shawnee trail

1 "Roundup"

"A cutting horse comes it proud over all other range horses. He has 'cow sense'[1] as well as horse sense, keeps calm, never excites the cattle..."
"A cow outfit is no better than its horses."
"He went sailin' off—his hind legs kickin' in the air like a cougarin' 'buffling'."

"After three jumps he hit the ground and laid still."
"Ridin' the rough string ain't like attendin' a knittin' bee."
"It's the fat-off cows that wear the biggest horns."
"Tin plates last longer 'cause they're easy to straighten out after a bounteous meal."

2 "Trail Drive"

"A man don't get thirsty till he can't get water."
"I went up the trail twice, and drove the drag both times, did all the work, got all the 'cussin', but had the good luck never to get fired."
"The cook ate alone...worked alone, slept alone...A dry beef and decent chuck was what most valued...not style."

"Cussin' a range cook is as risky as brandin' a mule's tail."
"He stove 'aigs' dirty on both sides."
"...the coffee was made out of water thick enough to plow."

3 "Stampede"

"It was so quiet you could hear daylight coming...silence as brittle as glass."
"...another steer got up, stood still, expectant; then others said others arose till the whole herd was on its feet."
"...the cowboy's songs came louder now...unrelenting, pleading."
"...the night grew blacker, the lightning brighter, the air heavier...the steers began to move at a walk...then faster."
"...out of the blackness came a great flash of zigzag lightning...a mighty clap, a roar, a crack of thunder shook heaven and earth..."
"In answer...the thunder of ten thousand pounding hooves that popped and clicked...horn clashed against horn."
"The stampede started with the swiftness of the lightening's leap."

Three trailheads leading up to the circle of walls and additional quotes

"If you have a fall we check, matter 'cept we make it smaller."
Over 350,000 cattle per year were driven up the Texas trails for 28 years; 5,000,000 cattle and 1,000,000 horses were driven north and sold at $10 a head from 1867 to 1895.
"You can warm your socks in the oven, but that don't make 'em biscuits."
"He had a voice like a rusty gate hinge and stars crust than an armadillo."
"Avoid any food that would gut a bunnel."
"Never spur a horse when he's swimmin'."
"Texas climate is remarkable, all right, but it's good for the character."
"It was hot enough to wither a fence post, and it sweated both doors like a tallow candle. Even the shade of a hub-wide fence didn't keep none."

Through the wall and the low-wall breach

"Our tunnel it was darker than the dead end of a crooked tunnel a mile deep under a mountain. Then the prairie was a sea of blue and yellow light dazzling to all eyes."
"Be courtin' Dang with the cattle. Trust your horse."
"When the lightning was 1 light, can by see. When the lightning blinds and the thunder drowns all other sound, keep on riding hell the toughest."

"Grassy Plateau Area"

Trail Driver Memorial Plaque
A Tribute

To the great men of massage who broke the trails, who brushed a broken Texas and started her on a brighter path into the future:

Charles Goodnight	Ike Pryor	John Chisum	Oliver Loving
Col. Jack Potter	John H. Slaughter	Ab Blocker	Alonzo Mitchell
G. W. Saunders	Slaughter Pierce	John R. Blocker	Friendly H. DuBose
J. M. Bennett	Luther A. Lowrie	R. B. Pumphrey	W. J. Hunter
George W. West	J. H. Pennell	W. H. Jennings	T. A. Coleman
J. D. Shoemaker	D. H. & John Snyder	W. H. Hinchler	J.W. Butler
R. B. Masterson	J. H. Irving	John Holland	J. H. Pennington
Clate Mershon	T. D. Woods	George W. LITHGOW	M. A. Withers
Charles Schreiner	J. M. Dobie	O.C. Holdsbaard	Hardin McKinzie
Jim Acker	Col. Albert Boyd	Dan Head	Charles Coffee

"Looking over from top to bottom, your boots plumb full of water and your men squirming to it, and why so boys like to be cowboys and could stand it, I can't say. I reckon it were the sun thereon."

The Cowboy at Rest

When my old soul bests range and rest,
Beyond the last divide;
Just plant me in some stretch of west
That's mostly lone and wide.
Let cattle roll my tumbleweed down
And coyotes sunate their fun
Let horses pass and stomp the ground
But don't you throw me in.