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78TH ANNUAL OLD SETTLERS REUNION



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Early day gathering of the Old Settlers Reunion at the Springs.

(Tribune file photo)

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Motley County Tribune

"VOICE OF THE FOOTHILLS"

ESTABLISHED 1891 | THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 2001 | ISSUE NO. 34

50¢

87-year-old Roaring Springs hotel being restored as Bed & Breakfast

by Marisue Potts

Agent Henry Black described Roaring Springs in glowing terms in his 1914 land promotion booklet: a new light plant and water works, parks planted with 1500 Carolina Popular and Black Locust trees, a new brick school, a stylish railroad depot and freight docks, and the latest in hostelry.

"Roaring Springs boasts of a large brick hotel, wired for lights, plastered throughout, each room fitted with stationary wash stands, a bath, sewerage — in fact, this hotel will be found to be modern and up-to-date in every respect."

According to Edith and Glennard Daniell, new owners of the historic hotel, what was modern then is archaic now. As they started work toward their goal of making the 87-year-old two-story hotel into a bed and breakfast facility, replacing incredibly old wiring received top billing. Wires, in an ancient frayed jacket, were wrapped around ceramic insulators, nailed to the beams, and all were replaced with the new state of the art wiring.

Then, they focused on the leaky roof. Upstairs, they had to keep moving buckets and kiddie wading pools to catch elusive drips. In one corner the moisture and dry rot took its toll.

"In this corner, you could see from the dirt to the stars," the Roaring Springs native declared and indicated a pristine white corner where replacement of joists, ceiling beams and sheet rock had created magic. The cost of a new roof would rival the cost of the entire building, purchased from Marian Alice Mitchell Jones.

The sewer, one progressive for 1914, had been placed the length of the building underneath the wooden floor. The planks had to be pulled up and then the sewer had to be hand dug from floor level to five feet below the surface, where a trencher could thankfully take over the job on the outside.

The couple, owners of Daniell Wood Floors, maintains an office in both Roaring Springs and Lubbock. Glennard, who started in the business as a kid of 6 of 7 when he would sweep up for his dad, was helping an uncle in Dallas by age 16, in the days of gasoline-powered sanders. He has seen the business go in a full circle when only the rich could afford wood floors with throw rugs, then only they could afford carpet, and now, once again, the rich contract for wood floors. Recently, a customer in Big Spring, the owner of a new hunting lodge, hired him to lay a perfect wood floor and then way-lay it with scrapers and gouging tools, an expensive way to get that "old look."

Glennard and Edith, his wife since they "crossed the river" and eloped to Durant, Oklahoma in 1956, and his partner in the business since 1993, have remodeled three rooms in the front of the hotel for their office, a snack room and their wood floor displays. Utilizing the different colors in grains out of the same woods, they have created a rich optical illusion, a sort of furrow look, in the entry or lobby.

In addition, they are quickly closing in on other rooms downstairs. Nearly completed is the wood floor in the spacious dining room and lounge where large windows create a light, airy feel. Mrs. Daniells, a practical mother who has raised four kids, points out that at least one area of the kitchen, the laundry room, is 90% complete and totally operable. Also, they are creating a handicap accessible bath and restroom in what was formerly a dining area for people of color. On the plaster walls, the words PAY HERE remain legible through decades of paint and racial segregation.

The original staircase in the west lobby leads to the work-in-progress upstairs. A honeymoon suite with its own private bath is well underway and already booked for its first encounter, hopefully, Old Settlers, 2002. Awaiting the Daniell's attention, which comes during lulls in the floor business, is a bath (only) room complete with claw foot tub. To the right is a long, narrow room, a HIS "toilet" closet with window, and on the left, a similar HERS "toilet" room with frosted glass. These common rooms for personal needs and individual corner wash basins, original in the hotel in 1914, will serve guests and hunters in the seven other upstairs rooms.

continued on page 3



Edith and Glennard Daniell are pictured above standing in the lobby of the old Traveler's Hotel in downtown Roaring Springs. The Daniells display a picture of the old hotel as it once looked. The couple are in the process of refurbishing the building and hope to operate as a Bed and Breakfast in the future, possibly as early as next year at this time.



TOP HANDS — Four top hands of the postwar Matador cow outfit are shown here at the 2000 Matador Cowboy Reunion held in Roaring Springs last Old Settlers. From left to right are Charlie Martin of Lovington, NM, Wrang Bilberry from Lake Arthur, NM, Spike West from Tatum, NM, and Jim Cloyd of Stratford. *(photo by P.K. Green)*

Matador Cowboys will meet for 8th Annual Reunion

The 8th Annual Matador Cowboy Reunion will get underway at 11:00 a.m. on Old Settlers Saturday, August 25, at Green's place in Roaring Springs.

This is a get-together of old-timers who worked for the Matador Land and Cattle Company and/or any of its successors, plus folks currently on the Matador Ranch payroll. Spouses and guests of eligible participants are welcome.

Moore Maker knives will be given away to a lucky few.

Jerry Slaton of Afton is fixing dinner. His wagon will be easy to spot, 200 long paces from the Southwest end of Dutchman Creek bridge. Chuck will be served at high noon.

For additional information contact Dave Keith at (806) 623-5270, or Green at (806) 348-7953.

Matador City Council meets

Matador City Council members met for their regular meeting, Thursday, August 9. Minutes and bills were discussed and approved, with the exception of one bill from Cspi-Arlington, which will be forwarded to Matador Fire Department. A bill received from John Deere Credit for the mower tractor was excluded as the machine has been returned to lessor.

Mayor Williams presented the council with an amended budget to include the extra money that is paid to the Library. Council approved.

Mayor Williams discussed the shape of the existing landfill equipment, namely a 1951 D-5 dozer and surplus property loaded. The council agreed to advertise for a track loader with a clam bucket to replace both of these machines.

Matador resident, Donnie Jackson, had asked the city to pay for the street light at the corner of Hunter and Bundy. After some discussion, this was approved.

Mayor Williams told council members that the Highway 70 Tourism group is asking for $500 to help pay for the expense of printing and mailing a brochure. This group, led by Alex Crowder and Corky Marshall, is a tourism group which includes Spur, Dickens, Roaring Springs, Matador and Turkey. Council approved to pay the $500.

Council members reviewed the results of the feasibility study for the nursing home. The study showed that Matador would benefit from having a nursing home. City Secretary Linda Perryman will talk to Lance Smith with Rural Development in Lubbock, to find out what the next step will be in the process.

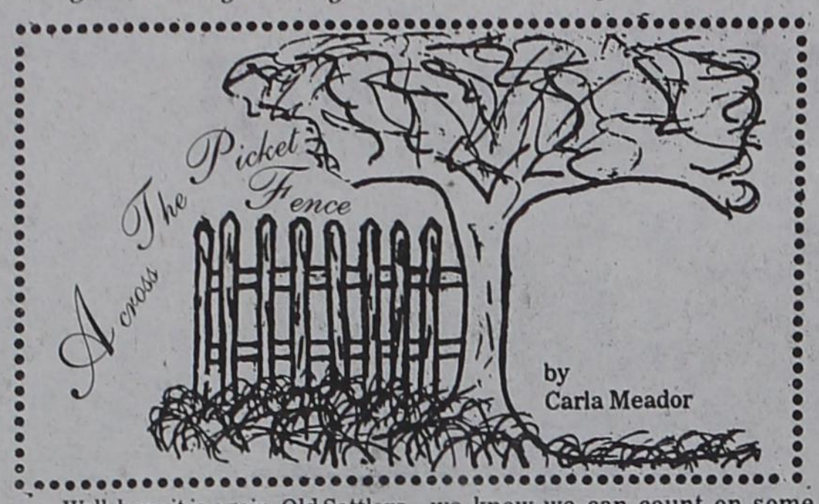
Water Superintendent, Steve Barton, informed the council that he is going to replace both motors at the Roaring Springs pump station. The cost for this will be approximately $12,300.

Mr. Barton had called engineer Che Shadle about the post closure on the landfill. Mr. Shadle will be conducting the survey. The report had to be in Austin by August 15.

City employee, Lupe Reyes, is in need of transportation while working. Mr. Barton will begin looking for a pickup.

Council went into closed session at 9:00 p.m. and returned at 9:12 p.m. After returning, Councilman Bert Darsey made a motion to give Steve Barton a $150 per month raise. The funds for this will come from an increased payment from the Matador Housing Authority for management services. This was approved.

All council members, with the exception of Jim Watson, attended this meeting.



Well, here it is again, Old Settlers time. School has begun. Football season will begin soon. Things are starting to get back into a routine.

With school back in session, and when Old Settlers is over, it always makes me look forward to Fall. There's already a little tinge of Fall in the air in the early morning. It's fast approaching, with the first official day of Fall less than month away, September 22 to be exact. Although we still have some very hot temperatures after Fall has arrived, at least we know we can count on some cooler temperatures just around the corner.

With the very limited space I have, I guess I'm just rambling. I hope you enjoy the paper this week, with the old pictures and stories. Although this paper takes a lot of hours to put together and is the most tiring of the year, I enjoy working on it. I appreciate those who brought in pictures and shared stories. Now, I am really ready for a vacation.

Have a good time at Old Settlers

Lifestyles



Library Notes

by Suzanne Abbott

The Friends of the Library will host a Rootin' Tootin' Beans and Cornbread lunch tomorrow, Friday, August, 24, 11:00 AM to 1:30 PM at the library. It's a bargain: only $1.00 a plate. Ya'll come.

We appreciate the donation to the library by Billie Beth Moore. She supplies the library with a subscription to the Large Print Guideposts. We know our patrons appreciate this gift.

Some authors new to our library are Dale Brown, James Webb, and Eric Lustbader. These three men write adventure stories that include detective and military fiction. Their books will be appearing soon on the library selves. Some of their titles are Second Skin, Shadows of Steel, and Something to Die For. We also have a book by Craig Thomas that is new to the library. It is called The Last Raven.

Also new to the library is a series of Christian Fiction by Beverly Lewis. The series is called The Heritage of Lancaster County and the individual books are The Shunning, The Confession, and the Reckoning. These novels are set in Amish country in Pennsylvania. They will be found in the Large Print section of the library.

A nonfiction book new to the library is Stephen Ambrose's Band of Brothers. This story will soon be on HBO, produced by Tom Hanks and Steven Spielberg. This book is the story of E company, 506th Regiment, 101st Airborne.

We also have Standard of the West by Irvin Farman. This book is the story of the Justin Boot Company. We also have Writer's Market, 4,200 Places to Sell What You Write. These and many other books new to the library are ready for you to check out and enjoy.



LOCAL HEALTH CENTER WEEK PROCLAMATION — Gail Ream PA at the Motley County Clinic looks on while Judge Laverna Price signs a proclamation declaring Local Health Center Week, August 19-25. The proclamation states, in part, "Motley County Clinic has made great strides in Motley County health care system, specifically by maintaining a high standard of accountability, demonstrating cost effectiveness, enpowering our community to develop programs to its specific needs, enhancing opportunities for children and families, and providing health care services in accessible low-cost environments."

Booster Club meets

Spirit Rally set for Sept. 6

by Diana Meyer

The Motley County Booster Club held their first meeting, Monday, August 6. The first order of business was to elect officers. Officers are as follows: Ronda Miller, President; Billy Donaldson, Vice-President; Brenda Osborn, Secretary; Bettye Stevens, Treasurer; Colleen Baxter and Diana Meyer, Reporters.

Shirt and cap sales were discussed. These will be on sale at the school and at the Spirit Rally. Types of spirit signs were also discussed.

Volunteers are needed to bring ice cream and brownies for the Spirit Rally, which will be held Thursday, September 6, at 7:30 p.m., at the football field. Anyone wishing to help, please contact Ronda Miller at 347-2290.

The Motley County Booster Club would like to invite everyone in Motley County to join, whether you have kids in school or not, all your help is greatly appreciated.

The next meeting will be held Monday, August 27, at 6:30 p.m. in the school cafeteria.

PTO Membership Drive in full gear

Motley County PTO needs your assistance in making the 2001-2002 school year a great one! Pick up a membership form at the school or contact D'anna Russell @ 347-2601 for more information.

Laurie Hoyle receives bachelors degree

Laurie Hoyle was awarded her Bachelor of Arts and Science Degree at Texas Tech University May 12, 2001.

Laurie is the daughter of Larry and Donna Hoyle of Matador and is a 1996 graduate of Motley County High School.

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Show begins at Dark
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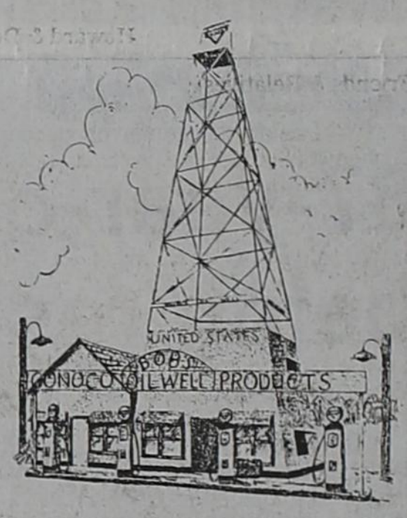
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$6.00 per plate
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11:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.
Thursday, August 23

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For prices and information call 347-2400

THANK YOU

The Board Members of the Motley County Chamber want to say "Thank You" to all the wonderful people who have sent in donations. These fund are to help with the expense in preparation of applying for the grant for Bob's Oil restoration. Thank you to the following donors:

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Thursday
FRIED CHICKEN LUNCH BUFFET
FRIDAY NIGHT FISH FRY
Old Settlers Hours:
Thurs., 6 a.m. - 2 p.m.; Fri., 6 a.m. - 8 p.m.
Sat., 6 a.m. - 2 p.m.; & Sun., 11 a.m. - 2 p.m.

Loyalty - What Does It Mean?



Loyalty - do you believe in it? How loyal should one be to their wife - husband - children - parents - God - Christ - the Church?? 100 percent - fifty percent - thirty percent - ten percent - none?? Loyalty - what does it mean anyway? What is loyalty?

* It is a husband and wife taking their vows seriously...Parents bringing their children up in the teaching of the Lord...Children honoring and obeying their parents in the Lord.

* It is the old couple taking care of each other after more than 50 years of being together ... A mother mailing her weekly letter to a son in prison...Feeding and bathing an aging parent with dementia.

* It is being there on every occasion possible for worship and fellowship...Hanging in there when others have long since given up. ...Doing what needs to be done when no one but God notices.

* It is Jesus going to the cross because it was the Father's will...It is Jesus loving the disciples "to the end."

* It is obedience to the Master who laid down His life for us - no matter what!!

LOYALTY - Should we be loyal -- are we? It's something to think about in society when so may are not. How is yours?

Roaring Springs Church of Christ
Michael G. Crowley, Sr.
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Bible Study - 10 a.m. Worship - 9 a.m.

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"COWBOY WIFE THANGS" — Entrepreneurs Susan Gahr, right, and Dena Washington are pictured here with some of their products, handmade by the ladies under their company name, "Cowboy Wife Thangs." The ladies met at church and found they have a lot in common. Both cowboy wives themselves, they feel they know what the cowboy wife wants for her home. The ladies make soap, barbed-wire and rope wreaths, dried flower arrangements, rope clocks, crosses with beads and conchos, hand-painted trunks and other furniture pieces, aprons and other items at their headquarters, located at Mrs. Washington's home. Their merchandise is available in some local and area stores, the Ranching Heritage Museum, Cogdell's General Store in San Angelo, On the Border at the Canyon Museum, Quarter Horse Museum in Amarillo, and they will soon begin shipping their soap with Texas In A Box. Mrs. Gahr moved to Matador in August of last year and Mrs. Washington is a lifelong resident of this area.

A Note of Thanks

Thank you to my friends, relatives and co-workers for their help during my stay in the hospital. All the prayers, flowers and food were greatly appreciated. A very special thank you to my cousins, Melinda and Clay Jameson, who came daily. I couldn't have done it without them.

Thanks again,
Gerry Hughes

We would like to give a big THANK YOU to all our friends, family and extended family for all the calls, cards, food, flowers, gifts, visits and most of all the prayers for us and D'anna as she went through her surgery and during this lengthy recovery period. God will bless each of you for your caring heart.

Thanks so much,
J.D., D'anna, Colton & Shane'a

In loving memory of our son and brother, Ewell Gene Martin, we are saying thank you to everyone for everything in our time of sorrow. You have always been there for us. A special thank you to First Baptist Church, Dorothy Meador, Dorothy Turner and everyone who served us delicious meals. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

Peggy Jean Martin
Preston Martin
Virgil & Renee Martin & family
Kenneth & Marlene Martin & family
Howard & Debbie Martin and family

Friends & Relatives,

I would like to thank the Lord for answering my prayers that Jean Cooper would come and see about me when I fell on July 6. A special thanks to Jean and Jim Cooper for finding me and taking such good care of me, and to Jean Cooper for her special care. To the ambulance crew, Pat, Sheila and Cindy for their care, to everyone for the phone calls, visit, cards, and every prayer said in my behalf. May God bless you in your time of need.

