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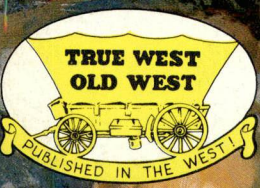
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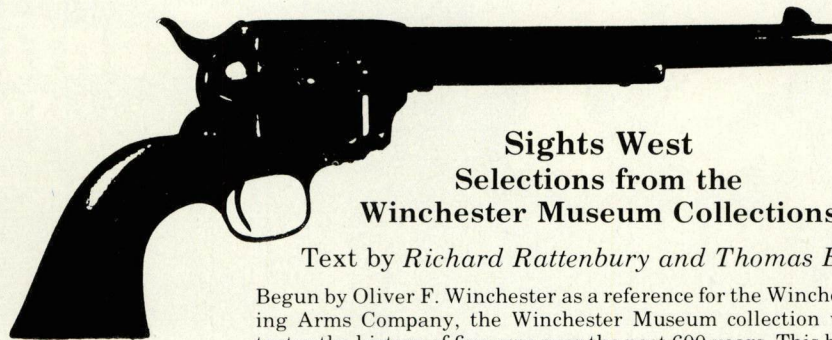


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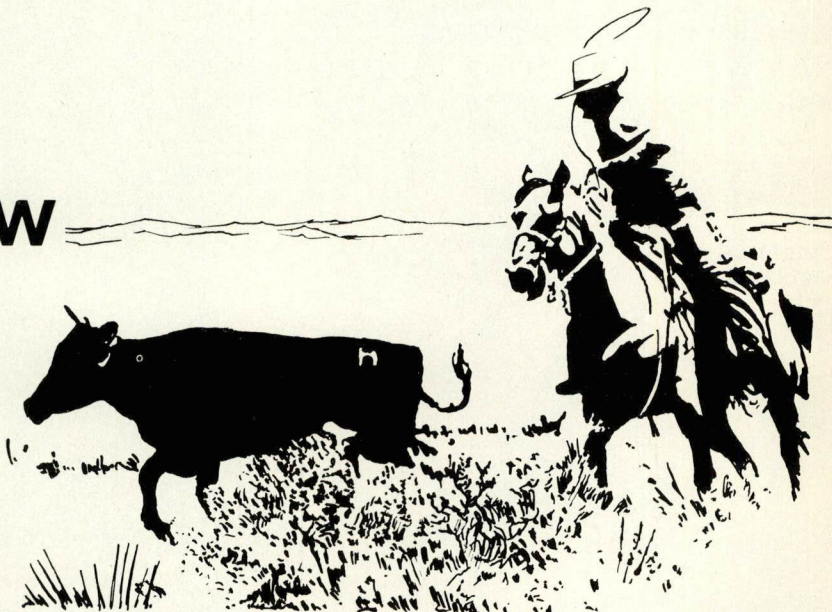


Sights West Selections from the Winchester Museum Collections

Text by *Richard Rattenbury and Thomas E. Hall*

Begun by Oliver F. Winchester as a reference for the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, the Winchester Museum collection vividly illustrates the history of firearms over the past 600 years. This book presents and describes 53 pieces from the collection, all guns that helped tame the frontier between 1725 and 1895. Included are the Sharps 1874 "Buffalo Rifle," the Colt Model 1873 "Peacemaker," and the Winchester '73, often referred to as "the gun that won the West." 80 pages, 11 x 8¼ in., 57 photographs. Paper \$13.95

and The New



The Modern Cowboy

By John Erickson
Photographs by Kris Erickson

Erickson brings the cowboy out of the 19th century, where he's been left to gather romantic cobwebs, and places him firmly in the present. He describes the modern cowboy's work, his tools and equipment, his horse, his roping technique, his humor, his style of dress, and his relationships with his wife and his employer. "For a straightforward, highly readable account of today's cowboy, you can't do better."—*Kirkus Reviews*. xii, 248 pages, 64 photographs. \$15.95



University of Nebraska Press
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“Bits and Pieces”

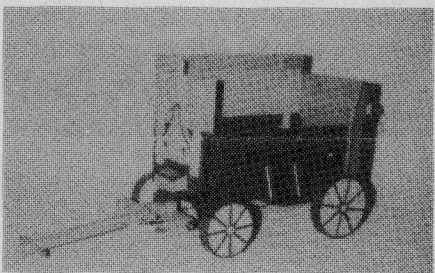
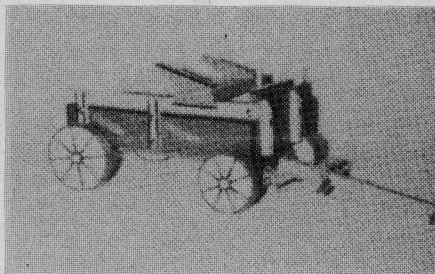
You've been asking for it and now you've got it. Look at the type in this issue. It's bigger. So many readers have failing eyesight and were having some trouble with the size type we have been using. Try this out for size. Those we have asked to try it says that it is easier to read — just the right size. Let us know if it suits you.

We are also going from a 30 pound paper stock to 35 pound and better quality at the same time. There have been a few mentions relative to quality of photos. That is one thing we can't do much about. Most of them come directly from the author and some are not top notch quality-wise. However, they are pictures of the people and places that the article is about. Some of them have been torn out of albums and are cracked and creased and just plain old and not sharp. There is nothing you can do to these photos but appreciate their historical value and get what is there — you can't improve the quality. Personally, I would rather see an old photo of the subject concerned even if it is a bit battered and indistinct than half a dozen sharpies that are merely of the general subject involved — and from your letters I know you would too. This paper will get everything out of them there is to be gotten so, again, we have made an improvement.

That's all the news of this nature I have, so I'll just add a few shorts to fill out the column.

Miniature Wagons

There is a man in Nebraska who started hand carving and hand painting miniature wagons over 18 years ago. They proved so popular



that the project now keeps six senior citizens busy. The wagons are constructed of the best white pine lumber and all have a tongue, neck-yoke, double trees, single trees and a front axle that turns. The little wagons are exactly as wagons were built in the late 1800s and early 1900s — each and every detail, including color — and represent all types of uses. The wagon boxes are about nine inches long. The overall length including the tongue is approximately 18 inches.

The older generation really goes for this item. The former auto and farm equipment dealer, railroad man, milkman, policeman, beer, ice, mail carrier and others can pick the replica of their occupation.

This is a project by men who take pride in what they're doing, and plenty of time is devoted to each wagon to ensure perfect workmanship. If you are interested, send for a picture brochure from Farm Wagons, 1412-W, 7th Street, Columbus, Nebraska 68601.

More About Coyotes

“I was born on a ranch at Bosler, Wyoming which is about twenty miles north of Laramie. I lived there till I was twelve. Dad went broke in the cattle business so we moved to Laramie. After the First World War, the bankers said cattle would be a goin' gussy. Dad borrowed \$10,000 and went further into the cattle business. Prices fell. Lots of folks went broke. My folks moved to Laramie. Mom ran a boarding house and Dad ran a filling station. They paid off the ten thousand — and in those days that was a heap of dough!

“There were plenty of coyotes on the ranch. It was my delight in the evening to go out in the yard and bark like a coyote. What a chorus! We never knew of a coyote getting any of our livestock. We had chickens, pigs, rabbits, colts and of course calves. Calves were the most vulnerable, being out on the range.

“We had what I like to call our secret weapon! Jack rabbits! The Laramie River bottom was only a mile from our ranch house and it had rabbits you would not believe — hundreds, thousands. We lay on alfalfa stacks in the evenings and shot jacks. They were so bad they would eat a stack away until it would fall over. In the morning we would load the wagon and haul the jacks away. We had to do this to keep our stacks of hay in shape for winter feeding. I got pretty good with a .22 rifle in those years. Coyotes loved those jacks as food. I've ridden horseback right up to a coyote eating a jack.

“One thing Dad and I could not understand. How did those coyotes

(Continued on page 55)



True West

Editorial Office:

P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764

Phone: AC 512/444-3674

JOE AUSTELL SMALL
 Publisher

PAT WAGNER
 Assitant to the Publisher

CINDY CRAIN NEWMAN
 Acting Editor

J.A. GARZA
 Design

MARY SANDERS
 Editorial Asst.

Advertising / Circulation Office:

700 East State St., Iola, Wisconsin 54990

Phone: AC 715/445-2214

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

In This Issue

HOSSTAIL'S "SMALL TALK"	Joe Small	3
TRULY WESTERN		6
TRAILS GROWN DIM		5
HORSE WRANGLER ON THE YELLOWSTONE	Walter E. Mann	10
LONG WALK ESCAPEES	Langford Johnston/Eve Ball	20
DOUBLE VENGEANCE	James R. Swerkstrom	28
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP	The Old Bookaroos	33
KARNES COUNTY CATTLEMEN'S UPRISING	Jakie L. Pruett	34
EMMET WIRT — FATHER TO THE INDIANS	Dewey Tidwell	40
ORTON FLAT AND A BUSTED HORSE RANCHER	T. Stanley Hill	46
NO HEAVEN OR HELL — JUST LIBERAL	G. Allene Reynolds	52
WILD OLD DAYS		56

Cover: Robert Caples
 "Easy Money"

TRUE WEST (ISSN 0041-3615) is published monthly by Western Publications, 700 East State St., Iola, Wisconsin 54990. \$1.50 per copy; \$8.95 for 12 issues; \$15.95 for 24 issues in the United States. Foreign subscriptions, including Canada and Mexico, please add \$5.00 per year for postage and handling. All payments must be in U.S. funds. Second class postage paid at Iola, WI 54945 and at additional mailing offices.

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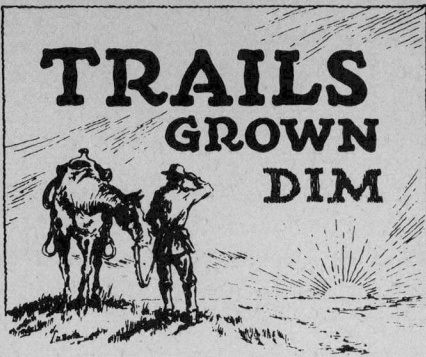
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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief.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

Thompson

I am seeking information regarding Samuel Thompson who was born about February 11, 1811 in Campbell County, Kentucky. His wife, Elizabeth (Betsy) was born May 23, 1811 in Simpson County, Kentucky.

Any information on these two people will be appreciated. — Mrs. Rella Wardle, 622 Ramona Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah 84105

Leifeste

Two Leifeste brothers, Edward and Max, left Mason County, Texas in the late 1890s and "went up the trail" with some cattle to the mid-western states. Edward William Leifeste was born on April 4, 1877 and Max Carl F. Leifeste was born on July 30, 1878.

Somewhere in those Midwestern states, Ed married Ruth ?. They had at least three children: Carl, born about 1900; Leo, born about 1902; and Gladys, born about 1905. Ruth divorced Ed in Montana in 1914 and Ed drifted back to Texas about 1921. He remarried in 1931 and settled in Kimble County, Texas where he died in 1954.

Max Leifeste reached St. Paul, Minnesota by 1905 where he worked

as a teamster, bartender and truck driver. He married Lottie ? probably after 1920 and remained in St. Paul until his death in 1934. Whether he and Lottie had children is not known.

We would like to hear from any descendants of Edward and Ruth Leifeste or any possible descendants of Max and Lottie. Any information on these two brothers or their families will be appreciated. — Julius E. DeVos, Fbg. Rt., Box 55, Mason, Texas 76856

Schievelbein

I would like to correspond with anyone related to Schievelbein (other spellings may be Schiefelbein or Schiepelbein). I believe my emigrant ancestor who came via port of Galveston and one coming via port of New York were related. My line is in Iowa and South Dakota. I have corresponded with those whose line is in Texas, Kansas and Nebraska. — Shirley Whitehead Wiese, 2402 N. Street N.E., Apt. B, Auburn, Washington 98002

Walker — Hevy Harding — Lane

My grandmother, Belle (Beverly) Evelyn Walker was born September 28, 1892 in Syracuse, New York. She married John Andrew Hevy. Their daughter was Lulu Cathrine Hevy.

My great-grandmother was Mary Ellen Harding, from Missouri. According to my grandmother, Mary Ellen was a good friend of Charlie Russell and O.C. Seltzer when she lived in Montana before moving to Nevada where she died. Mary Ellen married Oren J. Walker. Her parents were Minerva M. Lane and Andrew J. Harding. My grandmother said he was related to President Harding.

I would appreciate hearing from anyone having information about this family as they are all deceased now. — Sheila Huff, 18 Beverly Court, Bedford, Texas 76021

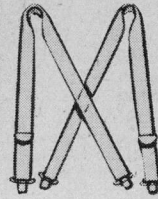
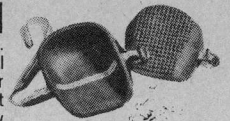
Rogers

I am looking for relatives of William Oscar Rogers. He served in the

(Continued on page 62)

THEY LAUGHED

when I ordered knee pads. Then they were jealous. I didn't have sore knees, nor extra laundry. I had comfort with soft, durable, heavy-duty sponge rubber w/adj. straps. 1 pr. \$6. 2 pr. ONLY \$10 ppd. Money Back Guar.! Ck. or M.O. to: R.M. MANLEY, Box TW5, 4126 Rosewood, Los Angeles, CA 90004. FREE gift cat.



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Map Dowsing

I was recently disabled with arthritis in my spine and am now barely able to walk because of the pain. However since I have acquired this disease I have noticed I've been able to find things very easily. A friend suggested I try dowsing and I did and for some odd reason (possibly the spine) have become very proficient at it.

I am sending along this map in hope that someone will try to find this vein and if they do, would remember where the information came from and possibly send some good fortune my way. If whoever wishes to try for this vein wants the pin-point location, they should send me a topographical map of the area and I'll mark it and return promptly. — Thomas W. Cramer, RR #1, Box 531, Momence, Illinois 60954

The late author of the article "Mystery of the Packrats" which ran in *Gold* (Annual 1971) would have been

interested in Mr. Cramer's letter. We are sorry not to be able to get his opinion of it. Incidentally Tom O'Dwyer was a pen name for Tom Bailey who, as our long-time readers know, wrote many a treasure story for us.

The Fast Track

My story is much the same as "Riding the Rods" (January '82 *True West*), only the author of that story started from the West and went East and we started from the East and went West. One summer in '21 the only ticket we bought was from here to Channing, Michigan which cost 35¢. From there we took the freight to Pembine, Wisconsin where we caught the Soo Line to Duluth, Minnesota. We wanted to go to the harvest fields in the Dakotas but we did not ride the rods. We rode in the empty boxcars and the tenders where they shot hot water over the coal which got in our faces.

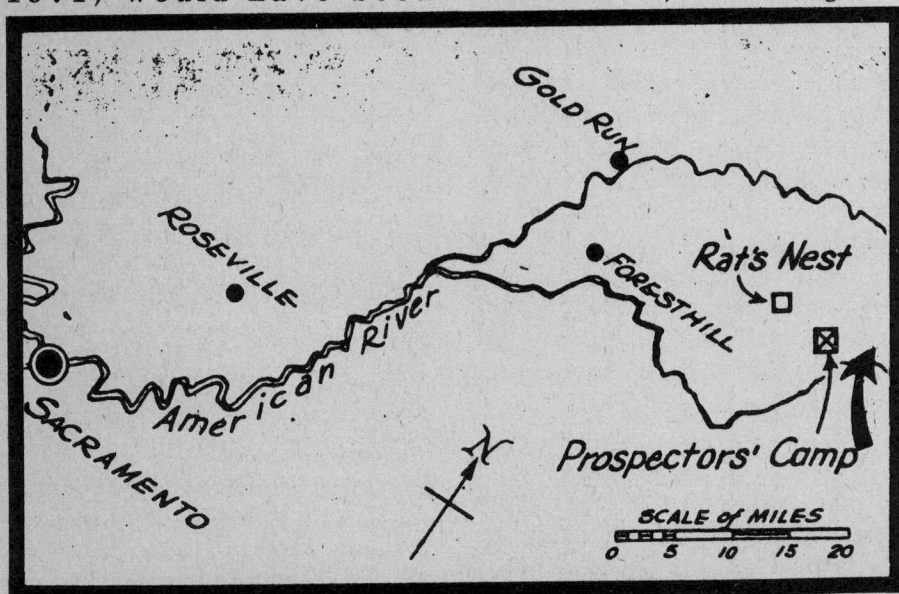
At Jamestown, after crossing that

high bridge, we jumped off and took another freight up north to Carrington, North Dakota. There was a bunch of guys listening to a IWW talking about strikes. As we went by, the engineer tooted the whistle to get on. Everyone left the speaker on his box and he got on the train too. That was a fast way to end that meeting.

When we got to Leeds we got jobs shocking wheat and then got on the thresher. There were five of us Finnish boys at first but three went on to other farms. I was only sixteen at the time, but turned seventeen in the fall. From that farm we went to Butte, Montana. One boy's father owned the Belmont House there, a boarding house for miners. We stayed there for two months. Then we heard that two of the older boys went to Aberdeen, Washington to work in a lumber camp up the Satsop River. In the big woods there we got a job on the railroad until fall and then decided to go back home. We got home on November 15 just in time to go deer hunting.

We changed our money into dimes and went to the bakery shop and asked the girl for some day-old bread. We told her we only had ten cents and she would load a big bag full which we could live on for days, going west through the Jacamo Valley. There were many apple trees along the railroad that we could raid as we went along. One time in Sandpoint, Idaho we only had a dime left so one of the boys suggested we get a package of W.B. cut tobacco which would cure our hunger. But I had eaten so many apples on an empty stomach that I couldn't take it and got sick. That cured me from tobacco, to this day.

Riding in the fruit cars coming home was warm but I wouldn't suggest that to anyone. — Eino A. Nelson, 109 Nelson Road, Crystal Falls, Michigan 49920



Help Us Identify

I'm hoping someone will recognize this group picture which was taken around 1905 or '06 in front of



my father's restaurant at Harrold, Texas. My father, C.A. Cushman, is second from the left, sitting on the porch, with his right arm around a dog. Any information will be greatly appreciated. — Glenn M. Cushman, 211 S. Hydraulic, Wichita, Kansas 67211

Apache Daughter

I was reading a copy of the June 1980 *True West* when a very important story reached my eyes. Before me was a story of a very good friend I had been with before she passed into the spirit world of Manito. I am one-fourth White Mountain Apache on my mother's side and my grandfather was a full-blood Choctaw tribal chief. So I knew the old Apache woman written about in "Was She Geronimo's Daughter?" I had been in Southern California when she was alive.

The year of 1971 and 1972 I returned to her home for a visit. Ruth Hill Wadsworth had nobody and yes, to our people she was the daughter of Geronimo whose mother gave her away, but her story reaches far among the White Moun-

tains of the Apache. It has been told many times around campfires about the daughter of Geronimo. I've been to her husband's old mine camp with her and I have been very close to this old woman. I would really like to thank the people of *True West* for putting her in their magazine.

I had been on the run at the time I went to Ruth for help. She got an old cloth bag out of a corner of her room and pulled out an old gun and a small bag of money for me. As I left she said, "Son, return shortly." I never saw her again or heard from her.

She was a very close friend of my grandfather and I met her first in 1962 at San Carlos Reservation

CORRECTION

Two photos were switched in the layout of "Preacher in the Gold Rush" (March 1982 *True West*). The photo of Oscar Penn Fitzgerald on page 22 was actually taken in the 1890s. His photo on page 25 is the one taken around 1855, the year he married Sarah Elizabeth Banks.

where she was visiting friends. At one time she wanted me to come and live in Randsburg, California with her. If she had lived longer maybe I would know more about her. I will say she wasn't one to hide her Indian ways or her religion, for I knew her and loved her like a son. — Lloyd Foster Bennett, 400799, Box 316, Fort Madison, IA 52627

Snake Bite

If there was ever a creature which was the most feared by the early day Arizonans, it would have to be the rattlesnake. The snakes usually gave a warning but oftentimes it came too late. They "buzzed" and bit altogether when you were too close to them. Every man who has ever been bitten by a rattler appears to remember it real plain the rest of his life — if he has lived to tell the tale. Many did not survive, especially if they were too far away to get help in time.

It was about noon in the fall of 1918 when we heard the sound of a wagon and horses coming in at a dead run. My father thought Uncle Jeff, who was the driver, had a run-

BUNKHOUSE BROWSING

So far in Bunkhouse Browsing I have talked about a few of our time-tested favorite books. This time I'd like to tell you about two recent additions to our Bunkhouse shelf, two books that are bound to become your favorites, too.

At the top of the list was *The Unabridged Mark Twain*. Three people have contributed writing to this massive book: Mark Twain; Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.; and Lawrence Teacher. However, including the introductory material by Vonnegut and Teacher, the book has 1296 pages. Of that, Mark Twain wrote 1289! So right off the bat I'd like to quote editor Teacher's opening note:

Because so many typesetters, writers, editors, and publishers mucked around with his words, I have attempted to go back and set stories and novels from his first editions. These were the only works that came close to being approved by him... The Unabridged Mark Twain was originally conceived as a 1248-page book... There were a lot of last minute judgments to be made... Well, I spent the money, used the pages, and, hopefully, have given you three pounds' worth of the best one-third of Mark Twain's writings.

Well, there's no "hopefully" about it! For one thing, I weighed the book. Three pounds. It contains twenty-one of Mark Twain's works placed in chronological order from "After Jenkins" to "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg," which represents a lifetime of work by one of America's greatest writers.

The name Vonnegut, of course, is also prominent in the literary world. In his opening remarks to *The Unabridged Mark Twain*, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. writes:

His schoolbooks were steamboats and mining camps...

Although he was raised in what has been called the country's

"Bible Belt," Twain found church services, especially praying, to be downright comical. Why? Because, in an age of steam engines and dynamos and the telegraph and so on, praying seemed so impractical, I think.

Twain himself had had tremendously satisfying adventures with the most glamorous conglomerations of machinery imaginable, which were riverboats. So praying, as opposed to inventing and engineering, was bound to seem to him, and to so many like him, as the silliest possible way to get things done.

In those words we can see the essence of Twain and the America of his time. He is remembered as our greatest humorist for favorites like *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, *Tom Sawyer*, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," "The Innocents Abroad," "The Prince and the Pauper" — all of which are in *The Unabridged Mark Twain* — and many, many more.

Mark Twain did his share of traveling, and so did a man named John Muir. The second newcomer to Western Book Company's list is Muir's *West of the Rocky Mountains*, another hefty book put together in the reliable Muir style.

Muir was a man with a compelling need to be out on the land, exploring it, being a part of it. He once lost his sight but was lucky enough to regain it, an experience that served to deepen his appreciation for the earth, and we are fortunate to be able to read his works and accounts of his adventures.

West of the Rocky Mountains contains twenty-six chapters, six of which were written by Muir. His own contributions are "Peaks and Glaciers of the High Sierra," "The Yosemite Valley," "Mount Shasta," "Washington and Puget Sound," "Passes of the High Sierra" and "The Basin of the Columbia River." The rest of the chapters

by Perry Peterson

were provided by thirteen other authors, and nearly all of the book's 508 pages have detailed illustrations — over 600 in all. As with the Twain book, it helps to know the size of this volume to realize what you're really getting. *West of the Rocky Mountains* measures 10"x13"x an inch thick. You know you have a book in your hands.

In an introduction, Richard E. Nicholls points out that

This book, originally published in 1888 as *Picturesque California and the Region West of the Rocky Mountains, from Alaska to Mexico*, is undoubtedly the most spectacular example of how Muir put his credo into action. ... At the time of its original publication, there cannot have been anything quite like this book available.

Nicholls goes on to mention that although Muir explored other wilderness areas, the Sierras remained his spiritual home. Muir saw in himself "a constant tendency to return to primitive wilderness," and he believed that all humans have the same urge. Muir felt that "Going to the woods is going home." All lovers of the Great West should own this book.

Both *The Unabridged Mark Twain* and *West of the Rocky Mountains* will give you hours of enjoyable reading at an excellent price. And our 1982 catalog, with dozens of other books, art prints and back issues, is free for the asking. Be sure to see our display ad in this and other issues of True West. We've added a lot of new titles, and the best way to stay up to date is to keep a sharp eye on this magazine. To order write to Western Book Company, 700 E. State St., Iola, WI 54990. Book #816, *The Unabridged Mark Twain*, soft cover, \$9.95. Book #564, *West of the Rocky Mountains*, soft cover, \$12.95. Till next time, watch your top-knot!

away but no, he was standing up whipping the running horses.

As he circled the house and came into the corral we knew something was wrong. Jeff had gone out early that morning to cut some cactus for our poor cows. We were living on the homestead in the Sacaton Mountains and my father and uncle had a few droughty old cattle who were living on cactus pulp waiting

for rain and grass.

As Jeff got out of the wagon he couldn't talk, he could only point at his leg. His throat was swollen tight and his face looked bad. Jeff had his leg tied off with a little rope; possibly that is what had saved his life.

At once my father cut Jeff's pants away, cut the wound with his knife and worked the blood out. He then put Sloan's Liniment and chewing

tobacco on the bite, and we cranked up our old red speed wagon and headed for town.

It was a long way to town and Jeff got awful sick and seemed to be burning up. He couldn't talk and was having trouble breathing. We thought he was going to die for sure. My father said, "I believe he's a goner," so he gave him a drink of whiskey laced with paragoric and it

seemed to help him.

When we got to the doctor he gave Uncle Jeff a full pint of sweet oil, and he threw it up at once. "He's got to keep it down," the doctor said, "or he'll die." So he poured some more down him. It looked and tasted like castor oil. Then he gave Jeff shots up and down both legs until he ran out of medicine. The doctor said he had had some medicine that counteracted poison but it had all been sent to the war.

Right after the doctor gave him the shots, Jeff passed out. My father and I and our neighbor, Ramon Chapa, who came in with us, sat with my uncle in a little shed in back of the doctor's house. Jeff slept on an old army cot.

He woke up about 2 a.m. and said he wasn't sick anymore and he didn't hurt anymore, but his leg was swollen clear to his ribs and up under his arm. It stayed that way for over two months, but he said he never did hurt and was never sick

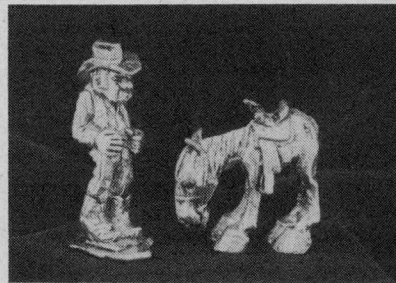
anymore.

Uncle Jeff told us that he was cutting down a giant cactus about noon. The big snake was coiled at the foot of it in the shade and my uncle didn't see him. He said that the snake sang and grabbed him at the same time and hung on like a bulldog. Jeff said it was a big diamondback — seemed like when he kicked the snake off he was as big as a cedar post.

Jeff never did kill him. He said he just got the team and started for home. He was afraid because many

had died of snake bites around that area at that time, so he headed for the ranch and he made it just in time. The doctor told us another thirty minutes and we would have lost him for sure.

Uncle Jeff said, "Don't ever let anyone tell you a snake bite won't make you sick, for it sure will." And he added, "I don't care if I'm going to a fire; if I see a rattlesnake, I'll stop and kill it." — Dan Woods, 1497 N.C. G. Ave., Casa Grande, Arizona 85222



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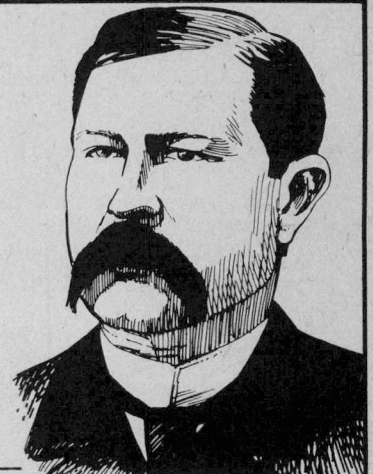
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HORSE WRANGLER ON THE YELLOWSTONE

"Every morning when the cook woke me up at 3:30, I would say to myself, 'There must be an easier way to make a living' "

By
WALTER E. MANN
Photos provided by author

MICHAEL (MICKY) MANN was born in Limerick, County of Cork, Ireland in 1866. He left home at nineteen to seek his fortune. Sad

to relate, he never saw his family again. Times were hard in New York City; bread lines were long on the lower Bowery. As many young men before him had done in similar circumstances, Micky enlisted in the U.S. Army and was sent to the far West, where he served at Fort Collins in Colorado; Fort Abraham Lincoln, North Dakota; Fort Buford on the Missouri River and Fort Keogh on the Yellowstone, both in Montana. By this time Micky was married to Rosa A. Boot and she lived with him at Lincoln, Buford and Keogh. It was under bleak and harsh living conditions — cold in the winter, hot in the summer, wind without end.

