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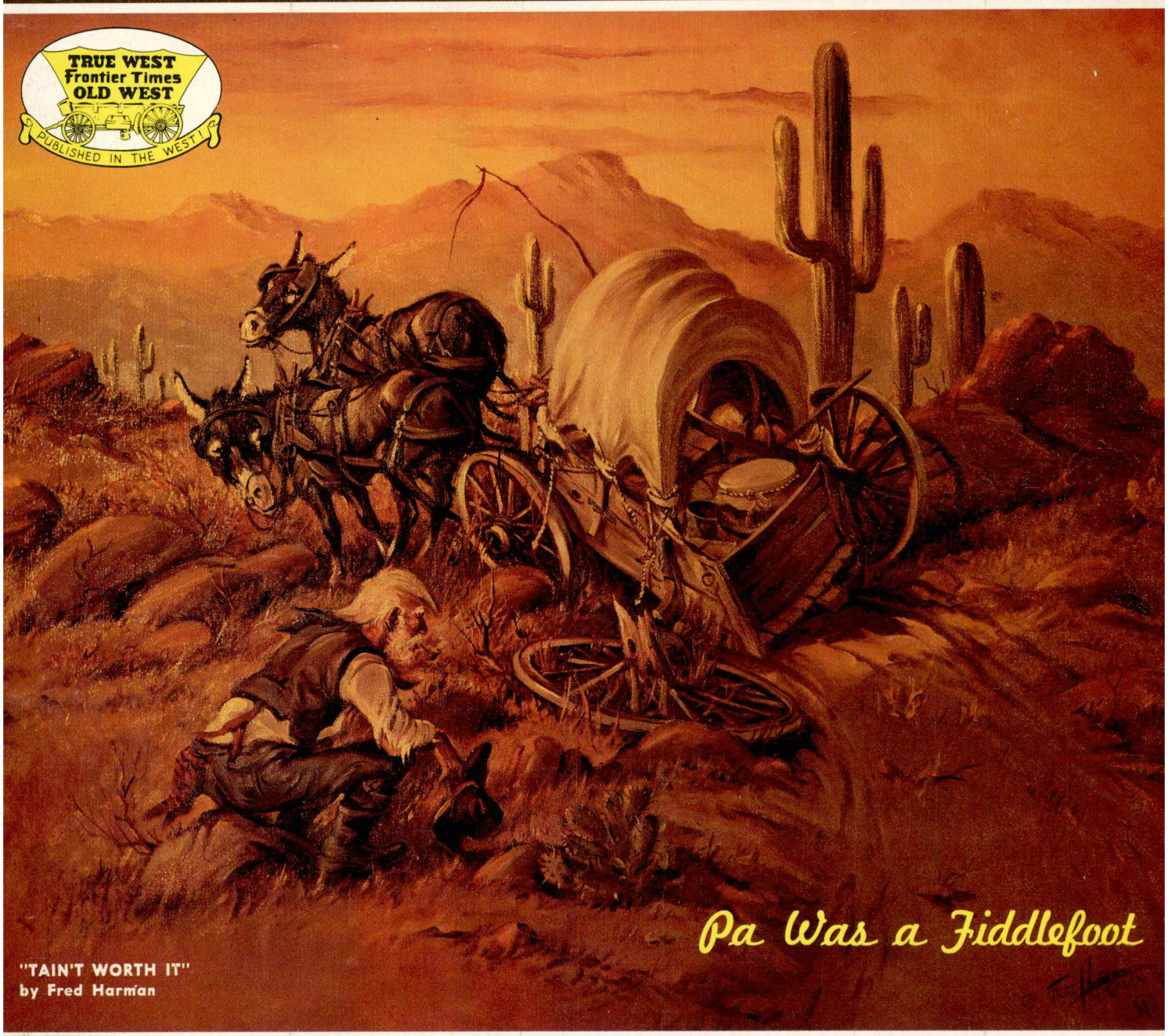

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In This Issue—

Cover: Fred Harman

"Tain't Worth It"

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Hosstail's "SMALL TALK"

The following appeared in May *ontier Times* but we are going to re- at it here since there are approxi- ately 20,000 more people who buy *ue West* on the newsstands than ck up its podner *Frontier Times*, and don't want anybody to miss some od news about our Index, our Cal- dar and so on.

LAST NIGHT I was reading the est edition of a year old gun agazine that is really showing omise. It is called *Antique Gun ader* and is published here in Austin Tom Keilman. A couple of the ar- les interested me right sharply. nce both were short, I called Editor m Burks to see if it would be okay if steal some of his material and he ve me the fire-when-ready signal.

The first one is titled "A Colt For very Cowboy" by William R. Orbelo:

Have you ever wondered why every wboy's handgun was a Colt? There e probably a number of valid reasons this phenomenon. However, two em to explain it best.

First, noted authors of fact and fic- n for the better part of a century ve, apparently, been unable to spell orehand & Wadsworth," "Merwin Hulbert," "Smith & Wesson," Bacon," "Remington," or any of zens of other brands names of shoot- g irons available to the buyer and pular on the western frontier.

The second reason was old Sam Colt nself. He, along with P.T. Barnum, obably had the best talent of anyone 19th century America for getting name in print. Just before the Civil ar, Colt wrote the following to his les agent James D. Alden in izona:

'I am noticing in the newspapers casionally complimentary notices of e Sharp and Burnside rifles and rbines, anecdotes of their use upon isly Bears, Indians, Mexicans, etc., c. Now this is all wrong — it should published Colt's, Rifles, Carbines, c. When there is or can be made a ory of the use of a Colt's Revolving le, Carbine, Shotgun, or Pistol, for blication in 'The Arizonian' the op- rtunity should not be lost, and in the ent of such notices being published u must always send me one hundred pies. If there is a chance to do a few good things in this way, give the editor a pistol or rifle compliment, in the way it will tell —. You know how to do this, and do not forget to have his columns report all the accidents that occur to the Sharps and other humbug arms. I hope soon to see evidence of your use- fulness in this line of business."

The evidence testifying to Mr. Alden's (and other Colt representa- tives) "usefulness in this business" is with us today on toy counters around the nation. Every "cowboy" cap-gun is a replica Colt! Products ranging from beer to boots — still bear testimony to the fame of the Colt "SixShooter."

Correctly or incorrectly, the 19th century promotional and marketing wizardry of this brilliant and talented "Connecticut Yankee" have indelibly stamped the "Colt's Patent" on the colorful pageant that was the Ameri- can frontier.

Isn't that the durndest letter by Sam Colt! First time I ever got this particular angle on Brother Sam. Might have known since most any- thing that becomes such a tremendous success is not only good but it has some good pushers behind it.

The other article has to do with a pair of Dance Brothers "Dragoons," numbers 320 and 321 showing up at the same gun show. The article states that odds against consecutively num- bered Dances showing up at any one show staggers the imagination. At that time they were owned by R.A. Fowler of Waxahachie, Texas and Billy Johnson of Birmingham, Ala- bama. That was twenty-six years ago. In a letter written in 1974, Mr. R. A. Fowler gave an interesting partial history of "old number 321":

In regards to 44 Caliber Dance Re- volver Serial No. 321, I got this gun from a man in Corsicana, Texas in the late 40's or early 50's. The man told me it was given to him by a man 88 years old, who as a child lived in Mertens, Texas. He said when he was 12 years old a man robbed and killed the storekeeper in Mertens. A posse was formed and the 12 year old boy followed the posse that chased the robber into Ellis County and cornered him at an abandoned farm house of the boy's father. A fight started with the robber firing from behind a brick well

(Continued on page 64)

Truly Western

We Need More Attics!

I found a copy of a 1974 *True West* in the attic of the house I live in. I would like to know if this magazine is still in print and if it is, can I get a mail subscription to it? — Inez T. Lehbold, St. Louis, Missouri 63114

Yes, Ma'am!

Scotty, the Assayer

In the December 1979 issue of *True West* you ran a story on a good friend of mine, "Scotty," the assayer of Lovelock, Nevada. He was also a good friend of Death Valley Scotty and Scott's partner, Albert M. Johnson.

Johnson had a nephew, Norman Johnson. After Norman died, his widow Vera, who had a beautiful home in the Hollywood Hills, invited me to her home for dinner. When I arrived she told me that she had invited another guest and that he was a friend of Scotty's. I said that was great and I would interview him as I was doing research on Death Valley Scotty.

She said, 'No, you cannot ask him any questions because he is some kind of secret agent for the government." In fact she said, "He is one of their very top agents and when World War II broke out, the Chief of Staff sent for Scotty, the assayer, to come to Washington and sit in on one of their meetings."

After a half-hour went by, her phone rang and it was Scotty. Mrs. Johnson said he was at a service station on Highland Avenue near Hollywood Boulevard and asked if I would please pick him up. When I arrived at the station, there stood a tall thin man I took for about seventy. I was shocked to see him dressed in an old blue serge suit that looked like he had slept in it for two weeks. Under his arm he carried a white shoe-box. I guessed it carried his razor and toothbrush.

I recall a story that Scotty spun for us, much to our delight. Scotty said that when he was a young man he delivered mail to the miners in and out of the Death Valley area. One day a man sold him a horse which he needed to reach some of the distant miners. Scotty said he soon found that the horse, while he could travel on level ground, could not travel uphill. He knew that Death Valley Scotty was an expert on horses because his father had raised race horses in Kentucky

Below: Andrew Humbert Scott as he appeared during his years in the military.

and young Scotty was quick to lear the finer points of a horse.

Arriving at Death Valley Scotty' camp he told Scotty it was a myster to him why such a fine looking hors could not walk uphill. The desert ra checked the horse and discovered tha the animal had some kind of hoof dis ease which made it painful to clim hills. So he said, "Kid, come with m and I'll get your money back."

Arriving at the horse seller's camp young Scott said that Death Valle Scotty pulled out a six-shooter fro his side and stuck it right in the man' stomach and said, "Give this kid hi money back." Scotty continued, "Th man shook all over as he started to pa me back in gold pieces and he was s shaken up that he gave me an extr gold piece by mistake."

Mrs. Johnson later told me she be lieved that one of Scotty's assign ments was to check all the minin areas dressed as a miner to find ou what mines were being worked, in cluding new diggings, where the or was sent to, and if any foreign nation were using the metals in their wa against us during World War II.

And I recall that when Death Valle Scotty's partner, Albert Johnson passed away January 8, 1948. Fro the Los Angeles *Examiner* I quote i part: "Funeral services for th seventy-five-year-old millionaire wer held in the Church of the Recessiona in Forest Lawn where so many of th film greats lie at rest. Flowers wer sent from nearly every state and as fa away as the Orient. 'Lovelock Nevad Scotty,' John's old assayer, showed u in a big Stetson hat, puttees and arm breeches. There was a sprinkling o bearded prospectors among the thre hundred attending the service."

But back to Mrs. Johnson's party before dinner we all had a few Masso brandies. I soon forgot Scotty's ol clothes. He was very warm and friend ly and every word he said held you attention.

To make the story short he kept i touch with me. Recently I ran across two letters he wrote and, when I wa living in Santa Monica he came to se me. I'll always regret that I was out o town at the time because he didn' have long to live and I'm sure he want ed to give me the story of his myster ous life. My neighbor told me he was s weak that at her invitation he slept fo hours at her home.

That was the last I heard of Scott until Lalla Scott wrote and told me h had passed away and asked if I woul write a chapter for her book, which did. I'm sorry that I didn't keep a ca bon copy.

I have four or five of her letters in cluding two fine photographs o

cotty she sent to me. Before Scotty rrived for dinner at Mrs. Johnson's, ne said to me, "When Scotty got mared, at the wedding dinner his bride ent out of her mind and he has been upporting her for years in some initution." So it is a mystery to me ow Lalla claimed he was her husband. - Tom G. Murray, 33 Mountain View ircle, Swan Lake, Mira Loma, Calirnia 91752

Mystery Photo Identified

You ran some mystery photos in the ne 1977 issue. Photo number 12 may e that of Albert Watham Watters ho homesteaded on the north bank of ne Missouri River at Madison, South

elow: On left is Julia Watters; on right, lbert Watters. At right: the "mystery" noto which ran in the June '77 TRUE EST issue.

akota. The photographer was from ortage City, Wisconsin. Your photo later. Albert and Julia Watters were y grandparents. — Vernon D. atters, General Delivery, Bonners erry, Idaho 83805

Joe Torrento

I wintered with Joe Torrento in 1927 '28 in the Bull Mountain of south ntral Montana. We made and ddled moonshine, did some trapng, farmed a little and ran a reshing outfit. Joe left Montana in 31 I think. He and two other fellows ailed a bunch of loose horses to somehere in Oregon.

My story about Joe and myself was blished in the April 1977 issue of *ue West* — "Marking Time in ontana." I have received some nice ters from folks who read the story and knew most every one mentioned. But none from Oregon. Does anyone up there know anything of Joe's doings and what became of him? I heard from a friend in Montana that Joe got in some trouble. He had shot an elk out of season, pulled a gun on a game warden and ended up in jail. Sounds just like Joe — he was hot-tempered.

Any information on Joe will be ap preciated and I will answer all letters — Chet Doyle, 20531 Vista Drive, Torrance, California 90503.

H. C. Ecklund

Can you imagine my surprise, and the accompanying thrill, of receiving in the mail this week from dear friends in the Great Falls, Montana area, a clipping from the Great Falls*Tribune,*

(Continued on page 60)

Few Questions Were

By JOE A. & TERRY COLE
Illustrations provided by author

A man could get killed if he had a leaky mouth — didn't make any difference if he was askin' or answerin'

IT WILL never be known how many people were involved in stealing cattle in the area around Fayette County, Texas, or just how many men died as a direct result of it. Some were wealthy leading citizens and some were criminals of the lowest type. Then there were those who hired out as cowhands and never questioned the honesty of their bosses.

Whether or not this was just a part of a larger operation isn't known. It was, however, obviously well organized. Many people who weren't actually stealing cattle aided the thieves whenever possible.

Cattle were rounded up, held until nightfall, then driven away in the darkness. To cut down on risks the rustlers could hire a broke cowboy to gather the cattle out of a pasture and hold them until the rustlers came for them.

If the cowboy got caught, the rustlers were out a few dollars and the cowboy was left to explain how someone had hired him to round up the cattle. It was always someone he didn't know. If he wasn't caught and condition looked right, which they usually were, the rustlers could start their drive.

Miles away other men took over an

A few of the individuals in this photo are identified. N. R. Cole and Annie Parker are on second floor porch, on far right. Ed Cole is on downstairs porch, standing on second step in front of doorway (no hat). Grandpa Cole is leaning against downstairs porch column (wearing black suit). Grandma Cole is seated in a chair downstairs porch (a small animal in her lap). Standing directly behind her is Nora Brooks.

[illegible] of [illegible]ting

rove the cattle farther out of the ountry. Often the stolen herd was exhanged for another stolen herd from a ifferent part of the state. There were ven cases when a stolen herd was sold o an individual, then stolen again by he same men. If the rustlers were mart they hired cowboys to drive a tolen herd out of the country so they ouldn't be involved at all except for elling the cattle and paying off the ands.

There were strangers around — men ou met in the woods — that when sked what they were doing invariably ave the same answer: "Hunting for ost cattle." The truth was, there were ew questions asked of a stranger. Everybody carried a Winchester and went armed while in the woods or riding the range.

When members of Stephen F. Austin's original Three Hundred came here in the late 1820s they found that a few white men such as Strap Buckner had already settled in the area. Before that it had been the home of roaming bands of Indians, with an occasional Spanish mule-train passing through.

Under Mexican law the colonists were required to become Roman Catholics and swear to uphold the Mexican government. But there were no priests, no one could be baptized, and marriages couldn't be performed. Most of the settlers spend Sundays as they did the rest of the week.

The priest who finally did come probably wasn't what the colonists had expected. He was Padre Miguel Muldoon, described as "a bigoted old Irishman with an unlimited capacity for drink." Nevertheless, he was a priest and could perform the necessary ceremonies. For his services the Mexican government awarded him 16 leagues of Texas land, 50,000 acres, in Galveston, Wharton, Lavaca, and Fayette Counties.

Four of the sixteen leagues were in Fayette County. Padre Muldoon had a town named after him on league number five. Number six joins number five on the west. Number fourteen is where Flatonia, Texas now is, and number thirteen is between Flatonia and Engle.

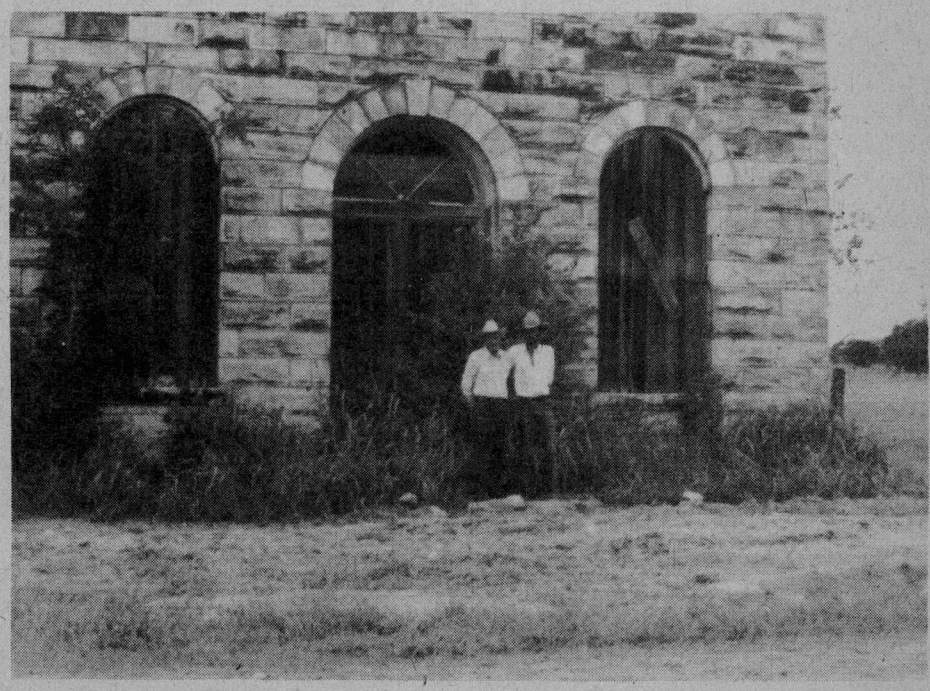
Padre Muldoon is supposed to have spent considerable time on league number five on Emerson Creek with one of his friends, Jack Emerson, near where Black Jack Creek enters Emerson Creek. There are still signs of a building once having been there.

Though the village of Muldoon got its name from the Padre, A.B. Kerr could be called its father. He and Major Richard Dunn found out that the San Antonio and Aransas Pass Railroad was coming through and bought league number five; Major Dunn getting 1,000 acres on the east side. In 1890 A.B. Kerr hired Irish rock masons to build a large store. Rock was quarried 200 yards west of the store and hauled on a slide to the building site by one of Kerr's sons, John. He used one mule to pull the slide, a mouse-colored mare mule with zebra-striped legs.

This store was a general store, as most were in those days. It sold groceries, dry goods, and hardware. You could also buy your coffin there, and all on credit. Its name was the Muldoon Mercantile Company, but it was better known as the Kerr Store. A.B. Kerr's brother-in-law, Ed Ragsdale, was one of its first bookkeepers and clerks.

North across the alley was a twelve-room, two-story hotel with a 20' by 40' kitchen added on, an underground cistern, and a three-room servant house.

Joe and Terry Cole in front of a long-time vacant Muldoon business establishment.



By 1894 a yellow two-story building had been erected south across the alley. The downstairs was a furniture store run by a Mr. Wilkins and his wife, and the upstairs was a W.O.W. hall. Muldoon also had a cotton gin.

There were several things that kept the town going. Cotton farmers could ship their produce from Muldoon instead of hauling it to Flatonia as they had once done. Cattle raised in the area were shipped from there. Cordwood was cut around Muldoon to supply the city of San Antonio, and rock quarried by the Fayette County Rock Company was used to build the sea wall in Galveston.

A.B. KERR and his two married sons, Jim and Tom, controlled the town in the beginning and wanted no competition. But it wasn't long before competition came when James Louis (Bunk) Stagner, Tom Ivy, and Marion Smith established a town one-half mile south of Muldoon and dubbed it New Muldoon. The first courthouse was built there, also a store, saloon and gambling house, post office, and five rent houses. Bunk Stagner and Marion Smith built a feedlot and fed out steers to ship to market.

The men who settled Muldoon and New Muldoon were descendants of the early colonists. They may have had life easier than their fathers and grandfathers, but in many ways things hadn't changed. They still carried guns and knew how to use them. The three men who settled New Muldoon were all of old pioneer stock. Tom Ivy was born and raised in the area. Some of Marion Smith's ancestors had fought in the Texas Revolution, and two of them were killed in the Dawson Massacre. In 1882 one of Tom's brothers, a Texas Ranger, had been killed in a gunfight with an outlaw.

William Stagner, Bunk's father, was a farmer from North Carolina. He moved to Missouri around 1836 and married his first wife Elizabeth, then moved to Arkansas in 1840 or 1841. They moved to Colorado County, Texas in time to be listed in the 1850 census. Before 1860 they moved into the Black Jack Springs district, which was a large district at that time. The probably lived somewhere on Buckner's Creek about three miles west of Muldoon. By this time William and Elizabeth had nine children.

Sometime after 1860 Elizabeth died, and William married Mary Ann Harrel, a widow, on January 5, 1864. She already had one child and together they had another. Before 1870 William had died. The people who lived around him described him as a good neighbor and an honest man. One of his neighbors said that William Stagner was the ruggedest man he ever saw. Stagner went bareheaded and barefooted winter and summer. On the coldest nights of winter he greased his feet with hot tallow, pulled a cowhide up to the fireplace and slept on it without any cover.

Born in Colorado County, Bunk was William and Elizabeth's fifth child. Around 1860 Bunk married Sarah English, starting their home at Black Jack Springs with nothing but a bunch of cattle. Sarah's mother Louisa moved in with the newlyweds. Bunk and Sarah had two sons, William J. and Charles T.

Bunk Stagner was a cowman. He made several trips up the trail in the 1860s and 1870s. He had lots of cattle on the open range of Fayette County. His brand was an LY on the left hip.

Sarad died February 4, 1888 and Bunk married Mattie Fleming. With his second wife Bunk had two more sons, Rubin and Paul.

Bunk Stagner was known as a hard working and thrifty man, the type who got everything he had with his own two hands. By 1892 Bunk and his wife were wealthy and considered leading citizens in the community. He owned 600 head of cattle; hogs; six to seven thousand dollars in cash; 1,272 acres of land in various tracts; lots 10-11-12 in Muldoon; one-third interest in the Fayette County Rock Company; five houses and lots in New Muldoon; one-ninth interest in the W.P. Ivy estate; notes; an interest in the justice courthouse in New Muldoon; and bar fixtures, fountain, and the stock of liquor in two saloons.

UNDER normal circumstances Muldoon and New Muldoon would have eventually grown together. For a while both towns prospered. Small rent houses sprang up all around Muldoon. The renters were mainly employed by the rock quarry. Competition between the two towns was heavy, and New Muldoon had something Muldoon didn't have — a saloon. Even so, the owners of New Muldoon couldn't compete with A.B. Kerr. To make matters worse a feud took over the country.

It wasn't the type of feud you read about in history books where shooting was open and the sides were clearcut. It was the kind where hard feelings ran rampant and people didn't know who could be trusted. The direct cause behind it was stock theft.

It's been said that everyone in the country was stealing cattle; the only difference was that some people only took a head of stock every now and then, while some people made a living out of it. It wasn't that everyone was dishonest, but if another man's cow got mixed up in a herd they were driving they weren't likely to go to the trouble to cull the stray from the herd.

Marion Smith

Some people were careless abou branding their stock, and the old-tim Texas cattleman's aversion to eatin his own beef certainly held true in Fa yette County.

Between the honest men in the coun try, the professional thieves, and th small-time thieves who felt the profes sionals were taking more than thei share, there were bound to be hard feel ings.

Everybody had a vew head of cattl and horses that ran loose on the fre range. But there were also men wh had large herds. Besides Bunk Stagne with his 600 head, Marion Smith ha 500 head, and Henry Leitenberg ha 450 head. There were others, such a the Primms and C.H. Null, who had a bunch of bred up cattle and horses And in addition to cattle, old man Ad Darby kept two stud horses, a stu jack, and a bunch of poor mares on th open range.

The county itself made cattle steal ing easy and profitable. It was al

Bunk Stagner

pen, with just a few large fenced pas-ures. Small farms were scattered over he countryside, but it was and still is parsely settled. Under these condi-ions it was possible for a cow or horse o stray as far as twenty miles from its ome range.

One of the large fenced pastures in he area was known as the Fiason pas-ure. In this pasture of about 1,000 cres was what was called the Jen-ings thicket. This was a campground or a very rough and dangerous bunch f men. Bunk Stagner had this pasture eased. About four miles south of Primm Switch (Kirtley) on the M.K.T. R.R. was the Darby rough and hideout pring. This was another stopping lace for men who didn't want to be een.

CONDITIONS became so bad that n 1891 a group of cattlemen hired the Cottrell and Cottrell Detective Agency f Waco, Texas to break up a band of orse and cattle thieves whose hang-ut was New Muldoon and in that vicinity. At least one and possibly both of the Cottrells were in Fayette County on different occasions. Their headquarters was the Add Darby home, the detectives being passed off as Darby's relatives. Add Darby was said to have lost more cattle to cow thieves than any other man in the county.

Two or more men of the Cottrell Agency were employed at the cotton gin in West Point. The C and C kept their ears to the walls, intercepting letters and the like. Exactly what they accomplished isn't known, but arrest warants were issued against Charles T. Stagner in July 1892. He was arrested and posted bond. The district court kept passing the case, all the while compiling more evidence against him. Before it was all over with he had eight cases against him in Fayette County for fifty-two head of cattle. But Charley Stagner was by no means the only man under suspicion or the only one to have charges brought against him.

Mose Chaplin was a Negro who worked for Bunk Stagner. He was known as one of the best bronc riders and cowhands in the country. Where he came from isn't known. Many years later he lived in Moulton, Texas by himself in a little two-room shack in the best part of town. In 1937 when he was nearly ninety years old, his house burned and he lost his life in the flames. Some say he was a known horse and cow thief; others say he was just working for the Stagners.

Holley Ray was a professinal gambler who worked out of the saloon in New Muldoon. He had the leaders cut in the two middle fingers on both hands to enable him to hold cards all night without cramping. In later years he walked with a limp, carried a sword cane, and was a city policeman in Smithville.

Kid Wilson — no doubt Kid Wilson wasn't this Negro's real name. He once said that he was from San Antonio. He was a known horse and cow thief, having once served a term in Huntsville for cow theft. He worked for first one then another as a cowhand. He wore good clothes and always had money. It was said that he was one of the best with a rope — that he could rope a cow on the darkest night. What became of this man isn't known, he just faded away when things got too rough.

Mose Williams, a Negro, was born on Cedar Creek seven miles east of Muldoon. He was a known horse thief who was very seldom seen. He worked for nobody but always had money.

Van Roy Tuttle spent two years in Huntsville for cow theft. This mulatto was a nephew to Mose Williams. He left Muldoon and died at an old age on the McGill Ranch near Alice, Texas.

Christopher Columbus (Jud) Nite was born in 1869 in the sand hills of Bastrop County near the little village of Jedo. From here the family moved to Gonzales County where a brother James Brennan (Jim) was born in 1871 near Elm Creek. Their father James Monroe Nite was from Houston County. Their grandparents John Edward and Lucy Stepp Nite had settled in Houston County as early as 1835. James Monroe had a large family of eight girls and three boys. Jud and Jim were to grow up to become dangerous men, but were a cut above the average outlaw. It will never be known how many crimes they committed because they used so many aliases and were very close-mouthed about their actions. They knew the lay of the land and had many contacts. They even hired men to bring them supplies and horses while in hiding from the law. One such man was a Negro from Bastrop County named Cleve Jones.

Jud married Ida Quinney in 1890 (to become Bill Dalton's brother-in-law) and had at least two children. Jim never married but was a very handsome man and had lots of women friends. At one time he stole a Mormon's furniture and ran off with the man's wife. He and two men named Hart and Bennett attempted to rob a bank in Chickasaw, Oklahoma. Hart was killed, Bennett captured, but Jim Nite escaped. Jud Nite was a dead shot, the better of the two, but Jim was meaner.

Some of these men were no doubt thieves; others could be described as victims of the time when the sixgun was still considered a man's best friend. Some of them had married into the clannish families around the Yegua Knobbs of Lee County, the home of the infamous gang know as the Notchcutters. Others had relatives around Red Rock, another area where hard men and rustlers were known to hang out.

THE STAGNERS knew that trouble was brewing. Charley even mortgaged 96 acres that he and Will owned to hire the law firm of Brown, Lane, and Jackson. But their real trouble didn't come until May 2, 1894.

Will Stagner had sold all his cattle to help out his brother and was working as a bartender in Marion Smith's saloon in New Muldoon. He was laid off to help round up Charley's steers so they could be shipped to market. His wife was teaching school in Muldoon.

Four men went out on the cowhunt that morning that morning. Bunk Stagner and Bell Whitley went down by Jack Young Creek, while Will Stagner and a young cowhand named Will Jerome hunted the Darby roughs. Arrangements had been made for the four men to meet on the road south of

Toledo Church and eat dinner. Jerome was a stranger to the country. He had been hired to help close out Bunk Stagner's saloon in West Point and to help with the Stagner cattle. Originally from Van Zandt County, Jerome had lived at Terrell and Dallas before coming to Fayette County.

About 11 o'clock Will Stagner and Jerome were riding along the road going by the Toledo Church when they saw Tom Birge walking about 300 yards east of the Toledo schoolhouse.

Stagner remarked, "There is our neighbor Birge."

"I guess he is hunting his oxen," replied Jerome.

Birge was originally known as a Stagner man but had a falling out with his family and was supposed to have shot Charley Stagner in the foot one night as Charley was leaving Birge's hog pen. Birge came from Travis County and had married a Fayette County girl. He had a bad reputation as a gunfighter.

Will Stagner and Jerome rode on about 150 yards when a shot was fired from behind them. Stagner started to dismount and told Jerome, "Dismount or we will both be killed." Stagner pulled his Winchester from the scabbard in front of his saddle, dismounted, and grabbed his six-shooter from his saddle wallets with his left hand. He turned and ran toward a tree that was near the road. Another shot was fired before he reached the tree. Jerome dismounted and ran for the same tree.

Birge was behind a tree 65 or 70 yards away. Stagner stooped down behind the tree and Jerome got directly behind him. Firing was heavy. Sometimes it seemed as if two shots were fired at once; sometimes there was a slight pause in the shooting. Will Stagner shot at Birge first with his pistol, firing three times. Then he handed the cocked pistol back behind him to Jerome and continued firing with his Winchester.

Suddenly Stagner said, "I am killed, shot through," fired two more rounds, and staggered backwards. As he was falling back, Jerome shifted positions and received a flesh wound in the hip. Then Jerome picked up the Winchester and fired four shots at Birge.

When Birge turned and ran, Jerome dropped his rifle and did the same, running in the direction the horses had run.

About a mile down the Lockhart-La-Grange road he met Bunk Stagner and Bell Whitley. Jerome asked them, "Did you see the horses? They are loose and Will is shot. Probably killed."

Bunk Stagner asked him what direction the horses had taken, but Jerome was too excited and out of breath to tell him. Bunk then told Bell Whitley to dismount and let Jerome have his horse. Jerome pointed out to the best of his knowledge the direction the shooting had taken place, then he and Bunk went after the horses leaving Whitley to proceed on foot.

