that country today.

Gene and Bill ran mainly stockers, and in that way operated in similar fashion to Bill's father. They would buy the calves in the area and keep them through to yearlings. The elder Green sent a lot of cattle to Kansas, and Bill and Gene did some of that as well.

"Information wasn't available like what it is now," Billy says, "so in some respects I think it was a lot easier to conduct business back then. However, my dad and Gene prided themselves on knowing things and knowing people. They had a network of people that they did business with all over the country."

As a young kid, Billy recalls traveling with his dad to their Panhandle ranch. His father always made the point to spend the day at the Amarillo auction on his way up so he could talk to people and find out what was going on. He also stopped in to have a chat with Boots Montgomery, an old cowboy who lived at Vega and who he greatly respected. His involvement with National Finance Credit Corporation also provided Green with many contacts.

"He was just privy to so much information," Billy says, "and up until the time that my dad died, Watt Matthews and others would call to ask his opinion about the market before they sold their calves."

Pickard and Green were a good fit, and the partnership lasted for many years. When they disbanded, Gene went on to become the head buyer in Texas for pioneer Nebraska cattle feeder Louis Dinklage.

After Bill's father died in 1950, the four Green children continued to operate the ranch as one unit. After a time they split it four ways, but Bill and his youngest brother, Bob, partnered and continued as Green Land and Cattle Co.

The brothers ran a cow-calf and yearling operation. Billy says his father was more of a yearling man while Bob preferred the cows. The yearling operation gave them more flexibility, which was particularly critical in times of drouth. For years the Greens bought calves out of the Southeast, Tennessee in particular.

"I spent my life doctoring yearlings. Boy, would they get sick," Billy recalls. "Timing is the most important thing — catching them early. They have a look in their eyes."

Billy says 1978 was one of the better years for Green Land and Cattle Co.

"My dad bought more yearlings that year than ever before. He leased a bunch of wheat fields in Jones County, and Lester Clark had about 50,000 acres in South Dakota," Green recalls. "It was a good winter, and then we carried a bunch of the lighter end up to South Dakota."

That same year his dad made a good deal on a set of cows he bought off Foy Proctor.

"Dad didn't like to keep heifers because it cost so much, and they ran out of cows at Spring Creek (their Panhandle ranch). It just so happened Midland was suffering through a bad drouth, and Foy Proctor sold everything with a steer calf and kept the cows with heifer calves to rebuild his herd. Pete Caviness had the deal, and he called Dad to see if he wanted in. Dad bought the cows and Pete took the steer calves."

As Billy recalls, his dad bought those cows for around $600 a head. The market took off that year, and they sold the calves off those cows weighing 700 pounds for $1 a pound.

"As Gene Pickard used to say, you make your money off how you buy the cattle."

Young Billy, the eldest of three, grew up in town in what was formerly his granddad's house.

"The fact that I really didn't grow up on the ranch really hurt my ranching education," Billy insists.

The first two years of high school were spent at St. Mark's in Dallas, but Green was a ranch kid at heart.

"I'd come home in the summers, and I was just getting so behind," Green says. "All my friends were roping and riding colts."

He convinced his parents to let him finish high school in Albany, and then he went on to Texas Tech University.

"I'm not a student. I was always one of those kids looking at the window," Green says. "All I ever thought about doing was coming home to the ranch."

He figures he inherited some of that from his dad, who he respected so.

"My dad was as good a cowboy as I was ever around. He told me he could have done a whole lot more with his life, but he just loved to cowboy, and I guess I got some of that."

Whenever the opportunity presented itself, Billy was with his father.

"I had a little Shetland pony that I rode, and he would go off and leave me, and I didn't really pick things up too well," claims Billy.

Rather than explain things to him, his father told him to watch Claude Riley and do what he did. The Riley men worked for the Greens for many years, and Bill had tremendous respect for Claude.

"My dad loved the way Claude worked cattle.

"In handling animals, Claude would do more with less," Billy says. "So many people try too hard. It's more about timing and thinking ahead and understanding how that cow is thinking. My dad was once asked how he could tell a good cowboy. His answer was 'The way you approach a cow.'"

Just before round-up his dad would get all the cowboys together, and before he told them where to go in the pasture, he would lecture them on how to approach a cow and how to start her on the drive.

When Billy came home to ranch fulltime, his dad put him in charge of the fencing crew. Billy understood it was part of the grooming process, and he vowed not to fight his dad but rather take the opportunities afforded him to learn from his father.

It wasn't long after Billy returned home that his dad and brother Bob decided to split the ranch. Bob took the home ranch and Bill took the South Ranch and Spring Creek in the Panhandle. Father and son continued to operate much as they always had, running cows and calves and yearlings, and when the opportunity presented itself, lots of yearlings.

In the late 1980s, however, both Billy and his father, who by then was beginning to fail due to heart trouble, were beginning to see that changes were coming. By then the formula came into play, and

many of the big feeders had special arrangements with various packers.

The consolidation throughout the industry, he says, has only continued to get worse, and Green fears that soon there will only be a few large feeders left in the country.

"Their margins can be paper thin, whereas for me to stay in business, I have to have a much larger margin."

In fact, the consolidation throughout the industry across all sectors is the biggest change that Billy has experienced in his ranching career.

"The rancher's slice of the pie has narrowed considerably," he insists. "At one time the rancher had 50 to 60 percent of that pie. That's no longer the case today. We've lost our stroke."

So for a time, like his dad, Billy ran more yearlings than cows, but over time he began cutting back on the stockers. In recent years he lost several leases, and so about three years ago he went strictly to cow-calf.

"I like cows," Billy says. "Plus, in this environment I'm happy not to be as complicated or as risky.

"A lot of the things I'm doing now no longer make much sense. I'm still trying to do it the way my dad taught me — the right way — but the right way may not be the right way anymore, because it's more labor-intensive; it's more feed-intensive; there are a lot of costs involved."

Today Green is focusing on raising the best cows possible. For him that means a cow that fits his country, but also one that will raise a calf that will be attractive to the feeder and the packer. He's trying to set himself apart by doing things differently than others. For example, he's raising a fall calf. It's not something new for the Green operation, though; they've been doing that since about the 1960s.

"I don't like a spring calf in this country because a lot of times in our hot summers, a cow will kick her calf off early. The calves just don't get as big, and lots of times they'll be pot bellied," Green says.

And thanks to the good, strong country typical of Shackelford County, Billy says he can raise a little larger cow than those who

operate in the drier parts of the state. His cows average on the upper side of 1200 pounds.

"I do have to feed a bit more, but these fall calves will be 100 to 200 pounds heavier than a spring calf in this area."

He puts his bulls out in December, and calves start coming sometime around the first of September.

"The ideal thing would be for a 1050-pound cow to raise a 700-pound calf," Billy adds. "I've seen that happen. When we were getting cattle out of Mississippi and Tennessee, some of those heifers would be bred, so we'd just keep them. They wouldn't make very big cows, but some of those cows would raise the best calves."

Admittedly, the Greens were running straight Herefords back then, so he attributes some of that imported performance to heterosis. Though he's shifted away from Herefords, he still has quite a lot of Hereford influence in his herd. He bought the older cows out of the Brite herd in the 1990s when Jim White at Marfa was going through a drouth.

He's been using nothing but Angus bulls from Wehrmann-Donnell since about 1996.

"Whatever progress I've made, I owe to them," he insists. "I don't buy the biggest bulls, but I buy one that has a lot of growth," he states. "Our cattle advanced a lot faster than I thought they would. Our cows are not as tall as they used to be; we've dropped a frame score or two, which I really like, but we've increased the length and we've increased the thickness. I like a bigger-boned, full-bodied cow."

The fall born calves typically go to market sometime around the middle of June. He's been selling into a hormone-free program for many years. The last several years the end point has been Cornerstone Cattle Company of McCook, Nebraska.

His calves are also all age and source verified. He started doing that long before there was even a program. It's a relatively easy process for him.

Each cow is identified with a numbered eartag; the tags are color-coded according to the age of the cow. In the fall when they work those calves, they're all tagged and mated to a number that

corresponds back to the mother.

He doesn't keep track of when every calf is born, but instead tracks the first and last calves born, and in that way he has the age of his calves narrowly defined. Finally, because he raises all his own replacements, the source part of the equation is not an issue.

