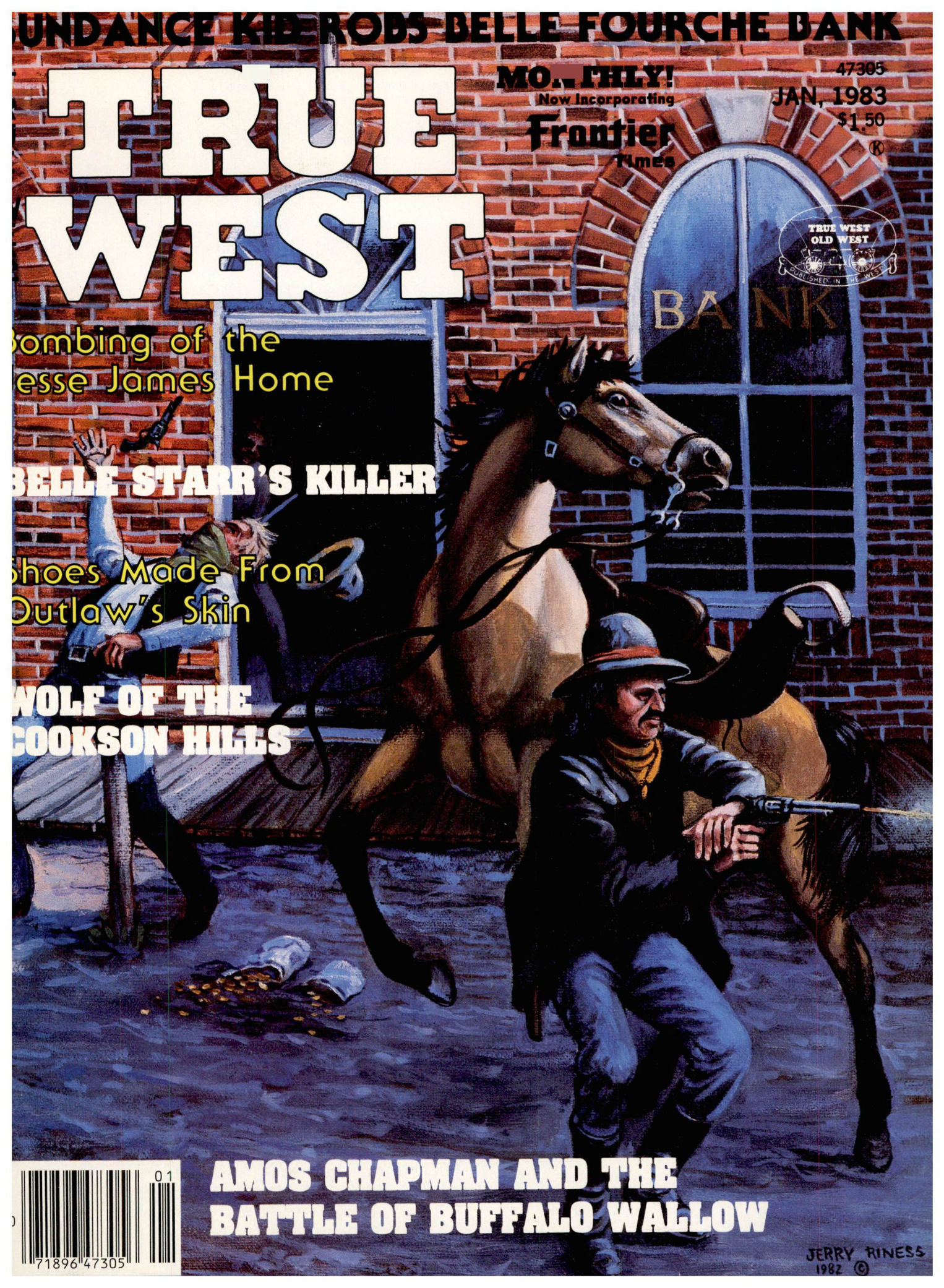
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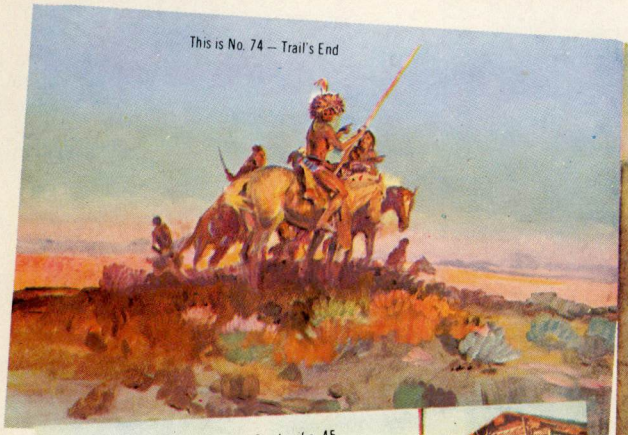
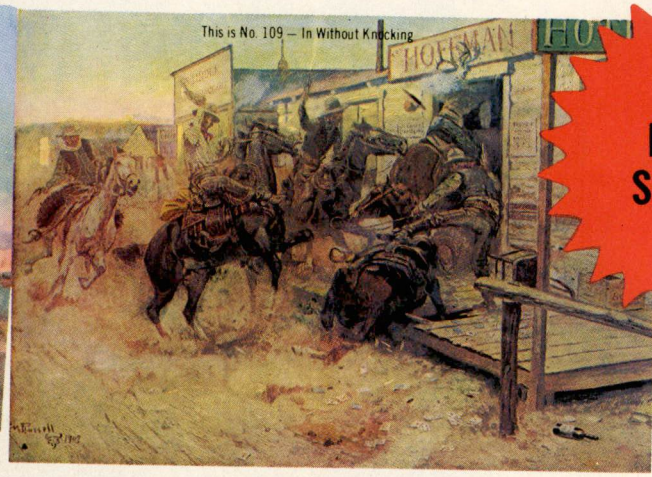
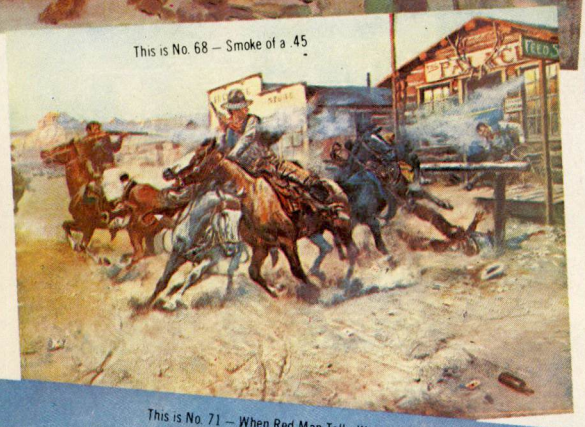
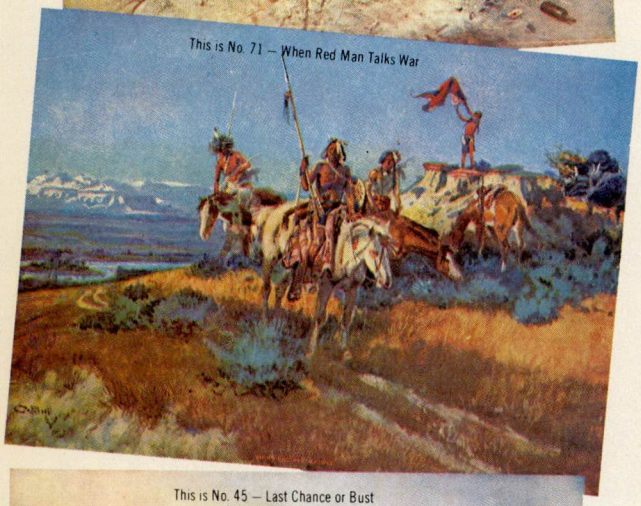
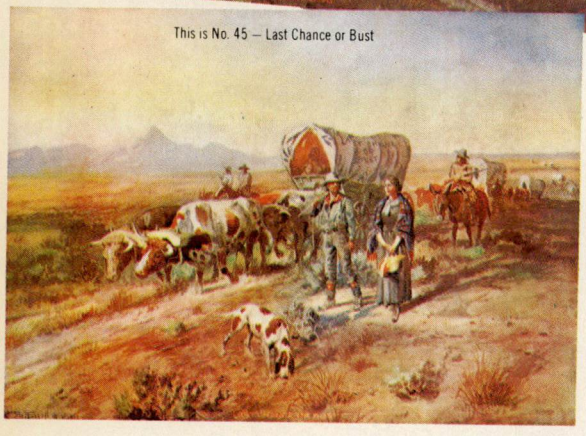

This is No. 74 — Trail's End


This is No. 109 — In Without Knocking

121 Different Selections!


This is No. 68 — Smoke of a .45


This is No. 71 — When Red Man Talks War


This is No. 45 — Last Chance or Bust

———PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH———

1— Ambushed, 11 x 14
2— A Tight Daily & Loose Latigo, 13½ x 9½
3— A Loose Cinch, 11 x 8
4— A Wounded Grizzly, 8½ x 11
5— Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11 x 7½
6— Boss of the Trail Herd, 8 x 10½
7— Bronc to Breakfast, 13½ x 9½
8— Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½ x 8
9— Bucking Bronco, 8 x 11½
10— Better Than Bacon, 11 x 8½ (watercolor)
11— On the Move, 13½ x 9½
12— Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½ x 8½ (color)
13— On the Trail, 11 x 7½
14— The Pony Raid, 10½ x 8
15— At Close Quarters, 11 x 8½
16— Capturing the Grizzly, 15 x 8½
17— Cinch Ring, 15 x 8½
18— Caught with the Goods, 14 x 9½
19— Cowboy Life, 11 x 14
20— Call of the Law, 13½ x 9½
21— Carson's Men (Kit Carson) 14 x 9½
22— Return of the Warriors, 13½ x 9½
23— The Water Girl, 9 x 10½ (watercolor)
24— Renegades Return, 13½ x 9½
25— Chief Joseph (Indian Head), 8 x 11 (watercolor)
26— Deadline on the Range, 14 x 9½
27— Disputed Trail, 9½ x 13½
28— Dangerous Cripples, 14 x 9½
29— In the Wake of the Buffalo Runners, 10 x 8
30— Early American, 13½ x 9½
31— Elk in Lake McDonald, 11 x 8½ (watercolor)
32— First Furrow, 8 x 12 (watercolor)
33— First Wagon Tracks, 15 x 8½
34— Finding the Trail, 13½ x 9½
35— Heads or Tails, 15 x 8½
36— Heading the Right Way, 13½ x 9½
37— The Cattle Drive, 13½ x 9½
38— Women of the Plains, 8 x 6
39— Invocation to the Sun, 13½ x 9½
40— Indian Love Call, 13½ x 9½
41— Jerked Down, 15 x 8½
42— The Jerkline, 14 x 9½
43— Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½ x 7
45— Last Chance or Bust, 12½ x 9
46— Mad Cow, 12 x 8 (watercolor)
47— Wagons Westward, 10½ x 8 (watercolor)
48— The Challenge, 10½ x 6½
49— When Arrows Spell Death, 9 x 7
50— Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10 x 7 (watercolor)
51— At the End of the Rope, 10½ x 7
52— Prospectors, 10½ x 8
53— Planning the Attack, 14 x 10
54— Pipe of Peace, 14 x 7
55— Who Killed the Bear? 10½ x 7
56— Queens's War Hounds, 14 x 9½
57— Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11 x 8½
58— Roping a Grizzly, 11 x 8½
59— Red Man's Wireless, 14 x 7
60— Roping a Wolf, 11 x 8
61— Smoking Them Out, 11 x 10½
62— Scattering The Riders, 11½ x 8
63— Strenuous Life, 14 x 9½
64— Sun Worshipers, 16 x 10½
65— Serious Predicament, 15 x 8½
66— Single Handed, 14 x 9½
67— Slick Ear, 11½ x 9
68— Smoke of a .45, 12 x 9
69— Sage Brush Sport, 13½ x 8½
70— Signal Fire, 11 x 14
71— When Red Man Talks War, 13½ x 9½
72— In Enemy Country, 13½ x 9½
73— The Medicine Man, 11 x 8½
74— Trail's End, 13½ x 9½
75— The Holdup, 13 x 8
76— The Bolter, 9½ x 13½
77— The Attack, 12 x 8
78— The Drifter, 13½ x 9½
79— The Tenderfoot, 11 x 8
80— Two of a Kind Win, 13½ x 9½
81— Last of 5,000, 8 x 9½ (watercolor)
82— When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½ x 9½
83— When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½ x 9½
84— Mandan Buffalo Hunt, 13½ x 9½
86— Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½ x 8 (watercolor)
87— Whose Meat? 13½ x 9½
88— Wagon Boss, 16 x 10½
89— When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½ x 9½
90— A Crow Chief, 7 x 9 (watercolor)
91— Innocent Allies, 13½ x 9½
92— Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½ x 6 (watercolor)
93— When Siou x & Blackfeet Meet, 15 x 8½
94— Warning Shadows, 10½ x 7
95— When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15 x 8½
96— Wound Up, 11 x 8½ (watercolor)
97— The Scouts (Indians) 9½ x 7
98— Winter Packet, 9½ x 5 (watercolor)
99— Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11 x 8½
101— The Buffalo Hunt (1898) 13½ x 9½
102— Cowboy Sport, 13½ x 9½
103— A Desperate Stand, 13½ x 9½
104— Rider of the Rough String, 13½ x 9½
105— Prairie Express (Stagecoach), 13½ x 9½
106— The Fire Boat, 10½ x 8
107— Our Warriors Return, 13½ x 9½
108— When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½ x 9½
109— In Without Knocking, 14 x 10
110— Critical Moment (Cowboys), 8 x 6
111— Land of Good Hungint, 13½ x 9½
112— Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½ x 9½
113— Trapper's Last Stand, 14 x 9½
114— When Meat Was Plentiful, 11 x 7½
115— Buffalo on the Move, 13½ x 9
116— Red Skin Raiders, 13½ x 9
117— Trail of the Iron Horse (Indians, RR tracks) 13½ x 9½
118— Breaking Camp (Indian Women), 13½ x 9½
119— Riding Line, 13½ x 9½
120— Indian Trading Post, 9½ x 13½
121— Stalking the Herd, 9½ x 13½
122— Death of a Gambler, 9½ x 13½
123— Piegan Indian, 9 x 12
124— Russell Letter to a Friend (black and white), 8½ x 11

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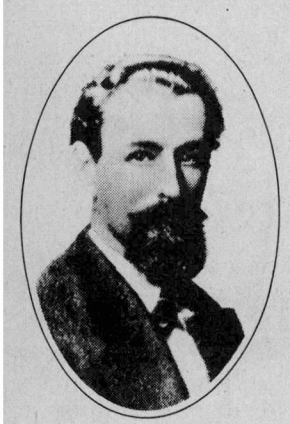

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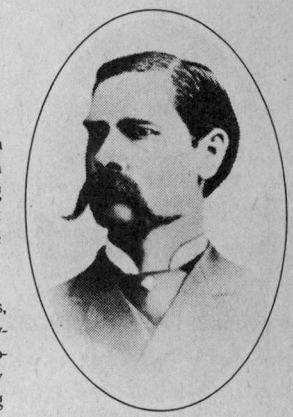

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Whole No. 184

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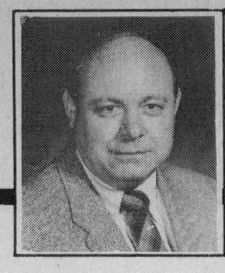
In This Issue

OUR COVER

Jerry Riness, who painted this month's cover, specializes in oil paintings of the Old West. He lives in a small town called Retreat in southwestern Wisconsin where he owns a studio. Painting for 26 years, he spends much of each summer painting in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. This scene, of a bank holdup, was done on assignment for TRUE WEST.

From The Editor



SOME people may want to know, in fact, they have had the temerity to ask, why anyone would want to research and write about Old West outlaws. One woman accosted me one time saying my writing about outlaws was driving all the young people to crime.

That particular lady had every good reason to feel that way since I was researching and writing about a particularly notorious Pacific Northwest outlaw named Harry Tracy. And she happened to be Tracy's niece.

It is understandable that some members of families associated with an outlaw may want the past covered up. But in most cases "outlaw" family members understand that history is history and can't be swept under the rug. They also know that their outlaw ancestor had his good points along with the bad. The late Lula Parker Betenson, sister of Butch Cassidy, became a well-known figure after the movie, "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," made her brother a folk hero. She appeared on national TV programs and published a book, "Butch Cassidy, My Brother." Marvel Lay Murdock, whose father Elzy Lay, was probably the most gentlemanly outlaw of the Old West, loves talking about his exploits.

It may be true that by writing about outlaws we tend to glamorize them but outlawry was one of the most exciting elements of the Old West. People who would not be interested in history, western or otherwise, are drawn into the study after first being tantalized by the exploits of such as Jesse James and Billy the Kid. Who can say it is wrong if young people develop an interest in their heritage after first being seduced by the thrilling exploits of Old West badmen?

We don't avoid studying men like Cromwell, Napoleon and Caesar even though they were international "outlaws" of their time. History is a mixture of good and bad and for better or worse, we must study both.

There is probably another reason why some of us are so fascinated with outlaw research. It is not that we are so enamored with the men we are studying — there is very little likeable about Harry Tracy — but so little is known about most outlaws. This, despite the fact that much as been written about many of them. Outlaws offer fertile ground for the imaginative researcher because although so many myths and stories have been told, little accurate information is available. One reason is that families and friends of the outlaws aren't usually forthcoming.

We devote much of this issue to the drama and color of Old West outlaws and of the lawmen who hunted them — you can't have one without the other. And we run the gamut from a story which deals sympathetically with an outlaw, Bonnie Speer's account of Ned Christie, to a story which reveals that Ed Watson, killer of Belle Starr, was an even greater fiend than we realized. Cecila Caruso should know something about Watson, he was her great-grandfather.

If information revealed by Speer is accurate, Christie started down the owl hoot trail an innocent man.

The shocker in this issue is the story on the bombing of the Jesse James home. Many accounts have hinted that the Pinkertons organized the raid on the Samuel farm near Kearney, Missouri. James D. Horan, who wrote more about the Pinkertons than anyone, concluded the Pinkertons had done it but his convoluted evidence wasn't terribly convincing. Horan was right, as we discover in this story.

Lula Parker Betenson, Butch Cassidy's sister.

Howard Meck, whose grandfather, Edward Davis, was living in Liberty, Missouri, at the time, sent TRUE WEST the badge his grandfather wore when he was deputized by the Pinkertons to help with the raid. The story was developed from information sent by Meck.

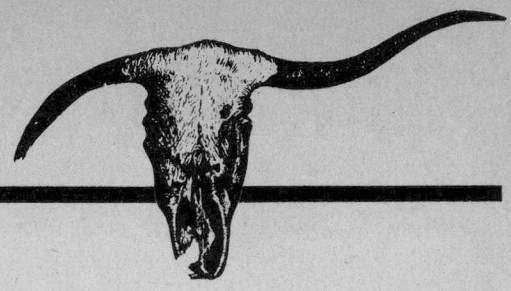
Edward M. Kirby, a district superintendent of schools in Connecticut, is probably the nation's leading authority on the Sundance Kid. Kirby is writing a book about the outlaw and has amassed a huge amount of information, much of it never published. He shares one aspect of the Sundance story in his account of the Belle Fourche, South Dakota, bank robbery. Kirby, who spends part of every summer researching in the West, also supplied some interesting photos including an early one of Harry Longabaugh (Sundance) which has not been widely seen before.

On the lawman side, there's Lee Berk's account of Winnemucca, Nevada Sheriff Graham Lamb and Walter Eherts' thorough account of vigilantes in San Francisco and elsewhere in the Far West. In addition to stories on outlaws and lawmen, we have Michael Plemmons' sometimes humorous account of Old West lingo; Paul Taylor's story on how the burro helped win the West and Tena Bailey's piece on Scout Amos Chapman and his participation in the Battle of Buffalo Wallow.

Next month, we'll take a look at the development of western art in the United States and Canada; we'll learn a little about cowboy music and we'll have more about other aspects of life in the Old West.

There's still time, til the end of this month to get our calendar special. For a one-year subscription or renewal, you'll get one of our beautiful western calendars free; for a two-year stretch, you'll also get a calendar in 1984.

Truly Western



Authentic Photos?

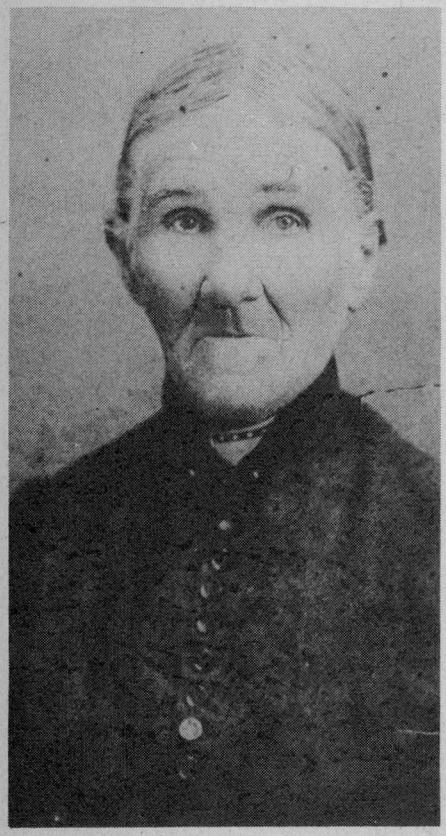
I'm sending you copies of some original photos that have been in our family for many years. We believe that these photos are Frank James and Zerelda Samuels.

We also have a full-length picture of a young man that we believe is Jesse James.

In comparing our pictures to those appearing in the book *Jesse James Was His Name* by William Settle Jr., we are convinced the pictures we have are of the Jameses.

These pictures belonged to my husband's grandmother who was born in Platte City, Clay County, Missouri in 1849, and grew up there. Her family came from Lebanon, Kentucky.

We're trying to find someone who would be interested in discussing the possibility of these and other pictures we have of the being the Jameses. — Mrs. Charles R. Johnson, RR 1, Box 300A,Mulvane, Kansas 67110.



Zerelda Samuels?

Frank James?

Jawbone Diarrhea

Howdy, you long-horned ginks. I'm 91 years old — just able to come to water and go back out to grass. I'm knee-sprung, ring-boned, and bleary-eyed. Just can't read small print but for a little while until it all gets mixed up. Then I go to sleep, wake up, and forget what I read!

What in billy hell are you longhorns doing way up in Wisconsin? I like your magazines. I read some old-time stories, some of which I know more or less about. Three years ago I was taken down with a bad case of diabetes and am camp-bound most of the time.

I met two Wisconsin families last winter — snowbirds come to winter in our sun. They bought some copies of my latest book, *More Tales From Slim Ellison.*

It's sure hard to get these educated editors to leave my lingo alone. They want old-time history. I try to use the lingo we used in the country and on the range, but they sharpen their blue pencils and get busy. I've got diarrhea of the jawbone on that old stuff.

Reckon I'd better unsaddle, turn my pony out, and say adios, you desk-bound yahoos. — Slim Ellison, Rt. 1, Box 113X, Globe, Arizona 85501.

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by TRUE WEST will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Address all letters to TRUE WEST, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

Maps Story Questioned

I have saved all issues of your top quality magazines for many years. At times I read some of the back issues.

I happened to pick up April of 1966 and May of 1973 issues of TRUE WEST. To clear up a point for Bernice and Jack McGee, I have a newspaper clipping (dated about 1952) in which my friend and police patrol partner, Travis Tumlinson, is pictured. He is the finder of the "Peralta Stone Maps."

I have handled these stones many times. Tumlinson's version of the story was never exactly like those I have read or heard. Some versions were very close but not the same. — Bob Schultz, Jr., 4730 Portland Drive, Hood River, Oregon 97031.

Likes Artwork

Let me tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. The shiny paper was hard for these not-so-old eyes to read. But other than that, no problem.

The only regret is that I didn't start reading you sooner. But you can bet even with the increase in price, as long

as you keep on printing, I'll keep reading.

I also love your calendars. I've received two so far and the artwork is fantastic. I'll even pay for the next one if that's what it takes for you to keep on printing them.

I'm almost as long-winded as Hosstail. But I just had to tell you how much I like your magazine. Don't ever change your policy on content. — Shirley J. Conn, Rt. 2, Box 500, Jacksonville, Alabama 36265.

One Before Bedtime

I look forward each month to TRUE WEST. It came today and I was getting ready for it.

Since the magazine is sent out far in advance, I have developed a system of always having an up-to-date copy. Just last night I started reading the July issue, one story a day and sometimes one every other day. That way the issue will last me until I get the September issue the later part of July.

By that time I will have finished the July issue and will be ready for the August one.

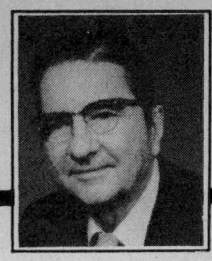
Small Talk, Truly Western, Trails Grown Dim, western book reviews, as well as the feature stories, I consider as stories in themselves. By limiting my reading to one a day, I can have reading material at hand all the time. I usually read one story just before bedtime. — William A. Bell, 788 McConnell St., Memphis, Tennessee 38112.

Doubtful Genealogy

In the April issue of TRUE WEST, we noted the title "Manhunter George Scarborough." He was my great-uncle. The genealogy given in the article does not correlate with what I believe to be correct. Could you put me in touch with the author so that I might compare notes?

We discovered another treasure in your magazine — the article by the late Paul Huntley, a thirty-year friend of the family. — Cheryl M. Northrup, 9323 E. Capri Avenue, Littleton, Colorado 80123.

Hosstail's Small Talk



OLD PRUNE never had any idea that he'd be written about one day as a noteworthy horse. Even if he'd known he would be kept alive for hundreds of years by print and picture, he couldn't have cared less. Fact is, my favorite horse didn't care about anything but eating and getting out of work. That horse would have made a good psychiatrist if he had been able to talk. "Slow down — take it easy" would have been foremost on his list of how to live the good life.

There was only one little thing that kept Prune from living solidly by that principle — me. Now that I look back on it, I feel downright ashamed of myself. To deny an animal his basic inclinations is a trait not to be praised. Mostly, though, that old horse lived a good life. There were a few times, however, when Prune's ideas on how to spend a day clashed with mine.

When the crops were growing and it was middle-busting time, neither of us had much to say about how we were going to spend our days. From morning 'til night we walked up and down corn and cotton rows busting out middles. This was not the most pleasurable occupation in the world. Put a horse, a plow, and a kid in a ten-acre patch of corn, mix well with sweat, dust, and monotony, and you have a fair picture of how Prune and I spent much of every spring and the long hot Texas summer. I would dream about fishing on Kornegay Creek and Prune was probably dreaming about standing in a field of high lush grass, or sleeping under the old trees in front of our house.

Talk about sleeping — that horse could go to sleep even while we were plowing. He would lean over to the right and weave over in the next row if I didn't wake him up with a gentle tap on the hunkus with my home-made whip. It was the blamedest sight you ever saw — a horse walking along pulling a plow.

I would make a full round and be all of two yards farther across that wide field. It seemed sometimes that I was slated to do nothing for the rest of my life but follow an old gray horse up and down corn and cotton rows. Not that I didn't think sometimes about becoming a big-time writer and publisher way off in the future, but even a kid's dreams run pretty low after days and days of field work. He needs something to pep up the situation right now.

I'LL NEVER FORGET that old bunch grass that grew on the turning rows. A hoe would bounce off it like you had hit a rock. About the only way you get rid of a bunch of that stuff was to dig it up with a grubbing hoe. I decided that stubborn grass needed a little attention, so while Prune was turning around for the next long row, it occurred to me that the dullness of life might be broken now and then by slipping the sweep behind a clump of that grass and noting the reaction of Prune to this new gimmick in turning-row technique. The old horse would tighten up to make the long drag and perk up noticeably when the traces tightened and nothing gave.

Actually, Prune was a noble animal in many ways. He would at least try. After a couple of tugs with no results, he learned to make an arc to the right, then pull, and the plow would slip out of the vise-like grip under the bunch grass. By that time I had laughed enough to last until the next turning row.

A kid will do things, pull pranks, and get into situations that he wouldn't dream of later in life — and it galled me somewhat that Prune could outwit me on the bunch grass situation. After thinking it out in detail, I changed tactics. When Prune would turn to the right, I would pull on the plow and swing it around so that he would still have a straight-on pull when he tried to move again. It must have been some kind of picture to see a kid and an old gray horse making a complete circle at the end of a row of corn before cutting enough roots from all sides so that the stubborn bunch grass would finally topple over. That was my entertainment for the day. I didn't consider the fact that it wasn't particularly amusing to old Prune — but it did keep him awake.

About half of our Burleson County farm and ranch was sandy loam — no bunch grass at all. I remember one day in particular. It was unusually hot and all I had to look forward to was getting close enough to the Kornegay place to climb through the fence and draw up a wooden bucketful of cool, wonderful tasting water. Little things like that were a treat that people do not understand this day and time.

Along about four o'clock it was steaming hot. Prune and I both were about to go to sleep, but I knew better than to stop at the end of a row and stretch out in the shade of a tree for a brief nap. Papa wouldn't like that, and he had a habit of appearing at the most inopportune times.

Suddenly I noticed a tall sunflower standing all by itself. It was so noticeable I wondered why somebody's hoe hadn't clipped it long ago. The thing was at least seven feet high.

You have plenty of time to think when you are picking cotton or plowing, so I got to weighing a question in my mind that had been there for some time. Just how smart *was* a plodding old plow horse like Prune — I had never really tested his brain waves. It was then I concocted my great experiment.

I reasoned that if I tapped him lightly on his old broad rump with my home-made whip at the exact moment we passed that tall sunflower — would he remember it on the return trip? The little old whip was light and hardly capable of hurting a human much less the thick hide of a horse like Prune. It merely served to remind him that he was drifting off to sleep or moving

CORRECTION

TRUE WEST apologizes for listing Nell Simcox as the author of the story "Beer for the Mining Frontier" in the December, 1982, issue. The story was written by Herman Ronnenberg.

slower than even the slowest walk. The possibilities of this experiment excited me considerably.

When Prune got exactly even with the sunflower, I tapped him lightly on the rump and hollered "Giddyup!" It startled the horse since I seldom ever tapped him at all while we were plowing. (Slow motion didn't bother me either!)

On the return trip Prune gave no sign of remembering what had happened when he passed by the sunflower a short while before, so I tapped him a little harder and shouted "Hey!" He had been drooping a mite, his eyes half closed, but he came awake with a start and his pace peartened up considerably.