While this was happening, Tom Birge had moved over to a bigger tree with the intention of waiting on Bunk Stagner to show up, and killing him. Instead of Bunk, however, old man Bell Whitley came up to within 25 yards of Will Stagner's body and lay down behind a log. Birge saw the old man and could have killed him, but other people were coming along the road and he thought it best to leave.

When Bunk Stagner and Jerome got back to Will's body, Bunk sent Bell Whitley to find Justice of the Peace George Cole and Dr. Mitchell to hold an inquest. Then Bunk himself went to find a wagon, leaving Jerome alone. After they had left, Jerome saw Birge's wife and her two young brothers walking along the road. Birge was headed in the other direction about 400 yards away.

Tom Byler came by with a wagon along with several men who lived in the area — Bowie Gillam, Buster Antley, Will Taylor, and Constable Charlie Null — and took Will's body to Bunk Stagner's house.

Bell Whitley found George Cole at the Black Jack Springs cemetery working with his family. George Cole rode a little Spanish mule to the Stagner place accompanied by his 21-year-old son Norman Richard on a little Spanish pony. Dr. Mitchell came in a hack about 4 p.m.

Dr. Mitchell examined the body, saw there was a bullet wound in the chest and left for Muldoon. In moving the body to prepare it for burial Ed Ragsdale found another wound in the back just above the hips. Bunk Stagner went out to the corral with N.R. Cole and helped him saddle a little dun horse. Bunk told him, "Just hold his head up, he won't stumble," and N.R. made the sparks fly from the pony's

N. R. Cole at age 17.

bove: The house that Will Stagner lived in at the time of his death. Below: The remains of unk Stagner's log barn near Muldoon.

ofs hitting the gravel road.
He caught the doctor about half-way ck to Muldoon. When told he had to urn, Dr. Mitchell started cussing, d Will Stagner was shot and was ad, what more did they want? But ere was no arguing about it. Dr. Mitell returned and a second inquest s held showing that Will Stagner d been shot in the back.
Tom Birge was brought to trial, one e trying to get him out of the way proving him guilty, and the other ing to prove him innocent. He was quitted.
Will Stagner was hardly cold in his ave when two men who probably ver knew him were making a name themselves in another part of the te. These men were Jud and Jim Nite. In one way or another they were going to affect many people in Fayette County.

ON May 23, 1894 four rough-looking men wearing slickers and pulled-down hats rode into Longview, Texas and stopped behind the First National Bank. Two of them, Little Jim Wallace (alias George Bennet), and Jim Nite (alias Bill Jones), pulled Winchesters from beneath their slickers and took up positions to watch the street.

The other two men, Bill Dalton (alias Charles Specklemeyer — or Speckelmeyer), and Jud Nite, walked into the bank and took $2,000. Before they could make their getaway they were discovered. During the gunbattle which followed some 200 shots were fired. The outlaws killed two citizens, wounded three more, and left George Bennet dead in the street.

An armed posse was some fifteen minutes behind them but lost the pursuit in a canebrake near Paris, Texas. Later they were seen entering the Arbuckle Mountains near Ardmore, Oklahoma.

Jim and Jud Nite and Little Jim Wallace were well known around Longview. Jud had been working at a sawmill in the area. Jim Wallace was an ex-lawman who had served as a Deputy U.S. Marshal in Oklahoma under Heck Thomas. While serving as a deputy he had met Dalton, become friendly with him, and turned to a life of crime. Using the name George Bennett he had lived in Longview some months prior to the robbery, married a daughter of a local farmer, and had moved to Oklahoma. When killed he was dressed as a cowboy wearing high-heeled boots and spurs, a belt full of cartridges, and two double-action revolvers. The townspeople dragged his body through the streets up to the depot and tied him to the crossarm of a telegraph pole.

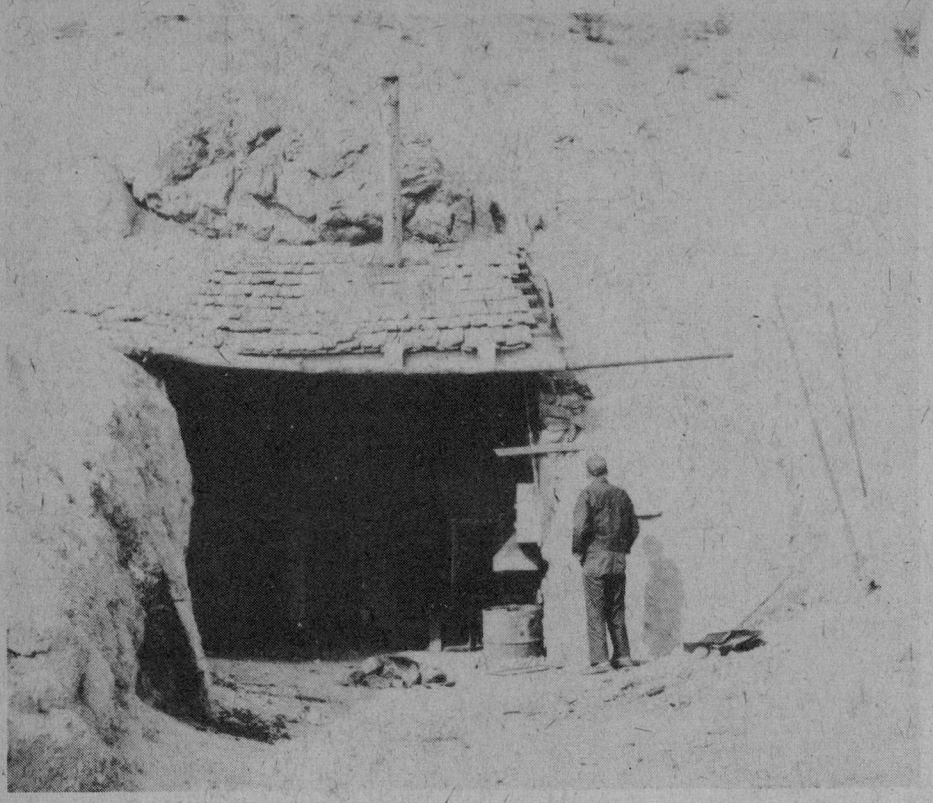
It wasn't until June 7 that the law got a good lead on the men when Houston Wallace, a relative of Little Jim Wallace, drove a wagon into Ardmore accompanied by his wife and Bill Dalton's wife Jennie. He had a large amount of money on him and bought a wagonload of supplies for traveling and an enormous quantity of ammunition. Next he stopped at the express office and called for a package but refused to sign for it. The deputy marshal became suspicious and opened the package which contained three gallons of whiskey. Upon being questioned Wallace told the officer that he was picking up the whiskey for some people who were staying at his house near Elk, Oklahoma.

The next morning lawmen surrounded the house. Ida Nite saw them approach and gave an alarm. Bill Dalton jumped out a window with a pistol in his hand and started running. When ordered to halt he spun on his heels, started to fire, and took a .44 slug in his stomach.

Jud Nite was in the house. He waited until the lawmen were looking over Bill Dalton's body then he jumped out another window and ran off. When the officers searched the house they found Ida Nite and a bunch of children. The Nite brothers made their way back to South Texas.

TROUBLE was still not through with the Stagner clan. In the spring of 1895 Charley Stagner was arrested for stealing a yoke of work oxen in Bastrop County and selling them to a

(Continued on page 57)



At left: A front view of the Wadsworth home, now used by weekend campers as shelter from the desert winds. The open front was the kitchen and dining area during warm weather. In winter months the big inner room, blasted out of solid rock, was used for cooking, living, and sleeping quarters. At right: A closer look at the Wadsworth home. The door leads to the winter quarters. The stovepipe coming out of the rock wall was attached to a barrel stove that heated the room during the coldest months.

WAS SHE GERONIMO'S DAUGHTER?

— few outside of the family were aware that she was Indian

By ROBERTA M. STARRY
Illustrations provided by author

"JUST A MINUTE," called a soft voice from inside the tar-papered cabin perched on the slope of a side street in Randsburg, an old mining town in southern California. A slight figure, swinging between crutches, slowly moved into view and a fragile hand reached for the hook on the screen door. Ruth Hill Wadsworth was 80 when she consented to talk with me after being assured that there would be no photographing.

"Come in, come in," she sounded a bit impatient yet a smile spread across the wrinkled face framed by two long braids of wispy gray hair.

Working her way back to an old armchair near the window, she huddled like a small child, her eyes alert and her manner cautiously friendly. I seated myself beside her.

Born in 1886 somewhere along the Mexican border of Texas or New Mexico, Ruth was an Indian baby who was secretly removed from the troubled area and became a member of a wealthy white family of El Paso. That was the year Geronimo surrendered — the Geronimo who had become an enemy of Mexicans and Angelos thirty years before; when his mother, wife and children had been massacred by Mexican troops.

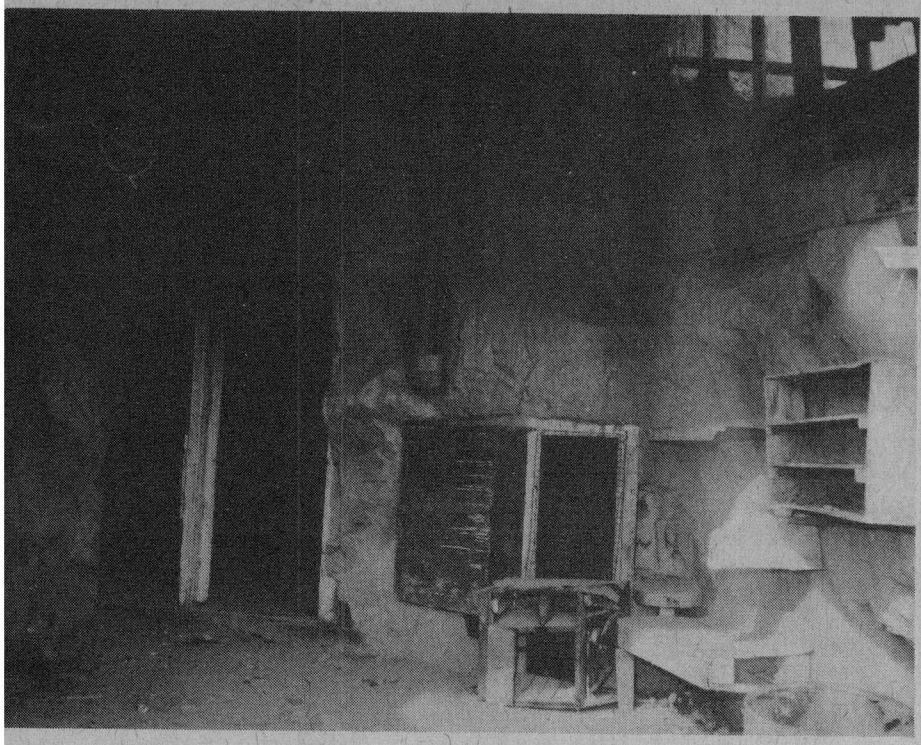
Ruth was too young to have any memory of her parents or the village from which she was taken but she grew up knowing that she was Indian. The Hills told her that they had saved her from a horrible fate, a fate linked somehow with the identity of her parents.

Ruth knew no Indians as a child, but she became as fluent in Spanish as English since the family moved in and out of Mexico on business. School and social activities, granted the other Hill children, were also hers. It was a life of nice people, beautiful surroundings and no physical wants, but Ruth always felt there was no love.

"I can't say there was an expressed difference, yet I *felt* different. My skin was very little darker than the ones I called sister and brother and few outside the family were aware that I was Indian, but when I was ten or twelve I began to realize that I didn't react to things the same way the Hill children did."

EQUIPPED with a good education Ruth wanted to become independent. Her first job was teaching English and Grammar at the University of Overtoro, Mexico in 1906. And it was there that she became aware of the need for nurses. Mexico's soldiers and civilians had very little medical aid to help them survive.

"It was 1907 that I entered the Sisters Hospital in El Paso, with little or no idea of what it meant to be a nurse. I simply knew there was a need. The whole realm of sickness, pain, birth and death was a revolting shock, an unsuspected part of life. But I was trained under some of the best doctors in the country and I was capable and proud to be a nurse when I graduated in 1911."



Eager to start on her new career, Ruth joined the American National Red Cross Nursing Service. Nursing was becoming an appreciated and recognized profession and Red Cross nurses were urged to place their names on the military emergency eligibility list. Because of Ruth's knowledge of Mexico and the language, she was immediately assigned to a corps being sent to Mexico to aid the wounded of the Madero Revolution. Pancho Villa was leaving injured and dying men all across the country. There were too few doctors; unsanitary conditions were an ever-present problem; medical supplies were near nonexistent.

Then came a sudden change. "I never knew just what happened," Ruth said, "but refugees began pouring over the border into the United States, and the Red Cross brought the nursing corps home."

Following the Mexican experience she was assigned to assist the El Paso Health department in that city's slums. "It was different and interesting but a bit dull compared to a war zone."

In 1914 the U.S. Army called for nurses to serve in a Red Cross unit for overseas duty, and Ruth Hill lost no time volunteering. Recalling the trip to Europe the eighty-year-old kept shaking her head while talking: "The ship we sailed in was Italian, converted for our trip. It had been a freighter for cattle and hogs. Someone had done a mighty fast job of conversion as signs of the former passengers were much in evidence. The vessel was overcrowded and sanitary facilities too few. The food was bad and grew worse. Seasickness increased with each day. It was a wretched boatload of nurses that finally reached Italy!"

Ruth was a part of the 102nd Unit, U.S. Base Hospital, which served with the Italian Army on the Austrian border. The United States later gave this unit a citation for distinguished service at the front.

Sadness was relayed in Ruth's voice as she recalled, "Injured were laying everywhere. You had to step over them to move out the dying. There was not only a lack of medicine and equipment but food supplies were delayed. At one time the whole hospital faced starvation. The patients begged for

The remains of the Wadsworth dugout as seen from a short distance. Ruth Wadsworth's view from her front door was rather bleak — lots of desert, little vegetation.

This news photo was published in th Randsburg Miner in 1945, by courtesy of th Trona Argonaut. Mrs. Wadsworth is seate in the front row, second from the lef Clarence Wadsworth is fifth from the left i the back row. The caption that accompanie the photo read as follows: The occasion of visit from J. P. Hall, president of th Western Mining Council and publisher of th California Mining Council, prompted luncheon/ meeting at the St. Charles Hot on September 5. Leonard Murnane, edito of the Trona Argonaut, provided the abov photo of the group whose names read fro left to right: Back row — Judge C. O. Wis John Trujillo, Royal E. Selwyn, Wm. DeWit Emory Bales, Clarence Wadsworth, Pa Hubbard, Wm. Hackman, Irvin Terrill (I dustrial Mgr. of the Kern Chamber Commer), Mrs. Louise Kitzmiller, J. P. Ha and Mrs. Hall, W. B. Tucker (State Minin Engineer), H. C. Topp, P. J. Osdick, Wn Petty. Seated — Mrs. Irene W. Brown, Mr Ruth H. Wadsworth, Mrs. Josie Bishop, Mr Kathleen Jewell, Mrs. Emma Robison, an Caroline C. Henry.

bread. Doctors and nurses worked until they dropped from fatigue and weakness. You wondered if you would be next."

It was after long hours under the glaring lights of the operating room that Ruth's eyes began to fail. "When the war ended we were taken to France for a rest and asked if we wished to volunteer for service in Siberia. I might have gone on nursing from one war to another, but all I wanted was to get home and rest until my health returned. We left England on one of their luxury liners — 4,000 soldiers and nurses, plus the crew. The crowding didn't seem to matter. Everyone was in a happy, going-home mood, the food was good, the ship was clean, and travel time was much faster than the trip to Italy."

BITTERNESS was evident when Ruth told of the months following her return to the States. The war was over and people wanted to forget about it. "Those who came home ill and disturbed were soon classed as lazy."

The Hill family, like everyone else — was eager to resume a comfortable life with no reminder of the bad years. Ruth tried to work but had to take long periods of rest. Conflicts developed, the family intimating that she just wanted to trade on the heroic past like some of the soldiers were doing. The Hills lined up a wealthy suitor, "probably to get me off their hands and conscience," Ruth said.

But there had been a soldier on the ship coming home who was keeping in touch with her by letter. Ruth's face lit up in remembrance. "The day Clarence Wadsworth walked up to the door, so straight and handsome, to ask for my hand in marriage, was the proudest day of my life. The family rejected him, though, since he was only an ex-soldier and a prospector-miner, not of the social level they approved. They couldn't know what it meant to be loved, wanted, and accepted just for myself."

The more the family argued against Wadsworth the more determined the young nurse became. After a very stormy session Ruth was told that she had not been legally adopted and that if she married Wadsworth it would be the end of her relationship with the Hills.

As Ruth left their home, she was given a worn, handwritten paper that attested to her being the daughter of Geronimo. That precious piece of paper was the only connection she had to her own people. It, with her "burial money," was placed in a locked box to be opened only upon her death.

THE YOUNG NURSE and her soldier were married without friends or family, and left for California where Wadsworth had some good gold prospects. Ruth's arrival on the Mojave Desert was a disappointment she could barely conceal. The miles of seeming nothingness and the eerie si ence were hard enough to adjust t but the greatest jolt came when sh saw the home Clarence proudly di played next to his gold diggings.

"It was a hole in the ground!" sharp laugh from the elderly woma gave verification to her statement. '

ıated that hole from the day I went here until the day I left!" She added hat she realized Clarence had done the best he could, and that in time she realzed it was one of the coolest summer quarters and warmest winter quarters n the desert area — far superior to nost miners' shacks. "It's just that I ıated the idea of living in a hole."

The hole, as she continued to call it, vas one large room blasted out of solid ock and whitewashed. Outside its loor was an open air kitchen-living rea usable most of the year. A gas engine in a small nearby dugout provided enerator power for lights and a radio. We really had it far nicer than most. At a time when bread lines were forming in the city, Clarence's mining was roviding us a good living."

The Wadsworth mining operation vas in an old gold diggings known as he Summit. The "cream" had been kimmed off in the late 1890's but hrough the years these same workngs have given many a prospector a ood living or a grubstake to go huntng elsewhere. (Claims are still active ear Wadsworth's excavations, and

ıthor's sketch, drawn on a piece of cardard, immediately after an interview with ıth Wadsworth in March 1965.

eekend miners find that their efforts y off.)

As Ruth Wadsworth recalled, There wasn't much excitement in our es. Clarence mined all day and somemes I helped, but I wasn't very rong. We spent the evenings reading d listening to the radio. Once in a hile we came to Randsburg and if ere was money left over from necesies we sometimes did a bit of celeating."

Ruth was reminded of a news item in e local paper on June 25, 1936: "Mr. d Mrs. (Clarence and Ruth) Wadsworth came in from Summit Diggings last Friday to attend to a few matters of business and visit with friends.

"Mrs. Wadsworth was a nurse during the World War and received numerous decorations, also the Congressional Medal. She has just received her bonus and celebrated the event by presenting Clarence with a brand new pump gun, as he has been missing the rabbits quite regularly with the little .22 rifle he has been hunting with.

"Clarence says the rabbits had better look out now, for he isn't going to miss 'em any more, while Ruth says she has a pot all ready and is just waiting for the first rabbit."

The item brought laughter to the little lady. "Well, that really only tells part of the celebration. We really spent most of the afternoon and evening in the bar and were pretty wild as we started for the diggings. We were singing and laughing as we jolted along the old road toward home. Suddenly there was the smell of smoke and we hoped the car didn't burn up before we got to the diggings.

"Soon the smoke was nearly smothering us and Clarence stopped the car. My good wool coat, rolled up on the back seat, was on fire and beyond saving. We both had been smoking and each blamed the other, but that was the last time I smoked. It was a long time before there was money for another coat."

Things went rather well for the Wadsworths until Clarence became ill. Mine dust had caused silicosis and he was no longer able to provide a living. Without money for doctors, Ruth nursed her ailing husband until his death in 1946.

There followed a period of restlessness. She could not stay out at the diggings alone and she really wanted to get away from "the hole" and its memories. "After I found out what Indian tribe I belonged to I kept dreaming of the day I would visit 'my people'."

Ruth disposed of what little property she had, sold the claims, and went to the Mescalero Reservation in New Mexico. "It was all a big disappointment," she said sadly. "I had too many white ways to be accepted as an Indian. I offered my nursing services but they would not consider me as one of them. The words on the paper in the safety box meant nothing."

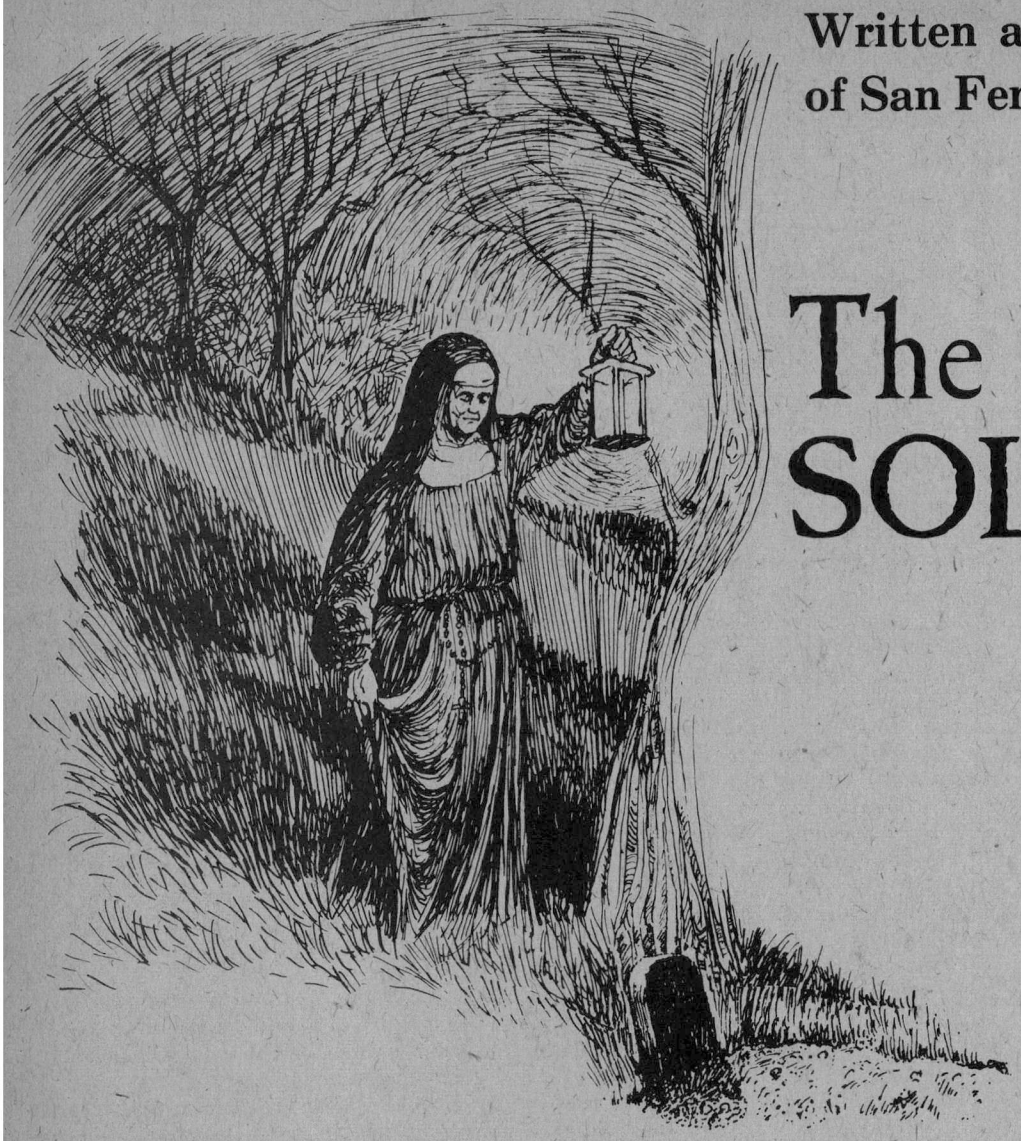
Ruth's own health was such that she could not hold a full-time job, and her nursing skills were of another era. She returned to the desert.

Ruth's friends welcomed her back. As the little lady grew more fragile, neighbors began looking in on her regularly, doing her shopping and bringing her reading material though her eyes would tolerate only short periods of use.

Out of Ruth's small veteran's pension she was paying $35 a month for the dilapidated two-room shack she called home. "I manage food and medicine out of the pension so I've not had to touch the burial money in the box," she told me.

Ruth Hill Wadsworth was buried in a nearby wind-swept cemetery on a cold December day in 1973 at the age of eighty-eight. The Rev. Deno Ricconini, who officiated at the Requiem Mass, later verified the money set aside for the services, her war record, and the worn handwritten paper that indicated the Indian child (Ruth) was a daughter of Geronimo. I am told the paper was sent to the Catholic archives in Texas for further search of authenticity.

Whether Ruth Hill Wadsworth was a daughter of the famed warrior or not, he would have been proud of that Indian child.



Written at the Fortified Post of San Fernando in 1822 —

The SOLDIER'S WILL

Illustration by Paul Hudgins

From Land of Sunshine, May 1900

THIS quaint and touching "last will and testament" of a Spanish soldier in New Mexico, 158 years ago — long before Americans knew that country — was ferreted out by Dr. Elliott Coues in the archives of Santa Fe, shortly before his death in 1899, and is here translated.

Will of Jose Antonio Alarid

In the name of Almighty God, and in the presence of Our Lady the Virgin Mary, Mother of God and our Lady, and of all the Saints, Angels and all the Celestial Court, I, Jose Antonio Alarid, state that I . . . believe in my heart and confess with my mouth all which Our Holy Mother and Roman Catholic Apostolic Church holds, believes and confesses, and in this holy faith I desire to live and die, wherefore I make this my testamentary memorandum in the following form:

In the first place, I give my soul to God our Lord, who created and redeemed it at the price of His most precious blood, and my body I give to the earth from which it was made; and if God should be pleased to take me unto Him, I hereby request that my body be buried at the entrance of the church, and that my funeral be an humble one as it becomes a soldier, which I am and according to the ordinances.

I also state that I am a soldier with the rank of first sergeant in the Santa Fe Company, now on duty at this post of San Fernando.

I also declare to have been married and have received the nuptial blessing according to the rites of our Holy Mother Church, to Rosa Sandover for thirty-eight years, from which marriage we had and reared eight children who are, John, Mariano (deceased) Dolores (deceased), Manuel, Florencia Maria de la Cruz, Ignacio and Ysidro whom I declare to be my lawful children and heirs.

I also declare for my property a cut off regulation gun, one cartridge box one leather shield, one saber, one scabbard, one pair of spurs, one saddle, one pair of saddle bags.

I also have of wearing apparel: one new uniform, a pair of trousers; also a new red waist-coat, a pair of buckskin trousers, hemmed, lined, and never used; a worn cloak, a worn hat, a colored blanket, a white blanket, a zarape

blue color, a change of underclothing — much used; an embroidered pouch, an Ordnance Manual, two pair of oxen, one horse, one mule, two spits, a big ax, an adze, a chisel, one branding iron, two plow points, my dwelling-house, which consists of seven rooms, and of a straw-shed, and a stable with its piece of land back of it for an orchard; a tract of tillable land that measures from north to south fifteen hundred and twenty-eight varas, from east to west one hundred and eighty-nine varas; another tract of land at the entrance to the canon of San Fernando, which is from north to south thirteen hundred and fifty-two varas, from east to west one hundred and sixteen varas; one platform for forage with nine uprights with its roof and railing in the same land.

I also declare to be my wish that my dwelling-house, with all its furniture and utensils, a yoke of oxen, and all the tools, and half of the land belonging to the house remain the propery of my wife, and of a little boy I raised.

I also declare that my son Juan owes me three hundred and fifteen coin dollars. I order that two hundred and eighty-nine dollars be paid to Tomas Sanchez for the house in which I dwell and its land.

I also declare that the soldier, Tomas Maldonado, deceased, owes me fifteen coin dollars, as it is shown by his last will, which is in the hands of the Governor.

I also declare that Antonio Duran, citizen of the Canada de Cochiti, owes me four cows with their calves.

I also declare that Anacleto Valensuela owes me thirty-two 10-quarter blankets, and five sheepskins.

I also declare that my son Manuel owes me two cows with their calves, a pair of three-year-old bulls, and five goats with their kids, which he got without my pleasure and permission.

I also declare I owe Manuel Gallego one hundred and forty coin dollars.

I also declare I owe Antonio Ortiz, I do not remember how much, but from my accounts and credits it will be seen. The last payment I made was four volumes of Columbus, which he took for twenty-eight dollars, a sorrel mule for twenty-two dollars, whatever I may yet be indebted to him I wish it paid; and this last payment I delivered to the deceased Fernando Delgado in his own hands, and he it was who loaned me that amount.

I also declare I owe D. Atanacio sixty-six dollars; to Pablo Lucero twenty-two dollars, and a cow with a calf.

I also declare that I owe Jose Francisco Ortiz twenty-six dollars, to the heirs of the deceased Gertrudis Ortiz twenty-one dollars, to Josefa Miera twelve dollars; to the soldier Jose Jaramillo six dollars.

I also declare for my property and balance of my accounts whatever the paymaster says, after he has gone over my accounts; and from that I request that all these items that I owe be paid, and from the remaining surplus I order that six Masses be paid for the repose of my soul to San Miguel, six to San Juan Nepomuceno, six for the souls in purgatory, one to the great power of God, and after having paid everything, that a third part be given to my wife, and the remaining money as well as goods be divided in equal parts among my children, so that they may enjoy it with the blessing of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

I also declare that I appoint as my executors, in the first place, my son Juan; in the second, corporal Jose Salaises, of my company; and in the third, my wife, whom I request and charge and ask for love's sake to do and act as I have requested.

I declare that I had forgotten to mention the land I have in Galisteo, a ranch. I ordered it to be sold for ten cows, that being what has been offered to me. Also that Miguel Griego owes me three goats with their kids and three one-year olds. I order that they be collected and that everything be distributed in equal parts among my said heirs.

I also declare to have a hall and a room at the town of San Fernando which belongs to the lands of the canon, and all of it may be distributed; it is also my desire that of the rest of my property and money six dollars in coin be given to the forced legacies.

I also declare that I have made no other will or codicil, and in case any such appear I revoke and annul any such memorandum or codicil that may so appear, and I only want this to be real, true and sure.

And for its greater validity I requested the corporal of my company and actual commander of this post, Josef Salaises, to interpose his military decree; and said corporal said that I would and have interposed it to the extent by law conferred upon me, with two assistant witnesses, who are Josef Torres (carbineer) and Josef Xaramillo (soldier), and the party executing it signed with me and the witnesses name. To all of which I certify. Fortified Post of San Fernando, March twelfth, eighteen hundred and twenty-two.