"The age and source allows our beef to meet specifications for the overseas market, and it might get people's attention, but what they're really paying for is the quality," insists Green.

He sorts the steer calves and heifers and sells the steer calves right off the cow, as he found that weaning them takes too much room; it also backs those cattle up into the heat of the summer and they just don't do as well.

All the heifers are weaned, and he typically selects about half of them to keep over as replacements.

"The best way to select heifers is the way the old guys did it," Green says. "They would cut the heifer out with her mother and look at them together. My dad always said, 'Look at the cow before you buy the heifer.'

"I'm not able to do that anymore because of labor and the cost, and we don't have enough pastures to be able to cut them out. I'm trying to keep things as simple as possible and costs to a minimum," he reiterates.

Green has sold his calf crop to Cornerstone for the last several years, and he's been fortunate to get feeding performance and kill data back on his calves, which helps in the marketing as well.

Green says it's the Texas wintergrass, the dominant grass in the area, that makes Shackelford County good year-round cattle country.

"It's as good as wheat grazing in the creek bottoms," he insists. "Because of it, cattle actually do better here in the winter than they do in the summer."

The last three winters have been tough, however, with little to no moisture.

"Last year we had two inches in October, and then we didn't get another drop until the end of March," Green recalls. "We had a

good summer leading up to that October, but those rains came late summer and the grass grew so fast that it didn't mature out right, and then it turned off dry. That grass was about as worthless as I've ever seen. Consequently, I fed more last year than I've ever fed."

He's had great winter moisture this year, but the wintergrass has been a bit slow to come, given the colder temperatures he's had compared to the last several years. Consequently, he's been giving his first-calf heifers a little extra care.

"I feed more than I probably should, but I like to see them and I like to take care of them," Green says. "The grass is short, and this can be one of the most stressful times, just before the grass really comes," he adds. "They're chasing the green; it's like candy to them, but they're running off weight to do it."

Green understands that drouth is just part of most any cattle equation. For his grandfather the driest year was 1918; for his father there were a string of years in the 1950s. Billy was born in 1947, so he remembers the 50s drouth through the eyes of a young child.

"I thought everything was supposed to be dirt and bare ground. I'll never forget the shock when it finally started raining, and we started getting some grass and broomweeds."

He also recalls that after the drouth broke, his dad and Bob first brought in Mexican steers. He remembers it well because it was Christmas day, and early that morning his father came in to wake him to see if he wanted to go with him. They were unloading those steers at Baird off the train.

"My dad loved Mexicans because he loved to buy something that was thin — he called it good condition," Billy says. "He also loved their spirit, because the first thing they would do is get up and go to eating."

Both Bill and Bob were stewards of the land, and Billy learned from them the importance of caring for the range. His father never had a set in stone grazing program. He found that most of the grazing programs sounded good but didn't often work as well as the book said they would.

"We deal with what Mother Nature gives us," remarks Billy, "and it's not the same every year. That's why Dad always did it by the seat of his pants. He just understood it, and consequently he could

look out across a pasture and tell if he was overstocked."

In addition to his cattle business, Green started a horse program some years back. Starting a horse program on the ranch was something he had always hoped one day to do.

"My dad loved horses, but he never registered a horse; horses were a tool. We had seven or eight mares and a one-eyed Waggoner stud," Billy recalls. "I noticed that my dad and Bob always kept the colts out of this one particular mare; they sold everything else. She was by far the best we had, and she was just a brood mare."

In starting out, Green turned to Jack Pate and Jim Trammell, an old cutting horse man from back in the 1950s who owned Trammell Bit Co.

"What the cowboys respected the most was a good horse. When they would get together, all they would talk about were their horses. And they respected Jim Trammell, so I went to Jim and asked him to teach me how to start a colt. He taught me how to use my head and get the upper advantage and go step by step instead of just barging in.

"There was one other thing he told me that backed up what I had seen growing up. He said that having a good brood mare was the most valuable thing in any horse program."

In the early 1980s Green took some of his horses to a ranch cutting at Seymour, and he noticed a particular yellow stud that a Sixes cowboy was riding. That stud won everything, so he offered the cowboy $3000 cash. He took it.

"That stud was by far the best horse I'd ever been on, so I decided to try to find his mother."

He tracked the mare through the Quarterhorse Association to a farmer in Borger. He got the mare bought, brought her home and bred her to a Doc Bar stud.

"I paid $750 to get her bred; that just horrified my dad," Billy recalls.

It paid off in the end, because the first filly he got out of that mare was several times better yet than what he had before. Eventually he took her to a trainer, which he says again horrified his dad, but that mare won quite a bit of money in various cutting events.

In fact, she won the amateur cutting in Fort Worth in 1992.

"That old mare just kept having good ones," Billy says.

He had another stud out of her and six daughters. He still has all six of those daughters.

As with cattle, Green believes in raising a strong, good-boned horse.

"These cutting horses now are little biddy thin-boned things; they think they can move freer that way, but we couldn't use a horse like that; they'd be crippled all the time."

Some years ago Green bought a ranch that Gene Pickard owned; it was one of the places that his dad and Pickard leased back in their heyday. When he and his siblings split the family ranch, his sister took the ranch in the Panhandle and Billy and his brother partner on what was once the South Green and the Brazell Ranch. The Brazell Ranch was part of the country that his dad and Bob bought after some of the original family ranch was taken when Hubbard Lake was built.

Today W.H. Green Cattle Co. operates strictly in Shackelford County. He brands a simple "J" without the cross at the top on the left hip; it's a brand that he more or less inherited from his grandfather, and one he likes because it doesn't blotch.

All of his uncles are gone now; his uncle Bob, who Billy was particularly close to, died in December. He spent a lot of time with Bob during his formative years, and from him learned a lot about the cow business. In addition to his father and Bob, he had high regard for Gene Pickard, Bob Meeks, Buster Welch and Junior Hayes. Hayes was Foy Proctor's Panhandle ranch foreman.

From his grandmother he learned about integrity, and his work ethic naturally came from his father.

Billy and his wife, Liz, have two children, Henry and Laura. Both live in the Fort Worth area. Like his father, Henry, runs cattle on top of holding down a job in the oil and gas business.

"He's running yearlings and some cows, but he's more like my dad. He really likes the yearling deal."

Green says drouth coupled with a lousy economy have made

the last three years, especially last year, the toughest of his career. He says it's hard these days, in some respects, to stay positive, but hands down, if he had to do it again, he wouldn't change a thing.

"The best years of my life were when I was working with my dad. I miss those days terribly," Billy says. "One thing I have learned, though, is there is a time for everything and things change. Our industry has changed dramatically."

Can the cow-calf man regain his stroke? Given where cow numbers are today and the potential in the world market, Billy Green sure hopes so.

"For now I'm just trying to survive."

