THE HOOK NINE RANCH IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY

*By Ellsworth Collings**

Numerous requests from Oklahoma people have been made for an article on the old Hendrix and Royer ranch, known widely as the Hook Nine Ranch, because the cattle brand was in the shape of the old figure "9" with the hook pointing upward, hooking around the hipbone of the cow. Since this Indian Territory ranch was distinctive, unique and had a definite part in the development of cattle-feeding in the Southwest, the chronicle of the old outfit should be recorded in Oklahoma history.

There has been hesitation on the part of the writer to attempt an account of the Hook Nine Ranch for fear of the inaccuracies that might appear in the manuscript from the fact that slightly more than half a century has elapsed since the ranch was in operation. Then, too, there were no section lines nor townships by which its boundaries might be described.[1] There were few, if any, ranches or settlers near that might be referred to on the map for proper identification and location. No effort will be made to quote the number of acres in the ranch, but the writer will say that it ran from 1,500 to 2,000 cattle the year round.

The ranch was formed by F. D. Hendrix, and C. E. Royer in 1890, as the result of a meeting in Gainesville, Texas, alongside the old Lindsey Hotel. J. D. Hendrix was a 100 per cent cowman, while Royer, a native of Pennsylvania, was more of the student type and a man of business, but was thoroughly intrigued by the cattle business.

Opportunity was great in the Indian Territory in those days. The country was not allotted then and the only settlers in the section were

* Dr. Ellsworth Collings is one of Oklahoma's distinguished writers, as well as a nationally known educator. He is a native of Missouri, and received his Ph. D. from Columbia University, New York, in 1924. Two years later he became Dean of the School of Education in the University of Oklahoma where he still serves. An advocate of the project method in teaching, he produced some of the best books in this field, including *The Community in the Making* (1932). He is well known in Oklahoma as the author of *The 101 Ranch* (O.U. Press, Norman, 1937), which grew out of his intimate knowledge of ranching in the territory and state. Along with his hobby in the subject, he takes great interest and pride in the development of his ranch, which he keeps stocked, in the Turner Falls region of the Arbuckle Mountains.—Ed.

[1] From its description given by Dr. Collings, the Hook Nine Ranch was located in the Chickasaw Nation which had been one of the first regions in present Oklahoma, surveyed by the U. S. Government in the 1870's. However, the township lines and the section lines were generally unknown, and ranches lay scattered without surveyed boundaries, over the Chickasaw country until the section lines were rerun by the Dawes Commission land appraising parties in preparation for Indian allotments, beginning in 1897.—Ed.

Headquarters for Hendrix and Royer Ranch, East Timbered Hill, Arbuckle Mountains

along the fertile valley of the Washita and some of the larger creeks tributary to it, where agriculture was beginning to take hold. Cotton was being grown in these sections, with no market for the cottonseed except at Purcell and Ardmore, both of which had oil mills. Inland gins had no market for their seed because they had to be hauled by wagon to some point on the Santa Fe and shipped to these mills.

F. D. Hendrix and Royer were firm in the belief that seed could be purchased and fed on the grass to cattle at a profit. Their first year in the Indian Territory was on a small pasture known as the Hog Creek pasture, a few miles northwest of Ardmore, where they tried their experiment of the grass and cottonseed. Finding it profitable, they moved to larger acreage on what was known as the Eph James pasture, just below the mountains. Just above it lay the Arbuckle mountains, with high, rock-covered ridges and low timbered hills. These hills were covered with strong grasses high in mineral content—grama and bunch grass. The region was almost unapproachable from the south. Buzzard Hill, a sort of cap rock for the area, was composed of flat rock that looked as though it had been planted there in windrows by the hand of man, rather than by nature. Those who pass along U. S. Highway No. 77 will recall this queer formation between Ardmore, Springer, and Turner Falls.

Two distinct mountain ridges predominate the area—they were known as the East Timbered Hills and the West Timbered Hills. Because of its roughness and the fact that cowmen were looking farther north for range in the more level country around Ada, and were going to West Texas, the possibilities of the area had been overlooked by cowmen. The partners scouted it and found it to their liking. From the Eph James camp they laid out a road from Springer, which was then located about one mile north and a mile or so west of the present Springer, over Buzzard Hill. For better description, it is located in what is now known as the former Moss Patterson Hereford Ranch. The road was built by knocking off the tops of the slanting flat rock until a 4-mule team and wagon could negotiate it. At the top of the hill, the road bore to the left along the ridge and the east end of the mountain and to the first rick yard establishd by the ranch.