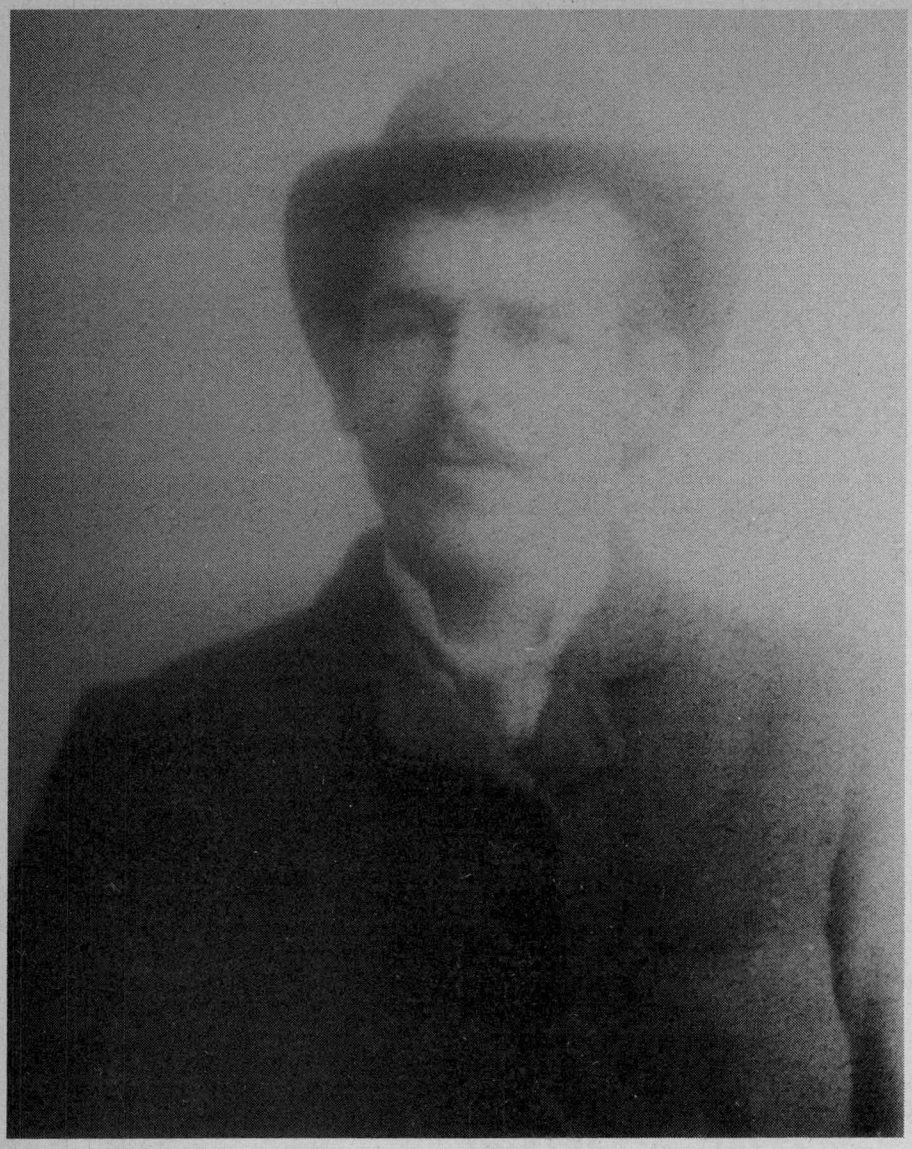
The next time by, Prune was wide awake, and it seemed that I could detect a slightly faster movement as we neared the sunflower — but then again I figured it might have been my imagination. Because of the experiment, however, every time we passed that plant, no matter what happened, I gave him another tap and hollered.

The horse was now wide awake and I noticed on the next trip that his head was held up and he seemed to be completely aware that something unusual was going on. I grew more and more excited as he obviously increased his pace the closer he got to the sunflower. Nevertheless, I popped him again as we passed it and shouted, "Come on!"

On the fourth trip by, Prune was clipping along in a way that was entirely foreign to his disposition. My excitement grew with eash passage. We were getting closer to the tall plant each time we passed it and I became downright elated on about the sixth passage when Prune started quickening his pace quite a few yards from the sunflower -- and almost broke into a fox trot when we were even with it. I would tap him a little harder each time and shout a little louder.

I knew the experiment was a success when Prune began speeding up even thirty or forty yards before we were to pass the plant and would actually break into a trot while we were going by it! It was hard for me to conceal my pride as I trotted, too, to keep up with him and could see how he slowed down almost immediately after passing the sunflower. No one could tell me anymore that a plodding old plow horse didn't have a great deal of horse sense! — Joe "Hosstail" Small

Reprinted from February, 1979
TRUE WEST



A rare photo of Harry Longabaugh (the Sundance Kid), in 1897, the time of the Belle Fourche robbery.

By EDWARD M. KIRBY

Illustrations By
JERRY RINESS

Photos from the
Kirby Collection

The Sundance Kid and the Belle Fourche Bank Robbery

It was the spring of 1897, and Harry A. Longabaugh had just reached his twenty-ninth year. It was also nearly fifteen years since that August morning when Harry had left his Pennsylvania home to head west to pursue his goal of becoming a cowboy.

That goal had been reached, though the trail had been long, running through Colorado, New Mexico and Utah, then to Wyoming, South Dakota and Montana. Yes, his goal of becoming a cowboy had been realized. And an excellent cowboy he was.

But he had become more than just a cowboy when on Feb. 27, 1887, he stole the horse and saddle of one Alonzo Craven and the six-gun of James Widner of the VVV Ranch. For those indescretions young Longabaugh spent a year and a half in the Crook County jail in Sundance, Wyoming. Pardoned two months before his twenty-first birthday, Harry Longabaugh shortly adopted his most famous alias of all, that of the Sundance Kid.

The Sundance Kid headed to Hole-in-the-Wall in central Wyoming and in the months and years to come became friendly with such western notables as Butch Cassidy, Elzy Lay, George

Currie, Harvey Logan and a host of others.

At the age of twenty-nine he was known not only as a fine cowboy-outlaw but also as one of the superior shootists of the last West. On the draw-and-fire, he possessed a well-honed, rhythmic move that he performed at extremely high speed. He had the reflexes, timing and fortitude to be a gunfighter, a quality which was much in demand in the group soon to be known as The Wild Bunch.

The Wild Bunch had its genesis in the pardon of Butch Cassidy from the Wyoming State Penitentiary in January of 1896. His return to Brown's Hole had been a grand homecoming as he was greeted by Harry Longabaugh, Elzy Lay, George Currie, Harvey Logan and other friends. Despite the popularity of Cassidy, leadership in the Wild Bunch remained indefinite for more than a year.

The Bunchers moved in and out of Brown's Hole working as cowboys or ranchers, with occasional rustling on the side. To the northwest at Hole-in-the-Wall, the gang there looked often to George Currie for leadership while some favored Harvey Logan but feared his too-ready use of a gun.

For Cassidy, rustling cows and horses was just too slow. And when in April of 1897, he and Elzy Lay pulled off the daring Castle Gate robbery in Utah, the scenario changed. The Bunch had moved to the quick-money league.

Inspired by the Castle Gate success, "Flat Nose" George Currie organized part of the Bunch to head east to South Dakota for a raise at the Butte County Bank. This was familiar territory for Longabaugh as well as Currie. Belle Fourche (population 1,037 in the 1890 census) lies east of the Wyoming border only a few miles from Sundance in Crook County where Longabaugh's outlaw career began. Currie was well-known in the area too as the leader of a band of rustlers. His activities had made him the scourge of the big cattle companies and the homesteaders around Deadwood, South Dakota.

In early May of 1897, a rather ragged group of outlaws left Brown's Hole for the long arduous ride to Hole-in-the-Wall in north-central Wyoming. There the outlaw band which would raid the Butte County Bank was solidified.

In the outlaw world it was considered a strong collection of men. In addition to Sundance and Currie were Harvey and Lonnie Logan, Walter "Wat the Watcher" Punteney and Tom O'Day.

From Hole-in-the-Wall, the six rode leisurely north toward Buffalo, then east, and crossed into South Dakota. Near Belle Fourche they looped around to the north and set up camp in the hills east of town.

Belle Fourche, South Dakota

Belle Fourche was a tough little town. The settlment had been established in 1884, as a stage stop by the Marquis De Mores. The name, meaning "Beautiful Forks," was given because of the location at the junction of the Belle Fourche and Redwater rivers.

Because of the big cattle companies and the many cowboys in the region, stores, hotels, mills and especially saloons flourished. Not the least of the big cattle companies in the area was Western Ranches Limited, known in that part of the country as the 3V (VVV). John Clay, a distinguished cattleman, was overseer of activities for the firm and not surprisingly controlled a large block of stock in the Butte County Bank. The Sundance Kid knew well the power of the VVV, having been first arrested after robbing one of its employees over the border in Crook County ten years earlier.

On September 25, 1895, a disastrous fire, set as a part of an underworld feud, wiped out the business district. When the disgust and discouragement had subsided a new community spirit arose and the town was rebuilt. By late 1896, the town had been restored and in 1897, the town was selected as the site for the Black Hills reunion of Civil War soldiers and sailors.

There were several reasons this splinter group of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang chose Belle Fourche for the robbery. The town was reasonably isolated, decreasing the possibilty of bringing quick help from the law in surrounding areas and the town was only eight miles from the Wyoming border. Once the outlaws were across the border the legal problems became more difficult and favored escaping bandits.

The cattle companies brought considerable money into town and the bank could be counted on to always have cash on hand. And timing was essential, since

Fifth Avenue of Belle Fourche, South Dakota, as it looked at the time of the robbery.

the reunion of the Black Hills Civil War Soldiers and Sailors was held in town on June 24 through 26, 1897. The robbery was planned for June 27, when the town would be recovering from three days of revelry and the bank would be loaded with cash.

On June 26, the gang made final plans at a camp east and somewhat north of town. Tom O'Day was selected to go into Belle Fourche to case the situation. The celebration was underway and Tom joined in, spending the better part of the day and night in Bruce Sebastion's saloon on Fifth Avenue. He also made several other stops including the bar in the Hotel Belle Fourche.

While some claim otherwise, O'Day did return to camp some six miles away. However, the return was not until early in the morning of June 27, making it too late to carry off the bank raid that day. In his condition, it is doubtful O'Day could provide much helpful information to his partners. The gang would have been well advised to leave O'Day in camp when it came time to pull out for the robbery. O'Day, however, did learn that a one-legged drunk had been locked up in the town jail on the first night of the Belle Fourche celebration for disturbing the peace. In an attempt to escape, the drunk had set fire to the jail which burned down.

Because of O'Day's late arrival, the robbery was rescheduled for June 28. Hopefully, the bank still would be bulging from the three-day celebration.

Dawn comes early in June but long before its arrival on June 28, a nearly smokeless campfire was being used to make coffee at the outlaw camp. After breakfast, the six rode toward town.

The Robbery

About 9:15 a.m., the lead men passed a man and a boy on the trail into Belle Fourche. Frank Miller, age 21, and Noble Taylor, 13, would later in court prove to be valuable witnesses for the prosecuting attorney. They shouted a hello which was returned as they met O'Day and Punteney. But Miller and Taylor swung wide off the road when they saw the other four outlaws approaching. Near town the four outlaws in the rear dropped back and stopped. O'Day and Punteney continued with Punteney holding up before entering Belle Fourche.

Tom O'Day

As agreed, Tom O'Day would ride in and check the town and then relay the information to Punteney. As eyewitness William Tracy later stated at the trial, O'Day tied his horse at the hitching rail and entered Sebastion's Saloon. He came out with two quart bottles of fine whiskey in his hands and a pint in his pocket. Robberies were important, but first things first.

With the quart bottles placed in his saddle bags, O'Day mounted and rode toward Giles' Hardware Store. In ten minutes he returned again, entering the saloon and purchasing two smaller bottles of whiskey. Once more he mounted and rode back to Giles' store directly across the street from the bank.

Shortly before 10 a.m., the Sundance Kid, the two Logans and Flat Nose George started into town. As they rode in, they were joined by Punteney. He and Lonnie Logan faded to opposite sides of the street, while the others headed straight for the bank. At the Butte County Bank, Currie, Harvey Logan and Longabaugh dismounted, tied their horses and casually walked to the front of the bank. Lonnie Logan

rode slowly around to the side of the building while Punteney, across the street, played his role as "Wat the Watcher." The time was 10 a.m.

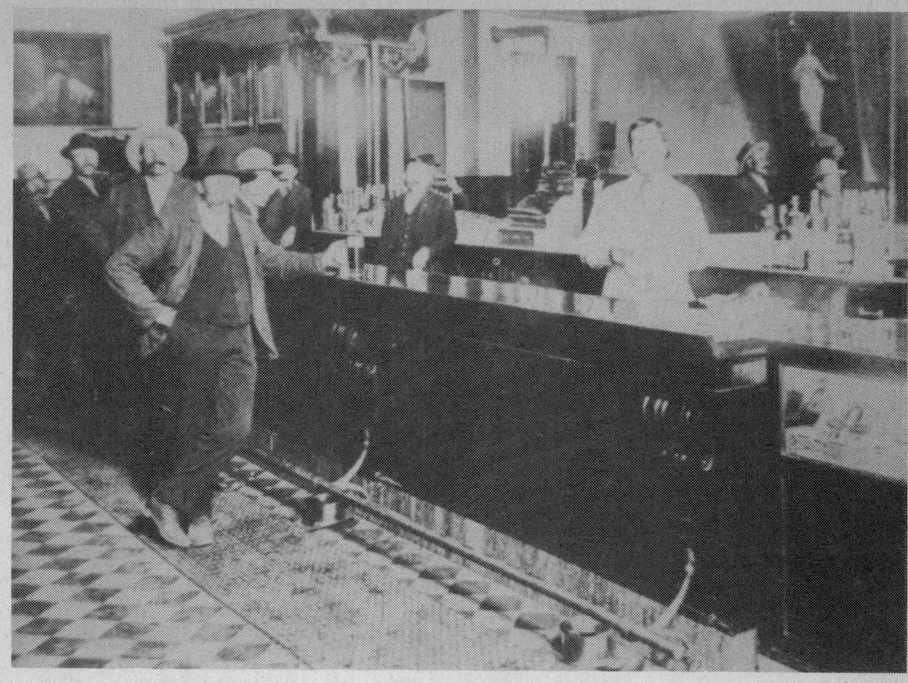
Inside the bank were Arthur H. Marble, the cashier; Harry Ticknor, the teller and four customers: The Rev. E. E. Clough, who had $30 to deposit; C. A. Dana; E. M. Mitchel and Sam Arnold, who had $97 in cash from the Wide Awake Store.

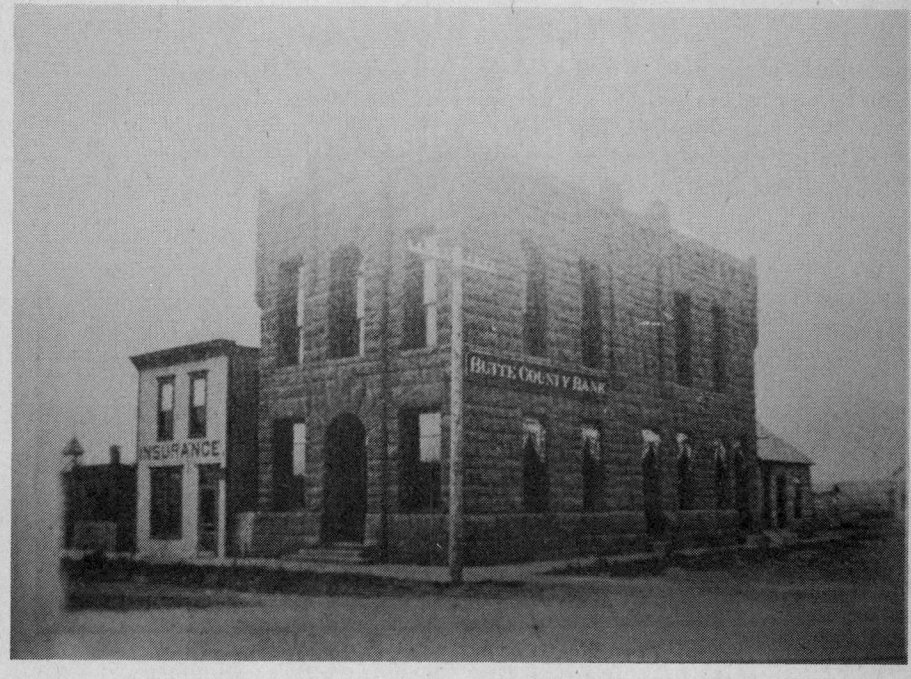
Currie ordered the depositors to put their money in a sack he held. Only Arnold complied. Harvey Logan, waving a six-gun, directed Ticknor to grab the money under the counter and place it in his sack. As Arthur Marble was to testify in court, he, in defense of Ticknor, "grabbed a gun and snapped it at the man (Logan), but it didn't go off." Logan snarled but held his fire, not wishing to arouse the town. The real goal was the vault where $30,000 was held.

From across the street in his hardware store, Alanson Giles, looking across the street through the bank window, saw the hands of one occupant sticking straight up. Foolishly he ran to the bank, entering the door only to be greeted by the gun of George Currie. Giles dove out the door, running and yelling, "they're robbing the bank!"

Currie fired at Giles through the plate glass window of the door and missed. The shot acted as a signal for Punteney and Lonnie Logan to mill about shooting in the air to create the impression of celebrating cowboys hurrahing the town.

With the outbreak, Sundance, Harvey Logan and Flat Nose burst out of the bank and jumped on their horses with only the $97 collected from Sam Arnold. Arthur Marble ran to the back of the bank, grabbed a rifle, slipped quickly out the side door and began firing at the retreating bandits who rode southwest past the end of the Scotney building.





Interior of Bruce Sebastion's Saloon, above, and the Butte County Bank.

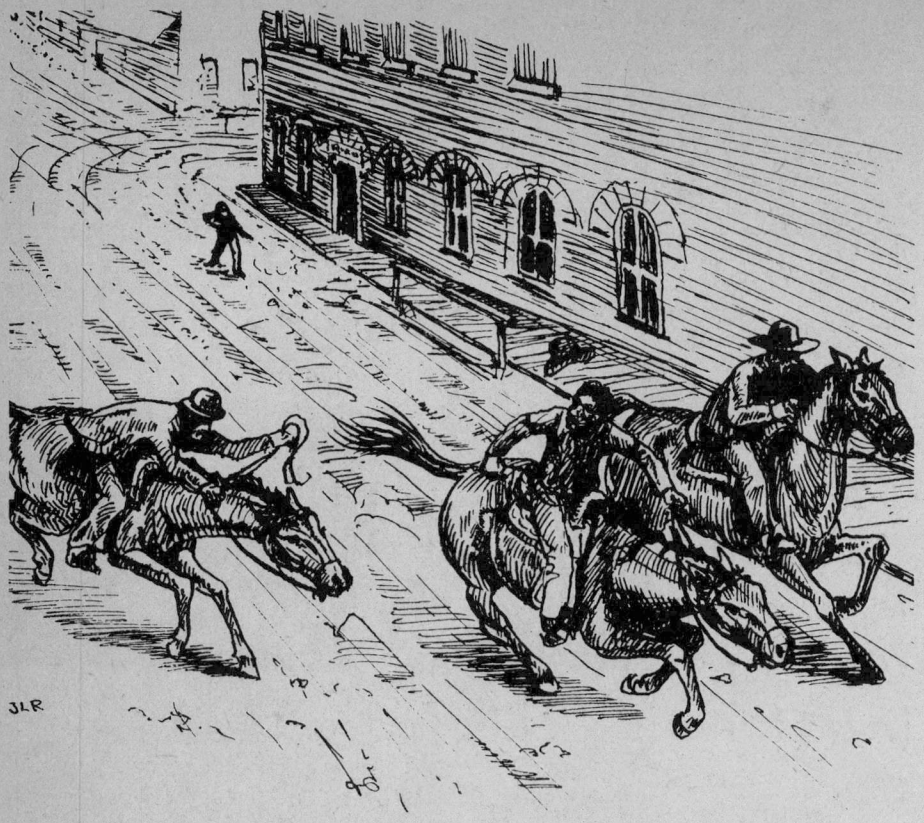
The sudden outbreak of gunfire had spooked Tom O'Day's horse, which threw him and galloped up the street. O'Day, his brain again scrambled by booze, stumbled to his feet, started to pursue his mount, but gave up. Laughter broke out among the townsfolk who had quickly run out onto the street at the sound of shooting. Desperate, O'Day rounded a corner and spied a white mule tied to a hitching post. Untying the beast, he crawled onto his back yelling to the gathering crowd, "I'll get 'em."

O'Day dug his boots into the mule's belly but to no avail, prompting more laughter from the bystanders. A man identified only as "Fatty," shouted to O'Day to get off his mule. O'Day did so and ran.

The other gang members galloped out of town south on Sixth Avenue. At the city water tank, they stopped to water their horses, anxiously looking back for O'Day but saw only Tom's pinto racing to catch up. Then they headed southwest over Sundance Hill toward Wyoming. Joe Miller, a local blacksmith, pursued them. From the top of his flour mill Frank E. Bennett levelled his rifle, took careful aim and fired, killing Miller's horse. In his enthusiasm for stopping the outlaws, Bennett had mistaken Miller for one of the gang.

Riding out of town through gunfire, not an outlaw was hit and all made good their escape, at least for the time being. But Tom O'Day never got out of town. William Tracy later testified that he observed O'Day both before and after the robbery.

O'Day had come up to Tracy after he abandoned the mule and asked him if he knew where he could get a horse.



Receiving a negative answer, O'Day walked quickly along the sidewalk until he came to a vacant lot between a saloon and the printing office. Crossing the lot, he went into an outhouse. Shortly he came out of the outhouse.

After O'Day had gone about fifteen feet, Russaw Bowman, a butcher, "threw down on him," having recognized O'Day as being at the scene of the robbery. O'Day, protesting, raised his hands. A quick search could not even produce a six-gun, only some cartridges and a small bottle of whiskey.

Bowman turned O'Day over to W. Simpson and a large group of men who had gathered. Bowman remembered O'Day had worn a gunbelt, carried a six-gun in his right hand, and opened the outhouse door with his left. Taking three men to help, Bowman turned the outhouse on its side and using a rake, fished out a six-gun, holster and belt from the hole below. When the smelly pistol was cleaned, it was identified as a Colt 44 single-action. O'Day promptly was locked up.

Immediately after O'Day's arrest, he was held in a room off the state attorney's office. His bail was set at fifteen thousand dollars. A large crowd gathered outside, threatening to lynch the captured outlaw. Since Belle Fourche had no jail and the situation seemed likely to get out of control, the lawmen made plans to move O'Day to the Lawrence County Jail at Deadwood, 22 miles south. The mob followed O'Day and his captors to the train shouting threats and insults.

Pursuit by the Posse

To pursue the escaping outlaws, Sheriff George Fuller formed a posse which moved out during the night. Word came from several sources reporting the trail of the bandits. Included in the posse was banker Arthur Marble.

The gang stopped after a few miles to split the meager takings. Then the Sundance Kid along with Lonnie Logan headed for Montana, while the others turned toward Hole-in-the-Wall. Sheriff Fuller got close enough to shoot the horse from under Sundance. The Kid's saddle became the property of posse member William R. Glassie whose family retained it for years.

Longabaugh rode double with Logan. Despite the claim of some, the gang was not captured at this time. The main body of the group shortly abandoned their plans to return to Hole-in-the-Wall and rejoined Longabaugh and Lonnie Logan in Montana.

Two months after the robbery, on Sept. 24, 1897, a shootout took place north of Billings, Montana, in Musselshell County. In the battle Logan escaped while Walt Punteney, Lonnie Logan and Harry Longabaugh were captured. George Currie was not a participant in the encounter. The Sundance Kid was taken into custody by J. D. Hicks who was employed by the Northwestern Stock Growers Association. The three captured outlaws were removed by the posse to the Lawrence County Jail in Deadwood where they were imprisoned with Tom O'Day.

Trial and Escape

On Oct. 13, 1897, the Eighth Judicial Circuit Court indicted O'Day, Punteney "and two others" for the robbery of the Butte County Bank. George Currie and Harvey Logan, who was listed as Harve Ray, were not in custody. Lonnie Logan was listed as Thomas Jones and the Sundance Kid as Frank Jones. Attorneys for the defendants W. O. Temple and Frank McLaughlin entered pleas of not guilty.

At the opening of court on October 12, Tom O'Day's attorney challenged the selection of the jury as being illegally drawn but the challenge was denied.

On October 15, a motion was entered by the defendants for a change of venue. They noted that the principal stockholders of the bank were the owners of the VVV ranch and that a majority in the community did business with the bank. They also cited the threatened lynching of Tom O'Day.

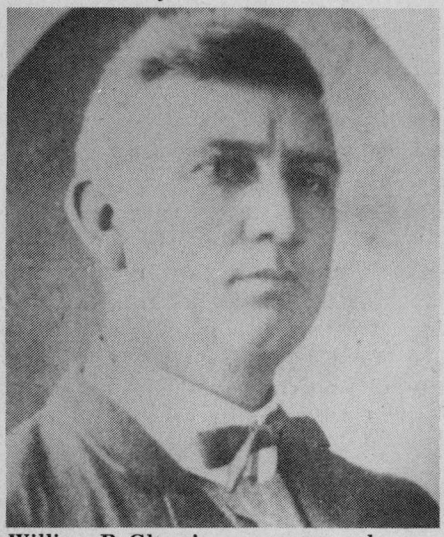
This motion was denied by Presiding Judge Adronriam J. Plowman and the trial was set for October 28. But on that date a continuance was granted until Dec. 29, 1897. Only three days after the continuance was granted, on October 31, the outlaws escaped.

While jailer John Mansfield was bringing food into the cell, Longabaugh jumped him, punching him hard in the stomach. Longabaugh, Lonnie Logan, Punteney and O'Day fled. Rumors persisted for years that the escape was organized by Butch Cassidy. Whatever the truth, saddled horses were waiting for them.

Recovering from the punch, Mansfield stumbled to the office and rang the alarm. Sheriff Plankett formed several posses. Punteney and O'Day were recaptured two days later and returned to the Deadwood jail. Sundance and Logan were not recaptured. Sundance rode to southeastern Arizona to join Butch Cassidy and Elzy Lay. They worked at a cattle ranch using aliases. Lonnie Logan returned to Wyoming and continued with the gang until he was gunned down by law officers in Dodson, Missouri, on Feb. 28, 1900.

The trial of Punteney and O'Day was eventually held in Deadwood, but Cur-

Walt Punteney



William R. Glassie, a posse member.

Arthur H. Marble, bank cashier, with his son.

Harry Longabaugh and his consort of later years, Etta Place.

rie had a lot of friends in Lawrence County and the two outlaws were acquitted which outraged cattle interests and newspapers. Punteney left for Lost Cabin country in Wyoming and was not seen on the outlaw trail again. He was still living in Pinedale, Wyoming, in 1949.

O'Day drifted back to central Wyoming, occasionally making an appearance as a minor outlaw but never with the Wild Bunch again. His losing record continued when on Nov. 23, 1903, he was captured by Sheriff Frank Webb of Casper, Wyoming. He was convicted of stealing a herd of 23 horses. Following serving a short term he worked in Shoshoni, Wyoming, as a coal hauler. O'Day's fate is uncertain.

George Currie, after participating in a few more forays with the Wild Bunch, ran afoul of sheriff Billy Preece of Vernal, Utah, who plugged him through the head with a rifle shot on April 17, 1900.

For Harry Longabaugh, the Sundance Kid, there would be no more failures for years to come. He teamed with Butch Cassidy for a series of robberies that made them the most famous outlaw duo in the West. Their association did not end there. The Sundance Kid headed for New York City early in 1901, accompanied by beautiful Etta Place. From there they sailed to Argentina to be joined by Cassidy a year later and eventually by Harvey Logan. In the southern continent Sundance became as notorious as he was in the North. After South America and brief forays in Nicaragua, Honduras and Mexico, the Sundance Kid came back to the United States. But that is another story.

-Reprinted by permission from the Quarterly of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History, Spring 1982.

Geronimoooooo

By Michael Plemmons

Illustrations By
Bud McCaulley

ALONG the well-worn and dusty trails of American language still travel a great many early pioneers — phrases coined of rugged circumstances in the days of the Old West.

These have somehow kept pace with the ever-changing vernacular of modern times. Take for instance:

— Can he "cut the mustard?"

— He's my "right hand man."

— Can you lend me a "buck" until tomorrow?

— This car's not worth a "plugged nickel."

— Well, old buddy, "here's mud in your eye."

These are common, every-day phrases and words. We all know what they mean. But where did they come from?

Professional lexicographers and linguists have been able to trace their origins through old letters, newspapers and periodicals. So, let's take a trip back in time. We'll hear how it was in the Old West — in the words of the westerners themselves.

NOT WORTH A PLUGGED NICKEL (worthless). A common practice in the West was target shooting. One Catch-22 variation (similar to "heads I win, tails you lose") was to bet that if a man could hit a nickel tossed into the air, he could keep the piece.

If he missed, he owed the challenger a nickel. Of couse, if the marksman was true, the nickel would be worthless after having been "plugged."

HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE (a drinking toast). This was a "bottoms up" challenge between friends at the

How the West was Worded

A GUIDE TO THE LANGUAGE OF THE OLD WEST

bar. Theoretically, the first man to finish would be the first to his horse and the first to ride out. The man behind (as any jockey will tell you) caught plenty of mud and dirt kicked up by the first man's horse.

DON'T TRY TO RIDE ROUGHSHOD OVER ME (bully me). The obvious reference is to spurs. But there is another, better documented derivation. Horses in the West were frequently shod with some of the nails left protruding slightly to provide increased traction over mountainous or slick (icy) terrain. This early form of snow-treading was called "roughshodding."

HE'S STILL GREEN (new or naive).

Greenhorn

This colorful reference to someone young or inexperienced stems from the "green" horns of young antlered animals.

THAT'S THE REAL McCOY (the genuine article). There are three current theories on the derivation of this phrase. Some think it can be traced to a western cattle baron named McCoy. Others believe it comes from one of the McCoys of the immortal feuding clans.

Perhaps the best explanation is this: A turn-of-the-century boxer named Kid McCoy was in a saloon one day when he was challenged by a local pugilist who refused to believe the Kid was the "real McCoy."

McCoy promptly proved it by loosening several of the man's teeth. It is known that the boxer referred to himself at times as Kid "the real" McCoy, probably to answer imitators.

