He was building the road as cheaply as he could, and it was both cheaper and easier for the engines to follow the lower level routes than to climb the hills. As a result the city of Big Spring was settled in a draw and remained in a draw until the last few years when it expanded enough to build out beyond the high school building.

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## Serving Howard County for Half a Century

### We were serving the grocers of Howard County

- When Sugar and Crackers Came in Barrels
- When the Grocery Store Was the Town Hall
- When You Got a Sack of Candy for Paying Your "Bill."

## —TODAY—

We offer a wholesale grocery surpassed by none. Always keeping in mind the welfare of Big Spring and West Texas as we did in the pioneering days of yore.

# J. M. Radford Grocery Co.

Wholesale  
In Big Spring Since 1903

1882 1931

## 49 Years in Business in Big Spring

We are very proud of this record of which few can boast

Now in Two Beautiful New Buildings

International Implements and Trucks  
Runnels at Fourth

A Modern  
Department Store  
307 Main St.

1882 **J. & W. FISHER** 1931

The Store That Quality Built

## THE SETTLES HOTEL

Stands As a Tribute to the Pioneers of Howard County and West Texas

Old settlers are always accorded a warm welcome at the Settles Hotel, which was built and is maintained by pioneers of this section.

We hope you will feel at liberty to make it your headquarters while attending the Old Settlers Reunion.

## Settles Hotel and Coffee Shop

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Settles

The history of Mariensfeld, the

Game Mistletoe

The black-tailed deer roamed the prairie and lived in the cedar breaks to the east. The quail were plentiful and so tame that it was

### Fighting A Stampede While Riding For Slaughter Outfit Experience Of J. W. Carpenter, Now Living Here

J. W. Carpenter, now nightwatchman for the U. S. department of commerce radio station south of the city, was brought up with West Texas. Born in a modest little house in 1867 about twenty miles west of Ft. Worth of humble parents who had migrated from Georgia, he spent practically all the early part of his life working among cattle and horses.

When he was only 17 he was struck with the fever to leave home and "dig for himself," so he hit the trail for Double Mountain in what is now Haskell county without knowing anyone or where he could get a job. But he had the utmost confidence that he could get one just for the asking. He did just seventeen and his first time away from home! And the job he got was riding a "line" keeping cattle from wandering south of the range. He was to keep them pushed back on the right pasture land. His task was to stop the drifters and brand all his outfit's stuff that had been missed in the spring round up. In his whole career as a cowboy that is the only time... he was ever forced to be by himself for any length of time. For thirty days he saw no living being. Only the wild animals and "varmints" kept him company and the latter were not particularly desirable. It was the only time in his life that he really got lonesome.

County Organized

After a while on Double Mountain, during which time Mr. Carpenter witnessed the organization of Haskell county, he pulled out and wandered back home. There he worked alternately herding cattle to the markets and through to Wyoming. Again the desire to come west seized him and he bought a ticket for Colorado, Texas, and a job. Here he worked for only a short time before again wanting to wander, so he got another ticket for Pecos.

That was in the spring of '87 and it was then that he got his first glimpse of Big Spring. It was not even a village then, only a few shacks where the workmen for the railroad and their families lived. There were a few smoky, greasy buildings known as the "shops" where this handful of men were employed. A couple of saloons and a general merchandise store completed the town.

As soon as he stopped in Pecos he hung on with an outfit that was going to Carlsbad, New Mexico. Here he accepted a job and worked on the range as a "puncher" until he grew tired of the location shortly and decided to come back to Big Spring.

All his life he had heard of the Slaughter ranch so he journeyed to its headquarters at Big Spring. Springs and applied for a job. He straightforward manner and earnestness won him the position and he was hired as a cowboy at about \$30 a month. He had himself a good woolen shirt and a pair of "California" pants, a piece of clothing costing eight or ten dollars then. They were of recent material and when worn under a pair of chaps lasted indefinitely. He was assigned seven or eight horses, cut of a bunch of five hundred kept at headquarters, a six shooter, bedding and a heavy piece of tarpaulin to cover it. With the acquisition of a good saddle and genuine lasso his equipment was completed.

Owled Much

Slaughter owned a vast expanse of territory, that is he had all the principal water holes leased, and that meant that he was practically owner. There were no fences at all and when a man wanted to settle he just picked him a good watering place and "living" water in phrases denoting the quality of the liquid that took out him and he bought the claim on the land. A range was all over his domain and back with no confines of his cattle could graze.

Sheep Association

As soon as he heard of the sheep association they had formed in the Big Spring, he went to the meeting, even if he could be seen alive.

Round-up began in March and the men figured quickly on being finished with the work by the 20th of November. Then they would go into winter camp somewhere on the southern part of the range and wash for drifters and riders. The chuck wagon was fueled with enough food to last for thirty days and all bedding piled on top of it. Then round-up time was on.

The outfit would usually start out from headquarters with about fifteen men on the job, but stray men would tag up with the wagon and work in the round up for a month and sometimes as long as it lasted. These men would work with the Slaughter outfit and brand their boss' calves when they were found.

A round-up got its name by the way it was conducted. Men would have the chuck wagon stopped near where they wanted the cattle and then would disperse forming a huge circle sometimes six miles in diameter. Then cattle would be worked towards the center and gathered in one huge herd. These men would work with the stock all morning long, wrestling with yearlings and calves, affixing their outfit's brand to the cattle. After a hard morning's work they would gather at the chuck wagon and eat the rough, substantial food and rest a little bit before going about the business of branding the yearlings, calves, and dogs.

Proud of Cook

The chuck wagon was their home. All activities on a round up revolved around it, and the man had their sleeping quarters strung out on the ground surrounding the wagon. Their food included potatoes, tomatoes, corn, beans, coffee and beef whenever they

wanted meat. Occasionally the cook would stir up some sour dough biscuits and there would be a riot to get a portion of the food. A good cook was something that every outfit had and was indeed proud of.

At night after all the yards had been spun, the stock of tales had been retold, and the fire had died down until nothing remained but a few glowing coals smoldering in the still night, the men would roll out their "tarp" and let the stars shine down on them.

One night Carpenter was riding herd when black clouds whipped over the camp. Directly it began to lightning and thunder and the cattle began to stir uneasily. He rode along the degree singing, trying to quiet their tense nerves. But they became alarmed by the elements and began to mill around. Without warning lightning flashed down like a demon on the herd and all but licked their very backs. This was followed by a deafening crash of thunder that seemed to shake the very ground from under him. The cattle began to cry like babies and broke into a frenzied run to nowhere running so fast their dirty bellies almost touched the ground.

Fights Stampede

Carpenter rode like a madman beside them trying to stop the horrible chase, yelling, cursing, pleading anything to stop those cows. Then suddenly again a flash of fire lit the ground in front of the rushing stampede and an awful report stopped those in front. They tried to turn back but only piled up the whole herd. There was a bunch of terror-stricken cattle trampling over on another, running, maybe in a circle, some piling up, others bellowing and crying. All of them trying to go somewhere out of the mob. It was a tangled, pawing, squaling mass that fiendishly trampled and crunched the life out of anything that lost its footing.

Somehow Carpenter got a part of the herd rounded out and running them in a circle until they finally became exhausted and quieted, lay down to rest. The storm was breaking now and he rode around the herd, soothing the still high-strung nerves of the cows. Late the next day some men from the chuck wagon found him still with the herd, better than eight miles from the point where the stampede had originated.

The round-up would continue until all the territory between Colorado on the east, the Concho on the south, Pecos on the west, and Lubbock on the north had been surveyed. Then came the dull winter season with occasional rides and chases after cattle rustlers and hung-around the southern line and ran brands on the drifters. Contrary to the old tradition these men were not strung up but taken to town where they were

sentenced to a long stretch in the state prison.

Ten Killings

Once in awhile there was a killing, but usually between ranch bosses over a cow or doggie. Mr. Carpenter says. They knew no other way to fight to a clean finish. But such an occurrence was rare, and the west lacked the glamorous action punctuated every second by a gun shot that the redoubtable western movie has given it. The cowboys never shot unless there was an occasion for it and then they were deadly in their aims.

Sheep men caused the cattlemen a world of worry, for the cattle men thought the sheep were ruining the range. Endowed with this opinion Carpenter and his pal decided to make off with a herd of the animals they spotted once. So they drove the fleecy ones far down the draw and out on the range a few miles. There the next day the owner of the herd caught up with them. And he was mad, fighting mad.

It seemed nothing could prevent a shooting, but after wrangling for a time the most got control of their tempers and settled the matter peacefully.

Carpenter saw all sorts of wild game, but like so many of the old timers he paid little attention to it. Antelope were thicker than rabbits, wild turkeys were more common than the everyday sparrow, and prairie chickens went unnoticed by the thousands. There was one deer and a few buffalo. Young Carpenter killed a bull buffalo once—killed it dead because it would not be captured nor leave him alone. The huge bison was much larger than a full sized bull and its shaggy hide made a good load. The meat was left to rot on the plains.

Panthers, bobcats, coyotes, a few mountain lions there were and an abundance of bothersome wildcats. When a panther crawled up in the cotton wood trees along a river bank at night against a wild turkey, the whole flock flew out and it sounded like prolonged thunder.

While riding late one winter Carpenter roped a panther neatly around the neck, and having it in such a convenient spot, dragged it to death. Flashed by his success he tried roping another panther, but caught it just above the hips. He couldn't choke it, and it was hard to drag it. He could not shoot it—he had no more shells. He could not let the beast go—for if he did it would claw him to death. Finally, somehow he did drag it until it died.

Once in awhile he got to ride the trail herd, consisting of three or four year-old steers, through Lubbock, Amarillo, to Wyoming where they were pastured preparatory to selling on the market. During the drive the herd moved slowly, picking out the water holes, seldom going but a few miles a day unless the cattle had to be driven from one water hole to the next. Then they were driven all day and far into the night until they had to pause for rest. As soon as the stock showed signs of stirring they were roused out and the journey to water resumed. One herd Carpenter rode contained 2,374 steers.

