TRUE WEST

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"THE GRAVE OF THE WOMAN"

"QUATRO KILÓMETROS, SEÑOR"
by Joe Rader Roberts

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BUD'S GOLD
— a final word on the very very lost Barkley Mine

WESTERN VIGNETTES
— memories of being "near the Greats"

WESTERN COLOR PRINTS!

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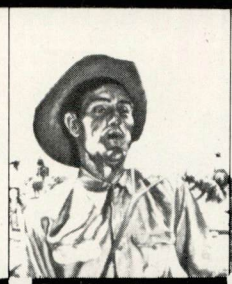
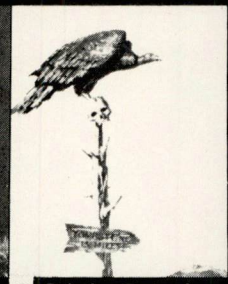
2 The Scout



3 Branding Time

4 Ceremonial Dance

5 Tribal Costume



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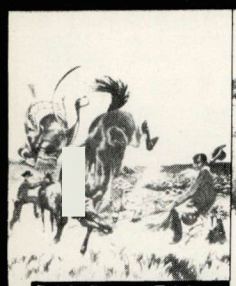

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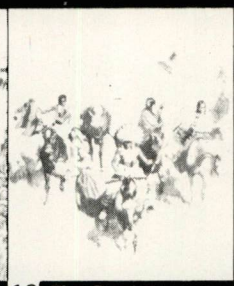

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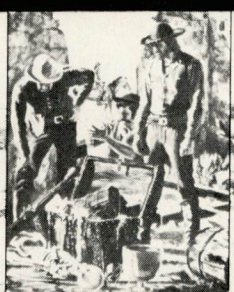

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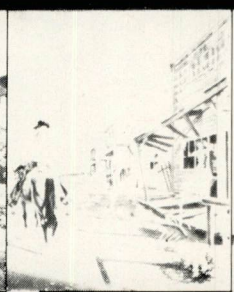

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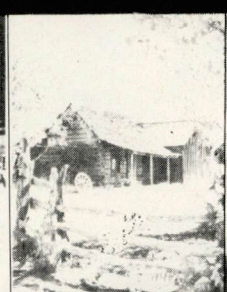

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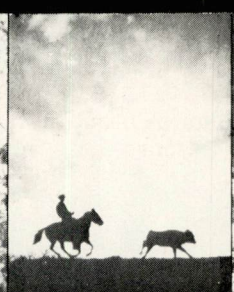
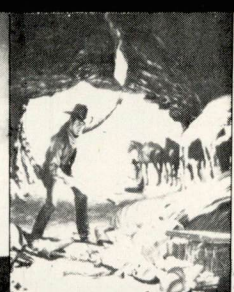


22 Cowboy At Sunset



23 Lucky Shower

24 Welcome To Boot Hill

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Hosstail's "SMALL TALK"

JUST about everybody likes animal ories, and it seems most everybody as one or more to tell. Some time ago asked you folks to send in any animal ory you might happen to have on the heme of an animal being able to see umor in a given situation. I gave a og story as an example. Well, by olly, about 95% of the stories sent in ere dog stories! Nothing wrong at all ith a good dog story, but after eading the seventeenth straight dog ory, I got to thinking that maybe ou folks had never heard of a mping gitteranimous. And after wenty-three straight dog stories, I as beginning to hope for a story on a mping gitteranimous whether there as such an animal or not!

Bill and Leona Faris were by a few eeks ago, and we got to talking about nimals and, in particular, the crazy nings that some animals do. Bill told ne about a white-stockinged bay that eorge Upshaw of the Diamond A anch in southwestern New Mexico ad some years ago. His name was Old lippers and he flat loved attention. eorge told Bill that he had never een or heard of a horse that would go o such extremes to gain attention. He ven loved to be shod — anything to et someone to fool with him, rub round on him or pay any kind of at-ention to him.

A thing that was hard for Bill to elieve was a story George told about ld Slippers coming up to the barbed ire fence near the house and trying o get attention. He would put one foot nrough the fence and would work at it ntil he could get a wire between a noe and a hoof. He would stand there nessing around for as long as a couple f hours until he got connected. Then e'd give a big yank and off would ome the shoe!

George would have to stop and eshoe the horse no matter how busy e was, and he was such an expert at that, rushed or not, he never hurt a orse by hitting the quick with a nail - and he didn't have the heart to hurt ld Slippers, anyway, since he had be-ome such a pet.

ONE of the durndest stories I ever eard is about Bill's "pet" fish. When e was living on the Chama River be-ow El Vado Dam, there was a room-ized rock in the river and Bill had uilt a sort of rock pen around it uring a low-water stage. It made a erfect hang-out for fish.

Sundays were for sort of scouting round and doing odd things that Bill and Leona didn't have time to do during weekdays. So this particular Sunday morning they decided to scout around even though it was 28° below zero. The weather was bright and clear and the whole world looked beautiful and inviting. First Bill fed a flock of over 300 wild ducks that had grown from a small band when word got out that he was passing out free corn and wheat.

Some friends from Santa Fe had developed a case of watering at the mouth when they saw the huge supply of ducks right there practically in camp. However, Bill advised them that these particular ducks were his pets and off limits but there were several wild bunches on up the river and they were welcome to badger them at will. They had returned, well pleased with results, but had lost a crippled mallard drake in the snow and deep growth of underbrush among the pine and spruce trees. They had tried mightily to find that duck since they didn't like to leave cripples to their fate.

Well, Bill and Leon crunched upstream through the snow with Blackie, their Labrador retriever at their heels. It was a good day to be alive! There were two bald eagles in separate trees, being pestered by three ravens darting in and out at them. Several merganzers winged their way southward. The river murmured pleasantly under the ice.

When they reached the huge rock, Bill felt the tinge of excitement that always accompained this particular procedure. A beautiful rainbow trout, about 28 inches long, which would go nine or ten pounds in weight, was on one side of the rock and a sixteen- to eighteen-pound brown or Loch Leven trout about thirty-two inches long was on the other side.

There was a bleached white deer rib that Bill kept in a niche in the rock. This rib was his "stroking tool." First, he approached the big brown. The fish cut his eye around, moved his gills and fins slightly, but was sluggish and dormant in that 35° water. His back fin was almost out of the water. Bill eased the deer rib under his belly and stroked him gently. The fish didn't budge. In fact, Bill said it looked like the fish enjoyed it tremendously. Leona never could quite believe her eyes but was getting a great kick out of the massage job.

However, Bill couldn't get the beautifully-marked rainbow to "stand shod." The fish, Bill claimed, was not

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True West

True Stories of the West!

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

Cover: Joe Rader Roberts

"Quatro Kilómetros, Señor"

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of a trusting nature and would bow his tail and look at him like Bill owed him money! However, he was also practically dormant and would stand for things a rainbow in normal times wouldn't think of.

I never heard of this in my life, but Bill Faris is not a man to tell "fish stories" — even if he were, he doesn't have to. Bill is one of the most complete and skilled sportsman I have ever known in my life. You can bet if he tells it a certain way it happend **exactly** that way.

With the grooming task over, Bill walked back off the ice and the two started home. Blackie hadn't returned, but they were not concerned since she was in home territory. They had gone about fifty yards when Bill heard Blackie behind him and felt her front paw hit his overshoe. He paid no heed. Leona and he were taking in the winter wonderland — icicles glistening from the trees, the river birds and ducks trading up and down stream, the shining snow-covered mountains in the distance.

Finally, Blackie jolted the back of Bill's knee and he scolded her gently. Then the dog moved around in front and the two of them saw why she was trying to gain their attention. In her jaws was a solid frozen mallard drake. She dropped the duck, which she had carried about a half mile and looked up wagging her tail and grinning happily. It had to be the lost cripple. Pride of owning a dog wells up in a man when the animal accomplishes something very unusual. How did she know there was a cripple up river anyhow? And how many dogs would have bothered with a frozen stiff "ice duck"? Next day the couple had roast duck stuffed with saeurkraut and shared some choice morsels with Blackie.

TO ME, the durndest story of all was about a blue darter hawk. Those hawks live on quail in the lower New Mexico country. The Farises went down each season to hunt a big along the borderlands.

A number of times they had witnessed blue darters catching quail in mid-air that they had shot — a sort of dive bombing tactic. They noticed one particular hawk that was so intent upon getting himself a quail that he seemed to pay them no attention. Having no luck, the bird lit about five yards from a thick mesquite clump. He pussyfooted into the clump to try and get some action. They had seen hawks do a lot of crazy things, but Bill said he had never seen one go to that extent to get at his prey. Instead of flushing, the birds stayed about five yards ahead of the hawk. They didn't seem to be as afraid of him on the ground since they were used to being attacked from the air by a hawk — but never a ground approach.

The blue darter was very awkward and clumsy. He was simply out of his element on the ground. The Farises became so engrossed they determined to see the outcome and refrained from shooting the predator. It was unbelievable and fascinating, witnessing this traumatic life-and-death drama in the wilds. The birds passed within ten yards of Bill and Leona with the hawk in hot pursuit. Suddenly, the hawk saw the Farises and panicked. He flew up and hit the mesquite limbs, losing a fog of feathers. It knocked him to the ground but he finally got into the air, flying in a crazy imbalanced pattern. The two laughed heartily and decided to let him go free since he had provided them with one of the most unusual and unbelievable actions that they had witnessed in a long life of outdoor sports.

THIS THING is beginning to get long, so I'll knock off by saying that stories like these are always welcome here. Heck fire, might even pay you for a good one — not enough to retire on — but at least enough to make it worth your while. There are many "cute" little animal stories that are interesting mostly to the people who own the animals; but I would like to see more of the type I have been talking about. There are many categories that get you away from the "usual" animal story, and one of these is the crazy things that animals do — and there are plenty of them.

Another is the category that I mentioned earlier wherein an animal definitely sees humor in a certain situation. Another, and one of the best, is the courage some animals can show under great odds. When I was publishing Western Sportsman, I got in a number of stories about mothers fighting for their young in the face of almost sure death. One was about an antelope protecting her kid from a wolf. It was a very dramatic story. I got a bunch of these together and ran them in Western Sportsman and called attention to this story to the editors of Reader's Digest. It was published in 1947. This gave us a great deal of publicity, subscriptions and helped out muchly.

So send in anything in these three categories that you wish and I hope to be getting in some really good and unusual stories.

See you in October True West — Hosstail.

Truly Western

Rolling the Dice in Style

A small piece of Austin history returned to Texas on March 22 when a recently rediscovered gambling artifact from the historic Iron Front Saloon was offered for sale by Auctions by Theriault of Waverly, Pennsylvania.

This so-called "gambling artifact" is actually a seventeen-inch mechanical figure of a monkey dressed in the lavish silk robes of a magician. He stands before a table upon which is a brass dome covering five dice. When the mechanical apparatus is wound up, the monkey moves his head and hands, blinks his eyes, and at the sound of a thump, the dice are "tossed" beneath the dome. The dome is lifted, and the winner is called. The action continues over and over again each time the dice are rolled differently, and in the background musical tunes are playing.

This artifact had been in the private collection of an Oakland, California antique-doll collector for many years. With it was an old typed paper which recounts the history of the machine and, incidentally, a good bit of Austin social life in the late 19th century.

According to its tale, the Iron Front Saloon was quite a popular and notorious gathering place in the 1870s. The owner ordered this very rare gambling machine from Europe. It attracted ranchers and farmers from miles around, as well as town folk.

After the demolition of the Iron Front Saloon, the monkey magician and his mechanical dice were stored in an Austin attic and several decades later were sold as a mere piece of curiosity. During the late 1930s, it was purchased by the California collector who now is in her late eighties. She was delighted to learn that it had made its way back to Texas.

This magician monkey was produced in France about 1870. It was a decidedly expensive "plaything" even in its day. The intricacies and perfect precision of its movements demanded the hand of a master artist in its construction. These automata were produced by such famous Parisian firms as Vichy of Paris, Phalibois, Leopold and Lambert, and Durand and Jacob, from about 1865 to 1880, and few remain intact today. They are avidly sought by collectors and museums who expect to pay in the thousands of dollars to obtain a fine example. — Patricia S. Preate, Director Public Services, Auctions by Theriault, P.O. Box 174, Waverly, Pennsylvania 18471

This intriguing monkey automaton traces its history to the Iron Front Saloon and Gambling Parlor of Austin, Texas, c.1875.

Attention, Seabees

We need help in publicizing the 26th Annual Reunion, USN 66th Seabee Battalion and 1022nd Detachment, WW II, duty Alaska, Aleutian Islands, Guam, Okinawa, August 27-31, 1980, Hilton Airport Inn, No. 1 International Plaza, Nashville, Tennessee 37217. Officers and enlisted men attend, as do wives, children, grandchildren and guests.

We have succeeded in locating some members recently — we had twelve last year who had attended for the first time — but there are still many former members who have not been located.

For details contact W.M. Howard,

2648 Country Green Road, Memphis, Tennessee 38134

Baca County Homesteader

I have my *True West* for April. Thanks for not putting the address right in the middle of the pictorial front!

Bill King's story, "Arthur Dodge and His XU Horses" brought me great pleasure. I homesteaded in Baca County in 1914 and was well acquainted with the Dodge family. At that time they lived at Dripping Springs which had been headquarters for the JJ Cattle Company, a British outfit that ran thousands of cattle in southeastern Colorado. The JJ Company owned only watering places for the cattle, and as homesteaders moved in and filed on the land that had been their free range, the company had to go out of business.

I was one of the homesteaders who helped round up the last of the JJ cattle herds in 1914 and '15.

I joined the Army in 1918, returned to Baca County in 1920 and carried the U.S. mail on a Star Route from Springfield to Estelene. — Ben Shepard, 5304 Navy Yard Hwy., Bremerton, Washington 98310

Rigdon Gunsmiths

I've been an on and off reader of your magazine for twelve years. In the past I've seen articles in your magazines as well as others mentioning the Leech & Rigdon, and Rigdon, Rigdon & Ansley gun manufacturers. They, I believe, were Confederate gun makers of percussion revolvers.

My grandfather was Lee Rigdon and my great-grandfather was Robert Lee Rigdon of Louisiana. I would like to hear from any of your readers who can shed more light on the gun manufacturers. There might be some sort of relationship. — Robert L. Rigdon, 2105 E. 217th Place, Sauk Village, Illinois 60411

The Bully Boys

In Colonial America there used to be a few rough people who just liked to fight. From New England to western Tennessee there were men who applied tallow to their fingernails, then held them over a flame to harden the tallow. These were filed into claws.

When a fight occurred, a crowd usually assembled to watch and urge it on. When one went down, the crowd might yell, "Gouge his eyes!" When one eye had been gouged out the crowd usually closed in and stopped the combatants. Most people disapproved of this savage practice. By the early 1800s nobody fought in this way. But

(Continued on page 62)

BUD'S GOLD

By JOHN B. AYMAR
Photos provided by author

— a final word on the very very lost Barkley Mine

IN the December 1975 issue, *True West* published my story, "The Lost Barkley Mine." It was a documented disclosure of a new lost mine.

I was amazed at the interest the story generated. It generated other things too. The fish and game and the forest service people were not pleased at all. Prospectors swarmed into the hills.

My wife wasn't happy with the midnight telephone calls. And for months my mail was full of inquiries. I still receive at least a letter a week. Some from as far away as Europe.

Opposite page, top: A stock certificate for 1000 shares of Comstock Extension Mining& Milling Co. Inset shows ore samples from the lost Barkley Mine. The "bubbling" of gold on the surface of the samples made the ore unique. At bottom of page is a view of Carson City, Nevada looking west, where Bud Barkley supposedly buried the ore he had mined. Photo above shows the V&T roundhouse and shops in Carson City. The buildings still stand today. Below is a stock certificate for 500 shares of Ajax-Nevada Mining Company stock.

I told everyone that all I had was published in the original story. Newspaper articles; history book references; university bulletins. They wanted to know more about the mine. About the people involved. What did Barkley do with the ore he had mined? Where are the assays and samples today? Did I think the mine really existed? I'll tell all the rest I know in this article.

BRIEFLY about the mine. Around 1908, while hunting, Charles "Bud" Barkley discovered a ledge of gold ore. Possibly the richest ore ever discovered in the world. Assays ran as high as $47,000 to the ton, based on gold value of $20.00 per ounce.

The find was in Little Valley, about fifteen miles north of Carson City, Nevada. Unfortunately, the location was on timberland owned by the Hobart Estate. The Hobart family had acquired some 42,000 acres in the area by federal grant. Supplying lumber for the mines of the Comstock Lode had made the family extremely wealthy.

Barkley approached the Hobart people and disclosed the magnitude of his find. He offered to "show down" the location for a fair share of the profits.

Surprisingly, the Hobart administrators showed little interest. In 1908 they controlled or owned vast tracts of timber, railroads and sawmills. The best they offered Barkley was 10% of any gold recovered. Barkley was stunned.

Later an Estate engineer confided to him, "The Hobarts aren't disinterested. They know the mine is in Little Valley. They believe they can send geologists in and pick it up for nothing." Ten years later the Hobart Estate fortunes had turned. They would be begging Barkley for any kind of a deal.

Barkley was desperate. He hired attorneys to try to break the Hobart claim on Little Valley. They fought and gave up. Bud was left only with the alternative of stealing the ore.

He slipped often into the hills. As a fireman on the Virginia and Truckee Railroad he could ride at will. When he

Above: Young Henry Barkley (on the three-wheeler) with a friend. Below: The Barkley home in Carson City. Woman on left is the author's mother, Adele Barkley Aymar. Also shown is the obituary notice for Charles "Bud" Barkley.

Funeral Services For Chas. Barkley

Dec. 11, 1918

At the Kitzmeyer Undertaking parlors yesterday afternoon the funeral services over the remains of the late Chas Barkley were held. Rev. H. H. Kelly of the Episcopal church, officiating. Notwithstanding the fact that the services were private, a number of his friends during the lifetime of the deceased were present to pay their respect to their friend and the devoted wife and son.

At the cemetery the local officers of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, of which the deceased was a member, read their ritualistic services followed by a prayer by the Rev. Kelly.

The pall bearers were: Lafe Sprague, Jersey Macdonald, W. G. Douglas, Chas. Rulison, Chas. Stewart and Ollie Tennant.

had the time, he would take the train to Franktown. Franktown was a railroad waterstop below Little Valley. There he would hire horses and disappear into the mountains. All his life Bud Barkley had been a superb hunter. It served him now in good stead. He was followed often. Only when he was sure it was safe would he go to the mine. He mined as much ore as he could carry out. Always he covered his activities well. He did this for the rest of his life.

BARKLEY made no secret of his find. Rather, after each trip he would liberally distribute samples in the saloons of Carson City. He displayed large pieces of rich ore in the family home. He defied the Hobart Estate to find the mine.

Several times I asked by mother, Barkley's sister, what Bud was like. She always shook her head. She told me he was a heavy drinker, a braggart, and a born liar. She always confirmed, however, that she had seen many sacks of his ore. The richest ore he kept in the house; the rest he locked up in a carriage house behind his home. I'll tell more about this later.

By 1918 Barkley had the upper hand. The Hobart Estate had spent great sums looking for the mine. Expert geologists had combed every inch of the valley that they could. Little Valley is high, rough and rugged. Thousands of acres of it are covered with manzanita. This tough forest brush will tear a man to pieces trying to get through it.

The Estate hired detectives. They watched and trailed Barkley for five years. Finally they reported that he had no mine. A week later Bud brought in a fresh load of ore. He got roaring drunk and resupplied samples to all the saloons.

The Hobart Estate gave up. They had wasted ten years playing cat and mouse. They notified Barkley's attorneys that they would deal. Barkley could write his own terms. If they were reasonable, the Estate would accept them.

They had waited too long. While negotiating with the Hobarts, Barkley contacted pneumonia. Two days later, December 9, 1918, Charles "Bud" Barkley was dead. The mine has never been found.

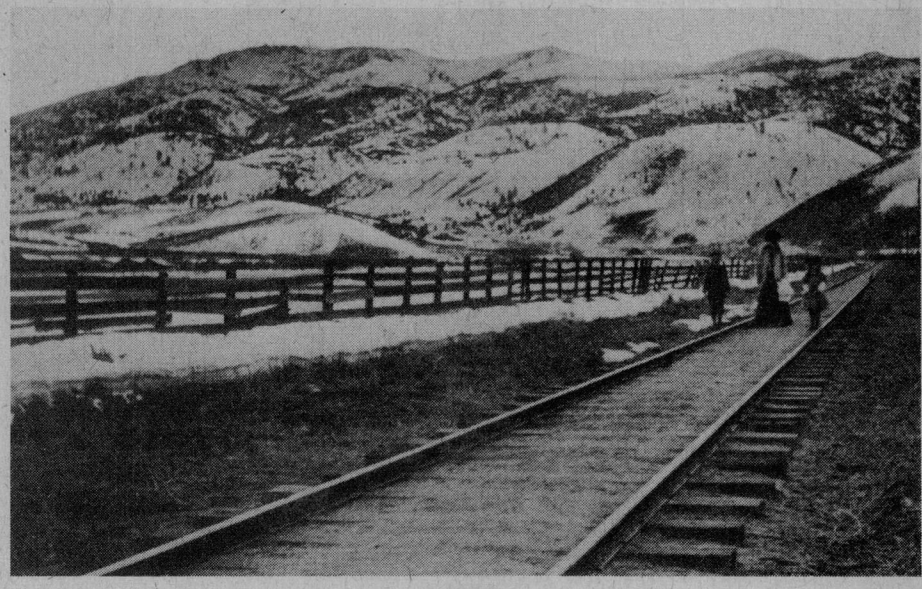
THE STORY leaves many questions unanswered. What happened to the mined ore, samples and assays? I can only answer these questions be repeating what was told to me.

The mine existed. Of that there is no doubt. The character of the gold-copper ore sets it apart from any other. The bubbling of gold on the surface is unique. Mining experts agree it is not duplicated in any other ore.

The Barkleys, all seven of them, lived in houses on a single block in Carson City. They often saw the ore and told me of the quantity. What happened to mined ore?

Both my mother and Barkley's widow told the same story. Bud reburied his ore. As time went by, Barkley became suspicious of everyone.

Above: Two other Barkley family members' homes in Carson City. Below: The approach to Carson City from the west.



Below: Carson Street. The State Capitol is behind trees on the right.

Above: The snow-capped Sierra west of Carson City, Nevada. Below: The V&T Railroad coming from Virginia City along the Carson River.

Below: Street scene in Carson City.

Who could blame him? A rancher near Little Valley told me Bud often climbed down from the engine, borrowed a horse, and dashed off for the mountains because he'd heard strangers were up in Little Valley. He always carried a gun.

The story was that one day Barkley found men digging in back of the carriage house. In those days property boundaries meant little. Actually the men were digging a water line. Bud became furious. He spent days resacking his ore and hauling it into the hills somewhere west of Carson City. He told his wife that shortly he would recover it, have it milled and smelted. I believe the story. Neither my mother or his widow had any reason to lie to me.

My mother had a large piece of the ore and four assays. I saw them often. One assay I remember ran about $25,000 to the ton. Again, at $20 per ounce gold value.

The piece of ore and the assays were "borrowed" by Henry "Bud" Barkley, Charles' son. (Both men used the nickname "Bud" more often than their real names. Charles was called Bud, Sr. Henry, Bud, Jr.)

All that remained of what my mother had been given was a vial of small pieces. She gave the vial to me. The distinct gold bubbling effect shows well in the photograph attached. A newsman described it "as though smelted in nature's laboratory."

The real loser was Barkley's son. Bud, Sr. was going to take Bud, Jr. to the mine as soon as Bud, Jr. was discharged from the Navy after World War I. That trip never took place. Barkley died too soon.

Henry spent his life looking for the mine. Searching for clues. He even tore the foundation out of the old family home.

After Henry's death a few years ago I wrote to his wife, Helen. I wanted anything she knew of the mine. An excerpt from her letter follows:

"About the papers and letters on Bud's mine, I only saved a few of them and the others I gave to the girls. I've seen Bud spend much time alone and a tremendous amount of money trying to bring that mine to a favorable conclusion, with no luck. I'd watched him grow exasperated and discouraged over individuals trying to get the best of the deals or perhaps all of the deals and it's something I'd like to forget.

"When Bud went to San Francisco in 1918 he told Bud, Jr. that as soon as he was out of the Navy he would take him to the mine — but fate decreed otherwise."

No need to elaborate. It speaks for itself. She is gone now too. Had the mine brought joy to anybody?

A RAMBLIN' COWBOY

Proof that a boy who starts out with nothing but a floursack suitcase can make good!

By JOHN MONTGOMERY
as told to
EVE BALL

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

I WAS BORN January 9, 1881 at Weatherford, Texas; I am sixty-eight today [1949]. My dad was a cowman. I always wanted to have a herd of my own. We drifted all over Texas with wagon and teams. I have a scar on my chin now because I always kept my head stuck out of the wagon and rested my chin on the over-jets.

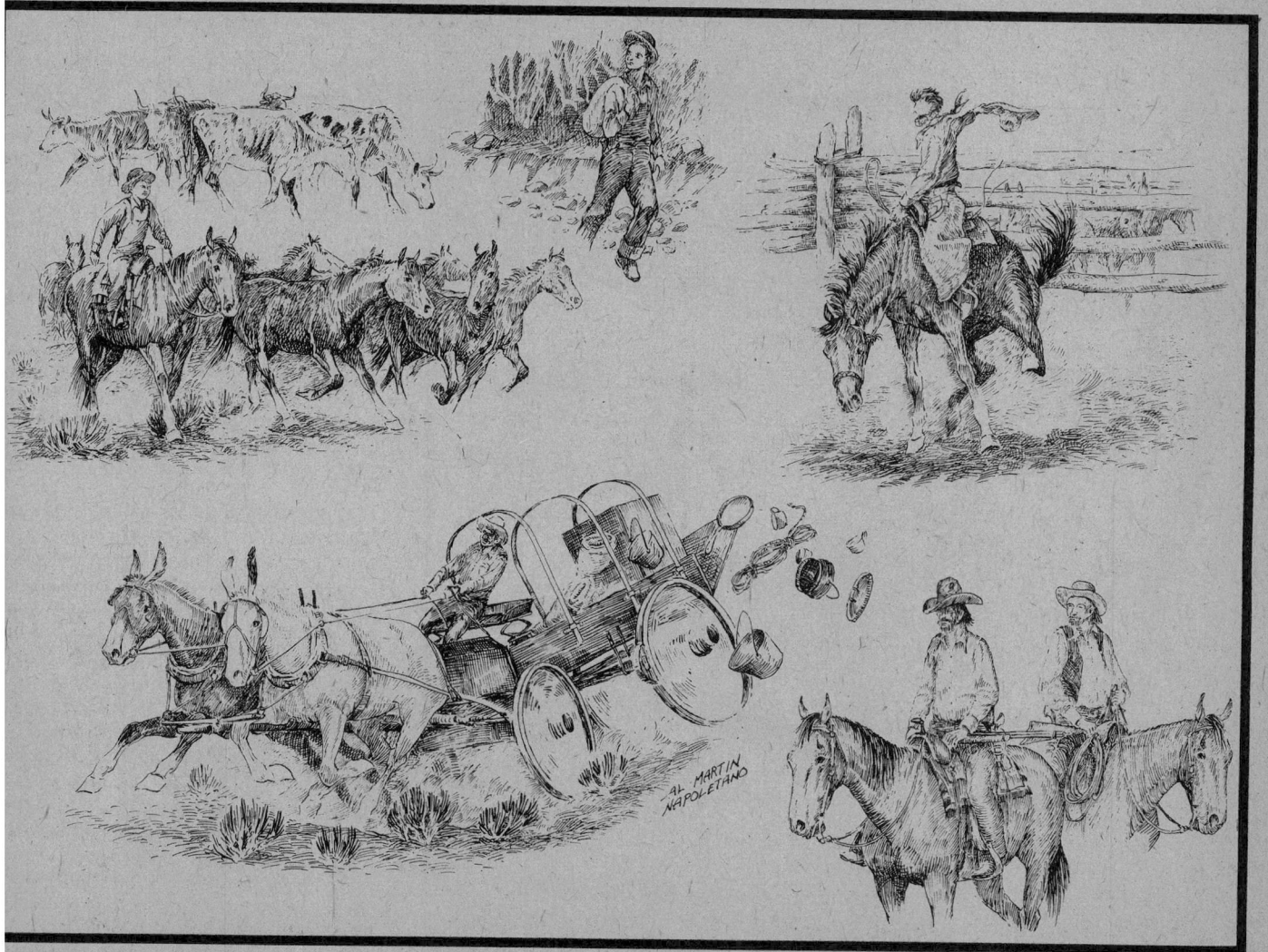
We left Weatherford when I was small; landed at Llano. What schooling I got was there. My sister and I — she was a year older — walked six and half miles, when we were not late. If we were, we ran part of the way.

I wrangled horses most of the time. Everything was pretty good those days, for the cowmen had wide-open range. Well, in four or five years there Dad got a pretty good bunch of cows of all kinds, black and white spotted, red and white. In other words, they were sort of a scrub bunch.

But he still had a rambling mind and he sold the bunch at nine dollars around and kept his forty head of broom-tailed horses. Dad decided to go to grass. He rigged up one four-horse wagon, one two-horse wagon, and a big hack which my mother drove. We were off for Frio County to find some grass — without any cows.

We finally got to San Antone. I was a kid, but I drove that bunch of broncs through San Antone; I still don't see how. I was there twenty years ago in a pretty good Model A, and you know the rest — as a cowpuncher I was lost.

We didn't stay in Frio County very long. Dad loaded up and started back to Palo Pinto County. We got there with seven head of sore-shouldered horses and two saddles. Those poor horses! I felt sorry for them. Dad got a job breaking horses for R.H. Renfro, a good horseman and a fine fellow. He had a big horse ranch.



I didn't think I was doing too good at home. I was fifteen years old and decided to run off.

I worked a half-day for a neighbor and got thirty-five cents for the work. The Fourth of July, mother went to visit a neighbor and I packed my suitcase — a flour sack. I started out afoot, up a creek bottom to keep out of sight. With lots of walking, I finally got to Sherman, Texas. I still had my thirty-five cents. I told the rancher where I stopped that I was on my way home. Times were different then. You could stay overnight with almost anybody; if you offered to pay for your night's lodging it would make them mad.

I knew I would make lots of money so I bought a twenty-five cent billfold. And since I was very hungry, I got a ten-cent watermelon. I was very homesick.

A FELLOW hired me to go to the Indian Territory with him at ten dollars a month. His name was Bill Kirk; he was a horse trader. Anyway, I was eating most of the time. We landed near Durant. I worked two months for him with no pay. My suitcase was getting empty, as I hadn't had many clothes. Give a cowboy a new pair of Levi's and he is pretty well-dressed; I still had a new pair. But I decided I should have a little money too. Every time I said I would like to buy something, Bill had a good answer — that he would sell a horse or something. He put me off. After three months of this, we met another bunch that was as hard to get money from as it was from Bill — the three McDaniel brothers. They lived near Blue, in a backwoods country. I know now that it was a pretty tough place.

I made a crop of corn and stayed on to gather it, still with no money. I was out of Levi's by then and boots as well. As luck would have it, I got a job from Henry Grenthate, who had married an Indian girl. I moved again, at ten dollars a month. He gave me a little money in advance and I got a few clothes. I started to save my money. When my mother found out where I was, to my surprise I got a letter and was I glad! Near the end it said, "John, you had better come home." That night Henry paid me — I had $375 coming to me — and next day my suitcase and I was gone.