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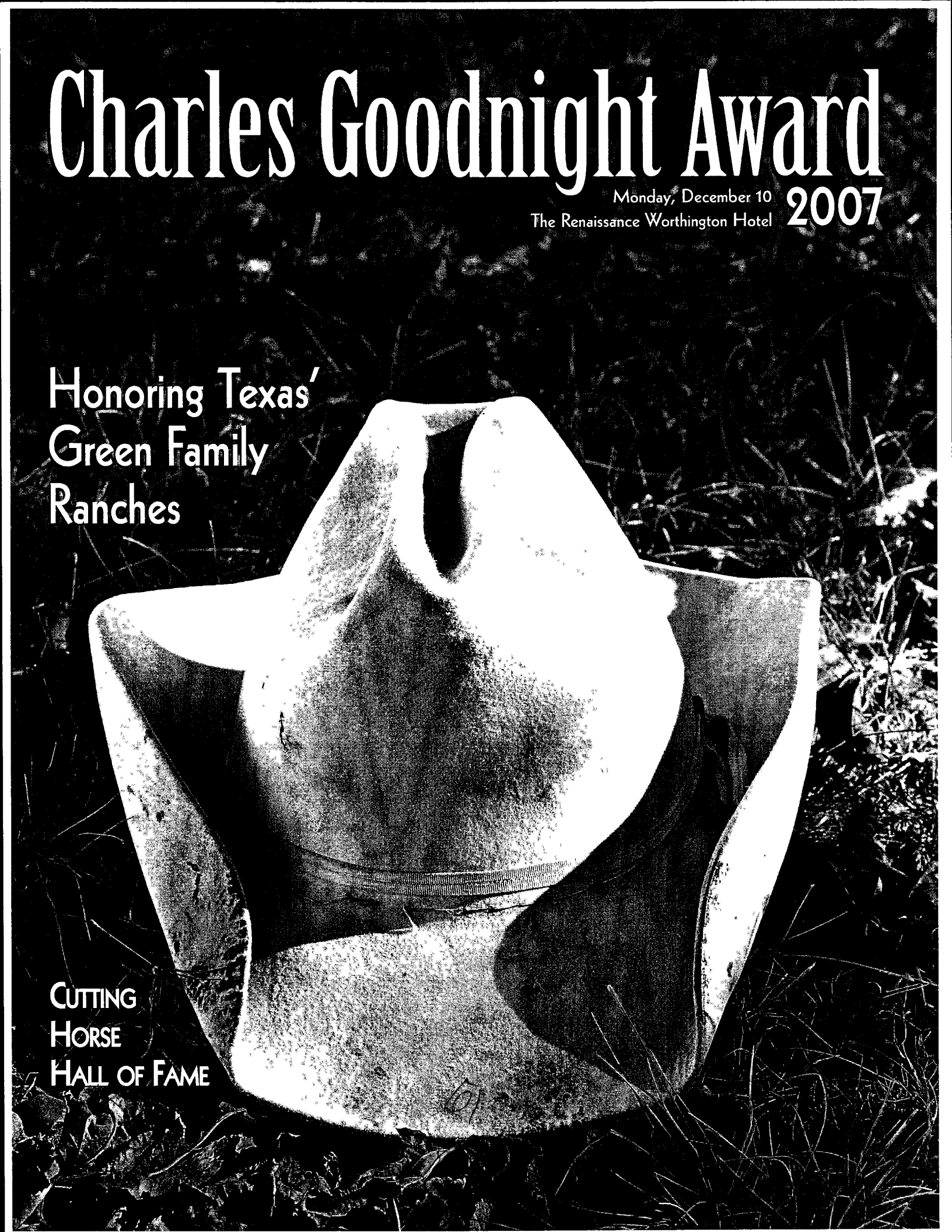
EXHIBIT 3

Charles Goodnight Award

Monday, December 10
The Renaissance Worthington Hotel
2007

Honoring Texas' Green Family Ranches

Cutting Horse Hall of Fame



Green family embodies Texas' ranching heritage

There were giants in the earth in those days… and also after that … mighty men which were of old, men of renown.

Genesis 6: 1–4; King James Version

BY MICHAEL H. PRICE ✍ PHOTOS BY CAROLYN CRUZ

The ancient screed involving "giants in the earth" has been subjected to innumerable modern-times interpretations. Some will invoke the words in an attempt to reconcile the science of prehistoric phenomena, the vanished dinosaurs in particular, with Scriptural writ. Others might seek literalized explanations of ogres and other such mythological titans.

For many of us, however, the simple readings work best: *They [illegible] making folks like that any longer*. The Plains-bred balladeer Greg Jackson states the case more poetically: "Those hills of [illegible] a tougher breed than what we've now become."

The accompanying phrase about "mighty men of old" reinforces [illegible] and such recognition of "giants in the earth" [illegible] work of heritage-savvy artists and historians [illegible] songwriter Steven Fromholz and the rancher-[illegible]

[illegible] those giants have trod the earth of Texas. Haley, as the [illegible] biographer of the pioneering cattleman Charles [illegible] emphasizing the Old World [illegible] rope-riders of the [illegible] Fromholz [illegible]

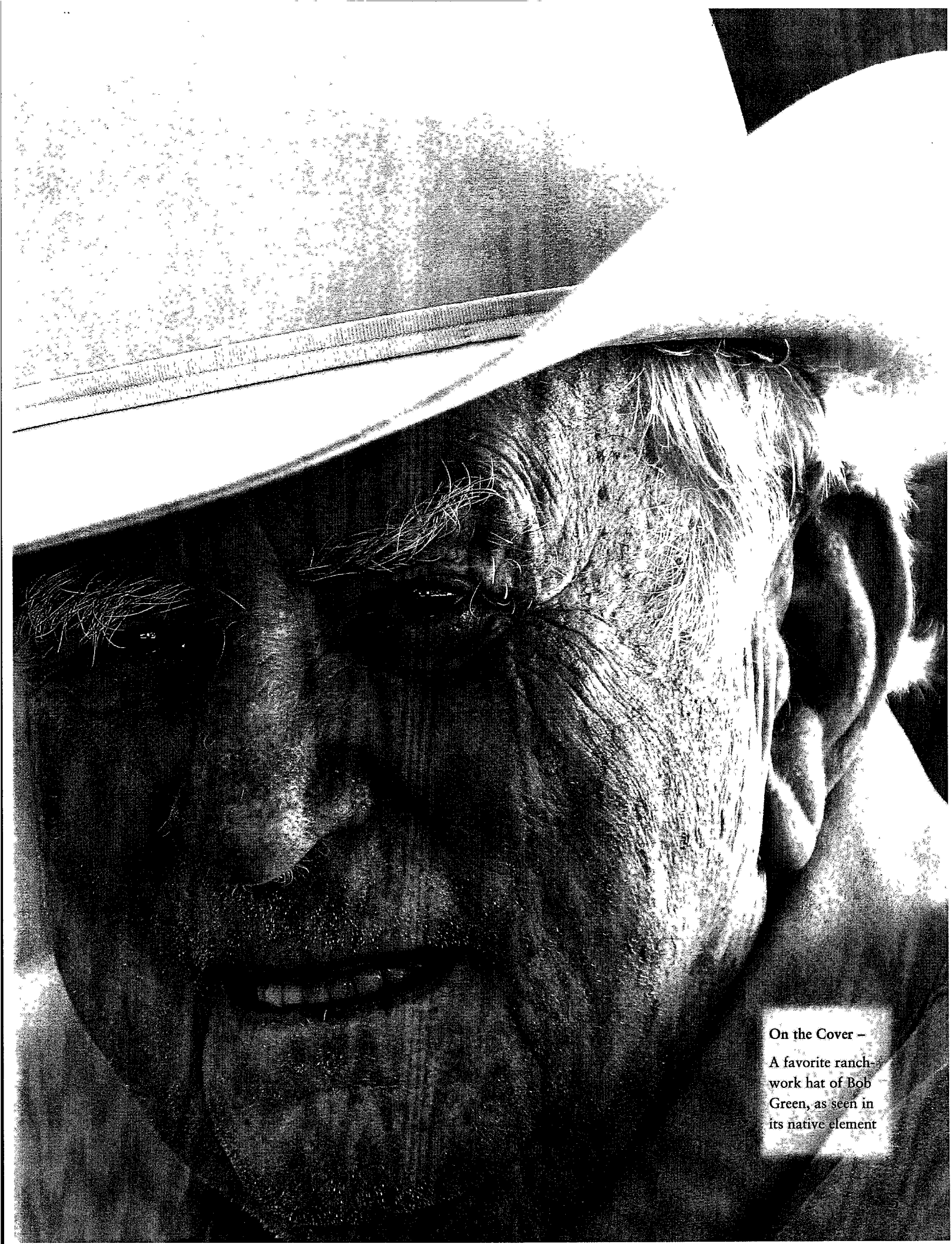
[illegible]

The distinction between rancher and trail-toughened cowhand runs narrow, indeed, in Fromholz' famous verse. And the likeness prevails as strikingly in the popular image of Col. Goodnight — the *padrón* as hard-working 'puncher — as it does in the career of James Robert "Bob" Green, who represents his Albany, Texas-based family in acceptance of the Charles Goodnight Award for 2007. The gala event accompanying the Goodnight ceremonies in Fort Worth serves to benefit such institutions as a scholarship fund of Texas Christian University's Ranch Management Program, the National Cowgirl Museum & Hall of Fame and the Cattle Raisers Museum.

