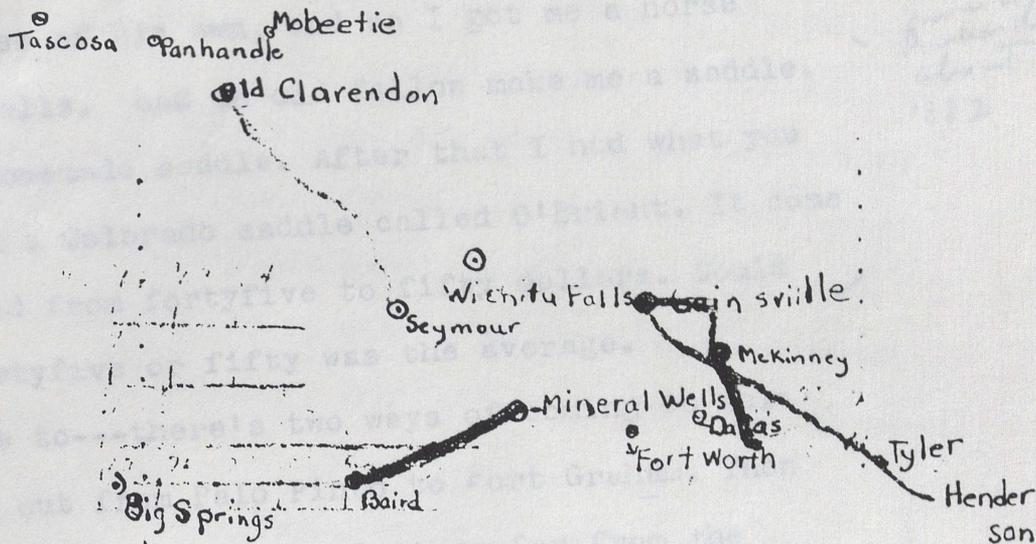


BORN AND RAISED IN THE LONG-HORN COUNTRY

Memoirs of Charlie Wright
Panhandle, Texas

Blue line-Rusk Co. to Cook Co.
via ox team about 1870
Green line-Cook Co. to Collin Co.
via ox team about 1873
Brown line-Collin Co. to Kaufman Co.
via ox team about 1875
Orange line-Kaufman Co. to Palo Pinto Co.
via horseback and ox team with family
Black line-Palo Pinto Co. to Galloway Co.
via horseback, as told to Louise Orr
Yellow line-Baird, June 25, 26, 27, and July 2, 3, 4
via I and P railroad, as told to Louise Orr
Red line-Palo Pinto to Donley Co., via Fort Graham, Seymour, and
China Lake by horseback with friend, and pack horses. Arrived
Spade Ranch 1882, probably March.

(see reverse for key to county names.)



KEY:

- Blue line-Rusk Co. to Cook Co.
via ox team about 1870
- Green line-Cook Co. to Collin Co.
via ox team about 1873
- Brown line-Collin Co. to Kaufman Co.
via ox team about 1876
- Orange line-Kaufman Co. to Palo Pinto Co.
via horseback and ox team with family
- Black line -Palo Pinto Co. to Callahan Co.
via horseback, alone about 1880 to 1881
- Yellow line-Baird, Callahan Cou., to Big Spring, Howard Co.,
via T and P railroad, as fireman
- Red line-Palo Pinto to Donley Co., via Fort Graham, Seymour, and
China Lake by horseback with friend, and pack horse. Arrived
Spade Ranch 1882, probably March.

(See reverse for key to county names.)

o Pinto; he wasn't born there but he was raised there.
notion to go out in the Panhandle in the spring. He had a
se and another horse of his own, and so I got me a horse
a fellow at Mineral Wells. Had an old fellow make me a saddle.
was what was called a homemade saddle. After that I had what you
all a Padgett saddle, and a Colorado saddle called O'Brient. It come
om Colorado Springs. Paid from fortyfive to fifty dollars. Could
et 'em all prices but fortyfive or fifty was the average.

