

Dave Farr Oral History

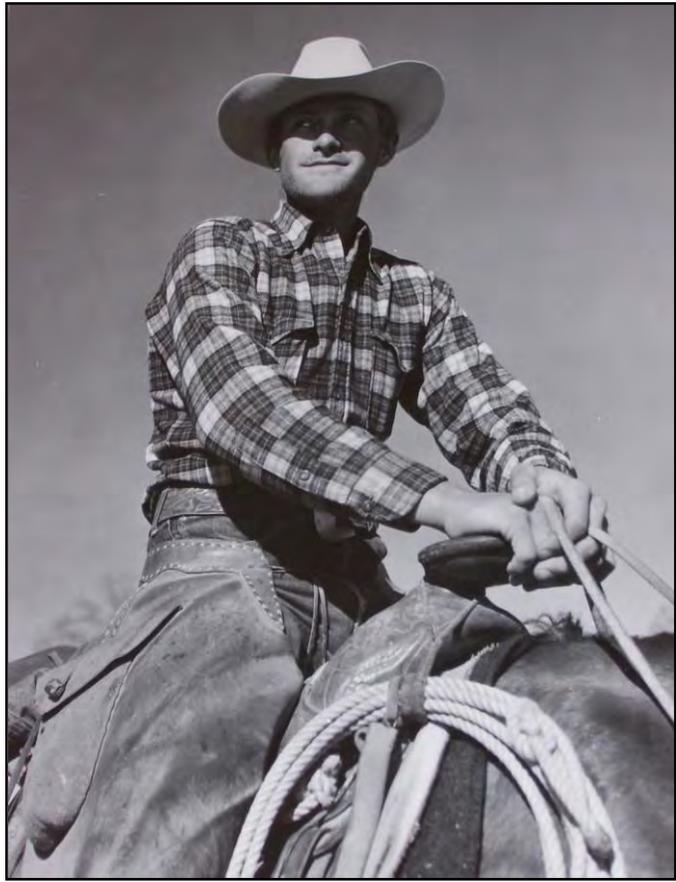
The Magdalena Stock Driveway

Dave Farr brought in the last herd of cattle on the storied Magdalena Stock Driveway (the Magdalena Trail) in 1970. Just one of countless drives for him, *this* cattle drive marked the end of the 85-year history of the trail. This oral history interview with Dave Farr was conducted by the Bureau of Land Management, Socorro Field Office in 2008. Questions asked by BLM Archaeologist Brenda Wilkinson are preceded by “**BW**” and questions asked by BLM Assistant Field Manager Mark Matthews are preceded by “**MM**.”

The Cattle Drives

Brenda Wilkinson Can you describe a typical cattle drive on the Magdalena Stock Driveway?

Dave Farr Well, we always worked shorthanded. Like in the spring with straight yearlings there'd be two of us and a horse wrangler and a cook. And the horse wrangler would bring the horses in to the wagon and hook a rope on the wagon wheel and build a rope corral and catch our horses and saddle ,em. Well, we was always a'horseback so we'd change horses. We'd start out with the cattle, and the cook would start out with his wagon, horse wrangler go with his horses. We'd have a pow-wow with the cook, where we'd camp for noon maybe. We just grazed the cattle along, and the horse wrangler grazed the horses. Cook would hook up with the mules and get ahead so he could have dinner or supper ready. We'd change horses morning noon and night...we had night horses. On earlier trips we made we'd have to stand guard every night, after everybody got in and ate, and the cattle bed down. Why, they'd look at a watch and divide the time up and each fella had so many hours, two or three hours, to ride around the cattle and hold ,em. And they'd come wake the next guard up and then in the mornin', usually the last guard he'd pull out with the cattle while the other cowboys were eatin' breakfast and we'd whip up and relieve him and he'd come back and eat. This is all before the sun comes up, just daylight, you know.



Mark Matthews Was there decent grass left on the driveway by the time your family got there?

DF Well, in the '50s sometimes it was pretty scarce, you know, during the drought. But general rule, you had good grass.

BW How many horses did you take?

DF Not many - about three, three each. You'd ride one in the mornin', and one in the afternoon and one at night, and have an extra horse. And then in the fall we'd maybe have three men with the cattle, and the horse wrangler and the cook.

During the drought we'd get close to Magdalena and there'd be arroyos this wide and ten foot deep, and blowed full a tumbleweeds. And we just saw a yearlin', got off the trail and, tumbleweeds closed over. We'd never a known, but we saw „er and then you had to get a branch or somethin' and dig it out from the mouth of the arroyo clear up there. They'd get down there and couldn't see nothin', they'd just stand still.

BW Was there a road for the cook's wagon or was the wagon able to make it cross-country?

DF Oh, there's an old road that goes from here clear to Magdalena but the wagon would have to take off when we'd get to camping spots. We were looking at one picture there and cook and the horses were not even on the driveway; they were taking a shortcut way away from the cattle. They must have been out on Bruton's or somewhere.

Well, when we'd come to eat dinner, we'd string the cattle out and get „em in to water. And somebody'd have to hold „em, and then we'd take turns eating, and you know those deals, you'd have to stay on the side of the wind where you wouldn't make the cook mad, and we'd hobble our horse and put a rope on the bridle reins and hang onto that while we's fillin' our plate. And eat right quick, and then it was change horses, and go again. You always had a hold of your horse. Here to Magdalena. Even at night, you'd keep your horse right by your bed. Well, without a horse, you're worthless.

