

## [Eddie McGregor]

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Life history

[Phipps?], [Woody?]

[Rangelore?]

[Tarrant?] Co., Dist. 7 Rangelore [122?]

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FC

Eddie McGregor, 76, was born on his father's stock farm near Lewisville, Texas. His dad taught him to ride [horses?] at an early age, which enabled him to do cowboy work by the time he was seven Yrs old. [He?] remained on the stock farm until he was 21, at which time he left home to work elsewhere for the experience. Later, he returned home and persuaded his father to finance [him?] in an Edwards Co. ranching venture. He leased the XX Bar ranch, then bought 1,500 head of stocker cattle to raise. [Bankruptcy?] ended this venture in 1897, when he entered the Seymour [Texas?] Rodeo. After winning a riding prize, he entered the employ of the [Waggoner?] [Ranch?] in Clay Co. Following his father's demise in 1904, he invested his inheritance in 1,000 head of steers. [He?] leased [grazing?] land in Love Co., Okla, then sold the cattle in 1906. He then left the range to become a farmer, buying a farm near [Haslet?], Texas, where he still resides and operates his farm. [His?] story:

"I reckon you figured I used to be a cow poke because my legs are so bowed you could use them for barrel hoops. [The?] truth is, I ranged cattle when every man that had red [blood?] in him, worked cow critters some how or another. If he didn't own a spread hisself;

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he worked for the other man. [Even?] then, if he had much more sense than the [critters?] he was hazing around, and didn't get too rambunctious with his savings, he usually ended up running his own [spread?] anyway.

"Yes, time was, when even the place you and me are standing on was ranged with cattle. [Thousands?] of cattle. Different from the kind you'll see over yonder in the exhibit pens, too. [Why?] them critters right over yonder are so different they're not even something alike. The critters that used to run this country were usually big old longhorn critters. You never saw nothing else 'til the fine stock began to come into the country.

Now, to begin with, I was born on my dad's stock farm C. 12[md;]2/11/41 Tex. [Box 1?] 2 nigh to Lewisville, SEPT 4, 1861 ? Texas, one of the oldest towns in [Texas?], and a cattle town to begin with. Contrary to [common?] opinion, it wasn't the 'Lewisville, Land and Cattle Co., ' but the 'Denton Land and Cattle Co.' that was located at Lewisville They owned ranches everywhere, and were the people that owned the '[Soab 8?]' that Burk Burnett bought when he came to this country from the Terr.

"My dad ran four or 500 head of stockers on his place' in the 'M' iron. Branded them hip, side, and shoulder. The way the land shaped up in that part of the country, there was a perfect valley where dad farmed, [running?] cattle in the other part of the country. There were about 45 acres I reckon, in his farming spot, and he [was?] more interested in that than he was in running his cattle.

"When I was just a tike, he learnt me to ride hosses. Now, I can't for the life of me, tell you just how [old?] I was when I began riding hosses. [I?] can tell you, though, that I wasn't [?] day over four years old when I could ride them [by?] myself. Clumb up a many a one while it [stood?] at the hitch rail while some neighbor chinned my dad inside the house. [We?] climb on them, then ride around. Of course, [several?] pitched me off soon's I hit the hull, but [that?] didn't learn me nothing. I just left him alone and got the next one that come [along?].

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[There?] was one [time?] a in particulr when I fell off and could've ended my riding days right then. Now, I'll just have to tell what others tell me happened because all I recollect about this is the [falling?] part. [My?] ma said she saw me ride off from the hitch rail and she come out to call me [back?]. Just as she come out the door, I fell in such a way that my head laid on the spot the hose was set 3 to put his hoof down on next. The way she saw me, the hoss's hoof was about four inches in the air, right over my nose. If he'd [have?] been of such a mind [as?] to go ahead and put his hoof down, or pitch as most of them ornery rascals of that day and time done, I'd have been killed for sure. My brains bashed right out. Instead, this [hos?] remained in just that way 'til I crawled out from under him, then started to mount [him?] again. A woman of this day and time would've fainted or started to screaming, which would have scared the hoss and started [?] to pitching or [running?]. She didn't do that either, but come out to me and told me to get down off the hoss and come into the hoss.

I got down, alright, but when I went into the [house?], I expected a tanning. [Instead?], she gave me a lecture and explained to me just what could've [happened?]. I stayed off hosses then 'til I was a little over five, except when my dad put me on them and stayed right with me. I never's [stole?] another ride 'til I was after five, then they felt safe with me handling them myself.