Headquarters were established on Honey Creek about two miles above Turner Falls in a log cabin that was there when the ranch was established. The headquarters were as primitive as the country. Mr. Hendrix states there was less than ten dollars worth of material, including nails, in the three rooms. The photograph of the ranch headquarters accompanying this article will bear out this statement of cost, with its log walls chunked with mud, clapboard shingles, and mud chimney. The righthand portion of the cabin was used for cooking. The fireplace was used for this purpose during the first years of occupancy. The left wing was filled with bunks for sleeping, and the area between the two rooms was used for loafing (if any). The

leanto on the left end was used as a smokehouse and storeroom. Water was carried from a spring about 50 yards from the corner of the kitchen.[2]

As long as the ranch operated, the Honey Creek camp was headquarters. It was strictly a "stag camp"—old cowboys do not recall that a woman ever entered its doors.

A huge corral was built just back and a little to the left of the house, that would handle from 500 to 700 cattle. This was split into two corrals by a long branding chute extending almost across it, with a cutting gate at the end, so that branded cattle could be turned into one of them from the chute after branding. Like the balance of the equipment, these pens were built of rails laid between two uprights and well braced. The log saddle and harness room, with a log corn crib, completed the ranch improvements.[3]

When the ranch had got going good, a camp was built at the West Timbered Hills to care for that section of the ranch. Royer was to use this camp, and it was built somewhat according to his ideas, which in a way resembled some ranches of later dates. It consisted of a log cabin about sixteen feet square for his use, and another detached cabin for cooking and eating. This cabin also contained quarters for a negro man and his wife—the former being a cow hand and his wife attending to the housekeeping. Like the headquarters, this camp was of logs—the only concession to nature being a corrugated sheet iron roof. F. D. Hendrix always objected to the iron roof, saying that it made so much noise he could not sleep when it rained or hailed. No doubt he had in mind the soft patter of rainfall on the sodden and weatherbeaten clapboard roof of the headquarters outfit.[4] A set of corrals and a branding chute—also of rails and logs, were built. Unlike the headquarters pens, this west camp had a spring and spring branch running through one corner of it. Royer at one time rigged up a primitive shower by driving nail holes into an old bucket which could be drawn over a limb with a rope. He had the negro fill it with ice-cold spring water one cool morning, after which he stripped off and stepped under it. When the cold spring water, mixed with the mountain air, struck him he jumped and let out a yell that could have been heard at the headquarters camp six miles away.[5] He was a confirmed bachelor, and I do not believe that a woman was ever in his camp.

The ranch was fenced with black jack or post oak posts which were sharpened and driven into the ground with mauls. Getting these posts out was generally done by settlers who would come in and con-

[2] Interview with John M. Hendrix, June 10, 1946. Mr. Hendrix was a son of H. D. Hendrix, and worked on the Ranch during all the time it was in operation.

[3] Interview with H. O. Davis, June 11, 1953.

[4] Interview with John Russell, May 1949.

[5] Interview with John M. Hendrix, June 15, 1950.

tract for a mile or so of them, sharpened and strung along the route of the fence, for from four to six cents each. The fences followed no section lines because there were none to follow. The fence line went where the ground was best suited for it and where a post could be driven more easily. In many instances, extra heavy anchor posts were placed on top of the hills and the four wires weighted down until they could be stapled to the post. There was never a pair of post hole diggers on the ranch, but there was a goodly number of crow bars and post mauls.

When the ranch was finally fenced, it constituted almost a small kingdom in a mountain fastness, with few neighbors, and roads and trails. The whole thing was very primitive, and well might be likened to Longfellow's "Forest Primeval." Does dropped their fawns each spring in the black jack motts that dotted the pasture. Flocks of wild turkeys, led by stately gobblers, ate and reared their young among the pecan trees along the streams. Squirrels were as thick as cotton tail rabbits in a West Texas prairie dog town. Every hollow contained a spring branch fed by a bold spring at its head. Bob whites in abundance called to each other in the early morning. Honey Creek gurgled, brawled, and sang its way over the rocks and riffles and into cool, limpid pools, as it made its short way from its spring source down over Turner Falls to its junction with the Washita. The creek was filled with perch of tremendous size, and a mess of trout could be taken with a home-made fly created from a bit of red blanket and a few feathers. After the ranch was settled, the boys caught several otter in the creek. Huge diamond back rattle snakes lived and sunned under the ledges and atop the flat rocks. It was not unusual to kill one of these rusty old fellows that had 17 rattles and a button. A queer species of lizard, eight inches to two feet long, the color of which varies according to the color of the rock it is lying upon, abounded. They were called "mountain boomers." They were a species of chameleon.

