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1938



Horse Sense
Ain't Common

BY THE OLD COWHAND
FROM THE RIO GRANDE

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DEDICATED TO THE
RANGERS OF COMMERCE--SALESMEN

FOREWORD

Successful selling is based on Common Sense which is synonymous with Horse Sense. However, few will dispute that horse sense isn't common.

Even a small booklet must have a title. A good title suggests the nature of its contents. Therefore, we have entitled this booklet "Horse Sense Ain't Common."

The reader will find an uncommon amount of horse sense hidden in these conversations of the "Old Cowhand."

THE NAYLOR COMPANY

INTRODUCING THE OLD COWHAND FROM THE RIO GRANDE

There may be those who would like to know more about the Old Cowhand than is revealed in these reports of his conversations. Your reporter has developed bit by bit this mental picture of the old fellow, who is conceived to be strangely bashful when directly questioned about his personal history.

He is a Texian "foaled" about 1871. He grew up on a ranch and in his 'teens was rated a "top hand." He helped drive with the last of the trail herds through Oklahoma territory into Kansas.

When the Cherokee Strip was about to be opened for settlement he "soonered" into the strip and staked out a good quarter section but lost it because of being under age.

He enlisted in Col. Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders, spent two years as a featured rider and roper with the Buffalo Bill-Pawnee Bill Wild West Show. "Black Jack" Pershing used him as a scout in the expedition when chasing Pancho Villa.

He has "roved and drifted" all over the cow country from below the Border to Montana. He has homesteaded, ranched, been foreman for big outfits and dude ranches, prospected from the Big Bend of Texas deep into the Colorado Rockies.

Years of hard living have slowed him down. Rheumatism and too much trying to ride horses that couldn't be ridden have crippled him somewhat. Withal he's still an active man,

tough as rawhide, and a philosopher. His education is limited to the Three Rs, but he has read considerably, especially in the Bible. His conversation is deliberately larded with colloquial words and phrases. He seems to have a great aversion to sounding the final "g" of words ending in "ing." He is profane in an impersonal and mild manner.

Altho these sketches picture him as doing all the talking he is as a matter of fact a far more eloquent listener. While loafing with him around "the wide place in the road" he calls his town, hunting with him as guide in the Big Bend Country, at Rodeos and across round-up camp fires, these tales have been told and lessons drawn from them. He insists that he shall be nameless and obviously there are many reasons why he as well as the other persons and places involved must be understood to be purely fictional.

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CHAPTER ONE

“ACCORDIN’ TO MATTHEW”



Some jaspers are goin’ around belly-akin’ they ain’t no more chances for a good man to get ahead. They make me sore’n a tender-foot’s second day in the saddle.

More’n eighteen hundred years ago a mighty smart feller ’lowed as how a man’s own conduct made or broke him. Just you look in the Scriptures, pervidin’ you got the book or know someone who’ll give you the loan of his’n. Read Verses fourteen to thirty, Chapter twenty-five, the gospel of St. Matthew. There’s the facts first hand on line ridin’.

Then and now the boss nearly goes loco, a settin’ up nights tryin’ to cut out from his

Jasper—any man.

Line ridin’—riding fences to repair breaks.

Loco—crazy.

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top hands the one that might be able to manage the ranch so as to meet interest, taxes and payroll as each and several comes due, without pullin' leather.

Take old Buck Barkley down Angelo way. He dates back most to Kenedy and King and helped cut the Chisholm Trail. His B-B brand has been run on longhorns, shorthorns and no-horns from the Brazos to the Pecos. The comin' of barbwire cut down his mileage, but somehow he took on title to the Lazy D and Clawhammer ranges and brands, and corralled most of the land joinin' them and the B-B in spite of brand-runners and squatters and such.

Couple of years ago Doc Brown set him back on his haunches by orderin' him to quit ridin' or else get ready to cash in his chips. That forced Buck to make up his mind on somethin' he'd been ponderin' for quite a spell. He'd have to appoint a General Foreman. Three men who'd been straw-bossin' under Buck's eagle eye for a long spell were the only candidates in his whole outfit, and they didn't know it. He thought he knew which was high man, but he wasn't right sure. So he called them in.

To Len Stevens he said, "I want you to take full charge of the B-B ranch. Ben Higgins,

Top hands—capable cowboys.

Pullin' leather—hanging to the saddle to avoid being thrown.

Ranges—pasture lands.

Brand runners—cattle thieves who alter brands.

Squatters—occupiers of land without title.

Straw bossin'—supervising unofficially.

"ACCORDIN' TO MATTHEW"

you take over the Lazy D, and you, Sam Lukins, go down to the Clawhammer and handle it. Maw and me are goin' to California and spend a year visitin' our daughter Em while I rest up. You men run them ranches just like they was your'n and don't bother me about the details. When I get back you can tell me what you did."

Buck got back more'n a year later 'cause the lumbago throwed him about the time he was due to light a shuck and hobbled him for a spell.

Len Stevens rode in to make his report and said, "Boss, them 5,000 B-B cows you turned over to me done right well and I got me in some record bulls and the range is full stocked. The Stockman's Bank has got \$25,000.00 bearin' your mark."

"Not bad," said Buck. "Stick round; I'll talk to you later."

Ben Higgins was next in to say his piece. "Buck, the Lazy D sure done herself proud last year and you're going to like the way I handled her. Two thousand head was the tally when I took her over. The day I left it was 2,500 and I'd sold off enough to pay everything and everybody up slick and clean with \$2,000.00 over. I was tempted to buy some registered bulls from up in the Panhandle but figgered you'd rather I'd save the money so I held the old bulls over."

Light a shuck—travel rapidly.
Hobbled—tied his legs.

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Buck told him, "I'm right much pleased, Ben. You can go back and handle the Lazy D another year. After while me, or somebody I'll send, will check up with you. I hope you and your family all stays well."

Then Sam showed up from the Clawhammer. "Last summer and fall was dry and I saw the winter range would be short so I sold off about half the 1,000 head that was down there when I was made boss," he explained. "The rest came through O. K. and the calf



crop was good. If it hadn't been for the black-leg and the wolves I'd been able to make a right good showin'. As it is I've been able to meet all bills and with this spring's calf crop counted in we're back to nearly 800 head."

Buck let Sam down easy. "Everything considered, you done good as you could. Now that I'm back I'm goin' to need a handy man here at headquarters to keep me company and I'd like for you to be him. We won't be able

"ACCORDIN' TO MATTHEW"

to do much, so for runnin' the whole spread I'm going to use Len Stevens. Just to get the drop on the boys who might buck his authority I'm goin' to name him General Foreman."