The honor recognizes the Greens of Hubbard Creek and points beyond. The Texas lineage dates from the arrival of the brothers James and Thomas Green from Tennessee, during the 1830s, and their gradual settling around Lampasas, followed by Thomas' eventual move, with a son named Ezekiel, into Hill County. Confederate military service for a next generation's Thomas Henry Green — Ezekiel's oldest son, and Bob Green's grandfather — entitled the family to a patch of land in Jones County.

The nearer beginnings

And Thomas Henry Green became in 1868 the father of William Henry Green, who in turn would become the father of present-[illegible]



On the Cover –

A favorite ranch-work hat of Bob Green, as seen in its native element

William Henry's diploma, inscribed in Latin upon sheepskin, today adorns the ranch-house near Albany, a centerpiece of Bob Green's imposing collection of artifacts and books of history and territorial culture.

All these *begats* and *begots* lead to a defining moment. "In 1886, with only a single $20 gold piece in his pocket," as the farm-and-ranch journalist Colleen Schreiber writes in a recent issue of the trade journal *Livestock Weekly*, "William Henry Green began to put together a ranching operation in Stephens and Shackelford counties along the banks of Hubbard Creek. By the time of his death in 1950, he and his four children were operating on about 150,000 acres in six Texas counties."

That $20 gold coin — still in the family — represents a challenge posed to William Henry by his father, Thomas Henry Green. The father's open-range horse-raising business, descended from his duties with the Confederate Army, had run afoul of a land-buying rush that, by the late 1880s, had resulted in rampant fencing.

Now, to an open-range businessman such as Thomas Henry Green, fences represented an end to a productive way of life. He sent William Henry to Hubbard Creek to sell the horses — not reckoning that his son would become enchanted with the land itself, with its clean-flowing waters and its grassy and fertile bottoms assuring well-fattened herds.

From the ordered sale of his father's horses, William Henry had collected enough money to contemplate a lease. But Col. T.S. Graham, whose land-company sales had provoked the outbreak of fencing, had no such interest.

"'Young man, you're wasting your time and my time,'" Bob Green quotes Col. Graham in an often-told family-tradition story. "'We don't *lease* land — we *sell* land.'

"So ol' Col. Graham, now, he's about to cut off the conversation with a that's-all-she-wrote," continues Bob Green, "when my Dad, William Henry, he hauls off and says, 'Well, sir, reckon if I were you, I'd rather have a good responsible tenant to look after those rich bottom-lands, than to have 'em trampled and grazed down to nothing by all those wandering herds of sheep, without any fees paid.'

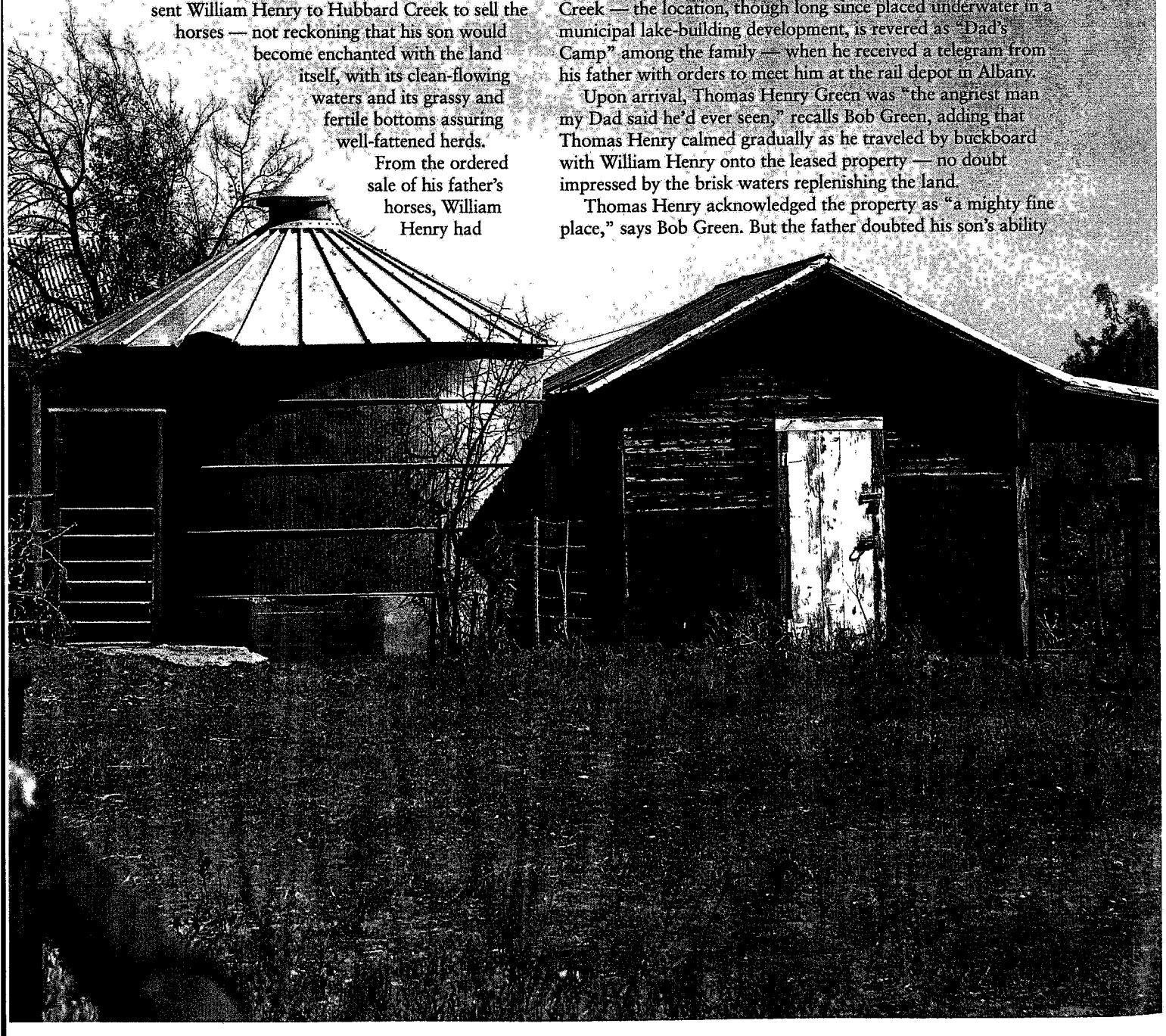
"Ol' Man Graham, now, he turns on his heel and asks, 'What sheep?'

"My Dad showed him, then, on a map, where the sheep were ranging. Col. Graham gave his beard a tug and informed my Dad that he could have a lease — *if* he could keep those sheep away."

William Henry had established a campsite alongside Hubbard Creek — the location, though long since placed underwater in a municipal lake-building development, is revered as "Dad's Camp" among the family — when he received a telegram from his father with orders to meet him at the rail depot in Albany.

Upon arrival, Thomas Henry Green was "the angriest man my Dad said he'd ever seen," recalls Bob Green, adding that Thomas Henry calmed gradually as he traveled by buckboard with William Henry onto the leased property — no doubt impressed by the brisk waters replenishing the land.

Thomas Henry acknowledged the property as "a mighty fine place," says Bob Green. But the father doubted his son's ability



to stock the land. William Henry had yet to establish bank credit, and already he had tied his father's horse-sale money to a lease.

"So my Dad negotiated a deal," adds Bob Green. "He talked his father into letting him buy cattle on his, I mean, Thomas Henry's, credit. In return, my Dad allowed that if he couldn't make a go of it within a year's time, he'd come home and go right back to work in the [family's] furniture store, there in Hill County. Dad had tried that job for a while, after college, and he had found it suited him not in the least."

And here, the story of the $20 gold piece comes full-circle: "His father reached into a pocket and produced two $20 coins ... told my Dad to take one of 'em, with instructions to hold onto it — and use it to come on back home if his ranching ambitions didn't pan out.

"And y'know," adds Bob Green, "Dad never *did* spend that gold piece. Never needed to, and never *wanted* to, because he never was a spending man. Which is why we still have that coin in the family. My Dad had many sayings, and one of 'em was this: 'Nothing is a bargain if you don't really need it.' That thought has governed a whole lot of our thinking as we've kept the ranch operating, all along."