Nature supplied most of the ranch needs. It is doubtful, with the exception of barbed wire and salt, that more than one hundred dollars worth of material was ever hauled to the ranch in the eight years the ranch operated. There were no wells, tanks, pipe, or well curbing on the entire ranch. A flat stone at the spring served as a stepping stone and foot rest when a bucket of water was to be dipped up. The headquarters outfit did not boast of a single article of furniture that was not home-made, except a small cook stove. Tables were made from goods boxes, and chairs were of hickory and rawhide. There was not a bedstead or set of springs in the camp. Sturdy two-story bunks, equipped with shuck mattresses made the beds.

Down the Washita Valley ante-bellum Negro families grew their own tobacco and made their own lye from ashes in a hollow log. With it they made the most excellent corn hominy. The seed-haulers got

their supply of both tobacco and hominy for the ranch from these Negroes, in passing their cabins.[6]

If a bridge was needed on a creek or hollow, logs were cut and used; or if a spring branch spread out in the path between rock ledges, creating a bog, by the same processes logs were cut and a corduroy road was built. Even at shipping time the tall hickory saplings along creek and river furnished prod poles, which were cut and seasoned.

Turner Falls was then a hidden beauty spot which at that time had been seen by very few people because of its inaccessibility. Honey Creek rises a mile or so above the Falls, being fed from a series of fine springs, and then drops off over the Falls as the stream seeks its way to the lower level of the Washita. It could be reached easier by riding down the creek bed from the headquarters than in any other way. Otherwise, one had to go around the mountain and down a rough and circuitous canyon trail.[7]

There may be inaccuracies in the writer's description of the ranch; but as to its operation he is on firm ground, for he has the books of the old outfit, which reflect its purchases and sales and expenses for the eight-year period. The "books" consist of three small leather memorandum books such as the commission companies gave their customers in the early 1890's. These bear the imprint "C. M. Keys Livestock Commission Company, Kansas City, Missouri." So far as the writer knows, there were no other books kept on the outfit. It was a fifty-fifty deal, with little or no capital for a start. Its assets consisted of a few saddle horses and half a dozen wagons and teams which had been acquired slowly.

Interesting and humorous was the fact that the first cattle brought to the ranch were twelve head purchased from an old man in the Sivels Bend Country, Texas. Four of these were branded DAMU, another four UDAD, and the other four UFORK—the fork being depicted by a crudely scrawled pitch fork. This must have been an old-time family way of expressing affection or vice versa.

Several buyers or speculators, who had served the firm at Hog Creek, or the Eph James pastures, were commissioned to buy steers for the partners who evidently set up a standard of what they would pay for their cattle, as practically all of the animals seem to have been bought at $9.00 per head for steer yearlings and $13.50 for two-year olds.[8] This method was apparently not successful in securing the cattle needed, so the partners began branching out into Central Texas for their cattle. Records indicate that a man in Caldwell, Texas, in

[6] Interview with C. R. Russell, January 1952.
[7] Interview with John W. Williams, Dec. 1945.
[8] Interview with John M. Hendrix, March 1950.

Hendrix and Boyer chuckwagon. Cook with butcher knife, Robert Wheeler. Next to Wheeler, Alva Roff, for whom town of Roff was named. Standing at end of chuckbox, D. D. Hendrix, Ike Morrison leaning against wagon. Standing by Morrison, Bud Parker. Seated, left, Will Childs; right, two visitors, unknown.

1895, assembled a herd of 1,100 head for them at prices quoted above. Another draft came from the Sulphur Springs area; some from Taylor, Texas; and one bunch from Strawn in West Texas. These were a poor type of cattle, as standards go today. There were a multitude of brands and a multitude of colors, but the partners took into consideration the average improvement of cattle moved from South and Central Texas north to the mountains, with its highly nutritious grasses and the fact that they would be wintered heavily on cottonseed.