There you are. Ain't I right? Ain't it just like it was in the time of Matthew? I reckon it always will be that way. Mule skinner or Big Boss. Some folks will be doers and others will be explainers till old Gabe toots his horn.

Spread—ranch.

Mule skinner—mule driver.

CHAPTER TWO
"RUNNIN' A SANDY"



After that sunfishin', piebald three-year old piled up on me I retired permanent from ridin'. Since then I've had time a plenty to set and think and consider. A deal of it's been spent whittlin' and listenin' in Dany Greeley's general merchandise emporium. That's it 'cross there with the sign on its front:

DANA GREELEY
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Pills & Pails
Coffins & Nails

Sandy—bluff.

Sunfishin'—exposing his belly to the sun by twisting as he bucks.

Piebald—spotted.

Piled up—fell on.

"RUNNIN' A SANDY"

Dany brags he stocks more things than his jobbin' house in Fort Worth and their tally book shows ever' thin' from axle grease to zippers. I reckon it's so.

Well, I seen somethin' happen over there this mornin' that set me to considerin' what makes men fraid and how different men act when they're scairt. First and last, I've seen lots of 'fraid folks. I ain't seen but a few what you might rightly say had cold feet.

First time a ranch kid, tryin' to learn to be a top hand, climbs on a pitchin' fool of a bronc he's bound to be 'fraid. Same way when he bulldogs half a ton of beef on the hoof and curlin' its tail. If he's got a lick of sense he's going to be 'fraid.

Durin' the war about Cuby I was hoss wranglin' for the cavalry, and along with two-hundred and eighty thousand in khaki I was 'fraid from the day I hit the docks in Florida 'till I got back to Texas. Notwithstandin', the men that showed yeller was mighty few and far between.

To get back to my startin' off place—Old Dany's whiskers stick out ever' which way. When he wants to, he looks like a fretted javelina. This mornin', as I was asayin', I was sittin' over there when a young drummer drops in. Dany pretended not to notice him.

Bulldogs—wrestles.

Curlin' its tail—a steer curls its tail when thrown.

Cuby—Cuba.

Wranglin'—herding and caring for.

Javelina—peccary, a wild hog.

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Standin' on top of his feet for a spell while he swallered his Adam's apple he asked, "Are you Mr. Greeley?" "Yep, but I don't need none," snapped Dany, scowlin' his meanest. "I'm sorry," quivered the young feller, "I'll see you next trip," and out he lopes, backin' trail.

Dany stood lookin' after him, disappointed like. "Seems nowadays most drummers is three kinds. Them that don't know nothin' about what they're sellin'; them that don't know nothin' about sellin' what they got, and them that's scairt to stand up and say their piece in spite of hell and highwater. Like as not I need some of that, whatever 'twas, which that feller hired out to sell, but he was scairt to tell me about it. He et gravel too fast."

Purty soon another drummer blowed in. This'n spoke up loud enough and pleasant, "Howdy, men." The way he said it made Dany look up. Steppin' right in he stuck out his hand and told who he was and what he was sellin' before Dany could round up his scowl and growl.

That young feller spread his samples all over the counter and was tellin' what they was, what they'd cost and how much they'd sell for, quicker'n you could rope a steer. Ever' time Dany got his mouth about set to say, "I don't want none," that drummer had turned the talk so he couldn't say it. Wasn't long

Backin' trail—retreating.
Et gravel—was thrown.

"RUNNIN' A SANDY"

'till he had Dany askin' questions and sayin' how many and much he reckoned he could get rid of.

Now here's what I'm gettin' at. I been around. I seen Cap'n Bill McDonald walk in empty-handed and take two hoglegs right off a jasper who was threatenin' to fill him full of lead. Cap'n Bill was 'fraid, but he wasn't scairt so you could notice it. Same way with them ranch kids and them soldier boys, I was tellin' you about.



That first drummer was scairt and let it lick him. The other'n was 'fraid too, but he wasn't scairt so it showed, and he licked it with a smile and got an order. Old Dany ain't nothin' much to be scairt of, but he sure

Hoglegs—revolvers.

HORSE SENSE AIN'T COMMON

does know how to rile up whatever licks a feller before the fight starts.

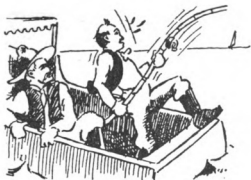
Dandy Taylor, house-man down at the Blue Front use to say "Faint heart never won fair lady or a fat turkey," ever' time he bluffed a good poker hand into layin' down.

Lots of store-keepers, I've heard tell, run the same kind of a Sandy just to keep drummers from sellin' 'em.

House-man—owner's representative.

CHAPTER THREE

"YOU GOT TO KNOW YOUR ONIONS"



Buck Barkley, him that owns the B-B, propositioned me last summer.

"Now that you ain't ridin', ranchin' nor workin', I don't suppose you could find time to take in a rodeo with me," he says careless like.

"Depends," says I, "how fur 'tis and how much it will set me back."

"Well, it's over nigh Port Sybil and I reckon I could carry you over and furnish the grub, rather'n have you miss it. It's advertised as a Tarpon Rodeo and I'm frettin' to see what's it like."

"Bein' it's along the coast don't you reckon

Rodeo—exhibition of cowboy skill.

HORSE SENSE AIN'T COMMON

they'll use them hump back Bramys for the ropin' and bulldoggin'? I'd like to see that so you can count me in. When do we start?"

"Tomorrow 'bout sunup. I'll have Sam Lukins drive us over. We'll hang up at the Kingfish Hotel. You leave word with your folks."

So that's what we done. Just 'bout dark next day we lit at the Kingfish where Buck had spoke for bunks with bedrolls furnished.

Next mornin' an old feller, Buck named as Tampa James, was waitin' for us. He led us down to the water. Buck and me follered him into a boat. It was long as a lariat and had an engine to make it go. Sam squintin' to sea, fur the other bank, balked. "It's too wide and deep for me to wade in. I'll stay here." So we left him, pullin' leather. Tamp hazed us out a right smart piece, where a herd of other boats was millin' round, with me lookin' and puzzlin' but sayin' nothin'. I wasn't hankerin' to be tagged a "Arbuckle."

The waves made our boat stagger like a locoed critter and my innards felt mighty uneasy. Old Tampa got out two poles and hooked pan size fish—mullet bait he called 'em—on the lines and dropped 'em out behind.

Buck took one pole. Watchin' close and copyin', I took the other'n, still sayin' nothin' but fit to bust with questions and havin'

Bramys—Brahma, East Indian cattle.

Hazed—piloted.

Millin'—circling.

Arbuckle—uninformed new-comer.