The Spring

When Carpenter first came to

Big Spring the interest was centered around a gigantic spring, after which the town was named. It was down in a rocky hole and was about twenty feet across, water continually gushing up to the top and flowing over. A small stream was always flowing a mile down the draw. The spring kept going until wells were drilled above it. Then it weakened a bit. The railroad company, the principle consumer of the water, grew impatient and blasted the hole to increase the flow, but the action was a boom-rang and the spring gradually died away.

Indians

While Carpenter was still on the range he heard some of the boys come in one evening and a bit excited. They told of how they had found a small band of Comanche Indians on Tobacco creek about ten miles northeast of Lamesa. But the Indians were bothering nothing and no trouble resulted.

In 1881 the first settlers came to the country and began making claims and filing for land. It was cheap, and any of it in the country would have sold for a dollar—an acre with forty years to pay for it. Even the land right around the town could have been bought at that price. A farmer was considered a "settler."

It was in 1894 that Carpenter married Miss Winnie Barnett, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Barnett. The couple settled down in Big Spring, where the husband secured employment. Not so long after they had been married they awoke one morning to find the ground covered with a six to eight inch blanket snow. Drifts were stacked up five and six feet high. It was the worst snow storm he had ever seen.

July of 1902 brought the worst flood that the town has ever known. A rain which at first gave only slight promise turned into a "gulley" washer and it rained 12.89 inches before the clouds moved away. Water roared down the draw and backed up as far in the city as where the First National bank now is located. Carpenter and some other men made a trip to the lumber yard and got two big cypress water troughs. Coupling them together they came down by the railroad tracks, turned south and paddled a block and a half before grounding.

A fellow whose name Mr. Carpenter has forgotten was the first sheriff of Howard county, but he was followed by Bill and John Birdwell as strong arms of the law. They kept peace and order for a time before Jim Baggett was elected. Jim Baggett held office for fourteen years and was as good a sheriff as Howard county has ever had.

First Automobile

Carpenter knew all the people in town and was on hand when in 1898 the first automobile was brought to the city and owned by a Mr. Patton, master mechanic for the railroad. George Tamsitt followed suit with Joe Ward getting one next. They did not have time to exhibit them much for they were employed most of the time in repairing them.

Buggies and surreys were the chief mode of travel in the days preceding the automobile and the old buck board wagon was used extensively. The fellow that owned

a good team of horses with first rate harness and a tip-top Hines buggy was considered "a high up". But Mr. Carpenter knew the pioneer days of the town were gradually coming to an end, and most of the people who now call themselves old settlers were beginning to settle. Of course they are entitled to call themselves old settlers, for they are in a true sense of the word, but Mr. Carpenter, the Barnetts, Joe and William Fisher, Bud Brown, Bud Roberts, Slaughter, and J. D. Boydston were the pioneers of this stretch of country. They were the nucleus of a present day city of more than twelve thousand people.

None of the McEntire family felt safe on the East side. They fit the Indians strictly alone. Only once did they risk anything; that was when Mrs. McEntire saw one of the wooden saddles constructed by the Indians and wanted it. The horse was on the west side, so they took the saddle. The family worked out a clever manner of self-protection in the early days. They kept a horse grazing in front of the house, tied to the door by a long rope. They could always depend on his whin-

ning if an Indian should come near. When he gave warning they drew him inside of the house, barred the door and prepared to shoot. In this manner they saved themselves from a surprise raid that might have ended tragically.

### Rook Club Held Large Parties At YMCA In 1914

From The Herald, 1914:

The Rook Club held its annual meeting at the Y.M.C.A. Wednesday afternoon, the occasion proving one of the most delightful social affairs of the season. Members and their friends to the number of sixty participated in this most pleasant session.

The auditorium had been tastefully decorated in honor of the occasion, the Halloween decorations being carried out with pumpkins, black cats, spoons, etc.

Mrs. L. E. McDowell assisted by Mrs. J. R. Copeland, presided at the punch bowl.

Fifteen tables of players took part in the interesting games of Rook and the usual rivalry for honors made each game thoroughly enjoyed. When scores were compared it was found that Mesdames Jno. Clarke and Ray Wilcox had won the club honors and Mesdames A. M. Evans, Jack Jones, F. F. Gary and A. E. Pool, visitors' high score.

During the afternoon, Miss Wilmer gave several readings which were indeed a treat and much appreciated by everyone present.

Near the close of this long to be remembered occasion, Mesdames Clark, Copeland, Wasson, Wilbanks and Hathcock served the delicious refreshments consisting of chicken salad, cheese straws, olives, sherbet, angel food cake and wafers.

River Represented 'Peace Line' Between Ranchers and Indians

George McEntire recalls some interesting Indian tales of this country. His father brought his mother, an Eastern bride inexperienced in the ways of the West, to this ranch in its early days. His ownership of it began in 1879.

Because it was at the head of the Concho Indians were frequent. The McEntires were considerate and friendly and there was an understanding between them that land on the east side of the river belonged to the Indians, and that on the West to the white people.

west side, so they took the saddle. The family worked out a clever manner of self-protection in the early days. They kept a horse grazing in front of the house, tied to the door by a long rope. They could always depend on his whin-

ning if an Indian should come near. When he gave warning they drew him inside of the house, barred the door and prepared to shoot. In this manner they saved themselves from a surprise raid that might have ended tragically.



1928

1931

### Had We Been In Business In Big Spring in the Gay '90's

We Would Have Shown These Styles

Without doubt we would have shown them, for you can always find the very latest styles in women's and men's distinctive wear here. Much thought is given price, but quality is never sacrificed. People who demand style and quality at the most reasonable price look in our store first.

## GRISSOM-ROBERTSON

"THE BEST PLACE TO SHOP AFTER ALL"

# 1900 A Pioneer Hardware Firm 1931

## Greets Howard County Settlers TODAY

We have dealt with Howard County and Big Spring people for 31 years and we know them to be the finest group of citizens to be found anywhere.

All honor to the hardy pioneers who have developed Howard County through the years. It has always been our purpose to assist in that development through the years. We will continue to have as a guiding policy of our firm... to assist in every worthwhile movement for a larger and better Howard County.

- Nationally Known Merchandise  
Featured in our Stock:
- JOHN DEERE FARM IMPLEMENTS  
(including John Deere Row Binders)
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| Winchester    | National Cookers | Self-Oiling Monitor Windmills |
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- New Perfection and Nesco Oil Cook Stoves

## Big Spring Hardware Co.

Phone 14 117 Main

# Good Gas Service and Civic Progress

Good schools, churches, telephone communication, railway facilities; good utility service, gas, water, electricity, these things are necessary to civic progress.

Service to the progressive citizenship of Big Spring has been the animating impulse that has built the natural gas system that now supplies homes and business houses of Big Spring with dependable GAS service.

We honor the Old Settlers today... their was a work well done. All honor to those that honor to do their part.

We have sources of supply at present that answer the city's needs at present and for many years to come. This supply, we believe, will be a means of attracting new citizens and industries for our city.

The Empire Southern Service Company organization is dedicated to the task of maintaining in the future a natural gas service in whose adequacy and dependability you may have faith over a long period of years. The kind of gas service that plays a constructive part in civic progress.

## Empire Southern Service Company

Phone 839 Douglass Hotel Bldg.

### I. D. Eddins Arrived In Big Spring On First Train, April 16, 1881, And As Justice Convened First Court

Three people who came by Big Spring with the railroad when it first entered the city are here, and eldest of the three is I. D. Eddins, known as Uncle Ike to many who call themselves old timers. The others are Mrs. Barrett and Charlie Read. This eighty-five-year old man was born in 1846 in Wilcox county, Alabama, the son of a wealthy plantation owner. His father had a number of slaves and consequently when the civil strife between the North and South broke out in '61 young Eddins entered on the side of the Confederacy.

He fought with Company B of the 7th Battalion of Alabama with Dave Scarborough as his captain, Hodson as his colonel and Clanton as his general. Today with some seventy years having elapsed since he dashed recklessly into the numerous battles Eddins can recall the roll of Company B without a pause—and tell you what happened to all of them during the war. He himself was wounded during one charge when a glancing shell ripped a huge gash above his left knee causing a scar he bears until today.

Following the close of the war he came to Texas because all the glorious old south was fast becoming the victim of ruin and decay. So he put out for Dallas and arrived there in 1874. Not being entirely pleased with the location he moved to Arlington where he went into the wagon and buggy building business, the trade he learned as a boy. Here he remained until 1878 when he moved to the small village of Weatherford where he obtained employment with the Texas & Pacific railroad in the following year. He was made foreman and his crew of six men had to repair all care given out of commission while construction through to Big Spring and El Paso was being effected.

April 16, 1881

On April 16, 1881, Eddins said the Texas & Pacific came into Big Spring—a barren draw with a few little hills and lots of game. There was not a structure where the city is now located, but around the spring there were a few buildings. There were quarters, saloons, and a grocery store maintained by the dwindling clan of buffalo hunters. Of course with the advent of the road the town naturally built up around the present business district.

The first building built in Big Spring was a little depot constructed by the railroad near where the Gregg street viaduct now carries the first house ever built in this city was constructed on a small hill cornering on Second and Gregg. It was put up by Ed Tucker for Bob Perkins. The second house was built right across the street south by a widow. The first church also served as a school building and was situated where the First Methodist church now stands. On week days school children gathered in its dingy rooms to eagerly learn their three "R's" while on Sundays when the circuit rider was in town church services were held.

The country into which the road came in '81 was wild and as soon as a town was built it became just about as wild as the country. The territory was teeming with antelope, quail, prairie chicken, and wild turkey. There were still some buffalo left, but they were fast disappearing due to the unwarranted plague of hunters.

Wild is hardly the word to describe the condition of the early Big Spring—it was worse than that, according to Eddins. In the first three years of its existence it saw thirteen men die violently because of hasty tempers and quick fingers. The town was just one gambling house, dance hall, and saloon after another with a few little stores interspersed at random, he says.

Like other frontier western towns there were no women save the few of questionable reputation who hung around the dance hall.

In one dance hall located at Second and Nolan, built by a Mr. Payne and run by "Boss" there was continual fighting, cursing, drinking and occasional shooting. When the cowboys came to town they came to have their "good time."