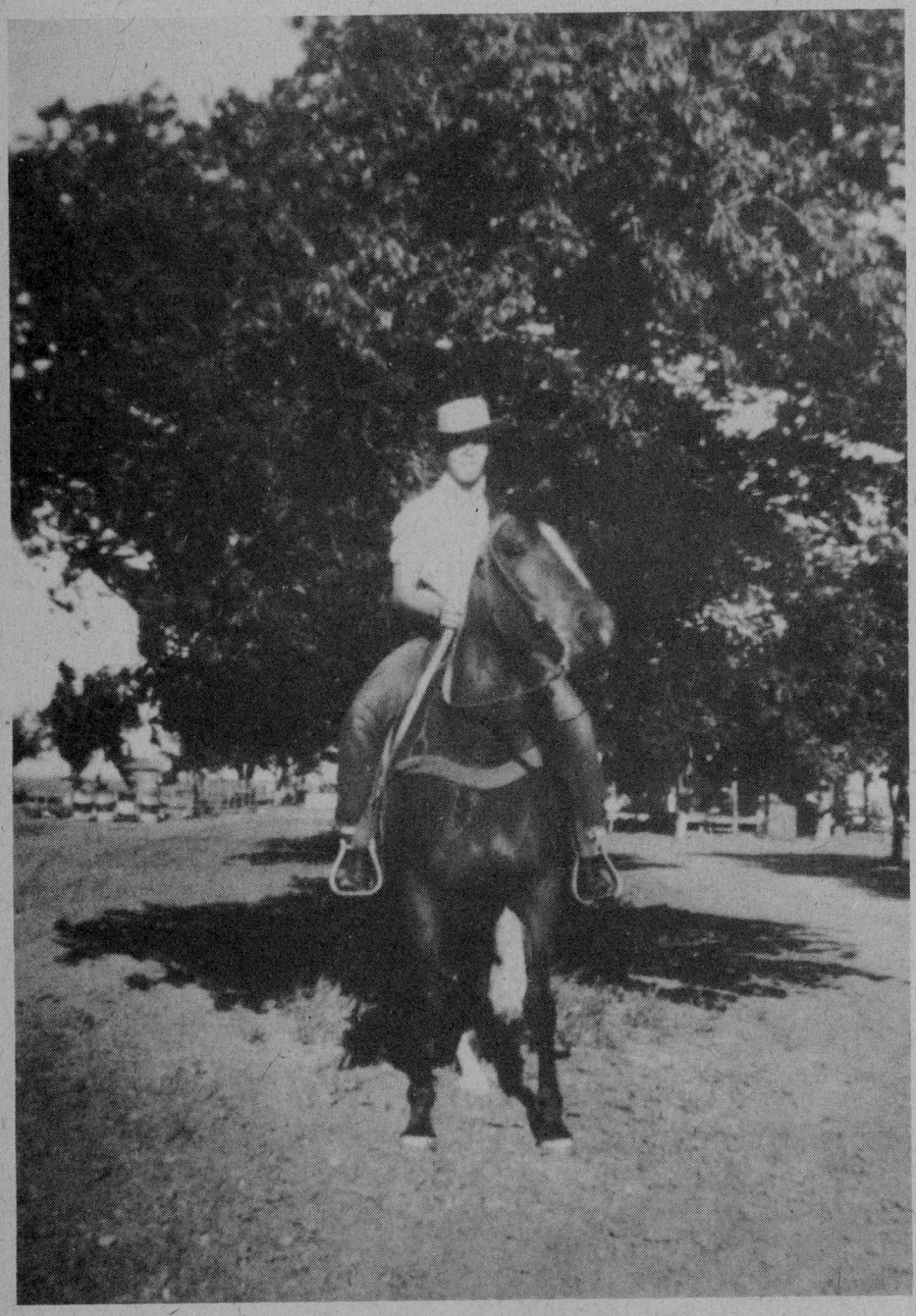
Jose Alarid (Rubric).

Josef Salaises (Rubric).
Attending:
Josef Torres (Rubric).
Attending:
Josef Xaramillo. (Cross.)

PHILLIS ...MEAN AS SIN!

Anything she got by with one time, she just continued to do . . .

Carter White on his bay mare, Phillis, in 1945.



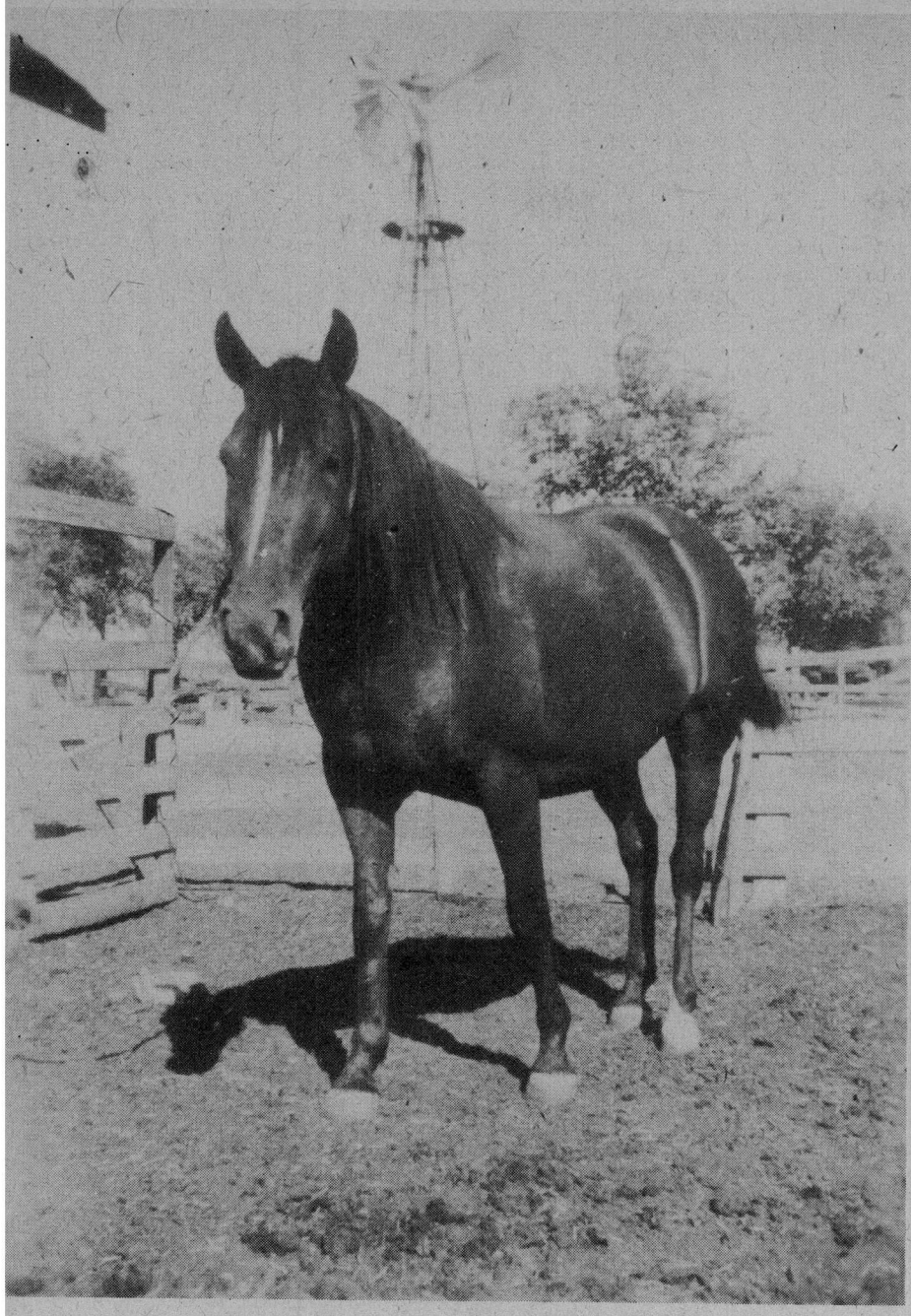
By CARTER WHITE
Illustrations provided by author

A BAY FILLY, barely big enough to ride when I first saw her, standing in a box stall with her half sister. The bay had a blaze face and white sock to the left behind. I thought they were the prettiest little tricks I'd ever seen. You could tell they carried good blood. They had a J brand on the left thigh. A neighbor north of us had bought them somewhere; he said they came from Montana. I bought the bay filly after Bishop Mathis had green broke her.

Phill was almost two and I was twelve. Not a very good combination and a situation that I try to avoid when helping kids nowadays, having survived those years as a "button" with that bay filly, and the many things we learned together. She taught me more than I ever taught her. For that reason she did not make a good saddle mare. She had bad habits that I did not have the knowledge to break. We had many spills and thrills together. We out-ran every horse in that part of the country, that would runs us.

When I could hold her in a straight run, nothing could outrun her for a half-/to three-quarters of a mile. I have not had a horse or mare since that time that could out-run Phill. I can't prove it, but I tell you she was fast. Anyone who remembers eating her heel dust will tell you the same.

We would line up even to start a race. We had no starting gates; we ran



Phillis in 1947.

when and where the notion struck us. We would talk up a race then line up and go. I could feel the salt tears in my eyes as she gathered speed. We ran without goggles or special equipment, just stock saddles and regular head rigs with curb bits. I'd usually have her mouth bleeding before I'd get her stopped.

After a while all she knew was run. I'd have to choke the reins down close to stop her. She got to ringing her tail, she was jill flirted. Very bad habits and I caused them both. She would try to kick my foot out of the stirrup when I'd start to get on. She would bite and you just didn't walk behind her. I have learned since that most ponies grown up wild in the Northwest would be turned like that.

This little mare could have been corrected if the right man had worked with her before I ruined her. She taught me many things to watch for, she was mean as sin. To this day, when I start behind any horse, mare or little 'un, I think about that little bay mare and how she could and would kick. It's part of me, just like any other schooling.

MY FOLKS tell of a neighbor who was kicked and killed many years ago before I came along. A big gray work team that he kept in stalls in a big barn had caught his fancy. He loved that team of horses and he gave them extra special care. Fed them oats and good hay, curried and brushed them. I bet they were never "put up wet." The big grays were gentle as little kittens, good dispositions and all the fine points that makes equines lovable. One evening the ole feller went to the barn to feed his fine team. As he walked behind the stalls, one of the big horses kicked him. They said he didn't live long.

Remember, young 'uns, that the element of surprise will sometimes cause a good dependable horse to really "fire." I've been kicked twice that I remember, both times a gentle mare was the one that delivered the hoof. I ran up behind a gentle black mare, when I was just a button and at play. She kicked me right between the eyes. When I finally came to, I was awful sick. When I could see, I realized that a pretty girl was holding my head and fanning me. I think that made the difference — I had to be tough with her there. That's a hard way to learn.

I had my troubles with the Phillis filly, she just kept trying me. Anything she got by with one time, she just continued to do. She was lightning fast with those hind feet and it didn't take much to cause her to use them. Every time I would go to catch her, she would turn her heels to me, threatening to kick if I got close. This was a hard thing for me to overcome, I was small at twelve and thirteen years. Finally I just started gathering her with a rope. She would turn and face me when the loop settled around her neck and the string got taut.

My daddy was watching all the goin's on for quite a spell, a month or more maybe. One day he came out to help me. We caught the pretty bay the usual way, with a rope. Instead of bridling her, Daddy just coiled up the excess rope and led the young thing to a big cottonwood tree that grew just south of the horse pen.

We held her still until Daddy got the rope tied around the bottom of that big ole tree. I didn't savvy what Daddy had in mind. If I had, it would have made no difference. I think he was determined to teach the filly some "manners," as he put it later. Anyway, he motioned for me to stand clear.

As I watched, he dropped the coils of rope to the ground and hollered like a wild Apache. 'Course when Daddy squalled out, that filly left. When she hit the end of the slack, she was moving and just at that instant Daddy hollered "Comer 'ere!"

That rope cracked and popped, but held its prey in the form of a bewildered young mare. She lay broadside and fought for breath of life. The sounds she made were new to me and it scared me some. I thought she was dying. In a few minutes she was up and quivering, wild-eyed and rolling those nostrils like one will do at times, the

sound like a snort.

I never did figure the logic, unless Phill knew that when somebody was behind her, she was supposed to switch ends. From that day on she was easy to catch. I would just step in the pen and say "Come 'ere" and she would walk up to me.

The years passed and she quit walking up to me, but she never forgot to face me after that jerk from the ole cottonwood tree. Ten years later, the day I sold her, I walked in the pen and said, "Come 'ere, Phill." She faced me with eyes and ears alert. I know she remembered the crack of that rope and the hearty "Come 'ere" of long ago.

No one rode her but me. Once in a while Daddy would get on her for something. She got so mean that most people wouldn't fool with her. When I'd first step on her, she would always try me. I couldn't ride her if I didn't hold her up. Even then she would buck some. If she ever got her head, she would buck me off. I don't remember her ever "blowin' up" after she had been used a while. She had great stamina and could slow lope for many miles without stopping to blow.

Many times we would travel fifty miles a day and run a race or two along the way. We would go to the cedar brakes country off down south a few miles in the caprock country to a swimming hole we knew. We would swim any time of the year and ride miles to do it.

I TOOK many falls from Phill and with Phill. Looking back now, I see the most of my trouble was lack of experience. I tried everything on her — jumping, roping, racing, hunting, just what ever came up. Mean as she was, I could fire a gun from her back without any trouble. First time I tried it, she thought the world had come to the end and so did I. One thing for sure, she had more speed than any I have owned or known since and there have been many.

Phill and I had our share of wrecks. I guess if a feller lived to be a hundred, he would remember something about his ponies back through the years. Something of hurt or fear most readily comes back to memory. Well, such a memory came to me a day or two ago. I don't remember the year, but ole Phill and I were both still wet behind the ears. Around our favorite swimming hole was rough country, caprock country where the plains break off, you might say, and cedar brake country begins. The pool of water was under a fall, the fall was in the bed of a creek, and the creek was in a canyon. The canyon walls were straight up in places a hundred feet or more, then some places you could climb on foot, just barely. Loose rocks added to the hazard.

Some of the boys were with me that day. I don't remember who, but I was not alone, 'cause the climb was brought about by a dare, as I recall. Anyhow something caused me to point the bay filly toward one of those steep trails. It seemed the farther we climbed the more she lunged, sort of like a short lope. I could tell she was using every ounce of strength she had.

The trail became steep enough toward the top that every time Phill lunged I thought she was coming over backwards. How I wished I had not asked this of the little mare. The loose rocks caused her to lose ground at times. I wanted off real bad, but there was a drop of twenty feet or so on the side of the trail, plus the hundred or so feet to the bottom of the canyon.

I knew if I missed hanging up on a cedar limb or big rock, the trip down would be mighty lonesome and hair raising. So I stuck like a flea on a dog until the filly carried me to the summit. I'll tell you, to me she was a great lady that day, a fine lady, mean but fine. She was lathered and quivering, the nostrils flared and red. Flecks of foam and sweat flew in the wind as she labored and heaved to draw every breath. This went on several minutes. I was winded and tired. Scared is not the exact feeling I had, but we had a close scrape. Phill climbed the last twenty or thirty feet on guts alone, her stamina was used up. I thought she was going to die there for a few minutes. I loosened up the rigging and led her around slow for a long while. She was drawn and sore for several days.

Phill had her faults, mean and wild with several bad habits. She was smart however and she had the habit of survival. Maybe these were the reasons she was able to make it through the "wild years" with me. When I left myself think about it, I can remember how I was growing up. I guess we were two of a kind, except for the "smart," I was never smart, then or now. 'Cause a smart man nowadays might leave the riding and punching to the younger set. I learned at an early age that "the outside of a horse was good for the inside of me." I know by now this way of being will survive all my years.

PHILLIS developed into a beautiful mare, blood bay color, fine head and conformation, a great animal to look at, but she had a mean mind. I guess that's why I decided to raise colts from her.

Phill made a good brood mare, raised several fine foals. She would fight like a wild animal for them. She would have hurt me bad one time, maybe killed me, but Daddy seen what was happening and helped me out.

Her first foal was a few hours old and I was in the pen looking that filly over. I turned my back on Phill. She came after me with teeth showing and ears back. She was about to take hold of me when Daddy brought her to her knees with a big rock. He never hollered at me, said he was afraid I'd jump the wrong way. He could throw accurately and he brought her down with that rock. I looked around and she was staggering blindly on her knees within arm's reach of me. I never turned my back on that mare again. I watched her all the time.

Phill was the best mother mare I have known in my time. She had a love and protective instinct for her foal unequaled in any brood mare I have been acquainted with. The incident of her showing fight toward me when her first foal was young is part of what I'm talking about. There won't nothing put fear in you like a fighting hoss. You put a mare like Phill was, on open range to take care of her foals alone, she would die fighting to do just that. It would take a mighty big and hairy varmint to back her down.

Phill would actually haze her babies away from a bob wire fence, running between the little feller and the rusty wire or any other hazard she came across. Now this caught the eye of folks, how smart she was taking care of her babies. You see, she raised six while I owned her and raised them all without blemish or visile scar. You can't praise a mare more highly than that. Ask anyone who's raised them.

I figure having grown up with the wild bunch had everything to do with this fact — she did know how to take care of her own. Phill raised a yellow filly we called Sherry, a sorrel horse we called "Rockey," a big yellow filly we called "Rhonda," a bay colt we called "Zane," a blue roan filly we called "Boots," and a sorrel colt we called "Quey." Each is a story of its own.

Phillis was about twelve years old when I sold her. I understand she went to graze in New Mexico for a brood mare and this pleased me. She was more at ease with a foal by her side.

Whatever happened the rest of her life, I hope she had running room, she loved to run. I can just feel the strength of her as she would start to gather speed as we left someone eating dust behind. I'd like to own another with that much speed sometime before I get too old to enjoy it.

It's not unusual at all for me to day dream about this speed mare. I don't believe I have seen her exact color in another equine. The old-timers called her a blood bay; it was mighty proper and fine color. Sometimes in the dead of night I wake just in time to realize we just crossed the finish line — winners every time. Trouble is, I love race and trouble is, I loved that Phillis mare — mean mind and running heart.

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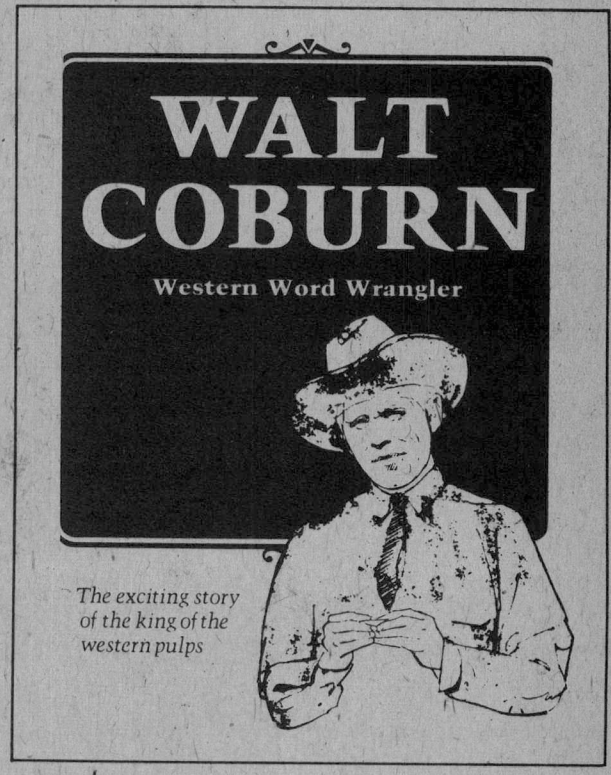

Walt Coburn could string words together better than most anybody. He was a dynamo, a pure talent, and a hell-raising maverick. Walt died on May 24, 1971, in Prescott, Arizona, at the age of eighty-one. He was a warm, human man who left behind many close friends and thousands of fans. This is his story, in his own words about *The Circle C Ranch, Early Days in Montana, Bowse, Beer and Barrooms, A Cowboy in Prep School, Pancho Villa's Army, From Saddle to Cockpit, Cold Sober and Married, King of the Western Pulps* **and other heretofore untold incidents in his life. Hardback, illustrated, 255 pages. Only $8.50 postpaid.**

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By NELL SIMCOX
Illustrations provided by author

BRAYTON'S

Arizona's Early "Chain Stores"

THE STORY of the Brayton Commercial Company is tied in with the history of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad's effort to provide better service by constructing a cutoff between Phoenix, Arizona Territory, and Los Angeles, California. The cutoff bypassed many miles of steep mountainous terrain on the mainline through northern Arizona. It also promised rapid transportation through the central mining district of western Arizona which previously had been served only by stagecoach and wagon.

Construction of the new Santa Fe line started west of Wickenburg in 1904. At the same time, workers began building a line from Cadiz, a junction a few miles west of Needles, California, which would meet the Wickenburg line at the Colorado River. When the river was bridged, the two sections would be joined and ready for use.

As the cutoff inched slowly across the 120-mile desert to the Colorado River, promoters moved out along the railroad survey lines and established wells to accommodate the steam engines then used to power trains. Development of water encouraged people to move to the area. Land was homesteaded, and old mines were reopened. It was in the small communities along the Santa Fe cutoff that Brayton Commercial Company stores began operating in 1906.

The two pioneer merchants generally credited with the idea for these early-day chain stores were Edward S. Jones who later managed the Brayton stores for a decade, and John Brayton Martin for whom the company was named.

Jones had arrived in America from England in 1876. After traveling through the West he settled in Marion, Wisconsin in 1881. Two years later he moved to Wakefield, Michigan where he began his long career in the merchandising field. He also acted as agent for the United States Express Company. Through the latter position, Jones secured a position with the Santa Fe Railroad Company in Phoenix, Arizona Territory. He moved his family there in 1894, but 1895 found him again engaged in merchandising operations — this time in Congress, some seventy miles north of Phoenix. He managed the Congress general store until the Congress Mine began to decline.

By 1904, Jones was looking for a new location. In the small mining town of Harrisburg, fifty miles southwest of Congress, John B. Martin was also managing a general store. Martin had arrived in the Gila Valley from the farmlands of Iowa in 1888. He tried to farm near Palomas for several years, but drought-stricken seasons and the flooding Gila River were discouraging. In the late 1800s he moved his family to a mine in the Harquahala Mountains of northern Yuma County. He and his family mined for several years.

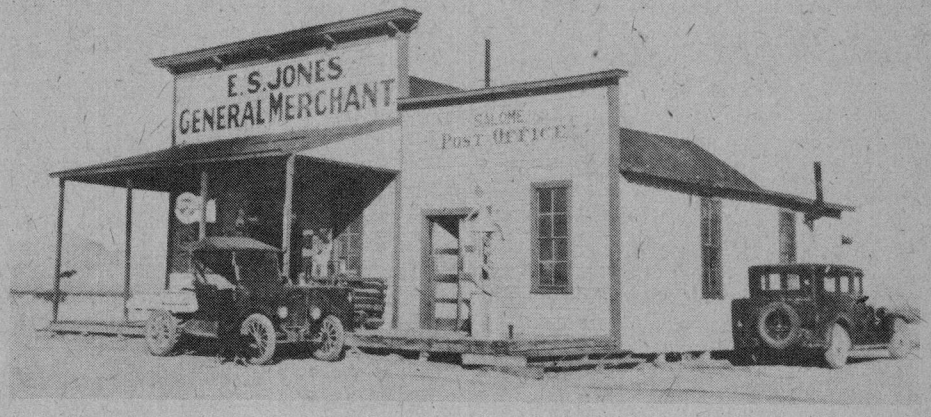
When the Harrisburg store was placed on the market in 1902, Martin purchased the business which included the U.S. Post Office and the stage coach office. When he learned that the Santa Fe cutoff would bypass his town by six miles. Martin began worrying about the future. His daughter

They were strung out along the Santa Fe tracks like buttons on a shirt front . . .

Gladys Martin Krenz, presently living in Arcadia, California, vividly recalls the trip they made by wagon and team over the long, rutted road to Congress when her father went to discuss business plans with Edward Jones.

"We left early one morning," Mrs. Krenz said "Mother had packed food in a picnic basket. I remember we took plenty of water with us. Fifty miles was a long way to travel in a wagon! We were gone several days, and we visited the Jones family in Congress. When we returned home, my father began to make arrangements to sell our business in Harrisburg so we could buy stock in what was to become the Brayton Commercial Company."

BESIDES Jones and John Martin, three Phoenix businessmen also became stockholders in the Brayton Commercial Company: Ancil Martin, a practicing oculist and John Martin's brother; Charles E. DeMund, who owned a lumber business in Phoenix; and DeMund's employee, Harry



Above: Edward S. Jones, co-founder of Brayton Commercial Company, and manager of the stores. At left: The Brayton Commercial Company store in Wickenburg, Arizona. At right: This store opened as a Brayton's in 1906, but was later purchased by E. S. Jones, manager of the store chain from 1906 to 1916. Below: John Brayton Martin, co-founder of Brayton Commercial Company, and for whom the company was named. Shown here with his wife, Sadie, and their two daughters, Gladys and Marcella, inside their Harrisburg, Arizona store about 1904.

Kennedy. Each individual purchased stock according to his means.

The first of the Brayton Commercial Company stores opened in 1906 on Frontier Street in Wickenburg. The building was purchased from the D.L. Murray Company of that town, and it was the only one of the four Brayton stores to retain the company name throughout its sixty-year existence.

The second store was opened in Salome, fifty five miles west of Wickenburg. It was housed in a building purchased from Dick Wick Hall and Charles H. Pratt, founders of that town. By May 19, 1906, a third store was in operation thiry miles west of Salome in a town that carried the name Brayton for eight months. The name of the post office was changed to Bouse on January 22, 1907.

When Parker, Arizona moved its townsite from the Indian reservation, several miles north of present-day Parker, to take its place on the Santa Fe cutoff, the fourth Brayton store was opened.

From 1906 to 1916 Jones lived in Wickenburg, managing the local store. At least once a month he visited each of the other businesses. Of that time his daughter, Evelyn Jones Watkins, presently living in Wickenburg, relates: "Every month Papa took his money bag and got on the Santa Fe train to travel down the line. He stopped at each store in turn to perform bookkeeping and accounting tasks. When he'd finished the business end, he picked up the money and returned to Wickenburg."

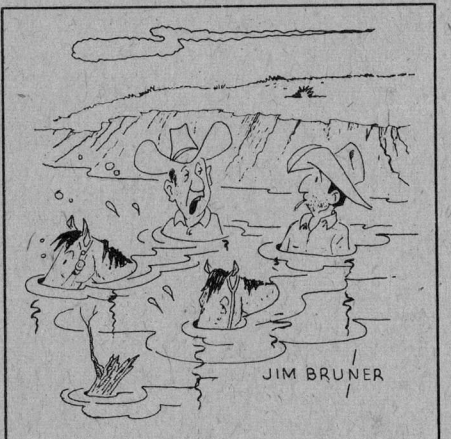
The Brayton Commercial Company stores that began operating in Arizona's territorial days were a microcosm of today's shopping centers. A wide selection of goods and supplies were made available to customers who lived in the surrounding communities. Livery stables were constructed adjacent to the stores where animals could be cared for by the day, week, or month. Gas pumps for horseless carriages were first installed at general stores. Cellars beneath some of the buildings served many purposes. Small, thick-walled rooms were good for curing ham or bacon; cool underground places were used to hang quarters of beef, lamb, or mutton.

Until the early 1940s Brayton stores conducted much of their business on a credit basis. Accounts were paid at various intervals depending on the source of the customer's income. Most accounts were paid monthly, but men in farming and livestock business were allowed more time. In the small towns of that period, a handshake was more dependable than today's written contracts. A man was considered as good as his word; his credit rating depended on his own honesty.

The territorial stores sometimes served as bank, post office, and information center. Gold mining was an important industy in the early 1900s in Arizona, and gold scales for weighing gold bullion were as common in the stores of that day as cash registers are in our own shops. The following extract from an old newspaper clipping dated 1910 is descriptive of the services offered at the Brayton Commercial stores:

"All Roads Lead to Salome: The mining commercial center of the rich mineral districts now opened up by the Arizona and California Railroad; head-quarters for general merchandise, mining supplies, hotel, restaurant, livery and corral. Quartzsite and Ehrenberg staged daily. Private rigs at all times to Quartzsite, Ehrenberg, Parker, Vicksburg, Bouse, Harrisburg, Harquahala and Golden Eagle. Stages to Bill Williams and Colorado River places, to the Harquvars, Plomosa, and Eagle Tail Mountains. For further information, inquire of the Brayton Commercial Company; John B. Martin, E.S. Jones, William Roberts or the Hall brothers."

BEFORE Arizona became a state in 1912, Brayton Commercial Company sold their Bouse and Parker stores. With his share of the profits tucked safely away, Jones began to dream of having a store of his own to manage. In 1916 he withdrew his stock from the company and purchased the Salome store from his associates. Thirty-three years after Jones began his apprenticeship in the mercantile business in Wakefield, Michigan, he stood outside the Brayton Commercial Company store in Saome and watched his name replace that of the company he had helped establish in Arizona. The finished print read: E.S. JONES, GENERAL MERCHANT. It remained that way until the building was destroyed by fire in 1966.



"You can't trust those dad blame stove clerks now a days... He said these boots wouldn't leak."

After 1916 Wickenburg had the only Brayton store operating under its original name. The Wickenburg business operated under financing provided by the remaining stockholders until it was sold to Richard Volk in 1918. Following that date, several owners were associated with it. W.S. Thurber was the last owner of the Brayton store, which continued to carry large variety of supplies, dry goods and groceries.

For many years Wickenburg's weekly newspaper carried a column titled, "Mr. Brayton Says:" The May 18, 1951 column in the Wickenburg SUN read:

"... for instance, Brayton's handles groceries, meats, dry goods, women's clothing, men's clothing, children's clothing, hardware, feed, fertilizer, stock medicine, mining supplies, ammunition, explosives, arms, kerosene, soft drinks, dairy products, luggage, camping goods, first aid supplies, seeds, linoleum, paint, nursery supplies, tobacco, candy, electrical supplies, housewares, pest controls, gasoline and kerosene appliances, picnic supplies and over hundreds of other items..."

In the autumn of 1954 Brayton's discontinued their grocery and meat business in order to expand the dry goods and hardware departments. On July 14, 1966 the Wickenburg SUN confirmed a series of rumors: Brayton's was going out of business, and the old building would house a museum.

W.S. Thurber officially closed the store on July 30, 1966, the same year its twin building in Salome was destroyed by fine. Thurber sold part and contributed part of the historical old structure to the Los Desert Caballeros for the museum. His generous gesture was a fitting farewell tribute to the Brayton Commercial Company's lifetime policy of maintaining a warm and concerned interest in the affairs of the communities it served.

The museum, officially known as the Maricopa County Historical Society, housed many articles depicting Arizona's early territorial years as well as Wickenburg's exciting past. Late in December 1972, however, the building and its irreplaceable artifacts, antiques, and photographs were destroyed by fire.

Today a fine new museum known as the Desert Caballeros Western Museum stands on the old site, and because of it, the colorful story of the Brayton Commerical Company stores which spanned six decades of Arizona history will be preserved.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher, whose address is usually given in parentheses directly following the title of the book. Checks must be made payable to the publisher, not to us.

BUFFALO BILL

Buffalo Bill, His Family, Friends, Fame, Failures, and Fortunes by Nellie Snyder Yost (Swallow Press, 811 West Junior Terr., Chicago, Ill. 60613, 500 pages, $17.50 hardcover, 9½ x 6½ inches).

This huge new book on William F. Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, is unique in that the author focuses on the personal life of Cody, who was born in Iowa in 1846. The book is not simply a rehash of worn legends, but rather an honest and accurate account that has been thoroughly researched.

As the author writes in her introduction, she hopes that the work will "fill in a wide gap in the life of this complex and colorful man and that of his family." The author, who lives in North Platte, Nebraska, has paid much attention to Cody's thirty-five years in the same community.

The book is very readable, interesting, is illustrated and nicely produced. The author's notes are included along with a good bibliography and index. The book is a notable contribution to the biography of W.F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody Recommended.

QUARTER HORSES

The Quarter Running Horse by Robert M. Denhardt (University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, Okla. 73019, 302 pages, $20.00 hardcover, 7½ x 10½ inches).

Robert Denhardt has sifted through legend, word of mouth tales, and little-known records to uncover the true story of the origins and evolution-by-breeding of the American Quarter Running Horse. This beautifully produced book looks at the breed's beginning in 1607 with the earliest importations in the colonies and then traces the development of the Quarter Horse through crossing with Indian ponies and horses of other blood. He carries the story of the horse to the 1940's and the beginning of modern short horse racing.