Cora Hall

Old Settlers Schedule of Events

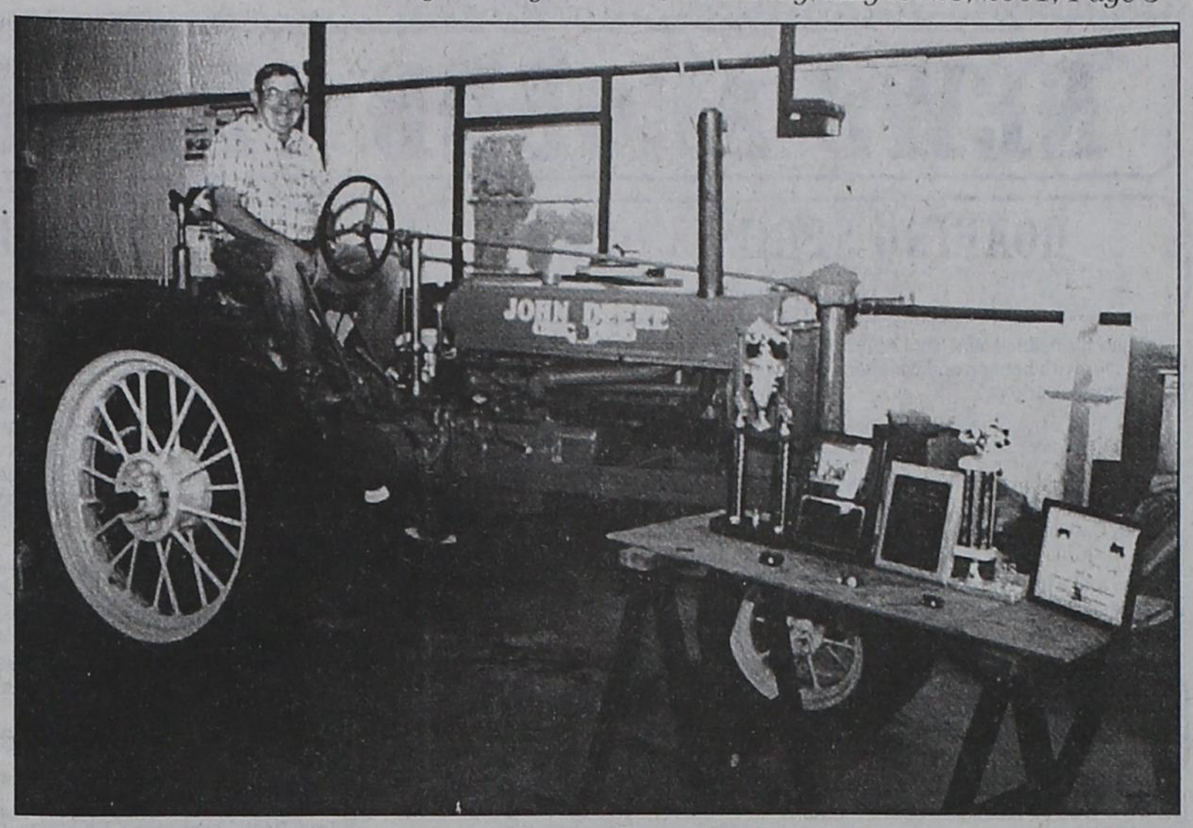
THURSDAY:
Free Admission!
7:00 - 9:00 a.m. - Chuckwagon Breakfast. Free to all Old Settlers. $5 for others.
10:00 a.m. - Parade, downtown Roaring Springs.
11:00 a.m. - Memorial Service
1:00 p.m. - Business Meeting.
4:00 - 6:00 p.m., Free Dance
5:00 p.m. - Motley-Dickens County arena events.
8:30 p.m. - Old Folks Dance, featuring Weldon Turpin and the Texas Fiddle Band.
Games & Activities provided by Lazbuddie Services
Concessions on grounds.

FRIDAY:
$5.00 admission charge; 12 & under, free.
10:00 a.m. - ARHAA Cow Horse Competition.
4:00 - 6:00 p.m., Free Dance.
8:00 p.m. - Rodeo Events begin.
8:30 p.m. - Old Folks Dance, featuring Weldon Turpin and the Texas Fiddle Band.
Games & Activities provided by Lazbuddie Services.
Concessions on grounds.

SATURDAY:
$5.00 admission charge; 12 & under, free.
8:30 a.m. - ARCHA Cutting Horse competition.
11:00 a.m. - Matador Cowboy Reunion.
1:00 p.m. - Open Double Mugging.
3:00 p.m. - Snapping Turtle Race.
Rev. Ron Brunson and family will hold Cowboy Church services before the Rodeo.
8:00 p.m. - Rodeo Events begin
Rodeo Queen crowned.
8:30 p.m. - Old Folks Dance.
9:00 p.m. - Young Folks Dance featuring CowJazz.
Games & Activities provided by Lazbuddie Services.
Concessions on grounds.

Hotel *from page 1*

The Daniells are looking forward to slowing down in the labor-intensive wood floor business and making music in the lobby on their antique piano and organ. They anticipate that even a Bed and Breakfast, with all those sheets and all those meals, will be an easier way to make a living. Their goal is to be innkeepers in Roaring Springs, but first, there is a lot of plumbing and painting to do. The wood floors are a piece of cake.



ANTIQUE TRACTOR RESTORED — Jesse Turner of Matador on his 1936 John Deere tractor. Mr. Turner completely restored the tractor exactly like it came from the factory. The tractor is dual fuel, and runs on coal oil and gas. The restoration process took Mr. Turner about eight months to complete. He has driven his tractor in several area parades and has won first place awards at the Black-eyed Pea Festival Antique Tractor Show in Hollis, OK, the Childress County Old Settlers parade, and the Cottle County Old Settlers Parade. Mr. Turner will drive his tractor in the Motley-Dickens Old Settlers parade Thursday.

SCHOOL MENU

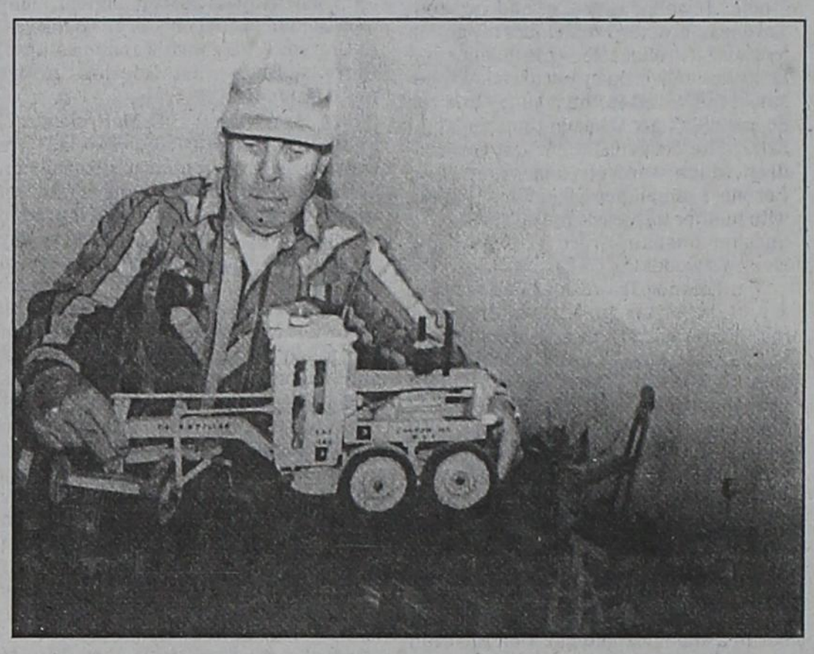
MONDAY, AUGUST 27
Breakfast: Biscuit, Scrambled Eggs, Bacon, Juice, Milk.
Lunch: Spaghetti, Meat Sauce, Salad, Texas Toast, Fruit, Milk.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 28
Breakfast: Cereal, Buttered Toast, Fruit, Milk.
Lunch: Chef Salad, Ham, Cheese, Baked Potato, Crackers, Fruit Fluff, Milk.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29
Breakfast: Sausage, Waffle, Syrup, Juice, Milk.
Lunch: Chicken Nuggets, Creamed Potatoes, Gravy, Green Beans, Hot Roll, Honey, Milk.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 30
Breakfast: Cereal, Cinnamon Toast, Fruit, Milk.
Lunch: Hamburger, Lettuce, Tomato, Pickle, Onion, Chips, Jello, Milk.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 31
Breakfast: Enchiladas, Corn, Green Salad, Chips, Salsa, Cowboy Cookies, Milk.



Robert A. Cooper of Roaring Springs displays one of the many items he has made, all by hand, with wood. Mr. Cooper fashioned the Cat he is holding after one that was used in Roaring Springs by county employees. He makes no drawings or pictures, but does all his work by memory. He has made many other pieces, including a very detailed train. Mr. Cooper is a lifelong resident of Roaring Springs and is well-known by most everyone in Motley County. Other than his wood-working projects, he is also very interested in law enforcement

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Mr. Willis is likely to associate with other attorneys in the handing of this matter

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Ah'm goin' to git me some of them Rootin' Tootin' Beans!

Beans & Cornbread at the Library
Served by: Celebrities of Motley County
When: Friday of Old Settlers
August 24, 2001 - 11:00 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.
Where: Motley County Library
Cost: $1.00 a plate
MENU: Rootin' Tootin' Beans, Yaller Cornbread, & Tea

End-of-Summer Sidewalk SALE
Start your Christmas Shopping now!
Lay-aways welcome!



Matador Floral
Designs by Vickie
347-2018

Advertising in this paper benefits the county!

PUBLIC NOTICE

The following amendments to the Bylaws of The Dickens — Motley Counties "Old Settlers Reunion" Association have been presented to the Board of Directors. These amendments will be voted on at a business meeting held at 1:00 at the Pavilion on the grounds in Roaring Springs on August 23, 2001.

The entire Bylaws were printed in the August 24, 2000, edition of the *Motley County Tribune* and will be posted at the meeting.

Article III — Meetings
The regular meeting of this association shall be held annually on the last (AMEND: fourth) Thursday, Friday and Saturday of August.

The annual business meeting and elections shall be held on the last (AMEND: fourth) Thursday of August.

Article IV — Membership
Any person who is an "Old Settler" of Dickens and Motley Counties, or who is a descendant of the pioneers, regardless of where the person may now reside is eligible for membership in the Dickens and Motley Counties association.
(AMEND TO INCLUDE: In addition, any person who has been a resident in either Dickens or Motley County for five years prior to the current meeting is eligible for membership.)

Article VI — Voting
Sec. 1 Any person who is an "Old Settler" or who is a descendant of early settlers of Dickens and Motley Counties, regardless of where they may now reside, is eligible to vote in the annual business meeting.
(AMEND TO INCLUDE: In addition, any person who has been a resident of either Dickens or Motley County for five years prior to the current meeting is eligible to vote in the annual business meeting).

Article VIII - Officers
Sec. 3 The Executive Board (AMEND: Members of the Executive Board whose staggered terms are up) and the Three Member Nominating Committee shall be elected by the General Assembly at the annual business meeting in August.

Article X — Parliamentary Authority
Sec. 1 - Robert's Rules of Order, newly revised in 1970 (AMEND: delete in 1970), shall be the guiding authority on parliamentary laws in all meetings of the association and the Executive Board.

Sec. 2 - Robert's Rules of Order, newly revised in 1970 (AMEND: delete in 1970), shall govern this organization in all cases to which they are applicable, unless it conflicts with the bylaws, or local, state, or national law.

Article XI — Amendments
These by-laws may be amended or revised by a two-thirds vote of the general assembly at the annual business meeting in August provided that the proposed amendments are published in both *The Texas Spur* and *The Matador Tribune* (AMEND: *The Motley County Tribune* or other local newspapers).

NEWS AROUND THE COUNTY

ROARING SPRINGS NEWS

BY ODESSA MULLINS

Mary Lumsden spent Thursday night in Lubbock with her son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Largent.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Largent drove to Lubbock Friday evening on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Mullins and grandchildren, Michael Gray, Brooke and Britney Cate of Plainview, spent Saturday night with his mother, Odessa Mullins.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patten drove to Childress Sunday to have lunch with friends.

The coffee drinkers enjoyed coffee and refreshments at the Methodist Fellowship Hall on Monday, Aug. 20. Those bringing food were Corky Marshall, Mary Lumsden, Pearl Patten, LaVoe Thacker, Mrs. Joyce Smith and Lula Swim. LaVoe Thacker, Joyce Smith and Lea Peacock cleaned up. Those attending, other than those already mentioned, were Rev. Paul Stearns, Buzz Thacker, D.A. and Ruby McGuire, Bill Peacock, Zella Palmer, Dean McInroe, Ruby Hipp and Robert Cooper.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

BY RITA GROVES

NEWS FROM FRIENDS (Edited and shortened)

From Katheryn Lawrence, 610 Pillette Rd. Apt. 232, Lafayette, LA 70508: ...I'm Rickey and LaReece's sister. I remember Pat and Mike from the days they were in high school with LaReece. There aren't many of the Lawrences left. My Uncle, Jewell Lawrence, and my aunt Lorene Lancaster. I remember my grandmother Lawrence telling me that her first child was delivered by my grandaddy because they lived in the country and the doctor didn't get there in time. In fact, I believe he delivered their first two children which were my daddy and Aunt Lorene. I remember Billie Koon. I spoke with mother this week and she said Billie and her husband were at Chad's and Denise's wedding.

In Eleanor Traweek's book, there is a picture of my great grandmother, mother, me, and my sons. My great grandmother was Mae Plumlee who came to Roaring Springs when it was a Tent City with only 3 buildings: Bank, Hotel, Depot. She was a mid-wife, thirteen years old when she married, fourteen when she had her first child, Ruth. She had 9 daughters, and one son, her last, who died shortly after birth. My grandmother was Jimmie Plumlee who married Williard Young. When she was born she was a small, sickly baby, but my great grandmother know what to do. She took the baby, put her in a shoe box and put it on the oven door with a low fire in the oven. The warmth helped her make it through the first few critical days. I wish I had heard more of her stories.

She had uncles that fought on both sides during the Civil War. She was a true southern lady. Her name was "Mae" short for Mary Katheryn Brandon Plumlee. I was named for her. Her family Brandon were some of the first settlers and continue to live in Roaring Springs. The land Grandaddy bought east of Matador is still owned by members of the Lawrence family. He cleared it himself. I have the first plow he had after he came there. Daddy told me, his dad paid $3.50 for it. It was a horse drawn plow. My niece Tammy Von Horn, LaReece's youngest daughter, has history on her dad's Estes family which also lived in Roaring Springs. (This should interest someone who recently inquired about the former Estes family of Roaring Springs.)

The area in which Katheryn lives has an interesting culture - French is the second language and still spoken. They enjoy the Cajun French music on TV. "Reading your column is like sitting and having a cup of tea and discussing old friends." (Isn't that a wonderful compliment, along with so much county history? Thank you, Katheryn. I was born 3 miles south of Dickens, Texas when Roaring Springs was a tent city in 1913.)

From old friend, D.D. McBride, 402 W. Coats Dr., Allen, Tx 75013: Two kids are working who might otherwise bring him to Old Settlers. Physically he is fine; "of course my memory is not what it used to be, but I thank the good Lord every day for my health and strength. He's been so good to me, so I can't thank him enough." He promised to send some information on his McBrides. I remember some of them very fondly. One I probably knew at school at Matador. "Caesar" still does all of his yard and garden work. His daughter Pat lives with him. She wanted to know who was the blonde in a picture taken on Xmas day about 1936. That was Pearl Rigsby (married Kenneth Jeffers.) And the boy down front with the football was my son James Truman Groves, who will be 70 in Oct. Caesar said he went into the Army with Harold "Sparky" Renfro February 10, 1937. (Thanks for the family input, D.D.)

And from Nona (Helen Kingery?) Williams, 6304 Westover Drive, Granbury, Tx 76049, just this A.M.: Just a note to say hello, and thank us for the cards and notes while she was in the hospital. (I hate to admit that I don't remember sending any, but do remember that she broke a limb. right?) She is a contemporary of Jack and Buryl Nichols in school. (Brother Jack has had months of hospitalization and therapy this year, and Buryl's last Old Settlers in 1997, was the last time we saw him before his death in January, 1998 with bone cancer. As for me, Nona, I am comforted to know people having suffered great trauma often have fits of temper and do rash, uncharacteristic things. That's why I fear continuing my column, but as long as good people do it for me, who cares? I'm having great support from family and friends and Editor, Carla.)

MATADOR NEWS

Mrs. L.V. Damron is a patient at Covenant Medical Center in Lubbock following surgery Sunday for a hip injury she suffered Saturday.

FLOMOT NEWS

BY EARLYNE JAMESON

WINNERS IN TRACTOR PULL CONTEST

Kelsey Clay won first place in the Miniature John Deere Tractor Pedal Pull contest held in Lockney, Saturday, August 18th. She pulled the most weight behind her tractor in her nine year old division. Her brother, seven year old Tanner Clay, won second place in his division of the Pedal Pull tractor competition.

Attending the Old Fashion Fun and Games Show and Tractor contests in Lockney, Saturday were their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Larry Clay and sister, Sarah of Flomot, grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Metcalf of Panhandle and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ike Clay of Flomot.

****

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Lee enjoyed the Joe Ely Solo Acoustic Show at the Cactus Theater in Lubbock, Sunday night.

Tom Ross accompanied his cousin, Mrs. Ruth Williams of Quanah to Wichita Falls, Wednesday where she had a medical checkup following recent surgery. He attended the funeral services of Ying Lyles, 77, held at the Church of Christ in Turkey, Monday morning.

Weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Doyle Calvert, son, Glen Calvert, and grandson, Dustin Reed, were Mrs. Gwen Mandrell, Shae and Peyton of Lubbock. Dustin, formerly of Lubbock, is at home with the Calvert family and attending the Valley Schools. Dustin is a senior student transferring from Frenship High School.

Kaylyn Rogers of Lubbock visited the past week with her great grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rogers. Visiting Sunday and accompanying her home were Ronnie an Richard Rogers of Lubbock.

Emily Milam of Petersburg visited from Monday until Wednesday with grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Clois Shorter. Their daughter and grandson, Mrs. Keri Sehon and Brian of Ropesville visited overnight Thursday.

Mrs. Tommie Jo Cruse visited from Friday until Sunday in Rising Star with her mother, Mrs. Dona Browning and brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Browning. Dona returned home with Tommie Jo to visit.

Mrs. Katheryn Martin of Matador and Art Green enjoyed supper Friday night at LaNita's Cafe in Roaring Springs.

Mrs. Doyle Calvert attended the graveside services of Mrs. Yuan Lon (Ying) Lyles Monday morning held at Dreamland Cemetery in Turkey.

WHITEFLAT NEWS

BY EARLYNE JAMESON

OVERHEARD

Maybe the kids would eat better if you installed a drive-up window and handed them dinner in a bag.

****

Mr. and Mrs. H.R. "Skeet" Jameson were in Canyon during the weekend where they met son and family, Mr. and Mrs. Shannon Jameson and daughter, Shanna Lou of Santa Fe, N.M. They enjoyed touring Panhandle Plains Historical Museum, WTA&M University campus and attending the performance of TEXAS at Palo Duro Canyon.

Jack Samford of Matador and Mrs. Juanita Cooper visited at Lake Jackson from Wednesday until Monday with his son and family, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Samford. They attended the high school graduation of the Samford's daughter, Nicole, Thursday night in Freeport.