Rancher-in-residence

At 83, now, Bob Green remains a working rancher-in-residence. He and his wife of 59 years, Nancy, maintain a house in town but seldom make extended visits there because, as Bob explains, "I rest easier, out here on the land." He credits the city-bred Mrs. Green with having "brought order and added a new and better standard of living" to the countryside locale with her practical and conservative nature.

The children of Bob and Nancy Green include James Robert Green Jr., an attorney with Walsh Oil Interests in Fort Worth; Nancy Katherine Green Hargrove, of Shreveport; and Mariana Green, of Houston. The grandchildren of Bob and Nancy number six.

Among other next-generation descendants, one son of Bob's brother Bill, W.H. "Billy" Green III, works a neighboring Albany-area property as a horse raiser. And Billy's sister, Madge Green Henry, ranches near Archer City, Texas. Their brother John Banton Green is a counselor in Arlington.

The children of Bob's brother Tom — Tom Henry Green and Lucy Green McGowan — are farmers and ranchers in the Panhandle near Vega.

And brothers Johnny, Jimmy and Henry Musselman — sons of Bob's sister, Mary Anna Green Musselman — own and operate ranches in the Albany area. Henry Musselman is a key figure in the annual Polo on the Prairie fund-raising event for M.D. Anderson Cancer Center.

Bob Green, having survived siblings Bill (1918-1994), Tom (1919-2007) and Mary Anna (1922-1973), has gained a redoubled appreciation of the family's centuried dedication to the land as a presence that at once tests and nurtures the human spirit.

"It took us kids just a little while, there, after Dad died in 1950, to learn how smart and practical he had been at running a cattle operation," says Bob. "Dad knew how to deal with the ups and downs of the market. Our first deal without Dad in charge cost us a bundle but gained us a lesson in caution.

"And Dad believed in working his herds gently. That's why the Green name has always had a reputation for gentle cattle, and for never over-working the land but always holding a pasture in reserve and never grazing to excess. Dad characterized those who allowed over-grazing as 'enemies of the grass.'

"Our breed of ranchers — guess you could say we were the first environmentalists."

The glamorized popular image of the rip-snorting cowboy life never figured in William Henry Green's operations. He supervised operations in person, on horseback.

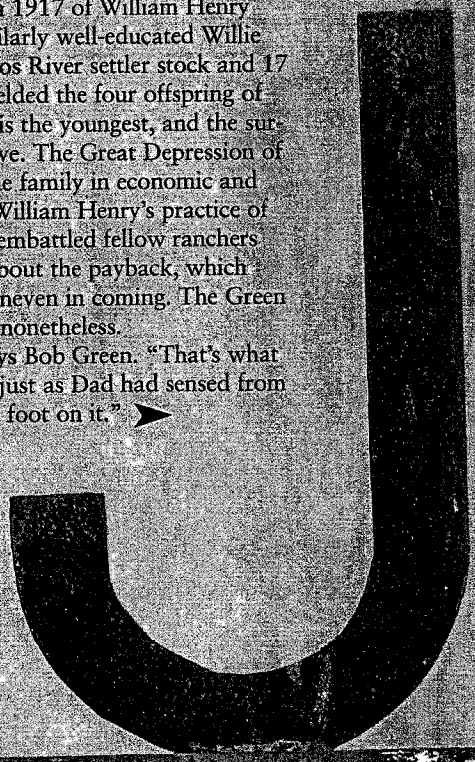
"Work the land easy," says Bob Green. "Work the stock easy. Dad never allowed any wild cowboying, no wild roping. Dad always said, 'Better to have a live one in the pasture than a dead one in the corral,' and he cautioned us kids against using a rope — not that we kids wouldn't sneak around with ropes in hand. No, Dad's aim was to raise *gentle* cattle, which he rightly believed would make us more and better money."

The growth of William Henry Green's enterprise appears to have stemmed from a combination of formal education and innate horse-and-cow sense. His gradual establishment of a line of credit enabled him to turn the original lease into a purchase, and his generous dealings with homesteaders during tough economic times gave him the opportunity, in turn, to buy out those neighbors who at length would tire of the hardscrabble life.

The Green ranches' home base near Albany branched out steadily into the 1930s — including the Rockwell, Poindexter and Moberly ranches and portions of the Landergin Ranch in the Western Panhandle of Texas. Having begun his enterprise well after the day of the mighty trail drives, William Henry Green managed his cattle shipments by railroad and truck, dealing primarily with the Fort Worth Stockyards.

The marriage in 1917 of William Henry Green and the similarly well-educated Willie Weaver, from Brazos River settler stock and 17 years his junior, yielded the four offspring of whom Bob Green is the youngest, and the surviving representative. The Great Depression of the 1930s taxed the family in economic and emotional terms. William Henry's practice of lending money to embattled fellow ranchers left him worried about the payback, which proved long and uneven in coming. The Green Ranches endured, nonetheless.

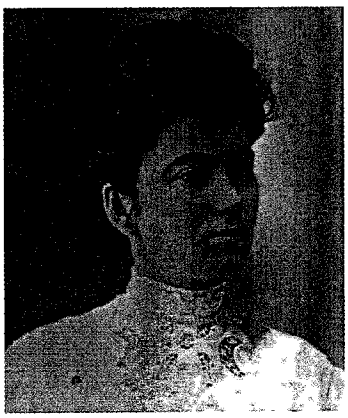
"The land," says Bob Green. "That's what keeps us going — just as Dad had sensed from the moment he set foot on it."



The flooding

The forced sacrifice of much of that land began in 1957 with a campaign by the City of Abilene to attract an Air Force base. The requirement, as such, of a more reliable water supply led to an engineering survey that identified much of the Greens' ranchlands, including the stock-fattening grassy bottoms of Hubbard Creek, as the ideal site for a lake. A citizens' coalition of Abilene, Albany, Anson and Breckenridge put the building of a lake to a favorable popular vote, and a water-district taxing entity came into being.

William Henry Green



Willie Weaver Green

The Green family, already pinched by an eight-year drought that had only recently begun to lift, enlisted legal counsel that bargained to retain grazing rights to the water's edge and hunting-lease rights for the long term. Only in recent years, however, have the Greens begun to lease hunting rights.

A bureaucratic mistake in identifying the water district had provided the bargaining leverage — without which, as Bob Green explains, "they'd've just fenced us out of the lake area, entirely."

The development of Hubbard Creek Lake as a wide-ranging municipal water source cost the Greens some 6,000 of the home-base ranch's 23,000 acres, in addition to several thousand leased acres. The loss to history and science is immeasurable, given the flooding of lands laden with prehistoric tribal remains — the nomadic Indians admired the region for its mild, green winters — and botanical and biological specimens. Such natural-history bearings range far beyond the creek's comparatively more recent historic worth as the starting-point of a wide-ranging ranching enterprise.

The Greens salvaged the 1892 ranch-house, birthplace of Bob and his brothers and sister, and moved it intact to higher ground. The house remains in use. The loss of bottom-lands property was leavened somewhat by money received in partial recompense, which enabled acquisition of additional Panhandle-Plains properties. These, in turn, were used to equalize division of the ranches among the children of William Henry and Willie Green.

