

**[William Simon Wall]**

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Page 1 FOLKSTUFF AND FOLKWAYS RANGE LORE 16,255 words

Range Lore and

Experiences of Pioneer

Life before and after 1875. (PART ONE)

EDITORIAL FIELD COPY

by

Mrs. Florence Angermiller, P. W.

REAL and UVALDE COUNTIES, DIST.10

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### TEXAS

#### WILLIAM SIMON WALL

Familiarly known as "Uncle Bill," William Wall, who is 81 years old, was about the youngest resident to ever take up his abode at Fort [Inge?] (about two miles below the present town of Uvalde). He was four months old when his parents stopped there on their trek west from Springfield, Missouri, in 1856.

Bill Wall was raised in a family of nine children, learning how to take care of himself when only a tot. His father and the men who rode with him taught their children early the necessity to ride, rope and shoot better than the other fellow. Consequently, Bill and the other children grew up as hard riders, expert ropers and fine marksmen with pistol or rifle. The following experiences are told in his own words:

"There was nothing here but a few Mexican cabins down near the Leona (River) and something like a half-dozen white families. Maybe a dozen. We stayed down at Fort Inge not quite a year the first time. We moved up here to a house right over yonder on the corner of Main and East Street. My father was in the army under Captain Watkins and he stayed down at the fort but we moved up to town for fear the Northern soldiers might break in sometime. C12 - 2/11/41 - Texas

"The little house we moved into was made of elm pickets and had a dirt floor and grass roof. One end of the pickets was stuck in the ground and the other end had a spike drove in it that was used to fasten the joist across the top. That sage grass made a roof that wouldn't wear out. The Mexicans would take little bundles of it tied up and fasten it on the roof and break the joints with another bunch. There is one of those old roofs in Eagle Pass that has been there, I know ever since I can remember. I was there not long ago and it's still there.

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“There was more Indians than anything else when we moved to Uvalde. About the time the war broke up my father went up into the Frio Canyon with Old Man Leakey [(Lek-ey)?]. Old Man Leakey lived down here near Sabinal in the old Patterson settlement. Now in time of the war, Mr. Leakey went off on a trip and he had taken / up a little piece of land — State land - and an old fellow by the name of Boren moved on his little piece of property while he was gone and Mr. Leakey, he went down there and demanded him to get off his place. Boren told him he had [disabanded?] the place and had built a little house on it and was going to stay there. Old man Boren came out with a gun in his hand and told Old Man John to stay off his place. My father was with him and when Boren drewed his gun, Uncle John just drawed his gun and killed him. Of course he had to leave down there and he and my father went to the Frio Canyon together and after they had stayed there awhile and made shingles for a living they concluded to move their families up there, so they moved the families up there, and we was neighbors all my boyhood days.

“I [worked?] with my father's outfit as a boy. Of course we worked with the neighbors too. The Leakey family and us were like one family.

“When we went to the Frio Canyon, we just built a little camp and piled up logs and stayed behind them so that when the Indians would come down on us we had protection. When we worked, there was always one man stood on watch all the time so that the Indians couldn't slip up on us and shoot us in the back. I have been in lots of fights with them.

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Every new moon they come into our neighborhood and I have stood in our house and watched 'em take our horses out of the lot and it generally happened when there was just us children there. There was a woman killed by the name of Flemings, a single girl, I believe. Then there was the MaLaren family — nearly all of them was killed out. Mr. McLaren had gone off on a trade and left Allen Leese there to stay with his family and Allen and Mrs. McLaren was down under the hill making a garden. They heard a racket up at the house and she thought it might be the hogs into her pot of soap she had made

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and sent Allen up there to scare 'em off. When he got to the top of the hill, the Indians shot him dead and Mrs. McLaren grabbed her two children and broke to run down through the garden and they shot her. She got over the garden fence and lay in a big thick clump of ice weeds with the children till every thing got quiet at the house, then she sent her little girl after a pillow and the child went up there after the pillow and got it while the Indians were still there. They didn't bother her at all, but they ripped the feather beds open and broke open the trunks and broke every thing they could smash. Feathers were all over the yard and house and they took her clothing off with them. Mrs. McLaren sent the child for help when she come back with the pillow but help come [toolate?]. We gave her a drink of water and she died. Well, we followed them Indians clear into Mexico and killed 'em. I was with the bunch that trailed 'em and I took one of Mrs. McLarens dresses off of an old squaw. Yes, the squaws were wearing her, clothes but me sure took 'em off of them.