"YOU GOT TO KNOW YOUR ONIONS"

trouble holdin' down my vittles. After a spell I got so riled I made Tamp take my pole. Then, havin' nothin' to do but hang on to my breakfast and look around, I note the fellers in the other boats was draggin' string through the water same as Buck. After while I got some better. Feelin' safe to open my mouth I asked Buck, "When we goin' to quit this foolin' round and get to that rodeo?"

"This is it. Just hold your hosses for a spell and you'll see some action."

Sure 'nuff, wasn't more'n five minutes 'till I heard a yell from 'nother boat. The feller's pole was bendin' and jerkin' and the string he'd been draggin' was draggin' him most out of his boat. I watched clost and 'fore long the water exploded 'bout ten rods back and out jumped the biggest fish I'd ever saw, rainbowin' to shake out the hook.

"That's a tarpon," yelled Buck. "The feller ropin' the biggest one wins the rodeo."

Purty soon three or four of them tarpon was buckin' and I forgot all 'bout my stum-mick. Buck snagged one 'long in the afternoon and, with me yellin' like an Injun, got his windlass workin' and drug him in after a hour more or less of nasty fightin'. Buck's tarpon didn't rate no prize money but its stuffed and hangin' on the wall of the White house at the B-B right now, fur all comers to see.

Rainbowin'—bucking with bowed back and shaking head.
White house—ranch headquarters.

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That night while Buck was swappin' lies with some of the other fellers, Sam and me snuck off to the Longhorn Bar. We was feelin' low and lonesome and thought some beer would cheer us up. Purty soon in come a half-pint size feller. He was wearin' 'bout two bits worth of hickory shirt and overalls and was barefoot. He was well oiled and talky.

"My name's Ludy. I'm the bait man. You may think it's the likker talkin' but I ain't no sap and I know my onions," was his opener.

"Squat," says I, "and have some beer." He done so and between drinks told us 'bout his business, which 'till then I didn't know there was any such business.

"When I lit in this port," he said, "they was five fellers here claimin' to be bait men. Them boat fellers have to furnish the dudes bait with the boats. They're too lazy to get it for theirselves, so they got to buy it from a bait man. Them other five fellers didn't know their onions and they wa'nt dependable. Some days they didn't know where to find bait; other days they got so likkered up they couldn't find any. Sides that, getting bait is a lot of wear and tear on the bones and no feller with lead in his pants makes a good bait man. Now take me, I can handle my likker, and when I get my tank just so full, I go out baitin'. None of them boat fellers ever lose

Two bits—twenty-five cents.

"YOU GOT TO KNOW YOUR ONIONS"

a \$15.00 day cause I don't have bait ready and waitin'. That's why I got the bait business of this here port grabbed. 'Course bein' reliable and havin' git up and go ain't all of it. You got to know your onions."

When I told Dany Greely 'bout Ludy he said, "Ludy must know his onions. Any man who succeeds has got to know his business, got to work at his business and spend the rest of his time thinkin' 'bout his business."

I reckon Dany's right. He does all them things and he's doin' good. Come to think of it, ever' sure 'nuff top-hand I know done the same.

So long, be seein' you.



CHAPTER FOUR

"PAINTIN' THE LILY"



All romancin' ain't moonlit. They's things more precious, I hold, than them you can see and nuzzle. I been readin' 'bout a big New York banker payin' \$25,000.00 for a little old paintin'. That's a bale of cash. Brandin' as his'n somethin' no other ranny could match 'stead of the cloth and paint, made him rate it worth the money.

Yes sir-e-e, I got a feller fecin' for that jasper. See that there John B. of mine? You may in your ignorance think it's just another sombrero. But I know John B. hisself would strut like a turkey gobbler was he wearin' it. When I tell you how much it set me back you may look at the brim to find holes cut for my

Brandin'—marking.
Ranny—any man.

"PAINTIN' THE LILY"

ears to stick through but I ain't no jassax and I ain't feelin' like I got cobbed, even though I did plunk down forty U. S. A. pesos for it.

Here is how it come about. Last summer them Dallas folks that was runnin' the Texas Centennial sent me an invite to ride up an' look over their layout, free gratis. Realizin' that slickin' up was in order, I dusted off my Sunday-go-to-meetin' duds. They made my onliest hat look kinda fleabit. So ridin' through Fort Worth on my way in, I dropped my reins at Mossers' to get me a hat fittin' to keep company with the rest of my outfit.

A dude met me at the door and findin' out what I was honin' for, herded me to where the hats was cached. He was smart as a bunk-house rat and had plenty of tongue oil. Huntin' round he cut out this hat from the bunch. Smoothin' and creasin' and pettin' it, he said, "This is the best hat we stock. It's a genuwine John B. Stetson 7X Special and the crop is short. Only you and a few other leadin' cowmen is goin' to be able to get one for love or money. Amos Carver tried to get a corner on 'em to give Kings, Presidents and other famous and notorious guests of his'n but we held out two or three for special customers. You're an old-timer and have ranged wide. Undoubtedly you know all about Beaver. This hat is 100% Montana Beaver fur, stripped from

Cobbed—swindled.
Pesos—dollars, Mexican.
Honin'—desiring.
Cached—stored.

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winter trapped skins. If sufferin' dulled the gloss I reckon John B. would have 'em shot instead of trapped, he's that particular. Just feel it. Ain't it soft and purty as a calf's ear and firm as good leather? That's natural color belly fur, the finest they is, you're feelin'. It's bin aged since that hard winter in '32. The brim edge is shaped in the makin', extra fur bein' blowed in and then shrunk and firmed by hand. No knife ever touched that edge. Come over here to these lookin' glasses; they'll show how it fits your face and looks hind and fore."

I seen he hadn't overspoke hisself about that hat, so I said, "I'll take it, how much is it?"

"Forty," says he without stutterin' or battin' an eyelash. I was halfway to Dallas fore I come to.

I ain't never sorried over my buy. It's a great comfort and satisfaction to me to know I own the best hat that John B. can make.

My feelin' about it is a hull lot like Bob Lee Jackson feels about his little prairie ranch. He homesteaded when a young feller, built a 'dobe shack on a mound back a piece from the road. A spring in the arroyo at the foot of the mound makes water for the house and work stock.

Five-six years of drouth, hard winters and cheap cows decided him to sell out and move. He got Sant Devers, the land agent, to try to find a buyer. One day Sant drove out with a

Arroyo—ravine.

"PAINTIN' THE LILY"

feller. They spent the mornin' ridin' over the range and come in for chuck at noon. While waitin' for Bob Lee's woman to fix the grub Sant took this jasper out in front of the 'dobe and said: "Did you ever see such a view? Here's where you should build your house. I'd suggest you make it Mex style with a patio. That spring down there never quits flowin'. Put a windmill over it and a tank back of the house. That'll give you runnin' water for the house and the barn which ought to be built down there where the corral is now. Make you a windin' drive-way from the road up here. There's plenty of gravel in the arroyo to cover it and keep you out of the mud. Oh, yes, don't you think a fountain sprayin' water out front here'd add to the beauty of your homesite?"