GERONIMO! (a cry of paratroopers). It's said that the notorious Indian chief, with the U. S. Cavalry in hot pursuit, leaped with his horse over an almost vertical bluff into raging rapids to escape capture. The pony soldiers could only halt at the cliff's edge and watch helplessly as the living legend eluded them yet another time. And as the great chief made this incredible vault, he is supposed to have let out a blood curdling cry of "Geronimooooo!"

GREAT SCOTT! (an exclamation of surprise or triumph). This phrase was carried into the vernacular by soldiers returning to the West from the Mexican War (around 1850) after having served under General Winfield Scott. His heroic exploits during the war gave rise to shouts of "Great Scott" among the men and, over time, came to mean anything stunning or spectacular.

BUCK (one dollar). In the early West, a deerskin was valued at one dollar in trade. So a buck, a male deer, was quite literally a dollar on the hoof. Over many years, the terms became synonymous.

SAWBUCK (a ten dollar bill). An early version of today's sawhorse was the western "sawbuck." It was a work bench with crossbeams at each end that extended to form an "X." When the U. S. Treasury issued ten dollar bills with the Roman numeral "X" on them to signify "10," westerners began referring to the ten dollar bills as "sawbucks."

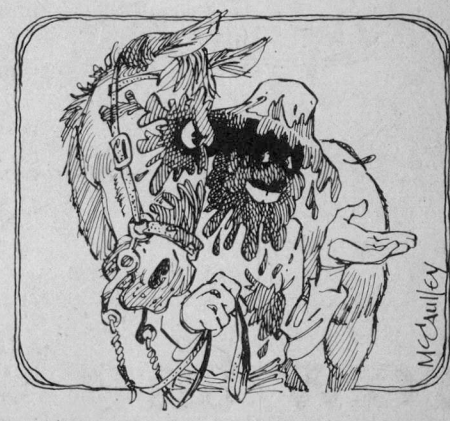
TWO-BITS (a quarter). In the West and Southwest, before the standardization of American currency, Mexican and Spanish silver reals (pronounced "rayalls") worth 12.5 cents a piece were used as money. Westerners called these reals "bits." When the U. S. Treasury issued quarters, simple frontier arithmetic resulted in the nickname.

HE'S MY RIGHT-HAND MAN (most trusted aide). The U. S. Cavalry traditionally rode in columns of two. The leader of the left column was the commander and his right, heading the other column, was his second-in-command.

CAN HE CUT THE MUSTARD? (handle the job?). This phrase was coined in part by a 19th Century writer named Andy Adams, who chronicled for easterners the adventures of cowboys in the wild West. In one of his stories, a reference is made to someone having the "proper mustard" — an early version of "the right stuff." With the subsequent use of the phrase, it became a standard for performance.

IT'S NO SKIN OFF MY NOSE (no concern of mine). Linguists believe this phrase, common today with variations referring to other parts of the human anatomy, to be derived from the western expression: "It's no skin off my tail." The copyright would seem to belong to the early fur trappers and traders.

ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST (dies). Here again we are indebted to the penny novelists of the 19th Century who made a fortune off the real and surreal exploits of cowboys and Indians. In one early book, complete with illustrations of Indians being defeated in battle by cavalrymen, a frequent captions reads: "Another Redskin bites the dust."



Mud in Your Eye

The Answer Man

ROBERT VALDNER has written expressing interest in the three Aten brothers who all served as Texas Rangers. He writes that his grandfather worked for Ira Aten and that he would be interested in gathering information and additional photographs of the Atens.

Cal, Ira, and Ed Aten all served under Captain Frank Jones, Company D, in the late 1880s. Calvin Grant Aten served from April 1, 1888, to August 31, 1890. From 1898 to 1904, he worked on the great XLT Ranch, and died April 1, 1939.

Edwin D. Aten

Edwin Dunlap Aten was, as a youth, wild and reckless and only became a ranger at the insistence of his older brother Ira. At first he resented this, but later became a solid lawman and felt great pride in his service to the force. He became a ranger September 16, 1892. His first baptism of fire was at the battle of Pirate Island in which Captain Jones was killed by Mexican bandits. He then served under Captain John R. Hughes. Ed died January 31, 1953.

The least known of the brothers, Ed is pictured here as he appeared in July, 1894, at the railroad strike at Temple, Texas. Ira's life is covered in Harold Preece's book *Lone Star Man Last of the Old Texas Rangers.*

Valdner, 427-Hillman Avenue, Staten Island, New York, New York 10314, would like to correspond with readers who know of the Atens. He has photographs he would share with others.

- - -

WILLIAM C. "Teton" Jackson is the subject of research by Mrs. Vincent Parna, 14 Rio Vista Drive, St. Charles, Missouri 83301. She plans to write a biography of this outlaw. She has records of the Idaho State Penitentiary, numerous articles from the *Idaho Register* of July-November, 1885, and Frank Canton's *Frontier Trails.*

Jackson's real name was Harvey Gleason and his nickname natually came from the geographic area in which he operated. Supposedly he served under General Crook during the Sioux wars, but became a fugitive after being placed in the guard house for mule stealing. He killed two troopers in the escape.

He became an outlaw on the Utah and Idaho borders. A $3,500 reward was offered for him. In 1885, Johnson County Sheriff Frank Canton captured Jackson, but Jackson later escaped. Canton, in his autobiography, claimed Jackson was a Mormon and a member of the "Destroying Angels." Canton said that Jackson was a nephew of John D. Lee who was executed for the Mountain Meadows Massacre.

- - -

THE TERM "circling the wagons" is not found in dictionaries but it is used frequently. J.M. Russakoff, of Vanguard Advertising, 34 Downing Street, New York, New York 10014, asks: Is it an offensive or defensive maneuver and what does it consist of — how carried on, how defined?

The pioneers in their trek across the plains traveled in a wagon train pulled by oxen, mules or horses. At night, and in times of danger, such as from Indian attack, the wagons would be pulled in a circle. The animals would be placed within the circle providing some protection. The idea came from nature where animals in a herd form a circle around the young, facing a predator.

- - -

I HAVE occasionally researched the Dixon family, of whom Simp, "Bud"

(continued on page 54)

Beginning with this issue of TRUE WEST, Chuck Parsons, who has spent more than twenty-five years researching the Old West, will attempt to answer your questions.

Questions should be brief, but can cover any area of western history. Genealogical questions should be sent to the TRAILS GROWN DIM column.

Please sign all questions with your full name and address (including zip code). Names and addresses of questioners will be published if their question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to publish all questions. If questions can be answered by mail, Parsons will do so.

Parsons, who has been a principal in schools in Minnesota and Wisconsin, is the author of books on Clay Allison and John Wesley Hardin. He also has written articles for TRUE WEST and other western history magazines. Address all questions to: Chuck Parsons, TRUE WEST, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

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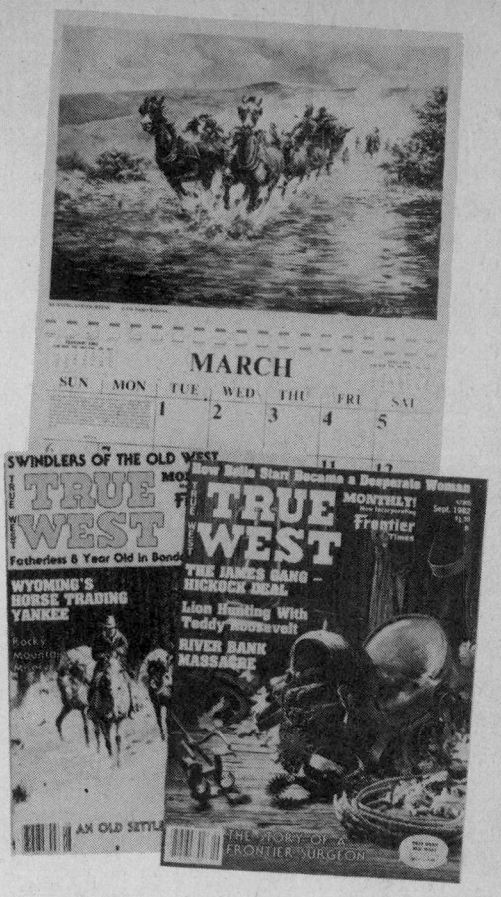

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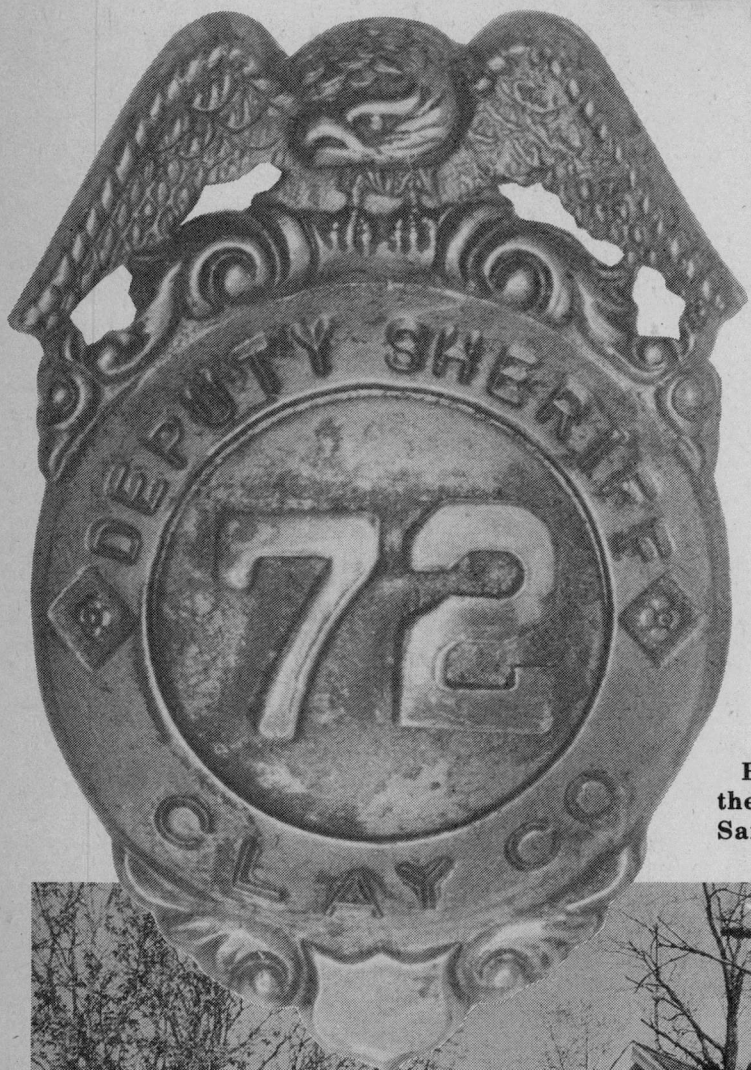


IT WAS a clear, bitterly cold night in January 1875. The train rattled over the tracks from Kansas City into Clay County, Missouri.

There were no headlights on the engine, no lamps lighted the coaches, no whistle from the train announced its arrival. The only light came from a yellow splinter of moon.

The badge worn by Deputy Edward Davis, at right.

Below is the James Home — which at the time of the bombing was owned by Zerelda and Dr. Reuben Samuel — as it looks today near Kearney, Missouri.

J m H--m

Pinkertons Did It

The raiders jumped off the train, elated that they were about to assault the fortress at long last. They slowly made their way to the place that some called "Castle James."

Two men swung around to one side of the house while others stood watching doorways, guns at the ready. The two who crept closest to one side threw something into the house.

Outside, the men could see the light flare inside the house. Smoke began to puff upcasting an eerie glow in the house. Soon there were voices, followed by children screaming.

Over it all the men outside could hear the stern voice of Zerelda Samuel shouting orders and working to subdue flames.

Dr. Reuben Samuel, her husband, using a cane, pushed the flares -- apparently there were two of them -- into the fireplace. Suddenly, there was an explosion and more screams. Eight-year-old Archie Samuel lay mortally wounded. Mrs. Samuel's arm was torn to shreds.

But as the men waited outside, their quarry did not appear. Realizing they were getting nowhere, the raiders withdrew disappointed. They beat it back to the train depot. It wasn't long until the world knew what had happened, even if it was never known exactly who had done it.

THE NEWSPAPERS and the friends of the Samuels said the Pinkerton National Detective Agency had done it. The Pinkertons had organized a gang to attack the Samuel home near Kearney, Missouri, and route out outlaws Frank and Jesse James. Mrs. Samuel was their mother.

That the detectives did not intend harm to innocent family members was lost in the uproar that followed. The raid on the Samuel farm turned growing public disgust with the activities of the James boys into sympathy for their family.

Author James D. Horan reports that William Pinkerton was holed up in the Northend Hotel in Kansas City just before the raid. William Settle Jr., author of perhaps the best book on the James boys, says a pistol bearing the initials "P.G.G." for Pinkerton Government Guard was found on the Samuel place after the raid.

Both authors do not state categorically the Pinkertons led the raid and Settle is unsure who was to blame. The Pinkertons denied responsibility. Law officers also said no "bomb" was thrown, rather it was a flare, perhaps a railroad flare.

The device apparently was filled with flammable liquid and when Samuel pushed it into the fireplace it exploded.

If there is still any doubt, it has been put to rest by Howard Meck of Annapolis, Maryland, who sent TRUE WEST his grandfather's badge -- the badge his

Edward Davis, left; other man is unidentified. Taken in 1907 in Omaha, Nebraska.

grandfather wore after being deputized by the Pinkertons to help with the raid on the Samuel farm.

Meck wrote that his grandfather, Edward Davis, was living in Liberty, Missouri, when he was deputized to assist the Pinkertons "in surrounding the home of Dr. Samuel in an attempt to catch the James boys."

Soon after the ill-fated venture, Davis sold his home in Liberty and moved to the West. In later years he was a section foreman on the Santa Fe Railroad.

Davis always told people he moved away because of what he considered an atrocity pulled by the Pinkertons. But, Meck said, Davis' wife let it be known he left just as much because he feared retaliation for the part he played in trying to capture Frank and Jesse James.

According to Meck's account, the Pinkerton agency in 1874 had lost three agents in attempts to arrest the James brothers and the Younger gang. Allan Pinkerton vowed he would not rest until all were dead or behind bars, Meck said.

So he installed a man on the farm next to the Samuel place knowing the two James boys would return home sooner or later. On January 20, 1875, the man reported to the Pinkertons that the James brothers and another man were at the barn.

Four days later the Pinkerton squad got off the train at Liberty, Missouri, just nine miles from the Samuel home. The sheriff at Liberty gave Pinkerton six of his deputies, including Davis, to help surround the house.

About midnight everything was all set up. Two men approached the house and threw a "fire bomb" through the kitchen window. As soon as they saw figures trying to put out the fire, a second "bomb" was thrown in. That one exploded.

Zerelda's right arm was shattered and had to be amputated. Eight-year-old Archie Samuel, half brother to the James boys, was hit in the chest with a piece of shrapnel and died four hours later. Dr. Samuel was not injured. The James brothers and Clel Miller were warned by a neighbor and rode away just after dark before the Pinkerton bunch got there.

Settle said there is some evidence, however, one of the brothers was there. After a doctor arrived to treat Mrs. Samuel she asked everyone present to leave the room and she bade someone farewell. The doctor's horse disappeared but was found in the neighborhood two days later completely jaded. Someone apparently had made their escape on the animal.

Meck's badge seems solid evidence that the Pinkertons organized the raid as has always been suspected. So far as is known, Meck's letter is the first revelation as to one of the men involved in the raid: His grandfather, Edward Davis.

- - -

Written by Jim Dullenty with information supplied by Howard Meck.

Sheriff Graham Lamb

A Tough Nevada Lawman

By Lee Berk

WISE to the ways of the outlaw, strong in character and self-discipline, he was a lawman in the old western tradition. Feared by the lawless, the saddle tramps and quick buck artists, he was respected by fellow officers and the citizens he protected.

His last name would not evoke the image of a tough lawman, for it was Lamb. His full name was Selah Graham Lamb. It is not likely anyone ever called him Selah, except maybe his mother.

But if you say "Graham Lamb" and envision a broad-shouldered, husky man with a stern countenance and penetrating eyes, you will understand what this lawman was all about. He enforced the law during the most tumultuous, unruly boom period northern Nevada ever experienced. He worked and lived to protect people and property. He died protecting a troubled family.

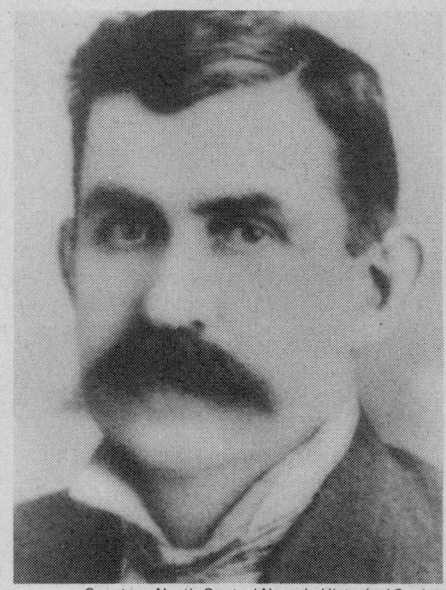
Lamb was born in Point Reyes, California. He arrived in Nevada in 1884 as an eighteen-year-old youth and worked as a cowhand for the famous Miller and Lux Company when cattle were kept on the range the year around. He unrolled his bed on a different piece of ground every night.

Lamb forsook this roving life after a dozen years to become part owner of a butcher shop and to marry Nellie Perkins in 1898. He soon saw the need for better law enforcement in his community and at the age of thirty-two was elected constable of Gold Run Township in Humboldt County.

After a term as constable, Lamb ran for sheriff of Humboldt County in 1902. He was elected by a fair margin and moved to the county seat in Winnemucca.

IN THE NEXT few years northern Nevada, and especially Humboldt County, experienced its greatest boom with the building of the Western Pacific Railroad between Salt Lake City, Utah, and Oakland, California.

Winnemucca was a base for construction material and supplies which were brought in on the Southern Pacific Railroad and a temporary connecting rail line.



Courtesy North Central Nevada Historical Society

Sheriff Graham Lamb

A new rail line was built to the east and west from that point. Gandy dancers, powder monkeys, graders, bridgers, mechanics, teamsters and trainmen poured into Winnemucca by the hundreds.

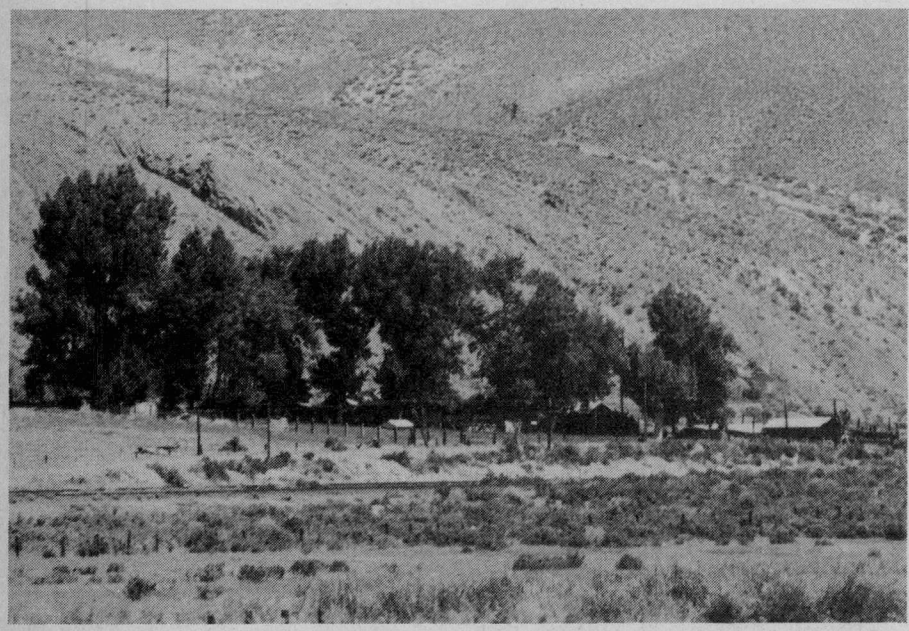
The town was too small to hold them all and a tent city sprang up at the outskirts housing stores, restaurants, beds, bars and brothels. The soiled doves advertised their presence by hanging red lanterns on their tents.

When the railroaders, miners, cowboys, drifters, and gamblers came to town on Saturday nights for a little celebrating, there was bound to be trouble. At one time Sheriff Lamb had four murderers and five men charged with intent to kill in his jail, along with various thieves, drunks, and bums.

During these hectic days, Lamb single-handedly captured the four leaders of the Severn gang one dark night in Lovelock. The gang was the scourge of both railroads serving Winnemucca.

Lamb also captured a prisoner who had escaped from a chain gang. Lamb jumped onto the nearest horse and rode the man down.

When irate citizens of a mining camp



The Pinson ranch, a few miles up the Humboldt River from Winnemucca, Nevada, where Sheriff Lamb and Glenn Hibbs died.

Courtesy North Central Nevada Historical Society

Sheriff Lamb (top photo), two weeks before he was killed. His gravestone (center photo), and the long abandoned Palace Saloon in Golconda, Nevada, dating from the days when Golconda was a boom town.

of Farrell took the law into their own hands and ran a man named Miller out of town and burned his saloon to the ground, the good sheriff had to go quiet the people before they hung someone.

Lamb's reputation was forever secured when in 1908 a sheepman named Jim Taylor was charged with murder. Taylor hid out and boasted that if the sheriff came after him he would kill him too.

Lamb followed the man to a lonely camp in the bleak northeast part of the county. Finding the camp deserted, he entered Taylor's tent and waited for him. Hours later Taylor appeared at the tent. Lamb covered Taylor with a sawed-off shotgun. When the outlaw reached for his six shooter, Sheriff Lamb killed him with one blast. Jim Taylor was the only man Lamb ever killed.

A sad aftermath of that episode took place when a friend of Taylor's named Barr shot and killed Lamb's deputy, Billy Larkin, in Kings River Valley. Barr escaped a posse but was traced to Colorado where he was serving a long prison term for another crime.

Sheriff Lamb served with distinction until 1918, when he chose not to run for re-election. He purchased an interest in a ranch and became advisor to a Nevada banking concern in ranch financing.

Still, he must have missed the duties of a lawman and perhaps the prestige of the position. In 1929, Sheriff George Rose died. Lamb accepted an interim appointment as Humboldt County sheriff. He was sixty-three years old. In 1930, he filed for the position and was elected.

IN THOSE days the Golconda telephone switchboard connected a few dozen homes and ranches in the area with the outside world. Rose, the telephone operator, probably wasn't overly busy the afternoon of October 5, 1933, when she received a frightening call from the Pinson ranch a few miles up the Humboldt River asking her to send a peace officer.

The call came from Bertha Pinson Wilkinson who was visiting the family ranch. She was superintendent of nurses at the Washoe County Hospital in Reno.

Bertha came to the ranch at a troubled time. Living there were her sister Camille with her child, and their brother Victor. Camille, or Cammie, was having trouble with Glenn Hibbs, her

former husband and father of her daughter.

Hibbs and Cammie had been divorced only a few weeks when Hibbs came to the ranch to visit their five-year-old girl. Bertha called Rose after an argument started when Hibbs refused Bertha's order to leave the ranch.

In testimony given a jury later, Bertha recounted how she told Hibbs that he could visit his daughter but could not stay. When she ordered him to leave he refused to go.

She said that earlier in the day she had been horseback riding and when she returned to the house she noticed a strange horse in the corral. Her brother told her the horse belonged to Hibbs who had said "the threat still held good." The brother was referring to a threat against the lives of both sisters by Hibbs.

After refusing to leave, Hibbs got a gun, knocked Cammie to the floor and held her down with his foot.

"He is going to kill you," she cried to Bertha.

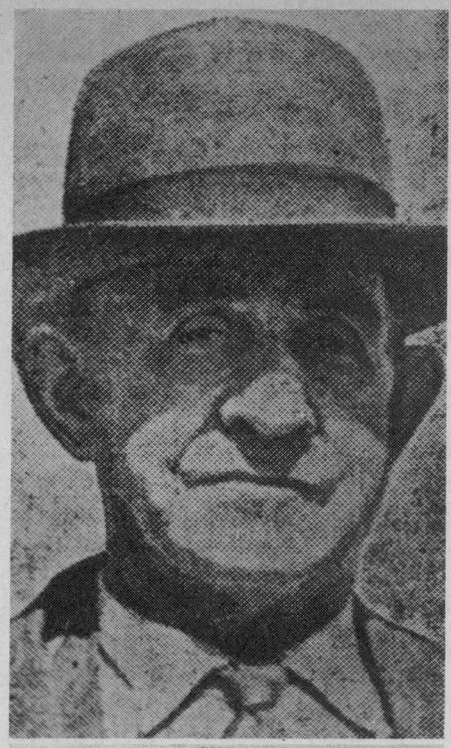
Bertha was a large woman, ranch bred, and strong in body and spirit. She grabbed the weapon, a 16-guage shotgun, and wrestled with Hibbs. She struck him in the face with the barrel but he pulled it away and ran from the house.

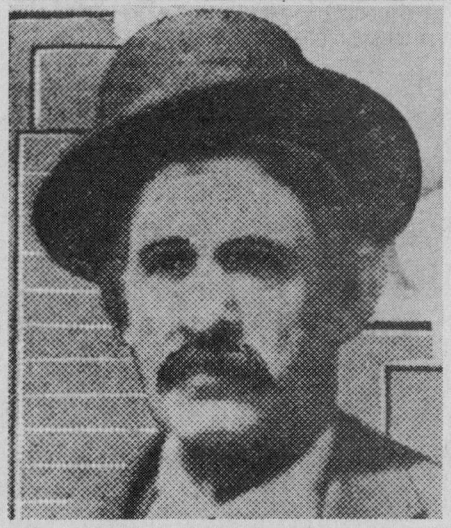
Vic Pinson and ranch hand Bob Diehl were working in the yard between the house and barn. When Hibbs saw them he raised the gun and held it on Vic. Diehl, a friend of both men, pleaded with him not to shoot.

Bertha called Rose for help a second time and then went into the yard. There the fight started again and during the scuffle, Hibbs again threatened to kill. Bob Diehl, caught in the fray, was bitten by Hibbs. Vic managed to hit Hibbs with a pick handle. Hibbs ran to his horse and rode away. Before Hibbs had gone far, he cut the telephone line. But the earlier calls soon brought Constable Duvivier from Golconda.

As a precaution, Bertha, Cammie and the child were taken to Winnemucca for fear Hibbs might return and cause more trouble. The women and child stayed overnight with Sheriff and Mrs. Lamb. The families were old and close friends.

The following morning the women returned to the ranch. Sheriff Lamb and his son, Ray, in his twenties, arrived at the ranch during the day. The sheriff and Vic Pinson rode into the nearby hills looking for Hibbs whom they believed to be close by. But they did not find him.





Two views of an older Sheriff Lamb taken from early newspapers.

In the evening Bertha and others returned to Winnemucca. The sheriff and his son decided to spend the night at the ranch. With him were Constable Duvivier and his son, Jack.

Hibbs, who was a cowhand at the nearby Bloss Brothers ranch, rode into Golconda and bought two boxes of 30-30 rifle shells. Then he rode into the hills where the ranch wagon was located and picked up his rifle.

THE following morning Sheriff Lamb arose soon after daylight. He heard voices in the yard and stepped out through the porch door. Hibbs, who must have approached the ranch during the night, was standing about 150 feet away and talking to Constable Duvivier.

When Hibbs saw the sheriff he suddenly raised his rifle and began shooting at Lamb. An expert marksman, Hibbs found his mark several times. The shots knocked the sheriff to the ground. Young Jack Duvivier ran out of the house to the sheriff, grabbed him under the arms and dragged him back inside.

Then Duvivier picked up his rifle and ran outside. Hibbs was running toward the barn as Duvivier fled. Hibbs turned and fired back. One of Duvivier's shots struck the gunman in the upper left arm. But Hibbs fled behind the barn. Duvivier was not hit.

A few minutes later the last shot of the battle was fired. Glenn Hibbs, hunted, wounded and alone, took his own life.

Hibbs arrived in the area about ten years previously and worked as a ranch hand. He and Camille had been married about six years when they were divorced. During much of their married life he had been foreman of the Pinson Ranch.

His little daughter was last in his

Courtesy the author

Sheriff Lamb's home in Winnemucca.

Courtesy the author

This is the store in Golconda, Nevada, where Glenn Hibbs bought the 30-30 ammunition.

thoughts before he committed suicide. He wrote her a penciled farewell note on a rifle shell box. It was found by his body:

"To Jo Hibbs. I come to the Pinson Ranch to visit you peaceably. Your mother and your aunt tried to shoot me and did run me away. What will happen now I do not know. I am not responsible for what does so goodby my sweetheart. Glenn Hibbs."

Sheriff Lamb was placed on a mattress on the kitchen floor and made as comfortable as possible. Phone calls were made to Dr. E.D. Giroux and Mrs. Lamb, who rushed to the ranch.

In testimony before a coroner's jury on October 16, 1933, Bertha Pinson Wilkinson stated that she arrived at the ranch about 7:30 that morning to find the sheriff had been shot. She said she rushed into the kitchen to help the doctor. She found the sheriff shot in the stomach, right leg, left arm and in the back. She said the sheriff went into the yard believing Hibbs would not shoot him.

A few minutes later an ambulance arrived to carry Lamb into Winnemucca. In the ambulance he told Bertha, "I am dying.

"I don't know of anybody I would rather die for," the sheriff told her, she said. He died ten minutes after arriving at the Winnemucca hospital.

Lamb was buried in Winnemucca. The funeral was one of the largest ever held in the community. Included among the mourners were Governor Fred Balzar, many state officials and almost every sheriff in Nevada.

Sheriff Lamb was sixty-seven years old when he died. Perhaps his last actions were foolhardy, but he expected his boldness and reputation would stay Hibbs' hand. No question that he misjudged the gunman's feelings.

Courtesy Cherokee Room, Northeastern State College, Tahlequah, OK

Ned Christie

NED CHRISTIE

Wolf of the Cookson Hills

By Bonnie Speer

"MURDER of the U.S. Deputy Cleared After Thirty Years," read a headline in the Tulsa (Oklahoma) World in 1921.

The story declared the innocence of Ned Christie, reputed to be the most savage outlaw in Indian Territory during the late 1880s. For five years, United States deputy marshals tried to capture Christie and finally, they got him in a two-day gun battle which ended on November 4, 1892.