Even then, I was too little to spot a hull on [?] hoss and my dad done that 'til I was seven, at which time I got to where I could put a [?] on any broom tail. Wild ones too, because Bill Hawkins that my dad had running his stock, trapped wild hosses and busted them right there on the spread. While the wild hoss stock was already thinned out in the section of the [country?] when I was at that age, he still found one once in awhile, running loose without a brand.

You see, in that day, critters, were the same as today. If they wore a brand, they belonged to the man who had that brand registered. 4 When the [wild?] hosses began to thin out, some of them went out and trapped as [many?] an they could, branding them then turning

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them [loose?] to be [caught?] later [and?] busted. [What?] was in the day of free grass, when [a?] man's stock ranged wherever it could without being stopped by a lot of fences. I never heard of that being done any where else, and nobody but a greedy gut would've thought of that. I don't thing they made on it because they couldn't possibly have caught all they branded.

“While I wouldn't say anything against [?], because he was a real [cow?] poke and honest as the day's long, but he caught quite a few wild ones that had a brand, and he slapped the M iron on them if [they?] were still wild when he trapped them. I've heard him and my dad talk about that, many a [time?], [and?] I don't know as anybody ever beefed about his doing it, even [though?] [they?] were just [round?] to have known about it. You see, he had to blot the other brand to put the [?] iron on, if the other iron couldn't be changed into the M. And, if he wanted to goto town, he didn't fail to ride a blotted brand hoss if he'd been riding it before he started towards town. In other words, he didn't change [hosses?]. Might've [?] the others were afraid to bring it to an issue. I don't know, but I do know that old Bill was pretty peppery and able, so they just looked the other way when they saw him on [?] blotted brand hoss, I reckon.

“By the time I was seven years old, I was [right?] in there with old Bill working side [by?] side and doing regular cow poke work right with him. [Then?] they [got?] to [?], Bill handled them. [?] wasn't my idea, but his'n. That was the only way he'd let me work with [him?] but let me tell you that what he didn't know about 5 what I done when he wasn't looking at me, would fill a mighty good sized book. Sure would. [Anytime?] he and me got separated, and [?] had to rope or do anything else, I never called on '[Mister?] Bill' but done it myself.

Why, I could rope and ride as well's anybody before I was nine, and went on roundups and everything, carrying out my end the same's any man. Of course, there was lots of things I had to learn by hard down experience. For instance, I don't know just how old I was at the time, but Bill left me to ride herd on around 200 steers while he rounded up some more he had located not far from the herds. While he was gone, there come up a rain [and?] a

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Norther at the some time. [The?] cattle put their tails to the wind [and?] rain, and started to drifting away from the way the wind and rain was coming. I never knowed anything but keep the herd on the spot they'd been put, so I started into trying to drive then beck. The more I'd work them, the more they drifted and I was to the place where the whole herd was about to stampede when Bill come a-riding up. [He?] knowed that I didn't know the herd'd drift with the rain, and might try to hold them back so he had come to help me. [He?] showed me how to get in front of the leaders, there's always leaders in any [drift?] or stampede, and always keep my hoss in front of them. [That?] way, the herd'd be helt back so's it [wouldn't?] drift so very for before they'd stop.

Another thing Bill learnt me while I was still real young was always being in a position to leave the saddle should my hoss stumble, or start to pitching without me knowing it was going to. [Thereyou?] see a cow puncher riding so light It seems like 6 he's partly standing up in the stirrups, you're seeing a real rider that's probably been in the stormy seat of a bronc's saddle. That rider's learnt how to ride comfortably and still be ready to leave the saddle without getting his feet caught in the stirrups and having his hoss drag him to death. I'd have been killed a 100 times and over of I hadn't have learnt that because many's the hoss has [stumbed?] and fell, or [been?] bucking and fell, or even tried to roll over on my me while I was still in the saddle. When they done that and you were in the right position, you could leave the hull and be ready to get back in the saddle as your hoss come up from the ground. That's an old bronc busting trick Bill learnt me.

“You see, after the wild hosses had been all caught up and the free grass was all fenced up to where wild hosses couldn't even run if they had been free and loose, my dad started to raising hosses to work with. These hosses had to be busted just he same's the other hosses they trapped on the range, and when I was along about 12 and 14, I was right in there with old Bill busting them.