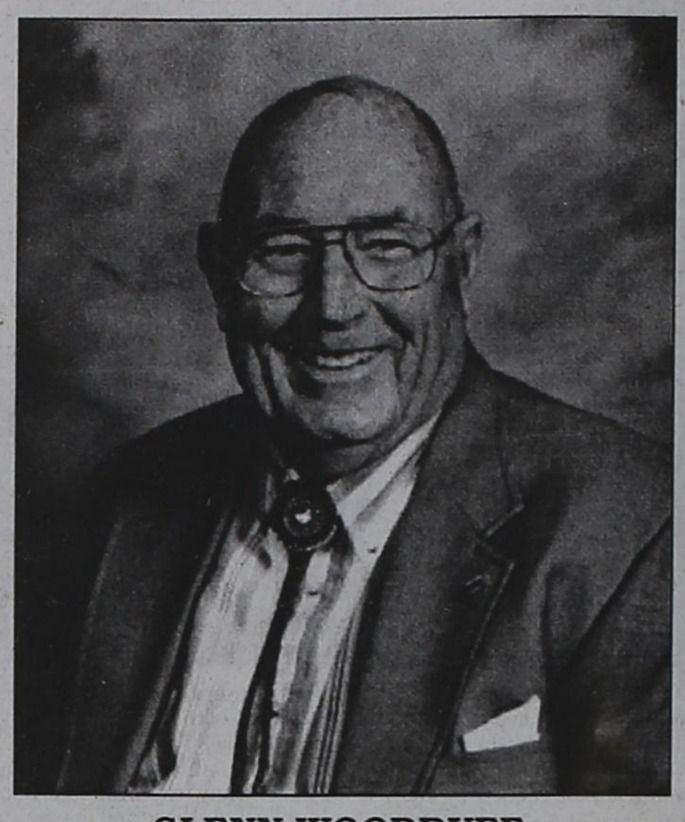
Daughter and granddaughter awarded Black Belts

Lou Echols-Chambers and daughter, Lauren, of Champaign, Ill. have recently earned their Black Belts. They have both attended Karate classes for the past five years.

Lou and Lauren are the daughter and granddaughter of Bobby and Alene Echols of Lubbock.

"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Ephesians 4: 31-32



GLENN WOODRUFF
1923-2001

The Motley County Museum Honors the Memory of a Founder and Supporter.

Roaring Springs Senior Citizens Report

by Rita Groves

A welcomed surprise awaited us when the Roaring Springs Senior Citizens met Thursday, August 2. Kim Woolsey, Local Nurses Aide with Home Health, was there to take blood pressures, and give us hugs as needed. We had not had a nurse for so long. With her, she brought Cleo Watson, just out of the goodness of her heart. She plans to be there regularly. And Carl and Shirley Barton were back, having had a short vacation with their children in various parts of Texas.

Walter Trammell and Ken Abbott who are working diligently on the Veterans Memorial in the park also took a break and favored us with their presence. Odessa Mullins reported on finances in a short business meeting after the good meal, and reported repairs in the restroom, and promised a new storm door before the next meeting. She works miracles. Lula Swim was back with us after a pinched nerve problem. We missed Vera Mitchell and wish her well. The blessing included prayers for those absent due to ill health.

Present other than those mentioned were Jo Trammell, Zella Palmer, Mary Lumsden, Ruby Hipp, Bobbie Brown, Dorothy Lee, Ruth Stones, and Rita Groves. Being the first Thursday of each month, the meeting day may slip up on you, so bear in mind we meet again twelve noon, September 6. Where has this year gone? Already the mornings are a little cooler.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Note: The following letter is paid for, and printed in memory of Ava C. Crump, by Walt Clower. The letter first appeared in the August 29, 1991 edition of the *Motley County Tribune*.

Dear Editor,

I have a few comments about the celebration of the Motley and Dickens County Old Settlers Reunion that we were to celebrate this past weekend. As a citizen of Motley County for most of my life, I am amazed at the insult to all of us, that we have to have Security guards to police us. It is an insult that we are so unruly that such measures have to be taken. From the looks of things by just driving by you would have believed that Willie Nelson's concert was to be staged or we were going to Billy Bobs. But in either case I don't believe you would have seen as many guards or DPS officials there. We saw a little boy, 6 or 7, stopped at the gate on a bicycle. Sure the traffic was a little heavy, 3 cars stopped for fees or inspection. A little further down the street, right at the dip, a guard standing in the street waving us on, nobody behind us, nobody in front of us. We were not in a hurry. Nobody is when you go to visit.

Sure times change, but I don't believe the people that grew up in Dickens and Motley County change that much.

As a kid, that carnival, dancing and visiting was the best of the Summer.

As a parent, with a young son, we were on Vacation from South America, and my mother borrowed a horse for my son to ride in the parade and to keep during the weekend. What a thrill.

I have no idea what the cost of those guards were but they were not an asset.

One sitting in a chair, under a shade tree, on a dirt road before you get to the gate, was probably drawing more money for those three days than most of our senior citizens do in a month.

Old Settlers of Dickens and Motley County, your kids and grandkids, have all been insulted. I think it is an outrage. It is my understanding that for each child with grandma or grandpa, you paid $3 at the gate. If Mom and Dad were paying the tab they paid also. I want my grandchildren to know about Old Settlers but I can't afford those prices plus rides and eats. You pay to get in the fenced area, to the dance, to the rodeo, to the carnival, and where does its proceeds go? The roof on the tabernacle needs repairing, tree limbs could fall with good windstorm, the entrance and exit gates need to be unlocked. What if you had to get people out - there is only one exit.

There are three gates, but two are locked.

Take that fence down and let the people have a good time. That is like a range war, instead of cattle, its people.

Ava C. Crump
(Walt Clower, Aug. 23, 2001)

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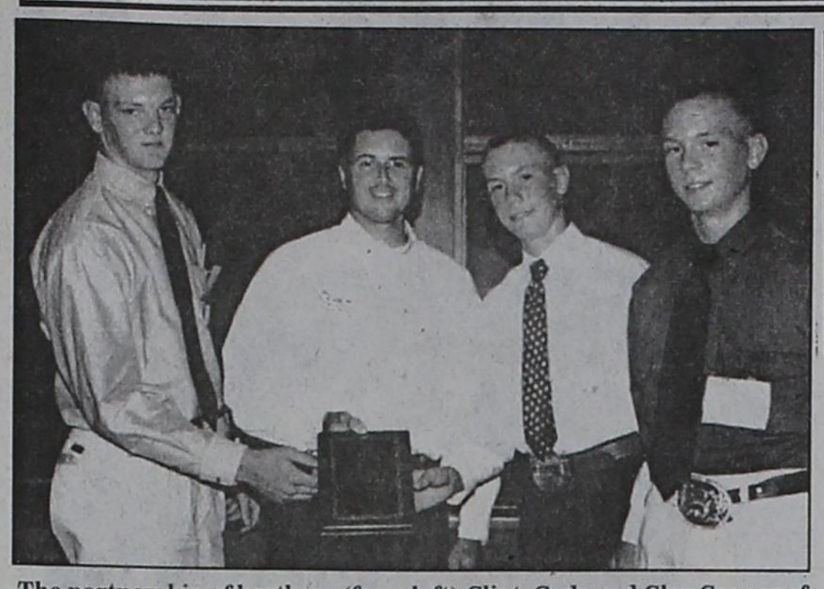
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Farm and Ranch News



The partnership of brothers (from left) Clint, Cody and Clay Cooper of Matador won second place record book in the senior division of the TCFA Junior Fed Beef Challenge recently at West Texas A&M University in Canyon. Presenting the award is Snuffy Boyles of Amarillo (second from left), chairman of the Junior Fed Beef Committee. The Junior Fed Beef Challenge, sponsored by the Texas Cattle Feeders Association, allows 4-H and FFA students to gain practical experience in commercial cattle feeding. Students feed a pen of three steers, then compete on the carcass merit of the cattle, plus the student's ability to live animal evaluation, a written test, oral interview and record keeping.

TCFA names winners in Junior Fed Beef Challenge

More than 60 of the beef industry's future leaders gathered in Canyon, Texas recently to test their knowledge about cattle feeding and earn the rewards of hard work as they competed in the Junior Fed Beef Challenge.

Sponsored by the Texas Cattle Feeders Association (TCFA), the Junior Fed Beef Challenge allows 4-H or FFA students to gain practical experience in commercial cattle feeding. Students from Texas, Oklahoma, and New Mexico feed a pen of three steers, then compete on their industry knowledge and cattle performance. The contest also features a Team Challenge, where students who don't feed cattle can compete on their knowledge.

Senior Division

Overall champion and top scholarship winner in the senior division was Hayley Henderson of Childress, who won a $2,000 scholarship. Kathryn Wright of Menard captured reserve champion overall and a $1,500 scholarship and Jerad Johnson of Hereford was first runner up, winning a $1,000 scholarship.

The overall winners are determined by combining scores in four areas- written exam, interview, record book, and carcass performance of their steers. A plaque and $500 cash award is given to first place winners in each area and plaques go to second and third. In addition, each student who enters steers in the contest earns premium money plus the proceeds from the sale of the carcass.

In the written exam, Jerad Johnson and Hayley Henderson tied for first place, Kathryn Wright and Garret Anderson of Menard tied for second place and Ole Dahl of Texhoma, Okla. took third. While the written exam tests the student's knowledge of the industry, the interview before a panel of three judges tests their ability to think on their feet and their understanding of the cattle industry. Hayley Henderson captured first place in the interview, with Kathryn Wright in second and Joanna Olson of Hereford in third.

Reece Hales of Nazareth captured the record book competition, while the partnership of Clay Cooper, Cody Cooper, and Clint Cooper of Matador took second place with Joanna Olson receiving third, In addition, TCFA awards $500 and a plaque to the top first-year students in the competition. This year, Kathryn was named top rookie, followed by Trent Cadra of Shamrock in second and Justin Edwards of Texhoma in third.

"The future of the beef industry rests with our youth," said Travis Cook, TCFA market analyst and contest coordinator. "Based on what I saw this year's Junior Fed Beef Challenge, our future is in good hands indeed. These kids going and they showed they have the intelligence and the work ethic to be a successful in any endeavor they undertake."

County Agent's Report



by Lonnie Jensechke - Motley County Extension Agent

Tri-County Peanut Field Day, August 29

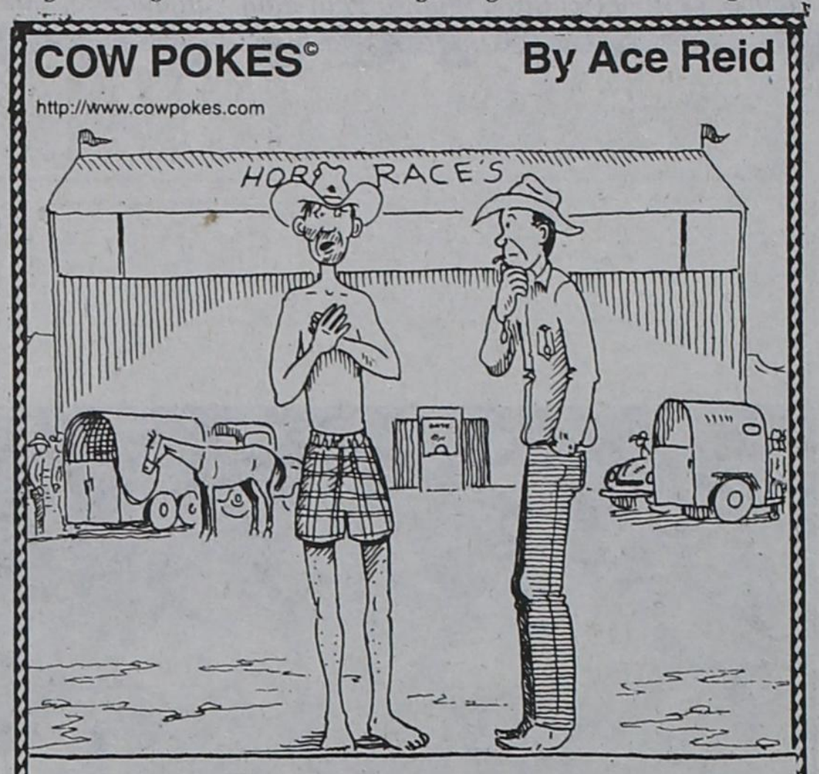
The annual Tri-County Peanut Field Day will be held on Wednesday, August 29. The Field Day is sponsored by the Agriculture Committees in Motley, Hall and Briscoe Counties, in conjunction with the Texas Agricultural Extension Service. There will be three (3) hours of CEU's offered to anyone needing certification hours for private, noncommercial or commercial applicators license. Two (2) hours in General and one (1) hour in IPM.

The Field Day will start at 8:30 a.m. on Wednesday, August 29 at the Valley Peanut Growers in Turkey. After registration and introduction of sponsors and special guests, precision agriculture will be discussed. The group will travel to various peanut result demonstrations being conducted in the area. Throughout the tour, Extension and Research Specialists will discuss various topics related to peanut production.

Guests speakers for this years Field Day include Dr. Mike Schubert, Peanut Research Agronomist - Lubbock; Dr. Chip Lee, Extension Plant Pathologist - Stephenville; Emory Boring, Extension Entomologist - Vernon; Dr. Robert Lemon, Extension Peanut Specialist - College Station; Dr. Todd Baughman, Extension Agronomist - Vernon.

Lunch will be served at the Quitaque Community Center and catered by the Sportsman Club. Ag Credit of Texas, PCA will sponsor the meal for the Field Day.

For further information contact Lonnie Jenschke - Motley County Extension Agent at (806) 347-2733 or Brad Schnitker - Hall County Extension Agent at (806) 259-3015 or Brandon McGinty - Briscoe County Extension Agent at (806) 823-2131.



" . . . and I wuz led to believe them folks in the State Capitol wuz gonna put a stop to crooked hoss racin'!"

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"I lift my eyes to you, to you whose throne is in heaven."
— Psalm 121:1 NIV

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Memories of



DOUG MEADOR FAMILY — Pictured left to right, John Briscoe, Charlie Meador, Susie Meador Hall, Mrs. Chloe Meador, James "Tootie" Meador, Doug Meador holding Betty June Meador (Bearden), Minnie Mae Meador (Markham), Bessie Belle Lebow holding Wanda Jean, and William Earl Briscoe.

photo courtesy of James Meador



MOTLEY COUNTY PIONEERS — These five people owned property in Motley County when it was organized in 1891. They are (left to right) Baron Martin, Mollie Martin, Lizzie Hanna, Lilla Martin and Will Scott. They, along with many others in the this family came to Motley County in the spring of 1891. The three ladies are sisters; their maiden name was Gordy. The two men are half brothers; the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Woodfort Martin. Mrs. Mollie Martin was the grandmother of Wilburn Martin and Waydetta Clay of Flomot. Mrs. Lilla Martin was the grandmother of Judge Laverna Price and Mary Jones of Matador. Their husbands, Wade and Palestine, were first cousins. This picture was made in August, 1937, at Flomot.

photo courtesy of Wilburn Martin



JIM MEADOR FAMILY — Pictured left to right, Harold Maxey, Douglas Meador, Jim Meador, Joe Meador, Lola Meador; (front) Freida Jo Meador Maxey, and Lila Meador)

photo courtesy of James Meador



Doug Meador with a side of beef. Mr. Meador was once a butcher and had a butcher shop in Matador.

photo courtesy of James Meador



BIRCHFIELD KIDS — Pictured left to right, (three small children names are unknown), Etta Marie, Rusty, Robert and Jerry "Red."

photo courtesy of James Meador

Old Settlers Reunion to be held here August 23rd

NOTE: This article appeared in the May 17, 1934 edition of the *Roaring Springs Reporter.*

Arrangements were completed Tuesday for the use of the Roaring Springs School and gymnasium, as a gathering place for the Old Settlers Reunion, August 23. The arrangements were made by C.C. Haile, through the school board, for the use of the school grounds.

This will be the eleventh annual reunion of Old Settlers in Dickens and Motley counties.

Concessions will be sold and rights to operate various eating and amusement stands will be granted. There will not be any free barbecue, as arrangements in the past have always proven inadequate.

STATE OF TEXAS.)
:
County of Motley.)

This CONTRACT OF AGREEMENT made and entered into this Ist day of June I905, by and between THE MATADOR LAND & CATTLE COMPANY LIMITED, parties of the first part, and Messers R. &. D. MEADOR, parties of the second part, WITNESSETH :-

1. That for and in consideration of the sum of 25 ¢, to be paid annually on the Ist day of June by the parties of the second part, the parties of the first part hereby lease to the aforesaid parties of the second part the following described land :-

5 acres on West side of what is known as the W. D. Long Tract situated North of Matador, and purchased form said W. D. Long by Messers R. &. D. Meador.

2. That the parties of the second part hereby agree to pay to the parties of the first part on the first day of June annually, as rental for the above described land, the sum of 25 ¢.

3. That this Contract shall take effect and this Lease shall commence on the Ist day of June I905, continuing in force for a full and complete period of five years thereafter, being made however subject to sale at any time by the parties of the first part, during the course of this lease.

(I) THE MATADOR LAND & CATTLE COMPANY LIMITED
By J.G. Edgerstwood Supt.

(2) R.E. Meador
D. Meador

Local Business Men Organize Luncheon Club

Club Organized and Officers Elected

Regular Meeting on 2nd Tuesday

Thirty-Two Present at Travelers Hotel for First Meeting

NOTE: This article appeared in the Thursday, May 17, 1934 edition of the *Roaring Springs Reporter.*

At a meeting of thirty-two local business and professional men held in the dining room of the Travelers Hotel, Wednesday, May 15, a permanent civic club was organized.

Timely and inspiring talks were given by T.A. McDonald, W.A. Lewis, Rev. W.O. Cooley and Rev. T.M. McBrayer, followed by an hour's business session with Dr. J.F. Hughes, presiding.

"Luncheon Club" was chosen for the name of the organization and regular meetings and luncheons will be held twice each month on Thursday, beginning Thursday, May 24th. The ladies of the Methodist Missionary Society will serve lunch on that date, which will be the first regular luncheon.

The purpose of this Club is to promote the business, civic and moral conditions of our town, and it is hoped that it will have the support of every business and professional man who wants to see Roaring Springs grow and prosper with the return of prosperity.

The following officers and committees were elected: President Dr. J.F. Hughes; vice-pres., M.S. Thacker; Sec'y, J.D. Mitchell; Treas., S. W. Weatheral. Membership committee: E.E. Moss, Guy Braselton and Albert Hodges; Fees com., H.W. Keahey, Jas. Dunlap and Harold Jones. Program com., W.A. Lewis, B.M. Nelson and W.A. Campbell. Attendance com., Rev. W.O. Cooley, Rev. T. Marvin McBrayer and W.D. McLean. Advertising com., K.C. Thacker, E.D. York and M. Knight.

Diplomas Awarded to 17 Graduates

Note: This article is from the May 24, 1934 edition of the *Roaring Springs Reporter.*

The Commencement exercises of the Roaring Springs High School were held Friday evening, May 18, at the Baptist Church. The program was rendered before a large and attentive audience. Rev. T. Marvin McBrayer, pastor of the local Methodist Church, delivered the Commencement address to this fine class of boys and girls who have just completed the first step in their education.

Marion Bailey was valedictorian of the class and Walter Warren Keahey was salutatorian. Marion was presented with a scholarship for having made the highest four year average for boys. Lila McDorman was awarded the scholarship for the girl having the highest four-year average.

