

[Henry Young]

1

FOLKSTUFF - RANGELORE

Gauthier, Sheldon F.

Rangelore

Tarrant Co., Dist. #7

Page #1

FEC [34?] Duplicate?]

Henry Young, 72, was born Feb. 24, 1865, at Austin, Travis co., Tex. Henry's father, Charles J. Young, moved with his family to Coryell co. in 1870, and four years later Henry ran away from home and went to Colorado City, Tex. There he secured a job as cowboy on the [?] Bar Ranch, owned by Bill Adair and located west of town, where he remained for four years.

He returned home, and engaged in gathering herds for Capt. Hal [Wosby?] and driving to Kansas market points. This engaged his attention for five years, ending in a big drive of 5,000 head of cattle to the Little Powder Horn River District in Montana.

He now lives at the Old Folks Home, Tarrant co., Tex. He tells the following story of range life.

My father's name was Charles J. Young. He moved from Kentucky to Texas at the close of the Civil War, and for a time we lived in [Austin?], Travis co., Tex. where he followed painting for / a livelihood.

Library of Congress

'I was born at Austin, Feb. 24, 1865, and when I was five years old [Dad?] loaded the family into a covered wagon, drawn by a team of horses, and started out to look for a new location. He wanted to build a home on a piece of land and rear his children on a farm. There were three of us, one girl and two boys.

"We drifted around the country for about a month, then landed in Coryell county, twelve miles west of Gatesville, Tex. Father settled on a piece of land and set to get himself some cattle. That section was a free range and critters roamed everywhere. During the time father was getting his place fixed, he worked for various ranchers in that locality.

"I was so set on getting started to work as a cowhand that the hankering caused me to jump dad's corral, just as I was reaching my tenth year, and about the time he was ready to start getting a herd of critters together. C12 - 2/11/41 - Texas - 2 We had few saddle hosses, and other things fixed, to hand cattle.

"One night I filled a 50 pound flour sack half full of chuck and some clothes, sneaked a hoss out of the pen, put a pigskin saddle on it and rode away, headed northwest. I was certain that dad would trail me, and fetch me home if he caught up with me. So ,I hid out during the day and did my riding at night.. I used the North Star and a forked stuck to keep my bearings. That way I did not get turned around but kept going in one direction. I dodged off the trail whenever I heard anyone coming. Finally, at the end of a week, I 'lowed I was far enough away to be safe from dad and showed myself in a town. It was Colorado City, 200 miles from home. The first person that I saw, from the time that I left home until I reached the town, was a party that run a livery stable there.

"On that drag from home to Colorado City, I saw nothing but cattle, occasionly a herd of buffalo, a drove of antelope, a flock of turkey, and other wild game.

"I started to chin with the livery stable fellow and the first thing I said was:

Library of Congress

"Where can a fellow get a job?"

"He said, 'What can you do?'"

"Anything that anyone else can', I told him.

"I wasn't bigger than a pint of cider, never was over 150 pounds when full grown. The fellow laughed and pointed to a double trail running west, going up a gentle rise, out of town. 3 He said: 'Follow that trail. The two run together, made so by cowhands riding side by side to and from the CA Bar. If anyone in this section will hire you, Bill Adair will'.

"Pronto I lit out and landed at the CA Bar outfit late that evening, (brand made like this, 'CA_[?]). I rode up in front of the home-house, a big stone building, and I hollered, 'Hello!'. A woman came to the door and said:

"Howdy, stranger, what for you?"

"Is the boss man at home?"

"No, not now, but I expect him in a short time. Light and cool your saddle. Come in and make yourself comfortable. I am cooking supper, so you will have to excuse me. My husband will be in by supper time'.

"I lit off my hoss and followed her into the house. There I could smell the chuck cooking and that got my tape worm real excited. I had run low on chuck and was hankering for chuck right smart.

"While Mrs. Adair was fixing the grub she would step in, now and then, and ask questions. She asked me what I wanted to see her husband about. I told her I was looking for a job. I could see that sort of surprised her. She asked me my name, and that I didn't want to tell her, because I reckoned keeping my name a secret would prevent dad from finding me. So

Library of Congress

I said my her: 'I would rather not tell my name'. She didn't say anything for a minute, but was smiling and then said:

“Why don't you want to tell me your name? You don't look like a fellow that would rob a bank’. 4 “No, I have stole nothing, but don't want dad to find me”.

“A run-a-way boy are you?’ I had to admit it.

“It was not long until Adair dragged in and when he saw me he asked his wife:

“Where did you get this big man?’