“I have saw women cowpunchers that was mighty good. I can tell you. Mattie Leakey was all right. She was good at roping and riding too, but my sister was just as good. In fact, she could beat Mattie riding. I have seen those girls ride horses that was pretty bad and they rode sideways, too. Mattie was a short , heavy-set girl. She had black, wavy 4 hair and dark eyes. She was pretty. If those girls had rode a mens saddle like they do now, no horse could have throwed 'em. They could stay on a horse riding sideways, anyhow. Those saddles had three horns and when they hooked their knees under those horns, it was pretty hard to unseat them.

“Oh, yes, the ranch girls all wore guns them. They had to. My sister could shoot a gun as good as any man I ever saw. Her name was Mary Lizzie. I had another sister named Ollie and they was both good hands on a ranch. Ollie was about the best camp cook I ever saw. Well, she was good at [anything?]. She could ride and rope and shoot a gun as well as any man. I don't believe she was as good a shot as Mary Lizzie, but she was hard to beat.

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“Then my / wife was a fine shot. She was Mary Alice Haggerton before we married and she was a real ranch girl. She was just fifteen years old when we married and I was twenty five. She is dead now, but we were married 46 years.

“Mary Lizzie wasn't afraid of anything. I remember one night the Indians came to our house to steal horses and me and Mary Lizzie was at home with the smaller children. She heard a rackus at the lot and she told me to run see what it was and I run to the lot and saw the Indians getting our horses so I broke and run back and told her. She slammed the door and took up guard to watch what the Indians was doing and I wanted to see too, so I said, 'Let me there and take a look, [?].’” But, she said I would want to shoot them and I mustn't do it for maybe they'd let us alone if we didn't bother them. She made the other children be quite, too. When she said something to them, they minded her the first time she spoke.

“She never killed an Indian that I know of. She killed many a deer and other game. One night she killed a big panther. The dogs had 5 it treed and she went to 'em and shot it out of the tree.

“About the best roper I ever saw, I guess , was Mack Leakey. He was extry good. Old Man Leakey was sure a good one himself, but all of us buys when we come up, we could beat the old ones. All them boys were good but I believe Mack was the best. In the pens, he worked horseback and sometimes afoot. If we was a little [scarce?] of help, we worked horseback. He could sure catch a cow out on the range — throw 'em and tie 'em himself. I could do that when I was fifteen years old. We had small horses then to rope on too — Mexican horses.

“I believe that Jim James and Bill Wall, my nephew, were the best riders I ever saw. Bill was named after me. Oh, yes, I rode 'em too. There wasn't nothing too bad no time to ride. I would get on one and just as soon he would pitch as not. Rope something and let him pitch with it tied to him; we didn't care.

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"In those days, we lived on meats and cornbread. There was lots of wild grapes, plums, dewberries, [?], cherries and stuff like that. We had very little flour because everything we got like that had to be hauled by ox wagons out from San Antonio. We had chickens ourselves, but most of our meat was wild game.

"The first school I ever went to was taught by old Judge McCormick. He was judge then. He was an old Irishman. I can see old Judge McCormick now as he used to walk around our place. He combed his hair right straight back and it was just as white as snow. He used to run foot-races with all us boys and he could beat ever' one of us but my brother, Henry. Henry was known as 'Boy Wall', then / and he was the fastest runner I ever saw in my life. He could out-jump and out-run any man in the country.

"I have seen him run with a horse for a hundred yards and out-run him.