BW Did you ever hire anybody on, just to help move the herd?

DF Oh, we'd work these cattle in the fall and maybe there'd be four of us, five. And then them same fellas'd take the cattle to Magdalena. Way back there, you were talkin' about early 1900s. Why, I'd have to assume they'd have several bunches of livestock on the driveway at once. You know they could start out with the lambs and then, I don't know if they - I certainly doubt if they'd mix the old ewes with the lambs, and there'd be another bunch of sheep, and then they'd have a bunch of cattle goin' in. And then for some reason, the old cow market gets better around Christmas, so they'd always ship a load or two of old cows about Christmas. And that could be just oh, not many head, so there'd be two men with a pack horse.

Montague Stevens' grandson told me about Montague, drivin' some big steers, you know, four-year-old 'n up to Magdalena. I don't know what year this was, but they were gonna load them on

the train. And Montague got on his mule, and he was - you know - he's up and drivin' 'em. And a few days out of Magdalena, he pulled out ahead and got on the telegraph to the people, trying to sell these big steers. Anyway, he got in there and telegraphed Denver, St. Louis, St. Joe, Chicago, and he finally got an offer of seven bucks a head for these steers. And this was the delivery price - he had to pay the freight. So they figured with the agent that it would cost 'im nine dollars to get 'em there. So Montague got back on 'is mule, went back and met the steers, and he told them fellas, "I don't have any money to pay ya." They all had homesteads, ya know. He said, "Take 'em back home. Divide 'em up among yourselves. That's all I can pay ya." And he went on home. And that was on the driveway. Well, it wasn't an official driveway then. It was just open range. Eventually he went broke here, you know. I guess he was profitable for a long time. They had a good manager runnin' the ranch for them. He used to come visit my grandmother. He'd sit there all day tellin' about hounds, this hound and that hound, and, I'd get up and leave (laughter). I'd had just about enough hound stories. But those were tough times.

BW Did any Indians from Alamo work for you?

DF Oh, you bet, well, in later years. They're good hands. You had to have somebody that would move the horses, slow. Keep 'em quiet, so they wouldn't want to run back home. An' those Indians had the patience, they just take the horses so slow, keep 'em quiet.

The Cooks

DF I read a California book and he said they hired their cooks - not if they could cook - didn't have nothin' to do with it. They had to hire a man to drive the mules, so if he could cook was immaterial. And so they got some bad, bad cooks you know, and we did too. And it was hard to find a man who could hook up a team and drive the mules, and then finally we give up and used a pickup with a trailer and then we got to where we couldn't even find a cook that way, and then my brother started cookin'. But the pickup was a bad deal. We never got stuck that way, but the team could always make it to camp you know. But you get a pickup and trailer and it gets to rainin', why you can get stuck and you don't have any camp when you get there, so the mules were good.

We had a Fred Harvey cook too. Well come to find out he was a Fred Harvey fry cook. He didn't cook their extravagant meals, but he'd fry eggs in the mornin' in the dutch oven. And he'd use a big tablespoon to get the grease over them eggs and then he'd fish the egg out and put it on your plate with a lot of grease, and sometimes he'd ask you "Do you want a extra spoon of grease?" (laughter) So man, it was greasy. But he could make sopaipillas and tortillas.

BW Do you remember his name, the Fred Harvey cook?

DF Luna. I don't remember his first name. Well, we had a cook from Roswell... what the hell was his name? He was a pretty good cook. And he told us a story - his father was a freighter, he hauled freight from Fort Sumner to Roswell and back, with an ox team, and his father happened to be in the saloon at Fort Sumner in the evening before they shot Billy the Kid. He was right with him. And that night they shot Pat Garrett, shot Billy the Kid, and this Otero - Otero was his

name - so he went and looked at the body the next mornin', and he knew Billy real well and, he swore it wasn't Billy that they buried.

BW You heard the story from the cook?

DF Well, he heard it from his father. He emphasized that they shot the wrong man, you know, and you hear that forever.

Yeah, one time Work Reed was the cook - you remember Work? He's from Sweetwater, Texas. He's a pretty good cook. Damn Work, pulled up in camp, and threw our beds off in a pool of water that deep, and it was foggy and, we had some corrals there that old Red Jackson had built, and had to go down this canyon and top over a ridge, and down another canyon to the corrals. So foggy you couldn't see any landmarks, and I went down the next canyon to the right and, well, we got down there and we knew it wasn't wrong and you could see this light coming over the hill - the fog was let up. So we went over the hill and found the corrals. The light was from the campfire and we got the cattle right up there and corralling them. And something scared 'em and they run, and my brother run to head 'em off. And his horse run through a rat's nest in the dark and fell with him, and boy, *then* we had a stampede. And dark, dark. Couldn't see in the fog - no stars. We headed 'em off as well as we could, corralled what we could, slept there in our wet blankets. And two Indians, they wouldn't go to bed. They stood by the fire all night and they'd chatter a whole bunch of Navajo and it'd end up "Damn Morgan Salome waterproof hats!" Well, they were wearin' staw hats and Morgan told 'em they were waterproof. Then we got up and had a count in the mornin' and Work didn't wake up in time and we - all we got for breakfast was what water we could pour out of the water bucket that had rained in it. Went on and found the rest of the cattle but we's short about 90 head. Got away in the dark. That was a miserable trip. And, anyway, we loaded the cattle and I brought the horses back to - even with Montosa. That was probably around the 1960s. Work was a pretty rough old guy. I remember one spring we went in and the wind was ablowin' - I mean big time, and he couldn't keep his hat on. And he took a barbed wire, a old rusty barbed wire and wrapped it around his head and twisted it (chuckle). Well, he could of at least found a balin' wire! But - and he'd lisp you know - he said "Wis wimper sonofa bitch wath about ta beat me ta death." His hat.