Them ornery critters had alot of tricks they'd pull to unseat you, and if you weren't on to their tricks, they'd do it too. Bill taught me how ta stay in there with them, how to hold my

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innards so's they wouldn't be busted out and everything. Now, I've just said something that might make you-wonder. [About?] the innards.

“The best way to really understand it is to really see a wild one pitching, then picture your innards. They're loose, you [see?], and a pitching hoss comes down as hard's he can hit. When he does that and you're not braced for it, your innards'll bust out like somebody's took a knife and carved a place for them to fall out. Or, you could be internally ruptured so's you'd never live 7 'til the doc could fix you up. [hy?], one of the reasons all the old timers like me have such a iron jaw is because if you accidently let it loose while on a bronc, your tongue could be bit off, or your jaw broke when your hoss come down right hard, which they done every time. Just in case you never saw a real buckner, just imagine yourself in the saddle and every time your nag come down, it was equal to falling not less than 10 feet to 20 feet. Then just as soon's you hit, the hoss'd take you up again and bring you back with the same force. Then, just to show you how times have changed, the buckners of today rarely ever go five minutes while in the olden days the hosses rarely ever bucked less then 30 minutes! And, maybe they'd buck over an acre or two of ground. When the bronc buster finished topping off a broom tail, he usually had raw knees where the skin'd been rubbed off while he was trying to clamp his legs tight enough to help him hold on, and his nose'd be bleeding like somebody'd hit it with all their might. Busting wild hosses wasn't a picnic by no means, but it was considered a part of the day's work to bust in your own mounts. A rough part but still a part.

Now, when dad was needed to work with the cattle, it was nearly always at round up time and he worked like an ordinary cow poke. In fact, I could outride him before I was even 12 years old, but that was because I sort of stuck with the cattle instead of taking to the plow. And, that suited him which tickled me to death. He always took me on his cattle buying trips, which he done about once a year to add to the stuff he intended to send to market. In these trips, we visited a lot of other spreads there in Denton Co. but I [can't?] for the life

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of me recall their names. I recall the 8 Waggoner's because I later worked on that spread before it got so big it covered about six counties like it does today.

"I recall that [Tom?] Waggoner had the finest steeldust hosses in the country when we went over there. Another thing I recall is when a bunch of Indians were trying to load some cow critters in some cars. Dad and me had gone to the loading point, looking for the foremen. He wasn't there but we stayed to watch the Indians work because I'd never seen many of them, and they were a fascination to me.

"Then old Indians worked and they sweated. They worked and they sweated. Finally, they got their 30 critters in one car, that's the way they loaded them then, you know, 30 to a car. After they loaded them, they all went to some shade to rest. Well, you know they were so trifling that they'd forgot to shut the door and them old longhorns just poured out of there as soon's they discovered the door open. Then the Indians had all their work to do over again. They were too lazy to get anywhere working cattle. If it hadn't have been that there was some kind of an agreement or a law to use Indians while passing cattle through the Terr., they Couldn't have got a job anywhere.

"Of course, handling wild cattle like that wasn't as easy as it sounds. They'd gore you if they got a chance. Or, they'd gore your hoss if they were that mean. And some of them were. They didn't always get to gore the hoss but they'd make a try at it any way. In fact, I never saw but one man in my life that wouldn't run from a wild cow if caught an the ground, and that was a nigger. Joe Cowan was his name, but I called him 'Nigger Joe,' as every body else done. Give him a five or a six foot stick and he'd go into 9 a penful of them with just that stick and nothing else to defend himself with. His trick was to hit them an the nose when they aimed for him. It was a good trick but I never tried it. Nigger Joe worked for me years after I left dad's spread.

"The way that was, I decided to go out on my own for experience after my 21st birthday. My mother'd already been dead for a number of years, and dad was in favor of me seeing

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some country before I settle down. My first job was with old Cap [Rainer?] when he had his ranch in Baylor Co. The Rainer ranch aint there now but has been moved to stonewall Co. Not recent, but along about the time when I left the Rainer Ranch after three years over there.