Early in June each year H. D. Hendrix would take a chuck wagon, horses, and five or six good men, and pull out for the South to receive and bring steers back to the ranch. In addition to the men he brought with him, he usually hired two or three men where the cattle had been received, to assist in getting them out of the country —these turning back at Fort Worth or Gainesville. The herds came in by Gainesville, crossed Red River at Rock Crossing into the Bill Washington country, and on to Caddo Creek just north of Ardmore, and up over the Buzzard Hill to the ranch. Even as early as 1894 or '95, it was not easy to get a herd of cattle out of Central Texas without causing some damage to growing crops. Expense items show where some damages to crops were paid. Sometimes an entire field and crop were purchased and used for a day or two as a holding ground.

At the ranch the steers were allowed a few days' rest after their trail trip; then they went into the long chute to receive the big "9" on their left hip and have the left tip of their horns cut off. This last was a very distinctive type of marking and enabled one to recognize a Hendrix and Royer steer in a round-up instantly. The use of this mark had a tendency to cause the left horns to drop, and as a result, a high percentage of the steers were droop-horn when they grew up. This mark, though, always attracted attention on the Kansas City market. Both ears were undersloped to make them look as uniform as possible. There is no record that any cattle of the several thousand they handled were ever shipped on to the ranch. All were trailed in.[9] By July 15 of each year, the steers were luxuriating in the summer pasture on the tall bunch grass and were beginning to pick up after the trip and branding.

While Mr. Hendrix had been getting in the cattle, Royer had been busy calling on the gins of the near neighborhood, and contracting for cottonseed. All of his visiting was by horseback. There was never a hack or buggy owned by the ranch. Seed was bought at Berwyn, Davis, Woodford, Springer, Hoxbar, Hennepin, and Cornish. The partners had a fixed price they would pay for cottonseed of 10½ cents per bushel. They did not contract seed that could not be hauled from gin to ranch in one day, including the round trip. This per-

[9] Interview with John M. Hendrix, March, 1945.

mitted a good deal of latitude, for the wagons were usually on their way around 5:30 in the morning. As the seed came in to the rick lots, it was loaded onto ricks 350 to 400 feet long and about as high as the top of a wagon box. There were usually four ricks of seed to each lot. The seed was carefully unloaded and the ricks slapped and packed to prevent damage from rainfall. By the time the ginning season was over, the yard held from 350 to 500 thousand bushels of seed. These were never referred to by the ton, and the records indicate that the seed was bought by the bushel. Seed at the Springer Gin, at the foot of Buzzard Hill, was allowed to accumulate at the gin until other points farther off had been taken care of. Then the entire force of wagons were put on the haul and a camp established (again a log camp and lots) at Buzzard Hill Springs, where a snap team was maintained to help the wagons over the hill, as it required a six-mule hitch to get as many loads of seed over the hill as four mules could haul anywhere else on the route. This camp was then in the present Moss Patterson pasture.[10]

The seed hauling equipment consisted of half a dozen long, heavy wagons specially built by the Peter Shuttler Company in their Kansas City branch. They were built long, so as to enable the load to spread out, rather than be stacked high, which lessened the danger of the wagons turning over in the rough country. There was also developed a special type of spring seat which rested upon and was hinged to permanent standards to prevent jolting of the seat and the driver off the wagon. Specially built brakes with long foot levers were provided. Motive power was provided by some 25 or 30 big, young Missouri mules bought on the horse market in Kansas City. The lead teams of these four-mule hitches were almost uncanny in handling themselves among the seed ricks and the gin houses.

The hired personnel did not vary greatly, and usually consisted of eight men. The records give the names of Will Wilson, Will Gray, Will Childs, Scott Locke, Matt Watson, Wes Carless, and Bill Holder the last two being colored. They were big, strong, middle-aged men, highly temperate and used to hard work. They were of good character, and loyal. They were excellent cowmen, but in no sense of the word specialists. They were adept at teaming, fencing, and whatever had to be done at the ranch. There was no regular cook except when the wagon was on the road. The men usually selected one from their number, based on his ability and willingness. They were a thrifty bunch too. None of them drew more than $20.00 per month, and page after page show where they occasionally would draw from 50c to $2.50, and that sundry items were charged to their account from time to time. At settlement time they all usually had most of their wages yet coming to them.[11] They got along together excellently.