'Bout that time Bob Lee pulled Sant's coat-tail sayin', "Come over here, I want to talk to you. I've made up my mind not to sell. I' doggies if he can do it, I can too and it's too purty to let any other feller have when I'm already ownin' it."

Sant made Bob Lee pay him commission, same as if he'd sold the ranch to the other feller, claimin' Bob knocked him out of the sale. Bob and his woman still live out there happy as two bugs in a rug. They still live in the 'dobe, tote water from the spring and pull a mud road, but they're content knowin'

Chuck—food.

Dobe—adobe-mud brick.

Tote—carry.

HORSE SENSE AIN'T COMMON

all them conveniences and beauties Sant told about is theirs to have when they get round to fixin' up.

Imaginin' and romancin', like paintin' the lily and puttin' cologne water on the violet, may not be strickly necessary. Howsomever I hold it's good business for a man sellin' cows or hats or land to uncover the romance 'bout 'em to warm up the buyers.



CHAPTER FIVE

"THIS IS GOD'S COUNTRY"



No, I ain't aimin' to hold up no bank. These here bandages and stickin' plasters is to cover up the brands of a condition that needs fixin'.

Accordin' to Bat Masterson, Boot Hill in Dodge was over-populated with gents which pulled triggers previous to aimin'.

Seems like folks is foggin' round all out of reason nowadays. Goin' no where to do nothin', they lope by without more'n a Howdy—So long. Them that takes time to light and cool their saddles is scarce as hen's teeth. When there's a buryin' to be done they hires it out. They drive to the graveyard like the devil was ridin' on the tailboard and frequent they ain't a shirt tail full of friends and neighbors can spare time to hear the last clod drop.

Foggin'—rushing.

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Them that *think* they's got so much to do they ain't got time to do nothin' is mostly correct. No feller goin' 'bout legal business is so pushed he has to kill his hoss. Hittin' the trail all a-lather and with flanks heavin' ain't the way to cover ground nor get things done.

High tailin' it down the trail made Buck Barkley lose out on dealin' off a bunch of feeders and got me all bunged up like you see. Him and me and Sam had been takin' in the Fiesta and Old Trail Drivers meetin' in Santone. After five-six days and nights of celebratin' and rollickin', word come for Buck to git back to the B-B to meet this feeder buyer. We headed West with Sam drivin' and Buck and me restin' our feet. Buck had his boots off too. Square dancin', with its swingin' your partners, promenadin', Do-ce-dos and cuttin' turkey wings on the corners, all on hard floors, had us stove up and mighty nigh spavined. As I was sayin', Sam was drivin', Buck was proddin' him with words to "rattle his hocks." So Sam was pushin' on the wheel and trompin' on the gas feedin' dingus. Just as we was comin' up on Hondo a heifer, scairt by a tumble weed, jumped in the trail. Sam swung wide tryin' to dodge her and a tire blowed up. Next I knowed, I was bein' drug out of the ditch from under the car by Buck and Sam. Their beauty was practically un-

High tailin'—traveling rapidly.
Dingus—mechanical contrivance.

"THIS IS GOD'S COUNTRY"

ruined. They laid me in the shade of a big sign board. After a spell I began to take notice and read the sign which had words most fittin'.

"This is God's Country.

Don't drive through it like Hell!"

Bout sundown next day they got our rig straightened out ready to roll. When we lit at the B-B that feeder buyer had come and gone. Buck 'lowed his rulin' motter henceforwards is "Haste makes waste."

Tellin' Dany Greely 'bout it I asked had he noted how folks was stampedin' these times. He 'lowed he had. "Even the drummers that comes by to sell me goods is in such a rush they dassent linger long 'nuff for me to make up my mind to buy. Such hurried travelers I accommodates by tellin' 'em quick and final, I don't need none. That let's 'em drive off conscience clear and speed unlimited. If I had my way the herd of 'em would be bored for the simples and have their speed glands cut out. I'm plumb honin' for an old-fashioned drummin' by a feller that takes out time to warm me up afore he propositions me to come across."

Since I was knee high to a prairie dog I've knowed tossin' a rope 'fore buildin' a loop or

Buildin' a loop—shaking a lasso loop open.

HORSE SENSE AIN'T COMMON

tryin' to run a brand with a cold iron don't save no time nor get the job done. Now I'm plumb sure it don't pay to try to get where you're goin' ahead of your shadder.

So long, I got to hobble on.



CHAPTER SIX

“MOST OF WHICH NEVER HAPPENS”



'Fore the Rangers busted up the tables down to the Blue Front we played frequent. Our'n was a piker two-bit ante game and we played friendly like.

Since the Rangers pulled out we've holed up 'bout one night per week in Dany Greely's back room for our game. This night I'm talkin' 'bout was back in '31. Dany was tryin' to get shed of a late tradin' sheep herder. Buck Barkley, Sam Lukens, me and Dandy Taylor was denned up in the back room killin' time while Dany wound up his barterin'.

Dandy was rifflin' the cards accordin' to his custom and we'all was chinnin' 'bout one thing and tother. We'd worried 'bout when

HORSE SENSE AIN'T COMMON

t'was goin' to rain and the price of heifers. Then to keep the talk goin' I chips in:

"Coldwater Red blowed in from the Madison Square Rodeo today. He's World Champion Bulldogger now. He 'lows Wall Street is fetlock deep with the remainders of rich fellers which has jumped offen them skyscraper buildin's 'cause they can't stand the gaff of losin' all but three-four millions of their bank rolls."

"Seems like to me," Buck puts in, "that three-four millions is nuff to burn a wet mule and leave a wagon-box full to boot. That bein' so, I don't savvy them fellers jumpin'."

"That winter I went to school, so's I could June round the school ma'am, now Missus Lukens," Sam anted, "I wrote in my writin' book, 'Worry kills,' a hundred times. They's somethin' in that, I knows, 'cause I'm the worryin' kind. When I was gettin' my riggin' readied for my first Rodeo I was in a blue funk from worryin'. The foreman of our outfit sensed it and quizzed why I was so low. I fessed up and he soothed with this advice, 'You'll either draw a safe hoss or a killer. If you pull a safe hoss everythin's hunky dory. If it's a killer, all you do is try to ride him straight up and rake him hard. When he dumps you, pick a soft place to light and you got nothin' to worry 'bout. That is, unless he

Savvy—understand.

June round—court.

Riggin'—riding equipment.

Rake—drag the spur.