This book should become an indispensable reference work in the library of every Quarter Horse owner and breeder and every other person who loves horses in the West.

The book is illustrated with black and white photographs and includes not only a bibliography and index but an interesting essay on source materials used in preparing the study. The author, who for many years was editor of the *Western Horseman* magazine in Colorado, mow makes his home in California. Highly recommended.

BACA COUNTY

A Place Called Baca County Colorado by Ike Osteen (available from the author, 380 Kansas St., Springfield, Colo. 81073, 200 pages plus, $10.75 hardbound, 5½ x 8½ inches).

Readers of Ike Osteen's stories will be happy to learn of this new book containing more true stories of Ike's family and friends. They touch on events occurring between 1909 and the dust bowl days of the 1930's.

The author not only dedicates this book to his wife and their three daughters, but to "anyone who has ever milked a cow, slopped a hog, gathered an egg, pulled a well, harnessed a mule, saddled a horse or lived on a farm or ranch." That's a hint of the author's down to earth style and the nature of his many stories.

The book is highly readable. Fans of Ike Osteen's stories will undoubtedly want to add a copy of this book to their libraries. Recommended.

COWBOYS TODAY

Cowboys of the High Sierra by Peter Perkings (Northland Press, P.O. Box N, Flagstaff, Ariz. 86002, 141 pages, $19.50 hardcover, $12.50 paperback).

This is a modern-day cowboy book about cowboys who are raising cattle in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The author writes in his preface that he wants to "portray the cowboy as he really exists." To do this, he took his camera and tape recorder into the Sierra Nevada range to capture the cowboy's life as it is today. The author has done his job well.

Perkings sets the stage by presenting a mini-history of cowboys and cattle in his introduction. He then presents word and picture essays of sixteen modern day cowboys with names like Mark Dalton, Pat Cline, Sandy Kemp, Bob Swandt, Buck Elton, Richard Rudnick and Billy.

The photographs — most of them in color — and the word picture painted in the reader's mind by author Perkings makes this a fine book that should be of interest to anyone who enjoys reading about cowboys, past or present. Recommended.

PIONEER PREACHERS

Pioneers and Preachers: Stories of the Old Frontier by Robert William Mondy (Nelson-Hall Publishers, 111 N. Canal St., Chicago, Ill. 60606, 268 pages, $21.95 hardcover, $10.95 paperback).

The title of this new book only hints at the flavor and color of pioneer Americans that fill this delightful book. The author, a retired history professor at Louisiana Tech University, spent seven summers visiting eight major libraries in the U.S. gathering stories about pioneer preachers and their lives. He also searched through old church records and letters to locate stories.

Mondy found that the itinerant preacher who traveled the frontier in search of "lost souls" provided a wonderful description of the pioneer people and the conditions under which they lived. The book contains stories of real people and incidents. Some concern outlaws, vigilantes, and Indians. Others deal with pioneer medicine and health care or the drabness of pioneer diet and shelter. The problems of travel, manners, and emotional frontier sermons also are related in many stories. Notes and a good index are included. Recommended.

LINCOLN COUNTY, KANSAS

Lincoln — That County In Kansas by Dorothe Tarrence Homan (available from Delmar C. Homan, 705 W. State St., Lindsborg, Kan. 67456, 389 pages, $14.84 hardcover postpaid, 6 x 9 inches).

This recently published history of a prominent Kansas county located in the central part of the Sunflower State is worth of note for two reasons. First, it is a fine example of how a county history can be written and produced. Second, it contains a wealth of information on the events relating to the Indian problems and the settlement of one portion of the Great Plains.

The author tells the story of Lincoln County and the people who have lived there in twelve chapters covering the period 1673 through 1978.. Dorothe Tarrence Homan, one-time head

(Continued on page 59)

Pa Was a Fiddlefoot

By ADA CAIN CHISHOLM
Edited by RUTH L. SILLIKER
Photos provided by author

Explanatory note: John Cain was a true fiddlefoot, dragging his long suffering wife and family across the country in 1895. The dream — following the tantalizing rainbow — was more important to him than realization of the dream.

My mother Annie passed away without fulfilling her promise to record the Cain's family's trek over the Old Oregon Trail — those exciting stories that filled my childhood years. She had inherited her father John Cain's gift for story telling but I'd always thought she embroidered things just a bit for the dramatic effect. However, when I sought out my 94-year-old Aunt Ada, the last member of my mother's family, her story proved amazingly like the one my mother had told. The difference lay in the point of view. Mother's memories were laced with nostalgia and the adventure of those days. Aunt Ada's reminiscences were more realistic. She spoke of the privations, her mother's anguish and courageous attempts to forge a home for the family. — Ruth L. Silliker

I WAS BORN at Springfield, Prince Edward Island, August 1, 1885 on a farm my Grandfather Moreshead gave my mother Sophia when she married John Cain. It was fifty acres of the old Moreshead place. My grandfather made a wedding gift of a farm to all his children, but he especially wanted to keep Sophia — his youngest and favorite — nearby. It didn't work out exactly as Grandpa planned.

Pa was twenty-five when he came to the Island to visit his three sisters. He'd been a ship's carpenter — traveled 'round the world twice. His sisters told him a Mr. Moreshead was looking for a carpenter to build a church. Pa built it alone and it's still sound and true. When he met Sophia Moreshead and fell in love, his sisters got their wish to keep him home — for awhile.

Poor Pa. He wasn't cut out to be a farmer — should never have left the sea. It wasn't long before he sold the farm, moved us to O'Leary Station and bought a small store. Folks there filled his head with tales of all the money a first-class carpenter could make in the States. We were in O'Leary only one year when Pa got the itch to move on. Annie was a baby when we moved to Boston.

We'd barely unpacked when Pa announced we were going to Springfield, farther west in the state. He bought an acre of land there on Water Street, near the railroad.

Springfield was home. Pa built us a lovely house and had our furniture shipped from the Island, except for some china. Ma left it with one of her sisters for fear it'd break in shipment.

We were in Springfield for near seven years. Pa had pneumonia that last winter and all us kids had the measles. When Pa got well, he couldn't find work and got to staying downtown, talking. He loved to spin yarns about his sailing days and he could always find an audience.

At right: The Cain family in 1902. Below: The wagons roll their way to Ft. Bridger.

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society, Portland

He loved to make a trade, sight unseen. To Pa anyplace was a prize as long as it took quite a while to get there.

I could see he was firing up over tales of cheap land out West but it was a shock when he told us we were going to Nebraska. I can still see my mother's face. Pa had traded our house, sight unseen, through a land agent, for a 100-acre ranch in Nebraska. He pinned a big map on the kitchen wall and every night he'd drill us in a geography lesson.

It looked a long way off to me. I was always the worrier. "Pa's little worrier" he called me. I wondered if we'd ever see Gramma and Grampa again. Annie was just a little thing and danced with excitement. Ma packed her nice furniture and shipped it on ahead.

NEBRASKA — a sorry place — a sorry place. We went by train most of the way. Pa took us to see places along the journey — for our education, he said. Our furniture was piled up outside the train station when we arrived in Nebraska. Pa hired two wagons to take us and the furniture the last twelves miles to our ranch.

RANCH! Twelve miles of nothing but prairie grass, not a tree in sight all the way out from town. It was 100 acres, all right, 100 acres of nothing but more prairie. Scary — like being at the end of the world, looking over the edge. The other wagon stopped and the driver called, "Everyone out! Here we are!"

Pa said, "You sure this is the right place? Where's the house?"

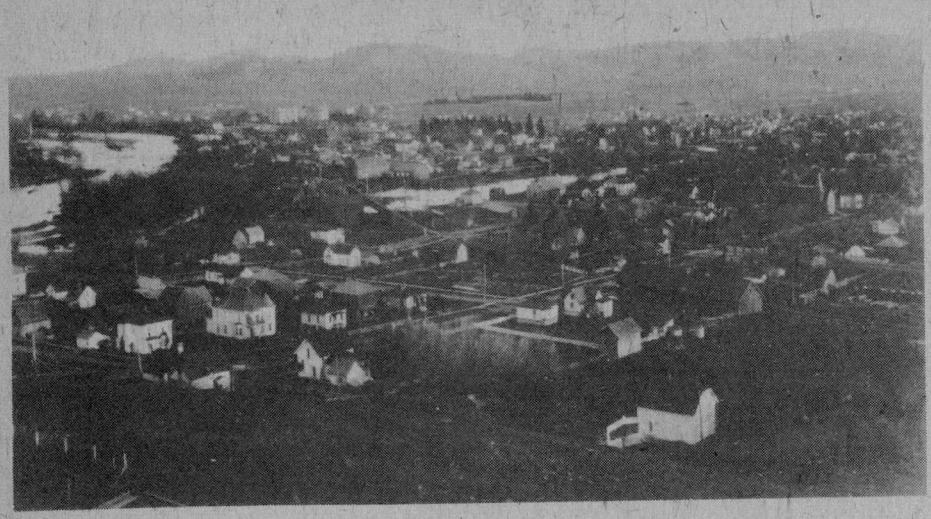
"Dunno nothing about a house. Last folks lived here built that dugout over there after the roof collapsed on their soddie."

We kids were happy to climb down and unbend, but I noticed Pa looking solemn and Ma was very, very quiet. It was a dugout, for real. A room 6' by 14' dug out of the side of a hill. The roof was made of brush, then a mat of prairie grass and, over all, layer of thick sod. No windows and no regular door.

"We can't live in that burrow, John, like a bunch of prairie dogs!" Ma exclaimed, and I know she felt like crying. I can still smell that damp earthen floor. We swatted bugs and swept out the cobwebs. The man from town helped Pa stack the crates of furniture outside.

There wasn't any water on the land. Pa got a water witch to come out. They dug down 100 feet or more — finally gave up. Pa had to haul water in barrels from a neighbor's fifteen miles away. Ugh, that water! It was rusty. Smelled and tasted awful, but any kind of water was precious.

You have to live through a sandstorm to ever appreciate them. The wind was always blowing on the prairie. You never got used to it. One night



Eugene, Oregon, no date.

Photo above and below courtesy Oregon Historical Society, Portland.

it got worse and started screaming. The sand poured through every crack, and always that screaming wind. When sand began to fill the doorway and the roof started to groan, Pa and the boys climbed out and shoveled sand all through the storm. That did it. My folks had their fill of Nebraska. They weren't going to risk any more disasters like the Grasshopper Year of '74 or the Children's Storm of '88 that people still talked about.

Pa heard a wagontrain would pass in a few weeks, headed for Oregon. He went into town, traded the ranch for a prairie schooner, two horses, a mule and a harness. There was no room for Ma's furniture — we'd never uncrated most of it — but she insisted on taking her four-poster bed. Pa laid it on the floor of the wagon, feather mattress on top.

And we took farm tools, a shotgun, gunpowder, Pa's tool chest, a medicine box — Ma was a marvel with herbs — cooking things. Oh, yes, Ma won another battle. The boys tied her butter churn outside the wagon, alongside the water cask.

Our first day on the Trail was a delight to us three little girls. Annie, blessed with the gift of making friends easily, soon knew the name of the other families with the train. They were mostly sodbusters like ourselves. Mr Coogan, in the lead wagon, had gone over the Trail before but the rest were greenhorns, like Pa.

Pa and the boys had made our schooner taut and shipshape as they could. Pa said we might be the last emigrant train to take the Trail, that year of 1895, and he was going to Oregon with flags flying.

Nobody was sorry to bid goodbye to the old Platte when the Trail led off by the Sweetwater to South Pass and on to Soda Springs.

We children looked forward to reaching Soda Springs and setting up camp. Tales of the water — potent enough to raise bread or make lemonade with a bit of sugar — had whetted our appetites and our curiosity.

We knew the points of the Trail from Pa's geography lessons: Fort Hall and the Snake River, Fort Boise, the Blue Mountains, the Barlow Road and the Cascades. It seemed like an awful long way to Oregon.

When the Train made camp for the night was the pleasantest time of the day. Families gathered around fires — children and dogs ran free — and the men swapped tales. Pa shone at these times with his yarns of foreign ports.

Mr. Coogan roused the camp at the first finger of dawn. He was anxious to get us moving across the desert. One morning Pa was on the reins, the horses stepping lively, when a wheel suddenly splintered. He told Mr. Coogan to go on, that we'd catch up.

Mr. Coogan hated to leave us, but Pa had his carpenter tools handy and we had plenty of water, so the train went on.

Pa and the boys removed the wheel, but it wasn't to be an easy task. Four spokes had split beyond repair. Pa had to use Ma's bed posts to make some new ones. The only thing she said when he told her was, "Oh, John! It's all we've got left from home."

Pretty soon Pa tugged at his black beard, a familiar mannerism that told us children he was troubled. We heard him say, "Soph, we're going to be out here longer than planned. May have to use the rest of the bed for firewood. There's nothing but sage in this godforsaken country."

Our poor mother didn't have much time to dwell on the loss of her bed, because it was about then that we discovered we had lost all our water. The cask had sprung a leak.

We did have plenty of raw potatoes to munch on and Pa figured we were only about two days from a station. So he and Fred and Johnnie got busy with the wheel and the rest of us tried to stay out of the way. It was a pretty bedraggled family that finally caught up

Oregon's Mt. Hood.

with the train, camped by the side of the Snake River.

"We'll ford the river at the ferry landing tomorrow," Mr. Coogan told Pa. The ferry didn't look like much, little more than an oversized raft, but the ferryman bragged that it was the only safe way to cross.

Wagon No. 5 was driven by a nineteen-year-old boy from Nebraska. His folks had begged him to stay home but Oregon fever had bit him. This boy took the wild idea of swimming his horses over. He let out a whoop, horses and wagon shot into the swift current, and the schooner floated. Everybody was still shouting encouragement when the boy and horses vanished. The old Snake River had claimed another victim. One by one the wagons silently passed the spot. The grown-ups gazed straight ahead and we children kept quiet.

The Blue Mountains lay ahead to be reckoned with. One minute there were no mountains; then suddenly, the foothills began in earnest. We were surrounded by walls of rock where only a finger of sunlight filtered through. Horses and oxen picked their way carefully and we did too. Katie and Ada would place one foot before the other, but the boys walked beside the horses, holding their heads up and eyes straight ahead. Ma and Pa rode on the wagon seat.

The June sun had been warm when we started through those mountains but now sheets of ice were all over the canyon walls. My fingers and nose almost froze. A late spring storm had left three-foot drifts. If it hadn't been for Mr. Coogan we would never have got through that pass.

We had only one more set of mountains to cover — the Cascades. The old Barlow Road over Mt. Hood was supposed to be fine traveling, Pa said. Even Mr. Coogan was in a good mood. The trip was almost over.

Crossing Mt. Hood was scary to me but we made it and a river ran through it, and there were little neat farms everywhere.

Pa swung Ma round and round and let out a whoop. "Well, Soph — children — our shoes are gone, our clothes are worn out and we've got exactly 32¢ left," Pa said, "but we made it — by God — we made it!"

It was easy to adjust to Oregon. Fruit was free for the picking. Pa got a house for us in exchange for running a small sheep farm for a retired doctor. A year in Willamette Valley found us girls plumped out, and the boys full grown. And we had a new baby, William, to play with.

Ma was the first to sense Pa's growing restlessness when he kept talking of Eugene, a city to the south on the Willamette River. It was no surprise when Pa said, "Sophia, we came out here, went through a lot of hardships, so's we could have land of our own. We're not going to get it working for someone else for our keep. What do you say we move on to Eugene?"

It was love at first sight. Eugene was more like home than any place we'd seen — pretty streets with white houses — Mill Creek flowing through town — the Willamette River on the outskirts. Pa found an elderly couple in need of a family to manage their farm situated on a small island. He bargained for a fine home and half the milk check in return for labor. We children reveled in the freedom of island life, rowing to the mainland to school, sprinting for the old wharf when the river steamer's whistle announced its weekly stop.

"I'll race you to the rowboat!" I remember Annie yelling on the first day of school. "Last one there's a skunk!"

Those were good days — happy days — the best of times in Eugene. The farm and Pa's carpenter work would soon supply enough money to realize the family dream. Unfortunately, the old couple who hired Pa died within a month of each other. The heirs took over and we had to move.

Home now was a small town on the coast named Julia, present site of Glendale. Pa and the boys found work in the sawmill. Pa also took up a homestead of 300 acres — $3 an acre — in the big timber, the only requirement being that he spend three months each year on it for three years.

The first two passed and the future looked bright but one night we returned home from a nearby town named Florence to find our house burned to the ground. Why Pa didn't stay and rebuild — with only three months of homesteading left on the timberland — is still a mystery. Maybe the fire provided the fiddlefoot's itching feet with a convenient excuse. Whatever the reason, Pa put the family, and what few belongings we had left from the fire, aboard a lumber vessel bound for San Francisco.

The stay in San Francisco was of short duration, too. The city was full of Chinese willing to work for 25¢ a day. Pa decided he'd been born fifty years too late. He turned his back in the promise of the West and set his sights toward home.

In 1902 — after fifteen years of wandering — the Cain family returned to Prince Edward Island — the circle complete. Outwardly, Pa presented the picture of a contented farmer but the same restlessness lurked in his eyes, and his ears heard the "beat of a different drummer." Pa was a fiddlefoot.

CHINESE SLAVE GIRLS

By ETHEL BANGERT

Illustrated by Flora Jean Ball

TERRIFIED black eyes peered between the rusty bars of the "crib" which looked like a cage and was. The girl stared up at a middle-aged sailor who lurched a little closer when the young voice falteringly got out the chant she had been forced to learn — the price and extent of her services.

Meanwhile, another Oriental sister, a "small foot" beautiful and slim, dressed in brocade and beads, simpered up at her customer in a far more opulent setting in San Francisco's Chinatown.

Both were slaves. One had been kidnapped in Hong Kong at the age of thirteen from her wealthy loving parents; the other had been sold at eight by her gambling father for twenty-five Hong Kong dollars.

Both had been brought into San Francisco at the turn of the century as "daughters" of Chinatown merchants who knew that, in time, the value of such merchandise could range from four thousand to ten thousand dollars, American money.

It was this type of cruel flesh trade that lovely Donaldina Cameron fought against for forty years. Fought furiously right up to the year 1935 which saw the end of the heartbreaking business.

Donaldina was known as "Lo Mo" (Good Mother) to the rescued girls but as "Fahn Qui" (She Devil) to the men of Chinatown who hated her for spoiling their game. Countless times she was marked for death. Effigies were hanged, dynamite planted, yet nothing could stop her. Over the years she was credited with rescuing thousands of female slaves from the brothels and sweatshops.

Donaldina was a shy young woman of Scottish ancestry, born in New Zealand and raised in Southern California, who went to work for a rescue mission known as the "House on the Hill" and later called "Cameron House." It was and is owned by the Presbyterian Church. It stood on the edge of Chinatown and today its weathered brick walls, originally erected in 1894 and rebuilt after the earthquate, still enclose all manner of activity — classes and club meetings.

From the first day Donaldina worked at the mission she tried to save these wasted lives. Unscrupulous owners claimed the girls were wives or daughters and frequently, at first, the police ignored what was going on. Later, even lawyers contributed their services without payment to prevent the girls' being returned to the slave traffic. Many faithful and skilled physicians also helped. The aristocratic young woman, with the spark of humor that was never long out of her gray-brown eyes, always seemed to see the comedy as well as the tragedy of her battle against the highbinder dens.

San Francisco police, in the early days, might have winked at the practice of buying and selling women in the alleyways of Chinatown, but Donaldina did not wink. She took one look and her blood boiled at what she saw. Armed with only an umbrella and police whistle, she fought to destroy the horrible system — often literally yanking slaves from the hands of their owners.

Once the girls were safely in the mission, she saw to it that they (and often their babies) were sheltered and cared for like daughters. Thus she earned the name Lo Mo — and she was a good mother. Donaldina Cameron patiently nursed those who were ill; she fought for them in court; she educated them so they could return to China as teachers or housekeepers and, occasionally, she found good husbands for them.

She was known to break down doors, to crash through skylights with the police who accompanied her, and otherwise fight the existence of slavery. In 1968, when beloved Donaldina Cameron died at the age of ninety-eight, she was honored by her city and credited with rescuing thousands of these pathetic young people.

THE DESCRIPTION of one raid will show how most were carried out. A frightened little girl raced to the House on the Hill one rainy night and pounded on the door. Tearfully she demanded to see Lo Mo, stating that three of her companions were being beaten in an old building in the heart of Chinatown.

Donaldina called for help and sternly demanded of the officers before they set out, "I want this girl taken into protective custody tonight, before we go for the others." As always, her compassion making her fierce, the police did as she asked and then accompanied her on the dangerous raid that was to lead them to the old building. Donaldina was afraid that the children's captors — as had happened so many times before — would spirit them away by some secret passage or hide them somewhere in an almost airtight container. She had seen the merchants use any type of underground strategy to keep their valuable "goods" from falling into the She Devil's hands.

"How can we get in without chopping down the door and alerting the owners?" Donaldina whispered. One officer recalled the building had a skylight. He did not believe it was locked at night but only pulled shut. Placing a two by four over the skylight and using a rope to drop into the building, he lowered himself silently into the eerie blackness of the room, not knowing if he would feel a knife in his back at any moment.

Silently he opened the front door and Donaldina slipped into the ghostliness. She was accompanied by the other officer. They searched but could find no one. Then Donaldina noticed that the rug at one end of the room seemed slightly crooked as the officer flashed his light around it. She lifted a corner of the rug and saw a trap door. When the officers opened it they saw suspended from ropes a huge fish box holding three terrified little girls.

The officers lifted them out and soon they were in the weathered brick mission, warm and fed and at least safe for the moment. Such refugees had to be guarded constantly for the owners would try in every way possible to recapture them.

This raid was only one of hundreds challenging the practice of forcing Oriental children into slavery. It took all the courage and steadfastness the mission workers could muster, since the lawless Chinese (abetted by corrupt white men) warned their captives that Fahn Quai would torture them and feed them poisoned food if they ran to her for protection.

NO ONE can calculate the number of agents who operated in China to provide slaves to the grim bondage that went on in this country. These men searched out the children in remote farming communities, or kidnapped them, or sometimes, if necessary, bought them from fathers whose debts demanded they take this "easy" way out of their troubles. Frequently the very young girls were forced to work hard in the homes of the mer-

Was Donaldina Cameron "Fahn Qui" or "Lo Mo" — She Devil or Good Mother?

chants as household help, until they were of an age to be put on the line. Their owners burned them, beat them, abused them. By the time Donaldina rescued them, if she ever did, the mental state of the children was pitiful, indeed.

Donaldina Cameron was well aware of the many fine Chines people in this country who, then as now, formed traditional family groups and ran legitimate businesses. Their children became good Americans and important members of San Francisco's business world. These people, from the first, supported the dedicated woman from the House on the Hill and often honored her for befriending abused young people of their race. At the end of Donaldina's life they were still helping her extend her crusade as far as their homeland, China, with money and concern.

When she became head of the rescue mission, Donaldina had to fight City Hall and even the Federal Government's immigration authorities to gain time until her "daughters" could be prepared to take up their lives as housekeepers or teachers in China. The impressive list of Chinese girls who had done this, when they were returned home, carried a great deal of weight with the authorities. Eventually they were only too glad to cooperate with Lo Mo when she stated her temporary wards had to be taught reading, sewing and cooking; for without legal entry papers, they could be deported, and in time be captured again to return to what Donaldina termed "that unfortunate trade."

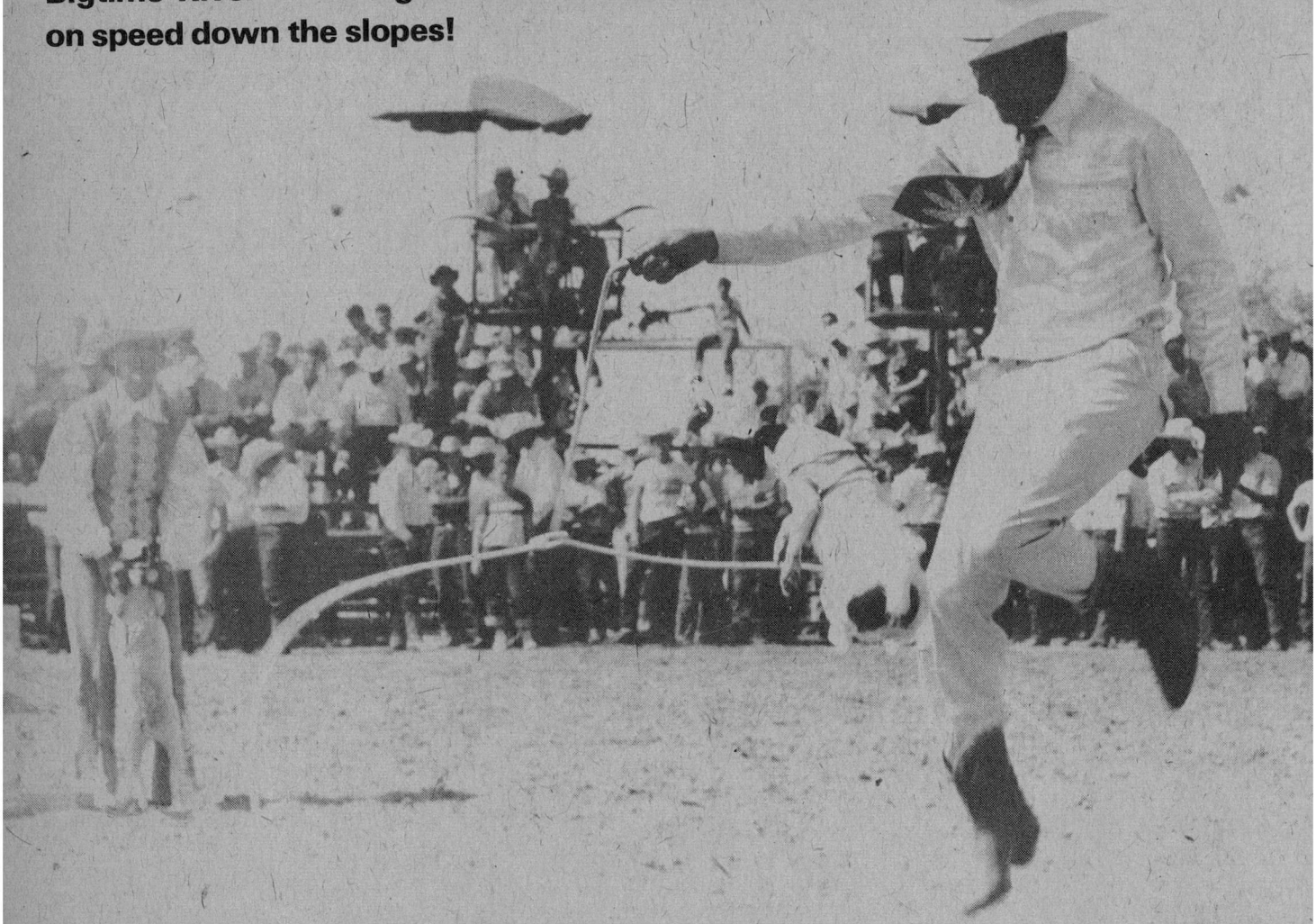
She made up all manner of reasons for delay in their deportation: A little girl was too ill to travel alone just at the time a ship was set to sail with her aboard; or the papers would be in order for her at a later date; or her family could still be searching for her in China and members of the overseas branch of the mission were aiding in the hunt. Her plea was always "a little more time — just a little more time." Donaldina knew that even a slight extension would often allow her to turn an unprotected girl's life around so she could become a respected member of society — not an outcast.

This devoted woman, frail in appearance but with a soldierly bearing, always dressed in perfect taste, and with an air of quiet defiance, fought in courts, police stations, old farmhouses — anywhere a girl's future was at stake.

At last, Lo Mo or Fahn Qui, with the muscle of the San Francisco police department behind her (in the beginning the general attitude was "as long as the Chinese don't stir up too much dust, let them handle their own affairs") saved more and more from enslavement. However, this did not happen, until the trade in women and opium had led to so many bloody hatchet wars between the six powerful tongs that California authorities were grateful for any help the mission could give. San Francisco was not Donaldina's only hunting ground for the abused. She traveled from Marysville to Los Angeles or anywhere else if a grim tale of oppression reached her ears, and the enormous profits of the owners made such news reach them often. She always said, "I love these girls. I must go anywhere the call comes, from one who would be free."

Was Donaldina Cameron a compassionate and courageous missionary or an interfering spoilsport? A Lo Mo or a Fahn Qui? You decide.

Her life was a little like a brook finding its way to the Bigtime River — easing around the boulders, taking on speed down the slopes!



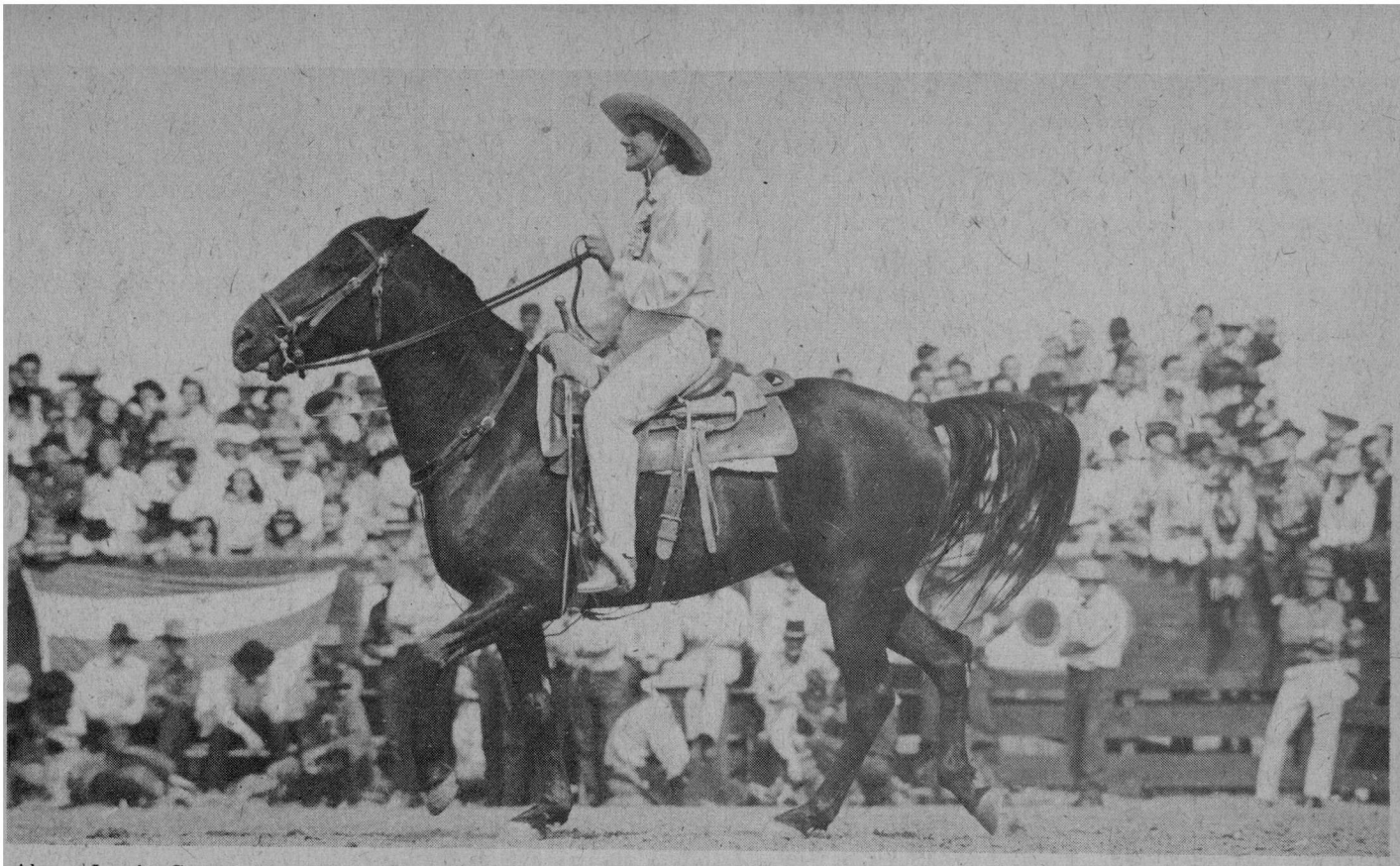
JUANITA GRAY --ENTERTAINER

Author's Note: I, as a former rodeo contestant, knew Juanita and Weaver Gray and often worked the same rodeos with them. Juanita is a member of Rodeo Historical Society; Circus and Entertainers Guild; 101 Ranch Cowboys Association; she is in the Cowboy Hall of Fame, and is an R.C.A. and Gold Card holder. She belongs to the Actors and Stage Guild; Turtles C.T.A.; and Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association.