Early next morning I started for the plains of Texas where my dad was working for a cow outfit known as the Three Bar Ranch. After four weeks of hard walking, I had got within twenty-five miles of mother and home when a line rider found out who I was. After much questioning, I told him I was going home so he would offer me a bunk for the night. He put three or four pounds of dried beef in water, soaked it until morning, and fried it for breakfast. Then he caught two horses and said, "Kid, you take these and I will be over that way sometime and pick them up." He didn't have another saddle but I would have tried anything to keep from walking that twenty-five miles. I had a big hole in the sole of each shoe. Mrs. Grenthate had felt sorry for me and given me a pair of Henry's old ones. They were two or three sizes too big but I was proud of them, anyway.

I made the twenty-five miles that day. All the skin where I sit was rubbed off, but I was happy. Mom was glad to see me. I told her how I had walked most of the way back. You know what a good mother will do for a boy. In a few days I had a new outfit.

I stayed at the ranch and did odd jobs. I still wanted to be like Dad, and I didn't think there was a horse living that he couldn't ride. I was a little over sixteen then, and considered myself a very good rider. I was getting fifteen dollars a month. Dad worked at that time for W.A. Cantrill, a good man. I always liked the bosses. I will say here that most old-time Texans were big-hearted fellows, but tough if necessary.

When the men went on a roundup, I got a black bronc I wanted in my mount and, all being gone, I decided to run him in the corral. I got him in the chute, got my saddle cinched on him, then I didn't know if I really wanted that horse or not. My sister came out, saw I was a little shaky, and said, "You can ride him, Bud!"

"Well, open the gate."

I slid in his middle. I was coming down when he went through the gate. So there I was afoot again, the saddle gone. Nine days later, when the men got back, to my surprise the black horse I liked so well had been turned out as an outlaw; I didn't feel so bad then.

I DECIDED to go back to Indian Territory but I didn't run away this time. I went to the Cherokee Nation and got a job from Jim Thompson. I worked for him until the roundups were over. Then I went to the Creek Nation, worked for two or three outfits there, then decided to go see Mom, for she was everything to me.

By this time I had two good horses and a very good saddle. I soon got a job when I got back, at twenty-five dollars and board — top wages. I worked for W.E. Reynolds who had a small ranch near the Caprock. I always tried to make good at any job I had, and can say that all the men I worked for liked me very well.

But Sheriff, it jist ain't gonna look right, the big shot of the Cattleman's Association caught stealin' sheep.

I went back to where Dad was and rode a few horses at a dollar a ride. Dad had made many friends on the plains. Mr. Renfro and he were in the cow business. They had a big ranch and grass leased in the Indian Nation, and Dad had his brother up there. But he died or got killed — nobody ever knew just how he died — after he had got in touch with Dad and wanted him to gather the steers and fours and fives, as wild as deer.

Dad had started him a herd and could not get off, so he told me, "Go up there. You are nineteen." I guess Mr. Renfro could not get anybody else.

We got things rolling pretty well. He made all the arrangements for everything. We rounded up twenty-two head of broncs, horses, and a pair of mules to work to the chuckwagon. I don't think these mules were ever roped after they were branded; they were as wild as jackrabbits.

We were to start on Monday. No cook. I asked Mr. Renfro if I could pick the boys I wanted to take on the trip. He said, "John, you can pick anyone you want, have anything, all the money you need." And right there he handed my a big checkbook with blank checks signed "R.H. Renfro." I felt pretty grown-up right then.

I picked four boys: Pete Vance, Andrew Jackson, Slim Taylor, and Doc Jones — four of the best riders and ropers I ever saw. I was a kid, nineteen, and knew lots of outlaw horses they had ridden.

We loaded the chuckwagon, bedrolls, camp outfit, tin cups, and ropes. When we got the mules hooked to the wagon the run-away began. We picked up cups, buckets, bedding, for ten miles. There weren't but two fences in that country — drift fences to hold the cattle. We finally got everything gathered up. Near dark we decided to try it again next morning. We made a rope hackamore, put one on each mule, and a good man and a horse on each side of the mules so that if they ran, we could hold them. We got started with twenty-two head of broncs and only two gentle horses. We made about twenty miles that day. Our mules were pretty gentle by then.

We struck camp and had an early supper. After we finished, my Dad and a man named Moss rode up, and caught us with no food cooked. I know they were awful hungry; they ate like it, anyway. They had brought a real cook. We had two Dutch ovens. He made biscuits in one and fried steak in the other. And that's the only way to cook steak.

After supper Dad was bragging on the food. Mr. Moss said, "Bob, that's the first beef of your own you ever ate." We didn't call it stealing in those days. If a yearling wasn't branded, whose was it? If it was fat and there was no meat in camp, it might get adopted. No one cared.

Well, we started off the next morning; the mules were sore; we traveled twenty-one miles. At Thompson Ferry the mules balked. We couldn't get them on the boat, and I don't blame them much as it wasn't much bigger than the wagon. We stripped the harness from the team, pulled the wagon on by hand, piled the saddles on the boat, and started the mules off in Red River which was nearly half bank-full. It looked pretty rough but the horses and mules swam across all right. We landed the little boat on the other side but several times I thought we wouldn't make it. Then we were afoot, sure enough. Those horses and mules, all wild, were loose in the Indian Nation.

TWO MEN had been watching us all of this time. They rode up with .30-30s on their saddles and two .45s swinging at their sides. Of course we didn't pay any attention to that in those days — it was as common for a man to wear a .45 as to wear pants. But a shave and a haircut would have been welcomed on those men. We got all the mules back to the wagon, caught the saddle horses, and went down the river to another boat at the mouth of the Washita.

We didn't have so much trouble this time. We got our saddle horses on the boat and took them across; came back with the boat, tied ropes around the mules' necks and just dragged them, wagon and all, onto the ferry. Our horses — the loose ones — we swam across. I think now that those men were planning to run our stock off but we were at the wagon all the time, so they didn't have a chance.

We finally got to Old Boggy Depot. There we met another hard-looking bunch and got a few groceries. We bought five bushels of corn at fifteen cents, and pulled on to Lehi, a small mining town. There we bought four bales of hay and put our horses in the stock pens belonging to a little branch line of the M.K.&T. It ran from Atoka up there.

After an early supper, off to town the four boys went. About eleven that night I decided to go see if I could get them back, for I wanted to start as early as we could. Well, all four were drunk and I will say that they were raising hell. They'd had a run-in with the city marshal and were taking the place. I decided they had told me the truth. I knew they were good bronc busters. Andrew Jackson was behind the bar, had the bartender's apron on, and was putting out free drinks to

everyone. Around four that morning, I asked Andrew, "Well, don't you ever close up?"

He said, "By God, I guess it is about time to close this dump. Everybody out!" Then he shot two or three times in the floor and the house was empty.

When we got to the wagon the cook was tied up hand and foot, and all of our horses were gone. When I got the cook loose, he told us three men rode up, and two tied him while the other opened the gate and drove off the stock. More trouble! The boys wanted to go back and kill the marshal — said he was one of the bunch.

I got them quieted down. At daybreak I went to a livery stable, got three small ponies, and took up the trail of our twenty-four head of stock. No trouble to follow the trail as the ground was soft. We followed till we reached Boggy Bottom which was heavily timbered with bois d'arc so thick you had to keep on trails. We met our three "friends" of the day before. Of course, we didn't get any information as to our stock. One said, "If I was you people, I wouldn't foller them anymore." And we didn't, as they had us covered with three big .45s.

We went back to town and I wired Mr. Renfro. He replied that we were to stay there, that more horses would come. Nine days later a little engine puffed in with twenty-three head of broncs, two more mules, and I really think they were the worst I ever saw.

We stayed there seven more days, riding those broncs. We pulled a rodeo every day and got pretty well liked by the people of Lehi. The boys quieted down, and the men and women came around regularly to see the show.

We had lost our cook the next day after the hold-up. He went back to Fort Worth. We were all cooks now. There were two or three women I'll never forget for they would come out and cook, and all ate at the wagon at noon. I kind of hated to leave but we finally told them goodbye and pulled out.

A FEW more hard days' drive and we pulled into Chetopah in the Creek Nation, still thirty-five miles from our stopping place. Of course, we were trying hard to find out what we could. Sam Baker was city marshal there. Chetopah was pretty tough. We were there in Russell's Drug Store one night. An Indian named Bob Gentry (famous rodeo performer) came in and said, "Sam, I'm going to kill you." Both pulled their guns and Sam beat him to the draw.

Our stock rested and we got over to the railroad. The steers were branded with a box. Another bunch over there had the same brand with a cross in it so it was easy to burn. We gathered steers five or six months and were doing well.

One day Pete Vance and Andrew Jackson went to a country store and got to drinking Hostetters' Bitters. They all got drunk. Nine or ten men decided to ride over and kill Pony Brandon and Joe Wright because they were supposed to be cattle thieves. There were six men killed and my two boys were among them. The rest fled to the Cookson Hills. I was in Chetopah the day Bud Ledbetter brought Brandon and Wright through on the train. Both were under arrest; they had their .30-30s in their laps and both had a .45 buckled on. But at Muskogee they gave Ledbetter their guns. I don't know whether or not they had a trial but I don't think they did.

We got three carloads of steers to the railroad, loaded them for Kansas City, and Slim Taylor and I went with them. Of course, we didn't know a thing about a city and city slickers. I sent the draft for the steers to Mr. Renfro. I still had a few signed checks left but they were not good there as nobody knew me or Mr. Renfro. We had lost our passes to Chetopah and had spent our money, so we were good cowhands in a city with no cows.

I didn't know a thing about riding a freight train but it was the only way out. We walked out to the railroad yard, but were picked up by a cop and taken back to town. We were brought before the police judge, and we told him the situation. It didn't take him long to find out it was the truth. Then I had to break the news to Mr. Renfro. We were soon on a train for the Creek Nation.

There I got a job from Hopkins and Todd at thirty dollars a month. A man had to be a good top hand for that. If we branded any strays we got a dollar a brand extra, so we looked for them. We all might as well have had a brand of our own and put it on as to brand for the ranch.

I stayed in the country a while then went to Tahoka and got a job at Cohan, thirty-five miles east of Tahoka Springs. I worked there five or six months and then drifted back to the Creek Nation. I always got top wages.

One day I decided to look the Nations over and drifted down to Alex, Oklahoma. There I met my good friend Oscar Caudill and Mr. Temple Houston, both fine fellows and good cowmen. We were together some time. Oscar was a few years older than I was, and he gave me some good advice. I had got pretty wild at that time. Now I don't think Oscar was afraid of anything for I have seen him tried several times. I was younger. He told me, "John, I have known lots of bad men; but John, they are all dead."

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, whose address is usually given in parentheses directly following the title of the book. Checks must be made payable to the publisher, not to us.

NAVAJO INDIANS

The Book of the Navajo by Raymond Friday Locke (Mankind Publishing Co., 8060 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046, 496 pages, $3.95 paperback, 7 x 4½ inches).

Many books have been written about one or more aspects of the Navajo Indians. Many touch on their history or culture or legends. This work covers all of these areas and more. The volume is so comprehensive that it is being used as a textbook to teach Navajo students their own history at the community college run by the tribe in the Southwest.

The book first appeared in 1976. In this new reprint edition the author makes it clear in his introduction that this work is not a rehash of other books on the Navajo. In fact, much of the material found between this work's two covers came from the Navajo people themselves.

There are thirty-two chapters divided into six parts covering the history of the Navajo tribe, legends, society, and way of life. The work is indeed unique. And the author's writing — simple and clear — aids the reader in understanding and enjoying the material presented. Recommended.

"BOB WIRE"

The Wire That Fenced the West by Henry D. and Frances T. McCallum Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, Okla. 73019, 285 pages, $12.50 paperpback, 5½ x 8½ inches).

This is a reprint of the 1965 first edition. It is an illustrated history of barbed wire from the early 1870's to modern times. The first edition, long sought after by barbed wire and book collectors, has become something of a standard reference work on the history of what many people in the West call "bob wire."

Henry McCallum, one of the authors, owns one of the most extensive collections of barbed wire in the world. He and his wife live in Tyler, Texas. Her interests include writing.

This reprint is identical to the original edition and includes many historic photographs plus drawings of thirty-six of the most important types of wire. Each is described in detail.

A good bibliography and index are included.

BASQUE SHEEPMAN

Beltran, Basque Sheepman of the American West by Beltran Paris as told to William A. Douglass (Univ. of Nevada Press, Reno, Nev. 89557, 186 pages, $10.00 hardcover, 6 x 9 inches).

This is the story of Beltran Paris, who came to America from France early in this century. Unable to speak English, Paris made his way across the Atlantic to a promised job in Wyoming. Paris later moved on to Nevada where, in the deserts and mountains near Elko, he worked as a sheepherder and then a camptender.

Paris saved his money. In 1918 he went into business for himself with 1,900 sheep, one burro, and two dogs. By the late 1970s Paris and his sons were operating sheep and cattle ranches in three counties of Nevada.

William Douglass recorded Paris' recollections of his life with a tape recorder. From the oral record he produced this delightful book. Photographs of Paris are included. Recommended.

SOUTH PLATTE TRAIL

Forgotten People by Nell Brown Propst (Pruett Publishing Co., 3235 Prairie Ave., Boulder, Colo. 80301, 244 pages, $19.95 hardcover, 11 x 9 inches).

This beautiful volume is a history of the South Platte Trail that ran from near Julesburg to near Greeley in northeastern Colorado.

"This book is a chronicle of the experiences through several centuries of the people — both Indian and white — of an area which has been largely neglected in the histories of Colorado and the American West," writes James Terrell King in the book's forward. King is at the University of Wisconsin.

Although regional in character, the author tells a story that is interesting to students of Western history outside the region. There is much on early cattle ranches located near the trail. Historic photographs are sprinkled throughout the volume and add much to the flavor of the region as captured by the author's words.

Source notes are included at the end along with a good index. Recommended.

COMSTOCK LODE

The Story of the Mine by Charles Howard Shinn (Univ. of Nevada Press, Reno, Nev. 89557, 277 pages, $6.50 paperback, 5 x 7½ inches).

This is a new reprint edition of a book first published in 1896. The volume is the first title in a new "Vintage Nevada" series of paperbacks to be republished. The series is designed to bring back the writings of early-day authors.

As the title of this book suggests, the work concerns mining, especially the great Comstock Lode of Nevada. The author, who died in 1924, tells a good story of the boom and the events that followed. He included delightful folk tales of the era.

Mary Ellen Glass, the editor of the new series, writes in the foreward: "In a real sense, the Comstock mines represented Nevada's birthplace as a state."

Charles Shinn arrived in California in 1858. He worked as a teacher, newspaperman, ranger, and had much interest in forestry. But he understood mining as this interesting book shows. Recommended.

FRONTIER PHOTOGRAPHY

Photographing the Frontier by Dorothy and Thomas Hoobler (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 200 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016, 192 pages, $9.95 hardcover, 6½ x 9½ inches).

This nicely produced volume is the story of the photographers who captured the American frontier on film. The authors, who live in New York City, trace the story from the 1840s when the first photographers traveled west with government exploration parties. And the authors include a sampling of the photographers' photos. Fifty are included in this book.

The frontier photographers cited include Alexander Gardner, L. A. Huff-

(Continued on page 63)

Author's photo

The author, Agnes Wright Spring.

By
AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

WESTERN VIGNETTES

Memories of being "near the greats"

Explanatory Note: I grew up on a ranch in Wyoming, on the Little Laramie River at the foot of the Snowy Range, twenty-three miles west of Laramie.

Our ten-room log house, built by early English cattlemen, was the stage stop on my father's stage and freighting lines from Laramie to Centennial and the Rambler and Keystone Mines in the Medicine Bow Range.

My older sister Lucile and I grew up with grownups, mine owners, mine operators, miners, prospectors, stage drivers, tie hacks, cowboys, cattlemen and homesteaders. The big folks visited with us, brought us presents, and treated us just like equals.

I learned to like people. In later years as State Historian of Wyoming and of Colorado I worked under nine governors, with public relations as my chief concern. True, I had my share of working with dusty bookshelves and old newspaper files, but the best of all was talking with and knowing people from a pioneer who had soldiered at old Fort Laramie in 1854 to governors and five-star generals.

Through the years I kept innumerable notes on interesting interviews, incidents, wisps of gossip or hearsay, and pertinent facts about the persons with whom I crossed trails or in whose shadow I walked. From these notes I have written what I call "Near the Greats" with no idea of becoming a name-dropper. My only thought is to share with the reader some of the things that have interested me along the way. — A.W.S.

JOHN HUNTON

JOHN HUNTON, a young Virginian, spent the winter of 1866 with Jim Bridger at Fort Laramie, on the Oregon Trail in what later became the Territory of Wyoming. For the next half-century or more he lived in the Fort or nearby.

Hunton cut hay on contract for the U.S. Government, freighted, ranched, and for a time was Post Sutler. He brought some of the first cattle into Wyoming Territory.

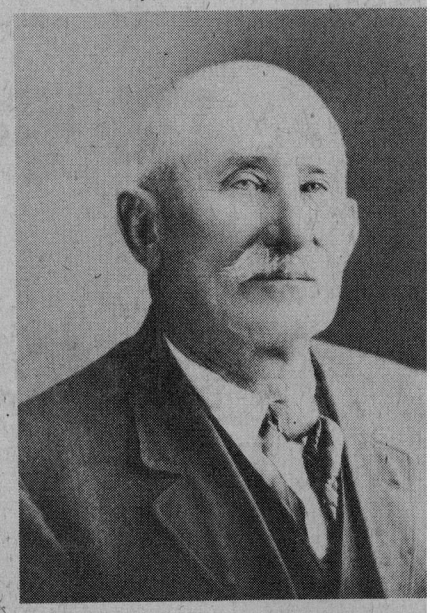
John Hunton for a time was known as "a man of the Country" when he took a Sioux woman for his wife. Lollee was her name. She was a sister of well-known "Little Bat" Pourier, a scout.

Hunton was very much in love with Lollee. He provided a good ranch home for her, bought finery and jewelry for her to enhance her beauty. Hunton, who had an excellent reputation among the pioneers, was criticized by some unjustly, when he sent Lollee back to the Reservation and later married an old acquaintance in Virginia.

A number of the so-called "squaw men" did send their Indian wives back to the Reservations but Hunton had an especial reason. Not until his diaries were published after his death did the real story of Lollee become known. Those day-by-day diaries, carefully kept by Hunton, contain priceless information about happenings along the old Black Hills Trail.

John Hunton

Courtesy University of Wyoming Library



I did not know John Hunton personally, but I did know the second Mrs. Hunton, who was a good friend of Alice Hebard with whom I lived in Cheyenne. She sent me photographs of Sutler Bullock and his half-breed son Bill, who rode with Buffalo Bill's show. Mrs. Hunton spoke freely of Lollee and of John Hunton's love for her.

In his diary Hunton writes of Lollee and finally states that when he discovered she was philandering with his best friend, a neighbor, he packed up her belongings and told her to go back to the Reservation. And although Lollee tried to come back to John, he remained firm.

Mrs. Hunton said that through the years John Hunton kept a portrait of Lollee (in a large gold frame) on the wall of his bedroom.

"And why not?" she asked. "If it gave him comfort."

DR. JOHN OSBORNE

WHEN I realized that Dr. John Osborne of Rawlins, Wyoming, one-time (1893-1895) Governor of the State, had intimate knowledge of the hanging of "Big Nose George" Parrot in 1884, I decided to interview him. I was in Rawlins about 1938 when I went to his office.

"Big Nose George" and "Dutch Charlie" were involved in the robbery of a Union Pacific train. While making their escape, they shot and killed Under-sheriff Widdowfield of Elk Mountain, a popular lawman. The entire country was aroused.

Dutch Charlie was captured and was being taken to prison in Wyoming when a mob took him from the train at Carbon and hanged him to a telegraph pole.

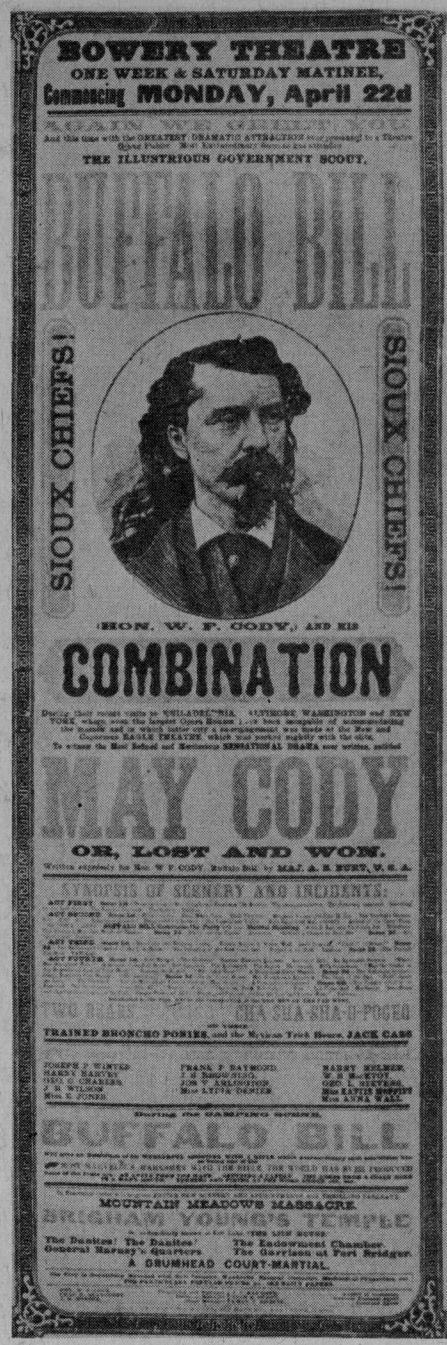
Big Nose George was captured in Montana and was imprisoned in the state penitentiary at Rawlins to await trial.

When he tried to escape he was foiled by Mrs. Rankin, the Warden's wife, who slammed shut a door with an automatic lock.

Dr. Osborne was immediately alert when I asked him about Big Nose George. He pulled a drawer out from his desk and lifted a pair of moccasins to the table top. He declared they had been made from the skin on the chest of Big Nose. Slowly he shook his head. "I asked the boys to leave the nipples on, but they didn't."

"As I recall it," said Dr. Osborne," the United States Government paid the widow of Big Nose the sum of $10,000 because he had not been given a trial. His wife lived in France."

The Doctor suggested that I talk with Dr. Heath, who lived in a large log house a few blocks away on Main Street. "She knows a lot."



Advertising poster featuring one of the "greats," William F. Cody.

When Dr. Heath opened the door and learned that I was interested in the story of "Big Nose" she pointed to the remnants of a skull which she was using as a doorstop.

"That's him," she nodded. "I assisted Dr. Maghee with the autopsy. We wanted to study the brain of a criminal. The doctor had the bones put into a pickle barrel and buried in an alley."

Before I left Rawlins I did a little research in the local newspaper files. I found an item in the *Carbon County Journal* which read: "Anyone who says I put the rope around his neck is a liar." _____ Signature. Another item said: "The rope used in the hanging was Size . . . ."

In the 1940s a crew digging a trench for a sewer line in Rawlins unearthed a pickle barrel with some bones!

BLACK KETTLE'S WIDOW

IT WAS a blistering day in early September 1938. The Wyoming Pioneer Association had just reburied the bones of Chief Black Kettle near their Pioneer Cabin in the State Fair Grounds at Douglas, Wyoming.

A Sioux interpreter had obtained consent from Black Kettle's widow to talk to me. I sat down next to the little old woman, on a sagebrush knoll. She wore a calico dress and had a black shawl over her head and shoulders.

Her husband, Chief Black Kettle, had been killed in 1903 by a sheriff's posse, while illegally hunting antelope in Wyoming with a band of Sioux friends. The law forbade hunting in the area where they were, but when warned they had refused to return to their reservations.

The interpreter began quietly to tell Mrs. Black Kettle that I wanted to visit with her. The wizened Indian woman's temper matched the heat of that hot, dusty place. Her tone was bitter.

Through the interpreter she said, "The white men murdered my husband. You are all murderers. You stole our lands and you killed off all our wild game. They were our food."

What could I say? I tried to tell her that the sheriff warned the hunters to go back to their reservation. Even the white men were not allowed to hunt where the red men were. But she would not listen and began wailing and moaning and swaying back and forth.

"She is very old and very tired," the interpreter said. I nodded and told her goodbye, and left.

NATHANIEL K. BOSWELL

KNOWN ALL over the Rocky Mountains as the "Border Detective," was simply "Grandpa" Boswell to me when I was growing up in Laramie, Wyoming. He had white hair and a long white beard. He spoke softly and was especially fond of children.

Mr. Boswell's daughter, Minnie Boswell Oviatt, and her husband Charles and family were close friends of our Wright family. We visited back and forth. I loved to go to the Boswell town-house. It was a long, many-roomed officers' quarters that had been moved from old Fort Saunders to Fifth and Grand in Laramie.

Our favorite play place in the rambling old structure was the big room filled with stuffed birds and wild animals, fancy woodwork and beautiful antique furniture made at the penitentiary of which N.K. Boswell had, at

one time, been Warden. I can see now his grandson, five-year old Clarence Oviatt, riding his stuffed badger, "Jim".

It was not until I began to do research in Western History that I realized that Grandpa Boswell was famous. He had captured outlaws and even had Jesse James locked up in his jail at one time.

N.K. Boswell had a fine cattle ranch on the Big Laramie River which bordered the Wyoming-Colorado line, southwest of Laramie. My father, G.L. Wright, built the big barn on the Boswell ranch when we first moved to Wyoming about 1901.

It was on the small bridge over the Laramie River, near the barn, that I caught my first rainbow trout. From then on I was an ardent fisherwoman.

My mother treasured a lilac bush — purple — next to our ranch house on the Little Laramie, which was carried to her on horseback by U.S. Marshal Boswell. It had been taken from a cutting which he had brought from his old home in Vermont. The bush was still blooming when my mother moved from the ranch in 1935.

When my Grandmother Wright was living in Laramie, Mr. Boswell always shared with her maple sugar from a barrel sent to him each winter from Vermont.

"Old Boz," he was called in the early days when he was chasing and capturing outlaws. "How did you get 'em?" he was once asked, when he brought in five especially dangerous highwaymen whom he had captured near Rock Creek.

"I didn't take a brass band with me," was N.K.'s reply.

GOLDIE CAMERON

GOLDIE CAMERON rode bucking broncos in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. At one time she was a professional wrestler. When I knew her she was a retired resident of Nederland, Colorado, living with the memories of the exciting life she had known.

She had accumulated scrapbooks and photographs galore and through the years had kept in close touch with 175 rodeo riders and performers. She delighted to tell that on horseback she married a champion broncho rider in Madison Square Garden, New York City before an audience of 8,000.

As I recall it, she had broken her leg in a wild ride, but she did not delay the wedding. She mounted her horse with a cast on one leg and went through with the ceremony as scheduled.

Maurice Frink, Executive Director of the State Historical Society, asked me to take part in a program with Goldie. I was to tell about my little brochure called "Buffalo Bill and His Horses." Goldie was to tell of her experiences with the Wild West Show.

Goldie had a front tooth missing but that did not embarrass her in the least. She greeted the audience with a broad smile and held her listeners fascinated while she related some of her most exciting experiences. She concluded with details of how she was the only person allowed to go and come when Bonfils and Tammen impounded Buffalo Bill's show in the old Overland Park grounds in Denver.

"I drove the water wagon," Goldie explained "and the guards had to let me in and out."

Goldie agreed to do a story of her life with me, but about that time the State Highway decided to build a new road through Nederland across Goldie's property and she wrote me that her house was to be moved and that she had put her scrapbook and photographs and letters into storage. We lost touch.

CALAMITY JANE

I CAN claim no close touch with Calamity Jane but I have walked in her shadow many times. I have talked with persons who saw her and knew her.

Earnest A. Logan, my good friend in Cheyenne, told me he had seen Calamity and her pal, Soldier Kate, several times at the local theater and also on the old Black Hills trail when Calamity was driving a bull team, bull whacking on the old Deadwood Trail.

Mrs. T.J. Cahill, whose husband was a bailiff or jailer, told me that one time Calamity Jane had been arrested for driving a team away from Fort Laramie without permission and was on trial in Cheyenne. Mrs. Cahill lent her a good dress to wear to court. After Calamity was out of jail she paraded up and down the streets of Cheyenne in the borrowed dress, much to Mrs. Cahill's dismay.

A woman in Newcastle, who had a little store on the old Trail, said she had sold dress goods — yard goods to Calamity and that Jane liked fancy clothes, as well as the man's garb she usually wore.

I received a letter from a Mrs. Robinson, then living in Nebraska, who replied to my question about Calamity's funeral in 1903.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Robinson, "I did play the organ at Calamity Jane's funeral, but there was nothing out of the ordinary about it. Just the regular funeral for an old-timer."

A legislator from Hot Springs County, Wyoming, whom I knew, told me that he had been one of the pall bearers at Calamity's funeral.

"We thought it would be a good joke to bury her next to Wild Bill Hickok because Bill would have turned over in his grave if he had known it. Sure, he met her in bars which she frequented, but Wild Wild Bill was not a lover of Calamity. John Hunton vouched for the fact that she was one of the occupants of the Hog Ranch at one time."

FRANK L. HOUX

GOVERNOR HOUX was a pioneer of Cody, Wyoming, a Democrat, an old-line politician, and he knew how to play the game.

Sometime after Governor Houx took over the Governor's office, I received an offer of a position in New York City at $65 a week to do publicity work for a big religious concern. The offer came through the School of Journalism. The salary for those days was most attractive. It was quite an increase over the salary I was getting.

When I told Frances, (Dolly) Davis about the offer and that I might resign, she said she was thinking seriously of marrying Mart Tisdale, a rancher of Buffalo, in a few months, and asked me to stay. She said she would talk to Governor Houx about it. Dolly was the State Librarian and Historian.

Then Dolly told me that Mart Tisdale's father was shot to death in 1891 when he was on his way home to his small Johnson County ranch, taking Christmas presents for his children. It was really the beginning of the so-called "Johnson County War," a fight between the big cattle owners and the rustlers and homesteaders.

Dolly was the daughter of Henry Winter (Hard Winter) Davis who owned a ranch at Sussex in Johnson County and he threatened to disown Dolly if she married Mart Tisdale.

A wealthy uncle in the East had educated Dolly at a young woman's finishing school in New York City. She was attractive and dressed exceptionally well. She had several suitors in Cheyenne and as the months slipped by her plans to marry Mart seemed to grow dim. I had little hope of succeeding to her position as State Librarian.

But one night about midnight in November or December 1917, there was a loud knock at my little apartment door.

"Get your bag packed," she said. "We are leaving for Omaha. Mart is shipping cattle and I have decided to marry him. We want you to stand up with us."

There was a real Wyoming blizzard on. But we made our way through the snow and wind to the Union Pacific depot. There we went aboard a special Pullman which had been arranged for Livestock men shipping to Omaha. "Frances' brother, Mark Davis, already was aboard.

The Pullman was attached to the long string of cattle cars and we were on our way. Traffic along the line was line sidetracked in the blizzard to let the livestock train go by.

We registered at the Lafayette Hotel in Omaha and made a few plans for the wedding. It was 18° below zero about nine o'clock in the morning when we reached the Episcopalian Cathedral and found a minister waiting. When the bride said, "I will" or "I do," her breath spiraled up in frost. Mark Davis and I were the only witnesses.

As soon as we could get back downtown we had a good, hot wedding breakfast. Then the bridegroom said, "Come on, girls, we're heading for the stockyards."

