

The Western Texan

November 17, 1983

Western Texas College

Snyder, Texas

Volume 13, Issue 5

Board okays audit report, postpones tuition decision

by Jana Harris

Leading business in the monthly college board of trustees meeting was the approval of the 1982-83 financial statements and audit report. The audit was conducted by Anderson, Anderson and Vestal, a local accounting firm.

Although WTC received an overall excellent report, a fund item concerning movable fixed assets brought forth an exception to the report. Such items include furniture, typewriters, microscopes as well as vehicles and other equipment.

The problems involved with the assets have been obtaining an accurate inventory and value estimate for these items. The exception was noted by the auditors as a common problem among educational institutions. However, this will not reflect on the college's standing with the state agency.

Steps to eliminate the problem have already been implemented. Trustees urged administrators to remove the exception by April.

The audit report showed the college's general 'plant' values

at \$10.3 million compared to \$10.1 million last year. There is a \$200,000 increase in fixed assets plus \$465,000 retirement of debt created by revenue bond obligations.

The bond indebted payments include three debt funds. The district currently owes \$915,000 for a building obligation incurred in 1970; \$960,000 for one in 1972 and some \$930,000 for a general revenue bond incurred in 1971. They will retire in 1986, 2001 and 1988, respectively.

The current fund, which includes all major operations on campus, balances at \$1.7 million.

All in all, "We're more pleased every year that we come out here," Larry Anderson, firm representative said.

In related matters, a possible tuition hike effective in Fall 1984, was discussed by the trustees. The suggested increase was from \$4 per semester hour to \$6 with a minimum of \$25. The change would place WTC in the middle range of other community colleges. A decision was tabled until the Dec. 15 meeting.

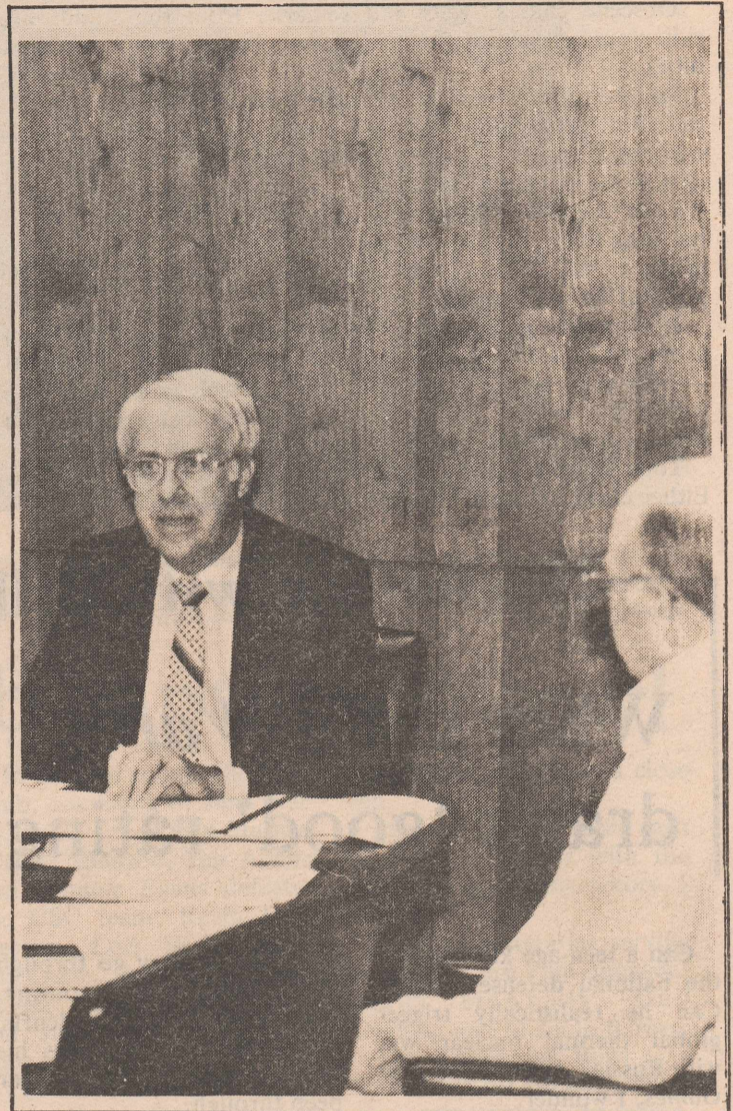
The resignation of computer technology programmer/instructor Joel Rose was accepted. It will be effective Jan. 1.

Members appointed new directors, Bill Jones and Bill Wilson, to the Scholarship Foundation.

A revision to the sick leave policy allows staffers compassionate leave. Changes include four days per school year for illnesses or deaths in the family. An additional six days may be granted for compassionate/emergency type leave. This will be applied against accrued sick leave.

In conclusion, trustees considered changes regarding prohibiting fishing on the golf course lake. Restricting fishing to Monday and Tuesday mornings is a probable suggestion, but a decision was tabled until the next meeting.

Vice-president Roy Baze presided in the absence of president Howard Sterling. Other members present included Dr. Robert Hargrove, Edwin Parks and R.C. Patton. Jones and Wilson were absent from the meeting.



WHAT FIGURES—College president, Dr. Don Newbury addresses the board of trustees in the monthly meeting concerning favorable reports. —Kevin Starnes photo



OUCH!—Maryneal freshman, Rex Ann George was one of 45 contributors in the blood drive sponsored by the student senate special effects committee. —Mike Luera photo

Community colleges heed honorary week Nov. 13-19

by Jana Harris

Community colleges statewide are observing Texas Community College Week, Nov. 13-19, as set aside by the Texas Public Community Junior College Association.

"The colleges contribute to the cultural and intellectual environment through the endeavors of their faculties in sharing their talents and knowledge," Governor Mark White said in the sixth annual declaration of the Texas Community College Week.

Junior colleges have made great progress on the planes of educational advancement. This week is to observe the qualities and advantages open to junior college students.

"Twenty-five years ago, less than one in ten college freshmen and sophomores were in two year colleges, state and nationwide," WTC presi-

dent, Dr. Don Newbury said. "Now seven in ten are at two year colleges."

There are 47 junior college districts with approximately 60 campuses serving over one-half million students. WTC is 42 in size of the 47. There's a junior college within 15 minutes of 90 percent of the state's population.

Contributing to the uniqueness of our community campus are the abundant resources available to students such as recreational facilities, teacher conferences and library holdings. Teachers also carry heavy class loads due to the small classes.

"A majority of the time when students don't succeed, it's certainly their fault," Newbury said.

The place also makes WTC special, "There's a greater trust factor in West Texas,"

Newbury said. "A handshake is certainly a very important thing."

While learning the basic classtime studies, he expressed the significance of daily principles, maturity growth—which covers it all and human friendships among students as well as students and teachers. He commented that only in a climate like this can these type of human relationships result. "The average student is gaining far more than can be measured."

A common goal that all students should strive for according to Newbury is to "Come as close as you can to doing your best. It's very hard to undo."

A number of activities such as plays, receptions and exhibits are taking place this week in honor of junior colleges.

Opinion

Remarks annoy fans

A few profanity boosters at the basketball games shed a bad light on the entire student body.

Obscene chants, yells and remarks from the stands are ridiculous. A school function is no place to practice absurdities.

At times, everyone disagrees over a certain play or a referee's call. But, deliberately cussing the refs, coaches and players is carrying it too far. It's inexcusable and leaves a poor impression in the minds of others.

Give the cheerleaders a chance, they do a fine job of boosting the right spirit. Each person on our side is a representative of WTC. Don't you have more pride and respect for yourself and the school?

It's tiresome and irritating for spectators to repeatedly listen to people pop-off smart-alec comments. We need fan support — how many times are the community people going to put up with this nonsense? Those who are present to truly support the teams don't have to be subjected to such tasteless behavior.

Tone it down and avoid being asked to leave the coliseum. Either clean up the act or find a seat outside.



Backstage with Bill

Whiz kid's *War* draws 'good' rating

Can a teen-age kid tap into the national defense system? Can he realistically trigger global thermal nuclear war with Russia? After seeing *War Games*, I wonder.

War Games stimulates that feeling inside you that WWII could possibly be started by an overly intelligent kid's meddling. And intelligent this kid is.

The computer is his right hand man. When it's games become a tad boring, the boy tries to tap into a company's new line of games and gets into the national defense system by mistake.

The young man playing the "whiz-kid" turned in a believable performance. He handled very mature situations with unique coolness. For example, this kid is picked up by

the FBI and they go through the whole police routine, reading his rights, handcuffs, the whole bit. He keeps his head, but does let the raw fear peep through.

The guys even go as far as to accuse him of being a Russian spy. The kid still remains level-headed. He does some nifty "James Bond" type escapes and tricky tom-foolery.

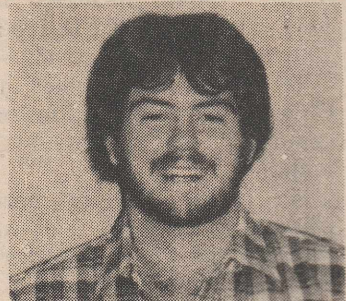
Strong supporting roles helped move the movie along with professional finesse. Dabney Coleman plays another nervous and excited type role with his usual smart-alec style, and pulls it off with success. You may have remembered his similiar performance in *Tootsie*.

Another strong performance is that of the General.

RATING SYSTEM:

- 4 Excellent
- 3 Good
- 2 Fair
- 1 Poor

Billy Kelley



Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor
 In response to Mr. Mike Boles' letter in the last issue, let me say that his point is quite valid, and I apologize to him and any who have been inconvenienced by this schedule conflict. All divisions under the gym roof: athletics, intramurals, physical education and the booster club are striving to grow and satisfy each area concerned, and as a result too many things were attempted in one day's time. It was an oversight on my part concerning scheduling and not any of the instructors in the HPE department. Ms. "Simmons" is merely doing her usual fantastic job until her class time is over, and intramural play should not have been scheduled until 8:30 p.m. Currently we are trying to find additional space for next semester to take the pressure off the gym and allow more intramural and open play time for all of our students and booster club members. I appreciate the immense interest that our students have given the intramural program and many activities are forthcoming. Some of this, I am sure, is a carry over from last year when Mr. Boles did such a fantastic job as intramural assistant.
 Thanks Michael.

Lee Burke
 Division Chairman, HPE
 Intramural Director

The Western Texan

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Letters are welcomed but must be signed by the author with attached phone number for verification and are subject to review by the editor.

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The Western Texan

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Letters to the editor

Dear Editor

Mr. Steven Regalado needs to quit knocking old blue jeans and old shirts. Man, we're in Texas and that's a tradition in the West. If you want fashion go up north or to California. The fashion that he talks about would be appropriate for those areas.

Who wants to be a prep in Texas. Nobody wants to come in from school and stay dressed up. People want to relax and most of us sure can't relax in a tie. Man, this is

Reaganomics and people can't afford all of that preppy stuff.

Chris Carpenter

Dear Editor

On the heels of Veteran's Day, I just wanted to say that I am proud of those who served our Country, and especially those of you who had the courage to obey the law of the land and serve in such an unpopular "war" as the Vietnam conflict.

Martha Gist

Slide exhibition set

The Sites and Sounds of Western Texas College is a slide presentation put together by Dr. Harry Krenek, dean of instruction and Bettie McQueen, vocational educational director.

The purpose of this presentation is to inform prospective students about a typical day on campus at WTC. The show lasts approximately 10

minutes.

Both serious and humorous aspects of college life are depicted in the slides.

Arrangements can be made to view the presentation by calling Dr. Krenek at 573-8511, ext. 250. The exhibition will be presented free of charge.

The slides are available upon request after this week.

Humorist Bolding opens campus Fine Arts season

'Texas Tunes, Talents and Tall Tales!' opened the season for the Fine Arts Association Sat. Nov. 12.

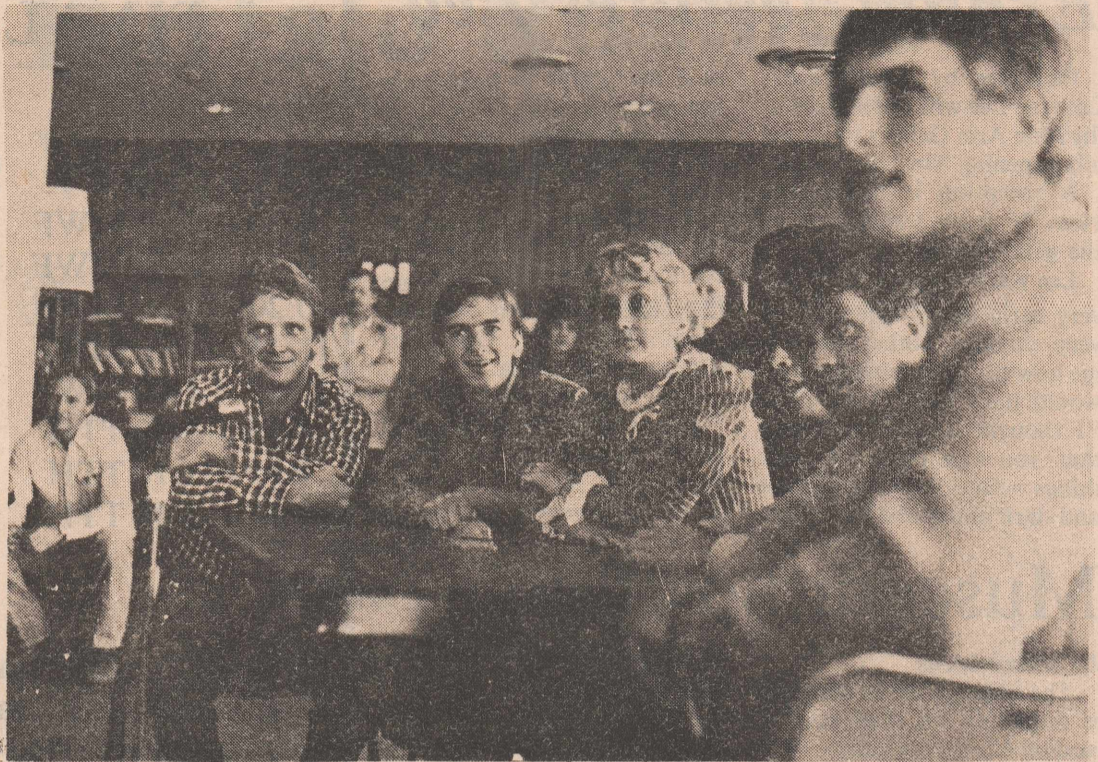
Margaretta Bolding, a humorous speaker from Houston and Elizabeth Real, Kerrville's mezzo soprano, kept the humor rolling. Lee LaForge, accompanied Bolding and Real on the piano.

Serious, comical and religious situations were depicted by Bolding as Real sang pertaining music.

'The program was very well timed between the humorous and serious comments,' secretary of Fine Arts Sue Lyon said. 'An enormous amount of historical information about Texas was involved.'

Any person interested in becoming a member of the Fine Arts Association may contact Lyon at 573-8511, ext. 234.

Membership fee is \$30 per year and all members are entitled to attend programs free.



I BET I KNOW—Rodeo Coach Bob Doty (far left) anxiously awaits his team's answer at the Press Club's Knowledge Bowl held Nov. 10. Members participating were (left) Shane Smith, Jeff Reynolds, Canita Cass, Butch Motley, Mike Valentine and Kenny Riley. —Mike Luera photo

Press Club captures 'Bowl'

"Name one of four men who have been elected president of the United States, but were not buried in the United States," questioned Dr. Franklin Pruitt, professor and emcee of the Press Club challenge.

Those who knew the answer might have fared well in the first Knowledge Bowl Contest held last week in the Student Center.

Each match was limited to seven answered questions. Any club or organization on campus was eligible to enter as many as eight participants with a \$5 entry fee per person. The team with the most points at the end of each round, won. Four teams competed for the traveling trophy.

In the first round, the Press Club, consisting of Jana Harris, Erika Lee, Kevin Starnes, Brenda Johnson, Jon Adams and Johnnie Evans defeated the CSC team, Kevin Huddleston, Lori Sealy, Kerry Gardner, Anthony Tate, Teresa Young, Dale Shifflett and Judy Irwin, four questions to three.

The Senate took a victory by beating Rodeo Team members Weldon Hurt, Mike Valentine, Larry 'Butch' Motley, Kinney Riley, Canita Cass, Shane Smith and Jeff Reynolds. Senate victors were Margaret Anderson, Dow Mathis, Cindy Trujillo, Beth Elliott and Robert Roebuck.

Vying for third place, CSC and Rodeo went another

round. The CSC took a close win.

Press and Senate faced each other in the finals with the host team taking the victory, 5 to 2.

Campus secretaries serving as judges were Pam Johnson, Cindy McAnally, Gail Cushing and Melinda Barnes.

The Knowledge Bowl is a fund-raiser for students attending competition in the spring. Darla Doty and Beverly Cross serve as advisers.

Another challenge is scheduled in the spring. Plans are being finalized by Press Club officers.

By the way, the four presidents that aren't buried in the United States are Nixon, Ford, Carter and Reagan.

Campus briefs

Candy for sale

Press Club is selling candy to raise money for upcoming spring trips.

Hershey's Milk Chocolate with Almonds and Hershey's Krackel may be purchased from any club member for \$.50 a bar.

Cosmetology

Applications are being accepted for a cosmetology class beginning Dec. 1.

Cosmetology students train 1,500 hours for a 12-month period before taking the State Board of Cosmetology exam for their license.

For more information, contact Judy Border, cosmetology instructor, at 573-8511, ext. 277.

Blood drive held

An area-wide blood drive sponsored by the special effects committee of the senate in conjunction with the United Blood Services of Lubbock, was held in the Student Center Nov. 8.

Forty-five pints were collected from students and campus personnel. Another drive is scheduled for the spring semester.

Seminar at noon

A soup and sandwich seminar will be held at the Scurry County Museum from 12:00 until 1 p.m. today.

The topic being discussed is, 'A Cowboy's Material, Culture and Oral Histories.'

Christmas dance set Nov. 29

The Student Senate will sponsor the annual Christmas Dance Nov. 29 at 8:30 p.m. in the Student Center. Z-93 will provide the music.

"This will be the last dance of the semester and it will be semi-formal," said Mickey Baird, student activities director.

