

[Hugh Campbell]

Range-lore

Annie McAulay

Maverick, Texas #15

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RANGE-LORE

Hugh Campbell, was born in Austin County, Texas in 1878. His father, David Campbell, was also a native of Austin County. His grandfather moved to Texas in 1812 with a group of very early colonists. He fought in the war between Texas and Mexico, taking part in the battle of San Jacinto. Mr. Hugh Campbell moved to Midland, and points in New Mexico where he worked until 1897. In 1901 he moved out to Winkler County and started ranching for himself. He moved to Runnels County in 1917 and bought a ranch near Ballinger. C.12 - 2/11/41 - Texas 2 There he has made his home ever since. He also owns a ranch in Concho County.

Mr. Campbell says: "I've been ridin' a horse ever since I can remember. I came of a family that rode and ranched. My father was a stockman in Austin and Milam counties, and my grandfather was a stockman before him.

"It was all open range in the early days when I was a kid; they had lots of trouble with horse thieves in that country then, too. I remember riding upon three dead men hanging to a tree, not many miles from our house. I was out looking for certain stock that we had on the range when I saw them. I was all alone and was sure frightened. They had been caught by some of the ranchers in the business of stealing and branding somebody else's

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stuff. So they hung 'em to a tree 'til they was plum dead and no questions was asked, nobody knew them or ever found out where they come from.

“We used to make lots of long cattle drives. I've been over the trail lots of times. I helped with my first drive to Dodge City, Kansas, when I was fourteen years old. We had a right smart trouble on that trip. The herd stampeded a time or two, and when we got to the Red River we ran into quicksand. We managed, with a lot of riding and patience, to get all the cattle across the river but we lost our bed wagon in the quicksand.

“We drove about 3000 head of cattle from Midland to South Dakota once. I believe that was about the longest drive I ever 3 helped with. Bill Roberson was the trail boss. We had trouble aplenty that time. Seem like that was an unlucky trip. We ran in to high water two or three times and had several stampedes, one of the worst ones I ever saw. We had camped we thought in a very good place. We always tried to bed the cattle on the side of a hill sloping west if possible. They were supposed to stay quieter if you did that. This time we stopped on the bald prairie somewhere in New Mexico. The herd was as quiet as you please 'til along about eleven o'clock. One of the boys on guard struck a match to make a smoke. That made his pony jump and that frightened the cattle. They jumped up, and away they went like a streak.

“We all got in the saddle as quick as possible and rode as fast as we could until we out run 'em and got them to circlin'. That took a long time and we had lost a third, which we had to get together next day. That was the hardest ridin' I ever done on a stretch. We rode all night and all next day through a cold drizzle of rain that had come up in the night.

“I worked on ranches in Midland County, at Odessa and in New Mexico when I was a young feller. I worked for a long time for the [?] outfit in New Mexico also for Jals ranch at Midland. Lee Richards, Bob Grimes and Cas Russel were working there at that time.

“I've known some awful good riders, both women and men. I've rode some broncs myself, but I don't deny having my head stuck in the sand several times. 4 “Billy O'brien was sure

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a good woman rider. She lived at Stanton. She married Bill Wear, the notorious roper. They live in Oklahoma now. Billy could ride and rope like a man. Then there was a Mrs. Race in Winkler County that rode a side-saddle. She did stunt riding and also ranch riding on it. She rode wild steers, too.

“Kid Owens and Fish Pollard of Pecos and New Mexico were the two best bronc riders I ever knew. They caught and saddled their broncs. They rode by the month and guaranteed to ride anything.

“Pink Paschul and Barnes Tillas were the best ropers I ever knew. Tillas ran the Con Sabe ranch. I saw them in a roping contest. Tillas roped 332 calves and Pink 333 without missing a rope.

“They sure used to razz the new hands somethin' awful. They'd give 'em tricy tricky horses to ride, or do anything they could think of for a joke.

“Once when I was out there they hired a negro to ride on the Buchannan ranch. Mollie Williams was the boss then. Some of the boys told the negro the first day he was there that a certain rider there sometimes threwed some fits. (Beverley was his name). That night after all had gone to bed, Beverley began having one of his false fits, and kept chanting that the ghosts had told him to kill a rider. He got an axe and started on the rounds going from bunk to bunk and still talking to 5 himself. When he come to the negro he said, 'Here he is.' The negro jumped and shouted, 'It wasn't me,' and started running as fast as he could. He ran all that night. He reached Odessa at 4 o'clock in the morning and told the sheriff excitedly that a crazy man had murdered everything on the Buchannan ranch except him.”

REFERENCE:- Hugh Campbell, Ballinger, Texas. Interviewed September 19, 1938.
Beliefs and customs - [??] Typed

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Mr. Campbell says : "I've been ridin ridin' a horse ever since I can remember. I came of a family that rode and ranched. My father was a stockman in Austin and Milam counties, and my / Grandfather was a stockman before him. " It was all open range in the early days when I was a kid; they had lots of trouble with horse / thieves in that country then , too. I remember riding upon three dead men hanging to a / tree, not many miles from our house. I was out looking for certain stock that we had on the range when I saw them. I was all alone and was sure [?] frightened . I guess. " They had been caught by some of the ranchers in the business of stealing and branding somebody else's stuff. So they hung 'em to a tree 'til they was plum dead and no questions was asked, nobody knew them or ever found out where they come from. C12 - Texas 2 " We used to make lots of long cattle drives. I've been / over the trail lots of times. I helped with my first drive to Dodge city City, Kansas , when I was fourteen years old. " We had a right smart trouble on that trip. The herd stampeded on us a time or two, and when we got to the Red river River we ran into quicksand. We managed , with a lot of riding and patience , to get all the cattle across the river but we lost our bed wagon in the quicksand.

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