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It wasn't no trick for him. They could turn wild calves out of the pen and some of the boys would say, 'Boy, catch that calf!' He'd take after it afoot and catch it by the tail and turn it a somerset. We used to go Maverick hunting and he would ride up to a Maverick and leave his horse and take after it afoot and catch it by the tail and turn it a somerset. He'd always catch 'em that way. He couldn't rope a thing, hardly, but he would beat the other boys catching 'em if he could get at 'em before somebody roped 'em.

"When I was a boy, we could stand anything. I never thought about getting hurt. That was expected. And we didn't have to have no great big lot of stuff with us on a cow hunt, either. Half the time we didn't have a skillet along to cook bread with. After we got to where we could get flour, we'd make our bread and roll it on a stick and hold it over the coals. We always had fresh meat in camp and never had anything along to cook it in, of course, so we'd cook it on sticks or fix it up some other way. We used to kill a beef out on the range and not have anything to cook it in, so we'd take the paunch and turn it wrong-side-out and wash it in the river and then cut up a lot of meat and fill that paunch with the meat and sew

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it up with a [dagger?] string. Then we'd put it in the hot ashes and coals and cover it up and let it cook all night. Next morning, you could take your pocket knife and rip that paunch open and there would be the finest, cleanest and tenderest meat you ever ate. And there would be enough for a whole outfit of men. That was the Indian way of cooking it. It was a good one.

"We used to sleep in our [leggin?] when we was driving cattle or rounding up. I have slept with my gun on many a time. Once, when we were bringing a heard herd from the Sabinal up to Rio Frio for Old Man Patterson, we camped at the Adam ranch on the Frio below here and penned the cattle there. We hobbled out the horses and me and another boy tied our ponies close to our 7 beds so that they would be easy to get the next morning before daylight when we had to get the horses. Well, we all built our beds around the big campfire we had made and lay down and went to sleep. All the boys had their guns right in bed with 'em if they didn't sleep in 'em and we all had about one blanket apiece, I / guess, to sleep on. Next morning, I got up and untied my rope that I had tied to a little tree about six feet form my bed, and I pulled on it to pull my horse in and the rope came in empty. The horse was gone. I thought the wolves had chewed it and I showed it to Mr. Patterson, but he took it and examined it by the campfire and said, 'That rope was cut. That was an Indian done that!' The other boy that had his horse staked, grabbed his rope to see if his horse was gone, and it was. When it got light, we found the Indian tracks all over the camp. Well, we went on up to Mr. Adams' ranch house and told him about it and we got some horses from him, and him and his men went with us after them Indians. We left them cattle in the pens two days and nights while we were after the the Indians. We took all our men and gathered men up from other ranches and overtaken 'em and got nearly all the horses back. The Indians saw us coming, of course, and got away but they had to leave the horses. I guess we had about forty head in the bunch they stole and they got quite a number from Mr. Adams. There was about fifteen or twenty Indians and of course they got off with the horses they were riding. They could have killed ever' one of us in camp the

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night they got the horses but they didn't want to start a fight, they wanted the horses so they could get out of the country.”

(Part Two follows)

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Words

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Experiences of Pioneer

Life Before and After 1875. (PART TWO)

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by

Mrs. Florence Angermiller, P. W. REAL AND UVALDE COS. DIST. #10

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WILLIAM SIMON WALL

“We used to have a woman doctor her; her name is in the old A. J. Sowell history of Indian Fighters. Her name was Mrs Bimmion and she was doctor for all the country over on the Sabinal and Frio. She was counted the best doctor in this whole country and many a ride I've taken to get her. I don't know whether she actually studied medicine or not, but she had books she referred to all the time and she studied them a lot.

