
TRUE WEST
47305
April, 1979
$1.00
TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!
FLASH FLOOD! • CROSS OF SNOW
BULLFROG BLACKIE
ALBERTA COWBOYS
THE HOLDOUTS OF DUBLIN GULCH
JIMMY, THE SKULL
BLIND BOONE AND
"THE MARSHFIELD TORNADO"
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This is #101, "The Buffalo Hunt."



CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½ (watercolor)
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½ (wtrclr)
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men (Kit Carson), 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—The Water Girl, 9x10½ (watercolor)
24—Renegades Return, 13½x9½
25—Chief Joseph (Indian Head), 8x11 (wtrclr)
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½ (watercolor)
32—First Furrow, 8x12 (watercolor)
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 14x9½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8 (watercolor)
47—Wagons Westward, 10½x8 (watercolor)
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7 (wtrclr)
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10½
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 11½x9
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 13½x9½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½ (watercolor)
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—Mandan Buffalo Hunt, 13½x9½
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8 (watercolor)
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9 (watercolor)
91—Innocent Allies, 13½x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (wtrclr)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½ (watercolor)
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 9½x5 (watercolor)
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express (Stagecoach), 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment (Cowboys), 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½
113—Trapper's Last Stand, 14x9½
114—When Meat Was Plentiful, 11x7½

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.



ONE LADY'S WILD WEST

In 1883 Rose Pender traveled through the American West with her husband, among others. They went from New York to Washington, to St. Louis, San Antonio, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Lake Tahoe, Carson City, Reno, Salt Lake City, Cheyenne, Denver, Fort Laramie, Rapid City, Spearfish, Miles City and then back to the East Coast. It was a long trip and she saw the West.

After she and her husband returned to their native England, Rose Pender wrote of her journey. The narrative was published in London in 1888 but has long been out of print. Now the book has been reprinted with a foreword by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. Entitled *A Lady's Experiences in the Wild West in 1883* (University of Nebraska, 901 North 17th Street, Lincoln, Nebraska 68588, $8.50 hardcover), this nicely produced reprint enables the modern Westerner to tour the West of nearly 100 years ago. Rose Pender had a sharp eye for what she saw and experienced—good and bad—including the famous Cheyenne Club, bugs, lack of civility, and countless inconveniences.

In the foreword Guthrie writes: "It is in her sharp observations that the book has its interest and values. The ways of daily life in city and country caught her eye, and here are reported."

The book has 134 pages. There is no index. Recommended.

THE GOLD RUSHES

Since the dawn of civilization there have been gold-seekers. Many books and pamphlets have been written about individual gold rushes like the one in California in 1849 and the first American gold rush in northern Georgia in 1828-29. Now comes a fine new book that examines in more than just passing detail the major gold rushes around the world. The American rushes are, of course, included in Robin May's *The Gold Rushes* (Hippocrene Books, 171 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014, $10.95 hardcover).

Robin May, an English writer with much interest in the American West, has produced a rather complete book on the major gold rushes. Rushes in California, Nevada, Colorado, Montana and Arizona plus those in British Columbia, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the Klondike are included. Many photographs and historic drawings help to convey the story of how the word, gold, affected the lives of countless men and women.

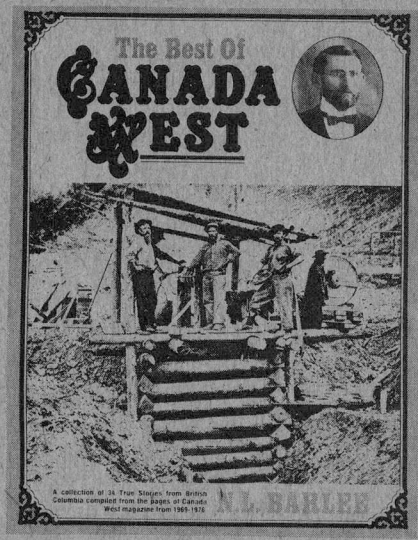
The book itself has the international flavor of its contents. The work was phototypeset in Great Britain, printed in Hong Kong and first published in New York. The book's 120 pages are divided into ten chapters plus index and acknowledgements. It's good.

TWO OLDIES

This reviewer always gets a good feeling when good out-of-print books are reprinted, especially in paperback and reasonably priced. Two such books of note are Mark H. Brown's *The Plainsmen of the Yellowstone; A History of the Yellowstone Basin* ($4.95) and Granville

(Continued on page 60)

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Canada's original pioneer-history magazine is devoted to the lives and times of the early Canadian pioneers, publishing well-researched non-fiction articles from all Canadian provinces and territories. Province by province the magazine examines their hardships, joys, sorrows, triumphs and defeats as they settled the new land and established homes. Most stories pre-date 1900.

Canada West provides an insight into the historical heritage that Canadian settlers bequeathed to posterity. It tells of the early exploration and explorers, some of the extraordinary pioneers who followed, the tragic fires, shipwrecks, and other disasters they often faced. It tells of the days of the gold rushes, with many intriguing tales of various ghost towns that remain as the aftermath of this and other waves of immigrants. The magazine tells of the Indians the pioneers encountered, of lawmen and outlaws, of early transportation by land, sea, and rail, of mines and mining camps—in short, of almost every aspect of pioneer life. These accounts are rich in anecdotes and fascinating stories of people, places and events.

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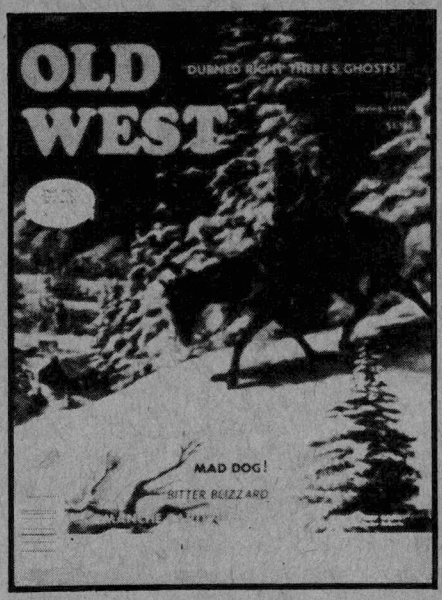
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True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historic value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country." ——— The la Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Highwood Lake and Mt. Shuksan
Washington

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FICKLE FINGER OF FATE

I have my cancelled check for a one-year subscription to TRUE WEST nd FRONTIER TIMES. I have written ou once before about this and still no agazines. If you do not wish to send me ne magazines I have paid for—then send y money back!"

This person really has a legitimate ripe. He has laid his money on the line nd he wants something in return. Vhat he doesn't know, perhaps, is that here are at least two dozen things that ould have happened (and I suppose we ould name up to fifty if we got carried way with the problems involved), and ne of them could be that we have essed up on our end of the line.

The ONE THING I hope to put over ronger than anything else is the fact hat our *very existence* depends on put-ng out good magazines and SEEING HAT YOU GET THEM. What would appen to us if we printed several million opies of TRUE WEST, FRONTIER IMES and OLD WEST, hauled them ut to our warehouses and let them sit? irst, we would go out of business in a urry. So what good would two ware-ouses full of magazines be to us? I aven't actually tried it but I have a rong feeling that shredded magazines a cereal bowl would taste a shade bland ven with generous helpings of cream nd sugar.

The SECOND THING I would like to et "in headlights" is simple, but it causes oth you and us so much trouble: BE URE TO INDICATE WHETHER OUR SUBSCRIPTION IS NEW OR ENEWAL. We run ads in the maga-nes and include ☐ new ☐ renewal—et only about one in ten is checked. If ou write a note (most do not wish to cut their magazines) BE SURE to state whether it is new or a renewal. Why is this so important? If you get entered as a *new* subscriber, your *old* card stays in the *expired* file. That's why many of you write in something to the effect: "I sent in my check for a two-year renewal and you are still sending me notices that my subscription has expired. What goes with you guys?" It is too long a story to examine in detail so please take my word for it—INDICATING WHETHER YOU ARE RENEWING OR ARE A NEW SUBSCRIBER CAN SAVE BOTH OF US TIME AND EXPENSE.

I sure hope all of you readers will go over this little piece of writing carefully—even the newsstand readers. Things can happen to magazines (and I mean *all* magazines) that neither the publisher nor printer knows about until someone sticks a copy under his nose and has every right to remark, "You expect me to pay good money for something like *this?*

Sometimes there are two sets of pages exactly alike. This comes from an ever-growing "computerized" world. Somewhere along the line the machine that puts the final touches on your magazine doubles up on one particular form, and there can be as few as one magazine or as many as a thousand that are messed up in this manner. Subscribers most always send the magazine back to the publisher and ask for another copy, sometimes remarking that it isn't advisable to be nipping on strong spirits while putting magazines together! Newsstand buyers may just throw the magazine down in disgust and never buy another copy of that particular title. That is where it really *hurts* the publisher.

I bought one of the highly circulated national magazines recently and found that sixteen pages were duplicated. Printers keep a close eye on this sort of malfunction, but there is room for human error in the best of them.

I could have taken this magazine back to the newsstand where I bought it and exchanged it for another copy but I sent it to the publisher instead, since I know how much all of us publishers, big and small, need to know about these things.

I bought another magazine about a week later and found that four pages were still clasping hands so that I had to cut off the ends with scissors. Somehow those cutters miss now and then and spotting it is just about impossible. But if you've paid out a buck or two for a copy, you feel like cussing the publisher.

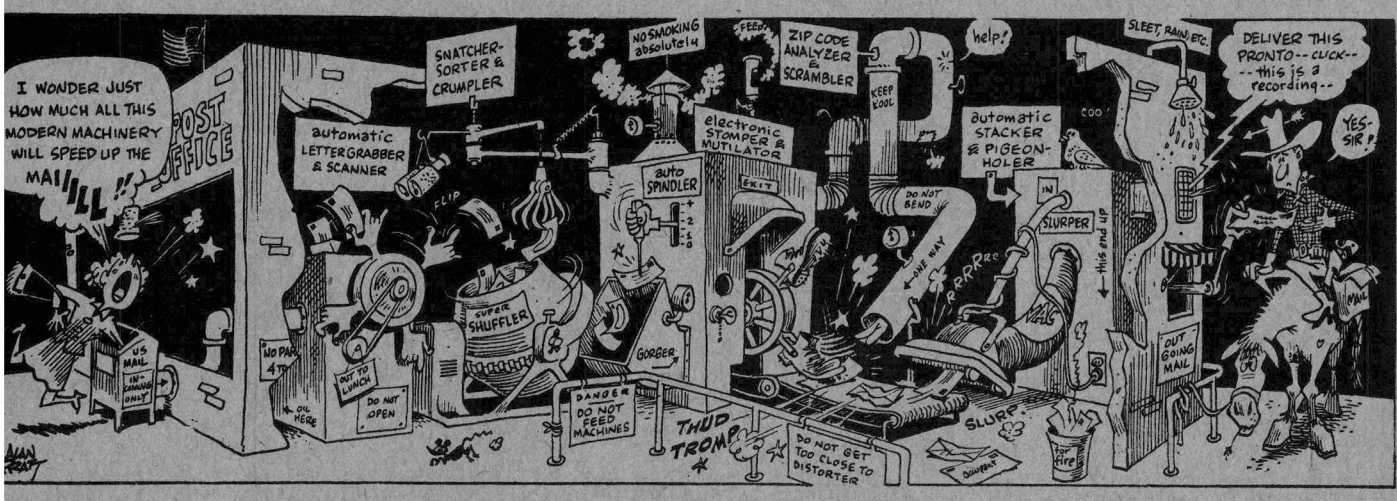
Of course, the printer is solely to blame for the last two things I have mentioned —but he sure isn't the only villain. There can be dozens of sources to blame (and perhaps many more that I don't know about) in getting at least *something* done wrong to any particular issue.

Publishers work their elbows off to turn out a product that looks good. Then when things happen while it is being printed (including some pages that are dark—over-inked), or the post office puts in their good licks, it makes you want to stand in a corner and bawl—and I do hate to see a grown person cry! When we ourselves make mistakes, it is even worse. We get credit for mistakes made all down the line, so you can

(Continued on page 54)

tep right up, folks—it's the only game in town!

Artist—Alan Pratt; Courtesy **Seattle Times**



Truly Western

Whilin' Away Some Time

Please change the address for mailing my magazines back to Silver City, Nevada. I have moved from Montana to Nevada. I am a Western artist and do the decanters for Lewis & Clark Bottling Company in Helena, Montana. I do Western characters also. I enjoy your magazines.—Buckeye Blake, Box 123, Silver City, Nevada 89428



Buckeye Blake.

Movie Horse

In your October 1978 Truly Western column, you have a picture of a movie company and there is only one individual identified. That is Harry Knight. I am wondering if this company couldn't have been Colonel Tim McCoy's. I have pictures of Harry Knight and a trick horse named Paleface. Also clippings from old newspapers telling of the horse, Paleface, and stating that he was formerly owned by Col. Tim McCoy. I have several different poses of Harry Knight and his horse.

I acquired these from his ex-wife, Mrs. Pearl M. Knight. She was an ex-deputy sheriff of Natrona County, Wyoming; also county treasurer of said county. And I guess she must have been quite a horsewoman herself. I have pictures and newspaper clippings that show her with the Boot and Spur Club, also her on her horse, Coco. She told me that when Harry acquired Paleface from Tim McCoy that they had tried to use him in the movies and that the horse wouldn't do anything that the movie company wanted so Mr. McCoy sold the horse to Mr. Knight.

She said Mr. Knight practically lived with the horse while he was training him. I have been subscribing to your magazines for years and I was buying them from the newsstands before that. There isn't one publication I would rather "feast" my eyes on.—Max E. Wilks, 4818 N. E. 62nd Avenue, Vancouver, Washington 98661

Just a Cowboy's Son

I was born Charles William Thomas Yohe in Bowie, Texas, on August 31, 1896, to Thomas Benjamin Yohe and Lillian Maud Yohe on the Waggoner Ranch. Our house was close to the feed pens for the cattle, and I was told that Mrs. Waggoner used to come over and care for me.

My father, Thomas Benjamin Yohe, was born in Mexico, Missouri, in 1871. His father, a steamboat engineer, once went down the Mississippi River into the Gulf of Mexico, and was never heard from again. Grandmother Yohe came to Texas in 1877 when my father was five or six years old. Mr. Waggoner took Dad under his wing and raised him on the ranch near where Electra is now.

My mother was born at Crafton, Texas, and raised near Sunset. Her maiden name was Lillian Maud Wade, and she was the great-granddaughter of Stonewall Jackson. My father and mother went to Oklahoma in 1900, and first settled at Thacker, Oklahoma. It was here I first entered school at the age of six. My dad was a blacksmith, and moved to Mountan Park just north of Snyder, Oklahoma.

While my father was with Mr. Waggoner, he told me he went up to Liberal, Kansas on three different cattle drives. His uncle, J. T. Garrett, was one of Mr. Waggoner's foremen. Daddy said the going really got rough at times, especially when the Comanche Indians would not let them through their land, so they went up the Salt Fork for a long time I remember my great-uncle, Tom Garrett, talking to me about the time three men had stolen some horses from Mr Waggoner. Mr. Waggoner sent Uncle Tom, Mr. Jack Probasco, and Touch Adair after them. When they came back Mr. Waggoner remarked to Uncle Tom "I see you brought the horses back. Uncle Tom replied, "Yes, and we jus left those three men 'hangin' around.' Mr. Waggoner said he didn't care just s long as he got the horses back.

When Dad was at Mountain Park Quanah Parker, a Comanche chief, an seven of his braves came to our camp We did not have a house, just an arbo and a wagon bed for Dad and Mothe and my brother and I to sleep in. It wa dinner time, and Mother asked if the wanted some food. We did not hav china dishes, just tin plates and cups and she dished up some beans, bacon and coffee for them. The braves re mained seated on their horses, bu Parker got off and sat on the bench a the table. After dinner my dad an Quanah talked, and the chief finall asked Dad if he had any meat.

Although there were lots of deer an turkey there, Dad had not had a chanc to go hunting, as he explained to th chief. The next day Quanah returne with a quarter of beef for us, and fro then on counted Dad as his friend, say ing he didn't want to fight. Dad neve carried a six-shooter, just a .30-30 Win chester.

We moved from Mountain Park t Hobart, Oklahoma, where I spent mos of my school days. I went to school wit the Kiowa Indians, and played baseba with them. There was Herbert Doet Frank Doeto, William Wolf Chever Spotted Bird, Dallas Beavers and som others I can't remember. I have been i Lone Wolf's house and on his plac which was at Elk Creek. Lone Wol had a daughter named Carrie, who use to come to our house a lot.

We moved to Altus, Oklahoma, i about 1903 or 1904, where I continue to go to school. Daddy went to Altus t build cotton gins for Mr. H. T. Kimble Another brother and sister were bor there.

We were living in Altus when Snyde (Oklahoma) was blown away by a tor nado. About 100 to 150 persons wer killed, and I remember an old India saying that the winds of God blew i away. He went on to say that whit men are foolish.

While we were living at Hobart, remember an Indian wearing a coat mad out of human scalps. He said ther were 99 of them in all. At one time th townspeople almost mobbed him but th sheriff got to him first. I don't kno what became of him after that.

My father was a cotton gin and o mill builder for most of his life. I wa raised up in the machinery business. have fired boilers for steam, run stea engines, worked on the railroad in th round house, and have run the "bi hook." When diesel engines came in learned to use them. I also ran dragline shovels, and cranes. I worked for a whil in Houston, Texas, then came to Hunts

ville where I have been living and working for thirty years with the Knotts family at Builder's Supply. I have raised six girls and one boy. I have twenty grandchildren, and sixteen great-grandchildren. My wife, Grace, passed away last year at the age of eighty-one. We were married fifty-seven years. I live alone, am now in my eighty-third year, and still run a crane when I am needed. —Charles Yohe, P. O. Box 723, Huntsville, Texas 77340



Charles W. T. Yohe.

An Old Prospector

It was in 1928 when I was a representative of the Caterpillar Tractor dealer of Oakland, California that I met an interesting old fellow. I lived in Reno and called on the lumber and logging companies. This day my last stop was at the small "gypo" camp of Jack Sampson, a few miles out of Sierraville in Plumas County.

After finishing the usual talk, Mr. Sampson asked me if I was returning to Reno. I said I was going back to Loyalton and then over the mountain to Verdi, and into Reno. He said, "Have you room for that old bull-cook? I'm sorry for him, but he can't even cut enough wood to keep the kitchen fire going." He then called the old man and told him to roll up his blankets, and that he could ride back to Reno with me. He was paid for the few days worked, and we left camp.

As we drove up the winding road, I said to my passenger, "I wonder if there is any gold in these outcroppings. You look like a prospector, do you think there is?"

"Well, I don't know about *these* formations, but I have done my share of prospecting. I was born in Delaware, and lived there until I was forty. I came to Denver and was in a sanitarium for two years, and eventually went to work at a mine. While there I became acquainted with a couple of fine men. The three of us formed a partnership and went prospecting whenever we could. And so the summer passed.

"Then one day we really hit it A rich outcropping. We quit our jobs and started to mine. Would you believe it—we took out more than $60,000 before it pinched out. Well we knew it would, because that was pocket country, but there would be more pockets along the vein, we thought. So we kept following the seams, getting a little now and then, just enough to keep us from quitting. Finally we ran out of money and went back to work, saving our wages, and in the fall we would tunnel and drift some more.

"We did this for more years than we realized. Then one August, one partner got sick. He died that fall, but the two of us decided to go back. We had put so much in it we just couldn't think of giving it all up. More years passed, and my partner wrote me he had not earned much that summer and needed all of it to carry him through the winter.

"It was then I took inventory of myself. I didn't realize we had put in twenty-six years in that hole! If the two of us had hit another pocket, people would have said, 'Look at those old men. There's courage. There's the old "stick-to-it" we don't see anymore!' But we didn't hit it, so they say, 'Look at those old fools, they put a lifetime of work and money in that hole.'

"So you ask me about these outcroppings. Well, I don't know—but if you're halfway satisfied with what you're doing, pass them up."

And that's what I did.—Howard F. Steiner, 307 Bluebird Lane, Folsom, California 95630

Request for Reader Help

I am collecting information about an early Dodge City, Kansas lawman, Frank McLean. He was Wyatt Earp's deputy during the late 1870s and a member of the famous "Dodge City Peace Commission" of 1883. He is shown in the well-known photo of the Peace Commission sitting next to Wyatt Earp.

Frank McLean was also a buffalo hunter, gambler, saloon owner, and possibly owned a small ranch during the late 1880s. Reputedly McLean operated a billiard parlor in Dodge City during the 1880s.

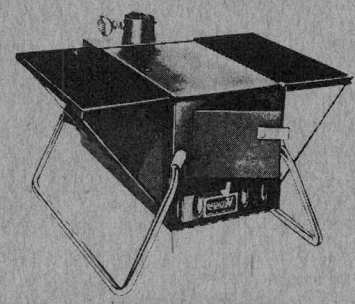
I would appreciate any information about Frank McLean and his son Billy, particularly concerning his activities as a peace officer.—Lt. Col. William R. Orbelo, 912 Garraty, San Antonio, Texas 78209

☆ ☆ ☆

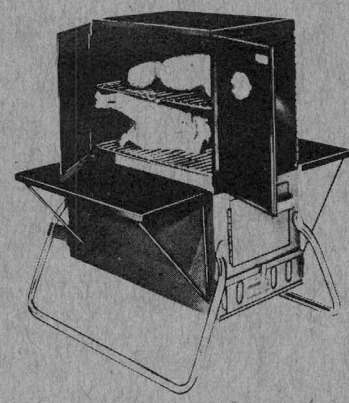
I believe I have something that may be of interest to you and your readers. I have a ring, made completely of native silver with a fire agate as the setting. The ring measures 1⅝" long and 1 1/32" wide. The fire agate is ⅞" long and ⅝" wide. It is almost rectangular. However, it is slightly rounded on the bottom left and right side and at a slight

(Continued on page 35)

BEST COOKER! BEST WARMER!



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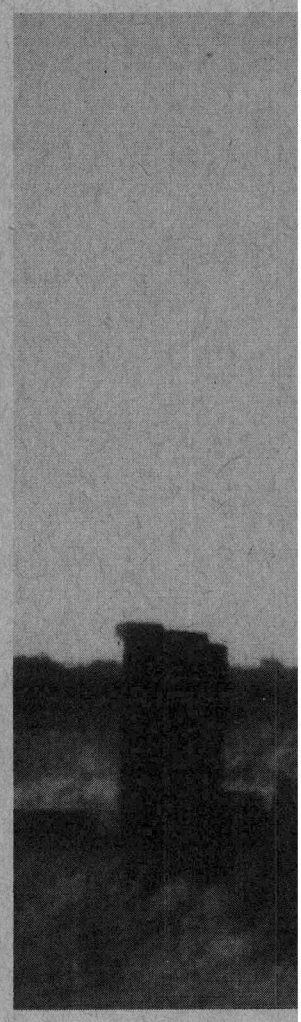
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Wind Goomda on the porch of his home. Taken approximately 1897.

This Kiowa warrior, who was born into one worl he could give away all he had—respect and pow

By ETHEL C. KREPPS

Photos Provided By Author

MY FATHER'S FAMILY were full blood Kiowa Indians. Grandfather's English name was Wind Goomda. In the Kiowa language Goomda means Wind. His first Kiowa Indian name had been Medicine Wind. That was an appropriate name for a Kiowa warrior, and Wind Goomda was an appropriate name for a Christian rancher. Grandmother's Indian name was Kon-ta-mah, which means Ghost Woman.

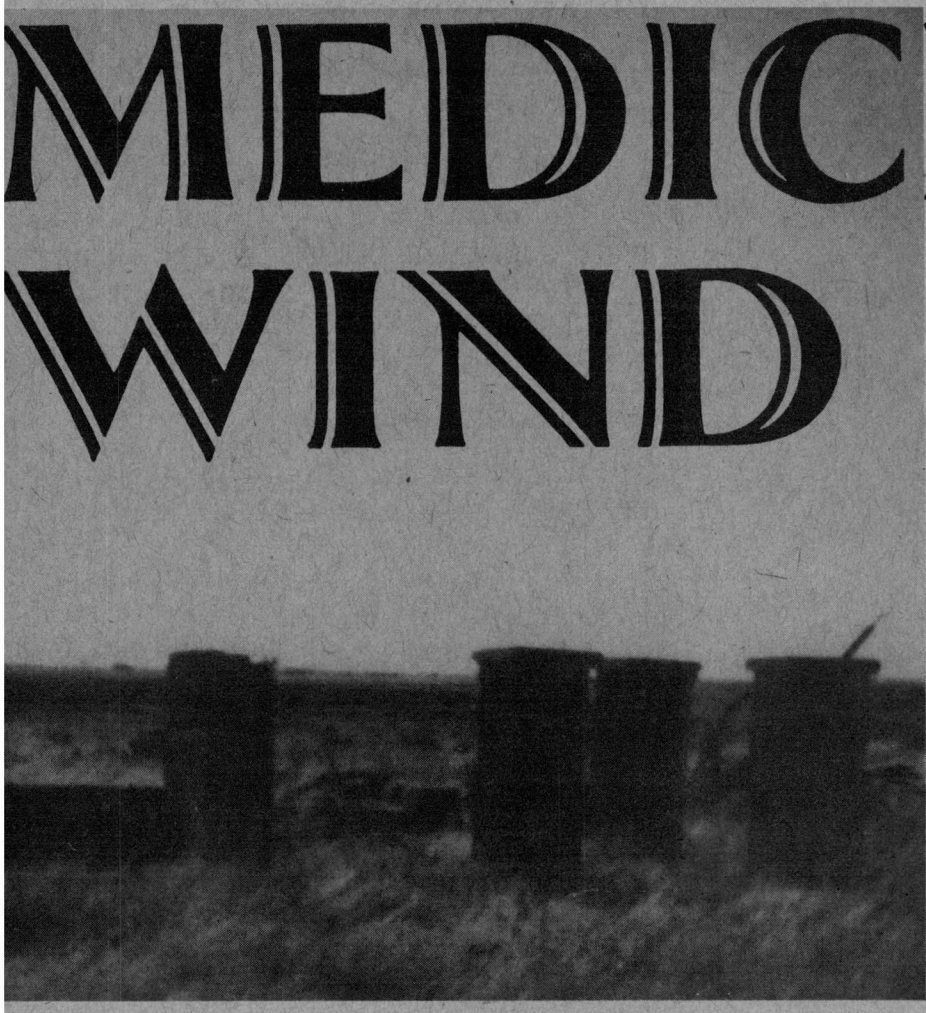
Grandfather was born in the fall of 1867 during the signing of the Medicine Lodge Treaty between the United States government and the Plains Tribes, in what is now Kansas. Grandmother was born in 1878 on the vast Plains which the Kiowas claimed as their territory. These are stories about their life together and how they made the transition from the free, wild life the Kiowas knew to the settled life of the whiteman.

They gave up their tribal dress of buckskin and feathers for dresses, suits and ties. They gave up their tribal ways to learn how to cook on a stove, keep house, till the land and raise a garden. They gave up their tribal religion to give their hearts to the whiteman's Jesus. Once they accepted the Jesus Road they never departed from it.

They were born in teepees on the Plains, wild and free Kiowas. They died in circumstances vastly different. They struggled to make a place for themselves in both worlds and they succeeded.

When my grandfather was a small boy he was camped with his people in Palo Duro Canyon south of what is now the city of Amarillo, Texas. The camp was attacked by General Ranald Mackenzie and his military troops at dawn.

STRONG MEDICINE WIND



Site of the old Goomda home on the bluff west of Mt. View, Oklahoma.

nd died in another, learned that - and gain it all over again. . . .

Mackenzie had found the secret entrance which the Kiowas used to enter the canyon. The Kiowa women and children ran to escape by climbing the steep canyon walls while the men stayed behind to cover, protect and conceal their escape efforts. Medicine Wind did escape from the battle raging in Palo Duro that day and at the age of six years walked back to the Wichita Mountains located in Western Oklahoma.

The Kiowas had strong medicine in their God, the Tai-Me. The Tai-Me was a small idol that was placed on public display for the Kiowas once a year at their annual Sun Dance. A Medicine Lodge was built for the Sun Dance by the entire tribe.

The Kiowas were called together for the Sun Dance by the Tai-Me Keeper. He would ride out to bands scattered over the Plains and announce that when this moon disappeared and the new moon came, all of the Kiowas should come to Rainy Mountain or some other site which had been chosen for that year's Sun Dance. It was held in late summer. Afterwards the Kiowas would disperse to their favorite winter camping grounds.

During the Sun Dance the Tai-Me was tied to the center pole of the Medicine Lodge and the Kiowa dancers would stare at the Tai-Me as they danced with uplifted arms for four days and four nights without ceasing.

From 1830-1870 the Tai-Me Keeper was Anso-gia-ny or Ansote (also known as Long Foot or Old Man Foot). He died in the winter of 1870-1871. When it was time to pass the power medicine of the Tai-Me on to his successor the power was passed on to Do-Hente (also called Napawat or NoShoes). Do-Hente was the Tai-Me Keeper from 1871 to 1873. During the time that Do-Hente was the Tai-Me Keeper he had an unusual experience. It was August during the annual Sun Dance. It was especially hot and the dancers were wilting under the intense heat. The entire tribe was asking the Tai-Me Keeper, medicine man Do-Hente, for just a small rain shower to refresh themselves. Do-Hente made his power medicine for rain and clouds.

The rains came with a tempest of wind and vivid and terrible lightning. Peal after peal of thunder shook the air; the ground was literally flooded. Two visiting Cheyenne women were killed by the lightning. The next morning Do-Hente apologized for the medicine. He was a young man and had no idea of making such strong medicine. He asked the Kiowas to overlook his error in judgment. He trusted that as he grew older, he would grow wiser. The Cheyenne women were dead, not because of his medicine, but because they were wearing red blankets. All Kiowas knew that they should not wear red during the Sun Dance of the Kiowas because it might start a prairie fire. The apology was accepted, and it was hoped that all Indians who in the future might attend the great Sun Dance of the Kiowas, would remember not to wear red blankets.

IN THE old days the Kiowas would receive a power which would be their strength. The stronger the power the greater would be their ability to become an effective leader. The Kiowas felt that the power could be transmitted to them through a ritual of sacrifice and prayer. They would paint their bodies



Family portrait: Wind, Kon-ta-mah and three children.



and go to a hiding place in the mountains. Where their future strength and power would come from, and the rules which had to be followed in order to retain their power, usually would come to them in the form of a trance-like dream.

Do-Hente, to receive his power, went into the Wichita Mountains, called Mountains Standing by the Kiowas. After several days of fasting, prayer to the Sun and sacrifice to his own body, a voice told him that his power would come from the Cat family. Certain requirements were then given Do-Hente regarding the use and retainment of his power. One requirement forbade him to eat any meat which would be eaten by the Cat family.

The Kiowas could not choose to follow some requirements and disregard others. Each one had to be followed or their power would be weakened or lost.

After Do-Hente had become the keeper of the Tai-Me, the sacred medicine, he was selected to go with a Kiowa delegation to Washington, D.C. to meet with the President regarding tribal business. This was early in 1873.

During the trip the delegation ate their meals on the train in the dining car. One of the meals consisted of a casserole dish which contained rabbit meat. Do-Hente, careful about what he ate, asked questions trying to find out the ingredients of the casserole. However, none of the dining waiters on the train understood his questions. Do-Hente was hungry so he finally ate a small portion.

Do-Hente began to grow weak and lose weight. In order to determine what was wrong with him he returned to the spot where he had first received his power. The voice told him that he had violated one of the rules; he had eaten meat which the Cat family would eat (the rabbit meat on the train) and the penalty would be his death.

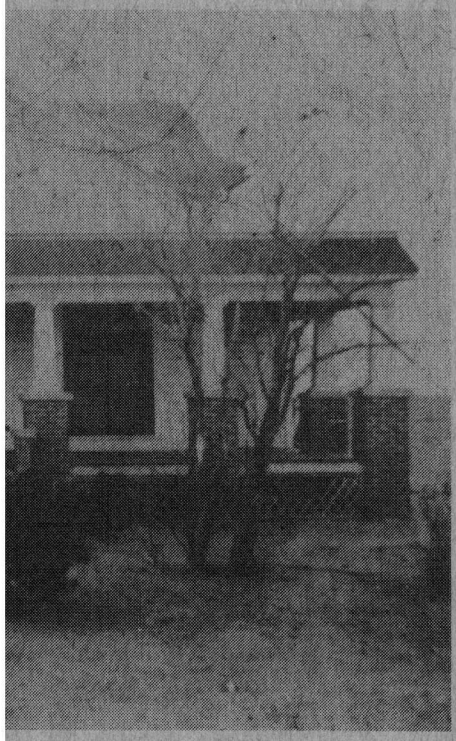
Do-Hente, still a youthful man and keeper of the sacred tribal medicine, did not want to die. He asked the voice if there was some way to avoid this penalty. The voice said that the only way to avoid his own death was to sacrifice his oldest child, a daughter by the name of Kee-some-ma, or Medicine Wind (my grandfather) who was the second oldest. Do-Hente told the voice he would take the penalty by his own death.

Before Do-Hente died he took Medicine Wind, a boy of six or seven, and led him into the waters of a mountain stream one winter morning as the first rays of morning appeared in the sky. Do-Hente prayed long and hard to the Sun to pass his power medicine on to his son, and as he prayed he took a sharp instrument and cut into Medicine Wind's chest the crescent shape moon symbols of the Sun Dance Tai-Me medicine. The blood from the fresh cut ran down Medicine Wind's chest and into the icy waters and were carried to the east in the direction of the rising sun.

However, the medicine would not pass to Medicine Wind and years later my grandfather was to say that his fate was to become a strong Christian, which was stronger medicine than the Tai-Me medicine. That was the reason the medicine would not "take," he said.

In 1873 the power of the Tai-Me was passed on to Do-Hente's brother Onkoite. However, Onkoite also fell sick and died.

THERE CAME a time for the Kiowas, a space in history, when the tribe was in constant contact with the white-man's culture and had to accept it either through choice or by force. The government insisted that the Kiowas become "civilized," allotted them a plot of land, sent their children far away to a government boarding school, and forbade them to worship the Sun or hold any of their tribal dances. The new culture required the Kiowas to plant crops instead of roaming the plains on horseback in search of food. The new culture required the Kiowas to live in houses,





Above: The home of Wind & Kon-ta-mah Goomda in the 1940s. Right: Lucius Goomda, taken shortly before he died of tuberculosis.

which were built to stay in one place, instead of a teepee which they could pack up and move at will.

Today's complex society was still distant in both the Indian and whiteman's future. Inflation, credit cards, traffic lights, taxes, pollution and alarm clocks were nonexistent. However, to the Indians it seemed as if they moved from a free world into the confining constraints and controls which modern society demands of individuals today.

Joe Goomda, shortly before his death.



These stories occurred primarily in a small western Oklahoma town in the heart of Kiowa Indian county—Mt. View. Mt. View was built on land which had been allotted to my grandmother and which she sold in 1899. My grandparents then settled on my grandfather's allotment located west of Mt. View on a bluff which overlooks the town. There they built a two-story home. Surrounding the house were a barn, a garage, a summer arbor, and other structures which make up a productive farm. There were crops in the fields, a large vegetable garden, and a fruit orchard. Herds of white face cattle and herds of horses grazed in the pastures. The restless western Oklahoma wind swept across the prairie, keeping watch over my grandparents' possessions.

Today on this same site the restless western Oklahoma wind sweeps across a vast empty space. Nothing remains on this spot where life once was so strong. Where a full blood Kiowa man, Wind Goomda, his full blood Kiowa wife and their sixteen children started over, and tried to respond to a new and different life. The man, his wife, and fifteen of their children now lie in a small, peaceful Kiowa Indian cemetery by Rainy Mountain, located south of Mt. View. Rainy Mountain was a favorite camping site of the Kiowas when they roamed at will over the Plains. Only my father remains now to remember how it was with his family.

Howard Goomda, my father, was born in 1915 when the prairie grasslands were just beginning to become the farmlands of this area. He was the youngest of the children. By the time he was born, other family members were already becoming a blend of Indian and white. He was named after one of the early missionaries who came to work among the Kiowas. Father also had an Indian name, after a famous Kiowa chief. In English the name would be Running Bird.

One of his childhood stories is about Big George, who worked for Grandfather Wind Goomda. Big George told Father that there was buried treasure on the allotment of Father's grandmother. Big George would go out into the pasture at night with a lantern and dig for hours. My father would watch him out there from his window, but George was so far in the distance all he could see was the lantern. One day Big George disappeared. Later the family heard that Big George had bought an orchard in the Rio Grande Valley in Texas. Big George sent my great-grandmother a crate of oranges and wrote her that they had been grown in his orchard for her.

Father also remembers the time the family journeyed to a ranch in Burkburnett, where a movie was being produced. The Kiowas were told to come down and become "movie stars." In one scene the Kiowas were to kill a buffalo. After the buffalo was killed, Father was to be set down on top of the buffalo. Following the movie script, the buffalo was killed and then Father was set down on top of him. Things were going good, he was laughing and smiling, and then he looked down, saw the buffalo, and started to cry. It ruined his movie career.

It seemed to be the fate of my father's family to die young. Father made the remark that one year his family was dying like flies and he could not comprehend the terribleness of it. When a loved one was lost to death in battle or by sickness in the old days, the remaining family members would mourn for a full year. They would gash their skin with a knife, cut off their hair, and chop off a finger or two. As my grandparents lost their children one by one to tuberculosis they mourned deep and hard but they had put aside the old ways and had placed their belief in God's will.

My father tells of the time Grandfather sat out in the fruit orchard one hot summer day mourning for one of his little daughters. She suddenly appeared to him in the heat of the sky and he heard beautiful music in the background. She spoke to him and told him she was happy and not to grieve. Several of the other little children would appear after their deaths in the house at different times. Father said he was once going up to the second floor, and when he rounded a turn on the stairs he was taken by surprise by one of his sisters who had died two years previously. She put her finger to her lips as if to silence him. He stood there transfixed, staring at her, his heart beating wildly. She gave him a radiant smile and then was gone.

Once an uncle was at the water well getting water. He was alone at the time, everyone else having gone to church. He turned to the house quickly because he thought it was on fire it was so brilliant with light. Dropping his water bucket, he raced for the house. However, upon entering, he saw his little daughter, who had died the previous spring, standing in the middle of the room. She smiled sweetly at him and walked about the rooms for a short while, then vanished as quickly as she had appeared.

THE STRUCTURES surrounding the house, like the family members, had the fate of not enduring. Father tells of the night the big barn burned down. The farm hands came in late one night and were putting the horses in the barn. They were talking in loud voices and woke up some of the family in the house. Someone in the house that night said they saw matches being struck as if one of the farm hands were looking for something.