Shooting It Up

Right into the saloons and dance halls they rode, shooting every glass that they could see, shattering lights and windows as if they were clay pigeons, and making a scramble of mirrors and other fancy fixtures. Tables were turned over and chairs broken—the place looked more like a storm had struck instead of a bunch of cow punchers. But after it was all over the punchers would gather up to the bar and buy drinks for the whole town, then call the bar tender aside and ascertain the extent of damage and pay for it.

Always on their way in the cowboys managed to get some whiskey and were "under the weather" when they rode into Big Spring. Entrance into the town was a signal to begin the shooting—there was no alternative to the citizenship but to hunt cover until the "playful" rascals had had their fill and used their store of ammunition.

After the punchers rode peacefully away to their headquarters the high pressure gambling was resumed and the dance again got into full swing. All this kept up until 1882 and '83, when families of the railroad men began to move in, so the lower element moved its portable shacks out and followed the railroad first to Midland, then to Odessa, continually going west to court the favor of the transient workers and punchers.

Upon the organization of the county Morrow was elected sheriff and Eddins was chosen Justice of the Peace. It was in that capacity that he held the first court ever convened in Howard county. The initial case came up following the drunken escapades of two hardened pioneers who had grown a staid stouthead with the aid of alcohol. Eddins called the first party in

### J. C. Smith Home Was Scene Of Gay Reception In 1900

The old J. C. Smith home, now the home of Walter Coffee, was the scene of a gay reception back in the fall of either 1900 or 1901. The occasion being the return of Macy Smith with his bride, who was Miss Nina Richardson of Gallatin, Missouri.

Carrriages were the order of the day and negroes were out in front to take charge as the guests arrived, finding proper "bitching" places for the various teams, be they "nags" or "prancers."

Mr. and Mrs. Smith greeted the guests with true southern hospitality and the son and bride were presented.

Costumes, other than that of the bride, have been forgotten. She was beautiful in a handsome black silk frock, quite bouffant with frills that were most becoming to her slender figure.

Later in the dining room white coated negroes served the guests from tables that fairly groaned under the weight of delectable food, roast turkey, baked ham, salads, hot beaten biscuit, steaming coffee, ambrosia and cakes that were the pride of the hostess. This occasion was just a glimpse of the old south brought to the west by some of their very own.

Many Structures In Business District Built By Harvey Rix

Harvey Rix says that he has built as many business houses in this town as any other one man.

When he started into the furniture business, it was at the suggestion of John Mitchell. He was then working with J. and W. Fisher. He and Will Crawford and Wallace Rix, delivering groceries. Harvey drove the well-known delivery wagon before Will Crawford did.

Etheridge sold out his interest in Mitchell's business to Harvey. They bought out Kelsey's second-hand store where the Currie Bakery now is and had two stores there, one for second-hand goods, the other for new furniture.

Later Harvey Rix erected the building where Wacker's now is. That was a fancy structure in those days and when he built it, the old croakers around town called it a foolion move.

From there the Rix Furniture moved into the Sparenburg Building where Stovall Sales Co. now is. Then they built the present site of Burr's Department store and later moved around the corner on Runnels street.

District Attorney At Dallas Marries

DALLAS, July 23 (UP).—District Attorney Wm. McCraw and Louise Britton, until recently business manager of the Dallas Little Theatre, were married this morning at Cliff Temple Baptist church.

### Sterling County's Murder Record Perfect; Killings Were Frequent In Big Spring During Early Years

The first settlers say that blood flowed almost as freely as water in the early days, if not as freely as whiskey. In contrast with Sterling county in which a resident has never yet been murdered, the number of killings mounted rapidly in Howard County in those early days before the town was incorporated. Texas Rangers were sent out to keep the peace and they, too, sometimes paid with their lives.

A fellow named Richardson was the first man killed in the county. He was hit over the head.

A Texas Ranger, whose name is unknown, was the second. He was enforcing the law in a tavern that was serving as a saloon and dancehall. John Whalen, a buffalo hunter was the next victim. He and Charlie Pryor were partners and they had trouble over the division of their money from a carload of buffalo and wolf hides that had been shipped out. Whalen drank a lot and went around town swearing to kill Pryor; so one day Pryor decided to call his bluff.

Dealing Game

Whalen was dealing out a monte game and Pryor walked in and laid down a two-bit piece on the table. The men who saw the game later said that a dishwasher standing nearby picked up the money and sneaked it with it, without being seen by Pryor or Whalen. When Pryor's card was turned up and Pryor demanded his money the fifty-cent piece could not be found so Whalen accused him of not putting it down.

Both men then drew their guns but Pryor had the advantage since he was standing up and Whalen was sitting. Whalen was shot through the heart and Pryor through the hip, although not fatally.

Sparks was the next man killed. The killing took place in a hack-berry thicket between Gregg and Lancaster about 10th street and the slayer was hidden by the trees and a growth of sunflowers. Sparks rode by on a horse and was killed as he passed. There was a sensational trial after that, which old timers still remember.

After Sparks a dance-hall owner down on East Third, was killed. Charlie Little was the next one—another roughhouse killing, which took place in the Nip 'N Tuck saloon run by George Bauer and Cal Williams. There had been a dance in the second story of the old courthouse and some one had thrown a bottle through one of the windows. Jim Love, one of the residents, was accused of it because he had just had a misunderstanding with his girl.

First Fight

His accusers met him in the Shamrock Saloon run by Jim Monahans and they engaged in a fist fight since Love didn't have his gun. When the fight was over Love went for his gun, washed the blood from his face, returned to the Nip 'N Tuck Saloon and opened fire on

his accusers. Among them sat Charlie Little, who had had nothing to do with the argument, and he was the only one killed. Joe Love then obtained one of A. G. Denmark's horses and left town; later the horse returned.

One of the saddest deaths was that of a stranger, a German, who was mistaken for someone against whom the slayer had a grudge. He was shot down without a chance of self-defense. When it was seen that he was the wrong man and they went through his papers they discovered he had got off the T. & P. only a few hours earlier, a newsman and a stranger to everyone in the city.

First Two Customers Of Father In '81 Also Albert Fisher's First

"It was a curious coincidence," remarked Albert Fisher, "that the first two customers of his father, Joe Fisher, should be his, when he went into business for himself in 1923."

These were W. T. Roberts and Dave Rhotan. Mr. Roberts bought a spade in 1881 and Mr. Rhotan a pair of trousers. In 1923 Mr. Roberts was the first customer to enter Albert M. Fisher's; he bought a shirt. Mr. Rhotan came next and purchased another pair of trousers.

### A. G. Hall Went Into Saddlery Business In Big Spring In '98

A. G. Hall does not regard himself as a newsman. "Now John Wolcott, he came here before the prairie dogs did," he says. Mr. Hall arrived in 1898 and that was comparatively recently.

He and his son, Sam, built up a harness and saddlery business in the S. Segell location that was known throughout West Texas. Orders poured in from all over the Southwest for boots which the Halls made in the summer time when business was low.

They made them fancy and they made them plain. They sold all the way from \$10 to \$35. When the rounds were over they sometimes sold every boot and saddle in the store.

Saddles were the same way. Occasionally an unusually showy one, silver mounted, was ordered, but usually that was for show purposes. In spite of the cowboys' reputation for spending a lot of money on fine equipment, Mr. Hall's experience with them was that they wanted quality more than show.

Mr. Hall remembers very vividly the first days when he was here. He came in advance of his family and stopped at the Klondike Hotel, which was located where the Big Spring Hardware now is. It was run by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lester and they served wonderful food, says Mr. Hall. They had everything that could be shipped in and considering that even eggs and chickens were shipped in those days, their table was a good one. Mr. Hall recalls a circular which they distributed, advertising their

meals. On it was strawberry shortcake and under the item were the words: \$5 reward for every strawberry you find in it. Really, it was a good strawberry shortcake, he insists.

Another morning at the breakfast table a drummer was complaining over the lack of fresh milk and cream. A cowboy in full regalia, white hat and red bandanna and high-heeled boots, came in and sat in front of him and studied him. Finally he said to the drummer: "H—, we're not the dairy business; we're running a ranch."

### Trying To Operate Away From Saloons Led To Firm's Doon

Robert Bressie went broke as an indirect result Harvey Rix says of his trying to establish the town out of the Saloon district. His and A. G. Denmark's store was located on the vacant lot north of Dr. Hurt's residence next to the alley. They went up there—which was considered far out in those days—and hoped to draw the business section of the town after them.

Everything was in their favor, because no one wanted to settle in the lowest part of the draw, with the exception of one factor, the saloons. They wanted to be close to the railroad, and the T. & P. Hotel and T. & P. Home.

The distance between the saloons and Bressie's store bankrupted the latter. Business stayed with the saloons. J. and W. Fisher had their two-story building down there. No one went to Bressie's. So Bressie moved back but in the end he failed.

### Wild Grass Mowed For Hay On Settles Property Years Ago

One of the facts concerning the Big Spring country of 45 years ago that impresses the resident of today is related by Frank Hilburn. S. W. Hilburn had a Buckeye mowing machine freighted out from Fort Worth and kept his son busy all one winter mowing hay on the prairie south of town where the Settles oil wells now are located. Approximately 150 tons of tybosa or Buffalo grass was mowed, and marketed at \$18 per ton.

Grass in that section is not so luxuriant now but mesquite trees are much more numerous.

### DALLAS MAN INDICTED

DALLAS, July 22 (UP).—Elmo Berry, held in the county here without bond, was indicted for murder today in the death of Miss Helen Ruth Lamar, 19.

The girl was fatally wounded June 14 when she repulsed advances made by Berry, with whom she had been riding.

SINCE 1910!



baggage cab  
horse drawn  
—the days of the

Big Spring has received—



through the local agency of  
**TOM ASHLEY**

Fill With TEXACO—It Goes Further  
Now Sold By 25 Howard County Citizens

All Hail To All The Howard County Pioneers

1910 1931



### NEW MODERN METHODS In Management And Ginning

More and more growers are beginning to see the advantages of cooperative buying and cooperative selling. The members of our organization each year are realizing more profits from their cotton than the independent grower. They are saving more money throughout the year by buying their feed, gasoline, oils, groceries and supplies from our store.