Rosa was born also in 1866, in Hornsy, a suburb of London, England. She came to the United States with her parents and brothers and sisters when a mere child. They settled in Jamestown, in Lefthand Canyon above Boulder, Colorado and developed a sheep ranch in that area. Rosa was in training as a nurse in Fort Collins when Sergeant Mann, U.S. Army, 22nd Infantry, first met her.

Robert, their eldest child, was born in New York City in 1890. The other children were born at Fort Keogh, Montana: Margaret, Kathleen, Walter (that's me), and Burt. Some years later I wrote to the clerk of Custer County, requesting a birth certificate. I found out that since I



Fourteen-year-old Walt Mann and his new saddle. The Mann brand (M Lazy M) can be seen on the barn at left.

was born on the Reservation I was not recorded in the vital statistics of Custer County. However, the Adjutant General, U.S. Army, could furnish a document certifying to place and date of birth.

THE ROLLING grasslands of eastern Montana were the home of many large cattle and horse outfits. Miles City was the shipping point for hundreds of thousands of fat four-year-old steers. The Northern Pacific and the Chicago, Milwaukee railroads provided shipping pens, chutes, and stock car sidings. The horse sale yards prospered under the management of A.B. Clarke, C I horse brand. Two to three thousand range horses went through the monthly sale ring, often in carload lots of twenty-two head. Many a boy, myself included, received his first pony in the form of a free motherless colt when the mare was injured beyond recovery in the rough handling of unbroken range horses.

Brother Robert first found work on the John M. Holt L O cattle ranch, headquarters on Mizpah Creek in 1905. The next year he worked for W. W. Price, Crown W horse ranch near Knowlton, Montana.

The U.S. Cavalry, no longer needed in eastern Montana, was



Michael (Micky) Mann, 1866-1930.

May 1982



Rosa A. Boot riding sidesaddle in the high mountains at Lefthand Creek, near Jamestown, Colorado. She married Micky Mann in 1889.

withdrawn from Fort Keogh in 1905 and the post was closed as a military installation. My father was appointed caretaker of the 100-square-mile Reservation. We lived in Col. Nelson A. Miles' old residence on the perimeter of the parade ground in 1905-1909. A luxurious and capacious dwelling for a sergeant and his family in that day and age. However the mansion was cold, heated only with fireplaces; roast your back and freeze your belly. (The old residence burned to the ground in 1965.) A grand log barn with separate box stalls for each team, a hay loft, a corral, and to top it all off, a flowing artesian well was in back of the house. This was the only useable water at the post outside of the Yellowstone and Tongue Rivers.

A cavalry horse named Morley was shipped from Fort Snelling, St. Paul, Minnesota to Fort Keogh for Father to oversee the Reservation, bounded by Tongue River on the east, Lignite Creek and Sadie Bottom on the west, two miles north paralleling Yellowstone River on the north and way to hell and gone through the Badlands on the south.

Morley arrived in a boxcar from the Northern Pacific Railroad, accompanied by one soldier. Father was afraid of the horse right from

the start. He was not a horseman; he was a 22nd Infantry "walk-a-heap" as the Cheyenne Indians called the soldiers. So seventeen-year-old Robert rode Morley, with Father on our old buggy horse, Bird. I can see them yet coming in from an all-day round over the unfenced Reservation to see that no cattle or sheep were trespassing on the big open. Father was on a mankiller McClellan Cavalry saddle, eyes bloodshot from alkali dust, a red bandana handkerchief around his neck, and his pants worked up above his knees. Such a trip usually called for some relaxation at Jim Willis and Alice Brown's Last Chance Saloon. Father (the Irishman) was no slouch when it came to tending bar — the front side of course.

That Morley was some horse. He was a Cavalry goldbricker, that's what he was. Human nature being what it is, the commanding officer at Fort Snelling had taken this golden opportunity to unload a free-loader. Since the horse did not turn out so well under saddle, Robert decided to try him in harness. Morley was hooked up with our so-called gentle work horse whose greatest achievement was running fast and kicking high. But Morley did not take to harness either. Our rig was called a buckboard — stout

pole and doubletrees, dashboard, whipsocket and seat but no springs, and no brake. I know all this because I was there on the front seat. We did not have a rope to fetlock through ring in hame. We were built more for speed, and we got it.

Those horses ran the mile and one-half from the Fort Keogh blacksmith shop to the Tongue River wagon bridge in less time than Dan Patch did his record mile of 2:14. Of course Robert was beating them over the tail, just to show old Morley what a good runaway was really like. Even today I tremble every time I see that faint trace of the old wagon road along the Northern Pacific tracks. The horse was eventually turned over to a Mr. Swartz, advance agent for the U.S. Cavalry Remount station yet to come. I hope old Morley went to horse heaven when rigor mortis set in, but I doubt it.

The Montana brand book for 1910 shows the Michael Mann cattle and horse brand as M Lazy M, and the range as the Fort Keogh Reservation. I have often wondered how the Mann clan could claim the Reservation as their exclusive stock range when other livestock men were excluded.

In 1909 the Fort Keogh site was converted to a remount station for the U.S. cavalry and artillery. The well-kept barns and corrals were ideal for handling and breaking

horses. The riders were cautioned to break them to ride and not to buck.

Great were the goings and comings of young men in groups of five to fifteen on big solid color horses. First bucking them out in the corrals and then out on the flats walking, trotting, loping — dismount, mount, turn, twist, stand — until the green-broke horse was ready for the cavalryman's high school training. Artillery horses, sixteen hands at the withers, in teams of six, hooked to caissons — running, rearing, kicking, in big half-mile figure eights — raised dust on the flats between the Northern Pacific tracks and the Badlands on the south. Each team consisted of a gentle work horse mounted by a rider on a McClellan cavalry saddle and a future artillery horse bronc; three such teams would be strung out in all, iron collars, open bridles, snaffle bits, no holds barred.

Dozens of men, young and old, were there riding (or riding at) those horses in the days of the Fort Keogh Remount Station from 1908 to about 1920. Tony Madsen, Font Hitchcock, Louie Stone, Smoky Moore, Kize Eades, Yakima Jim, Jess Coates, and dozens and dozens of others including brother Robert. Finally Robert said to me, "A man is a damn fool for bucking out broncs on slick frozen ground. There must be an easier way to make a living. I quit." Poor Brother,

known far and wide as Micky Mann, died in 1915 and is buried along with my father and mother in the Miles City cemetery.

IN 1916 Bruce Mott and I rode out to Stacey, Montana after cattle. Stacey is about sixty miles south of Miles City, near the north boundary of the Custer National Forest. Bruce and his father were stocking a small ranch on the Yellowstone River at the mouth of Moon Creek, branding quarter circle box. The Tom Scott ranch at Stacey offered high grade white-faced Herefords. The Motts purchased thirty-five head of yearling heifers and our job was to trail them back to Miles City. We moved along about ten miles a day, stopping at ranches along the way. I especially remember our overnight stay at the John M. Holt Beaver Slide Ranch on Pumpkin Creek, Beebe post office. We still had about twenty-five miles to push those tired heifers. One ranch hand asked if we would get to Miles City the next day. Before we could reply the cook yelled out, "What do you think they are driving — giraffes?" We had a pleasant trip. All the world is bright and shining to youth on horseback.

In 1917 I got into the picture at Fort Keogh. As the cavalry horses, light artillery and work mules were readied for service they were shipped to many places in the West.



Horse wrangler Mann bringing in the saddle horses, South Sunday Creek in Montana. The circled buckskin pinto in the bunch is the same horse Saul Nichols is riding in the closeup on the next page.

In 1916 hundreds were shipped to the Mexican border for use in the Pancho Villa war. The next year I shipped out many times with horses to such points as Fort D.A. Russell, Cheyenne, Wyoming; Fort Vancouver, Portland, Oregon; and Fort Lewis, American Lake, Washington.

What great adventure it was for a youth to ship out with those horses, to see the world through a boxcar door. We traveled in style. These were not broomtailed wild horses heading for dog food at Rockford, Illinois. We were in Arms Palace horse cars, eight horses in separate stalls at each end with baled hay in the middle for the attendant (that was me) to sleep on. We would have worked for nothing but mind you we were paid four dollars a day, with a day-coach railroad ticket back. We traveled light. I carried a suitcase and a little roll containing a piece of canvas and one blanket. The suitcase contained sandwiches prepared by Mother. No matter how long I was out, I lived on those sandwiches and the same water the horses drank. You might call them "thousand mile sandwiches."

These were the First World War years. Prices skyrocketed. Wool sold at 75¢ a pound in Boston and grass-fed steers at \$10 a hundred. Early in the spring of 1917 Abe Becker, branding TZ, new owner of a small ranch on South Sunday Creek twenty miles north of Miles City, shipped in 1,200 head of Mexican steers, turning them out north of the Yellowstone River. They must have come all the way from the border. There were even a few burros in with those steers. They were reds and roans, buckskins and brindles, brockled faces, and hell for horns and tail. With the war price of beef on the rise the plan was to pick up a few hundred pounds per head on free Montana grass and bring the owner a profit in Chicago that fall.

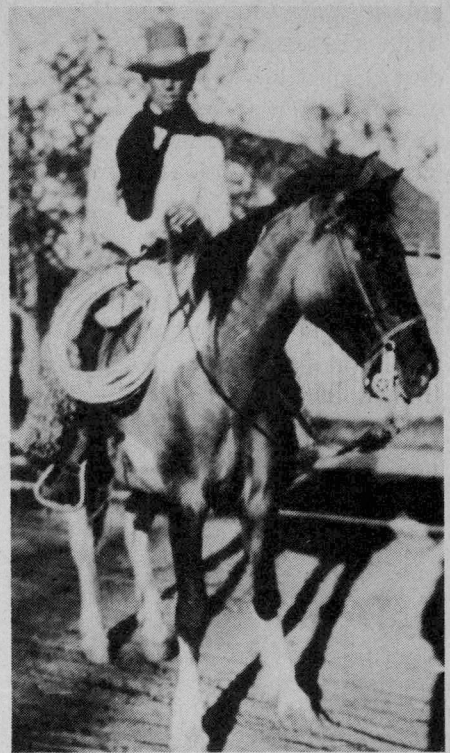
Since Smoky Nichols and his two sons, Earl (Bub) and Saul (Dutch) had a horse ranch (Rafter T) on Sunday Creek, Becker contracted for the Nichols outfit to gather and ship those Mexican steers. I got the job of horse wrangler. Smoky picked

me up in Miles City on July 1 in his 1916 brass radiator Model T Ford. He rode in and on it just like he loped a horse through the Badlands. We were on the road part of the time. I had a good bedroll, an Al Furstnow single rig saddle and a pair of black angora chaps that Robert bought for me. I joined the wagon camped near Stoneshack on Grimes Creek. We had over a hundred head of saddle horses, two four-horse work teams for the chuckwagon and a few mules and burros — no mares. I had five head of gentle horses to ride.

I SOON LEARNED about the duties of a horse wrangler. On camping, unhook the teams, set the wagon tongue up on the neck yoke, string the harness on the pole, set the cook stove (four hole with oven) on the ground six feet back and slightly to the right of the grub box door when let down on one center leg, put in poles and stand the 12 x 14 foot tent up in back of the wagon over the stove and guy it good, because I am going to sleep in there, stretch a fly out over the wagon, chuck box and tent and we were in there as snug as you can ever be in Montana weather.

Next, set up the rope corral, consisting of one-inch rope, forked poles and guy ropes, about 200 feet from the chuckwagon. Flies, dust and manure did not help the grub department. I learned to keep track of those horses (one was belled) day and night, to corral them three or four times a day, and to make a backhand flip of a small loop over the head of the horse selected.

We moved about ten miles every day. Cook Arneburg, with a four-horse team on the chuck wagon, pilot in lead, followed by horse wrangler Mann and the saddle horses. We traveled northwest working Louie and Scotty Creek, Thompson Creek and Little Dry. We camped in sagebrush on Little Dry about one mile southeast of Cohagen. The area looked about the same fifty years later when I drove through there in 1968 except the country is all fenced up.



Saul Nichols at Mann home in Miles City, Montana.

Bub Nichols, my brother-in-law, roped out a green horse at this camp. Quick, two men on the end of the rope. Bub rode a rough string. He rode an Al Furstnow saddle, Sid special tree, three quarter double rig. He had a long go at it on a downhill slope and that horse turned it on. But Bub was still up there in the end. He started riding broncs at an early age. He had what it takes. What a swell fellow he was; generous to a fault. He later gave me his silver mounted star rowel spurs. Outdoor men are like that. I am glad to say those spurs eventually went back to him.

Bub was pickup man at the 1919 Miles City Roundup celebration. That was the year Casey Barthelmess rode the famous horse Skyrocket. A closeup picture taken that day shows Casey up on that horse closer to heaven than he had ever been before; Colie Ward in the dust on the ground, knocked down at the first jump; and Bub Nichols holding the blindfold in his hand with his grey rope horse Goatafro in the background. Bub ran his horse down that afternoon. Later he came out of the arena and traded horses with me. I had a red roan Rafter T

horse called Doodlebug. He was heavy and slow but the only change available. Bub Nichols was killed a few years later riding Redbird, a rim rocker but always an unreliable bucking horse.

We had the Nichols clan all the way through with that wagon in 1918 — Smoky and his two sons, and his brother Bill Nichols. Also we had Howard Tegland, later professional rodeo rider; George Whitbeck; Fred Morris; Tom Dillard, local wolfer and rancher; Walter Johnson; and another rider who joined us at Cohagen. I have forgotten his name, but he was a roper and a good one. After we gathered a herd those Mexican steers were hard to hold on the bedground. A dark night, a little wind, or a few streaks of lightning and certain ones would sneak out at night unless closely watched. Our Cohagen friend soon turned to roping the bunch quitters, busting them mighty hard, tying up three legs and leaving them on the flat all night. Many of those steers only had one horn when we finally loaded them on the cars. Stock was treated rough in the open range days.

SMOKY NICHOLS always met trouble head-on with both eyes open. He never backed down and was in there pitching all the way. The summer following our roundup a homesteader on South Sunday Creek complained to Smoky about the range cattle getting on his unfenced claim. The homesteader said, "If you don't keep those cattle out of here I'll shoot you." It developed later that he was a man who kept his word.

Smoky sent Saul and me over in a wagon with five reels of barbed wire as a donation to help protect his crop. A few weeks later Smoky and Saul were moving a small bunch of cattle past a corner of this man's land and from a perch high in a cottonwood tree the homesteader shot Smoky, knocking him off his horse. This was a serious wound, going in one side and out the other. I don't know how Smoky survived. Strange to report, at the court trial Smoky was placed on probation to keep the



Walt Mann decked out for an all-day ride. His lunch was rolled into the slicker on back of the saddle.

peace. There is a principle of law here that evades me. Smoky died early in the 1920s. I have always believed his constitution was weakened by that wound. He never fully recovered his strength.

The mail stage out of Miles City stopped at Angela, Cohagen, Rock Springs, Hillside and on to Jordan. I bought Bull Durham at Angela but it turned out to be Dukes Mixture in bags. All the Bull Durham had gone overseas to soldiers in the trenches.

The postmaster at Angela was a woman. She told me a lot of good stuff, some of it true. For instance she told me why women live longer than men. It is because they are girls for such a long time. She asked me how many steers we had gathered. While I was trying to remember whether I knew, she said, "Well do you know or are you guessing, because if you are guessing I can do my own guessing." She kept talking long after I quit listening.

Actually I had not yet seen the herd. North, east, south and west all looked alike to me and I was afraid to get out of sight of the wagon for fear of getting lost. Since we did not

have a night hawk the horses drifted far in the night. Soon every rider held a bunch quitter for a night horse. That, plus haltering a few to a band around a burro's neck helped my job of locating the saddle horses in the early morning. I found out that a cook and a horse wrangler work early and late. In fact my bedroll was still new when I left in the fall. What I really needed was a good lantern. Quitting time and starting time came awfully close together. Every morning when the cook woke me up at 3:30 a.m. I would say to myself, "There must be an easier way to make a living."

I found out about alkali water that summer. Our water came out of the creeks on which we camped. That stuff went through you like — well, it went through you. You could not stay on your horse very long at a time. We had to drink it, cook with it and wash with it. That water lost none of its power even when boiled to make coffee.

I also found out that all the rattlesnakes were not in Wyoming. There were some in Montana. In fact they were everywhere. We slept in bedrolls on the ground, in the tent, or

under the wagon, but the snakes did not seem to bother us. Not so today. I would not sleep out on the ground in sagebrush now for all the steers in Texas. Somehow you get more apprehensive and your courage sort of oozes away as you get older.

THERE ARE many ways to get banged up in a cow camp but I only saw one fellow get hurt that summer. Fred Morris was loping along on a gentle horse on level sage-covered ground when his horse stumbled and turned a complete somersault. The horse got up but Fred did not. His leg was broken below the knee. This happened about ten miles south of Jordan. We got Fred to Jordan on a passing wagon. Saul Nichols went in with him. There was not a resident doctor in Jordan at that time. Fortunately, however, a doctor was there that day from Miles City, called to treat a man injured in a runaway. He set Fred's leg and that was the end of Fred for the summer. But in a way Fred was lucky. I don't know how good that doctor was but I heard later he treated a patient in Miles City for seven years for yellow

jaundice before he found out the guy was Chinese.

We turned west and then south before we reached the Big Dry. We had a big herd of steers by that time and it took some doing to move the herd, the chuckwagon, the saddle horses, and to work new country on our way back southwest toward the Yellowstone River. We were a good team by that time. Every man knew his job, even the lowly horse wrangler.

We camped one night at the old Parker Ranch north of the Yellowstone River. Parker was a freighter and the yard was strewn with old wagons, chains, eveners, spreaders, and other gear for the ten and twelve horse and mule teams he used. I found a pair of handmade steel oxbow stirrups in the sagebrush and I am sorry to report I took them. I whittled out pieces of hardwood to fit in the bottom of each stirrup to make a flat tread and bound them up with strips of OP beef hide (which we had on hand until we found a secret place to bury it). I liked those stirrups. They were still on my saddle when I sold it many years later.

We did not go as far west as Big Porcupine Creek. We came down Little Porcupine into Yellowstone River valley and shipped the herd on the C. M. & St. Paul RR loading from the stock yards at Cartersville. We got most of Becker's steers. I hope he made some money. However Tom Colleran, then ranching near Kinsey, brand AX, told me he shipped a few of those TZ steers in 1921. Saul (Dutch) Nichols was killed in 1928 near Kinsey while running range horses. His saddle horse reared so high he went over backwards. My friends, Smoky, Saul, and Bub Nichols are buried in the Catholic cemetery at Miles City.

I got back to Miles City in September 1918 very little richer but a little wiser. Livestock prices were still on the up. I next got a job with the SH Ranch, again as horse wrangler, through Kenneth McLean, livestock manager for the First National Bank. The SH Ranch was about sixty miles south of Miles City on Tongue River. Fred Moffat picked me up at 2 a.m. in his old flatbed White truck, solid tires, twenty miles an hour. Apparently he was freighting supplies for the



Rafter T horses in the ranch corral on Sunday Creek. Bub Nichols on his grey rope horse Goatafro with rope on Redbird. Deloss McBride in white chaps going down rope. Redbird was a long-barreled, lanky range horse that never gentled down.

ranch. I was ready — bedroll, saddle and all. Moffat was a horse trader. He also pastured sale yard horses between monthly auctions at 50¢ a head. I helped run horses out on Cottonwood and Moon Creeks and back, often 300 head at a time.

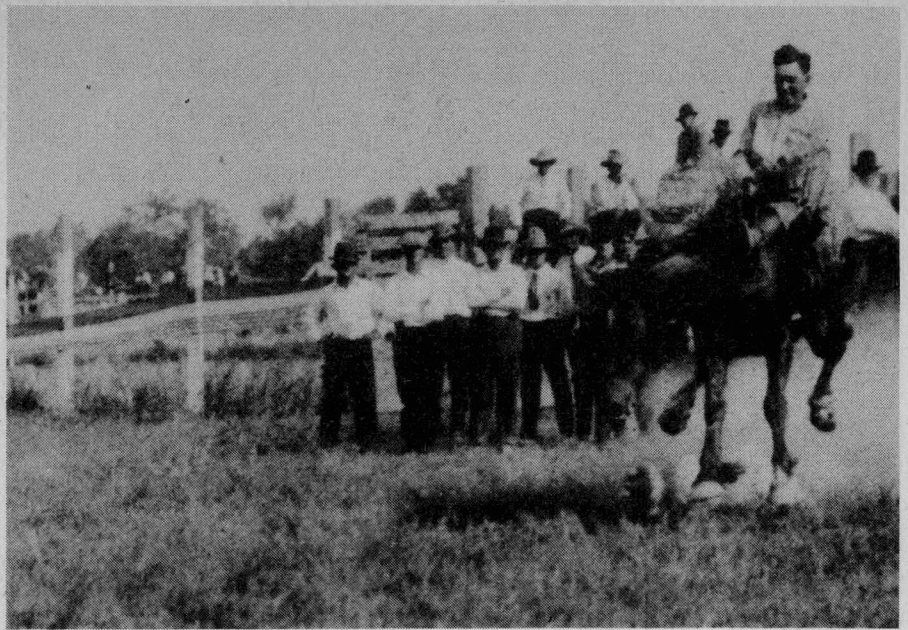
I recall one trip in particular. We put sixteen head of saddle horses in the Northern Pacific stockyards one evening, planning to get an early start the next morning. We were out there at 6 a.m. but someone had run in a bunch of cattle in the big outer yard and chained and padlocked the gate. What to do?

It looked like a big storm coming up. We were in a hurry. We just ran those horses up the loading chute, jumped them off the platform and were off. Did it ever storm! Rain, hail, thunder and lightning. I had my slicker tied behind the saddle. Two miles west of Fort Keogh just beyond where the road crossed to the south side of the N. P. track, lightning struck and knocked down several rods of Reservation fence. We hurried on in the mud.

On the west side of Lignite Creek, ascending the long hill we came to a team and wagon stopped and off the road. The driver was dead. Struck on top of the head by lightning. It was a lonely place to die. The dead man had on a yellow slicker and apparently had been standing up in the rain. He had fallen forward and the front wheel was rubbing his jaw. The team had wandered off the road and stopped. We left him as we found him with lines wrapped in hand. We unhitched, set the brake, and tied the team behind the wagon. We sent word through Horton railroad station to the sheriff of Custer County. I never learned the dead man's name. He was working for the Mott Ranch and was enroute to Miles City.

Moffat and I arrived at 5 a.m., and rowed across Tongue River in a boat tied to the east bank, just in time for a six o'clock breakfast.

CHARLEY RILEY was wagon boss. We left the ranch next day headed south. There were five men to start with. The only other names



Bub Nichols doing his thing on Old Signal Butte at the rodeo at Miles City in 1916.

I remember are Slim Hanson, Cowboy Johnnie and George Badgett who joined us later on Otter Creek. The Badgetts were early-day cattlemen on Otter Creek. They had some running horses and competed in the races at Miles City during the 4th of July show. We had the usual chuckwagon, an unusual cook with a wooden leg, and about fifty head of saddle horses. I had four horses in my string this time.

We made fast time. The second night out we camped on Tongue River near Ashland, bordering the Northern Cheyenne Indian Reservation. The next morning Charley pointed out the last horse in my string, a high-headed buckskin. He looked all right except for one thing. He had an unhealed rope burn part way around his neck. I was a little suspicious but I roped him easily in the corral. He was a little snorty but with the help of Slim Hanson I soon had my saddle on. I turned him around two or three times to see if he had anything in mind. I was more afraid of that horse than the devil is of holy water. The men were all looking on and there were about twenty Cheyenne Indians standing around camp. Who can go chicken in the face of such an audience? I gathered old Buck up well, put my toe in the stirrup and swung on. That horse jumped sideways away

from me for what seemed like twenty feet, but I was still up there. He trotted off with good action and we had no problems. I think he had been jerked around on a rope and thought I was the s-o-b that did it.

We broke camp and rode into Ashland. It was still early, but not too early for a drink. We stopped in front of the Beehive Saloon and Charley and the rest rushed for the bar yelling, "Come on, kid!" But not me. I had too much trouble getting on old Buck to get off again in the first two miles. So I stood one man guard on the saddle horses. I waited a long time.

We crossed the Custer National Forest, turned up Otter Creek, picked up George Badgett and moved south into Wyoming. By that time I found out where we were going. Nobody ever tells the lowly horse wrangler what goes. We might have been heading for the Mexican border for all I knew, or cared either. But it turned out to be a trip to Clearmont, Wyoming on the C. B. & Q. Railroad after cattle.

Cowboy Johnnie had a bay horse in his string that bucked a little every time he was rode. There was a brand on his left hip that looked like the outline of bird so the horse was called Crow. He was slower than the Second Coming but if you ever caught up with anything you were

well mounted. The morning we broke camp at the Badgett ranch old Crow was up for his turn. Johnnie piled on carelessly, expecting the usual hopping around. But apparently old Crow had decided to retire. He bucked out across the flat like a four-year-old and dumped Johnnie so quick he didn't even know what happened. All that day the joke in camp was: Crow fly high, Johnnie fly low.

This was all high rolling grasslands especially suited to cattle. You could see the Big Horn Mountains to the southwest. The air was so clear you could see farther in the moonlight than you could in the daytime in most states. No wonder trail herds from Texas were brought into this country almost before the Indians left. We crossed the divide between Tongue and Powder Rivers and on to Clear Creek.

We were on high bench lands looking into the valley. The cook, driving four horses, was saying, "Where do I get off?" He found out. The wagon tipped over, angling down the bluff. The cook landed on his one good leg and wooden stump with the four lines in his hand. What a joke! Charley Riley laughed so hard I thought his horse would jump out from under him. Two



Walt's sister Margaret riding rangelands in 1927 near Las Cruces, New Mexico. She had married Bub Nichols in 1913.



Walt making snow surveys for the U. S. Forest Service on the Colorado River Plateau in southeast Utah, elevation 9,000 feet. Photo was taken about ten years after his horse wrangling days.

ropes and two saddle horses pulled the wagon upright and we were soon at the railroad stockyards at Clearmont. The entire setup consisted of the stockyards, loading chutes, side track, and railroad section house.

We were in need of grub so Charley made arrangements with the section foreman to borrow a railroad handcar for a trip to the store at Arvada, Wyoming, about eight miles east. I was invited to go along. You had to pump the handle of this car up and down for locomotion, but horse wrangler power is cheap. It was dark when we got to Arvada. All I saw was a section house and a store about 300 feet south from the railroad track. (I drove through Arvada in 1957 enroute from Buffalo to Deadwood. The section house and store were still there.)

There were several men and

women in the store that evening in September 1918, all wearing a sort of mask over nose and mouth. It looked strange to me. I learned later the purpose of the mask was to screen the air as a safeguard against Spanish influenza which swept the country in the fall of 1918. We made our purchases and left. It was a long pump back to Clearmont.

WHILE CAMPED at the yards in Clearmont a rider from the big Kendrick cattle outfit of northern Wyoming rode in. He had been out all day, with no dinner, and was mighty tired. Bighearted Charley Riley got out some of his Hazel Grove firewater, reserved for medical purposes only, to strengthen up our new friend. An empty stomach and long abstention from anything stronger than alkali water left that

cowboy vulnerable. When we helped him on his horse he could not have found his way out of the rope corral. We pointed him toward the home ranch and turned him loose. I never heard whether he made it or not.