“He lit a short spell ago and is looking for a job’, she told him. He laughed and said, 'I think he is more interested in some chuck at this minute than a job’.

“Mrs Adair told us to get ready for supper. Bill took me outside, behind the house, where there was a pail of water and a washpan. We washed, then went to lining our flues. Adair said to me, as we were taking our seats:

“Generally, a good worker can do a good job of eating; now show me what you can do’.

“That was the best looking chuck, also the best tasting, that I have ever stuffed into my mouth. When I finished, Adair said, 'You can handle the chuck alright’.

“During the meal, he asked for my name, and where I was from. I told him the same as I did his wife. He kept after me, saying that he must have my name. “I have to call you, can't just say, here fellow!’ he said. But I stayed put, and finally he said: 'Kid, you have plenty sand in your gizzard’.

“We agreed that I had to be called something, so must fix up a name. He named me 'Half Pint Emerson’, and that name I had for four years.

Library of Congress

“The next morning, after breakfast, he said: 'Come on, 5 Half Pint, we are going to town'. He went to the pen and saddled two hosses. I suggested that I use my own pigskin saddle, because the stirrups were set to my size. But he would have none of it, saying: 'We used real saddles 'round here'. He pulled the stirrups up as far as they would go, then had to make extra holes in the straps before we could get a fit.

We went to Colorado City. The first thing he did was to buy me a pair of California pants, the kind of pants all cowhands wore those days in that section. The pants were made from heavy woolen plaid cloth. He had the pants half-soled, as we called it. That was to reinforce the seat with soft leather so they would stand the saddle wear.

Nothing had been said about work since the night before, when he said that I was more interested in chuck that work. Then he bought the pants I calculated I had landed a job, and was as happy as an oyster in its shell. He next took me to F. A. Bone, the bootmaker, who was reckoned next to Pete Hammersmith, of Belton, as being a top hand making boots. He bought me a \$12.00 pair of boots. Then he bought me a \$8.00 John B. Stetson conk cover and a \$12.00 pair of spurs. He also bought me a bandana, and a [jap?] silk handkerchief for a necktie.

“When he finished rigging me out, he said: “Now, Half Pint, all this is charged to you and your wages started this morning at \$25.00 month. I know that I have hired the top cowhand in these parts'. I felt as big and as good as any of them.

That is how I got started in the cow business. He, at first, took charge of me, and I rode with him. He showed me the 6 tricks and was a part teacher. It was not long until I could go on my own. I then teamed up with Jess Kettles, and we worked together all the while that I stayed on the CA Bar.

“The CA Bar grazed critters over about 60 sections of land, running around 10,000 head. There were 15 steady hands, and extra hands were hired during branding season. [No?]

Library of Congress

hands lived in a log ranch house. The house where the hands lived was called the 'ranch house' and the owner's home the 'ranch home', or the 'Bull's ranch'.

“In the ranch house we slept on bunks and we waddies had to take care of our dump. We had our own cooky. 'Dog Face' is the only name, I recall, we had for him. He was a good cook and made dandy sour-dough bread, was a good bean cook, too. Lots of times he fixed us bean-hole beans, that is, beans cooked in a hole. Dog Face would dig a hole in the ground, line the hole with stone, then build a fire in the hole and keep it burning for several hours. Those stones would get pipping hot, then the hole was ready for the beans. He put the beans into an iron kettle, with a tight cover, set it in the hole and covered it with sand. There they would be left for several hours. He seasoned the whistle-berries with bacon and molasses. I am telling you, those beans were fitting to eat. Beef, beans, a few canned vegetables and dried fruit was the chief chuck on which we lived. Half of the time we ate the chuck sitting on our haunches behind the chuck wagon.

“Adair did the top-screw work, and was a swell fellow to work for. All the waddies swore by Bill. The second year I was 7 Gthere, he turned me loose to do my turn, line-riding, night or day, and all other work.

“During my entire stay with the outfit, we never had a bad stampede. The reason for that was that Adair kept his herd cleaned of beef critters, so there never was many old steers. The head was mostly breeding, cows and yearlings, and those critters are not so quick on the run. It is the steers, a year old and up, that are always looking for an excuse to run.

“In that section, at that time, were the Griffin, Bunton, and J. W. Evans outfits. The 'Lazy [Y?]', owned by Rub Slaughter and his brother, and the Carter outfit, were among the biggest ranches. They run around 30,000 head.

Library of Congress

“That crowd of men run that country. They made the rules and enforced them. Then fellows were a square bunch that gave everybody a chance, but they stood their ground and backed up their law with a six-gun - and that they were able to do.