Sometimes the cook was drunk and he'd leave town drivin' that team and hell, after years a lot of people knew him. He'd be so drunk he'd fall off the wagon - well that's dangerous you know, them old iron tires run over you, but he'd used them same mules for so many years, when he'd fall off they'd just stop. And somebody'd come along - he'd be right by the highway - a long ways from Magdalena, and they'd shake him around and wake him up and put him back in the wagon seat and he'd go on 'til he fell off again...he'd have a bottle in his pocket. Yeah, it was a trip. We never knew where he got the whiskey, you know. Well, we tried to keep it away from him, you know, but he just, well, tried to fly to the moon.

Changes

BW Did you notice over time the conditions of the Driveway changing, as far as water or grass, or any other changes?

DF Back when Hubbles was shippin' sheep it'd get awful short by Magdalena. They'd just slick it up, there wouldn't be any. Be in the '50s I guess. Well, in the '50s sometimes it was pretty scarce, you know, during the drought. But general rule you had good grass. And they drilled a new well that they called the New Well. You probably know where it is. Yeah, it's on that road that goes to Travis Kiehne's, used to go to Ake's. That was a new well. And then they built a well at Lemon Lake. They called it Lemon Lake but it's Clemens Lake. What do you call it?

MM It's called Lemon Lake I thought.

DF Lemon? Well that country, according to what I've been told, belonged to Mark Twain's brother, and their name was Clemens. So that was Clemens Lake... How it got changed to Lemon Lake I don't know, just like this canyon. So those were two new additional wells, and then they did build another corral. 'Cause we used to have to stand guard, but they did build a corral south and east of the CC camp, and then we personally built a corral, one day out of Magdalena. And the Adobe Ranch used it. It was in a prime location. I 'member Hap Canning (it was a set of well elevators, sucker rods) kinda chippin' in on the expense of it. He was a real fine fella. He used to fly around...and I think he was a bomber pilot during the World War II. He just kept flying, ya know. Well, he had the Adobe Ranch.

BW You went from the wagon to the pickup with for the cook. Can you think of other things that changed over time?

DF Well then little bunches - I just told you they had a pack horse - and two men, and it was always a wagon. I don't know much about the sheep. They'd be along in the fall too, you know. I can't tell you anything about them. And then it went to a pickup and a little open trailer, and finally my brother got a little house trailer. That wasn't too good, but you'd go inside and eat. And the trains went from steam engine to diesel. That was a little quieter. And they had various changes with the...what do they call that old deal? The Stock Driveway Association. [Note: The Stock Driveway Association was formed in 1946, in cooperation with the US Grazing Service, as a non-profit to manage and maintain the Driveway and associated facilities after federal appropriations to the Grazing Service were cut and the Magdalena office closed.]

MM Your father was part of it, if I remember right....

DF Well, you see they'd collect a nickel or a dime a head, and that's where they got the money to drill them wells and build corrals. And then the government woke up and said, "that's agin' the law. You're gonna pay a BLM grazing fee per head, and that's it, and we get the money," and that ended the improvements (laughter). And that's progress?

BW Do you remember any disasters or mishaps along the way?

DF Nah, we didn't have much in the way of stampedes. Once over here at Sanchez Well, my brother got that trailer, and we got up in the dark. And, we're eatin' and we went in the trailer. And the cattle were corralled. You've seen them ol' corrals with big poles, like that, but they were rotten, very much rotten. We was camped there right by the corrals, and „course Jack

Bruton and Harriets, they're all related, and Jack was comin' over early in the mornin' to help gather cattle. So, we were inside eatin', and they come by about 30 miles an hour, and crossed the cattle guard there. And you know what it sounds like across the cattle guard...there's a "whoomp." So we didn't hear nothin' but that, but we kept on eatin'.... And went out and no cattle. And that sound from them crossin' the cattle guard, they just jumped up and hit the corral, and they'd just all be running, just like that. And so we'd looked, and of course they's big holes in the corral. And way up, two miles away, you could see dust. So then, the way they'd tore the corral down, the fence run into the corrals and broke the corrals on both sides, and so they were split in two bunches. And we had to hit a lope and go hold 'em up. Time we got to 'em they were kinda trottin' with their tongues out. If we'd been outside like we should have, we'd of jumped on our horses and got it all stopped pretty quick.