[10] Interview with Rodge Dickerson.
[11] Records of Hendrix and Royer Ranch.

as there was little or no time for horse play among them. Each was adept at horseshoeing. Due to the rough country, all horses had to be shod all around. It was often said that the men could do as good a job horse-shoeing with a rasp, butcher knife, and hatchet as the average blacksmith. Each man carried horseshoe nails and staples in his saddle pockets. A sprung shoe was soon straightened and replaced.

No effort was made at farming. Corn could be bought cheaply from farmers along the Washita. A few days' hauling with the big seed wagons would put enough corn in the cribs for the saddle horses, work mules, and for fattening hogs for the winter. Early every summer a hay contractor would come in to cut and bale what prairie hay would be needed for the winter.

Camp expenses were at a minimum. It cost approximately $3.00 or $3.50 per month each to board the hands. They were well fed on good, strong, coarse food necessary to hard-working men.[12] H. D. Hendrix was a firm believer in navy beans, and always saw to it that there was a good pot of them on the stove. Principal purchases were of flour, navy beans, dried peaches and apples, and a small amount of canned tomatoes and corn. Being a steer outfit, very little beef was eaten. Usually, at the time when the trail outfit got in, a milk pen calf was killed if there was one available, and all had a good bait of beef. The woods were full of hogs of all ages, kinds, and colors. Early in the fall of each year 40 to 60 barrows were put up for fattening. At the first sign of cold weather, a general hog killing for both camps was held, which lasted a couple of days. Usually from 70 to 75 hams and about the same amount of sidemeat were put down. This coupled with the sausage and the lard that was made, usually lasted through the season. The stock hogs ran wild and fed entirely on acorns and mast. Groceries were brought in by the seed wagons. Record books of the Ranch show that single purchases hardly ever exceeded $3.00 or $4.00. Quoting from a page of one of the old expense books, here is a sample:[13]

Will Childs, Cash	$ .50
Will Wilson, Pants	.85
Soda, 2 packages	.35
6 Shooter Cartridges	.75

Stealing was never a problem. The ranch was well fenced, and the fences were ridden and watched daily. Always the dirt in the gateway, when one of them was used, was cut up thereby obliterating the tracks of men working on the ranch. If anyone went through the gates during the night, the tracks they left in the dirt would be evidence that rustlers were looking for cattle. The men on the ranch

[12] *Ibid.*
[13] *Ibid.*

were all loyal and constantly on the lookout for strangers, which were few and far between. Ninety per cent of the visitors rode horseback when they came to the ranch on business.

Another big day on the ranch was in the late summer, set aside for repairing and greasing the 25 or 30 sets of heavy leather harness used on the work mules. The harness were completley dissembled as the buckles and given a bath of hot water, followed by a treatment of tallow and neatsfoot oil, then hung out on a rail fence to dry. There were no sore-shouldered mules nor sore-backed horses as the men had good saddles and blankets and cared for them well.

During the winter months seed was hauled from the rick lots to the high feeding grounds. Two men worked on a wagon, one driving and one shoveling. H. D. Hendrix or Royer was usually on the feed ground to watch how the cattle cleaned up the feed and to drive in stragglers. It was a nice sight to see 500 to 600 fattening steers queued behind a wagon. The cattle were fed all they would clean up each day, and were fed from about November 15 to the rise of grass each year, after which they went into the summer pasture.[14]

Shipping began early in August, or just a little ahead of shipping time in the Osage and Kansas country—the cottonseed having given our cattle a slight advantage over their cattle. At shipping time the cattle were handled as easily as possible. Large wire pens for cutting out the herd were built in traps containing about a section of land. Cattle were worked in those pens, and those selected turned loose in the trap for a few days' rest, or pending a favorable telegram from the commission company in Kansas City. Pens and traps were built at the closest point to the railroad—about six or eight miles usually from Berwyn or Davis.

On shipping days—always Saturday—cattle were started walking as soon in the morning as they could be rounded and counted, en route to Davis, across the Washita River. The cattle crossed the Washita at a ford near "Old Man" Perry Russell's place. The banks were of dirt and very high. In making the crossing, the banks were dug down until the crossing had the appearance of a long chute on each side. If the river was not on a rise, the cattle were walked down the chute and into the water with little difficulty, and soon were up on high ground away from the flies and heat. The pens were reached about noon, and the boys were sent to Satterwhite's grocery store for a bait of cheese, crackers, sardines, and salmon—with a couple of onions given them gratis by the proprietor, who also furnished dishes and spoons (these showing considerable fly-speck and former usage).