Until July 1979, the last time I had seen Juanita was in 1937 in Akron, Colorado. Recently I traveled to Mansfield, Texas to renew our friendship. My opinion of her: Greatest Cowgirl Ever! This kind lady, in her 82nd year, still will play the piano for you — or do a soft-shoe dance.

"FRONTIER DAYS" in Old Cheyenne, started back in 1897, is internationally known as the "Daddy of 'Em All." Cowboys and cowgirls from all over the world have taken part in this annual celebration. Juanita and Weaver Gray were regular participants, Juanita for 12 years furnishing all contract acts. She herself was a trick rider; her husband Weaver was a trick roper and all-around showman.

When the talented Cy Tallion took the mike in his hands to introduce the performers, and the old sprinkler wagon went down the track in front of a well-filled grandstand wetting the dust down, the crowd knew it was in for some excitement. Juanita Gray, on her jet black horse, would take a bow directly in front of the audience. Wearing the colorful wardrobe of so many trick riders of those days, this small, talented rider performed death-defying feats of horsemanship. She could do every trick known on the back of a speeding horse. She was a crowd pleaser. She always wore a smile. This cowgirl was Mrs. Showlady Deluxe.



Above: Juanita Gray and her dancing horse, "Smokey." At the Reno, Nevada rodeo, 1939. At left: Weaver and Juanita Gray performing in Greeley, Colorado, July 4, 1951.

Juanita Gray was born in 1897 at Rockwall, Oklahoma, and christened Johnnie Almeda Monica Lindsay. Her family moved to Chickasha when she was two years old. At age eleven, she began singing and changed her name to Juanita.

Juanita's life was song. She sang daily. When she couldn't sing to an audience, she sang to herself in front of a mirror. She used facial expressions to emphasize the lyrics. She had brown snappy eyes, dimples, light brown hair, and she knew she had been born to entertain people.

During the years of her childhood, the only available work for most youth in Oklahoma was in the fields, picking and hoeing cotton for a daily wage of fifty cents. That was not for Juanita. Her father was a musician. He had played cornet in the John Philip Sousa Band. With the help of her father, and good teaching from her mother, she first appeared on stage at the Texas State Fair in Dallas. Walking out, carrying her mother's purse, and dressed in the fashion of that year, she sang one song and that one song set the pattern in her life.

Seldom did any unknown performer have an agent. Juanita sang on stage at theaters then called nickelodeons. She was paid a small salary. During daylight hours, this little girl sang at Woolworth's Five and Dime Store at the sheet music counter for donations only. Her first nightclub appearance was at Fort Worth, then on to the Hippodrome in Dallas, always chaperoned as she was under legal age.

Juanita's first real job was with the Harley Sadler Repertoire Group, a traveling tent show which brought music, drama and comedy to the small

By DON BELL
Photos provided by author

Lineup of Juanita Gray's troupe of trick riders, ropers, etc., at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Left to right: Jean Allen, the two Miller brothers (sons of verteran rodeo stock contractor/producer, Clyde Miller), Juanita Gray, Weaver Gray, Buff Brady, Jr., Chet and Juanita Howell, Cecil Cornish, and Margie Roberts (sister of Ken and Gerald Roberts), and an unidentified clown.

Above: This is the way Weaver and Juanita would enter the arena during a show. Below: Velda Tindale (Smith).

Western towns. Back then show girls were generally thought of as loose, wild, and wanton. It simply wasn't true. Juanita carried a Bible and read it regularly. As many as four performances daily kept the Sadler girls too busy to get in trouble. They sewed and made their own wardrobes. They were constantly on the road.

ALL show people swore by *Billboard Magazine*, a publication listing every kind of entertainment there was, who was booked, and where they were performing. One evening in 1926 as Juanita was leafing through a copy, she saw that her childhood sweetheart from Chickasha, Oklahoma, who was by then a Wild West Circus performer, was showing nearby at Gary, Indiana. Anxious to see home folks, she dropped everything and went to Gary. It had been years since the two had seen each other, but that fall they were married.

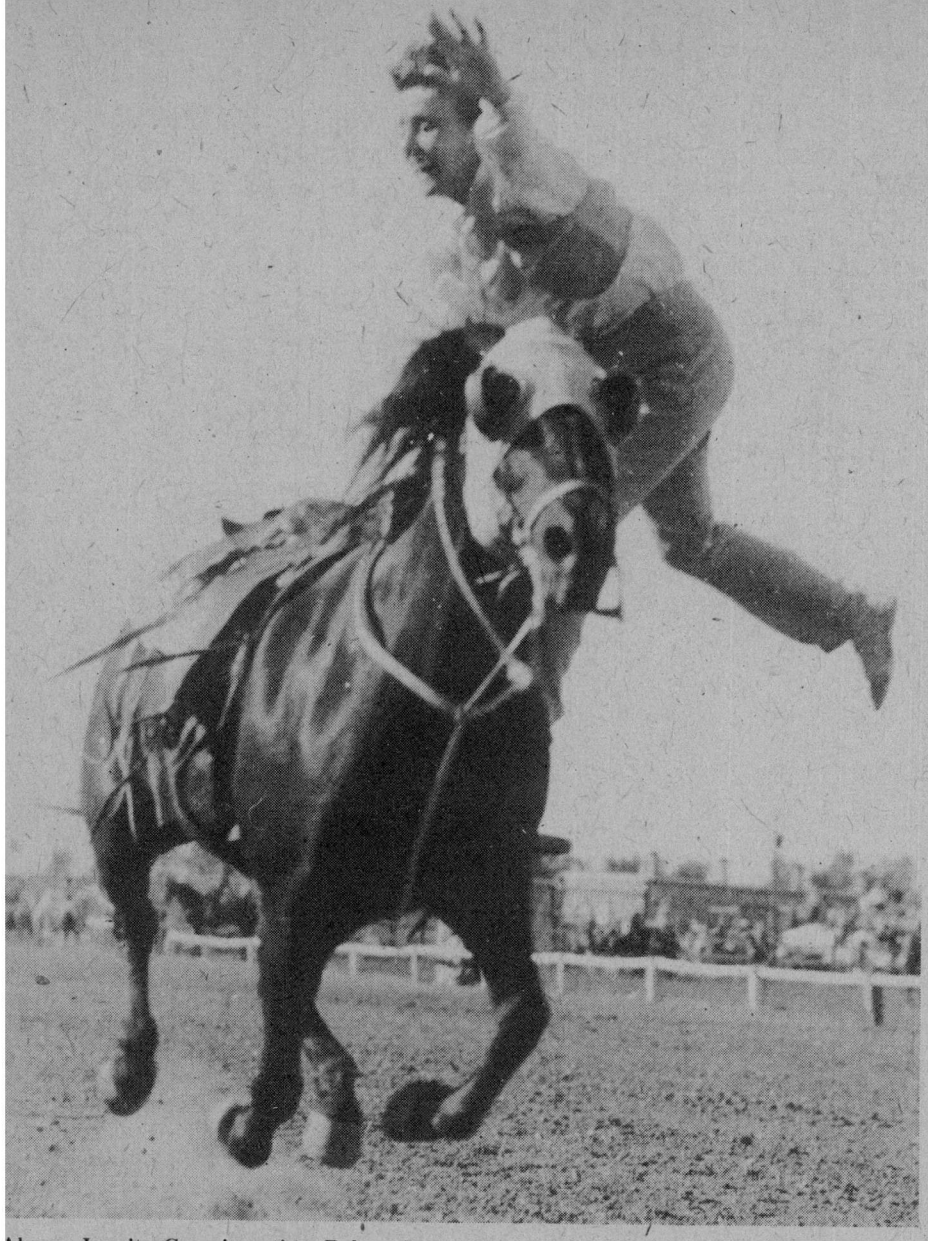
Weaver was a native son of Oklahoma, born in 1892 before the Territory was admitted to statehood. As a young boy he had sneaked in to see a Wild West Show, had seen a trick roper in action, and his life was cut out that night. He was going to be a roper.

"Pawnee Bill's Wild West" came to Chickasha in 1902, set up their tent and showed for two days. Admission was twenty-five cents. The country around Chickasha was Wild West in itself, the natives lived it every day, but they went to see Pawnee Bill.

Weaver and his brother Avery had ridden in to see this show. They didn't have a nickel to their names but they were determined to get inside the tent and they made it without being caught. These boys were from a poor family. Their father picked up bleached bones on the prairie, hauled them to Lawton and sold them for $1.50 a load. And this was a two-day trip. That $1.50 was spent for flour, syrup, coffee, and bacon.

The Gray family had come into the territory without any funds whatever. They just pitched a tent and squatted on government land. The tent was home. The boys didn't get much schooling, but played with Indian children and could speak their dialect. This was a hard country to live in. Many nights they went to bed hungry.

After Weaver and Avery saw Pawnee Bill's trick and fancy roper perform, both wanted a rope. And to get



Above: Juanita Gray in action. Below: Juanita, second from end on right. While she was with the Sells-Floto Circus in 1932.

that rope they cut down the first clothesline they saw. Then they got on their old mare bareback and rode home.

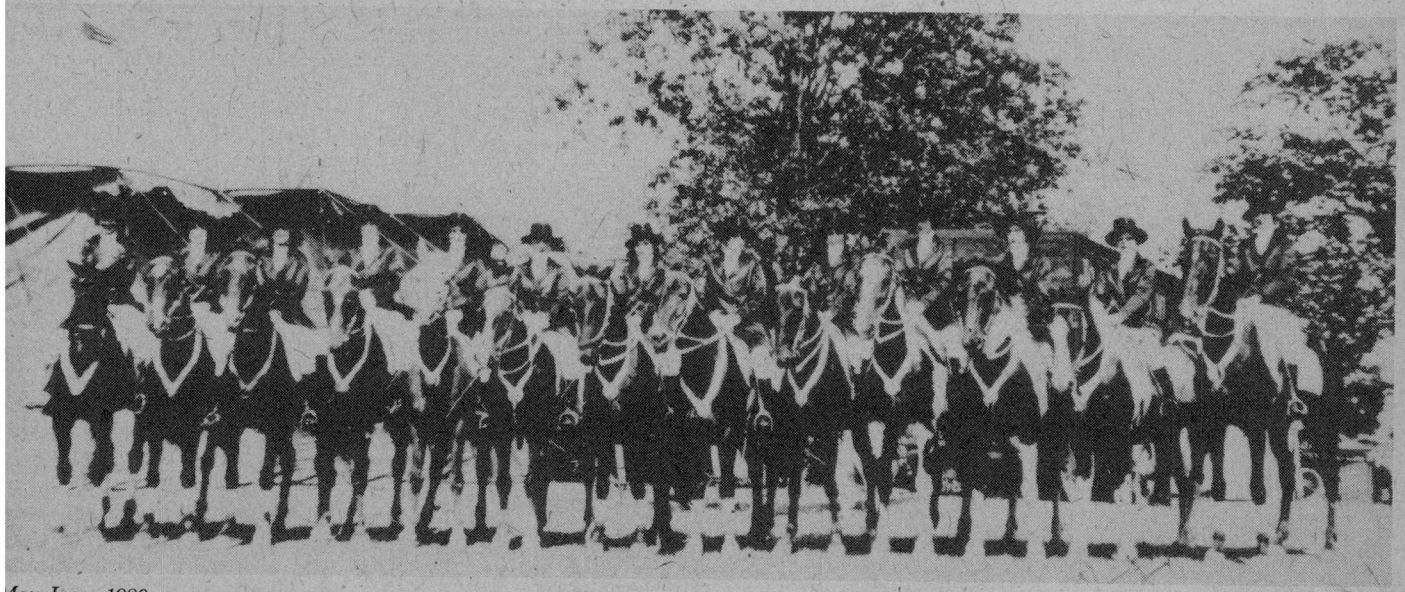
There was no work after they saw that roping exhibition. They were determined to be just like that roper, and they began to practice. Without any instruction at all they had to learn tricks the hard way.

One weekend they got on their old mare and rode into Lawton. Both were barefooted, wearing cut-off home-made pants and old straw hats. (People used to call a straw hat a "Katy" — why I don't know.) When the boys arrived in Lawton they went to the livery barn. That was the place of action. Weaver and Bee Hoo (Avery's lifetime nickname) sat around and admired the fine boots and hats the cowboys wore, then went into town and put on a trick roping exhibition on the street. They took up a collection, and got just a small amount, but "show business" sure beat hell out of chopping cotton. Back to the livery barn they went. Then Weaver rode a bucking horse in the street while Bee Hoo passed the hat. They got enough money to buy each a new rope. They were two happy boys.

After a lot more practice the Gray brothers took their ropes and left home. They went to work for the 101, not in the Miller's Wild West Show, but around the ranch at Bliss.

Colonel Zack Miller saw the boys roping one evening at the bunk-house. Soon both had jobs as ropers on the 101 Ranch Wild West Show. Zack Miller dressed them up in fine clothes and they were launched on a new career.

As the years rolled by the brothers split up. Both favored Circus Wild West because of longer seasons and more money. Weaver and Bee Hoo grew up to be good-sized men through



Weaver said he didn't understand how any boy could grow into a man on a diet of wild plums and pecan nuts, which had been the usual Gray family fare except for Sunday dinner. On Sunday they had opossum.

ONE NIGHT Juanita told her new husband she was taking him to a fancy restaurant where she had ordered a special dinner. When the waiter brought the food, on Weaver's plate was a mound of pecan meats flanked with wild plum jelly. The couple laughed and left.

Juanita gave up "George White Scandals," in which she was appearing, and went on the road with Weaver. The circus was a new life to her. She was considered excess baggage, had idle time on her hands, no work to do. She rode elephants. She experimented with new acts. She liked the circus people and got along great with them but it was hard to be merely an onlooker.

After the circus pulled into winter quarters, Juanita and Weaver went to Marland, Oklahoma, headquarters of the 101 Wild West Show. While there, Juanita started her career as an equestrienne. Being small and lightweight, and with her husband and many 101 cowboys as tutors, she soon found she could ride like the professionals. She met great cowboys on the 101 Show, including the black cowboy Bill Pickett. All of them helped her and soon she was doing trick riding on any kind of horse that was given her.

Joe Miller gave Juanita and her horseman husband a contract for the season. After traveling six weeks for the 101 Wild West, they had a much better offer from the Sparks Circus. Charlie Sparks was the owner. Joe Miller let the riding team of Weaver and Juanita break their contract and go back to Circus Wild West, in which

Above: Tad Lucas. At left: Bill Pickett at Cananea, Mexico in 1906.

Weaver was the "Boss of Cowboys." The Wild West part of any circus was known then as "Concert." This change of contracts came while showing at St. Louis, Missouri.

Now that Juanita was a professional rider, her wages were $10.00 a week. But the couple had a mess tent and their board and room. She was determined to make good. When she would think back to the cotton fields, she worked all the harder. Some of the "greats" in trick riding then were Velda Tindale (who is a neighbor of Juanita today), Tad Lucas, Pauline Nesbitt, and Lucylle Roberts. All were tops in trick riding, and Juanita wanted to be as good as they or better.

Cheyenne, Wyoming held its big rodeo each July. Juanita was to play a big part in that rodeo for 12 years, but she sure didn't know it when she was on the Circus circuit. Later on, beginning in 1939, she would furnish all contract acts at Cheyenne until 1951. Frontier Days in Cheyenne booked just the best in contract acts. The great Chester Byers worked for Juanita Gray. He was then the world's best trick and fancy roper. She booked six trick riders and four trick ropers every year.

JUANITA made at least twenty-eight rodeos annually. As a contract performer, she always had to have several changes of custom-made clothes. "Rodeo Ben, the Tailor" made them. Juanita looked like a movie star, had a wonderful personality, got along with everyone, and was a credit to the profession. During her time in rodeo, she worked for every stock contractor

and producer in the business except Vern Elliott.

Lucylle Mulhall was no doubt the greatest steer roper ever. She contested with the cowboys. Mable Strickland was an all-around top hand also. Another great cowgirl was Bonnie McCarrol. She was killed on a bucking horse at Pendleton, Oregon in 1917. There had been a girls' bucking contest each year, but after Bonnie's death that was abandoned. Mildred Douglas was another "great."

Weaver's brother, Bee Hoo, was at one time a World's Champion Trick Roper. He won the championship from Chester Byers in 1916 at Winnipeg, Canada. There were many great rope artists then. Frank Dean, a top performer, now lives at Palmdale, California. Bill King was another of the old artists with a rope. He was a straight rodeo contestant, roped calves and steers, and most always had a roping contract. He now lives at Kim, Colorado.

Leonard Stroud was an all-around cowboy. Winning the bronc riding at Cheyenne in 1916, he and his wife Mamie were great entertainers. Sammy Garret was no doubt the best of all. He now lives in California. Pauline Nesbitt and Vivian White, lady bronc riders, live in Oklahoma.

Weaver wanted to work a dog into his roping act, so Juanita went to a local pound and picked up a small dog. "Skippy" became a show personality after Weaver taught him to jump in and out of a spinning rope. While Weaver did his "Texas Skip," the dog jumped in and out with him — a very fine act indeed. Weaver had a small book published on dog training which he sold to spectators.

In 1937 the Grays opened at Belle Fourche, South Dakota. They had decided to give up circus life for rodeo, and had worked up a very good act. Juanita rode for Weaver's roping and horse catching, besides her own trick riding. Then Skippy and Weaver did their act. They had left the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus in Chicago to make the Belle Fourche show. Hank Darnell was there that year. Hank was an old 101 Ranch cowboy.

Ted Elder, a daredevil cowboy of that decade, now lives in California. Some of the other greats I remember were Chet Byers, Bobby Calem, Tommy Kirnam, Vern Goodrich, Monte Montana, Louis Tindale, Jack Webb, and Kenneth Williams. But Byers was tops of all ropers in those years.

I've omitted many names in naming great old cowboys and cowgirls. J.W. Stocker and Rex Allen are two who still live on. Both are from the heyday of the Wild West Shows. Junior Askew, who became a great champion, died in 1977 and is buried at Ardmore, Oklahoma.

CERTAINLY Juanita Gray has done her part in the entertainment field. Going from one coast to the other, from one border to another, took many Model-T Fords, and several Model As. Changing a flat tire was nothing to this small lady. Some nights it would be a swanky hotel — hot baths. Next night would be a bedroll laid out in the horse trailer. As the old saying goes, "Chicken today.

(Continued on page 56)

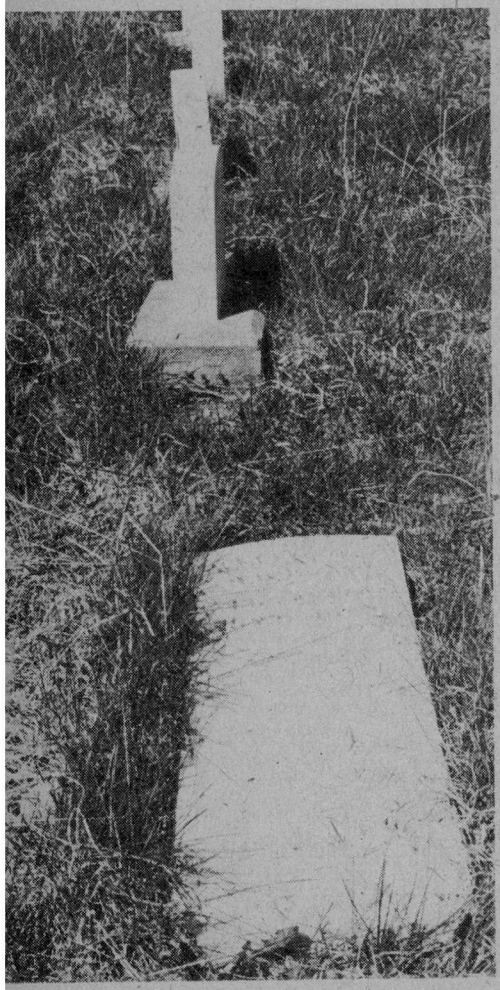
Bill King, trick rope artist, shown at White's Rodeo in Selden, Kansas.

Below: Author, Don Bell

At left: The first burial in Haskell Cemetery was not of a student, but an infant whose parents chose to endure the inadequate conditions of that first semester at Haskell, to insure proper treatment of future students. Bottom, left: The headstone of Cecilia May Fiddler, the last person to be buried in Haskell Cemetery, lies upon the ground, unset.

TRIBES THAT SLUMBER

By YVONNE E. MILLER
Photos provided by author



FORGOTTEN for more than a quarter of a century is a fenced-in square of land just south of 23rd and Learnard Streets in Lawrence, Kansas. The land is government property — a part of Haskell Indian Junior College — but the earth belongs to the tribes that slumber in the graves of what is simply known as "Haskell Cemetery."

It is old, this cemetery, and nowhere amid the four rows of identical markers are any signs of remembrance. No decaying blossoms, no empty vases, nothing but prairie grass adorns the graves of these dead children, and it is hard to imagine that once, long ago, this lonely plot of ground was the scene of solemn and impressive services each year on Memorial Day.

Memorial Day was a demonstration of respect for the dead in which the whole community participated. Easily, the educators at Haskell saw in this ritual a chance to turn the tragedy of death into a course in moral and religious values by initiating a Memorial Day service for the school's own Indian dead.

On the day before Memorial Day, students hunted for flowers in the fields adjoining the school. These were given to the girls to be made into bouquets and wreaths for decorating the graves. At first, not all of the students participated in the services. A selected group of girls, dressed in white gowns of their own handwork, carried the bouquets — one girl for each grave — followed by the boys dressed in black

"Through the still lapse of ages
All that tread
The globe are but a handful
To the tribes that slumber in its bosom."

— William Cullen Bryant

suits (also made by the girls), one or two teachers, and a minister. They marched to the little cemetery early in the morning where the boys stood around the sides of the cemetery and the girls stood by the marker they had chosen to decorate. The June 7, 1901 *INDIAN LEADER*, Haskell's school newspaper, described that year's Memorial. "May 30 was of course a holiday. In the morning soon after breakfast, the little boys and girls marched to the Haskell cemetery carrying the bouquets and wreaths made by the teachers and some of the girls the evening before . . . Upon reaching 'God's acre,' the blossoms were placed upon the graves of the pupils who had grown tired of the battle of life and were gathered to rest while here in school. Then, led by Mr. Peterson, the childish voices rose in song, after which the marched quietly back to the grounds . . ."

As the graves became more numerous so did the number of those who took part. The Lawrence Gazette reported an account of the 1914 services. "From the circle south of the confines of the grounds immediately surrounding the buildings, thence east to the little graveyard on the hillside, alongside the Southern Kansas Tracks, the procession of six hundred and more moved; first, to the stately swing of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' and then, as the cemetery was reached, to slower and more solemn dirge. All passed inside the gate, formed a sort of hollow square around the graves, at the head of each of which stood one of the girls in white with her tribute of flowers; the band played and the school sang 'America'; an invocation was spoken by Chaplain James Lawrence, of Washington Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, and as the band played 'Nearer My God To Thee,' the flowers were strewn in honor and remembrance . . ."

IN the mid-1920s the services dwindled and finally ceased when graduation ceremonies were held before Memorial Day and students left for the summer. The cemetery had few decorations or visitors after that, and the students who came after, unless they heard it from the older folks, never knew about the services or how the little plot of land became an Indian graveyard or why a tiny Cheyenne baby was the first child to be buried on the gentle slope beside the railroad tracks the winter of the first school year at Haskell.

The Indian Training School (later officially designated Haskell Institute) opened on September 1, 1884, despite the warning of Major Haworth, Superintendent of Indian Schools, who, in his annual report to the Commissioner of the Interior, advised a later date "as the danger to the health of pupils in removal from camp and change of habits in the summer heat would be very great." As it turned out, the weather for this particular September was not to be reckoned with.

Professor Snow, later Chancellor of the University of Kansas, was the official weatherman for the local area. His weather report for September revealed a mean temperature of 70 degrees and rainfall amounting to nine inches — the soggiest month in seventeen years. It was hardly hot enough to cause much hardship to anyone — Indian or white — yet the miserable dampness was to be the undoing of that adhesiveness which bound the Indian children to a life style so different from their own.

If the weather seemed disagreeable

A 1913 view of the Haskell Cemetery Memorial Day Services, showing Indian girls stationed behind selected gravestones in preparation of the placing of flowers. The Indian boys line the outside square of the cemetery.

Courtesy Haskell Indian Junior College Library Archives

to those trying to operate the school, the government's refusal to appropriate the necessary funds to complete the buildings must have seemed intolerable, especially to those forced to live there. Still to be installed was the steam heating system, the construction of the cistern, and nearly all the carpentry needed in a laundry and kitchen. Into this setting came the Indian children.

The first students, boys and girls ranging in age from five to twenty, came from the Ottawa, Ponca and Pawnee Agencies. Some of them could speak and understand the white man's language and were familiar with the peculiar manner in which he lived. The others, children from the "camps," were frightened and unsure of what was expected of them. They could not speak English and were not allowed to speak their native tongue at school.

Around the middle of September, some camp Indians arrived at Haskell. "That day saw the arrival of a wagon train bringing forty-two Cheyennes and thirty-six Arapahoes, real camp Indians who could speak no English. They came with their parents, bearing tomtoms and all decked out in war paint and feathers. The parents were given quarters in the girls' building where they were visited with great curiosity by the little English-speaking children of mixed blood from the Kansas Reservations. . ."

These parents not wanting to leave their children in the hands of strangers, and seeking to satisfy their own curiosity about the school, chose to endure the same conditions as the students. Living in stone structures, without heat, without their native foods, without communications, breathing the same damp air, they watched the deterioration begin.

Freezing cold followed the month-long deluge. The wisdom of Major Haworth's recommendation was apparent when the unfinished buildings became unbearable in the premature winter weather. The cold truth remained — there was no heat at the shcool. Oil-burning stoves that were placed in the rooms helped little. When the cold suddenly vanished and it turned warm again, some of the children were already weakened by exposure.

By the 29th of November, through recurring cold and heat waves, workers had managed to connect the steam appliances in the buildings. But one death had occurred — Harry White Wolf, the Cheyenne baby of six months, part of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe party lingering at the school.

CONDITIONS were just as bad, if not worse, in the city of Lawrence. With plenty of fuel for heat and probably a better food supply, the town was still filled with sickness. Deaths from pneumonia and lung ailments were prevalent. There were cases, too, of diphtheria. It is amazing that out of the three hundred students at Haskell, only ten deaths were recorded that first winter — all the victims of pneumonia and lung ailments.

The next five years were disastrous. Conditions went from bad to worse. Money for improvements was meager. Weather and insects caused crop failures. Fires damaged or destroyed buildings and property. Badly needed supplies sometimes never arrived. Sanitary conditions were appalling. There were no sewers. No city water. The population of the cemetery grew to forty-nine.

A miracle seemed in order, and it took the shape of a man whose name was Daniel Dorchester. He came to Haskell in the fall of 1889. His purpose, as Superintendent of Indian Schools, was to investigate reports of unfavorable conditions at Haskell which were pouring into the Washington office. In his report to the Commissioner of the Interior, Dorchester described what he found. "The stores of drugs are abundant; but such drugs! The more the worse. Fifty ounces of quinine on hand is unfit for use; so of some other articles. I found nine patients in the hospital, some quite sick. Scrofula, with consumptive tendencies, is the prevailing disease. One young man, a consumptive, died and was buired while I was there. Seven or eight pupils every day come to the hospital for treatment. Ten have died during the year — six from pneumonia, two of consumption, and two of malaria . . . The food in the hospital is only ordinary rations — army rations — because there is no provision for delicacies. . . Grease from fat pork, with flour stirred in it, is made into a gravy for sick people for breakfast. Surely we are not civilizing sick Indians very fast!"

Money for improvements and needed supplies started arriving soon after Dorchester's investigation. A new Superintendent took over at Haskell and things started looking more promising.

In 1891 a well-equipped hospital was erected with a larger staff of doctors and nurses. In 1893 water was finally piped into the school. It was the shot in the arm that started a giant healing process. Deaths still occurred and burials in the little cemetery were fairly consistent, however, until 1913. Total number of graves: 102.

WHY were the students buried at Haskell? The reasons are vague. Some of them were orphans or outcasts. Some were the victims of the times — inclement weather, inadequate transportation, and awkward communication system. This last, communications, presented some rather interesting complications for the off-reservation government schools.

Superintendents were obliged to maintain communication between students and their parents or relatives by way of the reservation agents. The superintendents relayed students' messages to the respective agents who in turn told the relatives. In turn, the relatives would give their messages to the agents who passed them to the superintendents. Such was the system.

But what sounded simple usually was not. The reservation agent, long the villain in books and movies, was in some instances a truly bad character. He took no great pains to relay important news to the proper persons and found it difficult to take pen in hand and forward messages to the superintendent. When a student became ill enough to be hospitalized and the superintendent deemed it serious, he would immediately notify the agent. In the case of a death, he telegramed the agent regardless of the hour. The urgency stemmed partly from the fact that in order to ship the body to the reservation, relatives were required to make this request to the agent who in turn notified the superintendent.

All of this took time. Frequently the relatives didn't understand the procedure or weren't sure how they could pay the expense of transportation. Actually, they needed no money; the government transported students home, just as they transported them to school. If the relatives didn't understand, it was the fault of the agent. It's incredible that there were agents as uncaring as most books make them out to be, but it's evident in the records of some of those students buried at Haskell, that sometimes messages just weren't received by the family on time — if at all. The records contain hand-written notes of relatives weeks after death and burial, pleading for news or asking for the body to be returned.

THE LAST GRAVE of 1913 exemplifies the problem. Caleb Lew, a full-blood Yuki from the Round Valley Reservation in Covelo, California, had tuberculosis. He told no one, not even his only living relative, a sister, Martha, who lived on the reservation. Like many of the older students of that time, Caleb transferred from his reservation school to Haskell in order to receive industrial training. His medical certificate gave him a clean bill of health at the time he entered on July 16, 1910.

Almost exactly three years later, Caleb was dead. He had been hospitalized only two months. He was first taken to the Haskell hospital in May 1913. Superintendent Wise was informed that Caleb was in serious condition and should be sent home if possible. Wise sent a telegram on May 19 to Caleb's sister (through the agent) giving her the news and asking if he might send Caleb to her. He received no reply.

In the meantime the Washington Office of Indian Affairs telegraphed Wise that he was in violation of their policy regarding tubercular patients by keeping Caleb at the facility in Lawrence. They urged that Caleb be moved to a sanitarium. Wise was in a predicament. Caleb had taken a turn for the worse and couldn't be moved. He wired that to Washington.

