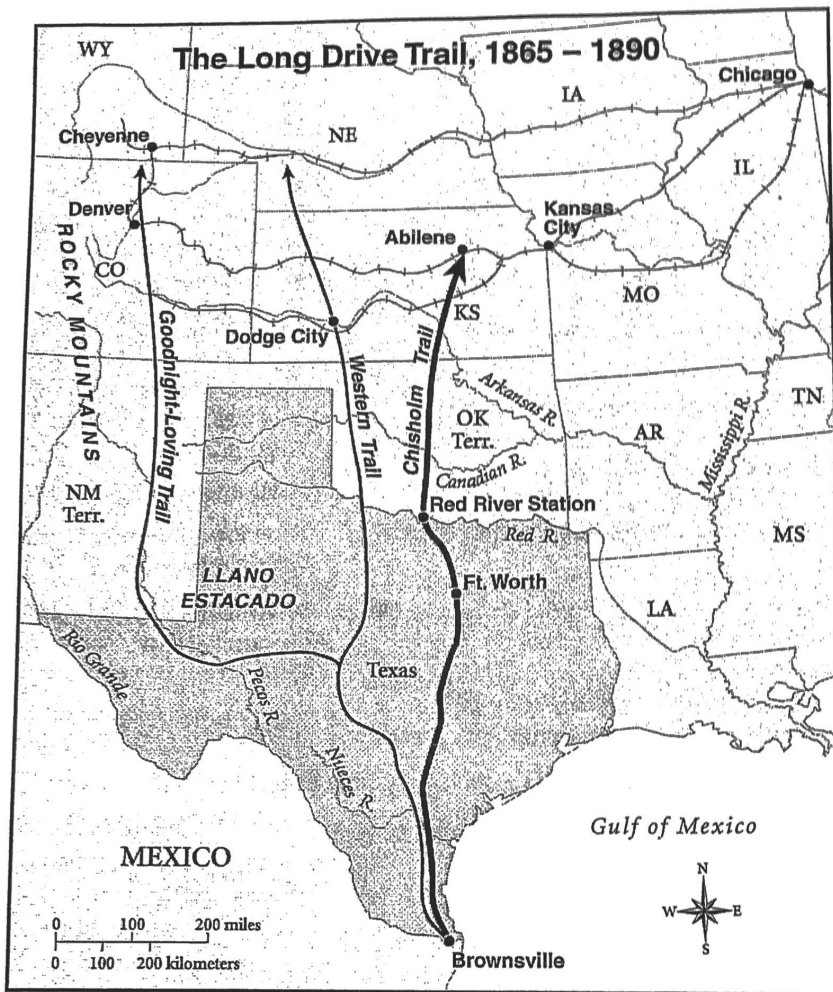


Source: Map created from various sources.



## Document B

Source: Chart compiled from various sources.

### Cowboys by the Numbers

Estimated number of cowboys in early 1870s	40,000
Approximate U.S. population in early 1870s	40,000,000
Number of cattle trailed north from Texas, 1867 to 1887	5,500,000
Average number of years a man worked as a cowboy	7
Fraction of cowboys who were Hispanic	1/9
Fraction of cowboys who were African-American	2/9
Typical monthly pay for a Texas cowboy on a long drive	\$30
Typical monthly pay for a Texas teacher in 1870s	\$40 - \$50
Price of a new Stetson hat in Abilene, Kansas	\$10
Number of cattle on typical long drive out of Texas	2,000
Average number of cowboys per long drive	10
Hours of night watch per night on long drive	2
Number of gallons of water drunk per steer, per day	30
Pounds of a weight loss by one steer in hot night stampede	50
Price per steer for range cattle in south Texas in 1870s	\$8
Average market price per steer at Kansas railhead in 1870s	\$30
Average cost per steer to drive cattle north	\$2.50

## Document C

Source: Baylis John Fletcher, *Up the Trail in '79*.

Note: Baylis Fletcher was born on July 4, 1859, and grew up in the ranch country around Lexington, Texas. He was 19 when he signed on to this cattle drive from the Corpus Christi area through Dodge City to Cheyenne, Wyoming.