Baird stated senate members will decorate the Student Center Nov. 28-29. "If any student would like to come help, we'll be glad to have them," Baird said.

Joint seminar

The first meeting for 'Century II: Leadership Scurry County,' which is sponsored by WTC and the Snyder Chamber of Commerce, was held Thurs. Nov. 10.

This was the first of seven scheduled meetings designed to identify leadership for the county and to plan for its future.

Division chairman for social science at WTC, James Palmer, is class instructor. Guest lecturers were Mike Otto, Dr. Franklin Pruitt, Dr. Harry Krenek, Dr. Joe Reaves and Gil Fleer, all faculty members of WTC.

The next meeting is scheduled for Dec. 8.

Kappa Chi

Kappa Chi will have a Thanksgiving supper Wednesday, Nov. 22. It will begin at 5:30 p.m. and only members are invited to attend.

Candlewicking

The third session of a nine-hour continuing education candlewicking course will be held Nov. 21 from 6:30 to 9:30 p.m. Bernice Parker is the instructor.

Blood pressure

A blood pressure check for faculty members, secretaries and administrators was held Nov. 7 at the nurses lab.

Approximately twenty-five percent of the members attended.

Exhibit features Lee

Paintings by Snyder artist Laverne Lee will be featured at the Fine Arts Gallery in an exhibit opening Nov. 20-Dec. 16.

A reception is being held Nov. 20 from 1:30-3 p.m. in the gallery lobby.

Lee was interested in art at a very early age. "When I was very young, mother showed me how to shade things so they would have form," she said. "I thought it was interesting that you can paint or draw things with a little bit of light and dark and make them look

as if they curve or bend on a flat piece of paper."

Her first interest was in oils, but she has worked with all media.

Among her recent awards are Best Overall at the Post Art Guild Show and one from the Texas Fine Arts Association. Fenton's Galleries display her painting.

Lee joined the Snyder Palette Club in 1963 and served as president of the group from 1972-78. She currently serves as secretary.

Museum hosts gala

by Sherry Spells

The Scurry County Museum is preparing for their seventh annual Christmas gala.

"Victorian Christmas" is the theme for the Dec. 4 celebration. Christmas in the Victorian Era will be emphasized.

"Yesterday's Child," a traveling exhibit from the Museum of the Great Plains of Lawton, Okla., opens the event. Photographs of turn of

the century children will be on display until Jan. 3.

Several activities are scheduled from 1 p.m. - 3 p.m., including Jane Womack's vocal ensemble and a visit from Santa Claus.

"This is our present to Scurry County. We hope everyone will come and enjoy the music, demonstrations, goodies, Santa, and Christmas cheer," said Eunice Erwin, museum director.

FINAL EXAM SCHEDULE

CLASS TIME

8:30 - 9:20 MWF
 9:25 - 10:15 MWF
 10:20 - 11:10 MWF
 11:15 - 12:05 MWF
 12:10 - 1:00 MWF
 8:35 - 9:50 TTH
 9:55 - 11:10 TTH
 11:55 - 1:10 TTH

EXAM TIME

8 a.m., Wed., Dec. 14
 10 a.m., Tue., Dec. 13
 Noon, Mon., Dec. 12
 10 a.m., Wed., Dec. 14
 10 a.m., Mon., Dec. 12
 Noon, Tue., Dec. 13
 8 a.m., Mon., Dec. 12
 8 a.m., Tue., Dec. 13

Monday Evening Classes Dec. 12-6:30 p.m.
 Tuesday Evening Classes Dec. 13-6:30 p.m.
 Wednesday Evening Classes Dec. 14-6:30 p.m.
 Thursday Evening Classes Dec. 8-6:30 p.m.

Classes which do not meet at the hours prescribed above should be scheduled on WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14 at 1 p.m. or 2 p.m.

Fashion expose'

New combinations extend wardrobe



Steven Regalado

With changing styles comes the old question, "Can I wear these together?" To bring

your wardrobe up-to-date, check this out.

New Combinations: Put clothes together to extend your wardrobe. This gives castaways hanging in your closet a new perspective. You can wear pieces of your wardrobe in new combinations.

Some now-color codes include: navy blue/burgandy,

navy/tobacco, black/white, black/brights, white/tan and gray/brown. Look for these colors in ready-made clothes and accessories.

Right-now Neutrals: Taupe, tan, beige, khaki, navy, gray, white and black are all colors which are no longer considered background colors. The newest trend (according to

Vogue, November issue) is wearing neutrals together.

The key to making neutrals work is matching texture and tone. The idea is to subtly contrast surfaces off each other. Heavy/course materials go with heavy/course materials; and soft smooth fabrics with their own. Have you ever seen a smooth shiny shirt under a

tweed jacket? It's totally

New Brights: Begin with something bright this season such as gloves, shoes, a watch or scarf. Second-gance brights give winter tweeds and darks a new kind of freshness.

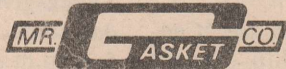
For workday polish, go for jewel tones such as garnet, ruby, emerald, jade or sapphire. For casual highlights try neon brights like lime, chartreuse or orange. However, an all-bright look can be too much of a good thing. Black is one color that goes with everything.

Many people exclude their socks where fashion is concerned. Splash color on hosiery because they can compliment the rest of your attire.

(*Vogue*, Nov. 1983; *Gentlemen Quarterly*, Nov.

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“Where the Buffalo Roamed” Creative Writing Contest

SHORT STORY

Third Place
Stanfield Third Grade
by Treasure White

Bad Boy Cowboy

There was a boy. He was the roughest, toughest cowboy there was. His name was Bad Boy Good Shot. He won every rodeo there was in the world. He won every horse race there was in the world. He could hit what ever he shot at. He rode bulls too. He could ride them good. He owned a lot of ranches.

Then he saw Little Foot Loo. She was the prettiest girl down west. When they saw each other, it was love at first sight. They got married. They were the richest western family in the world.

Second Place
Hermleigh First Grade
by Beatrice Garza

Robert

Robert had guns. He had jeans and boots. He shoots deer and buffalo. He skins the buffalo and eats the meat.

Robert has a wife. Her name is Erlinda. They live on a ranch. They have two horses. The horses saw a buffalo one day. The buffalo ran away and the horses ran after it. Robert and Erlinda got in the truck and followed the horses and killed the buffalo. They had a barbeque.

Second Place
North Third Grade
by Rachael Morgan

“The Ignorant Horse”

Once there was a cowboy named Jonny. He was walking down a lane and he came upon a horse. Jonny said, “My my.” It surprised Jonny because the horse started talking. The horse said, “Bet you can’t ride me.” The cowboy said, “Bet you I can.” “Try it,” said the horse. “O.K.” So the cowboy got on and the horse started bucking. The cowboy fell off and landed in a lake. Finally the sun dried him out and he walked back home. As for the horse, he ran away and nobody ever saw him again.

First Place
Stanfield Third Grade
by Sara McDonald

The Story of Little Leo

Once there was a cowboy called Little Leo He had no cowboy friends because he was so small! In fact he was’t small he was tiny! All the other cowboys were very tall and strong men. They made fun of him because he was so tiny! Little Leo didnt want to be tiny he wanted to be strong and big like the other cowboys! So when it came to tell jokes around the camp fire Little Leo got really bad jokes told about him by Slow Foot Sam. Well, one morning Slow Foot Sam said, “I think I will go hunting for a good cow,” But thank goodnes Little Leo went with him! Later that after noon he spotted one all right! That cow was big, and slow Foot Sam was so slow that cow threw a net over him in a second. Well Little Leo was so little he got through the net and let him out. And Little Leo was a jolly good fellow for ever!

So remember this: Never judge some one by their size because they may save your life some day!

Third Place
Hermleigh First Grade
by Brendan Blair

The White Buffalo

The white buffalo ran. He saw a man. The man saw him. the man got all excited. He was on a tall hill. He ran to his camp. He got one man to go with him. They fired and missed the buffalo. A black buffalo got real mad. He chased the two men. The men got out their pocket knives. One got the white buffalo in the head and the other man got the buffalo in the back leg. They skinned him, and sold the skin. They ate the meat.

First Place
Stanfield Second Grade
by Brandi Doyle

Snowball, the Lost Horse

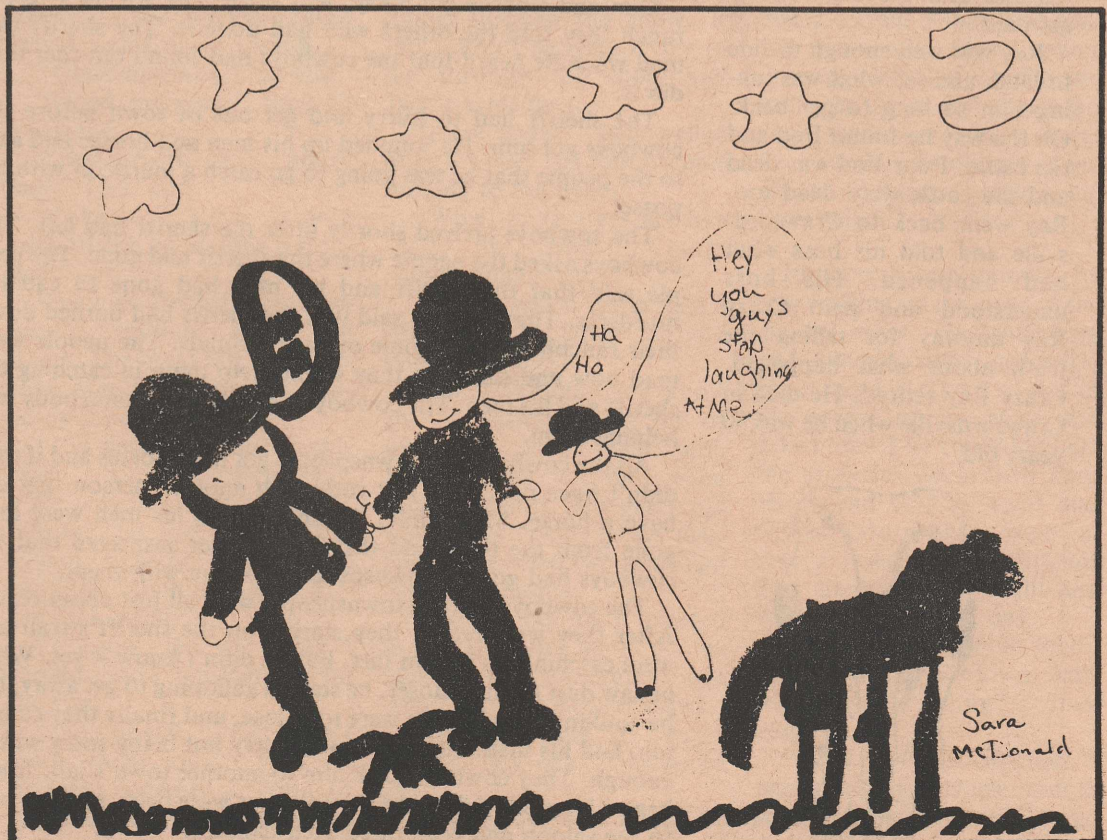
A few years ago in the mountains of Arizona lived an old man who had a twelve year old boy named Peter and a seven year old boy named Jack. They were cowboys, and they lived on a ranch. One day when they went out riding on their horses, they found a horse that was injured. He was wearing a bridle but had no brand. He had an infected cut on his leg. Peter poured water into his brother Jack’s hands for the horse to drink. Peter tore the sleeve off his shirt to bandage the cut. Then they led it slowly back to their ranch. The horse was tired, and the cut had begun to bleed badly. They doctored and bandaged the cut. It got better and better through the weeks. It was a mystery where he came from, so they kept him and named him Snowball. After they started riding him they found that he was a well-trained rodeo horse. Peter decided that he and Snowball should enter several events in the next rodeo in Tucson. They won the calf roping, steer roping, steer wrestling, and bulldogging. They won something in all the rodeos. Peter was named the Best All Around Cowboy for several years. Snowball and Peter were champions for a long time, and it was always a mystery where Snowball came from.

Second Place
Stanfield Second Grade
by Kurtis McCathern

The Cowboy

This is the year 2017. Blake is a cowboy who rides a space cycle with a padded, soft saddle. It’s much more comfortable than old Cowboy’s horses and hard saddles. Blake wore cloth gantlets. Instead of a Colt revolver, Blake comes a Wave Motion gun. Blake was a good cowboy. He was rated first place in the world because he had stopped the crook known as the Cappercorn Kid. He had a Lazer rifle which he carried. He had tried to steal some of Blake’s cattle and change the brand with his Lazer rifle. But Blake stunned him with his Wave Motion gun and put him in jail.

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Second Place
Stanfield Fourth Grade
by Brian Crawford

The Cowboy

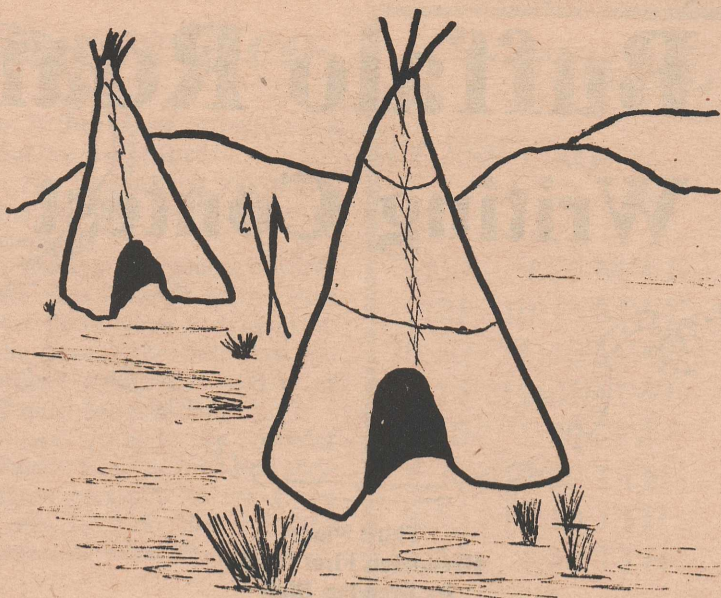
In a small town named Crawfordsville there was a cowboy named Crazy Ray. Crazy Ray was no ordinary cowboy. He was special for a couple of reasons. One was his pet rattle snake named Dallas.

Most people in West Texas tried to stay away from rattlesnakes or they killed them and used the meat for food and skins for making hat bands, boots, belts and lots of other things. But not Crazy Ray. He carried Dallas everywhere. Dallas rode with Ray in his saddlebag. Many times when Ray wasn't on his horse he kept Dallas around his neck.

Another reason Crazy Ray was special was because he had saved a man's life once by wrestling a Brahman bull that had attacked a man. Ray had to wrestle with the bull for a half an hour while two other cowboys pulled the man to safety then fixed the corral gate so the bull wouldn't harm anyone else. When Ray was fighting the bull it speared him with one of its horns. Ray could not ride on the range for a while after his accident.

It was time to drive the cattle to Utah for the summer. Crazy Ray couldn't go so he had to think of a way to get the cattle to Utah. Suddenly Ray thought of an idea. He had a friend named Bud. Bud was a cowboy too. Crazy Ray thought that if Bud could take the cows to Utah Ray could pay him the money that Ray would get paid for getting the cows to Utah. So Ray called Bud and Bud left with the cattle. He was gone for two months and didn't come back to get paid.

Ray was well enough to ride to Utah and see what was taking him so long to get back. On the way he found Bud and the cattle. Poor Bud was dead and the cattle were dead too. Ray went back to Crawfordsville and told his boss what had happened. His boss understood and paid Crazy Ray anyway for telling the truth about what happened. Crazy Ray retired. He died in Crawfordsville when he was 90 years old.



Third Place
Stanfield Fourth Grade
by Jeffrey M. Corkran

The Cattle Herders of Texas

As the cowboys put out the campfire, they heard yelling and horses galloping. It was Indians. They were all sure of it. The cowboys that were still awake quietly woke the others. They all got their rifles and hid. As they hid, the yelling stopped. The Indians got off their horses and the cowboys started shooting at them. The Indians fought back. Arrows, bullets and spears were all flying through the air. The battle went on until daylight, and finally ended.

The cowboys had won but there would be more battles like this one. They had lost some cowboys and some cattle. They had to move on today, so they ate some breakfast, saddled their horses, and were on their way.

After they had gone about twenty miles, they ran into a raging river. It was very wide and deep. The cattle and horses could not cross, so the cowboys rode and rode to find a place to cross. The cowboys couldn't find a place to cross, but finally they found a shallow place where the cattle could cross.

They reached Abilene the next day with almost all the hard and they got a good price for all of them. They were on the way back to home. It took them about a week to get there, but when they got there, they found out that the ranchhouse, the stall, and the animals had all been burned.

The barbwire had been cut so they knew it had to be people who had done this. Two of the cowboys named Charlie and Gim went to town to get the sheriff. When they got there, they told the sheriff what happened. The sheriff got some men and told them to ride back with Charlie and Gim.

The men acted nice but they weren't. On the road back to the ranch, one of the men shot at Gim and the other one shot at Charlie. These men were the ones who burned everything. They didn't want anybody to tell who had done it.

Gim and Charlie got away, and when they got back to the ranch they told the others who had done it. The sheriff was mad when he heard that the cowboys had found out that they did it.

The sheriff had to hurry and get out of town before the cowboys got him. He rounded up his men and horses and said to the people that he was going to go catch a murderer with his posse.

The cowboys arrived shortly after the sheriff had left. The cowboys asked the people where the sheriff had gone. The people said that the sheriff and his men had gone to catch a murderer. The cowboys said that the sheriff had burned down their ranchhouse and some of their animals. The people were mad now and said that they would help them in catching the sheriff and his men. The cowboys were glad that somebody was helping them.

All the cowboys and townspeople got their horses and if they didn't have one, they just rode with another person that did have a horse. Meanwhile, the sheriff and his men were long gone from the town and they hadn't ever suspected that the cowboys had got the townspeople to come with them.

The cowboys and the townspeople were all just about ready. After they were ready, they started on the sheriff's trail and were catching up to him fast, but he didn't know it yet. When he saw dust coming closer, he started galloping to get away, but he couldn't. The people were too close, and finally they caught him and his men. He said he was sorry but being sorry wasn't enough. They cowboys took him to another town's jail. It had been a long, hard day and the cowboys were tired, so they went to the saloon and celebrated their capture.