Inside the barn that night, in the west end, was a new Overland touring car. My father loved that car and used to wrestle his brothers to be able to sit on his favorite pull-down seat. The night the barn caught on fire it blazed bright into the dawn hours. They couldn't save the barn or the new Overland either. The pig pen had been next to the barn and the pigs got so hot they had to shoot them the next day. The chickens roasted in the hen house. The next day the Kiowas came with pans and kettles and picked up the roasted chickens.

It seemed to be the fate of the structures on the hill to meet a fiery end. Years later the only structure still standing—though long deserted by family members—was the house on its small hill overlooking the town. The young people of Mt. View used to say it was haunted and would go there at night to break out the windows and spook themselves. Mexican migrant workers would often take shelter there. One winter night some migrant workers built a fire and it got out of control. The fire raged until it burned the big house to the ground. My father grieved for months. He would return to the hill, barren now, and say, "It's hard to come here, the place holds such sad memories for me now."

A few months after the burning he went to his cousin's house for a visit, and a mystic was there. The mystic told Father she felt as if a loved one who'd passed on was trying very hard to get a message to him. They gathered around the table and sat quietly for awhile. The mystic began to speak in a strange voice and to write on a piece of paper. She told Father that his deceased sister Ruby was saying, "Tell Howard not to grieve over the house any longer. The person who was responsible for setting the fire has been punished. He was a Mexican farm worker and he died in a fiery bus crash on his way back to Mexico. His name was Mexican Joe."

As we would stand there on the hill Father would point to the south and say, "I remember how every summer the Cheyennes used to come here and camp in that south pasture. They would come down the road in their wagons and camp in their teepees. They would camp and every day while they were here, Father would butcher a beef. They would hang the beef out in the sun to dry like in the old days. I was always anxious for them to come because I liked to play with the little Cheyenne children."

In the old Kiowa culture the mark of a powerful man was to be wealthy but also to be generous. If you could give away all you had and gain it back again then they knew you were a powerful man. This quality is considered less than wise in today's society.

Today my grandfather, Wind Goomda, would be considered generous to a fault. I can remember as a small child walking into a tent set up beside the big house and seeing fresh beef piled high on the tables set up around the tent. The Kiowas would come down the dusty road in their wagons and load up with fresh beef and stay for supper. Grandfather lived to be ninety-three years old and when we would visit him I would see him put sacks of groceries in the back seat of his car and drive off to some needy Kiowa family. He did his own grocery shopping. He could tell what was inside a can by the picture on the label. I guess the store clerks were honest people when they took his money for the price of the groceries. He would say in broken English, "Maybe so how much?" and hold out some money.

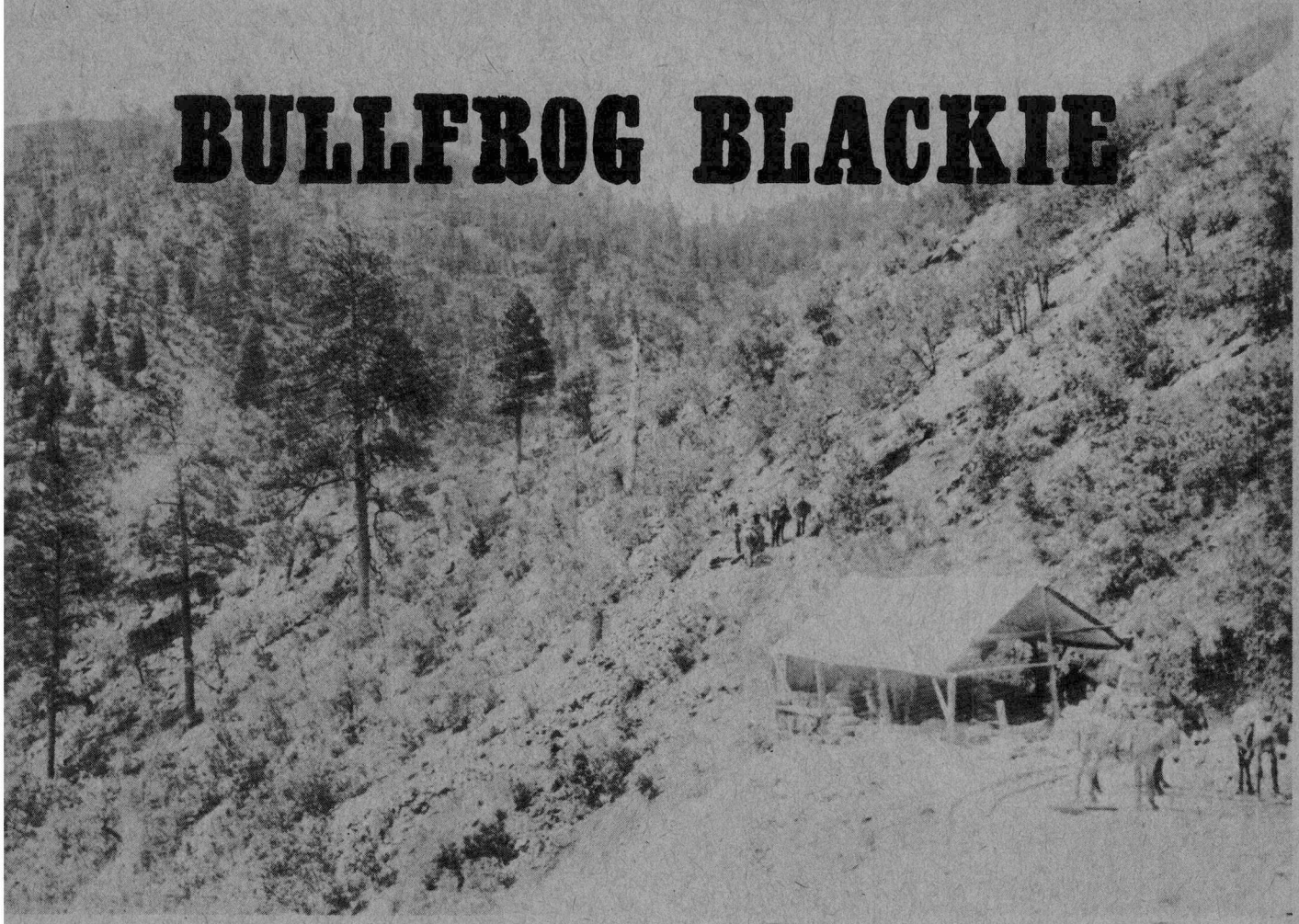
MY GRANDPARENTS accepted the Jesus Road early in their married life. Grandmother was a charter member of the Rainy Mountain Baptist Indian Mission. Grandfather could not read the Bible but he could quote Scriptures and

(Continued on page 40)

Kiowa Indian graveyard where the Goomda family members are buried.



BULLFROG BLACKIE



By HOOD RIVER BLACKIE

BULLFROG BLACKIE was rather a quiet old hobo, seldom joined the rest of us in bull sessions around the campfires, and in all the years I knew him and saw him along the smoky trail of the American hobo, he never had a steady road buddy.

Oh, sometimes he would be with Stumpy Harris, Goldfish Jack or some other old-time "Bo," but usually not for long. He did, however, have one pal who was always with him no matter where he went—a small terrier of uncertain lineage named "Tramp."

Any place I ran into old Bullfrog, Tramp was there also: once under a bridge at Miles City, Montana trying to keep out of the rain while waiting to grab a freight out over the Milwaukee Railroad; again camped above the little wooden bridge at the north end of the Southern Pacific yards in Ogden, Utah; and of course each spring when all the old wanderers came to Winters, California to thin apricots. There would be old Bullfrog Blackie and little Tramp huddled up beside a jungle fire, sharing a stew just like hoboes have done for over a hundred years.

Little Tramp was completely harmless and once when a bunch of us was camped in the old Territorial Prison at Yuma (we used to camp there before World War II when it was abandoned), a kid kicked Tramp for no apparent reason. Black Pete and Lying Roy had to restrain old Bullfrog or there would have been one hurt kid. On that occasion Lying Roy told the truth for sure when he told the kid, "You'd better get going. This old man will kill you."

Another time when a bunch of us was thinning apples at Tieton near Yakima, Washington, little Tramp drank some water that had gotten orchard spray in it (at least that's what we figured), and about midnight became very sick. Us hoboes didn't have cars so we woke up the rancher and asked him if he would take Tramp to the vet. That rancher made himself a bunch of pals that night as he never protested a bit but got right up and called a vet he knew.

Tramp and Bullfrog were soon on their way to the vet's office and a dozen hardened old hoboes made coffee and spent long hours waiting like expectant fathers for the news about a little dog's condition. Tramp survived that adventure, though he had to spend three days at the vet's.

HIS biggest adventure was yet to come. It happened in Indianapolis along sometime in the early summer of 1949 when Tramp and old Bullfrog, fresh off a job in the spring lambing in Judith Basin, Montana, had grabbed a freight out on the Northern Pacific and by a round-about-way wound up at Indianapolis.

Now the old-time rail stiffs had a saying, "You can't carry a bedroll and pack east of St. Louis," meaning it would get you in trouble with the law. So one morning when Bullfrog and Tramp was walking along the street on their way to the Pennsy yards to get a freight for the West, they were stopped by a couple of harness bulls (hobo slang for a city cop).

The bulls shook old Bullfrog down, found nothing, but decided to take him in anyway for a stay in the can. Tramp, however, was a different matter. When asked by old Bullfrog, "What about my dog?" the bulls said, "He can go to the pound."

No matter how hard Bullfrog begged, the decision stood. He offered to leave town and never return. He offered the five dollars he had. All to no avail. Finally the 78-year-old hobo got down on his knees, put his arm around his little pal of nine years, and cried and begged like someone pleading for his life.

About this time a reporter for the

(Continued on page 42)

"I SHALL BE A

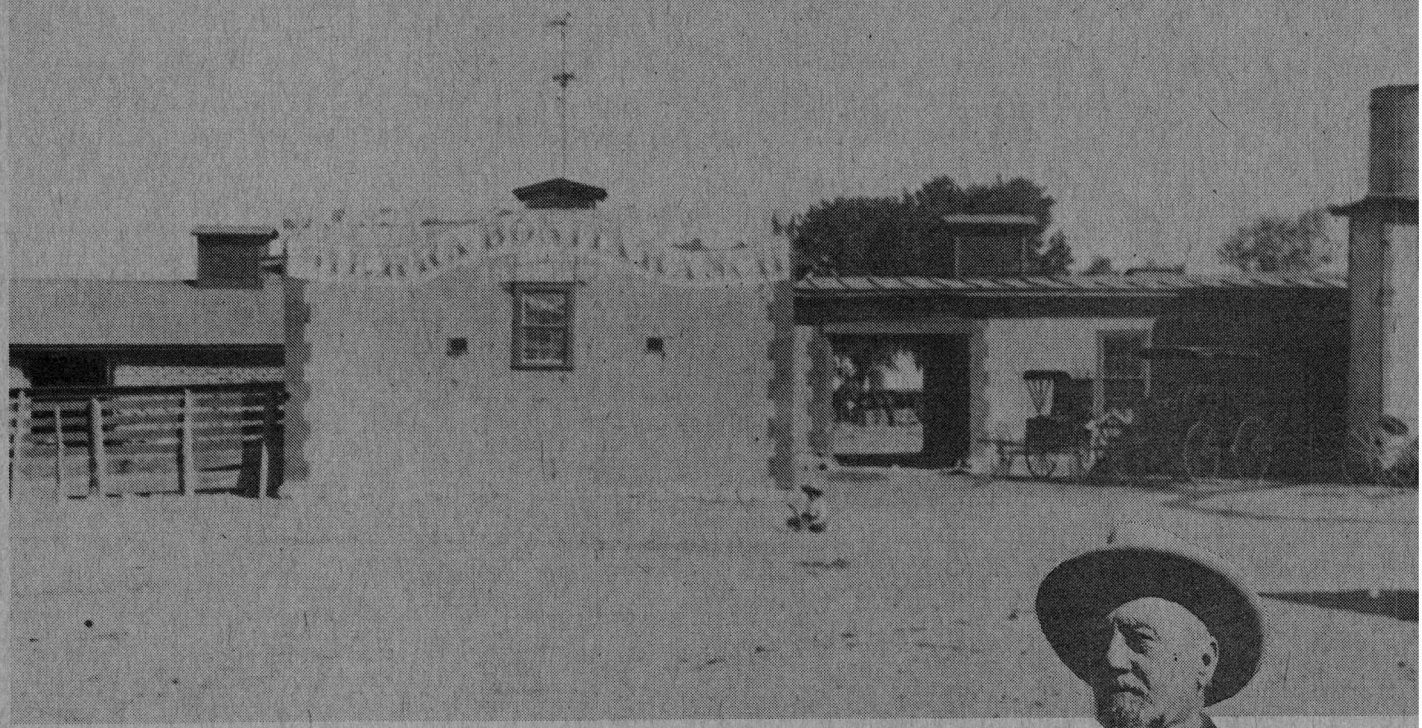


Photo Courtesy Arizona Historical Society

The owner of the Sierra Bonita Ranch, famous H. C. Hooker, never took hat in hand when he was talking to a banker . . .

By LEE E. ECHOLS

Photos Provided By Author

YOU always think of a man trying to borrow money as shuffling in to the bank, maybe through a side door, fingering his tattered hat nervously with both hands, and being totally unable to look the banker in the eye as he falters through his approach.

But that wasn't Henry Clay Hooker's way. He went at a banker with obdurate, casehardened tenacity like he did everything else in life.

On September 24, 1889, after he had owned the Sierra Bonita Land and Stock Company in Sulphur Springs Valley, Arizona for seventeen years, he wrote a short straightforward letter to the Santa Cruz Valley Bank in Tucson, and this is what he told them:

Dear Sirs:

I shall be a borrower of money for the next 18 months or more. I will require from 10 to 20 thousand dollars. I want a credit of 20,000. If you want my patronage in this life, what are your terms? . . . I shall be pleased to consider any proposition you make. And if it is a practicable one to me, my entire business will be done with you. Your interest account, of course, must be a practicable one, and one that will justify me in the use of account money.

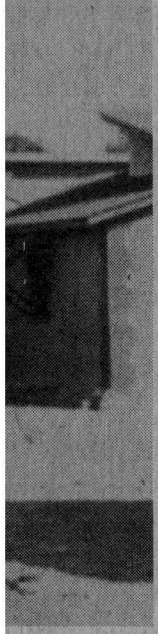
Resp. Yours, etc.
H. C. Hooker

Of course, Henry Clay Hooker hadn't always been in such an exalted position financially. He was born January 10, 1828 in Hinsdale, New Hampshire on a farm which belonged to his father, and before that, his grandfather and his great-grandfather. His ancestors were Puritan pioneers, undiluted. The first of the family to arrive from England was the Reverend Thomas Hooker. Born in England in 1586, he graduated from Cambridge University there. After an outstanding early career, part of which time he kept a private school and had as his assistant, John Eliot, later known as "The Apostle to the North American Indians," he arrived in Boston in 1633 and became pastor of Newton Church. However, in May 1636, along with most of the inhabitants of Newton—which is now Cambridge—he separated himself from the Bay Colony and went with his people by Indian trails through forests



Photo Courtesy Arizona Historical Society

BORROWER OF MONEY"



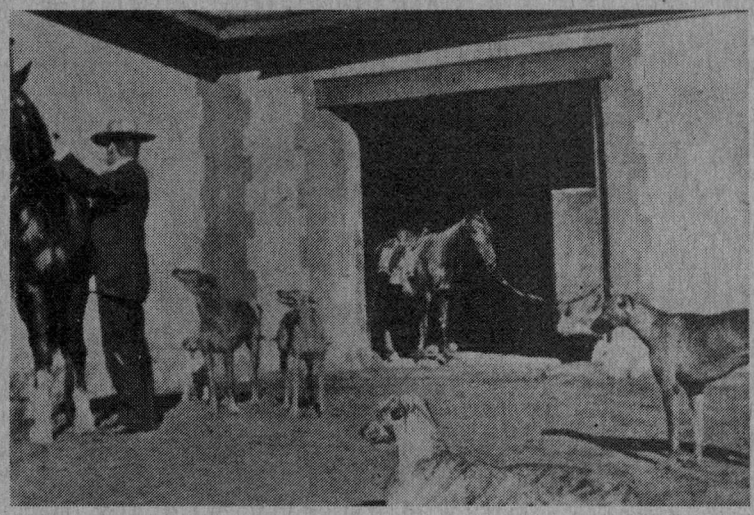


Photo Courtesy Arizona Historical Society

Left: Entrance to the ranch-house complex, showing the Concord ambulance and the buggy which Colonel Hooker was using when arrested for speeding in Tombstone. Above: Colonel Hooker with his dogs Ketchum & Killum (by his side) and little Bob, the fox terrier (behind them).

ong the Connecticut River. He and
s followers erected a church and
unded what later became Hartford.
They set up a formal government, in-
ependent of the Massachusetts Bay
olony, and Thomas Hooker was one
the key men in writing its consti-
ution. John Fiske wrote of this docu-
ent: "It was the first written constitu-
tion known to history that created a government, and it marked the beginning of American Democracy, of which Thomas Hooker deserves, more than any other man, to be called the father. The Government of the United States today is, in lineal descent, more nearly related to that of Connecticut than to that of any other of the thirteen colonies."

From this great and famous Thomas Hooker, well-spring of the many Hooker generations in America, Henry Clay Hooker arrived, seven generations later, in direct male-line descent from Thomas.

Although piety and education were always a must with the family, they were sociable and hospitable almost to a fault, and the trait was sent down to Henry Clay in abundance. His great-great-great-grandfather, John Hooker of Farmington, Connecticut, built a huge home under the branches of a great elm tree, known in history as "the Hooker elm," where the village sages and wits gathered on summer evenings to enjoy each other's bon-mots, quips and anecdotes.

HENRY HOOKER had eight brothers and sisters, and before he was fairly grown he decided to hit out on his own. He didn't particularly like the emphasis his family placed on religion and, with a young friend, would occasionally slip out of the meeting house, and change the teams of some of the more fanatic, hooking the buggy teams to the wagons, and vice versa. This brought on penance, and the boys were made to sit on the "anxious seat," which finally determined young Henry Clay to head for the Far West.

He worked a short while in Kansas City in a store, but in 1858 he moved on to Hangtown, California. This mining town, later known as "Placerville," was still booming from the gold strike, and he opened a hardware store there. His

ne Concord, Colonel Hooker at the reins, leaving the stable yard at Sierra Bonita for a quick dash to Fort Grant for a formal party.

Photo Courtesy Arizona Historical Society



business went well, but in 1866 a fire destroyed his store and his home.

He was married by then and, with three children to support and no insurance, things looked bad for the energetic young Yankee. However, he had salvaged a thousand dollars from the fiasco, and he thought up an ingenious scheme to recoup his fortunes. It consisted of canvassing the farms and ranches around Hangtown and purchasing as many turkeys as his money would handle at $1.50 a bird. His plan was to herd them, with one helper and several trained sheep dogs, across the huge mountain range, skirting Lake Tahoe and ending the long drive at Carson City, Nevada where he hoped to dispose of them at a handsome profit.

His Hangtown friends made all manner of fun of him for this hare-brained scheme, and later Hooker told some associates in Arizona, "There is no animal on the face of the earth, either feathered or furred, which will compare with a turkey for having a complete lack of intelligence. They have a total absence of mind and their incessant gobbling and gabbling sounds like a group of excited, upper-class Englishmen talking over some ponderous colonial problem."

Nevertheless, with over five hundred turkeys he headed his strange procession eastward across the mountains, through Donner Pass. As he was emerging through the mountains, and not too far from the flat lands of Nevada, he came out on top of a high mesa. Its deep precipice had few trails going down, and certainly none which his dumb turkeys would follow. The sheep dogs, trying to force them forward, scared the turkeys so bad that they gobbled at one another a few times, spread their gigantic wings and sailed out over the precipice like Andean condors, heading for the flat lands.

"As I saw them take wing, and race away through the air," Henry Hooker said, "I had the most indescribable feeling of my life. My finances were at the last ebb. These idiotic turkeys were everything I owned on this earth. I thought of my wife and children, who were looking for my return with the profits of my venture, and here were these imbecilic birds, flying and gobbling out of my life forever!"

However, Hooker and his helper and the trained dogs got down the indistinct trails quickly and began rounding them up. "One wonderful thing about turkeys," said Hooker, "they're like Indians in that they have a tribal influence to get back together. It wasn't long until we had them bunched again, and although they were still sounding like irate Englishmen discussing some complex problem, we were able to get them into Carson City, where I disposed of them quickly for $5 each, and by God, I recouped my small fortune!"

With the profit Hooker made fro his turkey venture, he was ready f his Arizona debut, this time to mak his fortune as a stockman. He went Arizona in 1866 with Captain Hugh Hinds. Hinds had secured a governme contract to furnish supplies to the arm posts and Indian agencies there.

For the next six years, with Hooke ramrodding the action, the entire mil tary operation of Arizona was supplie with beef. During 1872 he furnished th government more than 15,000 head cattle. He bought them in Texas and h bought them in Mexico, and he drov them in herds of about 4,000 at a time.

HOOKER traveled by buckboard fro fort to fort, and to the Indian age cies to determine in advance how man beef animals each location would nee His only companion on these trips, whic were about as dangerous as can b imagined, was a Mexican whom Hooke had employed when he first arrived i the Territory. This Mexican, along wit setting up camp at night, doing the cook ing, and caring for the team, rode wit his face to the rear of the wagon, watch ing for Apaches and armed with bot a rifle and a shotgun, in constant read ness to give the Indians all the oppositio he could in case of attack.

Fat bald-faced Herefords on the Sierra Bonita Ranch.

Photo Courtesy Arizona Historical Societ

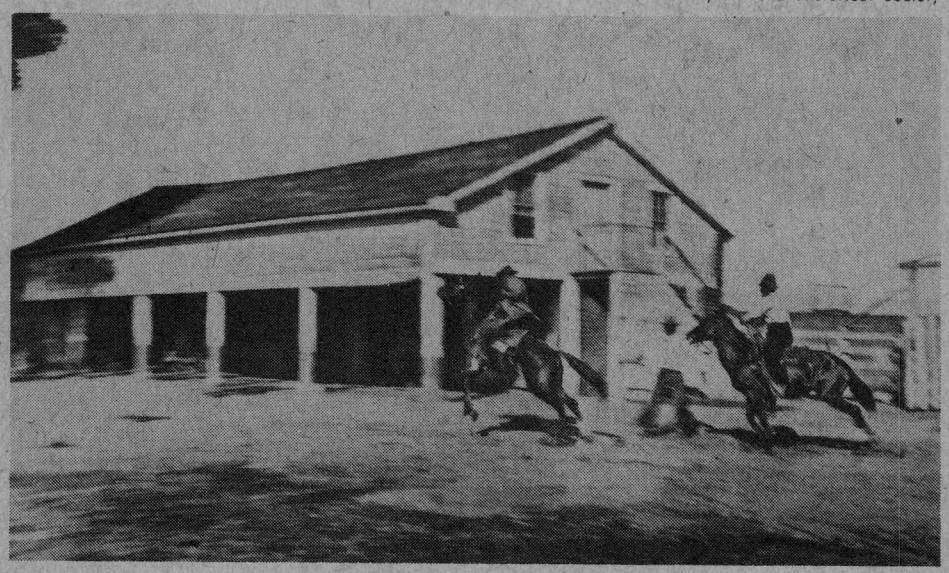




Photo Courtesy Arizona Historical Society

Above: Cowboys of the Sierra Bonita; Colonel Hooker is in the center, preparing to mount. Below: Colonel Hooker taking the early-morning fire out of a cow-horse at the Sierra Bonita.

Photo Courtesy Arizona Historical Society



Below: One of Hooker's famous stallions.

Photo Courtesy Arizona Historical Society



The *Weekly Arizonian* of April 2, 1870 reported: "Mr. H. C. Hooker, one of the firm of Hinds and Hooker, for years past the beef contractors in Arizona, is closing up his business, preparatory to a little resting spell, during which he will visit California. We are glad to know that, after his 'hair-breadth escapes,' losses by theft and official robbery, that his scalp is sound and pocket reasonably plethoric. He has been quite constantly traversing the Territory without escorts, except the firm's employes, and while scores of others have been killed, he has escaped unhurt. Mr. Hooker is energetic, industrious and ever hopeful. On Tuesday last he went out to San Pedro to look after a band of cattle due there. Soon after his return he will leave for California. He thinks strongly of engaging in the stock raising business in Arizona, and if safety could be assured, no surer money-making business could be engaged in."

Hooker apparently went out of business with Hinds the following year as the *Arizona Citizen* stated on July 15, 1871: "We learn that Capt. Hugh L. Hinds was last heard from at Louisville, Ky., and that he expressed a desire not to return to Arizona. The Captain made money enough here to do business comfortably elsewhere."

These were precarious times for Hooker, and during the long drives from Texas and Mexico, many of his cowboys were killed by Indians and many of his beef cattle were stolen, as well as loose saddle horses. The Apaches must have had many opportunities to murder him, personally, but they seemed to know him and spared his life.

One of these opportunities occurred when Hooker was driving a four-mule team to a Concord ambulance on a trip from the San Pedro River eastward. He had reached Dragoon Pass, near Cochise's stronghold, when many Indians

(Continued on page 43)

THE HOLDOUTS OF

—a tale of an irreverent prospector

By NEMA ANDERSON

Photos Provided By Author

DUBLIN GULCH lies between two ledges that spur into Shoshone, California. Dugouts, built by Joe Vollmer, line the walls of the gulch. Joe lived in one, and rented the others to his fellow prospectors set adrift when gold and silver mining went into decline in the 1900s.

They were proud men. Having searched out the mineral wealth of a nation, they would not settle for mucking borates in a company-owned mine; nor, having freely ranged over the wide deserts, could they abide the confinement of towns. Rather, they held out in the expectation that, as in the past, new bonanzas would succeed exhausted ones. New lodes might be found in the neighboring and little-explored Death Valley.

Like many of his cronies Joe had traveled a long and eventful road to the Amargosa Desert. His birthplace had been the Rhine Valley, and as a young man he joined Chancellor Bismarck's Imperial Navy to get to America. Once ashore, he lost no time in reaching the mineral-rich hinterlands.

The 1890s found him in Helena, Montana and—somewhat unusual for a middle-aged prospector—with a lovely young bride. Happily married to Charlotte and anticipating fatherhood, Joe was content to settle down.

But Charlotte did not survive the birth of their son. Joe, grief-stricken, took time only to carve a pine marker for her grave. The infant Henry needed all his attention. Neighbors clucked their disapproval:

"Stubborn Dutchman," they said, "trying to raise that baby all by himself. He'll kill it for sure!"

By the time Henry was old enough for school a German family, whose children Henry played with, had won Joe's trust. When word of an exciting gold strike in Nevada reached Helena's unemployed miners, Joe left Henry with the family while he went to Goldfield. Other discoveries followed Goldfield's, and during Joe's years in Nevada he located and sold claims. The monies he sent to Henry's foster family often provided their only income.

IT WAS at Tonopah that he met young Charley Brown. When the Nevada districts were exhausted, they crossed over into California to see what Greenwater, a new and highly touted copper camp, had to offer. Finding the ore as shallow as the green-scummed well the camp had been named after, the two gravitated down to Shoshone.

At that time the well-watered oasis of Shoshone was a gathering place for

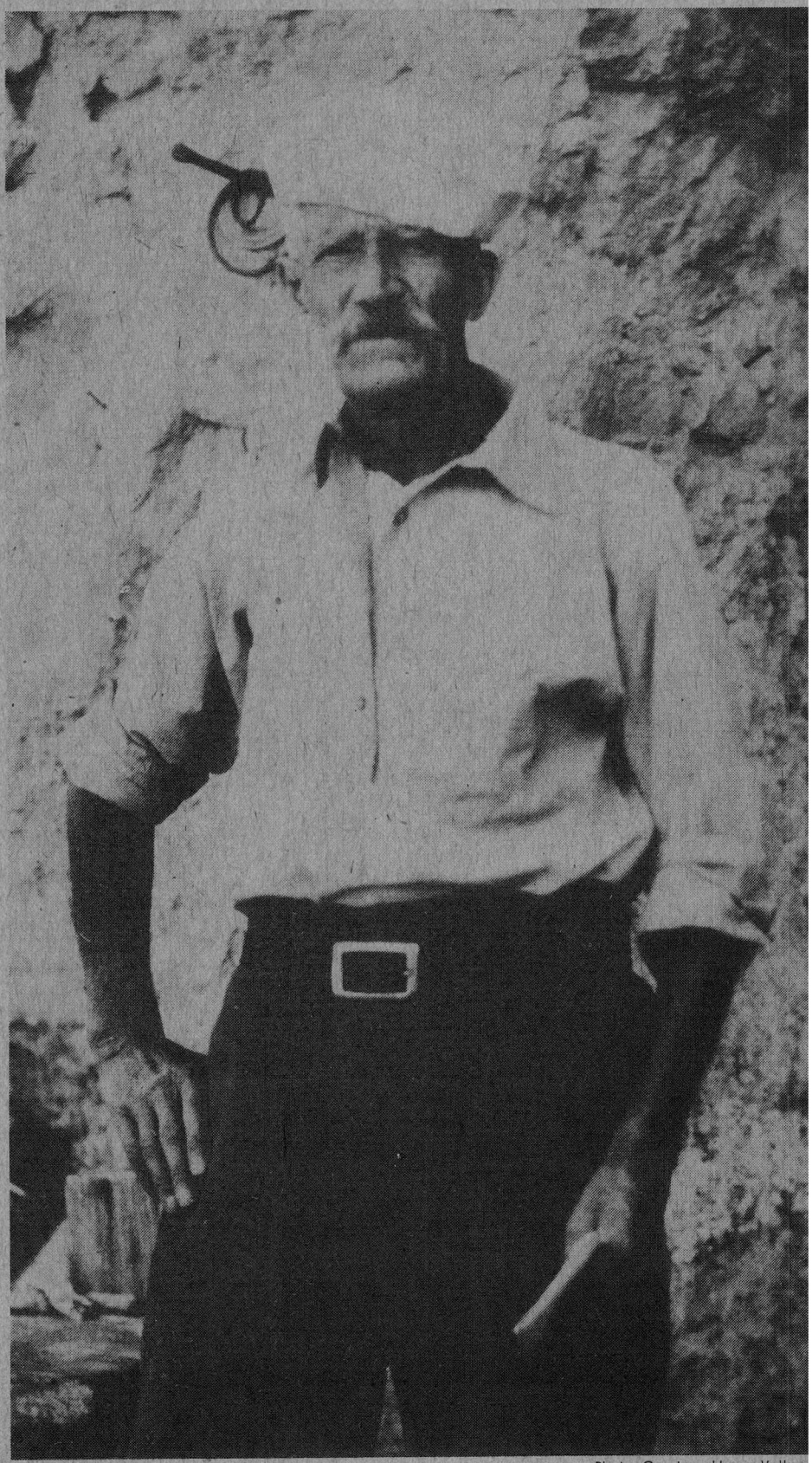
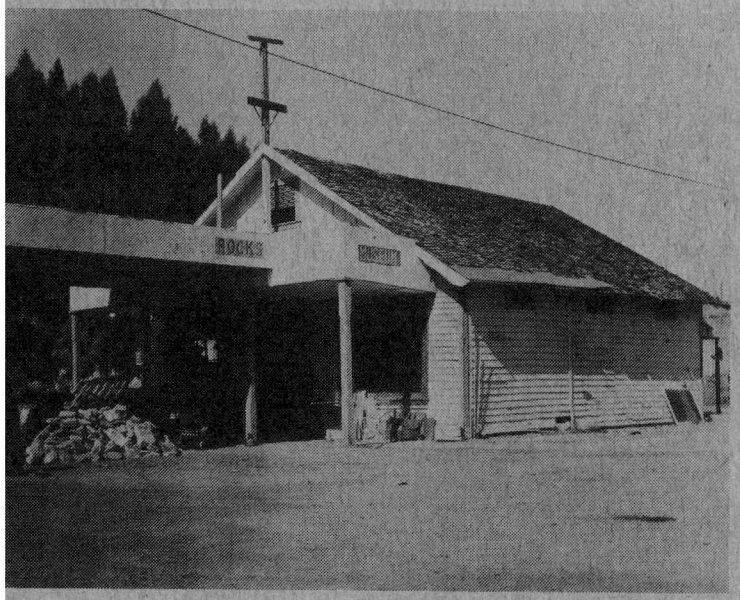


Photo Courtesy Henry Vollme

DUBLIN GULCH
and some others like him



Left: Joe Vollmer in front of his dugouts. Above: Joe's dugout. The door at the left led to his beer cellar. His three-room apartment was "split-level." His leveled ledge is at the right front.



Above: The Browns' first store had been the hospital at Furnace, one of the satellite camps at abandoned Greenwater. On the rear wall is a monitor for measuring possible radioactivity from test shots at Mercury, Nevada. Right: The only known photograph of "Dobe" Charlie Nels. Below: Part of the ruins of the Ashford Mill. It was said that cement delivered to the location cost a fortune.

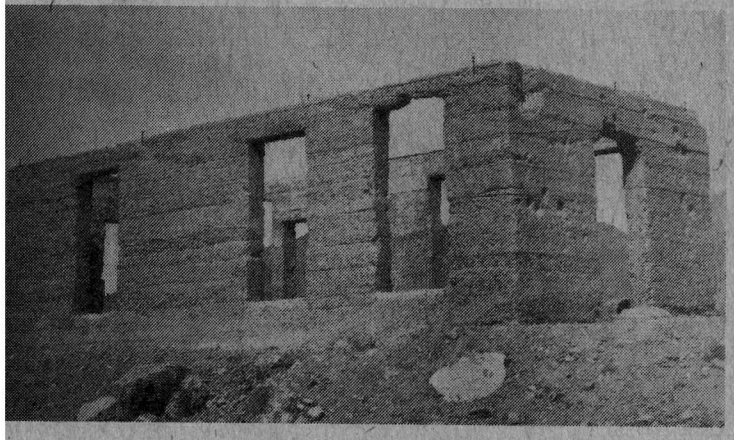
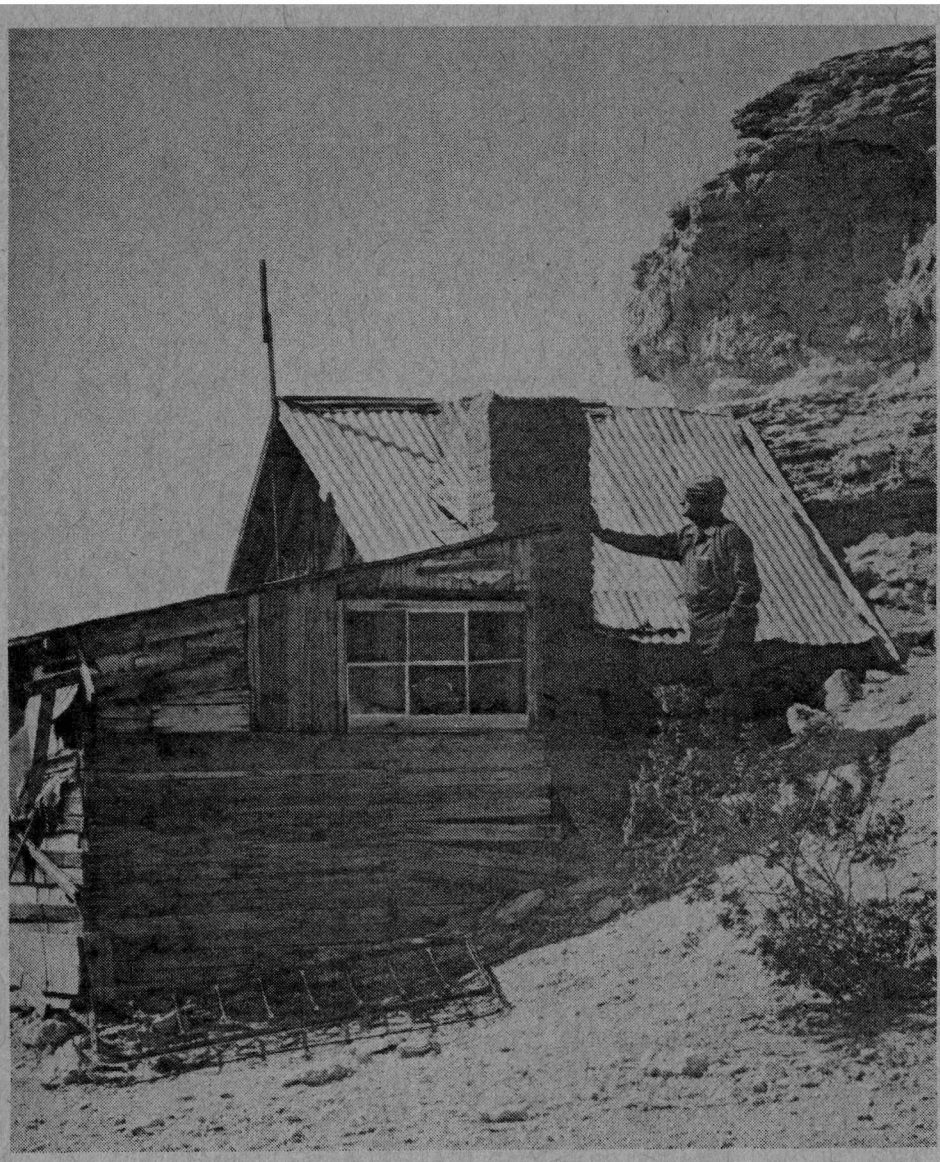
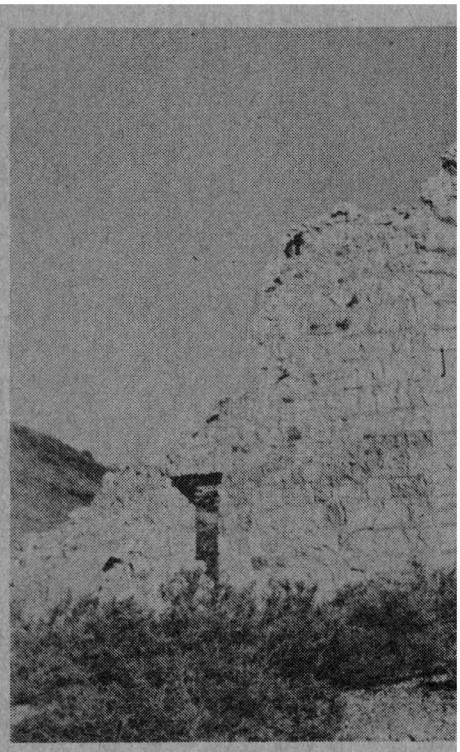




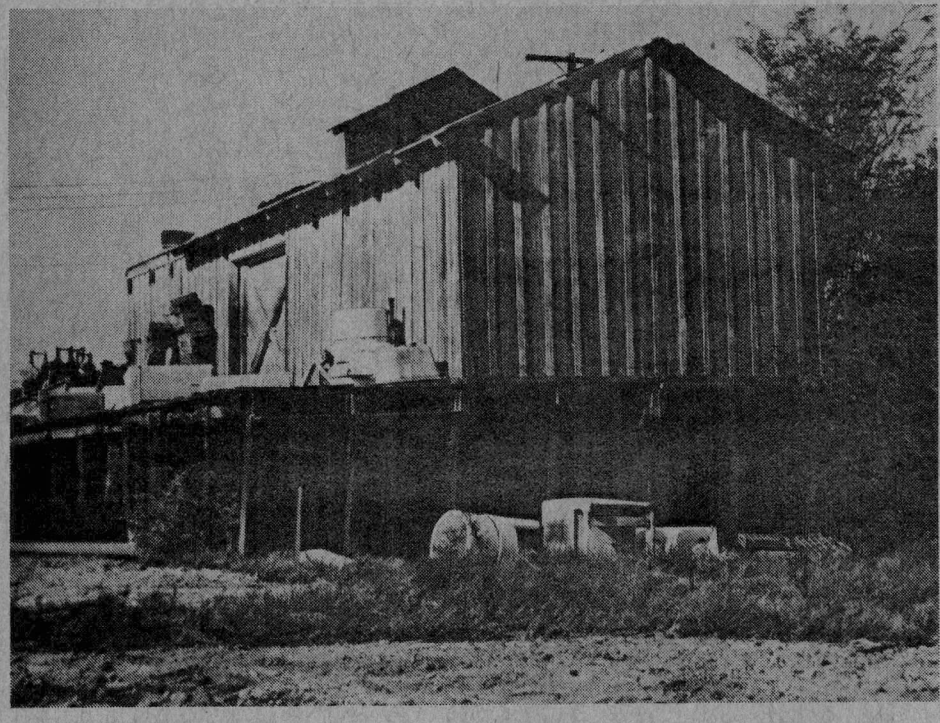
Photo Courtesy Henry Vollmer





Above: Here on Golden Street in Rhyolite, Nevada are the ruins of the city founded by Shorty Harris' discovery of the Bullfrog Mine. Right: Shorty Harris lived his last days in this abandoned schoolhouse at the ghost town of Ballarat. Below right: Mines at Rhyolite operated after the advent of automobiles. Antique car buffs have long since carried away most of the abandoned vehicles.

