TO THE MEN OF THE CATTLE TRAIL

I muse of the days of the open range
When the red man was our foe.
Of the rounding up, of a herd for the trail
In the days of long ago.

Of the days when the only trail
That led the herds to the market place.
Was traveled by thousands of long legged steers
That could out distance a deer in a race.

After a long hard day on the dusty trail
To reach bed ground and water hole.
The cowboy hoped for at least a few hours
To snooze in his old bed role.

He scarcely had reached sweet slumber land
To dream of home and loved ones there.
Than he is wide awake and on the alert
For there is trouble in the air.

The cattle have broken and are on the run
The lightening flashes are bright,
He runs to his horse which is staked near by
And rides like wild through night.

Perhaps a steer dreamed of the red hot iron
With which the brand is put on.
A bellow of fright tears through the night
Then the herd is up and gone.

With thunder of hoof and crash of horn
With tails up in the air.
They are on the way but where or why
They neither know or care.
They were off like the wind of a raging flood
That couldn't be turned aside.
Then the cow boy trusted all to his old cow hoss
And at racing speed he did ride.

The night was so dark he couldn't see
Beyond his Mustang Broncho's ears.
But he rode tight his saddle and tried to keep up
With the herd of thundering steers.

He didn't always win the midnight race
For some times his cow hoss fell.
Then the mangled remains of a good cow hand
Of a horrible death would tell.

The cow boys mount was a Spanish broncho
The toughest breed ever known.
His disposition was that of satan himself
And body was made of whale bone.

He was ewe necked and buzzard headed
And was equipped with broad generous feet.
But for staying power and endurance
The old mustang has never yet been beat.

His wild free spirit never left him
He only submitted to saddle and bit.
And the cow boy who each day rode him
Had to possess both staying power and grit.

The trail is now crossed fenced with barbed wire
The farmer man and his plow.
Has left no grass on the once wide range
For the long horned steer and cow.
The long horned steer has gone up the long trail
Even his horns are hard to find.
And the stock saddle and the old cow hoss
Are not very far behind.

The chuck wagon now is a museum piece
As are the sombrero and high heeled boot.
The "old hog leg" is now no longer used
Except when there is a nice fat hog to shoot.

The frying pan and the coffee pot
The "Sow belly" and old " hard tack"
Have now gone up the long long trail
And are never coming back.

The old cow boys are passing too
Some are feeble and some are hale.
But soon they will only a memory be
Those men of the cattle trail.

I hope the pearly gate
Will be flung open wide.
When they reach the end of the long long trail
And cross the great divide.

I hope they may walk the golden street
And arrive at the fathers throne.
And hear him say well done, well done
Well done, and welcome home.

All honors to the pioneers and cow men
Though the cow men ventured first.
Into the land where savage beasts were vicious
And where savage men were worse.

They endured privations and hardships
While others in safety repose
They conquered the desert and made
"Blossom as the rose."

(Signed) by: G. W. Saunders
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Smoke house to cure mast fed bacon

Crackling bread
Pot-Licker (Licker)
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Ash hopper
Trunnel beds
Rawhide and hair ropes
Goard dipper
Rope, tie, and milk ten
wild cows daily to get one gallon of milk.
Spinning wheel and loom
Iron wedge and glut
Frow and drawing knife
Cob pipe
Razer-back hogs
Corn bread and clabber
Shirt tail boys
The old swimming hole

The above life produces the following characters
The believe
The greatest quality in a nation is justice
The greatest quality in a man is loyalty
Treachery marks the worthless man and loyalty
the good man.
Loyalty to your country, your friends, your
beliefs, your Ancestry, your promises and your
purposes are the things that make life worth while.
Loyalty is courage and devotion.

Geo. W. Saunders