2
Came to
Panhandle
about
1882

I'll tell you we come to---there's two ways of coming to this
country. Way we come was out from Palo Pinto to Fort Graham. Then
from Fort Graham to Seymour. Then a place ain't so far from the
ichitas, and from there on to what's called China Lake, gettin up
nto this country. They wasn't no Childress then. We made what you
all a dry camp, didn't have nothin to eat you know. Had breakfast
t the J.F. Ranch. They'd feed anybody you know at any of these ranches.

They was an old fellow named Fields had a ranch there on the
anks of the Red River. He used to be a buffalo hunter. We must a
ot in there about dinner. It took nearly four days to make the trip.

We come right on to the Spade Ranch, ten mile east of Old Clar-
ndon. Old Dad Nalls was boss. I think we got twentyfive dollars a
month. They'd feed you and you had to furnish your own saddle, and
ridle, and beddin, and clothes. J.F.Evans and J.P.Warner was the
principal owners of the Spades. J.F.Evans and his family lived at
Sherman. Evans was a great character. I disremember the place where
Warner lived up north. The Rowe's and the Spades held together. They
was a good many boys worked on the ranch. It wasn't very big.

4. Yes, the Rowes was three brothers from England. Their brand
was RO. It was Alfred Rowe went down with the Titanic. Don't know,
guess they sold out then.

I camped with George Atkins down on North Camp at the head of White Fish Creek the first winter I was there. Yes I can tell you about where that was. The Rock Island now runs on the north line between White Fish and McClellan where we used to camp. The east boundary runs in what we call Wills Ranch over in Oklahoma. Shoe Bar was the south boundary.⁵ There wasn't no north and northwest fence. That was up in this country, and left open range on the north, and northwest.

Old Clarendon was our main town. After I went to Old Clarendon the first fellow I got acquainted with was Ed Carhart. He used to be interested in a paper there, and his father was a druggist and a doctor. Yes, I knowed L.H. Carhart that brought the settlement there. He was a first, or second, or third uncle of Ed's. Clarendon was a great church town. Some of the boys back there named it "Angels Roost", cause they was so religious and all. So I got acquainted with Ed. He'd come out to the round-ups.

Charlie Heisler and myself was camped together down on Lelia Lake. That big lake used to be called Worley Lake. There was a fellow named Gip Brown, a brother in law of the fellow I worked for, J.F. Evans, the man that owned the cattle. A girl, she was a sister of Judge Brown's wife visited them out there. Her name was Lelia Payne, and he named that lake for her, Lelia Lake. Judge Brown was a great big redheaded fellow, fine fellow. He was District Judge in Childress for a long time. Built a box house, you know for a line camp. There wasn't no floor and we'd just cook right out in the middle of the room. Charlie Heisler was there. You know Heisler never was a hand go around none. He just wanted to save his money, and I always had some clothes and could go. Once we went up to Clarendon they was

5. J. Evetts Haley, MIT Ranch of Texas. 1930. The Shoe Bar, under firm name of Coleman and Company was owned by
West Texas Historical

church supper. Says to Charlie," Charlie, lets go in and
at they have." He had his hair always standin' up, didn't have
combed or nothin, but we went. They was a woman, one of the church
embers had raised some strawberries, and she was carryin' these
trawberries around lettin' people smell 'em for a quarter. She's
making money to pay the preacher. Yes I'd seen 'em before but I never
aid to smell 'em. Well I turned over a cup of coffee on that clean
hite table cloth, and it was sure embarrassin'. I was somewhere about
wenty two, and that was my first introduction to a church supper.
es, some of the boys wanted to play tough whether they was or not.
at I never was raised that way. Always let the other fellow do that-
ou don't gain nothing by it.