“During the years of 1874, '5 and '6, the price of cattle was so low that rustlers did not bother beef stock much, so I didn't see much dealing with that kind. But the hoss rustler was busy, because good horses was in demand and there were a lot of good animals in that section.

“The system followed by that bunch of men in the Colorado City section, during the time I was there, was to get the goods on the rustlers, then go to the fellow and tell him to stop it pronto. When they went to notify a rustler, they went unmasked. There was no secret about their work. If the rustler continued, he would be hung up to dry, or given a short course in citizen-ship. I must tell about two deals with rustlers, to show how 8 they were dealt with.

“There was a family that had a good reputation in that section, but the two boys of the family were caught up with rustling hosses. Adair, Evans and Slaughter, went to the boys' home and told them to stop stealing. Afterwards, they were seen in the act again. [A?] number of the men went to the boys' home and demanded that they come out, but they refused. They were in the attic of the log house ad it was dangerous to go in after them, because the boys could brand everyone that stepped inside. They ordered the parents to move their furniture outside, if they wanted it saved, which they did. That being done, fire was set to the house. They boys soon come running out and were shot down. That log house was replaced for the folks.

'Another young lad continued rustling/ hosses after being notified. He was placed on his hoss, with a rope around his neck, with one end of the rope tied to a limb. The hoss was driven out from under him and there he was left.

Library of Congress

“Adair moved his range to New Mexico, in 1878. He had reduced his herd to around 4,000, and we drove these to the foot of the Capitan Mountains. That is about 50 miles northwest of [Roswell?]. The herd consisted of breeding cows and the bulls. We had several little runs, but each was easily handled. We arrived there with the herd in good shape and a very few lost.

“After the drive to the Capital Mountain section, I quit and returned home to Gatesville. I had been gone for four years, and had increased in size from a half pint to/ about a quart. It was just getting dusk as I rode up in front of the house. I followed the custom of those days and hollered, 'hello!'

“I saw mother come to the door and she answered:

“Hello, stranger! What be you all wanting?”

“Can I stay the night with you all?', I asked.

“Light and come in. I have never turned a stranger away yet and pray God will never let me', she said.

“I took my hoss, the same one I rode away on, back to the yard and staked it, then walked into the house. I kept my 'JB' on and sort of pulled it over my eyes. Mother placed a chair in front of the fireplace and said, 'rest yourself, stranger'.

“She went in the kitchen and came back with a coal oil lamp. That she place on the mantel. “While she was fixing to light it, she asked:

“What may your name be, stranger?’

“They call me Half Pint Emerson', said I.

“Where you all from?’

Library of Congress

"From the West', said I.

"I have a boy, Henry - Henry Young is his name. He left here four years ago and we have not heard hide or hair of him since. By chance, you may have met up with Henry?"

"When she asked the last question, the lamp was lit, and she had turned around and was looking straight at me. She didn't wait for me to answer, but asked, 'Are you Henry?' I began to smile, and at the same time tears crowded my eyes, and the corners of my mouth began to quiver. Before I could say a word, she said, 'God has blessed me, it's my boy'.

"Dad soon came in and was pleased to find me back. In fact, he acted sort of proud of me. I had calculated on getting a piece of his mind, and was mighty glad of the welcome home.

"After telling the folks what I had been doing, dad told me I had returned just in time for work. Captain [Hal?] Mosby was buying in that section, and dad was herding for him until he had enough to make a driving herd.

'I went to work gathering critters for Mosby and followed that work for five years. The last year, I took charge of a [5,500?] herd that we drove through to the little Powder Horn River, near Miles . , Mont. I delivered the [cattle?] to Tom Trawick, a Texan, who was top screw for Hal Mosby on the Montana ranch.

'It took me 15 months to make the round trip. I was 12 months making the drive there, and my loss was 150 critters. All my loss was caused from foot-sore - those critters we had to drop. It was reckoned as a top job of driving.

"The main reason for the good drive was due to the kind of critters we had. The animals were all first-class stock, then we had fair weather during the first two months of the drive. during that time, the animals became use to the drive and worked easily, and continued

Library of Congress

to be less troublesome as we went along. The few scares that we had, that the critters started to run, we got the herd to milling and settled down pronto. I also had a good bunch of hands that knew how and when to do things. There were 14 of us. I used two waddies in the lead and four men on each point. What I mean by the point, is the men that rode at the side of the herd to keep the critters pointed ahead. I had 11 two waddies as extra men, to take the big and at night riding. I had a hoss wrangler and a cooky, and that constituted the crow. In that crowd was Jim Hall, the cooky, Tom Ward, Tom Smith, Jim Green, Jack Peavy, and Joe Franks, as I recall their names. The others were called by their nicknames, such as 'Sandy', 'Blacky', and the likes.