The cattle arrived early the next morning. We unloaded 600 head of two-year-old steers. They were average range cattle, mostly red with white or brockled faces, but far from the types of today. They were shipped from someplace in Nebraska. We were not long in stringing out on the trail headed north. The weather turned cold. We were in rain, snow and mud most of the time. We all agreed there must be an easier way to make a living. The early day cavalryman's slogan was "forty miles a day on beans and hay." We were lucky to make ten miles a day.

Slim Hanson was a man that fussed about many things — the weather, his horses, the cook. One of the horses in his string was a ring-tail. Ride a horse all day that rings his tail every time you touch him with your spurs, and it wears on you. Apparently you can feel this tail action through the horse's backbone. Slim had a cure. He tied a leather thong to the end of the horse's tail, pulled it up between the horse's hind legs and tied it to the rear saddle string. We all looked on



Casey Barthelmess up on Skyrocket at the Miles City rodeo, 1919. Colie Ward in the dust in foreground, knocked down at the first jump, and Bub Nichols holding the blindfold in hand with Goatafro in background.

approvingly. Slim swung on and that gentle horse threw him so hard I imagine if he is still alive he is thinking about that morning on Clear Creek in Wyoming even today. Someone else will have to come up with a cure for a ringtailed horse.

When I first arrived at the SH Ranch, Cowboy Johnnie gave me a pair of his old boots. Apparently he did not want to ride with a sock-and-shoe man. (I have a pair of handmade Olathe, Kansas boots now, but no horse.) I thought I had a pretty good outfit but someone was always giving me something.

They seemed to be ashamed to have me around in my old clothes. I found a pair of one buckle boot overshoes in an old shack so I was in good shape for the cold weather. My old brown duck sheepskin-lined coat was a gift from Robert.

In 1915 enroute from the Mott Ranch on Moon Creek east to Miles City we ran into five head of shod saddle horses trotting west on the wagon road. They were branded diamond HL. Brother said, "They are someone's saddle horses going back to their old range. We will just take them back." We left them in the Northern Pacific stockyards. The reward was five dollars and Robert bought me a coat. What a bighearted brother he was.

I am a little vague on the route we followed with those steers. I remember we again crossed the Custer National Forest and Charley had to get a crossing permit from the ranger. Little did I realize I would one day wear the same uniform as that U.S. Forest Service Ranger. We eventually came out on Tongue River near Brandenburg, Montana at the old Craig McDowell Ranch. The date was November 14, 1918. We learned here that the war was over and that the country was just recovering from a hysterical celebration in spite of the fact that Prohibition was the law of the land. I heard that Hazel Grove whiskey took a beating on November 11, 1918.



Casey Barthelmess (left) and Walt Mann in a hotel lobby in Miles City in 1970. Casey died in 1974 at age eighty-four.

THE TRAIL HERD was left here on cut-over hay land and winter feed, also under control of the bank. Next we took on a nightmare of a job. Five hundred cows and calves were corralled at the McDowell ranch and run through chutes separating cows from calves. The cows were taken to a pasture about ten miles away. The calves were held in the corral for several days. What a bawling, day and night. And then the day came to move them. Catch up your best horse. Get set, turn them loose. How those calves did stampede. It was all we could do to keep up with them and head them in the right direction — north.

The one incident that sticks in my mind on that drive was crossing Tongue River. Not wide, not deep, late in the fall. But would those calves take to water? Guess they would rather have milk. A skim of ice was frozen out on each bank. We ran our horses down trying to push those so-and-so calves into the river. They finally followed the saddle horses across. The calves went to the cutover alfalfa fields on Tongue River at the SH Ranch and I was again sleeping in the old log bunkhouse ready for the next job.

I was turned over to the ranch foreman and went out with a crew to fence in the hay stacks. I don't like digging postholes. Always gives me hayfever. I tried the standard cure — eating lots of horseradish. The horse in the horseradish is supposed to eat the hay in the hayfever; it was no go.

But glory be, a new job developed. Charley was shaping up the last beef shipment, dry cows, old bulls, lumpjaws and cripples, about 200 head in all, to be trailed in and shipped at Miles City. Good old Charley took me along. We did not have a wagon and, as I remember, no change of saddle horses. I picked a horse that was shod because we were in mud and snow all the way down Tongue River. We were five days on the road. I suppose Charley had this all planned out but ex-horse wranglers are not invited to the summit conferences.

I remember two stops. One at the

Howard Ranch back up a creek from the Tongue River road. Here I renewed the acquaintance with two lifetime friends, Bruce Ward and Shorty Howe. Bruce now has a lapidary shop in Miles City. Howe later had land and sheep near Salmon, Idaho.

The other stop I recall was at the old roadhouse ranch at the mouth of Pumpkin Creek. We slept on the floor. One of the riders with the first name of Irvine, a young man and no doubt still alive, bought a short shank half breed bit trimmed with Mexican silver coins on each side, from the cook, for five dollars. He had more money than I did.

The early-day trail herds in this area, even up from Texas, crossed Tongue River at the mouth of Pumpkin Creek, moved on down Tongue on the west side, passed at the base of old Camelback Butte in back of the N. P. yards, swam the Yellowstone near Fort Keogh, and went away to hell and gone to the north.

We stayed on the wagon road on the east side all the way down, through the outskirts of Miles City, right past my parents' home (they had no idea where I was), across the Northern Pacific tracks, across Tongue River on the old wagon bridge to the N. P. stockyards, and it was over. This was November 30, 1918.

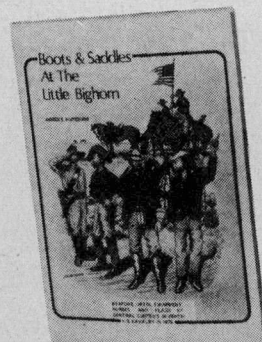
I did not find an easier way to make a living but I did find a different route — the U. S. Navy at Bremerton, Washington; U. S. Department of Interior, U. S. Postal Service, U. S. Railway Mail Service, all in Montana; U. S. Immigration Service, North Portal, Saskatchewan, Canada; U. S. Veterans Administration, Minneapolis, Minnesota; and finally U. S. Forest Service, from which I retired after forty years service. A long trail with many turns, but a merry one. It's been said it is very hard for a rich man to get into the Kingdom of Heaven. I will have no problem on this score.

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LONG WALK ESCAPEES

One tiny group who survived the siege of Canyon de Chelly literally blended into the landscape on the Rio Puerco and became known as the Alamo Indians

By **LANGFORD JOHNSTON**
with **EVE BALL**
Photos provided by Johnston

Explanatory Note: When during the War between the States a Confederate army invaded New Mexico, an ambitious young man in California

recruited a regiment for the purpose of driving the Confederate troops from New Mexico. James H. Carleton was appointed commander of the so-called California Column, and he marched his troops to the Rio Grande only to find that the Southern soldiers had left the territory and there

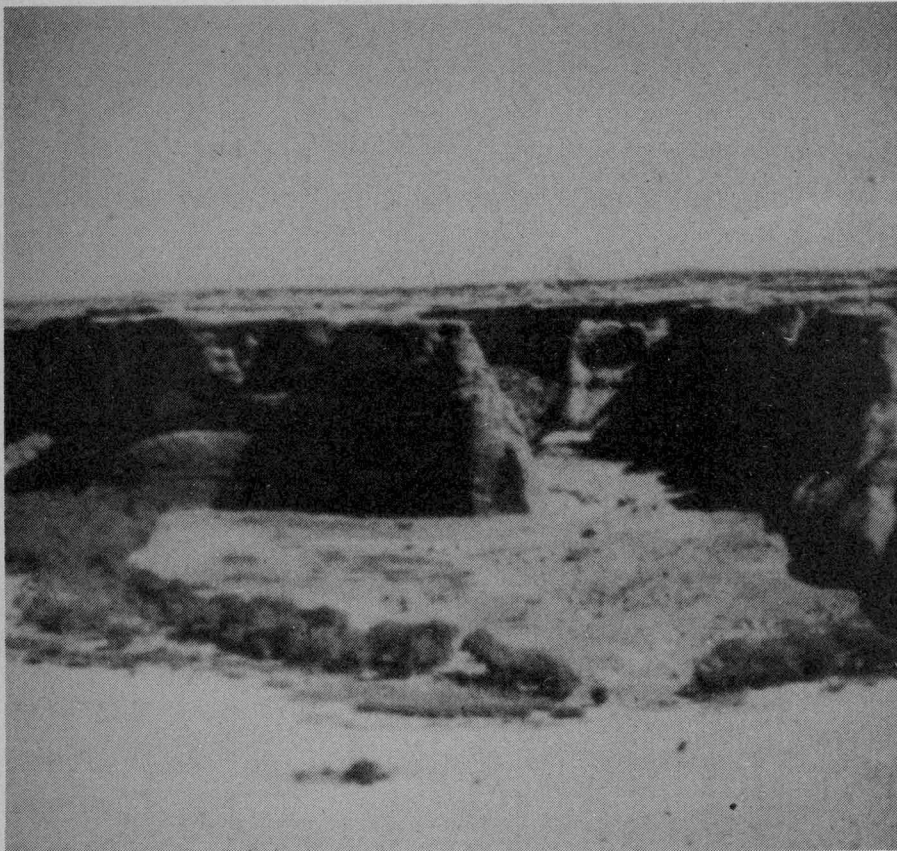
was no need of military forces to expel them.

Enroute to his destination Carleton had had an encounter with the warriors of Cochise and Mangas Coloradas at Apache Pass, where Carleton claimed to have achieved a great victory and to have killed many Apaches. The Indians have a very conflicting account of the battle for water at the Pass.

In addition, to the disgrace of Carleton and one of his officers, Edmond D. Shirland, First Cavalry, California Volunteers, was the perpetration of a dishonorable betrayal when Mangas Coloradas later went into their camp under a flag of truce and with the promise of protection. During the night of January 18, 1863 he was killed by guards whose alibi was that it was done to prevent his escape.

The great Warm Springs chief had been warned by his allies Victorio and Loco that the word of no White Eye was to be trusted and that the officers' promises were merely a lure to get him into their power so that they could have him killed.

Victorio and his warriors had watched the military camp from hiding on the moun-



Canyon de Chelly. Trees in foreground are dwarfed by the 800-foot-high walls of red sandstone.



From Scribner's Magazine, Vol. XXXIX, 1906



National Park Service Photo

Left: Navajos in Canyon de Chelly. Right: White House Ruin in the canyon.

tainside. According to them, they saw their chief buried in a shallow grave; and what was to them worse than his death, was the exhuming and mutilation of his body. The chief was decapitated and his head boiled in a big black kettle.

Th Apaches believed — and many still do — that the condition in which the body is buried will be that in which the dead will go through eternity. That doom for their great chief was agonizing.

Since Cochise and Mangas Coloradas were no longer on the warpath and there was no other tribe in the territory causing trouble, there was no longer a need for Carleton's regiment. So Carleton came up with a means of retaining his military position — and his salary. He began reporting depredations by various bands

of Apaches, especially those of Mescaleros and Navajos. It is possible that there was some truth in the reports, but they were undeniably exaggerated.

Then he conceived an idea that cost the government many lives and a great deal of money: he would establish a reservation in New Mexico and assemble all tribes in the territory upon it. They would be completely under his jurisdiction and the project would "be the way of promotion and pay," as Kipling once expressed it.

The Bosque Redondo (Round Wood) on the Pecos, near the present site of Fort Sumner, was selected. The first Indians driven there were about 400 from Mescalero. There was sufficient arable land for their sustenance if rainfall and favorable growing conditions

had been adequate, but they were not.

To add to the misery of the Mescaleros, 7,000 Navajos, with whom they were inimical, were placed up-river from them. The Mescaleros had been able to raise some crops and had been permitted to leave the concentration camp to hunt before the Navajos came. Afterward there was insufficient food for both tribes, and it was a wretched situation.

Christopher "Kit" Carson had been among several considered for command of the troops sent to displace the Navajos and force them to leave their reservation and be transplanted to the Bosque Redondo. He was said to know and understand Indians.

Though he was only a lieutenant at the time, Carson was

made a colonel and put in command of the expedition. The following is an account of a group of approximately 2,000 of those Navajos whom Carson didn't get to the Bosque.

WHEN THE Civil War began in 1861 the Navajo Nation occupied almost all of the northwest quarter of New Mexico and the northeast quarter of Arizona. They were not a nomadic people but lived in villages in their octagonal houses called hogans.

They raised sheep and cattle, and farmed the little valleys. They planted corn, pumpkins, beans, peaches, watermelons and several other fruits and vegetables. They were a peaceful folk and got along well with their neighbors, but the white man's efforts at settlement became deeply resented by them.

The government of the United States had several forts in New Mexico and Arizona Territories to keep the Indians under control but when the Civil War started, the government called its soldiers back to fight in the Union army, and the

forts were abandoned. The Navajos took advantage of this, plundering and killing without mercy, and even attacking the peaceful Pueblo Indians. They were completely out of hand.

Sometime in the late spring of 1863 the Territorial authorities of New Mexico summoned Kit Carson to Santa Fe. When they asked him if he would lead an expedition to the Navajo reservation to capture the people and take them to the Bosque Redondo on the Pecos, he accepted.

Carson had made a name for himself as a soldier as well as a scout. He seemed to have an uncanny knack of figuring out the moves of opposing forces and was looked upon by the high command as a very able officer.

Carson asked General Canby for cannon. Canby said he could spare only four howitzers but would furnish plenty of ammunition for both them and rifles. Carson put some men in charge of the cannon and it was their responsibility to maintain and fire them; they were trained in the operation of the guns by the regular soldiers.

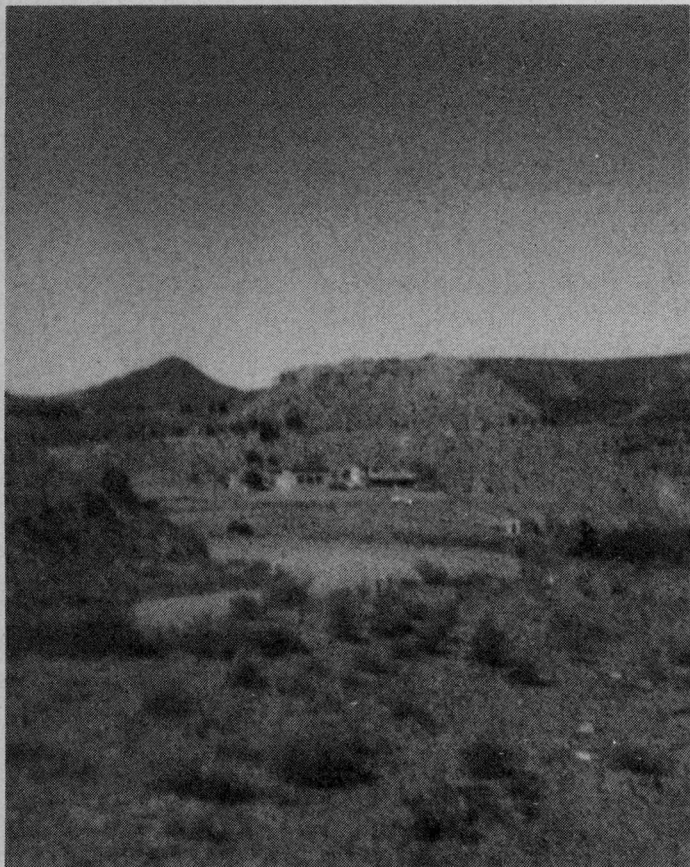
The expedition had a great many wagons pulled by oxen and had obtained immense quantities of food supplies, ammunition and medicine from the quartermaster.

Carson's army numbered about 700 men; with this small force he intended to overcome 10,000 Navajos. It seemed an impossible task, but Carson knew the Navajos better than any other white man and had been through their country many times.

When Carson started for the Navajo country, he went about 200 miles west through the rough canyons and valleys of northern New Mexico. He made his headquarters on a creek in Arizona where there was plenty of water.

Carson didn't want to destroy the Navajo Nation, which is why he requested howitzers. He knew they would frighten the Indians and they did. The use of these weapons saved lives on both sides. Carson's own forces sustained very few casualties.

He decided to destroy all crops and livestock so the tribe would not be able to get food; then they would have to surrender. After eight or



Photos courtesy Rufus Choate

Headquarters on the Alamo Indian Reservation. Right: Hogan on the reservation.

nine months, and a good many battles, 7,000 Indians retreated to the Canyon de Chelly (pronounced "day Shay"), a deep gorge with high cliffs on each side. A small group could keep an army at bay near the entrance. Previously, when they had been trapped in the canyon, the Navajos held the soldiers off a long time, then retreated to the east end of the canyon and went out by steep trails that led to the top.

THE FOLLOWING report is taken from *Kit Carson Days* by Edwin L. Sabin. His book gives long and detailed reports of the attack on Canyon de Chelly.

There is no proof that Carson himself entered the famous stronghold of the Navajos. He sent Captains Pfeiffer and Carey into it with troops. Theirs was a very dangerous assignment. The south rim of the canyon rose 1,000 to 1,200 feet with no breaks from side canyons. The Navajos camped on ledges so high that from the base "they looked about the size of crows."

The north rim was broken. It too was very steep, but numbers of Navajos scaled those cliffs and escaped.

Carson remained at Fort Canby but his troops entered that dangerous place in January of 1864. During that winter there had been at times twenty-four inches of snow. Oxen used for hauling supplies could make about five miles a day.

Not until March did "The Long Walk" really begin. It was second only to the "Trail of Tears of the Five Civilized Tribes" in suffering and death.

Though the number arriving at the Bosque Redondo is usually estimated at 7,000, Carson reckoned it nearer 5,000. They were installed up-stream from the camp of the Mescalero, their enemies, who numbered about 400.

Both before and during The Long Walk a number of Navajos disappeared. They were the refugees who settled on the Rio Puerco at Los Alamos or Alamocito.

CARSON knew the country. When the soldiers reached the



Miguel Sacatera holding his great-granddaughter, with his granddaughters in the background, on the old Chavez Ranch. Photo was taken twenty years ago when he was ninety-five years old. He died a year or two later.

mouth of the canyon he sent a detachment around the rim in the deep snow to block the trails leading out to the east; then after waiting awhile to give the detachment time to reach its goal he started up the canyon. When he came to a narrow part the Navajos were entrenched and opened fire on the troops, but a few shots from the howitzers and they retreated up the canyon to be met by the detachment coming down. It was then that they surrendered.

Before the shooting ended a small band of about 100 men, women, and children climbed up an almost perpendicular face of the bluff where there were numerous small pockets in the wall for hand and footholds. In 1967 when I went up the canyon in a four-wheel-drive vehicle driven by a

Navajo he showed me where they had climbed the rock.

The Indians had some corn stored in the canyon, and each man who escaped had a small buckskin bag filled with it. The Navajo people ate the corn raw after it had dried. They had a few rifles and some ammunition, several bows and a good many arrows. The small group was never missed by the soldiers, and made a clean getaway. After traveling fast for some distance they were able to kill some deer, and there were a good many pinon nuts left on the ground from the year before. They had more to eat than the ones who made The Long Walk to the Bosque Redondo on the Pecos River.

People who knew the country and talked to the Alamo Indians said they traveled southeast from Can-

yon de Chelly to east of where Grants, New Mexico is now. They continued between the lava flow and Putney Mesa, then through the Narrows to the north plains where they turned southeast to the Rio Salado. They were looking for a place where there was timber to build hogans, and a place to grow corn, pumpkins and other vegetables, with plenty of pinon nuts. When they came to a grove of cottonwood trees on the Rio Salado where there was good water, they settled. They had enough corn left to plant several acres. They had also some pumpkin seed.

The people living in the area later gave them the name "Alamo" on account of the cottonwood trees, and they have been known by that name since. At that time no one lived close to them, and for a long time no one knew they were there.

There were several herds of burros running wild along the creek. They had descended from the wild ones that escaped from Mexicans who lived along the Rio Grande. The Navajos captured a good many of these for pack animals and for riding. Later they acquired a few horses.

It was a precarious existence until the early 1900s. About that time Ray Morley, who owned a large

ranch in the Datil Mountains, began a big sheep operation. Shepherders were very scarce so he hired the Indians. It wasn't long until he had a great many of them working for him. They treated Morley as one of their gods; it was akin to worship.

Morley also ran a big cattle outfit and the cowboys and the Navajos got along well together. Some people thought Morley could speak the Navajo language but I doubt that. He always talked Spanish when I was around, and he could speak it with perfection.

For many years the Bureau of Indian Affairs did not know the Alamo Indians were settled on the Salado. When it learned of them it refused to recognize them as a tribe and never gave them any government help.

SOMETIME in the 1920s, at the insistence of Morley, the government bought them the Chavez Ranch adjoining their reservation, and the Bureau of Indian Affairs fully accepted them as the Alamo Tribe.

Morley took great delight in telling "big windies" to tourists and Easterners about the wild Indians who worked for him.

Later when he built the Navajo Lodge in Datil for tourists he had

some squaws weaving blankets where the travelers could watch them. That helped to sell blankets. The Navajo blanket is made with 100 per cent pure wool and makes a fine rug or bedspread and is sometimes used for wall decorations. Navajos also made saddle blankets with beautiful designs that would last a long time if kept free of moths. The squaws sold all the blankets they could make.

Morley kept several Navajo men around to talk to the tourists; the Indians ordinarily would not talk to a stranger, but Morley trained them to entertain the guests and help sell the blankets and to attract people to his lodge.

In the evening Morley sat by the fireplace in the lobby and enthralled his customers with tall tales about the Indians, some of the tales were even true. It was very seldom he had a vacant room during the tourist season. The Navajo Lodge became well-known to travelers from coast to coast.

In the fall of the year when the pinon nuts dropped to the ground the squaws would gather hundreds of pounds. They took them to town where there was always a ready market.

The young girls were beautiful. A few of them married white men, and



Left: Navajos heading home with supplies. Above: Navajo boy herding sheep. Pictures taken in the 1950s.

reared fine families. They were well thought of in the community where they lived.

The Indian sheep boss was called Capitan. He wore his hair tied in a knot on the back of his neck and bound a cloth around his head. He wore the regular Navajo moccasins, and he rode a big red mule with Morley's Drag A brand on his left thigh. He always carried two Navajo blankets tied behind the saddle. These blankets were his bed winter and summer. He carried a .30-30 rifle in a scabbard on his saddle. Capitan's lesser supervisors were *corporales*.

CAPITAN was one of the group that climbed out of Canyon de Chelly. I judged his age to be about sixty years in 1915. He was a big lad when they escaped from Carson's troops.

One day in the late summer of 1915 we were getting ready for noon dinner when Capitan rode up to our house. My father invited him in to eat. I don't think he could speak English but Dad knew a little Spanish so they got along well. But all through the meal Capitan never spoke a half-dozen words; he just grunted most of the time.

We had brought several sacks of dried apricots and peaches from Los Esteros and raisins from California the previous spring. Mother had just cooked a big pot of apricots and old Capitan really tore into them; he completely ignored the beans and sow belly. Every Indian I ever knew loved sweets.

In September, Capitan rode up to one of his sheep camps on Alamosa Creek. The sheep were scattered over a big area in the timber and no shepherd was anywhere around. After driving all the sheep into the corral Capitan went to get another herder. Then he took the trail of the negligent one. Nobody ever saw or heard from that shepherd again; everyone believed old Capitan sent him to the happy hunting grounds.

One of Capitan's top sheepherders was Miguel Sacatera. Miguel helped handle the other herders and take care of the shear-

ing pens in the spring. He was a good man. I knew him well and liked him very much. I last saw him in 1962 when he was ninety-five years old. He died a year or two later. Miguel has several sons, daughters, and grandchildren living on the Alamo reservation.

In the late fall of 1915 Morley sent several hundred sheep to Magdalena to ship to market. They had camped just outside of town in the timber, against a hill. It was just a short walking distance to town. Early in the evening Capitan went into town to buy some whiskey, but at that time no one was permitted to sell alcoholic drinks to Indians. After trying all the saloons he induced a Mexican to buy a quart for him. When he got back to camp he piled some pinon logs on the fire and put his blankets on the ground just above the blaze. There was a strong cold wind blowing, and the temperature was about twenty

degrees.

Old Capitan settled down on his blankets and started on the bottle. After drinking two or three hours he tried to get up but he couldn't make it. He struggled awhile and rolled down into the fire. The herders pulled him out but he jumped up and started running directly into the wind with his hair and clothes blazing. He ran until he dropped.

Navajo Indians never like to go around a dead person so one of them rushed to town to get Morley. When Morley got to the camp he went over to where Capitan lay. He was dead. Morley said that his stomach had dropped out and lay on the ground beside him.

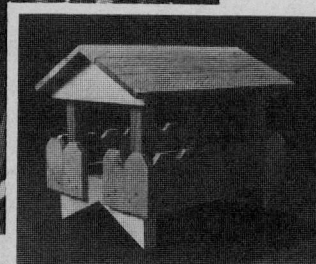
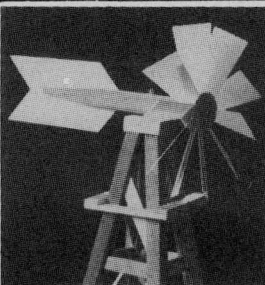
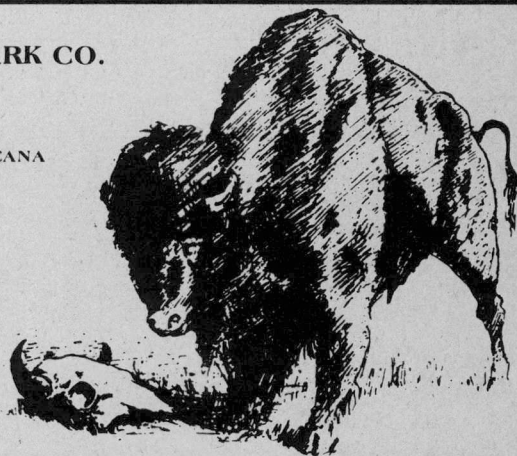
It took Morley a long time to get over that tragedy. Capitan was a fine sheepman and a good friend. Beyond that, he was a true representative of the Alamo Indians who escaped the nightmare of the Bosque Redondo.

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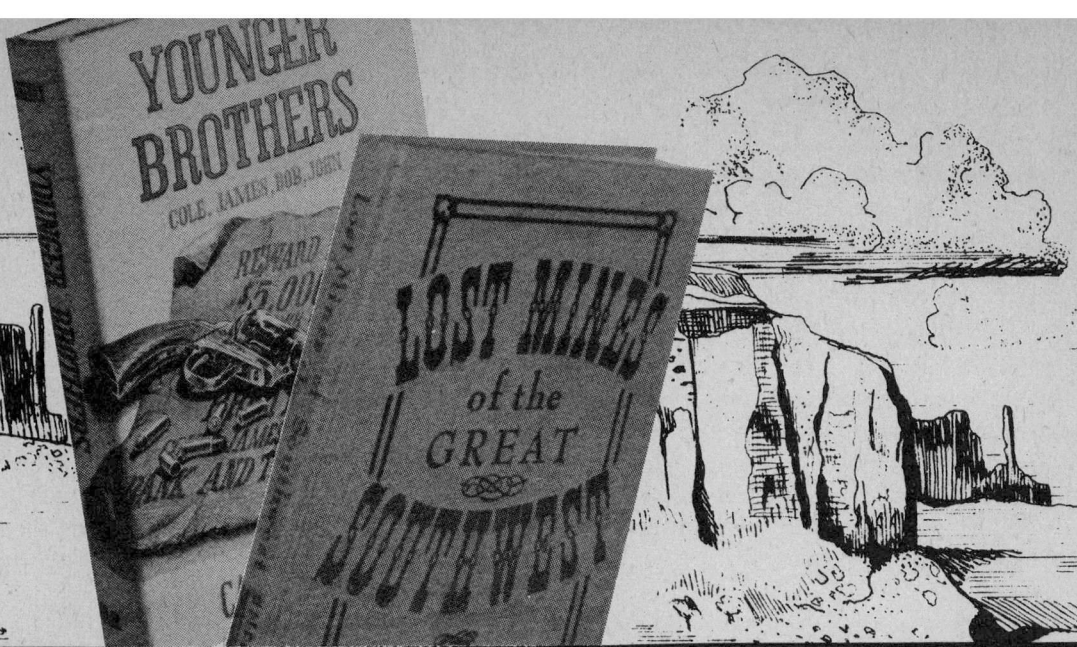


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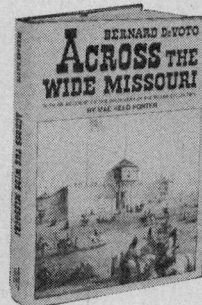
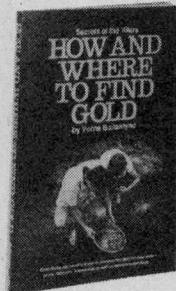
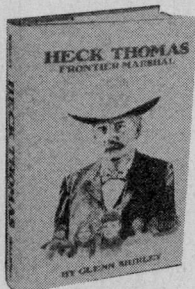
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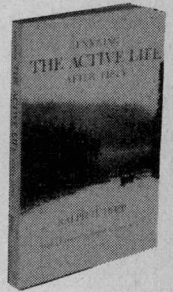
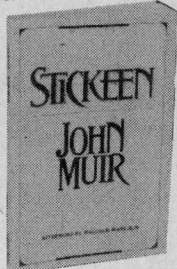
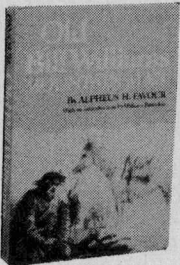
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By
JAMES R. SWERKSTROM

Photos provided by author

ED MAXWELL was the oldest son in a family which had moved from Arkansas to Fulton County, Illinois during or shortly after the Civil War to escape the feuds, raids and open warfare prevalent in the South. During his adolescence Ed became enthralled by the exploits of

the James Gang and others living outside the law and wanted to lead the same sort of adventurous and exciting life.