First Place
West Fourth Grade
by Ken Farr Reaves

Midnight

One damp but sunny morning the wind gently blew across the grassy prairie. A newborn colt was looking at his legs as if they were some sort of sticks connected to him. He was pitch black with one white spot on his nose.

A tall, shadowy figure appeared in front of the morning sun. His spurs jingled as he chuckled to himself. Everybody called him Spankie. His blue eyes flashed in the sun as he patted the baby colt on the neck. Then he said, "Midnight.—I'll call you Midnight." As you could see, a legend would soon be born.

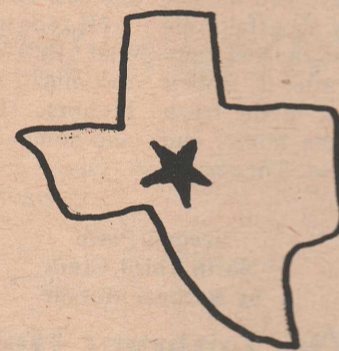
About two years later, Spankie knew it was time. He went outside and saw Midnight grazing in the valley. He grabbed a saddle and blanket and went to an old shack where he picked up a bridle and a scarf. He set them by the fence and called, "Midnight, Midnight." Midnight came running to see his old friend. Spankie put the scarf around Midnight's eyes where he wouldn't run away. Spankie threw the blanket over Midnight's back. The horse was spooked. Spankie put the rest

of the gear on the horse, climbed on, tore the scarf off, and the horse took off. Spankie was no match for the horse! He flew off and fell in the dirt. He laughed in the dirt for a minute then stood up. The horse stood as if he had had not trouble at all throwing Spankie off. Spankie had no intention whatsoever of getting back on. He may be a good rider, but he's not stupid!

From then on, people came from all over the country to try to stay on Midnight. But they did no better than Spankie. The fee was \$5.00 a ride, and soon, Spankie became rich and Midnight famous.

One warm, sunny day you could smell the flowers. Spankie left town and brought home a solid white female horse. Spankie let her loose with Midnight. She was no more tame than Midnight. Spankie died soon after and left the ranch to his son.

On a spring morning, a tall, dark, shadowy figure stood in front of the morning sun and welcomed Midnight's new colt.



Second Place
Northeast Sixth Grade
by Melissa Alvarado

The Richest Cowboy in Texas

There once was a cowboy whose name was Tom. He was the richest man in Texas. He had a ranch in the shape of the state of Texas. You should have seen the size of his cattle! Some were as big as a horse while others were the size of a dog. But all his cattle were special to him, so special that instead of having aluminum or copper cowbells the cattle had gold cowbells with their names on them. And because he didn't like for his cattle to be pierced on their ears. Instead he had put some kind of clip on rings with tags covered with gold. The reason of this is because he didn't want his cattle to look disgusting from their ears. Tom liked to be dressed up in fancy cowboy suits and jewelry. Since he liked to be dressed up he thought it would be nice to dress his cattle. And he did he put gold watches. And since he dressed them the guards were always looking out for them. And these cattle were not just ordinary cows. Because they obeyed their master who was Tom and understood what they were told. They ate the very best of oats and drank the cleanest water. The guards would bathe the cows in bubble bath and then blow-dry their fur. The master took good care of all of his cattle. Because he felt that the better care they had the better steaks he would eat. So at the end everybody was happy. Because the way he took care of them and ate them. I bet you that cattle might have looked pretty funny the way he dressed them. And I think that cowboy was pretty crazy. And he lived happily ever after eating all those delicious steaks.

First Place
Stanfield Fifth Grade
by Gayle Henderson

A Modern Cowboy

Now Randy is your modern-day cowboy. As you know cowboys get up early, eat, and then go do any work on the ranch that is needed. But Randy is a little bit different.

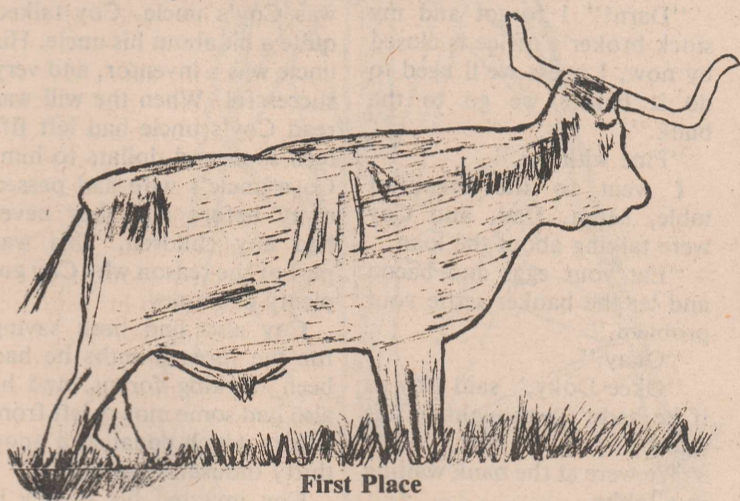
Randy's alarm goes off at 7:00 a.m., but he sleeps till 7:30 a.m. Yawning, he finally gets up and gets dressed in his Calvin Klein jeans and his rhinestone studded shirt. He blow dries and combs his hair until every strand is in place.

After a healthy breakfast of 3-minute oatmeal and Tang, his maid comes in and cleans it up.

He goes down to the stables to pet his horse, Big Red. He does that for a few minutes, then he rides to Hollywood in his red firebird. He does some things until his girlfriend gets off work. Then they go to his house for him to change to his black tuxedo to go dancing.

He comes home around 2:00 a.m., then he goes to sleep till the next morning when he gets up around 10:00 a.m. and does whatever he feels like.

This ends a modern cowboy's day. If the cowboys of old knew how the "cowboys" lived today, they might just turn over in their graves and give a quiet "ho-hum."



First Place
Northeast Sixth Grade
by Susana Rodriguez

The Cowboy Billy Jack

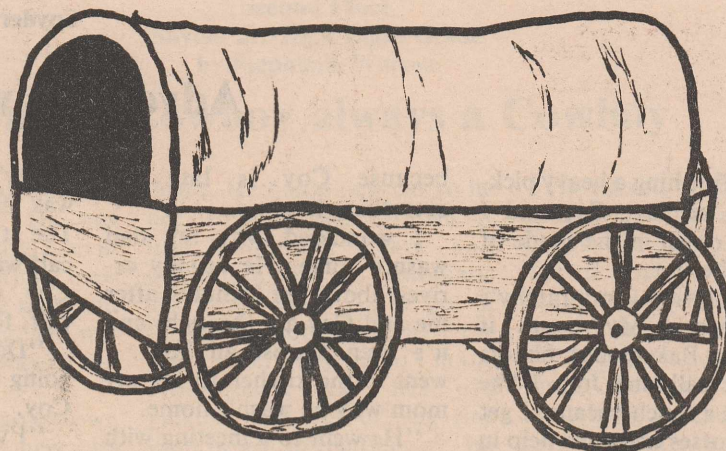
Once there lived a cowboy named Billy Jack. He wore sharp spurs, a straw hat, with a old shirt, blue jeans, and a pair of cowboy boots. He looked tough with a belt with a gun at his side! But he was very nice inside. He was an ordinary cowboy and rode a beautiful white horse. As he rounded up the cattle he would sing a song.

He would get up every day at five o'clock, and with his pointed to the east he would sleep for the night. And when he got up he started across the desert to get to the next town. He would take his dog Skipper. Skipper would help him keep the cattle together. Billy Jack would camp near a small river. He would sleep on a blanket and he used his saddle as a pillow. If he would meet up with a rattle snake, and shoot it and keep the rattle to hang on his wall when he got home. He was a good rider. And was very tough, and nice. He was rembered by his relatives, and friends in there hearts someway.

Third Place
Northeast Sixth Grade
by Elizabeth Becerra

The Brave Cowboy

Long ago in the woods was a little log house where a baby boy was born. His parents named him Jeff and he was a very special boy. When he was older, he had spurs on his boots and a buckle on his belt. When he was sixteen, the Indians took his family and left him behind. He always thought of them and when he did, he cried. But then he thought he should go search for his family. So the next day he went off in the wilderness and walked step by step. Then he stopped and listend. He heard a song and screaming. He got closer and saw his parents. He couldn't believe it that after a week and a half his parents where still alive. He shouted for joy! Then, he thought of how to rescue his parents. He went down where his parents were and talked to an Indian chief and the chief said "It would take a brave young man to go search for his parents." Because of his bravery they let his parents go. From then on, his friends and family called him the Brave Cowboy. He would always try to help others find their families just as he did.



First Place
Snyder Jr. High Seventh Grade
by Sonja Way

The Winter Storm

The wind was howling outside and the snow was coming down hard. Jack Hanson lay in bed staring at the ceiling. He was thinking about the storm and that he should not have been so dumb not to go to town and buy supplies for the house. Surely tomorrow morning the snow will be at least four feet deep. He felt like banging his head on a wall. He kept thinking how stupid he was and finally fell asleep.

The next morning, when Jack woke up, all was quiet. He looked out his window Oh no! The snow was about four feet below his window. His window was at least ten feet off the ground.

Jack got dressed and went downstairs. It was cold. He started a fire and cleaned up around the kitchen. He walked around the house and peeked in each room to make sure everybody was sleeping all right. When he was done, there was nothing else to do so he went back to bed.

Jack awoke to the smell of bacon and eggs. He walked downstairs and saw his Aunt Elanor, Uncle Arnold, Cousin David, and Cousin Joseph.

"Good morning," he said.

"Good morning," they all answered.

"The storm was pretty bad," Jack said.

"I know," Uncle Arnold said, "It's a good thing it stopped."

Everyone ate their breakfast quietly, thinking about the storm. The breakfast hour was soon over and everyone cleaned up around the house.

"I'm going to freeze in this place," Cousin Joseph said. "We only have five more logs left for the fire, too." Aunt Elanor sighed. "Joseph, we can't do anything about it," she said quietly.

"I know. Do you think I should throw another log on the fire?"

"Go ahead. Just don't waste those logs." They all gathered together in front of the fire, huddled in blankets. Soon though, they were all

asleep in front of the warm, crackling fireplace. They soon woke up and ate a small supper. Soon it was time to go to bed and they all bid good-night.

The next couple of days, Jack and his family tried to survive on the little food they had. Then one day Jack said, "I'm going to try to get into town and buy some food." The room was so quiet, one could have heard a pin drop on the cold floor. Then finally Uncle Arnold spoke up, "Jack, town is two whole miles from here and I don't think you could make it."

"Besides," Cousin David said, "we're snowed in here and you can't make it through that snow."

"I can and I will," Jack said determinedly.

"Jack, you're a brave man, but animals out there may get to you before you get to town, and how would we know it?" Aunt Elanor asked.

"I won't be killed out there. I tell you," said Jack. "I'll be really careful."

His family finally said all right, so Jack tried digging a tunnel through the snow. It took alot of patience trying to dig through the snow and Jack's arms hurt.

"I see trees!" Jack yelled after a while. His family came running to the door.

"Wow, those trees are like icicles out there!" Cousin Joseph exclaimed.

"I think you'd better take a rifle, Jack," Uncle Arnold said.

"Uncle Arnold, you know guns or rifles remind me of when dad died." Jack said. Jack's father got shot when Jack was only five years old which was twenty years ago. His mother died two years ago from pneumonia.

"I know, but has it ocured to you that you might get attacked by something out there?" Uncle Arnold asked.

"No, not really, so I guess I'll take my rifle," answered Jack.

Jack set out with plenty of wraps, a little food, and of

course money. With all that, he carried his rifle and the weight of his ownself.

He wished the horse and wagon weren't buried somewhere under the snow. He took about 1 hour for the first half mile. He sure was glad he was wearing snowshoes. After Jack walked one whole mile, he stopped to eat. He had some coffee which was not very hot anymore because there were no thermos' back in the 1850's. Jack was hoping that he would be able to make it to town quick. He got up and started walking again. He didn't go fifty feet when he saw a bear behind a tree. Jack try to yell but nothing would come out. He started running because the bear started walking towards him.

"Help!" Jack yelled. "Somebody please help me!"

He suddenly remembered that he had a rifle. He knew he had to use it no matter how much he hated to. He grabbed it off his shoulder and stood with it aiming right at the bear. He pulled the trigger and heard a loud bang. The bear fell down and started rolling around. Jack shot it again and that was the end of that bear. Jack walked a couple more hours and he finally saw town. He felt so happy that he could have yelled.

In about fifteen minutes, he was walking up the steps of the general store. He walked in and bought some groceries. He noticed a friend of his in the corner of the store and asked him if he could help get the groceries home with him. His friend said all right and within hours they were at Jack's house. Jack's friend, Joe, stayed for the night and went home the next day.

"In all that snow out there, I thought my brown hair would look white," Jack laughed.

"Well, at least we had a happy ending," Uncle Arnold said, and they all laughed and agreed that it was so true.

Third Place
Snyder Jr. High Seventh Grade
by Sharon Doty

Adventure with the Stock Market

After finishing a heavy pick-up load of hay, Coy and I plopped down in the shade of a mesquite tree.

Coy Johnson is my family's ranch hand. My name is Jonathon Baker, but almost everyone calls me Jon. I like living on a ranch because I get to ride horses and even help in the roundup.

Coy has taught me a lot of things. He taught me how to make a lasso, and how to swing it over my head. Coy even taught me how to whittle. I like to whittle because it gives me a warm feeling inside, a feeling that I'm a real cowboy. I look up to Coy because I know he's a real cowboy. Someday I'll be a real cowboy, too.

"Well, let's get back to work," said Coy.

"Okay, Coy," I replied.

"Let's go check on Martha. She should calve pretty soon. By the way, what will you name the calf?"

"I want a good name because Daddy said it'll be the last calf we'll have for a while. He is thinking about investing our savings in the stock market."

"If I can save enough money, I'm going to have my own herd someday," Coy told me this with a determined look on his face.

"I hope you can someday," I replied.

Coy opened the door to the old shed where Martha was. Coy patted her and whispered in her ear. He didn't think I saw him. I don't know why he would mind. Maybe he thinks it'll ruin his cowboy image, but I just think he's wonderful with animals.

"Oh Marty will probably have that little calf pretty soon, maybe by Saturday."

"Now let's go check on the horses," Coy suggested.

After we were through, I went into my room and marked Saturday the 5th on my calendar. Martha will either have her calf the third or fourth. Darn, she'd probably have her calf when I was in school. The reason why I don't think it'll be Saturday is

because Coy is late for everything he does.

I wondered why my dad wasn't home. He usually arrives about ten minutes after me and Coy are through, and it's been almost an hour. I went to the kitchen to ask my mom why he wasn't home.

"He went to a meeting with a stock broker to see about buying some stock," she told me.

Before I went back to my room I took the newspaper out of my father's chair. I turned to page seven. My dad spent most of his time on this page. I looked up Monsanto on the stock chart. This was the one piece of stock Daddy talks about. It had high ratings. Monsanto is a gas plant. I bet Dad would be lucky if he got stock in it.

"I'm home," yelled my dad from the front door. He sounded happy.

I ran to him and asked, "Did you get it?"

"Did I get what?"

"You know, Dad," I knew he was just kidding.

"Yes, yes, I did, but just because I have invested in the stock market doesn't mean we neglect our animals, does it?"

"Okay dad, but can I just see what a share of stock looks like?"

"Why, it's just a piece of paper."

"I know that, but it must have weird symbols on it."

"Okay, okay."

I was so used to seeing my dad reach in the back pocket of his faded jeans, but today he reached into his front pocket of his shirt. Dad even had double knit pants on.

I read the stock market every day for a week. Monsanto was about the same every day.

When I came home today I found Coy with Marty. Marty had given birth to her calf, I was hoping I would be home when she had her calf, but I knew somewhere in my brain she would because of the information that Coy gave me.

Marty's calf was beautiful she was black with white spots. The strangest thing about the calf was that its tail was a mix. Coy was excited about the calf, too.

"Do you know what you're going to name it," questioned Coy.

"I've been thinking and I can't think of anything, so I'm going to let you name it." I knew I wouldn't have to fuss with Coy because he would take any offer that had something to do with animals. After a few minutes Coy began to speak.

"How about Katy or Kate for short," Coy exclaimed.

"I like that name," Coy seemed to have a good name for every animal he ever had or even heard of.

A month had passed and I kept on checking the stock market day after day.

Today I was shocked when I saw the stock market. Monsanto was way down. The headlines read "Monsanto stockholder facing a crash."

My mom and Coy were listening to the news on the T.V.

"Don't worry. It'll be alright, Mrs. Baker," said Coy.

I tried to comfort mom, but she was prepared for the worst.

Dad came in an hour late. I knew he was worried sick. "Let's go take care of the animals," he said. "Where's Coy at?"

"I don't know, dad. You're not going to fire him are you? Please don't." I almost felt like crying.

"No, of course not, but he may want to quit," Dad said.

"Howdy folks," Coy said trying to be cheerful. I'm sorry about the stock, and I think that's a good enough reason for you to take this."

Coy had eight hundred and twenty dollars in his hand.

"I can't take that money Coy, I know how long you've been saving, and I think I

know why, it's for your own ranch isn't it.

"Mr. Baker, I know you'll pay me back in time, and I'm afraid I'm going to have to insist you take this money, Mr. Baker, I think you should consider your family."

Dad's head turned to the ground. "Okay, Coy I get your point, I'm going to pay you back as fast as I can, and we're also going to let the bank know about this.

"Anything you say, Mr. Baker," said Coy in a satisfied tone. "By the way, aren't you going to get out of this stock stuff?"

"Darn!" I forgot and my stock broker's office is closed by now, I guess we'll need to do it before we go to the bank."

"Fine with me."

I went to the breakfast table, Mom, Dad, and Coy were talking about the loan.

"Eat your eggs and bacon and let the banker settle your problem."

"Okay."

"Okee Doky," said Coy as if he hadn't a thought on his mind.

We were at the bank waiting in a lobby.

"Mr. and Mrs. David Baker and Mr. Coy Johnson," said a secretary at the bank.

I went in even though my name wasn't mentioned. Daddy and Coy told the story to the banker. The banker's name was John Harrington.

"Mr. Baker, how much land do you own on your ranch," asked Mr. Harrington.

"About twenty acres," Dad replied. Dad looked like a big question mark.