I cannot recall ever having been as cold as we were walking along the narrow walk ways on top of the pens looking down on the cattle.

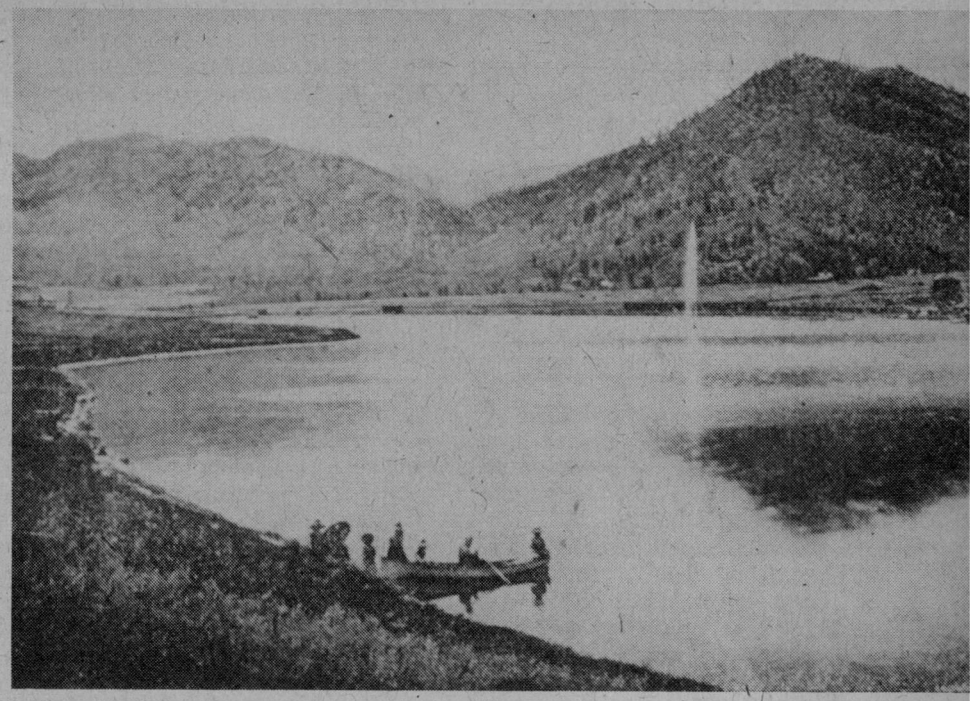
Before Mark and I left to return to Wyoming, Frances assured me that Governor Houx would appoint me as State Librarian and State Historian, ex-officio, to succeed her.

Governor Houx kept his word and appointed me, a Republican, despite the pressure which Attorney General Douglas Preston tried to bring against me.

"Tin Horn Frank" was succeeded as Governor by Robert D. Carey, son of Joseph M. Carey, on January 6, 1919, under whose administration I served until I resigned to be married to Archer T. Spring on February 14, 1921.

The last time I saw Governor Houx was in the late 1930s. He was retired and living at the Irma Hotel in Cody, his hometown. He seemed glad to see me.

It was while he was in the Capitol that his son, Christy, was drowned in Lindenmeir Lake near Fort Collins while ice boating.



Palmer Lake, near Colorado Springs in the 1860s. This is where Countess Murat spent her last days. She died in 1910.

THE MURATS

LATE IN October, 1858, Count Henri Murat and his wife, Countess Katrina, arrived in a camp of gold-seekers called Montana City, on the banks of South Platte River in the so-called Pikes Peak country.

Katrina Wolf, born in Baden Baden, Germany in 1824, was the daughter of a well-to-do owner of vineyards. Katrina received as much education as a gentlewoman could acquire in those days.

In 1848 she married Count Henri Murat, a French nobleman who was a frequent visitor in the Wolf home. The Count resided in Hanover and spoke French and German fluently.

After their marriage, the Murats, both adventuresome, came to the United States and followed the gold-rush to California. Almost a decade later they were lured to the gold diggin's in Colorado Territory.

On November 6, 1858 Count Murat wrote a letter to a friend in Kansas City, in which he said: "Yesterday we felled the trees for our log cabin in six hours and today we hauled them with our oxen and tomorrow we shall have the cabin done."

A short time afterwards, early in 1859, the Murats dismantled their cabin and moved it to the camp called Auraria at the mouth of Cherry Creek, which was the beginning of Denver.

The cabin, a story and a half, with a sturdy chimney for a fireplace, stood in the rear of the Smoke cabin, owned by Smoke and Count Murat, which became the El Dorado Hotel. There the Count set up a barber shop and plied his trade as a barber.

In June, 1859 Horace Greeley, editor of the *New York Tribune,* accepted the hospitality of Countess Murat in the Murat cabin, as he considered the El Dorado too noisy.

Countess Murat was called the Territory's "Betsy Ross" because she fashioned the first United States flag that floated over Auraria. She was one of the first five white women to reside in what later became Denver, and was a force in the community for years, giving advice and material aid to those in need. The Indians were her friends and brought gold dust to her to pay for the food and supplies she gave them. Especially they loved her pies. When she asked where they got the gold dust they motioned toward the mountains.

When the rush was on to the gold diggin's of Virginia City, Montana in the 1860's, Count Murat tried his luck up there, but the Countess remained in Colorado. In this country she called herself "Catherine" instead of Katrina.

There is little of available record about the Count, but before the turn of the century Countess Murat went to live in a small home in Palmer Lake, near Colorado Springs. There she spent her last days, passing away in 1910. She is buried beside her husband in Riverside Cemetery, Denver, where a bronze plaque proclaims her the Betsy Ross of Colorado.

As the city of Denver grew, there came a time when the Murat cabin was the oldest original structure still standing. Then came a day when it looked as if it, too, would be "ploughed under."

Joseph Emerson Smith, a wellknown early day newspaper man, who knew Countess Murat personally, waged a campaign to save the cabin. I heard Mr. Smith tell dramatically how Countess Murat would sit at her piano in the moonlight and play for her dog, "Fritze".

He appealed to his good friend, May Bonfils Berryman, owner of the beautiful estate, Belmar, on Wadsworth Avenue in Lakewood on the edge of Denver.

May Bonfils Berryman, the older daughter of wealthy, powerful Frederick G. Bonfils, co-owner of the *Denver Post,* made it possible to have the Murat Cabin erected and restored on her estate where it could be protected from vandalism.

The fascinating story of the Bonfils family, including that of May Bonfils,

was recently written by Bill Hosokawa — *Thunder in the Rockies.* How May defied her domineering father in marrying Clyde V. Berryman, later divorcing him, and how she challenged her father's will to win considerable wealth is quite a story.

I became interested in Belmar when the old cabin, Denver's oldest building still standing, escaped demolition by being moved there. When Henry Swan, a Trustee of the State Historical Society of Colorado, heard me express a desire to inspect the cabin, he asked a mutual friend, Mrs. Ora Haley, if she could arrange to have us go to Belmar.

Mrs. Haley accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Swan and me, one afternoon in 1959, to see May Bonfils, now Mrs. Charles E. Stanton.

Her husband met us at the house with his car for a tour of the estate. Mrs. Haley went inside to visit with May. The grounds were beautiful with marble statues, trimmed hedges, flower beds and a pond. Deer, pheasants, and other wild life were visible.

The Murat cabin had been restored to its original state. Inside it was rustic furniture and Navajo rugs. On the wall was an oil painting of a man. Could it be Count Murat? No one could say. It was in the old cabin when it was moved. The cabin was well-equipped with electric burglar alarms to prevent vandalism.

Mr. Stanton was very gracious and talked freely with us. He said he had worked with Mrs. Berryman (May) redoing parts of her house and changing some of the interior decorating. He is an architect and interior decorator. He said that May was pleased with his work and had come to trust him in business matters. Their interests were similar. Both had knowledge of arts and antiques and they liked to travel.

May told him that she was not well, that she needed someone to look after her business who would have an interest in it. She suggested they be married so he could look after her the way she wished. And, although there was quite a difference in their ages, they were married.

When Mr. Stanton took Mr. and Mrs. Swan and me into the house, we went into the big drawing room to meet May. She was very cordial and explained that she had wanted Mrs. Haley to see her jewelry so she was wearing many of the pieces.

Suspended as a necklace was the world-famous Idol's Eye, a 70.9 carat diamond! It was the star of her more than $3,000,000 collection. The Eye was flanked by 41 round diamonds and 45 baguette diamonds. The Idol's Eye, nearly four centuries old, had been the property of kings and princes. Its whereabouts had been unknown for ages until it was discovered as the eye of an idol.

Mrs. Stanton was wearing rings and bracelets set with diamonds, garnets, emeralds, pearls and other stones.

A servant served cocktails and delicacies while we chatted about the jewelry, paintings, orientals and antiques in the room.

Mrs. Stanton also talked about the pure bred sheep they were raising on the estate, which were winning recognition in the western livestock world. Mr. Stanton had shown us the sheep on our tour of the estate.

After our visit I had two telephone conversations with Mrs. Stanton. She wanted me to find out the age of her old friend, Joseph Emerson Smith. She said she was sure he had not given her the right figure. She evidently had known him a long time.

Mrs. Joseph Emerson Smith also was her good friend. I had tea several times with Mrs. Smith, who lived in the home that at one time was owned by the Berrymans. Mrs. Smith had served a long time as Registrar of the U.S. Land Office in Denver.

Mrs. Stanton was not well, and as I recall it, had a full-time nurse when we visited her. She died on March 13, 1962 at the age of sixty-two, leaving her estate to her husband.

The world-renowned Parke-Bernet Galleries of New York City handled the auction of Mrs. Stanton's jewelry. Mr. Stanton kindly gave me one of the auction catalogs which was gorgeously illustrated.

May Bonfils Stanton lived a quiet life in contrast to the bombastic public life of her father, Frederick G. Bonfils. I met her sister Helen only once when we made her an honorary member of our Denver Woman's Press Club.

A few years after the death of his wife, Mr. Stanton gave Belmar Estate to the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Denver. It was converted into a shopping center, and again the Murat Cabin had to find a new home.

This time the State Historical Society of Colorado rightly took over the project. At present the logs of the cabin are in storage at the new Heritage Center of the Society at 1300 Broadway, Denver. According to plans of the Society, the Murat Cabin will be restored and used as the focal point in a new, permanent exhibition of Early Denver.

WILLIAM F. CODY

I SAW William F. Cody only once. He was mounted on a spirited horse and was leading the parade of his Wild West Show. His manager had sent tickets to my mother, who was postmistress of our ranch post office at Filmore, Wyoming. To me Buffalo Bill was, and always will be, the greatest showman of the Old West.

Grant Vincent, my Uncle Ed Vincent's brother, rode with the Wild West Show. Ed Vincent had married my mother's youngest sister, Robekah Dorsett Findley.

Grant wrote letters to his family on letterheads of the Wild West Show when he was in Europe. He told many interesting things about his fellow-riders and the Indians. In England he broke one leg while riding a broncho in the show.

When the "epizootic" struck and killed many of the show's horses in Europe, Cody sent Grant back to the States to buy horses for replacements. He bought horses in the Fort Collins, Colorado area, freighted them to New York, and then took a boatload to Italy where he rejoined the show.

Buffalo Bill's horses always fascinated me and I did considerable research on them. I was especially inter-

ested in the painting of him which the famous Rosa Bonheur did while visiting his camp. Later she had a cow pony shipped from Wyoming to her estate in France for study.

Jim White, editor of the *Nebraska Farmer*, asked me to write an article about Buffalo Bill and his horses. I did and he published it in his magazine. Later, with his permission, I had the article reprinted in a small booklet. Not long after it appeared, I received a letter from William E. Coe, wealthy Eastern benefactor of the Coe Library at Yale. Mr. Coe said that the picture of Buffalo Bill which I had credited to a painting by Rosa Bonheur was not the one she painted. He told me he owned the original painting by Bonheur and sent me a photograph of it, for which I was grateful. In Mr. Coe's picture, Buffalo Bill Cody was a young man with dark hair. The one I had used showed Cody with white hair and a white goatee.

I did some concentrated thinking. I recalled that Robert Lindneaux, a skilled Denver artist, had told me about helping with an exhibition of Cody's paintings and posters for one of Denver's big stores. The next time Lindneaux came into my office I asked him if he had painted the picture of Buffalo Bill in his later years. He smiled and said he had.

"Why was Rosa Bonheur's name on it?" I wanted to know. Lindneaux's answer was vague, something to the effect that he had neglected to remove it. At any rate, thanks to Mr. Coe, I reprinted my brochure *Buffalo Bill and His Horses* with the correct photograph of the Bonheur painting.

At the time of Buffalo Bill's death, January 10, 1917, I was in school in New York City. But many years later I learned about his burial from Curator Edgar McMechen. When I was called to the State Historical Society to serve a year as Acting Historian, my office on the main floor of the Museum was only a few steps away from Mac's. As Curator he was handling the executive work of the State Historical Society.

He knew I was deeply interested in Colorado history and stopped by often to chat. Mac had been editor of *Municipal Facts*, a fine magazine devoted to Denver's civic affairs. He had held a number of responsible positions and was familiar with the politics of Denver. He was familiar with all of the angles.

One afternoon he came into my office, walked to the large window which faced on Fourteenth Avenue, put his foot on the low radiator beneath the window, and gazing out at the capitol across the street, began talking. His voice sounded almost as if he were talking to himself.

"I had a lot to do with the burial of Buffalo Bill," he said. "The *Denver Post* wanted to keep his body in the Denver area when he died. It was thought that the people of Cody, Wyoming would try to get it. I was asked to negotiate with Mrs. Louisa Cody to have her husband buried in the Lookout Mountain area. I paid her $10,000."

Then he explained that the funeral arrangements were put in the hands of the Elks Club, that Cody's body lay in state in the Capitol, and that there was a big parade with all the fanfare that this great showman deserved.

Mac also explained that railway rails were placed on top of Cody's grave, embedded in four or five feet of concrete to guard against vandals.

I have heard it said many times that Buffalo Bill wanted to be buried on Cedar Mountain near Cody. What few persons know is that about 1903, Buffalo Bill had had a will drawn up by two eminent lawyers of New York City, in which he stated that he wished to be buried in Colorado on a mountain overlooking Denver. A copy of that will, I was told by a most reliable Wyoming gentleman, was on file in a county office in Cody. Later — some years later — Cody made another will in which he named his wife, Louisa, as his heir. I obtained a copy of that second will, but when I asked for a copy of the New York will, I was informed it was not on file, as I had been told.

A postal card in color was published some years back showing a proposed monument with Buffalo Bill on horseback on Lookout Mountain. Money was supposed to be raised for the monument by contributions from school children. Nothing apparently came of the proposal.

But a very fine monument, sculptured by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, was built and stands near Cody, Wyoming.

While living in Willits, California from 1970 to 1976, I often talked with Don Coleman, champion rodeo rider and well-known Hollywood actor, who posed for that Cody, Wyoming statue.

Don Coleman, born in Sheridan, Wyoming, grew up on a ranch in Montana. At the age of fourteen he hit the rodeo circuit as a broncho-busting cowboy. He became World Champion Broncho Buster. He appeared in most of the "Western" motion pictures in Hollywood and was a good friend of Tim McCoy, who I had known for years.

Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney saw pictures of Coleman and asked him to come to New York to pose for the statue of Buffalo Bill, which was to be set up at the entrance to Yellowstone National Park.

Don Coleman was very handsome (and still is) and while he was in New York City was asked to pose for a number of Arrow Collar advertisements. To name all of the motion pictures in which he has played would require several pages. One of his greatest feats was training 1,400 mules and horses for "Beau Geste," filmed in Yuma, Arizona.

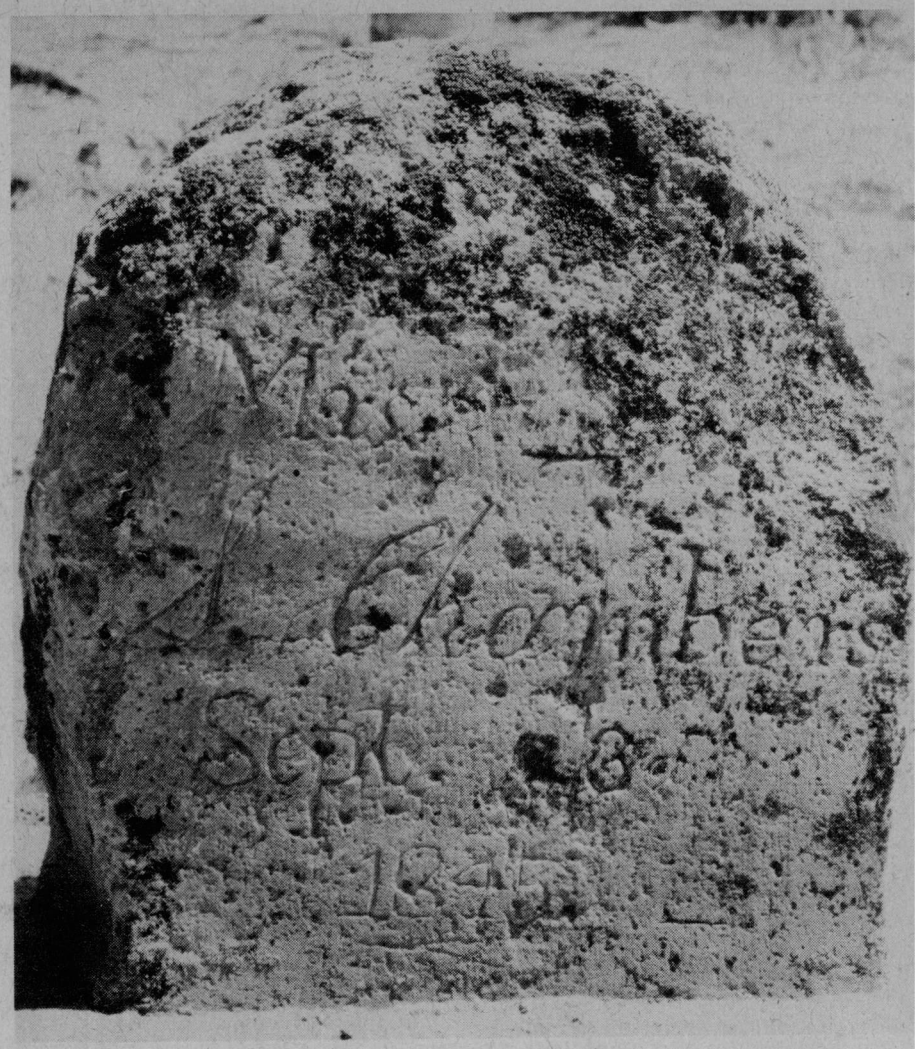
Don retired in 1934. He and his wife, Patricia, whom he married in 1927, live quietly on a forty-acre ranch in the valley adjoining Willits, not far from the big Redwoods.

Don still keeps an interest in rodeos. He feeds cattle in good grass years. The Colemans have a collection of Jesse James memorabilia, assembled by Patricia's father, a railway executive.

Buffalo Bill, to my mind, will always be the "Greatest Showman on Earth."

By LAMBERT FLORIN

Photos provided by author



"THE GRAVE OF THE WOMAN"

--an intriguing link to the famed "Lost Wagontrain"

THE EPIC of westward migration is full of stories of heroic men and no less heroic women. Faced with the abandonment of their comfortable homes in the East and Midwest, of leaving their treasured belongings, almost all furniture and certainly all luxuries, women nevertheless packed up what they could and followed their husbands, realizing that they most likely would never again see parents, siblings and other loved ones. While tragedies, deaths from accidents and starvation, beset most wagontrains, surely the most harrowing misfortunes followed the one remembered in history as the "Lost Wagontrain."

Pressures from the urgencies of even staying alive kept members from paying much attention to one incident that, while having some elements of fact, was to burgeon into one of the most fascinating tales ever to inflame the minds of men.

The only undeniable element was that real gold nuggets were found along the way. The glittering yellow bits of metal were stashed and soon forgotten, being carried along to the "promised land" more or less by accident. On arrival at their goal, the rich agricultural Willamette Valley in Oregon, the immediate need of erecting shelter, the need of obtaining food and cultivating the soil, filled the minds of the settlers, leaving little room for thoughts of inedible gold.

The nuggets kicked around for nearly five years, almost unnoticed. One man did feel enough curiosity to place one on his wagon tire, and flatten it with a hammer. The nugget spread out into a thin sheet, a fact which should have alerted him to the true nature of the stuff, but he threw it back with the other "pebbles," commenting that it "didn't have the right ring." And one woman was said to have put a larger nugget to use as a door stop.

Then came the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in the Sierra foothills of California. The news spread fast, even to the remote areas of Oregon. Soon thousands of men, only recently arrived, left behind newly plowed fields and hastily erected cabins to again hit the trail, this time south. Most arrived at the Mother Lode and Northern Mines too late and returned home disillusioned. But some Oregonians had actually seen real gold nuggets and realized that those earlier found in eastern Oregon were the real thing.

Several parties were organized to return to the place where the members of the Lost Wagontrain had found the nuggets, but in attempting to relocate the spot, memories of the finders had already become hazy, and no two agreed on what they had claimed to be the facts. At least ten different stories were told, but the most picturesque one, the tale many people wanted to believe, went something like this:

NOT LONG after arriving in Oregon the train stopped for the night at a fine stream "running in a southwesterly direction" and thought to be the Malheur. This was one of the first serious errors in the story, the real Malheur running southeast to join the Snake. (They had in fact once camped beside the Malheur, but earlier in the journey.)

Soon after stopping at the river or creek destined for unending controversy, the children of the party scrambled for the water to play, taking along a blue painted wooden bucket they had unhooked from the bottom of one of the wagons. At the stream they saw many pretty yellow pebbles gleaming on the bottom and delightedly began collecting them to place in the bucket. Called to supper, the children

Above: little remains of the village of Beulah, headquarters for the builders of Agency Dam. At left: Inscription reads: "Mrs. S. Chambers, Sept. 23, 1845. Below: Author at the gravesite in 1979.

returned the bucket to its hook under the wagon. There, forgotten, it stayed for the remainder of the journey.

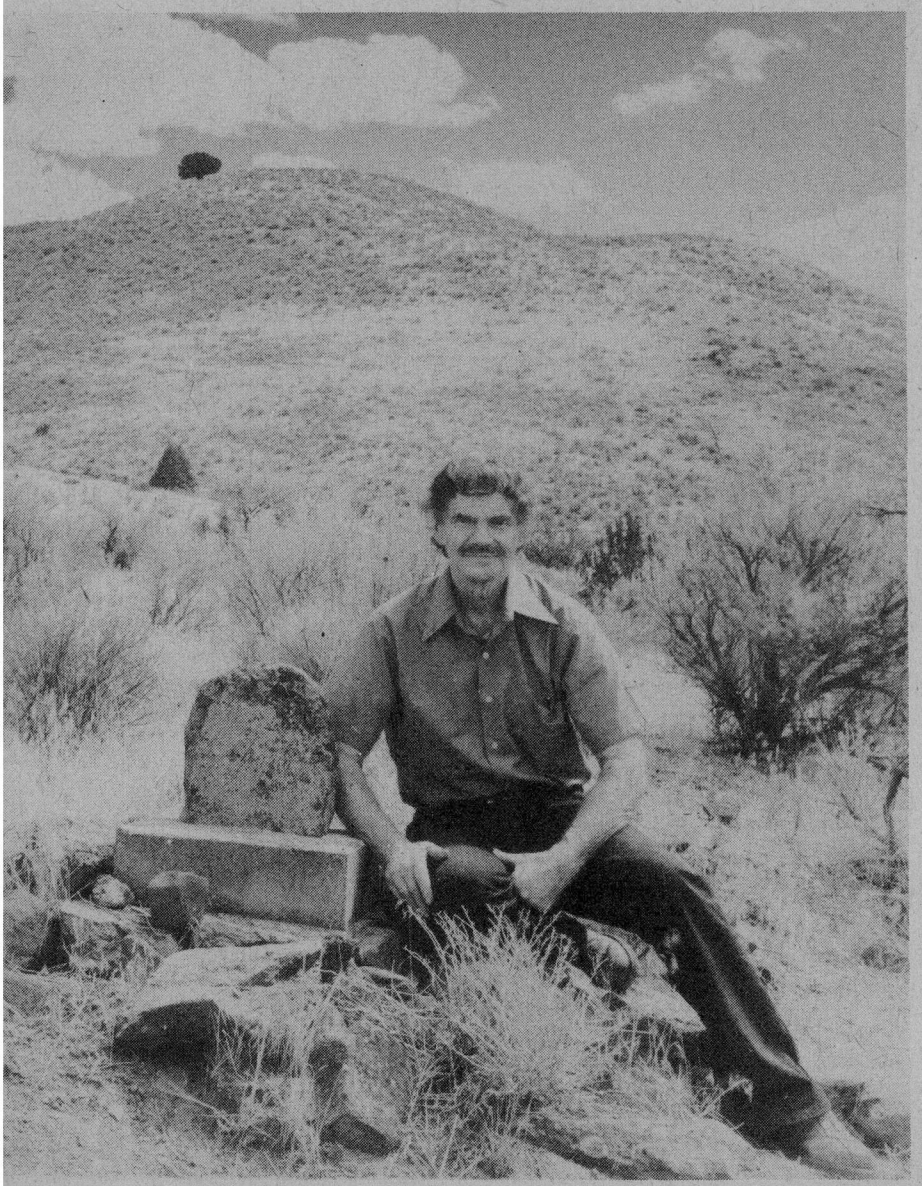
A serious doubt in this story is that much later the wagons had to be dismantled and carried across the Deschutes River on rollers running along a heavy rope. It would seem the bucket could hardly have remained undisturbed in this action. At any rate this is the story that gave rise to the alliterative and permanent title of all stories and legends concerning the "Blue Bucket Mine."

Another version, somewhat better documented, relates that young Daniel Herren, certainly a member of the party, found the gold in some water-filled cattle tracks at the edge of a stream. Daniel himself joined one of the later search parties but was unable to relocate the site. He died in 1907, his obituary giving him the credit for finding the gold on what was then termed the "Meek Cutoff." With this corroborating evidence, Ruby El Hult in her book, *Lost Mines and Buried Treasures*, feels safe in giving Dan Herren the honor of the discovery.

Keith Clark and Lowell Tiller, co-authors of *The Terrible Trail, the Meek Cutoff*, strengthen this version but quote from a letter stating that the other stories have some truth but changing the "cattle track" part to finding the nugget in a mole hill. The nugget was described as being the size of a man's thumb. It was hammered out on a wagon tire (that bit, again) and found to be malleable, but was casually dropped into a toodbox and forgotten. A version of this one claims that the nugget was hidden in a "secret compartment" indicating that the man secreting it must have had some idea of its value.

Authors Clark and Tiller make the calculated guess that the area most likely to yield the site of the Blue Bucket Mine lies between Hampton Buttes and Wagontire Mountain, adding that all caution should be used in ascertaining ownership of areas searched to avoid trespass charges. (In searching for photo sites of the area mentioned, I was summarily ordered off, and I was parked barely at the entrance road of the property. The owner even began pushing my car off the road with his mower rig. Ironically I was sitting in my car waiting for him to get closer so that I could ask permission.)

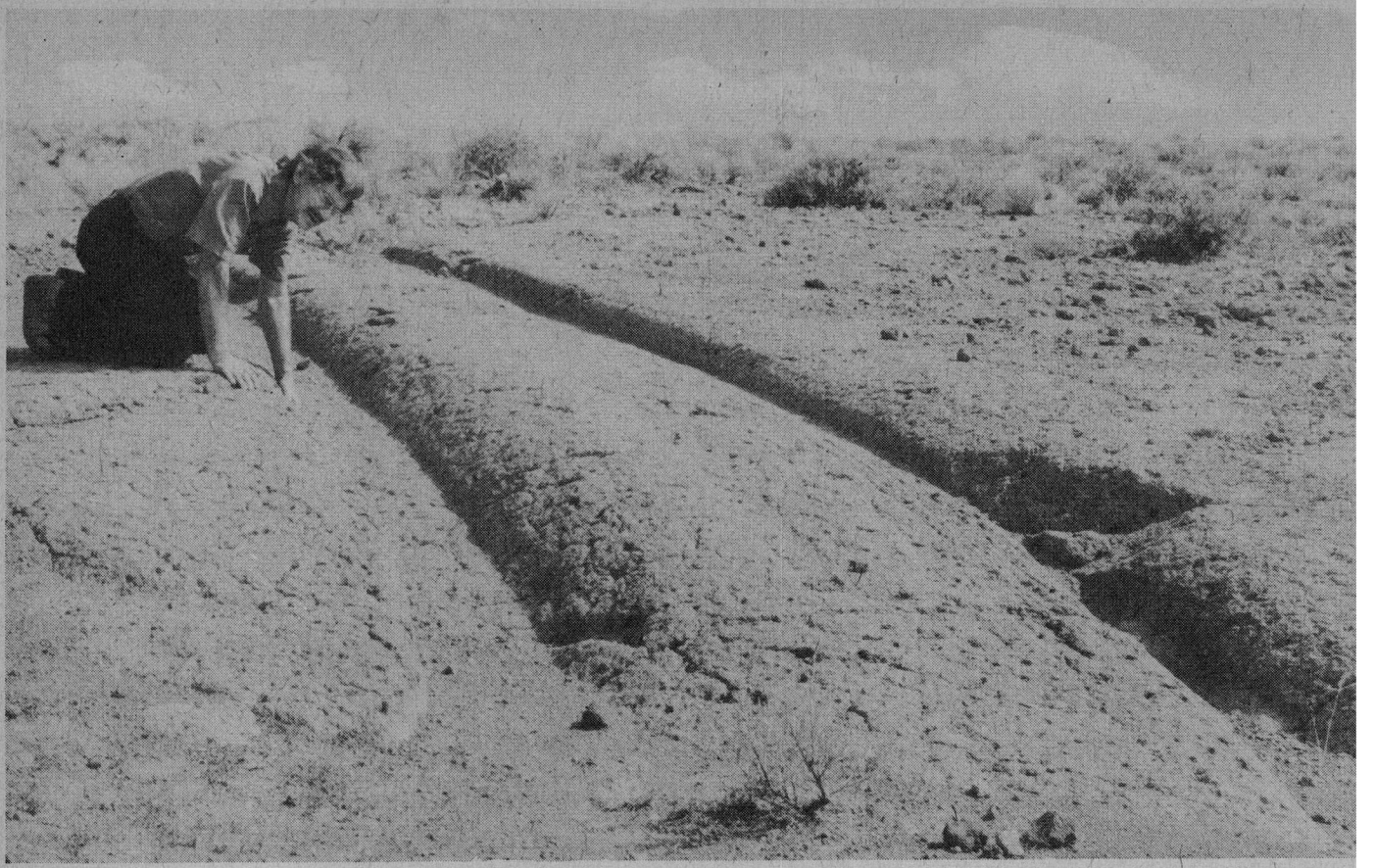
While there are many versions of the find, some with traces of corroboration, some obviously fanciful, all through most of them runs a recurring theme: "The stream was at a campsite two days travel from the grave of the woman." With this haunting thought in mind, I set out on a search to find it — not the fabled mine — but the grave of the woman.



IN the late summer of 1845 near the Snake River in Idaho, a large group of wagons had split from the main trail to The Dalles in Oregon, seduced by the siren song of one Stephen Meek, who claimed that he knew of a route almost straight across Oregon, shortening by many miles the arduous but better known route. When organized under new leadership this train, numbering between 100 and 300 wagons, and carrying about 200 families, left the old route near Fort Boise on the Snake River, heading west near the confluence of the Malheur River flowing out of Oregon.