Then other disasters, well, you 'member the missile firing from Green River, Utah, to White Sands? They'd fire missiles over, and all along in here [Plains of San Agustin]. About out here [east of Horse Mountain], clear to Magdalena almost, was impact area. Part of their booster'd fall off, and every rancher here that was within the impact area, had to go to town, and the government would pay for motel and what they ate, And I think, have to stay gone 'til the missile was fired. It was usually overnight. Anyway, at some BLM meetin', why, it came up "what if there's cattle on the Driveway?" Impact area took in a big part of the Driveway, and we were assured it'd make no difference, we'd just reschedule firings. "If there's any cattle on the Driveway we'll just postpone the firing, you don't have to worry." So we got out of the CC camp, here come the government officials, "Turn the cattle loose, turn your horses loose, get out of this impact area, we're firin' a missile tonight." But they run into my father there, and he told 'em how it was (laughter). That there'd been a definite agreement that they wouldn't fire missiles when we had cattle on the Driveway. Well hell, if we'd a turned them cattle loose, horses mighta come home, cattle gone every direction, we'd a missed our delivery date. Railroad, of course, ordered for a certain time, cattle buyer to be there. I mean, it woulda, been big trouble. That had to be in the ,60s.

MM The question is, did your dad win?

DF Yes. They postponed the missile firing. We got to Magdalena. Now other disasters, you'd get to town and...no railroad cars. And you'd just have to graze the cattle around and wait 'til they got cars. You're askin' about disasters...ahhh, there was plenty, of troubles.

BW I had heard that before World War II people were startin' to use trucks instead of the stock driveway. But then, during World Warr II, more people started using the Stock Driveway again because of the shortages in fuel and steel and rubber. Do you know anything about that?

DF Well, I was just in 7th, 8th grade or somethin', 6th grade, but I'm sure they did. 'Cause they couldn't get tires and gasoline, and you know, sugar, coffee.... Everything was rationed. So I'm sure they probably drove more cattle then.

BW Yeah, I heard that it became patriotic because you were conserving things.

DF It might have been enforced patriotic (laughter). It was sure trouble with tires and fuel.

MM Now how did they set a time, was it the distance you were drivin'? How did they determine the dates to receive 'em? If you shipped earlier the Driveway was in better shape? The cows did better?

DF You didn't notice going in later, except after Hubbells, where it narrowed down close to Magdalena there wouldn't be no more grass than right there (pounding on the table). And that was during the drought, too. It was a mile wide, five miles wide - there was plenty of grass for everybody. But before it was fenced, I guess my father had trouble finding grass - there was cattle running over it all the time. But I only went over it after it was fenced and - a lot of grass. And then it kept getting better 'cause everybody quit using it.

Loading and Shipping

BW I heard you guys had the same date and time every year to get to Magdalena. Is that true?

DF Yeah, for years they used the 20th, and then they switched to the 18th...

BW Of October?

DF Yeah, October, so it was the 18th all the time I was ever involved. There was an agent there, a Santa Fe agent ran the whole depot you know. A real nice fella, knew what he was doin' but boy, he had a feelin' for alcohol. And he'd get drunk...he wouldn't know which end was up, and we'd have to get Karen [Dave Farr's wife] together with the cattle buyer. She'd go down to the depot and get the appropriate forms and type up all the bill of lading, where the cattle went. And year after year, as long as he was there, it all went smooth. I guess the cattle got where they were supposed to. He'd be down there at the stockyards tryin to count „em, and they had to count what went in the cars. Of course he probably couldn't count „em, but he damn sure couldn't go up and do any typewritin' stuff, so that's a little odd, isn't it? Well, I know what the count was for, insurance or... It was all immaterial. We had weights, counts, and everything changed hands. His count was „case some buyer said, well, “you lost some of my cattle” or something. So there was never any problem that way.

BW And then, what was it like when you got to Magdalena?

DF It was a nightmare (laughter). We used to have to hold - steam engines you know - and dogs a barkin' and kids a hollerin', and those steam engines would let off steam and turn the cows and it was a real job to get them cows up to the corral. But we always got „em corralled. But the cattle, they aren't used to people or nothin'. It was really a hard job to corral „em.

BW Hmm. And then just turn around and come home? Or did you stay in Magdalena for a little while?

DF No, the usual trade in those days, the cattle were stood in the corral overnight - 12 hours - and you weighed „em in the mornin', and then you waited for the train. And we loaded „em all

on the cars, and that was all done, and hopefully you got some money. Then we thought about bringin' our horses home, then all the cowboys were drunk, and either my brothers or I would bring the horses home, a lot of times.

They had two loading chutes, and they'd probably use 'em both at once if you had enough help you know. And...did you ever see 'em load those cars? Well, they had a big old ramp - width of a car - and rings in it. „Course the railroad car'd be that far away, and you'd have to pick this ramp up and set it there, and swing the wings in and... Well, first you'd have to take crowbars and pry them doors open. All they needed was oil, but I didn't find that out for years. I mean it took crowbars there! Pry 'em open, put your ramp in, swing the gates there, and had the cattle counted and bring 'em up. And once they were all in then you'd get a four-inch pipe that fit on the knobs there and keep a fightin' cattle back in there and get your crowbars and - oh it'd take two or three minutes to close them doors. Just terrible. One year a Santa Fe man showed up there, had squirt cans with nozzles on 'em, and they'd just walk up and down on top of the cars and oil them rollers. Shoot, you could just pull 'em open! And that was probably the last year or two that we ever...but just the nightmare for nothin'!

BW As far as when you got there, was there a certain time of day, like 6:00?