We had a bog camp, and we rode bogs. They was Barton Creek, as
e sayin' was it'd bog a snipe. It was old black mud, no quicksand,
all kinda blue, you've seen it in these lakes. They wouldn't fence
em cause they was afraid the horses and cattle would just get tan-
led up. We knowed where they all was and had to ride em. It'd take
good horse, sometimes two of us to pull a cow out. Sometimes we'd
ave to take a team if we couldn't pull her out with our horses.
ny thing about a cow; if you don't pull her way, dogged if she
n't go back. Lots of people don't believe it but she's trying to
t away from heel flies. Some people says its a wolf in her back,
u know a grub worm. Jackrabbits has 'em too, lots of 'em. Lots of
e boys has caught them little flies and sent back home. You can
ke a little forked stick and touch a steer right back in the curve
the hoof, nd Gosh, he'll just kick and fly.

Out there at line camp with Charlie Heisler George Berry'd
me by with a load of supplies he was freightin, that was his
siness, and he'd stay all night. We'd get him to make a speech.
'd get up there on a box or something, and just talk. I recollect

and he come out here from Alabama with a fellow that was
drivin' sheep. Everybody would ask them where they was from, and
even them sheep got where they'd say Alabama (Ah-lah-bah-mah).

A cyclone come and blowed that box house away, and we went down to
what you call Rowe's dugout.

I rode two years for Spades and never lost a day. Never had an
ache or a pain. For I quit there I went up the trail. We went in
1883. Must have been about fourteen or fifteen hundred head. Yes
we went up to Dodge. Went on Tuttle Trail; it run through our range
across the river, and right this side of-west of- the Springer ranch.
Right west of there was the Jones and Plummer Trail. I'll tell you
lots of people don't understand about how long it would take to make
the trip. It would take about a month to make the round trip. Some
of 'em want to know why. Well you let 'em graze most of the time be
fore you put 'em on the trail. Wouldn't go more than twelve miles in
a day. Next night you'd nearly be in sight of your old camp. They're
beef cattle and you got to handle with care, as the sayin' goes. Let
'em take their own leisure, don't crowd 'em or nothin. They'll take
the lead on the trail themselves.

We'd hobble our horses out at night, and stake a night horse.
You change horses twice a day, and when you're on guard you change
three times. The boys would help the rustler put the remuda in. Tie
ropes on the wagon, and stretch 'em and run the horses in. That'd be
the corral for the remuda.

Ain't been in no bad stampede. I'll tell you about one you may
think is a lie, but this is what happened. We was a goin' up to Dodge
and there was grass that high. (Measuring about two feet.) The
mosquitoes hit us. There was red, white, black, red and white, all
them colors of steers. You ought to see them white steers, just
black with mosquitoes. Dodge country is like this, lots of lakes. We

to Crooked Creek, about twentyfive mile from Dodge. It was in the night. Our horses was hobbled and they run off first, and then the cattle run. They run about one and a half or two miles before we could ever get 'em bedded down. They finally got stopped and the boys rode around 'em and it was all quiet. A stampede is just like a bunch of quails rising. Just sh----and they're gone. They make a big flutter and then they're out of sight. Just a buzz. Whenever you see cows sittin' up, like this, layin' down, they'll run at half a chance. Cattles nerves are steady when the boys go round a singin'. Funny thing about a drag. Know what a drag is? Well you can't get 'em along the trail, but they're always right in the lead of a stampede.

About 1885 or 86 I guess they was a goin' up the trail to Dodge, and they didn't have a cook. The boys said, "We want you to go. We'll help you gather wood and peel potatoes, if they is any, and whatever you want us to do." That was towards the last of goin' up the trail. Yes, that was the first cookin' I ever done except at a line camp. You know there'd be two or three boys stay at a line camp, and every body done their part. Never did no regular cookin' till I went up the trail as a cook. We eat mostly meat, bread, coffee, and bacon. We'd have a case of tomatoes, or corn maybe. Oh, the tomatoes would cost about two and a quarter a case, and the corn a dollar seventy five. If you treat the boys right they'll treat you right, but if they think you ain't they'll sit down and won't do nothin'. If the cook feeds the boys on light bread and don't give 'em bisquit they'll kangaroo him and put him in the creek.