Troubles began almost immediately, continuing to the very end when the pitiful surviving members, haggard and emaciated, straggled at last into The Dalles on the Columbia River. Along the way there had been at least twenty-four deaths.

All of these unfortunate souls, including several infants, were buried



Lambert Florin examines tracks worn into solid rock by hundreds of heavy freight wagons traveling the mountain pass between Vale and Malheur Camp, near present day Beulah Lake. The rock appears to be of the same type used by Rowland Chambers for his wife's headstone.

beside the trail. All graves were of necessity left unmarked, all but one, that of Sarah Chambers, wife of Rowland Chambers and daughter of Nahum King. Her death, the first along this terrible way, occurred at a campsite near the Malheur River and within sight of Castle Rock, a conspicuous landmark that guided the party for many miles.

The story goes that young Rowland Chambers, grieving over his wife's death, could not bear the thought of leaving her grave unidentified in that vast lonely expanse of sagebrush and juniper. Accordingly, he remained at the scene while the party moved on next morning, keeping with him a saddle horse so he could catch up when the task he had decided upon was completed.

Chambers went down to the river, selecting a flattish light-colored stone in the exposed rubble of older rock, harder than the more recent rough, black lava material scattered in the vicinity. Smoothing off the surface as best he could he inscribed his wife's name and the date. The job must surely have taken some time, at least a day, but it is known he did catch up with the train and eventually arrived in the vicinity of the Willamette Valley where he and the others settled. Among these latter was Nahum King for whom the town of King's Valley was named. Somewhat anticlimactic is the fact that Rowland Chambers soon married Lovisa, sister of his dead wife.

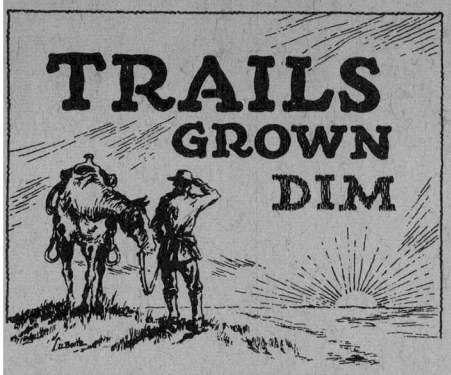
It so happens that the grave of Sarah, the only identified among so many nameless, is very likely the one often referred to as a clue in any search for the Blue Bucket Mine. The Malheur River, which was nearby when she was buried, has for many years been buried under the waters of Beulah Lake, formed by impoundment behind the Agency Dam. The earth and rock structure was built in the early 1880s by enforced Indian labor at the agency there. Rebelling at the menial labor the Indians attacked and killed most whites on the project. The government then moved in, finished off all the natives and completed the irrigation project. Some weathered structures still remain at Beulah.

A dirt road leaves Juntura (Spanish for junction) from U.S. Highway 20 traveling north to Beulah, partially circles around the lake, then continues north (some stretches very steep and narrow) to the summit of the divide where the deep ruts pictured here are located. At the lake a spur turns back, following the water's edge, somewhat higher than the original route followed by the wagontrain.

This passes the grave of Sarah Chambers (unmarked at the road, and better so). The historic grave has been violated twice by those searching for clues to the location of the Blue Bucket Mine. One found no remains proving he claimed, that the grave and clue were mere hoaxes. Another did find human bones. Two residents of Vale about ninety miles distant, Ken Kessler and L.K. Bullock, long intensely interested in the grave informed me they have never seen any evidence of such efforts and believe the stone has not been moved from its original location.

Mr. Bullock, now eighty-three, said "I go fishing a lot and like Beulah Lake. I had heard of the gravestone and did some searching over a long period of time. When I did find it, it was laying flat on the ground and seemed like an easy mark for some vandal or souvenir hunter. Next time around I brought a bag of cement and a little lumber for a form. With sand and water from the lake I made the base you saw. I figure the stone is now secure. I put the date on the left hand edge of the base but don't remember exactly when it was, sometime in the late 1960s, I believe."

The grave of Sarah Chambers is truly lonely but surrounded by wild unspoiled beauty.



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

Morgan

Josiah Wheeler Morgan was a Forty-niner from Ohio. We are searching for his children and descendants. He was born in 1832 in Ohio County, West Virginia. In 1849 he joined the Cambridge-California Mining Co. of Guernsey County, Ohio. (We have a list of the members of that mining company.)

After 1849 we have only census and the San Bernardino County, California records and the mention of him in the diary of his brother, John Mason Morgan. There is some discrepancy in these sources; the children are not in the census records but there is information of them in the diary.

San Bernardino County, California marriages: Josiah W. Morgan married Lucy L. Dickson on September 1, 1867. The following is from the census of San Bernardino 1870: Morgan, Josiah W. 48, born in Virginia; occupation, police; wife Lucy L. 30, born in Missouri; an infant daughter, two months old (no name). The 1900 census shows Josiah alone and a widower, living and working in a hotel.

The brother's diary mentions letters from brother Josiah, then letters from his children, a daughter Emma, born in California in 1877; a son born in 1880 and a daughter born in 1883, all in California. There was also a mention of letters from Mary Morgan, a member of Josiah's family.

We have Morgan family history that we wish to share with Josiah's descendants. The diary of John Mason Morgan, 1872-1890, of Olathe, Johnson County, Kansas has been copied and indexed. We will copy any information of families mentioned in this diary (several pages).

I will search Iowa or any other state or family records just for the expense I would have in going to the local historical library. — Ruby C. Morgan, 2629 East 29th, Des Moines, Iowa 50317.

Fields — Holman — Coats
Baldwin — Ford — Gunnell

My great-great-grandfather and his twin were Joseph and John Fields. They were born in Ray County, Missouri in November 1825. Joseph married Mary Elizabeth Holman and John married Catherine Coats. What were the names of Joseph and John Fields' parents?

I would also like information on the Baldwin, Ford, Gunnell, Holman and Coats families of Missouri for the years between 1800 to 1899. — Dorothy J. Nelson, 3635 Sherman Avenue, Apt. 31, North Bend, Oregon 97459.

Malsberry — Malmesberry

Do the above names reach into the memories of any readers?

I am also looking for kinsmen of Troy J. Teets (Tietz) who was an Indian horse trader on the Rosebud Indian Reservation in Rosebud, Nebraska around 1901-1910. All responses will get a reply. — Paul B. Mansberry, Rt. 2, Box 307, Oneida, Tennessee 37841.

Radford — Stiner

I am searching for information on Sarah _____Davis Radford who married John Radford in 1868 at Buffalo, Missouri. What was her whole maiden name and where was she born?

Anna Belle Stiner was born September 13, 1857 in Missouri. What town was she born in and what were her parents' names? Any help would be appreciated. — Mrs. Tom Nutt, P.O. Box 153, Fort Gibson, Oklahoma 74434.

Catchepaugh

I am looking for information on Eve Catchepaugh. She was born on July 28, 1790 in Pittstown, Rensselaer County, New York and died January 14, 1864 in Brunswick, New York. I have been told she was a Mohican Indian. She married Abraham Bulson on October 15, 1808. Abraham was born August 27, 1781 and died September 10, 1863 in Brunswick. They had a son, Abram, born August 3, 1816 and died May 10, 1906. I don't know if there were other children.

If anyone has information on Eve Catchepaugh, please write. I was always curious about her. — Alice Bulson, RFD #3, Box 216, Troy, New York 12180.

Dryden — Filmer

I would like to hear from descendants of Kendall E. Dryden (1823-1886) who was born in Worcester County, Maryland and lived in Owen County, Indiana and Creek Nation, Indian Territory or from anyone who might know something of this man's life.

I would also like to hear from descendants of the Filmer family of Kent County, England, who settled in Canajoharie, Montgomery County, New York about 1830. About 1850 all of them, with the exception of my great-grandfather, John, moved West. — Robert D. Filmer, Rt. 2, Box 127, Princess Anne, Maryland 21853.

Price — Covington

I am seeking information on Sarah Price, born circa 1828 in North Carolina, probably in Anson County, who married Benjamin T. Covington circa 1853. Ben was born August 14, 1828. Sarah's mother, Mary, is listed with her in the 1850 census of Anson County, North Carolina. In the 1860 census of Calhoun County, Mississippi it lists Mary as 63 years old with her daughter Sarah Covington, age 32; Mary age 7, born in North Carolina; William, age 4, born in Mississippi; and Elijah, age 3; born in Mississippi.

Who was Sarah's father? Did he die in the war? What was Sarah's mother's maiden name? — Elbert Covington, Rt. 1, De Soto, Illinois 62924.

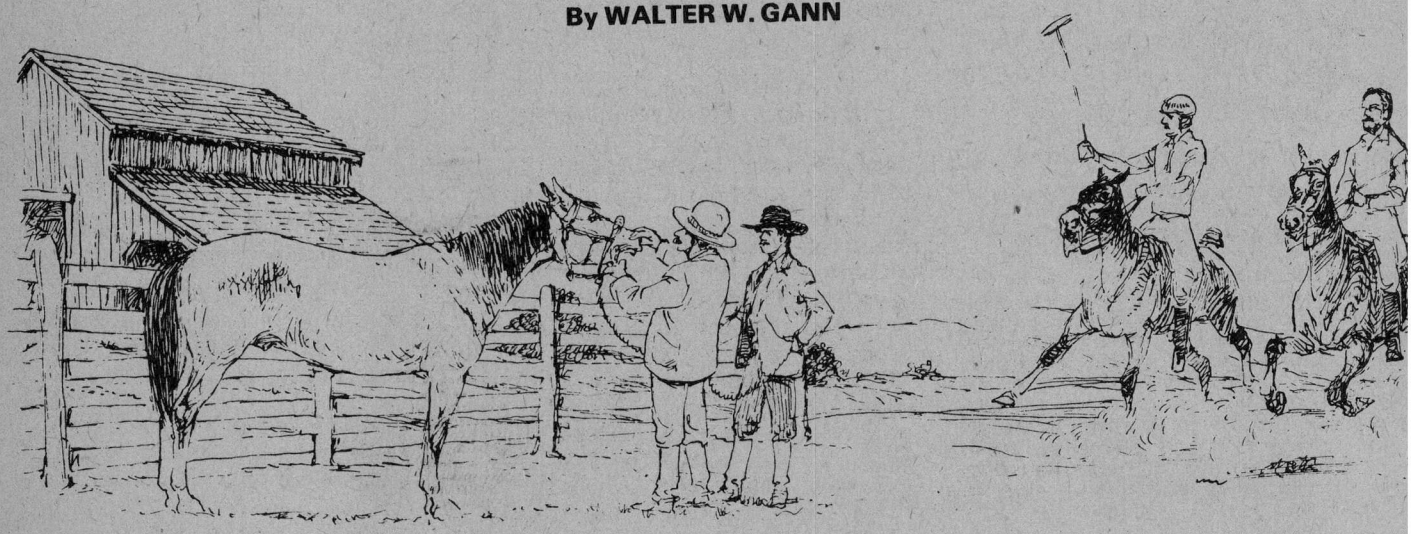
Frazier

My great-uncle, Baldy Green Frazier was born in 1874 in Franklin County, North Carolina. He was the youngest of about twelve brothers and sisters, went to Arkansas and then to Texas about 1889, returning to Arkansas to marry in Pinetree in 1901. He raised a family and died there in 1955.

I would like to know when and where in Texas he went and why and when he left. Also any information about his oldest sister, Sarah Ann Frazier, born in Franklin County, North Carolina in 1850. — Steve Frazier, 4609 West Virginia Ave., Bethesda, Maryland 20014.

English Billy Anson

By WALTER W. GANN



IN the late 1880s Frank and William (Billy) Anson migrated to America from England. They were direct descendants of the famous Lord Anson of the British Admiralty and they came well provided with funds and credits. Each bought a ranch in Coleman County, Texas.

Frank's place was situated fifteen miles north of Coleman, the county seat, while Billy bought about the same distance west of town near the small railroad station of Valera. Each ranch had a carrying capacity of 500 cattle. Frank married a local girl and easily settled into the mainstream of the local customs and culture of the country, while his younger brother remained somewhat aloof. Billy did not isolate himself, however. He participated in most of the social affairs, and his courtly grace reflected his training as a gentleman, but he just didn't mix.

There was a fairly good house on the ranch when Billy bought it, but he built a larger and better one out of native stone. He set one room aside as an office and added an el, or annex, as quarters for the domestic help. He engaged a couple; the woman was to do the cooking and housework while her husband became a general handyman. The ranch hands remained in the old building and did their own cooking. It was widely speculated that Billy intended to marry, but if such were his plans, they never materialized.

When Billy bought the ranch it was stocked with 500 cattle and ten or twelve stock horses besides the saddle horses needed to carry on regular ranch work. He bought them all. The first time there was any cow work to be done Billy learned something about cowboy independence and their regard

IT'S HARD TO PROMOTE FINGERBOWLS IN JERKY LAND . . .

for the welfare of the stock they controlled. Diminutive but explosive Bob Mann was foreman and he remained on in that capacity.

Billy had sold the two-year-old steers to be delivered on board railroad cars at the Valera station and, at the roundup, he elected himself to cut the steers from the main herd. Within a few minutes he was running and charging through the cattle, stampeding them in different directions and yelling instructions to the men outside who were having a hard time holding the roundup together. To Bob Mann those cattle were almost sacred. They had grown up under his care. He had either branded or supervised the branding of every one of them when they were calves. He couldn't stand the disturbance any longer — and he rode into the roundup. There he confronted Billy and said, "These cattle have never been choused around like you are doing and they won't be as long as I am here."

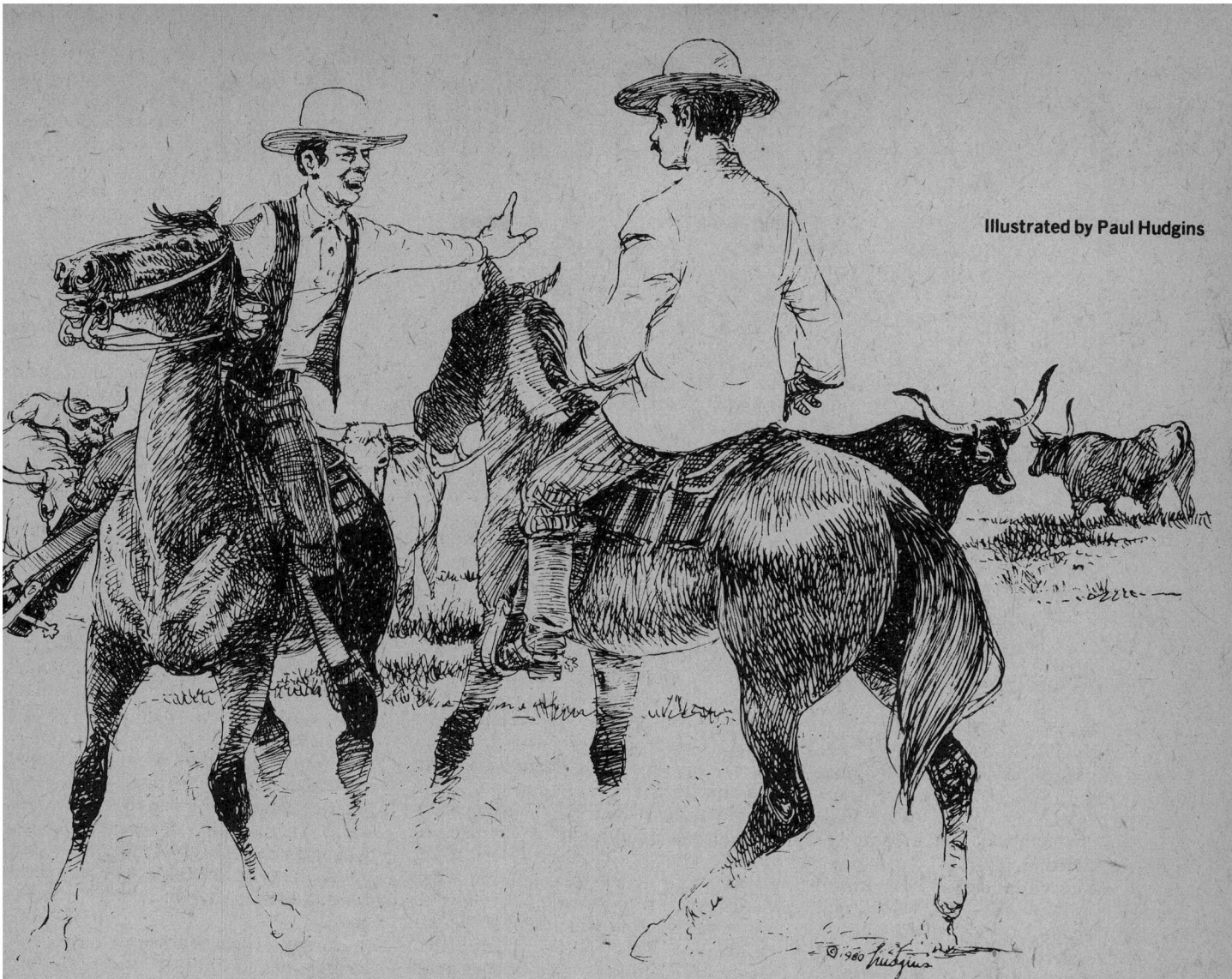
Billy became highly indignant and said, "My man, you are decidedly out of place addressing your superior in such a manner."

Like the mythical joint snake that breaks into pieces when angered, Bob flew off into different pieces. He recovered enough to say, "I am not your man and you're not my superior. You are just a big-headed Englishman. If you don't stop hollering at those men and get out of this roundup and let me do my work, I'll ride away — and I believe every man out there will follow." He punctuated his remarks with appropriately placed cuss words.

Billy was no fool and he believed that Bob Mann meant every word he said. So he made up his mind that he would correct matters later, meekly rode out of the roundup and became a spectator. Years later when he had adapted himself to the ways of the country and the people, he was able to laugh at the incident and say it was easy when you knew how, and that one of the wisest things he ever did was to ride out of that roundup and leave Bob Mann alone. But he didn't think so then. He had gloated at the thought of how he would take care of Bob Mann at the right time.

Bob expected to be fired but he was sure it would not come until after the cattle were delivered. They were held in a small pasture that night and driven to the Valera stockyards next day.

Billy had instructed the handyman to bring his buggy and team to the stockyards, and when the cattle were loaded and the buyer gave him his



Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

check in payment he took off in his buggy for town without a word to anyone. When he deposited his check at the First National Bank he asked the president, "Is it customary for your servants to curse you in this country?" When Billy told what had happened, the banker laughed and said, "It's a wonder he didn't kill you." Then in a more serious tone he said, "My advice is for you to make your peace with Bob Mann if possible. If you run him off he'll be hard to replace. In fact, when the word gets out why he was fired you'll have trouble getting anybody worth his salt. Those boys have their pride and the quicker you get over that master and servant attitude the better it will be."

Billy did not return to the ranch until late that night. He did some agonizing over the banker's advice, but, in the long run, decided to accept it. In the meantime Bob Mann was gathering his personal belongings, getting ready to leave. He owned a house in Valera he had bought as an investment and had it rented out. He expected to get room and board with the tenant until he could get settled.

When Billy called him into the office next morning he thought his time was up. Instead Billy made a few remarks about local affairs and then offered an apology and a promise to never interfere with working the cattle again. Bob did not apologize for what he had said, but he did finally say that as far as he was concerned the whole thing was over. From that day onward there was never any discord between them. At the end of their talk Billy did something he had never done before. He shook hands with a person he had previously thought was beneath him socially. After thinking the matter over, it was a relief to Billy to know that he had a trustworthy man to take care of the cattle while he devoted his time and energy to developing and training horses. This was what he had wanted to do in the first place.

WHEN the new house was finished Billy celebrated by giving a grand ball. There were several Englishmen and Scots ranching in the radius of fifty miles around Coleman and Billy invited them all by letter. Most responded by attending. Some of them drove fifty miles in their buggies. The remainder of his guest list consisted of the most prominent business men and ranchers close to Coleman. The guests who came long distances were expected to spend at least a day or two visiting. As a matter of course some of the guests were not married, but Billy was a strict moralist, as any gentleman should be, and no unmarried couples were ever invited to spend the night. The midnight supper would have been hard to beat anywhere. From that day onward the dance became a yearly event. And besides this lavish affair Billy found other ways to spend money.

He invited a group of his friends from England to spend a vacation on the ranch and he spared no expense in their entertainment. He was not ready for any polo games, but he entertained them in other ways. He took them to hunt on the Llano River where game was plentiful. He took them on a train trip to the San Angelo Fair where they viewed a rodeo for the first time. They did considerable quail and duck hunting all at Billy's expense, and they ate his food and consumed his liquor. Billy

rated them as titled gentlemen, but to Bob Mann they were nothing but a bunch of deadbeats and he was glad to see them go.

IN ENGLAND Billy had "ridden to the hounds" on some of their traditional fox hunts. He had played polo with the elite and he had attended most of the race meets. He acquired a strong desire to own and exploit a stable of polo and race stock of his own. In America he could see an opportunity to reach that goal.

Quarter Horses were popular with most Texas ranchers and Billy selected them as his favorite. They were an all-around useful animal, good for riding or driving to a buggy, and noted for endurance. They also had remarkable speed for a short distance. A quarter of a mile was considered to be their best running, hence their name. Billy imported a Thoroughbred stallion to cross with native mares he had bought with the ranch as a starter. To continue his plan he had a contractor level off and smooth down the ground for a polo playing field and a race track a quarter of a mile long. He selected some of the most promising animals from the ranch saddle horses and he bought a few others that suited his needs. With the help of one of the boys on the ranch and from an occasional visitor, one of his English friends, he started training horses for polo playing. In the course of a few months he could field two opposing teams. He invited some of his neighboring ranchers to participate.

My father's ranch was on Panther Creek, twelve miles south of Billy's property. He had some good horses too. In numbers they far exceeded Billy's modest herd. My father favored the Steel Dust branch of the Quarter Horse family. W.G. Busk, one of Billy's countrymen, had a ranch five miles below on the same creek. He raised some good Quarter Horses also. He retained his residence in England but he made two trips to America each year and remained six or eight weeks. Each trip, both he and my dad had standing invitations to Billy's monthly polo games. At times when Mr. Busk was at his ranch he would drive by our place, pick my dad up in his buggy, and they would go together. Papa never cared much for polo as a game but there was some horsemanship involved and he enjoyed the association with the crowd. A sumptuous barbecue, complemented by choice wines and liquors was served after each game.

As the years went by and Billy's crop of new colts grew to maturity he found some among them that had fairly good speed. He matched a few races and won some of them. The glory of winning was greater satisfaction to him than any money stakes involved.

My dad never went into racing as a side line, but he did like to see good horses perform. He attended most of the races held in Coleman and he wasn't above risking a few dollars on the horse his judgment told him to be the best. As far back as I can remember he owned only one horse that might be classed as a racer. No doubt there were others, but they were never exploited.

We broke our horses at three-year-olds. One spring the boys discovered one particular mare that showed unusual speed. My dad let two fellows in Coleman, who dealt exclusively in race stock, take that mare and race her. She won more than she lost. The last race she ran she was matched against Billy Anson's best race horse. My dad didn't attend the race because he was at home sick in bed. It is well enough that he wasn't at the track, otherwise he would have lost a bundle betting on his own horse.

The distance was a quarter of a mile and Billy, who rode his own horse, won by a small margin. After the race he was openly accused of bribing the jockey that rode my dad's mare to throw the race. The custodians who had charge of the mare lost a sizeable amount, and some of the spectators who had made bets among themselves claimed that Dad's mare was leading at the eighth of a mile post but her jockey deliberately made a strong pull on one bridle rein which threw her off stride, and Billy forged ahead. In a race that is run in twenty-two seconds from start to finish, a horse that is behind past the halfway mark has very little time to catch up.

Billy was not only indignant, he was infuriated at the accusation. There was considerable fuss but the judges had declared Billy the winner and there was nothing the opposition could do but to accuse and complain.

Billy did the gentlemenly thing by coming next day to see my father. I was quite small, but I have a distinct memory of him, sitting at the bedside and stating that if any trickery had been involved in the race he knew nothing about it. He said that if he had known that such a thing was going on he would have refused to run the race.

My father never believed that Billy would stoop to bribing a jockey. He had honor if nothing else. But Dad couldn't say as much for some of the men who might have been betting on Billy's horse to win. The outcome of that race never altered their friendship. Dad took charge of the mare and used her as one of his buggy team for two or three years. Then he turned her out as a brood and she foaled some good colts, but none of them was ever raced.

Ten years after that race was run and when the horse was six years old I had the misfortune to drown one of those colts, and almost drowned myself, while trying to swim across the Colorado River at flood stage.

EVENTUALLY Billy's spendthrift ways caught up with him. There was a mortgage on his ranch and cattle, and some of his creditors were hinting that they would like to see a little money coming in. His extravagance was not the only reason for his financial troubles. The middle Nineties were hard times for all businessmen, and cowmen in particular. There was an acute money panic all over the nation and the price of beef cattle sank to the bottom. Other cowmen went "flat broke." By his conservative and prudent policy, Frank Anson managed to keep his head above water, but Billy was slowly sinking. Unknown to most people in Texas, events were taking place far away on the African continent that rescued Frank and Billy Anson from their financial troubles.

The Boers in the province of South Africa rebelled against the English Crown and the war that followed was fought largely by the Cavalry. Early in the war the British High Command anticipated a shortage in cavalry horses, and they turned to America for replacements. On account of the Anson family's high standing with the government hierarchy, the brothers were awarded a contract to fill the need.

During the course of the war thousands of horses were shipped overseas to South Africa and each one represented a fair profit for the Anson brothers. It served as a bolster to Frank Anson's already stable condition but to Billy it was like finding a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. It meant a second chance to realize his prized hope and he made the most of it.

He sold his Coleman County ranch and bought a smaller but what he considered a better one, on the headwaters of the Concho River a hundred miles to the west. He designated the place "Head of the River Ranch" and his stationery bore that caption plus "Quarter Horses. Wm. Anson, Proprietor." He moved his horses to the new location and devoted his entire time and energy to enlarging the size of the herd, at all times striving for an improvement in the quality. He wanted to take Bob Mann with him, but Bob had married and wanted to start a small business of trading in horses and cattle. Bob was quoted as saying they both cried when they parted, which is hard for me to believe. Neither of them was the crying kind. If such was the case it is the only time I ever heard of Billy giving way to emotion.

At some time after leaving Coleman

County, Billy married, but I never knew when or whom. In fact I knew very little about his activities except in a general way. From all accounts he prospered. The increasing use of automobiles all but eliminated the demand for driving animals, but there was a new demand for horses of a certain kind. Polo playing was a very popular sport among most of the affluent young sportsmen in the East. They were willing to pay most any price for a horse that suited them. Neither were they content to own just one horse; they wanted a stable of three to five. Most of the horses that Billy raised and trained qualified as polo ponies. Before reaching the final owner they would pass through different hands, and each time the price escalated. When they were shipped from Texas to New York or Boston they did not go in regular stock cars on a freight train; they had the comfort of an express car attached to a passenger train, with soft bedding and proper food and water en route, and an escort of attendants to see to their welfare.

But the final owners were not concerned with price. Like Billy when he first came to America, money was no object. A horse that Billy sold for, say, $300 at his ranch would cost, at the end, at least $5,000, and often the cost price would run into five figures. I knew of one man who paid the unheard of price of $25,000 dollars for a horse that suited his fancy. That man is still living and he is still rich. In fact he was rich enough that in the 1940s he donated a painting to the Denver Museum of Arts which he had bought in Russia at a stated price of $750,000.

"That high-priced horse was raised and trained by the late Will C. Gay of Coleman, Texas. His widow is still living in Coleman. Will had played some polo and he knew enough about the game to train horses for it. He exhibited the horse at the Live Stock Show in Fort Worth, and the performance was impressive enough for a procurer to pay five hundred dollars for him, which was somewhat more than an average price for horses of that class. Unfortunately, the horse, along with several other valuable animals, was later destroyed by a fire which burned the stables where they were housed."

Shortly before the start of the First World War, Frank Anson was called back to England to accept a Lordship and the inheritance that went with it. I presume some people in Coleman later heard from him, but I never knew of it. And the last definite news I had of Billy was in the 1920s. I was not living in Texas at the time but a friend sent me a newspaper full-page clipping from the San Angelo *Texas Standard*. It contained a feature story written by one of the reporters giving a brief resume of Billy's career as a horse raiser. I don't remember any specifics of the story but I was impressed by the large photo which showed Billy sitting in his buggy holding the lines over a fine looking pair of horses. In the background was a large gate on the road leading into his property. Above the gate was a metal arch with the sign, HEAD OF THE RIVER RANCH. I was amazed at Billy's personal appearance. It was quite a contrast to the healthy and vigorous man I had known twenty odd years before. There was nothing in the picture to suggest the kind of weather, except it appeared to be a sunny day. He was bundled up in an overcoat with a robe across his lap. A scarf showed around his neck and he wore a cap instead of a hat. Locks of gray hair protruded from under the cap and he looked haggard and very old. I never knew when he died.

Billy Anson didn't cut much of a figure in world affairs but the memory of him deserves some notice. He succeeded in improving the grade of an already useful breed of horses. At all times he maintained the instincts and habits of a gentleman. I never heard of anyone who came in contact with him to be the worse for it, and some benefited. I never heard an ill word spoken against him, which is more than few, if any of us, can claim.

By JACK C. GALE

Photos & maps provided by author

AN AMBUSH for NACHEZ

Soldiers were no match for Apaches in the art of bushwhacking!

DURING the sixteen-month Apache campaign which culminated in the final surrender of Geronimo's small band in September 1886, there was much speculation about the part the San Carlos and Fort Apache Reservation Indians were playing. Newspapers, and even some army officers, maintained that the hostiles received more than just moral support.

One incident which did occur and which was kept quiet by the military, verifies that there was at least occasional contact between the hostiles living in the mountains of Mexico, and the Reservation Indians.

Following the fight on May 3, 1886 in the Pinito Mountains with Captain T. C. Lebo's K Troop, 10th Cavalry (colored); two fights on May 15 in the Santa Cruz Mountains with Captain Charles A.P. Hatfield's D troop, 4th Cavalry; succeeded by a close shave two days later when Lieutenant R.A. Brown with I Troop, 4th Cavalry charged into the Indians' camp minutes after their flight, the hostiles felt the pressure and split into at least two groups.