DF Well, life isn't simple. We'd corral these cattle and weigh 'em about...before the sun came up. Well to move back, first, in the fall we might have yearling heifers, yearling steers, old cows. And we'd get one day out of Magdalena, we'd hold 'em up and cut 'em in classes of cattle, and water 'em at Hale Well and then it'd be one man with each class of cattle. On into Magdalena, and you'd just have to find a place to turn the whole bunch loose. And everybody'd have to corral the first bunch - through all that melee - and that, that had somethin' to do with where I was goin' right there. You had the three classes of cattle and each weighed separately, maybe going to different destinations, different buyers. And there's a railroad rule imposed by, I think the federal government, that you can only haul cattle 24 hours without stopping for feed and water. Or you can sign a 36 hour release and haul 'em for 36 hours. Well they're so slow around Magdalena, depending on the destination, if we'd load them in the mornin' the time started. They're on the cars. So then, I heard - I never watched it - by the time they switched around, got down to Socorro and side tracked 'em and all, they might have to unload 'em in Socorro for feed - 24 hours. So, 'cause they didn't make connection, they were just sittin' there waitin' for a train from El Paso or somethin'. So that's expensive and bad. Cattle buyers'd get together with the agent and tell him, "When you gonna load?" "Aw, we'll be ready at 8:00, load cattle." Well, they may have slipped him a \$20 bill and said, why don't you load about sundown? And we'll get out of here about 12 hours later, and I'll make that connection in Socorro, maybe have a clear run on into Texas. Well, this is all unbeknownst to us, 'course we want to load and go home, but they'd treat us that way and then we'd load in the dark and have to spend another night before we start back here.

BW Did you camp, or stay at a hotel in Magdalena?

DF Aw, we always camped right by the cattle.

The CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps)

BW Do you remember when the CCC were out there putting in the fences and the wells?

DF Yeah, I remember watchin' 'em build the fence right over here. That was in the 30s. Of course I wasn't very big. They're still there. We're still usin' them. You came through one, right there at the sign. You look, and probably those posts, if they haven't been replaced, they're all cut off, like they had a two-man saw or something. I was too young to visit with those men. I knew men later that had jobs. An Indian here had been on the CC job, building that fence, and he said, uh... what'd he say? He said 80 men went one day to cut posts and they brought back 79 posts 'cause one of 'em had a comic book with 'im (laughter). But they did build a good fence.

The Last Cattle Drive

BW Can you tell me about the last time you used the Stock Driveway before they shut it down?

DF Well, I'd have to think. I don't know if we would have used it in the spring or in the fall, probably in the fall. It was 1970. See, we'd always made two trips a year, steer calves in the spring and cows and heifers - other class of cattle - in the fall, but it was no different than any other trip so...

BW Did you know it was the last trip?

DF Well, we were gettin' kind of anxious to use trucks ourselves. 'Cause we'd been using trucks intermittently and...a lot easier.

BW So it didn't hurt your feelings when they shut it down.

DF Well, we always liked the trip and...you could really relax and...all you had to worry about was cattle in front of you and getting there on time.

BW Yeah. You said you'd started truckin' some by then and it was easier?

DF Well, my father woulda preferred drivin' 'em to Magdalena, but we didn't. We didn't moan and groan over it, it's really, kinda easier to round up the cattle, and load 'em on a truck and you're done. But what's gonna happen today with this high price fuel....and no railroad?

Photos and Captions



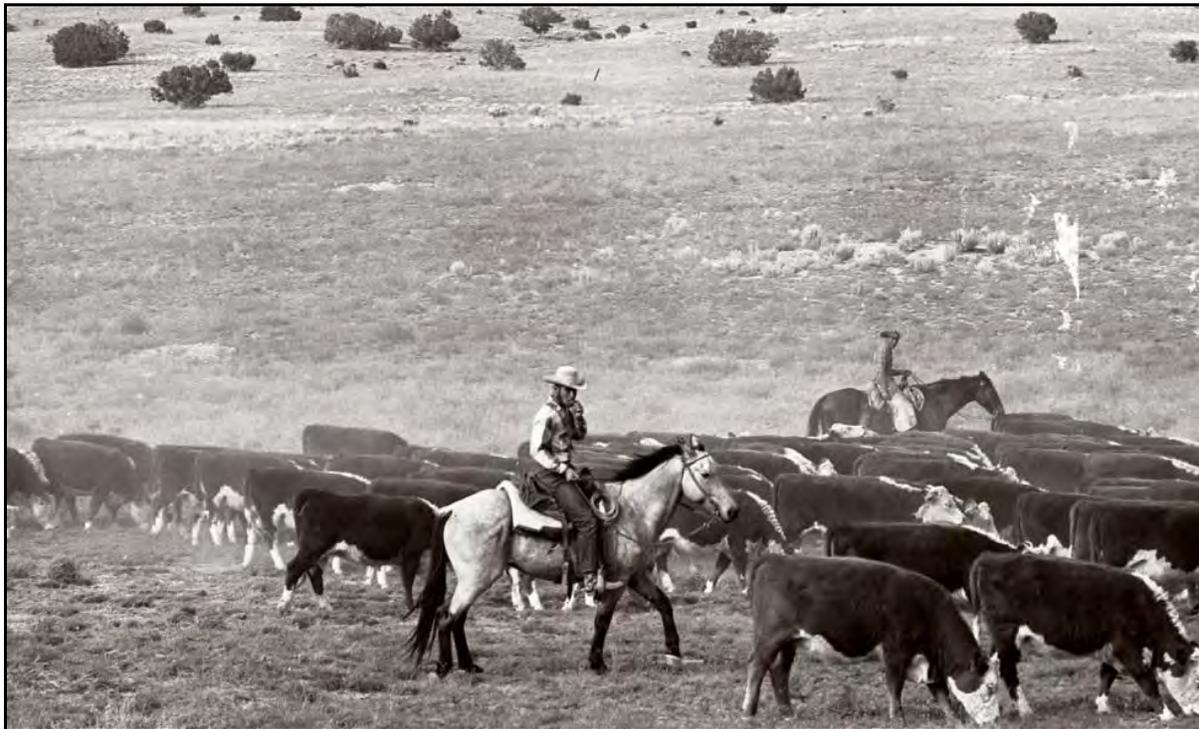
Dave Farr (Harvey Caplin photo)