"MOST OF WHICH NEVER HAPPENS"

kicks, chaws or tromples you 'fore you git to the fence.'

"Perked up like I went in and drawed a weaver. The first few jumps I reckoned I was goin' to stick my time. Then he scattered me all over and broke two ribs. They didn't hurt too much, so I ain't worried none 'bout forkin' ary hoss since. Just take 'em as they come, says I, and don't chase trouble."

It was Buck's play next and he asked, "Do you mind that rough range down Pecos way which I got Sant Devers to sell off for me? Needin' some quick cash I worried right smart fearin' Sant wouldn't find a sucker to saw it off on. Finally he worked up a deal and got it closed. Followin' fall a lease hound for an oil outfit tied it up. The first well was a sure nuff good'un. Now I'm worried most down to skin and bones 'cause I cut loose from it too soon."

"Dandy," says I, "I knowed you 'fore the time you was house-man down to the Blue Front. No one never questioned your dealin' nor playin'. You bucked all comers. You won more frequent than you lost and the Blue Front made a good take on your game. No play there stacked the chips high nuff to make you worried. How come it?"

"Well, I reckon it's cause I never fuddled my wits with likker nor got over anxious to win on any one hand. I played the house

Weaver—bucks with a weaving motion.
Forkin'—a-stride.

HORSE SENSE AIN'T COMMON

bankroll and knowed it wouldn't run out on me. Playin' 'em close to the vest for a long time has learned me the cards fall equal on the just and the unjust. A feller losin' keeps playin' till he's cleaned. The winner quits and cashes in 'fore he breaks the bank, 'stead of pushin' his luck. Knowin' this, I raised when I had 'em and set tight when I didn't, waitin'



for the other fellers to get over anxious or orey eyed. Then I used my judgment. The mainest thing's not to worry none. Stay in and play the best you know. Sittin' the bag's the thing. Study your cards and human nature. When you lose get busy dealin' an-

Orey eyed—very drunk.
Sittin' the bag—doing your best.

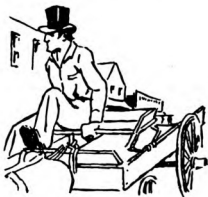
"MOST OF WHICH NEVER HAPPENS"

other hand and ferget the losin'. Worryin' might be some use if a feller know'd what to worry 'bout and when to worry 'bout it."

"Amen," Dany comes in pious like, "Man born of woman is of few days and full of troubles'—most of which never happens."

CHAPTER SEVEN

“PROMISIN’ RAIN”



Wearin' a stove-pipe hat and a red flannel shirt this maverick rolled into Teacross. The glass-eyed geldin' he was drivin', hooked up to a long bodied buckboard, showed speed lines and saddle marks.

The Staked Plains Cattlemen's Association was powwowin' in the trial room of the court house. Ways and means to dodge a complete die out was bein' discussed. T'was the tail end of a two year dry stretch. Tanks was most empty. Cactus was wiltin' on the range bare as Col. Bill Hawkers' bald head. State Ex-

Maverick—unbranded.
Glass-eyed—one eye off color.
Geldin'—altered stallion.
Die out—herds starved to death.

"PROMISIN' RAIN"

aminers had hogtied the bank from loanin' more feed money. Evident this maverick knowed 'bout the meetin', 'cause no sooner'n he'd throwed his tie line over the hitch rail he asked where he'd find it.

Hornin' in, takin' off his hat and bowin' he orated, "Fore you stands Professor J. Pluvius the Rain Maker. You needs rain. I can deliver it. When I says rain I means a toad stranglin', goslin' drownin', gully washer, not no drizzle drozzle. Say when, givin' me three days to git it here, and how much. Cross my palm with \$1,000.00—hard dollars—and she's your'n till you hollers calf rope." That ain't all he said, but that's the gist of it.

The age of miracles ain't past. Them ranchers proved it, diggin' up the cash. Givin' it to the Professor they said, "This is Saturday. Let's have it Monday night."

Drivin' out 'bout a mile from town he made camp on a mesa. Buyin' a wagon load of two-by-sixes on credit and hirin' two saw and hammer men he set 'em to raisin' a thirty foot derrick with a platform top. They histed four vinegar barrels up there and packed enough water to half fill 'em. Out of the plunder in his buckboard he dug four big jugs of evil smellin' somethin' or tother and emptied one in each barrel. By then it was Sunday sundown. To the bunch standin' round he orated, "Now, friends and neighbors, you can go home

Hogtied—all feet tied together.

Hornin' in—entering uninvited.

Hollers calf rope—enough.

HORSE SENSE AIN'T COMMON

and sleep carefree. The fumes of them wonderful chemicals is minglin' and ascendin' on high. They'll round up moisture and in twenty-four hours or less the thirst of this parched land will be quenched."

'Bout break of day next mornin' two punchers ridin' back in to celebrate roped the Professor twenty-five miles West. Ridin' his geldin', he was goin' like the Devil beatin' tanbark. They hazed him in and locked him up in the calaboose. 'Bout sun up come Tuesday and no rain, a posse includin' every male man from forty miles round busted in and took the Professor out. Pitch tarrin' and coatin' him good with buzzard feathers, they peeled a white stripe down his backbone with a lath end. Lookin' like the skunk he was, they histed him on top the sharp edge of a rail and rode him out of town.

Hearin' Dany Greely curryin' a young drummer this mornin' brung to my mind this episody. Seems like this traveler had come up short on somethin' promised on a bill of goods so Dany put the hot iron to him. "Young feller, you has been misrepresentin' your outfit. For more'n forty years I bin trustin' them without airy rope burn. Now you comes and sells 'em out and dams yourself. I'm straddlin' betwixt cuttin' off six inches and splittin' what's left of your tongue or punchin' you where your brains ought to be and kickin' you where they

Punchers—Cowboys.
Calaboose—jail.

"PROMISIN' RAIN"

are. That saves you. Don't you never no more overspeak your piece. You got the makin's of a man, if you can swaller part of your tongue. Now dang your hide, get out your tally book and mark down my needs."

As I've said 'fore this, Dany ain't nothin' much to be scairt of, but he sure does know how to rile up what licks a feller.

When a side-winder spins his rattle he means jump. Folks jump 'cause they knows he means just that.

Durin' the Greasy Bend oil boom the rough-necks got out of hand and the Mayor wired for the Rangers. Ever'body come down to the train to see 'em unload. Jest one got off and fore sundown he had a hidehouse filled with trouble makers, all by his lone self. Reason why was, Rangers one and all from Cap. Coleman's and Cap. Hays' time down has made good on their promisin' or died tryin'. That reputation makes fellers they're after come in holdin' their irons by the muzzle end.

Side-winder—rattlesnake.
Irons—revolvers.