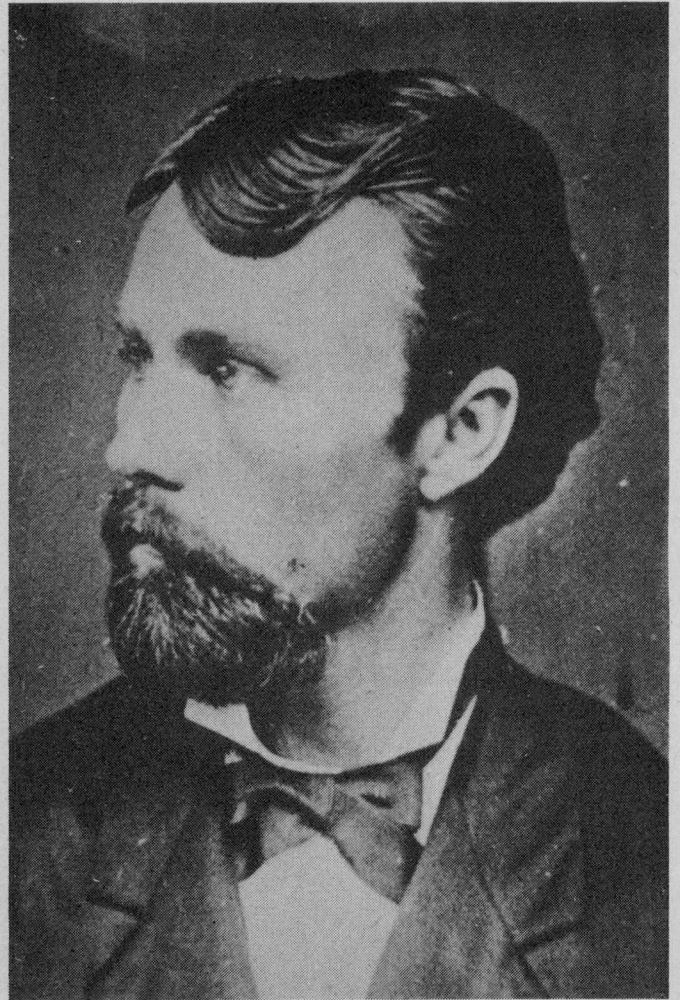
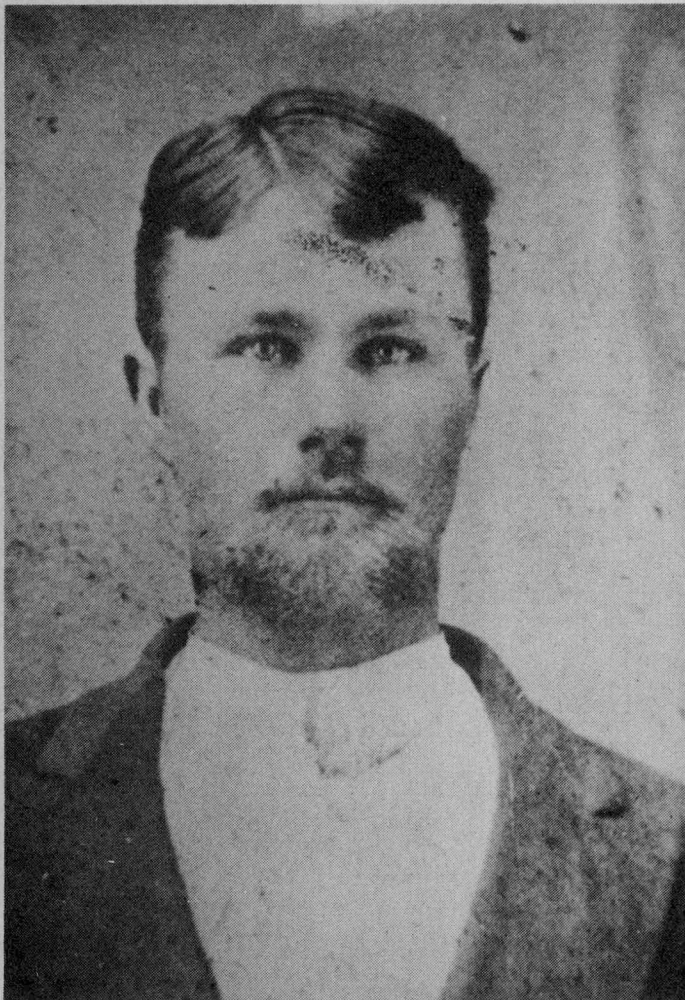
After gaining some practical experience in ways of making easy money, Ed persuaded his brother Lon, who was five years younger, to become his partner in crime.

Operating in five states — Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota,

Nebraska and Montana — the Maxwell brothers specialized in stealing horses, though that was by no means all they stole. They often made their forays on moonlit nights when they would be least expected. One of their favorite tricks when followed was to run a few miles, hide until their pursuers passed, then double back — sometimes stealing more horses from the place they had

DOUBLE VENGEANCE

A brother can lead you right . . . or lead you wrong



Brothers Edward (left) and Lon Maxwell.

just hit.

While they were spending a week at a Minnesota hotel, indulging themselves with whiskey and women, a deputy sheriff of McDonough County, Illinois and a Pinkerton detective who had trailed them from Illinois raided the hotel, with the help of local authorities, and arrested Lon. Ed escaped, but was soon captured in Illinois.

Tried separately, Ed was sentenced to five years and Lon to three years in the Illinois State Prison at Joliet.

When he was released in 1879 Lon was twenty-three years old. Determined to go straight, he changed his name to Williams, moved to the tiny western Wisconsin town of Hersey, and found a job as a clerk at a general store in nearby Knapp. Later, he worked in the local pinery. At a New Year's Eve dance in Knapp, Lon met a girl named Fanny Hussey and the two

of them immediately fell in love. They were married the following July.

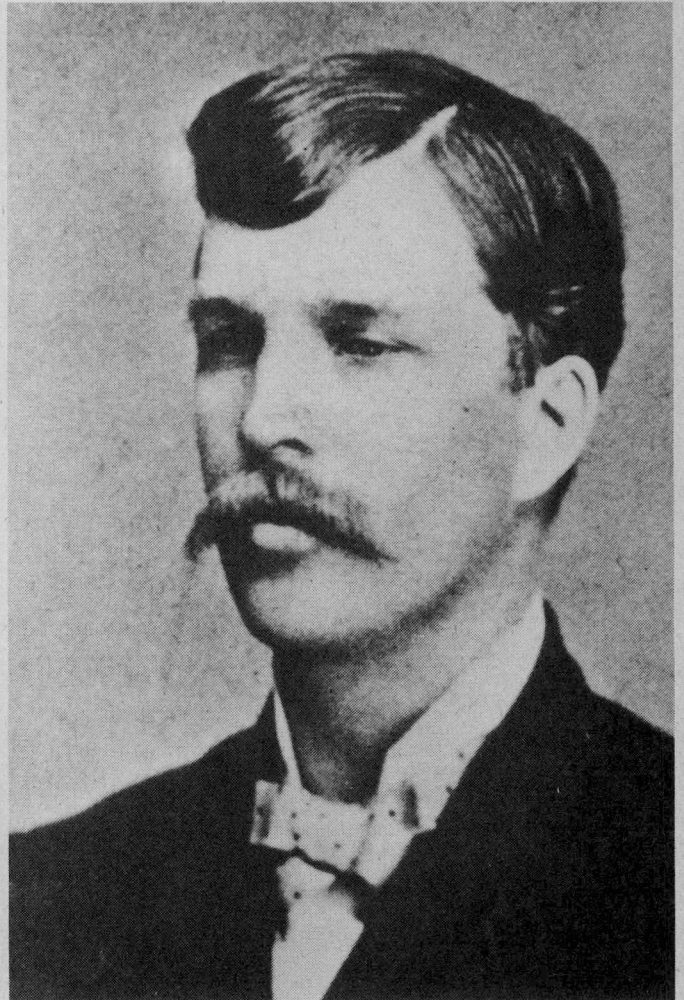
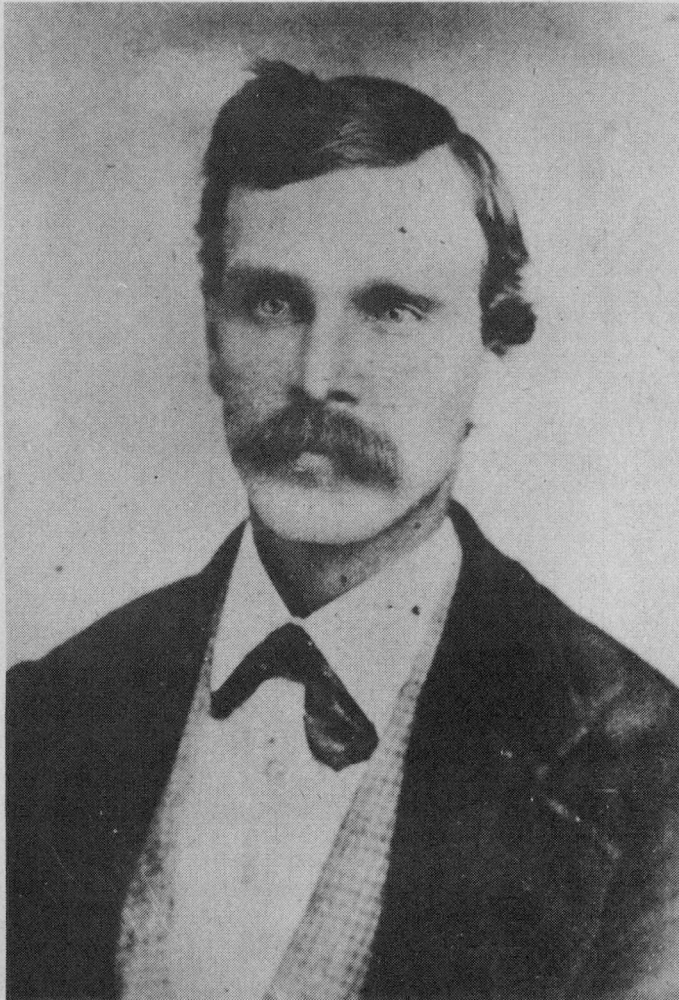
While working in the woods that winter, Lon cut his left foot with an axe so severely that one of his toes had to be amputated. This prevented his working, and debts piled up. Unable to provide the security he wanted for Fanny, who was by then pregnant, he became deeply depressed.

LON STILL hadn't recuperated at the time Ed was released from prison and came to visit him. Unlike his younger brother, Ed was unchanged by his stint in prison. He started stealing again as soon as he got out.

Learning of Lon's financial straits, Ed gave him some money and reminded him there was more to be made in the same old manner. Lon, however, wanted no part of it. Unfortunately, Ed also adopted the

Williams alias and when he returned from time to time with stolen horses, he left them with his brother. Lon turned the horses loose as soon as Ed was gone, but law officers assumed that the two were working as a team.

Finally Lon succumbed to Ed's persistent pressure and joined him on his various "business trips." They did a lot of target practicing in the woods around Hersey and Knapp, displaying shooting skills which awed local residents — and aroused their suspicions. It is said that at forty paces Lon could fire two revolvers simultaneously — one with each hand — and hit two potatoes which had been tossed into the air. At the same distance, Ed could knock an oyster can off a fence post with a revolver in his right hand, then put another hole through it with a revolver in his left hand before the can hit the ground. They could fire their Winchester rifles as



Brothers Charles (left) and Milton Coleman.

accurately from the hip as most men could from the shoulder.

In May 1881 the St. Croix Lumber Co. in Stillwater, Minnesota, thirty-five miles west of Hersey, was broken into and robbed. Ed and Lon were seen and identified while crossing the St. Croix River in a skiff.

Authorities at Stillwater notified the St. Croix county Sheriff at Hudson, Wisconsin who went to arrest the brothers, but Ed and Lon had little trouble driving him away. They then left for Illinois, where they proceeded to conduct a two-man crime wave.

Sheriff J. O. Anderson of Henderson County, Illinois, after trailing them northward for some distance, assumed they were returning to Wisconsin and sent postcards ahead offering \$300 for their capture.

Some time during this period Lon's wife Fanny went to stay with her mother and step-father in Arkansaw, Wisconsin, about twenty-five miles south of Hersey. Some accounts have it that she did so because she was upset after the encounter with the St. Croix county sheriff. Other accounts say she left a bit earlier to relieve Lon of some of his financial burden.

Whatever her motive she was at Arkansaw — feverishly ill — when Undersheriff Miletus Knight of Durand received one of Sheriff Anderson's postcards and went to search her parents' house. This greatly disturbed Fanny, who died shortly after delivery of her still-born child.

When Lon showed up at Arkansaw, accompanied by Ed, and asked if his wife were there, Fanny's mother sobbingly told him what had happened. The news devastated Lon. During an all-night vigil at Fanny's grave he threatened to kill both himself and Ed, but Ed managed to talk him out of it. Lon then vowed revenge on Undersheriff Knight, blaming him for the death of his wife and child. Ed, far from trying to dissuade his brother from that, offered his full support.

ON SUNDAY, July 10, 1881, the two went to Durand and were fer-

ried across the Chippewa River by a man named Frank Goodrich at about five o'clock in the afternoon. Goodrich grew suspicious when the heavily-armed pair asked where the jail was located and where Undersheriff Knight could be found. After the crossing Goodrich spread an alarm about his suspicious passengers.

Undersheriff Milton Coleman of Menomonie, Wisconsin (Dunn County) who had stopped at the hotel in Durand while transporting a prisoner from Wabasha, Minnesota, heard the news and decided to hunt the men down. The Maxwell brothers (whose alias had become irrelevant) were wanted for crimes committed in Dunn County as well, and these two fit the Maxwells' description.

With his older brother Charles, an ex-sheriff of Pepin County who lived in Durand, Milton Coleman set out to capture the two outlaws. Armed with revolvers and double-barrelled shotguns loaded with small shot, the Coleman brothers proceeded up the street, inquiring of people along the way if they had seen any armed men. Some people who knew of their mission warned the Colemans that they were taking too big a risk and urged them to organize a posse to help them. The Colemans declined all offers of assistance, however.

Ed Maxwell later told a *Dunn County News* reporter that he and Lon had been hiding in the bushes when they saw two men with guns running up the road. They concluded their presence had been discovered, he said, and that an attempt was being made to surround them. They decided to start up the street, break through the line, and escape. It was now dusk, nearly nine o'clock.

While the Colemans stood talking to two boys across a wooden fence, Milton looked down the street and saw the Maxwells approaching side by side.

"There they are now," he told Charles, who stepped out about six feet away from the fence. Both of them cocked their guns and held

them in a ready position.

When the Maxwells had come up very close (newspaper accounts didn't give an exact distance), Milton brought his gun to his shoulder, leveled it at Lon, and said, "You are my--"

He didn't have a chance to add "prisoner" before Lon put a bullet through his neck, killing him instantly. As Milton was falling, his reflex action pulled the trigger of his shotgun and the blast riddled Lon's right arm and shoulder with shot.

At the same time, Ed Maxwell and Charles Coleman exchanged fire. Using a Navy revolver, Ed hit Charles just below the heart. Charles' first shot caught Ed in the wrist. Charles staggered into the middle of the street as Ed emptied his gun at him, hitting him once more. Falling to one knee, Charles managed to get off a second shot before collapsing.

Milton at twenty-four had been engaged to be married; Charles, forty, left a widow and seven children.

AFTER THE shoot-out the Maxwells escaped across the Chippewa River in an old skiff and plunged into the thick surrounding woodland. About daybreak they reached the spot where their horse and buggy was hidden. They changed into clean clothing they had in the buggy, hid their blood-stained garments under an old log, then set out on foot, hiding during the day and traveling at night.

Following the killings, posses were organized to conduct one of the largest manhunts in Wisconsin history. At times, as many as 500 men combed the Eau Gaule River valley northwest of Durand looking for the Maxwell brothers. Rewards totalling \$1,800 were posted for their capture — \$500 each by Dunn and Pepin Counties and the State of Wisconsin, plus the \$300 reward still standing from Henderson County, Illinois. The governor called out the 43-member Ludington Guard, stationed in Menomonie, to help in the search.

The Maxwells were in the woods for ten days, suffering from their

wounds and from hunger. They had been without food for four days before finding a milkhouse where they helped themselves to milk and molasses.

Once they killed a steer, cut out a chunk of meat from its flank, and cooked it over a fire. They often saw squads of the pursuing party, and were in turn spotted themselves a few times — but always by individuals; never by a group.

In early August the search was abandoned. It was generally assumed that the Maxwell brothers had left the region — as, indeed, they had.

Working their way toward the Mississippi River, they found an old boat somewhere near Maiden Rock, Wisconsin, twenty miles west of Durand, and crossed over into Minnesota.

When in late September two men killed the sheriff of Calhoun County, Illinois in a shoot-out, and wounded two of his deputies, the Maxwells were believed to be responsible, though Ed later denied being involved.

By November 8 they were in Nebraska, where they posed as goose hunters and found lodging with a German farmer near Grand Island. The farmer had read a description of the Maxwell brothers in a Milwaukee newspaper and got word to the local sheriff that he suspected his visitors were wanted men.

As described at the time by the *St. Louis Globe Democate*, the sheriff and a posse of three went to the farmer's home at about five o'clock the next morning, also pretending to be goose hunters stopping for breakfast.

There were only two rooms in the house. Sheriff Killian and his posse were shown into the room where the Maxwell brothers had slept on the floor. The two fugitives were just getting up when the other men arrived.

After exchanging pleasantries, Killian plied them with questions about Hastings, Nebraska, where they claimed to live. Their inability to answer his questions, combined

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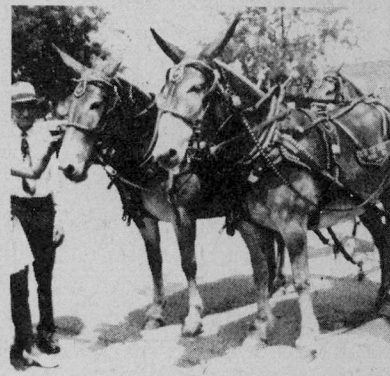
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with the fact that they were heavily armed with weapons not normally used to hunt geese, convinced him they were the Maxwells. He decided he would try to arrest them at the breakfast table since they had stayed within reach of their guns while they were dressing.

When Lon left to go to the barn, though, the sheriff changed his plans, deciding it would be easier to take them one at a time. Walking over to Ed, he announced, "I want you."

Ed tried to raise his rifle, which he had been holding, but the sheriff grabbed him in a bear hug, wrestled him to the floor, and got the gun away from him. Ed was then quickly secured and bound. At shouted warnings from Ed, Lon came running back toward the house. Killian had run out the kitchen door, saw Lon coming around the corner of the house, and commanded him to halt. Lon, instead, took a shot at the sheriff, who dodged the bullet by jumping back into the kitchen.

Lon tried to kick the door open, but Killian had his foot behind it so that it opened only a few inches. One of the posse members was waiting with a shotgun, but Lon jumped away before it was fired. When he rose in front of a window the same posse man had a fine bead on his head and pulled both triggers. Neither shell exploded.

At this point Lon took off running, but the sheriff and his men didn't know it until the farmer came from the barn and told them. They had not dared to go near a window or a door for fear of catching a bullet.

ACCOMPANIED by Sheriff Killian, Undersheriff Miletus Knight of Pepin County, Wisconsin and Deputy Sheriff Henry Coleman of Dunn County, Wisconsin (brother of Charles and Milton Coleman), Ed Maxwell arrived in Menomonie on Thursday, November 17. A large crowd was gathered at the depot to greet the train and get a glimpse of him.

Friday morning, several people were permitted to visit Ed, including a reporter for the *Dunn County*

News. The reporter described him as "prepossessing in appearance, gentlemanly in address, easy and self possessed in conversation. In outward appearance the observer sees nothing to indicate the bold and desperate character of the man." Ed admitted he and Lon had killed the Coleman brothers, but insisted the Colemans had fired first and that they had shot in self-defense.

Friday afternoon Ed was transported to Durand. "When the party debarked from the ferry boat at Durand," reported the *Dunn County News*, "they found a crowd of about fifty persons waiting their arrival. Aside from an occasional threatening remark, the prisoner passed by unmolested, and was escorted to the jail and placed in a cell."

The preliminary hearing, scheduled for ten o'clock Saturday morning, was postponed until two o'clock that afternoon. By then the courtroom was crowded with spectators. Ed Maxwell pleaded "not guilty," waived an examination, and was committed for trial.

The six officers in charge immediately started to take him back to the jail. Just as they reached the bottom of the stairs, near the front door of the courthouse, the officers were set upon by a dozen or more men and spirited away. Others seized the prisoner, who struggled fiercely but to no avail.

A man with a noose charged in the front door and slipped it around Ed Maxwell's neck. The leader of the group shouted "Haul away!" and, according to the *Durand Courier*, "the rope tightened with a jerk that landed Maxwell out on the porch outside the building. Another jerk and he reached the ground, from there he was dragged to an old oak tree east of the courthouse, and quickly suspended in the air, with his handcuffs still on and a heavy pair of shackles hanging from his left foot. As soon as they could possibly get to him, about fifteen minutes, the officers cut down and took charge of the body, which was afterwards interred in the Potter's

Field of our cemetery."

Durand was immediately branded a "hanging town" and severely criticized by newspaper editorials throughout the country for allowing this lynching. Wrote the editor of the *Dunn County News*: "This exhibition of an utter disregard of law and order is degrading and demoralizing to society in general, and a disgrace to civilization. We have no sympathy for the red handed murderer whose career of crime was so quickly brought to a close. He deserved the severest punishment for his many misdeeds, but that does not justify his death at the hands of his executioners. As a matter of fact, the men engaged in this affair tramped upon all law, and that action culminated in the highest crime known to the law. It is impossible to justify their conduct by any rule of right and justice."

The editor of the *Durand Courier* agreed that Mob Justice should never be countenanced by respectable citizens, "but this was NOT a mob," he argued. "Less than twenty-five men seem to have had a hand in the matter, and the fact that all our citizens allowed their wives and children to go to the courthouse shows that they were suspecting nothing of the kind. The affair was conducted quietly . . . A regular legal execution could not have been conducted more quietly and orderly, and as soon as the murderer was suspended from the tree the crowd commenced to disperse."

The following April the Pepin county grand jury investigated the lynching of Ed Maxwell and reported it could find no proof of anyone's implication in the affair.

Lon Maxwell is believed to have escaped from a stagecoach near Miles City, Montana in 1884 while being taken to the Montana State Prison at Deer Lodge. The skeleton of a man wearing handcuffs was discovered in a mountain valley near Livingston, Montana several years later.

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.



CHIEF JOSEPH

Kopet: A Documentary Narrative of Chief Joseph's Last Years by Mick Gidley (University of Washington Press, Seattle, WA 98105, 126 pages, \$19.95 hardcover, 9 x 11½ inches).

The word *Kopet* means "That is all" in Chinook jargon. Author Mick Gidley does just *that* in pulling together *all* of the events of Chief Joseph's long exile of reservations years in the Pacific Northwest.

Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés fought for the land of the Willamette Valley in Oregon Territory. He also fought against confinement on a reservation. The fight was long and fierce.

Dr. Gidley has combined narrative and documentary material including material produced by Chief Joseph. He also includes many historic photographs, some of them never before published.

This work is an objective study of a troubled period in the history of Indians in the Pacific Northwest. The author includes the story of a few white men closely connected with the story of Chief Joseph.

Notes, a bibliographic essay and index are included. Recommended.

WOMEN IN THE WEST

The Gentle Tamers by Dee Brown (University of Nebraska, 901 N. 17th St., Lincoln, NE 68588, 319 pages, \$6.50 paper, 8 x 5½ inches).

This is a new reprint of a book that first appeared in 1958. The author, who wrote the best-seller *Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee*, focuses on women of the Old West.

There are those who traveled overland to the promised land, the wives and girl friends of soldiers, the pioneer women who homesteaded and sought the right to vote and hold office, the schoolmarms and even the "ladies of the night."

The stories told by Brown represent a broad cross-section of famous women of the 19th century American West. Included are stories about Esther Morris, Josephine Meeker, Elizabeth Custer, Virginia Reed, Lola Montez and others.

Many historic photographs are included along with notes and a good index. It is good to see this work in print again. Recommended.

CHIEF LEFT HAND

Chief Left Hand: Southern Arapaho by Margaret Coel (University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019, 338 pages, \$15.95 hardcover, 9½ x 6½ inches).

This recently published book is a carefully researched biography of the original Chief Left Hand. (There were two Left Hands. The other one succeeded Little Raven in 1889.) The subject of this work learned English as a child. He was one of the first of his people to acknowledge the inevitability of the white man's settlement of the central plains.

The Southern Arapaho relied on Chief Left Hand's leadership to promote an atmosphere in which the Southern Arapaho and the whites could share the same land.

Margaret Coel uses previously unpublished letters by George Bent to correct misconceptions about

Left Hand's fate at Sand Creek, and she examines the role of John A. Evans, the first governor of Colorado, in the Sand Creek Massacre.

The book is illustrated with many historic photographs. Notes, bibliography and index are included. Highly recommended.

THE END AND THE MYTH

The Old West: The End and the Myth by Paul O'Neil (Time-Life Books, Alexandria, VA 22300, 240 pages, \$10.95 hardcover, 11 x 8½ inches).

This is the latest (and perhaps last) of Time-Life's well-executed and handsomely illustrated series titled *The Old West*. Appropriately the first chapter is a "Farewell to a fabled era" in which O'Neil states "— by the 1890's America's headiest era of expansion was over. Rail line crosshatched the prairie, and farms and towns flourished where Indians had nted buffalo a few decades earlier." Of course, there were pockets of the Old West in some remote spots and the author mentions a few.

The off-shoots of the Old West and the attempt to keep its spirit alive as well as to cash in on its memories is covered in the five following chapters: "Show time for the West" covers the Wild West Shows from Buffalo Bill's (1883) to Colonel Tim McCoy's (1938); "Off the range into the arena" is the story of rodeo; "The Cowboy President" deals with Theodore Roosevelt as a Dakota rancher, as a hunter and with the Rough Riders; "A mad rush for black gold" the story of oil featuring Spindletop and other Texas fields; and finally "The Myth in Motion" which is, of course, a brief look at Western movies, with stars from Broncho Bill Anderson to John Wayne.