With the big, six-foot-four Indian dead, many wondered if justice had been served. At one time, Christie had been one of the most respected members of the Cherokee National Council in the Nation's capitol at Tahlequah.

Christie always maintained he was innocent of the initial charge which put him on the outlaw trail, that he had killed a U.S. deputy marshal. The story in the Tulsa World claimed the same thing thirty years later on the basis of new evidence. If so, the killing of Ned Christie may have been the greatest injustice on the Oklahoma frontier.

Christie was born on December 14, 1852, in the Rabbit Trap community in the Cherokee Nation in Indian Territory. He came from a long line of Cherokee warriors and statesmen. His father, Watt Christie, came over the infamous "Trail of Tears" in 1839 and served in the Cherokee legislature as a representative of the Going Snake District starting in 1867. Watt also was a skilled, well-to-do blacksmith.

Ned and his four brothers grew up in their father's blacksmith shop, listening to the bitterness of the elder fullbloods

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

The posse that shot Ned Christie with the dead outlaw, at back center of group. Photo was taken in Fort Smith, Arkansas, on Nov. 3, 1893.

over the loss of their eastern lands. Following the Civil War, the federal government stripped the Indians of more of their lands in Indian Territory in punishment for siding with the South.

Against the wishes of the Indians, the government opened the Territory to railroads. The railroads brought white men who usurped the land and filled it with outlaws and illegal whiskey.

The federal court at Fort Smith extended its laws over Indian Territory. The Indians felt competent to run their own affairs through their tribal government and courts patterned after those of the United States, if left alone. Late in the 1870s, the white men began clamoring for the opening of the rest of the Indian lands to white settlement. The bitterness that had been his father's became Ned Christie's.

When Christie grew to manhood, he became well-known in the Cherokee Nation for his fiery defense of Indian rights. He possessed more than the usual amount of common sense, could read and write, and speak both Cherokee and English. He stood a strapping six-foot-four and walked arrow straight. It was said he was a perfect specimen of Indian manhood.

A skilled blacksmith like his father, Ned was prospering and was known as one of the best shots in the Cherokee Nation. Extremely handsome like his father, he had his pick of Cherokee maidens. He had several "wives" and three children.

In 1885, Christie was elected representative of the Going Snake District to the legislature alongside his father. In the first joint meeting of the two houses of the Nation's council, Ned was elected by the members as one of the three to serve on the Executive Council.

Ned served in the Cherokee legislature for two years with honor and distinction. He had many friends both in and out of the legislature.

But there was another side of Christie of which all were aware. In 1884, he was accused of the murder of a young Cherokee by the name of William Palone. He was tried and acquitted in the Cherokee courts on this charge. But none forgot he could be dangerous when pushed.

Ned also liked to drink. Sometimes he did so to excess. Though liquor was illegal for Indians in Indian Territory, he obtained a bottle after each legislative session, before heading for home, 12 miles east of Tahlequah. Liquor was always available to those who knew the right people.

On the eve of May 4, 1887, Christie and a halfblood of dubious character by the name of John Parris were strolling about in the woods in the upper portion of Tahlequah, drinking together with others.

Christie and Parris obtained the liquor from a young woman bootlegger by the name of Nancy Shell. Lacking a cork stopper, Nancy had stuck a torn strip from her apron into the neck of the bottle.

By nightfall, Christie was drunk. He said he was going back to his boarding house and stumbled off down the creek that separated the two sections of Tahlequah.

A short time later, shots rang out along the creek in the direction that he had gone. The news soon came that a U.S. duputy marshal had been shot, Deputy Daniel Maples of Bentonville, Arkansas.

Maples and a small posse had gone into camp the preceding evening at the big spring near the creek in the northern part of Tahlequah. Maples was sent there by the U.S. marshal at Fort Smith to investigate illegal whiskey selling in and near Tahlequah. Two months previously there had been a near-riot in

Tahlequah over whiskey related problems.

On this evening, Maples and posseman George Jefferson had been in town to buy some supplies. On their return they were ambushed by a gunman just as they started over a footlog which bridged the stream near their camp. Maples was critically wounded.

Early the next morning Christie learned he was accused of the murder. Ned denied it. He said he didn't even have a gun the night before. But his friends convinced him he should go into hiding until he could prove his innocence.

Six weeks later, when Ned learned he had been indicted by the grand jury in Fort Smith for the murder, he wrote a letter to Judge Parker saying he would come in and give himself up if allowed bail so he could have time to prove his innocence. But Judge Parker said no. Christie vowed he would never be taken into court.

Like most Indians, he feared the Fort Smith court. He thought it certain death to be taken before Judge Parker, especially on a charge of murdering a U.S. deputy marshal. In Parker's mind, this was the extreme violation of the law.

"Without the inviolability of the court and its marshals, there can be no law," Parker had once stated.

In the basement jail beneath Parker's courts, Indians were often left in damp, crowded confines for months or even years without legal counsel. Christie declared he would rather die at home than go there.

For the next five years, Christie successfully evaded deputy marshals sent to capture him. Often they jumped him in the brush like a rabbit, or shot it out with him in his fortified home on the banks of Bitting Creek. But with the help of his friends and relatives in the Keetowah Society, Ned stayed beyond the reach of the deputies.

Once in 1889, the deputies almost got him. A posse led by Deputy Marshal Heck Thomas, one of the best of Parker's law keeping force, one morning cornered Ned, his wife Nancy, and thirteen-year-old son James in their home.

In the gunfight, Christie was wounded. The bullet damaged his left eye, ranged around the back of his head and lodged there, knocking him unconscious.

The deputies then set fire to the house. Young James Christie fled the burning structure. Heck Thomas, thinking the boy was Ned, shot the boy in the back. But the boy managed to escape into the brush. Thinking Ned Christie was dead and with one of their possemen wounded, the deputies left. They feared an onslaught by Ned's brothers and friends.

Courtesy Phillip Steele

Arch Wolf, Christie's young companion during his last days.

Shortly, Nancy, who had been allowed to leave the house early in the fight, returned with one of Ned's sisters. The two women rescued Ned from the burning cabin before it was consumed in the flames. His relatives hid Ned and his son in a fortified rock fort for two months until they both recovered from their wounds.

Christie vowed he would never speak English again and from then on he would fire upon the deputies every chance he got.

A number of attempts were made to capture Ned Christie. He soon earned a reputation that every lawman feared. He became known as the "Wolf of the Cookson Hills."

It was reported that Ned, no longer able to pursue his blacksmith and gunsmith work because of the constant harassment by the deputies, took to running illegal whiskey in the Indian Territory. Every store robbery in the region was blamed on him. He drank heavily and was involved in several shooting scrapes. Some sources accused him of killing eleven people, including a woman and a boy. It was hard to tell how much was true.

With the help of relatives and friends, Ned built a new home. Located on a hilltop, it was a double-log-walled two-story structure. There were holes in the upper story instead of windows and an underground passageway. Ned cleared the timber from the top of the hill to be able to see approaching enemies. He fortified the cabin with a small arsenal and an ample supply of food and water.

Here he entrenched himself, Nancy, James, a daughter Mary, and granddaughter Charlotte. Two other youths

named Arch Wolf and Charley Hare joined in the defense of the cabin. The group soon became known as the "Cabin Gang."

The deputies found the cabin almost impregnable. More than one who tried to approach it felt the close brush of Ned's warning shot.

In Fort Smith, the Christie case had become the longest pending on the federal court docket. The marshal's office was being pressured by Washington to do something about it. But the $500 reward for the capture of Christie seemed hardly worth risking certain death.

In the spring of 1889, a new marshal by the name of Jacob Yoes took over. In October 1890, an additional reward of $1,000 was established for Ned Christie.

With this additional incentive, the attempts to capture Christie increased. Still no one could get close to him. In October 1892, a posse led by Deputy Dave Rusk tried. Two posse members were shot, one in the neck and the other in the heel.

Following this, Marshal Yoes determined nothing but an all-out offensive would do the job. Under the management of Gus York "who was not an officer, but was well posted in the locality where Christie lived," another posse was formed. The posse left West Fork on the Arkansas border on the morning of November 2, 1892, with 30 men, a three-pounder cannon, 40 rounds of cannon balls, several boxes of dynamite, and a wagonload of ammunition.

The posse surrounded Ned Christie's cabin early the next morning before dawn. When Arch Wolf came out in the first light of morning, the posse ordered his surrender. In reply, Arch fired his gun. The deputies fired back. Arch managed to get back into the cabin. The battle which followed lasted through the day.

The deputies allowed the women and children to leave the house. Several times the lawmen asked Christie, in English and Cherokee, to surrender. Ned's answer was his usual turkey gobble and a blast from his Winchester.

The sound of gunfire drew a large crowd. Indian women made fun of the deputies for trying to capture the invincible Ned Christie. About mid-afternoon the deputies brought up the cannon. The snub-nosed iron balls glanced harmlessly off the tough, thick cabin walls. After 37 rounds, the commander ordered a double charge of powder placed in the cannon. The cannon was blown to pieces from the explosion.

Courtesy Beth Thomas Meeks

Deputy Marshal Heck Thomas

The deputies remained around the cabin through the night. They built a fortification of fence rails on Ned's farm wagon which was parked near the gate. About 4 a.m., when the moon went behind a cloud, four of the deputies pushed the wagon within 22 feet of the cabin. Then Deputy Charley Copeland raced out and planted a massive charge of dynamite at one end of the cabin.

The deputies waited until dawn to explode the dynamite. The resultant blast blew a hole in the wall "big enough to ride a horse through" and set fire to the cabin. Soon the roof of the burning building caved in. Christie came out.

In the dense smoke surrounding the hilltop, he almost got away. But a warning shout alerted the deputies. They ordered the outlaw to surrender. He replied "damn white marshals," and ran, firing his six-gun. The deputies returned his fire and Ned fell, his body riddled. He tried to get up but another volley settled him.

With Christie dead, the deputies turned their attention to the burning cabin. There they found Charley Hare, badly burned, trying to escape. Later they found the remains of another body, which they assumed to be Arch Wolf.

The deputies hauled Christie's body to Fort Smith and displayed it on the front steps of the jail. Then it was returned to the Cherokee Nation and given to his father for burial.

The deputies each received $75 for the capture of Ned Christie after all expenses were paid. They learned that the burned body found in the cabin was not that of Arch Wolf but of a seven-year-old nephew of Nancy, Charley Grease, who had been staying with the family.

Arch Wolf was captured several months later in Chicago. He and Charley Hare were sentenced to the juvenile reformatory in Brooklyn, New York. Far from his native land, in a place where Cherokee was not spoken, Wolf lost his mind and spent nine years in the insane asylum in Washington, D.C. James Christie disappeared.

It was never known for certain whether Ned Christie had acutally committed the crime of which he was accused, the murder of Daniel Maples. The case never came to trial. It was not until 1921, that new evidence came to light exonerating him of the crime.

The Tulsa World article claimed there had been an eyewitness to Maples' murder. Dick Humphrey, a Tahlequah Negro blacksmith, had been on his way to "Big Jennie's" shack, after a hard day's work, to secure his usual drink before heading home.

Just as Humphrey started across the creek, he saw a man wading across upstream. Humphrey recognized him as a well-known, young "Saturday night outlaw" by the name of Bub Trainor. Trainor was the son of another well-to-do Tahlequah blacksmith. Humphrey paused almost hidden in the bushes.

He saw Trainor, who was wearing a white shirt, stumble over Ned Christie, who had passed out beside the path. Trainor stripped the unconscious man of his dark coat and pulled it over his white shirt.

As soon as Humphrey saw Trainor do this, he knew there was going to be foul play. But he feared the young outlaw and remained hidden.

Trainor stationed himself behind a tree and readied his guns. Soon the unsuspecting Maples and George Jefferson happened by. Trainor ambushed them from the tree. Maples was fatally wounded and the gunman escaped in the dark.

On his way, Trainor stopped briefly beside Ned Christie to shake him and warn him to get out of there. Trainor then stripped off Ned's coat and left it with the drunken Christie before fleeing. Ned got up and stumbled a short distance into the brush and passed out again.

The next morning, the bottle of whiskey with its rag stopper, which Ned

(continued on page 55)

Books

Remembering Apaches and Longhorns

APACHES & LONGHORNS: THE REMINISCENCES OF WILL C. BARNES. *Edited by Frank C. Lockwood. The University of Arizona Press, Box 3398, Tucson, Arizona 85722. 214 pp. $17.50 hardbound. $8.50 paperback.*

Ten years ago, when I was writing a biography of Arizona territorial lawman William O. "Buckey" O'Neill, I had occasion to read Will C. Barnes' memoirs. The book was not easy to find; it was originally published in 1941 and was long out of print.

But, since Barnes and O'Neill had been involved in a rather famous incident together — the 1889 Diablo Canyon train robbery — I needed Barnes' account of that affair and managed to get the book on inter-library loan from the University of Arizona.

It was well worth the effort: Will Barnes' *Apaches & Longhorns* remains a most readable and educational book. The author was a witty and stylish writer who always had an eye and ear for a good story along with a sense of history.

Re-reading the book in this new edition from the Arizona Press gives me renewed appreciation for the work of university presses in keeping important regional books available to the public.

Will C. Barnes (1858-1936) was a San Franciscan who spent his youth in Nevada mining camps before enlisting in the Army Signal Corps. He spent most of his five-year enlistment in the vicinity of Fort Apache, Arizona, where in Spetember, 1881, he earned the Congressional Medal of Honor for "bravery in action."

The precise details of the exploit are vague, both in the official citation for the medal, and in Barnes' own reminiscences.

Following his Army service, Barnes became a rancher near Holbrook, Arizona Territory, and in New Mexico, and served in several minor elective offices as well as in the 18th Arizona Territorial Legislature. Later, after moving to Colfax County, New Mexico, he served in that territory's legislature as well.

Courtesy Duncan Poster Service

Will C. Barnes

In 1906, after drought and cruel winters caused economic reverses, Barnes gave up ranching and, through his friendship with Gifford Pinchot, head of the Forest Service in Washington, D.C., Barnes became an inspector of grazing in the national forests.

Among his accomplishments in this office (from which he retired in 1928), Barnes campaigned energetically to save the famous longhorn cattle from extinction, to promote the growth of fire to clear brush from rangeland and to control grazing as a means of land conservation.

A man of many talents and interests, Barnes was an able writer and musician, composing many cowboy songs including — perhaps — "The Cowboy's Sweet Bye and Bye" which he published in 1895 to be sung to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

But it is as a writer of historical works that Barnes is best remembered today. His *Cattle,* written with noted author William McLeod Raine (1930), his *Arizona Place Names* (1935), the product of some 30 years' research and work, and his *Apaches & Longhorns,* published posthumously, are all important books.

It is good to have this latter title available once again: the recollections of a true Arizona frontiersman and shaper of western life and letters.

— Dale L. Walker
El Paso, Texas

FAMOUS GUNFIGHTERS

FAMOUS GUNFIGHTERS OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER. *By W.B. (Bat) Masterson, annotated and illustrated by Jack DeMattos. Weatherford Press, 10902 Woods Creek Road, Monroe, Washington 98272. 183 pp. Leather-bound collector's edition limited to 100 copies, $75.00.*

Of the millions of words written over the past century by and about the gunfighters of the Old West, none have been quoted (and misquoted) as often as those of William Barclay (Bat) Masterson.

After a checkered career as buffalo hunter, Indian fighting Army scout, peace officer, professional gambler and fight promoter, Masterson, late in life and far removed from the Wild West arena, found a niche for himself as sports columnist on a New York City newspaper.

Here he was prevailed upon by his friend and patron, Alfred Henry Lewis, successful novelist and editor of a slick monthly called Human Life, to write a series of articles on the characters Bat had known in his wild west days.

During 1907 and 1908, Masterson penned pieces on Ben Thompson, Wyatt Earp, Luke Short, Doc Holliday, Bill Tilghman and William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody. These articles, together with one by Alfred Henry Lewis on Bat himself which also appeared in Human Life, are reproduced here in their entirety for the first time since their publication seventy-five years ago.

The book contains a foreward by Joseph G. Rosa, a preface by Jack DeMattos, and the original introduction to the Masterson series by Alfred Henry Lewis. Illustrations include drawings of the article's subjects by DeMattos and a gallery of photographs, some published for the first time.

DeMattos, artist and historian of the gunfighters' West, keeps a sharp eye on the depositions of Masterson and Lewis and, in extensive notes, points out deviations from verifiable historical fact. The DeMattos notes embellish the articles by providing additional details regarding locales and characters.

No one with even a mild interest in the lore and history of the Wild West should pass up this volume. It would be difficult to find a comparable example of a celebrated gunfighter recounting in rich detail the sixshooter exploits of other celebrated gunfighters, many of which he had witnessed firsthand.

— Robert K. DeArment
Sylvania, Ohio

BELLE STARR

BELLE STARR AND HER TIMES: THE LITERATURE, THE FACTS AND THE LEGENDS. *By Glenn Shirley. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma 73019. 1982. 324 pp. $19.95.*

When Belle Starr was blasted off her horse by a man concealed in a cornfield near her Indian Territory home in February, 1889, she had only a local reputation. Within months, however, she had been picked up by Richard K. Fox, whose National Police Gazette "pinkly flapped across America," and was famous as "Belle Starr, the Bandit Queen," the "Female Jesse James."

A horde of later writers improved on Fox's creation, led by Samuel W. Harman, whose *Hell on the Border* appeared in 1898. "Most of this Belle Starr literature," says Glenn Shirley, "can be relegated to mythology."

The highlights of Belle's career can be briefly stated. Born Myra Belle Shirley to a Carthage, Missouri, hotel keeper in 1848, she had some education, played the piano, like to read, and could have lived out her life in contented obscurity. She preferred a life of action to ladylike pursuits, however, and she began a connection with bandits and outlaws during the Civil War.

In 1866, she married Jim Reed, a childhood friend who had become a notorious bandit when he was killed by peace officers in 1874. In 1880, she married Sam Starr, a Cherokee, allied herself with two other Sarr men after Sam was killed, and lived out her life at Younger's Bend of the Canandian River in the Indian Territory.

She went to prison in 1885 for horse theft, but there is no record that she ever killed anybody, engaged in confidence games, or directed a band of outlaws. True, she had a violent temper, carried a pistol, and consorted with men outside the law, but she was not the vicious and abandoned character of legend.

"The most maligned and written-about woman in America" has needed a rescuer and Glenn Shirley, foremost chronicler of early-day outlaws, is the right man for the job, but he has needed thirty years (his first work was published in 1953) to get ready. The present book, in fact, is his third try. His maiden effort, a chapter in *Law West of Fort Worth* (1957) "repeats the same errors" as its predecessors. In 1960 he published *Outlaw Queen,* which he does not mention or discuss.

One reason for delay may have been the difficulties involved in such a project. A biographer is wise to concentrate on his subject and not spend his time correcting other people's errors, but in Belle's case a straight biography was unthinkable. The real woman was buried under such an accumulation of fiction, legend and lies that the first step was to pick up a shovel and start a cleanup.

This Shirley does in his first chapter on the "literature." His aim in following chapters is completeness and accuracy, and he turns every stone, follows every trail, and quotes every document in full.

We learn all about Civil War bushwhacking as background for Belle's childhood. Mention of the Starr family touches off a chapter on Cherokee history and the tribal feuds in which the Starrs were involved. Edgar Watson, who probably assassinated Belle, is followed to his violent end, and Belle's daughter, Pearl, who became a bawdy-house madam, gets the full treatment.

Shirley risks telling the average reader more than he wants to know about the books, people and events in Belle's career, but he has achieved his objective. The evidence is all in. No other book on the bandit queen will be needed, and this "sometimes cruel, vengeful, and yet in many ways kindly woman" has been rescued from her legend.

— C.L. Sonnichsen
Tucson, Arizona

SURVIVAL GUNS

SURVIVAL GUNS. *By Mel Tappan. The Janus Press, Box 578, Rogue River, Oregon 97537. 1982. 458 pp.*

When the mailman delivered the review copy of *Survival Guns,* I assumed it would be merely a collection of bits and pieces from recent gun magazines, compiled by a doomsday forecaster who was fearfully waiting for the Big One to drop. A careful reading, however, has proven my assumption wrong.

Thoughtfully and skillfully written by the late Mel Tappan, *Survival Guns* is considerably more than a guide to selecting weapons with which to fight off looters after an automic holocaust. To Tappan, "survival" has a broad meaning. It can denote the ability to live self-sufficiently in a peaceful mountain retreat, or it can mean successfully contending against starving, frantic people after a cataclysmic disaster. This disaster, he writes, may result not just from a nuclear war, but from such things as a worldwide famine or a socio-economic collapse.

Whatever the situation, "the primary concerns involved in living apart from population centers...are securing food and insuring your personal safety."

With this as his base, Tappan makes the point that no single type of firearm can qualify for all the requirements it

may have to meet. The gun most suitable for home defense is not necessarily the gun that will put meat on the table of a mountain cabin.

He defends this with well-reasoned arguments, then delves into a 190-page discussion of firearms that covers handguns, rifles, shotguns and the optimum calibers or guages of each. After dealing with most firearms available today, he talks about special-purpose weapons such as air guns, muzzle-loaders, Sten guns, archery equipment, and more primitive items such as slingshots, boomerangs and the like. Included are modern firearms with special-application purposes: Single-shot pistols, derringers, and rifles in pistol calibers. There are also chapters on ammunition, modifications and maintenance, practical shooting and tactics, and the choice of a survival battery.

The handgun chapter discusses the 80-year-old argument over revolver versus automatic. Tappan concludes that a well-designed automatic is a better combat weapon but a good revolver is a better "working" arm.

In the chapter on rifles, which embraces bolt-action, lever-action, and semi-automatic types, he chooses the bolt-action as the best hunting arm. That is because during lengthy crisis, the reloading of cartridges will be a consideration and the bolt gun "takes very good care of cartridge cases." For defense purposes, a semi-auto of military design (as opposed to the sporting type) is his choice.

With any type of firearm, he advises choosing one of the most popular calibers or guages, since in a period of national stress, little-used cartridges will be in short supply, if available at all.

If Tappan doesn't like a particular gun or cartridge, he says so, but he gives good reasons. A careful writer, he considers divergent opinions and despite his own views, he deals gently with those who, on moral or other grounds, object to owning a gun.

This book is not the work of an extremist predicting imminent disaster. It is well written by an intelligent individual who has given much thought to the subject of survival.

Well illustrated with photographs, it is designed primarily for a novice in the firearms field who anticipates having to go it alone.

— Louis A. Garavaglia
Colorado Springs, Colorado

MOUNTAIN MEN

MOUNTAIN MEN OF WYOMING. *By Richard Fetter. Johnson Books, 1880 S. 57th Court, Boulder, Colorado 80301. 1982. Soft cover, 60 pp., 27 photos, map. $3.95.*

An interesting little booklet, this was apparently designed for the beginning student of mountain men history. Thirty-seven pages are devoted to the first mountain men: John Colter, John Jacob Astor and company, and Jacques La Ramee, as well as those "enterprising young men" who responded to Ashley and Henry's advertisement for young men to go west to trap beaver.

The booklet summarizes the fur trade which eventually led to the exploitation and settlement of the Northwest. In addition, it states well-known adventures such as John Colter's race for life against Blackfeet warriors. To the reader with even a casual background in early northwest history, there is nothing new.

The balance of the booklet describes present day mountain men historic sites. Here the book recovers its worth. It can be helpful for travelers eager to retrace the routes of the original mountain men. For anyone with even a rudimentary background, this booklet is a disappointment. It could best be utilized in a junior high school history class.

— Chuck Parsons
Silver Lake, Minnesota

MOUNTAIN RAILROAD

RUNNING A MOUNTAIN RAILROAD. *By Ed Sibert and Ted McKee. MAC Publishing Inc., Box 7037, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80933. 1981. Soft Cover. 57 pp., photos, map. $3.25.*

Running a Mountain Railroad is a scenic rail trip. The authors photographed and interviewed various employees who described their tasks and responsibilities on the Cumbres and Toltec Railroad. Duties are headlined as Greasing and Oiling; The Tender and Firing of the Engine; Running the Train; and Bears, Rockslides, and Other Diversions.

The account is also interspersed with a selection of employee rules which include Impudent & Disorderly Passengers, 87: Conductors must prevent passengers endangering themselves by imprudent exposure. In the event of any passenger being drunk or disorderly, to the annoyance of others, he must use all gentle means to stop the nuisance, failing in which he must, for the safety and convenience of all, exercise his authority.

And, Agents, 122: Ticket agents must not sell tickets to points at which trains do not stop.

The narrow guage journey takes one through the lushly rugged and breathtaking vistas of northern New Mexico and southern Colorado, from Chama to Antonito, a distance of roughly 500 miles. Along the route are colorful names such as Windy Point, Tanglefoot Curve and The Whiplash. Don't forget your camera as there are numerous opportunities to capture once-in-a-lifetime compositions.

All in all, it's informative as well as engaging. It includes a short history of the bitter feud between the Denver and Rio Grande and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. The two fought violently for the right-of-way in the area.

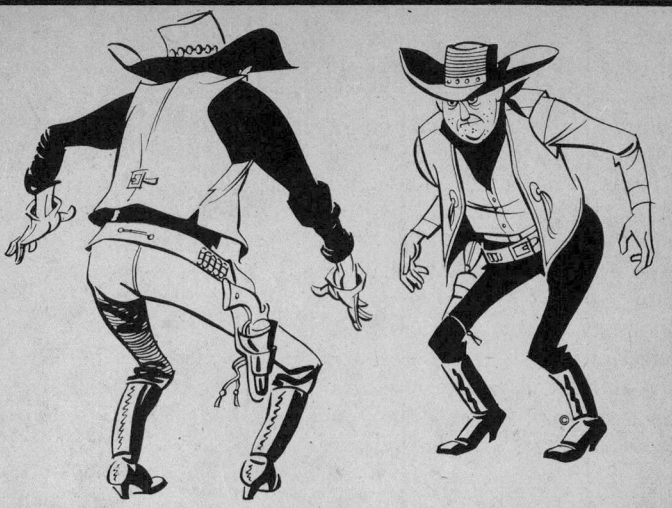
— Steve Peters
Denver, Colorado

A short summary of books previously reviewed in TRUE WEST:

THE WEST OF WILD BILL HICKOK. *By Joseph G. Rosa. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma 73019. 1982. 223 pp. $24.95.*

One of the major western books of 1982, Rosa's new book on Hickok received praise from most reviewers. However, one authority on the subject said the book was amusing but showed lack of knowledge. Another said while it had some strange omissions, it was a masterpiece. A third said it was an excellent companion to Rosa's earlier *They Called Him Wild Bill.* TW December.

Good Guys vs. Bad Guys



In the Old West, lead bullets decided the fate of many men. Guns determined whether a town lived in peace or lawlessness. Legends were built and destroyed by the man with the faster hand. Build *your* Western library with the following list of books about gunslingers and lawmen.

125	The Outlaw Trail of Butch Cassidy, by C. Kelly	HC $4.25
129	The Gunfighter: Man or Myth?, by J. Rosa	HC $9.95
130	Six Years with the Texas Rangers, by J. Gillett	HC $5.95
131	Great Gunfighters of the Kansas Cowtowns, by N. Miller	SC $4.50
132	Henry Starr: Last of the Real Badmen, by G. Shirley	SC $2.95
133	The Frontier World of Doc Holliday, by P. Jahns	SC $4.95
134	Jesse James Was His Name, by W. Settle	SC $5.95
135	Sam Bass, by W. Gard	SC $3.95
141	The Capture of John Wesley Harding, by C. Parsons	HC $9.95
143	Frontier Law and Order, by P. Jordan	HC $13.50
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145	I Buried Hickok, by W. Secrest	HC $17.50
146	Henry Brown: The Outlaw Marshal, by B. O'Neal	HC $12.95
147	The True Life of Billy the Kid, by E. Fable Jr.	HC $19.95
148	The Earps Talk, by A. Turner	HC $15.50
150	The Earp Brothers of Tombstone, by F. Waters	SC $3.75
152	Billy the Kid, a novel by Edwin Corle	SC $5.95
153	The Vigilantes of Montana, by T. Dimsdale	SC $4.95
154	Bill Doolin: Outlaw O.T., by Colonel B. Hanes	SC $4.95
155	The West of the Texas Kid, by Crawford & Dykes	SC $3.95
156	Heck Thomas: Frontier Marshal, by G. Shirley	HC $15.95
157	Rube Barrow: King of the Train Robbers, by C. Breihan	SC $4.95
158	Famous Guns and Gunners, by G. Virgines	SC $6.95
159	Pat Garrett: The Story of a Western Lawman, by L. Metz	HC $14.95
160	The Younger Brothers, by C. Breihan	HC $12.95
161	The Collected Works of Billy the Kid, by Ondaatje	HC $9.95
162	Montana's Righteous Hangmen, by L. Callaway	HC $12.95
163	A Fitting Death for Billy the Kid, by R. Adams	HC $14.95
164	Hell-Holes and Hangings, by F. Harrison	HC $10.95
166	Outlaws in the Big Thicket, by W. Landrey	HC $7.95
504	The Last Cowboy, by Jane Kramer	HC $6.95
529	Bible in Pocket, Gun in Hand: The Story of Frontier Religion, by R. Phares	HC $3.95
537	Guns on the Early Frontiers, by C. Russell	SC $6.95
581	Bat Masterson: The Man and the Legend, by R. DeArment	HC $15.95
614	Old Deadwood Days, by Estelline Bennett	SC $6.50
803	Black Hills Badlands, by Link & Blacklock	SC $9.95
806	The Life and Times of John Wayne, by Harrison House	HC $4.95

SC — Soft Cover **HC — Hard Cover**

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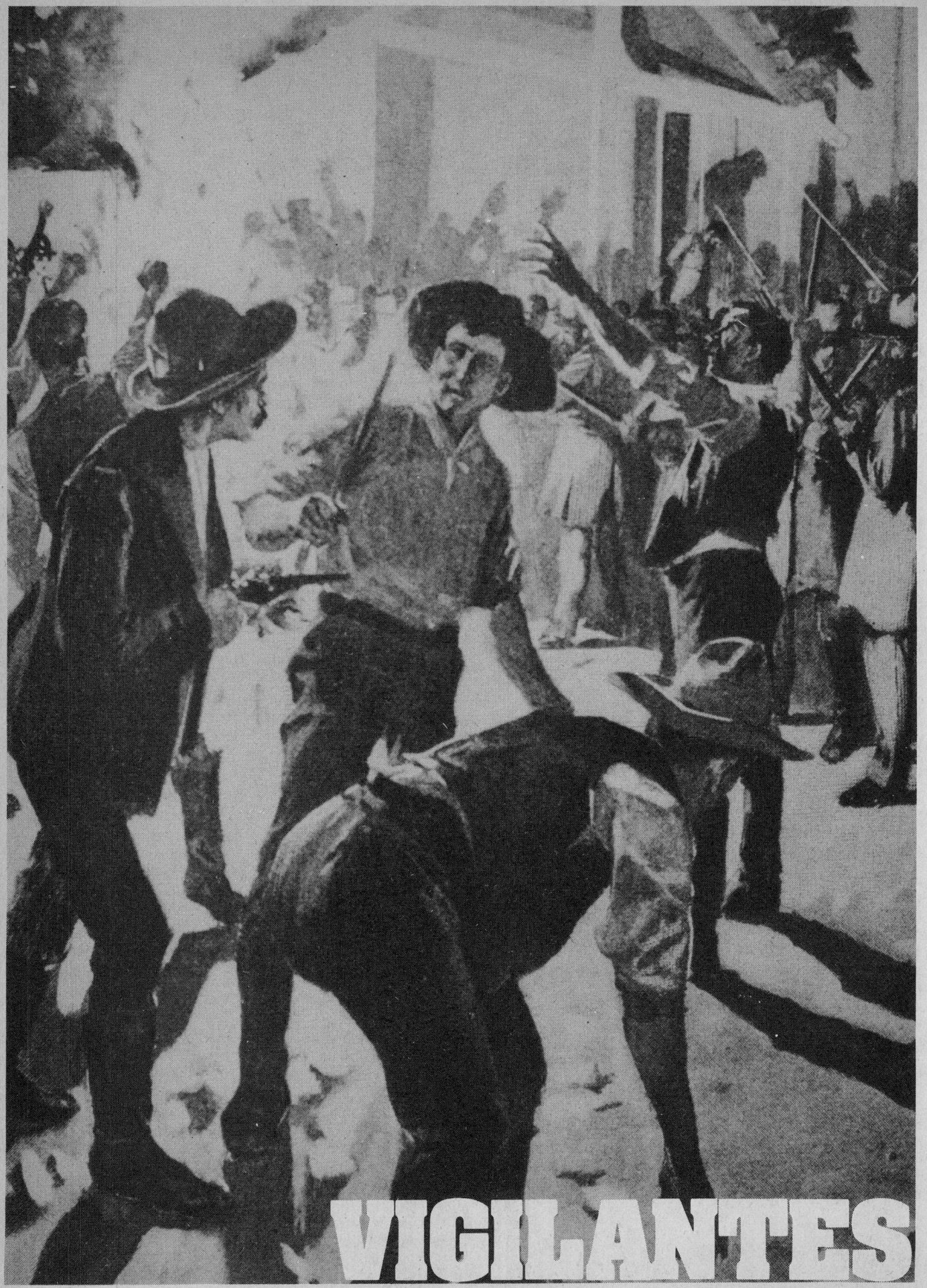


VIGILANTES

They Brought Terror To Evil-Doers

By Walter Eherts

Forty-two hundred homicides were committed in the state of California in the five years following the discovery of gold in February of 1848.