“Along in the Summer or my third year there, they decided to ship a train load of cattle to Houston. Since I wanted to see the country, I asked for the chance to go along and help care for the [stuff?] while it was on the trip. The foreman told me Cap'd have to decide that hisself, as to who's going along. I propositioned Cap and he said I could go. He drove about 400 head of his best four year old steer stuff over to the rail point, where we loaded them into the cars. 30 to a car, and 15 cars to the train. [he?] cow pokes that didn't go with the train drove the others back to the ranch, and we went ahead. As the train covered the country we prodded the ones up that had laid down, or fell, to keep the others from stomping them.

“When we got to Houston, the commission firm that was to handle the beef had a man meet the train, take a tally, then let us go. We decided to have some fun before we left, and that away, I met Caleb Slaughter. He knowed of a ranch/ in Edwards Co. to buy cheap, so we 10 took the train right then for Lewisville.

“I naturally expected my dad to put [up?] an awful holler about me wanting enough money to handle a whole ranch, but to my surprise, [dad?], said, 'Son. I give you credit for having a level head on your shoulders and after you've gone down there, if you still think it'll pay, let me know and we'll try to raise enough money somewhere to handle this.'

“Slaughter and me tore out down there, riding the train 'til it got as [close?] as it run, then buying a couple of hosses and riding over there. We had a big shock when we got there, though, because the ranch was a whole lot bigger than Caleb thought, and took a whole lot more money. I wrote dad a letter, explaining the whole thing to him. He wrote right back

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that if I could lease the spread, he could raise enough money to stock it and then I could run it. I tried leasing [it?], and it was a go.

“It was a good spread, and had been running right up 'til the year before, when the owner of it had been ambushed by some bushwhackers that were trying to take the whole County over. Jim Kelly was the man who'd been shot, and the one I leased it from was his daughter, Beatrice, better known around that part of the country as 'Bea'. She'd gone off and married a waddy that had got her dad's murderers.

“The spread was the old double bar X, and they'd branded their critters like this: XX. By the way, I branded the 1,500 head of stockers I bought with the same brand. The way all this happened, I heard from a number of people at different times, and every time it was right about the same way so I reckon this is the way it was.

Now, cow pokes in that day and time, were prone to meander 11 around over the country. This was easy to do because every ranch house, cook shack, and chuck wagon had it's latch string on the outside and a man was welcome to stop and stay as long's he wanted to, providing he done the right thing. That is, if he stayed a couple of days, why do something to help the bell along. When they didn't take a job, they were called ' Saddle Bums,' of which there were plenty of them. When they made a locality too many times, though, they were told to get after they'd got a meal.

Well, at the little old supply town of Hardrock, just about half way between the headwaters of the [?] and the Frio Rivers in the hills there in Edwards Co., this waddy Bea' married, his name was Jeff Waters, come riding along. [About?] a mile out of town, he hears some shots up ahead so he hustles his hoss up there to see what had happened. Just curious, you know.

“Well, sir. Do you know that when he got to the spot where he figured the shooting come from, he found an old gray haired man dead with a shot in the side, and two through the

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head, fired at such a close range there was black powder on his forehead. [The?] back of his head was literally torn out by the shells.

There were some fresh hoss tracks where the probable killer had helt his hoss while he fired the two head shots, then rode off. [When?] Jeff trailed the hoss, the tracks went right into town. Well, he didn't waste any time but went right back to the body and gave it a burial there, figuring the killer'd probably hang the murder oh him because he was a new comer to the country and sported two tied-down six guns. His rifle was one of the best long range rifles that money could buy, too, and that'd stood against him if anybody got hot headed. 12 "Jeff listened around, drinking up a lot of hard likker, but pouring more of it out than anybody thought. He just used his head like an old timer, and there he was, [not?] a day over 22 hisself. The sheriff came over to him and told him to be careful or he'd have to lock him up. The bar keep didn't want to lose a good customer, though, and he told the sheriff that as long's the man was keeping to hisself, he wasn't going to complain, and he didn't see as how any body else could.

"The second day, Jeff saw the bar keep, the sheriff, and another man who'd been a stranger, in conversation with a man that looked like a regulation saddle bum. He heard the sheriff tell the bum that as long's he was the sheriff, nothing'd ever happen to the bum. There was also a little sack that changed hands from the bum to the bar keep, who took it right then and locked it up in his safe. After a little more conversation, the bunch split up and the bum left town.