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"I went after her once for Mrs. Peter Guyon. Mrs. Guyon was awful sick and they rushed me to get the doctor. I rode about twenty miles after her as she lived below Sabinal, and I guess it was about five o'clock when I got to her house. She didn't have any horses up and her husband was gone. We didn't know what to do, hardly, so I looked around and saw an old buggy standing outside and asked her if it was any good. She said yes it was a good old buggy and we could use it if we had a horse that would do to hitch to it. I said, 'Well, we'll just work my saddle-horse!' I knowed he was too tired to run away, so I put 'em in the harness and drove 'em off a little piece and come back. He didn't cut up so she got in and we started out. We got to Guyon's place about midnight, or maybe after. She stayed there all next day and when she got ready to come back, I brought her back in the buggy. We had to go a long way for the doctor those days and many a ride I've made in the night for sick people. C12 - Texas

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"When we started on cowhunts those days, we never knowed what would happen before we got back. We never knowed whether we'd have time to even get a doctor or not, for the Indians were awful bad and many a cow outfit run into 'em and had to fight their way out. I remember once up on Cherry Creek in the Frio Canyon, we started on a cowhunt and camped on that creek that night. The next day we left our camp outfit there and went on a cow drive. We hung our blankets up in some cedar trees and hobbled our extra horses out and went down the canyon about five or six miles to make the drive. Coming back that evening we seen [Lisan?] Avant coming in a cart from the old Knox ranch with a couple of sacks of salt. He overtaken us with the cattle and as his brother John Avant was with our outfit, he hollered to John and told 'im, 'I saw the Indians pass in below Elm with your saddle horses going north!' We rushed the cattle on up to Avant's and put them in the pen and loped on over to where our camp had been and saw our horses was gone. They left a big trail but that was all for they had taken all our blankets and camp outfit we had left there. We picked up what men we could get while we were getting some horses together and in a short time we located them going toward the Dry Frio. There was about fifteen of

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us by then and we followed 'em up Elm and on to where they went into the Main Frio. We stopped on top of the mountain and John says, 'Boys, we'll stay here till morning!' We had a spy glass and as soon as we got up there, we saw a little blue smoke rising up and then we made out our horses through the spy glass. We kept going then and worked our way around to the other side of them and when we got to their camp, it was just getting daylight and some of the Indians were still laying around the fire. John gave the signal and we shot into their camp. It frightened them so they took to the thick cedars. We got their horses and ours too but we chased 'em to where they went into the Dry Frio and killed one of them on the 3 gravel bar. We run 'em something like a mile through the cedars. They had a little white girl with 'em about 12 years old and when we crowded 'em they threw her off by the side of the trail and we got her. We got a Negro boy they had with 'em too. Both of 'em was stolen up about Fredicksburg. The little girl said her father was settling a new place and was drawing some board with a drawing knife when the Indians slipped up behind him and shot him in the back. Her mother grabbed her and her small baby and run and jumped off a bluff about six or eight feet high with that baby in her arms, but the Indians got the little girl. They hadn't abused the child, only she was torn up from riding in the brush. She said at night when they camped, the Indians would roast her meat for her but they made the little Negro eat his meat raw. She said when they went to bed they put a blanket down for her and then spread another blanket on top of her, then an Indian lay down on each side of her and on top of part of the blankets to hold her down so she couldn't slip away from 'em.

“They had put the little Negro boy to watching the horses and he saw his chance to run away and he did. He got to a mountain and looked down the valley and saw several houses. He made it to the first he come to and all out of breath when he hit the front door and fell right into the house. He couldn't talk for a little while.

“John Avant kept the little girl about two years before he could locate her mother. He tried every way to find her family — even wrote the Government, but it was a good while before

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he finally located her mother. Her mother still had her baby that she jumped off the bluff with.

"I wanted to state to you about belonging to the State Minute Company here for about three years. I don't remember the exact year but I was about 20 years old and I guess it was in [1898?] or [1896?]. I served under Captain J. J. N. Patterson. John Avant was [Lieutenant?] and I was a sergeant.