We welcome the Old Settlers to Big Spring for their reunion and invite them to inspect our modern gin and our modern methods.

### Co-Operative Gin and Supply Co.

EARLE PHILLIPS, Manager  
Phone 286 BIG SPRING 511 N. E. 2nd St.

# Electricity


—A powerful force in development of town and country....

Pioneers—  
we pay tribute to your work as builders

To bring service to hamlet and city in the territory we serve, great sums have been spent in an effort to be of true utility value to the greatest number of people. Our progress in this direction is an index to our faith in this section and its future. More and more will the people of this community depend upon electrical service in their every day life. It is to this faith of our fellow citizens that we pledge our resources and liabilities.

## Texas Electric Service Co.

"Electricity Is Your Servant"



First Resident Still Not So Near Others But, After 54 Years He Feels Time Has Come To Move Westward

The oldest living resident of Howard county is W. T. Roberts, whose home in his ranch about a mile west of Moss Springs...

with walls made from pickets covered with canvas. The house had a rock chimney and was warm and comfortable. The location may still be seen although most of the rocks have been moved.

After that Mr. Roberts moved up a mile to his present location. He was interested in raising fine horses. Big Spring men say that he never raised a poor horse, that his old brand 5B Bar on a horse was all the guarantee of quality they needed.

He was already established when some Texas ranchmen passing through told him that another family had moved in and was camping at the big spring.

Among the next newcomers that he recalls were the A. G. Denmarks, J. J. Meek, Walk Frank and Hood, Wilson, and Runyan families. Those days the only fence in this country was a pasture Col. C. C. Slaughter had fenced near the head of the Colorado river.

Sam Lee, a Chinaman, ran the house located on First Street. He had a good business; in fact he made enough money to travel back to China several times but cowboys made life a torment for him.

The other experience was the terrible winter of '86, said Mr. Roberts. It was the winter of the Great Drift. There were more fences built by that time, especially on the Slaughter ranch.

Arthur M. Roberts recalls an amusing incident connected with Frank Dent who made a lasting impression on the town the night he succeeded A. C. Walker to the County Clerkship.

The Slaughter cowboys cut the yearlings out and branded all they could and trusted to luck to get them all back. All the cattle of this country drifted to the Pecos and when they reached it they were so hungry that they jumped from the banks no matter how high into the water at the cost of their lives.

Frank Dent was a cook on the Slaughter ranch at the time. The boys had hoped for a stray yearling and turned him around several times. Yearlings have a habit of running in whatever direction they are facing after this treatment.

Under Springs The first night he spent in this country was under the ledge of Moss Springs; soon, however, he built a good dugout for the family on the hills to the south.

Among the earliest and most prosperous merchants of Big Spring were the saloon men. Four which stand out prominently in the memories of oldtimers were the Cryns and Baber owners, and run by Jim Walker; the Cattle Exchange Saloon, by Joe Cascadin; the Shamrock, by Jim Monahan; and the Nip 'n Tuck by George Bauer and Cal Williams.

Dr. McIntyre's Drug Store Fifty Years Ago



In the picture, Dr. D. W. McIntyre is shown seated. Standing between the two counters is Col. T. H. Downman, with a crutch. R. B. Zinn is the heavily-bearded man standing at the back.

The old McIntyre drug store, first it was somewhere in the neighborhood of the Big Spring Herald building. It was soon moved to Main Street, and occupied the site north of the Big Spring Hardware.

The store remained in this location until Mr. Reagan bought it and for several years after that. When business moved up town Mr. Reagan moved with it to the present location of Cunningham & Phillips No. 1, who were his immediate successors.

Dr. McIntyre obtained his degree in medicine from the Bennett Eclectic Medical School in Chicago. After his wife died, he yielded to the urge to go West, young man, and with his two small daughters settled in the boom town of Big Spring.

Bernard Fisher recalls his first experience with thieves in this frame building. The floor was high and one night some men crawled under it with an auger and bit and began boring a hole in the floor.

The Big Spring does not look natural to an oldtimer now. That huge rock to the south which has fallen down (they say it slowly settled down without a great crash, in spite of its weighing hundreds of tons) and the huge dam which the T. & P. erected close to the spring, to hold the waters—such details change it considerably.

Advertisement for S-E-R-V-I-C-E to You, featuring Joe B. Neel, State Bonded Warehouse, 100 Nolan, Phone 79. Text includes 'Twenty Years of S-E-R-V-I-C-E to You' and 'We've served Big Spring and Howard County people a long time and enjoyed doing so...'

Army Convalescent Hospital At McEntire Ranch; Lonely Graves Cared For By Owner

Many motorists have noticed the piles of stones thirty miles south on the road to San Angelo, which are just about opposite the entrance to the McEntire Ranch. A legend had grown up about them founded on facts that have turned out to contain more truth than such usually do.

These piles of rock constitute an old U. S. government hospital for convalescent soldiers which was established in the year 1886. Some say that only negro troops were patients here and some that both white and colored occupied the camp. Probably the color differed in different years.

The camp was situated in this spot because of the head of the Concho River, which comes from a spring just inside the McEntire Ranch, not half a mile away. The camp proper was located on two acres on the sloping hillside.

The Indians in this country, Frank Hilburn thinks from his more recent acquaintances with them in New Mexico, were the Mesquero Apaches and probably some Navajos. Indians were not troublesome as late as 1881 except for stealing horses.

Customers from these faraway places would write in and list their items and the Fishers would send out freight wagons. All the big cattlemen in the country were their regular customers, including such men as C. C. Slaughter and the Kokenots.

Col. Slaughter always sent an ox team in for his goods. It was driven by McWhorter, whom many remember. There would be 20 oxen hitched to two wagons. They would carry away from 10,000 to 20,000 pounds of merchandise. This was when barbed wire fences were just coming in and much of the merchandise was barbed wire and cattle salt, in addition to the regular provisions.

Elizabeth. Cowboys are buried in these. Some one, in the last year or two, has come by and snatched a name on the lower side of a large flat stone on the better preserved of the two graves. Jim Hayes, died in 1861, it reads; the month is illegible.

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Two of the graves are near the Concho River, under the trees on the east side, in a quiet and shady resting place as any tired soul could ask for. One of them was a ranch employee. In the other grave lies a pioneer mother, Mrs. C. W. Reith, who died in 1884.

The other two graves are located on the hillside to the east of Camp Elizabeth.

Advertisement for Barrow Furniture Co., Inc. 'The Store that Sells for Less'. Text includes 'Greetings! Howard County Settlers', 'Young in Big Spring Old in Furniture Business', and 'Although the Barrow Store in Big Spring was opened only three years ago Barrow stores have been serving West Texans for 24 years...'.

Large advertisement for The Big Spring Hospital. Text includes 'The Big Spring Hospital pays tribute to the Howard County Settlers', 'Serving as we do all the people who live in Howard County and this entire section we take a genuine pleasure in doing honor to the pioneer citizens who have done so much in building our county and city.', and 'The Big Spring Hospital Corp., Big Spring, Texas'.

### Ben Lovelace's Father Was First Dealer In Water; First Method Replaced By Many, Deeper Wells

To an old-timer there were two kinds of water—water and "living" water. The latter indicated that the quality of the liquid was of sufficient purity for drinking purposes, and the former indicated anything from rain to all other impurities making the water unfit for human or livestock consumption.

That was why the springs were so when the civil strife between Billy North and South broke out in 1861 young Eddins entered on the scene of the Confederacy.

He fought with Company B of the 7th Alabama with Dave Scarborough as his captain, and as his general. Today with seventy years having elapsed since he cashed recklessly into the numerous battles Eddins can recall the roll of Company B without a pause—and tell you what happened to all of them during the war. He himself was wounded during a charge when a glancing shell ripped a gash across his forehead, the knee causing a scar he bears to this day.

When the war was over he found their water in town at twenty-five cents a barrel. The water came from wells not from the spring because the railroad was supposed that the hauling was usually done as a side line.

**Milk and Water**  
P. P. Lovelace, present supervisor of the long ailing of wells, was a strapping boy, when his father first came to the Big Spring territory and he had about where the watering pool in the City Park is. His father established a dairy and sold his produce to a store with water to the citizens of the town. Young B. P. has got his initial experience in supervising wells with water.

He hauled the water in eight or ten barrel lots to town. If he drove by the house at night, if he was flag sticking out he would reduce it to a white flag he stopped, if it was a red flag or a white flag he drove on. A white flag was the signal for him to stop and deliver a quantity of "live water" to the house. Each water dealer had his own color and he stopped at a place where there were dollars worth of water. He used them as they needed the water. The people got by with a surprisingly small amount of water then.

Lovelace got his next taste of hauling water a little later after a short trip to the Peace where he worked for a brief time. He thought of a job from a Mr. Alderson, an uncle in the well known Alderson household in Big Spring's development. He worked there for a time before deciding to go back to the ranching business.

**Tank**  
Meantime the T. & P. had constructed a spring tank in the gap of the mountain and pumped water from the spring into it. From there it was run to their tanks on the road and their employees tied on to it.

About 1891 the city noticed the advantage of such a tank and decided to institute water service for the town. Mr. Alderson had a ground tank dug out above the wells and on a high enough spot to make it run to town. He had flat rocks piled up the hillside and concrete poured in between them. That was the first reservoir.

He put in his line and ran them to town. Everything was in readiness for the tank was set up, but something happened. The water sank in low places and washed the tiling out, destroying the system. That was the first water main.

However, Alderson persevered and made a second tank, a four-foot pipe run from the reservoir to the spring. This system was dependable service and the system grew and expanded with the city. Not until 1920 did the city have water supply through a main. The old tank system was a failure and had been found to be unsafe, finally given away. As the shaft wells and now they were proving incapable of supplying the increasing demand.