On June 10, Wise received a letter from Martha. She had heard that her brother was very ill and she wanted to know why she had not been notified. Wise was quick to respond on June 14 explaining the gravity of Caleb's illness and why he couldn't be moved.

Around the first of July, Caleb's condition improved dramatically and Wise wrote Martha encouragingly. She had asked him to keep her informed. He was doing a valiant job of it. Yet July 9 brought a very discouraging letter to Wise from Martha. She hadn't heard from him — why hadn't he written? Was her brother doing better? Tell her what was going on, please!

In all probability, Wise hadn't yet recovered from the realization that his efforts to communicate with Martha were practically hopeless, when he learned that Caleb had died. It was July 10. Immediately he sent a telegram to the Agent at the Round Valley Reservation. Wise didn't know what to expect. He was on pins and needles, waiting. Nothing happened. The wait became too embarrassing to delay burial any longer.

Wise sent another telegram and proceeded to bury Caleb in the little cemetery. The telegram sent to the agency the night of Caleb's death was never received — so said the agent. Martha was in a state of hysteria. She handn't been told that her brother was that ill. She hadn't been told that he had died. She wanted the body. She accused Wise of depriving her of her rights, of lying, of everything she could think of. Wise was patient, cordial, kind. He wrote her another lengthy letter giving her every possible detail. This one she received. She calmed down.

One final letter from Martha arrived on Wise's desk. Could she come to Haskell the next summer and take Caleb's remains back with her? His reply was yes. There are no indications that Martha was ever heard from again and Caleb is still in the Haskell Cemetery, the last grave on the last row.

His interment, however, was not the last in the cemetery. Thirty years later, February 17, 1943, Cecelia Mae Fiddler, a Chippewa from North Dakota died of tuberculosis, and for reasons unknown was buried in the school cemetery. It was wartime and perhaps her burial there was a result of one or more of the many inconveniences caused by war. Evidently another inconvenience was the effort to acquire a headstone for her grave, because it was not until 1968 that someone discovered the oversight and set out to locate a stone to match the others.

This proved more difficult than expected. The government had changed its style in headstones. The old army-issue, unpolished marble types were nowhere to be found. Finally, after months of searching, a long forgotten headstone of this style was located in the basement of the Lawrence Monument Company. Negotiations to purchase the stone ended when Mr. Martin, of the Monument Company, donated it to the school. He had the stone inscribed as nearly like the others as possible and delivered it to the cemetery. Then came the real blow. No one knew — exactly — where Cecelia had been buried. Frustrated school officials regrouped to attack this new problem. Inquiries and searches lasted for around three years, until 1971 when a man visited Haskell who had been in school the year Cecelia died. He pointed out the exact location. He remembered because he had dug the grave himself.

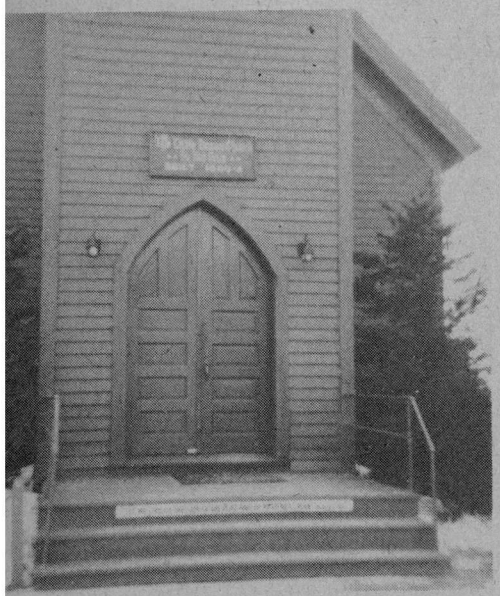
When I visited the cemetery seven years later, the stone lay upon the ground, unset. All around stood the stones of the others. The Sioux and Chippewa from the Dakotas; the Cheyenne from Montana and Oklahoma; the Ute from Utah; the Seminole from Florida; the Eastern Cherokee from North Carolina; from California the Digger, Mission, and Yuki; from the Arizona mesas, the Hopi; from the prairies, the Osage, Kaw, Pottawatomi, and Pawnee, the original dwellers in Kansas.

The roll of the tribes is long. Thirty-seven in all, from ocean to ocean and border to border. They may be forgotten in this little spot in Kansas, but they are not alone. They have joined the tribes that slumber everywhere. They own the earth.

Wild Old Days!

Photos above and below provided by the author

Above: The "Little Brown Church" near Nashua, Iowa, in winter.
Below: The sign on the step reads: "Let me live by the side of the road and be a friend to man."



THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH IN THE VALE

John S. McDowell

Almost everyone in this country has heard or sung the words to this familiar song but few, perhaps, realized there actually was — and is — a real little "Church in the wildwood."

Long, long ago folks living in the little pioneer town of Bradford, in northeastern Iowa, wanted to have a place to worship. So on November 4, 1855, the First Congregational Church was formed. There was no church building, as such; the new congregation just gathered in various secular buildings, from a log cabin to a lawyer's office.

Rev. Ozias Littlefield was the pastor and he was followed by Rev. John C. Strong. But when Rev. John K. Nutting was called to the Bradford pastorate in 1859, he urged his little flock to undertake to build a regular church. They agreed.

One couple donated some town lots in Bradford where the church now stands. Others quarried rock for the foundation, which was soon laid in. Then came the Civil War and hard times. One man, however, donated a grove of red oak trees for lumber and the church's framing went up.

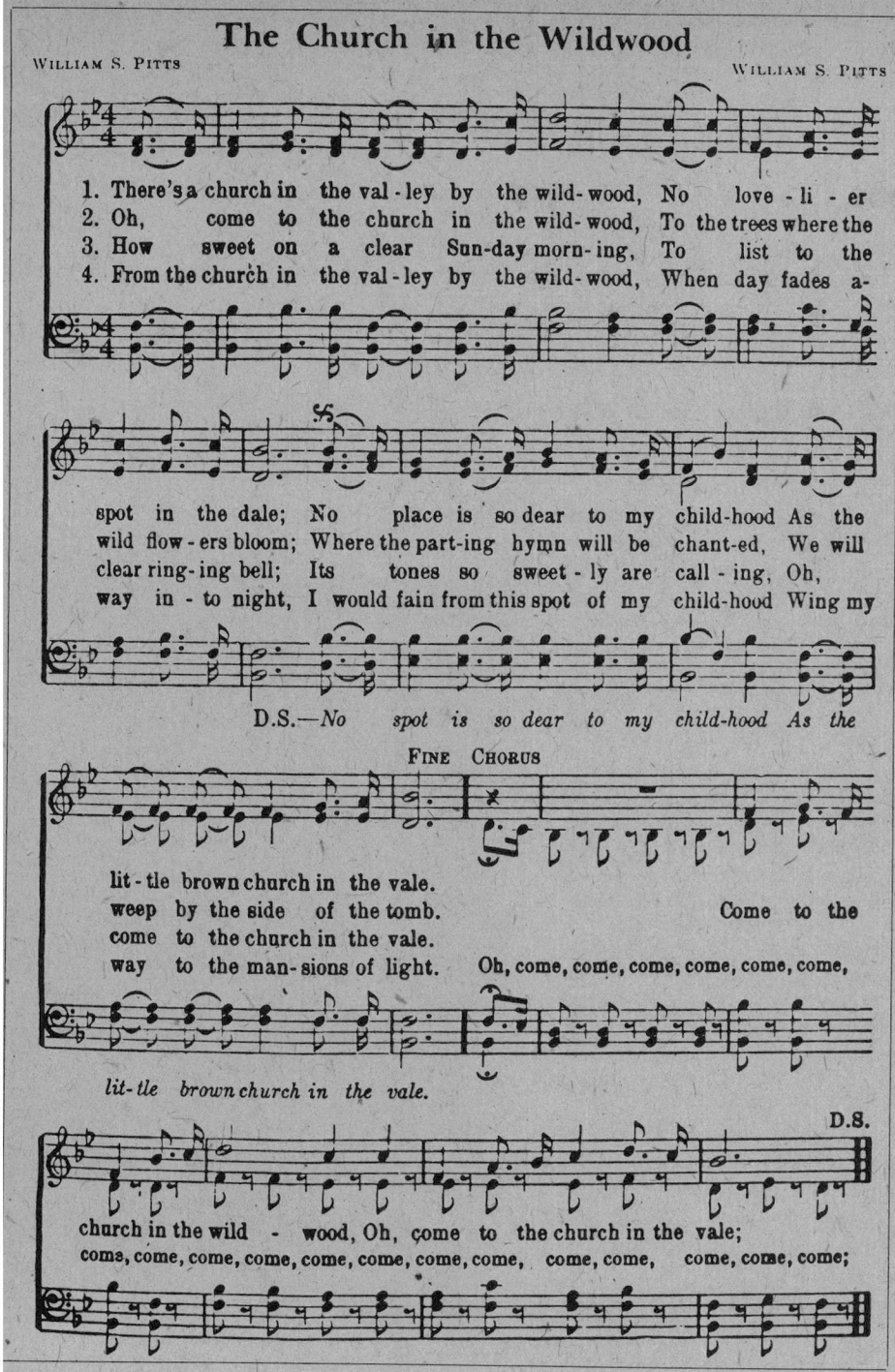
A congregation in Massachusetts, whose pastor was a friend of Rev. Nutting, sent $140 for furnishings. Even a fine cast bell (the first in the county) was donated. When the church was finished, it was given a coat of brown paint, probably because that was the least costly color. On December 29, 1864 all work was completed. A fine effort of faith and sacrifice it was, but not all that different from thousands of churches elsewhere.

By 1868, events were already underway that were to mean extinction for Bradford, Iowa. In those days the railroad situation could make or break a town. Twice the people of Bradford attempted to get a railroad but in each case it feel through. The nearby town of Nashua, on the other hand, did get a railroad, and poor old Bradford just dried up.

In 1888 the little brown church of Bradford had lost so many members that services were discontinued for a time. The town of Bradford eventually ceased to exist at all. The little brown church, although it never totally folded, went through a long period of decline. Worship services were continued by the expedient of sharing a pastor with the Congregational Church in nearby Nashua. By 1910 the weeds were waist-high in the courtyard and the brown paint had faded.

The little church was going the way of many a small rural church and perhaps today would be a pile of old lumber or even a low spot in the ground but for one thing — wonderful song that captured the hearts of America.

It started with a romance. In 1857 William Pitts came to Iowa to court his future wife, Ann Elize Warren. His stagecoach stopped at the town of Bradford — then a bustling community — for the lunch hour. William Pitts used this time to stroll down Cedar Street, until something made him



Music above and photo below taken from The Little Brown Church in Story and Song, courtesy John W. Christy, Pastor.

Above: Music to the very popular song, "The Church in the Wildwood," written by William Savage Pitts. Below: Dr. William S. Pitts.

stop. There, to one side, was a beautiful quiet vale, so beautiful in fact that it inspired William greatly. This was in the spring of the year, a bountiful time for Iowa's many hardwood groves. But this vale — this very spot — is where the Little Brown Church presently stands.

But understand this: There was no church building there when Pitts viewed it. Yes, the lots had been spoken for; they had already been donated for the site by the Bird family; but Pitts knew nothing of this.

When he returned to his parents' home in Rock County, Wisconsin, he composed the now famous song, "Little Brown Church in the Vale," also called "Church in the Wildwood." Having written it, he put it away. For six years it collected dust.

William Pitts did marry Ann Warren and they lived in Wisconsin until 1862. That year Pitts brought his family back to Iowa for his wife's parents were seriously ill. While in Iowa, as fate would have it, Pitts was asked to teach at the Bradford Academy. This was in the fall of 1863. Imagine his feelings when he rode down Cedar Street and saw a little brown church in the very spot that had inspired his song! In the six years since his last visit, the Bradford congregation had built a church and Mr. Pitts had written a song, each unknown to the other!

Not long after that, when his singing class went one evening to the church, Pitts sang his song, "The Church in the Wildwood," for the first time in public. It must have been warmly received because soon Pitts made a trip to Chicago and persuaded the H.M. Higgins Company to publish it.

The song did quite well locally but it would take some years before it became well known across the nation. And in the meantime the little church was going into a decline right along with the old town of Bradford.

HOWEVER, not all was lost. An organization was founded in 1900 called "The Society for the Preservation of the Little Brown Church in the Vale." Repairs were begun on the old building. Then enter the Weatherwax Brothers. They were America's most popular quartet and they had grown up in Charles City, Iowa, only a few miles upriver from Nashua and Bradford. They knew all about the Little Brown Church.

The Weatherwax four were making it big on their tours. They shared the platform with the likes of William Jennings Bryan and they played the famous Chautauqua circuit of that day. They sang to over 3,000 audiences across the country and one of their standard numbers was "The Church in the Wildwood."

Each time they sang the song, the Brothers told the moving story of how Dr. Pitts had composed it and later found the real Little Brown Church in old Bradford. Undoubtedly, the Weatherwax boys popularized the song nationally.

About this same time, mass-produced automobiles were coming into vogue and many road travelers began to visit Nashua and the Little Brown Church in the Vale.

By 1916 it had been restored to its original state. A successful revival at

the church two years earlier had added new members. In June 1916, both Rev. Nutting and Dr. Pitts, old men now, were invited back for a reunion at the church. Both gave addresses and Dr. Pitts sang his song just as he had written it nearly sixty years earlier. It was a fitting climax to some remarkable events to which the former pastor of the Little Brown Church, Rev. M.R. Hinds, referred as "a miracle of God's divine providence!"

Well, the Little Brown Church has been carrying on ever since. It has become an extremely popular spot for weddings for people from near and far, and also for baptisms. The first Sunday in August each year is set aside as a special reunion Sunday for all the couples who have been married there.

Worship services are maintained throughout the year, and about 100 families are involved with its future. In other words, it's not just a dusty old museum piece. It stands neatly painted and trimmed in its beautiful Iowa vale. It is a delight to the eye and the heart, just as in Mr. Pitts' day, and an interesting site for the historian. Open to the public each day, it attracts hundreds of visitors.

I've visited the church a number of times, and have found it a perfect place for repose. I think one can best appreciate its history and atmosphere when it is quiet and deserted. At such times, you might easily find yourself humming the tune to 'The Church in the Wildwood,' just as Dr. Pitts did over a hundred years ago.

ELECTION SHOOTOUT IN MAGDALENA

By Langford Johnston
As told to Eve Ball

Sometime in the 1870s cattlemen living west and southwest of Socorro, New Mexico needed a rail shipping point to move their cattle to market. Socorro wasn't a good location as there were numerous small farms along the Rio Grande, and cattle on the small Mexican ranches kept the grass eaten down for several miles west of the town.

The ranchers met with Santa Fe officials and induced them to build a spur track and some corrals twenty-seven miles west of Socorro. The first corrals held 5,000 head and later were enlarged to hold 10,000.

To the southwest about a mile and a half is a bare mountain with a small area of brush and shale in a form that resembles a woman's head; the Mexican people thought it looked like Lady Magdalena, so they named the town for her.

It was said that the first building was a saloon, and by the turn of the century there were several hotels, a great many stores, and a saloon on every corner and some in between. One never had to walk far to slake his thirst.

When the cowboys came in with cattle their first stop in town after the cattle were loaded was a place to celebrate. A great many gunfights followed, and killings were common, but the biggest shoot-out in Magdalena had nothing to do with liquor.

IT WAS election day, November 7, 1916. Charles E. Hughes was running for President against Woodrow Wilson, and a Democrat named Pino was running for Sheriff of Socorro County against Joe Baca, a Republican.

The election was a festive occasion. Everyone was in a joyful mood. The politicians had had their representatives on hand for a week or more. They visited the saloons and "set them up" for all and sundry. Several big ranchers were in town to vote, and a great many cowboys had come along, too. They seemed like a big happy family without a care in the world.

There was a man living in Magdalena named Dan Archuleta who had been a peace officer for a good many years. He was very serious — no sense of humor — all business. He wasn't afraid of man or devil. I knew big Dan well and talked to him many times. This is the report that Dan Gatlin gave us the next morning when he came by our ranch north of the Datil Mountains! (A tape recording by Salty John Cox in the 1950s verified the story Gatlin told us the morning after the election in 1916.)

Pino had told Dan Archuleta that if he would work in Pino's campaign for Sheriff, he would be appointed chief deputy if Pino were elected. Big Dan would get on his horse and ride over to the mining town of Kelly, four miles south of town, and give everybody Pino's card. Then he would ride back to Magdalena and give cards to every one he saw. He told Salty John Cox he was going to take Kelly and Magdalena for Pino or die in the attempt.

About eleven o'clock on the day of the election Salty John was standing on the street close to the polls talking to Martin Grijalva when Big Dan walked up. Martin and Dan were friends and owned a lease together on a mine in Kelly; there had never been any trouble between them.

Dan handed Martin a ticket and said, "Go vote for Pino."

Martin said, "I have already voted." Dan asked him who he voted for and Martin said, "I voted the straight Republican ticket; I voted for Baca."

Dan slapped Martin hard across the face, Martin knocked Dan down, and they both went for their guns, but Martin got the drop on him. Some friends grabbed Dan, pushed him into the saloon and held him there. Martin backed out into the middle of the street and yelled, "Come on, Dan, let's have it out! We don't want to hurt anyone else so come out in the street." But Dan's friends held him in, and Martin walked away.

It seemed as though the trouble was over and things quieted down. The saloons were filled to overflowing. People were talking about the election and some made bets as to who would be the next President.

DAN GATLIN, who lived in Albuquerque, had stopped over for the night on his way to his Tank Canyon ranch about eighty miles northwest of Magdalena. He was talking to some friends in the Aragon Saloon when they heard shooting. Gatlin said it sounded like everyone in town was taking a shot at something.

After the firing stopped, Gatlin went over to the theater across from the Wilson Saloon and there lay Martin Grijalva's brother Manuel and his younger brother, whose name is forgotten, and Archuleta. Some friends carried Manuel into Winn's Saddle Shop where they laid him on a couch he was dying. Winn was a brother-in-law of the Grijalva brothers. Two people were helping Martin's younger brother to a car', he was shot up pretty bad and looked like he was done for but he lived. Winn had his hair parted by a bullet burning his scalp, and had been stabbed in the wrist.

Gatlin and three or four others helped Archuleta into a lawyer's office. He had been shot and stabbed a great many times and every time whoever did it withdrew the knife, they had twisted the handle and made a

The author, Langford Johnston.

shaped wound. Archuleta was half sitting and half standing by the lawyer's desk, bleeding badly. They tried to staunch the flowing blood, but he had already lost a great amount. They told him to lie down on a couch beside the wall, but he said, "No, I want to die standing up." In a short while he murmured, "Adios, adios," and slumped to the floor dead.

Winn sent for Feliz Grijalva, another brother of Manuel, and Dan Archuleta's friends sent for his father. Feliz arrived first, walked into the shop, and saw his brother was beyond help. After a while he started out the door wiping tears from his eyes.

Old man Archuleta had been over to the lawyer's office and found that his boy was dead. He was standing beside the door when Feliz came out. "You killed my son," he said, and shot Feliz dead.

Some of Feliz's friends knocked the old man down and almost stomped the life out of him. It took four men to carry him away, but he recovered and was none the worse for the beating. Feliz hadn't been involved in the shoot-out in any way. No one was ever arrested for these killings, but everyone knew that three brave men had died.

Pino lost the election, so Archuleta died in vain. Martin Grijalva wasn't present at the shooting, and no one seemed to know for sure what started the fight.

WEDDINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE

By Thomas G. Schultz

In the early days of the West weddings were not a common occurrence. In fact, the first two or three years after white settlers began to locate along the streams in Larimer County, Colorado they were downright seldom. There were more bachelors than maidens to go around. As a matter of fact, there were no maidens at all if one didn't count the copper-colored belles of the forests and plains whom more than just a few of the first settlers took to wife, making a virtue of necessity.

The ceremonies accompanying these ties that bind were simple and very brief. An Indian girl's father was given a pony or a blanket — perhaps a little coin of the realm in exchange for a brown-eyed bride to be. Provided this tender was accepted, the groom took his willing or unwilling bride (she had little to say as long as her father was satisfied) to his cabin and set up a family altar without the formality of marriage vows, incense or flowers.

Things took a turn for the better in Larimer County in 1862. Just before Christmas a son of Louis Cyr called at the Sherwood ranch and asked for Judge Jesse M. Sherwood, who was a sub-Indian agent for the Cheyennes and Arapahoes and who spent much of his time in Denver. Since the judge was absent the first time, Cyr called twice more during the week and on the first day of January made his third appearance at the ranch. Judge Sherwood was still absent. F.W. Sherwood, the judge's brother, noticing the disappointed look on the young fellow's face asked if there was anything he could do. Cyr said he wanted to get married. "If that's all you want," said F.W. with a sly smile, "I can help you out. I can perform the ceremony as well as my brother."

Cyr was pleased and said the wedding had been delayed a week already and he didn't want it delayed any longer. However, he didn't have any money.

"Oh that's all right," Mr. Sherwood replied with a short laugh. "I never charge anything for marrying people."

They were in their saddles and on their way when Cyr discovered that Sherwood didn't have a Bible with him and called his attention to that fact. Sherwood replied that they didn't need it, the Bible didn't play any part in his marriage service. Cyr balked and refused to be married without one.

Sherwood shrugged his shoulders, dismounted and went back to the house. He was gone quite some time when he finally came back he was carrying a large volume of Shakespeare's works, the sight of which seemed to satisfy the nervous young rancher.

Another crisis occurred when they arrived at the home of the bride-to-be. She was the daughter of Suis Lewis and his Indian wife and it appeared she was as wild and as timid as a fawn. Because of her extreme bashfulness she had hidden under a pile of blankets.

When she was discovered — some anxious moments later — she stood up and laughed at her little joke. Finally the two were married by the most involved method F.W. Sherwood could devise. The service was an hour in length and was witnessed by two gamblers named McIntosh and Rice.

Following the tedious, solemn ceremony Suis Lewis insisted upon a marriage settlement and made a proposal: "You make paper that if my gal behave, but boy get drunk and raise the devil, my gal get all his horses. If my gal do wrong he tell her go hell." The agreement was drawn up and that ended the ceremony of the first wedding to take place in Larimer County.

Apparently things worked out pretty well as the names of Mr. and Mrs. Cyr do not appear in the records of the divorce court.

White Chief of the

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

Introductory Note: George Hunter's role in the Indian War of 1878 is beginning to wind down. His recuperation in the Mt. Idaho hospital is over and he's ready to part company with the Oregon Volunteers, each going his own way. But George won't see his last of the Indians for awhile, whether he likes it or not.

Having so far recovered from my wound as to be able to resume my storage and forwarding business, I removed my family to Grange City, and was devoting my time and attention to shipments when General Howard came down the river on his way to hold a "wa-wa" (council) with the Palouses, a small tribe of Indians who, owing, to their peaceful habits, had never been forced onto a reservation, and continued to live by themselves at the mouth of the Palouse river, nearly opposite my warehouses. I had become well acquainted with these Indians, especially with their head-chief, Big Thunder. I had prevented them from taking part in the late Indian wars, and could converse with them quite fluently.

General Howard, being aware of these facts, requested me to accompany him and act as his interpreter, with which request I cheerfully complied.

Arriving at their headquarters, we met Big Thunder and most of his head men in council. Thunder told the general that their fathers had "lived and died here" (near the mouth of Palouse), and that none of his people had ever promised to go onto a reservation; they wished to remain where they were, take up lands in severalty, and become the same as white men.

Howard told them that it was right to do so, and that was just what the Great Father at Washington wanted all Indians to do; and by so doing they would never be molested by the soldiers. He suggested that they should council with me from time to time, in making their locations and getting the numbers or description of the tracts which they wished to hold in severalty, and to gain such information as was necessary in conforming to the land laws.

Big Thunder then asked why Hunter could not be their chief, as he (Thunder) knew that when the Indians and whites went to war Hunter was always in the lead with the "Bostons" (meaning volunteers). He also said that he had been with Pu-pu-mox, and was wounded at the battle of Frenchtown in 1855; that Hunter was there with the Bostons, and that they (his people) had confidence in Hunter and would obey him.

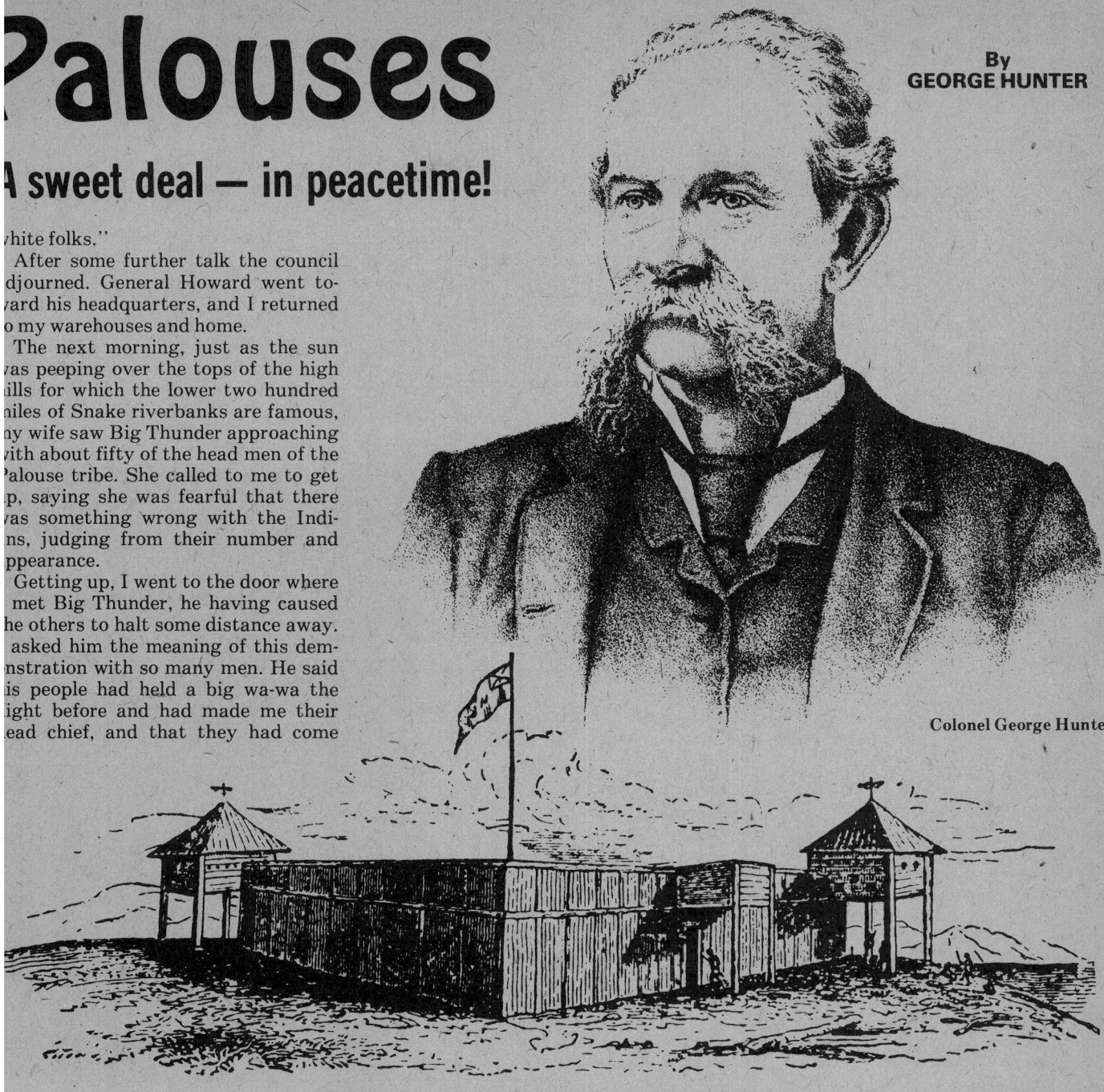
General Howard responded: "That is the right mind. Colonel Hunter and you will never get into trouble with the

I am made "White Chief" of the Palouses.

Palouses

A sweet deal — in peacetime!

By
GEORGE HUNTER



Colonel George Hunter

Fort Walla Walla, from a sketch by Joseph Drayton in 1841.

white folks."

After some further talk the council djourned. General Howard went toward his headquarters, and I returned o my warehouses and home.

The next morning, just as the sun vas peeping over the tops of the high ills for which the lower two hundred iles of Snake riverbanks are famous, ny wife saw Big Thunder approaching vith about fifty of the head men of the 'alouse tribe. She called to me to get p, saying she was fearful that there vas something wrong with the Indins, judging from their number and ppearance.

Getting up, I went to the door where met Big Thunder, he having caused he others to halt some distance away. asked him the meaning of this demnstration with so many men. He said is people had held a big wa-wa the ight before and had made me their ead chief, and that they had come over to inform me of the fact and to installl me into office. He asked me if this vas "my heart" (meaning could I act is their chief). I told him I would talk with him and them.

So they formed a circle and seated themselves on the grass. The chief informed me of their wishes, saying that I was elected head chief, Big Thunder second chief, and Hoo-sis-mox-mox (or old Charley) third in rank. I asked if this was the desire of all their people, and, if so, if they would mind me and keep bad Indians away from them, or arrest and turn them over to the whites to be dealt with. To all of which they responded in the affirmative, adding that they would mind my words, and in all things obey me as being their white father.

After a close wa-wa (good talk), I formally accepted the position, and became an Indian chief, assuming (among my tribe) the title of "Timus Me-o-hut" (the White-Bearded Chief), and have ever since been designated by the different tribes of this portion of the country as "Timus, the White Chief of the Palouses."

Here I must say that during the ten years since that day they have faithfully kept their promise. And perhaps I will be pardoned for inserting some incidents regarding "my tribe."

SOON after I had accepted the chieftaincy some Indians broke into the Dayton Woolen Mills and stole a large lot of blankets and cloths. The sheriff of Columbia county, with a posse, followed their trails some thirty miles to where they found them encamped. Finding the Indians more inclined to fight than to return with them under arrest, and the posse being poorly armed and too few in number, the sheriff contented himself with securing a few of the stolen blankets and returning home without any Indians.

Sometime afterwards a lot of my Indians (Palouses) happened to be in Dayton, when two of them were arrested as having been parties to the crime. One was named Mox-mox; the other's name I have forgotten. By their talk and threats the sheriff and others had succeeded in frightening these Indians very much — so much, in fact, that

Mox-mox attempted to hang himself in the jail. The word soon reached the Palouses.

Big Thunder, Hoo-sis-mox-mox and others came to me and asked that I should look after the welfare of the accused. After a long talk I became satisfied that the Indians arrested would be able to clearly prove that they were not the guilty parties, so I accompanied Big Thunder and the others out to Dayton (twenty miles) and bailed the two out, they agreeing to appear in court on a certain day about three months hence. The bail was fixed at $600 each. I became surety for one and Big Thunder for the other.

Valley of the Willamette — Town of Albany

Many of my "Boston-til-a-coms" (white friends) told me I would have that $600 to pay into court; but, to their surprise and my satisfaction, both of the bounden appeared promptly in court on the day set. The grand jury failed to find a true bill against them, and they were released and permitted to "go hence without delay."

Subsequently Mox-mox made me a present of five ponies, in consideration of my services. This Mox-mox was a young man, weighed about 180 pounds, and was one of the most powerful men of the tribe. He came along one day in company with some other Indians when I was in great need of manual assistance. I had about 7,000 tons of sacked wheat stored in my warehouse, and when navigation opened in the spring (when the river had raised so that boats could pass over the rapids below my warehouse), the O.S.N. Co. made it a point to have things rushed in order to get out what produce there was along the banks of Snake river before low water.