Shack Simmonds (left) and George Farr (Dave's father). Farr says that Shack was an old-time cowboy from England, and one of the best in this country.

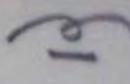


DF This is my grandfather Ed Otero and Shack Simmonds, and I think this a Mulligan, with the cap on.



Victor Gutierrez (on the buckskin) and Klennie Vicente (from Alamo) (BLM photo)



Aug 2-1933 yr. heifers 
sold to Fred Gunterman
Jim M^cClaren ^{on bay} "Doc"
+ John M^cKeary on
Palimo
"Andy"

notation on back of photo



(BLM photo)



DF Just cattle scattered out grazin'. That's the way they'd go most of the time.



Cattle watering at Benton Well



Camped at New Well.



DF That's our old cook, Plajio. The mules' names are Joaquin and Kayak



The cook at work at New Well.



DF And there's the cook (standing up). That might be the Fred Harvey cook, I'm not sure. That's the way we used to carry our water, in those kegs. Do you know where they keep the wash basin around camp? They always keep it by a wagon wheel. You're supposed to wash and then pour it on that wheel to tighten up the spokes.



The cook (Plajio) and Sam Apachito



Karen Farr (Mrs. Dave Farr) and niece. (BLM photo)



George, Dave and Ed Farr, taken by photographer Harvey Caplin.



DF There's Montosas, you know we're getting' close to Magdalena.



Plajio and the wagon.



Loading cattle on the train at the stockyards, around 1955 (Dave Farr center)

DF That's more of how the loadin' would go. You asked about if we loaded at about 9:00 or somethin'? We'd get up and weigh early and John, do you know John? Well, he's a good cowboy, and he showed up, you know, before sunup, and drunker'n a dickens. And we'd take about 80 cattle at a drift, and run 'em on to the scales, and we got a little too many. We wouldn't even count 'em - we'd just think "that'll fit" and go. And John was there. 'Course he was so drunk he's way behind, and jumped off and closed the gate...and there was too many cattle. It just kept fightin' us back, and here come about 90 head, just runnin' 90 miles an hour. They hit John, knocked 'im over backwards and every one must've jumped 'im. And he got up and staggered around and...nothing wrong with 'im. Got out of the way and we went on loading cattle. And then late in the afternoon he was there helping us load. And still drunk. So we got thesee how full that corral is? He got to walking across the beam, then he lost his balance. He went forward, he went back, and then he fell forward and hit on that big beam on his belly, and then he rolled over backwards, and fell right in among those cattle, and they went 'round and 'round and 'round 'im, and up the chute, and he came out without a scratch on 'im.



(Harvey Caplin photo)

BW Oh! That's that picture they used in the magazine!

DF Yeah, it's been in a lot of magazines. Advertisement for feed stores or something.

BW That was on the cover of the New Mexico Stockman! They made it like a sepia color, but it's the same picture!

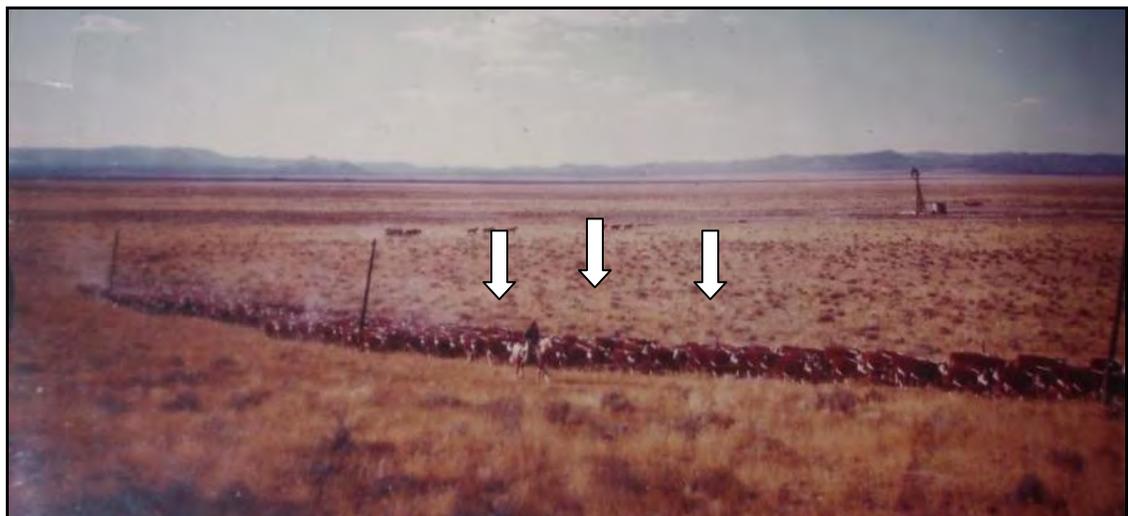
DF Well, let me look it over....that's me on that horse....that's Juan Chavez over there....that's our Hereford cattle. And that's just between the Hale Well and Magdalena.