Above: Nels' old cabin. By 1969 the top of his adobe chimney had fallen. Below: The Tonopah & Tidewater freight station at Shoshone.



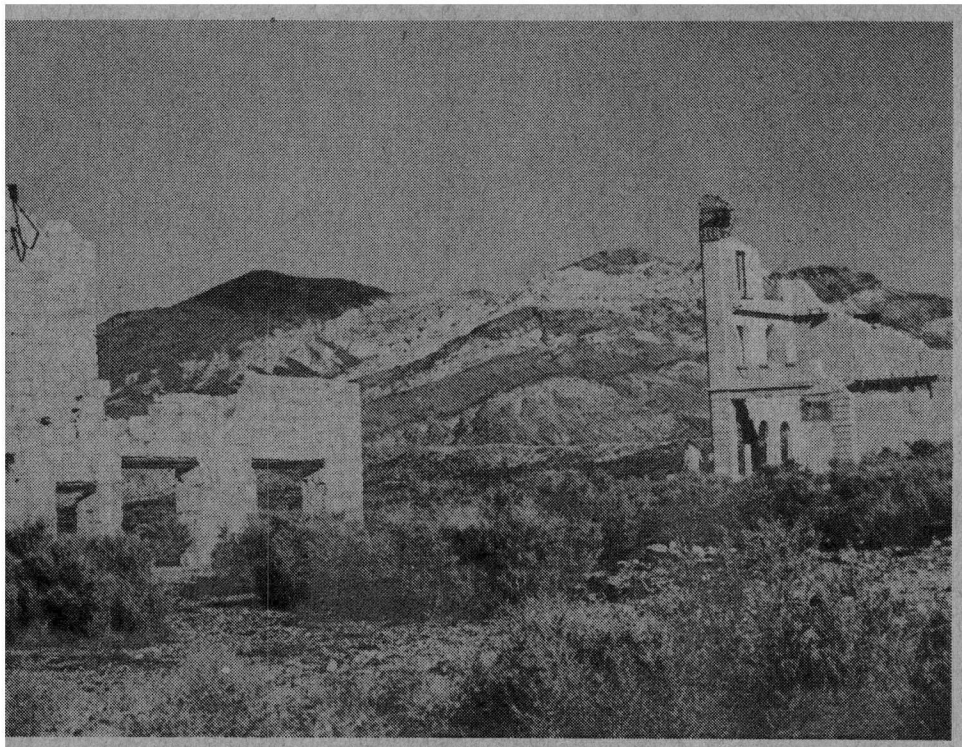
dried-out prospectors. Turning their jaded burros loose to forage on mesquite beans and salt grass, they rested and exchanged information. The family of Ralph (Dad) Fairbanks tended a small store of miners' supplies while he freighted water and hay to Greenwater.

Lacking faith in Greenwater's and Shoshone's future, Fairbanks had decided to leave. But Joe and Charley saw promise in the oasis. It had an unfailing spring, and the Tonopah & Tidewater Railroad, then building, planned to base a work crew there. If Charley had needed further inducement, Stella, Fairbanks' daughter, would have been more than enough. When her family left, she stayed as Charley's bride.

Joe staked his claim on Dublin's ledges. Although Henry had joined him, Joe realized that he would not stay. Dugouts, though, would afford Joe the dignity of independence in his old age, as well as a base from which to explore Death Valley.

Desert-wise Joe chose a ledge that faced northeast for maximum shade. He carried doors, windows, and hardware nine miles from an abandoned mill at Zabriskie, and leveled the front of his ledge for a porch.

The shaded ledge was inviting. When evening's cool lifted the haze, Grimshaw Lake glimmered in the saline valley below; and far across the Amargosa, purpling foothills rose to Nevada's snowy peaks. Joe's cronies, idled by summer's heat, would gather on the ledge to gos-







sip of the romantic and rambunctious lives they had lived in mining towns from Bodie to Butte.

Shorty Harris was a frequent visitor. The celebrated little prospector had discovered Rhyolite and Harrisburg, along with uncounted lesser finds. After letting many fortunes slip through his prodigal fingers, he and Camel, his blind burro, settled in the abandoned town of Ballarat, where Shorty lived in the old schoolhouse. If an aching molar needed to be yanked, or he merely hungered for a gabfest, Harris trudged across Death Valley to Dublin.

Joe's ledge provided a stage where Death Valley Scotty entertained the rough-humored prospectors by telling how he outrageously hoodwinked suspicious backers. When they would finally demand to see his nonexistent gold mine, Scotty would lead them in circles through Death Valley's more rugged country until they were ready to give up. Knowing Scotty, his cronies believed these stories —in fact, several later admitted that they had helped him by taking potshots at one footsore party, thus hastening its departure. But to prospectors, Scotty's boasts of building a castle up in that mineral-barren Grapevine had to be pure hogwash!

ACROSS the gulch from Joe, the Ashfords lived in a dugout during the long years of litigation to repossess their Death Valley mine property. There were three Ashford brothers and, according to them, they had made one of the earlier strikes in the Randsburg District. It was a rich one; therefore, others disputed their claim.

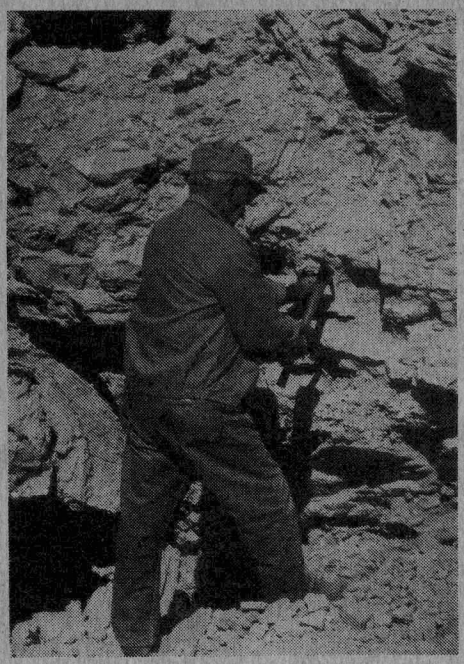
Because the Ashfords were British subjects their attorney suggested that U. S. citizenship might help their chances in court. But rather than renounce allegiance to Queen Victoria, they set out across the desert to find another gold mine. True to their expectations, they did find a mine in the southern part of Death Valley.

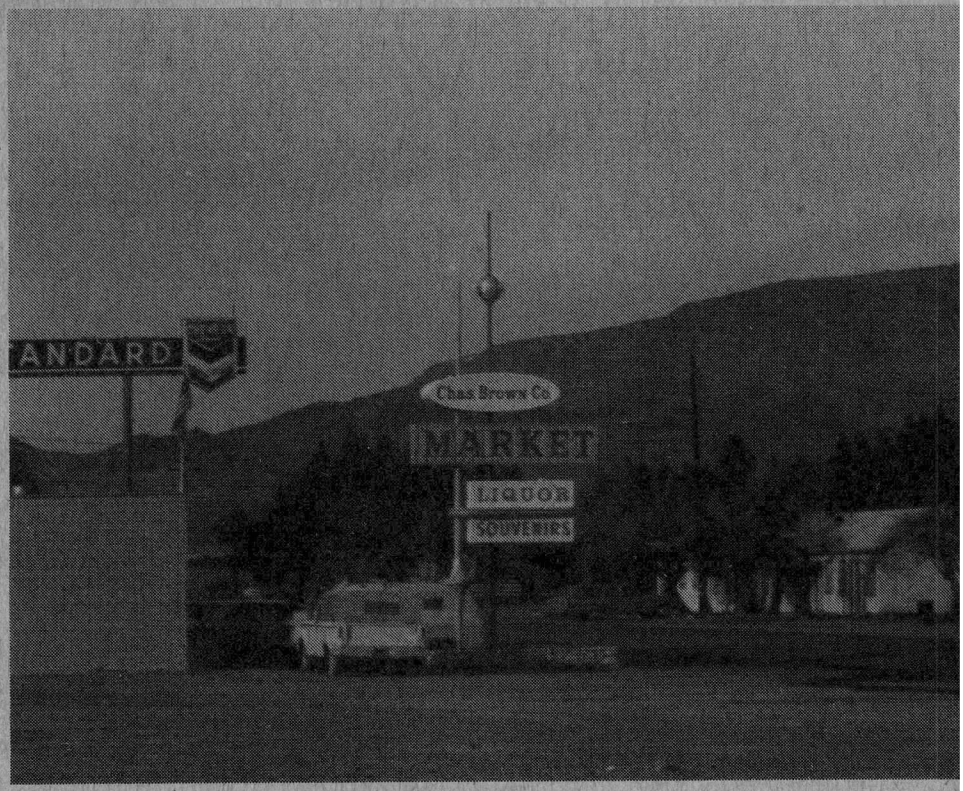
The brothers had no capital to develop this property. They sold it. The buyers over-extended their resources in constructing the mill, and defaulted. Again faced with legal tangles, the Ashfords had Joe hold back the deck while they cut cards. The losing brother then applied for naturalization.

Next door to Joe, "Dobe" Charlie Nels' cabin butted against the end of the ledge. Dobe's manufacture of building blocks gave him his moniker, as well as a few luxuries. Instead of a tin stovepipe, his chimney was a tower of adobe blocks. He also owned a motorcycle. An inveterate prospector, Dobe had only to pile a bedroll in the sidecar of his Harley-Davidson before taking off for another fling at the canyons.

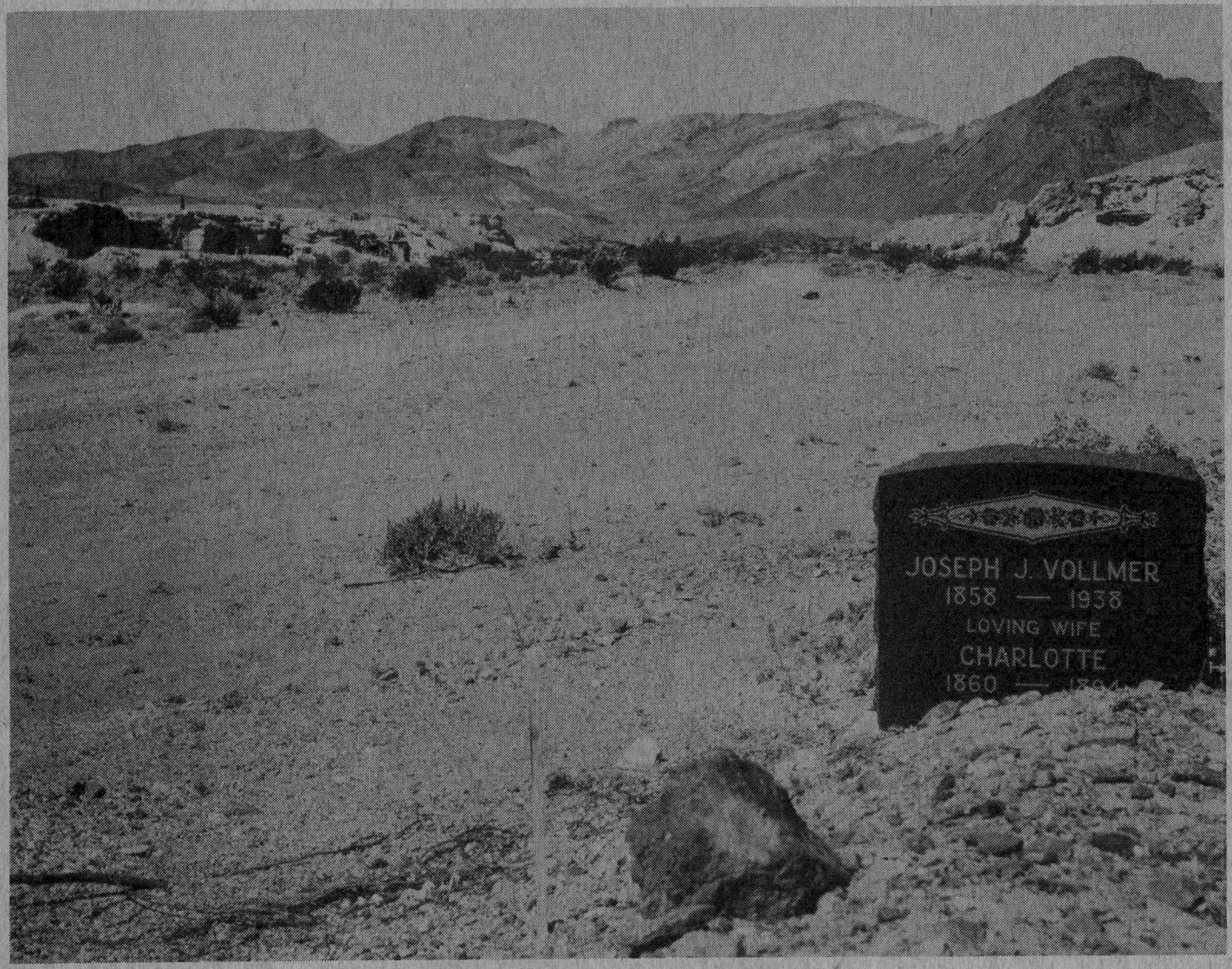
Skunks got into Dobe's bacon-greased chimney. Unable to climb back up, they could only await Dobe's return. Several such homecomings forced Dobe to block his prized chimney, and for years after his death Dubliners chuckled when vagrants tried to build cookfires in the cabin.

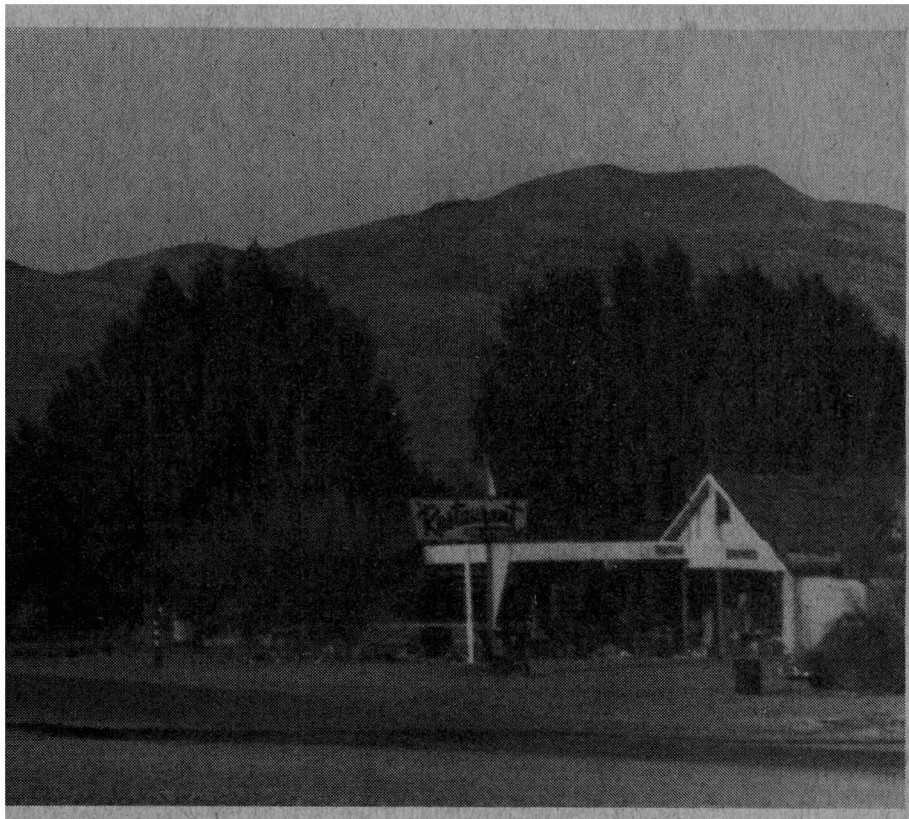
Somewhere in Dobe's background of mine towns, he had known the celebrated



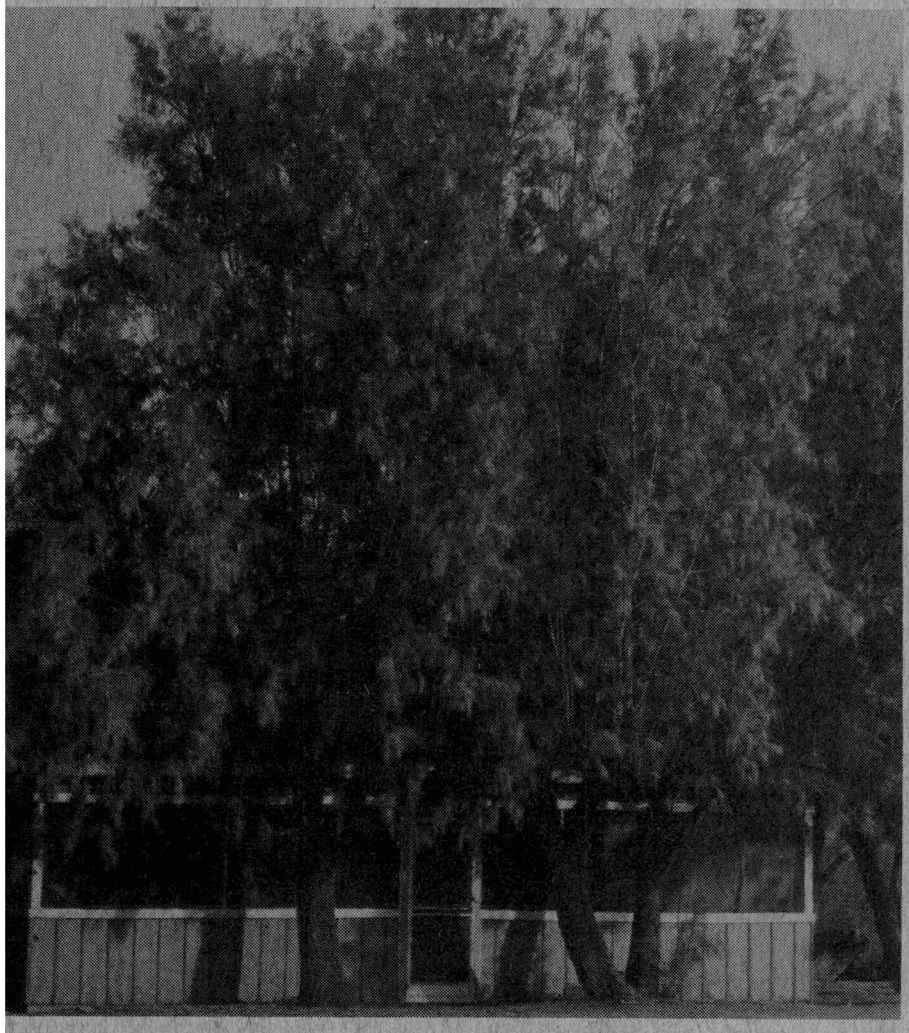


Above: Jack Crowley had an opal claim above the melted adobe ruins of Zabriskie. Rockhounds still dig a few small "Tecopa" fire opals. Below: Joe's dugouts are across the gulch from his grave.





ove: Charley and Stella built the Chas. Brown Co. supermarket-resort centers of e lower Amargosa and Upper Mojave Deserts. Below: The railroaders' dining hall here a desert-maddened cook decapitated Beulah's dog. Tamarisk trees and the reened veranda were customary in a 120° climate.



gambling hall queen, Eleanore Dumont. After a dark growth of facial hair marred her brunette beauty, and the "Madame Mustache" taunts of former admirers drove her to suicide, Dobe lost faith in the God who would permit such a tragedy. Stacks of Robert Ingersoll books and tracts were found in his cabin after he died.

Another long-time tenant, Jack Crowley, lived on the other side of Joe's dugout. Although a bachelor like the others, Crowley was a gregarious man whose dugout door was always open. Smoky Dickson was staying with him when John Sheridan drifted into the gulch and made it a threesome. Between their poker sessions, Sheridan managed to stumble onto a sizeable borax deposit. But, it being on a school section, he couldn't file a claim. Pacific Coast Borax Company eventually paid Sheridan a finder's fee of $30,000 and negotiated a lease from the State.

Dickson and Crowley, as grubstakers, shared equally in Sheridan's windfall. The three celebrated, topping off their binge with the purchase of a new automobile. In order for Crowley to get the car in his dugout, Joe blasted the opening wider and installed the absurd-looking garage door which still hangs there.

Although their money was soon gone and Sheridan wandered off into the desert, his mine remains. Called the Gerstly Mine, it plays a vital role in today's Space Age Technology. Its high-grade borates provide effective shielding for use in the testing of nuclear materials at the Nevada Test Site of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission at Mercury.

NOT ONLY did the tin can and bottle litter of some of Joe's cronies clash with his sense of orderliness, their casual alliances with Indian women violated his regard for the sanctity of marriage and fatherhood. Although he forbade such liaisons in his dugouts, his untidy tenants often kept brown-skinned "cleaning women."

The Indians troubled Joe. Mail came for them at Charley's postoffice store, and they trotted up the gulch to get Crowley who spoke Paiute fluently, to read it. To them, Joe's thrift was wealth to be shared. They hid behind the gulch formations and watched for the old *hiko* to leave his dugout. No padlock could long withstand smashing between two rocks, so Joe drilled holes in his walls in which to hide his poke. Broomstick pegs camouflaged the small caches.

Unfortunately, Joe's pistol couldn't be hidden in a small hollow. Indians in need of money found that if they took it, they could ransom it back to Joe for a dollar. He had little need for a gun, and only sentiment for the pistol his son Henry had given him perpetuated this dollar drain.

The calamity of Prohibition was ignored by gulch denizens of the throat-parching desert. Joe brewed a beer much relished by railroaders as well, for the tidy old Dutchman bottled it without the usual flies, lizards, and foreign ob-

(Continued on page 49)

FEATHER FORT

Anybody interested in odds would put their money on the Comanches!

By BEN W. KEMP

Photos Provided By Author



The author's father and mother in the summer of 1931 standing at the site where they were married 42 years earlier.

MY GRANDFATHER on my mother' side of the family was named Henr Clay Cox. He stood six feet four inche in his moccasined feet, was slender i build, had light brown hair, and spark ling blue eyes that showed both kindnes and merriment. He was fleet of foot an could outrun anyone in his neighborhoo It was said that he could jump over covered wagon with a running start.

I never knew what state he was bor in. While visiting with him and m grandmother once, I asked him where h came from and he answered, "Turke Buzzard Roost, Arkansas." Surmising h didn't care to discuss the subject an further, I let it go at that. This was i the spring of 1903 and I was a boy o thirteen and at that time children didn pester their elders with too many ques tions.

My Grandmother Julia Ann Cox wa a half-breed Cherokee and must hav lived neighbors to my grandfather whe they were children, for he said the firs time he saw her, his clothes were lim ited to a long white shirt that resemble a short skirt. Grandmother said that h and his boy friends used to run hors races across the prairie near her father house, and with their shirt tails fannin out behind they kind of resembled whit birds sailing across the valley.

Great-grandfather William Cox move from Arkansas to Fannin County, Texa in 1849 and camped near Bonham. Hi family consisted of five children: Nin Lila, Arch, Henry, and Ike. In 185 another girl was born that they name Sirrilda.

In 1861 William Cox moved his famil from Bonham to Brackett, a long tir some journey made with ox team through country susceptible to India attacks.

The Cox family lived near Bracke for the next four years and during th time a lieutenant at Fort Clark mad Henry Cox a present of a breech-loadin buffalo rifle, .45-70 caliber. It had long octagon barrel with a silver ins on top near the rear sight on which wa engraved the lieutenant's name, compan and regiment. The rifle weighed sixtee pounds and was hard to shoot. Henr usually carried two ramrods tied t gether near one end, for a rest.

In 1865 William Cox and his famil including son Henry and his wife an three daughters (Lila, Letitia an Tabitha), moved from Brackett to th West Prong of the Nueces River. A ma by the name of John Bingham and h wife accompanied the Cox family to th remote and desolate location.

They pitched their tents on a com paratively level strip of open groun about thirty feet above the river bottom The tents faced east toward the rive Henry's tent was to the north, or u river, a distance of forty yards from h father's tent. John Bingham's was abo the same distance south.

It was very early spring when the settled on the West Prong and Henr

Cox decided to plant a garden. He planted one but as soon as it grew out of the ground, deer ate it up, so he built an 8′ brush fence around a 25 by 50 yard plot of ground at the back of the tents, joining it to the northwest corner of his tent and the southeast corner of his father's. Then he closed the space between the two tents. The enclosure was practically rabbit-proof.

ON a bright sunshiny morning in the latter part of May, Henry Cox decided to hoe some weeds in the garden, while his wife and daughter Letitia went to a spring near the river to get some drinking water. They had just reached the spring when Letitia, who had witnessed a parade of soldiers at Fort Clark a few months before, said, "Oh Mother, look at the soldiers!"

When Mrs. Cox looked she saw a band of twenty-five Indian warriors arrayed in their feathers and war paint on the opposite side of the river from them. She knew if she and Letitia couldn't outrun the Indians to camp they would both be killed. She grabbed Letitia's hand and they were speeding toward the tents when Letitia's knees gave way and she fell to the ground. Her mother could see that an arrow had hit Letitia between the shoulders and passed through her body, the spike protruding two inches beyond her chest. Knowing it was a fatal wound and that Letitia was too heavy to pack, Mrs. Cox continued toward camp, screaming as she ran.



As soon as Henry Cox heard his wife's screams, he knew it was an Indian attack, so he jumped the 8′ brush fence in an effort to reach his rifle, which was in the tent. By this time—which was less than it takes to tell it—his wife had reached camp and was trying to call her children to her.

Mrs. Bingham knew something out of the ordinary was happening and came out of her tent to investigate just as the Indians had crossed the river and were advancing on Henry Cox's tent. The sight of them frightened her so she exclaimed in a loud voice, "Lord God! Look at the Indians!"

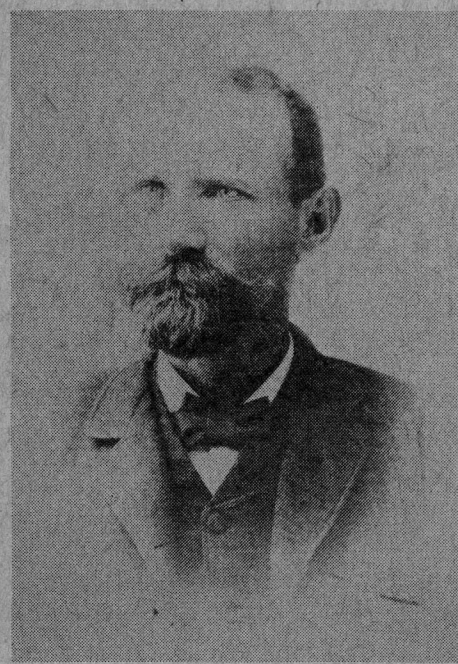
Her cry aroused William Cox, who was in his tent, so he grabbed his muzzleloader and rushed outside. By this time the Indians were near Henry's tent and within rifle range. William raised his rifle to his shoulder and took aim on the nearest warrior, but the rifle snapped. He had fired it at a turkey earlier that morning and had fogotten to reload it. Before he could reload, the nearest Indian shot him in the knee with an arrow.

William reached down and pulled the arrow shaft off the spike which remained in his kneecap. While he was trying to reload his rifle, he was calling to everyone to come to his tent. Tabitha, Henry's baby, was missing and they were sure the Indians had killed her.

When John Bingham and his wife made a run to William Cox's tent, both of them were shot through the calf of a leg by one bullet. Luckily they reached their destination without further injury.

By this time—Indians were yelling and bullets were whistling everywhere—Henry Cox had come to his father's aid. William Cox had his rifle loaded and together they charged the Indians, driving them back into the wooded river bottom.

Both Hugh Cox (left) and Arch Cox (below) took part in the Indian fight on Chaparroso Creek.



Henry and his father then returned to the tent where the rest of the family was gathered. Something had to be done quickly. Canvas was no protection against rifle fire.

William's tent was the largest in the group and had three feather beds in it. One of them was laid across the entrance and the other two along the sides. The leaden bullets of those early rifles would not penetrate far into the feathers, so the bed ticks made a good breastworks for the white men.

The rest of the family lay flat on the floor of the tent and most of the bullets and arrows passed over them. The heavy brush fence at the back of the tent furnished protection there and the open space at the front made it impossible for the Indians to reach the tent without exposing themselves. This was likely why they did not charge en masse and wipe everybody out. Each time one of them ventured onto the open ground between the riverbank and the tents, he was shot.

THE INDIANS were bent on plunder and one of them finally managed to get into Henry's tent, but William killed him when he came out with his arms full.

John Bingham had no rifle, but made himself useful by having the powder, patching, ball and cap ready everytime the muzzleloader was fired.

Henry was a crack shot and seldom missed. During one charge Henry and William emptied their rifles, each killing an Indian, but before they could reload, a warrior ran up to within ten feet of the entrance. There was an axe in the tent and Ike Cox picked it up and pointed it at the Indian like it was a rifle. The Indian ran back into the timber in the river bottom.

The chief had a whistle which he would blow to coax his warriors up to the edge of the timber, and it was reasoned by the white men that if they could kill the chief, it might end the fight. Since Henry Cox was the best shot in the group and had the best rifle, it fell to him to get rid of the chief.

Henry finally located the tree the chief was hidden behind. Assuming the Indian would step out on the right side when he blew his whistle to charge, Henry drew a fine bead and waited. When the whistle sounded, the chief moved into view. Henry's rifle cracked and the chief fell dead in his tracks.

Just prior to this, the Indians had been mimicking a child crying, trying to fool the white men into thinking that Letitia was still alive and they would attempt her rescue. When this ruse failed, the chief started the charge that cost him his life.

It was about ten o'clock when this took place. Suddenly the yelling stopped and all was quiet. Finally they could be seen going up a mountainside and leaving the valley.

Tabitha, the baby, was found sitting under a wagon that stood alongside Henry's tent. An arrow cut her across her forehead and blood had run into

her eyes until she couldn't see. She had sat under the wagon during the entire fight and never received another scratch, but the arrow wound across her forehead was plainly visible the rest of her life.

After the Indians left the valley, Henry and Ike Cox made a search in the wooded river bottom for Letitia's body, but failed to find it. They could see where the chief's body had been dragged down to the river. They found him and his accoutrements in a waterhole. The boys dragged him out, raised his scalp, and threw him back in. Then they collected his whistle, bow, and his quiver of arrows. Thirty-eight years later my grandmother still had some of these articles.

After taking care of the chief, Henry and Ike started back to camp, keeping a close watch for Letitia. Before reaching camp they found her body. That evening the sad burial took place and it is doubtful if there is any indication of her grave at this time.

THE SURVIVORS now made preparations to leave. The tent of William Cox was left standing, for what was left of it was riddled with bullets and arrows. Ike and Henry were the only uninjured men left to do anything.

John Bingham and his wife had bullet holes through the calves of their legs and William Cox still carried an arrow spike. The Binghams soon had their wounds dressed, but removing the arrow point from William's kneecap proved to be a more tedious and painful operation.

Next morning after the fight they started for Fort Clark, the wounded and small children in the wagon and the balance on foot. The Indians had taken their horses, and all they had left was one yoke of oxen to convey three families to safety. But they made it.

Gunny Sack Johnny.



BIG FOOT WALLACE and his partner were making a scout at the head of the Llano River when they cut the trail of the Indians that had fought the Cox family. The trail being two or three days old made the scouts wonder what had happened to some of the settlers to the south. They took the back trail down the West Fork of the Nueces River and followed it to where the Cox family had lived. Along the route traveled by the Indians they found four graves.

Wallace was a personal friend of the Cox family, having served with Ike Cox, William's brother for whom he had named his son, in the Mier Expedition into Mexico. Ike was with the group of men who drew the white and black beans that meant life or death by firing squad. He drew next after Captain Cameron, who warned him to dig deep, which he did and drew a white bean saving his life. Ike's health was permanently impaired from his service with this expedition, however.

Wallace and his friend inspected the battleground, finding several dead Indians and the chief's body in the waterhole. They also found Letitia's grave. Knowing this was William Cox's camp, they followed the wagon tracks into Fort Clark and learned the details of the desperate fight.

Joshua Cox, Henry's cousin, lived on Elm Creek seven miles east of Fort Clark. William Cox went to his ranch. They had all come together from Fannin County.

Joshua was an experienced Indian fighter himself. He had a fight with them on Elm Creek in 1864. He and Nilus Cantrell were out on a horse wrangle when they met nine Indians. Seven ran into a thicket, but two of them charged to within fifteen yards of Cox and Cantrell, who fired simultaneously and wounded the Indians fatally. The warriors wheeled their horses, and the white men pursued them until they ran over a bank and disappeared. The other seven ran out on the opposite side of the thicket and made their escape.

One of the wounded Indians was shot through his body and arm, the bullet breaking the bone. He was wearing a shirt and somehow he managed to remove the shirt and tie it tightly about his body. Then he rode his horse six miles to a waterhole where he dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, lay down under a tree and died. A week later his body and the almost dead horse was found. Cowboys riding in the Anacacho Mountains found the head and shoulders of a dead Indian, presumed to be the one shot by Cox and Cantrell.

After the fight on the North Prong, William and Henry settled nearer Brackett, but they still had Indian trouble. Ike Cox, William's youngest son, wanted to go to Uvalde after a pair of new shoes. William tried to talk him out of going, but Ike was adamant and went anyway. The night following Ike's departure, William Cox was so worried he had a vivid dream that Indians had killed Ike. So plain was his dream, he insisted that they follow Ike and see if he had reached Uvalde.

Henry and Arch Cox took Ike's trail and followed it along the Eagle Pass road, and in less than twenty miles they found his remains where Indians had killed him and badly mutilated his body. Henry stayed at the scene of the killing, while Arch went to Elm Creek to tell Joshua Cox what had happened. They returned to where Henry was standing guard and buried Ike's body.

At Elm Creek they formed a posse to follow the Indians: Henry Cox, Joshua Cox, Hugh Cox, Ervin Cox, Dave Cook, and William Carter.

Trailing was easy as there were twenty-five Indians in the band. They were overtaken in an open prairie on Chaparroso Creek. Twelve were on horseback and thirteen on foot. The warriors on horseback were seen first by the white men, who immediately charged and commenced firing.

The Indians on foot were concealed in the tall grass and, when the white men charged the twelve on horseback, they rose up and began yelling and shooting. The fight lasted nearly an hour with the Indians giving ground and gradually being beaten back a mile into the brush.

None of the white men got killed during this fight, but Ervin Cox was wounded and the horse ridden by Cox caught a bullet in its shoulder. The last shot fired by Hugh Cox hit an Indian in the back. He rode out of the fight but from all appearances he was lashed on his horse.

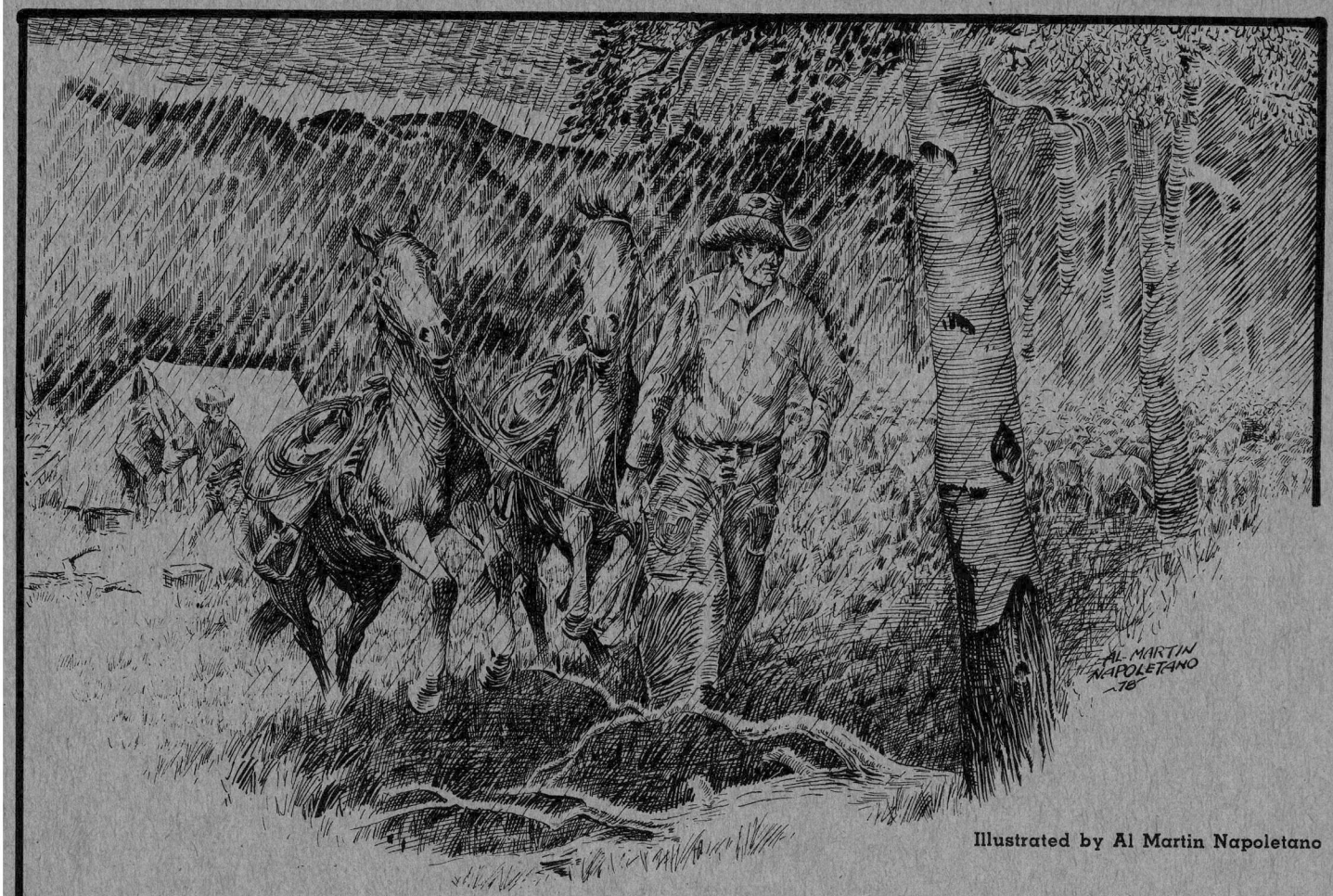
Some of the posse had Winchester repeating rifles and many shots were fired. On account of this heavy fire the Indians avoided close-in fighting. Out of the twelve on horseback only five were left in their last charge. Mexicans said these Indians were Kickapoos and that the white men had either killed or wounded two-thirds of them.