At this season of the year it was almost impossible for me to secure help in this isolated place to handle the sacks of wheat required to load a steamboat that carried from 250 to 400 tons.

BUT — as I had commenced to relate — Mox-mox came along when my men were well worn out. I explained my situation, and asked him to work awhile. He said, "All right," doffed his blanket, and with nothing on but his leggings, moccasins and breech-clout, went to work.

During the day we loaded a steamboat with 400 tons of wheat, and just as she steamed out along came another that wanted 250 tons more. This was about dark; but at it we went. At that time hands were very scarce on the river, and the officers of the boats had to humor their deck-hands considerably; otherwise the hands would leave the boat without men enough to man her.

I ran the sacks in a chute from the warehouse to the boat, a distance of about 200 feet. But when the river was high the incline, of course, was not so steep, and hardly sufficient to run the sacks to the boat. Hence, I had to raise the head of the chute in the warehouse and lower it at the foot to the deck of the boat to make the sacks run, thereby entailing on the deck-hands the necessity of stopping the sacks before they reached the deck, or pick them up off the deck to place them on the trucks, which they didn't like to do, and insisted that I should raise my end of the chute in the warehouse higher. This I declined to do, for, as I told them, it was much easier for them to lift the sacks a foot or two from the deck than for my tired men to lift them four or five feet in the warehouse.

We worked on till midnight, the deck-hands doing lots of grumbling and very little work. In a conversation with the captain he admitted that I was in the right, but said that if he took any part his hands would leave him; hence he must do the best he could.

After partaking of our midnight lunch I was talking with the mate on board; when, seeing no men at work on the boat and hearing some loud talk in the warehouse, I hurriedly went up, finding the deck-hands in possession, and raising the chute, while my men were remonstrating. I stepped up and lowered the chute, telling them that their place was on the boat. At this, one of them made a move as though he would attack me. I pulled a knife and ordered them out.

Mox-mox, seeing the motions, knew I was having trouble, though he couldn't understand our language. Dropping a sack of wheat, he jumped to his blanket and jerked out a knife that was fully a foot in length. Then, pushing me back, said in his native tongue, "Go away, Timus; I can kill them all." The boatmen hurriedly left, while he stood with that terrible knife poised and ready to strike "death to the dissenter," and we resumed work.

In a few minutes I wanted to go on board, and was getting into the chute to slide down, when my men cautioned me, as they feared the deckhands would attack me. But I slid down, and as I stopped among them they assisted me to my feet, seemingly in the best of humor; one of them remarking, "Egad, the oul' man's on it; an' so's the red divil up yander."

Things ran pleasantly the rest of the night. Mox-mox worked about fifty hours all told, and when I was going to pay him, he said he wanted about two dollars. But as he had done as much work as any man I had, and I was paying them fifty cents an hour, I counted him out twenty odd dollars in silver. He took two or three dollars of it and passed the rest back to my saying, "You are my chief, keep it." I made him understand that it was his money; but he would have me hold it for him, and he was over two years in drawing that money.

ONE DAY Big Thunder came and asked me to go with him and others of the tribe to find the "corners" and "lines," and generally assist them in locating and entering their lands in severalty at the local land-office at Colfax, about sixty miles distant. I told him I would go, but as I was now an Indian chief, he would have to furnish me with a horse and rig. And as that portion of the country was sparsely settled at that time, he would also have to board me on the route. He said that was correct, and that his people would see that I was mounted and fed as became the dignity of one filling so important a position.

Early one morning I crossed the ri-
er to the Palouse village, where I was
eceived with all the pomp and cere-
ıony due my dignified rank. They
ıounted me on a finely caparisoned
nd magnificent half-breed horse.

I had brought along in my cantinas
ome crackers and cheese and a little
alt. I put my cantinas over the horn of
ıe saddle, and was soon on the way up
ıe Palouse in company with Big
hunder and another Indian named
ones, all bound for the Colfax land-of-
ce. After a rapid ride of twenty miles
ver high and precipitous hills, we
gain came to the stream near where a
old spring creek empties into it. Big
hunder asked me if I was fond of
out. Receiving an affirmative reply,
e said, "I have a rap (a set-net) with
ıe, and as it was about noon, we will
ıtch some trout and have dinner."

"All right," said I, "catch your
sh."

The two Indians dismounted and un-
ressed; then, taking the net, one at
ıch end, they waded out into the little
ream up to their necks, I all the while
maining on my horse, watching the
aneuvers of my adopted brothers.

Big Thunder said, "Timus, kish-
sh!" (White Chief, drive). It being a
ry warm day, I was anxious to take
plunge into the cool stream, but I
alized the full dignity of my position;
so I said, "I am head-chief now, and you agreed to furnish the food on this mission." "But," said he, "it requires both of us to hold the trap, and you must drive the fish."

I jokingly argued with them a few moments, and then asked Thunder if he had a sister. "Yes," he replied. "Then," said I, "I'll kish-kish if you will give her to me." He soon saw the joke, and said, "Good, kish-kish."

In a moment I was off the horse and into the water head foremost, splashing, diving and swimming around, creating enough commotion to drive a pious trout up Jacob's ladder. Raising the net, we found two fine trout in it that would each weigh about a pound.

Thunder then said we would go up a few hundred yards to where some other springs came in, and catch enough for supper and breakfast. Remounting, we went up to the springs. Being again asked to "kish-kish," I again demurred, saying our contract only covered one drive. Big Thunder settled the matter by raising two fingers, and saying, "Timus, two sisters; kish-kish."

"The more the merrier,' said I, and into the water I went again to earn the other sister. This time we had good success, and got all the trout we desired. We cooked some for dinner, and rode on till near nightfall, camped, and the next morning rode into Colfax, transacted our business and returned.

Arriving at the Palouse encampment, Big Thunder told all the Indians of our bargain, and then said to me, "There's my two sisters; take them along!" As I had one wife and plenty of family across the river, and had not understood any polygamous clause in the obligation I had taken as chief, I declined with thanks.

I relate the foregoing to show that the Indian, like the white man, can enjoy a joke with those in whom he has confidence.

AT another time some of the young Indians procured whisky, got drunk, and threatened to kill some white men. Big Thunder sent for me. Arriving near their camp, some white men warned me not to go farther, as the Indians had threatened my life. But I went over alone, and directly to the chief's lodge, where I found nearly the whole tribe assembled, many of the young men being in war paint.

The leading men shook hands with me, but most of the young men kept aloof. One (Cus-cus by name, the son of an old chief) came forward, spoke of his troubles, and offered me his hand. I declined to take it, and told him I was ashamed of him, and if he kept on he

(Continued on page 52)

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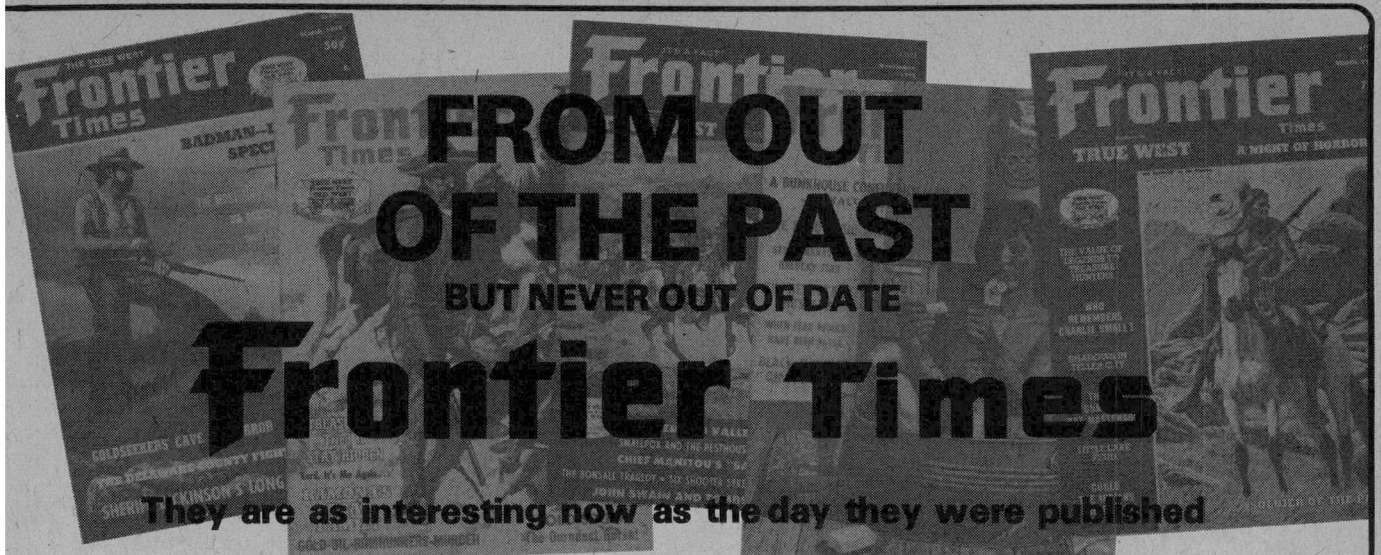

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(Continued from page 49)

would cause the whole tribe — me women and children — to be kille that if he would go and wash off h paint I would shake hands, and w would have a talk. If I found they we suffering a wrong, I would have righted; that I didn't fear any of ther that he, as well as the rest, had agree to mind me, and he should. He sai "Good; nika potlum" (I am drunk Then he, with the others who we painted, went out, washed off the paint and returned. I remained ar talked with them for some hours, th left them in good humor. This Cus-cu was subsequently killed by a whi man whom he and one or two oth drunken Indians attacked on the roa All of the tribe said he ought to ha been killed, for he had become 'hi-cul-tus" (very bad) through drink.

Later, while I was in the legislati council at Olympia, a disease broke o in Dayton which — after much wra gling and newspaper discussion amon the doctors, and after hundreds of t citizens had exposed themselves to while doing the "good samaritan" ac was pronounced smallpox in a virule form, from which — if my memo serves me — some twenty died, an three or four times as many suffer its loathsome attack.

Incidentally I will say that the hit erto prosperous, beautiful and attra tive little city was quarantined son forty days, which gave it a disastro back set, from which it has not fully r covered to this day.

Some of the Palouses were encamp near Dayton, and their squaw (clootch-men) were doing the washi for some of the families, whereby th contracted the disease. As soon they were made aware of the nature the infection they started for hom and having to pass my residence route, made as wide a detour from t house as they could on the creek bo tom. One old Indian rode up with hailing distance of the house, and ca ing to my wife, told her the India had the smallpox, and advised her n to allow any Indian to come near t house.

After that, Chief Thunder, althoug he had not been exposed to the diseas would come within a few hundr yards of the house, and make known my wife by shouts and signs what l tle article he wanted, which she wou carry out away from the house an leave. Then he would come and get it.

This old Indian (Big Thunder) die at his home in 1885, of consumptio from which disease all of his large fa ily had preceded him to the happ hunting ground. Soon after his death

delegation of Palouses called on me and asked that I appoint a man to fill the "vacant chair," or, more properly, to cover the space at his end of the circle in council. I named Hoo-sis-mox-mox (sorrel top) as successor to the position left vacant by Big Thunder's demise.

These Indians have, as a rule, entered lands in severalty; have good teams, harness, wagons, plows and other agricultural implements; raise wheat, oats, barley, potatoes and other vegetables; and for several years have proven themselves an industrious class. Up to the time of this writing they make it a point to visit me every few days, or as often as anything transpires in which they wish to understand the laws of the country (Boston Momock). Knowing as I do that they have full faith and confidence in me, I cannot help manifesting some interest in their welfare; and although all classes of Indians are treacherous from instinct, and especially so when intoxicated, I believe that in case of an Indian outbreak in any portion of the Northwest I could go into their camps and make every mother's son of them who is capable of bearing arms accompany me, and work and fight to their utmost ability in defense of the whites, notwithstanding the former friendly relations existing between them and the hostiles.

On the other hand, I know from the long and somewhat vivacious experience I have had with the numerous tribes and a close study of their tactics, that in case the Palouses should from any cause conclude to avenge their imaginary wrongs against the whites, I would be the first victim of their scalping knives. In such cases Indians always make it a point to first annihilate those of whom they entertain the most fear, and these fellows are fully aware that I will do my best to bring them to justice for every misdemeanor.

I MUST relate a little incident — or story — of the palmy days of mining excitements, which many of the old settlers in the Walla Walla country will remember.

Toward the latter end of those days one Robinson came to Walla Walla and exhibited specimens of some very rich quartz, which he said he had taken from a ledge or lode that he had discovered in the Coeur d'Alene mountains about two hundred miles northeast of Walla Walla. He said he would show the ledge for a nominal bonus if a company could be made up to work it.

Soon a lot of old timers, lured by the remarkable richness of the specimens and the gorgeous descriptions of the ode given by Robinson, made up a company, paid him a good bonus, fitted Robinson and themselves out in good shape, and with him went on a "wild-goose chase" three or four hundred miles up into the mountains. They followed him around till they became satisfied that he was bilking them, when they commenced talking, "hang him." The talk became so loud, that he took occasion one fine morning to skip, leaving them to pilot themselves home — sadder but wiser men.

The next heard of Robinson he was in Boston, Mass., where he again placed his specimens on exhibition, and soon raised a large company which advanced him a good bonus and paid his way to Walla Walla. Each was bound under oath to keep silent as to their mission and purposes. Here they bought a complete outfit for exploring and developing mines, and made their way to the Coeur d'Alenes, where a repetition of the experience of the Walla Walla party awaited them.

Next Robinson turned up at Cincinnati, Ohio, where he worked the same maneuvers that he had in Boston. A large party was formed, a bonus put up, and the location of the mine remained unknown. Robinson again left them and this was the last heard of him.

He was loudly denounced as being a fraud, but since the remarkable discoveries in the Coeur d'Alenes I am inclined to the belief that Robinson was acting in good faith; that he had found a very rich vein of ore near where the rich veins have been discovered during the past three years (for that is the district he led the parties to); that if either of the parties had been more patient, and not so quick to talk "bilk" and "hang," the rich mining-district of Coeur d'Alene would have been developed years ago.

I hardly think that Robinson's rich find has yet been re-discovered, for new lodes are being discovered all the time, and some are very rich. Many instances are known of rich mines having been discovered in the mountains by parties who became bewildered after leaving them, and who subsequently searched for months before they found them again, and in many instances they never have found them.

That the mountains of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana are rich in ores and placers, has been already demonstrated. And it is believed, by those best informed and most capable to judge of such matters, that discoveries have only begun, and the lodes already found have not been prospected sufficiently to give an idea of their richness.

But now that railroads are piercing these mountains, and machinery can be brought in, development will proceed much more rapidly, and in a year

or two we will astonish the mining world, for we have all the timber coal, water and other facilities for working them cheaply.

It has already been proven that richly paying gold and silver lodes exist in the mountains near the Colville river in Northeastern Washington. Ore is already being shipped from there by wagon 80 miles to Spokane, thence by rail 2,000 miles, at great expense, to refining or reduction works, and even then it pays well to work it. Capital and machinery will cause hundreds of lodes to be worked there, where now there are but two or three.

The Okanagan district, near the British line, between the Columbia river and the Cascade mountains, embraces a large scope of country, that has as yet been prospected but very little, yet a large number of rich lodes have been discovered there. West and southwest from there the Cascade range is proven to abound in rich ores, both gold, silver, copper and iron. Coal and granite are also found there in large quantities, and several placer mines have been worked for years.

The Coeur d'Alene mountains have proven to be rich in ores, placers, mica, marble, etc., all over, only a few areas as yet being worked, owing to the lack of transportation facilities.

The Blue mountains have also proven to be streaked with ledges for hundreds of miles which will be developed during the next decade, or as soon as moneyed men can get freights at living rates, and miner's wages come below $3.50 per day.

The energetic railroad construction now going on, with the hundreds of feeders contemplated, warrant me in the prediction that, within five years, our freight rates will be reduced at least fifty per cent. While it cost $155 per ton to ship a small quartz mill into the Blue mountains from Portland twelve years ago, the same would now cost but about $20 per ton.

The same may be said of what are called the Salmon River mountains, between Snake river and Clearwater, the connecting link between the Blue and the Coeur d'Alene mountains, wherein were made the marvelous discoveries of placer mines in the years 1861-2 and 3. Hundreds of good paying ore veins and placer diggings have been discovered there that will be developed soon, for there are two railroads already headed toward them.

Thousands of acres of placer grounds that will pay from $3 to $6 per day to the man, lie there unmolested because of the cost of living, and the freight rate on the necessary tools, machinery, etc. The best of the ground was worked when wages was from $6 to $15 per day, when flour was worth

Wul, if he's the family pet, I'd shore hate to see one of yore wild ones.

from 25 cents to $1 a pound; a pair of gum boots were worth $50, and everything else in proportion. And at those rates several men lost their lives or were badly frozen, while coming out on foot late in the fall, carrying their blankets and 20 to 100 pounds of "Salmon River dust" (a by-word originated on account of the dust being poor) to the man, the result of a season's work.

From the south fork of the John Day river to the Snake river, a distance of about 250 miles, along the Blue mountain range, placers were worked out and abandoned under much the same circumstances. Though not at so much cost, and yielding less, they had to be abandoned when the owners couldn't realize $5 per day to the hands. For everything had to be done by hand as it takes capital to build ditches, flumes, penstocks, hydraulic pipes, etc., when freights rate at $200 per ton from the foundry to the mine.

All along the Columbia river and Snake river Chinamen are working the bars with the primitive shovel, pan and rocker, and making from seventy-cents to $4-per day to the hand; and with proper machinery these bars could be made to pay handsomely.

Remember I am only hinting at the mining resources of the great Columbia basin (The Inland Empire) that must of necessity pay tribute to the farmer, the stock-raiser, and the fruit-raiser who is wise enough to locate in this productive and healthy country. Why, the peach-growers along Snake river, so renowned for producing the finest quality of that most delicious fruit, have to watch their orchards to keep the Chinamen from working the ground for gold.

I make these digressions not as a scientist, mining expert, or speculator in mining ground, or "feet," but, having adopted this portion of the United State for my final home (no reference to things spiritual) and knowing whereof I speak, and believing that I may benefit some of my readers by writing a few hints of the advantages this country offers to those who wish to change their location, I just put them in for a change; for it would require an abler party than I and a much larger book than this, to impart any adequate idea of our mining prospects.

HAVING INCIDENTALLY mentioned the fact of some of the first miners at Florence having frozen to death while attempting to reach their homes in the Williamette valley, during what was ever since been mentioned as "the hard winter" ('61 and '62), and having since conversed with a survivor of one of the parties, I deem it proper to write a brief sketch of Moody's story, as told to me:

"My name is W.A. Moody; I was born in Illinois on the 6th day of July 1831. Am a carpenter and joiner by trade, and have raised a large family. Crossed the plains to Oregon in '52; arriving late, I passed that winter at The Dalles; engaged in building steamboats at Celilo in '53; and moved my family to Portland in '54; in '55 I removed to Corvallis; thence to Brownsville in '56; thence to Eugene City where I resided ten years.

"Hearing of the remarkable gold discoveries on Salmon river in '61, I determined to try my fortune in those mines, and started for Florence rather late in the season. Failing to reach Florence, I stopped at Walla Walla and built the first flour mill there for H.P. Isaacs. On the 3rd day of January, 1862, the Columbia river being frozen over, I started in company with ten miners, who came just down from Salmon river and were on their way to their homes in the Williamette valley carrying from twenty to eighty pounds of gold dust each.

"The stage company had agreed to put us through to The Dalles in two days, but were five days in reaching the John Day river, forty-five miles from The Dalles. Here we found nine other miners awaiting an opportunity to cross, as the river was so full of ice that the ferry-boat couldn't be run. The snow was three and half feet deep on a level all around us. Here we lay for five days, having only nineteen pounds of flour and a beef hide for the whole twenty of us to subsist on.

"On the sixth day eleven of us, including Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express messenger, crossed John Day river in a swing we had constructed and attached to the ferry rope, or cable. Having succeeded in getting over the river we found it would be impossible to proceed through the deep snow, carrying

ll the money we had along with us. So Jack James (Wells, Fargo's man) concluded to stop there with another man n a tent, and the most of us left the ulk of our dust with them.

"Being joined by the ferry-man (Pat Davis), we eleven men started at sunise, on the 13th day of January, to nake the journey of forty-five miles on oot, without snow shoes; and while he thermometer ranged from 40 to 50 legrees below zero. Marion Olphin acted as guide, but the snow was so deep hat we had to break the trail "turn bout." Olphin being short in stature ould not break trails at all, and found so difficult and laborious to keep tride with the rest of the party that e gave out about eight o'clock that ight. One Doc Gay and myself, being ld friends of Olphin, we assisted him long, till he froze to death. His last ords being, 'I could die more contentdly if I only knew that my wife, on Willow creek, had a sack of flour.'

"The ten men remaining formed a ircle and, having scraped the snow way, we wrapped him in my overcoat nd laid his remains there on the bare round, covered them with snow and ft him in his snowy sepulcher, alone n the hill, six miles from where we had tarted eighteen hours before.

"Slowly and sadly we worked our ay along for about a mile, when we iscovered that Pat Davis, the ferryan, was freezing. We assisted him long, as we had Olphin, for about half n hour when he died, and the remainng nine buried him as we had Olphin. hen moved on, being now without a uide, for two or three hours, when /m. Riddle fell dead and was buried y the remaining eight, as the others ad been.

"Soon after this we became bewildred and lost, but continued to move ong till McDonald expired; and was uried by the seven of us left alive. bout ten o'clock the next day, a New ork man, whose name I have forgotn, was buried by the remaining six ho as yet retained their right minds. ext we left one Duffy, who lagged bend and fell; but the other five dared ot return to bury him.

"The next to fall was one Jagger, a n-in-law of R.R. Thompson, of Portnd. He was left unburied by the reaining four, about eight miles from e Deschutes river, 23 miles from The alles, on our second night out. Next e left Johnson Mulkey of Benton unty, Oregon, about four miles from e Deschutes. He was not yet dead as e moved away from him.

"On the morning of the third day, we ft another man dead. Doc Gay and yself came in sight of the house at e Deschutes ferry, which we reached out eleven o'clock, and sent a man back with a mule. He found Mulkey alive, but completely exhausted and sitting on his blanket. He brought him in, but the large amount of gold dust, which he carried in a belt around his waist, had so chilled and irritated that portion of his body that mortification set in, and he died two days afterward.

"When we arrived at Deschutes, we found Doctors McAteeney and Shields there, who amputated my badly frozen feet at the instep, and gave me such attention as it was possible for them to do. We laid there five days when we were hauled to The Dalles in sleighs belonging to the O.S.N. Co. (now the O.R. & N. Co.) Jagger's body was brought in on a board drawn by a mule. It was frozen stiff and was taken to Portland for interment. James, the express man, came in with the gold dust all right and it was turned over to the relatives of the deceased.

"When we arrived at The Dalles Dr. Dennison, a friend and brother Mason of Gay, gave up his office to his brother and his best friend, and performed many acts of kindness which, I believe, was the main reason that both of our lives were saved; for we suffered terribly for weeks. I was afterward presented with a fine new overcoat by Olphin's brother, to replace the one I had used for winding-sheet when we placed his dead brother in his grave of snow."

— To be continued in the July 1980 Frontier Times

Previously published episodes appeared under the titles:

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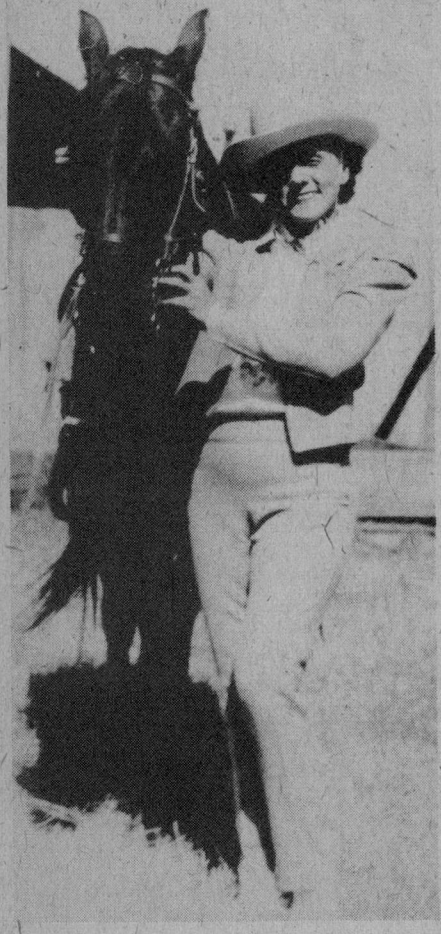
Feathers tomorrow." No one ever complained. It was the life.

Prayers were always said as the old cars chugged from one town to the next. God plays a big part in the life of actors. Many evenings in towns a street performance would be put on. Rope spinning inevitably attracted a crowd, especially with a dog jumping and skipping the rope also! Juanita would give an exhibition of trick riding, then some kind person would take up a hat collection.

One of the largest shows they booked was the 101 Wild West in New York City, a sixteen-days engagement on 177th Street at the Coliseum, then



Juanita Gray

straight to Boston for another eighteen-days contract as fast as they could travel. Then on too St. Louis for another sixteen days. There was nver time to get tired.

The Crash came in 1929; the stock market fell. Many families and businesses went broke. Coxey's Army made a march on the White House, veterans from the First World War all wanting compensation for their service. Most of them ended up selling apples on the streets. Herbert Hoover was the President. The tragic fall of the market and the panic of the people was just too much to cope with. Show people were left high and dry. Many went hungry. When people didn't have money for food, there sure wasn't any for entertainment.

Cheap theaters with vaudeville and stage acts were hanging on, so Weaver and Skippy made some money, enough for them to survive. If no contract, Weaver passed the hat for a collection, always very light. Finally Juanita and Weaver decided that if they were going to starve to death, they might as well be on home range, so back to Oklahoma they went. Juanita took a job in a chorus lineup, working four shows daily for $2.00 a day. Meals in cafes were only 15¢. They survived the Crash, never in their life accepting charity or welfare.

SHOW PEOPLE are a proud bunch of people. One night late, while sitting in a cold-water room, they pooled their money. They went to the West Coast and the movie colony. Weaver hired out as soon as he arrived as a double for the late John Wayne. Working in Westerns was a natural for Weaver. He wore the same garb that Wayne wore, even wore Wayne's hat. Juanita had to stuff a lot of newspapers in the sweat band to hold Wayne's big hat off Weaver's ears. The cameraman never took any direct pictures of Weaver's face. Wayne was then working under John Ford, the great director of so many early Westerns.

Juanita didn't work much, except in mob scenes. Mostly she was in the eye of the camera to beautify the film, I'm sure, as she was a beautiful lady. She received $7.50 per day and her lunch. Later both went to work for Tom Mix.

In 1932 show people finally got a break. Both signed a contract with Buck Taylor. His was strictly a Wild West Show held for eleven weeks at the Million Dollar Pier in Atlantic City, New Jersey. So back east the Model A went again. They made it on time. This couple was never late for any performance while under contract and never missed a show on account of illness. During that eleven-weeks run, no performer was allowed on the boardwalk or in town unless dressed in show wardrobe.

When the Buck Taylor show closed, they signed on with Hoot Gibson, so back across the States the Model A went again. The miles they piled up on that little car! That was the very last show Hoot Gibson ever made.

Hiring an agent to manage their bookings, Juanita and Weaver went back on the stage, performing for Warner Brothers Theaters in San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Van couver, then back to Los Angeles' ol Orpheum Theater.

Spring found them on the way t Waterloo, Iowa where they hired ou to Clyde Miller's Wild West Show Clyde Miller was a true showman. Th author worked for him and knew hir well. Juanita took care of all pape work and publicity for the Miller show while never missing a performance i trick riding. They also worked the Cor cert on the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circu for a year. This was in 1935. Tha winter was spent in a second-rate hote in Fort Worth, Texas. That old hote was on Perry Street and the site is no a modern store. All of the old d lapidated hotels of that time have bee replaced.

THE GRAYS wanted to settle dow — but how? Renting eighty acres wit a two-room shack in Mansfield, Texas was the answer. The furniture tha was put in that shack makes Juanit laugh now to think of it. Orange crate for cupboards; a 50¢ table with na kegs for chairs; one of those foldin beds that went back into the wall; wood stove where all cooking was don and which also supplied the heatin But it was home.

Weaver took a job hauling high ex plosives, a very dangerous job, but h was a willing worker and the boss too a liking to him. Fortunately the bos understood show people — and sho people are happy only in the entertai ment world. Through him Weave arranged a bank loan to buy two fir black horses and a nice two-horse tra ler. His and Juanita's wardrobes we replenished. All winter they traine their pair of matched horses. On horse was taught to dance and kick large rubber beach ball. This horse wa ridden by Juanita in one of her act The other was her trick riding horse.

They wrote many letters to rode producers. The first year they co tracted with seventeen differe rodeos. Things were looking up agai They made payments on the bank no every time they made a new sho Soon all debts were paid off — ar both let out a sigh. It had been the first time ever to be in debt.

The next year they hired a groom take care of the horses. Juanita taug him to trick ride and he got many job This groom was a former Tom M employee. They booked into El Pas Texas for the Shrine Circus. Tom M was also present with a few of his ov acts. That was the last time they sa Tom Mix alive, as he was killed in a c wreck going home.

Life for the Grays had a dramat change in 1972. Weaver got hurt in fall and was no longer able to ric Then a malignancy developed. H

ests now in Mansfield Cemetery. God est his soul!

Today, as Juanita looks at her maps nd programs, there's hardly any place he hasn't shown in her sixty-four ears of Rodeo, Circus and Theatre. No, she is not tired. The coffee pot is lways on.

She goes to the cemetery daily to alk to Weaver, still owns and reads he same Bible she started out with as kid. She would not change a day of er life and, if it were possibile, she ould live it over again. She starts ach day with a prayer, and closes the vening with another. Her many riends in show business keep her com- any, with calling and corresponding.

"I, Juanita Gray, am very grateful. Only hurt once in my life, even then ever missed a performance. Still I ing. Still I dance. Come see me, old riends — still in Mansfield, Texas."

Few Questions were Asked of A Stranger

(Continued from page 11)

utcher shop in Smithville run by a an named Jim Clamp. Charley was harged with theft of cattle and receiv- g stolen property. Also charged with eft of cattle were Lehman Buttrell nd Lenord Sanders.

The night after Charley had sold the xen he was seen riding his horse into shallow lake just outside of Smith- lle. He dropped a tow sack into the ke; it contained the hides of the oxen.

Charley pleaded not guilty but was und guilty and sentenced to four ears. The charges against him in Fay- te County were dropped. (At this me Bastrop and Fayette Counties ere in the same district.) The district urt kept passing the cases against e other two men until the charges ere finally dropped.

One thing about Charley Stagner as his boldness. The gambler, Holley ay, owned no cattle, but once when a nch of men were branding cattle in e Muldoon stockpens they found ey had penned a motherless calf in th the cattle they were working. No e knew who the calf belonged to and w one would claim it. As a joke they cided to brand it for Holley Ray. ey put a big H on each side of the lf and lifted the dogie over the fence. e animal stayed in the area several ars until he became a large steer at was known to everyone. This eer was in a herd of cattle that Char- Stagner was supposed to have len.

After the arrest of Charley Stagner ngs were pretty quiet for about a ar until the murder of Constable arley Null. A few days before his ath he spoke to George Cole in the rthouse in Muldoon. "I've picked up some evidence that I guarantee will send somebody to the penitentiary. I will tell it all on court day if I'm still living. My life is in danger and I expect to be killed any time."