As in all other volumes in the series the numerous illustrations are outstanding. By far the majority are from photos, but there is one in color by Borein; two by Remington, one a double page in color; a double page in color by Bierstadt and a

(Continued on page 61)

By
JAKIE L. PRUETT

Photos provided by author

MANY MEN in the Texas cattle country were hanged or shot as a result of their beliefs during the 1870s and '80s when most of the larger ranches were being established. These "beliefs" were based upon the premise that other men's cattle and horses belonged to those who could take them. And, in those early days of swift posses, quick prairie trials, fast nooses and convenient oak limbs it was often to the fatal disadvantage of these adventurers to be caught with another man's cattle. Nevertheless, some of the big spreads in the state owe their origin to just such beginnings — the stolen tithes of the large cattle owners.

There were several types of these raiders, all with the same basic moral belief. There were the

KARNES COUNTY CATTLEMEN'S UPRISING

**The misreading of brands could
poor eyesight — but not when it
5,700 times!**

Indians, who would strike the more isolated spreads, stealing a few head of livestock at a time and driving them back to their camps, usually in the "hill country," or in the more arid areas of South and West Texas. They were more of a pest than a

serious threat, but many battles were fought between them and the ranchers as the latter attempted to half the overall wholesale theft of their animals.

There were the raiders from South of the Border, who ravaged



William Green Butler (left) and his son-in-law A. M. (Andy) Nichols. Andy was about sixteen years old when he participated in the 1875 uprising; this photo of him was taken in 1884.

be blamed on happened

far into Texas as any Army on the march. Under strong and apt leadership they watched, waited, scouted, planned and attached some of the larger spreads. This group often killed the ranchers, their wranglers and their families when attempting to steal entire herds of cattle and drive them back into Mexico. The annals of the Texas Rangers and various stockmen's associations are filled with records of such incidents.

To these two groups may be added the borderline ranchers and farmers who took advantage of "those that had" to increase their own small herds at roundup time, or to add to their tables the product of the larger cattlemen. It certainly was this third group that suffered the greatest number of losses to the nooses or guns of the ranchers if they were caught.

Occasionally there was another category of less than law abiding individuals who preyed upon the gains of others. It was the activities of this group that resulted in the Karnes County Cattlemen's Uprising.

It was reported in 1882 by a local chronicler that the western part of Karnes County was a "stockman's paradise." This area was described as a portion of the county lying alongside the San Antonio River, and covering a strip of land thirty miles long and fifteen miles wide. It was owned by some forty sturdy

Outlaw Cattle

KARNES COUNTY ranchers lost cattle not only to other men. Some cattle escaped from herds and became wild, living and dying without a brand.

For years one of the worst thickets in Karnes County, Texas was on a small segment of land along the north side of Escondido Creek. The thicket was more than a mile long and nearly a mile wide. Known to local citizens as the Casey Thicket, its brush and undergrowth was so dense that it was impossible for a man on horseback to ride through it. And for a man's vision to penetrate the dark shadows was just as much an impossibility.

In this thicket lived over 100 wild cattle. Most had escaped from herds of local ranchers such as Butler, Pullin, Dailey and the dozen or so local cattle barons who had entered the county a score of years earlier.

Casey Thicket furnished the hiding place for these old mossy-horned cattle. No deer that ever roamed the land were any wilder or more cantankerous. They would lay up in the brush during the day, resting and chewing their cud. They would graze on the open prairie by moonlight, returning to their refuge just as the streaks of the sun's rays broke the horizon.

WILD YOUNG cowboys who became aware of the cattle's

unusual night feeding habits would gather past midnight and in the dim moonlight slip between the thicket and the grazing animals, cutting them off from their hiding place. As soon as the livestock discovered the intruders, they would make a dash for the safety of the underbrush and the fun commenced. Each cowboy singled out a wild cow and was usually successful in roping the animal. Sometimes a vicious fight would be put up by the enraged and frightened cow. And many a cowboy suffered broken bones from these "games." Nearly all awoke to face a day riding on the range, or going about their ranch chores with bruises and sore muscles. But it was great fun for the men, and the cattle suffered little as they were allowed to return to their hiding places when the men tired from the night's foray.

Many of the cattle lived and died without ever being captured. They belonged to whoever could rope and brand them — and get them to a willing buyer. Buyers were few as local people knew the animals would return to the Casey Thicket once released on the range. They were truly outlaw cattle.

The Casey Thicket was grubbed and redeemed to civilization almost 100 years ago, and placed in cultivation in 1890. It is now within the city limits of Kenedy, Texas.

pioneer families, and inhabited by 30,000 cattle, 2,000 horses and 5,000 sheep. In the mid-'70s it would have been similarly inhabited, and it is this latter period about which we are concerned.

THE YEAR 1874 was known to many South Texans as "the year of the drought," especially in those sections to the west and south of Bee, Goliad and Karnes Counties. As a consequence, cattle by the tens of thousands drifted from drought-stricken territories into that stockman's paradise along the San Anto-

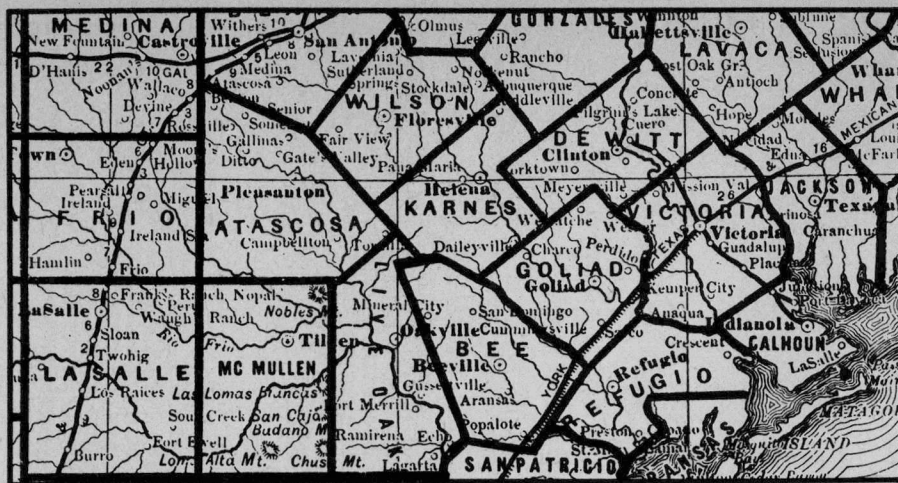
nio River in Karnes County, "to winter," their wanderings not being impeded by fences at that early date. The influx of these foreign cattle greatly swelled the already large number of native Longhorns inhabiting this region.

With the coming of spring 1875, the rains returned to the South Texas Plains and the ranchers, delighted with the new growth of grass, headed north to round up their missing herds. Once in the river bottoms of Karnes County, they began gathering their livestock and driving them back to their

home ranges. They paid little attention to the great numbers of local cattle that had "got themselves mixed in with their herds" and subsequently got driven south. It became evident to Karnes County men that the intruders were driving off as many of Karnes County cattle as they were their own. And it also became evident that the profits of their longyears of hard work were "heading south" with each herd, as about half of their cattle were missing. Something had to be done to stop this pilfering of their herds, but no plan of action could be agreed upon. Finally in March of '75 they were forced to take action because of an unusually large number of cattle taken by one of the South Texans, called "rustler," by some and by others the "rancher with poor eyesight."

On a bright moonlit night, thirty drought-country cowboys under the leadership of Frank Fountain came in quietly on the San Antonio River and Escondido Creek. They spread out, fan-like, up the creek and river covering a territory about five miles wide, and drove out every head of cattle they came upon within that radius. As day was breaking the next morning the drovers came together a few miles from the present town of Kenedy, Texas. They had been most prosperous in their night's work and had herded together about 9,000 head. One grouped, the men drove the herd west, and by making a hard day's drive reached Atascosa Creek at what was the Peacock Ranch in Atascosa County by nightfall.

The Karnes County ranchers, upon finding what had happened during the night, met for a council of war at the Brister Ranch on Lopan Creek. Thus began a spontaneous uprising against these legitimate, but unethical, "raids" by the South Texas cattlemen, and the ever-present lawless elements who considered the county easy prey for their thievery. At the Brister Ranch, leaders were elected and the men were divided into four squads. One group of thirty would head up the Atascosa River, another up the Frio



From Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888

Map shows Karnes County and surrounding ones in South Texas.

River; the third squad would go up the Nueces River; and the fourth would round up any cattle that had been left wandering along the bottom lands and prairies from the night's raid, and the raids of previous intruders. These would be the cattle belonging to Karnes County ranchers, that had become stragglers from all of these fast moving herds. They were now spread out over the many river and creek bottoms along the various routes leading south and west.

The primary purpose of the first three squads was to catch the rustlers, particularly Fountain and his men, and to retake the herd, returning the cattle to their proper owners. Furthermore, the men were to locate and "interview" the various foreign parties who had practiced indiscretion in their trips into Karnes County. Those individuals thus interviewed were to be convinced that the pilfering was to stop immediately.

One squad included A.M. Nichols; J.M. and Bing Choate; Will Lott; I.M. Hinton; Babe Moye; Fate Elder, who would later be appointed Sheriff of Karnes County, and who was killed in a gun battle with the Butlers at Daileyville; P.B. Butler, the son of William Green Butler who is erroneously credited with killing the town of Helena; and several other local cowmen.

A.M. Nichols years later described his squad's involvement as follows: "We followed up the

Atascosa River above Pleasanton and then onto the San Antonio River, and we created a lot of excitement as we rode into town strung out in pairs armed with .45 pistols and .44 rim fire brass mounted Winchester, with our belts full of cartridges. We put our horses in the livery stable fronting on the Main plaza and proceeded over to the Hord Hotel where we came, by chance, upon a half dozen of the parties we wanted to 'interview'. J.M. Choate did most of the talking for us. He was very plain and distinct in his manner of speech. He had a habit of calling a spade a 'spade', and did not mince words. He told them what he thought, and I tell the world that what he said to them was plenty. He emphasized his remarks by threatening to stamp them through the floor, then and there. His main admonition to them was that Goliad, Bee and Karnes County cattlemen were tired of having to follow up their herds to 'cut out' their cattle, and the next herd of cattle they followed in which any of our cattle were found, that not a man of them would be left to tell the tale and that their bones would be found bleaching on the hillsides."

To make the conversation more impressive, two of the squad's members, Tobe Wood and Direce Rachal, who had taken advantage of the confrontation in the hotel to have a few drinks, stepped outside onto the plaza and fired a few shots into the air with their pistols.

Nichols made a mad dash outside, expected the worst, and stopped the shooting — but not before the local police had scattered like wild turkeys; it being some time before they showed up in the Main plaza again.

THE Karnes County men left Pleasanton the next morning after a good night's rest for themselves and their tired horses; destination, home. But as they crossed the extreme western part of Wilson County they sighted another party whom they knew were possessed of poor eyesight when distinguishing brands. This was the Crunk "gang" and their leader, who had been responsible for "allowing" large numbers of local cattle to become mixed with their own.

Some members of the squad wanted to make an example of Crunk. This meant hanging him, but some of the cooler heads prevailed before the morning ended. It was common knowledge in the area that a man named Crunk was camping at the head of the West Weedy where he had built a rail cattle pen and was embarked upon an extensive cattle operation over the short route — the branding, or running iron. The squad first noticed the rail pen, which contained a few head of cows, and quietly swooped down upon it from all sides. Only two boys, each about twelve-years-old,

were guarding their catch. Securing this position the squad then rushed the camp a few hundred yards away. When the still sleeping strangers were startled from their bedrolls, they stared into the business ends of twenty-eight cocked Winchesters (two of the squad had been left to guard the boys at the pen). The surprised men offered no resistance. But had they not been caught unawares, it is doubtful if they would have been so complacent, and blood would have surely been shed on both sides.

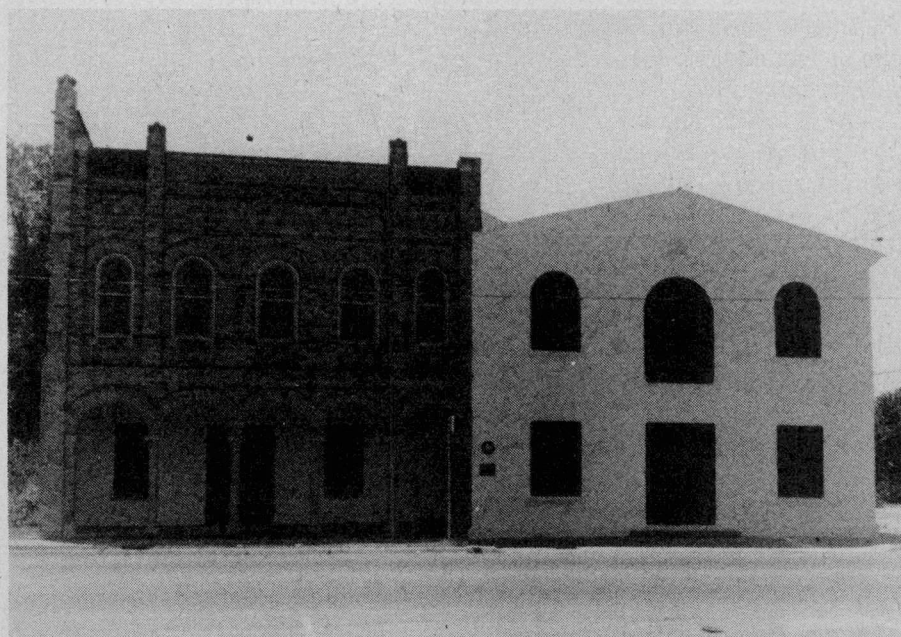
Shocked and befuddled, the thieves immediately tried to offer some courtesy. Attempting to disregard the seriousness of the moment, they asked the ranchers to have breakfast with them. Taken aback with such an unusual invitation, the men accepted and used the meal-time to administer a stern lecture to their hosts. At the conclusion of this repast the ranchers ordered the men to break camp, tear down the pens and head back to their homes. With adequate assurance from Crunk and his men that they would do so, the cattlemen, elated by the fact that there had been no killings, headed for home. It had been a long, hard trip for the members of this squad, but each man felt that the ranchers' uprising had stopped future molestation in the area along the San Antonio River.

Discussing the incident on the West Weedy years later they agreed that they just couldn't have hanged the leader of a group of men who asked them to "set a spell and have breakfast." The ranchers also agreed that while they had been fortunate in evading serious trouble, they had been ready for it. Maybe an invitation for breakfast did save many lives.

THE OTHER squads, farther west, were doing their "missionary work" in much the same manner as was Nichols' group.

As Frank Fountain and his band of thirty men drove the mixed herd from the banks of the San Antonio River and the Escondido Creek, Bill Irvin, an Atascosa cattleman, quite by accident came upon them and recognized the brands of many Karnes County ranchers. His suspicions were aroused as he rode by the cattle and accompanying drovers. He waited until they were out of sight, then put the spurs to his horse and headed for the Conquisto Crossing on the San Antonio River. He knew William Butler was encamped there, working cattle. Arriving at about sunup, he notified Butler of his observations. The rancher, unaware of the loss to the county the night before, dispatched Sam Calvert, one of his cowhands, on a swift horse with a message to A.M. Nichols who lived about a mile from the present site of Kenedy. The message ordered Nichols to notify other cattlemen below his ranch and in Goliad and Bee Counties of the situation. Butler's message also asked Nichols to get all available men to the cow camp at the Conquisto Crossing with all possible haste. Nichols, as instructed, sent messengers to the outlying regions. Word was rushed also to S.O. Porter, a close friend of both Nichols and Butler, Ed Lott, John Wood, John Claire and Pat Burk.

About 8 p.m. Sam Calvert returned with Nichols, George Little, Frank O'Neal, Craig McAda, Andy Nichols, John Claire and Thomas Nichols. All rode good horses and were armed for battle. The camp was about five miles



Museum and Eckhardt's General Store in Yorktown, DeWitt County, Texas

south of present-day Falls City.

William Butler, Manuel Coy and the eight reinforcements left camp immediately, and in less than an hour's ride they located the trail of the stolen cattle. It was easy to follow in the bright moonlight and the ten men rode all night, stopping at 4 a.m. to get a little sleep, and to let their horses rest and graze. But with the coming of dawn, the ranchers were up and proceeding on the trail left by the fast-moving 9,000 cattle. It was shortly after "good sunup" that the men, ascending a hill and looking down into the valley below, spied an unusually large herd of cattle a mile or so away. They were satisfied these were the animals they sought.

The Karnes County men examined their weapons as a plan of action was discussed. Bill Butler was elected their leader in the upcoming confrontation with Frank Fountain and his men. Everyone's thoughts were centered on the fact that they were but ten men riding

into an organized group of thirty "rustlers," who must be grim and determined to defend the cattle now in their possession. But noting deterred the ranchers' spirit as they filed down from the hill and out onto the valley floor. The ranchers rode into the herd and up to Fountain and his men, who had now gathered around him waiting orders.

WILLIAM Green Butler coolly rode up to Fountain, who he recognized as the band's leader from their focus of attention upon him. Looking him straight in the eye, he spoke with a voice that was strong and emphatic: "My name is William Butler and I understand that you have some of our cattle in your herd. Furthermore, I understand that you have vowed that you would not allow us to cut them out. We have come to do just that, and we intend doing it now."

Fountain listened attentively while the cattleman spoke; he glanced at his armed and anxious men, but shifted quickly back to the mounted man across from him. He replied, "Mr. Butler, you and your men, or anyone else who has cattle mixed in the herd can come cut them out. I'm no fighter and no cattle thief, as Sam Calvert, who is with you, knows. We've known one another for a long time, as he will tell you." As the men had ridden in, Frank had recognized Sam as an old schoolmate, and had told his men to "hold their fire."

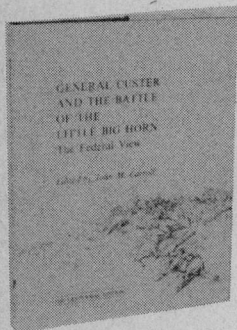
Calvert rose to the seriousness of the situation, which was still dangerously tense, by yelling out, "Frank, you old son-of-a-gun, I told them I thought it was you, and that if you were the same man I knowed way back yonder, you wouldn't fight. I told them you were an honest man." True or not, the uneasy situation passed, although there was considerable grumbling among Fountain's group as they turned their horses to get away from the center of activity. This was, undoubtedly because they didn't want to be recognized.

After a brief discussion between the two old schoolmates, Fountain

told his men to bunch the herd, and the Karnes County ranchers proceeded to cut out the cattle that belonged back on the San Antonio River and Escondido Creek. This work continued throughout the day, and by nightfall 2,700 head had been removed from the original herd of 9,000. They were kept in a separate herd which had been driven up the valley about a mile. The ranchers took turns guarding this stock as the work progressed through the day and night, and into the next day. By noon of the second day, another 1,800 head had been claimed. In all, over 4,500 cattle were taken from the herd of Fountain and his thirty men.

The cutting out completed, the ranchers gave the raiders a stern lecture, but allowed them to continue on their way with the remaining herd. This was with the understanding that none of the men or their leader would ever be found in the territory again. If such a visit should occur, they were to realize

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that they would find themselves in no condition to leave.

With the recaptured cattle the ranchers set out for home, stopping after about ten miles to spend the night at "Uncle" Dan Brister's place on the Lapan Creek. Early the next morning a rider came with word that another group of animals had been located on the Atascosa. William Butler took four men and went to look over the cattle and cut out any belonging to the Karnes County ranchers. Late in the afternoon the five men returned with 1,200 cattle that had gotten "mixed in" with the herd being driven south. This swelled the number of reclaimed cattle to 5,700 head.

Being short of rations, A.M. Nichols was delegated to barbecue one of the recaptured animals. Uncle Dan's family cooked up a washtub of beans, mounds of bread and huge quantities of coffee to add to the fare — a feast which everybody was anxious to attack after several days on the trail.

MEANTIME, the cattlemen from Bee and Goliad Counties had been busy gathering with all haste and coming to the assistance of the William Butler group, who had sent word for help. Sam Porter, one of the men to whom the message had been dispatched, had not slept for seventy-two hours as he rode throughout the countryside rounding up men to go to Karnes County to assist in the "uprising" of the cattlemen. And, just as the old speckled cow that Andy Nichols had prepared was being taken from the coals, a band of about 100 ranchers approached Uncle Dan's place, Porter at their head.

Sam Porter was the most impressive of the group as they rode in that evening. His horse was covered with foam, his beard was several days' old, two long six-shooters dangled from their holsters and he wore a pair of high-heeled boots with attached rowel spurs. Around his neck he had a fresh handkerchief. At his arrival he looked as vicious as any Mexican bandido. The cattleman openly gave

his opinion that Frank Fountain had been let off too lightly, friend of Sam Calvert, or not. And Porter was certainly not in a good humor after having sat his saddle for three nights and days bringing help. All members present would have agreed that had Fountain arrived at this time, he would have been less than cordially welcomed by Porter that night at the Brister place. The cattlemen was caustic in his remarks at missing "the fun," as he referred to the previous few days' events. And, he was most emphatic at what his course of action would have been had he been present during the "interviews" with the men from the south.

But, after a hearty supper things quieted down and conversations turned from the "uprising" to the weather, the market in Abilene and just plain cowmen's talk.

THE Karnes County Cattlemen's Uprising of 1875 ended without bloodshed and it settled the ranchers' problems for several years. But in 1880 the county's ranchers learned that some parties had embarked upon a similar cattle enterprise near Fort Ewell in La Salle County. The largest party, known as the Altila Pasture Syndicate, was heavily involved in the same type of operation as had been the case in the spring of 1875.

A man named Odem from near Yorktown had followed a herd from DeWitt County as it was being driven to the Altila pastures. Odem overtook it and the drovers near the Tordilla hills in the western part of Karnes County. Here a desperate fight took place, and Odem was killed and two others wounded. This incident brought about another cattlemen's uprising this time involving the Karnes and DeWitt County ranchers.

Messengers were sent, asking that the cattlemen of the two counties come together to put a halt to this situation, and to take revenge for Odem's killing. Ranchers from all over the territory met in Karnes County where they proceeded to the Altila pastures and made a roundup

of their cattle, taking the better part of a day. Late that evening the cattle were driven up to the pens on the pasture and as men started to drive them in for the night a volley of shots rang out from inside the pens. Dick McCoy, who was leading the herd, fell from his saddle, riddled with bullets. The cattle stampeded, and so did the men.

The ranchers regrouped and returned to the pens. But the men who had fired upon them were gone. This was the end of the Altila Pasture Syndicate. And with this episode, the final rustling activities of the area — at least on the grandiose scale of the uprisings of '75 and '80 — were brought to an end.

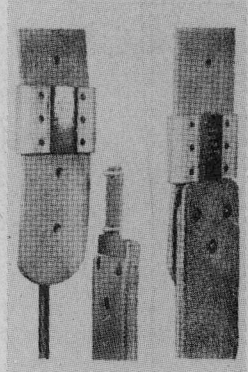


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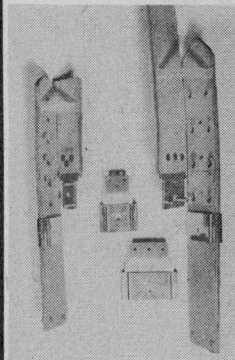
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EMMET WIRT—FATHER TO THE INDIANS

By
DEWEY TIDWELL

Photos provided by author

“WHERE ARE YOU, Doc Dunham, you old Tennessee hillbilly s-o-b?”

Those words came to my ears loud and clear one bright spring morning in the little mountain town of Chama, New Mexico, where I had hired on as the chief ramrod in the Chama Drug Store. I was working on a window display in the store when I heard those words, and the apparent hostility of the speaker prompted me to stop what I was doing and step out in front of the store and try to locate this man with the voice of a bull drover.

Just as I spied a lone horseman approaching from the southwest, I was startled by another voice from the north end of the town. It gave

vent to the following expletives: “Here I am, you ugly, no-good son of a she wolf. For ten cents I would plug that ugly hide of yours with my Colt’s 45 automatic.”

Just when I expected lead to fly,

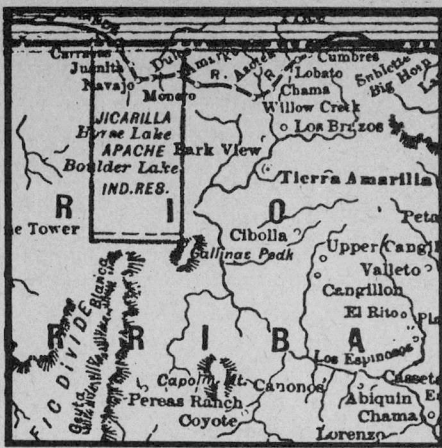
Dr. Harry Huntington Sr., the retired dentist father of Dr. Harry Huntington Jr., who had hired me to operate his drugstore, put in his appearance. Seeing my apprehension of the impending confrontation

Unflagging confidence and manners were his trademarks, contributed to his success as



From *Buffalo Head*, Courtesy Daniel T. Kelly, Jr.

Emmet Wirt's trading post at Dulce, New Mexico (see its location on map above) in the Jicarilla Apache reservation. Two Apaches in foreground.



From Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888

unpolished and both troubleshooter

between the two opposing forces, he spoke up and said, "Heh, heh — don't get excited young fellow. That's Emmet Wirt from over Dulce way on the horse, and you recognize Doc Dunham, don't you? That's the way those two old buzzards greet each other every time Emmet comes to town. They are the best of friends, and in a few minutes they will belly up to the bar in Pat Kelly's saloon down the street and have a drink and laugh like hell about the consternation they caused in the town."

Sure enough, when Wirt and Doc Dunham met in front of the drugstore they slapped each other on the back and proceeded to Pat Kelly's saloon just like the old gentleman had predicted they would. But before they entered the place I got a good chance to study Emmet Wirt. He was a short, heavy-set man, about sixty years old, dressed in black trousers with the bottoms loosely tucked into the top of black cowboy boots, a red handkerchief around his neck, white collarless shirt, and on his flat massive head was perched a typical old-time plainsman's low-crown hat with a wide brim. Around his massive belly hung a pistol holster and cartridge belt — but no gun. When he walked he sort of waddled.

"Now, you have seen the famous



From *Buffalo Head*, Courtesy Daniel T. Kelly, Jr.

Emmet Wirt about 1925.

Emmet Wirt," Dr. Huntington told me. "He owns the Emmet Wirt Trading Post on the Jicarilla Apache Indian Reservation over at Dulce, the tribal headquarters, and just about runs the Reservation. The Indians trust and like him, and he is often asked to offer counsel."

Dr. Huntington Sr. gave me the history of Emmet Wirt, starting from the time Emmet first arrived in the Chama country at the age of about sixteen looking for a job. With a twinkle in his eye, and a corncob pipe in his mouth, the old doctor told me the following story:

"EMMET WIRT was born on a farm near Harrisonville, Missouri, near where I came from when I came to Chama in the early eighties. He was born in 1865 and arrived in these parts about 1881 with no possessions except a red bandana and a blanket. His first job was at a sawmill located at Azotea, a railroad siding on the Denver and Rio Grande Western narrow gauge railroad a few miles west of here. The owner of the mill was Mr. Sullenberger and when Emmet applied to him for a job Sullenberger asked him what he could do. 'Anything,'

was the reply.

"Sullenberger studied him for a moment. Before him stood a brash youth, big and strong for his age, who seemed to be confident that he could handle any job. A quick thought came to the mill owner's mind. 'Ever handle bulls, Emmet?' 'Shore have,' answered the boy without hesitation. 'My pa used bulls, or oxen, on our farm back in Missouri to pull the plows, and my main job was plowing.'