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There was about sixty-five men in the company. The Government furnished the guns and one-hundred rounds of ammunition to [?] with and after we used that, we furnished the ammunition ourselves. Any depredations that we were called on to 'tend to that happened in the settlement, we had to be ready at any minute to go in answer to it. We furnished our own horses and saddles and boarded ourselves and they didn't pay us nothing. We was called the 'State Home Guard.' All these [?] we went on after the Indians that I have told you about was mostly when we joined up with this home guard. We was supposed to hold a camp three months in every year and some officer was supposed to be in that camp all the time. We had to go anywhere in this western country we saw necessary. Yes, I know I told you we went into Mexico and we had no right to go over there after the Indians, but we did and we never told that to anyone, especially to those fellows over at Fort Clark. Well, there was some of the soldiers from the boat went too but we sure kept it quiet. We had to do that for we was trying to get protection and civilize this country.

"At the end of the three years' service, we turned our guns in to the Government and disbanded. Things got more quiet and / they didn't need us. Of course we kept a horse around in pretty good shape in case we had to ride ten or twelve days. I remember once that the stage was robbed over near Bracketville and we got wind of it and followed the robbers toward the head of the Frio River. We came up on 'em eating their supper and they had three horses they had stole out of a San Antonio livery stable. They had one of they horses packed and they was riding the other two. They got several thousand dollars

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off the stage, as well / as I remember. We got their horses and their saddles and camp equipment and we got one of the men but the other one got away. He run off down into 5 the river bottom shooting at us and finally got away. The [man we got was?] named Morner. He had two six-shooters on and we taken his guns [off of him?] and put some handcuffs on him. We got the money back or most of it, and we turned it and the man over to the authorities here in Uvalde. They had the money in those big old leather saddle bags and it was done up in little packages.

“My wife was born in Bell County in old Belton and come out to [?] Town with her folks when she was just a little girl. Well, she was just a little girl when they moved to the Frio Canyon. She had three brothers and two sisters. I got acquainted with her at one of my cousin's. I met her after that at dances and church and when she went to school. She was a pretty trick. She had awful black hair and brown eyes and fair skin and she was a regular ranch girl.

“The way I came to think of her as wife was at school [??]. They had a spelling contest and had to give the definitions of words and she stayed on the floor till the last and spelled 'em all down. I fell in love with her that night. But, I had to go to see her about a year before I got her.

“I have seen her ride some pretty bad horses. Some of them was [?] I had ridden myself, maybe, once and she'd get em '[?] ride 'em to a [?] and they never did throw her off, either. She was a fine shot too and killed lots of game in those days.

“After we was married and living on Flat Creek on the Frio, she was alone in the house one day with the two children. I was working. She heard an awful racket and she looked out and saw a big old panther [catching?] some of our goats. She took the two children and carried them and [run to?] her father's. That was one time she didn't use her gun she was so [frightened?]. She was nearly exhausted by the time she reached her father's place, too.

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her sisters saw her coming and run to meet her. Her father rode on over to our place but the panther was gone. My brother was herding our goats on down the canyon and he saw this panther as it caught a grown goat and he shot at it but didn't get him. He said before he could round the goats in the panther caught another one. Some of the neighbors finally killed the [p?] panther and it was one of the biggest one I ever saw.

"I don't remember of hearing of but one panther attacking a person and that was over on the Murlo ([?]). We had camped on the creek that evening and we had killed a bear and as he was so fat, we decided to have fresh bear meat for a change, for its sure fine. We sent the Mexican down the creek after some water and while he was stooping over getting the water, a big panther jumped on his back and knocked him into that hole of water. We heard the Mexican yell and went to him and he told us what had happened but the panther was gone. We went on down the creek and saw the panther and shot at 'im but we never did kill 'im.

"Speaking of bear meat, we [?] that bear that day. He was fine and fat and you may not know that bear grease makes the finest lard you ever saw, but we old timers used it all the time. It was about the only lard we ever had, but it beats hog lard by far. Another thing, you can use any amount of it and it wont make you sick. You could drink a cupful if you wanted and it wouldn't turn you sick like other oils and grease would. Why, we used to have to take two tablespoonful before breakfast when we was growing up. It helped digest your food and was good for you. Bear meat is mighty good, I tell / you. It tastes something like port. We ate everything on earth, I reckon. Nothing made us sick and we couldn't be [choisey?]. We lived up there without money at all. Why, if you got a fifty-cent piece, you'd keep it in your pocket till you wore it slick before you got a chance to spend it.