The graduates were Walter Warren Keahey, Marion Bailey, Clara Hall, Adelle Smith, Johnnie Williams, T.E. Long, Jr., Lewis Davis, Bruce Slayden, Ivis Glenn, Maurice Campbell, June Cooley, Brandon Dawson, Dale King, Lila McDorman, Guyten Garrett and Melton Garrett.

Pioneers ....

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

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

We are proud to have you as our friends.



Western Marketing, Inc.
1201 Bailey, Matador, Texas 79244
806-347-2223

Preferred Choice Convenience Store #1
1201 Bailey, Matador, Texas 79244
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Leaving Spur for service in Army WWI.
(photo from Dickens County, It's Land and People)

Congratulations to Motley & Dickens Counties on their 78th Annual Old Settlers Reunion!

South Plains Electric Cooperative, Inc.
Your Touchstone Energy® Cooperative
Lubbock • Lorenzo • Spur • Childress

Yesteryear



A.J. Cooper and granddaughter, June Cooper, about 1925.



MOTLEY COUNTY SINGING CONVENTION
photo from Of Such as These



EARLY DAY GATHERING OF OLD SETTLERS
photo from Of Such as These

Memories of Grandpa

by Mary Meason

A.J. Cooper, my grandfather, was a man who certainly had great foresight when it came to business.

He was born May 6, 1849, in Clarksville, Red River County, Texas. It has always worried me that no one seems to know much about grandpa! He never talked much until he really had something to say. But he had a great sense of humor - if you knew him well!

Grandpa married Rebecca Emberson, daughter of Elijah and Susan Emberson in 1874, in Grayson County, Texas. Their family consisted of four sons: Jake, Lige (Elijah), Bill and John, and three daughters, Edna (my mother), Mavett and Mattie. Mattie died in early childhood.

When Oklahoma was opened for settlement, it is my dim memory of tales told as a child, that people raced, all leaving a mark at the same time and "staked" the land they wanted. People who had the fastest horses usually won. Grandpa "staked" his land along the Washita River. My family visited the place grandpa had won, making a trip there when I was a little girl. It was a beautiful place. We camped there several days. I do recall the beauty of the place, slippery elm bark - a horrible slick and slimy bark that we tried to chew. I remember going swimming in the river - holding on to my father while he did the swimming.

My grandparents lived close to Purcell and Lexington. It must have been a rip-roaring place! I have a letter that my grandmother wrote to some Methodist Conference asking them to send a preacher to the little place and establish a church. There must have been several "houses of ill repute" and several saloons.

Evidently a church was not established and to please grandmother, the family left Oklahoma. Somewhere and sometime in my early life I heard that grandpa had an Indian partner. Whether that is true, I don't know but grandpa could speak the Choctaw language well. Even after having several strokes he never forgot the Choctaw language, but when I read to him he couldn't remember what I read to him five minutes before.

But grandmother wanted to get her children out of the environment of that place! They left Oklahoma and settled at Dutchman camp which is now owned by Matador Land and Cattle Company. One time grandpa rode horseback to the Oklahoma territory to buy cattle.

I have the letters he wrote to grandmother while he was making that trip. I was surprised when I read one of those letters several years ago. I had never realized grandpa had so much love for anyone! But he evidently adored my grandmother and their children. His letters closed, after saying "kiss our babies for me."

After buying the cattle he wanted he rode back to Dutchman. I don't know how much later he could see that farming was going to be the up and coming thing. He sold his place and bought farm land east of Roaring Springs, west of Roaring Springs and some southeast of Roaring Springs, and combined his farming and ranching. The land my mother inherited from grandpa is now owned by mother and daddie's grandchildren.

Grandpa had a hunch or was suspicious that the bank at Roaring Springs was about to go bankrupt, so he drew all his money out of the bank and put it in several other banks, even as far away as Sherman. A year or two after grandpa died, my father had a letter from a bank in Sherman saying they had a deposit there for Mr. A.J. Cooper. Of course, daddy had to prove who he was, but the Cooper children did receive the "hidden" money.

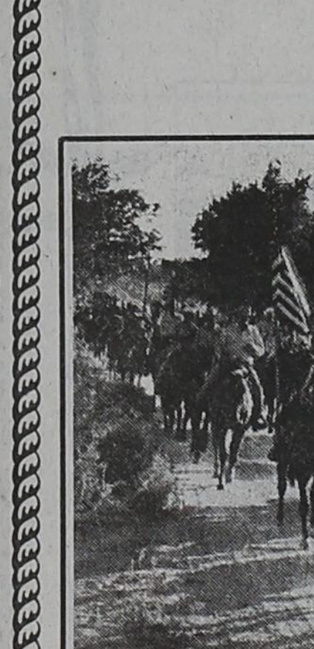
After grandpa became almost blind and had suffered strokes, he came and lived with my mother and father. His mind was affected by the stroke, and he would run off and some of us would go after him. He always said he was either going to Dutchman or Roaring Springs.

I never knew my grandmother, she died before I was born. But grandpa, in his memories of his past life with her, would call her. His pet name for her was "Bun." He would call her several times and my mother would have to explain to him that "Bun isn't here anymore."

Grandpa was an avid reader. On the trip he made to the territory to buy cattle, he stopped at someone's home to spend the night. He was telling me about that night and he said, "There wasn't a thing to read in that room except an arithmetic book and I read all of that book before I went to bed." Can you imagine any book dryer, or more uninteresting than an arithmetic book?

Many people thought grandpa was unfriendly but he was very interesting and could tell the best stories!

There is a lasting reminder of grandpa in Roaring Springs. It is the red brick building, just east from the old hotel and on the front of that building is the image of a wine glass, grandpa's cattle brand.



Old Settlers, (year unknown), left to right are Columbus Hale, G.E. Hamilton, Joe Meador, Charles D. Bird, Rufe Moore.

Photo courtesy of Mary Meason



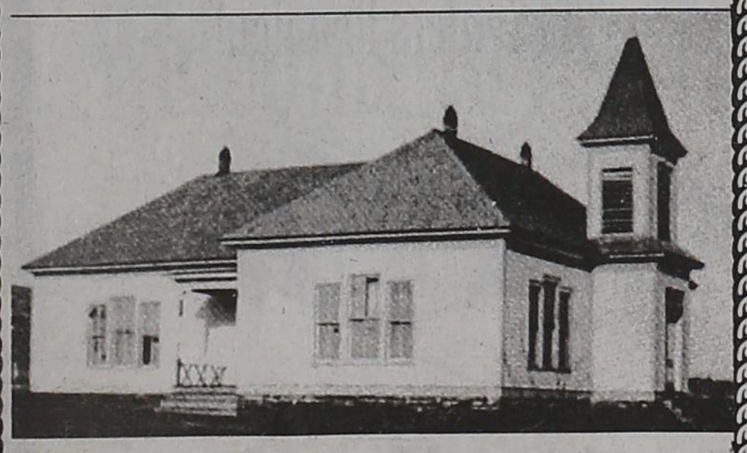


Flanking calves at the Matador ranch, many years ago.

RODEO TIME!

Welcome Old Settlers!

78th Annual Celebration



DICKENS SCHOOL, 1903-1913
(photo from Dickens County, It's Land and People)

Tip's Pkg. Store

Dickens

Welcome home Old Settlers



78th Annual Celebration

Matador Floral

Designs by Vickie

Welcome to Motley County

and the

78th Annual

Old Settlers Reunion

Heading the Parade of the Old Setters Reunion, Thursday afternoon, September 2, 1954, were left to right, Sheriff John Stotts and Curtis Graham, both of Matador. Third rider is "Fish" Wilson of Quitaque.

Tribune file photo

We offer a tribute to our Pioneers!

Higginbotham-Bartlett

Matador – 347-2445

Trouble at the Matadors

Editors Note: Story from Dakota Cowboy, My Life in the Old Days by Ike Blasingame

When the Bureau of Indian Affairs-the United States Indian Department-decided in 1903 to lease the vast domain west of the Missouri River for the Indian ward owners, it was made known that bids on individual tracts would be accepted to Washington, D.C. This chance to obtain virgin grassland at a time when many stockmen with large herds were being crowded out of pastures by the ever-increasing homesteader and small rancher was something like a glimpse into Utopia. The Matador Land and Cattle Company, a Scots syndicate guided by the canny wisdom of Murdo MacKenzie, was immediately interested.

The overall size of the Cheyenne River Sioux Indian Reservation was almost three million acres. Its northeast corner was also the southeast corner of the Standing Rock Sioux Indian Reservation, west of the Missouri. Standing Rock wasn't as large as its neighbor to the south, but its natives were also bands of Sioux, and most of their reservation was leased to white cattlemen about the same time as the Cheyenne River reservation. Here, clustered around the Cheyenne Agency, lived most of the Indians, although families of French-Indian blood had moved back farther where they had more room and grass and water for their livestock. There were, reportedly, three thousand heads of families throughout the reservation then.

The Milwaukee Railroad, looking forward to big business from the new land of cattle and cowboys, was keen to help the Indian Department in its campaign to bring large herds to Evarts, at the end of the rails. The transportation out and back was free of charge.

The Milwaukee held a lease on the whole north tier of townships of the Cheyenne River reservation. A six mile wide lane was fenced on both sides to provide a driveway for herds coming to Evarts to ship, and was known as the Strip or Trail. It was eighty miles long. The watering places on the Strip were spaced about twelve miles apart-a day's drive for a beef herd. Some of them were natural water-lakes, creeks, or water holes-but the railroad built several big dams, too, so there was plenty of water even in dry times. Thousands of cattle were taken down this trail, going in or coming out to grass, and big cattle operators from far west of the reservation, too, regularly used the Strip. The thirty thousand acres bordering the Matador could be grazed by them during the several months when there were no herds occupying the Strip, which was considerable free grass.

The Milwaukee Railroad showed a sharp eye for business when they arranged for the Strip and extended the rails out to it from Selby. This spur road passed through Evarts, hugged the Missouri shore to a point just opposite Blue Blanket Island, and ended with its feet in the stockyards on the east side, connected with the ferryboat landing and pontoon bridge.

The Milwaukee was not only interested in the reservation stockmen; they sought herds for their rails from ranges as far west as the Black Hills, and the Strip was no small attraction. Freight rates were far cheaper from the east shore of the Missouri, so stockgrowers chose to come down the Strip to Evarts.

Some of the large cattle operators west of the reservation line that ran ten thousand to fifty thousand head, included the H A T outfit, owned by A.D. Marriott, using this brand in three shapes-square, round, and pointed tops. Cowboys referred to them simply as the "Hats."

The Three V's , owned by Western Ranches, Ltd., was a Clay-Robinson Company outfit managed by John Clay.

The vast Sheidley Company, of the Flying V brand, was one of the oldest cattle companies in the West.

The reservation outfits were not slighted either. The Strip touched the ranges of the Matador, the H O'S to the west, and the 73. To the south of these ranges, and still a part of the reservation, were the Turkey Track, the Sword & Dagger, the Mississippi Cattle Company, and numerous large operations among the Indians, whose stock ranged in white-man leases. Some of these Indians ran a roundup wagon of their own-the Benosits, La Plants, the Narcelles, Herbert (French pronunciation Ayebear), the LE Beau's, and Claymore, Rouseau, Traversie, Du Pris, and many more having reservation rights. All were adjacent to the Strip and would ship from Evarts, as well as dozens of smaller owners who let the big outfits ship their stock for them.

On the north, Standing Rock reservation, the L7's would pour thousands onto the strip; later shippers from far to the northwest would come to the Milwaukee Trail.

All of these big cattle spreads were thriving concerns. Those of the reservation all came in and stocked their leases at about the same time-an empire of cattle and cowboys in almost unbelievable proportions.

As we drove the big Sword &Dagger herd to Wakpala on the Standing Rock reservation, we had to cross the Strip. The L7's, with so many cattle to ship that fall, were going to both Evarts and Wakpala, whichever place could provide stock cars when needed. Here we met Oliver Rose riding out to meet an L7 herd.

I knew Oliver very Well. When he rode over and said, "Did you know you were fired?" I thought he was joking, so I grinned and answered, "No, I didn't. Who fired me?" But I could see by his face that there were more to it than that, and his next words nearly knocked me off my horse.

"Murdo MacKenzie came to Evarts and fired the whole Matador outfit!" Oliver said.

I was so dumbfounded I just sat there looking at him. I couldn't think of anything I had done to be fired for, so I said, "I guess I'll just keep on working until someone tells me to turn in my horse and get my check.

Had anyone but Oliver brought the news, I would have called him a liar, but I knew Oliver wouldn't pass along idle talk. I asked him what about Dode and Con.

"Dode is gone," he said. "Con and Dode and all of their men were drunk. They have been staying drunk all fall and somehow Murdo got wind of it. He came into Evarts unexpectedly and found the Matador outfit in bad shape. He cleaned house then and there. Con is gone, too. Joe Lackey and Jim Burr are in Evarts. Jim is acting in Dode's place, and Lackey is range foreman and wagon boss."

James R. Burr was bookkeeper and Joe Lackey was wagon boss from Alamoctias ranch in Texas.

Roy Vivian was repping with the Turkey Tracks, so I figured he wasn't in on the deal, any more than I was. But I believed that Dode had actually been the cause of it all. He set the pace and Con had been foolish enough to go along with the drinking. Liquor was Con's only fault, and now it had gotten him fired. I was sure a troubled cowboy that night.

It seemed as if everything that I had faith in had toppled. The Matador had been home to me almost since I left my folks to work for the cattle outfits-and now Con and all the boys I had worked with would be gone, or so I thought then.

As it turned out, I wasn't fired. Several of the old hands were still Matador men. Murdo had fired only those who had been, in his opinion, the really irresponsible men.

But it wasn't until later, after I went home to Texas, that I learned from Frank Mitchell just how it all happened. Mitchell had received a letter from a responsible man in Evarts, Hugh Chittick, advising him of the miserable situation in the Matador outfit-shipping neglected, men carousing and loafing around, too much drinking were the main complaints, with something of a report on other things which had occurred, and which were Matador affairs.

When Mitchell got the letter, he was so agitated, and knew that Murdo would really be hit hard, that for several hours he withheld the letter from him. But finally he decided that he must give it to him, which he did, turning away so that he might not witness how deeply this fine old Scot was hurt. As far as Murdo was concerned, Dode was perfect. He either didn't know or wouldn't believe that his beloved son wasn't all he had hoped-that he was irresponsible and a drunkard. Dode was capable when he let drink alone, and perhaps that is what Murdo clung to.

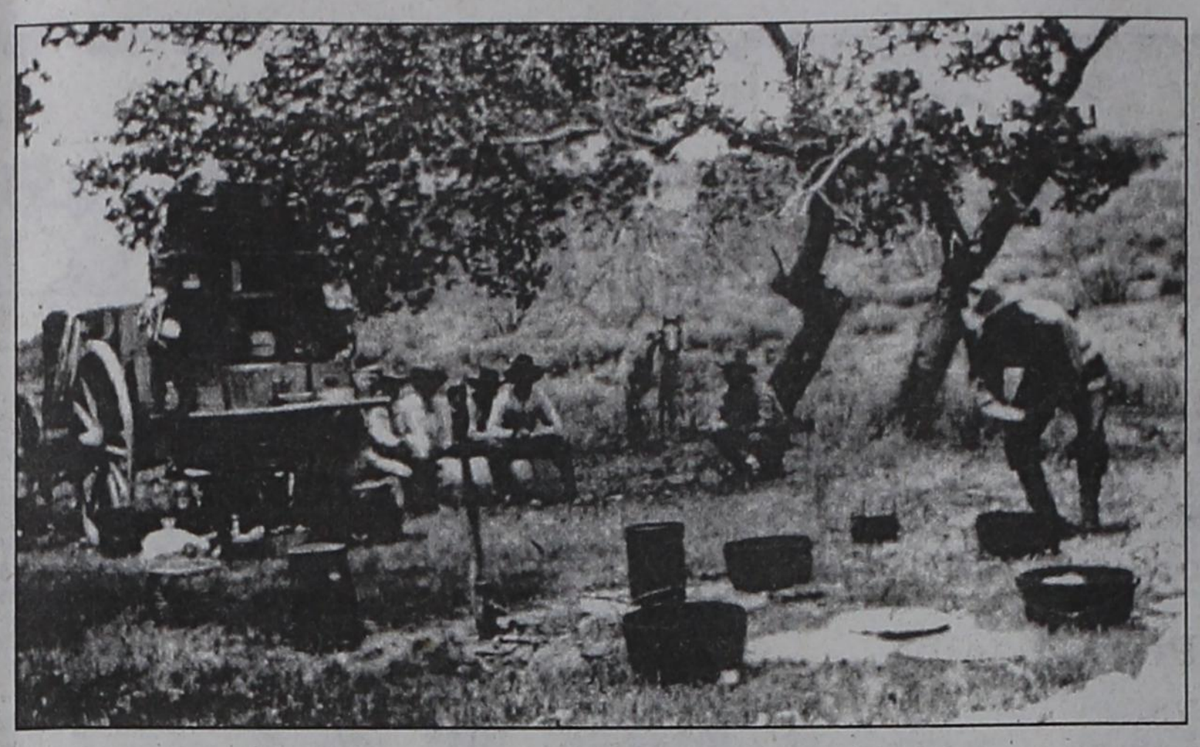
He didn't hesitate in making his decision. He hurriedly packed his grip and ordered a fleet ranch team to take him to the fastest train to Dakota.

"Jim Burr and Joe Lackey are to follow me to Dakota mediately, Frank," Murdo said to Mitchell as he headed north and sped down to Evarts without the warning telegram he usually sent in advance of his arrival.