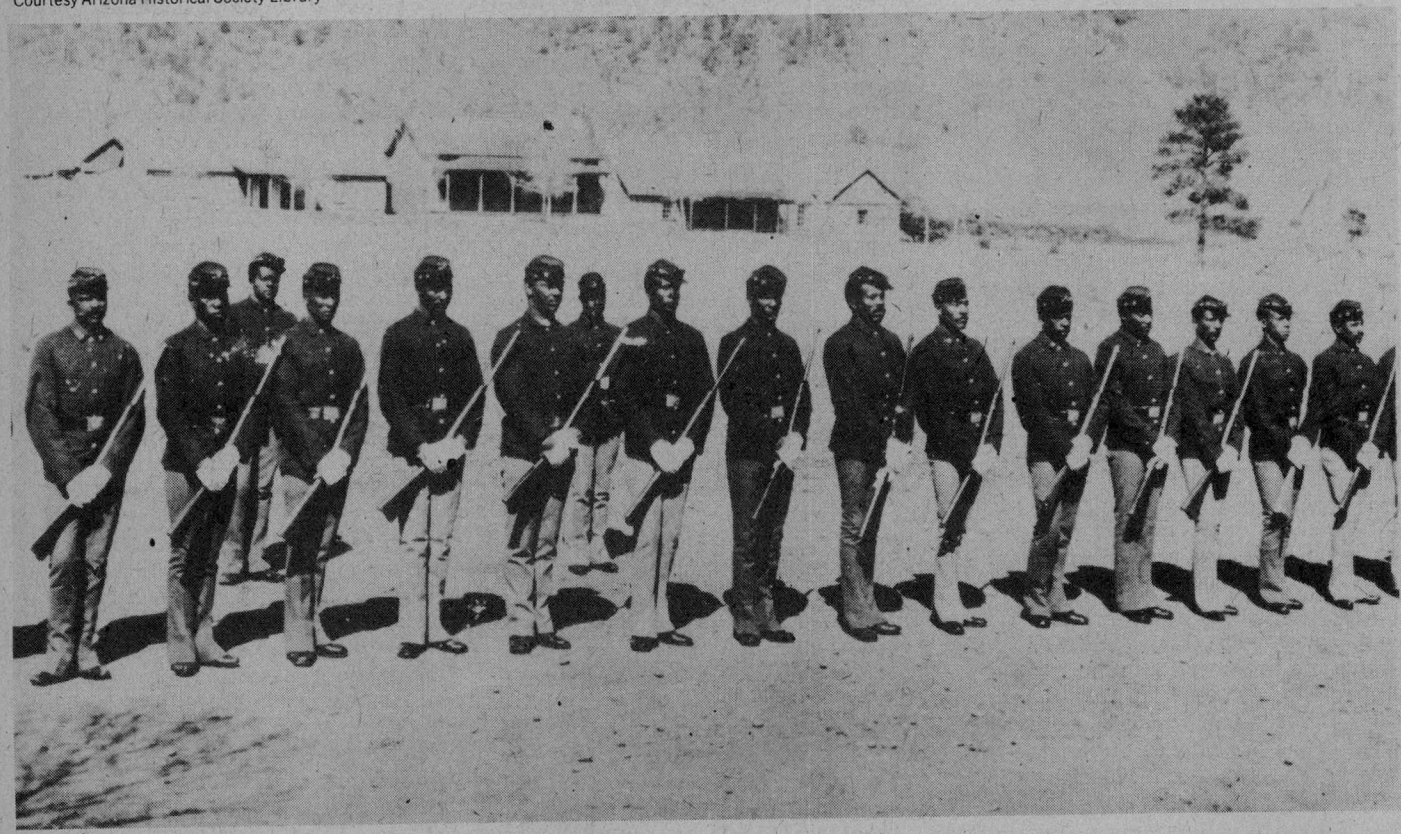
One, under Geronimo, remained in Mexico while the other, led by Nachez, rushed down the Santa Cruz Valley (pursued by the Cavalry) past Calabasas, Tubac and Tucson, then circled east through the edge of the Catalina and Rincon Mountains. At this point Nachez may have divided his band again, leaving three or four people in the Rincons, as there were depredations by, and sightings of, a band of about this size during the succeeding days while the Chief proceeded north down the San Pedro Valley.

For some reason Nachez did not cut the telegraph lines as had been done in the past. The Apaches did not understand how the telegraph worked but they knew that the "talking wires" carried messages, and were quick to learn that a broken wire kept secrets. They had mastered the art of sabotage to a degree of perfection by cutting the wire where it ran through a tree and then tying it back together with a short piece of rawhide, thus preventing a man on horseback from spotting the break. This method, especially when used in several places, took days to locate and repair.

Now the telegraph lines hummed with messages concerning the whereabouts of the hostiles, with fourteen transmissions on the 24th alone. The

Troop A, 10th Cavalry, at Fort Apache, A.T. in 1887.

Courtesy Arizona Historical Society Library



Courtesy Arizona Historical Society Library

Chiracahua Apache Chief, Nachez, son of Cochise.

following, while showing how close pursuit was, also show the varying opinions as to where the Indians were headed, and the typical variance of different people reporting the same incident:

To General Miles, at Wilcox.
May 24, 1886, Fort Grant

Brett lost trail about 6 miles North of High Creek and back of Eureka Springs. Dean went on this A. M. taking direction of trail and will probably find it scattered. Has good trailers. Have 2 Indian scouts here that will go with Brett. Either Dean or Smiley whom I sent out with last 10 horses at post last night to Cedar Springs are likely to have found trail today.

Shafter, Colonel, Commanding

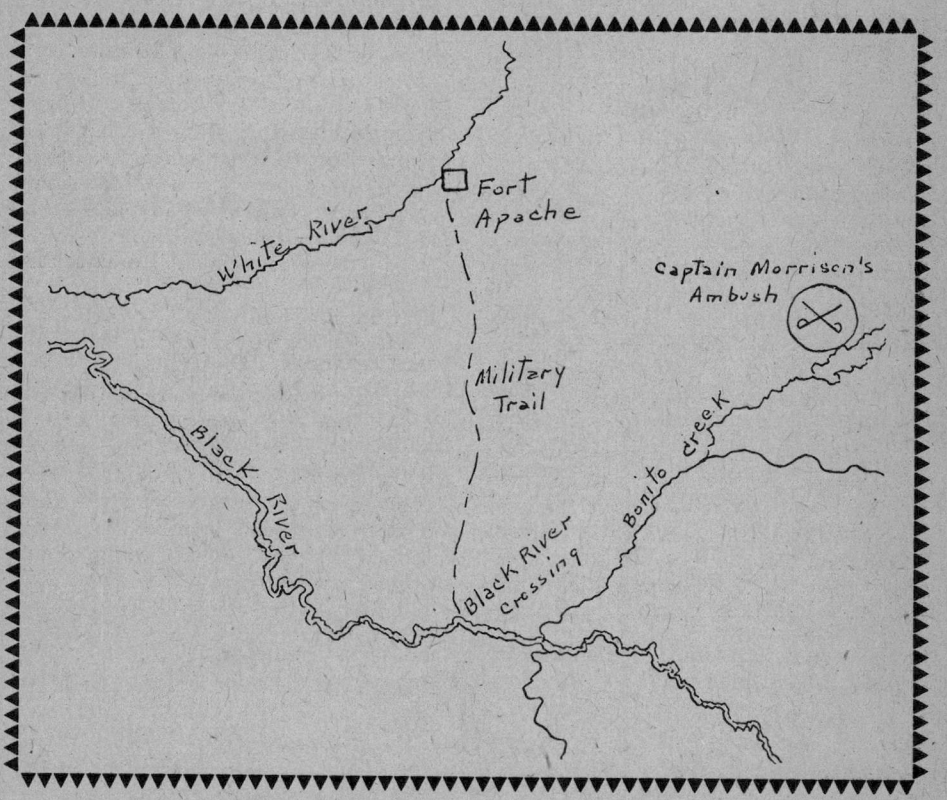
To Captain Thompson, AAG, at Fort Bowie
May 24, 1886, Fort Thomas

Mr. Hawkins just in from Curtisville, a town of 300 people, says the Indians after crossing the Gila about 7 P.M. last night went into camp about 300 yards from town, turned out their horses and remained until daylight, taking some 8 horses. If this is true Freeman can't be over 2 hours behind them and Reed and Smiley can't be over 2 hours behind Freeman.

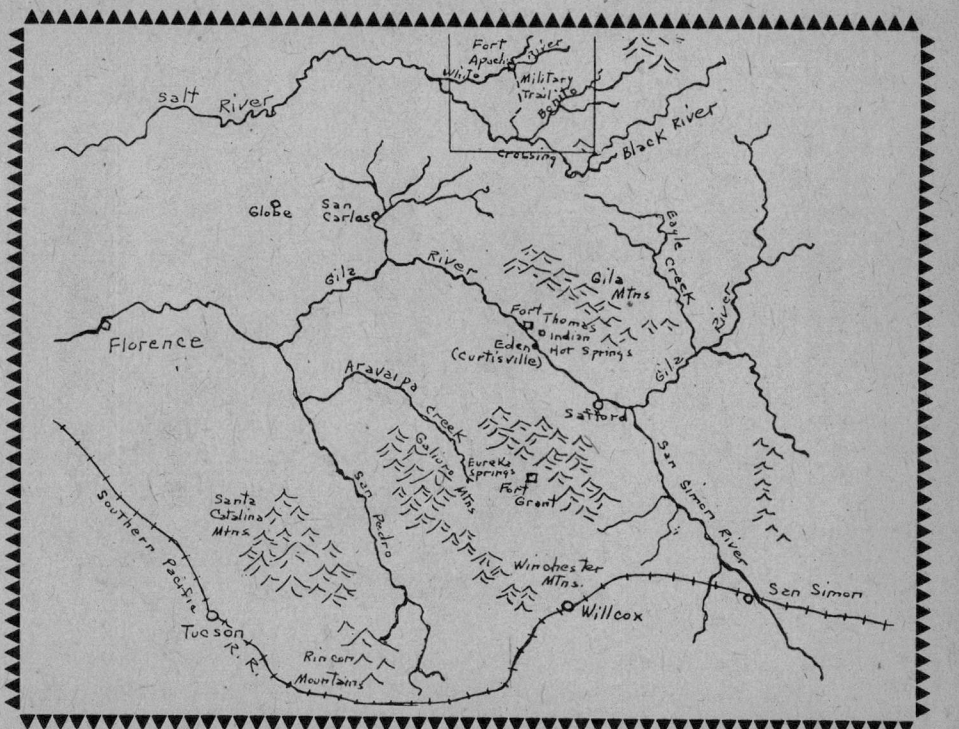
Mills, Colonel, Commanding

To General Miles, at Willcox
May 24, 1886, Fort Grant

Will have Brett's horses shod up by sundown and his command on mountains with Hooker's and as far as Hot Springs tonight. Brett says were 11



Maps above and below show the terrain near Fort Apache, A.T. at the time of the story.



men in the party he followed, as he counted places where they slept. He made them drop 15 horses and a number of saddles, blankets and packs. I find this party not one that captured boy near Pantano. I withdrew Infantry party today I had concealed in Mountains north Winchester but will replace them tonight. Will try get orders to Dean and Smiley to find that trail and follow it.

Shafter, Colonel, Commanding

Score one for Shafter. He had already deduced that the party pursued north from the border has split.

To Colonel Mills, at Fort Thomas, via Curtisville
May 24, 1886

Took the trail where the man was killed just opposite Taylors Canyon. Not more 8 Indians and 12 horses. Soon as dark they took trail straight to river, crossed at ford just above Curtisville, stopped in sight of town and carried off 4 horses belonging to people of town. Trail seems going straight to mountains and will cross near the round topped peak back of Gardiners Hot Springs. I shall be over mountains by 11 o'clock and shall do best to catch them. Evidently loitered here some time.

S.D. Freeman, Lieutenant

To General Miles, at Willcox
May 24, 1886, Fort Grant

Following received from Mills at Fort Thomas. Indians left Centerville 8 miles above Thomas on north side Gila daylight this A.M. with Freeman and 20 men 2 hours behind. They camped nearly all night within a few hundred yards of this town of 300 people, killing 1 man and carrying off some 8 horses. Reed was about 2 hours behind Freeman. From Centerville this trail went directly towards Apache near the hot springs and Markam's old sheep ranch. I think even if they intended to do that Freeman will press them so hard that they will not go to Apache but turn to the right via Stephen's ranch and go in N.M. about Alma as they did before. Hope Norvell and Hunt may head them off.

Shafter, Colonel, Commanding

To Captain Thompson.
AAG, at Fort Bowie
May 24, 1886, Fort Apache

It seems hostiles crossed Gila last night and are coming this way at last account. It hardly seems possible will come in here but I am doing everything in my power to be ready for them if they do come. It must be settled soon which way they are going. Would advise most careful watch about Clifton and Duncan and their old route South. Should they be coming here they will probably be around tonight. If they get near telegraph line they will probably cut it. I do not anticipate any trouble with the Chiricahuas in camp even should hostiles come in here or near here. The White Mountains (Indians) are on the lookout and promise to try to get even for killing their people last fall, if any hostiles come within reach. Will try to keep you informed.

Wade, Lt. Colonel, Commanding

Now Judge, before you pick a winner, I jist want you to know what my old bull lacks in quality, I make up fer in muscle!

THE HOSTILES' destination of course was Fort Apache. One historian writing about the episode nearly forty years, later maintained that the object of this scout was to gain advance information of the campaign they knew General Miles was planning against them. This premise is highly improbable since practically none of the Apaches could understand English, none could read, and General Miles, whose headquarters alternated between Willcox and Calabasa, did not furnish advance copies of his plans to the Indians at Fort Apache or anywhere else. Besides that it's highly unlikely the hostiles were aware that General Crook had relinquished his command to General Miles.

The most logical reason for the visit was to find out what had happened to the approximately one hundred Chiricahuas who had surrendered to General Crook at Canyon de los Embudos in March. At that meeting Geronimo and Nachez had fled the parley after being convinced by a white whiskey peddler that they would be executed if they surrendered.

Most of the Apaches on the reservation were honestly peaceful and many had even campaigned in Mexico with the cavalry in pursuit of the malcontents, but there were friends and close relatives of the hostiles in the vicinity of Fort Apache who could be trusted to remain silent about house guests from south of the border.

Patrols around this post were increased until virtually all troops available were in the field with Indian scouts, searching for trails headed north. Despite these efforts the group of Indians being pursued slipped into the Chiricahua camp near Fort Apache on the 25th.

The following morning Captain J.T. Morrison, scouting out from his camp at the Black River Crossing with his Troop A, 10th Cavalry, and a detachment of ten Apache Indian scouts under Lieutenant Frank B. Jones, 22nd Infantry, discovered their trail between the Black River and Bonito Creek. He immediately dispatched a courier to Colonel Wade at Fort

Apache and then followed the trail north.

The trail led to a narrow secluded canyon on the upper Bonito Fork some twelve to fifteen miles southeast of the post where Morrison discovered the horses and camp equipment left by the Indians, as they had covered the last leg of the journey into the Chiricahua camp on foot.

The horses were in a small meadow but the hostiles had cleverly placed their saddles, bridles, blankets, and other paraphernalia in the trees and shrubs along a ridge so that while being concealed from the casual observer, they could be seen from a distance by the discerning eye of the Apache aware of their location. The ever alert Nachez correctly reasoned that any troops who might discover his cache would either remove the items or at least disturb their carefully arranged position.

Lieutenant Jones, who suspected deception, stopped the colored troops from removing the articles and had them replace everything as near as possible where found. Captain Morrison then had all their horses hidden on the back trail among some large boulders, and all horse and foot prints erased with brush sweeps. The troopers were positioned along the sides of the trail and Lieutenant Jones' scouts were stationed on a ridge overlooking the Indians' horse herd.

Throughout these preparations, the scouts were careful to leave no traces

of their movement, and avoided exposing themselves against the skyline or stopping in a position where an enemy might seen them first, or have the advantage in a fight should they already be somewhere near. The troops did their best to imitate the scouts.

Troopers and scouts all took their positions behind convenient rocks and bushes and waited. The day wore slowly on, hour after hour, and nothing happened. With no shelter the men suffered from the intense heat under the scorching Arizona sun, and their misery was intensified by their cramped positions.

That evening while leading the horses to water in the next canyon, the troopers had another lesson in Apache caution. As the Lieutenant rode across the rim of the canyon a scout suddenly reached up and pulled him from his saddle. Quite startled the officer demanded to know why he had been so violently handled. Knowing very little English the scout merely pointed to the officers' mid-section and exclaimed "Boom, Boom! " The explanation was sufficient and others who were mounted immediately tumbled from their saddles.

AFTER a cold, sleepless night the welcome rays of sun greeted the weary and numb troopers who were by now thoroughly disenchanted with their situation but unable to do more than watch and wait. As the sun rose slowly above the mountains and crawled across the blue sky, the men began to grumble and complain that the hostiles must have discovered their trap and left by another route, or else were not coming this way at all.

Throughout another sweltering day and long before "the play" was over the soldiers were paralyzed from the cramped immobility in which they were deployed. The scouts meanwhile maintained their steady vigilance with disregard to the discomfort.

Finally the soldiers' patience was rewarded when one lone Apache appeared above the canyon wall opposite. For long minutes he thoroughly studied not only the cached equipment but every rock, tree and shrub in the canyon and on the opposite embankment. He crouched there motionless and listened intently for any strange sound. eventually he seemed satisfied that all might be well and motioned a comrade forward.

The two warriors however remained as motionless as the rocks beside which they knelt and continued to scrutinize the scene before them. The Buffalo Soldiers were reminded of the biblical tale of how the sun stood still, for it seemed that the Apaches would never move. Many troopers thought

they had been discovered, and it's a wonder someone didn't discharge a carbine prematurely, but things remained quiet.

Eventually the two were joined by the remainder of their party and all proceeded down the trail, led by the tall, muscular Nachez. But no Apache ever relaxed his vigilance and the Indians moved slowly forward, ever watchful. They were almost to the first soldiers when quick as a striking snake Nachez leaped backward, turned, and with a loud whoop raced back up the path. The other Indians reacted as if poised for the signal and were all back up the canyon wall and over the ridge before the startled troopers could unbend from their cramped positions. One futile volley was fired in the direction of the rapidly disappearing hostiles, but no damage was done other than shredding of trees and brush.

The soldiers rushed to their horses, mounted, and charged across the canyon and out onto the ridge just vacated. On reaching the top they were greeted by a rapidly spreading brush fire which the fleeing Apaches had paused long enough to ignite. By the time the troops had circled the fire their quarry had disappeared into the rough terrain of the next canyon.

Troop A, with their Indian scouts as trackers, took up the trail — or trails which eventually came together — and followed until daylight failed.

After another miserable night in the open the troops resumed pursuit and continued the grueling pace throughout the second day. At one point they found where the Indians had stopped long enough to steal horses, blankets and food at a ranch.

By sundown the scouts could report that the hostiles were farther ahead than they had been earlier in the day, so considering the worn-out condition of his men Captain Morrison ordered them back to camp.

At least four other cavalry units were in the immediate vicinty, one led by the famous scout, Al Seiber, and all accompanied by Apache scouts, but none made contact.

Some concern was expressed that the hostiles were headed for the ranch north of Tucson of old Chief Eskiminzin, who was suspected of supplying ammunition to the hostiles. Several dispatches passed back and forth but the issue seems to have been settled by the following:

To General Miles, at Willcox
May 26, 1886, San Carlos

The rumor is a lie — started by people who are trying to dispossess Eskiminzin from his possessions, he having titles to his land. If Indians want ammunition or whiskey they can purchase them from citizens of Arizona without applying to Eskiminzin and I can furnish proof of the same.
Pierce, Captain, Commanding

NACHEZ' band slipped through the cordon of army troops, picked up the small party hiding in the Catalina and Rincon Mountains and headed back to Mexico, where they rejoined Geronimo who had been busy raiding in Sonora.

Morrison and his men were chagrined by their failure to capture the hostiles, and were puzzled about Nachez's discovering the ambush in time to give warning. They could think of nothing that would have given them away, so on the return march Lieutenant Jones, with three of his best trackers, revisited the scene of the incident and carefully examined the trail leading down from the canyon rim. Just at the point where Nachez had sounded the alarm was the print of a boot heel. Despite their efforts to obliterate all signs of their presence, this one lone print was overlooked. Nachez had reacted instantly on seeing the track and ruined the Captain's carefully laid ambush.

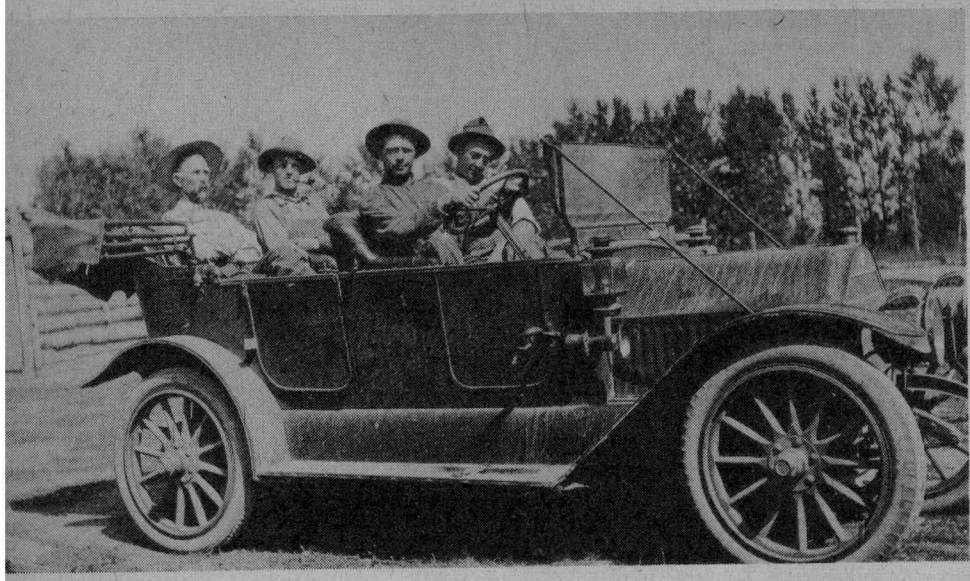
The feat achieved by this small band of eleven Indians is matchless except in the annals of the Apache wars. An Apache was trained from childhood to be a master at ambush, and knowing what he himself could do, ascribed the same cunning, daring and subtlety to his enemy. He was also conditioned to travel thirty-five to forty miles per day on foot across waterless desert or up and down the roughest mountain peaks; and without food or water. He was practically tireless and, unlike civilized man, was neither discouraged nor careless under hardship.

Captain Morrison and his troops were experienced campaigners but no match for the wily Apaches once the troopers' presence had been detected.

General Miles' official word on the incident was contained in a report to the War Department dated June 7 from Calabasas:

"After an engagement with our and two Mexican troops, a party endeavored to reach the agency. Lieutenant Colonel Wade and Captain Pierce held the Indians on the reservations under close control. Instead of getting assistance, what horses they had were captured in the mountains. They remounted and rejoined the remainder in the Santa Catalina Mountains; they were driven out by troops under Lebo and followed through the Whetstones, Santa Rita, and Patagonia Mountains."

Sounds sort of dull, doesn't it? Nothing important, nothing dangerous, just a few days of soldiering under furnace conditions in the summer of '86.



Cattle and horses and lots of weather ...

Above: Some of these gents are identified. In back seat, on left, Old John Wiggins, and next to him author Abe Cutler. Driver is Les Wiggins. Taken at Upper Yellowstone in 1915. Below: Cattle roundup.

By A.B. Cutler

Photos provided by author

WHEN MONTANA AND

ON September 23, 1898, I was born on a ranch in Park County, Montana on the Yellowstone River twelve miles north of Gardiner. The first thing I can remember is some of my dad's relatives coming out from Kansas in a covered wagon to go through Yellowstone Park. My dad, mother, brother Bob two years older than I, sister Grace four years older than I, we all started through the park with them. It was 1904.

I remember we were camped on Yellowstone Lake on July 3 and on the morning of the 4th we kids were given our firecrackers. It had snowed during the night, so we kids made snowballs and put firecrackers inside to see them explode.

Later we were at a small geyser. Along its side were cup-like pockets in the limestone that we filled with eggs. The geyser would shoot the water up about ten to fifteen feet every few minutes so as soon as the water shot up after we had put our eggs in, we took a look and our eggs were gone. "Wait until it shoots up again," Dad said, and when it did there were all our eggs lying around hard boiled but all broken from landing on the hard limestone. We ate them anyway.

One other thing I remember — Colonel Waters had a steamboat on Yellowstone Lake. He was an old friend of my dad's. We all took a ride on the boat. It had two decks. Some of our party was on the top deck and some was on the bottom deck. To get from one deck to the other you had to go through the wheelhouse where the Colonel and Dad were sitting. The Colonel had the wheel.

"You either stay on top deck or on the bottom deck — no more running through the wheelhouse," Dad said to me after I had made about a dozen trips up and down, and he was emphatic.

It wasn't long after our trip that the government confiscated the Colonel's steamboat and took it out to the middle of the lake and set it adrift. It ended up wrecked on the north side of the lake and I doubt if now there would be any part of the old hulk left to see.

My oldest brothers, Leo and Jim, had stayed home to take care of things, and in some ways they did and in some ways they didn't. Jim had made a big firecracker out of black powder and it went off while he had hold of it. His face was one big scab. Didn't hurt his eyes, however, and it all got well; no scars. But our pet dog — we called him "Bully Dog" — he was dead. We always said Leo's and Jim's cooking killed him. In 1905 Leo and a neighbor boy Jim Morrison — I think his first name was Jim — went to Canada in a covered wagon. The neighbor boy came back in a year or so, but Leo never did come back. He took up a homestead and raised a big family. In 1908 brother Jim and Laddle Atkinson, another neighbor boy, went up to see him. Jim took up a homestead alongside of brother Leo's place and stayed. Laddle Atkinson came back to Gardiner.

DAD had a few cattle and raised good driving horses. He owned a grandson of the great Hambletonian racing stallion, Dan Patch. Everyone in those days had a fancy driving team.

In October 1912, I was after some horses on a saddle horse. My horse slipped on some ice as we were making a quick turn, fell and smashed my right foot. I went to school all winter on a pair of crutches. Brother Bob and I were always pestering Dad to let us break a horse or two to ride. He said we were too young for that, to wait

until Jim came back from Canada. Jim was about to sell out to Leo and was coming back to the Yellowstone.

Bob and I finally talked Dad into letting us break one colt. (We didn't break our horses until they were four years old.) We ran in a bunch of horses, caught one, and he was broken to lead. Dad didn't say anything. We put a saddle on him, and Bob got on and rode him around. Dad stood and took it all in and finally asked how many more of the horses were already broken to ride. Bob and I looked at each other and said, "All of them." Every time Dad and Mother went away from the ranch Bob and I would run in a bunch of horses and ride them. Dad never did say anymore about waiting for Jim to come home to break any horses.

About 1914 I went to work for a rancher about halfway between Gardiner, Montana and Jardine, an old mining town. Up at 4 a.m. the old lady and I milked twenty-three cows before breakfast, then she would bottle the milk and cream and take it to Gardiner to deliver it all over town, with horses and buggy.

After breakfast I would take a team and walking plow, and plow all day. After supper, 6 o'clock in the evening, we would again milk the twenty-three cows, separate the milk, and get done about 9 p.m. No Sundays off. Seven days a week.

They had another man working, Dock Wilson, an old stage-driver from the park. He just put the harness on his team and my team before breakfast. We both did the same work in the daytime, but he was through at suppertime. Me, I had to milk cows until 9 p.m. Dock got $40 a month. I was a kid, I got $30.

When irrigating time rolled around, after milking and breakfast I would do that all day. One morning, as we were milking, the old lady said, "You take the cows up to pasture on the north side of the field."

"The fence is broken down on the north side of the field, " I said. "Jim (he was her husband) told me to put the cows on the south side until the fence gets fixed."

"You put the cows up on the north side," she said.

"I can't irrigate and watch the cows out of the field at the same time," I explained.

She said, "You s-o-b, you don't have to."

I had almost a full bucket of milk

NERE YOUNG

Above: Cowboying can be cold and lonely. Below: Rounding up the cavvy. Bottom of page: Abe Cutler (in white shirt) branding. Standing to his left, Bob Cunningham.

sitting under the cow. I just raised up off the stool and said, "You are damn right I don't have to."

I walked off leaving the bucket of milk there under the cow. That was my first job. To this day I am proud that I left the bucket of milk under the cow.

IN 1915 I got a job firing a steam boiler in a sawmill south of Butte, Montana. We got our pay checks from the Piltsmont Mine in Butte every month, always cashed them in either the Pacific Bar or the Atlantic Bar on West Main Street in Butte. No paper money — all gold twenty-, ten-, five-dollar pieces, the change in silver. I was sixteen but man-sized and went into all the bars like the other lumberjacks. Never was asked my age or ever refused a drink.

In 1916 I went to Madison Valley to ride for the Nine Quarter-Circle Cow Outfit, owned by H.C. Biering and M.S. Cunningham. Their 4,000 head ranged on the Madison and Gallatin Valleys; the Home Ranch was on the Madison south of Ennis, Montana. I never spent much time at the Home Ranch — always in a cow camp. I fell heir to the rough string. Always had one gentle horse and eight or ten outlaws in the summertime; three or four head, and a cow camp at the Old VF Ranch, just south of Ennis, in the wintertime.

The summer of 1919 I was in a camp on Horse Butte in the Madison Basin about ten miles north of West Yellowstone. That was the dry year. No grass. I had one gentle horse and ten outlaws. I was alone that summer with 1,500 head of cattle.

One day I looked down the flat and here came a rider driving fourteen head of horses. He said, "They sent this bunch up to you to ride."

"I have got eleven head to ride, how come they sent me fourteen more? I know they are short of horses on the cow wagon."

He said, "They had about forty head broke out by Otto Kirby and turned over to the cow wagon. These fourteen head went bad so here they are for you."

He stayed overnight and left the next morning.

After I got to know all the horses, there were only three that were really rough to ride. One I named Bugs turned out to be the hardest horse to buck I ever rode. I had him in a cow camp the next spring in the Pine Ridge country south of Custer City on the lower Yellowstone. One morning he bucked out across the flat and when he stopped he was lame. I rode him back to the barn and took another horse.

Bugs never got over his lameness. When I left there for the Crow Reservation I had to leave him. His shoulder had just shrunk away. That fall a cowpuncher saw him and his hoof on the lame leg was about a foot long; he never used it. The cowpuncher shot him.

Bugs was a good horse. You were mounted when you were on him. That is, if you could ride him.

Back to the cow camp on Horse Butte. About the first of August the cow wagon came to cut out all the beef steers that were ready to go to market. While rounding up the herd, brother Bob was with the cow wagon. He and Dan Sullivan and I were headed for camp when we spotted a bear crossing the big flat toward some timber. We decided to rope him and take him to camp and turn him loose.

We didn't get to him until he got in the timber but we were crowding him so close he went up a tree. I climbed up the tree also and put a rope over his head. He was a full-grown black bear. We pulled him out of the tree and got another rope on him, then I started to hog-tie him while Bob and Dan sat on their horses to hold him. It was quite a job getting him tied up. We got a stick to tie in his mouth so he couldn't bite.

All of a sudden he died. We figured it was so hot and he was so fat it killed him. We sure didn't mean to hurt him. We just thought it would be fun to turn him loose in camp. We were always sorry we bothered him.

WE rounded up the beef, they headed for the railroad, and I stayed in the cow camp. On the first of October here came the cow wagon to round up all the cattle and head for the Crow Reservation on the Big Horn River. We started to leave the Madison Basin on October 6. On that day it started to cloud up. We started up Greyling Creek and camped in what we called Willow Flat. We were cutting through a corner of Yellowstone Park to get to the head of the Gallatin River, going to load onto the railroad at Anceny Station on Camp Creek. The morning of the 7th, we had about a foot of snow. By the time we got to the railroad we had two feet or more. It took us three of four days. No feed for the cattle as the snow was too deep for them to graze

Our horses were in just about as bad shape. On the night bed ground we had a hard time holding them. The cowboys had plenty to eat but not much sleep so it was a hard trip on all. We loaded out one train full and Dan and I got to go with the cattle. The wagon went back to the Madison.

We left Anceny loading station in the afternoon. The next morning we pulled into Waco to unload on the lower Yellowstone River just at daylight. Nice warm rain. Dan and I thought it was great to be out of the winter we had left. Still we had to use crow bars to pry open the doors on the cattle cars. All were still frozen tight.

We trailed to the Pine Ridge cow camp. A thousand head of cows and calves were there that had been shipped down ahead of us. The calves had been weaned, so on the second day we took the calves and headed for the Big Horn Valley, a one-day drive. We were to go back the next day to the camp on Pine Ridge, but that night it snowed.