CHAPTER EIGHT

"ROUSIN' 'EM UP"



Buck and me just drove in from Fridling's two-day sale up to Lody.

Two hundred head, all Anxiety line bred, whitefaces with pedigrees tracin' back to old man Hereford's first bull calf, was cried off.

Buck bid in eight head at more'n twelve hundred per each. He pushed the top bull within a ten spot of six thousand 'fore he laid down.

Driftin' back I faulted Buck on biddin' wild.

"That bull had a hind end on him. He was smooth and round over the hips, thick fleshed, straight on his top and bottom lines and stood on heavy bone. As I bid I had visions of my ranges fillin' up with his get, all lookin' just like their daddy, square as a box and mellow

"ROUSIN' 'EM UP"

in hide and flesh. I'm sorried I didn't stay in for a show down."

"Speakin' of wild biddin'," he went on, "who are you to be castin' the first stone? On your way up to Lody you told me you intended biddin' in just one promisin' bull calf, pervided he was going beggin'. Actual, you bid in three cows hand runnin', scarin' off all others by your quick raisin'."

"Matter of fact," I replied, "a buffalo gnat got in my eye and ever'time I winked or lifted my finger to rub it, Col. Bill Hawker took it for a raise bid."

We was just coverin' up 'cause Buck nor me ain't greenhorns so tender our hide tears when someone jerks our arms hard and sudden. To come clean, the lowdown is, we'd done more high and wide biddin' than we'd intention of doin'. If you knowed Col. Bill Hawker you'd savvy why. When Col. Bill climbs the block, his bald head shinin' like a risin' full moon, you can bet your bottom dollar things is goin' to start poppin'.

The evenin' of the first day of the sale, 'fore beddin' down time, we got Col. Bill started to talkin'. "Some folks is borned bow-legged for ridin'. Others ain't fittin' for nothin' but hoein' and grubbin'. Them that has money sense runs banks. Tradin' and barter comes natural to some, as sheriffin' does to others. It takes all kinds to make this here world go round. Me, I'm a seller by trade and a seller by nature. Sellin' ain't work for me.

HORSE SENSE AIN'T COMMON

Nothin's real work unless you'd ruther be doin' somethin' else and I'd ruther sell than eat.

"A seller has got to be all things to all kinds of men and stronger than the weaknesses of any. He's got to talk their language and get down or up to their level without becomin' a satellite. He's a lone wolf that runs with any pack but don't belong to ary one.

"To make good as a seller a feller has to have understandin' of human nature and be able to urge folks out of their normal state of dull apathy, coldness and tightwaddedness. He's got to have the power to warm and spur them into eager excitement and prod their imaginations awake. They's no secret about doin' these here things. All the seller has to do is to get hisself inflamed wth earnestness. Those round him will catch fire from his zeal. I've been to protracted meetin's and heard words spoke by straight shootin' sky pilots with such inspiration and passion that I swallered my cud and *run* down the straw trail to the mourner's bench. Them experiences done me good even though I've back slid. Talkin' like a graveyard ain't doin' nobody a favor. Everybody's life is too crammed with sorrer and narrer views to not be cheered and broadened by bein' pryed out of the rut.

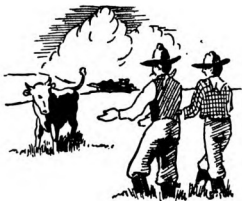
"From the auction block, I deal a middlin' good game of rousin' 'em up. For nigh on twenty-five year now I been goin' up and down like John, the Baptist, cryin' in the wilderness.

Sky pilots—preachers.

"ROUSIN' 'EM UP"

O'course I been cryin' sales stid of salvation. Most of 'em has been for pure breds.

"The longhorn is gone from the prairies. The Whiteface, Shorthorn, Angus and Brame has come in to rule this wide domain. Steaks round the world is juicier and tenderer 'cause of words I've said urg'in' tight-skinned, hard hit cattlemen to buy good bulls and breed up their herds. Ever' bull I've cried through the sale ring sold too cheap. In them was stored the seeds that has changed the course of cattle history. Beef fed races rule the world. I've used my auction block as a base over which to lay my pry-pole of words as a lever while shiftin' the course of human destiny."



CHAPTER NINE

"SMOKE FOLLERS THEM WORDS"



Them Roly Hollers holdin' meetin's down on the crick, has been gettin' louder and louder for two weeks now. Sunday night my sleepin' was plumb ruined by the noise, so I drifted down to see the goin's on. They was dancin', rollin', rejoicin' and shoutin' more strange noises than a corral full of jassacks. The gift of tongues had descended on 'em.

Must have been somethin' like the same when the buildin' of the Tower of Babel was cut short off. 'Fore that time words was noises folks made to say this or that somethin' or tother that needed sayin'. Since Babel words has been foaled faster than they can be tallied cause folks seems to get pleasure out of new

"SMOKE FOLLERS THEM WORDS"

sounds just same as a pack of coyotes yelpin' at the moon and searchin' their souls, if any, for new sounds to make. They's scads of new words and new meanin's for old ones thunk up ever' day.

Down at the Elite eatin' house I orders ham and eggs. The yaller headed gal yells back to the chink, "Hawg and." When I says I wants Chili she calls it "Frijoles in the Red." She says the dishwasher is a "Pearl Diver" and I heard the boss call her a "hasher."

One night, a while back, a freight train stoppin' here fixin' to put some cars on the loadin' pen track got its tail busted in by the fast passenger train. The freight conductor was bad hurt and sent the hind end brakeman up to the depot to send in the bad news. I trailed along and heard him tell the agent to telegraph:

*"Tumbleweed spottin' cow crates on sidin'
one six seven derailed by Cactus eleven
forty seven."*

With the telegraphin' machine rattlin' like hail on a tin roof, words come back:

"What was crew of Tumbleweed doin'?"

Thinkin' hard while he turned his cud and spit, the brakeman said: "Jerk this out:

"Hoghead down greasin' pig. Tallowpot in

Spottin'—placing in position.
Cow crates—cattle cars.
Hoghead—engineer.
Pig—engine.
Tallowpot—fireman.

HORSE SENSE AIN'T COMMON

pit breakin' diamonds. Front shack bendin' rails to head in. Con in dog-house flippin' tissue. Hind shack beatin' it back with the red."

"Okay" rattles back, "tell Cactus con to highball in his report."

Bill Bryan set the prairies afire in '96 with his oratin'.

"A full dinner pail" elected McKinley.

Wilson got his second term with the words, "He kept us out of war."

One word, "Economy" swung the vote to Cal Coolidge.

Now the best word rider of 'em all, come in straddlin' "The forgotten man."