For those who may question the justification of the western vigilante committees, this fact alone should set their minds at ease.

Within a year the sparsely settled wilderness became a populated community, without law except what was left from the Mexican ordinances and the more or less unenforcible legislation of the United States government three thousand miles away.

Unfortunately, along with the honest, law-abiding citizens who came west with the gold rush, there came a horde of unscrupulous thieves and murderers. It became every man for himself. The gold hunter had only as much protection as he could supply for himself in the form of a Bowie knife or a six shooter. Murders became commonplace, especially of miners who accumulated some gold dust. The territory was becoming overrun by criminals from many countries.

The miners resisted and began to assassinate their assailants. Into this turmoil was spawned the San Fransisco Vigilante Committee, the first of its name to bring a substitute for the law.

By 1851, San Fransisco had become a city. There were homes, stores, churches, schools and banks. But the lawless element continued to rule. The population had separated into the peaceable and the violent.

The solid citizens of the community joined and put a stop to the domination of the criminals. Under the leadership of William T. Coleman and other citizens, a vigilante group was formed.

It was this San Fransisco Committee of Vigilance of 1851 that became the name and model for all vigilante groups that sprung up in many communities in the far West.

These committees should not be mistaken for the mobs who were aroused by some odious crime, stormed jails and took prisoners for lynching.

There was nothing mob-like about the California vigilance committees although they had to bypass regular law channels to accomplish their purposes. Their sessions were orderly, regular and deliberate. Penalties were inflicted only after a trial and the accused was given a defense counsel. Careful records of the proceedings were kept.

In 1851, the Vigilance Committee hanged four men and banished about 30 from San Fransisco. Yet this was only a small part of its work. Committee members patrolled the city and made it safe to walk the streets at night.

They also inspected the passenger list of every ship that docked at San Fransisco. In this manner they turned back many immigrants from the Australian penal settlements.

The outbound steamers were soon crowded with "Sidney Ducks," the name given to convicts from the Australian penal settlements.

Also forced out of San Fransisco were many other desperadoes. Many traveled to the mines and before long the mining settlements set up their own communities to deal with criminals.

For about two years most small communities had an organization which hanged, banished or branded the bad men. Although these smaller organizations were not part of the San Fransisco vigilante group, they often worked in cooperation with the larger organization.

The San Fransisco group -- and a later one of 1856 -- was actually an executive committee representing the whole city. Their acts were approved by all the newspapers except one. It promptly lost its subscribers and went out of business.

Gradually the principle of the vigilance committee spread throughout California and to other western states. When the cattle industry came to prominence and with it cattle rustlers, the vigilance system was one method of coping with these organized bands of cattle thieves.

Rustlers became so organized that stock stolen in Montana was passed along from one robber band to another until it was sold in Texas or taken to Mexico and there fattened for market. The trafficking in stolen cattle involved sheriffs and even judges. To combat this menace the Montana Vigilante Committee hanged several dozen men.

The birth of the San Fransisco Vigilante Committee was in response to a need for law and order. In 1850, a political organization called the 'Hounds' attacked Spanish-American residents, killing some and setting the whole city in an uproar.

Then came a series of fires started by thugs in order to plunder the town as it burned. It was after six of these fires that the citizens met to organize publicly.

A constitution and by-laws were drafted with the stated purpose of ridding the city of criminals.

While the committee was in the act of organizing, a former Australian convict by the name of Jenkins stole the safe

OF THE FAR WEST

from a shipping office and started away in a boat. The man was caught and brought to the rooms of the committee. The California Fire Company's bell called committee members and Jenkins was at once brought to trial.

At the trial, Jenkins was represented by a lawyer. Witnesses were heard and testimony was given against Jenkins. While the trial was in progress, police appeared at the door but were ignored by the committee.

Jenkins was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. At the appointed time, the committee members marched with their prisoner to the plaza. Meanwhile the fire bell tolled a requiem.

At this point the chief of police tried to take the prisoner but was beaten back. Then Jenkins' friends attacked the committee but were repulsed. The thief was hanged on the veranda of an adobe house. Two hundred and eighteen dollars found on him was used for funeral expenses.

The hanging of Jenkins took place at night and for that reason was subject to some criticism. From that time on all hangings were done in broad daylight.

A most infamous robber and murderer on the coast at this time was James Stuart. He had been involved in many big crimes for many years. The committee almost hung an innocent man who bore a remarkable resemblance to Stuart. But at last they got the real criminal and executed him.

Before he was hung, Stuart fully confessed to his crimes. The committee thus secured information on other criminal operations throughout the state. Stuart implicated two major criminals, Sam Whittaker and Bob McKenzie. Whittaker was hunted unsuccessfully until an out-of-town sheriff brought him to police officials.

The vigilantes took the prisoner and paid the bill for his traveling expenses. They captured McKenzie in the city. The two were tried, they confessed to their crimes and were sentenced to death.

Suddenly the state government became active and the sheriff took the condemned men from the committee when only a few members were present. The sheriff placed the two in his own jail for their protection.

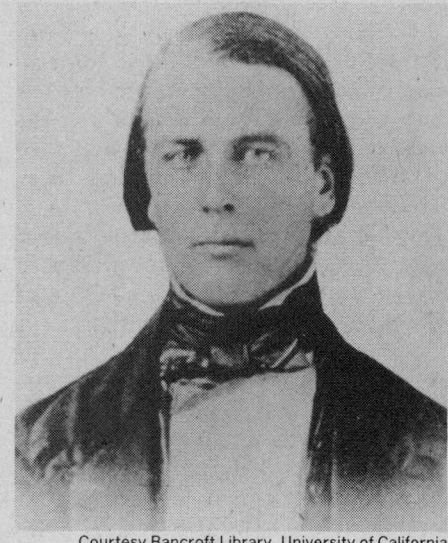
The committee then ordered their own chief of police, Captain Cartwright, to bring Whittaker and McKenzie into the custody of the committee.

Captain Cartwright selected the chairman and 29 other prominent vigilantes. They took the two prisoners from the jail and brought them to the committee's rooms. There they were hanged from beams above the door.

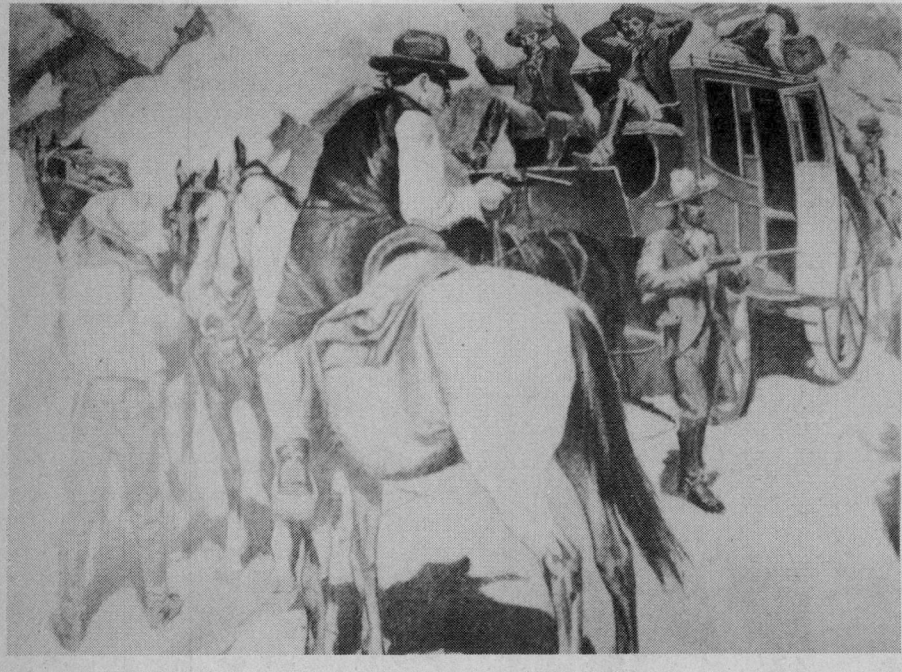
After these hangings the committee ceased capital punishment though it continued to banish the unworthy. The committee came to the aid of regular law oficers when a mob attempted to lynch a murderous sea captain.

San Fransisco grew peaceful and for five years the detection and punishment of crime was left to the regular authorities.

Courtesy Bancroft Library, University of California

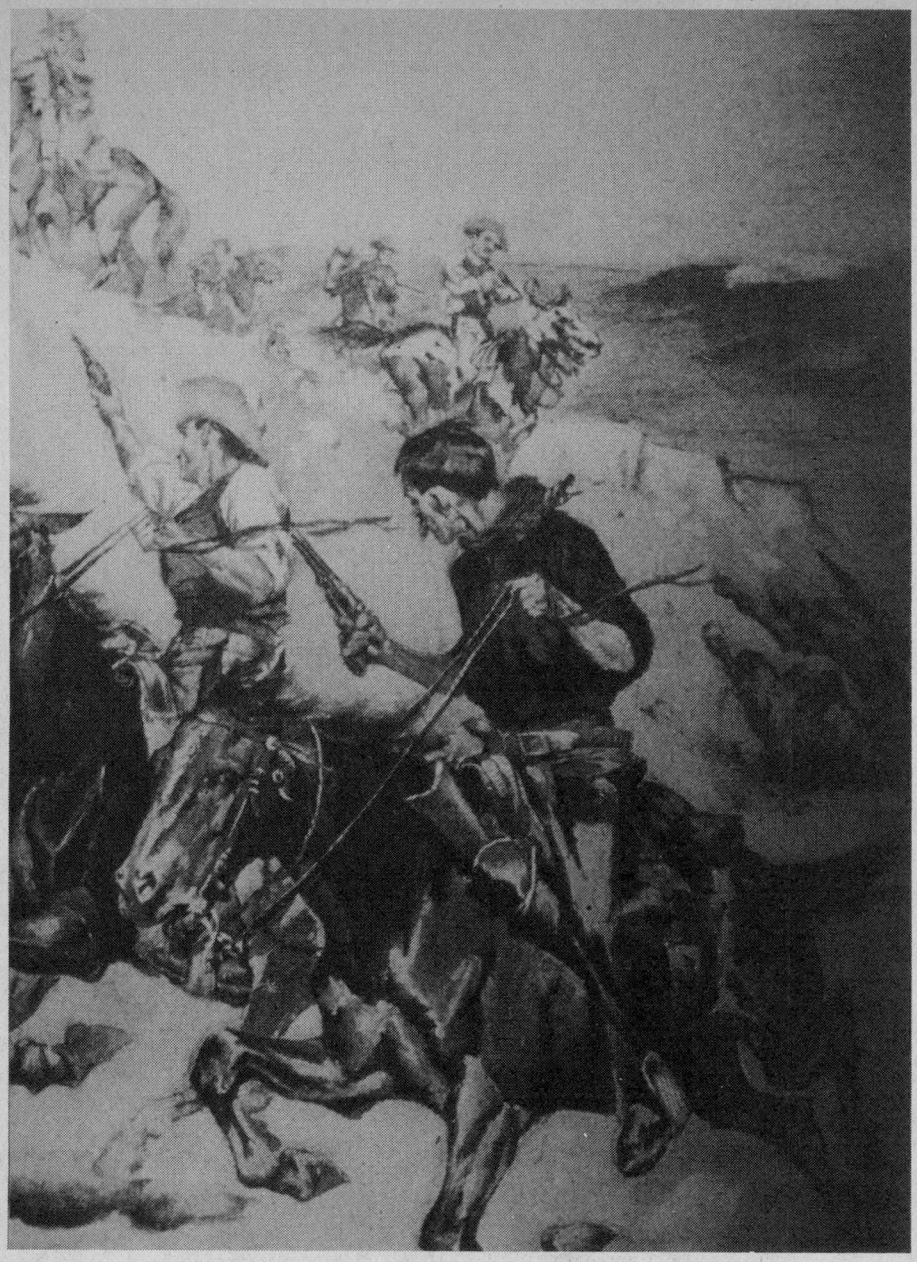


Courtesy Bancroft Library, University of California



Henry Plummer's gang in action.

Three famous vigilantes, Sam Brannan, top, William T. Coleman, center, and John X. Beidler. Brannan and Coleman operated in San Francisco; Beidler was a Montana vigilante leader in the 1860s and 1870s.



Montana vigilantes chasing cattle thieves. This and other illustrations with this story were taken from the May 1901 issue of Munsey's Magazine.

But hangings were to continue all over the gold country. Sluice robbers, highwaymen and even the more common desperadoes were strung up and in at least two cases, men were hanged for cheating at cards.

In southern California, the cowboys followed the methods of the miners. There was a carnival of lynching during the 1850s because of so many cattle and horse thieves.

When four horse thieves were caught and hanged at Turner's Pass, they revealed information on a group of 300 robbers whose operations extended from northern California to the Mexican border. This group itself had a constitution and by-laws and also inflicted the death penalty on members who betrayed others.

After the disbanding of the original San Fransisco committee, conditions in other parts of California improved. But in San Fransisco the situation worsened.

This time the politicians were to blame. At the height of the disorder, James Casey, a politician, editor, and fire company captain, murdered James King, another editor, who headed the reform movement.

The Vigilance committee reorganized. There were 8,000 members — practically the whole city — in the general committee. An executive committee of 40 members had absolute authority.

They took over the armories, organized cavalry and artillery divisions and even established a marine battery. Seventy-five thousand dollars was subscribed to begin operations.

When this group surrounded the jail, Casey was surrendered and with him, another powerful figure, Charles Cora. These two were taken to the committee's rooms and tried for their crimes. They were convicted, condemned and executed while a so-called "law and order" party demonstrated outside.

The governor of the state called out the state militia (which ignored the order) and appealed to the federal government for arms to put down what he called insurrectionists.

The vigilantes proceeded to purify San Fransisco along the same lines as had the committee of 1851. On August 21, 1856, the committee permanently adjourned. Their work was well done; the courts were performing well, the police force was vastly improved and there were no prisoners in the jail awaiting trial.

Once again the vigilante idea spread to other western states and in Nevada men began swinging from trees with placards marked "601" attached to their clothing. The last use of this number was in 1877, when it was found pinned to the coat of a victim at Winnemucca, Nevada.

The Idaho Vigilance Committee was organized in 1864, and two years later they began using "XXX" as a signature for their work. They hung 27 men who were implicated in more than a hundred murders.

In Montana the Vigilante Committee was maintained over a longer period than in any other state. It numbered over a thousand members and was first organized to handle the Plummer gang.

The leader of the gang, Henry Plummer, was the sheriff of Bannack and Virginia City. His deputies were his private road agents. While he furnished guards for the stages, he also organized the attacks on them. Then he led the posses in search of the robbers.

The robber chief was the only one of the 23 members of the Plummer gang who begged for his life when he was hung.

In theory, mob law is said to be reckless. But an examination of its work in the far West seems to show no more apparent injustice, no greater percentage of mistakes than an equal amount of regularly administered criminal law of the older communities.

EMPEROR WATSON

BELLE STARR'S KILLER HAD SECRET CAREER AS MURDERER

By Cecelia Caruso

ON October 24, 1910, a group of vigilantes hurriedly tossed a bullet-ridden body into the bottom of a boat and headed for nearby Rabbit Key. They had to clear away debris left by last week's hurricane before a grave could be dug in the white sand. Someone tied a rope around the neck of the dead man and held it high while the rest of the men rushed to cover him with damp soil. Then the loose end was tied to a tree near the mound.

Most of the men went home, perhaps feeling the first stirrings of fear that the law would frown on their methods. But each had a profound feeling of relief. The showdown with Ed Watson had come and they were still alive. It was Emperor Watson, the worst bad man in Ten Thousand Islands, whom they had just put away forever.

Their boats were still at the landing in front of Ted Smallwood's general store and they couldn't miss hearing the sobs of the grieving widow. Someone, out of pity or spite, told her Watson was on Rabbit Key.

"If you kin find the end of the rope you kin have his body."

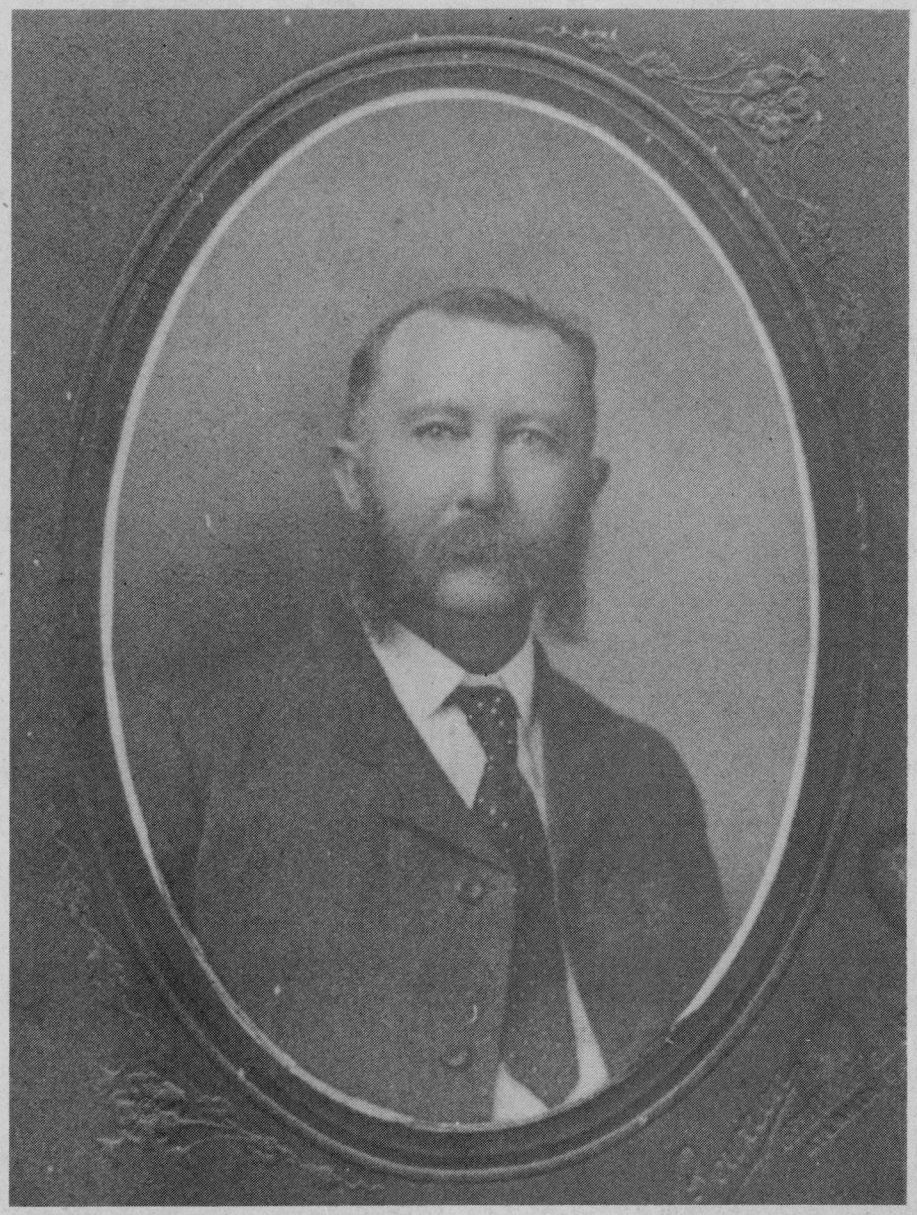
"Why the rope?" she asked.

"Because shootin' was too good fer 'im."

* * *

ED WATSON'S end had been predictable, considering the kind of man he was, yet he left behind many friends and neighbors who remembered his kindnesses and puzzled over the nature of the man. He grew up in Edgefield County, South Carolina, an area that, like Edgar J. Watson, was not ordinary at all. Its violent people were loud in their drunken pursuits of gambling and gunplay and would fight at the least provocation.

In 1873, the residents had organized the "Sweetwater Sabre Club" whose members fought against two companies of Negro militia. The five black prisoners they took were executed. For years this group, feared by the authorities,



Edgar J. Watson was the author's great-grandfather. This picture was taken circa 1895.

terrorized "free" blacks.

Ed's father, Elijah Watson, was a typical product of this environment. He married a woman from Columbia County, Florida, and they raised their two children in Edgefield until she was forced to leave him. He was a warden at the state penitentiary for a time. He was a fighter and a brutal man. His nickname, "Ring-eye," came from the scar that ringed his eye, the result of a knife fight. If he abused his son, it would account for Ed's later disregard for human life.

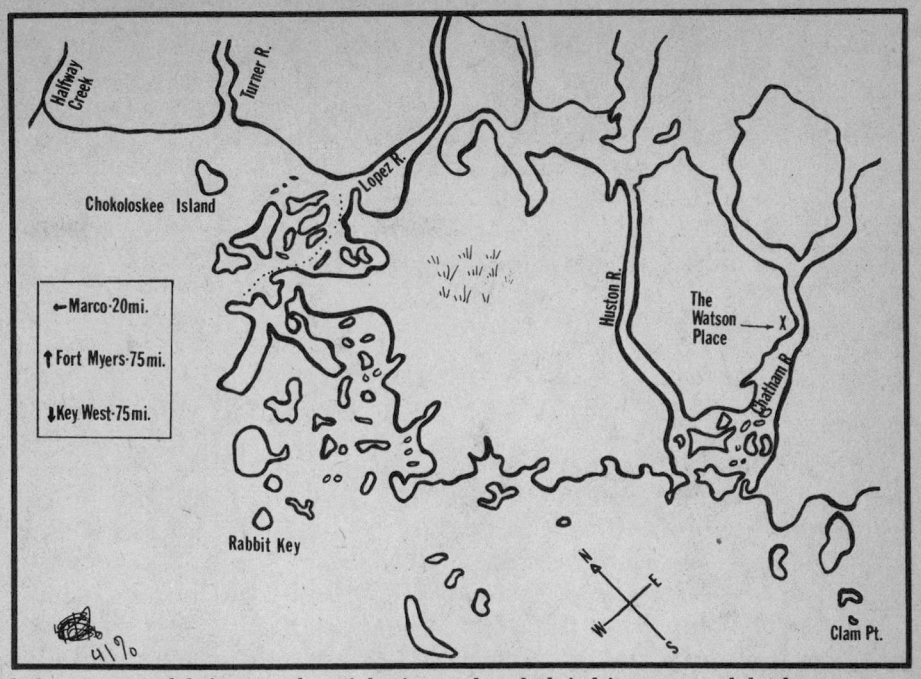
The first murder in which Edgar was implicated bears out the theory that he was afraid of his father. He was accused of killing a black man who threatened to tell Elijah about Ed's carelessness in pea-planting. Ed probably raged at the man before witnesses and later the man was found dead. Ed moved away to escape a murder charge and spent some time in Texas. By now Ed's mother had left Elijah and she and her daughter Minnie Lucretia were living with her family in Columbia County, Florida. Ed joined them.

He has been described as big, weighing two hundred pounds and with an enormous belly. His picture indicates he was small-to-medium sized, perhaps with a tendency to corpulence in later life. A reporter described him as of "medium height, fair complexion, light sun-burnt whiskers, and blue eyes — he was decidedly good-looking and talked well."

He married in that north Florida county and rented a farm from Captain T.W. Getzen. He and his wife had at least one child and things went fairly smoothly until the later 1880s. At the end of a harvest, having made a good crop, Ed decided to celebrate. He was a heavy drinker and that led to most of his troubles.

He went to the town of O'Brien, in the next county, and went on a spree. He climbed onto a table to make a speech and one of his cousins tried to get him off. Watson kicked him in the face. Someone else tried the same thing and Ed kicked him too. But this man grabbed Ed's foot and pulled him off the table. Ed fell to the floor on his knees, smashing one knee cap. While he recuperated for long weeks in bed, his farm went to ruin.

He was soon in trouble for murdering his brother-in-law. It may be that the victim was the man who had pulled Watson off the table. It was unlike Edgar to let a thing like that pass. In any case, he and his family packed their belongings and left town by night in a wagon.



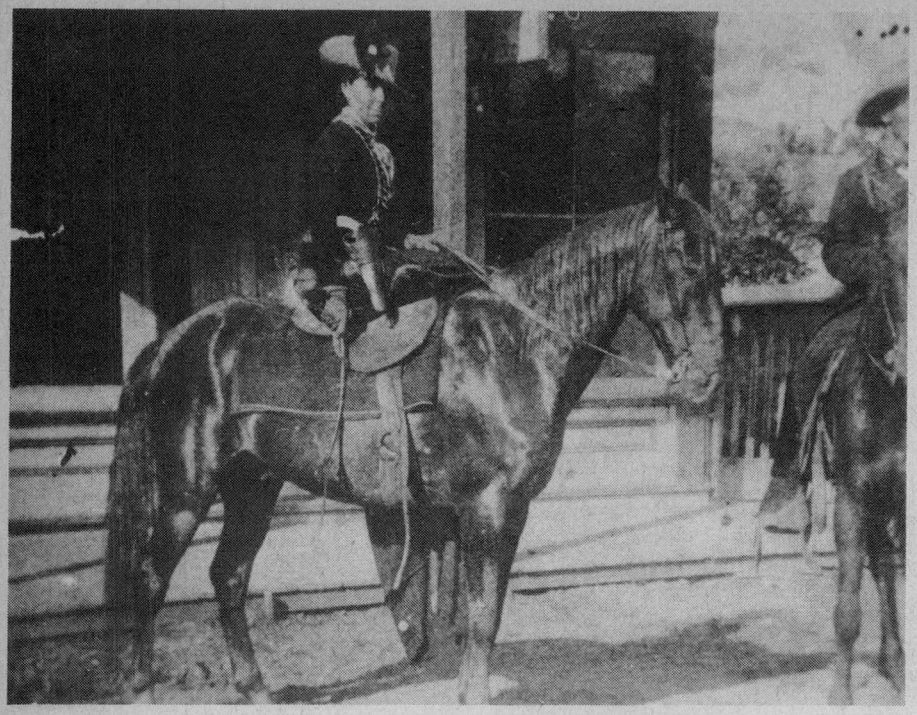
They moved to Franklin County, Arkansas, and after a year moved to Oklahoma. It was called Indian Territory then, not becoming a state until 1907. Ed and his wife lived on a farm on the South Canadian River, seven miles from Belle Starr's farm of one thousand acres, "Younger's Bend," near Eufaula.

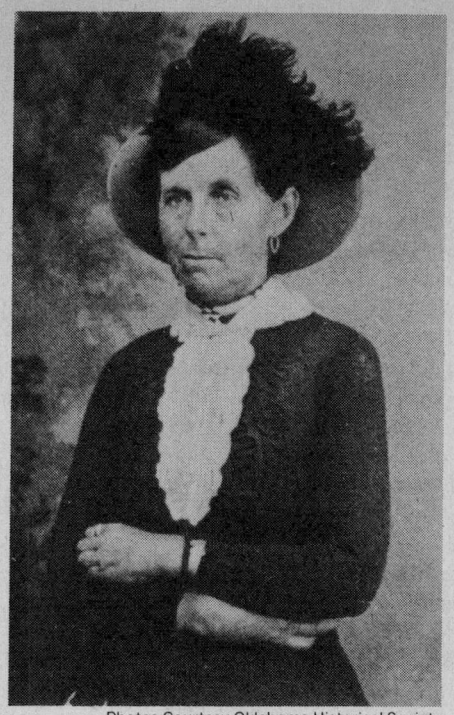
Belle was a gregarious woman and took to the Watsons right away. Mrs. Watson was dignified and feminine, and Belle was belatedly longing to become just that. Belle had never been the soft, dependent type that was admired in that age. By 1889, she was forty-one with a dried-up, hard look that added ten years to her age. She had been a hard-drinking, casual bedmate to a number of men who lived outside the law. She had two children and her treatment of them shows what she was like.