WILLIAM COX lost an older daughter, her husband, and three children to the Indians. They were traveling by wagon and team from their ranch to Brackett, and stopped overnight at a neighbor's cabin. That night after the chickens had gone to roost, the cocks crowed. Their neighbors took this as a bad omen and tried to get them to stay over a day or two, but they were not superstitious and left against their friends' wishes.

In less than twenty miles Indians attacked them, killed the man and woman, and tried to burn their wagon. In destroying their cooking utensils, the Indians broke a cast-iron skillet over a wagon wheel. The skillet had a handle and three legs. One of the legs was still attached to the handle and they used this to brain the children.

My grandfather, Henry Cox, lived in and around Brackett for twenty years and during this time four more girls were born into the family. Their names

(Continued on page 35)



Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Flash Flood!

Death that gives no notice!

By ALBERT HANCOCK As Told To JUANITA G. McGRAW

IT WASN'T yet daylight. Joe Combs sat bolt upright in bed and listened. The woollies were on the move, all right, pulling early that morning. No wonder; the weather would be hotter than the hot place as soon as the sun peeked over Rudio Mountain. Combs pulled on his overalls and shoes and picked up his .30-30 carbine.

In Central Oregon the John Day River empties into the Columbia near The Dalles. Squaw Creek pours its waters into the John Day. Five miles up from its mouth, this creek divides. The northerly branch becomes Buckhorn Creek, and the south prong is Indian Creek. The two creeks parallel for a few miles ranging from one to four miles apart.

The site of Combs' sheep camp was three miles above the fork of Indian and Buckhorn Creeks. The creeks here have cut through layer after layer of lava flows, said to have been put down here millions of years ago.

As the creeks and rivers ate their way through hundreds of feet of iron-hard basaltic rock, the upper part of their canyons widened. This left the canyon walls in the form of giant stairsteps.

At the site of Combs' camp on Indian Creek the walls were not so very high, but the surrounding hills were thickly strewn with broken rock. A cold spring welled up from the creek bed. Great yellow pines and fir trees furnished plenty of shade. A thicket of white quaking aspens lined one side of the creek, and their smooth bark was a temptation for sheepherders, cowboys and hunters to carve their names on while loitering in the shade. This was also a good watering place for sheep, when they were brought in to the bed-ground at night.

Indian Creek runs in an easterly direction, and at the campsite a long dry gulch comes in from the hills to the south. It runs water only after hard rains or when snow is melting in the hills. The sheep were bedded on the slope of this gulch.

Combs and his dog, Ring, came up with the band about a mile from camp. The sheep had fanned out over a square

(Continued on page 49)

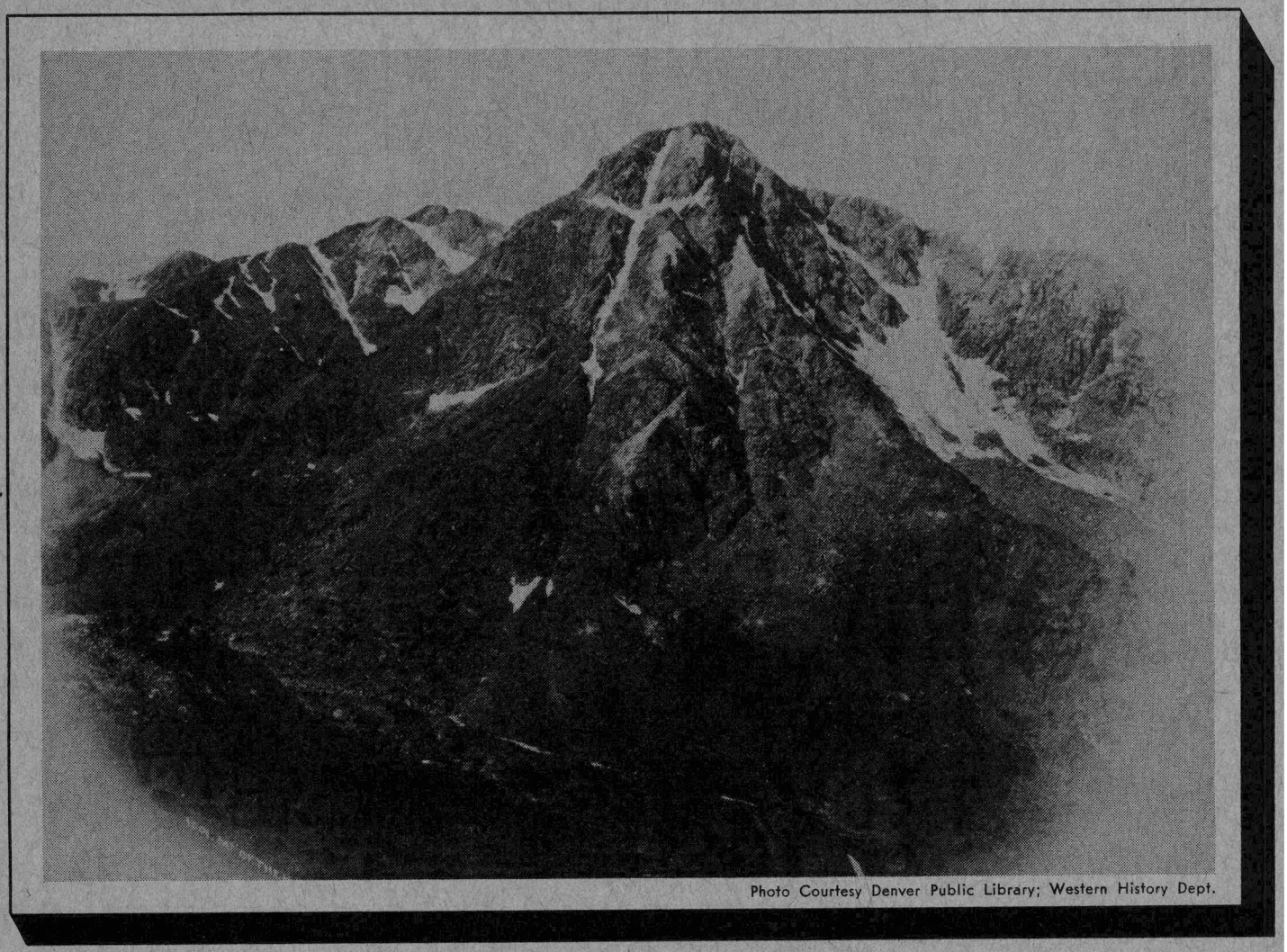


Photo Courtesy Denver Public Library; Western History Dept.

WILLIAM H. JACKSON'S CROSS OF SNOW

One mystical tale of the unexplored West concerned a gigantic Christian symbol on a mountainside in the Rockies. For a young photographer, finding it became an obsession. . . .

By THOMAS M. JENKINS

Photos Provided By Author

MYSTICAL TALES and fanciful legends of the West were prevalent during the 19th century; none was more tantalizing than the one about a gigantic cross of snow etched in the side of a mountain in the wilderness of Colorado. Until 1873 no one could be found who had actually seen this peak, and most who had heard about the towering Christian symbol doubted its existence.

A man was born in 1843 in Keesville, New York who was to change legend into fact, mystery into reality. That man was William Henry Jackson who brought the remote areas of the West to the world for the first time with his spectacular photographs of America's natural miracles.

Of the more than 100,000 photographs Jackson took during his 99 years, perhaps the most notable was that of the 14,000-foot Mount of the Holy Cross in the Sawatch Range of north-central Colorado. The attainment of that now world-famous shot has in itself become a legend.

Impulse following a lover's quarrel ok Jackson to the West where at the e of twenty-seven he was asked to in the Hayden Geological and Geo- aphical Survey of the Territories. Dr. erdinand V. Hayden was conducting series of annual map and survey peditions to the Rocky Mountains with ckson as official photographer.

The Hayden Survey Party consisted an impressive group: F. V. Hayden, ologist and director; W. H. Holmes, tist and scientist; J. T. Gardner, topog- pher; W. D. Whitney, geologist; John oulter, botanist; and William H. Jack- n. After exploring and photographing e Yellowstone region, the Hayden Par- journeyed to Colorado in the summer 1873.

During their previous treks, Jackson d heard imaginative stories and hazy ferences to an immense cross of snow nging in the Colorado sky, reputedly mpsed by only a chosen few as it ap- ared in the ethereal mists of weather d gossip. It became an obsession with Jackson and the entire Hayden Party to determine if the cross existed and, if possible, to locate it before ending the survey. It was from the Ute leader, Chief Ouray, that specific directions were obtained to the right area. But still no one had been found who had actually seen the cross of snow.

The search began. The group crossed Tennessee Pass and traveled down the banks of the Eagle River [Eagle River Canyon] to the mouth of a small stream which was coming from the west into Eagle, about half-way between the present towns of Gilman and Minturn.

On August 20, the attempt to ascend what is now known as Cross Creek Canyon met with such severe barriers of heavy undergrowth and rocks that the men were forced to turn back and camp for the night on the banks of the Eagle River.

The second day, under the leadership of Gardner, they struggled up the west ridge of the canyon. And a struggle it was; debris made progress so tediously slow that by evening they were only five miles up the ridge.

On the next day, some of the members were sent back to Eagle; the rest were to continue up the ridge with four pack mules carrying all their equipment. Even with two men sent ahead to clear the way with axes, the ridge was abandoned, and the 1,500-foot descent to the canyon floor was made. Continuing, as Whitney wrote, "with our utmost effort, we could get but a mile up through the canyon, leaving two hours and a half scrambling between our final camp and the bottom of the peak."

AFTER DAYBREAK of the following day, the group divided. While Gardner with six men began the ascent of the Mount of the Holy Cross, Jackson (with photographic equipment weighing 100 pounds), Coulter, and Tom Cooper, a packer, started for the mountain opposite Holy Cross believing it would afford a better location for taking pictures. (It was later named Notch Mountain, 13,237 feet in altitude.) The optimistic climbers expected to reach the summit and return that same day, so they carried "only a little bread, two slices apiece."

The weather was formidable with cold and clouds. When Jackson's party reached the summit of Notch Mountain after climbing for ten hours through swirling mists, clouds obscured the view they had agonized for four days to obtain. After waiting unsuccessfully until almost dusk for the skies to clear, they placed the photographic apparatus under protective boulders and descended to timberline. Jackson's disappointment was great. One element of his dejection was his failure to make good his promise to his second wife of a photograph of the Mount of the Holy Cross, if it were real, as a wedding gift.

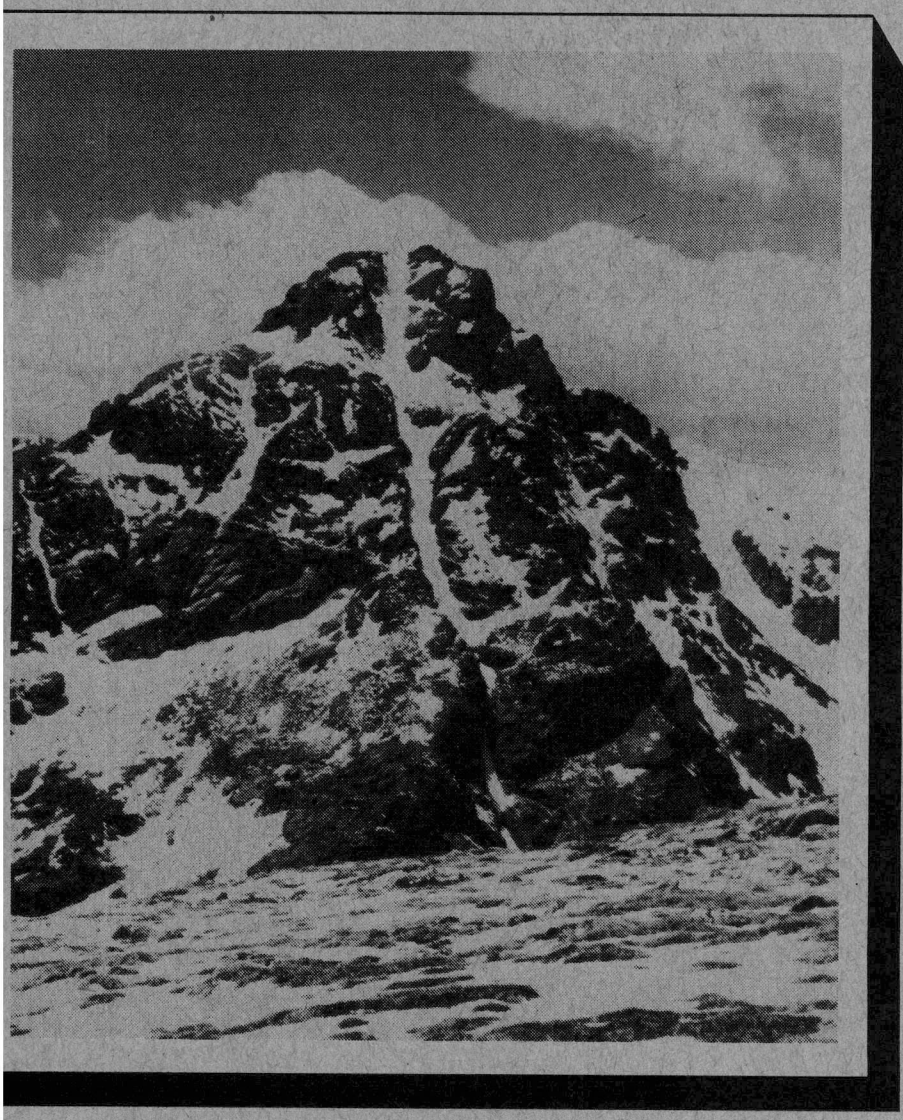
The night was spent huddled by a big fire. The men were hungry, without blankets, and about 12,000 feet high in the rarified air. The other party was suffering equally. "We had the consolation of seeing a little fire spring out on the edge of the timber across the canyon, and all night long we kept our beacons glowing and occasionally halloing across to each other for company's sake. Managed to get a few snaps of slumber."

Sunday morning, August 24, arrived, with the difficult second climb to the summit of Notch Mountain. Then suddenly before them in the dazzingly clear Colorado air, appeared the immense cross of snow in the face of the mountain. The legend was not a legend; the mountain and the cross were real.

It was almost impossible for Jackson to describe the emotion he felt at that moment. Independent of any religious connotation or response to its obvious Christian symbolism, the naturally formed cross is esthetically inspiring. Perhaps no words nor even a photograph can capture the aura of this mountain. Perhaps only those few intrepid and magnificent fools who climb the 1,200-foot vertical couloir each year, with crampons and ice axes and ropes, can understand its sublime power.

(Continued on page 52)

ft: This is a print of William H. Jackson's original photograph of the Mount of the ly Cross taken in 1873 from the summit of Notch Mountain. Below: An original photo- aph of the Mount of the Holy Cross taken in 1977 by Tom Jenkins from a spot south the place where William H. Jackson took his famous photo a century ago.



A Strange

The Ranger's assignment was to the point: make a fifty-mi

By ROBERT M. STEGMAIER

Photos Provided By Author

THE REVEREND JESSE HORD, in 1849, literally said to Ran Runnels, a Texas Ranger: "Await a call, so commandeth the Lord." His actual words were: "I see you offered a mission in a strange land . . . a long journey by water . . . a great river full of demons and monsters . . a pestilence that walketh in darkness." In conclusion he emphasized, "When the mission is offered, Brother Runnels, you must not refuse. To go is the Lord's will."

Ran heard and heeded. He resigned from the Rangers to sit patiently in his Colorado River home awaiting some as yet unknown summons.

Then from New York to Texas, in 1851, there came a stranger—a stovepipe hat on his head and clothed all in black, an unlikely-looking representative of the Word. The stranger was a representative of the Panama Railroad.

To Ran this outlander stated: "To cross from Chagres to the Atlantic to Panama City on the Pacific, you must travel several days by native canoe upstream. . . . The river is full of snakes and crocodiles, I understand. The fever is hellish, sir. When it strikes, you may not wake up in the morning. We are trying to transport gold express by packtrain and are attempting to build a railroad. We are sorely harassed by the fiercest group of cutthroats and highwaymen ever to walk the earth. We need a man there who has the courage and ability to deal with them."

So this was his summons, Ran thought —as promised, a river filled with demons of the deep; air reeking with pestilence that killed in the night.

Ran Runnels was not a completely religious person. As a Texas Ranger, his mentor had been Jack Hays. On the Llano Estacado they had fought the wily Comanches; in Mexico they had helped General Winfield Scott conquer Montezuma's capital city. Hays ruled by "iron hand and steel pistol." When General Scott complained to Hays, "Colonel, your men are too damned rough," a ready reply came back: "It may be. . . . We shoot and hang bushwhackers and guerrillas where we find them. It works out. I am willing to be personally responsible."

Like Hays, Ran was independent, tough-minded, and willing to accept accountability for his deeds. In its new law and order officer, Panama was to need these characteristics. Control of the lawless there would be no tea party.

PANAMA had always been an area of strife. The early Spaniards robbed and killed its natives for gold and silver. In later years the Isthmus attracted the pirates' attention. English "gentlemen" Drake and Morgan acquired riches there. Once, Sir Francis Drake abandoned "a neat pile of Peruvian silver, cast in 40-pound pigs. It measured 26 paces long, 4 paces wide, and 12 feet high—say five million dollars. But it was gold they wanted. . . ." Morgan would singe the beards of the Spanish kings for $20 million. On one trip back to England, Morgan escorted $500,000 worth of Spanish precious metals.

Sudden death had long been commonplace on the Isthmus. French pirate Francis L'Ollonais personally cut off and shipped the heads of seventy Spanish prisoners to the Governor of Panama.

Once when Morgan took a prisoner on a raid on Panama City—a slave carrying a silver key—he had the man tortured. The unfortunate slave, having stolen the key, had no conception of its use or purpose. The man's bones were stretched; his fingernails were torn out. Still the slave denied any knowledge of the key's purpose. Finally a rope was tightened around his forehead until his eyes popped out. The prisoner, by then barely alive, still pleaded lack of knowledge.

By now convinced of the man's integrity, Morgan ordered him killed—for, as Morgan stated, he could not stand to see an innocent man suffer!

From 1800 on, however, Panama had been relatively peaceful. Its wealth of metal had disappeared; its owner, Colombia, showed little or no interest in its development or its population.

Then in 1849 there came a revival of "olden days." Gold had been discovered in California. A question arose as to which was safer: a dangerous 3,000-mile journey by land across the Indian-populated West or a 50-mile land trip through



Summons

stretch of hell as safe as a walk in the park!



Ran Runnels

Railroad station in the center of Panama City. The riot in the "Watermelon War" involved the old station.

Panama combined with traveling by ship to and from the Isthmus.

Soon the average monthly shipments of gold eastward through Panama amounted to $8 million and of silver $2 million. The cupidity of the natives was aroused; the memories of past profitable pirate days were resurrected.

First $30,000 was stolen at gun-point, and then $120,000. Henry Tracy, the Wells-Fargo representative in Panama, alarmed by the trend, requisitioned from New York the following: "One (1) doz. Colt Revolving Rifles; one (1) doz. prs. revolvers, dragoon size; one (1) doz. prs. revolvers, police size; two (2) doz. Bowie knives; two (2) buckshot guns; ample powder and ball for the above."

Guns alone were not the full need—this point was clearly disclosed when a party of 500 miners passed over the Isthmus. While going through a wooded area, they were met by a group of robbers spread at regular intervals along the trail.

"Arriba" was the command backed up by steadily pointed guns. The miners in charge of the mule-train quickly threw up their hands; the richly-laden mules disappeared into the jungle. Not content with their easy success, the brigands began to take personal possessions.

Suddenly a miner shot the bandit leader; other miners drew revolvers and four more were felled. When the attackers panicked, the miners followed and recaptured most of the mules, but the loss was $120,000.

In September 1851, a shipment valued at $250,000 was lost, an amount too great to ignore. Guns had failed. Required was a man—a strong man—an individual of the 'one man, one riot' mold.

Jack Hays was the choice, but he recently had accepted the position of Sheriff of San Francisco and had assumed the role of husband to a young attractive wife. The trouble in Panama did not tempt him. As a substitute Hays recommended his good friend Ran Runnels.

Conditions were right in Panama for a dedicated and stern advocate of law and order. Colombia had granted the railroad the right to condemn to death any offender of railroad law without further accountability. The American Consul in Panama, William A. Nelson, issued to Ran these broad instructions: "Punish them [the highwaymen and murderers] by any means whatsoever."

PANAMA was not impressed with the appearance of this 23-year-old gringo. As Ran's sister, Octavia Charity Marsden, described him: "He was slight of stature and sensitive to any mention of the subject. Nonetheless he was handsome, with a fair complexion, brown eyes and brown silky hair. He was graceful of his walk and vain of his hands, which were as swift and sure as hummingbirds. . . ."

For two months after arriving in Panama he sat—ostensibly—answering questions on his newspaper ad: "Runnels Express Service, Panama-Gorgona or Ocean-to-Ocean. Prompt, Safe. Ran Runnels, Prop." His main activity was interviewing candidates for jobs—forty undercover vacancies in the Isthmus Guards, his newly-created railway protective association.

Few people used Runnels Express. His employes were occupied, however. They loitered in the cantinas; they listened to idle conversations; they reported daily. Ran developed a dossier on leading candidates for a necktie party.

At the end of two months the railroad impatiently demanded action. The next morning, Panamanians awakened to find thirty-seven bodies hanging over the seawall.

Surprisingly, the natives did not react violently. No questions were asked; no explanations were given. "Good riddance" seemingly reflected public opinion. One American reported: "It seemed to be a democratic hanging, as all races on the Isthmus were represented."

Ran knew that this crackdown did not end his troubles. He wrote the American Consul, "There are at least fifty men still at large on the Isthmus who have engaged in murder and banditry in the past, and there is no reason to believe they will not do so again, because a leopard does not change his spots nor a tiger his stripes."

Three months later, seven Americans were killed on the trail. Their presence was signalled by the lazy flight overhead of those scavangers of the jungle—vultures.

That night the Guards struck again. Panama City arose to behold forty-one more bodies suspended over the seawall.

Again there was no outcry. Perhaps the ruthless acts of earlier times had hardened the people to violence. Or perhaps the population had become inured to swift justice: in the seawall, over which the bodies dangled, were located jail cells which at low tide were above water but at high tide, with its twelve-foot rise, were completely immersed. For those unluckily incarcerated overnight, no trial was necessary the next morning.

WITH the second trial by rope, Runnels and his "Forty Thieves," as the Guard was now called, came out into the open as the law force of the railroad.

Not all of Ran's troubles were with Panamanians. An American, Timothy Copeland, killed John McGlynn, a railroad paymaster, and stole $300. The victim lived long enough to identify the assailant. Runnels was instructed by the rail officials to administer justice to Copeland "in a manner calculated to be the most immediate, effective, and exemplary that you can devise to insure that this flagrant attack on a railroad employee not be repeated."

Runnels and two of his Guards, armed with double-barreled shotguns, cornered Copeland in a saloon. The shaking prisoner demanded to know what their intentions were. Ran replied, "I'm going to hang you." Copeland begged for his life. As Runnels described the plea: "Copeland had decided to be a living dog was better than a dead lion, but his crimes were too grievous for him to be allowed mercy."

Ran led Copeland to the railroad tracks along which McGlynn had been murdered. He placed a loop around Copeland's neck and tied the loose end to a hoist operated by a steam engine. Ran pulled the lever.

The railroad had ordered an "exemplary" action; Ran gave to all witnesses a graphic example that crime does not pay.

In 1856 the Panamanians' resentment against Americans did flare momentarily. A visitor, Jack Oliver, had not paid for a slice of watermelon. The vendor pulled a knife; Jack countered with a gun. Some jostling occurred; the gun fired, wounding a bystander. A riot, known as the "Watermelon War," resulted.

Hundreds of Americans, including sixty women and children, were besieged in Panama City's central railroad station. The local constabulary joined the mob.

(Continued on page 52)

Panama seawall in 1885.

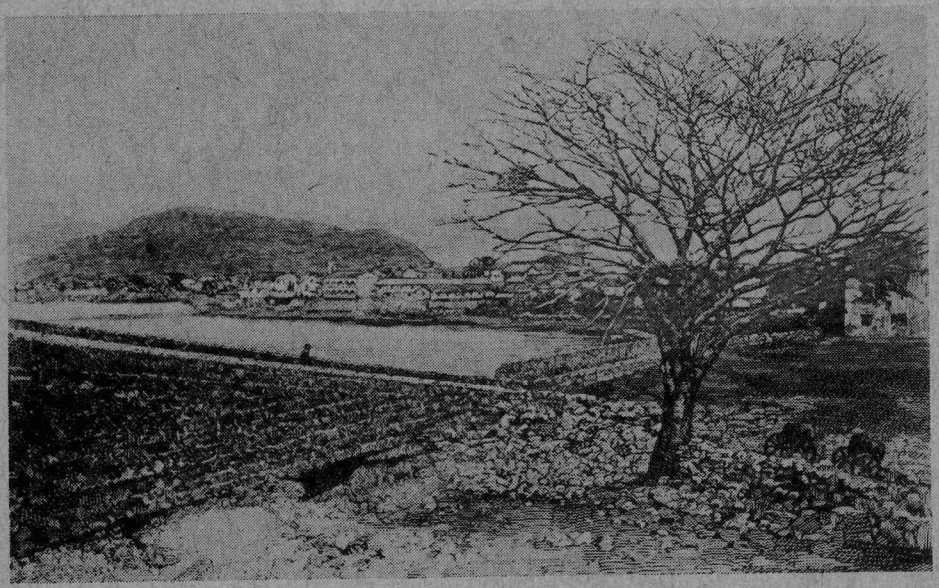




Photo Courtesy Lauro Flores

Left: Young Don Cleofas Romero and a friend at the time that Jimmy was killed. Below: The San Miguel County, New Mexico Territory jail (left) and the courthouse (right) at the time that Don Cleofas Romero was sheriff of the county.

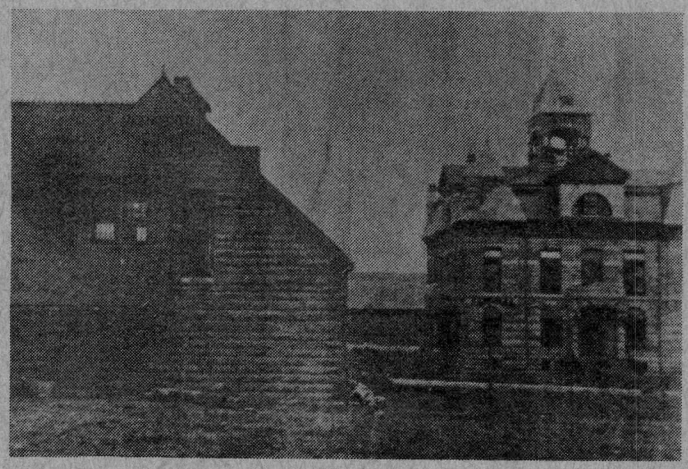


Photo Courtesy Lauro Flores

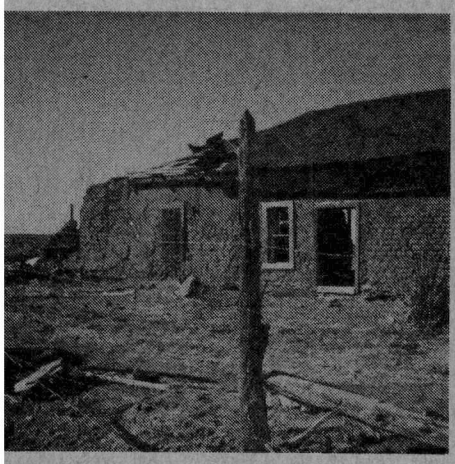
What's so bad about being forgotten? It's better than living on like

JIMMY, THE SKULL

By DEWEY TIDWELL

Photos Provided By Author

Remains of the Don Cleofas Romero farm house in Anton Chico where Gene Romero lived awhile and had Jimmy The Skull as a companion.



JIMMY, whose skull was going to be remembered a whole lot longer than the rest of him, was a drifter who arrived in New Mexico Territory in the '80s. He frequented old Lincoln Town, White Oaks, Fort Sumner, and Las Vegas at various times and never seemed to have any regular employment. He worked on a few ranches for short periods but changed frequently and was a loner without any close associates.

Jimmy was not exactly unfriendly, yet he confided in no one. His chief diversion seemed to be creating mischief which bordered on havoc when he got a few drinks under his belt. For one thing he delighted in limbering up his six-shooter in saloons or any other place where he would be noticed. Backbar mirrors and coal oil lamps were his main targets, though he wasn't adverse to throwing a little lead on the vicinity of anyone who objected to his antics. To most people he was a hell raiser and few dared to challenge him.

Jimmy showed up in Fort Sumner during fall roundup time, when the town was full of cowboys. One evening when one of the saloons was full of cowhands and dancehall girls, all drinking and carousing, he went through the swinging doors and elbowed his way in between a fellow and his girl at the bar and ordered a drink. The cowboy objected to such boldness and swung on Jimmy.

Without touching his drink Jimmy pulled his gun and laid his adversary out cold with a well placed blow to his head. Several of the cowboy's friends lunged at Jimmy and he went into action with his six-gun. He was a marksman with

(Continued on page 57)

ALBERTA



Photo Courtesy F. M. Gallup



Photo Courtesy Saskatchewan Archives Board in Regina

Above: Ira Triplett on saddle horse. Below: (from left to right) Ira Triplett, A. P. Day, ___Mineziskie and V. McLean. The other cowboys are not identified. Right: Two views (above & below) of Cypress Hills in Saskatchewan.

Photo Courtesy F. M. Gallup





Photo Courtesy Saskatchewan Archives Board in Regina

—thoughts of a long-ago summer

IN June 1915 four of us were about ready to start from our home in Medicine Hat, Alberta, on a long ride to the 76 round-up wagon on the White Mud River in Saskatchewan. A. J. Bryson, my dad's cousin, was going to be our pilot. He had come up to Canada with Uncle Tony Day's Turkey Track outfit in 1902 and 1903 when they crossed 30,000 head from South Dakota. He was a top hand, good-looking and full of fun.

My brother Horace was ten years old; I was thirteen, and our friend Pete Sanderson was sixteen. We had our war bags folded up in our tarp-covered beds, tied on three pack horses. Then each of us had seven saddle horses, making thirty-one head altogether.

A. J. jokingly said to my mother, "Well, Cousin Ada, if I kill any of the boys, I'll bring their clothes back."

Mother said, "Just bring *them* back, A. J. I don't want their clothes."

That evening we arrived at Jimmie English's ranch near Mannyberries, about fifty miles. Jimmie was a good friend and welcomed us to stay overnight.

The next evening found us at Elk Water Lake in the Cypress Hills, a very beautiful place. The Hills had a good stand of timber and extended into Saskatchewan about sixty miles. It was the only timbered stretch in all of Southeastern Alberta; a real sight for sore eyes.

The Mitchell family had a summer home at Elk Water, not far from their cattle ranch. They were glad to see us, and we had supper with them and turned our saddle horses into their pasture.

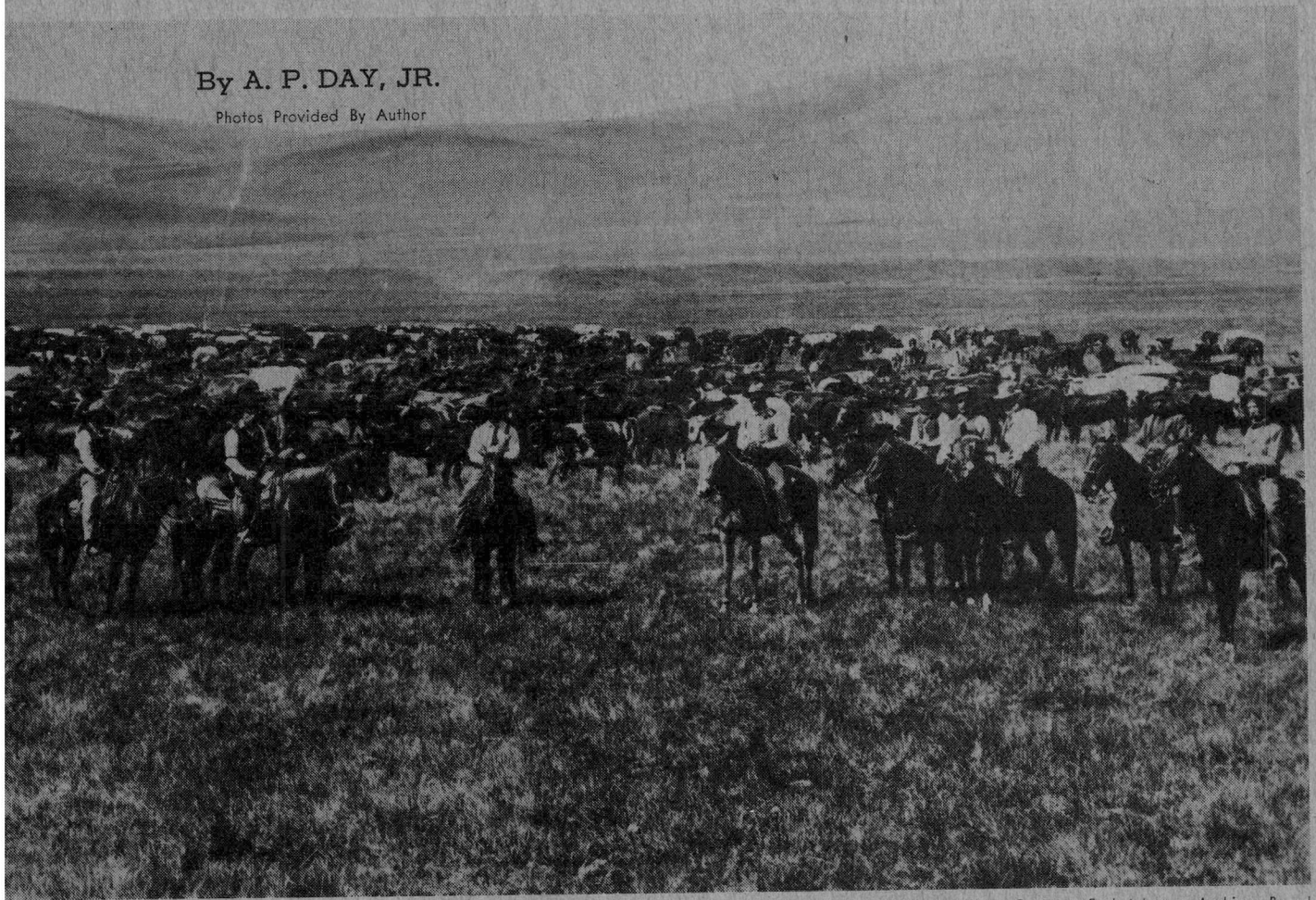
After another overnight stop at th little town of East End, we reached ou destination, the General Headquarter Ranch of the 76s. Harry Otterson, th general manager of Gordon, Ironside and Fares ranch, was there. They wer big operators and also had a large bee packing business in Winnipeg, Manitoba They branded a 76, also a ⊥ (tee dow bar).

Mr. Otterson told A. J. where to fin the round-up wagon, and we went ther the next day. Ira Triplett was the wago boss. He was an old friend of our and, I think, was one of the best all around cowboys and wagon bosses i Alberta or Saskatchewan. He was a ta Oklahoman and had worked for m father at the +Z Ranch on Sage Cree several years, breaking horses and do ing general ranch work. He came t

COWBOYS

By A. P. DAY, JR.

Photos Provided By Author



Cowboys in southern Alberta with range cattle in the early days.

Photo Courtesy Saskatchewan Archives Board

and laughing men who knew horses

Alberta in 1903. We also knew Sam, the chuckwagon cook. He was a big Dane who had also worked for my father.

This was big, open country, with the White Mud river on the west, the Cypress Hills to the north, and miles of rolling prairie to the east. The company had several thousand cows and big steers running together.

Northern wagons had a bed tent, also a cook tent, adjoining the grub wagon, with a canvas fly from the wagon to the tent so that when it rained the cook's work table was dry. They had a square, light-weight cookstove oven. Wood was a scarce article. What wood we had we kept in the bed wagon and it was used for branding fires. The horse wrangler, a teenage boy, assisted the cook at times. He took gunny sacks and gathered cow chips to use as fuel.

Sam was an artist in what he could produce from that stove. He had bacon, hams, plenty of fresh beef, ten-pound boxes of dried apples, peaches, apricots and raisins. Dried fruit was cheap. He made excellent pies and large bead-size tapioca pudding with meringue. (The cowboys called tapioca frog eyes; and meringue, calf slobber.)