On August 6, 1896 Null was on his way to the courthouse to present this evidence. He had left early that morning because he was supposed to stop at the Blackwell gin and castrate a horse. The road the traveled went through the Faison pasture. On each side of the road were treetops left lying where the trees had been cut down to be used as railroad ties. As Null rode his horse up a low gravel hill his killers were in the brush waiting for him, two on one side of the road and one on the other. They opened up on him with Winchesters, then after he was lying dead in the road one of the three walked up to his body and shot him in the back of the head with a Colt's .45.

Later that morning Oscar Findley, a young man about seventeen, was on his way to the gin with a sack of corn when he saw the body. He didn't stop to look but rode on to the Blackwell gin and told the men there that there was a dead Negro in the road. C.H. Null was a very dark-complexioned man and Findley was badly shaken up.

When Sheriff Will Loessin and another La Grange man, Percy Faison, arrived at the scene of the murder, a bunch of men were standing around Oscar Findley. Will Null (C.H. Null's teenage son) was cussing everyone around and threatening to kill Findley. Sheriff Loessin rode his horse into the crowd of men, took Findley up behind him, took the boy to his horse and told him to go home.

The cause of the trouble was that early that morning when C.H. Null left home, someone had blown a cowhorn. Will Null thought the horn blowing was a signal to tell which road his father would take. Oscar Findley admitted that he was the one who had blown the horn, that his hounds were running a deer and that he blew the horn to get them home.

Sheriff Loessin called for volunteers from the large crowd and got five. He deputized Smith Moore, Percy Faison, Jim Byler, and Barb Robbins. Then he appointed young Norman Richard Cole as constable to take over Charley Null's job. After the body was taken care of they scouted the area to try to pick up some sign of the killers. Just off the road in the brush they found where three men had hidden, and some .32-20 cartridge cases. They also found Charley Null's horse where the bridle reins had hung on a fence post, and the tracks of three other horses leading back in the brush. Mixed in with the tracks of these horses were the tracks of one mule. Bunk Stagner rode a

mule.

After finding the mule tracks the men went to the Stagner house to search it. They found no one there except an old woman, probably Louisa English. She told them the Stagners had moved to Primm Lake near Smithville, having left the night before.

The posse then walked single file into the brush, following the tracks of the three horses. Wil Loessin told his men, "Make as little noise as possible, no talking, don't even step on a stick."

They had gone just a little way when an owl flew out of the top of a tree and came close to the men. The last man in line, Percy Faison, raised his shotgun and shot the owl with both barrels. The shotgun blast that close scared the other men and made Will Loessin mad as hell. He cussed Percy Faison up one side and down the other. Percy just told him, "Hell, Will, I just wanted to see if my gun would shoot."

LATER ON it was learned that a few days before the murder, Jim and Jud Nite and another man had stopped at Tom Nite's house, a cousin to Jim and Jud. Tom Nite was afraid of them but let them stay for a few days.

The day before C.H. Null was killed they rode through the Pine Gaps and stopped at a store in the town of Cistern. The German that ran the store, Felix Nite (not related) recognized two of the men, Jim and Jud Nite. They bought some canned goods, whiskey, and .32-20 cartridges.

After his father's death, Charley's young son Will went armed all the time. He carried a pistol, a Bowie knife, and a double-barrelled 12-gauge shotgun loaded with buckshot.

About the time of the Null killing, maybe before or just after, Add Darby was in West Point in a wagon. Hitched to the wagon were two very gentle horses. He lived about seven and one half miles southwest of West Point in what was known as the Darby Roughs. There was a road going through those wooded hills from West Point to his home.

Darkness caught him when he was about two miles from home. Three or four men rode out of the brush on each side of the wagon. One man on a large, dark-colored horse rode in close to the wagon and slugged Darby with a sandbag, knocking him out cold. Then the men stopped the wagon, laid Darby in the wagonbed, and poured highlife on the horses to make them run.

The horses ran a few hundred yards and hit a tree, breaking the coupling pole of the wagon. The horses continued on their way leaving Darby in the wagonbed tangled in the trees.

The rest of the family had gone to bed and didn't miss Mr. Darby until the next morning when they saw the horses and the front part of the wagon standing at the barn. When found, Darby had come to from the lick on his head but was unable to walk.

Bunk Stagner was fifty-two years old at this time. He talked or mumbled to himself constantly. One son was in his grave and another was in the penitentiary, most of Bunk's fortune was gone, and he didn't know his friends from his enemies.

One month and one day after C.H. Null was killed, Bunk was sitting in the doorway of the boiler room of the cotton gin at Primm Switch (Kirtley) talking to John Ramsch and Rubin Richards when Will Null, George Null, and Tom Birge came riding up. Ramsch and Richards got out of sight and tried to get Bunk to hide in the boiler room. His reply was, "They've no reason to kill me," and stood in the doorway.

That morning George Null had seen Bunk Stagner checking his cattle in the Faison pasture. He went and told Will Null and Tom Birge. The three men trailed Bunk Stagner as far as a place called Red Hollow when he left the road and cut across country. They figured he had about two hours head start on them so they went to Smithville and bought some food.

From Smithville to Muldoon it was closer for them to go by Bunk Stagner's house then to go back the way they came. They stopped within sight of Stagner's house and ate dinner, watching the house intently but never seeing as much as a chicken moving around the place. They learned from a passerby the whereabouts of Bunk Stagner. A little while before they rode to the gin Stagner had lent his mule to a man to go pen a horse down in the Colorado River bottom. Bunk's Winchester was on the saddle, and he carried no handgun.

Riding up to the gin mill Will Null got off his horse, shotgun in his hand Bunk Stagner told him, "Give me five minutes and I can explain everything." Will Null replied, "You didn't give my pa five minutes," and shot him with both barrels of his shotgun loaded with buckshot.

"Father, dear Father, come home with me now . . . the cow's in the meadow. . . the sheep's in the corn . . . and Mama's run off with the foreman!"

Will Null and the others hid out for three days and the law never ever bothered to go after them, knowing that they would come in and give themselves up. Will Null was brought to trial but was never convicted.

JUD NITE had settled down with his family at Bigfoot, Texas. He had been arrested for fighting and was out on bond. At a turning row at the end of a field he was plowing he had stopped to talk with the man who had gone his bond when he looked up and said, "I my eyes see right, that's my brother Jim coming down the road." The next day Jim was gine, and brother Jud with him.

In January 1897 the Nites and man named Jim Crane stole a herd of cattle in Kimble County, drove them to McCulloch County and sold them. On the first of February, Sheriff Jones of Kimble County heard that the gang was back in his county. He started out after them, taking with him Deputies Oscar Latta, Tom Taylor, Button Frazier, and John Thurman. On February 5 they stopped at the ranch of John Gardner where they found that Gardner had lost some horses to rustlers.

Gardner went with the posse along with a deputy from Sutton County Bud Owens. They located the outlaws at dusk in Menard County and surprised them the next morning at daybreak while they were still in their bedrolls. As the posse closed in, a small dog in the camp started to bark and alerted the outlaws. Jud Nite spotted the posse and began shooting, running as he did so. Oscar Latta singled Jud out and returned his fire. Jim Crane stood up and advanced across the bedrolls firing all the time at Deputy Taylor. Jim Nite lay on his bed and fired his rifle at Taylor.

In a few minutes it was all over. Latta shot Jud Nite in the head. Taylor had killed Jim Crane with his second or third shot; Jim Nite was shot through both hips, had one leg broken, and was shot in the arm. None of the posse had been hit.

The dead men were buried at the scene of the battle. Jim Nite was taken to Junction, tried for cattle theft and sentenced to seven years under the alias John Underwood. In prison his true identity was determined and he was taken to Longview, tried for his part in the bank robbery, and received a life sentence.

In February 1899 Jim was in Tyler appealing the life sentence and escaped from jail. He was recaptured in Ma

ear Carlsbad, New Mexico after join-
ıg another outlaw gang and robbing a
ain and several ranch houses. This
me he was using the name Charles
Vare but it was discovered who he was
nd he was returned to prison.

While in prison he was visited by
heriff Will Loessin who was deliver-
ıg a prisoner. Jim admitted that he
nd Jud had killed Charlie Null and
ad been paid $500 in the back room of
saloon in Smithville for doing it. He
efused to say who the third man with
ıem was, or who had paid them off.
fter a long prison term Jim Nite was
ardoned. From prison he went to Tul-
ı, Oklahoma.

Jim was courting a widow who had a
oy about fourteen years old. The boy
ıdn't like Jim and didn't want his
ıother to have Jim around. One day
ım was at the widow's house when
er son came in with a friend about the
ıme age. This second boy, who was
ıe son of a local druggist, had been
ent after a bottle of milk.

Jim and the widow's son got into a
ıss and Jim slapped him. This started
fight between Jim and the two boys.
ı the scuffle the bottle of milk was
oken. After the fight Jim provided
oney to buy more milk. The drug-
st's boy got another bottle of milk
ıd went home and told his father
hat had happened. His father had a
w words with Jim Nite but there was
o trouble.

A few days later Jim was walking
ıst the drugstore, and the druggist
as standing on its porch. He told Jim
at he had traded for a six-shooter,
id that he didn't know much about
ıns, and asked if Jim would come in
ıd look at the gun and tell him if it
as a good one. They walked through
e drugstore and into the backroom.
ıe man got the gun out of a box,
rned, and shot Jim through the
art.

At first the druggist said it was an
cident, but later confessed he had
lled Jim Nite because he was afraid
him.

Jim Nite's widow and her sister went
Junction to recover Jud's body and
ove it to Bigfoot. One story is that
e man they hired to help them
uldn't remember which grave was
d's and so left him buried where he
ıs.

Tom Birge left the area and resettled
West Texas. His wife was killed by a
naway team and is buried at China
rings. Tom lived to be nearly 100
ars old and is buried at Gatesville.
ım Ivy and Marion Smith eventually
ld their holdings and moved away as
l many men who were only remotely
volved in the feud.

After Norman Richard Cole served
t C.H. Null's term as constable he
cided to run for the office. He re-
mained a constable for fourteen years. Then he served as an unpaid deputy sheriff until he was an old man.

Charley Stagner was supposed to have made more money by going to prison then he could have made stealing cattle. Whatever happened to him is still something of a mystery. Some say that after he was released, he and another Fayette County man were caught stealing horses in Oklahoma and were sentenced to two years. He was also supposed to have gone to Sanderson, Texas where some friends of his frm Fayette County had started ranching. Years later he was seen in that town by people who knew him. It has also been said that he became a border patrolman.

Only one house remains in New Muldoon. Muldoon is a quiet little community, almost a ghost-town. The Kerr store still stands, a symbol of more prosperous times, but its doors were closed long ago. The Kerrs extended their credit too far to remain in business.

Certain things will never be explained, such as the man who as a young boy remembers seeing his older brother burning some bloody clothes and gloves, and the man who found a boot and spur with the bones of a foot in it.

Forty years after Bunk Stagner's death, Will Null said he could still hear shotgun pellets hitting the tin building where Bunk died. One man who lived near Muldoon during this time put things this way: You didn't go to the door at night without a shotgun that was loaded.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 25)

librarian at Bethany College in Lindsborg, Kansas, died soon after completing this book. Many illustrations are included along with a good bibliography, notes, and a fine index.

INDIAN STORIES

American Indian Literature, An Anthology edited by Alan R. Velie (University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, Okla. 73019, 356 pages, $15.95 paperback, 6 x 9).

This recently compiled collection contains a wealth of Indian literature in song, poetry, and other forms. It is representative of Indian culture from throughout the United States. The author, an English professor at the University of Oklahoma, begins by presenting a group of Indian tales. These are followed by a section of Indian songs. "Memoirs" is the title of the third section, and it includes the writings of John G. Neihardt, John Joseph

Mathews, John Lame Deer, and Richard Erdoes. The fourth section is "Oratory," and the fifth is Indian "Poetry." The section ending the volume is on Indian fiction.

The editor's comments on the various selections add to the reader's understanding of the material. And artist Danny Timmons, who illustrated the book with his drawings, adds much color through his art. The contents of this interesting collection represent the traditional era before the arrival of the white man to the present. Recommended.

GUIDE TO INDIAN FICTION

The American Indian in Short Fiction: An Annotated Bibliography by Peter G. Beidler and Marion F. Egge (Scarecrow Press, Inc., Box 656, Metuchen, NJ 08840, 203 pages, $10.00 hardcover, 6 x 9 inches).

The American Indian has long been a standard character in the American short story, but until now readers and students of such literature have been stymied in their effects to examine with ease the shifting attitudes toward Indians as reflected by writers of American fiction.

Authors Beidler and Egge have compiled this bibliography or listing of short fiction stories about the American Indian and have included an Indian Tribes Index that lists more than 150 different tribes represented in the stories cited. The reader can easily locate material on specific Indian tribes as well as plot elements, character types, and themes — there are some 50 repeating themes mentioned by the compilers.

This scholarly work should become a valuable reference tool to persons interested in American Indian's in fiction.

LONG HORN TRAIL

The End of the Long Horn Trail by A.P. "Ott" Black (available from Larry J. Sprunk, Box 277, Garrison, ND 58540, 97 pages, $4.00 paperback postpaid, 4½ x 7 inches).

About 1936 A.P. "Ott" Black wrote a little book. It was published by the Selfridge Journal in Selfridge, North Dakota. The book contained Black's story of this cowboying days on the plains from Texas northward. His story was frank. Within a short time the booklet was difficult to find.

Now more than three decades later Larry J. Sprunk of Garrison, N.D. has reprinted Black's book. He has added his own introduction in which he writes: "The obvious value of the book is that it was written and adds to the state and national collection of memories from those who lived the life and times of the 'Old West' in America. Ott tells of encounters and experiences with gamblers, outlaws, cowboys, cattlemen, teamsters, dance hall girls, and other characters, in varying shades of respectibility, from Texas to North Dakota and Montana."

Readers interested in the life of the 19th century cowboy will find Ott Black's story worthwhile. Recommended.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 5)

September 20th, headline "H. C. Eklund, photographer, featured in *True West* issue," together with the October 1979 issue of *True West!*

That's my Dad.That's my Pop! And it is always sad to know he is not around to share the pride of his family and friends over his countless accomplishments to preserve the memories of the West. Naturally, when he passed away ten years ago, after spending several years of declining health in a nursing home, nearly all of his contemporaries were gone and only a handful of family and friends were present to bid him farewell. Now this removes the sadness of that moment, thanks to Helen Clark.

I still recall, in fact I still have the letter from Dad, how pleased he was when *True West* published his letter about his "trick" photography of years ago. — Mrs. June Eklund Higgins, 1224 Arnold Drive, Moses Lake, Washington 98837

Old Man Yokum

I was most interested in reading "Rainbow Over the Dragoons" by Tom Barkdull in your December '79 issue, about the old ghost town of Courtland, Arizona, but more to the point about its noted character, the half-blind hermit of Courtland, Old Man Yokum. The question was raised if Yokum would have backed up his famous signs and taken a shot at anyone. I can answer that with a big "Yes!' He took a shot at me but due to his poor eyesight at that time, missed me.

In the mid-sixties I was ghost-towning in Arizona with two friends, Jack Miller of Riverside, California, and John Bongiovanni of San Pedro. We had driven from Tombstone via Bisbee to three ghost towns — Gleeson, Courtland and Pierce. Arriving in Courtland we parked our car and spying an old store building I grabbed my camera and went to the middle of the dusty road for a picture.

As I was peering into the finder I heard the report of a gun. My friend Jack Miller had gone over and sat down on the porch of the store. Yokum rushed out of the building, yelling and cursing, and yanking a .32 pistol out of his overalls pocket he fired right over Jack's shoulder. The bullet striking the ground kicked up dust about twenty-five feet in front of me.

On hearing the shot my other friend, John, who was lying down in the car, grabbed his Army .45 automatic and came running towards the store. Yokum saw him and slipped the .32 in his pocket saying, "That's a big gun ain't it?"

Jack replied, "Yes, and it makes a hell of a big hole." Yokum cooled down and mumbled, "Oh, I wasn't aiming to hit him, jist wanted to scare him." After that he talked about the old days when he was a young man. He rambled on at times in an incoherent manner. I got my picture but when I had it developed only the store showed up as both Jack and Yokum were in the deep shadow of the porch.

According to Mr. Barkdull, Old Man Yokum has passed on and so have most of Courtland's buildings. I suppose it is safe to visit now but I assure you I have no desire to return.

I get *True West* and *Frontier Times* each month and consider them the best of Western magazines. — Wilson T. Rhone, 1745 Noble Ave., Corvallis, Oregon 97330

More on Mr. Yokum

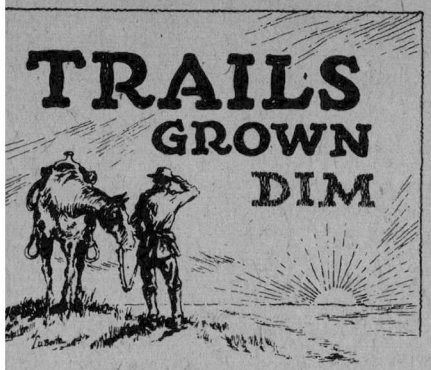
"Rainbow Over the Dragoons" by Tom Barkdull in the December 1979 issue brought to mind a visit to Courtland, Arizona twenty-eight years ago.

In 1952 while my husband was with the Army Corp of Engineers at Fort Huachuca we, along with our son Norman, age ten, often went sightseeing in the area on weekends.

We came upon Courtland late one Sunday afternoon and stopped at a weathered old building where a man was sitting on the porch with a small dog beside him. He was the Mr. Yokum referred to in the Barkdull article. We chatted a few minutes; he told us he was the only resident and that he was the watchman for the mining company.

As we started to leave he handed Norman several small pieces of a red dish mineral saying it was jasper. He reminded us that jasper was spoken of in the Bible. He was not exactly gregarious but certainly not unfriendly. We saw none of the signs mentioned in the story.

It was nearly dark as we drove away I looked back and saw Mr. Yokum and his dog standing in the road. I felt a sense of melancholia which I can still recall. There were no lights anywhere and I have never forgotten the utter silence of the place. — Mrs. Ruth E. Matson, N. 6616 Nevada, Spokane, Washington 99208.



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 and write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since the 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 don'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.

Rust

I would like to hear from anyone having information on Henry L. Rust, last known in Texas. He had two brothers, Jack and Joe E. I was Joe's wife.—Mrs. F. Yearwood, Shandon Star Rt., Paso Robles, California 93446

Larson-Pederson

I would appreciate any information about Bertha Larson, daughter of Adrian Larson and Kristina Neilsen Larson, Norwegian immigrants. They came to America in the spring of 1884 from Romso, Norway.

Bertha married Kristian Pederson (Sunderland?) on December 15, 1898 in Ottineau, North Dakota near the Turtle Mountains. I would also like any background on Kris Pederson.—J. C. Watts, 822 N. 22, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho 83814

Morris — James

My father was Marion E. Morris, born December 4, 1867 somewhere in Alabama near Sand Mountain. His father was Q. Morris and his mother was Mary Ann James. I know of one own sister, Mary. Father married and had no more children. He went to Granger, Texas when he was about 16 or 18 years old. If anyone knows of this Morris family I would like to hear. — Marion Morris, Rt. 3, Box 220A, Roswell, New Mexico 88201

Brown — Weatherred — Watson

I would appreciate any information about Martin John Brown (1810-1899) and Theresa Jones Brown (1814-1896) who settled in what is now Sabine County, Texas in the late 1830s or early 1840s. Their daughters Anna Margaret married W. W. Weatherred and Mary Eliza married Thomas B. Watson. — Mary Louise Weatherred McMahan, 1807 Knoll, McKinney, Texas 75069

Miller

I am seeking information on Civil War veteran Daniel P. Miller. I have this veteran's discharge and from this I quote:

"Daniel P. Miller Private of Capt. Eli Hughes Co. 'K' Sixth Regt. of Missouri State Militia Cav. Volunteers was enrolled on the eleventh day of Jan. 1862 to serve three years. Discharged from service of the United States Jan. 23, 1865 at St. Louis, Mo. Said Daniel P. Miller was born in Ray Co. Missouri, is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 5½ in. high, fair complextion, grey eyes, auburn hair, and by occupation, when enrolled, a farmer."

I would like to hear from any relatives of this veteran. Also any information regarding him. — Bill Green, 1336 N. Nevada Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80903

Ross

I am seeking information on the descendants of Gus Ross. Little is known of him except that he was born in Ireland, went to California during the gold rush and was never heard from again.

His children were James Wiley, Sam, Bill, Molile, Julie, Sallie, Mack and Bob, all born at Sand Mountain, Alabama.

James Wiley Ross (my husband's grandfather) married Lou Arthur. Their children were Annie, Frannie, Wilson, Scott, Kelley, Bee and Arthur. — Mrs. J. E. Walden, 527 E. 9th, McMinnville, Oregon 97128

Welch — Johns — Kirkland — Lester

William Riley Welch, Jr. was born June 16, 1867 in Michigan. He later moved to Missouri with his parents, William Riley, Sr. and Josephine Williams. William Riley also lived in Montana, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado and Texas. He died at Los Angeles, California in October 1934.

Eleanor Jane Johns, daughter of W. A. and Mary Davis Johns, was born March 27, 1868 in Iowa (?). She married William Riley Welch on October 16, 1889 at Hemingford, Nebraska. She died at age 31 at Bozeman, Montana.

John Kirkland, born at Govan (now Glasgow) Scotland, came to America in or about 1861 and married Annette (or Anetta) Anderson. Later he married Juliaet Doan Williams. They lived in or around Menomonie, Wisconsin.

Albert Lester lived in or around Menomonie, Wisconsin. He married Mary Rightman.

If anyone has information on any of these people, please contact me. I am the great-granddaughter of the above named. All letters will be answered and I will share what information I have. — Ileia Kirkland Watkins, Rt. 1, Box 10, Plummer, Idaho 83851

Chapman

In 1919 I corresponded with a cowboy, Clarence Chapman, who lived forty miles out of Pitchfork, Wyoming on a ranch. I wonder if he is still there and what happened to the town. I would appreciate any news about Clarence and will answer all mail. — Maude Brewer Faith, 3427 W. Osborn Road #5, Phoenix, Arizona 85018

Middleton — Tanner — Milton — Meeks

Information wanted on ancestry of Dr. P. A. Middleton, my great-grandfather. I am sure his roots are in the South (long before the Civil War). He was first married to Tanner; second marriage to Milton (my great-grandmother). He was practicing medicine in Austin, Texas when my grandmother Sarah Ella was born in 1856. She married Elias Larkin Meeks in April 1872 in Lee County, Texas.

I will appreciate and answer all letters. — Mrs. John P. Crews, 13405 No. Central, Dallas, Texas 75243

Tuxpan, Mexico Residents

I am interested in establishing correspondence with any person whose ancestors may have lived in Tuxpan, Vera Cruz, Mexico between 1866 and 1880. All letters will be answered. — Hollace Hervey, 902 Stanley, Denton, Texas 76201

Servat — Beadle

John (Jean) Servat, native of France, lived and died in Liberty, Texas. He married Mary Lavinia Beadle on November 29, 1877 in Liberty. Later he married Mattie Freeman on February 26, 1880. His death date is desired.

Mary Lavinia Beadle, native of Liberty, Texas, died between October 5 and 12, 1878 after the birth of a daughter, Marie Lavinia. Birth date, parentage, and actual death date are desired. — Mrs. E. W. Lowe, 604 North Texas, Wharton, Texas 77488

Gregory — Milner — Stubbs

I am seeking information about a Dr. Gregory who lived in or near Columbia, Louisiana. He and his wife, Ida Milner, had one bachelor son named Lennis (possibly mispelled). Did he ever marry and were there children?

Bob Milner was Ida's brother. He was never married and worked as an overseer on plantations. At one time he worked for a widow named Stubbs in Louisiana. Bob and Ida had another brother, George Edgar (or Ed) Milner who was my grandfather. He died in 1916 and was buried at Willow, Arkansas. He was the father of eight children.

Does anyone remember any of these people or anything about their early life? Any information will be appreciated. — Marie Martin, 1420 N. Broadway, Tyler, Texas 75702

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Hosstail's Small Talk

(Continued from page 3)

curb. The robber raised up to shoot and caught a bullet between the eyes. He fell forward and balanced on the well curb, dropping his gun into the well.

The boy said that he removed a pair of silver spurs from the boots of the dead man and I now have them in my collection. The gun was recovered in the Spring when the well was cleaned out. The gun did not deteriorate very much being under water that long.

The man in Corsicana replaced three (3) nipples and was shooting it when I found it. I got the old nipples, put them in a small cloth sack and tied them to the trigger guard.

I traded the man in Corsicana a 1860 Model Colt Army, that I paid $500 for, and a 95 Winchester 30-06 take down, with burl wood, that I paid $50.00 for, in exchange for the Dance Revolver.

Much later, I traded the Dance Revolver to Elton Hyder, Sr. of Fort Worth, for $7,000 cash, a diamond ring and 14 pistols.

Talk about gun collectors, I have a .22 Stevens Junior that has a very cracked stock. It is about fifty-two years old and is possibly worth $1.75 but I wouldn't take $5,000 for it! I figure the durn thing saved my life and that of my cousin "Hop" Fergeson when an old gray horse would have trampled us to death if I hadn't persuaded him with a whack on the hunkus to go forward instead of backward. Maybe you read that in the February '79 *True West* — "A Horse Named Prune." Perhaps I should take it to a gun show with a little card reading, "Distress Sale. Owner is getting old and needs a grubstake badly. Will sacrifice for $5,000." What makes a man think about silly things like that?

Now for the latest news. By golly, these Krause folks we are doing business with now are rolling along like loud thunder in a box canyon. We have wanted a really complete index for a mighty long time. Chet Krause said it wouldn't be much trouble and I smiled wisely and thought "This good man knoweth not what he getteth into! Well, Chet did knoweth and at this writing there is almost finished an index you wouldn't believe! If a gnat named Herman lit on a prairie dog's nose and it was mentioned in an article in any issue from 1953 through 1979 — Herman and the prairie dog (if he had a name) would show up in that dad-burned index! It will be printed as soon as the proof-reading and editing is finished and from the thousands of questions you folks ask relative to material that has been run in these magazines — it ought to be a gold mine for you. We'll let you know when it is ready to ship.

Also, another of my pet dreams was to put out a beautiful four color western calendar. That is in the making and you won't be able to miss the announcements on it when it's ready.

To cap it off, we are putting out a catalog that lists every dad-blasted thing we have to sell. You wouldn't believe how many letters we get asking i we sell this or that or whatever, an many of them end along the line of "B sure and list everything you hav because I want it all!" Well, that ha been some kind of a job in the past, bu when we get all our plunder listed an printed up in the catalog form, it ough to be a happy event for us all. I hope a least a few of you folks are as excite about this stuff that we are gettin together as I am. Oh yes, we are eve planning on listing the articles in eac back issue so you will know exactl what you are getting when you orde back issues. Most publishers would b surprised at the number of back issue we sell. They seem to be like wine – the older they get, the better they sell!

And just so you won't think that ou life is all work and no play, Th National Association and Center fo Outlaw and Lawman History peopl are having a Rendezvous down in Sa Antonio, on June 19 – 21 at Trinit University. There will be several tour of historic outlaw/lawman sites in th San Antonio area, plus a lot of othe doings. If you are interested, you ca get full details from Ben M. Bloun 163 Rittiman Road, San Antonio, T 78209.

I've said enough for this time. Be ter leave something for when I

See you later. — Hossta

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WESTERN COLOR PRINTS

Nez Perće On Appaloosa

2 The Scout

3 Branding Time

4 Ceremonial Dance

5 Tribal Costume

6 Pointing Toward Trouble

7 Brisk Causes Frisk

8 Gold On Padre Island

9 Stay Out Of My Territory!

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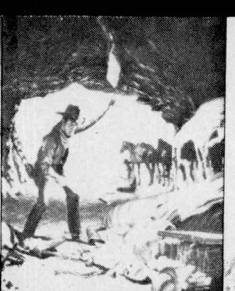

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PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

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

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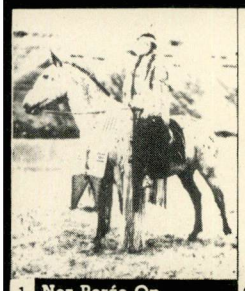

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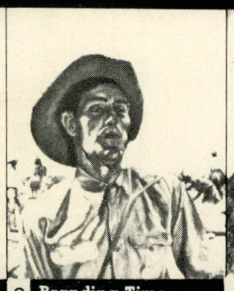
2 The Scout



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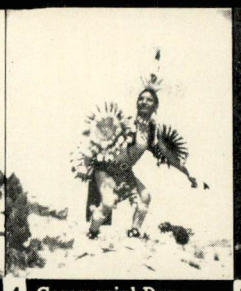

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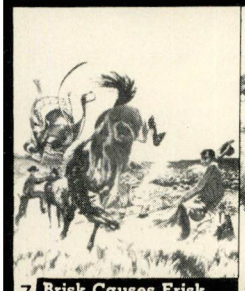

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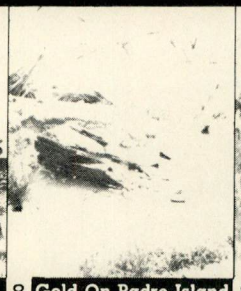

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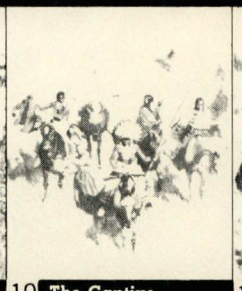

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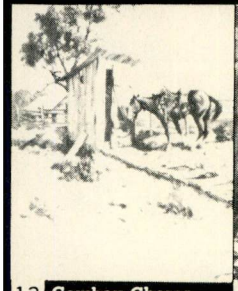

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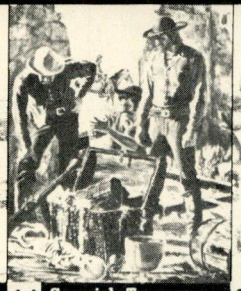

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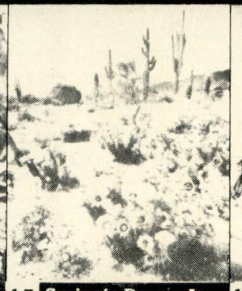

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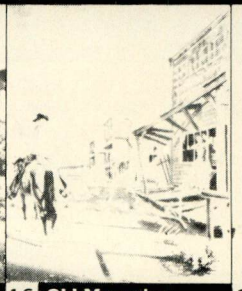
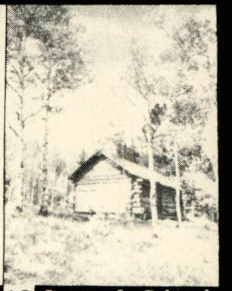


16 Old Memories

17 Flathead Indian



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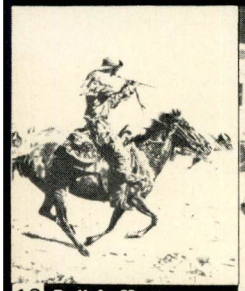

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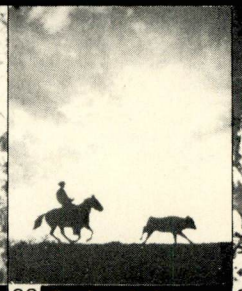
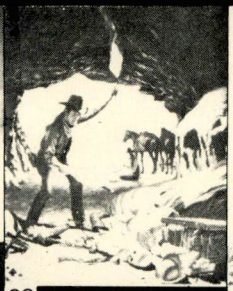
20 Lobos Hold A Wake

21 Old Homestead



22 Cowboy At Sunset



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THIS IS NO. 11, "ON THE MOVE"

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

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

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

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