Her daughter Pearl became pregnant, and though the girl vowed she had married her half-breed lover in a legal ceremony, Belle had the boy run out of Indian Territory. The baby was put up for adoption and Pearl was kept in seclusion at Younger's Bend. James Edwin "Eddie" Reed, Belle's son, openly threatened to kill her and she was known to have horsewhipped him.

When Belle married Jim July in 1887, she made sure he changed his name to Jim Starr before he could be accepted into the family. She had always felt she had to be as tough as any man; yet in

Author's sketch (from an old photograph) of the Chatham Bend plantation.





Photos Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Two famous photographs of Belle Starr. Photo at left showing her on horseback was taken by Rhoeder's Gallery, Fort Smith, Arkansas, on May 23, 1886. Photo on right was taken the next day at Fort Smith.

middle age she longed for a respectability that her crude nature kept undermining.

When she met Mrs. Watson, educated and gentle, she latched onto her. Mrs. Watson was grateful for the company on their isolated farm. The lonely woman, not realizing Belle's true character, unwisely confided that her husband had fled Florida to escape a murder charge.

Meanwhile, Ed arranged to farm Belle's land as well as his own, to sharecrop. When the crop was in they disagreed over the division of money. Then at the Whitefield Post Office he handed her a letter which had been placed in his box by mistake. It was open and apparently he had read it.

Belle's quick temper flared. She was livid with rage as she rashly told him what she knew of his past. To top it off, she told him, she was putting another man to work on her land.

Ed went home and confronted his wife. She admitted she had told Belle everything. They had a violent quarrel and after that Mrs. Watson no longer had anything to do with Belle.

Shortly after this, on February 3, 1889, Belle was murdered. Ed Watson had been standing in the back yard of a home owned by a man they both knew when Belle arrived for a visit at two on Sunday afternoon. He was holding a shotgun and left when he saw her, taking the path she would have to use. She left just after three. An hour later her body was found on a narrow woodland path that led to her home.

She had been downed by a shotgun blast and lay face down in the mud. Her assailant had hidden behind a tree or a stone wall, but after she was down he jumped out and finished her off with a single shot in the head from her own revolver. Jim Starr later said that Belle had been conscious when found and had said enough to Pearl to convince them that her murderer was Ed Watson.

Belle had been close to her neighbors and they made a decent showing at the funeral. The women from surrounding farms laid out her body, dressing her in a black silk skirt and white blouse with a lace collar. She was placed in a pine coffin with her favorite six-shooter, which had belonged to her erstwhile lover, Cole Younger. Her Cherokee pallbearers each placed cornbread in the casket as a part of an old tribal ritual. It was the only bit of ceremony at the funeral.

There had been a wait of three days, which was unfortunate for Ed, because it gave Jim Starr enough time to get out of jail on bail and show up just as the last clod of earth was thrown on the grave. He called out, "Throw up your hands."

When Ed turned around, Jim Starr's Winchester rifle was pointing at his chest.

"You killed Mrs. Starr."

Ed didn't move. "If you kill me, you'll kill the wrong man."

Jim was taken aback by Watson's assured, casual manner. It may have saved Ed's life. The people who had gathered to mourn Belle now persuaded Jim to let the law handle it. Watson was taken to Fort Smith, Arkansas, his hands bound with leather thongs and several men by his side at his request — he feared Jim would kill him. Pearl and Ed Reed were part of the grim procession. They traveled all night and Watson was incarcerated the next morning.

A newspaper reporter was able to see him and got this statement. The tone of it is in keeping with his contemporaries' descriptions of him.

"I know nothing about the murder, and will have no trouble establishing my innocence. I knew very little of Belle Starr, though she for some reason, I know not what, had been prejudiced against me, and did not speak to me. I have lived near her about a year, and I made a crop in the Choctaw Nation last year. I am thirty-two years old, and have a wife who is living with me. I came to Franklin County, Arkansas, two years ago from Florida, and from there moved about a year ago to where I now live, and I have never had any trouble there with anyone. I was at a man's named Rowe Sunday, when Belle Starr came along and stopped, and soon afterwards my wife came by and I left and went home with her and Belle Starr was shot by someone soon afterwards. I have no idea who killed her, but know that I did not, and had no reason to even feel hard toward her."

Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Home of Belle Starr at Youngers Bend, Indian Territory. The photo was taken in 1888.

At a preliminary hearing, U.S. Commissioner Brizzolara gave Jim Starr two weeks to find a witness — he couldn't. And then Belle's own son, Ed Reed, refused to testify against Watson. After two-and-a-half months, Watson was released. Modern historians are apt to place the guilt for Belle's murder on her son. No substantial evidence ever came up to link anyone with the murder. As far as the lawmen knew, Watson had no motive. Mrs. Watson had testified at the hearing that the termination of the sharecropper agreement was her reason for shunning Belle. It seems incredible today that no one discovered that he was already wanted for murder.

Public opinion was against the Watsons and they moved again. They were in Van Buren, Arkansas, the following year when Ed was accused of horsestealing. The Florida charge was not discovered and he beat that case too.

The family moved to Oregon and soon Ed quarreled with a man who retaliated by firing a shotgun blast through his window one night. The shot landed just over Watson's head. The next morning he shot the man who did it and left town, leaving his family behind.

Ed next appeared in Georgia where he also had trouble. After three men were dead, he moved on again. By 1892, he was passing through Arcadia, Florida, which looked like any western cow town. He saw Quin Bass whittling on another man and decided it had gone on long enough. He ordered Bass to stop. Bass did, and turned on him. Ed fired his thirty-eight Smith and Wesson revolver in self-defense, killing Bass.

He finally made his way to the edge of the Everglades. There he found a mangrove forest, a maze of islets that develop from a single cigar-shaped root that floats in the sea until it touches water shallow enough for roots to take hold. That one plant anchors itself with fingerlike roots and acts as a base for a new island.

There are so many they are called the Ten Thousand Islands. It was the ideal place to hide, as Civil War deserters, felons, and escaped convicts discovered. For Ed it was a last refuge.

The first place he landed was Half-Way Creek, where he got a job hoeing cane. After only a few days he bought an old seventy-foot schooner and cut bottomwood in Bay Sunday and Chatham River to sell at five and six dollars a cord. The Chatham Bend place, roughly three miles from the gulf, was a convenient location for him and, when its owner was killed by Key West lawmen, Ed bought the claim from the widow for two hundred and fifty dollars.

Neglecting to mention to anyone that he already had a wife, he entered into a common-law arrangement with Henrietta Daniels. She had two grown sons who helped Ed in his new venture, growing sugar cane.

It couldn't have been easy to clear because the farm was covered with palmettoes, which have a root as big around as an arm and as long as a man's leg. Mostly they had to be burned out. Hired help was easy to come by, the cheap labor of fugitives who were hiding out from the law.

Over the years there must have been hundreds of them taking up temporary employment at Chatham Bend. Henrietta said that Ed knew what it was like to be on the run and took pity on the men who came asking for work.

The farm was set high on a forty-acre shell mound. Ed grew cane to make syrup. He ground it in a cane mill powered by a steam boiler. This was advanced for its time. He also grew vegetables and they and the syrup made him a good profit in the markets at Fort Myers and Key West.

On long evenings, he talked about his past, both to Henrietta's sons and to Ted Smallwood, whenever he chanced to go to the general store. His neighbors

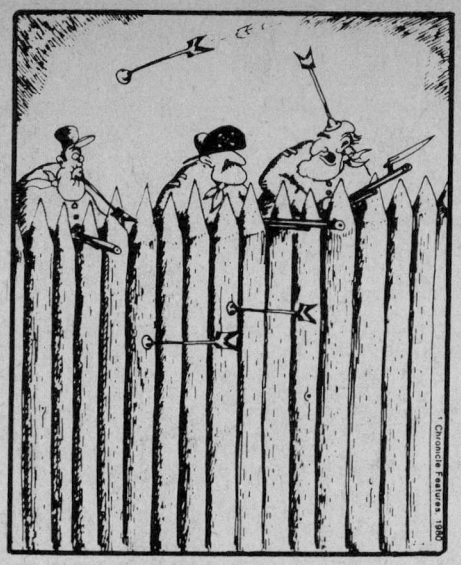
found him willing to lend a hand or money. Even after his death eighteen years later, the usual comment about Ed was "he never did nothin' to me."

His bragging, however, was building a reputation that he must have enjoyed. Whether his exploits were true or not, that particular kind of fame was to be the death of him.

Basically he liked being with people but inside, his feelings were easily hurt. He would take offense at the slightest provocation, exploding in wrath that was incomprehensible to those around him. Liquor released his pent-up emotions.

Their pleasant interlude at Chatham Bend ended after four years, in 1896. Ed cut Adolphus Santini's throat in a Key West auction room. This cost him a lot of money to settle (Adolphus lived).

Mrs. Watson in Oregon found where Watson was and rumors circulated that she was coming to see him. Henrietta hadn't minded a common-law marriage, but she would not live with a man who already had a wife. She left and took their little daughter, Minnie.



Gad! . . . Not *these* Indians again!

Mrs. Watson never lived with Ed again, though she did come to live in the tiny village on Chokoloskee Island, about fifteen miles from Ed's place and died there a year later.

Ed's wayward temper was in full swing now and the scrapes he got into are legion. As his reputation grew, people gave him nicknames: "The Emperor" because no one dared to cross him, and "The Barber" when he shot off the mustache of Ed Brewer. Brewer and two other men were trying to serve him with a false warrant.

When a squatter and his nephew refused to get off land Watson had bought, they were killed. Naturally Ed was suspected. Then another squatter wouldn't budge from Ed's claim on Lostman's River. Ed ran him into the Everglades and almost certain death.

The man escaped the dangers of sharks, gators, and snakes, and managed to avoid expiring from lack of food and water. He was found and carried over the seventy-five miles of gulf water to Key West and there he pressed charges. A deputy sheriff came to Chatham Bend, asking Watson to go back with him to Key West for questioning.

Ed explained he couldn't, not with cane to harvest, but he would make the trip as soon as the cane was in. The deputy became insistent. The result was that the deputy was forced to remain and work in the fields for a month. Once the cane was harvested, Watson was ready to go. Watson took his produce and the irate lawman to Key West where Watson beat the case!

After Mrs. Watson died, Ed's son Robert took the schooner to Key West and sold it to a Mr. Collins for two hundred dollars. Then he returned to Oregon. Watson later asked Collins how much he paid for the boat. Watson planned to buy it back. Collins told him, "Two thousand dollars."

Whipping out his knife, Watson cut Collins across the forehead, saying, "It was two hundred dollas, you s.o.b." Watson threw down the money and left with the boat.

Collins demanded justice of the deputy who had been forced to work at Chatham Bend. Understandably, the deputy refused, saying, "You go and get him. I'm staying right here!"

When things got too hot for Ed in the islands he headed north while tempers cooled. He let his farm go back to a palmetto patch.

In 1905, he married again and had two or three children in the few years left to him. This wife was a preacher's daughter from Fort Myers, Kate Edna Bethea.

His closest friends at this time were Sam and Mike Toland. It was gossiped that Sam's wife had willed her piano and silver to Kate, but after her death Sam would not turn it over. One day in 1908, Sam and his horse were found shot to death. Watson was suspected so he was jailed.

Because people wanted to lynch him, the sheriff moved Watson to the Duval County jail and then again to Madison County, also in North Florida.

When Watson came to trial, the jury was handpicked by a cattle king from Fort Myers, Captain W.H. Towles. The state's only witness was a Negro. In those days testimony by a black easily could be ignored. Watson was acquitted. Towles told him to "get back to the Ten Thousand Islands as fast as you can — and stay there!"

The inhabitants of that area didn't exactly welcome Ed back. He was the worst of the bad men they had to deal with. They believed he shot his hired hands, shooting them in the back on pay day and dumping their bodies into the waters of the Chatham.

By 1910, Watson hired Leslie Cox. It was said that Cox once saved Ed's life. When Cox showed up he said he needed $5,000 and when he had it he would leave. To Watson's code of ethics, this seemed fair. But it would take time to get the money together.

A few months later, Ed was at Small-

wood's store on Chokoloskee Island with Dutchy Melvin, who worked for him. Dutchy was wanted by Key West lawmen for burning down factories and for assorted robberies and murder.

Watson had left Cox as overseer at the farm with an old woman, Hannah Smith, who cooked for them. Also at the farm was a man named Waller and a Negro man. This man, who later escaped to Chokoloskee, said he saw Cox kill Hannah Smith and Waller. When Watson returned home later that night, both Watson and Cox killed Dutchy Melvin, pushing his body overboard from a boat.

Early the next morning, in the gray mist of dawn, a clam digger and his son saw the body of old Hannah tangled in the mangroves at the mouth of the Chatham. This old "widow woman" was probably the basis for the rumor that Ed hired indigent widows and then did away with them.

Cox disappeared after the killings. Watson headed north to Fort Myers to get Sheriff Tippins to arrest Cox. But the 1910 hurricane was now hitting the islands and Tippins was forced to turn back at Marco Island.

Watson decided to apprehend Cox himself. It must have been evident to him that if he didn't turn up with Cox's body he would be implicated in the murders. Ironically, he wanted to kill a man in order to exonerate himself.

The storm had passed by the time he made his way to Chokoloskee. The general store proprietor and his family were trying to gather in all the goods that had been washed into the woods. From the harried man, Ed bought some shotgun shells which he didn't know had gotten wet in the storm.

A 1956 Tampa Tribune article said Watson had threatened Smallwood, so his wife deliberately sold Watson the wet shells. Smallwood apparently was in cahoots with the other men who had by now decided to put an end to Watson. The purchase of the shells gave them a chance against him.

Watson went to Chatham Bend and in a few days came back with his wife. A crowd waited on the landing as Ed motored his new gasoline launch up to the dock. Mrs. Watson got out and went into the store.

Watson showed the men Cox's hat, offering it as proof that he had killed Cox. They weren't satisfied; they wanted to see the body. Cox, incidentally, was never seen or heard from by his family after 1910.

Several men agreed to return to Catham Bend to see the body. They were about to get into the boat when someone called out, "Get his gun first."

Watson swung around: "I give my gun to no man."

By now his temper was flaring. He raised his gun and snapped both barrels on the wet shells. Nothing happened.

He started to reach for his six-shooter. This gave the men the time they needed. They opened fire. C.G. McKinney, another storekeeper, was slightly wounded by Watson but Ed's body was riddled with bullets.

The men involved in the shooting were called to court the following day but it was agreed that, as Watson had drawn first, no charges would be filed. Watson was buried in his wife's family plot in Fort Myers, Florida. His tombstone reads simply: WATSON. Born November 11, 1855. Died October 24, 1910.

The Naked Spy

By Carrol L. Cogburn

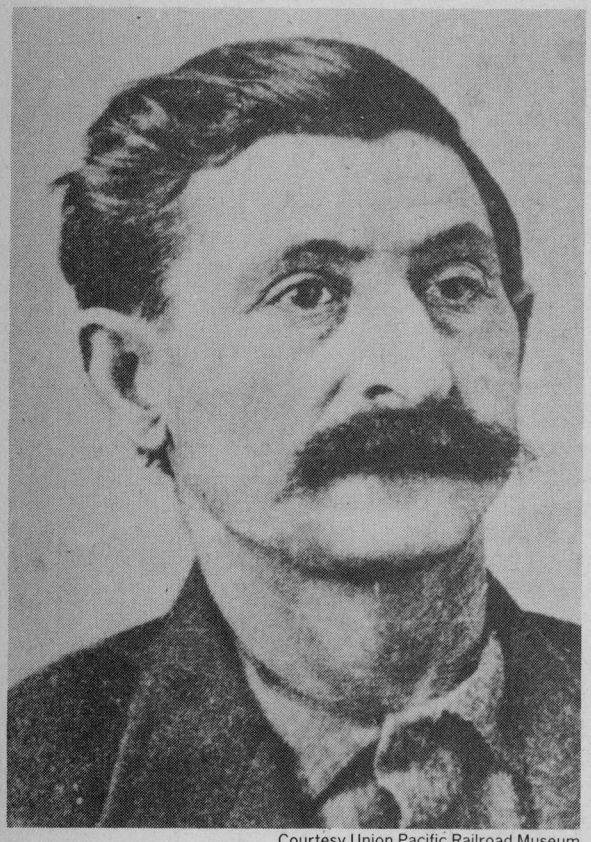
The first Confederate balloon was taken up by a reluctant Lieutenant John Randolph Bryan. He tried to resign when he landed but General Joe Johnston said "no" because the lieutenant was the only man in the Rebel army with any experiences in balloons.

Later, the balloon got loose with Bryan aboard. It drifted over enemy lines so he destroyed his papers and notes. The wind shifted and blew him out over water so he threw his clothes overboard, preparing to swim for it. Yep, the wind shifted again and he landed in a strange Rebel camp.

The naked lieutenant had some tall talking to do to keep from being shot as a spy!

'Big Nose' George Parrott

The Outlaw Who Became A Pair of Shoes



Courtesy Union Pacific Railroad Museum

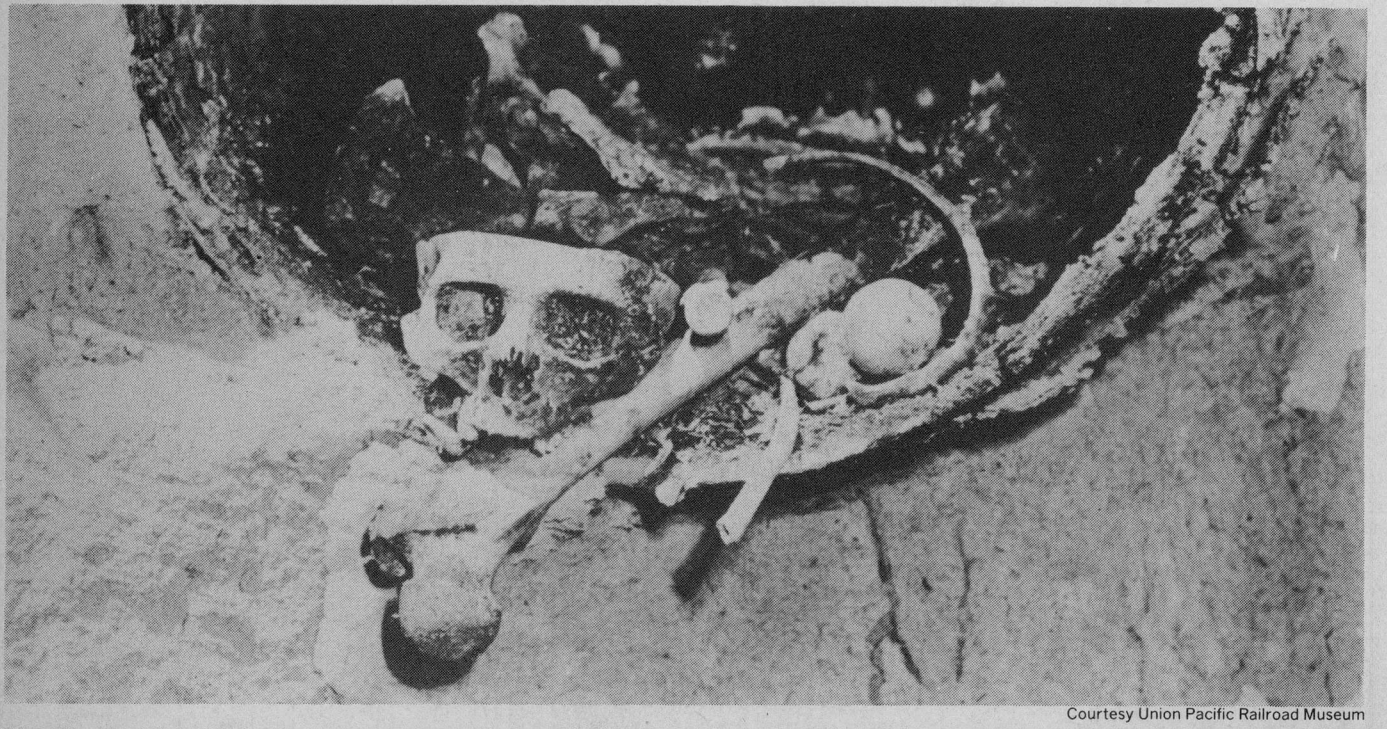
Big Nose George Parrott

By Carl Breihan

THE rough-looking man stood erect at the crest of the steep incline, shading his eyes with his hands as the blistering August heat saturated the Wyoming terrain. Not far away the hot rails of the Union Pacific Railroad stretched forward in an endless ribbon of steel.

"Dammit, men, hurry it up!" the man with the prominent nose and bushy mustache yelled. "That train will be coming up the hill shortly."

The speaker was "Big Nose" George Parrott, the only outlaw of whom a death mask was made after he had been lynched. The name of Parrott is controversial. Was it his real name or just an alias to match his large nose? This



Courtesy Union Pacific Railroad Museum

The Bones of Big Nose George uncovered in a whiskey barrel when workmen were digging a foundation for a store in Rawlins, Wyoming, in May 1950.

Courtesy Union Pacific Railroad Museum

A macabre collection associated with the career of outlaw "Big Nose" George Parrott including a patch of his tanned skin, photos of shoes made from his skin and his death mask and shackles.

writer believes his real name was George Lathrope, but in this story he will be referred to as Parrott.

Not much was heard of Parrott's exploits until 1878, when he and his gang of cutthroats terrorized towns in Wyoming, South Dakota, and Montana.

It was in the middle of August 1878, when Parrott and his men decided to rob the Union Pacific train a short distance east of the little mining town of Carbon, Wyoming. They used the same trick as Jesse James when Jesse robbed the train near Adair, Iowa, in 1873. They pulled spikes in the tracks on a downhill curve. Then they attached wire to the rail. It was their intention to pull the wire from their place of concealment, spread the track and pitch the train down a ravine.

However, Parrott's scheme failed. The loose rail was spotted by section foreman Erick Brown. He put two and two together and sensed the planned robbery. Luckily he was not spotted by the outlaws and hurried into Carbon, where the news was flashed to Rawlins, sixty miles away. A posse headed by Deputy Sheriff Robert Widdowfield and a railroad detective named Tip Vincent was soon on its way to the scene.

The train was late, so Parrott sent one of his men into Carbon to see if he could learn the reason for the delay. It was not long before the man returned and told his chief that the train was late because of a washout of the track. He added that their presence was known and a posse was on its way.

"We have plenty of time before the posse from Rawlins gets here," mused Parrott. "We'll just mosey to Elk Mountain and give them lawmen a surprise."

The outlaws rode to Rattlesnake Canyon near southern Wyoming's Elk Mountain and waited for the posse to appear. When it did so, the outlaws ambushed them, killing Vincent and Widdowfield.

This aroused the citizenry of southern Wyoming as Vincent and Widdowfield were both popular men.

IT was not long after this attempted train robbery that Charley Bates, a young member of the Parrott gang, was arrested in Montana. A party of masked men at night boarded the train carrying Bates to Rawlins and lynched him. They had entered the train at gunpoint and took the prisoner from the officers at Carbon.

Oddly enough, nothing much was heard of Parrott for nearly two years. Then he again came into the news when he was arrested in Montana and returned to Rawlins. The officers recalled the fate of Parrott's outlaw cohort Bates and took Parrott by a secret route through Carbon. But even with their precautions, the news leaked out and Parrott narrowly escaped lynching in Carbon.

Parrott realized his time was up and he tried to escape from the Carbon County jail by slugging Jailer Rankin, but he failed in that too. This act incensed the citizens of Rawlins to such

REMEMBERING THE WESTERNS

RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY

By Bill O'Neal

"Rider of Death Valley" was one of the finest of some 317 Tom Mix western movies. Tom's reputation as the screen's most exciting cowboy star had been formed during the silent era: In 1915 alone he filmed 51 westerns, mostly one-reelers, and by the 1920s he earned $17,500 per week.

Tom was an expert rider and performed his own hair-raising stunts. His highly profitable films made Twentieth Century Fox "The House That Mix Built."

Tom Mix

But with the advent of sound, an aging Tom Mix left the screen to tour with John Ringling's Sells-Floto Circus. At $20,000 per week he was the show's star attraction from 1929 through 1931. The next year, however, he was lured back to the screen by Universal Pictures, which promised Tom his choice of stories and cast, a budget for each film up to $150,000, and a three- to five-weeks' shooting schedule.

Tom's first film for Universal was "Destry Rides Again," but Mix was uncomfortable with the sound equipment and delivered his lines awkwardly.

His second movie had the working title "Destry of Death Valley," but it was released as "Rider of Death Valley." By now Tom was more familiar with sound and he felt back at home in front of the camera.

The old magnetic screen presence flowed powerfully and although he was over fifty, Tom superbly handled fight scenes and breakneck riding shots on "Tony, the Wonder Horse."

(Mix bought Tony as a two-year-old in 1912 for less than twenty dollars. The Wonder Horse shared his master's fame: Once a letter addressed merely, "Just Tony, Somewhere in the U.S.A." readily reached Tom's ranch.)

The leader of the villains in "Rider of Death Valley" was perennial screen heavy Fred Kohler Sr. Early in the film, the hulking Kohler murders the owner of the desert mine, but Tom manages to tear the map to the mine into three pieces. The romantic interest is Lois Wilson, whom Tom helps to find her father's mine.

In the process of crossing the desert (the film was shot on desert locations around Yuma), Tom and Lois almost run out of water, but Tom sends the resourceful Tony back for help. After 78 minutes of action Kohler has lost his life and justice and romance have triumphed.

Before 1932 ended, Tom shot seven more films for Universal. These westerns were fast-paced, thrilling, and dynamite at the box office. Tom Mix would step before the cameras just once more, for a serial in 1935. But he had proved that the most popular star of silent westerns could do just as well in the sound era.

a state that they stormed the jail on the evening of March 22, 1881, and lynched the doomed man from a telegraph pole in the street. There the poor wretch hung, swaying back and forth in the breeze, like a puppet on a string, fighting until the last breath of life had drained from his body.

TO ADD to the macabre affair, Dr. John E. Osborne of Rawlins made a death mask of Parrott, as well as removing the skin from the dead outlaw's chest. He fashioned the skin into a medicine bag.

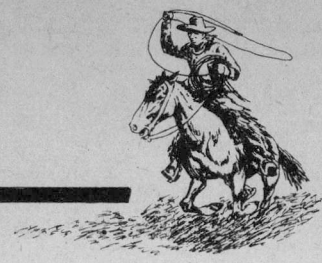
More of Parrott's skin got around. A tanned piece of it was owned by a professor at the University of Laramie for many years. It finally found its way to E. E. Calvin, vice-president of operations of the Union Pacific Railroad, the man who took a confession from Parrott. The skin from Parrott's thighs was removed, tanned and fashioned into a pair of shoes, these owned by the Rawlins National Bank. They were presented to the bank by Dr. Osborne, who served as board chairman of that institution for some time.

The top of Parrott's skull was presented to Lillian Heath, Rawlins, Dr. Osborne's assistant, and she presented it to the Union Pacific Museum in Omaha.

Several interesting sidelines occurred concerning the death of Parrott. The following two Denver Post accounts relate to that:

Rawlins, Wyoming, April 24, 1943 -- Dr. John E. Osborne, 89, early day Wyoming governor who once had a pair of shoes made from a desperado's skin, died today. He suffered a heart attack early this week. It was early in the 1880s after Osborne came west from Vermont, that Big Nose George Parrott was lynched by a Wyoming posse. Osborne, then a young physician, removed a square of skin from the body and had it tanned and fashioned into a pair of shoes, which are now on display at the Rawlins bank.

Rawlins, Wyoming, May 12, 1950 -- The bones of Big Nose George, a western gunman who was lynched in 1881, were uncovered late Thursday in a whiskey barrel in which they were buried sixty-nine years ago. Workmen digging a foundation for a new store building in downtown Rawlins made the find. A bottle of vegetable compound and a pair of shoes with glass nails were found with the bones.



More Wild Longhorns Than Texans

They were a hard-scrabble people — the folk who tried to build their fortunes in the free range era of the West. They had mettle of steel, and they needed it because there was only that and opportunity to build on.

They came north from Spanish Mexico, adding and losing strays to their rangy Longhorn herds. Later some sailed from Europe to Galveston. Immigrants into Mexican Tejas came from Tennessee and Missouri, and before the Civil War, many came from southeastern states.

It was a time when Longhorns gone wild outnumbered Texans about six to one, and all a man had to do was round them up and find a market. It was a hard life to match a hard land.

This history of people who built America's ranching industry western-style is depicted life-size at the 14-acre Ranching Heritage Center of the Museum of Texas Tech University.

The blacksmith at work on Ranch Day at the Texas Tech University's Ranching Heritage Center.

The center houses about 30 historic structures — homes, work buildings, corrals, and windmills — to recreate almost a century of pioneer life. Each structure has been transferred from a working ranch, authentically restored and furnished.

On Sundays and for special events, the center becomes a living museum with costumed inhabitants going about historic ranching chores. The annual Ranch Day in September incorporates the annual meeting of the Ranching Heritage Association, a support group that helped establish the center.

The center shows the development of ranching in a progression of log cabins and dugouts, a stone "fortress" home and even a house built of stalks from the cactus-like sotol plant. The outbuildings include the barn, the granary, the ranch office building and a one-room schoolhouse.

The center is open free from 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. weekdays and 1 to 4:30 p.m. Sundays.

Four Museums in One. The Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, houses four large museums dealing with western frontier history.

The four museums are the Buffalo Bill Museum, Winchester Gun Museum, Plains Indian Museum, and the Whitney Gallery of Western Art. Each deals with artifacts and information about specific areas of western history.

The Center is located at 720 Sheridan Avenue, next to the park, in Cody. It is open from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m., June through August; 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. May and September; and 1 to 5 p.m., Tuesday through Sunday, in March, April, October and November.

Spurs on Display. Over 6,000 spurs are on display at Mitchell's Free Western Museum in Gatesville, Texas. The museum, owned by Lloyd Mitchell, displays 6,426 spurs, some of which

belonged to movie stars Rex Bell and Hoot Gibson.

The visitor can view certain specialty items, too, such as a pair of spurs fashioned from an old windmill. Other spurs come from the continents of Europe, Asia, and North America. The museum highlights brands of spurs: Boone and Anchor, Star, Crockett, Kelly, O.K., and Hercules.

Mitchell's Free Western Museum is located on Texas Highway 36 in Gatesville.

A Thousand Guns. The largest privately-owned collection of western frontier memorabilia in the world can be viewed at the Frontier Museum in Temecula, California.