"Jeff knowed just about what the set up was the next day when a cow poke from a ranch near Hardrock rode in and reported finding a bum dead along the path. The sheriff got the coroner, and they rode out to see about it. Jeff had sobered up quite a little by this time, and the sheriff took him along to help handle the body. The body was that of the saddle bum he'd seen alive and talking to the sheriff, the bar keep, and the stranger who'd never showed up again. They took it back to town and buried it in the "Boot Hill" [ar?] rock had there.

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“About a week after the killing, Bea' rode into town, asking everybody if they'd seen her dad. They all said they'd seen him leaving town, headed toward the ranch. That is, those that seen him leave did. 13 “While she was still there, Jeff saw this stranger walk up to her and tell her that he was ready to buy the ranch any time her dad wanted to sell. She told him to 'Go straight to hell! We wont sell to you nor none of your tribe!' Then she got on her hoss and hurriedly rode out of town. The stranger ran towards a big white Cleveland Bay like he intended to ride after her, then decided against it. He then realized that jeff had seen the whole thing and went into the saloon. Jeff idled in himself just in time to hear the bar keep again hold up for him.

“That evening, about 10 dusty, hard looking cow punchers rode into town, the stranger leading. Jeff stayed out of sight, listening to every conversation he could. He found that this man he was wondering about was 'Big Tom' Leahman, a cattle buyer that bought and sold ranches on the side. He owned the 'Lazy U' spread and run stock in the Frio Canyon, about 50 miles or less from Hard-rock. He'd been trying to buy the Double Bar X for over six Mos., and it looked like he wasn't going to get it.

“Then, he overheard some more conversation that really interested him. He was leaning against the backside of the saloon when he heard voices coming through the window. The voices were the stranger and one of the cow pokes that had rode in. The stranger, or, Big Tom as they called him, told the cow poke that Jeff had heard and saw too much so it was high time somebody fixed him up where he couldn't talk. This cow poke said he'd get the job done right waay way. [s?] soon's [they?] could fine their man.

Jeff decided to take the bull by the horns. He walked into that saloon where there were about 14 known enemies, bound to kill him at the first chance. The sheriff and Big Tom were at the 14 bar with a couple of others, all talking a drink as he passed through the swinging doors. It just happened that Big Tom was nearest to the door, which was just as

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Jeff wanted it. He walked up to the bar, ordered a drink, then whispered to Big Tom, 'Do you reckon old Jim Kelly's ghost'll ever haunt you?'

Big Tom choked on his likker, then backed away from the bar, coughing and spluttering. He said, 'Why you—' That's as far's he got. He clawed his six shooter out of his shoulder holster and almost had the barrel of it even with Jeff when Jeff pushed hisself away from the bar, jerked both guns out and put a neat hole right through his head. Then he was on his feet like a cat before the rest of the crowd hardly realized what had happened and covering them. He purposely gave the sheriff a chance to get his gun, then beat him to the shot, killing right on the spot. The rest of the gang, including the bar keep, hoisted their hands without being told. They understood.

Jeff then said, 'You'll file over my way, one at a time, and you'll pile your guns on that table. Then you'll slowly file outside, grab your nags and beat it away. I doubt if you'll beat the rangers at that, because they've been on the way here for some time to clean this rotten hole out.'

They done as he said, glad of the chance to get away. Jeff said that every man jack left Edwards Co., and have never been seen since in that part of the country. The rangers did come, and after a investigation, they have it listed as an, 'Open Case.' That is, unsolved. The killer was never known.

"Jeff then found where Bea' was, and they got the old man out and buried him in the family grave yard in front of the 15 ranch house. I've said the inscription many a time, and it says, 'Jim Kelly, 'date and age I've forgotten but the rest says,' A MAN THAT WOULD NOT BLUFF.'

"You know, I've thought more about that story here lately than I ever done before. If I was any hand at writing, I'd write a book about it, and throw in the rest of the things Big Tom's men done there. They'd tried to run that whole country, and nobody knows how far he'd have got if Jeff hadn't have happened along just like he done. He was lucky all the way

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around, because he married a wonderful girl, and they're living in Del Rio, Texas, right now. He's interested in some ranch around there, having sold the other after I lost out.

“By 1897, I'd run my 1,500 head into 3,500, and had a lot of fine stuff on the place. Not what we can see here at the Stock Show, but a whole lot finer than I started with anyway. Caleb had died, and I had a regular foreman and about 20 cow pokes working right along with me. You see, I worked right along in the cattle just like any other man. That's where I made because if I'd have left it to others, they might not have done so well. Instead, I knew all about what was going on, and done the bossing except when away selling or buying. Then the foreman took over.