Memorable times

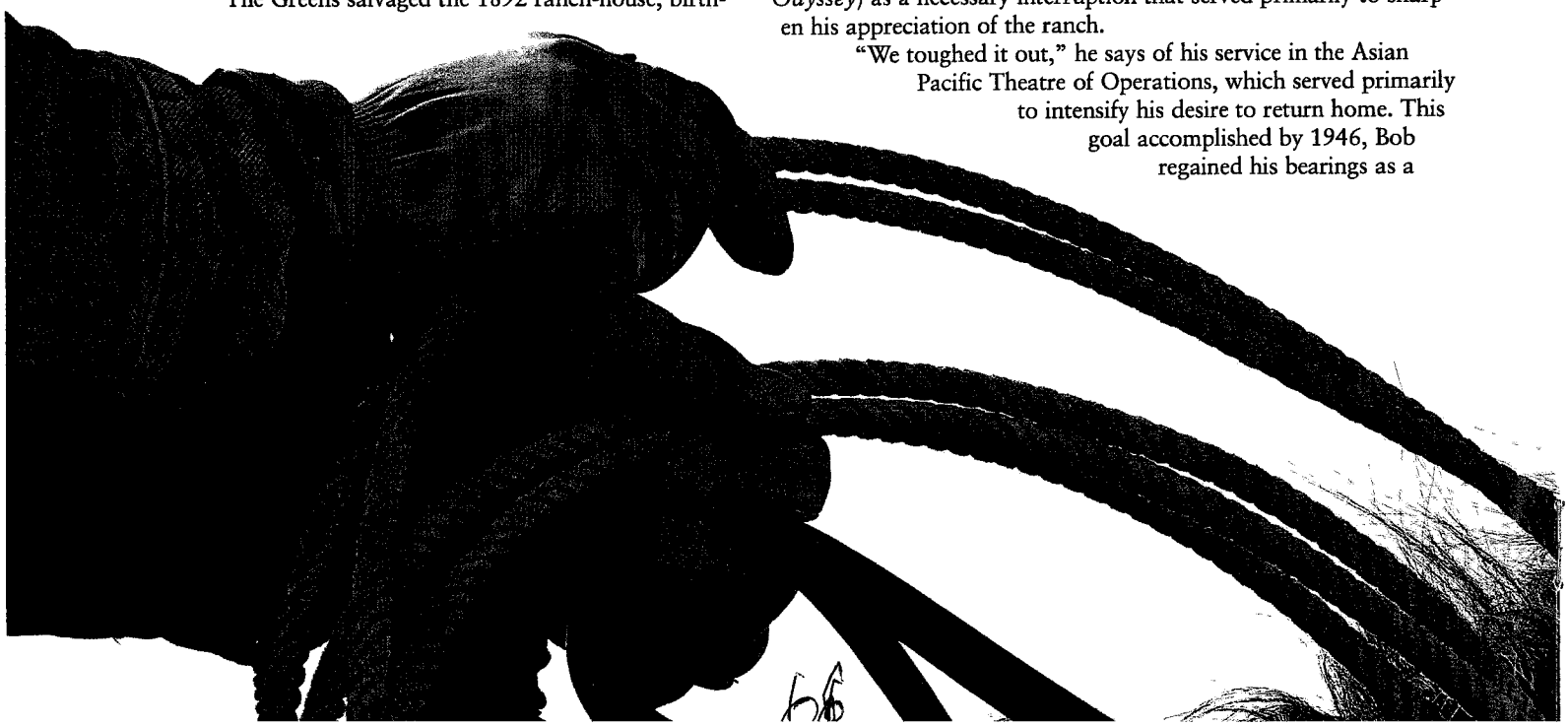
"Nowhere on this land," avers Bob Green, "is there a place I can't associate with a memorable happening."

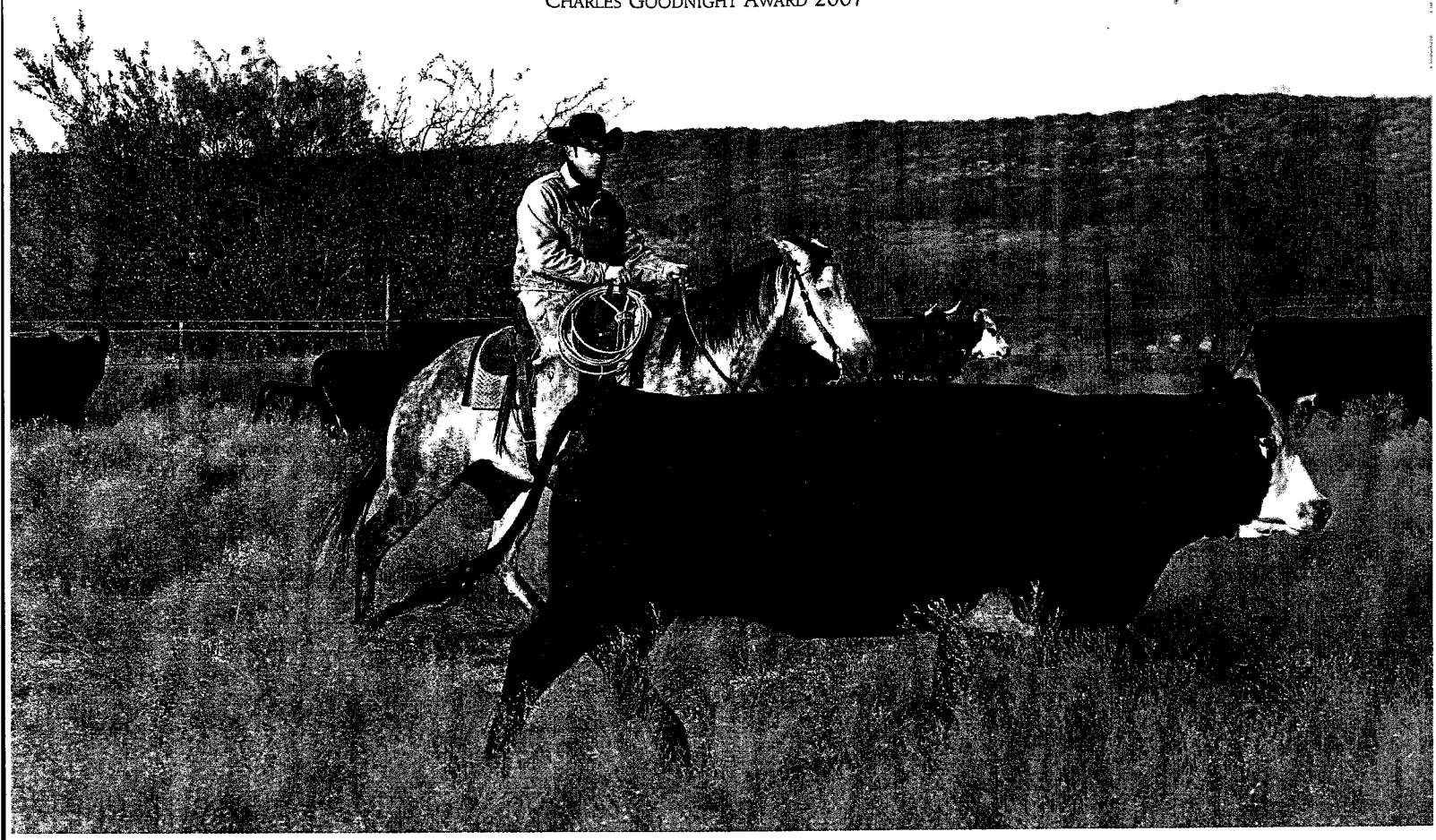
He associates the land with wildlife, recalling sister Mary Anna's adoption of an orphaned litter of coyotes and brother Tom's rescue, at the Panhandle-area property, of innumerable squirrels that had been marked for destruction by the City of Amarillo. The Albany-area spread teems with whitetail deer, seemingly tolerant if not fearless of the human presence on land that remains generally as wild as it had been during the last two centuries. Quail and wild turkeys keep a lower profile. Wild hogs range freely, each drove captained by a savage old boar. Bob Green has emphasized the development of undisturbed brush as cover, encouraging a greater population of wildlife than that of his father's day.

Oil-exploration leasing and activity has been minimal. Only an independent family-settlement ranch, as opposed to a corporate ranching enterprise, would allow the land to remain so near its natural state.

Bob Green recalls his tour of uniformed duty in World War II (see the accompanying review of his combat memoir, *Okinawa Odyssey*) as a necessary interruption that served primarily to sharpen his appreciation of the ranch.

"We toughed it out," he says of his service in the Asian Pacific Theatre of Operations, which served primarily to intensify his desire to return home. This goal accomplished by 1946, Bob regained his bearings as a





working ranchman, married and began raising a family while concentrating on a cattle-buying partnership with his brother Bill.

The brothers were among the American ranchers dealing in Mexican-bred steers during the 1960s. Among the domestic U.S. breeds, the Greens' cow herds long consisted primarily of Herefords, with productive crossbreeding over the long term with Charolais, Beefmaster and Angus bulls. Today, the cow herds are uniformly black.

Apart from the struggles of the 1950s, with an extended drought and the imposition of Hubbard Creek Lake upon the heart of the land, Bob Green recalls the 1970s as his most difficult cattle-marketing years. Times more recent have seen a rewarding rise in the market price for calves, with a return as high as $1.40 a pound.