"You know my father run an ox train six or seven years clean from 7 Fort Davis to the coast. He hauled to all the forts up in the Devil's River country right after the war. He had about twenty-five wagons and about one-hundred-fifty steers in the train. He made

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all those old Forts on Devil's River and Pecos [?] River hauling for the Government. He hauled lots of stuff for himself, too. Many a wagon-load of cotton I've seen go to Mexico and I was with the train, too. Most of the stuff for the Government was eats and horse food and I've seen barrels of whiskey staked stacked on those wagons till you couldn't put another one on. My brothers used to knock one of those hoops to one side on the barrel and then take a gimlet and bore a hole in the barrel and raw draw what whiskey they wanted. Then, they'd plug up the hole and put the hoop back in place.

“He hauled to Fort Clark, Fort Hudson, Fort Lancaster, Fort Stockton and Fort Davis. He handled his business with confidence and wasn't afraid of Indians or anything else. Looked like everything he put his hand to, he made money at it. He had been in all kinds of fights. I remember that he weighed about one-hundred and eight eighty pounds and he had black hair and eyes and a heavy beard like the men wore in those days.

“I drove for him and made many a trip with him through that western country. I can beat ary nigger that ever come out of the piney woods driving steers. Right now, I believe I could take the wildest beeves that was ever caught and in a week's time I can stand off from 'em and call 'em and they will come to me.

“Every steer had his name and I could stand with a yoke in my hand and holler, 'Come under Buck!' or 'Come under Brown!' and they would even stop eating and come to me. I remember those steers as well as if it had been yesterday.[n?] We had old Brown and [Cozul?], Bright and Berry, Spot and John, Bird and Bully, Lep and Larry, Duck and Bright, Drum and Hardy, Abe and Jeff (named for Abe Lincoln and Jeff Davis) Brown and Tobe, 8 Ben and Curley — oh, I could call off a list a foot long. I could just be driving along the road and speak one's name and he would step up that quick. We had a long whip called an ox whip about ten or fifteen feet long. The stock of it was five or six feet long, so you could sure reach 'em. I could hit a mark with one of them whips as easy as anything. Lots of times I have been driving along and a big horse-fly would light on one of the lead steers and I would knock him off with the whip the first pop. Those old whips sounded louder than

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a gun. Sometimes the boys would just get to popping their whips before they come to town and you could hear them whips popping for three mile. But it took lots of practice to pop a whip like that or to hit a mark too.

“A steer has more sense than you think he has. They are a heap smarter than a horse , two to one. You can tell him to turn this way or that way and he will do everything you say. You train 'em by tapping 'em with the whip whenever you speak to 'em.

“I not only drove 'em helping my father to freight, but I hauled logs for Old Man Leakey. They were cypress logs to make cypress shingles and boards. He was running a lumber mill up at Leakey.

TOM WALL KILLS [READING?] W. BLACK (FOUNDER OF UVALDE).

“I don't know that my father's real name was Tom for he used to sign his name on his business papers as G. W. Wall, but he went by the name of Tom out here.

“Reading Black and my father married sisters but Black was a Union man and my father was a captain in the Confederate Army, so / you see there was 9 a sort of grudge between 'em anyhow. But, Black was an educated man and my father had the money for different partnerships they formed and when Black needed the money to run this [town?] out with, my father loaned him \$20,000. I know that your great-grandmother Aunt Mary Davenport, loaned him several thousand dollars to [?] the town site.

“My father never did press anybody for money he loaned 'em. If they kept their papers up and the interest paid he would loan it to them as long as they needed it.

“My father could make money and he had it to loan. He kept a lawyer hired in San Antonio to 'tend to all his business for him. When Black's note came due, he went to the store where Black was and says, 'Now, Reading,' that note's due and if you need the money you can have it five years longer if you'll renew the papers. So, come go with me to San

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Antonio and let's get it fixed up! But Black says, 'I aint in no hurry to pay you or renew that note either. You can wait.' Well my father told 'im he'd better be ready when he come back from San Antonio, and he pointed his finger right at 'im and says, 'If you dont pay me or renew the note, we'll sure have a settlement when I come back!'