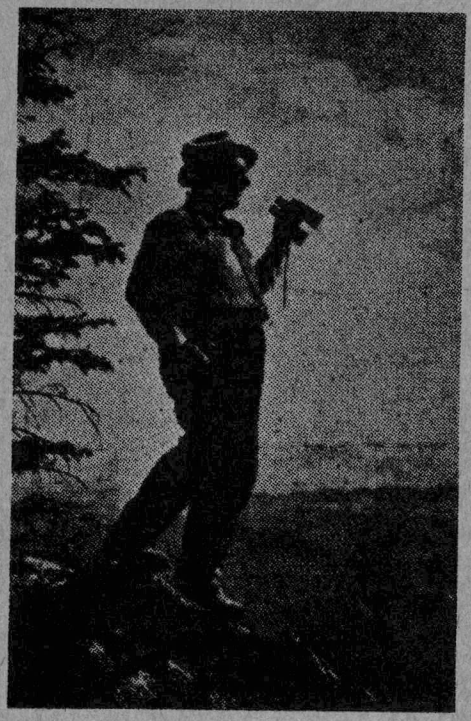
Sam also made macaroni and cheese, plenty of frijole beans and biscuits, and big roundup-size pots of coffee.

There was a rope corral for saddle horses attached to the bed wagon, with slotted board stakes to hold it up and picket pins to brace it. A rope was tied up at the entrance when the horses were put in.

After supper we would catch our night horses, saddle them and tie them to the bed wagon. Ira would assign which guard we stood—two men to a guard, and about a two-hour guard for each team. When your guard was up, one man would ride into camp and wake the next two cowboys and they would come out.

The night hawk would take the saddle horses in the evening and bed them down and watch over them all night. He had one bell horse in the bunch, and about four o'clock in the morning you would hear that bell jingling, and he would corral the horses. Then he was through for the day. It was time to get up and have early breakfast at the chuckwagon.

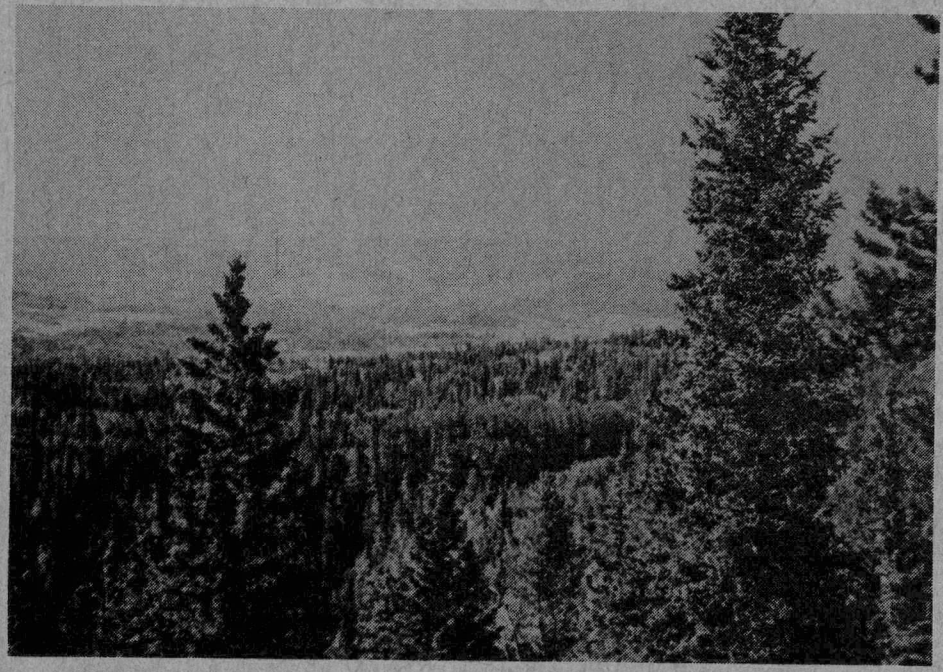
A. J. liked my younger brother Horace. A. J. called him Pete. On chilly mornings when we crawled out of our blankets and headed for the





Above: Pete Sanderson as a field geologist (left) and as a bronc buster (right). Below: Cypress Hills' west block.

Photo Courtesy Saskatchewan Archives Board



Below: View of Elk Water Lake, Cypress Hills, in southeastern Alberta.

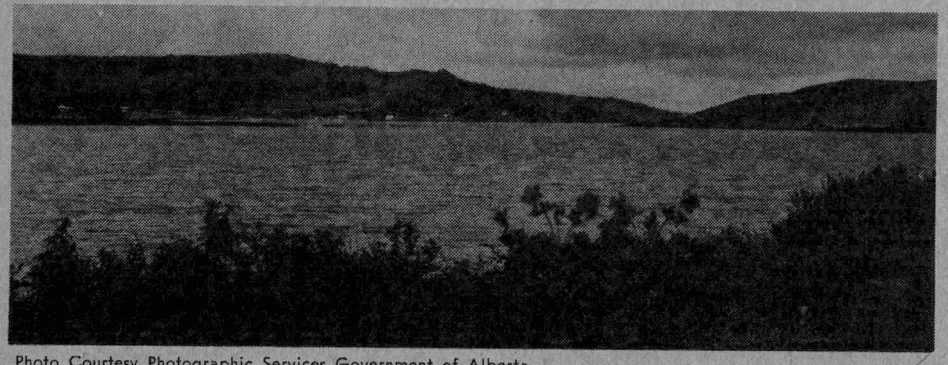


Photo Courtesy Photographic Services Government of Alberta.

chuckwagon, Horace would be half awal and A. J. would say, "Now, Pete, don you pass up that wash bowl." We ha a wash bowl, a water pail, and a greas towel hanging on a guy rope outsid the grub tent, where we washed ou hands.

Ira Triplett was a good roper, and h roped all the saddle horses. He woul just make an overhand toss and catc a horse instead of swinging his rop The cowboys would have their bridle and one cowboy would tell him to catc "Ol' Shorty." He knew them all b name. Then he would catch anothe Each cowboy had about seven horses as signed to him.

When we mounted there was alway one rough string rider. That horse woul go off bucking every morning. The cow boy who rode the rough string would ge $10 or $15 extra per month. My fathe had given Pete Sanderson, who was good bronc rider for a boy, a string o Mexican ponies that never quit bucking He told him to gentle them, but Pet found out he could ride them, and at th 76 roundup he had the second roug string. They would buck every morning He got a big kick out of it.

Just before daybreak Ira would tak off on a long, keen lope and we woul all follow him. He would drop off th riders, generally two together, and mak a circle and start rounding up. By noo we would have the herd gathered and b near camp. We would take turns eating dinner at the wagon, go in on a high lope, turn our horses loose, and eat fast then catch a fresh horse, as the wrangle would have the horses in the corral, an lope back to the herd and let the othe boys come in and eat.

After dinner Ira would cut out the beef steers to be put with the rest of the day herd, and we would start branding the calves. We held them up as close to the fire as we could; Ira and one othe roper would drag them in. There were three sets of wrestlers and we would go through them in a hurry. One man branded, another ear-marked them and cut the bull calves.

Every few days we would move camp. Ira would leave one cowboy, a pilot who knew where to move, and he and the night hawk would assist the cook. The cook drove a four-horse team on the grub wagon. The night hawk drove the bed wagon. The horse wrangler would drive the saddle horses, and they would all assist the cook in setting up camp. The cook would always have a fine dinner ready by noon.

In the middle of the summer Ira heard of a little entertainment and an all-night dance at a schoolhouse about twenty miles away. He told A. J. to take Horace and me over to it.

They rode a few bucking horses in the open. A. J. rode one, the first I had ever seen him ride. I won a horse race on my Mexican pony, who was fast for a short ways. A. J. had given Horace $10 and he went over to a soda stand. A big fat fellow was running it and he gave my brother change back for a five instead of a ten. Horace didn't think it would do any good to argue

(Continued on page 50)

Truly Western

(Continued from page 5)

vnhill angle. From the middle of the ht side it gradually tapers up to a nded peak meeting the rounded up- left hand corner.

The perimeter of the ring has two ertwined braids. There are 19 beads ound the fire agate in a short right- ed U. There is a curved or diving phin that measures ⅞" long, meas- ed on a straight line from the tip of e nose to the tips of its tail. On the ger sleeve is stamped "Sterling" on e side and also "Sundance."

The ring comes from the Southwest. izona, I believe. It is said to have an dian legend behind it. What tribe, I do t know. Should you or your readers ow anything or the legend behind this g, I sure would like to hear.—Dick anchard, 1008 141 Street Court South, coma, Washington 98444.

☆ ☆ ☆

Lewis Wilks, a Cherokee Indian, was rn near Claremore, Oklahoma about 87. He served as a Deputy Sheriff Wagoner, Oklahoma starting in 1915 d later served as a Special Officer of e U. S. Indian Service and as a Dep- y U. S. Marshal. He was killed in 1932 the line of duty probably in northern exas.

Would anyone having any informa- on on this man or his relatives please ntact me?—Ken Kogan, P. O. Box 130, afayette Hill, Pennsylvania 19444

☆ ☆ ☆

Recently, while looking through a pile magazines in my local second-hand ok store, I came across a bunch of estern magazines. I found them to ntain an OLD WEST, two TRUE ESTs and three FRONTIER TIMES hich I bought. I really found them in- resting and exciting, and decided that must write to you with a few questions.

As I have only become seriously in- rested in the West within the last two ears (I am fifteen), there is much out the West that I do not know. So wondered if perhaps some of your aders would help me by sending me ything to do with the West—news- aper clippings, Western postcards and on. I would be deeply grateful for eir help and would answer every letter.

Thank you very much for your time.— ee Hornsey, 7 Marlands Road, Clay- ill, Ilford, Essex, England

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Feather Fort

(Continued from page 24)

ere Martha, Josephine, Sarah, and ulia.

Henry and his brothers owned cattle. uring the time he lived in southwest exas, Mexican bandits and cow thieves rove 400 head of his cattle across the io Grande into Mexico. The Mexican overnment was supposed to pay for ome of these losses, but neither he nor ny of his dependents ever received a enny.

In the fall of 1880 Henry and Ervin ox moved their cattle to Fort Davis, Texas, leaving Arch at Brackett where he lived the rest of his life.

In March 1881 Ben E. Kemp, and his boy friend Will Roberts, arrived at Fort Davis on their way to Lake Valley, New Mexico. They visited with Henry Cox and his family. He and his brother Ervin were holding their cattle under day herd, prior to trailing them to a site about twelve miles from the mining town of White Oaks, New Mexico. They were camped here when Billy the Kid made his last visit to that community.

John Graham, alias Collins, a young cowboy who worked at cow ranches in Lincoln County, visited the Cox family's camp and made the acquaintance of Tabitha. He was a dashing cowboy endowed with good looks, and soon a courtship sprang up between them. On one occasion he visited the camp bringing the Kid and another man with him. It was near the noon hour and they were invited to eat dinner. This was not to Henry Cox's liking, but was the custom of all the ranchers in this section of the country.

Collins knew Sheriff Pat Garrett and his deputy John Poe, having met them in White Oaks several times. Collins was in Fort Sumner when Poe came in from Garrett's posse to try and find out where the Kid was staying. Feeling that the Kid should be warned, Collins saddled his cow pony and started out to Pete Maxwell's sheep camp. When he had reached a point about two miles from camp, he met the Kid, who said he was going to Maxwell's to get a fresh horse before heading for Mexico. Collins told the Kid that Poe was in Fort Sumner looking for him. The Kid only laughed and rode on. Collins was surprised that the Kid did not heed his warning.

The next morning when Collins returned to Fort Sumner, he was told that Garrett had killed the Kid. He couldn't feature the Kid riding into a trap after he had warned him that Poe was in town to either capture or kill him.

In the summer of 1883 Henry and Ervin divided their cattle. Ervin stayed at Capitan, New Mexico, and Henry and his son-in-law Collins trailed their cattle to what is now known as Cox Canyon, a tributary of the North Prong of Negrito Creek eighteen miles east of the present town of Reserve, New Mexico.

Indians were still making raids and in less than two years after Henry Cox moved to the North Prong, Apaches killed three men on the Middle Fork of the Gila River within twenty miles of his ranch. Then in January 1886 they ambushed Troop C. 8th U. S. Cavalry on Big Dry Creek, a tributary of the San Francisco River, in what is now Catron County, and killed six troopers including the company doctor. These Indians made their escape into the north end of the Mogollon Mountains where Henry Cox lived. His ranch was located in a semi-box canyon, with large boulders on the canyon walls that came down to within a few yards of his log cabin. It was several miles to his nearest neighbor and it seems almost a miracle that the Indians didn't massacre him and his family.

On September 8, 1885 Ben E. Kemp and his hunting partner, Bill McFarland, arrived at Milligan Plaza (now Reserve, New Mexico) on a grizzly bear hunt. One of their camps was on the North Prong of Negrito Creek a half mile north of where it intersects the South Fork. While at this camp, he met Henry Cox and his family again. He had not seen them since he met them at Fort Davis in 1881.

Soon a courtship began between him and Josephine Cox, and though he returned to Alpine, Texas to work for the G 4 Cattle Company, he came back each year until they were married at Henry Cox's ranch at Cox Canyon on September 10, 1889. The next morning they left for Socorro, New Mexico, by wagon and team, arriving there on the afternoon of the fifth day. At Socorro they took the train for Alpine, Texas. Ben Kemp had a ranch at Nine Points, seventy-nine miles south of Alpine. This was a wild and desolate section of the Big Bend, near the Mexican border, and Josephine, my mother-to-be, had a horror of Mexicans after hearing her Uncle Ike tell of the treatment he got from them during the Mier Expedition.

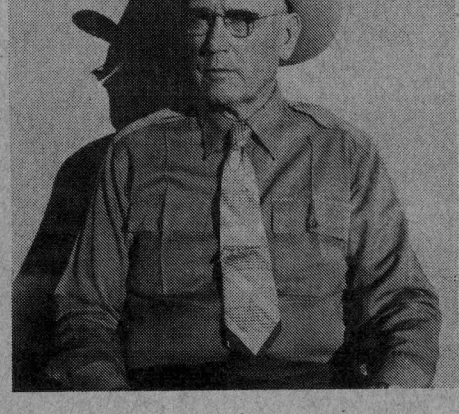
In 1893 Henry Cox moved his family to Hillsboro, New Mexico, and worked at some placer gold mines near what was later called Gold Dust. While working there he was injured in a cave-in, from which he never fully recovered. His last ranch was near Iron Mountain in the Cuchillo Range, seventeen miles east of the little mining town of Fairview, now Winston, New Mexico. Here on August 9, 1903 Henry Cox died.

My grandfather Henry was a true frontiersman, a goodhearted neighbor, and the kind of man who could pass into eternity with a conscience free of many regrets.

He was buried in the Chloride cemetery, two miles west of Winston, and a marker hewn from the trunk of a large juniper was placed at the head of his grave:

HENRY CLAY COX
September 10, 1838 - August 9, 1903

Ex-sheriff of Catron County, New Mexico 1935-36.



BLIND BOONE AND "THE MARSHFIELD

He took his song with him—never allowed it to be scored. . .

By EILEEN CHARBO

Photos Provided By Author



Photo Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

Blind Boone, noted pianist and composer appeared throughout Kansas. This photo was taken in Neodesha in 1896 by Gussie Winter.

ONE hot, stormy night in July 18 Blind Boone, a wonderful Neg musician, played a piano concert in t Opera House of Minneapolis, Kans When the storm broke, the sidewal along Main Street floated clear out the bee-line road and had to be broug back on drag slips.

Advance men for the pianist had go through a month ahead, mopping b posters onto fences and storefronts a trees. The Methodist ladies sold so ma 25¢ tickets the church's seating capaci was inadequate. The church piano w much the better but the Opera Hou had lots more seats.

This evening, Lu Jones, thirteen, s up front with her folks and a frien Grace Belot, whose family ran the hot where the blind musician, his manag and wife were stopping overnight. Gra had a complimentary ticket and so d Lu because her father had been call in to tune the piano in advance of t concert. He could play "any horn th handed him" when he dressed in h bright Knights of Pythias Uniform f the marching band.

Lu, herself a pianist, seventy yea later remembered Boone's impact the little town. Afterward the local mus teacher was swamped and began teac ing pupils three at a time. Lu sai "Boone played simon-pure folk mus and blues like 'Whistlin' Rufus.' He g a kind of banjo strum in it when h played 'Peanut Vendor' and 'Jesu Make Up My Dying Bed.' Boone wa one of the first to play ragtime on th concert stage, sprinkling the classics wi 'Georgia Melon,' and 'Great Societ Rag.' He told us, 'This is puttin' th cookies on the bottom shelf so everybod can reach them.' "

JOHN WILLIAM BOONE was born a field camp near Miami, Salin County, Missouri in the early months the Civil War. His mother was a coo and his father a 7th Missouri Milit bugler. Little Willie lost his sight infancy following a bout with brai fever, but blindness did not alter the hap py adventure of childhood. His moth gave him a tin whistle—his first co tact with music.

Wandering the streets of their hom town in Warrensburg, he whistled an jigged for pennies. His life never wa

TORNADO"

a terrifying excursion into darkness; rather an experience in joy and wonder. In later years when his handicap was mentioned, he called it his blessing; never a pity. "I wouldn't give a dime to see a mile," he said. "How could I give inspiration to people if I'd been sighted?"

When he was about eleven years old, he formed a group called "The Troubadours." They played, sang, and did a stomp dance. Once in a while they'd be invited indoors for treats if they had performed. Blind Willie had touched a piano or two in downtown stores and he sometimes heard one from a house with door ajar. The sound drew him like a magnet. It was on invitation into a house that he fell in love with the piano. His biographer-manager, John Lange, quoted Boone as saying when his fingers first traveled over the keys, a tingling thrill ran up his arms and opened a new world.

When he was twelve, his mother learned she could take him to a school for the blind in St. Louis, to learn a trade. There the admissions director assured her that, with patience, they could train his hands to make brooms. At the school he was allowed an hour a day to "work" with the piano. He so neglected his broom-making for the music, the director refused the piano to him till he showed better application to his trade. For this, Willie ran away and beat his way home, dancing, playing a harmonica, singing. He touched the mandolin-key piano on a riverboat. Down a river, across a big state—a journey to make parents of a sighted child gasp.

Happily back home, Willie formed a new group and entertained on Warrensburg streets. When now and then he got to a piano, he used his fingers, elbows, fists, and arms to make it respond to his burst of affection.

He was fifteen now and known with considerable affection on the streets of Warrensburg. A Negro contractor named John Lange, very active in the Baptist Church, asked Willie to take part in the Christmas program. The parishioners loved his music. Lange, as a reward, took the boy to hear a concert pianist at the Columbia, Missouri Opera House.

The performing musician, in the custom of 1876, challenged anyone in the audience to come forward and reproduce the piece he would use to close his concert.

"Want to try it?" John Lange whispered to Willie. "This is your chance."

Lange led Blind Willie to the stage and seated him. Willie warmed up, bouncing and rocking on the stool; sometimes standing, sometimes sitting, then note-for note and with embellishments, he played the professional's piece. The audience swarmed to the stage, asking for more.

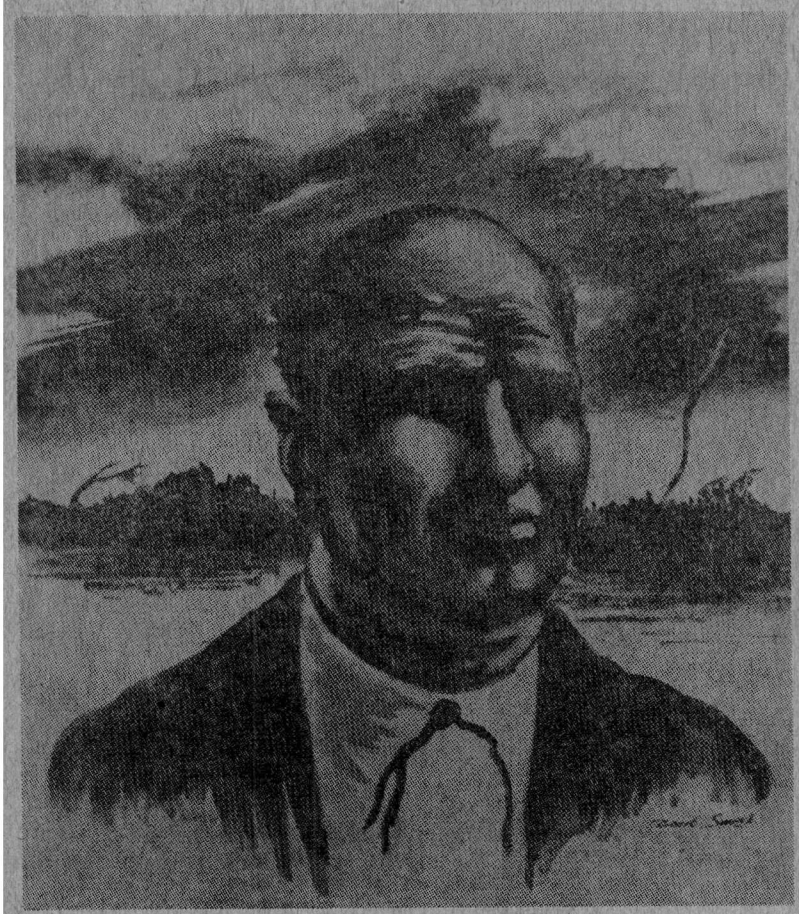
Lange, against the advice of friends and family, decided to promote the boy's career. He created what would be a forty-year relationship. Later he wrote of Boone, "No one ever heard him make a bitter or cynical remark. He had a high intellect and never sulked. No man living had more friends."

Boone himself said, "My mamma told me, 'As you live, so you die.'"

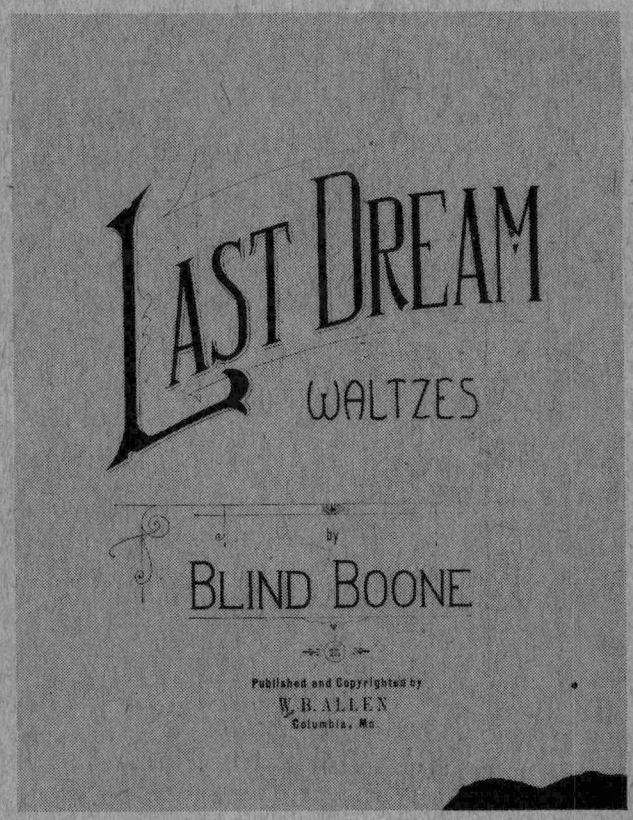
LANGE bought a Cecilian Player Piano so Blind Willie could listen to recorded artists and learn each note. In coming years the greats among Old World artists would play in person for Boone. These included Paderewski, Rachmaninoff and Ganz. Boone would become very popular—an invited guest at Yale and Harvard music halls, and at the White House. A master musician with absolute pitch and a prodigious memory of sound, he took spirituals and rag melodies right along wherever he played.

For the first concert tour, Lange and

(Continued on page 56)



Left: An impression of Blind Boone from a drawing by Robert Simpich. Below: Sheet music for "Last Dream Waltzes" bought by the girls at the concert.



Wild Old Days!

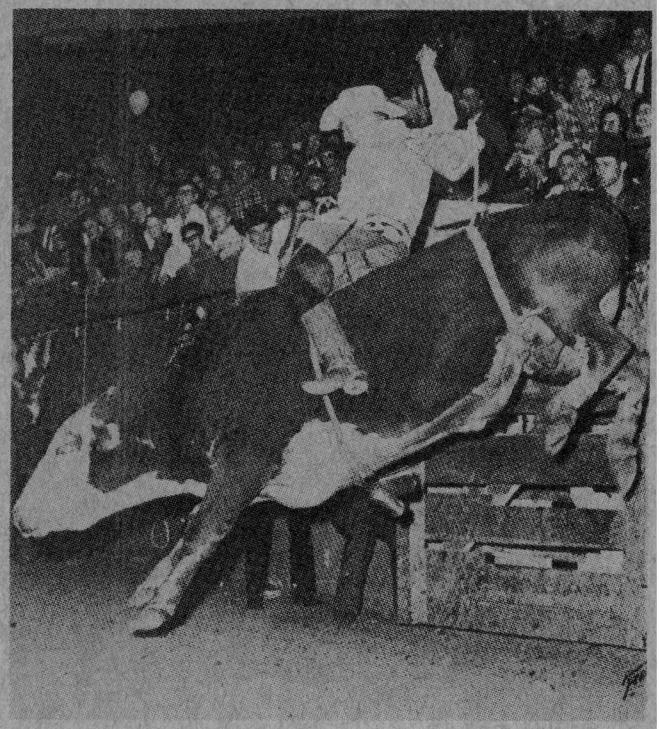
TORNADO

By Dean Krakel

TORNADO, Jim Shoulders' great rodeo bull, was laid to rest on Persimmon Hill without bell, whistle, or any kind of fanfare. Tornado was sixteen years old and was ridden only three times in his more than 225 times out of a bucking chute. Painful memories linger in the wake of his "going"—broken legs, crushed ribs, concussions, hemorrhages. He died in 1972.

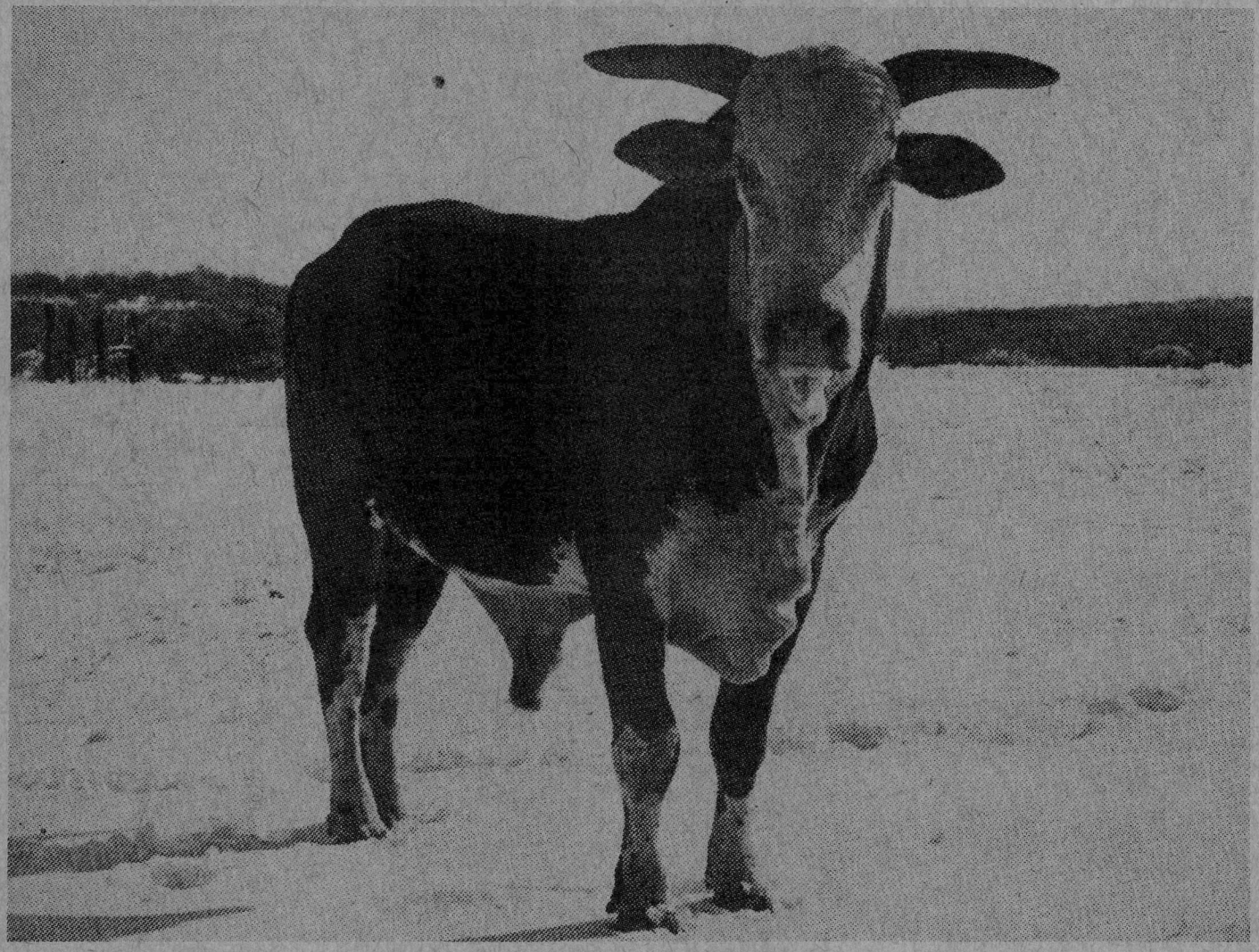
No one who was there will forget the night during the National Finals Rodeo in Oklahoma City, when Freckles Brown rode Tornado for the first time. It was one of rodeo's biggest moments. Suddenly 8,500 fans were on their feet shouting: "You can do it!" And Freckles did. It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy or one with more guts or a greater world champion than Freckles Brown.

Tornado's grave is a stone's throw from Midnight's and Five Minutes to Midnight's, champions of another era. Hells Angels is another unforgettable rodeo bronc enshrined along Bucking Horse Trail, Cowboy Hall of Fame, Oklahoma City, U. S. A.



Photos From Vol. II, #4, Persimmon Hill

Above: Freckles Brown's famous ride on Tornado, 1967 National Finals Rodeo. Below: Tornado in retirement on Jim Shoulders' Ranch, 1970.



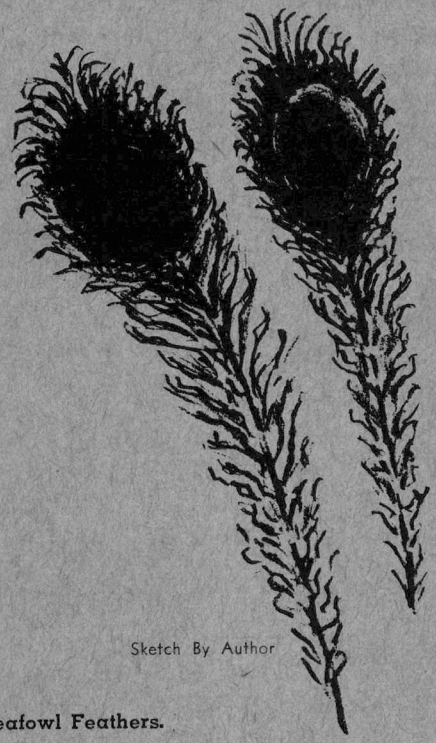
TALE OF A PEAFOWL'S TAIL

By Avis Chitwood

ARAH JANE WILSON was an eigh- teen-year-old graduate of the Greens- g Indiana high school when she mar- d its principal, John Quincy Adams Boston in January 1856. John con- ued his post a few years, and it was e two of their ten children were born, n Quincy Jr., and Ida. The young ple worked hard the winter of 1858 d by spring had a well built and well cked wagon to take them to Kansas. ey planned to stake a claim near their ends the Corbins who had preceded m to Linn County. John wanted to r his family, farm and teach in new ntry. This he did and later became first county superintendent of Linn unty schools.

John D. Wilson, Sarah's father, was tressed to think his daughter was ving a comfortable home for a claim sagebrush, tumbleweed Kansas, fit y for Indians and buffaloes. There uld be no pretty surroundings, not one ght thing to look at and cheer her. hy, why go so far away? Wilson ooded over this and wondered what could do. He liked John Adams and ew Sarah had married an educated, in- strious man—but why take his daugh- to Kansas?

Spring was bursting forth in Indiana. hool was over and John and Sarah re about ready to leave. Suddenly one ght Wilson had a thought, if he could ly make it work. Before dawn, he pped from the house and hastily made way to a friend who raised peafowls. wanted a few feathers. They would ake some bright colors for Sarah. His end was sympathetic and gave him not few, but a whole peafowl's tail. Wilson s elated. Now if he could only get ck before Sarah's departure. He knew eir weight and space would be neg-



Sketch By Author

Peafowl Feathers.

ligible to the wagon's load, and they would add color to a drab cabin.

Sarah was seated in the wagon ready to depart. The family had gathered to say their farewells, all but her father. Where was he? No one knew. His bed was empty and his gun was in its rack. Sarah felt she could not leave without his farewell and blessing. Why wasn't he there?

Presently in the distance they saw a figure hurrying toward them. What was that long bundle her father was carrying? Sarah was happy to see him coming, and John Wilson was relieved to see the wagon had not gone.

etch of the second homestead of John Quincy Adams, built seven miles northwest Mound City, the county seat of Linn County. Occupied since 1864, it is now owned a grand-daughter, Mable Brownback.

Sketch By Author



On arriving he handed up the bundle and a tiny bag of tacks, saying, "Sarah, this is a peafowl's tail. When you move in your cabin, tack these up fan shape on the wall where the sun will shine on them sometime during the day, and you will have bright iridescent colors to cheer you."

Sarah was delighted that her father had been so thoughtful. She was also in tears at leaving family and home, knowing she would have a different way of life.

IT WAS late fall of 1859 when they arrived. The Corbins had started a cabin for them and greeted them warmly. Soon they were able to move into their own cabin, with a loft. Sarah followed her father's instructions with the feathers, then stood back to admire them. They added a most colorful note to the primitive little house.

Not far distant from the two cabins was a low ridge of mounds, over which a blue haze often hung. John called their location Blue Mound. Today the maps of Kansas mark a small town there as Blue Mound. John often hunted wild game nearby for food for the family. If he bagged a turkey, the feathered wing tips and tail feathers were tacked up on a sunny outside wall of the cabin to cure for making hearth brooms.

ONE DAY while John was hunting, Sarah saw, afar off, some riders headed in her direction. They were Indians who had spotted the cabin and the turkey feathers. Soon they knocked at the door to ask for some feathers.

Sarah was frightened—especially for her children. She opened the door slightly, holding her skirt out fan shape to hide the toddler, little John Quincy. Ida was sleeping in her crib.

The tiny crack in the door was enough for the Indians to spy the peafowl feathers. Oh! Oh! They had never seen such colorful feathers. Then it was those they wanted, not turkey feathers. Sarah did not know how to converse with them, so she frantically waved her hands for them to retreat so she could close the door. She had no intention giving up her father's parting gift.

One Indian had his foot in the door crack. He began to sniff. Another sniffed, and another. Sarah was baking hoecake in a black-spider (a large iron skillet, with legs to set in the hearth for baking). Sarah motioned that if they would leave so she could close the door, she would give them the hoecake. Finally they did.

Quickly with a shovel-like spatula, she lifted the hoecake and carried it outside to a flat rock away from the door. And she gave them some turkey feathers. The peafowl tail was saved.

Later, when John and Sarah moved from their cabin to their last homestead, seven miles northwest of Mound City, Kansas, the peafowl feathers were taken to adorn the wall in Sarah's bedroom.

They remained bright and pretty and were always a source of attraction, especially to her grandchildren. One by one the feathers disappeared as their story was told and retold, and they were given as a keepsake.

(Continued on page 62)

A Strong Medicine Wind

(Continued from page 10)

tell you where they could be found in the Bible.

Once after the missionaries asked the Kiowas to raise money for a new church building my grandmother wondered how she could raise her share. She had no formal education, could not speak English, and certainly had no job skills. However, she was determined to raise her part of the needed money. She would gather all her children in a wagon and start off early in the morning. They would travel over the prairie gathering up bones. She would then take the bones into Mt. View and sell them to the white people to grind up for fertilizer. The money she made she would donate to the Indian mission. The missionaries' hearts were touched by this small Indian woman who would gather up her children and ride day after day gathering up bones in order to raise her share of the church building fund. Donations began to come in for the Indian mission after her story appeared in the church paper back East.

Once the family visited a married daughter, Olive Chaney, who lived in a house that had bees living inside the walls of the house. (This house was written about in Ripley's "Believe It or Not.") My grandmother canned the honey and took it back to Mt. View and sold it for a dollar a half-gallon. She donated this money to the church fund, also.

Once after a church service the missionaries asked for a collection as they always did. The Kiowas had always given what they could and didn't say anything, but the religion was new to them and they didn't quite understand how it worked. One old Kiowa man stood up and pulled some change from his pocket and looked at it long and hard. He seemed reluctant to give up his last bit of money. Old Mokeen stood there and squared his shoulders and spoke to one of the missionaries in broken English, "Whatza matter this Jesus—why He all time broke?"

There was a dining hall at the Indian mission and Kiowa families would come early Sunday morning in their wagons and bring their dinner with them. After the morning services they would eat in the dining hall and then visit until time for the evening church service. It was too long a journey to go home for Sunday dinner and then return for the evening service.

One Sunday Grandmother prepared a favorite dish of dried chokecherries, and set some down in front of an old blind man. She told him in Kiowa to eat. He felt of the dish in front of him and then put a small morsel of chokecherries in his mouth. Suddenly he cried out in a voice filled with grief for his Indian grandmother. He had loved cho cherries as a child and his grandmot had prepared them for him but he ha had any since her death. The unexpec treat was just too much for the Kiowa.

The Indian church was a vital p of daily life. Services were especia long. First the pastor, a white m would talk in English; then a Kio would interpret what the sermon v about. Next a song in English; ther song in Kiowa. Then a prayer in Engli then a prayer in Kiowa. The Kiow conducted the church service this w out of consideration for the el members who could only understa Kiowa.

Recently at a church dinner my fat heard this story. A man said that, a child of five or six years, Old M Goomda (Grandfather was sometim called Old Man), would stop and p him up every Sunday and take him alo to church. The Kiowas would laugh Grandfather and ask him why he did He would answer, "Who knows? May someday this little boy will work in t church." That little boy, now an elde man, has been a life-long Christian a is chairman of the Board of Deacons this church.

IT WAS HARD for the Kiowa wom to adapt to new types of food and new style of cooking that food, but th did. Grandmother learned how to u the wood burning stove and could ba excellent cakes, pies and biscuits ev though she could not read a recipe use a measuring cup. She had learn how to cook on the prairie using f a cooking pot the stomach of a buffa She would simmer the buffalo me over an open fire.

However, she later won a first pri blue ribbon at the county fair for h gallon jar of plums. The plums sat the shelf in her kitchen with the fi prize ribbon attached.