"Well, I have an idea, that would save quite a few problems. Mr. Johnson, I imagine, someday you'll probably want your own ranch, and the two of you seem like good friends, I recommend a partnership," Mr. Harrington looked at my dad and Coy.

"I like your idea, but I can't speak for Coy," said Dad.

"I like his idea to, but are you sure you'd like to sell some of your land to me," Coy said.

"Well I'd love to have a partnership with you, and I also need the money."

"Then it's settled, I'll draw up the papers and we can have them signed," said Mr. Harrington.

Coy went to the land he had officially bought. Within two days builders came and Coy's house was finished in about three months, he kept working with us until his house was finished.

Coy's family had a death, it was Coy's uncle. Coy talked quite a bit about his uncle. His uncle was an inventor, and very successful. When the will was read Coy's uncle had left fifteen thousand dollars to him. Coy's uncle's wife had passed away before and they never had any children. This was part of the reason why Coy got plenty of money.

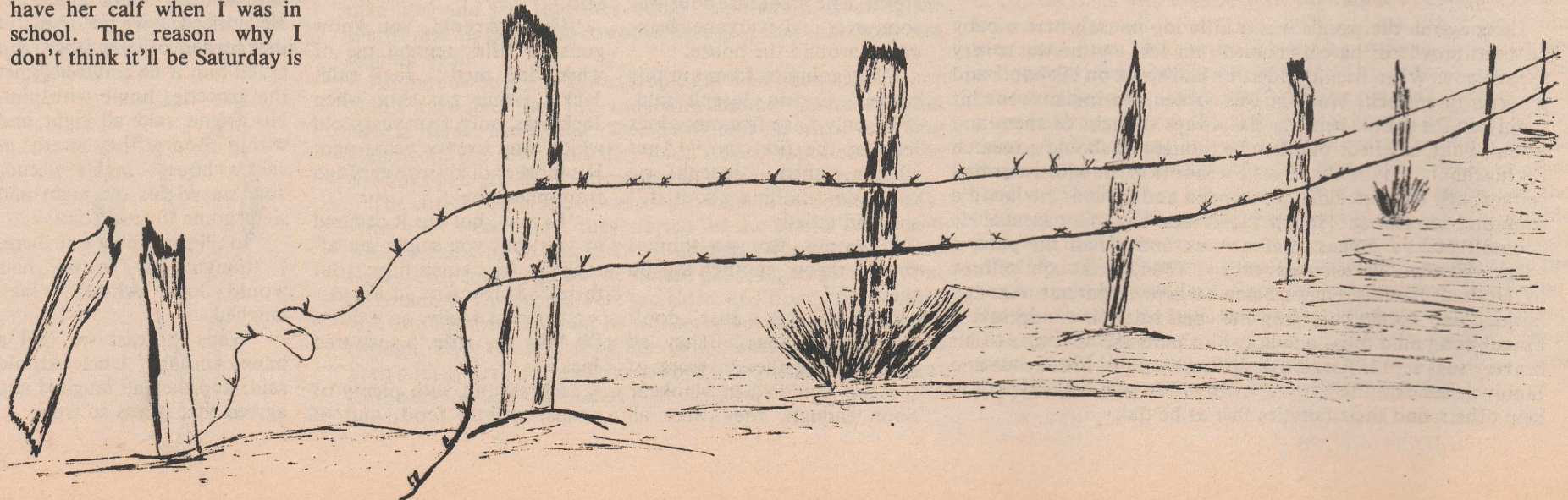
Coy also had been saving for the three months he had been working for us, and he also had some money left from before which equalled a good thirty thousand dollars.

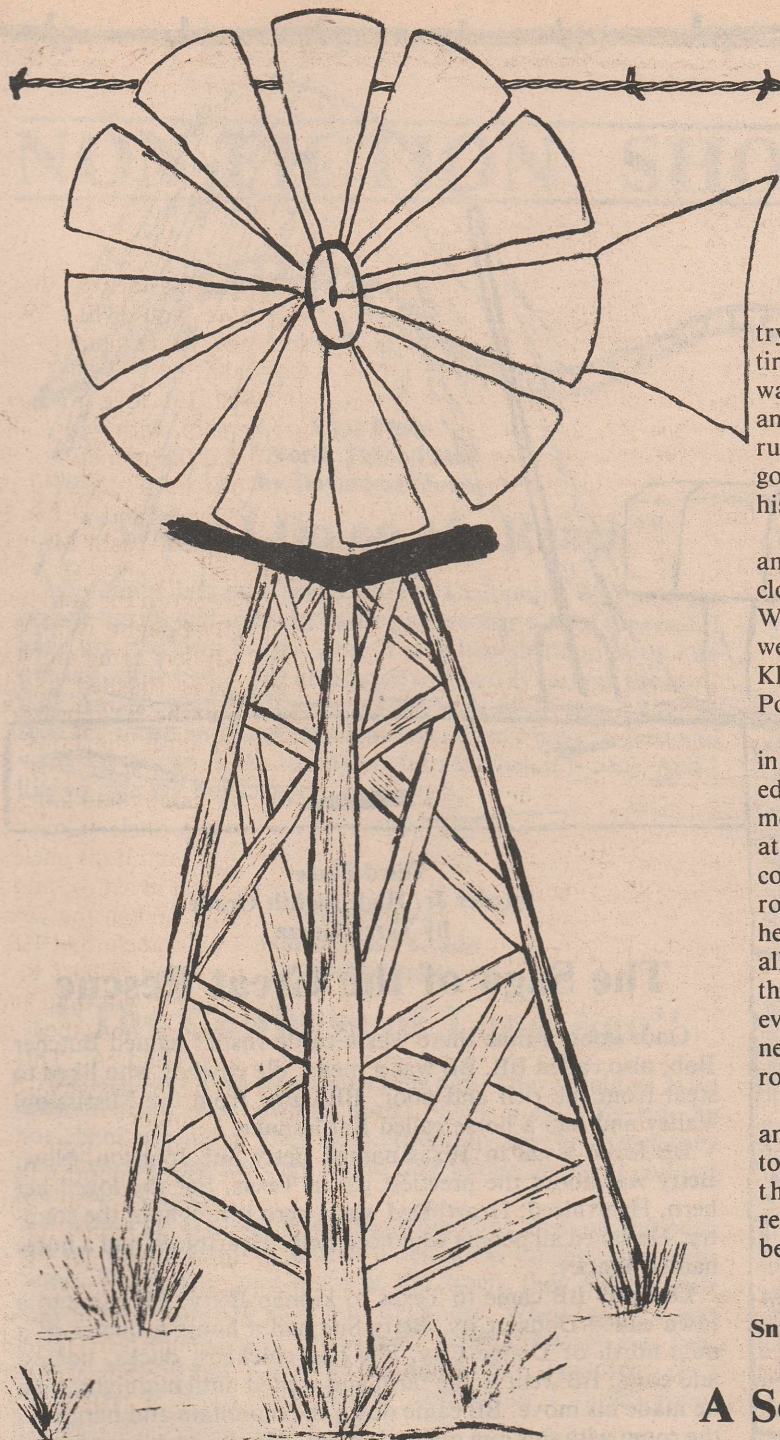
Coy invested his money in cows and horses. He had ten cows and five horses, he bred his cows and Dad had bred his horses. Since we were partners now we worked together like that.

Coy and Dad decided to sell a few animals and buy a few farm animals. They bought some chickens and hogs. Now the Baker/Johnson ranch and farm consists of horses, cows, chickens, and swine.

Dad and Coy went together and bought some racehorses. They also got a trained rider, Mom sells eggs, and Dad and Coy sell swine for show. Dad tried to get Coy to sell some animals for butchering, but that's one thing Coy refused to do. I'm on Coy's side too.

It's fun having a partnership, because you get to have more animals and you also learn things from each other.





Second Place
Snyder Jr. High Eight Grade
by Stephanie Warren

Once a Cowboy always a Cowboy

Last year Calvin decided to try something new. He was tired of being a cowboy. Calvin wanted to do something new and exciting, not the same old run-of-the-meat-thing. He was going to change the way he ran his life.

Calvin decided to go to town and buy him some new city clothes. He didn't want to wear Wranglers like every cowboy wears. He bought him Calvin Klein and Jordache jeans plus Polo and O.P. shirts.

He moved to an apartment in town. He was totally shocked at the price of his apartment. He was completely new at all of this, especially at cooking. He tried to cook a roast like his mom would, but he burned it. He tried cooking all other kinds of meals, but they wouldn't cook right. He even tried to cook a T.V. dinner, but it came out hard as a rock.

Calvin went home one day, and was looking for something to eat. There was nothing in the cabinets or the refrigerator. He decided he had better go shopping or starve to

death. He had a new car so he decided to drive it to town. It had automatic gears and everything else an automatic car would have. As he got in the car he wondered where the gears were. They weren't in the floorboard like his old pickups. He was driving fine until he got to the freeway. He started pushing all kinds of buttons. He was coming to a red light so he tried to slow down. He evidently pushed the cruise control button, and didn't know how to cut it off. He pushed all other buttons to try and cut it off. Instead, the Windshield wipers and water came on. "Whoa, whoa," he said. Finally he pushed the right button. As he drove up to the grocery store he said, "I don't want to drive that thing again!"

He went into the grocery store searching up every aisle getting fruits, vegetables, meats, and whatever. He was about to drop everything when a nice old lady asked him, "Would you like for me to get you a buggy? You look as if you need one."

He agreed to her although unknowing what a buggy was. Calvin was pleased to find out that it took a load off his hands. Finally he got to check out. As he got up there he said, "Wait one moment please. I forgot the bread." When he came back he said, "Oh, I'm sorry, would you wait just one more minute, I forgot the milk." He came back and the checker asked him if he needed anything else? Thankfully, he said no. Calvin sold his car and walked every where else he went.

Calvin invited his parents to come eat dinner with him Sunday. They accepted. When they got there they were shocked at how he kept the place. They said dinner wasn't too bad if you liked burned T.V. dinners. His parents could see he didn't like acting like a city boy. They asked him if he wanted to move back home? With the biggest grin on his face he said, "I thought you'd never ask."

Calvin said, "I guess that old saying is true: Once a cowboy, always a cowboy."

Second Place
Snyder Jr. High Seventh Grade
by Robert Neblett

A Son to be Proud Of

The sun's great heat fell on the Mansfield Ranch as a flock of graceful doves flew overhead. The ranch was like any other big cattle ranch located in Midwestern Texas. It was the 1800's and times were tough in Texas. Indians rampaged through the rugged landscape burning ranches, stealing horses, and killing anyone in their way. They wanted revenge from the white man for stealing their land.

The ranch was made from the wood of logs from the small forest by the corral. The corral was large and was located in the back of the wooden ranch house. Smoke billowed from the chimney of the kitchen as the cook fixed breakfast. Beyond the ranch house and corral lay a large pasture where the cattle were lazily grazing on the lush, green grass. The small woods lay on the west side of the corral, but almost surrounded the ranch.

John Mansfield, whose father owned the ranch, sat quietly on the fence of the corral. He was thirteen-years-old. He had blue eyes and golden hair. He stood about five feet tall and had a muscular body. He was a great help to the ranch hands.

The ranch hands were in the corral, trying to break a wild

bronco. John watched and wondered when he would become a cowboy. He leaped off the fence and headed for the woods. He liked to go to the woods to think because it was peaceful there.

"I need some time to myself," John thought. He reached a clearing and lay down. "Father knows I've learned how to ride a horse, herd cattle, brand the young calves, and break horses like the other cowboys!" he exclaimed. "He says I'm too young to be a cowboy," said John.

Then he heard a terrible noise. It seemed to be coming from behind a bush. John ran over to the bush. Beyond him, a wolf was fighting another wolf for a prairie hen it had caught. Quickly John ran away, knowing that the wolves were hungry and would attack him if they caught his scent. Suddenly, he tripped and fell. He had torn off a piece of his pants leg, but he jumped up and ran toward the ranch yard.

When he finally reached the ranch yard, John saw his father come running toward him. "John," he called, "you shouldn't run off like that. We've just gotten word that the Comanche Indians we fought for this land want it

back. Don't go off without someone with you!

Although the youth was only seven-years-old at the time, John could remember the horrible bloodshed and carnage for just two-hundred acres. This memory was painful because it was in that battle that his mother was killed. The Indians gave up after three days of battle, knowing their enemy wouldn't give up. These memories brought tears to his eyes. Then he ran behind the stables so he wouldn't be seen crying by the ranch hands.

Later that day, as Mr. Mansfield and Hank, a ranch hand, prepared to search for stray calves, John asked his father if he could go with them.

"Son, it only takes two people to search for stray calves," Mr. Mansfield replied.

"Dad, I could go with you while Hank looked somewhere else," said John.

"Well...I guess that's a good idea. Hank, you ride over the eastern grounds and John and I will ride over the western grounds!" Mr. Mansfield instructed.

As soon as John had finished saddling his horse, he and his father set off. As they were riding over the prairie grass, John had a feeling they were

being watched. Suddenly, they heard a wolf howl.

"That howling sends chills up my spine," thought John. Suddenly, from out of the darkness, jumped a huge grey wolf, eyes glowing and teeth bared.

"Jump, Dad!" yelled John as the wolf lunged for Mr. Mansfield's horse. The horse reared, and the tall man fell and hit his head on a rock. John leaped off his horse and grabbed the nearest stick, which, fortunately for him, was large and sturdy.

He hit the wolf, who had sent the horses running as fast as the wind, with a blow on the head. The wolf was so startled it went packing into the brush. John ran over to his father. Unfortunately, the wolf had mangled one of Mr. Mansfield's arms rather badly.

"I'll have to...What was that?" John exclaimed as he heard a bloodcurdling scream. What he saw made him sick. There, on the ground, was Hank, bloody, body broken, and scalped. Hank was dead, no doubt about it.

Knowing his father was in danger from the Indians who did this, John ran back to his father. He picked up his father and put him across his shoulders and started carrying him toward the ranch. It was a

long, tedious job, but John made it to the ranch.

He was horrified at what he saw. The ranch hand's bloody bodies lay scattered all over the ranch. The horses were gone and the ranch was in flames. The Comanches had had their revenge.

"Now what am I going to do?" wondered John. He ran to the storage shed, which was the only place not in flames. He got a wheelbarrow to lay his father in and a gun for protection. He lay his father in the barrow and sat down to think. The only thing he could do now was to go to the Johnson Ranch, fast.

The only problem was that his father's wounds were losing blood fast.

"I've got to get to the Johnson's ranch," thought John. He had a difficult time but he finally reached the ranch, where a doctor was quickly called. As John told Mr. Johnson his story, the doctor cleaned and bandaged Mr. Mansfield's wounds.

John's father's wounds healed well in a few weeks. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Mansfield decided to become partners. Because of his heroic deeds, John was added to the payroll and became a full-fledged cowboy. His dream had come true.

First Place
Midland Eighth Grade
by Jeff Lightfoot

Leroy Bacon - A Tall Tale

It was a dark Abilene night when a tall, bow-legged cowboy walked into the saloon from out of the rain. He went up to the bar and ordered a shot of whiskey.

"Why if it isn't Leroy Bacon," said the bartender, "You and your talking horse Lightning gotten into any mischief lately?"

"Sure have," said Leroy.

"Did I hear the bartender say something about a talking horse?" said a man standing next to Leroy.

"Yes sir," acknowledged Leroy.

"I don't believe that there is any such thing," remarked the man.

At this point Leroy proceeded to tell the man about some of his most memorable adventures.

"Me having a talking horse is just as true as the time I had to go to a ranch near San Angelo to brand a million head of cattle. It was a real tough job. Have you ever tried to

put MGMCTAEITWWATIY on a million head of cattle?"

"No, but what does WGMCTAEITWWATIY stand for?" asked the man.

"WGMCTAEITWWATIY stands for the We've Got More Cattle Than Anybody Else In The Whole Wide World And That Includes You Ranch."

Leroy continued, "Then I remember the time I was driving that same million head of cattle from San Angelo to Dodge City. During the trip we encountered a giant armadillo which frightened the herd and sent them on a wild stampede. I reached for my magic lasso, swung it around and around above my head and turned loose. The lasso encircled the entire herd of cattle. The combined strength of the giant herd almost pulled me off of Lightning, but I held on until finally the herd settled down."

"Magic lasso?" questioned the man, "Don't you think your carrying this a little to far?"

Leroy then recalled, "I also remember the time when I was riding through the Dakotas and Lightning told me that he smelled some Indians waiting to ambush me in the narrow, rocky pass up ahead. I noticed the crumbling walls of the pass and attempted to yodel in a high, glaring tone. This caused the sides of the pass to avalanche, burying the Indians under a pile of rubble. The few that lived through the ordeal I shot with my pistol containing Indian seeking bullets."

"Uh, yes Mr. Bacon this is

all very interesting, but I really do need to be going," said the man.

"Going," replied Leroy, "I'm just now getting to the best part. What I'm fixing to tell you is probably the most exciting thing that has ever happened to any man born to this earth."

With a sigh the man asked, "Could I have more brandy bartender?"