“When my father got back, he stopped at Bowles place, a sort of Inn. Gus and Doak Bowles, both, went to Black and told him that Tom Wall was in town. 'Now; they said, 'If you need money to pay 'im off, we'll let you have it. But, if you want to renew the note, he'll do that, but you'd better do something for Wall will sure kill you. We know him and we don't want to see you killed.

“Black was stubborn and said he wasn't in no hurry and wasn't afraid of 'im so Gus and Doak went back. Pretty soon, my father went down to the store and spoke to Black. Black says, 'I see you come prepared,' for my father had on his gun. 'Yes, I'm prepared,' he says. Black ducked under the counter all of a sudden where he kept his gun when he come 10 up, my father shot 'im.

“This happened in 18 1867 right after the war and of course my father had to leave. He had plenty of money to get out of the trouble if Black hadn't been a Northern man. Worse killin's than that took place in this country. Well, any way, my father went to Mexico and eventually was arrested in Mexico when the authorities over here located 'im. He was in jail and he knowed there was a reward for him. So he just matched it and sent home for the money. My brothers dud up the money under the floor of our house and carried it to him in Mexico. He paid \$25,000 in gold to the Mexicans and they opened the door and he walked out a free man.

“But of course he knowed they might capture him and get the reward offered so he got an old Mexican to take him several miles up the Rio Grande to a crossing where he could get into Texas. He give that old Mexican three hundred dollars to take him up there. He met his boys up there and he went to a cave and stayed for a long time, but he saw there

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wasn't no chance to redeem himself and he left there. I heard of him later on up in the State of Washington. He had an interest in a big saw mill or two and was making money again. He left us plenty of land, cattle and money but we never knowed anything about his business and people just took it away from us. There is money still buried up there where we lived for he had no other way of taking care of it. We never knew just where he buried money unless he told us.

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### THE WAYS OF A COW CAMP.

“Out in camp when the boss woke up before day and looked at his watch and it was time to get up, he'd holler, 'All out! Roll up!' We'd hit the ground and roll up that beddin'. We never left no blanket ends sticking out of the tarp either, and we tied that roll up nice and neat and laid it over by the wagon. If you left it lying out where you slept and didn't bring it over to the wagon, it would sure be left. The cook wouldn't walk ten feet and pick up a roll.

“And you never got close to that wagon except to pick up your roll or take it back. You made your bed down away from the wagon whether it was sleeting, raining or freezing and you took it just as it come. And of a morning when you get up and the herd was going off or they were all around the camp snorting and you had to get to 'em you rolled that beddin' up first and laid it by the wagon. If you didn't have time to drink a cup of coffee, you waited till noon. But you rolled up that bed.

“Sometimes you slept with your clothes on if the cattle was very restless. It was owing to how everything was going whether you pulled off anything but your boots. But we never did seem to mind the cold. We could stand more than the boys can now. In the first place, we was raised without clothes. Never had wool shirts and underclothes. I could get out in the cold in my shirt-tail and never notice it.

“We've had herds bedded down for a mile or two and of course we had to stand guard at night. We'd ride and sing till we met the other rider coming our way, then we'd turn back

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and go to meet the one coming the other way. If we failed to meet him, we'd ride on to see if he had gone to sleep somewhere.

"I used to sing many a song. I knew 'em all. I could sing all night 12 and never sing the same song. We always sang as we rode around the herd, not that the cattle liked singing in particular, but to keep up a racket so that no sudden racket would frighten 'em and stampede the whole herd. One steer could just snort and the whole herd was up like a shot and gone. It always puzzled me how they knew what direction to go in. But, they seemed to know which way the whole herd was going. We never dared strike a match; that would stampede them worse than anything. We've got under our jackets and lit a cigarette may a time and never let the fire show.