Of course, sometimes things didn turn out that well. Not only did the Ki was think they had to adopt the whit man's cooking and food but his holidays well. Once when my grandparents we taking Thanksgiving dinner to a si Kiowa family and would not be able return in time to prepare their ow their children decided to cook Thank giving dinner and surprise them. M father and his brother killed the turke and their grandmother prepared it f the oven. Father's sister Nettie bak a pumpkin pie not knowing exactly ho to bake one. She simply put the pumpk into a pie shell without adding an spices, eggs, milk or any other ingr dients which make up a good pumpk pie.

As the story goes, the parents arrive home and all the family sat down enjoy their holiday meal. My grandfath started to carve the turkey and the all watched in horror as parched co spilled over the table. It seems Grea grandmother didn't take the craw ou of the turkey. They had quite a tim learning all the finer points of holida dining.

When Father started to school h



"Doc, I'm nervous enough already, without you askin' me to git rid of my tobacco!"

ld not speak English, so Grandfather ided that it would be best for the ldren if they spoke only English at altime. This would encourage them learn polite table manners and get m used to conversing in the English guage. The first time it was tried, eat-grandmother was there and she s not too happy about the new table es. She knew broken English but pre-red to speak in Kiowa.

Great-grandmother used a lot of salt her food and never began eating un- she had salted everything down. at day she thought and thought, won-ring how to ask for her favorite sea-ning. Then obviously pleased with rself she said, "Come here, salt!"

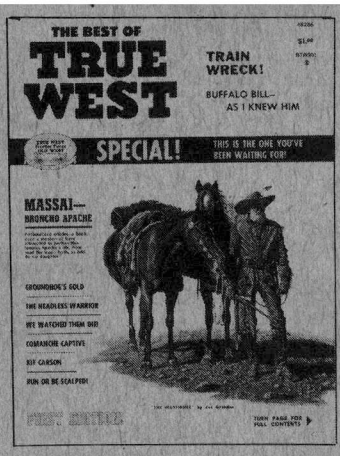
HE MEN in the Goomda family are accused by their spouses of being toriously bossy. When automobiles re still a novelty, my great-grandpar-ts got a new car. The front seat wasn't enough for both of them. He was thin, t she was very large. She would sit the back seat and he in the front at, driving. Everyone said the real ason she sat in the back seat was to in all directions at once, for she pt up a constant stream of orders for r husband regarding his driving tech-que. When he didn't follow her in-ructions to the letter she would reach to the front seat with the cane which e always carried, and hit him over the ad.

They had a little male dog "Queen" ich they took with them wherever ey went. They called it "Quee" because en the Kiowas first started speaking glish, they could not say the letter

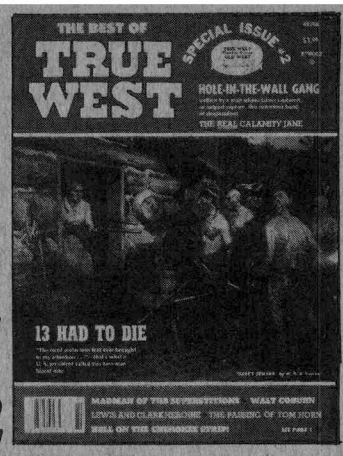
A long time ago when people wanted settle in a town they would go to the metery and look at the tombstones. there weren't many recent dates or ny small children's graves they would ow that the water was safe to drink d that the town was a fairly good ace to live.

However, the Kiowas had no guide-es to judge how safe their family ight be from the dread disease of berculosis. If a child became ill, it was pt at home, apart from the rest of e family and given complete bed rest. ecial precautions were taken with e handling of food dishes and bed en. Extra tasty meals were prepared encourage an appetite. These were ecautions taken to prevent other chil-en in the family from contracting berculosis. However, many of my andparents' children were victims of e dread disease, and the following story ovides some insight on how the illness ight have spread.

One of the boys contracted tuberculosis d was confined to his upstairs bedroom. is mother prepared his food and handled l the cleaning that was necessary. How-er, the children took turns carrying his od tray to him. A sister, Ruby, told of rrying his food tray to him and then turning for it a short while later. He rdly had touched his food. She picked the tray and took it to the top of e stairs; then, before she took the food wn for it to be thrown away, she uldn't resist taking a small bite be-



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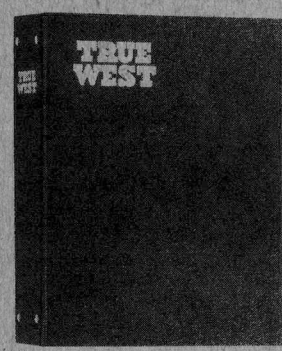
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cause it looked so good. Just then her sick brother came out of his room with a spoon which had been forgotten. Upon seeing his little sister taste his left-over food he became so enraged that he knocked her down the stairs.

New rules were promptly put into effect among the children, and this was the last case of active tuberculosis among the brothers and sisters.

The Kiowas had a custom of having a favorite child. Usually this child was allowed to do as it pleased while the rest of the children had to toe the mark. Some of the old Kiowa parents, if their favorite child died, would continue to put up a special teepee for the child's bones, and put out food for the child's spirit to eat.

The favorite child in my father's family was his brother Joe. Joe was born on Christmas Day 1907. When he received his Indian name it was quite an honor and he received an eagle feather war bonnet.

Joe contracted tuberculosis when he was nineteen. My grandparents placed him in the Mormon Sanatorium in Oklahoma City. Joe had two friends who worked there. Every night one friend would unlock the window in Joe's room and the other friend would place a ladder under the window. Every night Joe would go down the ladder and drive off in his new Studebaker (which was garaged at the Sanatorium) into the night life in Oklahoma City. Joe had an account with an Oklahoma City bank and every three months my grandfather would deposit $1,000 in that account.

By 1926 Joe wasn't getting any better and my grandfather wanted to take Joe and return to the original homeland of the Kiowas which was Montana and Wyoming. They started out in the Studebaker for Yellowstone National Park. In Colorado they stayed in Denver for two months to give Joe the benefit of the higher altitude. Joe entered the All State Motor Car Show in Denver and won second place in the parade. He received a silver cup.

But in Denver Joe began to get worse and when it became apparent that he would not live long, Grandfather decided to take him back to Oklahoma. Howard, my father, was only twelve years old at the time but he was commissioned to drive one of the cars back.

The young driver soon became exhausted from the ordeal of driving day and night to reach Oklahoma. He fell asleep at the wheel, the car traveled up a dirt embankment and flipped completely over, landing right side up on the dirt road. My father kept right on driving, afraid to stop the car and meet his mother's wrath, despite much honking from the car behind him. Along the way Joe's breathing became labored and he died as they crossed Raton Pass. My grandfather then took his body by train through Kansas to Oklahoma.

MY brother David and I and our cousins would spend our summer months playing around the big house on the bluff. I remember the violent storms which would cross the prairie. We would all make a dash for the storm cellar while the storm raged around us. Only my father would not go. There is a tribal legend that the Kiowas made the first tornado. They gathered together a hide and the head of a buffalo and stuffed it with buffalo grass; the hide began to grow and swell and finally became a raging spinning tornado. It looked down on the Kiowas and said, "You are my people. When you see me coming, come out and talk to me so I will know that you are my people, the Kiowas, and I will pass over you."

My father tells the story of relatives who ran for the storm cellar one stormy night. It was still light enough to see the tornado on the ground spinning its way right toward them. They became excited and the wife said, "Stand here and talk to the tornado. You know it is our relative. Tell it to pass over us."

The Kiowa man stood his ground and emotionally asked the tornado not to destroy their farm but to pass to the south of them. His wife, standing on the steps in the storm cellar with the door open, was listening to him. She called to him in Kiowa that their boys were at the government school at Fort Sill, which was to the south of them. When he realized his error, he became frantic and told the tornado, "Wait! wait! Disregard those instructions and pass to the north of us!" The tornado veered off course and did as it was requested.

My grandmother died before I was born but I did get to know my grandfather. He saved me from many spankings when I was small. If I could run fast enough to come within Grandfather's line of vision, by Kiowa custom my parents could not and did not touch me. I would stay in his sight until my parents cooled off, and then everything would be fine. In the old days it was considered too distressing for grandparents to observe their grandchildren being disciplined, so out of respect Kiowa parents didn't correct their children in front of them.

I never did learn how to speak Kiowa and my grandfather could only speak a little broken English. However, we didn't let that stand in our way. We would sit next to each other and hold hands while he would pop the knuckles on both my hands. I would talk in English and he would respond in Kiowa or the other way round. We never knew what the other was talking about but it didn't really matter. We knew what we were trying to tell each other.

All the grandchildren are scattered now, but it seems the strong Medicine Wind which braced us against the changing world when we were young and growing has sustained us through our own transition. We have kept alive in our hearts the influence of the strong but gentle ways of our people. As we gaze at the college degrees and honors which we have acquired in the whiteman's world we realize that in our hearts we are Indian but our minds must of necessity compete in the whiteman's world.

One cousin tells of lying badly wounded behind enemy lines in Korea, sure he would never see loved ones again. However, he had a vision. Bleeding, perhaps dying, he saw himself and o grandfather. Grandfather told Ral that he would return home. Ralph gat ered all his strength and resources a dodged enemy fire, bleeding profuse and dazed with pain, but he held th vision and those words with him un he made it back to the safety of h Airborne Unit—and later until he on again stood on the small bluff in weste Oklahoma where the restless weste Oklahoma wind swept over him.

The Kiowas have a legend that wh a powerful Medicine dies the heave cry. The day my grandfather died, peac fully surrounded by loved ones, he gaz at each one of us in turn. As he di a ray of sun fell across his face and soft rain fell. In the distance a chur bell tolled.

The Kiowas know it to be true, powerful Medicine can give away all has and gain it back again.

Bullfrog Blackie

(Continued from page 11)

Indianapolis *Star* came by with a ca era and snapped a picture of the o gray-headed hobo crying and holdi his dog. His pack and bindle (bedrol were plain in the picture. Bullfrog we to jail all right and Tramp went to t dog pound, but the next day the pictu was in the paper and the reporter real laid it on thick.

Within an hour of the paper hitti the newsstands the police started getti calls from people from all walks of life men, women, and even the mayor's wi blasted the police from hither to yo until finally a judge who was also a d lover really got himself worked up a went down to the jail.

I don't know what authority a jud has, but that one had a lot of some kin for in nothing flat Bullfrog Blackie w out, in the judge's car, and on his w to the pound where he was given ba his dog. I can imagine what a hap reunion that was.

Old Bullfrog told me later over campfire out of Spokane along the b "G" (Great Northern) that one of t cops who arrested him kept sayin "He's just an old dog! Why make su a fuss over it?"

Well, Campfire Charley sits about hundred feet away from me as I wri this, his old dog by his feet. A kinde more gentle man I've never met, but wouldn't want to be the one that d anything to that dog. I've watched o Charley tell the dog, "Go check out t trailer," and the dog would get up a go look in the battered old house trail to see if anyone was in it who should be. Just an old dog maybe, but they a pals, and old Charley don't have worry about turning his back on th pal.

BULLFROG BLACKIE quit the ro in the mid-fifties and rented an o shack across the tracks at Knight Landing, California in the little shan town that used to be there, and whe so many old Knights of the Road end their days.

I used to stop in and see Bullfrog and Tramp when I could.

Bullfrog would walk up town maybe with old Texas Scottie or some other hobo who was retired there. The old men would go into the Silver Dollar Bar for a beer, and Tramp would lay down outside the door and wait for his master. Did I say "master"? Well, that's not really right—they were pals.

Whenever anyone came out of the bar, Tramp would raise his old gray head and look up to see who it was. If it was some old hobo known to him he would wag his tail; if not, he would just lay his head back down. But if it was Bullfrog he would get up and the two would hobble back to their old shack.

In 1959 Bullfrog Blackie, about eighty-eight years old and a veteran of over sixty-five years on the road as a hobo, finally passed on to join others of his kind in some distant land. He was buried not far from Knight's Landing.

Then little Tramp was alone; at nineteen he too was an old, old man. The last time I saw him I had come in to Knight's Landing with old Tex Medders to visit Bullfrog, and when we walked up to the Silver Dollar there was Tramp lying outside the door as usual, but we learned inside about Bullfrog's death.

I went outside and watched the little dog, but he no longer raised his head to look at whoever came out the door. Sometimes he would stand there with his head down for a long time, then hobble back across the tracks to the shanty town where any of the old hoboes there would feed him.

Tramp survived his human pal by about two months. He was found one evening lying as though asleep near the door of the Silver Dollar Bar—"waiting." It was a pretty dark night when they buried Tramp. The moon hung like a ghost ship on some black and stormy sea—no more than a sliver. Two old hoboes came walking into the little cemetery where Bullfrog Blackie sleeps for always. It was no more than a few minutes' work to dig a small hole in the grave and put little Tramp in it. So the little dog, who was picked up as a wet hungry puppy along the mainline Union Pacific tracks out of Omaha, joined his pal.

Ah, little fellow, if I could but serve my God as well as you served yours!

"A Borrower of Money"

(Continued from page 15)

started closing in on the rig. He decided quickly that if he showed any fear at all they would probably butcher him and his Mexican companion, so he turned the mules and drove them right into the middle of the Indians and into the camp of the chief, Cochise. These Indians, with a smaller group headed by the dangerous Mangus Colorado, were returning from a bloody raid into New Mexico, and when Henry Hooker drove right into their main camp, they gathered around him in astonishment. They took care of his team, cooked some food, and allowed his attendant to make beds of brush, where he and Hooker spent the night with Indians on guard all around the camp.

The following morning, his team was brought to him and Cochise assured him that he knew who he was; how he was furnishing beef to the various Indian agencies, who in turn were furnishing it to the Apaches and that although he could have killed Hooker many times, he would never do so.

In the ensuing year, just prior to the death of Cochise, they exchanged beautiful woolen blankets, Henry Hooker having one woven with the name "Cochise" in the center of it, and in which, it is said, Cochise was wrapped when he was buried. That bright red, tightly woven blanket given Henry Hooker by the famous chief still hangs in the main living room of the Sierra Bonita Ranch in Sulphur Springs Valley, and it has the Hooker brand, the "Crooked H," woven in gray in every corner, and the initials "H C H" in the center.

ONE NIGHT in 1872 Henry Hooker camped at a watering place called Oak Grove, in the Galiuró Mountains. He had a small herd of cattle left over after filling all his government contracts. During the night, the cattle spooked at something and stampeded.

The Mexican cowboys followed their tracks the next morning, and the cattle led them to a beautiful spring surrounded by a low, rich marsh (which the vaqueros called a "cienega") in the Sulphur Spring Valley. Hooker immediately decided he'd homestead the site and build a large hacienda which he would call the Sierra Bonita Ranch. With cowboy labor, lots of hard work and ingenuity, he did build it, and eventually brought his family there to live.

The whole region was government land, so the territory over which Hooker's cattle roamed was almost boundless. Visitors would ask him what his acreage was and he would reply, "Ten miles square, and all lands adjoining." Actually, by purchase or homestead, he controlled a range thirty miles long and about twenty-seven miles wide, and the region quickly became famous for the variety of its feed and its fattening qualities. Many of the grasses were there when Hooker came, such as the nutritious grama grass and red clover, which he believed had been planted by some old Spanish settler, but he brought fine grass seeds and the fertile land soon developed to where he had 11,000 longhorns grazing on it.

An underground river flows through Sulphur Springs Valley, close to the surface, so a bountiful supply of water was available, and the climate was ideal for cattle, being above 4,000 feet and never very cold or extremely hot.

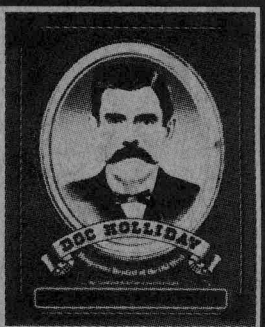
The cattle with which he stocked this beautiful ranch were from Texas and Mexico—scrubby, lanky, lean, with long, meatless legs, and horns up to six feet from tip to tip. They were invariably mouse-colored, dun or brindle, and were descendants of cattle brought to Mexico by the Conquistadores. There wasn't much edible meat on them, and what there was, was tough as a broiled Kiowa moccasin and about as tasty.

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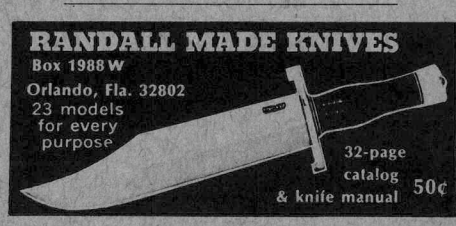
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They were, however, well adapted to the range and the climate, and they knew how to forage for a living, if it came to that. If there wasn't enough of fine, high grass, they'd go quickly to the brouse, and even to the nopal cactus. The Colonel—a title endowed upon Henry Hooker despite a total lack of military background—once described the longhorned cow as having the general carriage of a wild animal. "She is quick," he said, "uneasy, restless, frequently on the lookout for danger, sniffing the air, moving with a high and elastic trot. She is small, does not fatten readily, produces little milk, and her meat is not so tender and juicy as that of American cattle."

Colonel Hooker had no use for inferiors, and as he put it, "neither of the brute or human kind," but at first he had little choice. He had to raise and sell scrub stock or nothing.

However, as soon as he had secured control of the range at the Sierra Bonita, he began to upgrade his stock. He first brought in short-horned Durhams, and later went for Herefords with even better success. He was probably the first big operator in Arizona who stocked his range with these bald-faced animals, and he found they were better adapted to the hill and valleys of his range than the Durhams, who thrived on the few hundred acres of alfalfa which Henry Hooker planted for them but couldn't hold a candle to the Herefords when it came to finding the fat-making feed throughout his vast holdings.

Hooker paid T. Miller of Beecher, Illinois $30,000 for 200 Hereford bull calves. He bought sixty bulls from C. W. Cook, of Iowa; and in 1884, secured seventy-five pure bred Hereford bulls from a Major Gentry of Sedalia, Missouri. He shipped blooded cows to his ranges and it wasn't long before ninety per cent of his calves were "white faces."

Hooker soon learned that it was far more profitable to raise the quality and cut down on the size of his herds. He was the first stockman in the region to realize this. He was the man who led the way.

But his money making procedures had to take a back seat to his social activities. From the very first, when he built the great ranch house, it became the hub of the social events in the southeastern section of Arizona. Henry Hooker was known from the very beginning as an "aristocratic cowman." He dressed the part of a New England gentleman throughout his life, refusing to ever don cowboy clothes at any time. (Still, he was one of the first named to the Cowboy Hall of Fame.)

FORT GRANT was about twelve miles from the Sierra Bonita Ranch, and any festivities held there always included the post's officers. They, in turn, seldom had a formal party without inviting Henry Hooker and his wife, the former Emma Huffaker.

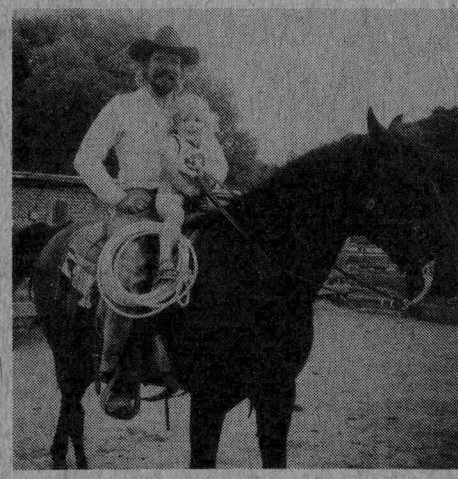
His home was built to last, and it certainly has. It has been lived in by him and his descendants for more than a hundred years, and the original part of the huge, one-story structure is as strong and sturdy as when he built it. It stands eighty feet square, with walls sixteen feet high and twenty inches thick. There are no windows or doors in the outside wall, but a closed court within is surrounded on every side by a covered veranda. A well, with a windmill, used to stand in the center of the court, which would have furnished plenty of water during a prolonged siege. The structure was built with the thought of a possible Indian attack, although none ever came, possibly because of Hooker's early friendship with the great Chiricahua, Cochise. From the blank outside wall, the roof, slightly lower than the wall, sloped toward the courtyard, so the top of the house could be used as a parapet, making for a very stout defense.

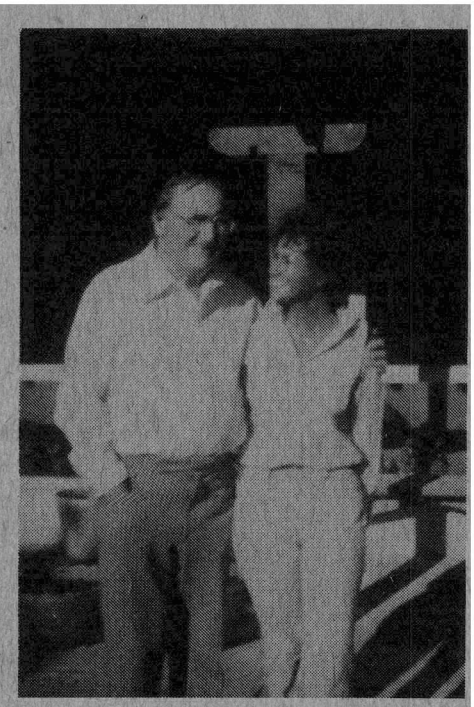
Numerous rooms opened off the veranda. On the south were living rooms and the dining hall. The Colonel always insisted that all guests dress for dinner there, and he "abhorred the brute in man or beast." On the east wing there were a number of comfortably furnished bedrooms, with a fire place in every room. On the north, with an additional couple of bedrooms, were the kitchen, storehouse, dining room for the cowboys, and the meathouses. There also was a shed for vehicles and an enormous double gate on the wall, with bolts and bars. The courtyard had numerous fruit trees, which are still producing.

The Sierra Bonita Ranch is generally considered to be the first major ranching operation in Arizona. Other operations which preceded it, such as the late Pete Kitchen Ranch near Nogales, were Spanish Land Grants which profited from various mining, agricultural and mercantile interests, but the Sierra Bonita was the first to operate solely as a stock ranch.

The *Arizona Citizen* of June 6, 1874, stated: "The whole country is covered with a variety of most nutritious grasses, and a worn-out ox turned out here at any season of the year, will become fat enough for beef in six weeks. The climate is mild and genial so that no loss is ever sustained by reason of cold weather. . . . We were informed that there are at present about 4,000 head of horned cattle and about 1,000 calves,

Charles Hooker Davis and son Jesse Hooker Davis.





The author with "Rinki," great-granddaughter of Henry Clay Hooker, in the patio at the Sierra Bonita ranch house.

125 saddle horses, 50 brood mares, 2 fine stallions, with wagons, saddles, and all the necessary accoutrements for carrying on so extensive a ranch. . . ."

In 1884 Colonel Hooker enclosed 1,000 acres for cultivation. He planted 200 acres of this land to timothy, alfalfa and red-top clover. Not far from the main house he dug a well and set up another windmill and a 20,000-gallon tank from which water was piped to the yards and stables in back of the house. In the corral nearest the house, there were seven box stalls—twelve by eighteen feet—for stallions, and stable room for seventeen head of horses, beside the harness and saddle room and the carriage house.

The corral adjoining the stables was eighty feet by one hundred and next to it was a circular corral, thirty feet across and then a large, main corral three hundred feet square.

Everything on the ranch was built for convenience; nothing was done haphazardly or for show. There was a large blacksmith shop, and a half-mile track, where horses could be put through their paces, and there were exercise paddocks for the fine blooded horses. For Henry Clay Hooker early became interested in the raising and selling of the best trotting and pacing horses available in the United States.

The *Arizona Miner* in December 1877 stated: "He has on the ranch, six horses, each of which can go inside of three minutes in harness, and a four-in-hand team that trots in 3:30. One fine stallion, Jackson Rolla, is related to Gold Dust and a brother to Dorcey's Lucilla. Lucilla, a Kentucky mare, cost him $4,000. He also has an Oregon Messenger mare that is very fine. Stockbridge Chief cost $1,000 and trots inside of three minutes. He can trot his private

n from Camp Grant [later Fort nt] to his ranch in forty minutes, makes a specialty of breeding fine k for the road; but by way of diver-, furnishes Bowie, Apache and Grant beef. He has just been to California brought out 450 head of cattle, most-ows, all pure American and English ds, which he is resting in Williamson ley. His ranch is watered by four springs and the improvements alone e cost Mr. Hooker $30,000."

BOUT THIS TIME, a strange look-ing, bewhiskered man named Ed effelin arrived at Fort Huachuca, e 130 miles south of the Sierra Boni- Ranch. He was a prospector and looked upon by the soldiers as a ic character. They told him that in-d of finding riches in the valley ch lay northeast of the fort, he would his tombstone; the Chiricahua aches were on the warpath again, and bloodthirsty Victorio was leading n.

owever, Shieffelin found a mother- of silver. It assayed at $15,000 a and the veins ran deep. He named it "Lucky Cuss," and the town of nbstone began to build up out of no-re. Tough miners, gamblers, dance- girls, and outlaws were quickly owed by the Kansas cow-town law orcement men, and by 1880 it was the t hell-roaring town in the entire st. Money was everywhere.

Henry Clay Hooker, never one to over- a prospective business deal, decided just drive a pair of his flashiest gy horses over there and see if he d stir up some interest in buying e of them from his Sierra Bonita ch.

s he came charging down 75-feet-e Allen Street, his pair of blood-bay gans racking off a fast clip, he saw usinesslike individual step out into street at the corner of Allen and h, holding up his left hand for ker to stop, his right hand hovering r his pistol holster. The man was gan Earp, younger brother of Wyatt, the charge against Colonel Hooker his team of fast horses, was "speed-"!

arp hustled Hooker before the judge, fined him ten dollars. A short while r, while still showing off his pair of ness-hustlers, Hooker was stopped in. The fine went to fifteen dollars, before the day was over, Hooker had n arrested and fined four times for eding, and had paid over a hundred ars to the city coffers.

lthough the owner of Sierra Bonita many interests, his chief delights e his social activities and his fast ses. He finally acquired five hundred es and six magnificent pure-blood llions and the horses bred on his ch were not only noted for speed and tom, but also for their beauty and ility.

He often drove four-in-hand, and he s very skillful with the reins. Some-es he drove his fast movers to what s called a "piano box" buggy, but his st usual rig, and one which has come wn through the generations of Hook-ers on the ranch, was a Concord ambulance which he purchased in San Francisco. He would use this large vehicle to haul his family and friends to the formal parties at Fort Grant, to various outings and picnics, and into Wilcox, Tombstone and Tucson.

Hooker was a money maker, and he spent freely to see that everything he possessed and used was the best obtainable. Everything was of the newest style and the best quality. He owned dozens of warm and soft beaver and buffalo robes which he furnished his family and friends for their comfort on long, cold rides. He was known far and wide for his hospitality and kindness.

Hooker was never the one to allow arrogant freeloaders to take advantage of him, however. In an excellent book, *Arizona Characters*, published in 1928, author Frank C. Lockwood tells of a stranger driving through Arizona when Colonel Hooker was at the height of his glory. The stranger inquired of someone where he could put up for the night and he was directed to the Sierra Bonita Ranch, with the assurance it was a favorite stopping place.

"He drove into the stable yard late one afternoon," Mr. Lockwood wrote, "where he was met by the proprietor himself. Descending from his buggy, he threw the reins to his host, and gave orders concerning the care of his horses. He then proceeded to make himself quite at home. To the servant who showed him to his room, he made known what he would have for supper. He got everything he asked for, and was entertained with the regular hospitality of the Hookers. After he'd had his breakfast in the morning, he ordered his team, and when the reins had been placed in his hands, he asked, 'What is my bill?'

" 'Twenty dollars', Mr. Hooker replied.

" 'Well, that's pretty steep, isn't it?' the guest demurred.

" 'Yes, but that's my price.'

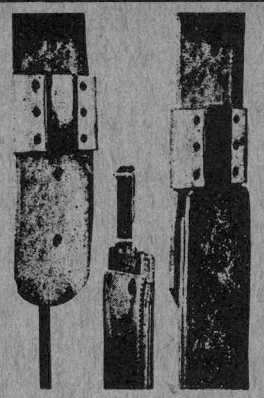
"There was nothing for it but to pay, so the fellow handed out a crisp twenty-dollar bill. The Colonel took it and tore it into bits which he threw to the winds; then with suitable abruptness and vigor, he said to his visitor:

" 'Now get out of here, and never let me see your face around my ranch again!' "

ALONG with his money-making cattle and horses, Henry Hooker also prided himself on his fine kennel of greyhounds. Dr. J. A. Munk, who visited the ranch on several occasions, gives this account of the Colonel and his dogs:

"In the morning, when they meet him at the door, Ketchum pokes his nose into one of his master's half-open hands and Killum performs the same act with the other hand. Blackie nips him playfully on the leg, while Dash and the rest of the pack race about like mad, trying to express their exuberance and joy.

"In the bunch is little Bob, the fox-terrier, who tries hard, but is not always able to keep up with the hounds in a race. He is active and gets over the ground lively for a small dog, but in a long chase is completely outdistanced and outclassed, to his apparent disgust."



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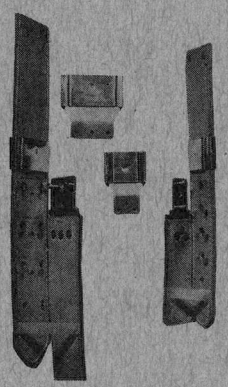
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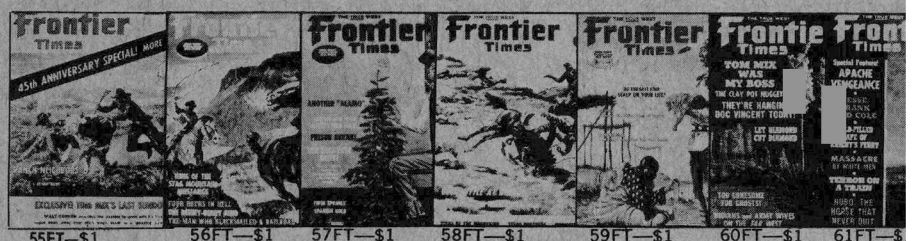
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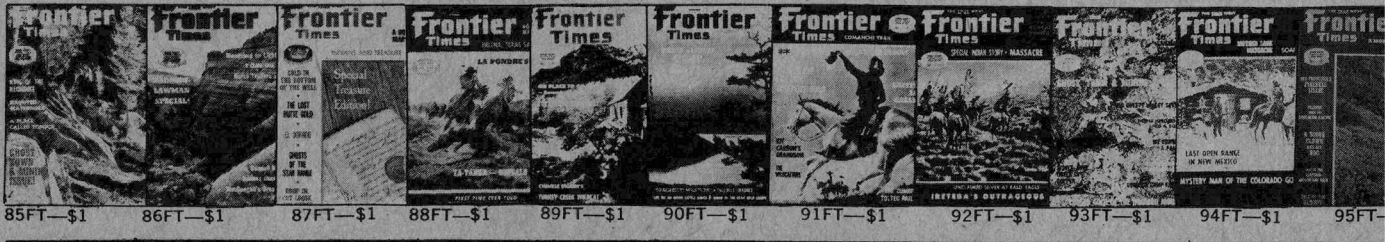
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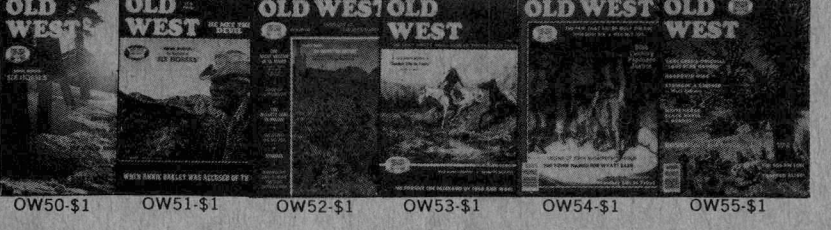
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The great Sierra Bonita Ranch was famous throughout Arizona for its hospitality, its cordiality and friendliness that everyone who approached its wal whether wealthy or poor, knew he wou find the very best of food, refreshme and good cheer. Colonel Hooker w knew the ways of the good host and lov the art of practicing them. Fronti towns were far apart and there were fe of them. The Sierra Bonita was a brig haven, always approached with anti pation and fully enjoyed while there.

Hooker's guests included all of the f mous army officers who served t frontier in those times, also such w known people as John Muir, Whitela Reid, Frederic Remington, and August Thomas who used the ranch as a bas for his play, *Arizona.*

When the great old pioneer cattlem died December 5, 1907, at a home owned on West Adams Street in L Angeles, the Los Angeles *Evening Ne* said of him: "He took part in the a venturous and often dangerous life the territory of Arizona, and alwa maintained friendly relations with t military at Fort Grant, while at t same time, never rousing the hostili of the Indians, who in their vario forays, never attacked his hacienda. A his home, he exercised at all times truly princely hospitality, which will long remembered. He leaves, besides h wife, a daughter, Mrs. Ida S. Stewa and two sons, Edwin R. and Joseph Hooker."

The Sierra Bonita Ranch, with all i extent and importance, came on dow through the sons of the old frontiersma from Connecticut, to a grandson, Har E. Hooker. After Harry's death, his wi operated the historic site until s passed away, and then it was taken ov by their daughter, Jacqueline Elizabet great-granddaughter of the Colonel. H son, Charles Hooker Davis, is next line for the estate.

On a recent visit with Jacquelin Elizabeth, known all her life as "Rinki I learned that she was as genuine in h cordiality as old Henry Clay Hook must have been over a hundred yea before. She showed me the corrals, th beautiful patio where the well and win mill had stood; the fruit trees, sti bearing fruit; and the carriage she which still houses the great Concor ambulance and the buggy that the Co onel drove hell-for-leather down Alle Street in Tombstone.

On the parlor wall hangs the tr colored blanket presented to the Colon by Cochise, with the famous "Crooke H" in each corner and the initial "H. C.H." in the center.

Charles Davis' little boy, Jesse Hooke Davis, who will some day ramrod th vast operation, is six generations fro Henry Clay Hooker, and in talking wit Rinki about it, I said that this wa quite a remarkable span in history.

"How about trying to figure him dow in lineal descent from Thomas Hooke in Connecticut," she suggested.

"That boggles the mind, Rinki," I tol her as she poured me another libation i the manner of her great-grandfather.

Holdouts of Dublin Gulch

(Continued from page 21)

ts of other bootleggers' products. In-
ans liked it too.

Joe came home one night to find they
d raided his crock and were rampaging
his ledge. Unable to get their atten-
n otherwise, he fired the pistol. A
llet, ricocheting off the rock, lodged
the buttock of an Indian woman. Joe
d Charley spent a hectic night driving
harley's pickup across Death Valley
take her to the hospital at Lone
ne.

Rosie Weed gave Joe his biggest head-
he. When Charley's and Stella's chil-
en were old enough, Shoshone had
wer than the thirteen required for a
hool. But Rosie, a Paiute mother who
ed out in the desert, had an ample
ood. She was persuaded to bring her
ildren and move into the settlement.
oshone thus got its school—and a
oblem.

Rosie not only had an unquenchable
irst for whiskey, but a social disease
well. To get the first she freely gave
e latter. Mine and railroad crew chiefs
oked to Joe, as school trustee, to rid
eir workmen of this source of con-
gion.

Joe tried. He had Rosie jailed as often
a reason could be contrived—once,
hen she was found sleeping off a drunk
the runoff ditch, for "contaminating
e spring." Rosie, however, always
rved her sentences and promptly re-
rned.

The State of Nevada finally took Rosie
f Joe's hands. She had joined a native
ver across the state line for a drinking
ree. He sobered up in agony. Rosie
d all she knew to relieve his distended
lly. At her first trial for murder she
otested, "But I only 'stuck' him, like
u do for a bloated cow!"

ALTHOUGH Joe had little affection for their parents, he was fond of Indian ildren. All children, whether brown or hite, brought back the precious memo-es of Henry's childhood. On hot after-oons, Shoshone's children were to be und on Joe's shaded ledge. There he un stories of deep rivers and wide oceans with big ships, of green valleys with tall trees—all tales of wonder to desert-bred children. When he visited Henry and his daughter-in-law Louisa in Long Branch, Joe bought dozens of red neckerchiefs to take back to Shoshone's children. Little Paiute boys strutted in them to emulate the engineers who rode Tonopah & Tidewater locomotives.

By the late Twenties, mining no longer provided profitable freight for the little railroad. The Tonopah & Tidewater cut back its runs. A little dinky engine called "The Goose" carried passengers and mail several times a week. A telegraph line was, for a time, the settlement's only other link with the outside world. Henry and Louisa worried about Joe.

"Get out of that awful desert," they urged. "Live here with us."

Joe refused. "I'm getting by just fine," he would tell them. "I never want to leave the desert. When my time comes, bury me in Dublin."

The desert has never been a land to take lightly. Those who love it do so with a passionate devotion; others can be driven to desperation by its starkness. Beulah Rosenberg came to Shoshone, and stayed to bake pies in Charley's and Stella's eating house for railroad crews. She told of once going to a party with a newly hired cook. Young white women being few, all her dances were taken. Next morning when she came to work, the cook called her back to the kitchen. Cleaver in hand, he stood over the meat block. On it lay her pet dog, its tail twitching convulsively and eyes glazing in its severed head. Her screams brought Charley on the run.

"You've had too much desert, son," he said. "The Goose comes through today. Get on it!"

In 1933 Death Valley became a national monument. A new road brought tourists to see the legendary "valley of death." They stopped for refreshment at Charley's store, and struck up conversations with the arthritic natives who sat on the bench in front. The old prospectors accepted schooners of the newly legal 3.2, while they regaled the gullible visitors with outrageous stories.

One of their tales did contain a grain of truth—an old German did indeed live "up yonder in a cave in the gulch."

After curious tourists rounded the ledge to be startled by the gulch's weird formations, and after their ears were assaulted by the thunderous German marches Joe played on his Victrola, they were ready to believe almost anything—even the statement that Joe was an exiled brother of "Kaiser Bill"!



"I could have swore he ducked into this place."

ONE DAY in 1938 Charley watched Joe come down to the store. Noticing his painfully stiff walk, Charley mused, "No wonder. Those old men have held out for twenty-five years now, up there in that gulch."

"I need a new padlock," Joe told Charley. "Indians broke another one while I went to the spring. Pass the word that I'll pay to get the gun back again."

When Joe did not come to the store the next day, Charley went to his dugout. Finding Joe on the floor, Charley put him in the pickup and took him to the small hospital that Pacific Coast Borax Company maintained at Death Valley Junction.

Dr. Schrum telephoned Henry. "You'd better come," he advised, and added, "You might as well bring along a casket."

The little engine that let Henry and Louisa off at the Junction would not return for several days. Burials in torrid climates require more immediate action. Charley's pickup took Joe back to Dublin.

Meanwhile, as Joe had done for others, his cronies blasted a grave from the bedrock of the gulch's tiny cemetery. They waited on the bench for the pickup, then shouldering a coffin which they had made, they followed the truck.

At the cemetery, several young Paiute men stood apart. All were wearing old red neckerchiefs.

After Charley read a bit from a dog-eared Bible, Joe's cronies heaped boulders on the mound and dismantled their unneeded casket to build a fence of sorts. Henry and Louisa crossed over the gulch to Joe's dugout.