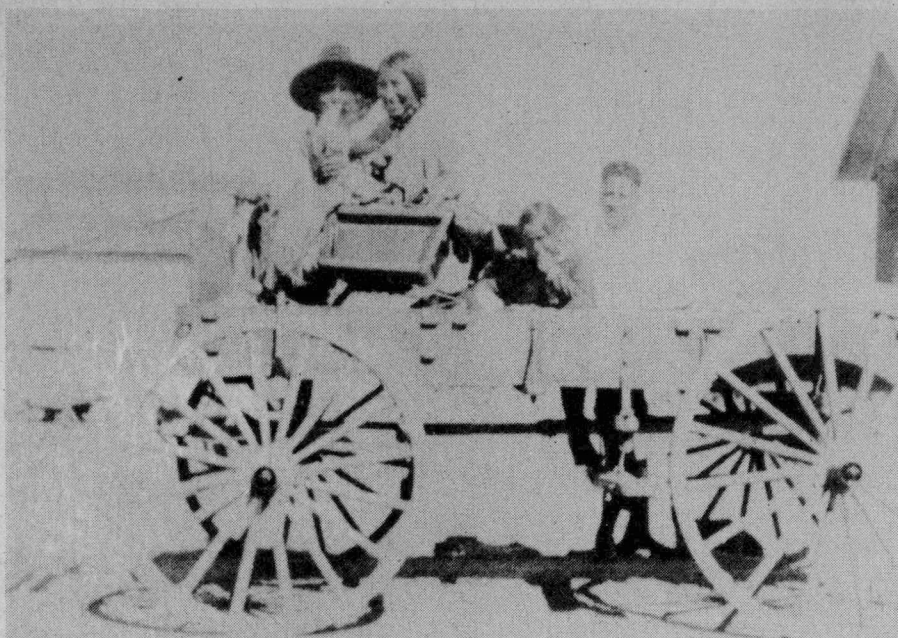
"Sullenberger told him, 'Every bull herder I have had has come up with several missing every morning. Think you can do any better?'

"Emmet was started out night watching the herd, and during his first month on the job he didn't lose a single animal and that made a big impression on Sullenberger.

" 'Think you can drive bulls hitched to a log wagon?' he asked Emmet. 'I can do anything with a bull that you want me to,' boasted the lad. So Emmet was put to work in that capacity and he did his work so well, and with so much attention to his duties, that Sullenberger decided he deserved a better job. He was promoted to timber checking and grading — a job requiring him to ride through the forests and select prime trees for cutting. But Emmet had decided that working with bulls and timber was too tame for him. He wanted to be a cowboy. He thanked the mill owner for the work and opportunities he had given him and left to seek a job on a cow ranch.

"Emmet's first job as a cowboy was on a ranch with an outfit called the Bar U running about 40,000 head in the Four Corners west of Chama where New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and Utah come together. The Bar U outfit was one of the toughest in the country with a lot of its riders being outlaws on the dodge from somewhere else, and gunmen doing the only thing they knew how to do except handle a six-gun.

"There were plenty of trouble-makers among the crew, and Emmet soon found himself in brawls and even gunfights. Having



Jicarilla Apache family.

learned to shoot rifles and pistols when on the farm back in Missouri, he could handle himself and his build and strength made him a formidable foe for anyone. Soon he was recognized as a kid who could not be abused or pushed around."

"Emmet drew only enough money for several years on the ranch to cover the cost of tobacco, cartridges, and the price of a few clothes when his work brought him near a store. He even imbibed in a few drinks of 'red-eye' when in the vicinity of a saloon but never to excess. Mostly he saved his money. That went on until payday came around and he and the other members of the crew were told that the ranch was short of cash and would not be able to meet the payroll until sometime in the future. Emmet didn't like the tone of that news, so at gunpoint he selected some steers from the ranch's cattle sufficient to offset the amount of money owed to him by the ranch, and drove them to Pueblo, Colorado where he slaughtered them and sold the meat to local markets.

"ABOUT THAT time Emmet heard that the Jicarilla Apaches were being corraled on a reservation twenty miles west, with the village of Dulce [New Mexico] being selected as tribal headquarters. He decided that that would be a good place to go into business. He had

tired of cowboying, and the store business appealed to him, but he knew he needed some experience in that field before venturing into it on his own. He got a job in a country store owned by a Senor Gomez near the reservation and remained there until he believed he was ready to launch his own career. When he was granted permission by the tribal leaders to open a trading post on the reservation, he went into that business with full confidence in himself. He had acquired a knowledge of the Apache language which put him in good stead with the Indians.

"Emmet Wirt was successful from the very beginning with his trading post venture. The establishment was practically a part of the reservation, for the Indians came to rely on him for advice and counsel. Many white people living near the reservation resented the Indians, especially the cattle people, for the land included in it was prime grazing ground, and they never left a stone unturned to try to persuade the federal government to grant permission to use the land. Emmet Wirt was untiring in his fights for the Indians' rights in the matter, and his name was well known among political circles in Washington. At times he had to deal with crooked Indian Agents as well as unscrupulous politicians and jealous ranchers. There were many periods

when he sold his wares to the Apaches on credit, never knowing when, or if he would get paid. On many occasions the bureaucrats in Washington, in league with crooked Indian Agents and other factions, withheld monthly rations from the Indians which left many of them destitute. Wirt's generosity and feelings for them kept them alive. So from the very beginning of his career as a trader on the Jicarilla Apache Indian Reservation, he endeared himself to the Indians.

"The Denver, Rio Grande and Western Railroad ran through Dulce and when the daily passenger-freight trains pulled into the station, Emmet was seen at the depot awaiting merchandise or something else consigned to him or his store. His habits were considered by some to be crude, and he made no effort to please anyone not connected with the reservation. His vocabulary was usually well spiced with cuss words, and anyone who crossed him became the recipient of Emmet Wirt's salty remarks. He was often heard to say, 'White people usually give me a bellyache, and the Indians are the only people I can trust.'

"Once when Wirt was in Denver on business he stopped at the famous Brown Palace Hotel, and because he didn't have a coat on he was refused service in the hotel's

dining room. He quietly stepped out to a clothing store and bought a jacket and put it on and went back to the dining room where he was served. It has been said that he was so incensed by the slight that he bought the hotel and offered to fire any employee who didn't like his style, but that has never been substantiated.

"It is a fact, however, that when he returned to the dining room he accosted the head waiter and told him, 'Serve me my dinner now or I'll wreck this joint.' It is recorded that he was served immediately, and after dining he removed the jacket and handed it to the hat-check boy in the hotel lobby with the curt warning, 'I want this jacket handy any time I come back to this hotel. See that you take care of it!' He tipped the hat-check boy generously and that individual was always glad to see him return. Emmet was that kind of a man.

"Once Emmet was summoned to appear in Tierra Amarilla, the county seat of Rio Arriba County (the same county in which Dulce is located), as a defendant in a shooting affray. The sheriff of that county wasn't certain that Emmet would appear for the trial, so he and a couple of deputies went to Dulce late one afternoon to inform Emmet they would escort him to the county seat.

"Emmet assured the lawmen that he would go with them on the following morning, and that since it was so late in the day they were welcome to take their bedrolls into his office and bed down there for the night so they could get an early start on the following morning. The sheriff had second thoughts about trying to take Emmet from the reservation at night and he and his deputies accepted the invitation to spend the night in the office.

"The Apaches got wind of the purpose of the lawmen, and figuring that their friend was in need of help, they surrounded the Trading Post. One of the old Indians went into the store and told Emmet that there were over a hundred Apaches surrounding the establishment ready to take care of the lawmen upon his command. It took Emmet quite awhile to convince the old man that he would take care of the matter, and suggested that he and the other Indians go about their activities. They were partially convinced that their friend was in no danger, and most of them went their ways. But several lurking Apaches were seen in the darkness outside the post during the night — just in case.

"Early on the following morning Emmet and the lawmen rode out for Tierra Amarilla, and the lawmen were noticeably nervous. But the trader rode along calmly, and after the trial it was judged that Emmet had shot his opponent in self-defense. Emmet then calmly rode back to Dulce and was met by a big delegation of his friends who welcomed him home.

"THE APACHES trusted Wirt implicitly. When the Indian Agent attempted to enforce some rule they didn't understand or accept, a delegation went to the trading post and told Emmet how they felt. He always listened carefully to what they had to say, and if he agreed with them he went forthwith to the Agent's headquarters and told him, 'No soap. The Apaches will fight before they will accept your rule, and I'll be by their side when they do.' Most of the Agents who served on the reservation during Wirt's



Doctor Dunham in the snow sleigh he used to make rounds during winter months in Chama, New Mexico.

tenure there abided by his suggestions, and a lot of trouble and some lives were saved.

"Often when the agency doctor deemed surgery necessary when an Indian had been injured, or illness called for that drastic action, he first went to Emmet Wirt and asked him to explain matters to the tribe before he attempted to go further. There were several old medicine men left who resented the white man's medicine and they weren't to be trifled with. The agency doctor played it safe by letting Wirt handle the details.

"About 1910 Emmet was summoned to appear in Santa Fe as a witness in a case to be heard by Judge William H. Pope, who was known as a stickler for protocol. When Emmet appeared before the learned judge he was asked, 'Where's your coat, Mr. Wirt?'

"'At home, Your Honor,' answered Emmet.

"'Well, go and get it,' admonished the judge.

"Emmet walked out of the courtroom and caught the first Denver and Rio Grande Western train for Antonito, Colorado and changed there from the Chile Line to Chama, New Mexico, and on to Dulce. When he reappeared for court in Santa Fe three days later the judge was furious. 'Where have you been, Mr. Wirt? I should fine you for contempt of court!' Emmet looked the judge straight in the eye and replied matter-of-factly, 'Judge Pope, you told me to go home and get my coat, and that's what I did. I live in Dulce, you know.'

"The empty pistol holster that Emmet always wore was a carry-over from the early days when every man in this part of the country wore a gun. Emmet was an expert shot with either rifle or six-shooter, and he could ride a horse at full speed and fire at a tomato can and keep it rolling ahead of him with accurately placed shots. Quite often he was deputized by the county sheriff to go after someone the sheriff was afraid to try to arrest.

"About 1895 Rosario Ring and Perfecto Padilla were sentenced in

the Tierra Amarilla court to be hanged for the murder of Carlos Ulibarri, but the sheriff was reluctant to spring the trap that would snuff out their lives. He was fearful of vengeance from the many relatives and friends that the two condemned men had in the vicinity. When it looked like they would escape the noose because no one had the grit to hang them, Emmet heard about the dilemma and hid himself to Tierra Amarilla and told the lawman, 'Deputize me and I'll hang them varmints.' And that's what he did with a lot of people looking — but there were no repercussions for everyone in that part of the country knew Emmet Wirt and they were wise to his reputation.

"In Dulce Emmet was also the postmaster, with the post office occupying a corner of his store. Once when the postal inspector was making his routine check and audit of post offices in that part of New Mexico he was horrified to discover that Emmet mixed the postal receipts with the receipts from his store sales. Jumping on Emmet rather hard, he told him he would be forced to revoke the postmastership if Emmet did not comply with regulations.

"'Go to hell!' Emmet told him bluntly. 'You can take the post office and be damned. Neither you or any other smart alec is going to tell me how to run my business.'

"The chagrined postal inspector immediately filed a complaint against Emmet. In due course of time another agent of the postal department called on him and charged him with willfully insulting an agent of the post office, misplacing postal funds, and in general conducting the post office's business in a haphazard manner.

"'That inspector is a damned liar. I didn't insult him. I simply told him I was responsible for the postal receipts and would handle them the way I pleased.'

"There being no other building in Dulce in which the post office could be housed, the inspector left town and filed his report and that was the last that Emmet heard from the department.

"DURING THE twenties when the economy over the nation was reaching a depression level, not one depositor in any bank in which Emmet Wirt was involved withdrew his or her money. The old trader's name was his bond. His name in gilt was listed among the officers of several banks in northern New Mexico and southern Colorado, and everyone knew he was financially able to back any of these banks in case the necessity arose. He has always held the majority of the stock in the bank here in Chama, and it was he who loaned the president enough money several years ago to enable him to get the president's job by controlling a certain amount of stock.

"Once when Max Reed from over Lumberton way stopped in Emmet's store in Dulce for some supplies he told the trader that he was in danger of losing his own store to his creditors because of poor collection of debts. As he was about to mount his horse to return to Lumberton, Emmet called to him. 'Tie your horse,' he advised, '— and come back to my office. I have just bought the Felix Garcia store in Lumberton and I need a manager for it. Do you want the job? I'll give you a half interest in the place and a thousand dollars to get started with if you will accept the job. When you have made enough money you buy me out.' Suffice to say, Max accepted Emmet's offer and in time did buy Emmet out.

"Emmet didn't lean toward any religious affiliation, and his rough and ready manners suggested a direct conflict with religion. But that didn't necessarily apply to people engaged in preaching the gospel. When Father Albert, a Franciscan missionary, was working among the Apaches and Spanish-American people of northern New Mexico, he often walked many miles through this vast country with no supplies except a loaf of bread and a canteen of water. When he visited Dulce, Emmet always provided him with a horse and a supply of food. Later when Father Albert was chosen to become Archbishop of the Santa Fe Diocese as Archbishop Albert Daeger, Emmet was among the

many from Dulce, Lumberton, Chama, Tierra Amarilla and Park View, who rejoiced in his elevation."

Dr. Huntington continued, "Emmet once told me what he thought of Father Albert. 'You know, that little s-o-b was the most Christ-like man I have ever known.'

"Emmet didn't marry until late in life. He was forty-seven years old when he and Christina Shirmer, a nurse at the Oschsner Hospital in Durango, Colorado were married. They had one child, a little girl, but Mrs. Wirt died several years ago and Emmet has attempted to be both father and mother to Cecilia. He worships her and provides her with every comfort and pleasure, except that she is kept pretty much in seclusion.

"When she was a small child he hired tutors to school her in his home, and when she became a teenager he sent her back East to private schools. She was quite a young lady with coal black hair, flashing dark eyes, and a physique that bespoke of her prowess as a horse-woman. It wasn't uncommon to see her dashing over the reservation with her long hair flowing in the wind Indian fashion, often bare-back, when she was home from school. She grew up like an Apache in spite of her seclusion, and being a dark-skinned girl she was often mistaken for an Indian.

"Emmet owned up to the parentage of several Apache children on the reservation, and he never disowned them. Will Barker of Santa Fe, his lawyer, once gave Emmet some wise advice. He told him, 'Emmet, an old white-faced Hereford bull like you had better recognize those Apache kids and remember them in your will else there is likely to be hell to pay when you die. You've put your brand on several of those Apache girls who have produced a batch of half-Apache, half-white kids, and they are not likely to forget that.'

"Emmet followed Barker's advice and named his Apache children in his will and saw to it that they got good educations. A number of those kids are college graduates today.

"EMMET WIRT was a staunch

Democrat who always supported the party but he wasn't averse to locking horns with the party bigwigs when he disagreed with them. During Franklin D. Roosevelt's second campaign for re-election to the presidency he was scheduled to enter New Mexico at Raton via train and be met there by the big Democratic leaders in New Mexico and ride to Gallup, New Mexico.

"Emmet was one of the delegates to board the train at Raton, and when introduced to the President he barely acknowledged the introduction before he tore into him. Like a big bull standing over the chief executive he thundered out, 'FDR, I am going to tell you what I think of you s-o-b. New Dealers! You are making bums of a lot of poor people and I am not going to vote for you!' Roosevelt was somewhat taken aback by Emmet's bluntness but he said afterwards, 'I like that man.' Emmet left the train at Lamy and never voted for Roosevelt again.

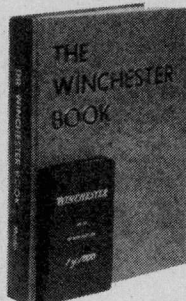
"The old trader's health declined after he reached his 70th birthday, and several times he left the trading

post and journeyed to a Michigan health resort. During his last trip there he died on August 30, 1938. His body was returned to Dulce for burial in the Apache cemetery. His funeral was the largest ever held in northern New Mexico; people from all over Rio Arriba, San Juan and Sandoval Counties poured into Dulce for the ceremonies. Denton Simms, his old friend, gave the eulogy, and afterwards the Apaches took charge of the ceremonies and buried him as one of their own. The *Durango-Herald* carried the news of the old trader's death in bold headlines, which read: 'EMMET WIRT PASSES AWAY'; a subhead noted that the colorful pioneer of Dulce was 'FATHER TO THE INDIANS.'

Emmet was buried with a coat on, and the familiar empty pistol holster was noticed to have his faithful six-shooter encased in it and lying across his chest."

Dr. Huntington's eyes became misty as he concluded the story of Emmet Wirt. In recounting the life of his friend, the doctor's emotions couldn't be hidden.

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ORTON FLAT AND A BUSTED HORSE RANCHER

Where there's a Hill, there's a way (an old Western Publications proverb) . . .

By
T. STANLEY HILL
Photos provided by author

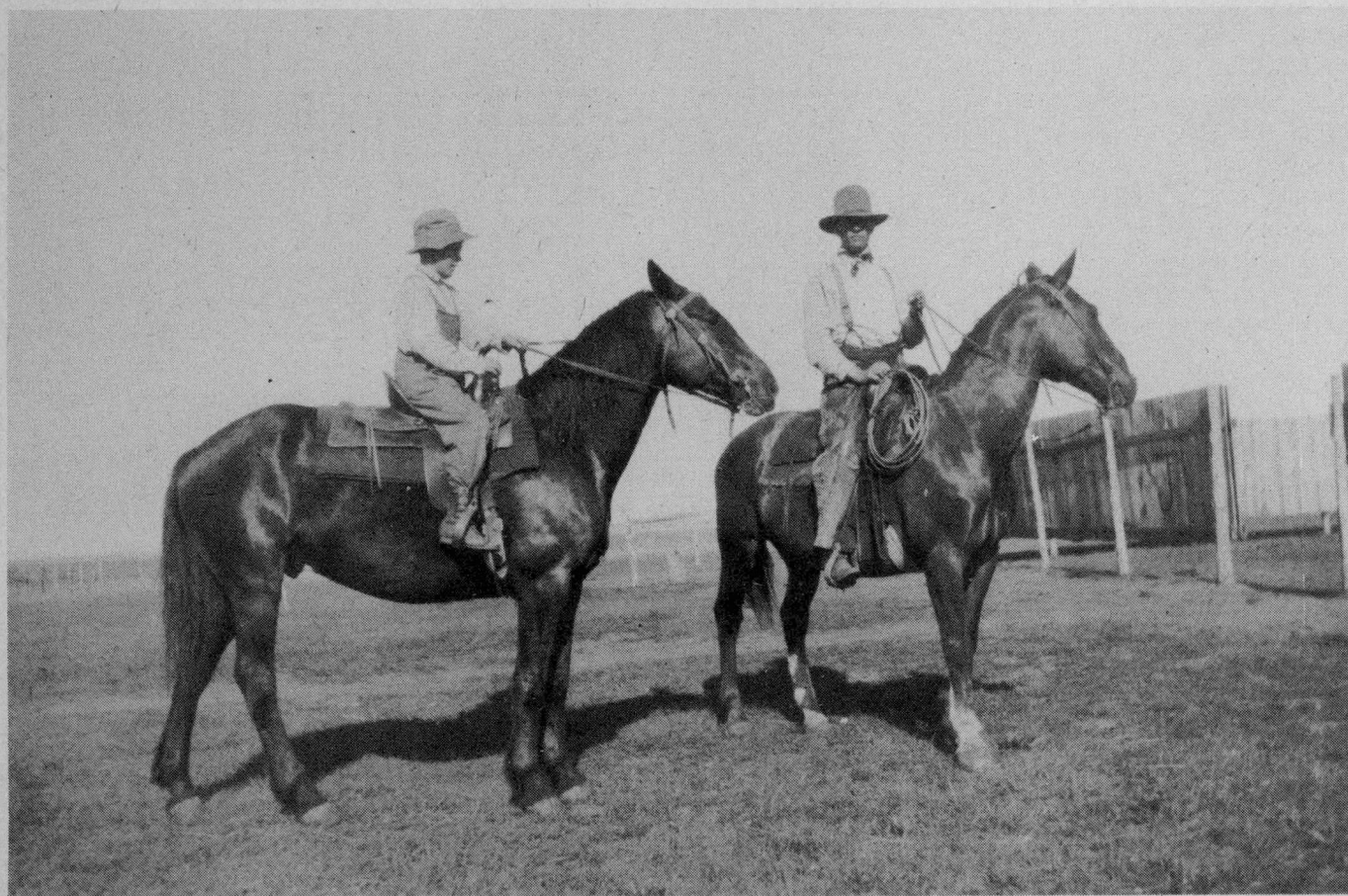
JOHN T. HILL ran a horse ranch on the Cheyenne River in Stanley County, South Dakota and was doing real well until World War I ended and the Model T Fords began coming into the country by

the solid trainloads. To further complicate matters he had gotten talked into buying a large bunch of mares that were in the stockyards in Fort Pierre, South Dakota. The Stock Growers Bank had obtained these mares through foreclosure and were really hurting with the feed bill that was building up. They assured Dad that the mares were

“located” in that country, when the truth was, they were located in the Badlands of western South Dakota, a couple of hundred miles west of us.

A range horse is located where he was born and raised. When he is

Right: Photo of the Hill family inside their log cabin. **Left to right:** John, Stanley, Alice and Alta.



Trying to make a hand. Stan Hill, age 9, on Dandy and his father on Shorty.



taken somewhere else, if he can get loose and there aren't too many fences in the way, he will go back to his old home no matter how far.

They were beautiful mares. No one had any horses left to sell the government. The war in 1917 was going full blast and no one knew how much longer it would last. The deal looked good.

Dad had prospered and the ranch and his own horses were clear but he didn't have the cash to swing that kind of deal. There were hundreds of these fine mares. The bank assured him he didn't need to put up a dime. "We'll just take a mortgage at 10% compounded semiannually on the mares, on your other horses, on the ranch. You take these mares out there and in a few years the increase will make you a rich man, etc." Dad fell for it, bought the mares, ran them out to the ranch, vented the old brands, and branded them JT connected on the left hip. Then he turned them out

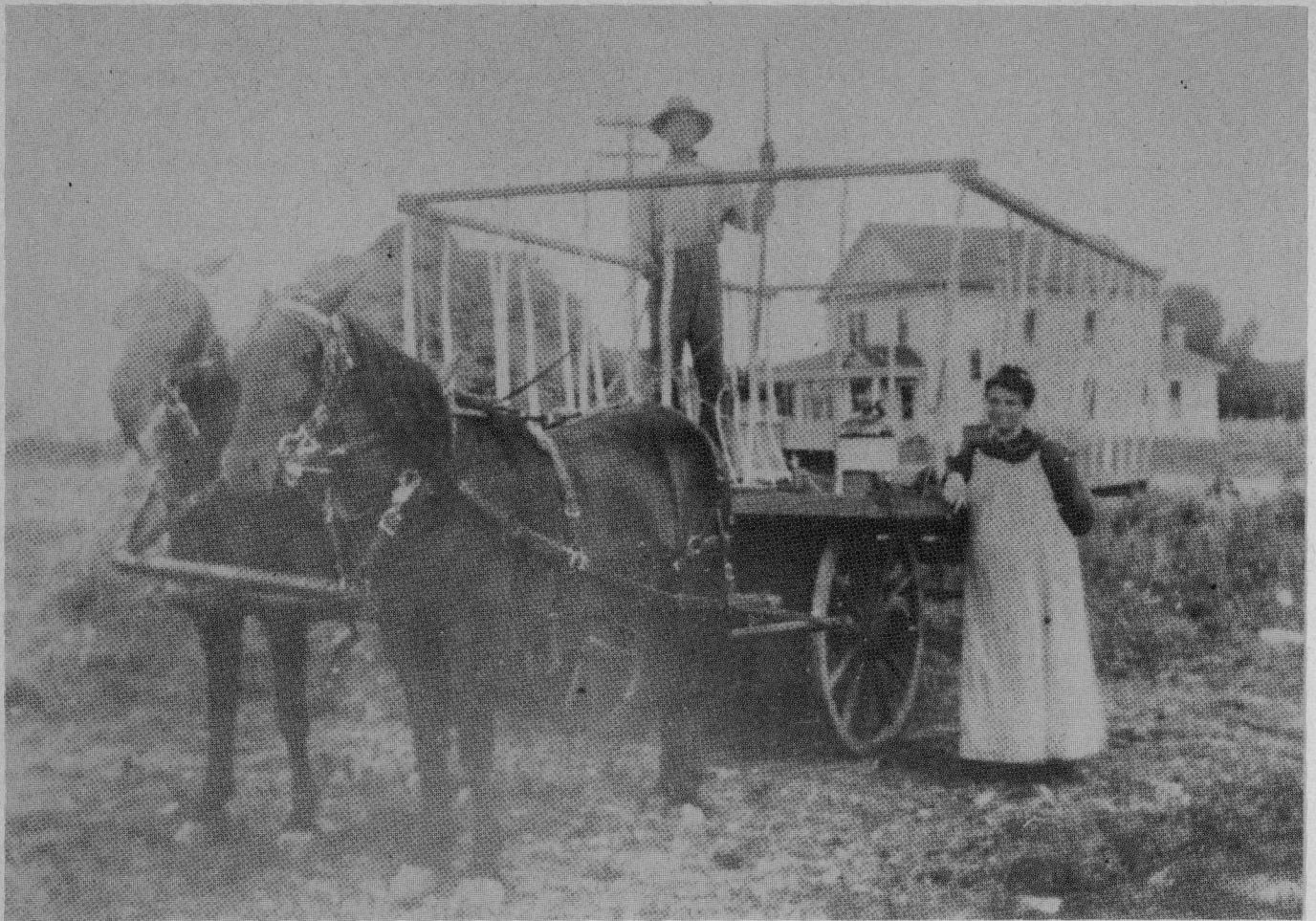
on the range. From our south fence you could ride seventy-five miles southwest without hitting a fence at that time.

During that summer my mother, Alta, and Dad were riding constantly and becoming ever more worried because they would never see any of these new mares when they were out riding after the horses. That fall Dad put on a roundup and scoured the country and found not one of the fancy mares. It was then he learned, via the grapevine, that these mares had come from the Badlands and it would cost more to put on a roundup to get them than they were worth. That is a murderous country for rounding up horses.

So the folks worried, and the next fall the war ended, and Ford cars took what market Dad had for his horses. We used mostly Morgan and Hamiltonian stallions crossed onto our mustang mares and we got fast, flashy little horses, many of them

gaited. Dad was a master horse breaker. He would take extra pains with the really flashy ones and break them to drive and would sell them just as fast as he could get them broken to doctors, lawyers and people who wanted extra nice driving horses. The heavier ones went to laundries, ice outfits, dry cleaners, or grocery stores. All at once every doctor and lawyer had a Model T Ford and the laundries and ice outfits had Model T trucks. The bank began to yell for its money and there wasn't any money to pay. The bankers took the ranch away from us and left Dad with a mess of horses and no headquarters.

He went up to the Orton Flat, which is some eight or ten miles south of the Cheyenne, and rented what was known as the Webster place. We piled in and built a barn and two corrals. Next he started trying to figure out some way to salvage something of the business. We



John and Alta with their first team, Cap and 66. 66 came with Texas steers from the 66 Ranch. Photo was taken in 1906 in Ft. Pierre, South Dakota.

had hundreds of horses but you couldn't give them away.

THERE WAS NO school on the Flat and they were holding school somewhat sporadically in the vacant Joy Kirley (Joe Kirley's son)

house on the south side of the Flat. I was in the third grade and my sister was in the fourth. She is three years older but had to miss school on the Cheyenne until I was almost five so I could ride the 2½ miles to the Lindsey school with her.

My mother had taught school in Iowa, and in fact was teaching in South Sioux City, Nebraska when she and Dad were married. She was horrified that with all the kids available they had no school at Orton Flat. All the rest of the mothers wanted a school, too, but no one seemed to know where to start. So Mother hitched up a team to the spring wagon and drove the fifty odd miles to Fort Pierre to see the county superintendent of schools.

She returned with the information that if they held an election and voted to form a school district and to bond said district they could have a school that would be approved. The other mothers pushed things along. Mr. Joe Valentine was postmaster at Orton. His wife had died during the terrible flu epidemic and he was trying to raise three kids by himself, but he too got right into the swing of things and



The Orton School in 1918 or '19. In front is John's team of Joe and Shorty hitched to the spring wagon. Coal shed can be seen at left rear.

helped. By early spring the bonds were sold and we were ready to go. Mr. Thoreson offered to donate one acre for the school but told Mother she would have to figure out the metes and bounds. She did so and we were ready to go — almost.