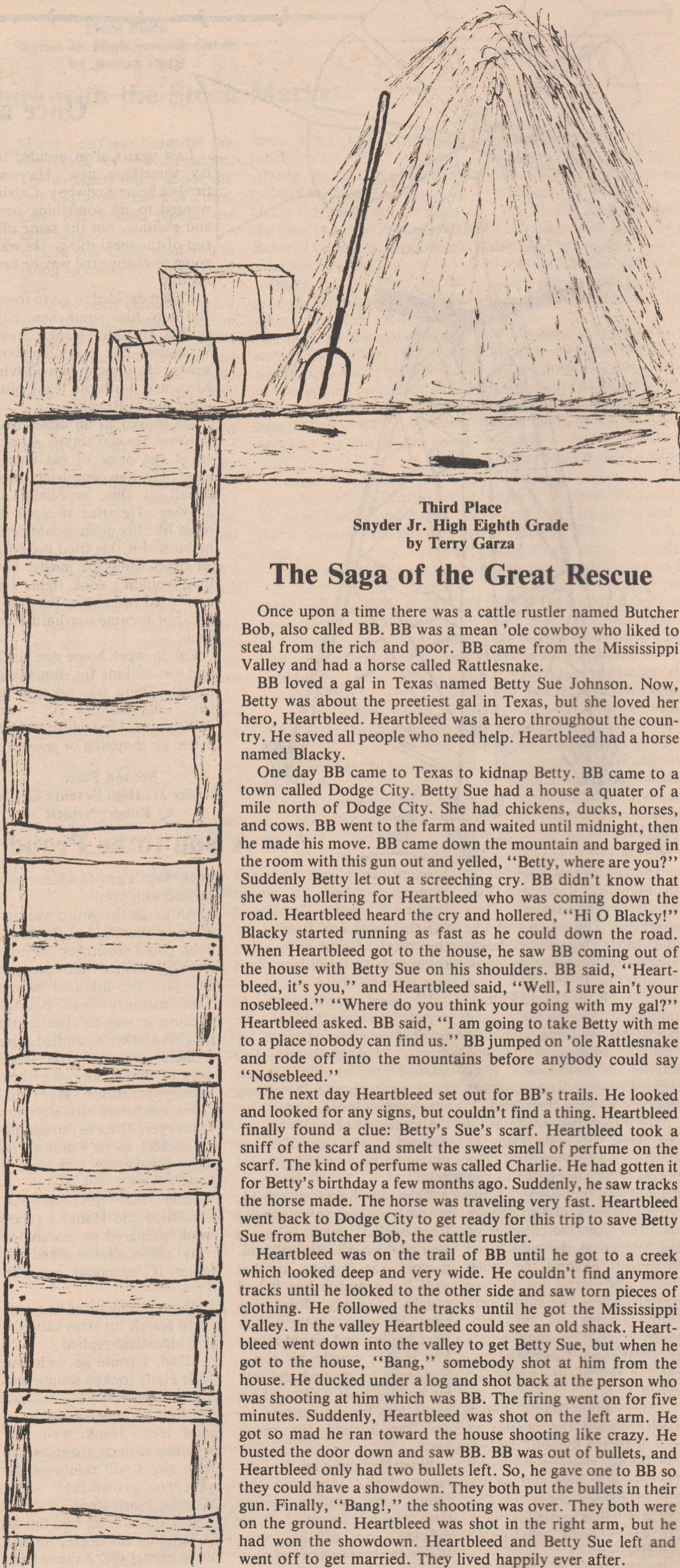
"More whiskey over here too," said Leroy.

Now Leroy placed his left foot on the brass rail above his boot and looked at himself in the mirror on the wall in front of him. His eyes grew mysterious and his eyebrows sagged.

"It all happed one Christmas day," said Leroy in a quiet, still voice. "I was hired to take the President of the United States from Ft. Worth to Tucson by stage. Only one horse pulled the stagecoach and that was my horse Lightning, the fastest and strongest horse on either side of the Continental Divide. Halfway to El Paso we ran into a band of Hell's Angels on an Easter egg hunt. Not having any luck hunting, they decided to kidnap the President and hold him for ransom. When I realized their intentions I hollered to Lightning, "Bolt!" Lightning began to run so fast that sparks flew from his hoofs. We began to outdistance the band of outlaws. But then, a deep ravine loomed on the horizon. May hope to escape began to wither. Suddenly, a tiny wooden bridge spanning the ravine appeared. Lightning struck the narrow bridge at full stride. As we reached the other side I turned to see the bridge burning behind us from fire set by Lightning. With no way for the outlaws to cross the ravine we were safe. Later after the President had returned to the capital, I was summoned to receive the nation's highest medal for bravery. The President also promised that when me and Lightning died, we would be cast in bronze and placed at the entrance to Texas Tech University."

"Well that has got to be about the biggest bunch of bull I have ever heard in my entire life," said the man laughing so hard that the whole saloon quieted to find out who was making all the noise. "Magic lasso's, Indian seeking bullets, talking horses. How totally and utterly ridiculous."

Just then, a deep, horsy voice from outside the saloon bellowed, "Show him the Medal, Leroy!"



Third Place
Snyder Jr. High Eighth Grade
by Terry Garza

The Saga of the Great Rescue

Once upon a time there was a cattle rustler named Butcher Bob, also called BB. BB was a mean 'ole cowboy who liked to steal from the rich and poor. BB came from the Mississippi Valley and had a horse called Rattlesnake.

BB loved a gal in Texas named Betty Sue Johnson. Now, Betty was about the prettiest gal in Texas, but she loved her hero, Heartbleed. Heartbleed was a hero throughout the country. He saved all people who need help. Heartbleed had a horse named Blacky.

One day BB came to Texas to kidnap Betty. BB came to a town called Dodge City. Betty Sue had a house a quarter of a mile north of Dodge City. She had chickens, ducks, horses, and cows. BB went to the farm and waited until midnight, then he made his move. BB came down the mountain and barged in the room with this gun out and yelled, "Betty, where are you?" Suddenly Betty let out a screeching cry. BB didn't know that she was hollering for Heartbleed who was coming down the road. Heartbleed heard the cry and hollered, "Hi O Blacky!" Blacky started running as fast as he could down the road. When Heartbleed got to the house, he saw BB coming out of the house with Betty Sue on his shoulders. BB said, "Heartbleed, it's you," and Heartbleed said, "Well, I sure ain't your nosebleed." "Where do you think your going with my gal?" Heartbleed asked. BB said, "I am going to take Betty with me to a place nobody can find us." BB jumped on 'ole Rattlesnake and rode off into the mountains before anybody could say "Nosebleed."

The next day Heartbleed set out for BB's trails. He looked and looked for any signs, but couldn't find a thing. Heartbleed finally found a clue: Betty's Sue's scarf. Heartbleed took a sniff of the scarf and smelt the sweet smell of perfume on the scarf. The kind of perfume was called Charlie. He had gotten it for Betty's birthday a few months ago. Suddenly, he saw tracks the horse made. The horse was traveling very fast. Heartbleed went back to Dodge City to get ready for this trip to save Betty Sue from Butcher Bob, the cattle rustler.

Heartbleed was on the trail of BB until he got to a creek which looked deep and very wide. He couldn't find anymore tracks until he looked to the other side and saw torn pieces of clothing. He followed the tracks until he got the Mississippi Valley. In the valley Heartbleed could see an old shack. Heartbleed went down into the valley to get Betty Sue, but when he got to the house, "Bang," somebody shot at him from the house. He ducked under a log and shot back at the person who was shooting at him which was BB. The firing went on for five minutes. Suddenly, Heartbleed was shot on the left arm. He got so mad he ran toward the house shooting like crazy. He busted the door down and saw BB. BB was out of bullets, and Heartbleed only had two bullets left. So, he gave one to BB so they could have a showdown. They both put the bullets in their gun. Finally, "Bang!", the shooting was over. They both were on the ground. Heartbleed was shot in the right arm, but he had won the showdown. Heartbleed and Betty Sue left and went off to get married. They lived happily ever after.

NON-FICTION SHORT STORY

First Place
North Third Place
by Raymond House

“What I Do on My Ranch”

My family lives on a ranch close to Clairemot. We get to get on our horses and walk the cattle to the other side of the road. I have my two own horses. One is a brown shetland pony and one is a white horse. We get to ride our horses early in the morning And we get to ride steers. Then after all of that I have to feed my sheep and then eat breakfast. Then I have to feed and water my horses. I like to ride my horses when it is cool. And I like to ride my horses very, very much.

Third Place
North Third Grade
by Debbi Jones

“The Cowboys of Long Ago”

The cowboys lived on a ranch long ago. They would sit at an open fire and sing cowboys songs. They could only ride by horseback or wagon. They would roundup cows and when they had them all together they would take letters on metal and put it on top of a fire.

It would get real hot. Then they would line them up and push one up so it could get branded. When it was finished they went home. When they were home at the ranch, they put up their saddles and reins and went into the house. When the stew was ready they all sat down for supper. When everyone was full, they all went to bed. They had had a hard day. Tomorrow they will have to work hard again. Sometimes I think about cowboys and cowgirls. It's fun!

Third Place
Hermleigh Sixth Grade
by Dawn Dodson

The Life Of A Cowboy

Cowboys live lonely lives sometimes. Some ranches are far from the smallest towns. A cowhand may go for months without seeing the men he works with. Early cowhands worked long hours mostly on the trail. Sometimes they suffer for sleep and sometimes broken bones from being thrown from a horse.

On some ranches cowboys did whatever was necessary. He may pitch hay, hunt animals, clear brush, brush horses, or mend gear, or equipment. He lived in a bunk house with other men apart from the other house where he lived. Their main job was to protect the cattle as they rode along the range. They often rode fence or patrolled to see if any fences needed repairing. Even today they have to work out on the range and camp wherever night takes him. They spread their bedroll on the ground for sleeping. A cowboy always sleeps with “one ear cocked” listening for any problems with the cattle or anything else. They get to eat a limited variety of food even fresh beef, salted pork, bacon, beans, and sourdough biscuits. The cook prepared the food and rode on the range in a chuck wagon. They ate out of tin plates sitting, standing, or resting. They also drank coffee out of tin cups or cans and very seldom at fresh fruit or fresh milk. This is still true in some areas. They spent their spare time talking, playing cards, reading, or just being bored. At night they were usually too tired to swap some tall tales, or just play a silly joke on someone. When they went to town they visited a harbor, shopped, and talked with other cowboys. Wherever they went they behaved as well as any other person that had been away from the ranch for months.

They often got to see motion-pictures.

They often had to drive cattle a long ways to market but the cattle stayed along with the wagon. They had to be able to herd cattle over rivers, bridges, and other things too.

Second Place
Hermleigh Fifth Grade
by Andrea Smith

Heading West

The Bishop family did not have much money. They had been saving money for five months, just to buy a covered wagon. When they got it, it was very small. But only four people would be riding in it: Ma, Liz, Beth, and Tom the baby. Pa and Curt would ride on horseback.

Pa said we were going to the West because of the free land. And Pa heard it was the best cattle raising and farming country in the world. Ma did not want to go. But she would not let her feelings show. When we started packing up to leave Middlebrouk, Ma cried. Pa said if you want to leave we will. But if you do not want to, we will not go. But she knew how much Pa wanted to go. Pa also said if we live here, I will sell the wagon so we can pay the rent. And we cannot live here. But I think deep down in Ma's heart, she wanted to go. And I was right. She said yes, she would go. The next two days we spent packing.

When Ma was through,

Curt was acting very strange and singing, “I will never see Mary Lou again.” He kept on and on. When he got on his horse, he was quiet. Ma got out and took Tom from Liz, and Ma walked around the house. When she got back, Pa helped Ma into the wagon. Pa helped Liz and Beth into the wagon, too. Pa got in to drive for a little while. Beth was worried. She thought they were going to be eaten by bears. She was just eight years old and a boyish type. Tom slept most of the time and cried the rest. Liz was thirteen. She did not care where she lived, as long as he had Tom to take care of. And there is Curt. He was seventeen and a bully. And was in love with Mary Lou Taylor. Now it was time to leave. Ma was crying again.

Nothing very exciting happened the first day. When we set up camp that night, Curt was trying to kill some birds. Liz was helping Ma cook supper. Beth was playing with Tom. Pa was feeding the

horses.

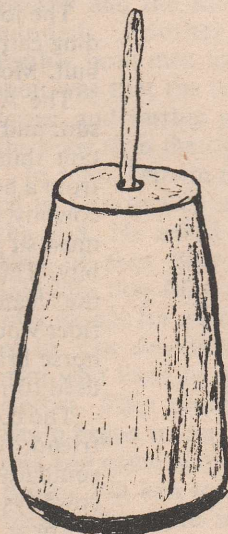
After they ate supper, they went right to bed. When they woke up, it was cold. Ma got out the coats and heavy blankets. Tom was getting sick. Beth loved the cold weather, but all of the other kids hated cold because they were very much afraid Tom would get sick, and he did. That afternoon was very long. About a week later, they met another family going West. They were the Billys. They had one child. Her name was Carrie. The Billys were afraid that Tom was going to die. Tom had been sick a long time. The Billys were right. About a month later, Tom Josh Bishop died. Pa built a little box to put him in; Curt built a cross. Ma didn't know what what Beth was going to do. But soon Beth became more like a kid than she had ever been.

Nothing much ever happened to them on the trail. And soon they reached their destination. In 1847 the Bishop family built a home two miles away from a very small town. As far as I know they lived a very good life.

First Place
Hermleigh First Grade
by Jimmy Digby

My Grandpa Is a Cowboy

Grandpa has horses. They eat hay. He has a black horse and had a donkey, but it died. He lives in a cabin in the mountains. Deer live near Grandpa's cabin. He has a bear skin hung up in his cabin. I visited him and had fun. He gave me a dog.



Second Place
Stanfield Third Grade
by Rachel McPherson

If I Were a Cowgirl

If I were a cowgirl I would ride bucking horses. I would name my horsie Strawberry because she would be red. I would wear chaps; cowboy hats; and spurs. I would be gentle to Strawberry, because she was gentle to me. I would do my horse's hair.

Then it would look nice. I would feed my horse pizza. (If there was pizza!) Then I'd go inside my log cabin and play chess or checkers with my sisters.

The next morning there would be snow on the ground. Then I would tell my sisters. Then we would get on warm clothes and go out and play all day, but we would come in sometimes for lunch and dinner. Then we would go in for bed.





First Place
Hermleigh Sixth Grade
by Crystal Caye Church

Cowboys: Yesterday and Today

There are many differences between the cowboy of today and the cowboy of yesterday. The cowboy of yesterday did not have all of the modern things of today. Those things include pickups, electric cattle chutes, and modern shipping techniques. They also had to drive their cattle in huge herds to get them to market. Cowboys of yesterday had to get up very early to feed and water their stock.

Today the cowboy does not have to get up as early because they do not have as much work to do, and their work is made easier with modern advances made in ranching during the past hundred years. Today's cowboy can enjoy a good breakfast before he feeds stock, getting to cattle herds in a pick-up is much faster than on horse back.

Now when ever a rancher wants to move his cattle all he has to do is gather them. Many large ranches use helicopters, or four wheel drive vehicles as well as horses to gather the stock. When horses are needed they can be trailered to the pasture saving valuable time. Portable corrals can be erected quickly at any spot needed, thus saving the cattle from long drives to existing corrals. Many large ranchers contract trucking companies to load and haul their cattle to major sales or shipping areas. Ranchers of long ago had to hire a lot of cowboys to ride out and find and gather cattle that were spread out over miles of unfenced open range. Once the cattle were found and grouped the chore of driving them to a central shipping point was a long, hard task that required weeks of hard work.

Cattle trail drives were one of the most exciting and colorful chores done by the cowboys of yesterday. On the trail the cowboys faced many dangers. These dangers included cattle stampedes, mountain lions, storms, hostile Indian, and sometimes the cattle themselves.

Whenever cattle stampede they go many different directions. A cowboy might spend up to three weeks just looking for all of the cattle that were lost during a stampede. Once all of the cattle are back together, the trail drive continues.

Sometimes during the trail drive if you were not careful, a mountain lion could get some of your cattle, horses, or even you. A mountain lion is very quiet, so it can sneak up on something very easily. Animals such as mountain lions were often the cause of cattle stampedes.

Storms on the trail drive were very common, especially in the winter. The cattle could often sense when the storms were coming, so a really good cowboy learned to watch closely the temperament of his cattle. When a herd was caught in a bad storm often many cattle were lost and the cowboys were in much more danger of being hurt.

Cattle are not always predictable, and often out on the trail drives they were easily spooked. When longhorns, cattle made native to Texas from Mexico, or any other cow with horns get spooked that is the time when a cowboy was most likely to get seriously injured. The cattle would stampede and this would often scare the cowboys horse, if the cowboy was thrown to the ground, or caught away from his horse or other protection he often was gored. Such an accident often caused fatal injury. Cowboys of yesterday and today respect the cattle they work with, but the cowboys of yesterday certainly were placed in greater danger doing their daily work.

Cowboys of yesterday and today share a love for the land that helps them do their work. Cowboys are often of an independent nature that allows them to adjust to the many problems that confront any person who deals with the forces of nature. The cowboy of long ago certainly had a harder task of caring for his ranch because he did not have the modern conveniences that cowboys of today may use to help them with their work. But, cowboys of yesterday and today have really earned the respect due any great American.

Second Place
North Sixth Grade
by Kathy Armstrong

The American Cowboy

All people probably think that the cowboy's job is the easiest in the world. That's not true. A cowboy's job is a hard job that takes skill, witt, endurance, and risking your life.

Most people think cowboys carry six-shooters like in the movies. Not any modern day cowboy carries a gun, most of them haven't even shot a person before, and cowboys can do a lot of things cowboys in the movies can't do. Why a good cowboy can rope three legs of a running steer.

Long ago cowboys had to drive cattle to railroads. Then they got payed and go to another ranch for work. When cowboys were on drives almost anything was enough to start a stampede. At least one cowboy's life was lost in a stampede. Sometimes cowboys sang to the cattle in a smooth low voice to settle them down. The cowboys really didn't sing a song but instead, by reciting words he read on a flour sack, or on the label off a coffee can.

The jobs of a cowboy was mending fences, driving and branding cattle, treating an injury or illness to a cow, calf, steer, or bull. Most cowboys today know how to steer a helicopter.

The American cowboy uses his hat as protection from the sun, and as a dipper to drink water. Chaps are another important thing, chaps protect against cold weather, or protection from a horse trying to bite your leg. Another important thing a cowboy uses is his saddle. Before a cowboy buys a saddle he must sit in them, testing them every way they can before they buy. The rear of the saddle, where it curves upward, is called the "cantle." The cantle had to be high enough so that the rider would not slip backward after roping a steer and when his horse braced himself to stop the steer. The cowboy's rope was used to rope steer and calf that wandered from the herd.

The cowboy's horse is his co-worker, companion, servant and friend. If the cowboy is working by himself the horse keeps him company. Most all cowboys think that they wouldn't be cowboys if it weren't for their horse.

There is only two things every American cowboy hopes to achieve, and that's a bowlegged walk, and to go any place a cow goes and stand anything a horse can stand.

ESSAY

Third Place
Snyder Jr. High Seventh Grade
by Kim Massey

My Favorite Cowboy

My favorite cowboy is my uncle. His name is R.E. Massey. He and his wife live thirteen miles west of Seymour, Texas, on three hundred acres of land. He grew up on this land which he bought from his parents.

R.E. is tall and slender and has black hair with a little gray mixed in. He is fifty-four years old. Most of the time he wears jeans, a western shirt, boots, and a cowboy hat. He has an older sister and a younger brother, who is my father.