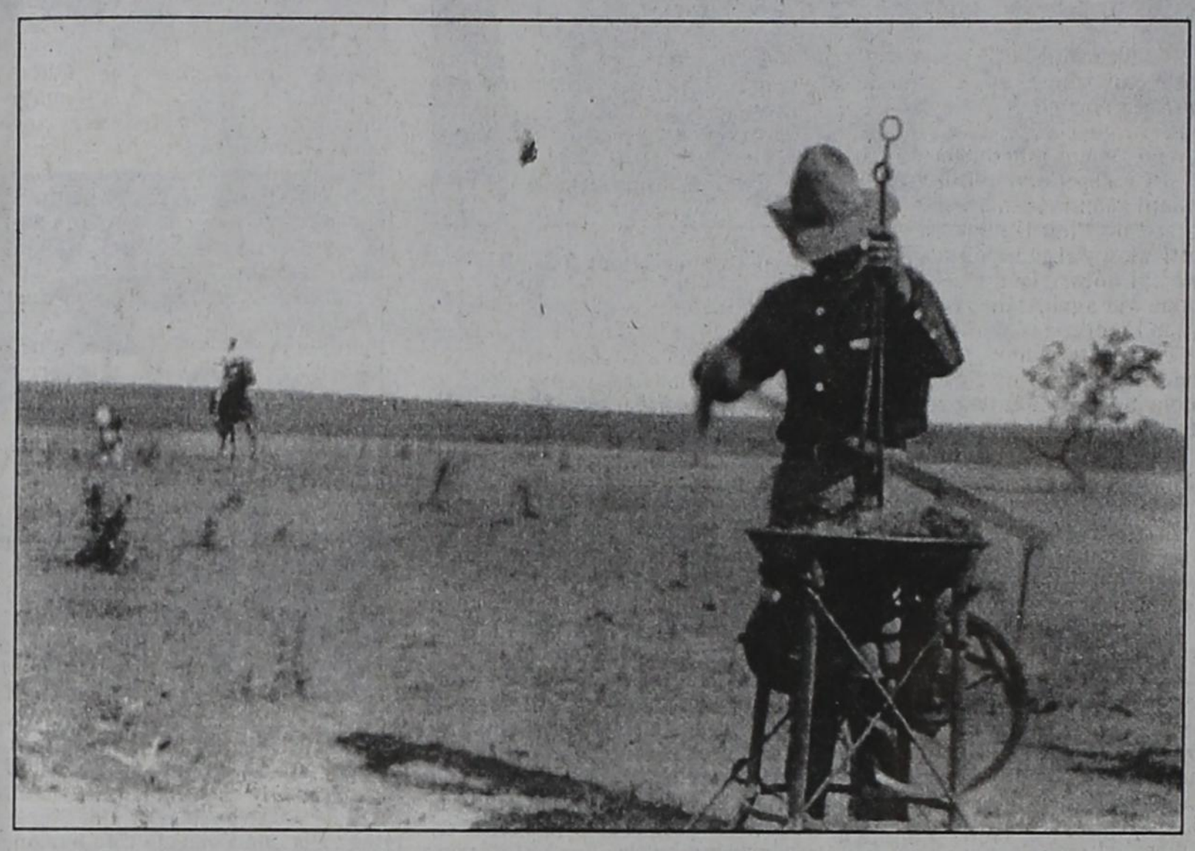
He found things in Dakota even worse than he expected. Not only was Dode drunk, but he was sick. Murdo bundled him off to Hot Springs, Arkansas, without delay for the doctoring he needed. But he didn't remove Dode from his position, even though he had failed him. He still tried to cover up his son's weakness, and he contrived to have the main responsibilities handled by Jim Burr. To have done anything different would have been impossible for Murdo, loyal old Scot that he was, yet he could not entirely hide his disappointment and grief.

After Dode left, Murdo fired his men, one by one, as he came upon them. When he found Con, it is said that the two of them, who had known each other so long, sat down on the hotel steps and Murdo paid Con off. Both had tears in their eyes. Liquor and nothing else had been the cause of it all.

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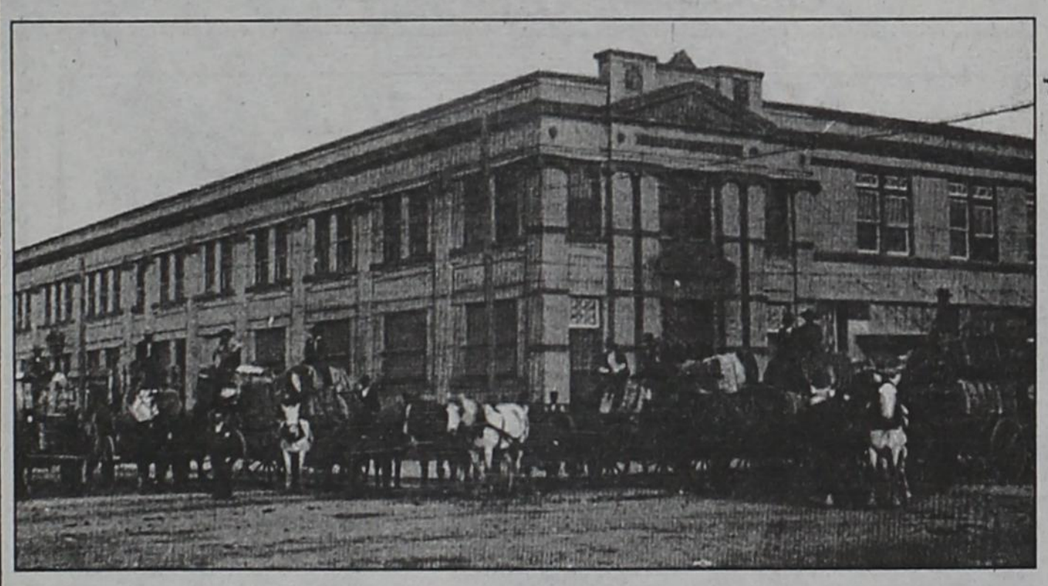


DINNER TIME AT THE CHUCKWAGON, July 3, 1910. Branded 444 calves.
Motley County Museum photo



THE FORGE — Heating the branding irons, Chandler Mills, July 25, 1910.
Motley County Museum photo

In honor of the Pioneers of Motley & Dickens Counties, we offer our congratulations on the 78th Annual Old Settlers Reunion



Farmers with their first bales of cotton ginned for the year. New Spur National Bank building in background.
(photo from Dickens County, It's Land and People)

Spur Security Bank
SPUR, TEXAS
Each depositor insured to $100,000 FDIC
EQUAL HOUSING LENDER

"But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.

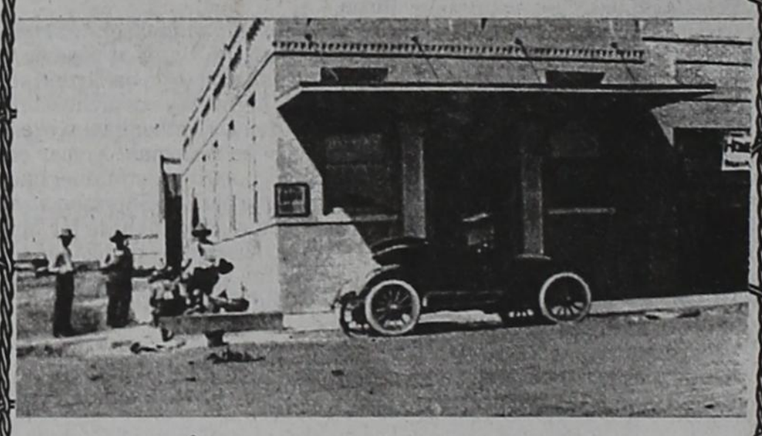
Matthew 5:44

We have a beautiful selection of Invitations for Weddings, Anniversaries, etc. We also have Guest Books, Napkins, and everything you will need for your special day.

Motley County Tribune
347-2400

Welcome to Roaring Springs

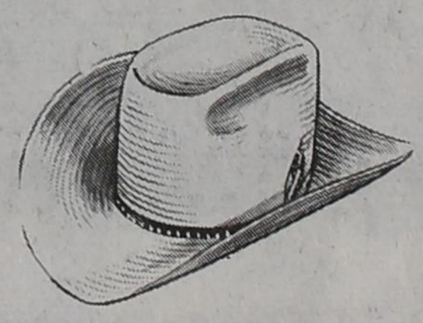
78th annual celebration!
Old Settlers Reunion



Roaring Springs Bank building, 1913.

Thacker Jewelry
Roaring Springs

Congratulatons on the 78th Celebration of the Motley-Dickens Old Settlers Reunion!



Panhandle-Plains Federal Land Bank

Plainview, Texas



Pink Higgins vs. Bill Standifer

Note: Story from Historic Ranches of the Old West, by Bill O'Neal.

Plagued with cattle thieves on the vast Spur range, in 1899 manager Fred Horsbrugh employed two special range riders — a hardcase named Tynam, and the former sheriff of Crosby County, Bill Standifer. Tynam soon moved on, but was replaced by Pink Higgins, a veteran cattleman and gunman who had won special notoriety during a bloody range war against the Horrell brothers in Lampasas County.

The range riders proved "very successful in putting down stealing," according to Horsbrugh, but Standifer and Higgins clashed over "an old grievance." When Horsbrugh could not stop the quarrel, he dismissed 'the two gunmen in August 1902, although he agreed to let Higgins remain in his house until Pink could arrange to move where his children could attend school.

But Standifer returned, and a "premeditated (and naturally arranged for) dual (sic)" took place within sight of Pink's house on October 4, 1903. The two antagonists rode toward each other, dismounted when sixty yards apart, then began exchanging rifle fire. Higgins' horse was struck, but Pink scored with a bullet that tore through Standifer's elbow and into his heart. Standifer shifted his rifle to the crook of his good arm, started to stagger away, then fell dead.

It was a fair fight, and Higgins was acquitted following a quick trial at Clairemont, the seat of Kent County. Having lived up to his fearsome reputation, he was appointed a deputy sheriff of Kent county — and rehired as a range rider by the Spur Ranch.

Joe Thornton as I knew him, and Red Lake Camp

by Jerry Green

Joe Thornton and his wife were our neighbors. I didn't know her first name. To me she was always Mrs. thornton. They worked for the Matador Land and Cattle Company. Their assigned camp was Red Lake, about five miles east of our little place on Tongue River. I believe Joe always said they were "Sanders Holler" people, Sanders Hollow being the confluence of a stream that flowed surprisingly robust past Red Lake Camp and the South Pease River called tongue.

I was not close to Joe, but my father, Mervin, was. During the winter of 1946 or 1947, about Christmas time, my Dad and I rode to Red Lake on account of the fact that Joe had gotten word to Merv that he needed some help penning a bunch of dry cows. Nobody ever said or asked why Joe didn't send for regular Matador help. I reckon he figured his crony, Merv, and that kid of his were ample for the job. I was seven or eight years old at the time.

Joe was so appreciative of the fact that Merv and I had come down Tongue River to help him that he gave me a pair of kid's spurs that his Dad (I think) had given him long before. I kept and used those little spurs for several years until I outgrew them. Then I gave them back in about 1953. Fast forward to the year 2000. Joe's niece's son showed me the same pair of spurs! Heirlooms in West Texas just keep on hanging around.

Meanwhile back to the winter day my Dad and I were down at Red Lake (actually, one of the many times). We headed home about four that afternoon and I kept noticing an old blue cloud to the north. Yes Sir, by the time we got to Fish Hole Creek past the Matador water gap on Tongue River, she was blowing and sleeting and freezing - and I reckon Merv must have thought we were going to freeze to death because he pulled us up at a dead mesquite tree ensconced by a rat's nest and rattlesnake den at which time he produced a fire which has not been exceeded in warmth by any in my lifetime, before or since. When the fire played out, we made a dash for home under whip and came upon a comforting environment within about one hour. My Mom, Lois, was put out at first because of our "missing in action" status, but soon overcame her angst as was her custom when it came to husband and children.

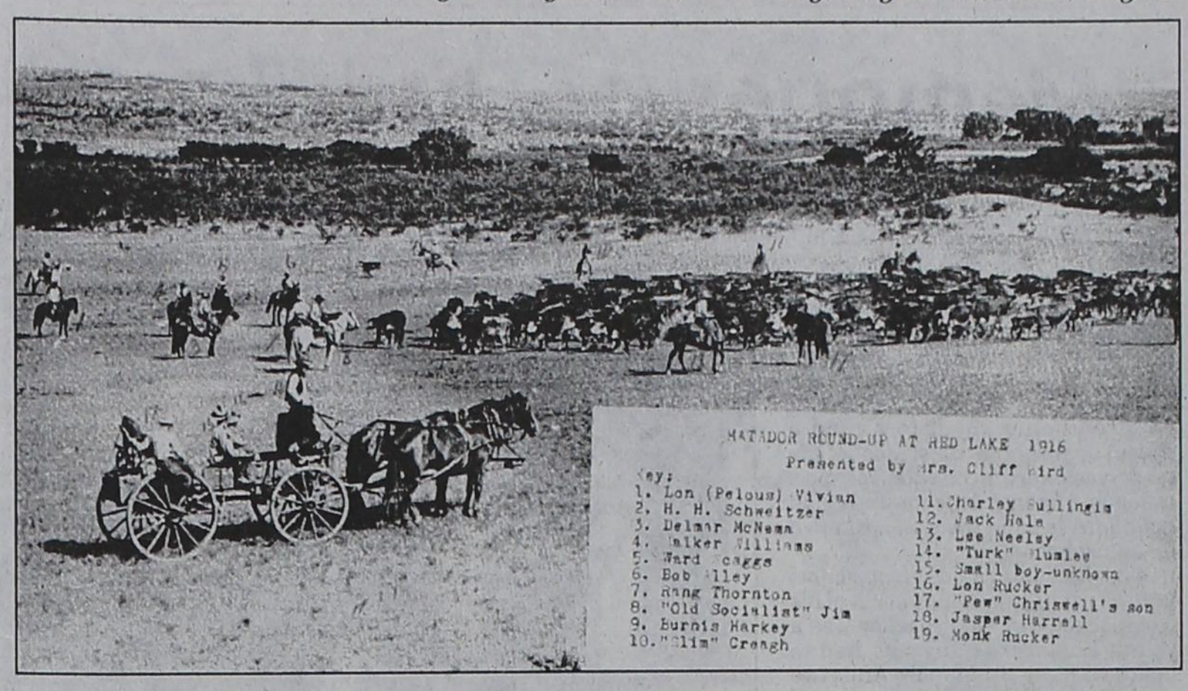
During the summers of 1952, 1953, 1954 and 1957 I was employed as a cowboy on the Matador cow outfit. I had drawn a little check from the old Scotland bunch in 1949, but most of my time on the Matadors was as a peeler for the American investors who bought the original flying Vs and 50s (horse brand). To this day, I listen to folks who insist that some of my friends and I were too young to have been Matador hands during the early '50s. To them I say, we were hands all right and that's why they called us cow BOYS.

When the Matador chuckwagon pulled out in the spring of 1952, 1953, 1954 and 1957, I was with it -- usually on point with the remuda - instructed, showed the right direction, or otherwise told what to do by Matador cowboy giants such as Red Payne, Bill Hemphill, Booger Steagall, Wishy Dirickson, Rosie Deaton, Stogie Bumpus, H.A. Stephens and others For some reason which a teenage hand was not privy to, we always worked Red Lake first every spring. That meant we would see and work with Joe Thornton during the three weeks or so we made drives to and branded calves at such exotic and creatively named places as Gage Corner, Duncan Tank, Deer Lake, East Tank, Sanders Holler, etc.

I didn't get to visit Old Joe much during the time the wagon crew worked Red Lake. In those days, there was still an unwritten code of conduct on the Matadors that nobody, and I mean nobody, violated. The superintendent, wagon boss, drive leaders, horse ropers, camp men and other older hands were kind and helpful to us kids, but they did not exactly invite us to participate in the councils of war. How well I remember one trial of youth. I stood along with my good friend, Dave Keith, for the grievous and felonious crime of taking a swim in the Red Lake tank where drinking and cooking water was drawn. Punishment awarded was 20 or so licks, with leggings, well laid on, by the judge, jury and executioner, Big Robert Thornton, chuckwagon cook and nephew of Old Joe.

By the late summer of 1957, I was 18 and thinking real seriously about doing something other than punching cows for a living.

The wagon pulled in about the end of July so Superintendent Johnny Stevens had the choice of getting us buttons off the payroll or assigning us to other jobs until Old Settlers and then school. He tagged Richard Bumpus and some of the better young hands to work the "Shoe and Sock outfit" or Floating Crew. The rest were detailed to line camps. It probably goes without saying that I did not get picked for the Shoe and Sock Outfit. But I got what I thought, at first, was the next best thing -- Red Lake Camp, just a few miles down Tongue River from my dear Mother's cooking and her Sunday fried chicken!



Matador roundup at Red Lake, 1916.

photo from Dickens County, Its Land and People

I trailed my mount of about 10-12 good "50" branded horses from somewhere near Ballard Creek north of Highway 70 to Red Lake, toward the end of July, 1957. The brush was terribly bad around Red Lake in those days. Old Joe had me turn my horses loose in the trap and directed that I throw my suggins (bedroll) in the half-dugout that was built long ago for line camp riders. I did, indeed, throw my suggins into the half-dugout, but that was a bad mistake on my part. Henry Merrell was the resident line camp rider of Red Lake at the time and did not take kindly to having some kid intrude upon his turf - the end result being that Henry counseled me severely, necessarily, and terminally about the etiquette of Texas cow camps!!

I hung on at Red Lake Camp for about six weeks. My lust for cowboy life waned in direct proportion to the distance I had separated myself from the Matador chuckwagon and all romance thereunto pertaining.

Most of my assigned tasks at Red Lake Camp during that short period of time were performed with the minimum enthusiasm required. I hated pumping water, something that had to be done when there was no wind to keep the windmills turning. That plebeian job was for unmounted nesters common to the farm country west and south of Red Lake. I hated doctoring the bigger stock for screw worms because Joe and Henry were too old and stove up to be of any help and I was definitely not the next Ike Rude or Cotton Lee with a catch rope! Thank the Dealer that I had two or three savvy and trustworthy old steer-jerking horses in my mount, the same of which kept me out of a serous wreck on many an occasion.

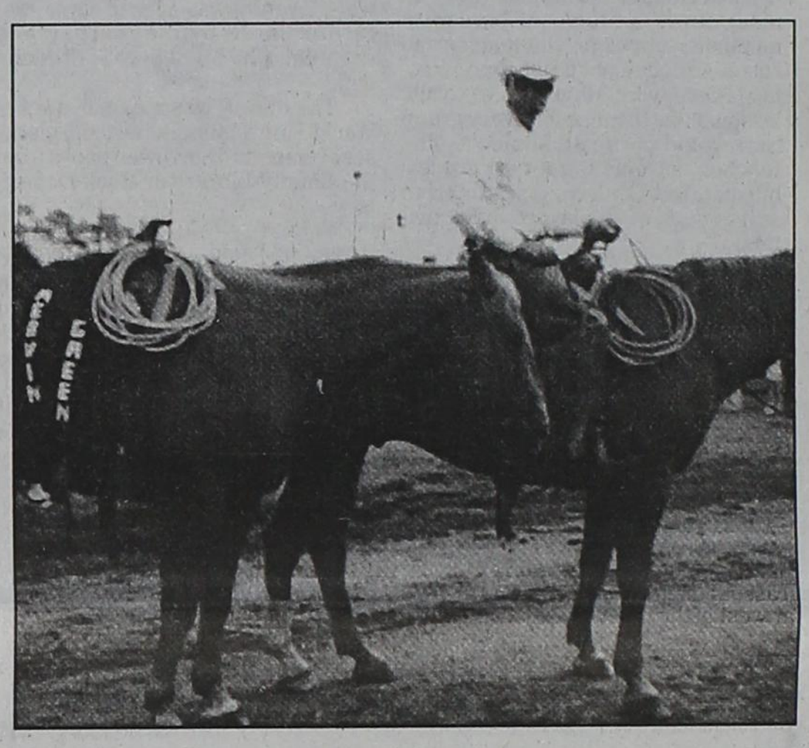
But most of all, I hated living in that half-dugout with Henry Merrell and eating squash everyday at Mrs. Thornton's table. Squash was what she grew in her garden and squash was what we ate!