"On stormy nights it was dangerous riding. When they stampeded, you couldn't see where they was going. You just left it up to your horse. One night it was raining and they stampeded. I was riding in the lead and whenever there was a flash of lightning, you could see balls of fire on every horn. I was trying to force my horse to the right all the time and he'd pull to the left. I had occasion to go back over the trail the next morning ( e we always went back if we were out any cattle). I saw my horse tracks where I had run him on the edge of a bluff. In that mud, it's a wonder he didn't slip off of it. But he knew what was there and just would not pull to the right.

"I used to sing [Sam Bass?] a lot for I went up the trail with Sam Bass and Joel Collins. Sam Bass was a fine a man as I ever saw. He was good hearted and kind. He was a sort of [?-horse] man. He owned the Denton mare and she out-run ever' thing they ever put her up against.

"There was lots of pretty songs those days. [Bonnie Black Bess?] was a favorite of mine. I can sing it yet but I have to study on the words a little. I knew [Dreary Black Hills?], [Cowboy's Life?], [Jessie James?], [Texas Cowboy?] and dozens of others. You may as

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well sing out in camp for you had to stay in a good humor, anyway , or you'd be tried in kangaroo court and 13 the leggins put on you.

“We sure held many a kangaroo court. We used to try 'em for lots of things I wouldn't tell you about. If a feller saddled his horse too close to the fire and if he pitched through the fire, he'd sure get tried in kangaroo court that night. And if he failed to roll up his beddin' they put 'em (leggins) on 'im. We had worlds of fun. If a feller got mad that was what we wanted. We've had to tie some of 'em down and let 'em cool off. Oh there wasn't no use to get mad. You'd sure better stay in a good humor if you wanted to get off light.

“We had a real weddin' in camp one night. We knowed for a week or two it was coming off and we made lots of preparations. The boys name was Huff but I cant remember the girls girl's name right now. We had plenty of fine barbecued meat, bread , coffee and whiskey and a big bunch from town and neighbors from other ranches come out with the girl and brought the squire. We was camped right in the bed of a creek. We had cleaned off a big flat rock to dance on. We'd worked on it two weeks, smoothing it and sanding it and we sure had it nice.

“When the girl got there, they stretched up a canvas on some bushes for her party and she met Huff at the flat rock. The cowboys was all standing 'round in their boots, spurs, and leggins just like they was starting out to work.

“The folks had brought a fiddler along and after the wedding we started dancing. The bride and groom slipped off and went home about 4 o'clock in the morning. We sure did celebrate.

“Of course we didn't [shivarse?] [them?] because they come out in the open and give the dance at their wedding. But they sure did give [us?] a good one. We didn't go home for several days when we married and they was waiting for us. That night we never heard a sound until about 3 o'clock. My wife woke 14 me up and [said?] , ' Bill, [?] do you hear that bell? You better get your clothes on for they are [?]' They had all come horseback and

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was riding around the house rattling an ox bell. As they rode around, they started rattling another and then another and [??] there was the awfulest racket you ever heard. I slipped out the back door and made it to the lot where my horse was and got it saddled. My idea was to get away and be gone when they broke in the house to [??]. But as I got on my horse they ' [?] me and took after me. They run me in a circle all over that town. Bells was rattling rattling and they had two buckets of rocks and every thing they could make a racket with. We had passed a [?] thicket and I knowed I could outride 'em and I cut through the thicket but my brother run in and [?] and grabbed the bridle and then the rest of 'em closed in on me and pulled me off my horse. They said, 'You're going right in the river for a ducking if you don't give us a dance!' Well, I told 'em we'd see about it, so we went back to the house and my wife come out and says, 'Sure, we'll give you a dance if you'll give us time to make the preparations. ome Come back tomorrow and we'll let you know where it'll be.' It took two or three days to get everything ready but we sure give 'em a dance.

“We had four boys, Arthur, Adolph, Charley and Terrell. They are all dead now but Arthur. My wife passed away in 1931 and I am pretty much alone as Arthur lives in San Antonio and only comes once-in-while.”

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