Plajio and the wagon.



DF That's me, and that's where we'd hold the cattle up and cut ,em into three bunches on the last day.



DF And these are more cattle, strung out for water. And Karen noticed this, see the wagon and the horses? (center of photo)



DF That's me again



George Farr (Dave Farr's father)

Caption reads: "October 18th, 1964 – heifers and old cows at Hale Well on Driveway"

October 17, 1963

ALBUQUERQUE JOURNAL

Doggone Tired Cowboy

as Farr's
its Town



CHOWTIME — This New Mexico cowboy pauses during his chuck-wagon lunch to ponder the last segment of a week-long, 70-mile cattle drive in western New Mexico. Some 500 cattle were driven to the railhead at Magdalena in New Mexico's only surviving big trail herd. The Western tradition has been maintained nearly 50 years by rancher George D. Farr.

AP Wirephoto

4 The Arizona Republic ☒ Phoenix, Fri., Oct. 18, 1963

DF That's Joe Aragon. He's eatin' noonday meal. Yeah, he was one of the cowboys drivin' the cattle.

ere

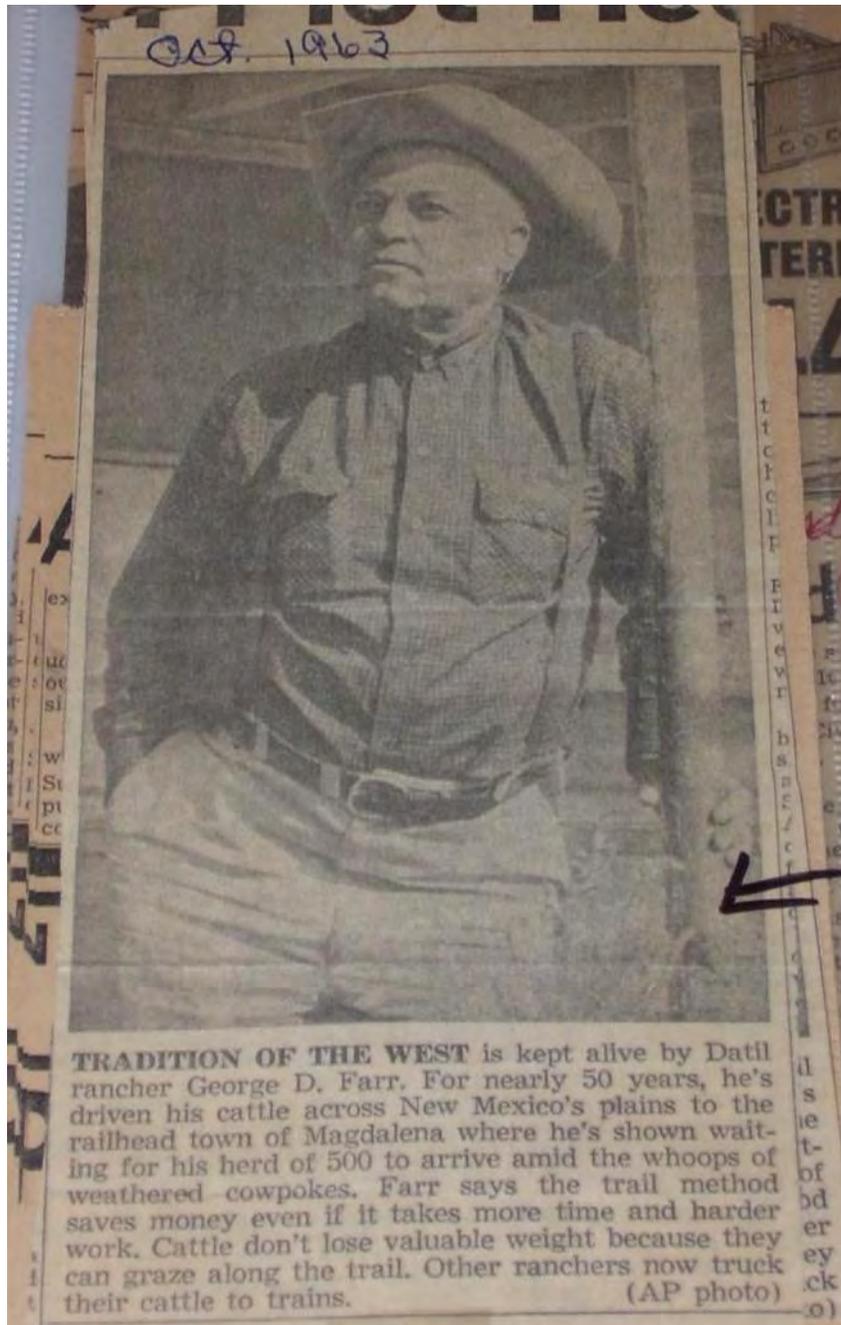
Continued from Page A-1 \$10,000 for Berry who is inber custody in Henderson, Tex.

Oct. 18-1963

C-2 Tribune - Albuq.