**Deeper Water**  
So engineers went to water prospecting and found vast stores of the liquid in a dealer vein of hundreds and fifty feet deep. Wells were drilled to a depth of two hundred feet and pumped from a depth of one hundred and twenty feet. Two channels of water were discovered and are now both available to the city.

Where there were only one or two wells above the spring, and a few scattered elsewhere and drilled to an average depth of fifty or sixty feet, there are now fifty-five wells drilled to an average depth of one hundred and sixty feet and pumped with the latest model electric pumps.

With the average daily consumption of water in Big Spring at three quarters of a million gallons a day, five cents a barrel would not do the city. And even with the consumption of water at such a high figure it has been found that live wells can supply the demand. But the surprising fact about that is the one of those wells has had to be shut down during the last four or five days to keep from wasting water as it flowed over the reservoir top.

Lovelace amuses himself at times thinking of the difference in the production and consumption of water for commercial use then and now. One well, he observed with a chuckle, could have supplied the entire town in the old days and been shut down two thirds of the time.

Mr. and Mrs. Nat Shick have as house guest, Mrs. Joe Leonard of Eastland.

### S. H. Morrison 'Hung Shingle' In City Early

#### Young Attorney Has Hard Time Finding Place For Office

Belief that a young lawyer must undergo a "starvation" period before he builds up a reliable practice held especially true in the case of S. H. Morrison, veteran attorney of Big Spring. Morrison came to this city first in 1891 when the town was only a straggling village of some twelve hundred people, all peaceable and friendly, which necessarily made it tough on the law practice.

But the town was substantial and no buildings were built unless there was a general demand for them, and for that reason Morrison was unable to obtain an office. However persistence and perseverance won him a "trickily" built niche in the court house but it was an office, and that was something.

Later J. & W. Fisher made an exchange with Brosie Brothers and Denmark Slater, Brosie Brothers and Co., whereby the two firms swapped quarters. Fisher's taking the larger of the two where a general overhauling of things was accomplished. Brosie Brothers and Co. continued as dry goods merchants and had some room they did not use to they utilized it as office space, subsequently giving Morrison a much desired office.

**More Needed**  
However an office did not bring a wealth of trade for there were few other lawyers that had a large amount of trade already under their wings. They were Sam Cowan, district attorney, and G. W. Walthall, county judge. There was some discouragement for the young lawyer but he hung on and built around himself a reliable practice.

Morrison's office overlooked the one hundred block of Main street where there was nothing much to speak of, only two houses besides a couple of business structures. And the businesses were saloons. There was literally one on every street, but some of them were well kept, and in spite of the fact that they were saloons, they were fair or respectable places, said Mr. Morrison. But they were not all that way and opposition arose, causing a splitting of factions—with discussion growing so great that it was some time before a shade of peace came over the streets.

Time healed the seared feelings and everything was seemingly patched up until again around 1910 a strong agitation for prohibition was instigated. This caused heated controversy, but not nearly so bitter as were the ones preceding long before. This time the agitation drew to larger bounds than before and the 1914 sentiment had crystallized sufficiently to permit the carrying of local option.

There was very little civil practice in the old days for the main controversy were audibly settled outside of court, sometimes with a gun. Practices then was about as few as the town itself—a sparsely settled place.

Birdwell Hotel was a large two-story structure situated where the present hospital is now located. It was the present freight office now stands about where the freight office formerly stood. The building had a two-story home where the Settler Hotel now stands. Dr. McEntyre and Dr. McIntyre had their drug store in full swing. In fact there were few hotels but plenty of the traveling public got up with the wagon yards where the hundred block now is.

### Jordan's Printers—Stationers

**"Your Printers for 27 Years"**  
We have always tried to give people of Big Spring a high standard of printing service. This effort has guided us through twenty-seven business years in Big Spring. Today we have at your command a modern printing plant that produces printed matter in a distinctive manner that pleases patrons. Our equipment permits us to compete with printing firms in much larger cities. We can do your work as well and more efficiently than the out-of-town plant can do it. Broadside, circulars, letter-heads, novelties, envelopes, office supplies. We can supply you with these and other items in a way that will make a steady customer of you.

**All Hail to the Old Settlers and Their Work**  
Let Us Help You Plan Printed Matter  
Phone 486  
113 W. First

### First House

Today a pile of rocks half a mile directly south of the Country Club house mark the location of the first building in this part of the county.

It was an humble sod adobe house built to carry supplies for the buffalo hunters. Who built it, no one remembers. It was there when the Hillburns came, partly worn down from the weather.

There is a decided depression in the ground and a pile of rocks that were used for the chimney. Its walls then looked as though they had cut from the sod from the big spring arroyo.

Around it the thicket of mesquite trees that have grown up in the last fifty years.

On Main and Scurry there were for a long time only two houses and it took no small amount of effort to persuade the owners that they should both be moved on the Scurry front to allow business structures to be built on the Main front. That was when the building the Fishers later occupied was constructed.

**Nip a Tuck**  
Mike Moyett ran the Nip and Tuck Saloon in the rear of where the Bauer block now stands. A finer gentleman there never was than Moyett and one of his competitors on the same block was a fine, upright fellow, a gentleman in every respect, and he kept a clean house. But very few saloons had accepted of such qualities as this and restricted gambling dens in conjunction with their businesses. This created sentiment against the entire lot—it had all been done by Moyett's place they never would have been ousted, reflected Morrison.

**New Offices**  
When the central school building was constructed the architect of that edifice was hired to design the Masonic Temple. Morrison learned that these were to be an office space available and spoke to the architect concerning it, who in turn consented to design two offices—one for Morrison and one for a Dr. White. Judge Morrison kept this office until White decided to move, and the Masons told him that he would have to move unless the other space were rented. He surprised them by offering to take all four office rooms if a door were constructed between the two compartments. He kept this office until he moved to his present location above the West Texas National bank moving there before the office doors were put on.

When Morrison first began practicing here Judge Kennedy of Colorado was district judge, and was followed in that capacity by W. P. Smith, who was seized with the desire to go to congress. He did not. J. Sheppard was next in line for the job and was later followed by W. W. Beale. Judge W. P. Lewis now judge of the eleventh circuit civil appeals at Eastland, was Beale's successor as district judge. Judge Fritz Smith, present judge of the 2nd district was then appointed. James T. Brooks recently was named judge of the 2nd district special court.

Morrison apparently is pleased to look back in his early days and struggles for he recalled as he recalled many little incidents that happened, giving him an insight on the early conditions. He said that "lawyer's secrets" might make an interesting tale of the west.

**Konkhasett Named For Tribe of Indians**  
Wm. F. Cushing's father was responsible for the name of Konkhasett which was given to a school house and post office in his neighborhood years ago.

Konkhasett was the name of a tribe of fairly civilized Indians which lived in Massachusetts near his home there. He made this into Konkhasett and named the post office by it. Whenever he went to Dallas, he used to tell people that was his home. It was such a long name for such a little place that it puzzled them and he liked to see them look puzzled.

### Appearance of Springs Settlement, In 1882 Related By Mrs. G. A. Kent

Mrs. G. A. Kent, a sister of Sterling Price, is one of the few women still living in Big Spring, who lived near the big spring and remembers it clearly.

"We landed here on a rock pile on April 8, in 1882 from Central Texas," said Mrs. Kent referring to the Big Spring which did not look as good to her as it did the Indians.

"What was the town like?" "It wasn't doing anything but shooting and drinking whiskey. It was nothing to hear a shot and to know a man was killed."

The only frame houses Mrs. Kent remembers were the J. and W. Fisher house at First and Gregg and the house her sister lived in at Fifth and Scurry (the old Cherry lot). "I don't know about the adobe," she added. "I never was in them."

Mrs. Kent lived in a dugout near the big spring. They made the dugout by digging a deep hole and using railroad ties to build up the walls and for the roof. These were covered with canvas and the roof was usually finished with dirt.

There was one particularly fine dugout near the spring built by Mrs. T. E. Davis, Mrs. Kent's sister.

"These walls were planked up," she said. "And the houses had doors and a fireplace and a well dug under the hill so they didn't even have to go to the spring for water. People lived out here for nearly ten years. The dugouts were comfortable places to live in, as cool as adobe houses."

The spring attracted newcomers with small herds of cattle. It was necessary to camp near a stream of water and the big spring was the only plentiful water supply in the county. There was not only the pool of water above the spring but a stream running off from it for several yards.

The punhouse at the spring was erected shortly after Mrs. Kent came out, she said. The spring resembled Moss Springs, except that the water came out in small springs. Overhead was a deep ledge of rock.

The railroad halted the rock to enlarge the spring and when it did that the spring was twenty feet across and filled up an enormous deep hole. It flowed into the city wells in the present city park drained its source and dried it completely.

Mrs. J. W. Barrett is one of the few oldtimers who came to this section early enough to know what it was really like in its original state. In common with every other woman, who has come here from the eastern part of the state, she didn't like it at first.

The Barrett's first lived in the little town of Ben Ficklin, just below the present site of San Angelo. It was the county seat of Tom Green county until it was washed away, every bit of it, by a rise on the Concho river.

Mrs. Barrett's husband was sent by W. S. Veck, a pioneer merchant of San Angelo, to gather buffalo bones along the right of way of the T. & P. railroad and to pile them up so they could later be freighted away. Although Mrs. Barrett had three small children, she cooked for the men for a short time. The railroad ties had been laid no farther west than Colorado.

She left her home and all its furnishings in Ben Ficklin, including the Concho river.

Mrs. Barrett lived in a tent three years. By that time Big Spring was enough of a settlement to induce her to leave the big spring. They moved in and built a house on the lot where she is now living at Fourth and Bell streets. For forty seven years she has lived on that corner.

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Mr. Barrett was kept busy for a long time when he first came by the huge number of buffalo bones that literally covered the country. They made piles along the right-of-way as high as a house and three to four hundred yards wide. There was no town where Big Spring now is, so the Barrett's lived at the Big Spring in a tent.

Mrs. Barrett remembers when they all had the measles in the tent. They had run from the epidemic which killed a child down along the right of way, to the spring and found that it had reached the spring families.