“A nother thing, I done all the hoss busting on my spread. That's one thing I never left to anybody else unless one of the boys just wanted to bust his own hoss in. In that case, they had their choice and most of them busted in one of two of their own. I had several Steeldust hosses, and several Kentucky Blacks in my hoss herd to build up the Mustangs. I either killed off the Mustangs stallion or made gelding out of them. What I wanted, and what I 16 finally got, was a might good breed with all that a hoss in them days could hope to have. They had speed, stamina, and everything. I sold my hosses everywhere, getting from 25 to a 100.00 for them in a day when hosses didn't sell like they do today. I got good prices for them, and my breed was just becoming known in that part of the country when I lost everything I had. A drouth come in that part of the country and the grazing got awful bad. Because I hadn't put up anything against a rainy day, I didn't have any money to fall back on, and even my dad couldn't help me. He was broke too.

“I got Winfield Scott out of Fort Worth here to buy my stock, and after I got it shipped here and paid off what I owed, I didn't have but a little over \$700.00 I laid that away in a bank, then high tailed it to Seymour, Texas, where they were about to hold a rodeo. It was along in 1897, I reckon, because it was the second rodeo they had there. I entered for riding, and won me a saddle.

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“Then I went to the Waggoner Ranch in Clay Co., where they were holding a big bunch of cattle for fattening before shipping, and they put me right on. They certainly needed me, because the critters were all half starved, and when they're that way, they're skittish as the very devil and likely to run at the least little old scare. The truth of it is that it doesn't really take a good scare to start them on the run.

“We had a number of small stampedes while I was with that one herd before it was shipped. I later helped move a herd of Waggoner out to the country where the Waggoner Ranch is today. As I said before, it covers a lot of territory now. A whole sight more then it did when I first went to work for them. 17 “I didn't work so steady for the Waggoners, but left from time to time to take on flyers in buying and selling on a shoe-string. By 1904, I'd run my B. R. up to around \$1,500.00, and then my dad died.

I got the wire in the middle of the night, and was on the train for Lewisville the next morning. Just happened to be lucky and made good connections. When I got to the old home place, the boys on the place had held up the funeral 'til I could get there, then we put him away.

“I inherited everything dad had, but there wasn't so much cash and the place was about half mortgaged. Since I didn't want to be tied down in that part of the country, I got the mortgage holder to buy the rest of the place. Then I took the cash and bought 1,000 head of two year old steers to fatten. The place where I bought this stuff was located right close to where the city of Mariette, Okla. now stands.

I then hired about 15 cow pokes and moved this stuff on' up into Love Co. There's an awful lot of material in [Love?] co. to write a book on too, and I sure wish I could do it. Anything a man could imagine, has happened in Love Co. That is, including Territory days too.

“Even as late as I was in getting into Love Co., they still had 'Colts Law'. By that I mean that the best man with a six shooter won his argument. The star toters in that day

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respected a citizen's rights and never arrested a man unless he had the dead-wood on him because if he did, and the man got away, he was liable to return and the star toter be a candidate for Boot Hill. Those old times sheriffs sure had to use their heads and keep practiced up 18 with their shooting irons. Many a sheriff was an ex-bandit turned right. And, the people in that day and time backed him in his every play as long's he was right.

“As far that's concerned, I've hired seven or eight men in my time, that I'd been told they used to use a wet rope to make their living. I didn't care about that but was always willing to give the underdog a chance to make good, then if he turned bad again, stomp the very living daylights out of him, or, a hanging was alright by me.

“It was along in 1904 when my dad died, and then along in the Fall of 1906, I had my men drive my stuff to a rail point and I consigned them to Kansas City for sale. I made a real good profit on the, then my head began to take a turn for farming. I never thought I'd ever like farming, but that's the way I decided. I some way or another, wanted to settle down and stay in one place. A place I could be sure of in my old age, and raise a family as my dad done.

“With that in mind, I went back to the old home country but nothing suited me, so I went a few miles S. and bought up this place I now have, about seven miles S.W. of [Hablet?], here in Tarrant Co.

I don't only farm, though. I raise a few head of fine cattle for sale now and then. That's the life. Raising cattle is. [?] one of the reason I always come to the show here in Fort Worth because the fine stuff here always gives me a big kick.