We laid over until the next day and started back in fifteen inches of new snow. That was the start of the hard winter that broke all the big cow outfits. The winter of 1919-20. We had to try to gather all the cattle on Pine Ridge and get them out of there.

The pine trees around there were short and bushy. By the time we got the cattle all together, there was two feet of snow. The cattle were so hungry they would go to a pine tree and strip

Pushing cow ponies.

all the needles off as high as they could reach.

I ended up November 1st on the Crow Reservation on the west side of the Little Big Horn River with 3,000 head. Had a cow camp on the river at a vacant house the government had built for Indians to live in. The Indians had to send their kids to school at the Mission at the mouth of the Little Big Horn, so they just quit all the houses and went and set up tepees around the school.

On December 6th a big blizzard hit from the north. I and a cowboy, his name was Dan also, hit out for the south end of our range where a drift fence was. We got there just as it started to get light. I knew the cattle would drift that way.

We were too late. There was a trail about 100 yards wide right through the fence. We caught up with the herd — two cowpunchers, 3,000 head, and a blizzard all headed south. Dan said, "We can't do anything with them." I remembered H.C. Biering and the big boss saying, "There ain't no such word in my book as 'can't'." So I told Dan we'd just take the lead.

No shelter, just open country, but there was a big draw running east and west. We headed for that draw and when we got there we started the cattle to circling. Down in the draw we were out of the wind. I told Dan to go to camp and I hit out for Hardin where M.S. Cunningham was staying at the Savoy Hotel. When I crossed the bridge on the Big Horn River I had about two miles to go to Hardin going straight west. That put the wind on my right side. I had a top of a lady's stocking over my ears under my hat. I felt my right ear start to sing and put my hand over it. It stopped stinging

I put my horse in the livery barn, went up to the hotel and pulled off my stocking cap. It hooked onto my ear because the ear was frozen solid. I stuck it under the cold water faucet and when it thawed out it sure hurt. The next morning it felt like it weighed about a pound. All black. I thought, here goes an ear. But it got well.

I told the boss I couldn't hold the cows out there. He asked, "Do you know how cold it is?" I said I didn't know. "52 below," he said. And a hard north wind. He also said it was a good thing for the cow outfits their cowboys never had enough sense to get in out of the cold.

I got a crew and got the cattle off the reservation. Turned them over to Jim McDonald. He was running the feed lots in the Big Horn Valley. Every ranch that had hay for sale had a bunch of cows on it.

The next spring I went back to the Pine Ridge cow camp with around

3,000 head for two months, then back to the Crow Reservation. Then north of the Crow Reservation on the Rosebud with a bunch. I stayed at a ranch where we had leased pasture.

Then I got word to meet one of the Spear cow wagons to receive another bunch — meet it at Ash Creek on a certain day. I asked the rancher how to get to the cabin. He told me the best he could. After I hit the north fence on the reservation it was about thirty miles in a big open country to the cabin in a draw. No landmarks to go by, just a big, rolling country.

Along in the afternoon I figured I must be getting there. I saw a house up a draw and went up to ask where the Ash Creek Cabin was. A family lived there, half a dozen kids, and chickens all over the place. They told me where the cabin was — eight miles to go yet. They asked me to eat. I hadn't had anything since daylight so I got off and went into the house. Just one room. Beds were on both sides and one end of the table in the middle of the room. You sat on the beds to eat off the table. Real handy. The lady set a plate of eggs, potatoes and bread on the table for me. The kids were all around me keeping the chickens away from my plate while I ate. Chickens on the table. Chickens on the beds. This family lived there the year around, thirty miles from anyplace. Just a cowboy dropped by once in a long time.

I headed out for the Ash Creek Cabin, but a heavy hail and rain storm hit me. I got behind a high sandstone monument. When it let up I went on and somehow got down in a small valley where a big creek was running full of water. No one had said anything about a creek. I knew I had to get across it. The banks were sandstone and steep.

I picked a place where I thought I could get out on the other side and made off into it. My saddle horse, Midnight, went under but came up swimming good, with just his head out of the water. But the bronc I was leading had pulled back when we went in so I turned loose of his rope. Midnight and me went across but couldn't get out, so we turned back to the side we had gone in on. Couldn't get out there either. Back to the other side. No luck. Water was traveling good so we were going downstream all the time. Once more back to the side we'd started from. No luck again, so I quit the saddle.

I had on a pair of long-haired goatskin chaps, a long saddle slicker and a sheep-lined vest under the slicker. I finally got out on the same side I'd gone in. Midnight was still swimming back and forth so I ran down the bank thinking I might get a hold of the bridle reins and be able to help him out. He came to my side of the stream but when I ran to help him he turned and crossed over and got out on the other side — my bronc and me on the other.

I got a bright idea. I would go down the creek and find a good place to get out, also a good place to get my bronc in. I picked out a point where I could get behind him and force him off into the water. When he jumped in I was going to get ahold of his tail. I had quite a time making him jump off and when he did jump, he went so far I didn't have a chance to grab his tail. He swam across and got out. There I was on one side and my horses on the other. I rolled up my chaps, sheep-lined vest and my spurs in my slicker and swam across, caught my horse and rode up on a high hill and sat there until dark which wasn't very long. Matches wet, Bul Durham tobacco wet, soaking wet all over, getting madder by the hour.

When I went up on the hill I thought I might see the herd of cattle with the cowwagon, but no luck. I headed straight west down the creek. At 1 a.m. I hit a fence. I kicked the fence down and found a cabin. No one was there, but there was a bed so I crawled into it, chaps, vest, slicker and all, and soon got warm. Next morning I found nothing to eat but some flour in a can. I stirred some up with water, found some matches, cooked me a big flapjack. Dried out my Bull Durham and papers, had a smoke, caught my horses, and headed out to go to the Ash Creek Cabin. A road went by the house I had slept in and I could see a gate to get back on the reservation. I should have gone back and fixed the fence I had kicked down. I never thought of it, though, until in the fall I heard the government had tried to find out who had busted their fence. I never told anyone I had kicked the fence down so I never had to answer for it. I learned early in life not to talk too much.

Looking for the Ash Creek Cabin I ran into two O.W. cowboys. They said they had been by the cabin and there was no cow wagon or herd of cows in that part of the country. Why didn't I go to the Spears Wild Horse Cabin? A cowpuncher was riding line from there. Charlie Binyon was the cowboy, an old Texas cowpuncher. He said he hadn't seen or heard of a cow wagon or herd around here. My best bet was to ride on top of a high hill where I could see for miles, and watch for the wagon and cows.

I stayed two days, then headed back to the ranch north of the reservation. I hit the creek the same place where I had all my troubles and there wasn't enough water in it to water my horse. I had got into a flash flood.

Back at the ranch on the Rosebud after about ten days here came the Spear wagon and herd of cows. They wanted to know why I hadn't met them at the Ash Creek Cabin. I said I hadn't heard anything about meeting any herd at that place, it was all news to me.

THE grasshoppers put us out of the Rosebud, so back to the Crow Reservation. We gathered the beef in August or September. I was our rep on the Spear wagon. Our outfit had thrown in with Spear. The Phil Spear outfit ran at that time 50,000 head. On the east of Spear's was the Hendrick Outfit with 72,000. On the west was O.W. with 40,000. All went broke that hard winter. Steers sold for $20 a head the fall of 1920 and every steer and cow had $50 or $60 worth of winter feed in them — slough grass from Nebraska at $40 a ton and oil cake by the trainloads.

The fall of 1920 my dad and brother Bob had built a cabin on a claim on Buffalo River in the Jackson Hole Country in Wyoming. Bob talked me into going there to spend the winter and trap marten.

The next spring I got a job breaking horses for the Patterson cow outfit out of Kelly, Wyoming. In June Dad drowned in the Yellowstone River at Livingston, Montana. I went home for awhile — never returned to Wyoming.

H. Biering and M.S. Cunningham quit the cow business in the fall of 1920 and went into partnership with Dick Ringling of the Ringling Brothers Circus in 1921. I went to riding range for them — upper and lower Madison and part of Gallatin Canyon. I was supposed to keep people's stock off their range. It turned out to be bad and a hard job. I was kept busy on a saddle horse all the time, winter and summer. I had a string of saddle horses at different places. Then Dick Ringling and Biering and Cunningham fell out. They were in the sheep business — 35,000 head. Court battles followed over who would get the range land. I stayed with Biering and Cunningham and helped run the sheep all off the range. Not all, but most of it.

Biering and Cunningham made a deal with the Flying cow outfit to put cattle on their range. Charlie Anceny, who run the Flying said he would put cattle over there if I went with the deal to look after them. I stayed a couple of years, but it never seemed like home to me so I left them and went to California. By 1917 most of the "Old Times" had gone forever.

Doc Outland and Emmett Dalton

By EILEEN CHARBO

Author's note: Young Dr. John Outland's great skill with a scalpel saved a man's right arm in the summer of 1907. He had lots of booklearning, experience, and he knew the human body. For fun he coached local college teams in the great new sport of football. Muscles, bones and joints, he knew well. Born in Hesper, Kansas in 1871, he attended a two-year course in Oskaloosa, Iowa then went to the University of Pennsylvania medical school where he captained the football team that beat Yale. He returned home and set up a practice; was Professor of Surgery at Kansas University, and Gynecology Professor at the Kansas Medical School in Topeka. In World War I, he served as a Major in the Army Medical Corps.

THE Santa Fe Plug on Saturday, July 6, 1907, slowed at the Holliday whistle stop on the Kaw River's south bank (encircled today by Kansas City's lush suburban sprawl). A lone, well-dressed young man, brought over the river in a buggy, stepped aboard and the Plug picked up speed past yellowing fields and right o' way weeds wilting in the late afternoon heat. The new passenger swung his grip onto the overhead rack and sat down, noticeably favoring a bad right arm. Wheat shocks flashing by the windows, shimmering in heat waves and clicking with grasshoppers, looked very beautiful to this man who had spent the past fifteen years — nearly half his young life — in the Kansas State Penitentiary at Lansing.

The only other passenger in the coach had boarded farther up the line. He recognized the younger man and rose to lurch along the aisle of the rough-riding little Plug.

"Emmett Dalton, is it you? I haven't seen you in a dog's age! Are you OUT?"

The young man turned his gaze from the window, sat protective of his painful arm, and replied, "Well, Henry Richter! It's been a long long time. No, I am not out. I'm paroled four months so a surgeon can work on my arm. The bone seems to be rotting away the past eighteen months. Necrosis they call it. On November 1, I'll be back at the prison gate."

Henry E. Richter, a former lieutenant governor of Kansas, had known Emmett Dalton from babyhood. Richter ran the Indian Territory Trading Post near Kingfisher where the Dalton family had a claim. Richter recalled Emmett, still in dresses, when his mother had first led him by the hand when she came to trade. Later, this handsome gray-eyed boy, tagged after the older brothers, good-natured and happy. There were lots of Dalton kids. Ten boys and five girls. The boys had been named by their father for Irish patriots — Grattan, Robert, Littleton, William Marion — and Emmett. The old man, a six-foot native-born Kentuckian, had served as a fifer in the Mexican War, and was honorably discharged in June 1847 after fighting at Matamoros, Monterrey, Saltillo, and Buena Vista.

It's hard to say — some think "the times" produce criminals. Or maybe certain men are just born to hang. Two of the Dalton brothers were U.S. Marshals, shot in the line of duty. Three went to California, worked, lived and died, exemplary men. Two took the killer's route, shot by a surprise Marshal's posse along with a pair of killer pals. For a brief time they made the Dalton name feared above all others. Their exploits have been often raked over, especially the final disastrous sortie on October 5, 1892. Outside the

Illustration provided by author

The only thing that scared this "outlaw" was ether . . .

The likeness of Emmett Dalton which appeared in *The Topeka State Journal* on July 10, 1907.

two Coffeyville banks they attempted to rob, Grat and Bob were shot dead, along with their cronies Texas Jack and Dick Broadwell. Emmett, tagging his older brother, ran with the grain sack they'd stuffed full of stolen money. He made it to his rearing mount. Then he looked back and saw his brother Bob, riddled with bullets, pitch forward in the alley-way.

Every window and doorway seemed to sprout a gun. From the livery barn John Kloehr ran forward with a big shotgun. Somebody with a light load blasted Emmett's face and neck as he tried to lift his brother onto his horse. A shot tore through his body. Then a Winchester blast got his right upper arm and he slid into the dirt beside his dead brother.

Emmett was the sole survivor. Bullets were dug out of him, and he was patched together without benefit or anesthetic which he steadfastly refused. He said he'd rather die than let them take off the shattered arm. He bore the pain in grim silence.

Doctors had to admire his grit. He was young and strong and tough. The wounds healed and by March 1893, Emmett had been able to stand trial for two murders.

He was sentenced to life imprisonment, claiming that he was seventeen years old and that his brother Bob had shot the cashier and a Coffeyville citizen caught in the crossfire.

Emmett's youth was played up later, but the 1880 census record (and Henry Richter's term at the Trading Post) both indicated he was born in 1871. His "baby brother Simon," born in 1875, would have been 17 at the time of the holdup.

Emmett was foreman of the prison tailor shop, a model inmate without a mark against his good behavior record. Men who are animal beaters say a whipped dog or horse knows when he is licked and does not fight the whip-hand, but is docile while he watches and waits. The warden of a crowded penitentiary made a similar observation, saying smart criminals are tractable and obedient while they bide their time.

It was thirteen years later that his arm began to hurt him and become more and more useless. He was in and out of the prison hospital.

"Gangrene," they finally said. "It will have to come off." By then the forearm was paralyzed and painful.

WITH Henry Richter, Emmett walked up from the Topeka depot to Quincy Street where Dr. Outland's Bethesda Hospital staff watched for his arrival.

Dr. Outland spoke frankly. He would try to save the arm, with the help of Drs. Ernst and Powell, his assistants. He would make a long incision on the outer arm. They must scrape and trim the diseased bone, cut away pus pockets and mortified flesh. Dr. Outland told Emmett, "Healthy men can grow new bone tissue. I think your arm can be well again."

Emmett's mother, Adeline Younger Dalton, living on her widow's pension, would come up from Kingfisher to care for him during his convalescence.

Every brave man has a weak spot in his armor. Emmett's was his fear of losing consciousness. He did not want ether to send him to the unknown world where a man is no longer master of his fate. Dr. Outland would not agree to this and said ether would be administered.

"But, Doctor, when I was first hurt, my wounds were handled without anything of the kind. If I could stand it then, I ought to be able to do it now." The doctor said again that ether would be administered.

Reporters were on hand before Emmett entered the operating room. There were a few among them who asked to shake his hand and wish him well. He politely refused to discuss his past, present, or future. "Boys," he said," I am out on parole and you appreciate my position fully as well as I do. I would like to answer your questions if I could do so consistently, but I must not talk for publication. I do like to visit with you and exchange views. I have no plans for the future, as I am a free man only till November 1. Then I return to Lansing. My greatest concern is my arm which is troubling me now. After it is tended to, there is but one thing for me to do.

"My friends have assured Warden Haskell and Governor Hoch that when my parole expires, I will return. I believe that of all crimes, ingratitude is worst."

Emmett walked into the operating room at 9 a.m. July 10, 1907 and joked a little with the doctors, them climbed onto the operating table. His fear of anesthesia shone through his soft-spoken farewell "Goodby, boys. If I don't see you again in this world, I will in the next."

The ether mask was fitted over his lower face and he drifted into that unknown world that he dreaded. Dr Outland and his assistants chiseled and scraped away at diseased bone for an hour and ten minutes. When Emmett "came to" with no ill effects, Dr. Outland reassured him. "Neither shoulder nor elbow joints are involved and I think you'll grow new bone and your arm will be useful and well." And so it was.

Emmett had a few staunch friends. Chalk Beeson, legislator from Dodge City, thought he had been punished enough, that he would now make a good citizen. He pushed the claim with Governor E.W. Hoch, and Henry E. Richter added his force.

Gravestones in Coffeyville, however, were not easily forgotten or forgiven by relatives of the slain schoolteacher and mechanic, or the bank teller; they made their strong demurrers. But the general public, of short memory, was not averse to permanent parole.

Emmett's brothers, for a brief period, had made the Dalton name strike fear into the heart of the countryside. A barber named Sherman Teal, when an old man, told his story in the *Sumner Press* of Wellington, Kansas on April 6, 1922. "In the small town of Wellington, I had a barber chair in the front end of a poolhall and malt joint. Malt joints were common in Kansas in those days, as saloons were outlawed. This so-called malt had 3 to 6% alcohol.

"It was about 9:30 p.m. and I was emptying waterpans on the backend of the lot our building sat upon; dumping water basins into weed-grown running gears of a lumber wagon rusting there. Five or six men rode up, dismounted and tied their horses to the old wagon-bed then entered the malt joint. I thought they belonged to some wheat threshing crew, and paid them no mind.

"Our building faced Main Street and ran back to an alley. There was a front, rear, and side door. The bar ran across the back of the room, facing the Main Street door. My barber chair was at the front window of the building.

"The joint owner was tough and orderly. He didn't let nobody except the bartender and necessary employees behind that bar. Back to my chair, tidying up for the night, I was surprised to see a couple of the strangers standing behind the bar, waiting on four men lined up along the frontside. One of these strangers said to the proprietor in a level voice, 'We are not trying to run your house. But we stay behind this bar till all are through drinking.'

"The owner smiled big and nodded. You could tell there wasn't going to be any ruskus out of him. He knew who they were. They didn't drink but a few

rounds then advanced to the center of the room. One of them says, 'Hey, boys, we can pawn one of these watches so each of us can get a shave and pay off these drinks.'

"He went off as if ordered. One stood near the back door, and in pairs the others stood at the side entrance and at the front door while I shaved whoever sat in my chair. They alternated so the doors were always guarded. I shaved the next-to-the-last man, cleaning up the soap and lather from his face. Being a barber, I got talkative and chattered away saying I'd read in the morning paper that the Dalton boys had been shot to death out in New Mexico. This made my customer mad. He put his left hand stiff across his face like a mask, just under his eyes and he says, 'Look. From my hand up, is Bob Dalton. When they GET the Dalton boys, I want you to write me and tell me all about it. See?'

"The proprietor of the place, standing still and docile, shook his head barely at me, and winked a warning. That was the first it dawned on me I wasn't shaving a common threshing crew. I was shaving the most dreaded, talked-about bunch of outlaws in the whole United States. And the one I was working on right then was the dreaded leader, Bob himself. I began to tremble and shake.

"The last of the gang to take the chair was Texas Jack, very homely and hard to shave. In putting hot towels around his face, I was so nervous I hit him a time or two with my knuckles and could hardly keep the brush in the mug. When lathering, I got it in his mouth and ears. Bob Dalton, waiting around, saw how upset I was and looked the other way and laughed. I could hardly stroke the razor.

"Then Texas Jack says, 'Look. Go ahead, kid. I'm not afriad of your clumsiness. You can do anything you want to, if you just think so.' That nerved me up. But after the landlord's wink, I noted that the men carried large revolvers partly hidden under their overalls and jumpers. A few weeks later, they'd be stretched in the streets of Coffeyville."

The operation by Dr. Outland was indeed a success. Emmett's arm bone did grow new tissue and the arm served him well until his death "of old age" in Los Angeles, July 13, 1937. Governor Hoch pardoned him when his parole was up. He married a girl who had waited for him, and became a very successful real estate dealer.

The old barber voiced the common opinion; "I hear tell he made a fortune, writing script for a Hollywood movie show called "When the Daltons Rode."

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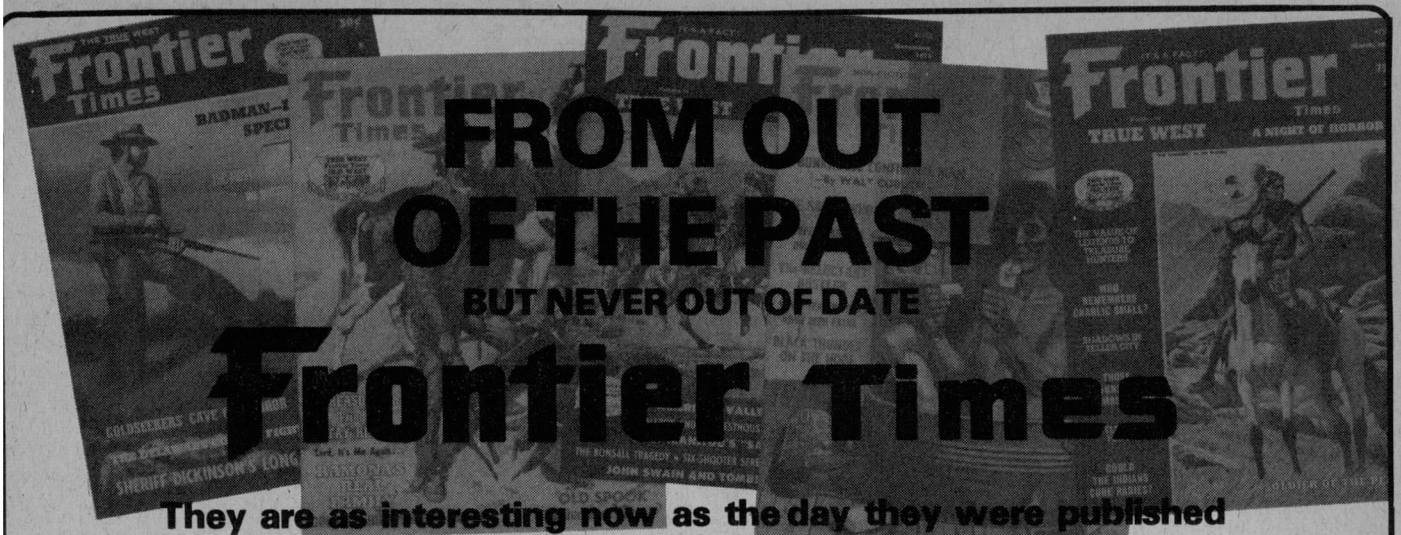

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BEST TRADER on th

RED AND WHITE Hereford cattle graze along the banks of a sparkling mountain stream in a valley nestled deep in the mountains of southeastern Idaho. There is little here today to remind us that this peaceful site, just a short distance from the famous natural hot mineral water resort of Lava Hot Springs, was once the scene of a rowdy trapper — Indian Rendezvous.

From high in the mountains Dempsey Creek meanders down the valley to the base of a long, lava-rock ledge where it merges with the historic Portneuf River. Here Bob Dempsey, "the best trader on the emigrant road," set up his camp; here the Hudson's Bay men, free trappers and Indians gathered.

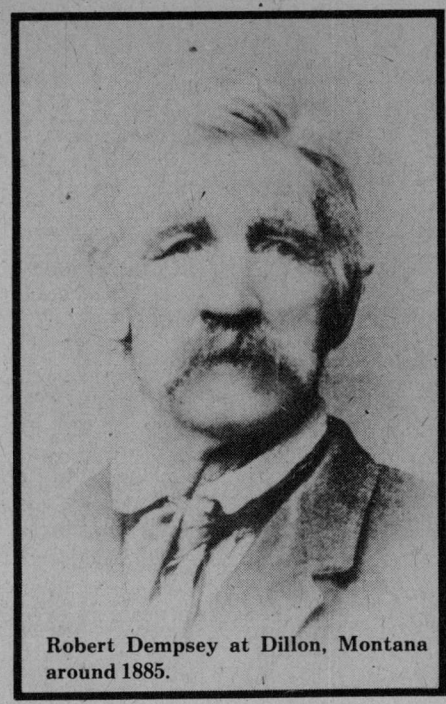
Robert "Bob" Dempsey, — who was he? Mountain man, trapper, trader, rancher, good friend, genial host? Horse thief, drunkard, good-for-nothing, a wastrel, a nobody? He has been described many ways by many people, and few agree about him.

Born in County Antrim, Ireland, December 25, 1825, the son of a well-to-do farmer, Bob left home in 1846 to come to America. Farming and jobbing his way down the Mississippi from Canada to New Orleans, he enlisted in 1847 with a Captain Malloy of the U.S. Volunteers in the Mexican War. Before the company was ordered to march, the war ended and Bob Dempsey, with the rest of his company, was discharged. In the fall of 1848 he enlisted under Captain Tobin, a Texas Ranger, and went on an expedition to Yucatan. The Americans stayed through the winter of 1848-49 and fully restored the control of the country to the Mexican government.

After his return to New Orleans, Dempsey went to St. Louis and, in the spring of 1849, hired to the United States as a teamster to go with the Mounted Rifles to Fort Hall on the Snake River in present-day Idaho. He remained in this service until the spring of 1850 when the Dragoons were ordered to Oregon. Dempsey did not accompany them but, with the money he had saved, bought some ponies from the Indians and outfitted for a trading and hunting expedition.

He went into partnership with a man known as Delaware Jim, paying half of all expenses and receiving half of all furs, robes, etc. They hunted up the Snake River around Henry's Lake on the Madison and Gallatin Rivers and from all the head-waters of the Jefferson. Their trade was immensely successful, and in the fall of 1850 they went to the Bitter Root Valley, Montana, and visited Fort Owen to trade their furs to Major Owen.

Dempsey returned to Fort Hall, outfitted again and traded the winter of 1850-51 on the East Fork of the Snake River. In the summer of 1851 he stationed himself on the emigrant road at Soda Springs, Idaho and traded the emigrants Indian horses for their lame horses and cattle, which he drove into the valleys of the Beaverhead and Big Hole to winter. In the spring he drove these animals, which had fully recovered their flesh and strength, back to the road and sold and traded them all over again. The supply of emigrants who arrived at Soda Springs with broken-down animals seemed endless.



Robert Dempsey at Dillon, Montana around 1885.

Always a champion of the Indians, Bob Dempsey and Chief Tendoy of the Lemhi Tribe (a branch of the Shoshoni) became close friends. Returning one evening after an exhausting hunting trip, the two old friends collapsed beside their campfire and slept late into the next morning. When they got up the sun was high and warm, so they decided it would be a good day just to sit around camp. Dempsey was usually able to dig up a little jug of whiskey and, as there is nothing like whiskey to stimulate a conversation, the following lively exchange is reported to have taken place. Tendoy, "Ugh." Bob answered, "Ugh." Then after a short lapse of time and another exchange of "Ughs" and swigs from the jug, Bob spoke up and said to Chief Tendoy, "Oh, Noble Redman, Chief of the Lemhi Tribe, possessor of many coups, also my friend of many moons, I have slept in your teepee and taken of your buffalo meat. I now think it is time I was on my way, but there is one thing that you possess that I would like very much to have."

Tendoy said, "Say no more, my good friend; anything I have is yours for the asking." "Well," Dempsey said, "I don't have much wampum, but I would give that sorrel horse you rode the other day, along with these two buffalo robes — I would trade for that oldest girl I see running around here; I admire her very much and would like to take her with me."

The trade was transacted, Bob saddled one horse, put a pack on the other, along with the girl, and headed back to Fort Hall.

BOB DEMPSEY was to continue trapping and trading for many years, traveling extensively in Montana Territory, southeastern Idaho, and Wyoming. The winter of 1857 he spent in the Beaverhead Valley of Montana with his Indian wife Margaret, Reese Anderson, Jake Meek, Antoine LeClair and his wife and two grown sons, and James and Granville Stuart.

In July 1858 Dempsey camped on Green River east of Fort Bridger, Wyoming with his man, "Friday" Jackson. According to Granville Stuart in his book *Forty Years on the Frontier*, both were "saturated" when visited by Mr. Stuart. Stuart writes, "When in this state, Dempsey was said to be the best trader on the Emigrant Road. He certainly had a faculty for sizing up the possibilities in a lame or jaded ox or horse and never paid too much for such an animal."

Dempsey found the trapping and trading to be excellent in southeastern Idaho also, and according to George Goodhart in this book, *Trails of Early Idaho*, had practically all of the waters of the lower Portneuf Valley staked out.

In July 1860 Johnny Grant, a half-breed foreman for the Hudson's Bay Company which was winding up its trapping operations on United States territory, celebrated the Fourth of July at Soda Springs and with George Goodhart, his messenger, 40 men and 200 pack horses headed for Fort Hall. Goodhart and Grant rode ahead and picked out a ford on Fish Creek for the pack horses to cross, then struck out again to the next creek. There they found Bob Dempsey camped in a nice

grove of hawthorn trees. (In after years, Johnny Gannon (C.J. McGuinn), a blacksmith, built his house there; and the little creek was named for Dempsey.)

After Grant and Dempsey shook hands, Grant introduced Goodhart and the men proceeded to pile, count and classify the furs. There were so many that Grant asked Dempsey if he could leave his, go on to Fort Hall and then send an outfit back to pick them up.

Dempsey then invited Grant and Goodhart to his camp for dinner. The Indian women were pleased to see Johnny, especially Mrs. Dempsey, for she was his cousin. Johnny's mother was her aunt.

A camp kettle full of venison and dumplings and a Dutch oven full of biscuits were placed in the center of the wickiup in front of the men. Johnny Grant asked Dempsey where he got the flour to make the dumplings and Dempsey explained that he had

Dempsey Creek flowing into the Portneuf River. This is the original site of Bob Dempsey's rendezvous near Lava Hot Springs, Idaho.

MIGRANT ROAD

By RUTH ANN OLSON & REBECCA FRANDSEN

Photos provided by authors

Bob Dempsey made his own opportunities . . .

Left to right: Kathryn Dempsey (Edgehill), Robert's daughter; Robert Dempsey; Mary Hooban (Pasley), Robert's granddaughter.

sent some Indians to Utah and they brought back two horses loaded down with flour.

Bob Dempsey addressed Sally, who was some relation to his wife, telling her to get some plates and cups. She passed around tin plates, which were very large. Dempsey piled them full of meat and dumplings and handed them to Grant and Goodhart, telling them to pitch in and eat heartily. After the meal was over, Dempsey and Johnny drew their pipes, filled them with tobacco, lay back against some rolls of bedding, and commenced to smoke and talk. The women took the kettles away, cleared things up, went out, and sat down in the shade of a tree on a buffalo robe.

Sally was a young widow whose husband, a man by the name of Martin, had been clawed by a bear up in the timber at the head of Fish Creek. In describing the accident, Sally told George Goodhart that her husband had killed the bear's cub and was dressing it to bring home for meat when the old bear came up. The bear slapped him on the side of the head, clawed him viciously and commenced to bite him. Sally said she believed the bear would have eaten him up if it hadn't been for her and another woman. They screamed and made so much noise that the bear stepped back a short distance and stood by her cub. This gave Sally a chance to get down off her horse to pull her husband away. Then they notified some Indians who came and buried him. After this tragic incident, Sally made her home with Bob and Mrs. Dempsey until she later married another white man, Billy Osborn, and moved to Fort Hall.

THE YEAR 1861 was to mark the withdrawal of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company from the area and George Goodhart tells that Johnny Grant sent him up the Portneuf River to settle with company trappers in the area. "I rode over to Bob Dempsey's camp and found him and all the folks in camp. We had quite a visit the rest of the evening. The next day we laid over, and the trappers came in, one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon. I got all their fur and settled up with them in full for the year. I told them I had seen Johnny Grant, and he told me that the company (Hudson's Bay) had suspended all business."

This marked an immediate decline in the fur business. Dempsey returned to Montana Territory and purchased a ranch on the west side of Hellgate River, four miles below the mouth of Gold Creek.