But it wasn't all bad. Johnny had sent a little band of about 30 brood mares with foals and a stud horse to Red Lake. One of my jobs was to see about this fine breeding stock - everyday. That was fun and in keeping with my idea of what a cowboy ought to be doing most of the time - even when I had to fight that old stud off with a hefty mesquite stick. And when any of this bunch needed doctoring, I could get Johnny himself to come out from Matador and do the roping. (He actually used the stud as a roping horse with which to catch the sick or screw-wormy foals).

Now, all those kind and gentle folks (Joe, Mrs. Thornton and Henry) from my youth are gone -- Red Lake is clear of brush and the half-dugout that I lived in with Henry is a museum piece at the Texas Tech Ranching Heritage Center in Lubbock.

City folks visit the Center in Lubbock and say, "Wow, I'll bet those old boys who lived in that cabin were hardy souls." Yes, they were hardy all right, but probably not worthy of a Kelton or McMurty novel -- just intrepid Texans in love with the nicker of a good horse at daybreak and the wail of a hungry coyote at dusk.

Post Note: Anybody wishing to know more about Joe Thornton and Red Lake Camp should contact Bill Hemphill who was married to Joe's niece, Florine, for 53 years and who started out as a line camp rider with Joe. Another good source of information would be Big Robert Thornton, Joe's nephew, Florine's brother and one of the last Matador chuckwagon cooks.

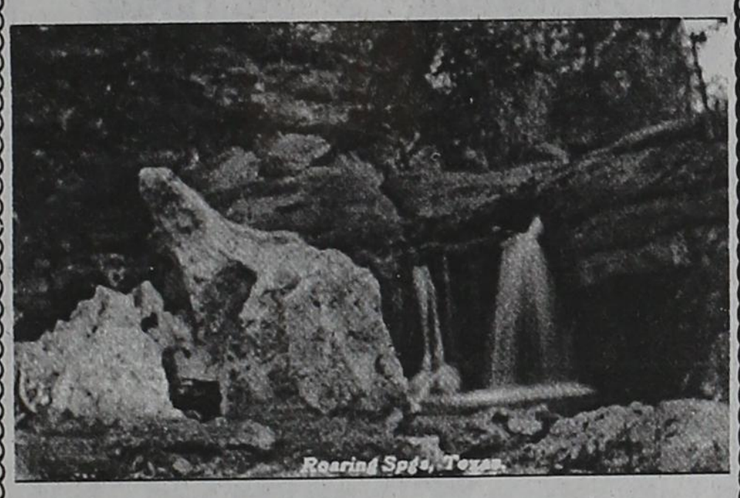


Banty Brandon leading Mervin Green's horse at the Old Settlers Parade, 1975.

photo courtesy of James Meador

Those who seed to harvest most from the field of life learn early to sow the seeds of love for labor. There is no drouth or bitter failure that will not succumb to the courage of a new day driven by the power of joy in the heart.

Welcome to Roaring Springs



78th Annual Celebration

Graham Supply

Downtown Roaring Springs



TRAIL DUST
By Doug Meador

"Patience takes a lot of time, but its rewards are soft music which bring peace to the soul and the admiration of contemporaries."



Welcome Old Settlers

NEW TO YOU

"A Quality Clothing Consignment Shop"

Downtown Matador ~ 347-2388

OLD SETTLERS' DAY

Welcome to the 78th Annual Old Settlers Reunion

Lighthouse Electric

Floydada, Texas

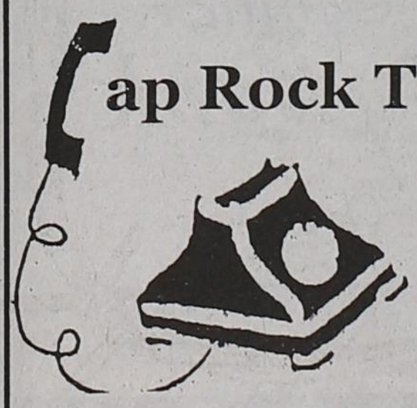


For Fun and Excitement...

COME TO THE

Old Settlers Reunion!

78th Annual Celebration!



Cap Rock Telephone Cooperative, Inc.



Memories of Bird Ranch School

by Lois Bird

Bird Ranch School began in one room of the Bird Ranch House. Imogene Barrett Bird taught the school for a few years. C.D. Bird, always interested in education, was very concerned about his employee's children being about to attend a school near their homes. Most of the employees were faced with transportation and financial means and could not afford to send their children to a distant school.

C.D. Bird built a one room school in 1920, paying all expenses out of his own pocket. The first teacher was a young East Texas girl who had to board with the Bird family. After two years teaching Bird School, she fell in love and married C.D.'s hired hand and left for East Texas.

A Matador girl (Tinnie Sanders) taught two terms. She boarded with Carl and I. I (Lois Bird) began teaching Bird School in 1929-1930. I taught the school for twenty (20) years. J.D. Payne taught the school for two (2) years. After J.D. Payne quit, I taught another year. Then, Bird School was consolidated with the Roaring Springs District. The Bird Ranch children transferred to Matador School.

The Bird School enrollment varied from year to year. The enrollment was usually from 5 to 18 children. The school's enrollment was the children of Bird Ranch employees and renters who farmed Bird Farms. The Bird School was classified as an Elementary School, but taught the high school pupils who were unable to attend a high school elsewhere.

Bird School did not fit into the modern school category. There were no plush lounges for the teachers to relax. A teacher had not time to relax. There were all grades to teach, lesson plans to make for every group that would cover all subjects. The teacher not only taught all grades, but had to be nurse, disciplinarian and engage in all playground activities.

Playground equipment was nil. Each child would bring his own ball, mitt, bat or whatever he chose to play with. The playground was the mesquite flats that also served as our dining area, amidst flies, sand, dirt, mesquite leaves, whatever cared to join us at lunch hour.

Our restrooms were the canyons. Boys went one direction; girls went the opposite, encountering rain, snow or sandstorm, just trying to find a place to hide. Later acquired a two-holer (Johnny).

The teacher depended on the emergency supplies from a first aid box that contained few supplies to treat the ill and injured. The school's water system was a large can of water furnished by the teacher, and each child had a separate drinking cup.

The library was meager: a set of World Encyclopedias, world globe, set of maps and borrowed books from the County Library or Book Depository.

The Bird School children entered a few Interscholastic events with Motley County schools. All in all Bird School had a big happy family. C.D. Bird gave me the building after the school was closed. I sold the building to Jinks Wilson. It can be seen at its present site, west of Geneva's home. To view it today brings many sentimental feelings to me of the hours....



BIRD RANCH SCHOOL — Teacher Lois Bird; Jackie Smith, Samuel Charles (Mann) Bird, Lee Otis Smith, Wordnia Smith, Daisy Mae (Sue) Bird, and W.T. Smith, (pictured right to left). This picture was made about 1941-42.

photo courtesy of Sue Bird

Students Remember

by Sue Bird

My parents were Glen David and Vila Mae Bailey Bird. My brothers were Glen Teddy and Samuel Charles Bird and we lived on Bird Ranch. I, Daisy Mae Frances Bird, started to school in 1941 at Bird Ranch School. My teacher was Aunt Lois Bird, Carl Bird's wife. She taught all three of us, but I believe that Virgie Sparks taught G.T. in the first grade. Aunt Lois taught Charles (Mann) through the eighth grade then he transferred to Matador High School and boarded with Mr. and Mrs. R.E. Campbell, Sr., and graduated with the class of 1945. I attended Bird School until my fifth grade when my family moved to Littlefield, Texas. G.T. went to work for the Swenson Ranch in his early teens and then on to work for the Matadors later on.

We walked to school, which was a little more than a half mile, or we rode a horse. In bad weather Dad would take us in the car or pickup. We walked through the pasture granddad used for a bull pasture in the fall time of the year. One evening I was walking home by myself and the bulls were all gathered on the feed ground. Some were eating, some were fighting and running at each other bellowing. I was so scared I started running as hard as I could run down a new trail and stuck a prickly pear cactus through my shoe. That didn't slow me down either, I didn't stop to pull it out until I got home so Dad could pull it out for me. After all that trouble and scare I found me a new trail home from then on!

I remember this story being told on my sweet brother, G.T. Being the overgrown young man he was, he was called on to do a lot of handy chores. One day Aunt Lois asked him to fetch a pail of water from the River, so off he went over the sand hill to the water box in the River bed. One the way back his bare feet got hot in the sand, so he preceded to put his feet (one at a time) in the pail of water to cool them off! It was never known if they (back at school) used the water to drink or to wash their hands with! Ha! Of course, G.T. didn't use it for either one!

Paul Hotchco and his family were early day renters and farmers on the ranch. Their children were Pauline, Helen, George and Linda. Otis and Anna Bell Smith farmed later on and had relatives living at Dumont, which was a small community east of Bird Ranch. W.T. Smith, their youngest son, started to school the same year I did. His brother and sister were Ima Jo, Jackie, Lee Otis and Wordna Smith. I recall the Bryants. Susie was one of the girls, also Chock Carmen and family and Richard Martin and family.

We would have Christmas gatherings with the families at the little one-room school house and granddad would bring everyone fruit and nuts, which was the only time of the year we saw such. My mother would always have homemade candy and I don't ever remember being without Wild River Plum Jelly! She would fix some of the jelly with the seed, that way we could chew on the seeds like an all day sucker - that was a treat!

My Aunt Lois was a very loyal and dedicated teacher. There were times when I would be the only one to teach so I would go to her house to have class. We even took trips, and went to El Paso once, and yes, we had class on the way. Another time I remember she, Uncle Carl and I took a big truck load of cattle to the Oklahoma City stockyards to sell and it was around Christmas time. I wanted to a little Christmas shopping. A blue northern blew in the night we got there and I had to spend most of my money on a sweater to wear because I left my coat at home. We had school on the way this time, too.

Seems like wherever I was, I always had my TEACHER with me! She was a sweetie and I loved her very much.

by Helen Hotchco Arrington

I started to school on the Bird Ranch in 1933. My older sister Pauline Hotchco and Toots Bird started school in 1929 at the age of 5. They were Lois Bird's first pupils. Later, in 1935, my younger brother, George Hotchco, and Jakie Bird started. There was a Bailey family there for a while. I remember Gwen and Glenn Bailey and a sister, Julie Bell Bohner; also a Dillard family with about three children in school. Ina Mae Hickson was there for a while. I really do not remember any other children. We all got along real well, and had a lot of fun.

I have very fond memories about the Bird Ranch School. One funny thing that pops into my head is when George and Jakie were about 8 or 9 years old. One of them went to the rest room, which was over a sandhill north of the school. When he failed to come back, Mrs. Bird sent the other one after him. When he did not return, she went after the two of them and they were building a cattle ranch. Needless to say, they both returned to class with Mrs. Bird.

Lois Bird was like a second mother to me. We all loved her dearly. My sister Pauline died in October, 1936. Things were never the same. We moved to Afton in December, 1938, so I could get into a high school the following year. I went into Patton Springs School and graduated in 1943 at the age of 15.

In earlier years I had three uncles, Lee, Ross, and Sonny Murphy who attended school at the Bird Ranch. They were there in about 1923 and 1924. I've heard them say their teacher was Imogene Bird and they thought she was great.



COWBOY SADDLE MAKER — H.H. Schweitzer earned nationwide recognition for his fine handmae saddles. Being a cowboy before he was a saddlemaker, Houston Schweitzer knew the need of practical design. He perfected and patented the "Schweitzer Special" tree which went into the construction of most of his orders. His customers were everywhere the chime of spurs echo. He never had a lesson in saddlemaking or leather work, and never witnessed a saddle made He started his work in the living room of a large homein Arizona, with leather, a nail and a hammer. Schweitzer was born April 3, 1894, along the Yellowhouse Canyon in Lubbck County. His parents moved to Motley County when he was small and his mother died when he was only a few years of age. For several years he made his home with his aunt and uncle, the late Mr. and Mrs. Frank Leonard at Mott Linecamp on the Matador Ranch. During winters he stayed with the late Mr. and Mrs. John M. Jackson at ranch headquarters and went to school in Matador. He worked as a cowboy on the Matador Ranch for 12 years. His shop was the last rendezvous of the cowboy in a town founded by cowboys, and at his passing, Feb. 8, 1956, the victim of a heart attack, another chapter in the history of Matador was closed.

Tribune file photo

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

I Corinthians 13:1

Welcome to the 78th Annual Old Settlers Reunion



M.E. Keahey's filling station in Roaring Springs.

Alexander Fuel

Downtown Roaring Springs

Celebrating 78 Years!



Welcome to Old Settlers!

Have Fun!!

First Ag Credit of Texas, PCA

Alan Bingham

Congratulations to Motley & Dickens Counties on their 78th Annual Old Settlers Reunion!





Caprock Cellular

The Clear Choice

ADVERTISING IN THE MOTLEY COUNTY TRIBUNE not only benefits your business, but this entire county. Remember to shop at home!

WELCOME OLD SETTLERS



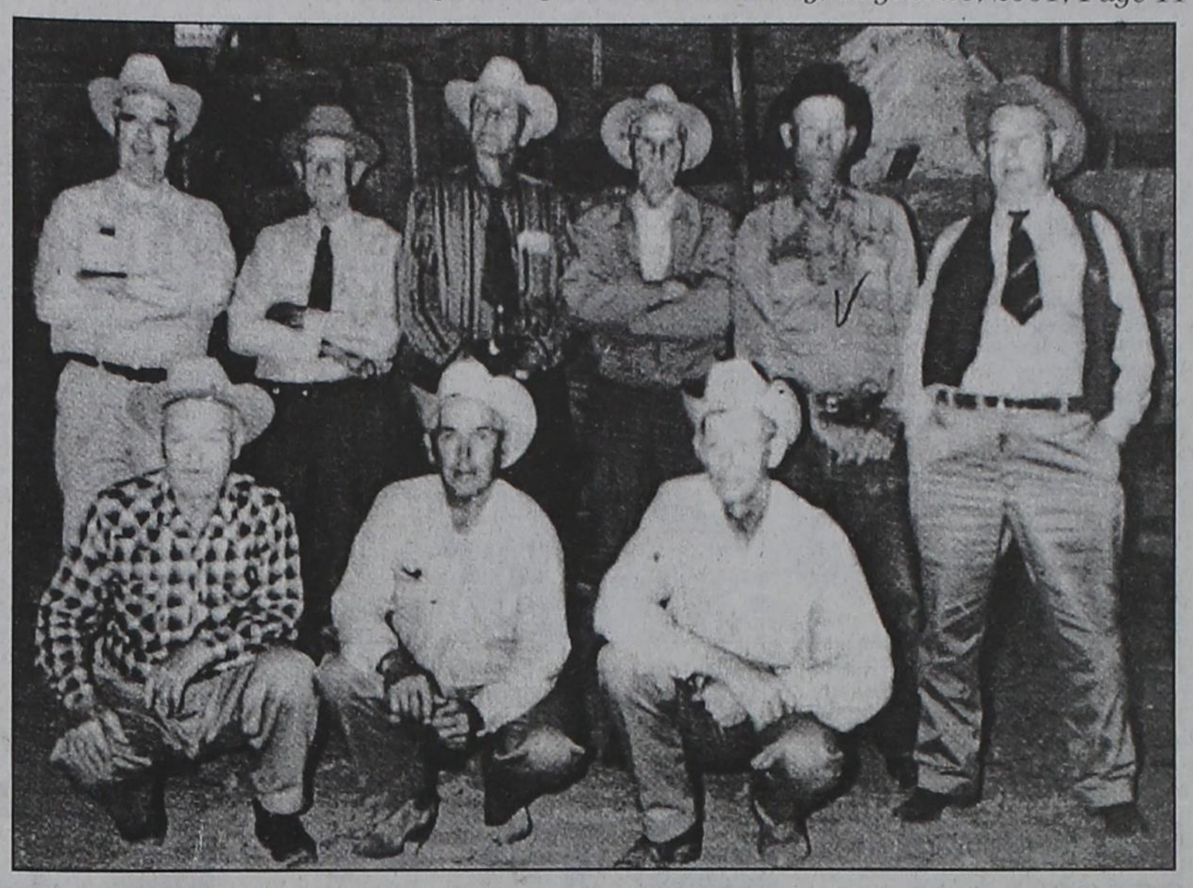
Chuckwagon Mules

Matador Motor & Implement



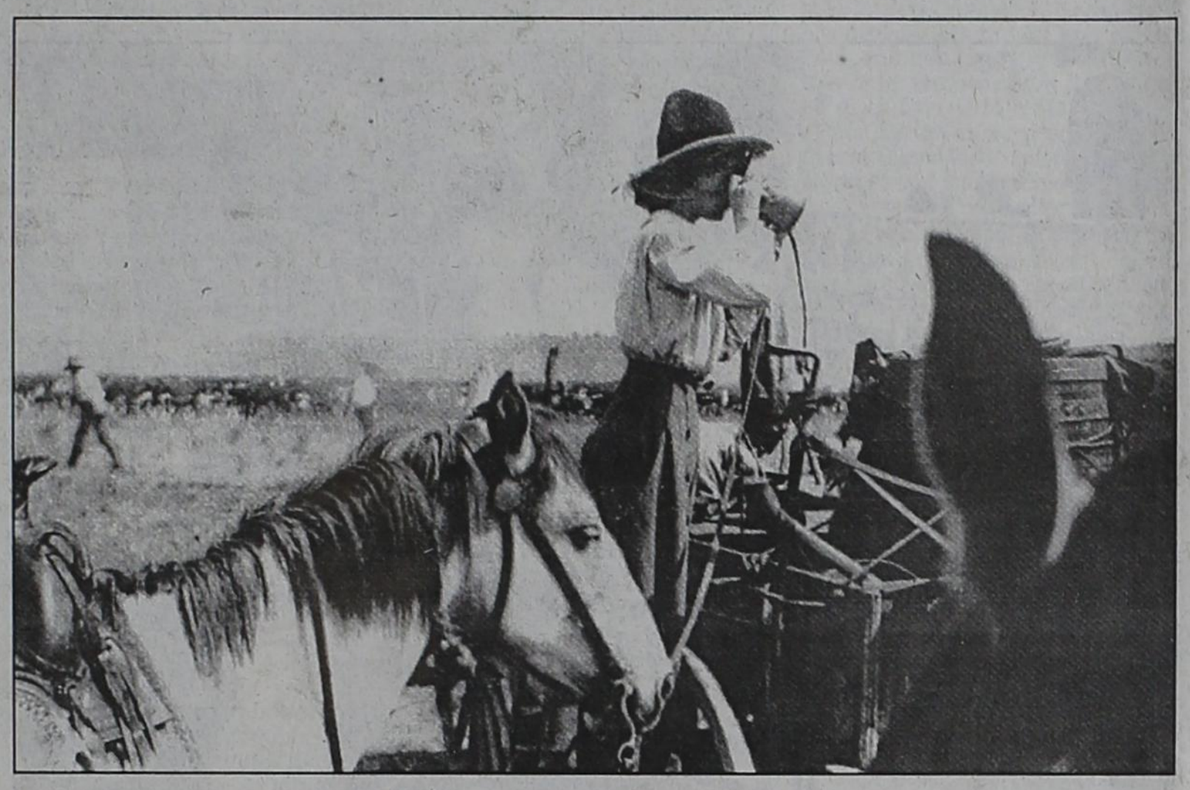
J.D. Perkins and crew constructing bridge across the North Pease River about 1915.