Now sourdough, if you use it three times a day, it's all right. Whenever it gets good it'll run all over the house. We'd go to the chuck box and the whole box would be covered with sour dough. I had a big sugar bucket, I guess you know what they are, (I got one back in there now,) and I put my sour dough in that and put the lid on

t. Then I put it in the spring seat of the wagon. I'll betcha
ve made enough to have this house filled. You can make 'em nearly
rise to the top of the dutch-oven. I could pinch 'em off (motioning)
and roll 'em out like this faster than a woman.

Way back yonder they used a coonie to carry the cookin' utensils.
Oh, a coonie was a big cowhide fastened by all four corners up under
the wagon. We had from two to three ovens, a dutch oven, another oven
to put stew in, and another we fried meat in. We had a coffee pot,
and another pot to boil beans in. Had tin plates, tin cups, and iron
handled knives and forks, and tin spoons. Yes, we had to burn buffalo
chips up around Dodge. Well, whenever it gets to raining you know
you can't have no fire. We never had no tents. I'd put a sheet on the
wagon and get under it. Cooked many a meal under the wagon. The boys
don't mind. They come in when they get ready, and get under there to
eat. Oh golly, you get used to bumpin' your head.

You know when they's havin' a round up they'd kill a beef. Well,
Evans bought fifty head of goats and put 'em out on the ranch. They's
pretty nice goats. He sent a man they called "Goat" to look after 'em.
Well after a year, or maybe two, the old man thought he'd be a savin'
beef and have the boys to eat the goats. They didn't like it. When
old man Evans come they'd kill an old one, sure was strong. They just
stuffed him- you know sure did sicken him. He said, "We'll just send
'em back to Sherman." That was the last of the goats. If they hadn't
killed them old ones they'd a had goat all the time.

When the Denver come up to Wichita, that was the end of the line,
we'd take cattle there. We'd start in towards October or November,
and we'd trail through in about---it would take something over twenty
days drivin' the herd through. Evans had a good farm at Sherman, and
we'd take our horses there to winter. Oh, there'd be nine to ten boys-
five to six horses a piece- somewheres along about fifty or sixty in

remuda. Well when they'd let us know they was ready to start in the spring we'd meet 'em out somewhere, strike the wagon or outfit. We always drove through, even when the railroad come on out. Tell you a little circumstance; horses, some of 'em have lots of sense. You could go to sleep- I've rode many a mile sound asleep. Was goin' down to Wichita Falls. I taken Old Cotton Eye for a night horse. He used to be a cuttin' horse but he got spoiled. Well ever time he'd know just as well when I'd go to sleep, and every time he'd go to camp. What do you think of that? Many a time I'd wake up in the middle of the cattle. I'd get him out, and they'd never be gone. I'd never molest them and they'd get down.

When we was at Wichita Falls Old Dad Nalls put the numbers in a hat and I drawed Number One. I got first pick of horses to come back. I got that Old cuttin', ropin, river horse; he could do all them things. He was a dandy, the one I had before. He was a bay, with a black mane and tail. He wasn't more than fourteen or fifteen hands high. Atkins had second choice, and dogged if he didn't get Number Two! He got the horse he wanted but I never did like him. He could talk to him and call him right out of the remuda. I kept that horse as long as they'd let me have him. Nobody used him either.

Spades wouldn't let you have more than five or six in your mount. Some let you have eight or ten. We had a ropin' horse, a roundin' horse, a cuttin' horse, river horse, night horse, and sometimes an extra horse. Yes, sometimes you'd have a part locoed horse you couldn't learn nothin' and would make a long winded horse out of him. I had a big long winded horse with a touch of loco, and couldn't do nothin'. Now they was big cracks you could stick a post down in the lakes, and these yearlings was hard to hold. You can hold 'em on their own range. This long lean horse was sure climbin' and struck a crack. I went over and that horse come down on me with his two hind feet;

that's how come me up here on the plains.