After graduating from high school at Seymour, R.E. went to Texas A&M, and then served in the U.S. Navy during World War II. After World War II, he worked on ranches in Colorado and Texas until he bought his own land at Seymour.

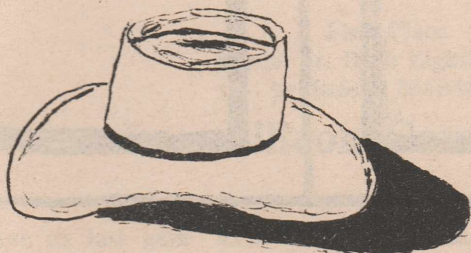
When my sister and I were little, we would visit him and he would take us riding on his horses. He is very patient and enjoys kids even though he doesn't have any of his own. He has worked with many kids

teaching them to rope calves and to race barrels. He is always willing to share what he knows with others. He quit roping in rodeos, but still enjoys watching a good one when it comes along.

One time when R.E. was working with horses and my grandfather was helping him, my grandfather got three fingers cut off with a rope. R.E. had to rush him to the hospital, and after that, would not let my grandfather help with the horses.

Now R.E. breaks and trains horses for roping. He keeps calves at his house to use in training the horses. When he is teaching the horses, they learn to stay beside the calf and to pull the rope tight when the calf is roped. He does this over and over until the horse knows what to do.

Although R.E. has had other occupations at the same time, and ranching is not always his main source of income, he enjoys being a Texas cowboy most.



Was Billy the Kid really shot to death by Sheriff Pat Garret on that July night in 1881, or was someone else the victim? Historians today are positive that the grave at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, holds the body of Billy the Kid, but there was one man that disputed that claim. He was Brushy Bill Roberts of Hico, Texas. William H. Boverts, also known as Brushy Bill, jokingly told the people of Hico that he was Billy the Kid. No one really believed him and few do now.

The people of Hico described Brushy Bill as a flashy dresser, friendly, and great at telling stories. Some of his stories reached William V. Morrison in Houston, and he became interested in Brushy Bill. Brushy Bill talked to Morrison and Morrison began to believe that Brushy Bill really was Billy the Kid, which prompted Morrison to write the book *Alias Billy the Kid*.

Brushy Bill told Morrison that he was born on December 31 1859, in Buffalo Gap, Taylor County, Texas. It has been told that Billy the Kid was born in New York in 1859. Katherine Ann Bonney was said to be Billy the Kid's mother, but Brushy Bill said she was really his aunt and that Mary Adeline Dunn was actually his mother. Most outlaws did not reveal information about their families. There are few contrasts between the two men, but several comparisons.

According to historian George W. Coe, Billy's hands were small and supple, allowing him to slip his hands out of handcuffs. Morrison questioned Bill about how he could slip his hands through the handcuffs. Bill showed Morrison his rather large wrists and small hands, then he laid his thumbs inside his palms, and then held

out his hands without a bulge. Billy the Kid was a rather small man with small hands and feet. Brushy Bill was also a small man wearing a size seven boot. He weighed one-hundred sixty five pounds and was five feet, eight inches tall. Both Brushy and the Kid were left handed. Another unusual feather both men had in common was that the left ear was larger and farther away from the head than the right ear. In 1934, Darwin Smith talked to George Coe about Billy the Kid. He asked Coe what kind of man Billy was, Coe told him that Billy was a man who fought for what he believed in. Coe described him as a man who liked to wear flashy clothes. Fifty years later Mr. Smith began tracing his family tree and came across the story Brushy Bill had told. He then became interested in trying to

find more about this man because it appeared that Brushy Bill may have been a relative of his. Darwin Smith is my grandfather and is a resident of Hico.

Brushy Bill's story told to Mr. Morrison is almost exactly like the books written about the Kid. Brushy Bill possibly may have read these books, but if this is true, he couldn't have remembered so many things in such detail. He was also able to tell facts that weren't written in the books. Brushy Bill could not read well, and it would have been hard for him to be able to read the books and remembers so much. Mr. Morrison contacted several people to try to prove Brushy Bill's true identity. He found people willing to talk to him about the Kid, showing him letters and pictures confirming Brushy's story.



Second Place
Snyder Jr. High Seventh Grade
by Holly Fuller

A Day's Work

My Dad and Grandad work on ranches all over West Texas. Both of them have had lots of experience. During the branding season my granddad will get a call from the ranch foreman, who asks him if he wants to help drive the cattle in to be branded or dipped. He usually says yes. Then he calls my dad and asks him if he wants to help, which he usually does.

Early the next morning about 4:30 or 5:00 a.m., my dad gets up to dress and eat. When he gets through he checks to see if he has his walking cane and his hot shot. Then he drives over to my granddad's house and gets the horses. When they have the horses loaded in the trailer, they put everything they're going to need in my granddad's truck. Then they take off to the ranch.

When they get there, everyone goes to the coffee shop. There they make plans and pick out the groups that will go together. Everyone gets their spurs, chaps, hot shots, and walking cane ready to go.

They use the spurs to kick the horse to make it go faster. With the chaps the cowboy protects his jeans. The chaps are worn on the legs and are sometimes called "leggings". The waling cane is just a regular walking cane that you jab the cattle to make them go where you want them. The hot shot is a long metal stick that has a part to shock the cattle. It is operated by battery.

My dad hasn't had any serious accidents, but he has been kicked, stepped on, and bucked off. My granddad has had a concussion and a broken collarbone. He and another cowboy were chasing a calf that had gotten away from the herd. They collided and my granddad broke his collarbone.

He also had another accident about two months ago. He and my dad rode out too far and got lost. My dad heard the other cowboys across a hill. Granddad's horse, Shotgun, heard the other horses, got excited, and tried to jump some bushes. Underneath the bushes were big rocks. Shotgun's belly

hit the rocks and caused him to fall and roll over. Granddad landed first on his shoulder and elbow. Dad went over and helped him up. He wasn't hurt very much, just skinned up and bruised.

By the time they get all the cattle in to be branded, it is usually dark. The ranchers work under big lights. It takes about an hour for 100 cows to be dipped. The reason it takes so long is because they get about four cows and spray one side and then the other side. The cattle are sprayed for ticks and flies.

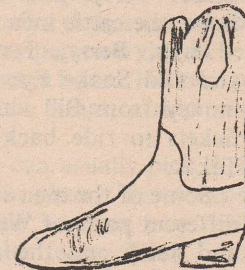
It also takes a while to brand the cattle. They brand the cattle so if the cows get lost they can easily be identified. The ranchers build a fire and heat the branding iron. Some ranches are more modern and have electric branding irons.

It normally takes one week, working ten to eighteen hours a day to accomplish all the tasks. Three or four hundred head of cattle are branded in a week.

Though the work is hard, Dad and Granddad like working during roundup time.

First Place
Snyder Jr. High Seventh Grade
by Nika Knight

The Kid in Hico?



Brushy Bill said he wanted to die a free man. He and Morrison went to Santa Fe, November 29, 1950 to try and clear his name. It was brought out that Pat Garret and the Kid were childhood friends and if Garret had killed Billy, why didn't he collect the reward? Many people at the time of Billy's death thought that it was a conspiracy and that Billy was still alive. They showed the evidence to the governor, but he only laughed in their faces and said the real Billy the Kid was buried at Fort Sumner, New Mexico.

Brushy Bill went back to Hico a sick man. On December 27, 1950, he died of a heart attack on the main street of Hico. His stories did not die with him, but are living on with my families research and also with Mr. Morrison's research. Someday maybe we will know the truth about Brushy Bill Roberts, alias Billy the Kid.

Second Place
Hermleigh Seventh Grade
by Gary Gunset

The Cattle Drive to Oklahoma

In the winter of 1750, four men were going to drive a herd of cattle from West Texas to Oklahoma. The four men were Jack Thompson, Terry Jackson, Berry Jackson, and Jerry Jackson, the leader.

Jerry Jackson and all the other men knew it was going to be hard to take the cattle to Oklahoma since it was not long until the snow would come. Jack, Terry and Berry took their horses and rounded up the cattle. Jerry helped Old Snake Eye, the cook, get the chuckwagon ready to go. Even Old Snake Eye had doubts on making it to Oklahoma before the weather got real bad, and Jerry knew it.

Mrs. Jackson, Jerry's wife, told Jerry and all the other men she had heard from a lot of people in town that snow was to start falling soon in Oklahoma. Jerry told his wife good-bye, and the men started on the dusty trail.

For the first few days, they thought they were doing pretty well. Old Snake Eye had killed a deer, and they had deer meat with their cornbread and coffee.

Jerry stopped at the chuckwagon and talked to Old Snake Eye. Snake Eye told Jerry that the hunting would get worse. Jerry told him to do the best he could in finding the food.

One morning the men woke up, and they saw thick clouds in the sky. They started to take the cattle on down the trail. Soon they saw a snow flurry, but the men didn't pay too much attention to it, and just kept on going. Finally, it was time to rest the horses and the cattle. The men went to the chuckwagon to talk to Old Snake Eye and eat whatever Old Snake Eye had to eat. It was getting late so the men just went to bed.

When the men awoke the next morning, they found snow falling, and it had already covered the ground with a thin layer. All the men, especially Jerry, knew they had to hurry because there would be ankle deep snow before long. The trail was getting harder and harder to ride on. The cattle didn't want to move and the men's horses didn't want to move either. The men lost a lot of cattle, as some of them wandered off from the herd and the men

couldn't see them, but the men moved the remaining herd on toward Oklahoma.

About noon that day, the men gathered in a circle to talk about the rest of the trip. The chuckwagon couldn't go any further because the snow was too deep. They knew they would not have any more cooked meals the rest of the trip, but decided to leave the chuckwagon behind. Jerry and the men rode hard for the rest of the day. They drove the cattle till night. They all slept terrible that night, but they did get some rest.

Early the next day, they gathered in a circle and told each other that they would try to make it the rest of the way that day. They started down the snowy trail.

The cattle were moving along at a good rate. It had stopped snowing. Very late that day, the men could see buildings up ahead of them. There were children out playin in the snow. One of them went to tell Bill Jameson, the cattle buyer, that they were coming. Bill ran out to open the gates for the cattle. Jerry and the men drove the cattle into the pens.

Jerry, Berry, Terry, Jack and Old Snake Eye got their money from Bill and bought tickets to ride back to West Texas.

Some of the men stopped at different parts of West Texas, and Jerry and the rest went back to Jerry's ranch.

Today's cowboy and ranch life are sometimes different from the traditional image most people have. On our ranch we have T.V.'s, radios, air conditioners, and heaters. We don't sing songs and gather-round a campfire in the evening when it gets cool, as some people imagine a cowboy and family would do. Another thing that may surprise you is we don't even own a horse. Instead we have pickups, tractors, bulldozers, trucks, and go-carts.

Until I moved to Snyder, I didn't realize how hard living on a ranch can be. There is always something that needs doing. We're either fixing a windmill or a fence, checking cattle, or taking care of a sick cow. One thing we have learned from living on a ranch is never to expect things to run

smoothly. This is probably no different than ranch life has always been. There is never a dull moment or peaceful one for the rancher.

The major event on a ranch is and always has been the round-up. Most people do call it a round-up, for once the cattle were rounded up to drive to market or to brand, but we have a "round-up" for a different purpose. For us, we "work the cattle." My dad and friends, who have come to help, climb in the pickup and drive through the pasture honking the horn. When we see the cows coming we turn around and drive to the lots. When all the cattle are in, we separate the mother cows from the calves. My aunt and I sometimes help by throwing the small calves and hold them while my dad, grandad, and

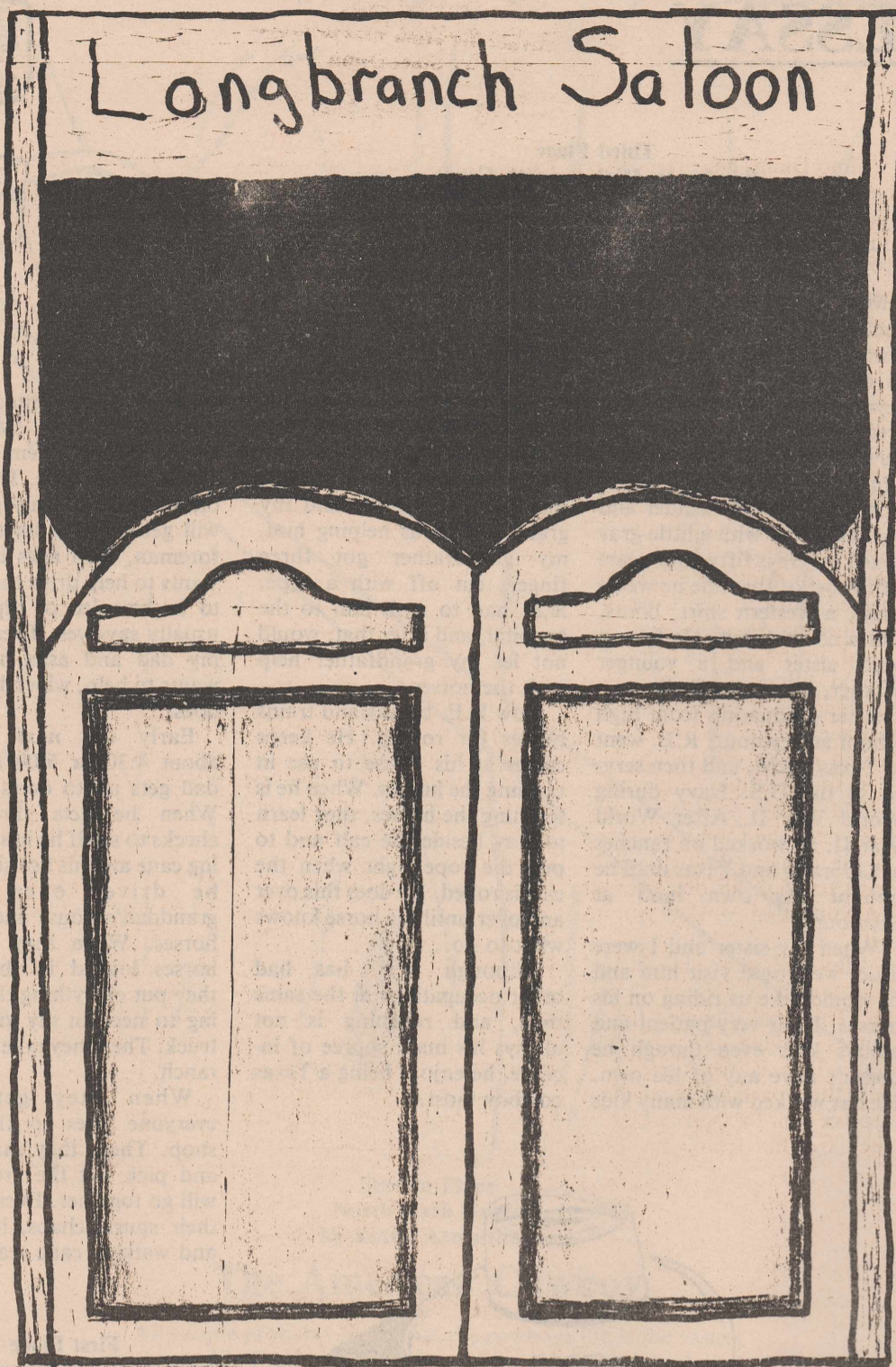
uncle are giving them shots, eartags, brand, and beef-builder. Then after we finish we drive up to our house where my grandmother usually has something good ready to eat. Normally we can finish working around one hundred calves in about three to five hours. We don't use anything electric, such as branding irons but we do use beef builder pellets on the steers. These pellets are implanted in the ear to help the steer gain weight for auction. Normally they gain from fifteen to twenty pounds in a matter of months.

My dad bales his hay in round bales which weigh about fifteen hundred (1500) pounds. He also builds his own livestock tanks with his bulldozer. He uses his bulldozer to make terraces on dirt roads, so when it rains it

can't flood the roads.

Boot, hats, and jeans all have a special purpose. They're not worn just so you may recognize a cowboy. Boots are to protect him from cactus, catclaw, and even rattlesnakes. Hats keep the eyes shaded and reduce sunburn to the forehead and eyes. Jeans are harder to rip, so they are used to protect the legs from plants and sharp objects. Scarfs were also used during the cattle drives of long ago to reduce sunburn to the neck and were worn over the mouth and nose to keep them from breathing in the dust.

Most cowboys don't live up to the stereotype many people have about them, but there are some that do. There are many different kinds of cowboys, and I have just told of one - the modern cowboy.



Second Place
Snyder Jr. High Seventh Grade
by Melissa Hodges

The Modern Rancher

Second Place
Snyder Jr. High Eighth Grade
by Staci Dunn

My "Bo-Bo"

Elmo Dunn, hereafter referred to as "Bo-Bo," was born August 16, 1913. He moved out to the Triangle Ranch in 1926. He went to school in a pasture school house, then later to Vincent, Snyder and Colorado City schools.

Being a cowboy was just natural to him. He grew up in the environment of a cowboy. He was a cowboy because he liked working with cattle and riding horses.

Bo-Bo helped bring in the first cattle on the Conrad Ranch in May of 1928. He helped work at the Conrad's all the time. He got no pay. Instead, in the fall the Conrad's would bring a hat or some clothing as a gift. When he worked for the Conrad's, they would get up at daylight and then at lunch the chuckwagon would bring the food. But then later the food was served in the homes. Women would have to cook all day because everyone that worked got to eat.

"Bo-Bo" saw and helped with a trail of 1700 black cattle. This trail included ninety horses driving the cattle to Itan. This is what they did with these particular cattle and also their own. The cattle were put on the freight train to Fort

Worth. Then they slept overnight in the box cars. Back then, there was no water in this country. They had to buy their water just to wash their faces.

Bo-bo, his father, and his five brothers sold and raised mules from 1926 to 1938. In 1933 and 1934 a calf was only worth five dollars but a yearling mule was worth one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

During the Depression they would kill a calf and eat it. They would have to stay at home because there was no money.

Bo-Bo lived twenty-six miles from Snyder and twenty-six miles from Colorado City. Halfway from the towns there were no roads, just two ruts.