COFFEE BREAK: Ed Farr, trail cook for his ranch's 70-mile cattle drive to Magdalena, serves coffee to sister-in-law, Mrs. Dave Farr. During the seven-day drive, Mrs. Farr drove out almost every day to check on the progress of the herd. (AP photo)



DF If you can read those articles, you can't believe ,em. We had, what is it? United Press, he come by one day and he - he just was with us for a few hours out at one of the windmills. And later on his article came out in some paper, and he told how we - see we weren't even in Magdalena - he told how we drove the cattle in there, and trotted ,em down the main street and all kinds of stuff that never, ever happened you know. Just finished up his story and he was gone to the Indian reservation to write some other story. You can't believe what they write. They make it up. We had two reporters from, London Times or some... They were big wheels you know, and they were going to print it in England and send us copies and everything. And...they were Englishmen, they couldn't hardly talk you know. But we never got nothin' back. They just promise you anything and get pictures. Oh, people don't handle the truth too well, and some of ,em go to church, too. I think it's more important to...kind of do what you said you'd do."

CCC Photos

BLM acquired these photos from the Museum of New Mexico. They are used with permission for this purpose and printing only. The photos were taken to the interview with Mr. Farr so he could help identify Driveway wells and facilities.



CCC installation of pad for water tank at Divide Well, about 1939
Photo courtesy Museum of New Mexico Photo Archives, negative no. 147614

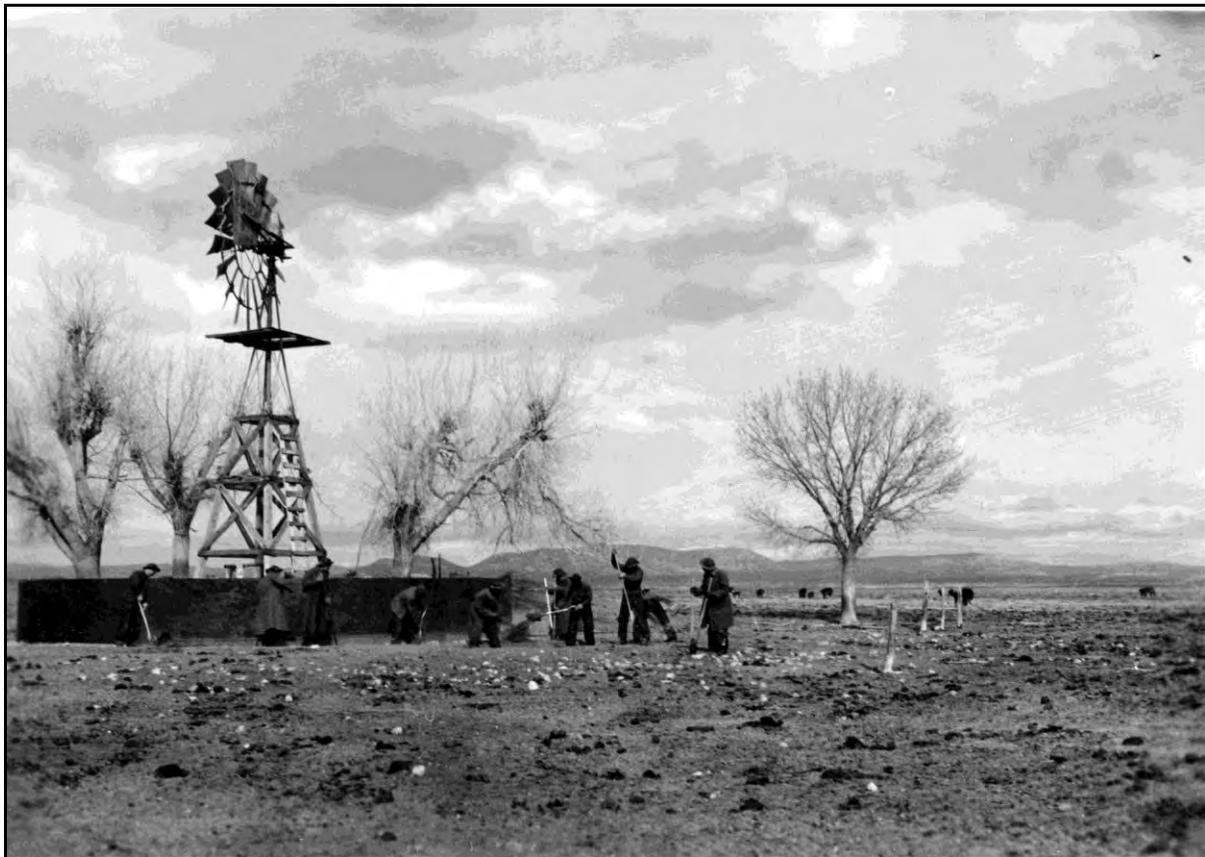


CCC corral construction, possibly Sanchez Well, about 1939.
Photo courtesy Museum of New Mexico Photo Archives, negative no. 147666

DF Well this is interesting to....really showin' the CCC buildin' the corrals and...I remember ,em using bob-tail trucks, just like that.



CCC Stock Driveway fence construction, about 1939.
Photo courtesy Museum of New Mexico Photo Archives, negative no. 147671



Work at CCC camp DG-42-N, about 1935 or ,36
Photo courtesy Museum of New Mexico Photo Archives, negative no. 147672



Hale Well, the last well before you get to Magdalena.
Photo courtesy Museum of New Mexico Photo Archives, negative no. 147678

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