The museum, which is a re-creation of the early western town of Tombstone, Arizona, displays over 1,000 authentic guns, many of which were used by famous western figures. Over 60 wax figures, stagecoaches, a chuck wagon, jailhouse, saloon, theater, a western street and shops also highlight the museum.

Visitors can find the Frontier Museum west of Interstate 15E (old 395) two hours southeast of Los Angeles. It is located between Los Angeles and San Diego. New to Temecula, it was opened to the public April 21, 1982.

Artifacts and Art. The National Cowboy Hall of Fame, located in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, displays artifacts as well as art dealing with western United States history. A large library on western information accentuates the Hall of Fame also.

Visitors will find the attraction open from 8:30 to 6 p.m., from Memorial Day to Labor Day. During the rest of the year, it is open from 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

The National Cowboy Hall of Fame is located on 1700 N.E. 63rd Street in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73111.

Early Urbanites. Territory Junction, in the Montana Historical Society Museum, Helena, is hosting a new permanent exhibit called "The Urban Pioneers."

"The Urban Pioneers" simulates the lifestyles of businessmen and others who lived during the 1860s through the 1880s. It is composed of brief videotapes which show period photographs of the people who settled in Montana Territory towns. Territory Junction itself is a "street" of 11 shops and offices characterizing an imaginery business district.

"The Urban Pioneers" exhibit opened there on March 15, 1982.

Writing Convention. Publishers' booths, speakers, tours, and awards presentations will highlight the Western Writers of America's 30th Annual Convention in Amarillo, Texas, in 1983.

The convention is tentatively sche-

duled to begin the last Sunday of June and run through the following Thursday (June 26 through 30). Registration is on Sunday, the 26th, and the convention will begin Monday, the 27th.

The chairman of the convention is Jim Jennings, 207 Mescalero Trail, Route 5, Amarillo, Texas 79118.

Tastes of the Past. History, recreation, and scenic beauty are three rewards for visiting Cochise County in Arizona.

The county was molded from Arizona Territory in 1881. Sites in the county include the 200-mile-long Cochise Trail. Along the trail, visitors can see a collection of Indian, pioneer, and western history artifacts. The trail begins at the Cochise Visitor Center in Wilcox.

The Cochise Stronghold, Fort Bowie, Chiricahua National Monument, Tombstone, and several ghost towns are just a few of this area's attractions. Visitors are always welcome.

Hall of Fame. William C. Linn, retired senior vice-president of Pinkertons Inc., and E.B. Mann, nationally known magazine editor and writer of Sarasota, Florida, were recently inducted into the National Association for Outlaw and Lawmen History Hall of Fame at the Western Research Center, University of Wyoming, in Laramie.

Framed photographs and plaques honoring the two men for their extraordinary contributions to NOLA will be displayed in the NOLA room at the university.

NOLA, open to all outlaw and lawmen history buffs, has tentatively scheduled its 1983 rendezvous at the Holiday Inn in Cheyenne, Wyoming, on August 3 through 6. In addition to regular meetings and speakers, the organization is planning a real old-fashioned mountain man-style rendezvous.

Commercial and noncommercial organizations are invited to display their wares at the rendezvous. Space is being provided on a first come, first serve basis. For more information, write NOLA, Western Research Center, University of Wyoming, Box 3334, Laramie, Wyoming 82071.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least six months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information, including black and white photos, to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

AMOS CHAPMAN AND THE BATTLE OF BUFFALO WALLOW

Amos Chapman

By Tena Bailey

IN 1874, Amos Chapman was based at Camp Supply with General Nelson A. Miles as his commanding officer. Camp Supply was on the North Canadian River in what is now western Oklahoma.

Miles had been directed to quell Indian uprisings and to force the hostiles to surrender or to participate in a decisive battle. Indian Scouts Chapman and Billy Dixon were part of his troop.

The Army's efforts to rendezvous with the Indians were fruitless because the renegades had retreated toward the canyon country in the Texas Panhandle where they could easily hide in the ravines that interlaced the area.

As they fled, the Indians split their forces and maneuvered to the rear of Miles' expedition where they intercepted his supply train. When his supplies were running low, Miles determined he had been outwitted by the enemy and his situation was becoming serious. He ordered Chapman and Dixon to ride back to Camp Supply with a message explaining the gravity of the situation.

At this point, Miles' cavalry was camped on McClellan Creek in the eastern Texas Panhandle.

Miles told the two scouts they could have as many soldier escorts as they felt were necessary. Chapman and Dixon, believing that secrecy of their mission was vital, chose only four men: Sergeant L.T. Woodall and privates Peter Roth, John Harrington and George W. Smith.

They left camp under cover of darkness, disappearing into the night. During the day they lay concealed in the prairie brush or wherever they could hide.

Courtesy of the author

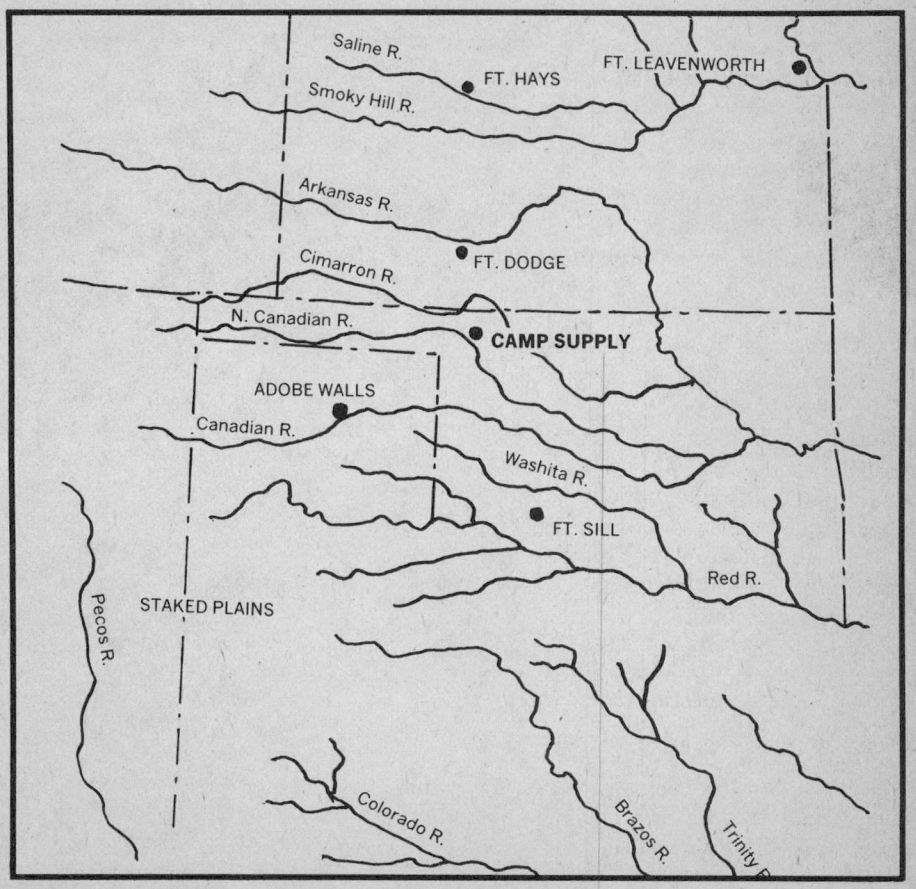
An early artist's version of the Battle of Buffalo Wallow shows fallen private George W. Smith.

Few creeks and rivers crossed this area and they were always on the lookout for places to fill their canteens. Approaching the Washita, they were in a country of rolling hills covered with buffalo grass, sage and prickly pear. Cottonwoods and elms grew along the creeks.

On the morning of September 12, they discussed whether to continue. Woodall wanted to go on, but scouts Dixon and Chapman felt they were placing themselves in a dangerous position with so many hostile Indians about. Chapman could read smoke signals and he had seen one message the previous day:

"Braves see tracks at water hole. Six white soldiers ride toward Fort Supply."

THE six-man party topped a slope on a divide between Gagesby and the Washita River and came face to face with 124 Comanche and Kiowa warriors. This was the same group which had split from the main body and with clever harassing maneuvers, positioned themselves between Miles and his supply train.



The Indians formed a horseshoe or half circle, the ends pointing toward the men. At a signal, the Indians quickly encircled the men. Leading the attack was Chief Satanta of the Kiowas.

Chapman recognized many of the whooping young braves and he knew of their valor. At the first volley fired by the Indians, Smith, who was controlling the pack horses, was shot down. The ponies, loaded with ammunition, food and water, bolted. Rather than risk fighting from frightened horses, the soldiers released their mounts. Every white man caught fire in that first charge.

Not far from where the men stood was a buffalo wallow, a depression in the prairie sod. Dixon and Chapman told the surrounded men to stay close and work their way to that depression. When the Indians charged, the soldiers directed their fire at the leaders, making it suicidal for a brave to lead an assault.

Though some wallows were quite deep from repeated use by the bison, this one was too shallow for comfort for the men. The wounded men nestled into the wallow and began digging with their knives. They piled the loose soil around the edge of the wallow to provide a rampart. Woodall and Harrington were seriously wounded and the men abandoned Smith whom they believed was dead. Throughout the day, the warriors charged again and again.

The Indians circled round and round howling like a pack of coyotes. The trapped men waited until the enemy was within rifle range and then made each shot count.

They were running low on ammunition and Chapman glanced at Smith's ammunition belt. Both soldiers and Indians had believed him dead but Chapman was surprised to see Smith stir.

"Smith is alive!" Chapman exclaimed. "Now boys, keep them off my back and I will run down and get him."

Putting aside his rifle, Chapman ran from the wallow to Smith. Though the wounded man weighed only 170 pounds, Chapman found it was impossible to shoulder him, but he managed to get Smith's arms around his neck. They began to stagger back to the wallow.

A group of the renegade Indians spotted Chapman and they bore down on him. They recognized the Indian fighter and shouted with glee, "Amos, Amos, we have you now."

Chapman dropped Smith and fired at the charging Indians. The soldiers also fired. Chapman fired most of his bullets before retrieving Smith and running for cover.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society

General Nelson A. Miles

But before Chapman could reach the wallow, yet another Indian gang came for him. He had only a few shells left. He said later, "When I was within twenty yards of the wallow a young Indian came at me. I had fed that little scoundrel fifty times, but he almost ran me down before he fired. I fell with Smith on top of me, but I felt no pain. I believe I had stepped into a hole."

Other Indians continued the attack, but with Amos Chapman and Smith back in the wallow, they began to give up and the attack ebbed. Finally, the warriors faded back into the hills.

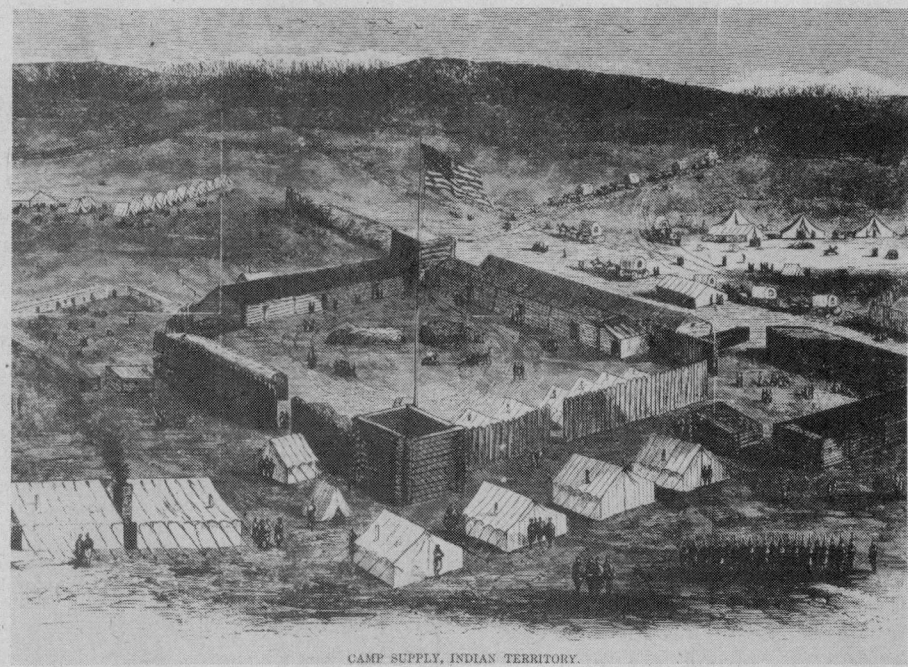
SMITH had been shot in the lung and was losing blood and air from his chest cavity. The soldiers used a handkerchief to stuff the hole and they propped Smith up beside Chapman so the Indians would believe they were both in good condition.

Chapman's boot was pierced at his ankle bone. Only then did he realize the bone had been severed by a bullet. He had carried Smith while walking on that foot and dragging a severed bone.

The men in the wallow were without food. At four in the afternoon, a rain storm buffeted the area. This also helped keep the redmen away. But the Indians remained at a distance shouting curses at Chapman.

As night fell, Chapman wanted to go for help. Dixon insisted Rath go. Rath slipped out into the darkness but became lost. He struggled back into the wallow two hours later. Dixon, although his leg was wounded, then sneaked out of the pit and into the night. He was seventy-five miles from General Miles and nearly a hundred miles from Camp Supply. As he left, he could see no Indians.

Throughout the night the wounded sweated and chilled and there was no relief from their hunger and pain. A cold front blew in adding to their discomfort. Smith died that night.



Courtesy University of Oklahoma Library

Camp Supply, Indian Territory, as shown in Harper's Weekly Magazine (February 27, 1869).

After Dixon traveled thirty miles, he found Miles' supply train which was escorted by Major Price and a contingent of soldiers. Price had problems of his own. He was under strict orders to keep supplies close to Miles. But after leaving Camp Supply, he found himself confronted by a large band of renegade Indians. No matter which direction he went to avoid them, they stayed in front. Price was anxious to get to McClellan Creek and to Miles.

Price gave Dixon emergency rations but no ammunition and assigned some men to go back with Dixon to the wallow. Price also sent a messenger to Miles giving details of the scouts' condition and location.

Dixon returned and throughout the rest of September 13, the men shivered in the wallow without blankets. The trapped men were encouraged to know a message went to Miles and that he would come to their relief.

About midnight on September 14, in the distance they heard a bugle call. They answered with rifle fire. Soon they heard the thundering hooves of the cavalry horses and the rescue detachment arrived.

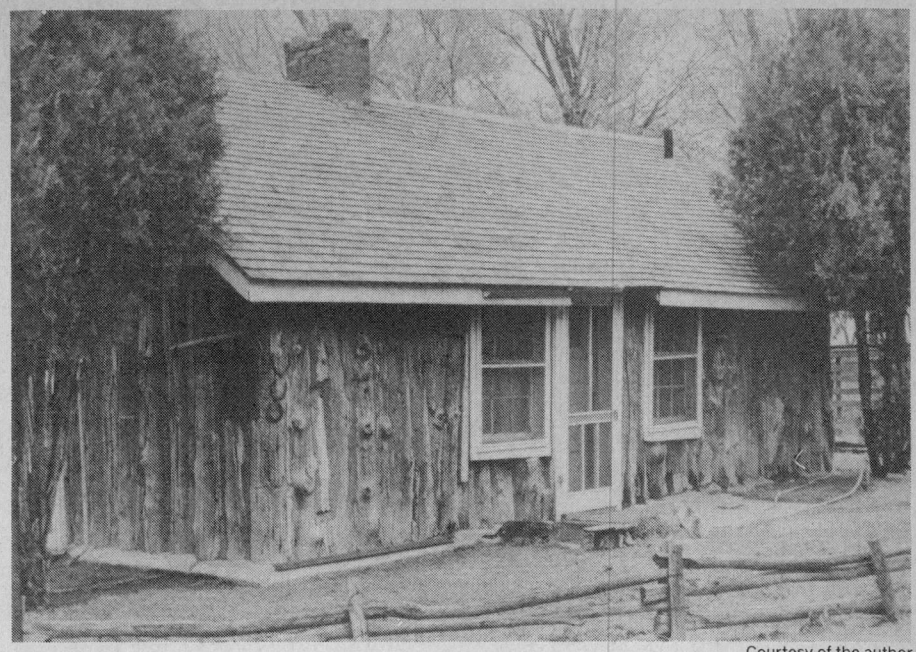
They learned that thirty-five Indians had died in the battle. At daybreak, Smith was buried in an improvised grave. Then the wounded were loaded into a supply wagon and they and the others began the trip back to Camp Supply. Chapman preferred to ride his horse, his shattered leg secured to the stirrup of his saddle.

General Miles, in his official report, said of the wallow battle, it "presents a scene of cool courage, heroism and self-sacrifice which duty, as well as inclination, prompts us to recognize but which we cannot fitly honor."

Back at Camp Supply, Chapman's leg was amputated below the knee. His clothing had to be hidden from him to prevent him from leaving his sick bed. He was fitted with a wooden or peg-leg. This may have impeded his walking ability, but he could ride and shoot uninhibited and he learned to mount without assistance. He continued as chief of scouts at Camp Supply until 1892.

THE battle became known as the Battle of Buffalo Wallow and all of the men who fought there, with the exception of Smith who died, were awarded Congressional Medals of Honor.

By the time of the battle, Chapman already was an experienced frontiersman. At the age of sixteen, he left his home in the East and wandered onto the Cheyenne Reservation. He traded calico, beads and other items for buffalo skins. He became a teamster, buffalo hunter and Indian scout.



Courtesy of the author

Amos Chapman reportedly housed his family in this old teamster's cabin in old Camp Supply, now on the grounds of the Oklahoma State Mental Hospital. In photos below, from top, Chapman's wife, Onehiou; a son, Sam; and historical marker at cemetery in Seiling, Oklahoma.

Mrs. Edna Thomas wrote of Chapman in her diary during a trip to Trinidad, Colorado, in 1867:

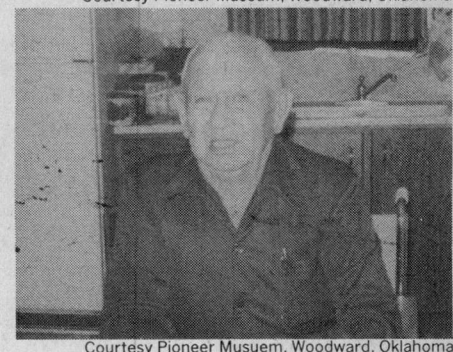
"Our wagon master, Mr. Biggers, is a fine man of 40 years. His chief scout Amos Chapman is a comparatively young man, much too young to be a qualified scout. But Biggers claims he is a very able man, one of the most efficient on the frontier. Nevertheless, the train's people would rather have an older man. Chapman is quiet and fortunately not a drunkard. He is about six feet tall, rawboned and of a dark complexion, slightly resembles an Indian; his darkness is contrasted by the pure white horse he rides."

Later in her account of the trip, Mrs. Thomas changed her mind about the scout who constantly risked his own life to protect the pioneers on the wagon train. She wrote, "We thank God for giving us this man."

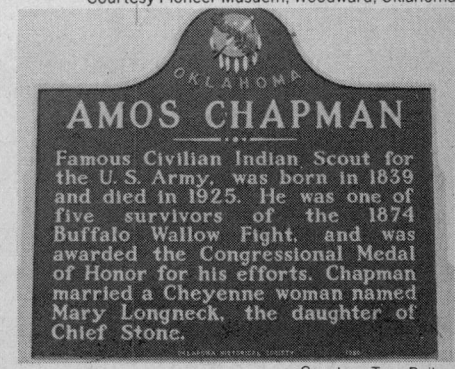
Chapman wore a wide-brimmed hat and his vest was made of buckskin, decorated with a fine beaded Indian design. His hair was black and he had dark, piercing eyes, displaying alertness and shrewdness.

Buck Chapman of Darrouzett, Texas, the late grandson of the frontiersman,

Courtesy Pioneer Museum, Woodward, Oklahoma



Courtesy Pioneer Musuem, Woodward, Oklahoma



Courtesy Tom Bailey

Buffalo Wallow battleground and monument, south of Canadian, Texas.

said, "Grandad was a good-hearted man who always said he had no enemies. But he was tough in a lot of ways."

That toughness was especially evident in the Battle of Buffalo Wallow, for which Chapman is most noted.

After the battle, many spoke of Chapman's adventures. One colonel said Chapman was "one of the best and bravest, the most sober, quiet and genial of all scouts." For fifteen years Chapman was almost constantly employed by the government and it would take a volume to report all the desperate adventures and hair-raising escapes Chapman experienced.

FOLLOWING the Battle of Buffalo Wallow, Chapman was nursed at Camp Supply by an Indian woman, Mary, whose Indian name was Onehiou. She was granddaughter of the Cheyenne Chief Black Kettle who was killed in the battle of Washita by troops under General George A. Custer.

Chapman married Onehiou and they built a home near Seiling, Oklahoma. He taught her to cook American style and she taught him the Indian ways. They raised ten children.

Buck Chapman said of his "Knit-ski" (meaning grandmother in the Cheyenne tongue), that she "kept house like a white woman. She made beaded things for me when I was a little boy. I always liked her."

The oldest of the Chapman grandchildren, Buck was born in his grandparents' home while his father, Frank Chapman, was completing his own house across the creek. Buck attended pow-wows and sun dances with his

Historical marker south of Canadian, Texas, which marks the road often used by Gen. Nelson Miles on campaigns.

grandparents. Many times the Cheyenne camped on Amos Chapman's land and the family enjoyed the visits. Both Amos and Onehiou were loyal to the Cheyenne tribe.

"Grandfather always drove a frisky team," said Mrs. Toller, Buck's sister, in an interview. "He fell from his buggy and the fall caused his death on July 18, 1925." Mary died in 1931.

A newspaper clipping with a Ponca City, Oklahoma, dateline, now in the Oklahoma Historical Museum in Oklahoma City, says Chapman was a "scout under generals Custer, Miles and Sheridan and known as one of the best plainsmen that the West has ever produced."

and Tom are the best known for their involvement in the Lee-Peacock feud of Texas and their relationshop to the notorious John Wesley Hardin.

Mrs. Ivanne Dixon, 402 W. Elm, Whitewright, Texas 75491, writes asking where Simp Dixon was killed. She will exchange information and would appreciate any information on the Dixons.

Simp Dixon was a cousin of "Wes" Hardin and both waged a guerilla war against soldiers in the aftermath of the Civil War. Hardin claimed Dixon was killed "by a squad of United States soldiers at Cotton Gin, in Limestone County. He was undoubtedly one of the most dangerous men in Texas."

C.L. Sonnichsen, in his *I'll Die Before I'll Run the Story of the Great Feuds of Texas* wrote that Dixon "was overtaken by a detachment of U.S. troops near Springfiled in Limestone County. He escaped to the bush, fought off the soldiers till he had one bullet left, then engaged them hand to hand until they shot him down. This happened on February 1, 1870." An article by Frank X. Tobert in the Dallas *News* (January 9, 1973) indicates that Dixon is buried in the restored Fort Parker cemetery six miles north of Groesbeck, Texas. Tolbert wrote: "This dreaded character was simply called 'Dixie' in some of the chronicles of savagery after the States War."

Thus we have Hardin stating he was killed in Limestone County, Sonnichsen stating he was killed near Springfield, Limestone County, and another source claiming he is buried near Groesbeck, which is in Limestone County. The grave is marked only "Dixon Grave/ 1872." We know from other sources he was killed in 1870. This grave may be of some other Dixon.

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LUCIAN B. JACKSON, Route 1, Box 603, Wilson, Oklahoma 73643, did not send a specific question but would like to correspond with readers interested in factual western history.

Jackson wrote in part: "I have a wealth of actual early day history of this particular area of Oklahoma, and it is becoming more and more apparent that

I am one of the last living descendants of the pioneers of this part of what was then known as the Choctaw-Chickisaw Nation (Indian Territory).

"I am very proud of my heritage; my father came here in this area of the Indian Territory with his family when he was six years old, in 1863, and I inherited my knowledge of this part of southern Oklahoma from him and other old timers who were close friends.... In his early years, my father, Lute Jackson, rode races for Frank and Jesse James near the little settlement of Belleville, Indian Territory, where the Jackson family lived in an old half-dugout. It is this kind of history that I inherited and grew up with, and at 72 years of age, I will never forget what I learned from the older people while I was still in my childhood."

Ned Christie

(continued from page 29)

Christie and John Parris had bought from Nancy Shell, was found at the scene. The bottle had been in Ned's coat pocket. The bottleneck was shot off during the gun fight. Ned and Parris were implicated on circumstantial evidence. Trainor and a Charley Bobtail were also charged.

During the grand jury investigation, Humphrey was called as a witness but he was so frightened by Trainor and his gang he was afraid to tell the truth. To save his own skin, John Parris promised to tell the truth at his own trial. He said Christie had fired the fatal shot.

The trial for each of them was delayed from term to term, awaiting the capture of Christie. After Christie's death the case was forgotten.

In 1895, Bub Trainor got in trouble with a wild bunch in the Cooweescoo District. On Christmas night, four Negroes with shotguns surrounded and killed him.

Even Humphrey was so afraid of Trainor's gang he refused to come forward and tell his story. He kept his secret for thirty years. Finally in 1921, an old man of 88, Humphrey determined to tell the truth and clear his conscience before he died.

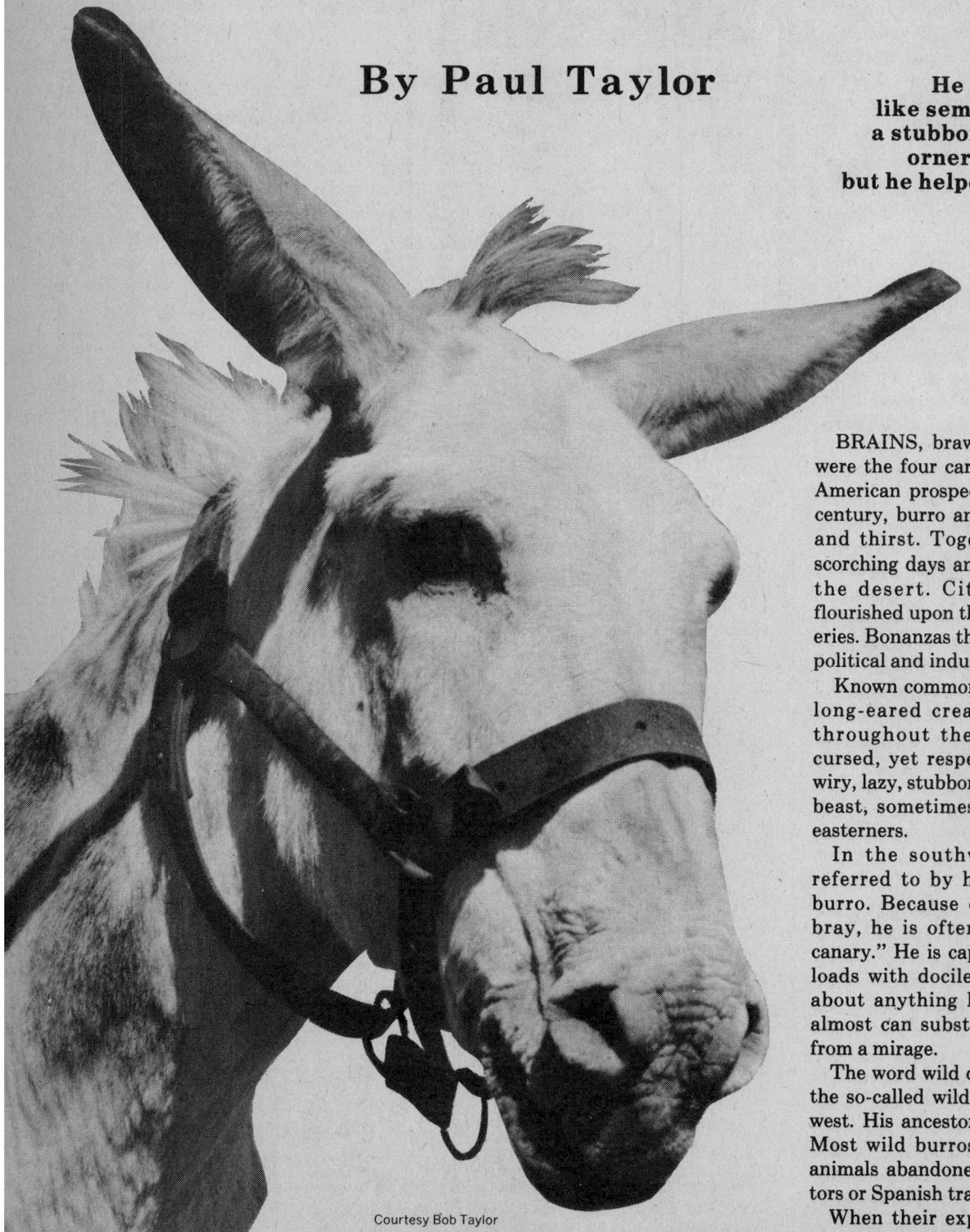
The revelation came too late to help Christie but it did retrieve his honor. Today, 100 years after his death, Ned Christie's legend is still alive in the Cherokee hills where he was born.

Some May Have

BUT THE DONKEY

By Paul Taylor

He has ears like semaphore flags; a stubborn, downright ornery attitude, but he helped win the West!



Courtesy Bob Taylor

BRAINS, brawn, burros, and beans were the four cardinal essentials of the American prospector. For more than a century, burro and man shared hunger and thirst. Together they knew the scorching days and the lonely nights of the desert. Cities sprang up and flourished upon the sites of their discoveries. Bonanzas they uncovered changed political and industrial destinies.

Known commonly as the jackass, this long-eared creature was respected throughout the frontier. Roundly cursed, yet respected. He is a tough, wiry, lazy, stubborn, unpredictable little beast, sometimes called a donkey by easterners.

In the southwest, he is usually referred to by his Spanish name of burro. Because of his extraordinary bray, he is often called the "desert canary." He is capable of bearing great loads with docile humor, of living on about anything he can chew, and he almost can substain himself on water from a mirage.

The word wild doesn't really apply to the so-called wild burros of the Southwest. His ancestors were domesticated. Most wild burros are descendants of animals abandoned or lost by prospectors or Spanish traders.

When their explorations were over,

Called Him An Ass,

HELPED WIN THE WEST

the contrary beast was given his freedom to roam and multiply.

The patient Spanish padres, remaining behind to spread the word of Christianity among the Indians, found the burro well equiped by nature to withstand heat and scarcity of food and water.

Burros still furnish old timers with tall tales of their heroism, their patience and loyalty, their antics and almost human intelligence, and a dog-like devotion when treated kindly.