“We crossed the Red River at Doan's Crossing and drove through the western part of the Territory, on into Kansas. We crossed the Arkansas River near Liberty, and the Republican in Nebraska, west of Lincoln. We crossed the [Blatte?] River near North [Blatte?] and then hit into South Dakota, skirting the Black Hills on the west, and then into Wyoming. From there, we traveled north into the Miles City, Mont. section. By the time we arrived, those critters had learned to swim like a bunch of seals. At first we had a pert lot of trouble crowding the animals into the water; but as we went along, crossing stream after stream, they finally took to the water when we hit a stream, without hesitating.

“When I returned home, after the drive, I was sort of fed up on cattle work and got to hankering for something else. I was trying to make up my mind what I wanted to do and decided to jiggle over into the Double Mountain section, around Stonewall county, and look that country over. Tom Smith was with me and we hit for the Double Mountain Ranch for sort of a friendly call, and maybe go to work if they needed hands. On that trip was the only time I got an Indian scare during the whole time I was on the range. 12 “We had arrived in the section of the Double Mountain Ranch, but was lost in-so-far as the location of the ranch was concerned. We had spent a day trying to get our bearings and had not met up with a soul. We were off the regular trails and that was the reason for our troubles. We had slept that night with the tape worm yelling for food, because we run short of chuck. The next morning, we run into a bunch of critters, which showed that we were getting back

Library of Congress

where we should be; but the proper direction was still a matter of chance. When we spied the critters, the first thought that entered our conks was to line our flues. We picked out a calf, that would make a nice veal roast, and roped it. When the rope [smeared?] the critter, it let out a bawl and kept it up, of course, until we/ had cut it's throat. about that time we heard traveling hosses and looked up. Coming over a rise were a bunch of Indians, headed straight for us.

We never stopped to take our rope off the calf, but hit for hosses and dragged off with the Indians following us, we rode about a mile when we spied [a?] draw and into that we hit pronto. We dismounted and run off a piece from our hosses. We found a rock which gave us a hiding place. Each of us took off our cartridge belt, this we place in front of us , and got our six-shooters ready. We calculated on getting all the Indians we could before we went down.

When we left our hosses, the Indians went into a huddle. They were gestulating and pointing toward where we were. Of course, we reckoned that they were trying to decide on the best move to get us without getting branded themselves. Finally, 13 three of them started to ride toward us, and one on them had [?] tied on his gun and holding it in the air. That indicated they wanted [?] and we let the three come up to us.

The Indians were [onkawas?] and, of course, friendly. He [?] them could talk [?] English to be easily understood. He told us they were a hunting party, camped over the hill, and that when they heard the calf bawl they thought it was a wolf pulling down a calf. [When?] they saw us run, they realized that they had scared us from our meal, and wanted to catch up with us to tell us they meant no harm. We returned for our rope and they directed us to the ranch. [?] stayed at the ranch three days, then returned [?], but Smith went to work.

[What?] I have said about covers all my loafings with the range. [?] short spell after that, I went to work railroading, and [?] I followed [??] of my active life.

Library of Congress

There is one more thing I want to [?] and that is the [?] the [??], especially the bandana. I have been [??] and [??] why [??] wore a bandana around his neck. [??] believe it was worn as an ornament [?] dress. [?], the bandana was not worn for looks. It was a useful part of our rigging and we used it in many different ways. [?] the cowhand was [away?] from the ranch house it was used as a towel. After [??] stream, we would wipe on the bandana [?????] to dry, and there it would dry pronto. [?] pinch, it was used as a tie string, or a bandage in case of a wound. It was used to protect the eyes from the sun glare, by putting it up over the face just under the [?]. C12 - [????] 14 [?], by pulling it close around the neck during a rainstorm, the bandana keeps the rain from dripping down your neck. It also keeps the wind from blowing down the neck and chilling the [face?].

Some of the [?] wore a handkerchief for dress purpose. That was what we called, in those days, the [?] silk handkerchief. It was used as a necktie, because it was easily washed and dried and would not wrinkle all out of shape. It met the cowhands' needs, in that it could be kept clean easily by him and looked good.

The big hat [?] the proper conk cover for [?] living [outside?] in this Southwest country. During the [summer?] when the old heater [?] shooting it's hot rays, the head needs the protection that the large rim and high crown gives. The [?] of ours were worn mostly in the brush country for protection of the [hoss?]. C12 - 2/11/41 - Texas