We find two very conflicting reports of Bob Dempsey during this time. Granville Stuart tells of making a visit to the ranch, finding everyone drunk and three strangers there with fifteen gallons of Minie Rifle whiskey. This is

The creek near Lava Hot Springs which was named after Bob Dempsey.

usually composed of one part alcohol and ten parts of water, with a considerable quantity of tobacco and cayenne pepper to strengthen it. Mr. Stuart goes on to give the following account: "Today I received a visit from Johnny Carr and Frank Newell. They told me of a fierce single hand combat they had witnessed up at Dempsey's between Mrs. Dempsey and Charles Allen. Mrs. Dempsey was busy at the wood pile, chopping the day's supply, when Charlie, 'half-shot,' came along and began to issue orders. Right there the fight began. Mrs. Dempsey landed away with the axe, but missed. Thereupon Charlie grabbed for the lady's hair. His aim was more certain and he got one hand full, whereupon the lady lit in with both hands and in two seconds Charlie's face looked like he had had an encounter with a wild cat. This desperate onslaught caused him to lose hold on her hair. She grabbed a stick of wood and used it with such good effect that she put the enemy to flight, but not until she had blacked both eyes, knocked out a tooth and scratched his face until his best friend would fail to recognize him. Mrs. Dempsey is known in these parts to be a lady of uncertain temper, but 'more power to her elbow,' say we all, for who could put up the gang of drunken loafers that hang around Dempsey's without losing their temper."

Mr. Stuart further reports, October 9, 1861: "Dempsey's and Joe Blodget's wagons passed, loaded with flour and other goods, which were bought in Salt Lake City, five hundred miles away . . . Two emigrant teams were with Dempsey and Blodget. December 30, 1861: "Very cold . . . Dempsey and Major Graham got back from their Indian trading expedition. They traded for eighteen horses and about six hundred skins from the Sheep Eaters and Digger Snakes."

A view of Bob Dempsey as an industrious and prosperous rancher is presented by W.F. Wheeler in his report to Col. W.F. Sanders, President, Historical Society of Montana. September 30, 1885: "He carried on his farming operation for two seasons and sold his farm products to the miners. In the fall of 1862 he sold his ranch and took up another six or seven miles above the present site of Deer Lodge and built himself a cabin, on what has been called Dempsey's Creek (in Montana) ever since. Here he spent the winter. In the spring of 1863, Mr. Dempsey and family went to Bannack and went into the business of ranching or keeping horses for pay. In the latter part of July he moved over to the crossing of the Stinking Water, or Ruby River. Here he built a wayside inn, also a bridge for the accommodation of the public who were coming in by the hundreds to the rich mines of Alder Gulch. Money was plenty and business prosperous. Mr. Dempsey moved his family, wife and six children, from his ranch on Dempsey Creek to the new place on Ruby River."

Known both as Dempsey's Crossing and the Cottonwood Ranch, here is where Bob Dempsey decided to raise his family. When the first Catholic priest, 'Father Desera,' came through the valley, Bob and Margaret were married in the Christian rite. They were the parents of eight children: Margaret (Mrs. John Marshall), Ellen (Mrs. Tom Hooban), Ann (Mrs. Johhny O'Donnel), Jane (Mrs. John Seyler), Kathryn (Mrs. Edward Edghill) — she passed away at the age of 102; James Dempsey, oldest son, and Robert Dempsey, middle son, who was killed by a train at Lethbridge, Canada; and John Dempsey, youngest son, a jockey killed by a race horse in Chicago. The Dempseys also raised and cared for Mary Grant and two of daughter Ann's children.

Mr. Wheeler tells of Bob Dempsey's friendship with a group of young men whom he believed to be the best fellows in the world — but most of whom afterward turned out to belong to Plummer's celebrated band of road agents held responsible for the murder of a Dutchman in the fall of 1863. Dempsey was totally unsuspecting of the real character and business of his frequent guests.

Before the murder of the Dutchman Dempsey had bargained to trade his tavern and ranch to some Frenchman

"Do you have an appointment?"

or cattle. The gang heard of this, and im Gibbons, one of their number, told Dempsey he could get a cash buyer who would give a good price. Dempsey acked out of the trade with the Frenchmen and was waiting for the ther party to come and pay him the ash, when three members of the gang - Ives, Hildebrand and Long John — were arrested for the murder of the Dutchman. This, of course, put an end o the trade, without Dempsey knowng the reason at the time.

Aferward, when Bob Zachary, nother member of the gang, was rrested for murder, he told one of the uards it was lucky for Bob Dempsey hat Ives was arrested and hanged at ust the time he was, for he (Ives) and everal of them had planned with Plummer to buy the ranch, get the eed and, after Dempsey was paid and n his return home from Virginia where the papers were to be drawn up nd executed and the money paid, ome of the gang were to lay in wait nd murder him. They would get back he money paid him and be the legal wners of the ranch too — so, the nurder of the poor Dutchman saved Bob Dempsey's life.

At this point we are left to speculate oncerning Dempsey's activities. We now that a good deal of his time was pent in the Twin Bridges area of Monana. After the gold rush subsided, he eems to have left the Stinking Water nd moved about considerably for the ext several years — always returning, owever, to his camp on Dempsey Creek near Lava. So well known had he become by this time that the little arming community which developed long the creek and around the hot prings was known as Dempsey, Idaho ntil 1915, when the town was incorporated as Lava Hot Springs.

Mrs. Hope Cushman, Bob Dempey's granddaughter, writing for the Madison County, Montana publication *Pioneer Trails and Trials*, tells us that esides the many other activities he ngaged in, he was an interpreter for he government at Fort Hall Indian eservation during his later years.

In an article from *Montana American*, December 21, 1917, L.R. Mailette, who arrived in Montana in 1852 nd wintered with Dempsey for five ears, referred to him as "King of the Pioneers."

Wheeler, in this report to Col. Sandrs, September 30, 1885, states: "At his writing Mr. Dempsey is in good ealth. He acknowledged he had been a vild boy and that he used to drink nfernally but that now for some time e had quit all that and that he should et live to die a sober man — an exusable Irishism — for one who has ived so long as he has on the frontier . . His neighbors say he was always an openhearted, generous, reckless man, but never criminal, and in his old age, since he has sobered down, he enjoys the general respect of the community."

According to records of the Montana Historical Society Library, Bob Dempsey died near Twin Bridges, Montana, January 12, 1909. The only question remaining is who was Bob Dempsey — what kind of man was he? Respected and very well liked by many, he was labeled a no-account horse thief by others. Good or not so good, this mountain man left his mark all along the Emigrant Road from Montana Territory to Wyoming and Idaho; and two beautiful, sparkling mountain streams — one near Deer Lodge, Montana; the other at Lava Hot Springs, Idaho — will carry on his name forever.

PROFILES

THOMAS OLIVER LARKIN was one of the first Yankees to become a permanent resident of Old California. Ill health had been a factor in the collapse of his business ventures as a young man, and he decided to go to the West Coast to live and to trade.

He sailed from Boston in 1831 and immediately found adventure and romance. On ship he fell in love with Rachel H. Holmes, who was sailing to Hawaii to marry a sea captain. Larkin only asked of her, that if she ever needed or wanted him, to get in touch with him in Mexican California.

Larkin settled in the Monterey area and lost no time in getting into business. He set up the first flour mill on the Coast. Soon after, he provided the first saw mill and lumber yard. His success was such that he became the best known and wealthiest merchant in the area.

When Rachel's husband died, she came to Monterey and married Larkin. Their two children were the first of United States parentage to be born in Old California. Mrs. Larkin had the honor of being the first woman from the States to be a permanent resident.

In a prolific outpouring of letters and articles for Eastern magazines, Larkin took the role of one of the first big boosters of California. He dedicated himself to the movement of its secession from Mexico. In 1844 he was appointed U.S. Consul with an office in Monterey.

Larkin worked earnestly and incessantly for California statehood. During these years England, France, and Russia were looking upon California with covetous eyes. Larkin helped to organize the California Constitutional Convention, which held its first meeting in Monterey. These men had hoped that a peaceful and bloodless way could be found to bring California into the Union. However, General John C. Fremont opened a campaign to militarily conquer the state and met with little resistance.

After California had been admitted to the Union, Larkin entered politics openly and vigorously, working for the first Republican candidate for the Presidency, General Fremont. With Fremont's defeat by James Buchanan, Larkin went into retirement and died in 1858.

By GEORGE HUNTER

Mount Rainier, from Puget Sound, in 1865.

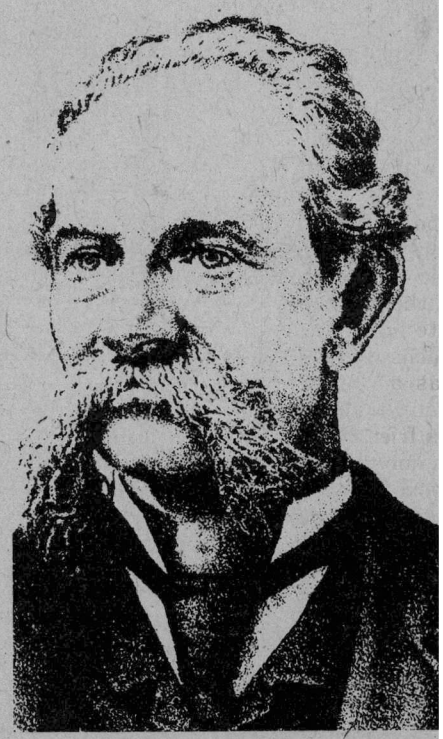
BUSTED!

— our rolling stone loses speed

Explanatory Note: George Hunter is finally back in civilian life, trying out this, trying out that, learning every day that "it takes money to make the mare trot." There must have been times when an Indian skirmish would have been a welcome change.

This adventure was taken from **REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD TIMER**, Memoirs of a Pacific Northwest Pioneer, Hunter, Miner and Scout, Colonel George Hunter. Published in 1887 by H. S. Crocker and Company, San Francisco. Other episodes will appear in chronological order.

George Hunter



AS I said before, I purchased the Grange City warehouse business from the Patrons, or grangers, and pushed the enterprise with the aid of a few friends.

I built six more large warehouses; getting in debt $20,000. A year or so afterward the railroad passed through the property, rendering it entirely worthless as a shipping point; and I have been trying ever since to work myself out of debt. Think I'll do it yet.

I dabbled in politics a little in 1880. I received the Democratic nomination to represent Columbia county in the council of the legislative body of Washington territory, and that fall I was elected to that important position.

I had been nominated years before to represent a county, but I had a great respect for lawmakers then, believed it required a great amount of education, brains, tongue and cheek; and being aware that I possessed only two of these qualifications, (cheek and tongue) at that time, I declined to serve.

An old friend — Judge Brisco — urged me to accept the position (or the "chance" to obtain it), saying it would be a good school. He assured me that he thought I would make a good representative, telling me that all I had to do when anyone came around me, "log-rolling" or quizzing in regard to any bill, was just to keep my mouth shut and give him a knowing smile, and I would soon be reckoned the smartest man in the legislative body. I told him that the thing I couldn't do was to keep my mouth shut, so I peremptorily refused to represent.

As I grew older I presume my cheek became harder, and I had learned to keep my mouth shut sometimes. So, as before stated, I accepted the nomination, was elected, and subsequently took my seat among the other Honorables.

Nearly all of the other eleven councilmen were learned lawyers, and had represented their constituents and the "dear people" in those legislative halls on previous occasions, and there being only two Democrats besides myself, I didn't expect much help from my fellow-councilmen.

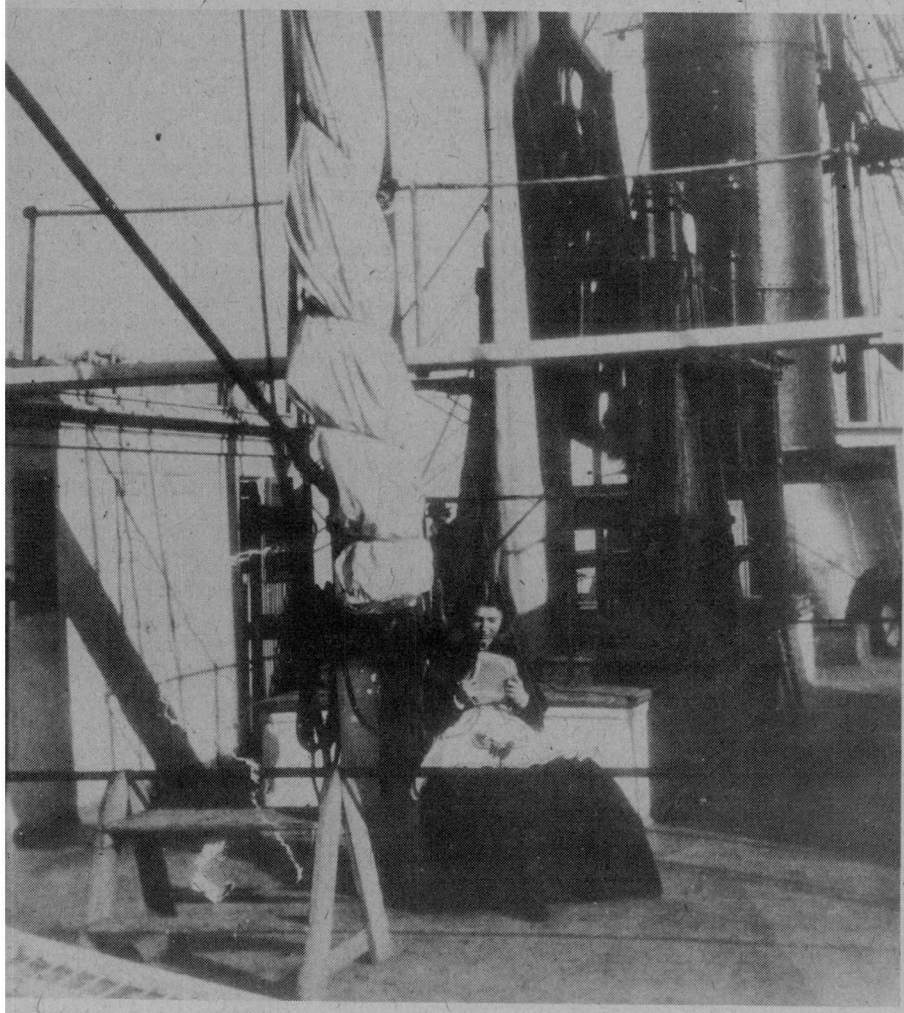
All went well for two weeks, as I remembered Judge Brisco's advice of years before about the smile and shut mouth; and like Senator Nesmith of Oregon, when he first took his seat in Congress, "only wondered how I ever was elected to such a position. After a week or two I commenced wondering how the other fellows got where they were."

When this last thought dawned upon my cloudy brain I had succeeded (by silence) in making a warm friend of the governor of our territory (Newell), who had served as governor of one or more of the older States, and sat in Congress with such men as Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and John Randolph of Roanoke. He was a profound lawyer as well as a skilled physician, so I took advantage of the circumstances and of his ability in several instances.

When a prominent bill had been in-

roduced I would converse with him on he subject. Then, when it came before he council for consideration, I would ıse the knowledge thus gained, *pro* or *on*, to such good advantage that I vas soon dubbed the "war-horse of the ouncil" and was reckoned at least as mart as *any Democrat* on the floor, he governor being the only person

ourtesy S.F. Maritime Museum



A pretty passenger whiling away the time aboard a paddle steamer.

ho was aware of the source of my profound legal ability." The governor ad told the members of both Houses f the legislative body to walk boldly ıto his apartments without knocking henever they felt inclined to do so (he as a remarkably hospitable gentleıan), so some weeks after I had gained is friendship, I rushed into his office ı one occasion with a bill in my hand bout which I knew as much as an Inian on the warpath does of charity to ıose who have fed and clothed him.

I was in such haste for fear some ther member might drop in and disover the source of my legislative abily, that I had gained the centre of the oom before, to my surprise, I saw it as almost full of visitors — both ladıs and gentlemen. The governor's two beautiful daughters were acting as his private secretaries. When my buzzard eyes took in the situation I commenced to back out, apologizing at the same time for having made such a rude entrance. But the governor promptly asked, "Colonel, anything I can do for you?"

I replied that there was, but I would call at a more seasonable hour when he was less engaged. "Come right in," said he. "These people don't amount to anything, they are only callers." He then introduced me all around, and having ascertained my dilemma, stepped across the room, took down a law volume, opened it, and pointing to a section, said, "That is what you want to look at."

I took the volume, and tucking it under my arm in the most learned and approved manner I was capable of assuming, was about to retire from their presence, when the governor asked, "Can't those fellows get along without you for a short time?"

"Yes," I replied, "better without than with me!"

"Then come here and be seated," said he. "I want to ask you a question or two if you can spare the time to answer them."

"All right," I said, as I seated myself. He then asked,"Colonel, how happened it that you ever got to the capitol as a councilman?" I asked if he would keep it a secret if I should tell him. He said he would, and that he would also vouch for all present, *even the ladies;* whereupon I told them that up to the time of the Democrats meeting in convention at Dayton no one had ever thought of such a thing as sending me to the legislature; but just as we had perfected our organization we received a telegram advising us that Judge Hoover, a prominent Democrat and a profound lawyer, had received the Democratic nomination for councilman for Whitman county, which joined Columbia county on the east, and we knew he would be elected. While we were rejoicing over this news, another telegram was received that the Democrats of Walla Walla county (adjoining Columbia on the west) had nominated Judge Sharpstein, one of the foremost and most eloquent lawyers in the territory for their councilman, and we were sure of his election. Hence, more rejoicing. Then the question went the round, "What is there left for Columbia county to do? We have wisdom in the east and strength in the west."

FINALLY it struck all that there was nothing for us to do but to beautify and adorn the council. I being the only handsome man in the county, every Democratic eye was fixed on me, and I received the unanimous Democratic nomination, in which over two hundred Republican voters concurred on election day. We now stood in the council as the three pillars of Democracy — Wisdom, Strength and Beauty or Hoover, Sharpstein and Hunter.

The governor then asked how I had maintained my position since my arriving at the capitol. Pointing to his daughters, I said: "Governor, I refer the question."

The ladies declared I was the most handsome man who had ever come from the "Bunch-grass country" (east of the Cascade mountains), but would hardly average with the "claim diggers" of the Sound for beauty.

This — coming from the ladies — I was compelled to accept; but I have ever since felt that they were prejudiced in favor of "home production."

On the whole I guess I did very well as a councilman. I could eat as many oysters, clams and scale-fish as any other member; visited all parts of the Sound country (at the expense of the territory); sustained my record for beauty; and finally became useful to

the other members as a scape-goat; for on returning home, if any measure had become a law that was unsatisfactory to any of their constituents or others of diversified interests, "It was all Hunter's fault; *I* didn't want it passed!"

So much was said to me and about me that soon after my return home I was tendered two public receptions, as it was fast becoming patent to the average granger that I must have passed about all of the bills that became laws at that session. Yet I believe that I am safe in saying that, as a whole, we were an average legislative body. We visited all the places of public resort such as the penitentiary, insane asylum, Seattle, New Tacoma, and Vancouver; in fact, went everywhere we could get a free ride to (most of us were broke).

We found the people affable and kind, as nearly every man we met had "an ax to grind" on our machine.

We made a very pleasant trip down the Sound on the O.R. & N. Co's fine steamer Geo. B. Starr, commanded by the genial Commodore Wilson. On this trip the chief clerk of the House of Representatives accompanied us. Burk was his name. Among his many other avocations and callings was that of newspaper reporter. He is now acting as my amanuensis, and I must tell the following story mildly or I fear he will cross it out.

Burk was a great hand to be peeking around and sticking his nose into other people's business in search of items. I, knowing Burk's weakness, and expecting he would soon visit the engine-room, put up a job on him which created some little merriment at the time. Having given the cue to the captain and some of my fellow-members, I slipped away from the rest, and going to the engineer, asked him if he had a man in his crew who could carry his part of a joke without laughing, explaining the prank I wished to play.

The engineer referred me to an Irish deck-hand whom I thoroughly posted, and handed him something to treat his mates with, Pat saying, "Bedad, an' it's mesel' that'll fix 'im, shure!"

Pat was installed as engineer *pro tem,* and Burk soon made his appearance, the rest of us following to take in the fun. True to his instinct Burk picked up a tool and was about to ask some question, when Pat, who seemed busily wiping some part of the machinery, quietly took the tool out of his hand. Burk gave him a peculiar look, but soon had hold of some other article. Pat as quickly took that out of his hand, and received a still more peculiar look. This performance was repeated several times, until Burk ebulliated, saying, "What do you mean, sir?"

"Bedad," says Pat, "it's mesel' that's not loikin' the looks av yes at all, at all; an' yes better be makin' thracks out o' this!" Burk was all broke up for a moment, but on looking around he espied me standing behind a screen laughing, and he "came for me." Well, they sold "refreshments" on the upper deck.

[Right here occurred a halt in the writing of this book, as Burk persisted in writing what he thought were some "good yarns" on me, and I persisted in tearing them up.]

RETURNING from law-making, I resumed my forwarding and storage business. About this time the O.R. & N. Co. built a railroad right through my place (Grange City), and on its completion my property was rendered valueless and I was left a total wreck financially.

The O.R. & N. Co. made me their agent for Starbuck and Grange City at a salary of one hundred dollars per month, which position I held for two years. Finally I became so rich, and the company so poor, that my services were dispensed with, as they seemed to be able to get men to do the work for nothing, and board themselves. My health being good, I didn't begrudge my successor his situation at the salary.

While I was acting as agent at Starbuck, my wife engaged in the chicken business to assist me and the babies in ekeing out an existence. She did well for awhile, but one morning about three o'clock I was suddenly awakened by a shock in the pit of my stomach, which I was soon aware had been caused by a collision with Mrs. H's delicate pedal extremities; and at the same time my ears were saluted with "George, get up, something is catching all my chickens!"

"Water! Dig a little to your right, and three miles down!"

Jumping out of bed and rushing t the hennery in undress uniform, I sa something bobbing around among th frantic poultry. To grasp a club an make war on the invader was the act just two seconds. One lusty blow se tled it — with me — I reeled toward th house, holding on to the soles of m feet, for my stomach seemed to perm ate my lower extremities, and m whole physical system seemed incline to reverse matters. Reaching th house, Mrs. H — screamed, as sh slammed the door in my face, "Don come in here." She then got a tub water, a keg of soft soap, a scrubbin brush and a change of such clothing a I generally have on when the educate folks say I am *"en deshabille,"* and s them all out to leeward. Then she wen in search of perfumery (carbolic aci ammonia, chloride of lime an asafoetida). She said our homeophat family physician had once observed her hearing that "like cures like, kills."

I answered without any rhetorical e fort as I submerged myself in that co soap and water, that a little more the "like" I had got in the hen-hou would kill anything. The fact is, I ha come in contact with the business en of that skunk. After wearing out th soap, water and brush, I took a c logne bath and retired on a lounge th had been prepared for me by lovin hands in a remote corner of the woo shed.

The next day, while attending to th business of my office at Starbuck, th train came in and stopped for a fe moments. I was out on the platfor checking freight, when a very dres gentleman stepped up to me and ask if I was agent at that place. I answer "Yes." "What wages do you get?" asked. "A hundred a month," I r plied. "You are very foolish for wor ing so cheap," he observed. I said couldn't do any better. "Yes, you can said he, "if you will go with me Frisco, I will give you $500 a month work for me."

This sudden proposition checked r work, and I was about to propose t immediate construction of articles agreement, when I happened to inqu in what way he would expect me earn such a salary. He smilingly plied that he was a manufacturi chemist, and he wanted me to stand the sidewalk in front of his wareroo to indicate to the public that perfu ery could be purchased within by t cargo. I mentioned a place that could go to, and went on checki freight.

When the next train arrived, a w man stuck her head out of a car w dow and remarked, "Whe-e-ew, wh smells so?"

I said, "Mecca is just four miles below here, and you probably smell the dead."

It is perhaps proper to state that there are some wags among the Northwestern railway conductors, some of that class ran on this particular road, and having heard of my odoriferous adventure among the fowls, they were no doubt whetting their wits at my expense.

WHEN I forfeited my situation as agent (as before stated), I traded for a hotel at Riparia. It was soon manifest that I was a clever fellow, but I couldn't run a hotel worth a cent. So I allowed my wife to landlord it, and I went East with a few car-loads of horses.

While stopping a few days in Dakota I was induced by few newly made friends to speak a little piece (they called it a lecture) about the resources and advantages of the Northwest corner of the Union. I did the same act in Minnesota afterward, and then — as fortune has for years proved unkind to me — I found myself in a condition to write such a book as this. Now, I fear, I am fitted to go on a lecturing tour. I have all to gain and nothing to lose — or, in the classical words of the poet, I am busted."

The reader can, perhaps, form a faint idea of the trials, troubles, vexations and cussativeness that an unlettered old-timer who has picked up all he knows, is compelled to undergo, overcome or wade through in trying to write a book, when he has an educated, red-headed galoot of a newspaper reporter, an ex-clerk of the District Court, ex-clerk of the Probate Court, ex-county auditor, ex-U.S. commissioner, ex-notary public, ex-commissioner of deeds, land agent, broker, collector, conveyancer, insurance agent, auctioneer, accountant and commission-man (I got all these big words off one of his business cards, and put in the "ex's" myself). He is a westernised nondescript; has been a chief clerk in the legislature, a painter, a carpenter and wood-sawyer; a packer, a stage-driver and a teamster; a merchant, a clerk and a cow-boy; a miner, a vaquero and a school-teacher; can talk a little Latin, Greek, Spanish, Nez Perce, Ki-use and Chinook (and *little* English). He is, or has been, sometimes called a "one-horse lawyer;" has had a whole passel of money, lands, mills, horses, town lots, and I don't know what else. But he is now down to my level; he also is "busted."

He — the fellow above partially described — is now my a — am — well, he tells it a-m-a-n-u-e-n-s-i-s. As I was going to say, the reader will, I hope, sympathize with me, and excuse and exonerate me for anything in these pages that may appear like a strain on the mental faculties; for every time I have left him he has managed to ring some of his big words in on me, and transpose my sentences. When I have demurred, he talked about grammatical construction, orthography, and other things which I never saw running wild in the Northwest. Here is an illustration:

"George, let me write up a description of a pack-train for the benefit of your eastern readers who never saw one."

"Well, go on, Burk; you may be better at telling my story than I am myself."

"George, how is this for a starter: 'The pack-trains — of which frequent mention has been made in these pages — were principally composed of mules, bronchos and cayuses, caparisoned with aparajos, hackamores, coronies and cruppers.' "

"Well, I should sneeze. 'How is it?' Because you have served in every capacity in packing — as bell-boy, cook, *savinaro, chinkadero* and *cargadero* — do you suppose, those civilized eastern folks can understand all that stuff? Climb down a few stories. Come down! Come down!!"

"Well, how is this, then? Gentle reader, I will now endeavor to portray to your mind the muleativeness, trailativeness, and — ' "

"Stop her! Lower your kite. Talk United States."

"Well, I'll try you with another mess. 'As the visitor to these sylvan shores to-day sits in his luxuriant palace car, quaffing the incense — ' "

"That settles it. What's a mule got to do with a Pullman car? What 'sylvan visitor' was ever incensed by quaffing at a ten-gallon keg that was lashed on to a mule's back?"

"But, George, you old fossils, when writing, never take into consideration the verbiage, grammatical construction, orthography and punctuation necessary to impart smoothness to your sentences, and — "

"That's it. When I won't let you write those eleven-dollar words in my book you'll try to knock me out with your mouth. A pack-train was your subject. Go for the mules, and let — "

"But to the Eastern reader it is necessary to be somewhat explanatory of phrases."

"Well let them come out here and live in a good country once, and they'll 'tumble' to the phrases."

THE READER has probably concluded that it would require more and larger reference sheets to keep me from "scattering" than it used to Artemus Ward — the renowned humorist;-

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and as he lectured on every subject but the one he advertised ("Babes in the Woods"), I may be accused of writing of everything but the *memories of an old-timer,* thereby furnishing additional evidence of the truth of the old adage, "We are all true to our instincts."

Now, I will frankly say that I would destroy and re-write the preceding chapters but for the fear of getting them worse mixed than ever. So I shall trust to luck — an old-timer's mainstay — and the charity of the public. In the language of "A. Ward" when he was solicited to visit the towns of Virginia and Nevada, in Montana at the time the vigilantes were hanging roughs — "I won't; be hanged if I do."

But I must add a brief pen-sketch of the country of which I have necessarily made mention in my stories, commencing with northern California. My description must necessarily be brief, as it would require several volumes of this size to partly describe the country with all its beauties, scenery, wealth and other attractions.

Northern California is bisected longitudinally by two parallel chains of mountains, out of which flow numerous beautiful streams of water, along the most of which have been rich placer and quartz-mines. The broad bottoms or valleys are remarkable for their fertility, and have for years been utilized for gardens, orchards and vineyards. The mountains are covered with valuable timber.

Shasta, the northernmost valley in the State, is perhaps fifty miles long by forty in width; and what was deemed a plain unfit for cultivation at the time of which I wrote in previous chapters, has proved to be the most valuable agricultural land.

That portion of northern California lying east of the Sierra Nevada mountains — which are a continuation of the Cascade range of Oregon — was then considered valueless; but it also has proved to be valuable both for farming and grazing purposes. The climate is mild and health-giving.

Passing northward across the Siskiyou mountains — a spur which runs at right angles with the Cascades and Sierra Nevadas — you find yourself in the beautiful Rogue River valley in Oregon, which nestles among high hills and mountains west of the main Cascade range, and is drained by the beautiful mountain-stream of that name. The mountains and hills are covered with a beautiful growth of pine, fir, laurel and oak timber, while the numerous streams and rivulets flowing out of them are teeming with trout and salmon. A more beautiful and healthful spot than this valley — which is perhaps eighty miles long and from fifteen to forty miles in width — could not be found in any country. All of the mountains named abound in game, such as deer, elk, bear and smaller animals, and were the favorite roving-grounds of the grizzly, who is still often met in his rounds. For a minute description of this lovely and fertile valley, as well as some others I shall mention, I must refer the reader to books especially devoted to them, which are far more descriptive than I could possibly be.

Continuing northward, we cross Jump-off Jo, Grave creek, Crab creek and Cow creek, with their small valleys and heavily timbered hills; all fertile when cleared; and all of which have been developed more or less since the removal of the Indians. They are fast becoming noted for their beauty, as they always were for healthfulness.

Next we come to the south and north Umpquas, with their many tributary valleys of beauty and fertility. Then, having crossed the Umpqua or Calipooia mountains, we are in the south or upper end of the far-famed Willamette valley, of which so much has been written by ready writers that I fear any attempt of mine to describe it would be a waste of raw material.

Suffice it to say that this whole stretch of country for a distance of five hundred miles, between the Cascade and Coast ranges of mountains, is fast assuming the appearance of the Atlantic and Northern States in an agricultural and manufacturing sense; though of manufactories a great many more are needed in every section of the Northwest.

By the time this work is published the California & Oregon Railroad will have been completed clear through the stretch of country named, while there are two others running parallel with it through the Willamette valley; and one transversely from Yaquina Bay easterly across the Cascade mountains, to connect with the Union Pacific, is already completed across the valley, and will, it is expected, reach eastern Oregon during the year.

The Willimette valley being the oldest settled portion of the Northwest, the development and improvement is not so rapid just now as in other portions of the country. The many cities and towns, of course, show much progress and substantial growth; while an increased acreage of products, with a corresponding addition to the number of residences are the most noticeable features in the staid and complacent country surrounding them. The land is very productive, and is held at comparatively low rates.