One morning Mrs. Barrett and the three children broke out with it simultaneously. To add to their troubles it began to rain. Mr. Barrett put them all on one bed, covered them with an eiderdown, and a thicker to keep them dry, for the tent had begun to leak; put the trunk on top of the table and the groceries on the stove out of the mud and followed a remedy he had heard that was sure sure for the measles. There was no doctor this side of Colorado City. He filled them with "white whiskey" and they all got well.

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### Dr. McIntyre's Baby Incubator Which Saved Future Blacksmith, Caused Hez' Disgust With Fair

By GEORGE McENTIRE  
Dr. McEntire was a doctor who used his wit in every sort of emergency. He once saved the life of a "lightweight" baby by keeping him in a home-constructed incubator until he was normal in weight.

The baby grew up to be a blacksmith. The father of this child works on the U. Ranch. George McEntire tells the story of the father's disgust, thirty years after the boy was born, over an exhibit at the Dallas Fair, purporting to be one of the first baby incubators.

Old Man Hez is none other than H. K. Ray, who has ranged around Sterling and Howard counties for almost half a century. About half of this time was spent in cooking for the U. Ranch outfit in Sterling county.

Men on that outfit say Hez wasn't only a good cook but could select such fat heaves that a fellow that ate at his wagon had to stand out in the sun for half an hour after each meal with his mouth open so the fellow would melt out of the roof of his mouth.

**Good Cook**  
How he happened to go and the year he did go and many other things were never learned because any question about it or even a slight reference to the trip would always throw Uncle Hez into a tantrum and the result would be...

life explained this so many times that the whole outfit knew it by heart. When he got started the boys could leave to restake a horse, or go and drag up some wood for Hez and never miss information about the Fair.

It seems as though the year Hez went to the Fair there was an exhibit of baby incubators on display for the first time. This was the first thing Hez saw when he got on the inside. A nurse in uniform explained how the incubators were built and used and how they hoped to rear underweight babies to healthy children.

**'Loco'**  
"Lady, you are just plumb loco. I don't know what you mean about hoping to rear underweight babies in one of them contraptions but I go know that I raised one of my boys, who is a grown man now, in a similar outfit. Old Dr. McIntyre out at Big Spring made it out of a wooden box, some cotton and some whiskey bottles he raked out from under the house. All we had to do was to keep the bottle filled with lukewarm water and feed the baby. No man there isn't anything new about that idea."

And Hez left the Fair never to return.

### Big Spring and Howard County are fortunate in having Farsighted and Progressive Pioneers

We hope you will enjoy the 7th Annual OLD SETTLERS' REUNION

#### EBERLEY FUNERAL HOME

Big Spring

The OLD TINTYPES are dear to us, but we all agree that the modern topography far surpasses it in beauty and lasting qualities.

At Bradshaw's you get modern pictures made by the modern methods.

### BRADSHAW STUDIO

Phone 47 219 1/2 Main

No Longer

as in the "Good Old Days," need you go to Fort Worth or Dallas for your finer Dresses, Coats and other apparel, for you now find the very newest authentic styles in our modern store.

Adequate proof may be had by visiting our store, Second at Runnels St., today.

### DAVENPORT'S EXCLUSIVE SHOPPE

### WELCOME PIONEERS



For nine years we have offered a complete ginning service to the growers of Howard County and the surrounding territory. We welcome our old friends to the Old Settlers Reunion.

Now in addition to two modern gins we offer a wholesale and retail grocery service, fuel, oil, gasoline, feed and other farm and ranch supplies.

### BIG SPRING GIN CO.

Gin No. 1—901 E. 1st St. Gin No. 2—701 E. 1st St.

1917 1931

### 14 Years of Progress Built On Public Confidence

—From a modest beginning, just 14 years ago, and with a definite ideal in mind—

"The Spirit of Service"

—we look back with pride to the progress this store has made, keeping in step with the growth of Big Spring and Howard County; which has earned for our store a reputation for fair dealing with every customer.

And Through All These Years, We Have Ever Been Mindful of Our Duty To Our Patrons

To All Old Settlers and Howard County Residents: You Are Always Welcome at Mellinger's

## Mellinger's

VICTOR MELLINGER, (Formerly "The Grand Leader") MAIN AT THIRD

### Arizona Man, Ex-Chief of El Paso Police, Who Served With Rangers Before Railroad Days, Stops Here

An ex-Texas ranger, 69 to be exact, on his way to San Angelo to attend the Old Texas Rangers convention stopped in at the Chamber of Commerce office Tuesday long enough to ask for road information and exchange an interesting bit of lore for it.

Milton was born in the first year of the civil war, the son of the governor of Florida. He came to this country and entered the Ranger service under Captain Long.

Even historic Pecos had not been founded and Big Spring was considered only a fantastic possibility.

In the latter part of 1881 the rangers had to guard a party of men who had come to the Big Spring country to mow hay.

Thousands and thousands of antelopes roamed the western territory unheeded, but buffalo was then just about gone.

Wild turkeys, thousands of them, Milton said, and maybe more. From Red Mud (now Beals Creek) to the Colorado river there were so many that it was impossible to estimate the number.

Slaughter had his outfit started then, but the headquarters were on Tobacco Creek, northeast of Lameza about nine miles.

They had to be shot for the Indian hazard was too great, but when the railroad came through the country began to develop.

Following month brought about a change in the executive department of Milton's division.

Then he left the service to act as a deputy sheriff in New Mexico and stayed there for a long time.

Bandits, set on robbing the train, knew that they must first have Milton out of the way before they could hope to perform the robbery.

He remembered a number of people around in this country, but very few in Big Spring, for there was no such place when he was serving as a ranger.

He recalled a number of people around in this country, but very few in Big Spring, for there was no such place when he was serving as a ranger.

### 'Drownin' Hole' Recalled By Older Settlers Of City

Only the very earliest settlers recall "drownin' hole."

The name, "drownin' hole," was given it because a small boy was drowned there in about the year 1882.

### Birdwell Home Once Was Mecca For Social Set

The old Birdwell home was a mecca for the young in the society set.

A mock wedding was staged for the entertainment of the group.

### General Dodge Gives Account Of Rail Laying

#### Joining of Tracks At Sierra Blanca In '83 Finished Long Line

General Grenville M. Dodge, who conducted the preliminary surveys for the T. & P. had much to say about this part of the country in one of his books.

The account reads: "We were without any railroad connection, depending upon the Red River for our supplies."

"In it he stated that the Sulphur Springs was the only water within fifty miles of him, when he reached there it was held by the Indians, and they refused to let him have any water or allow him to approach the springs."

"During the years from 1870 to 1874 the line was determined and located through to California.

"It is a singular fact that the same engineers and the same foremen who had joined the tracks at the plains at Sierra Blanca, Texas, in 1883, joined there the tracks that united the second continental line across the continent."

"There were no bands, no champagne, it was simply the engineers and foremen of the track laying forces that shook hands at this great event and it created very little noise or comment."

Fred Olmstead, of Miller Brothers 101 Ranch in Oklahoma, was a visitor in town yesterday.

Miss Carlisle Schick is on the sick list.

Miss Lee Alvin Hayes, of Snyder is visiting her cousin Miss Claudine Miller.

hat the picture fails to show plainly enough to recognize.

### A Pioneer Sunday School B. Z. Griffin, of Sterling County, Could Start One, But He Didn't Know How To End It

By MRS. WM. F. CUSHING About forty years ago, when Sterling county was first separated from Tom Green and organized, it boasted two little towns, Cummings and Montvale.

They were about eight miles apart, Montvale being further down the river Concho and prettily located at the foot of a large, flat topped hill, or mountain.

Even in those days there were religious services held in the little new schoolhouse at Montvale.

Now, Brother Griffin was a versatile man of many talents. He was teacher of the Montvale school, he wrote articles, signed "K. Lamity" for the San Angelo Standard; he was a notable fiddler and a darned good horse trader.

Griffin accepted the job as superintendent, and went at it with his usual energy and assurance.

My father suggested the Lord's Prayer, and led, as Brother Griffin did not seem to know how it started, but just as the people were leaving, Griffin called out: "Now everybody come back next Sunday, and be prepared to recite the Lord's Prayer."

The Sunday school flourished. People came for miles in buggies, wagons and on horseback.

I remember at one place, we stood and recited the Apostles Creed in concert, and one good Baptist brother objected to the phrase, "The Holy Catholic church" which occurs in it and left the Sunday school and would not come back, neither he nor his household.

On Friday nights he usually played for a dance in the school house. Some of the people objected to these dances, and though the school house should not be used for them, but Griffin was very popular, and seemed to get his way about it.

After the closing hours were over and the house party were given a little time to "trink before mirrors," each hostess had a young man in for every girl in her party and the gayeties continued until the first day of the new year had closed.

Whist was then the game and was played with as much zest as the now all popular "contract bridge." Dancing was also usually a part of the evenings pleasure.

### NINE YEARS AGO—

We installed the first Drive-In Filling Station in Big Spring PIONEERING

A Business that has become one of the largest in Big Spring

### Slaughter Filling Station

TEXACO PRODUCTS FEDERAL TIRES Corner Main and First

school held on for some years but finally died, as the people moved away. Still, the little old school house stood for a long time.

### Open House On New Year's Eve Once Gay Event

Keeping open house on New Year's day was a lovely custom observed each year by the matrons that were the social leaders of Big Spring.

Christmas greens with the added luster of cut flowers sent out from Fort Worth made the homes fairly gardens in the soft glow of candle light with an occasional shaded lamp to lend color.

The gentlemen of the social set called between the hours of four and six. Top hats, frock coats and gold headed canes were in evidence on these gala days.

After the closing hours were over and the house party were given a little time to "trink before mirrors," each hostess had a young man in for every girl in her party and the gayeties continued until the first day of the new year had closed.

### Member of Second Family In County Returns; Brother Was First White Child Born Here

According to W. T. Roberts (Uncle Bud) Frank Hilburn, who returned to Big Spring last year, after an absence of 46 years, belonged to the first family to come to Howard County after his arrival.

Mr. Hilburn's memory of the town is quite active, because subsequent Big Spring happenings have not dulled it, as in the cases of many other residents.