Scowlin' when he says it, one feller calls nother a self made so and so. They's smoke follers them words. Smilin' and back pattin' the feller he's namin', 'nother jasper says "You're an old same thing," and they has a'nother round of drinks.

Over to the Centennial I seen a dingus rigged up out of iron to look like a man, actin' up most life like and doin' what the feller bossin' him said do. This feller called him Mister Robot and used up lots of words to tell the why and how of it. Out of 'em I

Diamonds—coal.

Shack—brakeman.

Bendin' rails—throwing the switch.

Con—conductor.

Doghouse—cupola on caboose.

Flippin' tissue—reading orders.

Highball—rush through.

Smoke—shooting.

"SMOKE FOLLERS THEM WORDS"

roped this understandin'. The way the words is said gives 'em power.

T'other day a drummer was tryin' to sell Dany Greely a patent can cutter. It had screw drivin', glass cuttin', bottle openin' doo-hickies on it. He was sayin' his piece plenty good and I missed my paper and spilled my tobacco, listenin'. His words drewed me like a rope and I was hangin' my chin over his shoulder fore I knowed it. Turnin' sudden he asked, "Uncle, what do you think of it?"

Speakin' without thinkin', I got his dander up by lowin', "Son, I ain't never seen its like for trimmin' hoofs."

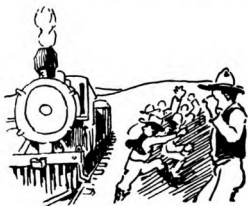
Coolin' off he pulled hisself back in the trail and 'fore long he had Dany hogtied.

Dany 'lows he likes to buy goods from fellers which tells their story straight, don't talk too fast nor too much and seems to sure 'nuff believe all they're sayin'.



CHAPTER TEN

“HAND FEEDIN’ DOGIES”



Polk Woods is a sight. He's plumb comical and breaks out 'bout ever so often with the dodrattedest doin's and sayin's a body ever heard. If you don't watch sharp he'll put the big britches on you.

When the railroad first built to here, the grapevine must' a been workin' good. Folks come in from the plains, hills and forks of the cricks that nobody knowed was hangin' out in this here state, to see the first train come in. They close-herded round when it jolted to a stop. Polk was standin' back a ways lookin' on. Sudden like he bust out loud, "Scatter,

Dogies—orphan calves.
Big britches—hoodwink.
Grapevine—route of rumor.
Close-herded—crowded close.

"HAND FEEDIN' DOGIES"

folks, they're going to turn her round." You never seen such a stampede in all your borned days.

One fall Buck Barkley comin' back from a shippin' trip to Ft. Worth brung back a paper poke of grapes. Stoppin' at the Blue Front he set it on the bar, which was wet. The poke soaked through and when he come to go its bottom busted out, spillin' them grapes in the sawdust. The boys tromped the skins off 'em. 'Fore long a tenderfoot rode up, lit and come in. He took note of them squashed grapes and wanted to know what they was. Polk spoke up prompt, "Stranger, we jest wound up a free for all ruckus in here and them's gouged out eyeballs you see."

'Nother time Polk 'lowed to me, "They's two things I wants to see 'fore I cash in my chips. One's a gray, new-born colt and t'other is a white mule dead."

He couldn't catch me on the colt gag 'cause I knows all gray hosses is foaled with dark first hair. 'Bout the dead white mule I said, "I ain't never seen none but I knows a feller as has."

Polk went off grinnin' like a basket of possum heads and singin' low, just loud 'nuff for me to catch the words—

*"My father had an old white mule,
That old white mule he died,
It may be so, but I don't know,
I think somebody's lied."*

Poke—sack.

HORSE SENSE AIN'T COMMON

One time he won ten bucks offen me by proposin', "I'll bet you can't tell me how many sexes they can be in one litter of four armadillys?"

Puttin' up, I spoke quick, "two."

"Only one," he comes back.

"Prove it," I insists.

"Okay, jump in and we'll drive out and ask old man Albert. He makes his livin' catchin' armadillys for their shells to use in makin' baskets to sell tenderfeet. He'll know."

We did so and his answer was "One."

He couldn't catch me on that'n about ridin' cross the range and tellin' without stoppin' or countin' whether they was nuff bulls on it. I knowed as well as him that unless they's bull bellerin' as you jog along they ain't nuff bulls. But I'm a blowed up sucker if I can figger out that old one he sprung, "Which come first the hen or the egg?" That's a good un.

They's a lot of jaspers dubbin' round with holes in their britches seats, boot heels run over and toes curlin' up like foundered hoss's cause they ain't able to figger out the meanin' of the sayin', "First things come first." They just piddle round helpless as a slick-eared yearlin' in quicksand with a blue norther blowin' up. They lay down longside jobs of work needin' doin' without suspicionin' they's there. Their kind drown out prairie dogs

Armadillys—armadillos.
Blue norther—blizzard.

"HAND FEEDIN' DOGIES"

when their line fence is down and hand feed dogies while their heifer herd in stompin' round a dry tank.

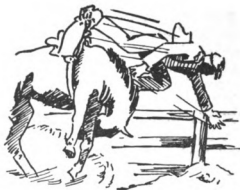
Puts me in mind of Slim Hodkins the night his first baby swollered a collar button. The kid was chokin blue in the face. Slim's woman was throwin' hysteriks. Slim was fonchin' round like a chicken with its head cut off, tryin' to get his duds on and go for Doc Brown. "For Hevin's sake, why don't you git goin'?" his woman screamed. "How'n tar-nation can I go 'fore I find my collar button," he snapped back.

Tank—stock watering pond.



CHAPTER ELEVEN

"PULLIN' THE BADGER"



Reckon you're right 'bout Clary Baylor bein' the best liked feller in this here country. Leastways last fall's first primary pointed that direction. He polled twice over and then some as many votes as all four of them other jaspers got which was runnin' agin him for County Clerk.

Not bein' foaled a Texian nor livin' here, boy and man all your time, I reckon you don't know too much 'bout Clary's beginnin's out here.

He lit here while his first whiskers was young and curlin' when and where they sprouted. He was puny and caved in like he'd been a lunger had he staid where he was brung up. He was wearin' a hard hat, boiled shirt and yaller shoes. Sorry lookin' like he

"PULLIN' THE BADGER"

was and givin' out Clarence to be his handle, branded him first off as tender meat for all the cut-ups honin' for a chance to act up smart.

Turned out he had a job agentin' for a fire, hail and windstorm insurance outfit. Soon after he blowed in, he rented a room at Doc Brown's. Then he dickered for a sorry, flea-bit, smooth mouth mare, payin' too much.