Photo from Of Such As These



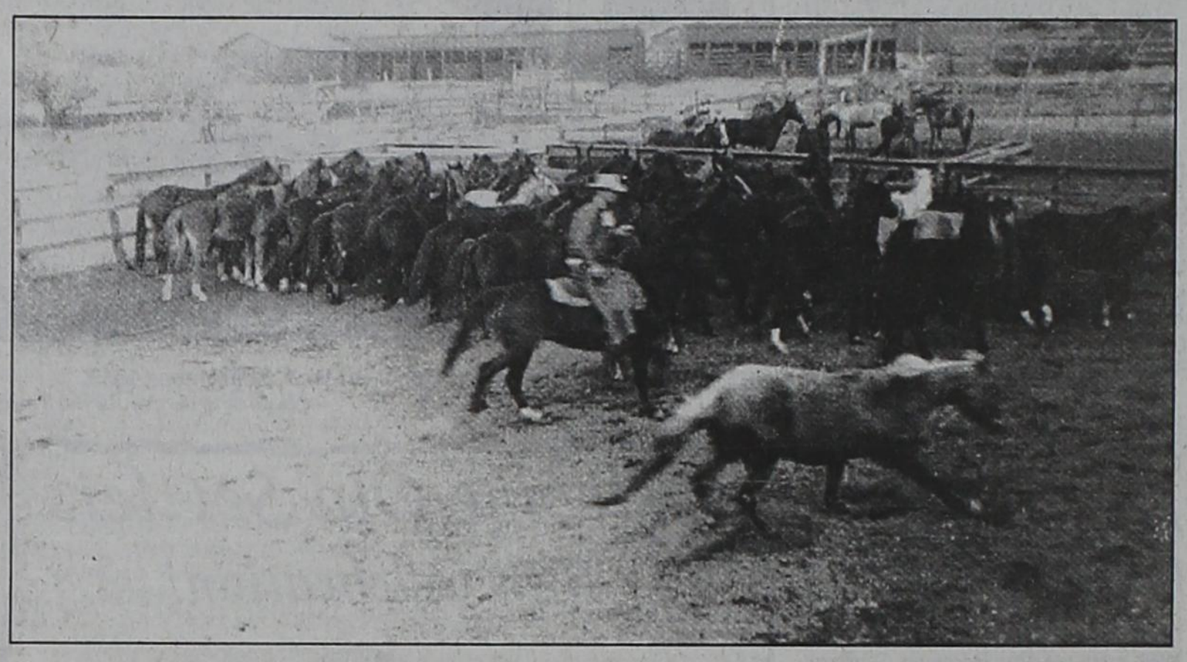
MATADOR COWBOYS, left to right, Brooks Callaway, Albert Daffern, Virgil Leonard, Emmett Gafford, Melvin Dirickson, Ed D. Smith, shorty Smauley, Walker "Peel" Leonard, W.D. "Rosie" Deaton. All are now deceased.

photo from Of Such as These



A COOL DRINK at the Hoodlum Wagon, Mary Keith, Sunday, July 3, 1910.

Motley County Museum photo



LONGTIME MATADOR COWBOY, ROSIE DEATON, cutting out broncs for the Matadors. This picture was taken in 1940. Rosie passed away a few weeks ago, but will be long remembered by Motley County residents.

Motley County Museum photo

Old Settlers Days

We offer a salute to Motley & Dickens County Pioneers and say welcome, as the 78th Annual Old Settlers Reunion is celebrated



Matador First State Bank, 1911

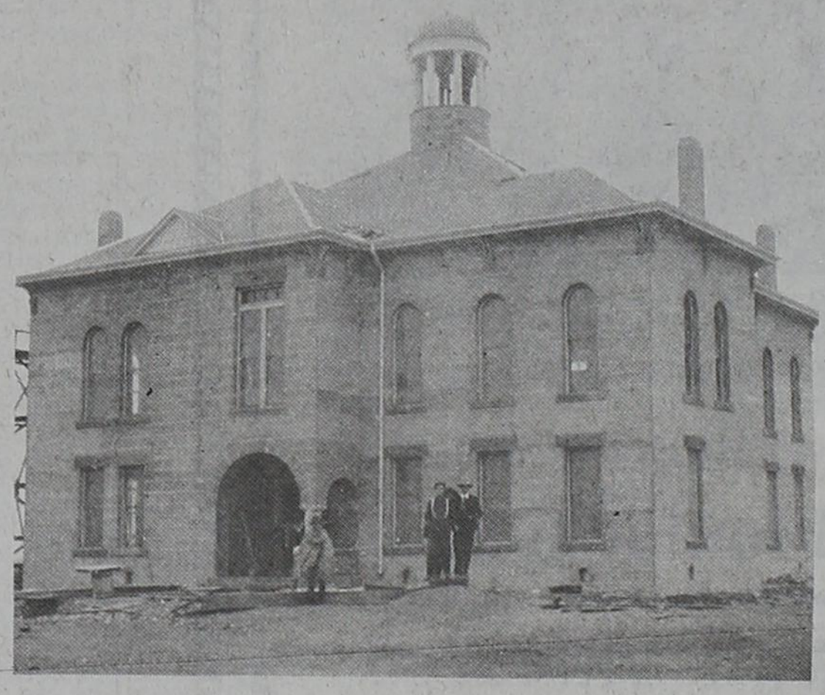
FIRST STATE BANK

Matador, Texas

FDIC

EQUAL HOUSING LENDER

A Salute to the Pioneers of Motley & Dickens Counties



Motley County Courthouse, built in 1904, and destroyed by fire in 1944.

Motley County Courthouse Staff

Judge Laverna M. Price

County Commissioners:

Precinct I - Ronnie Davis
Precinct II - Donnie L. Turner
Precinct III - Franklin Jameson
Precinct IV - J.N. Fletcher

Motley County Sheriff's Department - James B. "Jim" Meador, Sheriff; Rickey Lawrence, Deputy

Motley County Tax Assessor/Collector - Elaine Hart; Tax Assessor Deputy - Terree Donaldon

County Clerk - Lucretia Campbell
Deputy County Clerk - Kate Hurt

Justice of the Peace - Cora Smallwood

County Treasurer - Joe Campbell

County Attorney - Tempie Francis

County Agent - Lonnie Jenschke
County Agent/Judge Secretary - Greta Smallwood

County Appraiser - Brenda Osborn

DPS Trooper - Mark Gumaer
Game Warden - Ted Davey

Courthouse Maintenance - Larry Markham

ROAD MAINTENANCE:

David Taylor, Precinct I; Tommy Beck, Precinct II, Richard Thomas, Precinct III, Bobby Witcher, Precinct IV



ROARING SPRINGS, MARCH 1929. Rocks were being cleared for the pool to be built. Pictured left to right are Eula Roller, Effie Carper, Myrtle Carper, Margie (Roller) Payne, Carmie (Roller) Robbins holding baby sister, Jeannettie Roller, John Carper. In background is R.J. Davis.

photo courtesy of Margie Payne



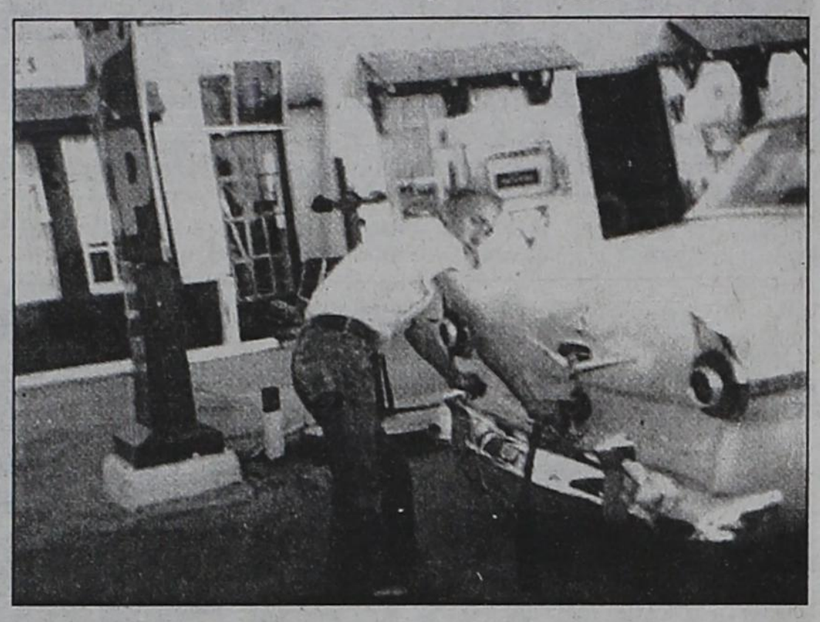
PIONEER MOTHERS were entertained at the Matador Ranch headquarters in the 1930's by Mr. M.J. Reilly, whose husband was ranch manager at the time. Mrs. D.E. Pitts was co-hostess with Mrs. Reilly for the occasion. Pictured left to right are Mrs. C.D. Bird, Mrs. Harrison Williams, Mrs. J.S. Lambert, Mrs. W.M. Wason, Mrs. M.L. Patton, Mrs. J.L. Moore (behind Mrs. Patton), Mrs. A.D. Burleson, Mrs. W.W. Moore, and Mrs. J.E. Russell.

(photo printed in early edition of Matdor Tribune, submitted by Mrs. Winifred Darsey)

Large crowd expected at first Trade Day, Saturday

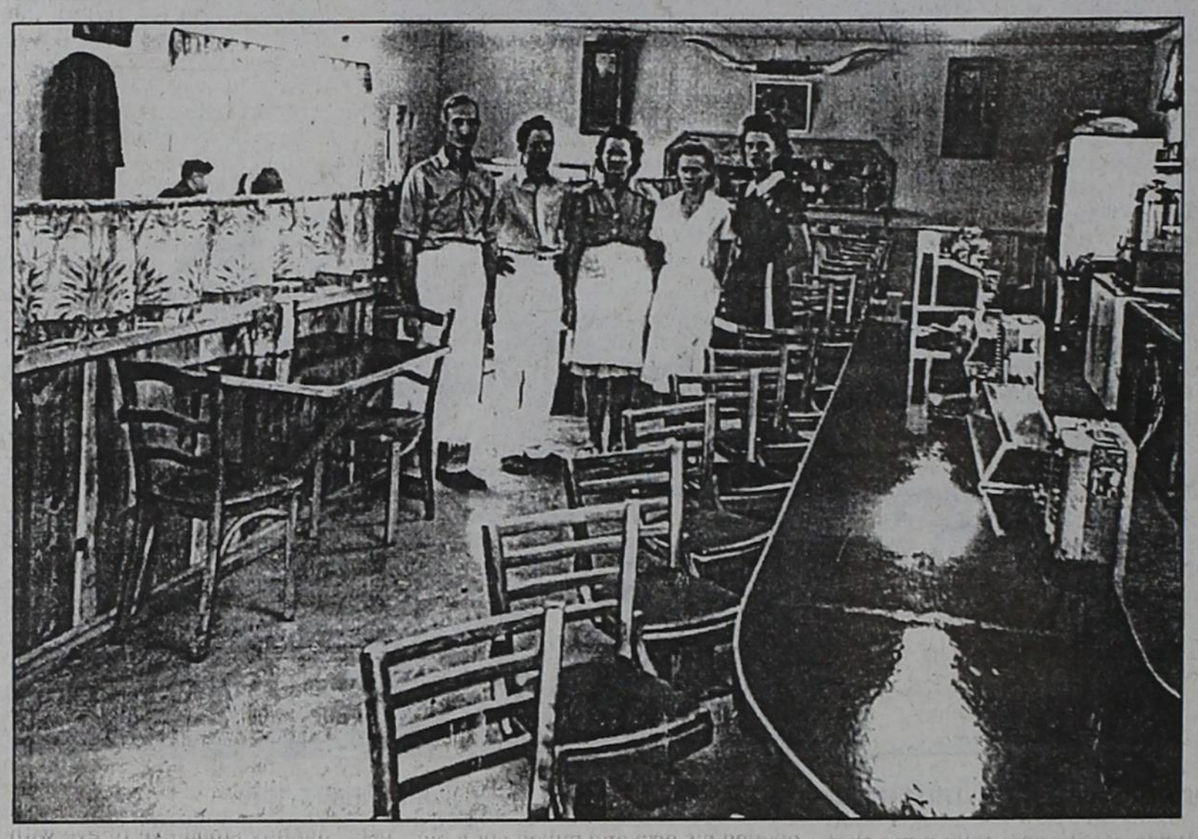
Note: This article is from the May 17, 1934 issue of the *Roaring Springs Reporter.*

A large crowd is expected to attend the first local Trades Day, to be held here Saturday, and share in the special Trades Day attractions. Merchants are offering special prices, and attractive premiums will be given away. These special Trades Days will be weekly events for the present. Other attractions will be announced later.



Jackie Smith pumping gas at Bob's Oil Well, September, 1955.

photo courtesy of Jackie Smith



BOB ROBERTSON'S CAFE, 1946. Waitresses were Zelda Watson Crump, Isabell Muse; Ethel Timmons Pope, Cook; Doneiison, dishwasher; the bus boy was a young man from Quitaque.

Tribune file photo

Construction of Lateral Road Completed

Note: This article is from the May 17, 1934 issue of the *Roaring Springs Reporter.*

The Lateral Road, in the south part of the county, which has been under construction for about three weeks, was completed the first part of this week. This new road leads off the Dumont road at the Stearns place and intersects the Dumont road again south of the Walter Duncan place.

Welcome Old Settlers

78th Celebration!



Matador V&S Variety

Downtown Matador ~ 347-2820

OLD SETTLERS' DAY



1919 FLOMOT COTTON FIELD: Those on wagon are Tede and Ora Blackshear, Earnest and Rul Everhart; on the ground are Mary B. and Viola Blackshear, Bessie and Stella and Mr. Everhart.

78th Reunion!

Flomot Gin

Welcome to Roaring Springs



MOTOR CAR at Roaring Springs depot during early day trials in passenger service by Q. A. & P. Railway

CSR PolyPipe

Roaring Springs

Congratulations to Motley & Dickens Counties on the 78th celebration of your Old Settlers Reunion

LYNCH & SON.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

WHITEFLAT - TEXAS.



TeleBank

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF FLOYDADA

Member F.D.I.C.

Equal Housing LENDER

Trouble at the Matadors

continued from page 8

Con left Evarts. He swore off liquor which had led him by the nose for so long, and some years later he was back at his old job in Dakota-wagon boss and range foreman-closing out the Matadors.

When Jim Burr and Joe Lackey arrived in Evarts, they began reorganizing. Joe hired another crew of cowboys and took over the range work. Jim became assistant manage and did all of the bookkeeping. He attended the Matador affairs and wrote all of the checks. Although Dode came back to Dakota from time to time, and to all appearances was still Matador manager and did sign the checks, it was actually Jim Burr who controlled the Matador finances.

It had been a policy with Matador that when any of the men stayed in the north three years, they were entitled to a trip home, if they desired. Dode promised me, months before, that I could go home for Christmas after the fall roundups were over, and I was looking forward to it.

Roy Vivian had quit the Matador and had gone to the Sword and Daggers because he didn't like Joe Lackey. He went out with the last Sword and Dagger herd, on the first leg on his journey back to Texas to work for Frank Mitchell as wagon boss at Alamocitas.

When I went back to the Matador headquarters with my horses, it seemed strange not to see Con there. Even Walker Krump had gone south by then, as he did every year after the roundups were over. I began to think of starting for Texas, too, although I intended coming back to Dakota.

Somehow, Dode had kept Charley Brown from getting fired during his father's housecleaning job.

Although I was coming back after my visit with the home folks, Jim Burr and Lackey tried to talk me out of leaving. But I had looked forward to the trip and wanted to go. Eventually I turned my horses out, rolled my bed, sacked my saddle, and went to Evarts to take the train.

Little did I think then that I would never see Dode again, that tragedy would strike the Matadors in Dakota more than once before I came back, or that when I did return it would be from far north of here. So, I departed on my holidays with a light heart.

Christmas in Texas! I'd half forgotten what a mild winter was like, without deep snow and below-zero temperatures. I was homesick for Dakota, deep snow and all. Dakota was home to me now, so after the holidays I prepared to start north.

Before I left, I got a letter from Murdo MacKenzie telling me that Frank Mitchell wanted to see me at the Alamocitas ranch.

When I got there, I found that Roy Vivian had been hurt. He had roped a bull that jerked his horse down, and Mitchell wanted Roy to go home to rest and get well. Frank would have it no other way than that I run the Matador roundup wagon in Roy's place. I didn't want to stay in Texas, but Roy needed considerable time to recover, and I couldn't run out when I was needed.

I took the wagon until the Pig Pen outfit on the Texas-New Mexico line began gathering three thousand big steers from their range southwest of Alamocitas. Mitchell sent me over there to rep with that work and Ira Stoughbaugh took over the Matador wagon.

I wasn't with the Pig Pens very long until Ernest Spears came to take my place. He told me to leave my horses, but to take my personal belongings and go back to Alamocitas. Much mystified, I saddled up and pulled out.

Murdo was there when I arrived, and before long, I knew he was sending me to Canada with three train loads of cattle-3061 head. I was to run the wagon in Canada, where Dave Somerville was manager. Murdo made me promise to stay at least two seasons. I was a little skeptical about Canada, but I'd heard of the big lease up there already stocked with thousands of cattle, so I headed for Canada. Theodore Green and two men went along to help with the cattle. Green was a good hand and intended to work for the Matadors in Canada, too.