When they came out, there was an adobe store at the Big Spring built chiefly by the buffalo hunters who were just finishing up their work of exterminating the buffalo.

The Hilburns moved from Ft. Worth to Ballinger in 1873 and from there gradually worked west until they reached Morgan Creek near Colorado in 1876 and came to the Big Spring in 1880.

Mrs. Julius Eckhaus left Tuesday for a two-months' visit in Lafayette, Ind.

those days and grazing lands were free.

The construction gang of the T. & P. were grading for the railroad and Mr. Hilburn, senior, sold them meat.

The Hilburns lived near the spring. There was no town and it was necessary to have plenty of water for the cattle.

Frank Hilburn's brother, Steve, was born at the big spring and was, so far as is known, the first white child born in Howard county. He was born in a dug-out.

Frank Hilburn's brother, Steve, was born at the big spring and was, so far as is known, the first white child born in Howard county. He was born in a dug-out.



Since the Days of Saddlery and Boot Shops—

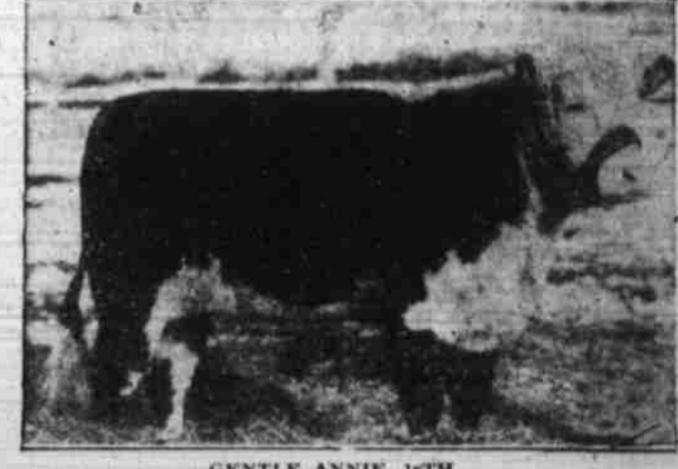
We have served Howard County people with QUALITY shoe rebuilding with first class materials.

Modern Shoe Repair Shop A. G. HALL, PROP. 108 W. Third

### Ask Your Butcher for Howard County Baby Beef

More Than 1500 Herefords Raised and Registered in 25 Years!

As an "old settler" of Howard County I take pride in the above statement and point to it as evidence of the possibilities of cattle raising in the county.



GENTLE ANNIE, 18TH

Old Settlers— we welcome you and pay honor to your industry in county-building.

I take this means of calling upon all Howard County people... both farmers and city citizens... to support the breeder-feeder movement and, to assist the cattle raising industry in Howard County by demanding meat from beeves raised in Howard County.

The two major industries on which people depend are the grain and the livestock industry. The Jersey and Hereford are today the most important in the livestock industry.

I. B. Cauble Howard County Dirt Farmer Producer of Howard County Baby Beef

The OLDEST BAKERY in Howard County extends greetings to the OLD SETTLERS At Their Annual Reunion HOME BAKERY JAMES CURRIE Bakers of Buffalo Bread

Dealers in DODGE Since 1921! Dealers in PLYMOUTH Since 1929! Dealers in Majestic ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR Since 1930! Walsh-Woldert Company Dodge Brothers Dealers Since 1921 4th and Rannels Phone 719

### Milwaukee Boy Who Came Out In '83 To Take Run On Rio Grande Division Relates Incidents Along the Frontier

By WILL A. ROBINSON  
480 Cass Street  
Milwaukee, Wis.

I left the frozen north as a trainman of 10 years experience on the C.U.S.P. railway in February 1883 to follow one of our old officials to Big Spring when he had a bid to take the Rio Grande division of the Texas & Pacific with headquarters at Big Spring.

Big Spring was a little frontier village of tents, newly made board houses, cowboys and soldiers of fortune, plenty of saloons and one long dance house where there were an orchestra of fiddle and piano in one saloon. I made the mistake of telling the boys I could play and they used to lay for me when I brought my run in from El Paso.

We had to have diversion, even if some of us had to play a little square deal gambling in a friendly manner to break the monotony. I had been injured in an accident on the C.U.S.P. up north and had been laid up when I was advised to take Capt. George Clinton's offer to come down on the Rio Grande division of the T&P and take a run as soon as I was able. I had my widowed mother goodbye and left, weighing only 132 pounds.

**Gains Weight**  
After being down those fifty weeks I had gained 23 pounds. That's what the feds get made out of for me. I'll never forget the inspiration I had when I made my first run. The old Rio Grande division had few people along it. El Paso had only about 2,000 inhabitants. We train men slept there in the old Central Hotel. The first story was built of adobe with a second of wood. I used to find the adobe rooms cool in summer and warm in winter.

Big Spring had an eating house where trains stopped for meals and if one did not eat he would be waiting until we arrived at Toyah. Then there was no eating place until we reached El Paso except at Sierra Blanca where we joined the Southern Pacific, using the track jointly to El Paso.

Texas had plenty of Laramie cattle roaming the unfenced prairie land. But I never saw a cow milked and the railroad boys had to use condensed milk.

**Antelope**  
There was plenty of antelope along the route near Dumas, Metz and the Pecca river district. I used to see a few buffalo, probably a half dozen, half-tamed, herded on the outskirts of a big ranch near Pecos. I saw a large buffalo lying dead near one of the small dining houses east of Pecos. He looked like the last of his breed, as the monarch of the plains. I pulled a little hair out of his tail as a relic and mailed it up north to Milwaukee to my little sister to paste in her scrap book.

This occurred while our engineer was taking water at a tank there near Pecos, where there was an operator and shanties for collecting the water. On one trip from Big Spring to El Paso the passengers on my train had a chance to see a large, dead rattlesnake curled up near the engine water tank. He had 21 rattlers.

At El Paso the landlord received \$500 per month rent for the room with a door connecting to the office, for the gambling privileges. It was generally as quiet as a church there, with the old square deal operators running the games.

**Mexican Central**  
The Mexican Central railway was running only as far as Chihuahua from the north and was being built from Mexico City northward. I believe they joined the track a few months after I began running into El Paso, in 1883, at Santa Rosalia.

The Texas & Pacific imported a number of Chinamen to work a section hands between Toyah and Sierra Blanca. This food consisted of rice, dried fish and tea. Each section crew had a section boss with a Chinaman as clerk. It was hard to get white men to stay on the Rio Grande division for long periods. They'd stay only long enough to get a stake and hit the trail for the Mexican Central or Arizona and California.

We hauled water cars then over the mountains from Toyah to El Paso, having a large metal tank like the Standard Oil flat cars have up north. It was coupled behind the engine. There was a large rubber hose attached to convey to water through to the engine water tank. There was one water car, six men, running the train of track cars over the division, every day to supply the section men, operators and train men. It was emptied into barrels, sunk down in the ground at section houses. The water was taken on at stations where there were large tanks, at San Martin, Van Horn or Sierra Blanca.

The cars always were left scattered out at different stations, back and forth, so that trains always could couple onto one when necessary.

**Water Service**  
At Big Spring we had a pipe line to bring water into town from the largest spring site I ever saw, about three miles from the station. The water, of course, was piped in for our engines at the division round house there, as well as for cooking and drinking purposes at Toyah.

In 1883 the railway company sunk a well 800 feet deep at Toyah and even the cattle wouldn't drink it. We couldn't use it in the engine boilers. That well was an exception, however, as only a few miles west of San Martin, we had a water tank built that supplied very fair water for engines and home consumption.

Those were the days when the cowboys rounded up thousands of head to drive through northern Texas to ship east and north to Kansas City, St. Louis, Omaha and Chicago. The cattle always put on

### 'Cub,' Pet Bear Of Caylor's, Was Pet Of The Town

One of the most entertaining of the city's long list of pets was the small black bear kept by Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Caylor in the '90's.

This bear was secured as a model when the Caylor's were in the Davis Mountains. It was then a cub and Cub was its name. At that time the Caylor's were living in the present location of the Clayton Stewart home on Lancaster street. When Cub was grown they moved to Fourth and Main where Dr. Hurt now lives. Cub proceeded to show off the minute he was let down on the ground and he ran up the steps and tried to climb one of the chimneys beside the front walk. Of course it would not stand his weight and he crashed to the ground to his great surprise and almost ruined the tree.

He was kept chained to a huge stake in the vacant lot north of the house. When he grew tired of wandering about he would climb the stake which was about the size of a fence post, and would manage in some miraculous way, to squat on the top of the post on his four paws at long intervals.

Mrs. Caylor was always careful never to turn her back on him after feeding him; she would always back off until she was out of reach of his chain. He liked her and was friendly enough but his manner of playing was not safe. At last his disposition became affected by the constant teasing of the children. In the interest of public safety the Caylor's decided to have him butchered and invited several of their friends to a feast of bear meat.

The night before he was to be butchered he was discovered dead from poison, which put a stop to the dinner invitations and saved Cub from an ignominious end.

**Living At T&P Home Helped B. Reagan Land Position As Teacher**  
The story of how B. Reagan landed a position teaching in Big Spring school is tied up with the T & P Home, operated by Can Powell.

There was the T & P Hotel, run by H. Bredwell, located where the freight office is now; there was also the T & P Home which the railroad built for its employees. When Can Powell was made manager of the Home, he began to go out for commercial business and he met all the trains. That is why he succeeded B. Reagan when he got off the train.

"Hotel, sir?"  
"What do you represent?"  
"Can Powell, sir."  
Mr. Reagan decided he would prefer the hotel to the Home.  
"All right, sir," replied Mr. Powell. "But I can give you just as good accommodations for a dollar and you'll have to pay two dollars there."

"Where'd you say your place was?"  
"And so B. Reagan went to the T & P Home instead of the T & P Hotel. It happened that Steve Tamsett, Dr. Barnett and Joe Putson were among the trustees. The Powells, Tamsetts and Putsons were related through marriage and were close friends; Mr. Reagan grew to know them rather well, a friend of his in the Home.  
"Although his rival for the school was a good man and had it, Reagan thought, more to offer than he had; his friendship with the trustees and the Can Powell was an important factor in his getting the place and locating in Big Spring.