Back then, cowboys had to do everything. They had to build the first fences on this land. They had to build all the tanks with a freso, a plow pulled by four mules (now tractors). A man had to stand behind it and operate a handle that would dump the dirt or keep it from digging in the ground. If the blade hung on a rock or stump, the man holding the handle would get thrown over the freso by the mules. Many people got hurt this way. The cowboys also

had to farm. This was all in addition to working with cattle. Now, one doesn't really have to do much to be a cowboy.

In 1932 screwworms were very bad. They had to leave to tend the cattle at daylight and return at 6:00 P.M. They ate no lunch and had to drink tank water. They had to rope the cattle and care for them seven days a week.

For recreation BoBo and the neighboring boys would do many things. For example, they didn't have to go to a rodeo. Bo-Bo's father let the boys ride everything but his milk cows. (examples-mules, broncs, cows, steers, etc...).

They would also ride over to Lake Thomas (only canyons) and play follow the leader by sliding to the bottom on horses.

My grandfather is a wonderful man. He has a great sense of humor and he's fun to be around. He's seventy years old and he still rides horses, rounds up cattle, repairs fence, works the fields and anything else you need. I hope I'm that active when I'm seventy.

Bo-Bo is a living tribute to the wonderful world of the American cowboy.

First Place
Snyder Jr. High Eighth Grade
by Judson Morrison

Silicon Cowboy

The sun gave its last gaze over the horizon. The soiled, stiff figure mounted his jeep. With a roar the mechanized horse rumbled over dusty trail. As the vehicle neared the ranchhouse he reigned it and dismounted. When he entered the towering structure he could hear a high pitched hum. He carefully picked his way through the dark chambers. At the end of the hall he could faintly see a green phosphorus glow. He entered the room and was seated. His hands instinctively reached for the keyboard. The sound of information ringing in his ears. Thus the life of a Silicon Cowboy.

The Computer Age is dawning, and the cowboy is not exempt from its electronic finger. Even though the cowboy described above is only one of 5 percent of all commercial farmers using computers that number is growing 20 percent each year.

One of these exemplary cowboys helps his family run

its 2800 acre ranch near Dallas. Outside, the winters first snowflakes have dusted low slung roofs of the six red and white barns. Inside the two room office building he slips a disk into his computer and types "D" (for dial) and a telephone number. He is immediately connected to the Texas Farm Bureau's newly computerized AgriVisor service. It not only gives him weather conditions to the west and the latest cattle prices on the Chicago Commodities Exchange, but also offers advice like: should farmers continue to postpone the sale of their newly harvested cotton? The computer answers, "Remember that holding on for a dime or a nickel may not be worth the long-term wait."

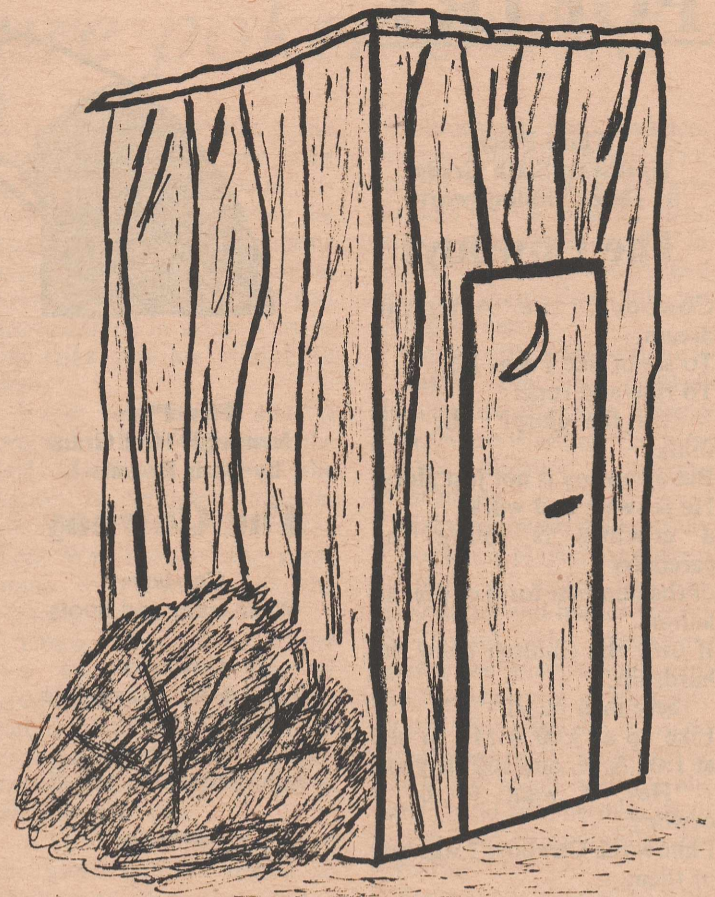
Our friend started out playing computer games on an Apple II, but then "those got shoved into the file cabinet." He began computerizing all his farm records which was not easy. "We could keep track of the cattle we sold in dollars,

but we couldn't keep track of them by pounds and numbers at the same time."

He started shopping around and finally aquired a \$12,000 combination at a shop in Lafayette, Indiana. It included a microcomputer from California Computer Systems, a video screen from Ampex, a Diablo word printer and an array of agricultural programs.

Our cowboy's computer now knows the yields on 35 test plots of cotton, the breeding records of his 350 head of cattle, how much feed his cows have eaten, and at what cost. "This way you can charge your cattle the cost of the feed when you sell them, and figure out if you're making any money," he says. "We never had this kind of information before. It would have taken to long to calculate, but we knew we needed it."

Many advancements have been made in the field of agricultural technology, and many more will be made in the future. The sky is the limit.



Art work by: Erika LEE

Third Place
Snyder Jr. High Eighth Grade
by Skip Jones

Drug Store Cowboy

I am going to tell you a little bit about a drug store cowboy and how he differs from your everyday top hand. You can't really call a drug store cowboy a cowboy because all he is is an everyday person trying to be a cowboy. Chances are, he's never even seen a horse. He may go out a spend four-hundred dollars on boots, a hat, a shirt, and pants just to try to look like a cowboy.

You can usually pick these guys out from the real cowboys by their phony Texas accent. You see drug store cowboys everyday whether you realize it or not. They usually wear Wrangler jeans, Tony Lama boots, and a Stetson hat. The might roll in the dirt for fifteen minutes trying to get the cowboy look.

You can also pick out the drug store cowboys from the real guys by their walk. If you don't get them by their accent, you'll get them by their walk. This is where he usually makes his biggest mistake. To be bow-legged you have to stay on a horse for a really long time, right. Well, this guy thinks he can perfect a bow-legged walk with just ten minutes of practice each day for a week. This is really stupid. It's just like when everyone wanted to learn to walk like John Travolta.

Now I would like to tell you a little about how a cowboy dresses. They usually have a Kmart brand shirt. This usually costs between a dollar ninety-nine a two-fifty. They have only one pair of Wrangler jeans, which they never wash, and a black Stetson hat. Most drug store cowboys wear Tony Lama boots, but some go for those Anaconda or lizard boots. He has some socks he purchased at TG&Y which have stripes and the top and come in color combinations of red, blue, red/blue, green, yellow, green, yellow/green, and purple. They usually have a big gold a silver belt buckle which has his name on it. When he's not trying to be a cowboy he's out trying to drive his tough Ford pickup he thinks is cool but everyone else hates and thinks is a health hazard.

They usually have a girl friend that is stuck-up and has some stupid name like Cindy Lou or Mary Jo.

Now that I have told you a little about a drug store cowboy I hope you can tell them apart from the real John Wayne's.

POETRY

Third Place
Northeast Sixth Grade
by Derek Hollingsworth

The Cowboys

Cowboys, the American dream,
To shoot like Pecos Bill,
To ride and rope.
"Oh the glory!" the kids think,
But a cowboy is not just glory.
He is sweat and work,
a cowboy is being the caretaker
of the dumbest form of life, an animal.
If only the children knew the hardships
these men faced.
Like up at 3:00 A.M., to bed
at 1:00 A.M. and still they say
"Hey, I want to be a cowboy."
I know the Cowboy, I was one of them.

First Place
Northeast Fifth Grade
by Diane Tolbert

The Famous Cowboy

There once was a cowboy
Who lived on a ranch,
He traveled all day
On a horse named Prance.

His saddle, a pillow
His blanket, a bed
And under the stars
He laid down his head.

He woke up next morning
With the chuckwagons bell.
The flap-jacks were cooking
With a delightful smell.

Many cattle to brand
Is the task of the day.
And the cowboys brand
Is a JJ.

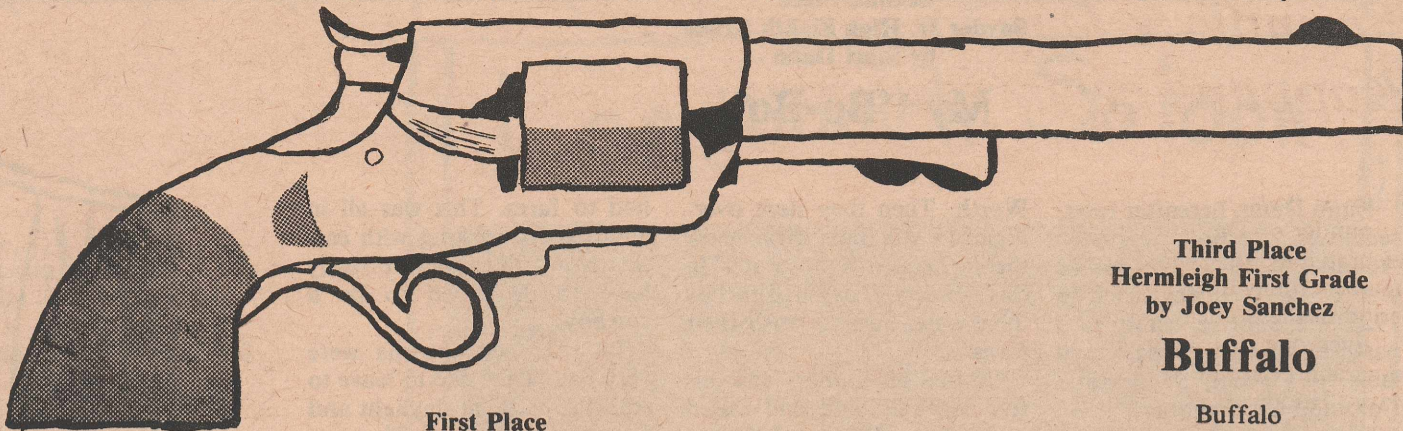
A project and contest sponsored by Scurry County Museum and Western Texas College.

Contest Judges:

Sherry Kafka Wagner	Consultant, Arrow Associates
Rebecca Tillapaugh	Midland College
Stanley Williams	Odessa College
Janet Halbert	Western Texas College
Dr. Ed Barkowsky	Western Texas College

Entries are presented unedited. Typesetting, layout and design furnished by staff members of *The Western Texan*, the Western Texas College newspaper, Snyder, Texas.

A 1983 project partially funded by a grant from The Texas Committee for the Humanities.



First Place
Midland Kindergarten
by Amy Mills

"Cowgirls"

Cowboys ride their horses so fast,
They go like the reindeer
in the fall.

In a rodeo they go so fast
hat I like it
They toss their lassos on the
cows and tie their leg up
for photographs.

When I grow up I'm gonna be
a cowgirl
and ride in the rodeo.

Second Place
Hermleigh First Grade
by Shannon Jones

Cowboys

Cowboys
Are big, Wear boots,
Like to ride horses
Kill deer, Skin them,
Feed cows, Take care of
calves.

First Place
Northeast Sixth Grade
by Rana Eicke

Cowboys

There is a cowboy, his name is Shank
He has a black horse and his
job is to flank,
He has a cowboy friend, his
name is Hank.

Hank rides in the place of the
drag,
He brings up the stragglers
who always lag.
It is very dusty, so he wipes the
dirt off with a rag.

The cowboys equipment in-
cludes chaps and spurs.
The chaps protect his legs
from 'skeets and burrs
The cowboy kicks his horse
with the spurs.

And off they go down the
Chisolm trail,
You're left behind if you're
very frail.
But you can still hear their
high pitched yell.

Third Place
Hermleigh First Grade
by Joey Sanchez

Buffalo

Buffalo
Are brown and big,
Have horns, Eat grass,
Run fast,
Live on a ranch.

First Place
Snyder Jr. High Seventh Grade
by Rebecca Vestal

Roundup

Roundup
Hot dry winds moaning
Cactus spines piercing the boot
Thunderstorm coming

Cowboy

Cowboy
Strong, Sturdy
Riding, Roping, Rodeoing
Tired, Tough
Cowboy

Cowboys In The Night

In the stillness of the night
The cowboy roams the plain.
No place to hang his hat.
No one to call his name.

Western winds that never cease.
Dry swept sand stretching far.
Loneliness sinks in so deep.
Comfort comes from a single star.

Second Place
Northeast Sixth Grade
by Susana Rodriquez

The Rider called Fighter

Once there lived a rider
who could ride like the stars.
He was called the fighter
because he had a fist like bars.

He lived on a ranch call Rider Ranch.
He would take the ranches cattle
across the sunny desert.
And if he heard a rattle.

He would grab his gun.
And if he saw something move.
He would shoot the snake with one bullet,
and kill the snake.

Then he would throw it clear away.
And when it reached the stars.
It made a shape like a snake,
and can be seen today.

He the fighter can be known today
as the best fighter today.
Because he was nice he will always
be remembered in the heart someway.

Founder's Day unfolds; Kappans celebrate today

by Joyce Wallace

Founder's Day is being celebrated by Phi Theta Kappa members today during activity period in the Student Center.

"Everyone is invited to come and celebrate with us," Mary Hood, PTK sponsor said.

Hood stated that PTK was founded by the American Association of Junior Colleges Nov. 19, 1929.

Mayor Rod Waller signed a

proclamation Tuesday making Nov. 19 PTK Founder's Day in Snyder.

"Starting this year PTK and Senate will honor someone on campus for outstanding service to students," Hood said. "A plaque will be presented to this person during the reception."

A drawing for the Dallas Cowboys vs. Kansas City Chiefs game on Nov. 20 is also scheduled at this time.

'Strike O.I.L.' expresses student leadership assets

Members of the Student Senate attended the Association of College Unions-International regional conference Nov. 11-13. North Texas State University in Denton served as host.

Students attending the conference were John Moesch, secretary; Dean Mackey, vice-president; Veda Owens, treasurer; Annette Diller, president pro-tem and sponsor Mickey Baird.

"The theme of the conference was 'Strike O.I.L.' which means organized, inspired and leadership," Baird said.

The keynote address was given by ACU-I president-elect LeNorman Strong titled 'Through Effectiveness; Inspiring Through Design.'

The students went to sessions involving conflict management, problems and solutions at student activity programs, how to find time for yourself, you're a leader, so what?, and clear up and clean out your identity.

"It was a very rewarding conference. The students attending learned a lot of personal as well as institutional strengths and weakness," Baird said.

Who's Who committee selects student candidates

The committee for Who's Who Among Students in American Junior Colleges has been selected.

Heading the party is dorm director David Harr. Committee members include Bettie McQueen, occupational/technical program director; Dr. Ed Barkowsky, communications/letters division chairperson; Mike Otto, science assistant professor; Dr. Mary Hood, counseling services/testing director; Pam Johnson, student activities assistant director and John Gibson, art assistant professor. Dean Mackey and Erika Lee are the student

representatives.

The committee will be choosing students who have been nominated by faculty members for consideration into Who's Who.

573-7582

**Burgess-McWilliams
Pharmacy**

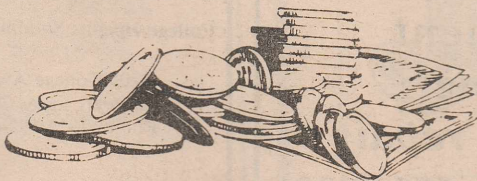
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ODDS AND ENDS

Exams lure poker crowd

by John Dunnam

Like it or not it's all part of college life, and prudent students have probably started getting prepared already. After all, final exam week is not that far away.

Some will be caught short, others will rely on their natural intelligence to carry them through, and still others, even though prepared, will buckle under the pressure. I'm referring, of course, to those late night poker games that reach their peak in popularity and participation during final exam week.

There is nothing that stimulates your concentration on the game more than the knowledge that you should be cramming.

If you're more prudent than prudent, the idea of gaming anytime may shock you. Thus it is doubly important that you begin preparing mentally now, so you can concentrate on the cards instead of your conscience.

Don't think of poker as a vice, consider it your patriotic duty. It is the free enterprise

system in action. Profit is the motive, and it is one man against all others. Social advantages are leveled during the game, even family connections mean ought. Individualism counts in this game and you are rewarded in proportion to the risks you are willing to take.

Poker is a native son, it evolved in New Orleans in the early 1800's and grew with the nation. Its conquest was complete when both armies of the Civil War brought the game home with them when the fighting stopped.

Despite the fact that poker has been the passion of presidents and other notable public figures, or perhaps because of it, the game is considered about as respectable as beating your kids.

A lot of the ill favor toward the game can be traced to Hollywood where they love to perpetuate the myth of fortunes changing hands in one hand, and card sharks preying on the callow and innocent.

When a card game is played on the screen, it always leads

to bloodshed and violence. You can bet on it. In real-life it needn't be that way. Choose partners with at least the same caution you would exercise in picking up a hitchhiker, and never bet more than you can afford to lose.

Among aficionados there is a saying that the greatest pleasure life affords is playing poker when winning. The next greatest pleasure is playing when losing.

Many condemn poker solely because it is played for stakes. Stories of life savings squandered and homes wrecked abound. The arguments against the game sound a lot like the rhetoric against any object of scorn, be it video games or rock music. The touted end result is always the same: total ruin here on earth and eternal damnation in the hereafter.

Everyone is entitled to their own opinion, but one observation bothers me. Show me a person who doesn't approve of a friendly game of poker, and I'll show you a domino player.

Secret pals surprise instructors

A 'Secret Pal' project honoring faculty members is underway. The Student Senate Entertainment Committee is sponsoring the activity.

Senate members drew names during their November

meeting to determine who their 'Secret Pals' would be. Each member has two teachers.

The project continues through Dec. 6. The 'pals' will be sending notes, gifts and

clues to their teachers. The teachers are supposed to guess who their 'Secret Pal' is.

Names will be revealed Dec. 7 at a breakfast being held in the cafeteria. Senators will purchase their 'pals' meal.