Henry Wickenburg's burro is said to have been directly responsible for the greatest gold discovery in Arizona. The burro wandered from camp. Wickenburg sought him in the surrounding hills and the animal, with the usual contrariness, attempted to elude his master. Wickenburg threw rocks at the stubborn burro. The stones were heavy and fell short of the target because they contained gold. The famous Vulture Mine at Wickenburg was discovered.

In the days of the first white settlements, when there were no wagon roads, burro trains were used to bring in supplies. A train of a hundred or more burros brought flour to Wickenburg and Prescott from Pima Indian villages, grain from Ehrenburg, a Colorado river port, and salt from Zuni salt wells across the Mexican border.

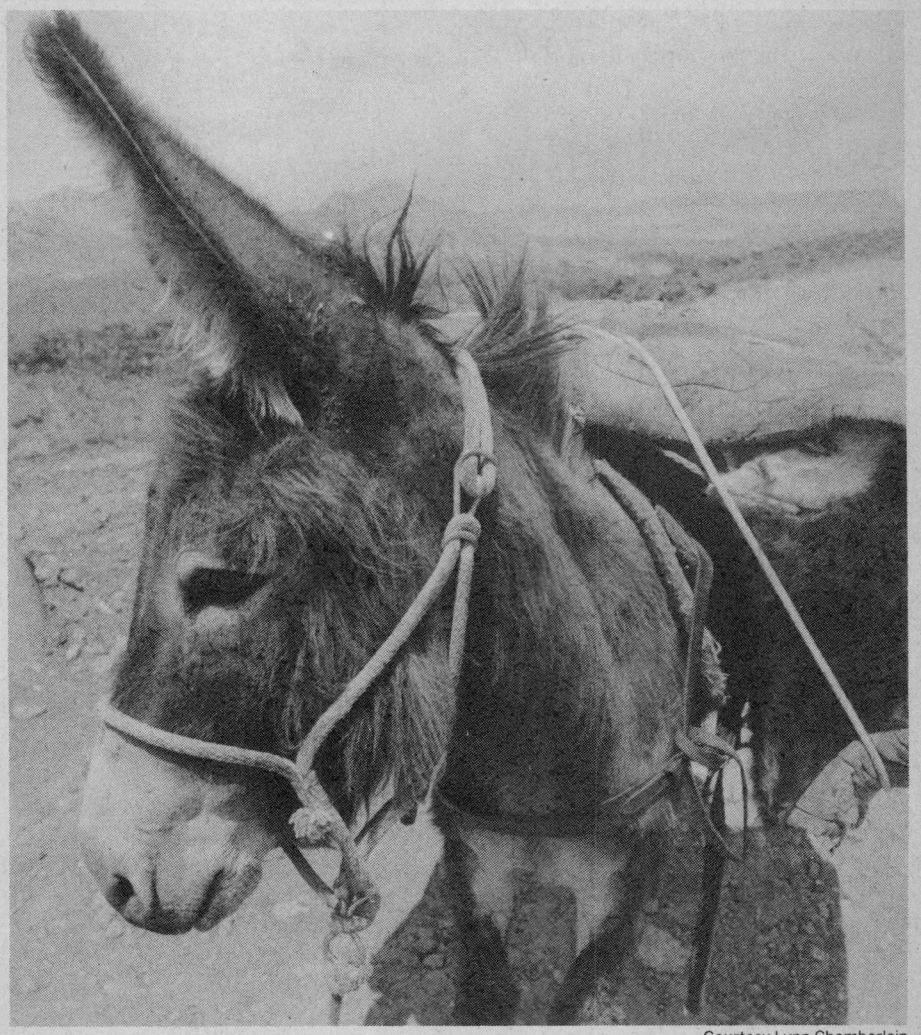
Sometime around the third quarter of the last century, a peddler named Jacob Isaacson led a burro train loaded with housewares and clothing from Tucson to a walnut grove south of Tubac, Arizona. He built a trading post. What stands there now is an urban monument to the burro's role in the 19th century western commerce: A town called Nogales (Spanish for walnuts).

Northwest of Nogales, there's a place called Ruby. Not much is there today but once it had a population of 350. It also had a lead and zinc mine that is said to have yielded $3 million in ore.

Without the sure-footed burro, there would have been no Ruby. The nearest water was in the Santa Cruz Valley, 17 miles away. Burros, working in pairs, hauled four-inch pipe to build a 17-mile pipe-line up to the canyon to Ruby. The pipe made prosperity possible.

IN 1851, north of Sacramento, California, the trails and roads led to Shasta City and Marysville and to mining camps on the upper Sacramento and Feather rivers. A farmer named John Sharp hooked burros to a wagon and initiated the first stage line between Sacramento and Marysville.

Before the railroads began their way across the Southwest, Arizonans used burro-powered freight lines. Huge wagons drawn by a dozen or more Jennies and Jacks hauled ore, hides, wood,



Courtesy Lynn Chamberlain

A fully loaded donkey in the desert of southern Utah.

foodstuffs, whiskey, grand pianos and clothing across the arid wasteland.

Just before the turn of the century, burros were one of the few animals capable of hauling supplies over the rocky terrain into the copper camp of Jerome in central Arizona. Some say that one packmaster, with a train of 200 burros, hauled domestic water into the mines. Later he became better known as Pancho Villa.

The burro is the most maligned and misunderstood of animals. His name is synonymous with a fool. But how foolish was the burro who wandered into an abandoned mining claim where a two-inch pipe was connected to a covered spring? The pipe-line was rusty and clogged, but the thirsty burro kicked the pipe at its weakest spot to get enough drinking water.

The intelligence of this animal is also evident in the story of a burro packing salt to a sheep camp. While wading across a stream the burro apparently decided his load was too heavy. He stopped, lay down on his side, and dissolved the cargo of salt.

No horse could do half the work that was put upon the burro and survive. A horse will carry a man fifty miles or more in a day, but he has to be well-fed and watered.

The burro will carry a two-hundred-pound pack twenty to forty miles. When unpacked, the burro was often left to rustle his own food. If there was any grass or water in the country so much the better for the burro. If there was none he took potluck when and where he could get it and was ready to travel another day's journey with his two-hundred-pound pack.

Courtesy Lynn Chamberlain

Author Paul Taylor seems to be having a little difficulty with his trusty burro. It is best, oldtimers agree, to establish a rapport between man and animal.

PERHAPS the first burro to enter show business was described by Ronald Dean Miller in his book, *Shady Ladies of the West*. During the 1880's in San Francisco, saloons offered entertainment as an incentive for customers. One such entertainer was Big Bertha, a dainty damsel of 300 pounds. Her greatest triumph was in a condensed version of Mazeppa.

The hero of the original version of this epic was a giant stallion. The climax of the plot came when this noble animal trotted out upon the stage. The heroine was strapped to his back and galloped through make-believe canyons. However, Big Bertha made a few changes.

Greeted with great applause, she entered strapped to the back of a burro. One night the poor overburdened animal fell over the footlights, carrying Big Bertha with him. This was the end of Bertha's acting career — and nearly the end of the burro!

According to old timers who spent a considerable amount of time with Mr. Longears during their gold prospering days, choosing a burro is a procedure something like the one described in the old Etruscan proverb about selecting a wife: "Close your eyes and put your trust in God."

But there are rules of thumb: The burro should be tough, strong, healthy and spirited. Many a prospector learned to his dismay that these qualities could also make the beast a formidable adversary.

It was better, most old timers agreed, if a rapport could be established between man and animal. This meant the owner had to feed the critter well, keep it properly shod, prevent falling and stay away from the burro's behind.

Unlike the horse, the burro never cuts himself on barbed wire. Even when frightened, the burro does not lose his head. If by chance one of his legs becomes entangled in wire, he will not fight or attempt to remove himself. He will wait for his master to come to his rescue.

There are few animals more fit to survive in the desert. The burro can withstand extreme cold and searing heat. And a burro lives an extraordinary long time. The average life span is 25 years.

In the town of Cottonwood, north of Phoenix, there was a burro named Old Ned. He was a town institution. He carried children to school and he fell asleep standing up in the middle of the street while people walked or drove around him. One stormy night Ned was standing on a bank of dirt that gave way. He fell into a pit, and was covered with dirt and suffocated. Ned was 44.

In Fairplay, Colorado, stands the grave of Prunes, a burro who for an unbelievable sixty-two years worked in the mines around there. Prunes was a willing, sure-footed burro with thousands of trail-winding miles to his credit. It is said that Prunes helped shape the history of Colorado.

When Prunes outlived his usefulness,

he was turned loose to live out his days. A toothless old character wandering around, Prunes begged pancakes from door to door. Prunes died in 1930. Newspapers in Fairplay and the largest daily newspapers in the state carried news of his passing. On May 30, 1930, a monument was erected in Fairplay to the memory of this beloved character.

A year later, Rupert M. Sherwood, an old prospector and Prunes' last owner, died at age 82. Toward the end of his long illness, Sherwood requested that his body be cremated and buried beside Prunes, his faithful partner for so many years. His wish was granted.

The burro is as noisy as he is durable. In mating season, the bray of a stud burro is a challenge like that of a bull moose, only shriller and more drawn out. But the burro can contend that his right to emit his outcry has been fully upheld by the law.

Citizens of a California town whose ears were assaulted repeatedly by the barbarous brays of a corral full of burros sought relief in court. Imagine their dismay when the court ruled in favor of Mr. Longears: "We know of no heaven sent maxim to invent a silencer for the brute . . . " declared the judge solemnly, perhaps with tongue-in-cheek.

As legendary as his bray is his obstinace. You can domesticate a burro, but don't expect him to like it. Burros have one great purpose in life: To find out what you want them to do and then not do it. One philosophical burro owner said, "A full grown burro is 500 pounds of free enterprise."

But they are faithful. One such burro would stand at the cabin's open door while his master lay on the cot reading. Hour after hour the burro stood there just to be sociable. Only at night when the door was closed and his master was asleep would the burro go to the hills and feed.

THE BURRO isn't always as endearing as he might seem. Sometimes he'll do things to be downright ornery. Frank Brookshier, in his book, *The Burro,* tells of a builder whose project to construct homes on a track of land in the Virgin Islands was temporarily delayed by a burro. It ate the blueprints.

Many an oldtimer would agree that burros are a thieving bunch. They would steal flour, sugar, bacon, beans, and anything edible. They would devour gunny sacks in which bacon had been packed, old woolen shirts, or almost everything but the picks and shovels.

Harry Goulding, the partriarch of Monument Valley, Arizona, had a burro that even ate chewing tobacco. It made him sick, but when he got to feeling better, he ate some more.

In the mining town of Delamar, Nevada, a miner advertised for a cure for his burro that was addicted to Dixie wine, a highly potent beverage freighted from southern Utah.

There was the old sourdough who, having had a few too many nips from his jug, took his dentures out and laid them on a rock. A moment later when his back was turned, his burro swallowed them.

TO A FAITHFUL LITTLE BURRO

All I know is sand and sun
I'm a little old desert burro
Although I've been a useful one
I've never turned a furrow.

I've tramped this desert wasteland
In every kind of weather
Been a faithful friend to man
Who found the hidden treasure.

I've packed some mighty heavy loads
Where no other critter trod
Saw less of grass and fewer roads
And my feet were never shod.

I never was a showy one
I'm anything but pretty
Just a homely son-of-a-gun
But pretty doggon witty.

I've always been a friend to man
I'm unimportant now I see
But don't forget, I made a hand
So please, my friend, be kind to me.

— Ben Garthofner

One oldtimer tells of a burro that was an accomplished camp thief. The animal would demurely graze on the hillside when the miners left camp to go prospecting. Hardly were the the miners out of sight when burro rushed to camp and devoured everything in sight. When the miners returned, old burro was calmly picking about on the hillside as if nothing had happened.

One day the burro in question consumed more than he could handle. Miners used a self-rising flour that contained all the ingredients used in the manufacture of yeast powders. All the miners had to do was add water, mix and it "came up" beautifully.

The burro found a sack of flour and ate all he could hold. Then he drank from a nearby spring. When the miners returned in the evening, the burro was still at the spring. The beast was standing upright round as an apple. His legs stood out like those of a carpenter's bench. He was dead. The self-rising flour had done its work.

SOME prospectors believe that the burro is a sacred animal, that Jesus Christ placed a cross upon the beast's shoulders as a reward for its service. In proof they show you a more or less distinct cross on every burro.

Legends regarding the pattern on the burro vary. In *Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable,* edited by Ivor H. Evans, "The dark stripe running down the back of an ass (18th century term), crossed by another at the shoulders, was the cross commuted to the creature when our Lord rode on the back of an ass in the triumphant entry into Jerusalem."

When the Model T Ford came along, prospectors by the score turned their burros loose without shedding a tear. They tossed pick and shovel into trusty Tin Lizzy and roared off for the glory hole just over the rise. The liberated burros wandered away.

Several generations later the feral burros populated the southwest. Dr. Robert Ohmart, associate professor of zoology at Arizona State University, states that burros increase in numbers of 20 to 25 percent every 13 to 18 months. That means every four to six years they double their population. "At that rate," observed an Arizona park ranger, "we'll soon be up to our ears in asses."

Today, the occasionally willful burro is still a valuable animal to the lone prospector as well as a beast of burden to the American Indian of the southwest. He can carry wood, food and water, and in spite of his periodic intractable obstinancy, he makes an agreeable pet for children.

Burros still roam the country, these tough, wiry little beasts. They placidly munch away on cactus and desert grass. They're a part of us and a part of our history. After all, they did help win the West.

Trails Grown Dim

Inventor Disappeared with Patent

Adolph Peter Anderson, my paternal grandfather, left Lynn, Massachusetts for San Francisco about 1875. His wife Mary and infant son Frank Laurence went with him.

They moved to Watt's Tract near present-day Oakland, California and lived near my mother as she was growing up.

Anderson came West to help construct a wire rope railroad or cable car system on the hills of San Francisco. While visiting in the Anderson home, my mother was given a demonstration of a small model of a cable car that moved from one side of the fireplace mantel to the other.

Mother said Anderson had fashioned the tiny replica, and had devised a "grip" device for engaging the cable. The invention had caused him to come west. This element is the key to the cable road.

About 1880, Anderson boarded a train for Mexico to demonstrate his device in raising and dropping a mine cage. Anderson was never seen again.

There was money in a belt around his waist. Was there also a valuable patent? — Frank Anderson, 375 Shoreline, Mill Valley, California 94941.

Apodaca

I would like to correspond and exchange information on the following:Tirso, Jose, Leon and Eusebio Apodaca. My father, Salsido Apodaca, died in Clovis, California. I am his oldest daughter, Lucia. My mother, Feliciana Valles Guzman, died in Fresno, California. — Mrs. John Martin, 25 E. Atchison, Fresno, California 93706.

Hughes — Howard

I am looking for information on Mary Hughes, born in Marysville, Kentucky, around 1855-65, one of thirteen children. She married Hyrum Howard. They went to Plains, Texas, where two children were born.

They then went to Enterprise, Oregon, where my grandmother, Cora, was born on April 22, 1881. They had a total of eight children; two died on the plains on the trip to Oregon.

Does anyone know who Mary's parents were, where and when Hyrum was born and who his parents were? — Verna Uebelacker, E. 3710 - 31st, Spokane, Washington 99203.

McKee — Browning — Hodges Spurlin — Adamson

I am seeking information about Jack Thomas McKee who died in Union County, Mississippi in a sawmill accident in the later half of 1919. His wife was Mattie Irene Browning McKee, daughter of James Edward Browning. I would like to hear from anyone who knows anything about these families when they lived in Union County.

I am also interested in information from Clay and Randolph counties in Alabama. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who knows about the Sherrod R. Hodges family, the Steven Spurlin family, and the S.M. Adamson family. — Marcus McKee, 714 E. Main, No. 18, Mexia, Texas 76667.

Griffin — Cunningham — Dunn

I would like to find information on my grandparents. William C. (Bud) Griffin was born November 30, 1866, in Wichita Falls, Texas.

He married Sally Cunningham there around 1892 or 1893. Bud had one sister, Emma Griffin Pottor. Sally had two sisters, Minnie Cunningham Smith and Eliza Cunningham Sullivan, all of Wichita Falls. Bud and Sally had twelve children; seven lived.

Bud and Sally were part Cherokee. Bud was a U.S. marshal (headquartered at Anadarko, Oklahoma; also at Bridgeport and Mountain View). He ran a saloon in Wetherford, Oklahoma. Bud died in 1928 in Sayre, Oklahoma; Sally died in 1911 or 1912 in Oklahoma.

If anyone knows about these people, please write. Information on John Dunn, Polly Carnop, and Joseph Nelson Dunn of New York and Cincinnati, Ohio, 1750 to 1850, will also be appreciated. I will reimburse postage. — Mrs. Earl (Bennie) Mundell, Rt. 3, Box 657A, No. 54, Yakima, Washington 98901.

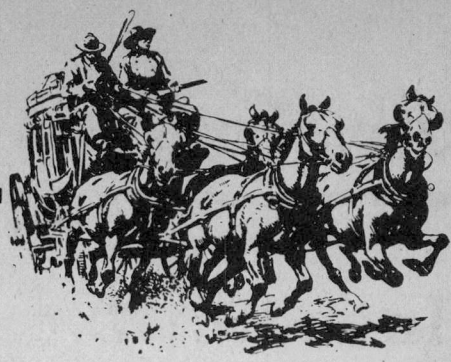
Payne

Does anyone have information on a Payne family? I don't know the father's first name, but he had four children: Bartow, Robert, Sarah, and James Marion, born in 1870.

The parents died when James Marion was three years old. Sarah married a Hutton (or Sutton). The Paynes came from Dublin, Ireland to Georgia. I don't know where they settled. Perhaps some old cemeteries may have Payne markers. — Goldie T. Payne, P.O. Box 337, Coquille, Oregon 97423.

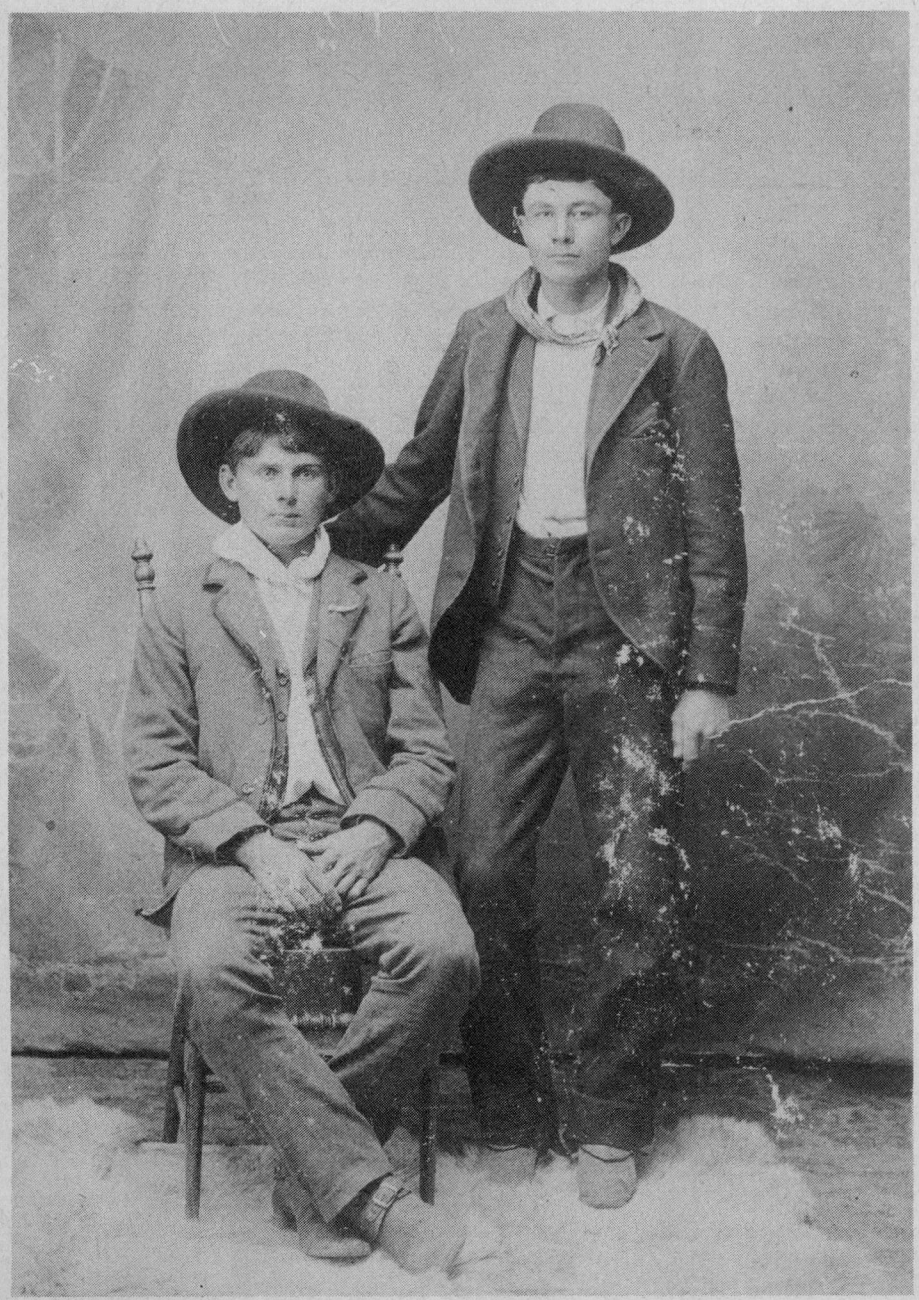
Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places — and most of all, please limit letters to 150 words or less. In accord with the content 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.

Wild Old Days



Comaches Killed Boy With Rocks

By Gary Hughley



Denham Brunson seated beside Dink Brunson.

My grandmother Pearl was a Texan and very proud of it. She was from Silverton, Brisco County, Texas. Although she left Texas in the year 1900, at the age of 16, and lived the greater part of her life in eastern Montana, she always thought of herself as a Texan.

Years ago, I can remember her telling me about my great-grandmother, Margret Brunson, who was born Margret Box in the 1850s. I remember Grandma telling me Margret was a small woman with spunk.

Margret's family was originally from the hills of Tennessee. They moved to Texas just before the Civil War.

In September of 1865 or 1866, the Box family visited relatives around Austin, Texas. Returning to their home, they were jumped by Comanches. They killed my great-great grandfather Box and scalped him. Great-great grandmother Box and her three daughters and baby son were taken captives. Margret was about 16 years old at the time; Josephine, around 13 years old; and Ida was the youngest daughter. I don't know the boy's name.

I was told that years later Margret would never talk about her father because the sight of him being brutally-murdered was imbedded in her mind. She would talk about her mother and the months of captivity with the Indians but never mentioned her father.

The Indians had made them get on horses which they rode hard for several days. They then split up in several groups; some of the captives (by that time there were more white captives) went with one group, some went with other groups.

The second day out they crossed a stream and my great-grandmother jumped off her horse and filled her shoe with water to give her baby brother. The Indians knocked the shoe out of her hand and then beat her. The Indians killed the boy with rocks.

One day, Margret was told to gather wood (or so she thought). But she misunderstood them and they beat her with a piece of wood. They even poked out one of her eyes. She had a glass eye for the rest of her life.

They were captured in September and held three months. They were moved about the Indian Nation and were in Kansas or Nebraska.

The Indians met with officials of the U.S. government around Christmastime. They had come by river boat to parley with the Indians and to buy back white captives. Margret said that she was never so happy to see soldiers in all her life.

All the whites were herded into one large teepee and kept there. The second day or so a soldier slipped around to the back of their teepee and whispered to them to hold on, it was just about over. The next day they were released to the soldiers and government officials.

My great-great grandmother Box was considered to be of poor white stock or "white trash" — the poor folks of Texas. Later she married Brunson, a wealthy man of the area, who had a plantation and cattle. His father had been a colonel in the Confederate cavalry during the war and had been the owner of slaves. For the first time in her life, she was on the other side of the tracks.

She now cooked over a stove instead of an open hearth.

Mr. Brunson had an only son named John, by a previous marriage. John became interested in Margret and they were married in the early 1870s. They lived east of Silverton, Texas and raised three boys and two girls. Dink and Denham and Jim were the boys. The two girls were Eva and Ida Pearl (my grandmother).

My great uncles, who all rode the Chisolm trail in the 1890s, came back with stories of Montana and the green grass there. Although they had a nice ranch with fruit trees and grazing land and cattle in Texas, the boys were able to talk my grandfather into selling his ranch and moving to Montana.

Margret was against it and so was my grandmother, Ida Pearl, who had a beau at that time. In the year 1900, at the age of 16, my grandmother and her family left Texas.

They packed everything into four covered wagons. Only two of the boys went with them — Dink and Denham. Jim never went. He only saw the family one more time — in the summer of 1919 when Margret was dying.

They settled on the big dry near Mile City, Montana.

Eva, who was married then, had two daughters, Monte and Bonnie. Eva and her husband went to live in North Dakota and Eva died in 1903 giving birth.

My grandma's favorite memory of Texas was as a child where she could remember the news of the Indian unrest among the Sioux Indians in Montana. One day a drunk rode through the small town where they lived, shouting, "The Indians are coming!"

Since it hadn't been too many years since the Comanches had been put on the reservation, the townfolk became worried and herded their families into the block house at the edge of town. When it was discovered that it was just a joke, the men saddled up and rode out looking for the drunk. Grandma said that if he was caught, he was dead. They would have hanged him. If seems you just didn't joke about such things then.

In 1918, my great-grandfather Brunson went riding on his horse and they found him later. It seems he must have felt a heart attack coming on and just got off his horse and died. Margret passed on in 1919.

My great-uncle Dink must have been quite a character. In his later years, a reporter asked him about his days as a cowboy and asked about interesting experiences Dink had.

Dink told the reporter about how he and another cowboy were trapped in a snow storm in which they had to hole up in a line shack. All they had with them to eat and drink was a can of salmon and raw whiskey. They ate the salmon and used the tin for a cup. They both became very sick. The reporter asked Dink if that cured him from drinking whiskey.

"No," Dink said, "but it sure cured me of canned salmon!"

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21-25	8.00	13.92	19.92	37.44
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31-35	11.20	19.48	27.90	52.44
36-40	12.80	22.28	31.86	59.88
41-45	14.40	25.06	35.85	67.38
46-50	16.00	27.84	39.84	74.88
51-55	17.60	30.62	43.83	82.38
56-60	19.20	33.40	47.82	89.88
61-65	20.80	36.20	51.78	97.32
66-70	22.40	38.98	55.77	104.82
71-75	24.00	41.76	59.76	112.32
76-80	25.60	44.54	63.75	119.82
81-85	27.20	47.32	67.74	127.32
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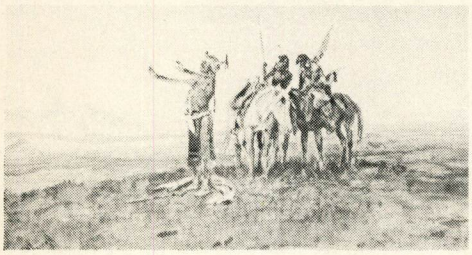
WESTERN COLOR PRINTS

Large Prints by Russell, Remington and Other Western Artists



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205 Breaking Camp (Indians), 16" x 11½" $3
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299 Prairie Express (stage Coach) 25½"x18" $6
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233 Keeoma (Indian Maiden) 20" x 15" $6
234 Stolen Horses (Indians) 20" x 14" $6
235 The Ambush (Indians) 20" x 14" $6
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237 The Smoke Signal (Indians) 20" x 14" $6
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256 The Roundup (Cowboys) 30" x 14" $14
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263 In Without Knocking (Men on Horseback Riding into Saloon) 30" x 20" $15
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267 Laugh Kills Lonesome (Cowboys at Campfire Night Scene) 30" x 18" $15
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FREDERICK REMINGTON FULL COLOR PRINTS

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303 Prospecting For the Cattle Range (Cowboys) 38" x 22" $18
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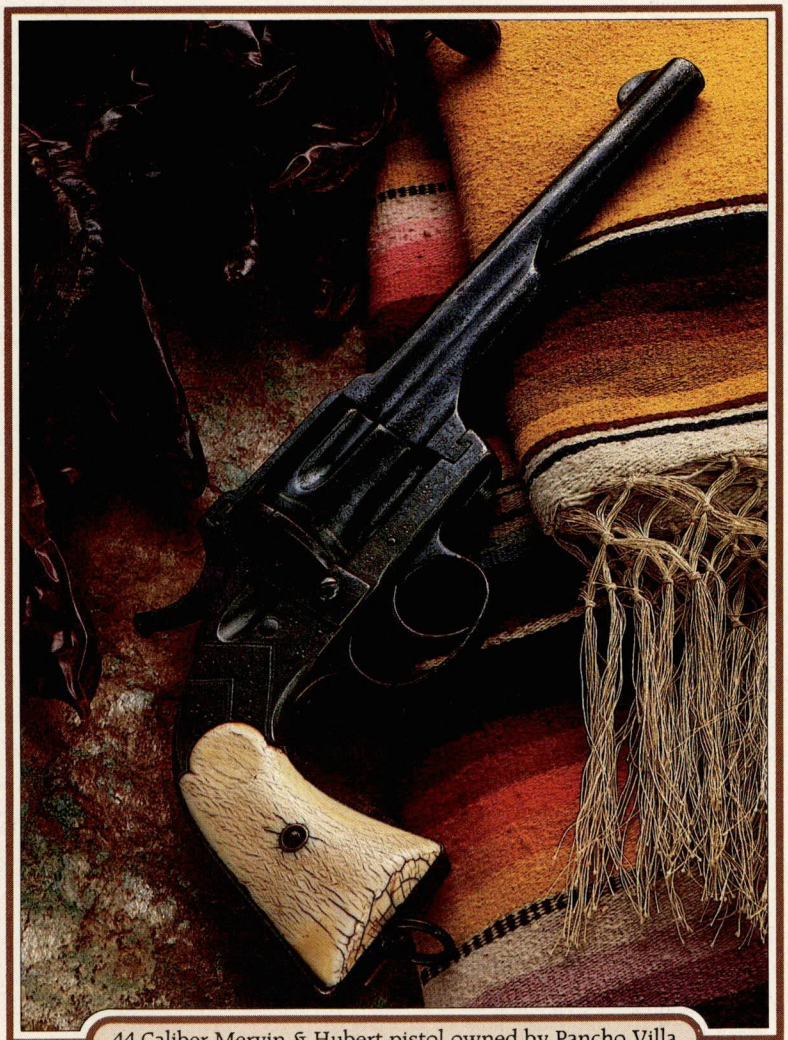

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