[14] Interview with Rodge Dickerson, October, 1951.

After dinner the cattle were loaded and before five o'clock were en route to Kansas City, which was reached late Sunday night. This gave the cattle a chance for rest and fill before coming on Monday's market. A shipment usually consisted of ten to twelve cars, according to the market.[15]

H. D. Hendrix and one of the hands usually accompanied the shipment. During the years the ranch was in operation, all of the cattle were consigned to C. M. Keys Livestock and Commission Company.[16] The banking business was done in Kansas City at the Interstate National Bank, which is still in business. The Santa Fe Railroad was always highly co-operative about cars and loading. They appreciated the ranch business and for a number of years furnished the partners with annual passes.

Late in 1897, U. S. engineers moved in along Honey Creek, established their camps, and began the work of surveying the Chickasaw Nation into sections and townships, in anticipation of Statehood. The handwriting was on the wall—or rather on the tree—for the old outfit, as the surveyors cleared a space on top of the highest of the East Timbered Hills, leaving only a tall bushy-top tree for a backsite. The tree could be seen for miles, and bore a canvass sign on its trunk that it was the property of the U. S. An airline beam now occupies the site of the tree. There was a $500.00 fine for mutilating or destroying it. This sign was emblematic of things to come, and the partners began shaping the ranch business toward a final settlement.

When it came time to settle, the partners had an excess of $200,000 in money, 660 head of stock cattle, 35 horses, and 32 mules and

---

[15] Interview with Rodge Dickerson, March, 1947.

[16] Earlier in this article reference was made to 1,100 steers that had been trailed from Caldwell, Texas. These cattle have been traced through the books, and details are given here for their marketing the following year:

Head	Weight
111 head	Weight 971
121 head	Weight 964
108 head	Weight 951
110 head	Weight 960
50 head	Weight 1,069

These brought an average of $3.45 per hundred weight. Another draft shows:

Head	Weight
100 head	Weight 1,040
108 head	Weight 1,040
108 head	Weight 925
182 head	Weight 1,050
156 head	Weight 1,030
275 head	Weight 1,020

These cattle weighed 500 to 700 when they came onto the ranch. The lighter-weight cattle were yearlings, and the heavier weight 2's—which would indicate a good gain and a fair profit. These prices are about typical of weights and gains of all cattle so handled by the ranch.—Records of Hendrix and Royer Ranch.

An expense item that partially explains the gain and growth is a series of scale tickets from Suggs Brothers Gin, Berwyn, Oklahoma, which shows that they sold the ranch twelve four-mule loads of cottonseed to weigh approximately five tons each, at an average price per load of $32.40; the total for the twelve loads being $335.56, or an average of 10½ cents per bushel.

wagons to divide. There was no outstanding indebtedness. Not big money, as money goes now, but the $200,000 was all their own, and was their reward for eight years of hard work and hard living. It was the result of following a carefully planned operation and taking advantage of a low expense.[17]

There is no place in the books to show where they owned a foot of land or paid lease or tribute to anyone for what was used—nor were there any charges for taxes of any kind. The entire country was under the Federal Courts. Occasionally a deputy U. S. Marshal would visit the ranch as a sort of routine call. He usually had a pocketful of warrants for the persons wanted.

During the existence of the partnership there was no dissension, despite the fact that Mr. Hendrix was a rockribbed Democrat and Royer an equally staunch Republican. Probably the biggest argument ever had was over the roof on Royer's camp. Fortunately, no wars occurred during the time the outfit was operating. However, it wound up during the early part of the Spanish-American War. The partners were amazed when they were forced to place a few cents' worth of documentary stamps on certain papers having to do with final settlement.

Final settlement was made in the summer of 1898. Royer held on a couple of years and finally sold out to Hugh Moore, of Fort Worth. It has passed into many hands and owners since then.[18] It occupies what is now the southern-most portion of Hereford Heaven. Some of the best cattle in the world are produced in this section. One or more of these Hereford Ranches are now in the environs of the old ranch.

---

[17] Interview with John M. Hendrix, April, 1948.
[18] Interview with John M. Hendrix, July, 1950.