"But times change, and not necessarily for the better," Bob says. "Many ranchers don't work their own land any longer, leasing instead from large, city-based bank trust departments or from nonresident owners. For the most part, the land fares better when it has that immediate presence of the people responsible for it. We're usually running, oh, 700 cows and 700 to 1,000 yearlings, now, on the old home place.

"We 'keep our hands on the plow,' to use one of my Dad's favorite expressions," he adds. "People who lived on their land — lived *with* their land — took better care of it, and they took better care of one another, I believe.

"Now, Dad had seen to it that we kids should be prepared for careers, for lives of our own, outside the ranch," Bob continues, "even though he also had set things up so that it would be a natural progression for us all to stay involved. And none of us ever gave a thought to leaving. Four kids, four principal ranches, as things leveled out after the situation with Hubbard Lake had settled — plus numerous other leased ranches in six counties."

Acknowledging the sprawl of citified civilization as an encroaching force, Green adds: "More and more, I understand how the old-time Comanches must have felt when they found themselves being run out of their own country — the way things are pressing upon our ranching society today. The division of much of the region into fashionable 'ranchettes' is such a sign. There's less and less of the mutual-aid attitude, with its strong foundation in early Christian thinking, and yet the teachings of our 19th century forebears still trickle down to us if we're willing to heed them.

"That generation still speaks to us. My mother — she was a schoolteacher, y'know — now, she left a memoir advising that we take pride in our ancestors and their understanding that it is necessary to maintain a nurturing home, to take care of that strong basis they gave us from which to grow.

"No system other than Christianity sets forth any better boundaries within which to live your life — working *in* nature, *with* nature, and finding your beliefs strengthened in the knowledge that nature is a creation of some intelligence higher than human thought can comprehend.

"And the pitilessness of nature fosters, in the *human* spirit, a strength and an honesty that the old-time cattle people practiced as a basic way of life. Those folks really appreciated the land that sustained them. And they dealt honestly with themselves, and with one another, in ways that made them stronger than what we as a people have become today. When I was growing up here, there wasn't a locked gate in the country.

"And this is why it's important to remember, and to pass along, the stories of the early times," Green explains. "And that is why it's important — for as many of us as can do so — to pursue a life as close to the earth and in tune with nature as we can manage."

Contact Price at mprice@bizpress.net

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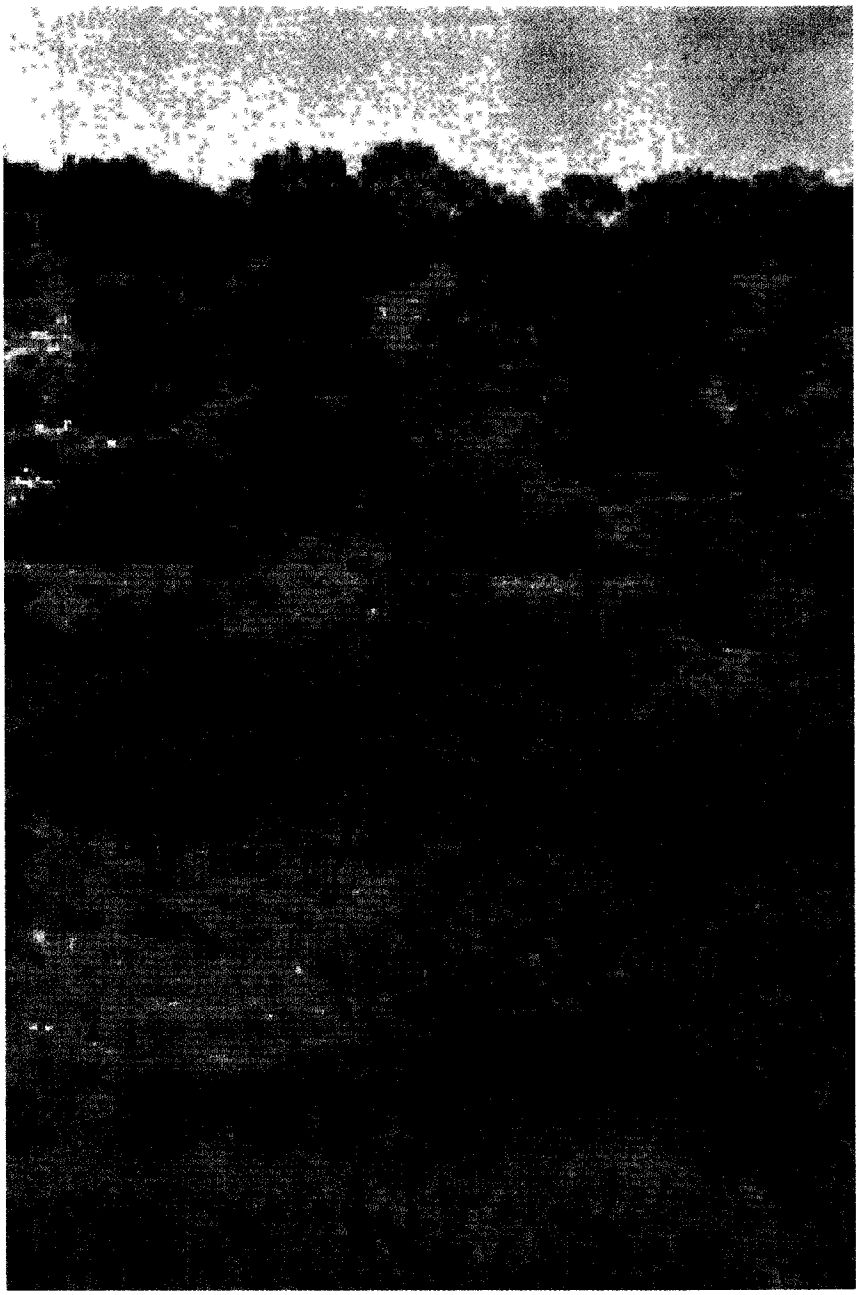
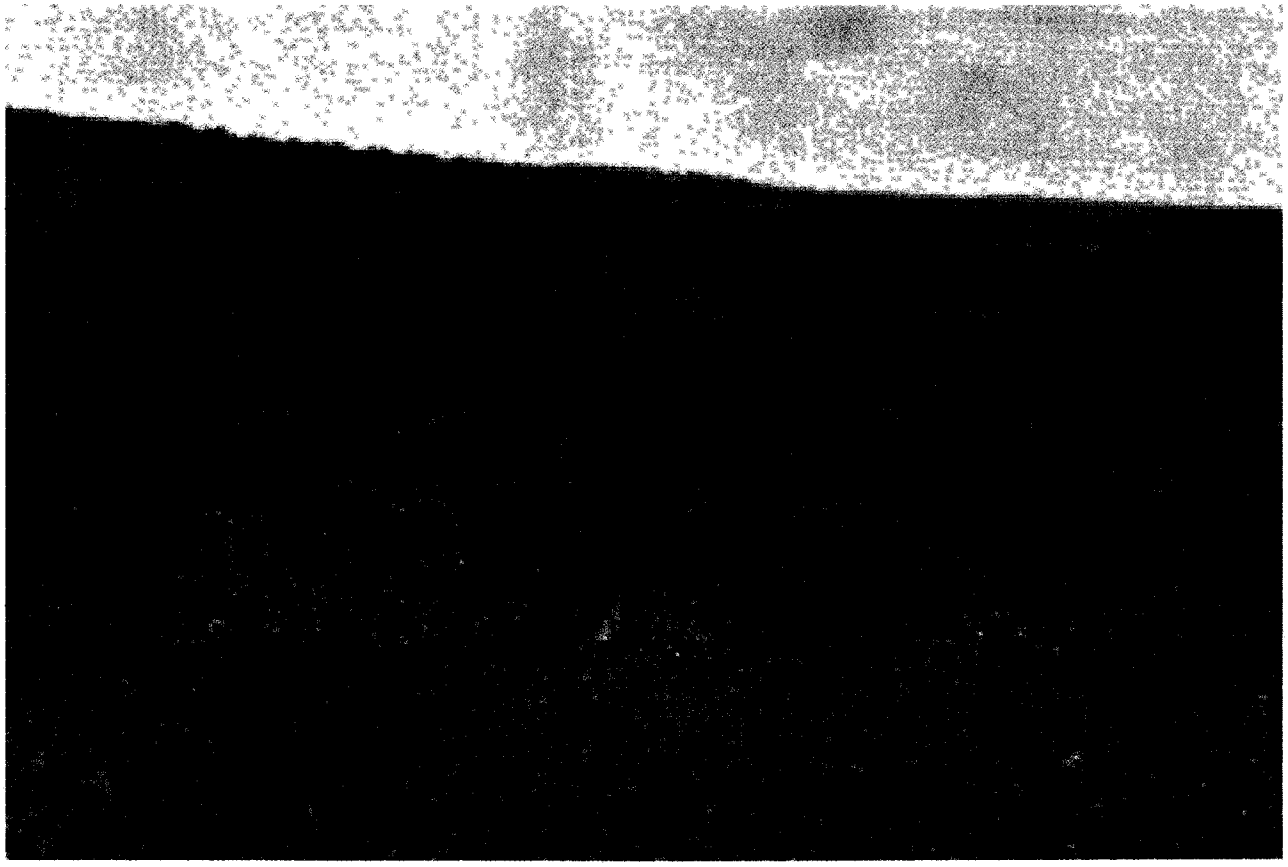
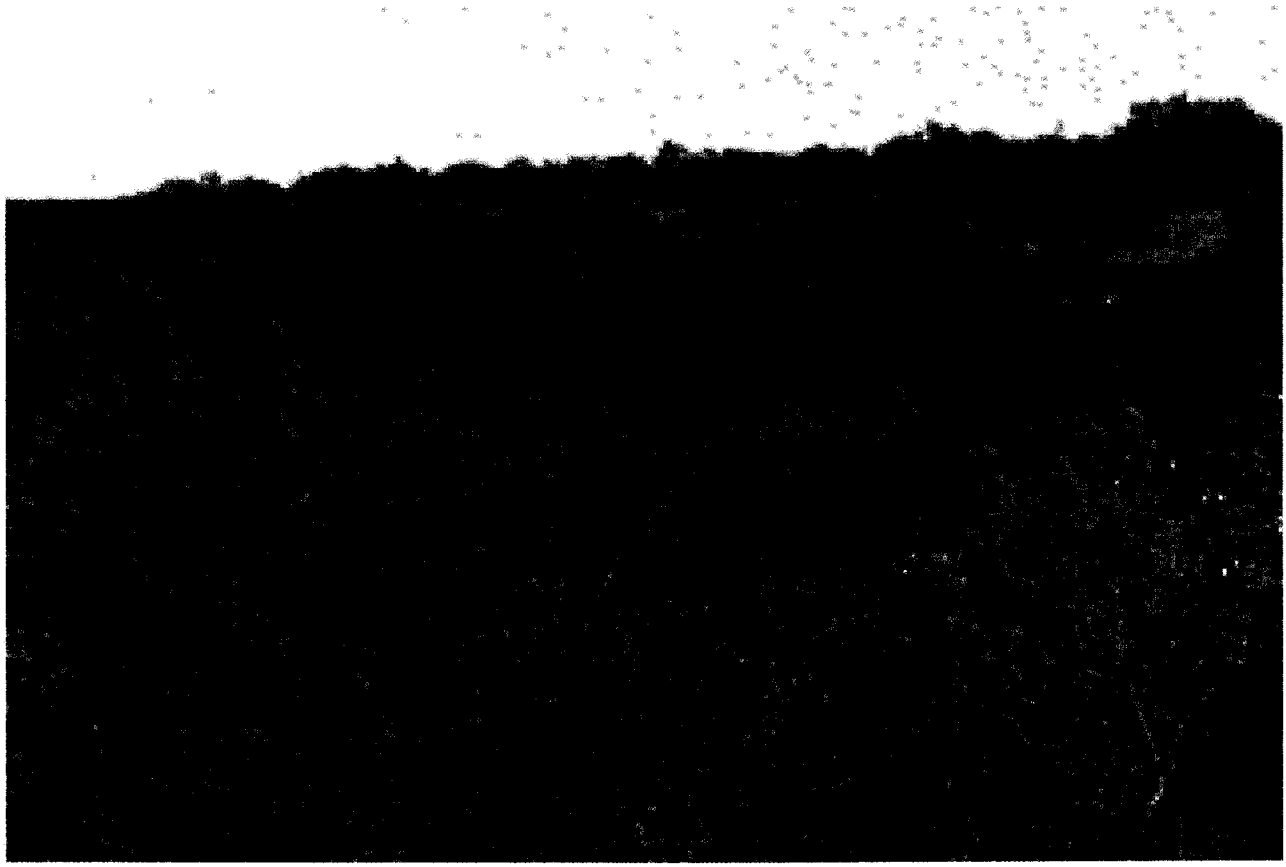
EXHIBIT 4