They found the new padlock broken, and inside on the table, the pistol. It, too, had held out against all odds.

Flash Flood!

(Continued from page 25)

mile of grassland and were busily feeding. The higher hills were suddenly flooded with light as the sun thrust itself above Rudio Mountain. To the sage locust this was a signal to tune their fiddles. Their shrill cadence caused the very air to vibrate. The sheep began to seek shade and before long every stray juniper sheltered a tight-packed mass of white.

Before returning to camp for breakfast, Combs took the precaution of firing his rifle, just to discourage any slinking coyote that might be hovering near.

COMBS was taking a nap when he was rudely awakened about midday by the barking of Ring and a poor imitation of coyotes howling. Two riders were dropping down over the hills into camp.

"Come out of it, you lazy sheepherder, and stir us up some chow. We haven't et since we was here last and are just about on our last pegs."

The new arrivals were Robbie Potter and Gordie Rambeau, young fellows who worked on a ranch farther west. All three —they and Joe Combs—had been discharged from the Army a few months back, after their hitch in World War I, and were the best of friends.

They sat and exchanged friendly insults for awhile, then all three prepared the noonday meal. Potter and Rambeau insisted that Combs bake the sourdough bread, for they considered him an artist at it.

Their meal included fried spuds, mutton stew, and of course a pot of beans and stewed dried prunes. The hours slipped by almost unnoticed, as the three men lolled in the shade. Finally conversation lagged and by late afternoon all were fast asleep. None of them had noticed the

thunderheads that had shot high into the sky.

About four o'clock their peaceful slumber was shattered by a sharp, rolling clap of thunder. The horses, grazing nearby, were frightened by the sound. Potter hastily tethered them to a small birch tree, just above the tent.

Lightning streaked the sky, and thunder rolled across the hills in ever increasing volume. As the boys watched Nature's display, they became aware of a different and more menacing roar.

"Hail!" one of them yelled. "We better hit for the tent!" They had barely made it inside when the icy downpour hit. In a matter of minutes there were four or five inches of ice pellets covering the ground. The hail ceased falling almost as suddenly as it had begun, replaced by a solid sheet of rain. Lightning flashes followed one after another, and the roar of thunder was incessant.

THE THREE young friends huddled under the sagging tent and amused themselves with a deck of cards. Conversation was near impossible with the rain beating on the tent and thunder crashing outside. Then there was a gradual change. The storm was abating, moving on, but quiet did not return. A feeling of uneasiness seemed to sweep through the tent.

"What is that noise?" Rambeau inquired.

"Sounds like a runaway freight train," Combs replied as he stepped over to lift the tent flap.

Immediately he gave a warning cry and made a leap for the steep hillside, only a rod away, but he was too late. Down the dry gulch came rolling a mountainous brown wall of mud, water, stones, brush and logs—at an estimated height of thirty to forty feet.

Combs was overwhelmed even in that split second that meant life or death. The saddle horses were picked up and tossed over the tent. The tent was caught and rolled up almost as if by human hands, with Potter, Rambeau and the sheepdog Ring, inside.

They were swept along in the flood a short way before being brought up short by a clump of junipers.

As the water rushed on it left a huge pile of logs, brush, rocks, mud, and the tent, all jammed against the trees. In the thrashing about, two logs caught the calf of Potter's left leg between them.

The weight of the logs, as they pinched the flesh, tore the muscle loose from the back of the knee, and Potter was held in a vise-like grip.

The hind legs of the dog were also caught between those logs. The terrified animal started slashing at anything within reach of its teeth and, unfortunately, Potter's face was within reach. Potter's cheek was shredded before he could choke Ring to death with his hands.

Potter, although still rolled up in the tent, had enough air trapped under the canvas that he could breathe. He could not free his leg, but he could reach his hack knife and slash through the canvas to open air.

As his head emerged, he could see a struggling form pushing and clawing at the canvas only an arm's length away. Potter quickly sliced through the cloth and underneath was Rambeau, struggling for breath. His part of the tent had failed to trap any air as it rolled up, but was full of muddy, gritty water. His arms had been caught in such a manner that he couldn't reach his pocket knife and had Potter been a minute later, he would have been done for.

With his head above the water at last, Rambeau could now breathe, but he had spasm after spasm of violent coughing. The muddy water had forced its way into his nose and lungs, and he just couldn't stop.

Potter was in no position to help his friend, trapped as he was by the logs, but he couldn't endure hearing those agonizing coughs. He just had to get loose and get Rambeau to a doctor. In desperation he reached down with his knife and severed the part of the calf of his leg from the grip of the logs. He was free to act now; he could walk, but the pain was great. His head hurt terribly, too, from a cheek that was torn away by the terrified dog.

Potter lifted Rambeau in his arms as he would carry a baby. He waded the swollen creek and set out on a long four miles to Buckhorn Ranch.

THIS PART of the story seems unbelievable, but there are eyewitnesses living today who declare it to be the truth. Where the boys left Indian Creek, a faint horse trail leads up a long rocky slope. In some places there is no trail at all, but one may step from one stone outcrop to another or else step between and straddle the rocks. There are patches of scrubby black sage that act as a tanglefoot, very hard to walk through even if one has two sound legs. I have walked this same route and can testify that it is a tiresome stretch of trail.

At times Rambeau was able to walk by himself, assisted by the crippled Potter. Then when Rambeau would falter, Potter would pick him up and carry him a bit farther.

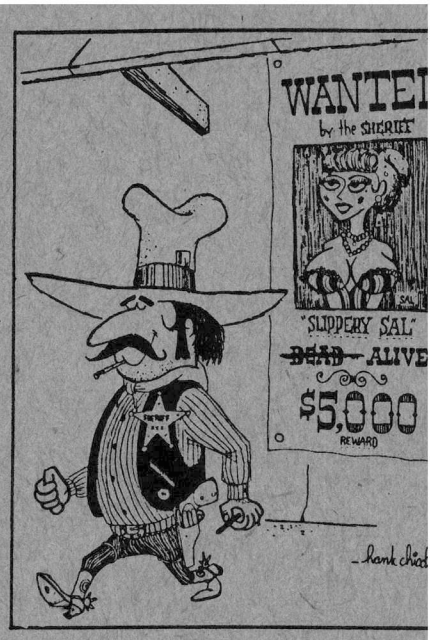
About 9 o'clock that night, the Rhys Humphrey family, then living at Buckhorn, heard a faint cry for help. Rhys took a light and found the two young men. Potter had put Rambeau on the ground before he himself had collapsed across the hitch rack.

A doctor was summoned from Mitchell, thirty miles to the west, by telephone. His hasty examination revealed that both men were in serious condition and would require the best of hospital care if they were to survive. They were taken to The Dalles.

The heroic Potter had achieved a superhuman feat in bringing in his friend, but he was weak from loss of blood, and his wounds became badly infected, resulting in his death a few days later.

Gordie Rambeau contracted pneumonia as a result of inhaling into his lungs the muddy, poisonous water of the flash flood. Yet, to everyone's surprise, he survived.

A number of persons backtracked Potter's and Rambeau's route the next morning and affirmed that their tracks could be followed all the way back to



Indian Creek by the trail of blood l by Robbie Potter. They also told of s ing places in the mud where the lo hanging calf of Potter's leg had drag in the mud.

Joe Combs' battered body was fou the next day at the mouth of Squ Creek, eight miles from the camp. T crest of the flood had carried the bo across to the opposite side of the Jo Day River. Every stitch of Joe's clothi even his shoes, had been removed by t force of the water.

Only one of the saddle horses w found, wrapped around a tree five mi downstream, its skin as white as peeled onion, all the hair having be ground away by the gritty water. pair of chaps, caught on a tree lim hung there for about twenty years, un finally being washed away by anoth flash flood.

The dry creek down which most of t floodwater came has been known ev since as Dead Man's Gulch.

Alberta Cowboys

(Continued from page 34)

with him, but he came back and t A. J.

A. J. would fight a buzz saw, and sa "Take me to him." They went back a A. J. said, "This boy gave you a te dollar bill and you gave him change f five. If you don't dig up the other I'm coming over after you." He put h boot on the stand. The man jerked op the till and said, "That was a ten, that. Sorry."

The dance lasted all night. Next mor ing after breakfast we rode back, sleep but we had had a good time.

ONE afternoon I was helping hold t the herd on the cut side and th cut out a big bull. He kept trying come back to the herd. The next time was really fogging him and he sudden whirled and lowered his head. I w riding a good pony that saved my nec The pony jumped sideways and v

nissed the bull's horns by about a foot. He would have pitched both of us over is head. It scared about a year's growth ut of me, but I learned something about etting too close to a wringy bull.

We didn't get a chance to rope much, ut occasionally we saw a few steers ith porcupine quills in their noses. here were some willows along the hite Mud River and some porcupines. e had a pair of pliers and we would ope the steers and pull the quills out rom their noses.

We worked every day and didn't know hen Sunday came around. Those old-ime cowboys were good workers. They id what the boss wanted and there ere no kicks or no bellyaching. When e needed a fresh beef, Ira would catch fat, short yearling steer and butcher in the evening. They quartered the eef and wrapped it in tarpaulins. Ira ould save all the fancy cuts, such as rains, liver, sweetbreads, and marrow-ut for the cook's s-o-b stew.

Late in the evening Sam would uncover he quarters and hang them on hooks n the side of the chuckwagon where hey could air out good. In the early norning before daylight he would cut nough meat for the day and wrap each uarter in the tarpaulin and put it in he covered grub wagon. That way the neat kept in good condition.

We worked until September, and then . J. took us back to Medicine Hat and e went back to school. We had made retty good hands and had made some noney. The rest were still rounding up nd going strong when we left.

THE sixteen-year-old who was with us on that trip, J. O. G. (Pete) Sanderson, was a bright quarterbreed Indian. His grandfather was J. H. G. Bray, n early Mounted Police officer and ater Brand Inspector in the Medicine Hat district. Pete's grandmother was an ndian woman.

Bray's oldest daughter married Owen anderson, Pete's father, who died in 907 in a snowstorm. So Pete was raised y his grandfather in Medicine Hat.

Bray was also the father of two well-nown cowboys, Harry and Reg Bray, who were good bronc riders. Harry was ne of the best pick-up men in the busi-ess.

Pete was a natural bronc rider for a oy. He had acquired an old Texas Gallup louble-rigged saddle, put a strong rig-ing in it, and bought some wide latigo eins.

Horace and I were Pete's friends, al-hough he was older than we were, and we often rode together in the summer on he +Z Ranch and also Vern McLean's anch in Mannyberries.

In 1914 my father was drilling an oil well in East End, Saskatchewan with a Mr. Strong and was developing a town-site. Pete and I herded Dad's bucking horses on the range near East End. There were two geologists there that summer, and Pete was interested in the well, which proved to be a dry hole. My father encouraged Pete to study geology and Pete never forgot it.

In 1917 he worked for Vern McLean at Mannyberries and won the bronc riding held there. He also won day money at the Medicine Hat stampede. In 1918 he was a top hand for the Milk River Cattle Company near Pinhorn. Later he hired out to Knight and Watson's outfit who were ranging stock on the Blood Reserve and the Kirkledy Ranch. Pete was paid $75 a month for riding the rough string.

All during this time, Pete kept up with his studies at the University of Alberta in Edmonton. He also studied geology at Yale University from 1914 through 1926. Pete was employed on the Great Slave Lake exploration in 1920 by the Imperial Oil Company, as well as the Provincial and Dominion governments during 1921-22 and 1924 and 1926. He operated as a free lance and consulting geoglogist from his own office in Calgary.

Pete married the daughter of the Premier of Alberta, and had great success in his chosen profession, but Dr. Pete Sanderson remained a cowhand at heart.

The Palliser Hotel very graciously gives a fine dinner for old-time cowmen each year during the Calgary Stampede, and also provides a room for them with free drinks on the side table. Until his death in 1953, Pete always attended the dinner and was never happier than when renewing old friendships from his days on the range.

ANOTHER Alberta cowboy I will never forget was Slim (Amasa) Parker, born in High River. Slim was one of the best all around hands and bronc riders in Alberta. He worked for Uncle Tony Day's Q Ranch bordering the Montana border for several years. He broke horses and helped halter-break horses and mules, getting them ready for sale to farmers.

Cowboys who worked fifty to seventy-five miles from town didn't leave the ranch more than once or twice a year, and when they did they generally celebrated. Slim came into Medicine Hat one time and went into a bar, and when he came out he was feeling pretty good. He noticed a car with the keys in the ignition and decided to take a drive. The police were looking for the car, and when Slim came back, a policeman was waiting for him.

Slim was acquainted with a lawyer named Lorne Laidlaw, and told the policeman he wanted Laidlaw to represent him.

"Do you know whose car you took?" the policeman asked.

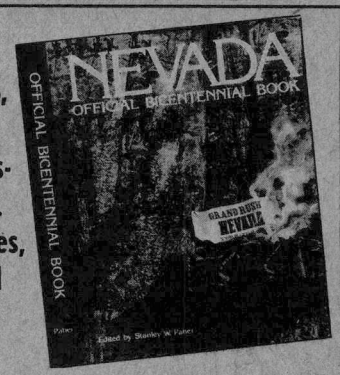
Slim said, "No."

"Well," the policeman said, "that car you took belonged to Lorne Laidlaw." Laidlaw, however, took Slim's case and got him out of his predicament.

In 1916 my father took over the management of an outfit owned by Ray Knight and Jim Watson. Ray had a cattle ranch at the Kirkledy south of Lethbridge, a sheep operation near Brooks, and a horse ranch on the Bow River.

Ray had decided he wanted a bucking horse string like my father's. He had forty big unbroken horses on the Bow River place and wanted them brought over to the Kirkledy Ranch to try them

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out as buckers. Dad hired Slim.

I was out of school then, and Dad had a man take me out to help Slim drive the horses. I took my saddle and bed. After supper that night Slim told me he didn't have any gentle saddle horses yet, but he had been riding two horses of my father's that had been in his bucking string, and they had quit bucking. One was a black that they called Maple Creek and the other a short-legged grey called High Pockets. He had bucked off a tall, long-legged cowboy soon after being in the bucking string, hence his name.

Next morning I saddled High Pockets and we drove the horses down to a ford in the river and crossed. We drove them up a long hill to a fence and I got off to open the gate. Slim drove the horses through, then he got off.

When I mounted High Pockets, he jumped in the air and started bucking down the trail next to the fence. I was fourteen and no bronc rider, but when I saw that barbed wire fence staring me in the face I decided real quick that I was going to try to ride him. I grabbed the horn and clinched my knees on the swell, and managed to stay with him until he quit bucking.

Slim loped up and made a wisecrack. "Ad," he said, "if I had been on my horse I could have run into him and stopped him."

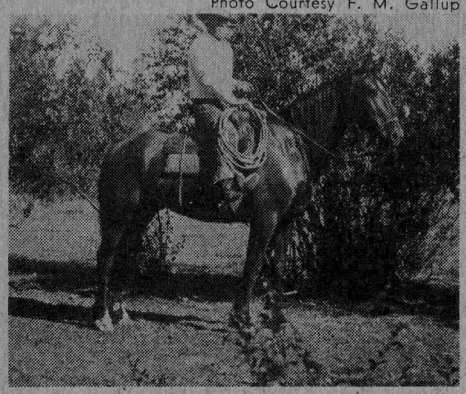
We drove the horses until about noon, then stopped to let them graze a while. There was a steep sloping hill just beyond. Later when I started to mount High Pockets, he jumped high in the air again. I went over his head and took my rope with me. I had a thin leather strand to hold my rope so it would break if my knee caught it. High Pockets went bucking down the slope.

Slim said, "Ad, I'll catch him and we'll trade horses and I will whip him down that mountain."

Slim brought him back and we changed horses. Slim had a very heavy quirt on his saddlehorn and he took it and hung it over his right wrist. He mounted High Pockets and spurred him down the slope. About the second jump, Slim leaned over and popped him on the nose with his quirt. High Pockets swapped ends and kept on bucking. Slim spurred him and quirted him until he stopped bucking.

F. M. Gallup of Longview, Alberta.

Photo Courtesy F. M. Gallup



I got along fine with Maple Creek and we arrived at the Kirkledy Ranch about supper time. We turned the horses into a small pasture.

Art Barton was the foreman, and my father was there to judge how the horses bucked for Ray Knight. Powder River Thompson from Montana was also there to help Slim ride out the horses, He was one of the best.

Next morning he went out to work. Ray had a saddling chute made in a big high-poled corral. Slim would ride one, then Powder River would ride the next. They all bucked good. By evening they had ridden half of them.

Next morning they started in again, and by supper time there was only one more horse to ride. He was a big brown horse, and ordinarily Slim could have ridden him easily, but about the second jump Slim shot over the saddle and landed on his head. Slim had taken lots of falls and been in a lot of scrapes and never was hurt seriously, but this was to be his last ride. When he turned over he had popped his spinal cord. He was conscious, but paralyzed, and I think he knew that he had had it. We felt awful about it, as we all liked Slim very much.

Barton had a low trailer that he attached to his car, and he put some straw in it. He drove into the corral and we lifted Slim into the trailer. Barton drove very carefully to the hospital in Lethbridge. Slim was operated on, but lived only two days. Alberta had lost one of its best cowboys and bronc riders.

William H. Jackson's Cross of Snow

(Continued from page 27)

Jackson set up his dark tent on the summit of Notch Mountain, sensitized, exposed, developed and rinsed one 11x14 and seven 5x8 plates, an exacting and delicate process with glass and chemicals. Considering the relatively elemental state of photographic developing in Jackson's day, he achieved amazing results. Later, during the winter of that year, prints of his photograph were made at the Survey laboratory in Washington. A print of the 11x14 photograph was exhibited at the Centennial Celebration of 1876 where it was awarded seven medals.

The photography party returned and met Gardner and Holmes of the topographic party who had ascended the Mount of the Holy Cross by the north ridge. They were probably the first men who had ever climbed this peak, excluding unknown Indians.

JACKSON'S photograph ultimately reached the eyes of the world, partly incredulous and partly admiring. He was famous. At the same time, Thomas Moran, who was becoming well known as *the* artist of the West, heard about the unique mountain in Colorado. During 1873, he had been prevented from participation in the Hayden exploration because he had been with John W. Powell in the Grand Canyon region.

The summer of 1874 found Moran in the Holy Cross area making sketche of the streams and forests. Althoug the eventual work, "Mount of the Hol Cross, Colorado," became as worl renowned as Jackson's photograph, Mo ran in all likelihood never saw th mountain! Amazingly, he depended upo Jackson's photo for his model of th peak, and accordingly created a repre sentation of a representation that wa considered a masterpiece.

Moran did paint the details of fores and stream from actual travel in Cros Creek Canyon, but he altered realit slightly in depicting the mountain facin down the canyon instead of across i Nevertheless, the artist seized the spir of his subject and inspired countles viewers of his painting throughout th world.

The painting was originally purchase by Dr. William A. Bell, an enginee with the Denver and Rio Grande West ern Railroad, and it hung in his home i Manitou, Colorado until about 1905 whe he took it to an estate in England. A smaller painting of the Mount of th Holy Cross, a water color, became th property of William H. Jackson.

In his memoirs, Jackson said, "Whe I first saw the cross, time seemed t stand still, only a gentle breeze mur mured in the solitude of this incomparabl place. It was a long time before we cam back to the earthly thoughts and packe our things for the descent." He wa drawn to the mountain and climbed i again in 1880, 1893, and with his so Clarence in 1897 and 1905. It held a attraction for him he could never ex plain.

Today, after a century, the Cross o Snow retains its appeal, and it is para doxical that it is still curiously sheltere from easy viewing. The only spot fro which it can be seen "up close" (tw miles away) is from the crest of Notc Mountain. And that entails an arduou six-mile climb from a parking area ac cessible during the summer months u a winding but clearly marked trail t the viewing place. The cross will alway be waiting for a Jackson—or anyon else—to see its beauty.

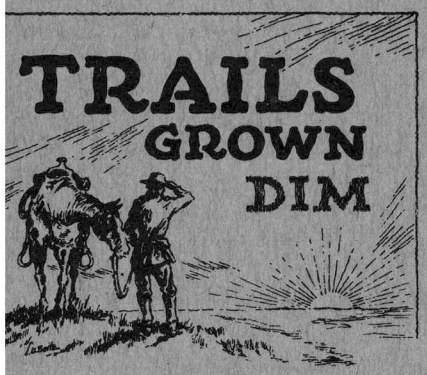
A Strange Summons

(Continued from page 30)

The station's first floor was cleared; al Americans taken prisoner there wer killed; others fled to the second floo The besiegers decided to set fire to th station.

Ran and his Guards arrived at thi juncture. The crowd, with their appear ance, lost its spark and faded away— the riot was over. Marines landed th following day. American lives, however had been saved by an ex-Texas Range who bolstered the theory that the ma behind the gun, not the gun, has to b the dominant factor in bringing law an order.

Ran Runnels had heeded th strange summons to restore peace alon the Gold Trail. Maybe the Reveren Hord would have approved his methods maybe not.



eaders' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed oon as space permits, so please be patient! If pos- e, please type your query; or if handwritten, print write clearly, especially names, dates, and places— most of all, please be brief. In accord with the con- of our magazines and purpose of this service since beginning, preference is given writers whose trails grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, boys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We t run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy ealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all ers as soon as we can. Any reader having informa- concerning persons referred to below is asked to municate directly with the letter writer; please do write to us.

Beshears

I am receiving *True West* and enjoy very much. I would like to thank you allowing the Library of Congress to oroduce your magazine for the phys- ally handicapped.

Randy Carson had a query on Be- ears in the June issue. I am interested the family also and would appreciate y information about Beshears descend- ts, where they originally came from information in general. It is my un- rstanding that most of the Beshears scendants or at least some of them are Kentucky and Tennessee.—Randall shears, Deep Gap, North Carolina 618

Finley-Hopper-Heiple

I am searching for relatives of my ther, John C. Finley. He was born in 94 in Waterloo, Iowa and lived with o aunts, Dollie and Lizzy Heiple. ather moved to North Dakota when was in his late teens. He married attie Bennett and they had two daugh- rs (I am the oldest).

Mildred Hopper was my father's cous- . We visited Mildred and her husband ck in 1929. They had a daughter Helen d had a baby boy when we were there. Any information on relatives would greatly appreciated.—Mildred Sand- l, 1417 East 11th, The Dalles, Oregon 058

Nygren

My father, Conrad Theadore Nygren, vned a grocery store and a house in inneapolis, Minnesota back in 1920s. e also owned lots in Dilworth and a ore in Moorhead, Minnesota. He was a puty sheriff, preacher, painter and per hanger by trade. Before I was rn he changed his name to Newgren cause he got caught bootlegging in Walcott, North Dakota. Someday I will have my name changed from Newgren to Nygren.

I would like to know where and when my father was born, his parents' names and the name of his first wife. I am also seeking information on a Louise Nygren.—James Kenneth Newgren, 303 East Oak, Drumright, Oklahoma 74030

Baker-Belcher-Everhart-Smith-Thurman-Galbraith-Mann-Morris

I would appreciate information on Belchers or Thurmans in Iowa from 1864 to 1872; in the Dakota Territory from 1872 until 1879; in Montana from 1880 until early 1900s; in Wyoming from 1881 until early 1900s; and in Idaho from 1890 until early 1900. Also any information on George W. Smith, born in Chicago, married Minnie Belcher in 1881 in Montana, and was killed in Wyoming sometime between 1883 and 1886. Where and when was Charles J. Baker married to the widow Mary J. Belcher? When and where did he die? Information on Thomas J. Everhart of Carbon County, Wyoming Territory in the late 1800s would also be appreciated. When did he go West and from where?

Does anyone have information on Albert R. Morris, born in Wisconsin and married Sarah B. Galbraith (Galbreth) in 1878 or '79 and lived in Kansas in 1881? Also John T. Galbraith (Galbreth) and Mary E. Mann who lived in McDonough County, Illinois in 1857; in Kansas in 1864.—Lila D. Bryson, 1921 West 10th, Spokane, Washington 99204

Gray

Information concerning Robert Gray is solicited by distant relatives. Gray abandoned his wife and seven children and was never heard from again. He was the son of Levi and Mariah Gray of Rock Island, Illinois and had a sister and four brothers, all of whom served in the Civil War. A son, Norman, served in Alaska and North Dakota during World War II. A daughter, Velma Hall Wolff, recently resided in Portland, Oregon. Any information will be appreciated.—Claude M. Gray, 636 East Maple, Walla Walla, Washington 99362

Hezekia Daggs

My great-grandfather, Hezekia Daggs, was from Missouri, I believe, and moved to Texas. He married a Mrs. Jones who had a daughter named Jane.

Hezekia's children were Will, Mary, Kate, George, Winnie, Ida and James Murdock (my grandfather). Any information on the family will be appreciated. —Mrs. Chas. Christensen, 912 S. Canyon Drive, Redmond, Oregon 97756

Ramsay-Kelly-Floyd-Lankford

In Ed F. Bates' book *History and Reminiscences of Denton County* is the following: "It was at Hickory Station that the first murder was committed in this county that we have any knowledge of. A Mr. Teel, a Ranger, shot and killed Mr. Ramsey there in 1848." The Mr. Ramsey was my great-great-grandfather, John Ramsey, who died July 11, 1848. Hickory Station was three miles southwest of the present city of Denton, Texas. I would like to find an account of what actually happened.

There was a Tom Kelly living in Greenville, Texas about 1920. He was a half-brother of my grandmother. He had a daughter (name unknown to me) studying to be a teacher.

William Allen Floyd appeared in Texas in the early 1850s. It is said he was born May 28, 1830 in Tennessee and left home Christmas Eve 1849 because he did not like his stepmother. I know a hunting party disappeared in Tennessee (what year and in what county?) and was never heard from. There was a Will Floyd in this party who was one of two sets of children and did not like his stepmother. He was my great-grandfather and I've looked for a trace of him in Tennessee for years.

In 1900 Albert Kelly, his wife Penelope, daughter Eddie, her husband James Edwards and their son Augustus (age seven), and Albert and Penelope's granddaughter Hattie Gaylon lived in Paris, Texas.

W. T. Lankford, his wife Priscilla (my great-grandmother and sister to Penelope Kelly) lived in Paris, Texas in 1900. Among children were two daughters of Mr. Lankford, Lela and Etta, both age twelve. The family later moved to Fort Smith, Arkansas and I've been told Priscilla died there around 1913.

I would like to hear from descendants of any of the above.—Annalene (Mrs. J. B.) Waggoner, 409 Frontier, Fort Worth, Texas 76114

Swink-Thornbrugh

Has anyone knowledge of Missouri Swink? Where was she born? Who were her parents? When and where did she die? In June 1866 she married my great-grandfather, Alfred L. Thornbrugh. They had two girls: Dora Alice born February 1869 in Bates, Illinois; and Belle.

Alfred L. Thornbrugh was born 1836 at Springfield, Green County, Missouri. Who were his parents? He served in the Union Army (family stories say as a spy) during the Civil War in "Bloody Kansas" and Missouri. He was with the infantry and cavalry. Grandmother called him Captain Thornbrugh. It is known that he was a lieutenant and captain; his sword is in possession of my family.

Dora Alice and Belle were orphaned as children and raised by members of the Thornbrugh family. Some of their cousins followed Jesse James' footsteps. Who were they? In 1910 members of the Thornbrugh families lived in Quenemo and Homewood, Kansas. Grandma married William Henry Hall in December 1886 at Ottawa, Kansas. They had ten children, all deceased now. She knew very little about her family, one reason being she moved to California in 1909-'11.

Any information regarding the Swink-Thornbrugh familes will be greatly appreciated and all letters acknowledged.—Mrs. Dorian Kuykendall Kempton, 3840 Tyburn Drive, Beale A. F. B., California 95903

Editorial

(Continued from page 3)

be sure we try to hold them down to a minimum. We hate it worse than you do when something goes wrong—whether a human being or a machine is at fault.

I promised myself I wouldn't dwell on all this stuff too long, since you can lose readers by the dozens trying to explain what can happen to a magazine or to an order. Therefore, if some of you are about to stop reading because it's putting you to sleep, let me say in a hurry that I wish you would use our complaint department more. Any time you have a complaint about *anything*, drop a note to Antoinette D'Couto, WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. She and the other girls work very hard to fill every order correctly, but in the publishing business, especially, chances for error are hiding behind every bush.

Then, if for any reason things still don't go right, drop a line to me—Hosstail, Fickle Finger of Fate Department, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. When we mess up a deal and I get a letter outlining the mistake, or mistakes, that we have made, I have a compulsion to grab up books, back issues, prints or whatever the person has ordered, and deliver it to him personally! It is hard to have continuing patience when it seems you can't get any action from our end of the line and, believe me, I realize that fact.

ANOTHER important point I want to make before I forget it—any of you who have had any trouble of any type whatsoever and have not taken the time and effort to report it, I would consider it a personal favor if you would write me now. Also, any of you who have written us and have not received full satisfaction from your complaints, write me at the address given above.

All *initial* complaints should go to Circulation Department, WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. I am asking only those who have complained but are still having trouble getting something taken care of, to write *me*. In short, if it seems like you are being overlooked, and if I can't get something done about it, I will get out of the publishing business or send your money back in a hurry!

I am trying to cover everything and I sure hope this isn't boring you. Certainly it is not boring people who have had order troubles with this or any other company. I am merely trying to explain some of the many things that can go wrong and to ask you not to hesitate one moment in letting us know about it. We have been called "nice people" by many readers and have been given our share of compliments; but I am sure there are others who don't quite agr
It is absolutely impossible to get 100
fully capable and concerned people
work for and with you these days.
soon as we find that a person is mere
hanging around to get his check, we
him go in a hurry. But so many tim
carelessness, oversight and a bunch
other things can happen before we fi
out what is going on. The only way
can know is for you to let us know!

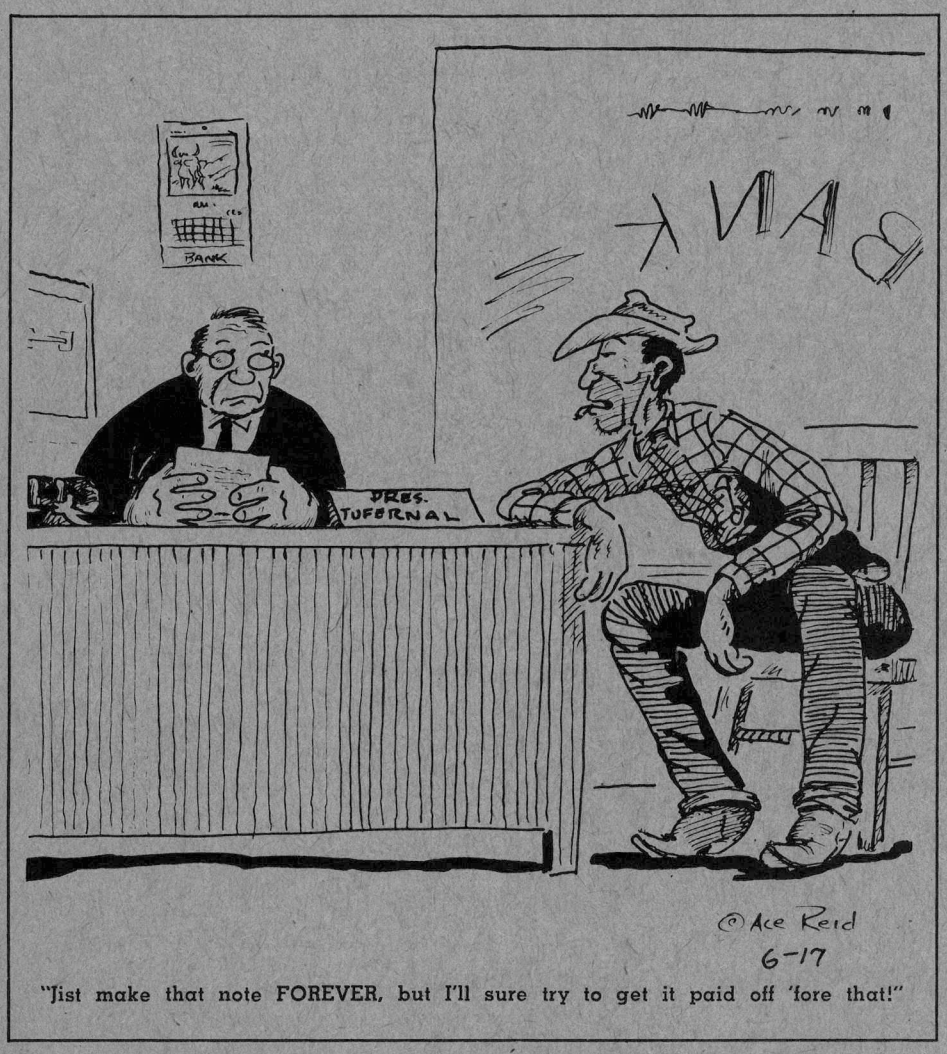
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our copies do not sell. That leav
twenty-five cents per copy sold.

In short, we have paid for printin
for story material, art work, and t
high cost of postage on the full amount
copies distributed—yet we only get fro
20¢ to 25¢ per copy after the smo
clears and the crying towels are su
plied!

Most publishers do not bother to t
their readers these facts for many re
sons. I think you should know the
since most of you consider us a sort
big family and a family doesn't ke
secrets—or at least many of the impo
tant ones. Our business could be likene
to that of a farmer or a rancher. If
rancher, for instance, got the price f
his cattle-on-the-hoof that you pay
your local supermarket—he would g
rich overnight! By the same token,
we got one dollar for every issue of t
three magazines we print—oh, but w
would be in heaven overnight and cou
give you 200 pages plus cover inste
of the 64 plus cover that we print no
The world sure would be rosy!



"Jist make that note FOREVER, but I'll sure try to get it paid off 'fore that!"

)METHING ELSE that keeps coming up pretty often is that people send subscriptions for only TRUE WEST only FRONTIER TIMES. We went r this thoroughly some years ago but re are many new readers who don't lerstand that we do not sell these gazines separately.

When our readers started calling for UE WEST to go monthly years ago, brought out FRONTIER TIMES to in the gap. In short TRUE WEST published one month, FRONTIER MES the next. They are the same gazine with different titles. The rea- we do this is that we can stay on newsstands longer with each title l thereby get more sales. You have to use every trick in the book if you y in the publishing business these ys!

t is real amusing about how people nk one magazine is better than the er. Some say that you can't touch D WEST with either TRUE WEST or ONTIER TIMES. Others like FRON- ER TIMES the best and then there those who swear by TRUE WEST. have deliberately switched contents FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE EST, for instance, at the last minute l nobody noticed the difference.

This situation is comparable to put- g the very same wine in two bottles h different labels. One group of peo- will swear that "Old Honeysuckle" is better of the two and then of course re are those who *know* that "Sweet ses" is so much better there is no com- rison! Yet both have come from the ne vat.

Therefore, for many reasons, we do sell TRUE WEST and FRONTIER MES separately to subscribers. Those o understand are perfectly happy with arrangement of the same magazine ning to them each month even though is called TRUE WEST and the other ONTIER TIMES.

A New York publisher puts out two n's magazines that have the same tor, same type of material—in effect the same magazine—yet he has a % lower newsstand sale on one. He ures it has got to be the title that kes the difference. We have some of t same trouble.

NE of the things that we find fasci- nating and absolutely mystifying is at some of you folks send in. I am ng to list what we receive, much of without any explanation at all, in a ical day with reference to money sent to the Circulation Department.

Some of the reasons for the different ounts of money sent in could be for ras like prints, books, back issues and forth but much of it is sent in for scriptions to TRUE WEST and ONTIER TIMES or OLD WEST or r little facsimile that we call HUNT- R'S FRONTIER TIMES.

Here is a list of money sent in on one rticular day. I do not mean that this is the money we received but only that following represents the *different ounts* sent in cold turkey: $3.98, $5.95, .00, $6.95, $6.97, $6.98, $7.50, $7.95, $11.95, $13.95, $13.98, $14.00, $15.90, $18.95, $18.98 and $23.90.

Now to pick just one figure. There were sixteen people who sent $5.95. What does the circulation department do in a case like this? If we write all sixteen people and wait for their replies we couldn't operate. (I don't mean only these sixteen people but all of those involved.) When the amount is close we enter a subscription for the amount sent in and do the best we can—especially during rush months. Sometimes that person thinks he sent in full payment for a subscription and writes us when he receives a renewal notice. Then is when we have to go back through the files, find his letter and send him a copy of it. This brings grey hair early and wrinkles, tired ankles, and a dull look in our eyes—but you can be sure we do the best we can and we haven't *knowingly* cheated anybody out of one red cent.

Here are some golden rules that would make us smile like a jackass eating briars if observed:

1. When mailing in subscriptions, subscribers should state if the subscription is a NEW or RENEWAL, and if possible let us know which was the last issue received. This is VERY IMPORTANT and will cut a lot of unnecessary time spent in handling these subscriptions.
2. Allow 2-4 weeks after sending in the subscription for the first issue to arrive. Since the Postal Service plays a very important part in the moving of our mail, peak seasons may take even longer.
3. When back issues, color prints, binders and books are ordered, allow 2-3 weeks for delivery. Russell prints take 6-8 weeks as these are mailed from California.
4. Please PRINT your name and address. We want to get them right.
5. When contacting us by phone about an order or subscription please use this number (512) 444-3677. That number is used exclusively by the Circulation Department and that's where the subscription and mail order records are kept.

Our magazines are shipped from Illinois around the first week of every month, so subscribers to TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES should receive their copies around the fifteenth. (OLD WEST has a different schedule since it is published quarterly.)

The above information is from Antoinette, who puts in eight hard hours a day trying to keep things straight in the Circulation Department, and I believe you would admit that she is doing a blamed good job if you could go through just *one day's mail.*

THERE ARE many more angles that need explaining but most folks would play out before very long because this type of communication sure hasn't received a Nobel prize for entertaining writing. Like, for instance, why are the Russell prints mailed from California? It is because we do not own the rights to these prints but we take orders for

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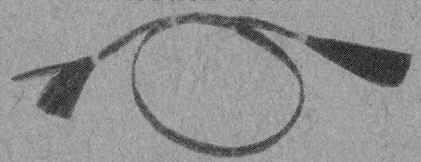
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PULL 'EM OUT!

"You can't sell 'em if we can't find 'em!" This comes from our readers in a flow of letters that is too constant for comfort! I've found them myself, sometimes on the bottom shelf, completely covered by other publications. Now we don't have nutin' against other publications, but we'd like a breath of fresh air and the sight of light now and then ourselves—so if you find our magazines covered, we'd sure appreciate your leaving them in the same approximate spot, but at least giving them a show. Sometimes, if you take them completely out and put them in another spot, the wholesaler will get upset and take them off completely!

them and, like many other things handled by numerous companies, we send orders direct to the company who prints and mails them and this requires more time. I wish we did own the rights to those Russell prints—but there are so many things I wish and about now I would suspect that you are wishing I would shut up!