Early next day he got Davy Simmons down at the livery and feed barn, where he'd stalled the mare, to cinch the saddle. Climbin' the fence, he crawled on. She give a few stiff leg jumps, accordin' to cow hoss custom. He flopped off in the manure pile. Sortin' hisself out, he grinned pleasant at the dozen more or less hee-hawin' jaspers that had sprung up out of nowhere that was invitin' him to do it agin 'cause he'd got snatched off too quick for 'em to see it good the first time. Leadin' the mare up to the fence, he climbed up and crawled on agin. The mare ambled off quiet and easy so he hung on.

Comin' Saturday night the boys asked would he join 'em at the Barn to see a Badger fight they was aimin' to pull off. He 'lowed he would. Gettin' there he found ever'body in town, includin' the barkeep from the Blue Front. Old Judge Hack Brewer was settin' on top of a barrel which a rope was strung from. Two rannies was tusslin' with a mean dog tryin' to hold it. The bettin' was wild. The Judge was holdin' stakes. Clarence looked on, eyes buggin' and jaw hangin'.

HORSE SENSE AIN'T COMMON

Right soon the Judge snapped his watch shut and kicked on the barrel for 'em to quiet down. "Time's up men. Who's goin' to pull this here Badger out?"

'Ceptin' Clarence, all offered. The Judge waved 'em back. "Nobody which has bet is goin' to touch that rope. Who ain't bet? Young man, has you?"

"No sir, I ain't," gulped Clarence. So he pulled the rope and all of 'em hee-hawed at him. He grinned back and led 'em down to the Blue Front for drinks on him. That night some ranny called him Clary for the first time.

Most ever'day he rode out visitin' ranches, gettin' to know folks and tryin' to sell his insurance. Time come he rode less like a sack of meal and shed his yaller shoes, hard hat and boiled shirt. He begun to look like us regular folks, if you didn't squint too close.

One night the boys took him snipe huntin' down in the bottoms. They lost him in a mesquite thicket and left him holdin' a tow-sack, a club and a lit lantern. They 'lowed they was goin' off to round up the snipe and drive 'em clost so the light would toll 'em on in where Clarence could club 'em, and stuff 'em in the sack. Sneakin' back two-three hours after to hee-haw at him, they found him gone. Beatin' the brush till tired out they come in and routed out all the other fellers to help hunt for him. Givin' up about sun up they come in and found him on the fence gittin'

Toll—entice.

"PULLIN' THE BADGER"

ready to climb his hoss. Doc Brown was lookin' on. Clarence grinned at 'em.

"When'd you come in?" they wanted to know.

"'Bout ten-thirty."

"That's right," chips in Doc, "I heard him. That's why I hung back and dropped out 'fore you forded the crick."

Then they all hee-hawed with him and led him down to the Blue Front and paid for all the drinks he'd take, which wasn't many.

From then till now he's been Clary to one and all.

He's a good grinner when the jokes on him and don't rub it in when he gets one on us. Laughin' with us and gettin' us to laugh with him made Clary County Clerk and I reckon our folks would send him down to Austin, did he hone to go. His outfit signed up 'bout all the insurance papers held round here too.

Austin—Texas State Capital.



CHAPTER TWELVE

“NO TRAIL STEER PICKS; UP FAT”



This here letter I been readin' is from Mason Houston Fannin. He's starvin' out on a dry land farm up in Beaver County, Oklahoma. He's been share croppin' in what they use to name as "No man's land" 'fore the newspapers branded it the "Dust Bowl." Only they ain't been nothin' to share for four-five years now. Mace's honin' to move agin. Most of his life has been spent rovin' round.

Buck Barkley's dad was Mace's uncle. His sister Mat married Tobe Fannin, Mace's dad. Buck and Mace come mighty nigh bein' twins,

Trail steer—steer driven on a long trail.

"NO TRAIL STEER PICKS UP FAT"

bein' borned the same day and year on joinin' ranches. Buck and Mace started out even. Buck stuck to this here state and in the cow business. Mace was a drifter natural and was always seein' greener ranges farther on.

From ranchin' here in Texas, the Cripple Creek gold strike called him. He gophered all over a mountain up there till he'd eat up his grub stake. Then he come soonerin' to the Cherokee strip. From there he got low down and took to sheep raisin' in New Mexico. Next I heard Mace was reindeer ranchin' in the Klondike. Fox farmin' in Montana lured him for a spell. Later on he wrote as how he was 'bout to get rich roundin' up Wyoming wild hoss herds. I lost track of his comin's and goin's from then on till this letter come.

He's of a breed that won't go on relief, so he aims to come here to get a fresh start. Course it's kinda late for a man his age to start from taw but twixt Buck and me some-thin' will get fixed up for him so I'll write him back to pack his saddle bags and hit the trail to Texas.

I use to reckon Mace was the smart one, but Buck has got pretty plenty of most ever'thin', and Mace's on his uppers. They had a even Stephen start and Mace's cleaned out so I reckon Buck knowed more'n him.

Ponderin' the whyfore of it, I'm realizin' it's plumb so: no trail steer picks up fat.

Gophered—dug shallow holes.

Soonerin'—entering ahead of legal opening date.

HORSE SENSE AIN'T COMMON

Buck's stuck to ranchin' come dry year, come wet year, like a cuckle burr in a hoss's tail. Raisin' cows and payin' no mind to windies 'bout free range and water layin' open for the takin' over yonder.

They's forty year more or less twixt the time a feller can strop his own razor and when he ain't fittin' for nothin' but settin' on his hunkies dreamin' on his past and tellin' windies 'bout the days when he was wild and woolly and full of fleas and nobody could curry him below the knees. Durin' them years ever'time he hooks up to his movin' wagon he leaves behind him somethin' he can't take long nor get back. 'Fore he knows it he's down to his last chip and there's no time left to dig up a'nother roll.

All ranges is overstocked with bottle scarred jacks of all trades that swapped off their best years for new jobs which they used to climb down to others promisin' more and turnin' out worsen.

Us old codgers which has, by the hardest, wrangled diplomys from the College of Hard Knocks are yearnin' to pass on what the years has learned us, to the fresh 'uns. We knows how the grasshoppers eat up young fellers' fat years and what whips down their ears. We're more'n willin' to map out free gratis for nothin' the trails round such, which will keep 'em on good grazin' land and in strikin' distance of sweet water. It's passin' strange how

Windies—stories.

"NO TRAIL STEER PICKS UP FAT"

few and far between of the young 'uns gettin' ready to begin to commence is one willin' to follow any trail except of his own makin'.

If fellers squintin' up the trail knowed as much about it as they does about the back trail you'd see fewer of the young jaspers ramblin' from job to job, happy as tumblin' bugs tumblin'. 'Stead of that they'd be stickin' where they is, close as a prairie dog to his hole, tryin' with all they knowed to make a middlin' kind of a job grow up to a market topper.



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