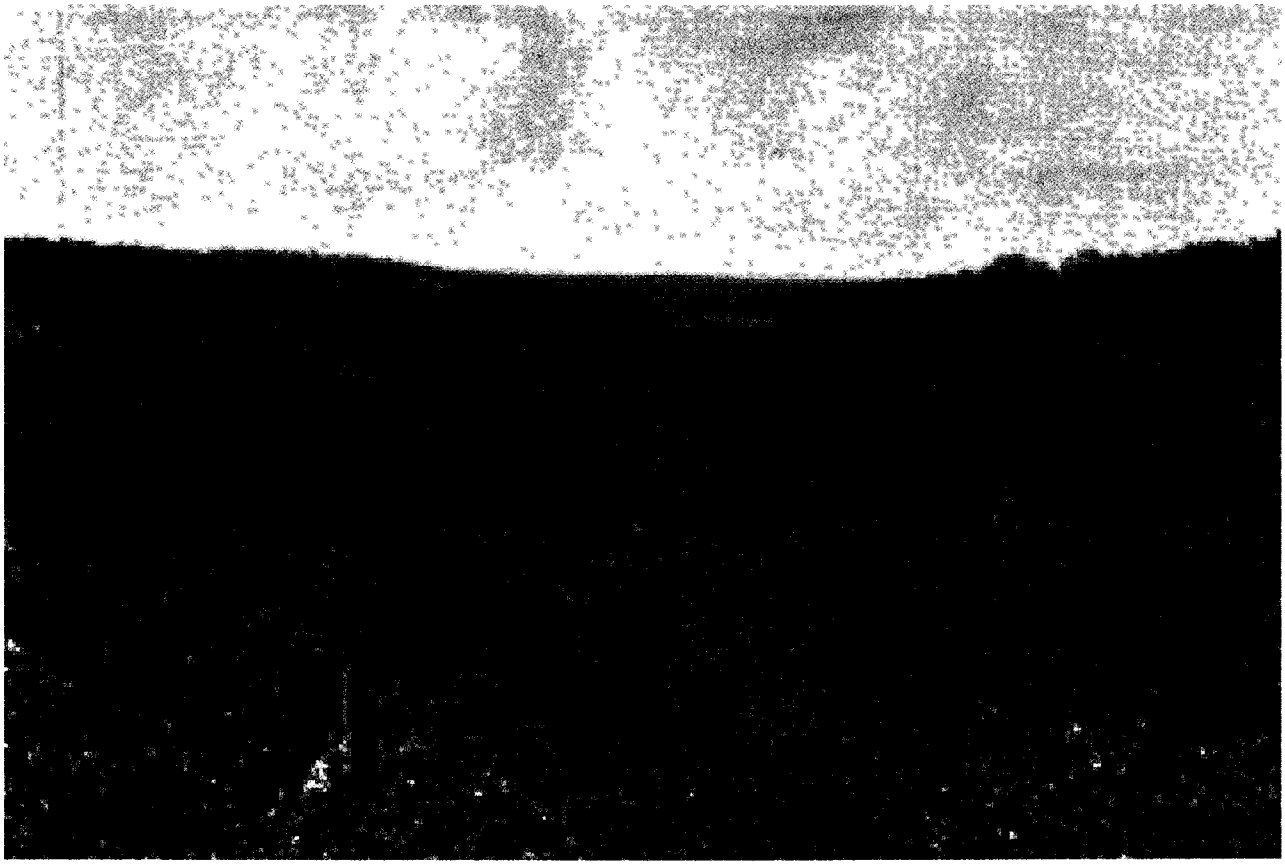


EXHIBIT 5