Crossing the Cascade range of mountains, we enter eastern Oregon, some portions of which I have partially described in this book. It is generally similar to northeastern California, though of course the climate is colder as we go northward. The Blue Mountains, with their many spurs, each comprised of level and rolling prairie of remarkable fertility, skirted and dotted with high hills and timbered mountains which are unsurpassed in the world for grazing purposes. Cool, clear springs and rapidly running trout streams are prominent features, as are also the healthfulness of climate, the mild winters and cool summer nights. Development has only commenced there. Manufactories of all kinds are needed; and a man can prosper in any vocation he may choose. The price of land is low, and there is much government land still vacant.

What I say of eastern Oregon equally applies to southern and western, Idaho, except that the soil is lighter in the valleys, and for the most part requires irrigation to make it produce well.

CROSSING the Columbia river, which for three hundred miles forms the boundary line between Oregon and Washington, we find west of the Cascade mountains, the "Sound country," so called from Puget Sound, the majestic, placid inland sea, whose waters navigable for all craft, have three thousand miles of shore line in this territory, and abound with fish of every description, both shell and scale, prominent among which are the salmon rock-cod, smelt, herring, sardine flounder, oyster and clam. Ships of the deepest draught anchor within fifty feet of any portion of the shore, along which are located the thriving, prosperous and beautiful cities of Seattle Tacoma, Olympia, Steilacoom, and many smaller towns.

The bottoms and valleys along the numerous streams that flow into this many-armed inland sea are mostly "beaver-dam" lands, and are celebrated the world over for producing enormous crops of grain, vegetables fruit and hops; of the latter the Sound country is becoming the leader of the continent in the amount and excellence of quality of its output. The dense growth of gigantic fir, spruce, cedar and other fine working and durable timber that covers the millions of acres of hill and mountain land, is being cut and hauled to the water's edge, from which they are floated to numberless mills of immense capacity that dot the shores, where it is made into lumber which finds a market in every land and clime. It is the grandest lumbering country in the world, and the supply of timber being almost inexhaustable, it will furnish work for multiplied thousands of men for centuries to come, a

the manufacturing interests are as yet in their infancy.

These same mountains and hills are underlaid with thousands of veins of the best quality of coal, several of which are being worked, and the output is enormous — iron, lime and building stone also exist there in large quantities, and are as yet scarcely developed.

A casual consideration of the safe anchorage for all the navies and merchant marine of the world, at one time, in connection with the wonderful productiveness of soil, the everlasting supply of timber, coal, iron, stone and fish, coupled with the beauty and healthfulness of the climate, can but convince any one of the fact that the "Sound country" is soon to outrank in exportation any other section in the world.

The most of the lands contiguous to the shores and larger streams have been entered, and are held at reasonable figures; but there are millions of acres of very valuable timber and coal land still unclaimed and open to settlement.

That portion of Washington Territory which lies east of the Cascade range of mountains, and between the Oregon line and British Columbia, is sometimes designated as the "Columbia basin," or a part of the "Inland Empire," and embraces the Walla Walla, Yakima, Spokane, Palouse, Colville and Okanogan countries or sections, mention of which is made in different chapters of this book. Like eastern Oregon, its makeup is of valleys, rolling prairies, hills, mountains and streams. The land as a rule is richer, and affords a greater area for fine easy tillage than does eastern Oregon. Cereals, fruits and vegetables of nearly every kind and description grow to perfection.

In this country we only had a month of severe weather during the past winter, and the thermometer was not as low as zero at any time. Cattle and horses wintered on the range, for the most part without any feed, and the loss was not to exceed five per cent on an average.

Of the Walla Walla section, I have perhaps given an intimation. Of the great Palouse country I might write a whole chapter; but will only say that it is a rolling, alluvial soil, easily worked, well watered, very rich, and sparsely settled.

The Spokane, Colville, and Okanogan sections are more mountainous, and better adapted to stock-raising.

Yakima and Kittitas valleys, on the Yakima river, are proving wonderful producers, though there the soil requires irrigation, which is done at little expense. The hills around these valleys afford range inexhaustible; and there are raised more cattle than in any other section on the North Pacific slope.

What is becoming known as the "Big Bend country," near the geographical centre of eastern Washington, is now attracting the attention of hundreds of settlers, and bids fair to become one of the most prominent sections named.

But there are homes for thousands in each of the sections named. The most valuable lands, near the towns and main thoroughfares, have, of course, been entered, and are held at from $5 to $50 per acre, owing to location and improvements; but in more remote parts the emigrant has no trouble in finding good vacant government and railroad lands at $2.50 to $4 per acre, for, as I have remarked in several chapters this country is just being developed.

Speaking generally, I will say that the lately organized and planned railroad system is destined within a few years to develop and bring to the notice of the world the country of which I have written, as being a country of grander proportions, more varied scenery, more boundless resources, and affording more rare opportunities to the man who can control a few thousand dollars; than does any other known portion of the globe. Schools and churches flourish in every settlement; academies and colleges are found in all the towns of any considerable size; our laws are just, and are scrupulously executed; our taxes are low; our society compares favorably with that of old states. We are young, vigorous and healthy, with an assured future of wealth and happiness before us.

"Would you please stay away from the corral, m'am. You're spookin' the horses!!"

Three grand transcontinental thoroughfares are open for your travel, ease and comfort, at a trifling expense, by either of which you can in a week's time visit this land of promise. The system of feeders and cross-roads — tapping the grand agricultural, mining and stock-growing sections — which are now being constructed, will afford you an opportunity to see for yourselves. The main lines, as a rule follow the margins of streams or run through gulches, thereby affording the through tourist a very meagre view of the grand surroundings.

The Northern Pacific and the Union Pacific systems of roads will either of them bring you from the East right into the heart of the country I have mentioned; and once here you will find no difficulty or hardship in visiting any portion of it, or finding good opportunities for any and every vocation you may elect to follow.

In conclusion, I will say that if I have succeeded in this, my effort at book-writing, in amusing you for a few hours, or imparting any useful information, and have received the price of the book, you may rest assured that I have realized my hopes, and that you have made an old pioneer of this grand Northwest happy: for, remember that "it takes money to make the mare trot."

In the language of my tribe, "Nika cup-it." — *I have finished.*

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Wild Old Days!

BATTLE OF TURKEY SPRINGS

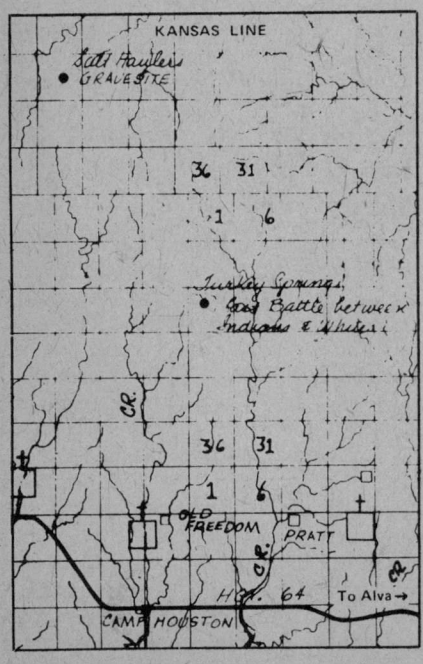
By Nell Ives

Photo & map courtesy Cherokee Strip Volunteer League; Alva, Oklahoma

WHEN Dull Knife and Little Wolf, chiefs of the Northern Cheyennes, planned their tribe's escape from an Indian Territory barracks in 1878, they made careful note of where they could get drinking water along the way. Their strategy also included ideas on how any possible pursuers could be prevented from getting drinking water. Their route would lie through country habitually arid, especially in late summer.

Most of the group would be afoot, their scant supply of horses being reserved for the use of scouts who would forage for food. More mounts would be appropriated along the way if posible, but the main thing was to be sure that the water bags used by the walkers — men, women and children — could be refilled as needed.

One watering place they would need to reach was just south of the high, dry ridge between the Cimarron watershed and that of the Salt Fork of the Arkansas. It was called Turkey Springs because flocks of wild turkeys had roosted there for years. There was a fairly generous seepage of fresh water, though never enough to run off in a stream, and it kept alive a small grove of trees. All Indians knew about it and the United States Army had Indian scouts who were well aware of its strategic value. If Dull Knife and his followers could be kept away from those springs, their flight could be stopped right there. They could be defeated and returned to the barracks. It was miles to the next drink of water.



FORTUNATELY for the Cheyennes, they got to the springs first. North of Turkey Springs are sharp little hills set close together, and it was here that the Indian women and children were hidden. To the south the approach to the springs is fan-shaped, flaring out into the grassy, uneven distance, and pointing north toward the clump of trees which shade the springs. The southern distances hold some sharp-sided gulches which the army detachment found handy in defending itself that day and the next.

The Indians escaped from Darlington on September 10, 1878. On September 13 the pursuing military force overtook them at Turkey Springs. The army group had traveled 119 miles but since the distance from the barracks to Turkey Springs is much less, about sixty miles in a straight line, it can be assumed that the Indians traveled quite directly while the army group made some side forays. Even at that, the Indians, mostly afoot, made more than twenty miles a day, no small thing in pathless terrain.

The Indian fighting men positioned themselves on the slopes overlooking the fan-shaped approach to the springs. The hills flanking the approach may have sometime been closer together, the sides being worn down by wildlife coming in for a drink. At least there are narrow ditches pointing into the clump of trees which could be well-worn paths. There isn't enough rain in the area to account for them otherwise and they would have been an obstacle to soldiers trying to rush for cover among the trees. Some of them are more than two feet deep and too narrow for a man to manipulate at speed. At any rate, the soldiers didn't get to the springs, although they tried all the rest of the day.

Captain Joseph Rendlebrock, commanding Companies G and H, 4th Cavalry, had 87 enlisted men and 5 officers. He dismounted his men within 400 yards of the Indians and with an Arapaho scout for interpreter, parleyed with Dull Knife and Little Wolf. Captain Rendlebrock, through the scout, told the Indians they must return to the agency. Little Wolf said he would not return there to be starved. he didn't want to fight, but would do so rather than go back. The Indian group, Dull Knife, Little Wolf and the several other Indians accompanying the chiefs, were unarmed, but when Rundlebrock heard their answer he ordered his troops to open fire. Indians quickly surrounded the army position and the fighting began.

Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Dull Knife

It lasted all day, with the army detachment suffering for want of water.

Rendlebrock had two men killed, three wounded, and six horses killed or wounded. The horses had been sheltered in a deep gulch, presumably safe, but the Indians had command of the area and were interested in horses. The day before, on the 12th, Indian scouts looking for supplies and mounts, had killed two young men who had come down across the Kansas border on the way to the salt beds on the Cimarron. The two, found by Charles Colcord and a companion, were buried on the ridge between the Cimarron and Salt Creek where a monument to them still stands — the Salt Haulers grave.

At the end of the first day of fighting it was apparent that thirst was go

ng to be the deciding factor. Soldiers rom Rendlebrock's command tried to each the springs during the night, but ere repulsed. Needing water, and getting low on ammunition, the army detachment decided to retreat. The second day Rendlebrock and his men tarted back south.

It was seven miles to the nearest ater hole but it was a running fight ith the Indians being repulsed three imes. During the second day, Rendlerock lost two men killed, and seven orses killed or wounded. The Cheynnes had five wounded, one a little irl, six years old.

On September 16 the army troops eached Camp Supply, which was 40 iles south. Rendlebrock carried his ounded on drags.

The Indians stopped their pursuit at he end of the seven-mile stretch, went ack to the springs and the whole roup started on north. Their troubles eren't over by any means — one enagement found them completely surounded. The army officer in charge, ure that he had the Indians securely ottled up, decided to wait until the orning to capture them, and by orning they were gone.

The Turkey Springs Battle, howver, showed the strategic value of a rink of water in a defendable location.

marker on Highway 64 in Northestern Oklahoma commemorates is fact.

SAUL BOYER, ROUGH STRING RIDER

By A.P. Day, Jr.

SAUL BOYER rode for most of the g outfits in Southern Alberta and askatchewan while still in his early ens. Old-timers rate Saul as the eatest rider and roper of the rough ring Western Canada ever produced. Saul's father was a Metis Indian om Ft. Garry (Winnipeg), Manitoba. ul was born near Eastend, Sastchewan while his family, with a ge band of Metis, was on a buffalo nt. It was one of the last such hunts on the Canadian prairies.

Saul's family moved to Medicine Hat, Alberta, in 1893. He started riding colts when he was twelve years old, and in his early teens he began to break horses for a living.

I knew Saul when my father staged occasional bucking contests at the ballpark in Medicine Hat from 1908 to 1911. The local cowboys would compete and Saul always entered. He was big and strong and hard to buck off. Sometimes he won. He never followed the rodeo circuit and was always content to break horses or ride the rough string on a roundup wagon. He earned the respect and friendship of the best cowboys that worked with him.

Once Saul was wintering in Medicine Hat and was offered $20 to deliver a telegram to a cow camp far out on the Red Deer River. He had worked that country before and knew about where it was. He was seventeen at the time. He rode down the Saskatchewan River about twenty-five miles to my old friend, Jimmie Mitchell's ranch. He stayed overnight and when Jimmie found out where he was going he offered Saul $20 to bring back nine Mexican steers that were in that same locality. Jimmie had tried to drive them back himself several times without success, as they were wild and hard to drive.

Forty dollars for the trip sounded like big money to Saul. Jimmie loaned him a young grain-fed horse to ride, although he wasn't broken to hobbles or picketing like Saul's horse was. Saul was later to regret it. The going was rough down the winding river and around brush and snowbanks. Late that night Saul found the camp by riding to it by the light from a window. Fortunately the men were up late playing cards. Saul was nearly exhausted when he got there, but felt better when he got something to eat.

Next day he delivered the telegram and rode on in search of the steers. Luck was with him when he located the nine steers with a large bunch corralled at the ranch of T. "Horseshoe" Smith, not far from Leader, Saskatchewan. When the Smith cattle were turned out of the corral, Saul kept the Mitchell cattle in. He let them go without feed or water for three days to tame them down a bit, and then with the help of another cowboy started back home.

The steers took off in a run for several miles and it was a hard job keeping them together and headed in the right direction. Finally they settled down and began to graze. The other cowboy left, telling Saul that if he lost the steers to try to find his way back to the ranch.

SAUL got them going and made fairly good progress. By the time he had the steers trail-broken, he was tired and decided to get a little sleep. He unsaddled his horse, tied one end of his long lariat to the hackamore shank on his horse and the other to the horn of his saddle. He stretched out across the saddle.

When Saul woke up he saw that the rope had come untied from the hackamore shank, and his horse was grazing. Saul knew he had to catch that horse or walk back to Medicine Hat. He wanted to walk up to him but, just in case, he built a loop and then started to ease nearer. His rope must have swished on some brush just as he was about to put his hand on the horse which promptly spooked and took off.

Saul swung the rope and caught him, but the horse kicked and jumped just as the rope went over his head and a hind leg got caught in the loop. Saul held to the rope and the horse took off running, kicking and dragging him. Saul was dragged for quite a way but figured he might get injured if he hit a stone, so he turned the rope loose.

The boy was determined to take the steers back to Jimmie Mitchell, so he put his saddle in a safe place and then started after the longhorns. Not used to seeing a person on foot, the steers came circling around Saul, bawling, snuffing and pawing the ground. Saul just kept on walking and after awhile the steers got used to him and settled down. Then he got behind them and started to herd them in the right direction. It was coming spring, and as Saul followed the steers he was sometimes belt-deep in icy water.

Saul and his longhorns finally reached the border fence of Jimmie Mitchell's ranch. He opened the gate and drove them through, then had to drive them another five to ten miles to the home corral of the ranch.

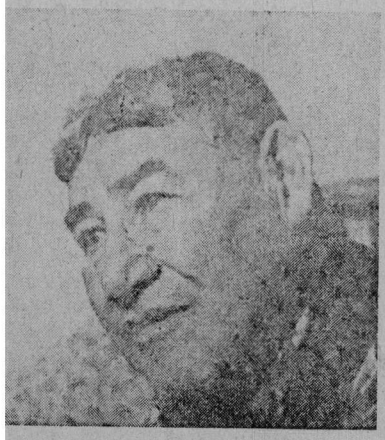
After Saul ate supper he pulled off his boots. His toes were in bad shape, but after a night's rest, he delivered the steers to the Medicine Hat slaughter house for Jimmie Mitchell. The distance Saul traveled horseback was around 300 miles, with another 60 miles afoot.

Jimmie Mitchell said many times afterwards that no other man could have done the job. Many top hand ranchers and cowboys of the Medicine Hat district who rode hundreds of miles with Saul said there never was quite his equal. They said he preferred a bronc to a well-broken horse. He was a good horse breaker and trainer also. Any horse he turned over as finished could be ridden by anyone, and knew its business as well.

Saul was always extremely neat and particular about his dress. He was a fine looking man and is remembered as a person of unusual good humor. His

Saul Boyer

to provided by author



cowboy friends pronounced his name "Boo-yay."

One time in Medicine Hat, Saul bet someone $25 he could ride his horse over the railroad bridge across the South Saskatchewan River. It was quite a wager. The bridge was long and narrow; the beams which carried the railway tracks were six inches to eight inches apart. There wasn't any floor between the beams, just the South Saskatchewan River away down below. The horse had to step from one cross member to another and do so mighty carefully. Saul rode his horse over the bridge, then turned around and rode back. A policeman was waiting for him and Saul was locked up. Next day he was let off with the advice that he should leave town for awhile. Saul told the policeman that was just what he had in mind.

When he finally retired in Medicine Hat in his seventies, he still looked good and capable. He was quite a cowboy.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 7)

for the next century nearly every community had a bully.

Many bullies were amiable enough and they usually held the respect of their fellow citizens who looked upon their bare-fist fights as sport. I used to hear of a bully who lived in the Coldwater, Alabama community. He was a big strong man and he was a lumberjack. His reputation as a fighter was known far and wide and other bullies came from other places to challenge him.

One bully rode a mule, bareback, all the way from Cartersville, Georgia to fight him. Whenever he met another person he would introduce himself and tell them that he was on his way to Coldwater to whip Old Man Stevens. And he promised to tell them all about the fight on his return trip. There was no ill will; it was a sporting challenge.

He arrived at Stevens' home early one morning and announced that he had come to see who was the best fighter. Stevens invited him to breakfast but the Cartersville man had already had breakfast. He took a seat on the curbing of the well and waited.

After breakfast, Stevens went to the well for a dipper of water. He said he hadn't been awake long enough to fell right so he had better limber up a bit by punching a sack of sand which he kept hanging by a rope from a limb of a tree. He punched the sack a few times. Each strike seemed to be harder than the last. The challenger's eyes began to widen. He had just raised himself up off the well curbing when Stevens gave it a haymaker that burst the sack and the sand flew!

The challenger stood up and began stammering, "Uh, uh, I believe if it's all right with you we'll call the fight off." He was told, "Sure, you don't have to fight if you don't want to."

The challenger said nothing more. He got on his mule and headed back to Cartersville. But he didn't go back the way he had come. He went way around by Horse Block Mountain, east of Heflin, so he wouldn't have to tell the people along the way how the fight had turned out.

Mr. Stevens' name was Obediah Stevens and his daughter Belle married my half-uncle. He has descendants in Texas. — Vern M. Scott, Editor, *Talladega County Historical Society Newsletter,* 106 Broome Street, Talladega, Alabama 35160

Blind Boone

The article about Blind Boone in the April 1979 *True West* recalled memories of the time I personally met and talked to him at one of his performances. He had a watch that was made especially for him. It was one of the old-style pocket watches which opened when the stem was pushed down. When the lid opened a chime sounded that chimed the seconds, minutes, and hours, which he understood.

I let my brother read your story and he remembered the concert and told me he reads all of your magazines.

I thought of something else in regard to Blind Boone's musical talent. When he had played several pieces, he asked for a volunteer to play a piece of music and he would replay it and tell what key it was in. A young lady who was a talented pianist and musician, and had given several musical concerts, played a piece and intentionally played a mistake in it. Blind Boone then told her what key it was and then proceeded to play the same piece and play the same mistake.

True West, Frontier Times and *Old West* are good reading, much better than a lot of magazines on the newsstands. — Marvin Harrell, 3711 Hedda, Long Beach, California 90805

Bertha Blancett

There was a story in the June 1979 *True West* about Bertha Blancett. I enjoyed it very much but never dreamed she was still living, especially so near to me — only about fifteen miles. I am sending a clipping of her obituary — name withheld by request.

"Graveside services were held July 6, 1979 in Hillcrest Memorial Park, Porterville, California for horsewoman and champion rodeo rider Bertha Blancett, 95. She died July 3.

"Mrs. Blancett had lived in Porterville for the past 37 years and in California for 57 years. She was born in Cleveland, Ohio. She was enshrined in the National Cowboy Hall of Fame's Rodeo Hall of Fame section in 1975 in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

"She gained her fame in rodeo circles as 'The greatest woman rider in the world,' and competed on an equal basis with men in rodeo arenas across the country. She won world championships as a bronco and relay race rider. Mrs. Blancett's husband, Dell, who was killed in World War I, was a champion bulldogger and rodeo cowboy.

"During Mrs. Blancett's rodeo career she traveled with the Pawnee Bill Rodeo and the 101 Ranch Show. She had worked with Tom Mix and Bebe Daniels in the early days of the movies. Her last professional ride was in 1918 with the Pendleton, Oregon rodeo. She also worked nine years as a guide in Yosemite National Park and was an active member of the Porterville Emblem Club.

"She is survived by a daughter, Camille Jaureque, Newhall, who with husband, Andy, are also members of the Cowboy Hall of Fame."

Willing To Share

I don't know when — or if — I have ever enjoyed a magazine as much as do yours. I have never lived anywhere but California but I have "traveled" to many places of interest through your articles and letters from readers and have even "met" some new friends and perhaps a kissin' kin, Ben W. Kemp, contributor to your magazines.

I have something to share with your readers and perhaps give joy to someone doing family research. Last summer I purchased an antique photo album. There were some lovely family pictures in it. The following information was with them: "Presented to Miss Barbara Hartness, June 17, 189[illegible] by Sam, Myra and Hattie Webb of Burlington Jct., Missouri."

Some of the pictures were taken by a traveling photographer named J.S. Lawrence and were taken at Maryville and Clearmont, Missouri; Delvan and Bloomington, Illinois, Redfield, South Dakota; Crawfordsville, Indiana; Holton, Kansas; and Clarida, Iowa.

Identifications on some are: Ada Williams, Burlington Jct., Missouri on the back, but taken at Clearmont; two family groups with the names Grandma and Grandpa Williams, Uncle Luther (or Luthern), Uncle Pete, Aunt Martha and Dad. Another picture has the name Williams on it (a picture of a woman), and yet another has "Yours truly, Maud." A couple have the initials "P" and "W." One is a picture of a child in death pose. I understand

hat was not an uncommon practice in he old days.

These pictures are a real treasure to ne of days gone by but I know the joy f finding pictures and information bout my own family and I would be appy to send them to the rightful wner. — Mrs. James C. Mankins, P.O. Box 576, Santa Maria, California 3456

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 17)

nan, William H. Jackson, Evelyn J. Cameron, Solomon D. Butcher, Louis Daguerre, John W. Powell, Clarence ones, and many others.

The book is well-written and relates n interesting story. Frontier photographers wil earn new respect and dmiration in the minds of readers unamiliar with their lives, the dangers nany of them encountered and their ork.

This reviewer's only regret is that he volume does not include more exmples of frontier photography. A fine ibliography and index are included. lighly recommended.

WYOMING TRAILS

Ghost Trails of Wyoming by Mae Urbanek (copies available from the auor, Lusk, Wyo. 82225, 236 pages, 16.95 hardcover, $8.95 paperback, 6 x inches).

In several ways this interesting ook might be described as a thumbail history of early Wyoming. It qualies as such, but most readers will find more useful as a reference and guide historic sites throughout the state.

The author traces the history of Wyming before territorial days. She folws the journeys of such men as John olter, William H. Ashley, Samuel arker, Marcus Whitman, Father Demet, John Fremont and others.

Mae Urbanek includes individual napters on the Oregon, Mormon, verland, Bozeman and Texas Trails Wyoming, and there is much materl on early railroads.

This nicely produced volume not only provides good reading but is a handy reference book on names, dates, places and events in early-day Wyoming. A bibliography and index are included. Recommended.

JACK LONDON

A Pictorial Life of Jack London by Russ Kingman (Crown Publishers, One Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016, 288 pages, $14.95 hardcover, 9 x 11½ inches).

There is no question that there is new interest in the writings of Jack London, the lusty turn-of-the-century writer who caught the spirit of the closing Western frontier. Now author Russ Kingman has captured the spirit of London in words and pictures in this beautifully illustrated book.

Kingman has produced a pictorial biography that captures Jack London, the man. Beginning with London's birth in 1876 and his early years, Kingman tells of London's adventures including his search for his real father. Through words and numerous old photographs — many published here for the first time — the author helps the reader relive London's colorful and exciting life. Kingman details London's fascination with the mystery of death.

This volume undoubtedly will become a standard reference work on the life of Jack London. A fine bibliography and index are included. Recommended.

RALPH HUBBARD

A Man as Big as the West by Nellie Snyder Yost (Pruett Publishing Co., 3235 Prairie Ave., Boulder, Colo. 80301, 237 pages, $11.50 hardcover, 6 x 9 inches).

Any reader who was involved in "scouting" during the early years of this century may recall the name Ralph "Doc" Hubbard. He was very active with the Boy Scouts. This book tells the story of "Doc" Hubbard. He was sometimes referred to as a "Sagebrush Socrates."

Born in 1885 at East Aurora, New York, Hubbard grew up in a family interested in the West. Later he came West and taught school in Montana and Wyoming and continued his association with Indians.

Any attempt to summarize Hubbard's fascinating experiences in the West early in this century would fail in this column. One must read his story to realize the unique nature of "Doc" Hubbard and to capture the flavor of this man's life.

Nellie Snyder Yost's book is one that must be read to be appreciated. Notes and a good index are included. And it is recommended to all lovers of the American West.

advertising index

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What is Government Lands Digest? Government Lands Digest is published monthly to keep you informed of the many new Government land opportunities that are available to you. During the course of a year, we'll list Government land offerings in almost every one of the 50 States . . . and not only Federal Government lands, but State and Municipal as well! No other publication today covers the entire Government land field so completely. We offer the only service that monitors these sales and describes them for you.

What Will You Find In Government Lands Digest? Each issue of Government Lands Digest will bring you the latest information on what Government lands are available and the minimum price for which they can be bought. Government Lands Digest services your needs by compiling, researching and publishing the details of thousands of properties throughout the U.S. which are sold by several Federal offices as well as hundreds of State and Municipal authorities. These bargains are quickly passed on at prices that will amaze you.

Where Are These Properties? Government land sales are everywhere . . . large wooded tracts, farms, lakefront lots, mountain sites, even business and city properties. They range from small residential lots to sprawling family retreats of several hundred acres. Throughout the coming months Government lands sales will occur in nearly every State including Hawaii and Alaska. Whether it's a secluded wilderness site from a Federal office or a lakefront cottage lot that is being sold for nonpayment of taxes - opportunities abound!

Does Government Lands Digest Own Any Of These Properties? None Whatsoever! Government Lands Digest is not in the land speculation business nor are we real estate brokers. All purchases are made direct from the Government office involved. There Are No Middlemen. Our sole function is to inform you what Government lands are available and the minimum price for which they can be bought. We receive no sale commissions nor do we profit from any purchase you might make. Thus, we make no attempt to "push" the land at you with exaggerated claims or high pressure tactics.

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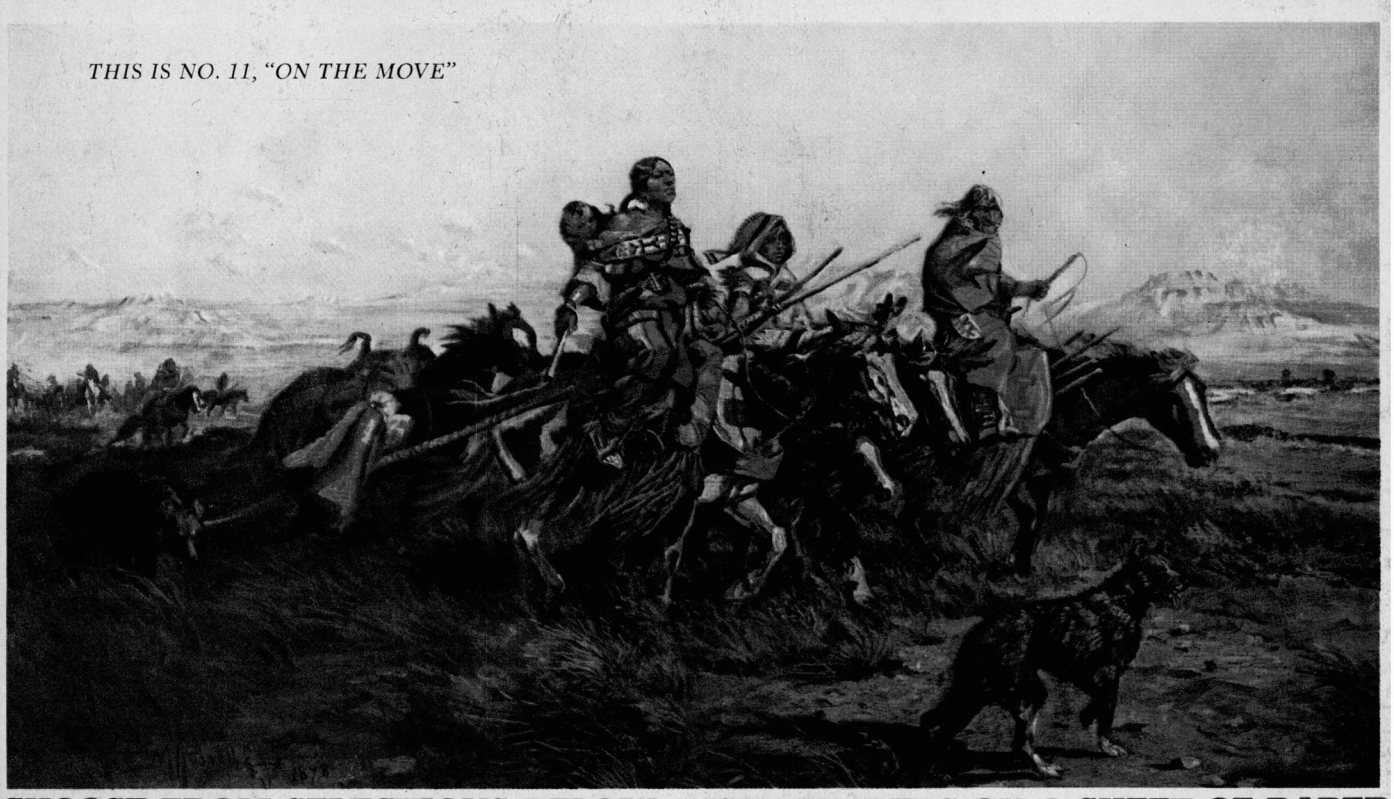

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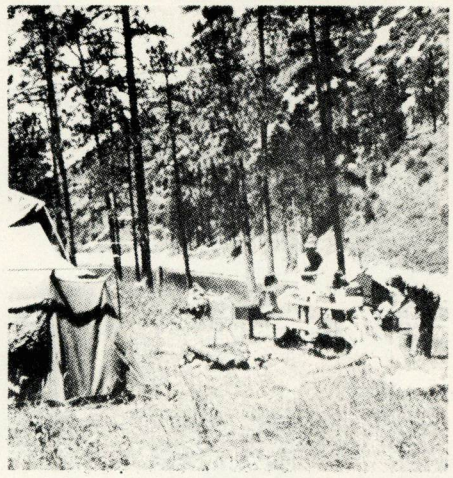

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