Anyway, it is good to get things aired. If I tried to answer all the questions put to us in one of these little pieces, nobody would ever get to the end of it. However, feel free to ask me to clear up anything at any time and I'll save the questions that are asked by most people and put them in another little jewel for you later on.

I can't end this noble piece of writing without thanking the *very many* of you who wrote me about my eye trouble. You have written, called and come by in person and have said so many nice things and almost 100% said don't write back because of the bind I must be in at the present time—and you are so right. Also, so very thoughtful.

By the time you read this, I will have had what I HOPE is the last of my corrective surgery and should be able to see straight again. Counting cataracts, the detached retina and corrective surgery on both eyes, the forthcoming deal will represent the *seventh time* these old eyes have been whittled on!

Isn't it strange—I am writing this on December 13, 1978. We have to prepare our magazines *this* far in advance! It recalls a statement someone here made recently when trying to answer a letter. "Magazines live in a world that has a different calendar. Here we are, eating the last of Thanksgiving soup, but turning in the March '79 issue of FRONTIER TIMES next week. Yet a reader could write us today (December 8) and order a book, a magazine subscription or something and wouldn't see hide nor hair of it until late January or early February. And though we're turning in March FRONTIER TIMES next week, chances are good that the first magazine they would receive on their subscription would be April TRUE WEST. All of this is very puzzling to readers—especially since we get their checks to the bank so fast. It's enough to make them want to change the lock on their chickenhouse door!"

I think it boils down to a proposition of knowing what goes on from both ends of the line. We have readers come in ready to skin us and tack our hides on the wall, and once they learned how we operate, and just visited with us in general, we parted the best of friends.

Anyhow, we do our very durndest to please you and my last gasp is—do not fail to let us know if you get a mutilated copy of any of our magazines, or if anything else goes wrong. That is the *only* way we can rectify the situation and we've got a whole passel of good folks working to please you even though I bet some of you think we are going out of our way to *displease!* These are difficult times (as you've undoubtedly heard) —but hang in there with us and we'll get the job done or bust trying! See you later—Hosstail

Blind Boone

(Continued from page 37)

Boone made a circuit of county fairs and small-town theatres. At first Boone was booked as "Little Blind Coon." Lange had a hard time finding backers willing to buy stock in his Blind Concert Company.

The second summer the company was stranded in a little Iowa town with barely enough money to wire home for more. Lange was ready to give up when two things happened.

FIRST, Boone composed "Marshfield Tornado." A friend had described a tornado to Boone and it excited him. His mind transformed the storm into a moving realism of sound. He thundered out his own roaring wind and storm and lightning, and rain spattering. It would be his most famous composition. During his lifetime he would produce many piano pieces but this would be the best known. Played by request over a thousand times in the United States and in Europe, it died with Boone for he never scored it. Urged to record it on a player piano roll, or a phonograph record, he refused. "It is part of me," he said, "When I die, it can go along." It did. Since his 1927 death, "Marshfield Tornado" has not been heard.

The second event of the bad summer 1877 was a chance meeting with a woman instructor in the Iowa State Teachers College. She took an interest in the talented young black man and told him he should turn his great emotional talent toward the classics. During that summer she played for him all the Bach, Beethoven, Listz, and Chopin she could muster.

Coupling Boone's mastery of the classics with his new storm composition, Lange decided to try again. He added a pretty girl singer to the group and toured the Midwest the following spring, crossing Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa.

This tour was a great success. When they got back to Warrensburg for the winter, Lange made the homefolks' eyes bug out. He carried his gross proceeds to the bank in a king-size carpet bag. Bank employes took half a day to count the quarters and dimes and nickels, and came up with a total of $18,900.

From that time on, theatres and concert halls over the nation clamored for Blind Boone. "We made two or three appearances daily, six days a week, nine months of the year," Lange said. He estimated they traveled 300,000 miles, excluding European trips. "Churches profited greatly from our tours."

Boone played to every kind of audience in his long career, but he was most loved and appreciated in the entertainment-starved frontier villages of the Midwest, where he was adulated.

BOONE married Eugenia, Lange's youngest sister, in October 1889. She and Lange's wife often traveled with them, selling Boone's sheet music at intermission and after the concert.

On the night in Minneapolis, Kansas, the two girls, Lu and Grace, bought sheet music for "Aurora" and "Last Dream Waltz," two of Boone's early compo tions.

Lange's wife carried a parrot in cage with her when they traveled. T cage had a large ring on the top the bird would sit there. On the stor night in Minneapolis in 1896, the p rot, left alone in the hotel room, sl two small green feathers that fell the rag carpeting.

After the concert, Grace asked Lu spend the night with her and help cl the rooms of the concert folk the n morning. Lu, thrilled with this opp tunity, got permission from her fol Her father said if that was the way wanted to spend a Saturday morni cleaning a hotel room, he supposed was all right. Each of the girls kept of the feathers. Sixty years later, ran across hers, pressed in her Bi

She gave it to her great-grandson his feather collection. She recalled evening when the pianist had done wonderful imitation of someone tun a violin, and a Bach Prelude, and "I C Weep."

"But the tornado music was most m ing," she recalled. "The terrible r of the wind, and then a lull and li sprinkle then an increasing downp and thunder, just like the one going outside. Then the quiet dripping of tr after a spent storm. He must have u every note on the keyboard with fingers and elbows and arms and knu les. His music was an interpretation, p fectly done."

NOWADAYS player-piano buffs h through musty dusty old rolls sear ing for Boone's "I Hear a Whippoorw which he recorded about 1888. Blind Concert Company—Lange Boone— were touring frontier Nebras Lange was driving the team. On

A. A. Jones in Knights of Pythias unif about 1890.

Photo Courtesy Kansas State Historical Soc





ne's beautiful soloist, Josephine M. rs, got her music degree from Wash- n University. This photo is from the ual.

on bed was loaded the upright piano carried from town to town. When wagon tongue split for some un- wn reason, Lange unhitched and bed astride one of the horses to ride the nearest town for help. Darkness but of course that made no difference Boone. Yet the sensitive man felt loneliness of the prairie. Bats had un to fly in the dusk. They hit the ping tarp tied over the piano. Their eaks and eerie wheelings were Boone's pany. The evening wind was cool steady. Then far off, he heard the id notes of a whippoorwill calling sweet song. Boone's mind started posing the plaintive, tear-producing Hear a Whippoorwill" and he turned the seat to grope for the keyboard er the canvas and make it real.

Well past eighty, his manager Lange l in 1920. Boone followed in 1927, d sixty-six. Lange's notes said, "We t in 8,250 beds; gave 8,650 concerts; l out $216,000. Churches profited a million dollars through our benefit ws. And we managed a good living both our families."

After Lange's death, Boone lost much his creative spirit. Through an un- unate choice of agents, he found self playing in rundown theatres cheap honkytonks. The decade of pers, hooch and speakeasies had red in to drown out his floodtide of time and jazz. The melancholy cry he "Peanut Vendor" could no longer heard.

Jimmy, The Skull

(Continued from page 31)

kind of gun and instead of killing one he wounded several of them in leg or arm and warned the rest to nd back or the next bullet might fatal. Then he finished his drink and ked out through the swinging doors the darkness and melted away.

Periodically, after that episode, Jimmy was heard from in other sectors where he terrorized crowds at dances or similar gatherings. There was talk of getting a vigilante group together and putting a stop to his meanness but no one ever seemed to want to take the lead in such a venture. It was hinted around that Jimmy was a stagecoach robber which kept him amply supplied with money; unfortunately, there was no proof.

SEVERAL MONTHS after the Fort Sumner trouble, Jimmy showed up in Trementina, a small village about sixty-five miles east of Las Vegas, New Mexico. Trementina was little more than a few adobe houses and one country store, but it was a haven for the cowhands from the big Bell Ranch who rode in for whiskey that the store owner kept in a fifty-gallon stave barrel, and for Bull Durham tobacco and other supplies. On the occasion of Jimmy's arrival in Trementina he found the store full of Bell cowhands.

The liquor barrel was the first thing that caught Jimmy's eye. Several tin cups, all tied to the barrel on long strings, were for the drinkers' use, and each man dipped his own and paid according to each dip. Several Bell cowboys were ganged around the barrel busy dipping and drinking.

Jimmy pushed his way in between them and got possession of an idle cup and proceeded to wet his gullet. Two of the Bell cowboys, in an effort to be friendly, spoke to Jimmy and tried to pass the time of day. Two other Bell cowboys standing nearby who had not made it to the barrel so far were to bear the brunt of Jimmy's displeasure. Without answering the first two fellows Jimmy filled two tin cups of liquor and asked the second pair if they would join him in a drink. They promptly accepted.

Extending the two filled cups toward the boys, Jimmy stopped just short of letting them get within reach. Instead he dashed the contents full into their faces and laughed loudly for all to hear. By that time the two bewildered cowboys were cursing and walking around blindly, trying to rub the liquor from their eyes. The whole thing happened so suddenly that none of the other Bell hands made a move in their friends' defense.

In the meantime the two blinded boys had run into the cast iron "monkey" stove that was in the middle of the store, and in doing so knocked the stove pipe down and let a lot of black smoke into the room. And one of them found a stove poker which he grasped firmly. By then he was able to distinguish a few objects, and Jimmy was one of them.

Still laughing from his crude joke, Jimmy failed to see the boy with the poker advancing on him. Too late to dodge he received a crushing blow to the head from the poker. The store's proprietor got the area cleared of men for a moment, and found Jimmy out cold on the floor. A dash of cold water in his face failed to revive him, and after repeated efforts Jimmy was pronounced dead.

A coroner's jury was quickly selected and young Cleofas Romero (he was about seventeen years old at the time) from

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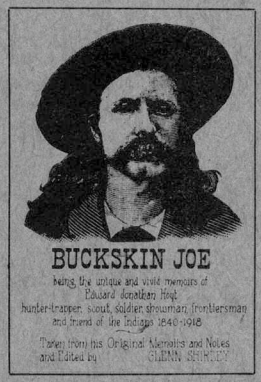
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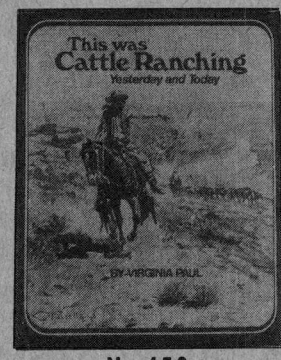
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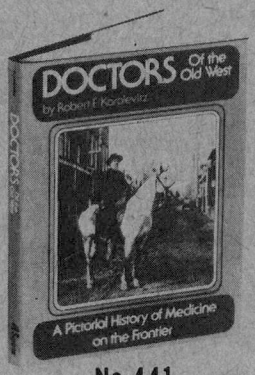
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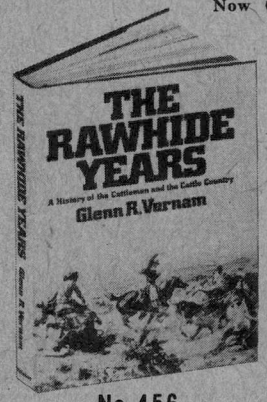
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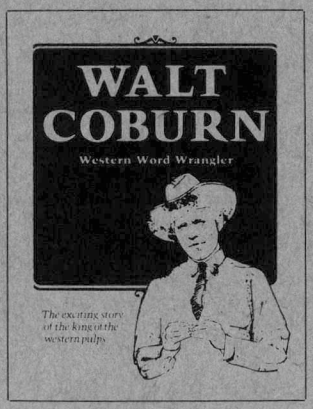
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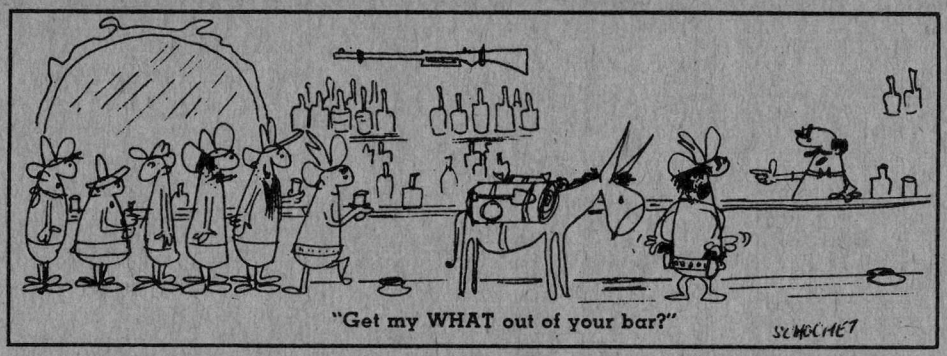
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Las Vegas, who happened to be in the store at the time of the fracas, was appointed foreman. It was judged that Jimmy died at the hands of a blinded cowboy who had a perfect right to retaliate with the poker. Jimmy's horse, saddle and bridle, gun and other possessions were evaluated and divided equally between the coroner's jury for services rendered. After that was done, a hole was dug on the banks of the river, Jimmy was interred, and the matter forgotten.

Young Cleofás Romero, however, did report the death to the sheriff of San Miguel County when he returned to his home in Las Vegas, and a notation of it was made but no further action was taken.

SOME YEARS LATER Trementina Creek received the full brunt of a big flood. Water ate into the bank where Jimmy had been buried. After the flood had receded only a skull was found. The store keeper picked it up and kept it until he had an opportunity to turn it over to the sheriff of San Miguel County, who by then was Don Cleofas Romero.

Romero remembered the circumstances of Jimmy's death and knew that the skull could be that of the dead man. On the strength of that assumption he ran notices in the Las Vegas, Santa Fe and Albuquerque, New Mexico papers, as well as in several Texas newspapers, asking anyone who might think Jimmy was a relative to get in touch with him.

After a period of a year, the files were closed on the case, for no one had come forward. What was left of the bad-tempered drifter became known as Jimmy The Skull and reposed on top of Sheriff Romero's big roll-top desk.

After Don Cleofas Romero left office he took the skull to a farmhouse located on some acreage he owned near Anton Chico, and on occasions when he visited the farm from his Las Vegas home Jimmy The Skull kept him company. That fraternization kept up until Eugenio Romero happened to come home from one of his prolonged cruises as a merchant marine. Eugenio chanced to visit the little farmhouse near Anton Chico and saw Jimmy The Skull.

The bizarre and unusual always intrigued Eugenio and the skull gave him an idea. He contacted Don Cleofas and got his permission to stay at the farm awhile and tinker with the skull.

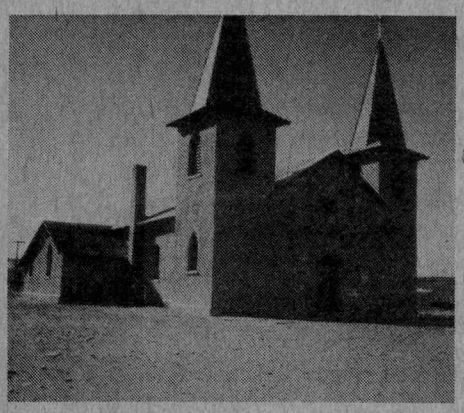
Eugenio improvised a wiring device with which he could control the jaws. With that done he treated the skull with silver polish that enhanced its ghostly appearance. A special place was made for the relic on a small table in a corner of the bedroom, and at night Eugenio enjoyed manipulating the wires and causing the skull's jaws to simulate a response when he addressed it.

When Eugenio Romero left Anton Chico for Albuquerque he took the skull with him and that was the last heard of Jimmy The Skull.

It is the belief among Indians of New Mexico, and some of the Spanish-American people, that when a skull was detached, it continued to cry out for the balance of its body until found. If that is true, Jimmy The Skull has spent almost eighty years in a search that will never be completed.

His story was told to me by my brother-in-law, Gregory Romero, whose uncle was Don Cleofas Romero. Eugenio was Gregory's half-brother.

The old Catholic Church in Anton Chico. Jimmy The Skull reposed in a house in this village for many years.



Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 1)

Stuart's *Pioneering in Montana; The Making of a State, 1864-1887* ($3.50) both reprinted by the University of Nebraska Press, 901 North 17th Street, Lincoln, Nebraska 68588. Stuart's book, also available in hardcover ($12.50) first appeared in 1925 as Volume II of his classic *Forty Years on the Frontier*. The work is based on Stuart's journals and reminiscences during the period of Montana's territorial years to the end of the open range. Stuart played a significant role in the state's early history and has been called the "Grandfather of M tana."

The other reprint looks at a la chunk of Montana, the Yellowst Basin. Author Mark H. Brown's w which first appeared in 1961, spans m than 150 years of the region's color history. Names like William Cla John Colter, Jedediah Smith, Gene Custer and others are part of the st told by Brown. And he doesn't limit story to what occurred in modern M tana. There's much on Wyoming incl ing material relating to the Hole-in-t Wall gang.

Both volumes are highly readab They are welcome additions to a Western library.

BIG FALLING SNOW

The story of the Hopi Indians of nor ern Arizona and the Tewas who join them early in the 18th century to h defend the villages against maraudi tribes is told by Albert Yava in *B Falling Snow* (Crown Publishers, O Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 100 $10.00 hardcover). Edited and an tated by Harold Courlander, the wo contains Albert Yava's recollectio Yava was born in 1888 to a Tewa moth and a Hopi father. By tradition he w a Tewa, but initiation into the One Ho Society made him a Hopi. Yava attend school and became the local interpret These recollections include tribal h tory, passed "mouth to ear," which i cludes origin myths, the Spanish co quest, clan migrations and wars. Ya discusses initiation rituals, religion a death and much more.

The book is well written. The narrati is relaxed and is good story-telli Many illustrations are included pl notes, appendices, bibliography and i dex.

Students of Southwest Indian histo will find much of interest in *Big Falli Snow*. Recommended.

DESERT RAT BIOGRAPHY

Born in 1888 in Hastings, Minneso Harry Oliver associated with trappe timbermen, steamboat men and became fine canoeman, guide and muskrat tra per. He moved West with his family 1909 and became a scene painter f the first world's fair in Seattle. Lat he worked for the U. S. Forest Servi and then as an art director in moti pictures in Hollywood. But because Betty Stohler, Harry Oliver may be be remembered as a desert rat wh among other things, wanted to rid t California desert of trash.

Betty Stohler is author of *A Ki For the Desert From Harry Oliver* (O Sunshine Press, 25964 Edgemont Driv San Bernardino, California. 92404, $7. paper). It's a biography of Oliver, wh dedicated his life to the desert and liv a most unusual life building his O Fort Oliver home at Thousand Palm California, printing a hilarious new paper called *The Desert Rat Scrap Bo* and waking up the ghost of Peg L Smith in the Anza Borrego Desert.

The 230-page work includes histor desert rat jokes and Western folklo And it tells the story of how Oliver ca

igned for the protection of wild bur- in the desert and started a burro pjack derby. Oliver's campaign to rid e desert of trash was immortalized a Walt Disney drawing that appeared thousands of litter bags. The book has ny illustrations by the author. Recom- nded.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

Mexican history is fascinating, per- ps because the country has had many lers, much revolution, and is next door the United States. From the arrival Cortés in the 16th century to the nerican occupation of Mexico City in 47, there have been many dramatic ments in Mexican history. Nearly all them are included in John Selby's *e Eagle and the Serpent* (Hippocrene oks, 171 Madison Avenue, New York, Y. 10016, $12.95 hardcover).

Selby, an English military historian, s produced an accurate, highly read- le narrative based upon extensive re- arch and travel through the areas con- ned. Such events as Montezuma's deal, the conquest of Mexico by Cortés, dalgo's revolt, the Alamo and San cinto battles are conveyed with flavor d excitement. The author ends the ok with the story of how Americans ized half of Mexico and created the ates of Texas and California, along th New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada d parts of Colorado, Kansas, and klahoma.

This 163-page work contains many ustrations, a good bibliography and dex. The book was printed in England d is well produced. Highly recom- nded.

WESTERN MINING CAMPS

Most students of Western history are ll aware of the fact that vigilante stice was quite common in gold rush ning camps. The things that led to gilante justice are examined in a re- ntly published book by Darlene Muci- bich titled *Life In Western Mining mps: Social and Legal Aspects, 1848- 72* (Exposition Press, 900 S. Oyster y Road, Hicksville, N. Y. 11801, $5.00 rdcover). Her 84-page work not only amines the social aspects of mining mp life including disruptive social ments, but she looks at the legal as- cts, especially the vacuum of legal thority that helped to create many gilante groups.

The author's approach to the subject scholarly. Notes are included along th a bibliography.

WATER TRAILS WEST

Water Trails West by the Western riters of America (Doubleday & Co., 5 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017, 1 pages, $12.95 hardcover).

More than twenty members of the estern Writers of America have com- ned their expertise in history and writ- g to produce this fascinating collection stories about the role of America's vers, lakes and canals in settling the est. Edited by Donald Duke, who also rote a thoughtful introduction, this ell-produced book looks at how the aterways of America helped to solve the immense problem of transportation during the exploration and settlement of the West, Pacific Northwest and Alaska.

The story of the Arkansas and Red Rivers is told by Bill Burchardt; Don Holm details the waterway trails of Lewis and Clark; Rex Bundy and Edith Thompson Hall examine the roles of the Missouri and Yellowstone; Don Bufkin and C. L. Sonnichsen relate the important story of the Colorado. Elmer Kelton, a Texan, looked in his own backyard and wrote about steamboats on Texas rivers. There are many other stories by well-known writers including Robert McCaig, Robert T. Smith, Robert West Howard, Phoebe and Todhunter Ballard, Theodore V. Olsen, Paul Bailey, Bill Pronzini, Ellis Lucia, Lucile McDonald and Archie Satterfield. The stories are very readable. The book is illustrated with more than 150 photographs—many of them rare. A good index is included. Highly recommended.

WANT TO RAISE BUFFALO?

Buffalo History and Husbandry; The Buffalo Rancher's Handbook by Dana Close Jennings (may be ordered from the author, Route 4, Box 225, Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52401, 392 pages, $12.50 hardcover).

If you'd like to raise buffalo, this new book will point you in the right direction. The author discusses such things as buffalo management, hybridization, and includes much historical material relating to the American buffalo or bison.

Dana Jennings has divided the work into 64 concise chapters, some written by other people. Seven chapters concern the raising of buffalo. Included is information on disease resistance and control, the use of tranquilizers, rounding up buffalo, the type of fencing that should be used, and how to get started as a buffalo rancher.

The book is the result of a project started by the National Buffalo Association and is recommended for people who have always wanted a home where the buffalo roam.

The book includes a good index.

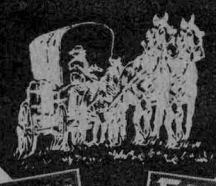
TEXAS PANHANDLE

Through Time and the Valley by John Erickson (Shoal Creek Publishers, P.O. Box 9737, Austin, Tex. 78766, 185 pages, $12.50 hardcover).

Many people who have not found books on different subjects ended up writing them. John Erickson did just that when he could not find a book written about the Canadian River country in the Texas Panhandle. Erickson, a rancher-writer, grew up in the Panhandle, spent some time in the East and elsewhere before returning to Texas. In 1972, Erickson set out on horseback with photographer friend Bill Ellzey to learn more about the region, its history and people.

They followed the Canadian River for 140 miles from the lush meadows of the Turkey Track Ranch to the redland prairies of the Oasis Ranch. Their travels took them through the ghost town of Plemons and the small cowtown of Canadian, Texas. Everywhere they went they

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talked with people. Their stories are included along with 35 fine photographs by Ellzey. Erickson blends the history of the region including well-known incidents such as the Battle of Adobe Walls with the results of his "talking to people." The end result is a good book. Highly recommended.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 39)

I am one of the grand-daughters, now in my eighties, and I have a fifteen-inch length of a peafowl feather, showing the iridescent colors that helped brighten the drab wall of Sarah's cabin. I do not recall at what age it was given to me, but know I was quite young for it seems I have always had it. Now mounted and under cellophane it reposes with a wedding photograph taken from an old daguerreotype of my grandparents, also grandfather's teaching certificate dated 1848.

DEAD MAN TELLS HIS STORY IN BLOOD

By Ruth Southworth Brown

"JAKE, if you come to get your horses, I'm going down to the river after some bear," wrote Philip H. Vetter on September 1, 1892. He left the note in a log cabin he had built about two years earlier on the Greybull River five miles downstream from the Pitchfork Ranch near Meeteetse, Wyoming.

The young trapper and hunter was born February 7, 1855 near Woodstock, Virginia in the Shenandoah Valley. Even as a boy he loved to hunt, and he dreamed of some day killing a bear. A few years after the Civil War Philip's family went West. Records in Fremont County courthouse show that the Vetters lived in Lander, Wyoming for several years, and that Philip was at one time a teacher in a nearby school.

Stories of abundant game in the sparsely settled territory farther north and west challenged the young man to pursue his youthful dreams of hunting and trapping, and about 1890 he went up to the Meeteetse country.

Three weeks after the note had been written to Jake, mountain man John Corbett was riding horseback in the vicinity of Vetter's cabin. Black clouds threatened a heavy rain. Corbett decided to wait out the storm in shelter with Vetter.

He rode up to the cabin. The door stood open. Inside, Corbett found Vetter's body on the floor, lying as if he had slumped from his chair as he was dying. Magpies had mutilated the corpse. Dishes from Vetter's last meal stood unwashed on the dusty table.

The storm was forgotten. Closing the door to keep out any more birds, Corbett jumped on his horse and raced to the nearest neighbor, John Gleaver, a rancher on Wood River.

The two men sought to piece the story together. They found Vetter's neatly written note to Jake. In contrast, scribbled on the edge of a newspaper in Vetter's handwriting in what they believed was Vetter's own blood were several terse messages. The first said something about a battle with a grizzly bear. A later notation said, "Should go to Franc's but too weak."

Otto Franc was the owner of the Pitchfork Ranch five miles up the river. Could the wounded man have started out and found he couldn't do it? Vetter's handwriting grew shakier. "It's getting dark. I'm smothering." The final message read, "I'm dying."

One of Vetter's arms had been badly mangled and his chest was crushed and bruised. A pair of suspenders and bloody handkerchief close by indicated that he had tried unsuccessfully to stop the flow of blood.

The men walked down to the river to look for more clues. "Look! The tracks of Old Three Toes!" exclaimed Corbett. "I heard he'd been seen in these parts lately."

OLD THREE TOES was the name given by trappers to an old grizzly that had been caught in a trap when he was young and lost two toes in his escape. He was unusually ferocious and had killed more than once.

"And here are tracks of two other bears," said Gleaver. "Vetter sure had the cards stacked against him."

Near the stream the men found a water bucket and Vetter's hat, and not far from them was his rifle. A shell h jammed in the chamber. On the grou lay two empty casings.

"He must have shot the old devil tw before the gun jammed," observed C bett.

"That would've set the grizzly cra for sure," said Gleaver. "Poor Vet didn't have a chance. It's a wonder ever got back to the cabin."

"The bear probably mauled hell o of him and walked away when thought he'd killed him." replied Corbe

A careful search over the whole ar revealed no further clues. "Nothing mo around here to tell us anything. We st have one more unpleasant thing to d said Corbett. "Let's go."

Vetter was buried not far from h cabin. A sandstone monument erect over his grave said simply: "P. Vetter 1892."

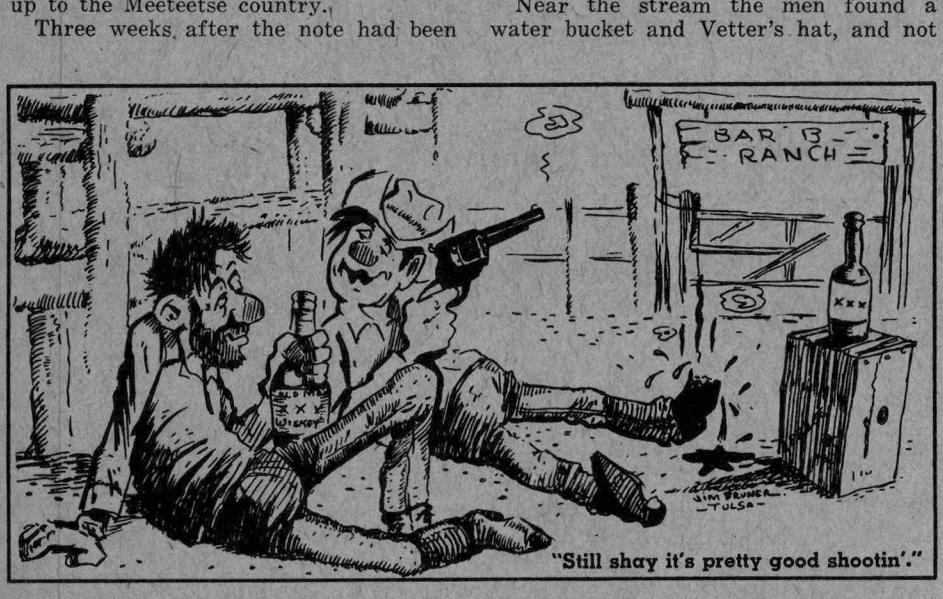
But that's not quite the end of t mystery or the story. In June 1978 Ve ter's body was exhumed and reburied Old Trail Town near Cody.

Bob Edgar, historian and archeologi of the Big Horn Basin in northern Wy ming, has been concerned about t isolated, neglected graves of early mou tain men. Edgar realized that weath and time would eventually oblitera them. He conceived the idea of their r moval to a special cemetery.

Edgar chose a site near Cody a named it Old Trail Town as a memori to the Mountain Men. He consult Vetter's relatives, including a gran nephew William P. Rice, Jr., of Laram and with their permission he schedul June 10 for Philip Vetter's reburial.

Vetter's relatives were aware of t condition of the body when it was di covered in 1892 and expected that it h been wrapped in a blanket for simp burial. They were surprised to find th Corbett and Gleaver had provided pine box for his coffin. But it contain a mystery: a single boot had also be placed in the coffin. Why only *one* boo The family had no explanation.

The services were simple. Relativ attended. An elk hide covered the ne pine casket that held Vetter's remains and the boot. Wreaths of wild flowe made by Indians lay on the elk hide. trumpet played "Shenandoah" as t casket was lowered into the earth. Mu kets, using paper wadding to hold t powder, fired a salute. For a mome the West of ninety years ago seem very near.



"Still shay it's pretty good shootin'."

THE MURDER OF LIEUT. SAMUEL A. CHERRY

IN MAY 1881 citizens in the Fort Ni brara, Nebraska vicinity were shock to learn of the murder of Samuel Cherry, a popular young army offic stationed at the fort. Cherry had be shot by a soldier under his comma while both were pursuing a trio of woul be bandits.

Several accounts of the strange ci cumstances surrounding the killing ha been published, including an early 18 account in Nebraska State Historical S ciety's *Transactions and Reports*, a another in 1974 by Charles S. Reece, J

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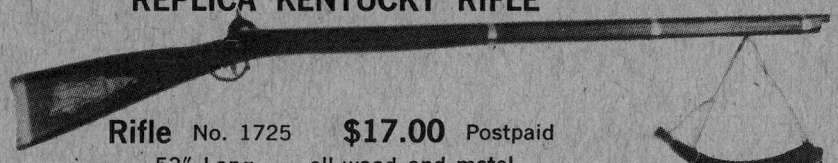
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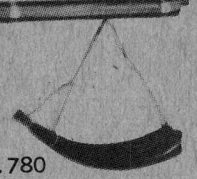
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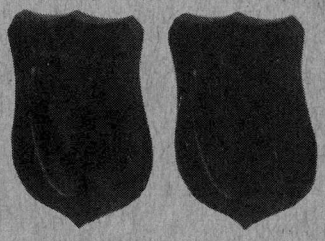


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entitled "Murder on the Plains." Reece's account has examined earlier conflicting reports and attempted to determine the location of several sites involved in the events surrounding the murder.

Graduated from West Point Military Academy in 1875, Lieutenant Cherry served under General George Crook, whose forces were then attempting to bring all Indians onto reservations. This goal was virtually accomplished by 1878. Cherry was assigned to Fort Niobrara soon after its establishment in 1880 to protect Nebraska homesteaders from the Sioux on the nearby Rosebud Reservation.

The events culminating in Cherry's tragic death began in the first week of May 1881, when information reached Major J. J. Upham, then in command at Fort Niobrara, of a plot to rob Colonel T. H. Stanton, paymaster, then en route from Omaha to pay the troops at the fort. The robbers had apparently intended to waylay Stanton at Plum Creek between the present towns of Wood Lake and Johnstown. Accordingly, Lieutenant Cherry and other soldiers were dispatched to Long Pine, where the stage was to spend the night, and ordered to escort Colonel Stanton back to Fort Niobrara. The payroll arrived without incident and the soldiers received their money on May 9.

Frustrated in their first robbery attempt, the three bandits—later identified as Tedde Reade, Dick Burr, and a Private Johnson from Fort Niobrara—next planned to hold up a road ranch-saloon east of the fort. Owned and managed by H. Casterline the establishment was frequented by soldiers from Fort Niobrara, and was especially crowded just after payday on the evening of May 9. This second robbery attempt also failed. The trio fled the building after both Burr and Johnson were shot and wounded by Casterline, and retreated into the breaks along the Niobrara River under cover of darkness.

On the morning of May 10 Major Upham at Fort Niobrara was briefed on the robbery attempt and soon discovered that Private Johnson was missing, along with three goverment horses and other equipment. A search party commanded by Lieutenant Cherry was sent in pursuit and spent the entire day scouting for any sign of the missing bandits. The party spent the night at Jed Sharpe's ranch about twenty-eight miles northwest of Fort Niobrara. Cherry dispatched a letter back to the fort requesting that additional men be sent to join him at Clarke's Ranch, where Cherry and his party expected to arrive the next day.

The proposed rendezvous never took place. As Cherry and his men approached Rock Creek about fourteen miles north of the present city of Valentine, Private Thomas W. Locke suddenly drew his pistol, shot both Cherry and another soldier named Conroy, and then fled. Conroy was not seriously wounded, but Cherry died almost instantly. Other members of Cherry's party and the additional men originally dispatched Clarke's Ranch returned the young li tenant's body to Fort Niobrara, wh it was buried with full military hon The following spring Cherry's fat and his fiancee had the body reburied the LaGrange, Indiana family bu plot.

Understandably, much confusion v created by the strange circumstan surrounding the killing. It was at fi speculated that Locke was in lea with the three bandits the Cherry pa had been pursuing, but no connect was ever proved. Locke was finally c tured by several cowboys and retur to Fort Niobrara. At his ensuing trial Deadwood, South Dakota, he was fou guilty of manslaughter and sentenced a term in the Federal Penitentiary Detroit, Michigan. The three ban were eventually captured near F Pierre, South Dakota, and jailed Yankton, where they subsequently sta a jail break. Johnson was killed by guard in the attempt; Burr escaped a all trace of him has been lost; Re was recaptured, tried for a previ murder, and executed.

The murder of Lieutenant Cherry h caused great excitement in the surrou ing area. When it was organized i a county in 1883, a petition signed many local residents requested that new county be named in honor of Li tenant Cherry, and in March of 1 the county was so named.

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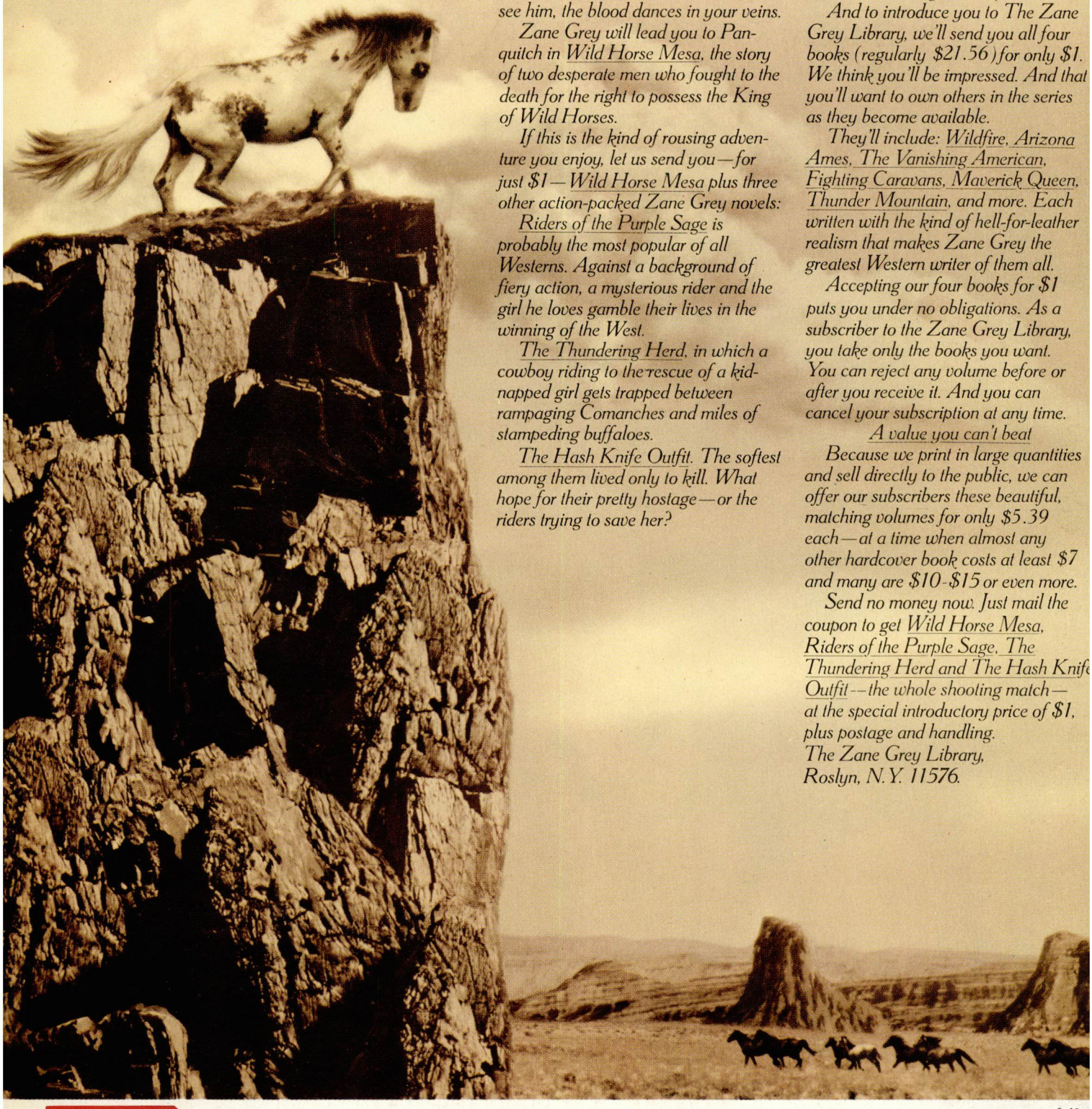
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