We had collected about two thousand cattle and were ready to hit the trail. Before starting out on our long journey, however, we must road-brand our cattle. Our road brand was TL connected. To burn these letters on the sides of two thousand cattle, we must first drive them into the customary chute, or narrow lane, just wide enough for one cow to squeeze through and long enough to hold about twenty-five animals. After we had branded the imprisoned cattle by poking the red-hot branding iron through the fence of the chute, we cropped their tails as an additional mark ... that they were trail cattle....

The branding took two days of hard work.... Then ...we were ready to start north. .... On or about the first day of June [1879] we came in sight of the Red River Valley,

beyond which we could see the Indian Territory. The country ahead was then a wilderness, without a human habitation in view of the Chisholm Trail to the line of Kansas, nearly three hundred miles away by the meanderings of our route.

... We were not alone on the trail. The big drive northward was at its height, and that spring there were probably 500,000 cattle and horses moving up the ... trail from south Texas. Often [in northern Texas] we had been driven by angry men, with ferocious dogs, from tract to tract of grazing land, but ... the cattle got enough to live upon. The Indian Territory was the cow-puncher's paradise. Now we would have ... no more obstructing fences, but one grand expanse of free grass. It was a delightful situation to contemplate.



## Document E

Source: James H. Cook, *Longhorn Cowboy*, G. P. Putnam, 1942.

Note: James Cook was born in 1857 in Michigan. The son of a sailor, Cook left home when his mother died and, at age 15, soon found himself catching wild cattle in the thorny brush country in south Texas. Riding mostly with Indian and Mexican *vaqueros*, Cook took well to this dangerous work, known as brushpopping.

(T)he time had come for the drive to begin.... For months the cow catchers in their various camps had worked gathering cattle over a large area.... It was not an easy task to round up such a herd ... but with our large outfit of skilled riders, we soon had a herd of 2,500 thrown together....

During the first year I was on the trail, every river from the Red to the Arkansas was "big swimming." We were fortunate in having no serious accidents to our men while crossing swollen streams, but we lost a number of cattle and horses by drowning.

Bad thunder and hail storms added difficulty. At times we went for days with scarcely a wink of sleep because of winds and rain which made the cattle hard to control. In some places on the trail the ground was boggy from long spells of rain, and we had to ... snatch a little sleep as opportunity permitted. When three riders were free at a time, they would go a little distance from the cattle, dismount, and lie down in the form of a triangle, each man using his neighbor's ankles for a pillow to keep his head out of the mud and water.

... It was easy to drift into sleep, jogging around the herd. My method of combating sleepiness was to mix chewing tobacco with saliva and rub it on my eyelids.... Above all else in the mind of the cowboy ran the thought, "Stay with the cattle; hold the herd."

When weather was bad we scarcely had enough to eat. Buffalo chips, our only fuel on the prairie, would become so soaked with rain during days of storm that we could not get enough dry ones to make a little coffee, let alone bake bread.

Before clear days came we had an experience with a tornado which I wouldn't care to repeat. Arriving at the Canadian River in Indian Territory ... I seen such queer-looking clouds.... I was on herd with the horses. Everybody but the cook and me went with the cattle. We were as nearly ready as we could make ourselves for the oncoming storm when hailstones began to strike all about us.... The stones were hammering my head so fiercely that it seemed to be on fire....

Suddenly I came to a gulch fifteen feet deep.... I could neither turn my horse nor stop him. Over we went, with one hundred badly frightened horses at our heels.... Water was pouring down the little gulch where I lay. I had to get out of the way quickly or be drowned, for the water soon rose to seven or eight feet. I crawled to the top of the bank and drifted with the storm, the hailstones raising blood blisters on my face and hands.... Any minute I knew I could expect some huge hailstone to knock me senseless; if it did, I would drown in the icy lake at my feet. [I was] praying one minute for the Lord to save me, and wondering the next if my body would ever be found.