



Here, now, is the country where formerly the long-horned Texas steer roamed in countless thousands but is replaced by thoroughbred cattle, Herefords in particular. Gone are the days when red shirted drivers cracked their long whips over powerful six-horse teams, and when drivers, guards and passengers traveled in constant danger from desperate "road agents" as the highwaymen of those days were called. Ruins of an old Stage Station recall the era of the pony express, when riders braved untold dangers in carrying communications from one station to another, and today the romantic old time cow boy has changed from the era of boundless plains to wire-fenced areas and a not so picturesque environment. But he still flourishes, with Texas pony, "chaps," lasso, revolver, red handkerchief and broad-brimmed sombrero. He came in the wake, long after, of the Spaniards, when their crumbling adobe missions were deserted of priest and acolyte, and grass grew on the decaying ledges of uninhabited ruins of the past.