When I worked Dixon Creek first I was at North Camp. It was at Short Creek, about two miles from where the first oil well was put down. They was just two of us camped there. They was four of us rode fence. Old Dad Nalls come from Palo Pinto. You know he was the first one to run the Spade Ranch. He knowed me and my boy, you know, George Atkins. Well there was myself and another boy with me, his name was Ed Nalls, Old Dad Nalls boy, and then another fellow, Bob Bird, and Old Dad Nalls. The other camp was the old Stage Stand down on main Dixon. Yes, it was where the stage run across from Mobeetie to Tascosa. They was a two roomed log house there, had two little windows. Us four rode fence. It was fifty two miles around that fence. I think this fellow Henry Taylor was head manager then. I guess John Weatherly come about that time. He had a postoffice where Isom's at today. After Harts lease run out Harrison and Poppin leased it. I worked there until they went broke, and lost out. It was a hard winter and their cattle died. So that was a pretty lonesome camp.

The town was commenced to boom. They was Jesse Wynne and a lot of young fellows just havin' a good time. The old Chandler building was moved from Harrold. That's where the Callaghan's had the restaurant. Dan Leary had what was known as the old dance hall out there where the highways intersect east of town. He had everything nearly; was just an all round fellow. Lots of the railroad fellows ate with Callaghans. Leary, He was the county clerk here then. Later they moved that building to town, and repaired it and worked it over. Old Dad Nalls and myself went in partnership and run a restaurant there. It got to be kind of a department house, so many different things, th t it got to be known as the Dukes Mixture. George Berry, he built the White Elephant Saloon. Yes, he's the one had the White Elephant at Mobeetie, and be-
10. Henry Taylor was related to Colonel Goodnight, somehow or another.

re that he was a freightin', you know I told you about Ahlahbahmah". He was mayor of Kansas City after he left here. Take these big fellows, they are always witty.

I was going to tell you about Old Doc Carter. They got a doctor, fine doctor, paid him fifty dollars to come in here and stay, and he did. They brought a fellow from up around Dalhart had something wrong with his arm, or shoulder. Dr. Carter says, "Ed, you'll have to have to help me." Well Ed he helped the doctor get that fellows shoulder back, but you know it like to a got him. Amarillo wasn't much size you know, and they heard this doctor was a good one, so they just brought this fellow on in. Well I guess he was a good one.

When the town first started they hauled water from the spring down at Dixon Creek, sixteen miles. Mrs. Hills father, Old Man Stanhope hauled it. Well the town growed and they hauled it in in barrels. You know they had to keep 'em clean. Well the railroad built in and they got to haulin' water from up around Miami. Well anyhow lots of us drank that water, and I guess some peoples systems wasn't just right, and I taken the fever. I didn't know I had the fever, but I told Old Dad Nalls he'd better go to town and get the doctor, which he done. Old Doc Carter come down and kinda looked at me and he says, "Well, we'll have to take him to town!" My fever was gettin' up and I couldn't eat nothin'. McKinney and Huffman had a hardware store there where Charlie Franklin tore that old building down. ¹¹ Jesse had a room there, and he told Doc Carter, "You just bring him in here and I'll take care of him. The doctor come twice a day to see me, and Carhart at the drug store would come in often. Doc put me on milk. Had to have a gallon a day. Jesse had a ice box, and they had what they called ice-lake where McKinney's put up ice, so we got ice. Jesse said the doctor told me not to have rich milk, and he laughs abut how he got all the cream. I was sick I guess abut a month.

11. The building was moved from Old Clarandon. It was on the corner of Main and Second Streets.