Everything was ready and they even had a contractor lined up to build it but the materials were all at Fort Pierre. By then it was haying time and nobody had time to go haul the stuff out. Mother was frantic. She had been elected president of the school board. Finally it was decided that Dad would have to go after the lumber and let the haying wait. We didn't dream how long that would be though!

SO EARLY one morning we ran in a bunch of horses, cut out four broncs and threw them down in the corral, hogtied them and harnessed them up laying down. Then Mother and Dad pushed the wagon tongue

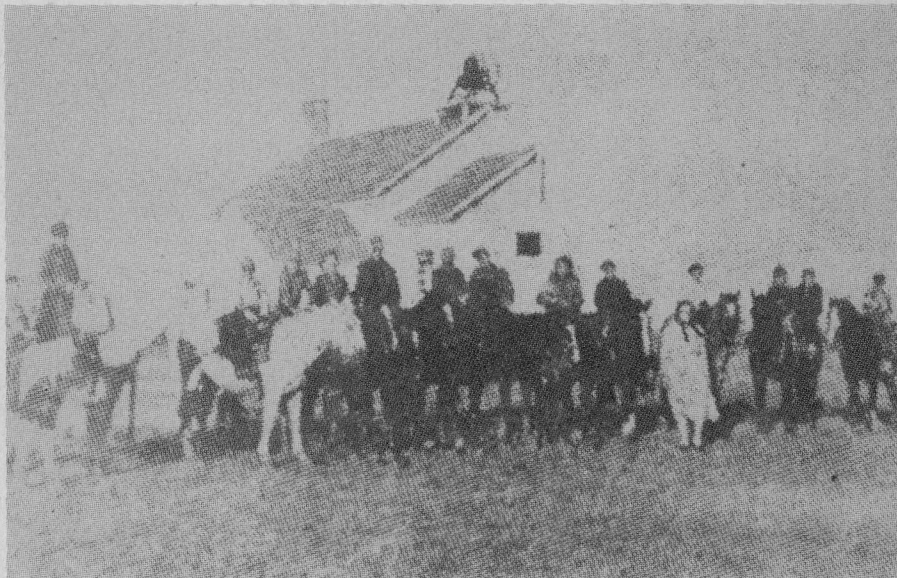
up between the two middle ones and hitched them up lying down. When they weré untied and hit their feet, Dad yelled, "Open the gate!" and we took off like lightning.

I was about seven or eight. Now we had only the running gears of the wagon, no bed. We had the roundup bed tied down to the rear

hounds and I was sitting on it, hanging on for dear life while those crazy broncs were trying to get away from that awful thing chasing them. There was some bucking but generally they headed for Fort Pierre.

For some reason we had a lot of trouble that morning and didn't get away till mid-day so it was late in the afternoon when we got to Lacy's

Courtesy Mrs. Alice Devitt



Teacher Martha McRae and mounted pupils in front of the Orton School after it was moved to Mission Ridge.



Orton School students. Front row, left to right: Ruth Wightman, Marian Thoreson, Mina Erickson, Ausbrandt Valentine and Anton Erickson. Second row, left to right: Ida Erickson, Stanley Hill, Hilda Valentine and Pearl Fravel. Back row, left to right: Martha Valentine, Lois Baird, Dorothy Baird, Jim Fravel and Herbert Fravel.



Stanley and his dog Jack on top of the barn at Orton Flat.

Ranch about halfway to town and the first place we could water the team. They had a deep well that provided natural gas and hot water. They used gas for cooking and lighting. The water stank so of sulphur that a horse wouldn't touch it unless he was terribly dry. We ate a sandwich and started up Lacy Canyon.

It was now pitch dark and suddenly a terrific lightning storm came up. It became so light it was almost like daytime. Suddenly a bolt struck right behind the wagon and the resulting clap of thunder was deafening. Those four broncs panicked and started to run full speed and then I was really hanging onto that old roundup bed. They left the trail and took off up the side of that canyon and eventually came out on top on a big level area. By now they were winded and tired and when a brilliant flash lit up an alkali bed which had dried out and was snow white they skidded to a stop and Dad yelled back, "You still there, son?"

We weren't any too sure just where we were, so we unhitched, hobbled the horses and rolled up in the roundup bed. It was raining torrents but we got warm and went to sleep. Woke up about dawn and it was still raining so we just covered up our heads and went back to sleep. When we woke up next it had stopped so we located the broncs,

hitched up and headed for Fort Pierre. That part of the country has a gumbo mud you have to see to believe. I have seen it roll up on a wagon wheel until it would stick a team with an empty wagon. We got into town eventually although that day we'd had nothing to eat. We put the horses in Ike Young's livery barn, took our roundup bed to the haymow and spread it out, and then headed for the Hudson House to put away a square meal.

I don't know what Dad was supposed to get paid for that haul but I do know he sure lost his shirt. We took the wagon down to Kiser's Lumber Yard the next morning and put on a terrific load of lumber — and it rained and rained and rained. Day after day it rained. With that load we couldn't possibly travel, so we slept in Ike Young's haymow and ate at the Hudson House for almost three weeks. Finally it stopped raining and we pulled out.

The broncs by now were feeling their oats and were all rested up, but by the time they lugged that load up Dead Horse Canyon and up onto Giddings Flat they were a little subdued. We made it about halfway home the first day, hobbled the horses, ate our sardines and crackers and turned in.

We went home to the Orton Flat next day, unloaded and returned for another load (which was a picnic with no rain and a now broken team).

Then we piled into putting up hay while the contractor built the school single-handed. I still marvel how Dad could ride that front bolster on the wagon gear and drive the broncs. I had a bad enough time trying to hang onto that roundup bed.

THE SCHOOL was built and a teacher hired. She was to board at Thoreson's place and walk diagonally across a quarter-section to the school. She got along pretty well until winter set in and she had to plow through the snow to school and then build a fire in the big Smith heater to get warm. She lasted until Christmas and said she

had had enough, she was through, goodbye. The poor girl was just out of school herself and had no idea what she was getting into when she took the job.

Some of the women knew Mother had taught and they pressured her to take on the job so we could use our fancy new school. The upshot was that Mother hitched up a couple of broncs to the spring wagon and again drove over fifty miles into Fort Pierre to get lined up with an emergency certificate to teach in South Dakota. It was in the dead of winter and bitter cold but she made it okay and took over the job.

I suppose nowadays people would accuse her of conflict of interest. Here she was — president of the school board (signed her own paycheck), the teacher, the whole works. The understanding was that she would only fill in until they could find a replacement, but they couldn't locate someone crazy enough to go clear out there and brave that long hike through the snow and build the fires, so Mother finished out the term. At times she had over thirty kids and all eight grades, but she ran a tight ship and we learned something. No frills, just the basics of reading, writing and arithmetic. They still didn't have a teacher come Fall so Mother was drafted again, and again the third year.

In the meantime Dad had rounded up and sold what horses he could find and turned the money into the bank. Then we pulled out for the Black Hills with four good horses pulling a covered wagon, plus my horse Bill for us to run errands and round up the horses in the mornings.

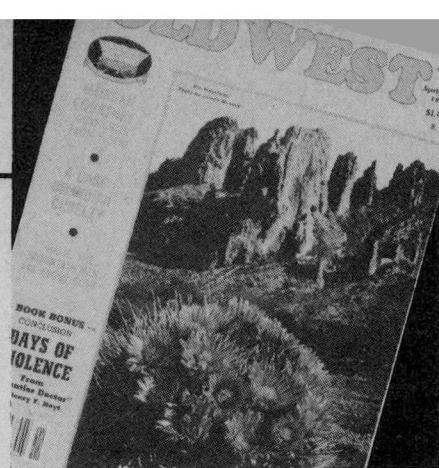
One of Mother's students from the Orton School wrote her shortly before she died that they had put the old building on wagons and moved it over to Mission Ridge to the east of Orton Flat. So I suppose our school was still doing yeomen service in teaching the kids of Mission Ridge, just as it did well over sixty years ago when I was a student and Alta Hill was the teacher.



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NO HEAVEN OR HELL — JUST LIBERAL

By
G. ALLENE REYNOLDS
Photos provided by author;
Courtesy Mrs. J. P. Moore

One Missouri town had a diverse lot of residents with a common belief — “unbelief”

“With one foot upon the neck of priestcraft, and the other upon the rock of Truth, we have thrown our banner to the breeze and challenge the world to produce a better cause of devotion of man than a grand, noble perfect, HUMANITY.”

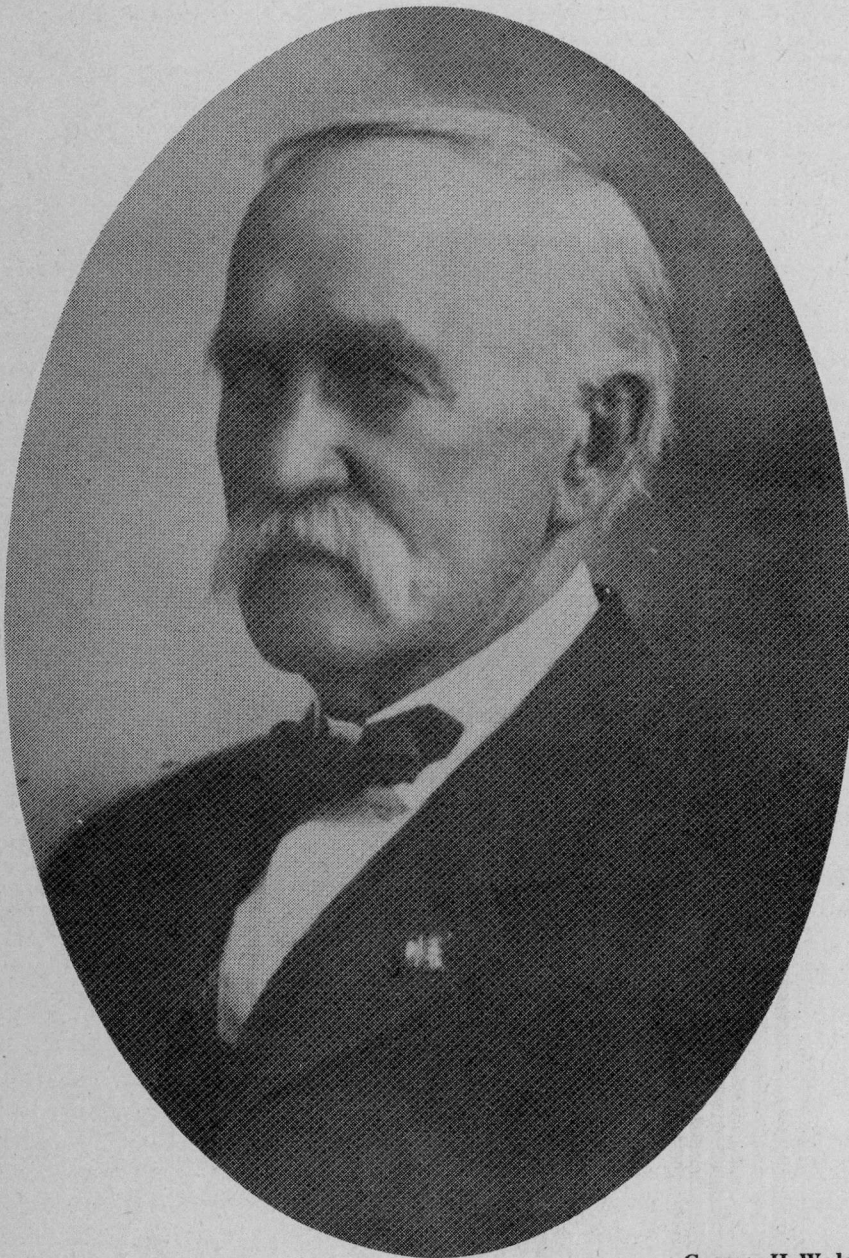
THIS QUOTE was taken from a pamphlet circulated worldwide to entice people to live in a new town George H. Walser had founded. It was called Liberal — a town to have “no priest, preacher, church, God, saloon or hell.”

George Walser, an ardent follower of the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson and that of the agnostic philosopher, Robert Ingersoll, believed that given the right circumstances humankind could overcome the weakness of the flesh and create harmony and divinity on earth.

Born in Indiana in 1834, Walser became a lawyer, served as Lieutenant Colonel in the Union Army, and was elected while living in Barton County, Missouri as Superintendent of Schools and Prosecuting Attorney. He served two years in the State Legislature.

Walser had been raised a Calvinist and it's not known at what point in his life his philosophy took a complete change, but in the 1870s he founded a society in Lamar, Missouri known as the “Sacred Brotherhood.” It was based on his agnostic learning and quickly made him many enemies.

In June 1880, Walser, forty-six years old and rather wealthy, broke with the society and with the citizens of Lamar, and purchased 2,000 acres in the northwest part of the county. He moved his wife and two



George H. Walser

children to this area and began building a town.

"Infidels!" became the watchword as people started moving into Walser's community — a "free love colony." Average citizens didn't understand and were afraid of these people who lent themselves to "Freethought," as Walser termed it.

"Our standard of morality," he wrote in his Liberal newspaper, "consists of but four words: BE TRUE TO THYSELF." Since this phrase could have many interpretations, those who gathered to populate Liberal were a diverse lot. Yet all had one thing in common — their belief in "unbelief."

In 1881 a man named Waggoner purchased land just north of Liberal and laid out an addition to the town inviting all Christians to come and settle. Mr. Walser also owned a neutral strip of ground between Liberal and the Waggoner addition. He built on that strip a high, tightly-strung barbed wire fence. The people of Waggoner would have to go around it to use any of the facilities of the town and it was a reminder that they were different, set apart from the "freethinkers."

Waggoner soon gave up and sold the ground to Walser who took down the fence and erected two buildings on the neutral strip. One was the Universal Mental Liberty Hall and the other the Freethought Brotherhood Temple. The Hall was used for lectures and for people to voice their opinions about anything they desired and the other was for Sunday and Day School instruction. No belief in God was taught, but temperance, morality and honesty were acclaimed.

THE CHRISTIANS weren't finished. In 1884 August Delissa and R.C. Goss bought land sites near Liberal and set up a new town. They named it Denison and the first two buildings they erected were a church and a saloon.

Again the novelty. People began moving to Denison not only with their personal property but some removed their buildings from Liberal to Denison. One of the last



House used by the Spiritual Science Association for three "Circle Night" meetings. The townspeople called it "Spook Hall."

buildings to be removed carried a banner stating, "And the Lord said, get ye out of Sodom . . ." The population dwindled until there were only a few loyal settlers and one general store.

But Walser had the ultimate weapon — his newspaper. He was a powerful man of words and at his own expense he kept publishing the paper, repeating his philosophy. As luck would have it a new mania was sweeping the nation — spiritualism. Walser latched on to this concept and his fire was fueled by the arrival of Dr. J.B. Buton in 1887. Buton was reputed to be one of the most phenomenal mediums of all times. He could not only manifest the spirits, but they could at times speak and write notes. People came from all over the United States to contact their loved ones and even Walser claimed to have been "touched" by the spirit of his father.

Buton was in town only a short time before a fire in his attic exposed him as a fraud. But the interest he had piqued remained and the fickle public once more returned to Liberal.

In the meantime the railroad had requested that the name of Denison be changed to Pedro and it became nothing more than a suburb to Lib-

eral. Eventually it lost its post office and became officially a part of the town.

Just before the presidential election of 1888 a forum was held at the Universal Mental Liberty Hall. Anyone having anything to say was allowed ten minutes. All the speakers held to their time limit except Walser. He had too much to say to be crammed into a ten-minute space, and when the moderator, a Mr. Baldwin, reminded him that his time was up, Walser ignored him. It took repeated reminders before Walser quit. But he was not happy. The following day he closed the Hall for "repairs" and in the fall of 1889 he sold the Hall to the Methodist Church for purposes of worship. Perhaps he felt that if freedom of speech, particularly his, were curtailed, then the hated Christian philosophy had already seeped into his "heaven."

Walser had, at this time, already divorced his wife, the mother of his children, and had married a woman who was the local doctor and drug store owner. His house that he had moved into when coming to the area was destroyed by fire and he had moved to the home of his new spouse. That marriage, however, was short-lived and he divorced her.



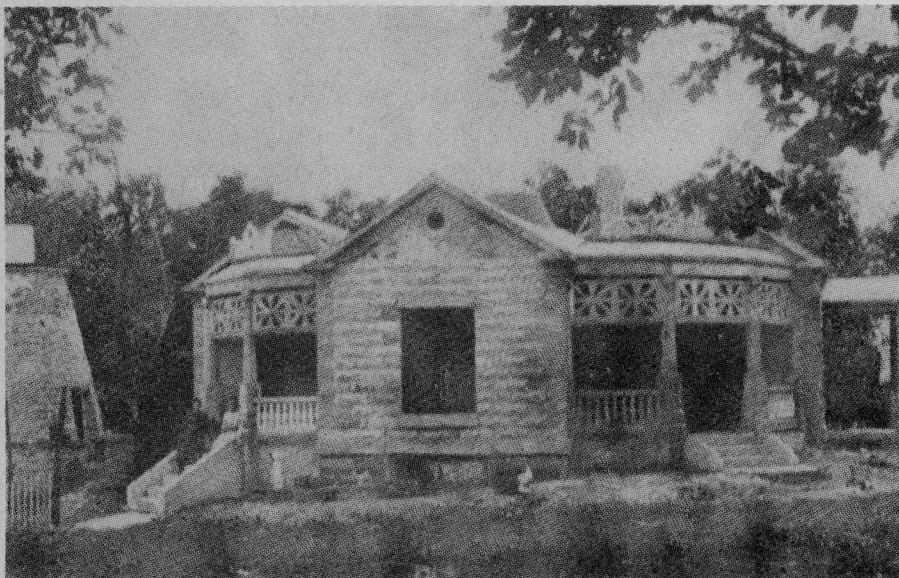
Lake at Catalpa Park. Dining hall is at left and concession stand at right.

SINCE WALSER was no longer interested in freethought, he turned all his attention to spiritualism. In 1890 he laid out thirteen acres and \$40,000 to build a park. He planted a catalpa grove and named the place Catalpa Park. After building his own residence there he built a large dome-shaped building with a high roof. He called it the Celestial Dome and opened it and the park to the public. He planted flowers, built fountains and had a lake dug. The dome and the park could be used by anyone for any purpose except in August of each year. Walser reserved that time to host a spiritual encampment that became world famous.

Mediums, fortune-tellers, clair-

voyants, and those interested in the occult were welcome to come and display their talents. Admission to the park was one dollar a person and most of the mediums charged a dollar. Some came every year and were allowed to build small cabins in the park. Others rented tents and cots and other equipment. A dining hall was erected on the grounds and there were refreshment stands.

It was also in 1890 that a society called The Spiritual Science Association was founded in Liberal. The Association built a house for the purpose of holding meetings. These gatherings were called "Circle Nights" and admittance was by invitation only. Most of the discourse and readings on these nights



Walser's last residence at Catalpa Park.

were esoteric.

It was during these years that Walser married his third wife — a beautiful, vivacious woman of twenty-three. Walser was sixty. His new wife Alice shared his enthusiasm for the spiritualist movement. She was, in fact, a spirit photographer. They were married in 1894 and seemed ideally suited, but Alice had problems. She drank and took drugs and finally, in the summer of 1902, she went to Joplin, Missouri, rented a hotel room and poisoned herself. By letter she requested to be buried at midnight in Catalpa Park. Walser complied. There were no flowers, no singing, no words over the casket except those of her bereaved husband. As the mantle clock struck twelve her body was lowered into the grave.

J.P. Moore, a friend of the family, wrote of it this way: "All was silent until the swishing of the shovels in the dirt and the rattling of the clods on the rough box could be heard. All the light there was for the burial was a flickering old-fashioned gasoline torch hanging from a nearby tree, and a few moon beams erratically glimmering through the leaves of the catalpa trees, quivering slightly in the breeze.

"Just as the last spadeful of dirt was being patted down on the mound, as if by an act of providence, the eerie cry of a screech owl was heard from a tree close by. Then the creature took off into the night. In the depressing surroundings, one imagined it very like a released soul taking its flight into eternity..."

The Celestial Dome in Catalpa Park burned in 1903. In 1906 Walser's home also burned. He was at that time devoting his life to writing and he lost stacks of manuscripts as well as a valuable collection of books.

He rebuilt the house and sometime during that period of his life married for the fourth time. His new wife was a woman twenty-nine years his junior.

He wrote several books, and published for about a year a magazine called *Orthopaedia*. The name is a combination of Greek words mean-

ing right instruction. Most of his work were books of poems — *Wild Rhymes*, *Poems of Leisure* and the *Bouquet*. He wrote and published some work on philosophy — *Orthopaedia* and the *Magi*. His last work was, strangely enough, *The Life and Teaching of Jesus*. It was published in 1909, a year before his death.

Walser had been an atheist all his life but in his later years he had come to acknowledge that perhaps he had been wrong.

He wrote: "We are all passengers on the great ship of life going to another country to encounter new realities and experiences. Every person has a ship of his own and is his own pilot; to reach port safely we should study the chart which Jesus has given us."

At another place he wrote: "I have wandered in the desert of disbelief, waded in the river of doubt, and in the sands of desolation. I have looked for hope and I found none . . . I felt there was something more, there must be something more, or nature is a fraud and life the gall of a bitter cheat."

George Walser died of pneumonia at his home in Catalpa Park May 1, 1910. He had laid out a cemetery when he platted the town. In the geographical center was a special lot, ninety-eight feet in diameter, bounded by a concrete retaining wall six inches high. All other lots were laid in a series of circles around this center lot, the foot of each grave toward the center. Walser was to be laid to rest in this place so that on resurrection day all would rise up, facing him.

It's not known why these plans were changed but Walser wasn't buried in Liberal. Instead his body was temporarily laid in a vault in Fort Scott, Kansas while his widow had a mausoleum built in Lake Cemetery in Lamar, Missouri. Even in death Walser was a threat to that Barton County community. They tried to bar his burial there, not wanting their families to lay at rest with an "infidel."

No one is buried in the circle in the Liberal Cemetery. Someone erected there a tall pole, pointing

toward heaven.

Liberal today is a quiet town not unlike a thousand other Midwestern villages. It has schools, taverns and a number of churches. Catalpa Park was sold in the 1920s to a mining company, and now is used as the town dump.



Hosstail's Small Talk

(Continued from page 3)

know when we had a gun? During the winter we would haul hay for the stock and those darn coyotes would run our dogs right up to the hay wagon — if we had no gun. When we had a gun they would stay out of range. We hid the gun in the hay, wrapped it in a gunny sack but it did no good — they knew when we had the rifle aboard. In these later years I've read about dogs sniffing out dope, etc. Now I think I know how those coyotes knew.

"Not long after moving to Laramie, the Silver Fox Farms sprung up. The owners liked to feed rabbits to their foxes and would pay fifteen cents each at first. Then it went down so much that the ammunition was more than one could get for the rabbits. By that time the rabbits were pretty well gone too. I have been out to the old ranch site and the river bottom in recent times. It's very unusual to see a jack.

"So poor ol' coyote had to find other things to eat and started on calves, lambs and whatever. Man, that two-legged creature who thinks he is so smart, has done more to upset the laws of nature than any other species.

"I hear how the coyote is moving in on places like Los Angeles. Who can blame the poor old coyotes! The two-legged varmints took over his territory and food supply. It's kinda like the white man taking over from the Indian! Makes me wonder at times if I'm supposed to feel proud to be a white! But then, man is a species all his own, regardless of race or color. Look at the trouble God is having with man — and He's been at it for years!" — Orville R.

Devitt, 31 Tarra Drive, Prescott, AZ 86301.

Orville, your remark about the trouble God is having with man, and man is having with coyotes, reminded me of something a fellow told me not long ago that also had to do with California, but not the Los Angeles area. I can't remember exactly how it went, but it had to do with an experiment with a record player. The rancher would put on a bunch of hymns and let them go full blast. The selections didn't bother the sheep but they made the coyotes nervous enough to leave. (I've seen hymn singing do the same thing to my uncles more than one Sunday night. After two or three verses they'd start edging toward the door!)

Trouble is, in this case, the coyotes developed a tin ear and came on back for their nightly feast of lamb whether the gospel tunes were playing or not — and I remember that my uncles, too, would usually be leaning in the window before prayer meeting shut down for good. Sinners are a lot alike — four legs or two legs — and most of them have about as many friends as enemies.

Well, guess that about rounds up the herd for this issue. — Hosstail



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Wild Old Days!

THE FORTITUDE OF GRANDMA BROWN

By C. Kutac

IN 1846, at the age of sixty-six, Tabitha Moffatt Brown crossed the plains and lost nearly all her possessions except the horse she rode and the clothes and belongings she could carry behind the saddle.

Although she weighed barely a hundred pounds, she was blessed with good health and the energy and endurance of women less than half her age. She had been a widow since her thirties and was teaching school in St. Charles, Missouri when she decided to join a wagontrain going

to Oregon. Her son Orus had given her glowing reports about what he described as "paradise." Even his uncle, Captain Brown, who was seventy-seven and retired from the sea, wanted to go West.

So Grandma Brown outfitted herself with a team of oxen, a wagon and a driver, as well as all the other supplies needed for herself and Captain Brown, who was going to travel along in her wagon.

They left Missouri in April of 1846, and Grandma Brown was well pleased with the novelty of the journey — cooking over the campfire, traveling through strange and beau-

tiful country and seeing all kinds of new animals. Up to a point it was invigorating, but when they reached Fort Hall in August, all that changed.

Fort Hall was a jumping-off place. One branch of the trail followed the Columbia River while the lower or Applegate Trail dipped south and circled back up into Oregon. There was a persuasive man there who talked leaders of four of the wagontrains into letting him lead them through the newer cut-off. He assured them he could get them through to Oregon long before those who went down the Columbia River.

The man charged a fee for each wagon to guide them, but it wasn't long before he stole from them what he could, and abandoned them to continue on their own. They crossed a sixty-mile stretch of desert, with no available water and no grass for the animals, followed by a rough climb up into the mountains. Livestock fell by the wayside and wagons broke up. Some travelers died — both young and old; none was immune to death after the extreme stress they endured.

After her wagon was useless, Grandma Brown continued on horseback. She simply declared that their sufferings were so great, no human tongue can tell. She added that during the trek, "I never once sought relief by the shedding of tears." That in itself was an accomplishment because on that trip she broke her arm. There was no doctor in the wagontrain. Despite the severe pain Grandma Brown told someone how to pull the bone into place and then how to splint the arm properly to keep the bone straight. As soon as the arm was securely splinted and bandaged, Grandma Brown climbed up on her horse and was on the move again.

At times she had to cross jumbled piles of rocks, slosh through mud, and ford rivers as high as her stir-



Tabitha Moffatt Brown

Courtesy Pacific University

rupers. The travelers still hadn't reached their destination when winter set in. Freezing rains turned to hail and snow. Grandma Brown had little protection on the back of a moving horse.

PROVISIONS gave out and a Mr. Pringle was sent ahead to try to get supplies from distant settlements. In the meantime, Orus (who was in one of those settlements) had heard of the suffering emigrants' plight, loaded up four pack horses with provisions and set out. As luck, or divine providence, would have it, Orus met Pringle on the trail. Pringle turned around and led him back to the emigrants' camp.

Meanwhile, they had put up some tents and were trying to keep warm and forget the gnawings in their empty stomachs. Of the night Orus and Pringle arrived with food, Grandma Brown wrote: "Who can realize the joy?"

It was Christmas Day of 1846 when Grandma Brown entered a Methodist minister's house in Salem, Oregon. It was the first time she'd set foot in a house for nine months. The minister asked her to stay awhile, run his house and care for the family, which solved her question of how she was going to support herself. In return for her services, both she and Captain Brown were given room and board.