The cattle destined for Canada were coming from the Matador's Lower Ranch in Motley County, and would entrain from Estelline, Texas. I went there with a letter from Murdo to John MacBain, his brother-in-law, who was assistant general manager of the Matador empire in the United States.

The cattle train left Estelline a few hours apart, and I went with the lead. MacKenzie and MacBain caught up with us in Sioux City, and as each trainload came in we worked the weak and thin cattle into separate corrals.

After the required time to rest and feed the cattle, we again loaded the first train. The next stop would be Velva, North Dakota. I went with the lead again, and Green was to come with the second train. MacKenzie and MacBain left us there and went on to the Dakota ranch.

At Velva we unloaded again. The stockyards were poor, far too small to hold a thousand cattle, and were knee-deep in mud, so I turned everything outside. They were eager to hit the ground. They grazed, watered, and rested as much as the soggy earth would let them, while I hired every horse and man the livery stable could supply as well as every kid who owned a horse and saddle, to keep cattle on the ground controlled by the railroad.

As the time came to move on, we began penning and loading. John MacBain caught up with me there. He put his belongings on the caboose and helped with the loading. He was not afraid to get a little dirty. If there was work to do, he would help. As we were pulling out, heading for Portal, the gateway to Canada, the second train from Sioux City was just coming into Velva.

As the train picked up speed, I went to the corner of the caboose, where there was a place to wash up. I cleaned the mud from my face and hands and reached for a towel hanging there. The brakeman stepped up, snatched it away, and said "That's not for you! That belongs to us."

I didn't answer, but started fumbling in my hip pocket for my handkerchief. Mac Bain, who was sitting near by had heard what the brakeman said. He jumped to his feet, opened his grip and pulled out a big white towel. "Here, Ernest, use this. This is our towel!" (None of the Scotsmen, MacKenzie, MacBain, or Somerville, called me by my nickname, Ike.)

The trainman glared at us, but he was too thick-headed to heed warning. He sat down and glowered but said nothing further until I asked him, since this was the last run before reaching Canada, to punch my contract, which would make it good as a ticket if I needed it for the return trip.

It was customary to use a regular punch on these papers, but the trainman had been refusing to do it for the Matador cowboys, and this one didn't intend to, either. He fairly barked his refusal. MacBain stood up and asked him to punch the pass, but the brakeman was just as short with Johnny as he was with me.

Then Johnny MacBain went to work on him! The words rolled off his tongue like quicksilver off a platter, and although he burred his r's in deep Scots accent, he was plainly understood.

"I'm John McBain, general bookkeeper and assistant general manager of the Matador Land & Cattle Company, Dundee, Scotland! Who are you? Give me your name!" Johnny reached inside his coat and brought out a small book and pencil. "Give me your name, I say!" He repeated, as the brakeman stood there dumbfounded

MacBain continued, "You railroaders up on this end of the line have a habit of running it over our men. I'll see to it that it doesn't happen after this!"

The brakeman squirmed. The Matadors were big shippers whose business was valued by the railroads, and he knew he was as good as fired if MacBain reported this incident. He was utterly surprised that this top man of a big cattle company was riding in the dirty little caboose like a common cowboy. In a way, it was comical to see such an overbearing individual put in his place. He begged John not to report him — that he had a family and needed his job. With all his bluster gone, he was indeed a sad-looking creature.

MacBain was adamant, though, and let him squirm. He demanded that he punch the contract and when the fellow protested that one reason he didn't was because he had no punch with which to do it, MacBain gave him a pencil and told him to punch it with that.

"If you have neither punch nor pencil, use a nail or anything else that will make a hole!" he demanded.

The man gladly complied and asked again that he not be reported. Eventually, Johnny let him off the hook and told him he would skip it this time, but warned him never to be discourteous to a Matador man again. The brakeman promised to cooperate henceforth, and the Matador cowboys had less trouble on the run from Velva to Portal after that.

At Portal, we had to have our belongings inspected, as well as the shipping papers for the stock, and that's when we met another "wise one."

Frank Mitchell told us to take along a big supply of tobacco, an item which was hard to get as well as expensive, in Canada. I had a two-year supply of Bill Durham rolled in my bed. At that time, there were hay racks built all along the inside of the cattle cars, and I had put my bedroll in one of them, safe above trampling hoofs. I had to get out and unroll it for the inspector.

This official had been confiscating anything he wanted for the cowboys as they went through with cattle, and right away, he pounced on my tobacco. "Can't take that across the line," he growled.

Once again, John McBain came to my rescue. "Why not?" he demanded. "His tobacco is for personal use." Johnny stood eye to eye with Mr. Inspector, and after a right salty speech, won again — and I rolled my tobacco back in my bedroll, tied it up good and tight, and dropped it back in the hayrack.

John went on with the cattle to Waldeck, Canada, but he sent me back to Velva on a fast train to take over in Green's place while Green went back to meet the train of weak stock coming in from Sioux City. It was still raining and as nasty as ever.

I loaded out again at Velva, and MacBain had backtracked to meet us at Portal. When we got there, he sent on with the cattle, while I again turned back to help Green with the train of thin ones. They were certainly a pitiful-looking sight. Several were dead in the cars. We got everything on the ground at Velva, but some were too weak to get more than a few steps away from the train. When they got to Waldeck, we held them on good grass until they gained strength to travel to the ranch on the Saskatchewan.

It is notable that all livestock, once acclimated to the cold weather, mature to bigger animals on the northern pastures. I remember my surprise when I saw a fine-looking horse at the ranch. He looked so familiar I thought I knew him. Sure enough, I had broken him in Texas, and because he was so scrubby-looking I named him Last Chance. He still had the name, but he had developed and filled out to twice his former size.

The Matador Canadian range of more than half-million acres was situated in a bend on the north side of the mighty Saskatchewan. This river, one-half to a full mile wide and flowing eight miles an hour, formed part of the boundary. Because of severe climate, the Matador shipped nothing but two-year-old steers to Canada to be double-wintered there and sold as four-year-old beef.

The steers for fall shipment were summer-ranged down river from Saskatchewan Landing. There were no bridges over the stream. Cattle had to swim it. The river widened out to a mile across and split into channels. Along the north bank the stream ran fairly shallow for three hundred yards to the deep, swift first channel; gradually, then, it leveled off to a wide sandbar where water was five to eight feet deep.

When the weather turned warm, grass grew amazingly fast. Besides their fenced beef pastures, the Matador had outside range extending seventy miles to the north. There was just one big lake or marsh after another out there, and mosquitoes hatched by the million. Cattle walked into the wind, to protect themselves from the stinging hordes.

Of all the yarns about giant mosquitoes and the vicious attacks credited to them, I doubt if any can top the actual story of these pests in Canada. They hid in the grass by day, and every evening the vicious tormentors took to their wings.

Horses suffered most, and we had to build smoke-smudges to partly relieve their misery. The horse wrangler mowed heavy slough grass, raked it, and hauled it to the smudge corral to make the smoke needed to rout the insects. The smudge had to be enclosed, for the horses were so crazed by the mosquitoes they would actually step into the fire in an effort to free themselves.

To make the smudge, a big fire was built in the corral. After it was going good, green grass was heaped on it, choking it down to great billowing smoke-clouds. When the first smoke rose from the corral, horses saw it and came loping in, knowing that it would drive the biting millions off them. Some of the horses were so covered with mosquitoes, their stingers driven down to blood and their bodies gorged, that in brushing against other horses, they crushed them in masses, leaving big bloody spots on their hair. A white or light-colored dun was a strange looking horse with all the smashed insects and blood plastered on him. If they rolled to rid themselves of pests, the blood was muddied and matted on their bodies.

We were glad when beef shipping time approached. The big steers going to market would have to swim the Saskatchewan before they made the sixty-mile trek to the shipping point at Waldeck.

When we cut the first two hundred fifty steers from the thousand head and drove them down to the Saskatchewan, we crowded them right out into the water. I took the lead on Water Dog to point the first steers toward swimming water and the farther shore. Once we were all lined out, men in boats kept them going.

Water Dog liked to work with cattle in water, and he would become so interested in what he was doing that he paid little attention to his rider. In fact, he loved to swim, and that day he performed a swimming feat that holds the horse record as far as I am concerned.

I hadn't noticed how far we were from the shore until suddenly everything hit the deep water of the first channel. Dave Somerville, who was in one of the boats, seeing Water Dog drop into the channel, fearing he would attempt the dangerous swim with me, shouted, "Turn back!"

In the excitement of swift water, crowding steers, an unruly horse anxious to make the trip, and trying to hear what Dave said, I pulled the reins which will (and did) sink a horse. A horse pulled and sunk in that way is very apt to be rolled over and over by the swift water and drowned - often both man and horse drowned.

But not Water Dog. He came to the surface twenty feet away but I came up among the steers, fortunately near the edge. I wrapped an arm around a big steer's neck and hung to his horn with the other hand. The spooked steer lunged around among the others, ducked both of us several times without losing me, then he lit out swimming for all he was worth. All around us, the river was solid with steer horns and heads.

The canoemen tried repeatedly to reach me, but every time a boat got close, the steers would hit the light craft, knocking it back, and the fast current carried it downstream before one finally edged close enough for me to let my steer go and swim to it.

A steer just naturally swims faster than most horses, as a usual thing — but not Water Dog! He beat the steers across and climbed the shore.

Boatmen led him back and a few hours later I was again pointing two hundred steers into the stream, and again riding the same horse. Water Dog would not be turned from what he was doing and once more he dropped off into the first channel.

The boatmen saw it happen, and that time paddled right up beside us. I slipped off the horse when he wouldn't turn back, and swam beside him on the downstream side, holding to him until the boat got close, then went to it. But Water Dog swam powerfully on and would have taken me safely across. As it was, he led the steers again, and boatmen brought him back to the north shore once more, which made his fourth trip that day!

Good river horses were seldom used except to swim herds - other than to keep them in stout condition - Water Dog was supposed to stay at the ranch when his work was finished. But when he saw the saddle horse remuda loping down to the river to go across (the roundup wagons crossed by barge) Water Dog quit the horses in the pasture and galloped down to the remuda. He splashed through the shallow water, ignored the boatmen, took the lead of the other horses, and led the way for his fifth "Saskatchewan swim" that day! As a river horse, he was one of the best.

When the last herd was on board cars at Waldeck, going to Winnipeg to take the boat, Mr. Spears offered to pay me to go across to England with them to see that they were well cared for. It would have been a grand trip, and I still wonder how those big, wild steers acted, tied to a manger and hand-fed. I surely wanted to go with them, but Somerville didn't want me to go, so I turned back to the ranch and we began preparations for winter work.

I had thought Dakota was cold, but it was nothing in comparison to the real cold of Canada. The Matadors put up tons and tons of hay for winter feeding. Several men were employed to haul hay to cattle that were going into the winter in rather poor shape.

One day, Dave Somerville got a telegram which brought the tragic news that Dode MacKenzie had been killed in Le Beau, South Dakota. It is the only time I can remember being extremely shocked. I couldn't believe it. It seemed incredible that anyone wanted to kill Dode. We were both young when our trails parted in Dakota - and now I would never seem him again.

Dave began hastily finishing his book work for the year just ending. He left signed checks for wages and other things, gave me the keys to the desk and to his office so I could give the men their checks and attend to what needed doing until he returned. He took the train to go to Dode's funeral. After that, he made a trip to Scotland and I didn't see him again until February.

It was near the end of the big cattle empires on the northern ranges that Dode MacKenzie, son of Murdo, was shot to death in Le Beau, South Dakota. It was one of the saddest and most wantonly cruel shootings of those wild cattle-kingdom days - one that many of us old cowboys believe sounded the deep-toned death knell for the frontier shipping point of Le Beau, on the east bluffs above the Missouri. Dode was shot in the Phil De Fran saloon. It was a chilly December morning in 1909 and Le Beau was in a festive mood for the Christmas holidays when Dode, manager of the Matador Land and Cattle Company, was killed by a fellow he had befriended many times.

There were various stories of the shooting of David G. (Dode) MacKenzie. The killer claimed self-defense as his reason. Walter MacDonald, who stood next to Dode and saw Bud Stephens shoot him full of lead, told me about it. He said that Dode had not even hinted harm to Bud.

It is true that Dode wore a gun. Everyone wore a gun in those days if he wanted to, but Dode made no attempt to use it, even after he was shot. Whatever he may have said to the man was of a rough, rolicky nature such as was Dode's custom with all, for he was a friendly man. His one weakness was drink, but even then, he wasn't mean.

With the trial and someone's heavy purse behind him, for certainly Bud Stephens had no money, he was cleared. There were few who agreed with the verdict.

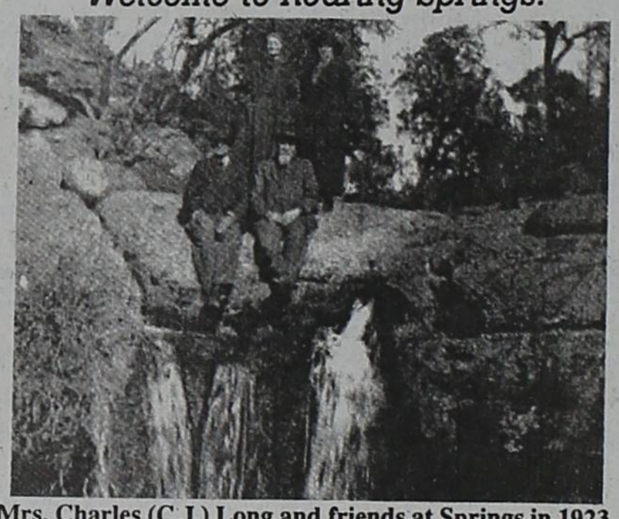
A few months after Dode died in the streets, the first lethal blow fell upon Le Beau. Fire started on Main Street and raced through most of the business section - a loss estimated at two hundred thousand dollars.

The town struggled to survive. By then, whether they foresaw the encroachment of the homesteader with his plows and barbed-wire fences spelling the end of the of big cattle spreads on the reservation, or whether their lease could not be renewed profitably, no one knows, the Matador began pulling out of the Dakota range. Certainly no Matador herd ever again entrained from Le Beau stockyards. No Matador cowboy ever again trod her streets in the same friendliness as before. All of us knew the deep personal grief our chief, Murdo MacKenzie, had suffered over his beloved David - Dode - good cowboy and always one of us, regardless of his position as Murdo's son. And we stayed away from Le Beau!

What was left of Le Beau after the first fire was wiped out by the second fire a few months later, and after that she ceased to exist.

Dode MacKenzie was buried in Trinidad, Colorado. I was still in Canada when I saw Murdo for the first time after Dode's death. He was a heartbroken man. He came toward me saying, "How are you, Er-r-nest" rolling his r's in his deep Scots way. While we shook hands, Murdo's eyes filled with tears, both of us remembering Dode and the affection we held for him. We spoke no word of the tragedy, yet each of us knew what was in the heart of the other. My own eyes misted as Murdo turned aside to hide his emotion, for he couldn't talk. And I got on my horse to ride out and coral the saddle horses.

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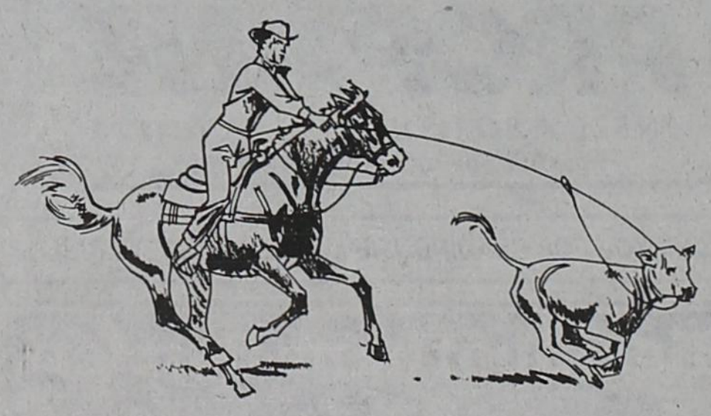
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CROSBYTON NURSING AND REHAB is accepting applications for LVN weekend shift, 10 p.m. - 6 a.m., and full time CNA, 6 a.m. - 2 p.m., and 2 p.m. - 10 p.m. split shifts. Also one part time CNA. Come by 222 N. Farmer or call Denise or Kandi at 675-2342.

HELP WANTED: Ranch hand for Cattle Ranch/Bird Dog Kennel needed. Must be willing to do manual labor, others need not apply. Craig Thompson, Flomot, TX (806) 469-5021.

HELP WANTED: Motley County Senior Citizens will hire to fill 3 positions:
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2tc-35

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2tc-34

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Notice

NOTICE OF HOSPITAL BOARD BUDGET HEARING

The Motley County Hospital District will hold a Budget Hearing, Tuesday, September 11, 2001, at 7:00 p.m., at the Motley County Clinic.

1tc-34

THE CITY OF MATADOR wishes to lease a farm tractor capable of powering a 15' shredder. The lease would be short-term in the very near future. If interested, please contact City Hall at 347-2255.

BID NOTICE

INVITATION TO BID

The City of Matador will accept bids for a 1988 or newer diesel powered track driven loader. Specifications include a "Clam Shell" multi-purpose bucket, cab, heater, air conditioner, and a minimum 140 net horsepower. Bids will be accepted until September 6, 2001 and can be submitted at City Hall, 706 Dundee in Matador, Texas. Bids will be reviewed and a bid accepted September 13, 2001, at 7:00 p.m. at City Hall. The City of Matador reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

2tc-35

PUBLIC NOTICE

NOTICE

The City of Matador will hold a meeting at 6:30 p.m. on September 13, 2001, at the City Hall Council Room, Matador, Texas to consider adopting a Proposed Tax Rate for Tax Year 2001. The Proposed Tax Rate is .33600 per $100 of Value.

AUGUST Subscriptions due

Motley County - $21.00
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Robert D. Queen, Sr., Spring Branch
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Geney Stan, LaPlata, NM

PUBLIC NOTICE

NOTICE

The Motley County Hospital District will hold a meeting at 7:30 p.m. on September 11, 2001, at the Motley County Clinic board room to consider adopting a Proposed Tax Rate for Tax Year 2001. The Proposed Tax Rate is .11850 per $100 Value.

The Proposed Tax Rate would increase total taxes in Motley County Hospital District by 2.79 Percent.

NOTICE

The City of Roaring Springs will hold a meeting at 6:30 p.m. on September 10, 2001, at the City Council Room, City Hall, Roaring Springs, to consider adopting a Proposed Tax Rate for the Tax Year 2001. The Proposed Tax Rate is .45771 per $100 of Value.

The Proposed Tax Rate would increase total taxes in the City of Roaring Springs by 2.99 Percent.

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