**IF YOU CAN REMEMBER---**

When We Sold Clothes Like This— Then You, too, are an Old-Timer

15 years of successful merchandising makes our store one of the pioneers of Big Spring's business section.

**Austin-Jones Co.**  
Popular Price Department Store  
Phone 528 Big Spring 202 Main

### The Slaughter Ranch In 1899

H. W. Caylor's Letter Which Appeared In The Texas Stock and Farm Journal Reproduced

The following account of a trip to the C. C. Slaughter ranch appeared in the Texas Stock and Farm Journal, August 16, 1899. It was written by H. W. Caylor, of Big Spring, Texas.

The trip was especially concerned with Sir Bredwell that was, in his prime, the most famous Hereford steer in the United States. Col. Slaughter paid \$3,000 for him and not long afterward turned down \$7,500, and the story of this great turnover of money became the talk of ranching circles everywhere. Back in those days Herefords were an experiment and some ranchmen thought any amount of money was too much to invest.

In response to a telegram from Col. C. C. Slaughter, I met him in Midland on July 12 and accepted his invitation to accompany him on a tour of inspection of his ranches. The party consisted of Col. Slaughter and wife, Mr. R. L. Slaughter and family, and myself.

**Rattlesnake Pasture**  
After the usual delays attendant upon such trips, we left Midland Saturday morning, July 13, getting northwest. A few miles brought us within Col. Slaughter's range, the magnitude of which can be more fully appreciated when I tell you that you can travel north from the Texas and Pacific railroad 200 miles and camp every night on Col. Slaughter's range. The first pasture we entered was "Rattlesnake" and lies in Martin county, the southern limit of the Slaughter range. Reaching the camp known as "Old Pete's" we were refreshed by some excellent grape wine, made from the camp vineyard; after which we continued our way rejoicing. The range was in fine condition from recent rain.

At noon we camped, stretched our awnings and swung hammocks, enjoying a good dinner, which did credit to the culinary skill of "Nannie and Buck," and rested until 5 o'clock, when we were aroused by the familiar sound "Chuck!" After doing justice to the nicely prepared supper, we loaded up and continued our journey until 9 p. m. When we camped, stretched our awnings and swung hammocks, enjoying a good dinner, which did credit to the culinary skill of "Nannie and Buck," and rested until 5 o'clock, when we were aroused by the familiar sound "Chuck!" After doing justice to the nicely prepared supper, we loaded up and continued our journey until 9 p. m.

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### Last Buffalo Captured Near Here Became Attraction At State Fair

The buffaloes were practically gone in this country when the white men came.

In 1877 in a futile attempt to drive out the buffalo hunters who were gradually possessing their lands, the Indians set the plains afire. They were always setting fire to the prairie grass for one reason or another and these fires were one of the chief menaces to life in early days. They succeeded also in driving out and killing great numbers of animals.

Frank Hilburn said that when he first came here a man could walk a mile in any direction from the big spring that he pleased and find on buffalo bones at every step.

The Hilburns had two buffalo calves. One they kept until it was a year and a half old. The other, shown in the illustration, was an object of great interest as the last of its kind.

The calf, a male, was left behind when Mr. Hilburn and his father rode up on a herd of seven buffaloes. The calf was too little to keep up with the herd and although the mother made a feeble effort to return to it the Hilburns captured it. They were seventeen miles from home but they managed to carry the little calf on horseback back to camp.

They kept it as a pet until it was two years old. Then it became hard to handle so they sold it to a man named Anderson for \$50, who later sold it to the Rush Cattle Company, who in their turn disposed of it to A. G. Denmark.

Mr. Denmark took it to the Dallas Fair and it was one of the fair's biggest attractions until it died. Mr. Denmark felt it mounted then and even after death it continued to be a drawing card for visitors.

Mr. Hilburn said that the buffaloes were exceptionally quick on foot, much quicker than cattle and that one could outkick a mule. He had heard of men kicked to death while they were trying to hold them down.

Buffaloes and antelope had a queer habit, he said, of drifting south before a norther and then coming back in the middle of it, facing it.

### NO BRIDGES

There were no bridges in 1883 across the dry and wet stream beds of West Texas, but crossing them never worried any traveler. They swam their horses across the Colorado River when it was filled to the top of its banks and thought nothing of it.

Passing through the Huling pasture, containing forty-two hundred grade two-year old heifers, being bred to two hundred and seventy thorough-bred Hereford bulls, we reached the camp of Sir Bredwell, the chief point of interest to me.

This camp is located about twenty-eight miles northwest of Ancient Briton. The recent purchase of this famous herd by Col. Slaughter, has called forth considerable comment and speculation as to the result of the investment. Like Ancient Briton, he has been a great show bull all of his life. Col. Slaughter paid more for this animal, as your readers all know, than has ever been paid for any bull in America, and he is undoubtedly the greatest living bovine in the world. I have seen and drawn from some of the finest Hereford bulls of this country and I know that Sir Bredwell embodies all the good qualities of the Shorthorn as well as the perfections of the Herefords. He has been on the range only a short while, but he takes to the grass like an old ringer, and judging from his actions, while studying him, he will be a strong breeder and equal, if not surpasses, Ancient Briton. For an animal unaccustomed

to the range, he is exceedingly active. He has a head of about eighty cows, the very cream of the herd. Here, of course, my attention and interest was centered, as the principal object of my journey was to study Sir Bredwell and make sketches and drawings from life of him, from which I will produce a life-sized oil painting, a commission from Col. Slaughter.

**A Pampered Bull**  
This animal previous to being brought out here was pampered as a show bull, but since then he has had to rustle his own food as any other range animal, with the exception of a little grain in extreme cold weather, and he has done well. Indeed he has done so well that it was only last winter he was reduced to his best working condition. This camp is surrounded by a number of small pastures which contain the principal part of Col. Slaughter's pure bred herd. Next Morning Col. Slaughter had these pastures rounded up for our benefit and after inspecting the several herds as I did, carefully, no one could question the fact that this is truly the greatest pure-bred Hereford herd of the world.

Monday morning we awoke to find it raining, but continued our journey just the same to Indian Canyon. Near this is Indian Canyon Springs. Here Col. Slaughter has made a great watering place by building an immense dam across the canyon which holds a large quantity of water the year round. As it continued raining, we concluded to camp here until morning, when our journey was resumed to Tahoka Lake ranch, a distance of thirty miles north in Lynn county. Here Col. Slaughter has several thousand head of two-year old steers, many of which, had they been allowed to run, would have made bulls fully equal to grades (both Shorthorn and Hereford), selling throughout the country from fifty to one hundred dollars. At this camp we spent two days, while Col. Slaughter inspected the range.

I called myself of the opportunity to make drawings and sketches of the old ox-freight teams, typical of by-gone days, but still used by Col. Slaughter for heavy freighting. There are two of these outfits, each consisting of eight yoke of oxen and two wagons under the special direction of old man McCarty and his son, Sam. By the way, this freighting outfit was used for the cowboy band wagon at the Midland carnival last year and was a novel feature of the occasion. Leaving this ranch Friday noon, we journeyed northwest, passing Tahoka Lake, a beautiful sheet of water a little salty, but fed by a spring which flows pure freestone water. This is the watering place for hundreds of cattle, being centrally located in the range.

Saturday evening we arrived at what is now known as the Briton Weibred ranch, named after the famous Ancient Briton and Sir Bredwell bulls (although the latter's name has been reversed). This ranch is located in Hookley and Cochran counties. This was my first introduction to this famous herd of cattle. As officers of the party had never seen this noted bull, Col. Slaughter and myself went out and drove him in, with his fifty pure-bred cows. They are kept by themselves in a small pasture of four sections. This great bull has sired by the famous Juliet Short, being reduced several hundred horn. Beyond question this herd will rank second to none in the state. The Long S herd at the present time is wrongfully accused of

being in-bred by men who are only familiar with the herd years ago. Anyone familiar with this herd a few years ago would not recognize it as the same. It now consists of the best Shorthorn blood in America that money could purchase.

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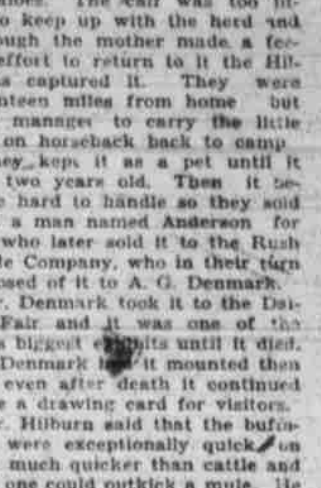
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### Your CLEANER and DYER For TWENTY YEARS HARRY LEES

1920 1931



Progress through the years

In the olden days colored bottles in his windows were the druggist's mark of his profession. His store was a place of distress - smelling of pills and remedies.

All that is gone with other evolutions of an older day. Yet the memory remains and the Druggist continues to fill an important niche in community life.

The Druggist is second only to the Physician in his interest in human well-being. He is truly an ally of the Physician.

In our Prescription Department first care is taken to insure the ACCURATE and CAREFUL combination of elements of the prescription. We have a genuine growing pride in the growth of our Prescription Department. True, new merchandise has entered the drug store field but back of it all the Prescription Department is considered by its foundation as in today's the true foundation of our business.

Graduate Pharmacists  
PHI EVERY  
Prescription  
at a C. & P. Store  
111 EAST SECOND  
CUNNINGHAM AND PHILIPS  
DUGLASS HOTEL BLDG.  
SETTLER HOTEL BLDG 217 MAIN ST.

### GREETINGS: Howard County Pioneers

We welcome you to Big Spring to the Annual Old Settlers Reunion. We hope you will enjoy it to the fullest extent.

West Texas' most modern gin is most anxious to serve you in every way possible. New buildings and equipment only last year assure you of the most scientific way of economically ginning your cotton. We also carry a complete line of feeds and farm supplies.

**'Sweetco Products'**

**PLANTERS GIN CO.**  
Phone 760 Big Spring 109 E. North 2nd St.