While getting settled, Grandma Brown turned one of her gloves inside out to get a button out of one of the fingers — at least she supposed it was a button. However, when she fished it out, she was delighted to find it was a 6¼ cent piece [probably a token equivalent to one-sixteenth of a Spanish dollar]. She used that little coin and her ingenuity to make \$30. With the coin she bought three needles. Then she traded some of her clothes to the squaws for soft buckskin which she worked up into gloves. She then sold the gloves to the ladies and gentlemen of Oregon.

When she went to visit Orus, she met the Reverend Harvey Clarke and learned that he needed a teacher for the children (settlers'

children, Indian children and the many orphans whose parents had died on the Oregon Trail). Grandma Brown asked Reverend Clarke, "Why has Providence frowned on me and left me poor in this world? Had he blessed me with riches as he has many others, I know right well what I should do. I should establish myself in a comfortable house and receive all poor children and be a mother to them."

Soon she was the housemother and driving force at the Oregon Orphan Asylum. Reportedly she operated the school with tremendous efficiency and had the children's respect. With the approval and backing of the local ministers, it was decided to found an academy that "shall grow up into a college" with the orphans' school as its nucleus. Thus it was that Reverend Clarke and Grandma Brown became the founders of Pacific University, now in Forest Grove, Oregon.

In 1854, at the age of seventy-four, she wrote her brother that she was ready to "quit hard work and live at ease." She could well afford to do just that. She had a place to live, a house that she rented out and a few lots in town. She owned some cows that she loaned out for their milk and one half of their offspring. She had even managed to contribute several hundred dollars to the school she helped found. Not bad for an elderly woman who arrived in Oregon with only 6¼ cents to her name!

THE WHITE BUFFALO

By G.V. Martin

JIM CASPION and Sam Tillman were partners. They had traveled together from Texas, through the Oklahoma Territory, and across Kansas, almost to the Colorado state line. The two drifters had grown up together. They had worked as cowpokes, ranch hands, cooks, miners and hunters.

In October 1871, at Chalk Bluffs, Kansas, Jim and Sam were looking for work. One evening, as they sat in the local saloon having their dinner, they were joined by a dude from Kansas City. The man claimed to represent a tanning factory which had developed a new process for tanning buffalo hides; he needed hunters who could bring in forty a month. He was willing to pay the fantastic price of \$3.50 for every hide in good condition.

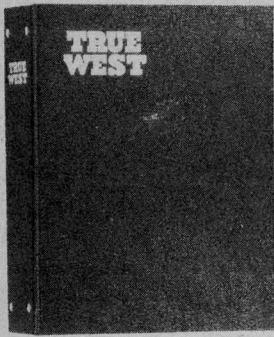
Sam and Jim exchanged doubtful glances. However, when the man offered to furnish them money for supplies, a wagon and driver, a deal was made. Sam and Jim would deliver all the hides they could obtain to the local store. The man from Kansas City would pick them up and leave their money with Ed Evans, who ran the store.

Early the next morning, Jim and Sam rode out of Chalk Bluffs on their horses. They were followed by a young man driving their supply wagon. Before long Jim and Sam were scouting for buffalo far ahead of the wagon.

Photo by Lee Orr



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At noon, they stopped to water their horses and rest. The sun on the Kansas prairie was hot and there was little shade to be found.

The two agreed to split up but stay in sight of each other as they were in Indian country. Sam mounted up and rode off to the south. He wanted to see what was over the south ridge.

Jim watched him ride out. He took his time mounting up. His horse, Banjo Bob, had been shielding his left front leg. Jim checked the horse's leg and shoe. Banjo Bob was just trying to get a few extra minutes out of the hot sun.

Jim rode toward the hills. He saw that Sam was making good time; he was already about a mile to the south.

JIM followed an Indian trail up into the hills. The trail forked as he reached the crest. He took off to the left for a better view of the valley. He would be out of sight for a few minutes but Sam was still riding south.

As Jim topped the ridge, he saw the floor of the valley, at least twenty-five miles across, covered with grazing buffalo. There had to be well over a thousand head. With any luck, he and Sam could get enough hides before dark to make them \$100.

He scanned the herd more carefully. Over on the right, he caught sight of something electrifying — a

buffalo, a young bull, snow white. Jim had heard other hunters tell of seeing white buffalo, but in all his years on the trail, Jim had never seen one. It was said a white buffalo robe could bring over \$500. Indians were superstitious about what they called the "gray ghost." Once Jim had seen an Indian with a buffalo robe with only a few white spots. Someone offered the Indian \$100 for it. The Indian's dark eyes tore into the man for making such an offer. He pulled the spotted robe around him and walked away.

Jim watched the white buffalo moving among the herd. The large black brutes paid no attention to the white bull. Jim could not believe his good fortune.

He turned Banjo Bob around and started back down the trail to signal Sam. An Indian yell reached him. He spurred Banjo Bob into a full run. As he emerged from behind the hill, he saw Sam riding for all his horse could do. Chasing Sam were fifty Cheyennes. The Indians shot Sam's horse and then closed in on his partner. There was nothing Jim could do. Sam was better than a mile away. Jim could not see what was happening but he knew Sam was a goner.

Then one Indian spotted Jim, let out a yell and started toward him. Jim swore at himself for having stayed out in the open. He quickly surveyed his position. If he rode to the right or left, the Indians would

cut him off. His only chance was across the valley filled with buffalo.

Jim rode Banjo Bob down into the valley, yelling and firing his gun. The buffalo stampeded. Jim let the reins fall loose across Banjo Bob's neck. He leaned forward and wrapped his arms around the horse's neck. His horse held his own among the pushing and shoving buffalo. Jim looked back just once. He caught a glimpse of the Indians as they reached the crest of the hill. Then the dust became so thick he could not see the sun.

Jim could tell by the feel of his horse when they left the valley and started up into the rocky hills. As he rode on and on, he felt the air cooling; the sun was setting.

The buffalo climbed higher and higher in the hills, still running at full speed. When the trail suddenly split, Banjo Bob and Jim were forced to take the right fork. Jim looked around the head of his horse to see if he could see anything. There running just ahead of Banjo Bob and to his left was the white buffalo. Jim gripped his horse's neck as hard as he could. The horse was sweating and it was hard to hang on.

Suddenly, the buffalo running on Jim's left disappeared. Jim realized they were running on a narrow ledge. The buffalo on his left were being forced over the edge of the cliff. Above the roar of the stampeding hoofs, Jim could hear the bellows of the animals as they hit the bottom of the ravine. Jim tightened his grip on Banjo Bob's neck. One misstep by his horse and they would both go over the side.

BANJO BOB kept his footing and once they cleared the ledge they entered a deep valley. The moon was up and it gave an eerie feeling to the buffalo stampede. Jim figured he had to be forty miles from where he first joined the herd.

Eventually the buffalo started slowing down; some stopped and started grazing. Jim took his horse's reins and brought him under control. Banjo Bob was very tired. Jim found a small grove of trees and a

stream. He brought Banjo Bob to a stop and slipped off his back. He removed the saddle and threw it down beside the stream. He dropped to the ground, placed his head on the saddle and immediately fell asleep. He was too exhausted to worry about Indians, white buffalo, or even his wagon driver.

When he awoke the sun was well up in the sky. The buffalo were at the other end of the valley. Jim found he had no interest in them.

Banjo Bob was not far away. Jim caught the horse and led him back into the stream. He washed him down. The horse's legs were feverish. He would not be able to ride Banjo Bob out of the valley; he might never be able to ride the horse again.

Jim had seen some prairie chickens and a few rabbits. He took his rifle and went to shoot his breakfast. Afterward, Jim and Banjo Bob started walking back across the valley. When they came to the trail leading onto the ledge, Jim heard a buffalo bellow. Leaving his horse at the bottom of the trail, he climbed to where he could see over the edge. Twenty feet below, at the bottom of the ravine, were some thirty buffalo. Most were dead but a few were still alive and suffering from their fall. The white buffalo was leaning against an embankment with both forelegs broken.

Jim went back to his horse and got his rifle. He slid into the ravine and shot the animals that were still alive. He skinned the white buffalo on the spot when he found the animal had pink eyes.

It took Jim and Banjo Bob four days to walk back to Chalk Bluffs. Once they had to hide out for almost a full day from passing Indians.

At Chalk Bluffs, Jim learned that the bodies of Sam and the wagon driver had been brought in. The townspeople had buried them in the local cemetery. I am of the opinion that the young driver was storekeeper Ed Evans' son. He had a son "L. Evans" who was killed by Indians and buried two days prior to Sam Tillman. It seems logical he

could have been the buffalo hunters' driver. There was a Larry Evans who attended school in Chalk Bluffs but I have no proof L. Evans and Larry Evans were the same boy.

JIM DID NOT show off his white buffalo robe at once. He cleaned the skin and combed the coarse white hair. Then one night he threw the robe over his shoulders and walked into the local store. It caused quite a stir. He had to tell the story of how he obtained it over and over again. Old Ed offered him \$50 for it. Everyone howled with laughter. A soldier from Canada offered him \$100.

Jim shook his head no. He had become as superstitious as the Indians about white buffalo. He firmly believed that the animal had saved him from being scalped. He would never sell the white robe.

For five years Jim was never seen without it. It was his trademark. He became known as "the white buffalo man." Then one night at Fort Lyons, Jim drank too much and lost the white robe on a poker hand.

When he awoke the next morning and realized what he had done, he set out to find the man who had won the robe, and buy it back. It was too late; the man had already left town.

Depressed over his loss, Jim packed his bags and started for New Mexico. Somewhere along the way, he ran into a band of Comanches. No white buffalo was there to protect him that time.

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By Bill Cellers

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by Art. Pauley

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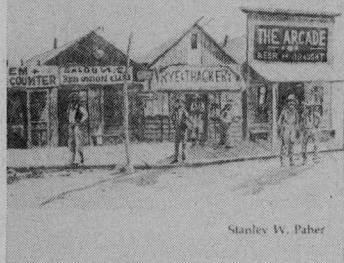
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a ranch bunkhouse by an old-time character, Hugh Lyle. He was part Indian and ran a few head of cattle and horses. To keep tabs on them he did considerable riding of the open range. I may as well admit what everyone in the country more than suspected about old Lyle. He had no scruples against butchering some big rancher's beef for his own use, nor was he averse to rustling a few horses when he thought he could get away with it. Here's his tale.

"I WAS out a-riding crosst the range one day in late November, when I happened to ride over top of a little ridge, and right down in the draw on the other side, 'bout sixty-seventy yards away, I spied a man and woman working over a beef they was a-butchering. And I knowed shore as God made little green apples it wasn't theirs but some big rancher's.

"If I'd of seen them first 'thout them a-seeing me I'd of ducked back out of sight and took a sashay clear around 'em. But no such luck. They seen me 'bout the same time I seen them. I knowed if I'd turned and rode clear around 'em after they'd seen me they'd of up and pulled their freight outa there the minute I was outa sight, and woulda left that beef carcass a-laying there in that draw for wolves and coyotes to feed on. An' I shore didn't want 'em to waste it thataway.

"When they first seen me, the man he jumped 'bout three feet off the ground and the woman, poor soul, she froze there with her face whiter'n the blaze in my ol' Nig's forehead. Even if I hadn't knowed no difference that woulda told me they was butchering a rustled beef.

"Caught thataway they wasn't nothing for me to do but ride down to 'em as unconcerned as I could, like I thought what they was a-doing was plumb honest and nothing wrong about it. When I got down to 'em I give 'em a big, friendly smile and tipped my hat to the woman and said to 'em, 'Howdy, folks. I see you're butchering one of your beefs for your winter's meat. Shore's a heap nice-looking piece of

meat, all right.'

"By that time I'd stepped down off ol' Nig, and I pulled a bottle of whiskey outa my coat pocket I always carried with me in case of snake bites, and handing it to the man I said real friendly-like, 'Care to have a little drink?' He was able to squeak out a stammered yes, and he glommed onto that bottle like it was his long, lost friend. But his hands was a-shaking so bad I was afraid he'd drop that bottle on some of the rocks in the bottom of that dry draw and bust it all to smithereens and waste it. But he didn't, and he took a big, healthy snort of it. And he shore needed it to quiet his shaky hands and all-shot-to-hell nerves.

"Soon as he passed it back, managing a squeaky little, 'Thanks,' I passed it to the woman, not wanting to slight her, woman or not, and asked her if she'd like to have one on me too. She never even hesitated but grabbed it and took 'bout as big a snort of it as her man done. I took 'em to be man and wife. And I'll bet my bottom dollar that was the first drink of whiskey that poor woman ever took in her born days. Knowed it from the way the man looked at her kind of slaunchways outa the corner of his eyes from where he'd resumed trying to butcher out 'their' beef. He hadn't yet come outa his fright enough for him to git his hands steady so he could do the job.

"After the woman give me the bottle back and nodded me a thanks I shoved it back in my coat pocket then took out my pocket knife and opened it and begun helping 'em with their skinning and dressing out the beef they'd laid claim to. And all this time I'd had my tongue busy, but not overdoing it so it would sound like I was putting it on, to kind of put 'em at ease and give 'em to understand I was in sympathy with 'em and they didn't have nothing to worry 'bout me squealing on 'em none for butchering some big rancher's beef for their winter's meat. A big AU7 brand on the critter told me who the owner was. But he could well afford it; he run sev-

eral thousand head on free grass.

"This couple, this man and woman, didn't open up and talk no more'n they thought they had to 'cept enough to be halfway friendly-like.

"Soon as we got the beef all gutted out and skinned to where I knowed I couldn't be of more help to 'em I put my pocket knife back in my pocket and took out my bottle of whiskey and give 'em both another drink which they wasn't slow in taking. And after I'd forked my bronc to pull my freight the last words I said to 'em was, 'Now, you folks be sure and take good care of that there beef of your'n. Soon as it's froze hard as a rock it'll keep outside all winter. But it's best to keep it in a shed or a building of some kind.'

"I didn't know either one of 'em from Adam's off-ox. But there was a homestead shack 'bout a mile and a half or two miles from there I took to be theirs. And I hope they took care of that beef and made good use of it. It was too good a piece of meat for wolves and coyotes to fight over. And I'm sure they did."



Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 33)

double page in color by Thomas Hill. There is an index and bibliography — your reviewer noted that the entries in some cases indicated that the author used reprints instead of the originals in his research — the first and last serve as examples: Ramon F. Adams is shown as the author of *Prose and Poetry of the Live Stock Industry*, 1959 — Adams did write an introduction for the 1959 issue but did no editing of the text which was edited by James W. Freeman in 1905. For Owen Wister's *the Virginian*, he used a 1976 Pocket Books edition, instead of the first issued in hard covers in 1902 with illustrations by Arthur I. Keller. Using reprints in research is often done but for the readers who may want to go directly to the original source, well a parenthetical addition stating

"a reprint of the original edition of _____" would be helpful. — Jeff Dykes

TOMBSTONE

Tombstone by William Hattich with foreword by John D. Gilchriese (University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019, 56 pages, \$9.95 hardcover, 12½ x 9¼ inches).

This is a reprint of the rare 1903 first edition published by William Hattich, editor of the *Tombstone Daily Prospector*. Hattich wrote the book at a time when he and other residents of Tombstone were looking hopefully toward the town's resurgence as the most important city in Arizona Territory. Their hope was based on the fact that the railroad was arriving in Tombstone, but as historians have recorded, the resurgence never occurred to the degree that townspeople hoped.

In the foreword by John D. Gilchriese, a well-known collector, reviewer and author, the point is made that writers "unfortunately relegated Tombstone's historic past to a few moments of sanguinary action in a place called the O.K. Corral."

This facsimile reprint includes many historic photographs plus biographical sketches of Tombstone residents in 1903. Until now the book has not been available. The first edition has been so rare that many writers who have written about Tombstone did not know of the book's existence. Highly recommended.

HIGHGRADE

Highgrade: The Mining Story of National, Nevada by Nancy B. Schreier (The Arthur H. Clark Co., Box 230, Glendale, CA 91209, 150 pages, \$19.75 hardcover, 9½ x 6½ inches).

In this nicely produced and well-illustrated book, author Nancy Schreier narrates the story of the National Mine in the Santa Rose Range north of Winnemucca, Nevada. Discovered and claim-staked in 1907, the National Mine was one of few in its day to be located by an early automobile-

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BUCKBOARD DAYS

For those who like entertainment with their pursuit of history, I recommend this book by Sophie A. Poe, 1862-1954. Although simply told, it reads like something out of the blazing pages of Zane Grey. The author relates the experiences of her husband, John W. Poe, 1850-1923 as a buffalo hunter during the 1870's and later as a respected lawman in some of the most lawless towns of the Southwest. It was one of Poe's stoolies that furnished the information that led he and Garrett to the "Kid's" hideout the nite the "Kid" was shot. Poe was there. Why not read his version.



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driving prospector named Jesse Workman. The camp and mine were named "National" after the make of Workman's automobile.

This interesting book includes fifty-three illustrations and maps. The author explains that the word "Highgrade" has two meanings — as a noun, "very rich ore," and as a verb, "to seal." She points out that the mine was so rich that mine employees and thieves would line their pockets with pieces of the raw ore.

Her story of the mine includes material on mining camp life, how highgrading was controlled, the development and operation of the mine and a great deal more. Of numerous mines in the district, only the National Mine was a profit maker.

This book is a valuable contribution to the history of mining in Nevada and a welcome addition to the literature of mining in the American West. Recommended.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 5)

Civil War and died in his early 40s shortly after the war. He was from Elk City, Oklahoma (or ten miles north of there) where he supposedly had land. His three sons were: William Walter Rogers, John Rogers, and Cornellis (Niel) Rogers. William Walter Rogers was my grandfather. He lived around Elk City in 1860 and was married to an Indian woman. — Billy M. Rogers, Rt. 1, Box 163-A, Broken Bow, Oklahoma 74728

Benskin — Wilder

I would like to hear from anyone who knows about John Marbrook Benskin who was born in England in 1799. He probably came to America between 1827 and 1830. His son, Charles J. Benskin, was born in Ohio in 1844. Charles' wife was Laura Minerva Wilder, who was born in Pennsylvania in 1850. — Alma Benskin Childers, Box 122, Thatcher, Arizona 85552

Parker — Crist Starnader — Wallace

I am interested in locating descendants of some pioneer families of Texas who are my ancestors. They are Steven and Anna Parker Crist of Palestine, Texas; Daniel and Martha Parker of Elkhart, Texas; and Benjamine J. and Mary Jane Starnader Wallace of Coolidge, Texas. Any help will be gratefully appreciated. — J.R. Starnader, 8225 Mestina, Houston, Texas 77078

Watson

I am seeking information on Richard Watson, year and place of birth unknown to me. He may have lived in Centerville, Appanoose County, Iowa. His wife's name was Amaicas Gorden Watson. They had three sons: Glen, Charles, and Howard W. (my grandfather) who was born on March 25, 1863 and died September 13, 1944 in Centerville. Charles Watson worked on the railroad; Howard was a coal miner. Glen's wife's name was Bessie? and Charles' wife's name was Lizzie. She and Charles lived in Centerville. Later she went to Sacramento, California to live with her son (I believe his name was Billy; he was in the Navy at one time). The last I heard from Lizzie was about 1955.

I would like more information on James B. Watson who was born in 1830 in Maryland and lived in Belair Township, Appanoose County, Iowa, to see if he is a relative of Howard Watson. I also need information on James' wife, Elizabeth, who was born in 1837 in Pennsylvania (maiden name unknown). Their children were: Jacob, born in 1859; Mary F., born in 1862; Sara E., born in 1865; Anna W., born in 1866; and Limini (spelling may be incorrect) who was born in 1869. All were born in Iowa. Information on any descendants would be appreciated. — Mrs. Richard Freer, P.O. Box 621, Goldendale, Washington 98620

Parker — Latham — Middlebrook

Christine Francis "Fannie" Parker and Betty Parker were orphans raised by Tom Latham, a

Texas ranger, and his wife Hannah in the 1850s and '60s.

Christine was my grandmother. She married Thomas Jefferson Middlebrook in 1871 when she was fourteen. They built a cabin in Hillsdale, Coryell County, Texas only to have the cabin burned down and horses stolen by Indians. They escaped by hiding in the brush. Thomas and Christine moved to Florence, Texas where Sim was born in 1872; then to Topsy where my mother, Hannah, was born. She was named for Hannah Latham. They bought a farm near Lampasas and Grandpa ran a blacksmith shop in town. About 1900 Grandpa, Sim, Sime, and Tom went to Ballinger, a new town on the end of a new railroad, built a house, and returned for the family. It took a boxcar to haul their belongings to the new home. The children were Sim, Sime, Tom, Clara, Hannah, Ida, Minnie, and Elizabeth.

Can anyone tell me why Christine and Betty Parker were orphans and what happened to Betty? — Frank Strom, 1115 Circle Drive, Clinton, Oklahoma 73601

Burns — McNew

I am trying to locate someone with knowledge of my great-great-grandfather, William Wilson "Bill" Burns (possibly Burnes) who was born about 1850 in Texas. I believe his parents were John and Charlotte Burns and he had a brother named Uriah W. Burns. It is believed they lived around central Texas as Bill was in Travis County in 1880 with his wife, Susan B. McNew Burns, and daughter Nancy. Other children born after this were Alice, Joe Wilson, Mattie, Amanda, Melvin and David. Bill Burns left the family after David was born in 1893 or '94 and to my knowledge was never heard of again. It was rumored that he married again and had another family. There are a number of William and Bill Burns who show up in the census records. I would like to know what happened to this blank in my family's history. — Reba S. Teal Parks, 2504 — 54th, Lubbock, Texas 79413

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AD INDEX

A. Frederick	25
Advertising Art Service	9
Ameray	61
Anderson, Carl	65
Arthur Clark Co.	25
Austin-Hall Boot Co.	4
Baxendale, Jane	59
Best Buys	60
Big River Cane Co.	31, 59
Blevins	39
Breihan, Carl	5
Brooks Appliance	65
Broward Display Co.	4
Bunkhouse Browsing	8
Campbell Lamps	61
Capitol Fireworks	65
Creative Publishing	9
Daniels Electric Shop	59
Geo-Mental Tech.	60
Grey-Owl Indian Craft	60
Hall, Helen	31
Harris, Bill	61
Historic Providence Mint	67
J.M. Capriola	63
JD Ranch Store	61
Kingsberry Mfg.	55
Lazy "AC" Ranch	5
Manley, RM	5
Mid Continent Leather Co.	31
Mustang Mfg.	65
Old Army Press	19
Old West Back Issues	51
Pauley, Art	59
Raemco	4
River Junction Trade Co.	65
Shkurkin, Vlad	55
Tecumseh's Trading Post	61
True West Binders	58
Tyler, Melvin	61
University of NE Press	2
Universal Products	31, 59, 65
Vantage Press	60
Western Book Company	26, 27
Western Pub. Catalog	64
White Electronics	68
Yankee Workbench	5

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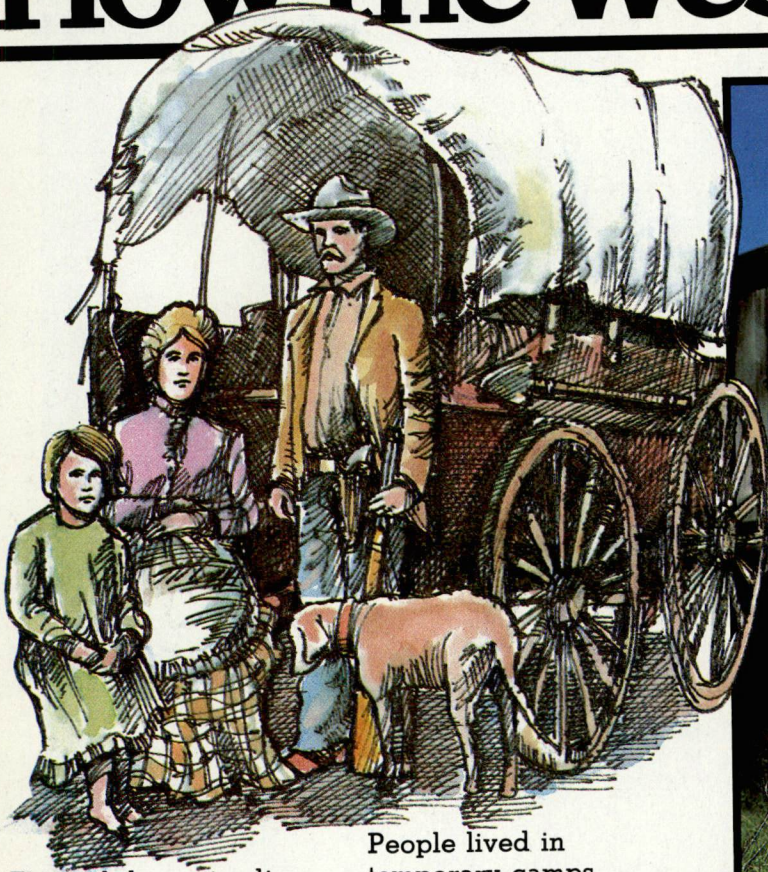
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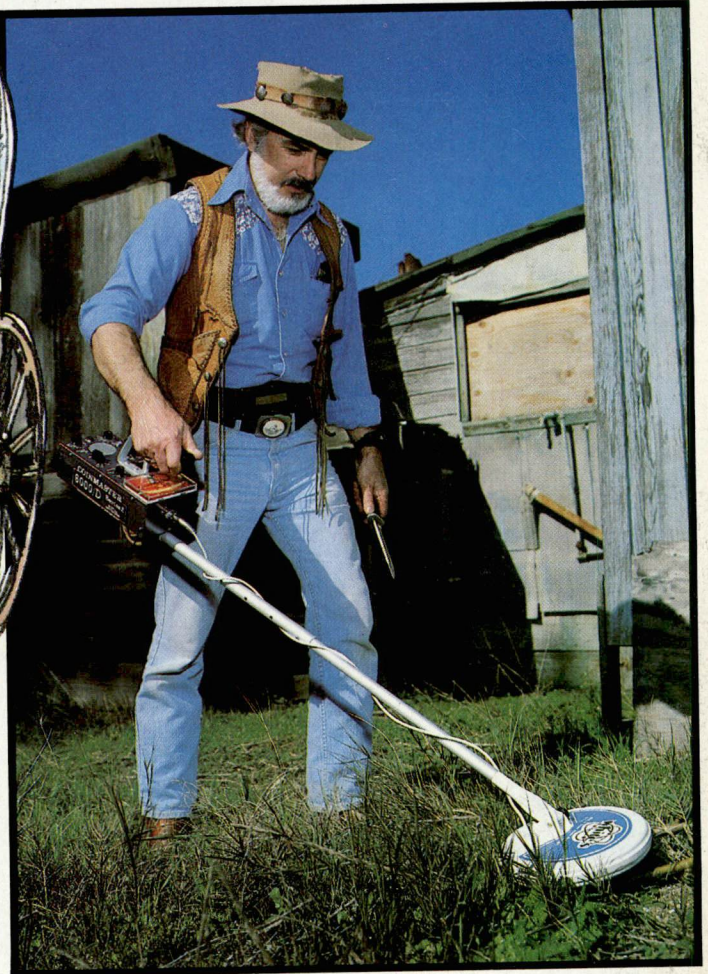
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How the West was lost.



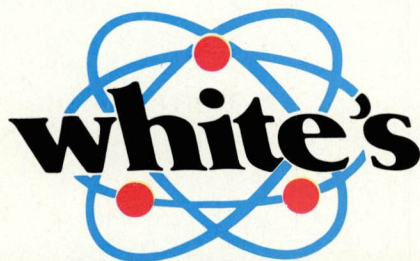
Through homesteading. Indian skirmishes. Gold mining. Stagecoach holdups. Railroading. Ranching. Building towns. In fact, pieces of the West were lost everywhere that the West was won! Where ever people traveled, lived or fought during the settling of the Old West, personal belongings were bound to be lost or buried. Items were discarded along a difficult trail. Broken tools and household utensils were thrown away. Guns were lost in battles.

People lived in temporary camps, leaving behind traces of their haphazard existence. These relics of a by gone era are scattered throughout the Western region. And, on remote homesteads or in ghost towns, there are many "post hole banks." Money caches buried for protection against marauding forces. Western history is written with details that include these kinds of things. A metal detector can locate such facts and bring



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