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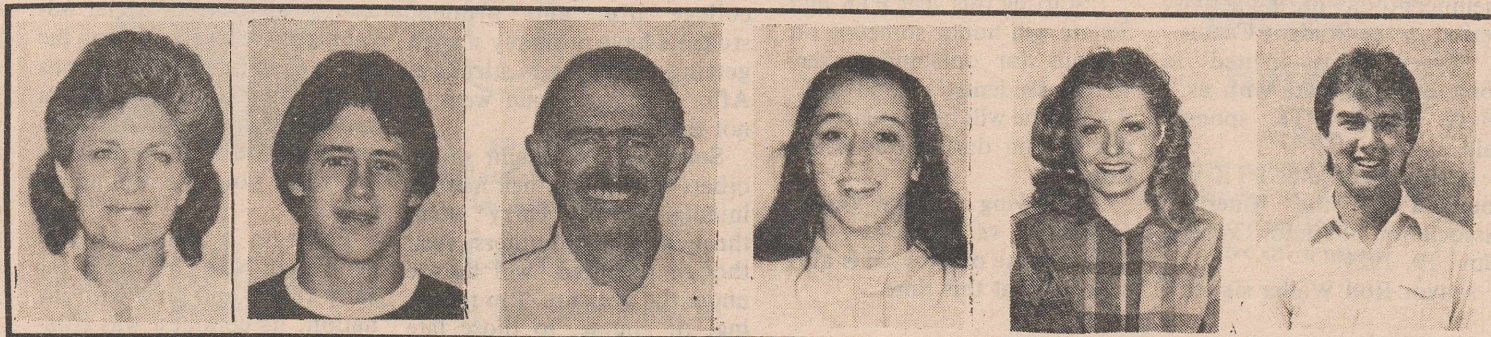
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573-1131

Sports



The armchair quarterbacks



	MICKEY BAIRD	JOHN MOESCH	DUANE HOOD	BRENDA JOHNSON	DARLA DOTY	CLARK DENNIS
Monahans vs Canyon	Monahans	Monahans	Monahans	Monahans	Monahans	Monahans
Lakeview vs Estacado	Estacado	Estacado	Estacado	Estacado	Estacado	Estacado
Texas Tech at Houston	Houston	Texas Tech	Houston	Houston	Texas Tech	Houston
Baylor at Texas	A&M	A&M	A&M	A&M	A&M	A&M
A&M at TCU	Texas	Texas	Texas	Texas	Texas	Texas
Kansas City at Dallas	Dallas	Dallas	Dallas	Dallas	Dallas	Dallas
Minnesota at Pittsburgh	Pittsburgh	Pittsburgh	Pittsburgh	Minnesota	Pittsburgh	Pittsburgh
*St. Louis at Dallas	Dallas	Dallas	Dallas	Dallas	Dallas	Dallas
*Pittsburgh at Detroit	Pittsburgh	Pittsburgh	Pittsburgh	Pittsburgh	Pittsburgh	Pittsburgh
*Thanksgiving Day games						
Last Week's Record	6-2-1	6-2-1	6-2-1	5-3-1	6-2-1	5-3-1
Season Percentage	.666	.666	.575	.575	.545	.575

Monahans vs Canyon
 Lakeview vs Estacado
 Texas Tech at Houston
 Baylor at Texas
 A&M at TCU
 Kansas City at Dallas
 Minnesota at Pittsburgh
 *St. Louis at Dallas
 *Pittsburgh at Detroit
 *Thanksgiving Day games

Four playoff teams qualify

It's coming down to the wire in intramural sports. Regular play has nearly ended and the playoff's are about to begin. Four teams from football and volleyball will advance to the finals.

The No. 1 team will face the No. 4 team while No.'s 2 and 3 will play each other. The winners will then play for the title and trophy. 'We're going to give t-shirts to all participants this

semester,' Phil Spradling, assistant intramural director, said.

In flag football action, Fleet Express downed East Second Alki's 12-2 while Rough Cutt shut out I Tappa Keg.

Parker's Hour of Power won 22-0 over Punk Rockers. The Crown Royals forfeited a game to the Powerhouses.

Silver Bullets defeated Powerhouses two games-to-zero in volleyball action while they dropped a match to Powder River 2-0.

The Fixx fell to Faculty I, 2-1 and the Sixers, 2-0. Parker's Hour of Power triumphed in two games over Faculty II.

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KEITH HACKFELD, OWNER

Linksters finish third

by John Foster

WTC golfers managed a third place finish in the last tournament of this semester. The Second Annual Tapatio Springs Intercollegiate Golf Tournament was held in Boerne, Tx, Nov. 1-2.

They shot scores of 309 and 296, respectively, for a 605 total. This was only two strokes behind second place New Mexico Junior College with 603, and 13 strokes behind first place McLennan College with 592.

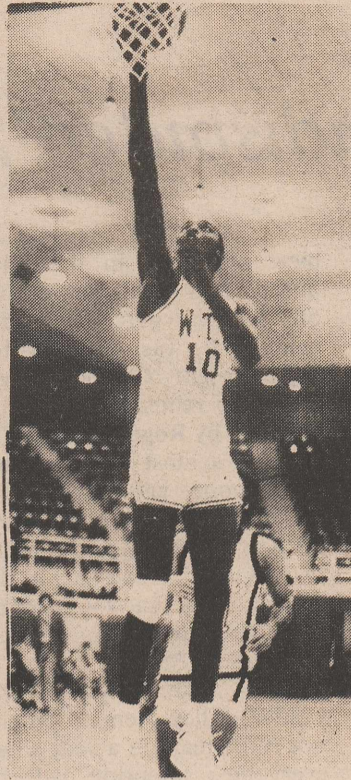
On the second day of play, WTC pulled within two shots of McLennan with only four holes left to play, and lost 11 shots on these four.

"We knew we would have to shoot low to catch McLennan, and we may have pushed too hard coming down the stretch. In doing so, NMJC slipped by us," Coach Dave Foster said.

"We went out and beat ourselves on the back side. Hopefully we learned a lot this semester," Foster continued. "This has happened to us a few times this fall, when we have come back and then thrown shots away on the final holes."

Sophomore Mike Standley lead the team in scoring by combining scores of 72-73 for a 145. Clark Dennis shot 76-71 for a 147 total. Mark Ingebrigtsen tallied scores of 78-76 for a 154. Jim Batjer shot 83-77 to finish with a 160 total and Joe Don Davis shot two games of 82 for a 164.

Standley put some pressure on the race for Individual Medalist with his 145 score. He was only one stroke behind second place Mike Ketcham of Odessa with 144, and a mere two behind medalist Gill Murry of McLennan who finished with 143.



LEAP FOR TWO—On a fast break, New York sophomore Fred Johnson, goes to the hoop. —Mike Luera photo

Defense bags Ranger

by Jeff Gibson

The Westerners hosted Ranger Junior College Tuesday night at Scurry County Coliseum for their third home game.

Richie Fells and Larry Banks clocked in and started the Westerners rolling in the first half. Going into halftime the 'hit man' Floyd Singleton was slowed down with three fouls. The Westerners were down by three at the half 33-30.

"We started slowly and that hurt us in the first half," said Victor Spencer, freshman guard.

The hoopsters did start off slowly but Ranger threw the ball away at crucial moments in the second half.

"We really played sloppy the first half. We knew we had to do better if we wanted to win," freshman Anthony Smith said.

The hoopsters went up by ten with nine minutes left in the second half. Shooting 78 percent from the line the ballers kept the spread and won the game 78-68.

The high scorers were Richie Fells 19, Smith 19 and Larry Banks 18.

It didn't take long for WTC and Laredo to 'get it on' in the Laredo Classic last Thursday. Just 17 seconds into the contest Coach Barry Davis was hit with a technical.

Laredo opened the game with a jump shot out of the corner and held the lead. The halftime score was WTC 30, Laredo 43.

Late in the second half the game got out of hand. The Westerners credit it to poor officiating. "Someone could have gotten hurt," Vince Turner, Gary, Indiana freshman, said.

The men lost in the first game of the Classic 72-56. Banks and Fred Johnson finished the night with 10 points each.

In the second game the hoopsters played Lon Morris. They came out smoking, hitting ten quick points. Morris quickly called a time out.

The Westerners went into the locker room at the half with a ten-point spread.

The second half started and the Westerners kept one foot in the door as they went on to win the ballgame. "We knew the Lon Morris game was important so we took advantage," Smith said.

Banks finished the night with high honors and 19 points. Johnson capped 16, Singleton added 15.

In the final game of the classic, WTC played a disciplined Hill College.

The Westerner game was based on good defense as they switched from man-to-man to a zone and sometimes pressed.

As the first half's seconds ticked down, the hoopsters had to be satisfied with a three-point lead.

Fells and Banks came out hot the second half, but it was team defense that slowed Hill down. The team never gave up the lead and ended the game with a seven-point edge, 83-76.

Squad wins tri-state meet

In the eighth annual Arkansas-Louisiana-Texas Judo Tournament, the WTC team won the team trophy with six first place titles.

The team traveled to Bossier City, La., Nov. 5 for the meet.

Jim Cottingham took the men's 172-lb. and under division while Kurt Johnson won the 209-lb. bracket.

In novice competition, Jon Adams and Eric Stevens won 156 and 132-lb. divisions, respectively.

Kevin Burns won the 15 year-old heavyweight title.

Jean Anderson placed in both the women's 123-lb. and under and women's open division, gaining first and second honors. Margaret Anderson

was third in the 106-lb. division.

Bobby Davis wound up with two third place titles. One in the 189-lb. bracket and another in the men's open.

In the 132-lb., Tye Hair and Stevens placed second and third, respectively. Stacey Bledsoe finished second, and Don Boone third in the 143-lb.

Cowboys descend in regional standing

The rodeo team started off with a bang on the opening night of the Texas Tech rodeo this past weekend.

Dale Gideon made an 80 point ride to set the pace in the event. Gideon's performance, however, was not followed by the rest of the team, as his first place ride was the only one the team managed.

Also placing for the men were Jeff Waldrop sixth in calf roping, Van Hale fourth in saddle bronc riding and Randy Bomar fifth in steer wrestling.

The team totaled 63 points to finish seventh. Tarleton State University won the rodeo with 243 followed by Sul Ross with 207. This point spread difference moves TSU into se-

cond in the region and pushes WTC to third. Sul Ross remains in the lead.

Sheila Fifer was the only girl to place. She tied for third in the break-a-way roping.

"Neither team performed

up to their potential," Coach Bob Doty said.

The team will not compete again until next semester when they travel to Fort Stockton for the Sul Ross Rodeo Feb. 16-19.

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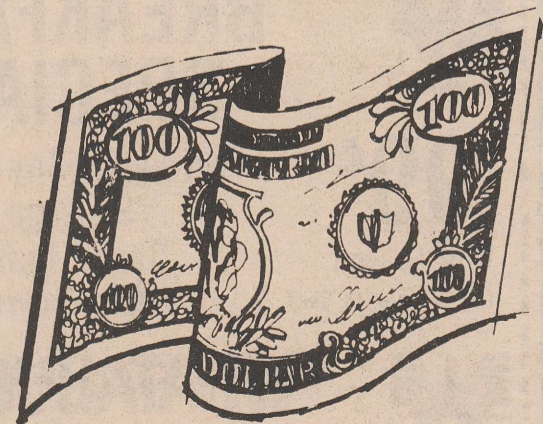
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Notes from the bench



John Moesch

Hagler 'undisputed'; Houston takes a first

Undisputed world middleweight champion Marvin Hagler proved he is truly the champion, in a hard-fought 15-round decision over 'hands of stone' Roberto Duran.

Although Duran and Hagler both collected purses in the millions, it's probably Duran's last fight. The fight fell short of media hype, but for those millions watching on closed circuit TV there was no 'No Mas' this time.

Duran gave it his best shot. Who needs four world titles anyway, right Roberto? He'll settle with three, he's not greedy!

In this week's 'whudda thought' department, consider the Houston Oilers. Give yourself a pat on the back Chuck Studley. You accomplished something in three weeks that Ed Biles couldn't turn in 16.

The Oilers win Sunday over the Lions marked win number one in 18 outings dating back to last year.

I doubt this milestone will change Earl's mind about moving, but at least Houston fans treated themselves to a party that was long overdue.

Poor Rafael Septien — this wasn't a happy Sunday for him or the Cowboys. The San Diego Chargers won their mudfight with Dallas to drop the Cowboys into a tie with the dreaded 'Indians' of D.C.

Danny White even showed us that he has a temper as he

blew his stack in the third quarter and let his tension out on a Charger lineman's helmet. It was deja vu for those bright Cowboy trivia fans who remember a similar outburst by Roger Staubach in a game against the Redskins many moons ago.

Septien's extra point foul-up was the margin of victory in this one. However, it did show Landry that you can't be a fourth-quarter team forever.

How about the Boston Celtics? They seem to be the hot NBA team in a year when everyone's attention will be focused on a 7-foot 'tree' in Houston named Sampson.

Boston has zipped to a 7-1 start and are playing great basketball.

On the other side of the coin, NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien plans to call it

quits when his contract runs out in February. This comes in the midst of a referee lock out. It's been one of the few blemishes on the NBA name during O'Brien's tenure.

He was relatively free of strikes and drug problems, which is a credit to O'Brien and the sport of basketball.

The talk around campus seems to be the basketball teams. Both squads are off to super starts; the Westerners at 4-1 and the Dusters at 5-1. Both coaches have the teams prepared and looking pretty good.

If this pattern continues, WTC basketball fever may run rampant again as it has in the past. Again, only time will tell.

Finally, there's high school football. The Texas schoolboy playoffs are off and running.

Teams to watch are Odessa Permian in 5A, Lubbock Estacado in 4A, Littlefield and the Post 'bold gold' Antelopes in Class 3A, Hamlin in 2A and the Roscoe Plowboys in Class A.

Snyder fans will be seeing playoff action in Tiger Stadium. If you have a chance, go watch these games. It's truly an outstanding, inspiring sport.

Before I close, here's some trivia. Roger Staubach received only one penalty in his long pro career. It was a personal foul in a game against the Redskins. Name the player that Staubach slugged. (Here's a hint: He's retired). I'll let you know next week.

The Bowl picture is starting to shape up and I'll analyze that in my next column.

Clayton inspires 5-1 Duster slate

by Toby Villa

The Dusters boast a 5-1 pre-conference record led by Mary Nell Clayton's 19.6 point per game average.

They finished play in the Cisco Classic last weekend with two wins and one loss.

In the final game, the girls defeated host team Cisco Jr. College 74-66.

At halftime, the score was 40-28 in WTC's favor.

Renvy Evans finished with 21 points followed by Clara Campbell with 20. Campbell also boasted 14 rebounds, five blocked shots and three steals. Clayton netted 18 points and five assists.

Also suffering a defeat at the hands of the Dusters was Western Oklahoma College, 75-64.

Clayton scored 22 points,

Campbell 18 and Rhonda Hoelting seven. Campbell brought down 11 rebounds while Clayton and Hoelting had five steals apiece.

The Duster defeat of the tournament and year was against Henderson. Clayton once again led the scoring lineup with 22 points in the 88-79 loss. Patti Hayes and Evans put in 15 points each.

"I was pleased with the team's performance Friday and Saturday as far as defense goes," Coach Joe Cushing said.

"I feel our loss was due to over confidence but sometimes you have to lose to learn how to win," Cushing added.

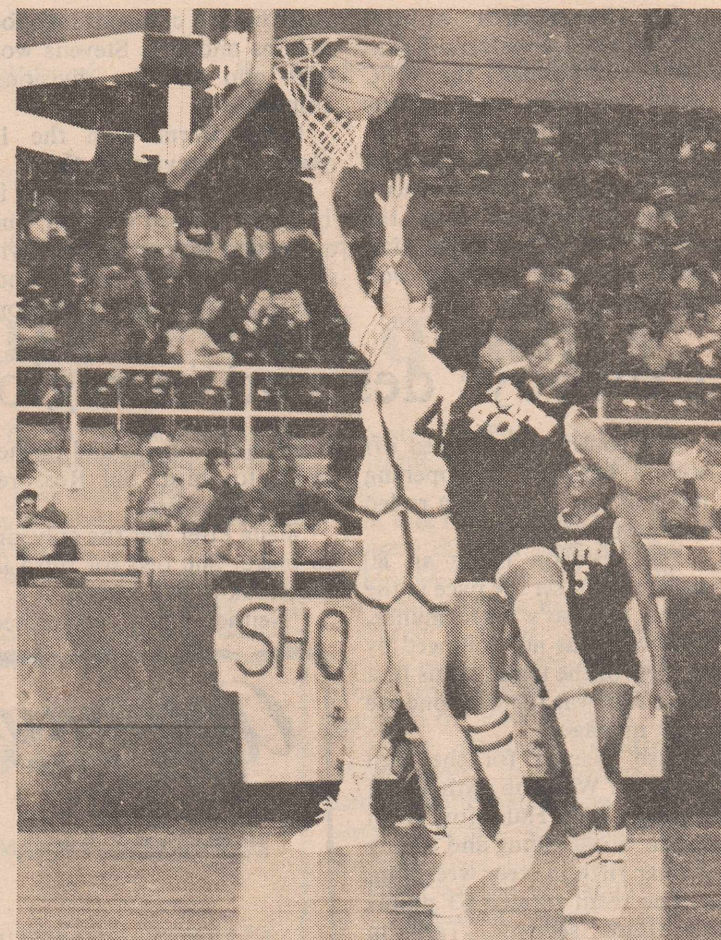
In a close, come from behind win, the Dusters defeated Cooke County College 73-71. At the half, the

Dusters were trailing 43-34, but made a tough comeback.

Clayton was high scorer with 21 points followed by Campbell at 19, Evans at 10 and Karen Kuykendall at 9.

The women had a tough game against Grayson College but kept their poise with a 64-62 victory. With 23 total points, Clayton helped the Dusters overcome a five-point deficit in the final minute of play to win.

The squad will face Weatherford Thursday at 10:00 a.m. in the Howard Tournament in Big Springs. Not only will they get an opportunity to play in another tourney but they'll be able to view three teams in their conference. In preseason predictions, Odessa was picked to win the conference.



BATTLE IT OUT—Co-captain Patti Hayes puts in two points despite a Weatherford defender. —Kevin Starnes photo



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